

A GOOD-OLD-FASHIONED ORGY

By

Alex Gregory & Peter Huyck

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Registered: #768490

BLACK CARD: "Fourth of July"

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on a cow's face.

ERIC (O.C.)

Baby, I know people would say what we're
about to do is wrong, but it ain't
wrong... it's love and it's beautiful.

PULL BACK to reveal ERIC KEPPLER (29, Fu-Manchu mustache, gnarled teeth, trucker hat, mullet, and American flag tank top). He appears to be having sex with the cow. A camera flash goes off. There's a party in the background -- he was posing for a gag picture. Everyone's dressed in redneck garb, and American flags are everywhere, as are tires, laundry lines, and bales of hay. A group of OLD GUYS are playing jug band music on the lawn of a nice but well-worn Hamptons house. Eric checks the image on the camera.

ERIC (cont'd)

There's my Christmas card.

He turns to the cow's wrangler, a stoic FARMER.

ERIC (cont'd)

Just so you know, I care for her deeply,
and I do intend to marry.

The farmer stares at him blankly.

EXT. UNDER A TREE - MOMENTS LATER

ADAM RICHMAN (29, slacks, dress shirt) dumps a bag of chips into the tank of a toilet. Eric approaches. Adam squirts some Purell on his hands.

ERIC

Have you seen Duquez?

ADAM

Still no donuts?

Eric removes his fake teeth, takes a chip and dips it into a mound of brown goo in the toilet and eats it.

ERIC

Fucking Duquez. Unbelievable. Nice work
on the bean dip, by the way. But this...
(re: Adam's clothes)
We've got to take this to the next level.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eric pulls a cut-off Whitesnake tank top from his back pocket. It's a naked woman riding a giant white snake.

ERIC (cont'd)
It's called "Lovehunter."

ADAM
Here's my question: is it an ironic T-shirt making fun of people who wear Whitesnake T-shirts, or a meta-ironic T-shirt making fun of people who wear Whitesnake T-shirts ironically?

ERIC
I don't know, maybe it's celebrating Whitesnake. Who gives a shit, just put it on.

A couple of attractive GIRLS walk by in costume.

GIRL #1
Oh my God, Eric? It is you!

ERIC
(no idea)
Heyyyyyyy! What's going on, ladies?
Have you sampled the bean dip?

GIRL #2
Jen told me you throw the most awesome parties. I drove down from Connecticut just for this. Traffic sucked. But I'm drunk now, so it's all good! Whooo!

ERIC
Whoo!

ADAM
Whoo, indeed.

GIRL #1
Where have you been? I haven't heard from you all summer.

ERIC
Crazy busy. Hey, maybe you can help us settle a big debate. Which do you prefer, the button-down or "Lovehunter?"

GIRL #1
Gotta go with Lovehunter.

GIRL #2
Totally Lovehunter! Whooo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

You both have great taste. Hey, could you help me out with one more thing? The cow guy -- such a sweet dude, a real farmer -- if you could take these beers over to him, and some chips, that would be so awesome. He can't leave the cow.

GIRL #1

Uh, sure...

The girls take the beers and walk off.

ADAM

Didn't you and she...?

ERIC

Not sure. Couple of summers ago, maybe. Wasn't taking any chances. Come on, you heard them. Lovehunter.

ADAM

Not a chance.
(pulls out BlackBerry)
Shit. Hold on.

Eric grabs the BlackBerry away.

ERIC

It's Saturday night. No work. You'll get this back at the end of the weekend.

Eric starts to run away. He can barely wedge the BlackBerry into the pocket of his tight jeans.

ADAM

Seriously, give that back.

Eric runs off.

ERIC

Tell Duquez I'm looking for him!

INT. LIVING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

It's filled with comfortable, beaten-up furniture. LAURA LACARRUBA (28, baggy overalls, short bob) is filling a champagne fountain with bottles of malt liquor. Partygoers are filling up Big Gulp cups with the frothy brew. SUE PLUMMER, (29, curlers, muu-muu, fake black eye, real tattoos and piercings), enters with a bag of chewing tobacco.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE

All right, time for a little pinch
between cheek and gum.

LAURA

No way. The last time I did dip was
tenth grade with McCrudden, and I puked.

SUE

I told you not to swallow it.

LAURA

And anyway, we have to get up early.

SUE

We?

LAURA

Sue, you promised. I swear it's not what
you think. It's totally cool.

SUE

I promised that I'd think about going to
church. And I did, and no. Chaw?

Laura takes a pinch.

LAURA

See? I'm not, like, uptight or anything.
(puts it in her mouth)
Does this have calories?

EXT. BEVERAGE TABLE - A LITTLE LATER

Eric approaches MIKE MCCRUDDEN, (29, Jets hat, temporary
tattoos, cutoff T-shirt) who is stacking cans of malt liquor
on the table. McCrudden sees Eric, stabs a can with a pen
pulled from behind his ear and hurls it toward Eric.

MCCRUDDEN

Cocked and loaded!

He stabs himself a can and shotguns it. It runs down his
chin and chest. Eric stands there, a stream of malt liquor
spurting out of his can.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)

What the fuck? You wasted a perfectly
good malt liquor.

ERIC

You think I'm drinking this shit? Have
you seen Duquez?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCRUDDEN

I told you not to trust him with the donuts.

ERIC

You see? This is why I have a hard time delegating. What's the beverage situation?

MCCRUDDEN

Malt liquor surprisingly popular. Box wine, untouched. People are not diggin'. Pabst, down to three sixes.

ERIC

Time to tap the emergency strategic reserves. There's three more cases of PBR stashed in the closet under the stairs, under a blanket.

MCCRUDDEN

There's three more cases? How come nobody told me that? I'm the beverage officer.

ERIC

You're also the person most likely to drink them.

MCCRUDDEN

Touché.

ERIC

Need any temporary tattoos? I've got lady with sword, lady with panther, flaming skull...

MCCRUDDEN

I'm pretty inked up. Check it out.
(lifts shirt)
Unicorn.

INT. DEN - AT THE SAME TIME

ALISON COHEN (29, Bon Jovi T-shirt over normal clothes) is having a tense discussion with her boyfriend MARCUS (40, German, polo shirt, slacks) He's holding a mullet wig.

ALISON

I don't understand why you won't put it on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS

Partly because I don't find the notion of
mocking the American underclass as
amusing as your friends do, and partly
because I don't share your desperate need
to fit in.

Sue approaches with a 40 oz. malt liquor, but backs away.

ALISON

By not putting the wig on, you are
deliberately setting yourself, and me,
apart from my friends. And that is a
hostile and controlling gesture.

Marcus puts on the mullet wig.

MARCUS

Happy? Now I'm mister fun times. I'm
going outside for a smoke.

He exits. Alison turns to see Sue standing there.

SUE

(offering the bottle)
How are things?

ALISON

Definitely better than a month ago.

Alison takes a long swig. A HAMPTONS GUY approaches Sue.

HAMPTONS GUY

Hey, you have any more of those crazy
fake tattoos?

SUE

They're real, asshole.

HAMPTONS GUY

Oh. Uh, sorry.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

KATE GIORDANI (29, suburban soccer mom clothes), is talking
to Laura. There's a baby car seat on the kitchen table with
its visor up and a blanket draped over to block the light.

LAURA

Should we talk quietly?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KATE

She sleeps through anything. When the babysitter bailed, Glenn and I were like, fuck it, we've missed every party, we're not missing the White Trash Bash.

Sue and Alison enter.

SUE

How are the bridesmaid dresses coming along, Momma?

KATE

I'm going with the fuchsia.

The girls all look at each other, disappointed, but ad lib "great" and "those were the best."

KATE (cont'd)

Sue! I've got such a guy for you! Anesthesiologist, works with Glenn...

SUE

Oh, no. Where does he live?

KATE

Hoboken. But close to the PATH Train.

SUE

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm... nah.

KATE

Come on! Someone else has to get married and have kids!

LAURA

What about me? Set me up with him.

KATE

He's not right for you. Too... tall.

McCrudden barges through toting two cases of PBR.

MCCRUDDEN

Ice cold PBR coming through, ladies!

The baby wakes up and starts to shriek.

KATE

Nice, McCrudden. Asshole.
(to the girls)
We have to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kate takes the baby out. All the single women watch her go, wincing at the ear-splitting screeching.

LAURA

I can't imagine being pregnant. I just spent the last five years losing weight.

SUE

I may freeze my eggs. Give myself another five years.

ALISON

Or ten.

Eric enters.

ERIC

Have you guys seen Duquez?

SUE

Will you relax about the donuts? I promise you, no one cares.

ERIC

I care. Right now, midnight, there's a bit of an energy drop -- you bring in some donuts, big sugar rush, the excitement is back. Nice job on the fountain, by the way.

He dashes off. Sue watches him go.

SUE

Those are some tight jeans.

EXT. POOLSIDE - AT THE SAME TIME

ADAM is eating pork rinds with Kate's fiance, GLENN PACIELLO (29, suburban dad clothes, trucker hat).

GLENN

Things good over at Lehman?

ADAM

Punishing. Three hours sleep last night. How's life in the ER?

GLENN

Can't complain. Two weeks on, one week off. Yesterday, a guy came in with a flashlight in his ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Did he want you to take it out or change
the batteries?

Glenn laughs. They clink beer cans.

GLENN

Sweet party. Feels good to be out.

Glenn yawns, then Adam yawns.

ADAM

How's fatherhood treating you?

GLENN

It's amazing, man. A baby is just... I
can't explain it, until you've been
through it, it's just... it changes
everything...

A couple of girls walk by in very short jean cut-offs.

GLENN (cont'd)

Jesus H. Christ, look at the ass on that
one...

(beat)

What were we talking about?

ADAM

Hey, can I borrow your BlackBerry?
There's this Japan deal going on, and
Eric confiscated mine.

Kate approaches with the car seat. The baby is screeching.

GLENN

Gotta go.

He hands Adam his beer and hurries off.

ADAM

Shit.

EXT. BEVERAGE TABLE - AT THE SAME TIME

Eric is showing KELLY (29, attractive, overalls, fake
pregnant stomach) and JANE (29, Metallica shirt) the drink
options.

ERIC

We have an assortment of low-quality
beverages for you to choose from. I
strongly recommend the box wine.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC(cont'd)

It's devoid of body, way too sweet, and
leaves a cough-syrupy aftertaste.

KELLY

Well, how could I say no to that?

He pours Kelly a cup, sees her belly, then pours more.

ERIC

Since you're drinking for two.

She laughs and takes a sip.

KELLY

It's only slightly terrible.

ERIC

Goes great with pork rinds.

They are interrupted by the roar of a vintage motorcycle
riding up on the edge of the lawn.

ERIC (cont'd)

Would you ladies excuse me for a moment?
I have some important business to attend
to.

(calling out)

Hey, asshole!

DOUG DUQUEZ (29, hipster musician clothes) dismounts his
Triumph, followed by his girlfriend, WILLOW TALBOT (24,
hipster actress clothes, guitar strapped to her back).

ERIC (cont'd)

Dude! It's midnight - where have you
been?

DUQUEZ

Sorry, man. Things got all whack in the
studio. I had to re-re-rerecord this
solo, and then--

ERIC

Donde esta the donuts?

Willow hands Duquez his guitar.

DUQUEZ

Here's the thing. You specifically said
get the glazed, not the jelly, because of
the mess. But they were out of glazed
when I got there, and I was already late,
and so it was between the jelly and the
chocolate covered which might also be too
messy, and I couldn't--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

So, you're telling me no donuts.

DUQUEZ

I just couldn't pull the trigger, bro.
I'm sorry.

WILLOW

I've got a whole package of ginger
candies in my bag.

ERIC

You know what? McCrudden was right. I
shouldn't have trusted you with the
donuts.

McCrudden runs by, naked.

MCCRUDDEN

All right, everybody! Naked in the pool!

McCrudden launches a mighty cannonball into the pool.

ERIC

Wooooooo! Nice!!

McCrudden paddles around. No one joins him.

MCCRUDDEN

Come on people! Anybody? You all suck!

DUQUEZ

You want me to go to Brent's and pick up
some Entenmann's, man?

Eric takes off his shirt.

ERIC

No. Forget it. I'm going to jump in the
pool right now, but I am very
disappointed in you.

Eric leaps in the pool, wearing only his jeans. Other people
jump in. Adam stands at the edge of the pool, horrified.

ADAM

My BlackBerry!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - THE NEXT MORNING

The sun is out, the backyard covered in party detritus.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Laura is wearing a pants-suit, getting ready to leave for church. She looks over at Sue, who's curled up in a ball. Laura pulls a bible out of her handbag and puts it on the night table next to Sue.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Laura walks toward the bathroom. She tries the knob, but the door is locked. She sighs and waits. Alison pokes her head out. She's wearing thick glasses. She hands Laura a bottle of mouthwash, then shuts the door.

INT. KITCHEN - AT THE SAME TIME

Adam pulls the Business section out of the *Sunday Times*, tucks it under his arm, grabs two cups of coffee and heads out the door.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Eric is cleaning up the yard. Adam hands Eric a cup and notices the cow sitting placidly on the lawn.

ERIC

Hey, man. Sorry about last night. Did you dry it out?

ADAM

I'm afraid the BlackBerry is fried. You leave me with no choice but to have a fun and relaxing Sunday. Asshole.

(sips coffee)

I thought you rented the cow.

ERIC

The cow guy went beer-for-beer with McCrudden. I didn't want him driving home, so he's sleeping it off upstairs.

Duquez walks by dressed for the beach, towel around his neck. Willow is with him, wearing a thin sarong-like wrap.

ERIC (cont'd)

Mornin', Donuts.

Duquez gives him the finger and keeps walking. Eric and Adam start walking back to the house. They pass a guy lying on the ground in the bushes surrounded by beer cans.

ADAM

Is he recyclable?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Adam nudges the guy with his foot. The person rolls over.
It's McCrudden. He groans groggily.

MCCRUDDEN

How was the party? Did I hook up with
that Croatian chick?

ADAM

Not so much.

MCCRUDDEN

Shit. She was hot.
(looking up)
How long has Yoda been up there now?

In the tree, a faded life-size Yoda doll is tied to a branch.

ERIC

Let's see... the Star Trek vs. Star Wars
Battle for the Universe Party was Labor
Day 2002, so... seven years?

