

A Grave Situation

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ACT I

SCENE I

FADE IN:

EXT. FREEMAN HOUSE - ESTABLISHING SHOT - AFTERNOON

The sun is shining on a beautiful Friday afternoon in the Chicago suburbs.

CUT TO:

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - AFTERNOON

SARAH FREEMAN, has just finished packing her bag, as she is going to visit her ailing grandfather. She paces through the house, as she beckons her husband, MITCHELL FREEMAN.

SARAH
(shouts out)
Mitchell?

Mitch responds to Sarah's call.

MITCH (O.S.)
(shouts from downstairs)
Yeah?

SARAH
(shouts out)
Have you seen my hairbrush?

MITCH (O.S.)
(shouts from downstairs)
I think it's near the medicine
cabinet in the bathroom.

Sarah enters the bathroom, finds her brush and exits.

SARAH
(shouts out)
I found it. Thanks, honey.
Mitchell?

Sarah descends the staircase, walks through the living room, and enters into the kitchen.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Sarah meets up with Mitch, who is fixing himself a light snack.

MITCH
What's up, buttercup?

SARAH
Well, since this is the first time I'll be away from the house, I feel I should go over a few cautionary measures with you.

MITCH
Sure.

SARAH
(calmly explains)
First, I left a list of phone numbers in case of an emergency.
(hands piece of paper to Mitch)
I left the phone numbers of the hospital and my parents' house. There's also some extra cash in the cupboard. Remember to water the plants outback.

A CAR HORN HONKS, as Sarah's cab has arrived to take her to the train station.

SARAH
Oh, my cab's here.

Sarah gets ready to leave, as Mitch takes her bag and follows Sarah out of the house.

EXT. FREEMAN HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Sarah and Mitch have arrived at her taxi, as Mitch places her bag in the backseat. Sarah is about to say goodbye to Mitch.

SARAH
Mitch, and another thing...

Mitch looks at Sarah.

SARAH
(warm)
I love you.

Sarah smiles, as she kisses Mitch. She enters the cab, and closes the door, as the taxi drives away.

WIDE SHOT - MITCH

Stands, watching and waving goodbye to Sarah.

FADE OUT.

SCENE II

FADE IN:

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Mitch lolls about on the living room sofa, bored out of his mind.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Mitch carefully reads some classic literature books, stacked up by his side on the sofa.

Mitch is out in the backyard, watering the plants with the garden hose.

Mitch looks closely at his hands and fingernails, studying them intently.

Mitch watches a college football game on television, as he starts to fall asleep.

ANTIQUUE CLOCK IN LIVING ROOM

Reads eight o'clock, as the CLOCK starts to TOLL.

MITCH

Naps steadily in an armchair, when there is a KNOCK at the FRONT DOOR. Mitch quickly awakens, and tiredly goes to answer it. The KNOCKING persists.

MITCH
(tired)
Ok, ok, I'm coming.

Mitch opens the door. Standing eagerly at the doorstep are Mitch's friends, TOM WILLIS, FRED MADSON, IRA GREEN, and KEVIN FALLON. They have come to pay Mitch a surprise visit.

MITCH
(looks confounded at them)
Guys? What's up?

The guys enter the house.

TOM
Mitchy, Mitch, Mitch. How are we
on this brisk evening? Got us some
deep dish and some Old Style.

Tom hands some pizza boxes to Mitch.

FRED
(jokingly)
Mitch, what's that on your shirt?

Mitch looks down.

FRED
(jokingly flips his
finger)
Whoops, got ya!

IRA
(a little nervous)
Man, Tom almost got us killed
driving here, he was going so fast.

KEVIN
(cranky; fixes his hair)
Jeez, the fuckin wind messed up my
hair.

MITCH
What are you guys doing here?

TOM
Well, we heard Sarah was going away
for the weekend, so we figured we'd
have a guy's night in.

IRA
I tried to warn them how dangerous
it is at night, but does anyone
listen?

KEVIN
(slightly cranky)
The only thing that bums me out is
that I'm missing the Baywatch
marathon for this shit.

FRED
So it would just be a typical night
in for you: beer, sleep, and
jerking off.

KEVIN
 (angrily retorts)
 Up your ass like broken glass,
 Fred. When are we gonna see some
 luscious titties?

MITCH
 (confounded)
 What?

TOM
 Didn't you hear? I called a
 stripper from downtown. They say
 she's the best in Illinois. Lara
 Lapsalot.

FRED
 (aroused)
 Man, if a name like that doesn't
 make your pants pop, I don't know
 what will.

IRA
 (slightly worried)
 Do you really think this is a good
 idea? I mean, strippers can carry
 all sorts of germs and - -

Before Ira can finish, Tom pushes him hardily to the floor.
 Ira winces in slight pain.

TOM
 (looks admonishingly at
 Ira)
 I knew we shouldn't have brought
 you. You've got more whines than
 Pinot Grigio.

MITCH
 (concerned)
 Guys, I don't mean to be a wet
 blanket, but I have to go with Ira
 on this one.

Suddenly, the DOORBELL RINGS, as Tom goes to answer it.

TOM
 (turns to Mitch)
 Well, you're gonna have to break
 the news to Lara.

Tom quickly opens the door. It is the PIZZA DELIVERYMAN,
 with an order.

PIZZA DELIVERYMAN

I have an order here for a Mitch Freeman.

TOM

(turns to guys)

Even better, the extra pizzas are here.

(pays the Deliveryman)

Keep the change, big guy.

Tom takes the pizzas, closes the door, and brings them over to the guys.

MITCH

(cautious)

Hey, be careful. We just had the new carpet installed.

KEVIN

(looks at his pants and exclaims)

Oh, I just got some of this oily shit on my pants!

MITCH (O.S.)

(cautious)

Kev, watch the carpet!

IRA

(looks warily at his slice)

I don't think I wanna eat any of this. I hear ninety percent of employees don't wash their hands when preparing food.

FRED

There's something missing here.

Fred heads over to the television, takes the remote and flips on a channel with pornography.

FRED

(turns to the guys and grins)

Perfect.

The guys eagerly watch, as a stunned Mitch looks on.

MITCH

How did you get porn on my tv?

TOM

Easy. I just called the cable company and gave them your address. Not to worry, though. It'll be turned off by Sunday afternoon.

(looks impatiently at his watch)

I can't believe this girl. She should have been here an hour ago.

KEVIN

(takes a bit of pizza;with mouth full)

Maybe she got lost. You know women and directions.

IRA

I really think it's a bad idea to let a stranger into your house, Mitch.

MITCH

(suspicious)

Ira's got a point there, guys. Are you sure this girl is a stripper?

TOM

Don't listen to paranoid Paul over there. This one'll be worth the wait.

KEVIN

(mock-complains)

Well, it's been a long enough one.

TOM

Relax, irritable Ike. I told her ten o'clock.

KEVIN

(looks at his watch)

It's already a quarter past.

TOM

(eagerly rubs his hands)

She's probably gettin' ready for the big night.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK IN LIVING ROOM

Reads ten-fifteen.

SEGUE TO

GRANDFATHER CLOCK IN LIVING ROOM

As it now reads twelve o' five.

GUYS

Lay drunk and exhausted on the living room sofa and armchairs, as they still await Lara's arrival.

TOM

(exasperated)

I can't believe this fuckin' chick.
She totally stood us up.

KEVIN

She probably saw you comin' a mile
away.

FRED

(lifts up can of chip dip)

Hey, at least we still have plenty
of dip left.

KEVIN

(angrily throws couch
pillow at Fred)

Your whole head is full of fuckin'
dip!

IRA

Don't you guys think this is
better? I mean, here we are, best
friends, having a few beers,
chillin' in a nice cozy home.

KEVIN

(sarcastic)

Yeah. And all that's missing is
The Sound of Music on the stereo.
Psst.

MITCH

(suggestive)

Fellas, maybe she got scared off by
the fact that - -

Before Mitch can finish, the DOORBELL RINGS. The guys leap up and stare fervently at the door. Yet no one gets up to answer it. The DOORBELL RINGS again. Tom gets up to answer it, as the rest of the guys follow him.

Tom opens the door. LARA LAPSALOT, the guys' entertainment for tonight, stands at the doorstep, as she looks seductively at Tom and the others, who watch dumbfounded.

LARA
(gently feels Tom's cheek)
Good evening, handsome.

TOM
(testy)
It's about fuckin' time! You were supposed to be here over two hours ago!

LARA
(angrily retorts)
Get bent, numb nuts. I've never been out to the suburbs. It took me two fuckin' cabs to get here. Where's your bathroom? I gotta take a leak.

FRED
It's upstairs. Can I watch?

Lara proceeds to shove Fred hardily, as he HITS the floor. Lara heads upstairs to use the bathroom, when she turns to the guys.

LARA
By the way, which one your horn dogs owns this place?

MITCH
(raises his hand)
I do.

LARA
You have a lovely home.

Lara heads upstairs.

MITCH
(soft)
Thank you.

The guys prepare for the big event, when they soon discover there is a monetary problem.

TOM
A bit feisty. Those are the best kind.

FRED

(excited)

I don't know about you guys, but I'm startin' to feel like the Excalibur here.

IRA

(slightly alarmed)

She seems too aggressive. I don't feel comfortable with this.

KEVIN

(sarcastic)

You wouldn't feel comfortable in the tea cup ride at Disney Land.

(testy)

Did this chick drink Lake Michigan? She's been in the fuckin' can forever. I paid good money for some action.

MITCH

Speaking of money, are you sure we have enough to pay her?

TOM

I think so.

MITCH

(a little nervous)

What do you mean you think so?

TOM

Well, Kev and I have our money up front. You, Fred, and Ira are gonna chip in the rest.

MITCH

How much we talkin', Tom?

TOM

(sheepish)

Five hundred dollars.

MITCH

(exclaims)

Tom, are you fuckin' nuts? We don't have that kind of money!

TOM

You gotta have something. What about that money Sarah left for you?

MITCH

That's petty cash, and it doesn't even come close to cover my share.

TOM

Can't you write her a check?

MITCH

Sarah handles all of our finances. If she sees it, she'll get suspicious.

TOM

(incredulous)

You let a woman handle your finances?

The guys continue to debate with each other downstairs.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Meanwhile, Lara is still upstairs, washing up and getting ready to perform. She splashes some water on her face from the bathroom sink.

CLOSEUP - BATHROOM FLOOR

As some water spills onto it.

Lara dries off her face with a towel, as she heads to her purse. Lara pulls out a pair of provocative panties, and decides it times to change. Lara has changed her underwear, and playfully flings her dirty pair into the air.

TOILET BOWL

As the panties fall in it.

Lara is about to head out, when she hears something. Lara slowly opens the bathroom door, and overhears the guys arguing downstairs.

TOM (O.S.)

(from downstairs)

Hey guys, maybe she'll take a credit card.

KEVIN (O.S.)

(from downstairs)

Fat chance. This bitch is looking to get paid. You know she's already got two hours under her belt.

(MORE)

KEVIN (O.S.) (cont'd)
That's why she's takin' her sweet
ass time to make it three. Then
she'll have us all pussy whipped
and broke.

Lara, hearing Kevin, nods in understanding.

FRED (O.S.)
(from downstairs)
Guys, I hate to be a bother, but
now I'm startin' to feel like
Snee's dagger.

TOM (O.S.)
(from downstairs)
Mitch, why don't you go see what's
up?

Lara, alarmed after hearing this, quickly shuts the door and frantically digs into her purse. Lara pulls out a gun, as she scurries to the bathroom door.

CLOSEUP - LARA'S FEET

Unknowingly step into the puddle of water on the bathroom floor.

Lara keeps her balance, but loses her gun.

GUN

Falls on the bathroom floor, as a SHOT is FIRED from it.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The guys are still downstairs bickering, when they hear the BLAST and stand stock still.

MITCH
(slightly startled)
What was that?

KEVIN
I think it came from upstairs.

IRA
(nervous)
Oh God, I'm nauseous.

MITCH
I'm going upstairs. Stay here and
keep your eyes open.

Mitch ascends the staircase, as he beckons Lara.

