

"CLERKS II"

1 EXT. QUICK STOP - MORNING

1

As ever, the block of stores. The steel shutters are closed. Dante's shit-box pulls into his usual spot. DANTE emerges from the car, sunglasses in place. He shuffles through his keys, finds the master, and inserts it into the large padlock of the right window shutter. The lock snaps open, and Dante reaches down to grab the shutter handle. He rolls the shutter up, revealing the large, plate-glass window. It takes him a second or two to notice the ENORMOUS FUCKING FIRE ablaze within the store, on the other side of the glass, licking at the window, eager to emerge.

Quickly, Dante slams the shutter closed again, and takes a beat to look around. Did he really see what he just say? Unsure, he slowly rolls the steel shutter up. Yup - the store's on fire inside. He closes the steel shutter again, pulls out his cell phone, and dials 911, ducking debris.

DANTE

Yah, I got a fire at the Quick Stop... yeah...

2 EXT. QUICK STOP - LATER

2

Two fire trucks are now parked outside the burning husk of the store. A Fireman rolls up a still-wet hose as smoke drifts from the shattered front windows and dislodged door of the store. Into this subsiding chaos strolls RANDAL, who doesn't really notice the disaster until he's on top of it. He looks around, a bit underwhelmed, and spots...

Dante, sitting on the curb across the street, head in hands, staring at the OC mess, stunned. Randal enters the shot, standing beside Dante. He looks up and down the street.

RANDAL

Terrorists?

Dante slowly shakes his "No." Randal nods, then thinks, then comes to a realization.

RANDAL

I left the coffee pot on again, didn't I?

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

Dante slowly nods affirmatively, as the opening chords of the Talking Heads' " (Nothing But) Flowers" kick in.

RANDAL

SHIT! Now where am I gonna bring
chicks to fuck when my Mom's
home?

CREDITS - under which we lay out our new world...

3 EXT. TRI-TOWN SUBURBIA - DAY 3

A hood-mounted, drive-by shot of the various local colors of tri-town suburbia ends with a whip-pan to Dante, driving, sunglasses in place. He's wearing a MOOBY'S uniform shirt, looking out the window at his world - the world he's about to leave behind.

4 EXT. RANDAL'S HOUSE - DAY 4

Dante pulls up, laying on the horn. After a beat, Randal exits, carrying a paper and a Slim-Jim. He does a hood-slide across Dante's car, and jumps into the passenger seat. The car pulls out.

5 INT. DANTE'S CAR - DAY 5

Dante drives. Randal opens his Slim-Jim while eating some gum.

RANDAL

So - you ready for your big last
day?

DANTE

I am.

RANDAL

You gonna do anything crazy
before you leave New Jersey
forever?

DANTE

How long have you known me?

RANDAL

If I were you, I'd spray paint
"Eat Pussy" across the side of
the building in huge letters.

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

Why?

RANDAL

Let 'em know you were there, man.

DANTE

I'd rather let 'em know I'm not
an asshole.

RANDAL

Too late for that.

(beat)

So, when do you and your old lady
head down to Florida?

DANTE

Tomorrow morning. Car's all
packed up.

RANDAL

She must be flooding herself,
'cause she finally got her way.

DANTE

She's happy, yeah.

RANDAL

Let me ask you this.

(he takes his gum out,
sticks it on the dash)Before you gave her the ring, did
you ever ask her how many dicks
she's sucked?

Randal takes a bite of his Slim-Jim. Dante offers him a
scowl. Then...

DANTE

I'm really gonna miss you, man.

More shots of the local color, intercut with the boys
looking out at their surroundings.

Dante's car pulls up across the street. The building's
now a condemned, abandoned husk. There's a "KEEP OUT"
sign on it.

RANDAL

I can't believe they haven't done anything with it yet.

DANTE

The Lord did something with it. He smited that Hell-hole.

RANDAL

"Hell-hole"... listen to you. You mean to tell me you don't miss it at all?

DANTE

God, no! Do you?

Randal eyes the store. He offers a non-committal shrug. Dante puts the car in drive.

DANTE

Of course not.

They pull out, leaving us holding on the former Stop.

EXT. MOOBY'S - DAY

A few quick glamour shots of the fast food eatery that will be our setting.

Standing in the parking lot, Dante and Randal stare up at the side of the building - across which the words "EAT PUSSY" are spray-painted in huge letters.

Randal stares up at the OC letters, smiling. Dante looks at him and shakes his head.

INT. MOOBY'S - DAY

WIDE on the restaurant, as the lights snap on.

CLOSE ON the coffee pot being turned on.

CLOSE ON eggs being poured onto a grill. Tilt up to Randal, who absently fries the eggs.

CLOSE ON breakfast sandwiches being wrapped. Tilt up to reveal Dante doing the wrapping.

CLOSE ON the clock, indicating 7:00am - opening time.

WIDE ON the restaurant, with Randal cooking in the kitchen and Dante jockeying the register.

10 EXT. MOOBY'S - SAME 10

With the opening ritual complete, the day's about to begin.

11 OMITTED 11

12 EXT. MOOBY'S - DAY 12

We're looking at a wall outside the restaurant. All is quiet. Suddenly, a VAN wipes the frame. We jump cut, and as the van clears, music kicks in, and we reveal JAY AND SILENT BOB leaning against that same wall. The shorter haired Jay starts air-boxing Silent Bob, 'til Silent Bob reaches into his coat and pulls out a Red Bull. Jay cracks it open, downs it, then crumples the can, drop kicks it across the street, and screams at the top of his lungs...

JAY
GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!
(a beat, he looks up
toward the sky)
Keep going back! It works if you
work it! And you're worth it!

BLACK CARD: (The new and improved) Jay and Silent Bob.

Jay talks to Silent Bob.

JAY
Oh, I fuckin' hate sobriety,
Tubby. I hate it like I hate my
own cock for being a cock instead
of a pussy. Everything's so
fuckin' crisp and loud now. And
boring. It's boring, son, it's
boring!

Bob does nothing but roll his eyes.

JAY
Well, you could try to be a
little more entertaining. This
"no talking" shit's getting
pretty fuckin' tired, yo. I
mean, when I was all high and
shit, it didn't matter, 'cause I
would just pretend you were
talking in my head like the
fuckin' Shining and shit, son.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAY (CONT'D)

(Leans in for emphasis)
Like the fuckin' Shining and
shit. Yeah, I would be, like...

(gestures with pointer
finger as he speaks)

"Danny's not home right now, Mrs.
Torrance. Silent Bob's the
little bow who lives in my
mouth."

(reacts, acts like he's
gonna punch Bob)

Eww, you fuckin' faggot! You'd
love to live in my mouth,
wouldn't you?

Bob gestures a sarcastic "oh, yeah" with a shrug.

JAY

Well, you missed your chance -
when I was all high and shit, you
might've been able to slip your
tubby little cock in me without
me noticing. But that shit's
never gonna happen now. Now that
I'm all dry and shit... Like your
mom's puss.

(beat)

Unless you've got a joint.

Bob reacts, shocked.

JAY

Oooh, motherfucker! You are so
fuckin' lucky! I was just
testing you, you fat fuck.
You're lucky you passed,
otherwise I would've fuckin'
fired you as my sponsor. You
would've been sad and crying like
a little bitch!

Two TEENS approach them. Jay spots the potential
customers.

JAY

Holy shit. Our first customers
since our triumphant return. Act
cool.

TEEN 1

You guys holding?

JAY

Shit, everything but coke,
heroin, and your cock.

(CONTINUED)

TEEN 2

What?

TEEN 1

How 'bout a nickel bag?

JAY

(singi ng)

Fifteen bucks, little man. Put
that shit in my hand.

Teen 2 looks to Teen 1, a bit lost.

TEEN 1

He likes to sing.

(digging for money; to
Jay)So, uh, haven't seen you guys in
a while, man. Where you been all
this time?

JAY

Aw, the fuckin' fuzz popped us at
the border.

TEEN 2

Of Mexi co?

JAY

Of Kingsburg. Me and Silent Bob
finally bought a car, we're
cruising down to the boardwalk.
Fuckin' Middletown cop pulls us
over for suspicion of mischief.

TEEN 1

What the fuck's that mean?

JAY

We were driving around with a
deployed air-bag.

The Teens stare at Jay and Bob, confused.

JAY

Don't ask. Anyway, the cops pull
us over, they find two pounds of
Jamaican Lambs wool. Prosecutor
wants to put us away for a dime,
but the judge gives us rehab
instead.

TEEN 1

Shit, rehab?

(CONTINUED)

JAY

Yup, yup.

TEEN 2

How long were you in?

JAY

Six months, sir. We got six months and two days on the wagon as a good friend of Bill W's. Check it out.

(pulls out chip)

Just got it two days ago, before we got out.

TEEN 2

But you're selling us weed.

JAY

Gotta earn, don't I?

TEEN 2

Yeah, but if you're holding all the time, aren't you gonna be tempted to get high?

JAY

Oh, not with the power of Christ on my side, sir.

Jay nudges Silent Bob, who then holds a pocket Bible aloft.

TEEN 2

Is that a fuckin' Bible?

JAY

Hey, hey, the Holy fuckin' bible, son!

TEEN 2

Sorry.

JAY

Whenever I'm feeling for dope, I just ask God for guidance. Say an "Our Father," open the Bible up to any page, point to it, read what it says. That's how Jesus talks to us.

TEEN 2

Get the fuck out of here.

(CONTINUED)

JAY
 (to Silent Bob)
 A nonbeliever, sir.
 (to Teens)
 Check it out.

Jay and Bob tilt their heads back and close their eyes, and begin praying. Bob holds up the Bible.

JAY
 Our Father, who art in Heaven,
 hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom
 come, Thy will be done on Earth
 as it is in Heaven.

TEEN 2
 (to Teen 1)
 What the fuck kind of songbird,
 Jesus-freak dealers did you bring
 me to?

TEEN 1
 I like 'em, man. They're funny.

TEEN 2
 (eyeing Jay and Bob)
 They're fucking stupid.

Jay and Bob continue to pray for a couple of moments. Jay finishes, but notices that Bob continues. Jay looks uncomfortable, nudges Silent Bob.

JAY
 (to Silent Bob)
 Woah, woah, woah, that's a
 little... Come on.

Bob opens the Bible, flips through a few page, and points to a passage. They both look at the Bible and read.

JAY
 "And if his means suffice not for
 a lamb, then he shall bring his
 trespass offering for that
 wherein he hath sinned. Two
 turtledoves or two young
 pigeons."
 (Looks back at the teens)
 Leviticus, chapter five, verse
 seven.

TEEN 2
 What the fuck's that mean?

(CONTINUED)

JAY

What are you, fuckin' stupid?
Two young pigeons - that means me
and Silent Bob both are gonna get
our dicks sucked tonight. So
sayeth the shepard...

(Jay and Bob high-five)
...so sayeth the flock. You
should read your Bible, sirs.
You'll find all types of weird
shit in there. Like did you know
Jesus was a Jew?

TEEN 2

Yeah.

Randal types furiously at the Mooby-Net kiosk. Dante's
behind the counter, trying to put together an order.

DANTE

I need two Cow-Tippers and we're
almost out of hash browns.

RANDAL

Hold on.

DANTE

(grabs ahold of the order
microphone)
Now, Randal.

Randal half moves away from the terminal and half stays.
He taps a few last keys and then heads for the kitchen.

DANTE

What're you writing over there,
anyway? Your memoirs?

RANDAL

I'm battling this jackass at this
blog's message board.

DANTE

About what?

RANDAL

About how he's got too much free
time and no life.

DANTE

Says the guy who's flaming him on his website.

RANDAL

I can't help it. Guy pisses me off.

DANTE

What's the blog?

RANDAL

(while cooking)

WheeleBlog.org. It's this fuck in a wheelchair who's always preying on everyone's sympathies and writing these long diatribes about how he'll never walk again, and how walkers should appreciate the blessings of their functioning legs.

DANTE

That "datribe" as you call it sounds more like some poor, crippled guy pouring out his heart and feelings.

RANDAL

Oh, fuck him - trying to guilt me into walking around more because he's all gimped out. What kinda mind-fuck is that shit?

(dumping fries)

So I've been getting into it with him on his board - throwing it back in his stupid crippy-boy face about how much I love to just sit around, and how I'd rather drive to the end of the block than walk.

DANTE

The guy's in a wheel chair.

RANDAL

Yeah - that's why I called him "Crippy-Boy."

(handing bag to customer)

Have a good one.

CUSTOMER

You fucking freak.

(CONTINUED)

The horrified, tattooed, and pierced customer grabs her bag, yanks her similarly tatted and pierced husband by his extended earlobe, and drags him out of the joint.

RANDAL

I'm not even gonna point out the irony here.

DANTE

What's the matter with you?

RANDAL

What? What'd I do now?

DANTE

There's a crippled guy who found a way to reach out to a world he feels isolated from, and you've somehow found a way to take issue with him.

RANDAL

Sure, take his side.

DANTE

Have you become so embittered that now you feel the need to attack the handicapped?

RANDAL

What handicapped? Thy guy's in a wheel chair. It's not like he's Anne Frank or something.

DANTE

Anne Frank?

RANDAL

Yeah, Anne Frank. The chick who was all...

Randal offers a particularly offensive impression of a blind, deaf, and dumb youth.

RANDAL

...until the Miracle Worker showed up and knocked some smarts into her.

DANTE

You're talking about Helen Keller.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL
No I'm not. I'm talking about
Anne Frank. She was deaf, dumb,
and blind.

DANTE
No she wasn't. Helen Keller was
deaf, dumb, and blind.

RANDAL
Are you sure?

DANTE
Yep.

RANDAL
(thinks)
Then who the fuck's Anne Frank?

DANTE
Anne Frank was the little Jewish
girl who hid from the Nazis in a
secret room with her family. She
wrote a diary?

RANDAL
Oh, yeah...
(thinks)
Then I guess this guy is like
Anne Frank - what with the diary
and all.

DANTE
No, he's like Helen Keller, with
the handicap, ya' jerk!

Randal eyeballs Dante, kinda threateningly.

RANDAL
You always gotta be right, don't
you? Ya' Nazi douchebag...

The drive-thru register beeps O.C. Randal walks over
and picks up the headphones, holds them to his ear.

RANDAL
(into mic.)
What? What do you want?
(beat)
No, we don't serve Cow Tippers in
the morning. Freedom Toast is a
possibility.

