

ON A STEEL HORSE I RIDE

by
Reed Agnew & Eli Jorné

INT. PHARMACY - DAY

ANGLE ON: A shelf filled with *Slick Chest* hair removal foam in several different scents: watermelon, musk, leather, etc.

A bronzed, muscular ARM reaches into frame and points to each label, as if the shopper is considering his options. We can't help but notice a big tattoo on the forearm of JON BON JOVI'S FACE with Gothic lettering underneath it that reads, "JOVI."

As if to say, "Fuck it," the arm just sweeps the entire contents of the shelf into a shopping cart.

ANGLE ON: A shelf filled with *Beach King* fake tanning spray.

The same arm once again reaches into frame and sweeps everything on the shelf into the shopping cart.

ANGLE ON: A shelf filled with tubes of *Sensational Spikes Super Hold* sculpting gel.

The arm sweeps every tube into the shopping cart.

ANGLE ON: A display rack of *Stallion Noir* cologne.

Again, the arm sweeps every bottle into the cart. We finally pull out to reveal RICHIE, 26, the guy attached to this beautiful arm. Richie's fake tan is almost orange, and his spiked hair looks like a gleaming, wet sea urchin. He is wearing a wife-beater, a *Tommy Hilfiger* sweatband and designer jeans with fake gems glued to them.

Richie rolls his shopping cart up to the checkout counter, next to a magazine stand. He looks around to make sure no one is watching then picks up a copy of *National Geographic*. He flips through it, clearly mesmerized by the photos of distant rainforests and colorful, exotic animals.

STEVE (O.S.)

What the fuck you reading?

Richie turns to see his best friend, STEVE, 27, approaching. Like Richie, Steve is also ripped. He has no shirt on, a shaved chest and a thin perfectly groomed "chin strap" beard. A giant tattoo across his pecs reads, "LIVIN' ON A PRAYER." Everybody speaks with a THICK ABRASIVE NEW JERSEY ACCENT.

Embarrassed, Richie tries to hide the magazine.

RICHIE

Nothing. Hey, they were out of *Brilliant Bod*, so I got *Slick Chest* hair removal foam. It moisturizes as it dissolves the hair.

Steve grabs the magazine from Richie and looks it over.

STEVE

National Geographic? Richie, everyone knows the tits in there are fuckin' brown bananas. You wanna see some nice tits? Check out blimp chest right here.

Steve points to the FEMALE CASHIER. She has high teased bangs and a tight employee shirt that sags under the weight of her fat breasts. She gives Steve a dirty look and rolls her eyes.

FEMALE CASHIER

You can't be in here without a shirt on.

STEVE

Are you kidding me? Today is the first day of summer. I'm waxed, I'm bronzed, and you have the gall to ask me not to showcase my fuckin' chest rocks? This is Jersey, baby!

Steve flexes his chest.

EXT. JERSEY SHORE BOARDWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Richie and Steve exit the pharmacy. They stop for a moment and take in their surroundings: a long boardwalk, a crowded beach and the Atlantic Ocean disappearing into the horizon.

RICHIE

Hey Steve, what if we were born in the mountains? Or like down in the rainforest with all those weird-ass frogs and shit? You think our lives would still be as intense as this?

STEVE

Fuck no. We're blessed, Richie. The Jersey Shore in summertime is the ultimate fuck zone. It's like the center of the Universe.

ANGLE ON: Seagulls swarming around a half-eaten, rotten hotdog on the ground.

ANGLE ON: A chick in a bikini rollerblading down the boardwalk with two grapefruit sized tits that look like they were installed by the worst plastic surgeon on Earth.

ANGLE ON: An obese, ugly 12-year-old kid playing skee-ball. He throws a skee-ball directly at the center like a baseball, practically breaking the machine.

ANGLE ON: A sleazy middle-aged guy wearing only a Speedo and a T-shirt that reads, "EAT MY BALLS."

Suddenly, BOBBY, 22, dashes up to Steve and Richie out of breath. He is skinny to the point where his wife-beater looks loose on him. He is wearing huge, old lady sunglasses and a baseball hat with the brim pulled down low over his face.

BOBBY

Guys!... I got the craziest news!

STEVE

Bobby, what the fuck are you wearing?

RICHIE

Yeah, what's with the cap and the goofy glasses? You look like a fuckin' child molester.

BOBBY

What? It's sunny out.

STEVE

Take that shit off. Lemme see.

Bobby reluctantly takes off his hat and glasses to reveal a BLACK EYE and a fresh LACERATION on his forehead.

BOBBY

Okay, listen up. You're never gonna believe this--

STEVE

Jesus! What happened to your face?

BOBBY

Nothing. I just banged my eyes and forehead on the refrigerator door.

RICHIE

Bobby, just admit it. Your girlfriend is abusive.

BOBBY

No, you got it all wrong. Crystal's a sweet girl. She loves me so much, she's even thinking about getting D-cup bazooms put in for me. Anyway--

RICHIE

But that's not gonna stop her from--

BOBBY

All right, shut the fuck up!
Listen! This is fuckin' important!

Steve and Richie go silent, taken aback by Bobby's alarm.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Bon Jovi's retiring.

STEVE

What?

BOBBY

He's doing one last concert at the
Meadowlands, August 15th. After
that, he's done.

Steve and Richie share a look of horrified disbelief.

STEVE

Fuckin' fuck! Really?!

RICHIE

I thought Jovi was gonna tour till
he dies!

BOBBY

Fuckin' insane, right? I just heard
it on the radio. Says he wants to
spend more time with his family or
some retarded shit like that.

STEVE

Well, then fuck. This is it. If
this is Jovi's last show, then we
are definitely getting inside the
Meadowlands this time. No more
listening from the parking lot.

A girl with an ugly face and a hot body strolls by. Steve reaches out and quickly fingers her over her shorts. She smiles and flirtatiously slaps his hand away. Steve keeps talking to Richie and Bobby like nothing happened.

STEVE (CONT'D)

When do tickets go on sale?

BOBBY

This weekend. But the line at *Beach Bargain Records* is already four blocks long.

RICHIE
Think your brother can hook us up?

BOBBY
Only one way to find out.

EXT. JERSEY SHORE BEACH - MOMENTS LATER

"BIG NIGHT OUT," 44, is lying sprawled out on an inflatable mattress in the middle of the beach. Despite his age, he is still bulging with muscles beneath his tan, leathery, sun damaged skin. He is wearing only boxers covered in Playboy bunnies. Dozens of crushed beer cans surround the mattress.

Steve, Richie and Bobby walk up to him. He slowly wakes up.

STEVE
Big Night Out, what the fuck?

BIG NIGHT OUT
(sitting up)
Aw, man. Another big night out.
Gotta live up to the name, right?

RICHIE
What happened to you last night? We lost you at Club Sexorcist.

BIG NIGHT OUT
Dude, I met this chick on the dance floor. Took her down to the beach here. She was so fuckin' hot. We started out on the old fuck mat, then quickly moved onto the shallow surf. And when the salt water started stinging her pussy, we finished on the lifeguard stand.

ANGLE ON: The red lifeguard stand is completely broken and splintered all over the beach.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)
She's around here somewhere.
(looking around)
Roberta?! Roberta?!

ANGLE ON: About 50 feet away, a scantily clad woman passed out with her face in the sand. She gradually sits up to reveal that she is a really ugly, haggard 65-YEAR-OLD WOMAN.

Richie, Steve and Bobby look disgusted. Big Night Out holds out his hand for a high-five.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)
Cougar alert!

Bobby reluctantly slaps five with Big Night Out.

BOBBY
You know, it's amazing to me that we share the same mother.

BIG NIGHT OUT
Well, Bobby, our mother was a very different person when she had me. A lot changes in a woman's life between the ages of 12 and 32.

STEVE
So Big Night Out, guess who's hanging up his snakeskin boots? Bon fuckin' Jovi. Finished. Retired.

BIG NIGHT OUT
Don't fuck with me, Steve.

RICHIE
He's not kidding. It's for real.

Big Night Out mournfully places his hand on his chest.

BIG NIGHT OUT
Holy shit. It's like there's a stupid fuckin' dark cloud forming around my heart.

STEVE
But get this: he's doing one final concert at the Meadowlands, and we're getting in no matter what. Remember that Jovi roadie you met a few months back? He can score us tickets, right?

BIG NIGHT OUT
That idiot? Fuck no, he got kicked off the tour. Double-dipped a carrot into Tico Torres' ranch sauce backstage, got the whole band sick. Fuckin' jerkoff.

BOBBY
There's always Anne Maskowitz.

STEVE
Anne Maskowitz is not an option!

RICHIE

Lemme ask Dom at work. I think his
cousin's got a hook-up.

A SEAGULL suddenly lands right next to the mattress.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Oh, Richie! Perfect opportunity! Do
the bird thing! Summertime classic!

RICHIE

I don't know, guys. It was funny
when we were kids, but I'm thinking
about retiring the bird thing.

STEVE/BIG NIGHT OUT/BOBBY

BIRD! BIRD! BIRD! BIRD!

RICHIE

(sighing)

Okay. But this is the last time.

Richie steps toward the seagull. The seagull starts to fly
away. But before it can fully take flight, Richie PUNCHES the
seagull out of the air with his fist. There is an explosion
of white feathers. Steve, Bobby and Big Night Out CHEER.

EXT. U.S.A. PIZZA - DAY

This is a hole in the wall pizza shop on the boardwalk.
Richie hurries in while pulling his "U.S.A. PIZZA" employee T-
shirt over his dangerously spiky hair and glorious body.

INT. U.S.A. PIZZA - CONTINUOUS

Richie rushes in to see the manager, DOM, 29, making pizzas.
Dom is an extremely dark-skinned AFRICAN AMERICAN with hair
straightened and sculpted into a Jersey style pompadour. He
wears an Italian horn necklace. Although he looks like a
Kenyan marathon runner, he speaks with a thick JERSEY ACCENT.

DOM

Oh, paizan! Look who decides to
show up! We just got a 5 pie order!

RICHIE

Sorry I'm late, Dom. I'll get
started on those pizzas right away.

DOM

By the way, you're lucky you didn't
work last night.

(MORE)

DOM (CONT'D)

These two fuckin' moulinyans showed up. Totally nigged me on the tip.
Vaffanculo!

Dom flicks his fingers off the bottom of his chin. Richie gives Dom a confused look. Does this guy realize he's black? Richie goes behind the counter and ties on an apron.

RICHIE

Hey, my friends and I need some Jovi tickets. Your cousin still know that guy?

DOM

Inky? Yeah, he gave Richie Sambora his first tattoo: lipstick kissy lips on his hairy ass cheek. Beautiful fuckin' job. I bet Inky could call in a favor from Sambora.

Richie begins rolling out some pizza dough dispassionately. He notices a poster on the wall depicting beautiful beaches and exotic ruins. The caption reads, "SICILY."

RICHIE

Dom, can I ask you a question?

DOM

Sure.

RICHIE

Do you ever get tired of doing the same shit over and over again?

DOM

Yeah, maybe if I lived on a farm. But we live at the Shore! Beaches and bitches! Jersey, baby! Oh!

Dom tosses some pizza dough up into the air.

INT. RICHIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

This is the house where Richie was raised and is still being raised. There are family pictures all over the walls, a beat-up plaid couch, a La-Z-Boy recliner and one of those TV sets with drawers that's more like a piece of wooden furniture.

Richie is eating dinner with his parents, RON and MAUREEN, mid 40's. Ron is a typical working class American. Maureen is wearing an oversized *Giants* T-shirt. Her huge perm is dyed an unnatural color of red, and she is smoking a *Virginia Slim*.

RON

First day of summer, huh, Richie?
Scope out any nice boardwalk slit?

MAUREEN

Ron. Not at the table.

RON

What? You were a hot piece of
boardwalk slit once. Why do you
think I put a baby up in you?

MAUREEN

(blushing)
Oh, stop it.

Maureen lovingly takes Ron's hand.

RICHIE

I hit the boardwalk in the morning.
But then I had to work.

RON

U.S.A. Pizza. Now that's a good,
steady job, Richie.

RICHIE

It's okay. But I was thinking,
maybe next summer I could get a job
up in the city. Like Cousin John.

MAUREEN

Your cousin John is a fuckin'
weirdo. Not to mention, probably
half a fag.

RON

Richie, there's a lot of valuable
life lessons to be learned from
working at U.S.A. Pizza. Tossing
the dough. Putting the red sauce
down on there. Listening to what
toppings they said and then
remembering it and getting it
right. I remember when I used to
work there. I even remember your
grandfather working there way back
when it was just called U.S. Pizza.

MAUREEN

That was before they added the A.

RON
 (tapping his temple)
 Innovations.

Richie nods unenthusiastically.

MAUREEN
 All right, everybody, let's drink
 up our milk before it gets warm.

They all pick up shot glasses filled with Jägermeister and drop them into their milk glasses. They pound the milk down.

INT. RICHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

This is Richie's childhood bedroom. There is a poster of a chick with huge perfect tits lying on the hood of a red Trans-Am. Another poster is the enlarged album cover of Bon Jovi's *Livin' on a Prayer*. Richie enters, yelling up the hall:

RICHIE
 Yeah, I'm fuckin' beat! Good night,
 Ma! See you in the morning!

Richie shuts the door. He turns on a stereo beside his bed, and a FEMALE VOICE with a FRENCH ACCENT accidentally blares out of the speakers. Richie quickly, nervously turns down the volume. He lies down on his bed, listening to the voice.

FRENCH WOMAN'S VOICE
 Where is the railway station?... Où
 est la gare?

We realize this is one of those foreign language tapes. Whispering, Richie repeats the phrase in his thick accent:

RICHIE
 Où est la gare?

FRENCH WOMAN'S VOICE
 What time does the train leave?...
 À quelle heure part le train?

RICHIE
 À quelle heure part le train?

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

Richie is staring curiously at a photo on the wall of a Maori tribesman with a facial tattoo. As Big Night Out gets an unprecedented fifth barbed wire tattoo wrapped around his bicep, the tattoo artist, INKY, converses with Steve.

INKY

Naw, I don't talk to Sambora no more. Not since he borrowed my leather cowboy hat and then claimed he never had it. It's like, fuck you, Rich. You were wearing it in *Rolling Stone Magazine*, October 1998. Not to mention, the brim was all fuckin' bent!

BIG NIGHT OUT

Hey, settle down, Inky. Don't fuck up the tat.

INKY

Sorry. Anyway, you want Bon Jovi tickets so bad, why don't you just wait in line like everyone else?

STEVE

We would if the line wasn't already longer than my fuckin' sauseesh.

INKY

Well, then you should've done what I did, paid Tommy Taglioni twenty bucks to stand in line for you.

STEVE

Little Tommy Taglioni?

INKY

You know him?

STEVE

Fuck yeah! I used to babysit him!

Steve gets out his cell phone and excitedly dials a number.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Yo, Tommy, it's Steve!... No, not "Fat" Steve, "Crazy" Steve!

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Bobby is standing on the sidewalk smoking. MOLLY, 25, understatedly cute, walks up to him holding a map. She is wearing glasses, khaki shorts and leather sandals. She has the look of a modestly dressed out-of-town vacationer.

MOLLY

Excuse me, I'm a little lost. Do you know where the bird sanctuary is?

BOBBY

The what?

MOLLY

The bird sanctuary?

BOBBY

Is that like some new bar?

MOLLY

No.

BOBBY

So it's a club.

MOLLY

No.

BOBBY

A pizza shop? Video arcade? Water slide park? Skee-ball? Putt putt? Funnel cakes?

MOLLY

No.

BOBBY

Well, what else is there?

MOLLY

It's the New Jersey State Bird Sanctuary?

BOBBY

Frozen custard?

MOLLY

Here, why don't I just show it to you on the map?

Bobby looks at the map with Molly. Suddenly, a pink IROC-Z pulls over to the curb and SCREECHES to a halt.

BOBBY

Oh, fuck. You should get outta here. Go! Go!

MOLLY

What?

Bobby sprints off down the street. CRYSTAL, 21, a petite, 5'1'' Jersey girl with teased bangs and orange skin wearing a tube-top exits the car and gets right up in Molly's face.

CRYSTAL

Hey! What the fuck do you think you're doing here?

MOLLY

Nothing. I was just asking for--

CRYSTAL

Asking for a beat-down? 'Cause when you start giving bedroom eyes to Bobby, that's when the future Mrs. Bobby starts getting very angry!

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

As Steve keeps talking on the phone with Tommy Taglioni, Richie notices the commotion happening outside.

RICHIE

Oh, shit. I'll be right back.

EXT. TATTOO PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Crystal pops open her trunk and pulls out a baseball bat. She slaps it against her hand a few times. Molly looks terrified.

CRYSTAL

Welcome to the Jersey Shore, bitch!

Just before Crystal can swing at Molly, Richie rushes out of the tattoo parlor and grabs the bat from Crystal.

RICHIE

Whoa, whoa, whoa! What the hell is wrong with you, Crystal?

Crystal quickly composes herself and acts innocent and sweet.

CRYSTAL

Richie, I was merely driving by on my way to the tanning salon, and I happened to notice this... individual talking to the man I love. So I was obviously curious to know what they were talking about.

MOLLY

I just wanted directions.

CRYSTAL

You wanted to get your pussy ate!

Crystal charges Molly, but Richie holds her back.

RICHIE

Okay, settle down, Crystal, get a hold of yourself. Look, it's a beautiful day. Sun is shining. Warm breeze. No reason to act like this. You got a problem, call Bobby and sort it out with him. This nice girl clearly means no harm.

CRYSTAL

(composing herself again)

You're right, Richie. You're right.

Crystal gets back into her car. She calls Bobby on her phone.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

(into her phone)

Hi, baby. Where are you?... What do you mean? I love you. I wanna talk to you... I said I fuckin' love you! Now where the fuck are you?!

Crystal SCREECHES off down the street. Richie turns to Molly.

RICHIE

You okay?

MOLLY

Jesus, that was insane.

RICHIE

Yeah, Crystal's got some serious mental problems. Just take a couple deep breaths, you'll be all right.

Molly calms herself down. For the first time, Richie takes in her attire: the khaki shorts, the leather sandals. Slightly intrigued, he doesn't quite know what to make of her.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

So you need directions?

MOLLY

Yeah, I'm trying to get to the bird sanctuary.

RICHIE

Is that the new titty bar on Ocean Street?

MOLLY

No, it's a sanctuary for birds.

From the quizzical look on Richie's face, it's clear to Molly that he doesn't understand what she's talking about.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

It's a bunch of acres of protected marshland. It's filled with birds.

RICHIE

Hold up a minute. Are you fuckin' with me? That's here in Jersey?

MOLLY

Yeah, there are hundreds of rare species that come here to breed.

Molly looks Richie over. Now she seems to be taking in his appearance: the spiked hair, the tan, the tight jeans. As with Richie, she doesn't quite know what to make of him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Anyway, thanks for helping me. You pretty much saved my life.

RICHIE

No problem. Good luck finding the, uh... what's it called again?

MOLLY

The New Jersey State Bird Sanctuary.

RICHIE

Right. Good luck with that.

Molly walks away. Richie watches her go, perplexed and slightly captivated by her. After she disappears around the corner, Steve bursts out of the tattoo parlor.

STEVE

Boom! Problem solved! Tommy Taglioni's getting us tickets! He's number 23 in line right now!

RICHIE

(still distracted)
That's... That's great.

STEVE

Of course it's great! You should be jumping outta your shoes over this shit! What's wrong with you?

Richie snaps out of it and gives Steve a high-five.

RICHIE

You're right, sorry. This is the best news ever, Steve! Jovi's last show? Are you fuckin' kidding me?!

STEVE

We're going out big tonight! This is a fuckin' celebration!

INT. CLUB CHAMPAGNE BUBBLES - NIGHT

There is a huge dance floor with strobe lights and a big machine blowing out clouds of bubbles. Everyone is grinding and groping each other. All the guys are wearing silk shirts and Kangol hats, and all the girls are wearing skirts that are so short you can see their asses sticking out the bottom.

Richie, Steve and Big Night Out strut into the club like they own the place, pointing and waving to everybody. This is their stomping ground. They saunter up to the bar where Bobby is hanging out. Aside from the black eye and the laceration, he now has a BANDAGED EAR. Richie slaps five with him.

RICHIE

Oh! DJ Scratchocalypse in the house!

STEVE

(to the bartender)

Four 'buca bombs. And make them big. More like 'buca Hiroshimas. This is a special occasion.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Fuckin' Jovi, baby!

The four of them form a huge, rowdy, group hug. A young, hot chick walks past them, grabbing Steve's attention.

STEVE

Whoa. Check that the fuck out.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Yeah, she's kinda hot. But I guarantee, once you get her clothes off, her vagina's probably totally pink. And, like, where's the droop?

Bobby shakes his head in disgust. The bartender slides them each a Sambuca shot, a beer and a Redbull. The four of them raise their shots for a toast.

STEVE

To summertime! To the annihilation
of pubes and body hair! And most
importantly, to old friends!

They all drop their shots into their beers and chug.

LATER THAT NIGHT:

Bobby is up in the DJ booth. Crystal is next to him, scoping out female threats like a bodyguard. Bobby is spinning and scratching on the turntables as a thumping, sex-infused house remix of Bon Jovi's *Wanted Dead or Alive* plays.

ANGLE ON: Big Night Out dancing while holding his shirt tail up in his mouth so that his glistening abs are exposed.

ANGLE ON: Steve grotesquely grinding the ass of one chick who's making out with another chick.

ANGLE ON: Richie standing off to the side by himself. He nods along to the music, but he's not as into it as everyone else.

EVEN LATER THAT NIGHT:

As Bobby continues to spin, the vocals from Bon Jovi's *Always* play over a club style R&B background. Everyone is drunk and slow-dancing on the dance floor. A JERSEY MUSCLEHEAD wearing wrap-around sunglasses approaches the DJ booth.

JERSEY MUSCLEHEAD

Yo, Scatchocalypse. Can you play something else besides Bon Jovi? It's 2009. Let's get some modern club jams up in here. Young Jeezy? Rihanna? Maybe some Lady Gaga?

BOBBY

"Lady Gaga?" Hey, guy, I don't know if you heard, but Jovi's retiring. That's right, New Jersey's state treasure. So go back out onto the dance floor and savor this shit, 'cause it ain't gonna last forever.

Bobby scratches the turntables and segues into a bumping, bass heavy remix of Bon Jovi's *You Give Love a Bad Name*. Everyone in the club CHEERS.

ANGLE ON: Steve and Richie at the bar. They notice a group of COLLEGE KIDS coming into the bar. They wear NYU and RUTGERS T-shirts with khaki Banana Republic shorts.

STEVE

Here comes the shit of the Earth.
The only thing I hate about
summertime: Stone Harbor kids.

Richie curiously eyes the group, almost jealously.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Their rich parents rent houses in
Stone Harbor for the summer, and
they act like they own the fuckin'
boardwalk. Listening to their puss
rock. Hitting the beach with SPF
50. Not cutting the sleeves off
their T-shirts.

The college kids go up to the bar right next to Richie and
Steve. One of them gets the bartender's attention.

COLLEGE KID #1

You got any microbrews on tap, bro?

COLLEGE KID #2

Hey Marcus, order me a Ketel One
and cran.

Steve shudders, disgusted. The college kids notice Richie and
chuckle at the sight of him, whispering under their breaths:

COLLEGE KID #2 (CONT'D)

Dude, check out that bro's hair.

COLLEGE KID #3

Oh, my god. Just imagine the
conversations on his Facebook wall.

Richie looks embarrassed. Steve gets up in their faces.

STEVE

Hey, what the fuck did you just say
about my friend?

COLLEGE KID #2

What? Nothing, bro. Chillax.

RICHIE

Steve, it doesn't matter. Just let
it go.

STEVE

Hey, nobody talks shit about my
friend. This kid is definitely
getting fart mouthed.

COLLEGE KID #2
 (chuckling)
 "Fart mouthed?" Did you just say
 "fart mouthed?"

STEVE
 Yeah. That's what I said.

COLLEGE KID #2
 Hey Fenster, I'm apparently about
 to get "fart mouthed."

Their group laughs. Suddenly, Steve wrestles the college kid to the ground so that they're practically in a 69 position.

COLLEGE KID #2 (CONT'D)
 Dude, what are you doing?! This is
 not cool! Dude!

Steve locks the college kid's head between his legs and FARTS directly into his mouth. The college kid GAGS.

COLLEGE KID #2 (CONT'D)
 Oh god! There's a fart inside my
 mouth!

EXT. STONE HARBOR - NIGHT

ANGLE ON: A "WELCOME TO STONE HARBOR" sign on a street median, surrounded by a picturesque arrangement of flowers.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - CONTINUOUS

We are outside of a quaint seaside house.

INT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Molly is drinking Chardonnay with her mom, NAN, 50's, and her sister, CHLOE, 22. Through a screen door, we can see a group of four guys grilling out on the back porch.

Nan has a plastic smile on her face and an air of forced, unwavering cheeriness about her. Chloe is stylish and done up. Molly twirls a bird feather in her hand.

NAN
 Chloe, this was such a wonderful
 idea, planning a beach wedding down
 here on the Shore. This house is so
 beautiful.

(MORE)

NAN (CONT'D)

I don't even want to know how much your father paid to rent it for the summer.

CHLOE

It cost \$935 a week. Dad mentioned it like ten times this morning.

NAN

That's just his way of showing how excited he is for you and Chris. I think your father really likes him.

CHLOE

Really? You think so?

NAN

Isn't it obvious?

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

GERALD, 50's, tan and well manicured, is grilling steaks. He is wearing a corny Hawaiian shirt with dogs on it. He is holding court before three guys in their mid 20s: CHRIS, NOODLER and FOGELMAN. All three are wearing Teva sandals, cargo shorts and dirty white, collegiate baseball hats. No one at this house speaks with a heavy Jersey accent.

GERALD

Don't interrupt me, Chris. I was mid-sentence.

CHRIS

Sorry, Gerald. You're right.

GERALD

So I open the Exit 36 location, right across the street from our biggest competitor, PetSmart. A month later, I see the PetSmart manager at a bar drinking himself into oblivion, contemplating suicide because what is he gonna do, fight Godzilla with a stick?

Chris, Noodler and Fogelman burst out with affected laughter. Gerald flips a steak, basking in their reverence.

CHRIS

That's for sure.

GERALD

There you go, Chris, you cut me off again. Can I finish what I was saying? Is that all right with you?

CHRIS

Of course. I'm sorry, Gerald.

Annoyed, Gerald takes a deep breath.

GERALD

Anyway, as I was saying, before Chris chimed in for no reason, I decided to open an Exit 12 location. But we all know how this story ends. Cha-ching! Pawsmetics Pet Grooming: complete and total Nothern Jersey domination.

FOGELMAN

That's awesome, Mr. Andrews.

GERALD

It's like I tell my future son-in-law here. You just finished dental school. Loan free. Lucky kid. But do you want to be a dentist, Chris? Or do you want to be the dentist? By the way, I notice your buddy Noodler here can't keep his eyes off my new grill.

NOODLER

It's really nice.

GERALD

For 155 bucks it damn well better be nice.

INT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We return to Molly, Nan and Chloe drinking their wine.

NAN

And how lovely is it that Chris' friends are able to spend the summer with us? Molly, have you introduced yourself to Chris' friends yet? The one they call Noodler seems like a real catch.

MOLLY

Noodler?

NAN

Sure, he's got a silly nickname. But he told me he's getting his real estate license this year.

MOLLY

I don't think Noodler's my type.

CHLOE

Not your type? You should be happy if Noodler even looks at you. Noodler was captain of the baseball team. At Rutgers.

Molly rolls her eyes, suppressing her annoyance with Chloe.

NAN

Well, it seems to me no one is ever your type, Molly. Otherwise, why would you be sitting here without a boyfriend at 25-years-old playing with a filthy feather? What is that? Why are you doing that?

MOLLY

It's just a tail feather from a pied-billed grebe. I found it at the bird sanctuary today.

NAN

The bird sanctuary? I thought you were going to the beach to get some color. You're so pale.

Gerald enters through the screen door with a tray of steaks.

NAN (CONT'D)

Okay, you know how I'm really good with funny rhymes, Molly? Well, I just came up with a new one about your paleness. "You can't find a man if your tan isn't"... Wait. I screwed it up.

CHLOE

No, I get it, Mom.

NAN

The point is, stop being pale.

GERALD

Okay, Nan, come on. Let's leave attorney Andrews alone.

CHLOE

She's not a lawyer yet, Dad.

GERALD

Well, lawyer-in-training come this fall. My daughter, the hot shot attorney. Getting white collar criminals off at 100 grand a pop. Courtroom domination.

Gerald kisses Molly on the cheek. Molly self-consciously slips the feather into her pocket so Gerald can't see it.

EXT. JERSEY SHORE BEACH - NIGHT

It's almost dawn. Richie, Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby are sitting on the beach, still wasted. They have just come from a fast food stand and are eating macaroni balls, which are little fried balls filled with macaroni and cheese.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Man, I can't believe Jovi's retiring. It's like the end of... a really good fuckin' band.

BOBBY

Jovi was the greatest poet of our time. "On a steel horse I ride." It's like, what the fuck does that even mean?

STEVE

I'll tell you exactly what it means. There's this guy, and he's on a motorcycle and he's speeding down the Jersey Turnpike. And he's trying to get away from the cops 'cause cops are fuckin' jerkoffs.

Big Night Out interrupts, loudly clearing his throat.

BIG NIGHT OUT

A motorcycle? That's not what Jovi's saying at all. You ever banged a chick who had, like, beautiful, silverish, whitish pubic hair? It's like the mane that would be on a steel horse. And since it's a pussy, you gotta ride it, see? "On a steel horse I ride." That's what Jovi's talking about.

BOBBY

You're fuckin' sick, you know that?

STEVE

What about you, Richie? What do you think Jovi's saying?

Richie looks introspective as he considers this.

RICHIE

I guess if you think of a horse, it represents like freedom and not being tied down to anything. And if you think of steel, it's like a horse that could break through any fence and just do whatever it wants. It's like Jovi's saying we gotta, like, ride our hopes and dreams and never get fenced in.

There is an uncomfortable beat. None of the other guys seems to understand what Richie's talking about. Steve laughs, breaking the silence. He playfully puts Richie in a headlock.

STEVE

Come here, you fuckin' weirdo.

INT. RICHIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Richie walks into the house still wearing his clothes from the night before. He sits down at the kitchen table and sighs to himself. He looks a little lonely and dejected.

Richie's dad, Ron, enters the kitchen.

RON

Hey, look who's home. Fun night?

RICHIE

It was okay.

Ron tosses a well worn book onto the kitchen table, Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*.

RON

I found this on the back of the shitter yesterday. Is it yours?

RICHIE

(embarrassed)

Oh. Maybe, yeah. I think I was taking an extra long deuce, just needed some reading material.

RON

Well, careful with that thing.
You'll fuck up your eyes. All the
tiny little words.

Ron pours out a couple cups of coffee.

RON (CONT'D)

So what are you up to today? Gonna
hit the boardwalk? Eat some funnel
cakes, chase some ass?

RICHIE

Yeah, maybe. Hey, do you know where
the bird sanctuary is?

RON

Whoa, ho, ho! The bird place! Hey,
say no more! Before I met your
mother, the bird place used to be
my secret fuck spot. I bet there's
still about 40 of my used rubbers
floating around those marshlands.

Ron brings a tray of two cups of coffee and two shot glasses
of Jägermeister over to the table and sits down with Richie.

RICHIE

So you know where it is?

RON

Yeah, sure, I'll tell you. But
finish up your breakfast first.

Ron raises his shot glass. Richie reluctantly follows suit.
They both drop their shots of Jägermeister into their
coffees. Richie unenthusiastically sips his cup, while Ron
pounds his scalding hot coffee like it's a Jäger bomb. When
Ron is finished, he looks like he's in pure agony.

RON (CONT'D)

Fuck, that coffee's hot! Fuckin'
burns!

EXT. RICHIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - MORNING

Richie gets into his beat-up Camaro parked in the driveway.
He tries to start it a few times. The engine finally catches
and revs up in a CACOPHONY of unhealthy sounds and small
explosions. This car is clearly on its last mile.

EXT. NEW JERSEY STATE BIRD SANCTUARY - ENTRANCE - DAY

A dirt road runs past a sign that reads, "WELCOME TO THE NEW JERSEY STATE BIRD SANCTUARY." The serene quietude is suddenly broken by Richie's noisy car as it SPUTTERS down the road.

EXT. NEW JERSEY STATE BIRD SANCTUARY - DAY

This is a beautiful sprawl of protected wilderness full of streams, ponds and meadows. There are hundreds of different bird species nesting among the vegetation. Richie is walking along a path, consulting a brochure. He strains his eyes to make out a red-throated loon. He is blown away by the sight.

RICHIE

Holy fuck.

Later, Richie sees a scarlet tanager. He looks fascinated.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Damn. That thing is tripped the fuck out.

Later, Richie spots a harlequin duck. Once again, he has an expression of wonder on his face.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Total fuckin' brain fuck.

ANGLE ON: A well dressed MOM and 2 kids standing next to him.

MOM

Could you watch your language, please?

RICHIE

Oh, I'm sorry, Miss. It's just, these birds are f'n nuts.

EXT. NEW JERSEY STATE BIRD SANCTUARY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Richie walks out to the parking lot looking inspired. He unlocks his car and spots someone a few cars over.

It's Molly. She is sitting awkwardly on the hood of her Saturn sedan, facing the sun with her eyes closed. She has her shorts scrunched up to her crotch and the sleeves of her shirt rolled up to her shoulders. Richie hesitantly walks up.

RICHIE

Excuse me. Hey, I know you, right?

Molly opens her eyes and looks at him. Embarrassed, she quickly pulls the legs of her shorts down over her thighs.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Yeah, aren't you that girl Crystal tried to beat up outside Inky's?

MOLLY
Yeah. Hey, how's it going? Thanks again for saving my life.

RICHIE
Don't mention it. Baseball bats hurt.

There is a beat of silence. Neither knows what to say.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Anyway, after you told me about this place, I thought I'd check it out. Some bad-ass birds in there.

MOLLY
Totally. It's like a rainbow of plumages.

RICHIE
Snowy egret? Fuckin' fuck.

MOLLY
You saw a snowy egret?

RICHIE
Isn't that the duck with the tripped out paint job?

MOLLY
I think what you saw was a harlequin duck. Still a great sighting, though.

RICHIE
Right, right, the harlequin duck. That's the one that migrates east and west instead of north and south like normal birds.

MOLLY
Yeah. How'd you know about that?

RICHIE
I think I saw it on the *Discovery Channel*.
(embarrassed)
(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I mean, I was just flipping through channels or some shit.

MOLLY

I love the Discovery Channel.

RICHIE

You do?

MOLLY

Their documentaries are amazing.

RICHIE

It's pretty cool, right?

MOLLY

Totally.

RICHIE

I saw this show the other day where they recreate Leonardo da Vinci's inventions. The fuckin' brain on that guy. Nuts. And then last week there was this thing about vampire squids.

MOLLY

I saw that, yeah. They can turn themselves on and off like light bulbs.

RICHIE

I know! And it's fuckin' real!

Molly nods. She seems surprised and intrigued by Richie's unlikely knowledge and curiosity. Suddenly, her WATCH ALARM starts beeping. She tries to turn it off.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry. You gotta go somewhere?

MOLLY

No, I was just timing my, uh... My mom thinks I'm at the beach right now. She's obsessed with me getting a tan, so I was forcing myself to sit in the sun for 20 minutes.

RICHIE

Hey, if you want any tips on tanning, it's one of my specialties. Last summer, I did this combo of natural and spray-on. By August, fuckin' Tarzan glow.

MOLLY

For some reason, I can't get into tanning. The sun is just so hot.

RICHIE

Well, it's not about the tanning. I mean, tanning's cool, but it's more about enjoying your surroundings. You ever been to Beer Can Beach?

Molly shakes her head.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

It's actually pretty nice. Very little broken glass. They even got a hot pretzel stand. If you want, I could like... show it to you, show you my tanning techniques. Your mom would probably like that, right?

MOLLY

I don't know. I'm supposed to be back in Stone Harbor by 3 to go with my sister to the florist.

RICHIE

Stone Harbor?

MOLLY

We're staying there for the summer.

Richie takes in this new information. It's as though Molly has suddenly become unobtainable to him.

RICHIE

All right, that's okay. Forget about it. I'll see you around.

Richie starts to leave. Molly hesitantly calls out to him:

MOLLY

Although... you did save me from that insane girl with the baseball bat. And I do love hot pretzels.

RICHIE

Yeah, me, too. And you know what a lot of people don't know? Hot pretzels aren't even pretzels. It's more like bread with salt on it.

MOLLY

You're right. I never really thought of it like that.

Richie holds out his hand.

RICHIE
I'm Richie, by the way.

MOLLY
(shaking his hand)
I'm Molly.

RICHIE
Nice to meet you, Molly.

EXT. BEACH BARGAIN RECORDS - DAY

A long line of Bon Jovi fans waiting for tickets wraps around the block. A rusted out Ford Festiva drives up with Steve at the wheel. He HONKS his horn a couple times and cockily yells out to the people at the end of the line:

STEVE
Look how far back you are in line!
Good luck getting tickets, you
fuckin' dipshits!

Steve cruises up the street. He scans the faces at the front of the line, unable to find whom he's looking for.

STEVE (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

Steve recognizes BUMPS, a 12-year-old kid who clearly got his nickname because of his really bad acne. Steve pulls over and talks to him through his open window.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Hey, Bumps, you seen Tommy
Taglioni?

BUMPS
Tommy? You didn't hear? Tommy had
to go to the hospital.

STEVE
The hospital? What? I paid him to
wait in line for me.

BUMPS
Tommy's dad had a heart attack last
night. The doctors say it's really
bad. He lost oxygen to his brain
for 3 minutes, and now he can't
even move the left side of his--

STEVE

Blah, blah, blah. Jovi tickets?
Who's buying them? You?

BUMPS

I wish I could help you out. But
Billy Murders already paid me to
get tickets for him and all his
cousins. Eight ticket max.

STEVE

So you're not gonna Jovi me?

BUMPS

Sorry, Steve.

Steve clenches his fists and breathes deeply.

STEVE

There is a rage building inside me.
It's like some volcanic type shit.
And it's taking a fuckload of self-
control to keep myself from
punching your dick.

EXT. JERSEY SHORE BEACH - DAY

Richie and Molly are strolling along the beach together,
eating hot pretzels.

MOLLY

And I could see this robin's nest
right outside my bedroom window. I
saw the eggs get laid, I saw the
hatchlings come out and then I
watched them grow up and fly away.
But something about the birds
always stayed with me. They're just
so free. They can go anywhere.

RICHIE

That's amazing. All I had outside
my window growing up was a turd.

MOLLY

A turd?

RICHIE

(self-conscious)
Uh, never mind. Forget it.

MOLLY

Well, now you have to tell me.

RICHIE

When we were little, my friend, Steve, he tossed one of his turds up in the branches as a joke, and it just stayed there for years and years. Eventually it turned white. I used to look at it every day when I was getting dressed and be like, that's gotta be some kind of record. 7 or 8 years of a turd sitting on a branch? Damn.

Molly chuckles.

MOLLY

It turned white? That's so weird.

RICHIE

I know, right? I think it might actually still be up there.

MOLLY

No way.

Richie laughs with Molly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

So you grew up here?

RICHIE

My whole life. I've known my friends since I was in diapers. We spend almost every day together.

MOLLY

That must be nice.

RICHIE

It's nice. But sometimes it feels a little like... like I'm stuck here. Like nothing ever really changes.

MOLLY

I think I know what you mean. My family can be pretty claustrophobic. What I really wanted to do this summer was go on a roadtrip up north to Canada.

RICHIE

A roadtrip? That sounds awesome. Like *On the Road*. You ever read that? It's a book.

MOLLY

Yeah, definitely. I read it in high school. It made me realize how big America really is.

RICHIE

Totally. We got Atlantic City. We got Florida. We got, like, farmlands, mountains... fuckin' Vegas. Shit is huge.

MOLLY

Yeah, but here I am, stuck with my family in Stone Harbor for the whole summer.

RICHIE

If you wanna get out of the house, I could show you some other cool places. What are you up to next Friday night?

MOLLY

Nothing.

RICHIE

There's this new fish place that just opened on the Shore. Not just fish sandwiches neither. All kinds of fancy sauces and other, like, vegetables and shit next to the fish. We could check that out.

MOLLY

That sounds fun.

Up ahead, Richie sees a group of Jersey muscleheads drinking beers and tanning on the beach. Not wanting to run into them with Molly, he stops and gestures toward the sand.

RICHIE

If you're tired from walking, we can sit.

Richie and Molly sit down and stare out at the ocean.

MOLLY

Thanks for taking me here, Richie. You were right, it's beautiful.

RICHIE

You know, when I look out at the ocean, at first I think about all the immigrants and Al Qaeda fuckers out there on their little rafts coming this way, and it makes me wanna puke. But then I see how pretty the ocean is, and I wonder what lies beyond it. And then I, like, don't wanna puke.

MOLLY

Yeah, it's funny. First impressions never seem to be right, do they?

Molly and Richie share a tender smile.

INT. SKEE-BALL ZONE - DAY

This is a typically trashy Jersey Shore arcade. There is an overwhelming cacophony of digital beeps and zaps. Steve strolls around the arcade. From the looks of his ill fitting uniform, it's obvious that he's the security guard. He yells to a shirtless, chubby, 10-year-old KID playing *Rampage*.

STEVE

Hey, kid, put a shirt on.

CHUBBY KID

The sign doesn't say I have to.

STEVE

Look at your tits. You really want people to see that? Push-ups? Ever heard of them?

The chubby kid gives Steve the finger. Steve flips him off right back.

ANGLE ON: By the entrance, Big Night Out and Bobby are side-by-side playing skee-ball. Richie walks in, all smiles.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Hey, Richie. What's up with the gay-ass grin?

RICHIE

Nothing. Just had a pleasant morning. Suck my fuckin' pipe.

Steve sees Richie and waves him over. Richie approaches him.

STEVE

Where the fuck you been?

RICHIE

Why? What's the problem?

STEVE

What's the problem? Little Tommy Taglioni fucked me on the Jovi tickets. Apparently, his heart-attack-ass dad's idea of fitness is doing fuckin' milkshake curls.

Steve mimics lifting a milkshake to his mouth.

RICHIE

It's okay. We'll just do what we always do, Meadowlands parking lot. I mean, does it matter that much?

STEVE

Of course it does! This is our last chance to finally see Jovi!

RICHIE

Hey, Steve, did you know there's a bird sanctuary on the Shore?

STEVE

What the fuck does that have to do with Jovi?

RICHIE

I'm just saying. I went there this morning, and it was actually kinda cool. You should check it out.

STEVE

What, you went there alone?

RICHIE

Yeah. Anyway, it's like acres of land where birds are, like, flying around and hanging out and singing their songs, probably fucking each other, laying eggs, all that shit.

STEVE

Richie, if you wanna punch birds, there's plenty of birds right here on the boardwalk.

RICHIE

No, but there it's all different kinds of birds. It's like... It's like a rainbow of feathers.

STEVE

A rainbow of feathers? Are you on fuckin' acid? Birds are those white things that squawk and try to steal your macaroni balls. Not to mention, they take shits all over our beloved boardwalk. Birds are disgusting. That's why it's so satisfying to see them get punched.

RICHIE

I think you're just talking about seagulls, Steve.

STEVE

Bird, seagull, what's the difference?

Richie looks frustrated by Steve's lack of understanding and appreciation. Steve suddenly notices something across the arcade. He gets an irate look on his face.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hold on a sec.

Steve marches over to the *Whac-a-Mole* machine where an adorable little girl is trying to hit the moles with a padded mallet. He leans over and stares her right in the face.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Listen. What did I tell you about whacking the mole too hard with the mallet? It fucks up the mallet. You understand me, you fuck?

INT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Gerald is sitting on the couch with Nan. Chloe is pacing back and forth in front of Chris, Noodler and Fogelman.

CHLOE

I don't want red roses! Red roses are what greaseballs give to their skanky girlfriends! I want white roses! Just because we're at the Jersey Shore does not mean my wedding has to turn into some cheap, trashy, kitch-fest!

GERALD

We're not at the Jersey Shore,
Chloe. We're in Stone Harbor.

CHLOE

But the theme of my wedding is
supposed to be Sunset in Tuscany!

NAN

Honey, we have to work with what's
available. The wedding is only six
weeks away.

CHRIS

Hey, what about calla lillies?
They're white, right?

GERALD

Great idea, Chris. Or instead of
flowers, why don't we just get
cottage cheese? That's white, too,
isn't it? I mean, if all that
matters is the color.

Molly enters the house. She looks tan and upbeat.

NAN

Molly, where have you been? You
missed the florist.

MOLLY

Sorry, I... I lost track of time. I
was actually at the beach.

Nan looks Molly over.

NAN

Well, you do look like you've
gotten some color. Noodler, don't
you think Molly looks pretty today?

NOODLER

Totally.
(winks and nods at her)
Sup, Molly?

NAN

So which beach did you go to,
sweetie? White Dunes?

MOLLY

It was called Beer Can Beach?

GERALD

You went to Beer Can Beach? By yourself? I'm not sure I like what I'm hearing, Molly.

MOLLY

It's okay, I wasn't by myself, Dad. I sort of... made a friend.

CHLOE

You made a friend? What, you just went out and, like, made a friend?

Molly lingers in the doorway, looking uncomfortable.

MOLLY

Well, I just met him today. I mean, technically yesterday.

NAN

Him? Did you say him? Oh, my god, pinch me, I'm dreaming. Gerald, are you hearing this?

GERALD

Yeah, I'm hearing her, Nan. Beer Can Beach?

Nan pats the cushion on the couch beside her. Molly reluctantly comes over and sits down with her.

NAN

So you actually like this boy?

MOLLY

I told you, Mom, I just met him.

NAN

What's his name? Where's he from?

MOLLY

His name is Richie. He's from... New Jersey. He's from around here, I think.

NAN

Stone Harbor? That's wonderful! Will you be seeing him again?

MOLLY

We made plans for next Friday.

GERALD

Are you sure it's a good idea to get distracted right now, Molly? You've only got two months till you start at Seton Hall. I can't say I'm excited to pay \$60 for a used textbook if you're not gonna have your head in the game.

NAN

Nonsense, Gerald. I wanna meet him. I want you to invite this Richie to the barbecue.

CHLOE

What?

MOLLY

Mom, we barely know each other.

NAN

You think he'll feel uncomfortable? Tell him to bring some friends.

CHLOE

Mom, no way! You think I want Molly's weird nerd friends ruining my party? Chris and I spent a week narrowing down that guest list!

NAN

Chloe, relax. When we woke up this morning, the first thing your father did was roll over and show me the receipt for all the food he bought. Trust me, there will be more than enough. The receipt itself was a good foot and a half long.

Gerald pulls the receipt out of his pocket and holds it up like a prize fish, allowing it to unfurl.

GERALD

I'm surprised the cash register didn't run out of ink.

INT. U.S.A. PIZZA - DAY

Richie and Dom are making pizzas together. Dom belts out the Italian standard, *Core 'ngrato*. It sounds like the kind of sentimental, operatic song an old Italian man would sing.

A DELIVERY GUY walks into the shop with a package of produce.

DELIVERY GUY
I got some produce here for Dominic
Vincenzo Spatafore?

DOM
Yeah, that's me.

DELIVERY GUY
You're Dominic Vincenzo Spatafore?

DOM
The one and only.

The delivery guy looks at Dom skeptically. He glances at Richie and chuckles. Richie shrugs.

DELIVERY GUY
Seriously, though, I need Mr.
Spatafore to sign for this.

DOM
Hey! Gimme the fuckin' package and
get the fuck outta here!

Dom raises his fist and grabs the package. The delivery guy nervously hurries out of the store. Dom yells after him:

DOM (CONT'D)
Fammi un bocchino!
(to Richie)
Can you believe this fanuk?

Dom shakes his head and returns to making pizzas with Richie.

RICHIE
Hey, Dom, can I ask you a question?

DOM
Yeah, sure.

RICHIE
Do you ever feel like... like you
don't really fit in? Like you're
supposed to be one thing, but maybe
it turns out you're really
something else underneath?

DOM
Fuck no!

Dom raises his hand for a high-5. Richie awkwardly slaps it.

DOM (CONT'D)

By the way, thanks for noticing my new tattoo, asshole. Took Inky over four hours to do it. Check it out.

Dom flexes his arm and points to his bicep. All we can see is his really dark skin. Is there even a tattoo there?

RICHIE

Wait, is it on the other arm?

DOM

It's right there, Richie! It's the Sicilian flag!

Richie can't help but give Dom a confused look.

EXT. JERSEY SHORE BOARDWALK - NIGHT

Richie is standing outside of a not quite upscale seafood restaurant called "THE LOBSTER HOUSE." He is wearing a button-down shirt and an ugly tie spotted with the *New York Giants* team logo. He is holding a single red rose. He looks nervous.

Suddenly, a PURPLE VAN with a Playboy-Bunny-shaped window in the back speeds up onto the curb and SCREECHES to a halt. Big Night Out is driving. He and Steve get out. Big Night Out has his arm around DORIS, a gross, 65-year-old with dyed blonde hair and sun damaged skin. Steve playfully punches Richie.

STEVE

Look at this fuckin' guy! We've been looking all over for you!

BIG NIGHT OUT

Richie, I'd like you to meet the new apple of my eye. Doris, turn around and show us what you got.

Doris turns around doing a sultry dance. As she does this, we see her wrinkled, saggy ass sticking out of the bottom of a way too short Catholic schoolgirl skirt.

STEVE

So you ready to hit up Club Sweat? DJ Scratchocalypse goes on at 10, remember?

RICHIE

Oh, yeah. I forgot about that.

STEVE

Hey, what's with the tie? Donald fuckin' Trump over here.

Richie glances around, anxious about Molly showing up.

RICHIE

Yeah, I'm actually kind of meeting somebody tonight. Maybe I could catch up with you guys later on?

BIG NIGHT OUT

Whoa. Must be a pretty nice dick garage if you brought her a rose. I bet it's that chick, Destiny.

STEVE

Destiny from Joe's Nudes? Yeah, I was wondering when you were gonna call her. She was crazy perfumey.

RICHIE

Listen, you guys should probably get going. I wouldn't want you to get a ticket parked here like that.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Don't worry, Richie. If the boys in blue roll up, Doris will distract them. Do your special trick, Doris.

Doris lifts up her tube-top to reveal the worst set of tits we have ever seen. She lowers her top and coughs like someone who's been smoking for 50 years. She spits onto the ground.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)

Put your eyeballs back in your heads, fellas. She's taken.

Suddenly, Molly walks up to Richie, wearing a cardigan sweater over a sundress.

MOLLY

Richie, hi. Sorry I'm late.

STEVE

Who's this?

RICHIE

This is, uh... This is the person I'm meeting tonight.

Richie seems uncomfortable. There is an awkward moment, as Steve and Big Night Out size Molly up.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Guys, I'd like you to meet Molly. Molly, these are my friends I was telling you about.

MOLLY

Oh, right. It's nice to meet you guys. I've heard a lot about you. So, uh, which one of you threw your, like, poop into the tree?

STEVE

What the fuck? You told her about the tree turd? Who the fuck is this chick, Richie?

RICHIE

We met the other day. It's no big deal, Steve. She's just a new friend, that's all.

STEVE

So what, you're not coming out tonight 'cause this chick's too good for Club Sweat?

MOLLY

Look, Richie, if you already had plans, we can just--

RICHIE

No, no, it's okay. I'll catch up with these guys later.

BIG NIGHT OUT

What's your name again, sweetie?

MOLLY

Molly?

BIG NIGHT OUT

Molly, let me ask you a question. Do you like music?

MOLLY

Uh, sure.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Then do you think you might enjoy the combination of classic Jersey rock lyrics set to the sensuous, sexual beat of contemporary clubtronic ecstasy?

MOLLY

I guess that could be interesting.

RICHIE

Guys, I really don't--

BIG NIGHT OUT

Then that settles it.

(pointing to his van)

Everyone in the Fuchsia Fuck
Machine!

INT. CLUB SWEAT - NIGHT

The club is packed with Jersey trash. Big haired skanks are grinding up against orange faced, tight bead-necklace wearing muscleheads. Bobby is up in the DJ booth, controlling the turntables as a thumping techno remix of Bon Jovi's *Blaze of Glory* shakes the walls of the club.

Richie, Molly, Steve and Big Night Out are sitting on bar stools around a table. They are all holding up some kind of "bomb" shot drink for a toast. Richie seems a bit on edge.

STEVE

To fighting and fucking!

RICHIE

Hey, come on.

STEVE

What?

RICHIE

There's a lady present.

MOLLY

It's fine, Richie.

STEVE

Look, you Stone Harbor types may not approve or whatever, but when I go out clubbing, I either fight or fuck. On a good night, I fight and fuck. But mostly I just fight.

MOLLY

That sounds adventurous.

STEVE

Fuckin' is.

Steve pounds his chest with his fist a couple times.

STEVE (CONT'D)

So as I was saying, to my two favorite things: fighting and fucking!

BIG NIGHT OUT

Here, here!

They all drop their shots into their glasses and drink them.

RICHIE

(to Molly)

You okay? It's not too smoky in here for you?

MOLLY

Not at all.

RICHIE

The music's not too loud?

MOLLY

I'm fine, Richie. I'm having fun.

BIG NIGHT OUT

How could DJ Scratchocalypse ever be too loud? Jovi set to house music? Explode my fuckin' eardrums with that shit as far as I'm concerned.

STEVE

So, wait, explain to me again how you two met? 'Cause I don't get it.

RICHIE

We met on the street randomly.

MOLLY

But then we really met at the bird sanctuary. Richie thought he saw a snowy egret.

STEVE

A snowy what?

RICHIE

Nothing. We were just hanging out in the parking lot, and then we--
(remembering something)
Oh, you know what, Molly? I looked it up, and it wasn't a harlequin duck. It was an American widgeon.

MOLLY

You thought an American widgeon was
a snowy egret?

RICHIE

I know. I'm fuckin' retarded.

Molly and Richie share a chuckle. Steve stares at the two of
them with confusion and disgust.

STEVE

(to himself)

What the fuck?

Their chuckling dies down. Steve clears his throat.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey, speaking of acting retarded,
Richie, remember when you pissed on
that 6-year-old girl from my
cousin's balcony? Fuckin' classic.

RICHIE

Come on, it didn't happen like
that. You're exaggerating.

STEVE

What are you talking about? Her
head was covered in piss foam.

RICHIE

I don't remember that.

STEVE

Yeah, you don't remember 'cause you
were shitfaced on Zima.

MOLLY

Uh, Big Night Out?

BIG NIGHT OUT

What can I do for you, sweetie?

MOLLY

I hate to be the one to say it, but
it looks like your date, Doris, has
made some new friends.

ANGLE ON: Doris is dancing with two fat meatheads. Her
"dancing" entails one guy slamming into her ass with his
crotch while another guy grinds her face into his boner.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Eh, forget about her. I go home with a different chick almost every night. See that 60-year-old prom queen strutting her stuff outside the handicapped bathroom door?

ANGLE ON: A haggard, 67-year-old woman with a bad limp. She is obviously waiting to use the handicapped restroom.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)

I fuckin' deep knuckled that shit two nights ago on the dance floor. And see that cougar in the sequin dress kicking it at the bar?

ANGLE ON: A gross 70-year-old woman at the bar drinking alone. She drops a Jäger shot into a Bud Lite and chugs it.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)

Took her home last weekend. Fuckin' rocked my world. Not only was she wearing *Lovely*, the fragrance from Sarah Jessica Parker, but her tits were like two gym socks. And she had the loosest ass.

Richie looks horribly embarrassed. Molly seems a little disturbed, but she musters a smile for Richie's benefit.

STEVE

Big Night Out, you do realize a cougar is a hot older woman who fucks a young man.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Exactly.

Steve suddenly spots someone across the dance floor sitting at the bar. He gets an angry look on his face.

STEVE

No fuckin' way.

Steve marches up to the bar and stands behind the person.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Tommy Taglioni.

The person spins around to reveal that he is a cocky 13-year-old kid in a wife beater and a gold chain. This is TOMMY TAGLIONI. He is about to do a Jäger bomb at the bar with two other 13-year-old kids.

TOMMY TAGLIONI
Steve, what's up?

STEVE
What the fuck are you doing here?
You're 13-years-old.

TOMMY TAGLIONI
That's not what my fuckin' ID says.

Tommy Taglioni's friends laugh.

STEVE
I thought your dad had a heart
attack.

TOMMY TAGLIONI
He did.
(holds up his shot)
I'm fuckin' grieving over here.

STEVE
Yeah, well, you boned me on those
Jovi tickets, Tommy.

TOMMY TAGLIONI
Cry me a fuckin' river.
(to his friends)
Fuckin' balls on this guy.

Tommy Taglioni's friends laugh again. Steve's face morphs
into a visage of pure rage.

ANGLE ON: Richie, Molly and Big Night Out observing Steve.

MOLLY
Does Steve know that kid?

BIG NIGHT OUT
Yeah, he used to babysit for him.

At the bar, Steve suddenly PUNCHES Tommy Taglioni in the
face. One of Tommy Taglioni's friends jumps onto Steve's
shoulders and starts choking him from behind. The other 13-
year-old kid PUNCHES Steve in the balls.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)
Oh, here we go!

Big Night Out grabs a beer bottle, holds it upside down and
marches toward the fight. Molly looks stunned. Richie hangs
his head in shame.

Big Night Out SMASHES his bottle over one of the 13-year-old kids' skulls, knocking him off Steve's shoulders. Recovering, Tommy Taglioni picks up a bar stool and BREAKS it over Big Night Out's back. The club erupts into CHAOS. Bobby cheers on the fight through his microphone:

BOBBY
Fuckin' Jersey, baby!

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Molly pulls up to Richie's house. Richie is seated next to her. He looks embarrassed and uncomfortable.

RICHIE
Thanks for the ride.

Richie opens the door to leave.

MOLLY
Wait, are you okay? Is something wrong?

RICHIE
Come on, Molly. Who are we kidding? You and me, this isn't gonna work. You obviously hate my friends.

MOLLY
I don't hate your friends.

RICHIE
But that's impossible! Molly, they dragged you out to a skanky club and acted like complete losers. We got kicked out 'cause they beat up a group of 13-year-old kids.

MOLLY
Actually, I don't think your friends won that fight.

RICHIE
Well, if I were you, I wouldn't wanna hang around a crew like that. You're like... all classy and shit.

Molly can't help but blush.

MOLLY
So your friends were a little out of control. But honestly? I liked them. They were real.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

They just are who they are and they don't care what other people think. You have no idea how refreshing that is.

RICHIE

So you'd actually wanna hang out with them again some time?

MOLLY

Totally.

(thinking to herself)

In fact, my sister's having a barbecue next weekend. It's in Stone Harbor. You guys should come.

RICHIE

My friends in Stone Harbor?

MOLLY

I don't know. It might be fun to shake things up a bit.

They smile. Molly leans in a little for a kiss. Richie seems surprised at first then softens. He kisses her.

INT. RICHIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - DAY

Richie's mom, Maureen, is vacuuming the living room. Richie comes down the stairs wearing a button-down shirt. She notices his clothes and turns off the vacuum.

MAUREEN

Whoa, where you running off to, Mr. Fancy Buttons?

RICHIE

Just going to work.

MAUREEN

You're wearing your good shirt to work?

RICHIE

Just trying to look nice, you know?

MAUREEN

Something's different about you. A mother can tell these things. Have you been getting some poon?

RICHIE

Ma!

MAUREEN

What, I can't ask? You're my son.
I'm interested in your life.

RICHIE

Okay, there is this girl I met. But
I'm just getting to know her.

MAUREEN

I knew it! Tell me about her. Does
she have nice tits?

RICHIE

Ma!

MAUREEN

Okay, okay, what's her ass like?
Nice ass?

RICHIE

She's pretty, okay?

MAUREEN

Did you test out the beav yet?

RICHIE

I'm going to work now, Ma. Goodbye.

INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

This apartment is a mess. There are dozens of empty beer cans everywhere. The couch has rips in it, and the plaster on the walls is falling off. There are a bunch of Bon Jovi posters and a weight bench in the middle of the living room.

Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby are sitting around listening to Bon Jovi's *Never Say Goodbye* on the radio. Big Night Out is regaling Steve and Bobby with a story.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Summer, 1987. It was just like
this, radio call-in contest. My
buddy Johnny Sausage gets a bruise
on the tip of his finger from
punching the redial button so many
times. But it all pays off, 'cause
he gets on the air and wins 4 front
row tickets to the *Slippery When
Wet* Summer Tour grand finale at the
Meadowlands. We get there 3 hours
early. We're so pumped. Opening
band takes the stage. They fuckin'
suck.

(MORE)

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)

So obviously for the whole set I'm sitting there fake yawning, holding my middle finger up in their faces. They finally finish their shit set, but Jovi's a good half hour late. People are starting to wonder, what the fuck? Suddenly, the arena goes black.

Steve and Bobby lean forward, on the edges of their seats. Even though they've probably heard Big Night Out's story a million times, they still savor every word of it.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)

Through the blackness, we hear the opening chords of *Let It Rock*. Lights come up, crowd goes insane and there's Jovi 10 feet away from my fuckin' eyes. I kid you not. Snakeskin boots, jeans with perfect rips at the knees, gorgeous white leather jacket with 8 inch frills up and down the sleeves.

STEVE

Oh, fuck.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Sambora's hair is teased to perfection. It looks like a fuckin' priceless sculpture sitting there on top of his head. Then I see Tico Torres at the back of the stage behind his kit. Guy's a fuckin' machine. His sticks are moving with such speed and precision that they actually start to glow. They're about to fuckin' burst into flames.

BOBBY

Shit!

BIG NIGHT OUT

But none of that matters. 'Cause what happened next changed me for life. I'm staring at Jovi, right? And something feels weird. Something crazy's going on. So I look down at Jovi's snakeskin boots, and they are literally 6 inches off the ground. The guy is just floating there. Fuckin' levitating.

(MORE)

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)

Next thing I know, a drop of sweat flies off Jovi's wrist and lands on a crippled kid's forehead. After the show, when we're all leaving, I look at the kid. He's still definitely crippled, but he's, like, way less limpy. Fuckin' miracle.

Steve and Bobby lie back on the couch, absorbing the glorious mythology of Jon Bon Jovi.

BOBBY

Damn.

STEVE

We gotta get those fuckin' tickets. I will not have peace in my heart until we're inside the Meadowlands and I look upon real-life Jovi with my own two eyes.

BOBBY

Like I said, Steve, there's always Anne Maskowitz. She's had a crush on you ever since you front-wedgied her in elementary school.

STEVE

Anne the Man? That chick looks like a fuckin' man.

BOBBY

Well, her dad works for the Meadowlands. If you slipped her some sauseesh I guarantee there'd be some Jovi tickets in it for you.

STEVE

Anne the Man is the most disgusting human being on Earth. She's got fuckin' sideburns. I will never go out like that.

The front door opens, and Richie walks in.

BOBBY

Oh! Look who finally shows up!

STEVE

Where the fuck you been? You were supposed to be here an hour ago.

RICHIE

Sorry, I got held up at work. And then Molly called my cell and before I knew it we were talking for like an hour.

Steve rolls his eyes.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Well, you missed a great afternoon, Richie. The boardwalk was packed. Camel toes everywhere you looked. Oh, and I did that thing where I put seaweed down my pants and told everyone it was my pubes and then pulled it out and threw it in their fuckin' faces. Hilarious.

STEVE

Wait, shhh! Here it is! Get out your fuckin' phones! Start dialing! Time to put your phone to some good use for once, Richie!

The song playing on the radio ends, and they all pull out their cell phones and start dialing. The RADIO DJ comes on.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)

There you have it, folks, your daily dose of "Baaaaaad Medicine." First caller who can name every song in that Bon Jovi block will win our last four front row tickets to see the Beej himself in what we're hearing will be his final performance, August 15th at the Meadowlands. Lines are open... now!

BIG NIGHT OUT

Fuck! I got a busy signal!

STEVE

Me, too! Keep dialing!

RICHIE

Busy signal here.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)

Who have we got here on the line?

BOBBY

(cupping his cell phone)
I'm in! I'm in!

Steve grabs Bobby's cell phone.

STEVE

Yeah, this is Steve from Wildwood.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)

Steve from Wildwood! What's up, brother? You ready to win these tickets?

STEVE

Oh, hell yeah.

Steve slaps five with the guys.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)

Remember, we need the full names of the songs listed in the exact order they were played. Got it?

STEVE

Yeah, I got this. Okay, ready?

(from memory)

You Give Love a Bad Name, Dry County, I'll Sleep When I'm Dead, Lay Your Hands on Me, Love Me Back to Life, Secret Dreams, Put the Boy Back in Cowboy (Japan Bonus Track), Social Disease, Always, Wanted Dead or Alive, Captain Crash and the Beauty Queen From Mars, Someday I'll Be Saturday Night, Postcards From the Waste Land (Japan Bonus Track), Prayer '94 and Never Say Goodbye. Boom! Gimme my tickets!

Steve slaps five again with the guys.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)

Okay... *Prayer '94*. My producer's telling me that the song is actually called *Livin' on a Prayer*.

STEVE

Of course. But it's the '94 acoustic version. It's called *Prayer '94* on the *Cross Road* album.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)

Sorry, Steve! Good effort, though! All right, next caller!

Everyone looks they've been punched in the stomach. The NEXT CALLER comes on. He has a worldly, effeminate voice.

NEXT CALLER (O.S.)
Hi, this is Elliot from Stone Harbor?

RADIO DJ (O.S.)
Elliot, are you a Joviholic?

NEXT CALLER (O.S.)
Ah, not really. I'm just a bit of a trivia buff.

BIG NIGHT OUT
Are you fuckin' kidding me?!

BOBBY
Stone fuckin' Harbor! What the fuck?!

RADIO DJ (O.S.)
Can you name me the songs, Elliot?

NEXT CALLER (O.S.)
Uh, yeah, everything that last guy said, except instead of *Prayer '94*, it should be *Livin' on a Prayer*.

A SIREN goes off on the radio.

RADIO DJ (O.S.)
We have a winner! Elliot from Stone Harbor is our--

Steve picks up the radio and SMASHES it against the wall.

EXT. JERSEY SHORE BEACH - NIGHT

Richie, Steve, Bobby and Big Night Out are eating macaroni balls on the beach. Steve still looks angry and frustrated.

BOBBY
Hey, it's no big deal. I kinda like listening from the parking lot. We've been doing it since we were kids. Remember '99, Steve? We were sitting on the hood of your car while Jovi was playing *Bed of Roses* for the encore and you punched that cop in her tits?

STEVE
Fuck that, Bobby. This is Jovi's final show.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

I mean, imagine being inside that concert, seeing Jovi's sweat dripping off his sanctified fuckin' body as he launches into a ten minute version of *Bad Medicine*. I will not go to my grave without experiencing that.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Look, on the bright side, we still get to see Tico Torres' cousin perform at Beachfest next Saturday.

RICHIE

Fuck, I totally forgot about that. I'm supposed to go to a barbecue at Molly's in Stone Harbor.

STEVE

What, you're gonna miss the Ronald Torres show so you can go hang out with a bunch of rich assholes?

RICHIE

I already promised Molly.

Steve flings a macaroni ball out into the ocean. Richie can tell that Steve's feelings are hurt.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I mean.... She said you guys can come along. I just assumed you wouldn't want to.

BIG NIGHT OUT

I'll go to a barbecue. Eat some free food, maybe steal some shit.

BOBBY

I did some landscaping over in Stone Harbor once. Their lawns feel like pussy.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Plus, let's face it, Ronald Torres fuckin' blows. It's obvious where the talent lies in that family.

Everyone looks to Steve, waiting for his response.

STEVE

Fine, whatever. Fuck it. Let's go to a fuckin' barbecue.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

The backyard is now decorated with streamers and a banner that reads, "CONGRATULATIONS CHRIS AND CHLOE!" 30 to 40 guests, all family and friends, are mingling on the lawn. They all have their collared shirts tucked into their high waste lines. The lawn is filled with covered tables and folding chairs, and there is a large buffet table.

Gerald is shaking hands with some arriving guests.

GERALD

Hey, Chris' uncle, right? Gerald Andrews. Glad you could make it.

(to another guest)

Help yourself to the buffet, Fred. I'll tell you, last time I had this many chips I was in Vegas. Gold Rush Casino?

ANGLE ON: Molly sits alone at a table looking bored. She glances at her watch. Nan approaches her.

NAN

Is Richie still coming?

MOLLY

I think so.

NAN

Good. I can't wait to meet him. Get your bangs out of your eyes.

INT. RICHIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Richie parks outside the house with Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby. Richie has on a white button-down shirt. His hair is combed neatly and not gelled. Big Night Out is wearing a cheap gold chain, a white sport coat with no shirt on underneath and a white Kangol. Bobby has on a pin-stripe sport coat, also with no shirt on underneath. Not looking to impress anyone, Steve is wearing a cut-off mesh shirt and an upside-down visor cocked to one side. Big Night Out and Bobby are both fogging themselves with *Stallion Noir* cologne.

RICHIE

I just forgot to do it, okay? It's no big deal.

STEVE

You just forgot?

BIG NIGHT OUT

Forgetting to put gel in your hair is like not having your pubes totally waxed off. It just tells chicks you're letting yourself go.

RICHIE

Whatever. Look, before we go in, I just want you guys to remember to behave yourselves. No fart mouthing, no ass-grab baseball, no kicking divets into the grass.

STEVE

Who the fuck are you, the police of us? I like kicking divets.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Richie, Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby approach the house. Molly sees them and rushes over to greet them.

ANGLE ON: Chloe and Chris observe them from a distance.

CHLOE

Oh, my god. This is not happening.

CHRIS

Jesus. Look at their hair.

CHLOE

It's like a gang of sea urchins.

ANGLE ON: Molly gives Richie a hug and a kiss on the cheek.

MOLLY

I'm so glad you made it. Hey guys, good to see you again. You look great. Thanks so much for coming.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Thanks for having us, Molly. This place is the fuckin' shit.

BOBBY

(feeling the lawn)

This lawn feels fantastic. Really soft and, like, moist.

Steve avoids eye contact with Molly.

RICHIE

Steve, you wanna say hi to Molly?

STEVE

Oh. Hi, I guess. Whatever.

MOLLY

Well, you guys look hungry. You'd better get some burgers fast, 'cause it looks like we're running out of food.

A seagull suddenly lands on a fence post beside them.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Oh, shit! This party's about to get some fireworks!

BOBBY

Yeah, do the bird thing, Richie!

RICHIE

Ah, that's okay. I'm not really up to it right now.

STEVE

What, you don't wanna do the bird thing 'cause she's here?

MOLLY

No, I'd love to see what the bird thing is. I love birds. Do the bird thing, Richie.

STEVE

Yeah, do the bird thing.

STEVE/BIG NIGHT OUT/BOBBY

BIRD! BIRD! BIRD! BIRD!

MOLLY

(chiming in)
BIRD! BIRD!

RICHIE

(suddenly yelling)
I'm not gonna do it, okay?! No bird thing today!

After Richie's outburst, there is an awkward silence.

BOBBY

On second thought, maybe this isn't the best venue for the bird thing.

NAN (O.S.)

Molly!

MOLLY

Oh, Richie, come meet my parents.

Molly takes Richie by the arm and guides him into the crowd. Steve, Bobby and Big Night Out scan the barbecue.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Check it out. This place is packed with all night party tuna.

ANGLE ON: A table of Molly's elderly aunts and grandmothers.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)

Let's go fishing, boys.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Molly leads Richie up to Gerald and Nan.

MOLLY

Mom, Dad, this is Richie, the guy I was telling you about?

NAN

It's a pleasure to meet you.

GERALD

Now is it Richie or Richard? Because one of those is an adult name.

MOLLY

Dad.

RICHIE

(nervously chuckling)
People just always call me Richie.

NAN

Molly says you're from around here?

RICHIE

Yeah.

GERALD

Stone Harbor, right?

RICHIE

Uh, actually, I'm from Wildwood.

GERALD

Wildwood?

MOLLY

(changing the subject)

Richie's been showing me around. He took me to the beach. Remember, I was telling you guys about that?

GERALD

I'm sorry, what do I see poking out of the bottom of your shirt sleeve there, Richie?

ANGLE ON: Richie's rolled-up shirt sleeve, where we can see the lower half of his tattoo sticking out.

RICHIE

Oh, that? It's an old tattoo. I got it a long time ago. It's the face of Jon Bon Jovi. He's the lead singer of Bon Jovi.

GERALD

Bon Jovi. Interesting. I'm actually more a Manilow guy.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - BUFFET TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Steve walks up to the buffet table. He picks up a couple hotdogs and takes a bite out of each of them like they're candybars. He looks up and sees Richie conversing with Molly's parents. Steve shakes his head to himself.

FOGELMAN (O.S.)

Dude, buns, ever heard of them?

Steve turns to see Fogelman standing next to him.

FOGELMAN (CONT'D)

Buns? Dude?

STEVE

I don't eat carbs. That's how I keep it so fuckin' diesel.

Steve flexes his chest. Fogelman calls to Noodler.

FOGELMAN

Noodler, you gotta see this. This bro over here is just too much, man.

Noodler walks up to them and chuckles at Steve's outfit.

NOODLER

Whoa, bro. The mesh is killing me.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - GRILL - LATER THAT DAY

Richie and Chris are with Gerald as he mans the grill.

GERALD

My future son-in-law here is gonna be a dentist. What do you do for a living, Richie?

RICHIE

I work in the restaurant business.

CHRIS

Oh, yeah? Corporate side?

RICHIE

Not exactly. I'm more on the customer service end. I'm a cook and the weekend manager at a place called U.S.A. Pizza.

GERALD

So you work at a pizza shop.

RICHIE

(embarrassed)

Yeah.

GERALD

You know what I hate about pizza shops? When they get the toppings wrong. Do you ever get the toppings wrong, Richie?

RICHIE

No, I never have.

GERALD

Really? Are you sure about that?

Gerald thinks for a second then blurts out a fast, long list of toppings:

GERALD (CONT'D)

Pineapple, pepperoni, mushroom on half, olives, jalapeños, green peppers, onions, scratch the olives, meatball on half. What did I just order?

RICHIE

Pineapple, pepperoni, mushroom on half, jalapeños, green peppers, onions, meatball on half. Now did you want the meatballs on the same half as the mushrooms?

GERALD

Same half.

RICHIE

And you said you didn't want olives, right?

CHRIS

I'm pretty sure I heard olives.

GERALD

Chris, can you do me a favor?

CHRIS

Of course.

GERALD

Swear to me that you will never put a drill to my teeth.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Molly and Nan are sitting at a table together.

NAN

Richie seems... nice.

MOLLY

Look, I know he's not like Chris and his friends, but he's smart. And he's a really good guy.

NAN

He does seem like he could be very fertile. You know what? I just came up with a little rhyme about him.

MOLLY

Mom, you don't have to--

NAN

"Maybe maybe maybe, Richie will give you babies." Tada! I just came up with that. Off the top of my head.

Big Night Out suddenly pulls a chair up to the table.

BIG NIGHT OUT
 Good afternoon, ladies. Molly, this
 must be your younger sister.
 Pleased to meet you.

Big Night Out gently shakes Nan's hand. Nan looks
 surprisingly smitten.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)
 I'm Richie's friend, Stanley, but
 people call me Big Night Out.

NAN
 Why do they call you Big Night Out?

BIG NIGHT OUT
 Because the night is big, and it's
 what I dig.

Nan takes this in. She can't help but grin.

NAN
 Did you just come up with that?

BIG NIGHT OUT
 I did.

Molly looks slightly creeped out.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Bobby is drinking a beer while chatting with Chloe and a few
 of her bridesmaids. Chloe looks embarrassed by him.

BOBBY
 Picking the right DJ name is like
 90% of being a successful DJ. You
 can have all the skills in the
 world, but if your name doesn't
 look bad-ass on a flyer, people are
 gonna wipe their asses with it.

CHLOE'S BRIDESMAID
 So what's your DJ name?

BOBBY

DJ Scratchocalypse. I combined the word "scratch" with "aca," as in Chewbacca, 'cause I'm crazy like that, and the word "lypse," as in pussy lips. "Scratch-acca-lips." Genius, right?

Chloe looks disgusted. Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Bobby spots an empty, pink IROC-Z parked a half-block up the street. He looks around, scared and paranoid.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I should go find my friends.

Bobby hands his beer to Chloe and hurries away.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - BACKYARD - LATER THAT DAY

Noodler and Fogelman are drinking beers at a table. Fogelman is showing Noodler the widgets on his iPhone.

FOGELMAN

Bowling? And then, check it out.
(slides his finger)
Now you can play bongos, bro.

NOODLER

Wait, do you have that thing where you can mess with people's faces?

Steve walks up to them, interrupting their conversation.

STEVE

Hey, I was thinking about what you guys were saying before.
(grabbing his own shirt)
About the muscle net? And about the way I eat hotdogs?

NOODLER

What about it, bro?

STEVE

I got an idea for you guys.

Steve picks up a squirt bottle of mustard and squirts mustard all over his own crotch. He cockily points to the mess on the front of his pants.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Why don't you eat my fuckin' hotdog?

Noodler and Fogelman stare at Steve.

FOGELMAN

Bro. You've got mustard all over your pants now.

NOODLER

That's just bad taste, man. Poor form.

STEVE

Oh, really? Is that right?

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - BACK PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Gerald and Richie are sitting on a couple chairs.

GERALD

Hot sausage, extra cheese, scratch the hot sausage, anchovies, scratch the extra cheese, banana peppers, scratch the anchovies, light on the banana peppers. Actually, scratch the banana peppers.

RICHIE

So you just want a plain pizza.

GERALD

That's pretty good.

Molly brings them each a beer and sits down with them.

RICHIE

Oh, thanks, Molly. You didn't have to do that.

MOLLY

It's nothing.

GERALD

So did Molly tell you she's starting law school in the fall? Seton Hall?

RICHIE

Wow. No, she didn't tell me that. That's really impressive, Molly.

MOLLY

Thanks.

RICHIE

Are you still gonna be able to study birds?

GERALD

Birds? No, no, she's over birds. When she was a little kid, she used to bring these feathers home. Right into my house. Diseases.

Suddenly, they hear a COMMOTION from across the yard, a glass SHATTERING and some violent SCUFFLING sounds.

FOGELMAN (O.S.)

Dude, get off him! What are you even doing?!

INT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Molly, Nan, Chloe, Chris, Noodler and Fogelman are sitting around the room. Gerald is angrily pacing.

GERALD

His friends are degenerates, Molly! They ruined your sister's barbecue!

MOLLY

Dad, you're exaggerating.

GERALD

One of them broke wind inside of Noodler's mouth! Our guests were appalled!

ANGLE ON: Noodler is chewing a huge wad of gum.

NAN

Do you need some more gum, honey?

NOODLER

(shakes his head)
The taste is almost gone.

Gerald rests his hand on Noodler's shoulder.

GERALD

Inside of his mouth, Molly.

MOLLY

I get it, Dad.

GERALD

The guy's rectum literally expelled gas directly into Noodler's mouth. For all we know, the gas probably went down his throat.

MOLLY

I said I get it.

CHLOE

Not to mention, when I was taking out the garbage an hour ago, some random trashy girl pulled up in a gross pink car and yelled the "c" word out the window at me.

MOLLY

Dad, Richie is not his friends, okay?

GERALD

Of course he is! The people you hang around with are reflections of who you are! You know what? I don't want you spending time with him anymore!

MOLLY

Dad, that's ridiculous! I'm 25-years-old! You can't forbid me from seeing someone!

GERALD

End of discussion!

Molly clearly wants to respond, but she keeps her mouth shut. She rushes out of the room, unable to stand up to her father. Gerald watches her go with a regretful look.

NAN

Look, I think we can all agree that what happened to Noodler's mouth and maybe his throat was terrible and extremely gross. But I will say, Richie's friend Stanley was quite the charming young man.

CHLOE

Are you kidding?

NAN

I'm just saying.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Molly is lying on her bed, facing the wall. Gerald KNOCKS on the door. Molly doesn't respond. Gerald hesitantly comes into the room and sits down on the edge of her bed.

GERALD

Molly, I know I might seem like I'm overreacting about Richie. But I can't help it. I've always known you were gonna do big things. And I swear, I'm not trying to smother you, I'm just trying to help you make the right decisions in life. Your future is everything to me.
(not joking at all)
Don't get me wrong, I love your sister Chloe very much. But I love you way more. You're my special little girl. You're my woobzy.

Molly softens. She turns around to face her father.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Are you my woobzy?

MOLLY

Dad...

GERALD

Are you or are you not my woobzy?

Molly can't help but chuckle.

MOLLY

I'm your woobzy.

EXT. JERSEY SHORE BOARDWALK - DAY

Richie is sitting on a bench eating a hot pretzel. He looks depressed. He tosses the rest of his hot pretzel to a couple seagulls that tear it apart and fly away. Steve approaches wearing his security uniform.

STEVE

What are you doing?

RICHIE

Nothing. Sitting here.

STEVE

I don't have to be at work for another hour.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

Wanna go get our faces all slapped
up with tits down at Joe's Nudes?

RICHIE

Naw, that's all right.

Steve sits down next to him.

STEVE

What's wrong with you? You drunk?

RICHIE

No. I'm just kinda depressed. Molly
says she can't hang out anymore.
Her dad wants her to focus more on
her studies. I'm sure what happened
at the barbecue didn't help.

STEVE

Richie, if Molly and her family are
so stuck up they can't handle a
simple fart mouth, then forget
them. They're not worth it.

Turning sympathetic, Steve puts his arm around Richie.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey, remember when we were kids and
my dad was gonna take us to the
Giants game, but then he went to
jail for lighting that cop on fire?
I was sitting on your couch, all
sad and shit, and you gave me some
good advice. You said, "Fuck it."
You were right, Richie.

Richie takes in Steve's words. He nods.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry, man. I know I act
like an idiot sometimes. But those
Stone Harbor people act like
ballbags. So, like, fuck it, right?

RICHIE

Yeah... Yeah, I guess you're right.
Fuck it.

STEVE

Now come on. Let's go get our eyes
poked the fuck out with nipples.
I'm buying.

INT. BRIDAL STORE - DAY

Gerald, Nan and Chloe are sitting outside a dressing room. Gerald is reading a magazine, *Small Business Quarterly*, highlighting certain passages. Molly mopes out of the dressing room, dejected, in a navy blue gown.

CHLOE

No, this isn't it. It's not popping for me. You still look so... what's the word? It's not, like, "ugly," but... I forget the word. Here, let's try the polka dot one again.

Molly lumbers back into the dressing room with Chloe.

NAN

Molly seems a little down in the dumps, don't you think?

GERALD

Relax, Nan. She's just nervous about law school.

NAN

I found two bird books hidden under her mattress this morning.

GERALD

Well, it could be worse. At least she's not making bird calls out in the yard anymore, freaking out our neighbors, Dr. and Mrs. Eakins.

NAN

I think she's lonely. She misses that Richie. In all honesty, I think you were pretty harsh when you banned him from her life.

GERALD

I don't want him distracting Molly from what's important, Nan. That kid is just so... Jersey.

NAN

Did you know that boy saved her from a vicious baseball bat attack?

GERALD

What are you talking about?

NAN

I'm serious. Molly told me all about it. Do you think Chris would've done that for Chloe?

GERALD

I'd like to think so.

NAN

Gerald, Chris stood there watching, paralyzed with fear, while someone beefed into his best man's mouth.

Gerald thinks this over.

NAN (CONT'D)

Look, he may not be perfect, but I can't remember the last time Molly took an interest in a boy. And let's face it, Gerald, she's two years away from a very short haircut. I can feel it.

EXT. SPLASH ZONE WATER PARK - DAY

This is a trashy water park. Richie, Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby are in their bathing suits, waiting in line to go down a water slide. Big Night Out is wearing a paper-thin Speedo to showcase his bulge. Richie seems more upbeat than when we last saw him, and his hair is back to being spiked with gel.

STEVE

You guys ready for the water slide?
Ready to start a 50 person log jam?

Steve playfully wrestles with Big Night Out, grabbing him from behind around the shoulders.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Jesus, get off me! Your chest stubble's chafing my back!

STEVE

What are you talking about? Your back stubble just chafed the fuck out of my chest! Look at this. It's all red and irritated.

RICHIE

You know what else is irritated?
Your mom, at the fact that I refused to bone her.

BOBBY

Oh!

RICHIE

Because she's ugly!

BOBBY/BIG NIGHT OUT

OHHHH!

Bobby slaps five with Richie. Steve can't help but laugh.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Genius, Richie.

Suddenly, a skanky STRIPPER CHICK with huge fake tits walks past the line. She stops and notices Richie.

STRIPPER CHICK

Hey, Richie. Remember me?

Richie can't seem to place her. The stripper chick pulls down her bikini top to reveal one of her huge fake tits. It has a tattoo above the nipple of Bugs Bunny holding his dick. Richie now recognizes her, but he's clearly not into her.

RICHIE

Oh. Destiny, hey. How's it going?

STRIPPER CHICK

I'm working the main stage at Joe's Nudes tonight. You should come by. Give you a fuckin' lap dance.

RICHIE

Sounds fun. I'll try to make it.

The stripper chick smiles and leaves. The guys watch her go.

STEVE

Lucky bastard. You better marry that shit, Richie. 'Cause that's the best the Shore has to offer.

Big Night Out and Bobby nod in agreement. The stripper chick turns around and notices them all watching her. She vacantly grins at Richie over her shoulder and starts flossing her ass with her bikini thong. Richie looks disgusted and depressed.

RICHIE

Hey, we got any plans next weekend?

BIG NIGHT OUT

This weekend is gonna be 100% booze fueled insanity.

(MORE)

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)

We're gonna kick off the night at Club Sexorcist. Then Club Sweat. Club Encounters. Club Nightlust. Get some late night macaroni balls, maybe punch a few mirrors off some random cars, then head over to the after hours party at Club Yearnings.

RICHIE

Well, maybe we could do something different. Like take a roadtrip.

STEVE

What the fuck is a roadtrip?

RICHIE

You know, we all pile in a car and drive around to, like, other parts of the country and check shit out.

STEVE

Why would we ever wanna leave the Shore?

BOBBY

Yeah, we got everything here.

STEVE

Know what you should do this weekend, Richie? Drive over to Joe's Nudes and get your area grinded by Destiny. There's your fuckin' road trip.

Richie gives up and becomes silent. He is obviously disturbed and frustrated by what his friends are saying.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORRISTOWN, NJ - DAY

Richie parks his car and gets out. He looks past the other parked cars toward what's at the front of the lot.

ANGLE ON: A "PAWSMETICS PET GROOMING" center in a minimall, sandwiched in between a Rite Aid and a laundromat.

INT. PAWMETICS PET GROOMING - MOMENTS LATER

Richie is standing outside of an office at the back of the Pawsmetics store. He takes a deep breath and knocks. The door opens to reveal Gerald.

GERALD

Richie. What are you doing here?

RICHIE

Sorry to show up like this, Mr. Andrews. I called your beach house, and your wife said you were working. I thought I'd come out here so we could talk in private.

GERALD

About what?

RICHIE

Molly says she doesn't wanna see me anymore. I figure maybe it's got something to do with the impression I might have left you with.

GERALD

You came all the way out here to talk to me?

Richie nods. Gerald considers this. He looks Richie over.

INT. GERALD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

This is a cramped, windowless office with off-white paint and no decorations. Gerald is sitting at his desk across from Richie. Gerald holds out his arms arrogantly.

GERALD

So what do you think?

RICHIE

Your office? It's really nice.

GERALD

You like the chair? Comfy, right?

RICHIE

Yeah.

Gerald leans back in his chair. Richie clears his throat.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Mr. Andrews, I know my friends aren't exactly gentlemen. But I just want you to know that I'm not like that. I like your daughter a lot. I think we have a real connection. And who knows? Maybe she doesn't feel the same way.

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

But if she does, I just hope you
can be okay with that.

Gerald studies Richie for a long, silent beat.

GERALD

Is it true that you saved Molly
from a baseball bat attack?

RICHIE

Yeah. But anyone would've done
that.

GERALD

Smart answer. Richie, I'll admit, I
may have tried to drive a wedge
between you two. It's just that
Molly is our oldest and smartest
daughter. Her IQ is almost double
that of her younger sister. This is
based on actual testing.

RICHIE

She is really smart.

GERALD

So then you can understand we have
extremely high hopes for her.
Molly's an ambitious girl. I wanna
make sure she surrounds herself
with the right people. People who
are serious about their lives.

RICHIE

I understand.

Gerald leans forward at his desk.

GERALD

Do you wanna be making pizzas for
the rest of your life, Richie? Or
do you wanna be netting \$87,000 a
year, after taxes?

INT. PAWSMETICS PET GROOMING - MOMENTS LATER

This is an unspectacular pet grooming center. There are a few
workers blow-drying poodles and snipping cat's nails. Gerald
confidently swaggers as he leads Richie around the place.

GERALD

I built this business from scratch.
Look around, Richie. This is what
hard work can get you.

Gerald takes Richie over to a dog lying on a grooming table.

GERALD (CONT'D)

(sniffs the air)
You smell that? It's an herbal
fluffing formula we use. We have it
imported from Italy. It makes the
fur really pop.

RICHIE

Smells good.

GERALD

You haven't seen the half of it.
(to the dog)
Get up, boy. Come on.

The dog stands up to reveal that it has TWO HUGE TESTICLES
dangling a good 5 inches.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Look at those beauties. They look
totally real, right?

RICHIE

Yeah.

GERALD

And they feel real, too. Check it
out. Go on, don't be shy.

Richie reluctantly touches the dog's testicles.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Cup them in your hand. Get a real
sense of them.

Richie uncomfortably cups the testicles in his hand.

RICHIE

Yeah, I guess, yeah.

GERALD

They're called neuticals. When a
male dog's testicles are removed,
it can do serious damage to the
dog's self esteem. Take my pure
bred cocker spanial, Ulysses.

(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)

Got him a nice pair last week. He's never held his head higher.

Gerald lets out a deep breath and raises his eyebrows.

GERALD (CONT'D)

The world is moving fast, Richie. If you wanna keep up, if you wanna do something amazing with your life, then you gotta be ready to make some changes.

RICHIE

I'm willing to do that.

GERALD

In that case, I'm willing to start changing my opinion of you.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Gerald walks Richie to his car. Gerald seems warmer now.

GERALD

What are you doing Saturday night?

RICHIE

Nothing.

GERALD

My daughter's fiancé, Chris, is having a bachelor party. You should go. Get to know some of those guys. Noodler and Fogelman? I think you'd get along.

RICHIE

They want me to come?

GERALD

I'm sure they'll be fine with it. Considering I'm paying for it obviously, \$45 a head.

RICHIE

Uh, okay. That sounds fun.

GERALD

Seems to me an ambitious guy like you could use a breath of fresh air in the friendship department.

Gerald gives Richie a pat on the back. Richie doesn't know how to respond to what Gerald just said. He politely nods.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Listen, I appreciate you coming out here. Now go home and give Molly a call. Or if you wait till after 9, it won't count against her minutes.

EXT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Steve is standing on the sidewalk outside of a place called "GARY'S BOXING GYM." He takes a nervous breath.

STEVE

Come on, Steve, you can do this.
Eyes on the prize. Fuckin' man up.

Steve starts jumping like a boxer warming up. He punches the sides of his head rapidly, psyching himself up.

INT. BOXING GYM - DAY

Steve walks in and looks around until he spots what looks like a huge, buff guy pummeling a speed bag. He clears his throat to get the person's attention.

STEVE

Anne Maskowitz?

ANGLE ON: The person turns around to reveal that it's ANNE "THE MAN" MASKOWITZ, a very masculine woman with sideburns, a light moustache, broad shoulders and no tits. She smiles a flirtatious, ugly smile at Steve.

ANNE

Steve? Oh my god! What are you doing here?

Anne walks over to Steve and gives him a huge, gross, sweaty hug. Steve looks like he's going to vomit.

INT. MOLLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Molly is lying on her bed, looking at her phone. She seems to be waiting for a call. It RINGS. She nervously answers.

MOLLY

Richie?

INTERCUT: Richie talking on a house line in his bedroom.

RICHIE
Hey, Molly. Sorry, are you busy?

MOLLY
No, I'm so happy you called. My dad told me you came to see him.

RICHIE
Yeah, it was good. We actually had a nice talk.

MOLLY
I am so sorry about what happened with him.

RICHIE
Hey, don't be sorry. Your dad's got high hopes for you. If I had a daughter like you, I'd probably be going upside her boyfriend's head with a Jäger bottle.

Molly laughs. Someone picks up the phone and starts DIALING.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
Ma! Ma, I'm on the phone!

MAUREEN
Hello?

RICHIE
It's Richie. I'm talking to Molly.

MAUREEN
Hi, Molly. This is Richie's mom.

MOLLY
Hi, how are you?

MAUREEN
You're coming over for dinner this Saturday?

MOLLY
Oh, I don't know. Richie hasn't--

MAUREEN
I'm not asking, I'm telling. We're having pepperoni Bagel Bites.

MOLLY
Oh. Sure. I love Bagel Bites.

RICHIE
Okay, Ma, can you hang up now?

MAUREEN
All right, all right. You take care
now, Molly. See you soon.

Maureen goes to hang up, but from the MUFFLED NOISES it's clear that the phone has accidentally been left off the hook.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
(yelling to her husband)
Hey Ron! Have you seen my fuckin'
Vagisil?

INT. RICHIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - NIGHT

Richie and Molly are having dinner with his parents. They all seem to be enjoying themselves together.

MAUREEN
Okay, stand up, honey, let me look
at you again.

Molly awkwardly stands up. Maureen circles Molly, leering at her ass and nodding like a dirty old man.

MAUREEN (CONT'D)
Niiiiice, niiiiice.

RON
So did you lose your contact
lenses, Molly?

RICHIE
Dad, what are you talking about?

RON
Glasses. On a girl. It's, like,
computery.

RICHIE
I like her glasses, Dad. They make
her look pretty.

Molly sits back down and smiles humbly at Richie. He takes her hand under the table.

RON
Hey, Richie tells me you like to go
to that bird sanctuary.

MOLLY
Yeah, it's fun. It's relaxing.

RON
Yeah it is. Say no more, honey.

Ron stands up and pantomimes doing a girl doggystyle.

RICHIE
Dad, what the fuck?!

INT. RICHIE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Richie leads Molly into his room.

RICHIE
Sorry it's such a mess in here.

Richie notices Molly staring at the poster of the chick with huge tits lying on the hood of a red Trans-Am.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
I put that poster up when I was eleven. I've been meaning to take it down.

MOLLY
No, I can't blame you. I mean, her breasts are total tens.

Richie chuckles. Molly walks over to the Bon Jovi poster.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
You know, I have to say, I'm not super into Bon Jovi.

RICHIE
Have you listened to his music?

MOLLY
I've heard most of his songs.

RICHIE
You've heard, but you haven't listened. Sit down. You're in for the treat of your life.

They sit down on the bed. Richie turns on his stereo, and the instructional French tape blares over the speakers:

FRENCH WOMAN'S VOICE
Je voudrais deux cartes postales--

Embarrassed, Richie quickly turns off the stereo.

RICHIE
Sorry, wrong tape.

MOLLY
What was that? Was that French?

RICHIE
It was nothing.

MOLLY
Are you teaching yourself French?

RICHIE
Yeah, I guess I'm sorta tinkering around with it. You know, what if I go to France someday? Gotta speak the language, right?

MOLLY
Totally. That's incredible, Richie. You're so full of surprises.

RICHIE
Whatever. It's not like I'll ever actually make it to France.

MOLLY
I bet you'll make it to France.

They share a smile. It's a nice moment.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Listen, there's something I wanna ask you. I don't mean to move things forward too fast. But I was wondering if you wanted to be my date to my sister's wedding?

RICHIE
Of course! That would be a fuckin' honor! When is it?

MOLLY
August 15th?

RICHIE
August 15th? Fuck, that's the night of the Jovi concert.

MOLLY
It's okay if you can't go.

RICHIE

No, I'd love to. It's just that Steve and the guys and me always go to the Jovi concert every summer. We've never been inside, but we always listen from the parking lot. It's kind of a tradition. Not to mention, this is his last show. It would break Steve's heart if I didn't go. I'm really sorry, Molly.

MOLLY

No, it's just my sister's wedding. I don't even really wanna go.

RICHIE

Well, I am still going to your sister's fiancé's bachelor party.

MOLLY

You know, you don't have to go if you don't want to.

RICHIE

Why not? Might be good to branch out, make some new friends.

Molly leans into Richie. He puts his arm around her.

MOLLY

So can I hear some French?

RICHIE

Aw, I don't really--

MOLLY

Please? Just say anything.

RICHIE

Le siège de toilette est absent.

MOLLY

What does that mean?

RICHIE

The toilet seat is missing.

Molly laughs.

MOLLY

Nice. Anything else?

RICHIE

Naw, my accent sounds retarded.

MOLLY

Come on.

RICHIE

J'aime vraiment être avec vous.
Vous êtes futé, gentil et assez.

Molly waits expectantly for Richie's translation.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

I really like being with you.
You're smart, sweet and pretty.

Molly blushes. She gives Richie a kiss.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Richie walks up to the house wearing a collared shirt and nice pants. He looks surprisingly clean-cut, if not a little self-conscious. Gerald is sitting outside smoking a cigar.

RICHIE

Hey, Mr. Andrews.

