

BEER CHASER

Written by

Zachariah Ezer

Contains some vaguely true elements

6703 Chancellor Drive  
832-258-6163

FADE IN:

MONTAGE

A suburban street. The lawns nicely manicured. The paperboy rides down the street, throwing papers at the porches. A man mowing his lawn waves to the boy when he passes his house. A NARRATOR begins to speak over the images.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Huntington, Texas. A wonderful  
place to raise a family. Friendly  
people,

A school bell rings. Children run out of the doorway,  
hollering.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Excellent primary schools,

A hill covered with college students. They play frisbee, lay  
on towels talking, and drink beers.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And a regionally renowned  
university. Huntington seems like  
the perfect place for anybody...

The camera pans from the hill to a campaign sign. It reads  
"Vote Yes on Prop. 256. Repatriate the Karankawa"

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Well, not everybody. Huntington  
University has spent the last  
century hoarding the artifacts of  
the Karankawa Native American  
Tribe.

A room full of antiques.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
The tribe's descendents have been  
requesting these artifacts back  
since 1995, and the university has  
refused to return them.

A cemetery.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
And these aren't just arrowheads  
and pottery. The university has the  
remains of six Karankawa Indians on  
campus.

DR. SHIN, a mousy woman in a lab coat, early 50s, walks into a classroom.

DR. SHIN

Hello, I'm Doctor Helen Shin, and I am the Chair of the Anthropology department at Huntington University. These remains have been imprisoned here by the university since before some of these students were even born. Help us return them to their rightful owners. Vote yes on 256.

We see the campaign sign again.

SUPERIMPOSE: PROP. 256. How would you feel if they stole your grandparents?

INT. JO'S BROTHER'S ROOM - MORNING

JO, a recovering hipster in her early 20s, watches the previous scene as an advertisement before a Youtube Video called "I cum cocaine" The video buffers for an annoying length of time (read: about five seconds).

Jo grows impatient and closes the video. She stands up from the desk and looks around the room.

The walls are strewn with academic and athletic ribbons, medals and trophies. She moves over to one of the larger trophies that has a picture hanging next to it.

The picture is of a BOY, he looks strikingly similar to Jo. He is in the center of a group of boys who all have their arms thrown around him.

Jo sighs.

She walks over to the bed. A CD lays on the bed. It says "Squidboat" on it. The cover is a giant cartoon squid sitting on the top deck of a cruise ship, cannonballs assailing it.

She picks up the CD and walks over to the computer. She pops it into the optical drive.

BRADLEY (V.O.)

Why are you doing this?

CUT TO:

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

OREN, early 20s, bookish, desperate stands in the middle of a spacious living room, pacing. BRADLEY, early 20s, glamorous, delusional, looks at him with folded arms.

OREN  
Girls are going to come.

BRADLEY  
Yeah, but only the crunchy punk rock ones that you usually go for. Do you remember the last time we went to a punk rock show together.

SIMON (O.S.)  
Yeah, you got your nose caught in that chicks industrial. You bled all over her!

SIMON, early 20s, bespectacled, lanky, out of it, rips a bong and reads an article on his phone, only half in the conversation.

BRADLEY  
I was drunk. My blood was very thin, that's why I bled everywhere, but that's not the point. The point is that I don't like punk rock chicks. They're annoying, and disaffected, and they've all read exactly half of Kathleen Hanna's autobiography and now they think they know everything about feminism.

SIMON  
Don't forget that they are basically incapable of internet sincerity.

Simon punctuates this with a rip of the bong.

OREN  
What does that even mean?

BRADLEY  
Read me this girl's Facebook bio.

Oren pulls out his phone.

OREN

(Reading)

Just your mom trying to make it in your dad's world... okay, I see your point, but I really like this girl.

BRADLEY

How can you like her, the two of you just met.

Oren walks over to the couch and sits down next to Simon.

OREN

She's in my lit class, okay? We were reading *Confederacy of Dunces*, and she gets it, okay? She gets that all the hipsterism is bullshit. I think this is an ironic-ironic bio.

BRADLEY

An ironic-ironic bio. That's exactly what I mean. You don't know this girl. You don't even like this band. Do you want to start a relationship with this girl on a lie?

SIMON

Why do you even want to start a relationship with this girl? We graduate in four months. It's not going to go well.

Oren takes the bong from Simon and takes a rip of his own.

OREN

When has graduating suddenly mattered to the two of you? I don't see either of you with big real-world plans for next year.

BRADLEY

I'm going to shoot a film, and Simon's going to work for his parents.

SIMON

No I'm not.

OREN

And good luck with the film, you don't know any actors, crew members, or writers, you have no idea, and no money to shoot it with even if you did.

BRADLEY

That's what kickstarter's for.

OREN

Okay, whatever. All the more reason to let me have this. I need this man. Help me out.

Oren gives Bradley a pleading look. The opening riff of "Quadruple Play" by Squidboat builds.

BRADLEY

Fine, we can host your house show. But I'm not cleaning up afterward.

Oren smiles.

The song continues into a

MONTAGE

In his room, Oren calls a number on his phone labeled "SCARY SQUIDBOAT SINGER" he nods, and speaks on the phone booking the show.

Oren prints dozens of fliers at a copy shop.

He hangs the fliers all over campus.

He makes a Facebook event.

As the first chorus of the song comes in,

CUT TO:

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is packed with people and decorated for a show. The area where the couch was in the previous scene has been transformed into a makeshift stage, where Squidboat is shredding. AUSTIN, mid 20s, skinhead, fuck you, is screaming the chorus.

AUSTIN  
 (Singing)  
 We drink!  
 We smoke!  
 Take bars!  
 Snort coke!

A pack of students mosh to the song directly in front of the band. At the center of the crowd, listening with rapt attention, is Jo, clad in overalls.

She clutches her Squidboat CD to her chest, mouthing along to every word, completely oblivious to the maelstrom of bodies around her.

Behind her, at the back of the room, Oren stares at her.

BRADLEY (O.S.)  
 Are you going to talk to her? That  
 is the whole reason fifty strangers  
 are smashing up my living room,  
 right?

OREN  
 Yes, I'm going to talk to her...  
 right after this song.

Bradley gives Oren a disbelieving glance.

BRADLEY  
 You've been saying that for an  
 hour.

Jo feels Bradley and Oren's eyes on her. She turns. They look away just quickly enough. Oren looks at Bradley, embarrassed.

He looks away and locks eyes with Simon, who saw the whole exchange, doubling his embarrassment. He opens his mouth to say something when someone across the room knocks Simon's bong off a shelf.

Simon hears this and runs to catch it, but there's no way he's going to make it.

Austin catches the bong. He puts the microphone back into its stand and takes a rip. The crowd goes wild.

He continues to hold the bong as he enters the song's final chorus. The band backs him up.

AUSTIN  
 (Singing)  
 We drink!

BAND  
We drink!

AUSTIN  
We smoke!

BAND  
We smoke!

AUSTIN  
Take bars!

BAND  
Take Bars!

AUSTIN  
Snort coke!

AUSTIN AND BAND  
Snort coke!

The final notes of the song ring out, and the crowd lets out its loudest cheer of the night.

AUSTIN  
We have been Squidboat! Good night  
and FUCK YOU!

Austin drops the bong like one would drop a mic. It shatters.  
Simon gasps.

CUT TO:

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - LATER

The lights are back on, and people have started to leave the show. KARL, mid 20s, silent, and OLLIE, mid 20s, drunk, break down the gear while Austin and Oren converse.

OREN  
So, it's three fifty for the night,  
minus the sixty five for the bong  
is...

Austin stares deeply into Oren's eyes. Oren sees nothing but darkness there.

OREN (CONT'D)  
Three fifty. Does a check work?

Austin nods. Oren notices Jo standing behind Austin, waiting patiently for an autograph, CD still in her hands.

Austin starts to turn around, but is interrupted by Ollie.

OLLIE

Austin, have you seen the  
Gutenbrau? We were drinking it  
before the show... and during the  
show, but now I can't find it.

AUSTIN

Are you sure we didn't drink it  
all?

OLLIE

Positive. I kept perfect count. You  
had 3, Karl had 3, and I had...

Ollie counts on his fingers. He loses count.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Probably about 7. We still have at  
least 90 left.

OREN

What's Gutenbrau?

OLLIE

It's an incredibly expensive German  
beer we got on our European tour.  
We played the brewery. There was  
this huge riot, and we managed to  
swipe a case when no one was  
looking.

AUSTIN

(to Oren)  
It's all Ollie drinks now.

OLLIE

For good damn reason. That shit is  
from the gods.

OREN

Well, I haven't seen it, but I'll  
keep an eye out.

Austin ignores him, having caught sight of Jo.

AUSTIN

Hello there, and what do we have  
here?

JO

(nervously)  
I'm Jo. Huge fan. Sign album.

AUSTIN  
 (imitating)  
 Will do.

Austin takes the album and signs it. He passes it to Ollie who does the same. Ollie passes it to a passing Karl, who completes the round of signatures. He hands the album back to Austin who gives it back to Jo.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 There you go. One album, fully signed. Enjoy.

Austin and the band exit with their gear. Jo takes notice of Oren for the first time.

JO  
 This is your place right?

OREN  
 Uh... Yeah. Bradley and Simon live here too.

He gestures to them. Simon is near tears trying to piece the bong back together. Bradley is helping him, but it isn't going well.

JO  
 Bradley. Isn't he the guy who's not allowed in the administrative building anymore?

OREN  
 Yeah, when he heard William Whitford was on the Board of Directors, he kind of lost his shit.

JO  
 I heard he put cameras in the board room?

OREN  
 One camera, but yeah, it was a bit much.

There is an awkward silence.

JO  
 Well, that was a great show. Squidboat is my favorite band of all time, and-

OREN  
(Interrupting)  
I know.

Jo gives him a quizzical look.

OREN (CONT'D)  
I heard you mention them once in  
Literature class. I love them too,  
I figured I would see you here.

Jo remembers.

JO  
That's where I know you from,  
Literature! You have great taste,  
my friend.

OREN  
Thanks, you too.

JO  
Definitely. Let's hang out  
sometime, I want to know what else  
you're into.

