

Fuck / Marry / Kill

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

TITLE: 2001. Upstate New York. The Tri-Cities.

Two high school seniors walk down a quiet street. The taller one is KYLE: gangly, quiet, a bit high-strung. He's also gay, but only out to his two best friends.

One of those best friends is MARTY, a nice Jewish boy in an OVERSIZED LINEN JACKET. He holds a BOTTLE OF CHAMPAGNE.

KYLE

You're really doing this, huh?

MARTY

No turning back now.

They walk in silence for a beat.

KYLE

Can I see your hand again?

MARTY

(quickly)

Not a chance.

The guys continue walking. They don't break stride even as they hear a voice from behind:

VOICE (O.S.)

Thanks for waiting up, dick weeds.

This is the third friend, FAREED, aka "FRANK." He jogs up looking '90s suburban fresh to death: gelled hair, puka shell necklace, all Abercrombie everything. But with his baby face and squat frame, he's not quite pulling it off.

FRANK

Sorry, forgot my sheepskins in the car. I mean, what if Vanessa's allergic to latex?

KYLE

Frank, buying more condoms doesn't increase your odds of getting laid. They're not lotto tickets.

FRANK

You gotta pay to play.

MARTY

But you're paying to not play.

FRANK

I didn't make the rules, Marty.

We hear the FAINT DIN OF A PARTY in progress as the guys turn onto the driveway of an upper-middle class home. Marty stops and faces the guys.

MARTY

Alright. How do I look?

FRANK

Like you just sold your hundredth Miata?

MARTY

Thanks.

KYLE

Oh, you look fine.

(then)

Maybe lose the jacket?

(off Marty's look)

Jacket's great.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LATER

Your standard graduation rager: Beer pong, quarters and bongs, oh my! Our dudes are in the back of the living room, observing more than participating.

FRANK

I'm gonna miss this. Running shit.

MARTY

Yeah, it's gonna be hard moving on from this lofty social perch, what with all the girls coming over begging to blow you.

FRANK

Okay Marty, no one's saying I spent the last four years constantly wetting it --

KYLE

Or ever wetting it.

FRANK

-- But locking up the first hole that comes your way is just crazy.

MARTY

Believe it or not, Frank, I see Hannah as more than just a "hole."

Frank considers this.

FRANK

She does have great tits.

MARTY

Not talking about her tits, Frank.

Just then, a cute blonde girl comes up behind Marty and wraps her arms around him.

GIRL

Hey, hottie, wanna cheat on your girlfriend?

Marty turns around to see his lady, HANNAH. She's adorable. You'd wanna spoon *and* bone her (if you were still in high school, sicko.)

MARTY

Very funny, babe.

She flashes a big smile. You can see why Marty's on board.

HANNAH

(to Frank and Kyle)

Hey, guys. Oh, Frank --

She motions her head across the room, where VANESSA DANIELS (hottest girl in school, knows it) ascends a stair case.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'd say you have four minutes before she's swarmed by every sausage in here.

FRANK

Hannah, you're the best. Kyle, let's go.

(then, as he exits)

Marty, sorry I said "hole."

They leave. Hannah curiously eyes Marty in his blazer. She notices something on his hand.

HANNAH

What's that?

MARTY

(quickly pocketing hand)
Nothing. Hey, it's kind of loud in here, wanna go for a stroll?

HANNAH

A stroll?
(faux Victorian accent)
It is a great distance to the shire? Shall I pack a basket of crumpets?

Marty gives Hannah a little tap on the butt as they exit.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Kyle make their way to the stairs.

FRANK

I've been letting Vanessa cheat off me in chemistry all semester, so I'm golden. In the biz, that's what we call "laying pipe to lay pipe."

KYLE

You cheat off me in chemistry.

FRANK

And that's why you're my assistant pipe-layer, dude.

Just then, something catches Kyle's eye.

KYLE

Ahhh, son of a fuck.

We ANGLE ON the other side of the room, where a bro in Jncos and a hockey jersey holds court with his bro pals. This is BILLY WILCHECK. Billy, plain and simple, is a dick. The type of guy who enjoys making life hell for a closeted classmate.

In the middle of the group is a skinny black exchange student, N'DIQUE.

BROS

N'DIQUE! N'DIQUE!

BILLY

Show us one more time how they do it in Nigeria, N-Bomb!

N'Dique does a weird tribal "humping" dance as the group laughs. Kyle and Frank watch, horrified.

FRANK

Not sure nicknaming the black kid
"N-Bomb" is a great call.

KYLE

God, he's the worst.

FRANK

Jeez, it's not his fault he's
black.

(off Kyle's look)

Kidding. Look, I know you're not
trying to get hate-crimed tonight.
I can stick around, catch up with
Vanessa later.

KYLE

I'm just gonna go outside and
chill. I'll be fine. Go do your
thing.

FRANK

Cool. You sure you're okay?

Frank takes a MAGAZINE COLOGNE INSERT out of his pocket and
rubs it on his neck.

KYLE

Are you?

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - BACKYARD - LATER

Marty and Hannah walk around the side of the house.

HANNAH

(as Alanis Morissette)

'Cuz he's got one hand in his
pocket, and the other on...no?

Marty takes a deep breath and stops. He turns to Hannah.

MARTY

Okay, Hannah, look. Frank thinks
this is retarded, but --

HANNAH

Marty H. Miller.

MARTY

Sorry. Frank thinks this is "not
smart," but anyway, here goes. You
know I love you, right?

HANNAH

Of course, babe. I love you too.

MARTY

And I know we're gonna be pretty far apart soon. And that's not gonna be easy. But I want you to know I'm serious about making us work.

Marty drops to a knee. He takes his hand out of his pocket and shows it to Hannah.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Hannah Jensen, will you marry me?

Finally, we see a close-up of his hand. On his ring finger, where a wedding band would be, is a TATTOO that says "H.J."

MARTY (CONT'D)

I couldn't afford a ring, but I hope this shows you I'm in this forever.

Hannah stares, speechless. It is a pregnant silence. Finally:

HANNAH

You...got an "HJ" tattoo?

MARTY

Your initials. Hannah Jensen.

HANNAH

Right. But it says "HJ." On your hand.

MARTY

Right. Your name.

HANNAH

Right...HJ.

MARTY

Okay, I don't know why everyone focuses on that interpretation.

Another awkward beat.

HANNAH

Marty, are you fucking retarded?

INT. HOUSE PARTY - HALLWAY - LATER

Frank's upstairs, looking for Vanessa. He opens a door, only to find a FAT KID dancing alone to Ginuwine's "Pony." They make eye contact, but the guy just keeps dancing. It's weird.

He quickly moves to the next door and opens it. Inside, some DUDES are "antiquing" (throwing flour on) a PASSED-OUT GUY. Frank's still standing there when, way down the hall, he sees TWO BIG JOCKS lead a wasted Vanessa into a bedroom.

FRANK
Vanessa! Wait!

Too late. The door slams shut.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Shit.

So close yet so far. As Frank contemplates his move, he notices the BAG OF FLOUR being used for the antiquing. Hmmm...

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - BACK PATIO - LATER

Kyle hangs out in a gazebo, observing the drunken masses from a distance. Suddenly, his solitude is interrupted by a voice:

BILLY (O.S.)
(re: party)
Hard to believe this is over, huh?

Kyle turns and sees his nemesis, Billy the Dick, approaching. Fantastic. Billy sidles up next to him.

BILLY (CONT'D)
You hear me, partner?

KYLE
I did. I'm just waiting for the part where you go, "And by partner, I meant faggot," and tell me to take my AIDS medication. Anyway, Billy, good talk.

Kyle starts to walk away.

BILLY
I'm sorry, Kyle.

Kyle turns around.

BILLY (CONT'D)

I know I've been a prick to you over the years, so maybe this doesn't mean much. But graduating put some stuff in perspective.

(then)

Point is, I was wrong, and I'm sorry.

Kyle eyes Billy for a beat.

KYLE

Wow, Billy. I don't really know what to say.

BILLY

You don't have to say anything. No hard feelings?

Billy extends a hand. Kyle hesitates, then accepts.

KYLE

Maybe slightly less hard feelings.

BILLY

Good enough. Now let's take some beers to pound town.

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM - LATER

Vanessa's lying on the bed. One of the jocks kneels over her, holding a BOTTLE OF TEQUILA. His buddy is also on the bed. Her parents would not be happy.

VANESSA

(slurring)

No more shots.

There's a knock at the door. The guys look at each other. More knocking. One heads to answer it.

JOCK #1

Okay, okay, hold on.

He opens it a crack, only to be THROTTLED BACKWARDS as Frank barges in and flings a GIANT BAG OF WHITE POWDER at Jock #2 on the bed.

JOCK #2

What the --

FRANK

Someone narc'd me out, man. I'm not going back to juvie on this shit!

Jock #2 throws the powder back at him.

JOCK #2

Dude, get this out of here!

FRANK

Just stash it under the bed!

Frank grips the baggie tightly and throws it back. There's an EXPLOSION OF POWDER. It's everywhere. Including on the jocks.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Fuuuuck, you guys got any priors?

JOCK #1

SHIT. Let's get out of here, man.

They break for the window, drop into some hedges, and take off across the yard. Frank goes to Vanessa and sits down.

FRANK

It's okay. You're safe now.

VANESSA

Frannnnnk! Hiiiiii!

She puts her head in his lap and...VOMITS. And she's out.

FRANK

Damn, these are my favorite cargo shorts.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - POOL - LATER

Kyle and Billy have moved their bonding session to the chairs by the pool. They're both a little drunk at this point.

KYLE

Remember freshman year? You shoved me into the gym naked and locked the door. Coach Dixon thought I was trying to flash him.

BILLY

(impersonating)

"Cooper, take your sad little junk pile down to the principal's office."

KYLE

Man, I am not gonna miss this place.

They laugh. Is it possible they're having a moment?

BILLY

Hey, lemme ask you something. Are you *actually* gay?

KYLE

Huh?

BILLY

I mean, I know I made a lot of jokes about it, and I'm sorry for that. But now that we're burying the hatchet, I feel like it'd be nice to know the real you.

Kyle stares at Billy.

KYLE

Are you on ecstasy?

BILLY

No man, I'm just asking. But if you don't wanna talk about it, that's cool.

Kyle considers this. Ah, last night of school. What the hell.

KYLE

Yes, Billy, I'm gay.

Billy takes a beat.

BILLY

Wow, Kyle. I really appreciate you telling me...that you're a fucking fag!

Billy leaps into the air and starts hooting and hollering.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Oh shit, I did it! I got Kyle to admit he likes dick! Mikey you heard, right?! Pay me!

MIKEY, his meathead friend, comes over and hands him some CRUMPLED BILLS.

KYLE

You're a fucking asshole, dude.

BILLY

(to passers-by)

Attention seniors, breaking news
about your classmate Kyle Cooper.
He has just confirmed that he is,
in fact, a total homo.

Annd SNAP. Kyle lunges at the much larger Billy. They both
tumble to the ground...

INT. HOUSE PARTY - BEDROOM - LATER

Vanessa's passed out, her back to Frank. He's taken off his
vomit-covered cargo shorts and is holding a GLASS OF WATER
and some ADVIL. He nudges her.

FRANK

Hey, you should take this.

Vanessa rolls over. Her head is level with Frank's crotch.
She opens her eyes.

VANESSA

Where am -- why are your pants --
oh my god oh my god.

She smacks the pills out of Frank's hand and breaks for the
hallway.

VANESSA (O.S) (CONT'D)

Help! The nerd date-raped me!

Frank, still sans pants, rushes after her.

FRANK

Whoa whoa whoa! I just saved you!

INT. HOUSE PARTY - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marty storms through the kitchen, pissed off at his thwarted
proposal. Hannah follows two steps behind.

HANNAH

Come on Marty, it's just we're so
young, and we're gonna be so far
apart, and --

Out of nowhere, Vanessa barrels through the frame, shrieking.
Seconds later, a pant-less Frank whizzes by.

FRANK

I swear I didn't rape you!

They pass through the living room and exit into the kitchen.

MARTY

Dear god.

Marty takes off after Frank. Just then, TWO POLICE OFFICERS enter through the front door, holding up flashlights...

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - PATIO - MOMENTS LATER

Frank dashes out onto the patio.

FRANK

Vanessa! Wait!

Suddenly, he stops. Marty gets there a beat later and stops, too. Down by the pool, they see Kyle getting his ass kicked by Billy.

FRANK/MARTY

Oh, shit.

They book it for the pool.

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - POOL - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Marty charge at Billy, "Braveheart"-style. They're within striking distance.

MARTY

I'm going for his legs!

FRANK

Cool, I'll go for his legs!
(to Billy)
Get off him!

They both dive at Billy's feet. Billy side-steps them just as they collide and tumble into the pool. A second later, he heaves Kyle in as well.

Our guys surface to see Hannah and Vanessa staring at them as Billy and the rest of the party laugh hysterically.

BILLY

Hey, the Village People are having
a wet t-shirt contest!
(to the tune of "YMCA")
Kyle! Is! So! Gay!

A bunch of nearby drunk kids join in singing. They don't notice that the POLICE OFFICERS have arrived.

Kyle looks up and makes eye contact with one of cops.

COP #1

Kyle?

KYLE

(horrified)

Dad?

PARTY DUDE (O.S.)

Shit, cops! Run!

As the crowd starts to disperse, a RANDOM GIRL moves in with a camera and SNAPS a shot of Frank, Marty and Kyle. Behind them, Billy laughs. Hannah looks humiliated. Vanessa is disgusted. Over this PICTURE, the TITLE CARD:

FUCK / MARRY / KILL

(In the picture, "Fuck" is above Vanessa. "Marry" above Hannah. And "Kill" above Billy.)

CREDITS: Have you seen that Google Chrome ad where the dude tries to win his ex back? (If not, go watch it now. It's pretty cute.) This sequence, which traces the journey of our guys from graduation to present day on one anonymous computer screen, will look like that. Very quick cuts. Set to LCD Soundsystem's "All My Friends":

-- We start on the POOL PHOTO. A cursor clicks a 2001-era AOL ICON that says "UPLOAD TO CHAT." The pic gets sent around via INSTANT MESSENGER to DIFFERENT SCREEN NAMES. CUT TO:

-- An email in a YAHOO ACCOUNT. RECIPIENT: Kyle Cooper. SENDER: SUSAN COOPER. The email reads: "Kyle, I'm sorry about how your father reacted. Please call home." CUT TO:

-- The AMAZON.COM HOMEPAGE, circa 2002. Account name: "MartyMillz." Books in his cart: "How To Break Your Addiction To a Person" and "The 7 Stages of Relationship Grief." A cursor adds one more item: "Sex and the City: The Complete First Season DVD Box Set." "Check Out" is clicked. Then:

-- A GEOCITIES CHAT ROOM. FrankChode69 types "A/S/L?" BlondieSurfGrl responds: "18/f/NYC". FrankChode: "Kewl. Send pic." One comes -- but it's a WEIRD OLD GUY in a WIG.

