

WHERE TO BEGIN

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INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

The sun shines from a window onto a slumbering figure in bed.

GORDON (17) sleeps gently, his mouth hanging open until he JERKS awake.

He throws off the covers in a hurry.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Gordon checks his phone as he comes into the kitchen.

His mother, Carmen (50's), sets a plate of food on the table and finishes packing a bag on the counter.

Gordon sits. Eggs and bacon.

CARMEN

You know where the steak is?

Gordon is eating breakfast hurriedly, looking at his phone.

GORDON

The fridge?

CARMEN

It's in the fridge. Yes.

He continues to eat. She goes over to the fridge.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

It's in the bottom shelf,
marinating.

GORDON

Mhm.

CARMEN

And when you want to eat, you can
take it out to cook. With fries. A
salad?

Gordon groans affirmatively

Gordon is checking on his phone and looks up at his mom.

She's standing, drinking an espresso.

GORDON

Going anywhere?

She looks surprised.

CARMEN
The conference?

Gordon looks behind him, out a window, looking.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
I'm having a conference up in
Canada. Montreal?

She walks up to him, setting down her cup as he looks at her.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
(Canadian accent)
Gonna see some mooses, ey? I could
bring you back a shirt?

Gordon smiles lightly and scarfs down some egg.

CARMEN (CONT'D)
Take care of the house, okay? I
told Mr. Flanky I'd be leaving this
weekend.

GORDON
I will. Monty is coming over right
now we're gonna walk to school
together.

CARMEN
Oh good, Monty's a good one, keep
him close. Have fun, okay, Gordon?

He looks up.

GORDON
Thanks mom. I will.

She moves toward the door.

CARMEN
I'll be back Sunday. Make sure you
eat.

A door chime RINGS as she leaves.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Gordon walks down his driveway, seeing his neighbor MR.
FLANKY (60s) a gruff man watering his lawn.

They wave.

GORDON

Flanky.

MR. FLANKY

It's Mr. Flanky, Gordon. Give me
some respect

A bike CHIMES.

GORDON

I'll see you Mr. Flanky.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET (MOVING) - LATER

Gordon walks side by side with MONTY (17) who is on a bike, swerving and slowing to keep pace with Gordon.

MONTY

So you gonna ask her out today?

GORDON

Meh...

MONTY

Really?

GORDON

Mmm I don't know. You think she'd bite?

MONTY

Bite? What are you fishing? You're cool Gordon. She likes you. Oh yeah right, I mean... Look who she hangs with. Football team. Those guys-

MONTY (CONT'D)

Those guys are all PROPAGANDA. Forget that crap.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - LATER

They near their High school, bustling with kids and different groups surrounding cars.

The two boys stop.

GORDON
Alright then. I'll see you fourth
period?

Monty is rustling through his bag.

MONTY
Hold on, G, you're gonna want this.

He takes out a custom cigarette holder, popping out a fresh one and handing it to Gordon.

GORDON
What?

Monty puts it in his mouth.

MONTY
You take this bogie when third
period ends and you RUN to the back
courts.

He hands him the cigarette along with a lighter.

MONTY (CONT'D)
You have to make sure no one is
there yet, before Alice, before the
foot-douches. Light the cigarette.

GORDON
I don't even smoke, Monty, that's
your shtick!

MONTY
Just *light* it. Trust me, then you
ask her.

Gordon looks down at the cigarette and puts it in his pocket.

School bells RING.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Gordon SHAKES his leg and glances at the clock nervously.

INT. CLASSROOM 2 - CONTINUOUS

ALICE (18) is texting on her phone during a class, looking up every now and then.

ALICE (TEXT)
Anybody have a place to party
tonight?

CHELSEA (TEXT)
LOL Birthday girl needs to
get LIT

JODEY (TEXT)
I'm down

KJ (TEXT)
Invite the cheer team?!

CHELSEA (TEXT) (CONT'D)
They're such idiots...

CAL (TEXT)
LMK

ALICE (TEXT)
Seriously LOL stop. We need some
place to get fucked the fuck up.

INT. CLASSROOM 3 - CONTINUOUS

Monty is standing by the window, looking at the clear sky and
waiting in anticipation.

The clock TICKS TICKS TICKS.

TEACHER (O.S.)
Mr. Molina, please, take your seat.

He looks back at the teacher, anxious.

The school bell RINGS.

Chairs SKREECH and shoes SHUFFLE.

MONTY
(a whisper)
Come on, G.

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

Gordon LEAPS down a flight of stairs, continuing down like an
animal.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Alice is walking down the hall, smiling and texting as people
pass around her.

INT. BACK COURT - DAY

A door CREAKS open and Gordon stumbles out, out of breath.

He makes it to an area with benches and some garbage cans and begins DRY HEAVING.

He over did it.

Gordon is bent over a trash can, puking.

The GOSSIP of incoming students can be heard.

GORDON
Motherfucker.

Gordon SPITS and takes out the bogey, putting it in his mouth and trying to light it.

He COUGHS. The door CREAKS open, Alice walks through with Chelsea (17) and JODEY (17), KJ (16) and CAL (18)

Gordon pulls the cigarette deeply and lets it rest at his side.

KJ
Who's that?

CHELSEA
I don't know, looks like he's
chilling. Hard.

CAL
Alone?

ALICE
Come on, let's go sit.

The group makes their way to a bench a few feet from Gordon.

GORDON
(low)
What do I do, What do I do.

He looks up at a window in the building.

Monty is there, waving frantically.

He motions to smoke. Gordon shakes his head.

Monty motions to walk over there from the window.

JODEY
So, we going to your place, Chel?

Gordon sucks his teeth and glides over.

CHELSEA

You guys aren't coming to my place,
no no no, not like last time-

CAL

Hey, cigarette arms is coming over.

KJ

(looking to Gordon)
Cigarette arms? Oh HA.

Gordon stands before the bench, his cigarette burning.

GORDON

Hey Alice. Hi... guys.

ALICE

(almost a guess)
Hi. Gordon?

She knows his face.

GORDON

What uh. What's going on?

ALICE

Nothing. We're just looking for a
place to party.

GORDON

Oh nice.

One of the Jocks SNICKER.

GORDON (CONT'D)

What kind of party?

KJ

A good one, dumbass.

CHUCKLES and handshakes.

CHELSEA

No shit. Shut the fuck up.

They're quiet.

ALICE

It's like, my birthday and all..

Gordon visibly JUMPS.

GORDON
Your birthday?

ALICE
(smiling)
Yep! 18.

GORDON
Oh my god, wow. That's big.

Gordon notices his burning cigarette and smokes it.

GORDON (CONT'D)
You need a- a house? Like for a
house party?

KJ
Yeah, what? You inviting us?

GORDON
I mean... sure?

ALL
YES!

Gordon jumps again.

ALICE
Oh hell yeah!

Gordon smiles and smokes, COUGHING.

JODEY
Where at?

GORDON
Oh, my house. My mom left for this
conference in Montreal-

JODEY
Montreal?!

CAL
That's in like another country.

GORDON
Yeah.

CAL
Nice, cigarette arms. PARTY TIME!

JODEY & KJ
PARTY!

Alice looks at Gordon and smiles. She mouths "thank you".

ALICE
PARTY!!!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Gordon's scared face. Monty is excitedly pacing around Gordon's room.

GORDON
A party?

MONTY
The cigarette worked!

GORDON
How the hell am I gonna throw a party?

MONTY
You looked like Stalone, man! Like Shwarzenegger! "come with me if you want to party."

GORDON
Those football dudes... Jesus who knows who else!

MONTY
Badass, Gordon, badass.

Gordon sits on the bed.

GORDON
I have to throw a party, Monty. I have to be a planner, not a badass

MONTY
Says who? Parties are mostly just smiling and saying hello. And then goodbye.

GORDON
I can barely even say hello.

Monty sits next to him on the bed.

MONTY
Man, you gotta have so much power, like, stored in you from all these years of just keeping it cool.
(MORE)

MONTY (CONT'D)

Just sitting back, not cracking
under the pressure of those meat
head jocks. Keepin' it cool.

GORDON

I wouldn't say It's keeping it
cool, more like playing it safe...
You've seen the looks they give me.

MONTY

Yeah, they're no joke. A bunch of
bulldogs ready to rrrrrrrrarr.

He imitates a rabid dog.

GORDON

You know what we could do...

MONTY

What's that, captain?

GORDON

Do you know anyone that can get
alcohol for tonight?

MONTY

(surprised)
Alcohol?

GORDON

Like beer and... Yeah, alcohol,
whatever. Everyone likes a good
drink. Right?

MONTY

Yeah! I like it. Party time... I'll
look into my reserve.

Monty looks through his phone and up at Gordon.

He's excited again, pacing.

MONTY (CONT'D)

That cigarette must've done
something to you, man!

EXT. STREET (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon rides on roller skates, holding onto Monty who is on
his bike, scrolling through his phone.

GORDON

Anything?

MONTY

Nothing, I'm not friends with many upperclassmen. I mean I'm cool, not that cool.

Monty keeps biking and scrolling.

A car passes and BEEPS at them.

GORDON

What about that peer advising guy?

MONTY

Ohh he graduated! I have his number!

GORDON

Oh he's perfect, remember? He had that icebreaker with the keg, oh my god that was-

MONTY

Yeah, that was actually really... irresponsible? We got in a shit ton of trouble with-

GORDON

Call him!

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - LATER

A car is parked in a lonely spot, smoke slowly billowing from its windows.

DEACON (23) is talking on a phone

DEACON

No, I can't, I can't tonight. That sounds really fun, but-

DEACON (CONT'D)

No, I've got a lot of texts, a lot of shit to do. *I'll make it up to you.*

DEACON (CONT'D)

You know I've got people asking for me, mom.

DEACON (CONT'D)

I'll call tomorrow, I promise. I'll call you.

He hangs up, putting out his joint and looks out his window.

DEACON (CONT'D)
Gotta make money somehow...

He sees someone nearing his car.

He gets out, shakes hands with the person and hands them a bag.

EXT. STREET (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Monty and Gordon are still in their skates / bike situation.

GORDON
Did he text back yet?

MONTY
No, it's been like two minutes, I'm sure it'll be fine.

GORDON
Maybe we should have worded it differently?

MONTY
"could you get us some drinks for a party tonight" I don't know, I think it's fine.