Oren can't help but beam.

OREN  
Okay, uh, sure. Just put your  
number in my...

JO  
(Interrupting)  
No, I'm old-school.

Jo reaches into her overalls and pulls out a sharpie. She writes her number, in huge print, on Oren's forearm.

JO (CONT'D)  
Text me when you want to talk punk  
rock.

Oren wears the largest grin he can.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OREN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Oren lies in bed, wearing the same grin on his face.

He looks over to his night stand and grabs his phone.

He sends Jo a text reading, "Wanna hang out tonight?"

He gets out of bed, wearing a T-shirt and boxers, and walks into

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The living room is trashed. Beer cans and red solo cups are strewn about the floor and shelves. The couch is still displaced, and in its place is the space where the band used to be.

Bradley is drinking a beer on the displaced couch, and Simon is painting a sign.

OREN

What are you painting?

SIMON

It's a sign for the repatriation protest today. How's it look?

Simon holds up a sign, it says "Release the Corpses"

OREN

(Creeped out)  
Looks good.

BRADLEY

Yeah, I'm sure momma and poppa Hogarth would be proud of their little do-gooder.

SIMON

Shut up, man. I have to go to this. If I don't, I might fail Shin's class, and then I can't graduate.

BRADLEY

Right. How are you failing Anarchy in America anyway?

SIMON

It turns out even anarchists need to show up for class.

Oren notices the beer.

OREN

Brad, where'd you get the beer.

BRADLEY

They were in my room when I woke up, and you know I'm not about to look a beer horse in the mouth.

SIMON

Come to think of it, I saw people drinking some of those at the show.

BRADLEY

Yeah, but there's still twenty-five left.

Oren gets an idea.

OREN

How long until your protest, Simon?

SIMON

About two hours.

The boys all look at each other, with the same idea at the same time.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - LATER

The floor is covered in even more beer cans. Bradley lays on the couch, Simon hides his head underneath his picket sign, and Oren stands, pontificating.

OREN

But how can a Long Island Iced Tea be a mixed drink if you don't mix it?

SIMON

(Slurring)  
It's like eight different alcohols, bro. Its all mixed.

Bradley burps.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Besides, if you don't need a chaser, it's a mixed drink. And a Long Island is smooth as hell.

BRADLEY

What about a beer chaser?

OREN

You're suggesting chasing your alcohol with more alcohol?

BRADLEY

You know what they say, liquor before beer, you're in the clear.

OREN

That sounds like a perfect way to get way too drunk, way too fast.

SIMON

I agree. Irresponsible, even for us.

Bradley burps again and begins to answer, but his phone makes an earsplitting sound.

OREN

What the fuck is that?

Bradley takes his phone out of his pocket.

BRADLEY

(excited)  
It's my Whitford alarm. He's here.

OREN

There must be a Board of Trustees meeting on campus today.

BRADLEY

Exactly, and I have to see him. If any of you run into him today, you better fucking tell me.

Simon looks at his phone.

SIMON

Shit, it's time for the protest. I gotta go, guys. Good luck with Whitford. Oren, good luck cleaning the apartment. Later.

Simon bolts out the door. Bradley and Oren give each other a smile. Simon comes back seconds later, remembering his sign. He grabs it, and bolts again.

OREN

Later, Simon.

Oren begins cleaning the apartment. He is putting beer cans in a trash bag when he receives a text message.

He takes his phone out of his pocket. The message is from "SCARY SQUIDBOAT SINGER". It reads "The Gutenbrau isn't in the van. Must have left it at your place. Coming to pick it up tonight. Better not drink it... or else."

Oren puts the phone back in his pocket. He goes back to cleaning, but suddenly realizes. He panics.

OREN (CONT'D)

Bradley, what kind of beers did you find in your room?

BRADLEY

Something German. Guildenbrau, something like that.

Oren looks at the can in his hand. "Gutenbrau" SHIT!

OREN

Fuck, dude. This is really bad.

BRADLEY

What's the problem?

OREN

These beers belong to Squidboat, and now they're coming back for them!

BRADLEY

What's the big deal? We can get more.

OREN

No, we can't. These are German import beers, super rare in the states, and we drank twenty five of them.

Bradley is unfazed.

BRADLEY

So what? It's beer, they'll understand we drank them.

OREN

No, I don't think they will. These guys aren't the most rational people I've ever met.

BRADLEY

How bad can they be?

OREN  
You didn't talk to them. Look at  
this.

Oren takes his phone out, and logs onto Youtube. He searches  
"I cum cocaine".

CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL - NIGHT

In the video, the band plays a few seconds of the song. The  
crowd does not respond.

AUSTIN  
Okay, you motherfuckers, we're  
coming out there.

The band abandons their instruments and jumps into the crowd.  
They fight members of the audience until Austin reaches the  
camera guy, and punches him out. The video cuts to static.

CUT TO:

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

OREN  
See what I mean?

BRADLEY  
Okay, so we just gotta find these  
beers. Log onto their website and  
find the nearest retailer, there's  
gotta be one in the area.

Oren and Bradley go into

BRADLEY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

They log onto Bradley's computer, and search "Gutenbrau".  
They click the website, click find retailers, and see a map  
of the world. Only four of the beer's logo appear in America.

They click the Southernmost logo, and the map zooms in.

BRADLEY  
Look, there's a place right here in  
Huntington that sells them.  
(MORE)

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Let's get dressed, and we'll go pick up a case before the band even gets back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - MORNING

Simon arrives at the protest site, blackout drunk. Dr. Shin sets up a few chairs, and places signs out on the lawn. She notices Simon and approaches him.

DR. SHIN

Simon, thanks for coming out so early to help me set things up.

SIMON

Not a problem, \*hiccup\* Dr. Shin, but I thought there'd be more bodies here by now.

DR. SHIN

(confused)  
Right... there should be. The Society for Repatriation is partnering with us on this protest.

SIMON

Right, the NGO, I, uhh...

Simon turns green. He runs over to a nearby trash can and vomits.

SIMON (CONT'D)

(to himself)  
Vomiting just tastes like a shittier version of what you ate... I should really eat more strawberry parfaits. Now that vomit would probably taste pretty good.

Simon pukes again, and receives a text message. After a few drier heaves, he answers it. It's from his mom and reads "Simon, are you at the protest?"

He texts back "yes"

They send him a message immediately, reading "good, if you want to work at any NGO's next year, you need something good on your CV"

Simon texts them back a blurry picture of Dr. Shin.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Oren and Bradley stumble toward the door of a cheap liquor store.

BRADLEY

I think you can close it.

OREN

Dude, no. There is no way you are allowed to close an Upworthy article. You've entered into a social contract. You get to feel like a good person without doing anything, but you have to finish the article.

BRADLEY

See, that's where you and I disagree. I don't think anything you can do on your computer makes you a good person.

OREN

What about tweeting about a grass-roots political revolution in your despot-controlled, war-torn country?

BRADLEY

Fine, there is nothing, you OREN, can do on your computer to be a good person.

The two stop just before the door.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

ID swap.

The two take their real ID's and place them in a back pocket of their wallet. The then take fake ID's out of a different back pocket and place them in the front of the wallet.

OREN

Only four more months of this bullshit.

BRADLEY

Speak for yourself. Skipping second grade was the biggest mistake of my life.

OREN

Not putting perv cams in the administrative building?

BRADLEY

Fuck off. You know it was one camera.

Bradley enters the store first, quickly followed by Oren.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

The two walk down an aisle of liquor to the fridges in the back of the store. The two immediately find the beer, and each pick up a thirty rack. Oren picks up a third and places it on top of his first rack.

They approach the counter where a CLERK, early 30s, disaffected, stands idling.

CLERK

Just this?

BRADLEY

I think so.

He burps softly. He checks to see if the clerk noticed. He does.

CLERK

That'll be \$105.57. Can I see some ID.

Bradley produces his ID. The clerk holds it up to the light, bends it, and shines a small flashlight on it. He laughs softly to himself.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Nope.

BRADLEY

What do you mean "nope".

The clerk gestures to the ID.

CLERK

This ID is basically made of paper.

BRADLEY

The DMV laminator was on the fritz.

The clerk shakes his head.

CLERK

Okay, then there is no way you are a 6'2" man from Idaho.

BRADLEY

I'm definitely 6'2", and how dare you insist I'm not from Idaho.

Bradley stands up straighter.

CLERK

What's the capital of Idaho?

BRADLEY

Uhh...

Oren opens his mouth to chime in.

CLERK

Not you.

BRADLEY

(Unsure)  
Idaho City?

CLERK

Get out of here.

Oren steps up.

OREN

Mine's real.

He hands his ID to the clerk. He gives it one glance and returns it.

CLERK

I'm sure it is, but it's not yours.

OREN

Yes it is.

CLERK

No, it isn't. I remember your brother Lance. Nice guy. You're not Lance.

OREN

Fuck.

CLERK

Aren't you two already drunk? You reek of beer.

Oren leans on the counter.

OREN

Listen, man, we need those beers.

CLERK

Yeah, I'm sure there's a huge rager, and you just have to impress the girl of your dreams.

BRADLEY

Actually, that was last night.

CLERK

I don't have time for your underage alcoholic nonsense. Get out.

Bradley steps up.

BRADLEY

What if we make it worth your while. What if we...

Bradley burps, but vomit comes out with it.

CLERK

Get the fuck out!

Bradley and Oren scurry toward the door.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

OREN

Capital of Idaho. Boise, you fucking moron!

The two walk back the way they came, and pass by a VAGRANT hanging out outside the store.

VAGRANT

You boys get what you were looking for?

Bradley and Oren turn to look at him.

BRADLEY

Yep, we got a hundred beers and drank them all on the way out. What the hell does it look like?

VAGRANT

Well, I'm twenty-one. Give or take  
a few years...

OREN

You'll get us the beer?

VAGRANT

If you do something for me.

Oren turns to Bradley.

OREN

Bradley, you couldn't remember the  
capital of Idaho, you're going  
behind the alley.

Oren pushes Bradley towards the vagrant. Bradley looks at  
Oren, disgusted.

BRADLEY

Dude, I think he just wants money.

