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# Suburbia

By Eric Bogosian

EXT. ESTABLISHING - BURNFIELD - DAY

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

GENE PITNEY (V.O.)

(singing)

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

INT. JEFF'S ROOM - GARAGE - DAY

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

**JEFF:**

(into telephone)

Buff? Yeah, I'll see you down there later. I just gotta finish some stuff I'm writing. Okay. 'Bye.  
Jeff clicks over to the other line.

**JEFF:**

(into telephone)

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

**CUT TO:**

INT. PIZZA JOINT - DAY

BUFF is the one of the only people working. Pies are over cooking in the oven and Buff is trying to punch out of work as soon as he can.

**BUFF:**

(into telephone)

Hey, Frankie! Hey, what are you doing? Sleeping? What, at six o'clock? Sleep when you are dead. Hey, man, I just got off work. Why don't you meet me down at the corner. So? Put on some clothes

and come down, man, yeah. Yeah, yeah, I wanna see you, man.  
Alright. Yeah. Hey, why don't you bring that pot you just bought?  
What?! Yeah, fuck you man!  
(to employee)  
Later.

**CUT TO:**

INT. SOOZE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

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

**SOOZE:**

I'm going out later.

SOOZE'S MOM

No car.

**SOOZE:**

The fuck not?

SOOZE'S MOM

You know the fuck not.

**SOOZE:**

Fuck.

SOOZE'S MOM

Don't swear it's impolite.

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

SHOPPING CHANNEL HOST

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

**CUT TO:**

INT. CIRCLE A CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

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

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

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

**CHIP:**

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

**GARY:**

Fifty-five thousand.

(to Nazeer)

Marlboros, chief. Hard pack.

**CHIP:**

In that case you need a heavy-duty filter.

**NAZEER:**

Two-fifty.

**GARY:**

Two-fifty? They go up?

**NAZEER:**

Always two-fifty, my friend.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

What that means is that every armed licensee faced with danger must make a split second judgment call.

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

**CHIP:**

(to Tim)

Timmy-boy!

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

**BUFF:**

Peace! Ah, time's running out, three, two, one!

He shoots the beer can at Tim, barely missing him. Jeff walks up from around the corner holding a package of cookies he just bought. Nazeer is right behind him eating something.

BUFF (CONT'D)

Score! Yeah!

**NAZEER:**

Hey, hey, seven-twenty. Seven-twenty.  
Jeff turns around.

**JEFF:**

What?

**NAZEER:**

Seven-twenty.

**JEFF:**

I gave it to you.

**BUFF:**

He paid you man.

**NAZEER:**

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

**BUFF:**

Yo! Your spitting rice all over us! God.  
Jeff digs into his pockets.

**JEFF:**

Here's twenty-five cents.  
Nazeer takes the money and walks away.  
JEFF (CONT'D)  
Guy should cut down on his caffeine intake.

**BUFF:**

Needs some pizza in his diet.  
Buff is eating his slice of pizza and skating around the group.

**TIM:**

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

**BUFF:**

You're fascist, man. Neofascist.

He sits down and begins to take of his blades.

**TIM:**

Buff, sit. You know what I mean though? Somebody ought to crack that guy with a baseball bat.

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

Yo, your gettin' me all upset here.

**JEFF:**

You should get upset. Everyone should get upset. When, when

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

Because I'm alienated.

**BUFF:**

Hey! Hey, you like orgasms? Oh, yeah!

(yells)

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

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

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

(into telephone)

Hey, it's me. No, that's, that's the ultimate liar of liars.

**BUFF:**

And your mom.

**JEFF:**

(into telephone)

No, I'm here. Where are you?

**BUFF:**

Where are you-hoo?

**JEFF:**

(into telephone)

No, no, no, no, I don't wanna be stuck with the guy. I want the tickets.

**BUFF:**

Stuck, who? What guy? Huh?

**JEFF:**

Shut up! Aw...

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

**NAZEER:**

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

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

**BUFF:**

Hey, we're just having a conversation.

**NAZEER:**

This is private property, my friend.

**TIM:**

Come on man.

**BUFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

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



**BUFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

Please!

Nazeer walks back into the store. Buff and Tim walk back around the corner towards the dumpster. Jeff is sitting by himself. Buff goes to sit down next to him.

**JEFF:**

You don't need to sit next to me right now.

**TIM:**

Who were you talking to?

**JEFF:**

Nobody. Sooze.

**BUFF:**

Stuck with what guy?

**JEFF:**

What?

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

It's your birthday?

**JEFF:**

Yeah.

**BUFF :**

Well, shit! Happy fucking birthday!

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

**BUFF AND TIM:**

Happy birthday! Happy fuckin' birthday!

BEE-BEE

Um, is Sooze around?

**JEFF:**

Uh, yeah, she should be coming by.

BEE-BEE

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

**JEFF:**

I don't know.

**BUFF:**

Want a beer?

(to Jeff)

Is Pony coming?

BEE-BEE

No, thanks. I don't drink. Um, well, what'd she say? I mean, did she talk to him?

**TIM:**

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

**BUFF:**

Oh, Pony's band "Dream Girls"? Been on the road opening for "Midnight Hore". Stadiums, man.

(to Jeff)

Wait, so Pony's coming by here?

BEE-BEE

(to Tim)

Didn't you see their video on MTV?

**TIM:**

No, I shot my TV.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

We are?

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

(excited)

Pony's coming here to the corner?!

**JEFF:**

Yeah, no, it wasn't even my idea.

**TIM:**

Jeff, Jeff, if you want to be alone with Pony, you know, that's, that's fine with us.

**JEFF:**

Sooze wants to see him.

**TIM:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

Yeah, when's he coming?

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

(yells)

Yes!

**FADE OUT:**

**FADE IN:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - LATER - NIGHT

Jeff and Sooze are kissing.

**JEFF:**

God, I haven't seen you all day.

**SOOZE:**

You could've come over.

**JEFF:**

I know, I know, I know.

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

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh! Trim it!

