

SUBURBIA

by

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EXT. ESTABLISHING - BURNFIELD - DAY

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

GENE PITNEY (V.O.)

(singing)

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

INT. JEFF'S ROOM - GARAGE - DAY

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

JEFF

(into telephone)

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

Jeff clicks over to the other line.

JEFF

(into telephone)

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

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZA JOINT - DAY

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

BUFF

(into telephone)

Hey, Frankie! Hey, what are you doing? Sleeping? What, at six o'clock? Sleep when you are dead. Hey, man, I just got off work. Why don't you meet me down at the corner. So? Put on some clothes and come down, man, yeah. Yeah, yeah, I wanna see you, man. Alright. Yeah. Hey, why don't you bring that pot you just bought? What?! Yeah, fuck you man!

(to employee)

Later.

CUT TO:

INT. SOOZE'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - DAY

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

SOOZE

I'm going out later.

SOOZE'S MOM

No car.

SOOZE

The fuck not?

SOOZE'S MOM

You know the fuck not.

SOOZE

Fuck.

SOOZE'S MOM

Don't swear it's impolite.

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

SHOPPING CHANNEL HOST

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

CUT TO:

INT. CIRCLE A CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

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

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

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

CHIP

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

GARY

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

CHIP

In that case you need a heavy-duty filter.

NAZEER

Two-fifty.

GARY

Two-fifty? They go up?

NAZEER

Always two-fifty, my friend.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)

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

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

CHIP

(to Tim)

Timmy-boy!

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

BUFF

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

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

BUFF (CONT'D)

Score! Yeah!

NAZEER

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

Jeff turns around.

JEFF

What?

NAZEER

Seven-twenty.

JEFF

I gave it to you.

BUFF

He paid you man.

NAZEER

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

BUFF

Yo! Your spitting rice all over us! God.

Jeff digs into his pockets.

JEFF

Here's twenty-five cents.

Nazeer takes the money and walks away.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Guy should cut down on his caffeine intake.

BUFF

Needs some pizza in his diet.

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

TIM

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

BUFF

You're fascist, man. Neofascist.

He sits down and begins to take of his blades.

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

Yo, your gettin' me all upset here.

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

Because I'm alienated.

BUFF

Hey! Hey, you like orgasms? Oh, yeah!
(yells)

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

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

(into telephone)
Hey, it's me. No, that's, that's the ultimate liar of liars.

BUFF

And your mom.

JEFF

(into telephone)

No, I'm here. Where are you?

BUFF

Where are you-hoo?

JEFF

(into telephone)

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

BUFF

Stuck, who? What guy? Huh?

JEFF

Shut up! Aw...

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

NAZEER

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

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

BUFF

Hey, we're just having a conversation.

NAZEER

This is private property, my friend.

TIM

Come on man.

BUFF

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

NAZEER

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

BUFF

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

NAZEER

Please!

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

JEFF

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

TIM

Who were you talking to?

JEFF

Nobody. Sooze.

BUFF

Stuck with what guy?

JEFF

What?

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

It's your birthday?

JEFF

Yeah.

BUFF

Well, shit! Happy fucking birthday!

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

BUFF AND TIM

Happy birthday! Happy fuckin' birthday!

BEE-BEE

Um, is Sooze around?

JEFF

Uh, yeah, she should be coming by.

BEE-BEE

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

JEFF

I don't know.

BUFF

Want a beer?
(to Jeff)
Is Pony coming?

BEE-BEE

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

TIM

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

BUFF

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

(to Jeff)

Wait, so Pony's coming by here?

BEE-BEE

(to Tim)

Didn't you see their video on MTV?

TIM

No, I shot my TV.

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

We are?

JEFF

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

BUFF

(excited)

Pony's coming here to the corner?!

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

Sooze wants to see him.

TIM

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

BUFF

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

BEE-BEE

Yeah, when's he coming?

JEFF

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

BUFF

(yells)

Yes!

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - LATER - NIGHT

Jeff and Sooze are kissing.

JEFF

God, I haven't seen you all day.

SOOZE

You could've come over.

JEFF

I know, I know, I know.

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

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh! Trim it!

SOOZE

I hate that.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

Okay, so maybe later.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

SOOZE

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

She begins to dance a jig.

SOOZE (CONT'D)

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

Sooze ends her piece and looks at everyone.

SOOZE

So?

