

*Thirtynothing*

by

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"Pilot"

Based on true dipshits.



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**CAST OF OUR ZEROES:**

**KEVIN MALONELY**, 30s, large, loud, ruled by bored malice, thick Boston accent. Happy drunk. Angry sober. He don't flush the toilet, he scares the shit out of it.

**DECLAN McMANUS**, 30s, Indie-rock poseur hipster. Self-righteous. Loves chaos. Gay.

**JAMES "SNOT" GILLANDERER**, 30s, suburban hip-hop. Smart dumbass. Some kind of savant. Or way too burnt. Loves grass.

**VICTOR "BIG VIC" PATRICK**, 30s, Abercrombie model mug. Gay bears and rich Cougars lust him. But he lusts light beer.

They're all a bit different but for one love: **booze & drugs**.  
Ok, two.

CHYRON OVER BLACK

"Life really does begin at thirty. Up until then, you're just doing research."

- Carl G. Jung

Also this guy...

"Every man over thirty is a scoundrel."

- George Bernard Shaw

THEN, OVER THIS WE HEAR:

DECLAN (O.S.)  
Dude, pull over so one of us can  
*dwive!*

MALONELY (O.S.)  
(thick Boston accent)  
I'm *dwiving* fine, muthafuckah!

I/E. CAR/WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

A dirty Jeep speeds and swerves down Santa Monica Blvd. Four  
**ZEROES** in their 30s hold on tight.

**MALONELY** "DWives" (Driving While Intoxicated) as **DECLAN**, **BIG  
VIC** and **SNOT** beg him not to.

Actually, Snot could care less as he puffs a joint, oblivious  
to the dangerous *dwiving*.

BIG VIC  
Malonely, pull over! You're  
swerving all over the fuckin'  
place!

MALONELY  
You're a *place!*

SNOT  
(calm; matter of fact)  
You're a terrible *dwiver*, guy.

MALONELY  
I'm an awesome *dwiver!*

DECLAN  
You're trying real hard to be  
interesting these days!

Malonely runs a red light. Snot finishes his joint and flicks  
it out the window.

DECLAN  
Jesus christ! Stop! You're gonna  
fuckin' kill us!

MALONELY  
I ain't stoppin'! Just sit back and  
relax. Look at Snot. Snot's fine.

SNOT  
Snot's hungry.

DECLAN  
You're gonna get a DWI with your  
dwiving.

MALONELY  
Never again!

Suddenly a SIREN and flashing lights.

MALONELY  
Oh shit!

BIG VIC  
You fuckin' idiot.

DECLAN  
You're done, dipshit.

Malonely pulls over, panicked, pissed, sobering but stewed.

MALONELY  
Fuck. What am I gonna do?

THUD goes the cop car door.

SNOT  
You're gonna go to jail.

Declan and Big Vic burst out laughing. Then Snot catches on and joins in just as the COP lands at Malonely's window.

Cop peaks in to see 3 lunatics laughing uncontrollably and one lunatic staring straight ahead angrily terrified.

COP  
How you doing, sir?

MALONELY  
Eh, strikes and gutters. What's up,  
supah-troopah? (super trooper)

COP  
License and registration?

MALONELY  
No I am not lice and shrimp  
castration.

Huh? Cop sniffs, smells weed --

COP  
Are you high on marijuana, sir?

MALONELY  
Eh, I could eat.

COP  
And have you been drinking tonight?

MALONELY  
Why? Is your wife in my car?

This sends our clowns laughing even harder.

COP  
How much have you had to drink?

MALONELY  
None.

COP  
You've had something...

MALONELY  
Not enough to drive.

More LAUGHTER!

CUT TO BLACK --

Over their LAUGHTER we HEAR the sound of HANDCUFFS CLICKING --

MALONELY (O.S.)  
Witch hunt! This is a goddam C-O-N-  
spiracy!

Cop car door SLAMS --

MALONELY (O.S.)  
Mental illness is not illegal!

And with our four dipshitted man-teens cackling like hyenas  
we SMASH TO TITLE:

**THIRTY-NOTHING**

And this song kicks on as we fly around Hollywood, CA:

"Barroom Hero" by Dropkick Murphys kicks in:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=miila6FKB28>

## BARROOM HERO LYRICS

*Face down in the gutter / won't  
admit defeat / tho his clothes are  
soiled and black / he's a big  
strong man with a child's mind /  
don't you take his booze away -  
hey!*

TITLE CARD: **2 MONTHS AND MANY DRINKS & DRUGS LATER**

EXT./ESTAB. WEST HOLLYWOOD, CA - NIGHT

It's a busy night in WeHo. He hear a TOAST --

SNOT (PRE-LAP)

Here's to crime!

BIG VIC (PRE-LAP)

And feelin' good all the time!

INT. WEST HOLLYWOD BAR - NIGHT

SNOT, BIG VIC and DECLAN each chats up a **COLLEGE GIRL**.

We find the Boys crossing into the dark side of their buzz.