Bradley turns back to the vagrant.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

How much do you want? We don't have  
a ton extra.

VAGRANT

I don't want your money.

OREN

See dude, I told you. He wants that  
perdy mouth of yours.

VAGRANT

(Disgusted)  
Gross. No, I want acid.

OREN

You want drugs. Okay, nope, too  
sketchy for me. I'm not getting the  
homeless guy outside the liquor  
store psychedelics. I don't even do  
psychedelics.

VAGRANT

Okay, suit yourself.

The vagrant starts to walk away.

BRADLEY  
Stop, we'll do it. Meet us back  
here in three hours.

The vagrant turns back around.

VAGRANT  
Now we're talking. Good luck boys.

CUT TO:

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is still a mess. Bradley sits on the couch, thinking. Oren is pacing the floor.

OREN  
Acid, dude. Who do we know that has  
acid?

BRADLEY  
Porter. He sells everything.

OREN  
Yeah, but he quit dealing ever  
since the university started  
turning over drug offenses to  
Huntington PD.

BRADLEY  
Fuck, right. Well, there is one  
option.

OREN  
What?

BRADLEY  
We could always call Teresa.

OREN  
Your dealer from freshman year? You  
always said that she was the worst.  
She's always out, and she's never  
on time.

BRADLEY  
That's true, but it doesn't seem  
like we have much of a choice right  
now.

OREN  
Fine, text her.

Bradley takes out his phone to text Teresa. Oren's phone goes off as well.

It's Jo. Her text reads "Come over tonight. We'll listen to some records. 6 PM?"

Oren types a response, beaming.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - DAY

The protest is in full swing now. More people have arrived, and are chanting and walking in a circle. Simon is finishing setting up the chairs for a sit in when a van pulls up.

THREE MEN, mid 20s, type-A, douchebags and TIFFANY, mid 20s, powersuited, bad bitch exit the van. Dr. Shin walks over to greet them.

DR. SHIN

Simon, come here. There are some people I'd like you to meet.

Simon walks over to the group.

DR. SHIN (CONT'D)

This is John, Jack, and James.

She gestures to each of the douchebags. Simon shakes their hands as they're introduced.

SIMON

Nice to meet you.

JOHN

I'm sure.

DR. SHIN

And this is Tiffany.

Simon shakes Tiffany's hand.

DR. SHIN (CONT'D)

John is CEO of the Repatriation Society, Jack is CFO, and James is COO.

SIMON

What about Tiffany?

TIFFANY

I'm the NGO's Female Consultant.

Simon chokes back a laugh.

SIMON

Female consultant? That sounds like the politically correct term for a pimp. Like how they call garbagemen sanitation engineers. What does that even mean?

TIFFANY

What it means is that I ensure the gender parity for the company.

She looks down at Simon's shirt.

TIFFANY (CONT'D)

You have a vomit stain on your shirt, by the way.

Simon blanches.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (O.S.)

Hello everybody, I've arrived.

William Whitford, late 40s, rakishly handsome, egomaniacal walks onto the protest site.

DR. SHIN

Mr. Whitford, we've been expecting you.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

And I you, madam, but I didn't expect you to be quite so... ravishing.

Dr. Shin blushes.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

Your body is young, but your eyes look as if you've seen some things, young lady. This cannot be your first protest.

DR. SHIN

Well, I did watch the Wall go down.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

I don't believe it, you simply don't look old enough.

Dr. Shin blushes deeper.

DR. SHIN

Everyone, I believe you know  
Huntington University's most  
illustrious board member, star of  
stage and screen, William James  
Whitford.

William Whitford takes a more central location amongst the  
protestors.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Hello, everyone. Yes, I'm a  
celebrity, but really, I'm a  
Karankawa. I am 1/16th on my  
mother's side, so I am just as  
angry as the rest of you about this  
great miscarriage of justice.

TIFFANY

But weren't you Lazy River in that  
Western, "The Finders"?

CUT TO:

EXT. MESA - DAY

William Whitford, in full war paint, sits on the edge of a  
riverbank. He smokes a comically large peace pipe and wears a  
ridiculous headdress.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

How?

Suddenly, a COWBOY runs up firing his six guns.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

Why? Why? Why?

William Whitford runs away, trips, gets back up, and runs off  
into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - DAY

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Okay, you got me. I need a charity.  
Damon and that Water.org shit is  
really getting to me! But let's  
face it, you need a celebrity, and  
I need a cause. Can we work  
together?

The crowd gives a tepid cheer.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)  
All right, let's do this!

Simon pulls out his phone and texts Bradley that William Whitford is on the scene.

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bradley opens his phone. He reads Simon's text.

BRADLEY  
Sorry dude, gotta bail.

OREN  
What, where the hell are you going?

Bradley reaches behind the couch and pulls out a handheld camcorder.

BRADLEY  
William Whitford is at Simon's protest. There is no way I'm missing him again.

OREN  
You don't know anything about the Karanakwa. What are you going to say to him?

BRADLEY  
(mock practicing)  
This shit is fucked. Re-patriot or whatever. I wouldn't want someone stealing my grandma's body. I saw the ad.

OREN  
Your grandmother is still alive. She lives in Boca.

BRADLEY  
All the more reason to keep her out of some gross college's catacombs. Peace bro. I'll put you in a group chat with me and Teresa.

Bradley dashes out the door.

## MONTAGE

Oren sits on the couch waiting.

He picks up the apartment.

He taps the bottoms of some beer cans to see if there is any beer left inside. There is not.

He stares at his phone.

He gets his phone halfway into his pocket when it buzzes.

A text from Teresa tells him to come to 323 Elmhurst Drive.

CUT TO:

## EXT. TRAP HOUSE - DAY

Oren arrives at the gate of an apartment building. The building is dilapidated with a dirty lawn. A large dog is heard barking somewhere inside.

Oren takes his first step toward the gate and the barking increases. He stops and the barking decreases. He tests getting closer again and the barking increases again. He tries this one or two more times, the barking increasing with proximity.

He eventually takes a deep breath and crosses the threshold, and the barking stops completely. He smiles and the barking resumes louder than ever.

He clenches his teeth and keeps walking.

## INT. TRAP HOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Oren looks down the hallway. Two doors are open. In one, an ASIAN WOMAN, mid 20s, glasses, sits around the table with THREE FRIENDS. In the other, he sees a LATINA WOMAN, mid 20s, wearing revealing clothing, sitting alone.

He looks at the Latina woman.

He looks at his phone: it reads Teresa.

He looks at the Asian woman.

He looks at his phone again.

He shrugs and knocks on the door of the Latina woman.

INT. LATINA WOMAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Oren enters the apartment. He approaches the Latina woman.

LATINA WOMAN  
What do you want?

OREN  
I don't know, how much for a hit?

The woman looks confused.

LATINA WOMAN  
You only want one?

OREN  
Is that uncommon. How many should I ask for?

LATINA WOMAN  
Most guys don't measure it by hits. They just want that kind of an experience.

OREN  
Okay, so how much does an experience cost?

The woman stands up.

LATINA WOMAN  
A hundred an hour, but if you want anything special, it costs extra.

It's Oren's turn to be confused.

OREN  
A hundred an hour, I hear that this is supposed to last eight hours. I don't have eight hundred dollars.

LATINA WOMAN  
Eight hours. Hold on there, Superman. Most people can't even make it through the first hour.

OREN  
It only lasts an hour. Sounds like a shitty experience.

The woman becomes incensed.

LATINA WOMAN

Shitty experience? I've been doing this for five years, and I've never gotten a complaint.

OREN

Well it sounds like these guys don't know what they're doing.

The Latina Woman pushes Oren.

LATINA WOMAN

Okay, Casanova. You're out of here. You're going to have to find someone else to fuck.

She begins to push Oren out of the apartment.

OREN

Fuck? I just want drugs!

She gets Oren outside into the

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

She closes the door.

LATINA WOMAN

(From behind the door)  
Drugs? What I look like, some kind of immoral degenerate.

Her gripes fade into inaudibility. Oren slams on the door.

OREN

Come on! I need acid bad. It's an emergency!

The Asian woman pokes her head out of the door.

ASIAN WOMAN

You gotta be kidding me! Get in here, and stop yelling, you idiot.

She ushers Oren inside.

INT. TERESA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The four people inside the apartment all stare at Oren.

## ASIAN WOMAN

Next time you want drugs, I'm going to need you to knock on *my* door like someone who doesn't want to get a possession charge.

Oren looks at the Asian Woman. He looks at his phone. He realizes.

## OREN

Oh! You're Teresa.

## TERESA

Yeah. Who did you think I was?

## OREN

(Trying to play it off)  
Oh, uh, yeah, of course.

## TERESA

Did you think the Latina girl next door was me?

Oren gets nervous.

## OREN

No...

## SEAN

You fucking racist. Teresa doesn't have to be a Mexican girl.

## FRIEND 2

I don't think the girl next door is Mexican.

## FRIEND 3

Yo, focus, we're shaming this fool's bigotry. We can shame Sean's later.

Oren turns to Teresa.

## OREN

Sorry, it's been a hell of a day.

## TERESA

Try going through life as a Chinese girl named Teresa, shit's rough.

## OREN

You're right, I'm sorry. Can I get a hit of acid for the road?

TERESA

Yeah, ten bucks. I'll make it for you right now.

Teresa reaches into a fanny pack on the table. She pulls out a small square of paper, and a jar of clear liquid. She unscrews the cap, and pulls out an eye dropper. She drops a single drop of liquid onto the paper.

OREN

Okay, so is it ready?

TERESA

You have to wait for it to dry first. It's gonna be a couple of minutes. Whatsa matter, running late for your clan meeting?

Oren doesn't respond. He sits at the table. Conversation between Sean and Friends 2 and 3 picks up again.

SEAN

So, since they legalized in Colorado now, you know what's gotta be a job?

FRIEND 2

Professional Bong Cleaner?

SEAN

No.

Beat

SEAN (CONT'D)

Well yes, but that's not what I'm thinking of. Two words.

Sean holds up a finger at each word.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Weed. Tester.

Friend 2 and 3 are impressed.

FRIEND 2

Shit, I didn't think of that.