MITCH
 (calls aloud)
 Lara? Lara? Are you there? It's
 Mitch, the owner of the house.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Mitch reaches the top of the stairs, as he sees the slightly ajar bathroom door. Mitch tentatively approaches the door, and lightly KNOCKS on it. He receives no reply, as he slowly opens the door and makes the gruesome discovery.

MITCH
 (yells down to guys)
 Guys, get up here right now.

FADE OUT.

SCENE III

FADE IN:

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

All the guys lay witness to the dead body in utter disbelief.

TOM
 (slightly nervous)
 Oh man. This is killer.

KEVIN
 This is definitely a shitty
 situation.

IRA
 (nauseous)
 You guys, I'm not feelin' so good.

Ira begins to faint, as Kevin holds him up. Mitch decides to take initiative.

MITCH
 (calm)
 Ok, let's settle down. Kev, here.
 (hands him a bottle of
 smelling salts)
 Take Ira into a corner and leave it
 under his nose. The rest of us
 will analyze the scene.

Fred is sobbing, as Mitch sees and attempts to console him.

MITCH
(encouraging)
Oh, it's ok, Fred. Everything's
going to be alright. We just have
to work together.

FRED
(sobbing)
It's not that. I really thought
I'd see some tits tonight.
(from the bowels)
Aaaahhhh!!

Mitch rolls his eyes in disdain. The guys closely examine
the body.

MITCH
(cautious)
Before anything else, no one touch,
go close to or handle anything in
here.

Fred tries to touch Lara's breast, when Mitch quickly spots
him.

MITCH
(yells admonishingly)
Fred, cut that out!

FRED
Shit, you're so touchy.

MITCH
(exasperated)
I can't believe this. Will you
guys stop thinking with your little
heads and start thinking with your
big ones! Look at this. A dead
stripper, five drunk and horny
guys, a gun. Do the math.

KEVIN
Mitch is right you guys. If the
police find out about this, we're
gonna be wearing orange jumpsuits
and having our asses rammed by
America's most wanted.

TOM
Will you relax? We just have to
find a way to conceal the body.
What do you think, Mitch?

MITCH

I think it's time we take ourselves
a road trip. We're gonna bury
Lara, boys.

TOM

(objective)

Whoa, this is getting a little
intense. I think we should take
another course of action.

MITCH

(sarcastic)

Ok, Tom. Maybe we should put some
strings on her and have a puppet
show. Look Gipetto, I have real
tits.

(beat)

Listen, all we have to do is find a
cemetery, dig the plot, and it'll
be smooth sailing. We just have to
stick together and hope that nobody
heard the gunshot.

As soon as Mitch says this, the DOORBELL RINGS from
downstairs. The guys nervously turn their heads.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

The guys stand back, as Mitch slowly approaches the door and
opens it. Mitch's next-door neighbor, MISTER ADAMSON, stands
at his doorstep.

MITCH

(nervous but composed)

Mister Adamson. What a surprise to
see you.

MISTER ADAMSON

Good evening, Mitchell. I was in
my living room asleep in front of
the tv, when I heard a fracas. I
believe it came from your home.

MITCH

(confounded)

A fracas?

MISTER ADAMSON

Yes, a fracas. I hope all is well.

MITCH

Oh yes, everything is fine. That sound?

(hesitates)

That sound was the tv. You see, my friends and I were watching Shane in hi-definition, and boy, it's just like being in the old West.

MISTER ADAMSON

May I come in, Mitchell?

MITCH

(calm)

Well, Mister Adamson, as you can see, Sarah's away and I have some company and I don't think it - -

Before Mitch can finish, Mister Adamson lets himself in. The guys along with Mitch, look on apprehensively at Mister Adamson, as he vigilantly analyzes the house.

MISTER ADAMSON

You have a lovely home, Mitchell.

MITCH

Thank you, Sir.

Mr. Adamson begins to head upstairs, as Mitchell attempts to intervene.

MITCH

Uh, Mister Adamson.

Mitch and the guys follow Mister Adamson upstairs.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Mister Adamson has reached the top of the stairs, as he slowly enters the bathroom and discovers Lara's body.

MISTER ADAMSON

(looks at body in disbelief)

Oh, my stars. Mitchell, what the hell is going on - -

Before he can finish, Mister Adamson is HIT on the head with a BASEBALL BAT and proceeds to fall to the floor. Tom, with bat in hand, looks down at a fallen Mister Adamson and drops the bat. Fred looks on in disbelief.

FRED

Oh my God.

(picks up baseball bat and
looks at it)

That's the model Billy Williams
used.

MITCH

(looks nervously at Tom)

Tom, why did you do that?

TOM

He was getting nosy, Mitch. I had
to.

Mitch kneels beside Mister Adamson and checks his vital
signs.

MITCH

Thank God, he's still breathing.

(rises and confronts Tom)

What is wrong with you? Do you
realize that we now have two bodies
in the house?

KEVIN

(witty)

Hey, the more the merrier.

TOM

(heads toward body and
looks at Kevin)

Kev, help me with this.

Tom and Kevin lift Mister Adamson's body and starts to bring
it downstairs. Mitch intervenes.

MITCH

What are you doing?

TOM

We have to put your neighbor away
for a while. If we're gonna bury
Lara, we better get goin'. It's
gettin' late.

Mitch looks on sourly.

FADE OUT.

SCENE IV

FADE IN:

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The guys are carefully towing Lara's corpse downstairs.

FRED

(strenuous)

Man, I didn't realize she would be this heavy.

MITCH

We're almost downstairs. We just have to decide who's car we're gonna use to transport the body.

IRA

Guys, I really think we should all thoroughly wash our hands after this.

TOM

Do you know where there's a cemetery around here, Mitch?

KEVIN

I heard there's one in Joliet.

MITCH

That's a little too far. I'm sure we'll find one somewhere.

Ira is getting a bit touchy and nauseated with the body. He loosens his grip, as the body hits a step.

MITCH

Be careful, Ira. The body can't be damaged!

The guys finally arrive downstairs, but not before they make a sharp turn on the staircase, and the body's head hits a stair post.

MITCH

(looks at Fred)

All right. Fred? Fred?

Fred is busy fondling the corpse.

MITCH

Fred, stop feeling up the body.

(turns to Tom)

We're gonna have to use your station wagon, Tom.

TOM

Why?

MITCH

(sarcastic)

Well, let's see. One, because it's the only one with enough room to accommodate all six of us, and two, because you got us into this fuckin' mess in the first place!

IRA

(confounded)

Six? I thought there are five of us.

Mitch indicates the body to Ira, as he quickly comprehends.

IRA

Oh.

(disgusted)

Ewww.

KEVIN

How are we gonna conceal the body?

MITCH

(calmly explains)

I got a quilt from the linen closet. We'll cover her with it. If anyone asks, we'll just tell them it's my sister. She's resting after a long flight from Detroit.

FRED

(objective)

Detroit? I don't like that city. How about Cleveland?

KEVIN

(objective)

Nah, Cleveland sucks. How about Houston?

IRA

(objective)

Oh, Houston has too much smog. I heard Minneapolis is nice this time of year. Plus it's clean.

TOM
 (objective)
 I hope none of you scrotes become
 travel agents. Lincoln, Nebraska.
 Enough said.

The guys start to debate among themselves, as an exasperated Mitch intervenes.

MITCH
 You guys. We'll just tell them
 that my sister's had a long flight
 and she's resting in the back seat.

TOM
 Do we really have to take my car?

MITCH
 I'm sorry, Tom. It's our only
 hope. Don't worry. We'll put some
 plastic covering in the back of
 your car for the body. There's
 some in the garage.

The guys pick up the body and start to head out.

KEVIN
 We're all set, boys.
 (whispers under his
 breath)
 Man, this is gonna suck.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

The guys are loading the body into Tom's station wagon, as they are set to head out.

MITCH
 Ok. We have to keep our eyes open
 for any wide-open areas. I brought
 my cell phone in case of an
 emergency.

The guys head into Tom's station wagon, as Mitch hits the button to open his garage door, as he enters the driver's seat.

STATION WAGON

Pulls out of the garage, as the garage door closes.

The station wagon then heads pulls out of the driveway, as the journey is now underway.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

The guys carefully watch the body in back, as they casually ride along.

TOM

Man, I have to take a leak.

MITCH

What? I told everybody to go before we left.

TOM

Sorry. I was busy reading the dirty mags Kevin brought. Could we pull over?

MITCH

(turns to guys in back)

No. There's only one thing we have to do, so that means we can't stop for anything.

Mitch turns his attention to the road.

MITCH'S POV

HOMELY-LOOKING MAN

Stands in the middle of the street.

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch SCREECHES to a halt, as the guys, as well as the body, take a jump. The HOMELY-LOOKING MAN looks at the guys and sneers.

HOMELY-LOOKING MAN

(angrily)

Hey, watch where you're going!
Fuckin' freaks!

The Homely-Looking Man continues on his way.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Mitch regains his composure, as he checks on everybody.

MITCH
(concerned)
Is everyone okay?

KEVIN
(checks the corpse in
back)
Yeah, but I can't say the same for
our pretty passenger. Oh fuck, I
think her head's split open.

IRA
(nervous)
Blood?! Oh, I'm nauseous. I can't
take it.

Mitch attempts to calm the guys.

MITCH
Tom, reach into the glove
compartment. I have some tissues.

KEVIN
(looks disgustedly at
body)
Man, this one's a gusher.

TOM
(complains)
Blood?! Ah, that oughta help. I
just got this car three months ago,
Mitch.

EXT. LOCAL HIGHWAY - LATE NIGHT

The highway is open, as cars ride along.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

The guys are still searching for a cemetery, and remain relatively calm, except for Ira, who seems to be getting sicker.

FRED
Aren't we supposed to get off on
exit four?

MITCH
No, exit six. How's everything
back there?

KEVIN
 (checks on body)
 Well, the bleeding's subsided, but
 she's starting to smell.

FRED
 (disgusted)
 Whew, what is that?!

MITCH
 Rigor mortis.

TOM
 (witty)
 God bless you.

MITCH
 No. Rigor mortis is the body first
 phase of decomposition.

IRA
 (nauseated)
 Oh, I can't take it anymore. I'm
 gonna throw up.

TOM
 Do it out the window, Ira.

A nauseated Ira sticks his head out the backseat car window.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

An ELDERLY COUPLE are driving home, as they are having a
 conversation.

ELDERLY WOMAN
 (happy)
 My, Herbert, it's such a brisk and
 lovely evening.

ELDERLY MAN
 (happy)
 I completely concur, Helen. I can
 see the open road and beyond.

CAR'S LUCID WINDSHIELD

Becomes stained with vomit.

The elderly couple SCREAMS.

EXT. LOCAL HIGHWAY - LATE NIGHT

The elderly couple's car VEERS wildly off the highway. Meanwhile, a relieved Ira looks on in comfort.

IRA
Man, that felt good.

Ira pulls his head back inside the car.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

Mitch continues to drive, as he gives a quick glimpse in back to check on everyone.

MITCH
(concerned)
Hey, is everything all right back there?

KEVIN
Yeah. Ira just threw up.

MITCH
(concerned)
You okay, Ira?

IRA
Yeah.

MITCH
Just as long as nobody got hurt.

Mitch focuses on the road and continues to drive.

FADE OUT.

SCENE V

FADE IN:

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

The guys continue to ride along. Mitch looks at his gas tank.

GAS TANK METER

Reads empty.

MITCH
Guys, we're gonna have to stop and get gas.

STATION WAGON

Pulls over into a local gas station.

EXT. LOCAL GAS STATION - LATE NIGHT

The station wagon pulls up to a gas pump and comes to a stop. All of the guys get out and go to the bathroom, stretch their legs, etc.

MITCH

(hands Fred some money)

Fred, tell the man at the counter
twenty-five dollars on pump three.

Fred nods and heads toward the gas station's convenience store.

INT. GAS STATION CONVENIENCE STORE - LATE NIGHT

Fred enters, as he pays the CASHIER for the gas. He then heads over to the freezers in back to grab something to drink. A suspicious-looking man stands idly near the magazine rack. He is a ROBBER, who is about to hold up the store. He goes up to the CASHIER, wielding a gun and a sack.

ROBBER

(hands Cashier the sack)

Alright pal, give me all you got in
there, and open up the safe too.

The clerk heeds the robber, as he quickly empties out the register and places the money in the sack. The robber turns his attention to the back, as he quickly spots Fred, who is on the other side. The robber decides to pay him a visit.

