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“Delirious”

By

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INT. LUNCH ROOM - DAY

This is the lunch room of Wylie E. Groves High School and is presently full of students in a large study hall. Some people are talking, some studying. The teacher is discussing tennis with two jocks.

In the seat beside the back door sits GERRIT REINHARDT, a tall 18 year old with short trim hair and sharply creased pants. He looks around anxiously, then ducks out the door.

INT. HALLWAY

Gerrit walks quickly up the empty hall, past cases and cases of sports trophies, to a door near the back of the school. He peers in through the small window in the door.

IN. GYM - GERRIT'S POV

In the gym 50 girls practice gymnastics. Gerrit scans the room, the balance beam, girls working out on the mats and stops on the uneven parallel bars where a beautiful lithe girl with long reddish blonde hair and wearing a tight sweaty gray leotard spins around with great dexterity. She is ANN DEBENHAM and Gerrit stares only at her, transfixed.

Ann spots Gerrit, pauses in her routine and smiles at him and waves. Gerrit smiles and waves back, then moves away from the window in embarrassment.

INT. HALLWAY

Gerrit turns from the window and there stands a pleasant, though exceedingly plain young lady with mildly thick glasses. She is CHERYL.

CHERYL

Hi, Gerrit. What are you doing down here?

GERRIT

Oh... just passing by, what's going on?

CHERYL

I'm having a party tonight, you wanna come?

GERRIT

A party, huh?

He turns and looks back through the window.

INT. GYM

Ann sees him again and starts to walk over.

INT. HALLWAY

Gerrit begins panicking.

CHERYL

I'd really like it if you'd come, and I really enjoyed that book you lent me.

GERRIT

It wasn't even mine, it was my parents. Well, uh, maybe I'll drop by, I don't know... I'll see you later, Cheryl.

Gerrit starts to walk away slowly watching Cheryl to see her leave.

CHERYL

See ya, Gerrit.

She doesn't seem to be leaving, so Gerrit turns and stops.

GERRIT

Uh-huh, yep, bye bye...

Cheryl takes one step away and then door opens, Ann pops her head out, sees Cheryl, then Gerrit.

ANN

Oh, excuse me.

Ann pops her head back in and the door shuts. Gerrit makes a move for the door, stops, looks at Cheryl and moans.

GERRIT

Oh...

CHERYL

Who was that?

Gerrit shakes his head and walks away.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY

As Gerrit wanders up the hall, the bell rings and a million students engulf him.

Gerrit gets to his locker, does the combination and exchanges his books for some others. Three lockers down is a burnout named BRETT BUDSON with long blond hair. His locker is a mess, papers stick out of every crack.

BUDSON

Hey, dude, goin' to the X concert tonight?

GERRIT

Sure, dude, right after I shoot up some horse and smoke some of the big M. I'll fly there.

BUDSON

Yeah, but I bet I have more fun this weekend than you.

GERRIT

Yeah, well... You probably will.

BUDSON

Later, dude.

Budson leaves. Gerrit shuts his locker, pauses for a moment of consideration, then takes off through the crowd.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY

Gerrit makes his way through the crowd and up to the side of Ann, whose hair is wet and pulled back.

GERRIT

Hi, Ann.

ANN

Gerrit, what a surprise.

GERRIT

(baffled)

What do you mean, I always talk to you before fourth hour.

ANN

I was kidding. I'll give you a break next time and hold up my hand when I'm not serious.

GERRIT

High School's almost over, Ann, this may well be your last chance to go out with me.

ANN

(smiling)

Well, I guess that'll just be my tough luck, now won't it.

GERRIT

(shaking his head)

I've been asking you to go out with me since seventh grade, I'm beginning to get discouraged. Six years of rejection starts to get to you after a while.

ANN

(smiling warmly)

Give up.

GERRIT

There's only seven weeks left of school, it's too late to give up.

ANN

Okay, then don't.

Gerrit takes Ann's arm and stops her.

GERRIT

Look, now I'm being serious. Why won't you even consider it?

ANN

I'd rather not go into it, okay?

GERRIT

No, uh-uh, it's too late. You have to tell me.

Ann pauses a moment to consider, then begins.

ANN

Well... you're too dull. 'Your hair's always the same, your clothes are always the same, you say the same things day in and day out, year after year, you go out with drippy boring girls...

GERRIT

(cutting in)

What, are you talking about Cheryl, the girl you just saw me with? I don't even know her...

At that very moment Cheryl happens by.

CHERYL

Hi, Gerrit, see you at my party.

Ann looks at Gerrit and he is totally embarrassed.

GERRIT

Really, she just invited me to her dumb party. I don't really know her.

Cheryl reappears holding a book.

CHERYL

Thanks for lending me the book, I really loved it.

Gerrit takes the book entirely at a loss for words and Cheryl leaves.

GERRIT

It's my parents' book.

ANN

It doesn't matter.

GERRIT

(getting defensive)

Well, hey, I've seen you go out with some real winners over the years. Tim Quill? Eric Swanson??

It's now Ann's turn to get a little embarrassed.

ANN

Yeah, but they're different. They're not the same dull drippy people every time.

Gerrit shakes his head in defeat.

GERRIT

Ann, you're driving me crazy.

ANN

(smiling)

Good.

INT. YET ANOTHER HALLWAY

The amount of people in the halls has diminished considerably. MR. BLACKWELL, the Principal, walks up the hall alert and ready for trouble. He arrives at the Men's Room door and is just about to open it when a fight breaks out further down the hall.

BLACKWELL

Hey! Let's just knock that off right now!

Blackwell starts after the fighters and the bathroom door opens and a giant cloud of smoke billows out. Three burnouts stagger out, amongst them Brett Budson. They see Blackwell and quickly head in the other direction.

INT. HALLWAY WITH CLASSROOM

As Ann and Gerrit arrive at their next class they find the teacher, MR. MALL, a tall man with a black beard, standing in the doorway with his finger to his lips.

MR. MALL

Shhhh...

ANN

(whispering)

What is it?

Mr. Mall points into the classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM

In the far back corner seat near the window reposes a fellow with long stringy blond hair who is dead out asleep with his face on the desk. He breathes slowly and regularly flapping the edge of the test sheet his face rests on. He is JOHN QUADERER.

MR. MALL

(whispering)

We wouldn't want to wake Mr. Quaderer now, would we?

The students file past all being informed to keep quiet. Just as Mr. Mall is shutting the door Brett Budson arrives.

MR. MALL

(still whispering)

Very kind of you to make it, Mr. Budson. Please take your seat. The final exam is worth fifty percent of your total grade for the semester. That means for some of you a good grade is critical to passing this class.

Mr. Mall hands a pile of test forms to the first person in each row. They each take one and pass them back.

MR. MALL

You have as much time as you need. There

will be no questions and no talking. Any hint of cheating and you've got an automatic F. Please use a number two pencil and you can begin at any time.

With a few coughs and the rattling of paper the test begins. Gerrit reads the first question, poises his pencil over the test but makes no attempt to write anything. He glances over at Ann and she's not writing either.

MR. MALL

No wandering eyes, if you please.

Three seats behind Gerrit sits Budson who is trying to communicate with the fellow in the row next to him without attracting the teacher's attention.

BUDSON

(whispering)

Matt...

(no response)

Matt...

Matt looks up annoyed and snaps loudly.

MATT

WHAT?

Everyone in the class turns to look and Budson tries to shrink out of sight.

MR. MALL

Something important you had to discuss with Matt, Mr. Budson?

BUDSON

(small voice)

No, it can wait.

MR. MALL

That's fine.

A guy near the back wearing glasses looks down at the palm of his hand where the answers are written. He writes an answer on the test, refers back to his hand. Suddenly there is Mr. Mall looming over him crumbling up his test.

MR. MALL

That's an F on the final, Mr. Samara and you can go to the bathroom and wash your hand.

Mr. Mall pulls up Samara's sleeve.

MR. MALL

And arm.

Samara slides up his pant leg.

SAMARA

And leg.

Samara leaves and when he shuts the door the sound awakens the sleeping burnout in the corner. He sits up and his test paper is stuck to his face.

QUADERER

Wha--

MR. MALL

(Smiling)

Good morning, Mr. Quaderer. Would you care to turn in your test now, or, if you'd like you can have this class period to work on it, too.

QUADERER

What day is it?

MR. MALL

It's Friday, John.

QUADERER

(grins)

Cool.

John Quaderer comes forward and hands in his test and starts to leave.

MR. MALL

Excuse me, could you put your last name on it, too. I have a number of Johns in my classes.

Quaderer puts his last name on the test and leaves. Mr. Mall holds John Quaderer's test out to his side.

MR. MALL

Let me file this.

He drops it in the trash can.

A creepy egghead in the front row picks up his books and hands in his test.

EGGHEAD

I thought you said this was supposed to be difficult.

The class looks up at the creepy Egghead with deep hatred on their faces.

SOMEONE

He's gonna ruin the curve.

MR. MALL

Quiet if you please.

CLOSE UP - CLOCK

The hands travel around from 11:15 to 12:05.

INT. CLASSROOM

One student after another hands in their tests and leaves. Finally, all that remain are Gerrit, Ann and Budson. All three appear to be having difficulty with the exam.

Mr. Mall sits at his desk eating his lunch from a bag.

MR. MALL

No need to rush. You can take the whole lunch hour if you'd like.

All three students dislike being treated like idiots.

MR. MALL

The three of you are not doing all that well in this class. I haven't tallied the grades yet, but I'd say all of you are in bad shape if you don't pass this final.

The three slackers attempt to work on through the teacher's harangue.

MR. MALL

The three of you are so lazy and apathetic that you couldn't even dredge up the effort to cheat.

He shakes his head in disgust and goes back to his tuna sandwich.

Budson smells the food and his stomach begins to growl. That's it for him. He stands and suddenly Ann and Gerrit stand too and they all hand in their tests.

MR. MALL

See you in summer school.

INT. HALLWAY WITH CLASSROOM

When Ann, Gerrit and Budson get out into the hall they are pissed off.

BUDSON

Maybe if he'd shut the fuck up I could get an answer.

