

EYES PINCHED SHUT
By: Ace Parker

FADE IN:

EXT. WEST HAVEN, CT - STREET-LATE MORNING

Four young men are packing an weathered SUV with duffle bags, and clothes on hangers. A beat up Honda civic pulls up and ERIC OSGOOD (21) tall, lanky, skinny athletic, surfer dude swag, long curly brown hair, tan skin, blue eyes, gets out of the car.

ERIC

Yo Yo!

CONOR (21) SHORT, STOCKY, RED HAURED.

CONOR

Dare to dream that we're waiting on you again.

ERIC

Did you remember to pack your lucky charms?

Eric starts laughing hysterically to himself and loads his one hefty bag full of clothes into the trunk.

ERIC

Where should I park my car?

SAM (21) average height, average build, long blonde hair.

SAM

Park right here in the driveway after we pack and pull out.

CONOR

Looks like we're all set.

SAM

Alright, now move that shit box so we could back out.

Eric gets in his car and backs it onto the street, leaving Sam and Co enough room to back out. Sam and Co back the SUV onto the street and Eric pulls his car into the driveway. Before he can park the car, Sam beeps his horn twice at him. Eric comes to attention.

ERIC

Alright! What? What did I do now?

SAM

Oz! Come here! Quick!

ERIC

Ok, just let me park the car first.

SAM

No, no! Leave the car on, just come here.

Eric gets out of his car and walks over to the driver door of the suv. Everyone in the car is giggling.

ERIC

What?

SAM

Dude, the Lorello's are out of town. You should trench their lawn again.

ERIC

What are you nuts? Let's hit the road.

CONOR

That would be fuckin epic. Hell of a way to start the trip.

ERIC

Fuck it! I'll do it. You sure they're away?

SAM

Yeah, they always go away on Labor Day weekend. My little brother is watching their dogs for them.

ERIC

Alright, yeah I'll do it. Meet you guys back here.

Eric gets in his car and drives around the block to SAL LORELLO's house, which is situated on the corner of a 4 way intersection close by Sam's house.

ERIC

Bonzai!

Instead of staying on the road towards the intersection, Eric floors the car onto Lorello's lawn. His wheels tear the grass and plants up as he goes. Inside the house, Mr. Lorello is sitting in the kitchen reading the paper and having a coffee. Eric drives so close to the house that he

and Mr. Lorello make eye contact. Eric drives back onto the street and pulls into Sam's driveway. Eric gets out of his car, stumbles and then runs to Sam's car parked on the street. As soon as he gets into the car, Mr. Lorello runs in front of Sam's SUV holding a six shooter pistol in his hand. The laughing fits in the car, halt.

MR. LORELLO

Osgood! That's the last time you trench my lawn punk! I knew it was you!

ERIC

Mr. Salorello, I am so sorry. There were these two bees in my car! I'm highly allergic!

MR. LORELLO

Oh, I bet you have an excuse pretty boy! Just like the last time when a beer bottle mysteriously rolled under your brake pedal! Or like the time you dropped a joint on your lap!

ERIC

True story.

MR. LORELLO

That must have been why you were laughing the whole time, huh?

Mr. Lorello grabs Eric by the shirt, lazily holding onto his gun.

MR. LORELLO

Maybe the boys in blue ought to hear about this!

ERIC

No, don't call the cops. They were just at my house last night! We actually have to go, Mr. Lorello. We're really on a tight schedule. We're on our way to...What's it called again?

SAM

The Hamptons.

ERIC

Yeah, wherever the fuck that is.

Mr. Lorello's son, SAL (21) tan, chubby, brown haired, strong, Italian, walks over to his father and Eric.

ERIC

Oh, good Salorello, tell your dad it was a mistake. There were bees man! Fuckin bees man.

SAL LORELLO

Let him go dad. I'm sure he didn't mean it.

ERIC

He's right Mr. Salorello. I didn't mean it. Honest!

MR. LORELLO

Why are you calling me Sal? What the fuck is the matter with you?

ERIC

No, I was apologizing, Mr. Salorello. I didn't mean to drive on your lawn--

MR. LORELLO

My name isn't Sal. My name is Lorenzo.

ERIC

Ok, Mr. Lorenzo Salorello. I'm very sorry--

MR. LORELLO

My last name is Lorello you fuckin idiot! Sal I thought you said you knew this kid!

SAL

I do! We were in school together from Pre-K up.

ERIC

We were? I thought I met you in Juvie?

SAL

I never went to Juvie. ... You seriously thought my last name was Salorello this whole time?

ERIC
What is your first name?

SAL
Sal!

ERIC
And your last?

SAL
Lorello!

ERIC
Wow, learn something new every
day.

MR. LORELLO
I'm calling the cops! This kid
didn't even know your name!

ERIC
Sir, please.

SAL
Just let him go Pop. He's a fuckin moron.

MR. LORELLO
Fine. But last chance Osgood. If
you tear up my lawn one more time,
I'll blow your head off. You ain't
a kid anymore, and I'm well within
my right.

The two Lorello men walk away. Eric gets back in the car
and his friends are crying of laughter.

ERIC
The old man is certainly mellowing
with age. That was nothing!

The SUV begins its journey to the Hamptons.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HAMPTONS-MIDDAY-TOWN CENTER
The SUV arrives in the Southampton center. Everyone takes
in the lavish setting with awe. They are used to small city
life. Sam gets a phone call.

SAM (on phone)

Are you there? Yeah, our GPS says we're a minute away too. Nah, nah let's just take a cruise by and check it out. Check in isn't for a few hours.

Hang ups.

CONOR

Who was that?

SAM

Ziggy. He's with Merrill and Lynch.

ERIC

Nice! The law firms all here!

CONOR

Turn left here. First house on the left.

ERIC

I think this is the house right here, through the bushes. Looks like there's people there.

SAM

Check-in isn't for another hour. We'll do a couple laps, check out the beach or something.

CONOR

Fuck that, I got to take a leak. Pull up the driveway, I'll be ghost.

ERIC

Yeah, finally. Hand me one of those capri suns!

Conor hands Eric his first beer. The car pulls into the driveway. The house is an average sized colonial, with an inground pool, and above ground jacuzzi. It is hidden from the street by high bushes. The group of guys get out of the car and Conor scurries behind a tool shed to relieve himself. Ziggy and his car pull up. ZIGGY (21) long haired hippie, with man bun, and shaggy beard. His car is packed with four more guys and two young women. Greetings.

ZIGGY

Wow! This place is a dump huh!

ERIC

Ay! What's happening man?

ZIGGY

Who are these people?

ERIC

Probably the homeowners. We're early.

Sam walks over to two men walking in and out of the house. They are both short, middle aged Mexicans.

SAM

Hi, are either one of you two the homeowners?

The two men bicker with each other in spanish. A third man walks outside. JOSE (40) average height, average build.

SAM

Hi, excuse me, are you the homeowner? We're the ones renting the house for the weekend.

JOSE

No, we're not the homeowners. We're just the cleaning crew.

SAM

We can come back, we're a little early.

JOSE

No, don't worry about it. You guys can stick around. You could even start bringing your stuff in. We don't mind at all.

SAM

Really? That would, that would be great actually thanks.

Sam walks back over to the cars.

SAM

It's the cleaning crew, they said we could start packing up the house if we want. Just try and stay out of their way though.

ERIC

Perfect! I'm going to stake my claim on the master bedroom.

ZIGGY

Why do you get the master man?

ERIC

Because I'm the one who's sprinting inside with his bags!

Eric grabs his trash bag of belongings and one thirty rack of beer. He sprints towards and into the house.

INT. RENTAL HOME-DAYTIME

First room Eric enters is the kitchen. A female mexican worker is scrubbing the stove. Eric sprints passed her.

ERIC

Hola!

FEMALE CLEANER

Hola?

Eric continues his run through the house and finds the bedroom he likes best. It's got two beds inside, one queen, one twin. Eric throws his bag on the queen. One entire wall of the room are mirrors.

ERIC

This will do.

Eric picks up the thirty rack of beers and walks back down into the kitchen. He grabs two beers and puts the rack in the icebox.

ERIC

Oh, honey you don't have to worry about scrubbing the stove. We're not going to use it anyways!

The female worker turns around.

ERIC

Yeah, don't worry about that. No clean. No clean.

The female worker continues to scrub. Jose walks in.

ERIC

Hey, you could tell her she doesn't have to do that. Here, you want a beer?

JOSE

Oh, no señor. I can't drink while I'm working.

ERIC

So, clock out! The house looks fine anyways!

JOSE

Oh, no señor. I can't.

ERIC

No, seriously. Great job. Have a beer. We won't tell the landlord the house was dirty, honest.

JOSE

Are you serious?

ERIC

I'm serious. You're fine. Now have a beer! Un cerveza!

JOSE

Ok, just one. Gracias, señor.

ERIC

Yeah, den ada guy. Here, let's get a full tour of the house.

Jose and Eric walk out of the kitchen and into a dining room.

ERIC

So, you work for the owner of the house huh?

JOSE

Oh, no. Nobody owns this house. It just was foreclosed on a couple weeks ago. Some real estate company we mow lawns for asked us to do this. We don't even clean houses. I had to bring my sister around just to help.

ERIC

Wait, this house is in
foreclosure?

JOSE

Yup.

ERIC

That's awesome!

Ziggy, Sam, Conor, and Co walk into the dining room.

ZIGGY

What's awesome?

ERIC

Oh my buddy..? I actually never
got your name.

JOSE

Jose.

ERIC

Yeah, Jose was telling me that
this is actually a foreclosed
house.

ZIGGY

You mean we don't have to walk to
the pool to go whack one of these?

Ziggy pulls out two huge raw cone joints.

ERIC

I guess not! Spark it up!

JOSE

You're going to smoke weed in
here?!?!

ERIC

Yeah, so are you! I told you
you're off the clock pal! All of
you are, it's fuckin Friday, it's
Labor Day weekend; let's start it
off right. What's their names?

JOSE

Um, Hector y Jesus (pronounced hey-zeus).

ERIC

Hector, Jesus (pronounced G-Zus),
no trabajo. Fumar, más fumar y
cervezas.

Hector is a pudgy, short, middle aged man with a thin
moustache. Jesus is a middle aged man, with long hair, and
a beard. Just like the other Jesus.

HECTOR

Que?

ERIC

And what is the senorita's name?

Eric walks into the kitchen, the crowd follows.

JOSE

Maria.

ERIC (mock singing)

Mariaaaaa! Marrriiiiiiaaaaa!!!! She
reminds me of a West Side Story!

Maria (30) heavy set, brown hair, tan skin. Eric grabs her
by both rubber gloved hands and begins dancing with her. He
rolls his R's and makes a purring sound.

ERIC

Yeah, guys please, relax. Grab a
beer.

JOSE

Gracias, senior. What is your name?

ERIC

My llamo Eric.

Ziggy lights up another joint. A car is heard driving up
the small stone driveway.

ERIC

Oh shit! The gangs all here!

The group of stoners and latin workers leave the house to
greet the newcomers, passing the joint around as they do.
Shot stays in the kitchen, through the window we see
everyone celebrating in the driveway.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE RENTAL HOME-EVENING

Eric, Sam, Jose, and the crew are outside throwing a football around, drinking beer. Eric and Sam are standing together. Eric throws the ball across the backyard to Conor.

SAM

Is it just me or has Jose's crew
doubled in size since Friday?

Three little mexican children come by and squirt the two of them with water guns.

ERIC

Ah!!! Ya got me! ... Yeah what the fuck is going on with that? I told them to stop cleaning and have a beer! But it looks like they moved in! I saw a Uhaul out there yesterday!

SAM

This is not good man. This is our last night here!

ERIC

How good were Maria's breakfast burritos though.

SAM

They were pretty good.

ERIC

Pretty good! They were bomb! Were the chicken fajitas (mispronounced fa-gy-tas), pretty good?

