

I Want Your Photograph

ACT ONE

INT. TV DINNER PLANT LUNCHROOM – DAY

The Lunchroom is packed with employees. Dave, Red Kneck, and Skippy Joe sit at a table. EG walks up to the table and grabs a seat next to Dave.

SKIPPY JOE

Hi little boy. Are you new here?

EG is clearly upset.

EG

I'm NOT A LITTLE BOY! Yah, today is my first day. The place looks like it sucks.

SKIPPY JOE

You are going to like it here in Durnkville. There are a lot of different things to do here. Lots of good porn shops.

EG

I used to live here a long time ago. I had to leave...right away. Umm. Anyhow...what is your name?

SKIPPY JOE (MUMBLING)

M...Ssskkkk..Jo..

EG

What was that? I couldn't understand you.

SKIPPY JOE (MUMBLING)

...Skippy Joe..

EG

I'm sorry. I still can't understand what the fuck you're saying. What's your name?

SKIPPY JOE

My name is Skippy Joe! Is that ok?!

EG

That's the most fucked up name I've ever heard. If you're embarrassed by your own name, you shouldn't be. Your parents should be shot for naming you that. They must both be completely fucked up. Heee heee. That's fucked.

RED KNECK

Speaking of fucked up shit, why in the hell are you wearing that snowmobile suit? Holy shit! It must be over 90 degrees here.

EG

I like it. First of all, it looks good on me. Second of all, if it gets cold, I'm prepared.

all of my beer. I won't let him drink my whiskey anymore. He just plain gets mean. But, anyhow. You wanted to know about that other damn dog of mine, Veronica? She's a dumb bitch. She actually told the judge that I didn't have anything going for me. How in the hell does she figure that?

Red Neck quickly opens up a can of beer and slams it quickly. He throws the empty can into a bag and then disposes of the bag into the garbage.

Dave rolls his eyes toward the ceiling.

DAVE

Some women just don't know a winner when they have one. How many times have you been married now Red Neck?

RED KNECK

Damn, sixteen. I think this one might be the worst though. I just don't remember her being as big of a bitch until she married me. Am I doing something wrong?

A lady in her forties walks by the table

RED KNECK

I'm done with this plate now. Take this and wash it.

LADY

I don't work here

RED KNECK

So, I don't care. Go wash it and hurry up.

LADY

Well! I've never been so insulted in all of my life.

The lady walks away furiously.

DAVE

Yah. I don't know what you're doing wrong either. You're just the lady killer.

EG looks at his choices of sodas at the pop machine.

EG

Hmmm...what should I get? Lemon pop or Senor Buzzola? I hate making stupid decisions.

Dave gets up while EG is contemplating and grabs a mouse trap. He takes the dead mouse out of the trap and places the trap on EG's seat. Dave and Red Kneck giggle as they wait for EG to return to his seat.

EG

OWWWWWW!!!

EG leaps from his seat with the mouse trap fastened on his ass. EG runs around the lunchroom while all of the employees point and laugh at him.

EG

Why did you do that? What did I do to you?

DAVE

I didn't do it...well...maybe I did...but! It was an accident!

Dave and Red Kneck laugh.

EG

That's bullshit. One of these days I'm going to take an accident in your shoe.

DAVE

What? What did you say?

EG

(mumbling under his breath) This is bullshit.

The character's supervisor General Cliff Labor walks in.

GENERAL LABOR

Dave, you're on Salisbury steak today. Skippy joe...you bring EG over to the creamed corn press.

Skippy joe claps very femininely with a huge smile.

SKIPPY JOE

Ohhh! I love creamed corn. You are going to love creamed corn too EG!

INT. SALISBURY STEAK MANUFACTURING LINE – DAY

Dave stands over by his press. Red Kneck pulls up on his fork lift.

DAVE

This place sucks. I can't wait to get out of here today.

RED KNECK

All I know is I'm gonna get completely shit faced tonight. I think me and Mr. Bubbles are going to head up north. There's a big party going on up there this weekend.

DAVE

Oh yah? How's your dog's pinching problem doing anyway? Are you legal to drive again? Did you ever get car insurance on that truck?

RED KNECK

Mr. Bubbles? Oh...he's doing good. I'll never let him eat peaches again though. Damn, that was nasty. No. I never got insurance. I really don't need insurance though. What's the chance of me hitting somebody else?

DAVE

What if somebody hits you?

RED KNECK

Ohh, I'm a careful driver. I never try hitting anybody.

DAVE

Yah, but what if somebody accidentally bumps into you.

RED KNECK

Then, they would owe me some money.

Dave is very puzzled.

INT. CREAMED CORN MANUFACTURING LINE – DAY

Skippy Joe and EG run the creamed corn press.

SKIPPY JOE

See, I told you that this was fun.

EG

Yah, some fun.

SKIPPY JOE

Hey EG. Do you like porn? I loooovvee porn.

EG

Yah, but I hate those skinny chicks in those magazines. I wish the women weighed a bit more.

SKIPPY JOE

Why do you say that? How heavy do you like your women?

EG

They have to weigh a bare minimum of 300 pounds. I like to play in their rolls. It's kinda like playing in a big bowl of jello. It's hard to explain.

SKIPPY JOE

Do you like to take naked pictures of people? I'd pay you if you took some pictures for me.

EG

Well, how much money are we talking about?

SKIPPY JOE

\$500 a snapshot.

EG

Whose picture do you want?

SKIPPY JOE

Well...how about if I give you a thousand dollars if you take pictures of Dave and Red Kneck.

EG

You want me to take naked pictures of guys?

Skippy Joe looks around nervously.

