

119957

DOC AND HOWIE WHACK A GRANNY

by

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OVER BLACK:

HOWIE (V.O.)

It was my birthday. Perfectly good one, too. Until I kinda, sorta... well, killed this old lady.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING

A panicked HOWIE KEPPEL, 25, kneels over an OLD WOMAN who's sprawled on the floor, face-up, and unconscious. His ear's to her mouth, as he looks up at his buddy, the bearded DOC.

HOWIE

She's not breathing.

DOC

Well give her mouth-to-mouth!

Howie pinches the old woman's nose, opens her mouth and starts toward her mouth -- when he stops.

HOWIE

Is that... herpes?

DOC

What?

(squints at her lip)

No! Old people don't get herpes.

HOWIE

Well I think she did -- look!

DOC

Big deal, no one cares about that shit anymore.

HOWIE

Everyone cares about that shit! I mean, granted, it's taken a backseat to AIDS the last twenty years, but still, if I'm on a date, or even up for a job, and the interviewer sees I've got this oozing, pus-sy herpe on my lip, you think he's gonna hire me?

DOC

Fine, use a condom.

HOWIE

What?

Doc quickly takes out a condom, rips open the pack and starts to unravel it with his fingers.

HOWIE (cont'd)
The air's not gonna go through that thing.

DOC
Now it will.

Doc slices off the tip of the condom with his car keys, then tosses the rubber to Howie.

HOWIE
Seriously?

DOC
Dude, she's turning fucking blue!

Howie looks down at the old lady -- then puts the sliced-open end of the condom in the woman's mouth, spreads the other end against her lips and starts to blow... then recoils.

HOWIE
(blows, then recoils)
Ugh, what's on this thing?

DOC
I don't know, spermicidal lubricant...

HOWIE
What the hell? That's, like, toxic!

DOC
Just move the fuck over!

Doc shoves Howie out of the way, puts his mouth on the old lady's and starts giving her mouth-to-mouth...

He does one set of breaths... then another... then puts his ear to her nose, feels her chest... then looks up at Howie, shaking his head ominously, as we...

CHYRON: "TWO DAYS EARLIER"

INT. DINER - DAY

Howie, Doc and their friend ROY -- African American, JB Smoove type from "Curb Your Enthusiasm" -- sit in a booth.

ROY

Two o'clock, at the cashier --
would you or wouldn't you?

Roy nods toward a GIRL at the counter. The girl looks hot
but we can't tell for sure -- her back's facing the guys.

HOWIE

Would he or wouldn't he what?

ROY

Bang her. New game we play with
girls whose backs are to us. Gotta
make your call before she turns
around.

DOC

(checking out the girl)
Like the ass -- little big, but
it's good-big, it's bubble-big...

ROY

You know I got no problem with that
shit.

DOC

Kinda short -- but not stubby,
thank God, 'cause I can't stand the
low vagina.

ROY

Don't like them low-riders, huh?

DOC

Remember that girl I met at the
Dodger game? Shockingly low vagina.

ROY

Really? She wasn't even that
short.

DOC

Exactly why the vaginal-lowness was
so shocking.

ROY

Better hurry, she's gonna turn...

DOC

No! Gotta go with no...

The girl turns to reveal she's the WORLD'S HOTTEST GIRL with
the WORLD'S NICEST TITS.

ROY

Doh!

DOC

Oh, for fuck's sake! Why, why did I say no?!

HOWIE

You... do realize you weren't really gonna get to sleep with her?

DOC

Still hurts. Still just fuckin' hurts!

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Here you go...

A WAITRESS puts an onion bagel down in front of Howie.

HOWIE

Wait, I ordered two.

WAITRESS

I know, but we had only one onion bagel left. Want me to bring you another kind? Cinnamon, pumpernickel...

HOWIE

No, just... take it away.

WAITRESS

Really?

Howie nods. The waitress picks up the bagel and walks away.

ROY

I thought you were hungry.

HOWIE

I am, but eating one bagel's too depressing.

(off Roy's confused look)

When I've only got one bagel, I get depressed after eating the first half 'cause I know I've only got one half left. But if I've got two bagels, after eating the first half, I know I've still got three halves left, which puts me in a good mood for the entire bagel-eating process.

DOC

See, this is why you never get laid
-- you over-think shit! Bagels,
powdering your balls tonight...

HOWIE

Hey, I don't think it's that
unreasonable to wanna make a good
first phallic impression.

ROY

Whoa, whoa, you got sweaty balls?

HOWIE

No, I don't "have" sweaty balls, I
just... I'm playing tennis with
this girl tonight and I'm a little
worried that right after we play,
before I get the chance to
shower... she might wanna do stuff.

DOC

First of all, Howie, girls love --
I mean, love -- when a guy's got a
little stank goin' on down there.

HOWIE

What?

DOC

It's true. They think it's all
animalistic and shit -- like a
caveman.

HOWIE

But if cavewomen liked the smell of
cavemen's crotches so much, why'd
we have to club 'em over the head
before they'd have sex with us?

DOC

I'm telling you, Howie, girls don't
like the whole "metro" thing --
where guys smell fruity and are all
smooth down there like a Ken Doll.
Makes it look like you're trying
too hard.

ROY

Listen to him, Howie, and if you
don't listen to him, listen to me --
'cause when it comes to balls and
ball-related hygiene, I'm your man.

(MORE)

ROY (cont'd)
I know that shit like the back of
my sack, so trust me when I say,
Howie: do-not-powder-your-meat.

Howie thinks about that for a beat...

HOWIE
Fine, I won't.

INT. HOWIE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Howie, pants around ankles, douses his crotch with powder.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

Howie's date, PENELOPE, grunts as she whacks the ball to
Howie, once, twice, thrice. On the other side of the net
Howie chases down all the shots, sweating profusely.

HOWIE (cont'd)
Wow... you're really running me
around here...

PENELOPE
Gotta make you sweat a little,
right?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Penelope throws Howie down on the bed and starts kissing him.

HOWIE
So, uh... whaddya say we take a
nice sexy shower...

PENELOPE
That'd be stupid -- 'cause we're
not nearly as dirty now as we're
about to be...

She straddles him, smiling, as she unhooks her bra to reveal
her large, bare boobs. She lowers herself a little, so that
her boobs are now a mere inches from his face.

PENELOPE (cont'd)
How do you like these?

HOWIE
Uh... I like 'em. They're large,
very well propor--

She swings her left boob so that it violently SMACKS Howie in
his face.

OWIE (cont'd)
Ow!

PENELOPE
You like that?

HOWIE
Well, I don't know if I... ow!

This time, she SMACKS Howie's face with her right boob.

HOWIE (cont'd)
Can you stop beating me about the
head with your boobs?

PENELOPE
Aw, does wittle Howie want a wittle
TLC? Let's see what we can do
about that...

And with that, Penelope starts heading south on Howie...

HOWIE
Um... sure you don't wanna shower
first? 'Cause I just installed
this new shower-head and... Oh God.

Howie writhes comically, clearly enjoying what's going on...

HOWIE (cont'd)
Yeah, that's good, that's--

... when he suddenly hears an O.S COUGH. Howie looks down at
the O.S. Penelope.

PENELOPE (O.S.)
Please tell me this isn't baby
powder down here.

And off Howie's look...

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A hospital gurney is being rushed through a hospital corridor
with a DOCTOR and a NURSE running beside it.

DOCTOR
We've got anaphylactic shock due to
an unknown irritant!

ON THE GURNEY -- we see Penelope, her face all puffy and
covered in hives. The doctor turns to Howie, who's trying to
keep up with the speedy gurney.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
You were with her when this
happened?

HOWIE
Uh, yeah...

DOCTOR
What'd she ingest?

HOWIE
I'm sorry?

DOCTOR
What was the last few thing she put
in her mouth?!

HOWIE
Well... we were playing tennis and
trying to stay hydrated, so we had,
you know, water... Gatorade...
maybe some baby powder...

DOCTOR
Baby powder?
(looks at Howie)
Why the hell was she eating baby
powder?

HOWIE
Well she didn't really "eat" it--
there may have been some on my,
uh... on my genitals...
(off doctor's look)
It was a first date, I wanted to
make a good first phallic
impression...

DOCTOR
So you powdered your penis? Girls
don't like that.
(to the nurse)
Do they?

NURSE
I actually like when a guy gets a
little gamey down there. It's
kinda manly.

DOCTOR
Though you're not really a good
barometer -- anything gets you wet.

NURSE

Pretty much.

Howie looks at the doctor and nurse -- "Who the hell are these people?"

DOCTOR

She probably has a talcum allergy.

HOWIE

She gonna be okay?

DOCTOR

She should be fine...

(then)

This is as far as you go...

Howie stops as the doctor pushes the gurney through some swinging doors marked "Personnel Only."

DOCTOR (cont'd)

(with disdain)

Powdering your balls...

The doctor shakes his head in disgust. Howie watches his date as she's wheeled away...

EXT. BATTING CAGES - DAY

Roy's in the batting cages, taking his cuts. Doc and Howie wait outside, helmets on, both with bats.

DOC

I can't believe you almost whacked a girl with your wang.

ROY

Yeah, man, who knew your crank could kill? Your dick's like 007.

DOC

More like 005.

HOWIE

Why do you always assume I'm small down there?

DOC

Oh, that's right, I forgot -- you won the Boner Contest.

ROY

Boner contest?

DOC

In second grade me, Howie, Jimmy Fink and Stewey Stein had a boner contest. Howie won.

ROY

You guys compared rods?

HOWIE

Why do you tell this story?

DOC

Why do you care? It was a completely non-sexual competition -- like if we ran a fifty yard dash.

ROY

Yeah, but you weren't running a race, you were comparing cocks.

HOWIE

Can you just shut up about this?

DOC

(suddenly notices something)

Wait, don't move.

HOWIE

What?

DOC

Fly. Front of your helmet.

HOWIE

So? Don't kill hi--

Doc SLAMS the butt of his bat right into Howie's head.

HOWIE (cont'd)

OW!

Doc turns the bat around, looking at the butt of it...

DOC

Got him! Fuckin' got him, man!

HOWIE

(holding his head)

What the hell?! You hit me in the head with a baseball bat?

DOC
Dude, you're wearing a helmet.

HOWIE
Still hurts, God damn it...

DOC
Hey, how 'bout a little kudos, huh?
I mean, those flies have like a
million fuckin' eyes, I've only got
two and -- boom -- I took that
fucker right out.

HOWIE
So, what, you're proud you killed
something?

DOC
I didn't kill "something" -- I
killed a fly. A spreader of shit.
Christ, of all people, I'd think
you'd be happy considering you're
the most anti-shit person I know.
Fuck, if you could start, like, a
Shit-Holocaust, where you get rid
of all the shit in the world?
You'd do it. You'd be like the
Hitler of shit.

HOWIE
Can you not compare me to Adolph
Hitler?

DOC
Fine, but only 'cause it's your
birthday.

Howie looks at Doc -- surprised.

HOWIE
Thought you forgot...

DOC
Forgot? What are you, fucking
kidding? In fact...
(looks at his watch)
Time to pick up your present.

And as Doc raises his eyebrows, mischeviously...

INT. DOC'S CAR - DAY

Doc driving, with Howie sitting next to him...

HOWIE
Just tell me what you got me.

DOC
Will you shut the fuck already?
What are you, five? It's a
surprise.
(looks at watch)
Shit, we're late.

HOWIE
Late for what?

But Doc just accelerates...

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Doc's car screeches into this parking garage that's under an apartment building.

INT. DOC'S CAR - DAY

Doc pulls into a parking spot, then turns off the car.

DOC
Alright, birthday boy, let's do it.

Doc and Howie open their doors, when Doc spots something in his rear-view mirror...

DOC (cont'd)
Shit! Close the door!

HOWIE
What?

DOC
Just close it!

Doc and Howie close their doors, as Doc looks in the rear-view mirror, where we see...

ANOTHER CAR -- a Buick -- pulling into the garage and slowly making its way to its parking spot.

HOWIE
What the hell's going on?

DOC
It's Mrs. Buckley. She might have groceries.

HOWIE

So?

DOC

If she does, we'll have to help her -- which'll take for fuckin'-ever. She's always got, like, twenty bags, she makes me go up and down the stairs at her pace... Even with the two of us, we're looking at an eight, ten minute, job, minimum.

HOWIE

Again -- so?

DOC

So, your gift is very time-sensitive. And it already started five minutes ago...

HOWIE

(confused)

Started five minutes ago?

We see Mrs. Buckley get out of the car... Doc examines the situation.

DOC

You know what? She doesn't know we just got home -- we could act like we're leaving, park around the block, then enter through the front before she gets in the lobby.

HOWIE

This is crazy. We can't just let an old lady drag twenty bags of groceries upstairs herself.

DOC

First of all, she's not that old -- she's seventy, which is like the new fifty. Plus, they got a shopping cart down here. I mean, what do you think she does when I'm not around?

HOWIE

She might not even have groceries...

Mrs. Buckley's trunk opens -- revealing a couple dozen bags.

DOC
She does. I'm hitting it.

Doc throws his car in reverse and PEELS out of the garage.

EXT. DOC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Doc's car comes cruising out of his garage. He hangs a right, onto the street...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

... screeches around another corner, quickly parking against the curb. The door swing open, with Doc quickly exiting...

DOC
Come on, move! Move!

He runs toward the building, Howie following him...

