

# **The Sex Drive**

Screenplay  
by  
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(FIRST DRAFT)  
(first revision)

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Based on "All The Way"

By  
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INT. MASSIVE RAVE - NIGHT

Techno music thumps as we snake through a crowded party. All we see are people and lights. Everyone is either dancing, talking or making out. Arrive behind a petit brunette with a body that has precipitated many a boner. MS. TASTY turns revealing a sweet, stunning twenty-year-old smile.

MS. TASTY

Ian! Hey, sweetie! (Strikes a sexy pose) So? What do you think?

Reverse to show who she's posing for, but IAN is silhouetted, backlit by disco lights. He speaks with smug confidence.

IAN

Not bad. I've seen better, but you make it work.

She's not put off by the back-handed compliment. On the contrary, it seems to make her try harder.

MS. TASTY

Jerk. So when do I get to check out your big, sexy bod? L-O-L!

Her face rotates unnaturally ninety degrees on it's side and winks ;) Pull back hard to reveal thousands, maybe millions of people at this party. The heads become pixels on Ms. Tasty's MySpace page on a computer in:

INT. IAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The real Ian lies in bed with his laptop, wearing a Darth Vader t-shirt, Chicago Cubs pajama bottoms and reading glasses. He's eighteen but could pass for sixteen. He's a sweet kid with the kind of thoughtful, approachable face you might seek when in need of directions.

Close on her words on the screen: "JERK. SO WHEN DO I GET TO CHECK OUT YOUR BIG, SEXY BOD? L-O-L!"

Ian lets out a nervous giggle. He types his reply, "IT'S NOT REALLY THAT SEXY." He stops and deletes that.

IAN

(whispering to himself)

God. Don't be a dork. Act cool.  
Be a dick. Just be a dick.

He retypes, "DAMN, UR SO PUSHY. I'LL UPLOAD MY PIC IN A SEC."

MAIN TITLES OVER:

Ian opens a picture of himself in PhotoShop. He borrows some facial hair from a photo of Brad Pitt and places it on his own face. He opens a folder called "Family Pics," then a subfolder titled, "REX." He opens a picture of a cocky tough guy leaning against a shiny orange 1969 GTO Judge. Ian places his own head on the tough guy's body.

As he does this work, we get a look at the room, which is divided by a line of electrical tape running down the wall marked, "DYLAN'S SIDE - IAN KEEP OUT!!!" Ian's side is neat and sparsely decorated with a few band posters and some Lord of the Rings merch. The other side of the room is cluttered and decorated with extreme sports and bikini girl posters. Several motocross and snowboarding trophies are proudly displayed. Ian's brother DYLAN (14) sleeps in a twin bed. His Tiger Beat face even looks confident while asleep. A clock reads 12:21 a.m.

END TITLES

Ian clicks "Upload Pic" and we return to the:

INT. MYSPACE CYBER RAVE

Now some of Ms. Tasty's MySpace bio stats float in the air next to her: "MsTasty, 5' 5" / Age:20 / Home: Knoxville, TN / Here For: Friends / Occupation: College Student / Interests: Cars, Bikes, Music, Horses, Football and Mad Partying!!!" Ian materializes next to her, now with the cool facial hair and leaning against the car. Before Tasty even turns to see him, LANCE materializes out of thin air, landing between them. Lance is eighteen, good looking, built and dressed cool.

LANCE

Ian? Dude. What's with this picture!? Holy shit, that's funny!

Next to Lance, FELICIA materializes. Also eighteen, she's a petit, pretty girl with her own unique, artsy look and a definite edge on her attitude. \*

FELICIA

Oh my god, Ian. That's hilarious!

IAN

Yeah. Funny, right? Just a joke. Can't talk right now though.

Ian is antsy, trying to see past them to Tasty. Tasty remains oblivious to this entire exchange.

FELICIA  
 Wait! Emergency. My evil bitch  
 cousin is staying with us this  
 weekend, doing a bunch of wedding  
 prep crap.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

LANCE  
 Your hot cousin?

FELICIA  
 She's the Antichrist, Lance.

IAN  
 She's still hot.

FELICIA  
 Well, I NEED to get out.

IAN  
 We can hang at my house. The whole  
 family is taking Dylan to his moto-  
 cross nationals this weekend.

FELICIA  
 Sweet! You rock.

IAN  
 Thanks. Now I gotta go.

LANCE  
 Dude, you working tom--

Ian waves a hand at Lance and Felicia. They each disappear  
 with a click. Finally Ian can see Ms. Tasty again.

IAN  
 So, Tasty. Feast your eyes, sugar  
 biscuit.

INTERCUT - IAN'S BEDROOM / MYSPACE CYBER RAVE

Back in reality, Ian slaps his own head.

IAN  
 Sugar biscuit? You idiot.

Back in cyberspace, Tasty looks over at Ian and his car.

MS. TASTY  
 Nice. O.M.G. Your car is sick!

IAN  
 Sixty-nine GTO Judge.

MS. TASTY  
 (dirty smile)  
 Mmmm. I love sixty-nines.

Back in his bedroom, Ian is stunned. He stands and nervously paces, muttering to himself. He takes off his glasses.

IAN  
 Whoa. Sixty-nines; she likes those.  
 Okay, don't puss out. Be a dick

Back in cyberspace, Ian continues to act cool.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Whatever. I gotta blow. Coach's  
 got us running two-a-days. Peace.

Ian disappears - to Tasty's great disappointment.

INT. IAN'S BEDROOM

Ian stares at her picture and her last line, "I LUV 69's." He checks that Dylan is sleeping. He grabs a roll of toilet paper from under his bed. He reaches into his pajama pants.

DYLAN (O.S.)  
 Are you spankin' it over there!

Ian stops.

IAN  
 No! I was just scratching my leg.  
 It's itchy...this blanket.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

Ian wanders groggily out of his room. He opens the bathroom door but stops cold with the door open only three inches. His eyes go like saucers - he's now wide awake.

Ian's POV through the door: A gorgeous, naked woman is bent over and towelling off her hair. Ian watches with nervous curiosity. She turns toward him but the towel covers her face. As she rubs the towel on her head, her boobs jiggle. Ian is in a trance until...

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
 Ian!?

Ian turns to see that his parents are standing at the end of the hall and looking his way.

IAN'S FATHER

Were you just peeping on your  
sister?

The girl screams and the bathroom door slams shut.

IAN

No! I was just gonna use the...

His father raises an eyebrow as if to say, "Well, what about that?" A wider shot of Ian reveals that he has pitched an unmistakable tent in his pajama pants.

IAN'S FATHER

Alright! Family meeting!

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ian's Father, STEPMOTHER and brother Dylan sit at the table. Also at the table is REX, Ian's older brother from the photo. He's a twenty-four-year-old big lug whose thinning hair is highlighted and spiky. Next to him is JESSICA, the hot girl from the shower. She's about twenty and wearing a pink baby-doll T printed with sorority symbols. She talks on her cell as Ian arrives at the table.

JESSICA

(into her phone)

No, I gotta go. My new stepbrother was spying on me in the shower and playing with himself or something. ...Yeah, I'll call you after.

Ian timidly sits. His father sends a stern look his way.

IAN'S FATHER

Listen, mister--

IAN'S STEPMOTHER

(interrupting sweetly)

Ian. You and your brothers have made me feel so welcome in your family. And now that Jessica is home from Princeton, I hope you'll be able to see her as your sister.

IAN

No. I do. I just--

REX

You don't look at your sister and pop a stiffy, Ian. That is NOT normal.

IAN'S STEPMOTHER

Rex, please. Let's just all do our best to respect one another's privacy. Okay, honey?

IAN'S FATHER

Now apologize to Jessica.

IAN

Um....I'm sorry.

IAN'S FATHER

For what?

IAN

I'm sorry for...seeing you naked.

IAN'S FATHER

And?

IAN

Um...and getting a...um...

IAN'S FATHER

That's it. You're grounded, bub.

IAN

What!?

REX

I gotta go. If you fags want a ride, you better hustle up.

We track out the window and across the street to:

INT. FELICIA'S HOUSE

A modest but nice suburban home. Felicia is coming down the stairs. She wears a black t-shirt that reads, "I'm begging you to shut up." She stops when she hears voices. She peers around the corner into the dining room. Her MOTHER sits at the kitchen table with AUNT CAROL. Standing on the other side of the table is TIFFANY, a blonde Brittany Spears type about Felicia's age. Tiffany is arranging some Barbie & Ken dolls in a make-believe wedding ceremony.

TIFFANY

I don't know. Maybe just six bridesmaids?

Tiffany removes a black-haired Barbie from the line-up. From her perch, Felicia enthusiastically nods her agreement.

AUNT CAROL

Sweetie, marriage is about family.  
Felicia's your cousin.

TIFFANY

I know. But she never smiles.  
She'll ruin all the pictures.

FELICIA

(whispering to herself)  
She's right, I will. Listen to her.  
She's making some solid points.

FELICIA'S MOTHER

Don't worry, dear. I'll speak to  
Felicia.

Felicia tip-toes down the steps and sneaks out the front door. She nearly makes it out when her mother spots her.

FELICIA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

Hon? Come say hi to your cousin  
and your Aunt Carol.

Felicia hangs her head, sighs and goes back inside. We pull away and cross the street again to the home next to Ian's.

INT. LANCE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

We find Lance at the breakfast table working on a bowl of Count Chocula. LANCE'S FATHER enters, talking on his cell phone. He's dressed a little too cool for his age.

LANCE'S FATHER

Judy! What do you want from me?  
The boy's eighteen now. These  
aren't my problems anymore. Hello?

He looks at the phone. Obviously she hung up. He grabs a bowl, sits down and pours himself some cereal.

LANCE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Your mom's still batshit crazy.

Lance shakes his head, eating and reading Maxim.

LANCE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Oh, what, she never trash talks me?

LANCE

Actually, she doesn't. Ever.

LANCE'S FATHER

Well, in any case, take my advice, chief, never get married. Just an endless parade of nonsense. And for god's sake always wear a rubber. Jesus H.

Lance walks out, taking the comment personally.

LANCE'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Oh, come on, pal, I didn't mean it that way!

EXT. SUBURBAN ROAD - MORNING

Cue: "Let's Get it Up" by AC/DC.

THE JUDGE (the shiny orange 69 Pontiac GTO from Ian's photo) now rumbles aggressively through the Chicago suburbs.

INT. THE JUDGE

Rex drives and sings loudly. Dylan rides shotgun. Ian sits in back; he's now dressed in a purple polo and visor, embroidered with a "Señor Donut" logo. Rex turns the radio down.

REX

Ian - question. And I want a straight answer. You queer?

IAN

What?

REX

God damn it! I knew it!

IAN

I didn't say anything!

REX

Exactly. When someone asks if you're a pole-smoker, you deny it right off. No pause! No fartin' around! Jesus, Ian!

IAN

Rex, I'm not gay.

DYLAN

You're eighteen and you ain't even had one girlfriend.

REX

That's how people wind up getting gay, ya know.

IAN

I don't think that's really how it happens. But anyway, I'm not gay.

DYLAN

Well, Dad thinks you're are.

IAN

What!?

REX

You're breaking the old man's heart.

IAN

Look, there's this girl I've been kinda getting to know on MySpace.

REX

MySpace? Oh, for fuck's sake! Don't you watch Dateline? She's probably a guy, Ian! Some fat old dude who wants to pound you up the tailpipe!

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT

The Judge stops and Ian climbs out.

REX

Have fun at work. Try not to come home any gayer than you are now.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - SEÑOR DONUT

RON is prepping the donut shop for another day. He's a middle-aged man in a tight button-up manager's shirt that shows off his gut. Ian enters the store.

\*  
\*  
\*

RON

(sarcastic)

Ian! So good of you to bless me with your presence. Gee, I hope I'm not putting you out.

IAN

Sorry, Ron. My brother drove and... It's only eight oh-three.

RON

Oh-three. Oh-three, huh? Yeah. That's not gonna cut the cheese around here, captain. At Señor Donut we plan to be ten minutes early. That way if we miss it by an oh three, we're still early by an oh-six. Comprendé?

IAN

Right. Sorry.

Ian puts on an apron and begins prepping the counter. Cue "Got You Where I Want You" by the Flys as several lovely female mall employees arrive and walk by in slow motion. Ian sneaks longing looks at each of them. Several quick close up shots of hair, smiles, exposed thongs and the impressions of bras and hard nipples through tight shirts.

Finally a cute, detached girl about Ian's age shows up wearing the same Señor Donut uniform and looking tired. Ian gives her a friendly smile. She doesn't return the favor.

IAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Becca.

BECCA

Hey. Hey, Ron. Sorry I'm late.

RON

No worries, girlfriend.

Ian gives Ron a "what the fuck?" look.

RON (CONT'D)

(lascivious)

Looks like you had a long, nasty night. Ron and Ian want the four-one-uno.

BECCA

Whatever. You guys are gross.

IAN

I'm not gross. I didn't say anything.

Becca rolls her eyes and goes into the back.

INT. SEÑOR DONUT - BACK ROOM

Becca is taking a huge foam Señor Donut mascot costume out of a box. Ian comes in to get a bag of powdered sugar.

BECCA  
 (holding up the suit)  
 Ian?

IAN  
 No way, Becca. I did coupon rounds  
 yesterday.

BECCA  
 (hugging him)  
 Oh, Ian. Come on. You'd so be my  
 hero. I'd love you so, so much.

INT. MALL FOOD COURT - DAY

A giant foam donut walks through the food court, handing out coupons. Señor Donut wears a small sombrero, black tights and a purple cape. Ian's right arm sticks out of the suit. The left arm is fake as Ian's real left arm is kept inside the suit to operate the mouth. (Like the Big Bird suit.) He tries to hand out coupons but he's a soft, timid sell.

IAN  
 Hi. Would you like a coupon for  
 six free-- No? Okay, cool. Sorry.

Ian turns to find Ron in his way, arms folded.

RON  
 Hmmm. You don't sound like Señor  
 Donut. You sound more like Mr.-I-  
~~don't-take-pride-in-my-job-because-~~  
~~I'm-a-spoiled-suburban-kid-who's-~~  
~~had-everything-handed-to-me-Donut.~~

IAN  
 Ron, come on. I suck at doing the  
 voice. Please?

Ron gives Ian a stern look and then points to a woman coming their way. Ian turns to her and in a lame Mexican accent...

IAN (CONT'D)  
 Hola. Theees eeez a coupon for  
 seeex free donuts. Es Mui Bueno!

The woman stares back uncomfortably and then looks to her left. Ian turns to see what she's looking at. A Mexican family is standing nearby and glaring at Ian.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 (normal voice)  
 I'm sorry. I didn't mean any...

The family walks away, offended. Ian sighs.

INT. MALL DRESS SHOP

Felicia steps out of a fitting room, wearing a poofy yellow dress with a huge bow. She looks miserable. Tiffany circles, nodding her approval.

TIFFANY

Oh, my, god. That is sooo cute on you. You could be hot if you quit dressing like so... agro. Now that you're eighteen you should totally be thinking about getting those boobs done too. You know?

Tiff gestures to her own fake boobs, then turns away to flip through a rack of dresses. Felicia mimes plunging a knife into Tiff's back over and over. Tiff turns to look at Felicia, who stops killing her and smiles back innocently.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

You know?

FELICIA

Yeah. Boobs. Good. Made a note.

Felicia notices Señor Donut out in the mall, going up the escalator. He's surrounded by a group of white ten-year-old gang-banger-wannabes. They push Ian and he falls sideways, rolling down to the bottom and out entrance. The kids follow him down.

INT. MALL

Felicia jogs from the shop, holding her dress off the ground. As she arrives, the kids are stomping Ian like a narc.

FELICIA

Aright, piss off, mallrats.

They stop. Their leader steps to Felicia with a precocious swagger. He's a foot shorter than she.

MALLRAT

Yo, banana-ass-lookin' bitch.  
Y'all ain't gonna roll up on our  
shit and start bustin' out to-dos.

His friends laugh until Felicia grabs him by the ear and twists until he grimaces in pain.

FELICIA

Listen, Trevor or Logan or Cody or whatever the fuck your name is, look at this dress. Do I look like I'm in the mood for your bullshit?

MALLRAT

Owie. Owie.

FELICIA

Yeah, that's right, owie.

She releases him.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

And take the god damn price tag off your hat.

She rips the price sticker off the bill of his baseball cap.

MALLRAT

Damn, shorty!

He stands down and tries to maintain his strut as he leads his gang away.

FELICIA

You alright, Ian?

IAN

Yeah. Wow. You look pretty.

FELICIA

Oh, god! Shut up.

Just then, Lance appears next to them.

LANCE

Damn. Tough day for donut boy.

FELICIA

Not a word about the dress. I swear to fucking god.

Ian flounders on the floor, unable to stand.

IAN

A little help?

Felicia and Lance help him up.

IAN (CONT'D)

This job sucks so hard.

FELICIA

Ian, why don't you just quit?

IAN

I can't just quit, Felicia. I only got two weeks left to save for college. Tuition's gone up to--

Lance interrupts, pointing to the donut mouth that Ian is flapping as he speaks.

LANCE

Ian, why you gotta do that - work the mouth when you talk to us?

FELICIA

(sarcastic)

You can't fool us, Ian. We know you're not really a big Mexican donut.

IAN

(not working the mouth)

Sorry. Habit. Here, give me a hand with this.

