

Golden Boys

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EXT. UNDERWATER - MIDDAY

Navigating through the azure waters of the tropics, intrepid adventurer CAMPTOWN MINNESOTA makes his to the shore. He passes manta rays and sharks but pays them no attention.

CUT TO:

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - AFTERNOON

Soon Camptown surfaces, surveying the deserted beach around him. Discarding his scuba gear, he sets his water resistant duffel on the sand and opens it. Retrieving from it its full contents - leather jacket and cowboy hat - he dons the garb and abandons the bag as well, heading into the nearby jungle for the ruins that are just barely visible beyond.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUINS - AFTERNOON

Emerging from the woods, Camptown makes his way to the center of the old ruins where a large volcano looms. Examining the rock face, he reaches out and takes hold of what appears to be a loose stone. Turning it, he steps back to see a section of the wall slide away, revealing a passage. With a triumphant nod, he enters.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VOLCANO - AFTERNOON

Camptown cautiously makes his way into a cave-like chamber. He clandestinely scans the room for signs of enemy activity, seeing none. He removes his hat and coat, gently folding the latter and hanging it on a nearby stalagmite. He then unzips and climbs out of his wetsuit, revealing a perfectly pressed tuxedo beneath it. Silently, he makes his way down a narrow passage, around a corner, and suddenly stops. His eyes widen as he spies his prize: an acoustic guitar sitting on a ritualistically carved pedestal. He steps toward it, then stops himself. Reaching into his coat pocket, he takes out an aerosol spray bottle. He sprays it all around him, making visible an intricate network of security lasers. This accomplished, he adeptly walks around and over them, careful not to interrupt them. When he reaches the guitar, he reaches for it but is interrupted by floodlights that suddenly illuminate from every corner.

In the darkness echoes the familiar voice of COMMANDANT SAUGSTAUB, the volcanic island fox.

SAUGSTAUB (O.S.)
Ach, Herr Dr. Camptown. Welcome
to my lair.

Dramatically, Saugstaub steps out of the shadows and into the light. As he does this, three SS TROOPS in jet packs come to a landing behind him.

CAMPTOWN
Commandant Saugstaub, the volcanic
island fox! So it was you!

SAUGSTAUB
I knew you would come for the
sacred guitar. But you cannot
have it, yankee scum. It belongs
to Herr Fuhrer!

CAMPTOWN
(with patriotic
fervor)
No way, dude. That guitar belongs
in the free world, playing songs
of liberation to the drunken
masses!

SAUGSTAUB
So do you! It is no matter. Look
around you, Herr Dr. Camptown, and
behold the true power of this
fully armed and operational battle
volcano!

Raising his hand to reveal a small device, Saugstaub presses a flashing red button on it. With a pointless beeping, several flashing red lights become visible throughout the room.

SAUGSTAUB
(continuing)
If you remove die Gitarre from its
pedestal, you will trigger the
failsafe and meine seisme charges
will begin a chain reaction that
will cause diese entire volcano to
erupt!

CAMPTOWN
(taken aback)
You damnable fool! You'd kill us
all!

SAUGSTAUB
That...

Saugstaub pauses dramatically.

Zoom in to CU of Saugstaub. His electric monocle flips down over his eye for dramatic emphasis.

SAUGSTAUB
(continuing; to the
camera)
..is my plan.

CAMPTOWN
Well, as we say in the free fifty,
"Suck it, fuck boy!"

Camptown wastes no time, grabbing the guitar off the pedestal and swinging it into the three rocket troops in one motion. The walls start to shake and crumble around him. An ocean of lava begins to fill the chamber and one of the rocket boys manages to take to the air in an attempt to escape. Grabbing hold of him, Camptown is lifted out of the inferno, as well. The air around him ignites in flame and he is almost consumed by it when he bursts through the top of the volcano's crater and into fresh air.

CAMPTOWN
(continuing; yelling
down to the
exploding volcano)
See ya, Saugstaub! Hanging with
you is always a blast!

SS TROOP
(annoyed)
He kann nicht hear you, imbecile!
He ist tot!

CAMPTOWN
(laughing)
He is tot-ally dead!

Reaching around the troop, Camptown manages to unfasten the jetpack harness. The trooper grabs for a handhold as he slips away, managing only to pull free the gas cap for the fuel tank. In a spray of gas, he plummets down into the fiery volcano.

CAMPTOWN
(continuing)
Sorry to let you down like that.

Camptown holds fast to the faltering jetpack as one last fiery burst erupts from the mouth of the volcano. A blanket of hot air propels him into the sky. His face tightens as his body is pressed between the sweltering heat and the increasing G-forces.

Clearing the volcano, he lets go of the now useless jetpack. Looking at the water below, he quickly pulls a ripcord and a

grateful dead imprinted parachute comes unraveling from
beneath the back of his tuxedo jacket.

Camptown hits the water barely conscious, releasing the chute
and grappling the guitar as a flotation device.

CAMPTOWN
(continuing)
I'm gettin' too old for this shit.

With that, Camptown's head collapses down onto the guitar and
he slips into a much needed rest while waiting for rescue.

Just another day in the life of intrepid adventurer Camptown
Minnesota...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Camptown sits next to a PRETTY GIRL at the counter,
recounting his heroic tale. The radio plays softly in the
background.

CAMPTOWN
(solemnly)
And that... is how I got my guitar.

As if to lend credibility to his story, he holds up the very
guitar of which he spoke.

PRETTY GIRL
That's fucked up, man.

With a revelatory smile, he nods at her as if she were his
soulmate.

ZOOM IN on the radio behind them.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...So come on down to Taco Bucket,
where you bring the bucket, and
I'll fill it with tacos, for
\$5.99!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - PHOTO MAT - CU RADIO - NIGHT

The radio drones on in the deserted department store, as if
it were the only sound in the whole world.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
I ain't never met the bucket that
I would not fill to the brim with
tacos for \$5.99! So bring your
bucket to Taco bucket today!

DISCLAIMOR GUY
Food can only be dispensed in FDA
approved buckets.

ZOOM OUT TO MEDIUM SHOT.

WALTER, the clerk, leans on the counter and looks up at the clock. It reads: "11:55 p.m." A RUSHED CUSTOMER comes in hurriedly.

RUSHED CUSTOMER
I'm glad I caught you before you
closed! Name's Callahan.

WALTER
(unenthusiastic;
retrieving the
photos)
Oh yeah, you dropped these off at
eleven.

RUSHED CUSTOMER
Well, you said one hour developing.

WALTER
(with sarcastic grin)
So you thought you'd drop them off
an hour before close.

RUSHED CUSTOMER
(taken aback;
casually)
Sorry, I guess I'm just anxious to
get them developed.

To the customer's surprise, Walter starts taking the photos out of the envelope and examining them.

WALTER
(facetiously)
Oh, I can see why. Here we go,
cover of next month's GQ, right?

He presents the man with a slightly out of focus picture of himself on the beach in swim trunks.

WALTER
(continuing)
Or here we go, how 'bout this?

He pulls out another photo, this time of a little girl in a kiddie pool, wearing big green sunglasses and water wings.

RUSHED CUSTOMER
(indignant)
Now hold on--!

WALTER
(ignoring his
objection)
Cracked the case with this one,
huh McGruff? You can finally make
that call to the governor, now
that you've retrieved this crucial
evidence!

Before the customer can voice any further complaint, Walter produces another picture, this one of a dog on the living room floor, chewing on a pair of shoes.

WALTER
(continuing; his
sarcasm increasing)
Wait! Stop the press! Here it
is: Tomorrow's edition, front
page. Story of the century, and
you got it all on film. Better
rush this to the tribune, I'm
thinkin' Pulitzer here!

RUSHED CUSTOMER
(upset)
Hey!

Still ignoring him, Walter pulls out a picture of a house, half-obsured by the thumb of the photographer.

WALTER
I can see why this couldn't wait
'til tomorrow! Nice thumb! In
fact, I think I'm gonna hold onto
this one! It just became picture
of the month! No, just for you:
Best picture ever taken. Right
here.

The man angrily grabs the rest of the pictures and storms off.

RUSHED CUSTOMER
Asshole!

WALTER
(calling after him)
Don't forget to pay at the front
desk!

CUT TO:

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

Walter's pals SAMMY and MICHAEL pull up in Sam's van, the G Mobile, and stop at the front door. As they do, Walter walks out to them.

MICHAEL
(through the rolled-
down window)
How's it goin', Walter?

WALTER
(opening the side
door and climbing in)
Same as always.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Walter settles into the seat behind them and leans on the front seats.

MICHAEL
That bad, huh?

WALTER
Ha ha.

SAMMY
How's life in the photo lab?

WALTER
Actually...I don't think I work
there anymore. Let's go get some
tacos.

CUT TO:

EXT. TACO BUCKET - NIGHT

Taco Bucket may not look like much, but it's got it where it counts. Owner Fred Farlington's vow to fill any bucket with tacos for \$5.99 makes this a favorite among the college crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Michael, Sammy and Walter eagerly brandish their buckets. Sammy looks over the parking lot as he pulls in.

SAMMY
(almost to himself)
Isn't that Leeza's car?

WALTER
Oh no...

Michael starts to open the car door.

MICHAEL

Leeza? Where did she get \$5.99?
She told me she didn't have any
money for rent! And she's eating
out?

SAMMY
We're outta here!

MICHAEL
What?

WALTER
Guys night out! No girls allowed!

Michael starts to exit the car.

MICHAEL
I think she's already seen us!

SAMMY
All the more reason to leave!

WALTER
We've been made! Evac! Now!

Walter throws his bucket over Michael's head and yanks him
into the car.

MICHAEL
(startled)
Hey!

Michael secured, the van squeals away.

MICHAEL
(continuing; to
Walter)
What the fuck did you do that for?

WALTER
(shrugs)
Seemed like a good idea at the
time.

SAMMY
Hang on!

As Michael reaches to remove the bucket from his head, Sammy
jumps the curb. The vehicle lurches, sparks flying from the
rear fender.

MICHAEL
What's goin' on?!

SAMMY
Nothing! I'm all right!

WALTER
Yeah, that went pretty well.

MICHAEL
(removing the bucket)
Whatever! Thanks a lot, guys.
Now we look like a bunch of fifth graders!

WALTER
No way!

SAMMY
Now you're being ridiculous,
Michael! Fifth graders wouldn't
be able to drive off! They
wouldn't be old enough to drive at
all!

WALTER
Sometimes, Michael, you have to
have the courage to drive off like
a bunch of fifth graders!

SAMMY
I guess maybe their mom could
drive them away.

They all look disappointedly to their trusty buckets, which
can now no longer serve their purpose. They toss them to the
back of the van, which is littered with taco wrappers.

MICHAEL
Well, where else can we go at this
hour?

SAMMY
The Snack'n'Nap is always open.

MICHAEL
(gravely)
I vowed never to return to that
foul place!

WALTER
He's got a point, Sam; it's not
exactly the classiest place in
town.

SAMMY
And Taco Bucket is? Come on, it's
a glorified truck stop!

WALTER
(with comical
indignation)
Taco Bucket...is not a truck stop.

SAMMY
(sarcastic)
Whatever.

WALTER
Have you ever seen a truck parked
outside Taco Bucket?

SAMMY
(hesitant)
Well...

WALTER
(stern)
Have you ever seen a full-rig semi
parked in front of Taco Bucket?

SAMMY
(shrugging)
I don't--

WALTER
(interrupting)
A full-rig eighteen wheel ten gear
interstate licensed class C
transport conveyance maintaining
a stationary position in any
parking area directly adjoining a
Taco Bucket facility or any
subsidiary thereof?

SAMMY
What?

WALTER
Do they even have parking spaces
large enough to accommodate a
vehicle of that size? I don't
think they do!
(looking at Michael)
Am I crazy?

Michael just stares at him, saying nothing; Sammy busies
himself with driving.

WALTER
(continuing; looking
suddenly at Sammy)
Answer me!

MICHAEL
Jesus, Walter! Calm down! Damn
weirdo!

Walter sits back.

SAMMY
(curious)
Do semi's even have ten gears?

MICHAEL
I heard that--

WALTER
(interrupting)
It's not important! That's not
the point at all!

SAMMY
Who cares? I'm just going to the
Snack 'n' Nap!

MICHAEL
(gripped with fear)
Don't we have any other options?

SAMMY
What's so bad about it, anyway?

WALTER
(mockingly)
It's a truck stop!

SAMMY
Shut up!

MICHAEL
Okay, so this one time we went up
there, me, Leeza, and Lindsay; I
got a Mega Taco Supreme, Leeza
ordered the patty melt--

WALTER
(interrupting)
What'd Lindsay get?

MICHAEL
(shrugging)
I don't know. So the waitress--

WALTER
(interrupting again)
You know what everyone else got
except for Lindsay?

MICHAEL
I guess, anyway--

WALTER
It's just funny that you would
remember everything with the
exception of that one detail--

MICHAEL
(interrupting;
annoyed)
She got the fuckin' Philly cheese
steak, okay? It's not important
to the story!

WALTER
(with a slight pause)
Did she really get the cheese
steak, or are you just making that
up?

MICHAEL
(at the end of his
patience)
Yeah. She really got it.

WALTER
Does the Snack 'n' Nap even serve
a Philly cheese steak?

SAMMY
(annoyed; urgent)
Walter! Just let him tell his
damn story! You always center on
the stupidest details!

WALTER
I just like to call attention to--

MICHAEL
(interrupting)
So Leeza gets her patty melt,
right? And the meat is raw! I
mean, raw, like it bled all over
the plate! And the waitress says,
"well, you wanted it medium well!"
Medium well! This thing was
beyond rare! It was still alive,
whimpering to be put out of its
misery!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The G Mobile cruises through town on its way to its dark
destiny.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Michael's demeanor becomes more outraged. Sammy and Walter
continue to show interest, amused more by the spectacle of
the story than the story itself.

MICHAEL

...And Leeza bites into her new patty melt and it's got this six-inch hair in it, so she's all grossed out, and of course everyone in the restaurant has to know, right?

CUT TO:

EXT. SNACK 'N' NAP - NIGHT

The Snack 'n' Nap is an old-style diner with reclining seats in the booths. The hook: Eat a filling meal and feel free to take a relaxing nap afterwards.

The G Mobile pulls up and Sammy, Michael and Walter get out.

MICHAEL

(still ranting)

And you know who ended up eating my Mega Taco? Leeza! She hadn't lost her appetite!

They enter the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. SNACK 'N' NAP - NIGHT

The G Boyz enter and approach the counter.

WALTER

How was Lindsay's philly cheese steak?