-- Another EMAIL from Susan: "Kyle, understand this is new to us." Then another: "Kyle, please write back." Delete. Delete.

-- A FRIENDSTER search for "Hannah Jensen." No results.

- A LIVEJOURNAL blog post titled: "A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Heartbreak." There is ONE COMMENT, from FRANKCHODE69: "Dude, you know everyone can read this right?"
- A NAPSTER search for "blowjob vids" by user FRANKCHODE69.
- A MYSPACE search for "Hannah Jensen." Five matches! But they're all porn stars/creepy goth chicks. CUT TO:
- Marty M.'s MATCH.COM profile. No new messages. The window closes. His J-DATE page comes up. The inbox is full! But all the ladies have crazy in their eyes. Close window.
- A pic on a nightlife blog of Kyle, smiling, with a bunch of CUTE GUYS. The caption: "Morrissey Night at Sway!" CUT TO:
- The "w4M" CASUAL ENCOUNTERS section of CRAIGSLIST. A post reads "Horny. Need dick ASAP." FrankChode@gmail.com responds: "Interested." He attaches a pic of a BOLLYWOOD STAR. CUT TO:
- SEXYCAMGIRLS.com. A HALF-NAKED RUSSIAN MODEL named **SIRI** giggles and smokes in a video chat box. CUT TO:
- A hand-written note is taped to the screen. It reads: "The keyboard is sticky again. STOP LOOKING AT PORN ON THIS COMPUTER, FRANK. We all use it."
- A series of GOOGLE SEARCHES: "Hands-free keyboard." No results. "Voice-controlled keyboard." No results. FRANKCHODE posts a query on a HACKER MESSAGE BOARD: "Anyone seen voice-activated computer nav?" One reply: "Only in car GPS..."
- A bunch of CSS CODE is cut and pasted into a terminal, followed by some HARDCORE CODING ACTION.
- A YOUTUBE video of Frank trying out his new voice-control technology. He looks into the camera and says, "Siri, open AdultFriendFinder.com please." Marty rolls his eyes, walks away. Kyle, though, gets it: "Whoa. Do that again."
- More GOOGLE SEARCHES: "How to file a patent", "NYC incorporation laws." CUT TO:
- A WIRED Magazine headline: "Your Wish Is My Command: College Pals Have Tech World Buzzing with SIRI."
- A FACEBOOK search for "Hannah Jensen." Bingo! We see a handful of (adorable) profile photos. CUT TO:
- A photo in NEWSWEEK.COM of our guys shaking hands with STEVE JOBS. Frank wears a MATCHING BLACK TURTLENECK. Then:
- TUMBLR and INSTAGRAM pics of our guys ballin.' On TWITTER, FrankFranklin\$z tweets at Ashton Kutcher and Kim Kardashian.

-- An EMAIL from Susan Cooper. "Congrats, Kyle. Just know we're thinking about you." CUT TO:

-- A "TODAY SHOW" segment on someone's FACEBOOK NEWS FEED. MATT LAUER asks our guys, "You sold your company for millions. The future is yours. Now what?" Before they answer, the video closes and "Upload Photo" is clicked. A folder, "OldPics," is opened. Annd the POOL PHOTO is on Facebook. Tag. Tag. Tag.

EXT. SOHO LOFT -- DAY

A live/work building on a cobblestone Manhattan street.

TITLE: Present Day. November.

INT. SOHO LOFT -- CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

KYLE (looks boss, acts boss) stands at the head of a boardroom. With gravitas:

KYLE

So really, it's more than an iPhone. It's (INTERLOCKS FINGERS) a WePhone. Thank you.

(then)

So? What do you think?

We PULL OUT to reveal that the only people he's speaking to are FRANK (better dressed, less baby fat) and MARTY (kinda looks the same). They're in their home office, aka THE INTERNET ROOM. It's super sleek -- GLASS WALLS, COOL CHAIRS, LOTS OF SCREENS. Marty snacks on trail mix. Frank's on his laptop.

MARTY

So the iPhone's a metaphor for hope. Bravo.

KYLE

Frank?

Frank doesn't look up from his laptop.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Frank.

Still nothing.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Siri, screenshare on laptop three.

SIRI

Yes, Kyle.

On a wall-mounted MONITOR next to Kyle, we see what Frank is so engrossed in: the FACEBOOK PROFILE of a HOT CHICK.

KYLE

Jesus, Frank, stop creeping on party sluts for two seconds and help me out. This is important.

FRANK

A bunch of rich gay guys are giving you a trophy for being a rich gay guy. You'll be fine.

(then)

Also, Karen isn't a party slut. She's a publicist.

Marty looks at Karen's picture on the screen.

MARTY

Is she at a dog park? I can see her tits.

FRANK

Okay, she's a slutty publicist.

MARTY

(reading)

I see her interests include "blacking out," "my bitches from Kappa," and "E!" Does she mean the TV channel or the drug?

KYLE

Guys, can we focus here?

MARTY

(ignoring him)

Bitches is also spelled with a "z."

FRANK

She's not a goddamn English professor, Marty.

KYLE

GUYS.

Marty and Frank finally stop.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Come on! You think other CEOs waste their time like this?!

FRANK
(muttering)
I bet Mark Zuckerberg does.

KYLE
Great. Let's all give him a hand
for reducing real human interaction
to staring at pictures of people
you want to bang.

FRANK
It's not just people we want to
bang. It's also people we *have*
banged.
(then, to Marty)
Or have banged and are now just
sadly obsessed with.

MARTY
I told you, I blocked Hannah.

KYLE
Yeah, after we caught you looking
at photos from her Fiji vacation
album and crying.

MARTY
A dolphin was giving birth, Kyle.
To a baby dolphin.
(off his look)
So what, you never have the urge to
look up an ex?

KYLE
No. We broke up for a reason. Fuck
'em.

MARTY
What about people from college?

KYLE
Why, so I can see so-and-so had a
baby? Fuck your baby. And fuck
pictures of your baby even more.

MARTY
So you're saying there's no one
from your past you care to keep up
with.

KYLE
That's what I'm saying. It's the
past. What's the point?

FRANK

What about Billy Wilcheck?

Oh. HIM. Kyle is clearly thrown by the name.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You spent half your life thinking about murdering that guy. You're telling me you never wonder what he's up to now?

KYLE

No, I don't. What Billy's up to now doesn't matter because he doesn't matter.

FRANK

Well, why don't we take a looksie? Siri, Billy Wilcheck's Facebook page.

SIRI

You got it, Frank.

On the main monitor, Billy's profile appears. He's standing in front of some TVs in a store, smiling. He looks...normal.

Frank scrolls down the page as Kyle turns back to the guys.

KYLE

Great, he's alive. Now can we --

MARTY/FRANK

(looking at screen)

Whoa.

Kyle looks back at the screen. There, in Billy's news feed, is a picture. *The picture*. THE POOL PARTY PICTURE! No one's seen it in years.

Above the picture is some text: "Billy Wilcheck and 322 Others are attending The Tri-Cities Thanksgiving Eve Bar Crawl."

Frank clicks the link, which leads to a FACEBOOK EVENT PAGE featuring a photo of Billy holding an oversized check.

KYLE

(reading)

"This Wednesday at the Windjammer: Join the Tri-Cities Alumni Council in honoring our Humanitarian of the Year, Billy Wilcheck."

Kyle stares at it, stunned. Then:

KYLE (CONT'D)
He's getting a fucking award?

Frank clicks the ATTENDING list and scans the names.

FRANK
Hey, that guy who used to huff
keyboard cleaner in homeroom's
going! I love that guy.
(then)
So is Hannah Jensen.

MARTY
(a touch too eager)
Really?

Frank moves the cursor over Hannah's name.

FRANK
Want me to click it?

He clicks on HANNAH'S PROFILE, but hits BACK before it loads.

MARTY
Dude, come on!

Frank does this a few times before Kyle goes over and grabs the laptop from him. He clicks to Billy's profile and hits ABOUT. All it says is: "Owner, The Man Cave."

KYLE
The Man Cave?

Kyle opens the company's website. It appears to have been designed by Michael Bay.

FRANK
(reading from monitor)
"The world's first luxury
electronics store catering
exclusively to gentlemen." Sounds
dope.

KYLE
It sounds like one of Turtle's
shitty ideas on "Entourage."

FRANK

(reading on)

"This holiday season, a portion of all sales benefit 'Comps For Afri-Kids,' which helps our planet's poorest citizens meet their basic computing needs." Jeez, this dude is basically Matthew McConaughey.

MARTY

Matthew McConaughey?

FRANK

A lot of people don't know this, but Matty's one of the most generous stars out there. He's got this whole foundation, JK Livin' --

KYLE

Siri, close the fucking page.

Billy's profile disappears. There's a beat of silence.

MARTY

Whatever, dude. Facebook's dumb.

KYLE

I sold a company to Apple. I'm getting an award at Lincoln Center tomorrow. You think I give a shit about some idiot from high school?

He storms out, SLAMMING THE DOOR. Silence. Then:

FRANK

Seriously, check out that foundation. They're doing some really great things.

INT. INTELLIGENT COFFEE - THAT EVENING

Marty and his girlfriend, ZOE (pretty, put together) are in line at one of those old-timey coffee places where everyone looks like they were just out panning for gold.

Marty stares at his iPhone while Zoe talks.

ZOE

Okay, so we're leaving Wednesday morning and I still have to pick up my dry cleaning, buy your mom flowers, and get chestnuts for my smoked apple soup. And make it.

(MORE)

ZOE (CONT'D)

(then)

Maybe we get this to go?

From Marty's POV, we see his phone: clearly, the pool pic jogged his memory, because he's looking at the Facebook invite list of the Windjammer's Thanksgiving Eve Bar Crawl, where Hannah Jensen's avatar is displayed.

They're at the head of the line now. Marty continues to stare at his phone, lost in thought, as the HIPSTER MIXOLOGIST eyes him impatiently.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Marty?

He quickly hits "REQUEST FRIEND" and puts his phone away.

MARTY

(to mixologist)

Sorry. Uh, two small coffees.

MIXOLOGIST

You need to select a flavor profile. Bean and roast.

The guy points to a menu behind him, which features an extensive list of caffeinated beverage options. Marty sighs.

MARTY

Fine, two (READING) Peruvian Guano Golds. To go.

MIXOLOGIST

We don't do coffee to go. We find it's best enjoyed in our aromatic tasting room.

MARTY

Of course it is.

The mixologist turns over an ANTIQUE HOURGLASS and exits. Marty and Zoe step aside and sit at a nearby empty table.

ZOE

You okay, babe? You seem out of it.

MARTY

Yeah, I'm fine. It's just, it sounds like you have a lot on your plate. You totally don't have to come home with me this weekend.

ZOE

I know I don't have to. I want to.

MARTY

I know you do. But really, what's the rush? My folks will be around forever. I mean, we have no family history of heart disease or high blood pressure. Plus they drive Volvos.

Zoe lets this hang for a second. Then:

ZOE

Marty, are you uninviting me to Thanksgiving?

MARTY

Of course not. I'm just saying, maybe you shouldn't come because as you pointed out, you have a lot on your plate.

ZOE

The only things on my plate are things I had to do for a trip you asked me to come on.

MARTY

And I'm not telling you *not* to come. But maybe...

The silence says it all.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Zoe, I'm really sorry. It's just --

ZOE

It's just what? This might become an actual relationship?

(getting up)

Have fun at home. I hope you find whatever it is you're looking for.

(under her breath)

Asshole.

She exits. As Marty sits there, the mixologist comes over holding an ORNATE PEWTER SERVING TRAY with a plate, a cup, a French Press, liquid sugar, raw sugar, and three different types of milk. He turns over *another* ANTIQUE HOUR GLASS.

Marty glares at him. Off his look, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Close on a DUNKIN DONUTS COFFEE CUP, which Marty sips as he walks home. His phone buzzes. He checks it.

It's a Facebook notification: "HANNAH JENSEN HAS ACCEPTED YOUR FRIEND REQUEST." Oh, shit. He starts walking a little faster. And faster. And...he's running home.

INT. LOFT - THE INTERNET ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Frank's at the table. His pants are around his ankles, and there's a BOTTLE OF LOTION next to him. He's wearing HEADPHONES. We can't hear what he's listening to, but we know what he's doing.

MARTY rushes in and stops dead in his tracks.

MARTY

Jesus, Frank!

Frank keeps pluggin' away. Marty picks up an EMPTY POLAND SPRING BOTTLE and whips it at his head. Direct shot.

FRANK

Shit!

Frank tries to stand and pull his pants up in one go, but he gets tangled in the headphone wires and FALLS. The wire pops out of the headphone jack, prompting Paula Cole's "I Don't Wanna Wait" (aka the "Dawson's Creek" song) to BLARE LOUDLY from the speakers.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Siri, music off!

Silence. Frank finally composes himself and gets up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey.

MARTY

How many times do we have to go over this?! No jerking off in the Internet...

His voice trails off when he sees the monitor. There are VARIOUS FACEBOOK PHOTOS of...Frank's former flame VANESSA DANIELS?? Guess the pool party photo got to him, too.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Vanessa Daniels? You're jerking off to that chick from high school?

FRANK

She's not still in high school,
Marty.

(then)

Why are you home, anyway? I thought
you were with Zoe.

MARTY

I was.

(then)

Siri, go to Hannah Jensen's
Facebook profile.

Frank looks at him.

FRANK

Whoaaa, buddy, you do not want to
go down that rabbit hole and end
up --

MARTY

Shut up and let me live, Frank!

INT. LOFT - KYLE'S ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Kyle's in bed when he wakes up to SHOUTS AND NOISES. He
checks the clock: 3:26 AM. More shouts. He storms out of bed.

INT. LOFT - THE INTERNET ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kyle enters to find Frank and Marty amidst a sea of beer cans
and pizza boxes. The screens are filled with VARIOUS PHOTOS
of Hannah and Vanessa. They went down the rabbit hole,
alright.

MARTY

Go back to the pic where Hannah's
holding the baby pug.

Frank types, laser focused.

FRANK

One sec, lemme finish sending
Vanessa this message.

KYLE

What the fuck is going on?

They turn and see Kyle. He notices the bottle of lotion near
Frank.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Jesus, Frank! There is literally
one rule in the Internet Room.

He points to a laminated placard on the wall. It reads: RULES
OF THE INTERNET ROOM: 1) NO JERKING OFF

FRANK

Actually, this isn't the Internet
Room anymore, it's the War Room.
And in the War Room, there are no
rules.

KYLE

I don't care what room it is. Keep
it down.

He turns to leave.

MARTY

Get your ass back here. No one
leaves the War Room until I say so.

FRANK

(sotto, to Marty)
I thought we said there were no
rules in the War Room?

MARTY

Shut up, Frank.
(to Kyle)
Sit.

Kyle checks to see if Marty is serious. He is. Reluctantly,
he takes a seat.

Marty hits a key. A PHOTO of Billy, grinning like an asshole,
appears on the main screen.

MARTY (CONT'D)

What does this mean to you, Kyle?