*(NOTE 1: We'll QUICKLY CUT from conversation to conversation,  
with each Guy being drinks DRUNKER as we return to them.)*

5 DRINKS IN we start ON:

**DECLAN** -- mid-story with a **ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL**.

DECLAN

We're celebrating our friend  
getting out of prison.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL

(looks around)

Which friend?

DECLAN

He's not here. Gets out tomorrow.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL

And you're celebrating now? Without  
him?

DECLAN

Waiting's boring. Like sobriety.

MOVING ON TO **SNOT** -- who drunkenly sways over a **PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL**. White powder faintly rims his leaking nostril.

SNOT

... and when Senora O'Neal asked me what I wanted my Spanish name to be I said, "Dios." She said, "You can't be 'God,' but you can be "hay-soos."

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL

Not a bad option.

SNOT

How? Who the fuck is "hay-soos?"

She LAUGHS.

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL

"Jesus."

SNOT

(not getting it)  
Right? Fucking bullshit. Jesus, who the hell is "hay-soos?"

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL laughs but also squints confused at him.

**LES THE BARTENDER** smoooves in and asks her:

LES THE BARTENDER

What can I get you, darlin'?

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL

D--

SNOT

(slams empty glass down)  
DRUNK! Come on, Les!

ON **BIG VIC** & a **HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL**.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL

Can I ask you a rude question?

BIG VIC

Better than anyone I know.

She chuckles. Is he funny or stupid/nuts?

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL

How old are you?

BIG VIC  
I'm in my thirties.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
Are you married?

BIG VIC  
No. You haven't asked.

She blushes.

ON SNOT and PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL, 8 drinks in --

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL  
... So what do you do--?

SNOT  
(rapid)  
Declan! Get me a drink, you literal  
cocksucker!

DECLAN shoots Snot his middle finger.

DECLAN  
Homophobe! Better start sleeping on  
your hands or you're gonna get it  
again, Snot! Have you wearing my  
balls like a clay mask.

Snot blanches. Declan shakes his rocks glass to LES THE  
BARTENDER and shouts --

DECLAN  
Hey, Les! Another round of *kill*  
*thinks*, please.

LES THE BARTENDER  
You guys are gettin' kinda stewed,  
Declan. What's the story here with  
you dickheads tonight? What are you  
plotting?

DECLAN  
No story. No plot. Yes chaos.

LES THE BARTENDER  
Great. Who's gonna win: "Good or  
Evil?"

DECLAN  
"Good." I promise. Evil will not  
prevail tonight.



LES THE BARTENDER  
 Alright, what do you want?

DECLAN  
 A "tomorrow-on-the-rocks" for me,  
 and a "douche-bag-and-diet" for  
 Snot. Please.

Les pours a Jack on the rocks, and a Beam & Diet for Snot.

BACK ON SNOT --

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL  
 (to Snot)  
 Did your friend just call you  
 "Snot?"

SNOT  
 It's a family name.  
 (sniff)  
 Colombian.

Les delivers Snot's Beam & Coke. Then to Girl --

SNOT  
 You know octopus are just homeless  
 aliens, right?

Snot cranks drink back and slams it down, ready for a refill.

LES THE BARTENDER  
 You ever worry about your drinking  
 problem?

SNOT  
 Hell no - I never run out.

LES THE BARTENDER  
 Go to AA.

SNOT  
 AA - no way.

Les eye rolls and moves on.

ON DECLAN & ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL, 11 drinks in --

DECLAN  
 ... so you do that..? All day?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
 Yeah.

DECLAN  
Sounds dumb.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
(laughs)  
Fuck off. What do you do?

DECLAN  
When?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
Daily. For a job.

DECLAN  
What do you think?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
I think you watched The Wolf of  
Wall Street twice this morning.

DECLAN  
Ha! But no. I'm actually quite a  
serious person - gotta be as a  
psychiatrist.

She takes a beat to size him up.

DECLAN  
Anything you wanna talk about?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
Bullshit you're a psychiatrist.

DECLAN  
Ok, trust issues - we can start  
with that.

She eye-rolls/head-shakes.

DECLAN  
(fishing)  
Daddy issues..?

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
Moving on. So what kind of girls do  
you like, Declan?

DECLAN  
Fat tits, skinny arms.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
Dude. Seriously?

DECLAN  
JK. The kind with a dick.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
Oh.

DECLAN  
So... fat dick, skinny... ummm--

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
Jeans...?

DECLAN  
Yes!  
(clarifying)  
I'm new to gay. And know I'm good  
looking but not in a gay way.

Declan scoots her out of the way to address her friend  
chilling in the BG we'll call **IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE** (20).

DECLAN  
Hey, hot rod. I'm Declan.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE  
I heard.

DECLAN  
One scoop of chocolate, one scoop  
of vanilla - don't waste my time.

Declan stew-smiles & up-downs him. Idris leans back, unsure.

TIME CUT: MANY MORE DRINKS LATER...

