

Big Little Guys

By

Casey Costello

"Animated Pilot"

[CaseyEcostello@gmail.com](mailto:CaseyEcostello@gmail.com)

EXT./ESTAB. VENICE, CA - NIGHT

Party party party in Venice, CA as the streets swarm with **TWEEN-AGED** (10-12yo) **PARTIERS** pouring in and out of bars.

Around them, **TWEEN-AGED BUMS** hack into Bird scooters with their phones and steal off on joyrides.

**"BARROOM HERO" by Dropkick Murphys begins...**

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!*

INT. VENICE BAR - NIGHT

**TWEEN-AGED BOYS** and **TWEEN-AGED GIRLS** suck back booze thru straws, tap-stare on their phones, some drunkenly search for Pokemon, and generally ignore and harangue each other.

**NOTE: While reading this, think of this as a mash-up of these shows: "Sir Lancelot Link" meets "The Little Rascals" meets "It's Always Sunny in Philadelphia" meets "South Park."**

THREE of our four **BOYS** (the 4th we'll meet later) drunkenly line the bar --

- 1) **DECLAN**, 11, Indie-rock poseur hipster. Loves chaos and pissing in public.
- 2) **SNOT**, 12, urban hip-hop. Smartest dumbass/dumbest smart-ass. Loves glue.
- 3) **BIG VIC**, 11, Disney Channel model mug. Hates priests.

**AS CREDITS ROLL AND "BARROOM HERO" BLARES, WE WATCH OUR BOYS GETTING DRUNK & ROWDY AT A FRENETIC PACE...**

Then we **FADE IN** to the scene as each Boy chats up a **CUTE TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL** and crosses into the dark side of their buzz.

We start ON --

**SNOT** -- who drunkenly sways over his **TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1**. White glue residue 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."

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1

Not a bad option.

SNOT

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

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1

Jesus.

SNOT

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

TWEENIE-SOMETHING Girl#1 squints confused at Snot.

ON **BIG VIC** & **TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2**. **BIG VIC** sports a **BLACK EYE**.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2

What happened to your eye?

BIG VIC

Pokemon misunderstanding.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2

Oh my gosh. Like, are you okay?

BIG VIC

I'm fine. But she was tough.

What? Then --

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2

Can I ask you a rude question?

BIG VIC

Better than anyone I know.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2

How old are you?

BIG VIC

I'm a senior.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2

In high school? You look younger.

BIG VIC  
I know. I have perfect circulation  
and pores.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2  
Are you hanging out with anyone?

BIG VIC  
(pointed smile)  
Why? Wanna give me pearl earrings?

She blushes.

ON SNOT and TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1 --

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1  
So what kind of phone do--?

SNOT  
(rapid)  
Declan!-- Get me a drink!

**DECLAN** shoots Snot his middle finger. Then shakes his rocks  
glass to **LES THE BARTENDER** and shouts --

DECLAN  
Hey, Les! Another round, please.

LES THE BARTENDER  
You guys are gettin' kinda stewed,  
Declan. Who you gonna be tonight?  
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-and-apple juice" for  
me, and a "douche-bag-and-CapriSun"  
for Snot. Please.

Les pours a Jack & Apple Juice, and Beam & CapriSun for Snot.

BACK ON SNOT --

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1  
(to Snot)  
Did your friend just call you  
"Snot?"

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

Les delivers Snot's Beam & Coke, which he eyes lustily.

Then Les smiles at Girl#1, slides her a CapriSun on the house and says --

LES THE BARTENDER  
Someone smells good tonight.

20-SOMETHING GIRL#1  
Th-- Thank you. SNOT

Snot cranks back his drink.

LES THE BARTENDER  
You ever worry about your drinking  
problem, Snot?

SNOT  
Hell no - I never run out.

LES THE BARTENDER  
(leans in)  
Call your Big Brother.

SNOT  
(whips phone out)  
Good idea. He's got babysitting  
dough so can probably pay for these  
drinks.

Les eye rolls and moves on. Snot - back on the girl --

SNOT  
So, sixth grade, huh? How many  
times did it take?

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1  
Uh, once.

SNOT  
Damn. You must be smart.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING Girl#1 shrugs. She is.

SNOT (CONT'D)  
So, like... how high can you count?