MICHAEL

(annoyed)

Perfect.

HOSTESS

(greeting them)

Hey there, handsome. How we doin' tonight?

Winking at Michael, she sticks her tongue suggestively through the wad of bubble gum in her mouth and blows a big bubble. As if he is the one being addressed, Walter steps forward.

WALTER

(suave)

I'm doing well...

MICHAEL

(sarcastic)

Medium well!

Sammy laughs.

HOSTESS
(to Walter;
unenthusiastic)
You guys snackin' or nappin'?

WALTER
Snacking.

She leads them past a booth full of gorged nappers and seats them.

HOSTESS
What can I get for you?

WALTER
I've been dying to try your philly
cheese steak.
(looks at Michael)
I hear it's perfect.

HOSTESS
Sorry, we don't serve a philly
cheese steak.

WALTER
You used to, though, right?

HOSTESS
I don't think so...

WALTER
(with revelation)
Really!
(looking at Michael
again)
What do you make of that, Mikey?

MICHAEL
(under his breath)
Shut the fuck up.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - EARLY MORNING

Clutching his guitar and bristling against the morning chill,
Camptown plays a song.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S ROOM - MORNING

Michael sleeps peacefully in his bed. ZOOM IN to alarm

clock. It reads: "8:30 a.m."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - MID-MORNING

Sammy pushes a clothing cart full of hanging shirts across the store. He stops when he finds a confused looking gentleman, PARANOID FLOYD, closely examining a shirt.

SAMMY
Sir? Can I help you?

PARANOID FLOYD
(suddenly turning on
Sammy)
Help?
(eyes Sammy
suspiciously)
Help with what?

SAMMY
(taken aback, unsure
of how to respond)
Um, I don't know. Are you finding
everything okay?

PARANOID FLOYD
(suddenly aggressive)
What's with all the questions?
(suddenly very loud)
Are you a cop? You have to tell
me, you know!

Floyd reaches out and rips Sammy's shirt off in one fluid motion.

SAMMY
Ghaaaa!

PARANOID FLOYD
You wearin' a wire?

Floyd reaches for Sammy's special place. Sammy backpedals and wards him off desperately.

SAMMY
Hey now Jesus Christ!

PARANOID FLOYD
You tapped? Huh? HUH!?

CUT TO:

Another store clerk is busy folding clothes across the store. She doesn't look up as Sammy suddenly runs down the aisle

pursued closely by Floyd, still reaching.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALTER'S ROOM - NOON

Walter sleeps peacefully; the clock on the wall reads:
"12:00 p.m."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - EARLY AFTERNOON

A hanging shirt slowly takes form as Sammy climbs into it. When his head emerges through the top he carefully scans the area for signs of Floyd. When he is done a large man in a super pimpin' outfit approaches him from behind and taps him on the shoulder.

DOLEMITE

Hey stretch!

SAMMY

Ghaaaa!

DOLEMITE

(holds up shoe)

Get me a shoe that looks like this one but in black, and wit' some of those pump action air bubbles, el pronto. An' put some pep in your step; I ain't got all day!

SAMMY

(annoyed)

Of course not.

(heads to the back;
under his breath)

I live to serve.

DOLEMITE

C'mon, c'mon! I gotta catch a plane, man!

(a Dolemite-lookin'
chick comes up
behind him and takes
his arm)

We goin' to Tahiti!

(to the girl)

Ain't that right, baby?

Sammy returns with a box, agitation clearly visible on his face.

DOLEMITE

(continuing; to Sammy)

Bet you never been there, huh?

Huh? Huh? Ha ha ha.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WALTER'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Walter stills sleeps like a baby, without a care in the world. The wall clock reads: "5:00 p.m."

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLOTHING STORE - LATE AFTERNOON

Sammy returns and finds Dolemite leaning against a mannequin fast asleep. He nudges him with the box of shoes.

SAMMY

(looking at the shoes)

Got'damn. That the best you can do? Shit. I guess it'll have to do. How much they gonna set me back?

SAMMY

(continuing; sighs)

\$85.97.

DOLEMITE

(in disbelief)

I say got'damn! You kiddin' me? How 'bout you slip me a "discount" there an' we all be happy.

SAMMY

I'm afraid I can't do that.

DOLEMITE

C'mon, you're killin' me here!

SAMMY

That's not my intention, sir.

DOLEMITE

Oh, I see: You gonna get an attitude about it now. You a big man behind that cash register.

(shoves a credit card toward him)

Wearin' that name tag don't make you right!

(he takes the shoes out of the box and starts to put them on)

All you clothing store clerks are the same, you rat soup eatin' son

of a bitches! Bet you like
workin' here, huh?
 (wads the packing
 paper up and hurls
 it at Sammy, one wad
 for each "huh")
Huh? Huh? HUH?

He emphasizes his words with each throw, finally retrieving
his card. Sammy just stands there, mystified.

PARANOID FLOYD
 (interrupting; from
 down the line)
Hey! Pay the right price or stop
holdin' up the line, ya cheap-ass!

DOLEMITE
Cheap?! Uh-uh! Oh no no NO!

He assumes some ridiculous looking martial arts position.
Floyd is all too happy to accept the challenge, assuming
another ridiculous pose.

PARANOID FLOYD
Oh, you want it, you got it! What
you got? Huh? What you got?

DOLEMITE
 (motioning toward his
 skank ho)
You insult me in front of the lady
godiva?!
 (motioning toward
 himself)
You not gonna TAKE ME!

SAMMY
Come on, please...

OLD LADY
 (screams loudly)
Fight!!!!!!

At this, the scene erupts into pandemonium. Customers pile
onto the struggle like football players, while others
immediately commence looting.

SAMMY
Just...stop it...come on...

Broken from stress and futility, Sammy puts his head in his
hands. The crashes and angry shouts can be heard as the
struggle escalates.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - EARLY EVENING

Camptown finishes up his song. A passer-by drops some change on the ground in front of him.

CAMPTOWN
(looking up)
Hey...Thanks, man.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - CU TV - EVENING

The television displays video footage of the store where Sammy works. Angry customers are trashing it.

REPORTER
(on TV)
And that was the scene at JR
Petty's clothing store, where a
sudden and unexplained riot left
the store a shambles, destroying
thousands of dollars worth of --

PULL AWAY to show Sammy's co-worker EDDIE standing behind the counter. He is watching the news story as Sammy walks in.

Eddie mutes the sound and turns to Sammy, the footage of the riot still playing.

EDDIE
Can you believe that shit? Don't
you work there?

SAMMY
I've arranged matters so that I
will no longer have to serve the
man in that capacity.

EDDIE
Looks like you got out just in
time.

Eddie gathers up a handful of Shannon Tweed movie boxes from the magazine shelves.

EDDIE
(continuing)
I'm gonna be in my "office" for a
while, buddy. Hold down the fort,
okay?

The scene on the television switches to an image of Sammy smashing his cash register on the street. Only Sammy notices, and his eyes widen with dismay.

Eddie starts to walk to the back, then doubles back for the

air freshener spray.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

Walter sits across the table from their friend WILL BRODY.
They stare each other down.

WALTER
I'm not backing down from this.

WILL
Neither am I.

WALTER
Then we have reached an impasse.

WILL
Guess so.

WALTER
Let's just review the facts one
more time.

WILL
Okay...

WALTER
There's Alec...

WILL
Yeah.

WALTER
William...

WILL
Okay.

WALTER
Stephen...

WILL
I'm with you.

WALTER
(nearly faltering)
Daniel...

WILL
Uh-huh.

WALTER
Adam?

WILL

I'm not so sure about that.

WALTER
And Simon.

WILL
Nope, sorry. I don't think
there's a Simon.

WALTER
I'm pretty sure there's a Simon.

WILL
I don't think so.

WALTER
(agitated)
Here we go again...

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - EVENING

Sammy mans the register. His dentist, DR. STRANGE approaches
the counter.

SAMMY
(looks up; surprised)
Dr. Strange! Fancy seeing you
here!

DR. STRANGE
Hello, Sammy boy! Why so
surprised? Dentists watch movies,
too.

SAMMY
(laughing
outrageously, as
only Sammy can)
Well, I guess that's true. So
how've you been?

DR. STRANGE
I've been...keeping myself busy.
How about yourself?

SAMMY
It's been one of those crazy days.

DR. STRANGE
(a bit deranged)
Yes...I know exactly what you
mean.

Sammy checks out Dr. Strange's movies.

SAMMY
So...find everything you want?

DR. STRANGE
Oh yes...It's easy when you know
what you're in the mood to see.

SAMMY
(scanning the movies)
Well, let's see what we've got
here. Faces of Pain part two, The
Art of Gore... part five...The Do
It Yourself Guide to Medieval
Torture...Parts one and two, Mass
Murder Made Easy, and...Death
Becomes You.

He pauses, then looks up at the Doctor. Strange just looks
at him and grins devilishly.

SAMMY
(continuing)
Will...Will that be all?

DR. STRANGE
(still smiling)
I think that will do for tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EVENING

The battle continues as Walter and Will debate...

WILL
I'm tellin' you, Walter, there's
not a Simon Baldwin! It's Alec,
William, Stephen, Daniel, maybe
Adam...

WALTER
Oh, just forget the whole thing!
It's pointless to discuss it with
you!

Walter stands.

WILL
Fine by me!

WALTER
Okay, then!

WILL
Whatever!

Walter walks to the door.

WALTER
(without looking back)
I'll see you later!

WILL
Hey what about your bill?

WALTER
I left my wallet in the car.

Walter casually walks through the fire exit. The alarm immediately sounds. Will sits a moment, and then the sprinklers begin to pour down. The waitresses and other customers cry out and seek shelter from the water, but Will sits still for a moment longer, then leans slowly towards the window and sees Walter screeching away in his car, waving jovially.

WILL
Hey peckerhead! That's my car!

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - EVENING

Sammy finishes ringing up Dr. strange's movies.

SAMMY
That will, uh...that will be
\$18.75.

DR. STRANGE
(handing him a twenty)
Keep the change.

SAMMY
(unsure of what to
say)
Um...Thank you. Have a good
night, Doctor.

DR. STRANGE
(taking his leave)
You, too. Sleep well; you need to
get up early, after all. We have
an appointment in the morning,
remember?

SAMMY
Um...How could I forget?

DR. STRANGE
Exxxcellent. I'll see you then,
Sammy boy!

He laughs maniacally as he exits. Ominous lightening cracks

in the window behind him. There is no storm in sight. Sammy can do nothing save to stare.

Sammy stands there a moment, stunned. Finally, he looks around the store suspiciously, removes his name tag, throws it in the trash, jumps over the counter and hurries out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RAILROAD BRIDGE - NIGHT

The bridge is an aged wooden overpass that goes over the railroad tracks. Michael and Walter stand and sit on the bridge. Will comes walking up from across the street, still dripping wet.

MICHAEL
Tomorrow's Spring Break.

WALTER
And here we are.

Sammy walks up, still in his work clothes.

SAMMY
Hey, guys.

WALTER
Thought you were workin' till
close, Crusoe.

SAMMY
I...got off early.

MICHAEL
Yeah, I heard that about you.

SAMMY
Really? It's good to see you and
your mom are speaking again. So,
what's up with the bridge meeting?

WILL
Some pretty important stuff is
going down and I just wanted to
let you guys in on it.

WALTER
That's nice Will. Since we're all
here, I've got a proposal to make.

SAMMY
Why, Walter, this is all so
sudden...

WALTER
(ignoring him)

I got this great idea today!

MICHAEL

Idea! What is it?

SAMMY

It's a sudden, unsolicited flash of inspiration, but that's not important right now, Michael.

Michael does a mock rim shot.

WALTER

We need to get out of this town for a few days! You guys have seen way too many movies.

WILL

Actually, I was sort thinking the same--

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

I could stand to get out of town.

WALTER

Trouble with the wife?

MICHAEL

(sullen)

Not anymore.

They all look to him, understanding.

WILL

I'm sorry, man. Anyway--

SAMMY

(interrupting)

Yeah, but you're better off without her.

WALTER

Seriously; she was gettin' to be a real pain in the ass!

MICHAEL

Jesus, Walter!

WILL

He is right, Mike. Which reminds me--

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

Well, either way, it gives me plenty of reason to get out of

town.

WILL

Which brings me to the reason I
called this meeting--

WALTER

And I'm glad you did Will, because
I've got a plan. Gentlemen, we're
blowing this berg.

SAMMY

What'chu talkin' 'bout, Walter?

WALTER

I'm talking about a road trip.

MICHAEL

(incredulous)

Trip? To where? Where could we
go, Walter? Where?

WALTER

Anywhere.

MICHAEL

Quit spouting all that crazy
voodoo talk! I won't play the sap
for you, or anybody else! Who are
you working for?

WALTER

Calm down, froot loop! It's not
that big a deal, we just pick up
and go.

SAMMY

(with dramatic fervor)

How, Walter? HOW?!

WALTER

In your van, you freaky weirdo!

MICHAEL

(putting both hands
on his head and
screaming skyward)

It's not going to work!! We'll
never make it past the shields!

A dramatic pause follows while everyone mulls it over. They
all exchange furtive glances, trying to discern if this line
of idiocy is worth pursuing. Walter brings the moment to a
sudden end by abruptly slapping Michael on the back of the
head.

WALTER

What the fuck are you talking about!?

SAMMY

You and your damned idealistic crusades, Walter. You're just crazy enough to get us all killed!

MICHAEL

Well you're not taking me down with you!

Michael runs to the railing and madly scrambles up it.

MICHAEL

(continuing)

I ain't no going down like no punk chump bitch!

Walter and Sammy hurry to pry him off the railing before he jumps. Will checks his watch, which is dripping wet, and then holds it up to his ear to see if it's still working.

WALTER

Okay, okay, I can see that normal talk isn't going to work tonight, so I'll explain it in movie talk.

(jumps up on the railing)

I am not one of you, but I fight as one of yooou! Will you fight, or will you live under a tyrant's booooooot! They invade our territory, we fall back! They assimilate entire worlds, we fall back! Well, me, I'm through fallin'! I've been choking on these lies my entire career! From here on, the lies stop! Today is our independence day!

Now is our time to dance! Here is where I make my stand! The final countdown! This is our chance to do something fun and exciting for once in this Godforsaken business! But when you stick your hand in the goo that used to be your best friend's face, you'll know. Sure, we may die! But are you willing to trade all of the days between this one and that to say that they may take our lives, but they will never take our free time! Now, who's with me?

Another dramatic pause.

MICHAEL
(solemnly)
I'll stand by you.

