

Potcircle
by Jason Quinn

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EXT. ROD'S APARTMENT (1) -- DAY

STEVIE and GRAY, high school punks, walk along, nervously scanning for witnesses.

STEVIE
You sure he won't fuck us?

GRAY
No, man. He's like my second cousin's uncle. He's totally cool. I called.

STEVIE
I just don't want seeds and stems. Or oregano or something. One time downtown I bought a bag of nothing.

GRAY
He's cool.

They stop at the walkway to a condo.

GRAY (CONT'D)
You got the cash?

STEVIE
Yeah. I can't believe he's so close and I been going all the way to Inglewood.

GRAY
Maybe I should give him the money. I doubt he'll care, but he might.

STEVIE
Yeah, fine.

Stevie pulls out a STACK OF TWENTIES and starts counting.

Gray looks around, nervously as Stevie hands him some money and stuffs the rest into his pocket.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Two hundred. That's just a half?

GRAY
Trust me, man. It's the shit.

STEVIE
It better be, for fifty an eighth. Damn. That's like fifty crappy cheeseburgers.

Gray knocks on the door.

The door opens and they enter.

INT. ROD'S APARTMENT (2-3) -- DAY

YUKI, 20, in a robe, smiles and escorts them inside.

Gray ogles her as Stevie enters nervously.

ROD, 35, sits at a table surrounded by stacks of BILLS. He looks up, smiles and rises.

ROD

Gray.

They embrace. Rod sizes up Stevie.

GRAY

How's it going?

ROD

This is the guy?

GRAY

Yeah. Stevie.

ROD

You're gonna love this shit.

Rod leads them back to the table. He picks up a BACKPACK.

ROD (CONT'D)

Thought I was gonna drop it off.

(to Gray)

Maybe you should--

(to Yuki)

Why don't you take care of him?

Yuki looks at Gray and shrugs.

YUKI

(to Gray)

Come on.

Yuki turns and grabs Gray's hand, leading him down the hallway. Stevie stares at Rod in shock.

ROD

She's working off what she owes.

Kidding. They know each other.

STEVIE

No. That's cool. Whatever.

Rod opens up a pouch on the backpack and pulls out a ZIPLOCK. Half an ounce.

ROD

Money?

Stevie stares.

STEVIE

I, uh, gave it to-- Just a second--

Stevie looks down the hallway.

ROD

Relax. Gray passed me the cash when he came in. Just messing with you.

Rod picks up a BONG from under the table.

ROD (CONT'D)

They're gonna be a few minutes. We might as well smoke a bowl.

Rod pulls out and opens a covered PICKLE JAR filled to the rim with big BUDS.

STEVIE

Wow.

ROD

Yeah. It's nice.

Rod pulls out a small chunk of weed and loads the bong.

ROD (CONT'D)

This is the same plant as the stuff you got. It's a cross of a few cross-strains one of my Hungarian buddies came up with. Three quarters Floating Blueberry and one quarter Spinekiller.

STEVIE

Spinekiller?

Stevie fires up the bong.

ROD

It has sort of an ecstasy high because it's really early bud sativa, trippy but pretty light. Unless you do something stupid and way oversmoke, you shouldn't get tired so much.

Stevie holds and nods in agreement. He COUGHS out smoke. Rod smiles, pleased.

ROD (CONT'D)

Good, right?

Stevie COUGHS and nods.

INT. ROD'S BEDROOM (4) -- NIGHT

Yuki leads Gray into a bedroom.

GRAY
You really don't have to--

Yuki turns and smiles.

YUKI
I want to. Fucking for drugs is my
new favorite hobby.

GRAY
Nice.

YUKI
It's not so bad. Girls at school
fuck for compliments. Least I'm
getting high.

Yuki kisses Gray, trying to get him going.

YUKI (CONT'D)
C'mon? Rod'll give me an eighth if
you cum on my face.

GRAY
Marijuana is not that kind of drug.
Nobody's doing handjobs in an alley
to support a marijuana habit. What
is wrong with you?

Yuki breaks her sexy mood.

YUKI
C'mon. Fuck you're no fun. I don't
have to fuck for weed. I like to
fuck for weed. Is it really that
big a deal?

GRAY
Well, why don't you just do Rod?

YUKI
You think I haven't already? I wore
him out.

GRAY
Gross.

YUKI
Oh, come on. You'll have a much
better afternoon if you just trust
me. Do you know what tea-bagging
is?

INT. ROD'S APARTMENT - LATER (5) -- DAY

Stevie sits, glassy eyed, holding the bong.

STEVIE
So you cover the jar because light
fucks up the weed?

After a few seconds, Rod, nodding, exhales a ton of SMOKE.

ROD
Yeah. You can keep it in the freezer,
use one of the safety-seal bags.
Frostburn fucks up weed.

STEVIE
Yeah? Isn't there light in the
freezer?

ROD
Not when you close the door.

STEVIE
Cool.

Yuki dances in, Gray, grinning, shuffles behind.

Yuki hops into Rod's lap.

YUKI
You owe me a big bag.

Rod looks at Gray, who breaks out into a shit-eating grin.
Rod hands Yuki the bong and lighter and she takes a hit.

GRAY
Come on.

Stevie climbs up, picks up his bag.

STEVIE
Thanks, man. You're my hero.

GRAY
Mine, too. Wow.

Yuki exhales, then nibbles Rod's neck.

STEVIE
We should go.

ROD
No worries. Mi casa etc. You guys
better go or she won't be able to
walk tomorrow.

Gray and Stevie head for the door.

EXT. ROD'S APARTMENT (6) -- DAY

Stevie and Gray walk, elated.

STEVIE

You shoulda seen the big ass jar of weed. It was like a quart.

GRAY

That's nothing. He sells whole ounces to most of his clients. Soccer moms and all the high school teachers. He's making bank.

Stevie sneaks the bag to his face and quickly stuffs it back into his pocket.

STEVIE

It smells awesome. He's like the coolest guy ever. So did she give you like a handjob?

GRAY

Handjob? Fuck you.

STEVIE

You were only gone a minute and a half. I'm assuming you came in your pants when she unzipped you.

GRAY

Fuck you. You didn't hear her?

STEVIE

I didn't hear anything. Cept the--
(sucking sound)
-- and then he was saying we should break up the weed if we're gonna use a pipe to increase the surface area. You really did her?

GRAY

Yeah. And it was way more than a minute and a half. More like two minutes and a half.

Stevie pulls out the bag and smells it again, offering it to Gray to smell, too.

STEVIE

This is going to kick the crap out of prom. You think he'll let me have her next time?

GRAY

Probably. If you ask.

INT. LIVING ROOM (7-9) -- DAY

Titles: 4:18 pm. An empty PIZZA BOX on the floor. Gray and Stevie sit on the couch playing video games.

Stevie stares in disgust. From the screen, sounds of video character death.

STEVIE

Now dammit. I saw that coming.

GRAY

So why didn't you stop me?

STEVIE

How. You have the codebook. This is crap.

More video death.

GRAY

I don't have the codebook. But you just freak out all the time and just start pushing buttons. It recognizes strategy. It knows you suck.

STEVIE

I freak out cuz you're kicking my ass. You're like a ninja with that thing. You know, if you spent as much time on kata as you do jacking off playing video games, you could be a ninja.

More video death. Stevie tosses his controller.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You suck.

Stevie picks up the bong. He takes a hit as Gray fiddles with his controller.

GRAY

I opened up the secret forest.
Triangle, Square, Square, Up, Up,
Left-Control-Up.

STEVIE

Go fuck yourself.

The door opens and Stevie looks up, then smiles as MS CHAMBERS, 30, a Russian mail-order bride, enters with several SHOPPING BAGS. She puts them down and enters.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Hi, mom.

Ms. Chambers kisses Stevie on the cheek and checks the mail on the table.

GRAY
Hi, Ms. Chambers.

MS. CHAMBERS
What have you two been doing today?

STEVIE
What do you think?

Stevie picks up the bag next to the bong and hands it up to his step-mom. Ms. Chambers smells the baggy and approves.

MS. CHAMBERS
Nice. Do I get some?

STEVIE
Sure.

MS. CHAMBERS
First I must change.

Ms. Chambers exits down the hallway.

Gray loads the bong and leers after Ms. Chambers.

GRAY
God I want to fuck your mom. Again.

STEVIE
Don't even talk about that.

GRAY
Come on. She's a healthy woman at her sexual peak. She needs to be satisfied.

STEVIE
I guess. My dad never would have married her except she's a total nymphomaniac. I thought it was a ploy of the mail order bride thing, but she kept it up.

GRAY
Yeah. You're dad did good.

Stevie gets up for munchies as Gray takes a hit.

Ms. Chambers enters in a cocktail dress, unzipped in back.

MS. CHAMBERS
Can you zip me up?

Gray springs up from the couch, Stevie shaking his head in disgust and eating CHEESE PUFFS.

GRAY
You're going to chaperone prom?

MS. CHAMBERS
Yes. Give me waterpipe.

GRAY
(zips her up)
I can't go.

MS. CHAMBERS
Yes, I heard. Because of the--

GRAY
Yeah. No big deal. I can go back to school in the fall.

Gray takes the bong and lighter to her.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Did they have prom in Odessa?

MS. CHAMBERS
Nothing so formal. We would have parties, but we would mostly get drunk and listen to music and sex on the beach. So, same same, yes?

GRAY
More or less. We don't have a beach.

Ms. Chambers hands the lighter back to him and he lights it for her. Stevie stares in disgust. Ms. Chambers exhales.

MS. CHAMBERS
Stevie. You know you are supposed to pick up your sister at Veronica's. She needs to come home to change.

STEVIE
You were supposed to get her.

MS. CHAMBERS
I didn't have time. Now.
(to Gray)
Again.

Ms. Chambers holds the bong and Gray lights it for her.

STEVIE
This is bullshit.

Stevie goes to the door and grabs his keys. Gray and Ms. Chambers flirt. Stevie shrugs and leaves.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (10)-- DAY

A SIGN: No Prom Parking. A parking lot abuts tennis courts. Stevie passes, watching KATY and DWAYNE playing tennis, unwatched by COACH EMERSON, 60, who talks on a CELL PHONE.

Stevie passes close, exchanging nodded hellos with the coach.

COACH EMERSON

No, goddamit! I can't do it. Why? Because it's Tuesday, John,. It's Tuesday and I'm not missing another episode. Last time I missed it, they finally killed somebody. This is total b.s. Can I at least go home and set my DVR?

Coach Emerson watches Dwayne whiff a serve and shrugs it away, his whole world collapsing. Stevie passes.

Further on, ow jesusfreaks stands next to a stack of signs. Students Against Pre-Martial Sex, Prom Sex is Unholy, God Hates Sex But Loves You, and We're Annoying Bigots.

TOM, 20s, black, preaches as MOLLY, 20s, holds up signs and nods in agreement, occasionally throwing out an "A-men, brother." They both dress like home schoolers.

TOM

Fornication is a sin against the lord! Marriage is a sacrament and patience is a virtue and fornication-- fornication is the devil inside making his work through you. And you cannot let him. Just because you have feelings inside, feelings you think you can't control, feelings like you may want to touch something or rub something or lick or caress or fondle or nibble or poke-- you must not do it! Fornication is the devil inside! Fornication is the path away from God and towards an unholy land of sinful sexual bliss, that moment, that awful, release that assuages the temporal needs of your shameful body. It's a sin!