MCCRUDDEN

Wake me when you're headed down to the
beach.

McCrudden rolls back over.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Carrying cardboard malt liquor cases overflowing with
empties, Eric runs into his dad, JERRY, (mid-50's, tan) and
his new girlfriend CHERIE (30's half Asian) getting out of
his dad's late 90's convertible Jag.

ERIC

Dad, what are you doing here?

JERRY

Uh, I own the place? Cherie, this is my
son Eric.

CHERIE

He's told me all about you. You work for
Men's Health? That's amazing.

ERIC

Yeah, well, as you can see, health is a
top priority with me.

JERRY

Had quite the fiesta here, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They turn to watch the farmer leading the cow down the driveway to a truck parked on the street.

FARMER

I did the best I could with the turds.

ERIC

Thanks, Bill. She made the party.

Jerry, completely unfazed, walks up to the foyer and grabs two sets of golf clubs.

ERIC (cont'd)

I wish you'd let me know you were coming out. I guess we could put someone on the couch downstairs...

JERRY

We're not staying. I'm just out for the day, meeting with brokers.

He throws the clubs in the trunk.

ERIC

Brokers?

JERRY

You got my message.

ERIC

No.

JERRY

I'm putting the house on the market.

ERIC

You're what? You're selling our house?

JERRY

I'm hardly out here anymore. Time to unload.

ERIC

Whoa, whoa, whoa. What about me? I'm always out here. My friends are always out here.

JERRY

So, make an offer.

ERIC

Hilarious. Dad, come on, let's not make any snap decisions.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC(cont'd)

Let's go get some breakfast and talk
through this whole house situation.
Maybe we could chip in for utilities...

Jerry and Cherie get in the car.

JERRY

Bit pressed for time, kiddo. Playing a
round of golf. Cherie's never played.

CHERIE

I'm so excited!

ERIC

Dad, this is fucking bullshit.

JERRY

Kiddo. It's my house. I'll call you
this week.

Jerry drives off. Eric flings the cases of empties to the
ground in frustration. He stares at the mess, sighs, bends
down, and starts cleaning it up.

EXT. POOL - LATER

Eric is drifting in the water on an inflatable hippo in a
Christ-like pose. The group are all lounging on towels and
deck chairs, depressed. McCrudden enters, swigging a fruit
concoction directly from a blender. He belches.

MCCRUDDEN

I've said it before and I'll say it
again: your dad's a selfish prick.

LAURA

What are we supposed to do now? We've
come out here every summer since high
school.

SUE

I guess we do what most normal people do:
pool our money, get a share house or
something.

ADAM

Yeah right. All of us crammed into some
two-bedroom shithole in Sag Harbor?
Thank you but no.

DUQUEZ

The thing is... I may not even be here
next summer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

What?

DUQUEZ

I'm thinking about L.A. again.

ERIC

I thought you'd decided not to move.

DUQUEZ

Yeah, but now that things are back on with Willow... she's really making some progress with the acting thing. Her dad knows a guy at one of the big law firms.

MCCRUDDEN

A law job? You're giving up on your music? Or should I say giving up on not finishing your music?

DUQUEZ

I'm not giving up. I'll finish the album while I'm working at the firm.

McCrudden rolls his eyes.

ALISON

It's possible I won't be here next summer either. Marcus and I have been talking about renting a house in Baden-Baden. That's where his family goes every August.

SUE

Baden-Baden? With his family?

ALISON

Well, I mean, if we get married.

LAURA

Married? You guys just broke up last month.

ALISON

No we didn't. We were working through issues.

ADAM

Tell you what. If I make partner, I'll buy a spectacular house, and you can all use it, because I'll be too busy working to enjoy it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALISON

Maybe this is happening for a reason.
Maybe it's time for all of us to move on.
Eric, as a therapist, I can tell you,
painful as it is, sometimes being forced
out of one's familiar settings can
stimulate major episodes of personal
growth--

McCrudden pushes her in the pool.

ALISON (cont'd)

You asshole!

MCCRUDDEN

(to Eric)

You feel better now?

ERIC

Maybe a little.

BLACK CARD: "The Next Weekend"

EXT. AMAGANSETT RAILROAD STATION - AFTERNOON

Hundreds of people spill out of the train with bags, drinks,
etc., happy to be out of the city and in the country.

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Duquez, Willow and Laura are all carrying overnight bags.
Eric has a small shoulder bag. McCrudden is carrying a
cooler.

MCCRUDDEN

I don't get the summer school thing. I
thought the whole point of being a
teacher is you get summers off.

LAURA

They pay us poop, so what else am I going
to do? Waitress? Oh. My. God. I
totally forgot the big news: the
principal just found out that the
'friendship' bracelets that all the girls
are wearing are actually sex bracelets.

DUQUEZ

Sweeeeet.

ERIC

What would Jesus do, indeed....

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUQUEZ

Hey, uh, what exactly are sex bracelets?

WILLOW

I saw something about that on Oprah.
High school girls wear these different
color bracelets, and each color
represents, like, a sex thing.
If you tear off a girl's yellow bracelet,
it means she has to give you oral.

LAURA

Purple is in the butt.

ERIC

Ai, papi. That's some system.

LAURA

You know what's sad? I think if we had
worn sex bracelets back then, no one
would have torn mine off.

ERIC

I would have torn your BJ bracelet.

LAURA

You're just saying that, but thanks.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

There are two women in power suits, DODY HENDERSON (50's,
lots of makeup) and Kelly, the girl from the party on the
lawn. Dody is pounding a FOR SALE sign into the lawn with a
brick, and Kelly is taking pictures of the house.

ERIC

Can I help you?

DODY HENDERSON

Are you Eric? We spoke on the phone.
I'm Dody Henderson of the Henderson
Realty Group, and this is my associate
Kelly Tanner.

The others start walking toward the house. McCrudden plops
down the cooler, pulls out a beer, pulls the cap off with his
teeth and glares at the women.

KELLY

Hi.

ERIC

Hey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An awkward beat.

KELLY

I was actually at your party.

ERIC

You were?

KELLY

My friend Jane knows Nick Krauss. I had on overalls? Pregnant? You hooked me up with the box wine?

ERIC

Right, right... well, you either lost a ton of weight or had the baby. Either way, congratulations.

Kelly laughs. Dody laughs, way too hard.

DODY HENDERSON

My gosh, I wish I'd been there. Sounds like a hoot and a half. Anyhoo, back to business... we can't wait to get this house sold!

Kelly takes in McCrudden, who silently offers a beer. She smiles and shakes her head no. McCrudden rolls his eyes.

ERIC

I thought we were going to wait till after Labor Day to sell.

The two realtors get into Dody's car.

KELLY

You never want to put a summer home on the market after... summer? It's kind of a rule.

DODY HENDERSON

So glad we're in business together.

They drive off, waving.

MCCRUDDEN

Vultures.

Eric smiles and waves, then takes the FOR SALE sign out of the grass and throws it in the bushes.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE ICE CREAM SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

INT. SNOWFLAKE ICE CREAM SHOP - CONTINUOUS

A homey soft-serve ice cream shop. Eric and McCrudden are waiting for the teenage servers to finish the previous order.

MCCRUDDEN

Have you thought about the grand finale
Labor Day blowout?

ERIC

I don't know... I don't even know if I
feel like having a party.

MCCRUDDEN

You're talking smack now. You? Not have
a party? On Labor Day weekend?

ERIC

I just don't feel like there's anything
to celebrate. The group's breaking
apart. Everyone's leaving or getting
married. It's over, man. What's the
point of a party?

MCCRUDDEN

The point is not to admit defeat. The
point is, they can sell the *casa*, but
they can't stop the *fiesta*.

ERIC

Who's 'they?'

MCCRUDDEN

We owe it to ourselves to go out in a
mighty blaze of glory, heads held high.
(snaps fingers)
Bingo! Got it. Here's the concept:
brown party. Brown clothes, brown food,
brown drinks, face paint, the works.

ERIC

I don't know if that qualifies as a blaze
of glory.

MCCRUDDEN

Ease up, Chief -- I'm just spitballing.
(then)
Dude.

Their POV: a beautiful nineteen year old blonde, wearing a
yellow friendship bracelet, makes a soft serve twist.

ERIC

Oh, man. That's problematic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCRUDDEN

Hey nineteen...

ERIC

She's wearing a yellow bracelet.

MCCRUDDEN

Hummer city. When she reaches out with the cone, I'm going to snag it, and then it's on.

(pantomiming blow job)

Glurk-glurk-glurk.

ERIC

I bet she's considerate. I bet she works the balls.

(miming)

Babbly-babbly-babbly--

MCCRUDDEN

Glurkdy-glurkdy-glurk!

She looks up and sees the two guys making lewd gestures.

ICE CREAM GIRL

Um, you guys know what you want?

ERIC

Why, yes we do. I'll have a cone with a scoop of mint chocolate chip and a soft chocolate vanilla twist with sprinkles for the gentleman.

ICE CREAM GIRL

(flirty smile)

Coming right up.

EXT. SNOWFLAKE ICE CREAM SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Eric and McCrudden walk out, eating ice cream.

MCCRUDDEN

She was so into you -- look at the size of your scoop. You better hit that.

ERIC

Do you think a girl like that looks at us like we're a couple of old guys, like the way we used to look at thirty year old guys and say, look at that lame old guy trying to hit on that young girl?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCRUDDEN

Yeah, probably. But I don't know.
Weren't thirty year old guys older back then?

ERIC

It seemed like it. Fuck, dude, we are getting older.

MCCRUDDEN

Wonder if that girl and her friends are having one of their little BJ orgies we could get in on.

ERIC

I tell you who needs an orgy: us. Our group.

MCCRUDDEN

No shit.

Eric thinks for a bit.

ERIC

Hey, what about that?

MCCRUDDEN

No way, dude. Never gonna happen.

ERIC

Why not?

MCCRUDDEN

It just can't. People don't have orgies.

Eric stops. A wild gleam is in his eyes.

ERIC

They used to. Come on, man, an orgy. A good old fashioned orgy. Now that is a blaze of glory.

MCCRUDDEN

You know I hate naysayers, but I'm going to have to say nay. Even with your mad organizational and persuasive skills, I don't think you could pull it off.

ERIC

Are you throwing down the gauntlet?

MCCRUDDEN

It's on the ground as we speak.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC
And so it begins...

INT. LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT.

Eric has the group gathered. Duquez is noodling on an acoustic guitar -- he's very good.

ERIC
Okay, people. I've got the concept for the final fiesta. While it will be the most spectacular, insane party any of us have ever been a part of, it's not going to be a big bash. It's just going to be all of us -- intimate, small, special.

They look at each other, slightly surprised.

LAURA
Ooh, I could make lasagna.

ERIC
We're going to have an orgy.

Duquez stops playing.

ADAM
Who?

ERIC
Us.

SUE
Where?

ERIC
Here. Labor Day weekend.

LAURA
Us? A naked sex orgy?

ERIC
Yes, us! Everyone here. The group.

ALISON
You've got to be kidding.

ERIC
Why not us? Why can other people have orgies and not us? People used to have them all the time. What happened to our generation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCRUDDEN

What happened?

ERIC

I'll tell you what happened: AIDS.

MCCRUDDEN

(nodding thoughtfully)

AIDS.

ERIC

AIDS hit right before we even got to puberty. Sex became this big scary thing. And you know that the minute we all settle down and get married, they're going to find a cure for AIDS.

MCCRUDDEN

Assholes.

LAURA

(aside to Alison)

Wait, they cured AIDS?

Duquez is nodding enthusiastically.

DUQUEZ

He's right, man. The kids today are freaks, our parents were freaks, we totally suck.

ERIC

Exactly! People in the 60's got to go crazy, people in the 70's got to go crazy, people in the 80's got to go crazy... it's just not fair!

MCCRUDDEN

We're the lamest generation.

ERIC

This is our chance. Our chance to finally do it right. To take back what's been taken from us.

MCCRUDDEN

(chanting)

Orgy...orgy...orgy! Orgy!! ORGY!!!

No one joins in.

ERIC

Duquez, my man! You're in on this, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Duquez looks at Willow.

DUQUEZ

(laughing nervously)

Are you fucking crazy? No, dude. No way.

LAURA

We're all friends. It would be too weird.

ERIC

How could we know until we try? If we all go into it with an open mind, you don't know -- it could be great.

ALISON

This is a really, really bad idea. It would violate all sorts of boundaries, create countless trust issues, dredge up all sorts of emotional baggage--

ERIC

Of course it's a bad idea! It's an insane idea! And that's exactly why we need to do it! Our generation can't do anything without over-thinking it -- everything has to be eco-conscious this and politically correct that! We need to do something in-correct, something unconscious! Before we grow up, get old and die, we need to live.

ADAM

In theory, a noble call to arms. In practice, I cannot think of a more awkward and uncomfortable evening.

ERIC

For God's sake, this is it, the final blowout. We've got to think outside the box!

McCrudden makes a penis-vagina motion with his fingers.

MCCRUDDEN

And inside the box...

The women groan. People start to get up and leave.

SUE

I'm in.

Everyone looks at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LAURA
Are you serious?

SUE
Come on. You people are lame. An orgy?
It's madness. It would be such a blast.

ERIC
Awesome!

He grabs Sue and gives her a bear hug.

ERIC (cont'd)
The love train's a-rollin' Who else
wants to get on board?

MCCRUDDEN
Woo-wooo!

ALISON
I'm meeting Marcus for dinner.

She gets up and walks out.

ERIC
Think it over!

Everyone gets up and starts to file out.

ERIC (cont'd)
Don't worry, I get it. It's going to
take a little while to come around on
this whole orgy thing, but pencil it in
on your calendars. And you'll all be
there. Trust me. And you'll be glad you
were there.

MCCRUDDEN/SUE
Orgy! Orgy! Orgy!

EXT. POOL - THE NEXT MORNING.

Adam is lounging poolside applying sunblock to his pale
flesh. Eric and McCrudden stand over him.

ERIC
Come on. Other than social awkwardness,
give me one reason.

ADAM
Papilloma. Gardasil only protects
against a few strains.
(off their looks)
It's the virus that causes genital warts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM(cont'd)

Don't you remember that article my mother
clipped from the *New Yorker*? Condoms
can't stop it, and it causes cervical
cancer in women.

Adam's new Blackberry vibrates, and he looks at the screen.

ERIC

You don't have a cervix.

