

FANBOYS

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EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Suburbia. White picket fences. Perfectly trimmed lawns.
CLOSE ON A quaint house adorned with HALLOWEEN DECORATIONS.

A pair of black shiny shoes step before the house,
accompanied by all too-familiar DARTH VADER BREATHING.

SUPER: ALL HALLOW'S EVE - 1998

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A beer tap pierces a fresh keg. Mouths chug beer. Wall to
wall twentysomethings are all decked out in costumes.

With no warning, the door is KICKED OPEN!

Darth Vader strides in, flanked by two STORM TROOPERS. One
PUNCHES over a lamp as they make their way through the room
(ala Vader's entrance in the opening of A New Hope).

Party-goers GAWK. The only thing piercing the silence is
Vader's LABORED BREATHS. Finally --

DARTH VADER
We've come bearing Zima.

The Stormtroopers hold up sixers of Zima. DEAD SILENCE.

Behind Vader, one of the Stormtroopers begins to SQUIRM. He
finally rips off his mask, revealing --

JOE "HUTCH" HUTCHINSON (26). This guy's a force to be
reckoned with, a hot-head overflowing with piss and vinegar.

HUTCH
Son of a bitch, this codpiece is
chafing me something fierce!

Stormtrooper #2 removes his mask. Meet LINUS POONWAH (26).
He's boyishly handsome, extremely charming -- but looks are
deceiving. This dude's a geek and proud of it.

LINUS
Here's an idea. Next time you're a
Stormtrooper, holster your nutsack
in some underwear.

HUTCH
Dude, you know I go "al fresco" only.
That's a non-negotiable policy.

A GIRL carries a tray of finger food past Darth Vader. He puts out his arm -- stops her.

DARTH VADER
Stop! Are those (*breath*) Bagel
Bites?

The girl nods, taken aback. Vader stares her down --
MENACING -- then tears off his mask.

Meet WINDOWS (26), a junk food addict who's dedicated his 150 IQ to a worthy cause -- comic books and other nerdery. His nickname was inspired by his titanic window-like glasses.

WINDOWS
And dippin' sauces?! Sweet!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

The party RAGES on inside. A girl dressed as Dorothy from The Wizard of Oz hurls into a flower pot.

An old station wagon is clouded with smoke. Inside, a band of stoners partake in a mean "hotbox". A giggling GUMBY steps out of the car, followed by PRINCE from Purple Rain.

A mint MUSTANG skids out next to them. The stoners marvel at the ride. Inside sits ERIC BOTTLER (26) -- this guy's all business. He's in a pressed suit and glued to his car phone.

ERIC
(into phone)
Okay, first of all, don't call me
peckerbreath. Why? 'Cause I'm
your boss, that's why. Chaz, you
have a problem, take it up with
Dad. Don't you hang up on me --

DIAL TONE. Eric gets out of the car. Straightens his tie. And heads into the party.

Moments later, Dorothy wanders by the Mustang, stopping briefly to HURL into the back seat.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Eric is at the keg. As he pours himself a beer, he spots something through the window.

IT'S THE FANBOYS -- Hutch, Windows, and Linus -- engaged in a heated argument out on the deck. Eric's heart skips a beat.

ZOE (O.S.)
You gonna spill it or fill it?

Eric looks down -- his beer's overflowing everywhere.

Eric turns to find ZOE (28) a sexy firecracker with dyed hair. Tonight, she's DRESSED IN ALL WHITE. DOZENS OF TAMPONS have been taped all over her. They are died BLUE.

ERIC
Zoe. Wow, hey. Long time, no see.
What's with the... tampons?

ZOE
I'm Picasso's blue period. It's shocking how resourceful I am when I'm dead broke and on the rag.
(re: Eric's suit)
Lemme guess. Corporate sleaze?

ERIC
Close, car salesman. Didn't have time to throw something together.

ZOE
Weak as usual, Bottler. So, you here for a reunion with the boys?

ERIC
No, a guy from work invited me.
I... didn't know they'd be here.

ZOE
Well, enter at your own risk.
They're talking business.

EXT. OUTSIDE DECK - NIGHT

The Fanboys drink and talk shop. Hutch is amped.

HUTCH
Don't tell me to calm down, anal ranger! Next year I choose the costumes, end of discussion.

WINDOWS
You're just being an unconscionable prick because I got to be Lord Vader.

LINUS
I'm with Hutch. I mean, Vader and Stormtroopers? Way too obvious.

WINDOWS

Oh, so who would've you chosen?

Hutch and Linus exchange a glance, then, in unison --

HUTCH AND LINUS

Boba Fett.

WINDOWS

Okay, you need to stop perpetuating this myth that Boba Fett's a bad-ass. Yes, he had a jet pack. But when it was time for battle, the man was all style and no substance.

HUTCH

You dare diss Fett in my presence?! I've killed men for less. Good men. Men with families!

LINUS

And Vader's no better. His best troops were defeated by rock and stick wielding teddy bears.

WINDOWS

You pulled the Ewok card? Low blow.

WINDOWS SPOTS ERIC heading outside.

WINDOWS

Is that... Bottler?

HUTCH

And they said he'd fallen off the face of the earth! C'mere, ya cock rocket!

Hutch charges Eric and dispenses a giant Wookiee hug.

WINDOWS

God, it's been parsecs.

ERIC

Yeah. Good to see you.

Eric and Linus exchange a glance. Both nod, far from a friendly hello. CLEARLY, THERE'S HISTORY HERE...

ERIC

Hey. It's been a while.

LINUS

Yeah. You could say that.

An awkward silence ensues. Windows pipes in.

WINDOWS

So, how's life in the auto trade?

ERIC

Can't complain. Still second in command to the old man. You?

WINDOWS

Comic book store's still afloat, but the geeks aren't biting like the old days. You still drawing?

ERIC

No, haven't been much for comics since high school. But I got a nice chunk of change when I sold my collection last year.

Windows takes this like a punch to the throat.

WINDOWS

Oh Dear God -- how could you? You had a mint Todd McFarlane signed copy of Spawn number one.

HUTCH

You don't get it, Windows. See, me and Bottler are what you call "entrepreneurs". Gotta know when to display 'em and when to E-bay 'em.

LINUS

Entrepreneur? You deliver pizza and live in your parent's garage.

HUTCH

Dude, it's a carriage house. Not a garage. Carriage house.

(to Eric)

And I'm still raising the funds to get my detailing business off the ground. I call it --

(a grand gesture)

The Hutch Touch.

LINUS

Speaking of which, I found some talc in the bathroom. Here --

Linus hands Hutch a bottle of BABY POWDER.

HUTCH
(touched)
For my ballbag? Dude. You're a
good friend.

Hutch eagerly sprinkles the baby powder down his "pants".

HUTCH
Ho mama! It's like my junk's
floating in cloud city.

ERIC
I'm not nearly drunk enough to be
watching this.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Linus, Hutch and Zoe now stand keg-side -- DRUNK. Windows
traipses by, laptop in hand.

WINDOWS
Anyone seen the phone-jack?

ZOE
No, but I've seen the social retard
who brought his laptop to a party.

WINDOWS
Has to be done. I told Rogue
Leader I'd write her back tonight.

They all let out a collective GROAN.

WINDOWS
What? She's my girlfriend.

LINUS
Online girlfriend.

WINDOWS
(to Eric)
I met her in a Jedi Chat Room. She's
perfect -- intelligent, acerbic, and
a die-hard fan. She's even got
connections inside the Lucas camp.

LINUS
She's also got a hairy chest and a
man-package.

They all crack up.

WINDOWS

Yeah, yuk it up. You're just jealous 'cause she describes herself as a cross between Sarah Michelle Gellar and Janeane Garofalo.

HUTCH

Now tell 'em how you described yourself.

WINDOWS

Hey, I was perfectly honest with her.

LINUS

You said you looked like a white Billy Dee Williams! You called yourself "white chocolate"!

WINDOWS

What? I am white chocolate.

A sudden, loud BEEPING interrupts them. Windows reaches in his jacket and takes out a PALM PILOT.

WINDOWS

Midnight. Another day down.

LINUS

(re: palm pilot screen)

Okay, official Episode I countdown is at six months, twelve days, eight hours and change.

ZOE

Wait, you're counting the days now?

HUTCH

Zoe, we're talking new Star Wars here. I've got a semi just thinking about it.

LINUS

Swear to God, I'd sell my soul to see it right here, right now.

WINDOWS

I'd sell my Transformers. Except Optimus Prime.

HUTCH

I'd sell my left nut. And I only got one nut, so that shows you how serious I am.

ZOE

Well, you're not gonna see that movie tonight, so there's no point of droning on about it.

LINUS

On the contrary. We most certainly could see that movie.

(takes a beat, smiles)

Tonight if we so choose.

WINDOWS

Ho, baby! I'm sensing a patented Poonwah plan's about to go down.

Linus leans in to them, eyes bright, mind churning.

LINUS

Think about it, boys. We storm the Skywalker ranch. Scale the walls under cloak of night and steal ourselves a print. Lucas wouldn't know what hit him!

HUTCH

You sweet bitch, I am so in! I'll bring my night vision goggles.

LINUS

I've got the ninja stars.

WINDOWS

Oooh, and I was just given that grappling hook for Hanukkah!

ERIC (O.S.)

Okay -- stop.

ANGLE ON ERIC -- he's been listening to the whole thing.

ERIC

You can't crash the Skywalker ranch.

LINUS

Why the hell not?

ERIC

Well, for one, it's two thousand miles away. And even if you could get there, you'd be arrested. Or how about shot, then arrested?

A SILENCE. Eric has really taken the wind from their sails.

LINUS

Here's a question. When the hell'd you become such a fuckin' buzzkill?

Linus EXHALES WEAKLY, hand to his head.

HUTCH

Dude... you alright?

LINUS

I need some air. It's been a blast, Bottler.

Linus heads outside, followed by uncomfortable silence.

ERIC

I... should get going anyway.

WINDOWS

Hey, we're still gonna camp out in line for Episode I. You should come. It'll be like the old days.

ERIC

Right. Maybe. I'll call you.

Eric gives one final wave and is out.

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - MEETING ROOM - DAY

ON TV: Bars and tone... 3-2-1. A COMMERCIAL PLAYS.

It's a flashy fast-paced advertisement starring BIG CHUCK BOTTLER. He's 50, boisterous, dressed like a cowboy.

BIG CHUCK (ON T.V.)

And I guarantee to find you a new or used car, or my name isn't Big Chuck! Yeeee-hoo!

"BOTTLER'S MOTORS" smashes into frame. LIGHTS ON.

Big Chuck responds with a standing ovation. Next to him sits CHAZ BOTTLER, 30s, a former jock with a beer gut. He fumes.

BIG CHUCK

Atta' boy, Eric! Now that's what I call slick advertising. Like one of them Terry Bruckheimer films!

CHAZ

Well, I think it sucks monkey.

Chaz pushes away from the table. Crosses his beefy arms.

CHAZ

You want "slick" and you go to Peckerbreath? Over me? How's that make any sense whatso-fuckin-ever?

ERIC

Because I'm your supervisor, that's why.

CHAZ

And I'm your big brother and I'll cream corn your ass!

Chaz PINS ERIC'S ARM behind his back. Salesman in the bullpen gather around to watch through the window.

ERIC

Ah! Get off!

CHAZ

Say "I drink gallons of ball nog!" Say it!

ERIC

Ah! Alright! I drink gallons of --

CHAZ

Louder!

BIG CHUCK

Knock it off! This is a place of business for shit's sake!

Big Chuck SMACKS Chaz on the head, then heads into the BULLPEN. A balding, squat Salesman named MYRON peeks in.

MYRON

Eric, you've got some customers.

Eric shoves Chaz aside and crosses into the bullpen.

ERIC
 Alright, boys. Let's make Big
 Chuck proud. Hands in, on three.
 One, Two, Three!

The Salesmen each call out something different:

CHAZ & SALESMEN MYRON
 Sell! Team! Cars! Boo-yah! Myron!

ERIC
 You don't say your own name, Myron.
 Jesus.

EXT. BOTTLER'S MOTORS - DAY

Eric heads outside to find Hutch and Windows leaning against
 THE BEAST ON WHEELS THAT IS BUCEPHALUS.

It's a 1979 Dodge van that's been SUPED-UP in fits and starts
 over the years. Painted on the outside is a star-filled
 galaxy circling a Skinemax rendering of JABBA ENSLAVING LEIA.

WINDOWS
 'Sup, Jawa? We're in the market
 for a couple of used droids.

HUTCH
 And hook me up with a speeder-bike.
 Those bad-boys are like
 intergalactic panty-magnets.

ERIC
 Maybe we should start you with some
 new wheels first. Unless you're
 cool riding the same rusted-out old
 shitbox since tenth grade.

HUTCH
 Hey, she may not look like much,
 but she's got it where it counts.

ERIC
 Like the detail work. Very subtle.

HUTCH
 (petting the hood)
 Dude, you wouldn't believe the kind
 of reactions I get.

Chaz heads outside, ogling the van.

CHAZ

Holy shit. It looks like the A-Team van took a dump!

HUTCH

Oh, no, no, no. He did not just disrespect Bucephalus.

CHAZ

Buceph-a-what?

WINDOWS

Hello -- Bucephalus? Alexander the Great's faithful horse? He's only the most legendary steed in history.

CHAZ

Jesus Christ. You still sleep with your lightsaber, don't you?

WINDOWS

(he does)

No.

ERIC

Chaz, do you mind? They're my customers.

CHAZ

Well, while you were circle jerking out here, I convinced Dad to give me another shot at that commercial.

Chaz LAUGHS, then goes to punch Eric and makes him flinch.

CHAZ

Flinched! Ha! That's two, Princess Leia. Na-noo, Na-noo!

With each "Na-noo", Chaz drills Eric in the arm. Chaz struts inside. Eric turns to Windows and Hutch, boiling.

ERIC

Sorry, guys. I gotta field this.

Eric turns to go. Hutch and Windows exchange a glance.

WINDOWS

Eric, wait. We came to talk -- about Linus.

Eric stops at the door. Turns back to them.

ERIC

Linus? What's to talk about -- the guy's turned into a raging asshole.

HUTCH

Yeah, well... he's got every right to be rip-shit with the world.

ERIC

Well, he needs to understand that people lose touch. That's life --

WINDOWS

He's dying, Eric.

ERIC

What?

Windows looks at Hutch. He takes a moment.

HUTCH

Cancer.

ERIC

Is this supposed to be funny?

HUTCH

No joke, man. The guy's sick. Real sick. He's tried everything to get better, but...

Hutch trails off. Eric takes this in.

ERIC

So... how long does he have?

WINDOWS

No one knows for sure. Odds say three, four months maybe.

ERIC

Jesus. And you're telling me now?

WINDOWS

We wanted to tell you months ago, honestly. But Linus made us promise not to say anything.

HUTCH

Far as I'm concerned, you two have been best buds since first grade. You have the right to know, the right to make your peace.

ERIC

Well, how's that even possible when
the guy doesn't want me to find out?

WINDOWS

Eric. This isn't about you.

Eric doesn't respond. Hutch and Windows get into Bucephalus.

HUTCH

Linus is droppin' by tonight to
hang. Stop by if you want.

Hutch fires up Bucephalus and cruises out of the lot.

Eric watches them go. WE CLOSE IN ON BUCEPHALUS' BUMPER
STICKER -- "I'D RATHER BE RIDING AN AT-AT".

INT. ERIC'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Eric sits at his desk, a heap of paperwork in front of him.
CLOSE IN ON ERIC -- artfully DRAWING a tentacled ALIEN on a
memo pad. Big Chuck enters.

BIG CHUCK

Hey, champ. You mind opening up
tomorrow? I got an early tanning
session.