SAMMY
(also solemnly)
You can count on my steel.

WALTER
All right! Now we're cooking with
bacon!

SAMMY
Besides, you guys won't last five
minutes on the streets without me.
You'll be chalk outlines by
morning if you go alone.

WALTER
I thought you had too many
responsibilities to leave town.

SAMMY
Let's just say that certain
circumstances have arisen which
necessitate my immediate departure.

WILL
(with disinterested
resignation)
Like what?

SAMMY
I'm not sure I should go into it
before I've had an opportunity to
discuss the matter with my
attorney.

WALTER
You sure? Once we set off,
there'll be no going back.

SAMMY
There's nothing for me here
anymore. I want to go with you,
to learn the ways of the road.

WALTER
(amused)
Okay...I have to say, getting out
a little will definitely do you
some good.

MICHAEL
Guess it's settled.

WILL
I'll see you guys when you get
back, then.

MICHAEL
All right.

SAMMY
Okay then.

WALTER
Yeah.

WILL
By the way, I joined the army.
I'm leaving in two weeks. I'll be
gone for a year, so I was thinking
maybe--

A car approaches. Will sees it first, turning to the others
with urgency.

WALTER
Car!!!!

They scramble to the railing of the narrow bridge and vault
over it, hitting the gravelly hill and tumbling down it as
the car passes over the bridge.

CUT TO:

INT. VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Police fill the Movie Madness store. The walls are bare.
Eddie is there, answering questions. Emerging from the
flashing blue lights of the marked cruisers outside, AGENT
STEVE ALAMO approaches. He's wearing a gumshoe rain coat (on
a dry spring night) and a Stetson fedora.

ALAMO
(to the uniformed cop)
What's the skinny on the counter-
jockey, rookie?

ROOKIE
I'm not a rookie! I've been on
the beat for five years! Who are
you?

ALAMO
(flashing his ID)
Steve Alamo, FBI.

EDDIE

What's the FBI got to do with this?

ALAMO

(suddenly turning on
Eddie)

I don't see a badge on you, sport,
so how's about I ask the
questions? You could be in a
lotta trouble here. Wanna come
clean with the goods before we
have to go lookin' for 'em?

EDDIE

It wasn't me! I was in the
bathroom!

ALAMO

(looking around at
the store)

You were in the can the whole time
they were cleanin' the joint out?
That must have been a honey of a
pisser. You gotta eat a lot of
bran to break the dam like that,
slick. Got anybody that can
corroborate your story?

EDDIE

Just Shannon...he was working here
with me.

ALAMO

Shannon!?

EDDIE

Sammy! I meant Sammy!

ALAMO

Oh yeah? Where can I find
this...Sammy?

CUT TO:

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Walter, Sammy and Michael come out and approach the car.
Each carries a duffel or suitcase of some sort. Michael is
groggy and Sammy is exhausted, but Walter is well-rested and
alert.

They pile into the van. Walter takes the first shift
driving.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - EARLY MORNING

Sammy climbs into the back and immediately goes to sleep. Weary, Michaels sits in the passenger's side, absently watching the landscape rush by as they leave town. After a few moments, an important question occurs to him.

MICHAEL
(innocently)
Walter?

WALTER
(absorbed in driving)
Yeah?

MICHAEL
Where are we going?

With a smile, Walter shrugs. Doesn't know, doesn't care.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

The G Mobile speeds along to its ambiguous destination.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Alamo speeds down the road in his unmarked cruiser, pulling into the yard and running to the door, gun drawn. He knocks once, then shoots the lock and kicks what is left of the door in.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Alamo rushes into the house, ejecting the clip from his smoking gun and slamming another one in. He looks around, but to his frustration, finds the house empty. He sees a Princess Leia standee in the corner.

ALAMO
Where's your boyfriend princess?

He immediately empties his gun into her heart and forehead. He then ejects his clip and slams in a third, checking out his handiwork with satisfaction.

ALAMO
(continuing)
Let that be a lesson to you, toots.

HE TIPS HIS HAT AND WALKS OUT.

CUT TO:

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - MORNING

Dr. Strange walks into the office and approaches the counter.

DR. STRANGE
(to the RECEPTIONIST)
Brandy, is my 10:00 prepped?

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, Doctor?

DR. STRANGE
(concerned)
You know, Crusoe! My 10:00
appointment. Hasn't he checked in?

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, Doctor, but no one came
in for a 10:00.

DR. STRANGE
(upset)
Really...
(to himself)
Well played. I didn't think he
would prove himself so worthy an
adversary...

He storms off.

CUT TO:

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - EXAMINATION ROOM - MORNING

Dr. Strange storms into the room. He steps behind the
counter and throws open one of the file cabinet drawers.

DR. STRANGE
(pulling a file;
enraged)
Skipping out on our appointments,
Mr. Crusoe? A bold move, but your
gambit will not pay off.
(opens the file)
The game has begun. I've got you
now, Sammy-Boy; I'll find you.
(enraged proclamation)
I'LL FIND YOU!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - MORNING

Sammy wakes up suddenly. Strange's call echoes in his head.

MICHAEL
(looking back at him)
You okay?

SAMMY
(groggy; shaken up)
Yeah, just weird...Sleepin' in the
car always makes me kinda sick.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - AFTERNOON

Camptown plays another song.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

The G Mobile cruises down the highway, with Atlanta on the horizon.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LITTLE FIVE POINTS - AFTERNOON

Pulling over and parking, the G Boyz step out of the van, stretching their legs.

They walk down the street and pass by Camptown as he finishes up his song.

The song is bad, but funny, and they laugh in appreciation.

SAMMY
(to Camptown; trying
to be polite)
Hey man, that was...

MICHAEL
(also trying to be
positive)
Yeah, that was pretty...uh...

WALTER
Pretty awful, actually...but it
was cool.

CAMPTOWN
(innocently)
I don't really play.

WALTER
(with affirmation)

I know.

CAMPTOWN
(confident)
I'm Camptown, Camptown Minnesota.

WALTER
You...made that up, didn't you?

CAMPTOWN
(taken aback)
Is it that obvious?

MICHAEL
(nodding certainly)
Yeah.

CAMPTOWN
(angry)
Fuck!

SAMMY
(rubbing his belly)
Must have food.

MICHAEL
Cool talkin' to ya...Camptown.

WALTER
See you around.

CAMPTOWN
Look, I'm playin' at the Point
tonight; maybe you guys could drop
by.

MICHAEL
Cool! We'll definitely do that if
we're still in town.

WALTER
See ya!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE POINT - EVENING

The place is pretty crowded. The G Boyz enter. They sit
down at a table.

MICHAEL
Man, I feel better already.

WALTER
What'd I tell ya?

MICHAEL

Nothin' more therapeutic than
running away from your problems.

WALTER
Like a fifth grader.

On stage, Camptown steps out and gets ready to play.

CAMPTOWN
(adjusting the mic)
Hey everybody. Guess I'll play
for you now.

Camptown starts to play. The song is fast, so people try to
dance to it at first.

SAMMY
(rising)
I've gotta go the bathroom.

He leaves.

WALTER
(rising)
I think I'm gonna hit the bar.

He walks off.

MICHAEL
(bewildered; to
himself)
Was it something I said?

CUT TO:

INT. THE POINT - RESTROOM DOOR - EVENING

Sammy emerges from the restroom and begins to walk back
across the dance floor. He looks over the crowd of people
trying to dance to Camptown's song.

He stops a second, wiping off his glasses. Across the sea of
dancers he sees Dr. Strange staring back at him, leering.
His eyes widened, he puts his glasses back on and does a
double take. Strange is gone without a trace, as if he'd
never been there!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Camptown, finished with his set, shuffles nervously through
the crowd. They regard him with pity. He approaches the GB
table.

CAMPTOWN
Hey, glad you guys could make it.

You got room for one more at your table?

SAMMY
You bet, pull up a chair.

CAMPTOWN
(he seats himself)
Man, I need a beer. So what did you guys think?

WALTER
Of what?

CAMPTOWN
My music.

WALTER
That was music?

Michael quickly jabs Walter in the ribs with his elbow.

MICHAEL
It was...all that we had hoped it would be.

CAMPTOWN
(excited)
Awesome! Let me buy you guys a round!

WALTER
Now that's music!

SAMMY
So where'd you come up with that name anyway?

CAMPTOWN
Well, I had to get a codename when I started doing undercover work in Shanghai...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Exiting the Point, Sammy and Walter wander out onto the street.

WALTER
I guess Camptown is all right.

SAMMY
I liked his songs.

Walter turns to make a comment, but skips it as he notices a pretty girl walking alone down the street.

WALTER
(nudging Sammy)
Get on the clock, Sam. Bogie has
been spotted.

Looking around, Sammy locks onto Walter's target.

SAMMY
Oh yeah.

WALTER
You ready?

SAMMY
I don't know about this, Walter.
It seems really stupid.

WALTER
Come on, man. Don't wuss out now.

SAMMY
I don't know if I can do this,
though.

WALTER
Just follow my lead.

Walter and Sammy start following the girl.

WALTER
(continuing;
drunkenly)
What's happening, hot stuff? Tell
me, are you excited?

PERFECT GIRL
(perplexed, a bit
annoyed)
About what?

WALTER
(sleazy as hell)
Spending the night with me.

PERFECT GIRL
(starts to walk away)
Beat it.

WALTER
(follows her)
Now you're talkin'!

SAMMY

Yeah, those must be astronaut
pants you're wearin', cause your
butt is out of this world!

She walks on, trying to ignore them. Walter runs up to her.

WALTER
Hey! You dropped something.

PERFECT GIRL
(annoyed)
What?

WALTER
(handing her a piece
of paper)
My phone number.

Agitated, she turns to walk away again. Walter grabs her arm.

WALTER
(continuing; as
sleazy as possible)
Don't walk away Renee! You have
nothing to fear! I'm only six
inches... from the floor!

SAMMY
Yeah, my name's Rico. You can
practice screaming it out now, if
you like.

WALTER
(pulling out all the
stops: sniffs the
air)
Hey, baby. I'm happy to see you
too!

(he reaches for her
again)
What say we take you home and get
you out of those wet clothes?

Camptown approaches.

CAMPTOWN
(interceding)
Hey, guys! This isn't cool, man!

SAMMY
Mind your own business, Camptown!

WALTER
Yeah, this doesn't concern you!

CAMPTOWN

You're drunk, man! Just go
somewhere and sleep it off, all
right?

WALTER
No, why don't you go off and sing
one of your shitty songs, punk!

CAMPTOWN
(outraged)
Shitty songs!
(he takes on a karate
stance)
Suck it, fuck boy!

Camptown turns into a whirlwind of motion, going to work on
Walter and Sammy both in a frenzy of Hollywood-style Kung Fu
action until they are both immobilized. He then turns to the
girl.

CAMPTOWN
(continuing;
innocently)
I'm sorry if those guys bothered
you, they--

Walter tries to get back up, so Camptown delivers him a final
kick that sends him down for the count.

CAMPTOWN
(continuing)
They just had way too much to
drink. They'll be sorry in the
morning. Are you all right to get
home? Can I call you a cab or
something?

PERFECT GIRL
(friendly)
No, I only live a couple of blocks
away, but maybe you could walk me
there, make sure I get there all
right?

CAMPTOWN
(shrugging casually)
Okay...

They walk off. When they're out of sight, Walter and Sammy
get back up.

SAMMY
(outraged)
That actually works?!

WALTER
(with admiration)

I can't believe it! I was really startin' to get into it, too.

SAMMY

I know it, man: You scared me.

WALTER

Me? Did you see that last kick? He almost broke my ribs!

SAMMY

Shouldn't have made that crack about his songs.

WALTER

For real, the truth hurts!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LITTLE FIVE POINTS - DAY

Camptown and Michael walk down the sidewalk. Camptown has no shoes.

MICHAEL

So that crap you were telling us about really worked?

CAMPTOWN

It never fails, man; trust me. Even if the chicks can tell you're faking, they're usually impressed with the effort.

MICHAEL

I gotta tell you, I'm impressed. Where are we going again?

CAMPTOWN

Somewhere I can get some new sandals. I can't believe I left my shoes in her apartment.

MICHAEL

Why don't you just go back for them?

CAMPTOWN

It's not worth it.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNK SHOP - DAY

Michael and Camptown enter, nodding a curt greeting to the store clerk behind the counter. The clerk bears a remarkable resemblance to Dr. Strange, except that he is dressed to the

hilt as a cartoonish frenchman, with beret, black and white striped shirt, and curly bicycle handlebar mustache.

CAMPTOWN

Oh dude! Check it out! A
Grateful Dead candle!

MICHAEL

(unimpressed)
And a frisbee, too.

CAMPTOWN

(looking at the
frisbee)
Killer!

MICHAEL

Whatever.

Michael walks to the other end of the store.

CAMPTOWN

(to the clerk)
How much are these stickers?

DR. STRANGE

(with ridiculous fake
sounding accent)
Eeez one american dollar and fifty
american pennies.

Michael looks at some toy gliders - birds, airplanes, etc. - at a display. He picks up one shaped like a crow and looks at it, while the clerk discreetly removes a penny from his pocket and holds it up to the light.

Camptown approaches.

CAMPTOWN

This shit's cool, man.

MICHAEL

I used to buy these all the time,
when I was a kid.

CAMPTOWN

What?

MICHAEL

These little gliders. They were,
like, twenty cents apiece. And
they were balsa wood, so they'd
last about a week, but they were
so cheap we didn't care.

DR. STRANGE

Except they don't a make-a dem

outta da balsa anymore.

MICHAEL
They don't?

DR. STRANGE
Nope, they make-a dem outta da styrofoam.

MICHAEL
Really? That sucks!

They continue to peruse through the junk. The clerk discreetly pulls another item out of his other pocket, a small black box with an antenna and a little screen. When he holds up the penny a little flashing light appears on the screen. He waves around the penny a little and the light moves accordingly.

CAMPTOWN
Man, I need to get some of this stuff. That candle kicks ass. They've got all kinds of Dead shit here.

MICHAEL
(mockingly)
Oh yeah, posters, stickers, dart flights, candles, a fuckin' cola can cozy...!

CAMPTOWN
That's crazy, man.

MICHAEL
(dubiously)
Camptown, do you know what the Grateful Dead really is?

CAMPTOWN
What?

MICHAEL
(almost
conspiratorially)
It's the stoner Star Trek.

CAMPTOWN
(pausing a moment;
with realization)
Whoa, dude, that's true!

Michael walks up to the counter with the glider.

DR. STRANGE
Forty-eightta da cents, please.

MICHAEL
(handing him two
quarters)
Here you go.