MOLLY

You treat your date with respect!

STEVIE

(blows them off, passes)

No date. I'm not even going to prom.

TOM

Well, no jacking off, either.

INT. LIVING ROOM (11-12) -- DAY

Ms Chambers poses for Gray.

MS. CHAMBERS
You like my dress?

GRAY
You look amazing.

MS. CHAMBERS
Stockings. You think it's appropriate
for chaperone?

Ms. Chambers leads Gray to the couch.

He picks up the bong as she turns on th stereo.

She dances as she talks.

MS. CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
I remember my first school dance.
It was at college for engineering.
I was only one of four girls of
hundred in department, and the only
one who liked giving, how you say,
blowjobs?

Gray holds his composure and exhales.

GRAY
Blowjobs?

MS. CHAMBERS
I was very popular.

GRAY
I bet.

Ms. Chambers dances in front of Gray.

MS. CHAMBERS
I will spend whole night watching
rich boys touching the easy girls.
I need to burn some energy or I may
do something stupid.

She dances, picks up the bong and dances with it.

GRAY
We don't have much time.

MS. CHAMBERS
So why are you waiting for?

Ms. Chambers puts down the bong and straddles Gray, revealing
stockings.

MS. CHAMBERS (CONT'D)
Treat me like your prom date.

GRAY
I don't even think I would have gone.
(fondles stockings)
Wow, I love these.

MS. CHAMBERS
Okay, then treat me like a girl you
love--

GRAY
I love you.

MS. CHAMBERS
I was not finished. Treat me like a
girl you love enough to use like a
sexdoll. And call me names.
(grinds on him)
I love it. Please?

GRAY
Okay. I guess. But one thing, were
you always like this, or is this
from the accident?

MS. CHAMBERS
I would already be naked if you really
liked me. Come on. We have maybe
ten minutes. Yes or no?

GRAY
Definitely, yes.

They kiss.

Ms. Chambers smiles at Gray.

MS. CHAMBERS
You are such a nice boy. I want to
corrupt you.

GRAY
I'm already corrupt.

MS. CHAMBERS
No, you just have a little problem.
Kind of like me, but mine's more
fun, right?

GRAY
Yeah.

They kiss more.

EXT. VERONICA'S (13) -- DAY

Outside a house, on a sidewalk corner, VERONICA, 20, stands next to DEBBIE, who fidgets in a wheelchair.

DEBBIE
Where the fuck is he? Is he stupid?
What time is it?

VERONICA
Five-oh-four.

DEBBIE
That little son-of-a-bitch. I'm not
going home alone again. It's too
uphill. He better show up.

VERONICA
He'll come. Not like he has a date.

Stevie turns the corner and approaches, smiling.

DEBBIE
Where've you been, fucktard?

STEVIE
Mom just told me. Hi, Veronica.

Veronica tisks him off.

DEBBIE
Don't call her mom.

STEVIE
I like calling her mom. If she were
really my mom, I'd still be
breastfeeding.

VERONICA
Classy.
(to Debbie)
I'll pick you up in half an hour.

STEVIE
It'll take us that long to get home.

VERONICA
Okay then, forty minutes.

STEVIE
Why didn't you just drive her?

DEBBIE
Don't be stupid. I need to get ready.

STEVIE
Great. Let's go.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (14-15) -- DAY

Stevie pushes Debbie in her wheelchair through the lot.

DEBBIE

You really did it, didn't you? I
can totally smell it on you.

STEVIE

Why do you care?

DEBBIE

Prom only happens once, and you're
going to miss it just so you can sit
around getting high. That's a waste
of a chance for actual sex. I'm
just shocked you're not going to
trade dinner for sex. You could
have at least gotten head from one
of the band girls.

They cross the street, the sun setting behind them.

STEVIE

You know, just because I'm not going
to prom doesn't mean I'm not getting
laid.

DEBBIE

Yes it does.

STEVIE

No it doesn't. A bunch of kids are
coming over after prom. I just wait
for the one rebounding on a bad date,
and I'm in.

DEBBIE

Won't happen. See, everyone knows
it's prom, which means any girl our
age you could even face during sex
already has a date, and hooking up
with you would mean they were already
having a shitty prom. Even high,
they'll realize sex with you is just
too far to fall.

STEVIE

Thanks.

DEBBIE

Smells like good weed, though. Might
be worth a handjob.

STEVIE

It's definitely worth at least a
handjob. Be real.

They enter into the parking lot. They approach the protesters and tennis courts.

DEBBIE

You're too nice, and you're just not romantic enough. Girls want someone who'll spend some time with them, and care about their feelings. Real dates, that say you are worthy of my time requiring forethought, competent execution of acquired knowledge, and at least a little cash. Either that or studs with giant cocks who can fuck like porn stars. You're neither. No sex for you.

STEVIE

Nice. What about you?

DEBBIE

I have a prom date. He's in college.

STEVIE

What's his name?

DEBBIE

His online handle is snakeingrass99. He wouldn't tell me his real name because he likes to go by Snake.

STEVIE

You're date to prom is named Snake?

DEBBIE

Fuck prom. We're all going straight to his hotel to party.

STEVIE

That sounds safe.

DEBBIE

It's fine. He works at a prison.

STEVIE

This sounds like the sort of thing I'm supposed to talk you out of.

DEBBIE

Probably. I don't think I'm going to wear panties.

STEVIE

(skips off)

Ew. Hey, can you wait here?

DEBBIE

Don't you leave me.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (16-17) -- DAY

Dwayne and Katy stand next to a car. Dwayne zips his tennis racquet case and nods a hello as Stevie approaches.

Stevie passes Coach Emerson asleep in his car.

DWAYNE

Steve.

Stevie approaches and smiles.

STEVIE

Hi, Katy. Dwayne.

KATY

Hi, Stevie. Who are you going with to prom?

STEVIE

Nobody, actually. I took my prom money and bought a big bag of he stoniest whoa-I'm-high buds ever. So, party at my place after the dance.

DWAYNE

Cool.

KATY

Who else is coming.

STEVIE

Lots of people.

KATY

Like that nutjob, Gray? He almost burned down the school.

STEVIE

Hey, he made a mistake. It could have happened to anyone.

KATY

Sure, anyone with two gallons of gasoline and a Ziggy lighter. We're probably going to Jenna's.

DWAYNE

Oh, let's not go there.

KATY

They're gonna have shrimp and wine.

Stevie looks to Dwayne.

STEVIE

Giant stony buds. Your call.

Dwayne looks to Katy, unmoved.

DWAYNE
We'll see.

STEVIE
Cool. I hope you make it.

KATY
Have a good time getting high.

STEVIE
I already am. Gotta go.

Stevie skips back toward the protesters, where Debbie has moved and shakes with animation.

Dwayne watches Stevie leave.

KATY
I don't want to go to his skeazy party.

DWAYNE
Really? I think he's kind of hot.

KATY
You're kidding?

DWAYNE
He's got a great ass. I'd totally fuck him.

KATY
You think?

DWAYNE
Sure.

KATY
Why is my prom date gay?

DWAYNE
Hey, you chose me.

KATY
Don't remind me. You really like Stevie. He's so immature.

Stevie catches up with Debbie.

DWAYNE
Yeah but look at that ass. And he's helping his bitchy sister. He's like a saint.

Katy shakes her head.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (18-20)-- DAY

Debbie double flips off Molly, who talks at her.

MOLLY

If you give in you will always be
tainted in the eyes of the lord!
Jesus is your only salvation!

TOM

That's it, that's the lord!

MOLLY

Save yourself for Jesus. He did it
for you!

Molly giggles and smiles at Tom.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

This is so much fun, spreading the
message of the lord.

TOM

Yes, sister. I feel that we're really
blessed to be together today, so we
can work on spreading the good news.
Cus it's all good news.

Debbie wheels herself by them.

MOLLY

Sister! Sister--
(wants it to rhyme)
If you go to prom, keep your dress
on!

TOM

Halleluja. Just do what you know is
right. Stay home and pray to Jesus.

DEBBIE

Get a life.

MOLLY

I have a life. A life serving the
will of our lord.

DEBBIE

So, he talks to you? How do you
know he doesn't want you to get a
job, shave your legs and powerfuck
some good bigot into corporate riches
he can spend taking away your rights?
What exactly did Jesus say to you
when he suggested you and Uncle Tom
here spread the good news?

TOM
My name is Andrew.

DEBBIE
Have you ever even read the Bible?

Tom and Molly both pull out their Bibles.

MOLLY
Every word.

DEBBIE
Matthew twelve-thirty, "He who is not with me is against me." Christ is an intolerant bag of shit. You're either with him, or wrong. And Jesus says to make subjects of all nations, so basically, you fucking nazis, and I intentionally use the word nazi to remind you that the nazis, like the kkk, the inquisition, Napoleon, and the pro-slavery shitbag confederacy were all ultimately Christians. Fuck Jesus, and more importantly, fuck Jesus as an excuse to kill other people.

MOLLY
Jesus was only about love.

DEBBIE
Really? The Christians are behind the war on terror, the war on drugs, and the war in Iraq. None of which are legitimate fights with achievable ends. And non-secular idiots, much like the masses behind the nazis, are helping religious pricks like you fight their holy war against non-Christian religion. They call it democracy, and say that since they're the majority, we should all go along, but it's really just bigotry with guns. Jesus is just a sick excuse of a malignant redneck to kill non-Christian babies.

MOLLY
We don't believe in war. How can you say that about the President? You need to love Jesus.

DEBBIE
Because it's true. The guy's a total coked out fuckwad. Oh yeah, he doesn't do coke anymore. He's just a fuckwad.

MOLLY

(to Tom)

What constitutes 'treason'?

DEBBIE

Good people are tolerant of other cultures. They don't bomb unless they are attacked. They don't execute foreign leaders. This president- this worthless fucking nazi killer - totally screwed our relationships with most of our allies, spent a fortune our children have yet to create, and ordered the deaths of a whole bunch of people with weapons we built and soldiers we deployed. Preemptive defense is CIA for "let's kill the darkies."

(to Tom)

You should be ashamed of yourself. Africa has some perfectly good religions- not Islam- Islam sucks- but they have lots of religions that can make you feel superior without making you part of the greatest killing force in world history!

Stevie makes it to them, spinning her to wheel her away.

STEVIE

Sorry about her. She's off her medication.

They move off, Debbie yelling back at Molly and Tom.

DEBBIE

I am not. Matthew twelve-thirty, you self-righteous dipshit! Is everyone really against you? Why do you think that would be? Maybe it's because you go forth to make subject all nations under Christ, huh? That makes you assholes. And who even cares if we fuck at prom? Seriously, get a life.

Back at the fence...

MOLLY

That girl truly needs Jesus.

TOM

We all need Jesus, sister.

MOLLY

Amen.

INT. LIVING ROOM (21) -- DAY

Gray relaxes on the couch. Ms. Chambers comes in, putting her dress back on. Gray zips her up.

MS. CHAMBERS
You be okay here? There is food in
the kitchen.

GRAY
Thanks, Ms. Chambers. I have to go
home for a while. Get some stuff.

MS. CHAMBERS
Will your father be there?

GRAY
If he is, he'll probably be asleep.
It'll be okay.

Ms. Chambers looks at Gray and kisses him softly.

MS. CHAMBERS
Why did you do it?

GRAY
Cuz I'm an idiot.