ANN

Really! And I'm supposed to go away this summer.

GERRIT

Summer school sounds horrifying.

They stand in silence contemplating the dismal future.

BUDSON

Well, at least X is playing in Ann Arbor this weekend.

ANN

Oh, really? I wish I had tickets.

BUDSON

Me, too. I'm gonna go anyway and get 'em there.

Ann turns to Gerrit.

ANN

What about you, Reinhardt, you going to see X?

GERRIT

(Smiling)

X is a band, right? No, I wasn't planning on it.

ANN

(Maliciously)

Have you ever been to a rock concert?

Gerrit looks from Budson to Ann and puts his hands in his pockets.

BUDSON

Come on, you've got to have been to a concert, dude, this is the 80's.

GERRIT

Just cool out, I've been to a rock concert. Gimme a break.

Ann shoves her face directly into Gerrit's..

ANN

Which one?

GERRIT

Which one? My parents and I saw Anne Murray at Pine Knob a couple of years ago.

Budson and Ann look at each other and burst out laughing and both say at the same time.

BOTH

Anne Murray

BUDSON

This isn't the 1880's.

ANN

Face it, Reinhardt, you're a loser.

She walks away still laughing.

Gerrit shakes his head and blinks.

GERRIT

I can't believe how unbelievably cruel she is to me. I've had a crush on her for six years and she won't even give me a chance.

BUDSON

I went out with her.

GERRIT

(In total shock)
What? She went out with you? I'm gonna shoot myself.

BUDSON
Thanks a lot, that was really nice.

GERRIT
Sorry. I didn't mean it that way.

BUDSON
That's all right. Just chill out, smoke a joint.

This is a novel idea.

GERRIT
A joint... ? You mean of Marijuana?

BUDSON
No, a joint of heroin.

GERRIT
All right, let's smoke one.

BUDSON
Cool. You got any?

GERRIT
Me? No, don't you?

BUDSON
Uh-uh, I'm all out. I know where you could get some though.

GERRIT
Okay.

BUDSON
Let's do it.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Gerrit and Budson drive up the sunny suburban street in Gerrit's black '66 mustang.

BUDSON

Great car dude. You're not a *total* loser.

GERRIT

Hey thanks. So ah, what's this guy, like a dope dealer or something?

BUDSON

Yeah, a dope dealer. Haven't you ever bought any dope before?"

GERRIT

No, but I've smoked it a couple of times and nothing's happened.

BUDSON

(Amazed)

Man, how did we grow up three blocks from one another? It's like we're from different planets.

Gerrit's mind has wandered.

GERRIT

Ann went out with you? I'm goin' crazy.

Budson points up ahead.

BUDSON

The guy lives up around that curve.

EXT. DEALER'S HOUSE - DAY

The mustang comes around the curve and comes upon four police cars with their flashers on. Gerrit panics.

GERRIT

Oh, shit!

He slams it into reverse.

BUDSON

Don't panic, man, we didn't do anything.

GERRIT

Yeah, but we intended to.

BUDSON

Go back, it might not be him. It could be the guy next door.

GERRIT

What kind of neighborhood is this?

They slowly cruise past the house with police cars as the cops are bringing a guy out.

BUDSON

That's him, the poor sonuvabitch. It's okay though I know another guy.

GERRIT

Well, maybe we should just forget it. I mean, who really cares anyway?

BUDSON

I can see why Ann's been turnin' you down for six years, you're a bore.

GERRIT

Now I'm a bore? I've been called everything in the damn book today: dull, stupid, boring. Maybe I should find a hole somewhere and climb into it.

BUDSON

Dude, you gotta climb *out* of it, not *into* it.

GERRIT

(Relenting)

All right. Okay. Let's go see this buddy of yours. Where does he live?

BUDSON

Ann Arbor.

GERRIT

Ann Arbor? That's 25 miles away.

BUDSON

Then forget it.

GERRIT

All right, Ann Arbor it is.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

It's a warm sunny spring day on a woodsy stretch of I-275. Gerrit drives along at the speed limit and Budson goes through his wallet.

BUDSON

How much money you got?

GERRIT

I don't know, thirty or forty dollars.

BUDSON

That's cool, we can get something decent for that. I wish I had some bucks.

GERRIT

Get a job.

BUDSON

Whoa, dude! Be cool. I don't want money that much. How long have you been working at Willy Lake Market?

GERRIT

About six years. I'm assistant manager.

Budson finds something in his wallet.

BUDSON

Oh, wow, I forgot I had this.

He takes out a flattened half a joint.

BUDSON

A buddy of mine at college in Florida sent me this.

Gerrit watches as Budson takes out his key ring (Which is a bottle opener), isolates a single key which is in fact a roach clip, affixes the joint to it and lights it

up. He takes a puff, coughs and hands the key ring to Gerrit who awkwardly takes it. He brings it to his lips, inhales, glances to his left out the window and sees an OLDER COUPLE in a big Buick directly along side of him looking right at him and sneering.

GERRIT

Oh, shit.

Gerrit lowers the roach between his legs and slows down.

The sneering older couple look away in disgust, pull ahead and the woman brings a big green plastic bong up to her mouth, takes a big hit and passes it to her husband. They speed up and disappear.

Gerrit and Budson are a bit surprised at the sight of this and go back to their roach. Budson takes another hit, passes it to Gerrit, who takes a hit, goes to pass it back and there's nothing on the end of the key clip.

GERRIT

Huh, I wonder where...

He quickly realizes his crotch is burning and the car begins swerving from lane to lane.

Budson pulls a cassette tape from his pocket.

BUDSON

Mind if I put on a tape?

GARRIT

No, go right ahead.

Budson puts on a tape of the band X. They are very loud heavy metal. Gerrit winces.

GERRIT

Could you turn it down?

BUDSON

Whatsa matter, don't you like it?

GARRIT

Well, it's okay. I'd rather listen to my own music.

BUDSON

Oh yeah, what have you got?

Gerrit points at the glove box.

GARRIT

Put on some Ozzie.

BUDSON

Ozzie? Sure, that's cool.

He opens the glove box, reaches in and pulls out "Ozzie Nelson's Greatest Hits."
Budson looks at Gerrit with real pity in his eyes.

BUDSON

Dude.

INT. MAIN OFFICE OF WYLIE E. GROVES HIGH SCHOOL

School is still in session and Mr. Mall enters the office with the pile of test papers in his hand. He speaks to a guidance counselor who is in her mid-fifties, wears a full length black dress and looks like VAMPIRA.

MR. MALL

There's going to be a big turn out for summer school this year. The students this year are worse than I've ever seen in my ten years of teaching.

VAMPIRA

Well, if you'd been around as long as me then you'd know that they are a major improvement over the students of the late 60's and early '70s.

MR. MALL

Hey, that's when I was in High School.

VAMPIRA

Yes, well, you'll excuse me...

The secretary behind the counter holds up the telephone receiver.

SECRETARY

Mr. Mall, there's a call for you. Your wife.

Mall looks around the office which is filled with kids and counselors and sundry others.

MR. MALL

I'll take it in there.

He goes over to a little room with glass walls and P.A. equipment and takes his call after shutting the door.

MR. MALL

Hello dear.

INT. KITCHEN OF THE MALL RESIDENCE

CYNTHIA MALL, a good-looking lady in her mid-thirties, attired in a conservative gray business outfit, sits at the kitchen table. Out the window behind her a clock tower is visible.

CYNTHIA

Jim, make sure to get home early today, we have a lot of things to do.

MR. MALL

Things to do? What things to do?

CYNTHIA

You have no idea what I'm talking about, do you?

MR. MALL

No, and I'm pretty busy so could you spare me the dramatics and get to it.

CYNTHIA

You prick! I'm not one of your students, don't talk to me like I'm seventeen!

MR. MALL

Excuse me, I'm sorry. Now what things do I have to do?

CYNTHIA

Well, you have to get ice and liquor, amongst other things, does that give you a clue?

MR. MALL

We're having a party... for our anniversary, right?

CYNTHIA

You've won the grand prize. And if you stretch your memory you'll recall that my boss and his wife are invited, so this means quite a lot to me and I'd be very pleased if you don't blow it off.

MR. MALL

Can we not get into this now. I've got finals to deal with.

CYNTHIA

(Derisively)

Finals. That's been your excuse to do nothing for the past two weeks.

MR. MALL

Cynthia, you are succeeding in making me very angry.

CYNTHIA

That's fine, maybe you'll remember what I'm saying to you.

MR. MALL

Oh, Goddamn it anyway!

Mr. Mall slams his pile of finals down next to the P.A. equipment, right on the key for the microphone.

CYNTHIA

I'm leaving for the caterer at 5:00 whether you're here or not.

INT. SWIMMING POOL

Ten swimmers are on their marks and ready to go. The coach stands with a stop watch and blank gun. Mr. Mall's voice comes through the speakers on the wall.

MR. MALL (O.S.)

Then go!

The swimmers all dive into the water. The coach looks quizzically at his unfired gun and stopped stop watch.

INT. HALLWAY

A multitude of students stand looking up and listening to Mr. Mall's voice emanating from the speakers.

MR. MALL (O.S.)

I have to get these finals graded and it's not an excuse to not have sex with you.

INT. P.A. ROOM IN OFFICE

Mr. Mall picks up his stack of finals, in turn shutting off the microphone.

MR. MALL

I'll see you at 5:00. Good bye.

He hangs up.

EXT. ANN ARBOR - DAY

Gerrit and Budson drive around the quaint town of Ann Arbor, past many buildings making up the campus of University of Michigan.

GERRIT

So where does this guy live?

BUDSON

He used to live in a dorm, but I heard he moved.

GARRIT

Yeah, so?

BUDSON

So we're gonna have to find him.

GARRIT

Have you got any clues?

They are just passing a football field where guys in pads and uniforms are practicing.

BUDSON

Yeah, stop here. He's a football player.

GARRIT

He's a football player dope dealer?

BUDSON

Yeah. Helluva partier.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD

They park the car and head over to the field.