ADAM

Shall I run down the list? AIDS, herpes,
chlamydia, syphilis, gonorrhea...
(gesturing at McCrudden)
crabs...

MCCRUDDEN

That was jock itch.

EXT. DUNES - AT THE SAME TIME

CLOSE UP: a sign reads: "WARNING: TICK INFESTED AREA" Sue,
Alison, and Laura walk past the sign. They're all wearing
short shorts over their bikinis, except Laura, who is wearing
a long, baggy T-shirt over her one-piece.

ALISON

Do you really think this is the way you
and Eric are finally going to sleep
together?

SUE

Oh please. We dated in high school.
That's ages ago.

LAURA

But you never, like, closed the deal. So
it's sort of unfinished business.

SUE

I've been with lots of guys since then.
This has nothing to do with that.

ALISON

Right...

EXT. POOL - AT THE SAME TIME

ERIC

We all get tested for everything. If
anyone has anything they're out.

MCCRUDDEN

Are you coming to the beach or what?
This is our last summer out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Through the tick infested grass? Pass.

ERIC

You really should come to the beach. You know, Lyme disease isn't that big a deal. I've had it. Antibiotics, boom, done.

ADAM

It's not the disease. It's the blood tests. I have a needle phobia. I can't go to the doctor. Just the thought of the vein, the blood...

(woozy)

I'm fine right here.

MCCRUDDEN

Whatever. Enjoy the pool.

Eric and McCrudden walk off.

ADAM

Say hi to the ticks.

EXT. BEACH - A LITTLE LATER

The women are looking around.

LAURA

I don't know how you could have sex in front of a room full of people you know. I don't even like to be naked at the spa.

SUE

I'm not saying it's going to be easy for me, but isn't that what makes it exciting? It's like when we went sky-diving in Trenton, or as they call it in Trenton, Treh-eh. And you said that was one of your favorite things ever.

LAURA

It's not that it wouldn't be fun...

SUE

What's the point of losing all that weight if you don't show off the new bod? I think this could really build your self-esteem.

ALISON

Oh, yeah -- there's the miracle cure. Maybe I should turn my clients onto group sex instead of Zoloft.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

I can't even imagine what my bible group would say.

SUE

You're always saying how cool they are. Let's say you dated four guys in one year, and you slept with them. Would they be cool with that?

LAURA

Totally. They're super laid-back.

SUE

And how many guys have you slept with in the past year?

LAURA

(sadly)

None. Or the year before.

SUE

So you're just sleeping with four guys in a shorter time frame. What's the difference?

LAURA

Huh. When you put it that way, it doesn't sound so bad. What do you think?

ALISON

Insane, idiotic, self-destructive.

Laura thinks for a beat.

LAURA

Hypothetically, if I did decide to do it, but then totally freaked out at the last minute, they'd let me out, right?

SUE

Laura, it's an orgy, not *The Accused*. It's only fun if everyone's into it.

LAURA

(giggling)

Oh my God. I'll do it.

SUE

All right, girl!

Sue slaps her five, as Alison shakes her head. They approach Glenn, Kate and their baby, who have an umbrella, folding chairs, cooler, diaper bag, sun hats, etc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KATE

What's the celebration?

Sue and Laura look at each other.

SUE

Nothing. Just talking about getting
Laura back in the saddle.

They lay down their towels.

KATE

I'm going to find you a guy. How do you
feel about bald?

LAURA

What about the tall guy?

KATE

He's seeing someone.

BLACK CARD: "The Next Weekend"

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

The group is playing Wiffleball. Adam is pitching to McCrudden. Sue and Laura are in the outfield. Marcus is in a chair off to the side, reading. Willow is off in the distance doing yoga. Alison and Eric wait to bat.

ADAM

I'm going to tell you what I'm gonna
throw, and you're still not gonna hit it.
Rising curveball.

Adam throws a weird, sidearm pitch. The ball rises freakishly, and McCrudden takes a mighty whiff.

MCCRUDDEN

Motherfucker!

ADAM

Ahhh, sweet Wiffle, the nerd's revenge.

MCCRUDDEN

I dare you to throw that shit again.

McCrudden chases the ball down. Duquez walks up to Eric, carrying some printouts in a folder.

DUQUEZ

Final choice for the album cover. Hat or
no hat? Hat. No hat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCRUDDEN

My only concern with the hat is that it doesn't make you look gay enough? Could you Photoshop in three guys jizzing on your face?

DUQUEZ

(ignoring)

Willow thinks the hat makes me look younger.

ERIC

Oh my God. Have we just entered into a wormhole? I could swear we're back in the summer of 2006 having this same conversation.

DUQUEZ

Fuck you, dude. So I'm a perfectionist.

MCCRUDDEN

More like a puss-ectionist. This is why you're headed straight for a shitty law job. You need to stop dressing like a rock star and start living like one.

ADAM

McCrudden, you batting or what?

MCCRUDDEN

One sec!

DUQUEZ

Well, what am I supposed to do? There's no career track for music. How do you all of a sudden become Mick Jagger?

ERIC

For starters, how about doing the orgy?

MCCRUDDEN

Amen. You think Mick would have said, "Sorry, no orgy for me, I've got an on-again-off-again girlfriend?" Keith? Ozzy? Even Jimmy fucking Buffett?

DUQUEZ

Eric. Hat or no hat?

ADAM

Gentlemen, you'll be having this conversation again in 2010. Let's get back to the game!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Duquez flips them off and walks away. McCrudden steps into the batter's box. Eric does some deep stretches in front of Alison, sticking his ass in her face.

ERIC

You like what you see, Ali Cat? Labor Day weekend, this could all be yours.

ALISON

Do you mind if I make an observation?

ERIC

Oh, brother. Go for it.

ALISON

You have intimacy issues.

ERIC

Really. Isn't an orgy as intimate as it gets?

ALISON

Intimacy isn't about sex. It's about emotion. You don't need to get laid, you need to be in a relationship.

ERIC

That's just because you're in an unhappy relationship. You want everyone to be unhappy too.

ALISON

I'm not in an unhappy relationship. I'm in an adult relationship.

ADAM

Rising curveball for strike three.

Adam throws the same odd pitch. McCrudden puts all his might into the swing, fouls it off and falls down.

MCCRUDDEN

Dammit!

The ball hits Marcus, who looks up, annoyed. He picks the ball up and throws it back ineffectually. Alison watches him with a curious look. McCrudden looks at his shorts.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)

Aw man, cow shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC

Look, it's your life, but this orgy could be the last chopper out of Saigon for you.

He makes a helicopter sound and strolls nonchalantly to the batter's box. Alison is a little stunned.

DODY HENDERSON (O.C.)

Knock knock!

They turn to see Dody and Kelly standing there with a stuffy looking middle-aged couple.

ERIC

Oh, great. Captain Bummer and Lieutenant Bringdown.

DODY HENDERSON

These are the Webers.

(whispers)

Is it clean inside?

ERIC

Clean-ish. Honestly, these people are animals.

Dody's face falls for a second, and then she collects herself and smiles back at the couple.

DODY HENDERSON

Well, let's have a quick looky loo! And someone keeps stealing our sign, so I brought a few more.

She hands some signs to Eric.

ERIC

Awesome. By the way, I don't know what you've heard about this place, but all those rumors about the house being possessed that made that guy kill his whole family here -- don't believe them.

The clients look at each other.

ERIC (cont'd)

I think he was just schizophrenic or something. Anyway, it was like thirty years ago.

Dody looks horrified, as does the couple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KELLY

So that guy that killed his family, was
that your dad or your grandfather,
because the house has been in your family
for the past fifty years.

She smiles at Eric. He's totally busted.

ERIC

Um... grandpa? Grandpa Amityville?

Kelly starts to lead the clients into the house.

KELLY

The house was built in the late 1800's...

As she enters, Kelly looks back at Eric, who gives her a look
of grudging respect. As the realtors round the corner, Eric
throws the signs in the bushes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHURCH ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Laura is in a side room with her Bible group, an informal
collection of 'cool' Christians, some with tattoos and
piercings. The leader is a handsome, shaggy-haired young guy
named REVEREND JAKE. A tattooed ROCKER next to Laura has the
floor.

ROCKER

I told the dudes in my band that the
lyrics were about Jesus and they looked
at me like I was nuts. I feel like we're
drifting apart.

REVEREND JAKE

Keep trying to get them to come to group,
so they can see we're just like them.
We're cool, we like to party, we listen
to hip-hop, we laugh, we love, we're not
here to judge -- that's God's job.

The group chuckles.

LAURA

I've kind of been wrestling with
something. I've always had body image
problems, and my friends are having this
party, with like a lot of hooking up, and
like, sex stuff, and I told them I'd be a
part of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCKER

What, like an orgy?

LAURA

Yeah, but here's the way I see it:
instead of sleeping with a bunch of guys
over the course of a year, like Deandra,
I'm just going to bunch them together
into one night. That's kind of the same
thing, right?

A long, long beat of silence. They stare at her in
disbelief.

REVEREND JAKE

I think you should leave.

INT. OUTSIDE THE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door is being closed on Laura.

LAURA

I thought we were cool Christians!

EXT. GOLF COURSE - LATER THAT DAY

Duquez and Willow are on the fairway. Willow winds up and
crushes a shot that lands on the green in one bounce. Duquez
watches it, both amazed and depressed.

DUQUEZ

Nice shot.

He looks down at his ball.

DUQUEZ (cont'd)

Should I use a nine or a wedge? If I hit
the wedge hard, it'll bite, but then I
could also land in the trap.

WILLOW

So use the nine.

DUQUEZ

But then I could land in the far bunker.

GOLFER (O.C.)

Hey, can we play through?

DUQUEZ

One second!

(to Willow)

I can't decide... RRRRRGGHH! Why am I
like this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILLOW

Just pick a club and hit it. What's the big deal?

DUQUEZ

Will you do the orgy with me?

WILLOW

What?

DUQUEZ

The orgy. I feel like I need to do it. I feel like I need to do... something.

WILLOW

You think that would be a good idea, I mean, for us?

DUQUEZ

I know, I know, but listen. I'm stuck. I can't make anything happen, and I think the reason is that I feel like a... a... fraud. I'm not cool. I'm a total suburban pussy. I have a law degree. I ride a motorcycle, and it scares the shit out of me. For Christ sake, we're playing golf at my mom's country club!

WILLOW

Something like this could break us up. For good.

DUQUEZ

I know, but are you going to stay with me if I remain this paralyzed loser? I think this could actually be good for me. For me and for us. Willow. Please--

GOLFER (O.C.)

What's the hold up? Just play the wedge!

DUQUEZ

Will you hold on one second?!

(to Willow)

Well? Will you do the orgy with me?

She stares at him for a beat.

WILLOW

Sure, I guess.

DUQUEZ

Really? Wow. Holy shit. An orgy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILLOW

If you're sure it's what you want.

He smiles at her and holds her hand. She smiles back. Now that he's made a decision, the doubt creeps back into his face.

DUQUEZ

It is. I think.

A golf ball whizzes by.

GOLFER (O.C.)

Fore!

DUQUEZ

Hey!

INT. KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

The group is sitting around the kitchen playing "Operation." The table is covered with empty beer cans and shot glasses. Duquez and Willow are picking CD's for the boombox. Sue tries to remove the funny bone, but the buzzer goes off. The others laugh and razz her. She does a shot of tequila.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - AT THE SAME TIME

We hear the hubbub from downstairs. Alison quietly closes the door to a bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marcus and Alison are naked in bed.

MARCUS

What if someone walks in? These people never knock.

ALISON

I locked the door.

MARCUS

Okay, but you must be quiet.

Marcus reaches into a dopp kit on the night table, pulls out a condom, partially opens the wrapper, and props it up within easy reach. Alison kisses his neck. He puts his hand up her leg then recoils, startled.

MARCUS (cont'd)

What did you do to your vagina?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON

Nothing. I mean, I shaved.

Marcus looks at her crotch disapprovingly under the sheets.

MARCUS

Why?

ALISON

I don't know. I thought it might be a little different, a little sexy.

MARCUS

You look like a prepubescent girl. Why would I find that sexy? I'm not a child molester.

ALISON

Jesus, Marcus. It's just hair. It'll grow back.

He holds up the condom.

MARCUS

I wish you'd told me your little secret before I'd opened this.

INT. KITCHEN

The group (except for Adam) listens to a loud but muffled argument upstairs. They exchange uncomfortable looks.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Alison storms out of their room in tears, wrapped in a sheet.

ALISON

Get away from me!

MARCUS

You are being like a child! I am trying to communicate!

She dashes into the bathroom and slams the door. Marcus talks to her through the door.

MARCUS (cont'd)

I think this is chemical! What dosage are you taking right now?

Marcus rattles the door handle.

ALISON (O.C.)

Go away!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alison leans against the door.

ALISON

Fuck you! This is your problem! I was expressing my sexuality in a healthy manner! God forbid we experiment a little!

PAN to reveal Adam sitting on the toilet doing a New York Times crossword. The seat is covered in toilet paper.

MARCUS (O.C.)

I'm going back to the city.

ALISON

Fine! Leave! And your breath is terrible!

She slumps to the floor, weeping. A long awkward beat.

ADAM

Occupado?

ALISON

Oh Jesus Christ! I'm so sorry.

ADAM

It's cool. You wouldn't happen to know a four letter word for seed covering?

Alison looks up. Another long beat.

ALISON

Aril. A-r-i-l.

BLACK CARD: "The Next Weekend"

EXT. CHURCH - AFTERNOON

People are filing in, and filling the pews.

INT. CHURCH ANTEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric, Duquez, McCrudden, and Glenn are crammed into the little room, which is filled with religious paraphernalia. Glenn is in a tuxedo, pacing. Duquez is wearing a black suit with a white shirt open to his chest. Eric and McCrudden are wearing matching white top hat-and-tails outfits, complete with white gloves and canes. Eric checks his watch.

ERIC

Something's wrong. He's never late.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUQUEZ

Try his phone again.

ERIC

He's not answering. It's weird.

GLENN

At least he's not going to wear a white tuxedo like you retards. Kate's going to be fucking thrilled, let me tell you.

McCrudden is swaying back and forth with an odd expression on his face.

MCCRUDDEN

Sweet...

GLENN

What the fuck? Are you stoned?

He shifts his legs, and strokes his thigh.