MS. CHAMBERS
You're not an idiot. You are very
smart.

GRAY
Not smart enough to get away with
it. But who cares? I didn't like
school anyway.

Ms. Chambers grabs her keys and puts on her shoes.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Wait. I'm going, too.

MS. CHAMBERS
You can stay if you want. Stevie
will wonder where you've gone.

GRAY
I told him I had to. I'll be back.

Gray puts on his shoes and opens the door for her.

MS. CHAMBERS
Well, have a good prom.

GRAY
You, too.

INT. GARAGE (22-23) -- DAY

Stevie pushes Debbie toward the opening to the garage.

STEVIE
I'd just ignore them. They're just
the bad part of the universe. Pretend
they're not there.

DEBBIE
Pretend I can dance, too, right?

STEVIE
You know what I mean, block out the
bad stuff. Stay happy.
(pissed)
Aw, blow me.

Stevie pushes Debbie into the garage, toward Veronica's
waiting car. Veronica looks bored.

VERONICA
What took? I been here forever.
(to Debbie)
You totally shoulda come with me.

STEVIE
Precisely!

DEBBIE
Get over yourself.
(to Veronica)
We got a little sidelined. Do you
think it's a sin to have sex at prom?

VERONICA
I don't get it. Everybody's going
to have sex at prom. Except me, of
course. My date is named Dewey.
(to Stevie)
My dad is making me go with some son
of a guy or something. It's gonna
be a total disaster. I brought rum.

STEVIE
So, it doesn't bother either of you
that you just totally wasted my time?

Veronica and Debbie check each other. Debbie nods, no.

VERONICA
Doesn't bother me.

STEVIE
Well, she's yours, now.

Stevie storms off.

DEBBIE
He won't get laid either. He's not
even going to prom.

VERONICA
That's a waste.

DEBBIE
Ick. Ew. No.

VERONICA
I'm just saying-- I mean, I'm not
saying I-- look, if he doesn't go to
prom, what's he going to do?

DEBBIE
Gayana gave us both money for prom.
He spent his on weed.

Veronica lights up.

VERONICA
Weed? Marijuana weed?

DEBBIE
Yeah. You smoke pot?

VERONICA
Only a couple times, but, sure.
It's great. Makes me so easy.
Easier, really.

DEBBIE
Might be good for our dates.

Veronica pushes Debbie toward the elevator.

VERONICA
You think we can get some?

DEBBIE
From Stevie? I don't know what he
paid for it, but he might sell you
some. He'd tell me to fuck myself.

VERONICA
Would not. He's really nice to you.
My brother wouldn't have even come.

DEBBIE
You're brother's nine.

VERONICA
Yeah, and all he gives a fuck about
is himself and his stupid video games
that he just fucking has to play
right during prime time.

INT. HALLWAY (24) -- DAY

Veronica pushes Debbie to the elevator.

DEBBIE
All Stevie does is bitches.

VERONICA
All you do is bitch. Bitching back
is making conversation.

The elevator door opens and Gray gets out.

GRAY
Hey, Debbie.

DEBBIE
Going to burn another church?

GRAY
I never burned a church.

DEBBIE
Oh, I'm exaggerating, right?

GRAY
No, but it wasn't a church. I would
have felt better about a church,
actually. Nice to see you.

Gray smiles at Veronica and leaves.

VERONICA
That was nice.

DEBBIE
He's a little pyro thug.

VERONICA
He's kind of cute, too. God I need
to get laid. This Dewey guy better
not be a catastrophe.

Debbie snorts a laugh as Veronica loads her into the elevator.

DEBBIE
He'll be okay. He's in college. He
should be hot. And I don't bitch
all the time. Only when I'm angry.
Or menstrual. Or hot. I hate being
hot. Or when I'm surrounded by total
assholes. Total walking nazi
assholes. I'm making the world a
better place.

The elevator door shuts.

INT. STAIRWELL (25) -- DAY

Stevie climbs. Ms. Chambers meets him coming the other way.

MS. CHAMBERS
I'm late. I think Gray went home.

STEVIE
Is his dad there?

MS. CHAMBERS
Will it be a problem?

STEVIE
I hope not. They don't get along.

MS. CHAMBERS
Well, there is food and you have some money for more food, yes? If you are going to smoke that stuff, stay inside and be quiet about it. I don't think it matters so much because of your prescription, yes?

STEVIE
Yeah, I got it online. It really doesn't matter. Anything under an ounce packaged for personal possession is just a misdemeanor, like a parking ticket, or fine for solicitation.

MS. CHAMBERS
Yes, I know this. Just be careful. It is your prom and you should be getting laid but doing it nicely and without force. Yes?

STEVIE
Absolutely. Always.

MS. CHAMBERS
If not you should jack off. It is healthy for you.

STEVIE
Mom, this is one of those inappropriate subjects--

MS. CHAMBERS
(quietly, sexy)
I can help you.

STEVIE
Dad's in the hospital!

MS. CHAMBERS
Yes, I know I am awful. Forgive me.

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM (26-27) -- DAY

Debbie rests on her bed. Veronica paints her toenails.

DEBBIE

You know what else pisses me off?
Conservatives talking about how
liberals spend too much money. The
whole myth of liberals representing
big government and republicans
representing little government just
bears no truth in history.

Veronica pulls out her FLASK and takes a quick swig, handing
the bottle to Debbie.

VERONICA

God, that's awful.

DEBBIE

Reagan and both Bushes spent money
faster than any democrat ever. Worse,
they spent a lot of that money on
defense and war instead of decent
programs for the actual people of
the country.

Debbie takes a sip and gulps it down. She's a badass.

VERONICA

I know. It's like the conservatives
pay for super-expensive invasive
murderous wars that ruin thousands
of lives and then complain when a
democrat suggests a policy to make
sure nobody here starves.

Debbie smells at the flask and thinks about it.

DEBBIE

All the good countries have better
welfare systems than we do, but have
less fraud, too. They have fewer
prisoners, too, because people care
about being a part of an integrated
society, as opposed to creating a
secondary society separate from the
establishment. Too many people here
aren't included, and would rather
undermine society than actively
participate, and that's because we
create a culture of fear and
intolerance that separates people.
By design. Whitey's design.

Debbie takes the flask and drinks some more.

VERONICA
How can you do that?

DEBBIE
I can swallow anything.

VERONICA
I knew that.

Veronica takes the flask and winces through a small sip.

DEBBIE
We already spend like five times as much per prisoner as we do per student- at least the ones we cover. Some of the really stupid people don't even want to cover the education of our illegal immigrants- as if it's the kids' fault their parents came here.

VERONICA
That sucks. We need weed.

Debbie swigs again. Veronica blows Debbie's toes dry.

DEBBIE
You wanna buy some? Really? I love it when you blow on my toes.

VERONICA
You can feel that?

DEBBIE
No, but it looks good. You're hot. You know, denying anyone an education just ensures that they will eventually be a ward of the system, either through welfare or prison. It's like preventative medicine.

VERONICA
Think Stevie would consider some sort of barter?

DEBBIE
All it'll take is a lapdance.

VERONICA
You think?

DEBBIE
Handjob, tops. You are such a slut.

Veronica smiles and exits.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Get a big bag.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM (28-29) -- DAY

Stevie, stoned, sits on the bottom bunk of bunkbeds. The bong at his feet.

SILLY RINGTONE.

Stevie, wasted, listens for second before he looks at it and picks it up.

STEVIE
Hey, man. Yeah. You gonna come?
Really. That sucks.

Stevie fiddles with the bong.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Who cares about a keg? I've got
weed. Don't tell me you're not coming
over after.
(garbled response)
She's controlling you. Who cares
where all the cheerleaders will be?
(garbled response)
Fair enough. But-- Fine. But you're
missing out, man. Yeah.

Stevie hangs up the phone. He loads and smokes a bowl.

The door opens and Veronica pokes her head in. Stevie glares.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
(smoke escaping)
What do you want?

VERONICA
You busy?
(comes in)
I smelled it all the way upstairs.

STEVIE
I didn't even know you, uh--

VERONICA
Sure. When it's good.

STEVIE
So you wanna get high?

VERONICA
(sitting down)
It's a start.

Stevie hands her the bong, stops and pulls it back.

STEVIE
Wait. Let me clean it out.

Stevie quickly lights the bong and smokes the rest of the charred bowl.

He exhales.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
That was all smoky. You should try
it fresh.

Stevie pulls out weed from a small ziplock.

VERONICA
Can I see?

Stevie considers and hands her the bag.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Nice. That's a lot. How much?

STEVIE
Like a hundred.

VERONICA
You got hosed. That's a solid eighth,
and those are nice little buds, but,
whoa.

STEVIE
Give it a try. I kinda knew you
were a stoner. You're a lot cooler
than my sister.

Veronica smokes the bong and exhales.

VERONICA
Any chance you'd do the baggy for a
lapdance?

STEVIE
A lapdance? You should give me a
lapdance just for smoking you out.

VERONICA
Nice. I thought you were just being
hospitable.

STEVIE (O.S.)
I am. You don't have to give me a
lapdance. I'm just saying it would
be nice. But the bag's worth way
more than a lapdance.

VERONICA
Fair enough. How about a blowjob?

STEVIE
Getting warmer.

EXT. PARKING LOT (30) -- DAY

Coach Emerson, in a cheesy blazer and tie, leans against the wall and sighs. He loosens his collar.

He scans the empty parking lot and checks his watch. GIRLS in formal dresses pass. He checks his watch again.

Ms. Chambers stands at the edge of the parking lot, holding a flyer and taking to some GUY.

He points towards the Coach and she approaches. Coach Emerson looks around. She's headed straight for him.

Coach Emerson turns and walks. She speeds up to catch him.

MS. CHAMBERS

Wait! Are you the Coach Emerson?

Coach Emerson stops and walks back to her.

COACH EMERSON

Hi.

MS. CHAMBERS

Coach Emerson. I am your partner for the chaperoning.

COACH EMERSON

Really?

MS. CHAMBERS

I hope it is okay with you. I thought that you would run. Were you trying to escaping?

COACH EMERSON

I'm sorry. I thought you had a summons.

MS. CHAMBERS

What is summons?

COACH EMERSON

Nothing. Nice to meet you, by the way. You cannot possibly be someone's mother. I mean, not in high school.

MS. CHAMBERS

Thank you. I am step-mother. Stevie Chambers. You know him?

COACH EMERSON

I know him.
(lying)
He's a great kid.

INT. STEVIE'S ROOM (31-33) -- DAY

Veronica exits the room, smiling and with the baggy as Stevie pulls on his pants.

VERONICA
That was fun. Thanks.

STEVIE
No. Thank you.
(holds up one bud)
As long as I have a little later for
when Gray gets back. You have fun.

VERONICA
(holds bag)
Oh yeah. If I get your sister high
enough, maybe she'll stop being pissed
for a few minutes.

Veronica leaves.

Stevie, stoked, stretches and waits.

He turns on the stereo. MUSIC.

After a few seconds, he reaches under the bed and pulls out
another bag- most of the weed).

He grins.

He takes the bud that Veronica left him and puts it, whole,
into the bong.

STEVIE
(to the bong)
You are so beautiful.

He sparks up.

BEGIN MONTAGE OF POT SHOTS

A) Stevie rips from multiple angles. Lights change. Focus
in and out, etc.

STEVIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I just can't believe it's illegal.
It's like medicine.

