



Written by

Amos Vernon and Nunzio Randazzo

APA
3 Arts

EXT. JAPANESE GARDEN - NIGHT

A BAMBOO FOUNTAIN quietly trickles in a moonlit garden. A NINJA takes a calm breath, strikes a powerful pose, and unsheathes his blade...

TEXT BUBBLES appear on the screen puncturing the austere almost religious vibe: "Bruhh, shit's abt to go down".

The Ninja pounces into action, demonstrating the majesty of his weapon, slicing the air with a flurry of strokes.

MORE TEXT BUBBLES appear: "oh shit, he slicing up dat air! Lookout air!", "which ninja turtle he supposed to be?". "So glad I'm not in the front row". "Uh oh Ms. R looking here".

MRS. REEM (O.S.)
Okay, that's it...give me the phone!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASS - DAY

CHYRON: 2008

The "NINJA" is an awkward STUDENT IN A KARATE OUTFIT giving a presentation. He uses a DIY cardboard sword. MRS. REEM (50) stomps toward a group of boys in the back of the class.

MRS. REEM
You know the rules...all texts get read aloud! Hand it over.

She holds out her hand. CHANCE (18), a half-Haitian, charismatic, charmingly self-absorbed heartthrob, attempts to sweet talk his way out of it.

CHANCE
Mrs. Reem, homegirl, that won't be necessary. And while we're talking, I must say, those new orthopedic flats are a stylish *and* sensible choice...

Chance winks. She scowls and grabs his phone. WYATT (18), a wry sardonic hipster, gives Chance a sarcastic thumbs up.

WYATT
Solid sweet talking. Great stuff.

MRS. REEM
This is a text exchange with someone named DA BOYZ.
(reading, monotone)
Yo who farted? Sry, Cheetohs make me gassy. Duuude. D'you shit yo pants?

MRS. REEM (cont'd)
Eyes watering face. Poo emoji.

The class snickers. MITCHELL (17), a lovable schlubby mess, casually pushes CHEETOHS off his desk, spilling them. He frantically licks incriminating orange dust off his fingers.

MITCHELL
 Those weren't mine. I hate Cheetohs.
 My fingers taste good, uh, *naturally*.

MRS. REEM
I spy some noice Amy Tran whale tail.

AMY TRAN (17) pulls up her pants to hide her thong and turns in her chair to find DENNIS (18), a posturing first generation Vietnamese-American pretty boy, shrugging coyly.

MRS. REEM (cont'd)
Sunglasses face. Eggplant. Peach.

Amy rears back with a fake punch. Dennis recoils and shrieks in an embarrassing falsetto.

DENNIS
 AHHH! Not-my-face-sorrysorrysorry--

Laughter EXPLODES.

DENNIS (cont'd)
 What? We have senior pictures next week!

MRS. REEM
Yo Karate Kevin over here brought a sword! Bruhh, shit's abt to go down. Oh shit, he slicing up dat air! Lookout air! Uh-oh, Mrs. R looking here. She took yr phone! She readin it. Oh snap. She just read the part about whale tails. OMG. What is wrong with her? She's even reading this.. We're in big trouble...hi Mrs. R.

Mrs. Reem finishes reading and scowls at the offenders.

STUDENT IN KARATE OUTFIT
 Who's Karate Kevin?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

PRINCIPAL PARKS (55), a high strung sad sack, sits across from Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell. Chance's phone sits on the desk between them. Everyone looks unhappy.

PRINCIPAL PARKS

You think the world revolves around the four of you, huh? You think you're better than everyone else, because you have a cool multi-ethnic friend group, who get good grades and are popular, and communicate almost exclusively through inside jokes so everyone around you feels left out?

WYATT

I mean, yeah, that's the idea.

PRINCIPAL PARKS

Bet you feel invincible. Like nothing can touch you. Everyone wants to be your friend! Even your principal! Whoopdee doo!

Uneasy glances all around.

PRINCIPAL PARKS (cont'd)

I got news for you. You're nothing but a bunch of mean girls and after high school you're in for a rude awakening. Friendships will fade, dreams will die, hair will fall out.

MITCHELL

(sotto)

I think he's projecting...

PRINCIPAL PARKS

...and karma will catch up to "Da Boyz". MARK MY WORDS.

CHANCE

Eh, we'll take our chances.

Chance beams and puts his arms around his buds.

MONTAGE - GROUP CHAT OVER THE YEARS

We enter into a MONTAGE following Da Boyz as they grow into adults over a decade.

Chance becomes a successful actor, Wyatt becomes a jaded public school teacher, Dennis becomes an affluent suburban dad, and Mitchell has a series of life setbacks. Texts from the chat buzz around them.

- They text through their GRADUATION ceremony. "This speech too long!", "im naked under this gown", "stfu!". 🤪

- FOUR WAY SPLIT SCREEN of Da Boyz at college. Chance does cringey theater exercises at NYU, Wyatt protests at Oberlin, Dennis networks in a suit at UNC Business School, and Mitchell parties at community college. They text inane BS the whole time. "Who jerked it to last night's ep of GoT? Be honest..." "Check out this crazy huge turd in the co-ed dorm bathroom!" "Happy thanksgiving bros! I'm thankful for your ugly mugs cuz it helps boost my self-esteem!"

- Wyatt does volunteer work for the Peace Corps in a third world country. He texts. "Nothing says making a difference like painting latrines with a bunch of trust fund babies..."

- Dennis sends a pic from a new job. "Got my own office! #movinonup" "American psycho vibes..."

- Chance performs FENCES in a regional theater. The dudes text each other in the audience. "Haitian Denzel up there" "Dude emoting like a mofo!" 😭*crying Michael Jordan meme*

- Mitchell works as a barback and takes a selfie sipping beer directly from the tap. "Best part of bar backing? The free samples!" "lollll I'm calling the health department." CUT TO: Mitchell exits the bar, texting. "Shit, uptight boss just fired me." "Fascist pig!"

- Wyatt gets married to MARK, a clean-cut guy, overlooking the ocean. The dudes are all in the audience, crying, and also texting. "Gayyy" "So gay" 😍😭👫❤️❤️❤️ Wyatt subtly checks his phone and stifles a laugh as Mark reads his vows.

- Dennis gets married to LINDA, a caring, practical woman, in a church. The dudes are in the pews crying and texting each other. "Also kinda gay"❤️❤️❤️

- Chance takes a selfie on a film shoot. "Married to the craft😎" "The craft of sleeping your way to the top?" "lollll"

- Mitchell marries KRISSY, a townie loose cannon, at city hall. He takes a photo of him and Krissy taking shots and showing their rings. "Surprise!" The group texts back, "Whoa!" "What??" "For real?" 🤯🤯🤯

- Linda holds a newborn in a DELIVERY ROOM. She cries tears of joy. We PAN OVER TO FIND: Dennis texting in the corner. "a baby just shot out of my wife!"

- Mitchell sends a pic of him giving the finger to DIVORCE PAPERS. "Welp." "Damn bro!" 🤔 "Onward and upward!" 🦵

- A pic of Chance on NCIS (wearing a LAB COAT). "Chance on TV solving crimes!" Someone draws dicks on the picture.

- Dennis sends a sonogram of TWINS. "Two more on the way 🤔" "Know if they gonna be the hot kind of twins or...?? 🤔"

- Mitchell sends a photo of him re-marrying Krissy. "Uhh... Congrats??" 🤔 "Second time's the charm!" 🤔🤔🤔🤔🤔

- Wyatt grades papers in an inner city public school classroom. He texts a photo of a quiz with a huge dick drawn on it. "The kid's got promise. Feels good to make difference." "That D deserves an A!"

- Dennis sends a selfie in a fancy suburban office. "Head of regional sales bitchessss!" "fat cat prophecy fulfilled!" "Your desk got a creepy Matt Lauer door lock button?"

- QUICK CUTS of the guys texting during: kid's baseball games, romantic dinners, vacations, business meetings...

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - EVENING

Wyatt and Mark eat sushi. Date night.

MARK
So, I heard back from a potential
surrogate...

Wyatt's phone buzzes. He tries to ignore it. Buzz buzz.

WYATT
Mm?

Buzz buzz. Beat. Wyatt struggles to concentrate. Mark sighs.

MARK
What about no phones on date night?

WYATT
I'm just gonna turn it off--

Wyatt quickly pulls out his phone and reads.

WYATT (cont'd)
Holy shit!

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - SAME TIME

Dennis reads his phone and starts jumping around, crazily.

DENNIS
Chance is gonna be a movie star!

LINDA (O.S.)
...happy birthday dear Anthony...

PAN OVER TO FIND: Linda and an entire party in the middle of singing "Happy Birthday" to Dennis' oldest son, ANTHONY (5).

INT. BEST BUY - SAME TIME

Mitchell (working at Best Buy) turns all the big screen TVs to an ACCESS HOLLYWOOD segment announcing Chance's casting as superhero ROBO ZORRO. He runs around celebrating.

MITCHELL
MY FRIEND IS GONNA BE FAMOUS! HAHAAH!

INT. LOS FELIZ APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Chance smiles from ear to ear. He's finally made it.

We CUT BETWEEN THE FOUR MEN: "YAS so proud!", "Chance finna be famous!", "this a win for all us!", "we get to walk the red carpet?", "sure!", "when", "after we film the movie". Someone sends the Deadline article covered in DICKS.

AN UPDATED DESCRIPTION OF THE GROUP NOW IN THEIR 30s:

- Chance is now Hollywood buff and wears designer clothes. He still glides through life on easy charm and good looks.*
- Wyatt now has full sleeve tattoos and lefty politics. He's a cynical, sarcastic Portland hipster allergic to sincerity.*
- Dennis is a suburban yuppie dandy. He's money/career oriented, politically moderate, fussy clean freak, and a total wimp about all things.*
- Mitchell is still dressed like high school, always vaping, and has a never-left-home energy. An exuberant train-wreck who covers his depression with fun-guy party antics.*

INT. LAX BAGGAGE CLAIM - DAY

CHYRON: 2023

Dennis trots up and hugs Wyatt, who stands with Mark.

DENNIS
Yooooo! Didn't know TSA was letting
Antifa through security!

WYATT
Wuddup Fat Cat. How was first class?

DENNIS
Fantastic: no uggos, 3 Yellowtail
wine options, capitalism at its best.
Hey, good to see you Mark!

Dennis gives Mark a friendly shoulder pat and handshake.

WYATT
Mitchell get in? It'd be a miracle if
he made his flight.

MITCHELL (O.S.)
He's got a bomb! Get down!

DENNIS
(screaming)
AHH! WHAT?? WHERE??

Dennis cowers behind Wyatt. Mitchell appears and wraps them
in an aggressive bear hug.

MITCHELL
A HUG bomb haha...

WYATT
Hiya Mitch. Really thoughtful choice
of words, per usual.

Mitchell lifts them in the air and makes exploding noises.
Bystanders stare nervously.

MITCHELL
It's okay everyone! No bomb here.
Just an explosion of FEELS haha!

EXT. GATED DRIVEWAY - HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Wyatt, Mark, Dennis, and Mitchell drive a RENTAL CAR into a
gated driveway, ooh-ing and ahh-ing. Chance stands in front,
posing like a badass in shades and a linen leisure suit.

CHANCE
WELCOME TO MY CRIB BITCHES!! (then)
It's an airbnb...BUT THE STUDIO'S
PAYING SO STILL PRETTY SWAGGY!

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Spanish tiles. A beautiful pool. Chance ushers them inside.

DENNIS
Good bones on this place...

WYATT
Chisel that on the Mount Rushmore of
phrases that mean nothing.

Mitchell gives Chance a big hug, pinning Chance's arms to his side. It's kinda awkward. Mitchell sighs deeply.

CHANCE
Mitchy! Long time no see, buddy.

MITCHELL
I miss you Chance. Been too long.

Beat. Mitchell is still hugging Chance.

WYATT
While Mitchell takes out his daddy
issues on you, should we order food?

Chance gestures towards a HUGE SPREAD OF FOOD and DRINKS.

CHANCE
Already got a nice spread from this
great Burmese place down the street.

DENNIS
Burmese food? Uh...okay Mr.
Hollywood. Coastal elites love
glorifying 3rd string Asian cuisine.

CHANCE
It's tasty! Dipti introduced me.

Wyatt, Mitchell, and Dennis exchange a glance.

MITCHELL
Whoa...Dipti Bardot?

DENNIS

I make fun of you for being Hollywood
and then you immediately namedrop
your famous girlfriend? Bro c'mon!

EXT. VENICE STREET - DAY [TMZ FOOTAGE]

DIPTI BARDOT (28), the trendiest coolest up-and-coming movie
star in the world, walks next to Chance holding ICED DRINKS.

TMZ ANCHOR (V.O.)

Dipti Bardot was spotted in Venice
this weekend getting a KOMBUCHA
COLONIC with her new co-star, Robo
Zorro himself, Chance Paul...

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - BACK TO PRESENT

Chance grins mischievously. *He did just namedrop, huh?*

CHANCE

You coming out with us tonight Mark?

MARK

No no, this is your guy's little
boy's trip. I'm staying with a
girlfriend in Weho. Just make sure
Wyatt is at my parent's house for
lunch tomorrow to break the big news.

Mark kisses Wyatt (who is NOT into PDA) and leaves. Beat.

DENNIS

Uh...big news? What big news?

WYATT

Oh, uh yeah, we're having a kid.

The group loses it and bear-hugs Wyatt.

EVERYONE

Ohh shit! WHAAAT? Congrats! Yes!

WYATT

We've got a surrogate and everything.
She's due...we're due in October.

DENNIS

That's soon! Why didn't you tell us!?

WYATT

Mark wants to do this big sonogram reveal at his mom's bday tomorrow. I dunno, I think I'm still processing this whole Hallmark movie life path we're heading down.

DENNIS

Wyatt, I get it. You're afraid that having a kid's gonna change you. But it's good change. What's the worst that could happen, you become *me*?

Dennis attempts a cool pose. He looks incredibly suburban. He sucks in his protruding stomach. Wyatt cringes.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - BACKYARD POOL - LATER

Chance catches up with Mitchell in the shallow end while Dennis and Wyatt lounge. Mitchell blows a huge vape ring.

MITCHELL

There's like different categories but I specialize in massive clouds. Got runner up in a big online tourney.

CHANCE

Wow, sounds like I really gotta check out *online vaping tournaments*. Krissy must be, uh, proud?

MITCHELL

Psh. Krissy? She's with some new guy. You know how it goes. She stole a bunch of shit from the business I was starting and totally fucked me over, then my landlord decided to...

MEANWHILE, Dennis, FACETIMES poolside with Linda. Wyatt , fully clothed, reads in a pool chair beside him.

DENNIS

It'll be a low-key night. I have the big client pitch tomorrow, which has to go well, so hangovers are off the table. This is basically a work trip.

LINDA (IN VIDEO)

Wish I could leave our children to go to a movie premiere and call it work.

DENNIS

Babe, trust me, I wish you could too.
I gotta prep for the pitch. Love you.

Dennis hangs up, reclines, and closes his eyes.

WYATT

Lying to the spouse like a 90s sitcom
dad. Is this what fatherhood holds in
store for me?

DENNIS

I didn't lie. I have a big pitch
before the premiere. And sunning is
helping me prep for it. *Mentally.*

Wyatt notices Mitchell blabbing to Chance across the pool.

WYATT

Oh boy. Mitchell's trapped Chance in
one of his downer loops. BRB.

BACK TO Mitchell rambling while Chance stares awkwardly.

MITCHELL

...then they hit me with a DUI even
though the breathalyzer was obviously
fucked. So I'm back at my mom's--

WYATT (O.S.)

CANNONBALLLLLLL!

Chance and Mitchell look toward Wyatt, bracing for impact.
Beat. REVEAL: Wyatt stands beside the pool.

WYATT

What? Can't a guy yell "cannonball"
anymore without *society* placing some
expectation of a big splash on--AGH!

Dennis tackles Wyatt into the pool.

MITCHELL

SPLASH FIGHT!

Chance tackles Mitchell. A splash fight erupts. Dunking.
Splashing. Shooting water from pool noddles. The works.

EVERYONE

AGH! FUCK! SHIT! TAKE THAT!

In the splashy chaos:

CHANCE
Yeah boy! Get some! Take
that! WOOO! BOOM BITCH!

WYATT
Did you just say BOOM BITCH?

MITCHELL
Any of guys ever been with a
squirter?? Krissy would do
it sometimes! But I kinda
think it was just pee!

DENNIS
Ew, why is everyone so
hairy!!? Nobody maintains!?

Everyone settles, out of breath. Dennis coughs up water.

DENNIS (cont'd)
Truce. TRUCE.

CHANCE
More like *surrender*. We know who won.

WYATT
We definitely know who *lost*...

Chance grabs his beer from the side of the pool. Everyone
follows his lead and grabs theirs as well.

CHANCE
Hey, a toast to Da Boyz. From a bunch
of a high school jokers to MEN.
Wyatt, bout to be a baby daddy...

MITCHELL
Chance being famous for real...

WYATT
Dennis going full fat cat, corner
office, interns, Delta Sky Club!

DENNIS
And uh, Mitchell, you know, uh...
doin' his thanng. Drink!

Everyone cheerses and drinks. Mitchell chugs his whole beer
then takes a GROUP SELFIE.

CHANCE
That reminds me...I have to talk to
y'all about something. You know, we
haven't always been so...*enlightened*.
And when this movie comes out I'm
gonna be a lot more high profile. The
studio is like really committed to
making sure I'm this all-American
black role model. Anyways, they
already spent like millions scrubbing
the web of anything embarrassing...

WYATT

Millions? How many PORNHUB comments did you make in college?

CHANCE

No comment. So my publicist asked me about other potential liabilities out there and the only one I could think of was...OUR CHAT.

Chance pulls out his phone.

DENNIS

Ahh...I see, this is a shakedown. You want us to delete the chat.

MITCHELL

Wait, what? Why?

CHANCE

There's just a lot of stuff on there that, taken out of context, wouldn't be a good look. You know, ironic homophobia, ironic racism, *anything* we wrote in high school, countless incriminating party photos...

Mitchell starts scrolling through his phone.

MITCHELL

But there's not just bad stuff on it. Can't we go through and erase what's questionable and leave the rest?

CHANCE

That would take *months*. Sorry, we gotta delete it. Fresh start.