MCCRUDDEN

Naw, man. I just got a little something going on.

GLENN

Chlamydia? I can write you a prescription.

MCCRUDDEN

Nah, it's this thing I'm wearing, called 'The Yank.' Got it from the Adam & Eve catalog. One end straps around your leg, the other around your wang. As the brochure says, 'with every stride, it gives your member a gentle tug.'

GLENN

What the fuck are you doing with a rope on your cock at my wedding?

MCCRUDDEN

Endurance training. For Labor Day.

DUQUEZ

Dude--

GLENN

For what? A jackoff marathon?

MCCRUDDEN

No. For the orgy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLENN

Orgy. What the fuck is wrong with you?
What the fuck are you talking about?

Eric and the other guys look at each other uncomfortably.

MCCRUDDEN

You haven't told him?

ERIC

I thought... you know... after the
wedding might be more... appropriate?

GLENN

What? What's going on with everyone?

MCCRUDDEN

That's the Labor Day party. We're having
an orgy.

GLENN

Bullshit. Who's having an orgy?

He looks at Eric, who shrugs guiltily.

MCCRUDDEN

Me, him, him, Willow, Sue, Laura, and
we're working on Alison and Adam.

ERIC

I was going to tell you, I swear.

The deacon pokes his head in the room.

GLENN

Jesus H. fucking Christ! How come you
cocksuckers didn't think of this fucking
orgy idea five fucking years ago?!

DEACON

Um, Glenn, I'm afraid we're going to have
to start without your friend.

GLENN

That's fine, Deacon. Pardon my French.

INT. BRIDE'S DRESSING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Sue, Alison, and Laura are helping Kate primp. They are all
wearing hideous fuchsia bridesmaid dresses.

SUE

You know why guys aren't as excited about
weddings as women are?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE(cont'd)

Once you have the premarital sex, there's no reward for the guy on the wedding night. It used to be that the guy's reward for making the commitment was sex. But you and Glenn have already had sex thousands of times. For God's sake, you already have a kid together. So for Glenn, it's like, all commitment, no reward.

KATE

I'm the fucking reward.

INT. CHURCH - LATER

The wedding ceremony is in progress. The group occupies the front pews. The minister drones on. Alison looks back in the pews behind her. Marcus is sitting in his tux with a smug smirk. Alison leans over to Sue.

ALISON

I can't believe he came.

SUE

Me either. He's so creepy.
(catching herself)
You guys are broken up, right?

MINISTER

Marriage is not something to be entered into lightly.

The door to the church bursts open. A blaze of sunlight casts a halo around Adam, who is dressed in a white tuxedo with white gloves, white shoes, tails and a cane. He's wearing sunglasses and a thick stubble. His tie is undone, and he quickly doffs his hat as the entire ceremony comes to a halt. Glenn and Kate look annoyed and then force smiles.

ADAM

Sorry.

Eric and McCrudden exchange curious looks. Eric stands up and waves to Adam, who hurries over as the minister resumes his sermon. Adam pushes through the pew. McCrudden gets up to let him past, and lets out a groan of pleasure. Adam plops down next to Eric. They speak in whispers.

ERIC

You're late, you're in costume, and you seem to be drunk. Who are you?

ADAM

Long story. I got fired.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

What?

ADAM

Technically, I got passed over for vice president, but it's the same thing.

ERIC

That's insane -- you work harder than anyone! Did they say why?

ADAM

Um, well, there were a number of reasons, but they threw the 4th of July deal in my face. Dropped the ball, wasn't in the loop. Kinda needed to be on the Blackberry...

ERIC

Oh shit. Oh fuck. Dude. I'm so sorry.

ADAM

You know what? I spent last night drinking and crying. And then some more drinking and some more crying. And then I woke up this morning, and I realized, I'm free. This is good.

ERIC

I've gotta say, I can't tell you how happy I am to see you in the tux.

ADAM

And I'm doing the orgy. Fuck it.

ERIC

Are you serious?

ADAM

They took my twenties from me. I plan to spend my thirties making up for it.

ERIC

My man.

They do a man hug. Eric gets Alison's attention, and gestures at Adam, and mouths: "He's doing the orgy." Alison looks at Adam, who bows nonchalantly. Alison smiles, looks at Marcus looking at her smugly and looks back at Eric. She mouths, "I'm in."

ERIC (cont'd)

Holy shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Again, the wedding comes to a halt.

ERIC (cont'd)
Sorry. Charlie horse.

He massages his leg. Glenn glares at him.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB RECEPTION ROOM - NIGHT

The wedding reception is in progress. The entire group is gathered around a table laughing and drinking.

ERIC
I'd like to propose a toast. To friends.
And to having sex on those friends.

SUE
Hear hear!

They all toast. McCrudden stands up, and catches his breath.

MCCRUDDEN
Ooh... Okay, um, ladies, if you have any cologne preferences, I'd like to receive official notification sooner rather than later. Otherwise, you will be treated to the classic: Drakkar.

The group all laughs. The emcee taps the mike.

EMCEE
All right everybody -- introducing for the first time, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Paciello!

Everyone cheers as Glenn and Kate enter and take the dance floor. The DJ plays "Tonight I Celebrate My Love," by Peabo Bryson and Roberta Flack. Everyone gathers to watch them. Glenn whispers in her ear.

GLENN
Have you heard what Eric's big Labor Day party is going to be?

KATE
No. God, I've been so out of the loop.

GLENN
They're having an orgy.

KATE
What?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLENN

Shh!

Recovering, they both put on fake smiles.

KATE

Are you serious?

GLENN

They are having an orgy. All of them are going to have sex. Together.

KATE

No way. They would've told me. Sue would've told me.

They both look over at the group.

GLENN

That fucker Eric's been keeping it from us for weeks.

KATE

Bunch of assholes.

INT. OLD RELATIVES' TABLE - AT THE SAME TIME

An OLD WOMAN leans over to her HUSBAND.

OLD WOMAN

Look at them whispering to each other. Most romantic dance of her life.

INT. GROUP TABLE - A LITTLE LATER

They're all seated, and the food is being served.

DUQUEZ

How's the vegetarian option?

WILLOW

It's chicken.

Kate and Glenn storm up.

KATE

Is it true?

SUE

Is what true?

GLENN

That all of you are having an orgy? And you didn't think to invite us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The group all look at each other.

ERIC
(gesturing at the wedding)
Well, under the circumstances.

KATE
Of course we wouldn't come!

GLENN
It's that you didn't ask us. You didn't even think of us. In fact, you specifically hid this from us.

KATE
We invited all of you to be here on this day, the most special day of our lives, and you, who are supposed to be our closest, bestest friends--

GLENN
--there were family members who didn't get invited so you could all come--

KATE
And it's like we're totally out of your perverse little social club. At least I know Laura has some decency, some dignity left.

LAURA
Actually....

KATE
No. No way. I don't believe this! This is so hurtful. Really, really hurtful!

Kate runs off in tears.

GLENN
Are you happy? You and your stupid orgy just ruined our wedding!

Glenn storms off. Alison instinctively gets up.

ERIC
Just let them cool down.

ALISON
I'll go talk to them.

Alison dashes off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ADAM

She's going to make things so much worse.

ERIC

I think now would be a good time to hit
the dance floor. Keep the energy up,
distract people from the weeping bride.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Glenn is at the bar.

GLENN

Glenlivet, rocks, double.

As the bartender pours, the deacon approaches.

DEACON

Your friends are certainly a spirited
bunch.

Glenn's POV: Eric is swing dancing with Glenn's mom. Alison
and Adam are doing a sexy tango. McCrudden is dancing with
Glenn's grandmother, doing weird leg moves, and is clearly
getting off. She's completely oblivious.

GLENN

They're fucking idiots.

EXT. BEACH - THE NEXT MORNING

The group is lounging on the beach, reading, sleeping. Eric
is writing in a notebook. Laura & McCrudden are playing
Connect 4 in the sand, with the box collecting the stray
chips. Sue is lying on her towel with her eyes closed.

LAURA

Connect 4!

MCCRUDDEN

Where?

LAURA

Here -- diagonally.

MCCRUDDEN

Pretty sneaky, sis.

ERIC

I've been kicking around a couple of
themes: Roman, the originals, old school,
the guys who invented the orgy, togas,
wine, bushels of grapes or...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC(cont'd)

the Seventies, big hair, polyester, the whole swinger vibe... but my fear is that Seventies parties have been done to death.

SUE

What about the Kama Sutra?

ERIC

Ohhhh, now you're thinking! Sex secrets of the Orient! That's it. The Kama Sutra... incense...tapestries...

SUE

Veils... diaphanous fabrics...

ERIC

I have no idea what that means, but I like it! I think we're on the same wavelength.

SUE

Me too.

Sue and Eric smile at each other.

MCCRUDDEN

Dude, beav alert, nine O'clock.

ERIC'S POV: Kelly strides out of the ocean. She looks really good in a bathing suit.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)

(Cars' 'Moving in Stereo')

Bowmp-bowmp-bowmp-ba-bowmp-ba-dowmp...

ERIC

Isn't that my realtor? Kelly?

MCCRUDDEN

The enemy. Pretty nice ass on her.

ERIC

Yeah... take her out of the power suit...

MCCRUDDEN

Hey man, now that the orgy's locked in, we can't risk losing the house before Labor Day. You've gotta get in tight with her, lay on the charm, get her to drag some ass selling that house.

ERIC

You think?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCCRUDDEN

Dude, you're the king. A little winey-diney, and she'll be your humble servant wench.

ERIC

Keep your friends close, and your enemies closer.

MCCRUDDEN

Whatever, dude. That doesn't make any sense. Just freaking charm her, Ace.

EXT. DOWN THE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

Kelly towels off. Eric approaches.

ERIC

Kelly?

KELLY

Well, well. Stephen King himself.

ERIC

Yeah, sorry about the family murder bit. The Webers just didn't seem like a good fit, you know, for the house.

KELLY

They didn't get past the downstairs bathroom. You really weren't kidding about the house being a mess.

ERIC

I told you my friends were animals. If I don't clean up, it's a war zone.

KELLY

Your room was the worst.

ERIC

How did you know which room is mine?

KELLY

The trophies. "Most Enthusiastic Camper, 1986." Very impressive.

ERIC

Look, let me make it up to you, buy you dinner? The Harbor Inn has a new chef.

KELLY

The Harbor Inn always has a new chef, but sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

You're only allowed to have an entree,
though -- no apps, salad or dessert. I'm
not that sorry.

She laughs.

KELLY

That's fine. I think they've got a ten
pound lobster on the menu.

Kelly and Eric laugh.

EXT. GROUP'S TOWELS - CONTINUOUS

Sue looks on suspiciously as McCrudden grins.

MCCRUDDEN

Another one bites the dust. James
fucking Bond.

EXT. LAZER TAG FACILITY - NIGHT.

INT. LAZER TAG ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Hiding behind a neon pillar in a dark room, Eric and Kelly
are wearing Lazer Tag vests and helmets and are holding
pistols. Lazer fire echoes around them.

KELLY

My parents waited till I went to school
to split up. They still act like they
did me and my brother a favor.

ERIC

My folks' divorce was brutal. You've met
my dad. You get the picture there. Mom
lives in Oregon with this Reiki healer
asshole. She always sends a birthday
card with a twenty dollar bill inside,
like I'm ten years old or something.
It's just weird.

KELLY

Still, twenty bucks.

ERIC

True, true... I've got to say, you're
very easy to talk to.

He reaches around the pillar and fires a few shots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

That's my strength. I listen to people,
then get them to spend four million
dollars on a summer house.

A fat guy in camo pants runs by, firing.

FAT GUY

Red team, red team, hold your fire!

KELLY

I guess we should get back to it.

ERIC

I'm going for the flag. Throw some
suppressing fire at the kid up on the
box.

KELLY

My hero.

Eric does a preposterous stunt man roll and just as he lands
on his feet, his vest lights up like a pinball machine.

ERIC

Where was the suppressing fire?!

Kelly laughs.

KELLY

With that sweet roll, I didn't think
you'd need it.

Eric shoots her.

ERIC

Oops. Friendly fire.

KELLY

Oh, you bastard!

BLACK CARD: "Three Weekends Until Labor Day"

EXT. HEALTH CLINIC - AFTERNOON

INT. WAITING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Eric and Duquez sit reading STD pamphlets. Adam lifts his
shirt and looks at his pasty gut.

ADAM

I really need to get in shape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

We all do. Orgy training starts immediately.

ADAM

Are you guys worried about, you know, performing with everyone else around? I just know I'm going to be the guy in the corner with the limp dick noshing on the fruit plate.

ERIC

This isn't going to be a high-pressure situation. It's not a race. If anything it's the opposite. And McCrudden said he plays soccer with a Guatemalan dude who can hook us up with black market Viagra.

DUQUEZ

Wood's never been a problem for me.

ADAM

Okay, Johnny Wadd, what if we do all get wood? Someone's dick is going to be the smallest. I couldn't live with that.

ERIC

That whole thing is a myth. Chicks don't care about size. If anything, too big is more of a problem than too small. And they're going to be too focused on their own bodies to think about yours.

INT. FARMER'S MARKET - AT THE SAME TIME

Alison, Sue, and Laura are carrying baskets and getting food for the night. Sue is selecting broccoli rabe.

ALISON

Who do you think has the biggest dick?

LAURA

I'm pretty sure I know.

SUE

Eric?

LAURA

I've never told anyone this before, but the summer after freshman year of college, I walked in on one of the guys whacking off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE

Who, who, who?

LAURA

I'm not going to say. But it was a monster. You'll find out. I don't want to ruin the surprise.

ALISON

Intriguing... What are we talking?

She holds up a zucchini. Laura picks up a much longer and thicker one.

LAURA

More like this. The head is even bigger.

SUE

(laughing with delight)
Whoa... mama likes!

ALISON

Yay!!!

INT. WAITING AREA - AT THE SAME TIME

McCrudden enters with a bandage on his arm.

MCCRUDDEN

Boom. You're next, Uncle Addie.

Adam notices McCrudden holding the bandage over his vein.

ADAM

Whoa, whoa, whoa. No one fucking said anything about giving fucking blood.

MCCRUDDEN

How do you think they test you?

ADAM

Urine? Visual exam? How the fuck should I know? I haven't been to the goddamn doctor in ten years! Why the fuck do they need to puncture your vein to see if there's something wrong with your dick?