EXT. DOC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Doc exits into the front door of his apartment building, again followed by Howie...

INT. LOBBY - DOC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The guys rush in...

DOC
Stairs, faster...

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

... taking the stairs, two at a time, until...

INT. HALLWAY - DOC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

The door swings open, with Doc emerging, followed by Howie... They both stop for a beat, trying to catch their breath...

DOC
See? Two minutes versus ten, it's all good...

Doc approaches his door, takes out his key and sticks it in... the door opens... to reveal TWO HOT CHICKS dressed in scrubs.

TWO HOT CHICKS
(together, smiling)
Happy birthday, Howie!

HOT CHICK #1
I'm Dr. Stroker. I heard you might
need a hernia exam?

HOT CHICK #2
And I'm Dr. Prober. I'm gonna make
sure you have a healthy prostate.

Howie looks at his two "doctors."

HOWIE
(to Doc)
Can I talk to you for a sec?

INT. BATHROOM - DOC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Howie, facing off against Doc...

HOWIE
You got me whores?

DOC
Dude, it's the only way you're ever
gonna get laid.

HOWIE
Are you out of your mind? Do you
even know who I am? You really
think I'd sleep with one hooker,
let alone two?

DOC
That's the thing -- they're not
hookers. They're Rookers.

HOWIE
"Rookers?"

DOC
Rookie-hookers. Remember my friend
from Camp Saddleback, Billy
Blankstein?

HOWIE
The mortgage broker?

DOC
Yeah, but since the whole subprime
shit hit the fan, he decided to
stop selling houses and start
selling pussy.

HOWIE

So... he's a pimp?

DOC

Yeah. Anyway, I called him and told him I needed not just a couple girls, but -- because of your freaky germ thing -- a couple of new girls... you know, like first-time whores? So he got me a couple girls whose first night on the job is tonight.

He motions to the two slutty girls, who are eating from a bag of potato chips. Howie just looks at Doc, astounded.

HOWIE

You're kidding, right?

DOC

Dude, this is the best idea I've ever had! It's like when Bloomingdale's has one of those pre-sales and gives its preferred shoppers first crack at the merchandise. Dude, you're gettin' first crack... at their cracks! Hell, they're not even technically prostitutes yet, here, watch....
(calls to girls)
Hey, have you girls "worked" at this job yet?

HOT SLUTTY GIRL 1

Nope.

HOT SLUTTY GIRL 2

Uh-uh. Before tonight, we were just sluts.

DOC

See?

Doc looks at Howie. Howie looks at the girls.

HOWIE

It was nice meeting you.

Howie heads toward the door...

DOC

Howie, what are you doing?

... and out of the apartment.

HOT SLUTTY GIRL 1
(confused)
So is he gonna fuck us, or...

DOC
I'll be right back.

INT. HALLWAY - DOC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Howie walks down the hallway, with Doc hot on his heels...

DOC (cont'd)
Come on, don't be such a pussy...

HOWIE
I don't think I'm a pussy because I
don't wanna sleep with a couple of
whores.

DOC
Sluts! They're just sluts right
now! And if someone got me some
nice sluts for my birthday? I
think I'd be a little more
appreciative...

Suddenly, Howie stops in his tracks, as does Doc. Both just
stand there, frozen, staring at...

THE GROUND IN FRONT OF THEM

where, strewn all about, are a dropped bag of groceries...
and Mrs. Buckley's body.

HOWIE
Is that Mrs. Buckley?

DOC
That is Mrs. Buckley.

HOWIE
Holy shit...

INT. HALLWAY - DOC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Another old woman, MRS. FINK, emerges from her apartment and
gasps, upon seeing...

Doc standing over Howie, who's kneeling next to Mrs. Buckley
and giving her mouth-to-mouth (NOTE: THIS IS THE SCENE FROM
THE BEGINNING).

HOWIE
Ugh, what's on this thing?

DOC
Spermicidal lubricant.

HOWIE
What? That's, like, toxic!

DOC
Just move the fuck over!

Mrs. Fink sees Doc shove Howie aside and start giving mouth-to-mouth to Mrs. Buckley himself. He then puts his ear to her mouth, feels her chest... then looks up at Howie, shaking his head, ominously, as we...

CUT TO:

A BODY BAG being zipped up over Mrs. Buckley's face.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Paramedics lift Mrs. Buckley's lifeless body onto a gurney as RESIDENTS mill about the hallway.

Howie and Doc -- along with Roy, who's just arrived -- just stand there, shell-shocked at what's just gone down.

ROY
(staring at dead body)
You're shittin' my fuckin' ass.

DOC
(staring at dead body)
I am not shittin' your fuckin' ass.

The paramedics wheel the corpse into the elevator as a cop -- we'll call him BILL THE COP -- talks to an elderly neighbor, MRS. FINK.

MRS. FINK
... and that's when I walked out
and saw this fine young man
performing CPR on her.

She gestures toward Doc.

DOC
Yeah, I did the, uh... mouth-to-mouth thing.

BILL THE COP

That's very noble of you guys.
Most people in a situation like
this, they either don't know what
to do or don't wanna do anything --
they think it's gross or something.

Doc subtly turns toward Howie, who lowers his head a bit
shamed.

MRS. FINK

(re: Doc)

This young man always seems to be
doing the right thing. I've seen
you helping Mrs. Buckley with her
groceries...

DOC

Oh, yeah, I always help her... You
know... whenever I can...

MRS. FINK

I'm just surprised she didn't use
the grocery cart we leave in the
garage.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

You mean this one?

A SECOND COP emerges from around the corner pushing a
shopping cart.

MRS. FINK

Ooh... that's not supposed to be up
here.

Doc's face -- "whoops."

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - LATER

Doc's there, while Howie paces furiously... Roy's in the
kitchen, looking for something to eat.

HOWIE

Why'd you use the shopping cart?!

DOC

Because I went shopping yesterday.

HOWIE

How many bags did you have?

DOC

I don't know... three.

HOWIE

Three bags and you need a freakin' shopping cart?!

DOC

Hey, fuck off! What, you think I feel good about this?

HOWIE

Probably a lot better than Mrs. Buckley feels right now.

(then)

So, what, instead of taking the time to return the cart, you just "pushed it around the corner?"

DOC

Of course. If I leave it outside my apartment, then everyone knows I'm the guy who didn't return it.

HOWIE

You were the guy who didn't return it!

DOC

I was going to! The next time I went downstairs... but I guess I forgot because I didn't see it.

HOWIE

Because you pushed it around the corner!

DOC

Shut the fuck up!

Roy comes in front the kitchen, eating a bag of Cheetos.

HOWIE

How could you eat right now?

ROY

I don't know, I'm hungry. Fuck, I'm not the one who killed her.

DOC

We didn't kill her.

HOWIE

We kinda did -- and now we might go to freaking jail... get sodomized...

(shakes head)

That was one of my goals, you know-- to make it all the way through life without getting sodomized... guess that one's now out the window.

ROY

Know what you gotta do? Start fuckin' each other. I heard that way, if your ass is spoken for in the joint? Other inmates don't fuck with you.

DOC

(disgusted)

Like I'd fuck him...

HOWIE

Oh, like I'm dying to fuck you?

A KNOCK on the door...

COP (O.S.)

(from hallway)

Police.

HOWIE

(in a scream-whisper)

Shit! They know!

DOC

(scream-whisper, back)

They don't know!

(calls to cops)

Coming!

(back to Howie)

Now shut the fuck up!

Doc goes for the door... Howie trails behind him... Doc then opens it -- in the hallway stands Bill the Cop.

COP

Deceased woman's grandkids want a word with you.

HOWIE

About what?

But before answering, the cop slides to the side... revealing two girls, DARCI -- super hot, the more made-up of the two -- and ANGIE -- super cute in a much more natural kind of way. Both are mid 20s, and both have watery eyes...

DARCI
Are you Doc and Howie?

Doc and Howie look back at the girls... nod reluctantly...

ANGIE
We just wanna say... thank you so much for trying to save our Gram-Gram.

And with that, the girls throw their arms around our guys -- Darci's arms around Doc, Angie's, around Howie... And as the grateful girls continue to hug our shell-shocked guys...

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Organ music plays as the immediate family members sit in the front row receiving line, thanking the various mourners...

... who include Doc and Howie, who show up freshly scrubbed and both wearing suits.

DARCI
Oh my God! Angie, look who came.

ANGIE
You guys are so sweet...
(to her parents)
Mom, dad, this is Doc and Howie,
the two guys who tried saving Gram-Gram.

Doc takes the mother's hand...

DOCTOR
I am so sorry for your loss.

HOWIE
Yes... we're obviously, you know... extremely sorry...

Mom and dad -- just smile at them.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY - LATER

Up on the stage, a EULOGIST is talking about Gram-Gram...

EULOGIST

... Gram-Gram was a brave woman...
a strong woman... just not strong
enough to carry all those groceries
herself...

In the audience, Howie and Doc sit, listening...

HOWIE

I feel like a fraud.

DOC

What are you talking about? It's
nice that we came.

HOWIE

We wouldn't have to come if we
didn't kill her...

DOC

We didn't fucking kill her!

A beat as they listen to the eulogy.

DOC (cont'd)

Wonder what I'm gonna say at your
funeral...

HOWIE

(disturbed)

Why do you assume I'm gonna die
before you?

DOC

What are you, fucking kidding?
With all your worrying? You'll be
dead before you're fifty.

(then)

Think I'll lead with the time you
fell asleep in the library freshman
year.

INT. SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY - FLASHBACK

14 year old Howie leans back in his chair, sleeping with his
feet up on his desk, as his body starts to convulse... and a
STAIN forms in the crotch of his khaki pants.

He convulses again... the stain grows bigger... convulses
again... stain grows wider... the other kids at the table,
just staring at him.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - PRESENT DAY

HOWIE

You are not telling the wet dream story!

DOC

Dude, it's a classic -- you fuckin' gizzed in your pants in the library... Plus, thematically, it's perfect: a funeral's supposed to be a celebration for your life, and giz is what gives life...

OTHER MOURNER

Shh!

The guys, silenced.

HOWIE

I'm asking you as a friend...

DOC

Fine, I won't tell it.

HOWIE

Thank you.

(then)

You're lying, aren't you?

DOC

Of course I'm lying. How the fuck are you gonna know?

INT. BUCKLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Lots of black, lots of food... a wake. Doc's stuffing his face with food when...

DARCI

There he is...

Darci -- the hottie in a black mourning dress showing off ample cleavage -- approaches with 24 year old CLAIRE -- who's slightly overweight with the proverbial "good face."

DARCI (cont'd)

Claire, this is one of the heroes,
Doc. Doc, this is my other sister,
Claire.

DOC

(barely glancing at her)

Hey.

(quickly turns to Darci)

Wow, look at you. I mean, I don't know if I'm allowed to say this 'cause it's a funeral and all, but you look freakin' hot.

DARCI

(blushing)

Oh... I know...

CLAIRE

(annoyed, to Doc)

So that's it? You can't engage me in discussion for two seconds 'cause you gotta get back to "hot cheerleader sister?"

DARCI

Claire...

CLAIRE

No, I mean, I fly cross-country and for what? So I can get ignored by some guy who's not even that great looking 'cause I'm eleven pounds overweight?

DARCI

Really? You're only eleven pounds overweight?

CLAIRE

Thank you.

The pissed-off Claire walks away.

DARCI

(calls after)

Claire? Come on...

But she's gone. Doc looks over at Darci.

DOC

Wait a minute -- you're a cheerleader?

INT. OTHER ROOM - BUCKLEY HOUSE - DAY

Howie's talking to UNCLE JACK, an old man in full army uniform.

UNCLE JACK
So where'd you serve?

HOWIE
Where'd I serve?

UNCLE JACK
What war?

HOWIE
Oh, I've... never been in a war...

UNCLE JACK
(waves him off, disgusted)
Ach...

HOWIE
Sorry...

UNCLE JACK
Korean War, POW, Koje-Do. Gooks
tossed me in a latrine and shit on
my head for three days straight.
That sound fun to you?

HOWIE
No, that... doesn't sound fun at
all... actually sounds... very
unpleasant...

ANGIE (O.S.)
Hey, Howie...

It's Angie, approaching and saving the day.

ANGIE (cont'd)
Is Uncle Jack regaling you with his
war stories?

HOWIE
Good word -- "regale."

ANGIE
Oh. Well I'm glad I could regale
you with the word "regale."

The two share a smile.

UNCLE JACK
You break up with Van for this
homo?

ANGIE

Uncle Jack! You can't say those things.

UNCLE JACK

Yes I can. I'm ninety-two.

ANGIE

That doesn't matter. You can't keep using your age as an excuse to be a bigot.

UNCLE JACK

(waves dismissively)

Ach...

Just then, an AUNT comes up to Angie.

AUNT

Honey, you ever find your wallet?

ANGIE

Not yet. But I'm sure it'll turn up.

The aunt smiles and nods, then walks away.

UNCLE JACK

Somebody swipe your wallet? You check him?

(motions to Howie)

He looks Jewey.

ANGIE

Uncle Jack!

UNCLE JACK

Ach...

Uncle Jack waves them off, then walks away.

ANGIE

Sorry. He's my Gram-Gram's brother...he's probably upset...

HOWIE

That's alright... I'm sure this has been tough on your whole family...

(then, upbeat)

But at least you lost your wallet.

