

THE FUCK IT LIST

By

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FADE IN

INT. LONGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL/HALL-DAY

A bell rings...but not just any bell. It's the bell which signals...

SUMMER VACATION!

TEENS stampede out of classrooms with only two things on their minds.

SEX! FREEDOM! MORE SEX! GETTING LAID!

INT. LONGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL/SCIENCE LAB-DAY

ERIC CALLOWAY, 16, horny science geek in a Metallica T-shirt, cleans up.

ZOOEY McPARTLAND, 16, book worm, not the prettiest girl around but not the ugliest either, helps.

ERIC

Any plans this summer, Zooney?

ZOOEY

Nothing major. It looks like I'm going to the Galapagos Islands with my Dad. Research for his new book.

Eric's eyes bug out.

ERIC

The Galapagos Islands? Oh man! Darwin rules. I even named my dog Darwin.

ZOOEY

You have a dog?

ERIC

No, but if I did---

They finish, grab their stuff, leave.

ZOOEY

Yeah, I'm really psyched.

ERIC

I'd give my right arm to---

Eric stops in his tracks. Across the hall, the object of his lust, ex-girlfriend BONNIE ELLWOOD plays tonsil hockey with NEW BOY TOY.

INSERT DREAM SEQUENCE

Eric enthusiastically does it doggy-style to Bonnie.

STUDENTS stop to gawk.

MALE TEACHERS enviously admire.

OTHER STUDENTS cheer Eric on. He gives them a thumbs up.

This is not just any fuck. It's the fuck of the century! It's so good, it should be on CNN. On a monitor on Times Square. On the Jumbotron in Fenway Park. Trafalgar Square.

And it is! All of them! Millions of PEOPLE watch in shock and awe as Eric Calloway gives Bonnie Ellwood the ride of her life.

As Eric pumps, he drinks soda, eats a Whopper, flosses his teeth, reads a comic book, without breaking stride or a sweat. Bonnie's butt thwacks against him like a paddle.

KID WITH STOPWATCH times Eric.

KID WITH STOPWATCH

Five minutes...ten
minutes...fifteen...two hours.

Eric grunts, groans.

Bonnie pants.

BONNIE

Harder. Faster. Harder. Faster.
Both.

Eric pumps like a jackhammer. He's at Mach 1. He's super sonic. He's about to explode in ecstasy.

ZOOEY (V.O.)

Eric!

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Zoey sadly stares at Eric.

ZOOEY (CONT'D)
See you around, Eric.

Eric's so distracted he doesn't realize how he responds.

ERIC
Yeah, see ya, don't want to be ya.

Crushed, Zooney hangs her head, shuffles away.

Bonnie and New Boy Toy break the clinch, leave.

Eric, exhausted, slumps against the wall.

INT. LONGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL/HALL-DAY

A BUTT CRACK STICKS OUT...AND IT'S A BIG ONE!

The butt crack in question belongs to JIMMY LOPEZ, 16, afflicted with SDS (Small Dick Syndrome), as he bends over to clean out his locker.

It's a full moon!

Unbeknownst to Jimmy, someone has stuck a pesticide flag (the ones companies use to warn humans and pets not to go on the lawn for the next 24 hours) down his ass.

EVERYONE laughs and points as they pass Jimmy.

A PUDGY GIRL WITH ACNE, her eyes don't match, oily hair, steps up and deftly removes the flag. This poor creature is ROCHELLE VOGEL, 15. For some odd reason, she has it bad for Jimmy.

Jimmy unexpectedly stands up.

Rochelle hides the flag behind her back.

ROCHELLE
Hey, Jimmy.

Jimmy slams his locker shut. He barely acknowledges her.

ROCHELLE (CONT'D)
What are you going to do this summer?

Jimmy gives her a smug look.

JIMMY
I got big plans. Big plans. Well, see you in September. Maybe.

Jimmy walks away.

Rochelle stares after him with goo-goo eyes.

EXT. LONGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL/PARKING LOT-DAY

Late model sports cars and fancy foreign sedans peel out.

At the bike rack, NIGEL THORNE, 16, soul of a poet, penis of a teen, unlocks his bike.

MEAN CUTE BLONDE runs up.

MEAN CUTE BLONDE
Hey, Niger---

Nigel frowns.

NIGEL
(British accent)
It's Nigel.

MEAN CUTE BLONDE
Whatever. I got twenty bucks riding on this. Who sang that stupid song about waiting in the rain at the bus stop?

NIGEL
The Hollies, and it was not stupid. It was one of their greatest hits. They were a seminal British rock group---

MEAN CUTE BLONDE
Whatever. Thanks, Niger.

Mean Cute Blonde rejoins her equally SNOTTY PALS.

MEAN CUTE BLONDE (CONT'D)
Told you he'd know. He knows everything.

Nigel beams.

MEAN CUTE BLONDE (CONT'D)
Yeah, he's a fountain of useless information. And---

Mean Cute Blonde's voice is a pretend whisper.

MEAN CUTE BLONDE (CONT'D)
He's a virgin!

The girls cackle, walk away.

Nigel slumps against his bike.

NATASHA (V.O.)

Don't listen to those assholes. The Hollies were great. They were never the same after Graham Nash left.

Nigel turns, sees NATASHA ROWLEY, 16, Goth Romance Girl, hair colored like a rainbow, by her bike.

NIGEL

Thanks, Natasha.

NATASHA

There's nothing wrong with being a virgin. Everyone's been one at some time or another.

Nigel cringes, gets on his bike, rides off.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/FINISHED BASEMENT-NIGHT

Eric, Jimmy and Nigel glumly watch "The Forty Year Old Virgin" on the wide-screen TV.

ERIC

That's us, except we're not forty.

They sigh in collective melancholy.

NIGEL

It's just a movie. Steve Carell isn't really a forty year old virgin. He's married with kids.

Jimmy opens a can of soda.

JIMMY

Yeah? How do you know for sure? What if his real life is the movie and the movie is his real life?

ERIC

That's fucking retarded.

JIMMY

I'll tell you what's fucking retarded.

We're here watching this stupid movie in your finished basement, and you could've boinked Bonnie Ellwood. You let that prize pussy slip out of your fingers.

Jimmy shakes his head in disgust.

ERIC

A week. It wasn't enough time to get to first base, much less try a foul ball. And her snatch isn't that much of a prize. She's been rewound more times than 'I'm Fucking Matt Damon' on You Tube.

NIGEL

Yes, what was that all about? What did she see in you?

JIMMY

Besides getting an A on her final and dumping his flat ass?

Eric throws a bowl of popcorn at Jimmy.

ERIC

My ass is not flat. And you should talk. You almost screwed Coma Girl.

JIMMY

Dude, I didn't know she had Diabetes. At least I got her to the Emergency Room in time.

ERIC

Barely.

NIGEL

Were you aware that in Florida it was once illegal to shag a porcupine? But you can bag an animal in the state of Washington so long as it doesn't weigh forty pounds.

JIMMY

Remind me to never go to Washington, you asshat.

NIGEL

Look, my Da says it'll happen when you least expect it. For example, when you're---

Nigel motions at Steve Carell. They all look miserable.

JIMMY

This is so fucking pathetic. The first night of summer vacation and we're watching Steve Carell get his nuts cracked. I might as well be home basting the turkey.

DENNIS CALLOWAY, early 50's, salt of the earth, enters. A gold shield is clipped to his belt buckle.

Jimmy straightens up. When Dennis is around, Jimmy is on his best behavior, which is obsequious and cloying.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hello, Mr. Calloway. Any good murders lately?

DENNIS

No. But give me a heads up if you know of one.

ERIC

Hey, Dad. Working tonight?

DENNIS

Yeah. I'm on a stakeout.

ERIC

Mom's on a date?

Dennis tersely nods. Clearly, a sore subject.

DENNIS

Now watch your sister. I mean it. Don't lock her room and make her watch a loop of "Nightmare on Elm Street" fifty thousand times.

ERIC

Do I have to watch that brat?

DENNIS

If you want to live.

Dennis glances at the TV.

JIMMY

Pitiful, isn't it, Mr. Calloway?

DENNIS

If you ask me, it sounds about right. I'm not getting any either.

Eric cringes.

ERIC

Dad. Please. It's hard out here for a virgin.

DENNIS

It's hard out here for us non-virgins too. Night, guys.

ERIC

Night, Dad.

JIMMY

Good night, Mr. Calloway.

Dennis goes back upstairs. Eric punches Jimmy in the arm.

ERIC

Do you have to act like that when my father's around?

JIMMY

Like what?

ERIC

An asshole!

NIGEL

I don't understand. Your parents are separated---

Eric nods.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

They still live under the same roof.

JIMMY

And she's going out on a date? Day-um!

ERIC

Mom can't afford to move out, and Dad won't leave. He says she's going through a phase, like when I ate Chef Boyardee for a month.

Nigel and Jimmy nod knowingly.

NIGEL

Bosco.

JIMMY
Spreading the salad dressing.

GINNY, 10, nominee for annoying sister of the year, walks in.
She holds a couple of Barbie dolls.

ERIC
What the hell do you want, Grinny?

GINNY
Daddy said you have to be nice and
play with me.

Ginny shakes a Barbie doll under Eric's nose.

ERIC
Would you get the hell---

GINNY
Dad!

ERIC
Shut up! All right! Get your stuff.

Ginny runs out.

Jimmy takes a Barbie, strips it's clothes off, splays it's
legs wide open.

JIMMY
Let's face it. This is the closest
we're ever going to get.

NIGEL
We should've been born in 1968. My
Da says the sixties were all about
shagging.

JIMMY
Yeah? How many times did he get
laid?

Nigel purses his lips, ponders.

NIGEL
At least once that I know of. I'm
pretty sure.

Eric and Jimmy howl.

ERIC
It's not fair. The chicks we want
to bang don't want to do us.

JIMMY

And the girls who want to fuck us, hell, I wouldn't want to fuck even if I wasn't us. Eric, maybe we should ask your Aunt for some tips. She slept with the Domino guy.

ERIC

She was off her meds. Anyway, her husband took her back and they got free pizza and garlic knots for two years.

Ginny runs back in with an arm load of doll outfits.

GINNY

Are you guys talking about sex again? I'm going to tell Daddy.

ERIC

We weren't talking about sex. We were talking about....pepperoni.

Ginny seems to accept that.

GINNY

Okay. Who wants to be Midge?

JIMMY

I don't want to be Midge. The last time I was Midge you got me drunk and I ran my car off a cliff.

ERIC

Fine. I'll be Midge.

NIGEL

Can I be Ken?

ERIC

Just so you know, Barbie and Ken aren't married anymore.

JIMMY

But they still do it for old times sake. I mean, eat pepperoni.

Nigel shrugs.

NIGEL

That's all right. It's good training.

EXT. RESTAURANT/PARKING LOT-NIGHT

MAUREEN CALLOWAY, 40's, and HOWIE, hold hands as they stroll to his car. They get in, drive away.

Dennis, in his car, follows at a discreet distance.

A SHORT TIME LATER

Dennis's car, blue light flashing, pulls Howie's car over. He goes to the driver's side and amiably smiles at Howie.

Maureen looks like she's ready to kill.

DENNIS

How you doing tonight, Howie?

HOWIE

How do you know my name?

DENNIS

I know a lot about you, Howie, like the fact that the SEC is about to indict you for insider trading, you've declared bankruptcy twice and you haven't yet switched your car insurance to Geico.

Dennis gives Maureen a friendly wave. Maureen speaks through clenched teeth.

MAUREEN

This is my soon to be ex-husband, Dennis. The homicide detective.

DENNIS

Haven't had a decent homicide in six months. Look, Howie, you've got a bad brake light, you ran a stop sign, not to mention that you didn't have the right of the way at that last intersection.

Maureen closes her eyes, rubs her forehead.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I'm not going to bust your balls about that. Nobody's perfect.

Howie smiles in relief.

HOWIE

Thanks. That's really nice of you considering the circumstances.

You're not at all what Maureen said you would be.

Maureen is ready to slide under the hood.

DENNIS

I'll bet. But see, Howie, this is the thing...the tires.

HOWIE

My tires?

DENNIS

If they were any balder, they'd be a sheet of ice. I don't give a bear's claw about you, kill yourself, lose a leg or two, no skin off my ass. But Maureen is the mother of my children, and I don't want them to see her drooling apple sauce in a nursing home.

Dennis smiles at Maureen. She slumps against the dashboard.

MAUREEN

(under her breath)

Kill me. Kill me now.

DENNIS

I'm going to have to ask, no, I insist, that my wife get out of the car. I'll make sure she gets home.

MAUREEN

No!

HOWIE

Your husband's right. I can't risk your life. Mine is shitty enough.

Maureen stares at Howie in disbelief.

DENNIS

You heard the man. Step out of the car and put your hands on the hood.

Maureen locks her car door.

Howie is visibly agitated.