GORDON
We should've said we had the money or something, or like said our order so he knew if it was gonna be a lot-

Monty's phone DINGS.

MONTY
IT'S HIM!

GORDON
It's him?!

MONTY
He's at Food Planet!

GORDON
Food Planet! Onward!

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON / SUNSET

The boys arrive at the parking lot, a little out of breath.

They stop, Deacon's car is HUMMING in the distance. He leans against the side.

GORDON
Do we go up to him?

MONTY
Do you think he'll come here if we stay?

Deacon starts to notice them.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Gimme the money man.

GORDON
It's in your bag.

Deacon comes over, waving.

MONTY
(hushed)
GET IT!

Gordon is rushing through Monty's bag.

MONTY (CONT'D)
(excited)
Oh hi!

GORDON
Hi, Deacon!

DEACON
What's going on tonight? What do you boys need?

GORDON
I've just got a party at my house, we wanted some drinks, some liquor. I guess.

MONTY
And some 40's too!

Gordon hands the money to Monty who organizes them and gives them to Deacon.

DEACON
Nice, you guys want anything else?
Some bud?

Deacon hands Monty something from his pocket.

DEACON (CONT'D)
That's this new Northern Lights
Explosion I got, check it out.

Gordon and Monty walk behind --- as they near his car,
smelling the baggie.

EXT. NEAR DEACON'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MONTY
Mmm. It really smells good Gordon,
smell it, just smell it.

GORDON
No thanks.

DEACON
I could get you two a deal if you
wanna buy.

MONTY
Gordon!

Monty is visibly excited.

GORDON
We don't even smoke?

MONTY
People are *going* to smoke, plus
they'll be like so pumped the house
party just **has** weed, Gordon.

DEACON
Some house party going on?

MONTY
Yeah!

GORDON
Yeah.

DEACON
Nice, well let me know if you guys
need anything else-

MONTY

We'll take one! Or uh. Whatever this one is.

DEACON

Cool well that's one eighth so it'd run you about 30, maybe 40, but if you get a quarter-

MONTY

(to Gordon)

That's double what an eighth is!

DEACON

I could give it to you for sixty dollars AND I'll throw in a little something from the liquor isle, huh?

GORDON

I don't know, really, if we need all that-

DEACON

Hey man, I was a kid once too, don't worry about it. You're in good hands.

GORDON

Monty, you sure about the Northern Light...

DEACON

Explosion.

GORDON

Explosion?

MONTY

I got you Gord.

Monty hands Deacon their money.

We see the empty parking lot as Deacon walks away from them with the money.

GORDON

I don't know Mont.

MONTY

Think of the party this is gonna be! We're gonna be kings!

Gordon smiles slightly.

GORDON
Alright, it's kinda fun...

INT. DEACON'S CAR - LATER

Gordon and Monty sit with a keg between them while Deacon drives.

Gordon has his arm resting on the keg.

MONTY
Hey, Deacon.

DEACON
Yo?

GORDON
Do you remember having us as mentees? Like in high school?

DEACON
Mentees? Shit, I don't think I've mentored anyone in my life!

The car is going fast down a high way.

GORDON
I mean, you were our peer mentor. We just remembered you-

DEACON
Oh, **peer mentors**. What a couple of suck ups and fuck ups. What, you're down with Mr. Maxwell?

GORDON
No, no we're not... He sucks!

DEACON
Yeah he was a prick. What you guys learned something from me?

MONTY
You just got us a keg and when we were your mentees and you like gave us a tutorial on how to do a keg stand-

DEACON
I'm sure I did. Listen those weren't my brightest times. I'm glad you guys got something from me anyway.

GORDON
We'll do a keg stand in your honor!

DEACON
What for me?

MONTY
DEACON!!

GORDON & MONTY (CONT'D)
DEACON!!!!

EXT. GORDON'S HOME - NIGHT

Deacon and Gordon bring the keg up some stairs while Monty carries bags. They all come to the front door.

INT. GORDON'S HOME - NIGHT

The boys make it into the entrance and put the bags/keg down on the living room floor.

DEACON
Nice place.

GORDON
Thanks

MONTY
I'm gonna go get my bike.

Monty exits the house.

Deacon sits on a couch and begins rolling.

DEACON
Hey, come here.

Gordon comes to sit next to Deacon.

DEACON (CONT'D)
This your house right?

GORDON
Yeah! I mean I live here.

DEACON
You think I could stick around here for the party? You know, you guys need anything... I'm here.

GORDON
Sure, that'd be cool Deacon.

DEACON
One of my customers might come
through too if that's cool.

GORDON
Oh.

DEACON
I know him don't worry.

Deacon rolls while Gordon shifts in his seat.

DEACON (CONT'D)
He's good people. I promise.

GORDON
Sure, it's just that one of my
friends are coming over and she's-
I wanna impress her.

DEACON
I got you man! It's locked down, no
problem. I'm chillin'. You do your
thing.

Deacon licks the joint and finishes the roll.

Monty comes into the house.

MONTY
Let's get some pregame started!

Deacon smiles with his new joint.

MONTAGE

Gordon, Monty, and Deacon drink from red cups.

Gordon and Monty lift Deacon onto the keg. He drinks.

Gordon drinks from the keg.

Monty drinks from it too.

The three pass around a joint as the sun goes down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The three are slumped on couches.

MONTY
Shit that is some sticky... icky
icky.

DEACON
Yeah. That's the explosion.

GORDON
Sheesh.

A calm.

Gordon's phone chimes and a text pops onto the screen.

ALICE (TEXT)
Hey Gord, can we come over?

Gordon looks to his phone.

GORDON
She called me Gord?

MONTY
Huh?

GORDON
She said "Hey GORD, can we come
over?"

MONTY
Oh dude that's like your first
nickname from her!

DEACON
(high)
Goooooord.

GORDON
Gord? Really? That's like a
vegetable.

MONTY
Ah, don't blame her, you've got a
tough name man.

GORDON
I'm a gourd.

MONTY
Text back!

INT. CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Alice is in the car with Chelsea and the jocks.

She is in the backseat looking at her phone. It chimes.

GORDON (TEXT)
Yeah! Come whenever, Al.

ALICE
Al?? What the fuck?!

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Monty is looking at Gordon's phone.

MONTY
Al??? You really called her AL?

GORDON
What? Nicknames.

EXT. GORDON'S HOME - LATER

Alice stands in front of the door, her friends behind her.

They're all dressed up and excited.

She RINGS the bell.

INT. GORDON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The bell CHIMES.

Gordon rushes to the door.

GORDON
Get those drinks ICED Monty.

Monty rushes off.

Gordon takes a moment to breath before opening the door.

Jocks roughly pass Gordon, messing his hair etc.

JODEY
Whattap GORD.

Alice stands at the doorway with Chelsea next to her.

ALICE
Hey.

GORDON
Hey!

CHELSEA
Sorry for those dick wads.

Chelsea passes Gordon

KJ (O.S.)
BEERS!

ALICE
Thanks for inviting us again, I
didn't know you'd be down.

GORDON
Yeah, yeah of course.

A moment passes.

ALICE
So, what's up with Al?

GORDON
What do you mean? Like your
nickname?

She laughs.

ALICE
Yeah what is that?

GORDON
Well, I don't know.
What's Gord?

ALICE
Touche.

MONTY (O.S.)
HEY YALL THE KEG IS OVER HERE!

ALICE
Let's go!

They smile.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Everyone is hanging out on a patio.

Gordon is on the keg, being supported by Jodey and Deacon.

DEACON
Come on, this is the make it or
break it point.

JODEY
CHUG

EVERYONE
CHUG

Gordon GULPS. GULPS. GULPS.

Everyone cheers.

He dismounts the keg. Jodey slaps him affectionately on the
shoulder.

JODEY
Good shit man.

Deacon's phone begins to RING.

DEACON
Hold up I gotta take this.

He heads off screen to answer it.

Everyone settles into a chair.

ALICE
How'd you do that? It looked
painful.

GORDON
I just. Uh. I kept drinking I don't
know
(he burps.)
It **was** painful.

One of the jocks open a can of beer, offering it to Gordon.

JODEY
Hey, we didn't know you were cool
with Deacon, man, you should've
said so.

GORDON
No thanks.

KJ
Take it Gord.

GORDON

Okay then.

Gordon takes the beer can, holding it. A little smile.

JODEY

He was like hot shit with all the captains that graduated.

GORDON

He was? I don't really know him, I mean-

KJ

No, he's super selective man, he wouldn't even look at us when he was around. Fuckin prick...

JODEY

Like a pair of heat seekers, focused on one goal.

Jodey points to his eyes and scans the circle of people.

CHELSEA

Sounds like the terminator.

JODEY

Nah. He was just an asshole.

KJ

Eh. Not **all** the time.

They drink.

GORDON

Not all the time?

KJ

I mean not always. He would be nice if we did things for him, did favors. He'd appreciate it. And then-

JODEY

Dude, chill.

KJ

He'd appreciate it and he'd be nice to us. Only then. When we were useful.

JODEY

Quiet bro, he's gonna come back.

GORDON
What's going on?

JODEY
Nothing. Deacon's just not the guy
you think he is. It's that simple.

GORDON
I don't understand.

KJ
It's better you don't

JODEY
Look let's just enjoy this party,
Gordo. You too KJ. I'm not looking
for any shit tonight, just so you
know.

Jodey kicks back his beer can and GROANS.

CHELSEA
Shit you guys could've told me it
was gonna be one of these nights. I
would've stayed home and got
faaaaded.

Her and Alice laugh.

MONTY
Oh! We've got some bud!

Monty runs off into the house.

Everyone drinks.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Everyone drinking inside the living room, sitting on couches.

MONTY (O.S.)
Alright coming!

Monty comes rushing back with the ingredients for a joint.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Deacon has some of this shit, good
shit, smell it.

He passes the bag.

CHELSEA
Oh that is dank!

Deacon comes back, phone to his ear.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
I'll roll up, get this thing
started.

ALICE
Yes please, damn I didn't know we
came to a frat house. Thanks Gord!
Super sick.

GORDON
(embarrassed)
Oh, it's no frat...

ALICE
I know. I didn't take you for the
type anyway

Chelsea begins rolling. Everyone sits while Deacon is on the
outside, talking quietly into his phone.

GORDON
It's the least I can do!

Alice comes closer to Gordon.

ALICE
Is it okay if we invite a couple
more friends over?

GORDON
(whispering)
Sure, uh how many?