Angie looks at Howie, confused.

ANGIE

Are you... being sarcastic?

HOWIE

No. I mean, sure it seems bad now-- but think how happy you're gonna be when you find it. And that's a bonus good mood you'd never get to be in if you never lost it in the first place.

Angie thinks about that.

ANGIE

That's a unique way of looking at it. But what if I never find it?

HOWIE

That's where the plan breaks down a little.

The two share a smile.

HOWIE (cont'd)

So this... "Van" guy...

ANGIE

Oh -- just an old boyfriend.

HOWIE

How... "old?"

ANGIE

We broke up yesterday.

HOWIE

That's... not that old.

ANGIE

We got into a fight over the funeral. He was supposed to make it, but... he had something "important" he couldn't get out of.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - LAS VEGAS HOTEL - NIGHT

A bunch of guys' GUYS, all around 30, pound shots and eat sushi in this Penthouse with a perfect view of the Las Vegas Strip as music BLARES.

VAN

With the first pick in the draft,
I, Van Von Johnson, select Drew
Brees.

The other guys all BOO and throw sushi at him...

INT. BUCKLEY HOUSE - NIGHT

Howie, still with Angie...

ANGIE

I figured his girlfriend's
grandmother's funeral might warrant
him interrupting his annual fantasy
football draft, but... I figured
wrong.

HOWIE

Yeah, I know a lot of guys who are
really into that...

ANGIE

Of course, I don't know if I can
really blame someone for "not being
there" -- since I wasn't "there"
for Gram-Gram.

HOWIE

Oh, you can't beat yourself up over
that.

ANGIE

Yes, I can. I wasn't over there
nearly as much as I should have
been. I mean, she lived ten
minutes away and, what, I saw her
twice a month? If I'd just gone
shopping with her once in a while,
this never would have happened.

HOWIE

Don't do this to yourself...

ANGIE

I can't help it. I feel like this
is entirely my fault.

Howie looks at Angie... sees that she's hurting.

HOWIE

I gotta tell you something...

DOC (O.S.)
Hey, kids...

It's Doc, who enters with Darci.

DOC (cont'd)
Whatchya talking about?

HOWIE
Just stuff.

DOC
Can I talk to you for a minute?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doc throws Howie up against a car...

HOWIE
Ow...

DOC
You were about to tell her, weren't you?

HOWIE
No.
(then)
Maybe.

DOC
Douchebag!

He pushes Howie up against the car.

HOWIE
I have to...

DOC
No you don't!

HOWIE
They're gonna find out...

DOC
They are not gonna find out! See, this is your problem -- you always assume the worst.

HOWIE
I can't stop thinking about it...

DOC

You wanna stop thinking about it?
Huh? Then smoke this with me and,
trust me, you'll fuckin' forget.

Doc pulls out a pipe from his pocket, leans against the car
and fires it up. He takes a hit... holds it out to Howie.

HOWIE

I'm not getting high.

DOC

You are such a fucking pussy.

HOWIE

Why is it so important to you that
I get high?

DOC

Why's it so important to you that
you don't?

(then)

Look, this shit'll help you -- it's
therapeutic. Haven't you ever
heard the term "medical marijuana?"

HOWIE

That's for, like, glaucoma.

DOC

Do not blow this for us, Howie.
They think we're heroes.

HOWIE

But we're not -- doesn't that
bother you?

DOC

Hey, we tried saving her, okay?
Plus, you wanted to help her with
the groceries in the first place.

HOWIE

I did wanna help her with the
groceries...

DOC

Damn straight. And it's not your
fault your mental constitution's
too weak to stand up to my powers
of persuasion.

(MORE)

DOC (cont'd)
Now I need you to fuckin' man-up
'cause after the girls do some shit
at Gram-Gram's Saturday night?
They're coming over for dinner.

HOWIE
I don't know, it just...
(starts to pace)
It feels like I have to tell her.

DOC
Of course it does 'cause you're
fuckin' OCD. But don't worry --
I'm gonna fix that tonight.

And off Howie's confused look...

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doc and Roy are on the couch, playing video games, getting high. Howie's in the B.G.

HOWIE
You gonna tell me why I'm here?

DOC
(while playing video game)
Hold on, I'm working...

Doc takes a bong hit, then continues playing video games.

HOWIE
Still can't believe you're a video
game tester.

DOC
Oh, sorry we can't all have
"normal" jobs like you and wash our
hands for a living.

HOWIE
I don't "wash my hands" for a
living, okay? I test soap...

INT. LABARATORY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Howie, in a lab coat, stands at an industrial-sized sink
washing his hands.

HOWIE (V.O.)
For color, for texture, for scent.

Howie raises his lathered hands to his nose -- takes a whiff.

BACK TO:

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - PRESENT - DAY

DOC

Uh-huh, and how do you do that? By washing your fuckin' hands.

ROY

(off video game)

Ooh, shit, what just happened?

DOC

I just disemboweled you. And see your intestines dangling outta your anus?

(proudly)

My idea.

ROY

Nice.

HOWIE

Come on, it's almost midnight...

DOC

Fine...

Doc pauses the video game, stands, then turns to Howie.

DOC (cont'd)

Please, Howie, have a seat.

HOWIE

I'd rather not. Your couch smells. Like butt-sweat.

DOC

Howie...

HOWIE

Fine.

Howie takes a seat on the couch. Roy picks up a whiffle bat and starts hitting whiffle balls being shot out of an indoor pitching machine. Doc starts pacing in front of Howie...

DOC

Howie, you're our friend. And as much as Roy and I enjoy seeing you fuck up your life...

HOWIE

I'm sorry -- you "enjoy" it?

DOC

Hey, I'm not gonna lie -- all that shit you pull? Pretty fuckin' amusing.

ROY

Good stories, Howie. Always got some good fuckin' stories.

DOC

But as much as we take delight in your misery, it's clear you like this Angie girl... and even more clear that I am about to reach the Holy Grail -- for I, my good men, am about to fuck a cheerleader.

ROY

What? She's a cheerleader?

DOC

Fuckin' A.

ROY

Holy fuckin' shit! Laker Girl?

DOC

No.

ROY

Clipper chick?

DOC

Uh-uh. Avenger Vixen.

A beat from Roy.

DOC (cont'd)

You know, L.A. Avengers. Arena football.

ROY

Oh...

DOC

What? That's still a professional cheerleader.

ROY

No, I know... no, it's good.

DOC

It's not only good, it's great. At least it's gonna be unless Howie fucks things up by telling these two chicks we whacked their Gram-Gram.

ROY

Which you didn't.

DOC

No, we didn't.

HOWIE

I just think making a pre-emptive confession is better than her finding out on her own.

DOC

And therein lies your problem. See, half the time you don't do shit you should do -- like play your guitar in front of chicks...

ROY

Yeah, man, why don't you do that? Chicks love that sensitive, guitar-playing-motherfucker kind of shit. You'd kill with that thing.

HOWIE

I don't like playing in front of people...

DOC

While the other half, you do all this shit you shouldn't do. Like powder your balls and make those fake ATM noises so the person behind you won't "steal your code."

EXT. ATM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Howie, at an ATM, pushes the "2" and "5" buttons, which cause the ATM to "BEEP"... then subtly looks over his shoulder and PRETENDS to push four other buttons while making fake "BEEP" noises with his mouth -- to "throw off" the person in line behind him.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - PRESENT

HOWIE

You never do the fake-beep?

DOC

No one ever does the fake beep!
Except for you. Now I took care of
the shit you should be doing by
signing you up for a set at Laurel
Tavern...

HOWIE

You did not.

DOC

Week from Friday, you're goin' on.

HOWIE

God damn it, Doc...

DOC

And I'm gonna take care of the shit
you shouldn't be doing right now by
doing this...

Doc exits into the bedroom. Howie looks over at Roy.

HOWIE

What's he doing?

Roy just shrugs... as Doc returns from the bedroom with a 6
foot SNAKE wrapped around his shoulders.

HOWIE (cont'd)

(instinctively recoils)

What the hell?

DOC

I've had Twinkie for, what, eight
years now?

Doc starts toward Howie, who retreats to the back of the
couch...

HOWIE

Get that thing away from me...

DOC

And in all that time, how many
times has he ever attacked a human?
None. The big zero. Yet, in the
face of all this evidence...

HOWIE

(as snake gets closer)

Knock it off, Doc...

DOC

You're still terrified of him.

Doc -- holding the snake -- stops right in front of Howie.

DOC (cont'd)

In fact, if I put Twinkie down
right next to you...

HOWIE

Which you're not gonna do.

DOC

You'd be scared not to run... just
like you're scared not to tell
Angie what happened. But guess
what, Howie? It's okay not to run
from this snake... just like it's
okay not to tell Angie about Gram-
Gram...

HOWIE

I get the point...

DOC

I don't think you do. But you will
once I put Twinkie on this couch,
he slithers all over your body and
you see that nothing bad happens.

ROY

Gotta do it, man. Ever want a
normal fuckin' relationship? Gotta
start acting like a normal fuckin'
human being.

HOWIE

I don't think it's that irrational
to be scared of a snake!

DOC

(snake around his neck)

A snake who's never harmed a fly?
I'm telling you, Howie, my snake,
this couch, ten seconds... you'll
see it's okay to do nothing
sometimes.

He looks at Howie. Howie, nervous, looks back up at Doc.

HOWIE

Fine, just do it.

DOC
Good. Now all I'm gonna do is put
Twinkie here on the end of the
couch...

Doc puts his snake on the end of the couch, and the snake
starts slithering toward Howie -- who wants to run, wants to
scream but, instead... just holds his breath...

DOC (cont'd)
And all he's gonna do is slither
across your lap...

The snake slithers across Howie's lap...

DOC (cont'd)
Crawl up your chest...

... crawls up Howie's chest...

DOC (cont'd)
And crawl down the back of the
couch.

... then wraps itself around Howie's neck and starts to
SQUEEZE.

HOWIE
(a bit choked)
What's he doing?

DOC
(remaining calm)
Twinkie...

Howie's face -- starting to turn red.

HOWIE
(choking)
Get him off...

DOC
(like it's a dog)
Twinkie, sit... Twinkie, heel!

But the snake continues to squeeze the neck of Howie, whose
face is now bright red.

DOC (cont'd)
Roy!

As Doc tries pulling the snake off Howie's neck, Roy comes
rushing over. He looks at Howie...

ROY

Shit, man... that's one red mother-fuckin' face...

HOWIE

(barely audible)

Get him off!

DOC

Come on, Roy, help me out!

ROY

(yelling at snake)

Let 'em go, you stupid motherfucka!

DOC

Don't yell at him -- get him off!

Roy steps back, winds up and WHACKS the snake with his WHIFFLE BALL BAT.

ROY

Get off, motherfucka!

Roy starts beating the snake -- which is still wrapped around Howie's neck -- with the whiffle ball bat, periodically missing and pummeling poor Howie in the head.

Roy hits the snake with the bat... then Howie's head... then the snake... then Howie's head.

ROY (cont'd)

He's turning purple... that can't be good.

Howie's face -- indeed, turning purple. Doc runs to a drawer, pulls something out, then dashes back to his friend who's almost out of oxygen.

DOC

I'm gonna tase the fucker.

Doc holds up a taser gun... And as Howie's eyes open wide, Doc TASERS the snake, causing both it and Howie to convulse and fall limp to the ground.

Howie drops to the ground, next to the snake, which appears lifeless.

DOC (cont'd)

Howie, you okay?

Howie rolls onto his side... vomits.

ROY
Vomit's good.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Howie -- his neck extremely raw and red -- is at his sink, washing his hands... when his SUPERVISOR approaches and starts circling Howie... inspecting him...

HOWIE'S SUPERVISOR
So, uh... we have fun this weekend?

HOWIE
Um... yeah, I guess.

HOWIE'S SUPERVISOR
A little... "auto-erotic" fun?

Howie's supervisor stops and look at him. Howie, his hands full of lather, just looks back at his boss.

HOWIE
Excuse me?

HOWIE'S SUPERVISOR
Guess the ol' One Man Tug-of-War's not gettin' it done these days, huh? Need to spice things up by wrapping a li'l belt around the neck?

HOWIE
What? No, God, no, I don't... do that...

HOWIE'S SUPERVISOR
I don't like pervs in my department, Keppel. I like my sex like I like my hands -- clean. That's why I got in the soap game.

HOWIE
Well, I can assure, Mr. Allen, this here is...
(gestures toward neck)
... totally non-masturbation related...

HOWIE'S SUPERVISOR
I'm watching you, Keppel.

The supervisor does the eyes-to-eyes thing with his fingers as he heads for the door and exits...

We hear a BUZZ. Howie dries his hands and pulls out his Blackberry.

ON HIS BLACKBERRY -- we see the text "You're right -- found the wallet. Feels great!"

Howie smiles...

BACK ON THE SCREEN -- "Can't wait for that home cooked meal Sat. night!"

Howie's smile -- disappears.

HOWIE
Home cooked?

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doc and Howie...

HOWIE
Why would you tell 'em we're gonna cook 'em dinner?

DOCTOR
Because chicks love when guys make 'em dinner. They think it's all sexual -- like they're putting part of you in their mouth.

HOWIE
But neither of us cooks.

DOC
Neither of us has to.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Doc walks up to the bar...

DOC
Hi, take out for Doc.

The bartender hands him some bags.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doc takes the food out of the bags. Howie hovers behind him.