ROBBER

(stern)

Keep puttin' the cash in the bag
and don't try anything funny. I'll
be right back.

The robber slowly sidles over to an oblivious Fred, who is grabbing some nachos. Fred is pumping some cheese on his nachos.

CLOSEUP - STORE FLOOR

As some nacho cheese spills on it.

The robber, wielding his gun, quietly heads over to Fred.

CLOSEUP - GLOB OF CHEESE ON FLOOR

As the Robber's foot steps on it.

The robber slips and tries to maintain his balance, but to no avail, as he falls back into a potato chip display, and FIRES his GUN up at the store ceiling. Debris from the ceiling soon falls on the Robber.

Meanwhile, a still oblivious Fred is reading the label on a danish.

FRED
Jeez, this danish has over three-hundred calories.

Fred heads to the counter to pay for his food, still oblivious to the Robber.

CASHIER
(excited)
Thank you, thank you so much!

FRED
(testy)
Jeez, get a grip! All I got were some nachos and a Coke.

Fred notices the ceiling and the fallen Robber.

FRED
By the way, clean up your store.

Fred departs, as the Cashier looks on in astonishment.

EXT. LOCAL GAS STATION - LATE NIGHT

Fred arrives at the station wagon, where the guys are anxiously awaiting him.

KEVIN
(angry)
It's about time, dickhead. We gotta get goin'!

The guys enter the car.

FRED
Sorry, guys. I was getting some eats. They really oughta clean up that place.

Fred enters the car, as the guys continue on their way.

EXT. OPEN ROAD - AERIAL SHOT - LATE NIGHT

The station wagon rides along the open road, still in search of a cemetery.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

Mitch continues to drive, when his CELL PHONE RINGS. Mitch picks up.

MITCH
(into cell phone)
Hello? Oh, hi honey.

Mitch motions to the guys to stay quiet.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LOCAL HOSPITAL (INDIANAPOLIS) - LOBBY - LATE NIGHT

Sarah is calling Mitch from a hospital pay phone.

SARAH
(concerned)
Mitchell, honey, where are you? I tried to reach you at home.

MITCH
I just thought I'd take a ride and pick up some... nutmeg.

SARAH
(confounded)
Nutmeg?

MITCH
Yes, nutmeg. I made some eggnog and I saw we didn't have any in our cabinet.

SARAH
Don't you make eggnog for Christmas?

MITCH
Well, you can never celebrate too early. So how's your grandpa?

SARAH
He's doing great. The doctor said it wasn't a heart attack, just acute indigestion. I've got even better news.

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)
Grandpa's being released earlier
than expected, so I'll be home
tomorrow. Isn't that great?

Mitch blanches as he hears the news and is unable to respond.

SARAH (V.O.)
(over cell phone)
Mitch?

MITCH
Oh, yeah, that's splendid.

KEVIN (O.S.)
(shouts)
Would you quit breathin' on me?
You're like a fuckin' dragon!

SARAH
(inquisitive)
Mitch, who was that? Is somebody
in the car with you?

MITCH
Oh, no dear. I'm just listening to
the radio. It's Abbott and
Costello, the lost unrated
episodes. They're really
something.

SARAH
Oh. Well, I'm taking the next
train home in the morning and I'll
be in around three. Oh, and Mitch,
I love you honey.

MITCH
Ditto.

Sarah hangs up, as Mitch blanches and quickly takes action.

MITCH
(urgent)
Ok, guys, we have to get moving.

TOM
(sarcastic)
That was really smooth. What next,
the Three Stooges jerk each other
off?

STATION WAGON

Speeds down the open road past a billboard. A POLICE CAR soon emerges from behind the billboard, and proceeds to chase the station wagon.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
 (over megaphone)
 Please slow down your vehicle and
 pull over.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - LATE NIGHT

The station wagon sits on the side of the road, with the police car a few feet away.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

The guys sit stock still, as they await the arrival of the police.

MITCH
 Alright, guys. Just play it cool
 and let me do all the talking.

OFFICER GRANGER and OFFICER MCDONALD, two local police officers, arrive at the driver seat window, as they start to inquire the guys.

OFFICER GRANGER
 (stern)
 Good evening, gentlemen. License
 and registration, please.

Mitch takes Tom's license and registration and hands them to Officer Granger. Officer Granger carefully inspects them and beckons the guys out of the car.

OFFICER GRANGER
 (stern)
 Please step out of the vehicle,
 gentlemen.

The guys make their way out of the vehicle and stand in a row, as the Officers begin their interrogation.

OFFICER MCDONALD
 How's it goin', fellas?

MITCH
 Very well, Officer. Is there
 anything we can help you with?

OFFICER GRANGER

(stern)

Well, you were pushin' the pedal a little much back there, hot foot. There a reason for the rush?

MITCH

(calmly explains)

Well, Officer, you see, my sister, she's in the back seat there, and she just had a long flight, so we thought we'd beat the evening rush home.

Officer McDonald carefully goes to the station wagon, as he carefully inspects the body in back, when suddenly he notices something.

OFFICER MCDONALD

(suspicious)

Hey, is that what I think it is?

The guys brace themselves for the worst, as Officer McDonald replies.

OFFICER MCDONALD

(looks and exclaims)

That's a checker brand quilt. Boy, that's a hall of famer.

(turns to guys)

Your sister's sure traveling in style and comfort.

MITCH

Nothing but the best.

Officer Granger joins Officer McDonald near the vehicle, as he starts to analyze.

OFFICER GRANGER

(looks in back seat)

Hey, seems like your sister's been sleepin' pretty tight there. It's like she's dead.

FRED

(witty)

You can say that again.

Tom jostles Fred in the ribs.

OFFICER GRANGER

Well, guys, it's getting pretty late and your sister must be beat.
 (softly admonishes them)
 I'll let you guys off this time. But be careful. There's a lot of sickos out there.

OFFICER MCDONALD

I'm sorry, fellas, but I have to know. Where did you get that quilt?

Officer McDonald goes to open the trunk of the station wagon for the quilt, when Officer Granger intervenes.

OFFICER GRANGER

Cal, haven't we pestered these guys enough?
 (turns to guys)
 I'm really sorry, fellas. He can get like this sometimes.

Officer McDonald steps away from the vehicle and approaches the guys.

OFFICER MCDONALD

I'm sorry, I just have to know.

MITCH

Pottery Barn.

OFFICER MCDONALD

Eureka. Well, have a good one, fellas.

OFFICER GRANGER

Yeah, guys. Get your sister home safe and sound...
 (kiddingly)
 And try not to kill anybody.

The guys smile uncomfortably at Officer Granger and head back to their car.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VI

FADE IN:

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

The guys are frantically looking for a plot, as Mitch is starting to fret.

MITCH
(worried)
It's been two hours and we haven't found squat. I'm gonna call the operator.

Mitch goes to pull out his cell phone.

TOM
(sarcastic)
Are you nuts? What are you gonna ask? Excuse me, do you know where I could find a good cemetery for a murdered stripper?

MITCH
We didn't murder her, Tom. And we have to try.

Mitch dials his cell phone, but the call fails. Mitch tries again, but the call fails.

MITCH
Shit, my phone's dead. Anybody have theirs on them?

The guys are unresponsive.

MITCH
I can't believe it. None of you has a cell phone?

KEVIN
Let's see, Mitch. You're a five-star real estate agent. Fred here didn't even graduate high school.

FRED
Damn straight.

KEVIN
Get the picture?

MITCH
Well, we're gonna have to stop at the next place that has a pay phone.

(MORE)

MITCH (cont'd)
 (looks and exclaims)
 Wait, I think I see one.

The car pulls up to a boisterous and rowdy biker bar, called The Sloshed Hog. The car is parked, as the guys get out.

MITCH
 Alright. Everyone stick together.
 Don't talk to anyone, don't look at
 anyone, don't even eat any
 complimentary peanuts. We're just
 going in to make a phone call.

The guys enter the bar.

INT. SLOSHED HOG - LATE NIGHT

The bar is crowded wall-to-wall with bikers. They are talking, playing pool, listening to the blaring jukebox, seated at the bar, etc. The bar becomes stock silent when the guys enter, as everyone turns their attention to them. The guys look on scared and nervous.

TOM
 (voice cracks)
 Mitch. I don't think we belong
 here.

MITCH
 (calm)
 Relax. We're just here to make a
 phone call.

Everyone in the bar begins to get loud again, as the guys carefully navigate around the bar. Ira is near the end of the bar, when he encounters a sinister-looking BIKER at the bar. Ira looks alarmed at him, and strikes up a conversation.

IRA
 (looks at Biker's beer)
 Miller. That's a great beer.

The biker takes the beer bottle, puts it in his eye socket, and begins to pour, while an astounded Ira looks on. The Biker SLAMS the BEER BOTTLE on the bar. He then takes a nearby bowl of peanuts off the bar and offers some to Ira.

WEIRD BIKER
 (suggestive)
 Wanna see how I eat peanuts?

Meanwhile, Tom is at a table, trying to talk to a BIKER GIRL.

TOM
So, you come here often?

The Biker Girl is uncommunicative.

TOM
(charming)
The quiet type. I can dig that.
So, can I have your number?

BIKER GIRL
(dismissive)
I don't think so.

TOM
Do I come off a little brash?

BIKER GIRL
It's not that. I don't go for your
type?

TOM
Well, I can change. I can work the
sensitive angle.

BIKER GIRL
It wouldn't work. I'm already
seeing someone.

TOM
Who's the lucky guy?

BIKER GIRL
Katherine.

TOM
(slightly surprised)
Oh, well that's...different. Can I
see your tits?

BIKER GIRL
(testy)
I think you better leave before
Katherine comes.

TOM
Oh, really. And what will she
think if I...

Tom turns around and comes face-to-face with KATHERINE, a
humongous biker girl.

TOM
 (looks nervously at
 Katherine)
 Oh, you must be Katherine.

Katherine picks Tom up by his shirt and stares angrily at him.

KATHERINE
 (angrily)
 And you must be a kite.

Katherine tosses Tom across the bar. Meanwhile, TWO BIKERS are seated at a corner table, debating "guy stuff".

BIKER #1
 (civil)
 I disagree. I think that peaches are a better ingredient in pies than blueberries. They are less tart and less susceptible to staining.

BIKER #2
 (civil)
 I object. Peaches are fine, but blueberries make for a more flavorful and richer dessert.

BIKER #1
 (angrily)
 I really think you should reconsider.

BIKER #2
 (angrily)
 Like hell I will. Let's just beat up the next person we see.

Just as they say that, Tom CRASHES onto their table, breaking it. The Bikers start to beat up on Tom. Meanwhile, Mitch is using the pay phone by the bar, trying to reach an operator. However, the phone is malfunctioning. Mitch SLAMS the RECEIVER down in frustration.

MITCH
 Shit, this phone doesn't work either.

Mitch walks disappointedly away, as a biker passing by shoves him. Mitch goes flying through a door.

INT. SLOSHED HOG - MEN'S BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

Mitch HITS the linoleum bathroom floor hard, as he dusts himself off and tries to act casual.

MITCH

Well, I gotta go anyhow.

Mitch heads over to the urinals, finds an empty one. He tries to loosen his zipper, but it gets stuck and Mitch struggles with it. Mitch finally gets it loose. Some bikers at the other urinals watch Mitch disdainfully.

MITCH

(a little embarrassed)

He's a little stubborn this evening.

The bikers are unresponsive, as they go back to peeing. Mitch starts to go in his urinal. As he is doing so, the bikers at the other urinals quickly vacate.

MITCH

(disappointed)

Okay, I know my piss can't smell that bad...

Mitch finishes, as he turns around and is met with an unpleasant sight.

MITCH'S UP ANGLE POV

MASSIVE BIKER

Stares fiercely at Mitch.

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch looks up speechless at the biker, named DUNCAN.

DUNCAN

(angrily)

You're standin' at my pisser!

MITCH

(startled)

Oh, I'm so sorry.

Mitch takes some paper towels and cleans off the urinal, then takes out the urinal cake and blows on it and places it back inside the urinal.

MITCH
 (exclaims)
 Tada! Clean as a whistle.