SAM

Eric, they were all fuckin great, that's not the point. The point is we got to be out of here at 10 am tomorrow for a cleaning crew. Otherwise we get charged!

ERIC

The cleaning crew is here right now, jerkoff!

SAM

Yeah, that's a good point.

One of the friends catches the football on a slant route and another friend tackles him so hard and violently, that they land on the beer pong table and break it. One friend STINGER (21) screams in pain, and claims his ankle is broken.

STINGER

Ah! My ankle! It's broken!

Some friends tend to Stinger and Eric looks at Sam.

ERIC

I haven't really left the house once in these three days. You said there were a couple of bikes in the garage right?

SAM

Yeah, take a ride to the beach. The houses down there are insane. They're like bigger than our high school man.

Eric gets on a bike and rides down towards the beach. He looks on with awe at the luxurious beachside mansions behind tall, perfectly groomed bushes and hedges. A Black Rolls Royce with tinted windows drives passed Eric.

ERIC

Fucks that Bruce Wayne?

Eric continues to pedal but realizes his front tire is completely flat. In the background, the Rolls Royce turns around and drives back towards Eric.

ERIC

Fuckin kiddin me.

The back tire is low too. The Rolls Royce pauses behind Eric. Eric spots the car for the first time.

ERIC (to himself)

What'd you forget your polo mallet at the club? Candy ass.

The Rolls Royce stops right alongside Eric.

ERIC

Ok, E. Just keep walking.

The driver gets out of the car. DORMAN (60) black, british.

DORMAN

Excuse me, young man. Ms. Rothshart (|Roths Heart\)) would like to offer you a ride.

ERIC
Rothshart? Who the fuck is that?

DORMAN
I'm her driver, Dorman.

ERIC
I didn't ask who you were.

DORMAN
She saw you were having some bike trouble and she wanted to offer a ride is all. Entirely up to you.

ERIC
Really?

ERIC (whispering to Dorman)
Is she fat?

DORMAN
No.

ERIC
She's like 60 years old, right? All withered and battered up? Some rich old widow who wants me to clear the cobwebs out. I know how it goes.

DORMAN
I beg your pardon?

ERIC
She wants me to go down on her.

DORMAN
Oh, heavens no!

ERIC
Well how old is she? I think mid 40's is my ceiling. I mean sure there's some hot 50 year olds but for the most part they're hit like ground balls at that age.

DORMAN

She's 24 years old. And she just wanted to offer you a ride because both your tires are flat.

ERIC

Is she on tinder?

Out of the Rolls Royce steps, VIOLET ROTHSHART. VIOLET (24) blonde, beautiful, tall, tan. She steps out of the car in slow motion.

ERIC (in his own head, very low voice)

I stood flaccid in my tracks as one golden tanned leg poked out of the oddly shaped car after the other. But as those sunkissed feet tickled the blades of grass below her, I felt the lining of my bathing suit getting in the way again. She had a body that would cross a nun's eyes and make a gym teacher uncomfortable during the sit up test. I could tell right away that she wasn't lactose-intolerant. It was at that moment I was transported to another time to Paris, to Venice, with all the other old fashioned romantics. Ah yes, I would do anything for my face to be her chair tonight.

VIOLET

Hi, I'm Violet. Would you like a ride?

ERIC

Huminuh, huminuh, huminuh-I'm Eric. My name is Eric. Yes, I would love a ride, but I can't just leave the bike here and it doesn't look like you have the trunk space. I don't mind the walk.

VIOLET

Nonsense, leave the bike here. I'll send Dorman back with a bike rack.

ERIC

You know what? Fuck it. Nobody's going to miss it. Hey Dormy! If you feel like it, grab it. If not, who cares.

VIOLET

Get in gorgeous.

Violet has a sinister, mischievous smile on her face. Eric does a full 360 and coasts the bike into some bushes with force. He walks towards the car with boyish giddiness.

ERIC

You know they say never get in the car with strange people, but I got to say I would eat your candy anyday. Hi, Eric nice to meet you Violet.

Eric shakes her hand and gets into the car.

ERIC

You know what I mean, I wouldn't eat your candy like that, in a sexual way. No, but I would eat that candy, the sexual candy but I meant like strangers with candy in the car. I'll just shut up now.

VIOLET

You're adorable.

CUT TO:

EXT. RENTAL HOME-EVENING

The Rolls Royce pulls up the rental house driveway. Everyone is outside the house, throwing the football around, smoking joints, drinking and grilling food. Conor throws the ball to Sam near the Rolls. Sam makes the catch and walks towards the car. Eric is half in, half out of the back door, talking to Violet.

SAM

Who is this? Where's the bike?

ERIC

This is my new friend Violet. She gave me a ride because the bike got two flat tires.

SAM

Ah, who cares. Nice to meet you
Violet. I am Sam.

ERIC

Yeah and he loves green eggs and
ham. Anyways, I was just telling
her to swing by tonight we're
going to have drinks and then we
have tables at- What's it called?

SAM

Vanity. Two tables.

VIOLET

Vanity? Wow, that's a great club.

SAM

Yeah, we all basically had to save
all summer for this. Speaking of
which, where's your last one
hundred?

ERIC

Mine? Oh, yeah. I got to hit an
ATM before we go.

VIOLET

I can cover you.

ERIC

No, that is completely
unnecessary. He'll get the money.

VIOLET

Nonsense. Dorman! Give the young
man 100 dollars. It's the least I
can do guys for letting me tag
along.

Dorman gets out of the car and hands Sam 100 dollars.

SAM (counting the 100)

Wow, thanks. Hey, bring as many
friends as you want. We got
nothing here.

VIOLET

Those girls look pretty cute.

ERIC

Those are all the chicks that are
dating our other friends. It's

like a fuckin frat house in there.
Bring as many friends as you want.

VIOLET

Ok, see you boys later.

ERIC

Bye.

The Rolls Royce pulls out of the driveway. Eric watches the car back out and waves as they hit the street. Eric turns around and a football hits him in the head. Everyone is laughing.

CONOR

Don't worry bud! You'll have
plenty more time to strike out as
usual!

Sam and Conor are simulating a catcher and an umpire, Sam the umpire does an emphatic strike out punch out. Eric picks up the ball and throws it as hard as he could at Sam, who ducks and the ball hits the grill knocking off a bunch of the food.

SAM

There's strike one!

Eric joins the crowd in laughing at himself.

ERIC

Well, good thing Maria is still
here! Time for another Ciesta
baby! Ciesta, forever! Oh Yeah!
Who wants more of those fuckin
enchiladas!

Crowd roars with approval. Eric starts dancing with Maria again.

CUT TO:

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE-NIGHTTIME

The sun is setting and the whole house is gathered outside. Beautiful breezy weather. Eric, Sam, Conor, and Stinger are playing the drinking game, jousting. It's essentially full contact beer pong. Stinger has a noticeable limp and is using a hockey stick as a crutch. Violet's Rolls Royce pulls down the driveway, but everyone is too engaged to notice. Eric and Sam are wrestling for a pong ball. The ball squirts loose and Conor goes to grab it, Eric throws

him head first into a parked car. Eric grabs the loose ball and then turns around to find Violet and three friends walking down the driveway, looking fancy and beautiful, much different than the rental crew.

ERIC

Oh, shit. Here, Nolan! Fill in for me.

Eric throws the ping pong ball to a tall friend named Nolan.

NOLAN

Ok.

Nolan catches the ball and immediately body checks the charging Conor back to the ground. He takes his shot. Eric approaches Violet.

ERIC

Hey, Violet. glad you could come by.

Eric awkwardly goes in for a hug, pulls out, but then sees Violet with her arms open and goes back in for a hug.

VIOLET'S FRIEND 1

Oh my god, Violet you weren't kidding! Look at this stallion.

ERIC

Nice to meet you..

VIOLET'S FRIEND 2

Look at that buttocks! It's divine!

VIOLET

Alright that's enough. He's all mine tonight.

ERIC

Um, ok. Here, let me introduce you guys to the gang.

As Eric turns around, Nolan tackles Stinger, crutch and all onto a parked car in the driveway. Stinger lays face first on the ground and motionless. Nolan picks up the ping pong ball, and sinks his shot, winning the game in the process.

VIOLET

Oh my god!

NOLAN (celebrating)
Nothing but brew! Game over son!

Sam and Nolan high five.

NOLAN
Pay up bitch! Oh shit! You alright
stinger?

Stinger is still motionless on the ground.

NOLAN
Quit showing off for the girls
man, get up. You're embarrassing
me. Here Sam, let's get him in the
house.

Sam and Nolan walk over and pick Stinger off of the ground,
paying no attention to a possible neck injury.

VIOLET
I don't think you should do that,
he could have hurt his neck.

NOLAN
Oh, don't worry he's fine. He's
just showing off as usual. Here we
go!

Nolan and Sam lift him off of the ground. Stinger's head
rolls back, forth and all around. They drag him to the deck
but Nolan trips on the top step, dropping Stinger and
landing on Stinger's back. They pick him up again and whisk
him away into the house.

VIOLET
Is he going to be ok?

ERIC
Oh he'll be fine, this happens
every weekend. It'll be 15 years
at least until we start seeing any
side effects from the CTE. Can I
get you ladies a drink? What do
you like?

VIOLET FRIEND 1
I'd love a cosmo.

VIOLET FRIEND 2

Me too!

ERIC

A cosmo? Like cosmo kramer?

VIOLET

No, the drink.

ERIC

Right, well I'm sure you girls know how to make one, bars inside! Feel free to help yourselves to anything you want.

VIOLET

Could we go inside? It's kind of buggy out.

CONOR

Oh, you girls need bug spray? Here!

VIOLET

No thanks, bug spray is bad-

Conor hands the girls four cigarettes.

CONOR

There ya go, those are 100's too. That gives you extended protection from bugs.

VIOLET

Um, thanks?

CONOR

No problem, my name is Conor. If you guys need anymore bug spray there's a couple joints going around all over the place. Ziggy soaked his bud in OFF! Deep woods to keep the bugs away. Not only does it give you a good buzz, it keeps the skeeters away.

ERIC

Yeah thanks, Conor. Let's go inside girls.

Eric and the four girls walk inside the house. Somebody hands Conor a joint, he takes one whack and then swats a mosquito on his neck.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL HOUSE-NIGHT-10 PM
A crowd gathered in the living room.

SAM

So she looks at the brother in law
and says, "What shoe size are you
honey?!"

Laughs around the room.

SAM

We probably should order the ubers
soon. It's getting close to ten.

ERIC

Yeah, I'll order us an uber XL,
Violet.

VIOLET

No, I'll just have Dorman bring
us. He's parked outside.

ERIC

He's been parked out there the
whole time? It's been like two
hours!

VIOLET

Yeah, that's his job.

ERIC

Should we make him a plate of
food? Bring him a water or
something?

VIOLET

He's fine.

ERIC

I'm going to make him a plate.

VIOLET

You are not bringing a plate of
mexican food into a 400,000 dollar
car.

ERIC

400 thousand dollars?!?!? That's
more than all of our houses

combined! Ok, fine I'll bring him some water. Is there enough room in the car for all five of us? I could ride with one of them.

VIOLET

It seats four but you're coming with us.

ERIC

If it seats four why would we cram, I'll go with them.

VIOLET

Or you could ride in style with me on your lap?

SAM

Yeah and you guys could talk about the first thing that pops up too!

ERIC

Funny.

SAM

Here, one last gun before we hit the road. Our ubers are on their way.

Sam hands Eric a full beer and a golf tee. They both touch cans, puncture them with the golf tees and chug them down in seconds (shotgunning).

ERIC

Oh, perfect temp! Perfect temp!

SAM

The Busch family made a good batch with these ones!

ERIC

Great batch, great batch. Line me up another one! They're going down like Poland Springs today!

SAM

You want to do another bump before we hit the road? Schneef bag is getting low.

ERIC

Line me up one of those too!

SAM
Fuckin rights!

The two idiots hug and celebrate like they just won the super bowl. Eric comes to and realizes that the four girls are standing right next to them.