BUDSON

His name's Tim Chudnow, he's a big dude.
You ask those guys over there, I'll ask these
guys over here.

As they split up and head to different sides of the field, a player holding the football breaks away and runs for a touchdown. Unfortunately, about eight big guys on the other team catch up and totally cream him. When they've peeled everyone off of him the football player is completely dazed and has to be taken out of the game.

Gerrit tries to ask the coach.

GERRIT

Excuse me, do you know a guy by the name...

The Coach ignores him.

COACH

(Walking away)

Let's get it moving out there!

Gerrit shrugs and steps up to the dazed football player that just got creamed.

GERRIT

You know a guy named Tim Chudnow?

DAZED FOOTBALL PLAYER

I'm in now?

He runs back into the game and immediately gets creamed again.

Gerrit covers his eyes.

Budson, on the other side of the field, is having even less luck. He asks a particularly huge player who is trying to pay attention to the game.

BUDSON
Do you know--?

HUGE PLAYER
Huh?

BUDSON
Tim Chudnow?

There is no answer so Budson tries a different approach.

BUDSON
Uh, Dope?

HUGE PLAYER
What? Don't call me a dope!

He punches Budson in the nose.

On the other side of the field, Gerrit spots a really big black football player with the biggest muscles he has ever seen.

GERRIT
(Politely)
Excuse me, you don't happen to know a fellow
named Tim Chudnow, do you?

CHUDNOW
I'm Tim Chudnow.

GERRIT
Oh really, well Brett Budson--

CHUDNOW
(Very annoyed)
--That little creep! Are you friends with him?

GERRIT

Me? No, I hardly know him.

CHUDNOW

Well, he owes me fifty bucks and if you see him you tell him I'm gonna kill him!

GERRIT

I'd be happy to, and it was really good meeting you.

Gerrit quickly walks away.

Budson and Gerrit rendezvous near the car. Budson is holding his nose.

BUDSON

I can't believe that guy hit me.

Gerrit takes Budson's arm and leads him to the car.

GERRIT

If we don't get outta here you could be in a lot worse trouble.

BUDSON

What'ya mean?

GERRIT

I saw Tim Chudnow and he says you owe him fifty bucks and he's gonna kill you.

BUDSON

I can't believe he still remembers that.

GERRIT

He does.

BUDSON

Maybe we can find someone selling in the diag.

He points to a large open area between classroom buildings across the street.

BUDSON

Keep your eyes open for someone who looks cool.

EXT. DIAG - DAY

They walk over to the diag and scrutinize the passersby. There seems to be an overabundance of elderly ladies and gentlemen sauntering past, some with the aid of canes and walkers.

GERRIT

Not exactly what I'd call a hip crowd.

BUDSON

Chill out, dude, there's somebody.

He points out a black fellow wearing a loud paisley shirt walking alone.

GERRIT

What makes that guy cool? Being black or being under sixty?

BUDSON

Pretty funny, Reinhardt, watch this.

Budson approaches the guy.

BUDSON

Excuse me, you know where we can score some pot?

The black guy stops, looks Budson over, then looks to Gerrit.

PAISLEY SHIRT

Sure. How much you got?

BUDSON

(Smiles)

Thirty.

PAISLEY SHIRT

You got a car?

BUDSON

Sure.

PAISLEY SHIRT

All right, come on.

Budson turns to Gerrit.

BUDSON

We've scored.

The football scoreboard lights up, a huge crowd roars, hats fly past.

EXT. ANN ARBOR - DAY

The mustang drives past campus to downtown Ann Arbor, where the streets become narrow and one way. They turn left down another. Then left, then right.

PAISLEY SHIRT

Right here.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

They stop in front of a nondescript brick apartment building.

PAISLEY SHIRT

This friend of mine, he doesn't like to meet new people, you understand.

BUDSON

Oh, sure.

PAISLEY SHIRT

So you just gimme the money and I'll be right back.

Gerrit looks from Budson to Paisley Shirt who smiles reassuringly, then shrugs, goes into his wallet and removes thirty dollars, leaving himself three ones, and hands it over.

PAISLEY SHIRT

Okay you just wait here, I'll be right back.

He gets out of the car and they watch him go inside.

GERRIT

So, uh... what did you and Ann do when you went out?

Budson gives him a sidelong look.

BUDSON

What'dya mean "do"?

GERRIT

Well, did you go to a movie, or a party, or what?

BUDSON

We went and played video games, why?

GERRIT

(Appalled)

Video games? Oh God, what a loser thing to do.

BUDSON

(Defensive)

Hey, dude, she won't even go out with you.

GERRIT

I know, but video games? Jesus!

BUDSON

She gives good head.

GERRIT

What?!!

BUDSON

(Laughing maliciously)

Just kidding.

Gerrit glances over at the apartment building.

GERRIT

What's taking so long?

BUDSON

Oh, they probably have to break it up and weigh it and shit like that...

They both look at the building for a long silent moment, then look at each other and speak simultaneously.

BOTH

Oh, shit!

They run to the front door of the building, which is open, and go inside.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

They run up the hallway following it to the end; an illuminated sign reading "Exit" above a door.

BUDSON

(Outraged)

No ...uh-uh, no fuckin' way!

GERRIT

Should we knock on some doors?

There are twenty doors.

GERRIT

Maybe we should just wait a while longer.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

A cigarette butt drops into a pile of four others on the street. Budson sits in the mustang and blows out the smoke.

BUDSON

We're fucked. We've been ripped off.

GERRIT

I've been ripped off. You just arranged it and came along for the ride.

BUDSON

You're the one that wanted some pot, I was just doin' you a favor.

GERRIT

Thanks!

Gerrit starts the car and pulls away from the curb.

INT. CAR

Budson turns to Gerrit.

BUDSON

Where are you goin'?

GERRIT

Home. Where else?

BUDSON

Come on, let's party. It's Friday night, besides, X is playing tonight. Maybe we can score some tickets.

GERRIT

Have you got any money?

BUDSON

No.

GERRIT

Yeah, well I've got three bucks and I need gas, so let's just go.

BUDSON

(Amazed)

But then what are we gonna do tonight?

GERRIT

(Very serious)

I don't know about you, Budson, but I'm gonna get a little shuteye 'cause I've got a lot of studying to do and I work on Sunday.

BUDSON

Dude, you're a drag.

GERRIT

No, you're a drag.

They drive along in silence, pissed off.

EXT. FREEWAY

Up ahead, near the entrance ramp to the freeway, is a hitch hiker. As they approach they both look more closely and suddenly the guy starts to run.

BUDSON

It's him!

Gerrit guns it, catches up to the guy in the paisley shirt and cuts in front of him. Budson and Gerrit are both immediately out of the car and after him. Gerrit's there first and tackles the guy, bringing him down onto the gravel shoulder on his face. A second later Budson is also there and the two of them grab the guy and turn him around.

GERRIT

(Yelling)

Gimme my money!

Budson waves his fist in the guy's face.

BUDSON

Hand it over!

PAISLEY SHIRT

Wait, I ain't got it. I spen' it.

Gerrit turns to Budson.

GERRIT

He spent my money.

PAISLEY SHIRT

I'm really sorry about what I did to you guys. Really.

Gerrit twists the guy's collar.

GERRIT

So what did you do with the money? Did you buy pot?

PAISLEY SHIRT

Uh, no, I didn't.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out two tickets.

PAISLEY SHIRT

I bought these.

Budson's eyes light up.

BUDSON

Oh wow! Are those tickets for the X concert?

PAISLEY SHIRT

No, they're tickets for the O'Jays concert tonight.

It's like someone kicked Budson in he stomach.

BUDSON

The O'Jays, oh man...

PAISLEY SHIRT

What? The O'Jays are good, and these are front row seats. You'll have a great time.

Gerrit looks at Budson in disbelief.

GERRIT

The O'Jays?

EXT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

The billboard says, "The O'Jays, Tonight, 8.00 p.m."

INT. CONCERT HALL

Budson and Gerrit enter the arena and come to a very quick realization -- they are the only white people amongst many thousands of blacks.

GERRIT

(Nodding his head)

We're going to be killed.

BUDSON

Just act natural. Maybe no one will notice us.

The crowd parts to make way for them, many people looking at them like they are alien creatures.

They take their seats in the front row and the people to either side of them sort of slide away as far as they can in their seats. Gerrit and Budson both slump down trying to become invisible.

A joint is being passed to Budson's right, it gets as far as the guy next to him, then heads back in the other direction. He hears one of the black people say, as he gets the joint, "Aw, man, it's all wet. You whitey lipped it." Gerrit overhears a conversation beside him that he can understand none of.

Somebody sits in the empty seat beside Gerrit and he and Budson both realize it's the guy in the paisley shirt who ripped them off.

Gerrit points at him.

GERRIT

You!

BUDSON

How did you get a ticket?

He points at his wrist.

PAISLEY SHIRT

I pawned my watch. I just had to see this concert, these guys are my buddies.

BUDSON

(With a snort)

Yeah, sure they are.

PAISLEY SHIRT

They are. No shit.

BUDSON

Yeah, well I'd rather have the dope or the thirty dollars, that's for sure.

PAISLEY SHIRT

Be cool, my man. The O'Jays are the best.

GERRIT

We may as well make the best of it.

BUDSON

Yeah, right.

THE STAGE

The O'Jays are on stage performing.

THE O'JAYS

(Singing)

Money, money, money, money... Money!

The crowd is digging it -- dancing, boogying, getting down. Unable to stop themselves Gerrit and Budson are getting down, too. Gerrit turns to the guy in the paisley shirt.

GERRIT

Hey, what's your name?

PAISLEY SHIRT

Fred.

GERRIT

Great show, Fred. I'm Gerrit, that's Budson.

Fred and Gerrit shake hands.

PAISLEY SHIRT

Nice to meet you guys. Say, you wanna come backstage and party with the O'Jays after the concert?

GERRIT

Sure.

(Turning to Budson)

What do you say?

Budson whispers in Gerrit's his ear.

BUDSON

This guy's so full of shit he's gonna explode.

GERRIT

What'dya mean?

BUDSON

(Sarcastically)

Backstage and party with the O'Jays. Gimme a break!

This dude was hitch hiking when we found him, and that was after ripping us off. He's just a liar and a cheat and a swindler. Besides, look at that shirt he's wearing, he's a total loser.

Suddenly the lead singer of the O'Jays reaches out and grabs Fred's hand and pulls him up on the stage where he dances with them. They then grab a drunken big breasted girl in a halter top, some other people, then Gerrit and Budson. The singers lead them in a circle around the stage in a soul train. As they go around the back of the stage, behind the drums, the drunk chick with big tits is boogying too hard, loses her balance and goes head first into the drum set knocking it all over.

INT. BACKSTAGE

After the concert, backstage, Gerrit, Budson, and Fred party with the O'Jays. They're all drinking and laughing and one of the singers starts laying out lines of coke on a small mirror. The singer asks the drummer for a bill and gets a \$100 which he rolls up to snort with. Gerrit watches intently.

Meanwhile, Fred seems to know everyone. He is talking to a STAGEHAND and Budson is overhearing.

STAGEHAND

So, did you give away those free tickets like I axed you?

PAISLEY SHIRT

Yeah, all thirty of 'em.

STAGEHAND

Okay, I'll give you more next time, but one thing, Lamont, don't you rip me off or I'll get you.

PAISLEY SHIRT

Sure, sure, no problem. Just be cool my friend.

Budson goes over to Gerrit, grabs his shoulder and pulls him over to one side.

BUDSON

Fred, who is really named Lamont, didn't buy these tickets with our money, he got 'em for free. Come on.

They go over and confront Fred.

BUDSON

Lamont, oh, Lamont, what did you do with our \$30?

PAISLEY SHIRT

What do you mean? I bought the tickets.

BUDSON

Well I just heard that stagehand say he gave you thirty free tickets. What 'dya say to that?

GERRIT

What about it, Fred?

Fred looks down ashamed.

BUDSON

No, it's Lamont.

GERRIT

Where's my money?

PAISLEY SHIRT

Well, uh, I spent it.

GERRIT

On what?

Lamont reaches into his pocket and removes a small wrapped box.

PAISLEY SHIRT

These earrings. There for my girlfriend, but you can have them.

GERRIT

Earrings? What the hell am I supposed to do with earrings?

PAISLEY SHIRT

You don't have to take 'em.

Budson grabs them.

BUDSON

Hell take 'em.

PAISLEY SHIRT

(Rationally)

Now I hope we've worked this whole thing out
and there's no hard feelings.

GERRIT

Well...

BUDSON

I'm not so sure...

PAISLEY SHIRT

They're nice earrings, really.

Budson and Gerrit walk away. They sit down at the table with the O'Jays. The guitarist leans down to the mirror and snorts a line, then hands it to the keyboard player, who also does a line and hands it to Budson, who snorts two lines and hands it to Gerrit, who drops the whole thing scattering the coke beyond redemption. The big drummer and bass player who were to be next look on angrily. Budson gets up and walks away.

BUDSON

Good work, slick.

GERRIT

(Deeply embarrassed)

I'm sorry, I've never done this before.

The singer cuts some more lines.

Budson goes around the corner and sees a beautiful woman enter the backstage door, cross toward the stage, and there's Fred/Lamont, who hugs and kisses her.

PAISLEY SHIRT

Hey, baby, you lookin' good.

BABY

I know. You got that surprise you promised me?
Is it the earrings we were looking at?

PAISLEY SHIRT

Well yeah, it was, but they got ripped off.

BABY

(Shocked)

What?

PAISLEY SHIRT

I bought 'em and these white guys must've seen me come out of the store and they jumped me and took 'em, and my money, and my tickets. But it's okay, I'll take you out to dinner.

BABY

I thought you just said that you're money got stolen?

PAISLEY SHIRT

It did, but I pulled a deal since then and made some – thirty dollars. Come on, let's go.

BABY

Okay, Leon.

The good-looking babe and Fred/Lamont/Leon start to leave.

Budson's about to go after him when Gerrit arrives at his side looking back over his shoulder.

GERRIT

I think those fellows would like me to leave.

Budson looks over and the O'Jays are all sneering back, coke all over the table and the mirror is broken.

BUDSON

That's seven years bad luck, and Fred still has our money.

GERRIT

You mean Lamont.

BUDSON

No, now it's Leon and he still has our money and he just split.

They exit the concert hall.

EXT. BACKSTAGE ALLEY - NIGHT

They head out the stage door and there is no sign of them, just limousines in a row. A chauffeur steps out of one and opens the back door as they walk past. They stop, look at the driver, look at each other and get in. He shuts the door and gets into the driver's seat and starts to pull out. He opens the divider.

CHAUFFEUR

The hotel, gentlemen?

BUDSON

Yes, of course, the hotel.

The divider shuts.

They look around: television, stereo, telephone, carpeting everywhere. Budson pushes a button and a bar comes rising up like a Dean Martin movie.

BUDSON

Let's party wildly!

Gerrit picks up the phone.

GERRIT

I'd better call home.

Which he does.

BUDSON

What are you drinkin', dude?

GERRIT

Hello, mom? It's Gerrit.

BUDSON

Vodka?

GERRIT

Will you shut up... No, not you mom, uh... is it okay if I spend the night over at Brett Budson's house?

Budson makes them each giant drinks.

GERRIT

Uh-uh, yeah, the Budsons, right, up the street... No, I haven't forgotten about work. That's Sunday, I'll be

there, okay. See you later. Bye bye.

He hangs up. Gerrit suddenly realizes that he has the \$100 bill of the O'Jays.

GERRIT

Oh my God, how did I get this?

BUDSON

It's your lucky day today, dude, now you can stop crabbing about your thirty bucks. Uh, hand me the phone.

Gerrit gives Budson the phone.

GERRIT

Who're you calling?

He starts to dial.

BUDSON

A buddy of mine I haven't talked to in a while.

GERRIT

Oh, really, where does he live?

BUDSON

Switzerland...

(Someone answers)

Oh, hello, operator, do you speak English...?

The limo drives off into the night.

EXT. BACKSTAGE ALLEY - NIGHT

The lead singers of the O'Jays come out the stage door, the man holds open the limo door and they drive away. The guitarist and the keyboard player come out, step into a limo and leave. The bass player and drummer come out and there's no limos left.

DRUMMER

(Bellowing)

Where's our limo?!1

STAGEHAND

Oh, two white kids just took it.

INT. THE MALL RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Jim and Cynthia Mall are busy moving the furniture.

CYNTHIA

This party means a lot to me. I don't know why you're so resentful of the whole thing.

MR. MALL

It's 11:00 and we're moving furniture and I have 100 finals to grade, why should I be resentful?

She stops and makes a fist.

CYNTHIA

Sometimes... Bang zoom to the moon.

MR. MALL

Just because you don't take my job seriously doesn't mean I'm not going to.

CYNTHIA

For what they pay you it doesn't deserve to be taken seriously.

MR. MALL

(Offended)

You've changed. When we met you were a different person. You used to care about people, now all you give a damn about is money.

CYNTHIA

That's because we have so little of it.

MR. MALL

We've got more than a lot of people.

CYNTHIA

No thanks to you.

MR. MALL

Goddamn it anyway, I bring in half the money around here!

CYNTHIA

No, not half. More like a third.

MR. MALL

You bitch! I used to love you. Or at least the girl I met at the hash bash ten years ago, but I'm not so sure that's you.

CYNTHIA

You live in a fantasy world in the past. This isn't the 70's anymore, Jim, grow up.

MR. MALL

You had a pony tail and a knapsack with all your books in it and you were the cutest thing I'd ever seen.

CYNTHIA

Don't start with that crap now. We're busy.

Mr. Mall drops onto the couch.

MR. MALL

You're busy. I'm at the hash bash ten years ago. I can see a girl in a buck skin dress that cared about everyone. You've haven't told me that you love me once in ten years.

Cynthia stomps into the kitchen.

CYNTHIA

I don't like to repeat myself. Look, be here now, and don't mess this party up.

MR. MALL

What do you think I'm going to do to embarrass you? Wear my pajamas to dinner.

CYNTHIA

Just don't talk about school, or kids, or the hash bash, or anything like that. Pretend to be intelligent.

He waves his fist.

MR. MALL

One of these days...

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

A man in uniform opens the limo door at the hotel. Budson turns to him.

BUDSON

What room are we in?

DOORMAN

I don't know, sir, you'll have to check at the front desk. I know you're on the tenth floor.

BUDSON

Thank you.

Budson and Gerrit enter the hotel. They wander for a moment aimlessly.

GERRIT

What are we doing here? The O'Jays don't even like me.

At which point the limousines pull up and let off the O'Jays. Behind them a taxi cab pulls up and lets off the drummer and bass player.

GERRIT

Oh shit, it's them!

They dash into the elevator and push ten. As the O'Jays start over to the elevator the door finally shuts and they go up.

INT. ELEVATOR

Inside the elevator.

GERRIT

This is nuts, what are we doing?

BUDSON

I don't know, but I'm havin' a good time.

GERRIT

We're going to get thrown out of here, I can just

feel it.

The elevator stops at the tenth floor and they get out. They saunter up the hallway and on a tray sitting outside a door is a champagne bottle which Budson snatches. There's still about a quarter of the bottle left. He takes a slug and hands it to Gerrit.

GERRIT

You don't know whose been drinking from this, they could have herpes.

BUDSON

They were using glasses, dude, for God's sake mellow out.

Behind them the elevator opens and the O'Jays get out. Gerrit starts to run.

GERRIT

Let's get outta here!

Budson starts after him.

BUDSON

Oh, man...

As they turn the corner they can hear commotion down at the end of the hall.

BUDSON

Sounds like a party. Let's go check it out.

Budson grabs the champagne back and heads up the hall. Looking behind himself, Gerrit follows.

GERRIT

What have I gotten myself into?

As they walk up the hall the noise gets louder and louder. A good looking girl wearing only a bra and panties runs out of the last room down and into the hall. A big fellow with a completely bald head comes after her, grabs her and carries her back into the room kicking and laughing.