HOWIE

Maureen, please, the car's not registered in my name. If my wife's lawyer finds out about---

Maureen hits Howie with her pocketbook.

MAUREEN

You're married? You asshole! I hope he does find out. I might just call him myself.

Maureen flounces out of the car.

Howie speeds off.

DENNIS

You don't have to thank me now. It can wait until the morning.

Maureen, speechless with fury, walks in the opposite direction.

Dennis calls after her.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You've got heels on. You're going to get blisters.

Maureen slips her shoes off, hurls them at Dennis, walks barefoot on the side of the road.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I love you too, baby. See you at home. I'll be right behind you.

Maureen flips Dennis the finger.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/KITCHEN-DAY

COLIN, 60's, and PENELOPE, 50's, proper English couple, have breakfast. Colin sips tea as he scans the newspaper. Penelope primly spreads clotted cream on her scone.

Nigel enters, sits, pours himself a glass of orange juice.

COLIN

Good morning, son.

NIGEL

Hey, Da, Mum. Can I have the car today?

COLIN

I don't see why---

Penelope coughs, gives Colin a subtle shake.

COLIN (CONT'D)

I don't see why you couldn't ordinarily, but it's making a wee bit of noise. Gotta get it checked out. You understand.

Nigel nods, clearly disappointed.

Penelope gets up, leaves the room.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Well, son, what do you plan on doing during your summer break?

NIGEL

I thought I'd play my guitar, write a couple songs, maybe get some muff.

Colin rattles his newspaper.

COLIN

That's nice. If you need help, you know you can count on me.

NIGEL

Actually, Da, there's something I'd like to chat to you about. In private.

COLIN

A chat, eh? I'm all ears.

PENELOPE (O.S.)

A chat?

Penelope returns, a sweater over her shoulders.

COLIN

Boy says he wants to have a chat.

PENELOPE

What kind of a chat? Oh, don't say it. I know. You knocked a girl up.

Embarrassed, Nigel covers his face.

NIGEL.

No, Mum.

PENELOPE

The slag! Why should you take all the blame? She opened her legs. I see these American tarts.

Prancing down the street without any support, their nipples practically inviting a man to hop on and suck.

NIGEL

Mum!

PENELOPE

I instructed you on the proper usage of a Rubber Joe. What, do I have to put it on myself?

Nigel slumps his head on the table.

COLIN

Boy says it's not that.

PENELOPE

Then what? Nigel wants to chat, it must be about something.

COLIN

Maybe if you let the boy speak---

PENELOPE

Drugs? We didn't come to America for you to shoot up, you can do that just as well in Manchester. Good thing your father has excellent insurance, you'll go to rehab like Amy Wino. They say it's a day spa. Maybe I'll go too. Soak myself in mud and rinse my colon.

NIGEL

Mum, I'm not doing drugs.

From the look on Nigel's face, he wishes he were.

PENELOPE

Then there's nothing to chat about, is there? Got me all worked up for nothing, you silly twit.

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

ANNETTE LOPEZ, 30's, Super Mom, has her hands full as she dresses JOLENE, JOCELYN and JOANNA, eight months, in matching pink outfits and headbands.

ANNETTE

Are you going to say something? If you don't, I swear to God, I will.

RICH LOPEZ, late 40's-early 50's, sticks his head out of the adjoining bathroom. His face is slathered with shaving cream.

RICH

I'll talk to the kid as soon as I'm done.

ANNETTE

You better. I'm not putting up with his shit anymore. I'm up to my elbows with crap as it is.

RICH

If shit was money, we'd be millionaires.

Rich returns to the bathroom.

ANNETTE

I don't want that pervert anywhere near my precious babies.

Rich sticks his head back out.

RICH

Jimmy's not a pervert. He's sixteen, he's horny, he wants to get laid.

Rich stares longingly at the bed. He's not the only one.

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE/BEDROOM-DAY

Jimmy, clad in his tighty-whiteys, inspects himself in front of a full length mirror.

His dick is enormous. Huge. Big as a tailpipe, twice as long.

Jimmy preens like a wrestler. Poses like a body builder.

A knock on the door interrupts his routine.

RICH (O.S.)

Jimmy, can I come in?

JIMMY

One minute, Dad.

Jimmy pulls a lead pipe out of his underwear, throws it under the bed, grabs his jeans, pulls them on.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

All right.

Rich comes in, closes the door.

RICH

Hey.

JIMMY

Hey.

Jimmy opens a drawer, rummages for a T-shirt.

RICH

Jimmy, I'm not going to beat around the bush. Is there a problem?

Jimmy finds a T-shirt, puts it on.

JIMMY

Not that I know of. I stopped going to those web sites. At least the ones that charge.

RICH

I know.

JIMMY

The 900 numbers. I'm sorry. I didn't know they charged that much.

RICH

We got that taken care of.

JIMMY

I haven't sent nude photos of myself on my cell in months.

RICH

For sure, therapy helped. We've noticed a big improvement.

Jimmy beams.

RICH (CONT'D)

I'm just afraid that maybe we stopped therapy too soon. Jimmy, it's the credit card. I gave that to you for emergencies.

Rich clears his throat, clearly uncomfortable.

RICH (CONT'D)

When I was your age, I thought a lot about girls. A hell of a lot. It's natural. It's normal. But I sure as hell wasn't thinking about male enhancement products. Five hundred dollars? On penis pumps?

JIMMY

Dad, I tried the pills. They promised I'd grow four inches in a month.

Rich looks impressed.

RICH

Four inches. Whoah! Did it work?

JIMMY

Hell no! That's why I got the pump. And the penis extender.

RICH

A penis extender?

JIMMY

Yeah, it's really cool. Lemme show you.

Jimmy opens his closet, tosses out pill boxes, porn magazines, XXX videos, various contraptions and enough condom boxes to last well into the next century.

Rich grabs several of the porn mags, rifles the pages.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

It's like braces, instead of pushing your teeth back, this pulls your cock out and---

Rich groans, drops the mags, cups his balls.

RICH

I don't want to see it! Hearing about it is torture. Jimmy, what do you need this crap for? You don't even have a girlfriend.

JIMMY

No, but when I do, I want to be ready for my big moment.

Rich sighs.

RICH

I know this year has been hard on you, I mean, rough. Your mother moving to Germany, you coming to live with me, a new school, but this shit has to stop. Annette took one look at the bill and ripped me two new ones. She thought I was buying this crap.

JIMMY

Dad, if you need a pump, I got plenty to share.

RICH

No, no, I don't need it, my dick is just fine. And so is yours. It's not the size of the boat, it's the motion of the ocean.

Jimmy gives Rich a puzzled expression.

RICH (CONT'D)

Sex is not about the size of your dick! At your age you don't do it, you just think about doing it while watching "Charlie's Angel's" reruns. I was in college, it took me three tries and I was drunk. You're not ready for sex. You don't even have a learner's permit. Hell, you don't even know how to ride a bike.

Rich goes to the door.

RICH (CONT'D)

I don't want any more of this stuff coming to the house in brown paper wrappers. I'll cancel the goddamn card. You understand me?

Jimmy slowly nods.

JIMMY

You're not going to make me send it all back, are you? I already used most of it. I might be able to return the "Rubber Gates of Hell". I haven't opened that one yet.

Rich dares not ask. He shudders.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/KITCHEN-DAY

Just another normal day at the Calloways.

Maureen and Dennis scream at each other.

Eric and Ginny nonchalantly eat breakfast.

MAUREEN

I can't believe you actually pulled us over!

DENNIS

I can't believe you actually went out with that jerk!

ERIC

Can I have the car?

DENNIS

Yes.

MAUREEN

No.

Dennis and Maureen exchange angry looks.

MAUREEN

All right. Just as long as you drop your sister off at the sitter's and me at my job.

ERIC

Thanks, Mom.

DENNIS

I wish you had never taken that frigging job. It's the worst thing you ever did.

MAUREEN

No, the worst thing I ever did was marry an asshole like you.

DENNIS

Mommy didn't mean that, kids.

MAUREEN

Want to make a bet?

Ginny dumps more cereal into her bowl.

GINNY

Daddy, Eric did it again.

Eric kicks Ginny under the table.

DENNIS

Son of a bitch! What did I say
about horror movies?

Dennis thumps Eric upside the head.

GINNY

Daddy, no. They were talking about
sex.

Dennis glares at Maureen.

MAUREEN

Don't look at me. I wasn't here. I
was on a date. A very pleasant date
until a rogue cop butted in.

DENNIS

All right. This is the new rule. We
will never, ever, talk about sex
again. Have I made myself clear?

Maureen smirks.

MAUREEN

That should be easy. For you.

Furious, Dennis storms out.

EXT. "EGGALICIOUS" FAST FOOD PLACE-DAY

Home of the never ending egg. The egg shaped neon sign glows
as if it were radioactive.

INT. "EGGALICIOUS" FAST FOOD PLACE-DAY

The place is nearly empty.

Behind the counter, Jimmy in uniform. He wears a cap in the
shape of a nest; inside the nest is a plastic egg.

Jimmy amuses himself by rolling eggs down the counter and
seeing how many he can catch before they tumble off the edge.
Judging from the mess on the floor, not many.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Excuse me?

Jimmy catches an egg before it rolls off, looks up. His jaw
drops.

Standing before him is the latest hot CELEBUBOOB of the moment. His dream lay! Everything spills out of her in all the right places.

Jimmy furtively glances down the front of his pants. From the tell tale bulge, the beast has clearly awakened.

JIMMY

Thank you for fucking, I mean
clucking, uh, coming to
Eggalicious, home of the free range
fuck, er, duck, egg! How can I help
myself to you today?

Celebubboob leans in. Her meaty rack is a lick away.

CELEBUBOOB

What came first, big boy?

Jimmy answers in a high-pitched squeal. If it was any higher, he'd be in a Vatican choir.

JIMMY

What?

Celebubboob whispers in Jimmy's ear. Her tongue, like a snake, slithers in and out.

CELEBUBOOB

What came first---

Jimmy's eyes shine in masturbatory glory.

CELEBUBOOB (CONT'D)

The chicken...or the egg?

POW! Jimmy explodes. Goey-ness all over the counter. Yecch.

Except it's not Jimmy...it's the egg he was holding in his hand. He squeezed it so hard it broke.

Worse, the woman before him isn't his dream lay...but a TOOTHLESS OLD GRANNY.

TOOTHLESS OLD GRANNY

I'll have the number twelve,
please. Over easy. Hold the
ketchup.

Jimmy wipes his hands on his pants, hands her a ticket. She shambles off.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Jimmy, headpiece on, at the drive-up window.

JIMMY

Thanks for coming to Eggalicious,
twenty-five ways to scramble your
egg in five minutes or less. Can I
take your order?

A familiar voice comes over the headpiece.

ERIC (V.O.)

I want my eggs on Pamela Anderson's
butt with buttermilk dressing on
the side.

JIMMY

You asshole!

Eric drives up. Nigel sits besides him.

ERIC

Dood, is your shift over?

JIMMY

It is now.

Jimmy rips his apron off, tosses his egg hat aside, climbs
through the drive-up window.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS/CHIEF OF POLICE'S OFFICE-DAY

Dennis and his boss, THE CHIEF.

THE CHIEF

Dennis, I know what you're going
through, I'm twice divorced--

DENNIS

Chief, we're not getting a divorce.
We're just separated.

THE CHIEF

Whatever the hell you're doing,
knock it off. The next time your
wife calls to complain about you, I
won't be able to keep a lid on it.
The taxpayers aren't paying you to
spy on your wife.

DENNIS

Fine. How about I plan to kill her?
Then I can investigate myself on
the city's dime!

Dennis bolts out.

INT. CAR-DAY

Eric, Nigel and Jimmy cruise.

On the radio, heavy metal crap.

When Eric sees a HOT CHICK on the street or in a car, he blasts the horn.

ERIC

You know why Henry Ford invented the Model T? It's cos' he wanted to get laid in a back seat.

NICE RACK to the left. Honk!

JIMMY

No shit.

ERIC

Think about it. Why did Jonas Salk invent the polio vaccine? Thomas Edison and the light bulb? Alexander Graham Bell and the telephone?

NIGEL

For the good of humanity?

ERIC

Hell no! For fame, fortune and fucking.

TIGHT ASS and ANGELINA JOLIE CLONE at the pedestrian walkway. Honk! Honk!

JIMMY

Fred Flintstone and the wheel.

Eric and Nigel exchange looks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

He wanted to nail Wilma.

Eric and Nigel exchange looks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You should've heard my old man this morning, going on about how sex isn't about the dick. It was a hell of a lot easier with my Mom.

She just gave me a mango and box of condoms.

Eric and Nigel nod.

ERIC
I got the wing ding lecture.

NIGEL
Coco Puffs.

JIMMY
I'm telling you, my Dad's been psycho since Annette padlocked her pussy.