Duncan stands unimpressed, as Mitch looks apprehensively at him. Duncan's face soon turns from a scowl to a smile.

DUNCAN
 Don't worry about it, brownie
 bottom! Boy, you're a looker. Can
 I buy you a drink?

MITCH
 (nervous)
 No thank you.

DUNCAN
 (softly)
 Don't be bashful now. What's your
 name?

Mitch is unresponsive.

DUNCAN
 (angrily)
 I said, "What's your name?!"

MITCH
 (nervously stutters)
 MMM... Mitch.

DUNCAN
 (ponders)
 Hmm. Mitch. Bitch. Whadya say?
 Be my bitch, Mitch.

MITCH
 (coyly)
 Can I ask you for a small favor?

Mitch whispers in Duncan's ear.

INT. SLOSHED HOG - MIDDLE OF BAR - LATE NIGHT

Meanwhile, the rest of the guys are in the middle of a sea of angry bikers, who are ready to beat them up. The guys stand afraid and hopeless. A VOICE suddenly intervenes.

DUNCAN (O.S.)
 (yells loudly)
 Hey, back off! Those guys are with
 me!

The bikers stop in their tracks and turn around.

MED.SHOT - DUNCAN AND MITCH

Stand in a corner of the bar.

DUNCAN
(sternly)
And this is my bitch, Mitch.
Anyone got a problem?

The bikers back away from the guys and stare dumbfounded and still.

MITCH
(nervously exclaims)
That's right. I'm Mitch, and I'm
his bitch!

Duncan hardly squeezes Mitch's backside, as Mitch fights off a grimace of discomfort.

DUNCAN
Anybody know where there's a
working pay phone?

One BIKER responds to Duncan's query.

BIKER
I think there's one at a general
store two blocks down.

MITCH
Thank you. If you'll excuse me,
this bitch must be off.

Mitch gestures to the rest of the guys.

MITCH
(sotto voce)
Let's get out of here!

The guys quickly scurry out of the bar and head to their car.

MITCH
(looks in shock at Tom)
Tom, what happened?

TOM
Biker chick. Long story. You have
a nice boyfriend.

MITCH
(witty)
Thanks. I met him in the bathroom.

FADE OUT.

SCENE VII

FADE IN:

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

The guys are following the biker's directions, as they search for the general store.

MITCH
(looks attentively around)
Okay, that biker said two blocks.
(sees it and exclaims)
There it is!

STATION WAGON

Pulls up to and parks next to the store.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

The guys look in the store from their windows. It is closed, as a man is cleaning up inside.

KEVIN
Damn, it's closed.

TOM
Well, he's our only hope. Mitch,
go talk to him.

All of the guys nudge Mitch, as he gets out of the car, as they soon follow him out. They approach the store door.

FRED (O.S.)
This place looks familiar.

Mitch KNOCKS on the door.

MITCH
Excuse me, sir.

The store owner, BOB SHERRY, stops sweeping and comes to the door.

BOB
 (points to sign on door)
 Sorry, we're closed.

MITCH
 We were wondering if we could use
 your pay phone.

Bob Sherry hesitates, but concedes, and unlocks the door.

BOB
 (stern)
 Okay, but make it quick. I gotta
 close up.

The guys enter the store.

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATE NIGHT

The guys look around the store.

MITCH
 We really appreciate this.
 (extends his hand)
 I'm Mitch, and these are my
 friends.

BOB
 (warmly shakes Mitch's
 hand)
 The name's Bob Sherry. The phone's
 in back.

MITCH
 Thank you.

Mitch heads to the back to use the phone, as the rest of the
 guys wait for him in front. Bob strikes up a conversation
 with them.

BOB
 So, what are you fellas up to
 tonight?

KEVIN
 Oh, you know...stuff.

BOB
 (waxes nostalgic)
 Ah yes, I was in your shoes once.
 I had my fair share of good times,
 when I could sneak away from the
 store wife of course.
 (MORE)

BOB (cont'd)
 Yep, I've been runnin' this store
 for over forty years now. Sadly,
 the missus passed away a few years
 ago.

(beat; points to picture on
 wall)

She hung this picture above the
 counter to make me jealous. Some
 no-name, flash-in-the-pan actor. I
 forget his name. Say, would any of
 you fellas like some candy?

(points to candy)

I have everything: Twix, Snickers,
 licorice...

Just as Bob Sherry says that, Fred's eyes go wide, as he
 experiences a flashback.

FLASHBACK

INT. GENERAL STORE (1975) - DAY

A YOUNG FRED is in the same store, as he tries to solicit
 Bob's wife, ROBERTA SHERRY.

YOUNG FRED

(pleads)

But I only have a nickel.

ROBERTA SHERRY

(sternly)

Well, you know quite well that
 licorice cost ten cents. Either
 you buy it or you leave!

END FLASHBACK

INT. GENERAL STORE - LATE NIGHT

Back in the present, Fred's memory has been refreshed and his
 anger intensified.

FRED

(intense)

I remember you now. You're old man
 Sherry. Your wife. Boy, what a
 bitch! Ten cents for fuckin'
 licorice!

BOB

(stern)

Always has been, always will be.

Fred leaps over the counter and attacks Bob Sherry, while the guys look on in shock. Mitch returns, with a piece of paper in hand, as he sees what's happening.

MITCH

Guys, I got the - - What the - -

Fred emerges out from behind the counter, with licorice whips in hand. Bob Sherry soon emerges, with a shotgun.

BOB SHERRY

(angrily points shotgun at
guys)

You little prick! You've pestered
us for the last time!

The guys swiftly flee the store, as Bob Sherry starts FIRING his SHOTGUN.

EXT. GENERAL STORE - LATE NIGHT

The guys swiftly head to the station wagon. Mitch runs to the driver seat door.

TOM (O.S.)

(yells)

Quick, Mitch. Open up!

CLOSEUP - PIECE OF PAPER WITH INFORMATION

Falls to the ground.

Mitch opens the doors, as the guys enter. The station wagon swiftly drives away from the general store.

BOB

FIRES a SHOT.

BACK WINDOW OF STATION WAGON

Gets hit by a bullet and SHATTERS.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

The guys yell, as they hear the SHATTERING of GLASS.

MITCH

(nervous)

What happened in there? I can't
even make a phone call without some
hijinx ensuing.

KEVIN

Fred decided to go medieval on the shop owner.

MITCH

Unbelievable. Well, at least we have the information for the cemetery.

Mitch goes into his pocket for the piece of paper, but feels nothing.

MITCH

(frustrated)

Shit, I lost the paper.

STATION WAGON

Rides along down the road. Seconds later, a police car emerges from a back street.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATE NIGHT

Officer McDonald and Officer Granger are inside the police car, patrolling and conversing.

OFFICER MCDONALD

You know something? I really like waffles.

OFFICER GRANGER

(suspicious)

Those guys back there gave me a funny feeling.

OFFICER MCDONALD

Who, Glen?

OFFICER GRANGER

The five guys back in Glenview.

Officer McDonald looks perplexed at Officer Granger.

OFFICER GRANGER

(yells loudly)

Mr. Pottery Barn and his band of merry man, Cal!

OFFICER MCDONALD

Oh, yeah. What about 'em?

OFFICER GRANGER
 (suspicious)
 Something smells fishy, and I don't
 mean a hooker's panties.

A POLICE OFFICER BROADCASTS a bulletin from over the
 INTERCOM.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
 (over intercom)
 Attention, I have an assault case
 on Sherwood and Briarcliff.

OFFICER GRANGER
 Let's roll.

POLICE CAR
 SPEEDS away.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE VIII

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - AERIAL SHOT - LATE NIGHT

STATION WAGON

Continues to ride along the road.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

The guys are still riding along, in search of a burial plot
 for the corpse.

MITCH
 (slightly worried)
 I can't believe this.
 (MORE)

MITCH (cont'd)
Two and a half hours and we still
haven't found a cemetery.

KEVIN
(exclaims and points)
I got it! Make a left at this
light!

Mitch heeds Kevin and makes the move. The guys arrive at a college campus parking lot.

KEVIN
(exclaims)
Bingo! It's still here! I went to
college here.

IRA
(curious)
Really? What did you major in?

KEVIN
Oh, I can't remember. I was drunk
half the time.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

Mitch parks the station wagon, as the guys get out and look around. They see a fraternity house that is rocking and rolling.

IRA
Why did we stop here?

KEVIN
It's simple. The college is
situated on hundreds of acres of
land. We can find a secluded spot,
and bam, problem solved!

IRA
(looks disgusted at body)
I hope so, cause our friend back
there is starting to reek.

MITCH
Well, at least we have all of our
supplies ready. We just have to
get the shovel in the trunk.

Mitch looks in the trunk for a shovel, but discovers nothing.

MITCH
 (inquisitive)
 Tom, where is the shovel I asked
 you to bring?

TOM
 (sheepish)
 Well, I thought we were taking your
 car, so I kind of left it in there.

MITCH
 (calm)
 Okay, I guess we're gonna have to
 ask for one in the dorms. We'll
 split up. Kevin and Fred, you
 check the frat house. Ira, Tom,
 and I will check the dorms.

The guys disperse.

INT. FRATERNITY HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Kevin and Fred try and make their way through a throng of
 partiers, who are dancing and bantering amongst each other.
 Fred gets separated from Kevin, as he soon spots a stunning,
 young coed, JAMIE YOUNGSTON, standing across the room. A
 smitten Fred decides to approach her.

FRED
 (charming)
 Hello, beautiful.

JAMIE
 My, aren't you the flatterer.

FRED
 (charming)
 That's not flattery, that's the
 truth. So, what brings you here
 tonight?

JAMIE
 I'm here with a friend. She's a
 bit tipsy.

FRED
 My, what a shame.

JAMIE
 (extends her hand)
 I'm Jamie.

FRED
 (kisses her hand)
 The pleasure's mine, dear.

JAMIE
 You are too cute.
 (sotto voce;provocative)
 Let's say we blow this shindig and
 go somewhere more intimate.

FRED
 I like the way you think.

Jamie and Fred depart from the frat house.

INT. DORM CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

Kevin has made his way to the dormitories, as he meanders through the hallway, in search of someone with a shovel. He sees a dorm room, with a slightly ajar door. Kevin curiously approaches and enters the dorm room.

INT. DORM ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Kevin encounters a thick brume of smoke, as he enters the room. He disgustedly fans it away, and tries to see through it. Two teens, KEITH DENTON AND LEE SMITHSON, are lolling about their dorm, as they notice Kevin.

LEE
 What's happenin', dude?

KEVIN
 Not much. Say, do you know where I
 can find a shovel?

Keith and Lee look at each other seriously, then BURST into laughter.

KEITH
 (laughing)
 Dude, the only place you'll find
 one of those is in a factory.

KEVIN
 (confounded)
 A factory?

KEITH
 Yeah, man. That place where
 there's flowers and grass, the kind
 you can't smoke, and a water hose.

LEE
 (looks at Keith)
 Dude, that's a garden.

KEITH
 (laughs)
 Oh, yeah. Dude, I am so high
 right now.

LEE
 (looks closely at Kevin)
 Say, you look familiar. Do you
 know Ben Fallon?

KEVIN
 He's only my big brother.

KEITH
 Dude, that is so sweet. We haven't
 forgotten Beer Fest Ninety-Eight.
 Do you remember that?

KEVIN
 Come to think of it, no.
 (witty)
 Gee, I wonder why!

Keith and Lee erupt into laughter.

KEVIN
 I know we're not in Antarctica,
 boys, but I see a whole lotta
 puffin.

Lee takes a joint and hands it to Kevin. He hesitates and
 finally takes it and takes a drag.

KEVIN
 (exhales smoke)
 Ready for some higher learnin',
 boys?

The boys cheer, as the party has started.

INT. VACANT DORM ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The door opens, as Jamie and Fred slowly walk in and look
 around.

JAMIE
 (satisfied)
 This is just perfect.

FRED
Boy, is it ever.

Jamie walks around the room and takes off her shirt, as an aroused Fred looks on.

JAMIE
(seductive)
So Fred, tell me what kind of man
you are.

FRED
(whispers under his
breath)
Oh, you know, one who wants to
fuck.

JAMIE
(unhearing)
I beg your pardon.

FRED
Oh, I said one who'll never suck.