Everyone slowly starts to applaud.

BEE-BEE

That was really great.

SOOZE

Was it okay?

BEE-BEE

Yeah!

SOOZE

What did you guys think?

BEE-BEE

Slides go with it.

SOOZE

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

JEFF

Was that supposed to be me?

SOOZE

No.

JEFF

Yes.

BEE-BEE

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

SOOZE

Why is everything about you, Jeff?

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Man?

JEFF

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

SOOZE

It's a piece.

JEFF

Your sure as hell right about that.

SOOZE

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

BUFF

Ah, you know people there?

SOOZE

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

I don't want to hear it anymore.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

(in mock British accent)

Oh, well, then you better listen to him.

SOOZE

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

TIM

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

SOOZE

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

BEE-BEE

Uh-huh.

SOOZE

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

JEFF

What are you trying to communicate? Tell us.

SOOZE

So you can give me more shit?

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

BEE-BEE

Mn-hm.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Yes, you asshole.

JEFF

About what?

SOOZE

About things that are important to me.

JEFF

Like what?

SOOZE

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

BEE-BEE

Um-hm.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Of course I do!

JEFF

Name one.

SOOZE

God, KAREN JOHNSON.

JEFF

One!

SOOZE

Your completely missing the point.

JEFF

Hey!

SOOZE

I'm talking about idealism.

BEE-BEE

Responsibility, progress.

SOOZE

Yes.

JEFF

No, idealism is guilty, middle class bullshit.

SOOZE

No, sweetie. Cynicism is bullshit.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

But do you stand for anything?

JEFF

Yes, I stand for -

SOOZE

What? What do you stand for?

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

Can I talk here? Let me talk.

SOOZE

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

JEFF

Can I talk?

SOOZE

Typical male.

BEE-BEE

Typical male.

SOOZE

Typical male.

BEE-BEE

Typical male.

SOOZE

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

TIM

Seriously? It's a great idea.

SOOZE

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

TIM

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

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Um, because you didn't want to go.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

TIM, BUFF, & JEFF

(in unison)

He's a geek.

BUFF

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

TIM

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

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

BUFF

(in mock kung-fu scream)

It's safe, come on.

NAZEER

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

JEFF

Why we're just standing here.

NAZEER

Look, your trespassing.

BUFF

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

NAZEER

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

SOOZE

We're just standing here!

NAZEER

Just go and stand someplace else, okay?

BUFF

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

NAZEER

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

BUFF

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

TIM

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

SOOZE

Hey, Tim.

TIM

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

NAZEER

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

TIME

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

NAZEER

Yeah, please, go. Come on.

TIM

Make a move. Greasecake. Towel-head.

SOOZE

Hey, Tim, you know what? You win.

TIM

Fucking drunk, huh?

SOOZE

You have the largest penis. Can we go please?

JEFF

Don't let 'em fight.

BUFF

The dude wants it.

SOOZE

This is ridiculous!

JEFF

Tim!

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

NAZEER

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

BUFF

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

SOOZE

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

The group begins to walk away.

TIM

Hey, your gonna regret this.

SOOZE

Come on, Jeff.

BUFF

Fuck her! Come on, let's go.

SOOZE

(from across the parking lot)

Jeff! Let's go!

Jeff is looking at Nazeer.

JEFF

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

Jeff walks away quickly to catch up with the group.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - NIGHT

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

That's the rock star thing.

JEFF

No, no.

BUFF

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

JEFF

Buff, Buff, Buff, Buff, Buff.

BUFF

Sorry.

JEFF

Jesus Christ.

BUFF

You wanna bet he's with a girl?

JEFF

No, he's not with a girl.

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

I'd get bored.

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

That sounds so depressing.

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

Ah!

JEFF

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

Watch out for that tree.

Buff misses the tree.

BUFF

A long, long, long, long, while.

JEFF

Okay, okay.

BUFF

A long, long, long...

JEFF

Okay.

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

BUFF

Hey, Tim! Hold up.

Buff takes off after Tim.

CUT TO:

INT. BURGER JOINT - BOOTH - NIGHT

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

SOOZE

It was a racial incident.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

It got that close.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Oh, yeah?

JEFF

Yeah.

SOOZE

Okay, what would you have done.

JEFF

I would've stopped it.

SOOZE

How?

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Jeff. Jeff.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

Sooze.