DENNIS

Fine. Under one condition...

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - NIGHT

Chance, Wyatt, and Dennis wear nice clothes. Mitchell wears cargo shorts. SOLEMN MUSIC plays. Chance holds a wine glass in front of a PROJECTOR SCREEN. ON THE SCREEN: a B&W PHOTO of a phone. TEXT: R.I.P. DA BOYZ GROUP CHAT 2008 - 2022.

CHANCE

We gather here today to lay our beloved group chat to rest.

Chance turns to address the phone on the screen.

CHANCE (cont'd)

In your time you were much maligned and misunderstood. Our significant others hated you, you distracted from countless workdays, some would even claim that you brought out the worst in us, hindering our growth into emotionally mature adults. But those critics were all just haters. We knew you for what you really were, a safe space to dispense memes, dick jokes, and controversial takes on food and music. We'll miss you chat. And now, some favorite memories. I'll start...

ON THE SCREEN: a CLOSE-UP of Dennis' PINK EYE infected eye.

CHANCE (cont'd)

(reading)

Dennis says, "Guys I think I got pink eye from that stripper last night".

Everyone cracks up.

CHANCE (cont'd)

Dennis says, "now Linda's got it!". 2 hours later, "shit now two bridesmaids". Yes folks, our Dennis transmitted bachelor party stripper pink eye to half his wedding party!

DENNIS

Those strippers told me they washed their hands! Why would they lie!?

LATER, Wyatt stands in front of the group...

WYATT

When I was 18, I came out. And this is how the chat responded to a rare moment of emotional honesty from me.

ON THE SCREEN: the text conversation Wyatt is referencing.

WYATT (cont'd)

(reading)

"Hey guys I need to tell you something, I'm gay". Chance replies, "Yeah dude, we know".

Chance buries his face in his hands in shame and laughter.

WYATT (cont'd)
Mitchell adds, "Why? Cuz you like penis in your butt?".

MITCHELL
I think that's a legitimate question.

WYATT
I say, "This isn't a joke, I'm trying to come out to you". Then you photoshop'd a bunch of GAY PORN.

ON THE SCREEN: Wyatt's head photoshop'd into GAY PORN.

CHANCE
This was us *embracing* your culture!

WYATT
Not gonna lie, I did masturbate to those images.

LATER, Dennis stands in front of the group...

DENNIS
May I present: Chance accidentally sends the chat a bizarre sext and pretends it was on purpose. Ahem...

CHANCE
Nooo...NOOOO!

DENNIS
(reading)
Chance: "Girl can't wait to make u pussy sound like mac n'cheese🧀"
Long pause. Mitchell: "Uhhhhhh..."
Wyatt: "Holy shit. Who was that for?? MAC N' CHEESE?! What does that even mean?" Dennis: "Chance a freak for dis one! Hall of Fame wrong thread text!" Chance: "Haha weird autocorrect. Can't wait to see you fellas" Dennis: "Autocorrect doesn't add emojis🙄" Wyatt: "what insane horny metaphor vortex have you and this poor girl gone down??" Etc.

LATER, Mitchell stands in front of the group...

MITCHELL
I wanted to share a conversation that was really meaningful to me. When my dad and mom were having issues and--

WYATT
Boooring! We want CAP'N MITCHELL!

CHANCE
Here here, I got it...

Chance hops up and pulls up a video on his phone.

ON THE SCREEN: a late night video of a very drunk Mitchell sitting in a SPEED BOAT parked on a street, pounding a 40.

MITCHELL ON SCREEN
(slurring)
I don't need you Krissy I gotta boat
haha! *Hiccup!* Hey hey, look at
me...*I am dah captain now...*

Mitchell (on screen) pretends to steer. The boat fells off the trailer, SLAMS to the ground, and slides down the street, smashing into some parked cars. CAR ALARMS!

MITCHELL
I was processing, okay?

CHANCE
Alright, we got a party to go to,
let's do this. Phones out!

Everyone pulls out their phones and raises a glass.

CHANCE (cont'd)
To the chat! May you rest in peace.

CLOSE-UPS of everyone deleting the chat. Except Mitchell, who's finger hovers over the DELETE button...but doesn't press it. No one notices. Everyone downs their drinks.

INT. LA PARTY SPACE - CONTINUOUS

A ZORRO-THEMED PARTY. Wyatt, Mitchell, Dennis, and Chance enter. A few photo flashes go off in Chance's direction.

DENNIS
Holy shit. Everyone's looking at you.

CHANCE
Yeah, it's pretty weird--

ICKY SCHMOOZER (O.S.)
Chance you son of a bitch!

An ICKY SCHMOOZER (30s), a buff bearded cologne-soaked bro holds his arms open for a hug. He's flanked by TWO SCANTILY CLAD WOMEN and wearing an EMERALD GREEN TRACK SUIT.

CHANCE

Hey good to see you! Just a sec...

Chance deftly sidesteps the hug, gives the guy a back pat, and keeps moving as if he's seen someone. The crew follows.

DENNIS

Who was that?

CHANCE

No idea. They call that the greet-n-slip. Publicist taught me that one.

WYATT

Honestly, that was masterful.

CHANCE

Lotta hanger-ons around, so I have to be choose-y with my time. Yo hey, I gotta make the rounds. Go schmooze!

Chance waves to someone and saunters away. Beat.

WYATT

Whoa...did he just give us the greet-n-slip?

The three guys look around at the cool party happenings and hip industry attendees. They're fish out of water.

DENNIS

You heard the man, let's schmooze!
There are friggin open bars in every
direction! OONTZ OONTZ OOTNZ!

SMASH CUT TO:

The guys sit at the bar, bored out of their minds, listening to a BITTER BARTENDER (30s) ramble. Mitchell downs a shot.

BITTER BARTENDER

Chance and I were in the same acting
class. I auditioned for *Robo Zorro*
too. Made it through two rounds of
callbacks. But I wasn't so lucky--

INSERT TEXT FROM DENNIS: This guy is depressing me.

INSERT TEXT FROM MITCHELL: I want to party with celebs!

BITTER BARTENDER (cont'd)
It's fine. It's cool. All part of the
journey. I could care less--

WYATT
Is that Tina? Nice to meet you man...

They all pretend to see someone and walk away.

CUT TO:

The guys stand in a corner, eyes glazed over, listening to a
FRAZZLED WOMAN (20s) unload her soul.

FRAZZLED WOMAN
I was assistant costume designer. Me
and Chance had this, like, immediate
connection during the fittings.
Astrology-wise we couldn't be more
compatible, the sex reflected that.

INSERT TEXT FROM WYATT: HARD PASS ON THIS ONE!

FRAZZLED WOMAN (cont'd)
But turns out he's just another
emotionally immature committaphobe--

DENNIS
Is that Lupe? Nice to meet you...

The guys exit and regroup. Mitchell spots TAYLOR LAUTNER.

MITCHELL
Oh my god! It's TEAM JACOB! From
Twilight. Can we talk to *him*?!

WYATT
(oddly flustered)
Taylor Lautner. Holy shit. He helped
spark my...*sexual awakening*. Those
lines...you know...the uh...

Wyatt gestures to the the obliques area on his abdomen.

DENNIS
Cum gutters. You can say it.

WYATT
Really wish there was another term.

MITCHELL
What has he been up to? Man, Bella
did him dirty. Team Jacob for LIFE
son! I'm gonna buy him a drink.
(MORE)

MITCHELL (cont'd)
Wait, it's an open bar. Whatever. I'm talking to him.

Mitchell approaches. The Icky Schmoozer intercepts them.

ICKY SCHMOOZER
Wuddup fellas!

CUT TO:

The Icky Schmoozer rambles on. The guys sit in a booth, trapped, texting while half-pretending to listen.

INSERT WYATT TEXT: This is like if Martin Shkreli, Joe Rogan, and the QAnon shaman had a kid.

INSERT MITCHELL TEXT: The OPPOSITE of Team Jacob

ICKY SCHMOOZER (cont'd)
...it's called Smash Industries, it's a lifestyle brand for people into crypto, gettin' jacked, and bangin' hotties. I can hook you up with promo codes--So what are you guys up to?

DENNIS
I'm an oil man. Sales. (beat) *Cooking oil*. Hoping to land In-N-Out this trip. Pretty big deal. Pre-tty big.

INSERT WYATT TEXT: ABORT! Not the time for networking!

INSERT MITCHELL TEXT: I got this one fellas...

MITCHELL
Hey, uh, is that um...Rod-- Roger?

ICKY SCHMOOZER
Who you looking at? That's a plant.

REVEAL: Mitchell is indeed looking at a plant.

MITCHEL
I, uh...*we don't want to talk to you!*

Mitchell runs away, the other guys follow.

CUT TO:

The guys stand alone in a corner. They see Chance across the room, taking pics with a revolving door of INDUSTRY TYPES.

DENNIS
Man we're terrible at schmoozing.

WYATT

Think this weekend's the last time
Chance acknowledges our presence?

MITCHELL

What? Why? Why would he not?

WYATT

He's gonna need to get all new famous
friends now. I better not get
replaced by a straight guy.

DENNIS

Well Da Boyz...it was a good run.

This saddens Mitchell in a way the others don't notice.
MEANWHILE, across the room, OLIVIA (30s), Chance's no-
nonsense publicist, pulls him into an alcove.

OLIVIA

Tomorrow we've got morning press
junkets and a live Kimmel taping
before the premiere. Did you memorize
the studio-approved anecdote we wrote
up about the farty rescue dog?

CHANCE

Can't I just tell a true story? Don't
people want the real Chance?

Chance gives an irresistible grin. Beat.

OLIVIA

No. Speaking of things nobody wants,
we *cannot* have your high school pals
on the red carpet tomorrow night...

CHANCE

What? They flew out here to do that
with me. I promised them!

OLIVIA

Chance, we're trying to cultivate an
image here. You're a big boy movie
star now. A guy who only hangs out
with his high school friends is sad.
Especially, friends like that...

PAN OVER TO FIND: Mitchell sitting alone, drowning his
sorrows in booze and Cheetohs, and looking at his phone.

Chance texts Wyatt and Dennis on a SIDE CHAT.

INSERT CHANCE TEXT: Yo quick antifa/fatcat side chat. What's goin on with Mitch?

INSERT DENNIS TEXT: Who knows. One of his moods.

INSERT WYATT TEXT: His emotional state tends to correlate to the amount of Cheetoh dust on his fingers. The current level of caking suggests some serious spiraling going on.

INSERT CHANCE TEXT: Shit, we need PARTY MITCH not BUMMER MITCH this weekend. Gonna intervene.

BACK TO MITCHELL, he scrolls through old texts on the group chat. He sighs and hiccups with drunken nostalgia.

CHANCE (O.S.)
Just the guy I was looking for...

Chance and co approach. Mitchell flips his phone over, almost caught. He wipes a tear and tries to recover.

MITCHELL
Oh! Hey. Sorry, just...thinkin...

Chance changes the subject and sets down a tray of SHOTS.

CHANCE
Hey buddy, we need your help to take this party to the next level.

MITCHELL
I don't know if I'm in the mood--

CHANCE
(quietly chanting)
Party Mitch...Party Mitch...

WYATT AND DENNIS
(joining in)
PARTY MITCH! PARTY MITCH!

Chance places Mitchell's phone on the table and hands him a shot. Mitchell grins, downs it, and tears off his shirt. The guys cheer him on. Mitchell hops on the table and howls.

MITCHELL
AWOOOOO!

CLOSE-UP: Mitchell's phone remains on the table. The GROUP POOL SELFIE, taken hours ago, is the screensaver.

PARTY MONTAGE:

- Mitchell does the worm on the bar. The crowd cheers.

- Mitchell humps an ice statue of Robo Zorro. More cheers.
- Mitchell, naked except for an apron from one of the servers, dumps chocolate syrup and tequila directly into his mouth while zooming around on a hover-board. Lotsa cheers.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

Mitchell vomits into a toilet. Chance, Wyatt, and Dennis drunkenly scarf In-N-Out. Mitchell squints at Chance.

MITCHELL

Chance, am I seeing two of you?

CHANCE

No, this is my body double, Wade.

REVEAL: WADE, Chance's doppelgänger, stands next to them.

WADE

What up, I do Chance's stunts.

MITCHELL

How'd you get In-N-Out at 3am?

CHANCE

The studio gave me a special number for celebs. They can have a truck anywhere in 10 minutes...

MITCHELL

*Ok, Hollywoo*ERRRRG--

Mitchell vomits some more.

INT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS HOUSE - MORNING

Chance makes coffee. Dennis talks to Linda on the phone. Wyatt crawls to the BREAKFAST BAR. Everyone looks rough.

WYATT

Coffee. Please. Hurry.

DENNIS

(quietly to the phone)

Morning babe...no I've been up for a while. I took an Uber home at 9, they all stayed out. I wanted a low-key night remember...What's that? Where?

Dennis covers the phone and speaks to Chance.

DENNIS (cont'd)
Variety posted party pics on
INSTAGRAM? Don't they need our
consent or something??

Chance shrugs and scrolls his phone. He starts laughing.

INSERT: Dennis dancing pants-less on a table with women.

DENNIS (cont'd)
Okay, hold on...I think this is a
deep fake. This isn't me.

Dennis exits. Mitchell darts in, looking for something.

MITCHELL
Have you...seen my uh....the, talking
thing uh...I lost my phone, FUCK.

CHANCE
Hold up, I'll call you.

Chance dials Mitchell's phone. Ring. Ring.

MITCHELL
I don't hear it anywhere...

Someone picks up Mitchell's phone.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Hello.

The DEEP VOICE is a little creepy, like it's been altered.

CHANCE
Oh, hey, uh, my friend lost his phone
last night?

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Yes he did.

CHANCE
Uh, okay. What part of town are you
in? He can come pick it up wherever.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Will you be coming with him...famous
actor Chance Paul? Mr. Robo Zorro.

CHANCE
Excuse me?

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Your name is right there in the
contacts. And you and your pals are
on the home screen. Looks like a fun
group of friends haha...

Chance covers the receiver and addresses the guys

CHANCE
Some creeper found your phone and is
snooping around on there.

MITCHELL
Oh my God...what?

WYATT
Hope you hid your dick pics well...

CHANCE
Listen man, can we just come pick the
phone up? I'm sure we can rustle up
some *Robo Zorro* swag for you...

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
I think this phone is worth a lot
more than *Robo Zorro* swag...heh heh.

CHANCE
Uh...are you asking for a reward?

WYATT
A reward? Fuck that!

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Ah...that must be one of Da Boyz. Let
me guess...Wyatt? That guy has a lot
of *interesting* opinions on this chat.

Chance freezes.

CHANCE
Mitch, the creepy voice referenced Da
Boyz chat. You deleted it, right?

MITCHELL
Umm...I mean...I was *gonna*...

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
It'd be a shame if this chat went
public. Like years of raw sewage
spilling everywhere. It could ruin
friendships, marriages, careers...

CHANCE
He's threatening to leak our chat!

WYATT
Ha. Ha. Bullshit.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
And don't even think of wiping the
phone remotely. I have it all backed
up to a hard drive.

CHANCE
Please, I'll do anything--

WYATT
(to the phone)
Get a fucking life incel!

Wyatt grabs the phone away from Chance and hangs up.

WYATT (cont'd)
He's bluffing. It's like the clown in
my remedial english class that
threatened to shit on his desk when I
confiscated his phone. You don't
negotiate with terrorists.

MITCHELL
Whoa, that happened?

CHANCE
Mitchell!! Why didn't you erase it?
We had a ceremony and everything!

MITCHELL
I dunno! There's stuff I wanted to
save...

CHANCE
Am I fucked?? I'm fucked right?

DENNIS
Chill. Wyatt's right. The guy's not
going to do anything. He just wants
to make a celebrity squirm.

CHANCE
Shit, I have a press junket in 20.

INT/EXT. CHANCE'S CAR/HOLLYWOOD - STREET

Chance drives the dudes in his CADILLAC EL DORADO.

CHANCE

I don't understand. How did that guy
get through your phone passcode?

MITCHELL

He probably guessed it?

CHANCE

Wait. What *is* your passcode?

MITCHELL

Uhh...1-2-3-4.

CHANCE

GODDAMMIT!

They pull into a parking lot.

EXT. GRAUMAN'S THEATER - HOLLYWOOD BLVD - LATER

Tourists are everywhere, along with costumed entertainers:
IRON MAN, ELMO, etc. They approach Grauman's Chinese
Theater. It's all set up for the premier.

CHANCE

The press tent is over here.

DENNIS

Oh wow...they're all set up for the
premiere. Is that where we'll be
strutting our stuff tonight!?

A small BARRICADE and SECURITY PERSONNEL separate the PRESS
TENT from fans, some of whom have already begun to gather.
Chance smiles, signs an autograph, and the group enters the
restricted area, a busy and humming TV PRODUCTION.

CHANCE

(grimacing)

Uh...yeah, about that--

DIPTI (O.S.)

Oh my God! The famous group chat!

The guys turn to find...Dipti, elegantly clad, a total MOVIE
STAR. She embraces each one of them like she knows them.

WYATT

You're-- You-- You're Dipti Bardot.

DIPTI

And you're Wyatt aka *Antifa*, Dennis
aka *Fatcat*, And Mitch aka...Mitch!

DENNIS

You know our names. And group chat nicknames. How is this happening?

DIPTI

I'm a super fan of you guys, you don't even know! Chance reads me the funny stuff you write.

MITCHELL

Us too. I mean...we love you too.

CHANCE

Alright, um...we gotta go do these interviews. Grab a bite at craft services, see you guys in an hour...

Chance and Dipti leave. Mitchell spots CRAFT SERVICES.

WYATT

Ditched again.

MITCHELL

Cheetohs, *nice*...

EXT. PRESS JUNKET TENT - INTERVIEW AREA - LATER

Chance and Dipti get mic'd up. Chance looks detached.

DIPTI

You okay? You seem off.

CHANCE

Sorry, sorry...just...weird morning.

DIPTI

Don't be stressed, these press junkets are a breeze. All softballs. Just don't make any unforced errors.

Olivia steps onto the set.

OLIVIA

Ready guys...first up, we've got Bibi Ullman from Entertainment Sweden...

BACK AT CRAFT SERVICES, the guys wolf down food. Buzz. Wyatt, Mitchell, and Dennis all look at their phones.