SAM
Oh shit, I'm sorry. Where are my manners?... Could I interest any of you beautiful women in a perfectly chilled bud light or a gator tail?

Pause.

VIOLET FRIEND 1
Yeah line me up a rail.

Pause.

VIOLET FRIEND 2
You know what? I think I'll have a bump too!

Friend 2 cuts in front of Sam in the line for blow on the mirror. He begins dancing behind her.

SAM
We have lift off!

CUT TO:

INT. VANITY CLUB-NIGHTTIME
Sam is ordering drinks from a bottle girl. The crowd of 30 or so people are all crammed into two tables. Everyone is yelling to compete with the loud music.

SAM
Ok, well just take two bottles of goose then.

BOTTLE GIRL
Ok, sir I'll get those for you but you have too many people at the tables. Ten per table, you've got a clean thirty plus here!

ERIC
What's the problem?

SAM

She says we have too many people
up here.

Everyone is banging into each other, but still having a
great time. Violet's friends wave off screen to some local
friends they know and leave.

SAM

Oh, great! There goes four lines
of cheese down the drain!

CONOR

Maybe one of them will sneeze in a
napkin and you could get some
back!

SAM

Come here.

Sam pokes Conor in the eyes, and Conor falls down. Eric
turns to Violet.

ERIC

You know what? Let's go somewhere
else. I hate these kinds of clubs
anyways. They're too loud. I have
to scream just so you can hear me.

VIOLET

Umm. yeah.

ERIC

You're the local where should we
go that doesn't involve you
screaming all night long?

VIOLET

Well, we could finish that bottle
of red I left at your place. But
I'll be screaming all night there
too!

ERIC

Why would you be screaming there?

Violet pulls Eric in and makes out with him. Eric turns to
Sam.

ERIC

We're out of here!

Eric and Violet walk out of the club.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

INT. RENTAL HOUSE-NIGHT

Eric and Violet having sex. Eric falls on top of Violet victoriously.

ERIC

Wow! ... Just, wow. How'd you-. Wow!

Eric starts laughing and Violet begins rubbing his back while he lays his head on the breasts.

ERIC

I don't know if I should call my doctor or my coke dealer because these erections have lasted well over four hours!

They both let out exhausted laughs, and close their eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. RENTAL HOUSE-BEDROOM-3 AM

Violet wakes up after the sex marathon to a long haired kid in bed next to her. Thinking it's Eric, she begins rubbing her fingernails on his back in a circular motion. The long haired man is Nolan, and he is completely passed out. He talks in his sleep.

VIOLET

Hey, Lover.

NOLAN

Hey.

VIOLET

What do you do for work? Are you in school?

NOLAN

I work at Subway.

VIOLET

The trains or the restaurant?

NOLAN

Yeah.

VIOLET

Well, it just so happens that my father is semi-retired and is looking for a new assistant.

NOLAN

Uh-huh.

Violet kisses Nolan by his neck and back area, and lays her head on Nolan's back.

VIOLET

Yeah, I want you close to me. Tonight was magical. Don't you want to be with me? I want you around me all day, everyday.

Violet starts kissing Nolan on the back of the neck again, this time moving towards his face. Nolan rolls over and opens one eye. Violet opens her eyes after she kisses him on the lips.

VIOLET

AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!! Who the fuck!!! Eric!!!!

Violet springs off the bed in her lingerie. She looks over and realizes Stinger had been on the twin bed next to them the entire time. He's propped up motionless, with a hockey stick for a neck splint.

STINGER

Don't worry, I could barely see out of the corner of my eyes.

VIOLET

I'm going to gouge your fuckin eyes out, white trash!

Violet grabs her clothes and zooms out of the room.

NOLAN

Who the fuck was that?

EXT. RENTAL HOUSE-LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING 3 AM
Eric and ten other guys are outside on the deck chugging beer. Dorman is standing amongst them. Violet comes storming out of the house. Conor has his arms around Dorman's shoulder.

VIOLET

What the fuck!!

ERIC

Hold on this is a good one!

CONOR

So the rich man says to the poor man, why did you get your wife slippers and a dildo? Poor man says, if she doesn't like the slippers she could go fuck herself!

The group of idiots fall to the floor laughing. Dorman tries to curb a giggle.

DORMAN

Oh, god. That is... funny. (pause)
What's a dildo?

Eric leans on Violet, who is red faced and steaming mad.

ERIC

Gets better every time! How's it going honey?

SAM

Honey?

VIOLET

Don't you fuckin honey me! I was just talking and kissing you for twenty minutes up there and it was your friend!

ERIC

Noles! Oh yeah he was banged up. We got a lot of leftover beer in the beach coolers to cash. Here!

SAM

Honey?

VIOLET (to Sam)

You shut your fuckin mouth you fuckin little worm! I'll rip your fuckin head off!

ERIC

Whoa!

VIOLET

You're all a bunch of white trash losers!

CONOR

Ow, my pride.

ERIC

I'm starting to swell up again.

VIOLET

Dorman! Get in the car! Let's go!
Don't call me ever! You fuckin street rat!

Violet and Dorman walk back to the car. Eric stands in the driveway, jaw dropped.

CONOR

Wow, that's the craziest chick I've ever seen.

ERIC

Yeah, what was up with that?

CONOR

Did you see her eyes?

ERIC

I have seen it before in a shark.
Black eyes, like a doll's eyes;
don't seem to even be living to it
get ya.

SAM

Sex must have been great though.
Crazy chicks hum like live wires!

ERIC

Oh, it was electric.

CONOR

No, seriously. How was it?

ERIC (singing Wizard of Oz song As
Coroner, I must aver)

On my boner, I must aver. I
thoroughly examined her! And she's
not only nuts in the head, she's
out her fuckin mind in bed!

SAM

Then this is a day of
independence! For all the
munchkins, and their descendants!

CONOR

And let the joyous news be spread!
The wicked old witch, at last, is
dead!

Laughs.

ERIC

No, but seriously the sex was
incredible.

SAM

I've never been insulted like that
before in my life but look on the
bright side, we still got like 50
beers to go.

Conor cracks a beer and begins howling like a wolf. The
rest of the group follows. Neighborhood dogs start to bark.
They're waking up the neighborhood.

CUT TO:

MINI-MONTAGE. ERIC LAYING IN BED, ERIC GOING TO WORK AT
GOLF CLUB, ERIC DRIVING IN CT TRAFFIC, GETTING OUT OF A
PACKAGE STORE WITH A TWELVE PACK. MONTAGE ENDS WITH ERIC
DRIVING HIS CAR UP HIS DRIVEWAY.

EXT. ERIC'S STREET-EVENING

Eric gets out of the car and walks to Conor's house which
is right across the street from his house.

INT. CONOR'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Sam, Conor, Nolan, and Stinger are sitting at the kitchen
table in front of five stacks of red, blue, and yellow
poker chips.

SAM

Oh, here he is! Kid lives across
the street but is always the last
one here for poker night!

ERIC

I came from work, you jerkoff.

Eric gets to the table, puts down his beer and takes off
his jacket.

INT. CONOR'S HOUSE-KITCHEN-HOURS LATER
Poker game finishing up.

STINGER

I'm out.

SAM

Pussy.

ERIC

I fold too.

SAM

Per usual. Anyone in?

CONOR

Nope.

Sam collects the pot from the center of the table.

SAM

Suckers. Hey, Oz. You still talk to that crazy blonde chick from the Hamptons?

ERIC

Funny you bring it up, she's been texting me a lot lately.

CONOR

Really? I figured she would have been institutionalized by now.

SAM

What does she say?

ERIC

Dude, you have no idea. This chick is crazier than you could imagine. Every day since last week, when she first hit me up, she's been sending me snapchat of her dartin' her mitt with some sort of purple power tool the size of my fuckin forearm.

SAM

She sends you videos of her flicking' her bean?

ERIC

More like probing her mine, but yeah it's fuckin nuts. She invited me to some ritzy NYC Halloween party next week. I still haven't replied.

SAM

I'm sorry I missed the part where she was supposed to be crazy?

ERIC

You don't think a chick sending me videos of her snaking her drain everyday is crazy?

SAM

No, not at all.

ERIC

I don't even pound off every day, this chicks on a Joe Dimaggio hit streak for christ sake!

CONOR

What the hell is the matter with you?

ERIC

What?

CONOR

Who the fuck do you think you are? Honestly?

ERIC

What are you talking about?

CONOR

Who the hell are you to judge this poor innocent sexed up freak? Who the fuck do you think you are?

ERIC

I'm not judging her solely on that. I mean you saw her that day!

CONOR

We all did. We've been foaming at the mouth and tight in our shorts about it ever since!

ERIC

Huh?

SAM

What are you turning into some sort of twinkle toe tapping burgermeister?

ERIC

What?

SAM

You scared to bang this chick again?

ERIC

Actually, yeah! It was great once, or well three times but in one night. But I don't want to date the girl.

SAM

Who said anything about dating her? We're talking about getting laid.

CONOR

Yeah, for christ sake man. What do you not like getting laid?

ERIC

No-Of course I love getting laid-It's just-You guys don't get it.

SAM

I'll tell you one thing. I'm done playing poker with self righteous assholes like you. Judging sweet innocent horny chicks up on your invisible prude throne.

ERIC

It's not like that-You see. You know what fuck this? Deal me out Nolan. I'm going to Stoneburners. Fuck you guys!

Nolan counts Eric's small pile of chips and hands him back cash. Eric gets up and leaves.

SAM

Yeah, that's right! Go to your pot dealer! That's what you do best! Walk away.

ERIC EXITS THE HOUSE.

EXT. OUTSIDE CONOR'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Eric walks across the street, gets in his car and picks up his phone. He calls his friend Stoneburner. The phone dials and goes straight to voicemail.

STONEBURNER(voicemail)

Hey man, you've reached StoneyBuroni, I'm too torched to get to the phone right now. Whatever man.

ERIC

Toe tapping burgermeister..fuck you guys.

Eric begins his drive over to Stoneburner's house. He can't stop thinking about the amazing sex he had with Violet.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK SCENE: BLACK AND WHITE. VIOLET'S HEAD ON THE COVERS GOING UP AND DOWN AND ERIC LAYING ON HIS BACK.

CUT OUT:

Eric cuts out of the flashback scene and starts shaking his head like a dog, he is literally trying to shake the thought.

CUT TO:

INT. STONEBURNERS HOUSE- NIGHT

Shot follows Eric as he walks through the house. He walks past a dimly colored kitchen, living room, and up the stairs. The walls are all painted white, no colored furniture, paintings, decor, nothing. Stoneburner still lives with his parents. Eric reaches the top of the stairs, towards a door with a standing mirror on it. He enters the room. There is another standing mirror on the other side of the door. STONEBURNER (21) tall, long-haired, bearded, pothead look, is sitting on a couch, underneath the top bunk of a bunk bed, no bottom bed. The room is filled with Christmas tree lights, and psychedelic art.

STONEBURNER

Jeez, Oz. Ever heard of a fuckin phone call?

ERIC

Ever hear of turning your phone on?

Stoneburner reaches behind the couch and sees his phone is off. He hands Eric a roach of a joint. Eric takes the last pulls from the roach and throws it into the ashtray. He leans back on the couch and lets out a sigh. Stoneburner lights up another fat cone.

STONEBURNER

You alright guy? You seem a little blue.

ERIC

Yeah, yeah, I'm good. The guys were busting my balls pretty good before.

STONEBURNER

What are you doing tomorrow for Halloween?

ERIC

I got nothing man. How about you?

STONEBURNER

Same.

ERIC

This girl invited me to some party in New York but I don't feel like going.

STONEBURNER

Why not? You don't have anything better to do.

ERIC

No, but the chick, she's nuts. I don't want to be around her. Plus traveling to New York on the train alone sucks. I feel like such a loser gassing a 12 pack by myself.

STONEBURNER

So, I'll come with.

ERIC

You want to go?

