

ROAD TO NARDO

Written by

Mike Gagerman & Andrew Waller

INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH rests on the night stand: It's THREE GUYS, in GRADUATION ROBES, arms wrapped around each other, as champagne pours down over their heads.

An ALARM GOES OFF. The photograph is knocked off the table by a hand, reaching out to shut off the alarm.

EVAN REYNOLDS (23), looks out from under the covers at the broken glass from the picture frame.

EVAN

Shit.

As Evan gets up, we see a MORE CLEAN CUT version of the guy from the photo; this is the kind of guy you would trust to date your sister.

Evan stands in front of his closet; TWO SUITS hang inside. He decides on the blue one. Or maybe they're both blue.

Evan finishes making his bed, grabs his leather workbag, leaves the immaculate room and steps into...

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A DISASTER AREA. Where the carpet isn't covered with fast food wrappers, it's stained with bong water. Evan steps through the obstacle course of trash, and looks at the couch:

JASON (23), in a bathrobe, stares bleary-eyed at a laptop. This is the second GUY from the photo. He's the guy you go to the store with for a pack of smokes, and end up in an illegal poker game in Koreatown, going all in with a pair of fives.

EVAN

Are you watching porn on my work computer, again?

A girl's voice MOANS from the computer screen.

JASON

Maybe. Don't worry, I bookmarked the Asian stuff for you.

EVAN

My company monitors that shit. Why don't you use your own computer?

JASON

It crashed.

EVAN

I know, like a month ago.

JASON
If you knew, why are you rubbing it
in? It's kind of a dick move, Ev.

Evan looks around for his coffee mug in the FILTHY KITCHEN.

EVAN
Can you clean up a little today?

JASON
It's Nardo's turn to clean.

EVAN
Nardo's still in Mexico, and it's
getting pretty disgusting in here.

JASON
I know. Just imagine what it's
gonna look like by the time he gets
back.

Evan snatches the computer from Jason and leaves.

EXT. UGLY APARTMENT BUILDING - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Evan emerges from the garage of the hideous pink stucco
apartment building in his brand new VOLKSWAGON GOLF, Car &
Driver's "Most Sensible Auto" for 2010.

EXT. EVAN'S OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Evan gets out of his car, and falls in line with his co-
workers entering the office of MACDONALDSON AND ASSOCIATES.

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Evan is in his cube, working on some bullshit. The PHONE
RINGS. He answers it.

EVAN
This is Evan.

INT. APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Jason PLAYS A VIDEO GAME as he talks.

JASON
Dude.

INTERCUT EVAN'S OFFICE / APARTMENT

EVAN

Why are you calling me at work? We talked about this.

JASON

I'm replaying GTA San Andreas and I forgot how to bone that super acrobatic stripper.

EVAN

You're replaying that game? You almost flunked Sophomore year because of it.

JASON

That's not fair. I almost flunked because I smoked too much of that weed YOU brought back from Canada. Come on, Carl's been pulling jobs all morning, he needs to get some.

EVAN

(sighs)

Go to Le Sex Shoppe and put on the gimp suit, then grab the purple dildo off the shelf.

A SECRETARY (50s) passes by Evan as he says this. She looks at him, aghast. Before he can explain, she quickly walks off.

JASON

The Dildo! Right, thank you.

EVAN

Please, stop calling me.

They hang up. Evan goes back to working on bullshit.

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Evan is at his desk, looking over a folder with a co-worker, METZNER (20s), a guy who lives for the bi-annual sale at Restoration Hardware and loves "hilarious" email forwards.

EVAN

We'll present these numbers to MacDonaldson in the meeting this afternoon. Nice job, Metzner.

METZNER

Thanks Bro-seph.

Evan's PHONE RINGS. He picks it up.

EVAN

This is Evan.

INT. DONUT TIME - SAME TIME

Jason is in a small, scummy, donut shop, perusing the donut window in his bathrobe and slippers.

JASON

Dude.

INTERCUT EVAN'S OFFICE / DONUT TIME

JASON

You're still at work?

EVAN

It's two-thirty.

JASON

I know. It's time to kick off the weekend, right?

EVAN

No, Jason. I have a job that requires me to work longer than five hours a day.

JASON

Five hours seems like a lot.
(to Donut Guy)
The Crullers. Are they fresh?

The Donut Guy SHAKES HIS HEAD NO. Jason continues perusing.

JASON

What to do, what to do...

EVAN

I'm hanging up now. Stop calling.

Evan HANGS UP.

ON JASON, back to eyeing the Crullers.

JASON

How long for a fresh batch?

DONUT GUY

'Bout forty-five minutes.

Jason takes a seat on a stool.

JASON

I'll wait.

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Evan stands in front of a PROJECTED POWERPOINT SCREEN, giving a presentation to a group of EXECUTIVES, headed by MACDONALDSON (50s), the company's chief partner. Sitting behind Evan is a group of YOUNG ASSOCIATES.

EVAN

...We were eventually able to negotiate a deal at a fraction of their current stock price.

Evan clicks a button advancing the slide to a graph, demonstrating whatever he was just saying.

MACDONALDSON

Good work, Reynolds. Maybe I was wrong about you.

EVAN

(confused)
Thank you?

A SECRETARY KNOCKS, poking her head in the conference room.

SECRETARY

Excuse me...Evan, a Mr. John McClane is here to see you. He said it's about the Nakatomi deal?

Evan cringes, embarrassed. MacDonaldson looks concerned.

MACDONALDSON

What's going on Reynolds?

EVAN

(lying)
Um... it's...a piece of new business.

(to Secretary)
Can you tell him to wait?

SECRETARY

I tried, but he insisted. He said it was urgent.

EVAN

Sorry sir. I'll just be a minute.

Evan rushes out. Macdonaldson turns to a colleague.

MACDONALDSON

Nakatomi deal? Do any of you know about this?

INT. EVAN'S OFFICE - CUBE - MOMENTS LATER

Evan approaches Jason, who is holding a PAPER BAG.

EVAN
(angry whisper)
What are you doing here?!

JASON
I came to pick you up. That was pretty sweet how I got you out of that meeting, right?

EVAN
No, it wasn't. I need to be in that meeting.

JASON
Are you sure? 'Cus I got your message to come get you.

EVAN
I didn't leave you any message.

JASON
You sent it...

Jason puts his FINGER TO HIS TEMPLE.

JASON
...telepathically.

EVAN
Not this again. You are not telepathic.

JASON
Then how did I know to come get you out of that boring meeting?

EVAN
I'm sending you a message now, and it's to go home.

JASON
(finger back on his head)
Nope...I'm not getting that.

EVAN
Just go.

JASON
All right, but let me at least borrow your car. I don't want to take the bus again.

EVAN

No way. It's a new car, and you're a terrible driver.

JASON

You let me drive it last week.

EVAN

Only because I was there to supervise. Forget it.

Dejected, Jason hands Evan the Paper Bag and leaves.

EVAN

What's this?

JASON

Cruller. It's fresh. That's what friends do, Evan. They buy each other Crullers.

Evan watches him leave. He looks in the bag and pulls out a HALF-EATEN CRULLER and looks at it.

Metzner strolls up to Evan, chomping on an apple. They both watch Jason get on the elevator.

EVAN

Is the meeting over?

METZNER

Yup.

EVAN

Damn it, Jason.

METZNER

Yeah, your roommate kind of screwed you. Did you think about my offer?

Evan nods his head.

METZNER

So, you gonna sign that lease with me or what?

Metzner hands Evan a BROCHURE for the CHATEAU GARDENS:

There's a fountain in front of a two-tower complex and an insert photo of a cheesy veranda where an attractive couple toasts over glasses of iced tea.

EVAN

(torn)

It is nice. But I don't know, man. I've been living with those guys a long time.

METZNER

Sure. I get it. You're hanging on to the past...

Metzner points to a page in the Brochure.

METZNER

...But if you're thinking of moving on, it might as well be in a corner unit, with a double view of the park, and a built-in Cappuccino machine. Think about it.

Metzner leaves. Evan stands there, holding the brochure in one hand, the half-eaten Cruller in the other.

Macdonaldson walks by Evan's cube.

MACDONALDSON

Missed you at the end of that meeting, Reynolds.

EVAN

Sir, I wanted to explain...

MACDONALDSON

No need. You're out there, hustling. I like that.

Evan sighs, relieved. Macdonaldson turns back around.

MACDONALDSON

In fact, meet me at my club tomorrow morning. We tee off at eight-thirty. I want to know everything there is to know about this Nakatomi Deal.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Evan walks into the apartment, slamming the door behind him. Jason is at the kitchen sink, wearing RUBBER GLOVES.

JASON

Ev, you're home. Check this out--

EVAN

You're unbelievable.

JASON

Thanks, man.

EVAN

It's not a compliment! I have to go golfing with my boss tomorrow so he can hear all about the "Nakatomi Deal", thanks to you.

JASON

You're pissed about that? All you talk about is trying to get your boss to hear your ideas. I just got you like five hours of face time?

EVAN

To talk about a deal that doesn't exist. What the hell am I supposed to say?

JASON

Simple. A group of German terrorists seized the Nakatomi building, holding everybody hostage, and tried to steal six hundred million dollars in unmarked German Barabonds. But a rogue cop foiled their plans and killed them all. Now Nakatomi wants to unload the Plaza for a price.

EVAN

Nevermind. I'll figure something out.

JASON

We can fire up the Tiger Woods '09 if you need to work on your stroke.

Evan ignores him. He drops his bag and goes to grab a beer from the fridge. That's when he notices:

The kitchen is filthy. SACKS OF SOIL spill dirt out on the floor, and the counter is lined with POTS, FLUORESCENT LIGHTS and PLANTING TROWELS.

EVAN

What is all this?

JASON

(proud)

It's my new business.

EVAN

You're selling dirt?

JASON

I'm growing Salvia Divinorum.

EVAN

Salvia. You're growing drugs in our apartment?

JASON

It's not a drug. It's a natural herb. It's therapeutic.

Evan looks at him, skeptical.

JASON

All right. So it's a natural herb that when you chew it, happens to be a pretty gnarly hallucinogen.

Evan picks up a bag of seeds and checks it out as Jason enthusiastically fills a pot with soil.

EVAN

This is crazy. What are you doing?

JASON

I think they call it "mulching".

EVAN

No, I mean with your life. When are you going to get a job?

Jason gestures to all the shit in the apartment.

JASON

What do you think this is?

EVAN

This isn't a job. It's a hobby. An ILLEGAL hobby. In our kitchen.

JASON

Technically, it's not just in our kitchen.

Evan looks around: The living room is filled with POTS. He walks into the bathroom: the bathtub is filled with soil.

Evan SIGHS and walks slowly back into the living room, where Jason is now watering his plants.

EVAN

I'm moving out.

JASON

Yeah, right. Can you toss me that dirt scooper thing?

EVAN

I mean it this time. I'm leaving at the end of the month.

JASON

You're serious?

Evan hands Jason the BROCHURE for the CHATEAU GARDENS.

EVAN

I won't leave you guys hanging or anything. I'll pay my share until you find a new roommate.

JASON

When were you going to tell us?

EVAN

I wasn't really sure about it...
(trails off)
...I'm telling you now.

JASON

You're really going to live alone?

EVAN

I'm moving in with Metzner, from work.

JASON

The "Bro-seph" guy? Seriously?

EVAN

Metzner's all right.

Jason slumps on the couch. He picks up one of the bags of the Salvia Seeds and starts pulling off the sticker.

JASON

This is bullshit.

EVAN

Don't be like that. We'll still see each other all the time. You guys can come hang out whenever you want.

JASON

No. THIS is bullshit.
(holding up Salvia bag)
I got ripped off. They're just Coriander seeds with a Salvia Sticker over them.

Jason digs into an ashtray and pulls out a roach.

EVAN

Are we gonna talk about this?

JASON

What's there to talk about? The Chateau looks delightful. I'm happy for you.

EVAN

We've been roommates for five years. You don't have anything to say?

JASON

Yeah. We're keeping your Roomba. It's the closest thing Nardo's ever had to a pet. I'm not putting him through that kind of loss.

EVAN

(exasperated)

Fine. I'm going to sleep. Have you seen my bottle of Ambien?

Jason searches the mess on the coffee table. He finds the BOTTLE OF PILLS and tosses it to Evan.

JASON

Drugs are never the answer, dude.

Evan heads for his room. Jason watches him leave, lighting up the roach.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Jason is still on the couch. From the computer we hear the intermittent BEEPS and SWISHES of ONLINE POKER.

Jason's CELL PHONE RINGS: "UNKNOWN NUMBER". He answers.

JASON

Hello.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Collect call from Daniel Narducci, will you accept the charges?

JASON

(chuckling)

Fuck, no.

Jason hangs up, continuing to check/raise/fold, not having missed a beat. The PHONE RINGS again. He answers.

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Collect call from Daniel "this is an emergency dude" Narducci, will you accept the charges?

JASON

Can you ask him if it's really an emergency, emergency?

OPERATOR (O.S.)

Hang on, sir.

Jason waits.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
He said it's a Defcon 1, Code Red,
dead hooker in the bathroom-type
emergency.

JASON
I'll accept the charges.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Go ahead.

JASON
Nardo?

EXT. ABANDONED MEXICAN GAS STATION - SAME TIME

We see DANIEL "NARDO" NARDUCCI (24) on a PAY PHONE in front
of a ABANDONED GAS STATION on an empty highway. There is an
unlit sign overhead, reading "FLACO'S".

Nardo is the third GUY from the PHOTO. It's very dark but we
can see that Nardo is COMPLETELY NUDE.

NARDO
(panicked)
Jason, I need your help.

INTERCUT APARTMENT / ABANDONED MEXICAN GAS STATION

JASON
You lost your phone again, didn't
you? You dumbass.