HOWIE
We're lying again!

DOC
We're not lying.

HOWIE
How is this not lying? You said
we'd "make" 'em dinner and we
really just bought it.

DOC
I'm going to make it -- I'm gonna
make it "ours" by adding a little
spice...

Doc grabs some spice out of a cabinet. Starts shaking it all
over the chicken.

HOWIE
What if they eat at Vitello's?
Then they'll know "ours" is really
theirs.

DOC
Quit being such a fucking nag.
They're not gonna know.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doc and Howie, at Doc's dining room table, eating with Angie
and Darci.

ANGIE
Mmm, your chicken's so good...

DARCI
Yeah, it kind of tastes like
Vitello's...

Howie -- shoots a concerned look at Doc...

ANGIE
... but spicier. I think it's
actually better.

... who then gives Howie a "Told you so" look.

DARCI
That's saying a lot -- Vitello's
is Angie's favorite restaurant...
even though it almost killed her.

DOC
Wow, you've got a low bar.

ANGIE

(explains)

Last year for my birthday, my old boyfriend, Van, took me there and got the shrimp cocktail...

DARCI

Even though he knew she's allergic to shellfish.

ANGIE

Then later, when we were... "together," he took my breath away-- literally.

DARCI

She had to be rushed to the emergency room and get a shot of epinephrine. It was awesome!

Angie gives her sister a look.

DARCI (cont'd)

What? It was exciting.

HOWIE

Whoa, wait... if he knew you had that allergy, why'd he still order the shrimp?

ANGIE

Van loves his shrimp... and just figured he wouldn't kiss me that night.

HOWIE

Wouldn't kiss you that night? How could he not wanna kiss you any night, let alone on your birthday?

DARCI

(teasing)

Sounds like someone's got a crush...

DOC

Wait, if he didn't kiss you, how'd you get a reaction?

ANGIE

Well he didn't kiss me, but he... licked me. On my face.

HOWIE
Licked your face?! What... God
damn this guy!

DOC
Jesus, Howie, calm down...

HOWIE
No. It just makes me...
retroactively mad that you weren't
able to enjoy your birthday.

ANGIE
Hey, you care... that's sweet.

Angie smiles at Howie, who's a little embarrassed -- he's
just kind of outted himself, as we...

TIME CUT TO:

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - LATER

Dishes are empty, glasses half-full... end of dinner.

ANGIE
So, Doc, how'd you get the name
"Doc?"

DOC
In college, I was pre-med.

HOWIE
For two days.

DOC
Two days I spent stoned, playing
video games and wondering "Why the
hell can't I do this for a living?"
Then I realized: why the F not?

DARCI
I really respect that you're
comfortable doing something people
don't really respect.

ANGIE
Ooh, Darci, did you lock grandma's
door?

DARCI
No, why would I? It's not like
anyone's gonna rape her. She's
dead.

(MORE)

DARCI (cont'd)
(realizing)
Though I guess some people still
would...

ANGIE
There's stuff in there, Darci.

DARCI
I'll do it on the way out.

DOC
So you guys going to see Howie play
at Laurel Tavern next week?

ANGIE
Play what?

DOC
Acoustic guitar. Guy's freakin'
awesome.

ANGIE
Of course I'll go.
(to Howie)
I didn't know you played guitar.
That's so cool.

DOC
Of course it's cool when a guy
plays guitar. Everyone knows that.

DARCI
I've slept with... five musicians.
And three bands.

Angie looks over... notices that Howie is suddenly red and
very sweaty.

ANGIE
Howie, are you okay?

HOWIE
Yeah, no I'm good, I'm, uh... I'm
gonna grab a beer. Doc, you wanna
help me grab some drinks?

INT. DOC'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Howie enters, then turns to Doc, who follows...

HOWIE
I gotta go.

DOC
Gotta go where?

HOWIE
Take a shit, that's where! Thanks to you.

DOC
How is it my fault you have to take a shit?

HOWIE
Because first you put those damn pepper seeds on the chicken which "instigated" things down there, then you compound my nerves by reminding me I've got this stupid gig I've gotta play?

DOC
It's gonna be awesome -- you're finally gonna get laid!

Howie's sweating more, breathing harder...

HOWIE
I really gotta go...

DOC
Then go.

HOWIE
Where? Your bathroom? That's right next to where we're eating.

DOC
So?

HOWIE
So, I can tell, this is gonna be a time-consuming process -- I can't just disappear in the bathroom for fifteen minutes and have her picture me making grunting faces...

DOC
Are you a grunter?

HOWIE
No, I'm not! That's what's even more frustrating.

(MORE)

HOWIE (cont'd)
Plus, you've got no circulation in there, which poses a very serious threat of "wafting"...

DOC
Then hold it.

HOWIE
I can't hold it -- a "hold" will throw off my whole cycle...

DOC
Will you fucking listen to yourself?

Howie continues to pace... then realizes:

HOWIE
(stops, realizing)
Did they say their grandma's apartment is unlocked?

Doc just looks at his friend.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The girls sit at the table, while Howie stands, explaining...

HOWIE
... so I just gotta run to my car and get this report for my boss...

ANGIE
Oh -- want some company?

HOWIE
No! I mean... I don't wanna interrupt your dinner... It'll only take a few minutes...

ANGIE
Oh -- okay...

HOWIE
I'll be back in a couple minutes...

Howie forces a smile -- "Nothin' wrong here" -- then exits.

INT. HALLWAY - DOC'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Howie emerges from Doc's apartment, gently closes the door and then speed-walks down the hallway...

He stops at a door, looks around -- coast is clear -- then turns the door knob... the door opens...

INT. MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Howie enters this "grandma" apartment -- wall paper, old furniture, bad smell (yes, you can tell even by looking)... looks around... then spots what he's looking for and exits into the bathroom.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Doc and the two girls, still eating dinner...

ANGIE

So Howie gets work calls, even on Saturday nights?

DOC

Yeah, when it comes to his job, Howie's pretty anal.

INT. BATHROOM - MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Howie, on the toilet, absolutely explodes...

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Post-dinner. Doc and Darci stand in front of a sculpture of a smiling Adolph Hitler who's in his "Heil" salute but -- in his right hand -- holding a bong.

DARCI

What's this?

DOC

That's a piece I just finished for this upcoming art show -- supposed to represent how if Hitler got high once in a while, he wouldn't have had all that aggression toward Jews, and we could've avoided the whole Holocaust. I call it "High Hitler."

ANGIE (O.S.)

And this one?

In the corner, Angie stands in front of a sculpture of The Empire State Building -- but with King Kong not straddling the top of the building but, rather, sitting against the bottom of it and smoking a bong.

DOC

That one shows how if King Kong smoked a bowl every once in a while, he wouldn't have been all stressed at the top of the building swatting at all those planes -- instead, he'd be at the bottom, just chillin' and people-watching... I call it "King Bong."

DARCI

So you're an artist?

DOC

Yeah. My stuff's actually gonna be on exhibit at this gallery on Melrose, if you guys wanna come.

DARCI

I've never done it before with an artist.

DOC

I highly recommend it. 'Cause as the bumper sticker say, artists really know how to "stroke" it.

Darci laughs.

DARCI

That's funny! 'Cause stroke means two things there, right?

DOC

Right.

DARCI

One, a paint brush, and two, sliding your penis in and out of a vagina?

DOC

Bingo.

Angie rolls her eyes at her sister's stupidity, when her cell BUZZES.

ANGIE

Hey, mom... yeah, we're just at the guys' place, finishing up dinner... Uh, I guess... Okay, I'll ask him. Bye.

She hangs up.

ANGIE (cont'd)
Doc, would you mind helping my dad
move a piece of furniture?

DOC
Sure.

DARCI
Great, come on.

DOC
Come on where?

DARCI
My Gram-Gram's apartment. My
parents are on their way up.

Doc -- holy shit.

INT. MRS. BUCKLEY'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Howie flushes the toilet... but we don't hear the familiar
"whoosh" of a successful flush... He looks down into it.

HOWIE
Oh, no...

... when his cell rings. He reaches down into his pants,
looks at caller ID and puts his Bluetooth in his ear.

HOWIE (cont'd)
(into cell)
What?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Doc, on his phone...

DOC
They're in the building!

HOWIE
Who's in he building?

DOC
Angie's family! They're on the way
up -- you gotta get out!

INT. MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

The front door opens and in walks Angie and Darci, with their parents Mr. and Mrs. Buckley.

MR. BUCKLEY
My God... it smells like death in
here.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM - MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT

Howie, in the bathroom, listens near the door...

HOWIE
(into cell phone)
Shit... they're here!

DOC
I know! I gotta go help 'em!

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

MR. BUCKLEY
So where are your friends?

ANGIE
One of the guys had to go to his
car...

DOC
Hey, everybody...

It's Doc, who enters...

DARCI
And this is my guy -- Doc.

Ad lib hello's.

MRS. BUCKLEY
Doc, uh?
(hopeful)
So you're a doctor?

DOC
Nope. Video game tester.

Mrs. Buckley... clearly disappointed.

MR. BUCKLEY
Well let's go, we don't have long.
Uncle Jack's in the car.

DARCI
You left Uncle Jack in the car?

MR. BUCKLEY
He wanted to listen to the Dodger
game on the radio.

CLAIRE
Don't worry, we cracked a window.
Like he's a dog.

MRS. BUCKLEY
I have to use the bathroom.

As she starts for the bathroom, Doc's eyes open wide, as
do...

HOWIE'S,

as he stands in the bathroom, ear near the door, listening...
he then looks down toward the door knob as it turns -- ever
so slightly...

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Mrs. Buckley tries to open the bathroom door, as Doc looks on
behind her, horrified...

MRS. BUCKLEY (cont'd)
It's locked.

She shakes the door knob... no dice, it's locked.

MR. BUCKLEY
(approaching)
Lemme try that...

The dad tries shimmying the door knob... nothing. Then
lowers his shoulder and RAMS it against the door.

IN THE BATHROOM

Howie is desperately trying to lift the window open -- to no
avail -- when he sees the door start to BULGE FORWARD...

IN THE LIVING ROOM

The dad continues trying to break the door down...

MRS. BUCKLEY
Phillip!

ANGIE
Dad, you're gonna hurt yourself!

MR. BUCKLEY
Claire, help me out here...

CLAIRE
Oh, why? Because I'm the fat
daughter? The one with the big
ass?

MR. BUCKLEY
Well... yeah.

Claire looks at her dad -- annoyed, then heads toward the
door to help him...

MR. BUCKLEY (cont'd)
On three... one, two, three...

They both lean their shoulder into the door and PUSH.

IN THE BATHROOM

Howie is now leaning against the door with all his weight,
desperately trying to keep it from opening...

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Mr. Buckley and Claire are now winded...

MR. BUCKLEY (cont'd)
(out of breath)
It's locked.

MRS. BUCKLEY
Well I have to go to the bathroom.

DOC
Uh, you can just use ours -- it's
right down the hall.

MR. BUCKLEY
Yeah, but what are we gonna do next
time we come here? Use your
bathroom the whole day? No, I'm
gonna call Angelo.

DOC
Who's Angelo?

MR. BUCKLEY
Our handyman. He'll just take the
door off.

And off Doc's look...

INT. BATHROOM - MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT -

Howie hovers over the toilet, looking down into it when his
phone vibrates.

HOWIE
What?

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

Doc is in a corner, on his cell...

DOC
Where are you?

HOWIE
Still in the bathroom.

DOC
What the fuck?! Their handyman's
on the way over. He's gonna take
the door off the hinges...

HOWIE
Holy shit...

DOC
Holy shit is fucking right. You
gotta get the fuck outta there.

HOWIE
I can't! The window's painted
shut! Probably hasn't been opened
in twenty years...

DOC
Old people -- they never want fresh
air.

(then)
Well, I guess they're just gonna
find you in there.

HOWIE
That's not the only thing they'll
find -- the toilet's clogged...

DOC

What?! How the fuck did you do that?

HOWIE

What do you mean how the fuck did I do that? Don't you know how a toilet gets clogged?

DOC

We talkin' paper or poo?

HOWIE

(a bit shamed)

Poo...

DOC

What the fuck is wrong with you?

HOWIE

Nothing's wrong with me! It was your stupid chicken that gave me this god damn stomach ache, plus you're talking about this freakin' gig I'm supposed to play...

Just then a man with tool belt and toolbox passes Doc in the hallway -- it's ANGELO.

DOC

Holy fuck... he's here.

INT. MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BUZZING emanates from Angelo's drill as he starts removing the top hinge off the bathroom door. Behind him the family talks.

CLAIRE

You know what makes it worse is that you named me "Claire."

MRS. BUCKLEY

What's wrong with Claire?

CLAIRE

It's a fat girl's name. Everyone knows that from "Breakfast Club."

MRS. BUCKLEY

We never saw "Breakfast Club."

Behind the family, Doc is quietly talking on his phone...

DOC
Did it flush yet?'

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BATHROOM - MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Howie, hovering over the toilet...

HOWIE
No.

DOC
Well then you're gonna have to mash
it up.

HOWIE
Mash it up?

DOC
Do you hear the fucking drilling?
He's gonna be in there in less than
five minutes. It's bad enough
they're gonna find you in there,
but if they see you dropped a deuce
in their dead Gram-Gram's
apartment? I'm not gonna lie,
Howie, that's a dealbreaker.