Ian struggles to get his head out of the back of the suit. He sits on a bench. Lance helps. Ian takes a deep breath.

LANCE

So, how's it going with that chick at work?

IAN

Becca. Not that great.

FELICIA

Good. She's totally wrong for you, anyway.

IAN

That's what you say about everyone.

Tiffany waves Felicia back into the store.

FELICIA

I gotta go. Satan calls.

LANCE

Looks like Satan got new titties.

FELICIA

So, we're still on for tomorrow?

\*  
\*

IAN  
Got the place to myself, I promise.

FELICIA  
Awesome. You always come through  
for me.  
(leaning in)  
Hey, it won't be weird for you if I  
stay over Saturday?

IAN  
Why would it be weird?

SLAM CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BONFIRE PARTY - NIGHT

TITLE: "FIVE MONTHS AGO"

Ian stands alone by the fire. Felicia stumbles over and hugs  
him. She's a bit drunk.

FELICIA  
Ian. Hey, dude. Guess what.

IAN  
What?

FELICIA  
I have a secret. Girl secret. Can  
you deal?

IAN  
Sure. What do you got?

Felicia is flustered, giggly and uncharacteristically girly.

FELICIA  
I...Duh. This is so lame.

IAN  
Look at you acting like such a  
girl. You're creeping me out.

FELICIA  
I know. Okay, okay, okay, okay.  
Here it is. I have a crush on  
someone. A boy. A guy.

IAN  
Really. Wow. Who?

FELICIA

Oh, I bet you know who. You know me better than anyone. So guess.

A look of great understanding comes over Ian's face.

IAN

I think I know.

He nervously leans in for a kiss. Felicia sobers, pulling away. Her face is awash with confusion and pity. Ian has made a terrible mistake. He lamely tries to back-pedal.

IAN (CONT'D)

Kidding. Got you.

FELICIA

Ian. You're my best friend. I just don't think we--

IAN

I know. Totally kidding. I mean, "whatever" right? Yeah...

He's not fooling anyone.

IAN (CONT'D)

So, who is it? Who's the lucky...

FELICIA

Oh, nobody. I was kidding too.

IAN

Oh. That's funny. I guess.

Pull back, as they stand together in an awkward silence as several kids party around them.

SLAM CUT BACK TO PRESENT: INT. MALL

FELICIA

Okay, see you guys tomorrow.

Felicia trots back to the dress shop. Ian pushes his head back into the suit. He and Lance walk through the mall together. Ian occasionally hands off a coupon to someone.

LANCE

So, this Becca chick - you been doing like I told you? Being a dick?

IAN

Yeah, kinda. Kind of a dick.

LANCE

She made you wear the costume again, didn't she? (off Ian's lack of reply) See? Your nice guy thing works for shit. If you'da told her to fuck off, she'd be two knuckles deep, day-dreaming about your bone right now.

A woman with two little kids, glares at them.

IAN

Lance, I'm actually at work. Can we not do this here?

LANCE

I'm just sayin', if you ever want to get laid, you're going to have to quit worrying about what chicks think of you. Look at Andy and Randy over there. Those guys could give a fuck.

Two awkward, dim-faced, badly dressed teenage boys stand outside an arcade. Oblivious to their own lack of appeal, every girl that passes gets hit on.

IAN

Andy and Randy? Those guys are total nards.

LANCE

For real. But pay attention.

A pretty, fresh-faced girl is carrying a box marked, "Holy Cross Children's Fund." She approaches ANDY & RANDY.

CHRISTIAN GIRL

Hi. Would you like to help the underprivileged children?

They converge on her like velociraptors. They both speak in the same, rapid-fire monotone.

ANDY

Not really.

RANDY

You wanna party?

CHRISTIAN GIRL  
Um. No. I'm kinda working.

ANDY  
When are you done?

RANDY  
What are you doing after?

CHRISTIAN GIRL  
Um, I have a church thing tonight.

ANDY  
Kick ass. We'll come.

RANDY  
Yeah, where is it?

ANDY  
There gonna be more hot chicks like  
you there?

Lance and Ian look on.

IAN  
So, what? They never get anywhere.

LANCE  
That's because they don't know how  
to close. But their ability to  
open is god damned heroic.  
Absolutely no fear of rejection.

Andy and Randy keep up the pressure, following her away.

RANDY  
Do you wear thong underpants?

ANDY  
You want us to take our shirts off?

INT. SEÑOR DONUT - BACK ROOM - EVENING

Ian, still dressed in the donut suit, hassles with his  
locker. He breaks off his key. Ron appears in the doorway.

RON  
Oh, Ian. What am I going to do  
with you, laddie? You can wear it  
home, but take good care of it.  
That costume costs more than you  
make in a year.

EXT. MALL - EVENING

Rex pulls up to the curb in the Judge. Ian runs up to the car, still in the donut suit and working the mouth.

IAN  
Rex. It's me!

REX  
What the fuck is that shit?

IAN  
I broke off the key in my locker.

REX  
Well I ain't gonna be seen driving around with Señor Numbnut. Stow that shit in the trunk.

Ian pops the trunk and bashfully strips off the costume, leaving him just in his t-shirt and tighty-whities. Several passing shoppers glance over. Ian stuffs the costume in the trunk and dashes for the passenger door. Rex slowly pulls ahead, Ian runs along side. Rex laughs way too hard.

REX (CONT'D)  
Come on! Get in, fairy!

Ian reaches for the door but Rex stays just far enough ahead. Ian runs faster and opens the door. Before he can jump in, Rex slams on the brakes. Ian bounces off the inside of the door and falls flat on his back in the street.

REX (CONT'D)  
Ha!!! You suck, Ian!

Ian lies there groaning.

REX (CONT'D)  
Don't be such a puss! Seriously, quit dickin' around and get in.

EXT. IAN'S HOUSE - EVENING

The Judge pulls into the driveway. Ian gets out. A car pulls in behind him. IT'S BECCA! She climbs out. Ian coyly pulls his shirt down over his grunds. This is awkward.

IAN  
Becca. Hey. I didn't know you were coming over. I didn't even know you knew where I lived.

BECCA  
Yeah. I do, so...

She looks down at his lack of pants.

IAN  
Oh. Funny story. I broke my key--

BECCA  
Is Dylan here?

IAN  
What? Dylan. My brother Dylan?

BECCA  
Yeah. Is he here?

IAN  
My fourteen-year-old brother Dylan?

Becca scowls at Ian. Dylan opens the front door and waves to Becca. She sends him a big smile and starts off toward him.

IAN (CONT'D)  
You know he's fourteen, right?

DYLAN  
Nice underpants, Ian! He's probably cooking up a big wicked bacon strip in there.

Becca and Rex laugh.

INT. IAN'S BEDROOM - LATER

Ian is putting on a pair of sweatpants. Dylan and Becca come in, making out.

DYLAN  
Ian. Get out of my room!

IAN  
It's my room too. You guys can go downstairs.

DYLAN  
No way. The couch down there reeks like grandma farts. DAD! Ian's spying on us!

IAN'S FATHER (O.S.)  
Ian! Quit being a perv and give your brother some privacy!

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The basement is unfinished. The old mismatched furniture clashes with the shag carpet. Rex's weight bench and punching bag are set up in one corner. Ian sits down at a desk, dons his glasses and fires up an old, yellowed computer. A sign taped to the monitor reads, "Dad's Computer - No Surfing the World Wide Internets!" A Windows 98 logo comes up. Ian sighs as the dial-up tones sputter and beep.

INTERCUT - MYSPACE CYBER RAVE / IAN'S BASEMENT

Again we move through the crowd until we arrive on Ms. Tasty.

MS. TASTY

Ian, baby!

IAN

What up, Tasty?

MS. TASTY

I've been in bed all day, thinking about you.

Cut to Ian in the real world. He's wide-eyed and freaked.

IAN

Really?

Back to cool, flirty cyber-Ian.

IAN (CONT'D)

Really.

MS. TASTY

I have an idea. You should jump in that tight ride of yours and drive it down to Knoxville this weekend so we can hook up in person.

IAN

Yeah, whatever. I don't know. Knoxville's a long way.

MS. TASTY

I think I can make it worth the drive.

Back in reality, Ian's jaw drops. He types the word, "HOW?" He takes a deep breath before clicking "Send." Push in on Ian's expectant face as the reply comes in: "MsTasty: U DRIVE ALL THE WAY HERE 4 ME AND I'll GO ALL THE WAY WITH U." Ian stares back at the screen, wide-eyed.

IAN

All the way. She wants to go all the way. With me. (HUGE GRIN) She wants to go all the way with me!

Cut to a vinyl record dropping on dad's old turntable. After a moment of crackling, cue "Da Ya Think I'm Sexy" by Rod Stewart. Ian dances in wild celebration, performing moves that are as sexually suggestive as they are awkward. He sings along. He starts punching Rex's punching bag, then he starts humping it as part of the dance. He freezes when he hears the need scrape off the record.

Ian's dad stands at the turntable. Ian lamely tries to morph the dance into acting casual. He's out of breath.

IAN (CONT'D)

Hey, I was just...exercising.

IAN'S FATHER

What'd I tell you about monkeying with my 45s?

Dad takes the record and moves on. Ian drops his head. A moment later, Dylan enters.

DYLAN

Dude. Becca just left.

IAN

So?

DYLAN

You wanna smell my finger?

Ian glares back, annoyed. After a beat:

IAN

Yeah, okay.

Ian takes a whiff, then winces.

IAN (CONT'D)

Ugh. Are you sure you got the right hole?

Dylan looks slightly alarmed and confused. He sniffs it.

INT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Close on the condom section - several shelves filled with all manner of rubbers. Ian nonchalantly breezes by, reading the boxes as he passes.

Further down the aisle, he puts a few items in his basket. He breezes by again, tries to stop, too uncomfortable, keeps moving. A moment later he returns. A cart is parked between Ian and the condoms. A soccer mom drifts down the aisle, away from the cart, leaving her cute-as-a-button two-year-old girl perched in the cart seat.

LITTLE GIRL

Hi.

Ian gives her a strained smile as he reaches over her for a box. He inadvertently triggers an electronic display. A ten-inch condom-man dances, waves it's arms and hollers:

RUBBER-MAN

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU CHOSE RAMSES  
FOR MAXIMUM STIMULATION!

Ian snaps his hand away, knocking several boxes of condoms into the cart. The child's mother turns to give Ian a suspicious glance. Ian musters a smile back. Mom starts back his way. Ian grabs one box and bolts.

When the mom returns, her baby girl presents her with a box of Magnums.

LITTLE GIRL'S MOM

Yeah, I wish.

INT. DRUG STORE - CASHIER LINE

Ian now has a pile of junk in his basket. He gets into the line of a frumpy, middle-aged cashier. Suddenly, another lane is opened by a beautiful, bubbly woman.

HOT CASHIER

I can help the next person.

IAN

Oh, that's okay. I'll just--

HOT CASHIER

Oh, come on now. Let's get you taken care of.

She comes out and takes Ian's basket, leading him to her aisle. She starts ringing up his items.

HOT CASHIER (CONT'D)

You don't remember me, do you Ian?  
Terry? I used to babysit you.

IAN

Oh. Sure. Terry. Wow.

HOT CASHIER

You've gotten so big. I used to change your poopy diapers.

IAN

Oh, yeah. I don't really do that anymore. I just use the ah...

Ian nervously eyes the condoms. Horror movie suspense music builds as she excavates them, item by item. Finally she reaches for the box, but just then:

CASHIER BOY (O.S.)

Terry. Phone call.

HOT CASHIER

Oh. Well, it was nice to see you, Ian. Say, "Hi" to your mom for me.

Ian breathes a sigh of relief as she steps away.

IAN

Definitely.

Another employee takes over, a big good-looking skater guy about Ian's age.

CASHIER BOY

Dude. Weren't you in my gym class? What is it - Egan?

IAN

Ian. Yeah. Hey, Jordan.

Jordan isn't excited to see Ian. He picks up the box of condoms. He cracks up laughing.

CASHIER BOY

Oh, right! Whatever, scrote! You can't get your fist pregnant!

He raises the box high and calls out to another boy, working thirty feet away.

CASHIER BOY (CONT'D)

Russ, man! Check it out, yo! Look who's buying jimmies!

Russ cracks up. Ian looks around. Terry, the little girl, her mom, and three old ladies all stare back at him.

CASHIER BOY (CONT'D)  
You want these gift wrapped?

Ian snatches the box back. Russ taps him on the shoulder and snaps a picture with his camera phone. Freeze on the awful picture of Ian, looking surprised and holding up the condoms.

EXT. DRUG STORE

The doors slide open, the laughters escape along with Ian. He steps out to find Andy & Randy sitting on the curb out front. A girl passes them on her way into the store.

ANDY  
Hey, baby, you wanna party?

RANDY  
You wanna make out with us?

She ignores them, which doesn't bother them a bit. Something compels Ian to stop, but he's not sure what to say.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Why don't you take a picture, Ian?

ANDY  
Yeah, and post it on total-fuckin'-  
awesomeness-dot-com.

IAN  
Can I ask you guys a question?

RANDY  
You just did.

IAN  
Okay. Can I ask you another  
question?

ANDY  
You just did! Ha!

They giggle and high-five. Ian turns to go.

RANDY  
No. Dude, what?

IAN  
Okay. Where do you guys get the  
confidence to, you know, like hit  
on every girl you see?

ANDY  
'Cause we're the shit.

RANDY  
You oughts to know that, bitch.

ANDY  
So, where's Felate-cha?

RANDY  
Felate-cha. You bangin' her?

IAN  
We're just friends.

ANDY  
I thought you took her to prom.

IAN  
Yeah, but it was a 'just-friends'  
kind of thing.

RANDY  
I don't get it.

ANDY  
You should bang her. We would.

RANDY  
Dude, we would bang her so hard.

ANDY  
Tell her we'll bang her.

Ian walks away.

RANDY  
Yeah, hard.

EXT. IAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Rex, Dylan and Dad are loading luggage and dirtbikes into a trailer, towed by a huge SUV, parked in the street. Ian rides his bike into the garage, carrying his bag from the drug store. Ian's stepmother comes out with a cooler.

IAN'S STEPMOTHER  
Ian, sweetie. Are you sure you  
don't want to come along and cheer  
on your little brother?

Ian looks over. Dylan gives him the finger.

IAN

Yeah. Sounds fun but I gotta work.

IAN'S STEPMOTHER

Okay, sweetie. There's a taco casserole in the freezer and I put forty dollars in the cow for fun money. Be safe, okay?

She kisses him on the cheek. Ian smiles. Ian's dad calls over from the truck.

IAN'S DAD

Where's Jessica? We're burning daylight, people!

INT. IAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ian puts the box of condoms on the desk, sits down and stares at them. He lifts some Google maps from the printer - the route from Bartlett, IL to Knoxville, TN. Also, a list titled, "Things to Bring On Trip to Have Sex:"

- 1) Maps and directions
- 2) Condoms
- 3) New black shirt - cool
- 4) Phone
- 5) Phone charger
- 6) iPod
- 7) iPod charger
- 8) Money
- 9) This list

Ian cracks open the box of condoms, removes one from its pouch and starts to unroll it. It rolls out longer and longer until it's about a foot long. Ian stares at it, distressed. After a beat, he looks up. Jessica stands in the hall, holding a duffel bag. She's looking in, disturbed. She walks on.

Ian throws the rubber in the waste basket. He considers the box for a second. He throws the whole box away, along with the maps and the list. He gets up and exits his room.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Lance walks in as Ian is coming downstairs. Lance has his phone to his ear but isn't speaking into it.

LANCE

Dude! What is going on with you?  
You bought rubbers!?

IAN  
How'd you know that?

LANCE  
It's on Russ Miller's blog.

QUICK INSERT: A screenshot of a blog called Miller's High Life - decorated with pot leaves. Top story says, "Ian Lafferty Wastes Money on Jimmies!" The story features the phone photo of Ian, holding the box of condoms.

IAN  
Jesus! That was like (checks his watch) eleven minutes ago.

LANCE  
So, what the F!?

INT. IAN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Close on the photo of Ms. Tasty. Lance's gaping mouth is reflected on the screen next to her picture.

LANCE  
Duuuuude. This chick? For reals?

IAN  
She wants me to meet her tonight at the Shakey's in Knoxville.

LANCE  
So, why isn't your ass on it's way to Tennessee right now?

IAN  
I thought about it. That's why I bought the... those. (re: rubbers) But, I can't. I'm grounded.

LANCE  
Grounded? What are you, nine?

IAN  
(re: phone) What are you, on hold?

LANCE  
No. Robbie Dibbitz called me accidentally. I can hear him talking to somebody. I wanna hear if he shit-talks me.

Ian gives an incredulous look that has no effect on Lance.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, Ian. Do you remember what I said when you blew your chance to rack up some clutch experience with a very shit-faced Lindsay McKay?

IAN

I had to give Felicia a ride home that night. She was sick, remember?

Ian starts flossing nervously.

LANCE

And what did I say?

IAN

That I was a pussy?

LANCE

A raging pussy. And I said, "What do you want, a written invitation?" Guess what dipshit - this IS a written invitation! So kick it in the ass, G!

Lance removes the condoms and maps from the trash.

IAN

Lance. She doesn't want me, okay? She wants him...

Ian clicks a button and brings up the doctored photo of himself.

LANCE

Ohhhh. That's what that picture was all about.

Lance lets out a short burst of laughter before catching himself. Ian walks out.