ERIC
Tell me about it. My Dad's been like that for months.

NIGEL
Do you know what happens to cum when you don't---

ERIC & JIMMY IN UNISON
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

JIMMY
(to Eric)
Dood, I'd boink your Mom in a second. She's hot.

Eric slaps Jimmy on the shoulder.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
If she wasn't your Mom, it would be even hotter.

A cell phone rings. It's Eric's. He answers.

ERIC
(into cell phone)
Cousin Toofy. What's up?

FLOTILLA OF LUSCIOUS LEGS stroll on the sidewalk. Honk! Honk! Honk!

ERIC (CONT'D)
(into cell phone)
Keg party? Friday night? Your house? Cold booze? Crazy girls?

Jimmy and Nigel wag their heads in unison.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (into cell phone)
 Man, we are so there. Thanks, Cuz.

Eric clicks off.

Jimmy does a happy dance in his seat.

JIMMY
 We're gonna get laid! We're gonna
 get laid! Maybe even a blow job!

NICE ASS WALKING into a store. Honk!

Startled, Nice Ass Walking whirls around. It's Zooey!

Equally startled, Eric speeds up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 Hey, wasn't that Gooley McPartland?

NIGEL
 Yes, I believe it was.

JIMMY
 Damn! Who knew she had such a nice
 ass?

Eric's annoyed, but he doesn't know why.

ERIC
 I'm telling you, it wasn't Zooey.
 Her ass isn't that great. I should
 know. I sat next to it all year.

Jimmy and Nigel trade looks. Hmmm.

JIMMY
 You missed the boobs coming out of
 Starbucks.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET BLOCK PARTY-DAY

NEIGHBORS gather. Music, food, drink.

Ginny and OTHER KIDS play on a trampoline and other inflated
 rides.

Zooey, Rochelle and Natasha eat and gab.

Maureen, Penelope and Annette happily chat as they each hold
 a triplet.

Dennis, Rich and Colin glumly eat burnt dogs and dry burgers.

Dennis glares at Maureen.

DENNIS

Sadists! They love to torment us.

Rich bites into his burger.

RICH

I didn't want any more kids.
Annette said she could live with
that. After we got married, she
changed her mind. Okay, people
change. I'm not a 32 inch any more.

Dennis and Colin nod in sympathy.

RICH (CONT'D)

She needed fertility treatments.

Rich smiles as if in a dream.

RICH (CONT'D)

The best goddamn year of my life.
We were going at it night and day.
I couldn't pump it fast enough. We
were swimming in semen.

DENNIS

Sounds like us the first couple of
years.

COLIN

First six months.

They all sigh at the collective memory.

RICH

Now, pfft. She's too tired because
of the babies, and when I try to
help, she won't let me. I do it all
wrong, like I don't know how to
burp my own kid. And this damn
restaurant. Screw eggs! We're
bleeding money. If I saw a chicken
cross the road, I'd rip it's throat
out with my bare hands.

Rich reaches for a beer to calm himself.

RICH (CONT'D)

It's getting so I'm checking out
anybody with an ass.

I already fouled the nest once when Annette was pregnant. I do it again, I'm charcoal.

The more Dennis stares at Maureen, the more he seethes.

DENNIS

I've been married twenty-five years. Never looked at another woman. Never wanted to. I love my wife. So yeah, the sex is kind of predictable. Routine. Maybe even boring. For crying out loud, how many ways can you do it?

Colin looks perturbed. He counts on his fingers. Gets to two.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I respect my wife. I'd never say to her face that I wanted to find out what I've been missing all these years.

Dennis makes a fist, slams it into his hand.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I know what she needs, and Lord knows I'm dying to give it to her. But she won't let me. No, she'd rather let some homicidal maniac from iamadouchebag.com put his filthy---

Dennis rips his hot dog in two.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

It's not all her fault. It's genetic. My sister-in-law got strep throat from giving the Maytag repairman a blow job.

RICH

At least he got something.

Colin smiles.

COLIN

I got all that nonsense out of me before the Missus. You wouldn't know it to look at me now, but in the old days I was a rock and roll journalist. I almost shagged Marianne Faithfull.

Dennis and Rich look impressed.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 Now the old lady and I, we've
 settled into a comfortable pace. No
 pressure. Nothing daft. Like
 clockwork, twice---

Dennis and Rich trade envious looks.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 A year.

Dennis and Rich trade incredulous looks.

DENNIS
 Twice...a year?

COLIN
 Our wedding anniversary and V-E
 Day. Gives us something to
 anticipate. Now you want to talk
 about randy, you need look no
 further than Monty, my old Da.

Colin motions at MONTY, late 70's, distinguished gent, as he
 nuzzles the neck of his LATEST SENIOR SQUEEZE.

COLIN (CONT'D)
 He's the toast and jam of the
 senior citizen condo. Regular
 doctor he is, makes house calls.
 The ladies call him Sir Cum A Lot.

Dennis holds up his beer.

DENNIS
 Gentlemen, if that's the case, then
 I say, in all sincerity, that we
 are truly, royally, deeply, fucked.

Dennis, Rich and Colin knock their beers together, chug down.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/BATHROOM-DAY

Eric dabs his bloody jaw and neck with tissues.

Nigel slicks his hair back a la Elvis.

Jimmy pours after shave on his face.

ERIC
 What the hell is that smell?

JIMMY

After shave is supposed to be a
turn on.

NIGEL

To what? Decomposing animals?

ERIC

Come on, move your butt. Time to go
cherry picking.

JIMMY

You think you'll be able to keep it
up long enough to finish the job,
Mr. Premature Eric-tion?

Nigel laughs. Annoyed, Eric slaps him with a bath towel.

ERIC

I'd keep quiet, Sir Don't Cum At
All.

Nigel glowers.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET BLOCK PARTY-DAY

Eric, Jimmy and Nigel sway and swagger in slo-mo, their balls
on fire (cue balls on fire music).

Eric approaches Dennis.

ERIC

We're going to Toofy's now. Can I
have the car keys?

Dennis raises an eyebrow.

DENNIS

Are you sure about that? Your
cousin's right over there.

Eric spots COUSIN TOOFY, 19, blue-eyed Greek-Turk smarm
artist, with his arm around, well, there's just no other way
to say it, an UGLY GIRL.

Jimmy and Nigel look stricken.

JIMMY

What's going on?

ERIC

I don't know. Let me find out.

Eric goes to Cousin Toofy and Ugly Girl.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hey, Toofy.

COUSIN TOOFY
Hey, man. What's up?

Jimmy and Nigel stand behind Eric.

ERIC
You tell me. What happened?

NIGEL
The cold beer.

JIMMY
My blow job.

Cousin Toofy shrugs.

COUSIN TOOFY
Sorry, guys. My parents changed their plans at the last minute.

ERIC
No shit, Sherlock.

A woeful Jimmy pops open a can of soda.

COUSIN TOOFY
Yeah, it sucks, but it's cool. I got Bebe to keep me warm all night.

BEBE smiles. Bad move. It makes her look worse.

Eric trembles.

COUSIN TOOFY (CONT'D)
Bebe, how about you walk over to the buffet table and show the boys how you juggle your watermelons.

Cousin Toofy slaps Bebe on her ample ass. She obliges and works her butt like a meat grinder. The boys can't take their eyes off her.

ERIC
She's really your girlfriend?

Cousin Toofy juts his jaw.

COUSIN TOOFY
Yeah. You got a problem with that?

ERIC

No, but usually you go out with, I mean, I thought you were going out with Tara. She was a babe.

JIMMY

Yeah. Her Juicy Fruits weren't bad either.

Cousin Toofy snorts, makes a dismissive gesture.

COUSIN TOOFY

Oh yeah. Tara. High maintenance bitch. Designer clothes, designer nose. Plus, she was a lousy lay. You get more action in a cemetery. Dudes, wise up. I did.

The boys lean in, all ears.

ERIC

You wised up? How?

COUSIN TOOFY

Simple. I don't fuck pretty girls anymore, only ugly ones.

The boys exchange startled glances.

COUSIN TOOFY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know Bebe looks like something the cat dragged in, but she's a freak in the sack. I give her a crumb, she gives me a cake. I'm doing her a favor, man. With that puss, who the hell else is going to do her?

The boys trade astonished looks.

COUSIN TOOFY (CONT'D)

Haven't you ever heard of the song? 'If you want to be happy the rest of your life, don't make a pretty girl your wife. Her face is ugly, her eyes don't match, take it from me, she's a better catch.'

Eric and Jimmy look amazed. Nigel not so much.

JIMMY

Toofy, we're not looking for no wife. We just want to uncoil the snake.

COUSIN TOOFY

Then hook up with an ugly chick and
your dry humps are over. Look
around. Ugly broads are everywhere.

The boys look around.

COUSIN TOOFY (CONT'D)

Not here, you dickwads! You go to
the mall, scope out the dogs, you
take their pictures, you tell them
you work for a modeling agency. At
the bowling alley, you say you want
to pin them. At church---

ERIC

Church?

COUSIN TOOFY

That's the best place! You put on a
sad face and cry that you only have
thirty days to live. Worked twice
for me. With the same girl!

Cousin Toofy sniggers.

Nigel speaks up, properly offended.

NIGEL

That's not right.

COUSIN TOOFY

Hey. You want to be right or do you
want to get laid?

Bebe returns with a plate of food, folds into Cousin Toofy's
arms. She bites into a strawberry, offers him the other half.

COUSIN TOOFY (CONT'D)

Smarten up, doods. Forget the
hotties, go with the notties. Take
it from me, now I got more chips
than Frito-Lay.

Off the boys confused, yet intrigued, expressions.

LATER

TEENAGERS set off fireworks.

Dennis burns as Maureen talks with a KINDLY OLD GENT, except
in Dennis's eyes, it's a HOT YOUNG STUD.

Rich holds a triplet under his arm like a football. Annette snatches the baby away.

Colin puts his arm around Penelope. She gives him a nudge. He removes his arm.

Nigel and Natasha in deep conversation.

Eric can't stop looking at Zoey's ass.

Jimmy can't stop looking at Bebe's ass.

Rochelle can't stop looking at Jimmy.

The more things change, the more they stay the same.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/FINISHED BASEMENT-DAY

Eric on his laptop.

Jimmy and Nigel play a computer guitar game.

ERIC

You know, as much as I hate to admit it, I think Toofy's onto something with this ugly girl thing.

NIGEL

I don't. It's mean spirited.

JIMMY

How's it mean? They get laid. We get laid. Whamo-bamo. Win-win.

Nigel shakes his head, not convinced.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You want to pop the cork this summer or not? Jesus, your grandfather's getting more pussy than you. Unless you're already getting it from the Bride of Frankenstein. You were awful chummy at the party.

NIGEL

Natasha isn't the Bride of Frankenstein. She's a very attractive girl.

JIMMY

To Frankenstein.

NIGEL
You're an idiot.

JIMMY
Never said otherwise.

Eric pipes up.

ERIC
I've been doing some research. One report says that seventy-five percent of the time a man will mate with a cosmetically challenged woman.

JIMMY
Cosmetically challenged? What the fuck is that? The new word for fugly?

ERIC
It's a fact. Not everyone's going to wind up with a Heidi Klum. Hell, maybe the first time out, we should lower our expectations. Even A-Rod didn't hit a grand slam his first time at bat.

Jimmy considers this.

JIMMY
Well, Toofy didn't look like he had any complaints. Did you see the ass on Bebe? Any bigger and it would have its own zip code.

Eric types, brings up a file on the monitor.

ERIC
Studies show that the actual act lasts from three to thirteen minutes. Young guys and old farts have trouble keeping it up for much longer.

Nigel snorts.

NIGEL
They didn't time my Granddad. He told me once he did it for three hours straight.

JIMMY

So what? We have to fuck an ugly chick who doesn't have a watch?

ERIC

No, you dumb ass!

JIMMY

An ugly blind---

ERIC

Don't you get it? If our first time is with a homely chick, she's not going to care if we last sixty seconds or six minutes. They'll be so grateful they won't care.

Jimmy mulls this over.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Why don't we try it?

JIMMY

Forget it. My dick is still the same size. The last time I tried the stupid pump, it nearly sucked my ping-pongs out.

ERIC

Not that, asshole! If ugly girls are easy lays, we shouldn't have any problem nailing as many as we can before school starts. What have we got to lose? We're not getting any this way.

Jimmy and Nigel seem unsure but for different reasons.

JIMMY

I don't know. I didn't expect to bag Miss USA on the first try, but I thought I could do better than Miss Dog Face.

NIGEL

My Da says---

Jimmy explodes.

JIMMY

I don't give a streaming pile of donkey poo what your Da says! He hasn't been laid since the Battle of Waterloo.

NIGEL

Well, it was a seminal battle.

Eric laughs; he gets it.

Jimmy stares blankly; he doesn't.