HOWIE
Well...
(looks around the room)
... what am I supposed to use? The
only thing in here's a tooth brush.

DOC
Bingo.

HOWIE
I'm not gonna use that!

DOC
Why not?

HOWIE
Why not? First I kill the woman,
then you want me to denigrate her
memory by mashing up my shit with
her toothbrush? Forget it.

DOC
Then use your hands.

HOWIE
I'm not gonna use my hands! That's disgusting.

DOC
It's your shit!

HOWIE
I don't care whose shit it is! I'm not gonna "mash it up" with my hands.

DING -- the top hinge drops to the floor.

HOWIE (cont'd)
What was that?

DOC
Top hinge -- only two left!

We see Angelo turn his sights to the middle hinge -- he starts DRILLING away...

DOC (cont'd)
I'm telling you, man, you gotta break the window. You can get fucking arrested for this.

HOWIE
I can?

DOC
Yes, breaking and entering. Or I guess since you left a shit, maybe it'd be Breaking and Leaving...

HOWIE
I found a backscratcher!

Howie emerges from the cabinet, backscratcher in hand.

DOC
Good, now mash that motherfucker up.

Howie approaches the toilet and -- while wincing -- starts poking the contents of the toilet like a tentative fencer...
(NOTE: because this is a classy film, we never see what's in the toilet -- that is all O.S. and left to the imagination).

Howie pokes and prods until... SNAP -- the backscratcher breaks in two, with the lower half sticking straight out of the toilet.

HOWIE

Shit -- the backscratcher broke.

DOC

It broke?

DARCI

Who are you talking to?

It's Darci, who sidles up to Doc.

DOC

Um... just a... game programmer
who's having trouble with a new
title.

(back into phone, talking
in code)

So the... sword broke off in the
treasure?

HOWIE

Yes, the sword broke off in the
treasure.

DOC

Can the hero pull the sword out?

Howie lifts the broken piece of the backscratcher out of the
toilet (but, again, because this is classy cinema, we don't
see anything).

HOWIE

No, the treasure's stuck to the
sword.

MRS. BUCKLEY

Darci, do you have a tampon?

Claire chimes in, annoyed:

CLAIRE

I told you, mom, I have one.

MRS. BUCKLEY

I know, but you probably wear a
super plus.

CLAIRE

I do not! Mom, tampon size has to
do with flow, not vagina size! How
do you not know that?

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)
And just because I'm eleven pounds
overweight, what, you think I have
this gargantuan vagina?

MRS. BUCKLEY
Darci...

DARCI
Let me check...

Darci walks away from Doc, toward her purse...

MR. BUCKLEY
So, uh, Doc, will you gimme a hand
with this table?

DOC
Um... sure, just let me finish up
with my... colleague...

We hear a DING -- hinge number two falls to the floor.
Angelo moves on to the third and final one.

DOC (cont'd)
(back into cell)
Dude, just get the fuck outta
there. He's on the last hinge.

HOWIE
Wait, maybe you're right -- maybe I
shouldn't leave the... treasure.

DOC
What?

HOWIE
What if the cops end up testing it?
You know, for like DNA...

DOC
(whispering)
They're not gonna test your doody
DNA!

Howie -- spots something in the shower.

HOWIE
There's a shower cap...

DOC
A shower cap?

HOWIE
I'm goin' for it...

DOC
Going for what?!

Howie grabs the shower cap, then goes in front of the toilet...

He steels himself... then grabs the broken part of the backscratcher that's submerged in the toilet and drops its "contents" into the shower cap...

Then steps in the bathtub, shower cap in hand... looks at the locked window... then takes his arm back and DRIVES his elbow through the window, SHATTERING it.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

The family reacts to the noise.

MRS. BUCKLEY
Was that a window breaking?

BACK IN THE BATHROOM

Howie looks out the window, toward...

A DUMPSTER

that is in the guest parking lot, about thirty feet away.

Howie -- shower cap in hand -- takes his arm back, frisbee-style, then FLINGS the shower cap toward the dumpster...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The shower cap glides through the air, with the greatest of ease... gracefully... effortlessly... right toward the dumpster, when it CATCHES A BRANCH...

The shower cap is now stuck. On a tree, twenty feet off the ground, half-way to the dumpster -- with one end caught on the branch, the other end pointing down toward...

A car.

INT. BUCKLEY CAR - NIGHT

Uncle Jack sits in the passenger seat, listening to the Dodger game...

VIN SCULLY ON RADIO (O.S.)
... a beautiful night in Chavez
Ravine...

BACK UP IN THE TREE

The shower cap continues to dangle from the branch... when the brown, blurry image inside of it succumbs to gravity, slides toward the edge of the shower cap...

And falls.

INT. BUCKLEY CAR - NIGHT

VIN SCULLY ON RADIO
... as Ethier takes one outside for
ball two...

SPLAT.

Uncle Jack looks up -- sees, on the moonroof above, a big pile of SHIT.

Uncle Jack's face -- enveloped by horror, as we...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LATRINE - NORTH KOREA - DAY - FLASHBACK

YOUNG UNCLE JACK stands in the bottom of a latrine, his POV revealing a KOREAN SOLDIER smiling as he pulls down his pants and places his bare ass on the toilet seat above...

INT. BUCKLEY' CAR - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

Uncle Jack, in post-traumatic-stress mode, stares up at the shit on the moonroof above him...

UNCLE JACK
Koje-do! Koje-do!

INT. MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mr. Buckley and Doc are lifting the armoire when they and the others hear the scream...

UNCLE JACK (O.S.)
(panicked, from outside)
Koje-Do! Koje-Do!

The family -- exchanges looks...

EXT. PARKING LOT - MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Uncle Jack is still in the car...

UNCLE JACK

Koje-do!

... when the entire family -- Angie, Darci, Claire, the parents and Doc -- come running from the building, toward the screaming Uncle Jack, who's in the car.

MR. BUCKLEY

What the hell's going on?

INSIDE THE CAR --

Uncle Jack points up toward the roof.

OUTSIDE THE CAR --

The entire family looks at the moonroof -- sees the big shit sitting on top of it.

FAMILY MEMBERS

Oh my God!/That's disgusting!?!/I'm gonna throw up...

INT. MRS. BUCKLEY'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Howie stands at the broken window, looking down at the carnage he has wreaked below, when...

PING.

INT. MRS. BUCKLEY'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Angelo -- who has stayed behind -- has just removed the last door hinge from the door. He starts to remove it from the frame as...

INT. MRS. BUCKLEY'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

Howie sees the big door slowly moving -- literally, off its hinges! Howie climbs out the window, onto...

EXT. LEDGE - APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Howie's now on the ledge of the building, looking down at the family, who's twenty feet below and crowded around the car...

EXT. GUEST PARKING LOT - APARTMENT BUILDING - SAME TIME

MR. BUCKLEY

Look at this! They shit on my new Lexus!

Doc, standing behind the family, looks up -- sees Howie standing on the ledge of the building -- so he furiously waves at him to get the hell outta there before he's seen.

So Howie turns back, about to head back in the bathroom, but...

INSIDE THE BATHROOM

Angelo has entered, struggling with the bathroom door and about to put it down, after which he'll be able to see Howie in full view, meaning...

Howie's fucked.

To his left is Angelo in the bathroom... to his right, the family down below in the parking lot... one of 'em bound to spot him any second, so...

He takes off, running along the ledge of the building 'til he gets to the end, where he looks down at...

AN ALLEY -- where a filthy mattress sits against a wall...

Howie stands on the ledge -- looks down at the mattress below...

... then jumps.

Dropping twenty feet, missing the mattress entirely and CRASHING on some sheet metal...

BACK IN THE PARKING LOT

The family's ears perk up.

MRS. BUCKLEY
What was that?

MR. BUCKLEY
That must be the shitter!

Mr. Buckley takes off for the alley on the other side of the building...

Doc sees that his friend is about to get busted...

DOC
I'll get him!

... and takes off, too. He catches up to Mr. Buckley, then purposely-but-surreptitiously KNOCKS into him, sending Mr. Buckley sprawling to the ground.

Doc -- continuing to run -- turns back and feigns concern.

DOC (cont'd)

Sorry...

Doc continues running.

EXT. ALLEY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Howie lays amid the debris, still shaken up from his fall, when Doc comes running.

DOC

What the fuck?!

HOWIE

(getting to his feet)

I missed the mattress... how the hell did I miss the mattress?

MR. BUCKLEY (O.S.)

Is he there?

Doc pokes his head around the wall -- sees the rest of the family, led by Mr. Buckley, running their way.

HOWIE

(resigned to his fate)

Shit... I'm busted, aren't I?

Doc thinks for a beat... then PUNCHES Howie the nose...

HOWIE (cont'd)

Ahh!

(holding his nose)

What the fuck?

Howie then PUNCHES Doc in the nose.

DOC

Ah!

EXT. DUMPSTER AREA - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A cop car, its lights flashing, is parked nearby, as various tenants loiter about the "crime scene." BILL THE COP -- the same cop who was there when Mrs. Buckley died -- interviews Howie and Doc, who both have dried blood on their faces.

BILL THE COP

So you saw the defecator?

DOC

Yeah. Big guy. Like 6'8".

BILL THE COP

Well it's a pretty big dump. I'm not surprised.

DOC

'Cause otherwise, I totally woulda kicked his ass. I mean, after he punched Howie, I chased him to that wall, which he was climbing over, and had his leg, but that's when he kicked me in the nose.

Darci dabs Doc's nose...

DARCI

You're so brave.

BILL

And how do you know this man was the defecator?

DOC

Well...

(on the fly)

Howie -- when he was coming back from the garage to get something out of his car -- you saw him jump out the window, right? And then what'd you say -- you chased him here?

Howie looks at Doc -- furious that his friend has pulled him into a lie again.

BILL THE COP

So you saw the defecator jumping out the deceased woman's window?

Howie -- says nothing. Doc gives him a look -- like "You better fuckin' say something."

HOWIE

Yeah...

ANGIE

So let me get this straight: some guy broke into my dead Gram-Gram's apartment, shit in her shower cap, then threw it onto my father's new Lexus?

BILL THE COP
Not the first time I've seen this.

ANGIE
What?!

BILL THE COP
Yeah, you'd be surprised how some people get their kicks. 'Bout two months ago, something similar happened over in Torrance.

DOC
So... you're saying this could be a serial shitter?

BILL THE COP
Could be.

Suddenly, over the walkie-talkie:

COP OVER RADIO (O.S.)
(over radio)
Suspect on foot apprehended on Fairfax and Hauser.

BILL THE COP
(into walkie-talkie)
Over.
(then, to the guys)
Sounds like they caught a possible perp. You game for a lineup?

Howie -- deer caught in the headlights.

HOWIE
Line-up? I mean... I didn't really see his face...

DOC
Yeah, we just saw his ass. You know, cause he wasn't wearing any pants... He was holding 'em...

BILL THE COP
That'll work.

INT. LINE-UP ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Bill the Cop stands on the witness-side of a line-up mirror next to Howie and Doc, who both kind of grimace...

BILL THE COP (cont'd)
Now I want you to take a close look
at all of 'em...

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS

stand five potential PERPS, each with his back to our guys
and each wearing a shirt but no pants -- their BARE ASSES all
staring Howie and Doc at the face.

BILL THE COP (cont'd)
Look at every cheek, every pimple,
every ingrown hair... any ass look
familiar?

Howie and Doc -- just staring at the guys' asses.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Doc and a weary Howie emerge from the police station...

HOWIE
That was pleasant.

DOC
It actually wasn't so bad. Made me
feel better about my ass, you know?
'Cause of all those guys? I think
I definitely have the best ass.

HOWIE
This has gotta stop.

Howie stops walking, looks at Doc.

DOC
What's gotta stop?

HOWIE
The lying. I can't take it. First
we whack their Gram-Gram, now we're
in some police station picking
innocent asses out of a lineup?

DOC
Hey, we didn't finger any asses...
so to speak... which meant no one
got hurt.

HOWIE
I just don't think I can lie
anymore...

DOC
 Hey, do not fuck this up for me,
 Howie! I'm on the cusp. Check it
 out...

He shows Howie his Blackberry screen... it reads "When you're
 done with the cops come over... I miss you!!! ;-)/\.

DOC (cont'd)
 Three exclams, a wink and a
 backslash/slash.

HOWIE
 What's the backslash/slash?

DOC
 Spread legs, baby! It's finally
 gonna happen -- I'm finally gonna
 fuck a cheerleader!

INT. DOC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darci is on top of Doc, naked and fucking his brains out, as
 she swings her pom pons to and fro.

DARCI
 (waves pom pons while
 cheering and fucking)
 Gimme a C! Gimme an O. Gimme a C.
 Gimme a K. Gimme your cock! Gimme
 your cock! Gimme your cock! Gimme
 your cock!

INT. HOWIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Howie, on his cell...

HOWIE
 Uncle Jack had a heart attack?
 Jesus...
 (starts pacing)
 Is he gonna be okay?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angie, on her cell...

ANGIE
 He should be, it was just a mild
 one. But, still, they're keeping
 him a few nights for observation.

HOWIE

Oh my God, I feel awful... like I'm partially responsible or something...

ANGIE

How are you responsible for this?

A beat from Howie -- does he tell?

HOWIE

I'm not, I just... I feel like I should visit him or something...

ANGIE

Aw, that's sweet... I'm going tomorrow if you wanna meet me after work.

