

Hoop Trip

written by

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"A rowdy group of weekend warrior ballers embark on a wild road trip to a national 3-on-3 tournament, facing absurd mishaps, questionable decisions, and unexpected self-discovery along the way."

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OPENING

1 EXT. OUTDOOR 3 ON 3 TOURNAMENT - DAY

1

The championship game of the top men's division in a 3-on-3 tournament in Indianapolis. The protagonist team leads OPPOSING TEAM #1 18-11 and STEVE inbounds the ball.

JOEY

Ball! Ball!

STEVE (22, 6'5", 250lbs) passes to Joey (26, 6'4", 190lbs), who points to his left and calls for a screen from JOSH (24, 6'10", 235lbs). Joey is the alpha and best player. Josh is the cerebral, gentle giant. Steve is the partying goofball.

JOSH

(Grunts)

Josh sets a hard screen to Joey's left. Joey drives left.

STEVE

Roll! Roll!

Steve screens Josh who cuts to the block under the basket and receives a pass from Joey. Josh is defended so he passes to Steve and then screens for Joey. Joey cuts to the opposite wing and receives a pass from Steve.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Shoot!

Brock (23, 6'2", 200lbs), the team's substitute and best athlete stands out of bounds. Brock is a silly jokester. He's the typical small-town athlete who had a child and never has been able to escape the town.

BROCK (23, 6'2", 200LBS)

Shoot that fucker!

Joey swishes a three-pointer to win the game.

JOSH

Fuck yeah!

BROCK

Hell yeah!

Steve smirks as he walks off the court. Joey walks confidently off the court.

CUT TO: ANNOUNCER INTRODUCES THE TEAM AND AWARDS THE
CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY TO THEM

ANNOUNCER
THE TOP MENS DIVISION CHAMPIONS...
CAUCASIAN INVASION.

Brock takes the trophy from the announcer. The team celebrates in very subdued fashion. They are used to winning.

STEVE
Alright bitches, lets get the fuck outta here. I'm hungry and Uncle Budweiser is calling my name.

JOEY (LAUGHING)
Shut the fuck up.

BROCK (IN AN ERIC CARTMAN VOICE)
Yeah, shut your bitch ass up, get in the kitchen, and make me a pot pie.

They all smile and laugh as they walk off the court and gather their belongings to leave.

CUT TO: A FAZOLI'S RESTAURANT

2 INT. A FAZOLI'S RESTAURANT - LATER

2

They're all seated at a table in FAZOLI'S. They've smuggled beer cans in. A MOTHER at another table looks at them disapprovingly.

JOEY
Ok. We've won enough of these fucking things. We've got to do something different now.

STEVE
I agree.

JOEY
We go to these things in Indiana, Illinois, wherever, and we see the same teams. I feel like we need something different.

STEVE (EATING)
Yep.

The restaurant MANAGER approaches them.

MANAGER
Umm, hi. Just so you know you can't have those in here.

STEVE (DISMISSIVELY)

Yeah, we're about done. They'll be gone.

MANAGER

No, I mean you can't bring them in at all.

Steve chugs the remainder of his beer.

STEVE

Done.

JOEY

Yeah, we're about done too. Thanks!

The manager walks away meekly. The guys all look at each and grin.

JOSH

What about the nationals?

The camera pans around the table. They all consider it.

STEVE

When and where are they?

JOSH

I think the end of October in Florida.

(Looking at Steve and Brock)

I know you motherfuckers aren't doing anything.

BROCK

I'd have to talk to Jerrie.

JOEY

Jesus Christ. You're going.

STEVE

I've got class but I really ain't got shit to do.

JOSH

Like I said...

JOEY

That's right before practice starts for me. But fuck, the Summer of Joey can become the "Indian Summer of Joey".

Joey is recently divorced and has lived his best life all summer long. The non-stop basketball, drinking, cards, and golf has been dubbed "The Summer of Joey" in similar fashion to George Costanza's "Summer of George".

JOSH

The Summer of Joey.

JOEY

The Summer of Joey!

JOSH

So...

They all look at each other. No one says anything.

JOEY

Ok.... Hoop trip.

CUT TO: OPENING CREDITS

GOING SOUTH

3 INT. A HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

3

A high school basketball team is having an open gym. Joey, their coach, plays with them.

Joey shoots and makes a three pointer to end the game.

JOEY

All right, that's enough for today. If you want to stick around and shoot or lift Coach Miller or Coach Roberts will be around. I won't be at school the next few days so they'll be running stuff. Don't be jacking around and doing any stupid shit. Have a good weekend boys.

COACH MILLER and COACH ROBERTS approach Joey.

COACH MILLER

When you leaving?

JOEY

I have to go to Terre Haute tomorrow and get my rental car. We're taking off tomorrow night.

COACH ROBERTS

Fucking deer.

JOEY

Fucking deer indeed.

COACH MILLER

The Summer of Joey continues.

JOEY

I'm making up for lost time buddy.

COACH ROBERTS

If ever there's a place to drink away a divorce it's Florida.

JOEY

I'm going down there to win.

Coach Miller looks at Joey with a wry grin.

COACH MILLER

Of course.

JOEY

But yeah there will be beer. Steve can't play sober.

COACH MILLER

He never has.

JOEY

Alright, take care of things guys. Text me if you need anything.

CUT TO: A HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

4 INT. A HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM

4

JOSH

I won't be here Friday and Monday so you'll have a sub. Be nice and don't antagonize them too much. You'll have work to do so make sure you get it done. I'll see you all tomorrow. Get your homework done!

The bell rings. Students gather their things to leave. A STUDENT approaches Josh.

STUDENT

Where you gonna be Mr. Hale?

JOSH

Going to Florida. Playing in a 3-on-3 tournament.

STUDENT

Dang. Who you playin with?

JOSH

Three of my friends. We've been playing together for a while. This will be a pretty challenging tournament though.

STUDENT

Well Florida is better than Indiana. Good luck Mr. Hale.

JOSH

Thanks. You guys behave. Don't give the sub too much grief.

CUT TO: A COLLEGE CLASSROOM

5 INT. A COLLEGE CLASSROOM

5

Steve sits at a desk and is clearly bored. The PROFESSOR is droning on in the background.

PROFESSOR

And those are the very basics of macroeconomic analysis. Be sure you have that in your notes. Don't hesitate to use the supplements I've posted on classroom. Have a good weekend and I will see you on Friday.

Steve laconically stands and walks to the front of the room to speak to the professor. He's gruff and given to short bursts of speech.

STEVE

Excuse me sir. I won't be here on Friday and Monday. I've got a thing going on.

PROFESSOR (DISAPPROVINGLY)

Oh. Ok. Well don't forget the midterm exam is next week. You need to do well.

STEVE

Yes sir. I'm aware.

PROFESSOR (SARCASTICALLY)

Ok, so long as you are aware.

Steve sighs

STEVE

Yes sir.

Steve turns and walks away.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Fuckin asshole.

CUT TO: A LARGE YARD FOR A LARGE HOUSE

6 EXT. THE VERY LARGE FRONT YARD OF A LARGE HOUSE - DAY

6

Brock is operating a lawnmower wearing a t-shirt with the sleeves cut-off, safety goggles, and a hat bearing the logo for "BT's Lawn Care", his struggling business. He stops the mower as the OWNER of the house comes over to speak to him.

OWNER (ENTER)

Thanks, Brock. Great job as always.
Here's a little extra for ya.

The owner hands Brock some cash.

BROCK

Thanks. I'll be back next week and
I'll hit those shrubs and get the
back yard again before the frost
hits.

OWNER

Sounds good. Got any plans this
weekend?

BROCK

Yeah, we're going to Florida.

OWNER

Florida! What's taking you down
there? And who's "we"?

BROCK

We're playing in a national 3-on-3
tournament. It's me and three of my
buddies.

OWNER

Wow. That should be fun. Best of
luck to you on that. How's Jerrie
feel about you going?

The Owner knows Brock and Jerrie's relationship tends to be strained. They met in high school and had a child soon after graduation.

BROCK

Well, not great. But you know, I
spend all my time doing this.

(Brock gestures in the general direction of the yard)

BROCK (CONT'D)

And taking care of the girls. So,
I'm going to go have fun. I don't
get to do that often.

OWNER

Yeah, you do good work. Go have
some fun while you can. Have a
couple beers on me while you're
down there.

The owner hands Brock a couple more \$20 bills.

BROCK
Thanks man! I appreciate it.

CUT TO: DRIVEWAY

7 EXT. THE DRIVEWAY OF THE OWNERS HOUSE - LATER 7

Brock loads his mower onto the trailer. A car pulls up. The window rolls down and JERRIE sticks her head out.

JERRIE (SHRILLY)
Brock!

Brock rolls his eyes and slowly walks over

JERRIE (CONT'D)
So what's going on tonight? And when are you and those guys leaving to go to this stupid basketball tournament?

BROCK
We're going to Joey's tonight to play cards and plan it all out.

JERRIE
Plan? That'll be the first time you dumbasses have ever planned anything.

Brock rolls his eyes

BROCK
Yes dear. I know. We're all idiots.

JERRIE
When are you leaving for Florida?

BROCK
Tomorrow night at 8.

JERRIE
Why the hell are you leaving at 8?

BROCK
Because Josh has to work. Joey has to get his rental car and Steve has class.

JERRIE

Whatever, will you at least be home before you go to "plan"?

BROCK

Yeah, I'll be home after I finish this next yard.

Jerrie rolls her eyes, glares at Brock, then rolls up the window and drives away.

BROCK (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. I sure as shit wasn't planning very well when I started putting my dick in that. Fuck....

CUT TO: JOEY'S HOUSE

8 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

8

The guys are at Joey's house, a dilapidated cottage at the golf course where he lives for free. The guys are seated around a table playing euchre. Beer cans are scattered around the table. The Big Lebowski plays on the TV.

STEVE

Spades.

JOEY

Fuck you. Spades? You better have some shit in your hand motherfucker.

JOSH

Ok, so when are we leaving and why the fuck do you think it's going to be at 8 tomorrow night? You realize this is like a 15-hour drive right?

JOEY

I have to go to Terre Haute tomorrow after school to get my rental car. That will take at least two hours and then I've got to swing through Jasonville to pick up fatass here.

STEVE

Fuck you.

BROCK

Well if you could have avoided hitting a deer like the dumbass you are you wouldn't need to get a rental.

JOEY

That deer hit me. Everyone knows the meth fumes around Jasonville cause light-headedness and projectile shitting, even in deer.

STEVE

Fuck you. Jasonville is the garden spot of Greene County.

JOSH

Meth doesn't grow in a garden.