NARDO
Listen Jay. I'm in Mexico--

JASON
I know. You gonna check out that
donkey show we talked about?

NARDO
Just shut up a minute!

JASON
(taken aback)
Okay, what's up?

NARDO
I'm stranded, I'm lost, and I'm
completely naked. You've got to
come get me.

Jason stops playing poker; Nardo's gotten his attention.

JASON

Did you just say you're naked? Are you sure?

ON NARDO, and he's definitely naked.

NARDO

Of course I'm sure! Stop fucking around.

JASON

Where's Tracy?

NARDO

I don't know. She ditched me. It's over.

JASON

Again? Fucking Tracy.

A SERIES OF WHAT SOUNDS LIKE GUNSHOTS are heard in the distance. A COYOTE HOWLS. Nardo looks around, nervously.

NARDO

I'm totally screwed. It's lawless here, Jay. There are no laws.

JASON

Calm down. Why don't you flag down a car? Have someone give you a ride to Tijuana.

NARDO

I'm naked on a highway in Mexico. They could be kidnapers, who want to sell me into white slavery or something.

JASON

That's not what would happen.
(thinks about it)
But they might kill you to hide drugs in your corpse.

NARDO

What?!

JASON

Then they send your body to your Mom and someone shows up and kills your Mom and takes the drugs. That happens a lot.

NARDO

(panicked)
I am so fucked!

JASON
You're not fucked. I'll figure something out. Where are you?

NARDO
Just off Highway One. There's a sign that says Via De Los Muertos.

JASON
That doesn't sound good.

NARDO
Just come get me! I'm at an abandoned gas station called Flaco's.

JASON
All right. Hang in there, Nardo. You're going to be fine. Nobody is going to turn you into a zombie drug mule. I promise.

Nardo HANGS UP the phone.

ON JASON, in the living room, looking seriously concerned.

JASON
He's fucked.

He looks toward the door, a SET OF CAR KEYS HANGS FROM A HOOK. He looks back and forth between the keys and Evan's Bedroom. What to do...

EXT. FREEWAY - LATE NIGHT

Evan's Volkswagen Golf cruises down a fairly empty freeway.

INT. VOLKSWAGON GOLF - CONTINUOUS

Jason drives, taking occasional sips from a soda.

OFF SCREEN, someone starts YAWNING.

Jason looks over at Evan, getting up from the fetal position as he awakes in the passenger seat. He looks around, not fully aware of where he is.

JASON
Hey man.

EVAN
Hey.

Suddenly it hits him. Evan starts to get his bearings.

EVAN
What the hell is going on?

JASON
We're going to Mexico.
(off Evan's look)
Seriously.

EVAN
How did I get here?

JASON
(proud)
I carried you.

EVAN
Why?!

JASON
I tried to wake you. You really
should be careful with that Ambien.

EVAN
No, why are you taking me to
Mexico?!

JASON
Oh, Nardo's in trouble. He's
stranded and naked on a Mexican
highway.

EVAN
Then you should have just taken the
car and left me at home.

JASON
(defensive)
Oh, no. You've been very clear that
I am not allowed to drive your car
without you here to supervise.
(beat)
It's your rule, dude.

EVAN
You always pull this kind of crap.
You KNEW I had to meet my boss
tomorrow.

JASON
We'll totally make it. A couple
hours to get down there. Find
Nardo, do a few Tequila shots, make
out with the hot shot girl. A few
hours back. Even with a detour to
the strip club, we'll have you on
the links in plenty of time.

EVAN
See? This is why I'm moving out.

JASON
(annoyed)
Thanks for the reminder.

EVAN
Wait, is that what this is?

JASON
No...What?

EVAN
You're using Nardo as an excuse to get me on a roadie. Remind me what I'll be missing.

JASON
So, if that's what this is about then you're okay with it?

EVAN
Generally speaking, no. But you're upset. You feel rejected. It's actually kind of sweet.

JASON
(playing along)
Yeah. I'm just really broken up about it.

EVAN
I guess I understand.

Evan looks at himself. He's in BOXERS and a T-SHIRT.

EVAN
You could have at least brought me some clothes.

Jason reaches into the back seat, pulling out a HANGAR with a bag over it. Evan looks inside. It's a TUXEDO.

EVAN
Jason, isn't this the tuxedo I rented? That YOU promised to return for me?

JASON
Okay, I forgot. But you do look great in it. So you might as well get your money's worth.

Evan starts getting dressed.

EVAN
So Nardo was really naked?

JASON

Yeah. He sounded really freaked out.

EVAN

I bet...All right, we're just going straight there and back, right? No extra stops.

JASON

No extra stops...except this one.

Jason exits the freeway.

EVAN

Come on!

EXT. NICE HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

They park in front of a nice, suburban Orange County home. They get out and approach the GARAGE.

EVAN

What are we doing here?

JASON

Remember when I lost my wallet?

EVAN

I remember when those kids stole it after you took your pants off to jump into the fountain at the Grove.

JASON

They dared me. What was I supposed to do?

EVAN

Keep your pants on and not jump into a fountain.

JASON

But I totally won that dare! You're never proud of me.

EVAN

I still don't understand what we're doing here.

JASON

I don't have a license, and I can't leave the country without some kind of ID. This guy's making me one.

(off Evan's look)

Relax. Look at this place. He's a legitimate businessman.

EVAN
You mean a legitimate, CRIMINAL
businessman.

JASON
(shrugging)
Yeah.

Jason opens the door to the Garage, and they enter.

INT. NICE HOUSE - GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

An impressive printing operation with several SCANNERS,
PRINTERS and LAMINATORS arranged around the room.

JASON
Hello?

Waking up from a couch is an ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOY, dressed in
PAJAMAS. He rubs his eyes.

JASON
Oh...Sorry, little man. I was
looking for your--

ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOY
Are you Freakzilla_3700?

JASON
(confused)
Um...yeah.

ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOY
It's me, Tappin_Ass_98.

JASON
You're Tappin_Ass_98?

ELEVEN YEAR OLD BOY
Call me Kenny.

EVAN
(to Jason)
How did you find this kid?

JASON
We were playing Poker online, and
he told me about his side business.

KENNY
Right before I took him for eight
hundred clams.

JASON
You got lucky with that back-door
flush, you little shit.

EVAN

Did he also mention that he was
TEN?

KENNY

I'm eleven, assface.
(Re: Evan's Tux)
What's with the penguin?

JASON

Don't worry. He's cool.

KENNY

I'm gonna need to check him out.

Kenny whips out a handheld METAL DETECTING WAND and starts passing it up and down Evan's body.

Evan looks at Jason, confused. Jason shrugs.

BEEP BEEP. Kenny passes the wand over Evan's watch. He does it again to make sure. BEEP. Kenny pulls out a little plastic bin (like at an airport), and gestures for Evan to put the watch inside.

EVAN

It's just a watch.

Kenny holds out the bin, expectantly.

EVAN

It was a graduation gift from my
dad.

KENNY

My house, my rules. You'll get it
back when you leave.

Evan, irritated, places his watch in the bin.

KENNY

Now let's see the cash.

Jason shows him a WAD OF BILLS.

KENNY

That's what I'm talking about. Now,
you two ladies want to keep jerking
each other off or can we conduct
some business?

INT. NICE HOUSE - GARAGE - A LITTLE LATER

Jason sits on a stool in front of a blue background as Kenny adjusts a LIGHT in his mini photo studio.

Evan paces the room, anxious. He starts playing with a PAPER CUTTER, lifting it up and down.

KENNY
 (to Jason)
 Can you tell your Butler not to touch my equipment? This stuff's expensive.

Evan leaves the Paper Cutter and continues pacing.

EVAN
 I'm pretty sure using false identification to enter a different country is a felony.

KENNY
 You know what else is a felony? Being a total pussy.

Jason starts laughing hysterically. Kenny starts giggling along with him, suddenly child-like.

EVAN
 (to Jason)
 What are you laughing at? That doesn't even make sense.

KENNY
 Okay, that's enough. Let's get your picture.

Jason smiles big.

KENNY
 Don't smile so much. It's your driver's license, not the fucking prom picture.

Kenny takes the picture. Jason is BLINDED BY THE FLASH. He stands up and BANGS HIS KNEE INTO A TOOL BOX.

JASON
 (Re: his knee)
 Ow! Fuck!

KENNY
 Hey, keep it down.

OFF SCREEN, the sound of SOMEONE APPROACHING THE GARAGE.

KENNY
 Shit. I think it's my mom. Hide.

Evan and Jason look for a place to hide. Evan pulls Jason BEHIND THE BLUE CURTAIN and YANKS it closed.

The door swings open and KENNY'S MOM walks in.

KENNY'S MOM

Kenny, what are you doing? It's the middle of the night, you're not supposed to be up, playing with your toys.

KENNY

Sorry mom, I couldn't sleep. I'll go beddy-bye in a minute.

KENNY'S MOM

I'll tuck you in, Sweet Bear.

Kenny and his Mom head out.

ON EVAN AND JASON, behind the curtain.

JASON

(whispering)
Is she gone?

EVAN

(whispering)
Shh, quiet.

JASON

What? She's gone. She can't hear us.

(beat)

Is it me or does Kenny's mom sound totally fuckable?

The CURTAIN IS SUDDENLY RIPPED OPEN, and Kenny's Mom is standing right in front of them.

KENNY'S MOM

Aaaaahhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

EVAN

Mom please calm down, we can explain.

JASON

Yeah, it's not what you think. We just met Kenny on the internet.

KENNY'S MOM

Who the fuck are you?!!!

Kenny gets a DEVILISH SMILE on his face.

KENNY

They came over to take some pictures of me. I was just about to take my shirt off.

Kenny's Mom grabs a BASEBALL BAT and starts SWINGING it, SCREAMING at the top of her lungs.

KENNY'S MOM
Paul! Get out here!!!

Evan and Jason try to dodge the swinging bat. Kenny giggles at the scene, thoroughly enjoying the chaos.

Just as they manage to reach the door, Jason stops, goes back, ducks under the swinging bat once more, grabs the FAKE ID from Kenny and bolts out. Kenny's pissed.

KENNY
He made me frisk him, Mom. He said I had to find his "concealed weapon".

EXT. NICE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Evan is behind the wheel of the Golf, struggling to start it up. Jason hops in the passenger seat, somewhat relieved.

JASON
That was close...
(panicked)
Oh, shit!

KENNY'S DAD comes running out of the house, in his underwear, carrying a GOLF CLUB.

JASON
Go go go!

The car starts as Kenny's Dad swings his club, CRACKING THE WINDSHIELD, the CLUB STICKING IN THE GLASS.

Evan throws it in reverse, and drives away, running over a mailbox as he turns a corner. Jason leans out of the window to make sure they're not being followed. The coast is clear.

JASON
Nice driving. See, what did I tell you? In and out in five minutes.

Evan looks at Jason, raging. He quickly whips the wheel taking the car around another corner.

JASON
Jesus, take it easy. I think we lost them.

EVAN
Oh, Shit! My watch!

JASON
Forget it. We can't go back.

EVAN
It's a Rolex.

JASON
It's a knockoff. You know how cheap
your Dad is.

EVAN
It's not a knockoff. And there was
a really nice inscription.

Jason leans out the window and pulls the Golf Club out of the
windshield.

JASON
Check it out. A Titleist. You can
totally use this tomorrow.

Evan speeds on the Freeway On-ramp marked "LOS ANGELES".

JASON
Ev, this is the wrong direction.

EVAN
I'm going home.

JASON
Seriously. Turn around.

Evan PULLS OVER and GETS OUT of the car.

JASON
Evan!

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Evan storms down the shoulder of the freeway. Jason follows.

EVAN
You can take the car. I'll figure
out my own way home.

JASON
Don't do this man. I need you.

Evan ignores him, and keeps walking.

JASON
You know if I go alone, I'll find
some way to fuck it up and Nardo'll
end up dying in the Mexican desert.

EVAN
I've got my own shit to deal with.

JASON
Oh, I get it now. This isn't your
problem. You don't need to worry
about Nardo because he's not going
to be your roommate anymore.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

You claim nothing's gonna change,
but Nardo's life is on the line,
and you're ready to abandon him.

EVAN

This isn't about Nardo. It's about
you pushing me into doing things I
don't want to do. And I'm sick of
it.

Evan storms off. Jason pulls out EVAN'S CHATEAU GARDENS
BROCHURE.

JASON

(yelling out to Evan)
Fine. Go ahead; go back and chill
with Metzner in...

(reading)

... "Mediterranean luxury with
Textured Saxony Carpeting, gold-
leaf Sconces and polished granite
counter tops".

EVAN

Where did you get that?

JASON

You were sleeping with it.

Evan storms back toward Jason. He grabs for the brochure.

EVAN

Give me that...

JASON

No, maybe I want to have a bathroom
with a coral-crusted wash basin
and cultured marble vanity".

Evan tries to grab it again.

EVAN

Give it back.

They start WRESTLING.

JASON

Ev, stop!

EVAN

No, you stop!

Evan gets Jason in a HEADLOCK as Jason is holds the brochure
out.

Jason's PHONE RINGS as Evan finally rips the Brochure away.

JASON
 (answering)
 Hello...Yes, I'll accept.

Jason presses a button, putting the call on SPEAKERPHONE.

EXT. FLACO'S GAS STATION - SAME TIME

Nardo is on the pay phone at the gas station. He's still naked and is shivering from the cold.

NARDO
 Jay, where are you guys? I'm really
 freaking out here.

INTERCUT FREEWAY / FLACO'S GAS STATION

JASON
 (whispering to Evan)
 Go on. Talk to him.

EVAN
 (reluctantly)
 Hey Nardo.

NARDO
 Ev, oh thank God. Tell me you guys
 are close.