ERIC

You think Darwin really wanted to waste years of his life studying turtles? Hell no! In the interest of science, he went where no man had ever gone before.

JIMMY

Darwin butt-fucked a turtle?

Eric rolls his eyes.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

All right. I guess it's all the same snatch. I'm in.

Eric and Jimmy glance at Nigel. He shakes his head.

NIGEL

Those girls have feelings too. Who's to say they'd even sleep with the likes of us? We're not Brad Pitt. Not even close. More like Pee Wee Herman.

Jimmy winces.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

You'd better not count on me.

Jimmy grabs Nigel, rough houses.

JIMMY

Come on, dood. We can't do this without you. It's not the Two Musketeers.

ERIC

For science, man. For the good of the species.

Nigel sighs, slowly nods.

Eric and Jimmy high-five.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It can't be anyone from school.
Like they say, you don't shit where
you sleep.

JIMMY

Yeah, no ties, no lies. We just
want to fuck em' and shuck em'.

Nigel cringes.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I guess that leaves Zooey out.

It's Eric's turn to look troubled.

ERIC

You leave Zooey out of this.

JIMMY

All right, she's not that ugly.

NIGEL

And she's not even around. She's
off with her Da.

ERIC

We'll do what Toofy said. We'll try
the mall.

JIMMY

Yeah. The bra department at Macy's.

NIGEL

I'm not picking up no bird at the
bra department. Mum shops there.

INT. FLORIST SHOP-DAY

On the counter, a gorgeous bouquet of flowers. Dennis hands a
credit card to WARM-HEARTED SALESPERSON.

WARM-HEARTED SALESPERSON

It's a lovely bouquet. She must be
a special lady.

Warm-Hearted Salesperson hands the credit card back to
Dennis.

DENNIS

She is. I'm going to surprise her.
I can still surprise her. I'm not
that predictable.

INT. MALL/FOUNTAIN-DAY

SHOPPERS throng.

LOTS OF TEENS in groups.

Eric, Jimmy and Nigel hang out.

JIMMY

What do we do?

Jimmy eyes a PRETTY GIRL IN SHORT SHORTS. Eric elbows him.

ERIC

No pretty girls, remember?

Jimmy sulks.

NIGEL

Perhaps it would be better if we branched out. Like lions in the wild.

ERIC

Good idea.

Eric, Jimmy and Nigel go off in different directions.

INT. CLOTHING STORE-DAY

SALESGIRL straightens clothes on a display.

Dennis enters, bouquet in hand, goes to Salesgirl.

DENNIS

I'm looking for Mrs. Calloway.

Salesgirl gives him a blank look.

SALESGIRL

Excuse me?

DENNIS

Mrs. Calloway. The manager.

SALESGIRL

Are you sure you're in the right place? My manager is Miss Donovan.

Dennis does a slow burn.

DENNIS

Is that what she's calling herself?
All right. Is Miss Donovan
available?

SALESGIRL

She's on lunch. Try the food court.

DENNIS

Thanks.

Dennis walks away. His shoulders sag a bit lower than when he first came in.

INT. MALL/MEZZANINE-DAY

Eric shadows a GIRL WITH A GOOD BUTT. She stops, checks out a store display.

Eric considers. Is this his first lay?

The Girl With A Good Butt turns around. She may be a girl from the rear, but from the front, she's sixty if she's a day. Her face is ten miles of rocky mountain road.

Eric shudders, hangs back.

INT. MALL/SECOND FLOOR-DAY

Jimmy trails a GROUP OF GIRLS into a store.

INT. MALL/ENTRANCE-DAY

Eric scopes out an OOGLY GIRL. Suddenly, someone shoves him from behind.

It's MENACING OOGLY BOYFRIEND. Pitbulls look more friendly.

MENACING OOGLY BOYFRIEND

Dood, what the hell you doing?

ERIC

Hey, man. I'm looking for ugly
girls. You know one?

Menacing Oogly Boyfriend grabs Eric, but he manages to slip out of his grasp.

Eric runs down a corridor, makes a left into a store, crouches under a clothing rack, watches as Menacing Oogly Boyfriend runs past.

INT. MALL/ELECTRONICS STORE-DAY

Nigel checks out some new releases.

NATASHA (O.S.)
I wouldn't waste a dime on that
one. It's not very good.

Nigel whirls around.

NIGEL
Natasha. What are you---

Natasha points to her name badge.

NATASHA
It's my first day. What's your
excuse? Looking for girls to fuck?

Nigel blushes.

NIGEL
Course not. What kind of a bloke do
you think I am?

INT. MALL/FOOD COURT-DAY

Filled with HUNGRY NOISY PEOPLE.

Dennis lumbers up, flowers in hand. He scans the tables, spots Maureen (from his view, alone at a side table). He smiles as he strides toward her...until he realizes she's not alone.

Maureen and HANDSOME SHARP DRESSED MAN are in animated conversation. She tilts her head in a coquettish manner, latches onto his every word.

Dennis darts behind a tall potted plant. He watches her, heart in mouth.

Maureen and Handsome Sharp Dressed Man rise, shake hands. She goes in one direction, he in the other.

Dennis tosses the flowers in the trash, follows Handsome Sharp Dressed Man.

INT. MALL/GIRLS TEEN DEPT.-DAY

Eric discreetly snaps LESS ATTRACTIVE GIRLS on his cell phone.

BURLY SECURITY GUARD 1 (V.O.)
What the hell do you think you're
up to?

Eric turns. Two BURLY SECURITY GUARDS stare him down.

ERIC
I'm not doing anything. I'm just
taking pictures of---

Burly Security Guards give him a look.

Eric gulps.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Clothes. I want to be on Project
Runway.

BURLY SECURITY GUARD 2
Is that right?

INT. MALL/FIRST LEVEL-DAY

Jimmy still trails the Group of Girls. They dart into a
store. He follows.

Moments later, the Group of Girls race out, drop their stolen
merchandise.

Jimmy isn't so lucky. He's nabbed by the STORE GUARD.

JIMMY
I swear, I didn't take anything! I
just wanted to get laid!

Store Guard hustles Jimmy off.

Nigel and Natasha see the commotion. Nigel races off after
Jimmy.

EXT. MALL/PARKING LOT-DAY

Handsome Sharp Dressed Man gets into his car, drives off.

Dennis, crouching behind a car, speaks into his cell phone.

DENNIS
I repeat, license plate number B as
in bastard, A as in asshole, D as
in dickhead, 234 and Y for you are
so going to die. I gotta go, I have
another call.

Dennis touches a button.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 Capt. Dennis---
 (beat)
 What? Son of a bitch!

INT. MALL/SECURITY OFFICE-DAY

A shamefaced Eric, Jimmy and Nigel wait.

ERIC
 I am so much ground beef.

JIMMY
 Maybe not. Your Dad's a cool guy.

From an inner office, LOUD ANGRY VOICES.

Eric slumps down further in his chair.

Moments later, a visibly agitated Dennis emerges. He stares at the boys.

DENNIS
 You are so goddamn lucky that the
 Head of Security is a retired cop.
 What the hell were you thinking of?

Eric, Jimmy and Nigel exchange wary glances.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 Is this some kind of school
 project? Like an essay about what
 you did over summer vacation?

ERIC
 Kind of.

Dennis hands Eric his cell phone.

DENNIS
 I erased all the pictures. Don't
 let me catch you doing this again.
 You're grounded for a week.

Eric groans.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 Come on. I'll drive you home. No
 reason to tell Mom about this.

Eric, Jimmy and Nigel rise.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
(to Jimmy)
Did I say you?

ERIC
Dad.

Dennis stares at Jimmy, lets out a long sigh.

DENNIS
Are you sure your father didn't
drop you on your head when you were
a child?

JIMMY
It was only once. And the doctor
said I was okay.

Dennis reluctantly motions for Jimmy to follow. They go to
the exit.

ERIC
Dad, you got here awful quick.

DENNIS
Just happened to be in the
neighborhood.

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE/BATHROOM-DAY

Rich gives the triplets a bath. They splash water all over
the place.

Annette walks in, blanches.

ANNETTE
What are you doing?

RICH
What does it look like? I'm giving
them a bath.

Annette glares at Rich, takes the kids out.

ANNETTE
It's not bath time. It's nap time.

RICH
But they weren't sleepy.

ANNETTE
We have a routine.

RICH
I'm not going to drop them, if
that's what you're afraid of. I
only dropped Jimmy once.

Annette whisks the babies out.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/FINISHED BASEMENT-NIGHT

A morose Eric and Nigel.

ERIC
A week! This sucks.

NIGEL
It could have been worse. You could
have been banned from the mall.

Eric shrugs. It still sucks.

Nigel picks up a postcard stuck on the computer monitor.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
Who's that from?

ERIC
I don't know.

Nigel reads the back of the postcard.

NIGEL
It's from Zooey. Didn't you see?

Eric grabs the postcard, shoves it under a sofa cushion.

NIGEL (CONT'D)
I think she's soft on you.

ERIC
Soft in the head, maybe.

NIGEL
So you wouldn't---

Eric vehemently shakes his head.

ERIC
Perish the thought. She's like my
sister. Why would I screw my
sister?

NIGEL
Then it's off.

ERIC
What's off?

NIGEL
The ugly thing. I have to say, I'm not too upset. Didn't like it to begin with.

Eric laughs.

ERIC
Are you kidding? Did Galileo give up when the church said the world was flat? Albert Einstein? Keith Richards? We'll just go to Plan B.

NIGEL
I'm not going into no church!

ERIC
No. The "shit where we sleep" Plan B.

Off Nigel's uneasy expression.

INT. EGGALICIOUS FAST FOOD PLACE-NIGHT

Jimmy cleans the grill.

Rich enters.

RICH
Has she shown up yet?

JIMMY
Who?

RICH
Annette's niece. I might hire her. We could use the help.

Jimmy looks around. The place is deserted.

JIMMY
You really think you need to?

RICH
It's Annette's niece. If the kid comes in, show her the ropes. I'll be in the office if you need me.

Rich leaves.

Jimmy continues to clean.

Rochelle enters.

ROCHELLE
Hey, Jimmy.

Jimmy shambles up to the counter.

JIMMY
You're not sick of eggs yet? You've
been here every day since school
got out.

ROCHELLE
I love eggs. I could eat eggs three
times a day. Dessert too. Eggs and
ice cream. Yummy.

The door opens...and in walks the most winsome, beautiful,
LUSCIOUS CREATURE, 23, that ever graced the planet. She's
Kate Hudson, Uma Thurman and Charlize Theron rolled into one.
(Cue for 'My Sharona' song done funky).

Jimmy's tongue drops to the floor. His dream lay!

The Luscious Creature struts her lovely stuff to the counter.

Rochelle watches, mesmerized, as if in a car wreck.

Jimmy looks down at his fly; it's unzipped. He tries to zip
it without anyone noticing. Everyone does.

Jimmy blabbers.

JIMMY
What, what, what---

LUSCIOUS CREATURE
Is Mr. Lopez around? I was told to
speak with him personally. I'm
Sharona. Sharona Bostwick.

JIMMY
Are you my, uh, Annette's niece?

Sharon nods.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
My Dad, hum, he's Mr. Lopez, he
said I---

RICH (V.O.)
Jimmy, did you order---

Rich stops dead at the sight of Sharona. They lock eyes. And other things. He straightens up, tugs on his belt.

RICH (CONT'D)
Jimmy, you take care of the customers. I'll handle this.

JIMMY
But, Dad, you said---

RICH
The picture Annette showed me, it didn't do you justice.

SHARONA
The one with the braces? I was really ugly then.

Rich takes Sharona by the elbow, moves her along.

RICH
Do you have a lot of experience with eggs, Sharona?

Sharona may be the most beautiful woman in the world, but that's all God gave her.

SHARONA
Not a whole lot. Only that the chicken came first.

Rich escorts Sharona into his office, closes the door.

Jimmy leans against the counter, drooling.

Rochelle sighs.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/KITCHEN-NIGHT

Dennis, an apron around his waist, puts food away.

Maureen enters through the back door, throws her coat and pocketbook over a chair.

DENNIS
I can make you a plate.

MAUREEN
I grabbed a quick bite at the mall. Inventory is a bitch.

DENNIS
I'll bet.

Dennis slams a lid on a plastic bowl.

MAUREEN
How are the kids?

DENNIS
They're fine. I just put Ginny
down. You want to hear about my
day?

MAUREEN
Do I have to?

Maureen opens the fridge, looks for a water bottle.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
Okay. Big case?

DENNIS
Yeah. A woman's head was found in a
basket.

Maureen barely pays attention.

MAUREEN
That's cool.

DENNIS
Her husband chopped her up into
tiny little pieces because she was
stooping another guy.

MAUREEN
Stooping?

Maureen closes the fridge.

DENNIS
Look, Maureen, I've been giving
this a lot of thought. Maybe you're
right. Maybe we should explore the
concept of an open marriage.