DR. STRANGE
(handing him back two
pennies)
Here's l'argent. One a penny, two
a penny, and, oh lookadda deez
one. It's a nice and shiny.

MICHAEL
Thanks, man. Take it easy.

DR. STRANGE
Arriba da verci!

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE FIVE POINTS - DAY

Michael & Camptown exit the store and head down the sidewalk.

CAMPTOWN
What are you going to do with that
thing?

MICHAEL
(shrugs)
I don't know; remember, I guess.

He looks down at his change.

MICHAEL
(continuing; puzzled)
What the hell?

CAMPTOWN
That's not a Canadian penny, what
is it?

Cupped in his hand, Michael has one American penny and one
Bahama penny.

MICHAEL
A bahama penny. Cool! I've never
seen one of these before.

CAMPTOWN
That dude ripped you off, man.

MICHAEL
For a penny? I'm not worried
about it. Let's go get you some
sandals.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE POINT - DAY

Nobody is around. The G-boys sit at a table, sipping some tea, while Camptown talks to the Point Manager. Sammy is missing. The Point Manager also looks suspiciously like Dr. Strange, but this time in a ridiculous blond cornrow wig that reaches far down his back and a long braided goatee with beads woven in at the bottom. He is wearing Stevie Wonder sunglasses and a spandex bodysuit with flames all over it.

DR. STRANGE

Look, Camptown, I like you, but I
can't keep doing this.

CAMPTOWN

But I don't even want to get paid!
All I want to do is play.

DR. STRANGE

I know, and I didn't used to think
it would hurt to let you sit in
when no one else was here, but
after last night...

CAMPTOWN

It was just a bad crowd! I
usually do better than that, man!

DR. STRANGE

You made them leave, Camptown!
Your songs were driving them away!
You're just gonna have to stick to
waiting tables for now, okay?

CAMPTOWN

(angry)

Waiting tables? Fuck you, man!
I'm a performer! I'm gonna be a
big star someday, and you'll be
sorry!

He walks off angrily. The others rise and follow him out.
The Point Manager stands still for a moment, stroking his
goatee.

DR. STRANGE

All too easy.

He then strolls over to the stage and sits down behind the
piano. He plays three conspiratorial notes and sings along.

DR. STRANGE

(continuing)

Dah Duh DUNNNNN!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE POINT - EVENING

They walk out onto the sidewalk. Sammy walks up to them.

SAMMY
I just had the weirdest dream...
(noticing Camptown)
Did I miss something?

CAMPTOWN
That's bullshit, man! I'm an
artist! I don't need to put up
with this! I've got good things
they don't know about!

WALTER
He fire you?

CAMPTOWN
Might as well have! I'm ready to
get out of this town, anyway!

MICHAEL
Where you gonna go?

CAMPTOWN
Savannah, I guess.

SAMMY
What's in Savannah?

WALTER
The sun, the beach, and chicks in
bikinis.

MICHAEL
Sounds good to me.

CAMPTOWN
You guys wanna go to Savannah with
me?

MICHAEL
Sounds like a plan!

CAMPTOWN
Cool, because my car was
confiscated by Nicaraguan security
forces...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The G Mobile cruises down the road on its way to Savannah.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Camptown and Walter sit in the back. Sammy drives, with Michael in shotgun. Michael is nodding off. Sammy listens to the radio to stay awake.

ANNOUNCER
(on the radio)
And West Georgia police continue
to look into the mysterious
robbery of a local "Movie Madness"
video store.

Sammy's eyes widen. Michael stirs.

ANNOUNCER
(continuing)
Sought as a witness to the crime
is store clerk Sam Crusoe --

Sammy hurriedly turns off the radio. Wakened, Michael looks at him curiously.

SAMMY
(shifting gears)
I had the weirdest dream last
night--

MICHAEL
(interrupting)
What's with you, man? All you've
been talking about the last couple
o' days are dreams, visions, and
hallucinations.
(with mocking concern)
Are you taking the pot, Sammy?

SAMMY
It's not like that. I dreamed I
met a girl...

MICHAEL
That is weird.

SAMMY
It was just so real. It was like
I really knew her.

MICHAEL
Was Gwendolyn in this dream?

SAMMY
No, I don't think she existed at
all in the dream. I didn't think

about her.

MICHAEL

If only you could do that in real life.

SAMMY

(to Camptown)

You know, Camptown, I don't think I've ever been to Savannah. Does it cost a lot to stay there?

CAMPTOWN

Well, actually, my uncle has a beach house down that we could probably stay in. I've got to call and ask first.

SAMMY

Well, we have to stop and get gas sooner or later. You can call your uncle then.

CUT TO:

INT. ALAMO HQ - NIGHT

Alamo paces back and forth in his office, chewing the butt of an unlit cigarette. On the wall is a bulletin board with a picture of Sammy pinned to it. Above the picture is the heading "Crusoe" written on the board.

Beneath this are pictures of Walter, Michael, and Will. The heading above these reads "known accomplices".

ALAMO

(irritated)

All right, people! I want answers, an' I want 'em now! What've we got on this Crusoe?

His assistant, JERGENS, steps forward.

JERGENS

No priors, no known vices, no known aliases. He looks clean.

ALAMO

Too clean.

JERGENS

He lost his job at the JR Petty clothing store the same day as the robbery. Apparently he got mixed up in some kind of customer riot.

ALAMO

Sedition, inciting civil
unrest...It's good, but we need
more to put him down. How 'bout
his cronies?

Jergens motions to each picture as he gives a brief bio.

JERGENS

This one here is Walter Hanover.
He's lazy, has a lousy work
history, but also no priors. He
lost his job at the Al-Mart photo
lab the same night.

ALAMO

Some coincidence.

Jergens indicates the photo of Michael.

JERGENS

This is Michael Raleigh. He works
with Crusoe at the college radio
station, WCLB. That's the only
job he didn't get fired from, by
the way. I haven't got much on
this one, except that I'm told he
just broke up with his girlfriend,
whom he still lives with.

ALAMO

Let me guess, they're just
"roommates" now.

JERGENS

Apparently he told her she could
stay as long as she wants until
she found a job.

ALAMO

(perplexed)

It's a front! No one in their
right minds would do that. She
knows more than she's letting on.
Dig deeper!

JERGENS

I'll look into it.

Alamo points at the picture of Will Brody.

ALAMO

What about this one?

JERGENS

That's Will Brody. He's the only
one of Crusoe's friends we were
able to contact. He wasn't too

cooperative; it took a little bit of convincing before he would talk. He says the rest of them decided to go on a "trip", but they never said where they were going.

ALAMO

I don't buy it. Tap his phone.

JERGENS

I'm on it.

ALAMO

I'm telling you, these guys are the smoothest operators we've ever faced! Who's idea was this trip?

JERGENS

According to Brody, it was Hanover's.

ALAMO

Fits his M.O., all right.

JERGENS

Wanna put out an A.P.B.?

ALAMO

No, let's let them get a little comfortable, give them enough rope to hang themselves by.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

The G Mobile pulls off the highway and exits into a truck stop for gas.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Michael and Sammy are in the back. Michael sleeps, his head resting on Sammy's shoulder. He snores loudly.

SAMMY

(unhappily)

Stop snoring, Michael...

Michael snores.

SAMMY

(continuing; more
adamantly)

Stop snoring, Michael...

Michael snores on, unhindered; Sammy elbows him in the arm, jarring him from his resting place. He slowly comes to consciousness.

SAMMY
(continuing;
satisfied)
That's better.

MICHAEL
(dazed)
Wh--What?

WALTER
(looking back)
Food, Mikey! Time to eat!

MICHAEL
(dopey)
Food good; Michael hungry.

Walter parks the van at the pump.

WALTER
Now this is a truck stop!
Wouldn't you say, Mikey?

MICHAEL
(groggy)
Michael need food.

They file out of the van and head towards the truck stop. As they leave Sammy presses a button on his keychain, activating the van's security system.

G-MOBILE
Autobot armed.

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

The four of them sit around the table, eating their chosen dishes.

CAMPTOWN
So, you guys want to make a movie?

WALTER
Not me.

MICHAEL
We're working on it.

WALTER
Oh bullshit! If you two ever do

anything besides hang out, watch
TV, and daydream I'll shit a
Volkswagen beetle!

SAMMY
Charming image.

MICHAEL
Change is the only constant in the
universe, Walter. Don't be so
sure our day won't come.

The door comes open and a shell-shocked man - ONE-EYED NED -
in an eyepatch comes in, geared up for battle, one would
think. He sits at the counter.

The G Boyz take notice.

NED
Gimme a coffee, black!

TAMMY, the waitress, approaches him.

TAMMY
Comin' up, hon. So what've you
been up to, Ned?

NED
(a bit crazed)
Oh, this and that; same as usual.
Waitin'...and hopin'.

TAMMY
(with little interest)
Not the end o' the world yet, is
it?

NED
Not yet.

TAMMY
(pouring him a cup of
coffee)
That's good to hear.

NED
Yeah, no one believes ol' Ned, but
you'll see. You'll all see.

TAMMY
(with vague interest)
That's one story you never told
me, Ned. How'd you lose that eye,
anyway? It happen in the service?

NED
(with uber

seriousness)
Oh yeah, it happened in the
service, all right. So.. you
wanna hear the story...
(squinting one eye
and widening the
other; melo-
dramatically)
of One-Eyed Ned!

Lightening born of no natural anomaly strikes behind him,
purely for effect.

NED
(continuing)
Years ago, when I was in Basic
Training, there was a guy named
Leroy Brown in there with us. He
was the biggest, meanest, ugliest,
cruellest son of a bitch to ever
walk the Earth! He was a
mountainous mass of mercilessly
evil man! He beat us down every
night and every day, never
relenting. We were his
playthings, and he our cruel
master!

At their table, the G Boyz can hear the story and listen with
interest.

NED
(continuing)
But you see, Tammy, you'll find
that every man has a primal beast
lurking within, deep down inside,
and that if you push a man too far
the animal comes alive, alive with
a vengeance! Leroy Brown didn't
know this, and by the time he
found out it was too late.

TAMMY
(wiping the counter,
feigning interest)
Oh yeah? What'd you do, hon?

NED
(getting louder and
more crazed)
A bunch of us got together one
night, held him down and ripped
his balls off!!!

Camptown nearly does a spit take; everyone else just stares.

TAMMY

(startled)
Say what?!

NED
Ripped 'em clean off, and handed
'em to him!

WALTER
(under his breath)
Oh shit, my Christ!

MICHAEL
(whispering)
I am so scared!

NED
Well, Leroy took his balls to the
doctor, and through the miracle of
modern science, they were able to
reattach them. Turns out ol'
Leroy didn't much care for what we
did. No sir, that soldier wasn't
happy at all.

TAMMY
What'd he do?

NED
He tracked us down one by one, and
exacted his cruel vengeance!

TAMMY
One by one?

NED
(practically yelling)
One by one!
(suddenly whispering,
pointing)
He took my eye!

TAMMY
(disturbed)
Jesus, Ned!

NED
(loud again)
I got off lucky! You should've
seen what happened to Shoeless
Joe! Or One-Pac Jack!

SAMMY
(under his breath)
I am so not happy.

NED
(almost amused)

No, sir! He ain't done with us!
I been hiding for years. Years!
But there's no escape. Soon, one
day very soon, he'll find me. He
won't rest until he finds me!
Then he's going to rip my balls
off, and the balls off of every
other man in the room! Ha! Ha ha
ha! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!

The G Boyz stare speechless, mystified.

CUT TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

The G Boyz sit in silence, One-Eyed Ned's insane laughter
still echoing in all their minds.

Finally...

MICHAEL
(casually)
I knew a guy who got his balls
ripped off.

WALTER
(in an outburst)
Dammit, Raleigh! We left that
place to get away from that!

MICHAEL
It's true, though; he used to work
at the pizza place with Christian.
He liked to go in early in the
morning, before they would open,
and put his balls on the conveyer
belt - ya know, the one that
carried the pizzas into the oven?

WALTER
Oh man!

SAMMY
Why would you do that?

MICHAEL
I guess he liked the feeling when
it rubbed against them. So
anyway, he was doing it one
morning, and there was a loose
staple at one of the seams in the
belt--

WALTER
Don't go there, Michael...

MICHAEL
(ignoring him)
And as it came around it grabbed
his sac like a hook and--

WALTER
Aw geez...

MICHAEL
(coming in for the
kill)
It just ripped his whole sac right
off!

WALTER
Goddammit! I knew it! You just
couldn't resist!

SAMMY
Were they able to reattach them?

MICHAEL
(laughing)
No...after it ripped them off, the
conveyer belt carried them into
the oven...and cooked 'em!

WALTER
That's it! Storytime's over!

MICHAEL
That's like Darwinism at work!
Can't let that one breed! Let's
rip him out of the gene pool!

SAMMY
(changing the subject)
So, Camptown, how are you enjoying
the trip so far?

CAMPTOWN
I think y'all are the weirdest
bunch of motherfuckers I've ever
met in my whole life!

SAMMY
Ah, come on! I'm sure you've got
a crazy story or two!

WALTER
Yeah! What's the weirdest thing
that ever happened to you,
Camptown?

CAMPTOWN
Well, let me think about it...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Dressed in mariachi attire, with guitar case in hand, Camptown marches through the sandblown plain into town.

CAMPTOWN (V.O.)

I was in Mexico, traveling from town to town with just the clothes on my back and my guitar, looking for work as a mariachi, when I wondered into some local dive.

Camptown enters the cantina.

CUT TO:

INT. CANTINA - DAY

Camptown passes through the swinging saloon doors and approaches the bar. The staff and patronage eye him suspiciously.

CAMPTOWN (V.O.)

I asked them if they needed a mariachi, and they told me to fuck off. I was beginning to think that that town would have no luck for me, when these bandito looking guys came crashing through the door. They looked at me and said "Esta aya! Pendejo!" They pulled out an array of high powered assault weapons, submachine guns, shotguns, streetsweepers, grenades, shotguns and worse.

The scene erupts into a John Woo-style firefight.

CAMPTOWN (V.O.)

(continuing)

I started to tell them that they had the wrong mariachi, but they just cut loose with a hell storm of burning metallic death. I dove behind the bar as glass from shattered bottles came raining down in a cascade of translucent, beer-soaked razors around me. The crooked and shady customers - all of questionable aroma - dove out of the windows and the bartender cowered beneath the sink. I knew then that no one would help me. No, the only way I was going to escape was to fight my way out.

In slow motion Camptown jerks his arms and a Colt .45 comes out of each sleeve and into his open hands.