Budson and Gerrit are wide eyed as they approach the last room, which has a sign beside the door reading "Presidential Suite." Just as Budson is about to knock the door swings open and a new-wave looking fellow with shaggy blond hair and a British accent answers. The noise level goes up by 300%.

SHAGGY

Who're you?

BUDSON

Us? We're with the O'Jays.

SHAGGY

Oh yeah, the sound and light man, Tony told me you'd be coming by. Well come on in.

The British guy turns and goes in and Budson and Gerrit exchange a look and follow.

The foyer opens up into the largest hotel room either of them have ever seen with really tacky contemporary furniture with a huge round waterbed covered with people, some dressed, some not. The ones that are clothed are in black spandex, black leather, studs and chains with wacky weird multi-colored hair and make up.

One guy has a harpoon gun and is firing it at a dartboard.

Another guy gets up and turns around and there is a big white X on his back.

Budson freaks. He whispers in Gerrit's ear.

BUDSON

It's X! It's them! We're the luckiest motherfuckers that ever lived!

TREVOR

(British)

I'm Trevor, X's manager and that...

He points across the room to a thin, tall rocker with black spandex pants, no shirt on his hairy chest and long hair who backs into a vase and knocks it to the floor.

TREVOR

... is Ian, our lead singer, he's handsome and careless. Over there...

(He points to a bald guy)

... our drummer, Stig, he's gruesome and hairless.

BUDSON

Yeah, but where's Derek Domino?

TREVOR

(Sarcastically)
Yes, of course, how could I forget dear, sweet
Derek, God's gift to man.

BUDSON
He's been having some kind of trouble lately,
hasn't he?

Trevor lets out a disgusted laugh and points across the room.

TREVOR
That's putting it rather mildly. He's over there with
a couple of clowns right now.

They look and see Derek in the corner of the room talking to Bozo and Oopsy
the Clown, both of whom have cigarettes and drinks.

GERRIT
(Nodding)
The guy's definitely having problems.

Trevor walks away.

TREVOR
Well, make yourselves at home, get a drink,
Tony will be here sooner or later.

Budson and Gerrit saunter over to the bar and make themselves a drink. Budson
points at Ian, the guitarist.

BUDSON
Oh man, that's Ian Henderson standing right
across the room. He is like the heaviest rocker
in rock and roll.

Budson shuts up as Ian comes walking over and begin sloppily making himself a
drink.

BUDSON
I loved your second album.

Ian smiles at Budson.

IAN
(Very effeminate)
Oh, you're adorable.

Budson is shocked as Ian moves closer to him.

BUDSON

Uh... I've got to go to the bathroom.

IAN

(Lighting up)

I'll come with you.

Budson grabs Gerrit's arm and they quickly make an exit.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

At a small gas station on a dark back road a school bus pulls in with "The Polka Dots" painted on the side. The driver, who is wearing a black and white polka dot shirt and an untied red bow tie, leans his head out the window to the station attendant.

DRIVER

'Scuse me, you know where Ann Arbor is?

The driver puts a cigarette in his mouth and attempts to light it, but the lighter, doesn't work.

ATTENDANT

You must be outta Flint.

DRIVER

Naw, Saginaw. So where's Ann Arbor?

ATTENDANT

Twenty five miles west of here.

DRIVER

Much obliged.

The Polka Dots drive off into the night.

INT. X'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Meanwhile, back at X's party...

Gerrit is speaking to one of the members of the band, who has a Liverpool accent.

GERRIT

Do you think it's a good idea to let that guy play with a harpoon gun in here?

BAND MEMBER

It's all right, man, he's only on LSD.

This doesn't make Gerrit feel any better. Just then the guy fires the harpoon into the side of the waterbed, which begins to leak water out onto the carpet.

Budson is talking to Derek Domino who is plucking at an unamplified electric guitar. He has a Liverpool accent.

DEREK

Music is me life, man.

BUDSON

Yeah, I could've taken music or shop, but I took shop.

Derek and Budson look at each other.

The guy with the harpoon gun fires a harpoon through the ceiling.

INT. THE ROOM ABOVE

The point of the harpoon comes up through the carpet of the room above. Bare feet come walking past and step on the point.

FOOT

Oh, shit!

INT. X'S PARTY

And the water from the waterbed continues to leak onto the carpet, creating a little pond.

INT. THE ROOM BELOW

In the room below, the water has seeped through the plaster on the ceiling and is dripping on the forehead of the man asleep in the bed below, with his wife asleep beside him. Drip, drip, right between his eyes, which wince every time a drop hits him. His eyes snap open and he's in a total panic, sweat breaking out all over him.

MAN

Serial Number 376-9204!

He is strapped to a bamboo cot and North Vietnamese soldiers stand in front of him brandishing AK-47 machine guns and machetes in his face.

MAN

*I'll never spill a word you slanty eyed bastards!
Not a word!*

They hold a bayonet to his neck and swear at him in Vietnamese.

INT. X'S PARTY

Budson and Gerrit look at all the pretty girls.

GERRIT

Look at all these gorgeous woman.

BUDSON

Man, my dick's so hard the cat couldn't scratch it

Ian comes walking past and smiles at Budson.

IAN

Meow.

INT. ROOM BELOW

The P.O.W. below has yet to leak any vital information to the North Vietnamese, when suddenly a hand grabs his shoulder and with a massive shudder he comes awake. The threatening soldiers are gone. All that remains is his wife, an oriental woman, in bed beside him.

WIFE

(Soothingly)
Wake up, you're having a nightmare.

MAN
(Shaking his head)
Oh my God, it was terrible.

WIFE
Go back to sleep.

He rolls over and so does she and they both fall back asleep. She rolls a bit closer to her husband and now the water is dripping on her forehead. Her eyes snap open and she is being held captive by American soldiers with M-16 rifles.

INT. X'S PARTY

A good-looking GROUPIE girl takes hold of Gerrit's hand and leads him into an adjoining room. She takes off his clothes and tosses them into a large pile of everyone else's clothes. She begins to slowly and sensuously remove her clothing, rubbing each item all over herself before dropping it at Gerrit's feet. When she is standing in nothing more than black lace panties, Gerrit reaches out, takes a hold of her waist and pulls her to him.

GERRIT
(Panting)
Let's do it right now!

She hauls off and slaps his face.

GROUPIE
What kind of girl do you take me for?

She leaves in a huff.

Gerrit holds his reddening cheek.

GERRIT
How could I have misread those signs?

ANOTHER PART OF THE PARTY

Budson is on the waterbed with another groupies girl. He can see himself in the mirror above on the ceiling. Written on the mirror is; "Objects may appear larger than they really are."

He and the girl roll over a couple of times and end up with Budson's arm underneath her.

BUDSON

Oh, baby, have you got a firm ass.

She stands up and walks away and Budson finds that his hand is on the bald drummer's head. He recoils in alarm. The drummer smiles at him.

EXT. HOTEL - DAWN

The sun begins to rise behind the large hotel.

INT. HOTEL - DAWN

In the hotel lobby the elevator door opens and Budson steps out looking rather bedraggled. He crosses over to the vending machines against the wall and buys a candy bar and a pack of cigarettes. Off to Budson's left, two FAT, UGLY horrible groupie girls are talking.

FAT & UGLY

That goddamn bastard from X wouldn't give an autograph and I waited for hours.

JUST UGLY

What a prick!

Budson looks to his right and coming through the front door of the hotel are five policemen who are met by the hotel's manager.

MANAGER

That stinking rock band is destroying the hotel!
I want them out of here!

COP

Are you willing to sign a complaint?

MANAGER

Absolutely.

COP

All right, then we'll throw 'em out and charge 'em with destruction of property.

Budson quickly dashes into the elevator and heads back up to the tenth floor.

INT. X'S ROOM

He dashes back to the Presidential Suite and finds everybody crashed out all over the place. He finds Gerrit off by himself, asleep on a couch in his underwear. Budson shakes him and puts his hand over Gerrit's mouth.

BUDSON

Come on, we've gotta get out of here, the cops are coming!

GERRIT

Wha... Where are we?

Gerrit starts to look around groggily and Budson grabs him and pulls him to his feet.

GERRIT

But what about my clothes?

BUDSON

Oh, Jesus.

Budson looks around and on the floor clothes lie everywhere. He grabs a pile and they skedaddle.

INT. HALL

Just as they get out the door and around the corner, the cops and the manager arrive and begin knocking loudly. Budson hands the naked Gerrit the clothes that he grabbed.

BUDSON

Put these on and let's scam.

From the Presidential Suite, outraged Liverpoolians can be heard hollering.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

When Budson and Gerrit exit the elevator in the lobby, Gerrit is attired in black spandex pants, a black leather harness with studs and a white rhinestone vest with X on the back.

GERRIT

Oh man, I feel ridiculous.

BUDSON

You look good. It's you.

The two pissed-off fat ugly autograph girls spot Gerrit and approach him. The one with the autograph book really looks mad.

FAT & UGLY

You're a prick, you know that! A real son of a bitch!

Gerrit is taken aback and insulted.

GERRIT

Oh yeah, up yours.

The fat ugly girl turns into a lunatic monster and attacks Gerrit with her fists.

FAT & UGLY

You rotten motherfucker, I'll kill you!!!

Budson tries to pull her off and she decks him then slams Gerrit in the gut. The other girl starts to go for Budson and he and Gerrit run for their lives.

EXT. HOTEL - MORNING

They leave the hotel and dash up the street in the morning sunlight.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

A moment later in the hotel lobby the elevator opens and the O'Jays step out. The big drummer and bass player are mad.

DRUMMER

If I ever get my hands on those little sons of
bitches I'll break 'em in two!

As they get to the door the other elevator opens and the members of X escorted by the police come out. They are all dressed in their usual outfits, all except Derek Domino, that is, who is dressed in Gerrit's clothes.

DEREK

(Muttering)

I wish I could find me bloody clothes.

Just then the bass player and drummer from the O'Jays spot Derek dressed as Gerrit.

BASSIST

There's one of those sons o' bitches now!