DENNIS

Uh, did Mitchell's phone just add you guys to a new group chat called "Karma"?

WYATT

Yeah...

A text comes in. Mitchell reads over Dennis' shoulder.

MITCHELL

"This is just a taste." What's that supposed to mean? A taste of what?

Buzz buzz buzz. Dennis' phone vibrates. He looks at it.

DENNIS

It's In-N-Out...maybe they're reconfirming our meeting today--

Dennis picks up the phone and shifts into BRO-BUSINESS MODE.

DENNIS (cont'd)

(to the phone)

LeRoy, what's hanging my guy!

GRUFF MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Please explain why a stranger just texted me a screenshot of you going on an ANTI-CROATIAN diatribe?

DENNIS

I'm sorry, what?

GRUFF MALE VOICE (O.S.)

In-N-Out values all of our customers no matter where they're from!

A look of horror crosses his face as it dawns on him.

DENNIS

Oh my God-- He leaked my shit!

MITCHELL

What? Who leaked shit?

DENNIS

LeRoy listen, uh...this is a hilarious misunderstanding...

Dennis tries to calm down LeRoy. Wyatt stares at his phone.

WYATT

Someone just cc'ed me and Mark on an email to our SURROGATE along with a screenshot from a decade ago where I defend Michael Jackson.

MITCHELL

Wait, no! Is this the guy who took my phone!? He sent out our stuff?

WYATT

Damn it! This is out of context! I hadn't seen the HBO documentary yet!

DENNIS

(to the phone)

No, it was a dumb bit I had during the World Cup a decade ago, it's not how I actually *feel*, I don't even know any Croatians, they're kinda like Italians, right? Swarthy?

Wyatt furiously calls Mark.

WYATT

Hey honey, so...we might be getting a call from the surrogate--

MEANWHILE IN INTERVIEW AREA...

DIPTI

...and then the bell almost fell on me. And the director called...CUT!

Everyone laughs.

OLIVIA

Okay, that's enough thank you. Next!

BIBI ULLMAN, the SWEDISH REPORTER exits. GIOVANNA ROTA (45), a boisterous Italian journalist, enters.

GIOVANNA ROTA

Hello! Wow! ROBO! ZORRO!

Giovanna Rota stands up and pantomimes slicing a "Z".

CHANCE

Haha, hello! That's a solid Z!

Giovanna Rota calms down and pulls out her phone.

GIOVANNA ROTA

Chance bello, is true you hate Zorro?
And you no want to be in-a the movie?

CHANCE

What? No, I love Zorro.

GIOVANNA ROTA
 TMZ just report-a...you did not
 wanted to audition for Zorro. You tol
 you friends-a, you say, who care
 about Zorro? Is dumb. Why he a robot?

CHANCE
 Uh...um...well...uh...

Olivia and various crew members start scrolling through
 their phones with a dawning sense of panic.

GIOVANNA ROTA
 This a-not you text?

Giovanna Rota shows her phone to Chance. It's a screenshot
 of an exchange on Da Boyz chat. Horror crosses his face.
 Suddenly, Mitchell, Dennis, and Wyatt burst onto the set.

MITCHELL
 Interview over! Interview over!

Mitchell smacks Giovanna's phone out of her hands.

GIOVANNA ROTA
 Ey! Oh! Che succendo!

MITCHELL
 The bad guy did the thing that Wyatt
 said he wouldn't do! He did it!

Olivia storms in holding up a TMZ article on her phone.

OLIVIA
 What the FUCK is going on?

DIPTI
 (re: her phone)
 Is this for real?

OLIVIA
 (reading)
*It's literally called Robo Zorro lol.
 OMG that sounds so shitty. Might
 audition just to hit on Dipti Bardot,
 she's an EP. Lol, boner trumps
 artistic integrity every time.*

DIPTI
 Yo so uh, I need to go on like a WALK
 right now.

Dipti exits, pissed and hurt.

OLIVIA

Press junket's over! Sorry everyone.

Olivia corrals Chance to a quiet area behind the tent.
Mitchell anxiously snacks on Cheetos.

CHANCE

Holy SHIT. You said he wouldn't do anything! That he was bluffing!

WYATT

I thought he was! I'm not a psychopath tarot reader! Now our surrogate thinks I'm a pedophile sympathizer. Mark's PISSED.

DENNIS

And I'm in deep shit with In-N-Out.
That deal was a career maker!

MITCHELL

And I just feel bad okay! Party Mitch should never have been unleashed!

OLIVIA

Everyone shut up!

The boys go silent.

OLIVIA (cont'd)

Hi. I'm Olivia, Chance's publicist, aka I'm smarter than all of you. It's my job to clean up whatever mess you've created for my client. Chance, what is going on?

CHANCE

Someone with a grudge against me got a hold of a phone with a text thread that we've had since high school.

OLIVIA

A private text thread between four male friends spanning 15 years?

(beat)

Dear God...

MITCHELL

There are actually some really nice memories--

Chance's phone buzzes.

CHANCE
It's him.

OLIVIA
Answer it.

Chance answers and puts it on speakerphone.

CHANCE
Hello?

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Do I have your attention now?

CHANCE
Yes, yes, absolutely. Listen, maybe
we can come up with a financial
arrangement that makes us all happy.

Olivia gives him a double thumbs up.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Hahaha...this isn't about *money*. This
is about *karma*. Starting with
teaching Wyatt a lesson for hanging
up on me earlier. You have three
seconds to kick him in the balls...or
I release more. 3...2...

WYATT
Whoa whoa...do *what* to Wyatt?

CHANCE
SORRY I HAVE TO!

Chance kicks Wyatt in the testicles. Wyatt keels over.

WYATT
AGH fuck!

DENNIS
Haha! This guy's pretty funny...

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
I agree! Now do Dennis. 3...2...

Dennis freezes in horror. Chance marches toward him.

DENNIS
No no no time out time out time out!

Dennis desperately tries to skitter away, but Olivia grabs
him from behind.

OLIVIA
Sorry, clients come first.

DENNIS
(screaming)
AHHHHH!!!--BALLFUCKER!

Chance kicks Dennis.

CHANCE
I'm sorry! HE'S MAKING ME DO THIS!

Mitch bravely assumes the position, legs spread, bracing.

MITCHELL
Do it Chance! C'mon! I deserve it!

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Mitch is off the hook. For now.

CHANCE
Are you watching us? Who are you?

The camera SPINS AROUND him like it's a Michael Bay movie. Chance scans the eclectic Hollywood boulevard crowd beyond the barricade. The person on the phone is here somewhere.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
Just one of many people your little clique thinks they're better than...

CHANCE
Look, my friends' balls are gone, my girlfriend's pissed at me, can we get the phone back please?

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)
We're just getting started. I've arranged a series of tasks to test how badly you want this chat back. Disobey me again and I release it all. Let's begin with a game of *Where's Waldo's Waldo*. There's a bus across the street, the 96. Take it to its final stop and retrieve Waldo's Waldo. You have 1 hour.

CLICK. Chance spots a bus stop and starts fast walking toward it. He hops the barricade. The group follows him.

DENNIS
This psycho set up a scavenger hunt? L.A. people got too much time on their hands...

OLIVIA

Who the *fuck* did you piss off?

CHANCE

No idea. He's altering his voice.

WYATT

Or *her* voice. Just sayin'.

OLIVIA

Where did you lose the phone?

MITCHELL

At the party, maybe near the bar?
Once Party Mitch is unleashed all
bets are off.

DENNIS

Wait! The bartender! He had a thing
against Chance, cause he was in the
same acting class and had two call-
backs or whatever for *Robo Zorro*...

CHANCE

REECE POLK?! Fuck that guy. I didn't
know he was bar-tending last night.

WYATT

You were probably too busy ignoring
everyone that wasn't *important*...

Olivia starts typing on her phone.

OLIVIA

Looking him up now...

CHANCE

He always thought we were in a
pissing contest--That's the 96!

The bus is driving away.

OLIVIA

Get on that bus, do what he says, and
I'll track down this Reece guy. GO!

The dudes chase after the bus, maneuvering through people.

CHANCE

Stop the bus!! Stop it!!

Chance jumps in front of the bus. It stops. HONNNK! Chance
flashes his SAG CARD like a badge. DRIVER opens the door.

DRIVER

What is your problem buddy!?

CHANCE

Listen to me, I co-starred as an LAPD officer in a pilot that never aired and we need to get on this bus.

Driver shrugs and gestures for them to get on.

CHANCE (cont'd)

SAG's got a lot of pull in this town.

As the bus pulls away the CAMERA PANS OVER to an ELMO STREET PERFORMER. Elmo touches an earpiece in his ear.

DEEP VOICE

Operation Karma is a go.

On a NEARBY ROOFTOP a helicopter takes off.

INT. EASTBOUND 96 - LATER

Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell sit in the back. They speak over each other, like they've just shot adrenaline into their hearts. Regular passengers eye them suspiciously.

DENNIS

You guys don't get it, I'm meeting with In-N-Out in 3 hours. If any more of my chat opinions are sent, the deal is toast. Goodbye closing bonus!

WYATT

You're worried about a *bonus*? What are you Gordon Gecko? There are photos of me pissing on the flag in 2016 that could cause our surrogate to back out! Mark's gonna kill me.

CHANCE

At least there isn't a video of you trying literal METH in Prague!

MITCHELL

You did it to be funny! And it was!

DENNIS

Wyatt I'm not talking some teacher bonus. I mean 500k. Real money. Pay off my lake house mortgage money.

WYATT

This is supposed to make you sound less like Mr. Monopoly?

CHANCE

Hello? Are we really debating who has the most to lose here? My life dream is about to vanish!

MITCHELL

It's not a competition! It's all gonna be okay!

DENNIS

Says the guy with intact balls who had *nothing* leaked about him...

CHANCE

Hold up. What's *that* all about? I swear to God Mitch, if this is some fucked up prank--

MITCHELL

Whoa, what? No, c'mon...I couldn't do something like that...

WYATT

He's right. He doesn't have the organizational skills. It's shocking that he bought a plane ticket here.

CHANCE

Not that it matters, but I bought his plane ticket.

MITCHELL

Yeah, but I'm gonna pay it back!

DENNIS

Like you paid me back for that hotel room in Reno?! Or the drinks at the Tilted Kilt?

Dennis punches Mitchell in the arm.

MITCHELL

Ow, hey hey hey! I don't even remember half of those!

DENNIS

You don't remember? Okay, well then just check the precious chat you couldn't erase! It's all there!

Dennis punches Mitchell in the arm again and again.

MITCHELL

Ow, I'm sorry, OW! I'm really sorry
guys. I know I fucked up, OW!

CHANCE

Stop! This isn't helping! (beat)
Let's all take one Mitchell punch and
then we can put a pin in being mad at
him until we diffuse this.

WYATT

I agree to those terms.

Wyatt punches Mitchell in the arm.

MITCHELL

Give me a second to get ready--

Chance punches Mitchell in the arm. Then Dennis again.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

You already got your turn!

DENNIS

I got a turn before there was turns.
That was my turn.

CHANCE

Enough! Consider the matter settled.

The bus stops. The guys are the last passengers on.

DRIVER

Last stop.

They get off the bus and find themselves at...

EXT. LA ZOO - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Happy families. Animals. You know what a zoo is.

CHANCE

Okay, keep your eyes peeled for a red
and white striped shirt I guess...

MITCHELL

(aside to Wyatt)

Hey what happened with the kid whose
phone you took? Did he take a shit?

WYATT

Ew God no. (beat) He did try to stab me though...

EXT. LA ZOO - LATER

Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell hurry through the zoo.

WYATT

There he is! I found Waldo! Hey you!
We're here! Give us the clue!

They accost a TEEN NERD in a red-and-white striped shirt.

TEEN NERD

What?

Chance grabs him by the shirt and gets in his face.

CHANCE

Don't make me fuck you up!

TEEN NERD

Please don't hurt me!

MITCHELL

Guys, guys...could that be him?

Chance, Dennis, and Wyatt turn to find Mitchell staring at a GIANT POSTER, promoting a KOMODO DRAGON named WALDO.

CHANCE

Oh, my bad. Haha, we good right?

Chance smiles disarmingly and releases the teen, who falls to the ground.

EXT. LA ZOO - KOMODO DRAGON PEN - LATER

WALDO, a beefy Komodo, sunbathes on a rock near his PACK.
The guys stare into the enclosure from a high vantage point.

CHANCE

Dang, my guy's pecs are DEFINED.

DENNIS

How much you think he benches?

WYATT

(pointing)
There! Waldo's Waldo!

ANGLE ON: a PLUSH WALDO doll sitting in the enclosure.

DENNIS

Can we reach it?

MITCHELL

Maybe. Hold on.

Mitchell wanders to a GIFT SHOP and returns with a GIRAFFE-THEMED HAND REACHER THINGY.

CHANCE

Good thinking Mitchy!

Mitchell looks around, considering what to do. There are people everywhere, and a couple security guards.

MITCHELL

Shit. I really can't afford to be arrested again. I'm *technically* on probation.

DENNIS

Could you get arrested for trying to reach into a Komodo Dragon pen?

WYATT

We live in a police state, you can be arrested for anything.

CHANCE

We need a distraction. We only have 15 minutes left...

Wyatt spots something of interest.

WYATT

On it.

NEARBY, a FACEPAINTER paints WHISKERS on a KID. A line of kids, wait their turn. Wyatt taps Facepainter's shoulder.

WYATT (cont'd)

Boss says take a 5.

Facepainter leaves. Wyatt sits down. KID #2 sits down.

KID #2

I want to look like a UNICORN.

WYATT

Uh, let me see what I can do.

Wyatt paints something on KID #2's face.

WYATT (cont'd)
 Alright you're done, next.

KID #3 sits down. Wyatt paints something on his face.

WYATT (cont'd)
 Next.

KID #4 sits down, then KID #5, then KID #6, Dennis paints furiously quick. Finally, an ANGRY PARENT storms up.

ANGRY PARENT
 HEY! What's the deal man!?

REVEAL: Kid #2 has a HITLER MUSTACHE painted on her.

WYATT
 What? That's what she asked for!

ANGRY PARENT
 It's a Hitler mustache!

REVEAL: Kid #3, Kid #4, Kid #5, and KID #6 also have Hitler mustaches. ANGRY PARENTS approach Wyatt.

WYATT
 Uh, that's *your* interpretation...

MEANWHILE, Mitchell is leaning over the side of the enclosure extending the giraffe grabber as far as it goes. Dennis holds his shirt to keep him from tumbling in.

CHANCE
 Hurry, I don't know how long we have before Wyatt is put in a coma.

MITCHELL
 Almooooost thereee...

The giraffe grabber is soooo close but then...Mitchell's shirt rips and Dennis loses his grip. Mitchell falls over the barrier, sending his heel into Dennis' chin. They both fall into the muddy pen. THUD THUD!

CHANCE
 Oh fuck!

Chance looks to Wyatt (who keeps the attention of the mob) and makes the signal to *drawww it out*.

INSIDE THE PEN, Dennis comes to with a komodo dragon licking his face.

DENNIS
(woozy)
Ew Linda, your morning breath--AHHH!

MITCHELL (O.S.)
Get off my friend!

Mitchell body checks the Komodo and snatches the Waldo doll.

DENNIS
Shit he scuffed my Vejas!

MITCHELL
Dennis, behind you!

Dennis turns around. A group of dragons approach him. Dennis shrieks and runs to Mitchell, cowering behind him.

DENNIS
TAKE HIM! HE'S TASTIER!

MITCHELL
Back you beasts! BACK I SAY! HYAH!

Waldo and the rest of the pack begin approaching. Mitchell snaps the giraffe claw in their direction. They hiss.

CHANCE
Doing great guys!

BACK TO WYATT...angry parents get in WYATT's face.
BYSTANDERS are trying to step in but it's ugly.

WYATT
Maybe your kid admires Charlie
Chaplin?! Ya ever think about that?!

ANGRY PARENT
That's it, I'm beating your ass!!!

BACK IN THE PEN, Mitchell and Dennis are surrounded. Waldo re-engages. Mitchell SNAPS the giraffe. Waldo pauses.

MITCHELL
He thinks the giraffe challenged him!
The other Komodos are unsure of his
place in the pack's hierarchy...he
needs to re-assert his dominance.

DENNIS
How do you know so much about the
animal kingdom?

MITCHELL

I watch Wild Kratts when I'm stoned!
It's friggin' great on sativa--AGH!

The Komodo bites the head off the giraffe. Beat. Mitchell throws the remainder of the giraffe stick to the other side of the pen. All the Komodos charge after it.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

RUN!

Mitchell and Dennis make a break for it. Dennis makes it to the wall and jumps, grabbing the top and scrambling over. Mitchell tries to jump like Dennis...but doesn't jump quite as high, slamming into the wall.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

Ah fuck!

Chance grabs his arm. Dennis helps. They heave, grabbing whatever part of clothing they can. Mitchell is almost out...then Waldo chomps the back of Mitchell's shorts. It's a TUG OF WAR. Waldo pulls Mitchell's shorts down. His bare ass is on full display.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

AHHH! Don't let me go!!

RIP! The back of Mitchell's shorts are gone. Mitchell tumbles out of the pen, on top of Dennis and Chance.

MITCHELL (cont'd)

Fuck. A dragon tried to eat my ass.

They get up, dusting themselves off. Dennis sees Wyatt and the mob of parents.

DENNIS

What the hell kind of distraction did
he create?

CHANCE

Wyatt we got the Waldo!

Wyatt makes a break from the angry mob of parents.

MITCHELL

(re: torn clothes)

I think I'm gonna need a new
wardrobe.

CHANCE

Grab something on the way out, let's
bounce!

The group makes a break for the exit. As they pass the gift shop Mitchell tears a shirt and shorts off the rack, and chucks the cashier a wad of bills. Mitchell forces on a pair of FEMALE PURPLE HIPPO SHORTS and a neon TANK TOP.

WYATT
GO GO GO GO GO!

Wyatt joins them, full sprint.

CHANCE
You know, there are many ways to create a distraction that don't involved being chased by an angry mob. In fact, some would argue that you've drawn MORE attention to us.

WYATT
Everyone's a critic! Run!

INT. CASTING OFFICE - SAME TIME

REECE POLK (32), formerly known as "Bitter Bartender" speaks directly to CAMERA, the footage is a little grainy.

