

# **HORRIBLE BOSSES 2**

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EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

From overhead, we see a Toyota Prius chugging along down the highway.

NICK (V.O.)

When you're the president of the 98th largest financial services company in America you need to project a certain image. An image of boldness, strength and confidence.

Suddenly, a brand new, shiny black Porsche Boxster convertible ZOOMS around the Prius, leaving it in the dust.

As we move in, we see the driver of the Porsche is NICK HENDRICKS. Sunglasses. Top down. Wind in his hair. He looks pretty cool.

NICK (V.O.)

You're not gonna get that image driving a Prius.

EXT. COMNIDYNE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Nick pulls into the lot and takes a reserved spot near the entrance with a sign that reads "NICK HENDRICKS, PRESIDENT." He gets out of the Porsche and removes the dealer's paper floormat from under the pedals.

NICK (V.O.)

I put in a lot of years to become president of Comnidyne and now I'm earning a lot more and working a lot... more. The strange thing is, when I finally made it to the top, I realized that I'd actually only made it to the bottom of the top.

Nick heads toward the building, passing several parking spots with much more expensive sports cars (Ferrari, Porsche 911 Turbo, Mercedes SLR McLaren) each with a sign bearing a name and the title "PRESIDENT."

NICK (V.O.)

Turns out Comnidyne has seven presidents. And I'm the most junior.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Nick enters to find his more senior COLLEAGUES in their morning meeting.

NICK  
Hey, sorry I'm late.  
(holding up keys)  
Had to stop by the dealership to  
pick up a little something.

The others all react, impressed. PETER, 40's, squat, gnome-like, heads to the window which looks down at the parking lot.

PETER  
Well done. Hendricks got himself  
some big boy wheels.

Another colleague, ARTHUR, 60's, joins them at the window.

ARTHUR  
(looking outside)  
Which one is she?

NICK  
(pointing)  
Right there. She's the Porsche.

PETER  
Barely. You got a Boxster?

NICK  
Uh huh. Two-thousand thirteen.

A sallow-looking woman, JEANINE, 50's, chimes in.

JEANINE  
Cost you that much?

The others all laugh derisively.

NICK  
It's a great little car.

PETER  
That's adorable. You're a great  
little man.

GLEN, 50's, hairpiece and jowls, steps up.

GLEN  
I got my daughter a Boxster for her  
Sweet 16. Made me take it back.  
Said it was "too girly."

They all laugh again. Nick grits his teeth.

NICK  
Okay. Maybe we should get to work.

ARTHUR

You couldn't at least spring for  
the Carrera?

NICK

Figured I'd go with the classic.

PETER

Uh, the Boxster was introduced  
about forty years after the  
Carrera. So, not exactly "a  
classic."

JEANINE

(patting him on the  
shoulder)

Don't worry, Nick. Another ten  
years here, you'll be able to  
afford a real car.

Nick stares at her.

ARTHUR

All right, guys. Looks like the  
Swiss are about to change their  
drawdown regs, so we need to talk  
about a new home for our master  
feeder fund.

The presidents turn back to the piles of paperwork on the table in front of them and resume their dreary work. As they talk, the sound drops down and we PUSH IN on Nick as he stares at his colleagues.

NICK (V.O.)

You know what's at the top of the  
corporate ladder? Another goddamn  
ladder. I may be a president, but  
I'm really just a fucking corporate  
tool.

FREEZE ON Nick's forlorn expression as the words appear over him:

**FUCKING  
CORPORATE  
TOOL**

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - DAY

We find KURT BUCKMAN sitting poolside on a chaise lounge, reading *US Weekly* and sipping a can of beer.

KURT (V.O.)  
You're probably wondering, "how does this handsome bastard get to sit by the pool with a beer on a workday?" Well, here's how: you quit your job, find a sugar mama whose rich husband is out of the picture and let her take care of you.

He puts the magazine over his face and is about to take a nap.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Kurt! Refill!

Kurt sets the magazine aside and springs to his feet.

INT. HARKEN LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt enters, carrying three glasses of mojitos. Sitting on the couch is RHONDA HARKEN and her friends, NIKKI, late 30's, a lot of work done, and HEIDI, early 40's, even more work.

KURT (V.O.)  
Does it bother me that my sugar mama happens to be the ex-wife of the man who tried to kill me and my friends? Meh.

RHONDA  
(to the girls)  
She spends thousands on Botox. She should spend 50 cents on a razor for that moustache.

HEIDI  
She looks like Tom Selleck with fake boobs!

The girls cackle. Kurt quietly sets the glasses on the coffee table and turns to go.

RHONDA  
Kurt. Really?

KURT  
What?

RHONDA  
The table. It's African bubinga wood. I've told you. Use a coaster.

KURT  
Right. Sorry.

He puts a coaster under each glass.

RHONDA

Thank you.

(back to the girls)

Speaking of Erica, have you seen  
how fat her husband has gotten?

NIKKI

Have you seen my tub of shit  
lately? He's gained thirty pounds  
since the holidays.

HEIDI

(to Rhonda, indicating  
Kurt)

At least you got a good one.

Kurt grins, flattered.

RHONDA

He's okay.

Kurt's smile fades.

RHONDA (CONT'D)

Getting a little doughy in the  
middle.

NIKKI

I don't believe it.

RHONDA

It's true.

(to Kurt)

Pop that shirt off. Show them.

KURT

Huh?

RHONDA

The shirt. Pop it off.

KURT

I'm not gonna--

RHONDA

(sternly)

Pop it.

KURT

Rhonda, I really don't--

RHONDA

Pop. It. Off.

Resigned, Kurt takes his shirt off. He's in pretty good shape.

RHONDA (CONT'D)  
Look at that.

HEIDI  
He looks all right to me.

RHONDA  
No, look.

She grabs what belly fat Kurt has, pinching and jiggling it.

KURT  
Hey.

RHONDA  
How do we get rid of this? Because this is gross. Here, touch it.

As the other women begin to poke and prod Kurt's abdomen, he sighs heavily.

KURT (V.O.)  
I guess the only real downside of this whole arrangement is that sometimes I feel kinda, I don't know, bad about myself. Like I've turned into a ball-less little bitch.

FREEZE ON Kurt as the words appear over him:

**BALL-LESS  
LITTLE  
BITCH**

EXT. DALE'S HOUSE - DAY

DALE ARBUS opens the front door of his tiny house. His VERY pregnant wife, STACY, bids him goodbye. Dale leans in to kiss her, but her enormous belly makes it hard to reach her face.

DALE (V.O.)  
It's all happening. I got married.  
Stacy's pregnant-- with triplets!  
And I finally got my sex offender status expunged. Which is great, because otherwise I'd have to stay 100 yards from my own kids.

Dale crosses to his car and pulls out of the driveway.

EXT. DR. SLOCUM'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Dale pulls into the parking lot, passing a sign that reads "DR. HARLEN SLOCUM, PEDIATRIC DENTIST" above an image of a cartoon TOOTH having its own tooth pulled by another TOOTH dressed as a dentist.

DALE (V.O.)

I quit my dental assistant job and got a new job. As a dental assistant. But for a really sweet man.

INT. DR. SLOCUM'S OFFICE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dale walks down a hallway, passing framed photos of DR. SLOCUM in his dental scrubs at age 35... 45... 55... 75... 80-something.

DALE (V.O.)

A really sweet, really, really old man.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dale enters a world of CHAOS populated by screaming KIDS and a handful of exhausted PARENTS. Toys lie strewn everywhere. A group of TODDLERS tear the upholstery out of a sofa cushion. A RECEPTIONIST sits at a desk, oblivious.

Dale takes a step and TRIPS over something off-camera. He looks down and picks up the CRYING INFANT he stumbled on.

DALE

Okay, whose baby is this? You can't just leave your babies on the floor.

A harried MOTHER takes the baby from him as he carefully picks his way across the kid-covered floor.

INT. EXAMINATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dale enters to find a 4 YEAR-OLD BOY, GABE, hollering miserably as DR. SLOCUM, 80's, sits slumped asleep with dental tools still inside Gabe's open mouth.

DALE

Not again.

Dale hurries over and nudges the dentist awake.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Dr. Slocum! Wake up. You're with  
a patient.

DR. SLOCUM  
(groggy)  
What?! I know. What?!

Dale gently removes the tools from Gabe's mouth. Gabe stops yelling.

DALE  
(to Gabe)  
You're okay, buddy.  
(checking)  
Nothing bleeding here.

GABE  
I have to pee.

DALE  
Okay. Bathroom's down the hall.

GABE  
Someone has to take me.

DALE  
Where's your mommy?

GABE  
She's at Target.

DALE  
Oh. Okay, I'll take you.

DR. SLOCUM  
Hang on. I've got to check his  
lower left cuspid.

DALE  
He's gotta go to the bathroom,  
doctor.

DR. SLOCUM  
Fine.

Dale escorts the boy out.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dale leads Gabe to the bathroom door.

DALE  
Okay. Here you go.

GABE

You have to come in and help me.

DALE

Help you? What do you mean?

GABE

You have to unbutton my pants.

DALE

I don't think that's a great idea,  
Gabe.

GABE

Please! I have to go!

Dale looks around furtively.

DALE

Okay, come on.  
(hustling him inside)  
Quick, quick, come on.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Gabe enter. Dale locks the door behind them and starts uncomfortably undoing Gabe's pants.

DALE

(mumbling)

It's just that I recently had  
something expunged from my record.  
It was a big misunderstanding.  
Empty playground. No kids  
anywhere. But I really shouldn't  
be doing this...

He gets the pants open and heads for the door.

DALE (CONT'D)

Okay. You're good to go. I'll  
wait outside.

GABE

No! You have to aim for me.

DALE

What?! No one's taught you how to  
aim?

Gabe shakes his head.

DALE (CONT'D)

What kind of parenting-- Is your  
mom always at Target?

GABE  
I'm gonna go in my pants!

DALE  
I'm gonna go to jail!

Gabe does a desperate pee pee dance.

GABE  
Please! It hurts!

DALE  
Aw man. You're really gonna make  
me do this?  
(sighs)  
All right. Let's get it over with.

Dale takes a latex glove from his dental scrubs and pulls it on his hand. With his arm outstretched and looking the other way, he helps Gabe aim (off-screen). We hear the sound of peeing.

DALE (CONT'D)  
There you go.  
(to himself)  
This is not a good situation.

INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

A mortified Dale leads Gabe back to the exam room. Dale peels off his glove and tosses it in a bin.

DALE  
Feel better?

GABE  
Yes. Thank you.

DALE  
You're welcome.  
(beat)  
Now, you don't necessarily have to  
tell your mom that I helped you  
pee. It can be our secret.  
(quickly)  
Not a secret. Just a fun thing  
that we never tell anyone else.  
(quickly)  
Not a fun thing. Just a secret.

INT. DR. SLOCUM'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Dale peers through the blinds and sees Gabe getting in a car with his MOTHER.

The car pulls out of its parking spot and drives forward fifty feet or so, then SCREECHES to a halt, SLAMS into reverse and ZOOMS back into the parking lot.

Dale looks like he's going to puke as Gabe's mother exits the car and marches toward the building.

DALE  
Oh shit oh shit oh shit...

He hurries to the waiting room to head her off.

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dale bursts through the door to find Gabe's mother walking up to the receptionist.

DALE  
Let me expl--

GABE'S MOTHER  
(to Receptionist)  
I completely forgot to schedule  
Gabe's next appointment.

Dale lets out an enormous sigh of relief.

DALE (V.O.)  
I guess if I'm being honest, this  
job stresses the crap out of me.  
I'm not so much a dental assistant  
as a goddamn babysitter.

We FREEZE on Dale's face as the words appear:

**GOD  
DAMN  
BABYSITTER**

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL BAR - THAT NIGHT

Nick, Kurt and Dale sit at a table with drinks. Like Nick, most of the PATRONS wear business attire. Many are older. A PIANIST plays soft jazz in one corner.

KURT  
(to Dale)  
What's the deal with you and little  
kids' dicks?

DALE  
There weren't "dicks." It was just  
one. You make it sound like it was  
a boys choir!

NICK

I don't know, Dale. I'm starting to see a pattern here. I mean, if I had been on the sex offender registry, I'd try and avoid handling kids' private parts.

KURT

(to Dale)

I don't think I can be friends with you anymore.

NICK

Yeah, feels like two strikes is enough.

DALE

What was I supposed to do? Let the kid piss in his pants?

KURT/NICK

Yeah./Uh huh.

DALE

You guys don't get it. You're not fathers-to-be. You don't have the instinct to protect children.

KURT

I have the instinct to protect them from people like you.

DALE

Very funny.

NICK

How's Stacy feeling?

DALE

Pregnant. Very pregnant. I don't think the human body is designed to carry three babies.

KURT

Are you grossed out by her body?

DALE

No! Of course not. It's beautiful.

(off their looks)

It's a little gross. She's got this weird line that runs down her belly.

KURT

Yeesh. Not worth it, I say.

A WAITER sets down a fresh dish of olives, removing the old dish full of pits. Dale eagerly begins eating the new ones.

NICK

Dale, that's your fourth bowl of olives.

DALE

I like olives.

NICK

Just because they keep bringing them doesn't mean you have to keep wolfing them down.

DALE

But I like 'em.

KURT

(to Nick)

What do you care?

NICK

It's embarrassing. This is a classy place.

KURT

It's a bullshit place. I don't know why you drag us here all the time.

DALE

Yeah, what was wrong with our old bar?

NICK

This is much nicer.

KURT

Hotel bars suck. The beer costs ten bucks and the women are either old or hookers I can't afford.

DALE

And that bathroom attendant expects me to pay him for paper towels, so I can't even wash my hands.

Kurt and Nick grimace as Dale roots through the olive dish.

KURT

(to Nick)

I know why you like this place. You're a fancypants.

NICK

What?

KURT

Admit it. Since you became  
president, you've gotten all fancy.

NICK

I'm not a fancypants.

KURT

Dale?

DALE

(to Nick)

You're a little fancy.

NICK

Fuck you guys.

KURT

Hey, hey. That's not a very fancy  
thing to say.

(then)

It's just that lately you seem to  
care a lot more about where you  
drink, what you wear, what kind of  
car you drive--

DALE

How many olives I eat.

NICK

Look, when you get to my position,  
people expect certain things of  
you.

KURT

But you're the boss. Doesn't that  
mean you don't have to care what  
people think of you anymore?

NICK

It's more complicated than that.

KURT

Hey, as long as it's making you  
happy.

NICK

Yeah.

We stay on NICK. It's pretty clear that he is not happy.

From the hallway outside the bar, they suddenly hear MUSIC  
blaring over a loudspeaker. It's "I GOTTA FEELING" by The  
Black Eyed Peas, accompanied by CHEERING from what sounds  
like a decent-sized crowd.

DALE  
What's going on out there?

They exchange a curious look.

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nick, Kurt and Dale open the door find a motivational seminar in progress. An audience of around 100 PEOPLE sit in rows of seats as the music BOOMS from a PA. On a riser at the front of the room, an energetic 40-something man claps along to the song.

NICK  
Who is that?

DALE  
You don't know who that is? That's Denny Paul.

KURT  
How do you know him?