ERIC

The girls all went to their gynos this week. Everyone's getting tested, top to bottom.

ADAM

Then I'm out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He gets up to leave. The guys grab him.

DUQUEZ

Can't you just imagine yourself on a beach or something?

ADAM

When do I go to the beach, you dumb fuck?
I have a neurological condition:
vasovagal syncope. Certain psychological
triggers make my heart rate drop and my
arteries stiffen, and my brain loses
oxygen-- shit, I'm getting woozy just
talking about it.

ERIC

You'll be lying on a table, so if you
faint, no biggie. You're already lying
down. You'll be fine. I promise.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

A phlebotomist is drawing blood. Adam's eyes roll back in his head, and he jerks from side to side. The PHLEBOTOMIST, a middle aged Filipino woman pulls the needle out.

PLEBOTOMIST

He having a seizure!

ADAM

Nnnnarrgh. Nnnnarrgh.

ERIC

What do we do?!

PLEBOTOMIST

I don't know! I get doctor!

She runs out, leaving the guys staring at each other helplessly.

MCCRUDDEN

The problem is, the guy who'd know what
to do is having the seizure.

Eric shakes Adam.

ERIC

Come on buddy! Come to the light!

DUQUEZ

Grab his tongue!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eric slaps Adam across the face, harder and harder.
McCrudden frantically grabs for his tongue. Suddenly, Adam
wakes up as if nothing has happened, but white as a sheet.

ADAM

What's up? What happened?

MCCRUDDEN

You did it, man!

ADAM

I did? I did? Oh my God. That wasn't
so bad. That wasn't so bad, right?

They all look at each other.

ERIC

Easy parcheesi.

Adam looks at the phials of blood on the cabinet.

ADAM

That's my blood, right? I did it!

That's my blood...

(reeling)

My blood.... nnnuh.

He falls to the floor.

EXT. LONG ISLAND STREET - LATER

Eric and McCrudden are driving in a fifteen-year old Volvo
station wagon. They pull up in front of a mattress store
whose windows are completely covered. The place looks
abandoned. They get out of the car and look around. The
street is deserted.

ERIC

Mattress World? Are you sure this is the
place?

MCCRUDDEN

What, do you think they're going to put
up a sign that says 'Sex Club?' It's
underground. Come on, we're supposed to
use the back way.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

They're at the store's back entrance.

MCCRUDDEN

Hey. You got rubbers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

I thought we were just here to observe,
you know? See how the pros do it?

MCCRUDDEN

It's a sex club, dude. Semper fi.
Always prepared.

ERIC

Doesn't that mean 'always faithful?'

MCCRUDDEN

Hey, who took Latin in seventh grade. I
brought a pack, so if you need one, just
give me the sign. Altoid?

McCrudden offers Eric a mint, then pounds on the door. The
door opens a crack. A slightly annoyed, paunchy fifty-year
old GUY sticks his face out.

GUY

Whaddaya want?

MCCRUDDEN

Uh, the password is "chandelier?"

GUY

Who's your connection?

MCCRUDDEN

Rob George. He's a friend of my uncle.

GUY

Oh, yeah. He told me to expect you.
Come on in.

INT. MATTRESS STORE - CONTINUOUS

The guy opens the door to reveal that he is totally naked,
save a pair of green-and-white Adidas tennis shoes with socks
pulled up to his knees.

GUY

Welcome to the Unicorn.

They walk into the main room and their jaws drop.

ERIC

What the fuck...

The camera PANS across the tableau in front of him. The
mattress store has been dressed up -- candles everywhere, and
lots of throw pillows and velvet covering the rows of
mattresses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unattractive middle-aged couples are getting it on. Some are wearing masks, and flashy lingerie, some are getting spanked, there are various three-ways and one couple is using a sex swing suspended from the ceiling.

GUY

Rob's over there. Can I take your clothes?

ERIC

We're good for now.

(to McCrudden)

Leave off the last 'S' -- for 'Skeevy.'

The guy walks off. They walk carefully through the debauchery. Eric knocks a glass of champagne off a table onto a couple having sex on the floor. The guy looks up annoyed.

ERIC (cont'd)

Sorry! Sorry.

He grabs a napkin off the table and is about to wipe the guy's ass when he thinks better of it.

ERIC (cont'd)

I'll let you blot.

MCCRUDDEN

There he is.

MCCRUDDEN'S POV: ROB GEORGE, a 50-something ex-hipster with a thinning ponytail. He is wearing a Greek fisherman's hat, calculator watch and is smoking a pipe. A doughy but enthusiastic housewife, ELLEN, wearing a lace teddy, grinds on top of him. He notices the two guys.

ROB

Hey!

MCCRUDDEN

Rob?

ROB

It's little McCrudden! Holy shit, you've grown. How you doin' baby!

Rob reaches out and enthusiastically shakes McCrudden's hand.

MCCRUDDEN

This is my friend Eric.

Rob sticks out his hand. Eric hesitantly takes it. Ellen continues to bounce on his lap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROB

Good to meet you, man. This is Ellen.
Ellen, this is Eric and Mikey.

MCCRUDDEN

It's Mike now.

ELLEN

First time in the Unicorn, eh, boys? Got
a couple of cherries to pop. So, come
on, boys -- take off the clothes and get
fuckin'.

MCCRUDDEN

Actually, we're here more to do research.
We're putting together an orgy of our own
and we need some advice.

ROB

I see. We'll take it in the kitchenette
where we can talk. Let me just finish up
here.

Rob gets a sex face on and takes a few massive thrusts,
grunting like a pig. Eric looks stricken. He glances
nervously at McCrudden, who shrugs. It drags on an
uncomfortably long time. Eric and McCrudden don't know where
to look or what to do with their hands, as they listen to the
sound of thighs slapping.

ROB (cont'd)

Almost there.

MCCRUDDEN

Cool.

ELLEN

Come on cowboy! Time to shine!

ROB

Take it!

He comes, and his jauntily perched hat falls off. Ellen
kisses him on the forehead and rolls off him. Rob spansks her
ass, gets up, and puts his arms around Eric and McCrudden.

ROB (cont'd)

So, you kids are gonna have an orgy...

Eric and McCrudden want to crawl out of their skins.

INT. KITCHENETTE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

There are a few trays of hors d'oeuvre on the counter. Rob is smoking his pipe pensively.

ERIC

As someone who's been there -- lots of times, I'm guessing -- we could really use your expertise. How do we make sure the women are into it?

ROB

The women? Don't worry about the women. Worry about you guys.

MCCRUDDEN

Us?

ROB

Women are in touch with their sexuality. Guys are much more likely to freak out at the sight of someone else's junk. Taquito?

He lifts a platter of taquitos, and offers one to Eric.

ERIC

Thanks, I uh, I ate before I came.

ROB

This is exactly what I'm talking about. Look at you. You're scared shitless. You won't even touch the taquito. It's like it's a cock you're afraid to put in your mouth.

ERIC

I swear, I had a bacon cheeseburger about forty five minutes ago. With fries.

MCCRUDDEN

So how do we make it happen?

McCrudden pulls out a small spiral notebook and pen.

ROB

You can't make an orgy happen. It's got to evolve organically. Just because you've got a bunch of naked people in a room, doesn't mean you're all going to get it on. You all might just need to have a really intense conversation.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROB(cont'd)

Sometimes a girl thinks she just wants a heart-to-heart and she ends up pulling a train. You've got to let it happen, not make it happen.

McCrudden is hastily scribbling. Eric is trying not to touch anything.

MCCRUDDEN

(writing)

'Pulling a train?'

Rob mimics the motion of a woman jerking off two guys while giving head and being taken from behind.

ERIC

Got it.

ROB

Here's another thing. Every orgy has a leader. I take it you're the head of the wolf pack?

ERIC

Uh, yeah, I guess...

ROB

Then it all falls on your shoulders. If you're not running, no one behind you can run.

ERIC

But what does that mean? What do I do?

Rob puts his arm around Eric. Eric does his best to not cringe.

ROB

You need to get naked.

ERIC

Okay...?

ROB

Not just your body. Your mind, your heart, your soul. You need to be honest with yourself and everyone else about who you are and what you want. If you're a pegger, be honest about it. If you're polyamorous, put it out there. If you want to put on a diaper, embrace that. Trust me, if you've got the walls up, everyone else will too, and it's dead in the water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCCRUDDEN

What's a pegger?

ROB

Chick fucks you in the ass with a strap on. Big with Republicans.

ERIC

Wow. This is a lot to process.

ROB

Listen to me. You can't fake it, and you can't force it, and from the look on your face, you're in danger of doing both. It's time to cut the bullshit, nut up and be a man. Now, if you'll excuse me, I feel the blood returning to my sword.

MCCRUDDEN

Thanks for the advice. This is great stuff.

ERIC

Yeah... thanks...

ROB

Good luck, kiddos. Oh, and buy some scented candles. They mask the smell of ass.

Eric gives Rob a thumbs up. McCrudden grabs a handful of taquitos as they exit. They pass a woman strapping on a dildo -- it's Dody Henderson, wearing a tiara and leather bondage gear. She sees Eric and hides her face.

DODY HENDERSON

Oh hell.

Eric passes, does a double take, and he and Dody lock eyes.

MCCRUDDEN

Hey, is that--

ERIC

Uh huh. Keep walking.

He pushes McCrudden out.

INT. CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Eric is driving, a shell-shocked look on his face. McCrudden is eating taquitos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCRUDDEN

These taquitos are astonishingly
lackluster. Come on, Rob.

A long beat of silence.

ERIC

What the fuck was that?

MCCRUDDEN

What about it?

ERIC

Peggys? Pulling trains? Dody
Henderson with a strap-on? Holy mother
of God. You're not freaked out by that?

MCCRUDDEN

Hey! You heard what he said! You're the
head wolf, so you'd better fucking bring
it on game day, all right? Be honest or
whatever the fuck he was saying to do,
just do it!

ERIC

I'll tell you what I honestly want to do
right now: have a normal fucking date
with a nice girl! That's the God's
honest truth!

They drive in silence for a beat.

MCCRUDDEN

Do you think they sell those mattresses?

BLACK CARD: "Two Weekends Before Labor Day"

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Eric and Kelly are having coffee and sharing a slice of pie.

ERIC

I think I may have pulled a hammy at
Lazer Tag last weekend.

KELLY

I was so sore. All that ducking and
rolling. My knees were shot.

ERIC

This should not be happening. We should
not be getting Lazer Tag injuries! This
is pathetic. Strains and sprains are for
old people!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An old man sitting with his wife glares at Eric.

KELLY

Welcome to your thirties.

ERIC

I've got to say, I'm looking at the future, and it doesn't look fun. All of my friends are growing up, and going off and getting married and having kids, and getting mortgages, and some will be getting divorced, and it all just looks like a ton of really heavy, really un-fun shit. And it makes me... sad.

KELLY

Yeah, well, the flipside is you could try to be the same person and do the same things for the rest of your life, and that would be even sadder.

This strikes Eric unexpectedly.

ERIC

Huh. I guess that's true. It's funny, I was already worrying about next year's Fourth of July party. I wanted a whole back yard filled with bounce houses -- Fourth of July in Space. I was trying to figure out this whole dry ice bit... now I guess I don't have to stress about it. Hell, maybe I'll go to someone else's party, let them clean up for a change.

KELLY

Look at it this way. When you're leaving high school, college sounds kind of scary, but once you're there, you don't want to go back to high school. And when you're in your twenties, you don't want to go back to college, right? So maybe our thirties will be like that, like there's some great stuff ahead we just don't know about now.

ERIC

Maybe... maybe it will be cool. Although at some point, I'm sure my prostate will wish he were back in high school.

She laughs and they eat a bite of pie.

INT. KATE'S PARENTS' HOUSE/GUEST BEDROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Kate is in bed wearing a sexy teddy. She calls out to Glenn, who's in the bathroom.

KATE
Honey, come out.

GLENN
I don't know about this, baby.

KATE
I want to see.

He emerges from the bathroom wearing a strange-looking pair of briefs and walking stiffly.

GLENN
The edible underwear's melting in my ass crack.

She tries hard not to laugh.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Eric in boxers, making coffee. McCrudden wanders in, drunk and fully dressed, and trudges to the fridge.

ERIC
What are you doing up?

MCCRUDDEN
I never went down, ended up drinking in the parking lot with the guy from Squeeze until an hour ago. I'm about to sack out right now.

McCrudden drinks orange juice from the carton.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)
What are you doing up?

ERIC
I don't know. Got some stuff on the brain. Nothing.

MCCRUDDEN
Still haven't locked in a smoke machine?

ERIC
Not that. Got a bit of a situation.

Eric hesitates. He looks around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC (cont'd)

First of all, you cannot tell anyone.

MCCRUDDEN

Fine, dude. Whatever.

ERIC

No, seriously. I know people say 'don't tell anyone,' but then you tell people. This is one of those times. No one.

MCCRUDDEN

Not even Rodrigo?

ERIC

The guy you play soccer with?

MCCRUDDEN

Yeah, we talk all the time -- we get into some pretty heavy shit.

ERIC

Why would you tell some fifty year old Guatemalan landscaper about my personal life?

MCCRUDDEN

He's a good sounding board. But if you're going to get all weird about it, I'll keep it quiet.

ERIC

I went on a date last night. With the realtor chick.

MCCRUDDEN

You went out with Dody Henderson?! Did she peg you?

ERIC

No! I went out with Kelly again.

MCCRUDDEN

Right, right, I totally forgot -- the grand master, moving his pieces on the chess board. Did we get a reprieve on the house's death sentence?

ERIC

I started to bring it up, but the thing is... I kind of like her. She's really cool, and easy to talk to, and I find myself babbling all sorts of personal shit, and she's a huge Bruce fan--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCCRUDDEN

Okay, okay, so just get "really busy at work" until after Labor Day. Then call her up, and bone away.

ERIC

I don't want to blow her off. I don't want to risk screwing it up.

McCrudden's eyes narrow.

MCCRUDDEN

Are you fucking with me? I'm way too drunk, and it's way too early for that shit.

ERIC

I'm serious -- what are the odds! I'm about to pull off an orgy, and I meet the first girl that I can seem myself in a relationship with, for, like, more than three months.

McCrudden thinks hard, eyes closed, swaying slightly. Eric isn't sure if he's going to speak or pass out.