BROCK (TO JOEY)

You can barely drive on the best of days. You drive like Josh dates, erratically and mostly to keep up the appearance of not liking dudes.

JOEY (PAUSING)

What the fuck does that mean?

JOSH

1. Fuck you 2. You suck at analogies. 3. Fuck you.

BROCK

Yeah, you like that don't you bitch?

Steve collects the last trick in this hand of euchre.

STEVE

Ha ha bitches. I told you spades motherfucker. Never doubt me.

Brock drinks beer from a clear plastic mug. The flip up lid has a figure of Eric Cartman on it. Every time the button on the lid is pushed Cartman says "I'm not fat, I'm big-boned." Brock pushes the button. They all laugh.

JOEY

Steve's not fat, he's big-boned.

STEVE

Damn right motherfuckers.

JOEY (TO BROCK)
Is Jerrie still going to let you go?

BROCK
Ain't no "letting" about it.

JOSH (LAUGHING)
Jerrie says you need to get your bitch ass back on that mower so she can buy some diapers.

BROCK
Nah, no more diapers. We're letting the kids shit in the neighbors' yards now. It's good for business. Fertilization and all that. I'm an environmentalist. It's a self-sustaining business model.

STEVE (EARNESTLY)
Yeah, that's just good business. Good job dude.

JOEY
Steve's a business major in community college. He'd know. Also, he pimps his mom on weekends so he knows self-sustaining business models.

JOSH
That woman is not a model.

JOEY (IN A MOCK ERUDITE VOICE)
She is a model of maternal instincts.

JOEY (CONT'D)
But also a whore.

STEVE (LAUGHING)
Fuck both of you. And fuck you too Brock. Just for good measure.

JOEY
So just so we're all on the same page. We're not going down there to fuck around and lose right?

JOSH
That goes without saying. But since you said it, fuck losing.

STEVE

The longer we're in the winners bracket, the more time we have at night to drink beer.

JOEY

I knew I could count on you to provide the most logical argument for winning. Thank you, Steven.

STEVE (SMILING PLEASANTLY)

You're welcome Joseph.

BROCK (TO JOSH)

Can you pick me up tomorrow night? Jerrie has to work and my dad needs to borrow my truck.

JOSH

Yeah bitch. I gotcha.

JOEY

Alright motherfuckers, time to get the fuck out. Don't be late. I'm looking at you Brock. You're the latest motherfucker I've ever met.

Brock pushes the button on the cup one more time. Everyone laughs. Brock, Josh, and Steve leave.

CUT TO: BROCK'S HOUSE

9 EXT. BROCK'S HOUSE - EVENING

9

Josh pull's up to Brock's house and walks up to the front door. A neighbor is in their yard wearing a face mask and gloves and holding a garbage bag and shovel. They are scooping something out of the front yard.

Josh knocks on the door and then just walks into the house.

10 INT. BROCK'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

10

Brock's house is chaos. Toys are everywhere. Brock's three-year-old daughter TAYLOR runs around screaming. There are at least three ferrets on the loose. Brock comes out of his bedroom carrying a duffel bag and his basketball shoes.

BROCK

Hey guy! You're looking sexy tonight.

JOSH

How the fuck do you live here? How
does anyone live here?

Jerrie comes out of the bedroom after Brock, carrying their
baby, AALIYAH

JERRIE

He may not live here much longer if
you guys keep going on "basketball
trips".

JOSH

Hi Jerrie. I love you too. Wanna
make out?

Jerrie rolls her eyes and smirks.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Don't worry. I'll take care of him.
Remember, I'm "the responsible
one".

JERRIE

By default. That's like being the
prettiest burn victim.

BROCK AND JOSH

Goddamn.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Ok, a pleasure as always Jerrie.
Miss me.

Brock picks up Taylor

BROCK

I love you baby

TAYLOR

Love you daddy

Brock kisses Aaliyah and Jerrie each on the cheek. Jerrie
sighs.

BROCK (TO AALIYAH)

I love you baby.

BROCK (TO JERRIE) (CONT'D)

Bye honey. I'll see you Monday.

JERRIE

Yeah. Bye.

Brock and Josh walk out the front door.

11 EXT. BROCK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

11

JOSH

Goddamn dude, she is fucking miserable.

BROCK

Yeah, I love my life. If it wasn't for the kids I probably would have left a long time ago.

JOSH

Well to be fair, the ferrets are yours right? Those little fuckers make me miserable every time over here.

BROCK

Don't you talk about my beautiful babies like that.

JOSH

Whatever. Let's get over to Joey's. This is going to be a long night and I'm already fucking tired. I'd like to possibly get a little nappage on the couch before dumbass gets there.

As Brock and Josh walk to the car Josh looks over and notices another neighbor in their yard scooping something out of their yard and gagging. Josh looks at Brock.

BROCK

Self-sustaining business motherfucker.

CUT TO: JOEY'S HOUSE

12 EXT. JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

12

Josh and Brock pull up to the house. Its obvious no one is there yet.

JOSH

I knew they'd be late. Fuck it. I'm gonna lay down for a while. I've got to piss though. I didn't want to do it at your house for fear of a ferret biting me on the dick.

BROCK
 You're safe. They have big
 appetites.

They walk into the house, which is unlocked as always.

13

INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

13

JOSH
 What's that fucking smell?

Brock goes and sits on a chair and flips on the TV. Josh walks into the bathroom. The smell has intensified. Josh raises the toilet set, sees a massive turd floating in the water, and begins to gag.

Josh stumbles/runs out of the bathroom gagging.

BROCK
 What? What the hell?

JOSH
 There's a giant shit in the toilet.

The smell begins to hit Brock. He pulls his shirt up over his mouth and nose. Josh does the same. They both wretch.

BROCK
 Go flush it!

JOSH
 Fuck you. You flush it.

BROCK
 You found it. That makes you
 responsible.

JOSH
 Fuck!

Josh steels himself and enters the bathroom again. He begins to gag as he nears the toilet and sees the turd again. He uses his toe to flush the toilet. The toilet flushes but is still clogged by the turd. He runs out of the bathroom.

JOSH (CONT'D)
 It won't fucking flush!

The smell in the house is now overwhelming. Josh leaves through the front door, gagging and wheezing.

14 EXT. OUTSIDE JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

14

Josh sits on the bench by the putting green. He has been sitting on the bench for about five minutes. He is no longer gagging but is still catching his breath and sweating slightly. Brock comes out of the house.

JOSH

Dude, what the fuck have you been doing? I thought you might be dead. You probably should be dead.

BROCK

Problem solved.

JOSH

How?

BROCK (IN A FAUX-SCIENTIST VOICE)

So what I did was I used my pee like a laser to cut the feces into two smaller pieces. Having separated the unit into two smaller units, I was then able to flush the toilet thus pushing them into the local sewer system for proper handling and disposal.

JOSH (LAUGHING)

A piss laser. Brilliant.

BROCK (LAUGHING)

Yeah, I'm the MacGyver of pissing.

JOSH

What about the smell?

BROCK

Oh that shit's still there. My piss can't do anything about that.

JOSH

Unfortunate.

BROCK

Quite.

A very large, brand new Cadillac Escalade pulls up to the house. Joey and Steve get out.

JOSH

What the fuck?

BROCK
Who gave you that?

JOEY
It's my rental car. The agency didn't have the one I reserved so they gave me this one.

JOSH
That guys gonna get fired.

BROCK
Yeah, I've seen you drive.

JOEY
That's why Josh is driving.

JOSH
What?

JOEY
I signed you on as a driver.

JOSH
How the hell did you do that? You don't have my info?

JOEY
I have your phone number and I just made up some shit for your license number. They don't care about that shit.

JOSH
They don't care about someone have a valid license to drive an Escalade?

JOEY
Listen, if they care so much about the Escalade they wouldn't rent it to the guy who's hit two deer in the last 8 months.

STEVE
That's a valid point.

BROCK
It really is. Fuck yeah. Ridin' in style!

JOSH

Ok, fuck the car. We need to talk about the atrocity that was left in your house.

JOEY

You guys found it!

JOSH (DEADPAN)

Yeah we fucking found it. I almost died.

JOEY

I left it just for you.

JOSH

I fucking hate you. It wouldn't flush.

Joey laughs loudly.

BROCK

Yeah, I had to dispose of it.

JOEY

What did you do.

BROCK (FAUX SCIENTIST VOICE)

So what I did was I used my pee like a laser to cut the feces into two smaller pieces. Having separated the unit into two smaller units, I was then able to flush the toilet thus pushing them into the local sewer system for proper handling and disposal.

They all laugh uproariously

STEVE

You're pretty fucking brilliant for a lawn mower.

BROCK

We spend a lot of time peeing outdoors. I know the exact velocity and force of my pee and I know exactly how to use it. It's science.

JOEY

Alright, lets get going. Game 3 is tonight and I want to stop somewhere to watch it.

JOSH
Fucking baseball.

JOEY
It's the world series. You are un-
American. You are a damned
communist.

JOSH
I just enjoy sports wherein they
don't spend 95% of the game
standing around and during 4 out of
the other 5% they're grabbing their
junk.

JOEY (YELLING)
The American pastime!

STEVE
Let's just fucking go. The quicker
we find a place to watch it, the
quicker I get a beer.

JOSH
Now that's American. Let's go.

They all pile into the Escalade and drive off.

CUT TO: NIGHT DRIVING MONTAGE

15 INT./EXT. A DRIVING MONTAGE - NIGHT 15

They drive in the Indiana night through various small towns
looking for a bar or restaurant at which they can stop, eat,
and watch the world series game. They finally stop in
Evansville for gas. Josh pumps gas.

CUT TO: THE INTERIOR OF THE ESCALADE

16 INT. THE ESCALADE - NIGHT 16

Josh is back in the Escalade after pumping gas. The other
three guys emerge a few minutes later and get into the car.

JOEY
The Underpass. Henderson, Kentucky.

JOSH
What?

JOEY

There's a bar in Henderson,
Kentucky called the Underpass. The
guy in the gas station said they'd
be open and they have TV's. Drive
motherfucker.

BROCK

It sounds like a delightful
establishment.

STEVE

They have beer.

17 INT. THE ESCALADE - NIGHT

17

The directions tell Josh to take a right after crossing into
Kentucky. It's dark and every other building in the area is
dark and dilapidated. They drive down underneath a bridge to
find a downtrodden bar with sign that says "The Underpass".

JOSH

You can't be serious.

BROCK

Someone's gonna get raped.

JOEY

Quit being bitches.

JOSH

Yeah, you're right. I just survived
a literal shit storm in your house.
This place is an upgrade.