14 EXT. MOOBY'S - DAY

14

A car pulls up, and EMMA emerges. She looks at the "Eat Pussy" tag on the building - beside which lean Jay and Silent Bob. They smile at her. Jay nods to the tag.

JAY

Oh, we totally do.

Emma offers them a "dream on" look and heads inside. Jay nudges Bob, and he gets the Bible out of his pocket. They tilt their heads back and close their eyes.

JAY

Our Father, who art in Heaven...

(beat)

...amen.

Bob opens up the Bible to a random page and points to a passage. Jay and Bob look at it.

JAY

"And he took all the fat that was upon the inwards, and the caul of the liver, and the two kidneys and their fat, and Moses burned upon the altar."

(beat, Jay looks at Bob)

Wait, what!?

Bob shrugs.

15 INT. MOOBY'S - SAME

15

Dante's at the counter, helping someone. Emma approaches.

DANTE

That'll be \$12.64.

Emma climbs atop the counter, sits her ass on the kitchen closest edge, wraps her legs around Dante, and starts making out with him. The Customer watches, a bit flabbergasted. Randal saunters over, holding the customer's order. He looks at the making out Dante and Emma, and nods to the customer.

RANDAL

Avert your eyes, ya' perv.

(CONTINUED)

CUSTOMER

That's not very hygienic, is all
I'm gonna tell you.

The Customer exits. Randal looks at Dante and Emma, who
still make out.

RANDAL

Emma, are you like this 'cause
you have an unnaturally large
clit?

Breaks kiss, shocked. She lightly hits Dante.

EMMA

You just had to tell him, didn't
you?

DANTE

It just kinda came out one day.

RANDAL

He says it's so big, it's almost
like a little cock, which says
all kinds of weird things about
him that I don't even want to
think about.

EMMA

Whatever. Not that it's any of
your business, but yeah - it's
kinda big.

RANDAL

So what were you, like, born an
hermaphrodite or something?

EMMA

No, you retard. It's just an
oversized clit.

RANDAL

D'jever think about getting an
operation to scale it back or
something? Make it a little more
normal?

EMMA

Yeah - I should probably do that,
huh? I mean, it's only
responsible for paralyzing
orgasms.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EMMA (CONT'D)

And why would I wanna cum like a porn star when I could get circumcised instead? That's a great fucking idea, Graves.

RANDAL

(to Dante)

The mouth on this chick...

DANTE

You wouldn't want to be with a girl with an over-sized clit?

RANDAL

No. 'Cause the next stop is a guy with an under-sized dick.

EMMA

You're such an idiot. And, for starters, think of how little work even you would have to put into sex. With me, you never have to worry about coming too quick.

RANDAL

Yeah, like I worry about that with non-mutant chicks.

Emma's finally done with Randal for now, she turns back to Dante.

EMMA

You are so not getting laid for a week.

RANDAL

(Laughs)

Again?

EMMA is sitting on Dante's lap, making out with him, as the pair ride a swing in the Mooby's playground. She grinds him.

EMMA

You're a little hard.

DANTE

'cause you're a little close to me.

EMMA

(pulling away slightly)
I can pull back if you want...

DANTE

Can we pull back into our own apartment in Florida again?

EMMA

Really? Goddamn it, Dante. How many times are we going to have this fucking conversation? There is no point in getting an apartment anymore. My mother has pretty much told us that she's going to get us a house as a wedding gift. So, why the fuck are we going to sign a lease, when we're going to have our own home in, like, six months? It doesn't make any sense.

DANTE

Your parent's generosity just makes me a little uncomfortable, Em. They're gonna give us a house, your Dad's giving me one of his car washes to run. It just feels weird.

EMMA

Babe, it just feels weird because you're so used to life shitting on you all the time.

DANTE

What the fuck's that mean.

EMMA

All I'm saying is that now, suddenly, you've got a woman who loves you, a new job opportunity, and a fantastic life to look forward to, right?

(smiles)

You gotta face it, Tiger - you hit the jackpot.

Dante smiles. They kiss. Then...

OC RANDAL

'sup?

(CONTINUED)

Dante and Emma break their kiss to see Randal staring at them.

DANTE
Something wrong?

RANDAL
Nope. Just saw ya' guys talking
and thought I'd join you.

EMMA
God, it must be nice to have a
job with so much down-time.

RANDAL
Down-time's important. If I had
to deal with all the fucking
mouth-breathers non-stop without
a break, I'd bury my head in the
deep fryer.

Emma and Dante stare at Randal for a beat, waiting for
him to move along. Instead, he just adds...

RANDAL
Balls, too.

EMMA
Okay, um, who's watching the
counter?

RANDAL
Nobody. That's why it rocks that
this place is never busy. Means
we can all hang outside and enjoy
this beautiful day.

EMMA
Do you really want to sit here
and watch me and my fiance make
out? Are you that much of a
loser?

RANDAL
Not really. I was actually gonna
ask you two to knock it off while
I was out here.

EMMA
I don't fucking understand why
you can't be happy for your best
friend. He finally found a woman
who loves him.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

(scoffs)

Like you even register as a chick to me. You might as well be a dude.

EMMA

Really?

RANDAL

Yeah, you're my best friend's girlfriend. You became persona-non-nookie the moment he started diddlin' your pooter.

EMMA

Fair enough... Um, so thinking of me in terms of being a girl kinda creeps you out, does it?

RANDAL

Sweetheart, I don't think of you as a girl. I don't think of you as...

Emma pulls her top up and down quickly, flashing Randal. Randal's stopped dead in his tracks.

RANDAL

Oh, that was just wrong.

EMMA

If you don't get the fuck out of here so that I can spend some quality time with my man, next I'm gonna show you my "pooter."

RANDAL

(still stuck on the tits)

Why would you want to do something like that?

Emma unbuttons her jeans.

RANDAL

All right, all right! I'm leaving! Jesus!

Randal rushes off. Emma takes her seat on the swing. Dante looks at Emma, disapprovingly.

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

What'd you do that for? You realize he just thinks you're trying to get him into a three way with us, now, don't you?

EMMA

(Laughs)
Oh...

DANTE

I'm never gonna hear the end of it.

EMMA

You've only gotta hear it for, what, eight more hours? And then you never have to hear this shit again. In fact, fuck this place - I'm taking you home with me right now. I'm gonna sex you up.

DANTE

I can't, I'm gonna need all the cash I can get to pay off that sorry-ass ring.

EMMA

I love my ring.

DANTE

It's the type of ring only a fast-food employee can afford.

EMMA

If it wasn't for fast food, we never would've met, you 'tard. You're just lucky I'm all about those bovine-size Diet Cokes.

DANTE

Or I'm just lucky I finally worked up the nerve to ask you out before Randal did.

EMMA

Eww! Like I ever would've gone for Randal Graves.

DANTE

Well, why'd you go for me?

(CONTINUED)

EMMA

Is him lookin' to have him ego stroked just a little bit?

DANTE

"Him" just finds it hard to believe that a guy that looks like him, working a shit job lands some high school prom queen 15 years after them granduated. That shit never happens.

EMMA

It does. It happens when a girl's dated enough pretty boys and jocks to realize that the best guys are usually the least obvious.

DANTE

Most mornings, I'm half expecting to wake up and find myself powering the Matrix or something.

EMMA

(Laughing)
See? That's why I went for you. You're funny.

DANTE

Randal's funner.

EMMA

Eww. No, he's not. He's a fucking Lloyd. Like most Jersey guys.

DANTE

You talk tough. When we're crossing the state line, I bet you'll get all sentimental for Jersey and squirt a few tears.

EMMA

Yeah, tears of joy maybe, but, come on, Dante, you know that I hated growing up here and I didn't miss it when I was away at college. I sure as fuck am not gonna miss it when we're living it up in sunny Florida. Jersey sucks and we are surrounded by morons.

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

Come on! No, we're not!

Jay and Silent Bob race up, joining Emma and Dante.

JAY

Hey, I heard there's girls
ripping their titties out - Girls
Gone Wild and shit!

Emma gestures at Dante, sighs.

DANTE

Will you two guys get outta here
before I call the cops?

Jay and Bob sulk away, seeking solace in their pocket
Bible.

EMMA

(standing to leave)

On that note, I'm gonna go.

DANTE

Whoa, whoa, woah - you leavi n' ?

EMMA

Yeah, I've got some errands to
run and --

(wry laugh)

-- I've gotta get waxed before we
hit the road tomorrow. My bush
is so out of control, pretty
soon, you're not going to be able
to see my clit.

DANTE

Please - your clit can be seen
from space.

Emma teasingly pushes Dante, laughs. She gets ready to
leave.

EMMA

Florida forever?

DANTE

Jersey never.

EMMA

That's better. I love you.

She kisses Dante.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (7)

DANTE

Love you, too.

Emma heads off. Dante watches her go. Randal re-joins Dante outside. They watch Emma pull out. Then...

RANDAL

Dude, I'm pretty sure your old lady wants to get me and you together in a three-way.

Dante sighs in frustration and walks off.

17 EXT. MOOBY'S - DAY

17

A station wagon pulls up, packed with a mother, father and son, whistling happily. A somewhat dweeby, maybe borderline retarded ELIAS emerges, dressed in a Mooby's uniform. He goes around to the driver's side and kisses the driver, his MOTHER, goodbye. As she pulls away, he heads into the restaurant.

18 INT. MOOBY'S - SAME

18

As Elias enters, still whistling, Randal's standing there, eyeballing him.

RANDAL

Dude, how old are you?

ELIAS

You know I'm nineteen, Randal. You wouldn't work for me last week, remember? 'cause you said working on my birthday'd help me build character.

Elias notices the "Funployee of the Month" picture - his - with a Randal-added word balloon that reads "I eat cock." He takes the word balloon down, crumpling it up.

ELIAS

At least you spelled "cock" right this time.

RANDAL

Why the fuck are you still getting rides from your mother? And even worse, what the fuck are you kissing her goodbye for? What is she, your fucking prom date?

(CONTINUED)

Randal replaces the removed word balloon with a drawing of a cock, exploding with a fireworks-display-like helping of cum.

ELIAS

You're not gonna bother me today, Randal. I'm in too good a mood.

RANDAL

Because your mom slipped you the tounge?

ELIAS

No. Because I just read online that there's gonna be a live-action "Transformers" movie.

RANDAL

And?

ELIAS

And as you know, my online handle is Optimus Prime, so not only is it awesome that there's gonna be a live-action "Transformers", but I'm positioned with the best possible 'net handle and email address for when the movie comes out.

RANDAL

Oh, you're gonna be rolling in the pussy, man.

ELIAS

Don't be gross.

RANDAL

Says the guy who was just playing tonsil-hockey with his mother.

ELIAS

(calling out)
MISTER DANTE!

Dante swings open the bathroom door, where he's taking his morning dump, reading a paper.

DANTE

(as if said a thousand times)
Leave Elias alone, Randal.

(CONTINUED)

That's when Dante notices the family sitting across from the open bathroom door, staring at him, aghast. The Father covers his kids' eyes.

FATHER

Don't look at his wee-wee!

Dante quickly closes the bathroom door.

Elias smiles smugly at Randal as he pulls on the drive-thru headphones. Randal shakes his head.

RANDAL

Dude, the Transformers sucked.

ELIAS

Oh - no the didn't! They were more than meets the eye! They could beat the pants off Ranger Danger any day.

RANDAL

Sh'yeah - I'll lose sleep wondering whether you're right about that or not. I though you weren't even allowed to watch a lot of TV in your house because you're all Christian and shit.

ELIAS

As it turns out, cars and trucks that turn into robots aren't blasphemous. 'cause, my Pastor says machines can turn into other machines, and it's not a slight against God.

RANDAL

The "Transformers" were a total slight against God, inasmuch as God sent His only begotten Son to die on the cross to redeem mankind, and all we did to pay Him back was make terrible fucking cartoons like the "Transformers."

ELIAS

- Nice shot. Well, at Bible Camp, we did this flow chart that kind of proved, or whatever, that since God created man, and man created the "Transformers"...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS (CONT'D)

then the "Transformers" are like
a gift from God, Randal.

RANDAL

No, sir. They're not a gift from
God. They're an unholy curse
from the Beast Who is Called the
Desolate One!

EMMA

(covering his ears)
I don't wanna hear this,
Randal...

RANDAL

(taunting him)
The First of the Fallen, the
Spoiler of Virgins, the Master of
Abortions!

EMMA

(backing up toward the
drive-thru window)
You know I don't like to talk
about dark forces, Randal.

RANDAL

(singing King Diamond)
Let me help you... out of the
chair! G...G...Grandma!

Just then, Jay and Silent Bob pop up in the drive-thru
window, chiming in with the song.

JAY

Grandma, what was it like?! To
be on that Holiday site!

As Jay climbs through the window into the restaurant,
Randal switches gears, singing The Invisible Guests
instead.

RANDAL

Late that... night I... awoke
from my...

JAY

(joining in, moshing Elias
with Randal)
Sleep hearing...
unknown... voices...

JAY AND RANDAL

(together, high pitched)
... LAUGHING INSANE!!!

(CONTINUED)

Elias runs off, screaming, forgetting that he's still wearing the connected drive-thru headphones. He gets a few feet then is suddenly yanked backwards, landing on the floor. Randal, Jay and Silent Bob stare at him as he lays there, groaning.

ELIAS

Owww... my back and leg... and arm...

Jay suddenly gets excited, turns to Randal.

JAY

Fuck, man! I love King Diamond, man!

(holds up Devil horns)

Long live the King! Black metal rules!

Randal says nothing, he just looks at Jay and Bob for a moment. Then...

RANDAL

What are you doing behind the counter?

Jay is totally confused.

JAY

Sir, we're...

Jay doesn't get a chance to finish before Randal pushes him from behind the counter. Randal then waves at Silent Bob to get him away from the window.

Dante cleans the front windows. Thought the window, we see BECKY pull up and get out of her car outside. Dante waves to her and she waves back, collecting her purse. Randal rockets up to Dante.

RANDAL

Oh, what the fuck was that?

DANTE

What?

RANDAL

That wave?

DANTE

I saw Becky, so I waved.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

She'll be in here in twenty seconds.

DANTE

And?

RANDAL

And you've gotta greet her before she gets inside, ya' fucking ass kiss? What's that all about?

DANTE

It's called friendship.

RANDAL

She's your boss. You can't be friends with your boss.

DANTE

No - you can't be friends with your boss. I like my boss.

RANDAL

(eyeing Dante)

I think there's something going on between you two.

DANTE

You're crazy.

RANDAL

You spend an awful lot of time talking to her.