MCCRUDDEN

Solution! Here it is: do not tell her about the orgy. Ever. And do not have sex with her before Labor Day. As long as you haven't had the exclusive talk and you're not boning, you're still a free agent.

ERIC

You think?

MCCRUDDEN

Hey, you don't know what or who she's doing in her free time, Ace. Keep the pants on till after Labor Day, then it'll just be a crazy adventure in your past which you never have to tell her about.

ERIC

Okay. All right. That's the plan. Thanks, man. This was helpful.

MCCRUDDEN

Can I fucking go to bed now?

Eric pats him on the shoulder, and he exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)

The fires I have to put out...

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

Eric and McCrudden have their bags and are walking out to the train. In the driveway, they pass Dody and Kelly getting out of Dody's car with a well-to-do couple. Everyone looks at each other awkwardly, unsure of what to say.

ERIC

Nice to see you ladies again. We're, uh, headed back to the city.

KELLY

We'll be in touch this week. Regarding the house.

ERIC

Yes. The house. We sure will.

(nods)

Dody.

DODY HENDERSON

Eric.

As they walk past, McCrudden winks at Dody, and she pretends not to notice.

BLACK CARD: "The Weekend Before Labor Day"

EXT. KELLY'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

She lives in a modest bungalow in the woods. Eric lets Kelly out of his car, and escorts her to her front door.

KELLY

So. This is the casa. Not exactly Lily Pond Lane.

ERIC

Ah, who wants to live next to Martha Stewart. All that greasy cooking smell.

They're at the front door.

ERIC (cont'd)

I had a really good time tonight.

KELLY

Me too.

He leans in and kisses her. She kisses him back, then he pulls away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY (cont'd)
Want to come in?

ERIC
Yes. Very much so. But I can't.

KELLY
Why can't you?

ERIC
'Can't' isn't the right word. Look, I know this sounds weird, but I think this could be headed somewhere really good, and I just want to take it slow. Also, I promised McCrudden I'd TiVo the "L-Word."

He starts down the steps.

KELLY
Slow, huh. An old-fashioned guy.

ERIC
Indeed. Perhaps on our next outing, I'll pick you up in my horseless carriage and we shall go apple-picking.

KELLY
Easy, there -- I thought we were taking it slow.

Eric laughs and walks back to his car.

KELLY (cont'd)
Hey, what have you got going on next weekend?

He stops short.

ERIC
Next weekend? Nothing. Why?

KELLY
No final fiesta? I thought you had a crazy Labor Day party every year.

ERIC
Not this year. Nothing on the books.

He makes it all the way to his car. She opens her door.

KELLY
Maybe we could do something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

Oh. Well, when I say 'nothing,' I mean I'm probably just going to be packing. You know, twenty years of stuff to sort through. May hang out with the friends. Not sure. Pretty open-ended.

He opens his car door.

KELLY

Maybe my friends and your friends could all get together?

ERIC

Yeah.... maybe.... my friends take some getting used to. So let's just, you know, play it by ear.

KELLY

So that's a maybe?

ERIC

A possible maybe for sure. Sleep tight!

He gets in the car. She waves and enters her house.

ERIC (cont'd)

Shit.

DISSOLVE TO:

ORGY TRAINING MONTAGE: Survivor's "Eye of the Tiger"

INT. GYM - DAY

The guys are doing intense crunches.

INT. SPIN CLASS - DAY

The girls are in spin class, pushing themselves to the breaking point.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The guys are watching a porno movie, rewinding, pointing out the intricacies of various positions.

INT. NAIL SHOP - DAY

The girls are getting mani/pedicures -- PAN down the row to reveal Adam also getting his nails done.

INT. COSTCO - DAY

The guys push a cart piled with massive quantities of booze and snack food. McCrudden walks up hefting four gallon containers of Red Vines. Adam and Eric put back three. McCrudden slips some giant-sized chocolate bars into the cart.

INT. SEX SHOP - DAY

The girls carry baskets with lingerie, lubes, vibrators, dildos, ticklers, etc. Sue and Alison duel with dildos as the world-weary Pakistani sex shop owner rolls his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. STEPHEN TALKHOUSE - THAT NIGHT

The group is gathered around a couple of tables. They have a shopping bag full of sex toys.

LAURA

Do we really want to listen to Indian music the whole time? It could get kind of...

ADAM

Cab ride-y? Agreed. I've been putting together a killer playlist. Some obscure Radiohead, a little Arcade Fire, Sigur Ros....

WILLOW

Who has sex to Radiohead?

DUQUEZ

Thom Yorke.

ALISON

No Radiohead. It should be something sensual, like Sting.

MCCRUDDEN

NO! No. No. No. Unacceptable. No Sting. Why not just put on Phil Collins? Fucking Sussudio? No. If there is Sting on the sound system, I will walk.

LAURA

What about an 80's mix, like Depeche Mode, New Order?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUQUEZ

Then I'm out. No crappy synth techno
shit. It's not a robot orgy.

ERIC

It's got to be something we all agree on.

They ponder for a moment.

MCCRUDDEN

Got it: Metallica.

ALL

NO!

Sue taps Eric on the shoulder.

SUE

Hey. I've got a present for you. It's
packed with great ideas for next weekend.

She reaches into a large black plastic shopping bag and pulls
out a copy of the *Kama Sutra*.

ERIC

Oh, hey, this is very thoughtful.
Pictures and everything.

He hands it back to her. She looks at him, a little hurt.

SUE

Just so you know... I'm not wearing
underwear right now.

She smiles slyly and sits down.

ERIC

What exactly am I supposed to do with
that information?

Glenn and Kate enter and sit down next to Eric.

GLENN

Well, well, well. The gang's all here.

There's an uncomfortable silence. No one knows what to say.

DUQUEZ

Hey, man. I think I screwed up on your
wedding registry website, so if you get
two ice cream makers, that's why.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GLENN

First of all, we didn't register for an ice cream maker. Second, we've got some business to discuss.

KATE

We've talked it over, and we want to do the orgy.

Eric looks at them in shock. He is speechless for a beat. The group exchanges awkward glances.

ERIC

Um... no?

GLENN

What do mean, no? Why not? We already lined up my folks to babysit. We told them it was your last Labor Day bash.

KATE

You're letting Duquez and Willow do it. They're a couple.

Duquez and Willow look at each other.

DUQUEZ

I don't know, Kate. It's pretty different.

ALISON

Guys, I say this as both a friend and a mental health professional: it's a terrible idea. I know you're feeling a little disconnected from your friends, but come on...

GLENN

Let's take a vote -- how many people want us in?

MCCRUDDEN

They might have a point. They've always been part of the group. We don't want to discriminate against them just because they've got a kid. And Kate's rack is huge right now.

KATE

Thank you, Michael.

ERIC

Are you retarded? No, no, and no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MCCRUDDEN

Dude. Ten O'Clock.

Eric looks up to see Kelly at a nearby table with a group of friends. She spots him and waves.

ERIC

Oh, shit.

He waves back, forcing a big smile. Kelly gets up from her table.

KELLY

Hey!

ERIC

Heyyyyyy!

(to Glenn)

This discussion is over.

Kelly approaches. Eric stands to greet her. She leans in for the kiss, and he quickly goes for the cheek. It's an awkward moment. Everyone is staring at them.

ERIC (cont'd)

You guys remember Kelly, my realtor.
Kelly, this is Adam, Mike, Doug, Sue,
Laura, Alison, Glenn, and Kate.

KELLY

Hey everyone. I've heard so much about
you all.

SUE

How? When?

ERIC

Want a drink? Let's hit the bar.

KELLY

Sure.

GLENN

Hey, don't run away! This discussion is
not over!

ERIC

Oh, it's over. Kate, get him out of
here.

Kate starts to pull Glenn away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GLENN

You think we couldn't handle it because we're parents? We can handle shit you can't even imagine! You motherfuckers have no idea. No idea. You're all lightweights! You're playing JV ball!

Kate pushes him out the door. He pops his head back in.

GLENN (cont'd)

LIGHTWEIGHTS!!!

He exits.

KELLY

What was that all about?

ERIC

Oh, nothing. You know how it is -- friends get together, they talk politics, things get a little heated. It's all good.

Out of the corner of his eye, Eric sees that Sue has pulled out some dildos and butt plugs and is passing them around. He tries to block Kelly's view.

ADAM

I can understand a double ripple butt plug, but I think the triple ripple is a ripple too far.

KELLY

What's with the sex toys?

ERIC

Just some gag gifts. Hey, you want some apps? Let's get some apps. Waitress!

KELLY

I'm glad I ran into you. I've got some news: we got an offer on the house.

ERIC

Shit.

KELLY

But the good news is that for whatever reason, Dody's stepping away, and letting me handle the deal.

ERIC

Well, Dody's got a lot on her plate right now, I'm sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

KELLY

I figure I can slow things down, at least
buy you till end of summer.

ERIC

You're the best!

He hugs and kisses her on the lips. Everyone looks at him.

ERIC (cont'd)

It's, um, house stuff. Business.

(to Kelly)

Come on, let's go to the bar -- I'll buy
you a celebratory champagne.

Eric leads Kelly away. Sue turns to McCrudden.

SUE

What's going on?

MCCRUDDEN

He told me not to tell anyone. So keep
it on the down-low.

Everyone leans in.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)

He asked her out to try to stall them
selling the house till after Labor Day,
then they went out a few more times, and
he won't sleep with her until after the
orgy, because he thinks it would be wrong
to do both.

ALISON

He's not sleeping with her?

SUE

That means he actually... likes her?
Fuck.

At the bar, Eric and Kelly are sipping champagne. He looks
back at the group. He waves. They wave back, smiling. Adam
and Laura wave with dildos.

BLACK CARD: "Labor Day Weekend"

EXT. BACKYARD - EARLY EVENING

Sunlight is fading and the lights are on in the house.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The girls are drinking champagne and putting on Indian costumes: long flowing skirts, bare midriffs, and lots of fake jewelry. Laura, still wet from the shower is awkwardly trying to put her underwear on without removing the towel. Sue is painting a henna tattoo on Alison's back: a large, erect penis. Sue and Laura try to stifle laughter.

ALISON

What is it?

SUE

A tiger.

ALISON

Cool.

INT. SECOND BEDROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

The guys are putting on Indian garb and doing shots of Jaeger. Duquez is doing push-ups. Eric stares out the window pensively. McCrudden enters, slathering orange lotion on his chest.

MCCRUDDEN

Could you get my back?

ERIC

What in God's name are you doing?

MCCRUDDEN

Self-tanner, man. I'm going to look like a porn star.

Eric uncaps the tube. McCrudden exhales.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)

I just stroked out my third batch *du jour*. You boys might want to think about jerking it a couple of times before heading down, or you'll nut early like a bunch of amateurs.

Eric hands him back the tube.

ERIC

I'm not touching you.

INT. LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

There's a table with a spread of food and booze. Sitar music plays in the background.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The room is lit with candles, batik-print tapestries hang over the windows, and areca palms line the walls. Incense smoke hangs in the air. Duquez is smoking a joint with Willow.

DUQUEZ

So, like, if you're in a situation and you're, like, not diggin', or a little wigged, just give me a signal and I'll come over and rescue you.

WILLOW

Okay. What should I do?

DUQUEZ

Ummm. Like, tug on your ear.

WILLOW

Okay. But what if I am enjoying something?

DUQUEZ

Like what? What do you mean? What would you be enjoying?

WILLOW

Okay, let's just work out a signal for the not liking.

Alison is standing by the window, sipping champagne and nibbling on a celery stick. McCrudden walks over, holding a glass.

MCCRUDDEN

Hey, last minute tally -- are you cool with the back-door boogie?

ALISON

Oh sure -- as long as I can shove this up your ass.

She holds up an intimidating-looking vibrator.

MCCRUDDEN

Whoa, whoa, whoa. That's not fair. You're a chick. Some chicks like the back nine.

ALISON

So do lots of guys. Stimulates the prostate.

They stare each other down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCCRUDDEN

Pegging. Huh. Well, let's see where the night goes.

McCrudden downs a shot of absinthe. Adam, smoking a clove cigarette, approaches the food spread and pours himself a glass of white wine. Eric's phone rings. He checks the screen: Kelly. He sighs, and turns off the ringer.

ADAM

The man of the hour! May I interest you in a glass of vino? Clove cigarette?

Adam starts to cough violently. He's a bit tipsy too.

ERIC

Maybe some wine.

ADAM

Do you serve a red or white with vagine? Maybe a rosé?

ERIC

Can I talk to you?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Adam and Eric enter.

ADAM

What's up?

ERIC

About the whole orgy thing. I think I may be out, dude. The thing is... I'm starting to have real feelings for Kelly. I don't think I can go through with it.

ADAM

Why not? You haven't even slept with her.

ERIC

How did you know that?

ADAM

McCrudden.

ERIC

Son of a bitch. Well, whatever, it's true. I haven't even taken my pants off. But still. What if she's The One?

Adam slaps him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADAM

Get a hold of yourself. You're freaking out. Listen to me. First of all, you've gone on three dates. How could you possibly know if she's The One?

ERIC

I don't know. Maybe Alison was right. Maybe it is time to let go of shit, grow up, you know, move on...

ADAM

Hey! You started this fucking orgy train rolling and now you want off?! No. No fucking way. You got me fired! I gave blood to be here! You got Laura kicked out of bible group, you pretty much set the ball in motion for Alison's breakup -- whether you still want the mantle of responsibility or not, you are our leader, and without you, the whole thing will crumble to the ground, so you are not fucking going anywhere, understand?

ERIC

I guess I am the lead wolf.

ADAM

Yeah, whatever you want to call yourself.

Sue enters holding a riding crop.

SUE

Boys. Enough with the kitchen chit-chat. It's orgy time.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Duquez holds up a bottle of green liquid. Everyone is holding a shot glass. He pours.

DUQUEZ

I got this in Berlin. The absinthe guy told me this is the real deal. I've been saving it for a special occasion. We almost opened it for the lunar eclipse last summer.

LAURA

Oooh. Smells like licorice.

DUQUEZ

It's wormwood. Hallucinogenic. Could possibly give you seizures.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all hold their glasses up.

ADAM

Everyone. I'd like to say something.
When I look back on my life, the night I
won the National High School Debate
Championships usually stands out as the
moment where I have come closest to
experiencing unqualified joy. Tonight, I
think I may finally top it. I love you
all.