REECE POLK
Hi, my name is Reece Polk, I'm 6'1" and I'm reading for the part of "Bartender #1"...
(beat, Reece gets into character)
What'll it be bub? Whiskey neat?

Reece smiles, indicating the scene is over.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
Great, I have a couple questions... uh, where's Chance's friend's phone?

REECE POLK
Excuse me?

REVEAL: Olivia is sitting behind the casting desk.

OLIVIA (O.S.)
You stole a phone and now you're blackmailing my client.

REECE POLK
(confused)
Oh, is this like an improv?

OLIVIA
Izzy, cut the tape.

IZZY (30), a large and intimidating casting assistant,
presses STOP on a small CAMCORDER.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
Where is the phone Reece?

REECE POLK
I don't know what you're talking
about. Wait, is this a *fake* audition?

OLIVIA
Don't play dumb with me. You were
talking to Chance's friends at the
bar, you complained about not being
cast as Robo Zorro, you took the
phone thinking you'd get revenge.

Reece tries to exit but Izzy blocks the door.

REECE POLK
I'm calling my agent, I'm being held
against my will! Somebody help!

Olivia casually inspects Reece's HEADSHOT like a badass.

OLIVIA
Go ahead, call Sonia at CAA, tell her
about how you're never getting
another audition ever again. I know
every casting director in this town.
One email from me and you'll be back
to working rodeos in Indiana...

REECE POLK
H-how'd you know about that?

OLIVIA
It's my job to know things. Talk.

REECE POLK
I didn't take the phone, okay! But I
saw someone pick it up. Someone with
a bigger grudge against Chance than
me.

EXT. LA ZOO - ENTRANCE/PARKING LOT - LATER

The guys exit the zoo and hide around the corner, catching
their breath. Wyatt inspects the Waldo doll.

WYATT

Cool. A doll. I swear if we find out this has been up his ass...

DENNIS

Can we pause and find a shower? I'm like, *sticky*. I hate being sticky.

Chance's phone RINGS. He answers and puts it on speaker.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Very good. You completed my first task with all your fingers intact.

MITCHELL

How can he still see us? He's like Ed Harris in Truman Show! SHOW YOURSELF SUNVOICE!

Mitchel grabs a rock and throws it at the sun. In the distance we hear glass break and a car alarm.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

Wave to my eyes in the sky.

They guys look up to see a helicopter wayyy above them.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

Also, your phones have location sharing. You turned it on for Dennis' bachelor party remember?

DENNIS

He's right. The pink eye weekend.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

Don't you dare think about disabling it, I like keeping tabs on you. Makes me feel part of the group.

WYATT

Yikes, stalker much...?

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

To find your next task, give Waldo a squeeze.

CHANCE

Next task? Can we take five first?? Shit got insane REAL fast!

Click. Deep Voice hangs up. Beat. Mitchell squeezes Waldo. BOOP BOOP! They hear the sound of a car unlocking somewhere in the large parking lot.

DENNIS

There's a key fob inside the doll?
L.A. people have *too much free time*!
What happened to a good old 9 to 5??

CHANCE

It's somewhere over there. C'mon...

The guys walk through the vast parking lot pressing the fob and zeroing in on the BOOP BOOP. Dennis and Wyatt chat.

DENNIS

D'you guys pick a name yet?

WYATT

Maybe. But I don't want it tainted by
your bad suburban taste and opinions.

DENNIS

It's some twee hipster shit isn't it?
You're naming your kid after a city
huh? What's it...Brooklyn, Fresno...
c'mon, I'm close huh?

WYATT

Would it be better if I named him
after one of your precious Saints?
Maybe the Saint of Indigenous
Genocide? Or pedophilia?

DENNIS

At least it'd be a real name...

Meanwhile, Chance calls Olivia.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Why didn't you tell me you slept with
the assistant costumer for *Zorro*?

CHANCE

(to the phone)

Uhh...I didn't think that's the kind
of thing you'd want to know?

OLIVIA (O.S.)

I'm your publicist! I need to know
about any land mines out there!

CHANCE

What does this have to do with anything? Did you find Reece?

EXT. CASTING OFFICE PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Olivia power walks to her car while talking on the phone.

OLIVIA

He's not our guy. But he said he saw this Maisey D'Arrigo woman pick it up after bad mouthing you all night.

We INTERCUT between both locations for the conversation.

CHANCE

I swear I never saw her there!
(to the guys)
Did anyone talk to an ex of mine named Maisey last night?

WYATT

The woo-woo lady who hates you that dresses like she fell into a pile of clothes at a secondhand store?

CHANCE

That would be her. Fuck.
(to phone)
Yep she was there.

OLIVIA

On it. How's the scavenger hunt?

CHANCE

Well, Mitchell almost got eaten by--

OLIVIA

Great. Keep me updated.

She hangs up.

WYATT

So your ex might be trying to ruin all of our lives? Cool cool cool.

DENNIS

How many enemies do you have?

CHANCE

Whoa now, this is not my fault. I deleted the chat, unlike *someone*.

Mitchell keeps squeezing the Waldo doll. BOOP BOOP. BOOP BOOP! Finally, they see a CARGO TRUCK's headlights blink.

MITCHELL

Hey this is it! I found it!

Chance stares at the cargo truck. It has blank LED screens on the side.

CHANCE

D'you think it has a bomb in it?

WYATT

God, I hope so. Could you imagine if it could all just end right now?

They hop inside and find DODGER TICKETS on the dash along with a note reading "Drive safe! But don't be late ;)"

MITCHELL

Dodgers tickets! Nice!

DENNIS

Seriously? That's across town. I have to pitch In-n-Out in half an hour! Can we swing by their HQ on the way?

CHANCE

Sorry, can't risk it.

Chance turns on the truck. As they drive off...

DENNIS

What the hell! You got to do your press junket thing!

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - SAME TIME

A control room over-looking the ocean. It's like Tony Stark's house. Two FEMALE COMPUTER TECHS work on computers. A RED DOT travels east along a map onscreen.

FEMALE COMPUTER TECH #1

Moving east on Santa Monica Blvd...

A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE stands behind her.

INT. TRUCK - SAME TIME

Chance drives. Dennis sets up for a zoom call in the back. He puts on a tie and slicks his hair with spit.

DENNIS

Can everyone keep it down? I have an important zoom right now.

WYATT

Absolutely sir. Apologies sir. Can I get you some coffee?

CHANCE

I'll have those reports on your desk by end of day Mr. Nguyen!

MITCHELL

Haha, yeah, uh, you want me to buy some, you know, *stocks* for you--sorry you guys are better at this.

DENNIS

I'm serious! Shh! I need to pretend I'm in a hotel room so I don't further screw my In-N-Out deal.

ANGLE ON: Dennis puts in earbuds, holds up his phone, and angles himself so he has a blank background.

He enters a zoom meeting. MR. LEROY (60s), MS. CHEN (60s), and MR. HALLOWAY (60s), three boring execs, appear onscreen.

DENNIS (cont'd)

(to his phone)

Mr. LeRoy, Ms. Chen, Mr. Halloway. Thanks for doing this over zoom, pretty sure my Uber driver had Covid.

Wyatt slyly texts Chance and Mitchell on a side chat.

INSERT WYATT TEXT: Side chat. I'm about to throw Dennis out a window. Fat cat got a fat stick up his ass

INSERT CHANCE TEXT: Lookin all Max Headroom over here

INSERT MITCHELL TEXT: Whoa, listen to his work voice. He sounds like a telemarketer...

DENNIS (cont'd)

(to his phone)

But enough about me, let's talk about In-N-Out's oil needs...uh huh... yeah...again, very sorry again about that weird anti-Croatian spam. Deep fakes are getting more and more believable these days...

SFX: Honking.

CHANCE
Is someone honking at us?

Dennis spots an ANGRY DRIVER in the SIDE MIRROR.

MITCHELL
He's pissed. D'you cut him off?

Angry Driver flips them off.

DENNIS
No no, I absolutely do NOT believe
that Croatians eat their young...no,
absolutely, they have two nipples
like everyone else, I agree...

More honking. Every driver that passes them is swearing and
flipping them off. One driver throws a SODA at the truck.

CHANCE
Yo chill bro!

Dennis mutes his phone.

DENNIS
What the fuck!? Can you keep it down?

Dennis unmutes his phone.

DENNIS (cont'd)
(to phone)
Great I'm glad that's all cleared up.
I'd love to talk canola oil...

They stop at a RED LIGHT. ANGRY DRIVER #2 pulls up next to
them and gets out of his car with a BASEBALL BAT.

MITCHELL
Uhh...do you think he's on the team?

Chance looks out the window.

CHANCE
Oh fuck! Guys. The screens!

REVEAL: the LED SCREENS read "FUCK THE DODGERS!" above a
rotating series of images: TOMMY LASORDA's face photoshop'd
onto a DILDO, the ASTROS WORLD SERIES VICTORY, ETC. The back
of the truck also reads "ALSO KOBE WAS OVERRATED!!!"

WYATT
Welp, nice knowing you guys...

ANGRY DRIVER #2
Dodgers rule bitch! FUCK YOU!

Angry Driver #2 smashes the front of the truck with the bat.

CHANCE / MITCHELL / WYATT
AHH!! / WHAT THE FUCK!? / OH MY GOD!

Chance swerves into the median and guns it past the guy.

DENNIS
(into phone)
Haha, sorry about that, there's some
kind of commotion going on outside my
hotel room...

Chance pulls into the DODGER'S STADIUM PARKING LOT. An ANGRY
MOB OF DODGER FANS surround the truck.

CHANCE
THE LED SCREENS DO NOT REFLECT HOW WE
FEEL! STAND DOWN! STAND! DOWN!

DENNIS
(yelling to phone)
...and at scale our superior product
will actually save you money in the
long run--wow I think they're having
a party next door!

The MOB starts rocking the truck back and forth. A DRUNK FAN
climbs onto the hood and starts peeing on the window. Chance
puts the windshield wipers on.

WYATT
(sarcastically)
Good call on the windshield wipers,
Chance. That's really helping.

Chance has an idea and starts furiously texting.

MITCHELL
Who are you texting? Can your
publicist send a SWAT TEAM?

The rocking gets more violent. Chance, Wyatt, and Mitchell
go into the back and shut the door to the front CABIN.

DENNIS
(to phone)
No-- I'm still here! We distribute to
32 states and-- What? No no...Mr.
LeRoy...please...do not make any
decisions until we talk in person--

The TRUCK is TOPPLED over. CHEERS from the crowd.

EVERYONE
OOOOF!! / AHHH!! / FUUUUCK!

DENNIS
Hello? MOTHERFUCK! The call dropped!

Reeeeeee!! Sparks fly as a SAW begins cutting into the truck.

WYATT
Annnd somebody brought a power saw to
a baseball game, fantastic.

MITCHELL
They really do have passionate fans.

CROWD
LET'S GO DODGERS! LET'S GO--

SFX: MELODIC HORN (like a food truck).

VOICE ON MEGAPHONE (O.S.)
HEY FOLKS! Come and get your
complimentary IN-N-OUT!

The saw stops. The banging stops.

REVEAL: Outside, the crowd abandons the toppled over truck
and gravitates toward an IN-N-OUT TRUCK parked nearby.

MITCHELL
Chance, you called that celebrity In-
N-Out truck!?

CHANCE
Only thing southern Californians love
more than their sports is In-N-Out.

DENNIS
I KNOW! That's why I can't afford to
lose that account! Shit.

WYATT
Guess you'll only buy two yachts this
year. Boo hoo!

The guys climb out of the wreckage, gazing at the mob as
they descend upon the In-N-Out truck with similar ferocity.

CHANCE
C'mon, while they're distracted.

The guys scurry between cars towards the stadium entrance.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - LATER

The guys wander the stadium looking for their section.

MITCHELL

Whoa, I think we're behind home plate...

They walk down stairs toward home plate.

DENNIS

What an absolute nightmare. Like, what does it say about you when all it takes to ruin your life is sharing things you've said.

CHANCE

It's a private thread! It was never intended to be public!

DENNIS

I have plenty of other text threads that wouldn't *ruin* me.

MITCHELL

You have other group chats?

DENNIS

My therapist thinks I regress to my high school self when I text with you guys and it's become some sort of compulsion. I always thought I just liked memes, but now I'm not so sure.

WYATT

You're in therapy? Since when??

Wyatt looks shocked, like he's processing terrible news.

DENNIS

Like four years. (beat) You guys aren't in therapy? Seriously? It's 2023. Get with the program.

CHANCE

How did we not know this?

DENNIS

Probably because we don't talk about anything real on the chat! I have a mortgage and three kids and the chat is all irony and and dick jokes!

MITCHELL

Whoa, you okay Wyatt?

Wyatt looks dizzy...then throws up into a trash can.

WYATT

Sorry. I'm just kinda like grappling with everything. It's a real wake up call when *Dennis* is introspecting...

DENNIS

Thank you?

WYATT

(panicking)

Like, guys, is the chat just a symptom of a larger problem? Are WE toxic? As a group? Principal Parks said it once. And another time Mark told me that we all bring out the worst in one another and it led to a huge fight. And now this...

DENNIS

Bro, I'm telling you, a little empty chair gestalt therapy with my dude Dr. Early would crack you wide open--

CHANCE

Guys! We're not bad people. On the chat we were just, you know, growing up, learning who we were. And it just so happens that that learning process was enshrined in amber and stolen by a psychopath. This isn't our fault. (beat) I mean it's *kinda* Mitchell's.

MITCHELL

I thought we moved past that!

Wyatt's phone buzzes as they sit at their seats right behind home plate. INCOMING CALL from Mark.

WYATT

Shit. SHIT. How can it already be 12:30? (answering) Heyyy babe!

EXT. GLENDALE HOUSE - DAY

A birthday cookout in a house in Glendale. Mark's extended family is there. People are eating and chatting. Some sit around a TV watching the Dodger's game.

MARK

(to the phone)

Hey...where are you? My mom wants to cut the cake and open presents.

WYATT (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Listen...this thing came up I need to help Chance with. Do you really *need* me to be there?

Mark walks away from the party for privacy.

MARK

You're joking, right? You *promised* you'd be here. We were gonna tell her about the baby together! We wrapped the framed sonogram!

WYATT (O.S.)

I know. I know. I'm sorry.

MARK

Are you not serious about this? Do you even want this child?

WYATT (O.S.)

What? Don't say that. Of course I do.

MARK

Well your actions aren't making that clear. I still don't understand what that Michael Jackson email was about.

WYATT (O.S.)

Just hold off on telling her, please. The moment I can get away from these guys, I will. I promise I'll make it up to you...

SFX: Crowd cheering.

MARK

(re: cheering)

Wait, where did you say you were?

WYATT (O.S.)

Uhhh...

MARK'S UNCLE

Mira! Wyatt está al partido!

MARK'S UNCLE points to the TV. ON THE SCREEN: Behind HOMEPLATE, Wyatt sits next to Dennis, Mitchell, and Chance (wearing hat/sunglasses).

MARK
The important "*thing*" that came up
was a Dodger's game??

INT. DODGER STADIUM - SAME TIME

Wyatt speaks on the phone.

WYATT
Oh God. Are we on TV? Turn it off.
Please. Trust me. I will explain
later. I love you, gotta go.

Wyatt hangs up. Chance leaves Dipti a message.

CHANCE
(into phone)
Hey Dip. Me again. I'm just uh,
really sorry about those leaked
texts. I was young and immature and
trying to impress my friends. I
promise I didn't audition for Robo
Zorro to get with you, that was just
a side perk. I mean, wait--that
sounded bad. Shit. I meant, I really
care about you. Please call me back.

Chance hangs up. He keeps staring at his phone.

CHANCE (cont'd)
It's all over Twitter...
(reading)
"If Robo Zorro thinks Robo Zorro
sucks why do I have to watch it?"

DENNIS
It'll be old news by your Kimmel
interview. No one's gonna release
anymore stuff. We've got this...

Dennis whispers to Wyatt.

DENNIS (cont'd)
We're so fucking screwed...

INT. COSTUME DEPARTMENT OFFICE - DAY

MAISEY D'ARRIGO, formerly known as "Frazzled Woman", hems the bottom of a skirt and chatters breathlessly...

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

...to be fair, even for a *Scorpio*, the sex was passionate. But everything was about *him*, we only hung out when it was good for him, we only ate what was okay for *his* diet. Chance Paul is just another Hollywood fucboi, with a semi-impressive IMDB.

OLIVIA (O.S.)

Ugggh. What is wrong with these coward-ass stunted man-children?

TILT UP TO FIND: the skirt being hemmed belongs to Olivia.

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

I think it's all the superhero movies they watch...and the dating apps.

OLIVIA

Listen, in my *personal* opinion, woman to woman, Chance is a loser and you're too good for him. You have a career. You're gorgeous. You don't need his validation.

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

Thanks.

OLIVIA

But in my *professional* opinion, Chance is a WINNER and I will stop at nothing to protect his career.

Maisey is confused. *What's all this about?*

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

What was the show you said you're on?

OLIVIA

She-Publicist. By day she fixes problems, by night she does the same thing, because she reps too many jabronis with cancelable pasts to have a moment to herself. Now, hand it over.

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

Wait, you're *Chance's* publicist??
Hand *what* over?

OLIVIA

His friend's phone that you're
blackmailing him with!

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

I'm like sooo lost right now.

OLIVIA

You wanna get nuts?? Let's get nuts!

Olivia pulls a SLICE OF PIZZA out of her purse and saunters
over to a rack of VINTAGE COSTUMES.

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

Um, excuse me, food is not permitted
in the costume area...especially
greasy pizza!

OLIVIA

Give me the phone.

Olivia hovers the slice of pizza over the costumes.

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

Hey, hey put that down...PUT THAT--
THOSE ARE VINTAGE! DON'T YOU DARE!

Olivia tips the pizza so grease drips onto a costume.

OLIVIA

I don't like doing this Maisey! Where
is the phone? WHERE IS IT??

Maisey dives beneath the pizza and intercepts the grease
with her body.

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

DEAR LORD! WHAT! Stop STOP! I don't
have a phone. Wait-- Wait-- Is this
about the lost phone on the bar!? The
one covered in Cheetoh dust?

Olivia pulls the pizza away from the costumes.

OLIVIA

Bingo. What do you know about it?

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

Nothing. I just-- I saw it and I said "who's phone is this" and nobody said anything and then some guy came around and said he knew who it belonged to and took it, that's it.