HOWIE

Definitely. I will definitely be there because, you know... you probably need support. I mean, you've had all these bad things happen to you lately...

ANGIE

Yeah, but one good thing -- I got to meet you.

She smiles. Howie doesn't. There's a KNOCK at his door...

HOWIE

Hold on a sec...

(rushes to door, looks in
peep hole)

You know what? I got a neighbor at my door, she probably locked herself out again... Alright, yeah, I'll see you tomorrow... okay, bye.

Howie flips off his phone, opens his door and we see Doc -- looking disturbed.

DOC

(dead serious)

Emergency meeting. My place. Now.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doc and Roy play a video game as Howie paces anxiously in the b.g. Doc takes a hit off a one-hitter...

DOC
So I just finish banging the
cheerleader, right?

ROY
Wait, you banged the cheerleader?

DOC
I banged the cheerleader.

ROY
Mazel Fuckin' Tov, man! Give it to
me, right here.

He holds his hand up for a high-five. Doc complies, then
passes the pipe to Roy.

ROY (cont'd)
Did she do cheers and shit?

DOC
Cheered me, cheered my cock...

ROY
Pom pons?

DOC
Shook 'em as we fucked.

ROY
Fuck, yeah!

DOC
So I just finish bangin' her,
right? And I'm laying on her chest
and she's stroking my hair...

INT. DARCI'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Doc is laying on the bare chest of Darci, post-coitus, as she
gives him a scalp massage...

DOC (V.O.)
... when I look down and see that
one of my hairs fell out -- right
on her tit.

Doc -- notices something on the Darci's chest...

DOC (V.O.) (cont'd)
So I go to wipe my hair off...

Doc casually swipes his hand across Darci's boob...

DOC (V.O.) (cont'd)
... but the hair DOESN'T MOVE!

Doc's eyes -- open wide in HORROR.

ROY (V.O.)
Wait a minute... the hair didn't
move?

DOC (V.O.)
Nope.

ROY (V.O.)
Which means the hair wasn't yours.

DOC (V.O.)
Nope.

ROY (V.O.)
Which means...

DOC (V.O.)
Yep...

BACK TO:

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - PRESENT - NIGHT

Doc nods, resigned to his fate...

DOC
... hairy nipple.

ROY
Holy motherfuckin' pile of shit!
That's the worst thing I ever
heard.

DOC
"Heard?" How'd you like to fuckin'
see it?

ROY
We talkin' short-and-curly and long-
and-whispy?

DOC
Bit of a combo -- kind of long with
a little bit of a curl to it.

ROY
So her tit kinda looked like
Charlie Brown's head?

DOC

Li'l bit.

ROY

Aw, man, that's not right.

DOC

No, it was wrong. Very wrong. I mean, I finally get to fuck a cheerleader, and now I gotta deal with this?

ROY

Maybe that's why she's an Avenger cheerleader. Maybe she tried to be a Laker Girl, but they did a Nipple Check and she didn't pass muster.

HOWIE

I gotta go...

Howie heads for the door...

DOC

You gotta go? What the fuck? I just pour my heart about this tragedy and you got nothing to say about it?

HOWIE

Tragedy? You think your thing is a tragedy?

DOC

What the fuck's your problem?

HOWIE

My problem is you think you've got a problem, but when I tell you I just gave Angie's uncle a heart attack, you guys don't say shit.

DOC

It was a mild heart attack...

HOWIE

A heart attack's a heart attack!

ROY

Dude, chill.

DOC

Yeah, fuck, man, take a hit...

HOWIE

I don't wanna take a hit. Is that your answer to everything -- to "take a hit?"

DOC

Is that your answer to everything? To not take a hit?

Doc takes another hit.

HOWIE

I just don't get how you can have no conscience whatsoever over what we've done.

DOC

What we've done? Dude, all I did was kinda-sorta-but-not-really kill Gram-Gram. You're the one who shit on the dad's car and then put the uncle in the hospital.

HOWIE

Thank you for making me feel better about all this.

DOC

Sorry... if I weren't so stoned, I'm sure I'd feel pretty shitty about that.

ROY

So whaddya gonna do about the hairy nip? Tell her to shave her tit?

HOWIE

What? You can't tell a girl to shave her tit.

DOC

I think Howie's right about this one. I've got this hunch women don't take too kindly to being asked to shave their breasts.

As Roy takes another hit, suddenly something hits Doc...

DOC (cont'd)

But I got another idea.

INT. AISLE - GROCERY STORE - NEXT DAY

Doc holds up a tube of Nair hair remover. Roy just stares at it.

ROY

You're gonna Nair the Hair?

DOC

I'm gonna Nair the Hair.

ROY

But if she's not gonna let you shave the sucker, why the hell's she gonna let you Nair it?

DOC

She's not gonna know I Nair it.

Roy furrows his brow. Doc grins mischievously...

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doc squeezes the contents of the Nair tube into an open bottle of Hershey's chocolate sauce.

That done, he screws the cap back on the chocolate sauce and starts dialing his cell.

Roy, sitting next to him, just looks at his friend in awe.

ROY

You're a motherfuckin' genius, man.
You're like the Einstein of tits.

DOC

That's what my grandma used to call me.

(then, into cell)

Hey, Darc, it's Doc. You up for a little Afternoon Delight?

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT

Doc and Darc, making out furiously, when...

DOC

(while making out)

Hey, you ever see that movie Nine and a Half Weeks?

DARCI

The one with the food sex?

DOC

Yeah.

DARCI

God, I love that movie. Makes me so hungry and horny at the same time.

DOC

So you, uh... want a snack?

She pulls back. Looks at him and smiles...

INT. BEDROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Doc and Darci, both in bed, both nude. Darci is blindfolded.

DARCI

This is so kinky...

DOC

Oh, you ain't seen nothing yet...

DARCI

Of course I haven't seen anything -- I'm blindfolded!

Darci laughs way too hard at her own joke.

DOC

Yeah, that's funny...

DARCI

Now treat me like a Sundae...

DOC

Alright... here comes the chocolate sauce...

Doc grabs the bottle of chocolate sauce and starts pouring it on her boobs.

DARCI

Oh, that's so good...

DOC

It is good...

DARCI

All that chocolatey goodness...

DOC

Lotta goodness going on...

DARCI

Lick me....

DOC

I will, I'm just...

(spreading the sauce)

... rubbing it around first...

Doc rubs the chocolate sauce all over her boob...

DARCI

(breathier)

Lick me...

DOC

I will, I just...

(looks at bottle -- feigns
disappointment)

Oh my God -- look at this, this
bottle expired. You know what?
Lemme wipe this old stuff off and
I'll get a new bot--

DARCI

LICK ME!

The blindfolded Darci grabs Doc's ears and shoves his face
down onto her boobs.

INT. HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A hand knocks on a door... which opens to reveal Roy. He
looks at what's across from him in the hallway...

ROY

What the fuck?

... which is Doc donning a REVERSE GOATEE -- meaning he still
has a beard on the sides of his face, but his mustache and
chin areas are now completely smooth.

INT. ROY'S APARTMENT - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Doc paces, in mid-story...

DOC

... and I'm about to wipe off the
Nair-laced chocolate sauce when she
just can't fuckin' take it anymore.

ROY

Can't fuckin' take what?

DOC

My fuckin' sexuality, man. I mean, I got her so fuckin' wet from the Nine-and-a-Half Weeks thing, she just jammed my face right in her chocolate-covered tits. Singed my fuckin' hair right off.

ROY

So you were busted?

DOC

I figured I would be... but she just automatically assumed -- since the sauce was expired -- that it was, like, rancid and burned my hair off.

ROY

So she didn't know you had anything to do with it?

DOC

No! And I got a sympathy BJ out of it, and she now has a bald boob. Which means I'm finally livin' the American dream: fuckin' a cheerleader with smooth tits.

ROY

Awesome, baby!

The two high-five.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Uncle Jack sits in his hospital bed. Angie sits with him, as DR. GOLDSTEIN gives him instructions.

DR. GOLDSTEIN

His EKG looks fine, but it's very important your uncle take his medication every four hours, okay? Even after you guys go home.

ANGIE

I'll make sure of it.

DR. GOLDSTEIN

Good. The nurse'll be by in twenty minutes to check in.

ANGIE
Thank you, Dr. Goldstein.

Dr. Goldstein smiles, then exits.

UNCLE JACK
Goldstein.
(whispers)
Jew.

ANGIE
So?

HOWIE
Hi, everybody...

It's Howie, who enters holding a bag of food.

ANGIE
Howie! Aw, you're so sweet to
come...
(re: bag he's carrying)
And look, Uncle Jack, he came
bearing gifts.

HOWIE
Well, not gifts -- but soup...

UNCLE JACK
Let me guess -- matzoh ball.

HOWIE
Uh, no, it's actually just chicken
noodle...

UNCLE JACK
What, on a bagel?

ANGIE
Uncle Jack!

HOWIE
No, the soup's actually... in a
bowl...

ANGIE
You apologize right now!

UNCLE JACK
For the Holocaust? Why? It never
happened!

ANGIE

No, Uncle Jack, for being rude.
Howie not only came to see how
you're doing, but brought you your
favorite soup.

A beat from Uncle Jack.

UNCLE JACK

(reluctant)

Fine. Sorry...

ANGIE

Now take your medicine... Oh, wait--
did the doctor say whether to take
it with food?

UNCLE JACK

I don't now...

ANGIE

You know what, I'm gonna go flag
him down. I'll be right back.

And with that, Angie exits. Leaving just Howie and Uncle
Jack. Silence.

UNCLE JACK

Well this is fuckin' awkward.

Uncle Jack picks up the remote and starts changing the
channel.

UNCLE JACK (cont'd)

Look at this shit -- just basic
cable, no premium. How am I
supposed to watch the naked chicks
on Cinemax?

HOWIE

I... don't know.

UNCLE JACK

What, you don't watch the naked
chicks on Cinemax?

HOWIE

Not... really...

UNCLE JACK

So you're a Jew and a gay?

HOWIE

No, I'm not--

UNCLE JACK

(changing channels)

Damnit! Why'd they take me to this hospital?!

HOWIE

You know, Uncle Jack, you should probably try to stay calm, considering you just had a heart attack...

UNCLE JACK

What are you, an idiot? This is the best place to have a heart attack. All they gotta do is zap me with a defibulator and I'm good as new.

HOWIE

Yeah, I guess...

(then)

Just so you know, though, it's pronounced... "defibrillator."

Uncle Jack looks at him.

UNCLE JACK

What?

HOWIE

The device they use to re-start your heart. It's called a de-fib-ri-llator -- with an "r" in the middle.

Uncle Jack stares daggers at Howie.

UNCLE JACK

What the fuck is your problem?

HOWIE

Problem? I don't have a problem, I just... thought I'd let you know how to correctly pronounce that word.

UNCLE JACK

I already know how to pronounce it-- de-fib-u-lator, with a "u" in the middle.

HOWIE

Alright, you know what? I don't wanna fight about this...

UNCLE JACK

I don't blame you. If I was an idiot who didn't know how to spell de-fib-u-lator, I'd stick my foreskin-less dick between my legs and crawl away, too.

HOWIE

Again, I really don't wanna fight... for the record, though, it's defib-ri-llator, with an "r."

UNCLE JACK

There's no "r!"

HOWIE

There is, in fact, an "r."

UNCLE JACK

Who the fuck do you think you are?!

HOWIE

I think I'm someone who knows how to spell defibrillator...

UNCLE JACK

THERE'S NO FUCKING R!

BEEEEEEEEPP... Uncle Jack's EKG monitor flatlines. And Uncle Jack's face freezes in "heart attack mode," as...

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Clear!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A couple of NURSES surround Dr. Goldstein as he presses a defibrillator against Uncle Jack's chest. Howie stands behind the doctor, shell-shocked, as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Howie -- zombie-like and shell-shocked -- stands amid the MOURNERS as Uncle Jack's casket is lowered into the ground. Next to Howie stands Doc, still sporting his reverse-goatee.

PRIEST
Ashes to ash, dust to dust...

INT. BUCKLEY FAMILY HOME - DAY

Family and friends eat and pay their last respects. Howie and Doc sit in a corner with Angie, Darci and Claire.

ANGIE
Howie, are you okay?

HOWIE
Yeah, no, just... a little shaken...

CLAIRE
(to Doc)
So what the fuck is with your face?

DOC
What do you mean?

CLAIRE
What do you mean, what do I mean?
Your beard is all fucked up.

DARCI
Isn't it awesome? Doc's gonna start a new fashion trend -- the Reverse Goatee.

Claire looks it over...

CLAIRE
I doubt that.

Angie looks out -- sees her dad talking to a DISTINGUISHED MAN.

ANGIE
Who's dad talking to?

DARCI
Oh, that's a lawyer. I guess we're suing the doctor.

HOWIE
What? Why?

DARCI
I don't know, I guess my parents think it's his fault Uncle Jack had that second heart attack...

HOWIE
It's not his fault.

DARCI
How do you know?

HOWIE
I... don't know, I just...

All eyes on Howie -- especially Doc's, who are basically saying "shut the fuck up."

HOWIE (cont'd)
I need air.

Howie gets up.

EXT. YARD - DAY

Howie, outside, pacing, when Doc approaches.

HOWIE
I can't do this anymore.

DOC
Don't be a pussy...