STONEBURNER

Sure, why not? I mean as long as the party isn't under the Douglaston Parkway again.

ERIC

No this girl is from the Hamptons. She's rich I think.

STONEBURNER

So the party is probably going to be sick. We'll fuck up some rich kids.

ERIC

You know what? I'm down. I'd only go with you not these other assholes.

On the television screen, New York Rangers game. A ranger scores a sweet goal.

ERIC

Oh! Shit! What a fuckin goal! Wow! You see that?

STONEBURNER

Yeah, sick. Do you have a costume?

ERIC

No, I'm just going to wear a hockey jersey like I always do.

STONEBURNER

What am I supposed to do?

ERIC

I don't know wear one of your stupid daishiki's and goes as a pot dealer or something.

STONEBURNER

But I am a pot dealer.

ERIC

So it shouldn't be hard to find an outfit.

STONEBURNER

Can I have a hockey jersey?

ERIC

Sure.

Stoneburner lights up another joint and hands it to Eric.

CUT TO:

INT. METRO NORTH TRAIN TO NEW YORK- EVENING

Stoneburner and Eric are sitting on the train, drinking beer, and playing cards against each other. Having a blast.

ERIC

Ah, drink up! I win again!

Stoneburner chugs the rest of his beer and lets out a big burp.

STONEBURNER

Three games in a row. Damn! I got to take a leak. You see where the pisser was on our way in?

ERIC

Yeah, down a box car. Hurry up, I want to get a couple more games in before we hit Harlem.

Stoneburner walks down the boxcar towards the bathroom. Eric takes a sip from his beer and begins re-shuffling the cards. A beautiful brunette girl walks by and notices Eric's Ranger jersey. She is dressed in a white playboy bunny costume.

BRUNETTE GIRL

How about the breadman's goal last night. How sick was that? Top titty and everything.

ERIC

Oh my god I know! I was jacked up! I must have watched it ten times today too!

BRUNETTE GIRL

Are you going to the game tonight? Should be a good tilt against those scumbag flyers.

ERIC

Oh, I know big game. I'm not going to the game though, this is my "halloween" costume.

BRUNETTE GIRL

Nice, this is my halloween costume.

ERIC

Nice, a sexy rabbit. You got my leg's stomping like Thumper from Bambi over here.

Eric starts smiling and stomping his foot on the ground like a rabbit. They share a laugh.

BRUNETTE GIRL

What's your name?

ERIC

I'm Eric, and you?

BRUNETTE GIRL

Alice, nice to meet you.

Stoneburner returns and sits down.

STONEBURNER

Who is this?

ERIC

Alice, this is my friend Stoneburner. Stoney, this is Alice.

ALICE

Nice to meet you.

STONEBURNER

Deal me in, I'm feeling a winning streak coming on.

ERIC

Ok. Hey Alice you want to play a hand or two? We could use some help clearing out this case of beer.

ALICE

Sure, can I go get my two friends? They would love to join.

STONEBURNER

Sure, bring them on down!

Alice walks away to get her friends.

CUT TO:

INT. METRO NORTH BOXCAR-EVENING-HOUR LATER

Alice, her two friends, Eric and Stoneburner playing cards and drinking.

MTA ANNOUNCER (on speaker)

Now stopping at: Harlem-125th
Street.

STONEBURNER

No! No!

ERIC

Last place again! Finish your beer
asshole!

Stoneburner chugs his beer. Eric gets a phone call from Violet. He stands up, walks down the aisle and answers.

ERIC

Hey! We're almost pulling into
Grand Central, about a half hour.

VIOLET (O.S.)

Good! I can't wait to see-. Wait a
minute? Did you say we?

ERIC

Yeah, I brought a friend. Don't
worry it's a different friend. He
didn't go to the Hamptons. You're
going to love him. He's a good
shit.

VIOLET

I don't care what he is, you can't
bring him to the party.

ERIC

What, why not? It's just one
person!

VIOLET

This isn't a kegger in the hockey rink parking lot, Eric. You can't just bring somebody without asking. Tell him to scram. Dorman is at Grand Central right now waiting to pick you up.

ERIC

But.

VIOLET

No buts. You're coming ALONE with Dorman and that's final. I have a surprise for you when you get to my apartment.

Violet hangs up the phone in Eric's face. He rejoins Stoneburner, Alice and her friends.

STONEBURNER

Who was that?

ERIC

Um, Violet.

ALICE

Who's that your girlfriend?

ERIC

No, just a friend-um, well- yeah let's call her that.

STONEBURNER

What did she want?

ERIC

She said you can't come to the party.

STONEBURNER

Funny...

ERIC

I'm serious.

STONEBURNER

Well, looks like I'm catching the next train back!

ALICE

No, you can come to our party! You both can if you want.

ERIC

Really? Good party or no?

ALICE

Yeah, it's going to be a lot of fun. It's the first time our whole crew has a few days off before our next show.

STONEBURNER

What are you girls like go-go dancers or somethin'?

ALICE (laughing)

No, we're all in the play Picture of Dorian Gray. Well we're the understudies, but we're in the play!

ERIC

Wow, Broadway. Yeah, let's roll with you guys.

STONEBURNER

Ok, one last game. I'm feeling lucky this time.

Alice hands out the remaining beers.

ALICE

Five left. How perfect!

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION-LATE EVENING

Alice, Stoneburner, Eric and friends walk out onto NYC streets, having a good time. Eric spots Dorman standing outside of the Rolls Royce. He walks over to him.

ERIC

Dormy! How's it hanging hammercock?

DORMAN

Mr. Osgood, good to see you. Here.

Dorman opens the back seat of the Rolls for Eric.

ERIC

I'm actually not coming with you tonight. Wish I was ya beautiful bastard.

DORMAN

What do you mean? What will I tell Violet?

ERIC

I don't know tell her-

Alice walks over to Dorman and Eric.

ERIC

Tell her I never got off the train.

ALICE

Who is this?

ERIC

A friend. Hey, Dormy I don't know if I'll see you again, but it's been fuckin great knowing you. Thanks for everything man. You're a good shit.

Eric gives Dorman a big, unsuspecting hug and walks away with Alice.

ALICE

Who was that? You know that guy? That was an expensive car!

ERIC

Yeah, he's just the driver for the girl whose party we were going to.

ALICE

And you ditched some big rich party to hangout with us?

ERIC

Oh, hell yeah. You guys are awesome! Plus, I couldn't ditch Stoney.

Alice smiles wide.

ALICE

Trick or treat?

ERIC

Huh?

ALICE

Trick...or Treat?

ERIC

I'll take a treat.

ALICE

Open your mouth.

Eric opens his mouth and Alice places an LSD sugar cube on his tongue. She puts one in her own mouth as well.

ERIC

Boy, I would have liked to have at least looked at the trick!

Alice smiles and kisses Eric on the lips. Eric wears a genuine smile back and reaches for her hand. She accepts. The crew embarks on their "trip".

ACID TRIP MONTAGE: *GHOST SONG BY JIM MORRISON, THE DOORS (1:00-2:28)*. ERIC, STONEBURNER, ALICE AND CREW PARTYING, WALKING THE STREETS OF NYC. EVERYONE IS DRESSED UP IN FREAKY HALLOWEEN COSTUMES. ERIC AND ALICE KISSING BUT NEVER ANYTHING MORE. THE MONTAGE FADES OUT WITH ALICE, ERIC, STONEBURNER AND HER TWO FRIENDS STEPPING OUT OF A BUILDING. THEIR EYES STRAIN BECAUSE THE SUN IS ABOUT TO COME UP AND IT'S MORNING.

EXT. NYC STREET-PRE DUSK

ERIC

Whoo! Who knew the theatre crew could party!

ALICE

It's not over yet! Let's head to Central Park, watch the sunrise.

Stoneburner vomits all over the street.

STONEBURNER

I'm game!

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK-DUSK

The sun comes up and the Central Park foliage glistens. The group are passing around one last joint to cap the night. Eric is talking privately to Alice, who is smoking the joint without a care in the world. Eric has his head on her lap with his back turned to her.

ERIC

Tonight was awesome. No way that other party could have topped this.

Alice hands the joint down to Eric and laughs.

ERIC

No but seriously, you're like the coolest chick I ever met. Fuck that, you're the coolest person I ever met. Can I get your phone number or something?

ALICE

Yeah, you have your phone on you?

ERIC

Yeah.

ALICE

Great, I left mine at my apartment two days ago. Take down my number.

ERIC

Here, just put your number in my contacts.

Eric hands her his phone and she begins typing in her contact information.

ALICE

Wait, is it 2320 or 2023? Guys do you know?

ALICE FRIEND 1

2320.

ALICE

Ok, 2320. There you go.

Stoneburner finishes the joint.

STONEBURNER

What a night, sad to see it end.

ALICE

Yeah, we should probably head home and get some rest. You guys are more than welcome to crash at our place if you'd like. There's not much room but we could figure it out.

ERIC

No, let's use this remaining buzz for the train ride home. That way it's easy to pass out when we get home.

Everyone stands up and hugs goodbye. Eric hugs Alice.

ERIC

Can I see you again?

ALICE

As soon as you open those pretty blue eyes!

Alice mock pokes Eric in the eyes.

ERIC

Goodbye, Alice.

ALICE

See you later, Eric.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S HONDA CIVIC-NIGHTTIME
ERIC LEAVES WORK AND GETS IN HIS CAR. HE'S THINKING ABOUT ALICE.

CUTAWAY SCENE SHOT IN RED: ALICE AND ERIC PARTYING, HAVING GOOD TIME, OCCASIONAL KISS. PAN BACK AND FORTH FROM RED SCENE TO ERIC'S PRESENT FACE DRIVING. HE IS SMILING. HE IS SITTING IN BUMPER TO BUMPER CONNECTICUT TRAFFIC AND DOESN'T NOTICE.

Car pulls up at his house. Eric gets a phone call from Sam.

ERIC (on phone)

Yo. Yeah I'm home. Swing by, I'm going to jump in shower now. Yeah nobody is home, the front door is open.

Eric pulls out his phone and texts Alice.

TEXT: HEY ALICE, HOW HAVE YOU BEEN? LONG TIME NO SEE, HOPE ALL IS WELL. I'M HAVING PARTY TONIGHT FOR THANKSGIVING EVE, YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE MORE THAN WELCOME. ADDRESS IS : 20 Glass Road, West Haven, CT. HOPE TO SEE YOU.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE-NIGHT

The party is pretty much the same crew from the Rental Hamptons crew. Very few women, and a lot of very drunk guys. Eric finishes his beer bottle, and casually throws it across the living room, into the kitchen. It shatters on the floor. He checks his phone. 10:30pm. No texts from Alice. He sits and thinks about Alice, and the Halloween night they spent together. He smiles, and double checks his messages. As he does this, a text from Violet comes through.

TEXT FROM VIOLET: Hey Eric! Happy Thanksgiving! I just want to say sorry officially for how I acted the last time we saw each other. I don't blame you for ditching on Halloween. I'm in New Haven for the weekend visiting Yale for Grad School. If you get a chance I would love to see you and apologize in person.

Sam hands Eric another beer and flashes a raw cone joint.

SAM

Heading out now man. Who are you texting?

ERIC

The girl from the Hamptons just texted me she's in New Haven visiting Yale this weekend. I'm asking her to come over.

SAM

That a boy! You're finally becoming a man!

ERIC

Funny, now let's burn this stick before she gets here.

Eric pulls out his phone and sends a text to Violet inviting her to his party. She replies within seconds saying she is on her way.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE-NIGHTTIME

Around midnight a car pulls up the street in front of Eric's house. The lights shine into the living room and catch Eric's attention. Only Sam, Nolan, Stinger, Conor and Stoneburner remain at the party. They are playing a hockey video game.

CONOR

Would you bang Natalee Holloway?

SAM

Yeah. Who is that again?

CONOR

Chick who died on a cruise ship in like 2k3.