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

SOOZE

What?

JEFF

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

SOOZE

What feelings?

JEFF

Us.

SOOZE

Of course.

JEFF

And?

SOOZE

Come with me.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

So what do you wanna do?

JEFF

Nothing.

SOOZE

No one does nothing, Jeff.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

New ground?

JEFF

Mm-hm.

SOOZE

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

My goal is to make art.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

Mm-mm.

SOOZE

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

JEFF

No, no.

SOOZE

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

JEFF

I don't know.

CUT TO:

INT. TOP WINE & LIQUOR - NIGHT

Buff and Tim are buying alcohol.

SCUFF

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

TIM

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

SCUFF

Just one?

TIM

Yeah.

BUFF

Hey.

SCUFF

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

TIM

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

SCUFF

Uh, eleven twenty-five.

BUFF

Hey! Yeah!

SINGER

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

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

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

BUFF

Hey!

BEE-BEE

Hey. Do you have a cigarette?

BUFF

No I quit.

BEE-BEE

Hey, you said you did a video?

BUFF

Yup.

BEE-BEE

What's it about?

BUFF

It's really not about anything.

BEE-BEE

Oh. Well, what's it on?

BUFF

A cloud.

BEE-BEE

A cloud?

BUFF

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

BEE-BEE

Oh.

BUFF

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

BEE-BEE

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

BUFF

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

BEE-BEE

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

BUFF

Your a nurse?

BEE-BEE

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

BUFF

Any gunshot victims?

BEE-BEE

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

BUFF

Sounds like a bumner.

BEE-BEE

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

BUFF

Mm. Hey, what are you doing now?

BEE-BEE

Right now?

BUFF

Yeah.

BEE-BEE

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

BUFF

Do you wanna go to the van?

BEE-BEE

Now?

BUFF

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

BEE-BEE

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

BUFF

Okay, whatever you want.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

JEFF

Shit.

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

JEFF

Hey, Pony.

PONY

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

JEFF

Good, man.

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

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

JEFF

No, it's not...

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

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

JEFF

Yeah.

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

Nah, nah, nah, nah.

JEFF

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

PONY

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

JEFF

Yeah.

PONY

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

JEFF

Yeah, I crash there.

PONY

Yeah, good.

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

JEFF

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

ERICA

(into phone)

Yeah, that sounds cool. Great.

She hangs up the phone.

ERICA

(to Pony)

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

PONY

Oh, sure.

ERICA

Great.

(to Jeff)

Hi. I'm Erica.

PONY

Oh, Erica, this is my friend Jeff.

ERICA

Hi, Jeff. Nice to meet you.

PONY

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

ERICA

Oh, wow.

PONY

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

JEFF

The prom. That's funny.

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

Oh, man, we were pretty on tonight.

ERICA

Oh, you were excellent tonight, Pony.

PONY

We were?

ERICA

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

JEFF

Sorry.

PONY

So how's college?

JEFF

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

ERICA

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

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

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

ERICA

Mm.

PONY

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

ERICA

I'd love to read that.

PONY

Funny shit, man.

JEFF

So you think I should?

PONY

What?

JEFF

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

PONY

Like songs?

JEFF

Yeah, they could be songs.

PONY

Yeah. You should show 'em to me.

JEFF

Really?

PONY

Yeah, really.

JEFF

Now?

PONY

Yeah.

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

JEFF

Great.

PONY

Yeah, maybe later.

(to Sooze)

Hey! Hey!

SOOZE

Pony, oh my god!

PONY

Hey!

SOOZE

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

PONY

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

SOOZE

Is that your driver?

PONY

It's stupid.

SOOZE

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

PONY

Look at you!

SOOZE

Oh!

PONY

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

SOOZE

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

PONY

Oh, yeah?

SOOZE

So? What's L.A. like?

PONY

It's pretty exciting.

SOOZE

Yeah?

PONY

Yeah.

SOOZE

Like?

PONY

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

SOOZE

No, she was just sitting there?!

PONY

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

SOOZE

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

PONY

New York, huh?

SOOZE

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

PONY

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

SOOZE

You do not!

PONY

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Mm.

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

BUFF

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

PONY

Oh, you were there?

BUFF

No, but I heard it was great.

PONY

Oh, thanks. Thanks.

SOOZE

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

PONY

Hey.

BEE-BEE

Hi.