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Ian comes downstairs into the kitchen. Lance follows.

LANCE

Ian! It's not that bad. You look like that picture...more or less.

IAN

Lance. Let it go.

LANCE

Dude, I've been trying to get you laid every summer since my dad moved here. Now, sack-up, bro.

IAN

Seriously, just forget it. Ms. Tasty's probably a guy anyway.

LANCE

Maybe. But what if she's not?

Ian cracks a smile.

IAN

She's pretty, eh?

LANCE

Pretty? Yeah. Pretty fuckin' hot.

Lance hears something in the phone he doesn't like.

LANCE (CONT'D)

That motherfucker. (yelling into his phone) I heard that Robbie, you backstabbin' prick!

Lance hangs up. After a beat, he's right back on task.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Dude, come on! You already opened. I can help you close. We just need one thing...

INT. IAN'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Ian and Lance stare at the Judge. It sparkles and shines.

LANCE

You roll up in this fucker and she'll drop an egg right in the Shakey's parking lot.

IAN

Rex'll never let me take the Judge.

LANCE

You don't know if you don't ask.

Outside, Ian's dad fires up the SUV. Rex jogs into the garage.

REX

Yo. Fuckstick. Heed these words:  
That car moves so much as a dick-  
hair, a fly so much as farts on it  
and you die a brutal death, fag.

Rex punches Ian in the arm. Ian rubs his arm as Rex stomps off, laughing. Ian gestures toward him as if to tell Lance, "I told you so." Rex points the clicker over his shoulder, closing the garage door with Ian and Lance still inside.

LANCE

What a dick. You should take his  
car just on principle.

IAN

I don't even have a key, Lance.

Lance turns and begins probing the underside of the car along the edges. Just ahead of the rear wheel, he hits paydirt - a small, black, magnetic box, printed with a Hide-a-Key logo. He slides the box open, producing the car key.

IAN (CONT'D)

Lance, no. Didn't you hear him?

LANCE

Ian. Look at me. Yes. Rex might  
find out. And he might kick the  
holy shit out of you. But this is  
your last chance. You don't step  
up now, you're a college virgin.

Ian stares back gravely, thinking it over.

LANCE (CONT'D)

She's nine short hours away. We  
head down tonight, you pound that  
va-jay, and we're back tomorrow,  
Rex'll never even know it was gone.  
You lose your virginity tonight,  
Ian. To-night.

CLANK!! Ian and Lance startle as the garage door opener kicks in. The door begins to rise, exposing Rex's boots and slowly more of him. They fumble with the key box as the door inches higher. Ian dives to put it back.

LANCE (CONT'D)

No! It was back here!

Lance points to where he found it. Ian reaches out, dropping the key box. Lance turns to get it, accidentally kicking it under the car. The door is up to Rex's chest!

Ian lunges under the car but it's just out of his reach. He painfully stretches out, his finger tips tickle the key box. Finally he gets it and tosses it back to Lance who puts it in place. Ian scrambles out from under the Judge.

Rex's POV as the door clears his eyes. Ian is on his knees as though he might blow Lance. He peeks around Lance at Rex.

REX

For god's sake. You two rump rangers couldn't wait five minutes.

Rex shakes his head as he steps in. He retrieves the key box from under the car. He points a warning finger at Ian and Lance as he walks backwards to the SUV. They drive off.

LANCE

Shit!

Cue "Let's Get It Up" - balls-out-loud as Ian gives Lance a dubious smiles. Ian holds up the key.

EXT. IAN'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

The Judge thunders to life and pulls out over the camera like the Star Destroyer at the top of Star Wars. The car stops as Felicia is now standing in the way. She's holding a bag of groceries and videos. She crosses to Ian's open window.

FELICIA

Ian? Are you on crack? Rex is going to castrate you.

IAN

True that.

FELICIA

You two better not be bitchin' out on me. You promised.

IAN

We're not.

FELICIA

Okay. So, where we going?

Lance tries to wave Ian off from telling Felicia.

IAN

Um...Knoxville, Tennessee.

Felicia considers the destination for a moment.

FELICIA  
 (unfazed)  
 Yeah, okay. Lemmie get my stuff.

She hands Ian the bag of goodies and then bolts to her house.

LANCE  
 Dude. You do not want Felicia  
 along. I know you guys are friends  
 but she's always cock-blocking you.

IAN  
 No she isn't. She doesn't even  
 have...one.

LANCE  
 Fine, twat-blocking you then. You  
 know what I mean.

IAN  
 Yeah. But, her cousin-- I kinda  
 promised. She'll be mad.

LANCE  
 She'll get over it. Be a man.

Felicia throws her bag in and jumps in the back. \*

LANCE (CONT'D) \*  
 I thought you had a wedding this \*  
 weekend. You sure you can go? \*

FELICIA \*  
 The wedding's not 'til next month. \*  
 So, what's in Tennessee? \*

IAN  
 (stammering)  
 Um...Cancer.

FELICIA  
 Cancer?

IAN  
 Yeah. My grandma's got some cancer.

FELICIA  
 Nana Lafferty?

IAN  
 No, my other grandma. I'm going to  
 visit her. It's probably gonna  
 suck. You know, old people stuff.  
 You don't have to go.

FELICIA

Oh my god, Grammy K? Of course  
I'll go. Is she...

Felicia's eyes well up with tears. Ian realizes he well  
overshot the lie.

IAN

Oh! No! It's not like fatal.  
It's just, um...foot cancer.

LANCE

Foot cancer.

FELICIA

What's she doing in Tennessee?

IAN

Oh, there's this really kick ass  
cancer center there. It's like  
famous. If you ever get any cancer  
(trailing off) you should totally  
check it out...

Ian realizes he blew it and he's stuck with her. He shrugs  
to Lance, who just shakes his head.

INT. THE JUDGE - LATER

They fly along the highway. Felicia sits in back, leaning  
against the window. Her iPod earbuds are in. Lance takes  
the Google maps out of his pocket and flips through them.

LANCE

What are we on - 294? So, you want  
I-80 east. Then 65 south all the  
way through Indiana.

Felicia emits an unintended guttural hum along with her  
music. She sounds like a retarded zombie. Ian and Lance  
laugh. She pulls an earbud out.

FELICIA

What? What's so funny?

IAN

Nothing. There was just a guy  
going by going all like...

She puts the earbud back in. A moment later, she's humming  
again. Ian checks his watch. He speaks quietly to Lance.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm meeting her at eight thirty.  
If we only stop for gas, we should  
be able to make that.

LANCE

Nice. So? How's it feel?

IAN

What?

LANCE

I don't know - Breaking some rules?  
Talkin' some shit? Driving the  
Judge to get some poon?

IAN

(smiles)

Feels pretty good.

Cue: "Steady At The Wheel" by Shooter Jennings.

They pass a "Welcome to Indiana" sign. The country flies by. Ian effortlessly blows by a camper. Several drivers take notice of the classic muscle car, some even wave or give a thumbs up. A hot girl in a convertible smiles. They pass through Indianapolis. Ian leans back, feeling like a badass.

FADE MUSIC

Felicia points to a passing billboard for a new romantic comedy called, "What Part of No?" It features a knockout blonde with her arms folded and her back to a fat, nerdy guy who looks as though he's got a plan to seduce her.

FELICIA

Are you guys gonna go see that?

LANCE

Pass. That's just another movie where the girl's hot and the guy's a dork but he's persistent. So he comes on with a bunch of cute, zany shit that, in the real world, would get you arrested.

IAN

Right. But he wears her down until she falls in love with him over a game of putt-putt or something.

LANCE

Pure bullshit. Nobody's ever gotten laid off mini-golf.

FELICIA  
Yeah, and the girl, who's supposed  
to be so great, always has some  
boyfriend who's a total rod.

IAN  
That's the only realistic part.

FELICIA  
Shut up. It is not.

IAN  
Oh, really? Your last three  
boyfriends - All major, supreme  
dicks.

Felicia smiles, she can't deny it.

LANCE  
It's not her fault. People like a  
challenge. Everybody wants what  
they can't get.

This point makes Ian and Felicia uncomfortable.

FELICIA  
Yeah, well, those guys didn't start  
off as dicks. They turned into  
dicks. That's what all you guys  
are - instant shithead kits - just  
add love.

The Judge moves through rural Indiana. Ian tries to pass a  
pimped out Honda with black windows but the car speeds up.

LANCE  
Dude wants to race. (Out the  
window.) Let's go, pussy!

IAN  
Lance! Don't start shit. You  
don't know who's in there.

LANCE  
Bring 'em on!

IAN  
Cut it out, man.

LANCE  
You've never been in a fight, have  
you Ian?

IAN  
So? Fighting's stupid.

LANCE  
True. But everybody should get in at least one fight. It's good for you. That includes you, Leesh.

FELICIA  
Oh yeah? What if you get the shit kicked out of you?

LANCE  
That's even better for you.

The driver gives Ian the finger out his sunroof.

FELICIA  
(sarcastic)  
Uh, oh. I'm pretty sure that's a direct challenge to your manhood.

LANCE  
Yeah! Come on, bury this jag-off!

IAN  
I'm not racing in my brother's car.

The Honda swerves toward them. Ian swerves out of the way.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Jesus! What the fuck!?

Honda boy heaves a huge Hardee's cup out the sunroof. It lands on Ian's side and blankets pink milk-shake across the Judge's entire windshield. Ian, Lance and Felicia scream as they are driving blind. Ian turns on the wipers but they only slosh the shake around. Lance sticks his head out the window, they are about to hit a parked camper.

LANCE  
WINNEBAGO! AHHHHGGG!!

Ian slams on the brakes, sending Felicia flying over the seat and onto the floor at Lance's feet. The Judge swerves, barely missing the camper. The cars behind them weave chaotically.

The Judge finally stops in the grassy median. Everyone catches their breath. Felicia rises up from the floor of the front seat. Lance reaches out and dips his finger into the liquid on the windshield. He tastes it.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Strawberry. You're telling me we  
couldn't have wasted some dildo who  
drinks strawberry fuckin' shakes?

EXT. TRUCKSTOP - DAY

Lance is washing the windshield. Ian gives Felicia some cash. He's bouncing on his heels, desperate to pee.

IAN  
I really gotta take a whiz. Can  
you put some gas in?

FELICIA  
No problemo. Go take that whiz.

INT. TRUCKSTOP

Felicia walks in. A pretty, blonde hick cashier in her early twenties stands behind the counter, crying. Her raccoon eyes suggest this has been going on a while. Her name tag says, "BRANDY."

FELICIA  
Um... You okay?

BRANDY  
Do I look like I'm okay? Fuck.

She continues crying for a long awkward moment.

FELICIA  
You know what might make you feel  
better? Putting forty on pump two.

Brandy snatches Felicia's money and slams it into the drawer. Felicia rolls her eyes and steps out as Lance is coming in.

EXT. TRUCKSTOP

Felicia returns to the gas pump. She realizes that the Judge's gas tank is on the other side. She gets in the car.

INT. TRUCKSTOP RESTROOM

Ian stands before a urinal.

IAN  
 (whispering to himself)  
 Come on, come on, come on. Before  
 anyone comes in.

The door kicks open and a huge TRUCKER walks in. Out of ten urinals, he picks the one right next to Ian.

TRUCKER  
 Woo! My back teeth are snorkeling!

The trucker immediately starts peeing. After a beat, he notices Ian isn't. He looks over.

TRUCKER (CONT'D)  
 You got the shy bladder?

IAN  
 Yeah.

TRUCKER  
 I used to have it something fierce.  
 They call it Paruresis. You see  
 your mind is conditioned to react  
 to certain situations by building a  
 wall of fear all around you. The  
 only way to crumble those bricks of  
 anxiety is to give yourself  
 permission to be vulnerable.  
 (still peeing) Know what I'm  
 saying?

EXT. TRUCKSTOP

Felicia does a U-turn but before she can get back, a shit-box mini-van pulls up to Felicia's pump. A nasty red-haired REDNECK WOMAN in a transparent visor climbs out, followed by several creepy children. She starts pumping Felicia's gas into her van as she lights a cigarette. (She's also wearing a nicotine patch.) Felicia gets out and steps up to her.

FELICIA  
 Excuse me, ma'am? That was my pump.

REDNECK WOMAN  
 Hey! Tough shit. Move your meat,  
 lose your seat. (to her kid) Don't  
 you eat that, Logan! You'll ruin  
 your appetite!

Her creepy seven-year-old is scraping a discarded, melted Rolo off the ground. He does eat it.

FELICIA

Listen, Reba, if you value either  
one of those teeth you got left,  
shut off the pump.

Felicia is smaller than the woman but her face is all fire.  
The woman considers her for a long beat.

INT. TRUCKSTOP RESTROOM

The trucker is still peeing. Ian still isn't.

TRUCKER

...so I said to my daddy, "That's  
it. I ain't gonna be bossed around  
no more. Not by you, not by my  
wife and sure as hell not by my  
bladder." You know what he said?

Ian walks out. The trucker looks slighted. Still peeing.

EXT. TRUCKSTOP

Ian comes outside. Felicia is finishing up pumping the gas.  
She smiles like nothing happened.

Lance comes out of the truckstop with his arm around Brandy,  
the counter girl, who's still crying. Ian and Felicia  
exchange annoyed expressions.

LANCE

It's okay, Brandy. Yeah, you let  
it out, baby. He's a bastard.

You'd swear Lance's heart was breaking too until he covertly  
smiles and raises a triumphant thumbs-up to Ian. Lance opens  
the door of the Judge and escorts her into the back seat.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Lancey's gonna get you  
home and into a nice hot bath.

Lance closes her door and walks around to climb in the other  
side, but Ian stops him halfway and whisper-yells.

IAN

Lance, what are you doing?

LANCE

Dude, I'm just trying to show  
another human being some  
compassion...and my dick.

IAN

No! We're already off the schedule!

LANCE

The whole trip can't just be about you, Ian.

INT. THE JUDGE - DAY

The Judge drives past endless rows of corn. Ian and Felicia are pissed. In the back, Lance is making out with Brandy.

BRANDY

It's just at the end of this cornfield.

IAN

This cornfield? The one that's been going by for the last twenty minutes? Alrighty.

No reply as Lance and Brandy fall down, out of sight.

EXT. EST. BRANDY'S MOBILE HOME - DAY

The run-down trailer sits on a patchy yard in a small trailer park. Several toys and car parts litter the ground.

INT. BRANDY'S MOBILE HOME - LIVING ROOM

The place is nasty. Dark wood panelling, ratty carpet, framed pictures of the Virgin Mary and Brittany Spears. An old obese woman and an older skinny man sit fully reclined in two ratty recliners. They're watching "Wheel of Fortune" and drinking some off-brand soda. The old man intermittently and violently scratches his balls. Ian and Felicia sit together uncomfortably on a small, low chest. Lance and Brandy's dirty giggles can be heard through the wall. Felicia whispers in Ian's ear.

FELICIA

It stinks in here.

Ian gestures toward a cat that is pissing on the carpet, next to a cat box that has not been cleaned out in a long time.

FAT LADY

You kids want to help yourself to a can of purple?

FELICIA  
(standing)  
That sounds good. I could go for a  
purple. Ian? Purple?

INT. BRANDY'S BEDROOM

Brandy's tiny room is not much of an improvement over the living room. Lance and Brandy are rolling around on her faux-brass bed. She pulls out some handcuffs.

LANCE  
You're a dirty girl, aren't you?

BRANDY  
Just wait.

INT. BRANDY'S MOBILE HOME - KITCHEN

Felicia sits down at the kitchen table, looking surly. The kitchen is cluttered and filthy. Ian opens the fridge and removes a can of the generic soda.

IAN  
Wow. It actually says, "Purple  
Soda." Where do you buy Purple  
soda?

He cracks it open and takes a tentative sip. Yuck. He offers it to Felicia, who waves it off. Ian stands and looks over the items that are stuck to the fridge. A report card is marked with three D's, an F and a C-. Next to the C- is a happy face and the words, "Nice Werk!"

IAN (CONT'D)  
I think she's got a kid.

Felicia points to a picture of Brandy with three kids - each varies in ethnicity.

FELICIA  
Uh, yeah. I think she's got a few.

INT. BRANDY'S BEDROOM

Two pairs of handcuffs now lock Lance's hands to the metal bars of the headboard. He's loving it.

BRANDY  
You ever had a Cincinnati Spitball?

LANCE  
Sure. Plenty of times. What else  
is on the menu?

BRANDY  
Okay, how 'bout a Peppermint Fatty?

LANCE  
Mmmm. That sounds good. I'll have  
that.

She tosses some Altoids in her mouth and goes down.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Ooooooh. That is curiously strong.

INT. BRANDY'S MOBILE HOME - KITCHEN

Felicia and Ian hear the groan. Felicia seethes.

IAN  
You like him don't you?

FELICIA  
What? Who?

IAN  
Lance. You've got a thing for him  
don't you?

Felicia sits up straight like a shot. She couldn't look more  
guilty but she makes a weak attempt to cover.

FELICIA  
Oh my God, Ian. Gross. You guys  
are like brothers to me. Whatever.

Ian just stares back for an awkward moment. Suddenly he's  
distracted by a monster truck pulling up outside.

IAN  
Uh, oh. I think this might be the  
guy she was bawling about.

A moment later, RICK enters through the kitchen screen door.  
He's a huge burly guy around thirty. He wears a ball cap  
that reads, "Fun-Time Midways." He carries a single rose  
wrapped in pink cellophane. He stops short when he sees Ian  
and Felicia.