Kyle quickly glances at the picture, then turns to Marty.

KYLE

Are you kidding me? This is why I'm
sitting?

MARTY

You barely looked at it.

Kyle sighs, then looks at it again.

KYLE

What do you want me to say? He's an asshole I went to school with.

MARTY

That's it?

KYLE

Yes, Marty, that's it. He means nothing.

MARTY

Why don't you call your dad and tell him that?

Kyle doesn't say anything.

MARTY (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. Billy Wilcheck is *not* nothing.

Marty hits a key, bringing up a PHOTO of Vanessa.

MARTY (CONT'D)

But you're not alone. I mean, look at Frank. Dude is surrounded by the hottest chicks in the city --

FRANK

That's true.

MARTY

And yet I come in here and find him jackin' his sausage McMuffin to this. It's pathetic.

FRANK

That's also true.

KYLE

Not that I should talk.

Marty hits another key. A picture of Hannah appears.

MARTY

Point is, Kyle, you're not the only one who never dealt with their past. None of us did. Which is why, despite everything we've accomplished, we all still kind of feel --

Marty hits a key. The pool photo comes up.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Like this.

He lets the image sink in for a second.

MARTY (CONT'D)

But that changes now. Frank, take it from here.

Frank hits a key on his laptop. On the main screen, pictures of VANESSA, HANNAH, and BILLY appear against a white background. Under Vanessa's is a picture of two stick figures boning. Under Hannah's is a ring. Billy's has a red "X" through it.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Thanksgiving is two days away. Usually, we (re: Frank) go see our families while you stay here and mope. But I propose a new plan: On Wednesday, we all go back home, together, for the first time since we left. Our mission is simple: Frank's gonna fuck Vanessa so he can finally stop feeling like he has to fuck everything else.

FRANK

I've got no choice, man. I've gotta do it.

MARTY

Me? No more wondering what could've been with Hannah. I find out once and for all if she's The One.

(then)

And you? You're gonna kill Bill. Billy. Kill Billy.

FRANK

Okay, we talked about this, Kyle can't kill him.

MARTY

Right, you're not actually gonna kill him. But you're gonna mess his world up real bad. Just like he did to you.

FRANK

You see what we did? Fuck. Marry. Kill. Boom.

Frank and Marty look at Kyle.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So? Whaddaya think?

Kyle takes this in. Then:

KYLE
What do I think? I think you guys should get off Facebook, because honestly, that's the dumbest fucking plan I've ever heard. That's what I think. Now, I have a big night tomorrow, so I'm going back to bed. I suggest you idiots do the same.

Kyle gets up and walks out.

FRANK
(calling after)
Rule number two in the War Room:
Don't be such a douche!

INT. LINCOLN CENTER -- THAT EVENING

Manhattan's finest have packed the atrium of Lincoln Center for Kyle's big night. Black tie, champagne, passed plates of canapes. At a podium, dapper as always, is ANDERSON COOPER. Behind him, on a screen: "THE BUSINESS GETS BETTER PROJECT".

ANDERSON COOPER
Thanks again to everyone for coming out tonight. I'm sorry the champagne comes in such tiny flutes -- blame Mayor Bloomberg. (LAUGHTER). Anyway, it's now my great pleasure to introduce our man of the hour: Mr. Kyle Cooper!

The crowd applauds as Kyle takes the podium. Marty and Frank look on proudly from the front of the room.

KYLE
Thanks, Anderson. It's nice to see you in a tux, not running around some war zone in a tight black t-shirt. (LAUGHTER). You know, when my partners and I came up with the idea for Siri, we thought of it as a way to not get real jobs after college.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

Never in my wildest dreams did I think that one day, I'd be standing here, in a position to do something that truly makes a difference. Which is why launching "Business Gets Better," which will provide seed capital for LGBT entrepreneurs, is the proudest moment of my career. (APPLAUSE). See, I grew up only three hundred miles north of here, but in high school, it couldn't have felt further. My home town wasn't a place where it was "cool" to be gay. Or even "okay," really. Honestly, there were times I was bullied so badly I wanted to kill the kids who tormented me. Or at least maim them beyond repair. (LAUGHTER) No, seriously, there was one guy that, uh...

Kyle looks out onto the crowd. Suddenly, like a PTSD episode, BILLY WILCHECK'S GRINNING MUG flashes before him.

KYLE (CONT'D)

That, uh...

Kyle tries to regain his focus, but now his mind is running through the pool incident: Billy chanting "Kyle! Is! So! Gay!"...Billy tossing him in the pool...the look of embarrassment on his dad's face when he showed up. (This sequence will feel like a hallucination.)

KYLE (CONT'D)

One guy that was just, uh...

Kyle's voice trails off. We ANGLE ON Frank and Marty.

MARTY

Is he having a stroke?

FRANK

Maybe he'll turn it around?

Back on Kyle, who is now silent. After a long beat:

KYLE

You know what? Fuck that guy. That guy doesn't deserve to be an anecdote in some bullshit inspirational speech. He deserves to get cancer in his dick and fucking die.

FRANK

Or not.

Kyle finally snaps out of it. We WHIP PAN around to see the audience, silent and mortified.

KYLE

Anyway. It gets better.

Anderson Cooper quickly rushes over and grabs the mic.

ANDERSON

Kyle Cooper, everyone.

There's nervous applause as Kyle exits the stage.

Kyle finds Marty and Frank in the front row. Before they can even say anything:

KYLE

Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S CAR - THE NEXT MORNING

Frank drives (Navigator, Hybrid edition!). Kyle rides shotgun, fiddling on his iPad. Marty reads the NEW YORK POST in the back. Some dope-ass rock song plays as we see the familiar sights of leaving New York: the FDR freeway, George Washington Bridge, etc. They're doin' it.

MARTY

(reading)

"SIRI-ous Meltdown"? C'mon, Page Six, you're better than that.

FRANK

How'd they miss "Arma-GAY-ddon"?

MARTY

That's not bad.

KYLE

(reading from iPad)

Listen to some of Billy's bullshit status updates: "Great week at work. Can't wait to give back at the shelter this weekend. Blessed." Or this one: "Brats on the grill. White zin on ice. Wife in the hot tub. #Lovinglife."

MARTY

You know, that actually doesn't make him sound so bad.

KYLE

Yeah, well now listen to this:

(reading)

"You around? Wife's out of town and I'm in the mood for Thai. Thai pussy."

FRANK

Seems a little overshare-y for Facebook.

KYLE

That's not from Billy's Facebook. It's from his email.

MARTY

How'd you get into his email account?!

KYLE

You'd be amazed how easy it is to bypass Hotmail's security questions when you know the name of someone's second-grade teacher, the name of their pet, and the year they graduated high school.

FRANK

Class of '01, go T.C. Panthers!

MARTY

Damn, so what now?

KYLE

What now is I show up at the Windjammer tonight, wait for Billy to get his little award, and then get on stage and do a little public cleaning out of his inbox. Let's see what his wife has to say about his late-night crab rangoon.

Marty and Frank look at Kyle, impressed and a little scared.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(to Marty)

Want me to see what Hannah's been up to?

MARTY

All good, Wikileaks. I figure I'll just "run into" her, get some quality time in, and take it from there.

FRANK

Heh, "quality time." You're cute.

MARTY

What, you want me to just knock on Hannah's door and have sex with her?

FRANK

That's my plan with Vanessa.

KYLE

Not satisfied with just one rape accusation, huh?

FRANK

It's not like that.

(proudly)

I laid my dream trap and she walked riiiiight into it.

MARTY

That's not sending any less rapey.

FRANK

Okay, look. You contact a girl you haven't seen in a while, you're gonna come off creepy, right? The trick is to own it with a dream. So I write something like, "Hey, I know this is weird, but you were in my dream last night." Girls just love being in other people's dreams, so nine times out of ten, they write back, "That is weird. What was I doing?" Boom. You're in.

MARTY

What do you say after that?

FRANK

Anything you want! That's the beauty of it. You don't have control over your subconscious.

(then)

I told her we were milking cows. Oddly sexual. We've been texting ever since.

Kyle thinks about this for a second.

KYLE
Man are straight people dumb.

Frank's phone buzzes. He picks it up from the middle console.

FRANK
I take offense to that. Courtship
between a man and a woman is a
finely-tuned game of cat and mouse,
almost scientific in its --
(re: phone)
Holy shit it's a titty pic.

KYLE
What?

FRANK
Vanessa just sent me a picture of
her titties. Holy shit.

MARTY
Lemme see!

Frank turns to show Marty in the back seat.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Not mad at that.

KYLE
Dude!

Kyle grabs the wheel and swerves to narrowly avoid hitting something. He snatches the phone from Frank and pockets it.

After a beat, Frank's phone buzzes again. Kyle just shakes his head no.

FRANK
Oh, come on!

INT/EXT. FRANK'S CAR -- LATER

We pass a graffiti-covered sign: "WELCOME TO THE TRI-CITIES."
Shots of run-down strip malls and sad chain restaurants.

EXT. THE WINDJAMMER - PARKING LOT - LATER

And our boys have arrived! Frank stands next to his car, trying to strike a "cool bro" look as Marty takes his picture.

MARTY

Frank, there is literally no cool way to pose with your car.

FRANK

Faaack. How am I supposed to compete with those titties?

They start walking towards the entrance of the bar.

MARTY

Just so we're clear, you're not bringing her back to my house. My mom is still scarred from when she caught you beating off on her bed.

FRANK

Yeah, it's *my* fault she left an Ann Taylor catalog on the night stand.

(then)

I still can't look at one of those things without popping wood.

MARTY

Just take her back to your place.

FRANK

You kidding? My mom can't know I'm in town. She'd keep me on lockdown all weekend. Far as she knows, I'm in Haiti doing charity work.

KYLE

You are every Indian parent's dream.

FRANK

(pointed, to Kyle)

Cool, let's just stay with your folks.

KYLE

I'm sorry, is your dad an asshole who fundamentally rejected your sexual identity?

FRANK

No, he's a gynecologist who slapped me because I "only" got a 1560 on my SATs.

KYLE

He slap you like this?

Kyle lightly slaps Frank across the face.

FRANK

Hey!

Marty steps in. They're at the entrance now.

MARTY

Alright guys, take it easy. We can stay at my house. Frank, no fucking. Kyle, no fighting.

Frank and Kyle eye each other for a moment.

FRANK/KYLE

Fine/fine.

Marty opens the door. As they enter:

KYLE

I still can't believe *your* dad is a gynecologist.

FRANK

What can I say? Touching vag is the Chattopadhyay way.

INT. THE WINDJAMMER - CONTINUOUS

Our boys survey the scene. It's like any small-town sports bar: flatscreens, pool tables, people drinking pitchers of beer. There's a makeshift stage, behind which a banner reads: CONGRATS TO HUMANITARIAN OF THE YEAR BILLY WILCHECK!

KYLE

Let's do this.

We now see a MONTAGE of our guys catching up with RANDOM PEOPLE they went to school with. You know how it goes: lots of nodding, fake smiles, forced enthusiasm. And in Frank's case, mostly texting while people talk to him.

-- A bro in corporate casual talks to Marty.

CORPORATE BRO

I clocked 100,000 frequent flier miles in the last fiscal quarter alone. So...yeah.

-- A fat guy in a Christmas sweater talks to Kyle.

FAT GUY

So I tell her, "Look, Rhonda: I saw you eating my Greek yogurt. Just admit it." (SHAKES HIS HEAD) It's like she thinks the office fridge is a goddamn free-for-all.

-- A guy who sells cellphones at the mall talks to Frank.

GUY

I got a sick idea for a startup, bro. It's like Google, but for finding chicks.

We ANGLE ON: FRANK'S PHONE. It's a text from Vanessa: "Nice car. You compensating for something?"

-- A tipsy soccer mom talks to Marty.

MOM

Basically, I'm either doin' Zumba or fuckin' partying. Look at this.
(re: a shitty tattoo)
Henna.

-- ROSS, a LIGHT-SKINNED BLACK GUY (an important detail for later) and high-school burnout, talks to Frank, who continues to not look up from his phone.

ROSS

You wanna go spark a J, get crispy?
Or get into that Meow Meow.
(looks around)
Bath salts.

ANGLE ON: Frank's phone again. (We see the previous text in the thread.) He texts back: "It's a hybrid. Unlike my dick, which is straight diesel ;)"

-- Corporate bro, again talking to Marty.

CORPORATE BRO

You want another brew? I'll put it on my card. Just gonna get more miles.

-- Ross, again to Frank.

ROSS

You guys sold that company for like a billion dollars, right? Pretty cool.

(then)

(MORE)

ROSS (CONT'D)
Mind if I borrow a hundred? I'll
hit you back.

Back on Frank's phone, a new text from Vanessa in the
exchange: "Show it 2 me. If I like, I'll cum meet u."

FRANK
(to himself, as he exits)
What the fuck.

ROSS
No worries. How about fifty?

-- Finally, Marty and Kyle sit in a CORNER BOOTH with
N'DIQUÉ, the Nigerian exchange student from the graduation
party.

N'DIQUÉ
I am now entrepreneur in e-mail
marketing. Very web 2.0.

MARTY
So you're the Nigerian prince I've
been getting all those emails from.

N'DIQUÉ
You are first person to make this
joke. Not.

He gets up and leaves.

MARTY
Shit, was I just racist?

KYLE
Sounded like it.

Just then, Kyle notices something across the room. He calmly
slides under the table until only his head pokes above it.

MARTY
What're you doing?

Kyle motions towards the stage with his head. Marty turns and
sees him: BILLY WILCHECK. Older and fatter, sure, but still
that same dick-ish face. He's flanked by a SQUAT WOMAN with
spiky blond hair.

KYLE
Stealth mode, Marty. Just staying
off Billy's radar 'til the moment
to strike presents itself. Then,
death from above.

MARTY

So...you're gonna hide under a table all night?

KYLE

Not just under a table. In the shadows.

MARTY

What does that even mean?

KYLE

Look, Marty, this isn't Seal Team Six. I'm kind of figuring it out as I go.

Suddenly, Marty slides under the table, too.

MARTY

Shit, I think I just saw Hannah.

KYLE

You're not in stealth mode. Go talk to her.

MARTY

Right.

He pops back up and looks around, but doesn't see her.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Damn, I lost her. What if Hannah saw me earlier and is avoiding me? What if *she's* in stealth mode?!

Suddenly, a girl comes up behind Marty and covers his eyes with her hands.

GIRL'S VOICE

Hey, hottie, wanna cheat on your girlfriend?

Marty turns to see...HANNAH JENSEN! She looks super cute: Flannel shirt jeans, Converse sneakers, knit sweater. Like she was just out picking apples or something.

MARTY

Oh my god, Hannah!

She comes around the booth and gives Marty a big hug. As she goes to sit, she notices Kyle's head poking out.

KYLE

Hannah, hey!

Kyle sits up.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I was just...looking for my phone.
(re: phone) Found it! And now I
can go to...somewhere else.

(then)

You look stunning, by the way.

Kyle gives Marty an "I don't know" shrug as he slinks off.

HANNAH

(genuinely surprised)

Marty Miller. Wow. What are you
doing here?

MARTY

Oh, you know, just home for the
holidays. Figured I'd pop by the
ol' Windjammer, catch up with all
the people who used to hate me.

HANNAH

To be fair, a lot of these people
still hate you.

They both smile.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

God, it's been ages! You know,
every time a friend uses Siri, I'm
like, "Hey, I took that guy's
virginity!"

MARTY

I think it's time to find something
new to brag about.

HANNAH

Well, maybe now I can brag about
you stalking me on Facebook.

MARTY

I prefer to think of it as re-
connecting.

(then)

Okay, fine, I was stalking. Why'd
you get rid of the bangs, by the
way? They were really working for
you in those pics from Jillian's
wedding.

Hannah smiles as she takes Marty's hand and looks at it. No
tattoo.

HANNAH

Looks like you got rid of something, too.

MARTY

Yeah. Turns out having an ex's name inked on your ring finger is what they call a "red flag."

Hannah laughs.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Man, it's so crazy running into you like this. How's the fam?

HANNAH

Good, good. We're all like ninety percent butter right now. You know how mom gets this time of year.

MARTY

I wish I loved anything as much as I love Viv's pecan pie.

HANNAH

Well, if you're not doing anything tomorrow, you should come get some. I'm sure she'd love to see you.

Marty smiles. He's in!

MARTY

I'd love to.

Just then, DOM, a skinny bearded hipster who looks like he just finished chopping some very fashionable wood, comes over. He hands a drink to Hannah.

HANNAH

Thanks, babe. Oh, Marty, meet my boyfriend Dom.

DOM

Hey, Marty.

And...he's not in.

INT. THE WINDJAMMER - MEN'S ROOM - LATER

Frank's in a stall, attempting God's work: trying to take a compelling portrait of his genitals. The lighting, though, is terrible.

FRANK

Goddammit! I cannot work in here!

There's a knock on the stall door.

KYLE (O.S.)

Frank?

Frank opens the door.

KYLE (CONT'D)

What's up? I just got your text.

FRANK

Okay, you've seen a bunch of dicks, right? Is it accurate to say I've got a "huge cock?"

KYLE

You said you were having an emergency.

FRANK

(showing Kyle his phone)
This is an emergency.

KYLE

Jesus, Frank! Is that a dead caterpillar?

FRANK

It's my shaft, isn't it? It's not long enough and it's fucking up the whole perspective.

Kyle just shuts the door and walks away.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Shit. We're gonna need a bigger dick.

GUY'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from the next stall)
You guys haven't changed at all.

INT. THE WINDJAMMER - TABLE AREA - LATER

Marty, Dom, and Hannah sit in the booth. Not exactly the reunion Marty was hoping for.

DOM

...So been up here about eleven months now. Haven't thought about Brooklyn since.

MARTY

And you don't miss the city at all?

DOM

(earnest)

What's to miss? I grow my own food, on land I own, next to neighbors I call friends. I mean, know what we had at breakfast today? Syrup from a young maple tapped in our own back yard. It's good living.

HANNAH

(to Dom)

Marty hated it here growing up.

Marty senses he's on the wrong side here.

MARTY

Well, I used to hate a lot of things. But, the older I get, the more I realize how important it is to embrace the past. It's what made us who we are.

DOM

That sort of thinking actually seems regressive to me. It's hard to grow as a person unless you move forward. Wasn't it Dylan who said, "Don't look back?"

MARTY

I don't know, Dom. I don't frame my worldview around what some guy on "90210" said.

A beat.

DOM

I meant Bob Dylan.

HANNAH

(quickly)

Okay! How about more drinks?

INT. THE WINDJAMMER - HALLWAY - LATER

Frank scans the room for his Moby Dick. It's tricky, though. He's brown. And the bar is a sea of white dudes...

Finally, near the door, he spots a BIG DARK GUY. Just as dark as he is. Frank goes over and taps the guy on his shoulder.

FRANK

Hey, man, I'm Frank.

DUDE

Jordan.

FRANK

Jordan, great. Lemme ask you a question. You work out?

JORDAN

Nope, just naturally big I guess.

FRANK

Naturally big, huh? That's perfect. So listen, Jordan. There's no easy way to ask this, so I'll just come right out with it: I'll give you five hundred bucks for a picture of your dick.

JORDAN

What?

FRANK

It's nothing weird. It's just, I told this girl my dick is huge, and now she's asking for proof. And not that it's *not* big, but I don't know if she'll be impressed, exactly. Anyway, you look like a well-endowed dude, all due respect, and (PUTTING HIS ARM NEXT TO JORDAN'S) it appears we have a match, so...

Jordan just stares at Frank.

JORDAN

How 'bout I send your girl a pic of me breaking off your tiny-ass dick?

FRANK

Not into it. I get that.

Frank slinks off. As he beelines across the bar, he bumps into Ross, the pothead from before. Frank's drink spills.

ROSS
Shit, Frank, sorry about that.

Frank bends down to clean his shoe. He sees Ross' huge feet.

FRANK
What size shoe you got there?

ROSS
Size thirteen. Why?

Hmm...Ross is also roughly Frank's color. Frank looks around. There's one of those BAR PHOTO BOOTHS off to the side...

FRANK
Still want that hundred bucks,
Ross?

INT. THE WINDJAMMER - CORNER BOOTH - LATER

Kyle is back in his secluded booth. Watching. Waiting. An OLD BEARDED GUY takes the stage.

BEARDED GUY
Good evening everyone, I'm Tri-Cities superintendant Joe Callahan, and welcome to our 14th Annual Alumni Humanitarian night. (APPLAUSE) Now, I'm sure you guys would all rather get drunk than listen to me talk, so I'll get right to it (LAUGHTER). This year's honoree has worked tirelessly to enrich the lives of the less fortunate. He also got me a great deal my 55-inch Vizio. So lets give a big round of applause to your 2012 Alumni Humanitarian of the year, Mr. Billy Wilcheck!

Billy takes the stage just as Frank comes over.

FRANK
Just sent Vanessa a pic of some dude's huge-ass dong. It's on.

Kyle quickly shushes him. ON STAGE, Billy starts his speech.

BILLY

Thanks, Joe. You know, when I started the Man Cave, I thought, "I just opened the first luxury electronics store devoted exclusively to men. What more could I want?" But then I realized I could help a bunch of poor African kids. And that's why --

Back on Frank and Kyle.

FRANK

(whispering)

So when are you getting up there?

KYLE

As soon as he's done.

Frank takes his iPhone out and starts recording Billy. Off Kyle's look:

FRANK

What am I, not gonna YouTube this?

INT. THE WINDJAMMER - TABLE AREA - LATER

Marty is still with Hannah and Dom. He's maybe overstayed his welcome with Dom. He sees Billy on stage.

MARTY

(getting up)

Hey, I'm gonna go check on Kyle and Frank real quick. If the waitress comes over, get me a vodka cran.
(LOOKS AT DOM) Or a whiskey.

DOM

You know, Hannah, we should probably get going.

MARTY

Really?

DOM

Yeah, it's getting kind of late. Plus we got a big day tomorrow.

MARTY

(to Hannah)

Oh, okay. Well, what time we doing pie?

HANNAH

I'll ask mom. Maybe around --

DOM

Actually, Hannah, I was talking to your mom earlier, and it sounds like tomorrow's gonna be kind of intimate.

HANNAH

(confused)

Really?

DOM

Yeah, more of a family thing.

(to Marty)

It was great meeting you.

Dom gets up and starts putting his jacket on.

MARTY

(to Hannah)

You sure you don't want to stick around? I'm sure the guys would love to see you.

HANNAH

Aww, the goof troop. I could stay for one more drink.

DOM

I don't know, babe, the fun run starts pretty early.

MARTY

Of course, the fun run...
(SCRAMBLING) Guess I'll see you guys out there.

HANNAH

You run? Since when?

MARTY

I was born to run.
(to Dom)
That's Bruce Springsteen. Look him up.

INT. THE WINDJAMMER - CORNER BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Kyle and Frank watch as Billy wraps up his speech.

BILLY

Again, thanks to everyone. For those of you I won't see at tomorrow night's Donor Dinner, Happy Thanksgiving. And God bless America. And our troops.

Applause. Kyle slams his drink.

KYLE

Go time.

Kyle heads towards the stage just as Superintendent Joe greets Billy and takes back the mic.

JOE

What a guy. Hard to believe just a few years ago, he looked like this.

On the FLATSCREEN TV behind Joe, and the numerous ones around the bar, Billy's HIGH-SCHOOL YEARBOOK photo appears. The audience laughs.

JOE (CONT'D)

Don't laugh too hard -- ya'll are next. (MORE LAUGHTER). Before we wrap it up, we thought it'd be fun to have a little slide show of all your old yearbook photos, alongside new ones taken tonight in the photo booth. Happy Thanksgiving!

The SLIDESHOW starts as Billy and Joe exit the stage. Kyle passes right by Billy, who does a double-take.

BILLY

Kyle Cooper? What the fuck?

Kyle bounds onto the stage and takes the mic.

KYLE

Excuse me, everyone. I'm Kyle Cooper, class of '01, and I have a few thoughts of my own about our beloved Billy Wilcheck. Something of a counterpoint...

He glares at Billy and smiles. Checkmate.

Suddenly, there are LOUD GASPS and FITS OF LAUGHTER as people point at the monitors.

KYLE (CONT'D)

What?

He turns around. There, on the screen behind him, is someone who looks suspiciously like Frank, TAKING A PICTURE OF SOME GUY'S DICK.

Everyone is now staring and laughing at Frank.

FRANK

Whoa whoa whoa, that is not what it looks like!

The next photo cycles through. It explicitly shows Frank's face near the guy's crotch.

GUY (O.S.)

Hey Siri, why is Frank such a fag?!

GIRL (O.S.)

You take that with Dickstagram?

Frank bolts to the stage, where Kyle is trying to restore order.

KYLE

Okay, if I could just have everyone's attention for just one --

FRANK

Dude, turn that shit off!

KYLE

(covering the mic)
With what?! Jesus Christ Frank, what the fucking fuck?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey baby dick!

Frank turns to see JORDAN, the bouncer, standing there.

JORDAN

You and your friend got five seconds to get the fuck out my bar.

INT. THE WINDJAMMER - TABLE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Marty, Hannah, and Dom watch the madness unfold.

DOM

Cool friends.

MARTY

I should probably go.

HANNAH
(laughing)
I think that's a good idea.

They ad-lib goodbyes. Marty races over to Frank and Kyle, who are now being escorted to the front door by Jordan.

MARTY
(meekly, as he exits)
Go T.C. Panthers.

EXT. THE WINDJAMMER - PARKING LOT - LATER

Frank, Marty and Kyle walk to their car, defeated.

KYLE
How is it possible I wasn't the
gayest guy in there?

MARTY
Because Frank's a fucking idiot,
that's how.

FRANK
Oh, I'm the idiot? How'd you not
know Hannah has a boyfriend?

MARTY
He wasn't in any of her Facebook
pics.

FRANK
Ahh, she put you on limited
profile. Veteran play.

The guys are at their car when Kyle hears a voice:

BILLY (O.S.)
Hey, Kyle. Nice try in there.

They guys turn around to see Billy standing there. Jordan the bouncer is a few steps behind.

Suddenly, Billy snatches the car keys out of Frank's hands.

FRANK
Hey!

Before Frank can react, Jordan steps in. Billy flings the keys as far as he can into the darkness.

BILLY

You might be hot shit down in dick
suck city, but remember: this is my
town.

As Billy and Jordan laugh, the squat, spiky-haired blonde
Billy was with before comes stumbling over, drunk. This is
his wife, TRICIA (foul-mouthed, pugnacious.)

TRICIA

(slurring, to Billy)
C'mon, let's go. I wanna hit Arby's
before the drive-thru closes.

She notices Kyle and eyes him up and down.

TRICIA (CONT'D)

Ooh, look at Ken Doll, all cut up,
shredded.

(to Billy)
Wouldn't kill you to do a sit-up.

BILLY

(under his breath)
Why don't you do a fucking sit-up?

TRICIA

What'd you say?

BILLY

Nothing, babe. C'mon, let's go.

Billy, Tricia, and Jordan start to walk away.

TRICIA

Did you invite Ken Doll to the
donor dinner?

(turning around, to Kyle)
Starts at six. Wear something
slutty.

As they exit:

FRANK

Hey Billy!

Billy turns around. Is Frank starting shit?

FRANK (CONT'D)

You see Vanessa Daniels lately?

Billy ignores him and keeps walking. The guys stare at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What? She never texted me back.

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

A middle-class home. Piles of leaves in the yard. Frank's dumb-ass Navigator is parked out front.

INT. MARTY'S KITCHEN - SAME

Frank and Kyle are eating breakfast in Marty's kitchen. It's a little tense from last night.

FRANK
Pretty good eggs, huh?

KYLE
Maybe you should stick your dick in 'em and send a picture to Marty's mom.

GLORIA (O.S.)
What's that, boys?

Marty's mom, GLORIA (a dishy, "US Weekly"-loving housewife) comes over with pancakes.

KYLE
Nothing, Mrs. Miller. Thanks again for having us.

GLORIA
Oh stop it, it's nothing. Though I must say, we were very excited to meet this Zoe that Marty's been telling us about.
(then)
So gimme the goss, are they donezo?

FRANK
Hard to say, Gloria. Marty can be fickle in matters of the heart.

GLORIA
You're so right, Frankie. Always the wise one.

Frank smiles at Kyle as Gloria crosses off to get more food.

FRANK

You gonna stay mad all day? In case you forgot, it's Thanksgiving, so you kind of have to be nice to Indians.

KYLE

Sorry if I'm a little peeved I have to un-fuck your fuck-up.

FRANK

I agree, that was my bad. But I'm willing to put that behind us and help you figure out this Billy situation. So let's think: what does he love that you can take away?

(then, "a-ha"-like)

Does he have a jet ski?

KYLE

You know what I know, Frank. He's got a wife and a store.

FRANK

Saw the wife. Not an asset.

(then)

I mean, Billy's no show pony himself, but damn, why's he still married to that?

GLORIA (O.S.)

Why do you think, Frankie?

Gloria crosses back with a plate of bacon. She rubs her fingers together to indicate "money."

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Divorce ain't exactly cheap. Especially when you can barely keep the lights on in your giant electronics store.

MARTY (O.S.)

Mom, stop gossiping.

GLORIA

(to Marty)

I'm not gossiping!

(to Frank and Kyle, sotto)

Debbie Manus' husband works down at the bank. Apparently, Billy came in looking for a loan just last week. A big one.

Marty enters wearing his old, now ill-fitting Tri-Cities High gym uniform (long tube socks, matching shorts and t-shirt).

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Anyway, Mr. Man Cave better hope he sells a lot of TVs tomorrow.

KYLE

What's tomorrow?