PONY

How're you doing? Nice to meet you.

BUFF

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

PONY

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

BUFF

Oh, So what about her?

ERICA

Hi.

PONY

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

ERICA

Hi, I'm Erica.

SOOZE

Hey, I'm Sooze.

BUFF

Yeah, right, publicist.

ERICA

Nice to meet you Sooze.

(to Bee-Bee)

Hi, I'm Erica.

PONY

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

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

ERICA

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

BUFF

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

ERICA

Oh, you were in the band?

BUFF

Yeah.

JEFF

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

PONY

Well, not exactly.

JEFF

For a while.

PONY

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

ERICA

Right.

JEFF

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

Tim walks over to the group.

TIM

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

ERICA

It's nice here. It's different.

TIM

Yeah, totally.

(to Pony)

So, uh, what do they interview you about?

PONY

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

TIM

Where do you get your ideas?

SOOZE

Leave him alone, Tim.

TIM

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

SOOZE

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

TIM

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

SOOZE

Jeff!

BUFF

Your his publicist?

ERICA

Sure I am. It's fun.

BUFF

Mm. And your like, what else?

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

ERICA

What do you mean? His girlfriend?

BUFF

Well, that's one way of putting it.

ERICA

Am I fucking him?

BUFF

Shit.

ERICA

Pony, what would you say our relationship is?

PONY

Um, mother-daughter.

ERICA

Pony and I are friends.

BUFF

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

ERICA

In what way?

BUFF

Mm, in a horizontal and wet way!

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

SOOZE

Ew! Oh, Buff! Relax!

TIM

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

ERICA

Oh, god!

SOOZE

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

ERICA

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

BUFF

Buff.

ERICA

Buff is funny. God.

TIM

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

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

PONY

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

TIM

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

JEFF

Wow, that must be pretty nice there.

PONY

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

ERICA

It does look good.

SOOZE

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

PONY

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

SOOZE

Yeah?

PONY

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

SOOZE

You do not want me to do your cover.

PONY

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

SOOZE

You're not serious.

PONY

I'm always serious.

SOOZE

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

PONY

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

SOOZE

Would I get paid?

PONY

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

SOOZE

Yeah?

PONY

Yeah.

SOOZE

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

CUT TO:

INT. TOP WINE & LIQUOR - NIGHT

Tim is back again, to buy more alcohol.

TIM

Hey, can you cash this?

Tim hands Scuff a treasury bill.

SCUFF

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

TIM

It's not the air force anymore, Scuff

SCUFF

So where are you?

TIM

I'm here.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT -NIGHT

The group is still hanging out at the Circle A.

PONY

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

SOOZE

Yeah.

PONY

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

BUFF

Yeah, we're all above that.

PONY

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

BUFF

Well, play it, man.

SOOZE

Yeah, come on, play it.

PONY

Oh, no, man. I can't.

BUFF

Yeah.

SOOZE

Come on.

BUFF

Play it! Come on!

PONY

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

BUFF

Please.

PONY

I just started it.

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

BUFF

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

PONY

Don't drop the guitar, man.

Buff pretends to almost drop the guitar.

BUFF

Whoa!

PONY

No, no, whoa!

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

BUFF

Yes! Free concert!

ERICA

Alright, Pony!

PONY

Alright, alright already.

SOOZE

Alright!

BUFF

Yes! Hey, unplugged Pony!

Pony begins to play and sing.

PONY

(singing)

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

(to group)

Chorus here.

(singing again)

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

SOOZE

That was so great!

ERICA

It's coming along.

PONY

Thank you.

BUFF

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

PONY

Hey, thanks, man.

JEFF

So who are you?

PONY

What do you mean?

JEFF

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

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

What?

JEFF

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

PONY

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

JEFF

Of course it does.

SOOZE

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

PONY

Mine too.

JEFF

W-wait a minute, wait a minute.

PONY

You know what I'm saying?

SOOZE

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

BUFF

Wait, what happened to the tree?

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Jeff likes to argue for the sake of arguing.

JEFF

No, I don't.

SOOZE

Yes, you do.

JEFF

No, I don't.

SOOZE

You do.

JEFF

No, I don't.

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

TIM

Hi.

ERICA

Hi.

TIM

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

ERICA

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

TIM

You rich?

ERICA

No, not really. Middle-class.

TIM

Oh, me too. Middle-class.