EVAN
 We're about halfway, but I'm going
 to have to cut out and head home.
 Jason's got it covered though--

NARDO
 You're kidding, right? Evan, you
 have to come. Don't leave it to
 Jason. He'll fuck it up, and I'll
 die out here in the Mexican desert.

Jason RAISES AN EYEBROW: "See?"

Evan thinks about it. He looks down the Freeway towards Los Angeles, then back toward Mexico.

NARDO
 Ev?

EVAN
 All right. I'm coming, Nardo.

JASON
 Yes!

NARDO
I owe you for this, bro. Get here quick, I'm literally freezing my dick off out here.

EVAN
We'll be there before you know it.

Nardo looks down the road and sees HEADLIGHTS APPROACHING.

NARDO
Fuck, there's a car coming.

EVAN
Just find a safe place to hide.

Evan hangs up.

EVAN
(to Jason)
Okay, no fucking around. This isn't a roadie, it's a rescue mission. It's not about fun, it's about saving Nardo.

JASON
What if I have fun, like by accident? Are you gonna get mad?

EVAN
Let's just go get Nardo.

EXT. FLACO'S GAS STATION - SAME TIME

Nardo runs toward some empty oil barrels at the side of the gas station and ducks down behind them.

A beat up PICK UP TRUCK approaches at high speed. A BOTTLE flies out of the truck and smashes on one of the barrels. Nardo ducks as BEER and GLASS rains down around him.

The Truck speeds off and Nardo breathes a sigh of relief. He looks around for something to wipe himself off.

He sees the LEG of A PAIR OF PANTS sticking out from one of the barrels.

NARDO
Pants!

Nardo crawls over to the barrel and yanks on the pant leg. It seems to be stuck. He stands up and really YANKS on it. Something pulls it back in the opposite direction.

NARDO
What the fuck?

Nardo looks behind the barrel and sees that a SMALL MANGY PUPPY is playing tug of war with him and the pants.

NARDO
Hey, little buddy. I need these more than you do.

Nardo pulls the pants again and the Puppy GROWLS.

NARDO
Okay, game time is over. Give me the pants.

As Nardo reaches down and SNATCHES the pant leg away from the Puppy, we hear the PANTS RIP.

The Puppy HOWLS.

NARDO
Sorry buddy, that's the law of the wild. Survival of the fittest

Nardo pulls on the pants. They fit perfectly...Except there's a massive HOLE IN THE CROTCH.

NARDO
Ahhh, man.

Nardo tries to keep his balls from seeping out of the hole. Something GROWLS behind Nardo.

Nardo turns around: TWO VERY ANGRY looking FULL GROWN COYOTES are baring their teeth, foaming at the mouth.

NARDO
Oh fuck me.

Nardo backs up as the Puppy joins its Mom and Dad.

NARDO
You're a baby coyote, how adorable. Now, tell your Mom and Dad we were just playing.

The Coyotes move into an attack formation.

NARDO
(backing up)
This is just one big misunderstanding.

The Coyotes lunge toward Nardo; he takes off, SPRINTING down the HIGHWAY.

NARDO
Please don't bite me!

INT. VOLKSWAGON GOLF - SAME TIME

Evan and Jason are cruising down the Freeway.

JASON

We should drive faster. Did you know in Mexico a gringo gets abducted every seventeen seconds?

EVAN

You made that up.

JASON

Did I? Do you really want to take that chance?

EVAN

I'm going seven miles an hour over the speed limit. It's the amount tolerated so you don't get a ticket.

JASON

It used to be seven. Now it's fourteen.

(off Evan's skepticism)

I read it in YOUR Men's Health.

Evan presses down on the gas, speeding up a little.

EVAN

Nardo should have listened to me. I showed him the travel advisory warnings about Mexico.

JASON

This isn't Mexico's fault. This is Tracy's fault. It's like the old saying; "You date the same crazy bitch for four years, you end up naked on a Mexican Highway".

EVAN

Tracy's not THAT bad.

JASON

On her own, maybe. But together, they're banana shit pie.

EVAN

I have no idea what that means.

JASON

Just a bad combination.

A SIREN BLARES behind them.

EVAN
Damn it.

Through the rearview mirror, we see the FLASHING LIGHTS from a PATROL CAR. Evan glares at Jason as he pulls the car over.

JASON
Don't look at me. It's not my fault
Men's Health doesn't fact check.

Jason looks over his shoulder at the FEMALE OFFICER getting out of her patrol car.

JASON
We can get you out of this ticket.

EVAN
What are you talking about?

JASON
The cop is a chick.

EVAN
So?

JASON
So let's run "Klosterman's Sister".

EVAN
She's a cop, not a drunk chick in a bar.

JASON
Same principle. You work your magic and she'll definitely let us off with a warning.

EVAN
It's not gonna work.

JASON
Sure it will, you're the master at this.

Evan watches the Officer approach over his shoulder.

EVAN
(considering it)
I am good at it, aren't I?

JASON
Irresistible. Come on, I know how much you hate getting "points" on your record. Just the thought of it is probably giving you hives.

EVAN
Okay. Just don't over do it.

OFFICER GABRIELLA RAMIREZ (20s), a tough, attractive Latina, knocks on Evan's window.

JASON
Whoa, she's hot.

EVAN
Shh.
(turns to Cop)
Evening, officer.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
Did you know you were driving
fifteen miles over the speed limit?

JASON
It was fourteen, Officer.

Evan elbows Jason.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
Can I see your license and
registration please?

Evan reaches into his pocket. Jason leans over, taking a good look at Officer Ramirez, and widens his eyes.

JASON
Holy shit. You're Klosterman's
sister.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
Excuse me?

JASON
(to Evan)
Check it out. It's Klosterman's
sister.
(to Officer Ramirez)
When did you become a cop?

OFFICER RAMIREZ
I really don't know who you're
talking about.

Evan studies Officer Ramirez.

EVAN
No, man. That's not her. She's not
Klosterman's sister.

JASON
She is totally Klosterman's sister.
Look at her.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
Do I look like a "Klosterman" to
you?

JASON
So how is Klosterman anyway?

OFFICER RAMIREZ
I'm going to say this one more time-

EVAN
No. It's not Klosterman's sister.
She's much prettier than
Klosterman's sister.

JASON
Oh yeah. You might be right.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
I'm glad we got that behind us.
Let's move on.

EVAN
It's true. Klosterman's sister is
pretty cute, but you're even
better.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
"Better"?

EVAN
Yeah, I would like pay to be with
you. You know?

Jason looks sharply at Evan, mouthing: "What are you doing?"

OFFICER RAMIREZ
Wait, did you just say you would
pay me?

EVAN
No, no no. I didn't mean it like
that. I wouldn't actually pay you
like you're a hooker. I just mean,
you're really hot. But I would only
have sex with you if it was free.

Jason stares at Evan, flabbergasted.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
Are you offering me sexual favors
as a bribe to get out of a ticket?

EVAN
Exactly! No! I mean...

Officer Ramirez pulls out her pad and CLICKS HER PEN.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
License and Registration.

Jason looks at Evan, disappointed in him.

JASON
 (leaning past Evan)
 Officer, I'm going to level with
 you. We know you're not
 Klosterman's sister. You know how
 we know that?

OFFICER RAMIREZ
 Because I'm wearing a name tag that
 says "Ramirez" on it?

JASON
 Nope. Because there is no
 Klosterman's sister. She's made up.
 She's a tool we use to flirt with
 hot girls in bars. It usually works
 like a charm.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
 Wait, that was flirting?
 (to Evan)
 Is that what you were doing?

JASON
 He's a little out of practice.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
 Listen guys, I spend my whole night
 pulling over idiots who try to get
 out of tickets. I hear a lot of
 bullshit. Yours was the most
 insulting in a long time.

Evan hangs his head, ashamed.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
 But it was creative and...
 (looking at Evan's Tux)
 ...you did get all dressed up. But
 I can't reward that execution. I'm
 going to give you a fix-it ticket
 for the cracked windshield so you
 have room to improve.

She finishes the ticket and hands it to Evan.

OFFICER RAMIREZ
 But don't go propositioning anymore
 police officers. I might get
 jealous.

Evan nods. Officer Ramirez walks back to her car, laughing.

JASON
 That's a cool cop. Funny too.
 (turns to Evan)
 What the hell happened to you?
 (MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

We must have run Klosterman's Sister a hundred times and you never implied that the girl was a hooker.

EVAN

Let's just drop it, okay?

Evan starts up the car and pulls off the shoulder.

JASON

"I would only have sex with you for free". Wow.

EXT. SMALL MEXICAN TOWN - NIGHT

Nardo hides in the alley of a SMALL MEXICAN TOWN. He is out of breath and frightened.

His pants have been torn to shreds and his legs are all scratched up. He watches as the Coyote Family HUNTS for him down the main street of the town.

The Coyotes walk by THREE OLD MEN sitting in front of a store playing DOMINOS. As the Coyotes walk by, the Men casually PET them. They wag their tails.

NARDO

Sure, you're nice to the Mexican guys.

Nardo goes to the other end of the alley and sees a PAY PHONE down the deserted street. He runs toward it.

INT. VOLKSWAGEN GOLF - SAME TIME

Evan drives, looking intense.

JASON

Don't beat yourself up about it.

EVAN

(defensive)

I'm not. It went fine. We got out of the ticket.

JASON

Well, you got a fix it ticket, which is kind of a bigger pain in the ass. And that cop is definitely going to be telling all the other cops a hilarious story about how this pathetic guy tried to get out of a ticket by calling her a whore. But yeah, it went fine.

EVAN

I just don't want to be doing that juvenile shit anymore.

JASON

You mean talking to girls?

EVAN

I mean running game on them. That's not what I'm about now.

JASON

(sarcastic)

Of course, that's not what "New Evan" is about.

EVAN

What "New Evan"?

JASON

The one with the Men's Warehouse suits, the sensible car, and the boring job that he won't admit sucks.

EVAN

You don't even know what I do. How can you say it sucks?

JASON

Okay, what do you do?

EVAN

I research undercapitalized companies and evaluate their potential for growth.

JASON

Yeah, that SUCKS.

(beat)

You're prioritizing all this shit over stuff that actually matters. It's like you're training yourself to be unhappy.

EVAN

I'm just growing up. At some point you're gonna have to do that too.

JASON

Maybe, but why would I want to do it one second before it's absolutely necessary?

EVAN

Because lying on the couch all day, watching *The View*, and masturbating to Elisabeth Hasselback isn't a life.

JASON

Neither is sitting in a cube all day, updating your 401K, and NOT getting laid.

EVAN

I'll get back in the game when I find a woman who appreciates a more mature lifestyle.

JASON

She sounds ugly.

Jason's Cell PHONE RINGS.

JASON

(answering the phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT SMALL MEXICAN TOWN / VOLKSWAGON GOLF

NARDO

Jason!

JASON

Nardo! We got called over and Evan epically botched Klosterman's Sister.

NARDO

Listen to me! I need your help.

JASON

Abandoned gas station off Via De Los Muertos. We're on it.

NARDO

No, something happened. I'm not there anymore. I'm...lost.

JASON

Jesus Nardo. You don't make it easy to rescue you.

NARDO

Just put Evan on the phone.

Jason puts the phone on SPEAKER.

EVAN

Nardo, you okay?

NARDO

No, I'm not. I got attacked by these racist coyotes and now I'm totally lost. You have to help me.

EVAN

We're going as fast as we can. Where the hell is Tracy anyway?

NARDO

Screw Tracy, we're done. For good this time.

A TRASHY HOOKER walks up to Nardo.

TRASHY HOOKER

You want to party?

Nardo shakes his head vigorously, turning away from her.

NARDO

Ev, I'm freaking out.

EVAN

Just stay calm.

The Trashy Hooker gestures towards the HOLE in the CROTCH of Nardo's PANTS, making a JACKING OFF MOTION, offering him a HANDJOB.

TRASHY HOOKER

(whispering)
I'll be gentle.

NARDO

No, I'm good. Thank you.

EVAN

Who are you talking to you?

The Trashy Hooker GESTURES WITH HER FIST AND TONGUE suggesting A BLOWJOB. Nardo is MESMERIZED as she works the "air balls" and "air shaft."

NARDO

(snapping out of it)
No one. I'm hungry. I just want some food...And some clothes.

Nardo looks down the block and sees A WESTERN UNION with a sign reading, "EL MONTE".

NARDO

There's a Western Union! I'm in El Monte. You can wire me some money for pants!

EVAN

Now? We're like halfway to Mexico.

NARDO

I won't make it, Ev. Send enough for some clothes, a bus ticket to Tijuana and maybe a funnel cake.

EVAN

You won't be able to collect the money without ID.

Nardo thinks about it. He turns to the Trashy Hooker.

NARDO

Señorita, my friend is going to send me some money. You sign for it, and I'll give you fifty bucks, okay?

The Trashy Hooker nods her head.

NARDO

Do you have anything with your name on it?

The Trashy Hooker hands Nardo an ID.

NARDO

(to Evan)
Just send it to...
(reading ID.)
...Raul Nunez.

Nardo looks up at "RAUL" and inspects "HER" closely. Oh yeah, he sees it now.

RAUL

Do you want the handjob now?

Raul reaches for Nardo's crotch. Nardo jerks away.

NARDO

No handjob, just ID.

EVAN

We're not sending money so you can get a handjob from Raul.

NARDO

Just send the money! I'll meet you at that place on the strip in TJ.

JASON

Which place?

NARDO
The one we went to that time I
vomited on Evan.

JASON
Caballeros?

NARDO
That's where Evan pissed himself.

EVAN
(bitter)
He means Borrachos. That'll be
fine, Nardo. We'll see you there.

Nardo hangs up.

ON EVAN AND JASON:

EVAN
Where the hell are we going to find
a place to wire money at this hour?

Jason smiles.

INT. CHIEF JACKPOT'S CASINO - NIGHT

Evan and Jason enter the large, high ceilinged casino, with a
Native American theme. It's adorned with teepees and crafts.