SEAN

But I did. This summer, I'm going up to Denver, and that's what I'm going to do.

FRIEND 3

Damn Sean, great idea.

SEAN

You know what they say, "Do what you love, and you'll never work a day in your life."

Oren, obviously bored by this conversation, looks back at Teresa.

OREN

Is it ready?

TERESA

(Annoyed)

Yeah, take it and go.

Oren stands up and takes the tab in his hand, when the door opens.

William Whitford walks in. He gives Teresa a nod.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Teresa.

TERESA

Big Willie, what's good?

WILLIAM WHITFORD

It's all good, baby. You got my order.

TERESA

Yeah, it's right here.

Oren is amazed.

OREN

William Whitford, you buy drugs.  
You buy drugs *here*?

Teresa shoots Oren a glare.

TERESA

What's that supposed to mean?

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Who is this guy, Teresa?

TERESA

Just some racist. I think he's boys with this dude Bradley. He was just leaving.

Oren sits back down.

OREN

No I wasn't. I was just talking to my boy Sean here about how it was being a weed tester.

SEAN

I didn't think you were interested. Well...

Oren takes out his cell phone and starts to text Bradley.

SEAN (CONT'D)

...And you're texting. OK.

Oren sends a message to Bradley reading "William Whitford is at Teresa's, buying. Get here now!"

Bradley texts back immediately, saying "Keep him there."

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Well, I'm going to head out. Nice to see you all. Except for you.

He gestures to Oren.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

We're all the same color inside, dude. It's 2016, you're going to have to learn to deal with that prejudice.

William Whitford stands to leave. Oren panics. He looks around the room. He spies a beer bottle on the table. He picks it up and stands.

He walks over toward William Whitford. He fakes tripping, and aims the bottle toward Whitford.

Whitford sees him coming and dodges. He falls to the floor for real now, breaking the beer bottle, and knocking over the LSD bottle. Oren hits the ground, covered in acid and beer.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

Careful, dude. You almost got me.

Whitford leaves, and the door closes.

Oren stands up. He opens his hand. His eyes widen.

OREN

Shit! Where's the acid?

Sean points at his arm.

SEAN  
Right there, bro.

OREN  
Shit! Is it still going to work?

TERESA  
Well no one is going to be able to  
eat it to get high.

OREN  
What the hell does that mean?

Teresa grows ominous.

TERESA  
Well, you are supposed to eat acid,  
but if you get it on your skin, you  
can **microtrip**.

OREN  
**Microtrip?** What the hell is that?

TERESA  
A **microtrip** is a full acid trip,  
condensed into about two hours, and  
you just ingested an entire bottle.  
It's going to be intense.

OREN  
I don't have time to **microtrip**. I  
need to get this to the homeless  
guy outside the liquor store.

FRIEND 2  
Sounds like he already started.

OREN  
Shut the fuck up.

Oren starts hyperventilating.

OREN (CONT'D)  
Oh no, oh shit. Fuck.

Oren rushes out the door. Teresa runs to the doorway.

TERESA  
Get the fuck back here! You owe me  
like a thousand dollars for that  
acid!

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The sun is shining. Birds are singing. The dog has stopped barking. Everything appears to be normal.

OREN  
(to himself)  
Okay. This seems fine. What do those junkies know? I'm not tripping. I'm *not* tripping.

Oren peers down at his hands. They start to melt.

OREN (CONT'D)  
Fuck, I'm tripping.

EXT. MICROTRIP - CONTINUOUS

Oren stumbles beyond the gate of the apartment.

He sees a fire hydrant melt into goop. A street lamp changes color and warps beyond recognition.

Oren walks a short distance until he sees a grassy lot. He bee lines toward it.

Oren lays down in the grass, and curls into the fetal position.

OREN  
(to himself)  
Fuck. Shit. What am I doing?

Oren looks into the distance. The swirling colors that make up his reality begin to take on recognizable shapes, in the form of a

MONTAGE

Oren graduates from Huntington University. He holds his diploma in one hand and throws his mortarboard into the air. Simon and Bradley are at his side, doing the same.

Oren fills out a job application. He is in a suburban kitchen surrounded by his baby pictures.

Oren sits on the couch watching TV. He slowly ages, slouching more and more as he does so.

Oren sits at a desk. He files TPS reports, or some other mindless drudgery. He looks at the clock; it reads 9AM.

He looks down to his desk. In a frame is a picture of his graduation with Bradley and Simon. He sighs.

Jo stands just outside of Oren's reach. He reaches his hand out to her, but she walks further and further away from him, into the swirling colors that exist at the edge of his vision. A hand reaches out to her. She takes it.

EXT. MICROTRIP

Oren stands up in the field. He puts his arms out. He rips his shirt off and lets out a primal scream.

OREN

Jo!

He runs into the darkness. He stops after a moment, and looks into the distance in horror.

Oren sees a cemetery. Bradley and Simon stand there in black, somber.

OREN (CONT'D)

I'll figure it out. I swear to god,  
I'll figure something out!

Oren's vision grows more and more negative until the world grows black.

Oren takes out his phone.

Oren sees Squidboat. He runs over to them.

OREN (CONT'D)

Guys, I'm so sorry I drank your  
beer! I know it was yours, but I  
didn't know that I knew that, and  
now it's gone, and I'm trying to  
get more, but I don't know how!

The band frowns at Oren. They approach him and start to beat him. Oren screams.

Back in reality, Oren's phone lays on the ground as he screams from invisible kicks to the stomach.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bradley walks down the street. He sees a shoe on the ground. He looks down at it. He looks down the block and sees another shoe.

He picks up both shoes and follows their trail. He finds a pair of pants. He picks these up too. He continues down the block.

Bradley comes upon Oren, sans pants and shoes. He is still shirtless, trying to dress a mailbox in his shirt. It's not going well.

BRADLEY

Hey, buddy. How's it going?

Oren starts talking without looking at Bradley.

OREN

Fred looks cold, so I told him he could have my jacket.

BRADLEY

Oren, I don't think the mailbox is going to be needing your shirt.

Oren realizes he's been dressing a mailbox. He turns.

OREN

Bradley! Hey, how's it going? Did you meet William Whitford?

BRADLEY

No, he was gone by the time I got there. Are you sure you saw him there?

OREN

One hundred percent sure.

Oren looks away momentarily.

OREN (CONT'D)

Eighty Percent sure.

BRADLEY

It's okay. I'll find him eventually. Are you okay?

OREN

I think so. I'm micro-tripping.

BRADLEY

I can see that. Did you save some acid for the guy at the liquor store?

Oren checks his pockets. He remembers.

OREN

Fuck! No, I spilled all of it on myself. Where's my phone?

Bradley and Oren look around. Bradley checks the pocket of Oren's pants, but it's not there. Bradley spots the phone a few feet down the street.

BRADLEY

There it is. You must have dropped it during your trip.

Oren picks up the phone and checks it. He has seven missed calls from "SCARY SQUIDBOAT SINGER," and one accompanying text.

Oren opens the message. It reads "You drank our beer. We're coming back to KILL you."

Oren lets out a wheeze.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

What happened?

OREN

I called Squidboat. They know we drank their beer. They're coming back to kick my ass. Fuck.

BRADLEY

Dude, don't worry. We'll think of something. Let's go back to the apartment. We're bound to figure something out.

CUT TO:

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

MONTAGE

Oren and Bradley sit at Bradley's computer. They attempt to order the beer online, but upon getting to the shipping information page, they realize that the beer will arrive on Monday at the earliest.

The two try to refill a few cans with wounded soldiers from the party. They try to close the cans by hand, but realize that they have no way to reseal them.

They then go door to door, knocking and asking for beers, but no one is answering their knocks.

The two return to the apartment and splay out on the couch.

OREN

What the hell are we going to do?  
We have no way to get this beer,  
and the band is going to be here in  
a couple of hours.

BRADLEY

Dude, I don't know, but we can't  
give up.

Oren receives a text message. It's from Jo. "If you still want to hang today, come through."

OREN

I gotta go.

Oren stands up.

BRADLEY

What about the beers?

OREN

I'm sure we'll figure something  
out. Go find William Whitford. I'll  
tell you if I think of something.

BRADLEY

You sure?

Oren walks to the door.

OREN

Positive.

He exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY STREETS

Soundtracked by some hardcore punk, Squidboat's tour van screeches onto the streets of Huntington State University. The van parks in a lot, and the band tumbles out of the van.

Austin, Ollie, and Karl walk around campus getting their bearings. They notice the protest, and offer encouragement to the protestors. They then head in the direction of Oren's house.

Simon notices the band, and shoots Oren a text. "Are the Squidboat guys doing another show here tonight? I just saw them outside the protest."

CUT TO:

EXT. JO'S HOUSE - DAY

Oren shows up at Jo's house and rings the doorbell.

Oren's pocket buzzes, but he ignores it.

He smooths his hair, and tries to look less like he just dropped a whole bottle of acid.

Jo answers the door in a Prop. 256 T Shirt.

JO

Hey.

OREN

Hey. Is this your parent's house?

Jo blushes slightly.

JO

Yeah. I know it's not really cool, but I already lived in Huntington, so a dorm seemed like kind of a waste of money.

OREN

Sounds smart to me.

JO

Maybe, but I feel like I'm not getting the full "college experience" whatever that is.

OREN

You're in college, you're having an experience. I don't know how you'd be any more authentic.

JO

(Smiling)

I guess you're right. You want to come in?

Oren nods and goes

INSIDE- CONTINUOUS

Jo leads Oren up to her room. He sits down in the chair at her desk. Jo puts on the Squidboat album and sits on her bed.

She pats the bed next to her.

JO  
Come sit with me.

OREN  
Okay.

An awkward beat.

OREN (CONT'D)  
So, uh, why are you so into  
Squidboat?

JO  
They're an awesome band. That's  
kind of a weird question.

OREN  
I guess it is. I meant more, how  
did you get into them?

Jo looks down.

JO  
Well, my brother got me into them.

OREN  
I didn't know you had a brother.  
Does he go here?

JO  
He did, but...

Oren interrupts.

OREN  
So did my brother. He's an  
investment banker now. He's kind of  
a dick.

JO  
My brother's dead.