ROD (V.O.)
Schedule A drug, my friend. Whitey
makes more money by keeping it
illegal. More cops. It helps the
economy, it unites us against a common
enemy, and it removes the most
enterprising of the excess poor.

STEVIE (V.O.)
That's fucking bleak, man.

ROD (V.O.)
The war on drugs? We should call it the war on minority drugs. Tobacco and alcohol, whitey's drugs- not to mention prescription drugs, coffee, sugar, viagra and internet porn, are all totally legal.

STEVIE (V.O.)
My stepmom is hooked on Delodin.

B) Stevie spaces out to the groove.

ROD (V.O.)
Heroin was made illegal because the Chinese Mafia was making a fortune selling it to the folks building the transcontinental railroad.

STEVIE (V.O.)
(coughs)
Really?

C) More burning and GURGLING.

ROD (V.O.)
Yeah. Same with coke. The Panamanians and Columbians who were selling cocaine were just another bunch of coloreds to pre-Jim Crow whitey. The newspapers made it very clear it was all about beating back the upstart darkies.

STEVIE (V.O.)
Yeah, but cocaine is pretty rough. Marijuana is weaker than alcohol.

ROD (V.O.)
Middle class white America wouldn't back a drug that was used primarily by blacks, Indians and Mexicans and jazz musicians, at least not back in the 40s. Not now either. Pussies and their ballot initiatives.

More GURGLING.

ROD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The problem isn't drug use. It's drug abuse. Drugs are great.

STEVIE (V.O.)
I totally agree.

D) Dancing women (Katy, Donna and Veronica) boogie in front of Stevie as he hits his bong.

ROD (V.O.)
You know the worst part, though?

STEVIE (V.O.)
What's that?

ROD (V.O.)
Price.

STEVIE (V.O.)
No doubt.

Stevie gets up and dances with them.

ROD (V.O.)
Weed should be free. Twenty plants at a time I can keep my whole block high. The weed just grows. But the U.S. government values a single pot plant at five thousand dollars.

STEVIE (V.O.)
Five grand. Why?

Stevie reaches out to touch the women and they disappear.

He sits back down and picks up the bong.

ROD (V.O.)
It's based on ten ounces a plant, which is bullshit, but that's not the point. You can buy a forty of malt liquor in most poor neighborhoods for a dollar twenty.

STEVIE (V.O.)
I heard they probably produce most of the shitty weed, too.

ROD (V.O.)
No doubt. Just whitey's way of keeping his dick in the pie.

STEVIE (V.O.)
You really gave her to him?

ROD (V.O.)
He'll give her back.

Stevie takes a rip, exhales, lays down the bong, and lays down to sleep.

END MONTAGE

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (34-35) -- SUNDOWN

Veronica pushes Debbie in her wheelchair. Both wear dresses.

VERONICA
This is gonna really suck.

DEBBIE
He'll probably be lame, but you should
fuck him anyway. That's what your
dad gets for setting you up.

VERONICA
Yeah. Think we should smoke before
they come, so we can just giggle at
them? I rolled a couple.

Veronica pulls out the bag from inside her dress.

DEBBIE
You can put that in my chair pocket.
They won't check it going inside.
Let's get high with them. That way
they'll feel obligated to put out.

VERONICA
Yeah. Good idea.

Veronica puts the bag in a pouch on the chair.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
So, I bet that's Snake.

Veronica points to where Coach Emerson and Ms. Chambers stand,
engaged in conversation.

DEBBIE
No way. I'm pretty sure his web ID
is needsaspanking.

Ms. Chambers puts her hand on Coach's arm. He's stoked.

VERONICA
Yuck. Ew, more yuck. This is not
the place to stand.

DEBBIE
Oh my god, that's him.

VERONICA
Classic.

In the distance, approaching in bad-ass hero SLOW-MOTION,
SNAKE, 40. He wears a leather jacket and jeans.

Snake walks up, tough. He needs a shave and a bath. He
wears a crappy punk rock t-shirt and cheap sunglasses.

He takes off the sunglasses. Man, he's fucking old. Snake walks up to them and dismisses Veronica entirely.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Man, he's fucking old.

SNAKE

There she is.

DEBBIE

Oh, uh--

SNAKE

Don't say anything. You're more beautiful than I ever imagined. You're really a C-7?

Debbie looks at Veronica, confused. Snake kneels.

DEBBIE

I just--

SNAKE

Don't say it. I can see by your hands. C-7. God, you're beautiful.

DEBBIE

Thanks, but you're not thirty.

SNAKE

Did I say thirty? I was thirty. Don't tell me that really matters to you. What about our chats? You're perfect for me, and I'll make you feel things you never even imagined.

DEBBIE

That's kind of creepy.

SNAKE

Trust me, miss sensitive nipples. We're gonna have a great time. You are sixteen, right?

VERONICA

The legal age of consent is eighteen.

SNAKE

It's not my limit. You're both legal?

VERONICA

I have a date coming.

SNAKE

(leers)

Well, that don't bother me none.

EXT. PARKING LOT (36-37) -- SUNDOWN

Coach Emerson leans against the wall. Ms. Chambers, facing away, leans against him, her hand creeping up his leg.

MOLLY (O.S.)
What in heaven?

Coach Emerson and Ms. Chambers break apart, feigning innocence, but Molly is upon them, accusing.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I saw that! Oh, my. I see that.

Coach Emerson turns away and adjusts his pants.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
How could you? You're a member of
the faculty? Fornicator!
(to Ms. Chambers)
And you-- Fornication with a faculty
official! I am so offended.

COACH EMERSON
You need to calm down. I didn't
even have my dick out.

MS. CHAMBERS
What is fornicator?

MOLLY
You are a fornicator. I'm going to
report you. How can you fornicate
when you should be doing your jobs?

COACH EMERSON
They just told me to stand here.

MOLLY
You're supposed to enforce school
policy and the honor code. Look!

Molly points to a car. As kids get out, smoke escapes.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
That's illegal!

COACH EMERSON
I'm not really here for that. They
hired a cop.

MOLLY
I'll go get him.

COACH EMERSON
Look. It's kind of a big night for
most of these kids.

MS. CHAMBERS

Yes. They are finally getting laid.

COACH EMERSON

(to Ms. Chambers)

Don't help.

(to Molly)

Look. Let the kids do what they want, long as they're not bleeding.

MOLLY

But what about that?

Molly points the other direction, to a car rocking back and forth with a high-heeled foot stretched out the window.

GIRL IN CAR (O.S.)

Oh God, yes! God, yes! God, yes!

Molly stares in horror. Molly pulls out her Bible and prays.

COACH EMERSON

(to Ms. Chambers)

Crap. They actually did tell me not to let the kids screw in their cars. I guess our girls are too high end to put out anywhere short of a motel. Or say, any open field.

MOLLY

So, stop them!

MS. CHAMBERS

In my home country, we have a saying that if there were no sex in cars, the donkeys could pull faster.

COACH EMERSON

Yeah. You have sex with donkeys?

MS. CHAMBERS

No. The rhythm of the sex, back and forth and up and down uh uh uh-- it disrupts the motion of the car, which is being usually pulled by donkeys.

MOLLY

Your country needs Jesus.

MS. CHAMBERS

My country needs, how you say, 'tap water'? Jesus is already there.

MOLLY

Well at least I'm glad to hear that!

Coach Emerson sighs, and heads toward the kids making out.

EXT. APARTMENT (38AD) -- SUNDOWN

Gray hustles back up to the apartment with a BACKPACK.

He heads up the stairs.

EXT. HALLWAY (38BD) -- SUNDOWN

Gray goes to the door.

He knocks. No answer. He checks the door. Locked.

He digs in his pockets and finds a KEY. He opens the lock.

INT. LIVING ROOM (38CD) -- SUNDOWN

Empty, lights on. Gray looks around but doesn't see anybody.

He walks into the kitchen and walks back out with a SODA.

He heads down the hallway.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM (38DD) -- NIGHT

Stevie lies passed out and contorted on the floor.

Gray enters, tisks, and sits down on the bed.

He picks up the bong, checks to see it's still loaded, and kicks at Stevie. Stevie stirs, groggy.

GRAY
Wake up, you pussy.
(kicks again)
Get up, asshole. It's night.

Stevie struggles up as Gray takes a big rip from the bong.

STEVIE
Man, I had this crazy dream.

Gray holds and nods that he's listening.

STEVIE (CONT'D)
Katy and Veronica were making out
with me together. Let' go to prom.
I want to take a walk.

GRAY
I can't be on campus.

STEVIE
We won't go inside. We'll just
recruit some hotties in the parking
lot. Lots of people are on way shitty
dates right now. And you're a
celebrity.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (39) -- SUNDOWN

Snake kneels next to Debbie. Veronica looks around, pissed.

SNAKE

So, where's you man? He coming?

VERONICA

He better be. And he better be no more than half your age.

SNAKE

(to Debbie)

If he don't come, we'll be okay.

DEBBIE

Look, you seem nice--

SNAKE

(rubs her leg, leers)

I am nice. I'm so nice.

Debbie smiles. Maybe she'll give him a shot.

VERONICA

Are you out of your mind? Come on, mister. Go back to your grandkids.

Snake rises. Debbie enjoys his praise.

SNAKE

That's not necessary. I'm not even on a date with you. I'm on a date with this beautiful angel right here. She's gorgeous, and smart and funny. The best day in my life was the day I lost seventeen thousand dollars in an online poker tournament and decided to spend a little time beating off in a chat room.

VERONICA

I believe the beating off part.

DEBBIE

Why do you have to be so negative? So he's older than we are. He's my only date and I'll give you a chance. Let's go somewhere.

SNAKE

You got it.

Veronica stares, pissed. Snake grins and wheels Debbie away.

DEBBIE

Relax. We'll be right back.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (40-41) -- NIGHT

Stevie and Gray sneak through the lot.

The run down an aisle of cars, stopping in sight of Coach Emerson and Ms. Chambers who counsel TIM and DONNA, both 18.

Tim, proud, and Donna, ashamed, are post-sex disheveled.

COACH EMERSON

I don't have a choice. School rules.

TIM

What's the big deal? We come out
and do it at lunch all the time.

Donna glares.

TIM (CONT'D)

What? He saw.
(leers at her)
He knows what you do.

DONNA

What?

COACH EMERSON

I don't know anything and I don't
want to know.

TIM

Just don't tell her dad. He's nuts.

DONNA

My dad? Why--?

TIM

Remember when he found your buttplug?

DONNA

(hits Tim)
Don't talk about that!

TIM

Relax!
(jokes)
She likes it rough.

MS. CHAMBERS

It is okay. Your buttplug is fine
for us.

DONNA

(shocked)
Tim!

COACH EMERSON

I'm not going to tell anybody. Just go inside and enjoy the dance and do that sort of thing away from here. And if anyone asks, I said, "Abstain. Abstain, abstain, abstain."

TIM

I get it, Coach.
(claps his hands)
We got a motel.

DONNA

Why are you telling him this?

TIM

Sorry, he said--

DONNA

Silence!
(to Coach)
Are we done?

COACH EMERSON

Sure. Have a nice night.

DONNA

I think I will.
(turns to Tim)
You know what, Tim? It's bad enough you never, ever go down, but you have embarrassed me for the last time. Never again. My legs are closed to you. Enjoy your palm.