CAMPTOWN (V.O.)

(continuing)

So I took a deep breath, said a silent prayer for their soon to be damned souls, jumped out from behind the bar and released an angry host of fiery iron demons, shattering the air and shaking the heavens to their very foundations. They stared down the long cold barrels of my twin .45's like they were looking into the forbidden depths of the Charon's eyes, and then they knew that I was the lord, and that their living license had been revoked! Forever!

The bad guys are riddled with bullets as they fly back and fall to the ground.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Camptown stares off into the night, as if still lost in his story. Walter looks at him dubiously. In the back, Michael sleeps. Sammy, interested, leans forward.

SAMMY

Where, uh...where'd you get the guns?

CAMPTOWN

(snapping out of it)

What?

SAMMY

The guns. Where'd you get them?

CAMPTOWN

(innocently)

Found 'em.

WALTER

(facetiously)

Yeah. Sure you did.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY LIMIT - DAYBREAK

As the van rolls down the dark highway, the distant sun cracks through the gloom on the horizon and its orange glow

begins to tear through the sky.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Camptown enters first, with Walter close behind. Michael and Sammy, still groggy, trail in after. They are all carrying their bags.

WALTER
(impressed)
Not bad, Camptown.

CAMPTOWN
I like it. I'm gonna get changed
and hit the beach.

SAMMY
Sounds good. I need to stretch my
legs.

WALTER
I need a shower.

MICHAEL
Can I use the phone?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

Sammy and Camptown stroll down the beach. All is quiet. They pass three men in pirate suits frantically digging a hole in the sand with old fashioned shovels. A large wooden chest is on the ground next to them. Camptown and Sammy pay them no attention.

CAMPTOWN
So I just got tired of movin'
around with no place really to go.
I need somethin' that gives me a
little more focus than just
hangin' out and gettin' stoned all
the fuckin' time.

SAMMY
Thought about going to college?

Camptown reaches down and picks up what looks like a gold doubloon and skips it across the water.

CAMPTOWN
It's not for me, man. I've had
enough bullshit to last me a
lifetime. I need somethin' I can
get excited about.

SAMMY
Like your music?

CAMPTOWN
Like anything that lets me be me.
I'm an artist.

They come across a dingy at the edge of the water. Without thought they climb in and start to row out to sea. A thundering percussive sound in the distance begins to get louder.

SAMMY
I feel you. All Michael talks about is wanting to be rich and famous, he always has some new angle. I guess I'm not that ambitious. I just like doing the things I'm good at. I guess the rest will take care of itself.

CAMPTOWN
That's cool.

The two of them row out until they reach two pirate ships that appear to be engaged in a pitched battle. Canons are firing, and swashbuckling men with swords are battling on both decks. The G boys casually row up to one of them and climb up the netting on the side. Once on deck they casually stroll to the stern.

CAMPTOWN
(continuing)
So you guys are really going to make a movie?

SAMMY
Yeah.

As they walk the battle rages on. They casually step over a dead pirate, seemingly oblivious to their surroundings.

CAMPTOWN
What about?

They sit down at the front of the ship. A cannon ball whizzes by and impacts violently with a mast behind them, bringing it crashing down on the ship. All the pirates in the background begin to cry out and jump over board.

PIRATE
(in the distance)
Avast ya scurvy dogs, we be takin' on water. Save yerselves!

SAMMY

It's sort of a mockumentary
docudramedy about these guys who
live in this crazy world but
they're all wrapped up in their
own problems and are oblivious to
the world around them.

CAMPTOWN
Like Candide?

SAMMY
Who?

The ship lurches violently and begins to sink rapidly. Sammy
and Camptown hold onto the railing so as not to fall. They
look out at the sunset.

CAMPTOWN
Wow. You ever see a sunrise like
that?

SAMMY
(disinterested)
Yeah.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PATIO - NOON

Walter looks out at the ocean. Michael steps out of the
house.

MICHAEL
Where'd everybody go?

WALTER
They hit the beach.

MICHAEL
That didn't take long. How long
was I on the phone?

WALTER
Long enough. You call her?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

WALTER
(looking back at him)
And?

MICHAEL
(irritated)
The bitch is taking the sheets off
the bed.

WALTER
I'm telling you, you're better off
without her.

Michael shrugs. They begin to stroll down the beach.

MICHAEL
(contemplative)
Life is pretty good, I guess.

WALTER
(taken aback)
How do you figure?

MICHAEL
(shrugs)
I don't know...I mean, my
girlfriend left me, I'm gonna need
a roommate, and I hate living with
people, I'm twenty four years old
and still in college, but somehow
I don't care. I know who my
friends are. That's really
important to me. I'm really glad
you're my friend, Walter.

WALTER
(breaking the tension)
You're not gonna kiss me, are ya?
(he smiles)
Ya damn poofter!

Sammy and Camptown approach.

MICHAEL
There you guys are! Ready for
lunch?

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTH BEACH GRILL - AFTERNOON

They sit at an outside table looking at the menu board by the
door.

WALTER
They serve tacos here?

MICHAEL
Here you go. Fish Taco! That's
right up there with the blowfish
burrito.

SAMMY
I gotta try that.

MICHAEL

You're a braver man than I, sir.

CAMPTOWN

What's with you guys and tacos?
That's fucked up, man.

WALTER

Let's not turn on tacos here, guys.

There is a beat where the conversation has found no new
avenue to explore. Michael finally starts again.

MICHAEL

I've got to say, Camptown, I'm
really glad we hooked up with you.

WALTER

Yeah, this is awesome.

SAMMY

I think this makes Camptown here
an official Golden Boy.

CAMPTOWN

What's a Golden Boy?

WALTER

It's stupid.

MICHAEL

Hey, hey, let's not turn on the
Golden Boys, either. Stupid never
stopped us from doing anything
before.

CAMPTOWN

What are you guys talking about?

SAMMY

In any social setting, there are
certain people that prevail by the
pure virtue of their wit and
resolve.

WALTER

Do we have to go through this
again?

MICHAEL

(putting his hand on
Walter's shoulder)
I'm afraid so, Walter.

SAMMY

Which brings us to the golden
rules.

WALTER
Oh man, not the rules, too!

CAMPTOWN
Rules?

SAMMY
Tell him, Mike.

WALTER
How about I tell him? Rule number
one: you do not talk about
goldenboys!

MICHAEL
Well, ok, rule number two--

WALTER
(interrupting)
--You do not talk about Goldenbo--

Sammy interrupts Walter by abruptly shoving a fish taco into his mouth. He spits it out and stands up, nearly gagging.

WALTER
(continuing)
Rule number three: You DO NOT
shove fish tacos in my mouth!
That's inappropriate! That's
inexcusable!

He storms off toward the bathroom. As he passes by he grabs a napkin dispenser and hurls it through a window shattering the glass.

WALTER
(continuing)
Pointless act!

He then enters the bathroom forcefully and the G Boys continue.

MICHAEL
(picking up at the
beginning)
Rule # 1: You don't have to be
cool. We're not cool.

CAMPTOWN
No shit.

MICHAEL
(ignoring him)
People just think we're cool
because we wouldn't act the way we

do unless we were much cooler than we looked.

CAMPTOWN

That doesn't even make any sense.

SAMMY

Rule # 2: You don't have to know anything. We don't really know how to do that much, people just think we do because most of them know less than nothing. We show a little know-how and they think we're experts, show a little innovation and they think we're geniuses.

CAMPTOWN

Okay...

MICHAEL

Rule # 3: You don't have to work. People think we work, but we don't do shit. Most people, however, do less than shit. Because most people do nothing, whenever they see us doing anything, they think we're gods.

CAMPTOWN

That's really fucked up, man.

MICHAEL

Is that your response to everything, Camptown? I swear, it's like you say it no matter what the occasion. It's like the Camptown version of Aloha. "I'm goin' to the store, Camptown," "that's fucked up, man", "I went to the movies," "oh yeah? That's fucked up!" "Pass the salt please?", "that's fucked up".

CAMPTOWN

But you guys are fucked up. I'm not so sure I want to be your golden boy.

SAMMY

Why not?

CAMPTOWN

Because it's powerful gay, that's why!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RIVER STREET - EVENING

Sammy, Walter, and Michael walk along the pavement, looking out at the river.

SAMMY

It really is pretty out here.

WALTER

Yeah, I love Savannah. I used to live here, you know.

MICHAEL

Seriously? You got peeps here?

WALTER

Yeah, but none of 'em have a beach house. I guess I should try to hook up with some people while we're here.

MICHAEL

Sounds like a plan.

WALTER

(looking in the distance)

Whoa! Waihini alert!

MICHAEL

(noticing)

She's a little bit of all right...
I might just be in love.

WALTER

Wanna go for it? I've got a plan.

CUT TO:

INT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Michael, Sammy, and Walter lie in wait.

MICHAEL

(looking out at the street; whispering)

This is a stupid plan.

WALTER

It'll work.

SAMMY

He's right, Mike. I wouldn't have believed it either, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes.

MICHAEL
(dubious)
Okay...

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVER STREET - NIGHT

The girl continues to walk down the road. Walter and Sammy strut out of the alley and approach her.

WALTER
Hey baby! Whassup?

SAMMY
You don't need to be walkin' home
alone, sugah; you need to be goin'
home wit' me!

They get close, moving in on her. Once they enter her personal space, she sprays them mercilessly with the pepper spray on her key chain. They stop dead in their trail, crying like babies and writhing in pain. Michael runs up, coming to the girl's "rescue".

MICHAEL
(heroically)
Are these guys bothering--?

Before he can even finish she sprays him in the face. He screams shrilly and clutches at his eyes. The spray hits him in the mouth as he screams and he covers it with his hand, coughing violently. He doubles over onto the ground. She kicks him in the stomach as he's down.

DIANA
Assholes!

She turns to leave, but delivers a final kick to Michael as she goes. Moments after, they linger on the ground, writhing in pain and crying like little girls.

SAMMY
(wailing)
My eyes! What have you done to my
eyes?!?

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The nurse, CAMBRIDGE, comes and sees Sam, Michael and Walter. She first approaches Sammy.

CAMBRIDGE
Just relax, you're going to be all
right.

SAMMY
I can't see.

CAMBRIDGE
Your eyesight will return in time.

SAMMY
Where am I?

CAMBRIDGE
You're in the emergency room.

SAMMY
Who are you?

CAMBRIDGE
I'm the nurse; now hold still.
(she dabs at his eyes
with a wet cloth)
Now how'd you get yourself into
this?

SAMMY
Long story...
(he grunts in pain)
Ah! That hurts.

CAMBRIDGE
Poor baby. Just keep talkin',
keep your mind off it. What's
your name?

SAMMY
Sam.

CAMBRIDGE
So, Sammy: Heard any good jokes
lately?

SAMMY
A man walks into a bar and says
"ouch".

She offers a polite, if dubious, chuckle.

SAMMY
(continuing)
Two men walk into a bar, which is
ridiculous, because the first one
should have warned the second.

He laughs a goofy laugh. Cambridge rises.

CAMBRIDGE
Hmm... that spray must've affected
you more than I thought.

Okay...Hang in there, Sammy. I'm
gonna check on your friends.
(she walks over to
Walter)
How we doin'?

WALTER
The horror! The horror!

Nearby, Michael groans incoherently, unable to speak.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Camptown sits on the couch, thinking. He looks at the ring
on his finger.

After a moment, the front door behind him swings violently
open. Walter stands in the doorway.

WALTER
(slightly crazed)
How's it goin', Camptown?

CAMPTOWN
(not looking back;
nervously)
Not bad, Walter. How've you been?

Walter begins to walk toward the couch. Sammy follows.
Still pained, Michael stumbles in blindly behind.

WALTER
(agitated)
Oh, not too good, not too good...

Walter jumps in front of Camptown as if to deter any thought
of escape.

WALTER
(continuing; angry)
Considering we got maced!

CAMPTOWN
Holy shit! What the fuck happened?

Sammy sits down on the couch next to Camptown; Michael
settles clumsily into a chair, whimpering.

WALTER
We tried your little trick,
Camptown. You know, the good cop,
bad cop trick?

CAMPTOWN
Uh-huh...So how'd it work out?

WALTER
(fighting to maintain
restraint)
We just got back from the
emergency room, that's how,
asshole!

Michael whimpers.

WALTER
(continuing)
Mike still can't talk! We think
she got him in the mouth!

CAMPTOWN
Guys, I told you: Always check
the keyring for pepper spray!
That's the most important thing!

SAMMY
There...there's a keyring test?

He looks to Walter.

WALTER
You never said anything about that!

CAMPTOWN
Oh...
(casually apologetic)
My bad.

Desperately, Michael lunges at Camptown. Sammy and Walter
hold him back as he struggles to get at his prey.

Camptown runs into the kitchen, looking nervously behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Michael emerges in the doorway, stretching his arms to either
side of him so that his hands touch the walls. He stalks
Camptown like a predatory animal. Camptown looks around for
a weapon - any weapon - and his gaze fixes on a kitchen knife
resting on the counter next to a pie. Michael notices the
knife as well and makes the distance to snatch it up before
Camptown can get to it, positioning himself so that his prey
can't squeeze past him to escape. Cornering him, Michael
clutches the knife like a madman and moves in for the kill.

CAMPTOWN
(calmly; putting his
hand on Michael's)
Why fight...
(he eases the knife

down toward the
counter)
when we could cut this pie?

On the counter, Camptown guides Michael's hand to cut the pie with the knife. They smile at each other.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sammy and Walter rest on the couch, tired of their nonsensical exploits.

WALTER
I could use a drink.

Michael and Camptown return from the kitchen, each holding a plate with a piece of pie.

CAMPTOWN
(eating the pie)
I'm sorry you got maced, man.

MICHAEL
(also eating; in a
hissy voice)
No problem!

WALTER
You up for a couple of drinks,
Camptown?

CAMPTOWN
Fuck yeah! Let's get FUBAR'd!

SAMMY
I think I'll stay here.

WALTER
Okay. How 'bout you, Raleigh? Up
for it?

MICHAEL
Okay.

WALTER
(noticing the pie;
suspicious)
Hey...Where'd you guys get pie?

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Camptown, Walter and Michael sit at the bar with beers.

WALTER
How you feelin' there, Mikey?

MICHAEL
(his voice slowly
returning)
Better already! Wait 'til I get
a few more of these in me! I
might just drink myself Scottish!

WALTER
(whispering to
Camptown)
Here we go...

CAMPTOWN
How much does he usually drink?

WALTER
It doesn't matter with Michael;
he's an extremely cheap date.