GERALD

Here for the bachelor party, huh?
Chris and the guys are inside. They
should be ready in a few minutes.

RICHIE

Oh. Okay.

GERALD

Take a load off.

Richie sits down. Gerald proudly points to an unspectacular, used 1997 HONDA MOTORCYCLE parked in the driveway.

GERALD (CONT'D)

What do you think?

RICHIE

That's yours?

GERALD

Just bought it. 1997 Honda Rebel.
This baby is the Harley of Hondas.

RICHIE

Wow, that's amazing. I've always
wanted to ride a motorcycle.

GERALD

Oh, I definitely don't plan on riding it, Richie. It's a classic. Some people collect old cars, I collect old motorcycles. In fact, this beauty right here is the first of the Andrews collection.

Gerald offers Richie a cigar.

RICHIE

No thanks.

GERALD

You sure? They're Haitian.

RICHIE

I don't really smoke.

GERALD

Smart answer.

Gerald takes a few puffs off his cigar.

GERALD (CONT'D)

You might find this hard to believe, Richie, but you and I actually have a lot in common.

RICHIE

Really?

GERALD

Does that surprise you?

RICHIE

I don't know. You just seem like... so successful and, like, polished.

GERALD

Well, I wasn't always like this. You know, I grew up on the Jersey Shore. Seaside Heights.

RICHIE

What? No way.

GERALD

Sure. I used to play skee-ball at the arcade. I used to grind girls on the dance floor. I used to punch rollerbladers for absolutely no reason.

(MORE)

GERALD (CONT'D)

Hell, one time I even had sex with the mouth of a dead fish just to make my friends laugh.

RICHIE

I still don't believe it.

GERALD

You don't believe me?

Gerald turns around to make sure no one is watching from inside the house. He pulls down his pants and then pulls up his boxer shorts as high as they'll go.

ANGLE ON: A tattoo on Gerald's inner thigh that reads, "GO NUTS!," with an arrow pointing up toward his testicles. One of his balls accidentally slips out. He tucks it back in.

RICHIE

"Go Nuts?"

(laughs)

That's pretty funny, Mr. Andrews.

GERALD

Of course it's funny. Probably the funniest tattoo you've ever seen. Smart, clever, good font. It's all those things. But do you think I show this to people anymore? No way. I keep it underneath. It'll always be a part of me, but it doesn't define me anymore.

Richie nods, taking this in.

GERALD (CONT'D)

I'm sure you've got great friends, Richie. They're funny, they're loyal, you've known them your whole life. But at some point, you've got to make a choice. It's either you or them. Either you get out and accomplish something with your life, or you spend the rest of your days with macaroni ball grease dripping down your chin.

Richie and Gerald hear Noodler yelling from inside:

NOODLER (O.S.)

Hey, Fogelman! You seen my Texas?

GERALD

(motioning to the house)
 Now those guys inside: Noodler,
 Fogelman, Chris? Total idiots. But
 they're going places, Richie.
 They're the types of idiots you
want to surround yourself with.

RICHIE

They do seem like nice guys.

Gerald pulls up his pants and buttons them.

GERALD

All I'm saying is don't let
 yourself get trapped on the Shore.

EXT. STEVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Big Night Out, Bobby and Crystal are sitting on the front
 stoop drinking out of styrofoam cups.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Hypnotic mixed with Diet Rite.
 Whoever invented this drink should
 get a fuckin' medal.

Steve swaggers up to them waving four tickets in his hands.

STEVE

Looky what I got! Read 'em and
 weep, boys!

BOBBY

Is that what I fuckin' think it is?

BIG NIGHT OUT

No fuckin' way!

Steve lays the tickets out on the steps. We can make out two
 distinct words on them: "BON JOVI" and "MEADOWLANDS."

STEVE

8th row, seats K through N. Boom!

BOBBY

How'd you get them?

STEVE

Don't worry about it.

BIG NIGHT OUT

Steve, you are the fuckin' man!

Big Night Out pulls Steve in for a hug. He can't help but sniff Steve's shoulder mid embrace.

BIG NIGHT OUT (CONT'D)

Whoa, you stink. You smell like you've been wrestling with a fuckin' gorilla.

Embarrassed, Steve pushes Big Night Out off him.

CRYSTAL

So do I get the fourth ticket?

STEVE

Fuck no. It's for Richie.

CRYSTAL

Richie? He hasn't even been around. I've barely seen him all summer.

STEVE

Richie is definitely getting Jovied. Now where the fuck is he? Let's find his ass and celebrate.

BOBBY

He said he's out to dinner with his parents. Some place called Tally-Ho.

STEVE

Tally-Ho? In Stone Harbor? With the table cloths and shit?

BIG NIGHT OUT

I've known Ron and Maureen since we were in high school, and I've never once seen them use silverware.

EXT. TALLY-HO RESTAURANT - NIGHT

This is a pretty nice restaurant in Stone Harbor with a beach patio. Chris, Noodler, Fogelman, Richie and a few more of Chris' friends are having dinner at an outside table right on the beach. Not exactly a Jersey style raging bachelor party.

CHRIS

You know what? I should've totally gone with the mahi mahi. You bros think it's too late to change my order?

NOODLER

Dude, solution: I'll give you half my mahi mahi, you give me half your fettucini alfredo.

CHRIS

You're the man, Noodler.

Chris bumps fists with Noodler.

FOGELMAN

Or you could always have a bite of Richie's "hotdog." Way to order from the kid's menu, dude.

The guys share a playful chuckle. Richie tries to join in.

RICHIE

Yeah, maybe I should've ordered something better.

NOODLER

So Richie, you and Molly, bro? What's up with that?

RICHIE

We're just, you know, hanging out.

FOGELMAN

You poking it yet?

RICHIE

Naw, it's not really like that.

NOODLER

Dude, word of advice: get some of that summer poon before she starts getting serious on you. Know what I'm saying, bro?

RICHIE

Yeah... Good advice. Thanks.

It's clear that Richie feels the disconnect between himself and the other guys. He takes a few big gulps of his mojito and summons the courage to address the table.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Hey, listen, I know you guys don't really know me, so it was really nice of you to invite me here tonight. You've all been really cool to me.

(MORE)

RICHIE (CONT'D)

And as a token of my thanks, the first round of lap dances after dinner is on me.

CHRIS

Wait, what? Lap dances?

RICHIE

Yeah, you know, bachelor party, right? I just assumed we're going to a strip joint.

FOGELMAN

No way, bro. We already have our plan for the night. After dinner, we're gonna kick off our sandals, take a walk on the beach and reminisce about old times.

NOODLER

Dude walk.

CHRIS

And while we're on our dude walk, Noodler here's gonna tell the classic story about the time he scored the winning run in the 11th inning against Villanova.

Noodler cockily raises his glass for a toast.

NOODLER

The night is young, my brothers.

EXT. STONE HARBOR BEACH - LATER THAT NIGHT

Richie and the group are doing a "dude walk" on the beach. Noodler is deep into his story.

NOODLER

Bases loaded, two outs. Pitch is high. Before I know it, the ball hits me right in the neck. It falls to the ground. I'm looking around. My neck is killing me. Next thing I know, I'm on my way to first. Greggs is coming home. Game over.

FOGELMAN

Gosh, man.

CHRIS

That story is insane. This just might be the best dude walk ever.

RICHIE

I bet you celebrated pretty hard that night, Noodler.

NOODLER

You know it, dude. I got back to Sigma Phi. The team had all pitched in, bought me a nice big bottle of Captain Morgan's. I had three, maybe four rum and cokes. Totally passed out right in my bed.

STEVE (O.S.)

Richie!

The group turns to see Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby approaching from up the beach. Richie looks worried.

RICHIE

What are you guys doing here?

STEVE

What the fuck are you doing here?

RICHIE

Relax, Steve. It's just a bachelor party, Molly's sister's fiancé.

STEVE

Oh, yeah? I thought you were having dinner with your parents.

FOGELMAN

Hey, isn't that the dude who did that disgusting thing to you, Noodler? In your mouth? Down your throat? Remember?

NOODLER

Yeah, I remember. Now that all the bros are here, I'm seriously thinking about throwing down.

STEVE

Oh, you wanna throw down? Let's throw down right now! I'll make every one of you toothless!

Steve rips off his shirt and marches toward Chris' friends. At the last second, Richie pushes him off to the side.

RICHIE

What's the matter with you, Steve?
Are you fuckin' crazy?

STEVE

What's the matter with me? What the
fuck is the matter with you?

RICHIE

Look, I only lied about tonight
'cause I knew you'd freak out like
this. It's like I'm not allowed to
make new friends.

STEVE

Why the fuck do you need new
friends? You got us! You got the
Shore!

RICHIE

Yeah, well, maybe I don't wanna
spend the rest of my life trapped
on the Shore!

STEVE

Trapped? Is that how you feel?

RICHIE

Sometimes, yeah! Maybe I wanna make
something of my life!

STEVE

Come on! Who gives a fuck if you
make it, Richie? Remember what Jovi
says? "It doesn't really matter if
we make it or not!"

RICHIE

But it does, Steve! It does matter!

STEVE

What, so Jovi's wrong?!

RICHIE

Maybe Jovi is wrong! Maybe Jovi's a
fuckin' idiot!

Steve looks stunned. He stares incredulously at Richie.

STEVE

What did you just say?

RICHIE

I'm just saying, maybe Jovi's not the greatest thing in the world.

STEVE

Who the fuck are you?

Richie doesn't really know what to say to this. Steve throws one of the Bon Jovi tickets at Richie's chest.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Here, I got this for you. Maybe you should just throw it away.

Steve walks away from Richie. Steve waves to Big Night Out and Bobby to follow him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Let's get the fuck outta here. I got sand in my socks.

Big Night Out and Bobby give Richie a puzzled, hurt look, as they take off with Steve down the beach. Richie picks up the Bon Jovi ticket and looks at it. Chris walks up and sees the ticket. He puts his hand on Richie's shoulder.

CHRIS

Dude, don't sweat it, Richie. Bon Jovi totally sucks.

NOODLER

Yeah, Bon Jovi was cool back in like, what? 1988?

CHRIS

Besides, John Mayer's coming in September. Ben Harper opening? Fogelman's dad can totally score us tickets.

Richie stares at the Bon Jovi ticket. We hear the sentimental, bittersweet sounds of Bon Jovi's *Never Say Goodbye*, as we dissolve into...

MONTAGE - JERSEY SHORE/STONE HARBOR

Richie and Molly are eating dinner at a nice restaurant. They are talking and having a good time. Something catches Richie's eye. He sees two trashy looking Jersey guys sharing an order of macaroni balls outside on the boardwalk. Richie's smile gradually fades.

Steve is standing outside of Skee-Ball Zone in his uniform, watching the waves roll in. A seagull lands next to him, and he tries to punch it. He misses the seagull, and it flies away. Steve gets a sad, nostalgic look on his face.

Richie is in his bedroom getting dressed. He stops and notices a bird perched on a tree branch outside his window. Richie grins to himself, until... his gaze drifts over to find a 15-year-old white turd still resting on another branch. He stares wistfully at the turd.

Wearing a tie, Richie is sitting in the waiting room of an office reading *National Geographic*. A business logo on the wall reads, "EAST ORANGE REALTORS." A businessman in a suit comes out of the office and greets Richie, shaking his hand.

Bobby is dribbling a basketball in SLOW MOTION. He passes it to Big Night Out. Steve steals the ball and does a behind-the-back pass to... Dom, who is so bad at basketball that he double-dribbles, travels, shoots a shot that doesn't even come close to the rim, and ultimately trips and falls onto the ground. The guys all shake their heads at Dom.

Richie and Gerald are conversing by Gerald's grill. Gerald's prized cocker spaniel, Ulysses, runs up and drops a dog toy at Richie's feet. Richie picks it up and throws it. As Ulysses chases after the toy, we can see the dog's way-too-big "neuticals" practically dragging on the ground.

INT. RICHIE'S PARENTS' HOUSE - RICHIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Richie is pacing while talking on his cell phone. Molly is sitting on the bed.

RICHIE

No, thanks so much. I'm really excited. Yeah, I'll be there next week. See you then.

Richie hangs up his cell phone.

MOLLY

So you got the job?

RICHIE

Yeah, and they're gonna pay for me to get my real estate license. I'm supposed to drive out there Monday.

MOLLY

Congratulations! That's awesome!

Molly gives Richie a hug.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
So you're gonna move to East
Orange?

RICHIE
I guess I'm gonna have to, right?
Right after your sister's wedding.

The Bon Jovi poster on the wall catches Richie's eye for a second. Molly notices.

MOLLY
Do you think you'll be happy there?

RICHIE
Of course. I'll get an apartment,
meet some new people. We'll both be
doing exciting things, right?

MOLLY
(mustering enthusiasm)
Yeah.

Richie takes Molly in his arms. They kiss.

RICHIE
You know the best thing about real
estate? Nobody ever complains that
the crust on their house isn't
crispy enough.

INT. U.S.A. PIZZA - NIGHT

Richie and Dom have closed up shop for the night. They are sitting at a table having a last beer together.

DOM
So real estate, huh?

RICHIE
Yeah. I mean, I've loved working
here with you, Dom. But I just feel
like I gotta move on.

DOM
All right, Richie, but I don't get
it. This is who you are. It's the
Shore. Jersey, baby. It's like the
best place on Earth. And you wanna
go inland? Fuggetaboutit!

RICHIE

I don't know, Dom. Maybe the Shore isn't who I really am. I mean, a man can only go so long pretending to be something he's not.

For the first time, Dom seems to really take in Richie's words. Richie stands up to leave.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself, Dom.

DOM

We'll miss you, Richie. You know you're always welcome here.

RICHIE

Thanks.

Richie and Dom shake hands. Richie walks out. A few moments after he's left, a JERSEY MEATHEAD starts banging on the door. Dom opens up the door.

DOM

Sorry, paizan, we're closed.

JERSEY MEATHEAD

It's 11 on the dot.

DOM

And we close at 11.

JERSEY MEATHEAD

No way, guy. I ain't leaving till I get a fuckin' slice.

Dom stews for a beat. Something inside Dom seems to change. He gives the meathead a super hard look in the eye.

DOM

Don't make me get black on yo ass, nigga.

INT. CLUB MUSK - NIGHT

Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby are standing at the bar. The club is packed and thumping, but they seem depressed. Steve tries to snap himself out of it.

STEVE

Okay, let's get the night started. Who wants an atomic saki beach bomb? Big Night Out?

BIG NIGHT OUT
Eh, I'm okay.

STEVE
Bobby?

BOBBY
I'm fine with my Tequiza.

STEVE
What the fuck's the matter with you guys? We're going to see Jovi tomorrow night. A little excitement maybe? I went through a lot to get those tickets. A lot.

BIG NIGHT OUT
I think we're just a little depressed about what happened with Richie.

STEVE
Fuck Richie. He doesn't know what he's missing out on.

BIG NIGHT OUT
I'm just saying, maybe you were a little harsh last week.

STEVE
Harsh? How?

BIG NIGHT OUT
You know, you were always ragging on Molly. I actually thought she was pretty cool. And so Richie went to a bachelor party? Who can blame him? You gonna turn down free ecstasy and all-night whores?

BOBBY
And what are we doing all the time? Our lives are so intense you can't skip one night?

STEVE
No, you know what happened with Richie? He started hanging out with Stone Harbor pussies, and now he thinks he's better than us. But you know what I say? Good riddance.

Big Night Out and Bobby stare down at the bar.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fuck this. I'm gonna go boner-grind
the shit out of some chickenheads.

Steve storms off toward a couple of sluts on the dance floor. He immediately starts boner-grinding one of their asses. The other girl completes a sandwich on the other side, all three of them dancing salaciously.

ANGLE ON: Steve's expression. He doesn't seem to be enjoying this as much as he should. He clearly misses his friend.

EXT. STONE HARBOR BOAT CLUB - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

This is the reception for Chloe and Chris' "Sunset in Tuscany" themed wedding. We see a lot of the same friends and family from the barbecue here mingling, hugging the bride and groom and offering their congratulations.

Richie and Molly approach Chloe and Chris. Richie shakes Chris' hand and awkwardly gives Chloe a kiss on the cheek. Chloe instinctively recoils. Richie looks a little hurt.

RICHIE

Congratulations, you two. The
wedding was beautiful.

CHRIS

(smelling the air)
Whoa, Richie. Are you sure you put
on enough cologne this morning?

RICHIE

Why? Do I need more? I've got some
out in my car.

CHRIS

Kidding, bro.