GLORIA

(shaking her head)

What's tomorrow. It's Black Friday! Biggest shopping day of the year.

(as she crosses off)

Me and the gals from book club made t-shirts and everything. They say (PROUDLY) "Shop 'Till *They Drop*."

Marty comes over to get some food. The guys look at him.

KYLE

Cool Umbros, bra.

MARTY

It's all I had. I wasn't expecting to run a goddamn marathon today.

Frank's phone buzzes. He checks it.

FRANK

You look like you're not expecting to get laid, either. But I am!

He shows his phone to Marty and Kyle. We ANGLE ON a series of texts from Vanessa:

- Sorry babe, fell asleep last night. Luv that big dick. I'm at 342 Magnolia Drive. Bring lube. And condoms. Magnums ;)

- Oh yeah, and cranberry sauce, pie crust, and canned yams.

FRANK (CONT'D)

She said my dick's big.

KYLE

Not your dick, but, semantics.

FRANK

Where am I gotta get cranberry sauce, pie crust, yams, lube, and condoms?

GLORIA (O.S.)
A&P. Aisles 2,7, 9, 12, and 12.

FRANK
(uneasy)
Thanks, Mrs. M.

EXT. PARK - 5K FUN RUN - LATER

A brisk Autumn day. Runners in fleece are lined up under a banner that reads "Tri-Cities 2012 Turkey Trot."

Marty sees Hannah and Dom and jogs over. Hannah hears his panting and turns around.

HANNAH
Marty, you actually came.

MARTY
(sucking wind)
Well, if I hid out every time Frank humiliated me, I'd never leave the house.

DOM
(friendly)
Glad you made it.
(re: Marty's panting)
Hope you saved a little gas for the actual race.

MARTY
Don't worry about me, Bon Iver.

DOM
I think it's "Bone-E-Vare."

Hannah starts stretching. Marty eyes Dom's getup: bandana, thermal underwear, and those weird running shoes with rubber toes. Like most hipsters, he doesn't look very athletic...

MARTY
Hey, Bone, whaddyou you say we make this interesting?

DOM
A bet? This is a fun-run, man.

MARTY
Let's make it a little more fun. I win, I come by Hannah's later for some pie.

Dom eyes Marty.

DOM
Okay. So if I win, you come by
Hannah's...never?

MARTY
See you at the finish line.

They shake hands as Hannah rejoins them.

DOM
Hey babe, where'd I place in the
Boston Marathon?

HANNAH
Stop bragging, it's a charity run.

DOM
(whispers, to Marty)
Under three hours.
(regular voice)
I'll see you at the finish line.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(through a megaphone)
Okay, racers! On your marks, get
set, gobble gobble go!

A cap gun sounds. Dom and Hannah sprint off the line. They're fast.

MARTY
Goddammit.

EXT. A&P GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT -- LATER THAT DAY

Establishing shots of a suburban grocery store.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Kyle opens his door to get out. Frank hands him a list.

FRANK
Make sure you get everything on
here. And be quick. I gotta trim my
pubes when we get back.

Kyle gives Frank a "You've got to be kidding me" look.

FRANK (CONT'D)
C'mon. What if my mom's inside?
Can't risk it.
(off Kyle's look)
You have cash, by the way? Left my
wallet at home.

INT. A&P GROCERY STORE -- LATER

Kyle pokes his head down an aisle.

KYLE
All clear.

Frank pushes a cart around the corner.

FRANK
So what now?

KYLE
I don't know, Frank.

FRANK
You wanna know what I would do if I
were you?

KYLE
Not really.

FRANK
I'd fuck his wife.

Kyle stops to look at Frank.

KYLE
Sometimes, the shit that comes out
of your mouth really makes me
question my friendship with you.

FRANK
I'm serious. Pretend you're a small-
minded homophobe. You know what
would really piss you off? A known
homosexual running his dick up in
your wife. Best part is, you heard
Marty's mom -- he can't afford a
divorce. He'd just have to live
with it.

KYLE
I'm not fucking his wife, Frank.

FRANK

Why, 'cause you're gay? She looks like Guy Fieri, and you'd probably fuck him. After a few drinks.

KYLE

It doesn't work like that. I mean, would you bang a dude if it meant you got to have sex with Vanessa?

Frank gives this some thought.

FRANK

Matthew McConaughey?

KYLE

A regular dude.

FRANK

Well, I wouldn't put my dick in a butt. But I'm secure enough in my sexuality that I'd maybe poke around down there. Hands only.

A clerk walks by.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Excuse me, where's the cranberry sauce?

CLERK

Aisle seven.

FRANK

Wow, Marty's mom knows her shit.

KYLE

Look, fucking his wife is not an option. I'm not one of your party sluts who just bangs people willy-nilly.

Frank stops in his tracks. A light bulb goes off...

CUT TO:

EXT. A&P GROCERY STORE - LATER

Frank holds a bag of groceries and talks into his phone as Kyle walks next to him. They head towards Frank's car.

FRANK

Mm-hmm. We'll pick you up at the train station at four.

(then)

No, I don't have coke, but we can round you up a couple Red Bulls or something. Okay, buh-bye.

He hangs up.

KYLE

You're sure about this girl.

FRANK

Chloe's great, total pro.

KYLE

You mean a prostitute.

FRANK

She's a "VIP club hostess." Like one of those girls Tiger Woods was banging.

KYLE

You mean a prostitute.

FRANK

She just likes to party, okay? And judging by his emails, so does Billy.

KYLE

That's true...

FRANK

Trust me, Operation Black Friday is airtight: We go to that stupid donor dinner, set up a camera in the bathroom, and let Chloe do her thing. Then tomorrow, in the middle of his most important day of the year, you pop in video of Billy banging some bimbo on all two-hundred HD TVs at the Man Cave. Either his wife leaves him and he goes broke, or you ruin his sale and he goes broke. No matter what, you win.

KYLE

I don't know, this just sounds sort of beneath us. Well, beneath me.

FRANK

Cool. Guess you're just gonna have to fuck his wife then.

Kyle thinks about this for a beat.

KYLE

Operation Black Friday it is.

They're at Frank's car. Frank hands Kyle the grocery bag and goes to open his door. Kyle peeks inside.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Magnums, huh?

FRANK

That's what she asked for.

KYLE

Yes, but that's because you texted her a picture of a penis that is substantially larger than your own.

FRANK

So, she'll be underwhelmed. I'm okay with that.

KYLE

Right. But you're still gonna wanna have sex with her. And I don't think those will work.

Frank considers this. He takes a condom out of the box and opens it. It unfurls, like a floppy, giant tube sock.

FRANK

Holy shit. I could fit a chicken cutlet in this thing.

Frank holds the condom near his penis and looks down, sadly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Awww, man. She specifically asked for Magnums! She said the gold wrapper "gets her pussy wet."

KYLE

Maybe you could tie a tourniquet around the base. Or secure it with a rubber band. Or put it on your foot and fuck her that way.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Fareed?

Oh, *SHIT*. That's a voice Frank knows. He turns to see his mom, LENA (short, stern-looking) STARING RIGHT AT HIM! He quickly flings the condom aside.

FRANK

Mom!

KYLE

Dr. Chattopadhyay.

LENA

What are you doing here? I thought you were doing charity project in Haiti.

FRANK

I was. I...fixed Haiti. So I decided to come home early and, uh, surprise you. Surprise!

She picks up the grocery bag near Frank's feet and starts rifling through it. Frank tries to stop her.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Mom, please --

He's too late. Out come the pie crust and whipped cream...

LENA

Aww, Franky, you were planning on baking pie for your mother?

...then the tube of lube and the open box of condoms.

LENA (CONT'D)

Hare Ram.

Uh-oh.

LENA (CONT'D)

Get in the car.

FRANK

Mom, please, I just need --

LENA

The car. Now.

He's not gonna win this one. Frank gives Kyle the car keys.

KYLE

What about Chloe?

Frank just gives him a "I'm sorry, man" shrug. As he and his mom walk away, Lena slaps him across the back of the head.

LENA

Chloe? That is who the prophylactics are for?

EXT. PARK - LATER

Marty's at the 1K marker of the race, and not in good shape. A FAT DAD in a plush TURKEY SUIT breezes by.

MARTY

Son of a.

He tries to kick it up a notch, but only makes it a few yards before keeling over.

On the other side of the street, in the shoulder, TWO TEENAGE BOYS cruise by on SEGWAYS. Hmm. Marty crosses the street and flags one of them down.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Hey. Hey! (re: Segway) How much you pay for that thing?

TEENAGER #1

It's not for sale.

MARTY

Oh, I get it. You got those as part of your virginity pledges.

TEENAGER #2

(looking at friend)

You can buy mine.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - WOODS - LATER

Marty cruises down a well-worn path in the woods on his new whip.

Up ahead, through some trees, he sees Hannah and Dom coming down the final stretch. He guns it. As he reaches the clearing, going a little too fast, he hits a rock and CRASHES. He scrambles to his feet and merges back into the race. With a final burst, he passes Dom.

DOM

What the?!

Dom quickly catches Marty. They're neck-and-neck. With 30m to go, Dom kicks into overdrive and blows by him.

Shiiiiit. Marty looks back and sees Hannah a few paces behind. Time for an audible. He clutches his knee and dramatically falls to the ground.

MARTY

Ahhh!

HANNAH

(catching up)

Oh my God, Marty! Are you okay?

Dom comes over.

DOM

What happened?

MARTY

It's my A...CL. Must have tweaked it warming up. Probably why I was so slow.

DOM

I'm a certified first-responder, lemme take a look.

He kneels down next to Marty. As soon as he touches Marty's knee, Marty shrieks.

HANNAH

Oh my god, Marty, are you okay? Do you need us to call anyone?

MARTY

It's fine. My folks are out of town, but I can get a cab.

Hannah looks at Marty, all pathetic-like.

HANNAH

Your parents aren't home?

MARTY

It's fine, really. There's a RoboCop marathon on TNT, and they left some fish sticks in the freezer, so...

HANNAH

You're not spending Thanksgiving watching cable by yourself.

DOM
Hannah, I really think --

HANNAH
Dom, please. Let's help him up.

Hannah and an exasperated Dom help Marty up.

MARTY
Thanks, guys.
(then)
So should we swing by my house and
grab those fish sticks?

INT. FRANK'S PARENTS KITCHEN - LATER

It's Frank's worst-case scenario: he's a hostage in his own home. He holds a big bowl in the kitchen as his mom and a bunch of aunts zip around. Every time one passes him, they add something to the bowl (sugar, flour, etc.)

An aunt comes over and pinches Frank's cheek.

AUNT #1
Frank, how skinny you've become.
They don't feed you in the city?

His mom cracks an egg into the bowl and starts whisking.

LENA
(to Aunt)
You better wash your hands. God
knows where his face has been.

FRANK
Mom, please.

LENA
Please what? You don't call, you
don't come home. What do you do
with yourself?

FRANK
I have a job, you know.

LENA
Intercourse with white girls from
the discotheque is not a job.

She stops whisking and crosses off.

AUNT #2

We have girl for you, Frankie. Your Auntie Bindu's family friend is very nice, very sharp.

LENA (O.S.)

She has 3.8 G.P.A. from Wharton!

AUNT #2

I sent you link with her biodata. She sings and has mastered the bassoon, Frankie. Plus she scored third place on "Jeopardy" last year!

FRANK

There are only three places on Jeopardy.

His mom is back with a bag of chocolate chips.

LENA

She will be here soon. You will meet her and you will like her and that is that. Now go get milk from the garage and get in the shower.

FRANK

I showered this morning, mom.
(off her look)
Fine.

Frank sticks his hand into the batter. She slaps it away.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - TRAIN STATION - LATER

Kyle sits in Frank's car awaiting Chloe's arrival. A Christmas song plays on the radio. Switch. Another Christmas song comes on. Switch. Then, a local commercial:

BILLY'S VOICE

iPhones? iPads? iGot'em! For all your masculine luxury electronic needs, there's THE MAN CAVE [cheesy thunder sound FX.] Remember Friday, Black Friday, our doors open--

Kyle's PHONE RINGS, cutting off the radio. It's Frank. INTERCUT between Kyle and Frank, who is in his garage getting milk for his mom.

KYLE

Hello?

FRANK

Okay, my phone's about to die so here's the plan. Park in front of the Levys' house and honk three times. I'll be out five to forty-five minutes later, depending on --

KYLE

Whoa, dude, I can't pick you up. I'm at the station getting Chloe.

We hear the CHOO-CHOO of a train arriving.

LENA (O.S.)

Fraaaaaaaaanky!

FRANK

(covering receiver)

I'm coming!

(back to Kyle)

Dude, I'm fucking dying here. Plus it's my car. Come get me!

KYLE

No time. Gotta set the camera up before dinner starts.

Kyle scans the platform...

KYLE (CONT'D)

By the way, what's Chloe look like? I don't have her number.

FRANK

I'm not telling unless you promise to come get me.

And he sees her. Strutting across the platform, hotter than anyone on an Amtrack, ever, is CHLOE (blonde, Australian, slutty-looking.)

KYLE

Nevermind!

We hear FRANK YELLING into the phone as Kyle hangs up.

INT. FRANK'S PARENTS' GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Frank hangs up the phone.

FRANK

Fucker.

As he closes the fridge, he hears a car pull into the driveway. Doors slam. Footsteps. The doorbell rings.

LENA (O.S.)

Frank! Thu kya ghay? Jul-thee karo!

Just then, his phone vibrates. It's a text from Vanessa: "WHERE THAT DICK AT??" A second later, it vibrates again: "I WANT IT IN MY MOUTH."

FRANK

Fuuuuck.

Frank stares at his mom's car. He opens the door, but there are no keys. He starts typing "HOW TO HOTWIRE A HYUNDAI ELANTRA" into his phone, but it DIES.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Fucking fuck!

He gets out of the car and looks around. There, peeking out from a box of junk, are his OLD ROLLERBLADES.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(epiphany)

Fuck yeah.

EXT. FRANK'S PARENTS' HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Lena and assorted guests are on the front porch. Lena talks to AN INDIAN GIRL whose back is to us.

LENA

I tell you, he's a sweet boy. Very ready for something serious.

Suddenly, Frank bursts out of the garage on his blades, skating away as fast as he can.

LENA (CONT'D)

Fareed! What are you doing?!

FRANK

Sorry, mom! Be back before dinner!

And he's gone.

INT. FRANK'S CAR - LATER

Kyle and Chloe drive through the empty streets of the Tri-Cities. It's a little awkward.

KYLE

So, uh, thanks again for coming on such short notice.

CHLOE

No problem. I hate the holidays, anyway. Clubs are always dead.

(then)

Where's Frank, by the way? Are you his driver or something?

KYLE

Frank got held up with some family stuff. We're gonna meet him later.

Kyle drives in silence for a beat, unsure how to proceed.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Speaking of Frank, did he tell you why he wanted you to come up here?

CHLOE

He just said he needed a favor at a party. Frank always has the best parties.

KYLE

He didn't say what the favor was?

CHLOE

No. But he took me to Miami one time, so I pretty much owe him.