Donna turns and stomps off. Coach Emerson and Ms. Chambers look away, trying not to embarrass Tim.

TIM

Oh, don't overreact!
(to Coach)
She'll be okay. See you later, Ms. Chambers.

Tim chases after her.

COACH EMERSON

You know him?

MS. CHAMBERS

I know all Stevie's friends, I think.

COACH EMERSON

I shouldn't gossip like this, but that kid may just be retarded. I caught him jacking off sitting on a football helmet.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (42-43) -- NIGHT

Veronica stands alone on the tennis court, pissed.

VERONICA
This is so fucking a-plus.

Veronica looks down dejectedly, then looks up to see...

DEWEY, 20, superdork in khakis, knit tie and thick glasses.

VERONICA (CONT'D)
Please, dad. No--

Dewey looks over, sees Veronica and, smiles enthusiastically and heads toward her.

CLOSE ON Dewey strutting up.

DEWEY
Yellow corsage, brown hair. You
gotta be Veronica.
(extends his hand)
Dewey Undergaardsmansdaughter.

Veronica offers her hand, which Dewey shakes vigorously.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
So, how do you feel about binomial
equations, cuz I gotta say they are
kicking my hiney! Darned hard but
so much fun to figure out.

VERONICA
Yeah. This date is over.

DEWEY
What do you mean? I got dressed up.

VERONICA
No, you didn't. It's prom. You
should be in a tux. At least a suit.
You look like a history teacher.

DEWEY
Does that mean I look wise?

VERONICA
No.

DEWEY
Is it the glasses?

VERONICA
No.

DEWEY

The lisp?

VERONICA

No, uh--

DEWEY

Acne? Duck feet? I can take it.
I'm really trying here. You know, I
don't know what's hep in your burg,
you know?

VERONICA

Not really.

DEWEY

You want the glasses off?

Dewey takes off the glasses, revealing severe cross-eyes.

VERONICA

The glasses are fine.

DEWEY

(puts glasses back on)
Look. I know my dad is paying you,
so just pony up to your end.

VERONICA

Your dad is not paying me.

DEWEY

Well then he's paying your dad.
Somebody's supposed to put out.
It's my birthday, for chrissake.
It's bad enough my dad has to buy me
a hooker, she could at least not be
a total bitch.

VERONICA

I'm not a hooker.

DEWEY

Then my dad really sucks. Dang!
(kicks at dirt)
So, you just want me to leave? What
are you going to do?

VERONICA

My friend is here.

DEWEY

Where?

VERONICA

She'll be right back.

EXT. PARKING LOT (44) -- NIGHT

Stevie and Gray sneak around the lot.

GRAY
I shouldn't be here.

STEVIE
Looks like we're too late, anyway.
I think everyone's inside.

GRAY
Tim coming?

STEVIE
There's a keg party at Crystal's.
Donna's going to drag him there.

GRAY
Let's just go back and smoke.

STEVIE
We can smoke here. We gotta invite
somebody.

Across the lot, Molly walks with Tom.

GRAY
How about her?

STEVIE
She'd probably call the cops.

GRAY
Just tell them there's a party.

STEVIE
No.

GRAY
Chicken. She's pretty hot.

STEVIE
I'm not chicken.

GRAY
Look. Either talk to her or lets go
to the arcade. This is lame.

Stevie pulls a small pipe and lighter from his pocket and
hands it to Gray.

STEVIE
Fire up. I'll be right back.

Stevie emerges from the cars, walking toward Tom and Molly.

EXT. PARKING LOT (45) -- NIGHT

Tom and Molly stand together, silent. MUSIC seeps through the building.

They see Stevie approach.

STEVIE

Hi.

MOLLY

How's your sister?

STEVIE

She was in a bad place. It's been a tough couple years. I'm really sorry.

TOM

It's okay. It's hard for her kind to understand God's plan.

MOLLY

It's nice of you to apologize.

STEVIE

Yeah. Look. We want to invite you to our afterparty. Down the street.

MOLLY

Really?

TOM

We don't really party. Will there be drugs and alcohol?

STEVIE

It'll be totally casual. Probably.

MOLLY

Then we're not allowed. Sorry, but thanks for the invitation.

TOM

Yeah. Sorry.

STEVIE

You're sure? You can stay sober.

MOLLY

Sorry, but no. Maybe you should come with us? There's a post-dance Scripture Study.

STEVIE

Umm, no. No.

Molly smiles and nods, and she and Tom walk away.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (46-47A) -- NIGHT

Snake, from behind the chair, rubs Debbie's shoulders.

SNAKE
You are amazing.

Snake slides his hand onto Debbie's breast. She moves it away.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
You seemed more ready to go online.

DEBBIE
Online is fantasy. This is weird.
And stop squeezing it like a horn.
That's weird.

Snake stands in front of Debbie's chair.

SNAKE
You love it. I'm just giving you
what you need. What you said you
wanted.

DEBBIE
No. You're copping a feel. And
you're wearing one of those lame Che
Guevara shirts. Do you even know
what country he's from?

SNAKE
Of course I do. He's the world's
greatest Mexican sniper. You are so
beautiful.

DEBBIE
Did you even go to high school?

Stevie sits in front of her.

SNAKE
Sure. I just spent it smoking joints
behind the shop building. They still
do that here in the future?
(off Debbie's smile)
No pressure. Let's just try and
have a good time.

Debbie softens, shrugs okay.

SNAKE (CONT'D)
I really like you, Debbie. You're a
smart, sweet funny young lady. Your
folks have any liquor?

DEBBIE
We have some weed. Wanna get high?

SNAKE
Yeah!

DEBBIE
It's Veronica's, but, yeah.

SNAKE
Well, get her over here.

DEBBIE
Don't you want to talk a little?

SNAKE
We got all night, baby. Let's check
out this weed. What's her name?

DEBBIE
Veronica!

EXT. PARKING LOT (47B-48) -- NIGHT

Dewey follows Veronica, who walks away, ignoring him.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
Veronica! Veronica!

SNAKE (O.S.)
Veronica!

Veronica turns and heads toward the voice. Dewey follows.

DEWEY
You don't even want to go inside?

VERONICA
Why bother? I'd rather have people
say I spent the night in Oakland
than have them assume I fucked you
just cuz you took me to a shitty
little dance.

DEWEY
What's wrong with Oakland?

VERONICA
Nothing. It's a euphemism.

DEWEY
My auntie lives in Oakland.

VERONICA
Fuck me. Euphemism.

DEWEY
I do what? Phamism?

Veronica turns, pissed.

VERONICA
Euphemism you retard. Aren't you in college?

DEWEY
I study computers and, more specifically, aggregate systems in decline.

VERONICA
Yeah. 'Going to Oakland' means getting gangfucked by an actual gang.

DEWEY
I never heard that before.

Dewey pulls out a pen and a small PAD of PAPER and WRITES.

VERONICA
Well, now you know. A 'Rusty Trombone' is when someone licks a guy's ass while jacking him off. A Dirty Sanchez is when a guy pulls his dick out of someone's ass and leave a trail of shit on their upper lip while he cums on their face, and a 'Hello, Indiana' is when you make this motion--
(rock-paper-rock-paper)
-- while you're fisting ass.

Veronica walks away.

DEWEY
Don't leave.

Dewey scribbles into the pad, then follows.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
Veronica!

Dewey catches up.

DEWEY
Don't leave! Come on. You're like a fountain of information for me.

VERONICA
You're like scabies. Coming!

Veronica turns and walks. Dewey follows.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (49-51) -- NIGHT

Stevie and Gray hide in a corner of the parking lot. Stevie covertly takes a hit off the pipe and passes it to Gray.

Stevie leans down and blows out smoke.

Gray stares intently at the (INSERTED GYM).

GRAY

Let's go back.

STEVIE

Just a little while longer.

GRAY

Who are we waiting for?

Stevie looks at Gray, serious.

STEVIE

Katy.

GRAY

Yeah? She'll be at the cheerleader party. Who's she with?

STEVIE

Dwayne.

GRAY

You're fucked.

STEVIE

Why?

GRAY

He's a lot cooler than you. He has more money. He has a nice car.

STEVIE

Thanks.

GRAY

Not to sound faggy or anything, but he's better looking. You know, just in a he's-not-a-total-douchebag kind of way.

STEVIE

Go fuck yourself. I already invited her.

GRAY

Then she's coming or she's not- let fate decide and let's go play DDR.

Gray looks around and takes a quick hit on the pipe.

STEVIE

We went to middle school together.

Gray looks doubtful.

STEVIE (CONT'D)

Fine. We can go home. Let me have that.

Gray hands him the pipe and Stevie takes a hit.

COACH EMERSON (O.S.)

Aw, guys.

Stevie and Gray both hold as Gray pockets the pipe. Coach Emerson approaches, followed by Ms. Chambers.

COACH EMERSON (CONT'D)

You think we can't smell that?

MS. CHAMBERS

Stevie! Gray! What are you doing here?

The guys hold their breaths. Coach and Ms. Chambers stare.

Gray coughs, exhaling smoke. Coach Emerson shakes his head, disgusted. Stevie quietly exhales smoke.

COACH EMERSON

You're not even supposed to be on campus. Do I need to call the cops?

GRAY

No, sir.

MS. CHAMBERS

Why are you not at home?

STEVIE

We came to invite some people.

COACH EMERSON

Well. Give it to me.

Stevie and Gray play innocent.

STEVIE

What?

COACH EMERSON

Goddamit. The drugs. I smell it. You can give them to me and go home immediately or we can bring over the rent-a-cop.

Gray looks at Stevie, who nods, and Gray hands Coach Emerson the small pipe.

COACH EMERSON (CONT'D)
And the stash.

Gray hands Coach Emerson a small container.

COACH EMERSON (CONT'D)
And the lighter.

Gray hands Coach the lighter.

COACH EMERSON (CONT'D)
You know you can't have this stuff
here, right? Do it at home and leave
it at home.

MS. CHAMBERS
I am so disappointed in you.

STEVIE
Sorry.

GRAY
Sorry, Ms. Chambers. It was stupid.

COACH EMERSON
I guess it's okay. Just get off
campus and stay off campus. A lot
of these chaperons really would throw
your asses in jail.

MS. CHAMBERS
They are like soviets.

Stevie and Gray stand, shamed.

COACH EMERSON
Now get home.

STEVIE
Thanks, coach.

Stevie and Gray walk off. Ms. Chambers exhales.

MS. CHAMBERS
Thank you. That could have been
very difficult.

COACH EMERSON
I don't even know why it's a crime.

MS. CHAMBERS
Yeah. So, you wanna get high?

EXT. PARKING LOT (52-53) -- DAY

Snake pushes Debbie in her wheelchair.

Dewey trails Veronica from the other direction.

Veronica glares at them. Debbie sees Dewey.

DEBBIE

Oh my God.

VERONICA

Yeah.

SNAKE

That's your date?

DEWEY

(extends hand)

I'm Dewey!

Snake looks at the girls, looks at Dewey, shrugs, and takes his hand.

SNAKE

You're paying for everything.

DEWEY

Why's that?

SNAKE

Cuz otherwise we won't let you hang out with us.

VERONICA

Nice.

Dewey looks at them and shrugs.

DEWEY

I'm okay with that.

DEBBIE

See. He's useful.

VERONICA

I guess.

DEBBIE

Snake thinks we should all get high.

VERONICA

I hope he brought some.