They move in on Derek menacingly.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Budson and Gerrit walk up the street, Gerrit having great difficulty balancing in his black leather wing- toed high heel boots.

GERRIT

Girls have got to be crazy to wear high heels,
these things kill.

BUDSON

I'm hungry, you got any money?

GERRIT

Yeah, I got that hundred bucks I found...

Gerrit pats his pockets and quickly realizes he's in different clothing.

GERRIT

(Bummed)

Oh, shit...

He finds, however, in his rhinestone vest pocket a piece of lavender paper, upon which is written ...

GERRIT

(Reads aloud)

"I love you and would do anything in the whole world for you! Anything! I mean it! Love, Wendy 886-1022 -- Call anytime."

They are just passing a phone booth.

BUDSON

Come on, let's call.

GERRIT

Isn't it kind of early for this sort of thing. You're gonna wake this girl up.

Budson puts the money in and dials. Someone answers.

FEMALE VOICE

Hello?

Budson assumes a phony Liverpool accent.

BUDSON

Hello, is Wendy there?

FEMALE VOICE

This is Wendy.

BUDSON

Wendy, this is Derek from X. How ya doin'?

Wendy is in fact the horrible ugly fat girl from the hotel.

FAT & UGLY

You motherfucker! If I ever see you again I'll rip your fucking ball off, you hear me ...?

He slams the phone down.

BUDSON

My God...

They continue wandering. They cut through an alley and come out on a street that is lined with people.

GERRIT

What's going on here?

Suddenly a group of ten guys on bicycles with helmets go zooming past, then a group of five more.

BUDSON

Must be a bike race.

They check to see that the way is clear and cross the street. They cut through another alley and come out on another street that is lined with people. As they move into the crowd a parade comes past with baton twirlers, a marching band and clowns.

GERRIT

Is it some kind of holiday today?

BUDSON

I don't think so. Maybe it's Groundhog's Day.

GERRIT

No... That's earlier and they don't have parades.

Gerrit's high heel gets caught in a crack in the pavement, he trips, reaches out and grabs a hand painted wooden sign with an arrow pointing to the right. As he grabs it the sign turns and faces left.

Budson and Gerrit continue wandering and head off away from all the people. Budson pulls out a Payday candy bar.

BUDSON

Want half?

GERRIT

Sure.

Meanwhile the bike racers get to the end of the street, see a hand painted wooden sign with an arrow pointing left and turn left.

The parade, however, gets to the end of the street and turns right.

There is a terrible sound of mayhem and destruction.

Gerrit and Budson turn to see bicycles and clowns and members of the marching band go sailing through the air.

EXT. MALL RESIDENCE BACKYARD - DAY

Cynthia Mall is down on her knees in her yard planting flowers when she hears the horrible destruction in the distance.

INT. MALL'S BEDROOM

Mr. Mall is awakened. He sits up in a daze, then makes a big realization.

MR. MALL

(Panic)

I've got a hundred finals to grade.

He gets out of bed and walks into his study next door. There on the desk lie all the tests and his grade book.

MR. MALL

(Desperately)

Coffee.

He turns and goes downstairs to the kitchen and his wife comes in wearing her gardening gloves.

CYNTHIA

Oh, I'm so glad your up early, there are a million things to do. There's still some shopping that has to be done, the wine has to be gotten, the crystal--

MR. MALL

--Whoa! I haven't even had any coffee yet, not to mention the hundred and twenty-five finals I've got to grade.

CYNTHIA

Oh that again. I thought it was a hundred?

MR. MALL

Over a hundred and what'dya mean, "Oh, that again"? That's my job and I work damn hard for my money.

CYNTHIA

For all \$22,000.

MR. MALL

Hey! Does the whole neighborhood have to know? I don't need my salary leaking out.

CYNTHIA

Your salary couldn't drip out.

Mall shakes his fist.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Budson and Gerrit wander aimlessly talking.

GERRIT

So what's wrong with being a doctor? They're vital to society and they pull down good bucks.

BUDSON

Too icky, dude. I'd rather party.

GERRIT

But what about the future? Don't you ever think about it?

BUDSON

Sure I do.

GERRIT

Yeah, so what do you see?

BUDSON

Breakfast.

GERRIT

You've got real vision, Budson, I know everything's going to work out just fine for you.

EXT. DIAG - DAY

Just up ahead, across the street on campus, there seems to be quite a few people gathered. As they walk closer they see that there are really a lot of

people, a thousand maybe and they're filling the diag, the area between the school buildings.

GERRIT

What's going on?

Budson grabs his arm.

BUDSON

Far fucking out! Oh man, what a luck out!

GERRIT

What are you talking about? What is this?

Budson looks him in the eyes.

BUDSON

Dude, this is the hash bash.

They cross the street into the throng.

GERRIT

What exactly is the hash bash?

BUDSON

I don't know, but it's been happening in Ann Arbor forever, man, maybe even back to the sixties. People come from everywhere to get stoned.

EXT. HASH BASH - DAY

And indeed they have, there are young folk, teachers, many hippies and ex-hippies, joints, pipes, hookas, bongas, even a guy smoking out of a French Horn.

Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young playing "Woodstock" can be heard.

Some real burn-outs have what looks like a Rube Goldberg contraption hooked to a car battery with an exhaust pipe on the end. Budson and Gerrit step up.

GERRIT

What's it supposed to do?

INVENTOR

Electrically blow smoke rings, man.

BUDSON

Go for it.

They switch it on and lights flash, things begin to whiz and spin and sputter. Many people watch expectantly. Out of the exhaust pipe an onion ring drops out.

The burn out shrugs.

INVENTOR

We haven't got all the bugs out yet.

Budson turns to a group of thirty-five year old hippies wearing buckskin and moccasins smoking hash from a stone pipe. They hand it to Budson who takes a hit and hands it to a girl that looks like BUFFY Saint-Marie.

BUFFY

What did you think of Woodstock?

BUDSON

(Shrugging)

Woodstock's okay, but I like Snoopy better.

The thirty-five year old hippies are speechless and our guys move on through the crowd. A FAT GUY comes up to them with a paper plate of brownies.

FAT GUY

Wanna buy some brownies?

BUDSON

Oh yeah, but I ain't got no money.

The fat guy sees Gerrit in his punk finery.

FAT GUY

Oh wow, are you with X?

Gerrit turns around and casually points at the X on his back.

FAT GUY

Oh, cool! Can I have an autograph?

Gerrit assumes a very fake British accent.

GERRIT

Sure, for some brownies ... mate.

FAT GUY

Oh yeah! No problem.

Gerrit signs the paper plate and they each get two brownies. Gerrit scarfs his right down.

GERRIT

Mmm, it's good to have some food. You know, though, those brownies have a weird aftertaste.

BUDSON

(Grinning)

Dude, you'd better fasten your seat belt, you're goin' for a ride.

Meanwhile, a little port-a-stage trailer is pulled into the diag and a microphone is set up. A BALDING fellow taps on it, looks at his watch, looks up and smiles.

BALDY

Are you ready to rock and roll?

The crowd half-heartedly replies.

CROWD

Yeah...

BALDY

I can't hear you. I said, are you ready to rock and roll?

Now a bit more enthusiastically.

CROWD

Yeah!

BALDY

All right! Well, the band's just arrived and here they come, The Polka Dots!

The crowd's applause begins to break up as they see eight older men in black polyester pants and black and white polka dot shirts with red bow ties take the stage with among other instruments, an accordion.

The guy who was driving the bus and plays the horn turns to Baldy.

DRIVER

What is this?

BALDY

Forget that, who're you?

DRIVER

We're The polka Dots. I thought this was some kind of a Las Vegas party. You know, like a cash bash or something.

BALDY

Yeah, well you guys were supposed to be a rock and roll band.

The crowd is beginning to get restless; they want music. The Polka Dots all look at each other, shrug, then go into "Beer Barrel Polka".

Gerrit turns to Budson snapping his fingers.

GERRIT

Hey, these guys are good.

Budson is embarrassed for him.

BUDSON

Dude.

Two guys circulate through the crowd handing out flyers that read. "Blow Out Open House Party, \$3.00 all the beer you can drink". With a map, 1212 Riverview. The two guys stop and talk to each other.

PARTIER #1

We are really going to make some big cash, man.

PARTIER #2

If one tenth of these people show up, we're rich.

PARTIER #1

It's a good thing my parents went outta town.

PARTIER #2

Yeah.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mr. Mall is holding a full grocery bag and walking up the street talking to himself.

MR. MALL

It's such a pretty day and I have so much work to do.
(He shakes his head sadly)
What's it all about anyway? What's the answer?

He turns the corner and there before him is a huge mass of people and they're all smoking dope.

MR. MALL

Holy Moses, it's the hash bash!

He is engulfed by the crowd and soon runs into a group of people, all teachers, that he knows. They are smoking a long Moroccan pipe.

TEACHER #1

Well Jim Mall, I knew I'd see you here. Take a hit.

He offers the pipe and Mall shifts the grocery bag to one hand and takes the pipe with the other.

MR. MALL

Oh boy, I've got so much work to do.

TEACHER #1

Mellow out, it's the hash bash.

Mall takes a big toke.

TEACHER #2

So what's with all the peanuts?

Mall blows out the smoke.

MR. MALL

I'm having a party tonight.

TEACHER #2

No shit, well mind if I have some nuts right now?

Mall takes another puff.

MR. MALL

Sure, go ahead.

As pot smoke wafts up past The Polka Dots, they break into a polka version of Jimi Hendrix's "Purple Haze." The audience loves it. One of the Polka Dots plays the accordion with his teeth.

Gerrit is stoned out of his mind and Budson is laughing at him, because he's just as stoned.

BUDSON

We're totally jellied, dude.

GERRIT

(Mumbling)

I can hardly walk.

Gerrit stumbles into a group smoking a joint. They all turn and look at him and it's Wendy with the red pigtails from the hamburger joint, the little Dutch boy from the paint, and the inflatable Michelin man.

MICHELIN MAN

Hey, watch where you're goin'!

GERRIT

Sorry.