DALE  
From his sign.

Dale points behind them to a sign featuring a headshot of DENNY PAUL beneath the title "YOU DA BOSS!"

Denny picks up a mic as the music fades out.

DENNY  
Am I the only one who has a feeling that tonight is gonna be a good, good night?!

KURT  
Let's go.

Nick and Kurt start to go.

DALE  
Wait. Let's see what Denny has to say.

DENNY  
Show of hands. Who here had a vision when they were younger of where they wanted their life to go?

Most of the crowd raises their hands.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
Okay. Now how many of you are living that vision? Who here is living their "vision life"?

Only a few hands go up. Denny "scans" the crowd.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
Hmm. I don't see any hands. Oh  
wait, here's one. Boom.

He puts up his own hand and points at it.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
That's right. This guy with his  
hand up? You know who he is?  
He's me. Just little old me.  
Living my vision life. Wanna know  
how I did it?

NICK KURT  
Nope. Don't care.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
I grabbed the reins of the horse  
that was my life and I slapped that  
horse's ass and I made it ride  
where I wanted it to ride. Not  
down some shitty path that the  
horse wanted to ride. Because  
horses are idiots.

DALE  
He's not wrong.

DENNY  
Here's the deal, gang: the only  
people who are truly happy in this  
crazy world are the ones who don't  
have to answer to anybody. They're  
their own boss. They control their  
destiny.

ANGLE ON Nick and Kurt who are actually listening now.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
See, I used to be just like you. A  
drone. No self-respect. Working  
for the man. Then I realized, I am  
the man. I quit my job, left my  
loveless marriage and started my  
own business... helping other  
people start their own business.  
And here's the kicker, folks. Last  
year, I made in the very high five  
figures. Guess what? Vision life.  
Lovin' it.

Denny drops the mic to the floor. The crowd applauds  
appreciatively. After a moment, Denny picks up the mic  
again.

DENNY (CONT'D)  
So let's get into the fifteen  
steps. Step one: take a good look  
at yourself in the mirror, or any  
reflective surface: a shiny pan, a  
still puddle--

A HOTEL EMPLOYEE approaches the guys.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE  
Excuse me, gentlemen, can I see  
your tickets, please?

Nick, Kurt and Dale all shake their heads and wander out of  
the ballroom.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL BAR - LATER

The guys are back in the bar.

DALE  
All I'm saying is, Denny Paul has a  
point. I thought that when I went  
to work for Dr. Slocum I'd be  
happier. But my job still kinda  
sucks.

NICK  
I hear you, Dale. I'm not exactly  
living the dream either.

KURT  
Seriously? Have you learned  
nothing? You want to kill your  
bosses again?

DALE  
What? No! I just mean, maybe the  
problem wasn't working for our old  
bosses. Maybe the problem is  
working for anyone.

KURT  
I don't work for anyone.

NICK  
You kinda do.

DALE  
(to Kurt)  
Mrs. Harken treats you like a  
slave.

KURT  
You don't have sex with a slave.

NICK  
Thomas Jefferson did.

DALE  
(noticing)  
Hey, look.

ANGLE ON Denny Paul drinking a whisky at the bar.

DALE (CONT'D)  
It's Denny Paul.  
(calling to him)  
Denny! Mr. Paul!  
(Denny looks over)  
Can we buy you a drink?

Nick and Kurt grimace. Denny shrugs, downs his drink, signals the bartender for another one, and ambles over to them. He looks fairly drunk.

KURT  
What are you doing?

DALE  
Buying him a drink.

NICK  
Doesn't really look like he needs one.

DENNY  
(a bit slurred)  
What's up, guys?

DALE  
We really enjoyed your seminar--

KURT  
We snuck in.

NICK  
And we left after five minutes.

DENNY  
Candor alert! Look out.

The Waiter sets down Denny's drink. He downs it in one gulp and gestures for another.

KURT  
(sotto to Nick)  
Alcoholic alert.

NICK  
Look out.

DALE

I'm Dale. This is Nick and Kurt.  
We were just talking about how  
great it would be to be our own  
bosses.

DENNY

If talking was doing, a telephone  
would be a hammer.

NICK

Not sure I get that.

KURT

That's only because it makes no  
sense.

DALE

How did you do it, Denny? Did you  
follow your own fifteen steps?

Denny looks at them and considers for a beat.

DENNY

Buy me another drink.

Dale signals the waiter.

DENNY (CONT'D)

(leaning in)

You wanna know a secret? The  
fifteen steps are bullshit.

NICK

No!

KURT

Get out of town.

DENNY

Yeah. I just made 'em up. People  
love steps. And they love being  
told what to do.

DALE

So, what do we do? Tell us?

DENNY

You want to know how I started my  
business?

He fumbles for his wallet, taking it out and handing them a  
business card.

NICK

(reading)

International Venture Partners?

DENNY

Bingo. Venture capital. These guys set me up with enough cash to get "You Da Boss" off the ground.

KURT

What's the catch?

DENNY

No catch. They take a 10 percent ownership stake. They make money when you make money. You just gotta have a good enough idea.

NICK

And "You Da Boss" was a good enough idea?

DENNY

Did you see that crowd tonight? I'm a very charismatic guy.

Denny notices a WOMAN in a pencil skirt walk past.

DENNY (CONT'D)

Excuse me. Are you a prostitute?

The guys look horrified.

WOMAN

(after a beat)

Yes.

DENNY

(getting up)

All right, guys. Good luck with... whatever we were talking about.

He stumbles off with the prostitute. Kurt and Nick watch him go, incredulous. Dale stares at the business card.

DALE

Hmm. A lot to think about.

INT. HARKEN'S HOUSE - LATER

Nick, Kurt and Dale enter from the front door.

KURT

Keep your voices down. I don't want to wake her.

DALE

It's past your curfew, isn't it?

KURT  
You want to get smacked?

DALE  
(quietly)  
No.

They head into the living room.

NICK  
(looking around nervously)  
Does she still have that cat?

KURT  
No. He ran away months ago.

NICK  
Good.

Relieved, Nick sits on the sofa. As he does, a CAT leaps onto his shoulder from behind with a YOWL and darts away.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What the hell?! You said he ran away.

KURT  
That's the new cat.

NICK  
What, does she rescue them from a haunted house?

Kurt pours drinks from a wet bar and they all sit. Dale sets his drink on the table.

KURT  
Dale! Use a coaster. That's bubinga wood.

NICK  
(to Kurt)  
Who are you?

DALE  
(holding up business card)  
I think we should seriously consider this venture capital thing.

NICK  
They don't just hand you money, Dale. You need to pitch them a good business idea.

KURT  
Like an invention?

NICK  
Could be.

KURT  
I've got a ton of ideas for  
inventions.

NICK  
(dubious)  
Do you?

KURT  
You know how your dick sticks to  
your balls when it's hot out?

NICK  
Um...

KURT  
Picture this: underwear with  
compartments that separate your  
dick from your balls.

NICK  
No one's gonna fund that.

KURT  
When it's hot out, they will.  
We'll just pitch it on a hot day.

DALE  
That's a stupid idea.  
(beat)  
It should be a non-stick spray for  
your balls, like Pam.

NICK  
Much better.

KURT  
Wait, wait, I got one. Regular  
sized condoms that are packaged in  
Magnum condom wrappers. So the  
girl you're with thinks you've got  
a big dick.

DALE  
Ooh, that just gave me an idea. A  
condom in a spray can. It goes on  
as a liquid, and then it hardens  
into a solid.

KURT  
You're just taking my ideas and  
putting them in spray cans.  
(then)  
(MORE)

KURT (CONT'D)

And how are you supposed to remove  
the rubber after it's fused onto  
your penis?

DALE

It'll come with an antidote spray.  
Some kind of acid. That's for our  
lab guys to figure out.

NICK

(to Dale and Kurt)

Why do all of your inventions have  
to do with dicks and balls?

KURT

I don't know. Why were all of the  
Wright Brothers' ideas about  
planes?

DALE

Maybe Nick's right. Maybe we need  
to focus more on vagina inventions.

KURT

No, the key to a good invention is  
that it solves some everyday  
problem.

They sit there and think for a minute.

DALE

Okay, here's an everyday problem:  
showering. You gotta shampoo,  
condition, lather up, rinse,  
repeat. It takes forever.

There's a beat.

KURT

So what's the invention?

DALE

I don't know. I thought we were  
just talking about problems.

NICK

I think I'm gonna go to bed.

KURT

One sec. Dummy may be onto  
something. It does seem like  
showering is pretty inefficient.

DALE

Right? I bet the average person  
loses a day every week just  
showering.

NICK  
(re: Dale's math)  
Feels wrong.

KURT  
What if there was some kind of a showerhead that you fill with soap, shampoo and conditioner and it mixes it with the water?

DALE  
Yeah! You could turn a dial to choose what you want it to spray. Like those Miracle-Gro things you attach to a garden hose.

KURT  
Right.

They turn to Nick for his reaction.

NICK  
It's... not terrible. But I'm sure it already exists.

CUT TO:

INT. HARKEN KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The guys stand around a laptop computer. On the screen is a Google search for "showerhead with built-in soap."

KURT  
Not finding it.

DALE  
Try Bed, Bath & Beyond. They've got everything.

Kurt does.

KURT  
Nope.

DALE  
So, should we call that venture capital guy?

NICK  
It's 2 in the morning, Dale. And you don't have a prototype or even a name for this thing.

DALE  
How about... the Shower Buddy?

KURT

That sounds like a gay friend who soaps up your back in the shower.

DALE

I don't know why you go right to "gay."

(types on laptop)

Let's see what comes up under "Shower Buddy."

They all cringe and recoil at what appears on screen.

DALE (CONT'D)

Okay, that's pretty gay. But it's not a product.

NICK

It's more of a... position.

Rhonda enters in a bathrobe.

RHONDA

What's going on in here?

Kurt hastily slams the laptop shut on Dale's hand.

DALE

Ow!

KURT

Just hanging out with the guys, hon.

RHONDA

Do you know what time it is? Some of us have to work in the morning.

KURT

(under his breath)

You don't work.

RHONDA

I've got yoga at ten. And I don't appreciate the attitude. It's time to say goodnight to your friends.

KURT

But--

She shuts him down with a look.

KURT (CONT'D)

(to Nick and Kurt)

You guys better go.

DALE  
What about our Shower Buddy?

Rhonda looks confused. Kurt herds Nick and Dale toward the door.

NICK  
Forget it, Dale. It's silly.

DALE  
I don't think it's silly. I think  
it could be the key to our vision  
life.

NICK  
Goodnight, Kurt. Rhonda.

Nick and Dale exit. Rhonda heads for the stairs.

RHONDA  
Let's go. Upstairs. My pussy's  
not going to eat itself.

Kurt sighs, then slumps out after her.

MUSIC CUE: "Modern Man" by Arcade Fire

EXT. COMNIDYNE PARKING LOT - NEXT DAY

Nick walks to his Boxster and stops abruptly when he sees a BUMPER STICKER has been stuck to his rear bumper that reads:

"My Other Car is a Porsche"

Nick tries to peel it off, but only part of the top layer comes off. Pissed, he looks around and notices his fellow PRESIDENTS watching from a window and laughing their asses off at him.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Kurt stands at the checkout counter as a CUTE FEMALE CASHIER rings up his purchases. He gives her a flirty smile which she returns... until she sees what he's buying: Secret deodorant, Oil of Olay, and an enormous value pack of tampons.

He hands her a credit card. INSERT the card: it belong to Rhonda Harken and has her photo on it.

The cashier looks at him dubiously. Kurt shrugs sheepishly.

## INT. DR. SLOCUM'S EXAM ROOM - DAY

Dale sits on his stool making detailed, yet crudely drawn, sketches on a steno pad of the proposed "Shower Buddy" device. He smiles, pleased, then looks up to see Dr. Slocum has fallen asleep and the dental chair is empty.

He looks around frantically and gasps when he spots the PATIENT, a five year-old girl, who has climbed halfway out the window. Dale hurries over to rescue her.

## EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Dale's car pulls up to a sleek, modern building.

## INT. DALE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dale wears a slightly tattered business suit. He takes out of his pocket the International Venture Partners card that Denny Paul gave them and double checks the address.

## INT. MR. NAGOPIAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Dale sits on a couch in a well-appointed office and finishes his pitch to someone offscreen. Beside him stands an easel with his Shower Buddy sketch tacked to it.

## DALE

The Shower Buddy eliminates the endless cycle of washing and rinsing and washing and rinsing. It's not just a time saver. It's a life saver. My team is ready to move on this with or without your help. But the only way we can do that is with your help.

REVERSE ON ALEX NAGOPIAN, 40's, well dressed, confident and slightly intimidating (think Liam Neeson). Beside him sits JOYCE, 30's, an attractive colleague. Nagopian considers Dale's pitch for a beat.

## MR. NAGOPIAN

You're a funny little man, Dale.

## DALE

Go on.

## MR. NAGOPIAN

As far as your idea, this "Shower Buddy"?

(beat)

I love it.

DALE  
Seriously?!

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Yes. It's smart, it fills a niche.  
What do you think, Joyce?

JOYCE  
Sounds like the kind of product we  
like to fund.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Of course, our due diligence people  
will have to make sure no one else  
has done it.

DALE  
Well, we googled it and didn't find  
anything.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
I see. And why aren't your  
partners here with you?

DALE  
They're very busy men. We all are.  
Very busy. Men.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
But you have power of attorney to  
sign on their behalf?

Dale stares at him for a beat.

DALE  
...yes.  
(then)  
Does this mean we're in business?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
That depends. How much do you need  
to get the Shower Buddy off the  
ground?

DALE  
Do you have a piece of paper?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Why?

DALE  
So I can write down the amount and  
slide it across the table to you.

Nagopian looks mildly annoyed. He nods to Joyce, who tears a  
piece of paper off a pad and hands it to Dale.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Great. Thanks. I've always wanted  
to do this.

Dale scribbles on the paper and slides it across the coffee table. Nagopian looks at it.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
I can't read this. Is this a "2"?

JOYCE  
(leaning in)  
Looks like a "G."

DALE  
No, that's a "9."

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Then I don't understand this  
number. You have two commas next  
to each other.

DALE  
No, no, that's not a comma. That's  
also a nine-- you know what? Let  
me write it again--

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Why don't you just say the number?

DALE  
(tentatively)  
Nine hundred ninety-nine thousand,  
nine-hundred, ninety nine dollars?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Why not an even million?

DALE  
It sounds like less?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
This isn't the Radio Shack. A  
million is fine.

DALE  
(floored)  
Fuck me.  
(then, covering)  
Wonderful.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Joyce here will bring you to our  
legal department to sign the  
necessary paperwork.

Nagopian stands and shakes Dale's hand.

MR. NAGOPIAN (CONT'D)  
Congratulations, Dale. We look forward to a long and profitable relationship with you and your Shower Buddy.

(beat)  
That name? Is it a little gay?

DALE  
Nope.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Fair enough.

INT. OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Dale sits at a desk in another room as Joyce places a large stack of documents in front of him.

JOYCE  
All you have to do is sign on the last page for you and your partners.

DALE  
Not so fast. If there's one thing I know about business: you never sign anything without reading it carefully.

JOYCE  
Take your time.

She sits down as Dale begins to read the first page.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - TWO MINUTES LATER

Two pages into the stack, Dale is BORED OUT OF HIS MIND and fighting to stay awake.

DALE  
Okay, this all looks good.

He flips to the last page and in an INSERT we see him sign first his own name, then forge the signatures of "Nick Hendricks" and "Kurt Buckman."

EXT. BURGER JOINT - DAY

Nick, dressed for work, joins Dale, still in his suit, and Kurt at an outdoor table.

NICK

I have fifteen minutes, Dale. I never do lunch outside the office. What's going on?

KURT

He wouldn't tell me anything till you got here.

DALE

This isn't something I could tell you over the phone.

NICK

Why are you wearing your church clothes?

Kurt and Nick exchange a grave look.

KURT

Is it your unborn babies?

NICK

Oh, Dale. I'm so sorry. How's Stacy doing?

DALE

She's fine! The babies are fine! Jesus.

KURT

Well, why did you scare us like that?

DALE

I didn't scare anybody! You're scaring me.

NICK

So you dragged us out here to tell us your babies are fine?

DALE

No! This has nothing to do with my babies! You're ruining this!

KURT

Ruining what?

DALE

This!

He pulls a check from his jacket pocket and gingerly holds it up for them to see.

INSERT CHECK in the amount of ONE MILLION DOLLARS made out to Nick Hendricks, Kurt Buckman and Dale Arbus.

NICK

What-- what are we looking at here,  
Dale?

KURT

Is that one of those Publishers  
Clearinghouse checks?

DALE

No. It's a real check. From the  
venture capital place Denny Paul  
used. I pitched them the Shower  
Buddy and they loved it!

KURT

They loved the Shower Buddy?

DALE

They said it filled a niche.

NICK

Let me see that.

He grabs the check and examines it.

KURT

Why would you do this without  
telling us?

DALE

Because I knew you didn't believe  
in the Buddy like I did.

Nick gets up.

NICK

Come on.

DALE

Where are you going?

Nick points across the street at a bank.

NICK

I'm gonna see if this thing is  
real.

Dale scurries after him. Kurt grabs his burger and follows.

INT. BANK - MINUTES LATER

Nick, Kurt and Dale huddle around the window of a BANK TELLER who types the check information into her computer. After a beat,

BANK TELLER  
Would you like this deposited to  
separate or joint accounts?

NICK  
So it's real?

BANK TELLER  
Um, yes it is.

KURT  
Fuck me.

DALE  
Told you!

NICK  
(to Teller)  
Can I have that back, please?

Nick takes the check and the three move away.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(to Dale)  
You need to return this.

DALE  
What?!

KURT  
Whoa, whoa. Hang on.

NICK  
No one hands you a million dollars  
without there being a catch. This  
is too good to be true.

KURT  
What if it's too good to be not  
true? Shouldn't we at least  
consider it?

NICK  
(checks watch)  
I'm going to be late for work.

He turns to go but Kurt stops him.

KURT  
So what? So you're late for work.  
You're late for being miserable.

NICK  
I'm sorry?

KURT

You hate working at that place.  
You've always hated it. Why keep  
doing something that makes you  
unhappy?

DALE

Yeah, Nick. This could be a whole  
new start.

NICK

If I quit, the ten years of hard  
work I put in at Comndiyne will  
have been for nothing.

KURT

It was always for nothing. What do  
you think is going to happen? On  
your death bed, Mr. Comnidyne's  
gonna come in, thank you for giving  
up your entire life and escort you  
to corporate heaven?

NICK

There is no Mr. Comnidyne.

KURT

No shit. People who work at those  
places do it because they're too  
afraid to do something better.

DALE

Touché.

NICK

This coming from the guy who lives  
with a woman who treats him like a  
sex butler.

DALE

Touché.

NICK

(to Dale)  
Stop it.

KURT

(to Dale)  
Shut up.

KURT

(to Nick)

You know what? You're right. I'm  
gonna leave Rhonda. Dale and I  
have a business to start.

DALE

That's what's up!

He high-fives Kurt.

KURT  
Come on, Nick.  
(holding up the million  
dollar check)  
Life doesn't give you a lot of  
opportunities like this. But do  
what you gotta do.

Off Nick's ambivalence,

INT. COMNIDYNE CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Having returned to work, Nick joins his colleagues for another board meeting.

PETER  
Hey, where's Arthur?

JEANINE  
You didn't hear? He had another  
heart attack this morning.

PETER  
Is he okay?

GLEN  
It's his third. I'm sure he's used  
to them by now.

They chuckle.

PETER  
Should we send him something?

JEANINE  
What do you get the guy who has  
everything... wrong with his heart.

Everyone but Nick laughs again.

GLEN  
Let's get him something small and  
cheap.

PETER  
How about Nick's Boxster?

They laugh.

NICK  
I quit.

They all look at him for a beat. Is he joking?

JEANINE  
What?

NICK  
Yeah. I can't do this anymore.

He starts to gather his things in his briefcase.

NICK (CONT'D)  
With all due respect, guys, I just  
don't respect any of you. And I  
really don't want to turn into you.

He suddenly stops loading his case.

NICK (CONT'D)  
What am I doing? I don't need any  
of this. I've got my Shower Buddy  
now. See ya.

He dumps the files out, shuts his case and exits. There's a stunned silence, then

GLEN  
"Shower buddy"?

JEANINE  
Did he just come out of the closet?

PETER  
That explains the Boxster.

INT. DR. SLOCUM'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Dale sits across a desk from Dr. Slocum.

DALE  
...it's nothing personal. You're a  
very nice man and I appreciate you  
hiring me, but it's time for me to  
take another direction with my  
career. Now, I realize you're fast  
asleep...

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal Slocum is, in fact, fast asleep at his desk.

DALE (CONT'D)  
...but I wanted to tell you in  
person anyway. So...  
(getting up)  
...guess I'm just gonna... go.

He quietly opens the door to the office, but it stops halfway, banging into something in the hall.

SFX: BABY CRYING

Dale reaches down and picks up another unhappy BABY.

DALE (CONT'D)  
(calling out to the  
waiting room)  
What did I say about leaving babies  
on the floor?!

EXT. BACKYARD POOL - SAME TIME

Rhonda, Nikki and Heidi lounge by the pool.

RHONDA  
So I had to fire Monica.

NIKKI  
I thought you liked her.

RHONDA  
I did. But I saw "The Help" and it  
just felt racist to have a black  
cleaning lady.

From inside we hear the sound of something being dragged  
across the floor.

RHONDA (CONT'D)  
Do you know any white cleaning  
ladies?

HEIDI  
Wait, you're firing your black  
cleaning lady and replacing her  
with a white one because you don't  
want to feel racist?

RHONDA  
(matter of fact)  
Uh huh.

The dragging sound gets louder and the women look up to see  
the BUBINGA WOOD COFFEE TABLE emerge from the house, being  
shoved outside by Kurt.

RHONDA (CONT'D)  
What the hell? Kurt, what are you  
doing?

KURT  
(grunting from effort)  
I thought of a great spot for this  
bubinga wood table.

He gives the table a final push RIGHT INTO THE POOL. The  
water splashes Rhonda and her friends who gasp in disbelief.

RHONDA  
Are you insane?!

KURT  
That's right. I'm sorry. I forgot  
the coaster.

He takes a coaster from his pocket and tosses it into the pool.

KURT (CONT'D)  
(nodding to Nikki and  
Heidi)  
Ladies.

And with that, Kurt turns, smiles and goes.

MUSIC CUE: "Move On Up" by Curtis Mayfield

STARTING THE BUSINESS MONTAGE

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Nick, Kurt and Dale stand with a REALTOR in the large, empty space. Looking pleased, Nick and Kurt shake the Realtor's hand. Dale goes in for a hug. The Realtor looks uncomfortable.

We go into a TIME LAPSE sequence as the warehouse is transformed into a production/office space with manufacturing equipment.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The guys watch as a WORKER on a cherrypicker installs a sign that reads NICKURDALE INDUSTRIES -- Home of the "Shower Buddy"! Nick and Kurt shake hands. Dale goes in for a hug.

INT. CONSUMER PRODUCTS TESTING LAB - DAY

The three guys stand with a LAB TECH observing a male TEST SUBJECT in a bathing suit trying out prototypes of the Shower Buddy in a glass shower stall.

QUICK SERIES OF POPS as the prototypes malfunction:

-- The pressure builds up in the shower head and bursts in the subject's face.

-- The subject, now a bit more nervous, turns on the water and nothing but soap oozes from the shower head.

-- The shower head sprays the perfect combination of water and soap. Our guys look pleased until the shower head inexplicably stops spraying. The subject cautiously inspects the device and suddenly the shower head bursts in his face again.

-- Our guys follow the bruised and pissed off subject to his car, apologizing profusely. They manage to convince him to go back into the building.

-- Fearing for his life, the same subject gingerly turns on the shower which has a new model Shower Buddy installed. This time it actually works as it should. Nick and Kurt high-five. In the test chamber we see Dale yank open the shower stall and hug the subject.

INT. NICKURDALE OFFICE - DAY

The guys shake hands and say goodbye to a SEXY YOUNG WOMAN they've just finished interviewing. She hands over her resumé and goes. Nick and Dale shake their heads, unimpressed. Kurt, on the other hand, gives them an enthusiastic thumbs up.

INT. NICKURDALE OFFICE - DAY

The guys shake hands and say goodbye to an average-looking MIDDLE AGED WOMAN they've just finished interviewing. Nick and Dale nod approvingly. Kurt gives them a thumbs down and tears up her resumé.

INT. NICKURDALE OFFICE - DAY

The guys shake hands and say goodbye to an EXTREMELY HANDSOME MAN they've just finished interviewing. The guys all look at each other self-consciously. No one is sure how to react.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The guys stand at the end of a production line manned by about a dozen WORKERS as the very first consumer-ready Shower Buddy rolls off the line. Nick, Kurt and Dale proudly hold the device up as a PHOTOGRAPH is taken.

FREEZE on the image. PULL BACK to see the picture is on the cover of "FORTUNE" Magazine. Then PULL BACK further to see the cover is on Dale's laptop screen. Dale is showing Nick and Kurt what he Photoshopped. He gives them a look: "wouldn't that be cool?" They shake their heads at him.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

The guys smoke cigars as they cruise down the fairway in a golf cart, enjoying a mid-week outing.

In QUICK POPS we see Nick, Kurt and Dale each tee off.

Then three more QUICK POPS as each tries to recover their ball, still smoking their cigars:

Nick uses his club to try and knock his ball down from a tree where it's wedged.

Nick and Dale hold onto Kurt's belt as he leans over a pond searching for his ball.

Dale knocks on the door of a house. A pissed off GUY opens the door and hands him his golf ball. WIDEN to reveal a golf ball-sized hole in one window of the house. Dale smiles sheepishly, takes the ball and hurries away.

INT. KURT'S LOFT - DAY

Kurt shows Nick and Dale around his new apartment. Moving boxes are scattered around, but it's a cool pad. A DOG follows them around. Just then, the Sexy Young Woman they interviewed comes out of the bedroom in one of Kurt's shirts. Nick and Dale give Kurt a disapproving look.

EXT. DALE'S HOUSE - DAY

Covering Stacy's eyes, Dale leads her outside to surprise her with a brand new minivan wrapped in a bow in the driveway. He presses a button on the remote and the side door opens, revealing two car seats installed in the back seat and one in the front passenger seat. Stacy kisses him... then points to the car seat in the front and shakes her head.

EXT. SAILBOAT - DAY

CLOSE ON our three guys toasting themselves with glasses of champagne on the deck of a rented 40-foot sailboat. Wind in their hair, white linen pants, etc. Suddenly, they are violently jolted to the side.

PULL BACK to show their boat is in the harbor and has DRIFTED sideways into another docked sailboat. Their sails are in disarray-- clearly none of them knows the first thing about sailing. Panicked, Dale begins winching a line which only TEARS the mainsail down the middle. Kurt and Nick step onto the dock and head off, leaving Dale to deal with the mess.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. NICKURDALE CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The guys sit with GREG and NANCY, the handsome guy and middle-aged woman they interviewed earlier.

NICK

Nancy, how we doing on our production quota?

NANCY

Solid. We've got five thousand units in inventory.

NICK

Good. Greg, how are things on the marketing front?

GREG

I'm talking to my contacts at QVC, HSN and Amazon. There's a lot of interest.

NICK

Nice. Dale, can I get a refill?

Nick holds up his empty coffee mug.

DALE

You bet!

Dale crosses to a coffee pot and refills Nick's cup.

NICK

Kurt, how are sales?

KURT

Well, we haven't sold a single unit yet, so sales are... non-existent. But here's the thing: it takes time to build awareness. The only thing standing between us and a multi-million dollar success story is one giant distributor. Like, say, SkyMall.

Kurt slaps a SkyMall catalogue down on the table.

KURT (CONT'D)

Maybe you've heard of it. Reaches six hundred fifty million airline passengers a year.

NICK

Yeah? So? Did you call them or something?

KURT

Nope. They called us. They're interested in the Shower Buddy and want to meet with us later today about putting it in their fall catalogue.

DALE

Booyah!

NICK

That's great news.

KURT

It's better than great. Skymall made household names out of the Marshmallow Shooter, the Old Time Popcorn Cart, the Pet Ramp. They put the "world's largest wall map" on the map!

DALE

Stacy and I got one of those Pet Ramps for Darvis when he couldn't jump onto the bed anymore.

KURT

That dog reeks of shit. You let him in your bed?

DALE

Of course. We love Darvis.

KURT

If you love him, why don't you give him a bath once in a while?

DALE

Dogs don't need baths. They're self-cleaning.

KURT

That's cats.

DALE

Ugh. I hate the smell of cats.

ANGLE ON Greg and Nancy, who exchange a look that says, "Who the hell are we working for?"

NICK

(to Greg and Nancy)

Sorry.

(then)

If the Skymall people are coming, we've got to get ready for that pitch. I'll work up a presentation. Kurt, why don't you set up the demo in here? Dale, we're gonna need a lot more coffee.

DALE

I'm on it.

We follow Nick as he heads out into

INT. NICKURDALE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nick crosses a second floor walkway that overlooks the modest assembly line below. He passes an UNDERLING.

NICK  
Hey, Tim. Did you get that shipment in yet?

TIM  
Yep. A bunch of pens and stress reliever balls with the company name on it.

NICK  
Perfect. Keep up the good work.

Nick heads into an office with a sign on the door that reads:  
"NICK HENDRICKS, CO-CEO"

INT. NICK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Nick crosses to his desk, but before he gets there he's startled by a voice.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Nice suit.

Nick whirls around to see Mr. Nagopian sitting on the sofa. Off to the side stands a LARGE MAN in a suit.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
You're much better dressed than your "co-CEO" Dale.

NICK  
Thank you. And you are...?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Alex Nagopian. International Venture Partners.

He stands and shakes Nick's hand.

NICK  
Oh. Right. It's nice to finally meet you.

Nick nods at the big guy in the corner.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
This is my associate, Ghoukas.

NICK

Hi... Ghoukas.

(then, to Nagopian)

Thank you for believing in what  
we're doing here.

MR. NAGOPIAN

Believing is my business. And how  
is business?

NICK

So far, so good. We've got a big  
pitch lined up. Could be great for-

MR. NAGOPIAN

Good, good. Well, we're not here  
to get in the way. We just came by  
to remind you that your repayment  
is due tomorrow.

NICK

Re-what, now?

MR. NAGOPIAN

Your repayment. Didn't Dale  
explain to you the terms of our  
loan?

NICK

Loan? You made a capital  
investment. Didn't you take a ten  
percent stake in the company?

MR. NAGOPIAN

Why would I want ten percent of  
"the Shower Friend?"

NICK

Shower Buddy.

MR. NAGOPIAN

Friend, Buddy. It's a stupid idea.

NICK

Then why did you invest in it?

MR. NAGOPIAN

I didn't. I simply loaned you and  
your friends a million dollars for  
a month. And tomorrow, you owe me  
two million dollars.

NICK

I think there's been a  
misunderstanding--

(pushing his intercom)

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)  
Jennifer, can you get Dale and Kurt  
in here, please?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
It's all in the paperwork Dale  
signed on your behalf.

NICK  
So what is this? Some kind of  
scam?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
A scam? No one forced you to  
borrow a million dollars from us.

NICK  
There's no way we can make a  
payment like that by tomorrow. The  
money you gave us is all invested  
in the company.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
In that case, I wouldn't be  
surprised if something unpleasant  
happened to you and your friends.

NICK  
Are you threatening us?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Of course not. I've just noticed  
that the people who fail to repay  
me tend to have accidents. And  
strangely, Ghoukas is often the one  
who finds them.

NICK  
That's a threat!

MR. NAGOPIAN  
It's not. Have some sympathy for  
poor Ghoukas. He's the one who's  
always finding these horribly  
disfigured bodies.

GHOUKAS  
I kill them.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Ghoukas! We're doing a conceit.

Ghoukas shrugs.

MR. NAGOPIAN (CONT'D)  
All I'm saying is, if you fail to  
repay me by tomorrow, something  
terrible may or may not happen to  
you and your friends.

GHOUKAS  
I'll kill you.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Ghoukas!

NICK  
All right, you know what? This is  
the stupidest shakedown ever. If  
we die, how are we going to pay you  
back?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
From the life insurance policies  
Dale signed.

NICK  
He didn't say anything about life  
insurance policies.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
That's probably because he didn't  
read them.

NICK  
Fuuuuck.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Don't worry, Nick. One way or the  
other, I'll get my money.

He pats Nick on the cheek and starts to exit. Ghoukas heads out right on his heels.

MR. NAGOPIAN (CONT'D)  
Ghoukas, please. You don't have to  
walk that close.

Ghoukas stops walking. Nagopian exits. Ghoukas stands there, unsure what to do.

MR. NAGOPIAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Now you're too far!

Ghoukas heads out.

Nick slumps in his chair and distractedly grabs a Nickurdale stress reliever ball. He squeezes the hell out of it for a beat.

Dale and Kurt enter.

DALE

Hey, was that Mr. Nagopian I saw leaving? Why wouldn't he say hi? That's weird--

In the blink of an eye, Nick grabs Dale and slaps him across the face.

DALE (CONT'D)

Ow!

NICK

You fucking idiot!

Kurt steps between them.

KURT

Hey, hey. What's all this?

Nick reaches past Kurt and smacks Dale again.

DALE

Ow!

NICK

You killed us! We're all dead thanks to you!

DALE

What did I do?!

KURT

What did he do?

NICK

Nagopian? That "venture capital" guy he got our money from? He's nothing but a loanshark! Dale signed papers saying that tomorrow we owe him two million bucks backed up with life insurance policies. If we don't pay, we die.

Kurt turns to Dale and looks at him for a moment. Then he also smacks him across the face.

DALE

Ow!

Nick slaps Dale again.

DALE (CONT'D)

Stop it! How was I supposed to know? There was so much to read!

KURT

You goddamn moron.

NICK

I knew I shouldn't have listened to you guys. I gave up my career for this.

KURT

You're worried about your career? What about our lives? Did this Nagopian actually threaten you?

NICK

Basically. Ghoukas definitely did.

KURT

What's a Ghoukas?

DALE

We should go to the cops.

NICK

And tell them what? That Nagopian handed us perfectly legal loan documents which you forged our signatures on? All that does is send you to prison.

DALE

It does?

KURT

I'm fine with that.

DALE

Hang on.

NICK

I'm fine with it, too. But as far as Nagopian's concerned, we still stole a million dollars from him. You don't think Ghoukas is going to kill us?

DALE

What's a Ghoukas?

NICK

(to Kurt)

If we liquidated everything right now, how much cash would we have?

KURT

About three hundred grand.

NICK

That means we have three days to come up with 1.7 million dollars.

KURT

So, basically, we're riding a cat without a candle.

NICK

What? What is that?

KURT

It's a saying. It means we're fucked.

DALE

I think I've heard that.

NICK

No, you haven't.

KURT

It's a common expression. It's from the olden days.

NICK

It's from the no days. Why would you ride a cat? And why would a candle help?

KURT

I don't know. I didn't come up with it.

NICK

I think you did.

DALE

Guys, please. The longer we fight, the more we're riding a cat without a candle!

Nick's assistant, JENNIFER, pops her head in.

JENNIFER

Guys? The SkyMall people said they're on their way.

She goes.

KURT

Shit, that's right!

NICK

Hang on. This could be a good thing. If we sell these guys on the Buddy, we could get enough up-front money to pay off Nagopian.

DALE  
So, we've just gotta nail this pitch.

KURT  
Or we die. No pressure.

The guys exchange tense looks.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. NICKURDALE CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Nick, Kurt and Dale are mid-pitch. They look FRAZZLED and SWEATY as they stand across from two seated SkyMall reps, DAN and CLAIRE, 40's.

Behind the guys is a large schematic drawing on an easel along with a PORTABLE SHOWER STALL with a Shower Buddy attached.

DALE  
(rapid-fire, manic)  
...there's a reason everybody hates showers because it takes so long and the average person wastes one week every month taking showers--

NICK  
Well, maybe not a week--

DALE  
It's all the soaping up and the rinsing off and the shampooing and the rinsing off and the conditioning and the rinsing off--

KURT  
What Dale is trying to say is, the Shower Buddy eliminates the wasted time and streamlines your shower process.

NICK  
Dale means that we waste a lot of time showering and the Shower Buddy helps to streamline that process.

CLAIRE  
Sounds great. How does it work?

DALE  
That's an excellent question, Claire.

KURT  
Great question.

NICK  
Really good.

There's an awkward silence.

CLAIRe

...So, how does it work?

NICK

Right--

(to Kurt)

You wanna get her in here?

Kurt hurries out.

NICK (CONT'D)

We thought the best way to show you  
how the Shower Buddy works is to  
show... you... how the Shower Buddy  
works.

Dale crosses to the shower stall and begins fiddling with a  
portable water pump attached to a tank.

Kurt ushers in a 20-something model, BROOKE, in a bathrobe.

KURT

(to Brooke)

Hurry, hurry.

(to Dan and Claire)

This is Brooke. She's gonna  
demonstrate the Shower Buddy for  
you by taking a shower. Brooke?

Brooke drops her robe. She's in a bikini.

KURT (CONT'D)

Sorry, Dan. I know you were hoping  
she was naked under there.

(to Claire)

Don't tell his wife.

CLAIRe

I am his wife.

KURT

(covering)

I know. Husband and wife. Working  
together. You're like Lucy and  
Desi. Only at SkyMall. Nice.

DALE

(to himself)

This fucking pump...

Brooke steps into the stall.

NICK

How we doin', Dale?

DALE

I think there's something wrong  
with the motor on this pump. But I  
can do it by hand. No biggie.

KURT

(nudging Claire and Dan)  
Our next invention's gonna be a  
better water pump. Right, husband  
and wife?

Dale kneels beside the stall and begins rhythmically jerking  
the water pump.

DALE

Might take a second here to get the  
flow going...

Brooke stands awkwardly in the dry shower.

NICK

(to Claire and Dan)  
Shouldn't be long.

DALE

(pumping away)  
Getting close. Almost there.

There's an uncomfortable beat as they all watch Dale.  
There's no getting around how much it looks like he's jerking  
off on his knees beside a woman in a shower.

DALE (CONT'D)

Close your eyes, Brooke. Here it  
comes!

Just then, a GOB OF LIQUID SOAP dribbles out of the Shower  
Buddy, landing on Brooke's face.

DALE (CONT'D)

Yes!

The model does her best to work with the limited amount of  
water dribbling on her. She spreads the soap on her chest.

KURT

(whispering to Nick)  
Kinda looks like--

NICK

(sotto)  
I know.  
(then)  
Dale, can we get any more water  
pressure here?

DALE  
(winded)  
I'm pumping as hard as I can!

KURT  
All right, let me help.

Kurt joins Dale and the two of them begin working the pump together.

NICK  
(to Dan and Claire)  
Okay, well, obviously, this isn't the best demonstration. With normal water pressure, there's a steady stream of soap delivered--

BROOKE  
Ow! It got in my eyes!

NICK  
Twist the nozzle to "rinse."

BROOKE  
I can't see.

She fumbles with the showerhead.

NICK  
All right, let me help you.

Nick reaches into the stall and tries to adjust the showerhead.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Ugh, it got in my mouth.

Creamy soap runs down his and Brooke's arms, as Dale and Kurt, on their knees and dripping with flop sweat, continue to pump away.

ANGLE ON DAN and CLAIRE who look appalled.

DALE (O.S.)  
Not so hard, Kurt, you're hurting me!

EXT. NICKURDALE WAREHOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

Drenched and disheveled from the demonstration, the guys wave goodbye as Dan and Claire's car drives away.

KURT  
Goodbye!

NICK  
Take care now!

There's a beat.

DALE  
So, when do you think we'll find out?

They give him a withering look.

KURT  
That was awful. It felt like we were fucking each other for crack.

NICK  
I'm covered in soap, but I feel so dirty.  
(then)  
That goddamned Shower Buddy.

DALE  
Don't blame the Buddy. The Buddy works. It just needed to be in a real shower.

NICK  
Well, that was our only shot.

KURT  
(to Dale)  
You know, none of this would've happened if you hadn't bought that dipshit Denny Paul a drink.

DALE  
Oh yeah. How come Denny didn't get killed? He borrowed from Nagopian too.

NICK  
And why would he refer us to him if he knew he was a loan shark?

KURT  
Let's call that fucker and find out.

INT. KURT'S OFFICE - MINUTES LATER

The guys sit around Kurt's desk. Denny Paul is on the speaker phone.

DENNY (O.S.)  
How did you find me?

NICK  
You're in the phone book.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DENNY PAUL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Denny wears no pants. Just a long "You Da Boss" T-shirt. He looks haggard.

DENNY  
Shit! Fucking phone book.  
(then)  
Under what name?

NICK  
Your name.

DENNY  
Fuck! I didn't think you would find me.

DALE  
You're also on Facebook.

DENNY  
Fucking Facebook! I thought I was off the grid.

KURT  
You want to tell us why you hooked us up with a loan shark?!

DENNY  
Is this a secure line?

The guys look at each other. Huh?

NICK  
I don't know. What's the difference?

DENNY  
They could be listening.

NICK  
Who?

DENNY  
I can't say unless it's a secure line.

NICK  
Okay, it's a secure line.

DENNY

All right. Look, Nagopian is a  
loan shark--

KURT

We know that!

DENNY

I've barely been making my  
payments. Every dime I earn goes  
straight to him. I thought if I  
brought him some fresh meat he'd  
cut me some slack.

DALE

Fresh meat?

DENNY

I'm sorry I dragged you into this.  
But hey, maybe if we work together,  
we can fix it.

NICK

What do you mean?

DENNY

Neither of us alone has enough  
evidence against these guys, but if  
we combine what we know, I bet we  
can figure out a way to turn the  
tables on Nagopian.

KURT

How?

DENNY

Leave that to me. Come on over to  
my place. The address is--

NICK

We have it. It's on your Facebook  
page.

DENNY

Fuck!

EXT. STREET - LATER

Kurt pulls his car up to a suburban house. Nick is in the  
passenger seat, Dale in back.

NICK

Here it is.

They exit the car. Kurt notices Dale is carrying a grocery  
bag.

KURT

What is that?

DALE

I brought humus in case we get hungry.

KURT

Just humus? No chips?

DALE

I figured he'd have chips.

KURT

What if he doesn't? What are we gonna eat it with?

DALE

Celery? Spoons? I don't know. I didn't have to bring anything.

Across the street, Denny steps out his front door and waves to them as they approach.

DENNY

Hey. You found the pl--

BOOM!!

An ENORMOUS EXPLOSION tears through the house, engulfing Denny in a FIREBALL and RIPPING HIM TO SHREDS!

The windows of Kurt's car SHATTER. Car alarms go off. Nick, Kurt and Dale scream and drop to the ground as debris rains down around them. They hold their ears which are ringing from the blast.

NICK

What the fuck?!!

KURT

Jesus!

DALE

He blew up! Denny blew up!

NICK

Are you guys okay?!

DALE

What?! I can't hear you!

NICK

What?!

KURT

What did you say?!

DALE  
I can't hear!

NICK  
What?!

As NEIGHBORS begin to come outside to see what happened, Nick and Kurt suddenly notice something on Dale. They look horrified.

KURT  
Dale, your shoulder!

A FLESHY MOUND of some sort has landed on Dale's shoulder.

DALE  
(still deaf)  
Huh?

NICK  
What is that?

KURT  
I'm not sure. Is that Denny's chin?

NICK  
Looks more like an elbow.

DALE  
What are you guys saying?!

KURT  
(peering closer)  
Oh god. I think it's his ball sack.

NICK  
No! Can't be.

Dale looks at his shoulder and reacts.

DALE  
Agh! What is that?!  
Get it off!

He frantically wiggles his shoulder, trying to knock off the unidentified body part.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENNY PAUL'S HOUSE - LATER

Fire trucks and police cars surround the now smoldering remains of the house.

Nick, Kurt and Dale, wrapped in blankets, are being treated for cuts and scratches at an ambulance.

DETECTIVE HAGAN approaches.

HAGAN

Excuse me, gentlemen. I wonder if I can get a--  
(recognizing them)

Aw, shit. Not you clowns again.

NICK

Detective. We know who did this.

HAGAN

What do you mean, you know who did this? Fire department says it was an accidental gas leak.

KURT

It was no accident.

HAGAN

Is that right? How come every time someone dies in front of their house, you assholes aren't far away?

NICK

Just hear us out. We were coming to meet with the victim because we were all scammed by the same loan shark.

DALE

We got venture capital from him and now he wants it all back or he's gonna kill us.

HAGAN

What the hell did you need venture capital for?

DALE

For our Shower Buddy.

KURT

(off Hagan's confusion)  
It's an adjustable showerhead that dispenses soap, shampoo and conditioner with the water.

HAGAN

You three came up with this?  
(they nod)

That's not a bad idea.

DALE

Thank you. Nickurdale is very  
proud of it.

HAGAN

(shocked)

Who's proud of it?