Jason is instantly intoxicated by the chips being shoveled
across felt and the bells on the slot machines.

MARTY, the slick MANAGER spots Jason and walks over to them.

MARTY
Jason! Good to see you.

JASON
Hey, Marty.

MARTY
I was worried we lost you to
Gamblers' Anonymous after last
time.

JASON
Casino War can be a cold mistress.

EVAN
We're not here to gamble.

MARTY
(RE: Evan)
Who's this? Your sponsor?

JASON

We're in a bit of a hurry, Marty.
We need to wire some money.

MARTY

No problem, we can do it from the cage.

Jason and Evan follow him toward the cage. Marty stops them.

MARTY

Uh, no.
(points to Evan)
I don't know this guy. I can't let him in the back.

EVAN

It's my money you're wiring.

MARTY

It's MY money back there, and I can only take trusted associates with me.

EVAN

Jason's a "Trusted Associate"?

MARTY

Look, Jason. I'm happy to do YOU a favor, but I can't have time for this.

Jason nods, pulling Evan aside. He walks him over to the COCKTAIL LOUNGE.

JASON

Ev, this is my thing, and you're fucking it up. Why don't you just chill at the bar? There's a killer stage show.

On a STAGE, a muscle-bound Native American (HUGO), wearing only a loin cloth, THROWS TOMAHAWKS at a Spinning Wheel. A banner overhead reads "THE AMAZING HUGO".

EVAN

I don't want to see 'The Amazing Hugo'. I want to save Nardo and get back for my golf game.

JASON

And we will. But for now, just relax, have a drink. Pocahontas is working tonight. She's beautiful, and pretty easy. You should try hitting on her.

Evan sees the cute COCKTAIL WAITRESS in a POCOHANTAS outfit.

EVAN
I'm not going to hit on a waitress.

JASON
You need the practice. Your instincts are all out of whack.

Evan doesn't hear Jason. He's looking at a PRETTY GIRL, sitting at the bar, wearing a BUSINESS SUIT.

JASON
(RE: "Business Suit" Girl)
This is a perfect example of what I'm saying. You never want to mess with a girl in a business suit.

EVAN
Why?

JASON
You can't trust them. They're into weird shit. Like business... and suits.

Evan scoffs. Jason redirects his head back toward Pocohantas.

JASON
Stick with the Indian princess. It's the safer play.

INT. CHIEF JACKPOT'S - LOUNGE

Evan watches Pocahontas sell a pack of cigarettes to someone. He considers talking to her for a moment, but instead goes to the bar, where the businesswoman (CHRISTY) is sitting.

EVAN
Do you mind if I sit?

Christy checks Evan out. She smiles.

CHRISTY
Are you sure you want to do that?

EVAN
Why wouldn't I?

CHRISTY
You've heard the story. A nice guy has a drink with a strange girl in a casino. She gets him up to her room, one thing leads to another, and then he wakes up three days later missing a kidney.

EVAN

I only have a few minutes so I think I'll chance it.

CHRISTY

(re: Evan's Tux)

You must be the new Magician.

EVAN

No, I don't work here...
(changing the subject)
How about a refill?

CHRISTY

Sure.

EVAN

(motions to bartender)
Two more of whatever she's having.

CHRISTY

I'm Christy. I'm here for the convention. Enhanced Methods for Marketing B2B Products and Services. It's actually even more boring than it sounds.

EVAN

Do you work with web-based models or traditional elements?

CHRISTY

(surprised)
Web-based. You know this stuff?

EVAN

Well, I work in IP acquisitions for Macdonaldson and Associates, so I guess you can say B2B is...
(chuckles)
...kind of an intra-discipline imperative.

Christy laughs. Apparently that was some kind of joke.

CHRISTY

I didn't know that Magicians were so funny.

EVAN

I didn't know that Organ Harvesters were so smart.

CHRISTY

It's not as easy as it looks.

The bartender returns with two drinks.

BARTENDER
Two Vodka Gimlets.

Christy holds up a glass. They toast and drink. Evan recoils from the taste.

EVAN
Whoa.

CHRISTY
They make them pretty strong here.

Evan puts his down.

EVAN
I'm driving. I better take it easy.

Christy puts her hand on his knee and moves in close.

CHRISTY
One little drink isn't going to hurt you.

She downs hers, and looks Evan in the eye, moving her hand up his thigh. He downs half his drink and smiles back at her.

INT. CHIEF JACKPOT'S CASINO - CAGE - NIGHT

Marty walks Jason out of the cage.

MARTY
It should just be another few minutes for the confirmation.

Marty steers Jason toward the casino floor.

MARTY
Dealers are hitting on soft seventeen tonight, if you're interested?

Jason looks into the lounge where Evan is talking to Christy.

JASON
Ahhh, Ev. Someday you'll listen.
(to Marty)
I guess I could play a few hands.

Jason heads over to the Blackjack Table.

INT. CHIEF JACKPOT'S LOUNGE - SAME TIME

ON THE STAGE, The AMAZING HUGO is firing FLAMING ARROWS at a spinning wheel where a MAIDEN IS STRAPPED. The arrows land safely around her.

Evan and Christy join with the small crowd in applause. Evan looks a bit out of it.

CHRISTY
Finish your drink, sweetie. Don't be so uptight.

Evan looks at his drink and chokes down the rest. Christy leans in and gives him a little KISS. Evan looks at her, his EYES SUDDENLY HEAVY.

EVAN
(slow)
What was that for?

CHRISTY
Cooperating.

EVAN
Co-op-erating?

Evan PASSES OUT in his chair.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EVAN'S POV:

Lying on his back, on a bed. He's in a HOTEL ROOM. Christy straddles him, wearing only a bra and panties.

EVAN
(smiling)
Hey, there.

CHRISTY
(business-like)
hello.

Evan looks around, his pants are around his ankles. He tries to move but can't.

EVAN
What happened?

CHRISTY
You passed out.

EVAN
Are you...raping me?

CHRISTY
No, sweetie. I'm prepping you.

Christy takes a razor and starts shaving the hair around Evan's stomach. There are some CIRCLES AND JAGGED LINES drawn on his side with a sharpie.

EVAN
Prepping me for what?

CHRISTY
I warned you about drinking with a strange girl in a casino.

EVAN
Wait, you're actually going to steal one of my kidneys?

CHRISTY
I'm afraid so.

EVAN
But, why are your clothes off?

CHRISTY
I didn't want to get blood on them.

Christy rubs alcohol on his kidney area. Evan panics.

EVAN
You can't do this!

Evan tries to get up, but can only shake his head.

EVAN
I can't move! I'm paralyzed!

CHRISTY
Hugo! Why is he awake?

The Amazing Hugo, the muscle-bound oaf from the stage show, comes into the bedroom.

EVAN
(confused)
The Amazing Hugo? How could you?
I clapped for you, man!

CHRISTY
(to Hugo)
You were supposed to use a tranquilizer.

HUGO
This stuff was way cheaper.

CHRISTY
Maybe that's because it doesn't work.

HUGO
He's numb, isn't he? Look...

Hugo comes over, and pinches Evan's thigh, HARD.

HUGO
Does this hurt?

EVAN
No.

Hugo SMACKS Evan on his CHEST with his OPEN HAND.

HUGO
Did you feel that?

EVAN
(weepy)
No, but you made a mark.

Hugo and Christy look at Evan's pale white chest and see a RED HANDPRINT emerging on his body.

CHRISTY
He's numb, but he's going to freak
when he watches us cut him open.

EVAN
Oh, God!

CHRISTY
See? I haven't even started yet.

HUGO
I know what to do.

Hugo takes out a SLEEP MASK from the side table and puts it over Evan's eyes.

HUGO
Now he won't be able to see his
insides get taken out.

Evan tries to move his body again, but his head just jiggles around pathetically.

HUGO
I think he's trying to escape.

CHRISTY
He's not going anywhere. Come help
me with the instruments.

Christy and Hugo go to the bathroom and start running a bath.

EVAN
(sotto)
All right, Jay.
(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)
 You say you're telepathic. Here's
 your chance to prove it. Evan's in
 trouble. Find Evan. Find Evan.
 (screaming)
 Find Evan!

Hugo comes out of the room and STUFFS SOME GAUZE IN EVAN'S
 MOUTH to shut him up.

EVAN
 (muffled)
 Find Evan.

INT. CHIEF JACKPOT'S - CASINO FLOOR - SAME TIME

Jason sits at a CROWDED BLACKJACK TABLE, staring at an "18".

He's about to wave off the dealer when he suddenly turns his
 head, like he's FAINTLY HEARING SOMETHING.

JASON
 Wait a minute...
 (putting his finger to his
 temple)
 Something's telling me I should
 hit.

The dealer shrugs and flips over a "3" giving him "21".
 Everyone at the table CLAPS.

JASON
 I just knew it. I FELT that one.

Marty comes over to the table handing Jason the confirmation.

MARTY
 you're all set.

JASON
 Thanks, Marty. You're a prince.

Jason gets up from the table and picks up his chips.

INT. BIG CHIEF'S CASINO - LOUNGE

Jason walks around the lounge, looking for Evan. Pocohantas
 walks by him.

JASON
 Hey Pocohantas, miss me?

POCOHANTAS
 I don't have time for this right
 now, Jason. I'm working.

JASON

Last time I was here, you had me naked in the pool by the middle of your shift.

POCOHANTAS

That's why I stopped doing shots with customers.

JASON

I'm not here for that tonight. Did you see a guy in a tux a few minutes ago?

POCOHANTAS

Yeah, he was drinking with one of those business-types. He got kinda wasted and passed out.

JASON

That doesn't sound right.

POCOHANTAS

I saw Hugo helping her carry him upstairs after the show.

JASON

The Indian from the stage show carried Evan away?

POCOHANTAS

You mean Native American.

JASON

He looked Indian to me. Where did they take him?

POCOHANTAS

They're probably in Hugo's suite. I guess I can show you.

They head for the elevators.

POCOHANTAS

This better not be a ploy to get me back in the pool.

INT. CHIEF JACKPOT'S - HOTEL HALLWAY - A LITTLE LATER

Pocohantas leads Jason to a Suite door.

POCOHANTAS

Here it is.

Jason knocks; there's no answer. He leans in to listen.

JASON
There's definitely someone in there.

Pocohantas bangs on the door.

POCOHANTAS
Hugo, open up!

Jason and Pocohantas hear FRANTIC WHISPERING coming from inside. After a few seconds, the door opens slightly, with Hugo blocking their view of what's inside.

POCOHANTAS
Hugo, where's that guy you carried up here?

HUGO
I wasn't carrying any guy.

POCOHANTAS
I saw you dragging him out of the lounge. He was still holding his Margarita glass.

HUGO
It was a Vodka Gimlet.

MUFFLED YELLING is heard in the room. Hugo looks back.

POCOHANTAS
Hugo! What are you up to?

Hugo SLAMS THE DOOR. FRANTIC WHISPERING comes from inside.

JASON
What the hell just happened?

POCOHANTAS
I don't know, but it's not good. Hugo has a habit of getting mixed up with some shady people. Let me see if I can get in next door.

Jason follows Pocohantas to the next room. She pulls a credit card out of her loin cloth and jams it into the door, JIGGLING IT around a little.

CLICK. The door opens.

JASON
(impressed)
Something you picked up on the reservation?

POCOHANTAS
I'm from San Diego. Don't be an asshole.

I/E. CHIEF JACKPOT'S - HOTEL ROOM - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Jason follows Pocohantas out onto the small balcony.

JASON

Now what?

POCOHANTAS

We jump.

Pocohantas HOPS up on the railing and deftly LEAPS over to the next balcony, several feet over.

JASON

I don't remember you being that flexible.

Jason starts to climb the railing, slowly.

POCOHANTAS

Hurry.

Jason looks down, suddenly freezing at the sight of a THREE STORY DROP TO A SWIMMING POOL.

POCOHANTAS

Would you stop being such a pussy and jump already?

Jason JUMPS and LANDS HARD. Pocohantas GRABS him, breaking his fall.

POCOHANTAS

Are you all right?

JASON

If you wanted to cop a feel, all you had to do was ask.

Pocohantas rolls her eyes and pushes Jason off of her.

INT. CHIEF JACKPOT'S - SUITE

Christy and Hugo are in the bathroom, with the WATER RUNNING.

Evan, still blindfolded and gagged, has regained some feeling in the upper half of his body. He starts to swing his arms back and forth.

He gears up for one big SWING, and yanks his upper body OFF THE BED.

Jason and Pocohantas slide open the glass door from the balcony. They creep into the room and stop short, seeing:

EVAN, his face SMASHED INTO THE CARPET and his ASS IS UP IN THE AIR, with his pants around his ankles.

Jason kneels down towards Evan and removes his Sleep Mask.

JASON
(whispering)
Ev, what the fuck are you doing?

Pocohantas picks up a pair of RUBBER GLOVES and a METAL SURGICAL INSTRUMENT off the end table.

POCOHANTAS
Wow, Hugo's into some kinky shit.

JASON
Is this some kind of role play thing? Did you PAY for this?

Evan shakes his head vigorously, trying to talk through the gauze gag. Jason removes it.

EVAN
(frantic whisper)
They drugged me! My whole body is numb. Just get me out of here.

Pocohantas peeks into the bathroom, where Hugo and Christy are filling the bathtub with ice.

POCOHANTAS
We better hurry.

JASON
Help me get him up.

POCOHANTAS
Maybe pull his pants up first?

Evan is humiliated. Jason pulls Evan's pants up. They grab Evan's arms, and drag him across the floor. Jason sees the HAND PRINT ON EVAN'S CHEST.

JASON
(Re: Evan's chest)
Oh, man. Do you like to be spanked or something?

EVAN
No, it's not--

JASON
I don't even know you anymore.