**SOOZE:**

I hate that.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

Okay, so maybe later.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

**SOOZE:**

Ow. Jesus. Fuck Oliver Stone. Fuck Bill Clinton. Fuck Howard Stern. Fuck Michael Bolton. Fuck O.J. Simpson. Fuck Pope John Paul. Fuck my dad. Fuck all the men. Fuck all the men. Fuck all the men!

She begins to dance a jig.

SOOZE (CONT'D)

Bang your head, blow your nose.

Run down the street, suck a hose.

Chew my lips, eat some shit.

Eat a stick of dynamite and blow yourself to bits.

Shut your mouth, go away.  
Drink my piss, have a nice day!  
I hope you cry and never doubt.  
I hope you die with blood in your mouth.  
I hope your lies will no more shout  
What's in my eyes, what's in your snout.  
Your a pig! I know that's true!  
I dance a jig! Fuck you!  
Fuck you!  
Fuck you!  
Fuck you!  
Sooze ends her piece and looks at everyone.

**SOOZE:**

So?  
Everyone slowly starts to applaud.  
BEE-BEE  
That was really great.

**SOOZE:**

Was it okay?  
BEE-BEE  
Yeah!

**SOOZE:**

What did you guys think?  
BEE-BEE  
Slides go with it.

**SOOZE:**

Behind me. I'm making these slides out of these old pictures and paintings and stuff.

**JEFF:**

Was that supposed to be me?

**SOOZE:**

No.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Why is everything about you, Jeff?

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Man?

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

It's a piece.

**JEFF:**

Your sure as hell right about that.

**SOOZE:**

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

**BUFF:**

Ah, you know people there?

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

I don't want to hear it anymore.

**JEFF:**

No, no, no. Y-you know what? Y-your packing your bags, you're jumping into the unknown because some conceptual artist who teaches at a community college is having a mid-life crisis and he wants to sleep with some girl half his age, so he tells you you have talent.

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

(in mock British accent)

Oh, well, then you better listen to him.

**SOOZE:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

BEE-BEE

Uh-huh.

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

What are you trying to communicate? Tell us.

**SOOZE:**

So you can give me more shit?

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

BEE-BEE

Mn-hm.

**JEFF:**

"Burger Manifesto, Part One" is gonna make people think?

**SOOZE:**

Yes, you asshole.

**JEFF:**

About what?

**SOOZE:**

About things that are important to me.

**JEFF:**

Like what?

**SOOZE:**

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

BEE-BEE

Um-hm.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Of course I do!

**JEFF:**

Name one.

**SOOZE:**

God, KAREN JOHNSON.

**JEFF:**

One!

**SOOZE:**

Your completely missing the point.

**JEFF:**

Hey!

**SOOZE:**

I'm talking about idealism.

BEE-BEE

Responsibility, progress.

**SOOZE:**



Yes.

**JEFF:**

No, idealism is guilty, middle class bullshit.

**SOOZE:**

No, sweetie. Cynicism is bullshit.

**JEFF:**

No, no, no. I'm not being cynical, I'm being honest.

**SOOZE:**

But do you stand for anything?

**JEFF:**

Yes, I stand for -

**SOOZE:**

What? What do you stand for?

:

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

Can I talk here? Let me talk.

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

Can I talk?

**SOOZE:**

Typical male.

BEE-BEE

Typical male.

**SOOZE:**

Typical male.

BEE-BEE

Typical male.

**SOOZE:**

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

**TIM:**

Seriously? It's a great idea.

**SOOZE:**

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

**TIM:**

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

The group starts to head back up to the Circle A.

**SOOZE:**

I can't wait till Pony gets here, you know? Have a conversation with a human being?

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Um, because you didn't want to go.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

TIM, BUFF, & JEFF

(in unison)

He's a geek.

**BUFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

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

**BUFF:**

(in mock kung-fu scream)

It's safe, come on.

**NAZEER:**

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

**JEFF:**

Why we're just standing here.

**NAZEER:**

Look, your trespassing.

**BUFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

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

**SOOZE:**

We're just standing here!

**NAZEER:**

Just go and stand someplace else, okay?

**BUFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Hey, Tim.

**TIM:**

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

**words, man:**

**NAZEER:**

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

**TIME:**

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

**NAZEER:**

Yeah, please, go. Come on.

**TIM:**

Make a move. Greasecake. Towel-head.

**SOOZE:**

Hey, Tim, you know what? You win.

**TIM:**

Fucking drunk, huh?

**SOOZE:**

You have the largest penis. Can we go please?

**JEFF:**

Don't let 'em fight.

**BUFF:**

The dude wants it.

**SOOZE:**

This is ridiculous!

**JEFF:**

Tim!

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

**NAZEER:**

Pakeesa? It's okay. Come on. It's okay. Come on, they're just joking around.

**BUFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

The group begins to walk away.

:

**TIM:**

Hey, your gonna regret this.

**SOOZE:**

Come on, Jeff.

**BUFF:**

Fuck her! Come on, let's go.

**SOOZE:**

(from across the parking lot)

Jeff! Let's go!

Jeff is looking at Nazeer.

**JEFF:**

Hey, I'm sorry about that. It was just a misunderstanding. He was upset about something and he took it out on you and I'm sorry.

'Bye.

Jeff walks away quickly to catch up with the group.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

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

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

That's the rock star thing.

**JEFF:**

No, no.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

Buff, Buff, Buff, Buff, Buff.

**BUFF:**

Sorry.

**JEFF:**

Jesus Christ.

**BUFF:**

You wanna bet he's with a girl?

**JEFF:**

No, he's not with a girl.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

I'd get bored.

**BUFF:**

I wouldn't. If I were in his shoes, every morning I'd get up singing, man. Do my work-out, take a shower, followed by a hearty

breakfast, steak and eggs, washed down with a pot of hot coffee, six pack of Coors Lite. Then I'd order my bodyguard to go find my babe, who would appear decked out in her all-black leather Victoria Secret custom-made bodysuit. So I'd, like, have to chew off all her clothes until she was completely nude. Except she'd have these amazing dragon tattoos all over her body and pierced nipples with little gold peace signs hanging from 'em. And then she'd take out this half-ounce of blow, we'd snap out a few mondo lines, vaporize a few million brain cells, screw for about an hour, then spend the rest of the morning trashed watching Gilligan.