DALE

Nickurdale.

HAGAN

Nigger Dale?!?

NICK/KURT/DALE

No!/Oh no!/No, no!

NICK

It's Nick, Kurt and Dale combined.  
Nickurdale. It's our company name.

HAGAN

Yeah, you need to change that  
company name.

KURT

We're not going to have a company,  
or our lives, if you don't help us  
take down Nagopian.

HAGAN

Nagopian?

KURT

Yeah. Alex Nagopian. He's the guy  
we borrowed money from.

HAGAN

Get outta here.

NICK

What? You know him?

HAGAN

We've been watching him for years.  
The Feds think he's the head of  
Armenian Power.

DALE

What's Armenian Power?

HAGAN

It's the Armenian mob.

NICK

That's great. That's perfect. We  
borrowed money from a mob boss.

KURT

(to Hagan)

Hang on. If you know he's a  
criminal, why don't you arrest him?

HAGAN

Nagopian's smart. He keeps himself  
insulated from the shit his gang  
does. And as far as we can tell,  
this here was just an accident.

NICK

And what happens on Monday when the  
three of us also die in accidents?

HAGAN

Well, then I'll have a case.

DALE

Will you at least come with us to  
Nagopian's office where I met with  
him? I bet there's a ton of  
evidence there.

Hagan looks at his watch and sighs.

HAGAN

I was going to watch "American  
Horror Story" with my wife.

(beat)

Shit. Come on.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SHORT TIME LATER

Kurt's WINDOWLESS car pulls up to the Venture Partners  
International building followed by Hagan's unmarked car. He  
and the guys get out.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Hagan and the guys ride in the elevator. There's an awkward  
silence. Then,

DALE

(to Hagan)

How have you been?

Hagan just gives him a contemptuous look.

The doors open and they all step out into

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

What was Venture Partners International is now the west coast corporate headquarters of Quiznos Sandwiches.

DALE  
Wait a minute. What floor is this?

NICK  
Five.

DALE  
This wasn't here. This was Nagopian's office!

KURT  
Are you sure we're in the right building?

DALE  
Yes! I pitched Nagopian right here!

Dale points to the room we saw earlier, but it's now occupied by a middle-aged executive, TIM, at a desk.

TIM  
Hi, you must be my five o'clock.

DALE  
You're not Nagopian.

TIM  
No... Are you my five o'clock?

HAGAN  
(to the guys)  
You're telling me you dragged me clear across town to visit some goddamn sandwich company?

TIM  
We also have salads and flatbreads.

HAGAN  
This is some bullshit.

DALE  
(to Tim)  
How long have you been in this office?

TIM  
Since the building opened last week. We're the first tenants.  
(then, realizing)  
(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)  
You're not my five o'clock, are  
you?

Hagan shakes his head and goes to leave. The guys hurry after him.

KURT  
Wait. You can't just leave.

HAGAN  
Watch me.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

It's dark now and it's begun to drizzle as Hagan crosses to his car with the guys on his heels.

NICK  
Detective, if you go, we're as good as dead.

HAGAN  
Since I've known you three, nothing you've told me has been true. Why would I listen to you now?

DALE  
Can't you at least give us some police protection?

HAGAN  
Protection from what? Your own foolishness?

Hagan climbs into his car.

KURT  
So you're just going to drive away and leave us riding a cat without a candle?!

HAGAN  
The hell you say?

KURT  
It's an expression.

HAGAN  
No it isn't.

Hagan slams the door and drives off.

NICK  
I don't understand. If Quiznos was the first tenant, how was Nagopian's office there?

DALE

I know how. Quiznos is in on this.  
I didn't see a single sandwich up  
there. And who puts a Quiznos on  
the fifth floor of an office  
building--?

Kurt puts a hand over Dale's mouth and keeps it there.

KURT

(to Nick)  
What do we do now?

NICK

Let's figure it out in the car.  
There's no point standing out here  
in the rain.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KURT'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

Kurt drives. Nick is up front and Dale in the back. Without the benefit of a windshield or a sunroof, WIND-DRIVEN RAIN soaks the guys as they drive. Kurt shields his eyes with his hand so he can see. They yell over the wind.

KURT

Glad we got out of the rain!

The windshield wipers flop ridiculously across the dashboard.

NICK

Maybe we should all stay together  
tonight! Might be safer!

DALE

Good idea! But not my place! I  
don't want my pregnant wife to get  
blown up!

NICK

Kurt, your apartment is probably  
the most secure!

KURT

Okay, we can--

Just then, a wet PLASTIC BAG flies through the open  
windshield and sticks to Kurt's face. The car VEERS wildly  
as he tries to pull the bag off. Nick and Dale scream.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

Still damp, the guys exit the car and head for the stairs. Kurt absentmindedly locks his windowless car. BEEP.

NICK  
It's good that you locked it.

They head for the stairs to Kurt's loft.

DALE  
We've got to establish a secure perimeter at your place. Booby traps, an early warning system... I'm going to need twine, small bells, thumb tacks, mousetraps--

KURT  
Calm down, Macaulay Culkin. I've got an alarm system.

DALE  
I guess that'll work.

INT. KURT'S LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

The door to Kurt's loft opens and the guys enter.

DALE  
So what exactly will we do if they show up?

NICK  
We'll figure that out. The main thing is that we're ready for them if they do come.

Kurt flips on the lights and they all gasp as they see Nagopian's thug, Ghoukas, sitting on the sofa, pointing a gun at them. Another armed THUG appears behind them in the hall.

DALE  
Oh god.

NICK  
(to Kurt)  
I thought you said you had an alarm.

KURT  
I never turn it on.

GHOUKAS  
Let's go.

Ghoukas and the other thug usher them back out.

KURT  
Can I at least feed my dog first?

GHOUKAS  
Your dog doesn't need to be fed  
anymore.

KURT  
(horrified)  
You killed my dog?!

GHOUKAS  
I fed him.

KURT  
Oh.  
(beat)  
Thanks.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

An SUV pulls up to a construction trailer which is set up beside an unfinished 10-story office building. Ghoukas and the other thug open the door and escort the guys toward the trailer.

Kurt notices a sign reading "Nagopian Construction."

KURT  
(to the guys)  
He's also got a construction  
company?

NICK  
That's probably how he set up in  
that other building before it  
opened.

DALE  
Wow. Construction, venture  
capital, mob boss. He's a real  
Renaissance man.

INT. NAGOPIAN'S CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER

Nick, Kurt and Dale stand across from Nagopian who sits at a metal desk covered in blueprints. Ghoukas and the other thug hover nearby.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
So you don't have my money?

NICK  
It's just not possible to double a  
million dollar loan in one month.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Not normally, no.

KURT  
Come on, man. There has to be a  
more reasonable payment plan  
option.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Of course there is. It's called  
"The Ghoukas Kills You" plan.

Ghoukas snickers.

MR. NAGOPIAN (CONT'D)  
Here's what I'm thinking...  
(to Kurt and Nick)  
On your way home, you two will die  
in a terrible car accident. Your  
bodies will be so badly burned, it  
will be impossible for forensics to  
know that you were already dead  
before the car crashed.

KURT NICK  
Jesus. So specific.

DALE  
(nervously)  
What about me?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
You?  
                  (considers, then)  
Auto-erotic asphyxiation.

DALE  
Wha?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
The police will find you hanging  
from a belt with your cock in your  
hand.

DALE  
Aw, man! Can't I just be in the car with them?

MR. NAGOPIAN

MR. NAGOPIAN

Fine.

(beat)

The police will find you with your head in the oven.

DALE

That's better.

MR. NAGOPIAN

...and your cock in your hand.

DALE

C'mon!

KURT

Wait. You don't want to kill us. Dale's wife is pregnant with triplets.

DALE

That's right.

KURT

What if he were to give you two of his babies?

DALE

Yeah. Wait, what?

NICK

(to Kurt)

What are you doing?

KURT

(to Nagopian)

Dale keeps one. You get two. You sell them on the black market. Come on. Two healthy white babies? That's got to be worth a million right there.

MR. NAGOPIAN

It's worth sixty thousand.

NICK

Creepy that you know that.

DALE

I'm not selling my babies anyway.

KURT

You've got three! Don't be selfish.

(then, to Nagopian)

What if Dale sucks your dick?

DALE

No!

KURT

Selfish!

MR. NAGOPIAN

Ghoukas. *Drank' herru.*

Ghoukas takes out his gun and gestures them toward the door.  
 The guys exchange a dire look.

NICK

Wait. Please. There has to be  
 another way. Isn't there anything  
 we can do for you? Anything at  
 all?

KURT

Dale will do anything.

Nagopian's Thug snorts and chimes in.

THUG

*Nrank' karogh yen goghanal  
 arrak'man.*

MR. NAGOPIAN

(laughing)

Vor urakh kliner.

KURT

What is that? What's he saying?

MR. NAGOPIAN

(to Ghoukas)

Spasel.

Ghoukas stops the guys.

MR. NAGOPIAN (CONT'D)

There is one thing.

NICK

Okay, great. What is it?

MR. NAGOPIAN

Today I sold a truck to Araña  
 Pandilla.

DALE

Who's he?

MR. NAGOPIAN

It's not a "he." It's a Dominican  
 street gang. And they're assholes.

(MORE)

MR. NAGOPIAN (CONT'D)  
They're keeping the truck at a  
strip club they own. If you can  
steal it from them and bring it  
back to me tonight, I'll consider  
your debt paid.

KURT  
Why would you steal back something  
you just sold?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
Because that way I get their money  
and my truck back.

DALE  
This truck must mean a lot to you.  
Has it been in your family a long  
time?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
What? No. I don't give a shit  
about the truck. I want what's in  
the truck!

NICK  
What's in the truck?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
None of your fucking business.  
Just get it back by sun-up. And if  
you try to run--

GHOUKAS  
Something terrible may or may not  
happen to you and your families.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
No, Ghoukas! We're past the  
conceit now.

GHOUKAS  
Oh.  
(to the guys)  
I'll kill you and your families.

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The SUV driven by Ghoukas heads off, leaving Nick, Kurt and Dale standing on the curb.

KURT  
Now where the fuck are we?

NICK  
(pointing)  
That must be the strip club.

A block away from them is a seedy, unwelcoming club with a neon sign that reads "PUTAS DESNUDAS."

DALE

"Putas Desnudas"? What does that mean?

NICK

"Naked Whores."

KURT

Kind of on-the-nose, huh?

NICK

I don't see a truck.

They walk closer to the club and notice around the corner is a fenced-in parking lot with an 18-wheeler parked inside. TWO heavily tattooed HISPANIC GUARDS stand nearby. Our guys quickly back up into the shadows.

KURT

Look at this. A locked fence, guards. It's a suicide mission.

NICK

I think that's what Nagopian had in mind.

DALE

Those guys have tattoos on their faces. That does not bode well.

NICK

If it were easy to rob a truck from one gang and give it to another, people would be doing it all the time.

DALE

I had no idea starting a small business would be this hard.

KURT

All right, let's just put our heads together and figure out how to pull this off without getting killed.

There's a long beat.

DALE

(to himself)

What would Ocean's 11 do?

NICK

Well, first of all, they'd have eight more people.

KURT

And I don't think we're going to have to do backflips through a room full of lasers in there.

DALE

You're thinking of Catherine Zeta-Jones in "Entrapment."

KURT

No, I'm not. Catherine Zeta-Jones was also in "Ocean's 11."

DALE

No, she wasn't. She was in "Ocean's 12."

KURT

It was the same cast.

DALE

Yeah, plus a twelfth person: Catherine Zeta-Jones.

KURT

You're an idiot.

DALE

Am I?! Okay, I'm iMDB'ing it.

He starts furiously typing into his smart phone.

NICK

Probably not the best use of our time.

KURT

Well, there is one thing all those movies had in common. Besides Catherine Zeta-Jones.

DALE

(still typing)

No.

KURT

(to Nick)

They always created a distraction so the rest of the team could carry out the heist.

NICK

That's true. Maybe create a commotion inside the club. Draw the guards in.

KURT  
What are you thinking? Smoke  
pellets?

NICK  
Do you have smoke pellets?

KURT  
No.

NICK  
Do you know how to make smoke  
pellets?

KURT  
Nope.

NICK  
Guess that rules out smoke pellets.  
(then)  
What if two of us stage a fake  
fight in there? Get everyone  
watching that.

KURT  
That only leaves one of us to hot-  
wire the truck and no one to keep a  
lookout.

NICK  
Shit.

DALE  
What did I say?!  
(holds up his phone)  
Ocean's 11! No Catherine Zeta-Jo--

Kurt swats the phone out of Dale's hand.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Hey!

Dale scrambles after it. Kurt turns back to Nick as if  
nothing happened.

KURT  
We're gonna need a fourth person.

NICK  
Who do we know that we can call at  
one in the morning to help us  
commit a really dangerous crime?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The guys sit in their regular booth across from MOTHERFUCKER JONES.

MOTHERFUCKER  
You three clowns just can't abide  
by the law, can you?

NICK  
Clearly, some bad decisions were  
made. Now can you please help us,  
Motherfucker Jones?

MOTHERFUCKER  
What'd you call me?

NICK  
Motherfucker Jones. Isn't that  
your name?

MOTHERFUCKER  
Not anymore. I changed it when I  
got married.

KURT  
Oh, congratulations.

MOTHERFUCKER  
Thank you.

DALE  
Your wife didn't like the name  
"Motherfucker"?

MOTHERFUCKER  
No, bitch. She didn't like the  
name "Jones." I took her last  
name.

KURT  
Really.

DALE  
(to Motherfucker)  
So what's your name now?

MOTHERFUCKER  
Motherfucker Quang. She's Chinese.  
The hot kind. Not the big round  
head kind.

NICK  
So she was okay with "Motherfucker"  
but she didn't like "Jones"?

MOTHERFUCKER

I'm pretty sure she doesn't know what the word "motherfucker" means. She doesn't know what a lot of words mean.

DALE

She sounds nice.

KURT

But why did you take her last name?

MOTHERFUCKER

Because I respect women and I believe in equality.

KURT

That's fair.

MOTHERFUCKER

And because she does everything I tell her to do. No matter how fucked up.

DALE

(to himself)

That took a weird turn.

NICK

Okay, we don't have a lot of time here. So we need to know if you'll help us, Motherfucker... Quang?

MOTHERFUCKER

I'll help you. But it'll be fifty large.

KURT

Here we go.

NICK

No. It's not going to be fifty large. It's not going to be anything large. It's going to be small.

MOTHERFUCKER

(sighs, then)

All right. Gimme your watch.

NICK

This is a Tag Heuer.

MOTHERFUCKER

I know what it is.

KURT  
Just give it to him, Nick.

Nick rolls his eyes and gives Motherfucker the watch.

MOTHERFUCKER  
Thank you. From here on out, I'm  
going to be your heist consultant.

They all ad lib "no's" as they usher him out of the booth.

EXT. URBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

The guys stand with Motherfucker across from the strip club parking lot.

MOTHERFUCKER  
I don't know about this. You  
didn't tell me these guys had  
tattoos on their faces.

KURT  
You have tattoos on your head!

MOTHERFUCKER  
That's different. I grow out my  
hair, I look like everyone else.  
They grow out their hair, they look  
even crazier.