SAM

Yeah, thought so. I'd throb that.

ERIC

Oh shit, is that Violet? Ok, please for the love of God, nobody act weird or do anything to piss her off please?

Nobody answers. Eric gets up and walks to the door, he waves Violet in. She makes it up the stairs and Eric hugs her hello.

ERIC

Hey, Violet. Great to see you again.

VIOLET

Hi, how are you?

ERIC

Here, come in. Can I get you a drink, a glass of wine?

VIOLET

Yes, I'll have a glass of red. Thank you.

ERIC

Guys you remember Violet, right?

VIOLET

Good to see you guys again.

Eric heads into the kitchen.

CONOR

Stinger, if you don't start passing the puck, I swear to God you're going through the wall again.

STINGER

Eat shit, man. You couldn't put the puck into the ocean.

Eric returns with two glasses of red wine.

ERIC

Here, let me give you a formal tour.

SAM

Hey! Wait a second. I thought you were coming with us to knock my brothers teeth out!

VIOLET

Why would you knock your brother's teeth out?

ERIC

Because it's his birthday.

VIOLET

You're going to knock your brother's teeth out on his birthday?

SAM

Yeah, he just turned 29 so he's officially off our mother's dental plan. He won't be able to put them back in! Hilarious!

ERIC

You'll have to count me out on this one, but let me know how it goes. Take some pictures. I'll catch you guys later!

Eric leaves his arm out and Violet hooks her arm into his. They ding their glasses together and walk off screen. Sam and Nolan score a goal in the videogame, and Conor throws his controller at Stinger, hitting him in the nose.

STINGER

Ow! My nose!

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S BEDROOM-NIGHTTIME

Eric and Violet finish up sex. Eric lays down, and catches his breath next to Violet. He rolls over and lights a roach he had on his bedside table.

ERIC

Another knockout punch, ma lady.
You want a whack?

VIOLET

No thank you, I don't smoke.

Eric's dog, DODO scratches at the door. Eric gets up and opens the door.

ERIC

Well, I know this freeloader does!
Come here, boys! Dodo, likes the
dro dro.

Eric blows smoke in his dog's face and wrestles with him on the bed. Dodo gets over excited and jumps on Violet. Eric laughs.

VIOLET

Ow!

ERIC

Alright, get out of here DoDo.
Next joint is on you!

Eric puts the roach out and lays his head on Violet's breasts.

VIOLET

What are you doing next weekend?

ERIC

I got nothing. I can't really plan
that far ahead.

VIOLET

I want to invite you to stay the
weekend at my Grandfather's
Estate. My family has a couple

Christmas parties every year in the first week of December. I would love for you to be my special guest. There will be a lot of important people at this party that I want to introduce you to.

ERIC

What do you mean, important? Like the New York Yankees?

VIOLET

No.

ERIC

New York Giants?

VIOLET

No!

ERIC

How about Rangers? Any New York Rangers?

VIOLET

No! That's not what I mean!

ERIC

What are you a Mets fan?

VIOLET

No, I'm not a fuckin Mets fan. I don't even watch sports! The party is going to be filled with some of the richest, most successful, most powerful people in the world. Friends of my father and grandfather.

ERIC

Damn, that sucks. ... I'm still in though. I feel terrible about blowing you off on Halloween. I have my end of the year dinner for work on Thursday and Friday off.

VIOLET

Really? You're going to come?

ERIC

Yeah sure why not?

VIOLET

Oh my God! I'm so excited. Ok, so Friday night we have a formal get together. Do you have a Suit?

ERIC

Yeah, I got a real nice suit for my brother's wedding. I'll just have to wash the puke from off the shoes and I'll be good to go.

VIOLET

Perfect. And on Saturday we have uh- a themed party. You'll need to get a black cloak with a hood, and a Venetian Mask.

ERIC

What the hell is that?

VIOLET

You know what? I'll just find a costume place around here tomorrow before I head back home, and pay for everything. I'll tell the people at the store that you're coming in and to fit you for everything. I'll have them fit you for a tux too.

ERIC

Ok.

VIOLET

I'll have Dorman pick you up Friday Morning and bring you to costume store and then back to my grandfathers. I'm so excited, I'm so happy you're coming!

ERIC

Yeah.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Eric finishes brushing his teeth and enters his bedroom. He checks his phone.

TEXT MESSAGE FROM VIOLET: So excited you're coming to stay this weekend! Dorman is going to be at your house at around 9 am. Text me when you get the costume. <3 <3.

Erick lights up a half joint and climbs into bed. Dodo enters and jumps on the bed.

ERIC

Right on time, old boy.

Eric blows smoke in Dodo's face, and finishes the joint. He shuts off the light and closes his eyes. He snuggles up with Dodo, and drifts into a dream.

DREAM: *WHITE RABBIT BY JEFFERSON AIRPLANE*. Alice in Wonderland, in reverse. Eric in Wonderland.

Eric's character "wakes up" in the dream, and walks into his kitchen for a glass of water. A full moon illuminates the house in blue light. He looks out the window and sees a white rabbit in his backyard. The white rabbit is staring at him, and he can feel it. He walks outside and the rabbit stands still. He chases after the rabbit.

CUT TO:

EXT. ERIC'S HOUSE-MORNING

Eric is eating a bowl of cereal, watching tv when the doorbell rings. He walks to the door and Dorman is standing on his front porch.

ERIC

Dormy, what's up brotha? Come in.

DORMAN

Mr. Eric. No thank you. Can I take your bags?

ERIC

Sure thing man. Here.

Eric picks up a hockey bag and hands it to Dorman.

ERIC

Here you go.

DORMAN

Do you have anything on hangers?
Like your suit, sir.

ERIC

No, my suit is in there. Don't worry, I folded it nice.

DORMAN

Ok. Whenever you're ready, I'll be in the car.

ERIC

Be out in a minute, I'm going to rip the flute a few times. We got a long ride ahead of us.

CUT TO:

INT. ROLLS ROYCE-MORNING

ERIC

So do you know where this costume place is? I have no idea.

DORMAN

Yes, Kaleidoscope Costumes. I have the directions.

ERIC

What kind of costume party is this? We only have one themed party a year in West Haven. Golf pros, and tennis hoes. Nothing I like better than a chick in a tight tennis outfit, am I right Dorm?

DORMAN

I'm not really sure. I just work the door and park cars. I've never actually been inside the house for the actual party.

ERIC

Is it hard to drink through the mask?

DORMAN

I wouldn't know sir. Here we are. Kaleidoscope Costumes. Let me get the door.

ERIC

Don't worry about it.

Eric opens the car and gets out.

DORMAN

Everything is paid for. I'll be out here when you leave. Is there anything you need me to grab in the meantime?

ERIC

No, I got a carton of smokes last night.

Eric walks into Kaleidoscope Costumes.

INT. KALEIDOSCOPE COSTUMES-MORNING

Costumes, suits, mannequins all over the colorful costume store. Right by the entrance of the store, an old man is cleaning the window. MR. MILLER, (55) tall, strong, wasp.

MR. MILLER

Can I help you young man?

ERIC

I'm supposed to pick up a cloak and a mask for a party. My um, girlfriend(?) called the other day.

MR. MILLER

Oh, you must be Eric. Violet called here yesterday and you are all set. Come, I have everything in the back. We just have to fit you for a tux. Can I get you some coffee or something to drink?

ERIC

No thank you. Do you know what kind of mask I'm supposed to get? I have no idea.

MR. MILLER

Ah yes, the lady asked specifically for Venetian Mask. No other mask, except Venetian.

ERIC

Venetian? What's a Venetian?

MR. MILLER

Venice, Venice Italy.

ERIC

Oh, it's a ginny mask? Nice, my nose should fit no problem then.

Mr. Miller and Eric enter the backroom. Mannequins everywhere, studio lighting.

MR. MILLER

Ok, here you go. Three different size black coaks. Let me take your coat.

ERIC

Thanks.

MR. MILLER

So big party this weekend huh? You like to party?

ERIC

Oh yeah, fruitcake. Who doesn't?

MR. MILLER

The lady said it's supposed to be a big fun time? Lots of people and-

A loud thud is heard in the background.

MR. MILLER

Did you hear that?

Mr. Miller walks towards the fitting closets. He looks back at Eric and puts his finger on his mouth to say shush. He looks underneath one of the fitting closets and sees six legs, two slender feminine, and one old white masculine.

MR. MILLER

What is this? Who is in there! I never let anybody in!

Mr. Miller looks underneath the fitting closet door.

MR. MILLER

Pop! What are you doing out of your wheelchair! Open the door!

POP (O.S.)

Come back in about, I don't know twenty minutes eh girls?

The two women giggle behind the door.

MR. MILLER

Who are these girls! You! What are you doing to my father?

POP (O.S.)

It's not to it's with Sonny Boy. Or has it been that long for you! Yeeaaaahhh!!!

MR. MILLER

Alright, that's it. Get out! I'm with a customer.

Mr. Miller body checks the door open, finally revealing POP (80) and two beautiful Asian women in their twenties.

ERIC

Alright Poppy! Well done sir!

MR. MILLER

Dad! What are you doing! What! You get out of here girls. What are you doing here?

CHINESE GIRL

We were invited.

MR. MILLER

Can't you see this is my father, he is senile! You're taking advantage of him! He doesn't know what's going on! So sorry for this Mr. Eric. One minute. Come on Dad!

CHINESE GIRL

Who's the stud?

Mr. Miller grabs his father by the arm and ushers him out of the fitting room. He locks the two girls inside the fitting rooms, behind a master door.

MR. MILLER

Ladies, this is police matter now. You're going down for statutory rape.

CHINESE GIRL (O.S.)

Statutory? He's 80 years old! Let us out! We have class in an hour!

MR. MILLER

Will you please keep it down can't
you see I'm doing business in
here!

ERIC

This is the best day of my life.

MR. MILLER

Sorry, so sorry. Now, here are the
cloaks three different sizes. I'll
grab you a few masks. You stay
here Dad! I'll take you upstairs
in a minute!

Mr. Miller leaves to grab Eric some masks. Pop stands
around in his tighty whities and speaking gibberish. Eric
tries on the cloaks, to see if one fits. He finds the right
fit, looks up and finds Pop completely naked now.

ERIC

Oh my god that's disgusting. His
nuts look like the pendulum on a
grandfather clock.

Eric looks at some suits. He turns his back to Pop and
grabs a suit he thinks will fit. He drapes a suit over his
body and looks into a mirror. Pop approaches him from
behind, and whispers something into his ear.

ERIC

Oh my fuckin god! What is that
touching the back of my achilles?
What is that touching my
achilles?!

Pop begins laughing and walks back towards the fitting
room. He takes his dentures out and throws them on the
floor, and then unlocks the fitting room doors. Pop
re-enters and starts making out with the young asain women.

ERIC

I'm out of here!

Eric takes a cloak, and a suit and leaves the back room.
Mr. Miller returns with a few masks.

MR. MILLER

Dad! What're you doing! Get out of
here girls!

Shot zooms into the Venetian Masks.

CUT TO:

EXT. VIOLET'S FAMILY ESTATE-MIDDAY

Eric and Dorman pull up at a big front gate with a guard. He waves them in.

ERIC

I got to say Dormy my man, we made great time. I still got a good buzz going from my house. So what's this the gate to the neighborhood?

DORMAN

No, just the main gate to the house.

The car keeps driving until we see a massive mansion on a bluff overlooking the ocean.

ERIC

Imagine the pickup football games you could have out there.

The car pulls to the front of the house. Violet and her parents are standing by the front door. MR. ROTHSHART (60) AND DIANA (40). Eric gets out of the car and Violet hugs him.

VIOLET

Eric! So glad you could come! Mom, Dad, this is the guy I've been talking about non-stop for the last few months.

DIANA

Nice to finally meet you Eric.

MR. ROTHSHART

Hello Eric.

VIOLET

Dorman, can you bring Eric's bags to his room?

DORMAN

Sure thing.