They get out of the vehicle and walk into the bar.

CUT TO: THE UNDERPASS

18 INT. THE UNDERPASS - MOMENTS LATER

18

The guys walk into the UNDERPASS. There is a small stage for
a band. Patrons sit at the bar. Most of them are unattractive
and stereotypically rural. The lone bartender is also
redneck. They all stare as the four guys walk into the bar.

STEVE

I like this place. I wonder when
the band starts playing.

BROCK

Probably when the raping starts.

Brock sings "Feel like making love" by Bad Company under his breath.

Josh, Steve, and Brock sit at a table while Joey goes to the bar. He comes back with four beers.

JOEY

Good news! He's turning the game on. And.... it's ladies night!

BROCK

All these "ladies" look like Steve's mom.

STEVE

Nah, she's way hotter than three of them.

The TV is switched to the world series game. Joey is watching intently. Steve comes back to the table with more beers. One of the female patrons comes along with him.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey guys. This is MAGGIE. She's one of the ladies here for ladies night.

JOSH

Whatup Maggie.

MAGGIE

Hey y'all. You're definitely not regulars. Where y'all from?

BROCK

We're from Indiana. It's like Kentucky's Canada.

MAGGIE

No shit. So y'all like maple syrup and fucking moose then.

JOEY

Only on Tuesdays.

MAGGIE

Well shit. It's Thursday but SARAH over there is available.

Maggie yells "Hey Sarah" and a very large woman at the bar turns around, smiles, and waves. Steve laughs and Josh and Brock are visibly repulsed.

JOEY (WAVING)

Hi Sarah!

STEVE

When does the band start playing?

MAGGIE

Probably in about a half-hour or so. Two of the guys work second shift at the wastewater plant and can't get here until then.

STEVE

I can't wait!

Time passes, Joey watches the game animatedly. Josh, Brock, and Steve chat with Sarah. Steve and Brock are drunk. Steve comes back from the bar with four more beers.

JOSH

No more for me. I've got to drive your asses all the way to Florida.

STEVE

More for me!

The band assembles and starts playing mostly country and classic southern rock. Steve and Brock drunkenly dance with some of the unattractive women. Joey is watching the game. Josh is just sitting at the table with a soft drink.

STEVE (TO JOSH) (CONT'D)

Get your ass on the dance floor
muthafucka!

Josh waves him off, smiling. Maggie comes back over and sits between Josh and Joey.

MAGGIE (TO JOSH)

So what are you Indiana Canadians
doin down here in Kentucky?

JOSH

We're heading to Florida for a
basketball tournament.

MAGGIE

I figgered a bunch of tall guys
like you were doin' something like
that.

As Maggie chats with Josh the GUITARIST begins glaring in their direction.

Josh is clearly not comfortable with the situation. Steve and Brock take a break from dancing and sit at the table with them.

JOSH

Ok, so this game's about over. It's about time to hit the road right?

JOEY

Yeah, probably should.

STEVE

Well shit, if we're leaving I need road beers.

BROCK

Hell yeah! Road beers. Beers for the road!

Brock and Steve go to the bar to buy beer. Maggie continues to sit at the table with Josh and Joey.

MAGGIE

You know, you guys don't really have to leave tonight right? You could probably leave in the morning and get to Florida. Besides, it would be much more safe than driving all night long.

The guitarist continues to glare. He steps over to the BASS PLAYER and says something to him while glaring. Steve returns to the table with a case of beer in cans.

STEVE

Road beer!

MAGGIE

See you guys have beer. Now all you need is place to drink it. I know a place with plenty of room.

Josh subtly nods in the direction of the guitarist.

JOSH (TO MAGGIE)

Is that gentleman an acquaintance of yours.

MAGGIE

That DANNY. He's just a guy.

JOSH (CLEARLY NERVOUS)

Just a guy huh?

MAGGIE

Yeah, just a guy I'm married to but it's ok. We're allowed friends with benefits.

JOSH

Does he know this?

Maggie leans over and puts her hand on Josh's thigh. Danny sees this, thows his guitar down and lunges towards the guys' table. They all jump up from the table.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

BROCK

Go! Go! Get the fuck outta here!

STEVE

My beer! Get it!

JOEY (CALMLY)

Goddamnit, the game's not over yet!

Joey grabs the case of beer and all four of them scramble towards the door. Danny and several other men chase them.

19 EXT. THE UNDERPASS - MOMENTS LATER 19

The guys run to the Escalade and jump in. Danny and the other men run out the door of The Underpass. Danny pulls out a pistol.

CUT TO: THE INTERIOR OF THE ESCALADE

20 INT. THE ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS 20

JOEY

Fucking go!

BROCK

Start it. Start it. Start it.

CUT TO: THE UNDERPASS

21 EXT. THE UNDERPASS - CONTINUOUS 21

Josh starts the car and peels out of the dirt parking lot. Danny fires two shots, both missing the vehicle.

CUT TO: THE INTERIOR OF THE ESCALADE

22 INT. THE ESCALADE - CONTINUOUS

22

JOSH
Holy shit! Holy shit! Holy shit!

BROCK
What the fuck!

They're all clearly scared and out of breath. They slowly calm down as they drive. Steve opens a beer.

BROCK (CONT'D)
Gimme one of those. Fuck!

JOEY
Same.

Steve gives them both a beer.

JOEY (CONT'D)
I can't believe you made me miss the end of the game.

BROCK
Well, if we're going to end the night getting shot at, I'm glad it was because Josh was hitting on a chick that's almost as hot as Steve's mom.

JOSH
Yeah, ugly women love me.

They all laugh. Brock pulls out the Cartman cup and hits the button. "I'm not fat, I'm big-boned".

JOSH (CONT'D)
For the record, she was neither fat nor big-boned. Just gross.

STEVE
Congrats dude. You're moving up in class.

23 INT. THE ESCALADE - LATER

23

They continue to drive south. Steve drinks beers and scrolls on his phone. Brock and Joey are asleep. Josh drives. They come around a turn on the interstate where a deer stands right in the middle of their lane.

JOSH (YELLING)
Shit!

STEVE (YELLING)
... the fuck!

They slam into the deer with the front right side of the vehicle sending it flying into the ditch on the right side of road. Brock and Joey startle into consciousness.

JOEY
What happened?

BROCK
What was that?

JOSH
A fucking deer just standing in the road! I couldn't miss it.

CUT TO: A KENTUCKY ROADSIDE

24 EXT. ROADSIDE IN KENTUCKY - MOMENTS LATER

24

They slow down and pull over to investigate the damage. The front right side is a disaster but the vehicle is still drivable.

JOSH
What do we do now?

JOEY
You call the police. I'm going to call the rental agency.

Steve cracks open another beer while standing on the side of the road. Brock steps a few feet away to urinate. Josh and Joey are on their phones for several minutes.

JOSH
A state policeman is on the way.

JOEY
The rental place says we'll need to turn the car in. The next available place to do it is the Nashville airport.

JOSH
Fuck. That's still like two hours away.

JOEY
We need to get a police report. Steve, you've got to get rid of the beer.

STEVE

What? Why?

JOEY

Because we just had a fucking accident in a goddamned Escalade that's rented in my goddamned name and if the cop has to search it they'll find an open case of fucking beer in it. That's why.

STEVE

I'll just put it in the back.

JOEY (YELLING)

Get rid of the fucking beer!

Steve takes the case a few yards away and starts angrily heaving them into the woods. He keeps one back and chugs it then storms back to the car and gets in. The other guys get back in the car to wait for the police.

CUT TO: THE INTERIOR OF THE ESCALADE

25

INT. THE ESCALADE - MOMENTS LATER

25

STEVE (TO JOEY)

You owe me a case of fuckin beer dude.

JOSH

It's still 13 hours to Florida. Did they say how long it will take to take care of all this?

JOEY

It's 2AM now. We'll get to the airport at 4 or 5 at the earliest. The rental counter doesn't open until 7. Maybe that takes us an hour. That's puts us back on the road at 8.

JOSH

If everything goes right that puts us at the hotel at around 9ish. So, we're still good. We can still make this work.

Just then a Kentucky State Police car pulls up behind the Escalade. The TROOPER approaches the car on the passenger side.

TROOPER

Good evenin. Looks like you guys have had a bit of a problem.

JOEY

Yeah, someone couldn't avoid a deer standing dead in the middle of the road.

Joey looks over at Josh. Josh rolls his eyes.

TROOPER

So it was already dead?

STEVE (IN A FAUX KENTUCKY TWANG)

Naw. Deader than hell now though.

Steve is drunk. Josh looks back at him in the mirror with a "What the hell are you doing?" expression. Brock is stifling a laugh. Joey is clearly annoyed with the entire situation.

TROOPER

Where is the deer now?

JOSH

Probably about a quarter mile, half mile back.

STEVE (IN A FAUX KENTUCKY TWANG)

It's back yonder.

Brock has his head down now.

TROOPER

Why so far back?

JOSH

I guess it's just a big vehicle and it takes a little bit to slow down.

STEVE

Yeah, this here Esc-a-lade's a might bigger than my pick-up.

Joey jumps in to get control of the situation.

JOEY

So what do we need to do next?
We're trying to get to Florida and
we need to trade this thing in at
the Nashville Airport.

TROOPER

Nashville? Tonight? Why?

STEVE (IN A FAUX KENTUCKY TWANG)

Might want to catch a show at the
Grand Ole....

JOEY (INTERJECTING)

That's where the customer service
person for the rental agency said
we needed to take it. They said we
need an accident report.

TROOPER

.... I see.... I'm gonna get that
report form. I'll be right back.

The trooper walks back to his car. Joey turns around and
glares at Steve. Brock bursts out laughing. Josh is
facepalming as he shakes his head.

JOEY (TO STEVE)

What the fuck are you doing!?!?

STEVE

I'm just trying to speak his lingo.
We're strangers is a strange land
homie.

BROCK

Yeah, we're from Kentucky's Canada.
Take off eh'.

JOEY

Just shut the fuck up so we can get
this over with. If your ass gets
arrested we ain't bailing you out.
We can play with 3. It's a "**3-on-3**"
tournament.

BROCK

Cool, maybe I can finally get some
shots. Fatter Jokic here passes
about as often as he turns down
seconds at the buffet.

Joey gives them one last glare. The trooper appears at the
passenger side window again.

TROOPER
Ok. I just need your names. First
you driver.

JOSH
Josh Hale

TROOPER (TO JOEY)
And you.

JOEY
Joseph Harris

The trooper moves back to passenger side back door window.

TROOPER (TO STEVE)
Your name?

STEVE (SEMI-INCOHERENTLY)
Steve Fulcher

TROOPER
Scuse me?