CAMPTOWN
What does he mean he'll drink
himself--?

WALTER
(interrupting)
You'll see.
(to Michael)
How we doin', Mike?

Michael hunches over his beer as if protecting it.

MICHAEL
(wide-eyed; in a
scratchy voice)
"I am the Lone Locust of the
Apocalypse! Think of me when you
look to the night sky!"

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sammy leans on the counter, talking on the phone.

SAMMY
Hi, Gwen, I just thought I'd give
you a call and see what you were
doing.

We're staying in Savannah for a
while, so if you want to reach me
the number is...

(pauses a moment,
then thinks about it)

Well, actually, I can't seem to find it. I'll just call you later, or get in touch with you when I get back. Talk to you later. Um... bye. I...I'll see you soon. Bye.

He quickly hangs up the phone and collapses on the bed, pulling a pillow over his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Michael stands on the sidewalk, inebriated.

MICHAEL
(crying out in a
thick scottish
accent)
Waldo! Waldo!!!

His neck twitches reflexively.

Walter and Camptown exit the bar and approach him.

CAMPTOWN
He didn't even drink that much!

WALTER
Five beers.

MICHAEL
(loudly)
Waldo!!! WALDO!!!!

WALTER
Hey there, Mikey...What the hell
are you doing?

MICHAEL
(intense, incoherent
accent)
Fook is Waldo?!

CAMPTOWN
What?

MICHAEL
Fook is WALDO?!

WALTER
Nope, sorry; not a word.

Michael holds up a scrap of newspaper.

MICHAEL

Wal-do! 'e's not fookin' there!

Walter looks at the scrap; it's a Where's Waldo? strip.

MICHAEL
(continuing;
reiterating)
Fook is WAL-DO?!

CAMPTOWN
We should get him back inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Walter and Camptown re-enter, with Michael in tow.

WALTER
You are definitely cut from the
bar!

With a light shove from Walter, Michael plops into his seat. Looking off in the distance, Walter sees something he doesn't like.

WALTER
(continuing; wide
eyed)
Oh shit!

He dives under the table.

MICHAEL
(to Walter; Scottish
accent)
Fook's the matter with him?

WALTER
(under the table)
Hide!

MICHAEL
(rolling the r's)
Wherrrrre?

WALTER
Get down here!

Walter reaches up and grabs Michael by the collar. Meaning to pull him under the table, he yanks the collar hard.

The angle is wrong, though, and he only manages to send Michael colliding with the table top. Michael lets out a genuine cry of pain as his head smacks hard on the wooden surface.

MICHAEL
(stunned)
Fookin'-A!

CAMPTOWN
(startled)
What the fuck, Walter!

WALTER
Sorry.

Michael leans up, his head in his hands, sobering swiftly.
The waitress approaches.

MICHAEL
Jesus Christ, Walter! What are
you trying to--

DIANA
(interrupting)
Can I get you guys anything else
to drink?

At the sound of her voice, Michael peeks out from behind his hands. His eyes widen in terror and disbelief as he recognizes her as the girl from River Street. The same girl who maced him.

For just a moment he flashes back to the experience. He shrieks in surprise and fear, crawling under the table to join Walter.

DIANA
(continuing; to
Camptown)
Jesus Christ! Is he going to be
okay?

Camptown smiles innocently. Walter pops up to see if the coast is clear, bumping his head on the tabletop in the process. Nursing the lump, he looks sideways at Camptown.

WALTER
She gone yet?

Still smiling, Camptown nods in her direction. Walter looks over, and, seeing her, sits up swiftly.

WALTER
(continuing)
I dropped my spoon.

He quickly picks up a menu - upside down - and buries his face in it.

DIANA
(suspicious)

Hey, don't I know you?

WALTER
No, no! I just have that kind of
mace--face, face!

DIANA
(realizing)
You're those idiots from River
Street!

Speechless, Walter just offers her a buffoonish grin.
Camptown grins, too.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sammy sits on the couch, flipping through channels on the TV.
He hits a news station, then is surprised to see Eddie being
interviewed.

EDDIE
(on the TV)
I don't know, he was always a
quiet kind of a guy. Never had
any trouble with anybody. I can't
believe he could be involved in
something like this. He was under
a lot of pressure, maybe he needed
the money--

Sammy turns it off.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Michael and Walter are both topside once again. Diana also
sits on the table, next to Michael. Still drunk, he leans on
her for comfort.

MICHAEL
(like a small child)
I mean, should said she'd love me
forever! And it just went away?

DIANA
(giving him a little
hug)
It's okay, honey. Everything's
gonna be okay.

Realizing himself a little, and sobering up for real, Michael
sits up.

MICHAEL

(more serious)
But how?

DIANA
(drinking Michael's
beer)
It just will. You just have to
move on.

MICHAEL
But how can I move on with her
still there?

DIANA
She didn't move out?

MICHAEL
She's got nowhere to go.

DIANA
She's got parents, doesn't she?

MICHAEL
Not good ones.

DIANA
Tough shit. You've got to get her
out.

MICHAEL
It's just 'til she finds a job.

DIANA
How long did you give her?

She starts to take another good pull of his beer.

MICHAEL
I told her she could stay as long
as she wants.

Surprised, Diana spews the beer all over the table.

WALTER
(disconcerted)
Please, don't spray like that! It
brings back unpleasant memories of
you!

DIANA
What possessed you guys to try
that little stunt, anyway?

WALTER
(sarcastically)
Because someone told us it was a
foolproof plan!

DIANA
What kind of idiot told you that?

Looking away innocently, Camptown starts to whistle.

MICHAEL
(oblivious to the
exchange)
Maybe I just need to be an
asshole, from now on! I'm tired
of bein' a nice guy when bein'
nice just gets people to dump on
you all the time!

DIANA
(serious)
Believe me: Sometimes nice girls
get dumped on, too.

As if having reached an epiphany, Michael nods.

CAMPTOWN
You're pretty lucky, Michael.

MICHAEL
(incredulous)
How do you figure?

CAMPTOWN
Dude, I've moved around a lot,
cruisin' from place to place. You
know how many girls I've been with?

WALTER
How many?

As if startled to be asked directly, Camptown glances at
Diana. In deference to her, he leans over and whispers the
number in Walter's ear.

WALTER
(continuing; shocked)
How old are you?!

CAMPTOWN
I get around a lot.

WALTER
Apparently!

Raising his eyebrows, he looks to Michael, impressed.

CAMPTOWN
(to Michael)
You know how many girls I've gone
back to?

Michael shakes his head.

CAMPTOWN
(continuing)

None.

WALTER
When would you have had the time?

CAMPTOWN
I just never loved any of them.
I wanted to, but I didn't. The
girls I did love didn't love me,
though.

DIANA
Happens all the time.

CAMPTOWN
(regretfully)
Yeah, it does. You know what
doesn't happen all the time,
though? When you love someone
else and they love you back.
That's a one-in-a-million, man,
and sometimes people have to go
through a lot of fucked-up shit to
find out if it's for real, but
you gotta go for it. No matter
how scared you are or how much
you've been hurt, you gotta take
the chance. And no matter what,
you need to cherish whatever brief
time you have together, without
regrets.

They pause a moment, considering his words of wisdom.

MICHAEL
Whoa...that's fucked up.

CAMPTOWN
That's it!

Camptown shakes his beer and sprays it at him. The others
dive for cover.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - SUNNY DAY

Camptown sits on the sand with his shirt off, soakin' some
rays and playin' his guitar. A pretty girl in a bikini
approaches.

CAMPTOWN

Hi there.

BIKINI GIRL

Hi.

CAMPTOWN

What's your name?

BIKINI GIRL

Maria. What's yours?

He coolly removes his shades.

CAMPTOWN

(suave)

Camptown. Camptown Minnesota.

BIKINI GIRL

(sitting in the sand
next to him)

That's cute. How'd you come up
with it?

CAMPTOWN

(annoyed)

Fuck!

CUT TO:

EXT. STOREFRONT - SUNNY DAY

Sammy comes walking out of the market with a small grocery bag. Cambridge approaches. In her civilian attire, and outside of the emergency room, she is very pretty. Of course, Sammy never noticed before because he was blind.

CAMBRIDGE

Hey, Sammy! How we feelin' today?

SAMMY

(confused)

Huh? Oh, hi.

CAMBRIDGE

(to jog his memory)

Heard any good jokes lately?

SAMMY

(with recognition)

Oh! I'm sorry, I couldn't see
your face before. Yeah, I'm
feelin' a lot better now, thanks
to you.

CAMBRIDGE

Nothin' to it. So, you live
around here?

SAMMY
Just visiting, actually.

CAMBRIDGE
Too bad. Listen: You want to get
something to eat? I could show
you around a little bit.

Sammy's mama didn't raise no fools.

SAMMY
Okay...

He drops the groceries on the grass and walks off with her.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNNY DAY

Michael unwraps the glider and pulls it out of the paper to
look at it. He is slowed down by his hangover. He begins to
piece it together.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - SUNNY DAY

Camptown walks across the sand with the bikini girl.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - SUNNY DAY

Sammy and Cambridge see the sights of Savannah while eating.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNNY DAY

Michael completes the glider and inspects it with
satisfaction. He throws it across the room and reaches in
his pocket. He extracts the string bracelet he cut from his
wrist and the Bahama penny. He discards the string and flips
the penny in the air and catches it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPUS LIBRARY - LATE AFTERNOON

Walter approaches the library door, but then sees a sign on
it that reads: "The library will be closed for the week of
Spring Break".

Disappointed, he walks back down the steps. Nearby, Walter's
old friend BRANDON sees him, and approaches.

BRANDON
(calling out to him)
Walter?

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Filling the sky and covering the world with a brilliant golden hue, the sun sinks into the sea.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Michael sleeps the sleep of the dead (or completely inebriated) on the couch. Sammy enters, bounding through the room. He drums on the sofa near Michael's head.

SAMMY
(excitedly)
Wake up, Mikey! Time to get up!

Michael leaps off the couch in surprise, looking about for any sign of danger. Sammy goes off to his room.

MICHAEL
(alert)
Wha...huh? Where?
(noticing Sammy)
What the hell...?
(frontin'; to himself)
Yeah, you better run.

He tries to sit back down, but slips off the edge of the couch and onto the floor. He straightens up, but doesn't get up, posturing as if he's just proven something.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
That'll teach ya.

Sammy comes bounding back into the room, hurtles the couch and lands on the cushion next to where Michael's head now rests.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
What the hell are you so happy about?

SAMMY
Cambridge.

MICHAEL
The nurse from the emergency room?

SAMMY

How can you possibly remember that?

MICHAEL

She talked me back to the land of the living, man. I'll never forget that. As out of it as I was, that's all I remember. I don't even know what she looks like.

SAMMY

She's beautiful.

MICHAEL

I suppose she's blond too, huh?

SAMMY

Just like the girl in my dream!

MICHAEL

Cool.

SAMMY

You believe me?

Michael slide back onto the couch next to Sammy, over-dramatizing this moment of bonding.

MICHAEL

(putting his arm
around Sammy)

My friend, in the time that I've known you, I've come to put a great deal of faith in the prophetic nature of your dreams.

SAMMY

Then why do you always give me such a hard time?

MICHAEL

I've also come to realize that you are certifiably mad.

It usually takes me a few minutes to determine which of these phenomena is coming into play.

Camptown enters wearing nothing but his boxer shorts.

SAMMY

Boy...what happened to your clothes?

MICHAEL

You're not wearing any pants!

CAMPTOWN
Long story...Let me get a shirt.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

The G-mobile is parked in the driveway. A suspicious looking figure emerges from the shadows. It is the manager from the point, this time in a black leather bodysuit with all sorts of knives and grappling hooks attached to it. He looks inside the drivers window and sees "the club" lying on the seat.

DR. STRANGE
The club. How passe.

He stealthily pulls an old fashioned bomb out of his backpack. Just then the G-mobile responds.

G-MOBILE
Autobot armed!

DR. STRANGE
Eh?

The G-mobile suddenly transforms into a 12 foot autobot, taco wrappers flying out in every direction. Wielding the club like a weapon, he spins around to face Point Manager Strange. Alarmed, the Point Manager darts away towards the bushes. The G-mobile raises the club and begins to rapidly fire laser bolts from it. One of the shots grazes the Point Manager Strange's wig and sets it on fire. He removes it and throws it at the autobot.

DR. STRANGE
(continuing)
You won't find me so easy to
vanquish, gearhead!

With that the point manager throws down a smoke bomb. The smoke quickly dissipates, and when it does the Point Manager is nowhere to be found.

The G-Mobile looks around and, satisfied that the danger is gone, transforms back into a van.

INT. WILL'S HOUSE - EVENING

The phone rings and Will picks it up. He has a honey of a shiner.

WILL
Hello? Oh, hey Sammy! Whassup?
How's the trip?

SAMMY (O.S.)
Savannah's pretty cool! Wish you
were here.

WILL
Yeah, me too. Look, man, are you
in some kind of trouble?

SAMMY
Hard to say, what have you heard?

WILL
Some FBI guys have been looking
for you.

SAMMY
(casually)
Oh, that. I really don't know.
I'm sure it's nothing to worry
about.

WILL
Well, they broke my leg. And
three of my ribs.

SAMMY
(with more enthusiasm)
Cool. I met this girl here, Will.
I hope she's around long enough
for you to meet her. And you've
got to meet Camptown, too! He's
the best!

ZOOM OUT to reveal that Will also has a broken leg in a cast.

WILL
Dammit, this sucks! I feel like
Gilbert in "Revenge of the Nerds,
pt. II". I'm missin' everything!

SAMMY
Nope, sorry, haven't seen that
one. But I appreciate the
sentiment.

WILL
It figures. Well, I gotta go; I
told Daniel and Chase I'd hang out
with 'em tonight, seein' as how
I'm gonna be shippin' out soon.
Unlike some people I know, who've
got better things to do,
peckerhead!

SAMMY
Oh man, I'm sorry. We'll be back
before you go; I swear.

WILL
I know; I'm just messin' with you.
I'll see you when you get back.

SAMMY
Oh, and Will? Be careful not to
castrate any large, scary people
while you're in the army, okay?

WILL
(upset)
Oh no! Why do you have to talk
about people gettin' their peckers
cut off? That's so wrong!

SAMMY
Just trust me on this one, okay?

WILL
I don't think that will be a
problem. I'll see you when you
get back.

CUT TO:

INT. ALAMO HQ - NIGHT

Alamo and Jergens listen in on Sammy and Will's conversation
with fancy equipment.

SAMMY (O.S.)
All right. We'll be back soon.
Bye now.