RICK  
Oh, shit. Howdy.



He steps in and is immediately knocked back on his ass by Lance bursting out, butt-naked and carrying the headboard that he is still cuffed to.

Lance runs out the front door but the headboard bridges across the door-frame, trapping him on the porch but also blocking Rick. Rick punches at him through the bars but can't reach. Rick grabs the headboard and pulls it back in, Lance with it. Lance turns the headboard sideways, smacking Rick. Lance runs out, raising the headboard over his head. He runs naked past several mobile homes.

INT. MOBILE HOME #2

A little boy watches Lance sprint by. He points out the window and calls to his mother.

LITTLE BOY

Weiner!

LITTLE BOY'S MOTHER

Oh, hush up. You just had lunch.

EXT. CORNFIELD

Lance takes cover in the bordering cornfield. He drops to one knee and painfully works his left hand out of its cuff. The right one is too tight. Suddenly he hears rumbling. He stands to see. It's Rick's monster truck coming right for him. Lance hits the deck. The truck rolls over him, leaving him untouched but running over one side of the headboard. When Lance stands, the headboard comes apart and he's able to slip the remaining cuff off of the bar it had clung to.

With one set of cuffs dangling from his right wrist, Lance runs down the rows. Extreme close up on a blade of corn stalk, as it slashes Lance's arm like a paper cut. Then another cuts his face.

LANCE

Ahhhgg! Shit that hurts!

The truck corners into the frame behind Lance. Lance runs toward us like Indiana Jones running from that huge ball. Just as the truck is about to hit him, he dives out of the way. Rick slams on the brakes, spitting dirt everywhere as he does a reverse donut to turn around.

Lance now cuts and dodges through different rows but he's running out of steam. He stops to catch his breath.

After a beat, he looks up to find Rick, out of his truck and stomping toward him with a baseball bat. Lance lamely backpedals, covering his junk with his hands.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Hey, man. Come on. She's not worth it. You get back with her, and she's just gonna shit all over you. Trust me.

Rick raises the bat. Just then the Judge pulls up next to Lance. Ian pulls him into the passenger seat. The car showers dirt all over Rick as it peels away.

INT. THE JUDGE

The car races blindly through the field. Hundreds of corn stalks thump over the hood as they plow through. Lance, still naked, rides shotgun. Felicia is in the back seat.

IAN

Where the hell's the road!?

FELICIA

It feels like left.

EXT. CORNFIELD

Cut to an aerial shot of the Judge, leaving a trail of trampled corn. The road is just a few rows to its left.

LANCE (V.O.)

No! Go right! For sure!

The car turns right, plunging them further into the field. The shot pulls back to reveal that the Judge and Rick's truck are now on a collision course!

INT. THE JUDGE

Lance is putting a t-shirt on. He spots something coming their way.

LANCE

Ian?

IAN

I told you we didn't have time for this! But all you care about is your dick!

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

You leave us out there with her  
crazy mom and her ball scratcher  
dad and their weird soda--

LANCE

Ian! Whip a shitty!

The truck appears in front of them. Ian cranks the wheel.

EXT. CORNFIELD

Back to the aerial view as the Judge and the truck circle.  
Ian breaks right but the truck soon falls into his path.

INT. THE JUDGE

Felicia is watching out the back.

FELICIA

You're not gonna lose him, Ian.  
He's following our corn wake.

LANCE

Corn wake?

FELICIA

Whatever!

Ian slams on the brakes.

LANCE

What are you doing!? Go!

EXT. CORNFIELD

Ian backs up and turns left down a perpendicular path that  
they had previously trampled. Rick catches up but ends up  
lost in a dead end of corn.

Ian turns hard right. The Judge bursts out of the corn, up  
the side of the ditch and jumps, landing back on the road.  
Lance and Felicia cheer.

LANCE

Duuuuude! That's how you do that!

FELICIA

Awesome driving, Ian! You're  
amazing!

She kisses Ian's head, then smacks Lance upside his.

FELICIA (CONT'D)  
You suck, Lance!

LANCE  
I'm sorry! But Ian, seriously,  
thanks for coming for, brother.

Lance puts a hand on Ian's shoulder.

IAN  
Would you just put some pants on?

FELICIA  
Anyone know where we are?

IAN  
No idea. Where's the Google Maps?

LANCE  
They're in my pants. Back there.

IAN  
Great!

They crest the hill - nothing but farmland and country lanes.  
A hippy HITCHHIKER (40ish) stands along the road up ahead.

LANCE  
Hey, pick this guy up. Maybe he  
can get us back to the highway.

FELICIA  
Ian! Do NOT pick up a hitchhiker.

IAN  
Don't worry.

Suddenly, the car sputters and dies. They roll to a stop  
right next to the hitchhiker. He runs to Lance's window.

HITCHHIKER  
Whoa! Thanks! I ain't seen a car  
in hours. (looks down at Lance)  
Oh, goin' commando? Right on.

IAN  
Yeah. Listen, we didn't actually--

LANCE  
You know where we can pick up I-65?

HITCHHIKER  
Nope.

Another clunk and steam rolls out from under the hood. Ian gets out, slamming his door.

EXT. ROADSIDE - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE - MOMENTS LATER

The Hitchhiker sits in the back seat. Felicia leans against the car, trying her phone. Lance (now in pants) and Ian stand over the open hood, staring blankly at the engine. Two cows stand just across a fence, watching.

LANCE

What do you think?

IAN

What do I think? I think we know dick about cars. (re: cows) We might as well ask them. (to cows) What do you think fellas?

Felicia walks up, holding up her phone.

FELICIA

Nothing. No bars whatsoever.

She looks at the engine.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

It probably just needs water. Is there any in the trunk?

Ian shakes his head.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

My brother's car overheated once and he peed in the radiator.

Ian and Lance shrug to one another. Ian reaches to remove the radiator cap.

LANCE

It says not to open it hot. Maybe we should let it cool down a while.

IAN

Yeah well, thanks to you, we don't have time for that.

Ian turns the radiator cap. THOOOP! It explodes out of it's coupling, ricocheting off the underside of the hood and then dinging off Ian's head. He goes down hard.

IAN (CONT'D)

Aaaahhhhg! GOD DAMN IT!

Ian rolls around holding his forehead.

LANCE  
There's a lesson learned.

Lance unzips his pants. Felicia turns away.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
You can watch. I don't care.

FELICIA  
Gee. No thanks.

Lance pees into the radiator. He finishes with way too many extra 'shakes.'

LANCE  
Ian. You're up.

Ian struggles to his feet, a red spot is now on his forehead. He stands before the radiator. Lance stands next to him.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Well? Grip it and rip it.

IAN  
Okay. Go away.

LANCE  
Why?

IAN  
I can't pee with you standing there.

LANCE  
Seriously?

Lance shakes his head and steps away to join Felicia around the side of the car. Ian closes his eyes, takes deep breaths and tries to relax.

IAN  
(whispering to himself)  
Come on, come on, come on. Okay, good. Here it comes.

LANCE (O.S.)  
Yo stagefright, how we doin'?

Ian looses his start.

IAN  
 Damn it, Lance! Just give me a  
 minute.

Cut to Lance and Felicia. After a beat, we hear a subtle  
 stream of peeing just beginning when:

LANCE  
 There it is!

The pee sound stops again.

IAN (O.S.)  
 Shit! Would you please shut up and  
 let me do this!?

After a moment, the pee restarts. Lance puts a finger to his  
 lips, indicating to Felicia to keep quiet. When Ian wraps  
 up, Lance looks into the back seat, where the hitchhiker has  
 hunkered down.

LANCE  
 Dude. We need you to piss in the  
 radiator.

HITCHHIKER  
 Why?

LANCE  
 We just do.

HITCHHIKER  
 I'm real sorry. I just took a leak  
 a few minutes ago. You want me to  
 shit in it?

Lance just slams the door. He rounds to the front of the  
 car. Felicia's looking into the radiator.

FELICIA  
 I don't think that's enough.

LANCE  
 Our new friend's got nothing left  
 in the tank.

Lance and Ian eyeball Felicia.

FELICIA  
 What? No way. I don't have the  
 aim you guys have.

LANCE  
 Every drop helps.

She shakes her head, considering it. Suddenly the hitchhiker jumps out of the back seat and calls out to them.

HITCHHIKER

Hey! Look what I had in my bag!

He's holding a half-full bottle of water.

FELICIA

Oh, thank god.

He starts chugging the water.

IAN

No! Wait!

FELICIA

What are you doing!?

He polishes off the water with a refreshed, "ahhhh."

HITCHHIKER

Now just give me twenty minutes and I'll be all set.

Felicia sighs and crosses to the front of the car.

FELICIA

Any of you pervs peek and I swear it'll be your last conscious act.

Ian, Lance and the hitchhiker lean against the side of the car. Ian excitedly waves to an approaching car. The small, white car slows down. A family of very proper church folks smile as they pull along side.

CHURCH DAD

You kids need some help?

From the family's POV, as they roll to a stop, they see Felicia standing on the bumper, pants down and squatting over the radiator. Their faces drop. They take off.

Felicia slams the hood.

FELICIA

Just try it.

Ian climbs in, takes a deep breath and turns the key. It starts. The temperature gauge creeps up but levels off just shy of the red. They all breathe a sigh of relief. Lance and Felicia climb in. The hitchhiker reaches for the door but Ian reaches back and locks it.

HITCHHIKER

What the hell, man?

IAN

Look, I'm sorry. We can't give you a ride.

HITCHHIKER

What? You can't just leave me out here in the middle of nowhere.

IAN

You already were out here in the middle of nowhere. Really. I wish I could, but it's my brother's car and I can't take any chances.

He leans into Ian's open window and gives Ian a crazy look.

HITCHHIKER

I'm only gonna say this one time. Unlock that fuckin' door or, god as my witness, I'll chop you up into little tiny pieces.

FELICIA

Go, Ian. Just go!

Ian throws the car in gear and lays on the gas. The car lurches forward about two feet before stopping hard and stalling out. Ian and Felicia bounce off the dash. The hitchhiker steps back to Ian's window. Ian turns the key. Nothing. After a beat, the hitchhiker cracks up.

HITCHHIKER

Ha! That's funny! Serves you little peckers right!

He walks away, laughing. Ian breathes a sigh of relief but a second later the hitchhiker bursts back into Ian's face.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)

Oh! And here's that piss you ordered!

He pisses all over the side of the car. Ian frantically rolls up the window.

He gives them double fingers as he walks away, down the road.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

TITLE: AN HOUR AND A HALF LATER

Ian, Felicia and Lance are leaning against the car, sweating in the heat.

FELICIA  
God, it's hot out here.

IAN  
How can nobody go down a road for  
an hour and a half? Why did they  
even make this road? I can't  
believe I let you talk me into  
taking the Judge. Ohhh, what the  
hell was I thinking?

LANCE  
Dude, just relax.

IAN  
Oh, right. Relax. My brother's  
car has hitchhiker piss all over  
the door and our piss in the  
radiator and strawberry shake in  
the vent! What am I supposed to  
tell Rex, that I accidental drove  
it through a cornfield!? You know  
Rex is insane, right?

Ian starts walking away.

FELICIA  
Where you going?

IAN  
I'm going for help. I'm not  
standing around here all day  
waiting for the hitchhiker piss to  
eat away the paint.

LANCE  
Wait up, I'll go with you.

IAN  
No, just stay with the car.

LANCE  
Why don't you go with him?

Felicia watches Ian go, deciding if she should join him.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - TWO MILES AHEAD - LATER

Ian and Felicia walk silently down the road. Ian keeps  
checking his phone - no bars. Felicia smiles at him. He  
turns to her. The word HOT is imprinted mirror image in his  
forehead from the radiator cap. Felicia cracks up.

FELICIA

Oh my god, your head. I'm sorry.  
Does it hurt?

IAN

Yes. Fuckin' Lance.

FELICIA

Yeah. Lance. (beat) Still, that  
was some pretty badass driving back  
there, Luke Duke.

IAN

Really? Thanks.

She smiles at him; then she notices something down the road.

FELICIA

Dude. What's that?

IAN

Whoa.

They squint with curiosity and move toward whatever it is.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - A FEW MILES BACK

A buggy drawn by two horses clops up next to the Judge.  
EZEKIEL, an Amish man in his late-twenties, steps out of the  
buggy. Ezekiel doesn't speak with any noticeable accent.

EZEKIEL

Need some help?

LANCE

Yeah, but... I mean, all due  
respect there, champ.

EZEKIEL

Oh, right. I'm Amish. So I  
probably wouldn't know anything  
about your 69 GTO Judge 427 Big  
Block with Ram Air 6 packs and 4/10  
posi. Well, good luck with your  
new-fangled horseless carriage  
there, English.

The buggy starts to pull away.

LANCE

No. Dude, wait!

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MILES AHEAD - LATER

Felicia and Ian smile in awe as they arrive at a massive tree alongside the road. It is covered with shoes of every shape, size and color, each dangling by its laces. It's an oddly breathtaking sight in the setting sun.

IAN  
Wow. Cool.

FELICIA  
It's beautiful. Take my picture.

Ian snaps a picture of her with his phone, then starts walking again. Felicia remains behind. Ian turns. She takes off her shoes and starts tying them together.

IAN  
No. Bad idea. You don't know how far we have to walk. Seriously, you're going to regret this...

She flings her shoes into the tree.

IAN (CONT'D)  
I can't believe you just did that.

FELICIA  
Now you.

IAN  
No way.

FELICIA  
Oh come on, Ian. You never do anything crazy.

IAN  
Hey, I'm driving halfway across the country just to-- um.

FELICIA  
To visit your grandma? Yeah, you're a madman. Trust me. Do it. It's feel great and you'll always remember this moment.

IAN  
I'd rather remember having really good arch support.

She smiles at him, still encouraging him to do it.

IAN (CONT'D)

No. You know what's gonna happen? You're gonna cut your foot open on a broken bottle or something and then I'll have to rush you to the emergency room where you'll get seventeen stitches and a staph infection. Then you're dead. But it was worth it because your shoes are in a tree.

FELICIA

I'll be fine. I like being barefoot.

She stubbornly walks on.

INT. BUGGY - LATER

Ian and Ezekiel ride in the buggy, which is towing the Judge.

LANCE

So, he met her on the internet and--

EZEKIEL

The internet?

LANCE

Oh. You see, the internet is a bunch of computers that are--

EZEKIEL

Computers?

LANCE

Right. Computers are like big calculators with pictures--

EZEKIEL

Hey, I'm kidding. I know what the internet is. You ever heard of Rumspringa?

LANCE

Is it anything like a rolling brown out?

EZEKIEL

No. It means, "run wild." It's an Amish tradition where, when we turn sixteen, we can go live like you heathens for a while.

(MORE)

EZEKIEL (CONT'D)

Cars, movies, video games, booze,  
Scrabble, you name it.

LANCE

You guys can't even play Scrabble?

EZEKIEL

Nope. Apparently, triple word  
scores lead to pride. Anyway, you  
go nuts and party for a few months  
or years, until your folks start  
hassling you and then it's back to  
the stone ages.

LANCE

So if you're on Rumspringa, why the  
buggy?

EZEKIEL

I'm not. I was. For five years -  
a village record. But not anymore.  
I shouldn't even be talking to you.

LANCE

Whoa. So what do you miss most?

EZEKIEL

Hmm. Lots of things. I miss  
Sarcasm. It's mostly lost on my  
people. Gambling. Went to Vegas  
once... (after a long beat) Oh.  
Buttfucking. Got some real nice  
memories there.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - FURTHER DOWN

Ian and Felicia are walking away from the tree. A truck is  
coming! Ian steps into the road and waves his arms. The  
truck slows down and stops a hundred feet past them. They  
run for it.

IAN

Hey! Thanks! We were just--

The hitchhiker leans out the passenger window and gives them  
double fingers.

HITCHHIKER

Have a nice walk, shitbirds!

The truck peels out, pelting Ian and Felicia with gravel.

IAN  
Shiiiiiiiit!

As the dust settles, Ian and Felicia hear horses hooves behind them. They turn to see Ezekiel and Lance clopping toward them, towing the judge. As they near, we hear Ezekiel continuing his list of what he misses.

EZEKIEL  
...Shrooms. Used to do tons of shrooms. Whisky dick. Haven't had that in a while. Loansharking...

LANCE  
Ian, Felicia! This is my boy Ezekiel.

EZEKIEL  
What up, English?

Ian and Felicia just look dumbfounded.

INT. MYSPACE CYBER RAVE

Ian appears before Tasty but this time he's fuzzy and crackling - his signal is not so strong.

MS. TASTY  
Hey! Where are you? I'm so excited to see you.

IAN  
Yeah. I don't think I'm gonna make it tonight. I'm making a little pit stop to party with some friends I made along the way.

MS. TASTY  
Ian, you said tonight. I could have gone to Virginia beach with my friends. I stayed behind for you.

IAN  
Come on, don't hassle it. I'll be there tomorrow. Let's say six - the same Shakey's? Trust me - I'm worth the wait. Now, I gotta go, I'm losing my signal.

MS. TASTY  
Okay. Tomorrow then. Don't be late!

IAN

Peace.

Ian crackles and fades out.