DANTE

I spend an awful lot of time talking to you, too.

RANDAL

And I've always maintained you're harboring an unrequited homosexual crush on me.

DANTE

We're just friends.

RANDAL

That's what I keep telling you.

DANTE

No, you idiot. Me and Becks.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

"Becks"? I knew it? You're fucking around with the boss!

DANTE

Yeah - that's why I'm moving to Florida with my fiancée.

RANDAL

Why would you wanna fuck around with someone your own age, man? If you wanted to sow some of your wild oats, there are all these fine, young chicks who stop in here after school.

DANTE

First off, I'm not cheating on my fiancée. Secondly, if I was gonna cheat on my fiancée, it wouldn't be with a teenager.

RANDAL

Why not? The best part of this job is all the barely legal pussy that comes in. And they all look up to me because I've got a driver's license. It's awesome.

DANTE

You're thirty-three!

RANDAL

You show me one thirty-three-year-old chick who's as buck-wild in bed as her seventeen-year-old counterpart? Seventeen-year-olds nowadays are crazy, man. They're up for anything. They even like it when you go ass-to-mouth.

Dante is stunned and disgusted.

DANTE

Oh... my... God...

RANDAL

What?

DANTE

Are you serious?

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

I don't fuck around when it comes
to ass-to-mouth.

DANTE

YOU NEVER GO ASS-TO-MOUTH!

RANDAL

It's never my idea. These young
chicks today get all horned-up,
and they tell you to go ass-to-
mouth.

DANTE

YOU NEVER GO ASS-TO-MOUTH,
RANDAL!

RANDAL

You sound like my mom.

Becky enters. She's dressed in a managerial variation
of the standard Mooby uniform.

RANDAL

Becks, do you ever go ass-to-
mouth?

BECKY

You never go ass-to-mouth.

RANDAL

You've never gone ass-to-mouth?

DANTE

YOU NEVER GO ASS-TO-MOUTH!

BECKY

I've never gone ass-to-mouth.

RANDAL

Not even once?

BECKY

Not even ever.

RANDAL

You're both so repressed.

(to Becky)

Al right, look - you've given a
blow job, right

(CONTINUED)

BECKY
(flabbergasted)
I haven't even put my purse down yet...

RANDAL
That's a yes.
(to Dante)
And I know you've gone down on chicks.

BECKY
What's your point?

RANDAL
Well, when you're done chowing down on the no-no parts of your lover, you kiss 'em, right? That's just like going ass-to-mouth.

BECKY
(almost in disbelief)
Okay, I'm pretty sure you just compared a vagina to an asshole.

RANDAL
(Laughs)
And...? They're both small, dank holes that emit waste and a particular odor, as well as provide sexual gratification.

BECKY
Have you re-stocked all the napkin holders yet?

RANDAL
That's an Elias job.

BECKY
That comparison of pink and brown eyes just made it a Randal job.

ELIAS
(from OC)
Zing!

RANDAL
(to OC)
Shut the fuck up, Go-Bot.
(to Becky)
(MORE)

19 CONTINUED: (5)

RANDAL (CONT'D)

I could probably sue this whole corporation for sexual harassment. You're just making me re-stock the napkin holders because of my firmly held beliefs on the subject of ass-to-mouth.

DANTE

YOU NEVER GO ASS-TO-MOUTH!

RANDAL

(to Dante)

Would you grow up?

He heads off. Becky and Dante watch him go.

BECKY

I'm gonna tell you this because we're friends...

(quietly)

But sometimes, in the heat of the moment, it's forgivable to go ass-to-mouth.

OC RANDAL

I KNEW IT!

Beck shakes her head and enters the kitchen, leaving the stunned Dante standing there, mouth agape.

20 EXT. MOOBY'S - DAY

20

Jay and Silent Bob ride their wall. After a beat, Jay says to Silent Bob...

JAY

I'm fucking bored, man. And boredom's the first step on the road to relapse.

Silent Bob studies Jay for a beat, then exits the frame. He comes back with a boom box, sets it down and presses play. Q Lazzurus' "Goodbye Horses" begins playing (that's the song from "Silence of the Lambs" that Buffalo Bill dances and tucks to). Jay starts doing his best Buffalo Bill dance, pulling out Chapstick and applying it like lipstick.

JAY

Would you fuck me? I'd fuck me. I'd fuck me hard...

21 INT. BACK OFFICE - DAY

21

Becky's at her desk, looking at an un-Mooby looking, medical paperwork. She's a bit stressed about what she's reading.

BECKY

Shit...

There's a knock at the door, and Dante enters. Becky shoves the paperwork in her purse and smiles up at him.

DANTE

Well hello, Ms. Scott.

BECKY

Well here he is - the Escape Artist.

DANTE

I'm not gone yet.

BECKY

Please. You've been gone for the last month. When do you guys leave?

DANTE

We start driving tomorrow morning. I left you the forwarding address for my last check on the calendar.

BECKY

(Looks at desk calendar)
So you did.
(smiles knowingly)
That's her parents' house, right?

DANTE

Yes - but we're only there 'til the wedding. Then, from what I hear, her parents are giving us a house.

BECKY

Niiiiice. So I guess dowries are making a comeback.

DANTE

Her Dad sweetened the pot with two fatted calves and a goat.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

(Laughs)
I'm gonna miss you, Hicks.

DANTE

I'm gonna miss you, too.

BECKY

I still can't believe you're just gonna leave me alone in this place. With Randal Graves of all people.

DANTE

Quit. Move to Florida. You can work at the car wash with me.

BECKY

Wow. You make it sound so tempting. How can I say no? Oh yeah: 'cause it's a fucking car wash in Florida.

DANTE

Like it's any worse than this place?

BECKY

Hurl the insults all you want, Buddy-Man. As soon as my uncle's back on his feet, it's not like I'm staying here.

DANTE

How's he doing?

BECKY

Alot better. It only took two years and a shit-load of chemo, but this red cell count's almost back to normal.

DANTE

That's great.

BECKY

Yeah, great for me, too. A couple weeks in this crap-shack turned into a couple years a little too quickly.
(MORE)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

BECKY (CONT' D)

But, Hicks - we can sit her,
making small talk about your last
day and what I'm gonna do once
you're gone, or we can treat this
like any other work day.

Becky reaches into her desk drawer and extracts some
nail polish. She holds it up, smiles at Dante.

22 INT. MOOBY'S - DAY

22

Elias plays with an onion ring, from which he pulls an onion
ring. Randal stocks a napkin holder.

ELIAS

Randal.

Randal looks up. Elias extends the onion ring toward
him.

ELIAS

(in trailer voice)

"One ring to rule them all..."

RANDAL

And you wonder why no chick'll
ever let you stick your cock in
her.

RANDAL

S'yeah, because you've accepted
the fact that you'll never get a
chick a long time ago.

ELIAS

I could get a chick if I wanted.

RANDAL

Who're you kidding? You can't
get a chick ya' mook. You're too
weird and sad.

ELIAS

I turn down chicks left and
right.

RANDAL

(nodding to Elias' hands)

Your chicks are your left and
right.

ELIAS

Sh'yeah, right. What do you
know?

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

Uh, I know you're a huge fucking nerd of Poptoe-like proportions, and no chicks dig nerds. Especially nerds who dig "Lord of the Rings."

ELIAS

(defensively)

Chicks dig "Lord of the Rings", Randal.

RANDAL

Yeah - the kind of chicks who're into swords and elves and shit. And I wouldn't fuck them with the Torch of Gondor.

ELIAS

Ewww, you're so gross.

A CUSTOMER enters and approaches the counter. Elias puts on his customer service hat.

ELIAS

Welcome to Mooby's, may I take your order?

CUSTOMER

I'll have an Udder-ly Delicious Moo-ilk shake, a Skinny Calf, and an order of onion rings, please.

Elias punches the order into the register, quietly adding...

ELIAS

"One ring to rule them all..."

CUSTOMER

"One ring to find them..."

RANDAL

Oh, Jesus...

ELIAS

"One ring to bring them all..."

CUSTOMER

"And in the darkness, bind them!"

Elias and the Customer hold up "Ring" replicas to one another and high five. Randal shakes his head, disgusted.

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

YES! How many times?

CUSTOMER

Three for "Fellowship", two for "Towers", and four for "Return."

ELIAS

(pointing to himself)

Five for "Return."

RANDAL

(getting pissed)

Alright, Look - there's only one "Return", okay! And it ain't of a King, it's of the Jedi!

CUSTOMER

(to Elias, off Randal)

"Star Wars" geek.

RANDAL

Oh, I'm the geek? Look at you two - whipping out your Precious-es.

ELIAS

(off Randal)

You'll have to excuse him. He's not "down" with the Trilogy.

RANDAL

What the fuck happened to this world? There's only one Trilogy, you fuckin' morons.

CUSTOMER

Maybe we should start calling your friend Padme because he Loves Mannequin Skywalker so much.

(doing the robot)

"Danger! Danger! My name is Anakin! My shitting acting is ruining saga!"

ELIAS

(to Randal)

You're crazy, Jar-Jar!

RANDAL

Oh, I'm crazy? Those fucking Hobbit movies were boring as hell.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RANDAL (CONT'D)

All it was was a bunch of people walking. Three movies of people walking to a fucking volcano. Here's the first movie...

With feigned purpose, Randal walks a few feet, looking to some imaginary Mount Doom in the distance.

RANDAL

Here's the second movie...

He does it again, though he suddenly stops and side-steps, as if something has fallen next to him. Then, he continues his walk cycle anew.

CUSTOMER

He's waaay off. Loser.

RANDAL

Are you ready for the third one...

Randal walks again, then stops and pull an imaginary ring off his finger, tossing it into the imaginary lava. He shrugs, turns, and walks again, in the opposite direction.

A pair of diners who've been watching this display chime in from the sidelines.

DINER

Fucking-a.

RANDAL

Even the fucking trees walked in those movies.

CUSTOMER

Alright, I've had enough of you. Your simplistic analysis of the Trilogy aside, "The Lord of the Rings" was a massive achievement that even the Academy recognized when they gave Peter Jackson the best directing Oscar - an award your little friend George "Toy Boy" Lucas has never, and will never, win.

ELIAS

Ooo - sick burn.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

Lemme tell ya' something - if Peter Jackson really wanted to blow me away, he would've ended that last "Rings" picture at the logical closure point - no the twenty five endings that followed.

ELIAS

And what's the logical closure point?

CUSTOMER

Yeah, friend - enlighten us.

RANDAL

When Frodo wakes up from his coma or whatever, and the little Hobbits are jumping up and down on his bed, and then, Sam leans in the doorway, and gives Frodo that very fucking gay look.

ELIAS

Not the "Ring" Randal! Say what you will about Jesus, but leave the "Rings" out of this!

CUSTOMER

I'm gonna kick your fucking ass back to the shire if you don't shut your fucking mouth!

RANDAL

That look was so gay, I thought Sam was gonna tell the little Hobbits to take a walk, so he could saunter over to Frodo and suck his fucking cock. Now that would've been an Academy Award-worthy ending.

CUSTOMER

Hey! Faggot! They're not gay! They're Hobbits!

RANDAL

And then, after the Sam/Frodo suck fest, right before the credits roll... Sam fucking flat-out bricks in Frodo's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (5)

CUSTOMER

Fuck you...!

Completely distressed, the Customer suddenly vomits.

23 INT. BACK OFFICE - SAME

23

The laughing Randal suddenly bursts into the office, where Dante paints Becky's toe-nails. She quickly puts her feet down and Dante hides the nail polish.

RANDAL

I made fun of "Lord of the Rings" so hard, it made some super-geek puke all over the counter. Where do we keep the mop and bucket so Elias can clean it up?

DANTE

In the closet with the rest of the cleaning products.

RANDAL

We have cleaning products?

Randal closes the door, leaving Becky and Dante. He then re-opens the door, looking at them suspiciously.

RANDAL

What smells in here?

BECKY

(waves sarcastically)
Buh-Bye.

Randal eyeballs Becky, then turns his glare on Dante.

RANDAL

(quietly; menacingly)
I'm on to you...

Dante reacts as Randal slowly closes the door, nodding at him.

BECKY

You know he's not gonna make it here long once you're not around to protect him anymore, don'tcha?

DANTE

(goes back to nail painting)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANTE (CONT' D)

You're the one encouraging him,
out there advocating ass-to-
mouth.

BECKY

I wasn't advocating it, ya' big
prude. I said it was fine once
in awhile. Like you wouldn't do
it if Emma told you to?

DANTE

Christ, no.

BECKY

Oh, I thought love knew no
bounds.

(stops)

Ew. That came off kinda catty,
didn't it?

DANTE

A little daytime soap-ish, yeah.

BECKY

I'm sorry. I don't know why I
said that. I actually kinda like
Emma.

DANTE

Me too.

BECKY

So that's why you're getting
married...

DANTE

I can't wait 'til you get engaged
one day, so I can bust your balls
as hard as you've busted mine.

BECKY

You're gonna be waiting a long
time, sir.

DANTE

Oh, that's right, I forgot:
you're the cold-hearted ice
princess that doesn't believe in
marriage.

BECKY

I'm not saying it's not right for
you, but, yes - I feel marriage
goes against our primal nature.

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

To be loved?

BECKY

To fuck as much as possible, spread the seed around, and keep the species going. And all that shit they feed us in the movies and greeting cards is just propaganda to get us to marry, have kids, and keep the economy going. Marriage is just the keystone to economics.

DANTE

You're such a sappy girl. You trying to tell me you don't believe in love, Beckala?

BECKY

In romantic love? No. Like, I love my parents. I love my car. I love you. But, romantic love? Hearts and flowers? "There's only one person for me?" C'mon. You know how many people are out there? Odds are there's always gonna be someone who's a better match for you than the person you end up marrying.

DANTE

So, based on your theory, there's someone out there who's better for me than Emma?

BECKY

Oh, no - I'm not touching that one.

DANTE

Wait a second - you don't think I really love her?

BECKY

(thinks)
I think you love what she represents.

DANTE

Which is?

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

C'mon, Dante - she was the girl who wouldn't give you the time of day back in high school. And years later, after she's played the field and realized how unsatisfying the so-called "hotties" are, she went for someone who looks...

DANTE

Oh, my God, you're gonna say "fugly", aren't you?

BECKY

Unconventional.

DANTE

Nice back-pedal.

BECKY

Thank you. It took her a few years to figure out that shit every little girl's Mother tries to teach her, but she has to learn herself. And that's that guys that look like you have a lot more to offer, because you'll always try harder than a pretty boy.