ERIC

Thanks Dorman.

Dorman goes to the trunk of the car and pulls out Eric's hockey bag.

MR. ROTHSHART

What is that?

ERIC

My luggage.

MR. ROTHSHART

Yeah, but what is it in? Where are your suits?

ERIC

Oh, they're in there. Everything I need to survive is in that thing. Here, look.

Eric walks over to Dorman and unzips the bag. He pulls out the dress shoes.

ERIC

Dress shoes.

Eric pulls out a roll of hockey tape, and a swiss army knife.

ERIC

Roll of clear tape, and a swiss army knife, equipped with corkscrew and bottle opener.

Eric puts them back in the bag. Silence from the Rothsharts. Dorman takes the bag away.

VIOLET

Here! Let me give you a tour!

Violet hooks her arm on Eric's and walks him into the mansion. There are workers everywhere setting up for the UNMASKED FRIDAY PARTY. They are setting up lavish Christmas decorations. Violet and Eric continue walking through the house.

VIOLET

And this is our room for the weekend.

ERIC

Our?

VIOLET

Yeah, what'd you think we'd sleep in separate rooms?

ERIC

No, I just don't want your dad getting any wrong impressions. I just met him. I just want to come off well, you know?

VIOLET

Oh, stop worrying. He's going to love you. He actually wants to talk to you. He's in the billiards room.

ERIC

Oh shit you got a pool table? Hopefully he's got some cash on him!

VIOLET

I can't wait to show off my new Christmas present tonight.

ERIC

Ok.

Violet kisses Eric on the lips and walks out of the bedroom.

VIOLET

See you at dinner.

CUT TO:

INT. BILLIARDS ROOM-AFTERNOON

Eric opens the tall, heavy doors and enters the billiards room.

ERIC

Awesome! The last fifteen doors I opened were all wrong! How's it hangin' Mr. Rothshart?

MR. ROTHSHART

Can I get you a drink?

ERIC

I'll take a bruschi if you got one.

MR. ROTHSHART
You drink scotch?

ERIC
No, never had it.

MR. ROTHSHART
This is the best stuff money can
buy. Pre-war.

ERIC
Yeah, I'll give it a try. Wow,
this is a sweet pool hall man.
Look at this table, not a beer
stain on it. This is way better
than the pool table at Libby's.

Mr. Rothshart hands Eric a glass of scotch.

MR. ROTHSHART
Thank you. Here, let's play a
game. I'll make you break.

ERIC
Naturally. Are you any good?

MR. ROTHSHART
I'm alright. I come in here to
think from time to time.

ERIC
You mean to tell me you don't mess
around in here for hours on end? I
would be in here all day and night
if I had a pool table.

MR. ROTHSHART
I shoot around every once in a
while.

ERIC
There we go. You wouldn't happen
to have any cash on you?

Eric is chalking up his cue and smirking. Mr. Rothshart
lets out a half ass, pretentious laugh.

ERIC
I just got my Christmas bonus.
Let's make this interesting say
uh, ten dollars a game?

Another fake laugh from Mr. Rothshart.

MR. ROTHSHART

Ten dollars, that's good. Violet told me you had a good sense of humor.

Eric breaks the balls up on the pool table and sinks a couple balls in the process.

ERIC

Oh baby! I wouldn't worry about picking up your cue bud, this table is mine. 4 in the corner.

Eric knocks the four ball in. He picks up his chalk and continues to knock balls in like a pro.

ERIC

2 in the side.

MR. ROTHSHART

So, Eric, tell me about yourself. Where did you go to school?

ERIC

New Haven.

MR. ROTHSHART

You went to Yale? Get out of here! Violet was just visiting there last weekend! You could have given her a tour!

ERIC (under his breath)

I gave her more than that.

MR. ROTHSHART

My opiate addicted, retarded, politician, brother in law went to Yale as well. Diana and I went to Harvard. What college were you in?

ERIC

Yale.

MR. ROTHSHART

Yeah but what college? Branford? Berkeley?

ERIC

3 coming back! I said Yale four times dude what are you deaf?

MR. ROTHSHART

Right. What do you do for a job? Do you have a job?

ERIC

Yeah I'm the assistant golf pro at Pine Orchard. My uncle has been the head pro there for almost 40 years. 7 across town! Bang!

MR. ROTHSHART

Oh you're a golfer eh? I'll have to bring you to some courses out here. Some of the best in the world.

ERIC

Hell yeah dude, I'd love to. And down goes the 8! I'll give you another chance, double or nothing. I'll make this time.

MR. ROTHSHART

Sure thing. Can I get you another scotch?

ERIC

Yeah sure, those things are like gasoline.

MR. ROTHSHART

Yeah they're actually intended to be sipped. Listen Eric, my daughter really has taken to you. I'm sure you know about me, and our family. I just want to lay down some ground rule-

ERIC

No, I don't have a clue. What do you do? Do you own an amusement park or something?

MR. ROTHSHART

You've never heard of the Rothshart family? We're one of America's most famous families!

ERIC

No, I haven't. What do you do?

MR. ROTHSHART

We own.

ERIC

Oh, that's cool man. You're shot
four eyes.

Mr. Rothshart barely breaks up the rack of balls.

ERIC

Boy, you must have blown a lot of
time going to school when you were
a kid. Ace in the corner!

Eric knocks in another ball.

ERIC

Give me that lunch money!

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC AND VIOLETS ROOM-NIGHTTIME

Eric is laying on the bed with his eyes closed jamming
music with earphones in. He is wearing a tuxedo but is
barefoot. Violet walks in the room and pulls the ear phones
out of his ears.

VIOLET

What are you doing? Come on, come
on, people are here! Comb your
hair! Put on some socks!

ERIC

Ok, ok!

Violet starts combing his hair for him.

VIOLET

You've got to look good. I want to
show you off and make all my
friends jealous that I've got the
sexiest man alive on my arm. Here
put on your socks.

Eric picks up a pair of white high top basketball socks.

VIOLET

What's this?! Where are your dress
socks?

ERIC

I knew I was going to forget something. Sure enough I forgot dress socks.

VIOLET

Jesus christ, I'll get a pair from my dad.

CUT TO:

INT. VIOLET'S HOUSE- DINING ROOM-NIGHTTIME
Party underway. Servers in suits and ties, or fancy black dresses serving champagne and au d'oeuvres. Violet and Eric are talking to a group of Violet's friends. Violet grabs a glass of champagne from one of the servers.

VIOLET

Eric do you want a glass?

ERIC

No thanks, I don't like champagne. Do you have any Busch?

SERVER

Busch?

ERIC

Yeah busch light. Do you have any beer?

VIOLET

Champagne is fine, thank you.

Violet grabs Eric a glass and hands it to him.

VIOLET FRIEND

So, Violet where did you find this stud?

VIOLET

We met in town Labor Day weekend.

VIOLET FRIEND

You're from the Hamptons?

ERIC

No, I'm from West Haven Connecticut.

VIOLET FRIEND
Is that near Greenwich?

One of Violet's friends is a gay male painter.

MALE ARTIST
Oh my god! Look at this! Violet,
good for you. You must let me
paint him.

ERIC
Paint me?

MALE ARTIST
Oh, I'm so sorry. Nice to meet
you, Eric. I'm Marcel Suca. I'm
sure you know my work.

ERIC
I have no clue who you are.

MARCEL
I'm a painter.

Eric turns to a random guy next to him, and mock elbows him.

ERIC
Yeah, now it makes sense. Painter.
What'd you start painting canvases
or your toe nails?

MARCEL SUCA
Look at how his hair is uncombed
perfectly. His fly undone, his
eyes adrift. He's so avant garde.
Uhhh!

Marcel and Violet begin to whisper back and forth to each other. Marcel wants to paint Eric, Violet makes a gesture with her two hands about eight inches apart.

ERIC
Excuse me a minute, I have to go
take a leak.

Eric breaks away from the crowd. He notices a girl server with a few beer bottles on her silver tin tray. Eric gets her attention.

ERIC

Thank god! I haven't had a beer
all night. All this stupid
champagne with fruity little
berries in the bottom.

The server turns and it is Alice.

ERIC

Alice?

ALICE

Oh my god, Eric!

ERIC

What are you doing here?

ALICE

I'm serving . Got to keep the
lights on, got to show my face.

ERIC

I thought you were on Broadway?

ALICE

I'm the third on the depth chart.
I have to pay my bills, and these
stupid appearances help me climb
the ladder out there. One of our
financier's owns the house. He
hires us for these events.

ERIC

Wow, you're like a swiss army
knife!

Eric and Alice laugh. Violet approaches.

ERIC

So how have you been-

VIOLET

Eric, there's somebody you have to
meet.

ERIC

Oh, um I was on my way to the
bathroo--

VIOLET

This will only take a second.
Thank you!

Violet finishes her glass and places it on Alice's tray.
Violet ushers Eric away.

ALICE

No problem.

Eric turns to catch another glimpse of Alice. Eric tries again, but Violet notices. Violet glares at Alice, as they walk away.

CUT TO:

INT. VIOLET AND ERIC'S ROOM-NOON

Eric is laying in bed, alone. His phone rings.

ERIC

Yo..

SAM

Yo where are you? We missed you
for pond hockey this morning.

ERIC

I told you I'm visiting Violet in
the Hamptons. Big Christmas party
tonight.

SAM

Oh what the hell you don't invite
us! Selfish prick.

ERIC

Believe me if it's anything like
last night's party, you wouldn't
want to come.

SAM

Why? Did it suck?

ERIC

Yeah all her friends are dickhead
trust fund babies, old rich
investment bankers and hedgehog
managers. Plus the chick has been
bossing me around all weekend.

SAM

You shag?

ERIC

Like feral beasts.

SAM

I bet the house is pretty sweet.

ERIC

Dude you gotta see this shit, they got a billiards room. I mean they got their own pool table and everything! Lots of rooms with books and shit, but other than that it's really sick. There's a piano room with a few guitars too.

Violet enters.

ERIC

I got to go, I'll call you later.

VIOLET

Good you're up.

ERIC

Good morning.

VIOLET

It's Noon. Come on, get up. My father wants to talk to you. He's on the back deck.

ERIC

Well, I hope it's a good talk. Let's hope these walls were soundproof.

Eric laughs and Violet fakes smiles. She starts combing his hair.

VIOLET

Wash your face, brush your teeth and go meet my Father. We've got a big day ahead of us.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROTHSHART HOUSE- MIDDAY

Mr. Rothshart is on the back deck watching a few house workers walking with some horses in the backyard. Eric walks over to him.

ERIC

You wanted to see me Mr.
Rothshart?

MR. ROTHSHART
Yes, come with me for a moment. I
want to show you something.

Eric and Mr. Rothshart walk down the stairs of the deck and
into the backyard towards the horses.

MR. ROTHSHART
You like horses Eric?

ERIC
When they win, yes.

MR. ROTHSHART
Ah, there's nothing like horse
breeding. Look at these fillies.
Those are some strong women.

ERIC
Yeah they're something alright.

MR. ROTHSHART
Wait until you see the real prize.

Eric and Mr. Rothshart walk to a horse stable. A black
stable worker brings out a massive horse, muscles on
muscles, sculpted of marble.

MR. ROTHSHART
You do appreciate beauty don't
you? Look at this. 6.6 million
dollars. The last remaining
purebred male seed of Secretariat.

ERIC
Holy hell. This things a fuckin
beast man!

MR. ROTHSHART
Yes, Ulysses is a work of art. I'm
not racing him though, I'm going
to put him out to stud.

ERIC
What's that?

MR. ROTHSHART
He's going to be a breeder.

ERIC

Sweet life, man. I hope I come back as a horse.

MR. ROTHSHART

You've got to appreciate a pure bloodline. Each quart of this horse's broth is worth millions.

ERIC

I'm sorry did you say broth? And did you mean it how I thought it?

MR. ROTHSHART

Precisely. Do you know anything about breeding?

ERIC

Just that the filly has to be on bottom, you know with gravity and all.