CHLOE

Yeah, my eyes are literally
watering. And not from joy.

A few guests nearby chuckle. Richie forces a laugh.

RICHIE

Right, right.

Richie and Molly step away from the bride and groom.

MOLLY

Sorry about that. Chris and my
sister can be such snobs sometimes.

RICHIE

It's okay. They were just joking.

Nan waves to Molly from across the reception hall.

MOLLY

Hey, I have to help my mom with the cake. I'll be back in five minutes?

RICHIE

Sure, sure.

Molly looks at Richie. She can tell something's wrong.

MOLLY

Are you okay, Richie?

RICHIE

Yeah, I'm fine. Go. I'll go get some appetizers, maybe a drink.

Molly kisses Richie on the cheek and walks away. Richie heads over to the bar.

BARTENDER

What can I get you, sir?

RICHIE

Uh... I guess I'll have a glass of champagne?

The bartender hands Richie a glass of champagne. Richie surveys the crowd of people in the reception hall.

ANGLE ON: An old fat guy in an expensive suit showing off his fancy watch to other old fat guys in expensive suits.

ANGLE ON: Two of Chloe's sorority friends with bored expressions on their faces, texting on their phones while standing right next to each other.

ANGLE ON: A chain of corny, fake looking guests dancing absurdly as they take the congo line way too seriously.

Richie observes all of this with a puzzled, slightly disillusioned look on his face.

NOODLER (O.S.)

Richie, come here for a sec. You gotta meet our bro, Hastings.

Richie turns to see Noodler and Fogelman standing with a well dressed fat guy named HASTINGS. Richie shakes his hand.

RICHIE
Hey, how you doing? I'm Richie.

HASTINGS
Sup, dude.

FOGELMAN
Hastings used to be our house president at Sigma Phi. Now he's kicking ass over at Allstate.

RICHIE
Wow, congratulations. So you having fun here at the wedding?

HASTINGS
I guess. I mean, "Sunset in Tuscany?"

Hastings, Noodler and Fogelman share a dismissive chuckle.

RICHIE
What do you mean?

HASTINGS
Tuscany is the most beautiful place on Earth. This is the Jersey Shore.

RICHIE
What's wrong with the Jersey Shore?

NOODLER
Okay, Stone Harbor's not bad. But Richie, you gotta admit, most of the Jersey Shore is complete shit.

FOGELMAN
It's like America's garbage can, bro.

Richie contemplates their words. Should he acquiesce?

RICHIE
Well, some of it might be trashy. But I think a lot of it's pretty nice. If nothing else, there's good people here on the Shore.

FOGELMAN
What, like your friends?

NOODLER

Yeah, those greaseballs from the beach? Those pieces of shit practically ruined our dude walk.

HASTINGS

Oh, please tell me they had, like, orange skin and a whole tube of gel in their hair.

FOGELMAN

They totally did! No exaggeration!

Hastings, Noodler and Fogelman start laughing again. Richie is now beginning to lose his patience.

RICHIE

Listen, call them what you want. Greaseballs or whatever. But I grew up with those guys my whole life.

HASTINGS

That explains the suit from JC Penny.

Noodler and Fogelman both laugh. Richie gives Hastings a hard, angry look.

RICHIE

You may not believe it, but those guys are like my brothers.
 (turning to bartender)
 One shot of Jägermeister, please.
 (back to the guys)
 They might be a little eccentric. They might have a slightly limited taste in music and appreciate the scent of a strong cologne. But I'll tell you what. At least they have strippers at their fuckin' bachelor parties.

Richie grabs the Jägermeister shot from the bartender, drops it into his champagne glass and chugs the whole thing. Hastings, Noodler and Fogelman look on in shock and disapproval. Hastings scoffs to Noodler and Fogelman.

HASTINGS

This dude is such trash. What's he even doing here?

Richie SHOVES Hastings. Hastings is so fat that he loses his balance and collapses onto a table. There are SHRIEKS and GASPS among the party members.

ANGLE ON: Gerald has seen and overheard all of this. Gerald marches over to Richie.

GERALD

Come with me.

Gerald grabs Richie and pulls him over to a less crowded part of the reception hall.

GERALD (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're doing?

RICHIE

I don't know.

Molly rushes up to Gerald and Richie.

MOLLY

What's going on here?

GERALD

What's going on here? Your boyfriend just shoved one of Chris' friends into a table.

MOLLY

Why? What happened?

GERALD

First of all, he dropped an entire shot of some rancid liquor into a glass of Veuve and drank the whole thing in one gulp. Then, before I know it, Hastings is lying on Dr. and Mrs. Eakins' table!

MOLLY

I'm sure there's an explanation. That guy Hastings is an asshole.

GERALD

Richie, I thought you were gonna get out of your pathetic, dead-end little world and make something of your life. But I guess you just wanna keep on playing skee-ball and working on your tan and going clubbing with your loser friends!

MOLLY

Dad, that's enough!

GERALD

Excuse me?

MOLLY

No, I'm sick and tired of you always turning people into what you want them to be.

GERALD

I don't do that.

MOLLY

You did it to me. What about law school, Dad? You think I actually wanna go to law school?

GERALD

Of course you do. You love the law.

MOLLY

I don't, Dad. You know I wanted to be an ornithologist, but you said ornithologists don't make enough money. So you threw out my bird watching journal and all my books and my feather collection--

GERALD

Feathers carry diseases!

MOLLY

I don't care! I'd rather play with feathers than put on a phony act like I'm some big shot. Look around you, Dad. Are these people really your friends? Is this really you?

GERALD

Of course it is! This is who I've always been!

MOLLY

No, it's not, Dad. You may not remember, but I do. I remember when I was little, you used to take me to the Giants games and do push-ups on the stadium steps whenever they scored a touchdown. I remember you bragging about your *Ms. Pacman* score, not how much money you made. I remember your long hair and those goofy bandanas you used to wear.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You didn't care what other people thought. It was just you. You were so much fun back then.

Gerald doesn't know what to say.

GERALD

Molly, I...

MOLLY

I'm not going to law school anymore. And I'm not gonna let you do to Richie what you've been doing to me my whole life.

Molly takes Richie by the hand and leads him out of the reception hall. After they've left, Gerald gradually absorbs everything Molly has said with a stunned, introspective look.

EXT. STONE HARBOR BOAT CLUB - DAY

Richie and Molly exit the boat club.

RICHIE

Wow. Look at the balls on you.

MOLLY

That actually felt pretty good. I kind of got Jersey on his ass, huh?

RICHIE

Totally.

They share a chuckle.

RICHIE (CONT'D)

So what do we do now?

Molly checks her watch.

MOLLY

You've still got some time before Bon Jovi takes the stage. You should go be with your friends, Richie.

RICHIE

What are you saying?

MOLLY

This is my family. It's my world. It shouldn't have to be yours.

Richie thinks about this for a moment.

RICHIE

If I'm gonna go see Jovi and get my mind totally blown the fuck away, then you gotta be there with me.

MOLLY

But you only have one ticket.

RICHIE

Either we get in together, or we don't get in at all. And from what I've heard, miracles are prone to happen in the presence of Jovi.

Richie takes Molly's hand. She smiles.

INT./EXT. RICHIE'S PARKED CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Richie is in the driver's seat with Molly beside him. He starts the car. The engine sputters. There is a huge BURST. Smoke comes out from under the hood. They sadly get out of Richie's Camaro, which is obviously not going anywhere.

RICHIE

Fuck.

Gerald exits the boat club and marches toward them.

GERALD

Hey! Stop right there!

Richie and Molly exchange a worried look. Gerald stops in front of Richie, takes the ticket from him and reads it.

GERALD (CONT'D)

You're taking my daughter to a Bon Jovi concert?

RICHIE

I was going to.

Richie gestures to the smoking engine of his car. There is a beat of tense silence. Gerald stares at Richie.

GERALD

Do you remember when I told you I was a Manilow guy?

Richie nods.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Do you know why I'm a Manilow guy?

Richie looks anxiously down at the ground.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Because I was never lucky enough to see the great Jon Bon Jovi in concert.

Richie looks back up at Gerald, awestruck. Gerald hands the ticket back to Richie. Molly beams at her father.

EXT. STONE HARBOR SUMMER HOME - DRIVEWAY - DAY

We are TIGHT on Richie's face as he talks on his cell phone.

RICHIE

Why don't any of you answer your fuckin' phones? Steve, it's Richie again. I'm coming to the concert. You really think I'd miss Jovi? Fuck you! I'm back! Jersey, baby!

We PULL OUT to reveal Richie sitting on Gerald's Honda Rebel motorcycle parked in the driveway. Molly is sitting on the back, her arms wrapped around her man.

Richie REVS the engine and speeds off down the street.

INT. STEVE'S CAR - DAY

ANGLE ON: Steve's cell phone reads, "5 NEW VOICE MAILS."

Steve is at the wheel with Big Night Out and Bobby. They are all wearing Bon Jovi T-shirts. It's obvious that the reason why they couldn't hear their phones ringing is that Bon Jovi's *Wanted Dead or Alive* is blasting on the radio.

They are in a long line of cars waiting to get into the Meadowlands parking lot. Steve lays down on the HORN.

STEVE

Let's fuckin' go already!

EXT. NEW JERSEY HIGHWAY - DAY

The Honda Rebel SCREAMS down the highway with Richie and Molly onboard. *Wanted Dead or Alive* continues to blare. The song seems like more than just a song at this point. It's an anthem for a way of life.

INT. STONE HARBOR BOAT CLUB - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Gerald is standing at the bar. Chloe, Chris, Noodler, Fogelman and Hastings approach him.

CHLOE

Dad, I assume Molly's gross
boyfriend plans on paying for
Hastings' jacket.

Gerald looks the guys over, thinking to himself.

GERALD

Okay, I've got an idea. Chris,
Noodler, Fogelman, Hastings, why
don't you find yourselves an open
table. I'll send over some drinks.
And maybe when you're done... you
can all go suck each other off.

Shocked and appalled, Chloe and the guys slowly back away. The bartender slides Gerald a glass of champagne and a shot of Jäger. Gerald notices Nan standing nearby. She has just overheard everything. She is glowing with a lustful smile. She saunters up to Gerald and flirtatiously fixes his tie.

NAN

I have to say, it's been a long
time since I've seen you "go nuts."

Nan winks at Gerald. He grins. He drops his shot into his champagne glass and downs it in one gulp.

EXT. MEADOWLANDS ENTRANCE - DAY

Bon Jovi fans are filing into the stadium for the concert. Just outside the entrance, Richie and Molly are haggling with a SCALPER, a scruffy blue collar guy in his mid 50's.

SCALPER

Like I said, man, it's Jovi's last
show. \$500 a ticket.

RICHIE

All I got is \$450. Come on, buddy,
Jovi me.

The scalper thinks it over.

SCALPER

All right, lemme see the \$450.

Richie hands the scalper his money. The scalper pockets it.

SCALPER (CONT'D)

You know, a lot of people say Bon Jovi's our state treasure, that his music represents everything Jersey stands for. But you know what I say? Bon Jovi can suck my dick.

The scalper holds out his forearm to reveal a tattoo of Bruce Springsteen's face with gothic letters that read, "THE BOSS."

SCALPER (CONT'D)

Springsteen is the king of Jersey. I am so fuckin' sick of Bon Jovi stealing the spotlight. Does Bon Jovi have 19 Grammys and a fuckin' planet named after him? 'Cause Springsteen sure as shit does!

The scalper starts to storm off.

RICHIE

Whoa, whoa! Where's my ticket?

SCALPER

Fuck your ticket!

Richie grabs the scalper by the arm.

RICHIE

Look, I gave you my money, pal, now I want my fuckin' ticket.

SCALPER

Is that right? Hey, fellas!

A crew of big, gruff, middle aged, BLUE COLLAR GUYS walks up and joins the scalper. One of them rips open the top of his shirt to reveal a tattoo across his pecs that reads, "DANCING IN THE DARK." Another one in a white T-shirt and jeans turns around to show off his backside. A red baseball cap hangs out of his back pocket. He dramatically leans to one side a la the iconic album cover from *Born in the USA*.

SCALPER (CONT'D)

Too bad you weren't born to run, kid, 'cause everybody here's got a hungry heart for kicking the shit out of you!

The scalper PUNCHES Richie in the face.

MOLLY

Richie!

Richie falls to the ground. The scalper and his crew surround Richie. They're about to put the boots to him, when suddenly--

STEVE (O.S.)
Hey fuckfaces!

Everyone turns to see Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby standing just inside the entrance.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Why don't you go back to your cars
where you can jerk each other off
in private?

SCALPER
Why don't you come out here and
make us?

One of the TICKET TAKERS gives Steve a cautionary look.

TICKET TAKER
Buddy, you walk out this gate,
you're not coming back in.

The ticket taker points to a sign that says, "NO RE-ENTRY."
Steve considers this for a moment. He shrugs.

STEVE
Guess I won't be fucking tonight.

Steve rushes out, followed by Big Night Out and Bobby. Before the scalper can defend himself, Steve CLOCKS him in the face, knocking him to the ground. An all-out BRAWL ensues.

Big Night Out grabs a blue collar guy by his long beard and HEADBUTTS him. Bobby takes off his leather boot and BEATS the shit out of a guy twice his size. As Richie gets back to his feet, a Springsteen fan swings a beer bottle wildly at his head. Richie ducks and UPPERCUTS the guy on his chin.

MOLLY
Kick his ass, Richie!

Molly sees another blue collar guy coming after Steve with a screwdriver. She KICKS him in the balls. Steve witnesses it with a look of amazement on his face.

The fight spreads out, drawing in more and more random people outside of the stadium: Jovi fans, Springsteen fans, security guards. The scene erupts into TOTAL CHAOS.

EXT. MEADOWLANDS - MOMENTS LATER

The fighting has finally died down. A little ways off from the entrance, Richie, Molly, Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby are recuperating. They look bruised and cut up.

STEVE

That was fuckin' awesome.

RICHIE

See those Springsteen pussies running away?

BIG NIGHT OUT

Fuckin' beautiful.

Big Night Out slaps five with Richie.

BOBBY

Hey, weren't you two supposed to be at a wedding or some shit?

MOLLY

Well, Bobby, this is Jovi we're talking about here.

BOBBY

That is true.

STEVE

Hey, Molly, I just wanna say, thanks for pulverizing those balls on my behalf.

MOLLY

No, I should be thanking you, Steve. You didn't have to do what you did back there.

STEVE

Of course I did. Nobody fucks with members of our crew.

MOLLY

But now you'll miss the concert.

STEVE

It's okay. The Meadowlands smells like fuckin' diarrhea anyway.

RICHIE

Miss the concert? Hey, we're not missing anything.

EXT. MEADOWLANDS PARKING LOT - EARLY EVENING

As the beautiful sun sets in the polluted Jersey sky, Richie, Molly, Steve, Big Night Out and Bobby are drinking beers next to Steve's parked car. We can hear the faint sounds of Bon Jovi performing *Keep the Faith* live inside the Meadowlands.

RICHIE
Just like old times, right?

STEVE
Just like old times.

Richie turns to Bobby and for the first time notices Bobby's completely uninjured face.

RICHIE
Bobby, what happened to your face?

BOBBY
What do you mean?

RICHIE
It looks good. No black eyes or nothing, even after a rumble.

BIG NIGHT OUT
Bobby finally got some balls and ended things with Crystal.

RICHIE
Really?

BOBBY
Yeah, after you said all that shit about feeling trapped, it kind of made sense to me or whatever.

STEVE
But it wasn't exactly a painless breakup. Show them, Bobby.

Bobby holds up his hand. He is missing his pinkie finger.

BOBBY
She got a samurai sword off Ebay.

Steve hands out fresh beers to everyone. He puts his arm around Richie and holds up his beer for a toast.

STEVE
To summertime! To the annihilation of pubes and body hair!
(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

And most importantly, to old and
new friends!

MOLLY

And to farting in people's mouths!

STEVE

Oh, shit! Nice!

Steve clinks beers with Molly. The five of them chug their beers. A super hot 20-year-old girl walks by. Big Night Out winks at her and smiles.

BIG NIGHT OUT

What's up, baby?

The girl smiles back at him and continues on her way. Bobby gazes at Big Night Out in disbelief.

BOBBY

You are attracted to her?

BIG NIGHT OUT

Look, she may not be a ten. She may not smell like garlic or have a perfect, hairy, gaping vagina. But she had a nice smile, which shows she has a good heart. And I realize now that it's not all about looks. It's what's on the inside that counts, you stupid fuck.

THE END