DANTE

What am I, some hideous fucking C.H.U.D. over here?

BECKY

No - you're a catch.
(quickly adds)
Kinda. And Emma's a catch, too. Because not only is she pretty, but she'll make all your decisions for she'll make all your decisions for you. Which is lucky, because you're pretty terrible at making decisions.

DANTE

So, my last day is all about you telling me what an ugly, indecisive loser I am.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

(chuckling)

C'mon, Dante - you worked at Quick Stop for, like a decade. And you've been here for almost a year now? And since day one at both jobs, all you talked about was getting out so you could "start your life." But, it wasn't until Emma walked in here and was like, "move down to Florida with me, and I'll fuck your brains out, and my Daddy'll give you a job," 'til did something about it. And I mean, I get it: Emma's your golden ticket, dude.

DANTE

(Long beat)

So, what's that make you?

BECKY

...I'm just the girl who fucks ugly, indecisive losers in the kitchen once this place is closed. That's me.

The pair crack up. There's a long beat of silence in which the two eyeball one another, smiling. Then...

DANTE

We're never gonna talk about it, are we?

BECKY

What is there to say?

DANTE

Do you regret it?

BECKY

Do you?

DANTE

(thinks)

I only regret it was on the prep station table.

BECKY

S'yeah - you regret it? You weren't the one who got mayo in your cootch.

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

You know, if I was staying, my
new nickname for you would've
been "Tuna Salad".

Becky mock gasps, simultaneously moving to smack Dante.
He flinches, and snaps his eyes shut.

BECKY

(somewhat playfully)
That's right, bitch! Flinch!
(Laughs; nods at the
toenail polish)
Get back to work.

They laugh, followed by a long beat during which they
look at one another.

BECKY

What you you want me to say? We
were drunk. It just kinda
happened.
(pokes his nose)
You're just lucky I'm not one of
those monogamists like your
girl friend. Or else, I might try
to make you stay in Jersey.

DANTE

(dead serious)
If anyone could do it, it'd be
you.

Beck looks at him, really touched. Both want to say
something. Suddenly, Randal enters again, and both look
up, trying not to look "caught". Randal eyes them,
then...

RANDAL

Your ol' lady's out there,
looking for you.

Randal slowly closes the door. Dante closes the nail
polish and excuses himself. Becky watches him go.

Dante emerges from the kitchen to see Emma hopping
excitedly. She rushes forward and grabs Dante's arm.

EMMA

Come outside! I've got a
surprise for you!

24 CONTINUED:

Emma leads Dante out the door.

25 EXT. MOOBY'S - SAME 25

Silent Bob smokes as Jay (pants and boxers down around his ankles, dick tucked back) does the full-on Buffalo Bill. Dante and Emma emerge.

DANTE
This is my surprise?

EMMA
No...

Emma drags Dante OC, as Jay continues his performance.

JAY
(singing)
Goodbye, horses! I'm flying over
you!

26 INT. MOOBY'S - SAME 26

Randal's at the Mooby internet terminal, typing away. Elias saunters up, joining him.

ELIAS
Hey!

Randal doesn't react or engage him in return.

ELIAS
Oh. So... are you looking for a good Transformers site? Because at carstobots.com, you can create an avatar that's your picture morphed to look like a robot.

RANDAL
(not looking up)
C'mon, man - you know I only surf Transformers sites when there're girls around, so they could see how cool I am.

ELIAS
So, what're you doing then?

RANDAL
I'm trying to secure a going away present for Mr. Dante.

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS
Really? Well, how about an Arwen
sword replica?

RANDAL
(with disdain)
What?!

ELIAS
(suddenly scared)
Oh. I just... 'cause it's
thoughtful and practical.

RANDAL
I was thinking of something a
little more sexy.

ELIAS
What's sexier than an Elf
princess' sword?

RANDAL
A donkey show.

ELIAS
What's that?

RANDAL
You ever seen a chick give a mule
a blowjob?

ELIAS
(horri fied)
EWWW, NO!

RANDAL
(covering his mouth)
Shhhh! If you spoil this, I'm
gonna brain ya'. Are you gonna
keep your mouth shut?

Elias half-nods. Randal removes his hand.

ELIAS
That's bestiality, Randal.

RANDAL
(back to typing)
At its finest, I hope.

ELIAS
Who would wanna see something
like that?

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL
Me. Dante. You.

ELIAS
I don't wanna see something like that. Why you would you wanna see something like that?

RANDAL
Because it's fucked up. And I wanna see if a chick with a mouth full a donkey spunk swallows.
(reading screen)
"Kinky Kelly and the Sexy Stud. Fresh from their dirty debut in Tijuana, Kelly's taking it on the road. Taking it in the ass, that is."
(admiringly)
You've gotta give it up for Oscar Wilde-like wordplay that good.

ELIAS
(Looking away from the screen)
Do they show pictures?

RANDAL
Just one of Kinky Kelly sucking off Optimus Prime.

ELIAS
Really?!

Elias scurries to see the non-existent image, and Randal lightly slaps him in the head, as if to say, "You idiot."

RANDAL
Lemme borrow your cell phone.

ELIAS
I'm only supposed to use it to call my parents, in case of an emergency.

RANDAL
This is an emergency. We've gotta lock up Kinky Kelly for tonight so we can give Mr. Dante a memorable send-off. You love Mr. Dante, don'tcha?

ELIAS

In a non-gay way.

RANDAL

Well, then, gimme your phone.
Because Mr. Dante's never seen a
donkey show, and it'd be nice to
give him this before he goes off
to Florida to get married and do
all those other things that
prevent a guy from ever seeing a
fucked up donkey show in his
lifetime.

Elias hands Randal his cell. Randal dials.

RANDAL

(into phone)

Yeah, hi. I was hoping to
schedule Kinky Kelly for a
performance... Tonight...?
'kay.

(covers phone)

I'm on hold. Fingers crossed.

Elias crosses his fingers.

RANDAL

We should cross dicks, too.

Elias absently reaches for his pants. Randal stops him

RANDAL

No.

Emma's sitting cross-legged on the back of her car, a
box of envelopes in front of her. Dante's beside her.
We're moving toward them in a POV that Becky steps into.

BECKY

Work, work, work - that's all you
ever think about, Hicks.

EMMA

Hey, Becks.

BECKY

Hey, Emma. Great shirt.

EMMA

Isn't it? I love it. But, what I love even more, are these.

(hands Becky an envelope)

These came in early, and I just had to come back and show Dante. And give you yours, of course. And, I have one for Randal, I guess.

BECKY

What is it?

She opens it to see a wedding invitation.

EMMA

I know it's three months away, but we'd love it if you could make the trip down.

BECKY

Um... yeah. I wouldn't miss it.

DANTE

I thought we were gonna wait 'til we got down there to pick a date.

EMMA

Awww... Him's thinking again. That is so cute!

Emma pets Dante's head a bit condescendingly. Becky looks really uncomfortable with the whole scene.

EMMA

If we left anything up to these jackals, nothing would ever get done, would it?

Emma kisses Dante, and then hugs him in such a way that Becky and Dante can lock eyes.

BECKY

I guess you've just gotta make their decisions for 'em sometimes.

Dante's look to Becky as she leaves, giving us the impression, for the first time, that the guy might feel a bit trapped.

28 INT. MOOBY'S - SAME

28

Randal's on Elias' cell. Elias listens to the convo.

RANDAL

Alright, then I'll see you 'round
nine...? Got it. Thanks.

Randal hangs up and tosses Elias his cell phone.

RANDAL

My friend, tonight, we bring a
bit of TJ to the Jersey 'burbs.

ELIAS

I don't know about this, Randal.
'cause how do we know this isn't
a hoax? Like, were there any
pictures on the website?

RANDAL

Strangely, no. But, if you've
seen pics of one chick sucking
off a donkey, you've seen 'em
all.

ELIAS

What if you haven't ever seen
pictures of anything like that?

RANDAL

Then you must be as blind as Anne
Frank. Because, what's the use
in having an internet connection
if you're not using it to look at
wierd, fucked up pictures of
dirty sex you'll never have
yourself?

Elias absently nods, heading into the kitchen. Randal
eyes him for a beat. Then catches on, following Elias.

RANDAL

Holy shit. I never pieced it
together 'til right now. You're
a virgin, aren't you?

ELIAS

You know I have a girl friend,
Randal.

RANDAL

Oh, yeah. What's her name again?

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS

Myra Hodgkiss.

RANDAL

You made that up, didn't you?
That name sounds so made up.

ELIAS

No.

RANDAL

Seriously, Elias. Have you and
Myra had sex yet?

ELIAS

That's just kind of personal,
Randal.

RANDAL

C'mon, man. I tell you about my
sex life all the time. I let you
smell my fingers after I fucked
Hayden Weathers' kid sister in
the office that one time, didn't
I?

ELIAS

You kinda made me smell your
fingers.

RANDAL

Well, maybe you just don't like
the pussy. Maybe you're all
about the cock.

ELIAS

No, no! I like the pussy!

RANDAL

So, did Myra ever give you a
crack at her crack or what?

ELIAS

No that it's any of your
business, Randal, but she can't.

RANDAL

Why?

Elias looks at Randal like he should know.

RANDAL

Elias, C'mon! You've gotta start
trusting me more.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL (CONT'D)

Because, once Dante's gone,
you're gonna be my new best
friend.

ELIAS

(incredulous but hopeful)
No, I'm not.

RANDAL

Who else am I gonna hang out
with? It's gonna be you and me,
buddy. So, you've gotta learn to
start trusting me. Open up and
tell me shit. Like, why haven't
you fucked Myra yet?

Elias tries to weigh the seriousness of Randal's words.
He then relents, looks around, and quietly says to
Randal.

ELIAS

We can't because of Pillow-Pants.

RANDAL

What the fuck's Pillow-Pants?

ELIAS

Pillow-Pants is the little troll
who lives in her pussy.

Randal stares at Elias, perplexed. Elias is frustrated
by Randal's lack of understanding.

ELIAS

Pillow-Pants is her pussy-troll,
duh.

Randal's dumbfounded.

ELIAS

You know how every girl's parents
put a pussy-troll in them when
the girls are young to keep them
from having pre-marital sex?

At a loss, Randal offers a half-nod to the deluded
Elias.

ELIAS

Well, Myra's is named Pillow-
Pants. And, even though she
wants to have sex with me, she
says if I put my thing in her,
Pillow-Pants will bite it off.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ELIAS (CONT'D)

So, I've gotta wait 'til Pillow-Pants gets peed out of her body on Myra's twenty-first birthday before we can have sex.

RANDAL

(Long beat)

And Myra told you this?

ELIAS

Boyfriend and girlfriends talk to each other about sex stuff, Randal. You'd know this if you ever had a girlfriend.

RANDAL

Have you and Myra ever even kissed yet?

ELIAS

We would've already, if it wasn't for Lister-Fiend.

RANDAL

(thinks; then)

Lister-Fiend is the Mouth-Troll, isn't he?

ELIAS

(shaking his head)

Women...

Randal stares at Elias for a long beat. Then...

RANDAL

I'll be right back.

Randal rushes from behind the counter over to Dante, who's manning a register, waiting on a customer.

RANDAL

You're never gonna believe what Elias just told me...

DANTE

(off customer)

Look who it is, Randal.

Randal looks at the smiling, arrogant-looking customer and deflates slightly.

LANCE

Randal Graves. You work here, too? Jesus - anyone else from our graduating class back there?

(CONTINUED)

Randal and dante stare at Lance dead-eyed. This is the nightmare: having to serve an old classmate.

RANDAL

Well, well, well... Pickle-Fucker.

LANCE

(Laughs)

Why am I not surprised you're still clinging to a nickname you tried to give me in high school?

RANDAL

Well, calling you "Lance" just seemed so formal. You'll always be Pickle-Fucker to me.

LANCE

Man, look at you two "Funployees". Nothing's changed. You know I'll bet dollars to donuts that when you're not fighting over who shot first - Han or Greedo - you can still muster up enough energy to make fun of other people.

RANDAL

Yeah. So, hurry up and order so you can get out of here, and we can make fun of you.

LANCE

Oh, I don't know if you're in a position to make fun of anyone anymore, Graves. Thirty-two and you're flipping burgers? Before that, I heard, it was the Quick Stop. For, what, like... ten years? That's commitment.

RANDAL

We can't all be internet millionaires.

LANCE

No.

ELIAS

Who's an internet millionaire?

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

Elias, this is Lance Dowds. We went to high school together. A few years ago, he built a search engine which compiles the lowest prices of merchandise you can buy online. You might've heard of it: mad-ducats.com.

ELIAS

You created mad-ducats.com? Didn't that just sell to Amazon for, like, twenty million bucks?

ELIAS

Eh, Twenty-two, if you count the stocks options... but that's neither here nor there.

RANDAL

Yeah, but back before he was the mad-ducats guy, he was just Pickle-Fucker. You see, freshman year, the seniors would hunt us down and put us through what they called "initiations." They'd stuff us in the lockers, or throw us in the girls' shower room - naked. But, Lance here got the worst of it. The seniors yanked down his pants and shoved a pickle up his ass and made him walk ten feet. The pickle fell out before he hit the ten-foot mark. He had to take a bite of it, re-insert it, and walk again.

ELIAS

Eww...

RANDAL

Yeah. But, don't worry. He made it. His pickle was small enough to stay wedged after only four bites.

LANCE

Three bites. I'll bet you're the only guy in the world who still remembers that, Graves.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

Oh, i'll bet you still remember
it pretty vividly - Pickle-
Fucker.

ELIAS

(to Lance)

Do you have any interest in
building the ultimate fansite for
both "The Lord of the Rings" and
"The Transformers"? Because, I'd
moderate it for free.

RANDAL

Ease up, Pillow-Pants. The
dude's not into your D&D/Go-Bots
bullshit.

LANCE

Whoa, whoa, whoa - don't insult
the guy. The Go-Bots were like
the K-Mart of Transformers.

ELIAS

Thank you! I keep telling 'em
that.

LANCE

(hands Elias his card)

Here's my email address. Drop me
a line with some of your ideas.

ELIAS

Cool!

Elias sneers at Randal and heads off. Lance looks up at
the menu board.

LANCE

Now, let's see... What do I
want? How 'bout a Skinny Calf
with cheese and a Diet Coke?

Jay enters and looks up to the menu board, as Dante goes
to enter Lance's order. Lance stops him, patronizingly.