Alice looks around the circle.

ALICE
Five? Seven?

CHELSEA
Luna has her cousin too, she's
gotta bring him.

ALICE
Eight maybe?

GORDON
Okay... Okay. Just like keep it
low, you know?

Alice smiles at him and gives a nod to Gordon.

Deacon comes into the circle.

DEACON

We still keeping this low key? You need a few more beers in ya man.

He nudges Gordon

Gordon smirks shortly.

DEACON (CONT'D)

I got a guy on his way, Gord. That okay?

Gordon doesn't answer, taking a sip of his beer.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Is that okay?

GORDON

Ughhhmmm.

DEACON

What, you got your girl's friends and all their mothers coming over but I can't invite one person?

GORDON

I don't know Deacon, it's just my party I don't really know- she's not my girl.

ALICE

Yeah you are bugging. I am no one's "girl".

DEACON

I mean my guy could bring beers, you guys want more beers, right?

MONTY

It wouldn't hurt Gordon..

DEACON

It wouldn't hurt.

GORDON

Yeah, I told you before, let him over, whatever. And we have to keep it down, if my neighbors get wind of this...

DEACON
I got you Gord.

GORDON
It's Gordon.

The jocks are unusually quiet. They sip their beers.

GORDON (CONT'D)
But tell him to get a lot of beers.

DEACON
Don't worry about it my mentee.
You're with me tonight

Deacon texts.

Chelsea finishes rolling and lights it up.

CHELSEA
Wooo WOOO!

Smoke and a message bubble rises above.

It fades to the night sky.

TEXT: BRING BEERS

INT. CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

A wiry and shakey-eyed man drives a car wildly.

LARRY, 28, looks at his text as he gullets some beer from a can.

LARRY
GOT YOUR BEERS.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The same car barrels down a long road.

LARRY
YEEEEEEEEEEEE!!!

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Everybody except Jodey and Chelsea are sat down on the coaches.

The two dance to rock music.

Everybody's face is getting tired from the smoke they shared.

Deacon bounces his leg as he sips beer and goes through his phone.

MONTY
(sleepily)
That was great.

Chelsea has her eyes closed and is resting back.

CHELSEA
This music is great.

Gordon is smiling.

GORDON
Great.

There's a RING at the door.

Gordon JUMPS up, immediately held back by Deacon.

DEACON
I'll get it!

Deacon goes off screen, opening the door.

Gordon sits back down.

GORDON
Fuck, Deacon's up to shit.

Alice sits next to him calmly.

ALICE
It's okay Gord. I'll keep an eye on
him.

Gordon smiles.

GORDON
Okay, me too.

Deacon comes back into the living room.

Behind him comes Larry, carrying a box of cheap beer and a bottle of vodka.

LARRY
Howdy kids.

Deacon steps up to the table, placing little plastic cups on it.

DEACON
Everybody, this is my friend Larry,
he's got a bunch of goodies.

Larry starts pouring vodka into the little cups.

LARRY
One for everybody, I heard it was
someone's birthday today?

ALICE
(raiser her hand)
It's mine!

LARRY
Well this is a night to celebrate
then!

MONTY
Oh shit! Time to rise up!

CHELSEA
Shit, vodka.

Deacon smiles sharply at Gordon.

LARRY
Come on, get up, get your fill.

They all rise and grab a cup.

Monty closes his eyes, focusing.

DEACON
Everybody ready?

Circled up, cups raised.

LARRY
To the ages! To enduring the ages!

CHELSEA
AND TO MY BITCHES BIRTHDAY!

Everyone CHEERS.

EVERYONE
CHEEEERS!!!

They drink. Pained expressions and gagging.

KJ
Tastes like the championship.

GORDON

Oh god.

DEACON

Good little starter.

Deacon smacks his lips.

Alice CHEERS.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The kids are dancing, Gordon and Alice are happily and sloppily dancing.

Deacon and Larry stand next to each other on the outskirts, whispering, sipping.

ALICE

You're not half bad at that.

GORDON

Yeah, I'm like. Full bad.

She laughs.

ALICE

Just follow my feet.

Gordon looks down at his feet. They begin to blur.

The music is swaying with the kids.

Deacon cuts through the crowd and goes up to Gordon.

DEACON

Gordon.

They continue to dance.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Yo, Gordon.

Gordon's sight blurs from his feet to Deacon's face.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Is there a bathroom I could use? Or like a guest room we could hang out in?

GORDON

Yeah, yeah. I- I'll bring you up.

Gordon breaks away from the dance area and goes up stairs, Deacon and Larry following behind.

The jocks are seen looking at them walk upstairs as they sit on the couch.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They come up the stairs. Gordon stops, looking at the various doors.

GORDON
What kinda room did you want again?

DEACON
Somewhere we could hang, you know.
You kids are having fun, we don't
wanna be in your way.

Larry snickers to himself.

GORDON
Right. Um.

Gordon opens the door to his room.

GORDON (CONT'D)
You guys can chill in here, just
don't touch anything, keep your
shoes off the bed-

LARRY
Yeah, kid I know the spiel.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The two go past Gordon, sitting where they like and putting their bags on his table.

DEACON
You got it Gord.

GORDON
Gordon.

LARRY
You got a nice place, real cool of
you, you know.

Gordon smiles a little bit.

GORDON

Thanks.

DEACON

We'll be here if you need us.

Deacon motions smoking.

GORDON

Yeah, thanks. But really. No shoes on the bed.

LARRY

LARRY (CONT'D)

No shoes. Got it.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Music grooves as Gordon looks into his fridge longingly.

Monty comes from behind him, catching him from behind with a bear hug.

MONTY

Gordon my man!

GORDON

Dude, Monty, stop that.

Monty pulls him closer and laughs.

MONTY

We did it man, this party is so sick! Everyone's like, soooo fucked up right now.

GORDON

I know. Could you put me down?

Monty breaks off.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I gotta stay focused.

Gordon takes out the pre-seasoned steak from the fridge.

MONTY

What's up, G?

Gordon gets a pan and tries to start the stove. The gas CLICKS.

GORDON

It's like every time I trick myself into thinking this is like, okay, that this party is all cool and having it isn't gonna be a problem...

The stove IGNITES.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I do have fun, and it *is* a *really* good time.

MONTY

Yeah, G. This is like. I've never been to such a nice, laid back-

GORDON

I can't help but be suspicious of Deacon, man. And Larry? Really? Who the hell is Larry?

MONTY

He's like.. He's like his right hand man?

GORDON

I've never seen him before.

MONTY

Well, Deacon's older now, Gord. Like he grew up too, he met people.

GORDON

Yeah...

The steak SIZZLES on the pan. Gordon prods it.

MONTY

You gotta go and hang with Alice, man.

GORDON

I'm hungry...

MONTY

Look, I'll cook the steak, I got it, trust me.

GORDON

No, I gotta-

MONTY

Medium well, I know.

Monty takes Gordon's fork from him.

MONTY (CONT'D)

We did this whole shenanigan for you to get closer to her man, carpe diem and all that bullshit.

GORDON

Yeah- I. I'm scared Monty.

MONTY

Gordon! You got this, just hang out. Like, have fun?

GORDON

Have fun... You make it sound easy.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Deacon is smoking a joint on Gordon's bed.

Larry is seen in the foreground, breaking something off screen up and is straining it into a liquid/butter.

LARRY

We gotta push some more stuff tonight, I thought this was a party, Deacon?

DEACON

They're like sophomores man.

LARRY

I say, you know what I say? I say you take a bunch of joints down there, rolled up nice and fat.

DEACON

Uh-huh.

LARRY

Start waving them around, nice and tempting. Then you charge them right there. Per JOINT.

A CHEER is heard from downstairs.

DEACON

Don't they have enough?

LARRY

I'm working on this butter, we could pop some crap in the oven and right there, that's another thing to hand em'.

DEACON

Those kids are already too fucked, Larry.

LARRY

Yeah, they don't know that yet, though. Keep it going!

DEACON

Yeah, sure...

LARRY

(licking his fingertips)
Some dealer you are. NOT. Want some of this?

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

There is an invigorating tune in the living room. A fast track.

Alice and Gordon are dancing together, kind of silly.

They are LAUGHING.

The music builds to a drop and they dance intensely.

Gordon TRIPS over Alice's foot

She LAUGHS hard. He chuckles.

ALICE

Gordon! You are going way too fast
haha.

KJ

Get it G man!

ALICE

You're like, so silly, Gordon

Alice helps him get up, pulling him into an affectionate hug.

GORDON

Alice.

ALICE
I'm like so f'd. It's a nice
birthday.

GORDON
Yeah, it's nice.

ALICE
Cuz of you. You're the show runner,
mister.

They sway.

ALICE (CONT'D)
Could you like get more weed?
Chelsea has whatever Monty brought
and...

She looks about.

ALICE (CONT'D)
I don't know where she is.

Gordon looks around a little frantic.

GORDON
Oh? Uh. Yeah sure. She has it all?

ALICE
I mean I guess so?

GORDON
Okay. I'll be right back! Wait for
me.

ALICE
I'm here Gord.

She smiles and he walks off.

Gordon goes towards the stairs before Larry comes down,
joints in his ears and holding as many as he can between his
fingers.

He's acting screwy.

LARRY
Joints! Joints my fellow party
goers!

A collective "oh boy!" moment.

GORDON
Oh, Larry, I was gonna...

Larry passes them out to people along with a lighter is also passed around.

ALICE

Damn, Gord, you know exactly how to keep a party going.

GORDON

Yeah... Thanks.

They're all putting smoke in the air.

LARRY

Alright, so it'll be five dollars a roll and if you got two, it'll be eight. Got it kids?

They stop smoking.

ALL

What??

JODEY

Man, I don't want this shit!

LARRY

You already got your lips on it! I mean, ya'll obviously want them.

An agreeing silence.

Larry moves closer to Gordon.

LARRY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You'll cover the freeloaders, I assume.

GORDON

Larry I can't fuckin' do this-

LARRY

Ah ah ah, look at Alice, lover boy.

Alice sways with her joint to calm music.

GORDON

(through anger)

Okay. You're done fucking with us though. Come to my room, I have it there.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon is riffling through his drawer at his desk.

GORDON
Fuck, Deacon, what the hell was that?

DEACON
It was his idea, Gord.

GORDON
Stop calling me that! It was a dick move, now I have to pay for them.