MR. ROTHSHART

Listen Eric, my daughter, my only child, has taken a shine to you. She's the only heiress to the throne. I'm very concerned about my legacy going forward. If you're going to proceed further with my daughter there's some things you need to know.

ERIC

Ok. But-

MR. ROTHSHART

I've promised her the world. What she wants, she gets, and she wants you.

ERIC

Really?

MR. ROTHSHART

I was shocked too. But her mind is made up.

ERIC

Why though?

MR. ROTHSHART

She's a very smart girl, Violet.

ERIC

What do I have that she could want?

MR. ROTHSHART

You're a good looking kid, tall, muscular good teeth. You would make a great sire. She wants good looking kids.

ERIC

Kids? I'm 22 years old! I don't want to have kids now! Sure I like scrimmaging, but I love being a practice squad player right now.

MR. ROTHSHART

Violet is heiress to my fortune, a vast fortune mind you. You'll never have to worry about a thing, you'd be set for life. Never have to work to get by, no more struggling. You're only worry in life, would be keeping that girl happy. This is not a bad life, Eric.

ERIC

No. No it's not. But-

MR. ROTHSHART

Anything you desire, you can have. We have houses in France, houses in Florida, California, houses in London. Cars, sailing, vacations. Anything! Would you rather be playing or working at a private golf club for the rest of your life?

ERIC

Ok. But-

MR. ROTHSHART

Would you rather be drinking beer from a keg in a parking lot or champagne from a glass in a mansion?

ERIC

Pass.

MR. ROTHSHART

Would you rather be watching the Yankees from the bleachers or a box?

ERIC

Is it easier to throw batteries at opposing players from there?

MR. ROTHSHART

We can provide you with a life that you probably haven't even dreamed of in your wildest imagination. ... Just know this, once a promise has been made to this family, and here, it can never be broken.

ERIC

Gulp.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC AND VIOLET'S ROOM-NIGHTTIME

Eric has a towel on and just got out of the shower. He is listening to music on his phone. A knock at the door.

ERIC

Yeah?

DORMAN (O.S.)

It's Dorman!

ERIC

Come on in brother!

Dorman enters.

DORMAN

Good, you're getting ready.

ERIC

Yeah, what's up?

DORMAN

Violet sent me in here to make sure you were getting ready. The party is about to start. She said make sure you're down in the foie in ten minutes.

ERIC
Fucks a foiye?

DORMAN
Just go to the common room in ten minutes. Just follow the music. I have to go to work now.

ERIC
Alright, catch ya later.

Dorman exits the room. Eric gets dressed. He realizes that he forgot to grab a mask from the costume store.

ERIC
Fuck, I forgot a mask!

Eric begins rifling through his hockey bag in hopes of finding something. He finds an old plastic New York Rangers childrens goalie mask.

ERIC
Perfect! There's the Richter! Old reliable!

Eric puts the goalie mask on, and haphazardly drapes the cloak over his suit. He exits the room. Eric follows the creepy music. He reaches the foiye where a satanic ritual is taking place. A man in a red cloak is standing in the middle of a circle of eight women wearing black cloaks. Red mask is holding a tall red staff. The rest of the vast foiye is filled with other masked, black cloaked men and women. The red cloak swings a ball of incense on the end of a chain. He slams his red staff on the ground, and the eight women kiss, mask to mask. He walks over to the eight women individually and slams the staff in front of them, prompting the women to stand up and drop their cloaks. The women are topless.

ERIC
Hey! Pst! Down in front!

The man blocking Eric's view turns around and sees Eric wearing a goalie mask. He is puzzled. The ritual continues. Eric continues watching but feels eyes staring down at him from the balcony. Eric waves back at the balcony person, who storms away.

ERIC
This is some freaky shit!

The red cloak enters the center of the circle and slams the staff. One by one, the women in the circle walk into the crowd and kiss people on the mask. The first person gets kissed, and walks away into another room with the woman. The second man gets kissed and does a Tiger Woods fist pump.

SECOND GUY

Fuck yeah! I'm batting first this year!

The second guy high fives a friend next to him. A woman approaches Eric and kisses his mask. She leads him into the hallway.

MASKED WOMAN

What do you think you're doing?

ERIC

Excuse me?

MASKED WOMAN

You don't belong here.

ERIC

I was invited.

MASKED WOMAN

You're in great danger here, Eric.

ERIC

You know who I am?

MASKED WOMAN

Of course! I can see your face!

ERIC

You can? Who are you?

MASKED WOMAN

It doesn't matter who I am. You must go before they finish the ritual!

ERIC

Who are you? Let me see your face!

MASKED WOMAN

No! Eric! You have to go! Believe me!

A man in a black cloak and a Donald Trump approaches Eric and the masked girl.

TRUMP MASK

Could you excuse us for a minute?

The man lightly grabs the masked woman by the arm and walks her up the stairs. Eric stands still and watches them walk upstairs. The masked woman shoots Eric one last glance, and the Trump mask notices. Eric follows the tide of people walking around the house. Every room Eric walks into people are having sex with masks on. Eric walks through several rooms. In one room, Eric stands in front of some people on couches watching the others having sex. One of the spectators yells at him to get out of the way.

SPECTATOR

Hey! Hannibal Lector! Out of the way!

ERIC

Jeez, sorry!

Eric moves out of the way. A masked man and masked woman stand behind him. The masked man nods at the masked woman in Eric's direction. The masked man leaves and the masked woman approaches Eric.

MASKED WOMAN 2

Are you enjoying yourself?

ERIC

Well, I feel like I'm backstage at a Nine Inch Nails concert, but it's alright. I'm going grab a drink.

MASKED WOMAN

Maybe you would like to have that drink some place a little more...private?

ERIC

Private?

The masked woman grabs Eric's arm.

ERIC

Oh, private. Look, I appreciate the offer. You're a beautiful woman clearly-

Eric points to her boobs.

ERIC

But I'm actually here with somebody and she's crazy. I don't want to mess up with her. I'll catch you later!

Eric slips her grip and walks away. He walks into the billiards room, fixes himself a drink, lights a cigar and begins shooting around on the pool table. He never takes off his cloak and mask. He knocks a few balls in, and a masked man, not wearing a cloak enters the room. He approaches Eric.

MASKED MAN

Excuse me sir?

ERIC

Yeah, what's up boss?

MASKED MAN

Are you the young man wearing a baseball mask?

ERIC

Nope.

MASKED MAN

Sir, I have a spot on, to the tee description of you. Baseball mask, you can see his face, hair flowing out the back.

ERIC

It's a hockey mask man.

MASKED MAN

The queen would like to have a word with you.

ERIC

Who the fuck is that?

MASKED MAN

Please sir, she urgently needs to talk to you. Come with me.

The masked man leads Eric out of the room and down a hallway in silence. They walk through a ballroom with people slow dancing naked to Jazz music. They finally reach the foie. The Red Cloak is sitting on a throne next to two

people in purple cloaks and masks. A half moon circle of masked and black cloaked people surround the red and purple cloaks.

RED CLOAK

Please, come forward.

Eric looks around at all the scary Venetian Masks. He begins walking slowly towards the Red Cloak. When he gets close the half moon closes in and surrounds him. Nowhere to escape.

RED CLOAK

What do you think you're doing? Do you think this is a joke?

ERIC

No, I don't think anything? I mean it's a little strange and not what I'm used to but hey, to each his own right.

RED CLOAK

You were told what to wear for this party, and you chose to wear an umpire's mask. This isn't very funny.

ERIC

I didn't want it to be funny. There was an incident at the costume store. This guy was-

RED CLOAK

You will kindly remove that fuckin baseball mask from your face.

Eric looks around at all the creepy masks staring back at him.

ERIC

It's actually a street hockey mask, but I'm guessing you didn't grow up on a cul-de-sac.

Red cloak turns and talks to a purple cloak.

RED CLOAK

Cul-de-sac?

Eric takes off the mask. The crowd begins murmuring.

RED CLOAK
Now, get undressed.

ERIC
What?

RED CLOAK
Remove. Your. Clothes. Or would
you like us to remove them for
you?

ERIC
Yeah, right.

The red cloak signals to one of the purple cloaks to
approach Eric.

ERIC
Listen, I'm pretty sure I met you
jerk offs last night. All old,
wrinkly hedgehog managers and
bankers. You don't scare me. I
have the utmost confidence I can
out run and gun every last one of
you.

Eric turns around and a woman in a blue cloak is right in
his face. It's the woman from the balcony, Violet
Rothshart.

VIOLET
You're not going anywhere! How
many times did I tell you Venetian
Mask! Venetian Mask!

ERIC
Violet?

VIOLET
I told you to get venetian mask
and instead, you show up looking
like Jason Fuckin Voorhees!

ERIC
No! The costume guy! He was-. I
was going to pick up the masks
but-

VIOLET
You don't think. You do. You do as
you're told.

ERIC

Yeah, ok. I'm fuckin out of here.

VIOLET

You're not going anywhere!

RED CLOAK

You were given an offer you can't refuse. An exit, is not in the cards. Once a promise has been made here, it can never be broken.

ERIC

What? Who promised, who made a promise? I don't think I've said yes since I've been here!

The red cloak puts his finger directly in Eric's face.

RED CLOAK

Now, the time has come-

The masked girl who warned Eric before yells from the balcony.

MASKED GIRL

Stop! There's a fire! Fire in the billiards room!

ERIC

Shit, where's my cigar?

RED CLOAK

Well, put it out!

MASKED GIRL

I tried but the scotch only made it worse! It's really bad you guys!

The whole room of people begin panicking and running around. Eric gets loose from Violet's grip, and takes off into the crowd. He runs around and scurries close to the exit doors. The masked girl who warned is running down the stairs at the same time.

MASKED GIRL

Eric!

ERIC

You know my name?

The masked girl grabs Eric by the arm and runs out of the house. They run into some woods nearby the house. Masked girl removes her mask, it is Alice. Violet catches a fleeting glimpse of the two of them scurrying into the woods.

ERIC

Alice? What the hell are you doing here?

ALICE

I told you, the financier of our play lives here. I had to make an appearance, show my face, play the game. Come on, we must go.

ERIC

Please take my cloak. Cover yourself up.

They run through the woods. Violet and Red Mask stand in a window, Violet holding Eric's hockey mask.

CUT TO:

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD CAR-NIGHT

Alice and Eric are sitting on the train. Eric in his dress, covered in dirt and tree marks. Alice is wearing a cloak and Eric's suit jacket.

CONDUCTOR

Next stop, Grand Central Station.

ERIC

So, what do we do now?

ALICE

We go home. That's the only thing to do. Forget this night even happened. That's the safest route.

ERIC

Safest? You're scared of those old fucks? What could they do, pinch my cheeks, and give me butterscotch candy?

ALICE

Eric those are some of the most powerful people in the world. They run everything!

ERIC

They couldn't run a mile! Wait a second, I don't have my cell phone, my wallet, my goalie mask! I can't go home! They got all my stuff!

ALICE

Well you can't go back that's for sure.

ERIC

What am I going to do? I can't buy a ticket to get on the train home!

ALICE

We'll stay at my friend's place and worry about everything in the morning.

ERIC

What is there to worry about, seriously?

ALICE

Well for one, my career could very well be over before it ever started.

ERIC

What? What are you talking about?

ALICE

Those people at that party, they run Broadway, Hollywood, Wall Street, the government. They control everything!

ERIC

Yeah, and?

ALICE

All my life, I've always wanted to be on Broadway, it's my dream. Now that I'm this close to breaking through, I'm scared that I may have just blown it.

ERIC

Well, why did you do what you did?

ALICE

They were going to- You know what, forget it. You wouldn't believe me anyway.

ERIC

I told you last time, I wasn't into this girl. So I'll ask again, why did you do it?

ALICE

I didn't want to see you with her and I didn't want to see you with them. You're good and they're evil.