ON THE BALCONY, Jason slumps Evan over the railing.

EVAN
Now what?

JASON
Hold on, Ev. We're coming to get you!

They both JUMP OFF as Christy and Hugo open the sliding door and see them land safely in the pool.

CHRISTY
Hugo! He's getting away.

Hugo hurries back inside.

IN THE POOL, Evan's head thrashes, but his body can't do anything.

EVAN
(gasping for air)
Jason, help...I can't breathe...

Evan sinks to the bottom. Jason swims down and grabs Evan, yanking him to the surface. Evan takes a HUGE breath of AIR.

EVAN
You tried to kill me!

JASON
I was trying to save you.

Jason pulls Evan out of the pool. Evan tries to stand but his legs give out and he slumps FACE FIRST ONTO A LOUNGE CHAIR.

Pocohantas swims to the side of the pool. Jason helps her out, and pulls her in for a kiss. Pocohantas pushes him away.

POCOHANTAS
No chance, Jason.

JASON
But Pocohantas, this is our special place.

POCOHANTAS
You know my name isn't Pocohantas, right?

He doesn't.

JASON
Yeah.

POCOHANTAS
What's my name?

JASON
(trying to remember)
Little feather?

CHRISTY
You idiot, they're gone. Where are
you going?

HUGO
My fingerprints are on his chest. I
can't let him get away.

Hugo runs out.

EXT. CHIEF JACKPOT'S CASINO - PARKING LOT

Jason and Pocahontas drag Evan towards the car.

POCOHANTAS
Just get him out of here. I'm gonna
get Marty. He'll take care of them.

Pocohantas runs back into the hotel. Jason watches her run.

JASON
I love a girl in a feathered skirt.

EVAN
Jay, we've got a problem.

Evan points to the side of the casino where Hugo emerges.

JASON
Let's move.

ON HUGO, as he pulls out his BOW AND ARROW, aiming at Evan
and Jason, trying to get a clear shot. He takes out his
lighter and LIGHTS the ARROW ON FIRE.

ON JASON, hopping in the driver's seat; Evan is upside down
in the passenger seat with his legs flailing out the window.
Jason PEELS OUT and drives toward the exit.

Hugo pulls the FLAMING ARROW back in the bow. FLING.

INT. VOLKSWAGON GOLF - A LITTLE LATER

Jason yanks Evan's legs into the car, helping him sit up.

JASON
That was unbelievable! It was like
a three story jump.

EVAN
We could have died.

JASON
Or your kidney could have ended up
on Craigslist.

Evan's head SLUMPS forward into the DASHBOARD. Jason pushes him back.

EVAN
I can't believe you got my message.

JASON
What message?

EVAN
The telepathic message...to come save me. You heard it, right?

JASON
(faking it)
Totally.

EVAN
Hey, do you smell that?

JASON
I read that when you escape death your body lets off all sorts of smells. You're smelling survival.

EVAN
No, I'm pretty sure I'm smelling something burning.

JASON
It is kinda hot in here now that you mention it.

They look in the rear view mirror and see...A FLAMING ARROW STICKING OUT FROM THE SIDE OF THE CAR.

EVAN
Oh shit!

Jason yanks the steering wheel, pulling the car over to the shoulder of the freeway as FLAMES spread across the trunk. Jason jumps out, and RUNS AWAY FROM THE CAR.

Evan opens his door, but his legs are still not working, so he slumps down, his face hitting the asphalt.

EVAN
Jason! A little help here! I can't move!

Jason turns around and sees Evan trying to CRAWL AWAY from the car as the flames continue to spread.

Jason runs back to Evan, dragging him away.

JASON
I got you, buddy.

EVAN
If we throw some dirt on the fire
we can save the car.

JASON
You think?

Suddenly, the CAR EXPLODES, flying up into the air, flipping over and landing on it's roof.

Evan and Jason crouch down, covering their heads until the debris settles. They stare at what used to be Evan's car.

JASON
I think you might need to push back
that tee time by like twenty
minutes.

INT. MEXICAN BUS - DAWN

Nardo boards a small, rundown bus, as early morning light creeps through the windows.

He's smiling, wearing PANTS and a PONCHO, and EATING a FUNNEL CAKE, smothered in POWDERED SUGAR.

Nardo walks down the aisle, approaching people with empty seats next to them, but they quickly move their bags over, filling them up.

He stops by a HEAVYSET WOMAN with an open seat next to her.

NARDO
Is this seat taken?

The Heavyset Woman shrugs, not understanding. Nardo smiles and SITS DOWN next to her.

NARDO
Thank you...
(offering)
Funnel Cake?

The Heavyset Woman smiles, and sheepishly and pulls off a piece and eats it. Then quickly helps herself to another.

Both of them sit there smiling, chewing on Funnel Cake, POWDERED SUGAR ON THEIR CHINS.

NARDO
Good, right?

HEAVYSET WOMAN
(giggling)
Muy Bueno, Señor.

Nardo laughs too, but stops suddenly when he sees a look of terror on the Woman's face.

Someone TAPS ON NARDO'S shoulder. Nardo looks up to see a HUGE MEXICAN COWBOY hovering over him.

MEXICAN COWBOY
You are in my seat.

NARDO
Sorry. I didn't know.

Nardo quickly gets up, and works his way around the Mexican Cowboy's ample frame, toward the back of the bus.

MEXICAN COWBOY
What were you laughing about? Were you laughing at me?

Nardo looks at the Heavysset Woman, who's looking nervously at her shoes.

NARDO
No. Of course not. I just sat down.
It was a mistake.

MEXICAN COWBOY
You gave my Wife some of your treat?

Nardo thinks about it. He looks at the other passengers who are watching the scene nervously. They shake their heads like Nardo should say "No".

NARDO
Um...No.

The Mexican Cowboy inspects his Wife closely, rubbing his finger along her chin. He brings his finger up to Nardo's face, compassing the sugar.

Nardo holds up the funnel cake.

NARDO
Did you want some?

Beat.

The Mexican Cowboy slaps the cake aside and charges after Nardo, chasing him to the back of the bus.

NARDO
Oh come on!

EXT. SMALL MEXICAN TOWN - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nardo busts through the rear door as the Mexican Cowboy grabs hold of the hood of his poncho. Nardo manages to shimmy out of it, and runs SHIRTLESS down the street.

The Mexican Cowboy gives chase. Nardo sees a TRUCK, with a LARGE TRAILER ATTACHED, driving by. He runs towards it and jumps on to the rear gate as it pulls away.

Nardo opens the rear door to the trailer, gets inside and slams it shut behind him.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Nardo peers through a hole in the door and sees the Mexican Cowboy shouting curses at him and giving up the chase. Nardo SIGHS in relief.

He hears a LOUDER, DEEPER SIGH respond behind him.

Nardo turns around, and sees a BULL staring right at him, just a few feet away, separated by an IRON GATE.

NARDO

Oh, fuck!

The Bull Snorts and drives its forehead into the bars bending them. Nardo recoils into the corner of the trailer.

Nardo tries to open the door, but it's locked.

NARDO

(losing it)

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

The Bull SNORES and BUCKS, agitated by Nardo's yelling. Nardo puts his hands up, and sits down.

NARDO

Okay, I'll chill out. Sorry.

The Bull calms down. Nardo looks exhausted.

NARDO

You wouldn't happen to know if this thing is going to Tijuana, would you?

EXT. FREEWAY - EARLY MORNING

Evan and Jason sit on the shoulder of the deserted freeway, next to Evan's COMPLETELY BURNT CAR. Jason plays with some of the wreckage as EVAN TALKS ON THE PHONE.

EVAN
 (into phone)
 Hey Metzner, sorry to wake you man,
 I need you to do me a solid. Go
 down to MacDonaldson's club and
 take my tee time with him...I had
 car trouble...I know he's gonna be
 pissed...Tell him I'll meet him at
 the clubhouse in a few hours.
 Thanks, I owe you for this.

Evan hangs up the phone.

JASON
 "Solid"?

EVAN
 Shut up.

JASON
 What are you so pissed about?

EVAN
 Well, let's see, I nearly died AND
 my car blew up.

JASON
 But you didn't die, and you have
 insurance on your car! You're
 always so negative.

EVAN
 I'm supposed to be happy? We have
 no way of getting home, and I'm
 going to be fired.

JASON
 What about Nardo? He's stuck in
 Mexico. Sure, he's got enough money
 for a pair of pants, but if we
 don't go get him, he'll be fucked
 and you know it.

Jason gets up and starts walking down the freeway.

EVAN
 Where are you going?

JASON
 I'm going to finish what we
 started. Are you coming, or are you
 going to sit here mourning your
 dead car?

Evan doesn't move.

JASON

If we hurry, we can still save Nardo and get you back in plenty of time to bullshit your way to a promotion.

EVAN

I'm not going to bullshit my boss.

JASON

So you're going to tell him the truth? That's not gonna get you promoted.

Jason walks toward the off-ramp, and looks back at Evan.

Evan reluctantly stands and follows. He's now walking with only a SLIGHT LIMP. Jason smiles.

JASON

(Re: Evan's walk)
Hey, at least you got the feeling back in your legs.

EVAN

I still can't figure out why my ass hurts so much all of a sudden.

Jason looks and sees the HOLE IN EVAN'S PANTS where the ARROW PIERCED HIS BUTT.

JASON

(covering)
Hmm, don't know what that's all about.

EXT. SAN DIEGO - CHEVRON GAS STATION - LATER

Evan is using a rag to wipe the soot off his tux. Jason comes out of the gas station bathroom, wearing a CHEVRON shirt, with a NAME TAG reading "THUAN".

JASON

(re: his shirt)
Check out what I scored in the bathroom.

EVAN

Nice work, Thuan. Let's find a cab and get moving.

JASON

Let's hitch a ride. It's Saturday. The road'll be filthy with cute girls heading to TJ for the weekend.

EVAN

I don't care how we get there as long as we get there quickly.

As they walk by the gas pumps, a brand new AUDI pulls in, blasting House Music, and stopping short right by Jason. An OBNOXIOUS, RICH TEENAGER gets out of the car.

RICH KID

(seeing Jason's Chevron Shirt)

Hey, gas her up for me, and check the oil, will you Chan? The door's open.

JASON

It's Thuan.

The Rich Kid walks past them and into the Convenience Store.

JASON

Looks like we found a ride.
(off Evan's look)
You said you didn't care how we got there.

Jason opens the driver's side door.

EVAN

Just so we're clear, you're saying we should steal this car.

JASON

BORROW this car. Just for the day. Then we return it and leave a thank you note on the windshield.

Evan thinks about it a minute. He starts nodding his head.

EVAN

(sarcastic)
This is a GREAT idea.

JASON

Thank you.
(checks the ignition)
Fuck, he didn't leave his keys.

EVAN

Too bad, it was an ingenious plan.

JASON

Wait, we'll just hotwire it!

EVAN

Another brilliant idea! You're on fire. Remind me how do we do that again?

JASON

You pull the wires out from under the steering wheel and cut the green one.

EVAN

I think you're actually thinking of how you defuse a bomb.

JASON

Riiight. I'm mixing up my movies. Hotwiring is even easier. You just take the exposed wires...

(pantomimes)

...And tap them together until they spark and the car starts.

EVAN

At least you've thought it through.

Jason reaches under the steering wheel and starts to pull on the wires. Evan walks away toward the main street.

JASON

(doesn't notice Evan is gone)

Okay, I see a red wire, and a white wire.

Jason pulls two wires apart.

JASON

I think I got it!

Jason turns and finds the Rich Kid holding an ENERGY DRINK.

RICH KID

Hey, what the fuck are you doing to my car?

JASON

Um...checking the fluids?

RICH KID

That's not where the fluids are.

JASON

Don't tell me how to do my job. You want me to tell you how much vodka to put in your Energy Drink?

RICH KID

(looking at his drink)

Sorry.

JASON

Let's get a look under the hood.

Jason PULLS A LEVER inside the car, and the TRUNK POPS OPEN.

RICH KID
That was the trunk.

JASON
You think I'd let you leave here
without a working trunk? Go ahead
and close that for me.

The Rich Kid goes to the back of the car and slams the trunk closed. When he looks up, Jason is gone.

EXT. SAN DIEGO STREET - CONTINUOUS

Evan is walking briskly, as Jason catches up to him.

JASON
Okay, that wasn't a great plan. You
have any other ideas?

BELLS RING OFF SCREEN.

EVAN
I do, but it doesn't involve
breaking any laws or putting our
lives in danger, so I don't know if
you're gonna like it.

JASON
Try me.

Evan POINTS TO THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET: A TROLLEY comes to a stop on a set of TRAIN TRACKS. People file on, filling it up.

JASON
The Tijuana Party Trolley. Of
course.

EVAN
It's leaving!

Jason and Evan run for the Trolley.

I/E. TIJUANA TROLLEY - CONTINUOUS

Evan and Jason jump onto the trolley, just as it pulls away. Jason looks around at the crowd of rowdy passengers.

JASON
(re: The Trolley)
Hello, old friend.

A HEAVYSET TICKET TAKER (DE'SHAWN) comes up to them.

DE'SHAWN

Sorry, guys. But we're at capacity.
You're gonna have to get off at the
next stop.

EVAN

Please...
(looking at his nametag)
De'Shawn, we could really use a
break.

DE'SHAWN

Can't do it. The cops'll ticket me.

JASON

Well, I guess we have to find
another ride...

Jason turns toward Evan, flashing a DEVIIOUS SMILE.

JASON

(suddenly "upset")
Wait a minute. Is that? It's
Whitney!

Jason gestures toward the front of the Trolley, where a CUTE
GIRL (AUDREY) sits with her friend (JOANNA).

JASON

What is she doing here, Ev? We just
broke up and she's flirting with
other guys?!

Jason points to TWO CHEESY GUYS hitting on Audrey and Joanna.

