

EMERGENCY CONTACT

Written by

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"EL CHAPARRAL APARTMENTS - APPLICATION FOR RENTAL"

A white forearm clicks a pen and fills out an apartment application form:

FIRST NAME: *Jay* LAST NAME: *Brenner*

GENDER: *Male* BIRTH DATE: *1/28/80*

OCCUPATION: *Inside Sales* EMPLOYER: *Durant Elevators*

At the salary box, the hand writes in \$58,000. After a beat, a "1" is added to make it \$158,000.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN EVICTED: YES ___ NO X

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CONVICTED OF A FELONY: Yes ___ NO X

DO YOU OWN ANY WATER FILLED FURNITURE: YES ___ NO X

The hand continues, arriving at the final box:

EMERGENCY CONTACT: *Debbie Levine (girlfriend) (323)337-0656*

We push in on "Emergency Contact" until they're the only words on screen and that becomes our TITLE CARD.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

The newest and hottest club in the city. By the time you hear about this place it will already be gone.

Beautiful bodies shake to thumping MUSIC. LIGHTS flash. It's a booze fueled pleasure zone.

And in the midst of this chaos we find one of our heroes. Not hip. Not cool. Not in shape. And totally out of place with tattered clothes and messy hair. But he's in the VIP section surrounded by beautiful WOMEN sharing a bottle of Cristal.

This is JAY BRENNER (29).

As he sprays champagne like he's in a L'il Wayne video...

JAY (V.O.)

I know what you're thinking. How did a guy like me end up in a place like this?

Girls fawn all over him. Guys high-five him.

JAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm not sure either. I gotta be at work in four hours to give the biggest presentation of my career. My night has involved violence, pornography, drugs, a dead body and the cops. Someone threw up on me and I'm pretty sure I have two broken ribs.

Jay chugs champagne from the bottle.

JAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Stuff like this never used to happen to me. I didn't know it at the time but I guess you could say I was in a rut.

Jay plays air guitar with the bottle. The crowd cheers.

JAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

But then a guy told me something that changed my entire life. He said, "Everything you want in this life lies just outside your comfort zone".

Jay smiles.

JAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And you know what? He was right.

WHAM! Jay gets punched in the face. We FREEZE THE FRAME right at impact... his face contorted into a rubbery mask of pain, spittle flying from his mouth. And, yeah, that's a tooth.

JAY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Maybe I should start at the beginning.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

7:00 AM. An alarm clock buzzes. Jay climbs out of bed followed by DEBBIE (28 going on 40). If she wasn't so fucking uptight she'd probably be cute.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jay brushes his teeth. Debbie sits on the toilet. This basically sums up the level of romance we're dealing with here.

EXT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Off to work, Jay and Debbie get into their cars.

INT. HONDA ACCORD - MORNING

Jay is stuck in gridlock on the Santa Monica Freeway.

INT. STARBUCKS - MORNING

A long line. Jay orders from ALLISON (25, cheerful barista).

JAY

Um, let me get a--

ALLISON

Large coffee and a bran muffin?

Jay nods for the 746th day in a row.

INT. DURANT ELEVATOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

PAN DOWN a row of BORED EMPLOYEES listening to a PowerPoint presentation on elevator maintenance. We settle on Jay who fights off a yawn as he takes detailed notes.

NICK (29), a co-worker, shows Jay a doodle of a samurai using his penis like a sword to slay a dragon. Jay ignores him.

INT. HONDA ACCORD - AFTERNOON

Jay is stuck in gridlock on the Santa Monica Freeway.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jay and Debbie wear SNUGGIES and eat Koo Koo Roo off TV trays while watching *Deal Or No Deal*. They're totally unaware how depressing this is.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Debbie lies in bed wearing a beauty mask. Jay climbs into bed, giving her a quick peck and it's lights out. The clock reads 9:37 PM.

This is Jay's day. Every day. Even holidays.

INT. STARBUCKS - MORNING

Jay, messenger bag slung over his shoulder, waits in line with Nick, his co-worker who looks extremely hung over.

Allison, the cute barista, eyes a NEW YORK RANGERS STICKER on Jay's bag.

ALLISON

A Rangers fan, huh? I'm more of a Flyers girl.

JAY

The Broad Street Bullies. That's cool.

She hands Jay his usual coffee and muffin.

ALLISON

(flirty)

Listen, we're doing an art show next week. It's an exhibition to benefit kids I mentor in an after school program.

Jay's caught off guard by her forwardness.

JAY

Oh, I love kids. Well, not love in an inappropriate touching way. Although I guess hugs are okay. Wearing clothes, of course. And one of those side hugs. A clothed side hug for the children.

(beat)

Consensual.

Allison laughs.

ALLISON

You're hilarious.

She hands him a flier.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

So maybe you'd like to swing by and check it out? It doesn't get going 'til eleven but it's a pretty cool scene.

Nick butts in.

NICK

I love art. *The Vagina Monologues*. Very nouveau riche. And what's that statue with the tits and the muff?

ALLISON
(ignoring Nick, to Jay)
Anyway, be great to see you there.

Jay and Nick move to the cream and sugar bar.

NICK
Jesus, I better get my rape kit. That chick just pulled down your pants, bent you over the counter and eye fucked the shit outta you.

JAY
Stop.

NICK
Seriously, man. You gotta go to that thing. "Art show" is code for "blowing you in the parking lot". And that chick is smoking hot.

JAY
Yeah, she is. But I have a girlfriend who just moved in with me and we're in bed by ten o'clock. You know this. Come on. We're gonna be late.

EXT. DURANT ELEVATOR - MORNING

The sun reflects off the glass and steel corporate headquarters of Durant Elevator.

INT. DURANT ELEVATOR - COPY ROOM - DAY

Jay and Nick assemble sales packets. There are stacks of documents and the copier hums along.

JAY
... turns out Koo Koo Roo was closed but Debbie picked up takeout from El Pollo Loco. So it all worked out.

NICK
(sarcastic)
Dude, that sounds awesome! Tomorrow you should have the early bird special at Coco's and then get your fucking hip replaced.

Nick grabs another sales packet.

NICK (CONT'D)

You should've rolled with us, man. We ended up at The Bubble Lounge. I tea bagged a forty two year old cougar. She showed me pictures of her kids after. Her daughter was kind of hot. You really missed out.

JAY

No, I didn't. Living with Debbie has been great. We just bought a coffee table.

NICK

Bor-ing! Man, she's got you counting your carbs.

JAY

Yeah, for my food journal.

NICK

The only food groups you should worry about are booze, fried shit and pussy. You need to be out experiencing life. Get fucked up, stay out all night and--

JAY

Okay, I get it.

NICK

Go and fuck some girl doggy style while wearing a gorilla mask.

(off Jay's confused look)

Silverbacking! Come on, this is basic stuff!

Jay sets aside a stack of documents.

JAY

I like my life. I've got the girlfriend. I've got the job. I've got stability. There's no surprises. Unlike you, I don't need to wake up with mysterious red bumps on my dick to feel happy.

NICK

Those red bumps symbolize freedom.

JAY

Actually, freedom is moving up in the world.

NICK

Jesus, you're throwing your promotion in my face? Big deal. This place is awful. Look around, they could have monkeys doing what we do.

RUSSELL (O.S.)

Oh, you wouldn't want any monkeys in here, bro.

RUSSELL DAVENPORT (28), a shaggy slacker pushing a mail cart, enters. Webster's would define him as a lazy, mysterious oddball.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I had a ring tailed lemur once. Jo Jo was a chick magnet but between the biting and spontaneous shitting, the novelty wore off real quick.

Russell cracks open a beer from the cart and takes a sip.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Mm, I needed that. Last night was two for one Jager Bombs at Hollywood Park. Never bet on a horse named Ringworm. Anyway...
(toasts beer)
... Seacrest out.

He exits.

NICK

Now that guy's got the right idea.

JAY

Yeah, the monkey owning, alcoholic mail room guy. Living the dream.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

The sun rises over the city, the start of a new day.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jay reads the paper. Debbie enters. After a beat...

JAY

Do you think I'm boring?

DEBBIE

Why would you ask that?

JAY

Just something Nick said. He thinks I'm not out there experiencing life.

DEBBIE

We're not dirty hippies. We have jobs. And goals. We just bought a coffee table. And you're getting promoted today.

JAY

That's what I said. I mean, who wants to go to a dance club or a concert?

DEBBIE

Wendy Rogers went to a Coldplay concert. And someone threw a cup of urine on her.

Debbie hands Jay his messenger bag.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You know when I knew you were the guy for me? When that hockey team offered you a job but you realized how risky it was and turned it down.

She puts a hand on his shoulder.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Now you're going to be Assistant Regional Manager of Customer Service. Excuse me, mister, but that doesn't sound boring to me.

Debbie's enthusiasm steadies him.

JAY

I knew I wasn't crazy.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jay and Debbie step outside where GERALD, their smarmy, pony tailed building manager, does routine maintenance on his roller blades. He wears a helmet, knee pads and wrist bands.

GERALD

Debbie-Deb! How goes it?

Jay and Debbie stop.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Wow, you look radical.

DEBBIE

Thanks, Gerald. That's sweet.

GERALD

For reals. Blazing hot.

Debbie smiles. Jay frowns. He hates this prick.

JAY

Going roller skating, Gerald?

GERALD

Funny. But blading's gonna be a medal sport at the 2020 Summer Games.

DEBBIE

Oh, that sounds fun.

GERALD

See you in Lima, Peru, Jay.

JAY

I doubt it.

GERALD

By the way, you've been parking too close to the trash bins. Very uncool. As a property manager certified by the State of California, I could void your lease. Since 9/11, I take security pretty seriously. But I'll let it slide this time.

DEBBIE

We really appreciate how understanding you are. Talk to you soon.

GERALD

Yeah, sure. Call me anytime. Or MySpace me. Whatevs.

Jay grimaces. He and Debbie head for their separate cars.

JAY

Alright. This is it. Wish me luck.

DEBBIE

Just enjoy it. The first day is always
easy.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON ROSS DURANT (55)

ROSS DURANT

Run, you fat fuck!

WIDE TO REVEAL:

Durant's executive office. He watches two employees "racing"
each other on a NINTENDO Wii FIT GAME.

WAYNE WAGNER (47), the testosterone fueled VP of Sales, runs
in place. NOVAK, a fat executive, labors to keep up.

They run on electronic touch pads. A giant plasma TV displays
a footrace between two animated little girl characters.

ROSS DURANT (CONT'D)

I'm serious, Novak! Business is
competition! If you can't make it on the
Wii, how can I trust you with my
marketing division?!

NOVAK

My left arm is numb! I think I'm having a
stroke!

Wayne runs harder, high-stepping.

WAYNE

I'm gonna dance on your grave, Novak!

We go **EVEN WIDER TO REVEAL** a nervous Jay, watching.

ROSS DURANT

So what do you think of the Wii?

JAY

Oh, my nieces love it. I hear it's a fun
game.

ROSS DURANT

This isn't a game. It's an important
exercise to establish competition among
my executives. To see who wants it most.

WAYNE
I want it, sir!

NOVAK
(desperate)
I need my pills.

Novak crumples to the floor. Wayne finishes the race, raising his arms in victory. His dress shirt is drenched with sweat.

WAYNE
Fuck, yeah! Don't bring that weak shit in here, Novak!

Novak struggles to his feet.

NOVAK
(to Durant)
Sir, I'm sorry I--

ROSS DURANT
Get out of my sight.

Novak staggers out. Wayne saunters up and we get a look at just how short he is. 5'6" and pissed about it.

WAYNE
So this is him? The badass who thinks he can step into the Assistant Regional Manager position. Little puppy wants to run with the big dogs.

Wayne BARKS in Jay's face.

JAY
Um, alright. I just--

WAYNE
I bench three hundred and drive a 911 Turbo. Yeah, I roll like that. Big dog style.

JAY
I-- okay? Mr. Durant, I just want to say--

ROSS DURANT
Here's the deal, Jay. We had fifteen absolute losers apply for this job.

JAY

Well, I'm glad my resume stood out.

ROSS DURANT

You were one of them. And you don't have the job yet.

Jay sags.

ROSS DURANT (CONT'D)

But the good news is you were the best loser. Everyone else was a disaster. Like Hurricane Katrina. You were more like a mud slide in Guatemala that kills twenty people. And who gives a shit about that?

WAYNE

I don't. Fuck Guatemala.

ROSS DURANT

So we're giving you a shot. Two weeks from today you're going to make a presentation for Dan Hammer. He owns the Landmark building. It's the only major account in the city we don't have. You land that, you've got the job.

Not what Jay expected but he rolls with it.

JAY

I'm excited for the opportunity.

ROSS DURANT

You should be. Because with the economic downturn, we're eliminating your current position. So if you fuck this up, you're out of a job.

Wayne slams a thick folder into Jay's chest.

WAYNE

And today you pop your cherry. Rob Scanlon at TRW is making noise about changing maintenance providers. So go be a big swinging dick and convince him that's a mistake. You're already late.

Wayne uses Jay's tie to wipe sweat from his brow.

JAY

Thank you. I won't let you down.

ROSS DURANT

I'm guessing you probably will.

With those words of encouragement ringing in his ears, Jay heads out.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Jay hustles to his Honda Accord parked near a GARBAGE DUMPSTER.

HONDA ACCORD

He turns the key. CLICK-CLICK-CLICK. It doesn't start.

JAY

Shit! Not today! Shit!

JAY

climbs out, pops the hood and peers inside.

RUSSELL (O.S.)

What's up, bro?

Jay spins around to see Russell, the mail room guy, emerging from the dumpster.

JAY

Jesus, you scared the crap out of me.

RUSSELL

Yeah, gotta be careful in parking garages. Good place to get raped.

Jay laughs at the joke.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Seriously. Ask Akeem in accounting. He'll never come down here again.

(beat)

I'm Russell.

JAY

Oh, yeah. Hey. What are you doing?

RUSSELL

Some asshole in marketing threw his
blackberry in the trash.

Russell climbs out.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Didn't find it. But check this out, dude.
Juggs magazine.

He holds up the porn magazine.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

The dirtiest tit mag in the world.
(points to cover)
Misty Staxxx. I met her once. Best cans
in the biz.

JAY

That's great but I'm late for an
important meeting and my car won't start
and if I don't figure this out in a few
minutes I'm fucked.

RUSSELL

Shit. Why didn't you say so, man? We can
take the Roo.

INT. SUBARU - MOMENTS LATER

The "Roo" is Russell's 1989 Subaru. And it's a fucking
disaster. Full of fast food wrappers, newspapers and assorted
junk.

Russell drives, Jay struggles to get comfortable.

JAY

I think I'm sitting on something...

He reaches under him and pulls out a DVD CASE. The cover art
shows Misty Staxxx bent over in front of a guy in a gorilla
mask. The title reads: *Gorillas in the Misty*.

Russell grabs it from Jay.

RUSSELL

Oh, sorry about that. That's not even
mine.

He tosses it in back.

JAY

So how long you been in the mail room?

RUSSELL

Just a few weeks. Why? You need any weed?

JAY

Uh, no. I'm actually set in the weed department.

(nervous)

There's no weed in the car now, is there?

Russell jerks the wheel and turns hard onto a side street.

JAY (CONT'D)

Whoa! The freeway is back that way.

RUSSELL

Freeway? It'll be jammed. I know a shortcut, bro.

Russell turns and the Subaru pulls onto a street with no traffic. Jay's impressed.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Jay runs past TRW's corporate logo and approaches a RECEPTIONIST.

JAY

Jay Brenner to see Rob Scanlon.

As Jay follows her, he turns to the windows and shoots Russell a 'thumbs up'. Russell waves and goes back to reading *Juggs Magazine*.

INT. BAR - LATER

Amid the after work crowd, Jay and Russell lounge in a booth, a few empties between them.

RUSSELL

... at that point I realized I had no shot at playing in the Canadian Football League. So I ended up in New York working for a hedge fund. Well, Alan called it a hedge fund, the SEC called it a ponzi scheme. The last two years I was deejaying at this Dominican after-hours in Spanish Harlem.

JAY

Dominicans... great baseball players.

RUSSELL

Yeah. Also really angry people. I got stabbed twice. It was time to move on.

JAY

You know, I almost moved to New York. The Rangers offered me a job. Nothing major, just entry level in their marketing department.

RUSSELL

No shit? The Broadway Blues.

JAY

Yeah, but moving there was gonna be a huge hassle. It's so expensive, the weather sucks and I didn't know anybody. But Debbie, man, she was so supportive when I decided not to go.

RUSSELL

Okay. So now it's elevators, huh?

Jay grimaces.

JAY

Yeah. It's stable. And uh... good benefits.

He takes a long hit off his beer, then...

JAY (CONT'D)

But you're awesome! I gotta tell you, when we first met I thought you were kinda weird. But you're like the guy who landed that plane in the Hudson River. Except you're more awesome because you were flying a piece of shit Subaru with no AC. You had less to work with. I owe you one, man. If there's ever anything I can do for you, let me know.

RUSSELL

Don't worry about it, dude.

JAY

No, I'm serious. Anything at all. And I don't care if it's next week or next month or next year.

Jay checks his watch.

JAY (CONT'D)

Shoot, we better get back. I gotta figure out what to do with my car.

RUSSELL

Don't worry. I know a guy.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - LATER

A tow truck is pulled up behind Jay's car. Jay and Russell watch as a MECHANIC starts the Honda.

MECHANIC

You had a loose connector on the battery. But you're all good to go now.

RUSSELL

Thanks, Donald. See you at karaoke.

The mechanic jumps in his tow truck and drives off.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I told you he could fix anything.

JAY

Man, this is great. Thanks again, Russell. For everything.

RUSSELL

No worries, bro.

Jay opens his car door, ready to head home, until...

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Hey, listen, about before, when you said if I ever needed anything? I was thinking and there actually is something.

JAY

Oh, sure. What's up?

RUSSELL

It's not a big deal. I was just sort of hoping I could put you down as my emergency contact.

JAY

Huh. Okay. That's kind of a weird favor. I was thinking more like lunch. You don't have someone else, like family or a girlfriend or something?

RUSSELL

No, I haven't been in town that long and they need someone local. But I get it. You're uncomfortable. Forget about it.

JAY

Are you kidding? After today, it's the least I can do. Not what I expected, but what the hell. Put me down. Happy to do it.

RUSSELL

Are you sure?

JAY

Definitely. You really hooked me up.

Jay and Russell shake hands.

JAY (CONT'D)

I better get going. Debbie doesn't like it when I stay out to all hours.

RUSSELL

Dude, it's 7:30.

JAY

I know.

Jay climbs in and drives off.

INT. DURANT ELEVATOR - NEXT MORNING

Jay and Nick file out of a conference room with other EMPLOYEES.

NICK

Fucking HR. They made it sound like we're whipping our dicks out in the copy room.

JAY

You did whip your dick out in the copy room. That's why we had the meeting.

NICK

God, has the whole world gone fucking crazy? This isn't North Korea. If you can't make a joke using your cock, what else is there?

JAY

Whatever. Just try to behave yourself.

Jay heads off.

INT. DURANT ELEVATOR - MAIL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jay enters to find a MAIL ROOM GUY sorting letters.

JAY

Hey, is Russell around?

MAIL ROOM GUY

Why? You wanna buy some weed?

JAY

Uh... no. Just wanted to say hey.

MAIL ROOM GUY

Well, he doesn't work here anymore. He was just a temp.

JAY

Oh... Okay. Do you know how to get a hold of him?

MAIL ROOM GUY

Sure, cause all mail room guys hang out together. Like tonight we're gonna get mani-pedi's before the big circle jerk.

Jay stares for a beat...

JAY

O-kay. Thanks for the help.

INT. DURANT ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jay steps out of the mail room. Wayne Wagner waits for him.

WAYNE

What were you doing in there?

JAY

Um, just checking on something.

WAYNE

You think cause you closed that chicken shit TRW deal that you can slack off now? Christ, I knew giving you a shot was a waste of time.

JAY

I'm gonna prove myself to you, Wayne.

WAYNE

I doubt that. You know the difference between you and me? I'm a winner. You do twenty minutes on the treadmill. I summited Everest. Do the math.

(slaps him hard on the back)

This better be the best presentation of all time.

Jay glares at Wayne as he heads off and we go to a **SERIES OF SHOTS:**

*Jay pours over documents at his desk, ignoring Nick who peruses whitechicksblackdicks.com.

*Jay and Debbie, both wearing Snuggies, in their usual spots on the couch. Jay studies documents from work.

*Jay admires a SCALE MODEL of the Landmark building, complete with tiny "employees". Nick arranges two of them like they're fucking, surrounded by a "cheering" crowd. Jay frowns.

*Alone in the office after hours, Jay stands in an empty conference room giving a mock presentation.

Yes, this montage is one of those convenient devices that tells us some time has gone by. In this case, two weeks.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Debbie lies in bed wearing her beauty mask. Jay finishes a phone conversation.

JAY (INTO PHONE)

Perfect. We're gonna nail this. Thanks,
Nick. See you in the morning.

Jay hangs up and climbs in bed.

JAY (CONT'D)

Well, I think I'm ready.

DEBBIE

I know you are. By nine fifteen tomorrow
morning you'll be Assistant Regional
Manager at Durant Elevator. How exciting!

JAY

Yeah, it's awesome.

(convincing himself)

Really awesome.

(not convinced)

It's just amazing to think elevators are
going to be my life.

DEBBIE

(excited)

That's true. You could be doing this for
the next forty years.

JAY

Wow. Forty years.

DEBBIE

(doesn't get it)

We are so lucky to be living our dreams.

Debbie turns off the lights. We PUSH IN on the clock that
reads 9:31 PM. Staying on it, we TIME LAPSE to...

10:04 PM

The phone rings. No one moves. It rings again. Jay and Debbie
stir awake. More ringing. Jay fumbles for the phone.

JAY (INTO PHONE)

Hello?

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)

Jay Brenner?

DEBBIE

Who is it? Do they know what time it is?

Jay waves her off.

JAY (INTO PHONE)
Yeah. Who's this?

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
Are you Russell Davenport's emergency
contact?

Jay sits up, remembering.

JAY (INTO PHONE)
Russell? Oh, yeah, yeah. What's going on?
Is everything okay?

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
No. You need to get down to 1042 Melrose
right now.

JAY (INTO PHONE)
Okay, wait a second. Tell me--

MAN'S VOICE (ON PHONE)
JUST GET DOWN HERE RIGHT NOW!

Click. The line goes dead.

JAY
Hello? Dammit.

Jay staggers out of bed, fumbles with his pants.

DEBBIE
What are you doing? Who was that?

JAY
It's an emergency. Something's going on
with Russell.

DEBBIE
Who the heck is Russell?

JAY
A guy from work. I'm his emergency
contact.

DEBBIE
You can't go now! Who goes out at ten
o'clock at night?!

JAY

I'm his emergency contact. There are rules. This is what you do. He could be hurt.

DEBBIE

But you have your presentation tomorrow!

JAY

I know. But there wouldn't even be a presentation if Russell hadn't helped me out. I owe this guy.

Jay grabs his keys and kisses her forehead.

JAY (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll be back before you know it.

Jay heads out.

CUT TO:

TIGHT ON A CURB

and the black stenciled numbers: **1042**. We TILT UP to find...

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

A nondescript building. Jay looks at the address, confused. He approaches the door. A massive BOUNCER blocks his path.

BOUNCER

Whoa. Slow down, cowboy. There's a line.

Jay looks around. Nobody.

JAY

There's nobody here.

BOUNCER

Then I guess you're at the front of it.

JAY

Okay... well, I'm not a customer. I'm not even sure if I'm at the right place. I got a call to come down here. I'm Russell Davenport's emergency contact?

BOUNCER

Look at you. Being a good samaritan and shit.

(beat)

It's a twenty dollar cover charge.

JAY

What? You guys called me. I was aslee--

BOUNCER

We're running a business here, chief.

He pokes Jay's chest.

BOUNCER (CONT'D)

And you know there ain't nothing in the whole "emergency contact" agreement that says the designated E.C. gets into the club for free. Come on, dude. Think.

JAY

I can't believe this.

(digs into his wallet)

Fine. Here. Can I go in now?

BOUNCER

Yeah. Soon as you take your shirt off.

JAY

Do what?

BOUNCER

It's 'No Shirt Night'. Nobody goes in with a shirt on. Rules, man.

JAY

What kind of freaking place has 'No Shirt Night'?!

CUT TO:

INT. THE CORRAL - MOMENTS LATER

Under flashing lights and pounding techno music, a shirtless, out-of-shape Jay pushes his way through a sea of BARE CHESTED, EXTREMELY FIT GAY MEN.

A neon sign welcomes us to The Corral. And this is not just any gay bar. This place is ground zero for gayness (not that there's anything wrong with that).

Jay, clearly uncomfortable, gets checked out and cruised as he makes his way towards the bar.

GAY MAN #1
Hey! Bear Night is Wednesdays!

JAY
(confused)
I have a girlfriend.

GAY MAN #1
Me too!

GAY MAN #2
I'm married! My wife thinks I'm at bible study!

The two gay guys MAKE OUT. Disturbed, Jay pushes on to the crowded bar and signals the BARTENDER.

JAY
Hi, I'm--

BARTENDER
Bear Night is Wednesdays.

JAY
I know. I'm aware. I'm actually looking for--

BARTENDER
Hard cock? You came to the right place.

JAY
Uh... no. I got a call about Russell Davenport.

BARTENDER
Oh, right. Go see Freddie. He's in back.

As Jay heads across the club, the crowd parts to reveal...

A short man in Daisy Dukes and cowboy boots grinding against a well sculpted MALE MODEL. It's Wayne Wagner, the hard ass from Durant Elevator.

WAYNE
Jay? Oh. My. God. I knew it! Welcome to the gayborhood!

The corporate pit bull is long gone.

JAY

Wayne?! What are you doing here?

Wayne gyrates his hips.

WAYNE

I'm getting my cock prescription filled!
This place has everything... twink,
handballers, otters, judys, size queens,
daddies, tricks, even faux-mos!

JAY

(scared)

I have no idea what any of that means.

Wayne dances up on him.

WAYNE

It's okay. We're safe here.

Wayne cracks a small TUBE and SNORTS the contents.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

Fuck! I love meth! You want to go to the
bathroom?

JAY

(desperate to leave)

Great seeing you. I gotta talk to someone
about my friend. See you at work
tomorrow.

Jay leaves. A disappointed Wayne watches him go.

WAYNE

Are you a top?! I'm a bottom!

JAY

approaches a door marked: Private. MARCO, clearly a fan of
steroids, guards the entrance. He wears a shirt.

JAY

Hey, I'm looking for Freddie. I'm Jay.

MARCO

About time. Where's your fucking shirt?

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jay follows Marco down a hallway past dozens of framed PORN MOVIE POSTERS... *Harry Pooper and the Sorcerer's Bone, Got MILF?, Bone Ranger 3: Return to Anal Island, etc.*

MARCO

... the bar was Freddie's wife's idea. The gays spend a lot of money. But the cash is nothing compared to what Freddie makes with these fuck flicks.

They step into an office.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Marco enter to find FREDDIE ROACH (50) sitting at his desk. Think Robert Evans meets Tony Soprano.

Freddie's flanked by SHANE (25), another muscle head. There's porn DVDs and x-rated merchandise everywhere.

MARCO

Look who finally showed.

Freddie smiles.

FREDDIE

Jay, right? Hey, sit down.

JAY

That's okay. Where's Russell? Is everything alright?

FREDDIE

(ignoring the question)
Tell me something. You like porn?

Jay reluctantly sits.

JAY

I'm sorry? What?

FREDDIE

Me too. Hardcore, amateur, MILF, anal, bukkake, granny, fisting, those Japanese piss videos and--

JAY

Listen, it's really late and I need--

FREDDIE

That's the great thing about America in the 21st century. Everybody wants to fuck on camera. Everybody. People love it, the filthier the better.

(stands)

So where's Russell?

JAY

How would I know? You guys called me. That's why I'm here. In a gay bar. Talking porn. With no shirt on.

FREDDIE

That piece of shit stole from me. A copy of my latest picture. It's a masterpiece starring my new girl. God, you should see her. A gorgeous slut who was born to fuck on film.

SHANE

And she's real professional.

JAY

Well, he shouldn't have done that. But I'm not sure what any of this has to do with me.

Freddie produces a VELCRO WALLET with a TRANSFORMERS LOGO.

FREDDIE

I had Russell come in for a sit down but the slippery little prick snuck out the back. Lucky for us, he dropped his wallet. And guess what was inside?

Freddie hands Jay a WHITE BUSINESS CARD. Jay flips it over, revealing what's written on it:

In case of emergency, contact Jay Brenner (310)288-8000

Freddie stares daggers at Jay.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Looks to me like this has everything to do with you.

JAY

Wait, hold on. First of all, this is definitely not in the spirit of the emergency contact. Now if he was hurt or injured I'd be more than happy--

FREDDIE

Tell me where he is or my guys are gonna bust your head open.

Uh-oh. Jay stands.

JAY

It was obviously a mistake for me to come here tonight. I hope you and Russell work it out.

Marco and Shane grab Jay.

MARCO

Where you going, asshole?

Jay's about to get his ass kicked but that's right when Wayne barges inside holding a fruity cocktail. Fucked up out of his mind, he grabs Jay.

WAYNE

There you are! God, I'm so happy you're my boyfriend. I want to adopt a Korean baby with you. I need you in my mangina! Let's get outta here and fuuuuuuuuuck.

JAY

Oh, God!

FREDDIE

(to Wayne)
He's not going anywhere.

WAYNE

I wasn't talking to you, asshole.

FREDDIE

Marco, get him the fuck outta here!

Wayne throws his drink in Freddie's face and all hell breaks loose. Jay slips free of the bodyguards, darts for the door.

WAYNE

Wait! I'll come with!

WHAM! Marco punches Wayne, flipping him over the couch. Jay sprints back into the club. Shane gives chase.

INT. THE CORRAL - MOMENTS LATER

Jay struggles to navigate a scrum of DANCING GAY MEN. Shane appears out of nowhere.

SHANE

You fucked with the wrong people, bro.

Jay thinks on his feet...

JAY

(to crowd)

Hey! This twink won't take his shirt off!

And that's all it takes. A mob of SHIRTLESS GAY MEN swarm, tearing and ripping Shane's shirt, allowing Jay to get away.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jay races around a corner and climbs into his car.

INT. HONDA - CONTINUOUS

Jay fumbles for his keys.

JAY

Shit! Shit! Shit!

He starts the car and drives off.

INT. HONDA - LATER

As he drives, Jay pulls on his shirt and flips open his cell. 7 missed calls.

JAY

Oh, shit. Debbie.

He dials.

JAY (CONT'D)

Deb. Hey I-- No, I'm-- Yes, it's-- Hold on. There was a g-- Bye.

Right when he hangs up, Russell pops up from the backseat. He's not wearing a shirt.

RUSSELL
She sounds pissed.

JAY
AHHHH! HOLY SHIT!

Jay swerves across lanes of traffic and pulls over.

JAY (CONT'D)
What are you doing in my fucking car?!

RUSSELL
Bro, we are in so much trouble.

JAY
We?! What do you mean we?! Who the hell
is Freddie?! Why did you steal his porn?!
They're not-- Where's your shirt?

RUSSELL
It's no shirt night.

JAY
You're gay?

RUSSELL
No, I'm a gaymeleon. A straight guy that
goes to gay clubs to pick up chicks. It
works, man. I get a lot of ass.

JAY
I don't care! What's going on?!

RUSSELL
I was a PA on the movie. Freddie owes me
nine hundred dollars.

JAY
This is over nine hundred dollars?!
Russell, he might kill you!

RUSSELL
Dude, you know how much money Freddie
makes? Every guy fifteen to fifty is
gonna bust a nut to this video. Between
DVDs, internet downloads and foreign
sales, it's gonna be huge.

JAY

Are you even listening?! Give it back to him! Right now!

RUSSELL

I want to. I definitely underestimated his violent streak. But there's a bit of a problem. I kind of don't have it.

JAY

Well, you better find it because these guys are really pissed.

RUSSELL

Relax, I can get it. I just need you to give me a ride.

JAY

No way. I'm three blocks from my apartment. This isn't my problem.

RUSSELL

Come on. One stop. You're my emergency contact and this is definitely an emergency.

Jay grinds his teeth.

JAY

Fine. I'll give you a ride. But that's it. No more favors. And get in the front seat. I'm not your chauffeur.

RUSSELL

Awesome. Thanks, bro.

Russell climbs out and walks around the car. But before he can get in front, Jay punches the gas and races off.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Hey!

Jay drives away, relieved to get rid of that problem.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A lone POLICE CAR parked in the shadows across from the apartment.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Two uniformed LAPD officers, BRIGGS (tall, lanky) and GLIBBY (muscular, bleached blond hair), stake out Jay's apartment. Briggs talks into the radio.

BRIGGS (INTO RADIO)

(lying)

Dispatch, we're code 8 on a homeless veteran that we're running over to the Midnight Mission.

Briggs hangs up the handset.

GLIBBY

Good cover. Makes us sound like we care.

BRIGGS

Okay. I got one. For seven thousand dollars, would you have sex with an animal?

GLIBBY

That depends. A mammal or a bird?

BRIGGS

A bird? That's kind of small.

GLIBBY

I guess you haven't spent much time on the internet.

BRIGGS

Okay, fine. A bird.

GLIBBY

For seven grand? Definitely.

BRIGGS

It's an ostrich.

GLIBBY

Fuck no. I get to pick the bird. Something sexy, like an eagle. Or maybe a flamingo. I'd tear up a flamingo.

Briggs stares at Glibby.

BRIGGS

Hard to believe you're in marriage counseling.

GLIBBY

(sore subject)

I'm in counseling because Vanessa is a two timing whore!

BRIGGS

Relax, I'm just--

Something through the windshield catches Briggs eye.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Hang on. Here we go.

Outside, Jay's Honda pulls into the driveway.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jay stumbles out of his car, glad to be home until... a bright light blinds his eyes.

JAY

(covering his eyes)

Whoa.

BRIGGS (O.S.)

Mr. Brenner?

Briggs and Glibby, holding a flashlight, step out of the darkness.

JAY

Yeah. Shit, you guys scared me.

GLIBBY

Scared of the police? Why would that be, sir?

BRIGGS

Actually, we just need to ask you a few routine questions about--

BZZZ! Glibby TASERS Jay. Jay goes down, out cold.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Glibby! What the hell?! I thought we talked about this!

GLIBBY

He made a move.

Briggs and Glibby drag Jay to the police car. They take off with Jay in the back, never noticing Russell in the bushes watching them drive by.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

PEOPLE come and go at a bustling LAPD precinct.

INT. POLICE STATION - BOOKING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

A zoo. We find Jay, looking like shit, handcuffed to a bench with a SAMOAN GANGBANGER and a PROSTITUTE in a skin tight mini-skirt.

JAY

This is bullshit! I didn't do anything!

SAMOAN GANGBANGER

Me neither! I'm innocent as a motherfucker!

Jay turns to the Samoan Gangbanger.

JAY

No, I'm serious. I was walking into my apartment and I got tasered for no reason.

SAMOAN GANGBANGER

Me too, dawg! I was just practicing my karate where my girlfriend works.

PROSTITUTE

I got tasered and maced! All Lana was doing was trying to get a hamburger. And some drugs.

Jay stares at Lana, a moment of recognition.

JAY

Do I know you?

A FAT COP interrupts.

FAT COP

You're up, sunshine.

He uncuffs Jay and leads him away.

JAY

What the hell is going on? When do I get my phone call?

FAT COP

You got me. I just work here.
(re: Samoan and prostitute)
Making friends, huh?

JAY

No, it's just weird. Lana reminds me of my high school girlfriend.

FAT COP

Oh, yeah? You're high school girlfriend had a ten inch cock?

Horrified, Jay looks back at Lana and we get a brief glimpse of something FLESH COLORED hanging down between "her" legs.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jay sits alone in a small interrogation room. We **PULL BACK TO REVEAL** that he is being observed through one way glass by Briggs and Glibby.

BRIGGS

I don't know. Seems like a nice guy.

GLIBBY

Are you fucking kidding me? This asshole is breaking up my marriage!

BRIGGS

No, he's not. He knows the guy that's breaking up your marriage.

Briggs holds up a folder that has an OLD PHOTO OF RUSSELL stapled to it.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Russell Davenport. He's the guy who Vanessa is cheating on you with.

GLIBBY

I thought we were partners. Why can't you support me?

BRIGGS

Hey, I helped you taze and subdue an innocent taxpayer tonight so we can find the guy that's fucking your wife! I'm out on a limb here!

GLIBBY

I'm sorry. You're right. It's just tough. I take the vow of marriage very seriously.

BRIGGS

I get it. So let's run a little good cop bad cop and call it a night.

GLIBBY

Okay. Which one am I?

BRIGGS

You're bad cop. Use that anger.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A nervous Jay watches as Briggs and Glibby enter. Glibby sits down across from Jay, Briggs on the table next to him.

JAY

I want my phone call! And a lawyer! I have rights!

BRIGGS

Relax, Jay. I'm Briggs. This is Glibby.

GLIBBY

Why do you need a lawyer? You guilty of something, tough guy?

JAY

What? No, I didn't do--

BRIGGS

Hey, let's all settle down here. You're not in trouble, Jay.

(puts a soda on the table)

So why not have a Coke Zero, answer a few questions and you'll be out of here in no time.

Jay relaxes.

JAY

Okay. I guess I can do that.

BRIGGS

Alright. Can you explain why we found your DNA on three dead prostitutes?

On Jay's horrified face until...

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

I'm just fucking with you! You should have seen your face! Anyway, talk to me about Russell Davenport.

JAY

Are you fucking serious?! That's what this is about?! God, I barely know the guy!

GLIBBY

Really? You barely know him?

Glibby lays out DOZENS OF DOCUMENTS as he talks.

GLIBBY (CONT'D)

Because you're his emergency contact on nine separate job applications, including Quizno's, a gym membership, his medical records and on his permit to operate heavy machinery in the state of California.

Jay stares at the evidence. *Motherfucker.*

JAY

Alright. I do know him. We used to work together. But I haven't seen him in a while. Years. Ages, in fact.

Glibby slams the table with his fist.

GLIBBY

Bullshit! You're his emergency contact! That's a blood oath, man!

Briggs throws up gang signs, making an E and C with his hands.

BRIGGS

You ride together, you die together. Bad boys for life.

Glibby sweeps the table with his hand, soda and papers flying everywhere.

GLIBBY

Time to come clean!

JAY

Okay, okay! I know what this is about!

BRIGGS

You do?

JAY

Yeah. But I swear to God I didn't know anything about the video.

GLIBBY

(stunned)

They made a video?

BRIGGS

Oh, shit.

Jay relaxes. *The truth shall set him free.*

JAY

Come on, guys. Everybody fucks on camera these days. Russell says every guy fifteen to fifty is gonna bust a nut to this video. Between DVDs, internet downloads and foreign sales, this fuck flick's gonna be huge. Look, I agree he shouldn't have done what he did, but Russell just wants to get paid.

Glibby stares for a beat until...

GLIBBY

You motherfucker!

Glibby explodes across the table, wailing on Jay.

BRIGGS

Glibby!

JAY

Ahh! Why are you doing this?! I'm telling the truth! I heard it turned out great! Very classy! She's a gorgeous slut who was born to fuck on camera! And she's professional! Really professional!

Glibby pulls his nightstick. Briggs tries to get him off Jay.

GLIBBY

You're a dead man!

BRIGGS

Glibby! No!

JAY

Help me!!

DETECTIVE STERNS (O.S.)

What the fuck is going on in here?

Everyone stops, turns to see DETECTIVE STERNS, a homicide investigator in a suit and tie. Glibby lets go of Jay.

BRIGGS

Uh, hey, Detective. Just a little routine police work.

GLIBBY

Yeah. We're running good cop, bad cop.

STERNS

You're not detectives. You don't get to play good cop, bad cop. You guys are patrolmen. You play "Traffic Stop Asshole" or "Officer Lunch Run".

(eyes Jay)

What's this fuck stick charged with? Lewd Conduct with a minor?

Jay frowns.

BRIGGS

Uh... technically the perp hasn't been charged yet but our investigation is ongoing--

DETECTIVE STERNS

Are you fucking crazy? You guys ever hear of Rodney King? He could sue the department's ass off for this shit.

JAY

(to Briggs/Glibby)

I am going to sue.

Sterns slams Jay down on the table.

DETECTIVE STERNS

Listen up, shitbird. You will forget this ever happened or I will plant kiddie porn in your car and dump your body out by the airport.

(to Briggs)

Get him the fuck outta here.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Briggs, Glibby and Jay walk down the hallway.

GLIBBY

This isn't over. Russell might be able to hide but his scumbag friends can't.

They get to the door.

JAY

You guys are crazy. I've got nothing to do with this.

BRIGGS

Keep sticking to that story. But when you fuck up? We're gonna be there.

Glibby gestures two fingers to his eyes then to Jay.

GLIBBY

Watch your back, asshole.

JAY

I don--

GLIBBY

WATCH YOUR BACK!

Traumatized, Jay stumbles out the door.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jay staggers out of a cab.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The door unlocks. Jay steps inside, takes two steps then stops in his tracks. Debbie and Gerald wait for him, pissed.

GERALD

I hope you have a good explanation.

JAY

Yeah, there's-- What are you doing here?

DEBBIE

What the hell is going on, Jay?

Jay considers his options, goes for the Oscar.

JAY

Honey, it was awful. That guy Russell? He was driving home from this black tie charity event, a thing for autistic kids, and he got into a horrible accident. Poor guy was nearly decapitated. The trauma team did everything they could but he lost too much blood...

(choked up)

I'm sorry, it's just hard. I had to identify him. Goddamn drunks drivers!

And that's when the toilet flushes and Russell saunters out of the bathroom wearing one of Jay's NEW YORK RANGERS HOCKEY JERSEYS.

RUSSELL

Do you guys have any Febreze?

(sees Jay)

Jay! Thank God you're here, bro. I filled everyone in.

Jay forces a smile at Debbie. Without a word she storms into the bedroom, slams the door and locks it.

GERALD

Now you've upset her. I should inform you this could be grounds for eviction.

JAY

Get the fuck out of my apartment.

Gerald starts to say something, thinks better of it and takes off. Jay turns to Russell.

RUSSELL

You seem angry.

JAY

Do you know the cops are looking for you?!

Russell paces, thinking on his feet.

RUSSELL

(lying)

Dude, this is worse than we thought. They must be working for Freddie.

JAY

Jesus, what have you gotten me into?! They freaked out about the tape! And why the hell did you put me down as your emergency contact thirteen times?!

RUSSELL

We never established a maximum number of uses and I--

JAY

I don't care! I can't be dealing with this shit!

The home phone RINGS. Jay ignores it.

JAY (CONT'D)

I need to talk to Debbie and get some fucking sleep! I have a huge day tomorrow! My job is on the line! So leave! Now!

More RINGING.

RUSSELL

Man, I know you're pissed but the only way to make all of this go away is to return the DVD to Freddie. By now he probably knows where you live. You saw how crazy he is. We don't have a choice.

JAY

I do! I don't have anything to do with this!

The answering machine picks up, Jay's voice says to leave a message. After the BEEP:

FREDDIE (V.O.)

You dumb motherfucker! Nobody steals from me! You and Russell better bring back my DVD or I swear to God this will be the biggest headache of your worthless fucking life!

Click. Jay panics.

JAY

What does that even mean?! A headache?! Oh, God!

RUSSELL

Everything's under control, bro. Don't worry. My buddy Captain Kirk has the DVD. All we have to do is go pick it up.

JAY

Captain Kirk? That's his name? Like fucking Star Trek?

(frustrated)

You know what, I don't want to know.

Defeated, Jay taps on the bedroom door.

JAY (CONT'D)

Debbie, honey? I'm really sorry. I know this is messed up but I have to go--

DEBBIE (O.S.)

FUCK YOU!

JAY

Okay. Back in a few.

INT. HONDA - NIGHT

Jay drives. Silence until...

RUSSELL

So Debbie kinda sucks.

JAY
Shut up. No talking.

Beat.

RUSSELL
I think she's a bad influence. You should have taken that job in New York.

JAY
How about we return the DVD and never see each other again? Okay? Good.

Jay turns at an intersection.

RUSSELL
You didn't have one good reason not to go and she talked you into staying. She's an enabler.

JAY
Shut. The fuck. Up.

They drive in silence. Finally...

JAY (CONT'D)
I told you the reasons why I didn't take that job. I wasn't comfortable--

RUSSELL
New York would have been an adventure. Just like tonight.

JAY
That's what you're calling this?! An adventure?!

RUSSELL
That's what it is. It beats sitting at home every night watching TV, thinking about all the shit you wish you were doing.

JAY
Fuck you.

RUSSELL
Oh, did I touch a nerve? You're finally living and all you do is bitch.

JAY

This has been the worst night of my life!

RUSSELL

Or the most interesting. It's all perspective, dude.

JAY

You're out of your fucking mind.

RUSSELL

Bro, let me tell you something that I rarely share with anyone. But it's gonna change everything for you.

(beat)

Everything you want in this life lies just outside your comfort zone.

JAY

Thanks, Dr. Phil. My life has been forever changed by that stupid bullshit.

Jay pulls to a stop in front of a HOTEL.

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The lobby buzzes with people wearing JONAS BROTHERS T-SHIRTS. Jay and Russell talk to a harried FRONT DESK CLERK.

HOTEL EMPLOYEE

Kirk Bohanon is in Room 912.

JAY

(looks around)

What the hell is going on?

HOTEL EMPLOYEE

The fucking Jonas Brothers are staying here.

(yells off screen)

There's no smoking, you skanks!

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jay and Russell ride up.

JAY

So who is this guy?

RUSSELL

Captain Kirk? He's a pilot for American Airlines. Or he was a pilot. He's had some personal problems.

Jay nods.

JAY

Of course he has.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A rundown complex. Shane and Marco creep towards the back.

SHANE

...so I fill out the form and, as like a joke, I put Jeff Probst down as my emergency contact.

They head up a staircase to a second floor walkway.

MARCO

The guy from *Survivor*?

SHANE

Yeah. But check this out. When I had that hernia operation? Somebody called him. And the dude actually showed up.

MARCO

No fucking way.

They finally stop in front of an apartment door and pull out pistols.

SHANE

Seriously. Jeff held that shit sacred.

Shane chambers a round into his pistol.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Blew my mind, man.

WHAM! Shane kicks open the door.

INT. RUSSELL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The front door flies off the hinges. Shane and Marco enter a shithole studio apartment. The place is crammed with a variety of random shit... a drum kit, cases of Red Bull, etc.

SHANE
Check the bedroom.

Marco doesn't move, looks around.

MARCO
We're in it.

He picks up a picture of Russell and Jo Jo the lemur before noticing a blinking red light on the answering machine.

Marco hits play. After the beep...

CAPTAIN KIRK (ON ANSWERING MACHINE)
Hey, Russell. It's Captain Kirk. Got your message. I have your DVD. I'm staying at the Four Seasons so come on down. Oh, and can you bring me the number one combo from In N Out, animal style? Thanks, bro.

Shane and Marco share a look.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jay and Russell stride down the hallway crowded with partying JONAS BROTHERS GROUPIES, arriving at Room 912.

Russell knocks and CAPTAIN KIRK opens the door. Hair a mess, unshaven and a wild gleam in his eye. Also, he's wearing a rumpled pilot's uniform with no pants.

CAPTAIN KIRK
Guys! Welcome! Come on in!

Captain Kirk retreats back inside. Russell tries to follow but Jay grabs him.

JAY
He's not wearing pants, Russell.

RUSSELL
Really? I think he's got shorts on.
(looks)
Nope. You're right. He's naked.

Russell heads inside. Jay reluctantly follows.

INT. CAPTAIN KIRK'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

A disaster area. Clothes everywhere, room service trays, uneaten food, trash and random debris.

Jay follows behind Russell, quickly covering up his nose.

JAY

Jesus! What's that smell? It's like burnt hair.

CAPTAIN KIRK

Oh that? That's crack. Hey, you caught me!

Moving around like a manic, Captain Kirk tries to straighten up but it's hopeless.

CAPTAIN KIRK (CONT'D)

Yeah, I'm under a lot of pressure right now. I've got a meeting with the FAA and I really want to get my pilot's license reinstated. That's why I've been holed up here the last ten days getting my shit together.

RUSSELL

Who's that dude?

Russell points to a MIDDLE AGED MAN passed out on a chair, surrounded by empty beer cans and drug paraphernalia.

CAPTAIN KIRK

That's Alex. My attorney. We've been strategizing for days. It's going great.

Captain Kirk takes a hit off a CRACK PIPE.

CAPTAIN KIRK (CONT'D)

(holding the hit)

You guys want a suit?

For some reason, Captain Kirk has a garment rack filled with brand new designer suits.

CAPTAIN KIRK (CONT'D)

(to Jay)

What are you? A 42 long? Come on, take one. It's Armani.

Russell tries to grab a suit but Jay slaps his hand away.

JAY

We need to pick up Russell's DVD.

CAPTAIN KIRK

The video. Right. We never got around to watching it. It's in the DVD player.

RUSSELL

That's okay, bro.

JAY

Yeah, we don't have time to watch it.

But Captain Kirk hits play on the DVD player. Jay and Russell block our view of the screen. Jay reacts to whatever he's seeing.

JAY (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?!

RUSSELL

Oh, man.

They step aside, revealing the horrifying image on screen...

It's *Finding Nemo*.

CAPTAIN KIRK

Huh? That's weird.

RUSSELL

Kirk, where's my DVD?

CAPTAIN KIRK

Shit. I must have given it to Luis. He brought over *Nemo* earlier. I like to watch it when I'm stressed. When Dory races through the sea anemones, I get really emotional.

RUSSELL

What a movie. A father-son underwater adventure that--

JAY

Nobody cares! Where's the fucking fuck video?!

CAPTAIN KIRK

Whoa, calm down. My car's right outside.
Luis is working tonight at Krush Bar.
I'll drive you there myself.
(holds his stomach)
Right after I drop a load. I got a bear
in the cave. And he's growling.

Captain Kirk darts into the bathroom.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Shane and Marco pull up to the valet.

INT. CAPTAIN KIRK'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Jay pleads with Russell.

JAY

Russell, the guy doesn't have it! Let's
go!

RUSSELL

You heard him. He said he would drive us--

JAY

You want to get in a car with that
freak?! No way! I'm gone!

RUSSELL

Okay, hold on. At least let me tell him
we're taking off.

Russell heads over to the bathroom and knocks but the door
creaks open to reveal...

Captain Kirk slumped on the throne, not moving.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

Russell inches forward and pokes Captain Kirk.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Kirk? Kirk? You okay, dude?

Jay pops his head inside.

JAY

What's going on?

Russell checks Kirk's pulse, turns to Jay.

RUSSELL
Don't freak out.

JAY
(freaked out)
Why would I freak out?!

RUSSELL
Because he's dead.

Russell grimaces, then flushes the toilet.

JAY
(stunned)
What? He died? Holy shit.

Jay's cell rings. In a daze, he answers.

JAY (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello?

ROSS DURANT (ON PHONE)
Jay? Ross Durant. Is this a good time?

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Shane and Marco cut through the lobby to the front desk.

INT. CAPTAIN KIRK'S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

We hear Jay's voice coming from the bathroom.

JAY (O.S.)
I'm just a bit surprised to hear from
you. It's kind of late.

Russell and Jay, phone to his ear, stagger in carrying
Captain Kirk's dead body.

INT. ROSS DURANT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Durant runs on a treadmill while talking into a headset. Flat
panel TVs display various financial networks.

DURANT (INTO HEADSET)
Get used to it. I call my executives at
all hours. The fact you're up working
tells me something about your character.

INT. CAPTAIN KIRK'S SUITE - CONTINUOUS

Jay and Russell haul Captain Kirk towards the bed.

JAY (INTO PHONE)

Yes, sir. I'm really focused on the task at hand. This project has... legs.

Kirk slips out of Russell's hands, his head hitting the floor with a loud THUD.

DURANT (ON PHONE)

What the hell was that?!

Jay stares daggers at Russell, struggling to hold Kirk's legs while continuing the phone conversation.

JAY (INTO PHONE)

Oh, it's nothing. I've got my hands full but I'm taking care of business.

Russell grabs Kirk and lifts him up again.

DURANT (ON PHONE)

Good. Because I've been telling everyone that this will be the best presentation they've ever heard. See you in six hours.

Click. Jay hangs up and with one final surge they toss Captain Kirk onto the bed.

RUSSELL

Nice. What kind of boss calls you at two in the morning?

Jay loses it. Dead bodies, promotions... It's too much.

JAY

Russell, I can't be here! This is my future we're talking about! Fuck it! I'm calling the police!

RUSSELL

Yeah, because we've had great luck with the cops tonight. That's exactly what Freddie wants, man. And look, I'm not explaining to anyone why we're in a hotel room with a dead pilot and a pretty significant amount of narcotics.

Jay consider that. Russell has a point.

JAY

This was not what I agreed to when I said you could use me as your emergency contact! What are we gonna do?!

RUSSELL

Very easy. It's gonna look like a tragic accident. Our friend here liked to get high and take midnight swims. We just have to get him down to the pool.

JAY

(worst idea ever)

Yeah! We can carry him through the lobby like *Weekend at Bernie's*!

RUSSELL

No. That would be crazy. We're gonna throw him off the balcony.

JAY

Of course. The voice of reason.

Russell steps out onto the balcony, peers over.

RUSSELL

Oh, yeah. We can make it. No problemo.

Jay turns to Captain Kirk's body.

JAY

What's that, Kirk? Yes, I did get out of bed for this. And now I'm going to spend the rest of my life in prison.

Russell returns.

RUSSELL

No way, bro. This is a manslaughter beef. That's five to seven, max. We'd be out in three. And if we wipe the room down we'll be golden.

JAY

(to Captain Kirk)

You see what I'm dealing with here?

INT. HOTEL - ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Shane and Marco ride up with an EXTREMELY DRUNK 15 YEAR OLD GIRL in a Jonas Brothers T-shirt.

DRUNK GIRL

Do you guys like the Jonas Brothers?

MARCO

Fuck them.

SHANE

They're all gay.

EXT. BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Jay and Russell struggle to lift Captain Kirk's body onto the railing. Jay peers down.

JAY

No way. He'll never make it.

RUSSELL

That's okay. He's not gonna feel a thing.

They steady Captain Kirk on the railing, about to push him over when a few things happen very quickly...

First, there's a loud BANGING on the door.

MARCO (O.S.)

Hotel security! Open up!

With Jay and Russell staring in horror at the door, they never notice Captain Kirk's eyes open wide. But he flips backwards over the railing and falls out of sight.

JAY

(re: front door)

Shit!

RUSSELL

(re: Captain Kirk)

Shit!

The door pops open but gets caught on the security bar. Shane squeezes his head in.

SHANE

Open up, assholes!

RUSSELL

Fuck! Come on, Jay!

Russell leaps onto the adjacent balcony. It's both impressive and completely insane.

JAY

Jesus, who are you?!

WHAM! The front door breaks open and Shane and Marco charge inside.

RUSSELL

Jump! Just like a ring tailed lemur!

No choice, Jay jumps but lands awkwardly, SLAMMING HIS RIBS on the other balcony, barely hanging on.

JAY

Owww! Shit!

Russell pulls him to safety right as Shane and Marco storm outside. Jay and Russell sprint inside the neighboring room.

SHANE AND MARCO

race back towards the front door where they run into Alex, Kirk's attorney.

ALEX

Hey, what are you guys--

WHAM! Shane lays out Alex and they head out the door.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Even more crowded with GROUPIES. Russell and Jay, clutching his ribs, burst out the neighboring door.

Shane and Marco emerge from Captain Kirk's room and give chase, slowed by the crowd of teenagers.

Jay and Russell make it onto the elevator as the door closes. They both collapse, breathing heavy.

After a beat, they look up to see the extremely drunk 15 year old girl. She laughs and presses the button for every floor.

JAY

No! What the fuck is wrong with you?!

She pukes all over the floor. And Jay.

JAY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

RUSSELL

We're screwed!

JAY

(looking at elevator)

Wait. This is an LV-2500.

Jay hits the stop button and yanks open the control panel.

JAY (CONT'D)

Russell, please forget I ever showed you this.

He grabs a handful of wires.

RUSSELL

What are you doing?!

JAY

Brace yourself.

Jay rips out some wires and WHOOSH... everybody hits the ceiling as they plummet in a suicidal free fall.

INT. HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

The lobby's going off. Everyone partying until...

KABOOM! The elevator slams into the bottom floor. Dust and smoke pours out from the door seams. The doors slowly open and Jay and Russell squeeze out.

They limp past the shocked crowd and out the front doors.

After a beat, the drunk girl pulls herself out. Everyone stares in silence until she raises her arms in victory.

DRUNK GIRL

Fuck yeah!!

The lobby erupts in cheers.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Jay and Russell stagger outside. A black Escalade weaves up the drive, skidding to a stop in front of them.

The passenger door opens, revealing a soaking wet Captain Kirk behind the wheel.

CAPTAIN KIRK

Dudes! What the fuck is going on? How did I get down to the pool? Come on, get in.

Stunned, Jay and Russell climb in. Captain Kirk drives off as Shane and Marco sprint outside. They frantically look around but it's too late.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A busy city hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

DOCTORS, NURSES and HOSPITAL STAFF tend to the needs of PATIENTS.

A shirtless Jay sits on an ER bed, gently massaging his ribs and wincing in pain. Bruising is visible.

He looks over to Captain Kirk.

JAY

We shouldn't have stopped. I'm fine.

CAPTAIN KIRK

Safety first. And we took a vote. You lost two to one. Democracy, bro.

A NURSES approaches.

NURSE

You've probably got broken ribs but x-ray is backed up a couple of hours.

The nurse notices the mess on Jay's pants.

NURSE (CONT'D)

And you were vomiting?

JAY

That's not my vomit.

NURSE

Okay, maybe I can give you something for the pain.

CAPTAIN KIRK
(excited)
Probably Vicodin.

The Nurse leaves.

CAPTAIN KIRK (CONT'D)
Man, I can't believe I jumped from the balcony into the pool. Why didn't you guys stop me?

JAY
(nervous)
Oh... we tried. You were screaming and running around and we were like "don't do it, don't do it! You're crazy!". And then you did a swan dive right over the side.

CAPTAIN KIRK
Wow, that sounds awesome. But I don't remember any of that. Maybe I'm having blackouts again. Better not share that with the FAA.

Captain Kirk laughs.

CAPTAIN KIRK (CONT'D)
So how do you know Russell?

JAY
I'm his emergency contact.

CAPTAIN KIRK
No shit? Well, he's a great guy, man. He helped me get through Stanford.

JAY
Russell went to Stanford?

CAPTAIN KIRK
Oh, yeah. The guy's a brainiac. He even got an MBA.

Russell saunters up.

RUSSELL
God, I just destroyed the bathroom. They're gonna have to call the hazmat team.

The Nurse returns with a PILL BOTTLE.

NURSE

Here you go. This will help.

Captain Kirk snatches the bottle from her.

CAPTAIN KIRK

I'll take those little soldiers.

NURSE

(to Jay)

And don't worry. I called your emergency contact...

(checks clipboard)

... Debbie Levine. She didn't sound happy but she's on her way.

JAY

What?! Why did you do that?! I have a ride!

The nurse glares at Captain Kirk and Russell. Kirk holds PADDLES to his chest and Russell tries to turn on the DEFIBRILLATOR.

NURSE

I'm required by law to find a sober driver.

The nurse exits. Jay eases off the bed and frantically limps over to the guys.

JAY

We gotta get out of here! Now!

RUSSELL

Everything alright?

JAY

Yeah, I'm fine. Don't need x-rays after all. Come on, let's go.

They head out.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Glibby rounds a corner, spotting Briggs with the Samoan Gangbanger, who's still handcuffed to the bench.

BRIGGS
 (serious)
 Glibby, this guy has something really
 important I think you need to hear.

The Samoan starts BEAT BOXING.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)
 (rapping)
*Fuck tha police! Coming straight from the
 underground! Young nigga got it bad cuz
 I'm brown--*

GLIBBY
 Briggs! What is this shit?!

SAMOAN GANGBANGER
 That's a classic, dawg.

GLIBBY
 Shut up!
 (to Briggs)
 Sterns is briefing everyone. Unless you
 and your boyfriend are too busy jerking
 each other off.

Glibby walks off. Briggs rolls his eyes and bumps fists with
 the Samoan dude before following Glibby.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Detective Sterns leads a meeting in a conference room with
 other DETECTIVES. Pictures of Freddie, Shane and Marco are
 pinned to a bulletin board.

In the back, Briggs and Glibby listen.

DETECTIVE STERNS
 ... he's a pornographer and club owner
 who's into some very shady shit. These
 two low rent fucks are his muscle. So I
 need you guys out on the streets working
 your CIs and snitches on this one.

Everyone heads out. Briggs and Glibby shuffle forward.

GLIBBY
 Hey, thanks for bringing us in on this.
 We're ready to bust heads and take names.

DETECTIVE STERNS

First off, McGruff, nobody talks like that. Second, I didn't bring you in on this. You guys just wandered in.

BRIGGS

All we want is a chance. We'll do anything.

DETECTIVE STERNS

Okay. Go pick up dinner. The boys want Chinese.

BRIGGS

Actually, we were thinking we'd be out on the street.

DETECTIVE STERNS

You will be. Driving to the Chinese place. We're doing real police work here.

Sterns points to another photo. It's from the AVN Awards...
Freddie with his arm around a LONG HAIRE D MAN.

DETECTIVE STERNS (CONT'D)

This is a murder investigation.

EXT. KRUSH BAR - NIGHT

A huge line of CLUB GOERS snakes around a corner. Jay, Russell and Captain Kirk approach the main entrance.

JAY

Fuck, look at this line. We're never gonna get in.

CAPTAIN KIRK

The only lines I do are off a stripper's ass.

They stride around the corner to a rear entrance where a giant BOUNCER stands by a door.

BOUNCER

Kirk! What's good, man?

CAPTAIN KIRK

What's up, Darius? Still rockin' the flat top, I see.

Captain Kirk leads Jay and Russell inside.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Jay, Russell and Captain Kirk ride up in a freight elevator with another BOUNCER.

BOUNCER (INTO HEADSET)
Coming up. Captain Kirk plus two.

JAY
(impressed)
This is amazing. I've never gotten VIP treatment.

Captain Kirk dumps a bunch of Jay's Vicodin into his mouth straight from the bottle.

CAPTAIN KIRK
(chewing pills)
Looks like you're hanging with the right people.

INT. KRUSH BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The newest and hottest club in the city. By the time you hear about this place it will already be gone.

Beautiful bodies shake to thumping MUSIC. LIGHTS flash. It's a booze fueled pleasure zone.

The elevator doors open and Jay, Russell and Captain Kirk stride out. This is our *Reservoir Dogs* SLOW-MO HERO SHOT except these guys look like warmed over dogshit.

Coming out FULL SPEED, Jay and Russell knock knuckles with Captain Kirk and he continues towards the DJ booth where LUIS, covered in tats, spins. A group of GOTH GUYS, all dressed in black with make up and tattoos, hang with him.

Jay soaks in the scene.

JAY
Jesus. This place is crazy.

RUSSELL
Our luck is changing, bro.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The ER is still busy.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

DOCTORS and HOSPITAL STAFF come and go. Suddenly, Debbie and Gerald stride by with the same nurse from earlier chasing after them.

DEBBIE

What do you mean he left?! I'm his girlfriend! You called me!

Debbie pulls back curtains, checking the ER beds.

NURSE

Excuse me! You cannot be in this area!
Mr. Brenner checked himself out! He is not here!

Debbie stops looking, hangs her head. The Nurse waits a beat before heading off to more important things. Gerald puts an arm around Debbie.

GERALD

It's okay, Deb.

DEBBIE

What am I going to do? He isn't here.

GERALD

I know.

(beat)

But I am.

Gerald KISSES Debbie. She pushes him off and SLAPS THE SHIT OUT OF HIM.

DEBBIE

Fuck, Gerald!

They stare at each other a beat. Then, like animals, they attack, kissing and groping, finally falling behind a curtain.

INT. KRUSH BAR - VIP AREA - NIGHT

Jay and Russell are in the VIP surrounded by gorgeous WOMEN and cool GUYS.

RUSSELL

Know what I'm thinking? Patron shots.

JAY

I'm not drinking any fucking Patron.
Where's Kirk? How hard can it be to get a
DVD?

RUSSELL

Can you relax for like two seconds?

JAY

This is not some fun Saturday night after
a long week at work. It's Tuesday,
Russell. I have a presentation in four
hours. I should be in bed.

RUSSELL

Okay. But right now you're balls deep in
the VIP of the hottest spot in the city.

JAY

Yeah, great. And look at us. We look
fucking ridiculous. No one in here gives
a shit about me or who I--

A drunk DOUCHEBAG approaches Jay.

DOUCHEBAG

Hey! How are you?

JAY

Oh, I don't think--

DOUCHEBAG

I haven't seen you since... When was it?

RUSSELL

(going with it)
Probably Sundance.

DOUCHEBAG

Fucking A! Motherfucking Sundance! Man,
I'm sorry, what was your name again?

JAY

Jay, but--

DOUCHEBAG

Jay! That's right! We were both tripping balls at that Nokia party and you told Dakota Fanning to go fuck herself!

RUSSELL

Dakota Fanning's a whore.

The Douchebag throws his arms around Jay and Russell.

DOUCHEBAG

Bros, I got a table. You have to join.

Jay and Russell survey the Douchebag's booth. Three GORGEOUS MODELS getting their drink on.

RUSSELL

Okay.

Jay glares at Russell as they slide into the booth, joining the girls.

DOUCHEBAG

Ladies! This is my boy Jay and his boy Russell!

Smiles and hellos. A cute BLONDE leans in on Jay.

BLONDE

So what do you do, Jay?

JAY

Oh, I--

RUSSELL

He works for the New York Rangers.

BLONDE

Really?

Everyone stares at Jay, impressed. He hesitates, then...

JAY

It pays the bills.

BLONDE

That is so cool!

The blonde smiles at Jay.

DOUCHEBAG

Party people?! Who wants a shot?

Jay smiles back.

JAY

Maybe just one.

CUT TO:

SEVEN MINUTES LATER

Jay slams down a shot glass next to a row of empties. He's hammered.

JAY

Bam! And Jesus wept!

Everybody laughs, loving this guy.

RUSSELL

Amen!

BLONDE

So New York must be awesome.

JAY

It is awesome. Yeah, moving there's expensive. Yeah, the weather sucks. Yeah, you don't know anybody. But guess what? Boo freaking hoo! It's fucking New York! So blow me, haters!

BLONDE

Right! You so had to go.

JAY

See? You get it! You would never be that girlfriend who knows you're scared and then uses that to talk you out of going so you end up sitting at home every night eating Koo Koo Roo, watching Jeopardy and wearing a fucking Snuggie!

It's awkward but the ladies go with it. Jay buries his face in the blonde's hair.

JAY (CONT'D)

God, you smell awesome! I want to live in your hair! I'll make a beautiful golden fleece out of it and swaddle myself like a baby!

Another model motions to Russell.

MODEL # 2

How about you, Russell? What do you do?

RUSSELL

I work in the elevator business.

Everybody groans. *That sounds boring as fuck.*

JAY

Fuck! Elevators suck balls! But Russell does it because it's stable and he's afraid to try new things! To leave his little bubble! So he does what's safe! What a fag!

Russell looks at Jay.

RUSSELL

It's all true. I'm a big pussy.

A new song comes on and Jay's face lights up.

JAY

Oh, shit! This is my jam!

Jay grabs a bottle of Cristal. He pops the cork, spraying everyone with champagne like he's in a L'il Wayne video.

This is Jay's moment, he's the man. He plays air guitar with the champagne bottle. Girls fawn all over him, guys high-five him. He's enjoying every second of it until...

Captain Kirk sprints by.

CAPTAIN KIRK

I got the porn!

He tosses the DVD to Russell and keeps running as Luis and a mob of angry Goths chase after him.

Jay is caught in the chaos, destroying his moment.

JAY

No! No! Hold on! This is my ja--

WHAM! Jay gets punched in the face, his tooth flying in the air as he crashes to the ground.

An all out brawl ensues. Jay and Russell, DVD in hand, crawl for the door.

EXT. IN N' OUT BURGER - LATER

The Escalade sits in the parking lot.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Russell and Jay, face swollen and still drunk, dig into burgers and fries.

JAY

Man, that was nuts. Do you think Kirk's okay? What the fuck did he say to those guys?

RUSSELL

I don't know. Scientology rubs a lot of people the wrong way but I'm sure he's fine. He survived a year in a Mexican prison.

Jay wolfs down his Double Double.

JAY

God, this is so good. I never get to eat In N' Out. Do me a favor, promise me you'll never have a food journal. Because that's fucking gay, man.

RUSSELL

So somebody's having a pretty good time.

Jay smiles, showing off his MISSING TOOTH.

JAY

Yeah, that club was awesome. And those chicks were awesome. This food is awesome. And I've never even been in a fight before. Awesome.

Jay rummages around on the floor.

JAY (CONT'D)

And you know what would be really
awesome?

Jay holds up the DVD. We recognize it from earlier. It's
Gorillas In The Misty.

JAY (CONT'D)

Gorillas in the Misty!

RUSSELL

We don't want to watch that shit, dude.

Russell reaches for the DVD. Jay pulls it away.

JAY

I do. I want to see what all the hype is
about.

Jay holds Russell off with one hand, shoving the DVD into the
Escalade's player.

RUSSELL

I said no!

Jay hits play and the video pops on screen.

ON SCREEN

A TIME CODE runs, all the footage is raw. MISTY STAXXX (23),
a younger, hotter Jenna Jameson, is dressed as a slutty zoo
keeper and takes it doggy style from a guy with AN EXTREMELY
HAIRY BACK wearing a GORILLA MASK.

ON JAY AND RUSSELL

JAY

Silverbacking! I've heard about this!

RUSSELL

Seriously, can we turn this off? This
stuff is so demeaning to women.

ON SCREEN

The hot silverbacking action continues, until finally an
annoyed Misty looks off camera...

MISTY STAXXX (ON VIDEO)

Can we get a money shot already?! I'm starting to chafe!

GORILLA MASK GUY (ON VIDEO)

I'm trying, I just don't know--

DIRECTOR (O.S.) (ON VIDEO)

Yeah, we're all waiting on you, man.
Let's see the baby batter.

Misty Staxxx yawns and rolls her eyes. Suddenly, the guy whips off his gorilla mask.

IT'S RUSSELL.

RUSSELL (ON VIDEO)

I'm sorry but why am I wearing a gorilla mask? This doesn't feel real or authentic for my character and the pain he's dealing with.

(suddenly emotional)

I can't do this!

Russell runs off screen, near tears.

ON JAY AND RUSSELL

Russell wrestles free and turns off the DVD player. Jay laughs hysterically.

JAY

Holy shit! You did a fucking porn?!
That's incredible!

RUSSELL

No, it's not! I made a mistake in a weak moment! I'm a victim in a town full of predators!

JAY

So that's why you stole the tape? You were embarrassed about your performance.

RUSSELL

It was supposed to be tasteful.

INT. POLICE CAR - SAME

Briggs and Glibby drive down the street, big bags of Chinese food between them.

BRIGGS

You gotta admit, it's a pretty good cop name.

(movie trailer voice)

Bin Laden's got a dirty bomb. And only one man can clean it up. Matt Damon is... Briggs.

GLIBBY

(shitty movie trailer voice)

And Mark Wahlberg as... Glibby.

BRIGGS

What?! No fucking way! Glibby's a terrible cop name. Glibby's like the retarded football coach or the nerd in some bullshit comedy who can't get laid so he ends up with the fat chick.

GLIBBY

Shut up.

BRIGGS

(movie trailer voice)

He's a mentally challenged pole vaulter trying to lose his virginity. Jake Gyllenhaal is... Glibby.

GLIBBY

Fuck you!

BRIGGS

(retarded voice)

I just want love.

GLIBBY

It's Scots-Irish!

BRIGGS

(movie trailer voice)

Opens Christmas day.

Briggs laughs.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Relax, I'm just fucking with you.

Briggs slows to a stop at a red light. The In N.Out is right across the street, the Escalade parked in the lot. Briggs slowly recognizes Jay and Russell.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Is that them?

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Jay eyes the police car.

JAY
Hey, is that those same cops?

RUSSELL
Dude, don't be paranoid.

They watch one officer climb out of the squad car, carrying something.

JAY
(curious)
What's he doing?

RUSSELL
I don't know. It looks like--

BOOM! The Escalade's back window explodes.

JAY
Shit!

GLIBBY

sprints forward, racking another round into a SHOTGUN.

GLIBBY
Five-oh, motherfuckers!

The Escalade roars away before Glibby can fire again. Briggs pulls the squad car around.

Glibby climbs in and they give chase.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The Escalade and the police car engage in a high speed chase that would make Bruckheimer cream his shorts. Crashes, shooting and near misses. We'll probably need to shoot this in 3-D. Seriously.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Briggs drives while screaming at Glibby.

BRIGGS

You can't just start shooting at people!

GLIBBY

He had a gun!

BRIGGS

No, he didn't! We're off the fucking reservation here, Glibby! I'm not losing my badge over this shit! Promise me you'll keep your shit together!

Glibby locks his eyes on the Escalade, full of rage.

GLIBBY

My shit is so together.

INT. ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

Russell keeps his foot to the floor. Jay crouches down.

JAY

Fuck! Pull over and give them the video!
Let them deal with Freddie!

RUSSELL

They don't want the DVD. They don't work for Freddie.

Russell jerks the wheel, sending the Escalade careening around a corner.

JAY

What?!

Jay looks behind them.

JAY (CONT'D)

Then why are they chasing us?!

RUSSELL

I think I slept with one of their wives.

Jay whips around, pissed.

JAY

You were lying this whole time?!

RUSSELL

It's complicated, bro.

JAY

Complicated?!

(beat)

You motherfucker!

Jay LUNGES at Russell. The Escalade swerves as Russell and Jay fight for control of the wheel.

JAY (CONT'D)

I got tasered!

Russell struggles to keep his eyes on the road while holding Jay off with one arm.

RUSSELL

Hang on! It's up here on the left!

Jay stops strangling Russell.

JAY

What's on the left?!

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The camera PANS down an idyllic, tree lined street in a quiet neighborhood, settling on a beautiful Craftsman style house with a white picket fence and perfectly manicured front lawn. All is quiet, until....

VROOOM! The Escalade roars into frame, blasts through the fence and takes out a bird bath before screeching to a halt on the lawn, feet from the house.

Jay and Russell hop out.

RUSSELL

Go! Go! Go! Go!

JAY
(panicked, not moving)
Go where?! Go where?!

BAM! The police car barrels across the front lawn and slams into the porch.

Glibby leaps out, leveling the shotgun at Jay and Russell.

GLIBBY
Freeze! On your knees! Show me your hands!

JAY
Wait! Wait! Wait! Wait!

Briggs tries to get out but there's not enough room between the car and the house. He's stuck.

BRIGGS
Shit!

RUSSELL
Hang on! We can talk about thi--

Glibby slams Russell with the butt of the shotgun. Russell goes down. Jay tries to run but Glibby clotheslines him.

GLIBBY
I'm gonna kill both of you motherfuckers!

Briggs frantically tries to get out.

BRIGGS
Glibby, this is definitely not having your shit together!

Glibby towers over Jay and Russell.

JAY
Please, officer, I swear to God I had no idea about any of this! You gotta believe me!

GLIBBY
Bullshit! You're his emergency contact!

RUSSELL

No, it's true! He's an innocent bystander! Maybe just shoot him in the legs!

JAY

What?!

Jay completely unravels.

JAY (CONT'D)

Oh, my God! Why did I come out tonight?!
This isn't me! I just want to go home!
(sobbing)
I want my Snuggie!

Briggs tries to squeeze through the door.

BRIGGS

Glibby, goddammit! Do not discharge your weapon!

But Glibby's not listening. With a thousand yard stare, he's lost it.

GLIBBY

Don't worry, Briggs! You had nothing to do with this! I figured it out tonight at the Chinese place! I'm gonna kill both of them and then shoot myself! A beautiful murder-suicide! Just like the end of *Training Day*!

JAY

That wasn't in *Training Day*!

BRIGGS

Glibby!

Briggs repeatedly bangs his car door against the porch. Russell and Jay close their eyes. This is it.

GLIBBY

(to Russell)

You ruined a perfectly happy marriage.

Glibby's finger leans on the trigger until...

VANESSA (O.S.)

Michael?

Everyone turns to see A TINY ASIAN WOMAN on the front porch. Glibby changes his tone.

GLIBBY
Oh, hey, Vanessa.

VANESSA
What the fuck?! Do you know what time it is?!
(looks at police car)
Is that Briggs?!

After a beat, Briggs comes on the police car's LOUD SPEAKER.

BRIGGS (ON LOUD SPEAKER)
Hi, Vanessa.

Jay looks up from his fetal position.

VANESSA
Why is this guy crying on my-- Russell?

RUSSELL
Hey, girl.

Glibby lowers the shotgun.

GLIBBY
Baby, I can explain--

VANESSA
Don't give me that baby shit, Michael!
Goddammit, this is why I got the
restraining order! Our divorce was final
fourteen months ago! Quit stalking me!

Jay, Russell and Briggs take that in. After a beat...

BRIGGS (ON LOUD SPEAKER)
YOU'RE DIVORCED?!

INT. POLICE CAR - LATER

Things have calmed down. Briggs and Glibby talk inside the car. In the background, Vanessa supervises Russell and Jay cleaning up the yard.

BRIGGS

So the counseling, all of your stories...
It's all bullshit? Where have you been
living?

GLIBBY

(sad)

In my car. Vanessa got everything.

BRIGGS

Jesus. That actually explains a lot.

(beat)

So what about that accountant you said
she was fucking on the side? You were
already divorced by then?

GLIBBY

The department shrink thinks I might have
anger issues.

BRIGGS

We burned his fucking Mercedes!

EXT. VANESSA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jay and Russell lift up the ruined bird bath.

JAY

Hey, if there's anything else we can do,
please let us know.

VANESSA

Buy me a new bird bath and get your
fucking car off my lawn, bitch.

Russell puts his arm around Vanessa.

RUSSELL

I'm sorry I haven't called.

She shrugs off Russell's arm.

VANESSA

Are you retarded? Let me break it down
for you in very simple terms. I wanted
some no strings attached sex and you
completely fucked it up. You're a loser.

(beat)

And back hair? Not sexy.

Vanessa heads back inside. Briggs approaches. Glibby sits like a scolded eight year old in the police car.

BRIGGS

Hey, guys. My partner has something to say to you.

They all turn to the police car. Glibby comes on the LOUD SPEAKER.

GLIBBY (ON LOUD SPEAKER)

(ashamed)

Sorry I almost executed you.

Briggs slaps them on the back.

BRIGGS

Wow, I feel better. Yeah, healing. Everyone's sorry.

JAY/RUSSELL

Fuck you.

BRIGGS

Do we really need to go there? How about you guys forget about this and I won't tell the vice squad I caught you blowing each other at an elementary school playground.

Beat.

RUSSELL

That'll work.

JAY

Sounds good.

BRIGGS

Great. And listen...

Briggs hands Jay his BUSINESS CARD.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

... you ever have a speeding ticket or get nailed in a prostitution sting? Give me a call.

Briggs climbs into the police car and they head out. Russell turns to Jay.

RUSSELL

Just so you know, I wax my back now.

EXT. THE CORRAL - NIGHT

After hours. Out front, Russell talks to the bouncer. Jay waits by the Escalade which is parked behind Russell's Subaru. He's done with this shit.

The bouncer goes back inside. Russell approaches Jay.

RUSSELL

I found Freddie. 2240 Hillcrest.

JAY

I don't care. I'm going home.

RUSSELL

Dude, why would you leave now? This is the money shot. That's a term I learned in the biz where a guy blows his--

JAY

Russell! Ten minutes ago I almost got killed by some love sick cop! Maybe in your crazy, no responsibility world this is a great night! But to normal people like me, it's a nightmare!

RUSSELL

Whoa. What happened to the guy back at the club who said elevators suck balls and admitted he should have moved to New York. I guess that was all bullshit?

JAY

Yeah! It was! I was drunk! Or crazy! Maybe both! And you've been lying to me the whole time! So now I'm going home! I'm not going to blow everything I've worked for just so I end up like you!

RUSSELL

What's that supposed to mean?

JAY

It means you have an MBA and you're working in a mail room, selling weed and shooting skin flicks on the side. Seriously. Look at your life.

RUSSELL

Oh, and I suppose it'd be better if I was stuck in a job I hated?! Or living with someone like Debbie?! I hope she has a magic pussy, because the rest of her sucks!

JAY

Fuck you!

RUSSELL

No, fuck you! At least I'm happy!

JAY

Yeah, I can see that. So happy you had to ask a complete fucking stranger to be your emergency contact. What a joke.

Russell blanches, hurt.

RUSSELL

Wow. And here I thought I asked my friend. Obviously this was a mistake. But it's cool. Go back inside your bubble, man. I'm sure you and Debbie will be very happy sitting in front of the TV talking about elevators.

He holds up the DVD CASE.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

I'll return this myself. And don't worry. We're done. Have a nice life.

Jay watches Russell climb into his Subaru and drive away.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Jay drives, angry. The radio plays background music. He grabs his cell and dials.

JAY

(while it rings)

Come on. Come on. Shit.

(into phone)

Hey, Debbie. I guess you're asleep. Look, I know tonight's been awful but I promise I'll make it up to you.

Jay hangs up. Sinead O'Connor's *Nothing Compares 2 U* comes on the radio. Jay's face sags, depressed. Maybe he was a little harsh on Russell.

He tries to turn the music off but accidentally hits play on the DVD player.

ON SCREEN

Russell's porn footage continues, picking up where we left it with Russell running off camera near tears.

Alone, Misty Staxxx looks into the camera.

MISTY STAXXX (ON VIDEO)
You want me to finish solo, Gary?

ON JAY

JAY
Jesus, Russell. You forgot the DVD.

The screen cuts to FUZZ. Jay tries to turn it off but a new image pops up on screen...

ON SCREEN

The LONG HAIREd MAN from Detective Sterns' photo looks right into the camera, having just turned it back on. He's scared shitless. The set behind him is now empty.

The Long Haired Man suddenly backs away just as Freddie and Shane enter the frame.

FREDDIE (ON VIDEO)
Where you think you're going?

LONG HAIREd MAN (ON VIDEO)
Freddie, come on! Please! We can talk about this!

FREDDIE (ON VIDEO)
I'm done talking, Keith. You should have sold me your share when you had the chance. Now you're out.

Freddie raises a pistol.

LONG HAIREd MAN (ON VIDEO)
Wait! No--

BANG! BANG! Freddie shoots the long haired man in the head. Shane jumps back, startled.

SHANE (ON VIDEO)
Damn. That was some cold shit, Freddie.

FREDDIE (ON VIDEO)
Dump him in the canyon.

Freddie turns, his eye catching the camera.

FREDDIE (ON VIDEO) (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ! Turn that fucking thing off!

Shane steps forward, reaching for the camera. The screen cuts to FUZZ.

ON JAY

He freaks out, jerking the wheel and cutting across traffic before pulling over.

JAY
Shit! Shit! Shit!

Not only did he just witness a murder, Jay knows Russell isn't coming back from meeting with Freddie.

Jay frantically dials 911 on his cell.

911 VOICE RECORDING (V.O.)
Thank you for calling 911. We are experiencing a high volume of calls right now. Your expected wait time is (COMPUTER VOICE) twenty seven minutes...

JAY
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Jay hangs up and makes a U-turn, hauling ass towards Russell.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Jay drives up a secluded street, finally spotting Russell's car. He parks behind the Subaru and ejects the DVD, putting it into a CD case.

He takes a breath, looking into the rearview mirror.

JAY
 I can do this.
 (beat)
 I can't fucking do this.

Jay frantically searches the car. He opens the center console. Nothing. Goes to the glove compartment. Bingo.

He pulls out a VERY SMALL .22 CALIBER PISTOL. A girl's gun.

JAY (CONT'D)
 (scared)
 I can do this.

EXT. ESCALADE - MOMENTS LATER

Jay climbs out, tucks the DVD in the waistband behind his back and heads for the house.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

A sprawling mansion. Jay creeps across the lawn towards the front door. From inside, he hears something. LOUD SCREAMING, like someone being tortured.

JAY
 Russell?

Jay chambers a round and storms inside...

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Jay bursts in, gun raised.

JAY
 Hands up! Hands up! Nobody mo-- Oh, shit.

Jay lowers the gun and we REVEAL:

The source of the screams... A NAKED MAN wearing a hard hat banging MISTY STAXXX from behind. And, yes, she has great tits.

NAKED MAN
 Fuck, yeah. You like this jackhammer, baby?
 (looks at Jay, still pumping)
 Uh, is this in the script?

MISTY STAXXX

I did not agree to a DP! Check my contract!

(beat)

I'll blow him though.

We PAN OVER to find a small FILM CREW. DIRECTOR, LIGHT GUY, SOUND GUY, PA etc.

DIRECTOR

Tell me you're my anal bareback.

JAY

Uh...

PA

I think he's our new fluffer.

Another ACTOR appears out of nowhere and opens his robe.

ACTOR

Finally. Get me going, bro. You'll probably need two hands.

Jay tries to avert his eyes from his enormous member.

JAY

Oh, God. I think it winked at me.

(to Director)

I'm here to see Freddie.

DIRECTOR

Freddie's out in the pool house. Now how about you get the fuck off my set?

Jay heads out.

INT. POOLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A one bedroom cabana. Russell, bound at the wrists, hangs from a ceiling beam. Freddie watches Shane hammer Russell with body shots. The empty DVD case lies on the floor.

FREDDIE

You think I'm some jerkoff?! You're gonna run a game on me?!

Shane hits Russell with a kidney shot.

RUSSELL

I thought it was in there! What's the big deal?! Just shoot another porn!

FREDDIE

You piece of shit.

Freddie grabs a BASEBALL BAT.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

We'll see how tough you are with two broken legs.

RUSSELL

No! Come on! I can get it! I can get it!

FREDDIE

Too late, asshole.

Freddie winds up for a monster swing and that's right when Jay steps into the room, leveling the gun at Freddie.

JAY

Put the bat down and get away from him!

Freddie slowly lowers the bat.

RUSSELL

Yes! You came back for me! I knew it!

(beat)

What the fuck took so long?

Freddie laughs.

FREDDIE

You gotta be kidding me.

JAY

I'm serious. Back up. Now.

Shane steps forward. Jay's hand shakes as he aims the gun.

JAY (CONT'D)

Don't.

SHANE

Man, you ain't gonna do shit with that faggety ass gun.

POP! Jay shoots Shane in the shoulder. Not exactly a Colt .45 but it hurts.

Shane grabs his shoulder, wincing in pain and hopping around.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Awww shit! He fucking shot me! What the fuck you doing, man?! I don't even have insurance!

Russel glares at Freddie.

RUSSELL

No insurance? Typical.

Jay points the gun right at Freddie's face.

JAY

Next one goes between your eyes.

Freddie backs up, joined by a wounded Shane.

FREDDIE

You're a dead man. You know that, right?
You're fucking dead.

JAY

No, I'm not. You're not going to do shit.
Because I have the tape.

RUSSELL

Why is everyone freaking out over this
video? Was I that good?

EVERYONE

NO!

JAY

You were terrible. But he killed someone
on it.

RUSSELL

What?!
(to Freddie)
God, you're a dick.

JAY

The DVD is our insurance policy. It's in a safe deposit box and I've given my attorney instructions to send it to LAPD and every TV station in town if anything happens to me.

RUSSELL

Looks like my boy's got it all figured out!

Suddenly, Marco appears behind Jay, shoving a gun to his head. He pulls out the DVD from behind Jay's back.

MARCO

He's got it right here.

Marco takes Jay's gun and tosses the DVD to Freddie.

FREDDIE

Looks like your insurance policy just got canceled.

Russell laughs.

RUSSELL

I can't believe you just said that. That's the cheesiest shit--

Freddie SLAPS Russell.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Freddie and his guys lead Jay and Russell towards the house.

JAY

You'll never get away with this. A whole house full of people will tell the cops they saw you guys lead us out of here at gunpoint.

The group steps inside.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Empty. No sign of porn stars or crew.

JAY

Shit.

Marco spreads a plastic tarp on the ground. Shane shoves Jay and Russell onto it.

JAY (CONT'D)

Don't do this!

Russell gets to his knees, pleading.

RUSSELL

(sincere)

Freddie, I'm begging you! I'm a total fuck up, I get it! But Jay's a good guy! He's got a girlfriend and a job and a future! He had nothing to do with this, I swear! Please, let him go!

Freddie considers that, turns to Jay.

FREDDIE

Okay, get out of here.

JAY

Really?!

FREDDIE

No. You saw the tape, you gotta go.

Freddie and his guys pull guns.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

(to Marco)

Dump their bodies in the canyon.

Jay and Russell brace themselves as Marco and Shane raise pistols.

SHANE

Motherfucker, I'm going to enjoy this.

RUSSELL

(to Jay)

I'm really sorry, man.

And that's when we hear a ROARING SOUND, growing louder and louder until the whole room is bathed in a blinding light.

Freddie turns to the windows, shielding his eyes.

FREDDIE

What the fu--

KABOOM! A police car CRASHES RIGHT INTO THE HOUSE. Freddie, Marco, and Shane dive for cover as the out of control car slams to a halt, debris and wreckage everywhere.

Jay and Russell scramble behind a couch as GUNFIRE erupts around them.

BRIGGS AND GLIBBY emerge from the police car, returning fire at Freddie and his crew.

BRIGGS

Police! Everybody down!

JAY

What took you assholes so long?!

Freddie and his guys stagger out of the wreckage, guns blazing. Briggs and Glibby return fire across the destroyed house.

Jay and Russell hug the ground, bullets whizzing by them.

BRIGGS

Cover me!

Glibby lays down cover fire as Briggs charges forward, a SUPER COP FIRING TWO 9MM AUTOMATICS. He BLOWS MARCO AWAY with a center ring shot to the chest, then pins Freddie down by the hallway, emptying his clips. He crouches down to reload.

Suddenly, a battered Shane rises up from behind some wrecked film equipment, pistol in hand.

Glibby hurries to reload his shotgun but it's too late.

GLIBBY

Briggs!

Briggs turns. Shane levels his gun for the kill shot until...

Jay leaps up from behind the couch and SMASHES SHANE IN THE FACE WITH A FIREPLACE POKER. Shane drops to the floor.

JAY

Shit, that guy almost shot you.

BRIGGS

(angry)

Yes, he did.

Briggs slaps cuffs on Shane. Then he draws his baton and
BEATS THE SHIT OUT OF HIM.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)
(wailing away)
You have the right to get your ass
kicked! If you cannot afford that right,
a beatdown will be provided anyway...

Freddie, carrying the DVD, darts from the hallway and runs
out the back door.

RUSSELL
He's getting away!

Russell chases after Freddie.

JAY
Russell! No!

INT. BACKYARD - MORNING

Freddie runs for the back gate, freedom just steps away until
Russell tackles him, sending the DVD flying.

Freddie jumps to his feet and hammers Russell with a right
hook.

Russell hits the ground again, looks up and spots the DVD. He
grabs it right as Freddie steps on his hand, aiming a pistol
at his head.

FREDDIE
Give me that fucking video. Now.

RUSSELL
You'll have to kill me for it.

Freddie cocks the hammer.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Not literally, dude! We can--

BOOM! A single gunshot shatters the quiet night.

Freddie drops the gun and hits the ground, clutching his
bloody legs in pain. Russell turns to see...

GLIBBY

proudly racking another round into his shotgun.

GLIBBY
(movie trailer voice)
Vin Diesel is... Glibby!

EXT. MANSION - EARLY MORNING

COPS everywhere. Collecting evidence, putting up crime scene tape, etc. Detective Sterns talks with Briggs and Glibby.

DETECTIVE STERNS
I can't believe I'm gonna say this but
great job. That DVD will put Freddie away
for life.

Briggs and Glibby exchange a high-five and perform what can only be described as a touchdown dance.

BRIGGS
(singing)
Bad boys, bad boys. Whatcha gonna do...

GLIBBY
(singing)
Whatcha gonna do when they come for you.

DETECTIVE STERNS
Real professional. Anyway, the captain
had a big hard on for Freddie. So you two
pricks are gonna get to pick your next
assignment.

BRIGGS/GLIBBY
SWAT Team.

Briggs and Glibby chest bump.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Jay sits on the curb. He's bruised, battered and completely spent. The Escalade and Subaru are nowhere in sight.

Russell limps up looking equally drained.

RUSSELL

Freddie's going away for murder and the cops are booking the DVD into evidence. We need to make a statement later but all we have to do now is get you to the office and we're golden.

JAY

Yeah, right. I've got thirty four minutes to make it to my presentation and we don't even know where our cars are.

(shakes head, defeated)

You know what? Fuck it. It's over.

RUSSELL

Dude, what are you talking about? I handled it.

WHOOOP-WHOOOP. Glibby and Briggs pull up in a different police cruiser.

BRIGGS

Your shit got towed. Red zone, suckas.

GLIBBY

Let's go. Meter's running.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The police car hauls ass with lights on and sirens blaring.

EXT. DURANT ELEVATOR - MORNING

The police car screeches to a halt. Jay and Russell jump out.

JAY

(to Briggs)

Thanks again for the ride, guys.

BRIGGS

No problem. And listen, we kinda put your name into a sex offender registry.

GLIBBY

I should have it straightened out by the end of the week. Might want to avoid arcades and public swimming pools just to be safe.

The cops drive off.

RUSSELL

See? You made it with time to spare.

Jay notices his reflection in the building's mirrored glass.
He looks homeless.

JAY

Look at me. They'll laugh me out of the room.

RUSSELL

Don't worry. I took care of that, too.

And that's when Captain Kirk appears, holding one of his brand new suits and a cup of coffee.

CAPTAIN KIRK

42 long, right? And a grande latte.

Jay is touched. These idiots really did come through for him.

JAY

Russell, listen, I said some pretty shitty things earlier tonight...

RUSSELL

No, you were right. I do need to get my shit together. Do you know how much student loan debt I have? I'm a paycheck away from being homeless. And a porn? Jesus, I've become an After School Special. Man, I should be the one apologizing to you.

JAY

So you don't think I'm making a mistake?

RUSSELL

Hey, I can't tell you how to live your life. If working at Durant Elevator is what you want, then I say go for it.

JAY

Man, thank you so much. Seriously, I--

RUSSELL

What are you waiting on? Get in there!

Jay grabs the suit and coffee then races inside, leaving Russell and Captain Kirk.

After a beat...

CAPTAIN KIRK

Know what I'm thinking? Thai massage.

RUSSELL

Man, you read my mind.

CAPTAIN KIRK

Good. Because we're celebrating. The FAA called. Guess who's cleared to fly again?

RUSSELL

No shit? Must be all that clean living.

They high-five and amble off...

CAPTAIN KIRK

Hey, do you have any idea where I left the Escalade last night? I looked everywhere.

RUSSELL

Oh... I don't know, dude. You were pretty fucked up.

CAPTAIN KIRK

Fucking blackouts.

INT. DURANT ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Nick organizes presentation materials. Jay, in the suit, enters.

NICK

Jesus, where've you been?

Nick eyes Jay's battered face.

NICK (CONT'D)

Holy shit. What happened to yo-- That's a beautiful suit. Armani?

JAY

I'll explain later. And don't worry about a thing. I'm good to go.

They gather up the presentation materials and head off.

INT. DURANT ELEVATOR - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

It's a full house. DAN HAMMER (50) and the LANDMARK TEAM on one side of the table. Ross Durant and Wayne Wagner across from them.

Wayne has TWO BLACK EYES AND A NECK BRACE ON.

Jay and Nick set up the BUILDING MODEL at the head of the table. Durant stands.

ROSS DURANT

Before we get started, I'd like to recognize my VP of Finance, Wayne Wagner, who is here today despite injuries he suffered at the hands of car jackers last night. I salute your courage, Wayne.

Polite applause. Wayne glares at Jay. *Don't say a word.*

ROSS DURANT (CONT'D)

Anyway, we've got a terrific presentation put together by Jay Brenner. Jay's a rising star on my team. He's going to have a long, illustrious career here.

(to Jay)

Hope you're not too sick of elevators.

Everyone laughs. Jay forces a chuckle.

ROSS DURANT (CONT'D)

Alright. Jay, the floor is yours.

Durant takes a seat. Jay stands, looks around the table. A guy doodles, someone else yawns. He's gonna be stuck with these people for forty years.

JAY

You know when I really started looking at this project and analyzing the data, it occurred to me that... I thought...

Jay pauses, gathering his thoughts.

JAY (CONT'D)

I guess what I'm saying is...

Jay takes a sip of water. Durant shifts, uncomfortable.

DAN HAMMER

Relax, son. Just say what's on your mind.

That clicks with Jay.

JAY

Okay. All this?

(gestures to building model)

Elevators and service contracts... it's all bullshit. Complete fucking bullshit.

Not what anyone was expecting.

ROSS DURANT

What?

JAY

Elevators suck! They're boring as hell and I don't have any passion for them. I'm twenty nine years old and I haven't done a fucking thing with my life. I don't know what I want to do. But I know it's not this.

Durant jumps out of his chair.

ROSS DURANT

(to Jay, losing it)

Pack your shit and get out! You're fired, asshole!

JAY

Fuck you.

Jay and Durant square off, about to get physical when Dan Hammer stands.

DAN HAMMER

Whoa, hang on a second. Everybody calm down.

Jay and Durant pause, turning to Mr. Hammer.

DAN HAMMER (CONT'D)

Jay, I hear what you're saying. Thirty years ago I almost made the same mistake working for my Dad selling cars. It took a lot of courage to say what you feel. I like that. Not enough people follow their dreams. Shows me you've got balls. I need people like you.

Mr. Hammer smiles..

DAN HAMMER (CONT'D)

How'd you like to come work for me in the insurance business?

This is the Disney "everybody wins" moment. Jay smiles.

JAY

Insurance?

(beat)

Fuck you, too.

And with that, Jay strides out. After a moment, he sticks his head back inside.

JAY (CONT'D)

Oh, and by the way? Wayne's a raging homosexual.

Jay leaves with a smile. Everyone stares at Wayne in total silence until...

NICK

That was awesome!

INT. DURANT ELEVATOR - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Jay heads for the door but runs right into Debbie.

JAY

Uh, hey, we really gotta--

DEBBIE

Let's not even talk about last night. Tell me the good news. How'd it go?

JAY

It went well. I quit. Or I was fired. Whatever, I feel great about it.

DEBBIE

What?! No! Go back upstairs and tell them you're sorry and you want that job! Don't be stupid! This is your dream!

JAY

No, Debbie. This is your dream.

DEBBIE

You stay out all night doing God knows what and then you quit your job?! Are you fucking kidding me?!

(beat)

Great. Well, you know what?! I kissed Gerald last night. More than kissed, actually. Third base. How about that?

Jay smiles.

JAY

Cool. Sounds like we're done. Have a good one.

Jay struts out of the lobby and into his brave new world.

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

Jay sits with Russell, talking over coffee. Jay has the beginnings of a beard. Russell sports a new haircut and is dressed business casual.

RUSSELL

So you told Durant to fuck off?

JAY

Basically, yeah.

RUSSELL

Wow, man. What are you going to do now?

JAY

Well, Debbie bought roller blades and moved in with Gerald. I'm sleeping on Nick's couch and sending resumes to every team in the NHL. I gotta tell you, I'm way outside my comfort zone. But it feels good. I'm excited to see what the future holds.

RUSSELL

Me too, dude. Who would have guessed I'd be working at a venture capital firm. Apparently, Stanford grads are in demand.

Jay nods.

JAY

So when do you start?

RUSSELL

Yesterday. They think I'm at some bullshit conference in Costa Mesa. Can you believe they expect me to be in the office every day? Not comfortable.

Allison interrupts.

ALLISON

Jay, are you done with your application?

JAY

Almost.

ALLISON

No worries. Just leave it in the office. And I'll see you tonight, right?

JAY

Looking forward to it.

Allison leaves. Russell smiles.

RUSSELL

Nice, bro.

JAY

Like I said, I'm excited.

Jay looks down and we see his almost completed STARBUCKS APPLICATION. He considers the final box and fills it in:

EMERGENCY CONTACT: *Russell Davenport (310) 553-0305*

After a moment, he adds: *(friend)*

FADE OUT.