JAMIE
(provocative)
Not if I have a say in that. Fred,
I can just see the masculinity
emanating from you.

Jamie lays down on the bed next to Fred, and proceeds to unbutton his shirt and pants.

FRED
(stimulated)
That's not the only thing that's
emanating.

Jamie gently caresses Fred's chin and goes over to the corner. She pulls out a pair of handcuffs and shows them to Fred.

JAMIE
(seductive)
You're a bad boy, Fred. I think
I'm gonna have to arrest you.

FRED
(witty)
Aren't you going to read me my
rights first?

Jamie takes the handcuffs and manacles Fred's hands to the bedpost.

JAMIE

(sensual)

You have the right to be made love to by me and only me. There will be hot, sweaty, animal sex, and anything you say will result in S & M spanking.

FRED

(aroused)

Lock me up and throw away the key.

Jamie giggles and heads over to Fred's feet, as she takes out another set of handcuffs and manacles Fred's feet to the bedpost.

JAMIE

Now you can't move.

FRED

Just the way I like it.

JAMIE

You know, Fred, I really like to be around you. You make me feel like a real woman.

FRED

(softly)

Jamie, I don't mean to interrupt, but Mount Madson is about to erupt right about now.

JAMIE

Very well. Let's gets started.

Jamie slowly removes her pants, as Fred looks on in arousal.

JAMIE

Fred, before we get it on, I have one last question.

FRED

Sure, but please make it quick. I'm peaking here, baby.

JAMIE

(sotto voce)

You love me tonight...

(MORE)

JAMIE (cont'd)
 (in a man's voice)
 But will you love me tomorrow?

Fred blanches, as he soon makes the discovery.

BACK OF JAMIE

As she pulls off her panties in front of Fred, who looks on in disgust/astonishment.

WIDE ANGLE - ENTIRE COLLEGE CAMPUS

As Fred's SCREAM permeates.

FRED (O.S.)
 (yells loudly)
 Sweet mother of mercy!

INT. DORM ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Ira, Tom, and Mitch are sitting on a small sofa inside the dorm room of WENDY CARLSON, a coed. Wendy appears, with shovel in hand, as she kindly hands it over to Mitch.

WENDY
 (friendly)
 Hey, you guys. I just found my shovel in the closet. I use it to clean around my car in the winter.

MITCH
 Thank you very much.

WENDY
 Can I offer you something to drink?

MITCH
 No, thank you. We would just like to thank you for your cooperation and understanding.

The guys are about to exit, when Wendy intervenes.

WENDY (O.S.)
 I'm sorry. Can I ask you something?

The guys stop and turn around to Wendy.

MITCH
 Yes.

WENDY

(gently explains)
I'm doing this project for my
Psychology class and it requires
some male perspective. I was
wondering if you three could help
me.

MITCH

(reluctantly looks at his
watch)
Gee, we're kinda pressed for time
and - -

WENDY

(politely interjects)
Please? It won't take long, I
swear.

MITCH

(concedes)
I guess a few minutes couldn't
hurt. C'mon, fellas.

The guys sit back down on the mini-sofa, as Mitch sets down
the shovel. Wendy comes out with an incense candle and floor
mat.

WENDY

(explains)
Okay. My project involves
repression and confronting past
childhood experiences. I just need
you to observe and give an overall
analysis of what you see. How's
that sound?

MITCH

Swell.

Wendy starts to set herself up, as the guys watch
comfortably. Wendy sits down Indian style on the floor mat,
lights the candle, closes her eyes, and begins to focus.

WENDY

It's all resurfacing now. Azure
skies, brief but indelible
rainbows, days at my grandma's
house, the aroma of mom's chocolate
chip cookies, my days with the girl
scouts.

(one full beat; mood
changes)

(MORE)

WENDY (cont'd)

Wait a minute. No, I didn't break the lamp in the living room. It was Charlie! I'll never have breasts! Don't you think I know that? Oh, I'll never get into Harvard. I got a fourteen-twenty on my SATs. I'll be learning with flunkies and wasteoids. I'll end up a sag-titted wench working at the Dairy Queen! Aahh!!

The guys look unnerved at Wendy. Wendy quickly grabs the shovel from off the floor and starts swinging wildly at them. The guys, startled, make a break for it.

INT. COLLEGE DORM - CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

The guys race down the hallway.

IRA

What is your observation, Tom?

TOM

(witty)

I believe we have a Type A psycho bitch, Ira.

The guys continue dashing down the corridor.

INT. DORM ROOM - BATHROOM - LATE NIGHT

A visibly unstable Kevin makes his way to the bathroom, as he tries to answer nature's call. Kevin struggles with his zipper, as he starts to wriggle around unsteadily, when he loses his balance and hits his head on the porcelain of the toilet with a resounding THUD. Kevin lies listlessly on the bathroom floor.

INT. DORM ROOM - LATE NIGHT

An unconscious Kevin lies peacefully. He slowly rises and starts to come to, as Lee and Keith look on.

KEVIN

(groggy)

Where, where am I?

LEE

I went to see if you were cool, then I found you lying on the bathroom floor.

KEVIN

No need to worry. I've been there before.

KEITH

You alright, Kev? You have a huge bump on your forehead.

Kevin carefully but painfully rubs his head where the bump is, as the two boys watch him.

LEE

That was so... awesome, man! How did you do it?

KEVIN

I don't know. I went to take a piss, and then after that, everything went black.

KEITH

(hands him a joint)
Maybe this will cure what ails you.

Kevin takes the joint and looks momentarily at it.

KEVIN

Hell, couldn't hurt.

Kevin takes a drag of the doobie, as Lee and Keith happily look on.

KEVIN

(looks at joint)
Yup, just what the doctor ordered.

KEITH

(inhales some marijuana and exhales)
So, you mean to tell me that you have a dead stripper in the trunk of your friend's car?

KEVIN

(mellow)
Dude, I kid you not. Here's how it goes: We're at my friend's house throwin' back a few brews, waiting for this gal to arrive, and when she finally does, we don't get to see no tits or fuzz box. Instead, we find her dead, man.

LEE
 (in disbelief)
 No way. You are a trip, dude.

Lee watches in disgust as Keith stuffs his face full of potato chips.

LEE
 Man, how can you eat that greasy
 shit?

KEVIN
 Can't you read, Lee? Those are not
 fried. They're like us...

Lee and Keith exchange puzzled glances before Kevin delivers the kicker.

KEVIN
 (exclaims)
 They're baked!

All three BURST into laughter and start acting silly. Lee and Keith cheer Kevin's name.

LEE AND KEITH
 (together)
 Kev, Kev, Kev, Kev!

INT. DORM CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

Mitch is dashing around the dormitory, as he is looking for a room to hide with Tom and Ira. Mitch finds a door to a room, quickly opens it and looks in.

MITCH'S POV

A pagan fraternity has a member tied to stone tabernacle, as they appear ready to perform a ritual on him. They look menacingly at Mitch.

BACK TO SCENE

A startled Mitch quickly SLAMS the door shut and continues on. Mitch arrives at another door, as he quickly opens it and looks in.

MITCH'S POV

A group of nerdy outcasts are rubbing lotion all over their hands, as they then take copies of their favorite science fiction magazines, when they spot Mitch. One of the NERDS welcomes Mitch to their gathering.

NERD
 (friendly)
 Greetings, kind Sir. Please come
 and join us on our ejaculation
 extravaganza. Become one of us, as
 we do basically what we do every
 weekend.

Another entranced NERD also invites Mitch.

ENTRANCED NERD
 (eerily)
 Yes, one of us, one of us.

BACK TO SCENE

A disgusted Mitch quickly SLAMS the DOOR and continues down the corridor. Mitch then reaches the boiler room, as he slowly opens the door, and heads inside.

INT. BOILER ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Mitch slowly walks along the dimly-lit boiler room, when he encounters a CUSTODIAN, who is sitting stock still on a chair. Mitch slowly approaches him. Mitch waves his hand in front of the Custodian's face, trying to get his attention.

The Custodian does not budge, as Mitch starts to do funny voices. The Custodian starts to mimic Mitch. The exchange continues, when Mitch does a voice. The Custodian leaps up from his seat and YELLS LOUDLY. A startled Mitch swiftly departs from the boiler room, as the Custodian quietly returns to his chair.

INT. DORM CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

Mitch is now back in the corridor, as he heads toward one more door. Mitch slowly opens it and looks inside.

MITCH'S POV

A Eastern European MAN, named IMA JAKINOV, stands clad in only his underwear behind a Sheep, as he sees Mitch and warmly greets him.

IMA
 (friendly)
 Good evening, Amerikanski. My name
 is Ima Jakinov. I love United
 States, but this is only real way
 to make love, yes?

Ima pulls down his underwear.

BACK TO SCENE

A dumbfounded Mitch watches speechless, as the Sheep lets out a huge BAA. Suddenly, a voice intervenes.

TOM (O.S.)
 (yells to Mitch)
 Mitch, Ira, I found a room! Come
 quick!

Mitch quickly departs to rejoin Tom and Ira. Mitch arrives at the door, where Tom and Ira are already waiting for him. All three open the door and enter the room.

INT. DORM ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Ira, Tom, and Mitch stand still and stare nervously at their surroundings.

GUYS' POV

WIDE ANGLE - AFRICAN - AMERICAN FRATERNITY

Stare curiously and sternly at the guys.

BACK TO SCENE

The guys remain still, when Tom decides to break the ice.

TOM
 (friendly)
 So, you guys go to school here?

MALIK A. BLACKMAN, the leader of the fraternity, approaches the guys.

TOM
 (extends his hand)
 The name's Tom.

Malik leaves Tom hanging, as he looks sternly at them.

MALIK
 (stern)
 My name is Malik A. Blackman. We are here not only to educate ourselves, but to prove to the world that African-Americans can have intelligent thoughts, be capable of attaining success, and be contributing members of society. We must stay united, unwavering, and unresolute.

The ENTIRE FRATERNITY cheers in unison.

ENTIRE FRATERNITY
(altogether)
Hey!

TOM
Hey, I got a joke. How many black
people does it take to screw in a
light bulb?

The entire fraternity exchange puzzled glances, when Tom
delivers the answer.

TOM
Three. One to screw it in, the
other two to call him ni - -

INT. DORM CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

The room to the dorm BURSTS open, as Ira, Tom, and Mitch dash
out into the corridor to escape the angry mob, who are hot on
their tails.

MITCH
We gotta get to the car fast.
Where are Fred and Kevin?

IRA
(nervous)
I don't know.

INT. DORM ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Kevin is still hanging with Keith and Lee, when he hears
Mitch calling.

MITCH (O.S.)
(from out in corridor)
Kevin? Fred?

KEVIN
Shit, gotta go guys.

LEE
(disappointed)
Already, man? The party's just
gettin' started.

KEVIN
(serious)
Sorry, fellas.
(MORE)

KEVIN (cont'd)
 Now listen, I want you to promise me that you'll study hard, keep a balance between academics and social time, and to always make the right decisions.

KEITH
 (confounded)
 Really?

KEVIN
 (jokingly)
 Jeez, I'm fuckin' with you both.
 Peace out dudes.

LEE
 Always, dude.

Kevin exits the dorm room.

INT. DORM CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

Kevin meets up with the guys, as they continue running.

TOM
 Where the hell have you been?
 (disgusted)
 Man, you smell like a humidior.

KEVIN
 Long story. I'll tell you in the car. If we make it there. Where's Fred?

TOM
 You tell me. You were with him.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - PARKING LOT - LATE NIGHT

The guys arrive at the station wagon, as Mitch quickly opens the door, as the guys swiftly enter.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

Mitch is behind the wheel, as he tries to start the car, but struggles to get the key in the ignition.

KEVIN (O.S.)
 (nervous)
 C'mon, Mitch. Start her up!

MITCH
 (frantic)
 I'm trying. I just have to find
 the key and...

FRONT WINDSHIELD

Suddenly becomes SMASHED. The guys look on scared. Wendy has returned, as she is hitting the car all over with her shovel. She HITS the HOOD, SMASHES out a HEADLIGHT, HITS the FRONT GRILL, etc.

The guys yell, as Mitch starts up the car and quickly SCREECHES away, just in time before the angry fraternity arrives.

FADE OUT.