ERIC

Not a problem, Pop.

Big Chuck shuts off the lights in the bullpen, leaving Eric
all alone.

He crumples up his amazing drawing and THROWS IT AWAY.
Eric's eyes then wander to the shelf opposite his desk.

There's a series "Self-Confidence" DVDs, a 'Salesman of the
Year' award, some car manuals. The only remnant of his Star
Wars past is a model of Luke's X-Wing.

He stares at the ship, lost in thought.

INT. HUTCH'S CARRIAGE HOUSE - DAY

WINDOWS

Linus, you are dead. So dead!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL -- Hutch, Windows, and Linus play "James
Bond: Goldeneye" on Nintendo 64.

Hutch's basement is a GEEK NIRVANA; wall-to-wall electronics and display cases filled with toys and collectables.

LINUS

Hutch, I'll take him out. Head to the ice caverns and cover me!

WINDOWS

Hey, no teaming up! That's a rule!

A KNOCK at the door -- Eric peeks in.

ERIC

Hey. Your mom let me in.

HUTCH

Donkey nuts! You made it!

LINUS

What the hell's he doing here?

Hutch ignores Linus, and leads Eric to his toy-filled display cases.

HUTCH

Bots, check out what I've done to the carriage house.

(re: cases)

Each case is broken down by year and genre. Mad Max, Dr. Who, X-Men, Battlestar, and so on. And of course, the piece de resistance --

Hutch takes Eric into an adjoining room. He snaps on the lights, revealing an ENTIRE ROOM DEDICATED TO STAR WARS. Toys, posters, trading cards, you name it, he's got it.

ERIC

Wow. That's... something else.

HUTCH

You're lookin' at the sixth biggest Star Wars museum in the midwest. It's divided by episode and special edition re-releases. I've drained every cent I make into this puppy.

ERIC

What about your detailing business?

HUTCH

Yeah, that's a priority, too. But I can't focus on The Hutch Touch until I score me some serious funds.

ERIC

Why not just sell all of this?

Hutch laughs at Eric's "joke", WHAPS him on the back.

HUTCH

Grab a controller. We're gang raping Windows in "Goldeneye".

ERIC

Actually, I came to talk to Linus. Alone. About... you know...

Eric trails off, not knowing how to start. Linus gives Hutch and Windows the slow burn. Windows instantly breaks.

WINDOWS

It was Hutch's idea.

Linus grabs the closest thing -- a Tron phone -- and HURLS IT at Hutch. He ducks, it SMASHES against the wall.

LINUS

You're a dick, you know that?

Linus storms out. Hutch calls after him.

HUTCH

You owe me a Tron phone!

EXT. HUTCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Linus heads down the front path as Eric exits the house.

ERIC

Linus, wait! Look, it's not their fault. They just thought it would be good for me to... y'know...

Linus stops, turns to Eric -- amused.

LINUS

What is this, huh? You after a little last-minute bonding? Maybe a hug? You wanna spoon? Is that it?

ERIC
No, I want to talk.

LINUS
Not necessary, man. I officially
clear your conscience. It's all
copacetic, 'kay? Godspeed.

Linus pats Eric on the shoulder and heads for his car. Eric
follows, refusing to back down.

ERIC
What did I do, huh? What the hell
did I do that was so wrong? I did
nothing to you. Nothing.

LINUS
Exactly. You did nothing. Big
Eric graduated high school and
never looked back.

ERIC
No, I did what I had to. I grew
up. I'm the only one who did!

LINUS
Oh, please. You can fool everyone
else with the cheap suit and the
salesman of the year act, but I
know you better than anyone,
Bottler. Deep down inside you're
one miserable son of a bitch.

This hits Eric hard -- he manages to cover.

ERIC
Is that right? 'Cause if you ask
me, miserable is wasting your life
drawing comic books, playing Star
Wars drinking games in Hutch's
garage and arguing whether or not
Luke really had a thing for Leia.

LINUS
Hey, you know as well as anyone
that as soon as Luke knew Leia was
his sister it was hands off.

ERIC
So what? They still kiss!

LINUS

Leia kissed him! And it was just
to make Han jealous!

ERIC

Yeah, that was the second kiss, but
the first time they -- God, who
even cares! Who cares!

LINUS

I care! And whether you admit it
or not, so do you.

Linus gets in his car and SLAMS the door. Eric watches him
drive off, heart pumping.

INT. ERIC'S OFFICE - DAY

Eric sits at his desk, trying to make a dent in his paper
work. Big Chuck ENTERS, now sporting a BAD FAKE TAN.

BIG CHUCK

We need to talk.

Big Chuck closes the door, sits opposite Eric.

BIG CHUCK

Okay, here's the deal. I've
decided to scrap the commercial.
The whole damn thing.

ERIC

But -- you said you liked it. You
called me Terry Bruckheimer.

BIG CHUCK

I did. And that's why it's time the
world meets the new face of this
company. And his name's "Big Eric".

ERIC

Who's Big Eric?

BIG CHUCK

Christ, YOU. You're Big Eric!

Big Chuck takes off his COWBOY HAT and slides it to Eric. He
winces at his father's GOD AWFUL COMB OVER.

BIG CHUCK
It's yours, kiddo. The whole
shebang, all fifteen locations from
here to Seattle. If you want it.

Eric falters for a beat.

ERIC
Yeah. Of course. But I can't take
your hat.

BIG CHUCK
Take the hat.

ERIC
Really. I shouldn't.

BIG CHUCK
Take the goddamn hat.

ERIC PUTS ON THE COWBOY HAT. It's three sizes too big.

BIG CHUCK
(beaming)
There he is. Big Eric Bottler.

Big Chuck gets up from the desk and SLAPS Eric on the back.

ERIC
Thanks, Pop. Really. This is...
it's what I've been working for.

BIG CHUCK
(smiling)
You really want to thank me, Son?
(then)
Don't fuck this up.

INT. ERIC'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Eric stands in front of a mirror, cowboy hat on his head.

ERIC
And I guarantee to find you a new
or used car, or my name isn't...
Big Eric.

Eric sighs and throws down his cowboy hat. Turns on his
stereo.

He falls back on his bed. Gazes up at the ceiling, eyes
wide. He slowly peers over at his closet.

INT. ERIC'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Eric digs through his closet, finding a TRUNK covered in Garbage Pail Kids stickers. He opens it.

It's the REMAINS OF ERIC'S CHILDHOOD. Old school papers. A trapper keeper. NES games. GI Joes, Micro Machines, etc..

Beneath the toys is Eric's old SUPERHERO ARTWORK all featuring the tentacled ALIEN. Eric slowly pages through his homemade comics, the paper now worn, the colors fading.

He reaches the bottom of the trunk. He finds a VHS tape.

INT. ERIC'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eric is now in front of his TV, microwave dinner in lap, watching a home movie taken in Hutch's garage.

1982. The boys are ten years-old, battling with mock-lightsabers made out of painted broom sticks. They gang up on Windows.

YOUNG WINDOWS (ON T.V.)
No teaming up! It's a rule!

WE SLOWLY CLOSE IN ON ERIC as he watches in the video. Young Eric and Young Linus duel with their lightsabers, laughing. Both of them -- HAPPY.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL COMICS - DAY

As the name implies, Windows runs a no-frills operation. It's bare bones with racks and shelves packed to capacity.

Windows sits at the counter, madly typing on the computer. Zoe stocks a rack with comics. Hutch hovers next to her, trying to use the infamous "Jedi Mind Trick".

HUTCH
(waving his hand)
You want to come sit on my lap...

ZOE
Asshole, you've been trying the
Jedi Mind trick on me since eighth
grade. It doesn't work.

HUTCH
Oh, it works. Tell her, Windows.

Windows doesn't acknowledge Hutch.

ZOE

He's been geeking out with Rogue leader all morning. Nothing can tear him away. Watch.

Zoe lifts her shirt, and FLASHES Windows. He doesn't even look up from the keyboard.

ZOE

See that? Man's even immune to sweater yams.

Zoe lowers her shirt and heads for the back room with the box of comics. Hutch calls after her, desperate and horny.

HUTCH

What about me? I'm not immune. I love me the yams. C'mon! Take a brother to the breastaaurant!!!

Zoe flips him the bird as she disappears to the back room. Windows gets up from his desk, stretching his body out.

WINDOWS

Rogue Leader just logged off.
What'd I miss?

Hutch glares at Windows. Then -- a voice calls out to them --

VOICE (O.S.)

Yo, Fanboys.

Windows and Hutch turn to see -- ERIC -- duffle bag slung around his shoulder. He holds up his old homemade comics.

ERIC

You know where a guy can pawn off a
a first edition Eric Bottler comic?

WINDOWS

That's fanMAN to you.

Eric tosses a HOMEMADE COMIC to Hutch. He flips through it.

HUTCH

Look at this. You had some sick
skills back then. Should've stuck
with it.

ERIC
I would've been broke and living in
my parent's garage.
(to Hutch)
No offense.

HUTCH
None taken, as I live in a fuckin'
CARRIAGE HOUSE.

Windows and Hutch remove various items from Eric's bag.

HUTCH
Dude, our old break dancing gear...
Parachute pants!? Sign me up!

Hutch puts on the shiny pants as Windows pulls out some toys.

WINDOWS
Oh my God -- Snake Eyes, Skeletor,
Shredder... Strawberry Shortcake?

HUTCH
Oh, like you didn't want to slice
yourself a piece of her.

ERIC
Well, I don't have much use for
this stuff. I figured you could
sell it, Windows.

WINDOWS
Sorry, I'm a purist. That means I
hock comics only.

Eric takes a ROAD MAP out of his pocket -- slides it to them.

ERIC
Got something else you might want
to check out.

Hutch and Windows open the map -- a PATH HAS BEEN CHARTED to
the west coast. They slowly peer up at Eric.

WINDOWS
This what I think it is?

ERIC
(smirks)
Might be.

HUTCH
You best not be yankin' my Franklin.

ERIC

Hey, it was my idea to drive to Comic-con senior year. I figured it might be time for another epic journey.

WINDOWS

So, what's your plan?

ERIC

Lucky for me, Linus laid it out. Just like he said at the party, we storm the ranch or die trying.

Windows and Hutch GAWK at him.

HUTCH

You do realize he was six Zimas to the wind when we said that.

ERIC

We've got your van, we've got the gear, and Windows said Rogue Leader has connections inside the ranch. Right?

HUTCH

Rogue Leader? Please, he's never even met him!

WINDOWS

Her!

ERIC

Well, maybe it's time he does.

WINDOWS

You mean... like face to face? No, no way. The chances against such a meeting taking place successfully are approximately 657,479... to one. Let alone making it into the ranch.

HUTCH

Dude, it's a suicide mission. Why would we ever do this?!

ERIC

For Linus.

(then)

We can wait 'til May. But he can't.

WINDOWS

Don't say that.

ERIC

Why? It's the truth, isn't it?

Hutch and Windows don't respond. It's clear they're not in. Eric grabs his bag -- pissed to hell.

ERIC

You know what? Forget I even mentioned it.

Eric heads for the door. He turns back one more time.

ERIC

Just know that Linus would do it for us. He'd do anything for us.

Eric exits, leaving Hutch and Windows in his wake.

EXT. BOTTLER'S MOTORS - DAY

Everyone is gathered outside, watching on as the newest Bottlers Motors COMMERCIAL is being filmed.

Eric is front and center, DRESSED LIKE BIG CHUCK down to the cowboy boots -- and he couldn't look more uncomfortable.

Big Chuck watches on from the sidelines. Chaz stands next to him, arms crossed, fuming.

ERIC

So come on down to our red ribbon sale-abration. And I guarantee to find you a new or used car, or my name isn't Big Eric. Yee-hoo!

Eric tosses his hat in the air. It flies down and SMACKS him in the head.

BIG CHUCK

And cut! We'll edit out that last part. That's a wrap, boys.

CHAZ

A wrap?! Holy shit, did you even listen to the guy?

(high-pitched girl voice)

Ooh, my name's Big Eric! Look at me! I'm a giant ass jockey! Yee-hoo!

BIG CHUCK

I told you, shut your fat hole and give your brother the respect he deserves!

(then, wheels on Eric)

And Chaz is right, you sound like goddamn ass jockey. C'mon, you're Big Eric now! I need you to eat, breathe, and shit confidence. Now gimme a yee-hoooo!

ERIC

Dad, we've been here for hours. My feet have gone numb in your boots--

BIG CHUCK

Yeeeeee-hoooo! Come on, do it with me! Pull it from deep down in your mangina!

BAM! A GUNSHOT RINGS OUT! Myron hits the ground.

ANGLE ON BUCEPHALUS pulling into the lot. It's not a gunshot, just the beast on wheels BACKFIRING.

Hutch leans out of the window, waving the map in the air.

HUTCH

Hope you're ready for a journey of epic proportions, motherfucker!

Hutch leans on the HORN -- releasing the first few bars of THE IMPERIAL MARCH. Eric SMILES WIDE -- turns to Big Chuck.

ERIC

Dad, can we work on this yee-hoo thing later? I have plans today. And tomorrow. In fact, I need to cash in on a few of my sick days.

BIG CHUCK

What? How many?

ERIC

Well... depends how long it takes to drive to San Francisco and back.

CHAZ

That's a load! If Luke Asswalker gets a vacation, so do I!

ERIC

You're in charge while I'm gone.

CHAZ

For real? Thanks, peckerbreath!

BIG CHUCK

Jesus H. Christ, Eric! I just made you boss, you're not going anywhere 'less I say so.

Eric pulls Big Chuck aside. Looks directly in his eyes.

ERIC

Dad. I've been at that desk every single day for the last five years. I even covered for Chaz when he had crotch rot. Please. I need to do this.

Big Chuck glances at Chaz, who paws his nethers. A BEAT.

BIG CHUCK

One week. Son or not, if you're M.I.A come Monday, you're out on your ass. You hear me, Eric?

ERIC

Loud and clear.

Eric slides open the back door of Bucephalus and hops in.

ERIC

Alright, boys. Let's go get Linus.

INT. LINUS' ROOM - DAY

Linus lays on his bed -- arms behind his head -- STONE-FACED.

LINUS

No.

ERIC/HUTCH/WINDOWS

No?

LINUS

I'm not going. End of story.

WINDOWS

(desperate)

But... you have to! This is a conquest for the ages. A feat so daunting, our names will become legend! Spoken in hushed tones by fanboys across the entire galaxy!

HUTCH
WE'LL GET LAID!

LINUS
 Yeah, I get it. And I want to go.
 (points to Eric)
 Just not with him.

WINDOWS
 Linus. This whole thing was Eric's
 idea. He had to convince us.

ERIC
 It's true. They were being whiny
 little bitches.

HUTCH
 We were. Bitches. Whiny bitches.

Linus stares back at them. Glances at Eric.

LINUS
 Just so you know... if I do this,
 it doesn't change anything.

ERIC
 Didn't expect it to.

LINUS
 Good. 'Cause the last thing I need
 is for you to look at me and see
 your own personal Make-A-Wish kid.

ERIC
 No. All I see's a buzzkill.

Linus stares down Eric. The gauntlet's been thrown.

LINUS
 I'll grab my suitcase and some big
 league chew.

INT. GARAGE - EVENING

THE GANG PREPARES BUCEPHALUS FOR THE JOURNEY:

The trunk is loaded with supplies -- a cooler, junk food,
 comics, Zima, a naked mannequin, throwing stars, and, as
 promised, Windows' GRAPPLING HOOK.

Windows then loads in a pile of GROOMING PRODUCTS: hair care,
 zit cream, moisturizer, etc.

WINDOWS
 (mouth full of Ding Dong)
 Gotta look good for Rogue Leader.

The back of the van is transformed into their HQ. Table.
 Laptop. Maps are taped to the walls. Gadgets galore.