He shakes his head and suddenly it's just a red headed girl, a blond guy wearing blue, and a fat fellow.

GERRIT

Oh, thank God.

He turns and there is Smokey the Bear looming over him with a giant joint in his mouth.

SMOKEY

Toast me up, dude.

Budson, meanwhile, has wandered over to another group of people who have a hookah with eight hoses. These people seem like their from another planet.

BUDSON

What'cha smokin'?

ALIEN

Congolese Thunderfuck, man. Wanna hit?

BUDSON

Sure.

Budson puts the hose to his mouth and inhales ...

... And he is blasting through the universe ass-over-teakettle at 1000-mph past galaxies and solar systems with stars shooting past and $E=MC^2$ and ...

... Wham! He's standing with the hose in his hand only it's not the hose, it's a Rastafarian's dreadlock.

Budson blows out the smoke.

The Rastafarian turns around and takes back his hair.

RASTAFARIAN

Please mon, don't smoke me dreads.

Mall is pretty high, looks at his watch and decides it's time to go.

MR. MALL

If you wanna stop by later, do it.

TEACHER #1

Where are you living now?

MR. MALL

(Points)

Right over there on Riverview. It's the only house with a gaslight in front.

TEACHER #1

Maybe we will. See ya, Jim.

Mall leaves, slightly weaving, clutching his grocery bag.

A group of people are looking at the flyers for the big blow-out party and turn to the teachers with the Moroccan pipe.

QUESTIONER

Excuse me, you don't happen to know where this party on Riverview is, do you?

Mr.. Mall's good friend points.

TEACHER #1

Sure. It's right over there. It's the only house that has a gas light out in front.

QUESTIONER

Hey, thanks a lot.

The Polka Dots have their shirts open, bandannas around their heads and are in the midst of smashing their instruments, the accordion player squirts his smashed accordion with lighter fluid and ignites it.

EXT. MALL RESIDENCE - DAY

Mall gets to his front door and finds it locked. He rings the bell and a pretty French maid answers the door.

MAID

Allo, come right in. May ah take your coat?

MR. MALL

I live here and I'm not wearing a coat.

MAID

Merci, monsieur.

She enters the house and Mall follows behind looking at her legs.

INT. MALL'S HOUSE

Mall takes the grocery bag to the kitchen where he encounters his wife.

MR. MALL

What's with the French maid? Don't you think that's a bit pretentious?

CYNTHIA

I'm trying to create an impression. If you can't--
(She stops, widens her eyes
and leans forward toward him)
--You're stoned.

MR. MALL

Yeah, I'm a little buzzed. The hash bash is going on out there.

CYNTHIA

(Pissed)

You're stoned and my boss is coming to dinner. Unbelievable! You are just too much.

MR. MALL

Oh, come on, for God's sake, it's the hash bash. Doesn't that mean anything to you?

She looks him in the eyes.

CYNTHIA

Not anymore.

Mall puts down the bag and walks away.

MR. MALL

I'm not even sure I like you anymore. I'm going upstairs to take a nap.

CYNTHIA

Oh, so then you're not helping, is that it?

MR. MALL

What do you want me to do now, put up new wallpaper? I'm taking a nap.

Mall heads toward the stairs.

Cynthia looks into the grocery bag and pulls out a bag of those orange squishy Circus Peanuts.

CYNTHIA

What the hell are these? I asked for nice candy.

MR. MALL

Those are good, I like 'em.

CYNTHIA

They're sick.

Mr. Mall becomes righteously indignant.

MR. MALL

Just because you don't like them doesn't mean everyone doesn't like them.

EXT. HOUSE UP THE STREET - EVENING

Up the street, the two fellows that were handing out flyers are rolling beer kegs into the backyard.

PARTIER #1

People should start showing up any minute.

PARTIER #2

Yeah, this'll be great. We're gonna clean up.

They roll the keg next to five others.

EXT. MALL'S HOUSE - EVENING

As the sun sets slowly in the west, the doorbell rings at the Mall residence. The French maid answers the door and there stands John Quaderer, the burnout that was asleep in class.

QUADERER

Is this where the party is?

MAID

Oui. Come in. May ah take your coat?

QUADERER

Sure.

Quaderer removes his coat and takes a bong out of it.

The maid takes the coat upstairs and tosses it on the couch in Mr. Mall's study. Cynthia encounters the maid in the upstairs hallway, still dressing.

CYNTHIA

Someone's here?

MAID

Oui, madame.

CYNTHIA

They're early. Make them a drink and tell them I'll be down in few minutes.

Ding-dong. The doorbell rings.

CYNTHIA

Oh my God, I've got to get ready. Is the punch made?

MAID

Oui.

CYNTHIA

Please bring me two glasses and have everyone start on the hors d'oeuvres.

She goes back in the bedroom and shakes her sleeping husband.

CYNTHIA

Jim, you absolutely must get up.

He can't get up.

MR. MALL

Oh, just let me sleep.

CYNTHIA

(Getting mad)

Get up! The guests are here.

Downstairs, the maid opens the door and eight guys and girls, all pretty stoned and raving to party, file in. The maid points to the bar.

MAID

Please, have a drink and some hors d'oeuvres.

GUESTS

Far out!

Behind them ten more people come in, as well as quite a few people who are going straight to the backyard, where the dinner table and tiki torches are set up.

Quaderer is getting himself a drink and a guy comes up beside him.

DEALER

Wanna buy some acid?

QUADERER

Sure, how much is it?

DEALER

Five bucks. It's Microdot.

The guy opens up a piece of tin foil and reveals twenty tiny little pills of bright blue and red. Quaderer goes to reach for one and knocks the tin foil out of the guy's hand and into the punch bowl!

DEALER

Good work, dude. You owe me a hundred bucks.

He plucks the tin foil out and all the hits of microdot are gone.

QUADERER

Oh, wow, sorry man. Here, I got six bucks. Take it.

The guy does take it and Quaderer sets his drink down and takes a cup of punch.

The maid comes up to the refreshment table, sets down a bowl of M&Ms and a bowl of Circus peanuts, then takes two glasses of punch which she fills right up to the top and heads through the ever-thickening crowd toward the steps. The cups are too full and before they spill she takes a big sip of each.

In the master bedroom's bathroom, Mr. Mall is blow drying his hair, wearing a towel, and Cynthia is doing her makeup.

With a smile the maid enters and gives them each a cup of punch. They both take big sips. The maid looks Mr. Mall up and down, eyes his bare, hairy chest and gives him a grin. Mall sees her, then glances in the mirror and sees his protruding belly. He sucks in his gut and the towel drops off. Cynthia and the Maid both burst out laughing. He quickly retrieves the towel.

EXT. HOUSE UP THE STREET - NIGHT

A tumbleweed blows across the lawn of the house up the street, past the two entrepreneurial partiers all by themselves and their six kegs of beer.

PARTIER #1

I guess we got enough beer for the two of us, huh?

The other guy chuckles.

Suddenly the hedges behind them part revealing an angry middle-aged NEIGHBOR.

NEIGHBOR

Hey! Hold it down over there!

The two partiers dismally walk around to the front of the house and see lines of cars and groups of people walking past carrying six packs and bottles of wine.

PARTIER #1

What the...

They follow the people over to Mall's house and the crowd's beginning to get enormous, amongst them are Gerrit and Budson, both so blown away they are just following the people in front of them.

BOTH PARTIERS

Oh, shit! We've been screwed!

INT. MALL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Mall are both very nicely dressed in evening wear and are about to leave their room.

CYNTHIA

Now, please, Jim, don't start any arguments. Just be polite.

Mall blinks and gives his head a shake.

MR. MALL

I feel kinda weird.

CYNTHIA

Well no wonder. Smoking marijuana, at your age.

MR. MALL

What do you mean, "at my age"?

CYNTHIA

Now let's not start, we've got people waiting for us.

She opens the door and there is a lot of noise and music.

CYNTHIA

My God, it sounds like fifty people are down there.

They get to the top of the steps and realize it's more like one hundred and fifty. They are stunned beyond words or comprehension.

Budson and Gerrit are jostled through the living room and end up near the refreshment table where the French maid hands them each a cup of punch.

GERRIT

Thank you.

BUDSON

Yeah, thanks, this is a great party.

MAID

(Smiles)

Merci.

Gerrit and Budson toast and drink up.

EXT. RIVERVIEW STREET - NIGHT

A nicely dressed older couple, the BOSS and his WIFE, get out of a Cadillac and are shocked by the mayhem going on around them--lines of parked cars, lines of traffic at a standstill, groups and groups of people all heading in the same direction.

WIFE

What kind of area is this? I thought Cynthia Mall said she lived in a quiet neighborhood.

The two partiers from up the street are rolling their kegs across the lawns toward the party. On one slightly steep lawn they lose control of a keg and it goes cascading down the incline, knocking the Boss down and smashing into the side of the Cadillac, leaving a tremendous dent.

PARTIER #2

Good work, buzzbrain, now the beer's gonna be all foamy.

INT. MALL'S HOUSE

Mrs. Mall is really mad, but there are so many people that she can't be heard above the crowd. She looks out the glass back doors and sees hundreds of people in the back yard standing where her flower beds once were. She looks like she might spontaneously combust and shuts her eyes for a moment to calm down. When she opens them everyone at the party has metamorphosed into reptiles with scaly skin and long tongues.

CYNTHIA

Oh my... What in the world is happening to me?

She shuts her eyes tightly, then opens them and now everyone has become elephants with trunks.

CYNTHIA

No... No...

She shuts her eyes again, opens them and directly in front of her is her Boss. She screams and runs away.

WIFE

(Insulted)

Well...

The Boss and his Wife shrug and both sip their cups of punch.

Mr. Mall has found a spot on the couch with the French maid and the two of them are staring into each others' eyes and touching each others' faces.

GERRIT

What's going on? Everything's beginning to stretch, kinda like Turkish Taffy.

BUDSON

I think someone spiked the punch with LSD, I'm tripping my brains out.

Gerrit's head is bobbing around like his neck is rubber.

GERRIT

I'm gonna go lie down, I can hardly stand up.

The Boss and his Wife are just getting off and are feeling great.