LANCE

(to Dante)

Whoa, whoa, whoa - slow down,
killer. Aren't you supposed to
ask if I want fries with that?

Almost humiliated, Dante covers, almost sounding like
Randal.

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

Would you like some fries with that?

LANCE

No, I was just fucking with you.
(with emphasis towards Randal)

That's what old high school friends do with each other, isn't it Graves?

DANTE

That's \$4.73.

Lance digs in his wallet for a second. He pulls out a bill, looking almost frustrated.

LANCE

(with pride)
Eh... sorry, I only have hundreds.

RANDAL

I'll get your order.

29 INT. BATHROOM - DAY 29

Tight on a urinal filled with piss-ice. A Mooby's cup is thrust into the piss-ice, scooping up a cup-full.

30 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 30

Tight on a fly strip as fingers pull dead flies from it.

32 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 32

The flies are pressed into a sizzling burger patty by a spatula. Cheese is laid over the burning bugs.

33 INT. MOOBY'S - DAY 33

Randal hands Lance his bag and cup of soda.

RANDAL

Here ya' go.

LANCE

That was fast.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL
And fresh. Thanks. Come again.

JAY
Yo! Let's wrap this up so I can
get my Cow-Tipper on!

LANCE
(handing Jay his order,
eyes locked on Randal)
Y' know what? Take mine.
Something tells me I'm not gonna
like it, am I?

Randal looks caught. Jay takes the food and drink
excitedly.

JAY
Wow, thanks, Pickle-Fucker.

Dante and Randal are confused.

RANDAL
How'd you know we called this guy
Pickle Fucker?

JAY
You do?

Randal and Dante grin as Jay heads out.

JAY
(calling off to the OC
Silent Bob)
YO! SOME PICKLE-FUCKER GAVE US
FREE EATS!

After a confused beat, Lance smiles at Dante and Randal.

LANCE
Y' know, I never eat fast food.
It's not good for you. But, when
I heard you guys were actually
working here... well, I just had
to come in and see it for myself.
It's kind of nice having that
kind of free time. Just like
it's kinda comforting to see how
some things never change.
(shrugs as he heads off)
Take care, clerks.

Stung, Dante and Randal watch Lance go. He fires a pair of imaginary guns at them, then blows off the imaginary smoke.

LANCE

Oooo, sick burn.

He exits, laughing. Dante and Randal stand there, quietly. After a long beat, Randal hops over the counter.

RANDAL

Fuck this. Lemme borrow your car.

DANTE

You're supposed to be working...

RANDAL

I gotta get out of here for a few minutes! Lemme borrow your car!

Randal exits. Dante sighs and hops over the counter, following.

DANTE

Elias - tell Becky we'll be right back.

Elias starts worriedly complaining as Dante goes.

With Dante trailing, Randal storms past Jay and Silent Bob.

DANTE

Where're we going?

Bob's sucking down the drink and Jay's digging into the burger. After a beat, both slowly stop drinking/chewing, grimaces on their faces

JAY

Yo, this tastes like piss and flies, don't it?

(beat, he shrugs)

But, at least the shit was free.

They go back to drinking/chewing

35 EXT. TRACK - DAY 35

Ti ght on Dante and Randal .

DANTE

You sure you wanna do thi s?

RANDAL

Oh, yeah. Thi s'll make me feel better.

We cut out to reveal Dante and Randal positioned in go-karts at a shittle little round-about track. They both floor it and start tearing ass around the course.
(MUSIC: Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head)

Randal's in Heaven. His face is pure joy, as he cuts off little kids and Dante, leaving them in his dust. Dante, too, is having a pretty good time - smiling, and shaking his head at his friend's antics. For the moment, all is right in the world

36 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY 36

Dante's car motors down the highway.

37 INT. DANTE'S CAR - DAY 37

Dante is in a state of di sbel ief.

DANTE

Here's what I don't understand about you: you have a license. You can drive a grown-up car. And yet, when you ride the go-karts, you somehow feel better about yoursel f?

RANDAL

Look, it just centers me, all right? Kind of the way jerking off at work centers you.

DANTE

Jesus, why did I ever tell you about that?

RANDAL

I don't know. I've been asking myself the same question for a while now.

(CONTI NUED)

DANTE

You dragged it out of me.

RANDAL

If you're gonna constantly snap one off in the bathroom I also use, I have a right to know about it.

DANTE

I only did it that one time. And it wasn't to center me.

RANDAL

Yeah, it was to cum. I don't know about you, but cumming centers me.

DANTE

Then, why'd we have to leave work? So you can ride the go-karts to clear your head?

RANDAL

Well, I don't wanna jerk off in the Mooby's bathroom. What if a customer comes in and my jerking off gets him all sex nuts and retard strong? Suddenly, I'm fighting him off as he tries to jam my dick in his mouth.

DANTE

The most likeliest of scenarios.
(scoffs)

You know, it's very telling that in your little bathroom jerk-off fantasy, it's some guy who comes in and is suddenly tripping over himself to chow down on your cock.

RANDAL

Well, I assume if I was deviant enough to jerk off at work in the first place, I'd be doing it in the men's bathroom, where it might make sense that a guy would walk in.

(beat)

Why? You didn't jerk off in the ladies' room, did you?

Dante says nothing, averts his gaze.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

(horri fi ed)

Oh, Jesus! What the hell is
wrong wi th you?!

DANTE

(embarrassed)

What? What's the big deal?

RANDAL

It's the ladies' room, you
hideous fucking C. H. U. D! Ladies
use the toilet in there! What if
you came on the seat and got the
next lady who sat down pregnant?
Like your mom?

Dante isn't even surprised at thi s point.

DANTE

Listen to the shit that runs
through your twisted head.

RANDAL

Oh, I'm sorry. Your mom's never
visited you at work and had to go
to the restroom? I've been there
when it's happened.

(i n fal setto voi ce)

"Hi, Tiger! I gotta go the
restroom!"

(normal voi ce agai n)

I remember that one time she went
to take a leak and the shake
machine siezed up and shut down,
so it was just quiet enough to
hear her pissi ng...

DANTE

(trying to cut hi m off)

Okay.

RANDAL

You remember she let that fart
sneak out?

DANTE

(trying to get hi m to shut
up)

OKAY!

(CONTI NUED)

RANDAL

And you were mad 'cause I kept calling her "pussy fart" for the next month.

DANTE

Fine, I concede my mother has used the bathroom at work.

RANDAL

So, it's not out of the realm of possibility to think that your mom could sit on the toilet seat you jerked off onto and get pregnant, huh?

DANTE

First off, I'm not an animal. I cleaned up after myself.

RANDAL

(chuckles skeptically)

But, you can't be sure you got all the jizz, though. A little bit might have been sitting right on the edge of the seat. Right where your mom's crack might lean if she took a shit and was a back wiper.

DANTE

Well, my mom would never take a shit at Mooby's

RANDAL

I don't know. That fart she ripped sounded kind of busy.

Dante's beginning to have enough of this.

DANTE

Look, even if in your sick little Donnie Darko tangent universe, where I'm spraying jizz all over the toilet seats my mother's gonna rub her crotch all over...

RANDAL

(a little disgusted)

Ewww! Dude, keep it tasteful.

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

(continuing)

...my mother had a partial hysterectomy.

RANDAL

A partial hysterectomy. What did we learn from Jurassic Park? Nature finds a way.

DANTE

(make it stop)

Jesus...

RANDAL

So, you agree that while it's not probable, it is possible that by jerking off in the ladies' room, you could impregnate your mother.

DANTE

If it'll end this conversation any sooner, yes.

RANDAL

Fine. So, because of your selfish, base need to make the cum come out of your pee-pee, you could - in fact - wind up the father of your own brother.

DANTE

Like she'd have the kid!

RANDAL

Your mom's still a Catholic, right? She gets pregnant, there's no way she's gonna get an abortion. Then what are you gonna tell the little inbred retard with the beady eye and the limp that his genetically inferior intellect can possibly process? "Sorry, Brother-Son, buy Mommy-Wife and I didn't have the balls to break with Rome on the pro-life issue and end your unholy existence when you were still a malformed zygote." You'd probably break his fucking brains. You'd make him all sex nuts and retard strong.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL (CONT'D)

Next thing you know, he'd be trying to shove your dick in his mouth, thinking that's what families are supposed to do with one another - fuck and suck.

DANTE

OKAY! I'll never jerk off in the bathroom at Mooby's again!

RANDAL

Well, sure, it's your last day.

DANTE

Oh, Jesus!

Randal laughs triumphantly.

DANTE

Man, that shit Lance said must've really bothered you.

RANDAL

Oh, fuck him. He's an asshole. He always was. I'm sorry I let him bug me for even a second. At least I got a go-kart trip out of it.

DANTE

(beat)

Why do the go-karts help?

RANDAL

I don't know. The go-karts just remind me of a better time in my life.

DANTE

Like when?

RANDAL

Like when we were young and the world was still in front of us.

DANTE

We're not that old.

RANDAL

But, sometimes I get the feeling the world kinda left us behind a long time ago.

DANTE

(beat)

Y' know, you can do something about that.

RANDAL

I told you - I don't wanna jerk off in the bathroom at work, okay?

DANTE

No. I mean, you could get out of Mooby's too. Completely change your situation in life.

RANDAL

What'd be the point?
(Looking out the window,
voice almost breaking)
Besides, why do you give a shit?
You're leaving.

Dante tries to think of something to say, but can't. They drive in silence.

INT. MOOBY'S - DAY

Dante and Randal enter to see Becky behind the counter, taking an order from a mid-'50's black HUSBAND and WIFE. Two other people are in line behind them. This is the Mooby's "rush".

BECKY

Thanks, y' know. Thanks. C' mon!

DANTE

I'm sorry.

Quickly, Dante hops behind the counter and starts prepping the order, as Randal heads into the kitchen.

DANTE

What do you need?

BECKY

(to Wife)

Was that a number two you wanted?

WIFE

Yeah. Bovine-sized.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BECKY
That'll be six eighty.
(call back to Randal)
I need two Surlies and a Cow-
Tipper.

RANDAL
I'm on it.
(to Elias)
How're we set for fries?

Elias lifts the fry basket out of the fryer, revealing
blackened, overcooked fries.

ELIAS
I don't think these look right,
Randal.

RANDAL
Jesus! Step away from the fryer
before you burn us all alive.

ELIAS
It's not my fault you abandoned
your post.

RANDAL
Was it so much that you
handle the fries? The machine
does all the work. What's, the
machine gotta transform into some
giant fucking robot before you'll
take it seriously? Go home!

BECKY
Would you just make some new
fries already.

WIFE
I don't have all night.

BECKY
Sorry, ma'am.

HUSBAND
(to Wife)
They need to get some Mexi cans
working in here. They'd be
like...
(indicating speed)
ZIIING!

WIFE
They don't play around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUSBAND

A Mexican made me lose my job.
That motherfucker could put a
roof up in thirty seconds.

BECKY

(to Dante)

Where the fuck did you guys go?

DANTE

You don't wanna know.

BECKY

I mean, I know it's your last day
and all, but while you're still
on the clock, can't you - I don't
know - pretend like you give a
shit?

RANDAL

Don't blame this guy. Some cock
stain we went to high school with
showed up to remind us we're
fucking failures, so I wanted to
get out of here and blow off some
steam, if you must know.

WIFE

(to Husband)

Did he say cock-stain? What's a
cock-stain?

HUSBAND

That's some freaky white shit.
White boys get them white women
to do anything.

(quietly)

You wanna do a cock-stain?

BECKY

That's it? You know how many
times I've seen people I went to
school with come in here?
Christ, one time I had to take
the order of a guy I blew after
the junior prom.

RANDAL

Yeah, I've waited on your
brother, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BECKY

I can't believe you - the smartest of smart asses - got rattled by some loser giving you shit about your McJob.

RANDAL

Oh, fuck him. Sooner or later, I'll do something with my life and make my mark. But, until I do, whatever I do with my life is not a waste of time. It's all building toward something.

WIFE

How 'bout you build toward making some fucking fries?

RANDAL

They're coming!

HUSBAND

(to Wife)

Remember, you Saved. You can't be using that kind of language.

WIFE

(Looking around)

Ain't nobody from my church in here.

RANDAL

(to Becky)

I don't mind people snickering at the stupid uniform I've gotta wear, but I'll be damned if I'm gonna let some self-righteous, lucky turd come in here and treat me and Dante like we're a couple of fucking porch-monkeys.

The Husband and Wife stop chatting amongst themselves and stare, wide-eyed, at Randal. Beck and Dante go wide-eyed. Randal looks around perplexed.

DANTE

RANDAL!

(to Wife)

I'm sorry! He's new!

WIFE

He really didn't say what I think he just said?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RANDAL

What - porch-monkeys?

BECKY

(to Randal, pissed)

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

WIFE

I want my money back right now!

BECKY

Of course. Please take the food
too - on us.

WIFE

Oh, no. I'm not eating something
that was cooked by some crack-ass
hate-monger!

HUSBAND

I will. Baby, you can't taste
racism!

RANDAL

What racism? "Porch-monkey"?

WIFE

(Lunges)

You little...

Randal recoils, ready for a fight. The Husband pulls
the Wife back.

HUSBAND

C'mon baby, it ain't worth it!

WIFE

You're lucky my husband doesn't
jump over this counter and knock
your teeth out!

RANDAL

Why?

HUSBAND

Yeah, why? It's not like he
called us porch-monkeys...

WIFE

You little...

The Wife starts smacking her Husband with her purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HUSBAND

Woman, stop hitting me! You remember what the judge said about you putting your hands on people.

BECKY

(handing Wife her money)
Here, take this. This is your money. And take the food, please. We're so sorry.

WIFE

Oh, hell no! I'm gonna write to the paper about his. And all ya'll are getting fired!

She starts moving toward the door.

HUSBAND

(defiantly to Wife, as he takes a bag of food)
I'm taking the food.

The Wife rushes her Husband, slaps the bag of food out of his hands, and storms out. The Husband drags after her.

HUSBAND

DAMN!
(muttering under his breath)
Fucking porch-monkeys...

As they exit, Becky calls after them.

BECKY

Thanks. Come again!

Becky rears on Randal.

BECKY

Are you out of your fucking mind?!

RANDAL

What?! What's the big deal? Since when is it a crime to say porch monkey?

BECKY

Oh, I don't know. Since...
FOREVER!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

RANDAL

Why?

DANTE

Because porch monkey is a racial slur against black people!

RANDAL

No, it's not. Nigger is.

BECKY

Jesus!