NICK  
We can't turn back now.

MOTHERFUCKER  
I can.

He turns and starts to walk away.

NICK  
Wait! We'll give you stock in  
Nickurdale.

MOTHERFUCKER  
(shocked)  
Nigger what?!

NICK/KURT/DALE  
No, no! /That's not-- /Oh boy.

DALE  
Ni-Kur-Dale. It's the name of our  
company.

MOTHERFUCKER  
Yeah, you gotta change that name.  
(beat)  
How much stock?

NICK  
A thousand shares.

MOTHERFUCKER  
Ten thousand.

NICK  
Done.

DALE  
(leaning in to Nick)  
I didn't know we have stock.

NICK  
(sotto)  
We don't.

KURT  
Okay, here's how I see this going down. Motherfucker and I will stage a fight in the club. As soon as the guards come inside to break it up, you and Dale climb the fence, hot wire the truck, drive it through the fence and pick us up out front.

NICK  
Seems like Dale and I have the much harder end of the plan.

KURT  
Are you kidding? Do you know how hard it is to stage a convincing fake fight? The only reason I've chosen myself for it is because--

NICK  
(rolling his eyes)  
Don't say "West Side Story."

KURT  
"West Side Story." The school paper said I was the most convincing Bernardo they'd ever seen.

DALE  
(leaning in to  
Motherfucker)  
Bernardo is Maria's brother. The leader of the Sharks.

Motherfucker just stares at Dale.

NICK

Yeah, well, I was Tony. I know how to fake fight too.

KURT

Come on, Nick. You know Tony avoided all the rumble like a little bitch. Bernardo was deep in the shit the whole show.

(then)

Dale, you saw the show. Which of us was the better fake fighter?

DALE

(delicately)

You were.

Nick scoffs.

DALE (CONT'D)

You were the better dancer, Nick.

MOTHERFUCKER

Fuck this shit.

Motherfucker turns and starts to walk away.

NICK

Okay, wait Motherfucker-- You and Kurt will do the fake fight, Dale and I will steal the truck. Somehow.

DALE

Good luck, guys.

KURT

The Sharks are going to have their way tonight.

As they split up, Motherfucker turns to Kurt.

MOTHERFUCKER

You three should just fuck each other already.

INT. STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt and Motherfucker enter the dimly-lit club which is populated by dozens of Araña Pandilla GANG BANGERS who greet them with hostile looks. On a stage, a STRIPPER works the pole.

KURT

Damn. This place makes your bar  
look like the Cheesecake Factory.

They take a seat at a table near the stage and eye their surroundings nervously.

MOTHERFUCKER

So, how do you want to do this?

KURT

I guess we should start with some raised voices, then I'll throw the first punch. I won't touch you, but it'll be close, so you gotta pretend I made contact. Then we'll just sort of wing it from there. WWE style.

MOTHERFUCKER

(raising his voice)  
That sounds good to me!

KURT

(also raising his voice)  
Oh, okay! We're going right into this?!

Kurt stands, knocking his chair down. Motherfucker does the same. A few heads turn. It's hard for other people to hear what they're yelling over the music.

MOTHERFUCKER

Fuck yeah, we are!

Motherfucker grabs Kurt by the shirt.

KURT

'Cause I kinda wanted to psych myself up for it a little more!

Kurt gives Motherfucker a little shove.

MOTHERFUCKER

Might as well get this over with,  
'cause I gotta work in the morning!

KURT

("angrily")  
I didn't know you had a job! What do you do?!

Motherfucker shoves Kurt back.

MOTHERFUCKER  
("furious")  
I run the coffee shop at a Barnes  
and Noble!

KURT  
("outraged")  
Nice!

Motherfucker grabs a bottle and breaks it on the edge of the table.

KURT (CONT'D)  
(still threatening)  
Oh, shit! Don't tell me you're  
actually gonna use that bottle!  
'Cause that would really hurt me!

MOTHERFUCKER  
(getting in his face)  
Don't worry! I won't!

Motherfucker sets the bottle on the table. By now, most of the bar patrons are watching this "fight."

KURT  
I'm gonna punch you in the face  
with my right hand! You ready for  
that?!

MOTHERFUCKER  
Bring it!

Kurt winds back and PUNCHES Motherfucker in the face, but instead of missing him, he accidentally NAILS HIM RIGHT IN THE NOSE. Motherfucker falls back and clutches his face.

KURT  
(realizing)  
Oh my god, I'm so sorry.

MOTHERFUCKER  
You hit me!

Motherfucker looks at his hand and sees that his nose is bleeding.

KURT  
I know. You must've leaned into it.

MOTHERFUCKER  
Leaned into it?! I'll lean into you, bitch!

Now angry for real, Motherfucker punches Kurt.

KURT

Ow! Hey!

MOTHERFUCKER

You want another one, Bernardo?!

The patrons regard this scuffle with little interest. Motherfucker lunges for Kurt, who tries to fend him off with a chair. But instead of hitting Motherfucker with it, he swings it into a table where TWO GANG MEMBERS sit.

KURT

Uh oh.

The gang members stand up and grab the chair from Kurt. One of them HURLS it at him but Kurt DODGES at the last second and the chair flies into another GANG MEMBER who looks pissed.

All at once, the club ERUPTS IN A FRENZY of chair-throwing, punching and brawling.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Dale stand in the shadows, watching the club's parking lot. Nick notices a THUG come out of the club and gesture for the two guards to come inside. They leave their posts and head in.

NICK

Look. They're going in.

DALE

Now's our chance.

They sneak over to the 10-foot chain-link fence, topped with barbed wire, that encloses the parking lot.

NICK

There's barbed wire. How do we get over that?

DALE

Not a problem.

Dale takes off his jacket.

NICK

What are you doing?

DALE

I've seen people do this. You toss your jacket onto the barbed wire and then you just climb over it.

NICK  
Okay. Do it.

Dale tosses his jacket up... and right over the fence where it lands on the ground on the other side. Nick gives him a look.

DALE  
I overshot it.

Dale tries to fish his jacket through a link in the fence but it's too thick and he only manages to wedge it halfway through.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Damn it.  
(then)  
Can I have your jacket?

NICK  
No. I'll do it.

Nick takes his jacket off puts his over his shoulder, then carefully climbs up the fence.

DALE  
Oh, you're not going to toss it from the ground? That makes sense...

Nick reaches the top and drapes his coat over the barbed wire. He delicately clammers over the top.

NICK  
(hushed)  
Ow. Ow! Shit!

He reaches the ground.

DALE  
See? I told you that would work.

NICK  
Didn't work at all, Dale. Went right through the jacket.

Nick holds out his hands which are flecked with bloody scratches.

DALE  
Oof.

INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Kurt and Motherfucker cower next to the stage as COMPLETE CHAOS surrounds them.

KURT  
Look, obviously I didn't hit you on purpose. I said I'm sorry.

A stripper falls off the stage and lands on them.

MOTHERFUCKER  
All right. I'm done with this shit!

Motherfucker stands.

KURT  
Where are you going?

MOTHERFUCKER  
Home. You guys are a bad influence on me.

He scurries toward the exit.

KURT  
Motherfucker Quang, wait! We'll give you fifty thousand shares!

INT. COUNTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We're seeing the chaos from above, through an interior window.

OSCAR (O.S.)  
(Spanish with subtitles)  
What's going on down there?

REVEAL OSCAR, 30's, a tough as nails Araña Pandilla member, with the word "JEFÉ" tattooed across his forehead (think Javier Bardem). He smokes a cigarette and maintains an eerie calm, even under the most extreme circumstances.

As he looks out a window onto the floor of the club, two GANG MEMBERS bundle stacks of cash behind him.

GANG MEMBER  
(Spanish with subtitles)  
Some kind of fight.

Oscar notices the two guards who came in from outside are among the fighters.

OSCAR  
(calmly)  
Who's guarding my fucking truck?

Oscar puts the cigarette in his mouth and heads out of the office.

## INT. STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Oscar goes down the stairs and into the war zone of the club. As he heads for the back door, he is completely unfazed by the violence around him. He's like Robert Duvall in "Apocalypse Now," but instead of explosions, he walks through flying chairs and bottles.

## EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The 18-wheeler sits in the lot. A very faint light can be seen coming from inside the cab.

DALE (O.S.)  
We're looking for a red wire with a green or yellow stripe.

## INT. TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Dale crouch on the floor of the truck. Nick holds a handful of wires from under the steering column while Dale follows instruction on his smartphone.

NICK  
I see a blue wire with a yellow stripe--

DALE  
No! Don't touch that one!

NICK  
Calm down. We're not defusing a nuclear warhead.

DALE  
Right. Sorry. I'm a little jumpy.

NICK  
Here's a red wire.

DALE  
Okay good. According to this wiki, that should be the power wire. We need to connect that to the starter wire.

NICK  
Which is the starter wire?

DALE  
Hang on, it's loading.  
(beat)  
Loading...

NICK  
Come on, Dale.

DALE  
I can't help it. It's 3G.  
(beat)  
Loading...

Suddenly, they hear a door bang shut outside.

NICK  
What was that?

Dale peeks up out the window and sees Oscar emerging from the club and looking around suspiciously.

DALE  
(whisper yell)  
Someone's coming!

NICK  
Get down!

Nick yanks Dale down below the window.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Oscar notices Dale's jacket wedged into the bottom of the chain-link fence. He tosses away his cigarette as he crosses to the back of the truck. He takes out his keys, unlocks the rear door and opens it. He checks out the contents of the trailer (we don't see what's inside).

INT. TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Nick and Dale huddle together, terrified.

DALE  
What's he doing back there?

NICK  
Shhh.

Just then, they hear the rear door slam shut.

CLOSE ON the jumble of exposed wires. The slight movement of the cabin from the door slamming causes the red wire to make contact with a brown one. The two wires SPARK and we hear:

SFX: Truck ignition starting

DALE  
(hushed)  
Yes!

NICK  
(hushed)  
No!

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Oscar reacts startled to the sound of the truck starting up.

OSCAR  
¿Qué diablos?

He crosses to the driver's side door and pulls it open revealing...

No one.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Oscar climbs into the driver's seat and examines the ignition. As he does, we REVEAL Nick and Dale cowering in the backseat directly behind Oscar.

Oscar is about to turn in their direction when Dale spots a six-pack of Coke on the floor. Without thinking, he grabs a can and BASHES Oscar over the head with it.

OSCAR  
Augghhh!

Oscar crumples over in the front seat. Nick and Dale exchange a look of shock.

NICK  
Jesus, Dale!

Before Dale can reply, Oscar sits up.

OSCAR  
What the fuck was that--?!

Dale hits him again. Coke spritzes out of the dented can.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
(still conscious)  
Ow! My head!

CLONK! Dale slams him again.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
You son of a--

CLONK!

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Fuck!

Nick and Dale can't believe this guy is still awake.

NICK  
You're not hitting him hard enough!

DALE  
I'm hitting as hard as I can! You try it!

Nick grabs a fresh can of Coke and clocks Oscar over the head. But still Oscar fails to fall unconscious.

OSCAR  
Damn it!

Nick and Dale both start BASHING Oscar over the head with their respective cans. Coke sprays everywhere.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
Ouch! Shit! Oooh!

At long last, Oscar slumps over, out cold. Nick and Dale catch their breath.

DALE  
God, it's hard to knock someone out.

NICK  
Especially with a soda can.

There's a beat. Dale takes a sip from his battered can.

NICK (CONT'D)  
(noticing something)  
Oh damn.

REVERSE to see several THUGS exiting the club and hurrying toward the truck.

NICK (CONT'D)  
We've gotta go!

Nick and Dale scramble into the front seat.

DALE  
(re: Oscar)  
What about him?!

NICK  
Just move him over!

Dale drags Oscar off the front seat as Nick slams the door shut and grabs the gearshift.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Let's get the hell out of here.

ACTION MUSIC crescendoes as Nick stomps on the gas pedal... but the truck doesn't move. Instead, we hear a horrible GRINDING SOUND from the engine.

DALE

What are you doing?!

NICK

I don't know how to drive a truck!  
There's like eighteen gears on this  
thing!

A GUNSHOT rings out, shattering the driver's side window. Dale and Nick duck down.

DALE

They're shooting at us!

NICK

I got that.

Nick continues to grind the gears and the noise gets even uglier. By now, the gang members are almost upon the truck.

NICK (CONT'D)

Come on, first gear... where are  
you?

Finally, he grinds it into gear and the truck slowly lurches forward toward the fence.

DALE

Gun it!

NICK

I'm trying, Dale! There's like  
five pedals down there!

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A THUG manages to leap onto the side of the cab. He climbs up to the window and points his gun at Nick. Just as he's about to fire, the truck rumbles through the fence -- not fast, but with enough speed to bust through. The torn fence scrapes along the sides of the truck and YANKS the thug from his perch.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Kurt runs out the front door of the club just as the truck clumsily barrels around the corner, the trailer jumping the curb and taking out a parking meter.

Kurt hurries over as Nick slows down for him to climb aboard.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Kurt slams the door shut as he takes a seat behind Nick and Dale.

KURT

Took you long enough. Do you have any idea what was going on in there?

NICK

Do you have any idea what was going on in here?!

DALE

Where's Motherfucker?

KURT

He took off. Couldn't take the heat.

(then, noticing Oscar)  
Who's this gentleman?

DALE

He's in the gang. We knocked him out with cans.

KURT

No shit? That's cool.

NICK

We should probably tie him up or something.

Kurt finds some bungee cords and proceeds to tie Oscar's hands behind his back.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Are they following us?

DALE

(looking out the side window)

I don't see anyone.

(then)

Hey, what do you think is in this truck anyway?

NICK

No idea. Could be anything.  
Drugs, weapons...

KURT

Sex slaves.

DALE

I hope it's not sex slaves.

NICK  
It's not our business. The less we  
know the better.  
(beat)  
I'll go easier on the turns in case  
it's sex slaves.

SFX: Dale's cell phone rings

DALE  
(into phone)  
Hey, honey. What's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DALE'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Flushed and out of breath, Stacy is on all fours on the floor of the kitchen.

STACY  
(into speaker phone)  
Dale?! Where are you?! It's four  
in the morning.

DALE  
Uh... got stuck at the office.

STACY  
Well, it's time!

DALE  
Time for what, hon?

STACY  
Time for three babies to come out  
of my body!

DALE  
Right now? Are you sure?!

She glances over at a huge puddle of water on the floor next to her.

STACY  
Pretty sure.  
(groans)  
Ohhhhh god!

DALE  
Breathe, Stacy! Are you dilated?  
Is your vagina dilated?!

Kurt and Nick exchange a look.

STACY

I can't see my vagina, Dale.

DALE

Right. Okay. We'll be right there! Just hang on!

He hangs up.

DALE (CONT'D)

We've got to take Stacy to the hospital.

NICK

What?

DALE

She's in labor. We've got to pick her up.

KURT

In a stolen truck full of sex slaves?

NICK

Not to mention the man with the dragon tattoo back there.

KURT

Can't she call a cab?

DALE

(steely)

You listen to me. My wife and babies are the most important things in the world to me. And nothing's going to stop me from being there for them. So you either drive this fucking rig to my house and pick up Stacy or I will.