SNAKE

I know a place where Dewey can buy for us.

Dewey shifts, uncomfortably.

DEWEY

You know, I--

SNAKE

Shut up or go home.

Dewey shuts up.

SNAKE (CONT'D)

Come on, Miss perfect spinal cord.
Let's go smoke.

VERONICA

(to Debbie)

Shouldn't we just go home?

DEBBIE

Why? My date has a car. Your date
has money. Let's just pretend they're
not total losers.

SNAKE

I'm standing right here.

Veronica looks up at Snake, who winks at her.

VERONICA

(to Debbie)

Seriously. Are you nuts?

DEBBIE

No. I'm just bored. I bet this is
more interesting than pogo dancing
to Limp Bizkit.

Snake leers. Dewey waits and watches.

VERONICA

(gives up)

Fine. Let's get high.

SNAKE

Where to?

VERONICA

Parking lot.

SNAKE

You have a pipe?

VERONICA

I rolled a couple joints.

Dewey follows the others toward the lot.

EXT. APARTMENT (54) -- NIGHT

Gray and Stevie walk toward the apartment.

GRAY
We're lucky they didn't call the
cops.

STEVIE
They're not gonna call anybody.

GRAY
This is serious shit. If I violate
my parole, they can put me in jail.

STEVIE
Well I guess you shouldn't be
violating your parole.

GRAY
No shit. Hard, though.

STEVIE
Guess getting high violates it, too.

GRAY
Yeah. Any idea where I can get a
clean urine sample?

STEVIE
None. Everybody I know would fail.

GRAY
Man.

They walk.

GRAY (CONT'D)
You know they're smoking our weed.

STEVIE
Coach and my mom. Yeah. Duh. No
biggie. We only brought a little.

They walk some more.

GRAY
I had sex your mom.

STEVIE
I know.

GRAY
She jumped me.

STEVIE
I know. Me, too.

EXT. HALLWAY (55A) -- NIGHT

Gray and Stevie head down the hallway. Tim sits at the door, holding a small flask, with which he toasts Gray and Stevie.

TIM
Welcome home, guys. Prom sucks.

STEVIE
Where's Donna?

Tim rises.

TIM
She broke up with me.

STEVIE
She just broke up? That's it.

Stevie unlocks the front door.

TIM
Well, not entirely.

Stevie opens the front door and they enter.

INT. ENTRY WAY (55B) -- DAY

Tim, Gray and Stevie enter and take off their shoes.

TIM
She broke up. I followed her. She told me to go away. I begged her forgiveness, and then, when she started drawing a crowd, she pointed at me and started screaming "Thumbdick! Thumbdick! Thumbdick!"

GRAY
Sounds kinda bad.

TIM
Yeah. Monday's gonna suck. Which is why I need to hook up here to show I'm still on my game. Where are the hotties?

GRAY
You're the hotties. Can you fit your fist in your mouth?

TIM
Fuck you. Isn't anyone coming?

STEVIE
There'll be some people.

INT. GARAGE (56A) -- NIGHT

Debbie's wheelchair is collapsed near an SUV.

Muffled GIGGLES.

INT. SUV (56B-57A) -- NIGHT

Smoky. The girls giggle. Dewey sits in the driver's seat, Veronica next to him.

Snake reaches through from the back and gives back the lighter, exhaling smoke.

SNAKE

Nice. You have more?

VERONICA

A little. But I'm good.

DEBBIE

I'm good. I get total contact highs.

DEWEY

I didn't even get to try it.

VERONICA

You said you were driving.

DEWEY

Well it's my mom's SUV. Safety first.

Snake chuckles and gropes Debbie, who giggles.

DEBBIE

(smacks Snake)

Just cuz I can't feel it doesn't mean you can do that!

SNAKE

Sorry. You got any more?

DEBBIE

In the wheelchair pouch.

Snake grins. Veronica glares at Debbie. Snake looks at her, looks at Dewey, looks at Debbie.

VERONICA

Just one more.

SNAKE

Dewey. Just want to clear something up with you.

DEWEY

What's that?

SNAKE
You know karate or anything?

DEWEY
Gosh, no.

SNAKE
Well, you know I was in the army for almost eleven weeks. I know how to kill a man with my thumb.

DEWEY
Your thumb. Wow, that's kinda cool. Without opposable thumbs, we'd probably be writing with our tongues.

SNAKE
(to girls)
Have either of you ever fired a gun?
Debbie shakes her head, no.

VERONICA
No. I hate guns.

SNAKE
Yeah. Great. Look, Dewey, I just want to make it clear I can beat your ass. I'm a better man, a better fighter, bigger cock. If this goes groupsex, you're tossing my salad.
Dewey looks at Veronica.

VERONICA
Licking his ass and balls.
Dewey, miffed.

SNAKE
Relax. You don't have to lick my ass. I'm just establishing dominance.

DEWEY
Yeah? Good for you. You're a stud.

SNAKE
Yeah.

Snake leans over and pecks Debbie on the cheek. He opens the door and gets out of the car.

EXT. SUV (57B) -- NIGHT

He digs through the pouch and pulls out the bag.

He smiles at the car and runs like hell.

INT. SUV (58) -- NIGHT

Veronica glares at Dewey.

DEWEY
What should I do?

VERONICA
What do you think?

DEWEY
I bet he runs way faster than me.

Veronica glares at Debbie, who looks down and starts crying.

VERONICA
Just take us home.

DEWEY
What about the dance?

DEBBIE
(sobbing)
This sucks. Everybody hates me.

DEWEY
I don't hate you.

DEBBIE
Yeah, but you're a fucking dork.

Debbie bawls. Dewey starts the car. Veronica glares.

DEWEY
Why are you mad at me?

VERONICA
That weed was expensive. Kind of.

DEWEY
Well, it's gone. You sure you don't
want to dance? I can cha cha.

VERONICA
Wow. What about Debbie?

DEWEY
She can come.
(Debbie sobs)
Or we can leave her.
(more sobs)
Or I can just take you home.

Dewey, resigned, pulls the car out, CRUNCHING the wheelchair.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
Whoops. I think I'm high.

EXT. BALCONY (59) -- NIGHT

Stevie, Gray and Tim sit on the balcony in the dark.

TIM

I heard they're not letting you come back to school.

GRAY

Next fall.

TIM

You can come back in the fall. Retake your whole year?

GRAY

Well, I didn't finish much this year. I might go for a GED.

STEVIE

Idiots can pass the GED. My cousin in Kentucky passed it twice.

Stevie takes a hit and passes to Gray.

TIM

I'd rather fist myself than have to retake high school. Especially since now you're two years too old. It'll be statutory to date your own class.

Gray, mesmerized by the lighter, flicks it off and hands it and the bong to Tim.

STEVIE

That's just mean. Everything's going to be just fine. You have to have a little optimism. No more?

GRAY

I'm good. Don't want to fall asleep like you, you lazy fuck.

STEVIE

I took a nap.

GRAY

It's called passing out.

STEVIE

I was winded. It's good weed.

TIM

You guys gotta help me get laid this weekend. Maybe we can invent a foreign girl or something.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS (60)-- NIGHT

MUSIC from the prom.

Coach Emerson sneaks out of the bushes with Ms. Chambers.

He zips up his pants.

Ms. Chambers reaches into a small purse and takes out a BREATH MINT. She hands one to Coach Emerson and eats a few.

Coach Emerson wobbles a little and walks over to a small bench. Ms. Chambers stays standing.

COACH EMERSON
You're athletic.

MS. CHAMBERS
In my country, you must be athletic
for good of socialist council, who
like thin calves, svelte bodies,
tight buttocks and minimal body hair.
I pleased you, yes?

COACH EMERSON
This is my best night since 1964.

MS. CHAMBERS
Excellent. All for good of society
where attractive women make men work
very hard buy jewelry for blowjob.
Yes?

COACH EMERSON
Excuse me?

MS. CHAMBERS
Did I say this incorrectly?

COACH EMERSON
I don't know. What did I do? You're
okay, right?

MS. CHAMBERS
I am enjoying prom very much. Maybe
we shall dance until you are ready
to go again.

COACH EMERSON
Give me a few minutes.

Ms. Chambers paces. Coach Emerson sits and catches his wind.

MS. CHAMBERS
In my country, you would never keep
up with the goats.

INT. LIVING ROOM (61-62) -- NIGHT

Gray smokes on the couch as Tim sets up the Playstation and Stevie brings in nachos.

TIM
I wish I'd known. I would have
brought my car controllers.

GRAY
You have car controllers? The little
steering wheels? That must be badass.

Gray mimes driving.

KNOCKING at the door. Then a BELL-RING.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Someone came?

The guys look at each other.

Stevie goes to the door.

He opens the door and Katy, Dwayne and Donna enter.

KATY
It's all right we came, right?

STEVIE
Of course. Yeah. It's great. Hi,
Dwayne. Thanks for coming, man.

Stevie does a friendly high five maneuver. Dwayne likes it.

Stevie focuses on Katy, but Donna is boring holes into Tim, who might as well be hiding on the couch.

DONNA
Why is he here? You're supposed to
be at the good party.

TIM
They're my friends. And you know
I'm not welcome near the cheerleaders
without you, thanks to that whorish
bitchslut Alison.

STEVIE
It's cool. Everyone here is totally
welcome to be here. Come on. Beer
and soda in the refrigerator.

KATY
Thanks, Stevie.

Donna and Dwayne join the circle in the living room.

STEVIE

You look great. Tht dress makes you look really skinny. I mean, like hot skinny.

KATY

(a little bitchy)

What do you mean? Do I normally look a little fat to you?

STEVIE

I, uh--

KATY

(breaks, happy)

I'm just kidding. I lost like six pounds for this stupid dress. Then I got chili sauce on it.

STEVIE

Well, it's great.

KATY

Thanks.

(smiles)

You know, Dwayne says you surf.

STEVIE

Not so much. I mean, I have, but that was mostly a couple years ago.

KATY

Dwayne surfs all the time.

STEVIE

Do you go watch him?

KATY

No. I don't like sand. But you should go with him. He'd like that.

Steve stares at Katy.

TIM

Hey, Dickwad, you're out of paper towels.

STEVIE

Great.

GRAY (O.S.)

I think we broke something.

Katy smiles at Stevie. He starts away.

STEVIE

You want a drink?

EXT. APARTMENT (63) -- NIGHT

Molly and Tom walk together.

MOLLY

I think we should go to that party.

TOM

The fornicators? Over scripture reading? Brother Timon will be disappointed.

MOLLY

Not if we spend our time furthering the cause of the lord.

TOM

I've been to those parties. I don't think we should go.

MOLLY

Why?

TOM

Honestly, sister, I fear the temptation for fornication. Fornication!

MOLLY

No, brother. We can be an example to them, and answer any questions they may have about deviating from the lord's truth.

TOM

I would like to respond to the cripple. I'm pretty sure there's a passage in here saying Jesus loves cripples, if I can just find it.

MOLLY

They mock our decisions to serve God, but they themselves choose to serve a much more inferior God, which is they themselves, not even close to God. God made this glorious world in a day. Most people can't make a decent lasagna.

TOM

Amen.

Molly and Tom turn around and head back the other way.

TOM (CONT'D)

What's in a lasagna? Meat and cheese, right?

INT. LIVING ROOM (64) -- NIGHT

Dwayne and Donna join Gray and Tim at the couch.

TIM
(to Donna)
Are you serious?

GRAY
Hey, Dwayne.

Gray watches Stevie and Katy go into the kitchen.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Sit down.

Gray leans down and loads the bong.

Dwayne and Donna sit. Tim glares.

GRAY (CONT'D)
Cool that you guys came.

TIM
Not really. Not you, Dwayne.

He hands the bong to Dwayne.

DONNA
Just get over it, already.

GRAY
How was prom?

DONNA
I'm here. What do you think?

DWAYNE
It was nice. Under The Sea. They
would have been better off with a
band.

Dwayne takes a hit.

DONNA
It sucked. It was a bunch of girls
who are just going to get fatter and
meaner every year until they die.

TIM
Did you have pictures taken?

DONNA
Yes I did. With Katy and Tiara.

Tim scowls at her, gets up and walks off.

INT. KITCHEN (65) -- NIGHT

Stevie gets water for Katy.

STEVIE
I'm really glad you came.

KATY
Dwayne doesn't like big parties.

STEVIE
Perfect.

KATY
Actually, he kind of dragged me here.

STEVIE
I'll have to thank him for that.

Gives her the water.

KATY
Really? That's great. I was worried
you'd think it's weird.

STEVIE
No. It's great. I'm thrilled you're
here. I was hoping you'd come.

KATY
Yeah? That's great.

STEVIE
Sure you don't want a beer?

KATY
No way. Alcohol is poison.

STEVIE
So, I guess you don't want to get
high, then?

KATY
Sure I do. The top athletes in the
world smoke out after workouts.
Marijuana is totally healthy. It's,
like, better for you than exercise.

STEVIE
I think I love you.

KATY
That's so cute. Just wait here.
I'll get Dwayne.

Katy skips out of the kitchen, Stevie a little confused.

INT. GARAGE (66) -- NIGHT

Dewey's SUV parks in the garage. Dewey and Veronica get out. Debbie waits in the back seat.

Dewey opens the back of the SUV but the wheelchair is crunched. Debbie tries but can't look behind herself.

DEWEY
This is no good.

VERONICA
You're gonna have to carry her.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
No fucking way.

DEWEY
You think I can?

VERONICA
Why not? I've carried her.

DEWEY
She looks kinda heavy.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
Go fuck yourself, Buddy Holly. I'd rather drag myself with my tongue.

VERONICA
Come on, Debbie. Let's just get inside.

Dewey looks at the SUV and then at Veronica.

DEWEY
Wanna just bail?

Veronica considers.

DEWEY (CONT'D)
My parents have a pinball machine.

VERONICA
Pick her up.

Dewey, sighs, closes the trunk, and opens the passenger door.

DEBBIE (O.S.)
No. Dammit. No!
(rustling)
Fine, then. Whatever.

Dewey pulls Debbie out and carries her over his shoulder.

Veronica leads the way.

INT. HALLWAY (67) -- NIGHT

Veronica leads, Dewey following with Debbie.

VERONICA
So your dad sells car insurance?

DEWEY
Yeah.

VERONICA
I guess it's better than being a
kiddie rapist or something.

DEWEY
Actuarial science is actually, pardon
the pun, quite interesting. Did you
know that white cars crash more often
than any other color? Know why?

VERONICA
Now you're the source for information.

DEBBIE
I'm not even here.

DEWEY
Sorry. You okay?

DEBBIE
No. Not really.

At an elevator, Veronica pushes the button.

DEWEY
I'm really sorry about your weed.
And your date. That guy was a jerk.

VERONICA
That's what you get online.

DEWEY
You guys surf the web? Me, too.
The web is really cool.

The elevator opens. Dewey carries Debbie inside.

VERONICA
I'll walk up.

DEBBIE
Don't you dare leave me with--

The door shuts.

Veronica turns, looks both directions, thinks for a second,
and then climbs the stairs.

INT. ELEVATOR (68AC) -- NIGHT

Dewey struggles to hold Debbie.

DEWEY
Can I set you down?

DEBBIE
No.

Dewey holds Debbie.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Thank you for doing this.

DEWEY
It's okay. Can't be fun for you.

The door opens and Dewey carries Debbie out.

INT. HALLWAY (68BC) -- NIGHT

Dewey carries Debbie down the hallway.

DEWEY
You think I have any chance with
your friend?

DEBBIE
No. Not really. I mean, she normally
either puts out immediately or ends
up killing your dog.

DEWEY
Well, I like her. I wish she'd give
me a chance.

DEBBIE
You really can cha cha?

DEWEY
No. Should we wait for her?

DEBBIE
Nah. She knows how to get here.

They arrive at the door. With great effort, Dewey opens the door and carries Debbie in.

INT. HALLWAY (68CC)-- NIGHT

Veronica reaches the top of the stairs and looks off in both directions. She wanders a few steps each way, confused.

VERONICA
Where the fuck am I?

INT. LIVING ROOM (69A) -- NIGHT

Dewey enters and carries Debbie to an open chair. He lays her down and collapses.

Gray, Katy and Donna sit around the couch, passing a bong.

GRAY

Hey, Debbie.

Debbie scowls at them.

DEWEY

I'm Dewey. Veronica's date. That's some nice glassware.

DONNA

Yeah. Wait. Where's Tim?

DEBBIE

Where's Stevie?

INT. KITCHEN (69B-71) -- NIGHT

Stevie pulls some FOOD from the oven.

Dwayne stands next to him in the kitchen.

DWAYNE

Yeah, but that's because she never had to read Hawthorne. She was a Sociology major.

STEVIE

That explains everything. She keeps giving me B's. Whether I write it at lunch or take a month doing research. Always a B. She doesn't really read them.

DWAYNE

I wouldn't either. High school essays suck. Shakespeare. John Wilkes Booth. The Triangle Shirtwaist Company. Who fucking cares?

Stevie eats a chip and offers the plate to Dwayne

STEVIE

Yeah. I just did one on the executive branch of government and how it's really a monarchy because all the presidents are cousins.

DWAYNE

That's really boring. Do you want to make out?

STEVIE
(confused)
No.

DWAYNE
Why not?

STEVIE
You mean with you, right?

DWAYNE
Yeah.

STEVIE
I'm not gay. I already had sex
tonight. With a girl!

DWAYNE
You can still be gay.

Stevie does a double-take. Dwayne gives a seductive smile.

STEVIE
I'm pretty sure I'm not.

DWAYNE
Then why did you invite me?

STEVIE
I didn't even know you were gay. I
thought you just liked tennis because
you were good at it.

DWAYNE
Tennis players aren't gay.

STEVIE
You just said you are.

DWAYNE
I'm not normal.

STEVIE
Really? Look. I don't want to be a
dick or anything, but I like Katy.
I mean, you're cool, but I like her.

Dwayne smiles and laughs.

DWAYNE
Katy? Really?

STEVIE
Why does everyone act like that?

DWAYNE
Why would Katy want to date you?

STEVIE
Why would she want to date you?

DWAYNE
(eats a chip)
I'm safe. She gets to go to prom,
and I get to drag her here so I can
get shot down and you can hit on
her. Terrific. You're not gay?

STEVIE
No.

DWAYNE
Don't even want to give it a shot?
I could be gentle with you.

STEVIE
We should get back to the others.

DWAYNE
Before they suspect something sordid?
I guess you want my help with Katy.

STEVIE
You'd help me?

DWAYNE
If I thought you had a prayer? No.
Look. I came here with her and she's
into a whole bunch of guys--
(mouths "lots")
-- your name only came up in reference
to the fire, and it wasn't positive.

STEVIE
What did I do?

DWAYNE
Covered for him.

STEVIE
You would have done the same thing.

DWAYNE
Probably. But hindsight mostly makes
me feel like an ass. Look, if you
like Katy, you ought to let her know,
because she was trying to set you up
with me, and that's a bad sign.

Stevie, shocked.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)
Let's go smoke. This should be funny.

Dwayne exits, Stevie, flummoxed, waits, then follows.

INT. LIVING ROOM (72-74) -- NIGHT

Dwayne joins Gray, Debbie, Katy and Dewey in the potcircle.
As Stevie exits the living room, the doorbell RINGS.

Donna, holding the bong, sneaks it out of view.

DEBBIE
It's Veronica.

Stevie opens the door, revealing Molly and Tom. Behind
Stevie, Gray exhales smoke.

STEVIE
You came. Come on in. Great. What
were your names?

MOLLY
I'm Molly.

TOM
And--

DEBBIE
Why are they here?

TOM
We just came to spread the good news.

DEBBIE
Funny. I thought it was good news
when people like you died.

STEVIE
Well, come on in. This is everybody.

Donna offers Molly the bong. She harrumphs a no.

MOLLY
That's illegal.

DONNA
Just barely. And it's good. Natural.

MOLLY
We came to answer questions of
spirituality and to encourage you
all to accept Jesus, our Savior.

Tom takes a big rip off the bong.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

TOM
(hiccups smoke)
Sorry, sister. That's the real green.

All cheer. Stevie slips to Molly.

STEVIE

Look. You don't have to try anything.
But I'll make you an offer. You try
our drugs and we'll try yours. Take
one hit and you can give us ten solid
minutes of Jesus monologues.

GRAY

About anything you want.

Tom takes another big hit as Molly stares at him.

MOLLY

What are you doing?

TOM

(exhales smoke)

I think I need to give about a half
hour sermon.

He sparks the bong again. CHEERS. Molly looks flustered.

DEBBIE

He's done that before.

DONNA

Relax. It's totally okay.

MOLLY

I've never been to a party like this.

DONNA

Ordinarily, there'd be better guys.

MOLLY

My only man is Jesus.

DONNA

So you just have a vibrator?

TOM

(giggles)

You're all a bunch of fornicators.

Katy smokes a bowl and hands the bong to Dwayne, who sits.

KATY

How'd it go?

(off shrug)

You gonna follow him down the hall?

DWAYNE

I already fucked him.

Dwayne takes a hit.

Katy, surprised, gets up and heads down the hallway.

Dwayne smiles and passes the bong to Debbie.

DEBBIE

(to Tom)

You know the Christians are pro-slavery, right?

TOM

Not anymore.

DEBBIE

Really? The book of Philemon is about a runaway slave commanded to return to his Christian master, who, being a good Christian, won't kill the slave for running away. Your church ever talk about Philemon? I assume you're against slavery.

MOLLY

Of course I am.

DEBBIE

Your Bible isn't. When did you realize, at least when it comes to slavery, the Bible is wrong?

MOLLY

Times change.

DEBBIE

Really? When did they rewrite the Bible? Throughout history, lots of societies never had slavery. Many of them were peaceful. They just all got gobbled up by tyrant cultures like Christianity and Islam.

MOLLY

Christians are not tyrants.

DEBBIE

The difference between manifest destiny and genocide is semantics.

Debbie takes a big bong hit, holds, and exhales.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

There were levels of nazis, but anyone who stayed in Germany in anything but direct opposition to that government was a total asshole. Hello Americans in support of any war.

INT. STEVIE'S BEDROOM (75-76) -- NIGHT

Stevie sits on his bed, digging through a bag. Katy enters.

STEVIE

Hey.

KATY

Hey.

STEVIE

Dwayne told you?

KATY

Yeah. That was fast, but congratulations.

STEVIE

What'd he tell you?

KATY

Just you two had a good time.

STEVIE

I had no idea he was gay.

KATY

You're kidding.

STEVIE

No. I really didn't know.