KYLE

Right.

Chloe looks out the window at all the DILAPIDATED BUILDINGS and VACANT LOTS.

CHLOE

We going to a warehouse rave or something?

KYLE

Sort of. He really didn't give you any details?

CHLOE

Nope.

(then)

I mean I assume I'm supposed to bang some guy, but other than that, not a lot of info.

Kyle turns to Chloe. Seriously?

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Can we stop at a Bev Barn? I need vodka like I need a dick in my mouth.

INT. HANNAH'S PARENTS HOUSE - LATER

Marty's laid up on Hannah's couch, an ice pack by his side. Hannah enters, holding WATER and ADVIL. He quickly places the ice pack back on his leg. She hands him the pills.

HANNAH

If these don't work we're putting you down.

Hannah smiles and sits down next to him. She picks up a magazine. Side by side, they look kind of...couple-y.

MARTY

So this is exactly how I imagined we'd be spending Thanksgiving when I proposed. Except with a couple kids instead of a stylish lumberjack.

She laughs.

MARTY (CONT'D)

He really steel-cuts his own oats?

HANNAH

He does, but come on. Our break-up was the best thing that ever happened to you.

MARTY

It was? I must've forget to thank you when I was sobbing in my dorm, listening to Destiny's Child tell me I'm a survivor.

HANNAH

C'mon, Marty, if we'd stayed together, you would have spent every weekend visiting me --

MARTY

And it would have been great.

HANNAH

And it would have been holding you back. Instead, you did your own thing. And now look at you.

(then)

Well, you look pathetic right now. But on two good legs, I'm sure you do fine with the ladies.

MARTY

I do. It's just, meeting people you really connect with? That's hard.

HANNAH

It is, isn't it.

Hannah's parents, GARY and VIV (they love Marty, Marty loves them), enter. Viv has a bottle of wine and two glasses.

VIV

The last time you guys were on this couch, I could only offer cider.

Viv fills up the glasses and hands them to Hannah and Marty.

MARTY

I like this time more.

Marty raises his glass to toast.

MARTY (CONT'D)

To not drinking cider.

HANNAH

(looking at Marty)

To old friends.

As everyone clinks, Dom enters. He's thrown by the joviality.

DOM

(to Hannah)

We should probably get going.

MARTY

Where you guys headed?

HANNAH

(getting up)

To get the turkey. Should be back in an hour.

MARTY

An hour? Isn't the A&P like five minutes away?

DOM

We're purchasing a humanely-killed bird from a local farm. Just trying to be a little more conscientious about our food choices.

Marty watches Hannah and Dom head for the door. He had some momentum going before...

MARTY

Wait, I'll come, too. I'm totes locavore these days.

He gets up and "limps" to his jacket.

HANNAH

You sure you're okay?

DOM

Yeah, shouldn't you rest your leg?

MARTY

I'm fine. A little stretch will probably help, anyway.

(to Dom)

You don't mind sitting in the back, right?

INT. FRANK'S CAR - COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Kyle and Chloe sit in the car parked outside of Billy's club, which is more Elk's Lodge than Augusta National. Chloe's chasing swigs of vodka with Sugar-Free Red Bull. Kyle fiddles with a Flip Cam.

CHLOE

(re: Sugar-Free Red Bull)

I switched to sugar-free a few months ago. It's just, like, cleaner, more natural, you know?

KYLE

I bet. Anyway, so let's run through the plan one more time: While I (re: camera) set this up, you track down Billy and wait for my signal.

CHLOE

Right.

KYLE

Then you get him in the bathroom and...

CHLOE
And...?

KYLE
You know...

CHLOE
I don't know.

KYLE
You know, take Billy and, uh...

CHLOE
Relax, Kyle, I'm kidding. You act like this is the first time I've fucked on camera.

Kyle half-laughs to see if she's joking. She's not.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Just remember to keep his wife away. I don't need some crazy bitch coming at me with a hammer. Not again.

KYLE
Got it.

CHLOE
Seriously, his wife catches me, I'm coming at *you* with a hammer.

Kyle looks to see if she's joking. Again, she's not.

KYLE
No wife, no hammers, no problem.
(then)
Out of curiosity, how are you gonna get Billy into the bathroom?

Chloe reaches into the back seat and grabs a slinky black dress out of her suitcase. She strips off her top.

CHLOE
Dunno. Probably just gonna grab his dick.

Kyle checks her out. Not that he's a boob guy, but man.

KYLE
That should do it.

EXT. ECO-VALLEY TURKEY COMMUNE - LATER

Marty, Dom, and Hannah are at the Eco-Valley Turkey Commune, a rustic local farm. Marty "limps" along as their guide, KAI (30s, NPR glasses, dirty overalls), gives them a tour.

KAI
Our birds all live happy lives.
It's very sustainable here.

The turkeys mill about in a big chicken-wire pen, making high-pitched, slightly frightening gobble noises.

KAI (CONT'D)
Our most important job is making sure they're never scared when they die. We want them calm at the end of their journey. It's their purpose.

Kai tenderly puts her hand out to a bird, which pecks at it.

KAI (CONT'D)
Who wants to accept the sacred gift of life?

MARTY
Wait, what?

KAI
Who will be performing the cut?

MARTY
You want one of *us* to kill it?

Dom senses Marty's discomfort.

DOM
I was lucky enough to experience this miracle last year. It would be greedy to do it again.

MARTY
By all means, be greedy.

HANNAH
Honestly, Marty, it's good to be connected with what you eat.

DOM
You know what, Kai, I'll do it. Marty's obviously more comfortable in a Whole Foods.

A turkey comes over and starts pecking at Marty's shoe. Marty looks at Hannah. Off his look, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. TURKEY FARM - KILLING PEN - MOMENTS LATER

Marty's in the pen with Kai as Dom and Hannah look on from outside the fence. There is blood everywhere.

KAI

So which one are you grateful for?

Marty spots a sleeping turkey.

MARTY

That guy's lookin' pretty good.

DOM

What about that one?

Dom points at the biggest, snarling-est, meanest-looking motherfucker in the pen.

KAI

A lovely choice. Come.

Kai leads Marty over to the bird. She straddles it and gently strokes its face before slipping a sleeve over its torso.

KAI (CONT'D)

The muscles, as they move, as they die, are very strong. The energy, the force of life leaving, it's almost startling.

(is she starting to weep?)

I'm sorry, it's just...they know. They know it's their purpose. See how calm she is? Here, pet her.

Marty hesitantly touches the bird, who immediately starts squawking.

KAI (CONT'D)

Please, softly. We must maintain serenity in her final moments.

Kai takes the bird in her own hands, calming it down. She then pulls a huge KNIFE from her boot and hands it to Marty.

KAI (CONT'D)

(to Marty, but looking at the turkey)

(MORE)

KAI (CONT'D)
Shhh...look into her eyes. Tell her
to be still.

Marty grips the knife and looks at the bird. It looks pissed.

MARTY
Please, bird...be still.

KAI
(business-like)
One firm cut across the gullet
should do it.

Marty looks the bird in the eye. Can he really do this? He takes a deep breath and clenches the knife when suddenly, the bird RIPS OFF ITS SLEEVE LIKE SUPERMAN AND EXPLODES FORWARD, knocking him over. It begins to FURIOUSLY PECK AT MARTY!

KAI (CONT'D)
Please! No violence!

Marty springs to his feet and retreats, shrieking. He tries to maintain his "hobble," but the bird chases after him.

MARTY
(dropping the knife)
Look! Look! I'm your friend!

The bird is not interested in being friends.

Out of options, Marty starts sprinting and LEAPS OVER THE FENCE. His foot clips the top, causing him to tumble as he lands on the other side, heaving but safe.

But this is one angry bird. In a feat of strength not often associated with turkeys, she LEAPS OVER THE FENCE! In a whirlwind of feathers and squawks, she's back on Marty before he can even get up.

It's Man vs. Wild as he struggles to put the bird in a headlock.

KAI
Please! Don't hurt her!

Dom rushes over and yanks the bird off Marty, causing them to both hit the deck. Dom gets up, holding the bird, and heads back towards the pen.

DOM
I got you, I got you.

As Marty rolls off his back, he notices something on the ground where Dom fell: A RING.

He picks it up and takes a closer look -- it's an engagement ring. He glances at Dom, then pockets it just as Kai comes over.

KAI
Okay, asshole, get the fuck off my farm!

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - HALLWAY - LATER

Kyle, wearing a back pack, pokes his head around the corner of a long hallway. All clear. He sneaks into the MENS ROOM.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kyle surveys the scene: In one corner is a toilet. In another is a sink/mirror combo. A third wall has two urinals (one is lower, for kids.) Finally, there's a potted plant. Kyle looks around, then removes the camera from his backpack and conceals it at the base of the plant. He steps back.

KYLE
Hmmm.

While still looking at the camera, Kyle moves around the room and MIMES HAVING SEX IN DIFFERENT POSITIONS (against a wall, bent over the sink, on the floor). He then goes back to the camera and checks the playback to make sure all angles are covered. Satisfied, he puts the Flip Cam back in the pot and texts Chloe: "CAMERA IS IN THE PLANT."

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - LATER

Thanksgiving dinner. Except instead of turkey, two BOSTON MARKET ROTISSERIE CHICKENS sit in their sad plastic cases.

Oh, and Dom has also realized he doesn't have the ring.

MARTY
You know who else spared a turkey's life this year? President Obama.

Dom tries to inconspicuously scan the floor for the ring.

HANNAH
(to Dom)
Everything okay? You seem fidgety.

DOM
Yes, babe, everything's great.

MARTY

Especially the pumpkin soup. Is that creme fraiche I taste, Mrs. J?

VIV

I'll never tell. Everyone just make sure to save room for dessert.

Viv winks at Dom. She's clearly expecting him to propose. Dom gets up.

DOM

You know what, guys, I think I dropped my wallet at the farm.

HANNAH

Really? Want me to come help you look?

DOM

No, you stay here. But I should get it before the place closes. Love you.

He gives her a peck, glares at Marty, and leaves.

MARTY

(enjoying the soup)
C'mon, Viv, no more lies. This is creme fraiche, isn't it?

INT/EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Kyle shivers as he peers inside a window that looks into the crowded dining room. Near the bar, he sees Chloe nursing a cocktail as Billy orders a drink. She smiles at Billy.

Across the room, Tricia holds court with SEVERAL WIVES.

Back at the bar, Chloe has sidled up to Billy. As she leans in to whisper something into his ear, her hand subtly -- but perceptibly -- grazes Billy's crotch. His face lights up as she walks away.

KYLE

Well-played, you hot little psycho.

He looks back to Tricia, who's now filling up at the dessert station; then back at Billy, who furtively looks around before following Chloe.

Kyle's phone vibrates. It's a text from Chloe: "IT'S ON. KEEP WIFE AWAY!!!" Just then, the top of a YOUNG BOY'S HEAD pokes into the frame. Kyle quickly ducks down.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Frank struggles to rollerblade up a (very) slight hill. He finally pulls up in front of a cute, nondescript home.

He checks the address on a slip of paper. Jackpot. He pulls off his skates, races to the door and rings the bell.

FRANK
 (practicing, to himself)
 "Hey, girl"...nah. How about,
 "'Sup, V. Ready for this D?" Ugh.
 (like a sorority girl)
 "ohmygodVanessahiiiiyeee!"

Frank's voice trails off as the door opens. Standing there is a...

DUDE
 You must be Frank!

The dude vigorously shakes Frank's hand.

DUDE (CONT'D)
 I'm Todd.
 (then)
 Oh, sorry. This little guy is
 Tristan. Say hi, buddy!

We PAN DOWN to a five-year-old boy, who doesn't say anything.

TODD
 He's just tired. Anyway, come on
 in!

Yeah, Frank's confused.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Kyle stands outside the same window, watching Tricia talk to an OVERWEIGHT WOMAN eating shrimp.

He looks down at his phone, which is on the Facebook profile picture of an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

He holds the phone up so that the picture is next to shrimp lady. It's clearly the SAME WOMAN.

KYLE
Who do you think you're kidding,
Carolyn Gwatney?

Tricia starts looking around. She excuses herself and walks away, eyes scanning the room for her missing husband...

KYLE (CONT'D)
Shit.

He bolts for the entrance.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kyle bursts around a corner just in time to see Tricia down the hall, checking rooms for Billy. She's getting close to the men's room. He races to intercept her.

KYLE
Tricia. Hey.

TRICIA
Ken Doll? What are you doing here?

KYLE
Oh, just catchin' up with the gang
at the club. Lotta memories here.
What about you?

TRICIA
Ah, here with Billy, he's got some
stupid dinner. I'm actually trying
to find his ass and go home.
(then, shaking her head)
Biggest day of the year at the
store tomorrow and that fucktard's
been drinking like an Indian.

She walks past him and heads for a door next to the men's room. Kyle steps in front of her.

KYLE
You know what? I think Billy's
outside. Yup, saw him by his car.

TRICIA
We took a cab here.

She walks away again. Panicked and out of options, he grabs her and spins her around. They're close.

TRICIA (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

KYLE

I, uh, have a confession to make,
Tricia. I didn't come here to catch
up with old friends.

TRICIA

Then why'd you come here?

KYLE

I came here to see...you
(then)
I felt something in the parking lot
last night. I know you did, too.

She eyes him curiously, then moves in closer. Kyle tries to
hide his discomfort.

TRICIA

Billy said you putt from the rough.

KYLE

You strike me as a woman who likes
a challenge.

Tricia smiles lasciviously. She takes his hand and drags him
towards the MEN'S ROOM.

TRICIA

(re: bathroom)
Two minutes in there and I'll flip
you like a fucking spatula.

Kyle moves them towards the WOMEN'S ROOM, right next door.

KYLE

In here.
(then)
Seems cleaner.

He pulls her inside.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Marty, Hannah, Viv, and Gary are still at the dinner table,
drinking wine and having a grand old time. Dom's still gone.

HANNAH

So he's on one knee waiting for an
answer, and I'm like, "It says HJ.
On your hand."

VIV

Your initials. That's sweet.

GARY
No, Viv. Hand job.

VIV
Oh.
(then)
Good thing we didn't name you Beth.

As everyone laughs, Hannah takes Marty's hand to look at where the tattoo used to be.

HANNAH
Admit it, you were a little sad the day you got it removed.

Marty looks at her.

MARTY
Well...

He rubs his finger, removing skin-toned make-up. He raises his hand. IT'S HIS OLD TATTOO! Everyone gasps.

HANNAH
Oh my God. No.

MARTY
I heard laser removal really hurts.

Hannah grabs Marty's hand again to inspect it. No one hears Dom enter.

HANNAH
Sad that this might be the most romantic thing anyone's ever done for me.

VIV
Hannah, how did you never tell us Marty proposed?!

DOM
He *what*?!

Everyone turns to see Dom. Hannah quickly drops Marty's hand.

HANNNAH
Dom. Hi. Did you find your wallet?

DOM
He proposed to you? And you never told me?