OLIVIA

What guy?

MAISEY D'ARRIGO

I don't know. I didn't get his name. But...I could probably describe what he was *wearing*...

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - SAME TIME

The dudes watch the game. They're tense. Chance's phone rings. He answers on speaker phone.

CHANCE

We made it on time. We drove safe. Please don't release anything else.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

I see you survived your crosstown cannonball run. For your next challenge, look under your seats.

They look under their seats. Mitchell panics.

MITCHELL

There's a GUN under mine. It's a gun. Crap. We have to assassinate someone. Is there like a dignitary somewhere?

WYATT

Dude it's a *piercing* gun.

Wyatt rips the duct-taped PIERCING GUN off Mitchell's seat.

DEEP VOICE (O.S.)

4 nips before the the 4th. Good luck.

The voice hangs up.

MITCHELL

Cryptic. What do you think it means?

WYATT

Uh...just a wild guess but I think we each have to pierce a nipple before the 4th inning.

Wyatt tugs at the gun. It's chained to the seat. Chance looks around nervously.

CHANCE

While sitting behind home plate.

Chance pulls his baseball cap down and sinks further into his seat. Dennis looks at the SCOREBOARD.

DENNIS

Oh God. It's bottom of the 3rd...

MITCHELL

Guys. I think we really need to take a breath and ask ourselves if this is worse than whatever is in the chat!

WYATT

We're past that. Rochambeau for who's going first. You can't kill what's already dead! HAHAHAH!

Wyatt wields the piercing gun with a deranged look. He's at the end of his rope.

EXT. GLENDALE HOUSE - SAME TIME

Everyone watches the game. Wyatt and company can be seen behind home-plate arguing. YOLANDA, Mark's mom, watches.

YOLANDA

Wow, I've never known someone who got to sit behind home-plate...

BASEBALL COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)

Strike 3! Two more outs until the end of the inning.

ON THE SCREEN: The guys frantically play Paper Rock Scissors. Wyatt loses.

YOLANDA

What's Wyatt doing?

ON THE SCREEN: Wyatt unbuttons his shirt and exposes his nipple. We see Dennis put the gun to Wyatt's nipple. He hypes him up. Slaps him. Then pierces it with a stud.

Everyone at the party shrieks and cringes.

MARK

OH MY GOD!

ON THE SCREEN: Wyatt screams so loud that the UMPIRE and the CATCHER turn around.

BASEBALL COMMENTATOR #2 (O.S.)
Quite a scream from behind home-
plate. Whaddaya think that was about?

ON THE SCREEN: cameras catch a CLOSER-VIEW of Wyatt. His nipple has been pierced. A stream of blood trickles down his torso. Fans sitting around him are confused and upset.

BASEBALL COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
I believe that gentleman...uh, got
his nipple pierced.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - SAME TIME

Everyone in the crowd is staring at them. Wyatt fights through the pain of the piercing.

WYATT
Ahhh...that's the stuff. Very
painful...but kinda arousing? No...
just painful.

Chance lowers his cap and scoots out of the row.

DENNIS
Whoa! Where you going?

CHANCE
I can't do it. I can't be seen
piercing nipples at a baseball game.
My movie wouldn't even make it to
theaters.

DENNIS
Hey! Hey! But we need 4 nipples.

CHANCE
Somebody else has to do mine. *Please*.
I'll owe you big time.

Chance flees.

DENNIS
FUCKER!!! FUCK YOU! FUCK!

WYATT
Your turn Dennis. Show me those
pepperonis...

Dennis pulls down his shirt.

DENNIS
OH GOD OH GOD I HATE NEEDLES AHHHHHH!

BYSTANDER IN THE CROWD (O.S.)
Stop it! Why are you doing this!?!

Wyatt pierces Dennis' nipple. The CROWD BOOS.

DENNIS
(shrieking)
AHHHHH! OW OW OW!

WYATT
I didn't NOT enjoy doing that...

The PITCHER loses his concentration and throws the ball over the Catcher's head. BALL! More BOOS from the crowd.

EXT. GLENDALE HOUSE - SAME TIME

A hushed embarrassed silence has fallen over Mark's family.

ON THE SCREEN: a SLOW-MOTION REPLAY of Dennis' nipple getting pierced. The agony spreads all over his face.

BASEBALL COMMENTATOR #2
You know...I just think it's the video games and pornography. We've seen this for years, a slow degradation in our young men. Back in my day Joe, we had wars, okay? These guys would've been straightened out.

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - SAME TIME

Dennis clutches his nipple in pain.

DENNIS
It's like I'm lactating blood...

WYATT
Mitch, you're up.

MITCHELL
Yeah, let me just--YAAA00OW!!

Wyatt pierces Mitchell's nipple. Mitchell starts to cry.

MITCHELL (cont'd)
(through tears)
Nobody let's me get ready!?

WYATT

Being ready for it isn't gonna make
it hurt less. Alright, one more...

An intimidating group of BURLY POLICE OFFICERS approach.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Gentlemen, we're gonna need to ask
you to come with us.

They don't move.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Now...or we will have to remove you.

MITCHELL

This is going to sound crazy. But a
madman is forcing us to do this.

DENNIS

We just need one more nipple...the
third inning is almost over!

The Police Officers start to drag Wyatt, Dennis, and
Mitchell out of their seats. CHEERS!

POLICE OFFICER #2

No more nipples, you guys are done.

Mitchell breaks free, scrambles back to the seat, and picks
up the PIERCING GUN. Police Officer #1 pulls out his TASR.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Freeze or I will tase your ass!

A pitch is thrown. CRACK OF THE BAT! It's a POP FLY!!

DENNIS

That could be the 3rd out!

MITCHELL

Sir, you do what you gotta--

Police Officer #1 shoots the TASR. Mitchell falls over.

IN THE OUTFIELD, an OUTFIELDER gets under the ball...

Mitchell fights through the current, brings the piercing gun
to his nipple with great effort, and CLIP! Just in time. The
BASEBALL is caught. The inning is over.

EXT. GLENDALE HOUSE - SAME TIME

ON THE SCREEN: Mitchell is lifted up and dragged away. He's crying. The CROWD CHEERS AGAIN!

BASEBALL COMMENTATOR #1 (O.S.)
This is a SAD DAY for baseball.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - ANONYMOUS ROOM - DAY

A room underground. Dennis, Wyatt, and Mitchell (nipples pierced and bleeding) sit across from Police Officer #1 and Police Officer #2. The guys are handcuffed and look haggard.

WYATT
Look, are we being arrested right now, what's happening?

POLICE OFFICER #1
Well, *technically* you didn't really break any laws...but piercing your nipples just doesn't *feel* like a thing you should be able to do at a baseball game...

POLICE OFFICER #2
It's just weird. No one likes it.

DENNIS
We've explained our situation.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Yeah yeah, someone has been blackmailing you to complete stunts around LA before 5pm, including but not limited to: fighting a Komodo Dragon and piercing your nipples.

POLICE OFFICER #1
What's that on your nipple?

Police Officer #1 points to Mitchell's nipple, the piercing is attached to a BIKE LOCK KEY.

MITCHELL
Um, looks like a bike lock key? It was the last piercing in the gun.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Why?

WYATT

(exasperated)

I don't know, we'll probably have to ride a 4-seater bike through, I dunno, a carwash of donkey piss? Who knows? It's been a fucking day.

CHANCE (O.S.)

There you guys are! Oh thank God!

Chance rushes into the room.

CHANCE

Hello Officers, my name is Chance Paul, these are my friends...

POLICE OFFICER #1

Whoa! Why didn't you guys say you were friends with Robo Zorro!

POLICE OFFICER #2

Ohh, this is some wacky celebrity prank stuff. Haha, famous people are so cool. Have fun guys...

The police officers un-cuff them.

WYATT

You've got to be kidding me.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - HALLWAYS - LATER

The gang hustles through a subterranean corridor.

CHANCE

So great news, we have a lead.

DENNIS

Whoa whoa whoa, you think we're just going to launch back into this shit without discussing what happened?

CHANCE

What do you mean?

DENNIS

You ditched us!

CHANCE

And then I came back and saved you!

DENNIS

Wow. WOW. Hollywood *has* changed you.

MITCHELL

Can we talk about this later? I want to hear about this lead.

DENNIS

Don't let him off the hook! You have two bloody nipples because of him!

MITCHELL

He would have done the same for me.

DENNIS

He literally DIDN'T!

CHANCE

I'm sorry okay! I panicked.

WYATT

Oh thank God, a bathroom. I thought I was gonna pee my pants...

Wyatt slips into the RESTROOM, the rest follow.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - RESTROOM - LATER

The guys pee at urinals. A DRUNK FAN pees next to them, moaning and absolutely *blasting* his urinal. They bicker over him, glancing in his direction as the peeing intensifies.

MITCHELL

Give Chance a break, the premiere's tonight. He's under a lot of stress.

DRUNK FAN

AhhHHH...

WYATT

Why do you always take his side? Are you guys in the BIG BROTHER program together? Does he buy you Pokemon cards? What is it? Seriously...

MITCHELL

What? No! We're friends you ass. And he doesn't make fun of my clothes...

DENNIS

Maybe not to your face...

MITCHELL

What is that supposed to mean?

CHANCE
GUYS! LISTEN! I know who's been
trying to fuck us!

DRUNK FAN
AHHHHH...

CHANCE
Maisey says he was wearing a
Balenciaga emerald green track suit,
80-20 cotton poly blend.

MITCHELL
Those words mean nothing to me.

The guys wash their hands. The Drunk Fan is still peeing.

WYATT
Yeah, sorry us mortals don't keep
track of every designer outfit we
come across.

CHANCE
Yeah, but you know who does? Variety.

Chance pulls out his phone and finds the VARIETY IG PICS
from the night before. He swipes through them. Chance ZOOMS
in on the "Icky Schmoozer" wearing a GREEN TRACK SUIT.

DENNIS
Oh shit! Promo code guy. We talked to
him for like 10 seconds then bounced!

DRUNK FAN
AHHHH SHIIIT! OHHhhh...

MITCHELL
(reading caption)
Kyle Kaminski, wearing Balenciaga. Am
I supposed to know who that is?

CHANCE
Olivia found his Instagram,
"Gottasmashemall". He's like a toxic
influencer with a brand and stuff.

They scroll through Kyle's Instagram: bikini models, Lambos,
videos hawking crypto, etc. Look up "Dan Bilzerian" for
reference (apologies to your algorithm in advance).

WYATT
It's like experiencing everything
wrong with America all at once.

"C.R.E.A.M." by Wu-Tang plays over an Instagram video of Kyle showing off a SAMURAI SWORD by slicing \$100 bills outside a Malibu mansion. Caption reads "#prizedpossession #onetruelove #betterthanrawdoggin".

WYATT (cont'd)
Hey it's a song about Dennis!

KYLE KAMINSKI (O.S.)
(in the video)
Life goal unlocked. Behold the Honjo
Masume bitches. The *ultimate* NFT.
Best \$10 mil I ever spent haha.

DRUNK FAN
AHHHH! FUCK! OH FUCK! AHHHHhhh...

Everyone pauses at the Drunk Fan's peeing crescendos.

CHANCE
(sotto voce)
Yo did he drink a swimming pool?

The Drunk Fan finally finishes, twitches, shakes, twitches, shakes again. Is he done? Beat. The guys resume.

MITCHELL
Where did this Kyle guy come from?

DRUNK FAN
Nobody knows...there's whole Reddit
forums dedicated to the mystery.

WYATT
Piss off piss boy, this is a private
conversation.

DENNIS
No, shut up--You follow this guy?

DRUNK FAN
He's fuggin' tight. Some say he's Ex-
CIA and killed Bin Laden. Some say he
trained in martial arts under Chuck
Norris. Some say he *invented* cross-
fit. Now he does crypto.

Beat. The Drunk Fan resumes peeing. WOOOOSHhhh!

EXT. DODGER STADIUM - SERVICE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

They exit the stadium.

DENNIS

Great, so we snubbed John Wick.

WYATT

Yeah, according to the guy with the biggest bladder ever.

MITCHELL

Dude? Right? His piss pressure was like a fire hose. I'm like *impressed!*

CHANCE

Insane. There's gotta be a way for him to monetize that--

Chance's phone rings. He answers.

CHANCE (cont'd)

Hello...KYLE KAMINSKI!

INT. HELICOPTER - ROOFTOP HELICOPTER PAD - SAME TIME

KYLE KAMINSKI (formerly Icky Schmoozer/Deep Voice) speaks on the phone as he steps out of a helicopter. Two HENCHWOMEN in leather cat suits (formerly the Scantily Clad Women from the party) nod and fly the helicopter away.

KYLE KAMINSKI (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Hello...*Mr. Intact Nipples*. How'd it feel to throw your friends under the bus like that?

We INTERCUT between both locations for the conversation:

CHANCE

Listen man, we know who you are and we're really sorry we gave you the cold shoulder last night. Can't we just work this out like adults?

KYLE KAMINSKI

If you *really* knew me you'd know I'm someone who holds a grudge.

DENNIS

Is this what you do in your free time? Did you have other plans today?

KYLE KAMINSKI

I'd *hoped* to spend time with my pals Chance, Wyatt, Mitchell, and Dennis, but you were too full of yourselves for that to happen voluntarily. Your next challenge is at the Santa Monica pier Ferris Wheel. You'll find transportation at the corner of Stadium and Vin Scully.

WYATT

Seriously how many more of these do we have to do?

KYLE KAMINSKI

As many as I say.

Click. Kyle hangs up. The guys approach a 4-SEATER BIKE locked to a pole. Beat.

WYATT

Called it.
 (yelling at
 helicopter)
 Come up with more original challenges
 you fucking hack!

Mitchell bends down and unlocks the bike lock on the 4-Seater with the key still attached to his nipple.

DENNIS

Great...so we ride this to a humiliating challenge and find a password and blah blah this is never going to end! We don't even know how much of this stupid scavenger hunt is left! He's got us by the balls.

MITCHELL

Well...what if we grabbed HIS balls? And and, you know, tugged and twisted so hard that he lets *our* balls go!

WYATT

Mitchell, no offense, but this guy is playing 4D chess and you're talking about physical violence.

CHANCE

Mitch is right.

MITCHELL

I am?

CHANCE

We need to get our own leverage. Take something that *he* values. Trade.

WYATT

Trade what?

CHANCE

What about...a 10 million dollar prized possession?

Chance holds up Kyle's IG post with the samurai sword.

DENNIS

How would we ever get that?

CHANCE

We heist it.

WYATT

You know you're not like *actually* Robo Zorro, right?

CHANCE

No, but I've got a great publicist...

Chance dials his phone.

INT. DAY SPA - SAME TIME

Olivia gets a massage. She answers her phone and speaks through the massage table head hole.

OLIVIA

(into phone)

Talk to me.

MASSEUSE

Uh...how's your day been?

OLIVIA

(to masseuse)

Not you.

(into phone)

Uh huh...uh huh...Interesting...
That's a terrible idea...But it might be our only option if we want to keep the police and the press out of it...
I'll see what I can do.

Olivia hangs up, sits up, and gathers her things.

OLIVIA (cont'd)
(to the masseuse)
Bill my card. Pro-rated for the 12
minutes I didn't use.

EXT. MELROSE AVENUE - LATER

Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell ride the 4-SEATER BIKE.
Kyle's helicopter monitors them from high above. Mitchell is
super winded, still vaping as he pedals.

MITCHELL
Holy shit I haven't worked out this
hard since gym class...

WYATT
Do vapes ever like *run out*? Or is
there some Willy Wonka tech in there?

Chance receives a text.

CHANCE
Alright, the heist is on. Olivia
found his address. He's nextdoor to
my buddy Taylor in Malibu. That'll be
our way in.

DENNIS
But Kyle's tracking our phones and
watching us from above! If we go off
course he'll retaliate.

CHANCE
Already handled. We're swapping out
under the overpass up here.

WYATT
Swapping out?

CHANCE
You'll see...

AERIAL VIEW: the group rides the bike under the 101.

INT. HELICOPTER - HIGH ABOVE L.A. - SAME TIME

The Henchwomen fly the helicopter.

HENCHWOMAN #1
(to the radio)
We lost sight of them under the 101.

KYLE KAMINSKI (O.S.)
 (over the radio)
 Let me know when you have eyes again
 ladies. Red Eagle out.

Beat.

HENCHWOMAN #2
 (to the other pilot)
 I really hate that guy...

EXT. BENEATH THE 101 - SAME TIME

The group rides the bike up to Wade (Chance's stunt double)
 and 3 BUFF DOPPELGANGERS for Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell.

CHANCE
 Wade, you're a life-saver.

WADE
 It's the stunt double code, man.
 Gotta back up my guy no matter what.
 I got your buddy's their own body
 doubles too, matched em' best I
 could, considering the limited time.

Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell stare at their BODY DOUBLES.
 It's obvious which body double corresponds to which. There's
 a buff Asian, a buff hipster, and a vaping schlub.

WYATT
 This is a real life fun-house mirror.

MITCHELL
 Which one is mine?

Wyatt and Chance exchange a look, *"Is he serious?"*.

CHANCE
 Alright hand over your phones. Wade,
 Olivia explained the plan, right?

Chance, Wyatt, and Dennis hand over their phones.

WADE
 We're riding this bike to the Santa
 Monica pier and then getting on the
 Ferris Wheel and then who knows...

CHANCE
 Right. Just do whatever Kyle says.
 Buy us as much time as you can.

Dennis approaches his double.

DENNIS
Let's talk about your character real quick. You're a successful guy, high IQ, *well-endowed*...

CHANCE
We gotta go Dennis! Good luck.

The four Stunt Doubles do an elaborate coordinated salute.

STUNT DOUBLE
(in unison)
May the double code guide us! May the double code guide us!

Wade and the Doppelgangers ride off.

MITCHELL
They said it twice. So cool.

DENNIS
My guy smelled so good. I'm jealous. I haven't showered in like 6 hours.

WYATT
How often do you usually shower??

BACK IN THE HELICOPTER, the Henchwomen commiserate...

HENCHWOMAN #1
I mean it's ridiculous, why do we have to wear these outfits?

HENCHWOMAN #2
It's demeaning.

HENCHWOMAN #1
Sure the pay is great, but c'mon, I have a PhD from Smith.