Sammy hangs up the phone.

ALAMO
Trace go through?

JERGENS
Got him.

Alamo throws on his coat and picks up a shotgun. He cocks it
for emphasis.

ALAMO
Let's roll.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Michael is in the kitchen. He enters the living room as
Sammy runs past him toward the door.

MICHAEL

What the hell are you doing up
before noon?

SAMMY
Gotta get to the hospital! I'm
takin' Cambridge to lunch!

He runs out of the house.

MICHAEL
(calling after him)
Lunch? It's not even noon!

He looks around to see if anyone else is up and about, then
picks up the phone and dials.

MICHAEL
(continuing; after a
pause)
Hey, I'm really terrible at
leaving answering machine
messages, but I hate it when
people just hang up, because I
don't know if your machine is one
of the ones that records hang-ups,
but mine used to and I hated it
when people would call without
leaving messages. This is
Michael, by the way. We met the
other night. I'd like to see you
again, sober this time. I promise
not to drink if you promise not to
mace me!

He winces as soon as he says it, realizing that it wasn't as
funny as he meant it to be.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
I mean, well, I didn't mean it
that way. I'll, um...I'll call
you later. Thanks. You,
uh...have a good day. Have a
wonderful day, and I'll uh, I'll
see you later, I guess. Um. Bye.
Thanks for listening. Goodbye.

The beep cuts him off. He winces again, banging himself
lightly with the phone. He hangs it up.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Sammy walks down the hallway. He runs into Dr. Strange as he
turns a corner.

SAMMY
(scared)
D-D-Dr. Strange!

DR. STRANGE
(eyes lighting up)
Sammy boy! Fancy meeting you here!

SAMMY
What are you doing here?

DR. STRANGE
A man of my trade needs to keep
his options open. Speaking of
which, there's something I've been
meaning to talk to you about, my
little Samuel.

NURSE UNO approaches.

SAMMY
Dr. Strange, about that
appointment, I--

NURSE UNO
(interrupting)
Dr. Kurtz! Here are those files
you wanted.

The nurse hands him a file folder and walks off. After an
uncomfortable pause, Dr. Strange finally speaks.

DR. STRANGE
She gets confused. Now, about
that appointment--

A group of doctors and nurses comes barrelling down the hall,
frantically pushing a gurney. The lead physician, DR. ZWEI,
barks orders as they approach.

ZWEI
Out of the way! Coming through!

Sammy and Strange move to separate sides of the hall as the
gurney comes between them.

ZWEI
(continuing)
All right! I need 500 cc's of
annieonatrapoline!

NURSE
Yes, Doctor!

ZWEI
(to Strange)
Kurtz! I need you to assist in

the OR! Go scrub up!

DR. STRANGE
Yes, Dr. Zwei!

The blur of motion rushes past, and then disappears down the hall. When the coast is clear, Strange grins evilly and looks back around to discover that Sammy is gone.

His grin disappears.

DR. STRANGE
(continuing; crying
out dramatically)
Samuel!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE - DAY

Strange's cry still echoes in his head as Sammy enters the bar that is right next to the hospital. He slides up to the bar, catching his breath, and looks to the BARTENDER, NORM.

SAMMY
(to the bartender)
Can I have some orange juice,
please?

BARTENDER NORM
(looking at him a
little funny)
Sure. Why not?

SAMMY
Man, I'm having another one of
those days.

BARTENDER NORM
(disinterested)
Uh huh.

SAMMY
I met this girl, and she's
awesome, like in my dream, but
there's this other girl, and I
don't know, I just can't let go.
I always do this, I just--

BARTENDER NORM
(interrupting)
I don't think we should talk
anymore.

Bartender Norm Macdonald gives Sammy a curt and smarmy wave then removes his apron and leaves the bar.

BARTENDER NORM
(continuing; outside
the bar)
Evening everybody!

CROWD OUTSIDE THE BAR
Norm!

Sammy looks back to his juice, and a giant behemoth of a man enters the establishment. He marches directly to the bar, addressing the entire room in a booming voice. Before he hears it, Sammy can somehow sense it: This is the dreaded LEROY BROWN, vicious, mean-tempered gouger of eyes and ripper of balls. He stiffens, unable to breathe. Leroy addresses the entire bar.

LEROY
I'm lookin' for a man who lives
round these parts. A man that
goes by the name of one-eyed Ned!

Sammy's eyes widen to the size of golf balls, but he doesn't dare move.

LEROY
(continuing)
You heard tell of such a man?
It's very important that I find
him! There's something that I've
gotta do! Something that I owe
him!
(looking at Sammy)
Something that I owe every man.
Every man alive!

Sammy bolts out, no longer thinking about the consequences.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOUNGE - DAY

Sammy tears out of the joint, full throttle. Leroy follows, but by the time he hits the street Sammy is nowhere to be seen.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Sammy runs 'til he gets to a phone booth. He hastily enters and dials a number.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Michael paces about the room, phone in hand.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
So that's when I knew that you
were the woman for me. Strong,
independent, but forgiving. No no
no. Too committal. Listen, I've
never been very good at this, but
would you do me? No, no. Too
forward.

The phone rings.

MICHAEL
(continuing;
suspiciously)
Um...hello?

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Sammy holds the phone receiver directly in front of his face,
as if to emphasize his point.

SAMMY
(screaming)
Leroy!!!!!!!!!!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Walter and Camptown walk along the shore.

WALTER
Man, this is great.

CAMPTOWN
Everything you hoped for?

WALTER
Just gettin' those two Shemps out
of town for a few days was already
more than I could've hoped for.
What about you?

CAMPTOWN
I just wish I could find my pants.
I can't believe I lost my fuckin'
bag!

WALTER
(amused)
Well, besides a pair of pants,
what do you want out of this place?

CAMPTOWN

(shrugs)

I don't know; a place where things
make sense a little, I guess.
Somewhere I could unpack my bags
and stay a while.

WALTER

If you could find them.

CAMPTOWN

Fuck!

Just then a driverless stage coach roars past them. Someone
in the distance screams.

DISTANT SCREAM

Stop that coach! It's headed for
the cliffs!

Without hesitation Walter and Camptown run forward to where
two horses are conveniently waiting, saddled up and ready to
go. They leap onto the horses action style and begin to
gallop toward the runaway carriage.

WALTER

(yelling so as to be
heard above the
thundering horses)

So is this it?

CAMPTOWN

(also yelling)

For now. I don't know, though.
Something's missing.

WALTER

Tell me about it. I used to live
here. Hya, Hya!

Camptown pulls alongside the coach.

CAMPTOWN

So why'd you leave?

He then dramatically leaps from his horse and catches a rope
dangling from the back of the coach. He holds to it tightly,
being dragged along the rocky ground at breakneck speed,
stirring up a large cloud of dusty sand.

WALTER

I don't know. I got tired of the
same old bullshit, I guess.

Camptown holds on desperately.

CAMPTOWN

(spitting out sand)
But you came here for vacation?

WALTER
It was your idea!

Twisting his body to narrowly avoid a large rock. He then starts to pull himself along the rope closer to the coach.

CAMPTOWN
I don't hear you complaining.

WALTER
(still galloping at
full speed)
Well, don't you ever get tired of
not knowing where you wanna be?

Camptown begins to pull himself along the rope until he reaches the coach. He then starts to climb up the back.

CAMPTOWN
Sure. I've been looking for
America, and I haven't found it
anywhere. But I'll tell you one
thing: If I did know where I
wanted to be, I wouldn't pussy
outta going there because of some
kind of bullshit.

Camptown climbs over the top of the stage coach, careful not to lose his balance.

CAMPTOWN
(continuing;
nonplussed)
Hell, man, we should throw a party!

WALTER
(still galloping
alongside, pulling
an old fashioned six
shooter out of his
shirt)
I'm likin' the sound of it.

CAMPTOWN
(grabbing the reins)
A beach party!

WALTER
(shooting his six
shooter into the air)
Yeah, just like in the movies! Ay
ay aya ay!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Sammy and Michael sit on the couch, watching TV.

MICHAEL

So you didn't go out with
Cambridge today?

SAMMY

Just let it go, man. It's a long
story.

(sighs)

Man, I hate this feeling.

MICHAEL

What feeling?

SAMMY

It's Friday night, and we're
sitting here in a cool town, alone
in a living room, no one else
around, all our friends are
probably out picking up chica. We
should be out doing something.

MICHAEL

Why don't you call her?

SAMMY

I don't know. I'm having second
thoughts about it.

I mean, we had a lot of fun
together, but how much do I really
know about her? She doesn't
really know anything about me.
Maybe I should just leave it as
one really cool memory.

MICHAEL

You are such a little bitch
sometimes, I swear! If you want
to call her, you should just call
her.

SAMMY

Why don't you call what's her name?

MICHAEL

I did. I got the machine.

SAMMY

Uh oh.

MICHAEL

I didn't choke on the message! I

just don't know why I've been
thinking about her so much.

SAMMY
You did just break up with your
girlfriend.

MICHAEL
So is it just a rebound thing?

SAMMY
Why do women beguile us so? My
only books were women's looks and
folly's all they've taught me. I
wonder if girls ever sit around
and talk about us this way.

MICHAEL
I'm sure they do. Well, maybe not
us, but some guys, anyway.

SAMMY
I don't know, Michael.
(dramatically)
I just don't know.

MICHAEL
Hmmm.

They sit in silence, save the television.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND A LARGE HOUSE - EVENING

Walter and Camptown load a keg into the back of the G Mobile.

WALTER
What Sammy would think if he saw
what we were doing to the G Mobile
here...

They toss it in, rocking the van.

WALTER
(continuing)
I just realized I don't even know
your name.

CAMPTOWN
(timid)
It's Camptown.

WALTER
No, I mean your real name,
asshole! The one you were born
with, not the one you gave

yourself in a drug-induced
delirium!

CAMPTOWN
Shouldn't we get going?

WALTER
(too interested to
drop it)
Come on, man! How bad could it be?

CAMPTOWN
(looking around
cautiously)
You promise not to tell?

Walter nods. Camptown looks around again, then bows his head
low, as if in shame.

CAMPTOWN
(continuing; mumbling)
Julivava McDuvava.

WALTER
(loudly)
What's that?

CAMPTOWN
(sighs)
McDunley. Julius McDunley.

WALTER
(almost yelling)
Julius McDunley?!

Camptown moves in closer, shooshing him.

CAMPTOWN
(whispering)
The fifth, actually.

WALTER
I guess it's not that bad. I
mean, it's not like your name is
Rhinehold or anything.

CAMPTOWN
Yeah, but do you think it's as
cool as Camptown Minnesota?

WALTER
(thinking about it)
Hmmm...No.

CAMPTOWN
Neither did I.

They get in the van and drive away. Just then a couple of nerds - DIRK & STEVIE - emerge from the house.

STEVIE

Man, tonight's party is going to be the...hey! Where's our keg?

DIRK

Damn you, Alpha Omega! This means war!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Michael and Sammy sit on the couch, mesmerized by the TV. Both look emotionally moved by it.

MICHAEL

(on the verge of tears)

Come on, Johnny Five...

SAMMY

(also involved)

Life is not a malfunction.

Finally, they breathe a sigh of relief.

MICHAEL

He made it!

They slap hands. Michael breaks down, putting his face in his hands as if to cry.

SAMMY

Michael, are you crying?

MICHAEL

(trying to choke it back)

I can't help it! It's just--!

SAMMY

(interrupting)

It's just "Short Circuit 2", man! If you can't handle this...

MICHAEL

(regaining composure)

Yeah, it's okay, I'm okay. I just...ever since I broke up with Leeza, I'm just so...

(losing it again)
emotionally vulnerable!

Michael commences bawling. Sammy just gives him a bewildered

look, as if wondering what to do.

SAMMY

I can't cry anymore.

MICHAEL

(recovering)

Why not?

SAMMY

I just can't. I used to when I was a kid, but not anymore. And that's pretty crummy, because sometimes I think that would make me feel a lot better.

MICHAEL

I never used to cry. Then I met Leeza, and she really opened me up to my feelings. She taught me that it was okay to trust people, that I didn't have to always be waiting for them to hurt me.

SAMMY

And then?

MICHAEL

Then she ripped my heart out of my ribcage, took a bite out of it, threw it to the floor and stomped on it...then smiled and said she was sorry.

SAMMY

That's a very...graphic illustration, Michael.

(sighs)

Women! I tell ya, sometimes I just don't get it.

MICHAEL

They're not so different from us.

SAMMY

Since when?

MICHAEL

I don't know...I just got to thinking about it the other night when I was talking to Diana. We got to talking about how girls always go after the guys that treat them like shit...

SAMMY

They're always after the wrong

guys!

MICHAEL
But so are we.

SAMMY
(with mock offense)
I'm gonna tell you this one last
time: I don't go for guys.

MICHAEL
(offers a weak laugh)
You know what I mean, wise ass.
That's why the girls we're with
treat us like shit; because we're
dating the assholes, too.

There's a dramatic pause, then Sammy laughs.

MICHAEL
(continuing; confused)
What?

SAMMY
We need to put this scene in a
movie.

If we put this conversation in a
movie, it's guaranteed to get us
girls.

MICHAEL
Oh, no doubt. The chicks would
eat this sensitive shit up. "I
just can't cry, Michael! I wish
I could!"

SAMMY
"She taught me to trust, Sammy,
then she betrayed me!"

They laugh together.

MICHAEL
(casually)
We suck.

Walter and Camptown enter excitedly.

CAMPTOWN
Party party party!

MICHAEL
What?

WALTER
Beach party!

MICHAEL

Where?

Walter gives him a light slap on the back of the head.

WALTER

(sarcastic)

Downtown, dumbfuck! Where do you think they hold beach parties?

CAMPTOWN

Just look for the big titty chicks in bikinis, and that'll be the place.

MICHAEL

You wish. How about we catch up to you?

Walter gives him a dubious look.

WALTER

Okay...but I expect to see both of you there.

He and Camptown exit as swiftly as they entered.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - EVENING

Alamo and Jergens monitor the outside of their house as Camptown and Walter run out toward the beach. Alamo grins.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - EVENING

Michael and Sammy get up off the couch.

SAMMY

I think I'm gonna get a nap.

MICHAEL

Come on, this sounds like fun.

SAMMY

I'm exhausted, man. How 'bout I get a nap, then meet up with you later?

MICHAEL

(dubiously)

Okay...

Sammy walks to his room. Michael gathers up some stuff to

take with him. He turns to leave, but the ring of the phone interrupts him.

Reluctantly, he doubles back to answer it.