Maureen opens the water bottle.

MAUREEN
I didn't say I wanted an open
marriage, Dennis.

DENNIS
You want to fuck another man, I
call that pretty open.

MAUREEN

I didn't say that either.

DENNIS

No, your exact words were "Mama wants a new pair of shoes."

MAUREEN

If you're going to be like that---

Dennis opens a drawer, slams it shut.

DENNIS

I'm down with it. I'd really appreciate it if tomorrow night you could come home on time. I have a date.

Maureen spits out her water.

MAUREEN

You? A date?

DENNIS

Is that so out of the realm of possibility? It's someone from work.

Maureen laughs.

Dennis seethes.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

No, it's not someone I arrested.

Maureen giggles, leaves.

Dennis kicks his foot against a chair. He grabs the phone, dials.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

This is Capt. Calloway, did you get the information I---

Dennis cocks an eye.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Is that right? A headhunter. That's what they call them nowadays?

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/BEDROOM-DAY

Eric and Zoey have a webcam chat.

Zooey holds up a turtle.

Eric laughs. She laughs.

EXT. THORNE HOUSE/DRIVEWAY-DAY

Nigel, car keys in hand, sprints toward the car.

PENELOPE (O.S.)
Just where do you think you're
gallivanting off to?

In the garden, Penelope rises.

NIGEL
Picking up a friend who needs a
ride home from work. Da said it was
okay.

Penelope throws her gloves and trowel aside.

PENELOPE
Did he? Since when does your father
rule this roost?

NIGEL
Mum.

PENELOPE
I'd like to go out. We could stop
by the nursery, get some plants.
I'm sure your friend wouldn't mind.

Colin comes out on the porch.

COLIN
What's the problem?

PENELOPE
No problem. Nigel wants to go for a
drive, told him we'd come too.
Lovely day for a drive.

Nigel looks helplessly at his father.

COLIN
Boy wants to go by himself. I told
him he could.

Penelope winces, rubs her forehead.

COLIN (CONT'D)
What is it, dear?

PENELOPE

Oh, just one of my migraines. A bad one, too. Hope it's not an aneurysm. But that's all right, Nigel. You go for a drive. Hopefully I'll still be alive when you get back, but if not, Da knows where my will is.

Nigel throws the keys to Colin, storms off.

Penelope happily goes back to puttering. She catches Colin eyeing her. She stops, puts her hand to her forehead, sighs dramatically.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Could you get my hat, Colin?

COLIN

Boy has to grow up some day. Can't keep him in knickers forever.

Colin goes into the house.

Penelope smiles to herself. Yes, but not today.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE-DAY

Dennis gets out his car, walks up to a throng of COPS.

DENNIS

(to Cop 1)

What's going on?

COP 1 motions at a DEPRESSED GUY on a very high perch.

COP 1

His name is Terence Murphy. Says he's going to jump.

DENNIS

Any room for me up there?

Dennis grabs a bullhorn.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Mr. Murphy. I'm Capt. Dennis Calloway. How about you come down and we figure this thing out.

MURPHY cups his mouth, screams.

MURPHY

Nothing to figure out. I'm a loser!

DENNIS

Having problems with the wife?

MURPHY

I cheated on her on-line. Didn't matter that we never met in person.

DENNIS

Hey, we've all done that. I've made it with Sigourney Weaver a million times.

The other Cops stare at Dennis. Sigourney Weaver?

HORNY COP 1

Well, she was kind of hot in 'Alien'.

DENNIS

Don't forget 'Ghostbusters'.

HORNY COP 2

You know, I always had a thing for Stevie Nicks.

OLD HORNY COP

Shelley Winters.

HORNY COP 3

Michael Douglas.

MURPHY

I wanted to make nice. I bought her some new clothes. You know what she did? She burned them! She could have just returned them, they still had the tags on. Goddamn bitch!

Murphy teeters on the edge.

DENNIS

Murphy, I know it's hard. You think you're doing the right thing, you give her everything she wants. Did you really want to shell out fifty grand on a kitchen upgrade? Hell no! You would've been happy with formica, but she insisted on granite---

KITCHEN REMODEL COP 1
A commercial oven.

KITCHEN REMODEL COP 2
A butcher block island.

Murphy hangs his head, downcast.

MURPHY
It's no use. Without her, I'm
nothing. Nobody wants me.

DENNIS
There has to be somebody. There's
always someone you could do the
horizontal mambo with.

DANCE COP 1
The twist.

DANCE COP 2
The Cha-cha-cha.

Murphy ponders, then brightens.

MURPHY
Well, the lady who helped me at the
store, she was hot. I wouldn't mind
stuffing her turkey.

DENNIS
There you go, Murphy. If you jump
now, someone else will stuff it.
I'm in the mood for a beer. How
about you? My treat.

MURPHY
I don't drink.

DENNIS
McDonald's?

Murphy considers, nods...and jumps down all of TWO FEET (he
was on a porch rail) on the ground.

Everyone bursts into applause, shake hands, pat each other on
the back, hug, cop a feel (where appropriate).

INT. EGGALICIOUS FAST FOOD PLACE-DAY

Rich shows Sharona (clad in a short dress uniform), around.

Jimmy watches, envious.

INSERT DREAM SEQUENCE

Sharona lays on the counter. The only thing she has on is her egg hat.

Jimmy crouches over her.

JIMMY

Ready for the Gila Monster?

Sharona licks her lips lasciviously.

Jimmy breaks two eggs over her boobs. They sizzle.

END DREAM SEQUENCE

Rich shakes Jimmy out of his stupor.

RICH

Jimmy!

Jimmy stares at Rich, dazed.

RICH (CONT'D)

I said you can leave.

JIMMY

But my shift isn't over.

Rich smiles at Sharona.

RICH

Oh, I'm pretty confident that Sharona and I can handle the evening rush.

Sharona bends over to pick up a menu that accidentally fell on the floor...and she does a Britney (aka she doesn't have any underwear on).

Jimmy sees all the way to China. He covers his crotch, races out.

INT. MALL/SECOND FLOOR-DAY

Nigel and Natasha walk side by side. He slips his hand into hers...and she doesn't pull away.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/DINING ROOM-NIGHT

Nigel, Colin and Penelope eat.

COLIN

So how's summer vacation coming along, son?

NIGEL

Pretty good, I suppose. Would be nice if I could have the car once in a while.

Penelope pretends not to have heard.

PENELOPE

Could I have the butter, please. That's a good boy.

Nigel pushes the butter toward Penelope.

Colin cuts into his meat.

COLIN

You'll be getting your chance soon enough. I have to go to San Francisco for the company. I'll take a few days off, your Ma and I can see the sights.

Nigel's face lights up.

Penelope sputters.

PENELOPE

Oh no, I can't go.

COLIN

It's all arranged. I booked the flight and hotel room, it's non-refundable. I talked to my Da, he'll stay here with the boy. Knowing him, he'll get good use of the jacuzzi.

Colin winks at Nigel.

Penelope is aghast.

PENELOPE

But---

COLIN

You've always said you wanted a second honeymoon. This is it, woman. I won't take no for an answer. We're going, and that's final.

PENELOPE
What about my garden.

COLIN
The garden can wait.

Penelope bursts into tears.

Nigel smiles at his father, give him a thumbs up. Well done,
Da!

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/FINISHED BASEMENT-NIGHT

Eric stands by an easel, magic marker in hand.

Nigel and Jimmy sit on the sofa.

ERIC
Look, summer's halfway over. This
keeps up, we're going back to
school without having nailed the
beast.

Jimmy scratches his crotch.

JIMMY
Man, I'd like to pound my bologna
into Sharona. You know she doesn't
shave.

NIGEL
Her legs?

Eric writes "THE FUCK-IT LIST" in big letters on the easel.

Nigel looks disgusted.

Jimmy nods enthusiastically.

JIMMY
Now we're getting somewhere. Time
to prime the pump!

ERIC
How about Lucy Campbell?

JIMMY
One tit is bigger than the other.

ERIC
Margaret Dover?

Jimmy gags.

Eric turns to Nigel.

NIGEL
Beauty is in the eye of the
beholder.

Jimmy throws a sofa pillow at Nigel.

TWO HOURS LATER

A pile of papers on the floor. Tons of names crossed out on
easel.

ERIC
Vera Dawson?

JIMMY
She's got a mole on her nose. It's
probably cancer.

ERIC
We're running out of possibilities.
Rochelle Vogel?

JIMMY
Only if I put a bag over her head.

ERIC
Natasha Rowley?

Nigel is vehement.

NIGEL
Not Natalie. Heard she's got some
kind of disease.

JIMMY
Crabs?

NIGEL
Not sure. But whatever it is, it's
contagious. You might get infected.
Your balls could fall off.

Jimmy protectively covers his crotch.

Eric throws his hands up.

ERIC
This is getting us nowhere! We
can't even agree on who's ugly.

JIMMY

You know what? Fuck the fuck it list shit! It's too complicated. We throw a party and any chick who shows up is fair game. Like Nigel said, beauty is in the eye of the cock.

Eric pauses, nods.

Nigel appears uneasy.

NIGEL

Anyone?

JIMMY

Anyone. You got a problem?

ERIC

Not Zooney.

JIMMY

ANYONE! I don't care who! I can't take it anymore. After a shift with Sharona, I'm ready to do it with a fucking chicken.

ERIC

All right. Where are we going to have this party?

JIMMY

Can't be my place. Annette would have a fit.

ERIC

I don't think my folks would go for it either.

Eric and Jimmy turn to Nigel.

NIGEL

No.

JIMMY

You have a pool. And a jacuzzi.

NIGEL

No.

ERIC

It's perfect. They're going to be out of town. I bet your grandfather would even get us beer.

JIMMY

And pot. You know those old bags
get the choice stuff. The medical
weed that won't make your nose
bleed.

Nigel can't think of a way out. He shrugs.

NIGEL

Okay, I'll ask him.

Jimmy leaps around like a frog.

JIMMY

I'm finally going to get laid
before my balls turn to stone!

INSERT

The top of the basement stairs. Ginny quietly plays with her
dolls.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Dennis nurses a beer as he watches a game on the wide screen
TV.

Maureen comes in, wrapped in a robe, her hair in a turban.

MAUREEN

You're sure it's all right if my
date picks me up here? I was
running late---

DENNIS

We said we were going to be
civilized. Who's the lucky fella?

Maureen stares at Dennis. Hmmm.

MAUREEN

A customer. Seems nice enough, just
going through a rough patch. How
did your date go the other night?

DENNIS

It was great.

INSERT

Eggalicious eatery.

Dennis eats alone. For entertainment, he watches Sharona hang promotional posters while she teeters on a ladder.

BACK TO

The doorbell rings.

MAUREEN

Damn. He's early.

DENNIS

Take your time. I'll keep him occupied.

Maureen gives Dennis a wary glance.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I'll be nice. I swear.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/FOYER-DAY

Dennis opens the front door; his face registers shock and surprise.

It's Murphy, the guy Dennis talked out of jumping.

Murphy seems equally taken aback.

DENNIS

Murph?

MURPHY

Captain. What are you doing here?

DENNIS

I live here. My wife is your turkey?

A SHORT TIME LATER

Dennis and Murphy, each with a beer, engrossed in the game.

Maureen, dressed and ready to go, enters.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You can't go now.

MAUREEN

Excuse me?

MURPHY

Jer's right. It's tied with the lead ahead run on third. And the pizza should be here any minute.

MAUREEN

Jer? You two...know each other?

DENNIS

Yeah, last week I stopped Murph from breaking his neck.

The doorbell rings.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Honey, can you get that?

Maureen is apoplectic.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I got mushrooms.

Maureen storms out.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

Maureen rips off her earrings.

Dennis enters.

DENNIS

Murph's a great guy, aside from the gambling, the crack and the sex thing.

MAUREEN

The sex thing?

DENNIS

PE. Penis Envy. He doesn't have one.

Exasperated, Maureen takes off her high heels, throws them across the room.

MAUREEN

What kind of idiot do you take me for? I know what you're doing.

DENNIS

Is that so?

MAUREEN
Reverse psychology. Kill them with
kindness. And you know what?

Maureen sounds more annoyed than anything else.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
It's working!

Maureen bolts into the adjoining master bath, slams the door
shut.

Dennis grins.

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE/KITCHEN-DAY

Annette tries to feed the rambunctious triplets, but it's a
losing battle. They get more on her than in them.

Jimmy enters, rummages around for something nasty to eat.

Rich enters.

JIMMY
Just give me a minute, Dad.

RICH
I don't need you today. Take the
day off. Take tomorrow too. It's
the summer, take advantage of it.

JIMMY
Okay. Thanks.

Annette wipes the babies mouths.

ANNETTE
How is Sharona doing?

RICH
She's doing great. I'm thinking of
making her an Assistant Manager.

JIMMY
But I'm the Assistant Manager.