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1  
Higher than you.

SNOT  
 Oh yeah? Try to keep up:  
 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10--

ON Declan and **TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3** --

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

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 Yeah.

DECLAN  
 Sounds dumb.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 (laughs)  
 Fuck off. What do you do?

DECLAN  
 When?

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 For an allowance.

DECLAN  
 For money?

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 Sure.

DECLAN  
 I'm a psychiatrist.

She takes a beat to size him up.

DECLAN  
 Anything you wanna talk about?

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 Yeah right you're a psychiatrist.

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

She eye-rolls & shakes her head.

DECLAN  
 (fishing)  
 Daddy issues..?

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
Moving on. So what kind of girls do  
you like, Declan?

DECLAN  
The kind that make me want to wake  
up in the morning.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
What does that mean?

DECLAN  
Big tits, skinny arms.

She takes a beat to consider. Then, playing along --

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
How about a pretty face?

DECLAN  
Face..? Oh right, where all the  
noise comes from.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING Girl#3 shakes her head.

ON BIG VIC and TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2 -- now concerned as  
Big Vic teeters over his drink; on the verge of tears. He  
reads a text message from **MORGAN: "I can't do this anymore."**

BIG VIC  
... love is not the best feeling in  
the world. Not feeling is.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2  
Wow. That's surprisingly deep. And  
profoundly depressing.

Big Vic's lost in love-thought.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2 (CONT'D)  
When did she-- I mean... when did  
you two break up?--

BIG VIC  
(ignores her)  
Then it was tomorrow!--

Big Vic suddenly grabs HER DRINK and SLUGS it back.

Les watches with concern & annoyance.

ON SNOT and TWEENIE-SOMETHING Girl#1 --

SNOT

I don't mean to brag but there's a reason I got out of fifth grade after one try.

She waits for it... until --

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1

Which is...?

SNOT

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

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1

(looks at his large head)  
I believe it.

SNOT

(indicating)  
You should see the rest of it.

Snot smiles, impressed with his banter. A glistening trail of glue-mucus gleams at the base of his nostril.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1 takes notice and cranes her neck back with a grimace.

Declan tosses Snot a bar napkin --

DECLAN (O.S.)

Wipe your glue before it hardens,  
mighty-mouth.

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

ON BIG VIC (wasted) and TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2 --

BIG VIC

Do you want another drink?

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2

No, thanks. But why don't we all go to Starbuc--

BIG VIC

Then how bout a "71?"

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2

Um, what's a "71?"

BIG VIC

"69" with two fingers in your ass.



TWEENIE-SOMETHING Girl#2's eyes widen in disbelief.

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

Huh?

BIG VIC (CONT'D)  
 Or two fingers in *my* ass. Whatever  
 you're into...?

Gross.

ON Declan and TWEENIE-SOMETHING Girl#3 --

Declan turns to her and drunkenly offers a handshake --

DECLAN  
 What's up. I'm Declan.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 I know. We met.

DECLAN  
 You did.

Fed up, she stands --

DECLAN  
 Where you going? You gotta squeeze  
 a lemon?

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 Squeeze a lemon?

DECLAN  
 (points)  
 Yeah, the bathroom's back there...

Ew. She puts on her jacket --

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 No. I'm leaving.

DECLAN  
 You sure you don't wanna stay?

No.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 You turned into a total jerk,  
 Declan. You should stop drinking so  
 much.

DECLAN  
 (confused)  
 And do what?

The 3 Girls gather and prepare to leave --

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2  
 You know, you guys started out  
 great. Making us laugh, buying us  
 drinks, but then you lost it. And  
 you had us too.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1  
 (points to Snot)  
 But not you. There's no way you got  
 out of fifth grade in one try, burn-  
 out.

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

TWEENIE-SOMETHING Girl#1 nods in agreement. Snot smiles  
 drunkenly.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#1  
 And you're not even cute.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2  
 Yeah, your face looks like a box of  
 frogs.

Ouch. Snot's smile slows.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#2  
 (off Snot)  
 Anyway. We came out tonight to have  
 a good time, and probably would  
 have given you our IGs.

TWEENIE-SOMETHING GIRL#3  
 Even though you're like... ten.

The Girls laugh as they leave.

BIG VIC  
Ten?!