MICHAEL
(continuing)
Hello?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Camptown and Walter set up shop. A crowd of people gathers round.

WALTER
(raising his voice
over the crowd)
Know any of these people?

CAMPTOWN
No!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Michael gets more and more perturbed, talking on the phone.

MICHAEL
How did you get this number? Oh
yeah, I keep forgetting about that
damn caller ID. I'll be back
soon, and we can talk--
(surprised)
Where'd that come from? The FBI?
Honey, are you on the crack rock?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Walter and Camptown party down.

CAMPTOWN
Can you believe this shit? One
week in town, and we've taken over
the whole social scene!

Walter puts his hand on Camptown's shoulder.

WALTER
You've taken your first step into
a larger world.
(looks around;
annoyed)

Where are they?

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Michael stands over the couch, clutching the phone.

MICHAEL

Look, think whatever you want to think, just make sure you're out of there by the end of the month! Then I suggest you get to work!

(he pauses a beat)

Look, I've always tried to give you everything you asked for. I didn't want to be special, I didn't want to be great, all I wanted was to be adequate. For you to say, "Michael, you gave enough, you loved enough, you were enough"! Was that so much? But even now, you can't even give me that! You can't even say it's enough!

So I'm gonna say it: I've had enough! Enough of this bickering, enough of this pettiness, enough of this pain! I don't care what you do anymore, I don't care where you go, I don't even care what you take with you, just get your shit together, and get out! Take it all! You can leave me with nothing if you'll just leave!

(another beat)

No, no...I don't think so. Let's not just be friends right now. Let's just be exes!

Angrily, cathartically, he slams down the phone.

After a moment he realizes that it's a cordless phone, and picks it back up. Meekly pressing the "off" button, he sets it back down.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - SAMMY'S ROOM - EVENING

Waking from his nap, Sammy wanders to the door and opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. ARMY BARRACKS - DUSK

Sammy looks around, shocked that his bedroom door has led to this bizarre dream state. One-Eyed Ned sits on one of the bunks.

NED
What's the matter, kid? Ain't ya got any guts?

SAMMY
What?

Ned stands, walking toward him.

NED
Guts! Moxey! Chutzpa! Kajonies!
Balls, boy!

SAMMY
What are you talking about?

Ned illustrates his suggestion as he makes it.

NED
You wanna get anywhere in this world, ya gotta grab life by the balls and squeeze!

Sammy steps away from him nervously.

NED
(continuing)
Ya gotta squeeze 'em, boy!
Squeeze those balls! Squeeze 'em!
Squeeze 'em squeeze 'em squeeze 'em!

Sammy swiftly exits the barracks.

CUT TO:

INT. BARRACKS - WILL'S ROOM - DUSK

Sammy looks around dizzily as the dream segues into this area, leaving him a little off balance. Will sits on his bunk, packing his duffel.

SAMMY
Will?

WILL
How'd you guess? Course it's me, peckerhead!

SAMMY
What are you doing here?

WILL

(shrugs)
It's your dream, buddy.

SAMMY
What am I supposed to do, Will?
Go after a girl who lives five
hours away?

WILL
She hot?

SAMMY
That's not the point.

WILL
Speak for yourself. You like this
girl?

SAMMY
Yeah! A lot! I don't know if
she'll like me after today,
though. All that crazy nonsense
keeping me away, maybe it's Fate
trying to tell me something.

WILL
Maybe...it all depends on your
point of view, I suppose.

Among the things he's packing, Will stuffs a head of lettuce
in his duffel.

SAMMY
What's the lettuce for?

WILL
It's a dream thing.

SAMMY
Oh.

WILL
So if you like this girl, stop
thinkin' about some girl you used
to date a couple of years ago and
call her!

SAMMY
You sure?

WILL
How'm I supposed to know? I'm
just a dream! Look, ever since
I've known you you just haven't
been able to let yourself be
happy. For once in your life get
out of the past and let yourself

have a little fun! All your friends are at a party on the beach! And where are you? At home asleep! I wish I could be there! If you can't get off your butt and take advantage of what you've got goin' for you, then you can just lick my nuts!

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - SAMMY'S ROOM - EVENING

Sammy sits up, jarred awake.

WILL (O.S.)
(echoing out of the dream)
My nuts...my nuts...my nuts...

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Michael walks across the sand, entering the crowd of party-goers. He finds Walter.

MICHAEL
So this is the party, huh?

WALTER
Glad you could make it.

They walk away from the people so they can talk.

MICHAEL
Sorry, I just got off the phone with Leeza.

WALTER
What's she taking this time?

MICHAEL
(chuckles)
I don't care. I can't carry her anymore. She's heavy, and she ain't my brother.

WALTER
It's about time you came around.

MICHAEL
What's up with you? You look like you've got something on your mind.

Walter sits down on the sand near the shoreline. Michael joins him.

WALTER

Yeah. I've been thinkin' about it, Michael, and I don't know if I'm goin' back.

MICHAEL

Walter, I'm going to have to insist that you start making some sense.

WALTER

I'm serious! I can't keep goin' from one shit job to another, sleepin' on Sammy's couch on and off. I've got people here; I could take a quarter off from school and just see what happens.

MICHAEL

(smiles)

Sounds like a plan. Everybody needs time to get their shit together. If only I can get my shit sorted out!

WALTER

Fuck you, Mikey! You and Sammy, you guys think the whole world is here just to keep up with you. The way you two agonize over your problems, man, I've never seen a whinier couple o' bitches!

MICHAEL

(taken aback)

Not to be rude, Walter, but it has been a little rough lately.

WALTER

For you and the rest of the world! Your girlfriend left you? She's a bitch, man! You should've left her long ago! Sammy can't stop thinking about his ex-girlfriend? That's everybody, man! And you both have time to mac on new girls while you're away, don't you? I wish I could do that.

Surprisingly, Michael smiles.

MICHAEL

Life is really somethin', you know that?

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the Bahama penny,

presenting it to Walter.

WALTER
(unimpressed)
Wow, I've never seen a penny up
close before.

MICHAEL
A bahama penny! I'd never seen
one before this one.

It's funny how little things pop
up in your life that don't really
mean anything, but somehow make
all the difference. Life is full
of little treasures like that,
little miracles that make it all
worth the trip.

WALTER
(with sudden
earnestness)
I am proud of you, you have
learned all that you require.

MICHAEL
Huh?

WALTER
Now you must go into the world and
take on an apprentice of your own,
for there is nothing more that I
can teach you.

Michael stands and turns to go.

MICHAEL
Um, okay Walter. I feel you. I
just remembered; there's something
I gotta do.

Michael runs off back toward the house. Walter sits
motionless for a while, then slowly stands up, takes off his
clothing, and deliberately walks into the ocean until he goes
under water. At that moment a number of dolphins jump out of
the water and glisten in the moonlight.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - SAMMY'S ROOM - EVENING

Sitting up in bed, Sammy looks over at the phone on his
nightstand. He sighs, then reaches for the phone. Picking
it up, he cradles the receiver between his head and shoulder,
thinking a moment. Coming to a decision, he holds it in

front of him, and dials...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

Camptown sets down his guitar for a moment and walks toward the keg. He pours a cup and then wanders away from the party and sits quietly on the sand for a moment.

Leroy Brown comes up from behind and sits down beside him. He is wearing a priest's outfit.

LEROY

You look like you could use some words of solace, my friend.

CAMPTOWN

I guess so. I just don't know where I belong. What I want out of life.

LEROY

That is a toughie...

Leroy ponders this for a moment.

LEROY

(continuing)

Let me tell you a story. Long ago, I was a different man. I was full of anger. Bitterness swelled like a black hole inside of me, sucking all of the light out of my heart. I thought that I could run away from it, that I could escape it by taking my anger out on others. But the more I ran, the worse things got.

CAMPTOWN

(confused)

Hmmm...

LEROY

Then, one day, a little jay bird flew down and perched upon my finger. It was such a beautiful, gentle thing, and it trusted me. Nobody had ever trusted me before. I knew then that I had been wrong. Ever since then, I have wandered the land, in search of all of those people that I have done unjustly, so that I may right the wrongs that I have wrought. I made it my mission to extinguish

the doubt and anger that permeates
our lives like a dark cancer, to
bring peace and harmony to all men.

CAMPTOWN

Okay.

LEROY

In short, my skinny little friend,
I was once very much like you. I
didn't know what my quest was to
be, I was wandering aimlessly
through life. Now I know my
mission, and soon, my young
friend, you will, too. You can
run away now, you can run away
forever, but heed my words as ol'
Leroy bestows upon you the
ultimate wisdom: Wherever you go,
there you are.

CAMPTOWN

(pondering it)

Wherever you go...there you are!

LEROY

Right. But then again, to be
honest with you, I don't really
understand what I just said. I
don't know a thing about it. God
be with you, my child.

(walking off,
muttering to himself)

He sure as hell isn't with me.

He gets up and walks off.

CAMPTOWN

Thanks, Leroy! Now I know!

LEROY

(looking back)

And knowing, my young disciple, is
half the battle.

He gives him the thumbs up and leaves. Camptown sits still
for a moment or two, apparently at peace. He then gets up
and jogs back to the party.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - EVENING

With a bit more confidence in his stride, Sammy steps out of
the house. As he makes his way toward the beach, Dr.
Strange - looking a bit perturbed - steps into his path.

DR. STRANGE
You've given me quite a chase,
Samuel.

SAMMY
(frightened and
outraged)
What do you want from me?!

With a mad stare, Strange pulls out a straight razor and
advances on him.

DR. STRANGE
(fruit loopy)
I want to hear you scream.

SAMMY
What did I ever do to you?!

DR. STRANGE
You missed your appointment, Sammy
boy. And the way you were acting
the other night at the video
store, I figure you must have
caught on.

SAMMY
(clueless)
Caught on!?

DR. STRANGE
You know too much.

SAMMY
Whoa...I...I don't know anything!
I mean it! I literally don't know
anything!!

DR. STRANGE
(with an evil grin)
Now you do.

He moves in on Sammy. Nearly paralyzed with fear, Sammy
remember's One-Eyed Ned's words, and reaches out, seizing
Strange by the testicles and squeezing hard. Strange looks
to him first with anger, then surprise. He lets out a faint,
shrill sound to denote his pain, then Sammy follows through.

SAMMY
Lick my nuts, peckerhead!

He head butts Strange while he's hunched over, and Strange
reels back, dropping the razor. Sammy is momentarily
shocked, then he scrambles for the razor. Strange is faster,
though, and he kicks Sammy aside. Strange reaches for the
razor, but Sammy recovers from the kick and tackles Strange.
They tumble over each other in the struggle, but Strange

comes out on top, with the razor.

DR. STRANGE
(with mad glee)
Like I said, Samuel. You gave me
a good chase. But now it's time
for the doctor...to operate!

Sammy puts up his hands to shield himself as Strange prepares to strike, but just then Alamo comes up behind them, gun drawn. Strange freezes as he hears Alamo pull back the hammer of the pistol.

ALAMO
Don't even think about it.

SAMMY
(with delighted relief)
Yes! Yes! Listen to him! Run
with that! Don't do that whole
"thinking about it" thing!

ALAMO
The joyride's over, fun boy. You
make one more move and I'm gonna
give you the hot lead version of
a ticker tape parade.

DR. STRANGE
(looking back in surprise)
Alamo? How--?

ALAMO
You did good trying to set up
Sammy boy here with that little
robbery, but you should've torched
the computer records in the video
store. What dentist rents six
videos, then skips town on an
unscheduled sabbatical?

DR. STRANGE
If that incontinent clerk hadn't
come back so soon--!

ALAMO
Save the song and dance for the
showers, sugarmuffin. Where
you're headed, you're gonna be
goin' up and down more poles than
a flag on memorial day!

DR. STRANGE
(confused)
Come again?

ALAMO

Save that question for your cell-mate, sweet cheeks! Give it up, Buttercup! You're goin' down, and I mean in every possible way.

DR. STRANGE

But I--

ALAMO

(interrupting)

You're a dentist, right? Now it's your turn to get drilled in the mouth. And you can catch up on your flossing while chewing on those pillows!

Reluctantly, Strange lets Sammy up.

ALAMO

(continuing)

Lose the face scraper, too.

With a casual shrug, he drops the razor.

SAMMY

I don't get it.

ALAMO

I can't go into the details, but our pal here, Dr. Strange, a.k.a. Dr. Strangelove, a.k.a. Dr. Feelgood, a.k.a. Dr. Zhivago, a.k.a. Dr. Detroit, a.k.a. Dr. Who--

SAMMY

(interrupting)

Okay, okay, enough! Sorry I asked.

ALAMO

He's one of the most slippery and accomplished professional criminals I've ever run over.

SAMMY

Criminal? He's my dentist!

ALAMO

All part of his cover.

SAMMY

Cover? This guy gave me a root canal!

ALAMO

What can I say? He's the best.
But apparently he thought you'd
stumbled onto his operation, and
he tried to set you up to take the
fall.

DR. STRANGE
Yeah, and it would have worked,
too, if not for you and and your
meddling friends!

Alamo takes him by the arm and leads him off.

ALAMO
Yeah, yeah, yeah. Save it for the
bleeding heart judge, Suzie Q.

SAMMY
What now?

ALAMO
Well, I'm gonna need a statement
from you on this, Slick.
(with a wink)
But it can wait until after your
vacation's through.

SAMMY
Thank you.

ALAMO
Just doing my job. Now run along
to your friends, Sammy.

Sammy turns to go, but Alamo grabs him by the back of the
collar and yanks him back.

ALAMO
(continuing;
threateningly)
But don't go too far!

He lets him go, and Sammy takes off. When Sammy is gone,
Alamo turns back around to see that Strange is gone. Looking
around to see if anyone noticed, he puts his gun away.

ALAMO
(continuing; to
himself)
Oops.

He casually walks off, whistling as if nothing has happened.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - EVENING

With the party raging nearby, Michael stands by the edge of the water, looking out at the ocean. He reaches into his bag, taking out the glider. Looking up again, he throws the glider with all his might out to sea, where the wind carries it peacefully away into the night.

Sammy comes up from behind. Michael just looks at him and smiles, then they walk back to the party. Camptown plays to a circle of people gathered around a bonfire. Michael and Sammy take their place beside him. As the party commences, Leroy mingles until he runs into One-Eyed Ned. There is a moment of tension, then Leroy smiles a warm, friendly smile, points at him, then opens his arms. As if in a reunion of old friends the two men embrace, laughing, and all is forgiven.

The crowd dances, Camptown sings, and the Golden Boys are there, in the center of things, looking cool, hanging out.

FADE OUT: