

The Love Life of Joseph Stalin

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WGA REGISTERED

EXT. MCGUFFIN'S PUB - NIGHT

McGuffin's Pub, a run-down bar with the look of a wooden shack, stands short against the country fields.

A lack-luster "1/2 OFF FOR ALL CSU STUDENTS" sign hangs near the front entrance. Several cars fill the entirely dirt parking lot.

INT. MCGUFFIN'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

The inside of the pub is packed with college students as loud, boisterous music plays.

LARRY, a middle-aged bartender, is hardly able to keep up with the orders as they come. Waitresses in small black tank tops with short shorts busy themselves about the bar.

In the corner, NEIL, PETER, & ERIC, sit at a round table with a candle burning in the center, each with a mixed drink in hand. All of the guys are freshly 21 years of age and sport the snazziest of clothing. They all speak above the music.

NEIL

How are you supposed to pick up women with the music this loud?

PETER

I don't know man, but Vince doesn't seem to be having much of a problem.

Peter motions over towards VINCE, a tall statuesque spectacle of machismo, who stands next to an extremely attractive BLOND GIRL. Vince appears to be speaking to her with great ease and charm.

The blond giggles with nearly every sentence, pushing lightly against Vince's arm. She reaches into her purse and pulls out a small piece of paper, writing on it and handing it to him.

Vince walks away from her smiling, rejoining his group at the table.

ERIC

How in *God's name* do you do that?

A waitress approaches the table.

VINCE

(ignoring Eric)  
Gin & tonic.

She walks away.

Vince pulls out a cigarette and puts it to his lips. He takes the slip of paper with the number on it and sticks it into the fire of the candle.

ERIC

What the hell are you doing?

Vince lights his cigarette with the burning paper, tossing it into the awaiting ashtray.

VINCE

Not my type.

ERIC

Holy shit, you sure are something.

Vince takes a drag on his cigarette, expelling smoke into the air.

VINCE

Did I ever tell you about Joseph Stalin?

Everyone exchanges confused glances.

ERIC

The dictator?

Vince stares at Eric blankly.

VINCE

Yes, the dictator.

NEIL

What about him?

VINCE

Well, there's this story about him that's been told for years. It's a little different every time I hear it, and I'm gonna tell it the way I've heard it the most.

The waitress returns, setting his gin and tonic on the table.

VINCE (CONT'D)

So one day Stalin decides it would be a good time to meet with his top advisors; give 'em a little lesson in leadership.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

He made a few requests, though: one had to come with a chicken, the other had to come with some bread. When they all arrived, Stalin placed the chicken in the middle of the floor and walked to the other side of the room. He then took some bread and lured the chicken toward him.

At this point, Vince catches the eye of a SEXY BRUNETTE standing on the opposite side of the bar. He winks, and she smiles, shyly returning her gaze to her glass.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Once the chicken was within his grasp, Stalin snatched it up, violently ripping off a handful of feathers. The chicken fled, bleeding and hurt, cowering in the opposite side of the room. The advisors all looked at each other, wondering what he was trying to prove. But Stalin, showing no emotion, held out his hand once more; containing another handful of bread.

Vince looks over to the brunette again, and she turns to her friend at the bar, whispering and giggling.

VINCE (CONT'D)

And even though the chicken had been tortured from the very hand that fed it, it came back a second time. And Stalin, once again, snatched it up and tore off a handful of feathers. He proceeded to do this until the chicken lay there, bare, bloody, and unable to breathe. Stalin then took the chicken and held it before his advisors.

Vince stands up to address his group of friends, as they watch him in awe.

VINCE (CONT'D)

He looked one of them straight in the eye and said "*This* is how you deal with the people."

Vince leans in closely to the guys, with a sly smile on this face.

VINCE (CONT'D)

And the same goes for women.

Vince grabs his gin & tonic, walking away. All of the men are in shock.

PETER

He's going to hell.

ERIC

Yeah, but he's taking a lot of women with him.

Vince struts proudly across the bar floor, approaching the brunette.

JORDAN (V.O.)

You are a mighty, victorious knight, walking tall where other men have failed.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

JORDAN, a 21 year old college student, sits at his computer, typing away. He's an average looking young man, wearing glasses and conservative clothing.

On the computer screen is a poorly animated (and heavily pixilated) video game. The screen shows a young knight approaching a wizard in an ice cavern (a la "Big").

JORDAN

(reading, to himself)

You are now standing in the cavern of the evil wizard. All around you are the carcasses of slain ice dwarfs.

Jordan takes a sip from a nearby coffee cup.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(while typing)

Melt the wizard.

The screen reads "What do you want to melt him with?"

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(while typing)

Fire.

The screen reads "What kind of fire?"

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 (while typing)  
 What the hell do you mean 'What  
 kind of fire'?

The screen reads "Enchanted Fire?" Jordan sighs, getting angry.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 (while typing)  
 No, just FIRE.

The screen reads "Only enchanted fire can defeat the Wizard of Woldorf."

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 (while typing, yelling)  
 Fine, use enchanted fire.

The character on the screen approaches the wizard and uses "Enchanted Fire". The screen shows "1" point was taken off the Wizard's health. The Wizard immediately retaliates, cutting off the character's head.

The screen reads "You are dead. You should have used Enchanted Fire XPS!" Jordan deflates, hanging his head in defeat.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 I hate RPGs.

Jordan's phone on his desk rings. He picks it up.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Hello?

INT.

INT. JORDAN & VINCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vince opens the door, entering the apartment. The giggling and very drunk sexy brunette is close behind. She is barely able to keep her balance.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan turns his head, hearing Vince and the girl, and sighs.

JORDAN  
(to himself)  
Damn it.

He gets up from his chair and goes to close his door.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vince smiles as he sees Jordan.

VINCE  
Hey, Jordan.

JORDAN  
Yeah, hi Vince. I'll, uh, leave you  
guys alone.

Jordan starts to close his door.

VINCE  
Hey Jordan, wait.

Jordan stops.

JORDAN  
What?

VINCE  
I think we should talk.

JORDAN  
Uhh..ok.

Vince's smile and charm fades as he turns and looks at the  
sexy brunette, staring at her hard. The silence is thick and  
awkward as Jordan looks between the brunette and Vince.

The brunette's face suddenly lights up.

BRUNETTE  
Oh! I'll just leave you guys  
alone.

She starts walking over towards Vince's room.

VINCE  
Why don't you throw on something  
sexy and I'll meet you in there?

BRUNETTE  
But I haven't got anything.

VINCE

There ya go.

The brunette pauses for a minute, then giggles, walking into Vince's room and shutting the door.

JORDAN

Appears she hasn't got any self respect either.

VINCE

Eh, self respect's overrated.

JORDAN

What the hell does that even mean?

VINCE

Man, forget about her. C'mon.

Vince motions towards the couch.

VINCE (CONT'D)

We need to talk.

On the way, Vince stops to look in an obscenely large wall-length (width and height) mirror, adjusting his hair. He continues once he's done.

JORDAN

What?

Vince sits down, looking at him very seriously and concerned.

VINCE

We need to talk about the pussy.

JORDAN

Ok, that's it.

Jordan gets up quickly.

VINCE

What?

JORDAN

I'm sick of you trying to give me advice. I don't need your help.

VINCE

Oh, I think you do.

JORDAN

Why the hell do you even care so much?

VINCE

It's embarrassing. Having to come home every night and see you alone in your room with your video games. You don't see pussy unless it's pixilated. And me, I'm practically draped in pussy.

JORDAN

Stop saying that word!

VINCE

What word?

JORDAN

T-that word you say all the time.

VINCE

Pussy?

JORDAN

Yes, that one. You know, women aren't some objects you can just play around with at your will. They have thoughts and feelings, you know. And most importantly, they-have-names.

BRUNETTE (O.S.)

(yelling, teasing)

Vince, your pussy's waiting.

Jordan sinks his head down as Vince smiles widely at him.

JORDAN

Just go.

VINCE

I'll tell you what, Jordan. You come with me to the bar tomorrow night, let me show you how it's done, and if things don't work out, I won't bug you about this again, ok?

Jordan sighs.

JORDAN

Fine.

VINCE

Good. Now, if you'll excuse me.

Vince walks towards his room, while Jordan enters his own room, shutting the door.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan smacks his head against the door, shutting his eyes.

JORDAN  
Shit.

EXT. MCGUFFIN'S BAR - NIGHT

A "LADIES NIGHT" banner now hangs in front of the bar.

INT. MCGUFFIN'S BAR - NIGHT

Neil and Peter sit at their table, drinks in hand, talking. Vince approaches them with Jordan at his side. Jordan is wearing a dress shirt, pants, and a tie.

VINCE  
Guys, this is Jordan. He'll be joining us tonight.

PETER & NEIL  
(nodding their heads up)  
'sup?

JORDAN  
Uh, hi.

Jordan and Vince take a seat.

NEIL  
We were just playing the porn name game.

JORDAN  
What's the porn name game?

NEIL  
You say the name of the first pet you had and the street you grew up on, and that's your porn name.

JORDAN  
And this is fun?

NEIL  
Of course it's fucking fun.  
(turning to Vince)  
(MORE)

NEIL (CONT'D)

Where the hell did you find this kid?

VINCE

He's my new roommate, so shut the hell up.

NEIL

Fine. Anyway, my porn name is Chester Long.

Everyone laughs, except Jordan.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Hey Pete, what's yours?

PETER

Buzz Woodman.

Everyone laughs again.

NEIL

Aw man, that's classic. What about you?

Neil motions towards Jordan.

JORDAN

Me?

NEIL

Yeah, first pet name, first street.

JORDAN

Uhh..

(pauses to think)

Joshua 48th Avenue.

Everyone's smiles fade as they just stare at Jordan.

NEIL

You suck at this game.

JORDAN

Yeah, I'll try better in my next life.

Neil scoffs at this.

NEIL

(to Vince)

Your roommate's a real smart ass. Why the hell do you two even live together?

JORDAN  
Assigned housing.

Eric approaches the table, smiling ear-to-ear. The waitress approaches.

ERIC  
(still smiling)  
A gin & tonic, please. Thanks.

Eric sits down, still all smiles. Neil looks at him in disgust.

NEIL  
What the hell are you so happy about?

ERIC  
Oh, nothing. Just managed to get myself a number, that's all.

NEIL  
Bullshit.

Eric reaches into his pocket, pulling out a piece of paper, and tossing it to Neil.

ERIC  
See for yourself.

Neil opens it up, reading.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
It just takes patience and a little bit of determination, my friend. You'd know that if you ever left the table.

Neil holds up the slip of paper.

NEIL  
This is an 800 number, you idiot.

Neil crumples it up and tosses it over to Eric.

ERIC  
What?

Eric opens it up frantically, reading it.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Well, I'm gonna call it anyway.

Eric pockets the number.

NEIL  
Yeah, see how far that gets you.

JORDAN  
At least it's toll free.

Vince chuckles, and Eric notices this. He motions towards Jordan.

ERIC  
Who the hell is this?

VINCE  
This here is my roommate; Jordan.  
We're going to help him get a  
woman.

ERIC  
What do you want us to do?

VINCE  
You? Nothing. Everyone else here  
can help me show him the ropes.

Eric sinks back in his seat, upset.

JORDAN  
I'm actually not looking to-  
(pause)  
-score.

PETER  
Of course you're not. You're just  
looking to meet a nice, attractive  
girl.

JORDAN  
Well-

ERIC  
-That you can bang.

Eric laughs obnoxiously. He's the only one.

NEIL  
Who the hell says "bang" anymore?

ERIC  
Shut up Neil.

VINCE  
Let's just start with the basics:  
the approach. Now, say you see  
some steaming hot pu-

Jordan looks at him wearily.

VINCE (CONT'D)

A, uh, respectable woman of the world. What do you do?

JORDAN

I don't know. Buy her a drink, I guess.

ERIC

Wrong! Man, it's all about the pick up line. You get that down, you're in.

Vince looks clearly upset he's been interrupted.

JORDAN

The pick-up line?

VINCE

Don't listen to him. He hasn't been laid in years. Do you think girls actually go for that "if I could re-arrange the alphabet" shit?

ERIC

Fine, then what would you do?

VINCE

You have to give the girl a compliment. Girls spend *hours* getting ready to go out and they like it when their efforts get noticed.

NEIL

That's all well and good, but if you really want to get laid, I'm sorry, but it's all about the package. Girls think your package is big, their mailbox is wide open.

He gestures to his crotch which seems to be stuffed.

JORDAN

No offense, but if you guys know so much, how come you're all here by yourselves, talking about porn?

They all mutter and grumble their answers, none of which can be heard distinctly except for Eric as the grumbling dies down.

ERIC

-and they all have herpes.

VINCE

Good point, Jordan. Don't listen to these guys. Your first instinct is good. You want to buy the girl a drink. No matter what she wants, order two of it. One for you, and one for her. But drink yours slowly.

JORDAN

Why?

VINCE

So you can offer it to her when you're done. You have to stay sharp.

JORDAN

I don't really know if this is for me.

VINCE

Only one way to find out. C'mon. It's time for you to give it a try.

Vince gets up and Jordan follows.

JORDAN

I don't know if I can do this.

VINCE

Fuck that. Here I'll help you pick out the girl. Talk to-

Vince scans the bar with his finger. He rests on an extremely attractive BRUNETTE WOMAN, with short hair, sitting at the bar.

Vince is in awe of how beautiful she is. He just stands there, finger extended.

JORDAN

Her?

Vince shakes his head quickly.

VINCE

What?

He looks from Jordan to the brunette.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Her? No. I'll take her. You take-

Vince looks around rapidly, and carelessly points to a woman sitting in the corner; alone. She is a very UNATTRACTIVE OLDER WOMAN. A 45 year old woman who wears the tight, unflattering clothes of a 20 year old.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Her.

JORDAN  
What? No way.

Vince pats him on the back, still staring at the brunette.

VINCE  
No, go for it, man.

He begins to walk away, and turns around as he walks.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
You know what they say about older women.

JORDAN  
Yeah, they're old.

Vince doesn't hear him, as he's already making his way to the brunette.

Jordan sighs, looking to the older woman. She's hacking up a lung while she puts out a cigarette out.

He looks back to the table to see Eric making an exaggerated motion symbolizing fellatio. The guys at the table laugh while he performs.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Man, screw this.

Jordan walks towards the bathroom, violently pushing the door open and entering.

INT. BAR - MCGUFFIN'S PUB - NIGHT

Vince slides up next to the brunette at the bar.

VINCE  
Mind if I buy you a drink?

The brunette turns to face Vince.

BRUNETTE

No, thanks. Already have one.

She holds up a brightly colored drink with tons of umbrellas and fruit in it.

VINCE

Good Lord, where do you even have room to drink from on that?

BRUNETTE

Everything shifts occasionally.

She mimics the assortment shifting to one side of the glass.

BRUNETTE (CONT'D)

It's rare, but I manage to get a sip in every now and again. My roommates suggested this drink. Told me I wouldn't be able to taste the alcohol.

Vince smiles slyly.

VINCE

Those are the best kind.

Vince motions to the bartender.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Larry!

Larry comes over, nodding his head in response.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Get this woman another-

Vince motions to the brunette.

BRUNETTE

Tropical Orgasm.

VINCE

(to Larry)

Tropical Orgasm.

Larry nods, leaving.

BRUNETTE

Oh, no, I don't really need another.

VINCE  
It's ok. I'll hang onto it until  
you do.

Vince smiles at her. She smiles back.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
I'm-

BRUNETTE  
Vince, I know.

Vince is taken aback by this.

VINCE  
You know?

BRUNETTE  
Yeah, we had English Lit together.

VINCE  
Wow. I hardly ever went to that  
class. Glad to see I made an  
impression.

The brunette smiles.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
And you are?

BRUNETTE  
Leslie.

INT. BATHROOM - MCGUFFIN'S PUB - NIGHT

Jordan stands at the urinal, staring ahead angrily at the wall. He stares at a crudely drawn penis on the wall in front of him.

He sighs.

JORDAN  
(through gritted teeth)  
Is there a single male in this God-  
forsaken world that's not a  
complete douchebag?

A YOUNG MAN standing at the urinal next to Jordan looks over at him. He's clearly inebriated, and barely able to stand erect.

YOUNG MAN  
Dude, what the hell's your problem?

JORDAN

Oh, nothing. Nothing except the fact that I'm staring at the representation of all that's wrong with the male sector of society.

YOUNG MAN

The dick?

JORDAN

Yes, the dick.

YOUNG MAN

Dude, it's just a dick.

Jordan turns to the young male, eyes full of rage.

JORDAN

(yells, angrily)

It's more than just a dick!

Silence punctuates Jordan's yelling as the two of them turn to see a patron of the bar who has just entered. The patron looks at the two of them, mouth agape. Without saying anything, he turns around and leaves.

The young man inches away from Jordan.

YOUNG MAN

Man, something's wrong with you.

JORDAN

Yeah, something's wrong with me because I choose not to draw erect penises on men's room walls. That I choose not to be crude in everything I say and do.

A man at a urinal far down the way leans back, looking thoughtfully at Jordan.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Or come to a sleazy bar every night participating in the further degradation of women. Or even that I find the very concept of treating women-

A man on the toilet in a stall stops drawing on the walls and listens thoughtfully to Jordan on the other side

JORDAN (CONT'D)

-with a little thing called "respect" as being sane or logical.  
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Yeah, something's really wrong with me.

The young man zips up.

YOUNG MAN  
Dude, you're a fucking fag.

He leaves. Jordan's face is paralyzed with anger.

Still visibly enraged, Jordan zips up and goes to wash his hands. He dries them and then flings the men's room door open and leaves. As the door shuts we see someone has crudely drawn a gigantic picture of an ejaculating penis on the door.

INT. BAR - MCGUFFIN'S PUB - NIGHT

Vince now sits at a booth with Leslie; a few empty glasses in front of them. Vince holds his arm out, grasping an imaginary item in his fist.

VINCE  
-And so then he finishes the story saying 'And the same goes for women'. I mean, can you believe that?

Vince shakes his head.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Honestly, some guys just have no idea how to treat a woman. They're nothing more than "pussy"-

Vince does the quotations signal with his hands.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
-to them. God, even saying that word bothers me.

Leslie nods. She doesn't seem to be buying this act. She looks at her watch.

LESLIE  
I should really be going.

VINCE  
I'll walk you to your car.

Leslie looks at Vince for a moment, thinking.

LESLIE

Ok, sure.

The two begin to gather their things.

INT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Jordan walks down the road, hands in his pockets, breathing out clouds of cold air. His tie is loosened, his face fixed with an angered expression.

JORDAN

(mumbling, to himself)

Damn Vince. Ditch me tonight.  
Stupid idea anyway.

A Red Chevy Cavalier pulls up next to Jordan, slowing down. The window rolls down. Jordan bends down, peering in curiously.

Inside, a nerdy but cute BLOND GIRL with glasses, leans over towards the passenger window from the driver's side.

BLOND GIRL

Hey, need a lift?

Jordan looks up the road, breathing out another puff of cold air. He looks back to the girl.

JORDAN

Yeah. But how do you know I'm not  
a homicidal maniac?

BLOND GIRL

Do you honestly think you look like  
a homicidal maniac?

JORDAN

Well, no. But they say those are  
the ones that usually are.

BLOND GIRL

I can't believe this. Are you  
actually trying to convince me to  
leave you here?

JORDAN

Well, no, I-I, um-

BLOND GIRL

(laughs)

Just get in the car.

INT. KELLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Jordan gets in, rubbing himself to warm up.

BLOND GIRL  
I'm Kelly.

JORDAN  
Jordan.

KELLY  
Just to let you know, I have mace.

Jordan smiles.

JORDAN  
Nice to meet you too.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MCGUFFIN'S PUB- NIGHT

Vince and Leslie walk towards her car. She approaches the driver's side, and Vince immediately goes to the passenger side.

Leslie just looks at Vince as he stands at the car door.

LESLIE  
What are you doing?

VINCE  
Oh, I thought we were going to continue our conversation elsewhere.

LESLIE  
No, I really do need to be going. I have a big day ahead of me tomorrow.

Vince walks around to the driver's side, approaching Leslie.

VINCE  
C'mon. You can spare a couple hours, can't you?

LESLIE  
You're not used to hearing 'No', are you?

VINCE  
'Bout as often as I hear 'I should really be going.'

Leslie sighs.

LESLIE

Vince, I lied. I don't just know you from class.

VINCE

What do you mean?

LESLIE

I know what you're like. I've heard quite a lot about you.

VINCE

What? From who?

LESLIE

Well, no one specifically. But girls talk, Vince. I mean, it's all been second hand accounts, but they all seem pretty bad. Nobody's painted the best picture of you.

VINCE

Well, you can't believe everything you hear.

LESLIE

And normally I'd believe you on that, but it seems to be a unanimous consensus from everyone I talk to.

Vince sinks his head down, not making eye contact.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Are you OK?

Vince looks up, his face stricken with sadness.

VINCE

Yeah. It's just hard to get away from that stigma, you know? Everyone thinks I'm a horrible person, but really, I'm so sensitive and caring I sometimes surprise myself. You see, I put up this front around the guys about getting laid; but really, all I wanna do is cuddle and talk. And because of how I act around them, everyone thinks I'm something that I'm not.

Vince chuckles.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I mean, all you'd need to do is really talk to one of my ex-girlfriends. They'd tell you that deep down, I'm a really sweet guy.

Leslie thinks for a moment.

LESLIE

Maybe I will.

Vince looks at her in shock.

VINCE

You will, what?

LESLIE

Talk to one of your ex-girlfriends.

VINCE

Uhh..

LESLIE

Yeah, that's what I'll do. I'll talk to one of them when I get back from vacation.

VINCE

Vacation?

LESLIE

Yeah, that's what my 'big day' is tomorrow. I'm leaving for a week with my family on a vacation. But I tell ya what; when I get back, I'll talk to one of your ex-girlfriends to see what you're really like. Then I guess we'll go from there.

Leslie opens up her car door, getting halfway in.

VINCE

How are you going to find out who my ex-girlfriends are?

LESLIE

I told, Vince. Girls talk.

Leslie smiles, getting into her car. Vince stands there, watching her drive off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Kelly's Chevy pulls up in front of Jordan's apartment complex.

INT. KELLY'S CAR - NIGHT

JORDAN

Well, uh, it was really nice meeting you.

(pause)

Thanks again for the ride.

KELLY

You didn't thank me a first time.

JORDAN

Oh. Sorry.

Kelly smiles, laughing a little. She reaches for her purse, putting it on her lap, looking through it.

She pulls out a slip of paper and a pen and starts writing.

KELLY

I'm gonna give you my number.

She finishes writing and extends it out to Jordan.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Just in case you ever need another ride.

Jordan takes the slip of paper.

JORDAN

Maybe next time you can leave your mace at home.

Kelly smiles.

KELLY

We'll see.

INT. JORDAN & VINCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan enters the apartment, smiling ear-to-ear. He heads towards his room, but notices Vince still up; at his own computer. He crosses over to Vince's room.

JORDAN  
Hey, thanks for ditching me  
tonight.

Vince doesn't look away from his work on the computer screen.

VINCE  
(uninterested)  
Yeah, no problem.

Jordan crosses over to Vince's bed, flopping down.

JORDAN  
Doesn't matter anyway. 'Cause I  
met an amazing girl tonight.

Vince grunts back in response. Jordan gets up, walking over  
to the computer.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
What the heck are you working on?

VINCE  
I'm making a list.

JORDAN  
Of what?

VINCE  
Of all the girls I've ever been  
with.

Jordan just stands there for a moment.

JORDAN  
Why, what STD did you contract?

Vince grunts in response.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
No, really. Why are you making a  
list?

VINCE  
Because I have to convince all of  
my ex-girlfriends I'm a good guy,  
and I only have one week.

Vince swivels back around to his computer. Jordan's face  
remains confused, as he tries to piece it together.

JORDAN  
I know I'm starting to sound like a  
broken record, but-  
(MORE)

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(pause)

-why?

Vince swivels back around.

VINCE

Look, I met this girl, and she heard I'm kind of a douche-

JORDAN

Kind of?

VINCE

Shut up, and let me finish.

(pause)

Anyway, she's fuckin' smokin' hot, and she won't touch me until she talks to one of my exes, to find out if I'm the sweet, sensitive guy I told her I was.

JORDAN

But you're not.

VINCE

Exactly.

Vince swivels around back to his computer, typing away.

JORDAN

But why the hell are you going to this much trouble? It's just one girl.

VINCE

Dude. It's not going to be that hard. I'll talk to a few girls, smooth some stuff over, and I'll be set.

JORDAN

Not that hard? You've got over 50 girls on this list! And most of them aren't even names, just vague descriptions.

VINCE

That's why when I finish typing this up I'm going to eliminate all one night stands-those girls probably don't even remember me anyway.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

And once I get it down to the girls I spent a substantial amount of time with—which is lookin' like it might be around 4- then the fun begins. And before you know it, the pussy'll be mine.

(pause)

Hmm, I suppose if I'm going to be all sweet and sensitive I should probably start acting like it, eh?

(to Jordan)

What do you call pussy again?

JORDAN

(unamused)

A woman.

VINCE

Right. Looks like I'll have a lot to learn from you. You'll be useful in this whole thing.

JORDAN

I'm not helping you on this.

VINCE

Bullshit you're not. You're in charge of the re-con work.

JORDAN

Re-con work?

VINCE

Yeah, I don't really-uh-talk to, any of these girls anymore, so it'll help to know a bit about them before I go into this.

Jordan walks away.

JORDAN

No.

VINCE

Aw, come on!

Jordan goes in his room, slamming his door.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(yells)

I'll see you bright and early tomorrow morning.

Vince goes back to work.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - DAY

Jordan wakes up, stretching out. He throws his legs over the side of the bed, hopping out.

INT. JORDAN & VINCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jordan comes out of his room, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. He yawns, looking over to see Vince's door shut.

JORDAN

Hmm.

He looks back to his door, and sees an envelope taped to it. "RECON" is written in big letters across it.

Jordan peels it off the door, staring at it quizzically, scratching his head.

INT. FOOD COURT - CSU - DAY

Jordan sits at a lunch table, with a tray of food in front of him. He holds a piece of paper in one hand, and a folded up newspaper in the other.

He pulls out a piece of paper with two names written on it. "ASHLEY YOUNG" & "ALEXIS ROMONOV.

"I'LL WORK ON THE OTHER TWO - VINCE" is written below it.

Jordan looks over to the newspaper. It features an article with the headline "STUDENT RECEIVES AWARD FOR MISSION WORK". The caption reads that the student is "ASHLEY YOUNG".

JORDAN

(to himself)

Why did you go out with him? You should have gone out with someone nice like me. I would have been good to you.

ERIC (O.S.)

Hey.

Jordan looks up to find Eric staring at him. An awkward pause passes. Jordan sets down the letter and newspaper.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Jordan, right?

JORDAN

Yeah.

ERIC

You and Vince go home happy last night? Or this morning?

Eric laughs obnoxiously, elbowing Jordan.

JORDAN

You could say that.

ERIC

Well, there's no question Vince did, but how did things go for you?

Jordan puts his book down, looking at Eric with a smile.

JORDAN

You know, it's a funny thing about Vince-

Jordan holds up the paper as he speaks.

INT. ERIC & NEIL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Eric is motioning for Neil and Peter to follow him into the living room.

ERIC

C'mon, c'mon..

NEIL

What?

ERIC

I want you guys to see something.

Eric leads them in front of a wall containing a giant poster-board. The board has "VINCE'S CHALLENGE" written on the top. Down the sides are "Girls 1-4".

Eric does a "Ta-Da" pose in front of it.

NEIL

What the hell is this?

ERIC

Gentlemen, allow me to propose to you a little competition.

INT. JORDAN & VINCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan opens the door, entering. He walks in, tossing his bookbag on the floor.

JORDAN  
(loudly)  
Vince?

Jordan makes his way across the room.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(loudly)  
I did your stupid re-con.

Jordan throws the folded up newspaper at Vince's door.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
Vince?

No answer. Jordan shrugs, heading into his own room, shutting the door.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan sleeps peacefully in his bed. He suddenly stirs awake, looking to the end of the bed.

He jumps at the sight of Vince sitting there, in the "Thinker" position, not moving. He's bathed in moonlight, completely naked.

JORDAN  
Vince? Where the heck have you  
been?

Jordan rubs his eyes, and then looks hard at Vince.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Ar-Are you naked?

VINCE  
Yeah.

JORDAN  
Why?

VINCE  
I couldn't sleep.

Vince sighs, looking down.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Jordan?

JORDAN  
Yeah?

Vince looks Jordan in the eye.

VINCE  
Do you ever-  
(takes a deep breath in)  
-do you ever question if you're a  
good person?

JORDAN  
I think everyone does.

VINCE  
I know. I'm just starting to think  
that maybe I should have been a  
better person. Treated women with  
more respect, really listened and  
cared about what they had to say.  
I just-

Vince stops, holding back tears.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
I just hope there's time to fix all  
the harm I've caused.

Vince looks at Jordan, eyes filled with tears. Jordan looks  
at Vince thoughtfully.

JORDAN  
There's always time.

Vince continues to look at Jordan, but suddenly breaks down  
laughing.

VINCE  
Aw man, I'm just fuckin' with ya.  
That was good though, wasn't it?

Jordan looks at Vince, shocked. Vince continues to laugh.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
(mocks)  
There's always time.

Vince gets up.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Man, I hope the girls are as easy  
as you. Prolly coulda fucked you  
if I wanted to.

Vince leaves the room. Jordan sits there, stewing.

JORDAN

Douchebag.

INT. CAMPUS CHURCH - RECTORY - DAY

ASHLEY, a cute 21 year old girl, hands some papers to the  
older receptionist, smiling.

RECEPTIONIST

Thanks Ashley. Welcome back.

ASHLEY

Thanks Rita.

Ashley walks away, smiling, Bible at her side. She walks to  
the entrance doors of the meeting room and enters.

INT. CAMPUS CHURCH - MEETING ROOM - DAY

In the center of the room college students sit in a circle of  
chairs. They all turn to acknowledge Ashley as she enters.

CHRIS PETERS, an older gentleman, stands up and approaches  
Ashley with enthusiasm.

CHRIS PETERS

Ashley! Glad to see you're back!

ASHLEY

Good to be back.

CHRIS PETERS

I heard you really did some amazing  
things down South.

ASHLEY

Yeah, it was tough. But rewarding.

CHRIS PETERS

Well, rest assured, you were in all  
our prayers while you were away.

ASHLEY

I know. Mind if I lead the session  
today?

CHRIS PETERS

Sure. We were just getting to know  
our newest member.

Chris begins to lead Ashley over to the circle. He extends  
his hand, motioning towards the circle.

CHRIS PETERS (CONT'D)

Ashley, meet Vince.

Vince, sitting upright in his chair, smiles up at Ashley.  
His hair is neatly combed, he wears a sweater vest and  
slacks, and a cross around his neck.

Ashley stares at Vince in shock.

VINCE

Hello Ashley.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - DAY

Jordan paces back and forth, holding a phone in one hand and  
a slip of paper in the other.

JORDAN

(to himself)

Ok, I gotta do this, I gotta do  
this-

He begins dialing the number. He drops the phone.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Ugh, I can't do this.

Jordan sighs in defeat. He looks over to the computer  
screen. The same screen from before with the wizard and the  
knight is displayed.

Jordan stares at the knight on the screen, and a look of  
determination suddenly crosses his face. He goes back to the  
phone and begins dialing again.

Putting the phone between his ear and his shoulder, he begins  
typing on the computer. As the phone begins to ring, Jordan  
types "Use Enchanted Fire XPS."

The knight approaches the wizard and shoots him with  
Enchanted Fire XPS. The wizard falls.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

(yells)

Yes!

The wizard suddenly pulls out a gun and shoots the knight.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
(yells)  
Oh, what the fuck?!

KELLY  
(on the phone)  
Uh, hello?

Jordan's eyes go wide, and he does not move.

INT. CAMPUS CHURCH - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Chris Peters and Ashley still stand in front of Vince and the group.

CHRIS PETERS  
So Ashley, Vince was just telling  
us about his recent mission work in  
Africa helping-  
(looks to Vince)  
-what tribe did you say it was,  
again?

Everyone turns to look at Vince.

VINCE  
The...uh...  
(pause)  
-Boogaloos.

Ashley eyes Vince suspiciously.

CHRIS PETERS  
Hmm. Don't believe I've heard of  
that one.

VINCE  
Oh, they're quite an amazing one, I  
must say. Very interested in the  
power of dance.

Chris nods, impressed.

CHRIS PETERS  
Well, that certainly is impressive,  
and you'll definitely have to tell  
us more about it later. But we  
really should be getting started.

Chris turns to Ashley.

CHRIS PETERS (CONT'D)

Ashley, would you like to start us off with a prayer?

Chris sits down, and Ashley joins him.

ASHLEY

Actually, I think Vince should lead our session tonight. I mean, he's led a whole *tribe* of people, so I think he can handle this. And plus, I'm very intrigued to see his methods.

CHRIS PETERS

That sounds like a good idea. What do ya say, Vince?

VINCE

Well, I..uh...sure.

CHRIS PETERS

The lesson we're focusing on today is in Matthew, Chapter 12. So if you could just start us off with a prayer and then read us the passage, that would be great.

VINCE

Yeah...I don't exactly have a Bible.

CHRIS PETERS

Oh, that's fine. We have plenty.

Chris motions behind him to a towering bookcase of Bibles.

ASHLEY

Pretty odd, you coming to *Bible study* without a Bible, Vince.

VINCE

Well, I'm a firm believer that the true Bible-

Vince touches his heart.

VINCE (CONT'D)

-is in here.

A couple students exchange confused glances. Vince stands up.

VINCE (CONT'D)

For even Jesus himself did not use a Bible to preach the word of God. And in that respect I feel I should do the same. Strictly using the Bible makes it so that we get caught up too much in the "words" of the Bible; and focus less on the meaning behind those words. For when God wrote the Bible those many, many years ago-he had one simple message; love-

Vince looks at Ashley.

VINCE (CONT'D)

-and forgiveness.

Ashley looks down at the Bible on her lap.

CHRIS PETERS

Well, that's all well and good Vince, but here - at Bible study - we ask that you study-the-Bible.

Vince pulls a Bible off the shelf.

VINCE

Of course. I apologize. I'll get one before the next meeting.

Vince takes a seat.

CHRIS PETERS

Would you like to lead us in prayer now, Vince?

VINCE

Prayer?

CHRIS PETERS

Yes.

VINCE

Umm...any one in particular?

CHRIS PETERS

Just say whatever comes to your heart.

VINCE

Ok.

(pause)

Well-

INT. JORDAN & VINCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jordan sits on the couch with Kelly, the two just finishing laughing.

KELLY  
So, the wizard had a gun, then?

JORDAN  
Yeah, I know. It's really dorky to play those games.

KELLY  
(still chuckling)  
No, no. It's cute. My eight year old brother likes to play them.

Jordan stops laughing, and looks at Kelly seriously.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
I'm just kidding, Jordan.

Jordan chuckles again.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Even he's too old for those games.

JORDAN  
Funny.

KELLY  
Oh, lighten up.

Jordan smiles, reaching for his coffee on the table.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
So, why is it I've never met your roommate? You do have one, don't you?

JORDAN  
Uh, yeah. He's been kind of busy these past few days.

KELLY  
With what?

JORDAN  
You know, I'd rather not talk about it.

KELLY  
Why not?

JORDAN

Well, he's really not the best person in the world. He's actually quite evil.

KELLY

Oh come on, he can't be that bad.

INT. CAMPUS CHURCH - MEETING ROOM - DAY

A college student stares ahead, mouth agape.

VINCE (O.S.)

-and may the Sodomites burn for all eternity.

Vince is standing as he enthusiastically recites his prayer.

Pause. Dead silence.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Amen.

Vince sits back down. Chris clears his throat.

CHRIS PETERS

Well, um, thank you Vince. That was an interesting prayer.

Vince nods his head in response.

VINCE

You're welcome. Would you like me to do the reading now?

CHRIS PETERS

(quickly)

NO!

(composes himself)

No, that's OK, Vince. I think you've done enough for today.

Chris pulls out his Bible.

CHRIS PETERS (CONT'D)

If you'd all open your Bibles to Matthew, Chapter 12, we can begin today's lesson.

Ashley stares at Vince hard.

INT. CAMPUS CHURCH - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Vince is stacking some chairs on top of one another, as the students leave the meeting room. Ashley walks up to him.

ASHLEY  
Why are you here, Vince?

VINCE  
The same reason you're here.

Vince smiles, walking away carrying a chair. Ashley walks over to catch up with him.

ASHLEY  
It's just a little hard to believe you've changed, that's all.

VINCE  
And believe me, I can definitely see why you'd say that. Tell ya what, you wanna come shopping with me later? It'll give you a chance to get to know the new me.

ASHLEY  
I don't know, Vince...

VINCE  
C'mon. What would Jesus do?

Ashley looks at him, thoughtfully.

INT. CHRISTIAN STORE - DAY

Vince, still dressed prim and proper, walks down the aisle beside Ashley. Vince carries a basket in front of him, smiling ear to ear.

The aisles of the store are wall-to-wall Christian paraphernalia. As Vince walks he plucks random items off the shelf without glancing.

ASHLEY  
Wow Vince, when you said 'go shopping', I thought you meant for groceries or clothing...I had no idea you meant coming *here*.

VINCE  
Well, no day is really complete without a trip to my favorite Christian superstore.  
(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 (chuckles)  
 I'm practically on a first name  
 basis with the whole staff.

Vince smiles wide, pointing at a teenage staff member as they pass him.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 Hey Frank! How's-  
 (pause)  
 God?

They continue on, as the teenager stares at Vince in puzzlement.

ASHLEY  
 I'm just in awe at how much you've  
 changed. It's really great to see  
 you've let Jesus into your heart.

Vince stops, turning to face Ashley.

VINCE  
 Oh, I've let 'em all in there.  
 Jesus....God-  
 (laughs, smiling)  
 Jesus & God.

Ashley giggles along with Vince. The two stop giggling and look at each other as an awkward moment passes between them.

Ashley notices the shelf of Bibles behind Vince.

ASHLEY  
 Oh! You needed a Bible, didn't  
 you?

VINCE  
 I did! Wanna help me pick one out?

ASHLEY  
 Sure.

They both turn to face the shelf, scanning the Bibles.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
 Did you want the King James version  
 or the International version?

VINCE  
 (gruffly)  
 What's the difference?

Ashley turns abruptly and stares at Vince, disturbed by this question.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
He..he...just kidding.

Ashley smiles, pushing Vince.

ASHLEY  
You goof.

Vince laughs along, breathing out a sigh of relief when she looks away.

INT. JORDAN & VINCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jordan sits on the couch, flipping through channels. Vince's door opens behind him, and he turns his head to look.

Out walks Vince in full priest garb, carrying a Bible against his chest.

JORDAN  
Ok, now that's just too far.

VINCE  
Oh, relax. I'm just going to a costume party. You should-

JORDAN  
I'm not coming with you.

VINCE  
Come on, Jordan. It'll be good to have someone their who can attest to my good character.

Jordan sets the remote down, getting up.

JORDAN  
You don't have good character. In fact, you're one of the worst people I know. I'm surprised that suit didn't burn your flesh.

VINCE  
Now that you mention it, it is kind of itchy.

Jordan rolls his eyes, walking towards his room.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 (yells)  
 Oh come on, I'm just playing with  
 ya.

Vince dismisses Jordan with his hand, and turns back towards his room. He catches his eye in the wall-length mirror, and looks at himself for a minute.

Adjusting his hair, he then unbuttons the top two buttons of the costume, exposing his chest.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 There we go.

Vince continues into his room, shutting the door.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

Vince exits his apartment, still dressed in the priest outfit. He turns around to lock the door.

ERIC (O.S.)  
 Vince!

Vince turns to see Eric running up.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
 Hey, haven't seen you around the  
 bar lately.

VINCE  
 Yeah, I've been-  
 (pause)  
 -busy.

Vince begins walking away, and Eric quickly walks to catch up.

ERIC  
 I'll say. Jordan told me about the  
 girls-

Vince stops, and turns quickly to Jordan, angered.

VINCE  
 Wait, Jordan told you?

ERIC  
 (timidly)  
 He may have mentioned it, in  
 passing.

VINCE  
 You didn't tell anyone else, did  
 you?

ERIC  
 Uhh..

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC & NEIL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Eric stands in front of the competition board. In front of  
 him is a crowd of college students, all yelling, pushing;  
 reminiscent of the stock market.

CUT TO:

INT. DORM HALLWAY - NIGHT

ERIC  
 No, I didn't really tell anyone.

VINCE  
 Ok, good. The less people that  
 know about this the better.

Vince continues to walk again.

ERIC  
 (yells after)  
 Where ya goin?

VINCE  
 To pray.

Pause.

ERIC  
 (yelling after)  
 That's cool. I'll just, uh, I'll  
 just catch up with ya later.  
 (nods, to himself)  
 Ok.

INT. CAMPUS REC ROOM - NIGHT

Ashley stands near the punch bowl, looking around.

VINCE  
 Peace be with you.

Ashley whips around.

ASHLEY

Vince!

VINCE

How's the party going?

ASHLEY

Great! Derek is just warming us up with a prayer.

Ashley motions over to the stage, where many students congregate.

On the stage stands a spiky-haired ACOUSTIC GUITARIST. He plays the same chords over and over again, his eyes tightly closed. He speaks very softly, swaying his head as he strums.

ACOUSTIC GUITARIST

Jesus, you are so awesome. Please, continue to fill us with your awesome power, and make our lives so very, very-  
(pause)  
-awesome.

Vince nods his head, tight-lipped.

VINCE

Awesome.

Ashley giggles.

ASHLEY

It'll pick up once the DJ gets set up.

VINCE

Yeah, I'll bet.

Suddenly, a hard-core rap song comes on, and everyone on the floor cheers. Multi-colored lights frantically criss-cross the dance floor, as Vince watches on in puzzlement.

What commences is an all out bumping, grinding, near-orgy dance-fest. Crucifix necklaces bounce everywhere as women & men perform unspeakable dance moves.

Vince watches in utter shock.

ASHLEY

Do you wanna dance?

VINCE

God yes.

The two of them walk towards the floor.

INT. ERIC & NEIL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

A hand, presumably Eric's, puts a check mark in the box "Success" next to "GIRL #1's name."

EXT. CAMPUS DINING HALL - DAY

Vince waits outside the dining hall, scrolling through a bible. SALLY and a few other girls are talking as they leave.

VINCE

Hey Sally, wait up.

Sally sees Vince and just about chokes.

SALLY

(to the girls)

Hey, I'll talk to you guys later.

They say goodbye and leave her with Vince.

SALLY (CONT'D)

(to Vince)

What the hell do you want?

VINCE

I wanted to see you. I felt bad about the way I left things.

SALLY

Are you serious? You're just now feeling bad about the way you left things? Do you have any idea what I've been through?

VINCE

I know, I was a jerk, but hear me out.

SALLY

Did you know you were my first? I was in love with you, and you were just using me.

VINCE

Really, I was your first?

SALLY  
God, you didn't know me at all.

VINCE  
Well in the biblical sense I did.

He gestures to the bible.

SALLY  
Oh, that's really funny.

VINCE  
I'm sorry. Just trying to lighten  
the mood.

SALLY  
You really don't get it. I'm not at  
a point where I can deal with you.  
Just leave me alone.

VINCE  
But I wanted to tell you I'm  
changed. Look I have bible and  
everything!

He again gestures to the bible.

SALLY  
Go away.

She starts walking away.

VINCE  
C'mon, don't be like that.

SALLY  
(turning back)  
You know, there was a time when I  
would have listened to this. A time  
when I wanted more than anything  
else to hear this from you. That  
was four months ago. Now, I'm done  
with you, and I'm not going to help  
you alleviate your guilt.

She again walks off. Vince stands there speechless.

EXT. CAMPUS WALKWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jordan walks fast as Vince races to catch up with him.

JORDAN  
Go away, I'm not helping you  
anymore.

VINCE  
C'mon, not you too. What crawled up  
your ass this morning?

JORDAN  
I'm not lying for you. Those people  
really believed you ya know. Maybe  
you should stop spending so much  
effort pretending you're a good  
person, and spend a little more  
effort actually becoming a good  
person.

VINCE  
Hey, I meant every word I said to  
those people.

JORDAN  
Oh, so you really love Jesus?

VINCE  
As a friend.

Jordan scowls.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Okay, not every word. But I did  
mean it when I said I want to be a  
better person. C'mon, I really need  
your help for this next girl.

JORDAN  
Why do you need my help?

VINCE  
Because she's into that fantasy  
shit.

JORDAN  
What fantasy... stuff?

VINCE  
That... stuff you play on your  
computer all day long.

JORDAN  
Role playing games?

VINCE

Yeah, except she doesn't play it on a computer. She plays with a bunch of Urkels.

JORDAN

Like Dungeons and Dragons?

VINCE

You tell me. I don't know.

JORDAN

That's a pretty popular one.

VINCE

Okay, there you go, you already know more than me. They have a game every Tuesday night and I wanted to join on it. It's something she always wanted me to do with her while we were dating, but I never gave it a chance.

JORDAN

What do you want me to do?

VINCE

Go with me, help me play, run me through the basics.

JORDAN

Alright, but this is the last time I'm helping you.

VINCE

I won't ask again, I promise.

JORDAN

Alright, I get out of class at 4. I'll come back, we'll study.

VINCE

Study?

BEGIN STUDYING MONTAGE.

Inspirational training type music plays as we are bombarded with shots of Vince reading, Jordan teaching, Vince weight lifting a mage staff.

JORDAN

Now a paladin is a sort of holy knight. Best used for combat, but also can provide use as a healer...

Computer displays screen shots of elves as Vince watches. Jordan checks out a "for dummies" book. Vince weight lifts two mage staffs.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Now most RPGs have elemental magics to understand: fire, ice, wind, etc.

More studying/training, lifting shots, clip of LOTR shown. Perhaps a Rocky-esque run up something for no apparent reason.

END MONTAGE

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Okay, I think that's the basics.

VINCE

That's just the basics? Good God.

JORDAN

Okay, now what's the difference between an Orc and a Goblin?

VINCE

I don't know, different names?

JORDAN

We've been over this like nine times!

VINCE

Whatever. I don't know how anyone can remember all this shit. Probably won't need to know it anyway.

JORDAN

I hope you're right.

INT. GAMING ROOM - EVENING

The room is decorated like a medieval castle, lined with tapestries. Different people are milling about, including SALLY: the only girl in the room.

VINCE

There she is. Sally something. Think her last name started with a C.

JORDAN  
(surprised)  
Sally Larsen? She went to my high school. I used to have the biggest crush on her.

VINCE  
Really?

JORDAN  
God, I can't believe she slept with you... thought she had higher standards than that.

VINCE  
I know you mean that as a compliment.

JORDAN  
Actually...

Sally notices Vince out of the corner of her eye. She scowls, and walks disgustedly over to them.

SALLY  
What the hell are you doing here?

VINCE  
I came to play. Didn't you always want me to do this while we were dating?

SALLY  
While we were dating, yes. I thought it would be a fun thing to do together. But now... can't you take a hint.

VINCE  
I know you don't want to talk to me, but I really have changed, and I just wanted to let you know that. Jordan. Testify.

JORDAN  
Oh yeah, completely new person. Yep.

SALLY  
Who's he?

JORDAN  
You don't remember me?

SALLY  
Should I?

JORDAN  
We went to high school together.

SALLY  
Oh.

JORDAN  
I sat behind you in Biology.

SALLY  
Um...

JORDAN  
I tutored you in Algebra.

SALLY  
Oh, yeah, I remember you now.  
Sorry, you look a lot different.  
Why are you hanging around with  
this jerk?

JORDAN  
He's my roommate. Assigned housing.

As they are talking a greasy guy with long blond hair approaches them. His name is PHIL, and he carries a clipboard.

PHIL  
Hey guys, I'm Phil - the dungeon  
master. You friends of Sally?

SALLY  
No! Well-

She gestures to Jordan.

SALLY (CONT'D)  
He kind of is.

PHIL  
Ah! I see, you here to play?

VINCE  
Yes, actually. I love the role  
playing.

PHIL  
Great! We could always use a few  
more.

SALLY  
Phil, don't let him play.

PHIL  
Why not?

VINCE  
Yeah, why not?

SALLY  
Because he's a douche.

PHIL  
(looking to his clipboard)  
Well, we already have a Level 5  
Doosch playing, and-

SALLY  
No, I mean, he's *the* douche.

PHIL  
You mean he's the guy that-

SALLY  
Yeah, that guy.

PHIL  
Hey Sal, can I talk to you a sec'

They retreat to the back of the room and whisper with their backs turned to Jordan and Vince.

VINCE  
Hmm... whispering secretly to  
themselves, that's a good sign  
right?

JORDAN  
Can't see how it's a bad sign.

Phil motions for the rest of the players to join them, and they all whisper to each other, occasionally glaring at Vince.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Yeah, definitely a good sign.

Phil and Sally finish whispering and return to talk with Vince. The rest of the players stand with arms crossed at a distance behind them.

PHIL

We've talked it out and decided to let you play. However, I must warn you... our games take on a certain amount of realism. So much so that we require you to sign a waiver.

One of the players brings forth two legal documents and pens, handing them to Vince and Jordan.

VINCE

Wow, you guys take this stuff seriously.

Vince skips to the end of the lengthy document, signing his name on the line.

PHIL

Oh yes, of course we do.

JORDAN

Sorry guys, I'm not signing anything.

PHIL

Then unfortunately, you won't be able to play.

JORDAN

Yes, unfortunately... Well, see ya'.

He makes for the exit.

VINCE

C'mon Jordan, you can't just leave me here alone.

JORDAN

You're not alone, you're with this guy.

PHIL

Phil.

JORDAN

You're with Phil.

VINCE

Whatever.

Jordan leaves, closing the massive door behind him. As the door closes, we see the players circle around Vince, and begin beating the crap out of him.

INT. MAIN BUILDING - CSU - DAY

Jordan walks through the concourse of the Main building, where various student organizations have set up booths.

ALEXIS (O.S.)  
Cupcake?

Jordan stops, and turns to see ALEXIS, an alternative looking girl, standing behind a booth. Her arm is extended and she holds out a cupcake.

She dresses in a tank top and short skirt, and has pink colored hair. She has a certain sweetness to her as she speaks.

JORDAN  
Yeah sure, why not?

Jordan approaches Alexis and pulls out his wallet.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
How much?

ALEXIS  
\$5.00.

JORDAN  
For a cupcake?

ALEXIS  
Yeah.

JORDAN  
Must be a pretty good cupcake.

ALEXIS  
Actually, they taste like crap.

JORDAN  
Wow, you're one heck of a saleswoman. I think I'll keep my \$5 then.

Jordan puts his wallet away.

ALEXIS  
That's fine. It's just too prove a point anyway.

JORDAN  
What point is that?

At this point a student walks by.

STUDENT  
 (yells at Alexis)  
 Racist!

Alexis turns into a fireball of rage.

ALEXIS  
 (at the student)  
 Hey, fuck you, you fucking  
 douchebag!

Jordan watches in shock.

JORDAN  
 Yeah, you really need to work on  
 your salesmanship, or else you'll  
 never raise money for your-

Jordan steps back to look at the sign on the booth. It reads  
 "AFFIRMATIVE ACTION BAKE SALE." Jordan stops talking as he  
 reads.

He then looks to the table to see a list of prices. "WHITES-  
 \$5, ASIANS-\$3, HISPANIC-\$2, BLACKS-\$1"

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 Hmm.

Suddenly, JEREMY, a young male with buzzed hair, walks up to  
 the booth. A backpack is slung over his shoulder.

JEREMY  
 Hey Alexis, we're gonna need you  
 down in the meeting room soon.  
 Sherri's coming to cover your  
 shift.

ALEXIS  
 K, be there in a minute.

Jeremy turns to leave and Jordan catches a glimpse of a GIANT  
 swastika on his backpack.

Jordan pauses for a moment.

JORDAN  
 Wait a minute, what did he say your  
 name was?

INT. GAMING ROOM - DAY

Vince is tied to a chair, his face bloodied up.

VINCE

What the fuck!! I thought this was a fucking roleplaying game!

PHIL

It is. You're playing the role of a level five douchebag that just took advantage of our princess.

VINCE

Fuck you, let me out of these fucking ropes!

PHIL

Please Vince, watch the language, this is supposed to be PG-13 content level.

VINCE

Fuck! Fuck, fuck fuck fuck FUCK!!

One of the players punches him in the face.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He punches Vince again; Vince quiets down.

SALLY

I told you to leave me alone. You should have just left me alone.

VINCE

I wanted to make amends, not get the shit kicked out of me.

SALLY

I told you how you could make amends. I told you to leave me the fuck alone.

VINCE

Okay, I'm sorry, I just thought-

SALLY

That what? You'd be able to talk it out, and somehow I'd want to forgive you.

VINCE

Well-

SALLY

You know you took more than just my virginity. You took my innocence. Before I met you I was full of hope and happiness. When we started dating and I started falling in love, it was as though all my dreams were coming true. But then when you just ditched me, it was like my heart was ripped out of my chest. It hurt so bad.

VINCE

You know what? I did want to apologize. I came in here ready to do whatever it would take to earn your forgiveness. Now I just want you to go fuck yourself. People break up with people all the time. Yes, life sucks, fucking get over it.

SALLY

Yes, people break up all the time, but not five fucking seconds after you fucking climax.

VINCE

Whatever.

SALLY

You said you loved me. Said you cared about me. You never did. These guys cared about me, and I regret every day I didn't listen to them when they said you were a douche.

VINCE

Okay so what, you gonna' torture me to death?

PHIL

That's an idea I can get behind.

VINCE

You guys are fucking psycho.

Phil begins to untie his ropes.

PHIL

Yeah, probably. I tend to think we just play a bit too much World of Warcraft myself.

VINCE

You're letting me go? I'm just going to go to the police you know.

PHIL

Go ahead, they'll never believe you. Besides, you signed a waiver remember?

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS WALKWAY

Two POLICE officers are walking out Phil, Sally, and the others in handcuffs, reading them their rights.

PHIL

You can't do this! We have a waiver.

POLICE

Yeah, yeah, tell it to the judge.

INT. VINCE AND JORDAN'S DORM - NIGHT

Vince enters the dorm. Jordan looks up from his computer to see the bloody mess of Vince's face.

JORDAN

Don't get blood on the carpet.

VINCE

Thanks for leaving me there, by the way.

JORDAN

From the looks of it, I think I made the right call.

VINCE

I thought you had my back man.

Vince plops himself down on Jordan's bed, lying down.

JORDAN

I think you did fine on your own there, although I take it you didn't manage to get her forgiveness.

VINCE

No, but I don't think she'll be talking to anybody about me any time soon.

(pauses)

Unless, of course, she uses her one phone call.

JORDAN

Please. She'll use that to call her lawyer, if anything.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Sally stands at a payphone, gripping the telephone tightly as her other arm pushes against a brick wall.

SALLY

Mike. I need you to withdrawl the emergency funds. We've been arrested.

INT. FANTASY CLUB HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

At the fantasy club, MIKE HARTHAN speaks into a headset, sitting at a computer playing World Of Warcraft.

MIKE HARTHAN

Did you guys torture another player?

SALLY

Don't ask stupid questions, of course we did.

MIKE HARTHAN

Was he at least a douche?

SALLY

He was *the* douche.

MIKE HARTHAN

*The* douche? And he called the police on you?

SALLY

He cannot get away with this.

MIKE HARTHAN

Agreed. I'll assemble the troops

SALLY  
Hurry. He must pay.

MIKE HARTHAN  
I'm on it.

Mike Harthan pulls off his headset and hits a big red button on his desk. An alarm sounds as red lights flash. The camera pans to reveal an army of fantasy nerds assembling in ranks.

MIKE HARTHAN (CONT'D)  
Listen up people, this is not a  
drill. We are dealing with a code  
Sauramon.

The Army responds "Rah Rah Rah" a la 300.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vince still lies on Jordan's bed.

VINCE  
Ah well. Nothin' to worry about.

Vince hoists himself up, heading towards the door.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
On to Girl 3.

JORDAN  
Hey Vince, wait!

Vince stops, turning to Jordan.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
I ran into Alexis today.

VINCE  
Oh yeah?

JORDAN  
Yeah, there's something you should  
know about her. It's pretty bad.

VINCE  
What's that?

JORDAN  
Well-

Vince's phone rings.

VINCE  
Hold on a second.

Vince pulls out his cell phone, opening it.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Hello?

Vince has to hold the phone away from his ear.

PHONE (V.O.)  
(loudly)  
RAH! RAH! RAH!

Vince and Jordan exchange weird looks, as a pause passes.

JORDAN  
You sure this girl is worth it?

VINCE  
What girl?

Jordan stares at Vince blankly.

INT. CAMPUS COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

Jordan walks, backpack slung over his shoulder, towards the seating area of the coffeehouse.

PETER (O.S.)  
(yells)  
Hey, Jordan!

Jordan turns to see Peter rushing over.

JORDAN  
Oh, hey.

They begin to walk together.

PETER  
So, how goes Vince's little scheme?  
Did he convince Girl 2?

JORDAN  
You could say that.

PETER  
Where ya headin'?

JORDAN  
To meet up with my girlfriend.

PETER  
Really? Nice, man. Nice.

JORDAN  
Yeah.

They turn the corner, and stop immediately. Sitting in a booth is Vince talking to Kelly. Kelly sits listening to Vince, a cup of coffee in front of her.

PETER  
(excited)  
Hey, it's Vince! Aw, and it looks like he's on to girl 3.

Jordan turns to Peter, confused.

JORDAN  
Girl 3?

PETER  
Yeah.  
(pause)  
Kelly?

Jordan looks towards the two of them with concern.

JORDAN  
They used to go out?

PETER  
Yeah, they were pretty hot and heavy for awhile.

Kelly suddenly throws the cup of coffee in Vince's face. He grabs his face, screaming, as Kelly storms off.

Jordan and Peter wince at this.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Yeah, it didn't end well.

EXT. CAMPUS COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

Jordan races to catch up with Kelly angrily storming away.

JORDAN  
(yells)  
Kelly, wait up!

Kelly whips around, eyes red with tears. She immediately begins to rub her eyes, and tries to smile when Jordan approaches.

KELLY

Jordan! I, um, I'm sorry I left.  
I was just, um, meeting with an old  
friend.

JORDAN

Vince?

KELLY

Yeah, how did you know?

JORDAN

While I'm sure my story's pretty  
interesting, I'd really rather hear  
yours first.

INT. JORDAN & VINCE'S LIVING ROOM

Jordan bursts into the room, fists balled. He marches over to see Vince looking at himself in the mirror. Vince turns to Jordan.

VINCE

Hey Jordan, what's-

Jordan immediately punches Vince in the face. The punch makes no real impact against Vince's chiseled jawbone, as Vince's head barely even moves.