ERICA

Maybe upper-middle-class.

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

PONY

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

TIM

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

ERICA

Thinks he is. Well, he is.

TIM

He is?

ERICA

Yes.

TIM

He is.

ERICA

He is.

TIM

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

Tim feels Erica's arms.

TIM (CONT'D)

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

PONY

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

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

PONY (CONT'D)

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

Suddenly Jeff stops pacing and jumps up screaming.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Jeff!

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Jesus, Jeff.

PONY

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

(sighs)

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

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

ERICA

We'd have to hurry.

SOOZE

China Gate's open till midnight.

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

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

BUFF

Limo ride!

Buff runs and jumps into the limo.

PONY

Tim?

TIM

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

Sooze walks over to Jeff.

SOOZE

Come on.

JEFF

No. No, no, no.

SOOZE

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

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

BUFF

Hey, come on, man! Limo!

SOOZE

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

PONY

Erica, you coming?

ERICA

Mm-mm.

BUFF

Are you sure? Okay.

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

ERICA

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

TIM

What'd he get you?

ERICA

A Porsche.

TIM

Mm.

ERICA

Yeah. So, what about you?

TIM

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

ERICA

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

TIM

Military marching bands.

ERICA

You think I'm rich and you hate me.

TIM

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

ERICA

I'd like to.

TIM

Oh, yeah?

ERICA

Mm-mm.

CUT TO:

INT. BEE-BEE'S HOUSE -NIGHT

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT -NIGHT

Erica and Tim are still talking.

TIM

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

ERICA

Really?

TIM

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

ERICA

Mm.

TIM

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

ERICA

You cut off your little finger?

TIM

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

ERICA

Let's see.

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

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

INT. CHINA GATE RESTAURANT - LOBBY -NIGHT

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

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

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

RESTAURANT HOSTESS
Closed, closed.

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

SOOZE
No.

RESTAURANT HOSTESS
Midnight closed.

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

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

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

RESTAURANT HOSTESS
TV?

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

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

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

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

PONY

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

BUFF

Thanks. See man?

PONY

You know? I remember coming here with my parents.

SOOZE

Really?

BUFF

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

PONY

You make videos?

BUFF

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

PONY

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

BUFF

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

PONY

You could do it.

BUFF

I could.

PONY

Yeah!

BUFF

Yeah.

PONY

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

BUFF

Yes!

PONY

Yeah!

BUFF

A reel?

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

ERICA

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

TIM

What was your name again?

ERICA

Erica.

TIM

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

ERICA

Deep down. Way down.

TIM

It's a mistake to think that.

ERICA

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

TIM

It's nice to do a lot of things.

ERICA

That's what I mean.

TIM

I'm not a nice guy.

ERICA

I know. It's okay.

TIM

Yeah?

ERICA

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

TIM

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

ERICA

Hay? Yeah? So teach me a lesson.

They kiss.

CUT TO:

INT. PONY'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

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

BUFF

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

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

PONY

You okay, man? You okay?

BUFF

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

PONY

Wait, I'll get you some air.

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

BUFF

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

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

SOOZE

Oh, yuck! Oh, gross!

PONY

You done?

BUFF

Yeah.

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

LIMO DRIVER

Oh, crap!

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

SOOZE

(into telephone)

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

(to Jeff)

Shit. She always answers.

Buff is up in someone's front lawn.

BUFF

Hey! Hey, you guys!

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

LIMO DRIVER

No. No. Put back the leprechaun.

JEFF

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

Lights come on inside the house.

BUFF

Go!

JEFF

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - VAN - NIGHT

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

ERICA

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

CUT TO:

INT. PONY'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

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

SOOZE, BUFF, & PONY

"Black and orange
Black and orange
Hear that hearty yell
Rah rah rah"

SOOZE

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

BUFF

Hey, play that demo again, man. Alright.

PONY

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

JEFF

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

PONY

Oh, yeah.

JEFF

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

PONY

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

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

JEFF

Fuck 'em. Fucking assholes.

PONY

Burnfield. No place like it.

SOOZE

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

PONY

I can't believe you're still here.

SOOZE

I'm moving.

PONY

If...

SOOZE

No, I'm going.

PONY

Mm-hm.

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

SOOZE

Soon.

PONY

Yep.

SOOZE

What's that supposed to mean?

PONY

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

SOOZE

Oh, yeah, you're just so smart.