EVAN

(sotto)
Jason, no. I'm not up for another
one of these.

JASON

(turns to De'Shawn)
Do you think she's with one of
those guys De'Shawn?

DE'SHAWN

If that's your girl, it sure looks
like she's stepping out.

JASON

See Ev, De'Shawn thinks Whitney's
stepping out.

EVAN

I'm not doing this.

JASON
 (sotto to Evan)
 The trolley's the fastest way to
 TJ.

EVAN
 (sotto)
 Still, no.

JASON
 But I fucking love her, Ev.

EVAN
 No Jay, you don't "fucking love
 her."

JASON
 I do! I have to tell her how I
 feel!

Jason pushes past De'Shawn and RUNS towards Audrey.

JASON (O.S.)
 (shouting)
 I fucking love you, Whitney! You
 have to take me back.

EVAN
 Shit. Sorry, De'Shawn.

Evan wades through the crowd to where a seemingly distraught
 Jason is pleading with a very confused AUDREY.

JASON
 Please Whitney, I'm lost without
 you.

Evan steps past the Two Cheesy Guys, who look really annoyed.

EVAN
 Sorry, Whitney. I tried to stop
 him, but he's been hitting the
 Captain Morgan's pretty hard since
 you broke up.

JASON
 (to Audrey)
 How could you just sit there and
 give me that blank stare?

AUDREY
 I don't even know you.

JASON
 I don't feel like I know you
 anymore, either. But we can get
 back to that place, where our two
 souls were one.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

Where we knew every inch of each other's tangled, sweaty bodies.

The TROLLEY PASSENGERS ARE ALL WATCHING the scene like it's a soap opera.

Cheesy Guy #1 turns to Cheesy Guy #2, confused.

GUY #1

(whispering)

I thought she said her name was Audrey?

Jason "checks out" the Cheesy Guys.

JASON

Look Whitney, I get why you would want to be with one of these guys. The cool, semi-matching Ed Hardy shirts, the leather wrist bands. And this guy...

(points at Guy #2's arm)

...has one of those awesome tribal tatoos I've always wanted. I can't compete with that.

Audrey starts to catch on. She smiles at her friend.

AUDREY

(playing along)

What do you think, Joanna? Should I give him another chance?

JOANNA

I always thought you could do better.

De'Shawn walks up to them as the Trolley comes to a stop.

DE'SHAWN

Look guys, you have to get off now.

The TROLLEY PASSENGERS MUMBLE THEIR DISAPPOINTMENT.

AUDREY

(mock sad)

Oh that's too bad. We were just about to reconcile.

JASON

Tell him Whitney, tell him he can't keep us apart.

(to De'Shawn)

I fucking love her. You can't do this to me!

DE'SHAWN
 (leading Jason)
 I'm doing it.

De'Shawn pushes Jason and Evan towards the Exit.

JASON
 By what authority?
 (to the Passengers)
 Is the Tijuana Party trolley a
 dictatorship? We're still in
 America, right?

The Passengers half-heartedly answer him: "Yeah". "Sure". "I think so".

JASON
 And what do we stand for in
 America?

Passengers yell out: "Kicking Ass!" "Weed!" "The Chargers!"

Jason wiggles around De'Shawn and works the crowd.

JASON
 In America, we stand for freedom!
 Like the freedom to get wasted on a
 trolley, and make total asses of
 ourselves. Or the freedom to make
 out with strangers who's names
 we'll forget tomorrow.

PASSENGERS
 Wooo!

Jason stops in front of Audrey.

JASON
 And what about the freedom, for a
 man to be with the woman he loves,
 and to have wild, passionate, weird
 make-up sex right here on this
 trolley? Do we believe in THAT?!!!

Audrey CRINGES, shaking her head "no". But the crowd is loving it.

PASSENGERS
 Yeah! Let him stay!

Jason turns to De'Shawn.

JASON
 Well there you have it. The people
 have spoken. You're not going to go
 against their will and separate two
 people in love, are you?

DE'SHAWN
I wouldn't think of it.

EXT. STREET - TROLLEY STOP - SAN DIEGO

Evan, Jason, Audrey and Joanna are PUSHED OFF THE TROLLEY.

AUDREY
(protesting to De'Shawn)
But we don't even know these guys!

They all watch as the Trolley pulls away.

JASON
Well, that normally ends differently.

AUDREY
You're an idiot.

JASON
Do you want us to walk you anywhere?

JOANNA
Fuck off, Thuan.
(to Joanna)
Let's go call your mom.

Audrey and Joanna walk off. Jason grins widely.

EVAN
What are you smiling at? We totally failed.

JASON
Did you see me get those people going? I should run for office. Or be like a motocross announcer.

EVAN
At least we're closer to the border. If we hurry, we can get to Borrachos and might actually get back to LA in time to save my job.

INT. TRAILER - SAME TIME

Nardo is huddled in the corner of the moving trailer, wearing the PANTS he got from the store. The Bull sits calmly. The name "FERNANDO" is printed on a sign, hanging on the cage.

NARDO
I can't believe Tracy ditched me.

Fernando lets out a loud "SNORT!"

NARDO
I know. The real fucked up part is
that I still love her.

The trailer slows down a LOUD RUMBLING is heard outside.
Fernando starts to get agitated, rattling the bars with his
horns.

NARDO
Whoa Fernando, let's stay cool.

The rumbling grows louder. Someone fumbles with the door.

NARDO
Yes! Open-o, el door-o.

The trailer's gate OPENS to a tunnel. Nardo hops out.

NARDO
Thank god.
(to Fernando)
Later, buddy.

The bars holding Fernando in are suddenly LIFTED UP through
the ceiling of the truck.

NARDO
Uh-oh.

INT. BULLFIGHTING ARENA - CONTINUOUS

A full CROWD is stomping their feet in the sun-drenched
stands of the CORRIDA DE TORROS. They CHEER as Nardo RUNS OUT
OF THE TUNNEL, being chased by Fernando.

Nardo runs by a FLAMBOYANT MATADOR, who is clearly confused
by the sight of a skinny white kid in his arena.

Nardo looks back and sees Fernando closing in on him.

NARDO
(pleading)
Fernando, give me a break.

Nardo tries to turn right, but SLIPS and FALLS FLAT ON HIS
FACE. Fernando RUNS OVER NARDO, STEPPING ON HIS BACK.

CROWD
Ole!

Nardo remains on his belly. The Matador runs over to him.

MATADOR
Are you dead, Señor?

NARDO
I'm playing dead. Go away.

MATADOR

Do not be such a lady man. Get up!

The Matador picks Nardo up and pushes him into the middle of the ring. The Crowd goes WILD.

Nardo tries to run for a side wall. Fernando catches up to him and BUCKS FORWARD. His HORN CATCHES on Nardo's PANTS and RIPS THEM OFF.

The Pants are stuck on Fernando's head; he's thrashes around, trying to get them off.

Nardo looks down: he's STARK NAKED, again.

NARDO

He got my pants! That bastard.

The CROWD BOOS. Parents cover their children's eyes. Men try to shield their girlfriends from the sight.

A section of PRIESTS AND NUNS are horrified.

Nardo runs around the ring, waving frantically to the crowd.

NARDO

Can somebody PLEASE help me?!

But the crowd only shouts insults down at Nardo. People start to throw TOMATOES, TACOS, AND MEXICAN SAUSAGE at him.

Nardo gets hit in the head with an EAR OF CORN.

NARDO

Hey!

Fernando finally SHAKES the pants off his head.

Nardo runs by the Matador who sneers at him.

NARDO

Aren't you a bullfighter!? Fight the bull.

Nardo grabs the Matador's cape away from him, fastening it around his waist.

MATADOR

That is a bad idea, Señor!

Nardo turns around to see Fernando staring right at him..

NARDO

I thought we were cool, Fernando.

Fernando, taps his paw on the dirt a few times, readying himself. He lowers his head and CHARGES at Nardo.

NARDO

Oh shit.

Nardo looks around, he sees a SALIDA SIGN (EXIT) way up in the stands behind FERNANDO. There's only one thing to do...Nardo takes off RUNNING TOWARD FERNANDO.

NARDO

I'm not gonna die. I'm not gonna die...

Nardo and Fernando are in a deadly game of chicken. Fernando lowers his head, ready to gore.

Nardo JUMPS, PLANTS HIS FOOT on Fernando's head and is LAUNCHED UP INTO THE AIR towards the crowd.

Nardo reaches his hands up and grabs ONTO the RAILING.

Fernando SLAMS into the arena wall and falls to the ground.

The CROWD GASPS as Nardo pulls himself over the railing. He reaches the Exit and sees a GIRL IN A FRILLY QUINCEANERA DRESS, taking a picture of him with her CELL PHONE.

NARDO

(to the Girl)

I'm really sorry about this...

He SNATCHES HER PHONE and as he RUNS OUT OF THE STADIUM, we see the large HOOFPRIENT IN THE CENTER OF HIS BACK.

EXT. US/MEXICO BORDER - WALKING PATH - DAY

Evan and Jason walk down the Pedestrian Path near the Border. Evan seems to be in a better mood.

EVAN

So what do you think actually happened with Tracy and Nardo?

JASON

Same shit that always happens. They fought. She over-reacted and dumped him. He got wasted and flipped out.

Evan's PHONE RINGS. He looks down at it.

EVAN

Fuck. It's my boss. I have to deal with this.

(answering the phone)

Mr. MacDonaldson...Yes, sir. I know you've been waiting...I do have a good excuse...

JASON
(whispering)
Bullshit him.

EVAN
(waving Jason off)
To be honest...I'm in Tijuana.

Jason shakes his head, disappointed.

EVAN
I'm here with the Nakatomi people.

JASON
Yes!

EVAN
I've been up all night. You know how it is with these negotiations. Dinner, Sake, Karaoke. Then they wanted to come to this place where you pay to watch women clean each other's dirty feet...Yes sir, it's a Japanese thing...You know me, I'm all about the hustle...when I get back tonight I'll fill you in.

Evan hangs up.

JASON
Japanese foot fetish. That was some "Old Evan" style bullshit.

EVAN
There's no such thing as "Old Evan".

JASON
You're right. We'll call it "Evan classic".

Evan sees his CAR being towed into a CHP STATION parking lot. OFFICER RAMIREZ is next to it, filling out paperwork.

EVAN
Hey, my car.

JASON
And that's Klosterman's sister.

EVAN
Maybe we should tell her we're not dead.

JASON
I doubt she cares, but whatever.

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY PATROL STATION - A LITTLE LATER

Evan and Jason approach OFFICER RAMIREZ (GABBY). She looks up from her clipboard.

GABBY

Hey, it's you guys. I thought this was your car.

JASON

Yeah, Evan hit on the wrong girl and she tried to take his kidney and--

EVAN

I don't think she needs to hear all the details.

GABBY

It's been a rough trip for you guys. Maybe you should head home.

EVAN

We can't. Our friend Nardo is stranded, naked in Mexico and we need to go save him.

GABBY

Did you just say your friend is NAKED...in Mexico?

JASON

Yeah.

GABBY

And you two are going to rescue him?

EVAN

We have to try.

GABBY

Sounds like a disaster. But good luck.

Gabby heads toward the station.

EVAN

Hey, wait. Are you off duty?

GABBY

Yeah. Why?

EVAN

You should come with us.

GABBY

Seriously?

They walk down the strip; Jason nods toward COPS in Military-style garb, holding what look like LARGE SHOTGUNS.

JASON
Check out the heavy artillery.

GABBY
They've been cracking down lately.

EVAN
Drug cartels, I read about that.

GABBY
No, drunk Americans. They're sick of people coming down here, acting like idiots and trashing the place.

Suddenly they hear a LOUD WHISTLE. They look down the street, where a BAR MANAGER stands in front of his establishment, blowing the whistle. Behind him a brawl is engulfing his bar.

The Cops run down the street, guns in hand

JASON
Those guns look pretty serious.

GABBY
They're non-lethal. They shoot these little bear bags at you. They don't do any real damage, but they hurt like a motherfucker.

Jason's PHONE RINGS. Evan grabs it and answers.

EVAN
Hello?

EXT. TIJUANA ALLEY - SAME TIME

Nardo is huddled in the shadows, with the Red Toreador's cape wrapped around his waist, holding the PINK, BEJEWELLED CELL PHONE he lifted from the Quinceañera girl.

NARDO
Ev, it's me.

INTERCUT REVOLUTION BLVD / ALLEY

EVAN
Nardo! We made it! Are you here?

NARDO
No. I'm in huge trouble. A homicidal bull ran me over. The whole stadium wanted me dead, Ev.

EVAN
 (to Jason)
 I think he's high.

NARDO
 I'm not fucking high, man! Get me
 out of here.

EVAN
 Hold it together, Nardo. Where are
 you right now?

NARDO
 I'm in Mexico! Don't be an asshole!

EVAN
 Yeah, but where?

NARDO
 I can see the Tijuana Arch. It's
 about a mile from here.

EVAN
 Which way? South? East?

NARDO
 I don't fucking know. I'm gonna die
 here! Listen, whatever happens,
 don't let Jason give the eulogy.
 He'll be really inappropriate.

EVAN
 You're not going to die. Just head
 towards the arch. We'll be waiting
 at Borrachos. Hang in there.

Nardo hangs up. He creeps along the alley wall, peering out
 into the empty street. He makes a run for it.

INT. "BORRACHOS" BAR - LATER

Evan, Jason and Gabby enter the crowded, raucous bar. It's a
 hybrid of traditional Mexican fare and American Frat House.
 They find a table near the window.

At the front of the bar is a MARIACHI KARAOKE BAND, playing a
 Tejano version of "POKER FACE" by Lady Ga Ga, which some
 Drunk Girl sings along with.

JASON
 We are definitely doing some
 Mariachi Karaoke.