Ouch. The Boys look at each other...

SNOT  
Well that was rude.

BIG VIC  
Fuckin chicks man.

DECLAN  
So obsessed with age and beauty.

SNOT  
(calls out to girls)  
Sapiosexual my ass!

TITLE CARD: **Big Little Guys**

BACK TO SCENE:

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. Nap time, boys.

BIG VIC  
Balls in your mouth, Les!

DECLAN  
Your name is "Les."

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

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

SPLAT! The Boys are TOSSED from the bar by Les & **BOUNCER** (14), and land hard on the sidewalk.

Snot PUKES and FARTS at the same time.

SNOT  
I just farted right when I threw up!

Les follows.

LES THE BARTENDER  
You broke your promise, Declan.

DECLAN  
You are!

LES THE BARTENDER  
I'm calling Connie.

DECLAN  
(Pikey accent)  
Don't dare ya call me ma!

Declan passes out on the sidewalk as we --

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. VENICE - MORNING

A tree-lined street of houses line this clean, trendy Venice neighborhood.

INT. THE BOYS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Our Boys' pad: ragged couches, plywood coffee table, TV (still turned on). Beers, bong, grass and Taco Bell wrappers crowd the table.

Big Vic and Snot have the luxury of sleeping 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 your mattress.

Snot stops.

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  
You fuckin' motherfuckers are  
fuckin' fucked!

HUGE MAN steps into the room and whips the door closed behind him, revealing: **KEVIN MALONELY**, 12. A towering 5'8", 125 lbs and pissed.

Malonely is the kind of guy that can make the Principal laugh with shit he wouldn't say to his mother.

He drops his bag on Declan's sternum as he walks over him, causing a GASP.

MALONELY  
Let's talk about it!

At the living room bar Malonely grabs a bottle of Jameson and a rocks glass. He spits into the glass, and grabs a nearby JACKET and cleans the glass.

BIG VIC  
(re: jacket)  
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.

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

Juvie 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 finishes the whiskey.

MALONELY

You dipshits still have dial-up?

BIG VIC

Yeah. Why?

MALONELY

Idiots.

Malonely grabs the bottle...

MALONELY

Because I gotta skin my squirrel.

He stomps upstairs.

DECLAN

Don't Number 3 on the floor!

And SLAMS a door.

Moving on --

DECLAN  
 (regret)  
 Those chicks last night were so  
 hot.

SNOT  
 And almost had tits.

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  
 (quickly correcting)  
 "Big Vic."

SNOT  
 Hey, we tried, but what are ya  
 gonna do? Sometimes a shit is just  
 a fart.

Declan grabs his skull in pain.

DECLAN  
 Ugh, the shame-spiral is attacking.

SNOT  
 Just relax, take a deep breath and--

SMASH CUT:

SNOT (PRE-LAP)  
 Suck!!!

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

A 5-ft BONG is lit by Snot and smoked by Declan, who stands  
 on a chair to reach the bong-hole.

SNOT  
 Suck! Suck harder, side-smile! It's  
 not lighting.

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

SNOT  
 You gotta suck, Declan! Still not  
 lighting!

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

SNOT  
 One more big one...

Declan SUCKS and looks ready to pass out from it.

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! He might die.

Snot LAUGHS like a bastard.

DECLAN  
 You did that on purpose-- why are  
 you so mean to me?!

SNOT  
 Because I love you. Laughing at you  
 is my love language.

Big Vic, oblivious cause he's seen this game before,  
 continues his argument with Declan --

BIG VIC  
 ... manure you fangered Kylie, Dec!

During COUGH ATTACK --

DECLAN  
 I kissed her! Full on busted slops!  
 And it was fuckin' magical.  
 (cough-cough)  
 Like Tinkerbell queefed on my lips!

COUGH COUGH. Snot laughs, steals the bong and sucks the rest.

BIG VIC  
 (waves him off)  
 Bullshit.



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.

SNOT  
 Get to the end of the Internet?

MALONELY  
 And proved I'll skin "virtually"  
 anything.

Malonely pours a whiskey.

DECLAN  
 So, how was juvie, Malonely?

MALONELY  
 A much needed vacation. Gained 5  
 pounds, grew 2 inches, dried out,  
 three squares. Read. Books.