PONY

That's because I am.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - VAN - NIGHT

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

ERICA

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

TIM

Taking care of business.

ERICA

I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. PONY'S LIMO - ROOF - NIGHT

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

SOOZE

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

PONY

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

SOOZE

Yeah.

PONY

I think about you. I mean, a lot.

SOOZE

Me?

PONY

Yeah, I have, I have, yeah.

SOOZE

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

PONY

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

SOOZE

Yeah, I know what you're saying.

PONY

You do?

SOOZE

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

I don't anymore.

JEFF

Can I have some?

BEE-BEE

Knock yourself out.

Jeff takes a hard swing off the bottle.

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

Yeah.

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

Sure, all the time, in Group.

JEFF

In Group?

BEE-BEE

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

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

Intense.

JEFF

How long were you in there?

BEE-BEE

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

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

No. Oh, maybe. Fuck.

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

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

JEFF

It was pretty bad, huh?

BEE-BEE

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

CUT TO:

INT. PONY'S LIMO - NIGHT

Buff is holding onto the lawn leprechaun as if it was his girlfriend. He comes in and out of sleep.

BUFF

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

LIMO DRIVER

Hey, hey. Okay?

BUFF

Sor-sorry, Bruce.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

Yeah.

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

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

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

Yeah, I guess.

JEFF

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

BEE-BEE

Mm-hm.

JEFF

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

Jeff begins to remove articles of his clothing.

JEFF (CONT'D)

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

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

TIM

Bravo, you son-of-a-bitch!

CUT TO:

INT. PONY'S LIMO - NIGHT

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

PONY

Is that Jeff?

SOOZE

Oh, my god!

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

BEE-BEE

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - LIMO - NIGHT

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

SOOZE

You know, my mom has this saying.

PONY

Yeah?

SOOZE

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

PONY

Really? What else does your mother say?

JEFF

Oh, hi. I thought you guys got lost.

SOOZE

(to Bee-Bee)

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

BEE-BEE

Uh, home, you know.

SOOZE

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

BEE-BEE

You didn't get me in trouble.

PONY

Hey, where's Erica?

JEFF

I don't know.

SOOZE

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

What?

JEFF

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

SOOZE

Mm-hm.

JEFF

And I fig- and I figured something out.

SOOZE

Oh, yeah?

JEFF

I, yeah.

SOOZE

Mm.

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

BUFF

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

TIM

So, how was the ride, kids?

BUFF

Great.

TIM

Really?

SOOZE

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

TIM

Oh that's nice for you.

PONY

Where's Erica? You seen her?

TIM

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

PONY

Oh, How'd she get back?

TIM

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

JEFF

I don't know.

PONY

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

Pony walks away, around the corner.

BUFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

God, you smell like whiskey.

JEFF

No, no, I have to talk to you.

SOOZE

Is that a threat?

TIM

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

TIM

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

Sooze's face drops a little in surprise.

JEFF

Tim, what are you talking about?

TIM

Ask your girlfriend.

Pony walks back to the group.

PONY

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

TIM

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

PONY

Well, I mean, she always answers her beeper.

TIM

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

PONY

Yeah? Well, what'd she say?

TIM

About what?

PONY

About where she went. I mean, what bar?

TIM

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

PONY

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

TIM

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

SOOZE

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

PONY

I think I gotta go.

JEFF

See ya later.

TIM

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

PONY

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

Tim gets up gets into Pony's face.

TIM

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

PONY

Whatever.

TIM

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

PONY

Don't do that, man, okay?

SOOZE

Could you give me a ride?

TIM

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

SOOZE

Tim, go throw up somewhere.

PONY

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

TIM

It's none of my business?

PONY

Yeah.

TIM

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

SOOZE

What the fuck are you talking about?!

PONY

Nobody's fucking anybody!

TIM

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

PONY

Don't do that.

TIM

What are you going to do? Hm?

PONY

If you hit me...

TIM

Yeah?

PONY

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

TIM

Your manager?

PONY

Yeah, man, my manager and my lawyer.

TIM

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

PONY

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

BUFF

Thanks, man!

PONY

(to Sooze)

I'll be in the car, okay?

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

Where are you going?

SOOZE

For a ride.

JEFF

Wait, away?

SOOZE

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

JEFF

To his hotel?

SOOZE

Shit, Jeff!