HENCHWOMAN #2
No kidding? My wife teaches there!

HENCHWOMAN #1
Wow! Not to be all networky, but do you want to get coffee or something?

HENCHWOMAN #2
I would love--one sec...

AERIAL VIEW: Wade and Doppelgangers ride the bike west.

HENCHWOMAN #2 (cont'd)
(to the radio)
We have eyes on them again.

KYLE KAMINSKI (O.S.)
Whatever you do, don't lose them.

EXT. GATED DRIVEWAY - MALIBU - DAY

The guys watch as Chance speaks to the INTERCOM.

CHANCE
Hey, it's Chance. I'm here to see,
uh...Taylor Lautner?

DENNIS
Your friend Taylor is *Taylor Team*
Jacob Lautner aka the guy from
Twilight who *isn't* Robert Pattinson?

CHANCE
Okay Hollywood I know I know, just
don't be weird.

WYATT
WEIRD?? WHO'S BEING WEIRD? WHY WOULD
I BE WEIRD? YOU'RE WEIRD! SHUT UP!

Buzz. The gate opens. They walk up the driveway.

CHANCE
And don't call him the guy from
Twilight who *isn't* Robert Pattinson,
he hates that.

WYATT
Oh my God, we're actually gonna meet
him. Wait, wait...how do I look?

MITCHELL
Really good. Really handsome.

INT. TAYLOR LAUTNER'S HOUSE - LATER

TAYLOR LAUTNER, a handsome sweet dude in an apron, serves
finger sandwiches and tea as Chance looks through the window
at the neighboring compound with BINOCULARS.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS: we see multiple HENCHWOMEN carrying
guns on patrol around Kyle's Malibu mansion complex. Various
ATTRACTIVE WOMEN lounge in the pool and around the grounds.

TAYLOR LAUTNER

Yep, so that's Kyle's place. We've been neighbors for like...2 years?

CHANCE

What's with all the security and women in bikinis?

TAYLOR LAUTNER

Who knows? I heard he's a Russian oligarch...or was it a cartel thing? He's kinda the worst.

(re: sandwiches)

Help yourselves. Pimento cheese finger sandies and oolong tea.

Mitchell and Dennis go to town.

MITCHELL

(mouth full)

Mmmf, so good. Diff pimento homemade?

TAYLOR LAUTNER

C'mon, is there any other way?

DENNIS

Damn bro, honestly, fuck Team Edward.

CHANCE

Can we focus? Taylor really doesn't want to talk Twilight. Trust me.

TAYLOR LAUTNER

(dead serious)

No, no. It's okay. He's right. Fuck Edward. He was a hundred year old predator grooming a high school junior and preaching about saving yourself until marriage. Talk about Peter Pan syndrome. This motherfucker was born before women had the right to vote and in his century of life did he grow or mature or reflect on the regressive patriarchal system that shaped him? No! He just kept seducing teens and making them feel bad about being sexual beings. Jacob, for all his flaws, was at least unashamed about his sexual desire and attracted to girls his own age!

Taylor catches himself and calms down.

TAYLOR LAUTNER (cont'd)
 Sorry, it's just an important topic
 for me. Edward is *not* a good male
 role model. Real men own their pasts
 and prioritize personal growth. End
 rant.

WYATT (O.S.)
 Siiiiigh...

REVEAL: Wyatt stares at Taylor longingly from the corner.

TAYLOR LAUTNER
 Oh, sorry, I didn't meet you yet.

WYATT
 Oh, me? I'm Taylor. Wyatt! I'm Wyatt.

Wyatt is visibly nervous in the presence of his crush.

WYATT (cont'd)
 Uh...Taylor, this might be weird but
 uh...I don't know how to say this--

TAYLOR LAUTNER
 I made you realize you were gay.
 Ha, trust me, you're not the first.

The guys all exchange a look.

DENNIS
 Dang, he looked at him and knew.

WYATT
 (nervously)
 You just played a really important
 part in-- You know there was this
 picture where-- You know, the ab
 muscles on the sides...the V shape...

TAYLOR LAUTNER
 The cum gutters? You can say it. I'm
 super proud of my physique for those
 films.

WYATT
 Anyway, I just...thank you.

TAYLOR LAUTNER
 You're welcome. I hope that I played
 a positive role in your journey of
 self-discovery. Would you like a hug?

Wyatt nods meekly. They hug. Wyatt is truly happy.

MITCHELL
 (re: them hugging)
 This is so awesome.

CHANCE
 Enough hugging our teenage crushes.
 How do we get into this guy's house?

DENNIS
 Preferably in a way that avoids all
 the guns?

TAYLOR LAUTNER
 Well, I mean...there is *one* way...but
 you can't, he'll know I helped you...

CHANCE
 Tay-tay, baby...you're talking to
 Chance Paul. *Robo Zorro* is gonna be
 huge, it's probably getting a sequel
 and there's this great inter-
 dimensional bad guy I think you'd be
 perfect for...El Fantasma.

Taylor Lautner thinks about it. Beat.

TAYLOR LAUTNER
 All the houses on this bluff share a
 private beach. There's a storm drain
 running up the hill to his house...

EXT. MALIBU COMPLEX - STORM DRAIN - LATER

SNEAKY MUSIC plays. Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell
 slowly walk along a gutter/storm drain running up a steep
 hill. They reach the top and find a TALL FENCE...

TAYLOR LAUTNER (V.O.)
 ...at the top there's a TENNIS COURT.

Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell help Chance climb up over the
 fence. He helps them up. Everyone makes it over to...

EXT. MALIBU COMPLEX - TENNIS COURT - CONTINUOUS

BJORN BORG stands behind a FEMALE TENNIS PLAYER and guides
 her forehand. The guys crawl past in the background.

TAYLOR LAUTNER (V.O.)
 From the tennis court you'll have
 access to his gym...

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - GYM - CONTINUOUS

Two BUFF WOMEN bench press. The guys crawl past...

TAYLOR LAUTNER (V.O.)
...and that attaches to a really nice
sauna that's always filled to the
brim with naked models...

Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell, find their way into...

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - SAUNA - CONTINUOUS

Zero visibility. Pure fog.

TAYLOR LAUTNER (V.O.)
...and from there--

CHANCE (V.O.)
Hold up...Taylor...how do you know so
much about breaking into this place?

INT. TAYLOR LAUTNER'S HOUSE - DAY

Taylor pauses, a deer in headlights.

DENNIS
Yeah. Have you done this before?

TAYLOR LAUTNER
Me? No.

Beat.

TAYLOR LAUTNER (cont'd)
Okay, so one time, I was pitching a
werewolf-themed prank show called
Howlin' Hijinx, and we needed a fancy
pool location for the sizzle reel.
Anyway, we were already over budget
and I saw that Kyle had peaced out
for the weekend, so, you know...

MITCHELL
You broke into his home and filmed
for free? Is that a normal showbiz
thing to do?

CHANCE
Absolutely not.

TAYLOR LAUTNER
Whatever, I sold it to Quibi for 7
figures. Anyways, from the sauna...

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - GAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The guys crawl through a room filled with pinball machines, arcade games, pool table, foosball, etc. It also has huge couches and bean bag chairs everywhere.

TAYLOR LAUTNER (V.O.)
...cut through the game room.

We see it's littered with booze bottles, half smoked joints, vape pens, and used condoms. VARIOUS NAKED PEOPLE are passed out on the couches.

TAYLOR LAUTNER (V.O.) (cont'd)
Heads up he uses that one for orgies
so watch your step.

DENNIS
Ew...fuck...

Dennis chucks a condom against the wall.

WYATT
Sanitizer?

Wyatt hands Dennis a plastic bottle. Dennis squirts it on his hands.

DENNIS
Oh fuck this is lube!

Wyatt cracks up. Dennis squirts lube at Wyatt, misses, and hits Mitchell in the mouth.

MITCHELL
Agh!--Actually...grape?

They exit the game room...

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The guys crawl down a hallway.

TAYLOR LAUTNER (V.O.)
He's got his TROPHY ROOM at the end
of a long hallway...

CHANCE
Anyone else's knees hurt?

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - TROPHY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A high security glass and steel room. At the center of the room is the KATANA resting on a PODIUM.

CHANCE
Bingo...

Chance stands and starts to step inside. Dennis grabs him.

DENNIS
What are you doing? The whole place is swarming with women carrying uzis but his PRICELESS SWORD hangs out in a room without security? Think! See those tiny holes in the wall? He's probably got like those *Mission Impossible* lasers things.

ANGLE ON a tiny hole in the wall. Laser light briefly glints off of a dust particle passing in front of it.

MITCHELL
Whoa. Now it's a heist.

WYATT
Yeah honestly until now it was mostly just crawling around.

CHANCE
Goddammit, they're everywhere. How do we avoid something we can't see?

DENNIS
Does anyone have a smoke bomb?

WYATT
Yeah I've got one. I never leave home without my trusty smoke bomb.

DENNIS
Can you chill on the sarcastic commentary for two fucking seconds?

WYATT
Geez my bad. Must be frustrating for you to be in a situation you can't just buy your way out of.

DENNIS

Dude fuuuuck you--

MITCHELL

Guys! C'mon. We've got something better than a smoke bomb: the 2022 Online Vape Classic's runner up in the Phat Clouds category.

Mitchell pulls out his vape pen and cracks his neck.

CHANCE

Oh shit...

Mitchell takes a huuuge draw from the vape...then exhales. A tiny wisp of smoke comes out. Mitchell shakes his vape pen.

WYATT

So they *do* run out. Huh.

MITCHELL

Well shit. Hold up. Wait here...

Mitchell darts off.

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - GAME ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mitchell peeks over the arm of a couch at a SLEEPING NAKED MAN. He has a vape pen protruding from his rectum. Mitchell holds up his vape pen as if assessing the weight. He gathers himself, reaches for the buttohole vape pen...and quickly slides it out and replaces it with his empty one (a la Indiana Jones and the idol). The man stirs...then settles.

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - TROPHY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mitchell returns with a new vape pen.

CHANCE

Wait...where did you get that?

MITCHELL

It's not important. Anything for my friends!

HEROIC MUSIC plays as Mitchell takes a truly massive drag on the vape pen. He exhales an improbably large cloud of smoke. It literally fills the entire room...and REVEALS a MAZE OF LASERS. The cloud is so dense that the guys start coughing.

CHANCE

Cough cough Holy shit Mitch!

DENNIS

Cough Okay let's make it through these lasers and get out of here.

They start easing their way through the lasers.

MITCHELL

Funny, I've never tasted this flavor.

WYATT

Did you just vape cum?

MITCHELL

Maybe it's a weed pen?

DENNIS

Shit, you know I hate weed!

WYATT

Chill narc. A little THC never hurt anyone.

CHANCE

Uhh...guys...uhhh...I don't think that was weed.

ANGLE ON Chance. He's a cartoon. He inspects his own hands.

Mitchel looks at the vape. The bottom reads "SMASH INDUSTRIES BUBBLE BERRY DMT BLEND".

MITCHELL

Oh god. Oh no. That was DMT.

DENNIS

What's DMT?

MITCHELL

It's this intense psychedelic that, uh, mimics a chemical your brain releases when you die.

DENNIS

Uh...say whaaaat?

MITCHELL

Just saying, you might have a, uh, *minor* hallucinatory, uh, *experience*. But don't worry it doesn't last long. Hang in there and don't touch the laserrrrrrs!!!

The scene stretches and contorts like they're being accelerated to warp speed. Pop! They all become cartoons.

DENNIS' POV: The lasers all become GIANT FRENCH FRIES. He precariously hops between teetering BURGERS floating in BOILING HOT CANOLA OIL.

DENNIS
Oh god! Oh no!

A buff CROATIAN SOCCER PLAYER with a LAPTOP OPEN TO HIS EARLIER ZOOM CALL for a head, leaps across the burgers and tackles him into the oil.

IN-N-OUT EXECS
(in unison)
You're FRIEEEEED!

He sinks into the sizzling oil and becomes a SKELETON. He pulls out his phone.

SKELETON DENNIS
Hey babe, I don't think we can afford private school for the kids...

SKELETON LINDA answers.

SKELETON LINDA
It's OK! Everyone knows you're a failure honey. Especially your DAD
HAHAHA!

WYATT (O.S.)
Guys? Hello?? Help!

WYATT'S POV: Wyatt is a fetus floating around embryonic fluid. The water breaks. He slides down the birth canal and into a BRIGHT DISORIENTING ROOM. The sounds are deafening. Two GIANT HANDS try to pick him up. The belong to GIANT MARK in a giant apron.

MARK'S VOICE
WELCOME TO BORING ADULT DOMESTICITY!
WE'RE REPUBLICANS NOW!

Wyatt fights back.

WYATT
No! Lemme go! I'm not ready!

MITCHELL (O.S.)
What is happeningggg?

MITCHELL'S POV: Mitchell sits in the high school classroom from the opening. He's an adult. Dennis, Wyatt, Chance and everyone else are high schoolers. Everyone but Mitchell counts down to the end of school bell.

EVERYONE
3...2...1...BLAST OFF!

The bell rings, the roof opens up, and flames shoot from the bottom of everyone's chairs, rocketing them into the sky. Mitchell remains on the ground.

MITCHELL
Wait! Where are you going? Come back!
Can't everything stay the same? Guys!

Mitchell's tries to climb the walls, but vines grow around his legs, pulling him to the ground.

MITCHELL (cont'd)
Don't leave me!

CHANCE (O.S.)
Leave me alone! Agh!

CHANCE'S POV: Mitchell's scene becomes a group chat video hovering in front of Chance. Chance swats it away. INCRIMINATING PHOTOS and TEXT BUBBLES buzz about. Party pics. Cheating admissions. Casual use of "retarded" once in 2010. Etc. They attack like wasps. He unsheathes the sword and slices at the texts. SUDDENLY...he *is* ROBO ZORRO! He's heroic and awesome. He slices a "Z" into a text. It dies.

CHANCE
Chance está muerto! Mi nombre es...
ROBO ZORRO!

BINOCULAR POV: Wyatt sucks his thumb in a fetal position. Dennis rolls on the floor feeling his face. Mitchell attempts to climb the wall. Chance fights with the air. They all mumble incoherently.

INT. TAYLOR LAUTNER'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Taylor Lautner, shirtless, watches the scene through the binoculars while doing abdominal oblique exercises.

TAYLOR LAUTNER
What the fuuuuck...?

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - TROPHY ROOM - SAME TIME

The guys slowly come to, stop mumbling to themselves, and kinda awkwardly stand and brush themselves off. Beat.

CHANCE
Whoa...that was uhh...a lot.

WYATT

Geez, what does DMT stand for...Dumb
Metaphor Time?

DENNIS

Holy shit! I made it through the
lasers!

REVEAL: Dennis is somehow standing next to the sword.

CHANCE

What? How??

Dennis tries to grab the sword...but his hands pass right
through. It's a *hologram*.

DENNIS

Whaaa...

ALARMS BLARE. RED LIGHTS FLASH. A metal door comes down and
blocks the entrance. There is no escape. Kyle rises from a
trap door, grinning from ear to ear.

KYLE KAMINSKI

Looking for something?

He taps a sword sheath on his belt.

CHANCE

Hey man, we were just in the
neighborhood, thought we'd say hi.

KYLE KAMINSKI

Chance, always thinking your smile
can get you out of a jam. Gotta hand
it to you guys, the body doubles was
clever. Idiotic, but clever in a
childlike way.

DENNIS

Uh...sorry what's going on here?

KYLE KAMINSKI

What's going on here is that you've
fallen right into my trap!

Kyle unsheathes the katana with dramatic flair. *Are they
about to get KILLED?* The guys all recoil.

KYLE KAMINSKI (cont'd)

This blade has had many masters,
including the infamous shogun GOSHO
TOKIMUNE.

(MORE)

KYLE KAMINSKI (cont'd)

Once, a rival compared Gosho to a wolf that had been abandoned by his pack, a grave insult. Gosho laughed, appearing to take no offense. 20 years later Gosho invited the man and his many sons to a feast to bury the hatchet. When everyone was drunk on sake, Gosho whispered to his rival, "Remember the wolf who was abandoned by his pack? That wolf learned a valuable lesson: *if you can't join the pack, destroy it.*" Then Gosho beheaded the rival and his sons with this very blade.

Beat.

WYATT

Real talk, that story needs work. Why was there all that buildup? Why didn't he just kill the guy earlier?

KYLE KAMINSKI

It's about *grudges* and *revenge*.

WYATT

But there's no twist. It's just like...oh, you pissed me off, but I'm gonna wait on revenge for no reason.

CHANCE

He's right, it's just not a strong story...

DENNIS

Honestly it felt cringe-y coming from a white dude.

WYATT

Yo, do wolves really get abandoned by their pack?

MITCHELL

What was the wolf dig? I think I missed it.

KYLE KAMINSKI

Shut up. Shut up. FUCKING SHUT UP!

Beat.

CHANCE

Listen man, we're seriously so sorry for disrespecting you last night. I get so many randos coming up to me--

KYLE KAMINSKI

You *still* think this is about last night? I *just* told you a story about waiting 20 years for revenge!

(MORE)

KYLE KAMINSKI (cont'd)
You four are so self-absorbed that
you can't see anything outside the
limits of your dumb little group!

Kyle takes off his jacket and pants, revealing an old KARATE
OUTFIT beneath it. He strikes a ninja pose. Beat.

KYLE KAMINSKI (cont'd)
Hello?? Nothing? Seriously?

WYATT
Sorry is this supposed to mean
something to us?

KYLE KAMINSKI
GODDAMMIT I'M KARATE KEVIN! From high
school!

Yup, it's the acne-afflicted teenager from the OPENING!

THE GUYS
OhhHHhh... / Ms. Reem's class, right?

KYLE KAMINSKI
Unbelievable. You even ruined my
fucking big reveal.

DENNIS
Dude, Kev, what is up!? You look
good. What you been up to?

KYLE KAMINSKI
My name isn't Kevin. It's Kyle!

MITCHELL
Did you change it?

KYLE KAMINSKI
No, it's always been Kyle. You just
called me Kevin cause you didn't
bother to learn my name!

Everyone grimaces a little.

CHANCE
Dang, our bad. Did we like bully you
or something?

KYLE KAMINSKI
Worse. After that day in class
everyone just started calling me
Kevin too. You ruined my life.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - LOBBY - FLASHBACK

Young Kyle enters school. He's extremely awkward. Rolling backpack, sandals with socks, transition lenses.