He holds a Coke can and glares at Nick threateningly. Nick glances over at Kurt who shrugs.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nick takes a hard left. The trailer SCRAPES against a parked car, nearly totalling it.

EXT. DALE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Dale and Kurt carefully help Stacy to the truck.

STACY  
What is this? What are you  
driving?

DALE  
It's a truck.  
(thinking fast)  
It's the Nickurdale company truck.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Dale helps Stacy recline in the back seat as Kurt climbs in the front and Nick pulls away from the curb.

NICK  
Hey, Stacy. How you feeling?

STACY  
Hey Nick. I didn't know you knew  
how to drive a truck.

NICK  
Oh yeah. Been driving them since I  
was--

He is drowned out by a DEAFENING GRINDING SOUND as he  
struggles to shift gears.

All of a sudden, Stacy lets out a SCREAM.

DALE  
What? Is it a contraction?!

STACY  
There's a man on the floor!

She points to Oscar who lies unconscious at her feet.

DALE  
Oh, right. That's...  
(sees the "Jefe" tattoo on  
Oscar's forehead)  
Jeffy. He's an old college pal.  
Latino college pal.

STACY  
What's wrong with him?

KURT  
He's a drunk. Big drunk. We call  
him Jeffy the... Drunk.

STACY  
He's got so many tattoos. He looks  
like a gang member.

DALE  
That's a little racist, hon.

STACY  
You're right. I'm sorry.

As they speak, Nick notices something out his side-view mirror.

NICK  
(quietly)  
Kurt. Is that--?

Kurt checks his mirror and sees two cars speeding up on the truck's tail. Inside can be seen several of the Araña Pandilla members.

KURT  
Shit. Gun it.

Nick floors it and the truck picks up speed. At the same time, Stacy begins to MOAN as her contractions get worse.

DALE  
Hang on, babe. Just try to relax  
and stay calm...

Dale glances out his window and sees one of the gang cars has caught up and pulled alongside. A GANG MEMBER leans out his window and aims a 9MM pistol at them.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Fuck my shit!

NICK  
Hang on.

He SWERVES SHARPLY to the right, putting some distance between the truck and the gang car.

STACY  
What's going on?

DALE  
Nothing. You just focus on keeping  
those babies inside for a little  
longer.

CLOSE ON the speedometer which reads 90 MPH.

Kurt checks his mirror again and sees another GANG MEMBER aiming his gun at them.

SMASH! The mirror SHATTERS as a bullet strikes it.

KURT  
Whoa.

Nick can see that the cars have taken positions on either side of the truck. Thinking fast, he swerves first left, then right, causing the trailer to JACKKNIFE just enough to impact each car. The gang cars go into a spin, driving off the road and onto the shoulders.

NICK  
Yes!

The truck increases its distance from the pursuers.

KURT  
I think we're losing them.

STACY  
The babies?!

DALE  
No, no! The babies are fine.

SFX: POLICE SIREN

NICK  
No way.

Sure enough, a PATROL CAR has pulled out and is speeding up behind the truck.

KURT  
Gun it.

NICK  
I'm not gunning anything. It's a cop.

Nick slows down and pulls over to the side of the road. The squad car stops behind the truck and a PATROLMAN steps out.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME

Several hundred yards back, the two cars full of gang members have stopped and turned off their lights, waiting to see what happens.

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The Patrolman approaches Nick's window.

PATROLMAN  
Do you know you were doing 90 miles an hour back there? A class 7 vehicle shouldn't be going faster than 55.

NICK  
I am so sorry about that, Officer.  
It's--

PATROLMAN  
What are you hauling back there?

NICK  
Hmm?

PATROLMAN  
What's in the trailer?

NICK  
Just stuff. I don't even know.

DALE (O.S.)  
Nothing secret.

KURT (O.S.)  
Dale!

The Patrolman reacts to the disembodied voices.

PATROLMAN  
All right, well, you're going to  
show me. Everyone out of the cab,  
please--

Just then, Stacy lets out a pained MOAN.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
What the hell's going on in there?

He steps up on the running board and peers into the cab.  
From his POV he sees Dale tending to Stacy. Oscar isn't  
visible.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
Is she all right?

KURT  
She's having a baby.

DALE  
Triplets!

Stacy moans again.

NICK  
That's actually why we were  
speeding. We're taking her to the  
hospital.

PATROLMAN  
Why didn't you say so? Come on.  
I'll give you an escort.

Suddenly, Oscar MOANS as he begins to regain consciousness.

The Patrolman looks puzzled for a moment. Stacy moans again and he shakes it off and hurries back to his car.

KURT  
All right then.

As soon as the cop is gone, Dale grabs a fresh can of soda and CLOCKS Oscar over the head with it. Oscar slumps over.

STACY  
Why did you hit your friend with a can?!

DALE  
(struggling to cover)  
It's an inside joke. Don't worry.

The patrol car turns on its siren and pulls out. The truck follows.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The gang members watch, pissed off, as the truck leaves with the cop.

GANG MEMBER  
(Spanish with subtitles)  
What the fuck?

GANG MEMBER #2  
(Spanish with subtitles)  
Don't worry. We'll get to them.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

The truck ZOOMS down the road following the patrol car.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The truck and the patrol car pull to a stop at the emergency room entrance. Dale jumps out.

DALE  
(yelling)  
Wheelchair! Can we get a wheelchair here?!

No one comes.

DALE (CONT'D)  
This is a terrible hospital.

He hurries inside. Kurt and Nick help Stacy out of the truck as the cop joins them.

STACY

Oh god! They're coming out!

DALE (O.S.)

Here I am! I'm coming!

Dale runs back out pushing a wheelchair and Stacy sits.

DALE (CONT'D)

(to Nick and Kurt)

I'll be right back.

NICK

Kind of in a time crunch here,  
Dale.

DALE

I know. But I got us into this and  
I'm not gonna send you there  
without me.

(wheeling Stacy inside)  
Wish us luck!

Dale and Stacy go.

KURT

Good luck.

NICK

(to Patrolman)

Thank you, Officer. You've been a  
big help.

PATROLMAN

My pleasure. Y'know, I've always  
wanted to do that: escort a  
pregnant lady to the hospital.  
It's kind of the reason I became a  
cop.

KURT

Aww, that's nice.

PATROLMAN

That and getting to shoot people.

NICK

Aww.

(then)

Well, we don't want to keep you,  
so...

PATROLMAN  
Just going to need to see the  
contents of your trailer.

KURT  
I'm sorry?

PATROLMAN  
Yeah, you didn't get to show me  
before.

Nick and Kurt exchange a fearful look.

NICK  
Uhhh...

PATROLMAN  
(no nonsense)  
Let's go.

Nick lets out a sigh and slowly leads the Patrolman toward the rear door of the trailer. He and Kurt stand there, staring at the door for a beat.

NICK  
Here we are...

PATROLMAN  
Open it, please.

NICK  
Yup.

Nick unlatches the door and slides it up, revealing the trailer's interior. The patrolman shines his flashlight inside.

PATROLMAN  
Holy crap.

REVERSE ANGLE to reveal stacked boxes labeled "DORA THE EXPLORER PLUSH DOLLS."

Kurt and Nick exhale, relieved.

PATROLMAN (CONT'D)  
My daughter would cream her jeans  
if she saw this.

NICK  
Big "Dora the Explorer" fan, is  
she?

PATROLMAN  
Oh my god. She loves that little  
bitch.

KURT

Why don't you take one for your daughter?

PATROLMAN

Yeah?

Kurt hops onto the trailer and tears open a box. He hands a Dora doll to the cop.

KURT

Here, y'know what? Take a Boots the Monkey, too.

He hands the cop another doll.

PATROLMAN

Thanks, guys. When my daughter sees these, she's gonna blow a load.

Kurt and Nick look a bit disgusted.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - SHORT TIME LATER

Nick and Kurt climb back into the cab.

KURT

Why the hell would Nagopian want a truck full of Nick Jr. dolls?

NICK

I don't know and I don't care. But we're not waiting anymore. We've got to get this truck back by sun-up.

Nick GRINDS the truck into gear.

KURT

Oh yeah. What's with the whole "sun-up" thing, by the way? He couldn't just give us a time? This isn't "High Noon." Even that had a time. Noon.

Before Nick pulls out, they see Dale running up.

DALE

Hey, wait! I'm ready to go!

KURT

What about the babies?

DALE  
She had 'em! Two boys and a girl!  
And some poop. But I'm a dad!

He climbs aboard and they pull out.

DALE (CONT'D)  
You weren't going to leave without  
me, were you?

NICK  
Sun's coming up, Dale. We're  
running out of time.

DALE  
Check it out.

He shows them a photo on his phone.

INSERT: Stacy struggling to hold THREE NEWBORN BABIES

NICK  
Congratulations, Dale.

KURT  
Adorable.  
(beat)  
Is the one on the right a little  
wonky?

INSERT: the same photo. The one on the right is smaller and  
goofier looking than his siblings.

DALE  
Milo? He's not wonky. He's just a  
little smaller than the other two.

NICK  
They're all beautiful.

DALE  
Thank you.

He sits back. Nick leans toward Kurt.

NICK  
(sotto)  
There's definitely something going  
on with Milo.

KURT  
Right?  
(then, checks watch)  
I think we're okay. I think we're  
gonna make it back to Nagopian in  
time.

OSCAR (O.S.)  
So you're working for that piece of  
crap?

The guys jump, startled. Oscar has regained consciousness, his hands still tied.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
I should've figured.

NICK  
(re: Oscar)  
Shit. I forgot about him.

OSCAR  
What I don't understand is, why  
would Nagopian hire three *putos*  
like you?

KURT  
If we're such *putos*, how did we  
steal your truck and knock you out?

DALE  
Yeah! And what's a *puto*?

Oscar smiles calmly.

OSCAR  
You have no idea what kind of shit  
you're in.

NICK  
What about you? I hate to think  
what Nagopian's going to do to you  
when we get there.

OSCAR  
I'm not worried.

DALE  
If you're not worried, then why are  
you crying?  
(looking closer)  
Oh wait. That's a tattoo.

OSCAR  
Whatever happens to me, my men will  
find you and kill you.

KURT  
You have "men"? Why do you have  
"men"?

OSCAR  
Because I'm the leader of the Araña  
Pandilla.

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Nick JAMS ON the brakes and the truck SQUEALS to a stop.

INT. TRUCK CABIN - CONTINUOUS

NICK  
(to Oscar)  
You're the gang leader?!

OSCAR  
What do you think this fucking  
tattoo on my forehead says?

DALE  
Jeffy. Isn't your name Jeffy?

OSCAR  
Jefe. It means "boss"! Didn't any  
of you take Spanish in school?

DALE  
I took French.

KURT  
(to Nick and Dale)  
Why did you guys kidnap the gang  
leader?!

NICK  
He got in the truck. We didn't  
have a choice.

DALE  
What do we do with him?

OSCAR  
You let me go.

KURT  
We're not letting you go.  
(then, quietly to Nick)  
Should we let him go?

Dale leans forward to listen.

NICK  
I don't know. If we take him to  
Nagopian he'll probably kill him.

KURT  
Yeah. But if we let him out, he'll  
kill us.

DALE  
How? His hands are tied.

NICK

They won't be tied forever, Dale.

(then)

Maybe we can make a deal with him.  
We let him go and Nagopian doesn't  
kill him. And in return for saving  
his life, he lets us off the hook.

KURT

Seems reasonable.

(turning to Oscar)

How does that sound, Jeffy?

They all look to see the rear truck door is open and Oscar is gone.

KURT (CONT'D)

Where did he go?!

EXT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Dale and Kurt get out of the truck and look around.

DALE

He's gone.

(calling)

Jeffy?!

KURT

You think he's going to come back  
if you call him?

NICK (O.S.)

Forget about him. The sun is  
coming up. Let's get this damn  
truck back.

DALE

How did he open the door with his  
hands tied? He's like a Dominican  
ninja. A Dominja.We hear horrible GRINDING SOUNDS from the transmission and  
Kurt and Dale climb in as the truck jerks forward.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAWN

The sun is just rising as the 18-wheeler pulls up to  
Nagopian's office trailer. Nagopian and Ghoukas exit the  
trailer as Nick, Kurt and Dale step down from the truck.

MR. NAGOPIAN

You actually made it? No fucking  
way.

NICK

Yes, fucking way. Here's your truck. Are we done now?

MR. NAGOPIAN

One moment. Ghoukas.

Ghoukas crosses to the back of the truck.

MR. NAGOPIAN (CONT'D)

How did you get past the Dominicans?

KURT

You ever see "Oceans 11"?

MR. NAGOPIAN

With Catherine Zeta-Jones?

DALE

(frustrated)

No.

Ghoukas returns with a Dora the Explorer doll and hands it to Nagopian.

DALE (CONT'D)

What is that?

NICK

That's what was in the truck.

KURT

(to Nagopian)

Why did you need a bunch of dolls so badly?

Nagopian yanks the head off the doll and pulls out a baggie filled with powder.

KURT (CONT'D)

Ah. Right. Drugs of some sort.

That makes more sense.

NICK

(leaning in)

We gave them to that cop's daughter.

KURT

(sotto)

Ooh. Probably shouldn't have, huh?

MR. NAGOPIAN

I have to admit, I'm impressed. I didn't think you mongoloids would pull it off.

DALE

Thank you.

NICK

So, are we... good?

MR. NAGOPIAN

Well, since you did bring me a truck worth 20 million dollars, I'm going to forgive your debt.

DALE

Oh, thank god.

KURT

20 million?

(whistles)

If anything, you should pay us more.

NICK

(quickly)

He's kidding. Thank you, Mr. Nagopian. We're really glad we could work this all out without any of us... being killed.

MR. NAGOPIAN

Ghoukas, call our friends a cab.

They shake hands with Nagopian just as a car pulls up, driven by a WOMAN. Nagopian hands the Dora doll to Ghoukas who takes it away.

The woman steps out of the car. Dale looks at her. Why does she look familiar?

MR. NAGOPIAN (CONT'D)

Hello, dear.

WOMAN

Hi, hon. Gabe and I wanted to say goodbye before we head for the airport.

Dale looks even more uneasy.

The woman opens the rear passenger door and out steps Gabe, THE BOY WHO DALE HELPED GO TO THE BATHROOM. Dale's jaw drops.

DALE

(to himself)

No fucking way.

Nagopian gives his wife a kiss and lifts up his son for a hug.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
How's my little monster?

GABE  
Good.

DALE  
(nervously)  
Well, we should get out of your  
hair.

KURT  
We're waiting for a cab, Dale.

DALE  
(getting panicky)  
That's okay. We don't need a cab.

GABE'S MOTHER  
(noticing Dale)  
Hey, don't you work for Gabe's  
dentist?

DALE  
Hm? No. What? I don't think so.  
(to Nick and Kurt)  
Time to go, guys. Come on.

GABE'S MOTHER  
Yeah, you work with Dr. Slocum.

DALE  
Don't know who that is.

KURT  
What is your problem? You did work  
for Dr. Slocum.

DALE  
Nope! Different person. Let's go.

GABE  
I know you.