HOWIE
I can't! Did you hear that?
They're gonna sue the doctor. It's
not his fault -- it was mine!

DOC
Fuck the doctor -- he's got
insurance.

HOWIE
It's not just the doctor, it's
everything. This is wrong, Doc --
all this lying is wrong. I gotta
tell 'em... I gotta tell 'em
everything...

Doc slams Howie against the wall.

DOC
Do you like Angie?

HOWIE
Of course I like Angie...

DOC
You like her a lot?

HOWIE

Yea, I like her a lot...

DOC

Well let me ask you something:
when's the last time you saw a New York Times wedding announcement read, "The couple met when the groom kinda-sorta-but-not really-whacked the bride's Gram-Gram?"

HOWIE

I'm sorry, Doc, but I can't live like this. It's just the way I'm wired.

DOC

Well then let me change the fucking wiring.

Doc -- stares a hole through Howie...

INT. BEDROOM - BUCKLEY HOUSE - DAY

Howie takes a long hit off a joint...

DOC

(cheering Howie on)

Yeah!!

... as the whole gang -- Howie, Doc, Angie, Darci and Claire sit in a circle in one of the girl's childhood rooms. Darci's doing her nails.

HOWIE

So is this good shit? 'Cause it feels like it might be good shit.

DOC

This is some good fuckin' shit.

HOWIE

So it's better than just good shit 'cause it's got the "fuckin'" in the middle?

Angie starts cracking up. So does Doc.

CLAIRE

Here's how you know it's good. If you start, like, picturing people doing weird shit? Then it's good shit.

HOWIE
Picturing people doing weird
shit...

Claire and Doc share a look... then turn to Howie and suddenly GET IN HOWIE'S FACE, making weird faces and moving their fingers, as if they're casting a spell on him.

HOWIE (cont'd)
Oh my God...

Claire and Doc suddenly return to normal.

DOC
What?

HOWIE
Did you guys just...

CLAIRE
Did we just what?

HOWIE
Make faces?

DOC
No.

Again, Doc and Claire suddenly make faces and taunt Howie with their hands.

HOWIE
Oh my God!

CLAIRE
(all innocent)
What?

HOWIE
This must be really good fuckin'
shit.

Doc, Claire and Angie all share a laugh. Everyone's having a good time except for Darci.

DARCI
You guys are so queer.

DOC
I don't know why you don't partake
in the festivities.

CLAIRE

Darci doesn't get high because it gives her the munchies, which then makes her eat, which then...

(gasps in mock horror)

... makes her gain weight.
Something that clearly doesn't bother me.

With that, Claire takes a huge hit off the joint. Doc, seeing how comfortable Claire is with herself, smiles.

HOWIE

(because he's high)

Yeah. 'Cause you're chubby.

DOC

Hey!

Doc hits Howie in the arm.

HOWIE

Ow...

DOC

She's not chubby, she's... juicy.

CLAIRE

That's what I say! I mean, look...

Claire stands, turns around and sticks her ample ass into the circle...

CLAIRE (cont'd)

(re: her ass)

You can't tell me this isn't fuckin' juicy.

DOC

I don't wanna tell you it's not fuckin' juicy -- cause it is fuckin' juicy.

HOWIE

(rubs his arm, in pain)

Dude, that was my strumming arm...

DOC

Oh, sorry, man... hey, you guys are coming to Howie's gig, right?

ANGIE

When's that again?

DOC
Friday night.

DARCI
Wait, isn't that the same night as
your art show?

DOC
Yeah, but it's cool -- we'll see my
artistic genius, then head over and
hear Howie's.

DARCI
I think it's so sexy you're an
artist.

DOC
I am sexy... I gotta pee.

Doc gets up and heads for the bathroom. Angie finishes
taking her hit.

ANGIE
God, I needed this...

She passes the joint over to Howie, who takes a hit.

ANGIE (cont'd)
You've been such a life saver.

Howie burst out laughing as smoke pours from his mouth.

HOWIE
More like a life-ender.

Silence. The girls all look at Howie -- confused.

ANGIE
What do you mean?

HOWIE
Nothing, it's just funny you think
I'm this great guy when I've
basically killed your whole family.

More silence. All eyes on Howie.

ANGIE
I'm sorry?

HOWIE

(laughing)

Well, I didn't "kill" 'em, it's just, you know... your Gram-Gram needed help with her groceries, but the meter already started running on my Rookers...

DARCI

Rookers?

HOWIE

You know, the rookie-hookers Doc got me for birthday...

(to Angie)

Which, don't worry, I didn't touch, but because we were on the clock with the Rookers, Doc thought it would take too long to help Gram-Gram so we pretended like we didn't see her in the garage, peeled outta there, then parked on the street and ran upstairs, only to see Gram-Gram later sprawled on the ground, at which point we started giving her CPR... well, Doc did most of it 'cause Gram-Gram had this herpe on her lip and I didn't wanna catch it, but can you imagine if I did and then kissed you and then you ended up getting herpes from your grandma?

Howie laughs at the notion. The girls are all horrified.

ANGIE

So... because you and Doc wouldn't help Gram-Gram with her groceries, she ended up having a heart attack?

HOWIE

Can you believe it? The one time Doc didn't help her is the one time she freakin' keels? It's like, what are the odds, right?

(thinks about it)

Probably not as great as the dump I took in your Gram-Gram's bathroom ending up on your dad's moon roof.

Angie just looks at Howie. Howie cracks up.

INT. BATHROOM - BUCKLEY HOUSE - SAME TIME

Doc's taking a whiz, smile on his face, as he looks down at his pecker...

DOC

Hey, there, Mr. Wiener. How's it hangin'?

Doc laughs.

INT. BEDROOM - BUCKLEY HOUSE - SAME TIME

Howie, high out of his fucking mind, continues with his story...

HOWIE

... he says there's no "r," but I say "There is a freakin' r," then all of a sudden BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP... fuckin' flat-line, just like in that Kiefer Sutherland movie. Then Dr. Goldstein comes in and tries saving him with the defibrillator -- which, by the way, the good Dr. confirmed does have an "r" in the middle -- but he couldn't, and then I'm like, "Holy fuckin' shit, did I just kinda-sorta-but-not-really kill another member of Angie's family? This is fuckin' nuts!"

Howie gives a little laugh, but the girls -- just stare at him, in total disbelief.

DOC (O.S.)

So what'd I miss?

It's Doc, back from taking a piss, completely oblivious... as Darci KICKS him square in the nuts.

DARCI

You waxed my nip?!

DOC

(doubled over)

What?

ANGIE

And killed our Gram-Gram?!

DARCI

Fuck you, Doc!

Darci heads for the door. Howie can't help but giggle.

ANGIE

I think you guys better go.

Doc -- on his knees from getting kicked in the nuts -- looks up at Howie... who still can't stop laughing.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Doc throws the giddy Howie up against a car.

DOC

What. The. FUCK??!!

HOWIE

What?

DOC

What do you mean, "what?" Why the fuck did you just tell 'em all that?!

HOWIE

"Cause if you think about it, it's kinda funny... I mean, we kinda killed their grandma, shit on -- then killed -- their Uncle, Naired-the-Hair off one of their nips...

Howie giggles...

DOC

Yes -- and while on some level those events might seem amusing to us, I don't think the people who lost their grandma, uncle and nipple-hair found it quite so fucking funny!

HOWIE

I don't know... When you just said it right now, it made me laugh.

Howie, clearly still high, can't help but laugh. Doc's head-- about to explode.

DOC

You fucking idiot!!

HOWIE

What?

DOC

You ruined it! I finally had a cheerleader with hairless boobs and you fucking ruined it!

HOWIE

Listen to you -- I ruined "it." You don't even think of her as a person, you just call her "it," or "The Cheerleader"... that's fucked up, dude.

DOC

"Dude?" Now you're saying "dude?" Who the fuck are you?

HOWIE

I guess I'm "High-Guy."
(giggles, then)
Hey, man, you're the one who told me to chill.

DOC

Yes, "chill," not go fucking sub-zero and totally ruin our chances with these girls. You realize Angie's gone, right? That you've now completely ruined any chance you had to get her?

This sobers Howie up a bit...

HOWIE

That's not good...

DOC

No it's not good, Howie. It fucking sucks!

HOWIE

Well... why'd you gimme the bad pot that made me say that stuff?

DOC

There's no "bad pot" that made you say that stuff -- you're bad. Bad for being such a fucking loser that you can't even hold your bud.

HOWIE

Oh, I'm a loser?

DOC
A HUGE fucking loser! I mean, what kind of twenty-three year old is a fucking pot virgin?

HOWIE
What kind of twenty-three year old is a fucking... pot slut?

DOC
What?

HOWIE
You know what I mean. You're just as much a loser for always getting high.

DOC
Trust me, it's the twenty-three year old who never gets high who's the fucking loser.

HOWIE
You really think I'm a loser?

DOC
Dude, you're fucking ridiculous! You never get high, never get laid, you wash your hands for a fucking living... you're a fucking joke!

Howie looks at Doc... realizing this is more than just their garden-variety argument.

HOWIE
You're serious.

DOC
Serious as a heart attack, man...

Doc gets in his car and starts it up. Glares at Howie through his open window.

DOC (cont'd)
Fucking loser!

And with that, Doc drops the car into drive and PEELS OUT...

Leaving Howie just standing there... dazed... confused... wondering what the fuck just happened...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LAB - PROCTER & GAMBLE - DAY

Howie at his industrial sized sink, listlessly washing his hands... lifts his hands and gives them a perfunctory smell.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doc, on his couch, listlessly playing video games... lifts his bong and gives it a perfunctory hit...

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

The front door opens and in walks an attractive ONE-ARMED WOMAN who struts ahead of the man who opened the door for her -- Roy.

They enter the art gallery, which is full of soul patches, tattoos...

ONE-ARMED WOMAN
I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

ROY
You need help wiping?

She just gives him a look -- like "idiot" -- and proceeds on her way. Roy looks around... spots someone...

ROY (cont'd)
Yo...

... it's Doc -- now cleanly shaven. Roy walks over and gives him a hug.

ROY (cont'd)
Congrats, man. This is pretty fuckin' cool.

DOC
Thanks.

Doc gestures to the one-armed woman, who's walking away.

DOC (cont'd)
Forget about a ding in the door -- looks like you got one who's missing a door.

ROY
It's all good, man. 'Cause she's only got one hand, it's like super-strong and stuff?

(MORE)

ROY (cont'd)
Squeezes the shit outta my dick.
World's greatest handjobs.

DOC
Nice.

ROY
(looking around)
Man, there some artsy motherfuckers
in this place...

DOC
Yeah -- but, of course, no Darci.
Won't return my calls, won't return
my texts...

ROY
Dude, you Naired-the-hair off her
nip. She ain't calling.

DOC
That fucker, Howie.

ROY
Hey, it's not really his fault --
you're the one who insisted he get
his ass fuckin' baked.

Doc thinks about this... you can tell, softening his
position.

DOC
So is he, uh... coming tonight?

ROY
You fuckin' kidding? You told me
to tell him not to come.

DOC
I know, I just thought... I don't
know.

ROY
Besides, he's got his gig over at
Laurel Tavern.

INT. LAUREL TAVERN - NIGHT

A low-key tavern with that homey-feel. Customers drink,
talk, text...

HOWIE (O.S.)
Hi.

... while Howie, sitting on a stool with a guitar slung over his shoulder, looks out into the audience. No one looks up.

HOWIE (cont'd)
I'm Howie.

Still, nothing. Howie looks around at the patrons... sees no familiar faces.

HOWIE (cont'd)
Guess I'll just start.

Howie starts strumming the sweet, poignant opening chords to Led Zeppelin's "Over the Hills and Far Away."

HOWIE (cont'd)
(singing)
Hey, lady... you got the love I
need... Maybe more than enough...
Oh, darling, darling, darling take
a walk with me.

Howie, eyes down on his fingers, seems really into it... some pig in the audience BURPS.

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

Doc is drinking a beer, taking in the evening, when he spots...

A WOMAN, her back to him, checking out an exhibit of what looks to be our founding fathers. Doc cracks a smile... then heads her way...

DOC
I know that butt...

The girl turns... revealing it's Claire, Darci's sister. She smiles at Doc.

CLAIRE
Hey...

DOC
What are you doing here?

CLAIRE
Well, I knew Darci wasn't coming,
and... I don't know, I guess I felt
bad you guys got blamed for all the
shit that went down. I mean,
Nairing the Hair?

(MORE)

CLAIRE (cont'd)
Yes, that was on you, but the Gram-Gram thing... I mean, you tried to save her...

DOC
I did try to save her.

CLAIRE
Anyway, figured you could use the support... and since no guy was smart enough to ask me out tonight, here I am.

DOC
So you think it's dumb for a guy not to ask you out?

CLAIRE
I think it's fucking moronic: I'm smart, cool, got a huge rack...

Doc can't help but laugh.

CLAIRE (cont'd)
What? You like my FGC?

DOC
FGC?

CLAIRE
Fat Girl Confidence.

Doc laughs again.

DOC
I do like your Fat Girl Confidence. Except you're not fat -- you're juicy.

Now Claire smiles.

CLAIRE
So is this yours?

She turns back to the sculpture. Doc scoots next to her.