HANNAH

Honey, we were kids. I didn't tell you -- I didn't even tell my parents -- because it was so long ago that it doesn't matter.

This stings Marty a little.

DOM

Right, it doesn't matter but it was the most romantic thing anyone's ever done for you.

HANNAH

Dom, I was just --

DOM

Stop. Just stop. You know, maybe if you weren't so busy flirting with Fatal Attraction here, you'd have noticed I spent the entire weekend trying to get a second alone with you, so that I could propose, like an adult, with an actual ring.

(then, to Marty)

Which now happens to be missing.

A beat.

HANNAH

You were going to propose?

VIV

My grandmother's ring is missing?

DOM

(pointedly, to Marty)

I don't think it's missing.

MARTY

Whoa, dude, what are you trying to say?

DOM

Lemme see your pockets.

Everyone stares at Marty. After a beat, he theatrically empties his pant pockets. Nothing.

MARTY

Maybe it was Colonel Mustard in the conservatory.

DOM
 Whatever, I'm over this.

He turns and leaves. Hannah gets up.

HANNAH
 Dom, wait.

She chases after him. Viv and Gary follow, leaving Marty at the table, alone. Somehow, he thought this would feel better.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - MEN'S BATHROOM - LATER

Billy and Chloe are going at it in the bathroom. She's up on the sink, her legs wrapped around him.

CHLOE
 Yeah, just like that...

She makes a "sexy face" in the direction of the camera. He clocks it, but doesn't say anything.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
 Yes. Yes. Yes.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - WOMEN'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME

A MATCHING SHOT of Tricia pawing at Kyle as he desperately tries to fend her off.

KYLE
 No, no, no.

He quickly sneaks a peak at his phone -- nothing from Chloe. Tricia goes to undo his belt buckle. Kyle blocks her hand.

KYLE (CONT'D)
 Maybe it'd be good to get to know each other first, talk a little.

TRICIA
 Let's talk about where you're gonna put it.

Again she goes for his pants. Again, he deflects.

KYLE
 Wait. I need to tell you something. I, uh...I have crabs.

TRICIA
 (not missing a beat)
 Don't worry. Me, too.

Good god. This time, she actually grabs hold of the buckle. Kyle smacks her hand away. Hard.

Tricia stops, surprised. She stares at him for a beat. Suddenly, she slaps him across the face. Almost immediately, Kyle slaps *her* in the face.

TRICIA (CONT'D)
 Goddamn, Kenny.

KYLE
 I'm sorry, I just --

TRICIA
 I think I just squirted.

She goes back at him.

INT. VANESSA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Todd and Tristan lead a very confused Frank through a hallway. The walls are covered with family photos.

FRANK
 Am I, uh, interrupting something?

TODD
 Not at all. Vanessa's just upstairs getting ready.

They're in the kitchen now. Todd motions to a table.

TODD (CONT'D)
 Can I get you something? We have a ton of leftovers. Or --

FRANK
 Alcohol would be great.

Todd heads to the fridge, leaving Frank with Tristan.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 Hey, buddy. So, Todd seems like a very nice man. Is he married to the pretty lady in the photos?

Tristan doesn't say anything. Todd's back with beers.

TODD

Anyway, man, cheers. I've heard a lot about you from Vanessa.

FRANK

That's funny, because I have heard almost nothing about you.

VANESSA (O.S.)

Frannnnnnnk!

Finally: high school megababe Vanessa Daniels enters. And she's still a megababe. Seriously, it's like the laws of physics and time conveniently decided to give her a pass on the last decade.

FRANK

Vanessa. Hi.

She gives Frank a hug. Boobs press against his chest. Mmmm.

VANESSA

It's been ages. You look great.

Tristan yawns. Todd picks him up.

TODD

I'm gonna go put little guy down.

Todd leaves with Tristan.

VANESSA

I'm so glad you met Todd. He's the best, isn't he?

TODD (O.S.)

You are, honey!

Frank politely smiles. As soon as Todd is gone, his face changes. The following is conducted as a WHISPER-YELL.

FRANK

What the fucking fuck?! You're married?! With a kid?!

VANESSA

Relax, Frank.

FRANK

No, you relax! I thought this was gonna be some kind of Facebook fuck sesh! I saw "Unfaithful," okay? I am not trying to get jealous husband murdered!

VANESSA

It's not what you think.

FRANK

It's not what I think? Should I not think the man sitting here three seconds ago is your husband? And that he's not upstairs right now tucking in your kid? Jesus Christ, if you're gonna cheat, let's at least meet at some shitty motel like goddamn normal people!

Just then, a pair of MAN HANDS come down on Frank's shoulders. He turns and sees Todd.

TODD

Tristan's asleep.
(then, smiling)
We're gonna get so nasty tonight.

Vanessa takes Frank's hand. Off his look.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Billy and Chloe are done doin' it. He open the door for her.

BILLY

Now remember...our little secret.

CHLOE

Yeah, yeah.

She exits. Billy immediately locks the door and goes to where Chloe was looking during their love-making. He finds the camera in the plant.

BILLY

That sneaky son of a bitch.

He rewinds through the footage (we don't see it.) He deletes a clip, then puts the camera back, angling it just so...

INT. COUNTRY CLUB WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tricia and Kyle are as they were.

TRICIA

Do it again. Harder this time.

KYLE

I'm not hitting you.

TRICIA
Come on. Saddle up. Buck this
Bronco.

KYLE
I...don't know what you're saying.

Kyle's phone buzzes. He whips it out. It's a text from Chloe:
"DEAL'S DONE. GET CAMERA."

KYLE (CONT'D)
(back to Tricia)
You know what, Tricia, I gotta go.

TRICIA
What? You're not even giving this a
chance.

KYLE
Yeah...pretty sure I'm gay.

He heads for the door.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kyle slips out of the bathroom and turns towards the men's
room to grab the camera, but A DAD WITH A MUSTACHE and his
THREE KIDS are waiting in line. The dad glares at him.

KYLE
(re: Women's Room)
Sorry, really had to pee.

The camera will have to wait.

INT. HANNAH'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Marty sits at the table, picking at a piece of pie. Hannah
enters, teary-eyed. He gets up.

MARTY
Hannah. Everything okay?

HANNAH
Not really. Dom's taking a train
back to his parents' in the city.

MARTY
I'm sorry.

HANNAH
Don't be, it's not your fault.

MARTY

(re: pie)

When I don't want to feel things, I usually eat pie.

HANNAH

I'm not really hungry.

MARTY

Okay, better idea: throw on Uncle Buck. If John Candy waving that hatchet can't cheer you --

HANNAH

I can't believe I blew that. You know, I actually wanted to get proposed to this time.

This thought hangs there.

MARTY

I should probably go.

HANNAH

Yeah, I think I need to be alone for a bit.

She gives Marty a hug.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

I'm glad we're friends again, at least.

MARTY

Me, too, Hannah.

He exits. Once he's out of the dining room, Marty takes the ring out of his shirt pocket and feels the weight of it, like an asshole Frodo. Fuck.

INT. VANESSA'S KITCHEN - LATER

Frank sits across the table from Vanessa and Todd.

FRANK

(to Todd)

So let me get this straight: You've known about this the whole time.

TODD

Known about it? It was my idea.

FRANK
 (to Vanessa)
 What about those texts?!

TODD
 I sent most of those. Man to man,
 you're working with a great dick.

FRANK
 Guys, I'm flattered. Really. But
 maybe give Craigslist a whirl.

He gets up to leave.

VANESSA
 What's the matter, Frank? Don't you
 want this?

She unbuttons the top of her blouse. Fuuuuuuuck.

As Frank looks at her more-than-ample bosom, a question Kyle asked him earlier in the day replays in his head: "Would you bang a dude if it meant you got to have sex with Vanessa?"

He sits back down.

FRANK
 Let's talk hypotheticals.

CUT TO:

INT. VANESSA'S KITCHEN - LATER

Everyone's huddled around the table as if they're brokering a Middle Eastern peace accord.

FRANK
 How about this: I'm in the bedroom,
 having sex with Vanessa. (POINTING
 TO TODD) You're in the living room,
 hangin' out. I finish and leave.
*Then you come in and do whatever
 you want.*

TODD
 I need to participate or it's
 infidelity.

FRANK
 Got it.
 (then)
 (MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay, how about, you get to *listen* to Vanessa and I have sex, from in the bathroom. That's participation!

Vanessa shakes her head no. Frank sighs.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What if...you kneel by the side of the bed and hold her hand while we have sex?

TODD

No.

FRANK

What if Vanessa jerks me off, but your hand is on top of hers, so it's almost like you're jerking me off? That's pretty good!

TODD

Nope.

VANESSA

What if you blow Todd and I masturbate?

TODD

(into it)

That works.

FRANK

Yeah, that's not happening.

Vanessa unbuttons her blouse even further.

VANESSA

C'mon, Frank. What would you do for this?

Ughhh. He stares at her. Then back at Todd...

INT. VANESSA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON Frank and Vanessa, making out in bed, side by side.

VANESSA

Mmmmm.

FRANK

Uhhhh.

TODD (O.S.)

Yeahhh.

We PULL OUT TO REVEAL: Todd on the other side of Frank, getting, uh, you know. Manually stimulated. Under the covers.

VANESSA

You're doing great, baby.

TODD

Totally.

They both lean in and whisper into Frank's opposite ears:

VANESSA

I'm so wet.

TODD

I'm so hard.

Frank looks like his puppy just died.

VANESSA

(in one ear)

How do you want to fuck me?

TODD

(in the other ear)

Where do you want me to come?

FRANK

That's it, I'm out!

Frank springs out of bed and starts putting on his clothes with a quickness.

VANESSA

What's wrong?!

FRANK

Your husband is about to jizz on my back, is what's wrong!

TODD

Dude, I coulda finished in a Kleenex.

He's never been dressed faster.

FRANK

Happy holidays, guys. I'll see you - well, I really hope I don't see either of you ever again. No offense.

He makes a beeline out of the bedroom and into the hallway, where he almost bowls over Tristan, holding a blanket.

TRISTAN
I was having a nightmare.

FRANK
Me too, buddy.

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - HALLWAY - LATER

Kyle walks towards the men's room. He looks around. The coast is clear.

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kyle opens the door and enters. Inside, he's shocked to find Billy and the MUSTACHE DAD from earlier. Dad's holding the camera. They both glare at Kyle.

BILLY
I always knew you were a sicko, but
I had no idea how sick.

MUSTACHE DAD
You got an explanation for this?

Mustache Dad gives the camera to Kyle and hits a button. Instead of Billy having sex with Chloe, it's footage of LITTLE BOY AFTER LITTLE BOY PEEING!! Billy had re-positioned the camera to face the LITTLE BOYS URINAL.

MUSTACHE DAD (CONT'D)
(re: screen)
That's my son. He's eight.

KYLE
Okay, I don't know what's going on,
but this is not my camera.

Mustache Dad hits REWIND. We now see footage of Kyle looking into the camera, placing it in the plant, and miming sex moves. Dad takes a POLICE BADGE out of his jacket. Uh-oh.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Marty sits in the back seat of cab, gazing out the window. Up ahead, he sees someone on rollerblades, moping along. As they drive past him, Marty realizes it's Frank.

MARTY
(to driver)
Stop the car.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Marty and Frank sit in grim silence. Then:

MARTY

I'm starting to think coming back here maybe wasn't the best call.

A long beat as Frank absently stares out the window.

FRANK

I jerked a guy off tonight. On Thanksgiving.

Marty and the cab driver both stare at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well, not all the way off.
(then)
But yeah.

INT. TRI-CITIES JAIL - LATER

Kyle stands next to a payphone in a bleak-looking holding cell. A COP walks by.

KYLE

Can I please have my cellphone back?

COP

When you leave. (re: payphone)
Until then.

KYLE

Yes, I see the payphone, but it doesn't exactly do me much good when all the numbers of people I'd call are *on my cellphone*.

COP

Well, I suggest calling a number you do remember.

The cop exits. Marty stares at the phone for a long beat. Finally, he picks up the receiver and dials...

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Marty and Frank sit on Marty's porch. Frank drinks from a bottle of Wild Turkey. Marty's on his phone, then hangs up.

MARTY
Rang, no answer.

FRANK
I'm sure he's fine.

MARTY
Yeah.
(then)
So can I at least ask how --

FRANK
Nope. Not emotionally prepared to
get into that just yet.

Frank takes a swig of whiskey.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You know, this is all the
Internet's fault.

MARTY
What is?

FRANK
This. Us. Here. I mean, the way we
live now, it's just not natural.
Think about it -- ten years ago,
you didn't know what every single
person you'd ever met was up to.
But somehow, we managed.

MARTY
You sound like Kyle.

FRANK
Is that so bad? I mean, fuck. If it
wasn't for Facebook, I wouldn't
have just...well, you know. And
you, you'd probably still be dating
a pretty great girl.

MARTY
Zoe was great. But she wasn't...

FRANK
She wasn't what? Far as I can tell,
Zoe's biggest problem was that she
didn't live up to the idea you had
of a girl you don't even really
know anymore.

GLORIA (O.S.)
He's right, Marty.

MARTY

Jesus, mom, do you listen to everything we say?

GLORIA (O.S.)

Sorry, boys.

FRANK

Anyway, that's why I'm unplugging for good. No more Facebook, no more Twitter, no more YouPorn, no more PornHub, no more xTube, no more YouJizz, no more Spankwire --

MARTY

I got it, Frank.

Marty's phone buzzes.

FRANK

Is that Kyle? Or my mom? I'm scared to turn my phone back on. Somehow, I feel like she knows what I did tonight.

MARTY

It's Hannah. She just asked, "hey u around?"

Marty shows Frank his phone.

FRANK

Damn, she wants to see you real bad.

MARTY

How do you know?

FRANK

No comma after "hey." "U" instead of spelling "y-o-u." Also "u around" is basically code for "I'm lonely and vulnerable."

(then)

You're in.

MARTY

I'm in.

He gets up to leave.

MARTY (CONT'D)

Now or never, I guess. Be back in a bit.

As he exits, Frank calls out to him:

FRANK

I'll answer one question about my night. That's it.

Marty turns around.

MARTY

What were you thinking when you started...(MIMES JERKING OFF)?

Frank takes another pull from the bottle.

FRANK

I closed my eyes and tried really hard to pretend it was my dick.

MARTY

And?

FRANK

Didn't work.

INT. TRI-CITIES JAIL -- LATER

Kyle's still in the holding cell, staring at the rather unpleasant metal toilet. The kind of toilet that makes you question your life choices. He's about to give it a go when the cop comes over and unlocks the door.

COP

I guess you got something to be thankful for this year.

KYLE

What's that?

COP

Having a retired cop for a dad.

The cop exits as JACK COOPER (late 50s, conservative, looks like a retired small-town cop) enters the cell.

JACK

Let's go, Kyle.

Off Kyle's look, we...

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S CAR - LATER

Kyle and his father sit in tense silence as Jack drives.

KYLE
So, uh, thanks for --

JACK
It's fine.

A beat.