SCENE IX

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - AERIAL SHOT - LATE NIGHT

The now heavily-damaged station wagon travels down the road.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

The guys, still a bit shaken from before, have yet to find a plot, as hope if fading fast.

MITCH
 Hey, Kev. Did you say you went to
 school there?

KEVIN
 (curious)
 Yeah. Why?

MITCH
 I can see why they took you.
 There's nothing but burnouts and
 misfits. Hey, where's Fred?

KEVIN
 How should I know?

MITCH
 You two were supposed to stay
 together. We'll just have to go
 back for him later.

Ira sits calmly in the backseat, when he smells something.

IRA
 (repulsed)
 Oh, crap. What is that?

KEVIN
 (looks repulsed at body in trunk)
 It's Lara. Man, Mitch, she's really startin' to stink back there.

IRA
 (nauseated)
 Guys, I'm gonna blow chunks again.

MITCH
 Hold that puke. I'll pull over.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - LATE NIGHT

A police car arrives at the college campus and stops. Officer Granger and Officer McDonald emerge, as they survey the scene.

OFFICER GRANGER
 What do we have here?

OFFICER MCDONALD
 Looks like some chaos on campus.

Both Officers approach the African-American fraternity, as they interrogate Malik.

OFFICER MCDONALD
 Excuse me, we would just like to ask you a few questions.

MALIK
 (stern)
 Typical scenario. Criminal activity transpires on campus, and African-Americans are immediately implicated. We are still victims of police brutality, racial profiling, false incrimination, and various forms of legal infractions. We must put an end to this injustice at once.

OFFICER GRANGER
 (slightly intimidated)
 No, my brother man. Don't be hatin'. I'm all for that.
 (MORE)

OFFICER GRANGER (cont'd)
Rainbow Coalition, Reverend Al, G-G-
G-G-G Unit!

The entire fraternity quickly surround Officer Granger and Officer McDonald. Officer Granger quickly grabs his walkie-talkie.

OFFICER GRANGER
(nervously talks into his
walkie-talkie)
Gary, we're gonna need backup.

EXT. ROADSIDE - LATE NIGHT

The guys are taking a brief respite from their road trip. Ira is vomiting in a bush, while Kevin looks on and tries to help. Tom is playing with his lighter, while Mitch nervously paces back and forth.

KEVIN
(calls out to Tom)
Tom, would you get my cigarettes?

TOM (O.S.)
Sure.

Tom goes toward the car. He opens the passenger door and reaches over on the front seat, when he unknowingly hits the stick shift of the car while getting the cigarettes.

CLOSEUP - STICK SHIFT

Now placed on the drive gear.

Tom hands Kevin his cigarettes, as he looks curiously at Mitch.

TOM
Mitch, what is up with you, man?
Relax.

MITCH
(overreacts)
Relax. You hear that everybody?
"Relax!", he says. Do you realize
that in the past couple of hours
we've been nearly beaten up, shot
at, attacked by an angry mob, and
to top it all off, the car's going
downhill!

Mitch blanches, as he and the guys go after the car.

EXT. HILL - LATE NIGHT

The guys try in vain to hold up the car from going downhill. Mitch is frantically trying to unlock the driver door, as he opens it and quickly puts the stick shift to park. The car comes to a stop, as the guys breath a heavy sigh of relief.

CLOSEUP - REAR TIRE

As it hits the rocky protruderence.

The car lightly shakes, as the body comes flying out from the trunk and travels down the bumpy hill. The body falls in a nearby river.

TRACKING SHOT - GUYS

As they closely pursue the body.

BODY

Swims downstream.

The guys look at the river, as they see a waterfall ahead.

MITCH
(yells)
Nooooo!!!

The corpse is heading for the waterfall. However, the evening current drifts the corpse over to the side, where it teeters on the edge. The guys worriedly watch the body.

TOM
Oh shit, how are we gonna get it?

MITCH
(calmly)
I have an idea.

The guys are tightly handling a rope, which is tied to a large rock. Ira has some of the rope tied to his waist, as he will attempt to retrieve the body. The guys let Ira down.

IRA
Are you guys sure we don't have a pair of clean gloves?

TOM (O.S.)
For the last time, no, Ira. Now try and pull her up!

IRA
 (reaches for body)
 Pull me down further. I can't
 reach.

Ira is lowered, as he can now reach the corpse.

CLOSEUP - KEVIN'S FOOT

Slips on the wet rock.

Kevin loses his balance, as he disrupts the structure of the chain. Ira starts to lose his grip on the corpse.

IRA
 (yells out)
 I'm slippin', guys! Pull me up!

TOM (O.S.)
 (yells out)
 Hold on to the body, Ira!

Ira barely grasps the body, as the guys are carefully pulling him up. The guys pull the body in, as they lay it on the ground next to them. Ira still hangs loose, as he is next.

KEVIN
 (repulsed)
 Man, this smells like a fish
 farted.

Ira reaches his hand out to Mitch, who is trying to pull him in.

HUGE ROCK

Lies still, but the rope tied around it is starting to unravel.

Ira holds tightly to Mitch's hand, as Mitch tries to pull him up.

IRA
 (yells loudly)
 Mitch, pull me up. Don't let go.

MITCH
 I'm trying to. I just need to...

ROPE TIED AROUND ROCK

SNAPS off, loosening Ira's support.

Mitch almost has Ira up, when the weight from the rope, pulls them both down.

MITCH
(slightly startled)
Whoa! Ira, just hold on tight.

CLOSEUP - IRA AND MITCH'S HANDS

As they start to lose their grip.

Mitch tries to pull Ira up, but to no avail, as the force finally pulls Ira down, as he plummets into the waterfall.

MITCH
(yells out)
Irrraaaaa!!!

IRA
(yells out)
You guuuuuyyyyysssssss!!!

Mitch looks on in astonishment.

EXT. ROADSIDE - LATE NIGHT

The guys sit speechless, as they contemplate the loss of Ira.

KEVIN
I could've sworn that fuckin' cord
was tied.

TOM
(waxes nostalgic)
Man, Ira, you were the most jittery
fuck I ever knew, but you sure knew
how to have a good time.

Tom begins to sob, as Mitch attempts to console him.

MITCH
It's okay. At least we know he's
in a better place now.

EXT. OPEN WATERS - LATE NIGHT

The waters lie still, when suddenly a figure emerges on the surface. It is Ira, who is covered in a sludge-like substance. Ira looks around and sees a sign marked "RAW SEWAGE". Ira blanches and SCREAMS loudly.

FADE OUT.

SCENE X

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - LATE NIGHT

A Police car rides along the road.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATE NIGHT

Officer Granger and Officer McDonald are patrolling in search of the guys.

OFFICER GRANGER
I should have seen them a mile
away.

OFFICER MCDONALD
Seen what?

OFFICER GRANGER
Those five guys back there. I bet
they're keepin' that poor, tired
girl out all night. People, I tell
ya.

EXT. BUSINESS DISTRICT - LATE NIGHT

The Police car pulls up and parks in front of a donut shop. Officer Granger decides to get a late-night snack.

INT. POLICE CAR - LATE NIGHT

OFFICER GRANGER
I'm goin' in. Ya want anything?

OFFICER MCDONALD
A cruller and some coffee. One
cream, two sugars.

OFFICER GRANGER
(stern)
You got it. I'm gonna leave the
car runnin'. Keep your eyes open
for anything unusual.

OFFICER MCDONALD
Will do.

Officer Granger gets out and heads to the donut shop. In the meantime, Officer McDonald occupies himself by reciting some of the local establishment signs.

OFFICER MCDONALD

Hmm... Wong's Dry Cleaning, done on premises. Schmidt's Print Shop, open 9 a.m. to 8 p.m. Pop's Malt Shop. Why have a cow when you can have a milkshake?

(laughs heartily)

Ha,ha. That's a good one.

Officer McDonald continues reading the signs. Unbeknownst to him, the guys' station wagon passes right by the Police car, as Officer McDonald is completely oblivious.

Officer McDonald, quickly sensing something, turns around, but sees nothing. Officer McDonald shrugs, turns around, and continues reading, when Officer Granger returns with some snacks.

OFFICER GRANGER

I'm back. Did I miss anything?

OFFICER MCDONALD

(dismissive)

Nah, nothin' important.

EXT. SUBURBS - LATE NIGHT

The guys' station wagon rides aimlessly along the quiet suburban streets. The guys are lost, as they look on hopelessly.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

MITCH

(frustrated)

Shit. I knew I should've made a left.

TOM

(slightly nervous)

Man, what are we gonna do? This is no man's land.

KEVIN

(dry)

Even worse. It's the suburbs.

TOM

Mitch, I seriously think we should find a big backyard, sneak in, bury this fuckin' corpse, and be on our merry way.

KEVIN
 (suggestive)
 Hey, maybe we can knock on
 someone's door and ask to use their
 phone.

MITCH
 (looks incredulous at him)
 At three-thirty in the morning,
 Kev?

TOM
 Mitch, it's our only shot. We'll
 tell 'em we have engine trouble.

KEVIN
 (looks and points at
 house)
 Hey, I think I see a light on in
 that one.

EXT. HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

The station wagon pulls up and parks in front of a random house. The guys get out of the car, and tentatively approach the front door.

MITCH
 (sotto voce)
 Here goes nothing.

Mitch KNOCKS on the FRONT DOOR. There is no answer.

MITCH
 (sotto voce)
 Splendid. No one's home. Let's
 try and get back on the highway.

The guys turn around to head back to their car, when a VOICE beckons them.

MARTY (O.S.)
 Can we help you?

The guys stop and turn around. MARTIN SMITHSON, and his wife, DIANNE, residents of the house, stand in the doorway.

MITCH
 (coy)
 Yes, hello. We're sorry to bother
 you at this hour. Our car broke
 down and we were wondering if we
 could use your phone.

MARTY
 (warmly)
 Absolutely. Please, come in.

The Smithsons invite the guys into their house.

INT. SMITHSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The guys stand in the living room, quietly looking around, as the Smithsons introduce themselves.

MARTY
 (extends his hand)
 Well boys, allow me to introduce myself. I'm Martin Smithson, but folks call me Marty.
 (introduces his wife)
 And this is my beautiful and much better half, Dianne.

DIANNE
 (warmly extends her hand)
 Welcome to our home.

MARTY
 (courteous)
 So, can I get you boys anything? We have some nice key lime pie. Dianne just baked it today.
 (rubs his tummy)
 Yum.

MITCH
 No, thank you.

DIANNE
 Please, let me show you to our phone.

Dianne takes Mitch to the phone. Tom and Kevin stand quietly with Marty in the living room.

MARTY
 (leads them to sofa)
 Please, fellas, have a seat.

Tom and Kevin take a seat, as Marty break the ice.

MARTY
 (friendly)
 So, what brings you fellas to this neck of the woods?

KEVIN

(coy)
We had engine trouble and we're
kinda lost.

MARTY

I hear ya. It can get real quiet
around here.
(looks eerily at guys)
I bet if someone were being killed,
no one would even know.

Tom and Kevin look uncomfortably at Marty, as he continues.

MARTY

(suggestive)
Hey, whadya say I give you a tour
of the house? It'll only be a few
minutes.

KEVIN

(objective)
Well, we really should wait for our
friend to finish using the phone.

MARTY

(objective)
Pshaw. I won't here of it. Come
on and let me show you around.

Tom and Kevin nervously get up from the sofa and follow
Marty.

INT. SMITHSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

Marty is showing Tom and Kevin around, as they arrive at a
family portrait.

MARTY

(looks at photo)
Ah. Here's the family portrait.
That's our son, Lee. Just started
college. It seems like only
yesterday we were holdin' him in
our arms.
(beat)
Great kid, I tell ya. Even though
his school is a few minutes from
home, it seems like he's in Omaha.
I just hope he keeps his feet on
the ground and keeps getting
higher.

KEVIN

(witty)

I don't think you'll have to worry
about that, sir.

MARTY

(confounded)

I beg your pardon?

TOM

(ad-libs)

What Kev means to say is that your
son seems destined to be a success.

MARTY

Oh, why thank you. Please, let's
continue.

The men continue on the excursion, when nature calls for
Kevin.

KEVIN

I'm sorry, sir. Do you have a
bathroom 'round here?