After a pause, Vince suddenly brings his hand up to his cheek, rubbing it.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Owww! What the hell was that for?

JORDAN

How many girl's virginities have  
you taken?

VINCE

Today?

Jordan punches him again, no real connect.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(yells)  
Stop that!

JORDAN

(yells)  
How many?

VINCE

I don't know, however many are on that list.

JORDAN

Oh, that list is bullshit. How many?

VINCE

Why does it matter?

JORDAN

It matters because you don't care enough to remember. And while you choose to forget all of them, however many it is, I can guarantee you that every-single-one remembers you. And they'll continue to remember you whether they want to or not; which is something I'm sure they could do without. You took something from them that they can never get back, and they'll remember you forever because of it.

(louder)

Is any of this sinking in, Vince?

Vince doesn't speak.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

While you're moving on, they'll think about you on dates. Hell, they'll think about you even when they're considering dating. And you know what? They'll think about you on their wedding night, and how, because of you, it's just a little less special. They will never forget you, Vince. And you know what you'll be doing during all of this? You'll be at a bar, telling the same stupid story over and over and over again.

Jordan storms off towards his room. He stops, turning around.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

And by the way, even Stalin had a fucking wife.

Jordan slams his door. Vince stands there, contemplative.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - DAY

Jordan sits at his computer, playing the same video game. Vince slowly opens the door and walks over, sitting on Jordan's bed.

Vince watches Jordan sitting stiff-lipped at this computer, a concerned look on his face.

Jordan slams his fist on the desk as he dies at the hand of the wizard once again.

VINCE

You shouldn't use Enchanted Fire.

JORDAN

Yeah, thanks.

VINCE

If you use the Fire Medallion, you can reduce his life by 200XPS.

Jordan swivels around on his chair.

JORDAN

Did you just come in here to make fun of me?

VINCE

No, I came in here to tell you something.

JORDAN

What's that?

Vince takes in a deep breath, exhaling.

VINCE

Look, I know you think I'm probably one of the worst people you've ever met, but I wasn't always this way. I used to be-well, like you.

JORDAN

Gee, thanks.

VINCE

I didn't mean that in a bad way. Hell, you and I probably would have been friends in high school.

JORDAN

I find that hard to believe.

VINCE

It's true. I was voted "Most Likely to Journey to Middle Earth".

Jordan stares at Vince blankly.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Ok, I made that up. But if people actually noticed me, I probably would have been awarded that.

JORDAN

Is there a point to this?

VINCE

The point is; when I came to college it was a chance to start over. I was in a new state, no one knew who I was, and I took full advantage of it.

JORDAN

By becoming the biggest douche this side of the Mason Dixon?

VINCE

By re-inventing myself.

JORDAN

You can't "re-invent" yourself, Vince. You just started to realize who you actually were.

VINCE

But that's not how it happened. I got new friends, a new sense of confidence—and I guess I never really looked back. I just became addicted. And as I became more and more comfortable in my new role, I started to see less and less of my old self. And I was fine with that, because I guess I didn't really like my old self. And it wasn't until I started this whole thing that I actually saw how much damage I'd caused. I mean, I actually had to come face-to-face with just how much I had messed up these girl's lives. And that was just three of them. I can't even imagine what it must be like for the others.

(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

It's really something to actually be confronted with what you've done; and I've never had to deal with that before. Look, I'm not expecting complete forgiveness from you, I just wanted you to understand that I know what a horrible person I've been. And I wanted you to understand that I can fix things. Not everything, but I can at least help a few of those girls put their horrible feelings towards me to rest. And who knows, maybe this whole thing was really a blessing, and I'll even be able to start fresh with a new girl.

Vince looks to Jordan who doesn't respond. Vince slaps Jordan on the knee.

VINCE (CONT'D)

You do whatever you feel is right. You don't have to help me if you don't want to.

Vince gets up to leave. Jordan watches him, concerned. Suddenly, Jordan's face drops as he starts to think.

CUT TO:

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Vince laughs maniacally.

VINCE

(mocking)

There's always time!

CUT TO:

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - DAY

Jordan slowly gets a look of realization on his face.

JORDAN

Hey, Vince.

Vince turns around.

VINCE

Yeah?

JORDAN  
I want to help you.

VINCE  
Really?

Jordan gets up, approaching Vince.

JORDAN  
Yeah. I mean, your words really got to me. It's only now that I see that you really do need my help. And now only will I help you convince Kelly, but I'll even help you with the final girl.

VINCE  
Wow, that's really great.

JORDAN  
Yeah. You can find Alexis in the Main Center. She's running a bake sale.

VINCE  
Great. Thanks Jordan.

JORDAN  
No problem.

Vince begins to leave, and then turns around.

VINCE  
Just one question.

JORDAN  
Hmm?

VINCE  
Awhile ago you said there was something about her I should know. Something really, really bad.

JORDAN  
Did I?

VINCE  
Yeah. What was it?

Jordan thinks for a minute.

JORDAN  
She's a Republican.

EXT. CAMPUS WALKWAY - AFTERNOON

Alexis still sits at the booth. Jeremy walks up eagerly, and she rises to greet him.

JEREMY

How's the sale coming?

ALEXIS

It's doing well. The school paper came by earlier and took a few pictures.

JEREMY

Any protesters?

ALEXIS

No, but a few angry darkies.

JEREMY

How much longer are you gonna' be here?

ALEXIS

Just a little bit, I'm heading down to the rally in a few minutes... don't want to miss the opening. Will I see you there?

JEREMY

Wouldn't miss it for the world. It's not every day you get to hear your idol deliver a galvanizing speech.

ALEXIS

Let's hope it doesn't disappoint.

JEREMY

Okay see ya' there.

ALEXIS

See ya'.

He turns to leave, revealing a giant swastika on his backpack. The camera dollies back to reveal a swastika on her back shoulder. Vince appears from the side, staring at ALEXIS as a funny smile creeps over his face.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Long time, no see.

VINCE

Hey, how are you doing?

ALEXIS  
I'm doing well actually...

Vince takes a good long look at her chest.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
You know, girls don't like it when  
guys stare at them like a piece of  
meat.

VINCE  
If that were true, there wouldn't  
be strippers or fashion models.

She goes through the motions of acting offended.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
And you wouldn't be wearing that  
sexy outfit.

He pulls on a strap of her top, snapping it back to her  
chest.

ALEXIS  
Save it Vince, I'm taken.

She holds up an engagement ring to his face.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)  
Not that I would consider getting  
back with you anyway.

She pulls her hand away.

VINCE  
Not even if you were really drunk?

ALEXIS  
I'd have to be on Columbian LSD.

VINCE  
I'll put that to the test some day.

ALEXIS  
What do you want Vince?

VINCE  
Just wanted to stop by and say  
"hi." Make sure we're still on good  
terms.

ALEXIS

Let's see, I caught you fucking my best friend and haven't seen you since. Yeah, we're on great terms.

VINCE

Is that what you think happened?

ALEXIS

You're saying it didn't?

Vince pauses for a minute, thinking of what to say.

VINCE

Was she really your *best* friend?

ALEXIS

Grow up.

VINCE

I'm working on it.

Vince sees Leslie out of the corner of his eye. He turns to look, but she is nowhere to be seen. Observing the booth, Vince picks up a muffin.

VINCE (CONT'D)

So whatcha' got going here?

ALEXIS

It's called an affirmative action bake sale. We're charging different prices based on race to point out the hypocrisy of affirmative action.

VINCE

That's right, I heard you're a republican now.

ALEXIS

That's one way of putting it.

The swastika on her shoulder remains out of Vince's sight.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

But I'm more than just a republican. Much more.

VINCE

Oh.

ALEXIS

Don't tell me you're a bleeding heart.

VINCE

No, of course not. You might say I'm "more than a republican" too. I'm totally against affirmative action and all that racial advancement shit.

ALEXIS

Really, I never knew that about you.

VINCE

There's a lot you don't know about me.

ALEXIS

Well tell you what. I'm about ready to head down to a rally you might be interested in, we need all the support we can get. You want to come?

VINCE

Sounds great.

INT. JORDAN'S ROOM - DAY

Jordan sits at his computer, typing away. He pauses, looking at the same screen we've seen throughout the film.

He thinks for a minute, then types in "Use Fire Medallion".

The knight uses a big red Medallion, that shoots out a beam at the wizard. The Wizard yells "Nooo!!" and disappears.

Jordan sits there, staring at the screen in disbelief.

JORDAN

Huh.

Jordan looks over towards Vince's room.

EXT. VAN ANDEL ARENA - SUNSET.

Protestors line the entrance to the arena, chanting rhymes and singing songs. Vince and Alexis make their way toward the entrance, but are confronted by a particularly loud PICKETER.

PICKETER

Don't support the hate.

He tries to hand them a pamphlet, which neither motion to take.

VINCE

Relax buddy, you don't see us picketing the Democratic convention.

The picketer looks confused, he thinks about this a bit, then gives up and runs past them.

PICKETER (O.S.)

Don't support the hate.

ALEXIS

This kind of thing happens every time. They rally behind free speech until the speaker says something they don't like. Then the signs come out.

Picketers hold up signs commanding people to love their fellow man as they continue to chant.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Hey, I think I see a friend of mine. I'll be back in a second.

VINCE

Okay, I'll just wait here then.

Alexis runs off. Vince looks around, seeming very uncomfortable in his own skin. He wanders to a nearby streetlamp, leaning up against it. Suddenly, Ashley appears holding a protest sign.

ASHLEY

Vince! Hi! I can't believe you're here too!

VINCE

Um, well of course I'm here. Wait, why are you protesting? I thought you were a republican.

ASHLEY

(looking offended)

What's that supposed to mean? I'm a republican because I'm against gay marriage.

(a beat)

(MORE)

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
It's not like I support  
discrimination or anything.

VINCE  
Discrimination?

ASHLEY  
Yeah, apparently this speaker wants  
to go back to Jim Crow. I'm told  
he's the biggest celebrity in the  
white power movement.

VINCE  
White Power?

Vince looks around at the people entering the arena. He sees skinheads and gasps. He sees neo-nazis and shrieks. He sees an old white guy wearing a business suit and an elephant pin and screams.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN BUILDING - CSU - DAY

Jordan rushes up to the Affirmative Action bake sale booth. Sherri, sits reclined in her chair, reading a magazine.

JORDAN  
Um, hi. You wouldn't happen to  
know where Alexis is, would you?

SHERRI  
Yeah, she's downtown at the Arena.

JORDAN  
She didn't happen to have a blond  
haired guy, about ye' big with her,  
did she?

SHERRI  
Yeah, they're all down at the  
rally.

JORDAN  
Ok, great.

Jordan walks away. Pause. Jordan walks back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, did you say "rally"?

INT. NEWS ROOM - NIGHT

Lights shine on STEVEN MILLS, news anchor, at a news desk.

STEVEN MILLS

Thank's Jerry for that illuminating look into the growing threat of purple loosestrife. We go now to a developing story in the downtown area. The leader of the recent resurgent white supremacist movement is just hours away from giving his address, calling for the revival of intolerance in America. We're live with field reporter Virginia Peters.

EXT. JAMES K. POLK ARENA - FRONT - DAY

VIRGINIA PETERS, a blond haired, female reporter appears on live television in front of the rally.

VIRGINIA PETERS

Thanks Jan. We're here live in front of the James K. Polk Arena, Behind me, white supremacists and protesters square off in what police are hoping remains a non-violent protest.

EXT. JAMES K. POLK ARENA - CHRISTIAN SIDE - DAY

ASHLEY

Ok, we're gonna need to get you a sign.

VINCE

A sign?

ASHLEY

Yeah, I swear Vince, it's like you've never protested anything before in your life.

She gestures to the sign she's holding, which reads "God hates hatred!!" in extremely colorful letters. She hands him a blank one and some markers.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Get drawing.

Vince takes the sign and markers.

VINCE  
Got any glitter?