They do their shots.

SUE

Well, shall we?

She starts stroking Eric's arm. Then the doorbell rings.
Everyone freezes.

ERIC

Shit. I told my dad Sunday. Okay,
everyone just stay cool.

INT. DOORWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Eric opens the door to find Kelly standing there.

KELLY

Hi.

ERIC

Hey!

He looks like a nervous white maharajah.

KELLY

Wow. This is a new look for you.

ERIC

Yeah, I've been trying to get away from
the whole J. Crew thing. What are you up
to?

She holds up a package of microwave popcorn and DVD's.

KELLY

Oh, uh, well, I just thought you might
like to take a break from the packing.
But it looks like you've got something
going on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

It was a totally last-minute, spur-of-the-moment thing. Just the high school crew. Little intimate farewell party.

KELLY

Oh. Okay.

A long, awkward beat. She waits for an invitation in. Eric looks back at the group.

MCCRUDDEN

Awk-ward....

Eric takes a deep breath.

ERIC

You know what, guys? I should go. You have fun here. I'll see you in the morning. Is that cool?

The group stares in stunned silence.

ERIC (cont'd)

Awesome.

He exits and shuts the door behind him.

EXT. FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

ERIC

Cool if we watch the movies at your place?

KELLY

Um, sure...

INT. LIVING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

The air has been let out of the room. McCrudden stands up, swaying drunkenly.

DUQUEZ

What the fuck...?

ADAM

Well, that's it. Over before it even started.

MCCRUDDEN

People, people -- don't panic! I am in control!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MCCRUDDEN(cont'd)

The President is dead, but the Vice-President is taking over -- we will put this tragedy behind us, and we will prevail! Duquez, a round of shots!

Everyone groans.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)

Dammit, Duquez, shots! Stat! And turn up that smoke machine!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AT THE SAME TIME

Kelly and Eric reach her car.

KELLY

This doesn't feel right.

ERIC

What doesn't?

KELLY

I can't take you away from your friends on your last weekend here. I don't want to be that girl.

ERIC

But...

KELLY

It's not the best way to start a relationship. Your friends would resent me, and trust me, you might resent me.

ERIC

You want me... to go back...in there?

KELLY

Yes. How could we have fun knowing you bailed on your friends for your final party? We're just getting to know each other. Hopefully, in a couple of years, I'll be one of the gang and I'd be right in there with everyone.

ERIC

Um, yeah... I don't know how many more of these there will be.

KELLY

I mean, what do you want to do?

Eric thinks hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

I don't know. I've had a lot of
absinthe, and right now, I don't know
what I want. I'm very, very confused.

KELLY

Then I'll make the decision. Go back to
your shindig. Have a blast. We've got
plenty of time for Blockbuster night.

ERIC

I suppose that's true.

KELLY

Get back in there. That's an order.

ERIC

I'm not sure what's going on, but
tonight, I'm just going to let things
happen as they may. I will call you
first thing tomorrow.

He gives her a long passionate kiss.

KELLY

Save me some tikka masala.

Eric runs back to the house.

ERIC

(Scottish accent)
I will find you!!!!

She smiles, waves, and gets in her car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

People are sitting, drinking glumly.

MCCRUDDEN

For God's sake, let's at least get some
strip poker going... something...

The door flings open, and smoke swirls around Eric as he
enters the room.

ERIC

All right. Let's get this orgy started.

Everyone cheers.

MCCRUDDEN

El Presidente! Don't worry -- I kept it
going while you were gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUE
So it's on?

ERIC
It's on.

ADAM
Okay! Okay! Okay...?

No one knows what to do.

ERIC
I'm really not sure how to get started.

People murmur agreement.

MCCRUDDEN
As usual, it's up to me to get things
rocking.

He tries to pull off his shoe and falls down. As he drunkenly
tears off his shoes and socks, no one moves.

ADAM
This is a flying start.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - A LITTLE LATER

A minivan quietly pulls up, lights off.

INT. MINIVAN - CONTINUOUS

It's Glenn and Kate dressed in Indian costumes. They're
nervous.

GLENN
They won't kick us out. If we're here,
they won't kick us out.

KATE
Okay. Are we sure about this?

Glenn thinks for a beat.

GLENN
Okay. Here's what we do. We take a
little look-see through the window. If
it looks too freaky or lame, we leave.
If it looks, you know... cool? We go in.

KATE
Okay.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

ERIC

Should the ladies start, ummm, you know... going down on the gentlemen or something? Just throwing out ideas?

SUE

Bullshit. Why don't the guys start going down on us?

WILLOW

Yeah!

Duquez's eyes widen.

DUQUEZ

Yo yo yo, let's just start slowly.

McCrudden leaps up, tearing off his sarong, revealing a tiger-print thong.

MCCRUDDEN

Fuck slow, let's rock and roll!

EXT. FRONT STEPS - AT THE SAME TIME

Glenn and Kate hide in the bushes, peering through a crack in the window.

KATE

What do you see?

GLENN

Nothing. Goddamn smoke machine.

KATE

Maybe this is a bad idea. I'm sorry.

Kate looks at Glenn apologetically. He strokes her cheek. They look at each other, then start kissing passionately. They collapse onto the ground.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

No one's moved.

MCCRUDDEN

Come on, people! Do something!

LAURA

Maybe we should start with, like, a back rub circle? Like in college?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

People groan.

WILLOW

Oh for God's sake, I'll get things started.

She pulls off her top and reaches to undo her bra.

DUQUEZ

Don't.

He stops her.

DUQUEZ (cont'd)

I don't think I can go through with this.

MCCRUDDEN

Bock-bock-b'gock. I knew it! I knew you'd puss out.

DUQUEZ

Fuck you, McCrudden. I'm sick of you shitting on me. What do you do that's so great?

MCCRUDDEN

Least I'm not a complete fucking phony.

DUQUEZ

Come on, Willow, let's go.

ERIC

Unbelievable. Dorquez flakes again!

DUQUEZ

Dude. I'm not flaking. I'm in a relationship that I feel really good about, and I don't want to fuck it up.

ERIC

That's bullshit. I just walked away from a girl I'm totally into for all of you.

DUQUEZ

Oh, come on man. Stop with the martyr shit. You're not doing this for us. Everything you do is for you, and making sure you're the center of attention. Don't even pretend this shit is charitable.

MCCRUDDEN

Hey, people -- we're getting away from the business at hand.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCCRUDDEN(cont'd)

This is supposed to be an orgy. Sue, kiss Alison. I'll start touching myself.

ERIC

No. You remember what Rob said -- you can't force it. If there's shit people need to get off their chests, let's get down to it. Let's talk. We're all adults here.

(to Duquez)

Hey, man -- where's the fucking gratitude? I've been busting my ass planning these parties for years! I spend months coming up with the ideas, I organize them, I pay for most of them, and I'm always the one cleaning up. I'm the only one who doesn't have any fun at them! Everyone else just half-asses it! People show up whenever they want -- or not -- they chip in a few bucks -- or not -- they wear costumes -- or not -- they remember to bring the donuts or not--

DUQUEZ

You can't let the donuts go? Are you fucking serious?

ERIC

The donuts are indicative of a larger issue!

EXT. DRIVEWAY - AT THE SAME TIME

The windows of Glenn and Kate's minivan are fogged, and it's rocking. We hear sounds of passion coming from within.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

ALISON

Wow, this is an amazing breakthrough--

ERIC

Oh, Jesus, give it a rest with the psychobabble.

ALISON

No, no -- I'm not criticizing. This is amazingly mature for you. Usually, you have such trouble communicating your feelings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

Oh, so I'm the one with issues. What about you and your fucked up dysfunctional relationship. Two summers ago at the Oktoberfest in July party--

ALISON

Why are you bringing that up?

ERIC

Ohhh, so now the shrink doesn't want to delve into the past. Because it's you behaving badly for a change.

SUE

Wait, what happened at the Oktoberfest in July party?

ERIC

She told me that she and Marcus were broken up, over, finito, done, we hooked up, and then they're together at brunch the next morning. That is fucked up. Shit, you'll probably be brunching with him tomorrow.

SUE

Wait, what?

Laura sidles up to Willow.

LAURA

God, so much drama.

WILLOW

Some people just shouldn't try to have orgies.

SUE

You never told me this, either of you!

ALISON

Sue. We didn't sleep together.

MCCRUDDEN

(to Eric)

You told me it was a BJ, but she wouldn't swallow.

ERIC

I didn't say that!

ALISON

It was just a hand job!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MCCRUDDEN

That's right. It was a hand job.

SUE

You crazy bitch.

ALISON

Sue. You need to move on. How long are you going to be obsessed with Eric? This is why you can't have a meaningful relationship!

Eric is startled.

ERIC

Wait, what? Who's obsessed with who? Sue?

She looks away from him.

MCCRUDDEN

Will everyone chill out! We're losing the erotic vibe. I'm going to get things rocking right here right now!

With lightning speed, he steps out of his thong, brandishing it in the air.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)

Let loose the Kracken!!

ADAM

Jesus Christ, will you give it a rest?

DUQUEZ

Yeah man, it's pathetic.

MCCRUDDEN

Fuck you, you pussies. You're both lame and you always will be.

DUQUEZ

Dude, the only reason why you're even here is because Eric needs a little acolyte to do his bidding. I used to be that guy, but I grew up and got a life. Then it was Adam, and he got a real job and moved on. And now it's you, and you're the perfect little Gilligan to the skipper here, because you've literally got nothing better to do. You're like his fucking pet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The words hit McCrudden with unexpected force. His smirk drops. His eyes well up with tears.

MCCRUDDEN

Fuck you. Fuck you, Doug.

The room goes quiet. McCrudden chokes back a sob. He awkwardly puts his thong back on and collapses on the sofa.

DUQUEZ

Is he fucking with me?

ADAM

I don't know, man.

Everyone is taken aback. They've never seen McCrudden cry and now he's weeping.

ERIC

Dude, come on. He didn't mean it.

MCCRUDDEN

I'm your fucking pet? That's what you all think of me?

ERIC

No way. You're my main man. My buddy.

MCCRUDDEN

Yeah, your li'l buddy -- like Gilligan!

The girls start to soften and gather around him on the couch.

ALISON

Michael...

MCCRUDDEN

I thought we were like Frank and Dino. Turns out you're Johnny and I'm Ed fucking McMahon.

ERIC

Jesus, Duquez.

DUQUEZ

Yo, Mike, man, I'm sorry. But like, you're always ragging on me.

MCCRUDDEN

I bust your balls because I believe in you, man. I think you're a great guitarist and you're pissing away your future. What you said to me was fucking mean.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Duquez's jaw drops. Everyone is taken aback -- McCrudden has unsuspected depth?

SUE

McCrudden, come on. Everyone likes you.
You're so...

An excruciatingly long beat. McCrudden looks at her expectantly.

SUE (cont'd)

...real.

MCCRUDDEN

Yeah?

Alison wipes a tear from McCrudden's face. She kisses him on the cheek, then his mouth. He kisses her back. They start making out. Everyone is taken aback. Eric looks at Sue.

ERIC

Hey, what was that about--

SUE

Later.

Sue grabs Eric and kisses him passionately. They fall onto the sofa. Adam looks at Laura.

ADAM

Ah. It appears that we are finally underway.

LAURA

Oh God. People are taking their clothes off. I'm still so scared.

(closes her eyes)

Grant me strength...

ADAM

How about this. Let's do it together.
Count of three. One. Two. Three.

They both remove their shirts.

ADAM (cont'd)

Hello, boobs.

LAURA

Are they okay?

ADAM

They're beautiful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

LAURA

(smiling, relieved)

And just so you know, I've never really been able to orgasm, so, like no pressure. I'm all about giving pleasure.

ADAM

This is so much better than porn.

He kisses her tenderly. The Indian trance music stops, and Metallica-style thrash metal thunders out of the stereo.

MCCRUDDEN

Aw, yeahh!!! Who's ready to fuck?

ALL

TURN IT OFF!!!!

MCCRUDDEN

Fine. Pussies.

He trots off to change the music back to Indian. Willow pulls down Duquez's boxers and the room stops. Everyone's eyes widen. The women, amazed, intrigued, the men impressed, depressed.

SUE

Ah. I think the mystery has been solved.

ALISON

Duquez... I would not have guessed that.

ADAM

Great. Just great.

INTERCUT between illustrations from the Kama Sutra and brief interludes of the orgy in progress.

KAMA SUTRA PICTURE: Man and woman having sex

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eric and Sue are going at it on the couch.

SUE

We should have done this fifteen years ago.

ERIC

Oh, fuck, fuck, fuck.

SUE

Yeah, you like the dirty talk? You want me to fucking talk dirty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

No, it's my hamstring! Shit! I think I pulled it again. Could you get off me for a second?

SUE

(sighs)

We really should have done this fifteen years ago.

ERIC

Can you help stretch me out?

KAMA SUTRA PICTURE: Group sex in a pool

EXT. POOL - LATER

Everyone is outside in the pool. Steam rises off the water as people are paired up. Eric and Laura are on the steps, Laura sitting in his lap. Adam and Sue are in the corner, standing up and kissing. Duquez and Willow are in the deep end, treading water as she wraps her legs around him. McCrudden has Alison bent over in the corner.

ERIC

Is it me or is this not working?

SUE

Water is not a lubricant.

LAURA

It's actually hurting a bit.

ERIC

Back inside!

People leap out of the pool and dash inside naked.

ALISON

Don't stop!

MCCRUDDEN

Don't worry -- I'm good. It's like my balls are floating in space.

He continues thrashing her in the water.

KAMA SUTRA PICTURE: Sex with a weird device

INT. DEN - A LITTLE LATER

Adam is laying across Alison's lap. She's holding a ping-pong paddle which has "The Duke" written in marker on it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON
Are you ready?

ADAM
I just realized this may be the first
time I've actually been spanked. My
parents were more into verbal belittling.

Alison winds up and gives Adam a mighty whack.

ADAM (cont'd)
OWWW!

He jumps up, dancing around in pain.

ADAM (cont'd)
Good God, that hurt! Wow, that is not
enjoyable at all. Who on Earth would be
into that?

He limps off.

ALISON
I used the smooth side.

KAMA SUTRA PICTURE: Threesome

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

CLOSE UP of Duquez and Willow's faces as they make love in a
beanbag. They stare lovingly into each others' eyes. Then
McCrudden's face appears between them.