HUTCH
 Command Center's a "go"!

Hutch hops in the front seat and puts on BLUE BLOCKERS.

WINDOWS	HUTCH
Chewie!	Chewie!

WINDOWS
 Damn you.

Linus sits shotgun, Eric and Windows climb in back.

ERIC
 Chewie?

WINDOWS
 Same rules as calling shotgun.
 Either way, I always lose.

Hutch dramatically presents Linus a cassette organizer.

HUTCH
 Furball. Would you do the honors?

Linus ROARS like Chewbacca and picks a cassette.

The tape is popped in. JOURNEY'S "ANY WAY YOU WANT IT"
 BLASTS.

Hutch FLIPS A SWITCH overhead and the RUNNING LIGHTS FLICK
 ON. He turns the key in the ignition. It ROARS a few times.

HUTCH
 Strap in, boys. It's on like Atari
 Pong!

Hutch floors the van and it tears down the street.

INT. BUCEPHALUS - MOMENTS LATER

Hutch, Windows, and Linus JAM to Journey. Eric looks through
 the cassette organizer. IT'S ALL JOURNEY MIXES. #1 to #40.

ERIC

What the hell, Hutch? It's all Journey. Ever hear of a thing called variety?

HUTCH

Journey is variety, bitch! The greatest musical juggernaut to ever grace the stage! Besides, Bucephalus doesn't run right if I play anything else.

(patting the dashboard)

That's because you have taste, don't you girl?

ERIC

There's no way in hell that I can handle two-thousand miles of Steve Perry squealing "Open Arms".

HUTCH

Oh you will, ass-mouth! It's but one of the three golden rules.

LINUS

Here we go.

HUTCH

Rule number one! In my van, it's all Journey, all the time. No exceptions. Rule number two! Never, and I repeat NEVER, touch the red button.

Hutch points to a RED BUTTON that's been crudely installed on the dashboard. It's protected by a solid plastic covering.

ERIC

What's the red button?

HUTCH

Also part of rule number two - no askin' about the red button. Ever.

(then, gravely serious)

But most importantly, rule number three! NO JERKING IT IN MY VAN. Everyone understand? Windows.

WINDOWS

What?

They all peer over at Windows. He lowers his head in shame.

WINDOWS

Fine.

Hutch gives a satisfied nod, then CRANKS the music.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bucephalus rockets out of town, past a sign that reads:
"WELCOME TO SHANDAL, OHIO, POP. 21,342".

INT. DINER - NIGHT

The guys are gathered in a booth, pouring over documents.

ERIC

(reading from a print-out)
"Completed in 1985, Skywalker Ranch
is the headquarters of George
Lucas' filmmaking empire covering
4700 acres of land.

WINDOWS

I've downloaded an array of photos,
both satellite and helicopter. Our
best odds for finding the film is
here -- the Lucasfilm Archives.

LINUS

I've heard of that place. It's
where Lucas has his office, plus
props, models, costumes, and
absolutely everything imaginable
when it comes to Star Wars.

Linus POPS A PILL, downs it with water.

HUTCH

So we're talkin' about a serious Star
Wars collection. Bigger than mine?

LINUS

Biggest in the world, idiot.

Hutch's eyes go wide. He's gotta see this.

ERIC

We're meeting Rogue Leader at a
coffee shop in Austin, Texas.
Wednesday, three p.m. sharp. She's
gonna give us everything we need to
get into the compound.

LINUS

Looks like white chocolate finally
gets to meet his dream girl. Nervous?

WINDOWS

Pffft, me? No worries.

HUTCH

Please. You just squeezed out a
trouser brownie and you know it.

Eric clicks a button on the computer. A map appears with a
route marked in red.

ERIC

Well, Fudgy ran the numbers and
plotted 80 west as our fastest
route. It gives us twenty-six
hours to make it to Texas.

WINDOWS

We'll have to drive through the
night with no diversions. It's
gonna be tight.

HUTCH

Fellas, you got H-bomb at the
wheel. Consider it done.

INT. BUCEPHALUS - NIGHT

Empty highway. Hutch floors the van into the night. Eric,
Windows and Linus are DEAD ASLEEP.

Hutch checks the map. The 80W is circled in red pen. Fast
approaching are two signs -- 80W and Route 112.

HUTCH

No diversions my ass.

Hutch cuts the wheel, NOT TAKING the 80W turn-off.

EXT. RIVERSIDE, IOWA - DUSK

Bucephalus rides into a quaint town surrounded by CORNFIELDS.

Hutch is still at the wheel, sucking down coffee. Everyone
else is dead asleep.

HUTCH
Wakey, wakey, turd burglars. Time
for a little pit stop.

The guys wake up, tired and groggy.

LINUS
Where are we?

HUTCH
Some say heaven, I say Iowa.

Eric is instantly up -- fumbling for the maps.

ERIC
Iowa?! Shit, we're supposed to be
heading for Texas!

HUTCH
I took a little detour.

Hutch points to a SMALL TOWN approaching in the distance.

HUTCH
Welcome to Riverside, gentlemen.
The future birthplace of one
Captain James T. Kirk.

LINUS
Enemy territory. Nice.

Linus takes out his pill bottle. Pops one. Smiles.

ERIC
You drove all night for this?

HUTCH
Dude, I'd drive all year for the
chance to pimp-slap some Trekkies.

LINUS
Hell of a sales pitch. Sign me up.

WINDOWS
I admit, it does sound tantalizing.

ERIC
You guys want to screw around and
act like a bunch of children? Be
my guest. Just leave me out of it.

A TENSE BEAT, THEN:

HUTCH

Let's go crack some Trekkie skulls!

Windows and Hutch SCREAM. Linus POUNDS on the dashboard.

EXT. RIVERSIDE TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The tour is led by ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ, a die-hard Trekkie in a replica Starfleet Uniform. Behind him, a sign reads:
"RIVERSIDE, IOWA. WHERE THE TREK BEGINS."

Hutch, Windows, and Linus stand with a handful of TOURISTS, gazing up at two giant statues in the center of the village green -- CAPTAIN KIRK BATTLING WITH KAHN.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

And it's believed that James
Tiberius Kirk was born on this very
spot. Hence the statue of our
legendary hero grappling with his
most accursed nemesis.

WINDOWS

Ricardo Montalban?

Hutch and Linus try to stifle their laughter.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

Genetically-engineered tyrant Khan.
And yes, he was portrayed on screen
by the illustrious Mr. Montalban.
Any other questions?

Linus raises his hand. Admiral Seasholtz points to him.

LINUS

Uh, yes. What did Sulu find in
Captain Kirk's lavatory?

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

I... I don't know...

LINUS

(a HUGE smile)
I believe it was a Captain's log.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

Yes, brilliant. Anyone else?

Hutch raises his hand. Admiral Seasholtz ignores him.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

Then I'd like to direct your attention to the souvenir truck across the square, where you'll find T-shirts and the like.

Hutch now madly waves his hand.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

And we now stock "Kahndoms", for even inter-galactic villains are advocates of safe sex.

(snapping)

What?!

HUTCH

Yes, one last question. What is the Klingon translation for "You're going to die a virgin?"

Admiral Seasholtz crosses to the guys and swiftly unzips Windows' sweatshirt revealing a T-Shirt that says "PORKINS RULES" (with a picture of the portly rebel pilot).

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

Ah. More Lucas hounds here to mock Roddenberry. Well, I'd like to see Vader take on a single Borg warrior. We'll see who's laughing then.

WINDOWS

Please. Vader could put the death-grip on the entire Borg empire with one glance.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

Vader has asthma. Name one person in Star Trek who has asthma.

LINUS

Yeah, well name one person in Star Wars who's gay.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

No one's gay in Star Trek.

LINUS

Hello? Captain Picard?

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

He's not gay, he's British!

WINDOWS

Oh, come on. Picard wears a singlet! And he pussyfoots through asteroid belts while Han Solo floors it!

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

Solo's a bitch! He couldn't even beat Jabba, a fat-ass worm who couldn't even walk on his own!

HUTCH

Still not half as fat as Scotty.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

Well, we got Spock. 'Nuff said.

HUTCH

Two words. Light. Saber.

Seasholtz GASPS, defeated. At that moment, five DORKS dressed as VULCANS surround them. They're armed with LIRPAS, a rod with blade on one side and mallet on the other.

VULCAN

There a problem here?

HUTCH

Damn right, Tribble fucker. The Admiral here just called Solo a bitch. Strong words for a Trekkie.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

The proper term is Trekkers!
"Trekkies" is now considered an insult!

Hutch steps up to Admiral Seasholtz. Right into his face.

HUTCH

Trekkie.

EXT. GAS STATION - SAME TIME

As Eric finishes filling up Bucephalus, a commotion in the distance catches his attention.

ANGLE ON: Admiral Seasholtz roughly PUSHES Hutch. He pushes back -- a scuffle breaks out.

ERIC

Every friggin' time...

Eric jumps into the driver's seat. GUNS THE ENGINE.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Hutch is TACKLED to the ground by the Vulcans. One wields his lirpa, ready to strike.

LINUS

Hutch! He's got a lirpa!

Linus DIVES into the fight, taking down the armed Vulcan. The lirpa goes flying. It lands right at Windows' feet.

Another Vulcan CHARGES, lirpa about to strike. Windows picks up the rod in the nick of time --

Windows and the Vulcan CLASH WITH THEIR LIRPAS -- exactly like the famous Kirk/Spock "to the death" fight.

BAM! Windows takes a mallet to the chest. His glasses go flying.

WINDOWS

Time out! I call time out!

A clueless TOURIST raises his hand.

TOURIST

Is this part of the tour?

Suddenly -- THE IMPERIAL MARCH HORN! Bucephalus bounds across the grass, Eric behind the wheel.

The van SKIDS OUT, forcing tourists to dive for cover. Eric leaps out and throws open the back sliding door.

ERIC

Get in!

The guys break free and run for the van.

LINUS

Chewie!

Linus sits "Chewie", Hutch takes the wheel. Eric helps the blinded Windows into the back of the van.

The Vulcans surround the car, POUNDING on the glass. One chops at the FRONT TIRE with his lirpa.

LINUS

Hutch, get us out of here!

HUTCH
Wish I could.

Hutch flips the gear into REVERSE.

HUTCH
But no one calls Han Solo a bitch.

Hutch floors the car. It CRASHES back into the Khan statue.
It topples over and SMASHES into pieces.

ERIC
Go, go, go!

Hutch flips the car into DRIVE and peels out of there.

LINUS
Bottler, hit 'em with the pressed
ham!

Determination sweeps over Eric. He drops his drawers and
PRESSES HIS ASS CHEEKS against the back window of the van.
The Vulcans chase after them, SCREAMING MADLY.

When the dust has cleared, we find Admiral Seasholtz kneeling
before the broken statue of Khan. He SCREAMS to the heavens:

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ
Khaaaaaaaaaan!

Admiral Seasholtz coughs. Then takes a hit off an inhaler.

EXT. BUCEPHALUS - LATER

The van speeds onward, the lirpa-battered tire spinning away.

INT. BUCEPHALUS - DAY

THE JOURNEY'S PUMPED UP, and so are the guys. Windows tapes
together his broken glasses. Even Eric has loosened up.

HUTCH
I'm tellin' you, I took that Vulcan
down hard! Rode him into the dirt
like he was my fuckin' Tauntaun!

ERIC
Tauntaun my ass. You'd all be dead
if it wasn't for me.

WINDOWS

Not me. I tapped straight into the dark side. Emperor style. Lighting bolts shooting out of my finger tips!

LINUS

I don't remember the Emperor ever screaming, "Time out! Time out!"

The guys crack up. Windows puts on his glasses -- now covered in tape.

WINDOWS

Marvelous. Rogue Leader's gonna think I'm a nerd.

ERIC

Windows, calling you a nerd is an insult to nerds.

LINUS

Oh snap! Bottler on the board!

Eric and Linus exchange a glance. Things are easing up here.

Then -- QUICK CUT TO THE LIRPA-BATTERED TIRE -- **IT EXPLODES!**

The van banks right. Hutch loses control -- SLAMS on the breaks. The car comes to a violent stop in a ditch.

Silence. Then -- Windows pops up, BROKEN GLASSES hanging from his face.

WINDOWS

I'm gonna need more tape.

INT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

The guys hike down a desolate road in the middle of nowhere. The FOG is thick. A COYOTE HOWLS. Windows recoils.

WINDOWS

Okay, now this is freaky. We're talking "The Clown from It" freaky.

HUTCH

Worse. This is straight up "The Clown from Poltergeist" freaky.

Linus grabs each of their nipples -- TWISTS.

LINUS

Will you shut up?! You know I got
a thing about clowns.

HUTCH

Dude! My nerps!

WINDOWS

Ahhhh. So raw.

ERIC

We had to take your van, Hutch. I
have access to hundreds of cars, but
no.

HUTCH

Well, I had a spare tire, but some
'tardo took it out to make room for
his grappling hook.

WINDOWS

Hey, we're on a covert operation.
How can you be covert without a
grappling hook?!

The guys round the curve of the road and stop dead.

REVERSE ANGLE ON A DARK, SEEDY CANTINA looming a mile up the
road in a haze of fog. Two torches burn outside.

LINUS

What in Greedo's name is that...

INT. CANTINA - NIGHT

The dankest bar on Earth. A large neon sign reads: "MUCHACHA
NIGHT". Alas, there's NOT ONE WOMAN in the joint.

It's wall to wall dregs of all shapes and colors and
mustaches. Eric and the guys are met with stares of death.

HUTCH

Talk about a wretched hive of scum
and villainy.

LINUS

Probably not the best time to run
your mouth, H.

ERIC

Stay here. I'll handle this.

Eric approaches the BARTENDER, a beefy Mexican man with a
pock-marked face and a chrome dome head.

ERIC

Hi, our tire blew out a few miles back. You know anyone who can help?

No response. It's like Eric's not even there. Linus coughs, weakens. He fumbles for his pills.

WINDOWS

Hey, you alright?

LINUS

It's all the walking. Just... need a drink.

ERIC

Um, excuse me? Can we get some water over here?

The Bartender stares down Eric. Then grabs a filthy glass. Fills it. Slaps it down on the bar. Linus takes a sip.

BARTENDER

Hundred bucks.

ERIC

What? For a glass water?

The Bartender smiles, revealing a DEAD FRONT TOOTH.

BARTENDER

Well, it is Muchacha Night. You ladies dance, you drink free.

The drunken PATRONS break into laughter.

WINDOWS

Just pay him and let's go.

HUTCH

Hell no. Now you listen up, ese. I used to fuck guys like you in prison! So stop with the "tough-ass bartender" routine and fetch us a goddamn glass of water 'fore I make you dance for me.

Silence. Eric taps Hutch. Points behind them. The patrons are now on their feet surrounding them -- a solid wall of muscle. Doom is imminent. Our boys all GULP.

CUT TO:

A quarter is dropped into a dusty old JUKEBOX.

ANGLE ON ERIC, LINUS, HUTCH, and WINDOWS standing sheepishly on the dance floor. The patrons WHISTLE and CAT-CALL.

WINDOWS

Oh dear God. We're going to die
here, aren't we?

Eric, Linus, and Hutch all NOD "YES". A beat of anticipation before... Menudo's frolicking hit "Fuego" BLARES.

LINUS

Hells no. Menudo?

A HULKING THUG shatters his beer bottle on the bar and holds up as a weapon.

HULKING THUG

You got a problem with Menudo? Now
dance 'til it's over! DANCE!

Our boys fearfully launch into a half-hearted little jig to the music. The PATRONS all LAUGH and throw BAR PEANUTS.

Hutch's had enough. He steps up to the crowd -- boiling.

HUTCH

Nobody puts baby in a corner, bitch!
How's a little SWAYZE taste?!