EXT. JAMES K. POLK ARENA - FAR END - DAY

At the other end of the Arena, hiding behind bushes and looking through pirate-style scopes, are two guys, MARVIN and LARRY dressed as rangers. They both close their scopes in sync.

MARVIN  
We've located him, send word.

LARRY  
Right away.

Larry pulls out a pigeon and attaches a note to it's leg. He then tosses the bird into the air as it flies away.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Fly Gimli. Fly like you've never  
flown before.

Marvin looks at Larry like he's an idiot, shakes his head, and pulls out a cell phone, hitting a button.

MARVIN  
Yeah, we found him.

Vince finishes drawing a sign which, in plain black letters reads "White power is shit."

ASHLEY  
A little vulgar, and crudely drawn,  
but I guess it gets the point  
across.

She puts a circle of glitter around the word "shit."

ASHLEY (CONT'D)  
Just cause it *is* filthy, doesn't  
mean it has to *look* filthy. Next  
time I'm going to have to teach you  
how to make a proper protest sign.

He holds up the sign, revealing the same words on the other side, the opposite end, of course, lacking glitter.

VINCE

Yeah, just let me know when the WTO is coming to town and I'll be there.

ASHLEY

What's the WTO?

VINCE

Satanists.

ASHLEY

I'll keep my eye on them.

In the distance, Vince sees Alexis returning with Jeremy.

VINCE

Oh man, I totally forgot. I came here with a friend. They're probably looking for me.

ASHLEY

A friend? Cool, why didn't you introduce me?

VINCE

Oh, you wouldn't like her. She's not exactly the best, um... *Christian* in the world.

ASHLEY

She? Is she a... girlfriend?

VINCE

No, no, nothing like that.

ASHLEY

Well, you know she doesn't have to be a good Christian for me to like her. Even Jesus was a friend of the sinners.

Alexis sees Vince, and waves him over.

VINCE

Well, I better be going.

He heads towards Alexis and Jeremy.

ASHLEY

Not so fast, introduce me.

She chases after him, dropping her sign.

VINCE  
 (under his breath)  
 Oh God  
 (To Ashley)  
 Okay, but about that being a friend  
 to the sinners thing...

They meet up.

ALEXIS  
 Hey, Vince, this is Jeremy.

VINCE  
 Hey.

He extends his hand to Jeremy, but Jeremy just stands there looking at the sign Vince carries.

JEREMY  
 White Power is shit huh?

VINCE  
 What?

Vince looks at his sign, then gives it a double look.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 Oh wait, that's all wrong.

He pulls out a marker, adding a word so that the sign now reads "white power is the shit."

JEREMY  
 (brightening up)  
 That's right, white power *is* the  
 shit. Nice to meet you man.

He hits Vince affectionately on the shoulder.

VINCE  
 I'm here to... protest.

He winks.

ALEXIS  
 Who's your friend?

Ashley extends her hand, she looks a little confused and unsure.

ASHLEY  
 Hi, I'm Ashley.

She shakes her hand.

ALEXIS

Alexis.

ASHLEY

Are you guys here to protest?

ALEXIS

Hardly. Were here to-

VINCE

(interrupting)

I think we're all here because we want to see some things change.

ALEXIS

Damn right we do.

ASHLEY

Yeah, it's like, what type of world do we live in where people can just openly support something so horrible.

JEREMY

Well, that's what we're here to change. Get rid of those darkies before they spread like a virus.

ASHLEY

Darkies?

VINCE

Yeah, you know, evil people. Good and evil, light and dark.

JEREMY

Hey, that's an interesting analogy, I've never thought about it like that.

ASHLEY

I get it now, guess I've never heard racists called that before.

JEREMY

I'm glad you pointed that out.

ASHLEY

What?

JEREMY

That even darkies are racist. I mean affirmative action is one of the most racist policies out there.

ASHLEY

Yeah, but you know, I wouldn't say you're a darky just because you support affirmative action.

VINCE

That's right, a lot of white people support it too.

ASHLEY

Huh?

ALEXIS

Yeah, they might as well be niggers though.

JEREMY

Now don't say that. They're just a little misguided. They don't understand-

Jeremy and Alexis argue between themselves as Ashley leans in to whisper to Vince.

ASHLEY

(whispering)

Did she just use the N-word?

VINCE

Yeah, but I think she's referring to the french definition of the word.

ASHLEY

Huh?

VINCE

Darkies.

ASHLEY

Oh.

EXT. JAMES K. POLK - WHITE SUPREMACY SIDE - DAY

Virginia motions with her head towards Vince, Ashley, Jeremy, & Alexis.

VIRGINIA PETERS

(to the cameraman)

Let's see if we can get an interview with one of them.

The two of them head over towards the group. Virginia approaches Vince.

VIRGINIA PETERS (CONT'D)  
Excuse me, would you mind giving a quick interview?

VINCE  
Well, actually...

Jeremy, Alexis, and Ashley notice the camera and encourage him to go along.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Sure!

VIRGINIA PETERS  
Ok, what brings you to the arena today?

He inaudibly grumbles the rest of what seems to be a sentence before coughing. Mary professionally continues as though he answered.

VIRGINIA PETERS (CONT'D)  
So then, what do you hope to accomplish by being here?

VINCE  
(gets more excited as he speaks)  
Well, you know, I think the issue here is something that lies at the core of what is wrong with America. The world is filled with a lot of evil people, and we're hoping to change that.

The rest cheer in agreement.

ASHLEY  
Yeah, down with darkies.

Jeremy and Alexis echo.

JEREMY AND ALEXIS  
Down with the darkies!

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS PETER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris Peters sits on his sofa with two kids, a BOY and a GIRL, cuddled up next to him. His mouth is agape.

BOY  
Look it's Ashley!

GIRL  
Cool! Down with darkies!

CHRIS PETERS  
Hey, who wants to watch Spongebob?

He changes the channel.

BOY AND GIRL  
Aww.

BACK TO:

EXT. VAN ANDEL ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The reporter begins to grill them.

VIRGINIA PETERS  
With all the advancement America has made with race relations in the past century, how can you continue to support such a racist agenda?

VINCE  
Um, uh, who said anything about support?

ASHLEY  
Yeah, we're against this madness.

VIRGINIA PETERS  
Wait a second, you're not being very clear here, are you here on the side of the white supremacists, or the protesters?

Vince stalls for a long time. Ashley nudges him.

ASHLEY  
Tell 'em Vince.

VINCE  
I...

VIRGINIA PETERS

Sorry, I'll have to cut you off there. It appears we've been joined by the KKK... are you getting this Steve?

The cameraman pans over to a group of role-playing nerds, dressed as wizards. Phil emerges from the group in the front center.

PHIL

I am Phil: Grand Wizard of the 3rd order.

Virginia whispers to the camera.

VIRGINIA PETERS

My god, the grand wizard has arrived.

From another direction, a group of Rangers emerge, led by Mike Harthan.

MIKE HARTHAN

I am Mike, high elf of the Grimolt region.

From a space in between the other two groups emerges Sally, followed by a squad of knights.

SALLY

And I'm Sally: one bitch you really shouldn't have messed with.

She walks slowly over to Vince, closely followed by her armies. Raising her arm to hit him, she takes a swing, only to have her arm caught by Alexis.

ALEXIS

Look bitch, I don't know who the fuck you think you are, but we're not going to just sit here and let you beat up one of our own.

A line of muscular skinheads appear behind Alexis and Jeremy, grunting.

ASHLEY

There's no need for violence.

A line of muscular protesters carrying signs form behind Ashley. They grunt.

Sally pulls her hand away from Alexis.

SALLY

You'd protect this douchebag?

ALEXIS

Might as well. Not going to let you hippies have this one.

SALLY

Suit yourself... ATTACK!

The lines of skinheads and fantasy nerds collide in battle as epic music plays. The muscular protesters sing as the violence rages. They continue to do this until one of them gets hit with a rubber arrow. He breaks the arrow in a rage and they all join in on the fight, swinging signs and punching rangers. The wizards throw flash bombs into the havoc as knights break wooden swords over the skinheads shaved heads.

CUT TO:

INT. CHRIS PETER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The kids and Chris sing the Spongebob theme song.

BACK TO:

EXT. JAMES K. POLK - WHITE SUPREMACY SIDE - DAY

The fight rages on. Ashley stands on the outskirts of the massive riot, confused and scared. Sally, on the far end of the group, spots her.

Sally whips out two swords from behind her, and charges screaming. Ashley sees her coming and screams.

Vince steps out of nowhere, and clocks Sally right in the face. She goes down hard. Phil, engaged in battle, notices and looks on in panic.

PHIL

(yells)

Sally!

Phil rushes towards them.

VINCE

You know, I think you might have been a little messed up *before* you met me.

(holds out his hand)

But I'm sure I didn't help.

Sally begrudgingly takes his hand, helping herself up.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Sally.

Vince walks over towards Ashley. In the background we see Phil running to Sally's aid. Sally picks up her two swords.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Well, I'm glad that's all worked out.

A cop tackles Sally in the background, another one apprehends Phil.

Vince reaches Ashley.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
You ok?

ASHLEY  
Yeah, I guess. Vince-

VINCE  
Yeah?

Ashley stares at him hard.

ASHLEY  
What's really going on here?

VINCE  
Uhh, you know, I should really go make sure Alexis is OK.

In the distance, Alexis head-butts a wizard, screaming ferociously.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
(wide-eyed)  
On second thought, I guess I can just stay here.

Ashley stares at him hard.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
Well-

EXT. JAMES K. POLK - STREET - DAY

A uniformed officer slams Sally and Phil face first on the hood of their police car; hands hand-cuffed behind their backs.

POLICE OFFICER  
 (into radio)  
 We're gonna need some back-up down here. Things are really getting out of hand.

Distracted, he runs after a random RPG player.

PHIL  
 Sally?

SALLY  
 Yeah?

PHIL  
 I have to tell you something.

SALLY  
 What?

PHIL  
 I love you.

SALLY  
 (surprised)  
 What?!

PHIL  
 I love you. I've always loved you. You're the Arwen to my Aragorn.

SALLY  
 That's the sweetest thing anyone's ever said to me.

Phil leans in and the two kiss passionately on the hood of the car. The two fall to the ground, making out.

CUT TO:

EXT. JAMES K. POLK - WHITE SUPREMACY SIDE

ASHLEY  
 So, it was all a big lie then? You haven't changed at all?

VINCE

No, I changed-

(pause)

-just not when you thought I did.  
But I've *really* changed now.

ASHLEY

How do you expect me to believe  
that? You know I was actually  
developing feelings for you again.  
I actually believed you, and now  
look where we are. I mean, all of  
this-

(motions with her hand)

-is because of you.

Ashley walks towards the fighting, positioning herself  
between them and Vince.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(yells)

HEY!

The crowd stops fighting and turns to look at Ashley.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

(yelling)

All of you need to stop fighting.  
You've all been lied to.

She turns and points to Vince.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

*He's* the reason you're all  
fighting. *He's* lied to all of you  
about who he really is. *He's* an  
atheist.

This gets the attention of the Christians.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

-who loves black people-

The skinheads now look angered, including Alexis.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

-and he *hates* the Lord of the  
Rings.The fantasy players let out a resounding grunt. One of them  
screams, breaking an arrow over his knee.A strong silence stands as Vince stares at the now-even-  
angrier mob.

JORDAN (O.S.)  
Vince, Vince!

Jordan runs up to Vince, out of breath, grabbing his shoulder.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Man, am I glad I got to you-

Jordan stops, looking at the angry mob.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
Hmm.

Sally steps out from the crowd.

SALLY  
(yells)  
CHARGE!

The entire crowd begins to descend on Jordan and Vince. The two of them just stand there.

VINCE  
Jordan?

JORDAN  
Yeah?

VINCE  
I'm sorry that you know me.

Jordan stares forward.

JORDAN  
Me too.

Before the crowd reaches Jordan and Vince, a small metal device falls in between the crowd and them. It begins spewing tear gas.

RANDOM SKINHEAD  
(yells)  
Tear gas!

People start scrambling every which way as more tear gas bombs are lobbed into the crowd. Several police cars surround the rally at this point.