ON BIG VIC and HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL -- now concerned as Big  
Vic teeters over his drink; on the verge of tears.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
... how'd you meet her?

BIG VIC  
We met while having sex at Bar  
Marmont.

*Huh?* He gets a text from MORGAN: **I can't do this anymore.**

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
Is that her?

Big Vic suddenly grabs HER DRINK and SLUGS it back.

BIG VIC  
 She felt like sleeping in a  
 Popeye's biscuit!

Vic grabs a stack of napkins and tosses them at nothing, but makes a mess. Les watches, losing patience.

ON SNOT and PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL --

SNOT  
 I don't mean to brag but there's a  
 reason I got 1600 on my SATs.

She waits for it... until --

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL  
 Which is...?

SNOT  
 (points to his brain)  
 It's bigger than it looks.

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL  
 (looks at his large head)  
 I doubt that. Your mid-brain maybe.

SNOT  
 (indicating)  
 You should see the rest of it.

Snot smiles, impressed with his banter. His smile highlights the glistening trail of mucus at the base of his nostril.

Preppy College Girl notices and leans back with a grimace.

Declan tosses Snot a bar napkin --

DECLAN (O.S.)  
 Wipe yourself, Chapo.

Most would take this opportunity to blow their nose. But Snot clamps a nostril and SNORTS up the remaining drain.

ON BIG VIC and HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL, too many drinks in --

BIG VIC  
 Do you want another drink?

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
 No, thanks. But why don't we all go  
 back to my--

BIG VIC  
 Then how bout a "71?"

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
Um, what's a "71?"

BIG VIC  
"69" with two fingers in your two-hole.

Her eyes widen in disbelief.

BIG VIC (CONT'D)  
And lucky for you I got a ten-inch tongue and can breathe through my ears.

Gross.

BIG VIC (CONT'D)  
Or two fingers in my ass. Dealer's choice...

ON Declan and IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE. Declan finishes his 15th drink, turns and drunkenly slurs --

DECLAN  
Hi, I'm Declan.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE  
I heard. Again. White weirdo.

DECLAN  
(sloppy smooth)  
Man, look at you. You lost? Looks like Earth and Wind is missin' its Fire.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE  
Ew. Old.

Fed up, he stands, so does Rock'n Roll Girl --

DECLAN  
Where you going, Magellan?  
(points to ladies room)  
The slopjar's back there if you gotta squeeze a lemon.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
Ick. No, we're leaving.

DECLAN  
Come on. Thought we were gonna hit the dumpster and shoot mice?

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE  
Total white weirdo. You turned into  
a dick, Declan. You should stop  
drinking so much.

DECLAN  
(confused)  
And do what?

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE  
Change who you are.

The 3 Girls & Idris gather and prepare to leave --

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
You know, you guys started out  
great. Making us laugh, buying us  
drinks, but then you lost it. And  
you had us too.

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL  
(points to Snot)  
But not you. There's no way you got  
1600 on your SATs, burn-out.

SNOT  
(proud)  
I'm not burnt, baby. I'm still lit.

Preppy College Girl nods in agreement. Snot smiles drunkenly.

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL  
And you're not even cute. Or clean.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
You look like you just crawled out  
of an Atlantic City needle  
exchange.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
Yeah, your old dad-face looks like  
a box of frogs.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE  
Resting "I run a militia" face.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
You look like Mike Judge drew you.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
Especially gummy worm-colored gang-  
sign smile here...

Ouch. Snot's smile slows.

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
Teeth hanging like the Chinese  
alphabet.

Then all 3 Boys hide their smiles. Their teeth aren't busted  
but words hurt/will make you think.

IDRIS ELBA STUNT DOUBLE  
Anyway. We came out tonight to have  
a good time, and probably would  
have hung out with you guys  
again...

HIPSTER COLLEGE GIRL  
... Even though you probably have  
balls longer than a wizard's beard  
because you're like... thirty.

The Girls laugh as they leave.

BIG VIC  
Thirty-what, honey?!

DECLAN  
Yeah, Tik Tok, you wanna count the  
rings on my cock to find out?!

The Girls turn back --

PREPPY COLLEGE GIRL  
Thirty-nothing.

Ouch.

SNOT  
You're only as old as the woman you  
feel!

Ew.

ROCK'N ROLL COLLEGE GIRL  
And don't even think about *Baby*  
*Reindeer*'ing us, olds.

She pulls a SWITCHBLADE and pops its blade. Woah. They split  
smiling. The Boys look at each other...

SNOT  
Well that was rude.

BIG VIC  
Fuckin' women, man.

DECLAN

And dudes. So obsessed with youth  
and beauty.

SNOT

(calls out to girls)  
Sapiosexual my ass!

BIG VIC

Oh shit. Before we black out we  
gotta remember to not black out  
cause we gotta pick up Malonely  
from prison tomorrow.

SNOT

Don't worry, we're not dark-siding  
tonight.

They move to sit down in the empty bar stools, but as Big Vic  
sits the stool is suddenly pulled out from under him by Snot,  
sending Big Vic crashing to the floor.