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)

I was a new student with no friends.
You four were clearly the cool kids.

Young Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell goof off nearby.

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.) (cont'd)

I was determined to ingratiate myself
with your crew...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASS - FLASHBACK

We see the scene from the opening but this time from Kyle's perspective. Ms. Reems reads the text thread and no one pays attention to Kyle.

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)

I practiced my karate routine and
overcame my crippling fear of public
speaking to impress you in class...
only to mocked and given a cruel new
moniker: Karate Kevin...

WYATT (V.O.)

I mean it's not *that* cruel.

CHANCE (V.O.)

More *descriptive* really.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - FLASHBACK

We see the GRADUATION CEREMONY but this time from Kyle's perspective. He's sitting alone in a cap and gown glaring at Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell as they text and giggle with each other, oblivious to his seething hatred.

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)

FROM THAT MOMENT ON, I became
singularly focused on being so
undeniably awesome that even you guys
would have to give me props...

EXT. KATMANDU - BAZAAR - FLASHBACK

Kyle (wearing raggedy clothes and a backpack) walks through a bustling market, the only Westerner. A MYSTERIOUS MONK gives him a nod. Kyle follows him into an ANCIENT MONASTERY.

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)
 I traveled deep into the Himalayas
 and learned the secret to success
 from my master, the great, IP-WAN...

INT. ANCIENT MONASTERY - FLASHBACK

Mysterious Monk takes Kyle to meet IP-WAN (80), a sensei with a long white beard and GUCCI track suit, meditating on a LEATHER LA-Z-BOY, both hands in the SHOCKER symbol, surrounded by HOTTIES. He opens his one eye and grins.

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)
 ...a dope Tibetan pickup artist who
 banged mad chicks and knew the best
 diets for gaining hella bulk. He
 taught me how to win big money at
 MAHJONG, put women in their place,
 dress, project confidence...

- Kyle (beard longer) trains at MAHJONG with Ip-Wan.
- Kyle (beard longer) and Ip-Wan get LAP-DANCES sitting next to each other. Ip-Wan shows Kyle how to put a dollar in his pants so that the STRIPPER has to pick it up with her boobs.
- Kyle tries on FLASHY CLOTHES and checks himself out in a mirror. Ip-Wan stands behind him and nods approvingly. Kyle's beard is now full-length.

CHANCE (V.O.)
 This is like, the *opposite* of
 enlightenment.

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)
 ...I applied the skills he taught me,
 got rich off crypto, got swole, and
 created a sick-ass brand. Then I paid
 to scrub all traces of my loser past
 from the web, because the NEW me...

EXT. YACHT - FLASHBACK

Kyle smokes a CIGAR in a HOT TUB with BABES in BIKINIS. He takes a selfie and posts it to INSTAGRAM...

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)
...was living the life every dude
wanted--

DENNIS (V.O.)
You're making some pretty big
assumptions there...

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)
--I was undeniably fucking awesome in
every fucking way. I was ready to be
a part of your crew.

INT. LA PARTY SPACE - FLASHBACK

Kyle goes to the party, he's looking around for Chance,
excitedly, almost giddy with anticipation...

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)
At the premiere party, I thought,
finally, here's my chance to show
them I'm cool too, but then...

We see Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell snub Kyle again
but this time from Kyle's perspective.

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.) (cont'd)
...you didn't remember me. It was
like nothing had changed. I was
livid.

WYATT (V.O.)
Gonna be real, I'm still waiting for
the bullying part to arrive...

CHANCE (V.O.)
Did you ever actually introduce
yourself to us in this story?

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.)
That's beside the point! Your group
had something I could never have! But
life presents an opportunity...

LATER, he glares at the dudes as they have a good time
without him. Finally, they leave. Mitchell leaves his phone.
Maisey looks for the phone's owner. Kyle walks over and
takes it. Grins.

KYLE KAMINSKI (V.O.) (cont'd)
I saw a way to have my vengeance. A
way for you to finally appreciate me.

INT. MALIBU COMPLEX - TROPHY ROOM - LATER

Kyle finishes up his VILLAIN ORIGIN STORY. Beat.

MITCHELL
(genuinely)
It hurts to feel left out. I'm really
sorry Kyle.

KYLE KAMINSKI
It's too late for apologies...

Kyle clicks on a REMOTE CONTROL. GAME SHOW MUSIC plays.
Hydraulics whir. The room transforms into...

INT. GAME SHOW SET - DAY

An ELABORATE GAME SHOW SET. Lights! Scoreboards! Chance,
Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell are now standing behind podiums.

KYLE KAMINSKI
We're going to play a little game.

WYATT
Haven't we been *playing* a game?

KYLE KAMINSKI
This is the END game! The rules are
simple: answer 5 questions correctly
and you get Mitchell's phone back.
Miss one and I leak all 125,134 texts
directly to REDDIT. All or nothing.
The questions are based on your
SIDECHATS.

Kyle pulls out Chance, Wyatt, and Dennis' phones.

DENNIS
How does he keep getting our phones?

KYLE KAMINSKI
Your stunt doubles handed them over
after a little torture. Would've been
easier if you just brought them.

CHANCE
(nervous)
What do you mean our *sidechats*?

KYLE KAMINSKI
Oh, you know, the chats you guys have
on the *side* of the group chat.
(MORE)

KYLE KAMINSKI (cont'd)
 Chance, Wyatt, Mitchell, but no
 Dennis. Dennis, Mitchell, Wyatt, but
 no Chance. Etc. Lots of interesting
 revelations in *those* conversations.

WYATT
 Oh my God...

KYLE KAMINSKI
 Let me introduce you to the HOST,
 flying in all the way from rural
 Vermont, it's...MRS. REEM!

Mrs. Reem, now a lot older, enters with a smile and wave.

MRS. REEM
 Hi boys! I don't really remember you,
 but Kyle said you were in my class.

MITCHELL
 Whoa. How did you get Mrs. Reem?

KYLE KAMINSKI
 Paid her 10k. Mrs. R are you ready?

Mrs. Reem picks up a SET OF CARDS.

MRS. REEM
 Ring the buzzer if you think you have
 the correct answer. First question...
 in a Mitchell/Dennis/Wyatt sidechat,
 what did you call Chance's first
 short film a World War 2 historical
 drama set at the Belzec death camp?

Mitchell, Dennis, and Wyatt look at each other, uneasy.

KYLE KAMINSKI
 No one?

Buzz buzz.

WYATT
 (sheepish)
 Um...what is...Cringe-lers List?

Ding ding! Green lights flash. (NOTE: The rest of this scene
 is accompanied by GAME SHOW noises, just assume there's
 BUZZES and DINGS throughout.)

MRS. REEM
 Correct, and I've been told you do
 not need to answer in the form of a
 question, this is not *Jeopardy*.

CHANCE

You said you loved it! I poured my soul into that thing.

DENNIS

It was...a lot...very holocausty for a 20 year old.

CHANCE

Seriously? Have you guys just been *pretending* to support my career??

Chance looks hurt.

MRS. REEM

Question 2: who wasn't invited to any of Dennis' 3 childrens' baptisms?

WYATT

Your kids got baptized?

The other guys cringe. Beat. Mitchell buzzes in.

MITCHELL

Uh...Wyatt.

MRS. REEM

That is correct!

WYATT

Fucking seriously? You invited *Mitchell* but not me?

MITCHELL

What's that supposed to mean?

DENNIS

It's not personal! My super-catholic grandma would be all weird--

WYATT

Because I'm gay? Fuck off! How much more personal could it be?

MRS. REEM

Question 3: which one of you wasn't called as a personal reference by Wyatt's surrogate?

Wyatt buzzes in immediately.

WYATT

(vindictively)
Dennis wasn't!

DENNIS

Wait, for real? Didn't we all find out about it on this trip?

WYATT

Nope! I asked the other guys about being references in a sidechat last month. We all fibbed at the beginning of the trip to make you not feel bad.

DENNIS

You asked Mitchell before me?

MITCHELL

What is *that* supposed to mean!?

WYATT

Yeah! Because you can be a little Republican-y sometimes and I didn't want the surrogate to think she was handing over a kid to THE HANDMAID'S TALE!

MRS. REEM

Question 4...according to a sidechat, what is Mitchell's nickname?

MITCHELL

Huh? I don't have a one. It's Fat Cat, Antifa, Hollywood, and Mitch.

The other guys cringe. Beat. Chance buzzes in.

CHANCE

It's uh...Eeyore.

MRS. REEM

Correct! Mitchell is called Eeyore in the sidechats because, quote, "anytime you hear bout his life it bums you out lol".

MITCHELL

What do you even know about my life? You never ask me anything and when I try to share about it, you guys make jokes or change the subject--

WYATT

(sarcastically)
Doi, it's called toxic masculinity.

CHANCE

Can we talk about this later?

MITCHELL

See! That's exactly what I'm talking about! Why is it so hard to talk about real stuff? Do you know *anything* about my life right now, other than the fact that you all clearly think I'm a total loser?

CHANCE

Here we go, Mitchell the victim...

MITCHELL

Maybe I feel like a victim because you've been taking digs at me all weekend and blaming me for *this* shit!

CHANCE

Yeah, cause this shit *is* your fault! You *didn't* erase the chat!

MITCHELL

Because it's a rare source of joy in my crap life! I'm divorced, *twice*! My driver's license is suspended, I sell weed and bag groceries part time, my boss is 19. Oh and my Dad has dementia. Remember him? The guy who used to take us to get slushies after school? Or did you all forget everything that happened before you left? Sue me if I like to scroll through old texts to remember a time when I had friends that actually looked out for me. Fuck this, I'm out.

Mitchell steps away from the podium.

KYLE KAMINSKI

I'm afraid if any of you quit, that counts as a forfeit...

DENNIS

C'mon Mitch, I got your back!

WYATT

Bullshit. You dunk all over him in the sidechat you fucking elitist!

CHANCE

Mitch, if he releases the chat my whole movie career is over. Come on man, do this for *me*...

MITCHELL

All I do is shit for you! When's the last time you did something for any of *us*?

CHANCE

All the time! I bought your plane ticket and got you into that party!

Dennis and Wyatt exchange a look like, *YIKES*.

MITCHELL

Very generous of you to fund a weekend of Chance worship. I'll be sure to send you a trophy.

Mitchell heads out the door. As he goes...

CHANCE

Big surprise, Mitchell's giving up, like always. You know why Kyle hasn't released any of *your* shit today? Cause there's no point in fucking over your life when you do it so well all on your own!

Wyatt and Dennis shake their heads and also start to leave.

DENNIS

Fuck this, this is what I get for staying friends with people I met when I was 8. Shoulda listened to my therapist.

WYATT

Finally, something we agree on.

CHANCE

Guys! He's gonna release the chat!

WYATT

Who cares anymore? It can't be any worse than what just happened here. I gotta go make things right with Mark.

DENNIS

Enjoy the red carpet without us.

CHANCE

Oh I will! By the way, my publicist wasn't going to let you guys walk the red carpet anyway...because...because you're a bunch of LOSERS!

MRS. REEM

Can I go too?

KYLE KAMINSKI

Yeah, get the fuck out of here.

Dennis, Wyatt, and Mrs. Reem leave. Kyle turns to Chance.

KYLE KAMINSKI (cont'd)

Welp...looks like the chat is going to find it's way to Reddit. So sorry!

Chance leaves his podium and approaches Kyle.

CHANCE

Kyle, please...I beg you. I'll do anything. Anything! I can't get cancelled, not now...please...

Kyle smiles.

KYLE KAMINSKI

I think we can come up with an arrangement that suits both of us.

INT. JIMMY KIMMEL STUDIO - BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Chance paces backstage, distracted and distressed. Olivia approaches.

OLIVIA

What's going on? How'd it go?

CHANCE

I just have to do one more task then it's over.

OLIVIA

Do I want to know?

CHANCE

I'm handling it. Dipti!

Chance sees Dipti talking to her people in a corner. He jogs up to her.

CHANCE (cont'd)

Did you get my messages? Can we talk please? I can explain everything.

DIPTI

There's nothing to talk about. Just do your job and I'll do mine.

JIMMY KIMMEL (O.S.)
 Ladies and gentlemen, the stars of
 the film *Robo Zorro*, Chance Paul and
 Dipti Bardot!

Dipti plasters a practiced smile on her face and walks on stage waving.

INT. JIMMY KIMMEL STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Chance and Dipti sit on the couch, smiling and happy. JIMMY KIMMEL sits behind the desk.

JIMMY KIMMEL
 The movie comes out this Friday. You guys had a lot of fun on set, you shot in Spain and Tijuana?

DIPTI
 Oh yeah, it was beautiful...

JIMMY KIMMEL
 I heard a funny story, is it true that Chance plays pranks on set?

DIPTI
 Haha. No comment!

CHANCE
 Yeah Jimmy, I love to joke around, but you know what's not a joke...

Chance grits his teeth as he proceeds with effort.

CHANCE (cont'd)
 ...my long time *best friend* Kyle Kaminski's brand Smash Industries.

Dipti does a mini-double take. The STUDIO CAMERAS find Kyle sitting by the two henchwomen, now in cocktail dresses. He winks and does a "sup".

JIMMY KIMMEL
 Kyle Kaminski? That's the uh... Instagram guy? He's got thirty girlfriends! You're buds with him?

CHANCE
 Yeah, we went to the same high school. Believe it or not, he's gotten me out of quite a few jams. One time, we were in this underground casino in Shanghai, when Kyle...

JIMMY KIMMEL

Hahaha, let me stop you right there.
We're gonna take a quick break and
then I want to hear all about this
Shanghai beat down...HAHAHA....

The show breaks for COMMERCIAL. Olivia approaches.

OLIVIA

What the hell was that? What happened
to the farty rescue dog anecdote?
We're doing image rehab here!

CHANCE

I know. This is my last task. Pretend
Kyle's my best friend on national TV.

Beat. Olivia rubs her temples.

OLIVIA

I'm doubling my fee.

Olivia disappears.

DIPTI

Okay maybe there *is* something to talk
about. What do you mean *last task*?

CHANCE

That psycho in the audience has my
group chat and has been blackmailing
me and my friends. Well, former
friends I guess. It's been a bad 24
hours.

ANGLE ON: Three empty reserved chairs in the front row.

DIPTI

Wait, where are the guys?

CHANCE

We had a, uh...falling out. How do
you do it? How do you be famous and
also a real person with flaws without
becoming some weird inauthentic husk
of yourself?

Chance buries his head in his hands. Dipti softens.

DIPTI

You don't. You make mistakes. You
grow, apologize, learn.

(MORE)

DIPTI (cont'd)

The press and the public loves you one day, hates you the next. Over and over. No way around it. Part of the job.

CHANCE

Really? That's just how it is? How do you not go crazy trying to please everyone?

DIPTI

All you can do is stay true to yourself.

CHANCE

What if I don't even know who *myself* is anymore?

DIPTI

I know the feeling. I've got a group of girl friends from college that keep me grounded. We call ourselves the Pink Ladies. We're kind of Grease super fans. It's cheesy, whatever. But they know the *real* me.

CHANCE

For real? How did I not know this?

DIPTI

Pro tip, for your next celeb relationship, just like, ask more questions.

CHANCE

Fair. (beat) But me and my friends, we're just so *different* now.

Dipti pulls up a photo of her and her gal pals on her phone.

DIPTI

So? We met in the dorms. Now they're all casseroles and hockey practice, and I'm all movie premieres and making out with European soccer players. But we're always there for each other. And I know that when this fame thing fades, and it will, they'll still be there. Sure, friends change, but *friendships*, the bond you have, that's forever.

Chance sighs.

CHANCE

I fucked up Dipti. I've been so focused on hiding all my flaws...that I've pushed away the people who actually love me *with* all my flaws. I need to make this right...

DIPTI

That's what a friend would do.

CHANCE

Thanks Dip.

Chance hugs Dipti.

DIPTI

Anytime. I'm totally breaking up with you by the way, but not until the movie leaves theaters.

CHANCE

That's kind of you.

DIPTI

It's called being a professional.

CHANCE

Can we still be friends?

DIPTI

Only if you add me as an honorary Da Boyz chat member.

CHANCE

Deal. First I have to save Da Boyz.

Chance texts "TURN ON KIMMEL" to the group as the lights dim to play a CLIP.

CHANCE (cont'd)

(whispering to Jimmy)

Hey Jimmy, change of plans on my anecdote. I'm gonna whip up something new during the clip...

EXT. NEO BAJA CALIFORNIA - NIGHT

A steam-punk futuristic vision of a dusty Mexican town. Electronic music plays...

LOLITA QUINTERO (Dipti), sporting a NEON PINK MOHAWK and a leather jacket, hustles out of a grimy all-night ARCADE. The streets are crowded with VENDORS and ANDROID PROSTITUTES.

Lolita passes by a group of BANDITOS leaning on their HOVER BIKES and DRINKING MILK CARTONS. They make obscene kissing noises at Lolita as she walks by. She flips them off. They jeer and follow her into an alley. She's trapped!

HEAD BANDITO

What's the matter chica? We're not gonna bite...if you play nice...

DONG!!! An ELECTRONIC CHURCH BELL rings in the distance.

BANDITO HENCHMAN

Hey man, I got a bad feeling about this, let's get outta here...

HEAD BANDITO

¡Callate tu boca!

ROBO ZORRO (O.S.)

(robotically)

All your bocas need a good callate.

Banditos turn to find ROBO ZORRO (Chance) hovering down to the ground with ROCKET BOOTS. He lands.

LOLITA

Robo Zorro!

Bandito Henchman approaches with his LASER KNIFE drawn. Robo Zorro flings a MECHANICAL WHIP at him and launches him into the air. YAAAHHH!!! The rest of the BANDITOS surround him.

ROBO ZORRO POV: Terminator-like interface. A "Z" targets on the chest of Head Bandito.

Robo Zorro unleashes a LIGHT SABER SWORD and draws a "Z" on Head Bandito's chest. YAHHHH! Robo Zorro quickly slashes through the rest of the Banditos. Screams and flashes.

Robo Zorro approaches Lolita, who brushes herself off.

LOLITA (cont'd)

Who are you?

INT. JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE STUDIO - SAME TIME

The CLIP plays on the screen. The audience watches.

ROBO ZORRO

Once upon a time, I could tell you--
Now, I'm not so sure...