BUFF

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

JEFF

So you can do an album cover?

SOOZE

I've run out of words.

JEFF

Wait. What, what are you saying?

SOOZE

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

JEFF

Well, what about us?

SOOZE

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

JEFF

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

SOOZE

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

JEFF

Oh, no, no, no.

SOOZE

You're unbelievable.

JEFF

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

SOOZE

You did, huh? Good for you.

JEFF
Oh, fuck it, man!

BUFF
Fuck it!

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

BUFF
In the limo!!!

Buff runs off to the limo.

JEFF
Do your covers and all that shit.

SOOZE
'Bye, Jeff.

JEFF
Go.

SOOZE
What?

JEFF
Just go.

Sooze walks up to him and gets in his face.

SOOZE
You really suck, you know that?

JEFF
Just go.

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

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

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

TIM
Good. That's good.

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

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

TIM

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

JEFF

No.

TIM

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

JEFF

What?

TIM

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

JEFF

Yeah, fuck 'em.

TIM

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

JEFF

Fuck 'em! Fuck 'em all, man!

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

TIM

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

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

CHIP
What's up guys?

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

Nazeer comes running out of the store.

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

CHIP
Been drinking again, Timmy-boy?

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

CHIP
Okay, come on. Time to slow down.

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

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

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

GARY
Asshole. Cuff him and stuff him.

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

CHIP
Will you stand up for me?

TIM
Okay.

CHIP
Come on. Inside.

TIM
Okay. We'll go for a ride.

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

GARY
Can you tell me what happened?

NAZEER
He's drunk.

GARY

Uh-huh.

NAZEER

He causes problems. He was here earlier.

Tim screams to Jeff from inside the car.

TIM

Hey, Jeff!

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

JEF

Yeah.

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

What? What'd you do?

TIM

That chick, Erica?

JEFF

Well, w-what happened?

TIM

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

JEFF

What'd you do?

TIM

I hit her.

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

Oh fuck.

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

NAZEER

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

JEFF

I don't know.

NAZEER

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

JEFF

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

NAZEER

Oh, it's very complicated, huh?

JEFF

That's right.

NAZEER

Complicated or not, life moves on. Hm?

Jeff walks away from Nazeer.

CUT TO:

EXT. CIRCLE A - VAN - NIGHT

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

SLOW FADE OUT

SLOW FADE UP:

EXT. CIRCLE A - PARKING LOT - EARLY MORNING

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

No, no.

BUFF

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

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

JEFF

(into telephone)

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

Buff walks up with the coffee.

BUFF

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

JEFF

No.

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

BUFF

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

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

BUFF

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

Buff slams the wrapper into the dumpster.

NAZEER

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

BUFF

Are you talking to me?

NAZEER

It's okay.

BUFF

Glad it's okay.

NAZEER

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

BUFF

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

NAZEER

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

BUFF

Good. See you later.

NAZEER

You're a drunk and an idiot.

BUFF

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

NAZEER

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

Nazeer starts to go back into the store.

BUFF

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

NAZEER

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

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

BUFF

Yeah. Get ahold of Sooze?

JEFF

No, no, I wasn't trying.

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

No. Life is too short.

JEFF

No, I'm not worried.

BUFF

Good.

JEFF

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

BUFF

Sure.

JEFF

No, I mean, no one.

BUFF

Hey, you know me.

JEFF

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

BUFF

Yeah.

JEFF

Uh, last night...

BUFF

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

JEFF

No, no.

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

No.

BUFF

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

JEFF

Buff, listen to me. Could you just-

BUFF

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

JEFF

Buff, can you listen to me for a second?

BUFF

Oh, and guess who showed up.

JEFF

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

BUFF

I know, man.

JEFF

You know?

BUFF

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

JEFF

What, they're looking for her?

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

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

BUFF

Y- s-sure it did.

JEFF

No. It didn't, Buff.

BUFF

Wait. Hey, man.

JEFF

Erica is in the van back there.

BUFF

What?

JEFF

Look.

BUFF

Hey, man.

JEFF

She's in the van.

BUFF

What she doin' in the van, man?

JEFF

Buff...

BUFF

What?

JEFF

She's dead.

BUFF

She's dead?

JEFF

Look, Tim confessed to me last night.

BUFF

Tim...

JEFF

Tim killed Erica. Tim's a murderer.

BUFF

Bullshit.