Oren gulps.

OREN

Shit. My bad. I am so sorry. I'm bitching about my brother, and...

Jo interrupts.

JO

No, it's okay. We weren't close. Plus, your brother does sound like a douche.

OREN

Yeah, he is. So why weren't you close to your brother?

JO

Our parents both pushed us really hard. They expected us to be great. They wanted us to change the world. He was always a lot smarter. His room is full of trophies and medals, and things like that.

OREN

That's not everything.

JO

No, I guess it isn't, but my parents thought that he was the one that was going to go places.

Jo looks away. She sniffs, stifling a tear.

JO (CONT'D)

Imagine how disappointed they both were when we ended up here. We went to school in the same town that we grew up in, destined to go nowhere. No offense.

Oren is slightly offended.

OREN

(trying not to show it)  
None taken.

JO

One thing I was always better at was dealing with their disappointment. Eventually, he just decided he couldn't do it anymore.

OREN

Shit. I am so sorry.

JO  
Why? It's not like you sold him the  
sleeping pills.

OREN  
I'm still sorry it happened.

JO  
Thanks.

Beat

JO (CONT'D)  
It's weird, ever since he died,  
I've never felt closer to him.

OREN  
What do you mean?

JO  
I mean, we never used to talk, now  
I talk to him all the time. I  
listen to his music, and I'm  
learning to relax.

OREN  
And Squidboat helps you relax?

Jo stands up and walks over to the CD player. She picks up  
the Squidboat CD case.

JO  
It doesn't have to be Squidboat. It  
just has to be something.

OREN  
What do you mean?

Jo sits next to Oren.

JO  
I think there's something beautiful  
about the individual relationship  
you have with music. It's really  
easy to forget that because so much  
of what people do nowadays with  
music is communal. It's in shopping  
malls; it's the supermarket; it's  
in the doctor's office. We take it  
in cars, on workouts, and into  
parties. We fuck to music. We never  
sit with it.

(MORE)

JO (CONT'D)

Even at concerts, you're in public and you're watching and critiquing the performance, and the beer you're drinking. How often do you just sit down and listen to an album anymore?

Oren takes a moment to think about it.

OREN

I guess never.

JO

We don't run while we read books.. When I was a kid, I used to just spend time trying to find new, cooler music. And now, there's no time. I have to go to work, and then I have to go to class, and I have to check Facebook for some fucking reason. So I told myself I'd make time for this. So, now I do.

Oren moves closer to Jo.

OREN

And that's helped you feel better?

JO

That and a few other things.

Jo leans in and they kiss. Oren puts his hands on Jo as they make out. Jo takes off her shirt, revealing a camisole.

JO (CONT'D)

Hold on. Let me change the music.

Jo walks over to the CD player and pulls out the Squidboat CD. She puts in another CD, this one a CD-R written on in marker.

She pushes play and a soft acoustic ballad drifts out of the speakers.

JO (CONT'D)

That's better.

Jo smiles. She walks back over to the bed.

JO (CONT'D)

Where were we?

Jo and Oren resume making out. Oren positions himself on top of Jo. Oren takes off his shirt.

OREN  
This is really good. Who is this?

Jo stops abruptly.

JO  
This is Austin from Squidboat. It's his acoustic side project, Hairless Sasquatch.

Oren pretends to realize.

OREN  
Hairless Sasquatch, right.

Jo sits back up.

JO  
You don't know them, do you?

Oren considers continuing the lie, but decides against it.

OREN  
You got me, I don't. I guess you know your Squidboat better than I do.

JO  
And how much better is that?

OREN  
Well, you know...

Jo interrupts.

JO  
Name three Squidboat songs right now.

Oren struggles.

OREN  
Quadruple Play, I Cum Cocaine, and...

Oren's at a loss. He sits up, still on top of Jo.

JO  
You don't know Squidboat at all, do you? Why did you have them perform at your house, then?

Oren searches around for an answer. He finds nothing.

OREN

I wanted to impress you, okay? I thought you were really cool and smart and pretty in literature class. You liked *Confederacy of Dunces*, and I thought that...

Jo interrupts again.

JO

That what? If you got Squidboat here, I'd have sex with you? That's fucking sick. Did you know about my brother too?

OREN

No. I swear I had no idea about anything to do with your brother. I just wanted to get to know you better.

JO

Well, good fucking job. Is Squidboat in on your little trick? Did you ruin that for me too?

OREN

No. Actually, those guys are coming over tonight to kill me.

JO

And why would they do that?

OREN

Because I drank a bunch of their really fancy beer, and I can't get anymore.

Jo pushes Oren off of her. She stands up.

JO

I've heard enough weird shit from you today. Get the hell out of here, and don't talk to me again.

Oren stands to leave.

OREN

(softly)  
I'm sorry, Jo.

Oren leaves Jo's room. The door slams. Jo sits on her bed, ready to cry.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - DAY

William Whitford runs up to the protest currently in progress. He has a crazed look in his eye. Simon takes notice, but says nothing.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
Hold everything!

DR. SHIN  
Mr. Whitford, what's going on?

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
This is all bullshit! We are accomplishing nothing!

The protestors begin to lower their signs, confused.

DR. SHIN  
William, what are you talking about?

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
When land was taken from my ancestors, did they take it lying down?

DR. SHIN  
Well, no.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
You're damn right, no. They fought!

The protestors begin to buzz.

DR. SHIN  
Sure, but we are fighting.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
No, we're not. We're whining. Do you want to keep whining guys?

PROTESTORS  
NO!

William Whitford feels the crowd.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
I didn't think so! You know what we  
have to do?

PROTESTORS  
NO!

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
Well I do. We have to take these.

William Whitford holds out his hand. In it are a dozen acid  
tabs.

DR. SHIN  
Is that LSD?

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
Yes it is, doctor. Yes it is. Like  
the Karankawa before me, I must  
undertake a vision quest in order  
to restore what is rightfully mine.

DR. SHIN  
Mr. Whitford, I don't think that  
the Karankawa were practitioners of  
that particular ceremony.

Whitford falters a little, but quickly regains his bluster.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
Well who are you going to believe?  
A white history book, or me, a  
flesh-and-blood continuation of a  
proud Native American tradition.

DR. SHIN  
Well...

Whitford looks to the crowd.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
Who's with me?

The protestors are unsure.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)  
The acid's free.

PROTESTORS  
Whoo!

The protestors gather around Whitford as he distributes acid  
to each one of them. Simon takes his acid and runs off to the  
side.

He takes out his phone and calls Bradley.

SIMON (ON PHONE)  
Dude, you gotta get down here.  
William Whitford is here and he's  
giving out free acid!

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Bradley stands in the doorway of his apartment. He picks up the phone.

BRADLEY (ON PHONE)  
So Oren wasn't hallucinating! Dude,  
that sounds amazing... but I  
can't.

INT. PROTEST SITE - CONTINUOUS

SIMON (ON PHONE)  
What do you mean you can't? What  
can you possibly have to do that's  
more important than doing free  
drugs with your idol.

INT. OREN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

BRADLEY (ON PHONE)  
I'm going to have to call you back.

Reverse shot of Squidboat at the door.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
(nervously)  
How can I help you guys?

Austin narrows his eyes at Bradley.

AUSTIN  
Where is he?

Bradley looks around for anything to help him.

BRADLEY  
Uh, who?

AUSTIN  
I'm not fucking around here.  
Where's your friend Oren?

BRADLEY

Oh, Oren. He's not in. Can I take a message?

AUSTIN

Sure. Tell Oren we're going to kill him for drinking our beers.

BRADLEY

How do you know it was even Oren who drank your beers?

OLLIE

He called us and said so.

BRADLEY

Oren's been on acid all day. He told me he drank all the beer in the world this morning.

Ollie and Karl soften slightly. Bradley notices and relaxes himself.

Austin looks behind him and notices Gutenbrau cans from Oren and Bradley's attempt to reseal them.

AUSTIN

Then what the hell are those?

Bradley looks behind him.

BRADLEY

Fuck.

Austin grabs Bradley by the collar.

AUSTIN

Okay, I think we're done lying to each other, is that right?

Bradley nods.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

And you're going to tell me where Oren is, understand.

Bradley nods again.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

So where the hell is he?

BRADLEY

He went to go try to bang that girl Jo!

AUSTIN

And who the hell is Jo?

BRADLEY

She's the girl whose CD you guys signed at the show last night.

OLLIE

Oh, I remember her. She was hot.

Karl nods.

BRADLEY

Right, right. Oren invited you guys just so he could impress her, and it worked. He's over there now. Guys, just be cool.

AUSTIN

Okay, we're going to go there, right now, together.

BRADLEY

Actually guys, I have plans. You see William Whitford is on campus and...

Bradley tries to turn back into the house, but Austin still has a firm grip on his shirt collar.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Well, I guess we're going to Jo's. Shall we?

Austin drags Bradley out of the doorway. He barely manages to close the door as they drag him away.

OLLIE

Austin, you gotta admit it's pretty cool that someone booked us just so they could fuck.

AUSTIN

Shut up Ollie!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - DAY

The gaggle of protestors is tripping hard. Some are staring at their hands, some are lying on the grass looking at the sky, and some are rolling around on the ground.

The members of the Society for Repatriation are in a pile rubbing each other.

The only people acting normally are William Whitford, Dr. Shin and Simon.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

What's happening? I thought I was going to have a dozen warriors ready to storm the archives.

DR. SHIN

Mr. Whitford.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

William, please.

DR. SHIN

William. Have you not taken acid before?

WILLIAM WHITFORD

No, I'm more of a coke man, myself.

DR. SHIN

Well, then I can see your confusion. LSD is a pretty nonviolent drug. It really just makes people want to look at colors and think about the universe.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

You seem to be an expert.

DR. SHIN

I watched the wall go down, man. This is part of the protest as far as I'm concerned. Thank you for reminding me of that, I..

Dr. Shin is distracted by a passerby in a tie-dye shirt. William Whitford unsuccessfully tires to get her attention.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Dr. Shin? Dr. Shin? Shit.

William Whitford turns to Simon.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

Why aren't you whacked out like the rest of them?