EVAN
 No way. We need to keep a low
 profile and not call attention to
 ourselves.

(MORE)

EVAN (CONT'D)

We wait for Nardo and get him home.
We can't afford for anything else
to go wrong tonight.

JASON

Fine.

Jason stops a waitress, passing with a tray full of shots,
and pays for three. He puts them down on the table.

EVAN

What's this?

JASON

You want to blend in. You see
anybody here not drinking?

GABBY

He has a point.

Evan nods. They lift up their drinks.

JASON

To Rescue Missions.

They clink and drink.

GABBY

I'm thinking about a Margarita.

Gabby turns to Evan, placing a HAND ON HIS SHOULDER.

GABBY

How about you guys?

JASON

Sure

EVAN

Yeah. I'll have one.

Gabby heads to the bar. Jason smiles at Evan.

JASON

All right, what's your plan?

EVAN

(confused)

Wait for Nardo, head home--

JASON

Don't play dumb, I'm talking about
the hot cop.

EVAN

What about her?

JASON

She's clearly into you. The eye contact, the unnecessary shoulder touching. How are you going to close the deal?

EVAN

I'm not closing any deals. This isn't the right time. I'll get her number or something.

JASON

She didn't come all the way to Tijuana just to give you her number.

Evan looks up at the bar; Gabby looks back at him, smiling.

EVAN

I don't know.

JASON

Trust me on this. First, we have to get you two alone. I'll take care of that part.

EVAN

Please don't.

JASON

Then she'll say something about the Margaritas being strong.

EVAN

How can you possibly know that?

JASON

She needs to loosen things up, release herself from the personal responsibility that would usually prevent her from hooking up in a border bar with a random dude she just met. So you'll respond, "I needed something to take the edge off". Then she'll laugh.

EVAN

But that's not funny.

JASON

No, but she'll laugh anyway. Then she'll say, "I like hanging out with you guys. Your friend Jason's really funny". And you'll be like, "Yeah, I can see why girls like him so much".

EVAN

I will never, ever say that.

JASON

Wait. Then she'll say, "Some girls don't need a funny guy. Some girls just want a guy who's sweet and shy." And then you'll say, "Have you met anyone like that lately?" And that's when she kisses you.

EVAN

Are we done here?

JASON

No. This is the most important part. While you're making out, move in real close, pressing your body to hers, so that your boner is on her leg, and then you rub it back and forth on her thigh.

Jason WAGS HIS FINGER BACK AND FORTH to simulate the motion he's referring to. Evan looks at him, disgusted.

JASON

They call it the "Windshield Wiper". It drives chicks crazy.

EVAN

You're full of shit.

JASON

You've been out of the game for awhile. This is Standard Operating Procedure now. If you don't do it, she'll think something is wrong with you.

Jason sees Gabby approaching. He quickly changes his tone.

JASON

...That's a great idea, Ev.

GABBY

What's a great idea?

JASON

Evan wanted to see if there was a back exit. So if the heat's on, we can get Nardo out safely.

GABBY

(to Evan)

Cool. I'll go with you.

Evan leers at Jason. As he gets up and follows Gabby, Jason WAGS HIS FINGER BACK AND FORTH, reminding him about the "Windshield Wiper".

Evan rolls his eyes, shrugging him off.

Evan and Gabby make their way through the crowded bar and find an empty hallway behind the stage.

INT. "BORRACHOS" - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gabby sees a door marked "EXIT" at the end of the hall. They walk up to it, trying to push it open, but it's just a wall with a realistic door painted on.

GABBY
(laughing)
That figures.

Gabby leans against the "door".

GABBY
At least it's a little quieter back here.

EVAN
Yeah.

Gabby takes a sip of her Margarita.

GABBY
Mmm, these Margaritas are strong.

Evan cocks his head, surprised. Jason said she'd say that.

EVAN
(unsure)
"I needed something to take the edge off".

Gabby LAUGHS. Evan watches, amazed. Gabby takes another sip.

GABBY
This is fun. I like hanging out with you guys. Your friend Jason's really funny.

Evan bites his lip a little, painfully preparing to recite his part.

EVAN
"Yeah I know. I can see why girls like him so much."

GABBY

Not all girls like funny guys. Some girls just want a guy who's sweet. Maybe even a little shy.

Whoa, it's actually working. Evan takes a step closer.

EVAN

"Well, have you met any guys like that lately?"

Gabby moves in and KISSES EVAN. The kiss quickly builds, and Gabby pulls him closer, their bodies pressing together.

Evan's eyes are open, clearly torn. Finally, he clenches his eyes tight and does it...

Evan positions his boner on Gabby's leg, rubbing it back and forth onto her inner thigh, doing the WINDSHIELD WIPER.

Gabby's EYES POP OPEN. She pulls back, confused and a little horrified. Evan looks self-conscious.

GABBY

What was that?

EVAN

What?

GABBY

That thing you were just doing on my leg.

EVAN

Umm... The Windshield Wiper?

GABBY

The what?

Evan's mortified. The awkward silence is broken by the sounds of a bar full of people CHEERING.

GABBY

Maybe we should get back.

Evan nods sheepishly, lingering for a moment as Gabby quickly heads back into the bar room.

EVAN

(to himself)

Windshield Wiper. I'm such an idiot.

INT. "BORRACHOS" - CONTINUOUS

Evan comes out into the bar, pissed off. He wades through a crowd of guys, bunched by the Karaoke stage, and finds Jason and Gabby.

EVAN
(in Jason's ear)
What the fuck?! How could you tell me to do that?

Jason ignores Evan, fixated on the stage. Evan notices, and turns to see what they're looking at.

EVAN
Tracy?!

ON STAGE: TRACY, Nardo's girlfriend (20s petite, blonde), is slurring her way through a MARIACHI version of "POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME" by Def Leppard.

TRACY (SINGING)
Gotta squeeze a little, squeeze a little, tease a little more. Easy operator come a knockin' on my door.

She's playing to crowd, using an empty chair to do a mock lap dance.

JASON
I never would've thought anybody could ruin this song for me. Leave it to fucking Tracy.

GABBY
You guys know this person?

JASON
That's Nardo's girl.

GABBY
Wow.

ON STAGE, Tracy is really into it.

TRACY (SINGING)
*Pour some sugar on me
Ooh, in the name of love
C'mon fire me up...*

The crowd go nuts as Tracy holds the last note. A DRUNK GUY jumps up on stage and starts making out with her.

JASON
She seems to be taking the breakup pretty well.

EVAN

It's an act. This is what Tracy always does when they split up.

Tracy and the Drunk Guy are ushered off the stage.

TRACY

(to Drunk Guy)

Hey Cutie, why don't you get me another drink?

As the Drunk Guy leaves, Tracy sees Evan and Jason standing there. She approaches them.

TRACY

I should have known you two would rush down here to rescue that idiot. Don't you have any dignity?

JASON

"Dignity" is a funny word for you to be throwing around right now, Trace.

TRACY

(sweetly)

You know, Jason, the best part of this break up is going to be never having to see your face again.

EVAN

Tracy, you and Jardo have been through too much to throw it away on a bunch of sweaty drunk guys.

JASON

I think the dudes in here can do better, actually.

Tracy LUNGES at Jason. Jason flinches and knocks into a table, a few GLASSES fall off the table and SHATTER.

The BAR MANAGER comes over with a WHISTLE in hand.

BAR MANAGER

Hey! If you fuck up my bar, I'm calling the police.

EVAN

No! That won't be necessary. We're not going to fuck up your bar.

(Re: Tracy)

She's with us.

JASON

She is NOT with us.

EVAN
 Cut it out, Jay.
 (to Bar Manager)
 Everything's cool here, sir.

The Bar Manager slowly backs away, raising a threatening finger to Evan. Evan nods, understanding.

EVAN
 (to Jason and Tracy)
 We're just here to get Nardo home safely. I know you care about him Tracy, so let's calm down, okay?

Tracy looks at Evan, dropping her tough facade. She fights back tears.

TRACY
 I just can't do it anymore, Evan. I can't put up with his shit.

EVAN
 But you love him.

TRACY
 Not Nardo. I can't put up with...
 (pointing to JASON)
 ...HIS shit anymore.

JASON
 Me?! Wait, this is my fault now?

TRACY
 It's always your fault. When Nardo broke his collarbone, who was the one to convince him to stage dive at an AIR concert?

JASON
 The show was really boring until he did that.

TRACY
 And who told Nardo to shave his balls with a straight razor so they'd be 'extra smooth'?

JASON
 I did that for you!

TRACY
 And who's idea was it for us to spend our romantic weekend in Mexico? Because nothing bad EVER happens in Mexico.
 (MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

As long as he's friends with you,
he's always gonna end up fucked up
and naked somewhere, and I don't
want to be a part of it anymore.

Evan is looking at Jason.

JASON

Don't look at me like that, Ev. All
those things she just mentioned
were awesome.

The Drunk Guy returns with a shot. Tracy downs it and walks
off with him.

Gabby comes up to Evan and Jason.

GABBY

Guys, I think your friend is here.

Evan turns around, and looks out the window.

There's Nardo, huddled nervously in an alley across the
street from the bar.

Evan turns back around and sees Tracy SITTING ON THE DRUNK
GUY'S LAP, flirting heavily.

EVAN

Nardo's barely hanging onto his
sanity as it is. If he sees this,
he'll flip out and it'll be World
War Three.

JASON

Good. Nardo should see it.
Maybe now he'll finally see what's
obvious to everyone else...

Tracy pulls herself away from Drunk Guy and Jason looks right
at her.

JASON

(loudly)
That without make up and all messed
up, Tracy's a seven. AT BEST!

Tracy GASPS and attacks Jason.

TRACY

I'll show you a seven!

Tracy SHOVES Jason; he flies into a table full of ROWDY GUYS.

EVAN

Oh, no.

A FIGHT breaks out. The BAR MANAGER BLOWS HIS WHISTLE. Within seconds, TWO POLICIA burst in the front door.

EVAN

Fuck. Bean bag cops.

The Cops fire their BEAN BAGS at people indiscriminately.

GABBY

We have to get out of here!

Evan and Gabby run for the front door.

EXT. REVOLUTION BLVD. - CONTINUOUS

Nardo sees Evan and his eyes light up. He smiles, totally relieved. But his smile quickly fades as...

Jason stumbles out of the bar with Tracy on his back, pounding him with both of her arms, screaming in rage.

NARDO

Tracy?

JASON

Get it off! Get it off!

A COP follows them out of the bar and takes AIM with his GUN.

NARDO

(thinking gun is real)

Noooooo!!!

Nardo jumps in front of the gun to protect Jason and Tracy.

BLAST! The Bean Bag NAILS Nardo in the chest, sending him CRASHING to the ground.

Evan and Gabby run over to help Nardo. He's rolling around, holding his chest, which has a big RED WELT on it.

NARDO

(rolling on the ground)

I'm bleeding out!

EVAN

You're fine.

NARDO

I can't believe I'm going to die in Tijuana.

(starts wheezing)

Tell them to donate my eyes to some little blind kid. Then visit that blind kid, and tell him about me.

Evan reaches down and grabs a BEAN BAG and shows it to Nardo.

EVAN

You're not dying! It's just a Bean Bag.

NARDO

Don't lie to me, Ev. I know I'm bleeding out.

NARDO IS YANKED UP BY HIS ARMS. He is held by TWO MEXICAN POLICEMAN (MIGUEL AND ROBERTO). They look closely at him.

ROBERTO

Miguel, this is him, no? From the bullfight?

Miguel looks and sees the HOOF PRINT on Nardo's back.

MIGUEL

I think it is.

They immediately cuff him, and drag him to their Police Car.

NARDO

No, please...Ev, do something. I just want to go home...

The back door slams shut and Nardo is driven off.

Evan and Jason watch the Police Car drive off, in shock.

EXT. TIJUANA STREETS - LATER

A BEAT UP WHITE CABRIOLET with the license plate "NRDO GRL", works its way through the streets of Tijuana.

INT. TRACY'S CABRIOLET - CONTINUOUS

Gabby drives as Evan sits shotgun, looking angry and tense. He turns around and stares at Jason, who's in the back seat.

Evan places his TWO INDEX FINGERS A COUPLE INCHES APART, and shoves them in Jason's face.

JASON

(re: Evan's gesture)
What's that supposed to be?

EVAN

That close. We were THAT close to getting Nardo and being able to go home. And you had to go and do something stupid to fuck it up.

JASON

I didn't do anything. It's Tracy's fault.

Jason gestures to Tracy, who is PASSED OUT next to him.

EVAN

You provoked her. Tracy was right. No matter how bad the situation, you always make it worse.

JASON

You don't really care, Ev. You're only pissed off because it inconveniences you. Because it means having to spend a little more time with us before you move out.

EVAN

That's right. I'm done dealing with your shit. You claim that you're looking out for Nardo, but you're the reason he got arrested.

JASON

If it were up to you, Nardo would be wandering naked through the Mexican desert while you're at home, dreaming about hosting your first "Game Night" with Metzner.

EVAN

Make fun of Metzner all you want.

JASON

Okay.

EVAN

But at least he wouldn't make me look like an idiot in front of the girl I like.

Gabby looks over at Evan, suddenly interested.

JASON

(confused)

How did I make you look like an idiot?

EVAN

(wags his finger)

The Windshield Wiper.

JASON

You did that? Dude, that was a joke!

GABBY

Wait, he told you to do that?

Jason starts LAUGHING hysterically.

EVAN
It's not funny.

JASON
Yeah, it is. You're one sick puppy.

Evan grabs Jason's shirt and pulls on it.

EVAN
You always fuck with me and think it's funny, and I'm tired of it.

GABBY
Whoa, both of you, relax. We should focus on helping your friend.

Evan lets go of Jason's shirt and sits back in his seat.