MCCRUDDEN
Yo. Can I tag in?

DUQUEZ
No!

MCCRUDDEN
I don't mean to be rude, but you two
haven't been with anyone else yet. Not
really in the spirit of what we're trying
to do here.

McCrudden stumbles away.

DUQUEZ
Want to go upstairs?

WILLOW
Are you sure?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUQUEZ

Yes. I am absolutely one hundred percent sure.

WILLOW

Let's get out of here.

She grabs his hand and they exit. Over by the drinks table, Alison and Laura notice them leaving.

ALISON

They're leaving?

LAURA

I never got to try it.
(calling out)
Duquez! Come back!

KAMA SUTRA PICTURE: Two naked women

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Eric is on the couch. He turns to his right and kisses Sue. He turns to his left and kisses Alison. Sue and Alison both kiss his face. They look at each other lasciviously.

ERIC

Come on... you know you want to. Come on.

Alison and Sue kiss.

ERIC (cont'd)

Ooooh. Nice. Oh, that's what I'm talking about.

The kiss gets more and more heated.

ERIC (cont'd)

Wow.

They fall out of frame. Eric watches them for a beat. They're not paying any attention to him.

ERIC (cont'd)

Hey ladies? Up here? Hello? Knock knock?

KAMA SUTRA PICTURE: Three naked women

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The guys are sprawled on a couch, watching some off camera action. McCrudden is passed out and snoring. The couch is stained orange from his fake tan. We hear female giggles.

ERIC

Who knew.

ADAM

I never thought I'd say this, but do you want to take a break from watching the girl on girl on girl action and see what happened with the Yankee game?

ERIC

You think they'd notice?

ADAM

I don't think they'd notice if we lit ourselves on fire.

They sneak out.

KAMA SUTRA PICTURE: Man and woman

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Laura is furiously riding Adam on the floor. Each thrust bangs his head on the floor.

LAURA

OH MY GOD! OH JESUS! ALMOST THERE! OH LORD! I'M GOING TO COME! DON'T STOP!

Eric is lying on a pile of pillows a few feet away, in between Sue and Alison.

SUE

How long has this been going on?

ALISON

Almost half an hour.

ERIC

Poor guy.

INT. FRONT DOOR - LATER

The doorbell rings.

ADAM

Thank God!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They open the door. There's a PIZZA GUY there. He takes in the scene of naked and half-naked people barely covering themselves.

PIZZA GUY

Hey. Can I get in on this? Free pizza.

Eric hands the guy some money and grabs the pies.

ERIC

Sorry dude. This isn't a porno movie.

Laura's head pops up from behind the couch.

LAURA

SO CLOSE! OH JESUS! SO CLOSE!

Eric shuts the door on the crestfallen Pizza Guy.

KAMA SUTRA PICTURE: Group sex.

MONTAGE: A series of quick close-up shots, faster and faster, as the tempo of the music speeds up.

CLOSE UP: Ankles by ears.

CLOSE UP: Condom wrapper being fumbled with.

CLOSE UP: Whipped cream sprayed on breasts.

CLOSE UP: Toes being sucked.

CLOSE UP: More fumbling with condom.

CLOSE UP: Absinthe being swigged.

CLOSE UP: Lots of different feet together.

CLOSE UP: Nipple being licked.

CLOSE UP: Vibrator being turned on.

CLOSE UP: Torn condom wrapper flying through the air.

CLOSE UP: Slow-motion spurt of white liquid.

INT. KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING.

Reveal Eric is pouring milk into a bowl of eggs, haggard and hung over. McCrudden enters, wearing shades and a very tight-fitting "Labor Day Orgy" T-shirt. He has a bunch of T-shirts, and tosses one to Eric.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC
Sweet shirt.

MCCRUDDEN
Wanted to commemorate the occasion.

ERIC
It's a medium.

MCCRUDDEN
They're all mediums. My uncle totally
fucked up the order. God, I am hung over
like a madman.

ERIC
Pretty crazy night. I can't believe we
actually did it.

MCCRUDDEN
You want to know the truth, man?

He comes up close to Eric.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)
You really want to know the truth about
last night? Between you and me?

Eric, sensing McCrudden about to unburden himself, puts down
his spatula and turns to McCrudden.

ERIC
Sure, man. What's up?

MCCRUDDEN
I can't remember a thing.

ERIC
What?

MCCRUDDEN
Nada. Total blackout. It was all that
goddamn absinthe. The last thing I
remember was turning on the smoke machine
-- after that, zip.

ERIC
You're kidding.

MCCRUDDEN
Wish I was, Chief, wish I was...

Laura, Sue, and Alison enter. They're all looking pretty
worse for the wear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They pour coffee, grab plates and start sitting down to breakfast -- going through the normal routine, but there is an awkward vibe.

MCCRUDDEN (cont'd)

Ladies, I've got to ask you: what happened last night?

SUE

What do you mean?

MCCRUDDEN

Did I bring the A-game? Did I rock everyone's world?

LAURA

You were there.

MCCRUDDEN

I can't remember anything! It's a disaster! These were going to be jerk fantasies for the next five years! I was gonna take these memories to the grave!

ALISON

You don't remember anything?

MCCRUDDEN

Honestly, how was I?

SUE

You were... fine.

MCCRUDDEN

Fine?! What does that mean? Okay, overall, how would you rank me against the other dudes?

LAURA

Well, there was one clear winner.

MCCRUDDEN

Yeah, yeah, I know, Eric, blah blah blah, big surprise there.

LAURA

Actually, I'd say it was Adam.

Sue and Alison nod in agreement.

ALISON

For a neurotic hypochondriac with panic attacks, he was pretty uninhibited. Except for the spanking. But I hit him pretty hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SUE

I think it was the stamina factor. He just kept going, and going, and going.

MCCRUDDEN

Are you shitting me? Are you saying out of four fucking guys I wasn't even in the top two? Didn't I do my move? With the fingers and the tongue? "The Thoosh?"

He does a weird sex move.

ALISON

There were only three guys. Duquez left early.

SUE

Yeah.

She and Alison both sigh.

MCCRUDDEN

So I was fucking last? Bullshit. No way. I'm calling a do-over. We're going again tonight. And I'm using numbing cream this time!

SUE

Can we just eat breakfast?

McCrudden does his "move" again with a knowing look. He sits down and starts eating eggs. Alison's phone rings.

ALISON

Oh, great. Marcus.
(answers)
Hi.

She exits.

ERIC

Big surprise. Have a fun brunch!

Duquez and Willow enter, dripping wet and wrapped in towels. They are holding hands, and carrying a beach bag.

DUQUEZ

Hey, hey, hey...

WILLOW

You guys have to take a swim! The ocean is finally warm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LAURA

Where did you guys go last night? We just got started and you were gone.

DUQUEZ

What can I say -- I pussied out. But I have a little surprise for you.

Duquez pulls a CD from the bag and tosses it to McCrudden.

MCCRUDDEN

No fucking way. You finished?

DUQUEZ

Friday. I was saving it for today. We could all listen to it at the beach.

MCCRUDDEN

Dude, this is major. This is like encountering extraterrestrial life...
(looks it over)

No hat. Nice, man, nice. I still would have put the three guys schnizzing on your face.

DUQUEZ

Hey, Mike, about last night.

MCCRUDDEN

Can you believe it? I don't remember anything.

DUQUEZ

You mean about the sex? Or...

MCCRUDDEN

Nothing. The last thing I remember is the stupid smoke machine.

DUQUEZ

Really? Nothing?

MCCRUDDEN

Hey, bro -- if I did anything weird last night to Willow, I'm really sorry.

DUQUEZ

Nah. It's all good, my man. Come here.

Relieved, Duquez hugs an uncomfortable McCrudden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MCCRUDDEN

(whispers)

Dude, you didn't try to hook up with me last night, did you?

DUQUEZ

Nah, man. I just want you to know, I think you're a solid dude. And I value our friendship.

MCCRUDDEN

Yeah, dude. Whatever.

Laura hands McCrudden his thong.

LAURA

I found this on the lamp.

MCCRUDDEN

(eyeing Duquez)

Maybe it's better that I don't remember.

Glenn and Kate enter, loaded down with beach umbrellas, baskets, bags, etc.

KATE

So. How was it? Did everyone have fun?

ERIC

Sorry. A gentlemen does not kiss and tell. And certainly doesn't have group sex and tell. And I just want to say, you guys are dear friends, and have an open invitation to everything we ever do, except orgies.

GLENN

It's cool, bro. At the end of the day, it was nice to just have a boring old married couple night at home.

ERIC

What'd you end up doing?

GLENN

Ah, you know. Same ol' same ol.'

Glenn and Kate exchange sly looks.

KATE

Hey. I think we forgot something in the minivan. We'll meet you at the beach.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GLENN

Yeah. Right. Meet you at the beach.

Kate and Glenn rush off, holding hands.

LAURA

Do you think Adam likes me? I felt like there was something going on between us.

SUE

There was something going on between a lot of people. Uh oh. Incoming.

Adam enters, disheveled and bare-chested. He is still wearing some jewelry. Everyone bursts into applause. Adam takes an exaggerated bow.

ADAM

'Morning, all. Thank you, thank you. I'm happy to report my years of pulling all-nighters has finally paid off.

ERIC

Well, people, this is it. One last trip to the beach?

MCCRUDDEN

Good plan. I'm going to get my money's worth out of that thong.

He exits. Laura puts her hand on Adam's.

LAURA

I wouldn't mind a dip in the pool.

ADAM

I'm not even putting on sunblock today.

He pours a cup off coffee, sits down, and winces in pain.

ADAM (cont'd)

Oooh.

EXT. LAWN - AT THE SAME TIME

Dody Henderson pounds an "ANOTHER HOUSE SOLD BY THE HENDERSON REALTY GROUP" sign into the grass. Eric walks by with the group. Dody stares at him, and he tries to avoid her gaze.

DODY HENDERSON

Eric?

ERIC

Dody?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks over to him. He fidgets uncomfortably.

DODY HENDERSON

Now that the house is sold, our business relationship is over, but here's my card, in case you ever want to... get together.

She gives him a meaningful look and her card.

ERIC

Uh... thanks, Dody. I'll keep this on file.

She walks off with a sexy strut. Eric shivers.

EXT. BEACH PATH - A LITTLE LATER

Everyone except Adam and Laura are walking toward the ocean. The penis tattoo, now smudged, is still on Alison's back. McCrudden is wearing his thong.

MCCRUDDEN

Maybe this should be a new tradition, the Labor Day orgy. Hell, New Year's is just around the corner. New Year's orgy? Anyone?

ERIC

(to Alison)

I suppose now's the time to tell you: you've got a giant penis painted on your back.

ALISON

Oh, great.

(to Sue)

Thanks.

She covers her back with a towel.

SUE

I'm such a bad artist. My tigers always look like erect penises.

Everyone laughs.

SUE (cont'd)

So what happened with you-know-who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISON

Marcus apologized for everything, wanted to get together, talk about going to couples therapy. He really wants to make it work.

MCCRUDDEN

And let me guess. You're going back.

ALISON

I told him no.

ERIC

Nice. I'm proud of you, Cohen.

SUE

Wow. What a waste of seven years.

ALISON

(laughing)

I know, right?

SUE

God, I hope Kate has some guys to set us up with. Hell, I'd even go to Hoboken.

ALISON

I'd date a bald guy. As long as he's tall.

Eric takes out his phone and dials.

ERIC

Hey. See? I told you I'd call you first thing in the morning. Headed to the beach. Really? We'll be like five hundred yards east of Indian Wells. Cool! See you there.

EXT. BEACH SNACK HUT - AT THE SAME TIME

Kelly and her friend Jane are walking away from the snack hut with bottles of water and pretzels. Kelly's on her phone.

KELLY

Bye.

Kelly hangs up.

JANE

He called.

KELLY

He did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JANE

So, this is something?

KELLY

Yeah. It may be.

JANE

You sound unsure.

KELLY

Well, I mean, we haven't even slept together yet and... I don't know. He seems kind of old-fashioned about hooking up. Wanted to take things slow.

JANE

Sounds kind of sweet.

KELLY

Totally. I just hope when we're finally getting down to it, he's not some kind of prude or something.

EXT. BEACH PATH - AT THE SAME TIME

Sue and Eric are talking.

SUE

So... last night. Some things came up.

ERIC

I swear, I had no idea.

SUE

It's fine. Really. It was just something I had to get out of my system.

ERIC

I know what you mean. I feel like I'm finally ready to start the next chapter, whatever it is.

SUE

Doesn't mean you have to stop having fun. You can still throw parties.

ERIC

It's true. You know, I've been thinking about renting out a roller rink... maybe a black tie party on skates... I don't know, it's still in the formative stages.

SUE

Well, what about the seventies prom idea?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

Prom on skates? It's a lawsuit waiting
to happen. I love it.

They both smile.

EXT. BEACH - AT THE SAME TIME

JANE

So I'm guessing you didn't tell him about
Suzanne.

KELLY

Yeah, I don't know how the Great
Interracial Bisexual Experiment would go
over with him. Some things are better
left in the past.

JANE

So true.

ERIC (O.C.)

Kelly!

Kelly sees Eric waving from fifteen feet away.

JANE

I'll see you later.

Jane waves and walks off as Eric jogs up.

KELLY

So. How was it? Have fun?

ERIC

Um... it was... nice.

KELLY

Glad you stayed?

ERIC

Yeah... I guess I am. Thanks.

KELLY

Well if you're free tonight, I still have
those Blockbuster movies.

ERIC

God, that sounds so good right now.

KELLY

It's a date.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kelly and Eric smile. Suddenly they hear a howling. Adam comes running over the dune through the tick-infested grass. He's holding hands with Laura, who is in a bikini. Adam holds up his Blackberry and hurls it in the ocean. Everyone applauds.

ADAM

(sheepishly)

Actually, I'm just getting an iPhone on Monday. But that felt good!

MCCRUDDEN

Last one in cleans the house!

Everyone starts taking their shirts off and running for the water.

KELLY

Well, I don't know what went on last night, but I am not cleaning that house.

She takes off her shirt and goes running for the water. Eric takes off after her.

ERIC

This is bullshit! I always clean up!

He gets to the water last and dives in.

FADE OUT.

THE END