SIMON

I am, but I've done a lot of drugs during my time here. Right now, you're head looks like a praying mantis, but I'm cool. How are you keeping it together?

WILLIAM WHITFORD

I'm not sure. I guess it just hasn't hit me yet. Or maybe, I'm connecting to my ancestor's roots.

William Whitford sits on the ground and meditates. We hear the call of a bird of prey.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

I can feel nature communicating with me.

SIMON

I think that's just the drugs.

William Whitford draws deeper into himself. We hear a bear growl.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

No, I can feel the strength of the bear. The cunning of the hawk. The craftiness of the salmon. I am ready. This is my destiny.

William Whitford stands.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

Protestors! I have communed with the spirits of the animal kingdom.

The protestors turn to William Whitford.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

I have rediscovered our purpose here today! I took on this charity event for all the wrong reasons. I was a sell out, no better than the men who took this land from my people, but now I have seen the light. We are going to take back the bodies of my ancestors, and we will burn this building to the ground. Who's with me!

The protestors get to their feet. It is an uneasy rise, but they assemble in a mob.

PROTESTORS

(chanting)

Burn it down! Burn it down! Burn it  
down!

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Let's go!

The protestors wobble towards the building. William Whitford stops at the door. Simon stays behind. Dr. Shin is still looking at the passerby in the tie-dye shirt.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

The first of many obstacles on our  
path to emancipating my ancestors!

William Whitford strikes the door with his fists. He fails to break the glass. He strikes it again, still nothing. He leans on the glass, giving up. The door pushes open.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

(surprised)

Oh, that was a lot easier than I  
thought.

He looks back to his protestors, woozy, but determined.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

Onward!

PROTESTORS

Yeah!

The mob swarms the building.

EXT. HUNTINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

A few students pass by the protest site. They watch the tripping activists form the mob and 'storm' the building.

The students begin to chatter indistinctly about the protest, pointing and gasping.

One of the students begins to take pictures.

The picture turns into a blog post with the headline "Drug-Fueled Repatriation Protest Goes Off the Reservation"

CUT TO:

EXT. JO'S HOUSE - DAY

Oren looks back at Jo's house, disappointed. He begins walking down the street toward his own home.

VAGRANT (O.S.)  
So I take it you didn't get the acid?

Oren turns around and sees the vagrant.

OREN  
Where the hell did you come from?

VAGRANT  
I got tired of waiting for you. I'm going home.

OREN  
You have a place to live?

VAGRANT  
Yeah, you didn't think I hung out in front of the liquor store all day did you?

OREN  
Actually?

The vagrant frowns at Oren.

VAGRANT  
So no acid, then?

OREN  
I tried, man, it just didn't happen.

VAGRANT  
It's probably for the best. Getting high doesn't usually make things better in the long term.

OREN  
You're probably right.

VAGRANT  
Why did you need ninety beers in the first place?

OREN  
It's a long story.

The vagrant sits on the curb.

VAGRANT

I was asking college kids for acid outside a liquor store in the middle of the day. I don't have a ton going on.

He pats the curb next to him. Oren sits down.

OREN

I'm not really sure where to start.

VAGRANT

The beginning usually works.

Oren looks at the vagrant.

OREN

So, it started with this girl.

VAGRANT

It usually does.

OREN

Actually, I think I have to start before that.

VAGRANT

If you say so.

OREN

I have no idea what I'm doing with my life. I don't know what I'm going to do in a few months when I graduate. Jo, that's the girl, she's just one way I've messed everything up. I've just been grasping at things, anything, to feel like I'm doing something. Do you know what I'm talking about?

VAGRANT

Well, I didn't go to college.

OREN

Shit, yeah man, I'm sorry. Here I am whining about my bougie problems, and you have to have way more real ones. Like are you an alcoholic or something? Do you live under a bridge?

The vagrant cocks his head at Oren.

VAGRANT

I have a studio apartment, and no I am not an alcoholic. Can I give you some advice?

OREN

Yeah, I guess so.

VAGRANT

There are a ton of ways to be happy in this world, and you don't have to pick one that doesn't actually make you happy.

OREN

Okay...

VAGRANT

Some people legitimately want that picket house, white kid, 2.5 fence lifestyle.

Oren looks at the vagrant, confused.

VAGRANT (CONT'D)

But it's not for everyone, especially not these days. Some people want to make art, and some people just want to be high off their ass on a Sunday afternoon. None of those is better than the other.

OREN

I guess not.

VAGRANT

Exactly. Do what makes you happy. Intern for a bank, write a sonnet, punch a junk yard dog.

OREN

Well maybe not that last one. Dude, are you doing that last one?

The vagrant ignores him.

VAGRANT

(undeterred)

But do it for you. There's nothing worse than living your life to someone else's standards. Do you know what my last job was?

OREN

Please don't say soldier. That would be too depressing, and I really don't think that I can handle that right now.

VAGRANT

No, I was a car salesman. I worked for my dad, and I hated every minute of it. So, one day, I decided that I didn't want to do it anymore. I quit that day, and never looked back. In fact, I...

Oren's phone vibrates. He check it; it's Simon.

OREN

Dude, I'm really sorry. I gotta take this.

Oren picks up the phone without waiting for an "OK"

VAGRANT

Sure, don't mind me. I'm just some fucking homeless veteran who lives under a bridge! God, you are an entitled asshole.

The vagrant fumes a little longer. He calms down.

OREN (ON PHONE)

Dude, what's up?

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - CONTINUOUS

SIMON (ON PHONE)

Shit is going crazy at the protest site. You have to get down here.

INTERCUT BETWEEN OREN AND SIMON

OREN

What's happening?

SIMON

William Whitford showed up to the protest with a ton of acid.

OREN

So that's where he went with it.

SIMON

You know about this?

OREN

I know about the acid. He gets from Bradley's dealer, Teresa.

SIMON

I thought Teresa was a terrible drug dealer.

OREN

(offended)

Simon, are you saying Teresa can't be a good drug dealer? Is it because she's asian?

SIMON

What, no. Are you okay, Oren?

OREN

Not really, it's been a long day. Those beers we drank this morning belonged to Squidboat, and the reason they're back in town is to kick my ass.

SIMON

The Gutenbrau was Squidboat's?

OREN

Yeah, have you had it before?

SIMON

Yeah, I had some at a class dinner at Dr. Shin's last month, it's her favorite beer. She has an entire fridge full of it. She calls it her beer locker.

Oren stands up.

OREN

Holy shit! Simon, do you think we could borrow some from her?

SIMON

How many?

OREN

About ninety.

Simon rubs the back of his head.

SIMON

I don't know.

OREN

Well we gotta try. I'm coming down there.

Beat

OREN (CONT'D)

Why did you call me again?

Simon is staring off into space. The distance swirls with colors. He snaps back to reality.

SIMON

Oh, right. William Whitford gave all the acid to the protestors, and now they're storming the building. Shit is crazy.

**CRASH!**

OREN

Holy shit, what was that?

Simon looks onto the lawn of the building. An upturned desk sits in a pool of broken glass.

SIMON

They threw a fucking desk! They're looking for the bodies of the Karankawa, but I don't think they've found them yet. When they do, they're going to burn the building down. You have to get down here and help me stop them before the police get here. We're all high, and we'd be going to jail.

OREN

Where's Dr. Shin?

Simon looks around. Dr. Shin is chasing a butterfly.

SIMON

She's out of commission. I think if you wanted to ask her for ninety beers, now's your chance.

OREN

OK, we're on our way. Thanks Simon.

SIMON

Who's we? Did you find Bradley...

Oren hangs up. He looks at the vagrant.

OREN  
Are you still interested in that  
acid?

The vagrant nods.

VAGRANT  
I guess so. It's really the least  
you could do at this point.

OREN  
Then follow me.

The two jog down the street.

OREN (CONT'D)  
I never got your name, by the way.

KURT  
It's Kurt. Nice to meet you. And by  
the way, why did you assume I was  
gay before?

OREN  
It wasn't a gay thing. It was more  
of an illicit deal thing.

KURT  
That makes sense. I *am* bi, though.  
Your friend just *really* isn't my  
type.

CUT TO:

EXT. JO'S HOUSE - DAY

Squidboat, still dragging Bradley by the collar, ring Jo's  
doorbell. She answers.

JO  
Holy shit, Squidboat, and Oren's  
creepy friend. What are you guys  
doing here?

AUSTIN  
Where is he?

BRADLEY  
Creepy?

JO  
Who?

AUSTIN  
I'm getting pretty sick of this  
game.

Austin throws Bradley to the ground. He gets uncomfortably close to Jo.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Where. Is. Oren.

Jo takes a step back.

JO  
What do you want with him?

AUSTIN  
Don't worry about it, we just have a disagreement that we need to settle.

Jo remembers what Oren said earlier. Squidboat pushes their way

INSIDE

They fan out to look for Oren throughout the house.

JO  
Oh, well, I'm not sure. He was here a while ago, but I kicked him out.

Bradley is heartbroken.

BRADLEY  
Why?

Jo turns to him.

JO  
Because he tried to trick me.

BRADLEY  
What, because he hired these jokers? He was trying to impress you.

JO  
Well, he didn't have to lie to me.

BRADLEY  
Maybe not, but you've met him, he's kind of a mess right now.

Squidboat return empty-handed.

JO  
Are you guys finished searching my house?

OLLIE  
He's not here.

JO  
No shit, that's what I said.

BRADLEY  
Can I go now? I know about as much  
as you guys do.

JO  
I want all of you out of my  
house... I have to make a phone  
call.

The four men leave the house. Jo picks up her phone and calls Oren. No answer. She tries again. Still no answer.

CUT TO:

INT. JO'S ROOM - DAY

Jo, dejected, takes all of her Squidboat CD's and throws them in the trash.

JO  
Assholes.

She looks up at a picture of her brother, identical to the one in his room.

JO (CONT'D)  
Sorry Mark, I know they were your  
favorite.

Jo sits at her computer. Her home page is the campus news website. She hits refresh and sees the article about the protest.

She clicks on the article and looks through the picture roll. She sees Oren in the background of one of the pictures!

JO (CONT'D)  
Oren!