JEFF

No, no, no.

BUFF

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

JEFF

Oh, really? You wanna go look?

BUFF

Yeah, man.

JEFF

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

BUFF

It's bullshit. Look! Look!

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

ERICA

Cock-a-doole-doo! Good morning!

Erica throws herself on Buff.

BUFF

Hey! Hey.

ERICA

I'm so burnt-out.

BUFF

Oh, how did you get burnt-out?

ERICA

Playing with something really hot. Yeah.

BUFF

Yeah?

Erica notices her pager in Jeff's hand.

ERICA

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

(to Buff)

Did you get your tape?

BUFF

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

ERICA

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

BUFF

I can come visit?

ERICA

You better! Yes!

BUFF

I will.

ERICA

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

JEFF

Yeah, tell Pony to go fuck himself.

ERICA

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

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

BUFF

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

JEFF

Guess not.

BUFF

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

JEFF

No.

BUFF

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

JEFF

Alright. 'Bye, Buff.

Buff jumps into the limo.

BUFF

Hey, George.

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

BUFF

(to Tim)

Hey, man.

TIM

Hey.

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

JEFF

They let you out?

TIM

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

JEFF

You lied to me.

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

Wow. You did that for me?

JEFF

Yes.

TIM

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

JEFF

Why? Because I give a shit?

TIM

Oh, shit.

JEFF

Because I care, I'm a fucking fool?

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

Good, good. I, I hope he does.

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

I don't know.

TIM

You don't know?

JEFF

No.

TIM

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

JEFF

No.

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

Just go home, alright?

TIM

This is my home.

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

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

TIM

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

JEFF

Will you just put the gun down?

TIM

No.

JEFF

Just put it down.

Nazeer walks out of the store.

NAZEER

What is this... now , huh?

Jeff starts to walk towards Nazeer.

TIM

Jeff, stay there.

JEFF

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

TIM

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

NAZEER

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

TIM

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

NAZEER

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

TIM

Well, what about this?

Nazeer pulls out his gun and points it at Tim.

NAZEER

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

TIM

Camel jockey.

NAZEER

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

TIM

Yeah, yeah. That's the fucking problem.

JEFF

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

NAZEER

Look, why do you care, huh?

JEFF

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

NAZEER

Okay. Nazeer, okay?

JEFF

Nazeer what?

NAZEER

Nazeer Chaudry!

TIM

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

JEFF

That, that's Indian?

NAZEER

Pakistani. Okay? We're from Pakistan.

TIM

Alright, alright, enough with the Boy
Scout routine.

NAZEER

Please. Look...

JEFF

Please?

NAZEER

Look, look, just get off my property.

TIM

What?

Tim jumps up on top of the dumpster.

NAZEER

Look, get down off my property.

TIM

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

NAZEER

Get off my property!

TIM

Hey, you know what? Go fuck yourself.

NAZEER

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

TIM

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

JEFF

Tim, can we go? This is ridiculous.

TIM

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

Tim fires three shots into the air.

NAZEER

Get off my fucking roof, you fucking
drunk! You bum!

Pakeesa runs out to them , screaming in Pakistani.

NAZEER

Look Pakeesa...

TIM

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

NAZEER

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

TIM

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

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

NAZEER

Get off my roof!

TIM

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

NAZEER

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

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

TIM

Jeff! Come up here!

JEFF

Is that Bee-Bee?

TIM

Come on!

Pakeesa is screaming at Nazeer louder now.

NAZEER

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

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

TIM

Ready?

NAZEER

What are you saying?

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

TIM
You got her? Fuck.

Tim walks past Nazeer and over to the pay phone.

TIM
I hope you're happy!

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

TIM
No, this has everything to do with you.

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

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

(into phone)
Hi, uh, there's an emergency down at the Circle A on first Street, Yeah, Okay.
(to Nazeer)
You're fucked now, pal!
(into phone)
Um, send an ambulance 'cause I, I think it's an overdose or something. Okay. Okay.
(to Jeff)
Jeff, they're coming. Just wait here. I'm gonna go over to Scuff's and see if he's got his truck.
(to Nazeer)
Listen, if she dies, you're gonna be so sorry that you ever showed your brown face in this town!

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

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

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

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

Nazeer starts to walk back inside, but stops.

NAZEER (CONT'D)

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

SLOW FADE OUT

THE END