DANTE

RANDAL!

ELIAS

Did Randal just call Mr. Dante a nigger?

BECKY

Shut up, Elias!

RANDAL

I didn't call Mr. Dante a nigger - just said that nigger is a racial slur.

DANTE

So is porch-monkey!

RANDAL

No, it isn't. Coon, spook, spade, moolie, jigaboo, nig-nog - those are racial slurs. Porch-monkey is not.

BECKY

(exasperated)

I'm gonna try to forget this conversation ever happened. Elias, I want you to clean up that mess...

(up in Randal's grill)

And you are this close to getting shit-canned!

(storming off)

Fucking shoot me now!

Becky heads into her office and slams the door. Dante turns on Randal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

DANTE

What're you doing?! Are you
trying to get fired?

RANDAL

When did porch-monkey suddenly
become a racial slur?

DANTE

When ignorant racists starting
saying it a hundred years ago.

RANDAL

Oh, bullshitt. My grandmother
used to call me a porch monkey
all the time when I was a kid,
because I'd sit on the porch and
stare at my neighbors.

DANTE

Despite the fact that your
grandmother used it as a term of
endearment for you, it's still a
racial slur. It'd be like your
grandmother calling you "a little
Ki ke."

RANDAL

Oh, it is not! Plus, my
grandmother had nothing but the
utmost respect for the Jewish
community. When I was a kid, she
told me to always treat the
Jewish kids well, or else they'd
put the Sheeny-curse on me.

DANTE

WHAT THE FUCK, MAN?!

RANDAL

What?

DANTE

SHEENEY'S A RACIAL SLUR, TOO!

RANDAL

Oh, it is not.

DANTE

YES, IT IS!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

RANDAL

Well, she never called any Jews "Sheenies." She just used to say "Sheeny-curse" a lot. It was cute.

DANTE

It wasn't cute, it was racist!

RANDAL

I disagree, man. She was just an old timer. Everyone talked like that back then. It didn't mean they were racists.

(thinking back)

But, my grandmother did once refer to a broken beer bottle as a "Nigger-Knife"...

Dante stares at Randal, open-mouthed and aghast.

RANDAL

Y'know, come to think of it, maybe my grandmother was kinda racist.

DANTE

YA' THINK?!

RANDAL

I still don't think porch-monkey should be considered a racist term. I've always used it to describe lazy people, not lazy black people. I think if we really tried, we can reclaim "porch-monkey" and save it.

DANTE

It can't be "saved", Randal! The sole purpose for its creation - the only reason it exists in the first place - is to disparage an entire race! And, even if it could be saved, you can't save it because you're not black!

RANDAL

Well, listen to you: telling me I can't do something because of the color of my skin. You're the racist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

Dante storms away, leaving Randal alone at the counter.
Randal calls after him

RANDAL
I'm taking it back. You watch.

Just then, a Mother and her little Kid approach the counter. Randal rubs the Kid's head, smiling.

RANDAL
What can I get for you today, ya'
little porch-monkey?

Off the Mother's agog look.

RANDAL
It's cool, I'm taking it back.

39 INT. BACK OFFICE - DAY 39

Becky sits at her desk, staring at the wedding invitation, thinking. She looks at her desk and sees a framed picture of her, Dante, Elias, and Randal. Dante has his arms around Becky. She eyes this for a beat, then heads out.

40 INT. MOOBY'S - DAY 40

Dante sits at a table, reading the paper. Becky joins him.

BECKY
Hey.

DANTE
Hey.

BECKY
So, are you scared about getting
married at all?

DANTE
(Looks around)
Were we in the middle of a
conversation I don't remember
leaving?

(CONTINUED)

BECKY

I was just thinking about it, and I was thinking maybe you've been waiting for some friend to stop you from going through with the wedding by asking if you're even ready to go get married? So, I'm asking: are you scared about getting married?

DANTE

(thinks)

Kinda. I'm not scared of getting married, y'know? I've always wanted to get married one day. But, I'm scared of the wedding.

BECKY

Why?

Just then, Randal walks by, carrying a bag of trash.

RANDAL

Because he's worried that she's finally gonna wake up and wonder, "why the fuck am I married to this loser?"

He exits.

DANTE

(to Becky)

And he's been my best friend since I was six...

(beat, back on topic)

I don't know how to dance.

BECKY

You're kidding.

DANTE

I wish I was.

BECKY

You're about to tie your life to someone - someone who doesn't really even get you as well as your friends do - and what you're sweating is dancing at the reception?

DANTE

I figure she'll eventually get me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANTE (CONT' D)

You're married to a person long enough, they've gotta get you eventually, right?

BECKY

Are you kidding? My parents' ve been married for thirty-five years, and they still don't get each other.

DANTE

Emma's pretty, smart, happy, a good person - and for some strange reason, she loves me. What am I supposed to do - pass up on that because I've got a few stupid doubts and some jitters?

Becky's at a loss. Dante switches gears back.

DANTE

Besides, dancing at the reception's the more imperative concern at this point, because I only - presumably - get one chance to dance at my wedding.

BECKY

(giving up)

So, what - you can't slow dance?

DANTE

No. Anybody can slow dance. But, this is one of the only times I'm ever gonna meet most of Emma's extended family. So, I'd like to be able to show some flair on the dance floor, y'know? Like, make an impression so maybe they'll kinda get whatever it is Emma sees in me, instead of all feeling like I'm just some burger-peddling loser who couldn't even bust a move.

Becky laughs.

DANTE

What?

BECKY

You're serious?

Dante nods. Beck studies Dante's face for a beat. She shakes her head and gets up, dragging Dante with her.

(CONTINUED)

BECKY
Come on.

EXT. MOOBY'S - DAY

Becky's face pops over the roof ledge, looking down at us.

BECKY
Hey! Twelve-step!

Jay, who leans against the build with Silent Bob, looks up, a bit caught off-guard.

OC BECKY
Jay!

JAY
(a bit nervous)
Lord?

OC BECKY
Up here, Jackass!

Jay moves away from the building and looks up at the roof, spotting Beck peering down at him.

JAY
'the fuck are you doing up there?
Yo, if you're gonna jump, lemme
get a crack at that pussy first!
Lemme find out!

BECKY
You still got your boom box?

Silent Bob appears next to the looking-up Jay. He extends the boom-box skyward for Becky to see.

BECKY
Play something and turn it way
up!

She disappears back onto the roof, only to pop over again.

BECKY
(last minute thought)
Something dance-able!

Jay looks to Silent Bob, who shrugs. He holds the boom-box out to Jay to pick a tune.

42 EXT. MOOBY'S ROOFTOP - SAME 42

Becky preps Dante to dance.

DANTE
Up here? You're gonna teach me
to dance up here?

BECKY
You want I should do it in front
of all the customers?

DANTE
What customers?

BECKY
(holds his hands)
Shut up. Get ready for the
music. You feel it here.
(taps his heart)
Here it comes...

Suddenly, King Diamond's "Welcome Home" blasts into
their air, mid-song (at the "Grandma, what was it like"
lyrics). Becky and Dante startle.

43 EXT. MOOBY'S - SAME 43

Jay and Silent Bob rock out.

44 EXT. MOOBY'S ROOFTOP - SAME 44

Without moving, Becky calls out...

BECKY
SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS DEMONIC,
PLEASE!

Suddenly, the music stops.

BECKY
THANK YOU!

Dante and Becky offer one another relieved eye-rolls.
Then, The Jackson Five's "ABC" fills the air.

BECKY
Oh! This is perfect.
(to Dante)
Now, just follow me.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

DANTE

I'm trying.

Becky nods, starting to dance, forcing Dante to follow her moves. It's clear Dante really can't dance.

BECKY

Alright, you do suck. Sit down.

DANTE

I told you.

BECKY

Just watch.

Becky releases Dante, who steps back and watches Becky dance. We move in on Dante, captivated by Becky as she moves to the beat. This is who he should be with.

45 EXT. MOOBY'S - SAME 45

Alone in the frame, Silent Bob starts dancing along with the music. Suddenly, Jay does the "Worm" through the frame.

46 INT. MOOBY'S - SAME 46

At their seats the CUSTOMERS start slightly boogying.

At the drive-thru window, Elias - headset in place - does a little DJ dancing bit, air-spinning records.

Even Randal starts to bust a subtle move.

47 EXT. MOOBY'S ROOFTOP - SAME 47

Becky pulls Dante back into her arms and gets him dancing.

48 EXT. MOOBY'S - SAME 48

At the 1:44 break in the song ("Sit down, girl! I think I love ya'!") we start tight on a lip-syncing Silent Bob, then gradually pull back and crane up to reveal...

A parking lot full of backup dancers (roughly twenty) behind Jay and Silent Bob, all following the pair in a choreographed series of dance moves. It's a surreal, joyous release, communicating the idea that, if he wasn't before, Dante's really in love with Becky now.

49 INT. MOOBY'S - SAME 49

Elias dances almost spastically now. Randal does the Randal/Wrangler across the front counter.

50 EXT. MOOBY'S ROOFTOP - SAME 50

In a high wide, we see the ebullient Dante and Becky dancing, the dance troupe in the parking lot below.

As the song ends, Dante spins Becky into his arms, gazes down into her eyes, and says...

DANTE
I love you, Becky.

BECKY
I'm pregnant, Dante.

Dante drops Becky to the rooftop with a thud.

51 INT. MOOBY'S - DAY 51

Randal sits at a table playing solitaire. Across the back of his Mooby's smock are scrawled the words "Porch-Monkey 4 Life." Dante sits in the seat across from Randal.

DANTE
I'm starting to have second thoughts.

RANDAL
About your sexuality?

DANTE
About going to Florida.

Randal looks at Dante. There's a beat of hopefulness. Then, Randal slips back into Randal-ness, as he shuffles the cards.

RANDAL
Yeah, right. Why now, all the sudden?

Dante tries to decide if he should share his news with Randal. He sighs. Then...

DANTE
Becky's pregnant.

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED:

RANDAL

(confused)

She is?

(shuffling in his hands)

So? What're ya' afraid you're gonna miss the baby shower?

DANTE

I'm the Father.

Randal loses control of the cards in his hands, spraying them out into the aisle, hitting a passing PATRON in the face, throwing the person, and their tray of trash, backwards over another table.

52 EXT. MOOBY'S DUMPSTER - DAY

52

Jay takes a leak by the dumpster, with Bob keeping watch.

JAY

This sucks, man. I got public piss syndrome like a motherfucker. Be really fucking quiet.

(off Bob's glare)

Ew, dude - don't be looking at my dick!

Suddenly, the backdoor swings open, slamming into Jay.

JAY

SIR! MY BALLS!

Randal drags Dante outside and slams the door behind him.

RANDAL

What?!?

DANTE

We should probably help that guy...

RANDAL

Fuck him, man! How the fuck did you father a child with a chick that's not your fiance?

(suddenly wide-eyed)

Holy shit... She got pregnant off the toilet seat you jerked off onto, didn't she?! I fucking knew it!

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

No. We had sex one night after work a few weeks ago.

RANDAL

Where?

DANTE

Here. On the prep table.

RANDAL

Ewww - that's my prep table.

DANTE

I don't know what I'm gonna do...

RANDAL

What'd Becks say?

DANTE

She wants to have it.

RANDAL

And she wats you to break it off with Emma and marry her?

DANTE

No.

RANDAL

She's gonna tell Emma?

DANTE

No.

RANDAL

Wait a sec - then, what's the problem?

DANTE

Are you that dense?

RANDAL

No, seriously. If Becks isn't bustin' yer balls about it, then what's the big deal? You can still go down to Florida and live happily ever after.

DANTE

Knowing I've got a love-child up in Jersey?!

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

How the fuck do you always wind up with, like, two good looking chicks who want you? You're the most hideous fucking C.H.U.D. I've ever met, and you somehow always have a pair of girls fighting over you.

DANTE

(suddenly turning on him)
Listen, you can never tell anybody about this!

RANDAL

Who'm I gonna tell?

DANTE

I'm serious, Randal! And not just for me - Becky and she doesn't want anyone to know.

RANDAL

Then, what'd you tell me for?

DANTE

You've fucked me over in the past, but this is huge. This is serious. Promise me you'll keep your mouth shut! Because, if you fuck me over this time, I swear to God, I'll beat the shit out of you!

RANDAL

You and what army?

DANTE

(grabbing him)
I'm serious!

RANDAL

I'm serious, too - you and what army?

DANTE

(shaking me)
Promise me!

RANDAL

(pushing Dante away)
Alright! Get offa me, you nut!

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, just as Jay's getting back up, the back door swings open again, slamming him into the wall anew.

JAY
WHAT THE FUCK?!?

Becky's standing there. She's looking at Dante and Randal. They both look caught. After a beat...

BECKY
Can I talk to you?

DANTE
Sure. We were just...

RANDAL
(blurting it out)
May your first child be a
masculine child!

Beck looks at Randal, shocked, then to Dante, hurt. She rushes back inside. Dante turns on Randal.

DANTE
RANDAL!?!?

RANDAL
She was sweating me, man! It
just came out!

Not listening to him, Dante swings at Randal. Randal ducks, and Dante winds up punching the drive-thru menu board.

DANTE
AHHH - FUCK!

RANDAL
You swung at me!

DANTE
(holding his hand)
You ducked?!

RANDAL
Because you swung at me!

DANTE
Dammit!

Dante rushes inside, quickly followed by Randal. Slowly, Jay and Silent Bob pop their heads from behind the dumpster.

53 INT. MOOBY'S - DAY

53

Dante rushes in through the kitchen, holding his fist. He passes Elias, who's desperately trying to wrap a bunch of poorly-made burgers, as three Customers wait.

DANTE
Where's Becky?

ELIAS
She just left. I need help here,
Mr. Dante! I can't wrap good,
and Randal ate the last pickles!

RANDAL
(passing Elias)
You fucking snitch.

ELIAS
I'm sorry, Randal, I'm sorry!

54 EXT. MOOBY'S - DUSK

54

Dante rushes out of the restaurant just as Becky's car screeches out of the parking lot.

DANTE
BECKY!!!

But she's gone. Randal joins Dante. After a beat...

RANDAL
Maybe she went to get a home
pregnancy test. Just to be sure.

DANTE
(absently)
How the fuck could this day get
any worse?

On cue, a pickup truck towing a single-hole horse trailer pulls into the parking lot. Randal goes wide-eyed.

RANDAL
Well, what the fuck are you
doing, man?! Go after her!

DANTE
Ya' think?