DEACON
Party is going, I don't see the problem.

Gordon counts through bills.

GORDON
Problem is I'm in high school and don't have random joint money! I didn't even smoke joints before tonight!

DEACON
Shit, that's on you.

Deacon puffs away his joint.

GORDON
Screw you. And your stupid joints.

Gordon snatches Deacon's joint, waving it around.

GORDON (CONT'D)
And your stupid keg stands and-

Gordon puffs the joint.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Your stupid, good for nothing friend Larry. You're- you're lunkheads!

Deacon LAUGHS.

GORDON (CONT'D)
What?

DEACON
Larry, we're lunkheads!

Gordon turns around and Larry is in the doorway.

GORDON
Fuck.

LARRY
Little Gordy.

Larry pushes Gordon against the wall.

DEACON
Yo, lay off Larry.

LARRY
What?

DEACON
Lay off him.

Larry takes away Gordon's money and the joint.

He smokes it and blows it in Gordon's face.

LARRY
Go enjoy your party.

He throws Gordon out of his room.

INT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Gordon walks down the stairs.

He sees a picture of him and his mother when he was younger.

GORDON
Shit. I'm sorry mom.

A fire alarm BLARES.

CAL (O.S.)
Whose steak is this man?!

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Gordon rushes down.

INSERT: Picture of Gordon and his mother.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cal is standing over the stove pan, eating pieces of charred steak.

Smoke fills the room.

Gordon rushes over and turns the stove off.

GORDON

Fuck!

CAL

It's a little burnt man, you want some?

Gordon snatches the steak and puts it on a plate.

Cal shrugs, keeps eating off the plate.

GORDON

God damn it Monty!

Gordon looks out a window to the backyard and sees Monty with Chelsea.

They are smoking their own joints and looking at the stars.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Monty and Chelsea are smiling and looking up at the twinkling stars.

CHELSEA

I didn't know you and Gordon got down like this. I always thought. I don't know that you two were more of like... those dungeons and dragons guys?

MONTY

I mean, we are. Those guys.

CHELSEA

Right. But-

She waves the joint around before smoking.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

You have pot and beer. And a house party I mean how'd you do it?

MONTY

It was just a few texts, really. Gordon wanted to do it for-

Monty stops talking, smokes.

CHELSEA
What? Tell me!

MONTY
He wanted to do it for Alice. He
like totally likes her.

CHELSEA
I knew it! I knew it already!

She rises, excited.

MONTY
Wait, wait, don't tell-

Gordon comes out, flustered.

Chelsea runs off and past Gordon into the house.

GORDON
MONTY!

INT. OUTSIDE BEDROOM - LATER

Gordon and Monty step aside, letting Deacon step out of
Gordon's room and Larry make a lame stumble out.

Deacon carries a tray with a cover over it

LARRY
(slurred)
Now to the real party!

Larry licks his fingertips.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gordon and Monty come to sit in Gordon's room.

GORDON
We gotta slow it down or something,
Mont. I can't handle all this,
Larry charged me for those fucking
joints and-

MONTY
Joints?

GORDON
Yeah, it sucked, he handed out all
these joints.

MONTY
Shit I missed out!

GORDON
No! He charged like all I had for
the weekend for those stupid
joints.

Monty takes a joint from his shirt pocket, smiling
mischievously.

MONTY
(excitedly)
Like these?

GORDON
Gimme that!

Gordon snatches it and pockets it.

GORDON (CONT'D)
They're running around our asses
Monty, please.

Monty looks out the window to the backyard, people are
kegging it up.

MONTY
Hey man, I'm sure we could ask
everyone for a couple bucks after
the party.

GORDON
It's Alice's birthday, not some
house show circle jerk Monty, I
can't do that-

MONTY
It's a couple bucks.

Gordon looks out the window too.

GORDON
I don't know.

A jock is finishing a huge stand, his buddies patting him.
Everyone laughs around them and Alice raises her hand.

ALICE

Me next!

Gordon turns back to face Monty.

GORDON

It's not right man, just... Sell
that weed we got!

MONTY

Oh that?

GORDON

I mean... how much is left?

Monty sifts through his pockets.

MONTY

Ahh...

Theres a half open bag of pot in Monty's hand, some flakes on
his fingers and inside out pocket.

There's not much left.

GORDON

Fuck me.

INT. KITCHEN - MIDNIGHT

Larry watches as Deacon carefully slides their pan into the
oven.

LARRY

Steady...

A sloshy, buttery pan of something that resembles brownies.

DEACON

I'm steady.

LARRY

Careful Deacon, slow.

DEACON

I'm slow!

Deacon sets the pan in the oven.

DEACON (CONT'D)

See that's why I was the football
teams best buds. Steady hands.

LARRY

Oh you? You were their best friend,
yeah. I was with the team of '95
Deacon. 1995 and I was like this.
Close as this.

Larry lifts his two fingers, crossed together. Tight.

DEACON

95?

LARRY

You know them!?

DEACON

I don't know what the fuck you're
talking about Larry, spark that
joint.

LARRY

Fucking... 1995. We didn't win
anything I guess.

DEACON

Yeah I don't know. I was a little
freshman shit when you were on the
team.

STEPS down the stairs off screen.

Larry lights the joint, blowing the smoke around.

LARRY

We did throw some stupid good
parties though.

Deacon lifts a finger: SHUSH.

GORDON (O.S.)

You've got to be the one to ask
Monty, I don't want any part in it.

Gordon and Monty come to face Deacon and Larry who are toking
up.

LARRY

What you boys up to?

GORDON

We could say the same to you.

Larry shrugs, smoking.

The boys rush out to the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The party has moved to a grassy lawn in the backyard, keg and all.

Alice is doing a stand.

ALL
16.. 17...

CHELSEA
Go over Alice go over!

ALL
18!! Woooo!

CHELSEA
Birthdaaaaay

JOCKS
HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Alice is lowered off the keg.

ALICE
Holy shit.

She wipes foam off of her and COUGHS.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(looking up)
Hey!

Gordon kind of freezes. They all look at the boys.

GORDON
(awkward laugh)
Heyy.

Alice walks over and embraces Gordon tightly. He's still a little frozen.

KJ gets on the keg, beginning his stand.

GORDON (CONT'D)
Hey Alice, this is getting a little-

ALICE
A little fun, huh?

She laughs, feeling a rush from her keg stand.

GORDON
 No, I mean it's getting out of
 hand, especially with Deacon here.

Her phone starts to RING.

She breaks away, answering it.

ALICE
 Hello?? Luna? OH!

She looks back at everyone.

ALICE (CONT'D)
 They're here guys, I'm gonna go get
 them!

GORDON
 Shit...

She runs off to the front of the house.

GORDON (CONT'D)
 Monty this is not going well..

MONTY
 I mean...

KJ is finally done with his stand. Powerful CHEERS and
 SHOUTS.

KJ pounds his chest and burps.

KJ
 ARRRRRGH! YEAH BABY!

JODEY
 Let's get it!

Monty smiles at Gordon.

MONTY
 This is sick Gordon.

JODEY
 Monty, get over here on this keg
 bro!

GORDON
 (don't)
 Monty...

Monty walks over to the crowd, looking back and spreading his
 arms in a free way towards Gordon. "Can you blame me?"

As Gordon watches grimly, a POP of a champagne bottle is heard of screen.

ALICE
It's my MOTHER-FUCKING BIRTHDAY

Another POP. Not one, but two bottles.

Alice comes back into the backyard, carried on a chair by three guys.

There are two girls on either side of her, holding champagne bottles spewing foam.

GORDON
What in the world...

Theres another girl leading the pack, LUNA (20) hold a large bottle of liquor with a streamer in it.

EVERYONE
WOOOOOO!

Bottle service has arrived.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Everybody is gathered around the kitchen table.

The bottles are there and shot glasses are being dished out.

Deacon and Larry look at each other, raising their eyebrows and looking to the oven.

CHELSEA
Okay, all uh yous get your glass,
this is gonna get lit real quick.

Gordon is reluctantly there too.

Luna pours everyone's shots.

Alice smells her glass, raising it up. Everyone follows.

ALICE
First, this is to my birthday, and
all of you that made it here
tonight!

CHELSEA
Yeah girl!

LUNA

Damn right!

ALICE

And second this goes to good, old
Gordon for offering his place for
this fucking EPIC birthday BASH!

Everyone CHEERS.

Alice looks right at Gordon with rosy cheeks.

Gordon can't help but smile.

Everyone takes the shot.

As they come down, Gordon also locks eyes with KJ, who has a
pained expression on his face.

GORDON

You okay?

KJ's face contorts into something even more pained, disgusted
even.

JODEY

Oh shit, always one point in the
night.

KJ pushes past, trying to exit the kitchen as fast as he can.

GORDON

Fuck me!

Gordon follows KJ out of the room.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

KJ bursts through the door of the bathroom and gets to his
knees immediately

BARF BARF BARFFF.

Gordon stands in the bathroom's doorway, staring down.

KJ

Fuck I went like, way too hard...

Some more BARFS.

GORDON

You good?

KJ
Yeah, I- I'll be okay, don't worry.

GORDON
I'll get you some water?

KJ looks to him with slight appreciation.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

KJ and Gordon sit next to each other.

The jock is drinking water and eating a piece of bread.

KJ
Thanks Gord.

GORDON
Yeah. Of course.

KJ takes a couple bites of the bread, swallowing.

KJ
You know. This is really fun, man.
I didn't expect it.

GORDON
Thanks...

KJ
But Deacon, that fucking... Gordon
he is such an asshole, you need to
know that.

GORDON
Oh I know by now... He's robbing
me.

KJ laughs weakly.

KJ
Huh. I tried to tell you. I mean he
was already in your place so not
like it would've done much.

They sit. Gordon flushes the toilet

KJ (CONT'D)
He was always such a-

He BURPS and takes a small trashcan closer to him.

KJ (CONT'D)
Such a selfish prick...

GORDON
Tell me about it.

KJ
You know what he did to us? And don't tell *anyone* Gordon. Don't tell-

He BURPS

GORDON
What? What'd he do?

KJ
I swear don't you say a word.

GORDON
O... Okay?

KJ
We're all in the locker room, changing and messing with each other after practice. It was a hard day, the captains were screaming at us, we could tell they had something up their asses.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - FLASHBACK

Three boys sit on a locker room bench. KJ is one of them.