He pulls a WAD of CASH - two \$20 bills from his jeans.

MALONELY  
 And learned that juvie 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  
 (faux whatever)  
 Pfft.

BIG VIC  
 Huh? Why?

DECLAN  
 "Pfft" my ass. Tell em.

Malonely takes a reluctant beat.

MALONELY  
 When I was little my mom said,  
*"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 juvie for B.U.I.

MALONELY  
 Yeah. I picked one.

Huh?

BIG VIC  
 (contemplating)  
 But isn't drinking and biking a  
 gamb--

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

Malonely simply flicks him off as he counts the cash.

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

MALONELY  
 Not better than the judge.

SNOT  
 You get *juvie-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 butt-birth, Snot?

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

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

BIG VIC  
(pfft re: testicles)  
Like they've dropped.

DECLAN  
You learn your lesson? Again?

MALONELY  
I get it.  
(recites lazily thru the  
motions)  
*Drinking and biking 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.

A beat to reflect. They mean it. Maybe.

MALONELY  
So what have you dicks been up to?

DECLAN  
Got another F in Spelling.

BIG VIC  
Drank away Morgan. Again.

SNOT  
(proud; licks the joint)  
Straight "A"s again.

MALONELY  
Unbelievable. How do you do it?

SNOT  
Adderall.

DECLAN  
So you're basically high at school.

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. Get another  
drink. Push it back.

BIG VIC  
We gotta get our shit together.

SNOT  
And go where?

BIG VIC  
We gotta stop this.

DECLAN  
What?

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

SNOT  
Speak for yourself, side-smile. I'm  
still a pup.

DECLAN  
Snot - you're our age and still in  
the fifth grade.

SNOT  
I only repeat because I can't learn  
enough.

Declan CRACKS a beer.

DECLAN  
So what do we do?

BIG VIC  
It's time.

DECLAN  
Damn it. Really?

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

DECLAN  
Court ordered?

MALONELY  
They're making me.  
(points to them)  
And I need the company.

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

SNOT  
Absolutely. A complete three-sixty  
(360), I'm with you.

*(NO SHIT NOTE: Correct use in turning oneself around is  
"180." 360 puts you right back in the same direction.)*

DECLAN  
Can't we just do it from home?

BIG VIC  
I think that's the 13th Step.

Moving on --

BIG VIC  
Ready?

SNOT  
After this.

Snot lights the joint.

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

Malonely pulls his BIKE LOCK KEYS out of his WHISKEY GLASS.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

MAN (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. The MAN is named **RICHARD**, 16.

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.

ANGRY AA'ER  
Identify yourself!!

Declan: What?

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

RICHARD  
You're supposed to give in to the  
disease and say your name followed  
by "and I'm an alcoholic." For  
example, 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!

                    BIG VIC  
                    No shit!

                    MALONELY  
                    (half-beat late)  
                    Pussy-Coward!

Huh? Everyone eyes the random outburst.

                    MALONELY  
                    Sorry. Juvie.

                    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 a plastic cup and toasts Declan.

                    BIG VIC  
                    Big problem.

                    MALONELY  
                    The mind is a terrible thing to  
                    waste. And a perfect thing to  
                    baste.

He swills his drink.

                    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, fucker.

                    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 years.

MALONELY  
Hell of a weekend.

SNOT  
The first time I got duffed I was  
six.

BIG VIC  
Liar. You were ten.

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. My  
dad told me and he's a doctor.

RICHARD  
Guys, guys, let's bring it back to  
the group, please.

Our Boys reel it in. Big Vic meets eyes with a **HOT TEEN GIRL.**

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**, 9, finishes a story --

TEARY TERRY  
(crying)  
... and when I got home, my bags  
were packed and waiting for me on  
the driveway and... my mom took my  
phone and iPad.  
(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.

BIG VIC  
Yeah, you play toddler parties?

SNOT  
Bet you could use a drink.

DECLAN  
Or a balloon.

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 does AA always have to revolve around the bad times?

DECLAN

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

SNOT

Bad decisions make good stories.

MALONELY

Fuck yeah. 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.

HOT TEEN GIRL

Me too.

SNOT

One time I got so duffed at a Rams 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 West - best time ever. Sprayed champagne, harangued female reporters with dick tricks - Aaron Donald taught me "The Bird Bath" - played with their handguns. It was awesome.

MALONELY

One time I got so canned I woke up on my bike in the bottom of my neighbor's pool. Still pedaling.

Slight laughs from some AAers.

SNOT  
Now that's a duffing.

**OLD TIMER**, 19, pipes up --

OLD TIMER  
That's nothin'. I got a DUI on a  
hoverboard. In a handstand.

Laughs.

DECLAN  
You got a "Hoo-Wee?"

OLD TIMER  
At two in the afternoon. In front  
of a Montessori preschool.

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  
Amen to that, Old.

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 full beard and no  
thumbs.

TEARY TERRY  
I'm serious. I hardly drank in  
elementary school, and my teens  
were spent in AP classes and glee  
club. I didn't have time to be a  
delinquent.

BIG VIC

How could you pass up partying in elementary school?

TEARY TERRY

I was always doing homework.

MALONELY

(disgusted)

Doing *what*?

DECLAN

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

SNOT

I peed on people in school.

MALONELY

Still do. Mostly yourself.

HOT TEEN GIRL

I agree. I didn't do shit except live web cam with strangers.

Big Vic eyes HOT TEEN GIRL.

OLD TIMER

We didn't have the Internet when I was young. We had Iraq. My time in "the suck" was a drunken whore-filled orgy. I didn't think I was gonna survive another IED.

(beat)

Some of the best times of my life.

DECLAN

Exactly! Terrible behavior, bad decisions, partying 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! Before they have real consequences!

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

JUNIOR HIGH JIMMY

I used to get so much tit when I drank.

FAT MIKE  
And I could always do the best  
impressions.

DECLAN  
Let's hear one.

FAT MIKE  
I don't know. It's been awhile.

DECLAN  
Who cares. Let'er rip.

Beat. Then --

FAT MIKE  
(worst Travolta ever)  
*It's like-a weird. It's like-a  
weally weird.*

Confused silence.

ZIT KID  
Who the hell was that supposed to  
be?

FAT MIKE  
John Travolta.

JUNIOR HIGH JIMMY  
Don't do that again. Sober.

FAT MIKE  
Fine. I know where to do it right.  
On a stool.

He stands and leaves.

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

DECLAN  
Who's next?

SNOT  
Hell, let's all go!

ZIT KID  
I'm in.

BIG VIC  
(to HOT TEEN GIRL)  
How bout you? Might lead to teaming  
up for a *Chaturbate* show later...

She smiles discreetly, considering.

OLD TIMER  
I'll drive us!

As all the AAers follow our Boys out, Richard can't believe it --

RICHARD  
I'll still be here for you all next week.  
(defeated)  
This counts as a relapse. Dirty chips don't count!

He waits an anxious beat, then --

RICHARD  
Wait up! I drank away my license!

And he darts out in pursuit...

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

The Boys and the AAers piled in a van.

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

INT. BAR - NIGHT

The Boys and AAers bum rush the bar.

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

DECLAN  
What for?

LES THE BARTENDER  
Animal behavior.

Les notices Malonely and greets him happily --

LES THE BARTENDER  
Welcome back, Malonely. 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, Les. Just  
kids.

LES THE BARTENDER

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

SLAP! as TWO \$20 BILLS slam on the bar from Malonely and his  
juvie guard venture --

MALONELY

Spread the bread!

LES THE BARTENDER

(snags the cash)

Tonight it is. Welcome back,  
Malonely. What can I get you?

The Boys and their new AA buddies SCREAM in unison --

ALL

Drunk!

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: **Big Little Guys**

FADE IN:

EPILOGUE:

INT. METRO ESCALATOR - DAY

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

Finally:

MALONELY

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

ESCALATOR RIDERS turn and smirk at the little shit.

BIG VIC

Relax, guy.

MALONELY

Why don't people walk on these things?

DECLAN

Just try to enjoy the view.

MALONELY

What view?

DECLAN

Beave on the way up...

UPSKIRT POV of SHORT-SKIRT GIRL riding up the escalator in front of them.

DECLAN

Cleave on way down...

DOWNSHIRT POV of BIG TITTIED GIRL riding down.

Oh. They all notice now. And enjoy in patient silence.

FADE OUT.