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

(pushing him toward car)
Damn right I do. You two've
gotta work this out. Follow her
and talk to her for an hour, then
come back here.

DANTE

An hour?

RANDAL

(opening his car door)
I've always found that any more
time than that and you run the
risk of saying the wrong thing
again. Follow her, talk to her
for an hour, then come back here
and help me close up.

DANTE

This is kinda important. You
can't close up by yourself?!

RANDAL

Fuckin', man... you're gonna be a
Father soon. Time to start
acting responsibly. Be back in
an hour.

Randal pushes Dante into his car and slams the door
closed. Bewildered, Dante starts the car and backs out.
Randal waves at him as he pulls out of the parking lot,
then saunters over to the trailer-towing pickup truck
just in time to meet the DRIVE.

RANDAL

Hello. I take it you're with
Kinky Kelly?

DRI VER

Good guess. You Randal?

RANDAL

I am. How long you need to set
up?

DRI VER

I just gotta hook up the boom-box
and hang a few curtains and some
lights. I got a small smoke
machine, for ambience.

(CONTI NUED)

RANDAL

You might as well start setting up. We've got about an hour before the guest of honor gets back.

(Looking around)

So, do I get to meet Kelly before the show or what?

DRI VER

Nah. Kelly kinda likes privacy before showtime. But, after the show, if you want, for an extra five hundred, you can fuck Kelly.

RANDAL

Really? Sweet!

DRI VER

Yeah. So, where we doing this thing?

RANDAL

Right in the restaurant.

DRI VER

You're kidding

RANDAL

Not spacious enough?

DRI VER

No, it's plenty spacious. Just... kinda wierd, ain't it?

RANDAL

"Kinda wierd?" You're in the bestiality business, dude.

DRI VER

Hey, Fucko. We like to call it Inter-Species Erotica.

RANDAL

Intriguing.

To the Smashing Pumpkins' "1979", we check in on all of our main characters, at this last moment before all their lives change forever.

Dante drives around town, looking for any sign of Becky, but more lost in thought about his future.

Becky pulls up in front of a Women's Clinic, weighing her options.

As the Driver sets up a stage, Randal sits on a table top, staring out the restaurant windows. Alone with his thoughts, this is the most contemplative we've ever seen Randal Graves.

Outside, Jay dances to an unheard song playing on the boom-box while Bob looks on, smoking.

Emma frosts a cake, all in love.

Eli mops up.

Dante again. He rolls to a stop at a red light and glances out his driver's side window, spotting...

A RESTAURANT - like a diner. Through a window, we see a family sitting around a table, eating: Mom, Dad, and Toddler. The Toddler is leaning tummy-side against the booth, looking out the window at...

Dante - who stares back. We cut back and forth between the two, getting in closer and closer on their faces. Finally, the Kid presses her face into window and smiles at Dante. Dante smiles back, warmly - no so much at the kid, as the idea of a kid. Dante waves. The Kid waves back.

And with that, his decision is made.

EXT. MOOBY'S - LATER

Dante's car pulls into the parking lot. He gets out and starts heading toward Mooby's when we hear the music: pulse-pounding techno. He looks to the restaurant and sees...

The windows fogged up by smoke coming from inside.

DANTE

Oh, no. Not again...

Dante pulls his cell phone and dials 911 as he races toward the building.

DANTE

Yeah, I've got a fire at Mooby's on Memorial Parkway in Leonardo.

57 INT. MOOBY'S - SAME

57

Dante rushes in to see a decidedly different Mooby's than he left: pink silks are hung from the ceiling to give a harem environment-like effect. There's a flashing light display and a disco ball hanging from the ceiling. The hallway by the bathrooms/kitchen door is curtained off. A small smoke machine creates "atmosphere." Jay and Silent Bob wave at Dante from across the room, party favors in their mouths.

The excited-as-a-school-kid Randal joins Dante. He holds two beers.

DANTE
(yelling over the music)
What the fuck's going on?!

RANDAL
It's your going away party!

A piss-drunk Elias pops up from behind Jay and Silent Bob.

ELIAS
We' sh all gonna get drunk and get
laid! WOOOOOOOO!!!

DANTE
(shocked, somewhat
pleased)
Oh, my God - is Elias hammered?!

JAY
Isn't it awesome? My man smoked
three blunts full a skunk!

ELIAS
Fuck Pillow-Pants! Honk if you
love or liek pussy!

The inebriated Elias falls off the table.

JAY
(to Silent Bob)
Yo, we love pussy!

Jay and Silent Bob blow into their party horns.

Dante looks at the unlikely trio, flabbergasted. Randal shoves a beer into Dante's hand.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

Tonight, before you leave me forever, we're gonna peep something together we've been talking about since we saw "Bachelor Party" on Beta at your parents' house when we were twelve!

DANTE

What are you talking about?

RANDAL

(raises his beer to Dante)
I'm gonna miss you, man.

DANTE

I'm gonna miss you, too, but this is a little much.

RANDAL

Yeah? Just wait.

Randal heads over to the curtained off area and pokes his head in, shares a few words, then pulls it out again.

RANDAL

Showtime! Ladies and gentlemen!
And you, Elias! Straight from the debauchery capitol of the world - Tijuana, Mexico...!

Dante suddenly starts piecing it together.

DANTE

Oh, God, no...

RANDAL

Oh, God, yes!

Randal snaps his fingers and an insane lighting display bathes the restaurant in a blue/purple haze.

RANDAL

Get ready for some hardcore bestiality...

DRI VER

(from behind curtain)
Inter-species erotica, Fucko!

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL

... Inter-species erotica at its finest! Straight from T. J., I give you KINKY KELLY AND THE SEXY STUD!!!

Randal quickly heads off, and the Driver and a DONKEY trot out from behind the curtain. The Driver is dressed in hardcore gay leather gear, and gyrates to the music. The donkey looks around vacantly.

Dante looks to the smiling Randal.

RANDAL

Don't worry, the chick's coming.

As the Driver dances seductively at the donkey, Randal, Dante, Jay, Silent Bob, and Elias watch with varied expressions. Slowly, realization starts to set in, and Randal's smile starts to drop a bit, as he puts it together.

RANDAL

Any minute now, the chick's coming...

The Driver starts air-grinding at the donkey's face, thrusting suggestively.

Elias still wears a drunken grin. Jay looks at Silent Bob, then at Randal. Dante looks to Randal too.

JAY

That guy's being awfully forward with that donkey.

DANTE

Uh, Randal...

RANDAL

Where the fuck's the chick?!

Randal rushes the Drive, trying to talk to him while the Driver continues to boogie sexually at the mule.

RANDAL

Yo! Freddie fucking Mercury! Where's Kinky Kelly?

DRIVER

(nuzzling the mule)
Right here.

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL
(off the donkey)
I thought that's the "sexy-stud?"

DRI VER
I'm the sexy stud.

RANDAL
(checking first)
But this donkey's a dude!

DRI VER
Kelly can be a guy's name, too.
Hey!

Randal stares at the Driver as he boogies off, then shugs in agreement, rejoining the group.

RANDAL
Uh... due to some nomenclature
confusion, there's not gonna be
any chick.

JAY
Then, who the fuck's gonna blow
the donkey?

All look OC.

The Driver drops to his knees under the donkey, mouth heading for the donkey dick.

All assembled look on, horrified yet transfixed. All except Elias, who's still smiling.

ELIAS
I've got a huge boner right now!

Suddenly, BECKY enters the restaurant. She looks around then sees the donkey show. She goes wide-eyed.

BECKY
Oh... my... God...

Dante spots Becky and races over to her.

DANTE
Where did you go?

BECKY
What the fuck's going on here?

57 CONTINUED: (4)

DANTE
Uh... inter-species erotica. Are
you okay?

BECKY
I'm disgusted and repulsed...
but, I can't look away.

Dante drags Becky outside, as she stares back at the
Donkey show over her shoulder

BECKY
That's huge!

Randal, Jay, Silent Bob, and Elias watch the OC donkey
show as well, and all tilt their heads in unison at the
same angle to get a better, horrified view of the
action.

58 EXT. MOOBY'S - SAME

58

Dante and Becky emerge. Becky's still looking back at
the weirdness as the doors close behind them.

DANTE
We've gotta talk.

BECKY
(dazed)
Did you see the size of that
cock?

DANTE
I love you.

Becky's attention snaps to Dante. She's unable to
speak.

DANTE
And, I think you love me, too.

BECKY
(beat)
Oh course. I mean, we're
friends.

DANTE
I think you love me as more than
a friend.

Becky won't let herself speak. She just looks at Dante.

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

You can say it.

BECKY

But, I don't believe in romantic
love.

DANTE

I think you do.

BECKY

Do you really wanna do this right
now?

We're on Randal, Jay, Silent Bob and Elias, kinda
staring just below frame. Then, the Driver pops up into
the frame as if he's just gotten up, facing us. He
wipes his mouth, still gyrating to the music.

RANDAL

Whelp. I guess the show's over.

JAY

I don't think so, sir...

Randal follows Jay's stunned gaze back to the OC Driver.

Below frame, the Driver seems to be pulling his cock out
of his leathers. He spits forcefully into his hand,
dipping his hand below frame to rub it into his unseen
cock.

Jay and crew are starting to catch on.

ELIAS

(unbuttoning his pants)

If he's gonna jerk off, then I'm
gonna jerk off, too.

RANDAL

(horri fi ed)

I don't think he's gonna jerk
off.

The Driver dances around to the back of the donkey.
Sexily, he grabs the donkey's hips.

60 EXT. MOOBY'S - SAME 60

Jay bursts out of the restaurant, addressing Dante and Becky.

JAY
Yo, you guys' re gonna miss this
shit! The big guy's gonna
cornhole that ass! With his
weiner!

Jay rushes back inside.

BECKY
(to dante)
Hold that thought.

Becky rushes back inside, quickly followed by Dante.

61 INT. MOOBY'S - SAME 61

Dante and Becky enter, staring at the OC show, wide-eyed.

In beat with the music, the Driver, is doing pelvic thrusts behind the donkey.

A drunken Elias smiles.

ELIAS
I hope that donkey doesn't have a
Honey-Troll.

Dante and Becky stare, shocked, at the OC weirdness.

BECKY
Alright, I do.

DANTE
Do what?

BECKY
I do love you.

Dante looks up to Becky. Becky looks at Dante. The pair kiss, urgently.

Jay, Silent Bob and Randal stare agog at the OC Dante and Becky.

(CONTINUED)

JAY

What kinda crazy fuck gets that
turned on watching a guy fuck a
donkey?

A horrified Silent Bob nudges Jay and points to OC.

Elias spansks below the frame, staring hungrily at the OC
donkey show, crying.

ELIAS

I'm sorry Jesus... UHHHN!

Becky and Dante continue to kiss. We pan over to reveal
EMMA standing in the restaurant doorway holding the cake
she made, mouth agape.

EMMA

Dante?

Dante and Becky break their kiss to see Emma. They're
so fucking caught.

EMMA

What's... what's going on?

The Driver, also, looks at the OC Emma.

DRI VER

Ooo! Cake!

Emma looks disgustedly at the donkey show for a moment,
then to Dante and Becky, hurt. Suddenly, Jay joins her,
slapping her on the back.

JAY

Yo! I was taking a piss outside
when I heard the news. Congrats!

Emma looks at him, confused.

JAY

You're gonna have a baby,
ain'tcha?

EMMA

No. Who said that?

Jay looks to Dante and Becky, then looks down, sort of
embarrassed, realizing he's spoken when he shouldn't
have.

(CONTINUED)

JAY
(trying to play it off)
Um... some asshole.

Emma's attention suddenly snaps to Dante and Becky. Both look a little more caught. Emma goes wide-eyed, grabbing her stomach. She hands the cake off to Jay and slowly crosses to Dante, who holds her by the shoulders, ashamed.

DANTE
I'm sorry.

Exploding, Emma knees Dante in the balls. Dante drops to his knees, holding his groin in agony. Jay hands her the cake.

JAY
Quick! Hit that two-timing fuck
with this!

For good measure, Emma smashes the cake into Dante's face, knocking him backwards. Jay eyes Emma.

JAY
You wanna go out some time?

Emma rolls her eyes, then her attention snaps to Becky.

BECKY
Emma... I don't know what to say.

EMMA
(pulling off the ring)
Take him, you fucking whore.

Emma throws her engagement ring at Becky and storms out. Dante tries to move to follow her, but as Emma exits, he sees through the windows...

A fire truck and a cop car pulling up.

The Driver, mid-thrust, sees them pulling up - goes wide-eyed.

DRI VER
Oh, no! Not again!
(begins thrusting harder)
Gotta finish!

Jay also sees this and reacts, racing over to Silent Bob and Randal.

61 CONTINUED: (3)

JAY
Yo, the cops are here, we're
holding, and I'm still on
probation.

Silent Bob hops off the table and tries to drag Randal
away with him and Jay, to avoid arrest.

Becky, too, heads off.

As Dante looks on wide-eyed, Firemen race into the
restaurant, followed by two Cops, one of whom is black.
They screech to a stop, horrified as they take in the
scene.

FIREMAN
What the fuck...?!

BLACK COP
(off Randal's shirt)
"Porch-monkey"?

RANDAL
It's cool. I'm taking it back.

Elias runs through the frame, pants down, screaming...

ELIAS
WOOOO!!! I LOVE PUSSY AND BEER!

62 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 62

An establishing shot.

63 INT. JAIL CELLS - SAME 63

Dante and Randal are in one cell. Jay and Silent Bob
are in another. The sleeping Elias and the Driver are
in separate cells.

A FEMALE COP walks by, clattering her baton on the bars.
She stops at Jay and Silent Bob, who lean against the
bars. She pokes them, they don't move. She whacks her
baton against the bars, Jay and Bob jump back. The cop
moves on.

Jay and Silent Bob look around the cell, then at each
other.

JAY
Deja fuckin' vu, right?

(CONTINUED)

Silent Bob nods.

Randal studies the cell he's in with Dante. Dante looks shell-shocked.

RANDAL

(off bars)

The jail cell design hasn't changed much in centuries, has it? Maybe it's time they brought in the Laser bars or something.

Randal looks to Dante for some kind of response. Dante says nothing; he just stares forward, blankly. From the next cell, Jay obliges.

JAY

They could make a hard plastic cage, like Magneto's in "X-Men 2." Nong.

RANDAL

C'mon, man - let's keep it in the real world, alright?

(thinks)

But, you know what wouldn't be a bad idea. Carbonite.