DOC

Yeah, it's supposed to show how if Washington, Jefferson and all the other founding dudes were pulling bonges while signing the Declaration of Independence, they probably woulda declared pot legal, which in turn would've prevented a lot of crime and violence, which in turn woulda made this great country of ours even greater. I call it "Weed the People."

CLAIRE

Weed the People?

DOC

Yeah.

Claire look at Doc... smiles.

DOC (cont'd)

What?

CLAIRE

I don't know what the hell's wrong with me... but I think you're fuckin' awesome.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doc and Claire, in their underwear, furiously making out...
Doc has his hands on her ass...

DOC

(while kissing her)

You know what? I dig this juicy ass. It's meaty, full-flavored, fun to squeeze...

CLAIRE

Told ya...

The two continue making out feverishly...

INT. LAUREL TAVERN - NIGHT

Howie's up on his stool, head down, playing Beck's "Loser."

HOWIE

Soy... un perdedor... I'm a loser baby... so why don't you kill me...

He plays the last few chords, finishes, then lifts his head... to see now only three people out there, each either texting or talking... not a one paying attention to him.

HOWIE (cont'd)
Thank you. Alright, this last
one's for someone who was supposed
to be here tonight but... I guess
couldn't make it...

Howie again starts strumming -- this time to the tune of the Rolling Stones' "Angie."

HOWIE (cont'd)
(singing)
Angie, Angie... when will those
clouds all disappear... Angie,
Angie... where will it lead us from
here... I gave your Gram-Gram a
heart attack... and dropped a poop
on your Uncle Jack...

THE AUDIENCE MEMBERS -- finally look toward Howie, furrowing their collective brow...

HOWIE (cont'd)
But that doesn't mean I'm a bad
guy...

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Doc and Claire, post-coitus, in bed, trying to catch their breath...

DOC
Holy shit... I think you nearly
fucked me in half... that was
awesome.

CLAIRE
Well, we chubby girls are like
short guys -- we gotta try harder.

DOC
Can you try harder again in, like,
five minutes?

CLAIRE
Oh, I don't think you're gonna need
that long to reload...

Claire disappears under the covers, headed toward Doc's crotch...

DOC
Holy shit...

INT. LAUREL TAVERN - NIGHT

Howie, finishing up his song...

HOWIE
Angie... Angie... they can't say we
never tried.

And that's it -- Howie's done. We hear applause coming from
one person -- the only one left. Howie forces a smile...

HOWIE (cont'd)
Thanks.

... then packs up his guitar, gets off his stool and walks
out of the place... all by himself.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

New day. Claire lays in bed...

DOC (O.S.)
Little breakfast-in-bed action...

... when in comes Doc, a food tray in his hands.

CLAIRE
French toast, bacon... What are
you, trying to keep me fat?

DOC
Hey, gotta keep feeding the beast.

He slaps her ass.

DOC (cont'd)
Don't want you goin' all bony-ass
on me now.

Claire takes a bite of her bacon.

CLAIRE
So tell me, how the hell do you
like me and my sister? I mean,
that's totally fucked -- we're so
different.

DOC

I'm not so sure I ever liked your sister... as much as I liked "the idea" of her.

CLAIRE

So you really don't want me to lose weight?

DOC

I'm gonna have to go Billy Joel on your ass... and tell you I like you just the way you are.

(smiles, then)

Wow, that came out gayer than I planned.

CLAIRE

(laughs, then)

So where's your breakfast?

DOC

You know, I'm just gonna go out and grab a coffee. Want me to bring one back?

CLAIRE

Yeah, coffee and an erection would be nice.

DOC

Any erection, or...

CLAIRE

Preferably yours.

DOC

I'll see what I can do.

He gives her a kiss, then gets up and starts to go...

DOC (cont'd)

(turning around)

Oh, I might be a little while -- I gotta meet someone.

INT. DINER - DAY

Howie's at the counter, spreading cream cheese on the two bagels that sit in front of him...

WAITRESS

Here you go...

... when the waitress comes by and drops off a third bagel.

HOWIE
What's this?

WAITRESS
From the gentleman, over there...

She nods over to the end of the counter -- toward Doc.

HOWIE
Take it back, please.

The waitress shrugs, picks up the third bagel and walks away.
Howie resumes cream-cheesing his bagels... Doc makes his way over.

DOC
Come on, man, that bagel was my
olive branch. I'm trying to put
you in a good mood...

HOWIE
Three bagels puts me in a bad mood.

DOC
What? You love fuckin' bagels.

HOWIE
(explaining)
When I'm eating one bagel, I'm in a
bad mood because...

DOC
You know there's only one.

HOWIE
Right. Two puts me in a good mood
because, during the first, I know
there's a second. But three puts
me back in a bad mood because, when
I'm eating the second, I know I'm
gonna eat that third -- which I
know I shouldn't do because eating
three bagels is freakin' insane,
but which I know I'm gonna do
because, well, like you said, I
love freakin' bagels.

Doc just looks at him.

DOC
You are so fucked up...

Howie -- looks away...

DOC (cont'd)

And that's what's so fucking great about you.

But that one brings him back to Doc.

DOC (cont'd)

Look, I never shoulda tried to get you high. That's not who you are, it's where you live... and when you fuckin' outted me like that when I got you stoned? I totally deserved that. I deserved it 'cause I tried to change you, I tried to change Darci... I don't know who the fuck I think I am that I can tell people how they should be and what they should do... All that shit you pull? The not getting high, the powdering your balls, the getting two bagels but not one or three... that shit doesn't make you a loser-- that shit makes you you. It makes you special. And if you don't stop me from talking right now, I think I'm about to grow a vagina.

Howie can't help but laugh...

DOC (cont'd)

Dude, what I'm trying to say is... I'm fuckin' sorry.

Howie looks at Doc... then takes his hand, gives him a soul shake and starts to stand...

DOC (cont'd)

What are we doin,' man-hug here?

Howie, indeed, gives his friend a man-hug. It breaks.

DOC (cont'd)

Come on. I want you to meet my new girl.

INT. DOC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Doc -- holding two coffees -- enters, followed by Howie.

DOC
Hey, hon... I found a cutie for our
threesome...

Claire enters from the bedroom, still in t-shirt and boxers.

CLAIRE
Howie!

HOWIE
Hey, Claire.

She gives him a hug.

CLAIRE
You two kiss and make-up?

DOC
It was actually more of a dry-hump.

CLAIRE
Thanks God. You know, he was
really bumming this last week...

DOC
Don't say that in front of him.

CLAIRE
Got so bad he was moping around,
quoting Billy Joel...

DOC
I'm gonna have to shut that mouth
up...

Doc plants a kiss on Claire and the two go at it for a
beat... Howie smiles uncomfortably.

DOC (cont'd)
Good thing I'm not wearing
sweatpants...
(to Howie)
Just popped a boner.

Howie nods with mock gratitude at being given that info.

CLAIRE
So, Howie, how you been?

HOWIE
I'm alright.

CLAIRE
You know, today's Angie's birthday.

HOWIE
I know.

She smiles at Howie

CLAIRE
Of course you do.
(then)
She asked about you the other day.

Howie -- greatest thing he's ever heard.

HOWIE
Really?

And as Claire raises her eye brow, suggestively...

EXT. VITELLO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the very romantic restaurant...

EXT. PATIO - VITELLO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Angie, all dressed up, sits at this patio table, holding up her wine glass ready to toast while...

VAN (O.S.)
Almost done...

... across from her sits the guy from the fantasy football draft -- VAN -- looking down while banging away on his Blackberry.

VAN (cont'd)
... and there we go.

And with that, Van puts down his Blackberry and picks up his wine glass.

VAN (cont'd)
To the most beautiful girl in the world on the beautiful day she was brought into this world.

Van smiles, clinking his wine glass against Angie's. She smiles -- though it doesn't seem authentic -- when the WAITER approaches.

WAITER
(carrying plates)
Caesar Salad for the lady...
(gives Angie her plate)
... and a shrimp cocktail for the
gentleman.

He puts the huge shrimp in front of Van. The waiter exits.

VAN
Sure you don't mind?

Van picks up a shrimp, holding it out for Angie's verdict.

ANGIE
I mean... if it's that important to
you...

VAN
It's not "that" important -- it's
just, what do you want me to do?
Your favorite restaurant just
happens to have the best shrimp in
town. Besides, we can have plenty
of fun without kissing tonight...

Van raises his eyebrow suggestively -- trying to be all coy.
Still, you can tell, Angie's annoyed.

ANGIE
Go ahead.

VAN
Thanks, babe.

A happy Van smiles, dips the shrimp in cocktail sauce and
raises it to his mouth...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Drop the shrimp.

... when he stops. Van looks to his right -- sees Howie,
hovering above him.

VAN
Excuse me?

ANGIE
Howie?

HOWIE
I repeat -- step away from the
shrimp.

VAN

Who is this guy?

ANGIE

It's... my friend. Howie, what are you doing here?

HOWIE

Nothing, I just... remembered it was your birthday and wanted to make sure you're gonna be able to enjoy it.

VAN

(scoffs)

Yeah... that's normal...

HOWIE

You know what else isn't normal? A guy so selfish he can't give up shrimp for one night so his girlfriend can enjoy her special day.

VAN

Who the fuck do you think you are?

HOWIE

I'll tell you who I am: I'm the guy who would never, ever give up a chance to kiss this girl, the guy who -- even though he doesn't want Angie kissing you -- wants even less for her to have a shitty birthday, but most of all, I'm the guy who kinda-sorta-but-not-really put two Buckleys six feet under this month and refuses to stand by while a shellfish allergy possibly puts a third one there, which is why I'm telling you for the last time, "Van"... put-the-fucking-shrimp-down.

Whoa. Howie means business. But Van just glares at him... then laughs it off, defiantly raising the shrimp to his mouth...

Howie KNOCKS it away.

Van glares at Howie, who looks down at the three remaining shrimp. As does Van. There's a beat... after which Howie grabs the shrimp and Van gets up and TACKLES him.

ANGIE

Van!

The two tumble to the ground.

VAN

Gimme my shrimp!

Van reaches for the shrimp, which Howie shoves in his mouth.

VAN (cont'd)

Damn it!

Van tries prying Howie's mouth open, but to no avail -- so he PUNCHES Howie in the face, once, twice...

ANGIE

Stop it, Van!

... when a couple WAITERS and the MANAGER jump in, separating the two. Van is out of breath. Howie, slightly bloody.

ANGIE (cont'd)

Howie, are you okay?

VAN

He's fucking crazy, is what he is!

MANAGER

Sir, are you a diner here?

HOWIE

I just ordered some take-out...

MANAGER

Well, then, please, step to the bar area and we'll accommodate you.

The manager starts guiding Howie away from the table. Howie just looks back at Angie.

HOWIE

Sorry, Angie... just wanted you to have a good birthday.

And with that, Howie's gone... Angie just watching him go.

WAITER

(to Van)

Sir, are you alright?

VAN

I'm fine...

Van pats down his hair, his collar, extremely annoyed...

VAN (cont'd)
Just bring me another shrimp
cocktail.

WAITER
I can't. We're all out.

VAN
All out? How the hell can you be
all out of shrimp?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A HOMELESS GUY is eating his food off of a garbage bag that's
been spread on the cement -- his makeshift plate -- when
hundreds of shrimp are suddenly dumped down onto it.

Homeless guy looks up... sees Howie standing there, a huge
and now empty take-out bag in his hand.

HOWIE
That's eight pounds of shrimp.

Homeless guy looks up at Howie.

HOMELESS GUY
Where's the cocktail sauce?

A beat from Howie.

HOWIE
I forgot the cocktail sauce.

Homeless guy shakes his head... actually annoyed.

INT. VITELLO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Angie sits across from the annoyed Van.

VAN
Can you believe that guy? I mean,
who would buy a whole
restaurant's worth of shrimp just
so another guy can't order it?

Angie thinks about that question... a slight smile sweeping
across her face...

INT. HOWIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Howie's slathering cream cheese on four bagel halves... when there's a frantic KNOCKING on his door.

Howie goes to the door... opens it... to reveal Angie, out of breath from running over...

ANGIE

I don't wanna kiss Van tonight. I
wanna kiss you.

And with that, she does.

And it's a good kiss -- long, luscious, sensual... the two really getting into it... when Angie suddenly pulls back.

ANGIE (cont'd)

Did you eat shrimp tonight?

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Angie, her face all puffy, is on a gurney that's being pushed by the same doctor and nurse from before. The doctor turns to Howie, who's running along side him.

DOCTOR

(to Howie)

What the fuck is wrong with you?!

INT. HOWIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Angie, in sweats, is curled up on the couch, laughing...

HOWIE

I can't believe you're laughing.

ANGIE

It's funny! You stuffed your mouth
with all that shrimp to save me,
but it actually almost killed me...

(then)

Now that would make a great story
in a wedding announcement...

HOWIE

Yeah... though before we write one.
I should probably give you at least
one kiss that doesn't send you to
the hospital...

ANGIE

Probably...

She smiles at him... he smiles back... he then leans forward and kisses her, as we...

CUT TO:

A BLACK AND WHITE WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENT PHOTO OF THE TWO KISSING...

... with Howie, in a tux, Angie, in a wedding dress... and the following text underneath the picture:

"Angela Helen Buckley and Howard Benjamin Keppel were married Saturday evening at the Century Plaza Hotel in Los Angeles. The couple met when the bridegroom kinda-sorta-but-not-really killed the bride's Gram-Gram..."

FADE OUT.

THE END