DALE  
No, you don't.

GABE  
Yeah, you're the man who took out  
my penis.

There's a stunned silence. Nick and Kurt exchange a look of disbelief. Dale forces a laugh.

DALE  
What?! Where did that come from?

MR. NAGOPIAN

What are you saying, Gabe? This man? He touched you?

GABE

Just my penis.

DALE

Okay, hang on! Gabe asked me to do it! He was practically begging me--

Mrs. Nagopian gasps. Nagopian's expression turns stone cold as he glares at Dale.

DALE (CONT'D)

Let me back up. I took him to the bathroom. Come on, Gabe. Tell them why I did it.

GABE

I can't.

DALE

Why not?!

GABE

You said we had to keep it secret.

NICK

Oh damn.

(to Kurt)

Should we--?

KURT

Run? Yeah.

They grab Dale's arm and take off RUNNING toward the exit of the construction site.

MR. NAGOPIAN

Ghoukas!

KURT

(breathing hard)

God damn it, Dale. We were off the hook!

NICK

Of all the kids you could've molested...

DALE

I didn't molest anyone!

As they approach the exit, two cars speed onto the construction site.

Oscar hangs out the passenger window of one car, holding a gun. He rides with a half dozen of his tattooed GANG MEMBERS.

KURT  
Is that--?

DALE  
It's Jeffy!

Oscar aims and FIRES his gun, narrowly missing them. Gravel flies up beside them.

NICK  
This way!

Nick, Kurt and Dale retreat back the way they came. But before they get far, they see Nagopian, Ghoukas and another THUG leave the office trailer carrying weapons.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Not this way!

Nagopian's thug aims his Uzi at the guys, but before he can fire, he is SHOT IN THE ARM by one of the Dominicans.

Caught in the crossfire, our guys duck and scramble for cover. Kurt spots the main entrance to the unfinished 10-story office building.

KURT  
Over here!

As the two gangs take pot shots at each other, Nick, Kurt and Dale scurry into the building.

ANGLE ON Nagopian and Ghoukas, who see them go in and hurry after them.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Nick, Kurt and Dale race up the emergency stairs. The higher they go, the more unfinished the building is. They stop on the third floor to catch their breath. They can hear gunfire from outside. Nick pulls out his cell phone and dials.

KURT  
Who are you calling?

NICK  
My mom.  
(then)  
911!

Dale peers down the open area of the staircase.

DALE  
I don't see anyone--

P-TING! A bullet RICOCHETS off the railing beside Dale.

REVEAL Nagopian and Ghoukas at the bottom of the stairs aiming up at them.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
I'm going to put a bullet in your balls!

DALE  
(calling down)  
He was gonna pee in his pants! I helped him--

P-TING! Another bullet flies past.

DALE (CONT'D)  
(to Kurt)  
He doesn't want to listen.

The guys continue up the stairs.

NICK  
(into phone)  
Yes, hello. There are Dominicans and Armenians shooting at us!  
(beat)  
Well, it's a long story. The main thing to focus on is that they're shooting at us.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

An SUV pulls up and unloads four ARMENIAN MOBSTERS, all carrying automatic weapons. They take cover as the Araña Pandilla turn their fire on them.

Oscar slips into the unfinished building and heads for the stairs.

INT. UNFINISHED BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Nick, Kurt and Dale are now at the top floor. Nick's still on the phone. They leave the stairwell and take cover behind a stack of drywall. There are no outside walls or windows, only plastic sheets which flutter in the wind.

SFX: BEEP

Nick looks at his phone to see an incoming call. The caller ID reads: "SKYMAIL INC."

NICK  
(showing Kurt and Dale)  
Guys, look.

DALE  
SkyMall? What could they want?

KURT  
Maybe they had second thoughts  
about the Shower Buddy. Take it.

NICK  
Not the best time for a business  
call, Kurt. We're about to be shot  
to death.

KURT  
Exactly. Wouldn't you rather die  
knowing that we're not just three  
idiots who quit their jobs for no  
reason?

Nick hesitates. Kurt grabs the phone from him and answers  
the call, putting 911 on hold.

KURT (CONT'D)  
("casually" into phone)  
Nickurdale Industries, this is  
Kurt.

CLAIRe (O.S.)  
(on phone)  
Kurt, hi, it's Claire Robbins from  
SkyMall. Hope we're not catching  
you too early.

KURT  
No, no, this is a great time.

BANG! A shot overhead showers the guys with drywall pieces.  
Kurt peeks out from his cover to find Nagopian and Ghoukas  
scanning the room for them. A piece of plastic blows in from  
the wind. Ghoukas FIRES at it.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
We're going to find you fuckers!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SKY MALL OFFICES - SAME TIME

Claire is on the phone at her desk.

CLAIRe  
What is that noise?

KURT  
 (quietly)  
 I'm just down on the factory floor.  
 How can I help you, Claire?

As Claire speaks, the three crawl behind various piles of construction equipment to avoid being found by the Armenians.

CLAIRe  
 Well, despite our misgivings about you and your colleagues on a personal level, we showed your Shower Buddy to our boss and she flipped for it.

KURT  
 (full voice)  
 Seriously?  
 (to Nick and Dale)  
 They like the Buddy!

BANG! Hearing Kurt's voice, Nagopian fires in his direction. Nick, Kurt and Dale hustle for a new hiding spot.

NICK  
 (to Kurt)  
 Shhh!

CLAIRe  
 We do have a couple of questions, though, before we can make an order.

KURT  
 Sure, sure. That's great. Do you think we could call you back a little later in the day?

CLAIRe  
 Unfortunately, we go to press on our fall catalogue today, so it's kind of a now-or-never situation. That's why we're calling so early.

KURT  
 I see. Okay, well, we'll be happy to answer your questions--

He peeks out from his hiding spot and sees Oscar and four of his thugs run in with weapons drawn.

KURT (CONT'D)  
 (to himself)  
 Holy shit.

Nagopian and Ghoukas take cover as Oscar and his men turn their attention to them.

OSCAR  
You think you can steal from me,  
*pendejo*!?

MR. NAGOPIAN  
*Jaj tam vret!*

They open fire on each other. BANG, BANG, BANG! Kurt, Nick and Dale cower.

CLAIRE  
Was that gunfire?

KURT  
Nope. Those are... bolt guns.  
They're shooting bolts into the  
thing.

CLAIRE  
All right, well, first of all, we  
need to know if the estimates you  
gave us on your maximum output  
capacity were theoretical or rated?

One of the Araña Pandilla members is SHOT multiple times. He collapses directly over where Kurt is hiding, dropping his gun and BLEEDING DOWN ONTO KURT'S HEAD.

KURT  
(reacting)  
Ugghhh.  
(then, keeping it  
together)  
Those estimates were rated, based  
on actual productivity figures over  
a two week period-- Pfft!

Kurt spits blood out of his mouth that has dripped down from the fallen gang member above him.

CLAIRE)  
Okay, good. And tell me about your  
replenishment lead time.

More of Nagopian's men have joined the battle on the top floor. It's an all-out gang war.

Struggling to see despite the blood that has dripped into his eyes, Kurt spots an Armenian THUG heading in his direction.

KURT  
(spits more blood)  
Pfft! I'm gonna hand you over to  
my co-CEO, Nick. He can tell you  
all about our  
(loudly for Nick's sake)  
replenishment lead time.

Kurt tosses the phone to Nick and scrambles for cover on his hands and knees. As Nick speaks, he "army crawls" under a tarp.

NICK

Hi, Claire. As far as our RLT goes, our assembly line can produce 75 completed units per hour, so we can meet any orders with a minimum of lead time--

BANG! A bullet rips through the tarp just over Nick. He flinches.

CLAIRE

Is everything okay there?

NICK

Everything's just f--UCK!

Nick holds up his left hand which we see has a BULLET HOLE IN IT.

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

Freaking out, Nick spots Dale hiding nearby.

NICK

(pained)

I'm gonna transfer you to my colleague, Dale. DALE!

Nick throws the phone at Dale and grabs his hand in agony.

DALE

(into phone)

Dale here.

CLAIRE

Um, hello. I was just going to ask if your manufacturing cycle efficiency matches the throughput estimates from your production spec sheet.

Dale hasn't the slightest idea what Claire's talking about.

DALE

(after a beat)

Yes.

CLAIRE

That's all we needed to know. Welcome to the SkyMall family.

DALE  
Thanks, lady!

Claire shrugs and hangs up. Dale pumps his fist victoriously.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Guys, we did it!

He looks over at Kurt who is disgustedly wiping blood from his face, then at Nick who is frantically wrapping his bloody hand.

DALE (CONT'D)  
Whoa. Are you okay?

NICK  
No, I'm not okay! I got shot in the fucking hand!

KURT  
I swallowed gangster blood!  
(noticing)  
Oh shit.

They turn to see Oscar stalking straight toward them, his gun drawn.

OSCAR  
And now you learn what happens when you kidnap the head of the Araña P--

BLAM! A bullet blasts right through Oscar's head, SPLATTERING ONLY KURT'S FACE WITH BLOOD.

KURT  
Ugghh! With the blood. Pfft!

Oscar falls, revealing Nagopian standing behind him, his own gun drawn.

DALE  
You saved our lives.

MR. NAGOPIAN  
I was aiming at you. He got in the way.

DALE  
(disappointed)  
Oh.

Nagopian takes aim directly at Dale. Dale cringes. Nick spots a wheelbarrow filled with POWDERED CONCRETE. He grabs a handful and TOSSES it into Nagopian's face, momentarily blinding him.

NICK  
(clutching his wounded and  
now concrete caked hand)  
Ow!

KURT  
Come on!

They take off running in the direction of the stairs but stop when they see Ghoukas blocking their path.

NICK  
Ghoukas.

They head off in another direction. By now, Nagopian has recovered and is hunting them down.

Our guys find themselves at the edge of the building with a HUNDRED FOOT DROP IN FRONT OF THEM.

DALE  
It's a dead end.

NICK  
There's no way down.

KURT  
Wait, look.

Kurt points to a construction debris chute (like a waterslide) that leads to a dumpster below.

NICK  
Are you kidding? We wouldn't survive that.

KURT  
Sure we will. It's just like the slides at Raging Waters.

NICK  
Yeah, if those slides ended in a dumpster full of sharp metal!

Nagopian and Ghoukas are closing in.

KURT  
Well, I'm going.

Kurt jumps feet first into the slide and disappears. Nick and Dale look at each other for a beat. Dale shrugs and jumps into the slide.

Nick sighs.

NICK  
God damn it.

He follows his friends down the chute.

INT. DEBRIS CHUTE - CONTINUOUS

Kurt BARRELS down the dusty slide.

KURT  
WHOAAAAHHHHH !

Right behind him, Dale speeds along.

DALE  
AHHHHHHHHHHH !

Bringing up the rear is Nick.

NICK  
SHHHIIIIIIIT!

From Kurt's POV, we see the bottom of the chute rapidly approaching. A LONG, SHARP piece of REBAR juts into the slide, pointing directly up toward Kurt's oncoming testicles.

KURT  
Oh fuck.

He desperately splays out his legs and hands, slowing himself down on the walls of the chute. He manages to stop his descent a MERE FOOT from the pointy end of the steel bar...

UNTIL DALE SLAMS INTO HIM from behind, shoving him six inches closer to the bar.

KURT (CONT'D) DALE  
Ahh! Oof!

Just then, Nick SLIDES INTO THE TWO OF THEM, shoving Kurt's crotch down to within AN INCH of being impaled.

Kurt takes a deep breath, then kicks the rebar to the side.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MOMENTS LATER

Filthy, bloody and exhausted, the three guys climb out of the dumpster only to find a half dozen GUNS pointed at them.

MAN (O.S.)  
Freeze!

The guys realize they are surrounded by COPS, including Hagan. A couple SWAT team vans unload and take up positions around the building.

HAGAN  
So you dildos weren't bullshitting  
me after all.

He gestures for the cops to lower their guns. An OFFICER steps up to Hagan.

OFFICER  
Sir, we've apprehended Nagopian.

NICK  
Think you have enough evidence on  
him now, Detective?

Hagan gives him a look.

HAGAN  
You guys okay?

KURT  
Yeah.  
(re: the blood crusted on  
his face)  
Think I could get an AIDS test?

Nick's cell phone rings. It's SkyMall again.

NICK  
Hello?

CLAIRE (O.S.)  
It's Claire Robbins again. I'm  
sorry, I forgot one last thing.

NICK  
What's that?  
CLAIRE (O.S.)  
Your company name. Nickurdale? It  
kinda sounds like...  
(whispers)  
"N-word Dale." Any way you could  
change it?

NICK  
Hmm, never occurred to us. But  
sure, we can change it.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - TWO WEEKS LATER

A RECEPTIONIST picks up the phone.

RECEPTIONIST  
(into phone)  
Thank you for calling Danickur.  
(pronounced "da nigger")  
How may I direct your call?

PULL BACK to reveal the NEW COMPANY NAME on the wall behind her: "DANICKUR INDUSTRIES"

TRACK THROUGH the now bustling office, filled with activity. We pass a stack of SkyMall catalogues on a coffee table, the Shower Buddy is on the cover.

We continue down to the factory floor where WORKERS are producing and packaging hundreds of Shower Buddy's.

We FOLLOW one unit as it moves down the production line. A worker picks it up and we

MATCH CUT TO:

OVER CREDITS:

INT. NICK'S SHOWER - DAY

CLOSE ON a Shower Buddy in use. REVEAL Nick taking a shower. He turns the dial from "shampoo" to "conditioner" and smiles as the showerhead performs perfectly.

INT. KURT'S SHOWER - DAY

Kurt lathers up happily under his own Shower Buddy.

INT. DALE'S SHOWER - DAY

Dale is loving life as he showers with his three BABIES in his arms. One of them looks a little wonkier than the other two.

INT. MOTHERFUCKER'S SHOWER - DAY

Motherfucker dials his Shower Buddy to "soap." Two hands reach into frame and soap his back. It's his ASIAN WIFE. They start to make out under the water. Soap gets in their mouths and they spit it out.

INT. SHOWER - DAY

Nagopian looks unhappy as he adjusts his Shower Buddy. PULL BACK to see he is showering with a DOZEN OTHER NAKED MEN in the PRISON SHOWER BLOCK.

## INT. NICK'S SHOWER - DAY

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR of the shower where the Shower Buddy has left a thick and DANGEROUSLY SLIPPERY accumulation of soap, shampoo and conditioner. Nick shifts his weight and his feet SLIP out from under him. He goes down hard.

## INT. KURT'S SHOWER - DAY

Kurt turns and also falls on his ass, pulling the shower curtain down with him.

## INT. DALE'S SHOWER - DAY

Dale, still holding his three babies, slips. From outside the shower, we hear him hit the floor, followed by the sound of THREE BABIES CRYING.

## INT. MOTHERFUCKER'S SHOWER - DAY

Motherfucker and his wife are already on the floor, struggling to stand but having no luck in the slippery mess.

## INT. PRISON SHOWER - DAY

It's total chaos as naked INMATES slip and slide on the cement floor, trying desperately to get their footing. A couple GUARDS try to help, but wind up falling into the writhing mass of nude criminals.

FADE OUT.

THE END