INT. AMISH BARN - EVENING

Ian puts his phone back in his pocket and walks over to Lance, Felicia, Ezekiel and the Judge. A bunch of Amish kids are working on a few lesser muscle cars. Some dress like secular kids; some wear traditional Amish clothes. They are all excited to see the Judge. JEREMIAH, a young Rumspringa kid, pulls the oil dipstick out and shows it to Ian.

JEREMIAH

You see that creamy stuff? You blew your head-gasket. Not good.

IAN

Shit.

EZEKIEL

We can fix that.

IAN

Really? Oh, man. Thanks!

EZEKIEL

No worries. These guys are stoked just to get a look at a sixty-nine Judge. Gonna take a couple hours.

JEREMIAH

There's a party coming together next door. You guys are welcome to hang out over there while we work on this.

EXT. RUMSPRINGA PARTY - EVENING

Ian, Lance and Felicia walk up to the barn.

IAN

Something tells me this party is gonna suck.

LANCE

I don't know. Ezekiel made it sound like this Rumspringa thing is pretty sick.

FELICIA

Right. I'm sure it's gonna be a  
one rad quilting bee.

They round the corner to see a beer truck unloading several kegs. Lance points to a parked tour bus. The door opens and the members of Foo Fighters pile out. Dave Grohl nods to them on his way by.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

No F-ing way.

INT. RUMSPRINGA PARTY - NIGHT

Foo Fighters are rocking the shit out of "All My Life." Hundreds of Amish, aged sixteen to nineteen (dressed in degrees from all Amish to all English) are dancing, moshing, drinking, smoking, taking rips off bongos, etc. A wet T-shirt contest is happening in one corner. It's like Entourage in the boondocks.

DAVE GROHL

(scream singing)

*DONE, DONE AND ON TO THE NEXT ONE!*

*DONE, DONE AND ON TO THE NEXT ONE!*

Lance, Ian and Felicia are moshing and having a blast.

IAN

This is insane!

The band slows down and plays the acoustic version of "Everlong." Lance looks around, taking it all in. Suddenly, he's thunderstruck by the sight of the hottest girl ever born Amish. She and her friends enter the barn in slow motion. She's dressed English but she has the kind of natural, make-up-free beauty that would make most women want to punch her in the head. Lance is smitten. Felicia takes discontented notice of this. Ian takes his own discontented notice of Felicia's reaction.

Lance crosses to her. Ian and Felicia watch as Lance fearlessly launches his opening line. The girl smiles, says one thing to him and then turns back to the band. Lance timidly makes his way back to Ian and Felicia.

IAN (CONT'D)

Did you even get her name?

LANCE

Not unless her name is "go fuck yourself." I think I'm in love.

IAN

I'm gonna go check on the car.

Ian walks out.

LANCE

Hey, Felicia. Dance?

FELICIA

Forget it. I'm not gonna be your consolation prize.

LANCE

Come on. Don't be hatin'.

Lance pulls her arm. She can't hide her smile.

INT. AMISH BARN - NIGHT

Ian enters. The Judge is now in pieces all over the floor of the barn. Ezekiel, Jeremiah and three other guys sift through the parts. Ian starts to freak out.

IAN

Holy shit! Holy shit, you guys!  
What the hell!? Why are the seats  
out!? Oh, I'm dead. I'm a dead  
man. My brother's going to lop my  
nuts off! Jesus Christ!

EZEKIEL

Dude, settle down. We can fix it.

JEREMIAH

And we'd appreciate it if you  
didn't take the Lord's name in  
vain.

IAN

Are you shitting me!?

INT. RUMSPRINGA PARTY - NIGHT

Ian stomps in, looking for his friends. He spots them slow dancing together. This bothers him more than he would have guessed. He looks away but can't help but torture himself by watching them dance. Lance says something that makes Felicia laugh. She lays her head on his chest and smiles.

DAVE GROHL

*If everything could ever feel this  
real forever...*

Finally Ian turns and walks out.

Felicia has now settled into the dance. She smiles blissfully. The Amish girl looks over.

LANCE  
Check it out. It's working.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
(re: Amish girl)  
Look at her. She is IN. You're  
the best wingman ever. Watch this.

The song kicks in heavier. Felicia hides her humiliation as she takes a step back. Lance walks away. He passes the Amish girl, she stops him and he kicks-in his game. Felicia walks out.

EXT. RUMSPRINGA PARTY - NIGHT

Ian sits on a hay bail, depressed, alone and nursing his beer. Felicia sits down next to him, looking equally sad.

FELICIA  
Is the car ready? Can we go?

IAN  
I'm going to be ritually murdered.  
And I deserve it. You know what?  
Here's a little tip to take with  
you. If you ever have car trouble -  
don't go to the Amish. You want a  
barn raised, or Foo Fighters to  
play a show out in the middle of  
fucking nowhere, apparently the  
Amish are your hook-up. But car  
repair - not so much.

Ian turns to her. She looks possibly more upset than he.

IAN (CONT'D)  
What? What's wrong with you?

FELICIA  
Nothing. I'm fine.

IAN  
Lance, right? He's in there with  
that Amish girl and you're...

FELICIA  
Wrong. But thanks for playing.

Ian's not in the mood to do his usual sweet boy routine.

IAN

Leesh, why don't you just drop the hard ass thing for once. It's okay. You're into Lance.

FELICIA

Right. He's a shallow, pretty-boy, player. I am so not into that.

She looks at Ian, he can see right through her. Her expression turns sad and vulnerable. She hangs her head.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

You must think I'm such an idiot.

IAN

You're not an idiot. People like Lance. I like Lance.

\*  
\*  
\*

Ian offers a cautious hug that is at first awkward, but Felicia's guard comes down and she cries on his shoulder.

\*  
\*

FELICIA

Promise me, you'll never be like Lance. I mean, I know he likes to give you advice but you're the only truly good person I know. Don't let him contaminate you, okay?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Ian looks a bit ashamed.

IAN

Dude, what's wrong with us? There's a kick ass Amish hash bash going on twenty feet away. Come on. Let's go have some fun.

FELICIA

No. You go ahead.

Ian speaks in the quiet sing-song way that one might use to cheer up a child with offers of ice cream.

IAN

I bet they have crack in there. Would you like some Amish crack? Would that make you feel better? I'm sure the donkey show is coming up. I bet if you're good, they'll let you have sex with it. Doesn't that sound nice? Donkey love?

Finally she laughs.

INT. RUMSPRINGA PARTY - LATER

Ian and Felicia are dancing and laughing and getting wasted. Montage through the night as they down more and more drinks and get crazy with the Amish. At one point Ian even stage dives and gets body-passed over the crowd. Meanwhile, Lance and MARY, the Amish beauty, dance and hang out together.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. JUDGE - DAY

POV - from the back seat:

Ian is driving alone, looking surly as he sails past the other cars on the highway. Ian lifts a messy burger to his face. Ketchup, mustard and mayo drip on to the seats. He takes a huge gulp off his soda and tosses the half-full cup into the back seat.

Ian picks his nose and rubs it on the ceiling of the car. He holds up a gay porn mag, letting the centerfold unfurl. He looks at the sexy naked man, unaware that railroad gates are lowering ahead. Ian turns and looks straight into the camera, laughing maniacally. The train starts crossing. At the split second that we're about to hit the train...

Rex (in bed) sits up hard, waking from this NIGHTMARE in a...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Rex huffs and puffs and orients himself. He leaps out of bed, digs the key box out of his jeans and opens it. EMPTY!

REX  
IAN! GOD DAMN IT!

EXT. AMISH BARN - MORNING

The open field is filled with cars and campers. Kids sleep everywhere - in the vehicles, in the barn and right on the ground. Ian wakes to find that he's lying in the bed of a pick-up truck. Lance is sprawled out in the cab. Ian sits up and rubs his pounding head. Felicia is limping toward him, still barefoot, a pained expression on her face.

IAN

Ugh. My head hurts. But my feet feel spectacular. So, cozy. Like they're wrapped in baby bunnies.

FELICIA

Mine too.

She stubbornly corrects her walk and expression but her feet are a mess - cut, blistered and filthy.

IAN

Leesh, you were dancing barefoot for like four hours last night. Look at your feet.

FELICIA

I'm fine, pussyfoot.

IAN

Fine, you're tough but your big toe looks like Yoda's nuts. He's got five, you know.

Lance sits up in the cab, groggy and rubbing his messy hair. He leans through the open back window.

LANCE

Hey. So, what's the plan?

IAN

I might as well call Rex so he can get on with killing me.

FELICIA

What about visiting your grandma?

LANCE

Yeah, Ian. You've been putting off 'visiting grandma' for way too long. It's time you 'visit grandma.'

IAN

I do wanna...you know - 'visit grandma' but Rex is gonna kill me.

LANCE

He's going to kill you either way. We're halfway there. I can't stress enough how much you'll enjoy 'visiting grandma.' Trust me. I 'visit my grandma' all the time and it's pretty fucking awesome.

Felicia is a little confused by Ian and Lance's code talk.

IAN

Lance, what am I supposed to do?  
Our transportation is all over the  
floor of that barn.

VROOOOOM!!! They all turn to see the Judge pulling out of the barn. It's more powerful and tuned than ever. The Amish grease monkeys look spent but triumphant. Ezekiel jumps out of the Judge.

IAN (CONT'D)

Dude. You fixed it?

EZEKIEL

We hit a few snags but she's  
bangin' like a champ now. You  
should know though, we couldn't get  
our hands on the right carburetor  
so Jeremiah whittled one for you.

IAN

Really? That's amazing.

EZEKIEL

I'm just fucking with you, dude.

Lance spots Mary walking with two girlfriends. They are all in traditional Amish dresses and bonnets. Mary even looks hot in this. Lance runs over to her.

LANCE

Hey! Mary! Wait up.

She breaks ranks with her friends and steps to Lance with a gorgeous smile.

LANCE (CONT'D)

You look beautiful.

MARY

Yeah right. Please. These are  
unflattering by design.

LANCE

Still, you make it hot somehow.  
Seriously. You wearing that,  
churning some butter. Are you  
kidding me? (singing) Sexy.

She laughs.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
So, listen, I had the best time  
with you last night.

MARY  
Yeah, me too.

LANCE  
You're going to call me, right?

MARY  
Um...No.

LANCE  
No?

MARY  
Lance. Rumspringa's over for me.

Lance looks devastated.

Meanwhile, a short distance away, Ian speaks to Ezekiel.

IAN  
So you guys were up all night? I  
don't know what to say. I don't  
really have a lot of money.

EZEKIEL  
Ahh, we're good. The opportunity  
to help a neighbor - that's a gift.

IAN  
Wow. Thank you.

EZEKIEL  
Of course, if you felt like you had  
to reciprocate in some way, there's  
plenty of chores that need doing.

IAN  
Ooohh. We're kind of behind  
schedule, but can we hit you on our  
way back through?

EZEKIEL  
(guilt-tripping)  
Sure, sure. You probably should  
get going. I mean, hey, you've got  
a smooth-running vehicle now...you  
know - because we fixed it.

IAN  
But we're good?

EZEKIEL  
Sure, we're good. Technically.

IAN  
I mean it. We'll come back. I  
promise.

EZEKIEL  
Looking forward to it.

IAN  
No, seriously. We will.

EZEKIEL  
Of course. Should I hold my breath?

Ian stands there. Not sure how to take the sarcasm.

INT. THE JUDGE - DAY

Ian drives down the highway. Felicia rides shotgun. Lance  
sits in back, looking depressed.

LANCE  
I've never met anyone like her.  
This sucks full ass.

FELICIA  
I wouldn't worry about it. In  
fifteen minutes, you probably won't  
even remember her name.

LANCE  
Don't say that. Do NOT say that.  
This girl is really special.

FELICIA  
Lance. Listen to yourself. People  
want what they can't get. Remember  
your little theory? Forbidden  
fruit - that's all she is.

LANCE  
No. This is different. Mary and I  
made some kind of cosmic, spiritual  
connection. It's real and it's  
beautiful and it's awesome as fuck.

Ian's phone starts vibrating.

IAN  
Cool. I got a signal.

He squints at the screen. It reads, "22 NEW MESSAGES."

IAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, shit.

Ian calls his voice-mail. We hear what he's listening to:

REX (V.O.)  
IAN!! IF YOU TOOK MY FUCKING CAR  
YOU ARE FUCKING DEAD!! WHERE THE  
HELL ARE YOU!? (nice) Call me.

Ian erases the message. BEEP!

REX (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
PICK UP THE PHONE, FUCKHEAD! I'M  
GONNA POP YOUR FUCKIN' BALLS!!

Ian erases this message too. BEEP!

REX (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
GOD DAMN IT, IAN! YOU--

BEEP!

REX (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Okay. If you call me back, I won't  
kill you. NO! FUCK THAT! YOU'RE  
A FUCKIN' CORPSE! WHERE THE FUCK  
ARE YOU!? SHIT!!!

BEEP!

RON (V.O.)  
Ian, Ron. I need my Señor Donut  
costume back, pronto. So, get it--

BEEP!

REX (V.O.)  
YOU FAGGOT ASS MOTHERF--

BEEP!

REX (CONT'D)  
AAAAGGH!! SHIT!!!

Ian hangs up. He looks catatonic.

FELICIA  
What? What is it?

IAN  
Rex. He knows I took his car.

FELICIA

So? You're going to visit your  
Grandma. He'll understand that.

IAN

I don't think so.

Ian's phone rings.

LANCE

Don't answer it.

They sit and listen to it ring.

IAN

Oh, shit. I'm so dead.

LANCE

Not yet. Stay strong, buddy. You  
know what you need? A Corn dog!

He points to a small carnival set up in grocery store parking \*  
lot off the interstate. \*

IAN

We don't have time for corn dogs.

LANCE

We got tons of time. You're not  
meeting her for six hours. Your  
grandma, I mean. Come on. Corn  
dogs! Cooooorn Dooooogs!

EXT. CARNIVAL - PICNIC TABLES - DAY

Ian and Lance sit at a picnic table. Lance has his head in  
his hands. A group of hot girls go by.

IAN

Can you believe the girls around  
here?

Lance doesn't even react.

IAN (CONT'D)

Lance. You gotta pull it together.  
I need your help to get this thing  
done. You're no good to me if  
you're acting like...me.

LANCE

Oh, man. I am acting like you,  
aren't I? Balls.

(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)  
(then) But where am I ever gonna  
find another girl as cool as Mary?

Ian motions toward Felicia, who's getting the food.

IAN  
What about Felicia?

LANCE  
What about her?

IAN  
Dude. She's into you.

LANCE  
Yeah, I know.

IAN  
You know? So? What is she - not  
good enough?

LANCE  
Felicia's awesome. But you like  
her.

IAN  
What? No. We're just friends.

LANCE  
Dude. (oh, please)

IAN  
Seriously. We grew up together. I  
don't...like, like her.

LANCE  
Again - dude.

IAN  
Well, she's not into me anyway.

LANCE  
Doesn't matter. I still wouldn't  
do that to you. (then) But you do  
know she's not into you, right?

IAN  
Yeah. Well, I mean, except we have  
this pledge that if we're both not  
married when we're thirty...it's  
actually kind of cute, we just--

LANCE

No. It's not cute. It's bullshit.  
It's never gonna happen, so don't  
fuck yourself up waiting for her.

IAN

I know. But sometimes she--

LANCE

Ian, I'm only saying this as your  
friend. Never. Okay? You're her  
friend. That's like quicksand.  
There's no digging your way out of  
friend-sand. She already knows all  
your bullshit. I bet you've even  
cried in front of her before,  
haven't you?

Ian looks down. Guilty as charged.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck me. Well, there you go.  
You know what every chick I've ever  
boned had in common? I wasn't  
friends with any of them.

IAN

(shaking it off)

Yeah. Well, what do I care, right?  
I got Ms. Tasty to look forward to.

LANCE

Fuckin' A. Let's keep the focus on  
your balls in her mouth.

Felicia returns with the food. She sits down next to Ian.  
There's an uncomfortable silence.

FELICIA

What?

EXT. CARNIVAL - MIDWAY - LATER

Ian, Lance and Felicia walk though the midway. Felicia  
points to a carnival game. It's a short rope ladder at a  
slight incline. Everyone who tries to scale it, flips the  
ladder over, landing in a pile of hay.

IAN

You think I can do it?

FELICIA

No way. That game is so rigged.

Ian gives the barker a five and scales the ladder effortlessly. The buzzer goes off, attracting a crowd. The carny begrudgingly hands Ian a massive lollypop. Lance and Felicia cheer and clap.

FELICIA (CONT'D)  
Wow! That's amazing!

IAN  
We had one of these at Boy Scout camp. I kinda mastered it.

Ian hands the lollypop to Felicia. She smiles and glows until a gorgeous teen girl steps up to Ian. MANDY wears a skin tight shirt and a short red skirt.

MANDY  
Hey. What's your secret?

She smiles as she hands her money to the carny and mounts the ladder. Felicia looks slightly jealous as all of Ian's attention shifts to Mandy.

IAN  
Just hold all your weight on your left hand and your right foot.

She holds her shaky position, her skirt is so short that, as she bends, her thong is exposed. Ian gulps.

IAN (CONT'D)  
Now shift both at the same time.

She takes a step, wobbles, flips over and lands on her back. She smiles at Ian, who helps her up. Felicia is annoyed.

MANDY  
Oh, well. I'm Mandy.

IAN  
Ian. (big smile)

MANDY  
You've got great balance, Ian.

Lance steps in, acting as wingman.

LANCE  
Well, what do you expect from an Olympic snowboarder?