Hutch begins to gyrate and churn mad butter to the sweet rhythms. He's all heart and NO skill.

More patrons peer out from their booths. The Bartender and his crew watch on stone-faced as Hutch does the RUNNING MAN and THE MACARENA complete with sexy pelvis thrusts.

Determination sweeps over Linus. He joins Hutch, popping n' locking like Rerun. They both launch into the funky ROBOT.

LINUS

Beety, Beety, Beety. I'm goin'
Twiki on your ass!

Eric and Windows exchange a look. Only one thing to do now -- get their buddies backs.

They bust out their old school breakin' moves. The Worm. The Windmill. The Helicopter. And they're simply GOD AWFUL.

LINUS

Kid N' Play!

The boys pair up and do "The Kid N' Play" move -- twirling around as they KNOCK THEIR FEET.

ERIC
Truffle Shuffle!

The boys do Chunk's Truffle Shuffle from "The Goonies".

And then the MUSIC CUTS OUT. The Bartender has ripped the cord of the Jukebox out of the wall.

Eric and the boys peer up at the crowd. Cold, dead SILENCE. Then one HULKING THUG begins to clap slowly, proudly.

WINDOWS
Wait for it -- slow clap...

WHAM! A chair is slammed over the Hulking Thug's head.

ERIC
....No slow clap.

EXT. CANTINA - NIGHT

The boys are tossed out on their asses. The bartender charges after them in a blind rage.

BARTENDER
You mock Menudo! That's sacred!
Sacred!

A pair of 80s Air Jordans steps next to Eric.

VOICE
That's enough. Leave them to me.

The Bartender and his crew back off instantly, fearful.

PULL BACK on the Air Jordans, revealing an 80s Adidas jump suit. And then we finally see HIS FACE --

It's an ancient NATIVE AMERICAN MAN with GIANT EARS. Tired eyes. And a smoldering fat JOINT in his hand.

THE OLD MAN
You boys took wrong turn, huh?

LINUS
Our car broke down.

THE OLD MAN
The Chief can help.

ERIC

The Chief? Can you take us to him?

THE OLD MAN

Depends. You have Funyons?
Perhaps Slim Jim?

Windows reaches in his pocket and hands over a Baby Ruth with a trembling hand. The Old Man takes it. A heavy pause.

THE OLD MAN

Baby Ruth? Come with me.

INT. TRAILER - NIGHT

An El Camino skids out before a RUSTY OLD TRAILER on the edge of a BOG. The Old Man is at the wheel, Eric and the guys crammed in the back seat.

THE OLD MAN

The Chief can fix your van. Until
then, we eat.

The Old Man hops out of the car and hobbles into the trailer.

LINUS

I have a bad feeling about this...

EXT. BOG - NIGHT

A campfire blazes next to the shore of the bog. The Old Man sits across from the boys, who eat from little bowls filled with a THICK GREEN OOZE.

HUTCH

Man, this is some kick-ass guac you
whipped up.

ERIC

Listen, we really appreciate the
hospitality, but we really have a
schedule to keep -

The Old Man begins to BEAT A DRUM at his feet.

ERIC

Okay. He's beating a drum now.

WINDOWS

I feel funny.

ERIC
Yeah. I feel... tingly.

LINUS
I feel goooooood.

HUTCH
(out of his mind)
Karate's cool.

LINUS
Guys... I don't think we're eating
your garden-variety guacamole...

THE OLD MAN
Big fan of cooking show. Got recipe
from Emeril. Avocados onions,
chopped garlic -- BAM! Pinch of
peyote, that Chief's idea. BAM!

ERIC
Wait -- peyote?! You drugged us?!

HUTCH
Sweet!

WINDOWS
I taste colors.

Windows gags. Linus falls back, gazing up at the stars.

LINUS' POV -- AS HE STARES AT THE STARS -- sparkling --
blurring. The Old Man sits next to him.

THE OLD MAN
Helps with the pain, huh?

Linus peers over at the Old Man. His looks says everything.

LINUS
How'd you... how'd you know I'm...

The Old Man smiles, then sparks up another fat joint.

THE OLD MAN
Oh, I know. For a wise man once
said, death is but a path to life.
A passage where you become one with
stars. With universe.

LINUS
You mean, like... The Force...

Linus goes silent, taking in the Old Man's words. He gazes up at the stars again, lost in thought.

LINUS
This wise man... who was he?

THE OLD MAN
(mystical)
Steve Guttenberg.

LINUS
(dubious)
The Gute?

THE OLD MAN
A wise man, he is.

Eric gets to his feet, eyelids heavy, fighting the high.

ERIC
Guys... what are we doing here? My
Dad said I have to --

HUTCH
Bots -- c'mon. For once in your
life, chill your shit out.

The Old Man puts an arm around Eric, settling him to the fire.

THE OLD MAN
Your friend is right. You must
learn to let go. Learn to breathe.

Eric sits, surrendering to the SOUND and the DARKNESS...

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT (DREAM)

It's night. Long after closing. Eric works alone in his office, paperwork piled to the CEILING.

THEN -- A DEAFENING CRASH! The doors BURST OPEN.

In pour Storm Troopers, followed by CYLON RAIDERS from Battlestar Galactica. ORCS from Lord of the Rings. BORGS from Star Trek. And EVERY OTHER SCI-FI BAD GUY CREATED.

And finally -- BIG CHUCK enters, dressed in all black like DARTH VADER. He offers a black cowboy hat to Eric.

BIG CHUCK
Join me, Son.

Eric is frozen in fear. Chaz enters, dressed like GRAND MOFF TARKIN. He hands Big Chuck a lirpa.

BIG CHUCK
Come to the dark side.

Eric screams, BUT NOTHING COMES OUT. Big Chuck swings the blade down at Eric -- SLICING HIS HAND OFF!

EXT. BOG - DAWN

Eric snaps awake. Rubs his eyes. He looks out over the bog, admiring a beautiful, breath-taking sunrise.

Eric savors the moment. Breathes in deeply.

WINDOWS (O.S.)
Oooh... Rogue Leader...

Eric looks next to him -- WINDOWS SPOONS WITH HUTCH.

ERIC
Guys, get up.

Windows and Hutch stir. Realize they're spooning.

HUTCH
Dude! What the hell is poking me?!

Hutch scrambles to his feet. Windows quickly pulls an R2-D2 action figure from his pocket.

WINDOWS
Simmer down! It's just my lucky R2!

EXT. TRAILER - MORNING

Eric and his crew round the trailer to find Bucephalus parked out front -- fresh tire installed on the front wheel.

HUTCH
Son of a whore! Buce is back!

THE OLD MAN
The Chief fixed it while you sleep.

ERIC
Well, where is he? We'd like to thank him.

The Old Man smiles -- nods.

LINUS

Wait, you're the Chief? Why didn't you say so?

THE CHIEF

The Chief likes to refer to himself in third person. It often causes confusion. Especially with the bitches.

HUTCH

Well, you're cool as balls, ya burned out old hash-head!

Hutch gives The Chief a knuckle pound and hops in Bucephalus.

WINDOWS

Chewie! I call Chewie! Finally!

Windows bee-lines for the front seat.

ERIC

Thanks again. For everything.

The Chief gives a big knowing smile. Eric crosses to the van, leaving Linus behind. The Chief hands him a paper bag.

THE CHIEF

A gift. You need it more than me.

Linus opens the bag -- it's packed with PEYOTE.

LINUS

I -- I can't. I have some pain-killers that help --

THE CHIEF

This will help. Take it. And do not be afraid, my friend.

LINUS

I'm not.

THE CHIEF

But you are. Not afraid of death perhaps, but of what death brings. And that... is being forgotten.

Linus stares him down for a moment, taking this in.

LINUS

Did The Gute say that, too?

THE CHIEF

No. I did.

The Chief smiles. Linus heads to Bucephalus and throws the brown bag in the back.

LINUS

So, fellas -- who's up for Texas?

ERIC

One thousand miles in ten hours.
Hope we can swing that.

Hutch starts the van and GUNS IT.

HUTCH

Hold on tight. It's on like Donkey Kong!

DRIVING MONTAGE

-BUCEPHALUS MAKES ITS WAY ACROSS AMERICA, accompanied by a THRASHING SONG like Supernova's Chewbacca.

Throughout, we see Eric loosening up:

- Eric drives past a car full of HOT COLLEGE GALS. The others hold up signs that say, "FLASH IF YOU LOVE WOOKIEES". The girls all shudder and give them the finger.

- At a gas station, a young BOY waves around a stick like a lightsaber. Hutch swipes it away and shows the boy a proper Jedi stance. Moments later, Hutch is surrounded by kids armed with sticks. THEY RELENTLESSLY WHACK HIM IN THE NUTS!

- Bucephalus pulls up to a DRIVE-THRU WINDOW. The guys now all wear Stormtrooper helmets. They stare down the ATTENDANT as she hands over bags of fast food. She GULPS, scared.

- Linus drives. Hutch leans out of the open window, knocking down mailboxes with his OVERSIZED HOMEMADE LIGHTSABER (a Louisville Slugger modified into a kick-ass saber).

EXT. AUSTIN, TEXAS - LATE AFTERNOON

The guys pile out of the van, stretching their aching bodies. They've arrived at a cool coffee shop named **JAVA THE HUT**.

HUTCH

See, Bottler. You get all bent outta shape for nothing.

ERIC
We're still an hour late. Rogue
Leader may be long gone by now.

WINDOWS (O.S.)
Oh, she'll be here.

Windows exits the van, now clad in a sleek, ruffly button down
shirt. He rubs gel in his hair but has used WAY TOO MUCH.

WINDOWS
(re: ruffle shirt)
What do you think? The guy at
Nordstroms said it was very
fashionable.

LINUS
Was his name Liberace?

Hutch cracks up.

ERIC
Don't listen to them. You're the
white Billy Dee Williams and don't
you forget it. So make your move,
Mario. Your princess awaits.

Windows nods, inspired. Linus and Eric exchange a smile.

WINDOWS
You're right. Chicklet me!

Linus hands Windows a box of Chicklets. He pops a few and
TAKES OFF HIS GLASSES like Clark Kent turning into Superman.

WINDOWS
I can do this. It's just like
Beggar's Canyon back home.

INT. JAVA THE HUT - LATE AFTERNOON

Windows heads inside, the others a few steps behind.

WINDOWS POV: TOTALLY BLURRY WITHOUT HIS GLASSES. The place
is empty, save one girl sitting at the far table.

WINDOWS
Rogue Leader, I presume.

GIRL
Red six?

WINDOWS
Affirmative.

WINDOWS POV: He approaches the girl -- TOTALLY BLURRY.

CUT TO ERIC, LINUS, AND HUTCH staring OFF-SCREEN at Rogue Leader -- speechless.

ERIC
Windows... put on your glasses.

WINDOWS
Not now.

LINUS
Put on your glasses.

Windows puts on his glasses.

WINDOWS POV: The BLURRY IMAGE of Rogue Leader comes into crystal clear focus REVEALING --

KIMMY. A girl of TWELVE. Frizzy hair. Her oversized camo green T-Shirt reads: "I DO DROIDS". But don't be fooled by her frumpy looks, this girl is light-years ahead of the pack.

KIMMY (ROGUE LEADER)
(checkin' out Windows)
Mmmm. Not bad. Not bad at all.

Kimmy smiles revealing giant METAL BRACES.

WINDOWS
(eyes wide)
Ho! Ho now. Slow down there.
You're Rogue Leader? The girl I'm supposed to meet here?

KIMMY
In the flesh, bounty hunter.

WINDOWS
But... you're just a kid! Where's my cross between Sarah Michelle Gellar and Jeanine Garofalo?!

KIMMY
Well, where's my white Billy Dee?
You promised me white chocolate.
You promised.

LINUS

I'm sorry... you mentioned to my friend here that you could get us into the Skywalker Ranch.

KIMMY (ROGUE LEADER)

Me personally? Uh... not exactly.

Linus calmly places an arm around Windows.

HUTCH

(to Kimmy)

Could you give us a moment?

EXT. JAVA THE HUT - AFTERNOON

The guys are now gathered by the van. Hutch and Eric lay into a stunned, silent Windows.

HUTCH

This was our one shot, man! What the hell are we supposed to do now?

ERIC

We drove a thousand miles, Windows! And for what? Some Lolita with a lightsaber?! They're gonna throw us in jail! All of us!

LINUS

Alright, everyone get a friggin' grip! It's not the end of the world.

WINDOWS

For you. I'm the one who just found out his dream girl wears a training bra!

Windows storms into the van and SLAMS the sliding door shut.

LINUS

Well, we'll just have to re-group. Figure something else out.

ERIC

Re-group? My Dad gave me a week or I'm out on my ass!

LINUS

What else are we supposed to do? Pack it in and go home?

ERIC

Now that's the first logical thing
I've heard since we left Ohio.

LINUS

You're so goddamn predictable. At
the first sign of trouble you want
to bail on us!?

Linus takes out his pills -- goes to the van for some water.

ERIC

Look, I'm not on vacation. I put
my whole life on hold for this
trip!

HUTCH

We all did. Christ, you think
you're the only one here with a
fuckin' life?

ERIC

Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot how alike
you and I are. What, with me being
the CEO of a national corporation
and you being a pizza boy who's
invested all his money into a museum
of plastic crap!

HUTCH

Crap?! I got me a first-edition
still-in-box Millennium Falcon!
We're talkin' mint, bitch!

Windows pokes his head out of the van. SOMETHING IN THE
DISTANCE has caught his attention.

WINDOWS

Guys...

ERIC

Well, kudos on your thrilling life
achievement. I'm sure it's the crown
jewel of your mother's garage!

HUTCH

It's a Carriage HOUSE! And I told
you, it's just temporary!

ERIC

Hate to break it to you, but when
it's been five years it's not
temporary -- it's your life.

WINDOWS

Guys!

Windows has gotten their attention. He points into the distance. The gang goes silent -- enraptured.

ANGLE ON A MAN in an Obi-wan hooded CLOAK approaching.

CLOAKED MAN

Excuse me, gentlemen.

The MAN lowers his hood, revealing a big guy with curly red hair and blacker sunglasses.

LINUS

(in awe)

Sweet mother of God...

WINDOWS & HUTCH

Harry Knowles.

ERIC

(sotto)

Harry who?

The guys respond to Eric in HUSHED TONES:

LINUS

Man, have you been living under a rock?

WINDOWS

This man's the ultimate fanboy. His website breaks all the biggest stories. "Ain't It Cool News" is like every geek's homepage.

ERIC

This guy? He looks like he's from Fraggie Rock.

Hutch elbows Eric -- hard.

HARRY KNOWLES

I'm here for a man with the handle of Red Six.

WINDOWS

Me. That's me. Name's Windows. It's a real honor, sir. I think your site's absolutely --

With no warning, Harry PIMP-SLAPS Windows. He crumples to the ground like a sack of potatoes.

WINDOWS

WHY?!

Kimmy runs out of the coffee shop.

KIMMY (ROGUE LEADER)

Harry! Leave my man alone!

HARRY KNOWLES

Go drink your chai latte, Kimmy!

Kimmy storms back into the coffee shop. Harry yanks Windows to his feet. The guys watch on, speechless.

HARRY KNOWLES

(eerily calm)

Now you listen to me, perv. If you e-mail my little sister ever again I will hunt you down like a T-1000.

WINDOWS

I -- I didn't know she was --

Harry puts Windows in a HEADLOCK and RAMS him into the van. The guys watch on, speechless.

HUTCH

Dudes. Harry Knowles is kicking the crap out of Windows...

LINUS

Camera! Get your camera!

HUTCH

Ooh, right on! No one move!

Hutch bolts into the van. Eric steps in.