KJ (O.S.)
It was us three. They kept us after practice. The captains were under review for throwing a party in the equipment van and getting drug tested the next day.

The other two jocks are gone. Only KJ remains.

KJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And they wanted our fucking piss the sick fucks. My friends... gave it up easy. I don't know what it was, I just didn't want to. I was fed up being pushed around, you know?

GORDON (O.S.)
Yeah...

KJ is now in the corner of a bathroom, on the floor cowering.

KJ (O.S.)
 So they call deacon to do their
 dirty work. To... get me to piss in
 a cup for them. It was... Terrible

KJ is stricken, still cowering and pleading.

KJ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 He beat the shit out of me until I
 agreed to give them my clean piss.
 He did it all for the captains. For
 some fuckin "brotherhood".

Deacon is over him, sneering as a MUTE SCREAM escapes his
 mouth.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

GORDON
 Wow...

KJ
 I can't. I can't remember it again.
 I don't want to anymore.

They're silent.

KJ (CONT'D)
 (choking back tears)
 Deacon is a scumbag, Gord. Don't
 get tricked by him again. Please.

Gordon looks at KJ with empathy.

KJ (CONT'D)
 Fuck...

He leans over the toilet again and BARFS.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Deacon is alone, checking in the oven.

He quickly snaps up and assumes a cool leaning position when
 Gordon walks in.

Gordon scowls at Deacon.

DEACON
 What's up Gord?

GORDON

Gordon.

DEACON

What? What's up kid?

GORDON

My name is Gordon, Deacon. And what the fuck is that smell?

Deacon cracks up.

Gordon is serious.

DEACON

It's weed, G. Making some brownies for ya'll.

GORDON

And I'll pay for them, huh?

DEACON

Well shit they're not free.

GORDON

Dude I'm done with you fucking up my party, I'm not paying you anything, you're just gonna force them on everybody and ask me for the cash after.

DEACON

Oh man, sorry! Trying to lighten up this totalitarian high school party... Sheesh Gordon. This wouldn't have gotten a foot off the ground without me, you know.

GORDON

Thanks so much. I know what you did.

DEACON

What?

GORDON

I know what you did to the football team Deacon.

Deacon gets closer to Gordon.

DEACON

You don't know what the hell you're talking about Gordon.

GORDON
No, I do. I know who you are. And
what you've done. You're a fake.
You lie-

DEACON
You need to stop listening to every
rumor you hear kid... Fuckin'
losers.

Deacon turns away, lighting a joint.

Gordon opens the oven, grabbing the pan with mitts.

GORDON
You're the loser Deacon.

DEACON
Yeah right.

GORDON
Take your bullshit elsewhere.

Deacon turns around and Gordon puts the hot pan out to him,
into his hands.

Deacon flinches and the pan flips over onto a table.

DEACON
WHAT THE FUCK!

Gordon's eyes widen, realizing what he's done.

He runs toward the back door, Deacon violently following him.

EXT. BACKYARD LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Alice is having the bottle of liquor poured into her mouth,
smiling.

Everyone surrounds her, having a good time.

DEACON (O.S.)
GET OVER HERE.

Gordon stumbles and rushes towards the crowd, he still has
his oven mitts on

He falls into the middle of everyone, knocking him and Alice
over.

ALICE

Gordon! Ahahaha GORDON. This is- I am sooo. Oh my god you're too much.

GORDON

Alice please I- Deacon's gonna kill me.

ALICE

Oh stop. He wants us to have fun. You wanna have fun, right?

They look at each other. There's a good silence.

GORDON

I do, but-

Alice goes in to kiss Gordon. They kiss.

The crowd lets a giant "Ooooo" in response.

CHELSEA

I TOLD YOU!

They pull away and Gordon is still scared. Alice smiles and leans into Gordon.

Deacon STOMPS into the backyard now, fuming.

DEACON

You son of a bitch!

Gordon jumps to his feet, holding Alice's hand behind him.

DEACON (CONT'D)

You're paying for that tray you little idiot!

Gordon freezes. He's scared.

DEACON (CONT'D)

So where's the money, huh? You owe it to me.

Larry comes out of the house, zipping his pants.

GORDON

No I don't Deacon. We don't owe you anything.

LARRY

The fuck happened? I was pissing.

Deacon stomps even closer to Gordon

DEACON

Yeah keep saying that. I'd love to see how you say it with no teeth.

Monty steps in front of Gordon, so do the jocks.

DEACON (CONT'D)

This is some kind of joke?

JODEY

No.

MONTY

You're not gonna touch him Deacon.

CAL

You're not touching any of us.

LARRY

What's going on here?

Deacon's demeanor become softer.

DEACON

Couple of kids. Couple of punks.

GORDON

You're the punk Deacon. Look at you two. Some thirty year olds at a high school party.

DEACON

I'm in my twenties still kid.

Gordon steps to Deacon.

GORDON

THEN ACT LIKE IT.

Everyone is very silent. Did he really just do that?

Deacon scoffs.

DEACON

I'm going back inside. You're a joke.

GORDON

What are you then, Deacon?

DEACON

Listen, you may be the "man" of the house, but I'm still in it. Remember that.

Deacon takes an unopened champagne bottle and walks off, Larry trails behind him.

It POPS off screen.

Gordon flinches.

INT. GARAGE - LATER

Monty is rummaging through some boxes in the crowded garage. Gordon is still frozen, looking dimly around the room.

Monty takes out a strip of lights and plugs them in.

ORANGE blinking lights.

MONTY

What do you think, Halloween lights good enough?

Gordon's eyes shine with the light.

GORDON

Any lights, just bring the box down to the basement.

MONTY

Could use some help.

Gordon gets down and searches through a box.

GORDON

I'm so fucked man.

MONTY

Why? You've got like three year's supply of string lights in here.

GORDON

No, I mean with Deacon. I just like humiliated him in front of the whole party.

MONTY

I wouldn't say humiliated, but... yeah. I'm here for you Gordon.

GORDON

He looked like he could've shoved my words right back down my throat and out my ass again.

MONTY

If he did that, I'd get right back
at him, G.

Monty flexes.

A halloween decoration falls, activating and SHOUTING
spookily.

Monty jumps and cowers.

GORDON

Thanks Monty.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Gordon and Monty are stretching, affixing the string lights
to the corners and fixtures above.

The room's decorations come to light.

An old, once cool basement with a retired disco ball and new
spider patrons fill the room.

With the lights added, it's a bit cooler.

Gordon turns on an old stereo system, something groovy and
Frank Zappa like comes on.

GORDON

Not too bad.

MONTY

Get some drinks down here, it'll be
a whole lot better.

GORDON

Yeah, that seems to be the answer
to anything now.

MONTY

I'll go up and get it!

GORDON

Alright, hurry up though, I don't
want everyone falling asleep.

Monty runs up the stairs.

Gordon looks along the walls.

There are old photos, showing his mother and other family
members having parties in the same basement.

The disco ball is new in the photos.

They are all smiling, dancing carelessly.

Gordon smiles at the pictures.

He walks over to the decrepit disco ball and switches its light as faster paced music overtakes the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

The room is swaying, people packed together and wielding cups.

Gordon and Monty stand off to a corner, half surveying.

MONTY

This is going well, Gord. The disco balls still going, the cups aren't stopping-

GORDON

And the two lunkheads aren't here... good riddance.

MONTY

I thought we'd be worried about the jocks, really, but-

The jocks are LAUGHING, dropping their cups.

MONTY (CONT'D)

They aren't half bad man
(he laughs)
They're actually kind of cool.

Gordon looks to Monty with a sneer.

MONTY (CONT'D)

I know, I know, but-

GORDON

No, I agree, trust me. I just never thought we'd really say that.

MONTY

Yeah me neither.

Alice and Chelsea are seen coming over to the boys before we're pushed towards a small window going out from the basement to the fresh air outside.

Deacon is peaking through it.

EXT. HOUSE SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Deacon lifts his head up from looking into the basement party.

Him and Larry are smoking cigarettes together, slightly bundled.

DEACON
I'm so fucked dude.

LARRY
Huh?

DEACON
That Gordon kid is gonna put me under man.

LARRY
For what?

DEACON
For- I did some stupid shit, really bad choices... to be in with some people in high school.

LARRY
Was it worth it at least?

DEACON
No... It wasn't.

LARRY
Ah forget about it man. I've done some shit in my time, for real, you don't want to know.

He smokes.

LARRY (CONT'D)
And I just keep going forward.

DEACON
That's it? What about the shit talking and the looks they shoot-

LARRY
Well, from my experience. It sounds like you gotta make new friends...
(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)
Maybe move around a little bit, but
basically it's that simple. You
lose the heat eventually.

DEACON
I don't know

LARRY
Check me out, I'm doing pretty
well.

Deacon steps on his cigarette.

DEACON
I don't know if I could do that so
easily. I feel... bad.

Larry shrugs it off, lighting another cigarette.

DEACON (CONT'D)
I feel guilty.

Larry LAUGHS.

LARRY
Good one.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Deacon looks at the overturned pan on the table from when
Gordon gave it to him.

The fast tempo music from the basement MURMERS.

Deacon slowly turns the pan over, revealing the still
cohesive brownie tray.

A small breath of relief.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Deacon now holds a carefully curated tray with individual
brownies on them. They're each wrapped in plastic. It's cute.

Deacon carefully steps down into the basement bash, which is
now BUMPING.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Deacon looks nervously around the room.

He sees everybody enjoying themselves and paying him no mind.

He smiles awkwardly and it fades as he begins to step back towards the stairs.

CAL stumbles toward him and grabs his shoulder.

CAL
Oh. Hey, Deacon.

DEACON
Hi.

CAL
What are these? Brownies?

DEACON
Yes.

CAL
(smiling)
Good brownies?

DEACON
Yes..

CAL
Can I have some?

Deacon nods his head.

Cal takes a look at Gordon, who is positioned with Alice, Monty and Chelsea.

CAL (CONT'D)
You gonna make Gordy pay for them again?

DEACON
No... Don't worry.

A moment passes.

CAL
Okay!

Cal takes a brownie stuffs his face.

CAL (CONT'D)
Mind if everyone else has one?

DEACON
No, please do!

CAL
Shit, alright.

Cal waves his jock friends over. They all partake.

JODEY
Maybe **you** could give us some clean
pee this time.

DEACON
Oh, please... Don't mention it.

Deacon and KJ make eye contact and hold.

KJ
Thanks.