MANDY  
No way.

LANCE

Way.

Lance covertly yanks the lollypop out of Felicia's hand and taps it against Ian's arm, encouraging him to give it to Mandy. Ian does. She smiles as she accepts it.

MANDY

Thanks. Wow. I'm sorry, I gotta go. My dance troop is performing at the AIM tent in a few minutes. You should come watch.

FELICIA

Well, actually we were just...

LANCE

Definitely. He'll be front row center.

Mandy gives one more cute smile before she bops away.

INT. SHOW TENT - LATER

A stage is set up at one end; hundreds of people sit in folding chairs facing it. Ian, Felicia and Lance take seats (in that order) in the front row. Felicia checks her watch.

FELICIA

Do we really have time for this, Ian?

Lance elbows her and they speak sotto, away from Ian.

LANCE

Stop doing that.

FELICIA

Doing what?

LANCE

Twat blocking Ian.

FELICIA

I am not tw...doing that.

Loud techno music kicks in and the side flaps of the tent drop, making it very dark inside.

On stage an elaborate light show illuminates a line of young, beautiful girls who perform a sexy hip-hop dance routine. A huge video screen behind them shows crazy graphics of fun activities and extreme sports over an "AIM" logo.

The dancers are joined by TAD, a cool Ryan Seacrest type with a microphone. He busts out some dance moves of his own as the routine's finale. \*

TAD \*

What up, yo!? I am called Tad \*

Jawarski! \*

The crowd goes nuts. \*

TAD (CONT'D) \*

Yo! Where my first victim at? \*

The crowd laughs. \*

TAD (CONT'D) \*

Come on, let's get a volunteer up \*

in here! \*

Mandy waves to Ian. He waves back. Tad sees his hand go up. \*

TAD (CONT'D) \*

Yeah, boy! Get on up here, dog! \*

The spotlight hits Ian. Mandy jumps for joy that Ian volunteered. Ian tries to wave them off but Mandy and the dancers come down and pull him to the stage. The crowd cheers. Lance and Felicia cheer the loudest. \*

Ian now stands center stage with Tad. Ian smiles like an idiot, unaware when the video screen behind him changes to a logo that reads, "AIM - ABSTINENCE IN MOTION!" Lance and Felicia's jaws drop. They look at one another and crack up. On stage, Ian is oblivious. The dancers dance all around him and he's digging it, even half-dancing along with them. The music finally stops and Tad puts an arm around Ian. \*

TAD (CONT'D) \*

What's your name, gangsta? \*

IAN \*

Um, Ian. Ian Lafferty. \*

TAD \*

Tell me something, Ian. Are you \*

ready to get your pledge on!? \*

The music kicks in and Tad dances. Ian is confused. Lance and Felicia can barely watch. \*

IAN \*

Um... I don't know. What are we-- \*

TAD  
 You don't know!? He don't know,  
 y'all!

The crowd boos playfully.

TAD (CONT'D)  
 Ian, I'd like you to meet my  
 friend, Steve.

The screen changes to a black and white clinical photo of a man's deformed, pocked genitalia. We see it for just a second as Tad turns Ian around, then his head blocks it. Ian gasps, along with the audience. This is NOT what he expected.

TAD (CONT'D)  
 How 'bout that, dog?

IAN  
 (baffled)  
 Uh... I, I don't... Uh...

TAD  
 Now meet some more of my homies.

Close on Ian's mortified face. The light changes on his face, indicating each new horror. Each image elicits a gasp from the crowd. Tad turns Ian back around, stunned.

TAD (CONT'D)  
 How old are you, bro?

IAN  
 Eighteen.

TAD  
 And you're a virgin?

IAN  
 What? Um...

TAD  
 You don't wanna turn out like my  
 boys from the pictures do you?

IAN  
 No.

TAD  
 Then let's hear you pledge!

The girls start dancing around him. Ian's head is spinning. BAM! With a blast of light and sound - silence. A single spotlight hits them.

IAN  
(sotto to Tad)  
Pledge what?

Tad leans in and speaks off the mic.

TAD  
I got a long day ahead of me.  
Don't jerk me around, kid.

He puts the mic back in Ian's face.

TAD (CONT'D)  
Do - you - pledge?

IAN  
Um... Okay. I guess I pledge.

Lance throws up his hands in disgust. The crowd goes wild.

TAD  
I'm proud of you! Keep a wrinkle  
in it, dog!

The dancers lead Ian out the back of the stage.

EXT. SHOW TENT

Ian exits through a flap at the back of the tent, looking shell-shocked. Lance and Felicia sprint around the outside of the tent, laughing.

LANCE  
I can't believe you just took an  
abstinence pledge!

IAN  
I did not!

FELICIA  
You did too! Right in front of God  
and everybody! You pledged!

IAN  
I didn't even know what he was  
talking about! That doesn't count,  
does it?

LANCE  
That was hilarious!

Mandy comes around the corner. She trots up and hugs Ian.

MANDY  
Ian! You did it! Oh my gosh, I am  
so proud of you.

Ian squirms out of her grasp.

IAN  
Jesus! Get away from me! Is this  
what you do here? Go out and flirt  
with geeks like me so you can lure  
them into your little abstinence  
club?

MANDY  
Ian. It's not like that.

IAN  
Just go away.

Lance steps up and puts a supportive hand on Ian's shoulder.  
Mandy steps away, then stops and turns to glare at Ian.

MANDY  
I would have blown you, you know.

FELICIA  
Wow.

LANCE  
Ouch.

MANDY  
And you can keep your stupid  
flipping lollypop!

Mandy fires the huge lollypop at Ian but it misses him,  
cracking Felicia in the teeth, knocking her backward to the  
ground. Felicia touches her hand to her mouth and sees that  
it's bleeding. She scrambles to her feet.

FELICIA  
Oh, you are DEAD, psycho-virgin!

Felicia goes after Mandy but Lance and Ian hold her back.  
Mandy runs away.

INT. THE JUDGE - DAY

Lance drives. Ian sits with Felicia in the back seat. He holds a cloth to her mouth with one hand and works his phone with the other, looking for a dental listing.

IAN

There's a dentist at the next exit.

LANCE

You sure you want to get dental work done in Kentucky?

FELICIA

My toof id broke! Just get us there.

Ian checks his watch.

FELICIA (CONT'D)

I'm thorry I'm making you late for your grandma.

IAN

No. God. This is all my fault.

FELICIA

Id's really thweet how you're so worried about her. You're a good guy, Ian.

Ian and Lance exchange shamed glances in the rear-view.

IAN

Yeah, well...try not bleed on the seat. Rex is gonna kill me enough.

EXT. IAN'S STREET - DAY

Ian's neighborhood is peaceful and deserted. The chirps of song birds are gradually drowned out by A HIGH PITCHED BUZZ. Rex speeds down the street on a dirtbike. As he nears his house, he locks up the brakes. Before the bike stops, he coolly steps off, letting it ghost ride for a few yards before it lays down, spinning and sparking to a stop.

Rex runs up to the garage and pulls it up manually. Before it clears his eyes, he takes a deep, hopeful breath. He opens it the rest of the way. No Judge.

REX

MOTHERFUCKIN' BITCH-ASS COCKSUCKER!

Rex pitches a tantrum for the ages. He violently shakes the garage door, tearing it off it's rails. It lowers enough for him to start kicking it. He breaks it. He reaches inside and pulls out Ian's bike and starts slamming it against the driveway. Once out of steam, he stomps down the driveway and across the street. \*

As he crosses, he holds up a "halt" hand. Offscreen we hear a car go into a shrieking skid. Rex is unfazed as he marches up Felicia's driveway. The car rolls by behind him. \*

Rex arrives on Felicia's porch. He rings the bell and seethes and swears under his breath while he waits. Felicia's mother opens the door. His face instantly transitions to sweet and neighborly. She smiles back.

FELICIA'S MOTHER

Why, hello Rex. How are things?

REX

Good, good. Listen, Mrs. Alpine, is Felicia here by any chance?

FELICIA'S MOTHER

Oh no, hon, she and Ian and that Lance went on a little road trip.

REX

Really. A road trip. Super. Any idea where they might be heading?

FELICIA'S MOTHER

You know, I wanna say she said something about Knoxville but I can't be sure. Is that helpful?

REX

You bet it is. Thanks much, Mrs. A.

FELICIA'S MOTHER

Oh, not at all. My pleasure. You have a good day, now.

The second the door closes, Rex returns to fury. He turns and stomps back toward his house. In the wide shot we see a neighbor watering his yard next door.

NEIGHBOR

Hey, Knieval! What's say you get your bike out of the freakin' road!

Rex doesn't break stride; he just turns hard left, redirecting right at the neighbor. (Think Terminator 2) The man starts to backpedal and then run as Rex closes in.

EXT. DENTAL OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

The Judge pulls into the lot. Ian opens his door, he gets out and pulls the seat up for Felicia. She steps out and starts limping toward the office. Ian picks her up.

FELICIA

Whad are you doing? Pud me down!  
My feet are fine.

IAN

Shut up. You're so stubborn.

He carries her across the parking lot in slow motion. She relents and settles in. An old woman who is exiting smiles and holds the door for them. Ian carries Felicia in.

INT. DENTAL OFFICE WAITING ROOM - DAY

This is a po-dunk dental office in rural Kentucky. Several paintings of clowns adorn the walls. A magazine rack features People, Us, Oprah and Guns & Ammo. Felicia sits in a chair, holding her mouth with one hand and toweling off her feet with the other. Ian stands at reception, rattling off a text message while he waits:

"Tasty. Running a little behind. Need a couple more hours. Better make it 8pm. C-U-Soon. - IAN."

A half-awake receptionist with very bad teeth, returns to hand Ian some forms. She speaks in a thick southern accent.

RECEPTIONIST

Do y'all know your writin' and your  
ABC's and such?

IAN

Um. Yeah.

RECEPTIONIST

Good. Just fill out this, this,  
this, this, and these. Dr. Jasper  
will be with y'all present-like.

Ian returns to Felicia with the clipboard. He sits next to her and hands her the forms.

FELICIA

Okay. Fine. You were righd. My  
feet are killing me. I shouldn't  
have tossed my shoes.

IAN  
No, come on. I love that you did  
that. That's premium Felicia.

She smiles, then tries to fill in her name on a form but her hand shakes. Ian sets his phone down on the coffee table and takes the clipboard. He starts to fill the forms for her.

IAN (CONT'D)  
You want me to put your dad's  
address down too?

FELICIA  
Yeah. It's four twenty one--

IAN  
I know. Four twenty one, Twin  
Oaks, Rockford, six one one oh  
(thinks for a beat) seven.

Felicia smiles.

IAN (CONT'D)  
And you're allergic to amoxicillin  
but nothing else, right?

She nods. Push in on Felicia's face as she realizes that this is the one person who truly knows everything about her. Ian is oblivious to the moment she is having.

IAN (CONT'D)  
I think the only things you would  
check in the list is Migraine  
Headaches (she nods) and the  
Herpes, of course.

She laughs and slugs him playfully in the arm.

DR. JASPER (O.S.)  
Felicia Alpine?

Felicia gathers up some of her things and places them in her purse as she stands to greet the dentist. She's is relieved to see that Dr. Jasper doesn't look like a hayseed. He looks like a kind, ethical doctor in his mid forties.

DR. JASPER (CONT'D)  
Now, what are we doing today?

Felicia removes her hand from her face and opens up. Doctor Jasper pushes her lower teeth down with the side of his index finger, revealing that his knuckles and hands are ridiculously hairy! Felicia winces as the dentist probes his wolfman fingers around in her mouth.

DR. JASPER (CONT'D)  
 Hmmmm. Some hot and cold  
 sensitivity? Uh, huh?

Felicia closes her mouth and tries to spit out a hair. The doctor turns to Ian.

DR. JASPER (CONT'D)  
 What'd you do to her?

IAN  
 What?

DR. JASPER  
 You slap her around? She gets out  
 of line and you crack her one? You  
 think that makes you a big man?

IAN  
 No. I didn't, I--

DR. JASPER  
 Ha! Gotcha! Ha, Ha. You should  
 have seen your face. "No! I  
 didn't I, I, I!" Oh, funny.

He cracks up. Ian and Felicia try to laugh along.

DR. JASPER (CONT'D)  
 He didn't though, did he?

INT. DENTAL OFFICE OPERATORY

Felicia sits in the dental chair. Ian sits in a chair nearby. Dr. Jasper is just finishing giving her a shot.

DR. JASPER  
 I'll just give you a few minutes to  
 numb up. Be right back.

He exits. Ian smiles. She smiles back with her half tooth. The novocaine causes her to slur more and more throughout the scene.

FELICIA  
 Ian. You know last spring at  
 Darren Hume's bonfire?

IAN  
 Hmmmm. Um...Was I there?

FELICIA

Ian, please. You know the only reason... is because I don't ever want to ruin our friendship.

IAN

Totally. Friendship is... awesome. Yeah. Friendship. Good call.

FELICIA

I don't know what I'd do if I ever lost you, Ian.

She squeezes his hand.

IAN

You won't.

FELICIA

(half-joking)

I don't know. Maybe I should have just kissed you back that night.

They regard one another for a long awkward beat. Ian tries to decide if she's serious. He laughs nervously. A string of drool drops from her numb lip.

IAN

Oh. Um. You got a little...loogie.

FELICIA

Oh God!

She grabs her bib and wipes her face. The doctor returns.

IAN

You know what? I'll just be out there. Yeah. Good. Okay.

EXT. DENTAL OFFICE PARKING LOT - LATER

The office is in a small strip mall next to a gas station convenience store. Ian comes out of the convenience store with a bag of stuff. He crosses to the Judge.

The passenger door is open. Lance sits in the passenger seat with his feet on the ground and his head in his hands. Ian arrives with a smile and a spring in his step.

LANCE

What's with you?

IAN

I'm thinking maybe we head back.

LANCE

Why?

IAN

Well, Felicia and I were just talking in there and, I don't know, We kinda had a moment.

LANCE

A moment? Oh shit, Ian. I knew she was gonna do this. She sees you with that chick and now she's tightening your leash. She's just afraid to lose the undivided attention of the one guy who always listens to her problems.

IAN

No. We were really connecting in there and she...

LANCE

Ian, you see the punks she dates. I'm sorry but she doesn't want a guy like you. She wants to take some dark, brooding asshole and turn him into a guy like you.

IAN

What if you're wrong?

LANCE

I'm not wrong. I'm right. And I'm not going to let her fuck this up for you. We're going to Knoxville and you're gonna get your nut.

IAN

Whatever, Lance. I'm gonna text Tasty and tell her I'm not coming.

Ian reaches into his pockets. No phone. Just then, Felicia emerges from the office. She stops to check her fixed tooth in her reflection in the window. She then marches out to the Judge. She tosses Ian his phone.

IAN (CONT'D)

Oh, good. You had it. Here, I got you something.

He hands Felicia the bag. She takes it but doesn't bother to look inside.

FELICIA

A message came in. Your grandma's pretty excited to see you. Wet even. She's thinking about your hands on her body. Sounds 'Tasty.'

Felicia tosses the bag onto the floor of the front seat and then climbs into the back and sits, looking petulant. Ian wilts. Lance pats Ian on the back before climbing in.

LANCE

Good deal. Let's go to Knoxville.

EXT. HIGHWAY ON-RAMP - EVENING

The Judge is pulling onto HWY 75-North.

FELICIA (V.O.)

Ian. You're going the wrong way.

IAN (V.O.)

We're going home.

INT. THE JUDGE

FELICIA

What? No, no, no. Don't turn around because of me. I'm dying to see Ms. Tasty. This is gonna be hilarious. She's probably a guy.

IAN

So you snooped around in my phone. That's a total violation.

LANCE

He's violated.

FELICIA

Hey, you're the one telling lies about grandmas and CANCER.

LANCE

That was a bit much.

IAN

Okay, I'm sorry. I was embarrassed and I knew you'd make fun of me.

FELICIA

Of course. How could I not? You told her you play football at NORTHWESTERN!? I mean, Jesus Ian.

LANCE

You told her that? That's bold.

FELICIA

And those text messages are soooo dickish. I can't believe she even invited you when you come off like such an a-hole.

LANCE

Hold on - she invited him out because he came off like such an a-hole. Dude got that part right.

FELICIA

I can't believe you guys.

IAN

Look, I said we're going home.

LANCE

Oh, man. I knew you'd find a way to bitch out on this.

FELICIA

Yeah, Ian. You obviously stole Rex's car and drove halfway across the country. This must be what you want. So go do it, chicken shit.

LANCE

Fuckin' A, chicken shit.

IAN

Fine! You don't think I'll do it!? I'll fuckin' do it! I'll turn this car around and go pork that girl right now! Is that what you want?

FELICIA

Yeah, Ian. That's what I want.

Suddenly he cranks the wheel. They drive full speed into the grassy median. They slide sideways onto the other side of the highway and head back south.

LANCE

Sweet! Now step on it. We can still make it.

Although she pushed for it, Felicia is not as happy. She lies down in the back seat, looking terribly sad.

Cue: "Teenagers (Scare The Living Shit Out Of Me)" by My Chemical Romance.

The Judge moves down the highway as the sun lowers in the sky. Ian passes several cars. He looks over at the car to his left - the pimped out Honda (that had tossed the milkshake earlier) is back and edging by him. Ian's had enough. He glares back and jumps on the gas. Felicia sits up.