ERIC

Okay, put him down. You've got this all wrong. The only thing he wanted was a way into the Skywalker Ranch. That's it.

HARRY KNOWLES

(scoffs)

Right, to give a friend his dying wish. That's the stupidest thing I've heard since Schumacher put nips on Batman.

LINUS

Stupid, maybe. But it's the truth.
(extends his hand)
Linus Poonwah. I'm... his friend.

Harry lowers his shades. Takes a moment, shakes his hand.

HARRY KNOWLES

You mean... you're...

Linus gives a serious nod -- it says everything. Harry can't believe it. He helps Windows up.

HARRY KNOWLES

Forgive me. I assumed you were just some sicko who infiltrated Star Wars chat rooms.

WINDOWS

(in agony)
I think you broke my kidney. But I'll take one for the team if it'll get us into the ranch.

HARRY KNOWLES

Well, you're certainly asking a lot of one man.

LINUS

Not if we give him the exclusive. Spoilers and all.

Harry considers this, then pulls his hood back up.

HARRY KNOWLES

I'm afraid I can't help you.
(then, smiles)
But I know someone who can.

Harry looks around conspiratorially, then takes out a memo pad. He writes: "Stratosphere, Convention Room, 8pm."

HARRY KNOWLES

Vegas. Saturday. A contact of mine will be there. I'll make sure he gives you everything you need.

ERIC

How will we know who he is?

HARRY KNOWLES

Don't worry, you'll know. The password is "scruffy nerfherder".
(MORE)

HARRY KNOWLES (cont'd)
Remember that. Good luck, Linus.
(holds for a beat)
I'm glad I got to meet you.

Harry shakes Linus' hand and crosses to a black VW bug.

HARRY
Let's bolt, Kimmy!

Kimmy exits the coffee shop, giving a shy wave to Windows.

KIMMY
Bye Red Six. Sorry I got your ass
beat.

WINDOWS
(wincing)
Yeah. Nice to finally meet you.

Harry and Kimmy get in Harry's car. He PEELS outta there.
Moments later, Hutch hustles back with the camera.

HUTCH
Okay, I got the -- AH, BALLS! I
told you guys not to move!

INT. BUCEPHALUS - DAY

"Wheel in the Sky" by Journey blasts. The guys sit in COLD
SILENCE. Hutch floors the van down the highway. Windows
sadly scarfs down Ho-hos.

ERIC
Hutch, slow down.

HUTCH
Sorry. I don't speak jagoff, ya
jagoff.

ERIC
Well, I'd like to make it to Vegas
alive.

LINUS
Oh, so now you're back on board?
Ten minutes ago you were ready to
turn your back on us Lando style.

HUTCH
Yeah, and then you go and crap on
my entire existence.

ERIC

I did not.

HUTCH

(genuinely hurt)

You called me a pizza boy. That was low, man. Really low.

WINDOWS

(mouth full of ho-ho)

Least you're not dying fat and alone.

ERIC

Okay, things were said. But I was pissed. We all were.

LINUS

Except none of us try to bail out the moment shit gets tough.

ERIC

And none of you have to deal with my old man come Monday. When we agreed to this trip, I made it clear that my time was limited.

LINUS

Yeah, well -- you're not the only one.

Silence fills the car -- interrupted by a POLICE SIREN. It's the HIGHWAY PATROL, a bad-ass car with dark, tinted windows.

HUTCH

Crap. Imperial bacon.

ERIC

Dammit, Hutch. I told you to slow down.

Hutch goes to pull over. Linus stops him.

LINUS

Probably not the best time to tell you this, but there's a giant brick of peyote in the back of the van.

ERIC/HUTCH/WINDOWS

What?!

LINUS

The Chief gave it to me. I didn't want to offend him.

HUTCH

You greedy bastard. Were you even gonna tell us?

LINUS

And have you bogart the whole bag? Not a chance.

ERIC

Can you discuss this later?! Just pull over and get the ticket.

Hutch goes to pull over once more. Now Windows stops him.

WINDOWS

Wait. Let 's think this through. We're a van of city boys carting a bag of drugs through redneck country. We put our trust into a hillbilly cop, odds say he'll lock us up in his love dungeon and sew our skin into capes of flesh!

LINUS

Man's got a point. You pull over we'll all be putting the lotion in the basket.

POLICE CAR (PA SPEAKER)

STOP THE CAR NOW!

ERIC

Do what he says, Hutch!

Hutch considers his options. He buckles up his seat-belt.

ERIC

Don't. I swear to God, if you so much as --

HUTCH

Suck my exhaust, pork rind!

EXT. HIGHWAY/DIRT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

HUTCH PUNCHES PEDAL TO METAL! The chase is on! Bucephalus tears down the highway, patrol car hot on their tail.

Hutch banks right -- HOPS THE MEDIAN -- speeds off the opposite direction!

INT. BUCEPHALUS - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Hutch takes a sharp turn, veering off a highway exit and torpedoing down a dirt road.

HUTCH
(to Eric)
Talk to me, Goose!

ERIC
What do you think? He's gaining on us! Move this piece of shit!

HUTCH
Don't call my van a piece of shit!

Windows appears from the back with the paper bag of peyote.

WINDOWS
Okay, emergency protocol. Our only option now is to consume the evidence!

LINUS
Dude, don't eat it!

Windows drops a bud into his mouth. He COUGHS, spits it out.

HUTCH
Everyone chill out!

Hutch flips up the plastic covering over the RED BUTTON.

HUTCH
Time to break rule number two.
Chewie, prepare for the jump to hyperspace!

Linus knows the drill, FLICKING a series of overhead switches.

WINDOWS
The red button -- thank God.

HUTCH
Wait for it... wait for it...

ERIC
Okay, can someone tell me what the hell the red button is?!

HUTCH
Light speed.

ERIC
Light speed?

HUTCH
NOW!

Linus SLAPS the button. The engine SKIPS and SPUTTERS.

HUTCH
No! No! Don't do this to me!

ERIC
That's it?! That was light speed?

Linus MADLY SLAPS the button.

LINUS
No, Zoe's kid brother installed a
tank of nitrous. He swore it'd work!

WINDOWS
We don't have much time left. Do
something!

HUTCH
Dammit, dammit, dammit!

Hutch BANGS his head on the steering wheel.

KA-BOOOOOM! Like a sonic blast, Bucephalus takes off!

The guys are SLAPPED BACK into their seats from the G-FORCE.
The pin shoots off the speedometer.

LINUS
Now this is light-speed!

The van leaves the squad car in the dust.

Faster. FASTER. TOO FAST. The steering wheel begins to
shake madly. Hutch struggles to keep control.

HUTCH
Stay on target... stay on target...

ERIC
OH --

Bucephalus hits an embankment -- veers out of control.

ERIC/HUTCH/WINDOWS/LINUS
Shiiiiiiiiiiiiit!

The van SMASHES into a sign that reads: "Now Entering Sun City".

The Patrol Car skids out next to them in a cloud of dust.

HUTCH (CONT'D)
Don't worry. Lemme do the talking.
I know how to handle The Law.

A COP approaches, hand on holster, glaring.

COP
Registration and ID! Now!

HUTCH
(the "Jedi Mind" Trick)
You don't need to see our
identification.

COP
I don't need to see your
identification...?
(then)
What the hell are you talking
about? Of course I need to see it!
You boys are in some serious
trouble...

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL CELL - MORNING

AERIAL SHOT: The guys are all sprawled out on old wood benches in a FILTHY JAIL CELL. Linus and Windows are asleep. Eric and Hutch stare up at the ceiling, eyes wide open.

HUTCH
Probably shouldn't have called that
cop a fag.

ERIC
Ya think?

A burly GUARD swings open the creaky cell door. He throws a plastic bag at each of them, pegging Eric right in the chest.

GUARD
Breakfast!

The guys get up, groggy, stiff.

Linus pulls out the pill bottle. IT'S EMPTY. He looks around, making sure nobody else noticed.

Next to him, Windows takes out a sandwich out of the bag.

WINDOWS

They gave us ham and cheese for dinner, too. This is inhuman!

ERIC

Look on the bright side. At least this trip can't get any worse.

Hutch stands, unbuckling his belt.

HUTCH

It just did. I gotta drop a sewer pickle.

The guys all look over at the lonesome, grimy, FILTHY TOILET. No seat. No paper. Nothing.

WINDOWS

That doesn't look very hygienic.

HUTCH

You're right. Bottler, hand me your sandwich.

ERIC

What? Why?

HUTCH

I'm startin' to punch cotton here! Just give it.

Eric hands over his sandwich. Hutch lines the rim of the bowl with LUNCH MEAT, making his own MAKESHIFT TOILET SEAT.

HUTCH

And last but not least --

Hutch holds up the two pieces of white bread.

HUTCH

Toilet paper.

WINDOWS

I never thought I'd say this, but I've lost my appetite.

The Guard approaches just as Hutch sits down on the toilet.

GUARD

Everyone up. You got a visitor.
(then, noticing Hutch)
Sweet Jesus! What the hell you
doin' to that ham sandwich, boy?!

INT. JAIL BULLPEN - DAY

The boys are led in and find a tired, frowning ZOE.

ZOE

You pussies owe me. Big time.

WINDOWS

Zoe?! Thank God.

ERIC

We didn't know if you'd get our
message.

ZOE

If by message you mean Windows
shrieking into the answering
machine like a little girl, then
yes. Message received.

WINDOWS

Hey, you don't know what we've been
through. It was horrible. Hutch
took a dump right in front of us.

HUTCH

(sniffs, cocky)
That's life inside the big house.

LINUS

Zoe, tell us you brought the money.

ZOE

(holds up bag)
Cleared out every cent Windows had
in the comic store.

WINDOWS

What?!

ZOE

Don't even speak. Do you even know
what I had to do to get here?

(MORE)

ZOE (cont'd)

Two taxis, an airplane, and an all-night bus ride next to the creepiest guy ever.

(then; dire)

Creepier than the Old Man from "Poltergeist II".

The guys bug.

HUTCH

My God, I could hump your leg raw right now.

ZOE

After the aforementioned dump, I'm gonna take a pass.

Hutch humps her leg anyway. Zoe laughs -- shoves him off as the Guard approaches.

GUARD

Visiting time's over. Judge wants to see you boys in his private chambers.

ZOE

Little advice, boys? Hard as it may be, don't screw this up.

ERIC

She's right. Just let me handle this.

The guys go to follow the Guard, but he promptly stops Linus.

GUARD

You -- lose the ball cap. If there's one thing the honorable Judge Reinhold demands it's respect.

LINUS

Whoa-whoaaaah. Did you say his name is Judge Reinhold?! That's killer!

GUARD

And that's the other thing. The honorable Judge Reinhold doesn't like when people point out the irony of choosing the profession of "judge" while having the coincidental last name of "Reinhold".

HUTCH

Well, the man shouldn't be so sensitive. Brother rocked the shit in Beverly Hills Cop!

Hutch HUMS THE "AXLE FOLEY" THEME SONG. Linus and Windows join in. Eric buries his head in his hands.

ZOE

(patting Eric's shoulder)
See you in eight to ten.

INT. JUDGE REINHOLD'S CHAMBERS - DAY

The boys sit before the stoic JUDGE RONALD REINHOLD (celebrity cameo - think Billy Dee Williams).

JUDGE REINHOLD

So let me see if I got this right. You tried to outrun an officer of the law because you obtained a bag of peyote from a wise old Indian who thought it would help treat your friend's terminal illness?

The guys look at each other. A BEAT.

ERIC

Yes.

JUDGE REINHOLD

(dead-pan)
Anything else?

WINDOWS

Harry Knowles thought I was a pervert.

JUDGE REINHOLD

Harry who?

ERIC

No one. That's all. And it's the God's honest truth. I know it sounds crazy, but it's been a crazy couple of days.

HUTCH

That's right, Judge Reinhold. I guess you could say we've had some real Fast Times.

ERIC
(sotto to Hutch)
I told you not to speak.

Judge Reinhold sits back in his chair. Stares them down.

JUDGE REINHOLD
Lotta folks 'round here want to see
you kids hang for what you did to
our town sign. Settlers put that
up over two hundred years ago.

ERIC
And we've agreed to pay for it.
It's all right here.

Eric holds up Zoe's bag.

JUDGE REINHOLD
Son, if it were up to me it'd take
twenty of those bags for you to
make bail.
(then)
Nonetheless, I'm letting you go.

The guys breathe a sigh of relief. Reinhold glares at Eric.

JUDGE REINHOLD
Not because I believe you. Because
I believe your father.

ERIC
Your Honor, thank you so --
(then)
My father? You... know my dad?

LINUS
And VICE VERSA?

Linus and Hutch do a discrete fist pound.

JUDGE REINHOLD
Hey I put myself through law school
working at the Bottler's Motors
outside of Albuquerque. I
recognized your last name when it
came across my desk, so I made a
few calls and got him on the line --

ERIC
I'm sorry, you... talked to him?

JUDGE REINHOLD

Sure did. Big Chuck's a good man.
He vouched for all of you.

ERIC

Really? He didn't sound... mad?

JUDGE REINHOLD

He said you were good kids, that
this must be some misunderstanding.

Eric smiles, pleasantly surprised.

JUDGE REINHOLD

Oh, and that's not all. Now,
where'd I put that paper? I wrote
it down so I wouldn't forget...

Judge Reinhold finds a post-it note and hands it to Eric. In
big letters it reads: "YOU'RE FIRED".

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

Journey's "DON'T STOP BELIEVING" fills the van. Linus
drives. Windows types on his laptop while consulting a map.

Eric sits "Chewie", gazing out the window -- lost. Totally
BLANK.

HUTCH

Yo, Bots? You okay?

Eric doesn't respond.

LINUS

He's been like that since we left
the courthouse. Man's gone
carbonite freeze on us.

ZOE

Wouldn't you if you got your ass
canned on a post-it?

HUTCH

Yeah, that's some heartless shit.

LINUS

Dude, he's sitting right here.

Windows closes the laptop.

WINDOWS

Okay, I just mapped out our route to Vegas. The closest airport is a few hundred miles north of here. We can drop Zoe off and then it's a straight shot to --

ZOE

Ho -- hold up. You haul my ass out to the middle of nowhere and then expect me to just hop on the first plane back?

Windows, Hutch, and Linus all nod "yes" in unison.

ZOE

Sorry. Not gonna happen.

LINUS

C'mon, Zoe. You know this trip's a guy thing.

ZOE

With you tools it's always a "guy thing".

WINDOWS

That's because we've got a very complex male dynamic going on here.

(then)

Aw! Who cut one?

Linus proudly raises his hand. They all crank the windows.

ZOE

Tell ya what. Since you're all such "men", I'll get on that plane if any one of you can take me down. Right here, right now.

HUTCH

Come on, no one wants to see you get hurt --

In one swift movement, Zoe DIVES ON HUTCH AND puts him in an agonizing CHOKE HOLD.

She tosses him around the back of the van like a rag doll.

HUTCH

Ah! Uncle! Sweet boneless Christ, the pain is unbearable!

LINUS

I'm good.

WINDOWS

Welcome aboard.

ZOE

Good. Now turn this suckass shit off.

Zoe leans up front and ejects the Journey mix.

HUTCH

(speechless)

Suckass? How could you -- if you think that -- rule number one says--

ZOE

Show of hands if you're hating Journey right now.

Linus and Windows raise their hands.

HUTCH

This isn't a democracy, dicks.
It's a Hutchocracy!

ZOE

Overthrown.

Linus snaps on the radio. Hutch leans back, fuming.

ON THE RADIO is the classic power ballad "TO BE WITH YOU" by Mr. Big. Everyone sits there, eyeing each other, secretly loving the song but not wanting to admit it.