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

That sounds so depressing.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

Ah!

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

Watch out for that tree.

Buff misses the tree.

**BUFF:**

A long, long, long, long, while.

**JEFF:**

Okay, okay.

**BUFF:**

A long, long, long...

**JEFF:**

Okay.

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

**BUFF:**

Hey, Tim! Hold up.

Buff takes off after Tim.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BURGER JOINT - BOOTH - NIGHT

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

**SOOZE:**

It was a racial incident.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

It got that close.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Oh, yeah?

**JEFF:**

Yeah.



**SOOZE:**

Okay, what would you have done.

**JEFF:**

I would've stopped it.

**SOOZE:**

How?

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Jeff. Jeff.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

Sooze.

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

**SOOZE:**

What?

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

What feelings?

**JEFF:**

Us.

**SOOZE:**

Of course.

**JEFF:**

And?

**SOOZE:**

Come with me.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

So what do you wanna do?

**JEFF:**

Nothing.

**SOOZE:**

No one does nothing, Jeff.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

New ground?

**JEFF:**

Mm-hm.

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

My goal is to make art.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

Mm-mm.

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

No, no.

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

I don't know.

**CUT TO:**

INT. TOP WINE & LIQUOR - NIGHT

Buff and Tim are buying alcohol.

**SCUFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**SCUFF:**

Just one?

**TIM:**

Yeah.

**BUFF:**

Hey.

**SCUFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**SCUFF:**

Uh, eleven twenty-five.

**BUFF:**

Hey! Yeah!

**SINGER:**

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

**CUT TO:**

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

**BUFF:**

Hey!

BEE-BEE

Hey. Do you have a cigarette?

**BUFF:**

No I quit.

BEE-BEE

Hey, you said you did a video?

**BUFF:**

Yup.

BEE-BEE

What's it about?

**BUFF:**

It's really not about anything.

BEE-BEE

Oh. Well, what's it on?

**BUFF:**

A cloud.

BEE-BEE

A cloud?

**BUFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

Oh.

**BUFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

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

**BUFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

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

**BUFF:**

Your a nurse?

BEE-BEE

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

**BUFF:**

Any gunshot victims?

BEE-BEE

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

**BUFF:**

Sounds like a bumner.

BEE-BEE

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

**BUFF:**

Mm. Hey, what are you doing now?

BEE-BEE

Right now?

**BUFF:**

Yeah.

BEE-BEE

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

**BUFF:**

Do you wanna go to the van?

BEE-BEE

Now?

**BUFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

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

**BUFF:**

Okay, whatever you want.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

**JEFF:**

Shit.

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

**JEFF:**

Hey, Pony.

**PONY:**

Hey, man. Jeff. How're you doin'?

**JEFF:**

Good, man.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

No, it's not...

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

Yeah.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

Nah, nah, nah, nah.

**JEFF:**

Aw, come on. Rock star. Fame. Fortune. Sex.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

Yeah.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

Yeah, I crash there.

**PONY:**

Yeah, good.

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

**JEFF:**

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

**ERICA:**

(into phone)

Yeah, that sounds cool. Great.

She hangs up the phone.

**ERICA:**

(to Pony)

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

**PONY:**

Oh, sure.

**ERICA:**

Great.

(to Jeff)

Hi. I'm Erica.

**PONY:**

Oh, Erica, this is my friend Jeff.

**ERICA:**

Hi, Jeff. Nice to meet you.

**PONY:**

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



**ERICA:**

Oh, wow.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

The prom. That's funny.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

Oh, man, we were pretty on tonight.

**ERICA:**

Oh, you were excellent tonight, Pony.

**PONY:**

We were?

**ERICA:**

Oh, yeah, it was a great show.

(to Jeff)

You guys missed it.

**JEFF:**

Sorry.

**PONY:**

So how's college?

**JEFF:**

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

**ERICA:**

I love writing. A-Anne Rice? I love Anne Rice.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**ERICA:**

Mm.

**PONY:**

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

**ERICA:**

I'd love to read that.

**PONY:**

Funny shit, man.

**JEFF:**

So you think I should?

**PONY:**

What?

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

Like songs?

**JEFF:**

Yeah, they could be songs.

**PONY:**

Yeah. You should show 'em to me.

**JEFF:**

Really?

**PONY:**

Yeah, really.

**JEFF:**

Now?

**PONY:**

Yeah.

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

**JEFF:**

Great.

**PONY:**

Yeah, maybe later.

(to Sooze)

Hey! Hey!

**SOOZE:**

Pony, oh my god!

**PONY:**

Hey!

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Is that your driver?

**PONY:**

It's stupid.

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

Look at you!

**SOOZE:**

Oh!

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

Oh, yeah?

**SOOZE:**

So? What's L.A. like?

**PONY:**

It's pretty exciting.

**SOOZE:**

Yeah?

**PONY:**

Yeah.

**SOOZE:**

Like?

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

No, she was just sitting there?!

**PONY:**

Oh, yeah, just sitting there eatin' a salad, you know. That kind of thing happens all the time in L.A. It's, you know... I met Johnny Depp.

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

New York, huh?

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

You do not!

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Mm.

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

**BUFF:**

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

**PONY:**

Oh, you were there?

**BUFF:**

No, but I heard it was great.

**PONY:**

Oh, thanks. Thanks.

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

Hey.

BEE-BEE

Hi.

**PONY:**

How're you doing? Nice to meet you.

**BUFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**BUFF:**

Oh, So what about her?

**ERICA:**

Hi.

**PONY:**

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

**ERICA:**

Hi, I'm Erica.

**SOOZE:**

Hey, I'm Sooze.

**BUFF:**

Yeah, right, publicist.