Deacon plasters a nice smile across his face and nods.

The jocks walk away.

Deacon makes his way up to Gordon and his group.

As he nears, Gordon seems to flinch.

DEACON
Hey.

GORDON
Hey...

DEACON
I'm sorry.

GORDON
I don't think I'm the one you need
to apologize to.

CHELSEA
Yeah, what'd you like pee on some
dude?

GORDON
No! No. He-

CHELSEA
I mean do what you want and all
that...

DEACON
No, I beat some of the jocks up for
their captains to... Get them clean
pee. For a drug test they had
coming up.

ALICE
What the hell?

GORDON
Pretty fucked...

DEACON
I know. But I do feel guilty. And I
wanted to say sorry for being such
a lunkhead today, you know?

The kids LAUGH.

ALICE
Lunkhead? That's so weird to say...

Gordon and Deacon look at each other, an understanding smile
between them.

They all grab a brownie.

Down the hatch!

MONTAGE

Kids dancing around the basement.

Drinks being poured into red solo cups.

Kids downing the cups.

Gordon and Alice crossing arms and doing shots.

Cups on the floor being kicked around.

Gordon and Alice smiling at each other.

Their faces swirl around each other, mixing.

Everyone cheers and drinks once more.

EXT. ROOF - LATER

Gordon and Alice are sitting outside his bedroom window, on a
small portion of the roof facing the front of the house.

Alice is resting her head on Gordon's shoulder, the fast
tempo music barely audible.

ALICE
I'm having a really good time,
Gordy.

GORDON
Yeah, me too.

ALICE
You know we can hang out, like,
without all this stuff, right?

GORDON
Like what?

ALICE
Like... like without our friends,
or without this...

She raises her red cup and drinks from it.

ALICE (CONT'D)
I don't know. All the extra stuff.

GORDON
Oh...

She sips again.

ALICE
I really like you, Gordon, and I
don't wanna be embarrassed that I
said that when I'm
(hiccup)
Sober.

They look at each other.

GORDON
I like you too! I like you like
that... too.

She LAUGHS.

ALICE
I know. Chelsea told me!

GORDON
Well, yeah... Wait Chelsea told
you?

She nods.

GORDON (CONT'D)
I really like you too Alice, and
I'd hang out with you like, all the
time again, really.

She smiles.

GORDON (CONT'D)

I just did all this because I thought it'd make me cool or show you how I could get things done for you and make it all...

ALICE

Perfect?

GORDON

Yeah, and that you'd think I'm-

ALICE

Cool?

He has an embarrassed smile.

GORDON

Yeah...

ALICE

Well you are cool, Gordy.

They kiss again.

LARRY (O.S.)

ALRIGHT, EVERYONE GET THEIR LAST DRINKS IN!

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Another round of shots is downed quickly by everyone.

KJ

Woo! Never gets old.

CHELSEA

Or better.

They are situated around a cards table, playing go fish and enjoying drinks.

ALICE

Alright, next person, come on!

The only ones really playing are Gordon, Monty, Alice and Deacon.

Some dance halfheartedly or throw down random cards.

DEACON

All I'm saying, you kids need to get better at this if you don't wanna end up beneath the table.

ALICE

Uh-huh lets go!

They all quickly place cards down until Deacon slaps the stack, taking it into his hand.

DEACON

That's me again, you guys know what to do!

GORDON

Damn, give us a chance Deacon.

Deacon pours the shots, the kids taking them down again.

Larry is slumped over on a couch over yonder.

LARRY

Ay, gimme one.

Deacon pours him one and hands it over. Gulp.

ALICE

(hiccuping)

Okay, next round come on, go go.

CHELSEA

All we've been doing is losing to this guy.

GORDON

Yeah, maybe we take a water break or something?

JODEY

What're we in the pre season? Ain't no water breaks here!

ALICE

Yeah! No water breaks! It's my birthday, I need to STAY lit.

She grabs the bottle and downs some liquor.

A pained but smiling expression on her face.

Gordon grabs the bottle back and puts it back near Deacon.

GORDON

Careful.

MONTY

Let her have some, G, it's her birthday.

DEACON

Alright, come on.

Deacon puts his cards down.

Gordon warily puts his down. Then Chelsea. Monty. Jodey, KJ.

Then Alice puts some cards down, eyes wide and SLAPS the pile, LAUGHING.

ALICE

Got itttttt!

Deacon checks the pile.

DEACON

No, you messed up.

ALICE

But it was like a sandwich, like queen, 4, queen?

DEACON

You put down a Jack.

She checks and laughs herself silly.

ALICE

Guess that's another shot, huh?

Gordon's eyes follow as she grabs the bottle and necks it again.

Deacon starts by putting a card down, then Gordon.

Gordon SLAPS the stack quickly.

He looks over to Alice, who is still reeling from the shot.

Deacon look at the pile.

DEACON

Another mistake dude, we gotta stop playing or something? Shit, you guys are fucked.

GORDON
Oh! Damn I really thought I had
that one.

ALICE
(slowly)
It's if it's the same, and if you
get a sandwich.

She starts stacking her hands on each other.

ALICE (CONT'D)
(slow)
Like queen, 4, queen.

Deacon hands Gordon a shot which he takes with a face.

GORDON
You sure you guys don't wanna take
a water break?

DEACON
I already got some. I'm good for
the night.

ALICE
Let's fucking go!

At this moment, the door bell RINGS.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gordon opens his front door to his neighbor, Mr. Flanky.

GORDON
Mr Flanky!

MR. FLANKY
Gordon...

GORDON
Hi!

MR. FLANKY
Good evening.

GORDON
What's... going on?

MR. FLANKY

Well, I was only watching soaps with the missus and as the *finale* was airing we were interrupted by some god awful screams.

GORDON

Ahhhh... yeah.

MR. FLANKY

They came from here, son. I know they did.

GORDON

Well, I don't think so, sir, I am being very noise appropriate...
It's um.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Back in at the card table, everyone has paused playing.

Chelsea lights a joint and Alice sits impatiently.

After a few moments Alice grabs the bottle and a couple of glasses, filling them.

ALICE

Gotta keep it up..

She hands some glasses out and downs a shot quick, CHEERING after.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Wooooooo-ah!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ALICE (O.S.)

Wooooooo-ah!

Mr. Flanky starts to look around Gordon, mean faced.

MR. FLANKY

Well I will let you know that if I hear something again, I'll-

Monty comes up behind Gordon.

MONTY

Mr. Flanky!

Mr. Flanky looks to Monty with a twisted face.

MR. FLANKY
I really do hope you boys are
behaving tonight.

MONTY
Oh we are!

Gordon smiles at Flanky.

MONTY (CONT'D)
We just got a bit carried away,
we're having a fighting game
tournament and my controller was
putting in the wrong inputs,

MR. FLANKY
Right, well-

MONTY
you know when the button gets
sticky and it just keeps
registering that damn "A" button!
(he laughs)
It's like A A A A A I'm like nooo
stop!!!
Next thing I know I'm on the edge
and Gordon here's-

Mr. Flanky waves his hand.

MR. FLANKY
Very well. If I get a whiff of
disorder again... Gordon I do have
your mother's number!

MONTY
We'll try not to get too excited.
Wish us luck!

Monty closes the door on Flanky.

GORDON

INT. TV ROOM - LATER

Another round of shot glasses are consumed by the jocks,
Chelsea, Monty, and Alice.

Alice sits back with Gordon on the couch, a brief smile.

Everybody is in their respective positions on couches and chairs, watching a funny stunt movie (Jackass?).

A stunt happens on the television and unanimous chuckles ripple through the room.

CHELSEA

They really do do the dumbest stuff
for these movies.

MONTY

That's what's so good about them,
they do what eeeveryone else
wouldn't think of, they're just...
off the wall!

Alice is trying to recoil from the last shot she's taken

CHELSEA

Yeah, they're off something
alright...

The jocks are in a tight circle with each other in the room,

They start giving each other punches on the arm.

JODEY

Whoever flinches out first, is the
jackass!

CAL

You are a jackass.

They continue the triangle of punching arms as the stuntman on the tv COUGHS and struggles after a hard stunt.

Alice's eyes go from the TV to the jocks punching triangle.

The stuntman begins to CHOKE.

Gordon notices her in a haze.

GORDON

You okay Alice?

Alice coughs gently, getting a bad taste of liquor in her mouth.

The rapid PUNCHES of the jock triangle speed up.

The stuntman on TV leans against a wall and PUKES.

ALICE

I'm feeling so-

Her EYES move rapidly

PUNCHING

PUKING

ALICE (CONT'D)

Too much...

GORDON

What do you need? Some water? I'll
go get it.

Alice stops to look at Gordon before doubling over and
PUKING.

CUT TO BLACK.

MONTAGE

these images are spliced between QUICK and DARK shots.

People are GASPING at the puddle forming on the floor.

DARK

Alice grasping her head.

ALICE

Turn the fuggin show off!

DARK

Jackass puking.

DARK

Chelsea and Gordon support Alice to stand and leave the room.

DARK

Alice hunched over the toilet PUKING

DARK

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alice is still at the toilet, being comforted by Chelsea and given some water.

Gordon stands by the door, worrying.

Alice GROANS

Gordon grasps his forehead.

CHELSEA

Try to get some water if you want.

Alice's eyes are closed, she GROANS again.

CHELSEA (CONT'D)

She's out, man!

ALICE

I'm oooout...

Alice's voice trails off.

CHELSEA

Gordon I don't know what to do...

GORDON

We could take her to the basement
to lay down or something, like get
some rest, right?

Alice PUKES into the toilet / toilet seat.

CHELSEA

Shit!

Gordon grabs paper towels, handing them off.

GORDON

Is this bad?

CHELSEA

No, we'll make sure she's
alright... Alicee, Alice?

Chelsea tries to open Alice's eyes.

Alice GRUNTS.

She wakes up, lifting her head momentarily before

PUKING into the toilet.

She COUGHS before PUKING again.

GORDON
I'll go get some help.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Alice's face is pale and unresponsive.

GORDON (O.S.)
Over here.

Deacon comes into the door frame, drinking water.

His face dropping as he sees her.

DEACON
Has she moved from there?

CHELSEA
Just to puke and-

Alice GROANS

CHELSEA (CONT'D)
Do that.

DEACON
Has she gotten up? Spoken to you?

CHELSEA
Not really...

Deacon touches Alice's forehead.