MR. BIG

*Hold on little girl / Show me what
he's done to you / Stand up little
girl / A broken heart can't be that
bad*

Linus gives in and begins to sing along.

LINUS

*When it's through, it's through /
Fate will twist the both of you*

HUTCH

Oh no. Hell no.

Windows can't help himself. He croons the next verse.

WINDOWS

*So come on baby / Come on over
Let me be the one to show you...*

At the top of their lungs, they break into the CHORUS.

ZOE/LINUS/WINDOWS

*I'm the one who wants to be with
you! / Deep inside I hope you feel
it too!*

ANGLE ON HUTCH -- gawking at his buddies.

ZOE/LINUS/WINDOWS

*Waited on a line of greens and
blues! / Just to be the next to be
with you!*

ZOE

Take it, Hutch!

They all motion for Hutch to sing. He gives a look that says
"NO FUCKING WAY".

But someone else chimes in. IT'S ERIC.

ERIC

*Build up your confidence / So you
can be on top for once!*

LINUS

Sing it, E!

ERIC

*When it's true, it's true / Faith
will twist the both of you*

ERIC/ZOE/WINDOWS/LINUS

*So come on baby, come on over / Let
me be the one to show you!!!*

Eric looks over at Linus and smiles despite himself. Linus
nods and gives a look that says "no worries, dude."

WINDOWS

Key change!

ZOE/LINUS/WINDOWS

*I'm the one who wants to be with
you!*

ERIC
(Falsetto)
I'm the ooooooooooone.

HUTCH
Let me out. Seriously, let my ass
out!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GRAND CANYON - DUSK

Eric, Hutch, Linus, and Windows stand before the GRAND
CANYON. Gazing below. Revered silence. Then --

HUTCH
That is one big freakin' hole.

ERIC
You know... I could do this.

LINUS
What?

ERIC
This. Start a life out here. Fresh
air. Clean slate. No pressure.

HUTCH
Dude, you'd go bonkers the minute
you had an itch for some pizza and
a Blockbuster video.

Eric closes his eyes -- feels the wind on his face.

ERIC
I just... I thought that maybe if
worked hard enough, sold enough cars,
impressed my old man enough times...
maybe then I'd finally feel...
something. Lotta good that did.

WINDOWS
It's not so crazy. All you wanted
was to make your mark.

LINUS
Like The Chief said -- the only thing
worse than death is being forgotten.

HUTCH

Chief's right. Gotta find your
Death Star, bro.

WINDOWS

Your what?

HUTCH

The single greatest deed Luke
Skywalker ever did was take down
the Death Star, right? Far as I'm
concerned, that's what everyone
needs -- that one bad-ass thing
that makes you live on. Forever.

ERIC

And what if you've missed your
shot?

LINUS

Or your time runs out? What then?

A heavy silence as our boys contemplate this. Then --

THE IMPERIAL MARCH RINGS OUT. The guys turn around to find
Zoe leaning on the horn, lit cigar in her mouth.

ZOE

You gonna swap recipes all day?!
Vegas awaits, ladies!

INT. BUCEPHALUS - MOVING - DAY

Bucephalus speeds down the desert highway, Eric at the wheel.
The sun shines down on the SKYLINE of glittery LAS VEGAS.

WINDOWS

Sin City, dead ahead!

HUTCH

It's on like Voltron. Punch it!

Linus puts his arm around Zoe, gives a cocksure wink.

LINUS

Time you learn how to do Vegas --
Fanboy style.

CUT TO:

INT. VEGAS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

POP! ZIMA FLOWS LIKE CHEAP GIRLY WINE. Zoe and the guys lounge around watching Stargate on TV. Hutch picks at his bare feet.

ZOE
This is freaking gay.

HUTCH
She's right. We're not in Vegas to sit in our room and watch Stargate.

WINDOWS
But it's a new one.

Hutch clicks off the TV and stands, only to have Zoe stop him.

ZOE
How about hitting the showers first?
You smell like a sardine's butthole.

HUTCH
Hey, I have a natural process.

LINUS
It's a natural funk. Shower.

Hutch complies, rips off his shirt. He's got SICK CHEST HAIR. Everyone recoils.

WINDOWS
Somebody kill it!

ZOE
What in God's name is living on your chest?

LINUS
Your worse than Chewbaaca.

HUTCH
What? The mamasitas love it.

Eric exits the bathroom wearing a T-Shirt that reads, "I WENT TO THE DARK SIDE (AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT)". Linus nods, smiling in approval.

WINDOWS
Look at this. He's back in uniform.

ERIC
(sniffs)
What the hell is that stink?

Everyone peers over at Hutch. He GENTLY STROKES his chest hair, lost in his own world.

INT. CASINO LOUNGE - NIGHT

Windows sits among a row of ELDERLY PEOPLE playing computer KENO at the bar. Eric and the others are gathered around.

ERIC
Keno. Of all the games to play,
you insist on Keno.

WINDOWS
For your information, the odds are
surprisingly favorable.

LINUS
No they're not. This game is one
notch above BINGO.

WINDOWS
Oooh! They have BINGO?

Just then, AMBER and CRYSTAL, two stunning GIRLS no more than 21, settle into the booth across from them.

HUTCH
Well, what have we here?

ERIC
Don't pounce yet, cougar. It's
almost eight. Time to go meet
Harry's contact.

Eric and Linus head out of the lounge. Windows starts to follow, but Hutch pulls him back.

HUTCH
We'll catch up with ya!
(to Windows)
Alright, you're my Dak today.
Follow my lead, gunner.

WINDOWS
Wait, you want to just go up and
talk to them?

HUTCH

Yes, Homeo. It's called having balls.

ZOE

Or in your case -- ONE ball. Come on, Eric and Linus are waiting --

HUTCH

What are you, his wife? Move!

Hutch pulls Windows to his feet. They cross to the girls.

HUTCH

Well, hello. You ladies been looking for love in Alderaan places?

AMBER

(smiles)

Excuse me?

Windows nervously chimes in.

WINDOWS

Alderaan. The last planet destroyed by the Death Star before Luke's squadron of X-WING fighters--

HUTCH

(interrupting)

What my friend means is that we'd love to buy you gals a beverage.

The girls smile and nod. Hutch PUSHES Windows to the bar. Zoe gets in line next to him.

ZOE

That was lightning fast.

WINDOWS

I'm Dak alright -- crash and burn.

ZOE

Yeah... heard about the Rogue Leader debacle.

WINDOWS

One for the record books.

ZOE

Hey, I could've told you that a cross between Sarah Michelle Gellar and Jeanine Garofalo was too good to be true.

WINDOWS

Go on, fire away. I deserve it.

ZOE

No -- you don't. I know you really had your heart in that one.

WINDOWS

I just have to face the facts, Zoe. I'm twenty-seven-years-old and I've only managed to copulate with one girl. I'm female kryptonite.

ZOE

Okay, first problem -- you call boning "copulate". And don't worry about it. Plenty of guys have only been with one woman.

WINDOWS

I don't know that many women who've only been with one woman.

ZOE

Well, you're far from female kryptonite. Look, you're fine around me.

WINDOWS

That's because you're not like -- a "girl". You know what I mean.

ZOE

No, please. Enlighten me.

WINDOWS

Come on, you know every bond villain, you can quote "Clash of the Titans", and you've beat every Zelda game Nintendo's ever released. And none of that, my friend, classifies you as a girl.

Zoe pushes past him, fuming, HURT.

ZOE

Turns out you're more clueless than
you think.

WINDOWS

What? What'd I say? Zoe?!

Windows starts after Zoe -- then Hutch steps right in the
path. He has one arm around Amber, the other around Crystal.

HUTCH

(beaming)

Windows. The comely maidens have
requested that we take the party
upstairs.

WINDOWS

Oh. My. (mouths) God.

(then)

Wait, we're supposed to meet Linus
and Eric.

HUTCH

I think they'll understand.

Windows looks at Amber, then Crystal. They SMILE at him.

WINDOWS

Episode One be damned. To the
elevators!

EXT. STRATOSPHERE LOBBY - NIGHT

Eric and Linus wait in the lobby. Check their watches.

LINUS

Where are they? It's eight o'clock.

ERIC

C'mon, we don't have time.
Convention room's this way.

Eric and Linus round corner and all stop dead in their
tracks. Mouths go agape. Trouble. BIG TROUBLE.

LINUS

Talk about enemy territory...

REVERSE ANGLE -- Above the CONVENTION ROOM is a giant banner
that reads: "1998 NATIONAL STAR TREK CONVENTION". Costumed
Trekkies of all shapes and sizes swarm the area.

ERIC
Stay close. Harry said we'd know
him when we saw him.

Eric and Linus head towards the convention room. As they
cross through the horde of Trekkies, AN OMINOUS PRESENCE
STEPS INTO FRAME (ala Boba Fett).

It's ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ -- staring daggers at Eric and Linus.
He smirks, then disappears into the dense crowd.

Eric and Linus are stopped by A BUFF KLINGON DOORMAN.

KLINGON
Badges.

LINUS
We're not here for The Trek.

The Klingon stares them down.

KLINGON
Really.

LINUS
Yeah, really. What, do we look
like gigantic tools?

ERIC
Please. Don't answer that. We're
here to see someone.

KLINGON
And who would that be?

ERIC
Actually, we weren't given a name.
But I'm sure if you --

Linus puts a hand on Eric's shoulder, silencing him. He
leans into the Klingon, conspiratorially.

LINUS
We're here to see the Nerfherder.
Scruffy Nerfherder. You follow me?

Linus gives the Klingon a knowing, secretive nod. The
Klingon GROWLS and grabs them each by the collar --

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

The Klingon SHOVES Eric and Linus into a dark, dank alley.
The door is SLAMMED SHUT behind them.

LINUS
Great. Knowles fucked us.

Just then -- SOMETHING STIRS in the darkness.

ERIC
Shh! I don't think we're alone.
(calling out)
Who's there?

VOICE
You tell me.

Eric and Linus can make out the SHADOW OF A STRANGER in the
darkness -- black trench coat, hat obscuring his face.

LINUS
Nerfherder. Scruffy nerfherder.

VOICE
You're late.

A black envelope is thrown to them. Linus catches it.

VOICE
It's all in there. Maps, pass
codes, bogus IDs that'll get you
past the front gate. But that's
not what's most important.

ERIC
What is?

The man steps out of the shadows, light falling onto his
face. It's Captain Kirk himself --- WILLIAM SHATNER.

WILLIAM SHATNER
That we never met.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Hutch is on the bed with Amber. Windows and Crystal are on
the couch. Alas, there's no debauchery going on here. Just
Windows and Hutch POURING THEIR HEARTS OUT.

HUTCH

...Who knows, maybe all I'll ever be is just some pizza boy living in his parent's garage.

AMBER

Hey, you'll start The Hutch Touch when the time is right. And it's not a garage, it's a carriage house.

HUTCH

Last year my dad parked his Buick in there. I can pretty it up all I want, it's still a fucking garage.

AMBER

Don't be so hard on yourself. You have the power to do anything.

Hutch nods, determined. He waves his hand, attempting the Jedi Mind Trick.

HUTCH

You want to come sit on my lap.

AMBER

Yes. I want to come sit on your lap.

Amber sits on Hutch's lap. Hutch looks down at his hand, mesmerized by his newfound powers.

ON THE COUCH, Crystal drinks a Yoo-hoo as she listens to Windows vent.

WINDOWS

...And then Zoe just storms off. Fifteen years we've been friends, I've never seen her like that.

CRYSTAL

Well, you did call her "one of the guys". I mean, the girl clearly has a thing for you, and that's your response?

WINDOWS

Okay -- clarification. Zoe does not like me. Never has, never will.

CRYSTAL

Sweetie, there's a reason why she schlepped all the way out here.

(MORE)

CRYSTAL (cont'd)

A reason why the girl spends all day in your store. Hell, there's even a reason why she can quote "Clash of the Titans", which, as everyone knows, is a flawed movie at best.

(off his confused look)

You.

Windows' heart leaps into his throat.

WINDOWS

But I didn't -- how could I --
heavenly God. What should I do?

CRYSTAL

If there's one thing I learned being an escort, it's that action speaks louder than words.

Windows nods slowly. Pauses. Peers up at Crystal.

WINDOWS

I'm sorry... did you just say --
escort?

(Crystal nods)

As in sex escort?

BACK TO HUTCH -- bursting at the seams. Amber is on his lap now in just her BRA and PANTIES.

HUTCH

("Jedi Mind Trick")

You want to remove them panties.

AMBER

As you wish.

Windows DARTS over to Hutch.

WINDOWS

Hutch, private convo. Now.

HUTCH

Dude, not the time. The force is with strong with me!

AMBER

We should stop anyway, hon. Your hour's over.

HUTCH

Over?

WINDOWS

That's what I'm trying to tell you--
they're hookers!

AMBER

Excuse me, the proper term is
escorts. "Hookers" is now
considered an insult.

HUTCH

Wait-wait-wait-waitwaitwait. Lemme
get this straight. I just spent an
hour pourin' my heart to a smokin'
hot whore?!

CRYSTAL

Also an insult. And you could
always pay for another hour.

WINDOWS

Absolutely not! Unacceptable!

HUTCH

How much?

AMBER

One thousand.

HUTCH

Dollars?! Each?! Hell no --
refund! We want a refund!

A LOUD KNOCK at the door. Amber crosses to answer.

AMBER

You can talk it over with Roach.
He handles all the money issues.

HUTCH AND WINDOWS

Roach?

Amber opens the door revealing ROACH, a scrappy tattooed
hooligan with spiky hair. He CRACKS his knuckles.

ROACH

Greetings and salutations. It's
payday.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Eric and Linus explore the contents of the black envelope: floor maps, key cards... And an autographed copy of Shatner's TJ HOOKER autobiography - "*Trekkin' With TJ*".

LINUS

Uh, what's this for?

WILLIAM SHATNER

Just a little something for the ride.

Eric marvels over a set of Lucasfilm IDs.

ERIC

Unreal. How'd you score all this?

WILLIAM SHATNER

How do you think? I'm William Shatner. I can score anything.
(then, suggestive)
Anything. Anything.

Shatner peers down the alley. No one in sight.

WILLIAM SHATNER

Next time you see Harry Knowles, tell him we're square. Good luck.

At that moment, ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ and an ARMY OF TREKKIES appear at the end of the alley.

WILLIAM SHATNER

Friends of yours?

ERIC

Not exactly.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

There they are!

NERD BORG

And they've got Lord Shanter!

Eric and Linus look to Shatner for help.

WILLIAM SHATNER

(Sotto to Eric and Linus)
Forgive me, boys.
(then; to the Trekkies)
(MORE)

WILLIAM SHATNER (cont'd)
 Help! They've taken me against my
 will!

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ
 Cry havoc!

The Trekkies release a BATTLE CRY AND STAMPEDE down the
 alley. Eric and run for DEAR LIFE in the opposite direction!
 As they flee, Linus STUFFS THE ENVELOPE INTO HIS JACKET.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Roach rifles through the hotel mini-bar as Windows and Hutch
 plead their cases.

WINDOWS
 Okay, this whole thing is a major
 misunderstanding. We didn't
 realize we were... on the clock.

HUTCH
 That's right. I didn't even get
 the stink-finger or nothing. Just
 a hug -- that's it.

ROACH
 A hug. Really.

Roach opens a can of peanuts from the hotel mini-bar.

WINDOWS
 Mr. Roach? Could you please not
 eat those?

HUTCH
 Yeah. Those are like ten bucks a
 pop, dude.

Within the blink of an eye, Roach PINS HUTCH TO THE WALL by
 his throat. Windows doesn't move -- frozen in fear.

ROACH
 How's about you take it outta the
 two grand you owe me. Sound good?

HUTCH
 (barely audible)
 Rancor.

ROACH
 What'd you say?