KATY

But he plays tennis.

Stevie shrugs ignorance. He pulls SCISSORS out of the bag.

STEVIE

I don't care. I mean, I'm glad I guess--

KATY

I bet. Congratulations.

Stevie stands up and faces Katy, who looks back at him.

STEVIE

(confused)

Thanks. Does this mean we're going to hook up?

KATY

What?

STEVIE

So you're interested?

KATY

In what? Like a threesome? I mean,
sure every girl fantasizes--

STEVIE

What are you talking about?

KATY

DP sounds painful, but you know what
Donna said-- this is really funny--
Donna said show me a girl who doesn't
do anal and I'll show you a girl
who's never owned two vibrators at
once. And I never have, so who knows?
Does it hurt?

STEVIE

I guess so, til you get used to it.

KATY

Are you used to it?

STEVIE

What?

KATY

Sodomy? I figure if all the girls
on the internet are doing it and I'm
not, it makes me non-competitive.

STEVIE

I never, uh--

KATY

You did it to him? I woulda never
guessed that.

STEVIE

What the fuck are you talking about?

KATY

You and Dwayne? Are you even like a
couple?

STEVIE

Nothing happened. I'm not gay!
What--?

KATY

Shhhh! I won't tell.

STEVIE

I had sex with a girl today!

KATY

For cover? That's a great idea.

EXT. BALCONY (77) -- NIGHT

Dewey and Donna share a joint.

DEWEY

I don't even know where she went.

DONNA

That's harsh. She should at least say she's going to bail.

DEWEY

She was pretty funny, actually. She was teaching me all of these crazy sexual idioms.

DONNA

Like what?

DEWEY

I can't even repeat them, they were horrible.

Donna blows smoke at Dewey.

DONNA

I'm hard to impress. Try me.

DEWEY

No.

DONNA

Don't be a pussy. You know, really, of all the things you're doing wrong... Don't be such a pussy.

DEWEY

I shouldn't have said anything.

DONNA

But you did. You threw it out there and now you have finish. Don't tease. Skirts deserve thongs. Grow a pair.

DEWEY

(takes a hit)

I'm doing okay.

DONNA

You need to get a haircut, buy some shoes in the guy's department, and shave that tragedy off your face. I'm the only girl on the balcony. Take a little initiative.

DEWEY

I'm sorry. What was your name?

INT. HALLWAY (78A) -- NIGHT

Veronica wanders down a hallway, lost.

VERONICA
Where the fuck am I?

INT. LIVING ROOM (78B) -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON Molly, holding. PULL BACK as she coughs smoke and hands the bong to Dwayne.

Tom giggles. Dwayne and Gray smoke. Tom and Debbie cuddle.

MOLLY
You don't get the most important thing about loving Jesus, and that's that loving Jesus is the proper way to love yourself.

DEBBIE
You should try a banana.

DWAYNE
Nice.

MOLLY
What I love about Jesus is Jesus healed people. He made sick people better. He encouraged them to live simple lives serving our creator. And the one thing I know when I look around, it's that somebody made this place with alot care and a lot of love. It would have been easy to make everything smell the same.

DWAYNE
Maybe different things, being different, smell different, and it would be harder to make them smell the same. You really don't know.

MOLLY
I don't claim to. Jesus knows, and I'm just listening to him.

TOM
Amen.

DEBBIE
You know what. That's just great.
(to Tom)
Can you carry me to my room?

TOM
Sure.

EXT. BALCONY (79AC) -- NIGHT

Dewey stands out on the balcony.

EXT. APARTMENT (79BC) -- NIGHT

Veronica walks down the path. She sees Dewey on the balcony.

VERONICA

Fuck it.

Disappointed, Veronica turns and heads back around, in a path to get around Dewey unseen.

She walks down the path.

Up some stairs. Through a small open gate.

Suddenly, she senses something. She looks around.

Nervously, she turns and quickens her pace.

Her eyes dart into the many shadows.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Who's there?

ARCH HORROR MUSIC begins, low and creepy.

Veronica hears it, too. She hustles away and up some stairs.

MONTAGE OF HALLWAY SHOTS (79CC)

1-7: Repeated traveling and tracking shots of Veronica stumbling through lots of hallways. IMPENDING DOOM MUSIC builds throughout.

2) Hallway,

3) Hallway,

4) Hallway,

5) Hallway,

6) Hallway,

7) At the final hallway, she reaches a door.

8) She opens the door.

9) Light streams through and becomes a WHITESCREEN.

Submerged in the music, the sound of Veronica's SCREAMS.

END MONTAGE

INT. LIVING ROOM (80A) -- NIGHT

Dwayne, Gray and Molly sit, wasted.

DWAYNE

I don't know. I went to catholic school for a couple of years and those girls were freaks.

GRAY

I was just trying to steal cable for the AV class. Bullshit little wires. I done it before at home, no problem.

MOLLY

(stares at burnt j)
This is really good shit. I mean, Jesus, this is really good. Jesus is really good, Jesus good. Good like Jesus.

STEVIE

Somebody stop her.

Stevie and Katy rejoin the circle.

GRAY

He's back. You two have fun?

KATY

What is this, like a rotation?

GRAY

It's midnight, man. Prom's over.

Stevie takes the bong and hands it Katy.

KATY

Thanks.

STEVIE

Was it over when the Dutch invaded Antigua? One more round.

Katy passes to Stevie, who tokes.

Dwayne struggles up.

INT. BEDROOM (80B) -- NIGHT

Tom and Debbie, post-sex.

Tom grins from ear to ear.

He turns to smile at her, then smiles back up at the ceiling.

INT. LIVING ROOM (81-82A) -- NIGHT

Stevie, Gray, Dwayne, Katy and Donna.

KATY

I just think it's so great we've evolved beyond just ordinary friends. I'm so proud of you, Stevie. Coming out of the closet is hugemongous.

Gray laughs.

STEVIE

I'm not gay.

KATY

Right. Just experimenting.

MOLLY

It's just so wrong.

STEVIE

It's not funny anymore. I'm straight, goddammit.

KATY

Okay. Sorry. I was happy for you. Jeez.

GRAY

You know what's wrong with you?

KATY

What's that, firestarter?

Gray glares at her. She's wasted and clueless.

GRAY

Is that what they call me?

Gray closes his eyes, then flicks the lighter. He stares at it, tripping out on the flame.

KATY

I just made it up.

Gray flicks the lighter, repeatedly. He's wasted. Gray trips out on the flame.

Gray stares at Katy's dress.

KATY (CONT'D)

No, it's true. Dwayne and Stevie already had sex.

STEVIE

We didn't!
(to Dwayne)
Tell them.

DWAYNE

(winks at Katy)
Of course we didn't.

STEVIE

What was that? With the wink?

MOLLY

Fornicator!

Molly giggles.

KATY

Yeah, you're going to hell now,
Stevie.

STEVIE

Not funny.

Gray stares at Stevie, then at Katy, then at Dwayne.

The shiny material of Katy's dress reflects in patterns.

CLOSE ON Gray's eyes, spaced out. MUSIC pulses.

KATY

I think it's funny.

GRAY

Humor is relative.

Gray chuckles to himself.

And lights Katy's dress on fire.

Gray watches, smiling.

WHOOM! The sound of burning and a shriek.

A WHACK to the camera.

BLACK SCREEN.

The next twenty seconds are sound only. People freaked.

KATY (V.O.)

Oh my god!

DWAYNE (V.O.)

Roll over!

EXT. BALCONY (83) -- NIGHT

Dewey and Donna make out on the balcony.

They disengage.

Donna stumbles to the door, opens it and heads inside.

Dewey steps out onto the balcony and pumps his fists in victory.

He knocks a plant from the balcony.

It falls with a CRACK. He looks to make sure nobody saw.

He goes to the door to exit, but the door reopens and Dwayne exits onto the balcony.

DWAYNE

Hey.

DEWEY

Hey.

DWAYNE

We could hear you in there.

Dewey, too stoked to care.

DEWEY

Sorry. I'm a moaner.

DWAYNE

It's okay.

Dewey, relieved, elated.

Dwayne leans against the railing.

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

It was kind of hot.

DEWEY

What now?

DWAYNE

Are you familiar with the term,
'reacharound?'

DEWEY

No.

DWAYNE

Just stand over here.

EXT. APARTMENT (84) -- NIGHT

Stevie and Gray stand outside the apartment gates.

STEVIE
Why don't you just stay?

GRAY
It'll just piss them off more. They
know there's nowhere I'm supposed to
be.

STEVIE
Be safe.

GRAY
Yeah.

STEVIE
You think we can go see your guy
again. We smoked pretty much
everything.

GRAY
Yeah.

They hug.

GRAY (CONT'D)
It was a good prom, man. Better
than I expected.

STEVIE
Certainly more action-packed. Your
lucky you didn't kill her.

GRAY
Yeah. Thank your mom for me.

STEVIE
Fuck you.

GRAY
Later.

STEVIE
Peace.

Gray walks away.

Stevie watches him walk, then turns back toward the apartment.

Gray walk a ways, then disappears from the screen.

INT. BATHROOM (85) -- NIGHT

Molly and Donna console Katy, who checks the burnmarks on her leg. Just a little redness. She wears a long t-shirt.

The charred dress sits on the counter.

DONNA
You're just lucky.

MOLLY
Jesus protected you.

KATY
I can't believe it's so flammable.
I'm glad I never stood too close to
a barbecue.

MOLLY
You'll be okay. Jesus will heal
you. He always does.

KATY
Yeah. I'm going now. It was nice
meeting you, Molly. You're not nearly
as annoying as you seem when you
picket.

Katy stumbles out.

DONNA
I think it's great you can have so
much faith, even after we all beat
the crap out of your logic and
everything.

MOLLY
Nothing you say can change how I
feel about my faith.

DONNA
That's beautiful. I feel like
spirituality and spiritualism are
often mistaken for each other, and
are kind of interchangeable. I'm
very spiritual, just not in a Jesus
kind of way. I like to think of God
as a Miranda.

MOLLY
That's blasphemous, but me, too.

DONNA
You want to make out?

EXT. APARTMENT (86) -- NIGHT

Stevie sits outside his apartment.

Katy comes out the door in the t-shirt and sweats.

STEVIE

You okay?

KATY

I'm fine.

STEVIE

You're not gonna press charges or anything?

KATY

No, I'm okay, I think.

STEVIE

I'm so sorry.

KATY

He needs help.

STEVIE

Yeah. Look. I just wanted to say I invited you because I like you.

Stevie looks at Katy. She smiles, effectively shooting him down.

KATY

Thanks. It was an interesting night.

STEVIE

Can I walk you?

KATY

No. That's my mom. Oh, damn.
Consider this fortuitous timing.

The car pulls to a stop. Katy turns to Stevie.

KATY (CONT'D)

My mom told me to put out if I got a free dinner. Act satisfied.

Katy kisses Stevie, well, turns, and skips away to her mother's car.

Stevie waits for them to drive away, and turns to head back inside.

From the balcony, Dewey's GRUNTS.

INT. HALLWAY (87) -- NIGHT

Stevie walks down hallway.

Ms. Chambers comes from the other direction.

STEVIE

Hi, mom.

MS. CHAMBERS

Did you get laid?

STEVIE

I did. You?

MS. CHAMBERS

Seven times. I have problem.

Stevie opens the door and they go inside.

FADE OUT