**ERICA:**

Nice to meet you Sooze.

(to Bee-Bee)

Hi, I'm Erica.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

So, do you guys want to do something, go someplace or something

like that?

**BUFF:**

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

**ERICA:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**ERICA:**

Oh, you were in the band?

**BUFF:**

Yeah.

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

Well, not exactly.

**JEFF:**

For a while.

**PONY:**

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

**ERICA:**

Right.

**JEFF:**

Yeah, well, I, I came by more than a couple times.  
Tim walks over to the group.

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

It's nice here. It's different.

**TIM:**

Yeah, totally.

(to Pony)

So, uh, what do they interview you about?

**PONY:**

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

**TIM:**

Where do you get your ideas?

**SOOZE:**

Leave him alone, Tim.

**TIM:**

Uh, excuse me, I'd like to know where he gets his ideas.

**SOOZE:**

Tim's jealous, you know? He wants to have ideas too.

**TIM:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Jeff!

**BUFF:**

Your his publicist?

**ERICA:**

Sure I am. It's fun.

**BUFF:**

Mm. And your like, what else?

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



**ERICA:**

What do you mean? His girlfriend?

**BUFF:**

Well, that's one way of putting it.

**ERICA:**

Am I fucking him?

**BUFF:**

Shit.

**ERICA:**

Pony, what would you say our relationship is?

**PONY:**

Um, mother-daughter.

**ERICA:**

Pony and I are friends.

**BUFF:**

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

**ERICA:**

In what way?

**BUFF:**

Mm, in a horizontal and wet way!

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

**SOOZE:**

Ew! Oh, Buff! Relax!

**TIM:**

Why don't you fucking relax? He's having verbal intercourse, Sooze.

**ERICA:**

Oh, god!

**SOOZE:**

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

her expense.

**ERICA:**

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

**BUFF:**

Buff.

**ERICA:**

Buff is funny. God.

**TIM:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

Wow, that must be pretty nice there.

**PONY:**

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

**ERICA:**

It does look good.

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Yeah?

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

You do not want me to do your cover.

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

You're not serious.

**PONY:**

I'm always serious.

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Would I get paid?

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Yeah?

**PONY:**

Yeah.

**SOOZE:**

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

**CUT TO:**

INT. TOP WINE & LIQUOR - NIGHT

Tim is back again, to buy more alcohol.

**TIM:**

Hey, can you cash this?

Tim hands Scuff a treasury bill.

**SCUFF:**

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

**TIM:**

It's not the air force anymore, Scuff

**SCUFF:**

So where are you?

**TIM:**

I'm here.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT -NIGHT

The group is still hanging out at the Circle A.

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Yeah.

**PONY:**

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

**BUFF:**

Yeah, we're all above that.

**PONY:**

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

**BUFF:**

Well, play it, man.

**SOOZE:**

Yeah, come on, play it.

**PONY:**

Oh, no, man. I can't.

**BUFF:**

Yeah.

**SOOZE:**

Come on.

**BUFF:**

Play it! Come on!

**PONY:**

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

**BUFF:**

Please.

**PONY:**

I just started it.

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

**BUFF:**

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

**PONY:**

Don't drop the guitar, man.

Buff pretends to almost drop the guitar.

**BUFF:**

Whoa!

**PONY:**

No, no, whoa!

Pony grabs the guitar away from Buff and begins to put it on.

Everyone gathers around Pony, except Jeff.

**BUFF:**

Yes! Free concert!

**ERICA:**

Alright, Pony!

**PONY:**

Alright, alright already.

**SOOZE:**

Alright!

**BUFF:**

Yes! Hey, unplugged Pony!

Pony begins to play and sing.

**PONY:**

(singing)

"Drove down the highway  
there was a big jam  
The family had died  
There inside their minivan  
There was a backup  
It went on for miles  
But as bad as it was  
It was gone after a while"

(to group)

Chorus here.

(singing again)

"You may think there's nothing to it  
and the truth is hard to see  
To be an invisible man is a remarkable  
thing to be  
thing to be  
thing to be"

**SOOZE:**

That was so great!

**ERICA:**

It's coming along.

**PONY:**

Thank you.

**BUFF:**

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

**PONY:**

Hey, thanks, man.

**JEFF:**

So who are you?

**PONY :**

What do you mean?

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

What?

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

Of course it does.

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

Mine too.

**JEFF:**

W-wait a minute, wait a minute.

**PONY:**

You know what I'm saying?

**SOOZE:**

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

**BUFF:**

Wait, what happened to the tree?

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Jeff likes to argue for the sake of arguing.

**JEFF:**

No, I don't.

**SOOZE:**

Yes, you do.

**JEFF:**

No, I don't.

**SOOZE:**

You do.

**JEFF:**

No, I don't.

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

**TIM:**

Hi.

**ERICA:**

Hi.

**TIM:**



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

**ERICA:**

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

**TIM:**

You rich?

**ERICA:**

No, not really. Middle-class.

**TIM:**

Oh, me too. Middle-class.

**ERICA:**

Maybe upper-middle-class.

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

**PONY:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

Thinks he is. Well, he is.

**TIM:**

He is?

**ERICA:**

Yes.

**TIM:**

He is.

**ERICA:**

He is.

**TIM:**

And you love him a lot. He bought you a BMW for your birthday, but you finally had to move out and get your own place. I mean, I

know, it's time to leave the nest. Parents hate your smoking. You didn't tell them about the abortion. All your friends got boob jobs, you got the tattoo instead. Subscribe to Variety Fair. Tim feels Erica's arms.

TIM (CONT'D)

Ooh, wow, nice. Personal trainer? Very nice.

**PONY:**

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

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

PONY (CONT'D)

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

Suddenly Jeff stops pacing and jumps up screaming.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Jeff!

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

Wow, you're cute when you're angry.

**JEFF:**

Why don't you write a song about Sandra Bernhard's salad, asshole?

**SOOZE:**

Jesus, Jeff.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

(sighs)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

No, you know what? It's not you, man. It's not anybody. It's me. Whoo! Hey.