(to Dante)

What do you think, Dante?

Dante leaps at Randal, slamming him against the prison bars, his hands around Randal's neck.

DANTE

I THINK I WANNA KILL YOU!

RANDAL

GET... OFFA ME!

DANTE

YOU'VE RUINED MY LIFE!

RANDAL

YOUR LIFE... WAS ALREADY...
RUINED!

On "ruined", Randal uses all his might to push Dante off him, throwing him backwards into the prison bars. Jay hangs off his prison bars like a monkey, watching excitedly.

JAY

WHAT UP?! STEEL CAGE MATCH!

(CONTINUED)

Dante and Randal square off opposite one another defensively for a beat.

DANTE

What the fuck were you thinking?
A fucking Donkey Show?!

RANDAL

It was your going away present!

DANTE

It sure was! I just never
thought I'd be going away to
prison!

DRI VER

Hey, boys... You can't be in
prison for watching an inter-
species sex act. You guys'll
walk. The most I'll get'll be a
fine for animal abuse and a lot
of disgusted looks from
conservative asswipes who can't
appreciate sexual exploration.
That's cool... even Jesus Christ
was persecuted for his personal
beliefs.

The Driver sighs heavily as he sinks back down to the floor. He leans his head back, sadly.

DRI VER

I miss my donkey.

DANTE

(to Randal)

I can't believe you. I finally
get my shit together, I'm hours
from getting out of here and
really starting my life, and you
somehow figured out a way to
obliterate all that and reduce me
to a convict!

RANDAL

Oh, yeah, it's my fault you're
life's fucked up. I'm the
engaged guy who knocked up my
boss.

JAY

You knocked up the guy who owns
Mooby's? Ew.

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

Not him, Becky.

JAY

The girl with the big, big
titties? Yo, how was she? She
looks like she could fuck a
Mormon into monogamy.

RANDAL

(Laughs at the
misunderstanding)
What?

DANTE

(to Jay)
Would you shut up
(to Randal)
You're chaos incarnate, man. Our
whole lives, you've been getting
me into trouble and holding me
back.

RANDAL

Oh, I'm holding you back. I
remember like ten years ago, the
night we went to Julie Dwyer's
funeral, you were all like "I've
gotta shit or get off the pot."

DANTE

You said "shit or get off the
pot", not me.

RANDAL

You got all fired up about taking
charge of your life, and what'd
you do? You worked at the store
'til the place burned down.

DANTE

I took courses at Brookdale.

RANDAL

And dropped out.

DANTE

Because you stopped going!

RANDAL

Because we were just killing time
with those classes.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL (CONT'D)

You didn't want to go to college, you mook - you just took those courses because Veronica badgered you about it. And, what's worse, you made me go with you.

DANTE

Oh, so I tried to help you expand your limited horizons, and you just saw it as a big waste of time.

RANDAL

It was a waste of time! One semester we took Criminology, fer Chrisakes! What the fuck were we training to be - Batman?

DANTE

At least we were doing something, instead of wasting our time in a fucking convenience store.

RANDAL

You can bad-mouth Quick Stop all you want, but I miss that place. I loved working there. I look back on that period as the best time of my life.

DANTE

Now I know you're fucking nuts.

RANDAL

Why? Because I enjoyed what I did? I got to watch movies, fuck with assholes, and hang out with my best friend all day long - can you think of a better way to make a living? Sure, it may not've been what "everyone does", but it was pretty fucking good!

DANTE

Man, that's you all over: scrape by with the bare minimum. Well, I'm tired of that, Randal. I'm not in high school anymore. Shit, I'm not even in my twenties anymore. I don't wanna sit around and rag on customers while eating free food. That's what you want. That's what you've always wanted.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DANTE (CONT' D)

Well, if that's all you want out of life, then God bless. But, I refuse to let your shit taint the rest of mine. No - I'm gonna smooth things over with Emma, go to Florida, and start my Randal Graves-free existence!

(sitting)

And try to forget the last thirty-three years ever happened.

Randal looks at Dante, stung. After a long beat...

RANDAL

So, that's how you see all this time we've spent together?

Randal shakes his head, stifling a depressed chuckle.

RANDAL

It's weird. I always thought you were the only person in the world who got me and had my back. The only guy who'd take a bullet for me. 'Cause I assumed you felt the same way about me that I feel about you. And then one day, you're all the sudden like "I'm moving. By." You know what that's been like for me? I'm looking at a future that just... sucks - because you're not gonna be in it anymore. And, you're not even throwing me over for a life that means something to you. It's just this stupid, hollow existence you think you should embrace 'cause you're getting old or something - because it's the kinda life everyone else goes after. You're a fucking drone.

DANTE

Fine. The next friend whose life you ruin can be a totally free spirit. How's that?

RANDAL

You think I wanna start making new friends at my age? Christ, who'd want me as their friend? I hate everyone and everything seems stupid to me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL (CONT'D)

But, you were always the counter-balance to that - the guy who was always like the ying to my yang. But, now what the fuck am I gonna do for the rest of my life? I mean, shit - I really wish you would've told me when we first met that one day you were gonna bail on our friendship. Because, if I knew you were just gonna flake on me a few decades later, I wouldn't've even bothered with your ass in the first place!

Randal turns away from Dante, maybe trying not to choke up. Dante's flabbergasted. Then, out of the silence, comes...

JAY

Jesus - why don't you two just fuck and get it over with already?

(as an afterthought)

Faggots.

DANTE

Why can't you ever say something useful for a change?

Jay mean-mugs Dante, then looks to Silent Bob.

JAY

Well? The fuck are you waitin' for? That's your cue, Fat-ass.

Silent Bob thinks for a beat, then...

SILENT BOB

I got nothing.

JAY

Come on, man, drop some fucking science on these motherfuckers.

SILENT BOB

I'm telling you, man - I got nothing. Sorry. I'm just drawing a blank.

JAY

Just hit them with a Star Wars quote or something.

Silent Bob tries once more for a beat, then...

(CONTINUED)

SILENT BOB

"These are not the... droids
you're... looking for..."

JAY

Jesus Christ! What the fuck good
are you, ya' mute-fuck.

SILENT BOB

You know what? That hurts.
Like, 'cause, why me? Why do I
get attacked? Like, what do you
ever add to the fucking
proceedings? You got, like, one
answer for everything: "Pussy,
man!" That sad thing is - you
can't even see that you're just a
gay man in deep denial.

JAY

What the fuck are you talking
about, man? I'm all about the
pussy.

RANDAL

(off Dante)

Oh, man - then you must love this
guy, 'cause he's the biggest
pussy I ever met: the dude who
lives his life according to other
people's standards. "I gotta go
to college, 'cause that's what
everyone does." Or, "I gotta go
to Florida and get married 'cause
that's what's expected of me."
and the insane part is he ain't
even that crazy about the chick
he's marrying or Florida. Never
mind the fact that he's got a
perfectly good chick right here
in Jersey who he's nuts about,
and even Anne fucking Frank could
see she's nuts about him, God
knows why! And, she likes you
for who you are, man. She ain't
trying to stuff you into a box
you'll never fit into! If you
had any fucking sense whatsoever,
you'd stop trying to bray it up
with the rest of the fucking
sheep, and do what makes sense
for you, you fucking ass!

(CONTINUED)

DANTE

Oh, yeah? And what's that?
You've obviously got such a great
handle on your life, tell me what
you'd do if you were in my
position! Or, even what you'd do
in your position! Swing that
judgemental pendulum back the
other way and tell me how you'd
solve all your problems, asshole!
what the fuck would the great
Randal Graves do if he were half
the master of his own destiny
that I'M SUPPOSED TO BE?!

RANDAL

I'D BUY THE QUICK STOP AND RE-
OPEN IT MYSELF!

Dante's attention snaps to. Holy shit: the closet
nihilist harbors a dream.

RANDAL

That's what I'd do! That's what
we should do!

DANTE

Ch'yeah, right - who're we, Lance
Dowds? Do you know how much it
would cost to buy the Quick Stop?
Like, fifty grand, easy. Neither
one of us have that type of
money.

Dante and Randal deflate, reality creeping back in. All
is quiet. Then...

OC JAY

We do.

Dante and Randal stare at Jay and Bob, perplexed.

JAY

(smiles)
That's right.

RANDAL

Are you saying you make enough
money selling weed to lend us
fifty grand?

JAY

No, man, we got movie money.

(CONTINUED)

Dante and Randal are speechless, confused. Jay is frustrated with their lack of understanding.

JAY

What the fuck? Doesn't anybody remember they made a movie based on me and Silent Bob once?

RANDAL

You guys would be willing to lend us some of that money so we can re-open the stores?

JAY

Sure. But, on two conditions: one, we get to hang out in front of the stores all we want and you can never call the cops on us. And two... you've gotta blow each other and let us watch. Then you gotta go ass-to-mouth.

Silent Bob shakes his head "No" to Jay. Jay rethinks his offer.

JAY

Alright - just the first condition.

RANDAL

Seriously?

JAY

What? Do I stutter? Yes, seriously!

RANDAL

(to Dante)

What do you think?

DANTE

I almost had to say it, but... it kinda makes sense.

RANDAL

Maybe that's why we spent so much time in that store... why college or anything else never panned out for us. Maybe this is what the universe has been pushing us towards all along. I mean, think about it, man.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RANDAL (CONT'D)

You and me running our own business instead of working for some other asshole? Could be pretty fucking sweet, right?

DANTE

Yeah, it really could...

(shakes his head)

But I don't know, man. I was this close to starting a new life...

RANDAL

Jesus Christ, man, that new life you've been is right here in Jersey. God, you're gonna have a kid with a chick I actually begrudgingly respect, who seems to kinda love you. And you could do it all under your own steam by being your own boss, instead of working for some broad's parents, who are always going to wonder why their daughter married you in the first place. Or whether you ever show some fucking flare on the dance floor or not. Dud, what more can you ask for?

Beat, Dante says nothing.

RANDAL

Jesus... you're really gonna make me do this, aren't you?

(sighs; then to Jay and Bob)

Can you guys cover your ears for a minute, please?

Jay and Bob cover their ears.

A much different, much more serious Randal looks to Dante. He swallows hard. Then...

RANDAL

I honestly don't know if I could make it in this world without you. You're my best friend. And I love you.

(beat; then quickly)

In a totally heterosexual way.

JAY

(ears still covered)

Sh'yeah, right...

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: (11)

RANDAL
(to Dante; glassy-eyed)
Please, man - don't leave me.

We hold on Dante for a long beat. Then...

64 EXT. BANK - DAY 64

Dante and Randal head inside.

65 INT. BANK - DAY 65

A DEED is stamped.

The BANKER pushes the Deed across the desk to Dante and Randal, who look at it, smile. Randal extends his hand to Dante for a handshake, and Dante pulls Randal into a hug.

66 EXT. QUICK STOP - DAY 66

Dante and Randal pull down the boards that cover the burnt-out store, then head inside.

67 INT. QUICK STOP - DAY 67

A sweaty Dante and Randal work on re-building the store.

68 EXT. MOOBY'S DRIVE-THRU WINDOW - DAY 68

A car pulls up and Becky opens the window, plopping an order on the ledge without looking up.

69 INT. MOOBY'S DRIVE-THRU WINDOW - SAME 69

Reading off the receipt, Beck doesn't look at her customer.

BECKY
That'll be nine eighty.

Beck absently sticks her hand out the window for payment.

Tight on the opened ring box sporting a modest engagement ring that's placed in her palm.

(CONTINUED)

Beck looks to her hand, momentarily perplexed, until she sees the box and its contents. She quickly looks up to see who's responsible.

Dante sits in the driver's seat, smiling at her.

DANTE

You already taught me how to dance at a wedding.

Becky starts to tear up.

DANTE

I mean, I know you don't believe in romantic love...

Becky dives through the drive-thru window, hanging into Dante's car, kissing him big time. They break for a beat.

DANTE

Is that a yes?

BECKY

What took you so long?

The pair go back to kissing.

Leaning on the drive-thru window, Elias watches them, smiling. Then...

ELIAS

"One ring to rule them all..."

Tight on an application being slid across the counter.

We go wide to reveal Elias standing opposite the counter of Dante and Randal in the nearly complete video store. The pair study the application for a beat, then look at one another, then to Elias, then back at each other. Dante shakes his head "yes" but Randal shakes his head "no." Dante offers him a "C'mon..." kinda look. Randal look Elias up and down, then shrugs and nods. Elias leaps across the counter, hugging Randal. Randal's trying to back him off.

71 EXT. QUICK STOP - DAY 71

The stores complete, Dante and Randal are on ladders, hanging another sign over the windows that reads, "I Assure You, We're Open." A starting-to-show Becky is down below, directing them how to hang the sign straight, standing beside Elias. Dante and Randal climb down from their ladders, step back, and admire their handi-work. Becky gives Dante a hug. Randal pats Dante on the back.

72 EXT. RST VIDEO - DUSK 72

It's quiet. Then, Jay and Silent Bob enter. They find their position against the RST wall and try to settle in, unsuccessfully. Then, Silent Bob exits the frame and returns with a boom-box. He sets it down and presses play. "Goodbye Horses" fills the air.

JAY

Oh!

Jay starts to dance, pulling out his Chapstick and applying it like lipstick.

73 INT. QUICK STOP - DAY 73

A FAMILIAR-LOOKING CUSTOMER looks around the Quick-Stop, almost appreciatively. He turns to Dante, in his classic position, and hands him some cash.

CIGARETTE GUY

Pack of cigarettes.

Dante grabs a pack and hands it to the guy, puts the cash in the register.

Randal takes his place behind the counter in the standard two-shot, munching on a Slim-Jim. Satisfied with all the work they've done and accomplished, the pair settle into their positions, sighing with a smile.

RANDAL

You know what?

DANTE

What?

RANDAL

You're not even supposed to be here today.

(CONTINUED)

Dante smiles. Randal cracks open a Slim-Jim.

DANTE
Can you feel it?

RANDAL
Feel what?

DANTE
Today's the first day of the rest
of our lives.

The pair nod, then relax, looking around the store with a smile. Soul Asylum's "Misery" starts to play. As we slowly pull back, Dante and Randal's smiles start to drop as they realize what they've done, and the color in the shot drains to BLACK & WHITE. Somehow, amazingly, these guys are right back where they started.

We continue to pull back through the store, eventually settling on the cold-cases, where the MILK MAID from the first film, still clad in the tracksuit, is going through all the cases of milk. We finally CUT TO BLACK, and CREDITS ROLL.

THE END