MARTY

(indicates the location)

Sure, it's the third door to the
left.

Kevin follows Marty's directions, but mistakenly enters the
second door on the left. Marty becomes livid.

MARTY

(looks and yells)

Hey, keep outta there!

Kevin accidentally enters the forbidden room.

INT. SMITHSON HOUSE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The room is illuminated by red infrared lights, as several
whips, chains, and additional items of torture hang on the
wall. Kevin looks dumbfounded around the room, as Marty and
Tom join him. Marty tries to explain.

MARTY

(calmly explains)

Well, I bet you fellas are
wondering what this is all about.

(MORE)

MARTY (cont'd)

Well, to put it mildly, over the past few years, Dianne and I have been introduced to the world of S & M. And to be quite frank, we really dig it.

Tom and Kevin turn their heads, as Dianne stands in a corner of the room, clad in a leather suit and mask, with a whip in her hand.

DIANNE

(calm)

Really, we're average, run-of-the-mill folks who work hard, mind our own business, and just happen to enjoy a good whipping every now and then.

Tom and Kevin continue to stare in disbelief, when they turn around.

MARTY

Now clad in a tight leather suit, stands, holding a mace.

MARTY

(calm)

It's just that ever since Lee left, we've been trying to fill a void that parenting just can't seem to satisfy.

(beat)

So we figured when all else fails, flail. So, whadya say? Wanna make this duo a quartet?

Dianne looks intently at Tom and Kevin, and CRACKS her WHIP.

DIANNE

(intense)

Bow down, animal boys!

Tom and Kevin flee the room and move quickly downstairs, while Marty and Dianne follow in close pursuit of them. Tom gets down the staircase first, as Kevin misses a step and proceeds to stumble down the staircase. Tom beckons Mitch.

TOM

(shouts)

Mitch!

Mitch appears INTO VIEW from out of the kitchen, as he follows Tom.

MITCH
What the hell's goin' on?

TOM
(witty)
The Cleavers just became the
Osbornes!

Tom and Mitch thunder out of the house.

EXT. SMITHSON HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Tom and Mitch quickly head to their car, enter, and make a speedy departure.

MARTY

Still clad in his leather suit, watches the guys from his door and waves goodbye.

MARTY
(warmly shouts)
Hey, I thought you had engine
trouble? Oh well, it was nice to
meet you. Don't be strangers now!

FADE OUT.

SCENE XI

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - LATE NIGHT

The station wagon SPEEDS heavily down the road.

INT. STATION WAGON - LATE NIGHT

Tom and Mitch are the only one remaining from the group. The two are silent, when Tom interrogates Mitch.

TOM
So, did you find out anything?

MITCH
(focuses on road)
How could I, Tom? Missus Smithson
was hovering over me like a hawk.

TOM
But she was upstairs with us.

MITCH

Yes, but by the time I called the operator again, I couldn't get the number.

(beat)

On the bright side, I did manage to find a good mechanic.

TOM

This is just great. What are we gonna do now?

MITCH

(worried)

You tell me, Tom. This is unbelievable. We've lost nearly everyone, we're runnin' low on gas, it's almost sunset, and top it off, we still can't find a cemetery!

TOM

Mitch.

MITCH

(raves angrily)

No, Tom! I don't want to hear it! Don't tell me everything's going to be fine. I knew I shouldn't have let you into my fuckin' house, with this fuckin' girl, and now we have a fuckin' corpse and soon we'll be in fuckin' jail!

TOM

(shouts)

Mitch!

Tom points with his finger to the right. Mitch looks to his right. It is the Plots of Mercy cemetery. Mitch calms down.

MITCH

(calm)

A cemetery. Neat.

EXT. PLOTS OF MERCY CEMETERY - GRAVEYARD - LATE NIGHT

Tom and Mitch carefully and quietly haul the body through the pitch-black graveyard.

TOM

(sotto voce)

Mitch, where are we going to bury her?

MITCH

(sotto voce)

I don't know. This place looks packed to capacity. We'll have to carry her all the way to the end. We'll just have to keep our eyes peeled.

Tom continues to carry the body, when he is HIT hard on the head by a SHOVEL that comes INTO VIEW. Mitch continues to carry the body, completely oblivious to what's happening.

MITCH

Ok, Tom. It looks like we'll have to go about a mile further up. Then I think we'll find a plot. Tom?

Mitch turns around and sees that Tom is nowhere in sight.

The SHOVEL comes INTO VIEW again, this time hitting Mitch in the head, and knocking him out cold.

INT. PLOTS OF MERCY CEMETERY - EMBALMING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Tom and Mitch lie unconscious in a dimly-lit embalming room. They both slowly awaken, as they curiously look around.

TOM

Where are we, Mitch?

MITCH

I think we're in an embalming room. Where's Lara?

TOM

(slightly worried)

I don't know. What are we gonna do, Mitch?

MITCH

(calm)

Okay, just take it easy. There should be an exit around here.

(looks and exclaims)

Wait, I think I see a flashlight.

Mitch heads to a corner, and picks up the flashlight.

MITCH

Okay, we'll use this to navigate through here.

(MORE)

MITCH (cont'd)
 We just have to stay quiet, find
 the corpse, and look out for
 anything suspicious.

Mitch turns on the flashlight, as it illuminates a scary-
 looking face. PHILLIP LEMOIRE, A.K.A. PHLEM, the keeper of
 the cemetery, glares unkindly at Tom and Mitch, as they both
 yell scared.

MITCH AND TOM
 (yell)
 Aaahhh!!!

The guys, hesitate, as they look warily at Phlem. Mitch
 decides to introduce himself.

MITCH
 (extends his hand)
 Nice to meet you. I'm Mitch and
 this is my friend, Tom.

Phlem leaves Mitch hanging, as he stands sternly and
 unresponsive.

MITCH
 We're really sorry to disturb you,
 but - -

PHLEM
 (angrily interjects)
 What the hell are you two doin'
 here?! This ain't no playground,
 it's a cemetery!

MITCH
 (calmly)
 What we really want to say to you
 is that we've had a bit of an
 accident and - -

PHLEM
 (angrily interrupts)
 What the hell do you mean an
 accident? Do you think death is an
 accident? It's the most feared and
 natural occurrence of human nature.

TOM
 (extends his hand)
 Hey, I'm Tom.

Phlem also leaves Tom hanging, but introduces himself.

PHLEM

The name's Phillip Lemoire, but
folks call me Phlem.

MITCH

(curious)

Why do they call you Phlem?

Phlem puts a finger down on one of his nostrils and BLOWS out some mucus from the other. Tom and Mitch stand and watch in utter disgust.

MITCH

We were just wondering if you could
tell us where the body is.

PHLEM

It's in the lab. I took the time
to work on her. Boy, it's a shame.
Such a pretty girl taken so soon.
Oh, by the way, Chinese.

MITCH

(confounded)

She wasn't Chinese.

PHLEM

(testily)

No! That was the last thing she
ate. I cleaned her out just a few
minutes ago with the help of a
morturer's best friend.

(picks bottle up from
table and looks fondly at
it)

Formaldehyde Three Fifty-Four. A
classic never grows old. It
deteriorates the internal organs,
just like butter.

Phlem kisses the bottle of Formaldehyde. Tom becomes immensely nauseated and proceeds to run to a nearby sink and VOMITS.

PHLEM

(looks disappointedly at
Tom)

Oh, c'mon now, it ain't that bad.
Rookie!

MITCH

(coyly)

Mr. Lemur?

PHLEM
 (yells angrily)
 Lemoire! I'm French Canadian!

MITCH
 (coyly)
 Mr. Lemoire, we appreciate you
 cleansing the body and all. But we
 were just wondering if you could
 please help us bury it.

PHLEM
 Why should I?

MITCH
 Well, it's just that we had an
 accident in my home and - -

PHLEM
 (angrily interjects)
 Accident my ass! I studied the
 gunshot wound on that woman and it
 looks like it was one of you sick
 fucks!

Tom, now feeling better, explains and pleads with Phlem.

TOM
 Phlem, please. You have to believe
 us. She was a stripper, and we
 invited her over Mitch's house, and
 you know, guys will be guys, and
 then we found her dead, and we've
 been driving around all night to
 find her a plot and - -

PHLEM
 (angrily interrupts)
 I'm not gonna stand here and listen
 to this. Don't you dare bullshit a
 bullshitter!

Phlem quickly goes to a nearby closet, pulls out a double-
 barreled shotgun.

PHLEM
 (intense; points it at Tom
 and Mitch.)
 Well, it looks like we're gonna
 need two more plots.

Tom and Mitch stand stock still, as it looks like they've
 reached the end of the line. Suddenly, Tom gets daring.

TOM
(daring)
Ok, go ahead, shoot us.

PHLEM
(looks curious at Tom)
What the hell are you talkin'
about?

TOM
(daring)
You heard me, shoot us. If it
makes you that much of a man, then
do it.

Mitch looks incredulously at Tom. Phlem CLICKS his SHOTGUN
and readies it at the guys.

TOM
(strong)
But before you do, at least have
the decency to clean that snot off
your mustache.

Phlem momentarily places down his shotgun, and goes to wipe
off his mustache with a handkerchief. Seeing his chance, Tom
PUSHES a METAL TABLE used for bodies from underneath Phlem
and KNOCKS him in the face. Phlem falls to the floor, as the
guys go over to him.

MITCH
(checks his vital signs)
He's still alive, but he's out
cold.

TOM
(points to nearby
refrigerator)
Let's put him in there.

MITCH
(looks incredulous at Tom)
Are you insane? That's a
refrigerator used to store corpses.

TOM
(strong)
Do you want him to wake up and kill
us?
(starts to lift Phlem)
C'mon and help me with him. We'll
leave a crack for him to breathe.

Mitch concedes, as he helps Tom lift Phlem and place him in the refrigerator.

INT. CEMETERY - CORRIDOR - LATE NIGHT

Tom and Mitch are running from room to room, looking for any sign of Lara's corpse. Tom finally finds it.

TOM (O.S.)
(exclaims)
Mitch, I found it!

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVEYARD - EARLY SUNSET

Tom and Mitch are digging the grave for the corpse of Lara.

TOM
Hey, Mitch

Mitch stops digging and turns to Tom.

TOM
(lifts his shovel in the
air and shouts)
Can you dig it?!

MITCH
(sotto voce; angrily)
Show some respect. Remember where
we are.

TOM
Will you relax? We had a few ups
and downs, but now everything
turned out alright.

MITCH
(continues to dig)
I can't believe you. We could've
gotten killed back there. How
could you dare that sicko to kill
us? Well, at least we were lucky
to find these shovels in a nearby
shed.
(beat)
Not a word of this to anyone, Tom.
The last thing we need are cops on
our backs asking about a dead body.

TOM (O.S.)
Or maybe two.

MITCH
(curiously turns around)
What do you mean two?

Tom has a gun, and is aiming it right at Mitch. Mitch drops his shovel and puts his hands up.

MITCH
(alarmed)
Where did you get that?

TOM
(intense)
I stole it from Lara back at your house. In your race to catch every detail, you left one stone unturned, and now it's gonna cost you. Who do you think you are, Mitch?

MITCH
(confounded)
Tom, what are you talkin' about?

TOM
(angry)
All my ex-wife talks about is Mitch this and Mitch that. You have a six-figure job, a nice home, you're always so prim and proper, and you always have to be the one callin' the shots. Until now.

MITCH
Tom, I'm sorry. I just wanted everything to work out okay. We just had to work together and - -

TOM
(angrily interrupts)
There you go again, with your logical, level-headed approach. Don't you ever get tired of being right? Well, it's time to end this night with a bang. At your expense.

Tom CLICKS his GUN and is about to pull the trigger, when an ARM comes INTO VIEW, and grabs Tom's arm. Mitch looks on in puzzlement. It is Duncan, who clotheslines Tom to the ground. He then lifts Tom up and tosses him.

REVERSE ANGLE - TOM

HITS up against a nearby TREE.

Mitch and Duncan run to Tom and check on him.

MITCH

(checks Tom's vital signs)
Thank goodness, he's alive.
(looks curious at Duncan)
Duncan, what are you doing here?

DUNCAN

(calmly explains)
I've been followin' you all night.
After you left the bar, I just got
so bored that I decided to follow
you and your friends. That's what
led me to here.
(curious)
By the way, what are you doing
here?