RICH
So we'll have two. The more the
merrier. Gotta go. The breakfast
rush.

Rich pecks Annette on the cheek, runs out.

ANNETTE

I know what you're thinking.

Jimmy glances around. Who is she talking to?

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

Let me tell you, it's not like that. Not at all. You think about it for so long, it finally happens, and when it does you're not prepared.

JIMMY

I am.

Annette plays "airplane" with her spoon except it's with herself, not the triplets.

ANNETTE

You may think you are, but you're not. No one is. You tell yourself it's going to get better, but it never does. You don't realize until it's too late how far you've gone. And then you're stuck. Stuck like a rat in a trap.

JIMMY

Stuck?

Jimmy glances down at his cock.

Fed up, Annette throws the spoon and bowl into the sink.

ANNETTE

If I had to do it all over again, I wouldn't. Don't get me wrong, I love it, but it's driving me crazy. Some days I just want to explode.

JIMMY

Man, I know that feeling. You just want to grab everything and go.

ANNETTE

So what do you do about it?

JIMMY

Me? You don't want to know.

Jimmy backs toward the door.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Have you talked to my Dad about this?

ANNETTE

I tried. He says it'll pass. That's it to be expected. I don't think it will, Jimmy. I just don't know how much longer I can hold on without some help. Will you help me?

JIMMY

Sure. Uh, but not now. Later. If I don't get hit by a train.

Jimmy makes his getaway.

EXT. MALL/PARKING LOT-DAY

The Handsome Sharp Dressed Man hands Maureen a folder.

POV

Dennis watches them through binoculars.

INT. AIRPORT/PASSENGER TERMINAL-DAY

Nigel and Monty see Colin and Penelope off. Penelope hugs Nigel as if she'll never let him go.

PENELOPE

You hear me? No funny stuff. If you spill something, clean it up. I don't want the house to smell.

COLIN

Come, mother.

Colin hugs Nigel.

COLIN (CONT'D)

We'll call once we get to the hotel.

Penelope frantically rummages through her purse.

PENELOPE

Oh no. I forgot me Dramamine.

Colin takes Penelope firmly by the elbow, guides her along.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Do you have the car keys?

COLIN
Tucked in my coat pocket.

Once Penelope is safely out of sight, Monty hands Nigel the car keys.

INT. CAR-DAY

Nigel drives. Monty is next to him. The radio plays oldies.

MONTY
Nigel, you musn't be too hard on your mother. You were her meno miracle, and then you were born so early. It was touch and go.

NIGEL
I know, but Grandad, I'm not a baby anymore.

MONTY
Why do you think your Dad cooked up this trip?

Nigel looks surprised.

NIGEL
Da said it was business.

Monty gives Nigel a mischievous leer.

MONTY
More like the devil's business. Your father could have gone far if he had kept at it. All those ladies. But once he met your Ma, that was that.

Nigel chews on this.

NIGEL
Grandad, how do you know?

MONTY
Know? Ah, the fook. Don't get me wrong.

The ladies at the condo, it's been a godsend, it's fantastic, my todger hasn't seen so much activity since I was in secondary school. But you know, I'd give it up in a heartbeat if I could have another hour with your Granny, her hand on my sleeve, the way she'd look at me at certain times---

Monty lets out a deep sigh.

NIGEL

What was it like? Your first time?

Monty chortles.

MONTY

It was terrible. Good thing one of us knew what the hell they were doing. It was in a bomb shelter. I lasted maybe five seconds. Listen. Any schoolboy with half a stick can fook. Takes a real man to treat his woman right and satisfy her the way God meant.

Monty pats Nigel on the shoulder.

MONTY (CONT'D)

You're not putting anything over on your old Grandad. I know what this party is about. I'll go along but don't you let your mates pressure you into doing anything you're not ready for. When you know, you'll know. And she will too. And then it won't be a fook.

INT. EGGALICIOUS FAST FOOD PLACE-DAY

Jimmy and Eric enter. The place is seemingly empty.

JIMMY

Dad?

Jimmy shrugs, goes to the register, opens it.

ERIC

You sure he won't mind?

Jimmy grabs a fistful of cash.

JIMMY

Nah. He's been in a real good mood lately.

ERIC

Your stepmother opened up shop?

JIMMY

Her? You kidding? What a psycho! She hit on me.

Eric howls.

ERIC

With what? A broomstick?

INT. MARKET/FROZEN FOOD AISLE-DAY

Eric has all sorts of junk in his cart: chips, cookies, soda, etc. He opens a freezer door, grabs a dozen pizzas.

ZOOEY (O.S.)

Hey.

Eric whirls around, drops the pizzas on the floor.

ERIC

Zoey! You're back. That was fast.

Zoey gives him a strange look.

ZOOEY

I told you I was coming home last week, remember? I thought I could come by sometime and show you the pictures---

Zoey looks in Eric's cart.

ZOOEY (CONT'D)

Having a party?

ERIC

Yeah. No. My Dad. It's a retirement bash for one of the cops.

Jimmy lumbers up, dumps a shit load of condoms and other sexual pleasure aids in the cart.

JIMMY

You think this is enough? Oh hey, Zoey.

Did Eric tell you about the party?
Saturday night, wear something
loose.

Zoey inspects a box of extra large lubricated "female
pleasure" condoms.

Eric snatches the box back, tosses it under a bag of chips.

ERIC
We gotta go. Later.

Eric scurries off with the cart. Jimmy scoots to catch up.

JIMMY
Did you ask her?

ERIC
Dude, shut the hell up!

Zoey stares after them, perplexed.

EXT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/DRIVEWAY-DAY

Dennis works on his car. Another car pulls in behind his.
Maureen gets out, slams her door hard.

DENNIS
You're home early.

MAUREEN
That's because you're looking at
the newest member of the great
unwashed ranks of the unemployed.

Dennis' jaw drops.

DENNIS
What?

MAUREEN
I was fired!

DENNIS
How could they fire you? You're
their best employee.

MAUREEN
Tell that to HR!

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

Maureen takes off her work clothes. She crumples them up and throws them in a corner.

MAUREEN

The bitch!

Dennis enters, closes the door.

DENNIS

What bitch?

MAUREEN

My assistant manager. She must have found out that I was meeting with a headhunter.

Dennis looks uneasy.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Dennis, I swear, I wasn't looking to change jobs. He came to me. I admit, I was tempted. I wanted to know how much I was worth.

DENNIS

He offered you a job?

MAUREEN

District manager for one of the largest retail chains in the country. Twice the salary I'm making now and like a jerk I turned him down. Now I have nothing.

Dennis looks queasy.

DENNIS

We're not hurting. You can always find another job. Why did you turn him down?

Maureen goes into the adjoining bathroom. Dennis follows.

MAUREEN

Because of you and the kids. The money was great, but I'd always be on the road. I'd never be home.

DENNIS

Thought you didn't want to be home.

MAUREEN

Guess I thought wrong.

Dennis closes the door. Locks it. Steps up to her.

DENNIS

What about your dates? What about what you've been missing? The shoes?

MAUREEN

I really don't want to talk about this now. I'm pissed enough.

DENNIS

Fine. No more talk. Too much talk sunk the Bismarck.

Dennis grabs Maureen, hoists her on the sink.

MAUREEN

Dennis, what the hell are you doing?

He shows her.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

Dennis!

A SHORT TIME LATER

Ginny comes into her parents bedroom.

GINNY

Mom? Dad?

Ginny sees the bathroom door is closed, goes to it, knocks.

GINNY (CONT'D)

Mom? Dad? What are we having for dinner?

INSERT:

On the sink, Dennis and Maureen hump like hamsters. She gropes for the faucet, turns the water on.

MAUREEN

Mommy and Daddy are fixing the shower. We'll be out---

Dennis lifts Maureen, her legs still wrapped firmly around him, and carries her into the tub/shower area.

Maureen grabs onto the shower curtain/rod for support. The whole thing comes down. They don't even notice.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO-DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO/HOTEL FRONT DESK-DAY

Colin registers with the CLERK.

Penelope on a cell phone.

PENELOPE

Colin, he's not answering. Maybe I dialed it wrong.

COLIN

You've tried twice already. Let it go, woman.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Cocky Thorne! I don't believe it.

Colin whirls around.

It's MARIANNE FATHFULL in the flesh.

COLIN

Marianne! Good Lord.

Colin and Marianne embrace.

Penelope arches an eyebrow.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Penelope, this is my old friend Marianne.

PENELOPE

I know who she is. Heard about her often enough. The one that got away.

Marianne laughs. She pinches Colin's cheeks.

MARIANNE FAITHFULL

I think it was the other way around. Isn't that right, Cocky?

Cocky, er, Colin preens.

EXT. PARK-DAY

A picnic. Blanket, basket. Nigel plays his guitar for Natasha. He stops, puts the guitar aside.

NATASHA
That was really good.

Natasha leans over, kisses him.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
You know I like you, don't you?

NIGEL
And I like you. Very much.

NATASHA
Do you want me to take off my
shirt?

Nigel is startled.

NIGEL
No.

NATASHA
My pants?

Nigel shakes his head.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
You want to do it with our clothes
on?

NIGEL
No.

Natasha sits back, amused.

NATASHA
God, you really are a virgin,
aren't you?

NIGEL
I suppose I am.

NATASHA
Nigel, it's not a big deal. It's
like a root canal. The sooner you
get it over with, the better. You
don't know what to expect the first
time, it hurts like hell, you bleed
a little.

NIGEL

There's blood? Nobody said anything about blood.

NATASHA

A little. But you get used to it.

Nigel frowns. Sex is a root canal?

NATASHA (CONT'D)

Isn't that what your party is all about? Because Eric couldn't seal the deal with Bonnie?

NIGEL

It wasn't my idea. Eric's cousin, he---what are you talking about?

NATASHA

Maybe you'd better ask Eric. And what are you talking about?

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/KITCHEN-DAY

Ginny eats pizza.

Eric and Jimmy enter.

ERIC

Save some for me, will you?

Eric grabs a slice. Jimmy grabs two.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Where's Mom and Dad?

GINNY

They're in the bathroom having sex.

Eric snorts.

ERIC

Yeah, right.

The back door opens. It's Nigel.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey, where have you been?

NIGEL

I need to talk to you. Now.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/FINISHED BASEMENT-DAY

Eric, Jimmy and Nigel.

ERIC
I told you. Nothing happened with
Bonnie. Nothing.

NIGEL
That's not what I heard.

Jimmy stares at Eric, confused.

JIMMY
You been holding out on us?

Eric sighs.

ERIC
We were just, you know, fooling
around, at her house---

INSERT

Bonnie's room. Eric straddles Bonnie. She pushes and pulls on his cock like taffy.

ERIC (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I got carried away.

A jet stream in slo-mo.

Off Eric's shocked expression.

Off Bonnie's aghast look.

The squirt lands smack in Bonnie's eye.

BONNIE
EWWW!!!

Bonnie shoves Eric off, then she runs out, shrieking.

BACK TO:

Jimmy howls.

JIMMY
No way! You squirted her in the
eye? Man, that's gross.

NIGEL
I'm sorry, mate. It is.

Eric averts his eyes in disgrace and anguish.

ERIC

That's not all. She got it on video. She threatened to put it on You Tube if I didn't help her cheat on her final.

JIMMY

That blows. Well, you know what they say, two in the hand is worth three in the bush.

Nigel stares hard at Eric.

NIGEL

Maybe we should rethink this whole party idea. Someone might get hurt.

Jimmy blows up.

JIMMY

No way! We can't back out now. We got the food, the vibrator rings, the Lubiderm. Our cocks are on the line!

Eric looks unsure.

ERIC

Maybe Nigel's right. This whole ugly thing has gotten out of hand.

JIMMY

You're going to listen to him? He's a Limey wuss. Damn it, we had to help them win the war.

Eric considers, sighs.

ERIC

Nigel, it's just a party. It doesn't mean we're going to get any junk.

JIMMY

Of course we're going to get some Master Card booty. Someone has to get laid. And I want it to be me.

Eric and Nigel trade glances.

NIGEL

Well, it's true that Grandad has gone to a lot of trouble.

JIMMY

That's right. We can't disappoint Gramps. The old coot wants to see his grandson get some hot nookie cookie before he kicks the bucket.

Meanwhile, in another part of town...

INT. VOGEL HOUSE/BEDROOM-DAY

Zoey, Natasha and Rochelle.

NATASHA

I know there's more to this party than Nigel's telling me.

ZOOEY

I think you're right. You should've seen the stuff Eric and Jimmy were buying at the market. That wasn't for his Dad.

NATASHA

There has to be a way to find out.

ROCHELLE

My little sister is friends with Eric's sister. Ginny's a brat. She might know something.

EXT. VOGEL HOUSE/BACKYARD-DAY

Zoey, Natasha and Rochelle grill Ginny as she and ROCHELLE'S LITTLE SISTER kick a soccer ball around.