STEVE (LOUDER)
Steven Fulcher

TROOPER
Folgers? Like the coffee?

STEVE (LOUDLY AND WITH THE FAUX-
KENTUCKY ACCENT AGAIN)

F

STEVE (CONT'D)

U

STEVE (CONT'D)

L

STEVE (CONT'D)

C

STEVE (CONT'D)

H

STEVE (CONT'D)

E

STEVE (CONT'D)

R. Fulcher.

Joey is completely exasperated. Josh sits in stunned silence. Brock tries to contain his laughter. The trooper pauses and gives Steve a look before moving on.

TROOPER (TO BROCK)
And you...?

BROCK (LAUGHING)
Brock Thomas. B - R - O....

TROOPER
Yeah, I got it.

The trooper moves back to the front window.

TROOPER (CONT'D)
I need all your licenses. I'll also
need the rental agreement.

They all hand over their licenses. Joey gets the rental agreement from the glove compartment and hands it over. He then rolls up the window. They're all silent.

BROCK
Yonder....

Brock, Josh, and Steve break out in uncontrollable giggling. Joey reluctantly joins in. The trooper comes back to the window.

TROOPER
Here's that accident report, your
licenses, and the paperwork. Y'all
really shouldn't be driving the
rest of the night with one
headlight.

STEVE
Wallflowers.

The trooper glances quizzically at Steve.

TROOPER
So just be careful. The vehicle
'pears to be structurally safe.
Just take y'all's time.

JOEY
Thank you sir.

TROOPER
Y'all have a good night and be
safe.

With that, the trooper walks away, Joey rolls up his window, and Josh start the vehicle and cautiously pulls onto the interstate.

26

INT. THE ESCALADE - LATER

26

Still driving in Kentucky. Joey, Steve, and Brock are asleep. Josh drives. Suddenly police lights appear behind the wounded Escalade.

JOSH
What the fuck?

Josh slows the vehicle and pulls over. The others wake up.

JOEY
What's going on?

JOSH
I don't know. We're getting pulled over.

TROOPER #2 approaches the drivers side window. Josh lowers it while getting his wallet out of his back pocket. Trooper #2 is much more business-like than his predecessor.

TROOPER #2
Good evening. You have a headlight out.

JOSH
Yes sir. We hit a deer about an hour ago. Another officer responded and filed an accident report for us. We're just trying to get to Nashville so we can return this car and get a new one.

TROOPER #2
Yeah, I saw that when I ran the plates. I need your license and registration.

Josh hands over his license and the rental paperwork. Trooper #2 takes them and walks away from the vehicle.

JOSH
This isn't going to be good. This guy's an asshole. I can smell it already.

BROCK

Speaking of assholes and smelling,
a dump break may be a requirement
shortly there good buddy.

JOSH

Don't worry. I think this
motherfucker is going to shit all
over us.

Trooper #2 returns. He hands Josh's license and the rental
paperwork back. He also hands him a ticket.

TROOPER #2

I'm issuing a citation for driving
with a broken headlight. I also saw
you reaching to buckle your
seatbelt when I pulled you over so
I'm issuing a seatbelt citation as
well.

JOEY (UNDER HIS BREATH)

What's the fuck?

JOSH (TO TROOPER #2)

I was reaching to get my wallet
sir!

JOSH (CONT'D)

And as for driving with one
headlight...

STEVE

Wallflowers.

Josh glances annoyed at Steve

JOSH

We don't have a choice. The only
place we can take the car is the
Nashville airport. We're just
trying to get there to take care of
this.

TROOPER #2

The headlight is out. This vehicle
is not in compliance. Fix the
problem. Have a good night.

Trooper #2 walks away. Josh raises the window and sits in his
seat stunned.

JOSH

What a fucking asshole. That's
fucking bullshit. This night just
keeps getting better.

JOEY

Fuck him. Let's just get to the
airport.

BROCK

If you don't get me to a shitter
it's going to get worse.

Josh silently puts the car in drive and pulls back onto the
highway.

27 INT. THE ESCALADE - LATER

27

The Escalade pulls into the rental car lot at the airport.
Joey and Steve wake up. Brock continues to sleep.

JOSH

Fucking finally. Let's get this
shit done.

JOEY

What time is it?

JOSH

Almost 5AM.

JOEY

They don't open until 7.

JOSH

I don't give a shit. I'm tired of
being in this thing. I'm going in.

JOEY

Yeah, let's go. Might be a
restaurant or something open.

CUT TO: THE NASHVILLE AIRPORT

28 EXT. NASHVILLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT PARKING LOT - MOMENTS
LATER

28

Josh and Joey exit the vehicle. Steve opens the door to get
out as well.

JOEY (TO STEVE)

You coming?

Steve rubs his eyes

STEVE
Yeah. I'm coming.

Steve forcefully nudges Brock.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Hey dumbass. You comin'?

BROCK (TALKING IN HIS SLEEP)
I love you Mrs. Fulcher.

STEVE
Go ahead. I'll be in in a few.

Josh and Joey walk into the airport. Steve sits in the open backseat door.

29 INT. THE AIRPORT - LATER

29

Josh and Joey are asleep on the long airport seats typically found in American airports. People walk by as the airport awakens, two of which are RENTAL AGENT #1 and RENTAL AGENT #2.

RENTAL AGENT #1
Are they alive?

RENTAL AGENT #2
Possibly?

A SECURITY GUARD walks up to Josh and Joey and kicks the chairs on which they're laying.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey. No vagrants allowed. Unless you've got legitimate business here you need to leave.

JOSH
Fuck dude.

They both slowly awaken and sit up.

JOEY
What time is it?

JOSH
Fuck if I know. I think they're open though. Where's Steve?

JOEY

Hell if I know. Let's get this shit
taken care of so we can get going.

They approach the rental agency counter. They're disheveled
and drowsy.

RENTAL AGENT #1

Good morning! You guys have
apparently had quite a night.

JOSH

Understatement

RENTAL AGENT #1

How can I help you gentlemen?

JOEY

"We" hit a deer somewhere in
Kentucky. The customer service
person said we need to bring the
car here and get a new one.

RENTAL AGENT #1

Ok. Can I just see your rental
agreement?

Joey hands over the paperwork. Rental Agent #1 looks through
it.

RENTAL AGENT #1 (CONT'D)

So you have a Cadillac Escalade?

JOEY

Yes maam.

RENTAL AGENT #1

And you've wrecked it?

JOEY

I like to think the deer wrecked
it.

JOSH

Yeah, fuck that deer.

RENTAL AGENT #1

I'm just not sure how you ended up
with this vehicle. You were
supposed to have something much
less..... expensive.

JOEY

The guy at the agency I rented from
said they didn't have the one I
reserved so they gave me this one.

Rental Agent #2 has come over to listen to the conversation.

RENTAL AGENT #2

That guys gonna get fired.

RENTAL AGENT #1

Anyway, we definitely don't have
any more Escalades to give you. But
we do have a vehicle more in line
with what you were SUPPOSED to have
had.

JOEY

Whatever, lets just get this going.

Rental Agent #1 finishes up the paperwork and hands it and
the keys to Joey. Josh and Joey stride away from the counter.

30 EXT. NASHVILLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT PARKING LOT - MORNING 30

Josh and Joey walk towards the Escalade. The rear passenger
side door is still sitting wide open.

JOSH

What the hell?

Josh and Joey arrive at the Escalade. Steve and Brock are
asleep in the back seat. An UGLY DOG is in the floorboard of
the back seat, also asleep. There is a noticeable smell in
the vehicle.

Josh goes around to the drivers door, opens it, and honks the
horn.

BROCK

AHH!

STEVE

Fuck!

The dog barks and jumps out of the car.

JOEY

Jesus Christ. Did one of you shit?
Wow.... Lets go bitches. We've got
a new car. Get your shit so we can
get going.

They all collect their belongings from the car. As Brock pulls his bag from the back of the Escalade a fresh pile of dog poop is revealed. They all recoil in disgust.

BROCK

Damn.

JOSH

Well, I can't think of a more appropriate sendoff for this thing than that.

JOEY

Indeed. Stray pooping dog, I salute you.

Steve makes a small salute in the direction of the dog poop.

31 EXT. NASHVILLE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT PARKING LOT - MOMENTS 31
LATER

The guys walk through the parking lot looking for their new rental.

JOSH

What's the spot number?

JOEY

43

BROCK

38, 39. I think that's it.

Brock points in the direction of a gray minivan.

STEVE

Not as cool as an Escalade but at least it will be comfortable.

JOSH

That's not it. That's 42.

They walk around the minivan to find a pea-green Ford Focus.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You've gotta be fucking kidding.

STEVE

No way.

JOSH

Dude. Brock's the only guy under 6'4" in this group.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)
 How the fuck are we all supposed to
 fit in that? Check the key tag.

Joey looks at the keys.

JOEY
 Yeah, this is it. Fuck.

STEVE
 Maybe if someone could have avoided
 the deer standing still in the
 middle of an empty fucking highway
 we wouldn't be in this situation.

JOSH
 That deer had a death wish. I
 granted it.

JOEY
 Let's just fucking go.

CUT TO: THE FORD FOCUS

32 INT./EXT. THE FOCUS - DAY 32

The guys continue the trip uneventfully. Needing gas, they
 stop at a gas station in Jacksonville.

CUT TO: A JACKSONVILLE GAS STATION

33 EXT. JACKSONVILLE GAS STATION - EVENING 33

Josh pumps gas. The other three guys have gone into the gas
 station convenience store. A silver SUV pulls up just down
 from Josh. Four women dressed like SEXY ELVES get out. They
 stand around their vehicle as the other guys return.

JOSH
 Wow...

BROCK
 Damn...

JOEY
 This is quite an improvement in our
 circumstances.

BROCK
 Yeah, the sexiest titties I've seen
 the last two days were on Steve.

STEVE

Don't forget the dog.

BROCK

Oh yeah. That dog was stacked!

Joey audaciously asks if the guys can get pictures with the ladies. They agree. Joey asks another BYSTANDER to take the pictures. The guys take a series of pictures in various poses with the ladies then get back in the car to continue driving.

CUT TO: THE FORD FOCUS

34

INT. THE FOCUS - NIGHT

34

The guys are in the stretch run of the drive.

BROCK

How much longer is it?

JOSH

About two and a half hours.

STEVE

Does that include us stopping for hotel beverages?

JOSH

It does not.

JOEY

Steve, I like your thinking. This is why you're on the team. Because we know you sure as hell ain't going to play defense.

STEVE

Defense is for role players. And Brock.

BROCK

Yeah, I know my role.

STEVE

Yeah, someone's gotta cut my grass.

BROCK (IN THE CARTMAN VOICE)

Your mom cuts my grass.

They all laugh.

STEVE

What time do we play tomorrow?

JOSH

10AM. So we'll need to be there by about 9 to check in. So don't go getting to fucked up tonight.

STEVE

I'm better when I'm hungover.

JOEY

You definitely are. Let's review the rules boys.

JOEY (CONT'D)

1. We don't lose to teams that wear uniforms.

JOEY (CONT'D)

2. When we win, we act like we've been there before.

JOEY (CONT'D)

3. We don't get out-toughed.

JOSH

Hell yeah.

STEVE

Fuckin' A

CUT TO: FLORIDA BEACH MOTEL

35 INT./EXT. THE MOTEL - NIGHT

35

They pull up to the MOTEL they're staying in. It's a run down beach motel that was probably in it's glory days in the early 80's.

JOSH (EXHAUSTED)

Finally. What a fucking odyssey.

JOEY

Alright boys. Game day tomorrow. Let's get some rest.

Brock secretly pushes the button on his Cartman cup, "I'm not fat, I'm big boned". They all laugh.

CUT TO: THE TOURNAMENT

THE TOURNAMENT

36 EXT. AN OUTDOOR BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT IN A PARKING LOT - DAY 36

The guys walk up to the registration desk to check in for the tournament.

TOURNAMENT WORKER

Next.

JOSH

Umm hi. We need to check in.

TOURNAMENT WORKER

Team name?

JOSH

Caucasian Invasion.

The worker looks through the paperwork.

TOURNAMENT WORKER

I'm not seeing that team name.
What's the last name of player that
did the registration?

JOSH

Hale.

The worker looks through the paperwork again. The guys are impatient.

TOURNAMENT WORKER

Here it is. I couldn't find it
because we had to shorten the team
name to fit it in our bracketing
app. I just need all your IDs. Sign
on the line next to your name.

The tournament worker slides the paper across the table as the guys get their IDs out. Josh bends down to sign first. He pauses and looks up.

JOSH

Wait. This says Cauc Invasion.

TOURNAMENT WORKER

Yeah, we had to shorten it.

JOSH

So we're Cock Invasion?

TOURNAMENT WORKER (SMILING)
All weekend long.

JOEY (LAUGHING)
I love it. Cock Invasion!

BROCK
Maybe they'll think we're from
South Carolina.

JOSH
Why would that matter?

BROCK
I don't know. People like South
Carolina. It's warm.

JOEY
Yeah. The Palmetto state.

They finish signing and hand the paper back to the tournament worker. She hands back their IDs. They turn to walk away from the registration table.

STEVE
COCK INVASION!

37 EXT. THE TOP MEN'S COURT - DAY

37

The guys walk up to their court. OPPOSING TEAM #1 is warming up. It's the team they beat to win the tournament in Indianapolis. They wear uniforms.

BROCK
What the fuck? These guys?

JOSH
We drove all the way to Florida to
play these guys again? Great
scheduling.

STEVE
It's ok. We own 'em. We don't lose
to teams wearing uniforms.

Joey gives Steve a look and then looks at Josh and Brock together.

JOEY
Just be ready to fucking play.

The COURT DIRECTOR walks up to the guys.

COURT DIRECTOR
You guys Cock Invasion?

JOEY
In the flesh.

STEVE
Rocket.

Everyone pauses, including the Court Director.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Flesh Rocket. Cock. Cock Invasion.

JOSH (SMILING)
Jesus Christ dude.

COURT DIRECTOR
Alright, we start in five minutes.

They take to the court and do layup lines with OPPOSING TEAM #1

COURT DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
I need the captains for both teams.

Joey and OPPOSING TEAM #1 CAPTAIN meet with the Court Director. He flips a coin.

COURT DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Ok. This is a winners bracket game.
We play to 20 by 1's and 2's. Five
fouls per player and free throws on
the fifth team foul.

He glances at Joey.

COURT DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
You call it.

JOEY
Tails

COURT DIRECTOR
It's heads.

OPPOSING TEAM #1 CAPTAIN
We want the ball.

Joey and Opposing Team #1 Captain fist bump.

JOEY
Good luck.

OPPOSING TEAM #1 CAPTAIN

Yeah you too.

The game starts. Cock Invasion is clearly off their game. They're slow and discombobulated. Opposing Team #1 takes a 7-2 lead.

JOEY

Time out!

The team gets together at the top of the court.

JOSH (FRUSTRATED)

Goddamn. We gotta get this shit together.

JOEY

Brock, get Steve. Lock 22 down. He's running shit for them. The others haven't done anything.

JOSH

If he gets by you, I've got to help so you guys need to be ready to drop and pick me up.

JOEY

I got it. Brock, just fucking stay in front of him.

Joey slaps Brock on the chest. Brock nods.

Play resumes. Cock Invasion makes a run and ties the game at 11. But Opposing Team #1 hits three straight contested two pointers and a layup to make it 18-11. Joey calls timeout.

BROCK (EXASPERATED)

Fuck!

JOSH

I had my hand in his fucking face on both of those. I don't know what more I can do. The dude just made shots.

JOEY

Steve, you're in. We score here, Brock gets in. Get stops. Let's go.

On the next possession Steve gets the ball in the low post and makes a layup to make the score 18-12 after one of his patented slow motion spin moves after three pump fakes and up and unders. His game is reminiscent of Nikola Jokic. Opposing Team #1 calls timeout.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Brock's in. We're still alive. Lock them down. Let's go.

The game resumes. Opposing Team #1 is very patient with their possession. Opposing Team #1 Captain gets the ball and drives, Brock slips. Josh stops over to help and fouls OPT#1 Captain as he shoots. The ball goes in.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Fuck

BROCK

My bad. I just slipped on the damned court.

Opposing Team #1 Captain shoots and makes the free throw to win the game. OPT #1 celebrates in modest fashion. Cock Invasion walks off the court and stands together behind the bleachers.

JOEY

Well fuck. So when do we play again?

JOSH

11:30

BROCK

Shit. We don't even have time to eat.

JOEY

Nope. Stay loose boys. We can't fucking lose the next one.

They walk off to get water and regroup at a picnic table away from the tournament courts.

CUT TO: A PICNIC TABLE

38

EXT. PICNIC TABLE - DAY

38

STEVE

I didn't come all the way down here to fucking lose. And I sure as shit didn't come down here to lose to those motherfuckers. What the hell happened?

JOEY

They played well. We played like shit. It happens.

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)

Move on and win the next one. It's a dogfight from here on out though. We just doubled our workload.

JOSH

It's not like they made easy shots. Everything was contested. They just made plays.

JOEY (TO JOSH)

I swear to God your hand is like a damned gunsight. You put that thing up and line it up perfectly for 'em. Stop that shit asshole.

JOSH (SMIRKING)

Yep. No more defense for me. Noted.

JOEY (LOOKING AT ALL OF THEM)

Double-elimination, so we cannot fucking lose.

They all nod.

BROCK

Alright. It's about that time. Cinch up your nuts boys.

STEVE

Let's go win a fucking game.

They leave the picnic table and walk towards the Top Mens Court.

CUT TO: THE TOURNAMENT

39 EXT. THE TOP MEN'S COURT - DAY

39

Cock Invasion arrives at the Top Men's Court and joins OPPOSING TEAM #2 in layup lines.

COURT DIRECTOR

Captains!

Joey and OPPOSING TEAM #2 CAPTAIN join Court Director at the edge of the court.

COURT DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Alright, we've got Cock Invasion and Evansville Ballers.

Opposing Team #2 Captain smirks at the mention of Cock Invasion.

JOEY
Evansville? Indiana?

OPPOSING TEAM #2 CAPTAIN
Yeah

Joey smirks and shakes his head.

JOEY
Ha. Us too.

COURT DIRECTOR
Ballers, you call it.

OPPOSING TEAM #2 CAPTAIN
Heads

COURT DIRECTOR
It's tails.

JOEY
We'll take it.

COURT DIRECTOR
This is a losers bracket game to
15. Good luck.

They fist bump and return to their teammates.

JOEY
Well they're from Indiana too.

JOSH (INCREDULOUS)
Really? Is this like a regional
bracket or something?

JOEY
Whatever. Game's only to 15 so we
need to get off to a good start.
Let's bust their ass.

The game starts and their sluggish play continues. Nothing works. Turnovers and missed open shots abound. They're quickly down 9-4. Joey calls timeout.

JOEY (CONT'D)
So much for the good start.
Goddammit. Alright, we can stop
fucking around now right?

They all nod and agree. Play resumes. In a flash they've given up the last six points of the game and lost.

The tournament is over for them. Josh walks directly off the court to the car. The other three linger.

CUT TO: THE TOURNAMENT PARKING LOT

40 EXT. TOURNAMENT PARKING LOT - DAY 40

Josh sits on the sidewalk next to the Focus. Brock, Joey, and Steve walk up.

JOSH
What the fuck guys?

JOEY
I don't know. Let's just fucking go.

They all get in the car to drive back to the motel.

CUT TO: THE FORD FOCUS

41 INT. THE FOCUS - DAY 41

The guys are in the car. Josh drives. The mood is quiet and somber.

BROCK
We came all the way to Florida to lose two games to teams from Indiana. That's fucked up.

JOSH
So what do we do? If we pack up and leave now we don't get charged for another night at the hotel.

STEVE
Fuck that.

BROCK
Yeah, fuck that.

JOEY
You just don't want to go home to Jerrie.

BROCK
Correct.

JOSH

I honestly don't give a shit what we do. I'm just being the practical one again.

JOEY

We're not leaving. I don't know what we're doing. But we're not leaving.

STEVE

We're drinking.

JOEY

You're goddamned right we are. Brock and Josh, we'll drop you off at the hotel. Figure out what we're gonna do. Steve, we're gonna get supplies. Fuck basketball.

STEVE

Fuck basketball

JOSH

Fuck Cock Invasion

STEVE

Well if the night goes well...

They all laugh. The mood is lightening.

CUT TO: EMPTY HOTEL POOL

42

EXT. THE MOTEL POOL - DAY

42

Brock and Josh sit in loungers next to the empty motel pool. BARB sits in a lounge on the opposite side of the pool. She drinks Budweiser from cans.

BROCK

Ok, what are we doing tonight?

JOSH

Hell if I know. I hadn't really planned on having 24 hours to burn down here.

BROCK

I know it's Florida and all but there doesn't seem to be shit to do. Florida in October is like Indiana in March.

JOSH
 True. But it's still Florida.
 Surely there's something.

Barb interjects.