Jo grabs her bag and dashes for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY STREETS - DAY

Bradley and the band are awkwardly walking in the same direction. Bradley stays about four or five feet behind them.

The band is mumbling amongst themselves. Bradley can hear everything they're saying.

AUSTIN

What's our next move? Do we go wait for him at his place?

Bradley grimaces.

OLLIE

No, I don't think we have time. We have that show in Austin tomorrow, and that's a day and a half's drive from here.

Bradley relaxes. Suddenly, his pocket starts screaming. The band grab their ears in pain.

AUSTIN

What the fuck is that?

Bradley pulls the phone out of his pocket.

BRADLEY

It's my Whitford alarm! Yes, he's still on campus.

The band gather around Bradley.

OLLIE

Whitford, like William Whitford? The guy from the car commercials?

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY

William Whitford, in a tank top and cutoffs, holds a hose.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Do you know what separates Hall's Rent-A-Car from it's competitors?

The hose begins spouting water.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

It's the individual care we take with each and every car.

MONTAGE

William Whitford sprays down the car.

He dips a large sponge in a bucket.

He bends seductively over the hood of the car scrubbing it.

From inside the car, we see his exposed nipples rubbing against the windshield.

He rubs the sponge inside the tail pipe.

END MONTAGE

William Whitford, covered in dirt, stands in front of a freshly cleaned car.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
Hall's Rent-A-Car, where you're a  
friend, with *plenty* of benefits.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNTINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY STREETS - DAY

BRADLEY  
The very same. And he's on campus  
at that protest.

Bradley starts swiping through the camera roll of pictures until he gets to the one that Jo saw in her room.

AUSTIN  
Stop swiping.

Bradley stops.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Look what we have here, boys. It's  
Oren.

BRADLEY  
Shit.

CU on Karl.

KARL  
Let's kill that motherfucker!

The band all let out a primal scream and run down the street, leaving Bradley behind.

BRADLEY  
Shit, shit, shit, shit!

Bradley calls Oren. No answer.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Bradley starts running toward the protest site.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - DAY

Oren, Simon, Kurt and a badly tripping Dr. Shin stand outside of the building. The rioting is in full swing. A desk chair and bookshelf have joined the pile of office furniture on the lawn of the building.

OREN  
Shit, this is getting out of hand.

SIMON  
You're telling me. You have to help me calm this down.

KURT  
You got the acid?

SIMON  
Who the fuck is this guy?

OREN  
This is Kurt. He's a guy Bradley and I met outside of the gas station. I promised him acid in exchange for helping us.

SIMON  
Well, I don't have any. William Whitford and his protestors took it all.

Kurt sits down on the ground.

KURT  
Well, I'm out.

SIMON  
Shit. That's disappointing. Well, Oren we have to calm these guys down.

OREN

But how? There's a dozen protestors  
and one B-List celebrity in there  
tearing shit up. It's just the  
three of us.

SIMON

More like two.

The two look at Dr. Shin who has laid down on the ground,  
carefully inspecting a blade of grass.

OREN

Acid must be a lot stronger than in  
the 80s.

SIMON

Maybe she's just out of practice.

OREN

(slowly)  
Dr. Shin, can you hear me?

DR. SHIN

Definitely, stranger. How can I  
make your visit on this planet more  
comfortable?

OREN

(to Simon)  
Okay, I say we leave her here for  
now, come back to her and the beers  
after we've stopped the war party.

SIMON

Good idea, let's go inside, see  
what's going on.

Simon and Oren head

INSIDE

The hallway appears to be untouched.

SIMON

It looks like they haven't been to  
this part of the building yet.

A few feet behind them, something *skitters* across a  
perpendicular hallway.

OREN

Shit, what was that?

SIMON  
I don't know. I'm freaking out man.

OREN  
Me too, dude.

SIMON  
No, I'm on acid too. I'm starting  
to lose control of my trip.

Oren grabs Simon and slaps him in the face.

OREN  
No, I can't have you go native on  
me too!

WILLIAM WHITFORD (O.S.)  
Excuse me, but I find that  
offensive.

Oren turns around and William Whitford, flanked by four woozy  
protestors block the hallway.

OREN  
Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - DAY

The Squidboat van pulls up next to the Society for  
Repatriation-mobile. The band piles out. The approach the  
lawn where Kurt and Dr. Shin are talking.

DR. SHIN  
So, really, Western Civilization is  
just a collection of cultural  
touchstones that Europeans have put  
together to canonize themselves.

KURT  
See, I always thought it was  
something like that. What does  
"civilization" even mean. It always  
sounded like some white bullshit to  
me.

The notice Squidboat for the first time.

DR. SHIN  
Hello. Who are you guys?

KURT

Oh shit, you're Squidboat. Killer.

Ollie looks puzzled.

OLLIE

You know us, old dude?

KURT

For sure, I'm an old punk from way back. I think your Descendents influence is pretty obvious, but other than that you guys are some of my favorite people working today. I love the "I Cum Cocaine" video.

AUSTIN

(Flattered)

Thanks, I broke two knuckles.

Austin remembers why he's here.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Have either of you two seen Oren? He's skinny, weird looking...

KURT

I have. He and his friend went inside to calm down the protestors.

OLLIE

Friend? How the hell did that kid beat us here?

AUSTIN

That's not important. We're going to find him, and we're going to fuck him up.

The band walks toward the building.

KURT

If you see any acid, bring me some.

DR. SHIN

Acid? I'm on acid.

KURT

I know, sweetie. I'm jealous.

The band ignores them and continues walking. They go into the building and close the door, when Bradley runs onto the lawn, out of breath.

BRADLEY  
 (Panting)  
 Where... Is... he?

KURT  
 Oren's inside.

BRADLEY  
 (Panting)  
 Not.. Oren... \*Gasp\* Whitford

Dr. Shin sits up.

DR. SHIN  
 Willie? Oh, he's inside with the  
 protestors. He's looking for the  
 bones.

BRADLEY  
 (Catching his breath)  
 Where are the bones?

DR. SHIN  
 Oh, they're in the basement.

BRADLEY  
 Thanks, Dr. Shin. I love your  
 commercial by the way.

DR. SHIN  
 Thank you Mr. Lincoln, I'm a big  
 fan of it myself.

We see, from Dr. Shin's perspective, Bradley wearing a top  
 hat, false beard and a large mole.

BRADLEY  
 Okay... see you later.

Bradley runs toward the building.

KURT  
 You were in a commercial?

DR. SHIN  
 I was, for Prop. 256. Online.

KURT  
 I don't own a computer.

Dr. Shin sits up.

DR. SHIN  
 I find that very attractive.

Kurt and Dr. Shin start making out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - DAY

Oren, Simon, William Whitford and the protestors haven't moved since we last saw them.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Well, what are you guys waiting for? Get them.

PROTESTOR 1

What do you mean, get them?

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Like capture them. Grab em, you know.

PROTESTOR 2

Why though?

WILLIAM WHITFORD

You know, I'm not really sure. I don't like this guy.

He gestures to Oren.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

And it just felt right. Whatever. Let's go find those corpses.

PROTESTOR 1

Yeah, about that. I gotta be honest, we're not really feeling it anymore.

PROTESTOR 2

Yeah, when you suggested it, it sounded like a great idea, but the more I think about it, the more it feels counterproductive to what we're trying to achieve.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Well, shit. Do you guys all feel that way?

The protestors mumble in agreement.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)  
I never thought about it like that,  
well...

In the distance we hear the sounds of Squidboat.

AUSTIN (O.S.)  
Oren, come out and play-ay!

OREN  
Shit. That's the band. They're  
coming to kill me.

Oren looks around. He sees the door to the stairwell.

OREN (CONT'D)  
I gotta hide.

Oren runs to the door.

PROTESTOR 1  
That guy has vision. Let's follow  
him.

The protestors follow Oren down the stairs. Simon and William Whitford look at each other, shrug, and follow him.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES

Kurt and Dr. Shin really start to go to town on each other. Kurt is in the process of ripping off Dr. Shin's top when Jo shows up.

JO  
What fresh hell is this?

The two turn to her.

DR. SHIN  
You've never seen two adults hook  
up before? Someone never walked in  
on her parents.

JO  
(Sarcastically)  
Nope, it was a sad childhood. While  
I have you, where's...

KURT  
(Interrupting)  
Everyone's inside. Just go.

JO

Thanks.

Jo runs inside. The two continue making out.

Dr. Shin stops.

DR. SHIN

Shit. I am going to get shit-canned  
for this.

She gets up and runs into the building. Kurt looks around.

KURT

Wait for me, baby!

Kurt runs after her.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES BASEMENT - DAY

Oren runs into the basement.

OREN

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

He looks around for a place to hide. He sees a huge box.

OREN (CONT'D)

Perfect.

He runs toward the box and opens it. He looks inside, then  
looks like he's about to puke.

OREN (CONT'D)

Oh god, gross!

Inside the box are very old bones.

OREN (CONT'D)

Fuck. Who keeps bones in a box?

The protestors run into the basement. Oren turns to look at  
them.

PROTESTOR 2

Bones! Everyone get down here. Oren  
found the bones.

The rest of the protestors file into the room, followed by  
William Whitford and Simon.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Well, what do you know. The kid found the bones. Maybe you're not as racist as I thought you were this whole time. Unless... What did you want with the bones.

OREN

Nothing. I just want to get out of here before the band finds me.

BRADLEY (O.S.)

Dude, they're coming.

OREN

Bradley?

Bradley runs down the stairs.

BRADLEY

Yeah man, you don't have a lot of timeholysht!

Bradley sees William Whitford.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

William Whitford, I love you.

William Whitford smiles and puts one hand on his chest.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Always nice to meet a fan. Where do you know me from?

BRADLEY

Where don't I know you from? I've seen everything you've ever been in, even that weird conceptual art piece you did in the early 80's, "Among the Clouds"

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM

William Whitford, clad only in a banana hammock, holds a can of paint.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Democracy.

He pours red paint onto himself.

JUMPCUT: Still covered in paint, he stands very far away from the camera holding another can of paint.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

Is.

He pours white paint onto himself.

JUMPCUT: Upside down, he stands incredibly close to the camera. He holds a third can of paint.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

Dead.