GINNY

They're always talking about sex. That's all they ever talk about.

ZOOEY

Do you know anything about this party?

GINNY

Not a whole lot.

Ginny brightens.

GINNY (CONT'D)
I remember. They made a list.

NATASHA
Of things to buy?

GINNY
No. It was about girls.

NATASHA
Were we on this list?

Ginny nods.

Zoey seethes.

ZOOEY
That son of a bitch!

NATASHA
Did they talk about us?

GINNY
Yeah. Nigel said you were sick. He said they didn't want to get infected. Their pee-pees could fall off.

Natasha is knocked for a loop.

ROCHELLE
What about me?

GINNY
Jimmy said he would only if you had a bag over your head.

Rochelle bursts into tears.

ZOOEY
Did Eric say anything about me?

GINNY
Only that you were fair game. Do you know what that means?

Zoey clenches her jaw.

Ginny and Rochelle's Little Sister scoot off.

Natasha comforts Rochelle.

ROCHELLE

He scrambles my eggs just the way I like them.

ZOOEY

I can't believe I was starting to fall for that jerk.

NATASHA

I know Nigel. This list thing couldn't have been his idea.

ZOOEY

Maybe, but he's going along with it, and that's just as bad. Someone needs to teach those assholes a lesson.

Zoey smiles.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO/RESTAURANT-DAY

Colin looks over the menu.

Penelope tries the cell again.

PENELOPE

He's still not answering. Oh, I have a bad feeling.

A WOMAN AT THE BAR waves at Colin.

Penelope bristles.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

What is this shit? You bring me to San Francisco just to wave your pecker around?

COLIN

I never saw that woman before in my life.

PENELOPE

Humph. Just like how you almost shagged Marianne Faithfull.

COLIN

I didn't.

PENELOPE

Didn't look like almost to me.

Penelope tries the cell again.

Colin grabs it, puts in his breast pocket.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

Dennis fixes his tie. Eric sits on the bed.

DENNIS
So you're sleeping over Nigel's?

ERIC
Yeah.

DENNIS
Good. Ginny's all set at your
aunt's. Your mother and I are going
out for a nice, long, romantic
dinner.

ERIC
So you guys aren't separated
anymore?

DENNIS
I would say not.

Dennis puts on his suit jacket.

ERIC
Dad, how do you know when you're
ready to, you know.

DENNIS
Well, first I check my zipper.

Dennis glances down. Oops. He zips up.

ERIC
Dad. The other thing.

Dennis stares at Eric. Realizes.

DENNIS
Oh, that thing. I didn't lay a
finger on your mother until our
wedding night.

ERIC
Really?

Dennis smiles. Not quite.

ERIC (CONT'D)
So you didn't do it with anybody
else besides Mom?

DENNIS
I didn't say that.

ERIC
I'd use a rubber.

DENNIS
I should hope so. But what if it
broke? You know, you don't have to
go all the way for a girl to get
pregnant. Then what?

ERIC
I don't know. I hadn't thought that
far.

DENNIS
Eric, don't kid yourself. There's
no such thing as an easy lay. If
you have to ask if you're
ready...you're not ready.

Maureen, radiant, dressed to the nines, enters.

MAUREEN
(to Dennis)
Come on, slowpoke. We have
reservations.

DENNIS
Just want to look my best for my
best girl. My only girl.

Dennis puts his arm around Maureen's waist, kisses her.

MAUREEN
(to Eric)
Honey, don't forget to lock up when
you leave, okay?

Maureen kisses Eric on the cheek.

ERIC
Don't worry, I will. Mom, you look
great. I'm glad you and Dad are
back together.

Maureen beams.

MAUREEN

Me too.

INT. EGGALICIOUS FAST FOOD PLACE-NIGHT

Jimmy behind the counter.

Sharona sweeps the floor.

Rich comes in.

RICH

You still here, son? Go on, get out. It's Saturday night, you must have better things to do.

JIMMY

You're right about that. Thanks, Dad.

Jimmy tears his apron off, takes off.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM-DAY

Nigel and Eric put out bowls of chips, etc.

ERIC

Where's the beer?

NIGEL

Outside on the patio.

Eric looks out the sliding glass doors, sees two kegs.

ERIC

Two? Wow.

NIGEL

He wasn't sure which one we liked, so he got light and dark.

ERIC

And he got pot without any trouble?

NIGEL

He said it was easy. I guess Jimmy was right.

ERIC

Probably the first time in his life.

NIGEL

Do you think anyone will show up?

ERIC

Free beer and pot? Hell yeah! We'll probably have to beat the chicks off with a stick. We'll have to draw straws. Toss a quarter. Paper scissors rock.

Neither Eric nor Nigel look particularly enthused.

Jimmy bounces in.

JIMMY

I thought of a new line. Dig this.
'New pants? Can I help you with the zipper? Zing!'

Jimmy pulls his zipper down, thrusts his hips like Elvis on crack.

A knock on the door.

Eric answers. It's Cousin Toofy and an especially fetching Bebe.

COUSIN TOOFY

Now we can get the party started.
Toofy's in da house!

Bebe yawns. Looks like paradise has worn thin.

INT. EGGALICIOUS FAST FOOD PLACE-NIGHT

The place is empty.

Annette holds the door open, pushes the triplets in their stroller inside.

ANNETTE

Rich?

No answer.

Annette pushes the stroller toward the counter.

ANNETTE (CONT'D)

I bet Daddy's in his office.

Annette pushes the stroller down the hall. To the left, the men's room, the right, the ladies's room. The office is further down.

Annette puts her hand on the office door handle when she hears muffled noises coming from within. She cocks an ear to the door.

Heavy pants. Groans. Moans. Furniture scraping.

One voice rises above the din.

SHARONA (O.S.)
Oh, baby, I want to suck your
incredible, edible egg!

Annette turns a new shade of white. She reverses the stroller, bolts out of the restaurant.

Moments later, Rich, drying his hands with a paper towel, emerges from the men's room.

EXT./INT. SAN FRANCISCO/TROLLEY-NIGHT

Penelope's voice is a hushed, shocked whisper.

PENELOPE (V.O.)
But it's not V-E Day!

INT. SWANKY RESTAURANT/BAR-NIGHT

Lovely setting. FANCY DINERS in fancy attire.

Dennis and Maureen wait at the bar. They have eyes and hands only for each other.

MAUREEN
I got another call from a recruiter
today.

Dennis caresses her face.

DENNIS
What did you tell him?

MAUREEN
That I'd only consider jobs that
didn't involve a lot of travel.

Dennis whispers into her ear. She giggles, they kiss. They are giddy with love and passion.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
You know, I was mad at first, but
getting fired was a blessing in
disguise.

Dennis smiles, but his eyes tell a different story.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/PATIO-NIGHT

TEENS line up with plastic cups to get beer.

Cousin Toofy mans the keg tap and wildly splashes the cups with foaming beer.

The Teens all drink in one huge gulp...then all spit it out.

COUSIN TOOFY
Not cold enough?

DISGUSTED TEEN 1
It's fucking root beer!

Cousin Toofy puts the tap in his mouth, guzzles. He spits it out too.

COUSIN TOOFY
Who got this shitz?

INT. THORNE HOUSE/BACKYARD-NIGHT

Monty lounges in the jacuzzi with NUBILE YOUNG LADIES. They seem taken with Grandad. He laps it up.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Teens everywhere. Some make out. Music blares.

Jimmy sidles up to A PLAIN LOOKING GIRL.

JIMMY
Hey, are those pants new?

PLAIN LOOKING GIRL
No. Why?

JIMMY
Cos it looks like you need help
with the zipper.

Jimmy pulls on his zipper...and it snags on his underwear. He frantically tugs on it. It only makes it worse.

Disgusted, Plain Looking Girl walks away as Jimmy continues to pull.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/KITCHEN-DAY

Nigel hands out Monty's joints to DOPEY TEENS.

NIGEL

My Grandad's special blend. He
calls it fine herbs.

Dopey Teen 1 lights up, puffs.

DOPEY TEEN 1

Good shit, man.

Other Dopey Teens light up, nod dopily.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Eric sits in a corner. A GIRL OF DUBIOUS LINEAGE sashays up,
plops herself in his lap.

GIRL OF DUBIOUS LINEAGE

I've got thirty days to live. Want
to screw? In church?

ERIC

No.

Girl of Dubious Lineage shrugs, gets up and goes.

INT. SWANKY RESTAURANT/BAR-NIGHT

WAITER approaches Dennis and Maureen.

WAITER

I'm sorry, we overbooked. It looks
like another ten minutes for your
table.

DENNIS

Ten minutes? I don't know if I can
hold out that long.

MAUREEN

Me either.

DENNIS

Could we please have the check?

Off the Waiter's clueless expression.

INT. SWANKY RESTAURANT/PARKING LOT/CAR-NIGHT

Foggy windows. In the back seat, Dennis and Maureen go at it like rabbits. All you see are her high heels.

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE/KITCHEN-NIGHT

Rich enters, turns on the light.

RICH

Annette?

Rich sees a letter propped up on the table. He opens it, reads. He grimaces, slumps into a chair.

In the background, a baby wails. Make that three babies.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/PATIO-NIGHT

Teens splash in the pool.

Eric sits on a lawn chair. From his dispirited air, it doesn't look like he's having much fun.

Natasha sidles up.

NATASHA

Hey.

ERIC

Hey. What are you doing here?

Natasha shrugs.

NATASHA

It's a party. Have you seen Zooey?

Eric is flustered.

ERIC

Zooey's here?

NATASHA

She was fifteen minutes ago. She was with Nigel.

Eric frowns. He doesn't like the sound of that.

ERIC

What do you mean she was with Nigel?

Natasha laughs.

NATASHA

You idiot. Do I have to draw you a map?

Natasha straddles herself on Eric's lap, smothers him with kisses, unbuttons his shirt.

Eric pushes her off.

ERIC

Cut that out!

NATASHA

What's the matter? I thought this party was all about the quick fuck with an ugly girl. This whole summer.

ERIC

Maybe it was, but not anymore. And you're wrong about Nigel. He wouldn't do that. Jimmy, yeah. That donut would butt fuck a zebra. But not Nigel. He thought it was a lousy idea. Besides, he's soft on you.

NATASHA

Why should you care about Zooey? She's ripe for the plucking.

Eric is increasingly incensed.

ERIC

Don't you talk about her like that!

A cell phone rings. It's Natasha's. She answers. Her eyes widen.

NATASHA

Looks like we were both wrong. Nigel has his rocket in the socket.

ERIC

What?

Natasha shows Eric her cell; on the screen, the back seat of a car. Nigel's parents car. A naked Zooey and Nigel are entwined like a pretzel.

Eric can't believe what he sees.

NATASHA

I won't ask you again. This is your last chance to whip it and to whip it good.

Miserable, Eric shakes his head.

Natasha shrugs, walks away.

Eric hangs his head, holds his upset stomach.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/BEDROOM-NIGHT

Monty takes Jimmy aside, hands him a small plastic bag filled with crushed leaves.

JIMMY

What's this?

MONTY

My secret blend. It's what makes me so popular with the ladies. Rub this on your Little John before you have a go. The ladies will thank you for it.

Jimmy takes the bag, impressed.

JIMMY

Did you give some to Nigel and Eric?

MONTY

Heavens no! Keep this between us. I'm only sharing it with you because you're the mature one.

Jimmy preens.

EXT. THORNE HOUSE/FRONT YARD-NIGHT

ROWDY TEENS mill. Cars parked all over the street.

EXT. SWANKY RESTAURANT/PARKING LOT-NIGHT

A cell phone rings. Dennis, Maureen's legs wrapped around his neck, fumbles to answer.

DENNIS

(into cell phone)
This had better be good.

Holding the cell to his ear, Dennis fondles Maureen's breasts. She moans.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 (into cell phone)
 A rowdy party? You called me for---

Dennis rises so fast he hits his head on the roof.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 What's the address again?
 (beat)
 Oh shit!

EXT. THORNE HOUSE/PATIO-NIGHT

A bored Bebe watches as a nude Cousin Toofy stands on the diving board and pees into the pool.

Jimmy goes up to Bebe.

JIMMY
 Man, that Toofy---

BEBE
 You want to fuck?

Jimmy can barely move. Bebe takes that as a yes, takes his hand, guides him away.

In the distance, police sirens wail.

EXT. THORNE HOUSE/FRONT YARD-NIGHT

POLICE administer Breathalyzer tests to Teens, check their ID's and driver's licenses.

INT. THORNE HOUSE/LIVING ROOM-DAY

Eric, Monty and SEVERAL DISBELIEVING COPS.

MONTY
 I assure you, if any of those wankers have beer and pot, they didn't get it here. How daft do you think I am?

DISBELIEVING COP 1 enters.

DISBELIEVING COP 1

The old guy's right. The kegs are full of root beer. And the joints are oregano.