FELICIA

What are you doing? Don't race him. That's ridiculous.

IAN

(trying to be tough)

It's gonna be ridiculous how much I win because I'm driving faster than he is.

The cars race neck and neck. Ian's speedometer creeps up. Ian must fall back to pass a slower car in the right lane. He tries to pass the Honda but it weaves back and forth, not letting him in. He finally gets an opening and tucks in. They are again neck and neck. Ian starts to pull away.

IAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right, fucker.

The Honda slows down, letting Ian blast away.

LANCE

He's tagging out! Wooo!

Ian and Lance five one another.

FELICIA

IAN! Look out!

A fox is walking across the highway! Ian slams on the breaks but the car smacks it. All triumph falls from Ian's face, replaced by desperate regret.

IAN

Oh, no! Oh, no!

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Judge screeches to a halt. Ian leaps out and runs back, looking around frantically. Felicia gets out and follows.

Cars and trucks occasionally woosh by. Ian finds the animal on the shoulder. He drops to his knees, his eyes tearing up.

IAN

God damn it. What were you doing?  
Oh, shit man. Shit.

Felicia sits down nearby, watching Ian's emotional response. He's genuinely a wreck over what he has done. Push in on Felicia as her heart goes out to him. She tears up.

LANCE

Take it easy, bro. It wasn't your fault. The thing ran right out--

IAN

Just shut up, okay!? Of course it's my fault!

LANCE

Okay. But, dude, Ms. Tasty - we gotta keep moving.

IAN

He's not dead, Lance! I'm not just gonna leave him out here suffering all by himself.

LANCE

Okay. You're right.

Lance goes back to the car and returns with a tire-iron. He walks up next to Ian and raises it over his head. Ian turns to Lance, deadly serious. He pushes Lance away.

IAN

Don't fuckin' touch him!

LANCE

Jesus Christ, man! I was just gonna put him out of his misery so we can go already.

Felicia is appalled by Lance's inability to be affected by this.

IAN

Fuck you! You don't give a shit about him!

Ian grabs the tire iron, returns to the animal and kneels before it, raising the tool over his head. His hand shakes. \*

\*  
\*

IAN (CONT'D) \*

I'm sorry. \*

Ian hits it hard, stands, and walks away with his face in his hand. After a beat: \*

FELICIA \*

Um...Ian? \*

Ian turns, exasperated to see the fox is still alive. He returns and swings two more times. Again, he walks away in agony. Felicia clears her throat - still alive. \*

IAN \*

Jesus! \*

Ian drags himself back and swings again. \*

LANCE \*

Boy, he's really hanging in there. \*

Ian loses it, beating it severely. As he does, he's bathed in red and blue flashing light. \*

IAN \*

God damn it! I'm trying to help you out, here! Why won't you just die, for fucks sake!?

He raises the tire iron once more but stops as he notices a cop standing in front of him. \*

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT \*

Ian and Lance are being led down the hall by the cop. \*

IAN \*

I swear I didn't know it was an endangered species. \*

LANCE \*

The vet said there's a good chance it might pull through. \*

COP #1 \*

You better hope so. \*

INT. JAIL CELL

The holding cell is modern and industrial with bright fluorescent lights and a single steel toilet.

The benches are occupied by six other captives who await bail or arraignment. Ian is scared shitless and it shows.

LANCE

(sotto to Ian)

Dude. Man up. They think you're shittin' your pants, they'll fuck with you.

Ian does a terrible impersonation of a tough guy. After a beat, a man rolls up on Lance, posturing like he means harm.

PRISONER #1

Yo, man--

LANCE

Whoa! Sit your ass the fuck back down or you and me - we're gonna have a fuckin' problem!

The guy backs off.

PRISONER #1

Shit, man. Chill. Damn.

He sits. Ian can't believe what he just saw. Lance gives him a look, "See what I mean?" A moment later, a man on Ian's side is tapping on his own watch. He notices Ian is wearing a watch. He stands to approach Ian.

PRISONER #2

Excuse me. What--

IAN

Yo! Back that shit up, bitch!

WHAP!!! The guy lays Ian out.

PRISONER #2

All I wanted was the goddamn time.

IAN (O.S.)

(from the floor)

Ten after six.

PRISONER #2

Thanks.

IAN (O.S.)

Don't mention it.

INT. POLICE STATION

Two bored desk cops play with one of our hero's phones.

COP #1

Well, I'll be damned. You can watch yourself a picture show on this here telephone unit.

COP #2

Ya probably ought not mess with it.

COP #1

Ooohh - Sharky's Machine.

COP #2

Well, shit. Fire it up.

He does. The intro music kicks in. After a moment, the phone rings. They're not sure what to do.

INT. JAIL CELL

Ian checks his watch.

IAN

Well, It's over. No Ms. Tasty, Felicia hates me, got a nice beat down coming from Rex. Good trip.

Ian sighs hard as he steps over to the toilet. His expression is distant and haggard but also slightly more mature. He starts to pee. Lance looks over, surprised.

LANCE

Dude.

IAN

What?

LANCE

You're peeing in front of a bunch of people.

Ian looks around, appreciating the moment.

IAN

Hey, I am. I'm just standing here takin' a whiz. Like it's nothing.

LANCE

And that guy's looking straight at your dick.

PRISONER #1

Atta boy.

Ian wraps up and rejoins Lance.

LANCE

Look at you. You're a new man.

IAN

No I'm not.

LANCE

Dude. You stole a car, you got  
arrested, got in a fight, sort of.  
Hey, you killed an endangered  
species with your bare hands.  
That's gotta count for something.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The prisoner next to them gives Ian a look of approval.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Now you're pissin' like a big dog.  
There's only one thing left...

IAN

Well, that's out. I was supposed  
to meet her three hours ago.

LANCE

Look, when we get out of here, just  
tell her you got pinched and you've  
been in the hard yard. She'll  
think that's badass.

INT. WOMEN'S JAIL CELL

Felicia sits among four other prisoners of varied ages and  
degrees of nasty. They sit on the benches, arranged around  
Felicia, like The View. Felicia is sad.

FEMALE PRISONER #1

Shit! This Ian boy sound to me  
like he got no balls at all.

FEMALE PRISONER #2

Why? 'Cause he got to fussin' some  
over a sufferin' critter? I think  
that's real sweet.

FEMALE PRISONER #3

Well, I say this Lance sounds like  
a real hunk of man cake.

(MORE)

FEMALE PRISONER #3 (CONT'D)  
 Only way to keep his kind around is  
 to get his babies in you, pronto.

FEMALE PRISONER #2  
 But he got no respect for bitches.

Felicia is uncharacteristically comfortable sharing. She  
 plays along gamely with their vocabulary.

FELICIA  
 Shathayd's right. No respect for  
 bitches. None whatsoever.

FEMALE PRISONER #1  
 Girl. Oprah says you just got to  
 tell the universe what you want.

FEMALE PRISONER #3  
 Yep. You gotta manifest that shit.  
 Ain't you read The Promise?

FELICIA  
 No.

FEMALE PRISONER #3  
 You gotta read The Promise. That's  
 how I got my shit straight.

Felicia starts to cry.

FEMALE PRISONER #3 (CONT'D)  
 Oh, baby. Come here.

#3 holds out her arms to Felicia but Felicia waves her off.  
 #3 is a bit offended. A wider shot reveals that #3 is seated  
 on the steel toilet, pants around her ankles.

INT. JAIL CELL

A cop opens the cell door.

COP #1  
 Ian Lafferty, Lance Nesbitt? Your  
 bail's been posted.

IAN  
 Shit.

LANCE  
 What?

IAN  
 Rex.

Ian and Lance stand and reluctantly exit.

INT. POLICE STATION

Felicia is being led out of the women's cell down the hall. They meet in the middle. Felicia and Ian have calmed down and they exchange humbled smiles. They all turn to see MARY signing forms at the desk. She's still dressed Amish. Lance lights up like a kid on Christmas morning.

LANCE  
No way! Mary!

He runs to her. They hug. Ian and Felicia join them at the counter. An officer slides over three envelopes.

COP #2  
Personal effects. Sign here.

They sign. Ian takes his phone. He turns it on. In the background we hear:

LANCE (O.S.)  
How'd you know we were here?

MARY (O.S.)  
I called your phone and someone here answered it.

COP #1 (O.S.)  
Wasn't me.

Ian's phone displays, "New Text Message From: Ms. Tasty." He clicks it. It brings up a message, "Stood out here 4 an hour and a half. UR an ASSHOLE!" Ian deflates. He steps outside, clicking on-line with his phone.

INT. MYSPACE CYBER RAVE

Ms. Tasty stands talking to some other guy with a cool car. Ian appears. She turns to glare at him.

IAN  
Hey.

MS. TASTY  
Get lost and leave me alone.

She waves a hand, he disappears. She turns. He reappears in front of her.

IAN  
Tasty, just hear me out.

A suspicious stance but doesn't wave him off.

IAN (CONT'D)  
I got arrested. I've been on lock-down for the last four hours.

MS. TASTY  
For what?

IAN  
Um...Street racing?

MS. TASTY  
Really?

IAN  
Yeah. No helmet. Open intoxicants - dangerous. But I'm out now.

MS. TASTY  
I bet you haven't even left Chicago. You know, I've never done this before but I think you're just playin' me.

IAN  
I swear, I'm just about an hour away. You want me to turn around?

She considers this for a moment.

MS. TASTY  
No. Eleven o'clock at the Shakey's. But, no more excuses. If you're one minute late, I'm gone.

She disappears.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Ian leans against the Judge, wrapping up his texting session. Lance, Felicia and Mary are walking toward him.

LANCE  
So? What's the plan?

IAN  
We're going to Knoxville.

LANCE

Yes!

Ian gets in the car. Lance excitedly ushers Mary to the car. None of them see Felicia's look disappointment.

INT. THE JUDGE - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Ian and Felicia sit in the front, silent and far apart. Lance and Mary are in back, snuggling like the love struck teens they are. They pass a sign that reads, "Knoxville 17 mi." Ian checks his watch.

Felicia quietly reaches down for the bag that Ian had given her. She checks that he's not looking. She peeks inside. It's a pair of flip-flops with little daisies on them. Her feet are still bare. She gets glassy-eyed. Ian looks over. Felicia looks away. She is clearly moved by the gift.

EXT. EST. HARLAN'S FANTASY INN - NIGHT

An old single level motel has been converted into "fantasy" rooms. The sign reads, "22 Romantic Fantasy Theme Rooms to Choose From!" It's right across the street from the Shakey's. The Judge is parked in front of a room.

INT. HARLAN'S FANTASY INN - THE "BLAZE" ROOM

The walls are painted with flames. The room is decorated with firefighter memorabilia including hoses, axes, helmets and a life-size cardboard cut-out of a sexy shirtless fireman. There's a thick brass pole in one corner. The bed looks like a wide fire engine. The clock on the wall reads, ten minutes to eleven.

Ian is brushing his teeth and getting ready to go. Felicia sits on the bed, watching TV. She's wearing the flip-flops Ian bought for her. Ian takes one more look in the mirror. He's unsure of himself.

FELICIA

You look good.

IAN

Thanks.

He puts on his jacket and steps to the door.

FELICIA

Ian... Don't do this, okay? Don't turn into Lance. You're a nice guy.

IAN

That's why I'm still a virgin.

FELICIA

So what if you're a virgin? It's just sex, Ian.

IAN

It's not about the sex. I'm weird. I'm the only virgin I know. I gotta get this done so everyone can stop freaking out about it. I know you don't approve but I'm sorry, I'm not going home a virgin.

He turns to exit.

FELICIA

Okay. Then do it with me.

He turns back, baffled.

IAN

What?

Felicia downplays; this is not a sexy offer.

FELICIA

Do it with me, not some total stranger. I mean, we're friends, you know you won't get some nasty disease. Crabs or whatever.

IAN

Wow. I'd rather stay a virgin than lose it on pity-sex.

FELICIA

I'm not talking about pity-sex.

IAN

Then what are you talking about?

FELICIA

I don't know. Sex. It doesn't have to mean anything. It doesn't have to jeopardize our friendship.

Ian sighs hard. He can't take hearing that word again.

IAN

You know what, Felicia? Fuck the friendship. I'm sorry, but I can't be the guy you talk to about your boyfriends anymore. I can't be the guy you cry to when they hurt you. And I won't be your back-up plan. Maybe I'm just selfish but it's not enough. Now, I'm gonna go have meaningless sex with some random chick I met on the internet, unless you got something to say to me.

Felicia gets up and heads out the door. She stops and tries to find the right words. After a beat, she gives up and walks out, slamming the door behind her.

IAN (CONT'D)

That's what I thought.

Ian plops down on the bed, considering what he's done. He looks at the clock. Three minutes to eleven. He takes a deep breath, stands and walks to the door. He takes another beat to decide.

He opens the door, revealing REX! He's removing a motorcycle helmet. A dirtbike is on its side, still spinning in the parking lot. Rex pushes Ian back into the room. Ian falls backwards onto the bed. Rex flings his helmet at Ian.

IAN (CONT'D)

Rex. What are you doing here?

REX

You ever heard of Lo-Jack, cheese-dick!? (re: room) What the fuck?

Rex rushes Ian, grabbing him by the neck, lifting him to his feet, spinning him around and administering a brutal wedgie.

IAN

Rex, wait! The girl - the one I told you about. She's right across the street! She wants to do it with me and everything!

Rex throws Ian into the dresser, shattering a lamp.

REX

Like I give shit. Get your stuff, dick-cheese. We're going home!

Rex picks up Ian's suitcase and throws it at him.

IAN

Okay. Fine. It probably wouldn't  
have stopped all these feelings  
I've been having anyway.

Rex stops, curious.

REX

What are you talking about?

IAN

You know - feelings,  
curiosities...about men.

Ian motions to the Firefighter cut-out.

REX

What!? Ah shit, Ian!

IAN

Just lately, you know? I think you  
were right, Rex. I think I might  
be getting gay.

Rex picks Ian up by the shirt.

IAN (CONT'D)

I don't have any luck with girls.  
Maybe it's a sign.

REX

Uh, uh! No way is my brother  
taking it in the chili ring!

Rex boils like he might explode.

REX (CONT'D)

Alright. You take the car and go  
bang a female woman like the good  
lord intended. You got one hour.

He releases Ian and pushes him toward the door.

REX (CONT'D)

But, Ian...not up the butt!

Ian runs out.

INT. THE JUDGE

Ian jumps in the car. He checks his watch - 10:59. He  
starts it up and races across the street. He slowly pulls  
into the lot, looking all around for Tasty. No sign of her.

He does spot a CREEPY old fat guy, standing in the parking lot, watching him drive in. The guy waves to Ian.

CREEPY  
That's a sweet GTO.

IAN  
So, you're Ms. Tasty?

CREEPY  
You give me a ride in that and you can call me whatever you like.

Ian bangs his head against the steering wheel.

MS. TASTY (O.S.)  
Ian! Oh my gosh! Hey!

Ian turns to see the real Ms. Tasty stepping out of vintage Dodge Charger. She's even hotter than her picture and she speaks in a sweet southern accent that we didn't hear in cyberspace. She trots over to the car.

MS. TASTY (CONT'D)  
I was sure you were standing me up.

She jumps into the passenger side. Ian is terrified.

MS. TASTY (CONT'D)  
But, here you are. Look at you.

IAN  
Yeah. Look at me.

MS. TASTY  
You look kinda different than your picture.

IAN  
Yeah. I, um, lost some weight 'cause I had the runs-- The flu. And I went to get my haircut and--

MS. TASTY  
Well, you're mighty cute.

IAN  
Oh. Good. What do you wanna do?

MS. TASTY  
Hmmm. I LOVE your car. Why don't you take me for a ride.

Ian pulls out of the lot. Tasty cuddles up to him.

IAN  
So, Ms. Tasty. What's your real name?

MS. TASTY  
I'll tell you after.

She kisses his neck. Ian smiles through his fear. They drive on. She rubs his chest and nuzzles his ear. Behind them a head slowly peeks up from the back seat - Felicia! She sees Ms. Tasty kiss Ian's cheek. She ditches back down.

INT. HARLAN'S FANTASY INN - THE "JUNGLE" ROOM

Lance and Mary's room is thick with fake jungle foliage. Jungle noises play. The headboard of the bed is an exotic fish aquarium. Lance and Mary lie on the bed. She cradles him like a child.

LANCE  
I've just never felt this way about anyone before. I think I'm falling--

She kisses him.

MARY  
Lance, I can't. It doesn't work that way. If I don't go back, I'll be shunned. I'd never see my family again.

LANCE  
This Amish thing is a real motherfucker.

MARY  
Tell me about it.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Ian and Tasty lie on the grass, next to the Judge. They look up at the stars, using the foam Donut costume as a pillow.

IAN  
I don't get it. Why would a girl like you be meeting people on the internet? I mean, you could have any guy you wanted.

MS. TASTY  
I've had some mighty bad luck when it comes to guys.  
(MORE)

MS. TASTY (CONT'D)  
 Dated a lot of greaseballs. I  
 decided I wanted to communicate  
 with someone, before... Well,  
 before this.

She kisses him. Ian's eyes remain wide open as they kiss.  
 Pan over to the Judge. The windows are rolled down and  
 Felicia is peeking out from the back seat.

MS. TASTY (CONT'D)  
 (whispers)  
 Ian, why don't you take your  
 clothes off.

IAN  
 Really?