JASON
(readjusting his shirt)
You're lucky, Ev. I was about to make some pretty amazing points.

EXT. MEXICAN POLICE STATION - LATER

The sun shines over a small POLICE STATION. Evan, Jason and Gabby are pooling money onto the hood of Tracy's Cabriolet.

GABBY
How much do you have?

EVAN
One Hundred and sixty-seven dollars. That should be plenty to bribe them, right?

GABBY
Why don't you offer them free sex like you did to me?

JASON
This isn't gonna work. We should just run something. What about "Toby's Gonna Vomit"? Ooh, what about "We Got Beef"?! That one got Nardo out of campus lockup.

EVAN
We're not trusting Nardo's life to one of your stupid bar games. Once I put money in their hands, they won't want to let go of it, and we'll have a deal.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN POLICE STATION - LATER

MIGUEL
(laughing)
This isn't nearly enough...

The Cops, Miguel and Roberto, are standing, looking at the money Evan has laid out in front of them.

Behind them is a small jail cell, where Nardo stands nervously at the bars, wearing a PONCHO that says POLICIA.

EVAN
You're going to have to release him in a couple of days anyway.

MIGUEL
A couple days in a Mexican prison can be a long time. A lot of things can happen to a *naked* American Boy.

NARDO
That sounds bad, Ev. I don't like the way he emphasized the word "naked".

EVAN
Nardo, let me handle this.
(to Miguel)
Officer, it's all we've got.

MIGUEL
Then I guess Señor Nardo is staying with us.

Evan scoops up the money and hands it to MIGUEL.

EVAN
(pressing money into Miguel's hand)
Wait, just take the money for a minute, and think about it...

Miguel takes the money, looking down at it. He keeps staring, as if fixated, in a trance.

Evan nudges Jason, smiling. It's working...

MIGUEL
Now that I'm holding the money, it seems like an even more offensive offer. And I am thinking that I should make up a reason to arrest both of you.

Miguel hands the money back to Evan.

NARDO
Guys, do something!
(lifting up his shirt)
I'm really starting to bruise.

There is a HUGE BLACK AND BLUE WELT on his stomach.

ROBERTO
Bean bags, they pack a punch, yes?

Roberto proudly gestures to the BEAN BAG GUNS HANGING ON A WALL near the Jail Cell.

JASON
I knew we needed a plan B.

Evan stares at the Bean Bag Guns on the wall for a minute. Then he looks angrily at Jason.

EVAN
Nardo wouldn't be in this situation if it wasn't for you. This is all your fault.

JASON
I thought we decided to table this until we freed Nardo.

EVAN
(in Jason's face)
No, I think we should have this fight RIGHT NOW, don't you?

Evan shoves Jason.

JASON
What the fuck, dude? Chill out.

NARDO
(concerned)
Yeah, Ev. This isn't helping.

EVAN
Nardo, you don't understand. Jason and I, "We Got beef".

Evan SHOVES Jason again. Jason falls down.

Jason POPS UP, EXCITED.

JASON
(smiling)
Really, "we Got Beef"?

Evan NODS. Jason quickly changes his expression.

JASON
 (suddenly "angry")
 I mean...Damn right, We Got Beef!

Jason shoves Evan back.

NARDO
 (not catching on)
 Guys, this is a bad time for this!

Evan gets in Jason's face.

EVAN
 I'm sick of your shit.

JASON
 I'm sick of your face!

Evan shoves Jason to the ground, and jumps on top of him.
 They start wrestling.

ROBERTO (SUBTITLE)
 (to Miguel)
Do you think we should stop this?

MIGUEL (SUBTITLE)
Eh, let's see where it goes.

The Cops lean against the counter to get a better look.

Evan and Jason are rolling around on the floor, wrestling.

JASON
 (sotto)
 This is great, Ev. I'm really
 excited that we're doing this.

Evan pulls Jason in a headlock, SQUEEZING HARD.

JASON
 Ow! That hurt!

Evan ELBOWS JASON IN THE RIBS.

JASON
 (sotto)
 What the fuck man?!

EVAN
 (sotto)
 That was for the Windshield Wiper.

JASON
 Okay, I'm sorry.

NARDO
 (really freaking out)
 Stop it! You know, I hate when you
 guys fight!

Evan grabs Jason's nipple and TWISTS.

JASON
 Owww, you know my nipples are extra
 sensitive.

EVAN
 That's for when you got me put on a
 terrorist watch list while I was
 studying abroad.

JASON
 I just wanted them to send you
 home.

Evan throws Jason up against the wall.

Miguel pulls some money out of his pocket.

MIGUEL (SUBTITLE)
I got 100 pesos on the little one.

ROBERTO (SUBTITLE)
*Okay. Wait, which one is the little
 one?*

Evan and Jason continue "grappling". Evan jams his elbow into
 Jason's side.

EVAN
 That's for sophomore year, when you
 told Rebecca Finnigan I was in love
 with her Mom.

JASON
 Okay, I deserve that one, but we're
 even now, right?

EVAN
 (sotto)
 Ready for the big finish.

JASON
 You're gonna be gentle, right?

EVAN
 (shaking his head)
 Nope, sorry.

JASON
 Shit.

Evan PUSHES Jason toward the center of the room.

JASON
(exaggerated)
This ends now.

NARDO
Don't do it, Jay! You love him!

Jason CHARGES at Evan, who turns, and grabs Jason under the arm, and LAUNCHES him, FLYING OVER THE COUNTER.

JASON
Fuck Me!

Jason slides across the desks and SMASHES into the wall near the cell. He lies there motionless, seemingly knocked out.

NARDO
How could you, Ev? He looks really hurt.

Jason isn't moving. Roberto reaches in his pocket to pay Miguel on their bet.

MIGUEL
(counting his money)
That was very good...Very nice.

Both Cops instinctively freeze at the sound of a GUN COCKING. They look up: Jason's AIMING a Bean Bag Gun at them.

JASON
Hola, Muchachos.

Jason TOSSES one of the Bean Bag Guns to Evan.

MIGUEL
(confused)
It was a trick. You do not have
Beef?

Jason shakes his head.

Nardo looks up, smiling broadly.

NARDO
Oh! We Got Beef! Riight.

JASON
(to Miguel)
It's time you let Señor Nardo out.

MIGUEL
I will not.

Evan cocks his gun.

MIGUEL
Those guns will not kill.

JASON
No, but they hurt like a
motherfucker.

JASON SHOOTS MIGUEL, who goes down in a heap, writhing on the floor and cursing in Spanish.

JASON
That was for Nardo.

Evan grabs the keys from Roberto and opens the cell, SHOVING MIGUEL AND ROBERTO INSIDE, and letting NARDO OUT.

NARDO HUGS EVAN AND JASON. He squeezes them tight.

NARDO
I thought I'd never get to hold you
guys again.

EVAN
Good to see you too, man.

The guys break their hug.

NARDO
Your fight was totally convincing,
by the way.

JASON
So Ev, you feel better after
kicking my ass?

EVAN
Yeah, a little.

JASON
I'm sorry for you know...just being
such an asshole all the time.

EVAN
You can't help it, it's who you
are.

NARDO
Can we please just get the fuck out
of Mexico?

Evan, Jason and Nardo run out of the station.

EXT. MEXICAN POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

They burst out of the front door of the police station and onto the street. They see...

THREE POLICIA are returning from breakfast holding Churros. They stop, seeing Evan and Jason holding the guns.

JASON

Oh shit.

Everybody's frozen. It's a Mexican Standoff.

JASON

Nobody move!

POLICIA #1

Why don't you put the beany bag guns down and we won't shoot you with our real guns?

JASON

Keep your Churros in the air where I can see them.

Gabby rolls down the window of the Cabriolet.

GABBY

Guys, what's with the guns?

EVAN

Gabby, stay in the car.

NARDO

I can't believe we're actually in a Mexican stand-off, in Mexico.

POLICIA #1

We'll give you five seconds to drop the guns or we shoot. 1...2...

EVAN

(to Jason)
I've got two bags left.

JASON

I've got one. What do you think?

POLICIA #1

3...4...

NARDO

Guys, they're almost at five, shoot!

EVAN FIRES, hitting Policia #1 in the chest.

POLICIA #1

(hitting the ground)
Cabron!

JASON FIRES, hitting Policia #2 in the nuts.

POLICIA #2
 (doubling over)
 Ahhh, Mis Huevos!

Policia #3 is fleeing. Evan takes aim, steadying his gun...BAM! But he DUCKS BEHIND A CAR.

EVAN
 (tossing the gun away)
 Fuck, Gabby start the car!

GABBY
 Get in!

The Guys hop into the car.

GABBY
 What did you guys get me into?

The Last Policia Standing gets up and starts firing real bullets at the car. The back window SHATTERS.

JASON
 We're taking fire!

Gabby peels out and heads off down the street. Evan looks back and sees the Policia getting into AN ARMORED HUMMER.

EVAN
 They're coming after us.

GABBY
 Uh oh. Zebra.

EVAN
 Is that some kind of code?

GABBY
 In front of us.

An OLD MAN and a MEXICAN ZEBRA are pulling a CART full of SOUVENIRS in the middle of the street.

EVAN
 (waving out the window)
 Get out of the way!

Gabby pulls the steering wheel right, barely missing the Mexican Zebra and the Old Man, but SMASHING into the CART, sending TRINKETS flying EVERYWHERE. The Old Man is pissed.

GABBY
 (calling out the window)
 Sorry!

The Hummer is right on Gabby's tail.

EVAN

Can you get us out of this?

GABBY

I'm just gonna hit the brakes, and they'll fly right by.

EVAN

Seriously?

Gabby SLAMS ON THE BRAKES. The HUMMER SLAMS INTO THE BACK OF THE CABRIOLET, SENDING IT INTO A SPIN.

GABBY

Oops.

The Cabriolet stops spinning, and ends up facing the opposite direction of the Hummer. Gabby takes off, quickly turning down a narrow alley.

The Hummer tries to follow, but can't turn around fast enough. They drive away. Evan laughs, impressed.

EVAN

Wow. That was kind of amazing.

GABBY

(blushing)
Thank you.

EXT. MEXICO / U.S. BORDER - EVENING

Tracy's Cabriolet slowly pulls up into a line of cars, waiting to cross the border.

INT. TRACY'S CABRIOLET - CONTINUOUS

Tracy still sleeps in the back seat, cramped between Nardo and Jason. Evan is ON THE PHONE.

EVAN

...Metzner, yeah, I'm not making it back tonight...Just tell MacDonalson that the Nakatomi deal blew up...Oh, and I've got some bad news. I'm not going to be moving in with you after all...All right, later Bro-seph.

Evan hangs up.

NARDO

Ev, were you going to move out?

JASON

No way, Evan's never leaving us.

GABBY
 (to Evan)
 So you're going to have two
 roommates, like, forever?

JASON
 Yes, he is.

Evan turns around to face Jason and Nardo.

EVAN
 Actually, guys. I am moving out.

NARDO
 But you just said--

EVAN
 I'm not moving in with Metzner. But
 I'm gonna take that one-bedroom in
 our building. I don't want to live
 with anyone else. But I just need a
 little more space.

JASON
 That's cool. I get it.

NARDO
 Yeah me too.

The Cabriolet pulls up to the GUARD CHECKPOINT at the border.
 A BORDER PATROL AGENT (STAN) walks up to Gabby's window.

STAN
 (surprised)
 Oh, hey Gabby.

GABBY
 Hi, Stan. Is there a problem?

STAN
 I just got a bulletin about a
 vehicle matching this description
 having a run-in with the Mexican
 Police. I'm afraid I'm going to
 have to ask you to pull over.

The guys look at each other, freaked out.

GABBY
 No problem, Stan. I totally
 understand.
 (beat)
 That reminds me, can you tell your
 wife I have a bulletin about you
 getting drunk at the Christmas
 party and trying to get me in the
 back of your cruiser? Nevermind,
 I'll just tell her myself.

Stan looks terrified. He goes back to his Kiosk and quickly RAISES THE GATE, WAVING THEM THROUGH.

STAN
Welcome back to the United States.

Gabby smiles and drives through as everyone celebrates.

EXT. SAN DIEGO - GABBY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Evan slowly walks Gabby to her front door.

GABBY
That was a wild first date.

EVAN
It's going to tough to top.

GABBY
You'll think of something.

Evan KISSES GABBY. Jason leans out of the car window.

JASON
(yelling)
No tongue yet, Evan! Don't be a slut!

GABBY
(re: Jason)
Next time, leave him at home.

Gabby opens her door and goes inside.

GABBY
Oh, and bring the Windshield Wiper.

Gabby closes the door. Evan smiles and walks back to the car.

INT. TRACY'S CABRIOLET - SAME TIME

NARDO
When's he gonna blow it?

JASON
I think he might not blow this one.
Not for a few weeks anyway.

Tracy wakes up, smiling sweetly at Nardo.

TRACY
Hey, you.

NARDO
Hi. I missed you.

They hug. Jason throws his hands up, annoyed.

JASON
 What? No, this is bullshit. You were broken up. You said some really awful things about each other. Nardo, she ditched you, NAKED in Mexico. You can not get back together with her.

NARDO
 Don't listen to Jay. He loves you, in his own way.

TRACY
 Aww, Jason. I love you, too.

Nardo and Tracy start MAKING OUT.

JASON
 Unbelievable.

Evan jumps in the driver's seat and starts it up.

JASON
 Shotgun!

Jason crawls into the front seat.

EVAN
 Where are we going next?

JASON
 It's Saturday night. Let's hit Cheif Jackpots or something.

(softly)
 Besides, I don't think I can stand to be around during their make-up sex.

EVAN
 (checking the rear view mirror)
 I'm not sure you're gonna have a choice about that.

Jason looks back and sees Nardo and Tracy really going at it.

JASON
 Oh, come on!

Evan pulls out onto the freeway.

THE END.