BARB
 Y'all are from Indiana?

JOSH
 Yes we are maam.

BARB
 Maam. Ha. I ain't no madam.

BROCK
 Where you from?

BARB
 Tennessee

JOSH
 Nice. Why are you down here?

She gathers her cooler, walks around the pool, and sits in the lounge next to Brock.

BARB
 I'm here because Fuck Tennessee.

They laugh.

JOSH (TO BROCK)
 I like her.

JOSH (TO BARB) (CONT'D)
 I like your style. Fuck Tennessee!

BARB
 You boys don't appear to be
 drinking anything. Have a beer.

She hands each of them a can of Budweiser.

JOSH
 So aside from Fucking Tennessee
 why'd you come here?

BARB
 I needed to see the ocean and drink
 my weight in beer. And if I happen
 to meet some people with the same
 goals, all the better.

Just then Steve and Joey enter the pool area, each carrying a case of beer.

STEVE
Whatup bitches!

BROCK (IN THE CARTMAN VOICE)
Hey guy!

Joey and Steve sit down in loungers and crack open a beer each.

JOEY
So what are we doing?

JOSH
I don't know. We're open to suggestions.

BARB
My suggestion is you go to the casino, get shitfaced, and gamble a shit ton of money.

BROCK
Casino?

BARB
Yeah, there's a boat that leaves every night.

They all sit in silence for a beat. Joey jumps up out of his seat and walks over to Barb offering a handshake.

JOEY
Hi, my name is Joe and I think I fucking love you.

JOEY (TO THE GROUP) (CONT'D)
Gentlemen, I think we have our plans for the night.

STEVE & BROCK
Fuck yeah.

BROCK (CONT'D)
I've never been to a casino.

JOEY
What? Seriously? Ok, we're gonna take care of you. But first, more beverages.

CUT TO: DRINKING AND PARTYING BY THE POOL MONTAGE

JOEY (CONT'D)

Alright, if we're going to do this we need to get cleaned up and ready to go. Barb, you coming along?

BARB

As much as I'd love to, I have plans to get into a fuck ton of strippers and blow tonight.

STEVE (SURPRISED)

Hell yeah Barb!

Joey lunges forward and gives Barb a giant bear hug.

JOEY

Barb, I fucking love you! If you run out of strippers or blow we'll be at the casino.

BARB

I ain't running out of shit buddy!

JOEY

Alright Barb. You're the best.

CUT TO: THE FRONT OF THE MOTEL

43

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE MOTEL - EVENING

43

The guys have cleaned up and wait outside the motel office for their Uber to the Casino.

STEVE

Where the fuck is this guy?

Josh looks at his phone.

JOSH

It says he's three minutes away. It's YURI and he'll be in a silver 82 Olds Delta 88.

BROCK (TO JOSH)

Didn't you have that car in high school?

JOSH

Nah, it was an 84 and it collected bitches like Steve's mom collects herpes.

STEVE

She doesn't have herpes. She has a
herp. Singular, not plural.

A silver 82 Old Delta 88 pulls up. "Kick start my heart" by
Motley Crue is blaring from it. An older, bald headed man
(YURI) rolls down the window.

YURI (IN A THICK RUSSIAN ACCENT)

COCK INVASION!

Yuri waves them over. Steve, Joey, and Brock all look at Josh
upon hearing Yuri yell their team name.

JOSH

Just for old time's sake.

They walk over and enter the car.

CUT TO: THE INTERIOR OF YURI'S CAR

44 INT. YURI'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

44

It has zebra pattern seats, snake skin steering wheel, and a
picture of Boris Yeltsin on the dashboard. The ashtray is
overflowing and a cigarette is burning on top of the pile.
Yuri barely lowers the music.

YURI

We go to casino no?

STEVE

Yes sir!

YURI

Da. I get you there promptly.

Yuri peels out of the hotal parking lot. The guys all hold on
for dear life.

JOEY

Where you from Yuri?

YURI

I come from city called Volgograd
in Russia. You know it?

JOSH

Yeah. Used to be Stalingrad.

YURI

Ahhh! You history man you are.

JOEY

What brought you here Yuri?

YURI

I tire of Russian winter. I also have business. But Putin no like my business so I leave to get warm. Florida warm no? I like warm. But I hate Putin. Fuck Putin
(Yuri mimics spitting)

BROCK

What line of business were you in?

YURI

Import, export, sales.... you know... business. But now I do Uber. Uber help my new business. Hold on, I do stop.

CUT TO: A SHADY HOUSE

45 EXT. A SHADY LOOKING HOUSE - NIGHT

45

Yuri stops in front of a shady looking house. He exits the car and goes to the door. Someone opens the door. There is an animated conversation. Yuri enters the house.

BROCK

Are we sure we're safe here?

JOSH

I am not sure....

JOEY

How close are we to the casino?

Josh checks his phone.

JOSH

It looks like we're actually further from the casino than when he picked us up.

STEVE

So he's taken us the wrong way?

JOSH (ANNOYED)

Yes, Steve

JOEY

Ok, if he's not out of that house
in 60 seconds we get out and start
walking.

The door to the house opens. Yuri walks to the car urgently,
a large roll of money in his hand. As he open the car door a
man emerges from the house with a gun and starts yelling at
Yuri. Yuri dives into the car and hits the gas.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Whoa! What the fuck Yuri?

JOSH

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

STEVE

Goddamn!

BROCK

Don't get me fucking killed Yuri. I
have kids!

JOEY

What the fuck was that?

YURI

I tell you I businessman. I stop do
business. Sometimes business
difficult. Ask Donald Trump. He do
business.

JOSH

That business doesn't have a guy
with a gun running at us.

STEVE

Doesn't it?

Yuri looks at them in the rearview mirror.

YURI (SMILING)

You calm now. I take you to casino.
It alright. My cousin Vanya work
casino. He take care of you. I no
charge you for ride because of....
circumstances.

BROCK

Jesus Christ, this is straight up
batshit crazy.

YURI

No, my other cousin crazy. Ivan. He marry Mormon woman and no drink caffeine. Crazy.

The guys share a dubious and concerned look. Yuri turns up the stereo and drives along.

CUT TO: A CASINO BOAT

46 INT./EXT. THE CASINO BOAT - NIGHT

46

Yuri pulls up in front of the casino ship. The guys and Yuri get out of the car. The guys start to walk towards the gangway to board the ship.

YURI

No, no. This way.

Yuri waves them over to meet VANYA, his cousin.

YURI (CONT'D)

This Vanya. He take you on boat. No pay, just play. Right!? I pick you up later.

Vanya stares and nods imperceptibly.

BROCK

Do we do this?

STEVE

Fuck, at this point I say we just roll with it. What the fuck else can happen.

JOSH

Eh, I don't know. Murder, rape, torture, human trafficking... all to us.

JOEY

Just another Tuesday night at my house boys.

JOSH

It's Saturday.

YURI

You go. Vanya my best cousin.

JOEY

Stop being bitches. Let's go.

Vanya turns and starts to walk toward another gangway. He turns back and waves the guys along. They follow him to the gangway and walk up it.

CUT TO: CASINO BOAT WORKSPACE

47 INT. WORKING AREA OF THE SHIP - MOMENTS LATER 47

The guys and Vanya enter a dimly lit area of the ship. Crates and machinery are everywhere. Vanya waves them along.

VANYA

You come. Follow.

The guys follow Vanya down a dimly lit corridor. Josh trips over a large cardboard box. It breaks open and packets of cocaine and a grenade fall out.

JOSH (WHISPERING TO BROCK)

What the fuck dude! We are going to die.

BROCK (WHISPERING TO JOSH)

What the fuck is this? I keep waiting for Joe Pesci to jump out and stab me in the neck with a pencil.

They come to the end of the corridor. Vanya opens a door and they are showered with bright lights and the noises of a casino. They enter the casino.

CUT TO: THE CASINO

48 INT. THE CASINO - CONTINUOUS 48

People, lights, and noise are everywhere. Josh, Joey, and Steve walk in confidently. Brock enters and gazes around him in wonder.

BROCK (IN AWE)

Holy shit....

Joey puts his hand on Brock's back.

JOEY

Come on. It's time to fucking gamble buddy.

They walk through the casino and by a giant progressive slot machine that goes almost to the ceiling.

That jackpot is currently \$163,312. Brock stops and stares at it. He begins to walk over to it.

JOEY (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

BROCK (ENTHUSIASTICALLY)
I'm playing this thing.

JOEY
No, no, no. You can't win anything on that. Come on. We're playing blackjack. You can win at blackjack.

BROCK
I don't know how to play blackjack.

JOEY
Just sit next to me. I gotcha.

They walk to the blackjack tables. Most of them have at least one seat taken. They find a table with four spots. JOE THE DEALER, is in his 50s and looks like a character from a mobster movie. They sit at his table and ante up.

JOE THE DEALER
Evenin' fellas. You ready to play some cards?

JOEY
Absolutely.

STEVE
We need drinks.

JOSH
Uh...greed.

JOE THE DEALER
The waitress just came by. She'll be back around shortly.

Joe the Dealer deals the first hand and everyone hits or holds except Brock.

BROCK (TO JOEY)
What do I do?

Joe the dealer smirks. Joey snickers.

JOE THE DEALER
Newby huh?

JOEY

Yeah, he's Amish. On rumspringa.

They all laugh. Joey briefly explains to Brock what he should do. The CASINO WAITRESS comes by and they all get beers. They play several hands with little conversation.

JOEY (TO JOE THE DEALER) (CONT'D)

So Joe, how's your life? You like working here?

JOE THE DEALER

Yeah. It's nice. I enjoy the weather. I moved down here from New York a few years ago.

JOEY

No kidding? That has to have been a nice change.

JOE THE DEALER

Yeah, I had to get my life in order. Got into some stuff. Did a stint in rehab. Here I am. The sun's good for my psyche ya know?

BROCK

Rehab? Damn. If you don't mind me asking... Drugs? Drinking?

JOE THE DEALER

Pills. I used to love those pills ya know. Used to eat em like candy.

STEVE

Fuck!

JOEY

Damn Joe!

JOSH

Damn. I had a prescription for Vicodin a few years ago when I fucked up my arm. They used to mess me up. I made myself drop them when that whole things with Brett Favre came around.

JOE THE DEALER (SCOFFING)

Pssssh. Vicodin. That's candy. I like a percocet. Fucking percocet's where it's at.

Joe the Dealer livens up. The guys' drinks are kicking in. Things start to take off.

BROCK

Fuck yeah Joe. Ain't nothing like a percocet.

JOE THE DEALER

I thought you were Amish?

BROCK

I'm from a progressive sect. We pop em during barn raisings.