She sits up and removes her shirt, revealing her terrifyingly  
 perfect breasts.

In the car, Felicia glances down at her own flatter chest.

Ian sits up, facing Tasty. He maintains hard, deliberate eye-  
 contact. She giggles.

MS. TASTY  
 Ian, you can look if you like.

Ian looks down. After a beat, he takes his out glasses and  
 puts them on. Now he can't look away. She gently pushes him  
 backward, climbs over him on all fours and tugs at his pants.  
 His phone falls out. He picks it up and the screen lights up  
 with the photo of Felicia by the shoe tree. Ian looks at it,  
 swallows hard and stuffs the phone back in his pocket.

IAN  
 Wait. Listen, I, um...I have to  
 confess something.

She stops and looks at him.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 I don't play football.

This makes Felicia smile and Tasty laugh.

MS. TASTY  
 Okay. I appreciate your honesty.

She continues tugging at his pants.

IAN  
 No, seriously. I don't even really  
 watch football.  
 (MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

I got all that stuff from Friday Night Lights. I'm not even in college yet.

MS. TASTY

Ian. What do you think? Everything on my profile is the god's honest truth? Now, come on, take your clothes off.

She tries to take his shirt off. Again, he stops her.

IAN

Wait. There's something else. Okay, there's this girl and we--

MS. TASTY

Ian. I have a boyfriend. This can be our little secret.

IAN

Well, no. The thing is. I think I might be in love with her...

Tasty sits back down in the grass and releases an annoyed sigh. Felicia is now tearing up through a giddy smile.

IAN (CONT'D)

...and I know it's stupid, right? She probably won't ever even--

MS. TASTY

Ian. Just shut up and take your god damned clothes off. Jesus.

IAN

I'm sorry.

DEEP MAN VOICE (O.S.)

You heard the lady - strip.

Ian turns to see BOBBY JO, a huge, burly biker type, standing over him with a gun pointed at Ian's head.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby Jo climbs behind the wheel of the Judge. Tasty carries Ian's clothes into the passenger side. She slams the door and calls back to Ian, who now stands naked, balls-in-hands.

MS. TASTY

You were right, Ian. Sixty Nine Judge - You were worth the wait.

IAN

Please, no! It's not even my car!

MS. TASTY

Good luck with your ladyfriend!

They peel away, Ian sees Felicia's terrified face pop up from the back seat.

IAN

Felicia! Oh, shit! Oh, shit!

INT. THE JUDGE - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby Jo drives as Ms. Tasty grinds on him in the front seat.

MS. TASTY

Bobby Jo Calhoun, you were so awesome back there! God damn sixty nine Judge. I love you so much, baby. Now listen, I got me another car coming in any minute so drop me back to the Shakey's and get this Goat over to Luis. Remember he's on fifth and Crescent. Don't mess it up this time!

Meanwhile, Felicia is lying in the back seat, furiously texting on her phone.

INT. HARLAN'S FANTASY INN - THE "JUNGLE" ROOM

Lance's phone sits on the night stand, blinking a text message that goes unseen as Lance and Mary are having sex. She's getting crazy on top. Lance is in heaven.

LANCE

I'm banging an Amish chick. I mean, what are the odds?

EXT. SHAKEY'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Judge pulls into the lot. Tasty jumps out just in time to greet a car that's pulling in - THE PIMPED OUT HONDA. She trots over to it.

MS. TASTY

Hey, boys! You finally made it!

The window lowers revealing ANDY & RANDY!

ANDY

You Ms. Tasty?

RANDY

Damn, you're hot as fuck.

ANDY

We got beers and rubbers.

RANDY

And some lotion for your tits.

INT. THE JUDGE

Bobby Jo is about to pull away when he hears a beeping sound. He looks around, then rifles through Ian's clothes. He pulls out Ian's phone. A text message is flashing: "Ian! I'm in the back seat! Help!" Bobby Jo looks over the seat to see Felicia lying on the floor. She gives him a sheepish wave.

BOBBY JO

What the hell?

EXT. SHAKEY'S PARKING LOT - HONDA

Tasty is talking to Andy & Randy, who are now far more timid.

ANDY

So, wait. You do wanna party?

RANDY

With us?

MS. TASTY

Oh, yeah. I want us all to get naked and party.

Andy & Randy exchange innocent, worried looks. This is not the reply they are used to. Andy looks away and zips up his hoodie as far as it will go. Randy also diverts his eyes as he subtly reaches up to lock the door. Ms. Tasty looks down at the locked door button, confused.

CRASH!!! In the background, the Judge is rocked as it is T-boned on the passenger side by a huge, jacked-up pick-up. Tasty spins around, "What the hell?" Andy and Randy raise the windows behind her.

INT. HARLAN'S FANTASY INN - THE "BLAZE" ROOM

Rex heard the noise. He looks out the window.

REX  
Holy fuckballs!

EXT. SHAKEY'S PARKING LOT

A big hillbilly climbs out of the truck - it's Rick!  
(Brandy's boyfriend from the cornfield.)

RICK  
Get your ass out of the car you  
motherfuckin'...motherfucker!

Bobby Jo climbs out of the Judge. Rick takes a step back.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Whoa. Who the fuck are you, man!?

Bobby Jo crosses to assess the damage. He speaks in a low,  
laid back and almost polite southern drawl.

BOBBY JO  
God damn it.

RICK  
Oh, shit. My bad. I thought you  
were someone else. Well, I  
wouldn't worry about it. A little  
Bondo will take care that.

Bobby Jo gives Rick's truck the once over.

BOBBY JO  
Well, you done fouled up my ride,  
so I guess I'll be taking yours.

RICK  
Fuck that shit.

Bobby Jo raises his gun to Rick's face. Rick tosses the keys.

RICK (CONT'D)  
It's three on the tree and the  
clutch sticks.

Rex runs into the scene. Bobby Jo points the gun at him but  
Rex doesn't even notice. He rushes to the Judge and strokes  
it like an injured child.

BOBBY JO  
Take a step back, boy.

Rex turns. No fear. He steps to Bobby Jo.

REX  
Bite my dick, asswipe.

CRACK! Bobby Jo pistol whips Rex, who goes down hard.

REX (CONT'D)  
Aahhgg! Jesus Christ! What'd you  
do that for, man!?

Lance then rounds the corner, stops cold and goes wide-eyed  
at the crazy scene.

RICK  
That's the sum-bitch I was looking  
for!

LANCE  
(shitting bricks)  
Rick. Rickster. How'd you find  
us?

Rick takes out the Google maps and whips them at Lance. Rex,  
still on the ground, calls out to Lance.

REX  
Lance!? What's going on here,  
faggot!?

LANCE  
I have absolutely no idea.

Ms. Tasty looks on, trying to decide whether she should  
engage in the situation. Something gets her attention -  
Felicia is sneaking out of the back seat. Tasty has had  
enough of this mess.

MS. TASTY  
Bobby Jo! Who the hell is that!?

BOBBY JO  
Oh, yeah. That's Felicia. Turns  
out she was hiding out in the back.

MS. TASTY  
Well shit, boy! Then she heard  
everything! Hello!

BOBBY JO  
 Damn it. You're right. Come here  
 darlin'.

Felicia tries to bolt but Bobby Jo grabs her by the hair and pulls her back kicking and screaming toward the truck.

IAN (O.S.)  
 Take your hands off her!

Bobby Jo looks around. Nobody. He turns just in time to see Señor Donut diving through the air. Bobby Jo raises his hands. Ian crashes into him. The gun falls, bounces off the pavement and discharges, taking out Andy & Randy's windshield. They bail out. Everyone hits the deck.

Bobby Jo looks up to see that the gun is now at Ian's feet. Ian is struggling to bend down for it. Bobby Jo goes after it but Ian beats him to it and levels the gun at Bobby Jo.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 (working the mouth)  
 Everybody get back! Get back, man!

Bobby Jo stands and backs up.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 (working the mouth)  
 Okay! Good! Everybody just be  
 cool! Tasty! Get over there!

LANCE  
 Ian, you're working the mouth.

IAN  
 (working the mouth)  
 I don't care! Felicia, are you  
 okay!?

Felicia nods. A phone rings. Everyone looks around. Bobby Jo's shirt pocket is glowing.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 My phone! Answer it! Now!

RICK  
 You best do what he says. That  
 donut ain't fuckin' around.

BOBBY JO  
 (answering)  
 Hello? Um yes, sir... I believe  
 he's right here...  
 (MORE)

BOBBY JO (CONT'D)  
Um, I believe he's wearing it  
now... Yes, sir, a cruller pert  
near four foot 'round.

IAN  
Is that Ron?

BOBBY JO  
Yes, sir and he sounds mighty  
ticked. Why don't I just put y'all  
on speaker.

Bobby Jo holds up the phone.

RON (V.O.)  
Ian? Listen chief, I need my  
costume back, toot-sweet.

IAN  
Ron, I'll be in on Tuesday.

RON  
Not gonna cut it, Ian. Bring it  
back first thing in the morning or  
you're fired.

IAN  
(working the mouth again)  
I'm fired? I'm the best employee  
you got! I stay late all the time,  
I cover for you when you have your  
D & D tournaments, I'm the only one  
who knows how to fix the register  
spool! Fuck you! I dare you to  
fire me!

Rex and Lance exchange a glance - they're impressed.

RON  
Okay. Don't get all testy. I was  
just horsing around. Just bring  
'er in when you can, amigo.

IAN  
Hang it up! (Bobby Jo does) Okay!  
Here's what's gonna happen! Rex!  
You're gonna get the Judge outta  
here! Rick! You can punch Lance  
but just once.

LANCE  
What the fuck, dude?

IAN  
You nailed his girlfriend!

LANCE  
Not exactly. But okay. Fair  
enough. Not in the nuts, okay?

WHAP! Rick punches Lance in the head. Lance goes back but  
not down. He holds himself up with his hands on his knees.

LANCE (CONT'D)  
Holy god. Good punch.

IAN  
Now get in your truck and get out  
of here!

RICK  
He's got my keys.

IAN  
Give him his fuckin' keys!

Bobby Jo walks toward Ian.

BOBBY JO  
You ain't gonna kill nobody.

REX  
Smoke that cocksucker, Ian!

IAN  
Stop! I'm serious!

BOBBY JO  
I bet you don't even know how shoot  
that thing.

Ian fires the gun in the air. Bobby Jo stops.

BOBBY JO (CONT'D)  
Okay. But anybody can shoot a gun  
in the air.

Bobby Jo keeps coming.

IAN  
I'll shoot you in the leg!

BOBBY JO  
I don't think so.

BANG! Ian shoots him in the leg. Bobby Jo writhes in pain.

BOBBY JO (CONT'D)  
 (wincing)  
 Okay! Okay! But anybody can shoot  
 someone in the leg.

Bobby Jo limps toward Ian.

IAN  
 Jesus, man! What do I gotta do?

Suddenly, a squad car slides sideways into the parking lot. Mary is in the back seat. Another squad car pulls in behind it. Ms. Tasty makes a break for it. She passes Andy & Randy. Andy trips her and she eats shit. A tall, thin cop grabs her and handcuffs her.

A fat, dim cop leaps out of the first car, pumps his rifle and aims it over his hood at Ian.

FAT COP  
 Drop the weapon, donut man!

Ian drops the gun. Everyone flinches but it doesn't go off again.

FAT COP (CONT'D)  
 Okay! Hands on your head!

Ian puts his right hand on Señor Donut's head.

FAT COP (CONT'D)  
 Both hands, asshole!

IAN  
 I can't move the other arm!

FAT COP  
 Who said that!?

IAN  
 (working the mouth)  
 I can't move the other arm!

His partner covers everyone else as the fat cop cautiously crosses toward Ian. When he reaches him, he whips out a stun gun and zaps Ian but he's protected by the foam donut.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 (working the mouth)  
 Okay! I'm not resisting!

The cop zaps him again, then sprays pepper spray into the plastic eyes on top. It splashes back at the cop, who covers his eyes and falls backward.

FAT COP  
The big Mexican won't go down!  
Take your shot!

BLAM! The other cop fires at Ian, blowing off his fake arm.  
Felicia runs to stand in front of him.

FELICIA  
Jesus Christ! He's not the bad guy  
here! She's the car thief!

The cop looks at Ms. Tasty.

THIN COP  
Say Dan. Ain't she the perp from  
the FBI bulletin? The one who's  
stealing cars with her computer.

The fat cop squints up at her.

FAT COP  
Shit the tub.

EXT. SHAKEY'S PARKING LOT - LATER

A few more squad cars are there. Ms. Tasty and Bobby Jo are  
being read their rights while a medic bandages up Bobby Jo's  
leg. Felicia gives an eyewitness report to a cop.

FELICIA  
...and there's some guy named Luis  
who was waiting for them at Fifth  
and Crescent...

Andy and Randy are being interviewed by a hot blonde news  
reporter.

REPORTER  
I understand you gentlemen got a  
good look at the perpetrators.

ANDY  
We got more than a good look.

RANDY  
Yeah. We were banging that chick  
in our car.

ANDY  
Totally banging her. Hard.

REPORTER

Alright! Jesus Christ! Shut it down guys. We got any witnesses who aren't retarded!?

CAMERAMAN

We're live, Judy.

RANDY

(to cameraman)  
You bangin' her?

ANDY

We'd totally bang her.

Ian sits on the hood of a squad car, still in the donut suit. Felicia steps up, unzips Ian and helps him get his head out. \*

FELICIA

Thanks for coming for me.

IAN

What were you doing in the back seat?

FELICIA

I don't know.

IAN

You don't know. Jesus. Why can't you just say it?

FELICIA

You first.

IAN

Fine. You love me.

FELICIA

Okay. Well, you love me too then.

He kisses her. Then a longer one. Rex walks by.

REX

Thank god.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AMISH BARN - DAY

Ian, Rex, Lance and Felicia are milking cows. Rex is grossed out. They are all filthy and sweaty. They look like they've been at it a while.

VROOOM!! They look over to see the Judge being rolled out of the barn. The side damage is as good as new and now there are flames on the side. Rex stands, very pleased.

They all run to the car. Ezekiel climbs out and pulls off some extra masking tape around the moulding.

REX  
(to Ian)  
Okay. I guess you get to live.

EXT. AMISH BARN - LATER

Ian and Felicia are in the Judge. Rex kick starts his dirtbike.

REX  
Straight home, pussy! And keep  
your god damn phone on!

Rex takes off.

Lance and Mary are kissing near the barn. Ian honks the horn. Lance runs over.

IAN  
Dude, we gotta go.

LANCE  
You two go ahead. I'm gonna hang  
here and kick it Amish style.

IAN  
What are you talking about?

LANCE  
Hard work, fresh air, missionary  
position - sounds good.

FELICIA  
Lance. Give me a break.

Ian sees in Lance's eyes that he's serious. Ian gets out and gives Lance a hug.

LANCE  
Now, you two go 'visit grandma.'

Lance walks back to Mary. Ian and Felicia drive off into the summer evening.

DISSOLVE TO:

Close on Ian and Felicia, face to face, nothing but blue sky behind them. She kisses him.

FELICIA

Are you sure you're ready to do this?

IAN

Yeah.

A wide shot reveals that we are along a:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET

Ian tosses his shoes into the shoe tree. Felicia cheers. They stand and look for a moment more, then walk to the car barefooted. Felicia is fine but Ian is tip-towing and wincing as his tender feet feel every pebble.

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY - DUSK

The Judge rolls down the road. Felicia snuggles up to Ian in the front seat. They look deeply contented.

IAN (V.O.)

A few weeks later, I was Felicia's date to Tiffany's wedding. This time it wasn't a just-friends thing.

Cutaway to Ian and Felicia dancing together at the wedding. He kisses her.

IAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Tiffany was right, Felicia did ruin all the pictures.

Cutaway to a photo of the wedding party. Zoom in on Felicia. She is smiling but her hand is subtly giving the finger.

IAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

That night, Felicia and I finally 'visited grandma.'

Cutaway to Ian's basement. Felicia's yellow dress is on the floor. They lie together, winded and sweaty, on the old couch. After a beat, she pulls Ian back on top of her.

IAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...Twice.

Track past them and up the stairs. Rex stands at the top. He lights a pack of firecrackers, tosses them down the stairs and laughs his ass off as they pop off.

IAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Rex did make my life hell for a while. But two years later he finally came out to the family.

Cutaway to thanksgiving dinner. Rex stands and makes a tearful announcement. His mother cries; his father upends the turkey and storms out.

IAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 My parents got used to the idea. And Rex is a actually a pretty great guy these days. Now he only uses the word 'faggot' during sex.

Cutaway to Christmas dinner. Now Rex happily sits next to a handsome man. Mom and Dad smile and hand them a gift. Rex and his boyfriend delight as they unwrap a juicer.

IAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Let's see. What else. Oh, my dad made Dylan take my old job.

Cutaway to Dylan, working the counter at Senor Donut. Ron is smelling his finger with great interest.

IAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Andy & Randy finally got a girlfriend.

Cutaway to Andy and Randy with their arms around a slightly heavy young girl. They are gushing with pride.

IAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 ...and as for Lance's new simpler life among the Amish...

We return to where we left off, as Ian and Felicia drive away in the Judge. Ian's phone rings. He answers.

IAN (CONT'D)  
 (into the phone)  
 Hello?... What do you mean it's not working out? You've been Amish for forty five minutes!

The Judge turns around and drives back the other way.

FADE OUT.

THE END