Hutch motions to the arm that's pinning him to the wall.
Roach has a TATTOO OF THE RANCOR BEAST from Jedi.

HUTCH
Rancor. Jabba's reptilian pet...
Eighty-two teeth, skin like armor.

Roach scrutinizes Hutch. Loosens his grip.

ROACH
You know your 'Wars.

HUTCH
Biggest fan you'll ever meet.

ROACH
That right, big guy? Think you can
top this?

Roach pulls off his shirt, revealing he's covered in TATTOOS
of STAR WARS CHARACTERS AND SYMBOLS. Hutch's eyes bug.

HUTCH
Cool beans.

ROACH
Right arm's the rebellion -- left
is The Dark Side.

Roach proudly turns around, revealing a giant TATTOO OF JAR-
JAR covering his back.

ROACH
And check this shit. Just got one
from Episode I. This mofo's gonna
rule.

Windows notices Hutch discretely INCHING ACROSS THE WALL.
Windows quickly pipes in, trying to distract Roach.

WINDOWS
Well, that certainly is impressive.
And here we thought we were the
biggest starwoids around.

ROACH
Heh, you guys are alright.

WINDOWS
So... we're all square here?

Roach gives Windows a hard slap on the back.

ROACH

Tell ya what. You stiff me, I'll
only break one of your legs. Deal?

Out of the corner of his eye, Windows sees HUTCH STRAINING --
reaching for something JUST OUT OF VIEW.

WINDOWS

In that case, I suppose my best
odds are to duck.

ROACH

Duck?

Windows DUCKS, missing the saber by inches. It WALLOPS
Roach. He flies back, SMASHING the coffee table to pieces!

Hutch and Windows book out of the room -- down the hallway --
right past Crystal and Amber.

HUTCH

Good talkin' with ya!

INT. STRATOSPHERE LOBBY - NIGHT

Zoe waits at the elevators. DING! Windows and Hutch burst
out and run SMACK into Zoe. Windows pulls her away.

WINDOWS

Zoe! C'mon, there's no time --

ZOE

Get off! I'm not talking to you!

DING! Shirtless Roach leaps out of the elevator.

HUTCH

Move it!

They SCRAMBLE off, Roach right behind GRUNTING IN FURY.

ZOE

Who the hell is that?!

WINDOWS

Just a pimp out to break our legs!

THEN -- they all see ERIC AND LINUS on the opposite end of
the lobby -- RUNNING RIGHT FOR THEM.

HUTCH

Wrong way! You're going the wrong way!

ERIC

No! *YOU ARE!*

At the moment, THE TREKKIE ARMY rounds the corner -- chasing Eric and Linus across the lobby.

Windows, Hutch, and Zoe skid out. So do Eric and Linus. Trapped in the center of the lobby, PURSUED FROM BOTH ANGLES.

WINDOWS

Game over, man! Game over!

Roach GRABS Windows and Hutch from behind as the Trekkies surround them. Admiral Seasholtz POINTS to Hutch.

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

It's him! The one who broke Kahn!

HUTCH

Yeah, 'cause you called Han Solo a bitch!

ADMIRAL SEASHOLTZ

Han solo is a bitch!

The rowdy Trekkies AD LIB agreement. Roach instantly TOSSES WINDOWS AND HUTCH aside.

ROACH

No one. Calls. Han. Solo. A!
BITCH!

Roach SCREAMS and TEARS into the mob of Trekkies.

ERIC

This way!

As HOTEL SECURITY arrives, Eric and the gang bolt out the front doors. Linus lags behind, WEAK, STRUGGLING FOR BREATH.

EXT. STRATOSPHERE PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Hutch floors Bucephalus down the ramp.

HUTCH

Chewie, prepare for the jump to hyperspace!

WINDOWS

Wait, our clothes are back at our room!

ERIC

You want to go back there?!

BAM! Out of nowhere, Roach LEAPS onto the hood of the car.

ROACH

You're dead! You hear me?! Dead!

Everyone SCREAMS. Hutch veers around the corner -- TIRES SCREECHING -- Roach is TOSSED OFF the van.

But it's not over yet -- SECURITY has activated the GATES. They're closing fast.

HUTCH

Hold on!

Hutch floors it. SPARKS FLY as the van tears through the gate like the Millennium Falcon escaping the SPACE SLUG in Empire Strikes Back.

ERIC

Zoe, hit 'em with the pressed ham!

Zoe drops her drawers and PRESSES HER ASS against the back window of the van. Windows averts his eyes. Then peeks.

Roach chases after them, YELLING MADLY. Everyone ERUPTS into laughter and celebration...

EVERYONE BUT LINUS. He's passed out, covered in sweat.

WINDOWS

Line? You okay?

ZOE

Jesus, he's out cold.

ERIC

Pills -- get his pills.

Windows pulls the pill bottle out of Linus' pocket.

WINDOWS

It's empty!

ERIC

He's burning up. Get some water! Shit... Linus! LINUS!

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

Eric, Windows, Hutch, and Zoe sit in the waiting room. Eric breaks the tense SILENCE.

ERIC

I'm sorry, guys. I'm just... I'm so sorry.

ZOE

For what?

ERIC

This. This whole goddamn thing. We wouldn't even be here right now if I wasn't such a shitty friend.

WINDOWS

Eric, don't be ridiculous.

HUTCH

He's right, man. You did this for Linus. All of it.

ERIC

Yeah, well -- too little, too late.

Eric looks at them, eyes red, fighting the tears.

ERIC

I knew. Linus' mom sat me down summer after junior year of college. She told me everything.

WINDOWS

Wait, you knew your best friend was sick and you didn't even call or --

ERIC

Nothing. I did nothing. I just... I couldn't sit by and watch him get sick. Wither away and die. I couldn't do it.

HUTCH

And you think we wanted to?!

Zoe puts a calming hand on Hutch's shoulder.

ZOE

Guys, what's done is done. The point is, you're all here now and no one's going anywhere. Right?

Hutch and Windows look over at Eric. He lowers his head, nods. The DOCTOR approaches.

DOCTOR

Your friend's awake.

HUTCH

So... can we see him?

DOCTOR

You can. But first we need to talk. Linus tells me you're headed up to San Francisco?

ERIC

Yeah. The Skywalker Ranch.

DOCTOR

Not anymore, fellas. The only place he's going is back home.

(severe)

Understand? He needs to go home.

Eric looks at Windows and Hutch. Message received. The Doctor nods and heads down the hall. The guys follow -- but Zoe remains seated.

WINDOWS

You coming?

ZOE

It's a guy thing. Go.

Windows grins -- looking at Zoe as if she just might be the coolest girl on the planet. And she grins back.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Eric, Hutch, and Windows find Linus in bed, hooked to wires and machines. Eric hangs back -- frozen.

LINUS

(raspy, feeble)

Who's there? I... I can't see...
so weak... gonads -- heavy.
Nipples -- raw yet supple.

HUTCH

Cut it out, cock sauce.

Linus LAUGHS and sits up. He's clearly weak, but doing his best to cover.

WINDOWS

How you holding up?

LINUS

Chillin' like a mega-villain. First good night of sleep I've gotten in days. This worked out well, now I'm rararin' to hit San Fran.

(off their serious looks)

What?

HUTCH

Linus. Listen, about the ranch. We had a talk with your Doctor...

(pauses; then)

Trip's over, man.

LINUS

What?

WINDOWS

Eric and I are gonna fly back to Ohio with you tonight.

LINUS

No. Not a fucking chance.

HUTCH

Bro. You're... sick. If we forge on, you're just gonna get worse.

LINUS

We can't just give up now -- not when we're so close!

Linus stops himself. Fights the tears. Looks up at them with pleading eyes.

LINUS

Please, don't do this to me.

WINDOWS

Linus... it's just a movie.

Linus looks away. Eric finally steps bedside.

ERIC

Maybe it is. You're right, to most people Star Wars is just a movie. But not to us. And as far as I see it, we don't have a choice. We finish what we came here to do or we die trying.

Linus looks at Eric -- both back on the same team.

WINDOWS

We can't. The Doctor said that Linus is really --

ERIC

Screw the Doctor! Did that he ever get his head wedged in a bucket pretending to be Darth Vader? Did he ever use old vacuum parts to build his own C3-PO? Shit, did he name his right hand Leia?! God no. But you know who did?

Windows nods, getting on board.

WINDOWS

Us. We did.

HUTCH

Jesus. You guys are sick, you know that?

ERIC

The point is, it's not just about a movie anymore. This -- right here, right now -- this is our Death Star. Our one chance to be remembered. And I'm not gonna run this time.

WINDOWS

Neither am I.

They all glance at Hutch. He leaps up.

HUTCH

Fuck it, I named my hand Leia too! The Hutch is in!

They all look at Linus. He SMILES, overcome with emotion.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Our boys SPRINT down the hallway PUSHING LINUS FULL-SPEED in a wheelchair. He holds on for dear life!

They ZIP past Zoe -- she can't believe her eyes.

ZOE

What the --

ERIC/HUTCH/WINDOWS

JAILBREAK!

Windows grabs Zoe by the hand and pulls her off.

EXT. SKYWALKER RANCH - NIGHT

The van SKIDS OUT at a scenic overlook. The LUCAS COMPOUND looms in the distance. Huge. Ominous.

The gang gets out of the van, gearing up for the mission. Dressed all in black, stuffing supplies into backpacks.

Hutch snaps on the NIGHT VISION GOGGLES. Scans the area. Eric and Windows hit the ground next to him.

HUTCH

One guard at the front gate, two more patrolling on foot. We'll need a driver up front, the rest will have to stow away in the back.

ERIC

I'll do it.

WINDOWS

(consulting map)

Okay, after the guard gate it's a straight shot to the Lucasfilm Archives. Mind the security cameras.

Eric nods. Linus creeps up next to them and drops to the ground. He instantly GROANS in pain.

ERIC

You okay? We can still head back if you're not feeling --

LINUS

Chill. I landed on my throwing stars.

Linus pulls a few throwing stars out of his pocket. They all smile. This is it.

ERIC
Alright, boys. It's on like Han.

HUTCH
(impressed)
Good one.

EXT. SKYWALKER GUARD GATE - NIGHT

Bucephalus rolls up to the GATE. The GUARD steps out.

SECURITY GUARD
ID.

Eric is at the wheel, seemingly the only one in the van. He hands over the BOGUS ID BADGE from the black envelope.

ERIC
Just got brought on as assistant editor. Gotta spend the whole night running footage through the --
(he has NO CLUE)
Digi-lator and what not.

CUT TO THE BACK OF THE VAN -- Linus, Hutch, Zoe, and Windows are all crouched down, hiding with baited breath.

SECURITY GUARD
Do you know where you'll be working, Mister...

ERIC
Montoya.

CUT TO THE BACK OF THE VAN -- everyone frantically waving "NO" as if to say "DON'T SAY IT!" Eric takes a beat and says it anyway --

ERIC
Inigo Montoya. And yes, I'll be in editing bay 4C.

The Guard SHINES his flashlight into the back of the van. Everyone ducks so only the face of the MANNEQUIN stares back.

ERIC
I'm kind of a pack rat. I can open the back if you want and show you some of my --

SECURITY GUARD

No, that's okay. Have a good night, Mr. Montoya.

The Guard hands back the ID and waves Eric through.

EXT. SKYWALKER RANCH - NIGHT

DARKNESS. Then -- Eric and the gang emerge from the shadows walking TOWARDS THE CAMERA IN SLOW MOTION like a bad-ass posse. Hutch still wears the night vision goggles.

They reach a giant, imposing building. They gaze up at it.

ERIC

Here she is. The Lucasfilm Archives.

Linus tries the doors. LOCKED.

LINUS

Building's locked down. Now what?

WINDOWS

I'll tell you what. We make our own entrance.

Windows steps up -- determined. He WIELDS HIS GRAPPLING HOOK like a commando. It's go time.

HUTCH

Dude. You can't even do a pull-up, how the hell are you gonna use a grappling hook?

Windows peers up at a HIGH LEDGE two stories above. He begins to TWIRL the grappling hook. Faster. FASTER.

WINDOWS

Watch and learn, all ye naysayers. Watch. And. LEARN!

Windows releases the grappling hook! It flings **STRAIGHT FORWARD** -- SHATTERING THE GLASS DOORS IN FRONT OF THEM!!!

Silence. Windows clears his throat, mortified. Trying to act slick, he motions for Zoe to enter.

WINDOWS

After you, m'lady.

ZOE

Why, thank you.

INT. LUCASFILM ARCHIVES - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hutch leads the pack, crouched down low. He motions for the others to stop. He scans the DIMLY LIT hallway with his night vision goggles.

HUTCH
No one move. Surveying corridor...
Surveying... Surveying...

Everyone walks right past Hutch.

HUTCH
Taints! I'm still surveying!

They all stop at a DOOR at the end of the corridor.

LINUS
Shatner, don't fail us now.

Linus inserts a key card into a slot in the door. The light over the lock FLASHES GREEN. The door UNLOCKS.

INT. SECOND FLOOR DOORWAY - NIGHT

The group arrives at a giant metal door. Eric consults a print-out with pass codes.

ERIC
Second floor archives... Got it.

Eric punches a four-digit code onto a keypad.

The door SLIDES open revealing --

DARTH VADER -- LIGHTSABER POISED TO STRIKE! Windows YELPS, covers with a COUGH. They all head into the room, their eyes wide in wonder.

LINUS
We're home, boys.

REVERSE ANGLE ON THE LUCASFILM PROP ROOM.

The MOON SHINES down through a GLASS CEILING illuminating countless PROPS, TOYS, and STAR WARS ARTIFACTS.

HUTCH
(pulling off his goggles)
Now that's a collection.

Windows stops before a glass display containing the Stetson hat, leather jacket and whip from Indiana Jones.

WINDOWS
 Mother of mercy... Indy's stuff.
 (re: next case)
 And the spell book from Willow!

Next is a small, unlit CORRIDOR full of dusty old props.

WINDOWS
 Guys! It's the Hall of Howard the Duck!

No response WHATSOEVER. Windows shrugs and moves on.

EXT. LUCASFILM ARCHIVES - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Two black boots step before the front door -- GLASS CRUNCHING UNDER THEM. Leather gloves pull out a WALKIE TALKIE (ala T2).

GUARD (O.S.)
 We've got a Code Womprat at the Archives. I repeat, Code Womprat.

SECURITY POST (V.O.)
 Copy that.

The Guard whips out a BATON. It GLEAMS in the moonlight.

INT. LUCASFILM PROP ROOM - NIGHT

Linus and Eric marvel at a life-size Darth Vader, the imposing black figure looming above them.

LINUS
 No matter how you feel about him, Vader embraced his fate. He faced death head on... gotta admire that.

BAM! THE SECURITY GUARD bursts through the door dressed like a THX-1138 GUARD. Tight pants, silver helmet, the works.

THX-1138 GUARD
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Subjects located, requesting backup!

The GUARD wields his METAL ROD.

THX-1138 GUARD
No one move.

Everyone freezes. Zoe breaks the silence.

ZOE
What's up with the outfit?

The Guard raises his metal mask.

THX-1138 GUARD
Company policy. You wanna work
here, you gotta wear the suit.

HUTCH
So freakin' classic!

At that moment THREE more GUARDS burst into the room. They
hesitate - Eric peers over at the gang.

ERIC
Run?

WINDOWS/HUTCH/LINUS
Run.

Eric leads the charge for the door at the far end of the
room. Zoe isn't fast enough -- she's cornered.

ZOE
Just go!

WINDOWS
Zoe!

As Guards surround Zoe, Linus slips the key card into the
door. IT CLICKS OPEN -- but Windows refuses to leave.

ERIC
Windows! C'mon!

WINDOWS
I'm not leaving without her!