MONTY

Fine herbs.

Dennis enters. He takes in the scene and shoots a long look of disappointment and disgust at Eric.

Eric wishes he were invisible.

DENNIS

(to Eric)

So this is all you and your stupid friends can cook up?

MONTY

Hey, now, you leave off my Nigel! He's a good boy. This fuck-it list wasn't his idea, it was your lad's.

DENNIS

The what?

The Cops snigger and snicker.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(to the Cops)

You morons think it's funny? Did you count how many cars are out there blocking the road? What if there had been an emergency and an ambulance had to get through?

The Cops turn somber and serious.

Eric looks even more ashamed and embarrassed.

Cousin Toofy and a SCANTILY CLAD CHICK run in. Cousin Toofy's dick hangs out like a bent flag.

COUSIN TOOFY

Hey, Unca Denny.

Dennis sighs, rolls his eyes.

At that moment, Nigel enters. He seems very proud of himself.

Eric explodes, lunges at Nigel.

ERIC

You fucking animal!

The two boys grapple, then fall on the floor.

Dennis and the other Cops break it up.

EXT. WOODS-NIGHT

Bebe waits as Jimmy tries to put a rubber on. Judging from the ripped condoms on the ground, he's gone through at least two boxes.

BEBE

Fuck this!

Bebe grabs Jimmy, rides him like a bull at the rodeo. He holds on for dear life.

INT. CAR-NIGHT

Dennis, Maureen up front, Eric (in the back seat).

MAUREEN

You're grounded until you're forty.
First thing in the morning, I'm
buying you a chastity belt.

Eric is beyond mortified.

DENNIS

Maureen, when it's a guy, it's a
cock cage.

MAUREEN

Well, whatever the hell they call
it, he's getting two of them!

Maureen gets out of the car.

A long moment between father and son.

ERIC

Dad, I'm sorry.

DENNIS

I can't believe you listened to
Toofy, the pinhead who stuck toilet
paper up his ass and lit it on fire
at your cousin's baptism.

ERIC

If you're going to rip me a new
one, just do it and put me out of
my misery.

Dennis turns, regards Eric.

DENNIS

Would you want your sister to be treated that way? Your mother? How could you?

ERIC

Dad, I get it. I fucked up! Haven't you ever fucked up?

DENNIS

Not like this. I don't know what I'm more appalled over, the utter disrespect or the absolute lack of common---

Dennis sighs, shakes his head.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You don't treat women like this. Any woman. I don't care how ugly she is. You don't trick them into bed.

Dennis stops, ruefully rubs his forehead.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

And...you don't spy on the woman you profess to love when she's at work, and you don't make phone calls behind her back that you know will get her in trouble.

Eric is confused. What the hell is he talking about?

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Here's the deal. Non-negotiable. Indefinite total lockdown. No computer, no I-Pod, no cell phone, no TV, no nothing. You don't breathe unless we say you do.

Too beaten to argue, Eric nods, almost eager to accept his punishment.

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE/KITCHEN-NIGHT

Rich bottle feeds one of the triplets.

Jimmy enters, all excited.

JIMMY

Hey, Dad. Guess what? I did it! My first fuck. It was great. You should've seen me. I only lasted three minutes but man---

Jimmy opens the fridge, takes out a soda.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Where's Annette? Shouldn't she be feeding them?

Rich takes his time to respond.

RICH

She's gone. And I don't think she's coming back.

Off Jimmy's stunned expression.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

Maureen wears a flimsy negligee.

Dennis enters, takes off his jacket.

MAUREEN

You read him the riot act?

DENNIS

Oh yeah. He won't be pulling this again anytime soon.

Maureen goes to Dennis, pulls his shirt out.

MAUREEN

Now that's that settled, can we pick up from where we left off before we were so rudely interrupted?

DENNIS

Maureen---

MAUREEN

Why don't you go put on that skimpy leotard bikini I got you for last Valentine's Day?

Maureen growls like a tigress.

DENNIS

Before we do that, I have to tell you something. Baby, you know how much I love you.

MAUREEN

And I love you.

DENNIS

When we were separated, I missed you so goddamn much. The thought of another guy putting his shoes anywhere near you, it just about killed me.

Maureen's eyes cloud.

MAUREEN

Why are you bringing that up now? It's all in the past.

DENNIS

Remember what you said at the restaurant? You said getting fired was a blessing in disguise.

MAUREEN

Sure was. I didn't realize how much work was wearing me out. I'd rather have you---

Dennis winces, braces himself.

DENNIS

It was me.

Maureen snuggles up against him.

MAUREEN

I know. I was there. I wasn't that drunk.

DENNIS

No, not---it wasn't the assistant manager. She didn't call HR.

Maureen plays along.

MAUREEN

Okay, if she didn't, then who---

Dennis points to himself.

Maureen steps away. Her face registers shock and disbelief.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

No. You didn't. This is a joke.

DENNIS

I thought they'd write you up or give you probation. I never dreamed they'd fire you. I just wanted to scare you. To make you think about what you were doing. Honey, I was desperate.

Maureen's shock and disbelief gives way to fury.

MAUREEN

Desperate to get me back in your bed! How could you? You knew what that job meant to me. I busted my butt!

Dennis looks even more miserable, if that's even possible.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)

And you reamed Eric out? At least now I know where he gets it from.

Maureen rips her negligee off, puts on a T-shirt and sweat pants, grabs her purse.

DENNIS

Where the hell do you think you're going this time of night?

MAUREEN

Anywhere but here!

Maureen storms out.

INT. LOPEZ HOUSE/BEDROOM-DAY

Jimmy in bed, a lump underneath a blanket. He smiles in his sleep as he touches his dick.

He suddenly jolts awake. He furiously rubs his balls, then pulls down his pajama bottoms.

Jimmy screams for his life.

INT. AIRPORT/PASSENGER ARRIVAL TERMINAL-DAY

Nigel and Monty greet Colin and Penelope.

MONTY

Good trip?

Colin puts his arm around a giggling Penelope. They look as if they have a new lease on life.

COLIN

Excellent, thank you for asking.
Closed the deal, as it were. Got me
a bonus, too.

Penelope elbows Colin. But she smiles.

PENELOPE

And how was everything here? I hope
you didn't leave the house a mess.

NIGEL

Not too much. I wrote a song, made
out with a girl.

COLIN

That's nice. Someone you like, I
hope. Always better with someone
you like.

NIGEL

Da, I didn't like her at all.

COLIN

Well, that's good too. Sometimes
it's even better when you don't.

PENELOPE

So long as you weren't driving the
car.

INT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/MASTER BEDROOM-DAY

Dennis packs his clothes in a suitcase.

Eric leans against the door.

ERIC

This is my fault.

DENNIS

No. I really did it this time.

ERIC

I hate women! They should all burn
in hell!

Dennis slaps Eric upside the head.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Where will you go?

DENNIS
There's a couch with my name on it
at Aunt Cheryl's while we sort it
out.

ERIC
Dad, this is so fucked! Me and
Zooney, Zooney and Nigel, Jimmy and
his prick, you and Mom, Mom and
you. We're all fucked!

DENNIS
I would say so, son.

Dennis closes his suitcase, picks it up, leaves.

EXT. EGGALICIOUS FAST FOOD PLACE-DAY

Is no longer. It's now a laundromat.

EXT. LABOR DAY (END OF SUMMER) BLOCK PARTY-DAY

Dennis, Rich and Colin commiserate as they each hold a
triplet.

RICH
No matter how many times I swore to
Annette that I wasn't cheating on
her, she wouldn't believe me. I
finally realized it was just an
excuse. She really didn't want to
have kids after all.

The men cluck in sympathy.

COLIN
Heard about Jimmy being in the
hospital.

RICH
Two weeks. What a dumbass. It'll be
a long time before he dips his
wick.

DENNIS

Sounds like Jimmy got off easy. My nephew was in for a month. Unfortunately, they were able to save his.

The men laugh.

RICH

What about you and Maureen? Things any better?

Dennis sadly shrugs.

DENNIS

No. She's in the city talking to a headhunter. If she takes the job, she's off to California.

COLIN

You're all right with that?

DENNIS

No, I'm not. But if she's happy, I'm happy. Even if we're not together.

Monty and a NICE LADY laugh it up.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Who's that?

COLIN

His fiance. She's an old flame, met her in a bomb shelter. Fancy that, reconnoitering after all these years. The ladies at the senior citizen condo are said to be devastated.

Colin glances at his watch, puts a triplet in the stroller.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Have to go. Told the wife I'd help in the garden. Since we got back from our trip she's had an itch to plant. Bulbs. Lots of bulbs.

Colin gives them a conspiratorial wink.

EXT. CALLOWAY HOUSE/FRONT PORCH-DAY

Eric sits on the step.

Jimmy and Nigel comes up to him.

JIMMY & NIGEL IN UNISON

Hey.

ERIC

Hey.

Jimmy and Nigel sit down.

NIGEL

When will you be allowed out?

ERIC

If my Mom has her way, never. How's Zooey?

NIGEL

Zooey? Got no clue. Haven't seen her since the night of the party.

JIMMY

Dood, I can't believe you fucked her. I thought for sure Eric would get to her first.

Eric rages.

Nigel shrugs.

NIGEL

It was easy, if you must know. Not at all what I expected. Best to get it out of the way up front. Like a root canal.

Eric can barely contain himself.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Well, mate, see you at school.

ERIC

Yeah. See you.

Jimmy and Nigel leave.

Seconds later, a car pulls into the driveway. Maureen gets out.

MAUREEN

Where's your Dad?

Nigel motions at the party.

MOMENTS LATER

Maureen storms up to Dennis.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
You know you're a horse's ass,
don't you?

Rich and the triplets make a discreet exit.

Dennis cringes.

DENNIS
What have I done now?

MAUREEN
Nothing. Absolutely nothing. And
guess what? I did it. Not just
once. Twice. In the Midtown Tunnel
in broad daylight. With a
headhunter.

Dennis blanches. His heart drops.

DENNIS
I don't want to hear it. Stab me in
the groin, why don't you.

MAUREEN
Not that, you nitwit! I turned the
job down. He called me back,
offered me twice the---

Dennis sweeps Maureen into his arms, carries her toward their house.

Ginny runs up.

GINNY
What's wrong? Did the shower break
again

DENNIS & MAUREEN IN UNISON
Yes!

INT. LONGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL/HALL-DAY

A bell rings...but not just any bell. It's the bell which
signals...

THE END OF SUMMER VACATION!

TEENS stampede into classrooms with only two things on their minds.

SUMMER VACATION! SEX! FREEDOM! GETTING LAID!

INT. LONGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL/SCIENCE LAB-DAY

Eric slowly cleans up his space. He looks like he's just lost his best friend.

INT. LONGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL/LOCKER-DAY

Jimmy opens his locker, grabs some books.

Around him, OTHER STUDENTS nudge and whisper. Something is going on.

Jimmy turns, sees the reason for the hubbub. He's agog.

It's his dream lay! Okay, his second dream lay!

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, busty, junk in her trunk, flawless skin, perfect hair, the total Grade A package...and Jimmy doesn't realize until it's too late that her eyes still don't match.

JIMMY

Rochelle?

Rochelle doesn't blink in Jimmy's direction as she flounces away, the star of her own reality show.

JEALOUS GIRL 1

I heard she went on an egg diet.

Jimmy, his tongue out, pants after Rochelle like a pooch in heat.

INT. LONGWOOD HIGH SCHOOL/HALL-DAY

Eric exits the class...and in the same spot where he gave Bonnie Ellwood the fuck of the millennium, is Zoey, Nigel and Natasha.

The moment Eric has been dreading. For a moment he hangs back...then clenches his jaw. He's not going to slink away. He's going to be a man and take his medicine head on.

Zoey giggles.

Eric lowers his head, presses on.

ZOOEY

You know, for someone who came in second place in the county science fair, you're awful dumb.

Eric stops, bewildered.

ERIC

What the hell are you talking about?

NIGEL

Dood, haven't you figured it out yet? Zooey and I, we didn't do it.

Eric stares at Zooey in disbelief.

ERIC

But I saw you. Together. In the---

ZOOEY

Oh, the beauty of Photoshop.

Nigel puts his arm around Natasha. They kiss, grin like monkeys.

ERIC

You didn't? Really?

Zooey takes Eric by the hand.

ZOOEY

I know you still want to screw, but my Dad's giving a lecture at the university next week. Do you think if he talks to your parents they might let you go? In the interest of science and the welfare of man and all that crap?

Eric squeezes Zooey's hand. She takes that as a yes.

NIGEL

I guess Cousin Toofy was right after all. 'If you wanna be happy the rest of your life, never make a pretty woman your wife, so for my personal point of view, get an ugly woman to---'

ERIC, ZOOEY & NATASHA IN UNISON
SHUT THE FUCK UP!

FADE OUT

THE END