**PONY:**

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

**ERICA:**

We'd have to hurry.

**SOOZE:**

China Gate's open till midnight.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

No. You know what? You guys go ahead and bring back something here. Yeah.

**PONY:**

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

**BUFF:**

Limo ride!

Buff runs and jumps into the limo.

**PONY:**

Tim?

**TIM:**

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

Sooze walks over to Jeff.

**SOOZE:**

Come on.

**JEFF:**

No. No, no, no.

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

Buff sticks his upper body out of the limo's sunroof.

**BUFF:**

Hey, come on, man! Limo!

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

Erica, you coming?

**ERICA:**

Mm-mm.

**BUFF:**

Are you sure? Okay.

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

**ERICA:**

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

**TIM:**

What'd he get you?

**ERICA:**

A Porsche.

**TIM:**

Mm.

**ERICA:**

Yeah. So, what about you?

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

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

**TIM:**

Military marching bands.

**ERICA:**

You think I'm rich and you hate me.

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

I'd like to.

**TIM:**

Oh, yeah?

**ERICA:**

Mm-mm.

**CUT TO:**

INT. BEE-BEE'S HOUSE -NIGHT

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

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT -NIGHT

Erica and Tim are still talking.

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

Really?

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

Mm.

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

You cut off your little finger?

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

Let's see.

Tim shows her his scar. Erica gently rubs her fingers over it.

**TIM:**

Honorable discharge. Disabled while serving. I get a check every month.

INT. CHINA GATE RESTAURANT - LOBBY -NIGHT

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

**BUFF:**

(yells)

Um, four for smoking, please.

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

RESTAURANT HOSTESS

Closed, closed.

**BUFF:**

(mocking her)

Oh, man, no closed, we just got here!

**SOOZE:**

No.

RESTAURANT HOSTESS

Midnight closed.

**SOOZE:**

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

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

**BUFF:**

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

RESTAURANT HOSTESS

TV?

**BUFF:**

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

**PONY:**

(to Buff)

Come on, man. Sh, sh, sh.

**BUFF:**

No man.

(to hostess)

He's probably the most famous guy that'd ever come in this place. You're lucky he's here.

RESTAURANT HOSTESS

Take-out only. Wait, I get picture.

**PONY:**

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

**BUFF:**

Thanks. See man?

**PONY:**

You know? I remember coming here with my parents.

**SOOZE:**

Really?



**BUFF:**

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

**PONY:**

You make videos?

**BUFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**PONY:**

You could do it.

**BUFF:**

I could.

**PONY:**

Yeah!

**BUFF:**

Yeah.

**PONY:**

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

**BUFF:**

Yes!

**PONY:**

Yeah!

**BUFF:**

A reel?

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

**ERICA:**

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

**TIM:**

What was your name again?

**ERICA:**

Erica.

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

Deep down. Way down.

**TIM:**

It's a mistake to think that.

**ERICA:**

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

**TIM:**

It's nice to do a lot of things.

**ERICA:**

That's what I mean.

**TIM:**

I'm not a nice guy.

**ERICA:**

I know. It's okay.

**TIM:**

Yeah?

**ERICA:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**ERICA:**

Hay? Yeah? So teach me a lesson.  
They kiss.

**CUT TO:**

INT. PONY'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

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

**BUFF:**

Mm-mm. Hey, when I get shitfaced I can get this huge appetite. God. I don't know why. Most people don't, but I do. Whoo!  
Suddenly Buff stops eating, his face drawing a blank. He starts to look sick.

**PONY:**

You okay, man? You okay?

**BUFF:**

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

**PONY:**

Wait, I'll get you some air.  
Pony starts to open the sunroof when Buff jumps up and starts heading towards the window.

**BUFF:**

Wait, do the windows, okay? Just do 'em.  
Pony opens the window and Buff sticks his head out, throwing up alcohol and Chinese noodles all over the side of the limo.

**SOOZE:**

Oh, yuck! Oh, gross!

**PONY:**

You done?

**BUFF:**

Yeah.

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

**LIMO DRIVER:**

Oh, crap!

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

**SOOZE:**

(into telephone)

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

(to Jeff)

Shit. She always answers.

Buff is up in someone's front lawn.

**BUFF:**

Hey! Hey, you guys!

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

**LIMO DRIVER:**

No. No. Put back the leprechaun.

**JEFF:**

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

Lights come on inside the house.

**BUFF:**

Go!

**JEFF:**

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

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - VAN - NIGHT

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

**ERICA:**

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

**CUT TO:**

INT. PONY'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

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

SOOZE, BUFF, & PONY

"Black and orange

Black and orange

Hear that hearty yell

Rah rah rah"

**SOOZE:**

"G, O, F, O, R, I, T. Go for it!"

**BUFF:**

Hey, play that demo again, man. Alright.

**PONY:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

Oh, yeah.

**JEFF:**

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

**PONY:**

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

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

**JEFF:**

Fuck 'em. Fucking assholes.

**PONY:**

Burnfield. No place like it.

:

**SOOZE:**

Yeah. Burnfield, Pizza and Puke capital of the world.

**PONY:**

I can't believe you're still here.

**SOOZE:**

I'm moving.

**PONY:**

If...

**SOOZE:**

No, I'm going.

**PONY:**

Mm-hm.

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

**SOOZE:**

Soon.

**PONY:**

Yep.

**SOOZE:**

What's that supposed to mean?

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Oh, yeah, you're just so smart.

**PONY:**

That's because I am.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - VAN - NIGHT

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

**ERICA:**

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

**TIM:**

Taking care of business.

**ERICA:**

I'm sorry.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. PONY'S LIMO - ROOF - NIGHT

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

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Yeah.

**PONY:**

I think about you. I mean, a lot.

**SOOZE:**

Me?

**PONY:**

Yeah, I have, I have, yeah.

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Yeah, I know what you're saying.

**PONY:**

You do?

**SOOZE:**

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

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

**JEFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

I don't anymore.

**JEFF:**

Can I have some?

BEE-BEE

Knock yourself out.

Jeff takes a hard swing off the bottle.

**JEFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

Yeah.

**JEFF:**

Did you ever hear that saying, "This too shall pass"?

BEE-BEE

Sure, all the time, in Group.

**JEFF:**

In Group?

BEE-BEE



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

**JEFF:**

Oh, yeah, you had to go to Highgate. That must've been intense.  
BEE-BEE  
Intense.

**JEFF:**

How long were you in there?  
BEE-BEE  
Uh, ninety days. And now I just have to go once a week. See, I'm rehabilitated.

**JEFF:**

Well, you shouldn't drink. Are you gonna drink?  
BEE-BEE  
No. Oh, maybe. Fuck.

**JEFF:**

I mean, that would suck if you had to go back to rehab.  
BEE-BEE  
Yeah, it would suck big time. I'd kill myself first.

**JEFF:**

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

**CUT TO:**

INT. PONY'S LIMO - NIGHT  
Buff is holding onto the lawn leprechaun as if it was his girlfriend. He comes in and out of sleep.

**BUFF:**

Hey, do you got any water? And some B-One? Hey, where did everybody go?

**LIMO DRIVER:**

Hey, hey. Okay?

**BUFF:**

Sor-sorry, Bruce.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

**JEFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

Yeah.

**JEFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

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

**JEFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

Yeah, I guess.

**JEFF:**

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

BEE-BEE

Mm-hm.

**JEFF:**

You know, like, like, I would always think, uh, you know, what if I make the wrong move? But maybe there isn't any right move. You know? I mean, look at us. You know, we all dress the same, we all talk the same, we all fuck the same, we all watch the same TV. Nobody's really different, even if they think they're different.

"Oh, boy, look at my tattoo, you know?" And see, that's what makes me freak. Because I can do anything I want, as long as I don't care about the result.

Jeff begins to remove articles of his clothing.

**JEFF (CONT'D)**

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

**TIM:**

Bravo, you son-of-a-bitch!

**CUT TO:**

INT. PONY'S LIMO - NIGHT

The limo is pulling into the Circle A. Everyone is looking out the window at Jeff.

**PONY:**

Is that Jeff?

**SOOZE:**

Oh, my god!

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

**BEE-BEE**

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

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - LIMO - NIGHT

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

**SOOZE:**

You know, my mom has this saying.

**PONY:**

Yeah?

**SOOZE:**

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

**PONY:**

Really? What else does your mother say?

**JEFF:**

Oh, hi. I thought you guys got lost.

**SOOZE:**

(to Bee-Bee)

Hey, where did you go? We were worried about you.

BEE-BEE

Uh, home, you know.

**SOOZE:**

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

BEE-BEE

You didn't get me in trouble.

**PONY:**

Hey, where's Erica?

**JEFF:**

I don't know.

**SOOZE:**

Gee, Jeff, I thought you were gonna go take a piss, not join some alcoholic nudist colony.

**JEFF:**

No, no. I just got sick and tired of listening to that demo tape

over and over again, you know? I mean, I felt like a fucking groupie, you know.

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

What?

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Mm-hm.

**JEFF:**

And I fig- and I figured something out.

**SOOZE:**

Oh, yeah?

**JEFF:**

I, yeah.

**SOOZE:**

Mm.

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

**BUFF:**

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

**TIM:**

So, how was the ride, kids?

**BUFF:**

Great.

**TIM:**

Really?

**SOOZE:**

It was the nicest thin I've done in a long time.

**TIM:**

Oh that's nice for you.

:

**PONY:**

Where's Erica? You seen her?

**TIM:**

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

**PONY:**

Oh, How'd she get back?

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

I don't know.

**PONY:**

I'm gonna go to the car for a 'sec. I'll be right back.  
Pony walks away, around the corner.

**BUFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

God, you smell like whiskey.

**JEFF:**

No, no, I have to talk to you.

**SOOZE:**

Is that a threat?

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Forget about New York, Jeff. I don't want to talk about New York anymore.

**TIM:**

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

Sooze's face drops a little in surprise.

**JEFF:**

Tim, what are you talking about?

**TIM:**

Ask your girlfriend.

Pony walks back to the group.

**PONY:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**PONY:**

Well, I mean, she always answers her beeper.

**TIM:**

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

**PONY:**

Yeah? Well, what'd she say?

**TIM:**

About what?

**PONY:**

About where she went. I mean, what bar?

**TIM:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Tim, why don't you shut the fuck up?

**PONY:**

I think I gotta go.

**JEFF:**

See ya later.

**TIM:**

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

**PONY:**

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

Tim gets up gets into Pony's face.

**TIM:**

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

**PONY:**

Whatever.

**TIM:**

Oh, come on, Pony. I'm just kidding. Wow, you rock stars are



really sensitive, huh? You know, there's a life on the road?

**PONY:**

Don't do that, man, okay?

**SOOZE:**

Could you give me a ride?

**TIM:**

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

**SOOZE:**

Tim, go throw up somewhere.

**PONY:**

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

**TIM:**

It's none of my business?

**PONY:**

Yeah.

**TIM:**

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

**SOOZE:**

What the fuck are you talking about?!

**PONY:**

Nobody's fucking anybody!

**TIM:**

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

**PONY:**

Don't do that.

**TIM:**

What are you going to do? Hm?

**PONY:**

If you hit me...

**TIM:**

Yeah?

**PONY:**

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

**TIM:**

Your manager?

**PONY:**

Yeah, man, my manager and my lawyer.

**TIM:**

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

**PONY:**

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

**BUFF:**

Thanks, man!

**PONY:**

(to Sooze)

I'll be in the car, okay?

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

Where are you going?

**SOOZE:**

For a ride.

**JEFF:**

Wait, away?

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

To his hotel?

**SOOZE:**

Shit, Jeff!

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

So you can do an album cover?

**SOOZE:**

I've run out of words.

**JEFF:**

Wait. What, what are you saying?

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

Well, what about us?

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

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

**JEFF:**

Oh, no, no, no.

**SOOZE:**

You're unbelievable.

**JEFF:**

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

**SOOZE:**

You did, huh? Good for you.

**JEFF:**

Oh, fuck it, man!

**BUFF:**

Fuck it!

**JEFF:**

You know what? Go with him. Just go with him.

**BUFF:**

In the limo!!!

Buff runs off to the limo.

**JEFF:**

Do your covers and all that shit.

**SOOZE:**

'Bye, Jeff.

**JEFF:**

Go.

**SOOZE:**

What?

**JEFF:**

Just go.

Sooze walks up to him and gets in his face.

**SOOZE:**

You really suck, you know that?

**JEFF:**

Just go.

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

Good. That's good.

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

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

No.

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

What?

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

Yeah, fuck 'em.

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em all, man!

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

**TIM:**

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

Chip and Gary pull into the Circle A with their cruiser. They get out and walk over to the boys.

**CHIP:**

What's up guys?

**TIM:**

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

Nazeer comes running out of the store.

**NAZEER:**

This one.

(points at Tim)

He causes all the trouble.

**CHIP :**

Been drinking again, Timmy-boy?

**TIM:**

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

**CHIP:**

Okay, come on. Time to slow down.

**TIM:**

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

**CHIP:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**GARY:**

Asshole. Cuff him and stuff him.

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

**CHIP:**

Will you stand up for me?

**TIM:**

Okay.

**CHIP:**

Come on. Inside.

**TIM:**

Okay. We'll go for a ride.

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

**GARY:**

Can you tell me what happened?

**NAZEER:**

He's drunk.

**GARY:**

Uh-huh.

**NAZEER:**

He causes problems. He was here earlier.

Tim screams to Jeff from inside the car.

**TIM:**

Hey, Jeff!

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

**JEF:**

Yeah.

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

What? What'd you do?

**TIM:**

That chick, Erica?

**JEFF:**

Well, w-what happened?

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

What'd you do?

**TIM:**

I hit her.

**JEFF:**

You hit her? Oh, wait, wait a minute. Why'd you hit her?

**TIM:**

Because I was fucked up, man. I just kept hittin' her till she didn't move anymore.



**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

Oh fuck.

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

**NAZEER:**

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

**JEFF:**

I don't know.

**NAZEER:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

Oh, it's very complicated, huh?

**JEFF:**

That's right.

**NAZEER:**

Complicated or not, life moves on. Hm?

Jeff walks away from Nazeer.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - VAN - NIGHT

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

**SLOW FADE OUT:**

**SLOW FADE UP:**

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

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

clean and very awake.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

No, no.

**BUFF:**

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

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

**JEFF:**

(into telephone)

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

Buff walks up with the coffee.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

No.

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

**BUFF:**

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

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

**BUFF:**

Oh, God! Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two!  
Buff slams the wrapper into the dumpster.

**NAZEER:**

Yeah. Yeah, it's okay for you. It's okay. Enjoy yourself.

**BUFF:**

Are you talking to me?

**NAZEER:**

It's okay.

**BUFF:**

Glad it's okay.

**NAZEER:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

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

**BUFF:**

Good. See you later.

**NAZEER:**

You're a drunk and an idiot.

**BUFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

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

Nazeer starts to go back into the store.

**BUFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

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

Nazeer walks back into the store. Buff goes back around to the

side of the building where Jeff is sitting against the wall.

**BUFF:**

Yeah. Get ahold of Sooze?

**JEFF:**

No, no, I wasn't trying.

**BUFF:**

She was at the Four Seasons last night, man. But you shouldn't worry about that.

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

No. Life is too short.

**JEFF:**

No, I'm not worried.

**BUFF:**

Good.

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

Sure.

**JEFF:**

No, I mean, no one.

**BUFF:**

Hey, you know me.

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

Yeah.

**JEFF:**

Uh, last night...

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

No, no.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

No, look, this is not about Sooze, alright. Wait, wait, wait, wait. She stayed at the Four Seasons last night with Pony?

**BUFF:**

Yeah, we all stayed at the Four Seasons, man. It was party time. Hey, I hung out with Danny, Pony's manager. Really nice guy. We talked about the video. They want a raw look. Something fresh. Danny said if I can capture the reality of Burnfield, it'd make a great tape.

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

No.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

Buff, listen to me. Could you just-

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

Buff, can you listen to me for a second?

**BUFF:**

Oh, and guess who showed up.

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

I know, man.

**JEFF:**

You know?

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

What, they're looking for her?

**BUFF:**

No man, she showed up last night at the hotel. We has a great time together. I stayed in her room last night, man. What can I say?

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

Y- s-sure it did.

**JEFF:**

No. It didn't, Buff.

**BUFF:**

Wait. Hey, man.

**JEFF:**

Erica is in the van back there.

**BUFF:**

What?

**JEFF:**

Look.

**BUFF:**

Hey, man.

**JEFF:**

She's in the van.

**BUFF:**

What she doin' in the van, man?

**JEFF:**

Buff...

**BUFF:**

What?

**JEFF:**

She's dead.

**BUFF:**

She's dead?

**JEFF:**

Look, Tim confessed to me last night.

**BUFF:**

Tim...

**JEFF:**

Tim killed Erica. Tim's a murderer.

**BUFF:**

Bullshit.

**JEFF:**

No, no, no.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

Oh, really? You wanna go look?

**BUFF:**

Yeah, man.

**JEFF:**

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

**BUFF:**

It's bullshit. Look! Look!

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

**ERICA:**

Cock-a-doole-doo! Good morning!

Erica throws herself on Buff.

**BUFF:**

Hey! Hey.

**ERICA:**

I'm so burnt-out.

**BUFF:**

Oh, how did you get burnt-out?

**ERICA:**

Playing with something really hot. Yeah.

**BUFF:**

Yeah?

Erica notices her pager in Jeff's hand.

**ERICA:**

Oh, my God, you found it. Thank you so much.

(to Buff)

Did you get your tape?

**BUFF:**

Yup. Hey, um, so, um, listen, man, I got to go show the tape to Danny at the hotel, and if I get the gig, Erica is gonna teach me



how to surf in L.A.

**ERICA:**

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

**BUFF:**

I can come visit?

**ERICA:**

You better! Yes!

**BUFF:**

I will.

**ERICA:**

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

**JEFF:**

Yeah, tell Pony to go fuck himself.

**ERICA:**

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

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

**BUFF:**

Ow! Hey! Get the heck in there!

(to Jeff)

Hey... Not dead! Definitely not dead!

**JEFF:**

Guess not.

**BUFF:**

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

**JEFF:**

No.

**BUFF:**

God, Tim lied to your ass, man. That guy's sad, man. Well, uh, I

gotta go, but, uh, listen, if I don't come back, I'll send a video of me surfing. Alright, man? Get some rest. Go with the flow.

**JEFF:**

Alright. 'Bye, Buff.

Buff jumps into the limo.

**BUFF:**

Hey, George.

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

**BUFF:**

(to Tim)

Hey, man.

**TIM:**

Hey.

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

**JEFF:**

They let you out?

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

You lied to me.

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

Wow. You did that for me?

**JEFF:**

Yes.

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

Why? Because I give a shit?

**TIM:**

Oh, shit.

**JEFF:**

Because I care, I'm a fucking fool?

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

Good, good. I, I hope he does.

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

I don't know.

**TIM:**

You don't know?

**JEFF:**

No.

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

No.

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

**TIM:**

No? Well, I disagree. I think they did. I think they probably went home last night and, you know, kicked off their sandals and had a nice laugh about the drunk on the corner, you know? Makes me sick.

**JEFF:**

What are, what are you doing? Look, Tim, just go home. Alright. Go home and sleep it off.

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

Just go home, alright?

**TIM:**

This is my home.

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

They never hurt me? They hurt me every day with their attitude.

You know, like they even have a right. Who the fuck do they think they are? Let me tell you something, I was born here. Alright? I'm an American. And I'm owed something. Look, they took it from me.

**JEFF:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

Will you just put the gun down?

**TIM:**

No.

**JEFF:**

Just put it down.

Nazeer walks out of the store.

**NAZEER:**

What is this... now , huh?

Jeff starts to walk towards Nazeer.

**TIM:**

Jeff, stay there.

**JEFF:**

He's got a gun. He's got a gun.

**TIM:**

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

**NAZEER:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**NAZEER:**

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

**TIM:**

Well, what about this?

Nazeer pulls out his gun and points it at Tim.

**NAZEER:**

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

**TIM:**

Camel jockey.

**NAZEER:**

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

**TIM:**

Yeah, yeah. That's the fucking problem.

**JEFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

Look, why do you care, huh?

**JEFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

Okay. Nazeer, okay?

**JEFF:**

Nazeer what?

**NAZEER:**

Nazeer Chaudry!

**TIM:**

Hey, w-why don't you see if he's hiring, you know? Get an application?

**JEFF:**

That, that's Indian?

**NAZEER:**

Pakistani. Okay? We're from Pakistan.

**TIM:**

Alright, alright, enough with the Boy Scout routine.

**NAZEER:**

Please. Look...

**JEFF:**

Please?

**NAZEER:**

Look, look, just get off my property.

**TIM:**

What?

Tim jumps up on top of the dumpster.

**NAZEER:**

Look, get down off my property.

**TIM:**

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

**NAZEER:**

Get off my property!

**TIM:**

Hey, you know what? Go fuck yourself.

**NAZEER:**

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

**TIM:**

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

**JEFF:**

Tim, can we go? This is ridiculous.

**TIM:**

Hey, Ma, look at me! Top of the world, Ma!  
Tim fires three shots into the air.

**NAZEER:**

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

**NAZEER:**

Look Pakeesa...

**TIM:**

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

**NAZEER:**

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

**TIM:**

You know what? Go ahead and shoot me. Go ahead! Fucking shoot me!  
Come on! Come on, man! Come on!  
Tim walks further onto the roof. We can't see him anymore.

**NAZEER:**

Get off my roof!

**TIM:**

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

**NAZEER:**

Look; okay, come on. Look, what are you doing? Look, that's  
enough. My wife called the police. They're coming.  
Tim comes back into view holding Bee-Bee, who's unconscious, in  
his arms.

**TIM:**

Jeff! Come up here!

**JEFF:**

Is that Bee-Bee?

**TIM:**

Come on!  
Pakeesa is screaming at Nazeer louder now.

**NAZEER:**



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

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

**TIM:**

Ready?

**NAZEER:**

What are you saying?

Jeff places Bee-Bee on the ground and starts to check her vital signs. Tim jumps down off the dumpster.

**TIM:**

You got her? Fuck.

Tim walks past Nazeer and over to the pay phone.

**TIM:**

I hope you're happy!

**NAZEER:**

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

**TIM:**

No, this has everything to do with you.

**NAZEER:**

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

**TIM:**

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

(into phone)

Hi, uh, there's an emergency down at the Circle A on first Street, Yeah, Okay.

(to Nazeer)

You're fucked now, pal!

(into phone)

Um, send an ambulance 'cause I, I think it's an overdose or something. Okay. Okay.

(to Jeff)

Jeff, they're coming. Just wait here. I'm gonna go over to Scuff's and see if he's got his truck.

(to Nazeer)

Listen, if she dies, you're gonna be so sorry that you ever

showed your brown face in this town!

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

**NAZEER:**

This has nothing to do with me! She went up by herself. Yeah I tell them don't go on the roof! They can't go on the roof!

(to Jeff)

How is she?

**JEFF:**

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

**NAZEER:**

Okay. Okay, look my wife called the police. They're coming. It's not too late. They'll come, they'll take care of her. I'm going inside.

Nazeer starts to walk back inside, but stops.

NAZEER (CONT'D)

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

**SLOW FADE OUT:**

**THE END:**