Vince and Jordan get separated by the massive pushing and shoving as people run.

VINCE  
 (yells)  
 Jordan?

JORDAN  
 (yells)  
 Vince?

The two of them stumble around in the gas, looking for each other. They're both coughing a lot.

Vince finally sees Jordan, running over to him. Both of their eyes are beat-red as they speak in between coughs.

JORDAN (CONT'D)  
 Hey, let's get out of here.

Jordan goes to leave.

VINCE  
 Jordan!

Jordan turns and looks at Vince.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 I'm-  
 (sniffles)  
 I'm sorry for all of this.

Tears are streaming down Vince's face.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 I didn't mean for it all to turn out like this. I thought I could actually do some good for once, but all I've done is made things worse.

JORDAN  
 It's ok.

Tears are streaming down Jordan's face.

VINCE  
 You're just such a good person, and I just wish I were more like you. And, I can't-  
 (sniffles)  
 -I can't feel my face.

JORDAN  
 Neither can I.

The two start bawling, and move forward, hugging each other, crying even harder.

The two share a moment until all the smoke clears, and they're left standing alone, the entire crowd of people watching them.

Silence.

Suddenly, a skinhead steps out from the crowd and begins clapping slowly, yet determined ("The Disney Clap"). Everyone just looks at him disapprovingly. He stops clapping, and slinks back into the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

Jordan and Vince each sit in chairs, hand-cuffed and burnt-out. The department is packed as officers try to book everyone from the rally.

Vince looks up to the television playing in the corner of the room. It's tuned to the Channel 6 news.

INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY

Steven Mills is addressing the camera.

STEVEN MILLS

-police officers were quickly able to subdue the rioters, but not before the violence had spread. Onlookers were shocked to witness what was a peaceful protest turn into a horrible display of brutality; illustrated by our very own footage of a young man beating an innocent woman. Be forewarned, the footage you're about to see is very disturbing.

The news plays the clip of Vince punching Sally; cut so it begins right when he hits her.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

VINCE

(yells)

Oh come on, that's out of context!

INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY

STEVEN MILLS

Even more disturbing, however, is when the clip is played in slow motion.

They play the clip again, and Vince, because the tape's been slowed down, sounds like the Devil.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

Vince turns to someone standing by the TV.

VINCE

(yells)

Would you turn that off?

The man by the TV flips the station.

INT. NEWS ROOM - DAY

The station is now Univision. LUIS BANISTA, sits at his news desk, laughing while he speaks.

LUIS BANISTA

¡y miremos la cinta una más vez, en el movimiento estupendo, loco!

Luis turns to watch the clip.

The clip plays with really fast paced, Benny Hill-esque music. Vince punches Sally in fast motion, it stops, rewinds, he punches her again (regular motion), it stops rewinds, he punches her again (fast motion), etc.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

VINCE

Wow, this day just keeps getting better.

JORDAN

Do you believe in karma, Vince?

VINCE

No, I'm a Christian now, remember?

Jordan sighs.

JORDAN

Ok, not karma. But, something like it. My dad always used to say that the world's an "enchanted world". His little expression for "what goes around comes around." He was a firm believer that if you led a good life you'd be rewarded, and if you led the opposite, you'd be punished. The punishment might not be swift, but it sure as hell would be just. I guess what I'm trying to say is, given all that's happened, can you really look around you and see this all as just a coincidence?

Vince looks around the room. He first looks at the group of skinhead, all in handcuffs, just staring at him. Not moving or blinking.

Shuddering, he turns to look towards the front of the office and sees a police officer escorting Phil into the holding area, kicking and screaming.

PHIL

(yells)

But I'm not the Grand Wizard! I love black people!

He finally looks to Ashley, sitting alone in a chair, handcuffed. She stares down at the floor. An officer is by her side, talking to another officer.

Vince watches her for a minute, thoughtfully.

VINCE

No.

(pause)

No, it's not.

An officer comes over and grabs Vince by the hand.

OFFICER

C'mon.

Jordan watches as Vince is led away by the cop. Vince stops and says something to the cop. The cop nods, and releases him.

Vince walks over and says something to Ashley. Ashley listens to him, then smiles, nodding slightly.

Vince smiles back. Vince then looks over towards Alexis and flicks her off. Officers have to restrain her and the other skinheads as they try and lunge at Vince.

Vince laughs at them as a cop drags him away. Jordan sighs.

JORDAN  
(to himself)  
Well, at least he changed a little.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - LATER

An officer stamps a document, flipping it over and pushing it aside. Kelly stands next to Jordan.

JORDAN  
Thank you so much for, uh, bailing me out.

KELLY  
No, this makes for a great second date. Really.

The two of them begin to leave.

JORDAN  
What about Vince?

KELLY  
I think a day or two in here will do him some good.

JORDAN  
Yeah, you're probably right.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - HOLDING CELL - DAY

Vince sits far away from a group of skinheads, looking very uncomfortable in his own skin. The skinheads surround their leader, as he regales them with a story.

LEADER SKINHEAD  
-And so Stalin took the chicken and held it before them and said "*This* is how you deal with the people."  
(pause)  
And the same goes with niggers.

Vince watches in horror, as all the skinheads laugh hysterically.

VINCE  
(to himself)  
Man, I gotta get a new story.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - DAY

Leslie knocks lightly on the door to Jordan and Vince's dorm.  
Kelly opens the door.

LESLIE  
Oh, I'm sorry. I think I have the  
wrong apartment.

KELLY  
Oh, no, I don't live here.

LESLIE  
Oh. Is Vince here?

KELLY  
You're looking for Vince?

LESLIE  
Yeah, do you know where he is?

Kelly smiles deviously.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

Vince is on the pay phone.

VINCE  
Eric?

ERIC  
(phone)  
Vince! I just saw you on the news.

VINCE  
Yeah, about that. Do you think  
you'd be able to come and spring me  
out of jail?

ERIC  
(phone)  
How much?

VINCE  
About 1000.

ERIC

(phone)

Ooo...uh, no. I'm kind of broke  
right now.

(excited)

Hold on a second, did you convince  
all of the girls?

VINCE

No.

ERIC

(phone)

Oh. Then yeah, I'm broke.

VINCE

Thanks.

Vince hangs up the phone, sighing. He gives the "One Second"  
signal to a nearby officer.

He inserts some change, and dials another number. He waits  
while the phone rings.

INT. JORDAN & VINCE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kelly picks up the phone.

KELLY

Hello?

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

VINCE

Uh, hello?

KELLY

(phone)

Oh hey, Vince. We were just  
talking about you.

VINCE

We?

INT. JORDAN & VINCE'S LIVING ROOM -DAY

It's now revealed that Leslie is sitting on the couch next to  
Kelly.

KELLY  
 (phone)  
 Yeah, Leslie's here.

VINCE  
 Leslie?

KELLY  
 (phone)  
 Yeah, you remember her, right? She came around looking for you, so I thought I'd keep her company. She was really interested to know all about you, so I'm regaling her with a few stories from our past.

VINCE  
 Where's Jordan?

KELLY  
 (phone)  
 He stepped out for a bit.

VINCE  
 Hmm.  
 (pause)  
 Say, neither of you would want to come bail me out would you?

Click.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, that seems about right.

Vince walks over to the officer.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 Alright, back to the cell, I suppose.

OFFICER  
 Someone posted your bail.

VINCE  
 What? When?

OFFICER  
 While you were on the phone.

VINCE  
 Why didn't you tell me?

OFFICER  
 I'm telling you now.

Vince shrugs.

VINCE  
 Alright, great.

Vince starts to walk away, then stops.

VINCE (CONT'D)  
 Wait a minute. *Who* posted my bail?

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

Sally stands in the lobby, arms crossed. Vince stands on the opposite side of the lobby, mouth agape.

VINCE  
 Her?!

The officer looks at Sally, puzzled.

OFFICER  
 What? No. She bailed *him* out.

The officer points to Phil, still in full Wizard garb. Phil runs over into Sally's arms, and the two passionately embrace, followed by gratuitous making-out.

Vince & the officer shudder.

VINCE & OFFICER  
 Ugh.

Jordan walks up beside Vince.

JORDAN  
 Hey, are we heading out, or what?

Vince turns to Jordan, surprised.

VINCE  
 You bailed me out?

JORDAN  
 Yeah, I felt kind of bad about leaving you here. Kelly didn't. But then again, she's not really your biggest fan right now.

VINCE  
 Yeah, she seems to be starting a club.

Jordan thinks a second, then looks at Vince.

JORDAN  
Well, I won't join.

The two seem to share a really cheesy moment, as they look directly at each other. Vince finally breaks out laughing in Jordan's face.

VINCE  
I'm sorry, but that was the  
cheesiest fuckin' thing I've ever  
heard.

Vince walks away laughing.

VINCE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(mocks)  
I won't join.

Vince continues to laugh. Jordan watches him walk away, stiff-lipped.

JORDAN  
Douchebag.

Jordan walks off to catch up with Vince.

INT. MCGUFFIN'S BAR - NIGHT

Eric sits at the usual table with the guys (Neil & Peter), drink in hand. Sitting next to him, however, is a new face; RYAN.

Ryan is fairly young looking, and looks uncomfortable with his surroundings. He listens to Eric as he speaks.

ERIC  
And so Stalin, well, he took the  
bread, and held it out again. And  
he said to his advisors-  
(pause)  
No wait, that's not it.  
(pause)  
Ok, so he plucked the feathers from  
the chicken.

NEIL  
How can he pluck the feathers from  
the chicken if it's on the other  
side of the room?

Ryan and Peter exchange glances, smiling.

ERIC

Shut up! You see, the chicken he, well, he finally came back to Stalin. And Stalin held it up. And well, uh-that's how you're supposed to treat women.

Ryan looks more confused than inspired. Eric grunts, angrily.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's much better when Vince tells it. Where the hell is he by the way?

Eric looks around the room, and spots Vince on the other side of the bar. He sits at a table with Jordan and Kelly.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey, there he is.  
(to Ryan)  
Hang on a sec, let me go get him.

Eric leaves.

RYAN

So, do you guys actually talk to women?

PETER

No, not really. We've got this really great game we play though.

INT. MCGUFFIN'S BAR - OTHER SIDE - DAY

Eric approaches Vince's table eagerly.

ERIC

Vince! Hey, how's it goin? What are you doing sitting over here? We've got our usual table. I've got my friend Ryan here, and he's really itchin' to hear the chicken story. I tried to tell it, but you're the only one who can really do it justice.

VINCE

Yeah, ya know, I don't think I'm really gonna be tellin' that story anymore.

ERIC

Why not?

VINCE

I don't know. I mean, I've just  
 been through a lot, and I've come  
 to a really big realization.  
 Stalin's a dick.

KELLY

(to Jordan)

He had to go through all of this to  
 realize that?

Vince stands up, and pats Eric on the shoulder.

VINCE

Sorry.

INT. MCGUFFIN'S BAR - BAR - NIGHT

Vince walks up to the bar, and knocks on it.

VINCE

(to Larry)

A gin &amp; tonic.

Larry nods, walking away.

BRUNETTE (O.S.)

Vince?

Vince turns over to see the brunette from earlier in the  
 film. He looks at her for a minute, then a look of  
 realization crosses his face.

VINCE

Oh, hey!

The brunette gets closer to him.

BRUNETTE

You never called.

VINCE

Yeah, I'm sorry. I've been busy.

With a big smile, Vince turns to Larry.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Larry, get this woman a Tropical  
 Orgasm.

Vince stops for a minute, as his smile fades.

VINCE (CONT'D)

(to Larry)

Ya know what, nix the drinks.

(to the brunette)

How would you like to go grab some dinner?

The brunette looks shocked.

BRUNETTE

Really?

VINCE

Yeah.

BRUNETTE

(excited)

Ok!

The two of them hop off their bar stools and walk towards the exit.

VINCE

So, uh, what's your name again?

The brunette giggles.

BRUNETTE

Oh, Vince.

CUT TO:

BLACK