DEACON
We've gotta get her to the
hospital.

GORDON
Hospital??

DEACON
She's either **really** fucked up, or
she's got alcohol poisoning.

GORDON
Poisoning?!

CHELSEA
My girl's fine, give her an hour,
come on... I mean, do we need to?

DEACON

You really think this'll fix
itself? While you go back to the
party for what? A couple more beers
while Alice chokes on her own
vomit?!

The two are silent.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Your guys' friend is gonna die,
let's go!

GORDON

Fuck!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chelsea comes down the stairs into the living room, where she
is greeted by the jocks CHEERING and handing her a shot.

She doesn't accept it.

Gordon and Deacon come down supporting an unconscious Alice.

Everybody's excitement fades as they come down.

LUNA

Oh my god, what happened to her?

DEACON

She drank a little too much, I
think we're gonna take her to the
hospital.

Some small GASPS

LARRY

Oh, where you going?

Larry approaches Deacon.

DEACON

(low)

I'm gonna drive 'em over to the
hospital man, this girls got
alcohol poisoning.

LARRY

What the fuck are you talking
about?

He peers over to Alice.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Lay her down on her side, get some water, that's it. What are you gonna do, pay their bill?

DEACON

She's gotta go, look at her.

LARRY

Man gimme that brownie money then, I'm out.

DEACON

I don't have it.

GORDON

Let us go!

LARRY

What, you're friends with these kids now? What happened to the whole "scam victim party" plan you had when you called me? You abandoned it?

GORDON

Let us go! Alice is fucked!

DEACON

I'll get the money on the way back, just. Come on.

LARRY

Oh sick now I'm babysitting.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The five are in Deacon's car. Gordon and Deacon in the front and Alice is in the back being checked on by Chelsea.

Larry sits in the back, defiant.

Gordon is looking back at an unresponsive Alice, his eyes TREMBLING.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Deacon, Gordon, Chelsea and Alice get out of the car.

Larry stays in the back.

LARRY
Hurry up Deac.

DEACON
I'm taking care of something dude.

LARRY
Want that brownie money.

DEACON
Let's go...

They walk away from the car.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The four are standing in front of the ER desk with Alice on Chelsea's arm.

CHELSEA
I'm her cousin, I need to stay with her.

A RECEPTIONIST (30) is helping them.

RECEPTIONIST
We'll get a stretcher here immediately.
(to a talkie)
Nurse, we need a gurney down here.
Alcohol poisoning. Yep.

The room is RINGING in Gordon's ears, looking at Alice unconscious.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
And what about you, who're you?

Gordon is still distracted.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Excuse me sir?

CHELSEA
He's her boyfriend.

Gordon SNAPS back.

GORDON
What?

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, I guess I could get you in there too, no problem. You?

DEACON

I'm just driving them, I'm good.

RECEPTIONIST

Okay, you'll get to stay out here with me.

The receptionist gives a quick smile.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER

Gordon and Chelsea sit in an emergency room with Alice resting on the bed.

Alice is hooked up to an oxygen pump on her face

Chelsea sits next to her and Gordon sits at a chair, looking over.

GORDON

Boyfriend?

Chelsea looks to him and smiles.

CHELSEA

What you think you would've got in here if you were just a friend?

GORDON

I mean, am I just a friend?

CHELSEA

Uhh I don't think so... I'd ask Alice, but...

GORDON

Yeah.

CHELSEA

She likes you, and when she gets through this, I'm sure she'll wanna hang and, you know. Get to know you more.

GORDON

You're probably right.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Larry is in the driver's seat of Deacon's car, playing rock music and doing DONUTS in the parking lot.

He's drinking a beer and SHOUTING.

LARRY
YeeEEEEEEEEeeee!

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

As they sit, DR. GORIOUS (40s) with a doctor's coat comes in.

He looks down at a pad.

DR. GORIOUS
Hello all. I'm Doctor Gorious and
I'll be helping you today.

CHELSEA
Hey.

DR. GORIOUS
Right now we've got her set up to
some oxygen to help her out,
(flipping pad)
and we'll get some people to get
her on IV for the dehydration
shortly.

Dr. Gorious looks up at Gordon and Chelsea.

DALLAS
Oh. You're a bunch of kids.

CHELSEA
So?

DR. GORIOUS
Well I'm just glad you came in
yourselves instead of getting an
ambulance.

GORDON
Why's that?

DR. GORIOUS
Then the cops would've been
involved.

Chelsea and Gordon look at each other. Whew.

GORDON
Good thing then...

DR. GORIOUS
Yeah, I'd say so by the looks of
it...

He comes over to Alice's bedside.

CHELSEA
It was her birthday today.

Dallas LAUGHS

DR. GORIOUS
(to Alice)
Happy Birthday!

He turns to Gordon and Chelsea

DR. GORIOUS (CONT'D)
Listen. You two should probably
leave before we ask any more
questions, okay? Don't want this on
anyone's record. And it'd be better
for you to go, maybe leave your
number?

CHELSEA
I mean, works for me.
(getting up)
She's gonna be okay?

Dr. Gorious nods.

GORDON
Are you sure?

DR. GORIOUS
She seems to be stabilizing pretty
well, I'd say she's just gotta lay
here until she's back.

GORDON
How long will it be?

DR. GORIOUS
Well, I'd say-

GORDON
Will you call me?

DR. GORIOUS
I'm sure we could-

GORDON
Could I just stay here until she's
back?

CHELSEA
Gordon.

GORDON
What?!

Dr. Gorious moves over to Gordon and puts his hand on his
shoulder.

DR. GORIOUS
Kid, I know you're worried, but
you're gonna have to trust us.
Alice is safe and I can tell you
you don't wanna be caught in the
middle of this... Go back to
wherever you were and give everyone
a water bottle, that's the best you
can do for us. Really.

Gordon looks to Alice's still face.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Monty, the jocks, Luna and her friends are littered around on
the couches.

The jocks pass around a beer can.

CAL
I've never realized how shit this
beer actually is.

Cal passes the can to KJ.

KJ
Yeah I don't think I've ever drank
so much that I've gotten sober over
time. Doesn't seem right.

KJ passes it to Jodey.

JODEY
Bleh. We need something to spice it
up.

Jodey passes it to Monty.

MONTY

We could check around the kitchen
maybe? His moms gotta have an
emergency wine bottle somewhere.

They consider this as Luna comes up to them, her friends
behind her.

LUNA

Umm I think we'll head out.

MONTY

(looking at phone)
Oh, Gord told me they're on their
way back now, they should be-

LUNA

That's alright! We don't wanna get
too messed up before driving home.
Yeah...

MONTY

Okay, I-

LUNA

Text us about Alice!

They step back towards the door.

LUNA (CONT'D)

See ya!

They leave.

MONTY

I don't even have her number.
(shrug)
Shall we find that wine, boys?

CHEERS fade.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Larry stands in front of Deacon's haphazardly parked car.
Deacon, Gordon and Chelsea are coming out of the hospital.

LARRY

YO, Deacon.

DEACON
You moved my car?

LARRY
Yeah I moved it
(pointing)
Alllll around here.

Deacon sees the donuts.

DEACON
What the fuck?! I left the keys for
like RADIO and shit.

LARRY
Lemme drive it back, I got you. I
got used to the wheel.

DEACON
No Larry. Let's go back to Gordon's

LARRY
Oh, Gordon's bleehhh. That puke-
fest. Hey man, why don't you ever
come over anymore?

DEACON
What?? Chelsea, Gordon, get in the
car.

LARRY
No, what? Let them stay...

Larry grabs Gordon's neck.

DEACON
Larry!

LARRY
Like the old days.
(he grips Gordon hard)
Like when you used to come over and
I taught you the keg, Deac. What
happened?

Deacon TACKLES Larry.

Gordon scrambles to Chelsea and they get in the car,
watching.

Deacon pins Larry down.

DEACON
Are you fucking sick??

LARRY
Why don't you hang out-
(grunting)
with me or anybody anymore?

DEACON
Not the time Larry. You've been an
asshole tonight all night.

LARRY
NO. YOU. FUCKING. Just give me the
brownie money dude. I payed for
half that bud, I-

DEACON
Shut the fuck up.

Deacon empties Larry's pockets. Money.

LARRY
DEACON, NO! DEACON YOU LITTLE
BITCH!

Larry is too drunk and tired to do anything.

DEACON
You've been taking money from
everyone all night dude. The you
from high school would have HATED
you. You get that?

LARRY
Fuck you! You turned into a real
punk, Deacon...

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chelsea looks at Gordon's neck.

There are bruises from Larry's hold.

CHELSEA
Holy shit Deacon, you got bruised.
Bad.

GORDON
It hurts like hell... ow.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Deacon lays on top of Larry now, holding him down.

DEACON
I'm gonna let you go. Get your
dirty shit money and go.

LARRY
Let go of me.

DEACON
I'm gonna get up now.

LARRY
Fucker...

Larry staggers to his feet.

DEACON
Now if you want to take a ride back
with us-

Larry SWINGS at Deacon. Sloppy.

He misses.

Gordon and Chelsea are out of the car, watching

Larry falls and knocks himself out.

DEACON (CONT'D)
Shit...

Deacon goes into the hospital again.

Chelsea and Gordon look at Larry on the floor.

Moments later, Deacon comes back with a nurse.

He points.

She GASPS.

Deacon goes to his car, Gordon and Chelsea get in and they
leave together

CUT TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING) - LATER

Gordon in the back seat looking out the window.

Deacon and Chelsea in the front vibing to classic rock.

DEACON

You know...

(taking a paper out)

I got that receptionist's number.

CHELSEA

WHAT?

GORDON

Holy shit, really?

He presents the paper.

DEACON

Told her I used to be yall's **peer mentor**. Big sweet points for me.

GORDON

Oh my god Deacon.

DEACON

What? It worked. I was just chatting.

CHELSEA

You are crazy.

DEACON

Thank you.

CHELSEA

Mind if I light up?

DEACON

Sure, go ahead.

She does.

Gordon looks at the sky.

Worrying, then smiling.

Deacon catches his smile in the rearview mirror.

DEACON (CONT'D)

You know what, Gord? I've been to more house parties than I can count and I've never seen a host do that kind of stuff.

GORDON

Like what stuff?

DEACON

Like be so caring and kind and- I don't know. It's not the stuff I see with *my* friends, I'll tell you that.