KYLE
How's mom?

JACK
Good. She's good.

More silence. Kyle flips on the radio. It's "Party Rock Anthem" or some other terrible LMFAO song that couldn't be less appropriate for the moment. Jack turns the radio off.

JACK (CONT'D)
Should we just go get real drunk?

KYLE
(quickly)
Absolutely.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Marty illegally parks his car and rushes to the platform.

INT/EXT. TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Marty scans the "Arrivals/Departures" monitor and finds the listing for Grand Central. Track 3. He peers through the window: it's far. And it's leaving in two minutes...

MARTY
Son of a.

He takes off running.

EXT. PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Marty races down some stairs. At the end of the track, he sees Dom about to get on the train.

MARTY
(running over)
Dom! Wait!

Dom turns around.

DOM
You're kidding me.

MARTY
You can't get on that train.

Dom scoffs and starts to board. Marty grabs his jacket. Dom turns around and slugs him in the face.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Owww! Fuck! I deserved that.

DOM
You're lucky I don't kick your
fucking ass.

MARTY
You're right. I lied to Hannah,
ruined Thanksgiving, and screwed up
your proposal.

Marty reaches into his pocket and takes out Dom's ring.

DOM
I knew it.

MARTY
I'm really sorry, man. She's still
at her parents' place.

Dom glares at Marty before taking the ring. As he turns to leave, Marty stops him.

MARTY (CONT'D)
Hey, Dom: Take good care of her,
okay?

Dom slugs him in the face again.

DOM
Fuck off, dude. For real.

MARTY
Got it.

INT. RICK'S LODGE - LATER

Close on Kyle and his dad sitting at a wooden table, surrounded by empty beer bottles. They've loosened up considerably.

JACK

Look, I'm not saying I reacted great. But you know how it is here. You think it was easy being the only guy on the force with a gay son?

KYLE

The only guy? What about Officer Flynn?

JACK

Patty's kid? The wrestler? No.

KYLE

He goes to my gym. Let's just say he doesn't need a ref to roll around with sweaty dudes anymore.

RICK, the grizzled owner, comes over to the table.

RICK

Another round?

KYLE

Why not.

Rick plops down a BOX OF AMMO on the table. We WIDEN to reveal: Kyle and his dad aren't at a bar -- they're at an INDOOR GUN RANGE.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I still can't believe this place is open on Thanksgiving.

JACK

Rick's is always open. Didn't even close on 9/11.

RICK

Sold twice as many shells that day. Never forget.

Kyle and his dad walk to the firing stalls. Kyle puts on ear muffs and goggles as Jack loads a gun. He hands it to Kyle.

KYLE

Anyway, it's possible I, uh, overreacted. It's just, you know Billy...

At the mere mention of his name, Kyle angrily unloads a clip. None of the bullets hit the target. Jack shakes his head.

JACK

When you were a kid and you got mad, you remember what you'd do?

KYLE

No.

JACK

You'd close your eyes and hold your breath. No more ice cream? (HE MIMICS KYLE HOLDING HIS BREATH). Tell you to turn the TV off? (SAME FACE). Your mom and I were always worried you'd damn near pass out.

KYLE

Well, I'm not a kid anymore.

JACK

Yeah, you're all grown up, hacking emails and setting up secret cameras.

That's not a bad point.

JACK (CONT'D)

You're a smart kid, Kyle. But you gotta learn when to take a deep breath and let stuff go.

Kyle takes a deep breath, aims, and fires. Again, he's missed completely.

JACK (CONT'D)

You also gotta learn how to shoot guns when you're drunk.

KYLE

Yeah I'm not good at this.

He takes off his goggles and ear muffs.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Well, I guess that's that. Billy has his big sale and goes on living like nothing ever happened.

JACK

Hey, on the bright side, at least you'll be safe. I tell you, those Black Friday sales are a bunch of animals. Last year, I saw someone nearly get trampled to death over a goddamn waffle iron.

Kyle perks up. Off his look.

INT. MARTY'S PARENTS HOUSE - NEXT MORNING

Marty sits at his kitchen table, holding a bag of frozen peas to his face. Frank comes down the stairs. He smiles when he sees Marty.

FRANK

I can't tell what's sadder: Your face or that tattoo.

MARTY

Still rather take a beating than give one.

(then)

Did Kyle make it home? Have a couple missed calls from him.

FRANK

He didn't sleep in the guest room.

GLORIA (O.S.)

Uh-oh, sounds like someone got lucky last night...

Marty's mom, Gloria, comes in, wearing her "Shop 'Till They Drop" t-shirt over long sleeves.

GLORA

Hey, guys. I'll be back in a couple hours.

MARTY

Mom, for the last time: whatever you're buying, I promise you it's cheaper on Amazon.

GLORIA

Oh really? They give away free iPads on your precious Amazon web page?

FRANK

Whoa, who's giving away free iPads?

Gloria shows Frank her iPhone.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(reading)

"The Man Cave's Black Friday Extravaganza. 'Like' this on Facebook and receive a free iPad."

(then)

Eight-thousand six-hundred and twelve likes so far.

MARTY

What? That can't be right. Where'd you see that?

GLORIA

Kyle posted it on his Facebook page.

FRANK

(to Marty)

Since when is Kyle on Facebook?

GLORIA

He added me yesterday. Already got a pretty good Words with Friends game going, too.

(then)

Anyway, gotta run. Whole town will probably be there by now.

Gloria leaves. Marty takes out his phone and dials Kyle. No answer.

MARTY

That's really weird.

FRANK

I know. I friend requested your mom six months ago and she still hasn't accepted. I thought we were tight.

MARTY

No, Kyle posting that. He say anything to you?

FRANK

My phone was dead all day. Lemme check.

Frank gets his phone from a nearby charger.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Eight voicemails from my mom, good times...oh, and one from Kyle.

He hits the speaker phone button. Kyle sounds kind of manic. Sporadic GUNFIRE makes certain words impossible to hear.

KYLE'S VOICEMAIL

Hey, it's Kyle. So shit with Billy got crazy and I ended up going to (INAUDIBLE.) My fucking dad (INAUDIBLE.) Believe it or not, I'm holding a shotgun right now. Crazy. Anyway, talk soon. If I'm not back in jail, ha ha.

Frank and Marty look at each other.

FRANK

No. He wouldn't. At the Man Cave?

MARTY

Holy shit. Mom!

Frank and Marty bolt out of the room.

EXT. THE MAN CAVE - PARKING LOT - LATER

Standing in front of the giant crowd, holding an iPad in one hand and a megaphone in the other, is KYLE. He's pacing back and forth, whipping the crowd into a frenzy like an Occupy Wall Street protestor meets William Wallace.

KYLE

(into megaphone)
What do we want!?

CROWD

iPads!

KYLE

When do we want them?!

CROWD

Now!

KYLE

We're talking free iPads here, so I wanna know what you'll do to get one!

(to a random guy)

You! How far are you willing to go?

RANDOM GUY
Pretty fucking far!

The crowd cheers.

INT. MARTY'S PARENTS CAR - LATER

Marty and Frank sit in the back seat, as Marty's mom drives.

MARTY
You have got to drive faster!
(to Frank, re: phone)
Who are you possibly texting right
now?

FRANK
I'm Googling gun laws to see if
we're technically accomplices.

MARTY
Jesus Christ, Frank --
(stops himself, thinking)
Wait, what's it say?

EXT. THE MAN CAVE - PARKING LOT - LATER

Kyle continues to preside over the crowd, which has gotten bigger. And angrier. A LADY IN HUNTING GEAR shouts:

CAMO LADY
Come on! Where are the iPads!?

KYLE
They're about to come out!

CROWD
IPADS! IPADS!

The levee seems like it might break at any minute. Finally, the door to the Man Cave opens, and Billy Wilcheck steps out, waving. The crowd's chants grow louder.

CROWD (CONT'D)
IPADS! IPADS!

Billy approaches Kyle.

BILLY
(smiling)
The hell are you doing?

KYLE

Hope you got a whole lot of iPads
back there, Billy.

(into megaphone)

Hey everyone, look who it is! Billy
Wilcheck's here to tell you about
your free iPads!

The crowd roars.

KYLE (CONT'D)

But before he does, I'd just like
to give him a quick introduction.
As some of you might remember, I
grew up here. And people like Billy
didn't make it easy. It actually
took me almost ten years to come to
terms with the abuse and --

RANDOM SHOPPER

-- Dude, shut the fuck up! Where
are our iPads?

CROWD

IPADS! IPADS!

KYLE

Okay, not interested in that.

CROWD

IPADS! IPADS!

Billy grabs the megaphone from Kyle.

BILLY

Happy Thanksgiving, everybody! If I
could have your attention for just
one moment, I can explain.

RANDOM SHOPPER #2

What's going on? We've been waiting
for hours!

BILLY

See, that's what I'm trying to tell
you. Unfortunately, uh, there are
no free iPads, but I'd be more than
happy to offer ten percent off all
purchases over --

RANDOM SHOPPER #3

He's flaking on the deal!

CAMO LADY

Get him!

The powder keg explodes. Shoppers rush the door.

EXT. THE MAN CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Frank and Marty jump out of the car. The parking lot is a CRAZY MOB RIOT.

FRANK

Oh my God, he shot Billy.

Frank and Marty take off into the crowd.

INT. THE MAN CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Billy's "shrine to manliness and luxury electronics" is being ripped to shreds by the frenzied mob.

Near the entrance, Kyle ducks to avoid a flying XBOX. He scans the store and sees Billy trying to wrestle a LARGE TV BOX away from a determined MOM. Kyle heads that way.

INT. THE MAN CAVE - MOMENTS LATER

Marty and Frank make their way into the store. Some crazy OLD LADY tries to wrestle a MICROWAVE away from a younger woman. The Old Lady PEPPER SPRAYS her.

Across the way, they see Kyle, holding what to them looks like A WEAPON, calmly walk towards an oblivious Billy. Frank picks up a discarded Blu-Ray player and uses it as a shield.

FRANK

(taking off running)
We still have time!

MARTY

I'll grab his legs!

FRANK

Kyle! Nooo!

Just as Kyle reaches Billy, Frank and Marty dive at him. Except unlike in high school, they connect. Hard.

The three of them tumble to the floor. Kyle rolls over.

KYLE

What the fuck was that for?!

FRANK

You were about to shoot Billy!

KYLE

Shoot him with what?!

Billy picks up the "weapon" Kyle was holding. It's not a gun -- it's a rolled-up print of the POOL PICTURE. On the back, written in Sharpie, is "Go Fuck Yourself."

FRANK

Ohhh. I see now.

Billy looks at the three of them, sprawled out on the floor.

BILLY

Wow, Kyle, you finally nailed me.
Good thing my insurance policy pays
double what I'd make all year.

He smiles triumphantly. We feel Kyle's rage building.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Guess now I won't have to file for
bankruptcy, huh? Thanks for the
bail out, bro.

KYLE

Ah, fuck it.

Kyle springs up and tackles Billy. As they tussle, he sees one of those cheesy PERSONAL BACK MASSAGERS near him. He grabs it, gets on top of Billy, and raises it over his head.

KYLE (CONT'D)

This is me letting go.

MARTY/FRANK

Stop!/Kyle, no!

Instead of clubbing a cowering Billy, however, Kyle flings the massager into a GIANT MIRRORED WALL. It shatters.

KYLE

Let's get out of here.

MARTY

(pointing to mirror)
Holy shit.

On the other side of the mirrored wall, they see N'DIQUÉ -- the Nigerian exchange student -- sitting at a table with STACKS OF MONEY.

He's surrounded by a bunch of SHADY-LOOKING PEOPLE working at a giant bank of computers. He immediately puts his hands in the air as if he's under arrest.

Across the store, COPS storm in and try to break up the riot.

EXT. THE MAN CAVE - PARKING LOT - LATER

The guys stand in the parking lot as cops restore order at the store. Billy and N'Dique are led away in handcuffs.

MARTY

So lemme get this straight. Dude was taking money that was supposed to buy computers for kids in Nigeria -- and giving it to a guy to buy computers for an actual Nigerian email scam?

FRANK

You kind of have to appreciate the irony.

KYLE

Hey Billy!

Billy turns to look at him as he's put into the back of a police car.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I fucked your wife.
(sotto, to the guys)
I didn't fuck his wife.

Behind them, a familiar voice.

LENA (O.S.)

Fareed.

The guys turn to find FRANK'S MOM, several AUNTS, and bunch of OTHER FAMILY MEMBERS, all holding VARIOUS SHOPPING BAGS.

FRANK

Oh my God, mom. I'm really sorry. I swear I was on my way home. In fact, I will spend as much time as you --

She whacks him across the head.

LENA
 Shut up, Franky. This is Bindu
 Auntie's daughter, Nadia. The one I
 was telling you about.

It's the girl whose back we saw earlier at Frank's house.
 Turns out she's a SUPER HOT INDIAN GIRL.

NADIA
 Hi.

FRANK
 You were on Jeopardy?

As they smile at each other, TODD, Frank's three-way partner,
 walks by with his son Tristan.

TODD
 (to Nadia)
 Don't waste your time. This guy's a
 fucking cock tease.

He crosses off.

FRANK
 No idea who that was.

EXT. THE MAN CAVE -- PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Kyle and Marty head towards Frank's car.

MARTY
 Almost breaking up an engagement,
 burning a store to the ground, and
 jerking a guy off. I guess that's
 what Thanksgiving's all about.

As they walk, TWO HANDS cover Marty's eyes from behind.

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)
 Guess who?

Marty turns. It's Hannah.

MARTY
 Hannah. Hey. Look, I can --

And she SOCKS HIM IN THE FACE.

MARTY (CONT'D)
 Oww!
 (clutching face)
 Glad you got that ring back.

HANNAH
 You're an asshole, Marty. But at
 least you did the right thing.

She extends a hand to Marty. They shake.

MARTY
 Friends?

HANNAH
 (smiling)
 Maybe one day.

CUT TO:

INT. LOFT - DAY

TITLE CARD: ONE YEAR LATER

It's Thanksgiving at the loft. Friends and family mill about.

In the kitchen, Marty takes a turkey out of a WHOLE FOODS CONTAINER and hands a KNIFE to his (no-longer) ex, ZOE. She just shakes her head. As he wipes his hand, we see that the "HJ" TATTOO is gone.

Elsewhere in the kitchen, Frank is about to dip his hand into a bowl of MASHED POTATOES when he receives a playful smack across the head. Except it's not his mom -- it's Nadia.

At the dining room table, Kyle fiddles with his iPad. Jack comes over and puts his arm around him. We ANGLE ON Kyle's iPad. He's updating his Facebook status. It reads: "Home. Happy."

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

OVER CREDITS:

EXT. MAN CAVE

Where once stood Billy's shrine to masculine electronics, there is now the Tri-Cities' first and only gay nightclub.

There's a NEON SIGN in the roof: one caveman holds a drink, another holds a club. It's still called "The Man Cave."

The marquee reads: "Happy Thanksgiving! -- From Kyle and the gang."