Music plays and the lights come up. Applause.

JIMMY KIMMEL

Chance I believe you were about to tell us a story about your best friend...You texted our producer a few photos. Can we get those up?

A GOOFY CHILDHOOD GROUP PHOTO appears on the monitors.

CHANCE

My best *friends* actually. Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell. Guys I've known since we were kids. They used to call us the Burger King Kids Club, cuz you got a black one, an asian one, a gay one, and one with Cheetoh dust on his fingers, I'll let you guess which is which haha...

The audience laughs. A scowl crosses Kyle's face.

JIMMY KIMMEL

If I understand, they helped get you the role of Robo Zorro, right?

CHANCE

Yeah. My buddy Wyatt recorded all the lines in Spanish for me and then my other buddy Dennis sent me his dad's old Zorro outfit...

JIMMY KIMMEL

Why did his dad have a Zorro outfit?

CHANCE

Hey man, what you do in the privacy of your own bedroom is your business!

Everyone laughs. Chance is so fucking charming.

CHANCE (cont'd)

And my guy Mitch ran lines with me on zoom every night for two weeks.

DIPTI

Mitchell did my lines?

CHANCE

I actually got the tape!

ON THE SCREEN: Chance's audition tape plays. He's wearing a crappy ZORRO OUTFIT in a poorly-lit garage.

CHANCE ON THE SCREEN
 (in a robot voice)
 Yo quiero justice...

MITCHELL ON THE SCREEN
 (in a girl voice)
 Robo Zorro, I wish you'd quiero me.

CHANCE ON THE SCREEN
 I wasn't programmed to quiero you.
 But I do. And I will. Siempre!

Chance unfurls a cape and jumps OFF SCREEN. Crowd laughs.

JIMMY KIMMEL
 You got cast off that?

CHANCE
 I know right!?

JIMMY KIMMEL
 So what are these guys up to now?

CHANCE
 Well, my friend Wyatt...

A SONOGRAM appears on the screen.

CHANCE (cont'd)
 Wyatt and his husband are about to be
 daddy's. I'm so hyped for him.

INT. MARK'S PARENT'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Wyatt, Mark, and Yolanda (Mark's Mom) watch Kimmel.

YOLANDA
 Ay dios! Mi amor!

Yolanda cries and hugs Wyatt and Mark.

CHANCE (ON TV)
 Wyatt's the funniest guy, and so
 thoughtful. He's gonna be the best
 dad ever. His mother-in-law's
 watching and Wyatt thought this would
 be a cool way to surprise her. She's
 a big fan of yours Jimmy...

JIMMY KIMMEL (ON TV)
 Smart lady!

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - SAME TIME

Dennis sits across from Mr. LeRoy.

DENNIS
...and I just want you to know that,
that's not me and those aren't my
values...

MR. LEROY
(re: a TV)
Isn't that you on the TV?

Mr. LeRoy points to a TV behind the bar showing Kimmel. A
PICTURE of Dennis in M.U.N. appears on the screen.

DENNIS
(to Bartender)
Could you put the volume up?

CHANCE (ON TV)
And this is Dennis. He was in Model
U.N. He's the most tolerant person I
know. He just announced that he's
donating 10,000 dollars to the
Croatian Anti-Defamation League. I
buy all my canola oil from him and
any business watching would be lucky
to work with him.

Mr. LeRoy nods approvingly.

INT. JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE STUDIO - SAME TIME

Chance continues.

CHANCE
And then there's Mitchell...Mitchell
is as true a friend as they come.
He'd fight a komodo dragon, or pierce
his nipples, or smoke an orgy vape,
all without thinking twice. He's like
the opposite of me, I'm self-centered
and kinda shallow. I've cheated on
girlfriends, I used the r-word in
high school, once when I was 23 I
smoked meth as a bit and streaked
through Prague. You'll probably see
that video on Reddit soon. My past is
filled with cringe-y behavior. But
everyday I'm trying to be a better
man and do the right thing.
(MORE)

CHANCE (cont'd)

And that starts with staying true to my friends who've had my back from the day one, even if it means tanking my career before it starts.

Beat.

JIMMY KIMMEL

Live TV folks! Check out *Robo Zorro* this weekend!

Commercial break. An enraged Kyle storms on stage. He's holding MITCHELL'S PHONE in the air like it's a BOMB.

KYLE KAMINSKI

Fucking asshole! We had a deal!
GET READY FOR THE BOMB TO GO OFF!

JIMMY KIMMEL

He said he's got a bomb!

Kyle's index finger approaches the phone. Screams. Security Guards tackle Kyle. The phone goes flying, skidding to a halt on the stage. Dipti crushes it with her spike-y heel.

DIPTI

Go to your friends. And tell Mitchell I'll buy him a new phone.

Chance nods and runs out of the theater as Kyle fights the Security Guards.

EXT. ABC STUDIOS - MOMENTS LATER

Chance leaves the studio. Wyatt and Dennis collide with him, out of breath. They all hug and talk over each other.

WYATT

I got your text! That was insane! Mark's mom loved it! I'm sorry I'm so snarky all the time.

DENNIS

You saved my job! Heads up I promised a celeb endorsement hope that's cool. I'm so sorry I was such an ass.

CHANCE

I'm so sorry! I was so stupid. I love you guys!

They release.

CHANCE (cont'd)

Where's Mitchell? I texted the group! Did he not see it??

Beat.

WYATT

Did you forget a super-villain stole his phone?

CHANCE

Oh yeah.

Buzz buzz. Chance gets an email. "Your Delta Itinerary has been changed."

CHANCE (cont'd)

Shit. He moved up his flight to tonight. I bought the ticket so I get alerts. He's boarding in thirty...

WYATT

Damn. Back to Sadville.

CHANCE

Not on my watch. It's time we show up for Mitchell like he shows up for us. Our friend, our responsibility.

A VALET pulls up on CHANCE'S CONVERTIBLE. Chance hops in.

INT. KIMMEL STUDIO - SAME TIME

Kyle is mercilessly kicking the Security Guard's asses. He's Karate Kevin after all. He looks up at his Henchwomen.

KYLE KAMINSKI

Babes, assist me! BABES!?

HENCHWOMAN #1

(to Henchwoman #2)

You know, I took this job right out of college and I just don't think it's providing me with adequate opportunities for growth.

HENCHWOMAN #2

Same. Do you want to, like, form a start-up together or something?

HENCHWOMAN #1

Def.

The Henchwomen leave.

KYLE KAMINSKI

Fine! GO! A lone wolf needs no one!

Kyle flings a Security Guard into a camera.

INT/EXT. CHANCE'S CAR/I-10 FREEWAY - DAY

Chance speeds through traffic, Wyatt sits passenger side, and Dennis sits in the back. It's a convertible on the freeway, so the following conversation is yelled:

CHANCE

Hey I hope it's okay that I revealed your pregnancy on air!

WYATT

Yeah, it's totally cool. Mark's mom's a Kimmel fan, so it made up for me ruining her party! By the way, was that just some random sonogram?!

CHANCE

Yeah man, pulled it off the internet!

WYATT

You know, I think I'm afraid of being vulnerable as a way to protect myself from getting hurt! But it means I'm keeping those I love at arm's length! Like you guys and Mark! I mean, it's going to be amazing be a dad with him and I need to express that loud and clear, you know! Not everything needs to be qualified with snark or undercut with a joke!

Beat.

WYATT (cont'd)

God, it really feels like this would be a moment for a joke! But I'm resisting that urge! I love you guys!

CHANCE

You too man!

DENNIS

And I'm sorry I get so intense about money and work and stuff. It's just, you know, money was tight growing up, and my Dad's hyper critical, so I feel like I need to prove myself by being some kind of mega-provider for my wife and kids!

CHANCE

Totally! We get it!

DENNIS

And weirdly enough, I think I was using the chat to *escape* that crushing sense of responsibility by seeking solace in immature memes and regressive locker room talk. But our chat doesn't have to be that way!

WYATT

Dude, yes! I think a male support system is definitely a necessity but we should come up with some boundaries so that we're not using it to escape reality!

CHANCE

Agreed! Hey, I love you guys!

DENNIS

I love you too!

WYATT

I fucking love you!

CHANCE

Look at us! This is what we should be doing! Raising each other up! Being vulnerable and talking about our emotions!

WYATT

THIS is what the chat could be!

CHANCE

This feels great! Why is it so hard for men to talk!?

DENNIS

For real! This is a legit breakthrough! I'm texting my therapist!

CHANCE

Could you ask her for a referral while you're at it? It's time I get proactive about my personal growth!

WYATT

Same! I'm realizing I have a lot of past trauma I need to examine!

DENNIS

Hell yeah, you're going to love it--
HOLY SHIT!

In the REAR-VIEW MIRROR we see Kyle speeding toward the car on a SUZUKI MOTORCYCLE, wielding his KATANA. Kyle slashes at the side of the vehicle. SPARKS FLY!

DENNIS (cont'd)
He's just trying to straight up kill us now!?

Chance veers into Kyle's lane. Kyle backs off.

WYATT
Good driving, you almost got him!

CHANCE
You think I did that on purpose? I accidentally let go of the wheel! I'm not trying to commit murder!

DENNIS
He's coming back!

Kyle does a wheelie as he approaches. When he's close enough, he draws back his sword and stabs the tire. Flapflapflapflap!

Chance brakes. The car skids to halt in the CARPOOL LANE. Kyle stops the motorcycle 20 yards up ahead. He gets off the bike and walks back toward Chance's car. Ready to kill.

CHANCE
Hey man, I already admitted to everything that's on the chat! What's the problem?

KYLE KAMINSKI
It was never about leaking your chat! Who gives a fuck about your stupid pathetic lives? I wanted to *destroy* your friendship...the friendship I could never have! And I almost did too...setting up situations for you to be selfish...revealing the cruel side chats. Despite everything, your stupid friendship *somehow* seems to have survived. So I think I'm just gonna have to kill you--

A JEEP clips Kyle and he flies into the CENTER DIVIDER.

REVEAL: Wade is driving the Jeep with the STUNT DOUBLES. They're all horribly sunburned and scratched up.

CHANCE
Wade!

WADE

Can't let my dude get slashed to death on the 10. Stunt double code. Also, that dude made us ride the FERRIS WHEEL for 2 fucking hours with birdseed glued all over our bodies!

CHANCE

Is he dead?

ANGLE ON: Kyle isn't moving.

WADE

Not a chance. Think I could graduate stunt driver school without knowing how to hit a guy with a car in jussst the way so he won't die?

CHANCE

That's something they teach?

WYATT

Yeah, it doesn't look like he's getting up...

WADE

He'll get up. (beat) Trust me.

CHANCE

We need to get to LAX.

WADE

If we leave with the scene before the police come that counts as a hit and run....so we can't give you a ride...

Kyle struggles to sit up.

WADE (cont'd)

There we go. See. He's alive. (then)
You guys opposed to riding a bike?

EXT. LAX - LATER

Chance, Wyatt, and Dennis ride the 4-SEATER BIKE through LAX traffic. They pull up to a TERMINAL and abandon the bike.

INT. LAX TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

Chance, Wyatt, and Dennis sprint through hordes of TRAVELERS. They reach a TSA CHECK-IN LINE.

DENNIS

He must already be at the gate.

WYATT

Should we buy a ticket to get through security?

CHANCE

No time.

Chance cuts through the SECURITY LINE. He gets to a METAL BARRICADE where a TSA AGENT tells him to STOP.

TSA AGENT

Whoa, whoa what are you doing?

CHANCE

(out of breath)

I need to stop my friend from getting on a plane.

Chance flashes his SAG CARD.

CHANCE (cont'd)

I starred as a TSA AGENT in a pilot for COMEDY CENTRAL that never got picked up, it co-starred Jay Pharoah, you need to let me through.

TSA Agent nods. She removes the barricade for Chance. Chance fast walks through the throngs and finds Mitchell waiting by GATE 22, ready to board a plane.

CHANCE (cont'd)

Mitchell!

MITCHELL

Chance? What are you doing here? Don't you have to be at the premiere?

CHANCE

Yeah. But I won't do it without you. I can't let you get on that plane.

MITCHELL

Why do you care about what I do?

CHANCE

Because you're my friend. And you've been there for me for 25 years. I love you and I'm worried about you. You're struggling and I can't just act like I don't see it anymore.

(MORE)

CHANCE (cont'd)
I'm sorry I've been too into my own
shit to give you real support.

MITCHELL
Chance, it's okay. You don't have to
pretend to care about me any more.
Truly. You're a movie star. And I'm a
loser. Me going to your premiere
won't change that.

CHANCE
No, but moving into my guest room
might. You're stuck man. Maybe it's
time to shake things up a bit.

MITCHELL
You want me to...move in with you?
What would I do in Los Angeles?

CHANCE
You can do *anything*. I know a dozen
producers who need assistants. Shit,
work at a dispensary! You *definitely*
know how to sell weed!

MITCHELL
I don't want a hand out.

CHANCE
It's not a hand out! It's just a
hand, from a *friend*.

MITCHELL
How can we ever go back to being
friends after this day?

CHANCE
I'll tell you how...

Chance pulls out a STAPLER.

MITCHELL
By stapling some documents?

Ca-CHUNK! Chance staples his left nipple through his shirt.

CHANCE
Arrrrgh!

MITCHELL
OH FUCK!

Ca-CHUNK! Chance staples his right nipple through his shirt.
Blood spots start to ooze. He grits his teeth.

CHANCE
Hnnng...fuuuuck...hoo...okay.

Mitchell tears up and gives Chance a huge bear hug. Chance winces from the pain but embraces him right back.

CHANCE (cont'd)
We've been friends for 25 years. You think one day of chasing around a lost phone is gonna change that? It's not. That's what friendship is.

MITCHELL
I love you Chance.

CHANCE
I love you Mitch...or should I say: Cheetoh Fingers.

MITCHELL
Whoa...is that...?

CHANCE
Yep. Your official new chat nickname. C'mon, the premiere is about to start and you're coming. I'll fire my publicist if I have to.

Mitchell beams, then looks at his hippo shorts and blood-stained shirt.

MITCHELL
I'm not really dressed for it...

CHANCE
You can borrow something from my place. I need to swing by there for a clean shirt and some antiseptic.

As head toward the exit...

CHANCE (cont'd)
Oh by the way, I mentioned you in my Kimmel interview, I think you're going to be like kinda famous...

"She" by Elvis Costello plays (an homage to *Notting Hill*).

EXT. GRAUMANS THEATRE - NIGHT

The RED CARPET premiere of *Robo Zorro*. Lights. Paparazzi. Limos. Glamour. Chance, Wyatt, Dennis, and Mitchell pal around the red carpet. Mitchell eats Cheetos. Two EXCITED FEMALE FANS squeal when they see Mitchell.

EXCITED FEMALE FAN
We love you Cheetoh Fingers!

MITCHELL
I love Cheetos too! I mean--you!

They lift up their shirts. Mitchell's eyes go wide. Unsure of what to do, he lifts up his own shirt revealing two pierced nipples. Cameras flash.

PAPARAZZI #1
Is it true you were blackmailed by a crypto billionaire today?

WYATT
Yes, yes we were....

MARK (O.S.)
Ummm is it true that you, Wyatt, have a really hot husband?

REVEAL: Mark is standing among the PAPARAZZI.

WYATT
It's true! And he's gonna be a really *really* hot dad!

Wyatt brings in Mark for a SMOOCHY KISS. Dennis FACETIMES with Linda and his three kids.

DENNIS
Look where daddy is!

Olivia saddles up to Chance.

OLIVIA
The internet is *loving* the best friends since high school angle. I'm thinking we start with a feature on the group in Variety...

CHANCE
Told you my friends were cool.

OLIVIA
Sooo...do they already have publicists, or...?

EXT. 10 FREEWAY - SAME TIME

Kyle, cuffed to a stretcher, is loaded into an AMBULANCE.

POLICE OFFICER #1
 I don't know where you're from but in
Hollywood we don't tolerate
 threatening Jimmy Kimmel with a bomb!

The door shuts. The ambulance drives away.

INT. GRAUMAN'S THEATRE - LATER

The gang sits in the theater. The lights go down...

DENNIS
 Hey so, what's the deal with this
 movie...is it any good?

CHANCE
 It's not gonna win any awards...but
 it's a fun time. As long as it makes
 money they'll make a sequel.

FADE 🕶️ UT.

TAG:

INT. CHANCE'S LOS FELIZ BUNGALOW - DAY

CHYRON: 6 months later...

CLOSE UP on a FRAMED VARIETY MAGAZINE COVER with a photo of
 Chance, Mitchell, Wyatt, and Dennis goofing on the red
 carpet. The story is titled "Blow Up The Chat: A Hollywood
 Tale of Fame, Friendship, Folly, and Phones".

We PULL OUT to see the framed magazine hangs in Chance's
 breakfast nook. Chance sips coffee and marks a script.
 Mitchell comes in from a run with a towel around his neck,
 sipping a green smoothie, looking sweaty and healthy.

CHANCE
 Hey Hollywood! How was the run?

MITCHELL
 Another day in paradise...

Mitchell takes a huge toke of a vape pen.

CHANCE
 I think that kinda negates all the,
 uh...never-mind.

Chance's phone rings. He answers.

CHANCE (cont'd)
(into phone)
Olivia! How's my favorite pub--

SPLIT-SCREEN with Olivia as she gets a manicure.

OLIVIA
(into phone)
Deadline. Now.

Chance pulls up Deadline on his phone. The top story has the Da Boyz group pool selfie. HEADLINE: *Sony options Blow Up The Chat, viral Variety article.*

CHANCE
(excitedly)
Holy shit!

OLIVIA
Keep scrolling.

Chance scrolls a little further, revealing the SUB-HEADLINE: *Reece Polk to pen screenplay.* Along with Reece's headshot.

CHANCE
(horrified)
Holy *shit*. (beat) Call you back.

He hangs up and feverishly texts the re-named "*Da Men Chat*".

CHANCE TEXT: Guys...

The texts pour in.

DENNIS TEXT: Already saw it. OMFG.

WYATT TEXT: Reece Polk?? Is this legal??

MITCHELL TEXT: I'm taking a shit, can someone fill me in?

DIPTI TEXT: *Mars Attacks alien head exploding meme*

The texts pile on and on, overtaking the screen.

FADE TO BLACK.