GORDON

Well, I think that's kind of a shame. Thanks though Deacon.

Deacon thinks of this for a moment.

DEACON

Yeah I guess it is.

GORDON

You're not too bad either, Deacon.

DEACON

Thanks...

A few moments pass.

Chelsea smokes.

CHELSEA

So how exactly did you get the pee? Like did you just give them a cup? Or?

DEACON

I'm not talking about this.

CHELSEA

Oh come on! You both got some distance from the situation, we broke brownies together, at least tell me what happened there.

DEACON

I don't exactly like remembering my douche-ish actions.

CHELSEA

Oh, you're just shy!

They all LAUGH.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAWN

A table is pushed to the side, creating a large space where..

Monty and the three jocks are SQUARE DANCING around the living room, also passing a wine bottle between themselves.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Flanky, the neighbor, is spying on them from his window with binoculars.

He lowers the binoculars, a scowl on his face.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD BLOCK - NIGHT

Mr. Flanky strides across the street, the BUSSLE of the party audible.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Monty necks the wine bottle, passing it off to a jock as he smiles widely.

A RING at the door.

Their faces freeze.

KJ
Who's that?

MONTY
I didn't get a text from Gordon yet...

Another RING.

Cal goes over to the window, Flanky's face staring back at him. He flinches back.

CAL
Scary guy...

MONTY
Flanky! Shit! Get all this out of here! NOW!

Cans CRINKLE as Monty opens the front door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Flanky stands at the door.

Monty stands there, still and smiling.

MR. FLANKY

Monty?

MONTY

Mr. Flanky!

Mr. Flanky looks around Monty.

MR. FLANKY

Is Gordon here?

MONTY

Nah, he, he had to take some people home real quick.

MR. FLANKY

Huh, what on those damn skates of his?

MONTY

Yeah

MR. FLANKY

Well, how's the championship, or whatever?

MONTY

What?

MR. FLANKY

The video game tournament, how's that?

MONTY

Oh, it's good, sir, you know that damn A button...

Mr. Flanky looks to the street, then back to Monty.

MR. FLANKY

Hey Mont, you don't happen to have a beer do you?

Monty's eyes scrunch together. What?

MR. FLANKY (CONT'D)

(he comes in, hushed)

My wife, she doesn't let me keep them in the house cuz I'm getting old you know "Only at restaurants. Why don't you just go to the bar?"- well, she's asleep and I'm hearing you guys and...

MONTY
You want a beer?

MR. FLANKY
Yes.

MONTY
From me?

MR. FLANKY
Yes!

MONTY
Well. Okay!

Monty runs back and leaves Mr. Flanky for a few moments.

Monty comes back with a beer can, smiling.

MONTY (CONT'D)
Here, sir!

MR. FLANKY
Right, thanks Monty. You don't have
to call me sir you know.

MONTY
Yes, Mr. Flanky.

MR. FLANKY
My pals call me Paul, that's my
name.

MONTY
(trying it out)
Oh, okay... You're welcome, Paul.

EXT. GORDON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Monty and Mr. Flanky smile.

GORDON (O.S.)
Hey, Mr, Flanky.

Mr. Flanky hides the beer can behind him as Gordon, Chelsea
and Deacon coming up the stairs and through the door.

MR. FLANKY
Gordon.

Mr. Flanky CLEARS his throat.

Again, Mr. Flanky and Monty are the only ones.

MR. FLANKY (CONT'D)

Well, have a good night then. And good luck with the championship Monty.

MONTY

Thanks Paul.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Monty comes into the house to Gordon being HOISTED up by the three jocks.

They CHEER and HOLLER.

Chelsea cheers a bit and Deacon claps.

DEACON

Alright, alright, put him down.

They lower him.

GORDON

Thanks guys, but uh- I mean it wasn't the perfect party.

JODEY

You kiddin' Gord?

GORDON

No, I mean, sure, it was sick... But Alice is in the hospital. Still in the hospital...

They're all silent.

JODEY

Yeah...

GORDON

And it's not like I'm- not happy I did this...

CHELSEA

We're happy you did this, Gordon.

MONTY

Yeah, man. None of us wanted Alice to go out like that tonight, but... I'm sure she's grateful for what you did.

CHELSEA

You made it a pretty special birthday.

GORDON

Ah, you don't have to say all that...

DEACON

You're a good kid Gord.

Gordon smiles, almost tearing up.

GORDON

Alright, alright.

He pulls the table back to the center.

GORDON (CONT'D)

We gotta clean this place up and get your asses out of here before my mom gets in.

He checks his phone: 6AM

A TEXT from Alice appears.

INSERT: Picture of Alice on the medical bed, hooked up to machinery, but conscious. She hold up a peace sign and a weak smile.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is surrounding Gordon, looking at his phone.

He reads a text aloud.

GORDON

"Doctor Gorious here" That's the doctor we had.

Some NOD around him.

GORDON (CONT'D)

"Gorious here, Alice woke up a few minutes ago and wouldn't stop talking about her birthday and how she needed to return. I assured her she needed to stay here until she had recuperated to which she replied "only because I want to".

CHELSEA
That's my girl!

GORDON
"She then asked to send a picture
to Gordon and well, here. Best
wishes from us at North port
hospital and Alice. Drink water!

KJ
Drink water?

GORDON
Yeah, we should probably drink some
water, too.

CHELSEA
Told y'all she was tough! Sheesh...

Gordon smiles at the photo before kicking into action.

GORDON
Alright, cans, bottles, weed, ash,
dirt, grime, germs, hair follicles,
FINGERPRINTS all need to be washed.
out. of. this. house! Garbage bags
are under the sink and I've got
water bottles in the fridge! Let's
do it!

They all gather hands in a circle.

EVERYONE
3, 2, 1, PARTY!

MONTAGE

Various people chugging waters.

Beer cans being slid off a table.

Various empty bottles begin to stack on a window in a stop
motion fashion, one with a little bit of liquor left.

Dirt is SWEPT off of a floor.

Scrubbing of carpet stains.

The almost empty bottle on the window disappears and
reappears completely empty.

Trash bags being thrown in a bin outside, lids CLOSE.

END MONTAGE

EXT. GORDON'S HOME - DAWN

Gordon EXHALES, his face bathing in new light.

GORDON
 Alright...

Gordon turns around, the jocks dap him up one after the other.

JODEY
 Good shit, Gordon.

CAL
 Hey, man, I am HERE the next time
 you throw something.

KJ
 Thanks Gord.

Jock 2 holds the dap for a moment longer.

KJ (CONT'D)
 You're fucking Jesus dude.

He pulls away.

GORDON
 Thanks.

Chelsea comes up after them.

CHELSEA
 Alright Gord, Monty. Don't stop
 playing dungeons and dragons now
 that you're cool, okay?

MONTY
 Oh come on.

She gives Monty a hug, following after the jocks

They leave down the street.

MONTY (CONT'D)
 (to the jocks)
 Yo, see you later!

JOCKS (O.S.)
 SEE YA MONT!

CHELSEA (O.S.)
 BYE MONTY

Gordon, Monty and Deacon stand together in front of the house.

DEACON

Alright, I'm out before your mom catches you. Which won't happen...
Um-

GORDON

See you man. This was... a night to remember for sure.

DEACON

Maybe for what not to do...

GORDON

It was a good time.

MONTY

Fuckin' great time!

GORDON

Yeah, it was a really fun one.
Thanks Deacon.

DEACON

No, no, I don't deserve that, Gordon. I was a sicko today, I- I thought right away how I could run you guys for a few extra bucks. And I did remember you from peer mentoring. I did...

He LAUGHS shamefully.

DEACON (CONT'D)

I'm no mentor.

GORDON

You saved us Deacon. You straight up saved Alice from *dying* tonight.

DEACON

You say that, but I was just the guy driving the car. You, you were the one that really cared.

GORDON

(matter of fact)

I don't know what alcohol poisoning is. You did.

Deacon is looking at the floor.

DEACON

Yeah... I just don't deserve that credit. You know what I've done.

GORDON

We've all been low in our lives at some point.

MONTY

Yeah, lighten up Deac.

GORDON

You can't keep holding yourself in the past.

Deacon looks up at the two boys.

DEACON

You guys don't know how good you really are.

He gets in his car and waves.

Gordon and Monty watch as he pulls off.

They turn to each other.

INT. CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Deacon is in his car, driving off.

EXT. GORDON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

GORDON

It's been good Monty. You wanna stay for breakfast?

INT. CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Deacon makes a call on his phone.

MONTY (O.S.)

I'm gonna head home I think. I got church with my family.

Deacon with the phone to his ear.

DEACON

Mom? Sorry. It's early. I just woke up... What're you doing today?

EXT. GORDON'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Gordon and Monty.

GORDON
Damn really? That's hardcore...

Monty daps Gordon.

MONTY
Sunday.

GORDON
Peace Mont.

Monty walks away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Deacon's car drives down the street, out of sight.

INT. KITCHEN - SUNRISE

Gordon eats a bowl of cereal, closing his eyes to enjoy every bite.

The door is heard OPENING and CREAKING shut.

High heels CLACK on the wood floor as Gordon eats.

Carmen walks into the kitchen, EXHALING.

CARMEN
Hell my son.

Gordon looks to her smiling.

GORDON
Hey mom.

She's putting her coat and bag down.

CARMEN
How was your weekend without me?

GORDON
It was good, played some video games with Monty and stuff, you know. Usual.

CARMEN
Nice kid that Monty.

GORDON

Yup.

Carmen comes over to the table, sitting.

She looks at Gordon closely for the first time.

CARMEN

Gordon!

GORDON

What?!

CARMEN

What is that?!

Gordon SNAPS around, looking.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Gordon are those...

Gordon FREEZES.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

Oh god. Are those hickeys?

Carmen LAUGHS.

Gordon feels his neck, his bruises from Larry

He puts his hand to his throat, much how Larry did.

GORDON

Um- I- it was-

CARMEN

Oh nonono mister you are not gonna lie to me. I know it when I see it. You could have at least hid it...

GORDON

Uhm.

CARMEN

Who is it?

Gordon is panicked.

GORDON

What??!

CARMEN

Who's the girl?

GORDON

She's-

A huge smile comes onto his face

CARMEN

Well come on! I want to unpack
before noon Gordon.

Gordon INHALES, opening his mouth to speak.

CUT TO BLACK.

TITLE: WHERE TO BEGIN

THE END