They all laugh.

BROCK (TO JOEY) (CONT'D)

I'm not winning anything here. I thought you said I could win at blackjack.

JOEY

Just be patient. It will turn.

BROCK

Fuck this. I'm going to play something else.

Just then light, sirens, and bells go off from another part of the casino.

JOSH

What's that?

JOE THE DEALER

Oh, someone just hit the jackpot on the big progressive slot.

Brock slowly turns and glares at Joey.

BROCK (FLATLY TO JOEY)

You son of a bitch.

They all laugh.

JOEY

Joe, do you miss New York?

JOE THE DEALER

Yeah, sometimes, you know. But its just little things. Like the food.

STEVE

What's wrong with the food here?

JOE THE DEALER

Ya know you can't get a decent plate of home fries around here.

JOSH

Home fries? Hash browns?

JOE THE DEALER

No. Home fries.

BROCK (TO JOSH)

Yeah, motherfucker. Home fries.

JOE THE DEALER

I like to get off work and get breakfast. Ya know I just like breakfast food in the middle of the night. None these diners have decent fucking home fries!

BROCK, JOSH, STEVE, JOEY
HOME FRIES!

JOE THE DEALER

And after working all night in this fucking place I need some decent food to take the edge off. I can't pop no pills no more so I just want some scrambled eggs and home fries!

Joe gets more animated.

JOEY

I detect some workplace dissatisfaction Joe.

JOE THE DEALER

Yeah, you know this used to be a great boat. They spread the tables around fair. Everyone got a chance to work the big tables.

The CASINO PIT BOSS appears a few steps behind Joe. Joey tries to signal Joe the Dealer that he's present but Joe the Dealer is too far into his rant.

JOE THE DEALER (CONT'D)

But then this other boat went into dry dock and they brought all these damned Korean dealers over. Now they all get the good tables and I'm stuck with you guys, no offense.

STEVE

None taken

JOE THE DEALER

I been on this boat for three years
and some Korean who's been in this
country for six months is workin
the \$500 table. It's bullshit!

Casino Pit Boss signals YOON-JI to come over and walks up
behind Joe the Dealer and taps his shoulder. Joe the Dealer
turns around, sees who it is, then turns back to the guys.

JOE THE DEALER (CONT'D)

Alright boys, looks like Yoon-Ji
here is going to take over. I'm
probably gonna go back here and get
fired. Have a good night.

JOEY

Damn Joe. No!

The mood is subdued. Yoon-Ji deals and no one wins much. They
play quite a few hands. Not much conversation occurs. After a
bit, Joe the Dealer comes back and taps Yoon-Ji on the
shoulder. She leaves. Joe the Dealer sits. He deals.

JOE THE DEALER

Ante up boys.

Joe looks subdued. They play a couple hands and no one talks
much. Finally, Joey breaks the silence.

JOEY

So.... what happened back there
Joe?

JOE THE DEALER

Yeah, I got fired. But what are
they gonna do? Kick me off the
boat? We're five miles out to sea.

They all laugh. They continue to play. Joe the Dealer is
clearly helping them now. He ignores their hits when they
shouldn't hit and hits them with another card when they
should have hit. Drinks are rolling. Its fun again.

CUT TO: DRUNKEN BLACKJACK MONTAGE

The guys are all clearly drunk but they're having fun and
winning at blackjack thanks to Joe the Dealer's help. Joey
starts swaying and looks around vacantly.

JOEY

Am I swaying or is the boat swaying?

JOSH

I don't know man. We ARE five miles out in the ocean. Joe can't even swim back from here.

JOE THE DEALER

Hell no I can't.

BROCK

You wouldn't even do it for some home fries?

JOE THE DEALER

I told you, ain't no decent home fries within 50 miles.

JOEY

Am I swaying or is the boat swaying?

There's a loud crash behind them. They all turn and look. SLOT MACHINE GUY has fallen off of his stool.

SLOT MACHINE GUY

I'M OK!

STEVE

The boat's swaying?

JOEY

The boat is swaying! Another beer!

They finish another beer each and a few more hands. An announcement is made over the ship's intercom.

SHIP ANNOUNCEMENT

Attention patrons. We are approaching our dock and should be moored in 20 minutes. All gaming will conclude in 10 minutes. We thank you for your patronage and look forward to hosting you again in the future.

The guys all look at Joe the Dealer

BROCK

Well damn Joe. We're gonna miss you. What do you think you'll do now?

JOE THE DEALER

I don't know. I'll find something.
There's plenty of boats and casinos
around.

JOEY

Well Joe, wherever it is I hope you
can get some muthafuckin' home
fries!

JOSH

FUCK. YES.

They shake Joe the Dealer's hand and head outside for some
fresh air.

CUT TO: THE FRONT OF THE SHIP

49 EXT. THE FRONT OF THE SHIP - NIGHT

49

JOEY

Am I swaying or is the boat
swaying?

JOSH

It's definitely you this time.
You're swaying.

They sit on a bench near the front of the ship.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Well shit boys. Now what?

STEVE

I need some food.

JOSH

That is the best idea you've had in
a while Steve. Food. Let's get it.

The go back inside to wait for the ship to dock so they can
disembark.

CUT TO: THE PIER

50 EXT. THE PIER - LATER

50

The guys disembark from the casino boat and walk down the
gangway. Yuri sits in his Olds, 80's hair band metal blaring.

YURI

COCK INVASION!!!

They all pause and smirk.

JOSH

That's never going to go away.

They walk over to Yuri's car. Three obvious and ugly PROSTITUTES sit in the vehicle with Yuri.

JOEY

What's going on here Yuri? Looks like you're having yourself a night.

YURI

I do business. I tell you I businessman Yoseph.

STEVE (FAUX RUSSIAN ACCENT)

Yeah Yoseph. How you not remember Yuri businessman?

YURI

I give you ride back to hotel now.

JOSH

I don't know man. That last ride was a little more than we expected. Besides, it looks like your car's occupancy might be beyond the legal limit Yuri.

YURI

They move over for you. They go same place. I no charge for ride.

JOEY (TO JOSH)

Can you get an Uber?

Josh looks at his phone.

JOSH

I don't see anything available for at least an hour.

STEVE

Nothing's open around here that I can see.

JOEY

Looks like we're rolling with Yuri and the ladies.

YURI

Ha ha! Da!

Yuri turns the Prostitutes.

YURI (CONT'D)
Move over! Dvigat'sya

The Prostitutes all squeeze together. Brock, Josh, and Steve all squeeze in with them. Joey sits in the front passenger seat.

YURI (CONT'D)
We go!

Yuri cranks up the music and slams on the gas. The car pulls away from the dock.

CUT TO: THE INTERIOR OF YURI'S CAR

51 INT. YURI'S CAR - NIGHT

51

Yuri speeds down the road. The three prostitutes sit on Brock, Josh, and Steve's laps. The three guys are super uncomfortable. One of the prostitutes turns to Steve.

PROSTITUTE #1 (THICK RUSSIAN ACCENT)
I like you for twenty dollar.

Steve gives Brock a confused look then looks back to the Prostitute #1.

STEVE
You like me for twenty dollars?

PROSTITUTE #1
Da. I like you very good. Twenty dollar.

STEVE
I like you too. You seem like... a kind soul.

PROSTITUTE #1
You no need to like me. I only like you.

PROSTITUTE #1 #2
She like very good. All men enjoy her liking much.

STEVE
Wait. Like? Oh shit. Lick! Lick!

PROSTITUTE #1 #2
Yes. Very good!

STEVE

No. No. No, thank you!

JOSH

Yuri, how close are we?

YURI

1 minute. You enjoy my ladies? They go with you.

STEVE

No. No Yuri. Thank you! We're good!

CUT TO: THE FRONT OF THE MOTEL

52 EXT. THE FRONT OF THE MOTEL - NIGHT

52

Yuri speeds into the parking lot, slams on the brakes, and brings the Olds to a stop. The Prostitutes, Joey, Brock, Steve, and Josh spill out of the vehicle.

PROSTITUTE #1 (TO STEVE)

Goodbye Stepa. You sure no want like?

STEVE

100% sure. Thank you!

Yuri yells something in Russian to the Prostitutes who yell back then go sit on a bench in front of the motel. Yuri then turns to the guys.

YURI

Cock Invasion! Yuri love you. You call Yuri anytime need anything. I get it for you. Anything!

Yuri speeds off into the night.

BROCK

Why do I feel like we've dodged about 50 bullets tonight.

STEVE

Because we have. You think they've got any food in here?

The guys walk into the motel lobby.

CUT TO: MOTEL LOBBY

53 INT MOTEL LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

53

Loud music emanates from the restaurant/lounge area beyond the front desk. The motel is having a Halloween party.

STEVE

Oh shit. What's this?

JOSH

Dude, I don't know if can go much longer.

BROCK

Same here. I'm fucking tired bro.

Joey is already walking into the party. Steve enthusiastically follows. Josh and Brock reluctantly trail them.

CUT TO: THE HALLOWEEN PARTY

54 INT. THE HALLOWEEN PARTY - NIGHT

54

The Halloween party is going off. Adults in various costumes are dancing and drinking. Loud music blares. Lights flash. The guys stand in the doorway taking it in. Steve moves first.

STEVE

Drinks!

JOEY

Fucking drinks! Let's go.

Steve and Joey plunge into the crowd.

JOSH

I guess one more beer won't hurt.

BROCK

One.

Brock and Josh walk into the crowd. They see Joey and Steve dancing with a black woman wearing a SEXY DEVIL costume complete with tail. She's not attractive. Josh and Brock stand and watch them dance, beers in hand. Joey approaches.

JOEY

She's ugly as sin but she's got a hell of an ass!

JOSH

Concur on both parts.

JOEY

I don't know if it's the ass or the tail attached to it!

BROCK

Probably the tail.

Steve is still dancing with Sexy Devil. He has the whitest dance moves ever.

JOEY

I'm going back in. That motherfucker's not gonna cock block me.

Joey dives back into the fray. Josh turns to Brock.

JOSH

Dude, I'm done. I need to lay down.

BROCK

Agreed. Let's get out of here.

Brock and Josh leave the party. They turn one last time to see Joey and Steve awkwardly grinding on Sexy Devil. Her tail is whipping back and forth on them.

CUT TO: THE MOTEL PARKING LOT

55

EXT. THE MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

55

Brock and Josh walk across the motel parking lot towards their room. It's quiet. They're tired.

BROCK

Dude, this has been a hell of night.

JOSH

Fuck yeah it has.

BROCK

I don't want to go home.

JOSH

What do you mean?