HUTCH
Dude, what are you gonna do? It's
five against one!

Windows snags the LIGHTSABER from Darth Vader's hand. He
SQUARES OFF with the Guards and strikes a JEDI POSE.

WINDOWS
 (a-la Solo)
Never tell me the odds!

Windows CHARGES -- TAKING ON ALL FIVE GUARDS AT ONCE.

He swings his lightsaber like a madman. The guys are riveted. SO IS ZOE.

And then a THX Guard swings back. WHAM! The METAL rod slices the lightsaber in half like a twig. After all, it is just a glorified toy.

Zoe SIGHS and takes matters into her own hands. She turns to the THX GUARD holding her and BOOTS HIM IN THE BALLS.

THX-1138 GUARD
 Man down! Man down!

Windows grabs Zoe by the hand and hustles her back to Eric and the gang.

They all barrel through the door. It SLAMS shut behind them, locking out the Guards. The THX GUARD turns to his man on the ground, who holds his jewels in agony.

THX GUARD 1
 That's what you get for refusing to wear the codpiece!

THX GUARD 2
 (groaning)
 I prefer "al fresco".

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Eric and Linus lead the charge through a dark, deserted cafeteria. Linus trails behind, wheezing, weak. Windows and Zoe run side-by-side, still holding hands.

ZOE
 Not too shabby for female Kryptonite!

Windows gives a cocky nod, then runs SMACK into the SPECIALS BOARD. He WIPES OUT hard, then notices the MENU.

WINDOWS
 Guys, wait! Check it out --

Windows holds up the "SPECIALS" BOARD. There's three items:

ERIC
(reading)
Darth Vader tots, chewbaklava...

LINUS
Boba Fettucini????

HUTCH
This place fucking rules!

WHAM! Their ONLY EXIT is KICKED OPEN. A band of THX GUARDS flood into the room. No where left to go.

LINUS
That's it, man... It's over.

Eric spots a GARBAGE CHUTE. He OPENS IT.

ERIC
Not unless you want it to be.

Linus thinks it over. HE'S WEAK -- but that won't stop him.

INT. TRASH CHUTE/ROOM - NIGHT

INTERCUT SHOTS of the gang SCREAMING AT THE TOP OF THEIR LUNGS as they sail down the garbage chute.

And then -- **DARKNESS** as they each land with a SOFT THUD.

Eric CLICKS ON his flashlight and finds HUTCH in his face.

HUTCH
Sa-weeet, dude! I've wanted to do that ever since I saw Goonies!

WINDOWS
Jesus. Smells like Hutch's feet.

Linus turns on his flashlight.

LINUS
Worse. Way worse.

Linus moves his flashlight about REVEALING THE LUCASFILM TRASH ROOM. MOUNDS OF GARBAGE BAGS are piled EVERYWHERE and fall down from CHUTES around the room.

WINDOWS
I have a bad feeling about this.

HUTCH
Dudes... you don't think...

LINUS
We're in George Lucas' trash room.
We're all thinkin' it.

ERIC
Jesus, get a grip! The walls
aren't gonna close in on us.

Suddenly -- A LOUD BANG ECHOES through the room!

ERIC
No... no way...

BANG! BANG! BANG!

HUTCH
Pancakes! Our asses are gonna be
pancakes!

Hutch dives into garbage for cover. Windows finds a filthy old mop and holds it high above his head.

WINDOWS
We can fortify the walls with this!

ZOE
Um, retards?

ANGLE ON ZOE -- pointing up at a HEATING UNIT. With a final BANG it KICKS ON.

ZOE
That'd be the heat.
(beat)
And this is the exit.

Zoe swings open a service door, holding it for everyone to exit.

Windows lowers the mop. Hutch peeks out of the garbage.

HUTCH
We knew that.
(then, noticing in the trash)
Sweet! A pocket comb!

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Eric leads the gang into an office and closes the door.

ERIC
I think we lost 'em.

ZOE
For now. We can't just run around
this place all night.

LINUS
I don't think we have to...

Linus points around the office. ANGLE ON an array of plaques
and awards. The name on each -- **GEORGE LUCAS.**

WINDOWS
Guys? I think we're in...

ERIC
Lucas' office.

They all peer over at the desk. The leather chair. The
stacks of papers and drafts. Eric motions for Linus to sit.

ERIC
All you, man. Go.

Linus sits at the desk slowly, savoring this moment.

LINUS
I can't believe it. This is where
it all happens...

Linus pulls the keyboard to him, gazing at it. The screen
saver is deactivated.

WINDOWS
Holy Hoth... look --

CLOSE ON THE MONITOR - and an icon reads: "EP. I ROUGH CUT".

HUTCH
Dudes. F n' A, this is it...

WINDOWS
Episode One -- in Lucas' office...

LINUS
(smiling)
At Lucas' desk.

Linus leans back in the chair and clicks the icon.

ERIC
Guess this is it, huh?

Linus nods slowly. Eric puts his hand on Linus' shoulder. So does Hutch. And Windows.

A moment of reverence as they all gaze upon the computer screen, waiting for the program to boot up.

The moment is interrupted by APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS.

LINUS

Down!

Everyone hides just as a THX GUARD appears at the door. He scans the office with a FLASHLIGHT.

ON THE FLOOR -- Zoe has landed right on top of Windows. They stare into each other's eyes. Windows moves in for a kiss. Chickens out. Moves in again. Chickens out.

ZOE

Ah, screw it.

Zoe roughly pulls Windows close and KISSES HIM long and hard. She pins back his arms. Kisses him deeper.

Just as the guard is about to move on, THE FAMOUS YELLOW CRAWL APPEARS on the computer monitor.

BUSTED. The Guard bursts in and shuts off the monitor.

THX-1138 GUARD

Everyone up! On your feet!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

A single light bulb hangs from a string. The gang is seated at a chrome table in front of the HEAD OF SECURITY, his back to us. Linus finishes up their epic tale.

LINUS

...and then we just came across his office. Don't worry, we were caught before the opening crawl. We didn't even see a frame.

REVERSE ANGLE ON THE HEAD OF SECURITY -- revealing our final CELEBRITY CAMEO. Mr. Luke Skywalker himself, MARK HAMILL.

HEAD OF SECURITY

Well, well. That's certainly some saga you've got there.

ERIC
Do you believe us?

HEAD OF SECURITY
Sir, I work for one George Lucas.
He tells me what to believe.

A RED PHONE RINGS. The Head of Security answers.

HEAD OF SECURITY (CONT'D)
Ah, speak of the devil. Uh... no,
sir. I wasn't calling you the
devil, I was just -- okay then.

HUTCH
Dudes. He's talking to Lucas.

The Head of Security shushes him.

HEAD OF SECURITY
Yes, we called his doctor, it all
checks out. Really? Well, if you
think that's best. Farewell, sir.
Oh, and sir?
(then; quietly)
I love you.

CLICK. Dial tone. The Head of Security clears his throat
and swivels to the boys.

HEAD OF SECURITY
Lucky for you boys your story
checked out. He's decided not to
press charges.

LINUS
So... we're free to go?

HEAD OF SECURITY
Not exactly.
(then)
He says you can watch.

They gape.

ERIC
Oh my God... we can watch!

They explode with excitement.

HEAD OF SECURITY
Hold it, there.
(they freeze)
Only him.

The Head of Security points --

PUSH IN ON LINUS -- the only one sitting down.

EXT. LUCASFILM ARCHIVES - NIGHT

Linus heads out of the building to find Bucephalus and his friends waiting for him.

ERIC
Well?

Linus smiles a peaceful smile.

LINUS
Well... let's go home.

HUTCH
Aw, don't be a brownie hound. You
gotta tell us something!

ZOE
Yeah, even I'm curious.

Linus opens his mouth to talk, but all he says is --

LINUS
Chewie.

INT. BUCEPHALUS - NIGHT

Eric drives the van across the compound. Linus sits
"Chewie".

WINDOWS
Come on! At the very least tell us
how Samuel L. was?!

Linus shakes his head, smiling.

Eric drives past the guard gate. The Guard waves, then does
a double-take because the van is now full of people.

HUTCH
Okay, we're off the lot. I'll take
the reins from here.

Eric ignores Hutch and peers over at Linus.

ERIC
Chewie, prepare for the jump to
hyperspace.

HUTCH
Hyperspace? Oh, no-no-no-nonono.
Rule number two! Only The Hutch
touches the red --

Linus slaps down the RED BUTTON. KA-BOOOOOM! Like a sonic
blast, Bucephalus takes off down the road.

As Eric hangs onto the wheel, he gives a Han Solo SCREAM from
so deep within his mangina that even his Dad would be proud:

ERIC
Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee-hoooooooooo!

AERIAL SHOT as Bucephalus tears down the dirt road.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

A camp-out under the stars. Hutch, Windows, Zoe and Linus
sit around the fire, laughing and reveling in their victory.

Eric sits in front of his tent, sketch pad in lap.

He's drawing COMIC BOOK VERSIONS OF HIS FRIENDS -- the crew
of a sleek spaceship -- Linus (Luke), Zoe (Leia), Hutch (Han)
and Windows (a C-3PO-type robot with huge glasses).

LINUS (O.S.)
Not bad.

Eric looks up to find LINUS.

ERIC
Thanks.

Linus sits next to Eric. They watch the fire for a moment.

ERIC
Listen... there's something you
should know. Something I need to
tell you before....

LINUS
I'm gone. You can say it, I won't
hold it against you.

ERIC

Look, Windows and Hutch weren't the first to tell me you were sick. The fact is...

Eric trails off, unable to say it. Linus pipes in --

LINUS

Fact is, my mom clued you in about five years ago.

ERIC

(stunned)

Yeah. But -- you knew? All this time?

LINUS

Eric, I made my mom tell you. You were the first person I wanted to know.

Eric swallows hard, then gives in to the tears.

ERIC

Jesus, Linus. I... I just wish I could just fix the last five years of my life. Go back and re-do the whole thing, you know?

LINUS

(quietly)

Make it a special edition.

Eric nods. Linus looks at him, fighting the emotion.

LINUS (CONT'D)

Well, I wouldn't want you to. You gotta keep the flaws. The crappy effects. 'Cause that's what's real. No point in changing who shot who first.

ERIC

I guess I just thought... maybe I could. But you're right. It's done. There really is no way to make up for what I did.

LINUS

Look around, man. You already have.

ERIC

So I got you into Star Wars. That doesn't change anything.

LINUS

Dude, this was never about the movie. It was about the four of us.
(then; smiles)
It was about the three of you.
You're all together again. Movie or not, I got everything I wanted.

AT THE FIRE -- Hutch and Zoe laugh hysterically as they sabotage a s'more Windows is desperately trying to finish.

WINDOWS

Hey, no teaming up! That's a rule!

Eric smiles through the tears.

ERIC

I better get over there. You comin'?

LINUS

No. I'm good right here.

Eric gets up and goes to Windows' rescue. Linus remains, watches his friends celebrate -- watches the fire burn.

LINUS

I'm good right here.

Linus leans back and closes his eyes...

CLOSE ON -- TWO EYES -- SHUT TIGHT. Then they flutter open.

IT'S ERIC -- waking up in his TENT. He sits up, stretches.

Next to him, Windows and Zoe are asleep -- SPOONING. Eric checks his watch, gently wakes them.

ERIC

Guys. It's time.

Zoe and Windows stir from their sleep.

ZOE

Tell me that's your lucky R2 poking me.

WINDOWS

Nope.

Windows smiles BIG. Zoe giggles. Eric GROANS. He unzips the tent and steps out into --

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

Tents and sleeping bags stretch down the block. It's the infamous "camp out" for EPISODE ONE and Eric's tent is among the first in line.

SUPER: **OPENING DAY - 1999**

Windows exits the tent, putting on his new, SMALLER glasses.

WINDOWS
Any sign of Hutch?

ERIC
No. I'll call him.

Eric takes out his cell phone. Dials.

INT. GARAGE - EVENING - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

CLOSE ON HUTCH as he grabs the phone. He checks the CALLER ID. It reads: "COCK ROCKET". He picks up.

HUTCH
'Sup, Cock Rocket?!

ERIC
Where the hell are you?

HUTCH
Still hangin' at the garage.

ERIC
Well, shake a leg. We're saving your place.

Hutch hangs up and crosses to a WORKBENCH. Only now do we realize Hutch's garage is NOT the "carriage house", but an ACTUAL garage.

A SIGN hangs above the door: **THE HUTCH TOUCH - COMPLETE DETAILS.**

Hutch crosses to a truck and runs his hand along a new custom detail job. He smirks. Hops inside.

Hutch whips a tape out of his pocket. The label reads: "LINUS MIX #1." He pops in the tape.

"TO BE WITH YOU" by Mr. Big PLAYS. A Monster Ballad indeed.
 Hutch drives the truck out to its OWNER waiting on the lot.
 BUT WE HOLD ON THE GARAGE. CLOSE IN ON A GLASS DISPLAY CASE.
 The former toy case is now totally EMPTY -- save one single
 "Star Wars" item. It's Hutch's HOMEMADE WOODEN LIGHTSABER.

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Hutch hustles down the long line -- finds Eric and crew.

ERIC
 Right at the buzzer. You bring 'em?

Hutch holds up a book bag as two DWEEBS approach Eric. They
 are BOTH dressed like BOBBA FETT.

BOBBA FETT 1
 Excuse me, are you Eric Bottler?

ERIC
 Uh... yeah.

BOBBA FETT 2
 I knew it! We just got your new comic!

They each pull out a comic book entitled -- "JOURNEY".

On the cover is a foursome of space heroes -- Linus, Hutch,
 Windows, and Zoe -- just like Eric drew by the fire. They
 battle the TENTACLED ALIEN.

ERIC
 Oh, thanks. I appreciate it.

BOBBA FETT 1
 I don't. I think it's shoddy at
 best.

BOBBA FETT 2
 Hands down the worst series Dark
 Horse has ever released.

BOBBA FETT 1
 A total Lucas rip-off. And your
 artwork's neophyte at best --

Suddenly, someone steps between the two Fetts, SLAPS down a
 hand on each of their shoulders. It's Chaz -- now in a suit
 and tie... just like Eric used to be.

CHAZ

Ask the man for an autograph.

The Bobba Fetts GULP in unison. One hands Eric his comic.
He signs it and hands it back.

ERIC

Thanks for the support.

They scamper off. Windows and Hutch shake their heads.

WINDOWS

I hate comic book geeks.

ERIC

Chaz, what are you doing here?

CHAZ

Bro, come on. It's The Wars.

A FANBOY dressed as a Yoda behind them pipes in.

FANBOY YODA

Hey, we've been waiting here for
days! How would you like it if I
cut in front of you?

CHAZ

How would you like it if I shoved
that lightsaber up your ass, you
little green prick!?

Chaz turns to Eric and winks. Eric can't help but smile.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Eric -- Hutch -- Windows -- Zoe -- Chaz -- all in their
seats, popcorn in hand, electrified from the atmosphere.

A sudden, loud BEEPING rings out from Hutch's pocket. He
takes out the PALM PILOT. It reads: "000:00:00".

HUTCH

Look at that. Official countdown's
over. We made it, boys.

Eric opens the BOOK BAG and doles out bottles of ZIMA. They
all pop 'em open and hold them up. A moment passes.

ERIC

To Linus.

HUTCH/ZOE/WINDOWS

To Linus.

They CLINK Zimas as the LIGHTS GO DOWN and the MOVIE STARTS.

THE 20th CENTURY FOX MARCH plays. But Eric turns to his friends -- something's on his brain.

ERIC

Hey... guys?

WINDOWS

What?

HUTCH

What?

ERIC

Dude... what if the movie sucks?

They all lean forward, pondering the possibility AND WE:

CUT TO BLACK.