BOSS

Let's got do posi-burns on someone's lawn.

WIFE

Far-freakin-out!

Gerrit makes his way through the crowd and up the stairs. He first looks in the bedroom and finds John Quaderer crashed on the bed, so he goes into the study/coat room and shuts the door. He takes two steps into the room, loses his balance and grabs the back of the chair at the desk. Lowering himself into the chair he sighs.

GERRIT

Oh my...

Everything is sort of a blur. It all comes into focus and there before him are all the final test papers and Mr. Mall's grade book.

GERRIT

Wow, that looks just like the final I took today.

He picks up the grade book and it says "Mr. Mall" on it an Gerrit knows he's not hallucinating. He opens it up and finds his name, beside which is: C-D-E-E-D-E.

GERRIT

An 'E'? Oh, man! I flunked the final. I'm screwed.

He tosses the grade book back on the desk where it collides with a can of pens and pencils which falls over and out rolls a bottle of white out. Gerrit catches it before it hits the floor.

GERRIT

Hmmm...

Mr. Mall and the French maid are kissing passionately and touching each other all over. Finally, the maid stands, takes Mall's hand and leads him upstairs.

Gerrit applies a dab of white out to one of his many E's and it disappears. He blows on it to make it dry.

The party is absolutely raging.

Cynthia attempts to make her way through the crowd as her husband and the Maid head up the stairs, her hand on his butt, his hand under her little skirt.

Gerrit writes in a C in place of the E and whites out another E. As he pauses for it to dry the room shifts from bright pink to turquoise and the carpet seems to have a life of its own.

Cynthia gets through the crowd and starts up the steps, but finds them crooked and rubbery and difficult to scale.

Mall and the maid open the door to the bedroom and find John Quaderer, and now several other people, too, crashed out on the bed.

The maid goes to open the door of the study just as Cynthia appears at the top of the steps.

Mr. Mall sees her, blinks, then opens his eyes and sees Cynthia dressed in a buckskin dress, her hair in braids, a knapsack on her back.

MR. MALL

Cynthia?

CYNTHIA

Jim. I love you.

Gerrit has just finished writing in another C, hears Mall and his wife outside the door and quickly shuts the grade book.

MAID

Well, excuse *moi!*

The Maid backs away and abruptly turns and trips down the steps.

Gerrit watches from a small crack in the door.

MR. MALL

I'm sorry. I love you.

He kisses her and she kisses him back. After a moment Mall reaches out and opens the study door and leads his wife inside. Gerrit is nowhere to be seen. Mr. Mall and his wife lie down on the pile of coats and continue kissing, then begin to make love.

Gerrit is underneath couch holding his breath.

EXT. SOMEONE'S LAWN - NIGHT

The Boss and his Wife are doing donuts on someone's lawn in their big dented Cadillac. They are hooting and hollering and having a great time.

EXT. MALL'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Budson is in the backyard chugalugging beer with a whole bunch of people.

EXT. BACKYARD NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

Two eight year old boys, SCOTT and MATT, watch the party through the hedges. "Famous Monsters Of Hollywood" Magazines in each of their hands.

SCOTT

Come on, let's go over there.

MATT

Okay.

Just as they start to move a MOTHER'S VOICE rings out from inside the house.

MOTHER VOICE (O.S.)

If you get near that party you're in big trouble!

SCOTT

Aw, heck.

The two boys look at their magazines. The Werewolf is on the cover attired in tattered, shredded clothes.

EXT. MALL'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Gerrit steps out into the backyard and takes a deep breath. He takes a glass of beer and strolls through the crowd until he reaches a vantage point and spots Budson. He begins to head over to him when he also sees Tim Chudnow, the football player, looking bigger and meaner than he did before.

Suddenly Tim Chudnow spots Budson, who does not see him. Chudnow makes his hands into fists and moves in on Budson.

CHUDNOW

I'll kill you!

Gerrit picks up an empty keg and smashes Chudnow on the back of the head.

Chudnow turns slowly holding his head.

Gerrit cowers in abject fear.

Tim Chudnow shuts his eyes tightly, shakes his head, then opens them and he's on a football field. He's got the ball and the other team's after him. He runs madly through the crowd.

EXT. BACKYARD NEXT DOOR - NIGHT

Chudnow comes through the hedges and his clothes are tattered and torn just like the Wolfman's.

Scott and Matt scream at the sight of the monster and run away.

EXT. WILLY LAKE MARKET - MORNING

It is morning and eight cars idle in front of Willy Lake Market. Many people stand impatiently at the door.

CUSTOMER #1

What the hell's going on here, I've got a party tray to pick up.

CUSTOMER #2

Me, too. They were supposed to be open an hour ago.

Another car pulls up and the phone begins ringing inside.

EXT. LAWN - MORNING

Gerrit's mustang is parked on the grass, the door open and a dim light shining from inside. A few feet from the car is an empty beer bottle, then a smashed

pack of cigarettes, a shoe, then Gerrit, his face in the shrubs. He moans and turns his head, pain shoots in all directions. His hair sticks straight up.

GERRIT

Oh...

He is still dressed in his X outfit. He crawls over and shakes Budson.

GERRIT

Get up. Where are we?

Budson opens his eyes and looks around.

BUDSON

Whoa, this is my house.

GERRIT

Oh, yeah, it is. How'd we get here?

Budson crawls over to the cigarettes and lights one.

BUDSON

I don't know.

GERRIT

What time is it?

Budson looks at his watch.

BUDSON

A quarter after ten.

GERRIT

Oh, shit! I've got to open the store at 9.00. Oh, no... I told you I had to be back by 9.00 on Sunday. I told you that.

Budson is looking closely at his watch.

BUDSON

Dude, It's not Sunday, it's Monday.

GERRIT

What?

BUDSON

It's Monday.

GERRIT

But, I've got to be at school, I've a History final.
Oh my God, I'm gonna be grounded until I'm
thirty.

They get into the car, turn the key and wha...wha... click! The battery is dead.

Gerrit is now frantic.

GERRIT

It's all over. I'm never gonna go to college.

BUDSON

Mellow out, we'll pop the clutch.

They roll the car up the street, pop the clutch, the engine starts and they drive to school.

EXT. WYLIE E. GROVES HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Just as the Mustang pulls up the bell rings for fourth hour.

GERRIT

Well... I missed my history final.

He's resigned to his doomed fate.

BUDSON

Just tell 'em you were sick, you can make it up.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

They enter the building and everyone turns to look at Gerrit; his black spandex pants, black leather harness, rhinestone vest and hair sticking straight up.

GERRIT

What are they looking at?

INT. CLASSROOM

They get to class and Gerrit sits down next to Ann, who is looking at him totally astonished.

GERRIT

How's it goin'?

ANN

What happened to you?

GERRIT

What? This? I got it partying with X the weekend.

ANN

Get outta here, you're lying.

GERRIT

Ask Budson.

(He turns and asks for her)

Weren't we partying with X this weekend?

Budson nods.

BUDSON

And the O'Jays, too.

GERRIT

That's right, and with the O'Jays, too. 'Course you wouldn't want to hear about it, me being so dull and all.

Ann is overwhelmed.

ANN

You really partied with X?

GERRIT

Sure. Spent the night in their hotel room in Ann Arbor.

Just then Mr. Mall enters looking rather weary with dark circles under his eyes.

MR. MALL

Quiet, please. Your finals are graded and I'm sorry to inform you that more than half of you failed.

There is a giant moan.

ANN
(Whispering)
Oh, shit. My life is ruined.

Mr. Mall pauses for a moment, glances down at his grade book and rubs the end of his finger over the rough spots of white out. He continues.

MR. MALL
I will now read the test scores and your cumulative grade for the semester. If you don't want to hear your grade just say so and you can find out later. Abrams?

Abrams nods.

MR. MALL
D, C. Agee?

Gerrit turns and looks at Budson who runs his finger across his throat like he's dead. Gerrit whispers to Ann.

GERRIT
What happens if you don't pass?

Ann shakes her head morosely.

ANN
Then all my plans for the summer are shot and I have to go to summer school. Basically my life's not worth living.

Mall continues.

MR. MALL
Budson?

BUDSON
Go for it.

The whole class laughs.

MR. MALL
E...

(This gets a bigger laugh)
C. You passed, Budson congratulations.

This brings on a round of applause.

BUDSON

Far out.

Gerrit smiles and whispers to Ann.

GERRIT

What if you could pass this class?

ANN

What about it? I'd love to.

GERRIT

Consider it done.

ANN

(Perplexed)

What are you talking about?

Mall continues.

MR. MALL

Debenham?

Ann looks at Gerrit who smiles and nods.

ANN

Yes.

MR. MALL

E... C, you passed. Eisenstadt?...

Ann looks at Gerrit in utter amazement.

ANN

How did you do that?

GERRIT

It's a long story.

Ann smiles at him.

ANN

You've gotta tell me.

GERRIT

(Reticent)

Well...

ANN

Tonight.

GERRIT

Tonight? Are you asking me out?

ANN

Uh, yeah, I guess I am.

GERRIT

Well, I don't know...

ANN

Or you could tell me at lunch.

GERRIT

I'd love to go out with you tonight and tell you all about it.

ANN

(Smiling)

All right, it's a date.

INT. HALLWAY BY CLASSROOM

Gerrit and Ann leave class together.

As Budson passes Mr. Mall he winks.

BUDSON

Awesome party, dude. Dug the punch.

Budson leaves.

John Quaderer, who, as usual, is asleep on his desk, suddenly wakes up in a panic and holds up his hand.

QUADERER

Here!

INT. HALLWAY

As Ann and Gerrit walk up the hall he realizes something.

GERRIT

Oh, by the way, I got you this.

He reaches into his pocket and removes the little box of earrings.

Ann opens the box and there is a little card which she reads.

ANN

"To LaWanda, I got a bad love jones comin' down
for ya, Leon?"

Ann looks at Gerrit quizzically.

ANN

LaWanda?

Gerrit takes Ann's arm and leads her away.

GERRIT

I'll tell you all about it tonight.

FADE OUT ...