ERIC

I had already planned on never seeing her again. This entire weekend sucked. I'm not sure which party was weirder! What a freak show! Wait... what were you really doing there?

ALICE

I didn't have sex with anyone and that's another check in the loss column for me.

ERIC

Thank god! It doesn't really matter to me, but you know, it doesn't hurt to have the confirmation. ... What's wrong?

ALICE

What have I done? If anybody there saw me leave with you, I'm done.

ERIC

You're going to be fine. What can I do to help?

ALICE

We really should split up. They could have put a tail on you. No, they definitely put a tail on you. I have to go.

ERIC

What?

ALICE

Yeah we have to split up. Ask that guy to use his cell phone, call a friend and have him pick you up at Grand Central. It's too late to catch a train back into Connecticut anyways.

ERIC

I can't ask another guy to use his cell phone. You ask, nobody says no to a girl.

ALICE

Fine! Excuse me sir, can I use your cell phone. I have to call our ride.

The man hands her a cell phone and Eric calls Sam.

ERIC (on phone)

Yo! Sam! I need the biggest favor in the world. Can you pick me up at Grand Central? No, not the West haven train stop. Grand Central. I'll give you 100 dollars, this is urgent. I know, I know. I owe you, big time. I'll be outside.

Eric hands the guy his cell phone back.

ERIC

Thanks guy. What are you going to do?

ALICE

I don't know, I'm going to move down a few cars. Call me when you get a phone. Let's hope everything boils over.

Alice gets up and leaves.

ERIC

Wait!

ALICE

Goodbye, Eric.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLASS ROAD- DUSK

Sam, Conor, Stinger and Eric pull up in a car to Eric's house.

ERIC

Look, I know I said I'd give you 100 bucks but I won't. Let's just say I owe you a big favor eh buddy?

SAM

Bullshit!

ERIC

Wait a second. What the fuck is that?

Eric's goalie mask is sitting on the front steps, staring out onto the street.

CONOR

The Richter! What's that doing on your front steps? We couldn't find it yesterday for pond hockey.

Eric opens his car door and pukes all over the driveway.

SAM

Whoa dude! Watch my brother's car! What's the matter with you?

Eric walks over to the mask. The boys follow.

ERIC

Oh fuck! Oh fuck!

CONOR

What?

ERIC

Remember that party I told you about?

STINGER

Yeah, that shitty orgy with all the hot chicks banging the old dudes?

ERIC

I wore that fuckin mask there man! I left the mask, my cell phone, my wallet, everything there!

Conor picks up the mask. Inside the mask is Eric's wallet and cell phone. Eric runs up the steps and grabs the items out of Conor's hand. He is shocked, and scared.

ERIC

How the hell could they have?

A nice Bentley car pulls up onto the curb by Eric's house. A black driver, not Dorman, gets out and walks slowly to the trunk. He reaches in, and pulls out Eric's hockey bag. He puts the bag down on Eric's front lawn. He walks to the back door of the Bentley and opens the door for an Old white haired man. The man steps out of the car and slowly walks towards Eric, holding an unsealed envelope. He hands Eric the envelope, turns around and slowly walks back to the car. The car drives away.

SAM

What was that all about?

CONOR

What's the letter say?

ERIC

To Mr. Eric Osgood. Give up your ambitions with the actress, they are completely useless. Any further inquiries will result in a penalty. We hope for both of your own good, that this will be sufficient. Answer Mrs. Rothshart's phone call.

Eric's phone rings, he picks up. He looks horrified.

ERIC

Hello?

VIOLET (O.S.)

Eric. Why did you leave? We could have worked things out?

ERIC

I don't want to work things out. I'm sorry Violet. But we're through. I'm not cut out for it.

VIOLET (O.S.)

We're not through!

ERIC

Yes, we are. You deserve somebody better. Somebody smarter, richer, whatever.

VIOLET

I don't want them. I want you!
Look, I'm coming to you.

ERIC

No, don't I don't want to fuckin see you. Leave me alone.

Eric hangs the phone up.

CONOR

Fucks going on dude!

ERIC

This rich chick is fuckin crazy. She wants war, she's got war. Boys, you know how we all really haven't accomplished a fuckin thing since High School?

SAM

I know how you haven't accomplished much since High School.

ERIC

Well, whatever. This is our chance to finally do something epic. Something movie worthy. Something fuckin real!

SAM

What?

ERIC

This chick thinks she's going to control and use me like some household utensil for the rest of my life! It's like I'm here little sex slave.

CONOR

Nice.

ERIC

No, not nice. I love Alice.

SAM

Alice? That chick you met at Halloween?

ERIC

Yeah, her.

STINGER

You mean that's a real person?

SAM

Of course it was. He never said they had sex! She didn't even touch his zipper!

ERIC

Guys, seriously. I fuckin need you here. You know how crazy this chick is. She's going to kill me if I don't marry her and help her produce good looking babies. I don't want to come alive or die!

SAM

Don't worry bro. We do have your back. What can we do?

ERIC

We got to think of something.

SAM

You know what we could do?

CONOR

What?

SAM

You could trench Lorello's lawn again.

ERIC

How the fuck is trenching Salorello's lawn again going to help me?

SAM

I guess it doesn't with that attitude. Still a good idea.

ERIC

Wait, wait a second. That could work.

SAM
Of course it could!

SAM (UNDER HIS BREATH TO CONOR)
Fuckin idiot.

SAM
Let's do it buddy!

ERIC
No, remember what happened last
time?

CONOR
Yeah, you thought Lorello's last
name was Salorello. Hilarious.

ERIC
No, Mr. Salorello said he was
going to blow my head off!

SAM
Uh huh. Start the car!

ERIC
So, we somehow get Violet to drive
my car onto his lawn. He comes out
blasting, problem solved!

SAM
Problem solved? You want to have
this girl clipped?

ERIC
Dude, think about it. It's
justifiable homicide. She's either
going to kill me, kill Alice, or
kill us both! Her family runs the
world. I have no chance for an
escape!

SAM
Her family runs the world?

ERIC
Yeah, Alice told me, well Violet
did too, that the people at that
party were the most powerful
people in the world. Alice says
she could lose her job over this.

I sure as hell don't want to lose my job. It's easy as shit!

SAM

The 1% supposedly do run the world. I had a class on that.

CONOR

A class? Where do you take classes? Youtube university?

ERIC

We have to do something.

SAM

I'm in, man.

ERIC

Alright, I think I already got a plan. I'll have her get dropped off at Randall's pub. Have her drive my car home because I'm drunk. When we drive by Salorello's house, Stinger will pop out from the bushes, she'll swerve onto the lawn, prompting Mr. Sallorello to come out firing!

STINGER

Wait, why do I have to pop out from behind the bushes?

ERIC

Because you're still in crutches. Nobody wants to hit a person already in crutches.

STINGER

Good thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDALL'S PUB-EVENING

Eric gets a phone call from Violet.

ERIC

This is her! Everyone, battle stations!

Stinger, Conor, and Sam get in their car and leave. Eric answers the phone call.

ERIC
Hey, is that you?

Eric waves at Violet's Rolls Royce. Dorman driving. The car pulls up to Eric. Dorman gets out of the car and opens the door for Violet. Violet walks over to Eric who pretends to be really wasted drunk.

ERIC
No, I'm not getting in. I drove down here. Violet, would you mind driving my car back to my house? I'm pretty shitfaced right now.

VIOLET
Uhhh, fine. Where is it?

ERIC
Right here!

VIOLET
Oh my god! It's filthy in there!

ERIC
Yeah, sorry about that. Just brush the chip crumbs off.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S CAR-EVENING
Eric giving Violet directions. She is very upset with him.

VIOLET
Why would you get this drunk? Why do you have to hang out with such losers?

ERIC
Yeah, take a right here. This is the street.

VIOLET
Eric, are you even listening to me?

ERIC
Yeah, right here, and speed up! I think I got to yuke!

VIOLET

Oh my god, please not near my
Gucci shoes please!

ERIC

Oh, you better step on it!

Violet floors the car down the street. Car approaches the intersection near the Lorello's house. The car picks up pace as Stinger jumps onto the street behind a bush. Instead of swerving right, and onto the Lorello's lawn, Violet swerves the car left and slams into a telephone pole. Loud crash.

CUT TO:

INT. LORELLO HOME-LIVING ROOM-DAY

Mr. Lorello is watching the yankee game on TV. He hears the crash and all of his electricity goes out. He walks to the window and sees Eric's car smashed around the telephone pole.

MR. LORELLO

Osgood!

CUT BACK:

EXT. STREET-DAY

Eric falls out of the passenger seat, unharmed. Sam, Conor, and Stinger run over.

SAM

Holy Shit! You alright!

ERIC

Yeah, fuck. I'm fine.

Mr. Lorello approaches.

MR. LORELLO

Osgood you idiot! What did you do now!

ERIC

Call an ambulance Mr. Lorello! My friend is hurt in the driver seat.

Mr. Lorello takes a look, and then runs back to his house.

ERIC

Jesus christ. What were we thinking?

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM-NIGHTTIME

Eric, Sam, Conor, and Stinger are seated in the waiting room. Mr. Rothshart comes walking down the hall. Eric gets up to go talk to him.

ERIC

How is she? Is she ok?

MR. ROTHSHART

She lost her short term memory,
Eric. She's not doing too well.

ERIC

Short term memory? So she
remembers things from years ago
but not recently?

MR. ROTHSHART

She knows who she is, who I am,
who her mother is.

ERIC

Does she remember me? Should I go
in and see her?

MR. ROTHSHART

I'm afraid not.

ERIC

Oh....Oh, fuckin right! I mean--

MR. ROTHSHART

That was my reaction too. So
thankful she's alive and what a
miracle she has no recollection of
you whatsoever.

ERIC

So, are we like good, man?

MR. ROTHSHART

Let's just say this little penny
stock experiment is over and call
it a day.

ERIC

You're not going to mess with me?
Get me fired from my job or
anything?

MR. ROTHSHART

Eric, I no longer have a personal
interest in you. You're just
another drop in the bucket. I
consider us both to be very lucky.

ERIC

Oh my god this is great! Thanks
for everything! I feel terrible
about what happened to Violet, but
I'm sure you'll take great care of
her.

MR. ROTHSHART

That we will. Goodbye, Eric.

ERIC

Peace dude.

MR. ROTHSHART

Oh, one more thing before you go.
Which one of my Broadway actresses
did you leave with?

Eric thinks about Alice.

ERIC

Sorry to say, guy. But it was your
lead.

MR. ROTHSHART

Mandy? You left with Mandy? I
can't believe it!

ERIC

Yes, and we are very much in love.
I'm really sorry about that.

Eric taps Mr. Rothshart on the cheek.

ERIC

You stay golden, ponyboy.

CUT TO:

INT. BROADWAY THEATRE- NIGHTTIME

The play, Picture of Dorian Gray is finishing up. Alice is playing the lead. Eric is seated in the nosebleeds, watching with a huge smile.

After the show. Backstage. Alice is greeting fans. Eric shuffles his way through the crowd.

ERIC
Congratulations! You were
fantastic!

ALICE
Eric.

ERIC
Alice.

ALICE
Eric, how did you? How? What?

ERIC
I don't know what you're talking
about.

They share a smile.

ALICE
I missed you.

ERIC
Not as much as I missed you but I
won't hold it against you.

ALICE
I've been so focused and busy
preparing for the play , I haven't
had much time to answer you.

ERIC
Alice, don't worry about it.
Everything we've been through is
in the past, it means nothing. It
was all worth it to see you up
there on that stage tonight.

ALICE
My dream came true.

ERIC
Look, I know you're probably crazy
busy and all. But would you like
to get-

ALICE

Would you like to join me and the
cast out tonight for drinks?

ERIC

I'd love to.

ALICE

There is something very important
that we need to do, as soon as
possible.

ERIC

What?

Long pause.

ALICE

Fuck.

ERIC

H-

FADE OUT:

ACE PARKER'S
CASINO BOOGIE ENTERTAINMENT