He pours blue paint onto himself.

JUMPCUT: He lays on the floor in the puddle of mixing paint, making a snow angel in it, singing softly.

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

(singing)

Oh say can you see, by the dawns  
early light...

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES BASEMENT - DAY

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Oh yeah, I forgot all about that.  
You sat through all four hours?

BRADLEY

Hell yes I did. It was amazing.  
You're a genius.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Well, thank you.

BRADLEY

I have so many questions. What's  
Kevin Hart like in person? What  
kind of face paint did you use in  
"The Finders?" Do you regret doing  
that failed Cathy comic adaptation?

William Whitford frowns.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Um, he's nice. We used high  
fructose corn syrup, and no, it  
really seemed like a good idea at  
the time.

(MORE)

WILLIAM WHITFORD (CONT'D)

Maybe I shouldn't have played  
Cathy, but then hindsight is 20-20.  
Is that it?

BRADLEY

Not by a long shot. I've been  
waiting for this chance for four  
years. I've done everything I can  
to get close to you, and if it  
wasn't for the university  
discovering the cameras...

Bradley stops himself. He's said too much.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Cameras? You're the kid who put the  
cameras in the Trustee room!

Bradley looks away.

BRADLEY

Uh... no.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

You are! That was so creepy. What  
the hell?

BRADLEY

It was one camera!

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Still though!

JO (O.S.)

Oren!

The room turns to the door. Jo runs into the basement.

OREN

Jo? What are you doing here?

JO

I'm sorry.

OREN

You're sorry? Why?

JO

I know everything. You were telling  
the truth about Squidboat, and I'm  
sorry I didn't believe you.

OREN

Thanks.

Oren smiles. Beat

OREN (CONT'D)

How did you find out?

JO

Bradley told me everything.

Oren looks at Bradley. He shrugs.

JO (CONT'D)

I met Squidboat. They're a bunch of assholes. I am so sorry.

OREN

No, I'm sorry. I should have been more straightforward with you from the beginning. You just seemed so cool, and like you had it together. I didn't think you'd go for me otherwise.

JO

That's ridiculous. You organized an entire house show just to spend time with me. I really like exactly what you have going on right now.

Jo crosses the room to Oren. Oren does the same. The two embrace. They lean into kiss when...

AUSTIN (O.S.)

Finally!

The room turns to the door. Austin and the band walk into the basement.

OREN

Fuck.

Oren and Jo let go of each other.

AUSTIN

Oren, we've been looking for you all day, but now we've found you.

BRADLEY

I did mention that time was a factor here.

Oren glares at Bradley.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Sorry.

Austin walks up to Oren.

AUSTIN

Okay. You've run out of time. You got our beers?

Oren shakes his head.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Well, what the hell happened to them?

Oren swallows.

OREN

I drank them.

Austin smiles, cat-like.

AUSTIN

You drank them all by yourself.

Oren looks at Simon, then at Bradley. They begin to step forward.

OREN

Yes. I drank all ninety beers by myself.

OLLIE

Actually, that's pretty fucking cool.

AUSTIN

Shut up Ollie! Well, there's only one thing left to do.

Austin bears down on Oren. He pulls his fist back to throw the first punch. Oren shields his face.

DR. SHIN (O.S.)

Wait!

Austin stops. The room turns to the door. William Whitford turns to one of the protestors.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

This basement is really getting crowded.

The protestor nods.

Dr. Shin enters the basement.

DR. SHIN  
Mr. Whitford, I can't let you do  
this.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
Please, Dr. Shin, we've discussed  
this, call me William.

DR. SHIN  
No, I think Mr. Whitford will  
suffice.

Kurt walks into the basement. He puts his arm around Dr.  
Shin's waist.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
Dr. Shin, are you still tripping?  
Why are you letting that vagabond  
touch you?

DR. SHIN  
I am still tripping, but I think I  
crested. I'm riding it down now.  
And this is Kurt.

Bradley recognizes him.

BRADLEY  
Hey, it's the guy from the liquor  
store. Did you ever find any acid?

KURT  
No, and it seems like I'm the only  
one.

BRADLEY  
Word. See Oren, I told you he  
wasn't gay.

OREN  
He's bi, actually.

KURT  
I'm bi, actually.

Dr. Shin turns to Kurt.

DR. SHIN  
Kurt, baby, I'm in the middle of  
something.

KURT  
Sorry, doc. Go ahead.

Dr. Shin blushes and gathers herself.

DR. SHIN

Right. Mr. Whitford, this is not the way to get what we're after. We have to believe in Prop. 256 and let democracy decide.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

Did you know that they kept the bodies in tubs?

Whitford walks over to the box and pulls out a skull.

DR. SHIN

(Disgusted)

Okay, never mind. Take them. They never let me down here before. That's not just disrespectful; it's straight up nasty.

Simon looks up from his phone.

SIMON

It's not like Prop 256 was going to pass anyway.

DR. SHIN

What do you mean, Simon.

SIMON

Look at this. We're all over the news.

Dr. Shin walks over to Simon, and sees the news story from earlier.

DR. SHIN

Well shit, I'm fired. We might as well get these bones out of here.

The protesters murmur in agreement.

AUSTIN

Okay, I have had just about enough of this bullshit. Oren, you either get us ninety Gutenbrau or we're going to beat you to death in front of all of these people.

DR. SHIN

Gutenbrau? I love that stuff.

Oren remembers.

OREN

Right. Doctor Shin, can I borrow  
ninety Gutenbrau?

Dr. Shin considers this.

DR. SHIN

I don't know. That's most of what's  
in my beer locker.

OREN

(Begging)  
Please? It's a bit of an emergency.

Simon steps in.

SIMON

Dr. Shin, if you help Oren out with  
this, I think I may be able to  
solve everyone's problems here.

The room looks confused.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Everyone meet back here in an hour.  
Bradley, get your camera equipment,  
Oren go get another tab of acid,  
and Squidboat, go get your gear.  
I'll go with Dr. Shin to get the  
beers.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES BASEMENT - LATER

Squidboat sets up their equipment in the basement as Oren  
gives Kurt a tab of acid. Jo stands nearby among William  
Whitford and the protestors.

KURT

Finally.

OREN

You don't know what I had to go  
through to get this. Teresa was mad  
that I broke her acid vial, so I  
had to listen to Sean's weed  
testing business plan for forty-  
five minutes.

Kurt ignores him and takes the tab.

KURT

You ever feel like your whole day  
has been you failing to accomplish  
a simple task?

OREN

Sounds vaguely familiar.

Bradley, Dr. Shin and Simon enter with Bradley's camera  
equipment.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

What exactly is going on here?

SIMON

Bradley needs to make a film,

Bradley stops setting up a tripod and nods.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Dr. Shin needs to keep her job,

Dr. Shin, now holding onto Kurt, looks up and nods eagerly.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You need people to know that you  
care about Native American issues.

WILLIAM WHITFORD

So what does this have to do with  
Squidboat?

SIMON

I'm sure they'd like a new music  
video among a few Indian Bones.

Austin looks up from tuning his guitar.

AUSTIN

Native American remains, but sure.

SIMON

We have a celebrity, a weird  
location, a dozen people, and a  
band. We have everything we need to  
make a web hit. If it's big enough,  
maybe people will think you guys  
fucking up the building is part of  
it.

William Whitford considers this.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
You know, that's actually not a  
terrible idea.

SIMON  
Exactly, Kurt's already on acid.

LATINA WOMAN (O.S.)  
Wait!

The room turns to the doorway. The latina woman enters.

TIFFANY  
Teresa!

OREN  
Teresa?

The latina woman turns to Oren.

TERESA 2  
Yeah, you got a problem with that?

AUSTIN  
Yeah dude, Teresa is a pretty  
common name for a Latina woman.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
I knew it. This guy *is* a racist.

OREN  
I'm not a racist. Teresa, what are  
you doing here?

TERESA 2  
I have to give Tiffany her cut.

Teresa pulls a large wad of cash out of her pocket and gives  
it to Tiffany. Simon looks at Tiffany.

SIMON  
So, you are a pimp!

TIFFANY  
I prefer the term female  
consultant.

OREN  
That is a much better term for it.

Bradley finishes setting up the camera.

BRADLEY  
 Okay, is everybody ready?  
 Protestors, get over there, William  
 Whitford, see if you can find  
 something Karankawa to wear.  
 Squidboat start playing. Everyone  
 else, out of the shot. Lights,  
 camera, action!

We see the camera lens, and a lens flare takes us to

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CAMPUS ARCHIVES - SUNSET

Oren, Jo, Bradley (holding his gear), Simon, William  
 Whitford, Dr. Shin, and Kurt all stand outside of the  
 building.

Simon checks his phone. He's missed several calls and texts  
 from his parents. He clears his notifications and puts his  
 phone back in his pocket. He finally appears at peace.

OREN  
 That was... something.

BRADLEY  
 I think it's going to come out  
 great.

WILLIAM WHITFORD  
 If my instincts as a performer mean  
 anything, that is going to be the  
 most viral video this year.

Dr. Shin and Kurt turn to leave.

DR. SHIN  
 Thanks for everything, Simon.

SIMON  
 No problem.

OREN  
 And thank you for the beers, Dr.  
 Shin.

DR. SHIN  
 No need to thank me Oren. You're  
 getting me ninety Gutenbrau. I  
 expect them as soon as possible...  
 Or else.

Dr. Shin glares at Oren. He swallows.

DR. SHIN (CONT'D)  
Just kidding. Or am I?

Dr. Shin laughs.

DR. SHIN (CONT'D)  
Okay, see you Monday, Simon.

Dr. Shin walks Kurt away. Halfway there, he stops to vomit, then continues walking.

OREN  
Well, that was fun.

BRADLEY  
Yeah, you guys want to go home.

SIMON  
Sure.

Jo grabs Oren's hand.

JO  
You guys mind if I come?

OREN  
Definitely.

The four walk into the sunset.

SIMON  
So what do you guys want to do next weekend?

JO  
How about another house show?

Everyone stops.

JO (CONT'D)  
This one at my place.

OREN  
Sold.

The four continue walking until they're silhouettes.

FADE OUT.