The Boys laugh and make a rowdy scene. Causing Les the  
Bartender to declare --

LES THE BARTENDER

Alright. Bed time, boys.

BIG VIC

Balls in your mouth, Les!

DECLAN

Your name is "Les."

BIG VIC

"Les!" Do you realize that your  
name just exudes Lllleeeessss than  
what I am?!--

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

SPLAT! The Boys hit the sidewalk, TOSSED by Les & BOUNCER.

BIG VIC

(ouch)  
You're an angry elf.

Snot PUKES and FARTS at the same time.



SNOT  
I just farted right when I threw  
up!

Les follows.

LES THE BARTENDER  
You lied, Declan.

DECLAN  
I did not lie. I merely anticipated  
a future truth.

LES THE BARTENDER  
Nope. You broke your promise. Good  
did not prevail tonight.

DECLAN  
I know, Ma!... I know.

Declan passes out on the sidewalk as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - MORNING

Tidy houses line this clean, trendy WeHo neighborhood. Except  
for one house: a dump.

INT. THE BOYS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Our Boys' pad: ripped couches, chipped coffee table, cracked  
TV (still turned on). Beers, bong, grass and take-out crowd  
the table. A bottle of Curel lotion.

Big Vic and Snot sleep on a couch - SPOONING.

Snot slowly sleep-grinds Big Vic from behind, causing Big Vic  
to calmly and sleepily demand --

BIG VIC  
Stop it.

Not working. So Big Vic tries --

BIG VIC  
I'm not a girl.

Snot stops pumping... Then starts up again...

BIG VIC  
Or a banana peel.

Snot stops.

BIG VIC  
And take a shower. You smell like  
your skin is shitting.

Declan made it to the floor.

A RAT ("SEABISCUIT") scurries over Declan and stands on him.

DECLAN  
(eyes closed)  
Get off me, Seabiscuit.

Seabiscuit GALLOPS off to the kitchen.

Suddenly, the front door SLAMS open. Day-light bursts into the living room blinding our floppers.

ALL  
Ahh!!

A HUGE MAN - back-lit in the doorway - looms.

HUGE MAN  
ALL YOU FUCKIN' MOTHERFUCKERS ARE  
FUCKIN' FUCKED!

HUGE MAN steps into the room and whips the door closed behind him, revealing: **KEVIN MALONELY**, our dwiver from the open. Large and mean.

He drops his bag on Declan's sternum as he steps over him.

MALONELY  
COCAINE AND CIGARETTES! WHO'S GOT  
EM?!!

Malonely grabs a bottle of Jameson and a rocks glass.

He spits into the glass, grabs a nearby jacket to clean it.

BIG VIC  
Dude, that's my--

MALONELY  
(knows full well)  
What?

He twists the top off the Jameson with one hand, and pours a long one into the spit-shined glass.

Malonely is about to take his first sip of satisfaction in 43, no, 44 days --

SNOT  
How'd you get--

MALONELY  
Don't interrupt me! Or I'll knock  
your teeth out and eat your  
butthole with them. I've been  
whiskey free for 43 - no - 44 days,  
fuckers. So - some understanding.

BIG VIC  
Oh, shit. We were supposed to pick  
you--

MALONELY  
Shut up! Or I'll take you out back  
and leave you out front, fucker.

DECLAN  
Prison made you mean.. er.

Malonely sniffs the whiskey lovingly. Then tilts it back  
lustfully.

SNOT  
Dude--

MALONELY  
Right now - you're irrelevant.  
Invisible and unwanted. Like a  
fart.

Malonely drains the whiskey.

MALONELY  
You dipshits still have dial-up?

BIG VIC  
Yeah. Why?

MALONELY  
Because I gotta rip a number 3.

BIG VIC  
(points at Curel)  
Take the lotion back up there.

MALONELY  
No. I like to feel the real deal.

DECLAN  
Of straight up fist?

Malonely stomps upstairs...

MALONELY

In peace!

And SLAMS a door.

Moving on --

DECLAN

(regret)

Those chicks and that dude last night were so hot.

SNOT

And cool.

BIG VIC

Then why'd you drink 'em away?

DECLAN

You did too.

BIG VIC

Yeah, Snot.

DECLAN

The "too" is you, Vic.

BIG VIC

(realizing)

I think I asked the "no-no."

DECLAN

No-no, Noooo... You "71'd" them?

Big Vic nods, ashamed.

DECLAN

Dummy. No wonder they pulled a knife.

SNOT

What are ya gonna do? Sometimes a shit is just a fart.

Declan grabs his skull in pain.

DECLAN

Ugh, the shame-spiral is creeping.

SNOT

Just relax, take a deep breath and--

SMASH CUT:

SNOT (PRE-LAP)

SUCK!

EXT. THE BOY'S ROW HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATER

The Boys party on the porch.

A 6-ft BONG is lit by Snot and smoked by Declan, who has to stand on a chair to reach the top of the giant bong.

SNOT

Suck! Suck harder, side-smile! It's not lighting! You know how to suck!

Declan sucks harder. Smoke fills the bong. It's lit.

SNOT

You gotta suck, Declan! Still not lit! Suck it like you're in a truck stop slopjar!

It's definitely lit. Declan sucks harder. More smoke fills. It's filling, but Declan can't see it. Snot fucks with him.

SNOT

One more big one...

Declan SUCKS and looks ready to pass out.

SNOT

Ok, that might've done it-- take it-

Snot pulls cartridge. Declan sucks. And it's a doozy.

Declan takes a chimney-full - deep - and quickly.

Declan holds it like a champ... until - BLOWING IT OUT WITH A COUGH ATTACK and falling off the chair! He might die.

Snot laughs like a bastard.

DECLAN

Stop laughing!  
(big dying cough)  
Why are you so mean to me?

SNOT

Cause I love you. Laughing at you is my love language.

DECLAN  
 I hate you--  
 (cough cough)  
 Snot!

Snot blows smoke in his face.

A HOMELESS MAN stumbles by and asks:

HOMELESS GUY  
 Spare change for some crack and a  
 hand gun?

SNOT  
 Of course, Costello.

2 BEERS are tossed to COSTELLO, who snags em ninja-like.  
 Costello smiles and stumbles on.

Malonely exits: buckling his jeans as he joins them.

BIG VIC  
 There he is! Back from the *dick*.

MALONELY  
 (tada)  
 In the *fleshlight*.

SNOT  
 Get to the end of the Internet?

MALONELY  
 And proved I'll bang "virtually"  
 anything. And still fuck a bull and  
 drink its blood.

Malonely pours a whiskey.

MALONELY  
 Fuck I need a girlfriend. If I have  
 to feed the ducks anymore I'm gonna  
 turn into a goddamned breadcrumb.

DECLAN  
 The amount of time you blades spend  
 working your dicks you may as well  
 go gay.

SNOT  
 We'd probably get laid more.

DECLAN  
 Or at all.

Zing.

MALONELY  
I'd dominate gay.

BIG VIC  
I'd have so many boyfriends.

SNOT  
I'd tear thru buttoholes like weekends. (ALT: I'd tear thru Sloppy Joes like weekends.)

MALONELY  
No man would be safe. No man.

Scary.

BIG VIC  
Can I go gay on a switcharoo too?

SNOT  
Tits *and* testicles...?

MALONELY  
I'd go so gay I'd go lesbian too.

BIG VIC  
I'd even try to please her.

Mhmm... Moving on --

DECLAN (CONT'D)  
How was prison, M'lonely?

MALONELY  
A much needed vacation. Lost 30 pounds, dried out, three squares. Read. Books. Big ones.

SNOT  
Words.

MALONELY  
Saw Trump in there too. He's running the joint like *Colonel Kurtz*.

DECLAN  
(Kurtz voice)  
*"You're an errand boy."*

BIG VIC

(Kurtz voice)

*"I watched a snail crawl along the edge of a straight razor."*

MALONELY

And get this shit - it was a "men's" prison. Fuckin' America. Like they know who they're gonna lock up before we even get there.

SNOT

Life's not always Miami, homie.

Malonely pulls a WAD of CASH from his jeans.

MALONELY (CONT'D)

Plus-size though? I learned that prison guards suck at poker.

DECLAN

You gambled?

MALONELY

A bit.

DECLAN

But you're not allowed to. If your mom finds out she's gonna kill you.

MALONELY

Pfft.

BIG VIC

(re: gambling)

Huh? Why?

DECLAN

"Pfft" my ass. Tell em.

Malonely takes a reluctant beat.

MALONELY

My mom said when I was little, "Kevin, you're Irish - you can drink or you can gamble, but you can't do both. Pick one." So I did.

He swills his whiskey.

SNOT

But you were in jail for drinking and driving.



MALONELY  
Yeah. I picked one.

Huh?

BIG VIC  
(contemplating)  
But isn't drinking and then driving  
a gambl--

MALONELY  
Witch hunts and conspiracies don't  
count!

DECLAN  
Well come on, man, spread the bread  
- let's hit The Ballet. Or Slammer.

Malonely flicks him off as he counts the cash.

MALONELY  
I'm too pretty for gay strippers  
now after prison pilates.

BIG VIC  
Can't believe you went to the  
sneezer. How was your lawyer?

MALONELY  
Not better than the judge.

SNOT  
You get prison pregnant?

MALONELY  
Not me. But I may have gone half-  
way on a few babies with some  
bottoms. Why, you wanna feel what  
it's like to give birth, Snot?

SNOT  
Is it anything like realizing  
you're sitting on your balls?

Snot adjusts his sack in his seat with a sigh. Relief.

DECLAN  
You learn your lesson? Again?

MALONELY  
I get it.  
(recites lazily thru the  
motions)  
(MORE)

MALONELY (cont'd)

*Drinking and driving is not responsible. The last thing I wanna do is hurt anyone. I'm gonna watch it. Your Honor.*

BIG VIC

Good to hear. We need you around, guy.

DECLAN

No shit.

SNOT

We missed you, man.

BIG VIC

We're like a broken mirror, boys. Our shards are brilliant, but better together.

DECLAN

Gay.

(then)

But true. And beautiful.

A beat to reflect. They mean it. Maybe.

MALONELY

So what have you dicks been up to?

DECLAN

Lost another job.

BIG VIC

Drank away Morgan. Again.

SNOT

(licks the joint)

Got a promotion.

MALONELY

Unbelievable. How do you do it?

SNOT

Adderall.

DECLAN

So you're basically high at work.

SNOT

Not high. Focused.

Big Vic lets out an anxious SIGH. Looks at his cell phone. Opens Morgan's text: "I can't do this anymore."

BIG VIC  
 "The Watch" is coming on.

DECLAN  
 Fuck suicide watch. Drink a *kill-*  
*think*. Push it back.

BIG VIC  
 We gotta get our shit together.

SNOT  
 Why? Where we going?

BIG VIC  
 We gotta stop this.

MALONELY  
 "We?" You got a mouse in your  
 pocket?

DECLAN  
 What *this*?

BIG VIC  
This. Circle. Cycle. Of duffings.  
 It's killing us. We're too old.

SNOT  
 Les said some shit about that last  
 night. About us.

BIG VIC  
 What'd he say?

SNOT  
 Some shit about Earth and planets  
 and purpose.

MALONELY  
 Get to the part we understand.

SNOT  
 Think he was calling us old losers.

The Boys ponder this... Declan cracks a beer.

DECLAN  
 So what do we do?

BIG VIC  
 It's time. I'm tired of livin' like  
 a suicide.

DECLAN  
Damn it. Really?

MALONELY  
Big Vic's right. And I'm court  
ordered anyway.

DECLAN  
Court ordered?

MALONELY  
Park of my probie.  
(points to them)  
And I need the support. You owe me.

BIG VIC  
I'm ready to turn my life around,  
man. Get this going in a different  
direction.

SNOT  
Absolutely. A complete 360, I'm  
with you.

BIG VIC  
360 takes you nowhere, dipshit.

MALONELY  
This is where the eye meets the  
tiger, boys.

DECLAN  
Can't we just do it from home?

BIG VIC  
The bat-soup plague's over.  
(then)  
Ready?

SNOT  
After this.

Snot lights the joint.

MALONELY  
I'll drive. Where are my keys...?  
Oh, here they are--

Malonely pulls his CAR KEYS out of his WHISKEY GLASS.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

RICHARD (O.S.)  
Are there any newcomers here  
tonight..? Please stand and  
introduce yourself...

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Declan stands --

DECLAN  
I'm Declan.

He sits.

RICHARD  
And..?

DECLAN  
And...

He eyes a CROSS on the wall --

DECLAN  
Amen.

MALONELY  
Amen is right!

BIG VIC  
Body of Christ! No homo!

Our Boys laugh - still stoned and stewed.

ANNOYED AA'ER  
How stoned are you?

DECLAN  
I could eat.

ANNOYED AA'ER  
Have you been drinking?

DECLAN  
Not in public.

ANGRY AA'ER  
Identify yourself!!

Declan: What?

We PULL OUT TO REVEAL -- an AA meeting. Led by **RICHARD**.

RICHARD

Let's start instead by going around  
the room and introducing ourselves.

He motions to Angry AA'er to start.

ANGRY AA'ER

I'm Tony and I'm an alcoholic.

Next.

MILF AA'ER

Tammy, alcoholic.

Big Vic meets eyes with a **MILF AA'ER/TAMMY**.

RICHARD

I'm Richard and--

SNOT

My name is long for "Dick!"

Our Boys laugh. Richard doesn't.

SNOT

Just goofin', Dick. Carry on,  
Declan.

DECLAN

(with glee)

I'm Declan and I'm an alcoholic.

SNOT

Yeah you are!

No shit!

BIG VIC

MALONELY

(half-beat late)

Pussy-Coward non-man!

Huh? Everyone eyes the random outburst.

MALONELY

Sorry. Prison.

RICHARD

Guys, relax. Compassion is our  
practice here.

BIG VIC

Don't worry. We know Declan.

SNOT

And he is an alcoholic.

MALONELY

Big time.

Malonely holds up a plastic cup in toast of Declan.

BIG VIC

Big problem.

DECLAN

So are you dipshits!

SNOT

Whoa now...

BIG VIC

Compassion, remember? Practice it  
don't preach it.

MALONELY

Put down that magnifying glass and  
pick up that mirror, friend.

SNOT

But don't snort it.

RICHARD

So, we're to assume that you four  
are new to The Program?

BIG VIC

Just the quitting part.

DECLAN

Yeah, we've been doing the fun  
stuff that gets you here for  
centuries.

MALONELY

Hell of a weekend.

SNOT

The first time I got duffed I was  
six.