BROCK

This will be the last fun I get to have for a while. When we get home I go back to my Brock-life and really that's just me living in Jerrie's world. I get up.

(MORE)

BROCK (CONT'D)

I get my girls up. I take care of them. Then I take my ass out the door and ride a mower for 10 hours a day. Then it's home to Jerrie to get screamed and bitched at. All so I can take care of them. The girls and playing ball with you guys are my only escape. I have to deal with Jerrie to be with them and if I want to hang out with you guys I have to go through her. It fucking sucks.

They stop in the dark parking lot.

JOSH

Dude. I know. I've seen her. It's weird. We all got to kind of transition into being adults slowly. Hell, Steve's still in that transition. I might be too for that matter. Joey's been married but we know how that worked out. We're living out the extended Summer of Joey here. You went straight from being in high school to being an adult. That's pretty fucking hard to do. I understand how you're feeling even if I really haven't lived it out.

BROCK

I should have never got with her. I love her but I don't LOVE her. You know what I mean?

JOSH

I can see that.

BROCK

My girls are my world. I do everything for them. It just that "everything" means surviving her every day. Sometimes I don't want to survive but I think of my girls.

JOSH

You're doing the best you can for them. There's a lot to be said for that. Hell, it says everything that needs to be said. We're gonna have more good times. You're my boy. We're gonna make sure we have more good times.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

Good times are why we push through the worst. I have no problem making sure you can have your good times so you be the best you can be for your kids. I'm more than happy to facilitate stupid immature bullshit to get you out of the house. And I have no problem being the bad guy in Jerrie's eyes if it helps you be better for the girls.

BROCK

Dude.... thanks. You're all right sometimes.

JOSH

I got you.

They continue walking across the parking lot towards the motel rooms.

CUT TO: THE MOTEL ROOM

56 INT. THE MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

56

Sun streams in through the curtains. Joey sleeps on the floor. Josh is in one bed. Brock is wrapped in blankets on the floor. Steve sprawls across the other bed in underwear. The red plastic devil tail sticks out of the waistband.

JOSH (DROWSY)

Fuck.

Josh rubs his eyes and takes in the scene. He rolls out of bed and nudges Brock with his foot.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Dude. Wake up.

He does the same to Joey.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Hey dumbass. Wake up.

Brock and Joey slowly come to consciousness.

Brock stands up from the floor, looks at Steve, and starts giggling. Joey rolls over, stands up, and guffaws. He walks over to Steve and smacks his ass.

JOEY

Look at this ass!

Joey slaps Steve's ass again.

JOEY (CONT'D)
Look at this big, beautiful ass!

They all laugh. Steve starts to wake up.

STEVE (MUMBLING)
You love this ass don't you?

JOEY
I don't know if it's the ass or the
tail attached to it!

STEVE
The ass.

JOEY
He's ugly as sin but he's got a
hell of an ass!

STEVE
Hell yeah.

They all laugh.

JOSH
Alright dickheads. We need to get
out of here. I'm gonna be pissed if
my card gets charged for another
night because Steve had to take a
shit.

JOEY
Chill the fuck out dude. Steve's
big ass is on display and you want
to get moving?

JOSH
You two can ass-gaze in the car.
Let's get out of here.

BROCK (CARTMAN VOICE)
Yeah, get your bitch asses moving
and get in the car.

CUT TO: THE FORD FOCUS

57 INT. THE FOCUS - DAY

57

They pull out of the motel parking in the focus.

BROCK

Adios motel. I've enjoyed being all up in ya.

JOSH

I wonder if the devil lady was staying here?

STEVE

All I know is I had that tail in my hand and next thing I know she was gone.

JOEY

Steve got some tail!

They all laugh. As they the pull out of the parking lot they notice Prostitute #1 lounging on the bench outside the hotel smoking a cigarette. She waves at the car and yells:

PROSTITUTE #1

Do svidaniya Cock Invasion!

JOSH

It's the gift that keeps on giving.

58 INT. THE FOCUS - LATER

58

They drive along a Florida interstate. Steve and Brock sleep in the back seat. Joey is on his phone in the passenger seat. Josh drives.

JOSH

It's time to eat. You down?

JOEY

Hell yeah.

Joey turns around to Brock and Steve.

JOEY (CONT'D)

Wake up bitches! It's breakfast time.

CUT TO: THE WAFFLE HOUSE

59 EXT. WAFFLE HOUSE - DAY

59

The Focus pulls into the parking lot of a stereotypical Southern Waffle House.

60 INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - DAY

60

The guys are seated in a booth at the Waffle House. They are perusing the menu. WAFFLE HOUSE WAITRESS comes to their table.

WAFFLE HOUSE WAITRESS
Are y'all ready to order?

JOSH
I'll have the western omelette.

WAFFLE HOUSE WAITRESS
And your sides?

Josh flips the menu over to look for the sides. He looks back up excitedly.

JOSH
Home fries!

BROCK
Hell yeah! Home fries for Joe.

Waffle House Waitress gives a confused smile.

JOEY
Joe said you can't decent home
fries anywhere around here.

JOSH (TO WAFFLE HOUSE WAITRESS)
Are your home fries decent?

WAFFLE HOUSE WAITRESS
I like them....

JOEY
She's biased.

JOSH
Yeah, we'll be the judges.

JOEY
Home fries all around!

61 INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - LATER

61

The guys finish up their meals.

JOSH
I feel like those were some damned
good home fries.

BROCK

I concur. Home fry analysis indicates those were some high quality fries that may or may not have emanated from a home.

JOEY

Yeah, Joe was full of shit.

JOSH

To be fair, he probably burned out all his senses, including taste, popping all those percocets.

BROCK

Joe rules.

STEVE

Fuck yeah. Joe's my boy.

JOSH

Let's get out of here. There's a lot of driving still to go.

JOEY

I'll drive.

JOSH

You sure?

JOEY

Yeah, you've driven the whole trip.

JOSH

I won't fight you for it.

They get up to leave the Waffle House.

CUT TO: THE FORD FOCUS

62

INT. THE FOCUS - LATER

62

Their driving along the interstate in Georgia. Everyone's relaxed and just riding along.

STEVE

This has been a good time.

JOEY

Yeah, it has been. I would have preferred to at least win one fuckin game though.

JOSH
I blame it on the deer.

BROCK
Fucking Bambi. Always ruining shit.

STEVE
Yeah, fuck Bambi.

BROCK
You think we'll do this again?

JOEY
I like to think so.

JOSH
I think we have to. This kind of
shit helps me maintain my sanity.
Plus, we don't have much time left
to do things like this.

BROCK
Fuck yeah. We're doing this shit
again. I just spent three days
without Jerrie. It's been the best
three days I've had in a while.

JOEY
That would be the best three days
of anybody's life.

JOSH
Do you think Jerrie's in Al-Qaeda?

BROCK
I know she is. I found her burka.
It's the most attractive I've found
her in years.

STEVE
Hell yeah. Burkas are hot.

BROCK
Fuck yeah. Hey baby, slip that
burka on and let's do it Camel
style.

JOEY
(Makes horny camel mooing
noise.)

CUT TO: SHORT DRIVING MONTAGE

63

INT. THE FOCUS - LATER

63

The guys drive on the bypass in Atlanta. Traffic is dense. Joey drives. Josh is in the passenger seat. Steve is behind him. Brock is behind Joey.

JOEY (GRIMACING)

Ugh

They don't catch Joey's expression. They continue to drive in silence. Joey grimaces again and puts his hand on his stomach. Josh smells something and looks confused. Joey begins to laugh.

JOSH

What the fuck is that?

BROCK

What?

JOSH (TO JOEY)

Holy shit. That was you! OH MY GOD!!!

Joey continues to laugh. The smell of the horrifically rancid, Waffle House fueled fart begins to waft back to Brock and Steve.

STEVE

FUCK!!!

BROCK

JESUS!!!

Brock rolls down his window. Josh has the neck of his shirt pulled over his mouth and nose. Joey laughs. Steve coughs.

STEVE

OH GOD!!!

Brock sticks his head out the window to escape the stench. Joey rolls Brock's window up pinning his head between the window frame and the window. He's kicking his feet furiously. Josh and Steve see it and start laughing uncontrollably.

BROCK

(Grunting) Ah. Ah. Dude!

Josh looks over past Joey and notices the driver of the car next to them do a double-take and then start laughing. Joey continues to laugh.

STEVE

Roll the window down! Roll it down!

Joey rolls Brock's window down, releasing him. They all continue to laugh and eventually calm down.

JOSH
That's one of the funniest things
I've ever seen.

JOEY
Waffle House dude. It got me.

STEVE
Joe was right about those home
fries.

BROCK
Yeah, fuck those home fries!

CUT TO: DRIVING MONTAGE

They pass through the rest of Georgia, Tennessee, and into Indiana.

64 INT. THE FOCUS - NIGHT 64

They pull up to Joey's house. Their exhaustion is palpable. They all get out of the car.

CUT TO: JOEY'S HOUSE

65 EXT. JOEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 65

They carry their bags and walk towards the house. They pause.

JOEY
Boys, this has been a hell of time.

JOSH
Hell yeah. I'm gonna remember this
for a long time. This has been the
most batshit crazy road trip I've
ever been on.

STEVE
Fuck yeah. Great fucking time.

JOEY
I guess it's time to get back to
normalcy. I've got open gym in the
morning. You dicks be safe getting
home.

STEVE (TO JOEY)
You care if I just crash here?

JOEY
No problem.

BROCK
See ya bitches.

JOSH
Yeah. We playing Thursday?

JOEY
Yep. Be there.

They fist bump each other. Joey and Steve walk into Joey's house. Brock and Josh walk towards Josh's car.

CUT TO: BROCK'S HOUSE

66

63 EXT. BROCK'S HOUSE - LATER

66

Josh and Brock are parked outside Brock's house.

BROCK
Alright dude. It's back to Jerrie-land for me.

JOSH
Yeah. You're gonna be alright. Keep taking care of those girls. Everything else will take care of itself.

BROCK
Dude. You know I used to think you were a fucking dick in high school?

JOSH
I probably was. You're still a dick.

BROCK
Yeah. I am.

JOSH
You're my boy though. I'll see ya dude. We're ballin Thursday. Be there. Those lawns can wait. It's October motherfucker. Actually I guess it's November now.

BROCK

Got to get a final mow before the
hard frosts.

JOSH

Whatever Mr. Greenthumb. Take care
of yourself. Tell Jerrie I love
her.

BROCK

She knows. See ya later buddy.

They fist bump. Brock gets out of the car and walks to his
door. Josh waves and drives away.

CUT TO BLACK AND CLOSING CREDITS

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