MITCH

(exasperated)
It's a long story.

DUNCAN

How about you tell me over
breakfast? There's this great
twenty-four hour diner about twenty
minutes from here. Whadya say?

MITCH

(slightly worried)
Sounds great, but I have a bit of a
problem.

Mitch indicates the corpse and Tom to Duncan.

DUNCAN

(assured)
Leave everything to me. Come on.

Mitch follows Duncan.

FADE OUT.

SCENE XII

FADE IN:

EXT. FREEMAN HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

DUNCAN'S TOW TRUCK

Pulls right up to Mitch's house.

INT. DUNCAN'S TOW TRUCK - EARLY MORNING

Duncan and Mitch sit inside, as they are about to say goodbye.

DUNCAN
Thanks for breakfast.

MITCH
Don't mention it. Listen, I just want to say how much I appreciate you helping me bury the body, helping my friends back at the bar, even taking Tom's station wagon.

DUNCAN
The pleasure's all mine.

MITCH
It's been an interesting evening, to say the least, and I hope we can see each other again someday... In a friendly sort of way.

DUNCAN
(smiles warmly)
I'd like that.

MITCH
(slightly concerned)
Are you sure you can dispose of Tom's car?

DUNCAN
(confident)
Not a problem. I work down at the impound lot. When my boys and I are done with it, it'll be lucky if it resembles a tin can.

MITCH
Well, this is my house. I gotta get goin'.

Mitch is about to get out, when Duncan intervenes.

DUNCAN (O.S.)
Mitch?

MITCH
 (turns around)
 Yes?

DUNCAN
 There is one thing I have to ask
 you for.

MITCH
 Oh, of course.

Mitch pulls out his wallet and takes some money out.

DUNCAN
 Not that.

Duncan whispers in Mitch's ear. Mitch grimaces, but
 reluctantly concedes.

MITCH
 (ambivalent)
 Very well.

Mitch stands up from his seat and extends his behind in
 Duncan's direction. Duncan playfully pinches Mitch's bottom.

DUNCAN
 (happy)
 Firm. Like a foot soldier.

Mitch gets out of the tow truck and waves to Duncan, as he
 pulls away.

EXT. FREEMAN HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - EARLY MORNING

A relieved but exasperated Mitch arrives at his front door.

MITCH
 (looks at his watch)
 Six o'clock and we're in safe and
 sound.
 (unlocks front door and
 enters)
 Time to go inside and relax in my
 wonderful...
 (stops, looks, and
 exclaims)
 House!!

Mitch views the inside of his house in utter shock, as it is
 littered and dilapidated.

MITCH

Oh God, the house is a mess!

SERIES OF SHOTS

Mitch dutifully sweeps the floors, as he also does some waxing in between.

Mitch vacuums on and underneath the furniture, cleaning off last night's mess.

Mitch carries two huge black plastic garbage bags, to the trash cans outside.

Outside in the backyard, Mitch hasn't forgotten to water the plants, as he does so accordingly.

Outside a neighbor's home, Mitch quietly skulks towards the front door, with the dirty magazines from last night. He places them on the neighbor's doorstep, RINGS the DOORBELL, and dashes off. The door opens, as a YOUNG BOY looks around, sees no one, notices the magazines, picks one up, and looks at it.

YOUNG BOY

(exclaims)

Wow, knockers and beavers!

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Mister Adamson has just awoken from his concussion, as he slowly walks toward the kitchen door. Suddenly the DOOR SWINGS open, again KNOCKING Mr. Adamson out cold. Mitch arrives out from behind the door, as he notices Mister Adamson.

MITCH

(looks and exclaims)

Oh God, Mister Adamson!

EXT. MISTER ADAMSON'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Mitch carries Mister Adamson back to his home.

EXT. LOCAL TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Sarah has disembarked from her train.

INT. MISTER ADAMSON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mitch carefully lays Mister Adamson down in his favorite recliner, as he places the remote control to the television in his hand. Mitch turns on the television and quickly departs.

EXT. FRONT OF TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Sarah hails a cab, as one stops and she gets in.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Mitch is carefully cleaning up the bathroom, as he wipes down the floor. Suddenly, Mitch notices Lara's purse.

INT. TAXI CAB - BACKSEAT - MORNING

Sarah sits pensively in her cab, as it takes her home.

EXT. FREEMAN HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

TRASH CAN

Contains Lara's purse.

Mitch pours rubbing alcohol on the purse, lights a match and sets it ablaze.

EXT. FRONT OF FREEMAN HOUSE - MORNING

TAXI CAB

Pulls up to the house. Sarah gets out, with a worried look on her face, as she approaches the house.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Mitch has finally finished cleaning up, as he plops down on the couch, takes the remote, and flips on the television.

TELEVISION SCREEN

Displays pornography.

A startled Mitch quickly changes the channel, as it now displays a nature show.

FRONT DOOR

Slowly opens, as Sarah has entered.

Sarah calls her husband.

SARAH
 (calls out)
 Mitch?

Mitch gets up from the couch, as he sees Sarah and goes over to her. Sarah embraces him.

SARAH
 There you are! Oh, I missed you so much!

MITCH
 (concerned)
 So, how's your grandfather?

SARAH
 (optimistic)
 He's doing great! The doctor said he has to stay away from dairy products and any salty and spicy foods, and get a little rest.
 (looks in awe around house)
 My goodness, I've never seen the house this neat before!
 (looks suspicious at Mitch)
 Did you do some cleaning?

MITCH
 (modest)
 Well, you know, a little here and there.

SARAH
 (smells and cringes)
 I smell something burning.

MITCH
 Oh, it's old man Jacobs.
 (makes drinking motion with arm)
 You know.

Sarah nods in comprehension, as she heads toward the kitchen, with Mitch following her.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

SARAH
 (opens refrigerator and looks in)
 (MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)

I don't know about you, but I am starved. I'm gonna make a sandwich. You want one?

MITCH

No. I mean, don't make anything.
(shows Sarah pizza on table)

I got us a pizza. I figured you'd be tired after your trip so I decided to pick one up.

SARAH

(opens box and looks delighted at pizza)
Mushrooms and green peppers, my favorite.

(puts her arms around Mitch and looks lovingly at him)

I don't deserve you.

MITCH

(charming)
Shouldn't I be the one saying that?

Sarah and Mitch kiss, as Sarah looks at Mitch's clothes.

SARAH

That jersey.

MITCH

Yeah. What about it?

SARAH

(suspicious)
Weren't you wearing that same jersey when I left on Friday?

MITCH

Well, it's Sweetness, the best ever.

Sarah nods in comprehension, as she continues.

SARAH

(suspicious)
Call me crazy, but I had this weird notion that your loser friends would come over and do something really dangerous and stupid. I guess not.

(beat)

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)
So, what did you do while I was gone?

MITCH
(sheepish)
Oh, you know... stuff.

SARAH
Well, I'm going upstairs to take a bath. Then we'll have some pizza and talk. Hmm, I love you.

Sarah heads upstairs. Mitch watches her, and when she's out of sight, he plops back down on the couch and BREATHES a HEAVY SIGH of relief.

MITCH
(relieved; under his breath)
Whew, that was close.

A VOICE soon intervenes.

SARAH (O.S.)
(calls out)
Mitch?!

MITCH
(turns around and looks at Sarah)
Yeah, hon?

Sarah is at the staircase, angrily holding up Lara's panties, which Mitch forgot to remove from the toilet.

SARAH
Whose panties are these?

Mitch blanches, as he looks on speechless from the couch.

FADE OUT.

THE END

ALTERNATE ENDING

FADE IN:

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Mitch lays down on the bed, while Sarah unpacks and looks kindly at him. Sarah stops unpacking, and joins her husband in bed.

SARAH
 (sensually caresses Mitch)
 I don't know about you, but I'm
 feeling really frisky right about
 now.

MITCH
 (witty)
 You don't say?

Sarah gets on top of Mitch, as she slowly unzips his pants. Mitch turns his head, as he notices something.

MITCH'S POV

PHOTO OF SARAH AND HER SISTER

Hangs on the bedroom wall.

BACK TO SCENE

Mitch continues to look at the photo, as Sarah notices his preoccupation.

SARAH
 What's the matter?

MITCH
 (looks at picture)
 I'm just looking at the picture of
 you and your sister.

SARAH
 (sotto voce)
 Oh, Nancy.

MITCH
 (curious)
 Do you know what happened to her?

SARAH

(gently explains)

Well, it's been almost fifteen years. I've never told anyone the whole story. Nancy was my older sister. I thought she was the most perfect person. She got straight A's, was valedictorian, was captain of the volleyball team, and she even got a scholarship to NorthWestern.

(beat)

However, the pressure got to her. The pressure of always having to be perfect. She stopped going to classes, lost her scholarship, and soon ran away from home. I tried to maintain contact with her, but to no avail.

MITCH

(sensitive)

I'm so sorry, hon.

SARAH

To this day, mom and dad still think she wanders the streets. Some say she became a stripper.

(looks intensely at Mitch)

She goes by the name of Lara Lapsalot.

Mitch blanches, as he looks dumbfounded at Sarah. Sarah gets up from off of Mitch, goes into her bag, pulls out a gun, and points it at Mitch.

SARAH

(intense)

You son of a bitch. I can't believe you cheated on me, with my own sister.

MITCH

(calmly explains)

Sarah, it wasn't me. It was Tom who called her.

SARAH

(irate)

Don't use your friends as an excuse to cover your ass. So, how was she Mitch?

MITCH

How am I supposed to know? She died before we even got to see her naked.

(embarrassingly covers his mouth)

Oops.

Sarah looks astounded at Mitch when she hears the news.

SARAH

What? My sister's dead?!

MITCH

Yes, but it wasn't our fault. We found her dead in the bathroom.

SARAH

Well, now you'll be found dead in the bedroom.

Sarah CLICKS her GUN and is about to fire, when she is HIT on the head with a BASEBALL BAT that comes INTO VIEW. Sarah DROPS to the FLOOR. Mister Adamson, now awake, looks at a fallen Sarah.

MITCH

(astounded)

Mister Adamson?!

MISTER ADAMSON

Hello, Mitchell.

(looks at baseball bat and slaps it in his hand)

Gosh, now I can see why that would hurt.

Mitchell kneels down beside a fallen Sarah and checks on her.

MITCH

(checks Sarah's pulse)

Thank goodness, she okay.

(gets up and goes to Mister Adamson)

Mister Adamson, I know what you may be thinking, but - -

MISTER ADAMSON

(softly intervenes)

Mitchell, please explain to me later.

(sarcastic)

(MORE)

MISTER ADAMSON (cont'd)
 As you may be aware, I have a bit
 of a headache.

MITCH
 (apologetic)
 Mister Adamson, I would just like
 to tell you how sorry I am. I had
 no idea any of this would happen
 and I hope you can understand.

MISTER ADAMSON
 Mitchell, when I saw that
 attractive young lady enter your
 home, I knew something was up. I
 know you would never cheat on
 Sarah.
 (looks down at Sarah's
 body)
 Though now I think you have good
 reason to.
 (holds up baseball bat)
 And I know it wasn't you who got me
 with this.

Mitch smiles at Mister Adamson.

MISTER ADAMSON
 (friendly)
 Let's say we talk about what
 happened at my house over a nice
 cup of coffee.

MITCH
 Sounds great.

INT. FREEMAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mister Adamson and Mitch are about to head out the door.

MITCH
 I am just so happy to have last
 night behind us.
 (unlocks front door and
 opens it)
 I just wanna rest and...

Mister Adamson and Mitch stop and look on in astonishment.

MENS' POV

EVERYONE FROM LAST NIGHT

Stands at the front door. Fred is with his new "girlfriend", Ira stands, still covered in raw sewage, Kevin, now in a leather suit, is with Marty and Dianne, the entire black fraternity, Wendy, Phlem, covered in a blanket and icicles dripping from his nose, some bikers from the Sloshed Hog, and Officer Granger and Officer McDonald, who are about to interrogate Mitch.

OFFICER GRANGER

(stern)

Mister Freeman, we'd like to ask
you a few questions.

Mitch looks on wide-eyed and speechless.

FADE OUT.

THE END