BIG VIC

Liar.

SNOT

You-are. Ask anyone in my family.

DECLAN

Then ask if dolphins aren't just  
gay sharks.

MALONELY  
Or if chicks shit.

SNOT  
They don't. That would be gross.

RICHARD  
Guys, guys, let's bring it back to the group, please. We're eagles here and we want to soar. In our sobriety. Right? Don't you?

DECLAN  
I don't wanna be a sober eagle and soar...

MALONELY  
I'd rather be a stewed pigeon and shit on everything.

Snot and Big Vic laugh.

RICHARD  
(stern/fed up)  
Guys.

Our Boys reel it in.

RICHARD  
Let's move on to you now...?

SNOT  
Snot.

RICHARD  
Excuse me? I asked your name.

SNOT  
And I answered with it.

Richard doesn't know what to think, so moving on --

RICHARD  
Ok. Snot. Introduce yourself.

SNOT  
I'm Snot.

Stares. All wait for the rest. Snot gets the clue.

SNOT  
Oh, right. I'm Snot Gillanderer.



RICHARD

And...?

SNOT

And... I like to get fucked up...??

AAers react. Richard SIGHS, hangs his head...

INT. AA MEETING BUILDING - LATER

Group discussion. **TEARY TERRY** finishes a story --

TEARY TERRY

(crying)

... and when I got home, my bags  
were packed and waiting for me on  
the driveway and...

(sniffle)

I realize now that if I don't come  
in here looking for change then...  
I'm gonna be on the corner begging  
for some.

BIG VIC

Oof.

DECLAN

Doozy. And hilarious. You take that  
bit on the road?

MALONELY

He didn't have a choice.

Our Boys laugh. And only them.

RICHARD

Guys. Not cool. Addiction causes  
nothing but painful memories for  
most of us--

MALONELY

But not all of us.

BIG VIC

*Beer beer!* I second that. Why do  
these kinda groups and shit always  
have to revolve around the bad  
times?

DECLAN

It can't be all shitty memories and  
stories. It isn't for me.

MALONELY

Me neither. And you know what? I don't wanna quit boozing. I have booze to thank for some of the best times of my life.

BIG VIC

Me too.

MILF AA'ER

Me too.

MALONELY

Alcohol is the booze that binds us. We're all drunk on the inside!

DECLAN

Boozin' is a blessed unrest! Like in the Bible.

MALONELY

Read that one too. Now that's a *big book*.

SNOT

Words.

Call back!

SNOT

One time I got so duffed at a Skins game that I fell over the railing into the players' entrance. Ended up stumbling my way into the locker room after we clinched the NFC East - best time ever. Sprayed champagne, showered with the team, played with their handguns.

MALONELY

One time I got so canned I woke up to my neighbor banging on my door cause I left my car in his front lawn. Still running.

Slight laughs from AAers.

SNOT

Now that's a duffing.

OLD TIMER

That's nothin'. I got a DWI on a bike.

Laughs.

DECLAN

You got a "Bee-Wee?!"

OLD TIMER

At two in the afternoon. In front of an elementary school.

RICHARD

And you don't find that troubling?

OLD TIMER

I find it despicable. But that's my life. And sometimes all you can do is laugh at life.

SNOT

Mayhem to that, O.G.

RICHARD

Let's bring the focus back to Terry.

TEARY TERRY blows his nose really loud.

TEARY TERRY

I don't know where it all went wrong. I always considered myself the occasional drinker--

DECLAN

Yeah, right - the kind that goes out for a pint and wakes up in Singapore with a mustache and no thumbs.

TEARY TERRY

I'm serious. I hardly drank in college, and my twenties were spent in grad school and the office. I didn't have time to be a derelict.

BIG VIC

How could you pass up partying in college?

TEARY TERRY

I was always studying.

MALONELY

(disgusted)  
Studying what?

DECLAN

That was your problem. College is the time to be the worst and weirdest you can be.

SNOT

I peed on people in college.

MALONELY

Mostly yourself.

MILF AA'ER

I agree. I spent college drunk on dick.

Big Vic eyes MILF and whispers to her:

BIG VIC

Careful with that talk. You're gonna make me slip and drop my yogurt.

She wide-eyes him in shock/disgust. Then smiles.

OLD TIMER

We didn't have college when I was young. We had war. My time in the navy was a drunken whore-filled bacchanal. I didn't think I was gonna survive, so I chased cirrhosis and syphilis.

(beat)

Some of the best times of my life.

DECLAN

Exactly! Terrible behavior, bad decisions - drinking isn't all guilt and anxiety. Think about it, people. You don't need AA. You need youth. You need to relax. Reflect on all the mistakes drinking brought on... and repeat them!

The AAers looks around in shock. Then smiles start to crack.

MALONELY

These have been some of the happiest times I've ever ignored! Or blacked-out!

ANGRY AA'ER

I used to get so much ass when I drank.

ANNOYED AA'ER  
And I could always do the best  
impressions.

                  DECLAN  
Let's hear one.

                  ANNOYED AA'ER  
I don't know. It's been awhile.

                  DECLAN  
Who cares. Let'er rip.

Beat. Then --

                  ANNOYED AA'ER  
                  (worst Travolta ever)  
*It's like-a weird. It's like-a  
weally weird.*

Confused silence.

                  ANGRY AA'ER  
Who the hell was that supposed to  
be?

                  ANNOYED AA'ER  
John Travolta.

                  ANGRY AA'ER  
Don't do that again. Sober.

                  ANNOYED AA'ER  
Fine. I know where to do it right!  
And not be judged!

He stands and leaves.

                  BIG VIC  
That's the spirit! He's no quitter.

                  DECLAN  
Who's next?

                  SNOT  
Hell, let's all go!

                  TEARY TERRY  
I'm in.

                  BIG VIC  
                  (to MILF)  
How bout you? Can I buy you a dick?

What?

BIG VIC  
I mean "drink?"

She smiles discreetly, considering.

OLD TIMER  
I got a windowless van! I'll drive  
us! Like a bat out of hell's  
asshole!!

Old Timer walks out...

MALONELY  
Let's all go, Deltas!

Malonely ups and follows him out... Then our Boys follow...

Then all the AAers follow our Boys out ala the "Animal House"  
scene when Delta House walk out of that ridiculous *Pan  
Hellenic Disciplinary Counsel Student Court* "trial."

Richard's incredulous.

RICHARD  
I'll still be here for you all next  
week! Relapse is part of recovery!

He waits an anxious beat, then --

RICHARD  
Wait for me! I drank away my  
license for life!

And he darts out in pursuit...

I/E. OLD TIMER'S VAN - MINUTES LATER

The Boys and the AAers piled in the van...

Driving - like a maniac - Old Timer laughs as he cuts off  
pedestrians trying to cross the street and runs reds.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Boys and AAers bum rush the bar.

LES THE BARTENDER  
Not tonight, Declan. You guys are  
banned.

DECLAN

What for?

LES THE BARTENDER

Everything. You're animals and  
idiots.

DECLAN

Manure, Les! You know we can't get  
enough of what we don't need!

LES THE BARTENDER

You get what you get because you do  
what you do.

DECLAN

Are you riddling me?!

Les notices Malonely and greets him happily --

LES THE BARTENDER

Malonely! Welcome back, bud. How  
you doing?

MALONELY

I'm full-spectrum, Les. Alive.

Les nods agreeably.

BIG VIC

Les, this is a special occasion.  
These fine people with us are  
celebrating.

LES THE BARTENDER

Celebrating what?

DECLAN

The good old days. The renewal of  
youth.

SNOT

Wasted youth.

DECLAN

They're not animals and idiots,  
Les. Just alcoholics.

LES THE BARTENDER

I didn't say they were animals and  
idiots.

Zing.

LES THE BARTENDER  
 Why don't we do this another time,  
 guys. I don't want to deal--

SLAP! as TWO \$100 BILLS slam on the bar from Malonely and his  
 prison guard hustle --

MALONELY  
 Spread the bread!

LES THE BARTENDER  
 Tonight it is. What can I get you?

The Boys and their new AA flunkies all SCREAM in unison --

ALL  
 Drunk!

SMASH TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

TAG:

INT. MALL ESCALATOR - DAY

The Boys ride an escalator. Malonely stands annoyed/impatient  
 as NO ONE WALKS up or down it.

DECLAN  
 "Proflect" is not a word, guy.

SNOT  
 How is "reflect" a word but its  
 inverse - "proflect" - is not?

DECLAN  
 Because you're dumb.

SNOT  
 Tie-break / Sudden death this,  
 M'Lonely...

MALONELY  
 I'm *proflecting* about beatin' ass  
 in public.

Huh? Then --

MALONELY  
 Hey, Fat Americans! It's not a  
 fuckin' Magic Mountain ride!



ESCALATOR RIDERS turn, scared.

BIG VIC  
Relax, guy.

MALONELY  
Why don't people walk on these things?

SNOT  
Just try to enjoy the view.

MALONELY  
What view?

SNOT  
Beave on the way up...

SHORT-SKIRT POV of PRETTY WOMAN riding down the escalator in front of and in the opposite lane of them.

SNOT  
Cleave on way down...

DOWNSHIRT POV of same woman's cleavage on the way down.

Ohh. Malonely and the others now notice. And enjoy quietly. Declan eyes the BUFF BOYFRIEND standing behind her.

ALL  
Hay-soos.

"Caught in a Jar" by Dropkick Murphys kicks in:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kcqXQJEoGxE>

Or "Boys on the Dock" by Dropkick Murphys :

<https://youtu.be/JRihQIozy68?si=FOJo0pdWEBRL8KZP>

FADE OUT.

HERE'S REAL LIFE FOOTAGE OF OUR BOYS ANTICS BACK IN THE DAY:

<https://vimeo.com/912816154?share=copy>