SKIPPY JOE

Shhh...It's for my art class...yah, that's it...it's all in the name of art.

EG

Well...if it's in the name of art. Then that's a different story. Ok. I'll do it.

EG and Skippy Joe both smile.

EXT. BUBBA AND DAVE'S HOUSE – DAY

The house is a typical suburban home.

INT. DAVE'S SHOWER – DAY

Dave is in the middle of taking a shower. He sings some old heavy metal tunes.

DAVE

Shout! Shout! Shout at the Devil!

A loud rumbling noise comes from outside the shower.

DAVE

What the hell was that? Bubba is that you? You better not be putting no damn bee hive in my underwear again!

Dave thinks back to the incident. It sends shivers up his spine. Dave realizes that it isn't Bubba and thinks that he is just hearing things. Dave starts singing again.

DAVE

Do you really want to hurt me?....do you really want to make me cryyy?

The back of a character is shown outside the shower door and a flash goes off.

DAVE

What the fuck was that?!

INT. DAVE'S LIVINGROOM – NIGHT

DAVE

Hey, Bubba...we have another real winner at the plant.

BUBBA

Really? He can't be any gumpier than that Skippy Joe fucker. I would have made it to work today, except I didn't feel like going.

The characters laugh together.

DAVE

I don't know about that. I was half-tempted to throw him through the lunchroom window today. I don't think the guy has bathed since the beginning of the millennium.

WILLIAM

Oook akaah Blemshonan...bbbbuuuurrrpppp!!!

BUBBA

Yah, no shit. We're going to definitely kick the shit out of Shemptown this week. Their quarterback is going to be like Sue Oinkenberger after visiting the basketball team's locker room. Lying on his back.

The characters laugh.

EXT. SLIMEY PETE'S PORN PALACE – NIGHT

Skippy Joe skips along the sidewalk like a little girl playing hopscotch. He enters the porn store.

INT. PORN STORE – NIGHT

Skippy Joe hunts for the latest porn video.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me Skippy Joe. Are you looking for the latest video starring Rocky Bottoms? I bet you are! How can you resist watching the ass that has had over one million already served?

Skippy Joe can hardly contain himself. He jumps up and down like a little five-year old boy who just ate 20 pixie sticks.

SKIPPY JOE

Oh Boy!! I've been waiting for weeks for this video. You know me like the back of your hand!

RECEPTIONIST

Well. I certainly would have put it another way. How can I not know your tastes? You are only in here every single day. Heck. You pay for my corvette payment every month.

Skippy Joe buys the video and walks out of the store humming an old porn song.

EXT. RED KNECK'S TRAILER – NIGHT

The trailer is old and quite beat up. A bird flies by and shits on his twenty-year old truck. EG looks through his window. He hesitates and walks in slowly into the trailer.

INT. RED KNECK'S BATHROOM – NIGHT

Red Kneck is in the middle of taking a shower.

RED KNECK

Yah...that's right Mr. Bubbles. The next time you decide to take a piss in my best fishing hat, I'm gonna chop your nuts off and make Mr. Bubbles nutty gravy out of it. And that's no fucken threat. I've done it before to dogs in the past. Just ask Captain One Nut. His name used to be Captain Kid. I had to change it.

The bathroom door squeaks open. EG walks in very slowly with his camera behind his back.

RED KNECK

There won't be any damn apologizing either. You just keep that crap up and I'll cut off your cigarette allowance off too.

Red Kneck drops the soap onto the floor. He bends down to pick it up. EG takes a picture and runs hurriedly out of the bathroom. Mr. Bubbles walks into the bathroom as EG leaves. He has a cigarette in his mouth. Red Kneck sees Mr. Bubbles.

RED KNECK

Damnit Mr. Bubbles. Don't you ever listen? Put that cigarette out. I told you boy to not smoke in the bathroom. It makes the smoke alarm go off!!

The smoke alarm goes off as Red Kneck continues to bitch.

EXT. RED KNECK'S TRAILER – NIGHT

EG goes running out of the house with his camera in his hand while the alarm continues to buzz. EG slips on a pile of dog shit. He gets up and runs down the street.

EXT. TV DINNER MANUFACTURING PLANT – DAY

It's a nice sunny day.

INT. TV DINNER MANUFACTURING PLANT CREAMED CORN LINE – DAY

EG and Skippy Joe run the creamed corn press as they talk. A fly travels into the press while the two talk. It's squished and becomes part of the creamed corn.

EG

Here are those pictures Skippy.

SKIPPY JOE

My name is Skippy Joe!! Not Skippy! Nobody calls me Skippy, not even my mommy.

EG gives him a peculiar look.

EG

Well....here's those photographs. Anyways, do you have my money?

SKIPPY JOE

Sure thing.

Skippy Joe reaches into his pocket and grabs a thousand dollars. He hands it to EG.

EG

Thanks. I'm sure you'll do great on your art project.

SKIPPY JOE

Umm, yah, art project. Yah right. Thanks. You don't know how much this means to me. I've been wanting these pictures for a long time. Would you be interested in taking more pictures for me?

A fat four-hundred pound woman walks by and grabs EG's attention.

EG

I'd like to get a picture of that! Wow! Holy guacamole, what I'd do to play slip and slide in that!!

INT. TV DINNER PLANT LUNCH ROOM – DAY

Dave and Red Kneck enter the lunchroom for a break. There is nobody else in the room.

DAVE

Man! I wish he would take me off that damn Salisbury steak line. This place sucks.

Dave and Red Kneck go to grab a seat at the lunch table. They see a photo album sitting on the table. The cover says "My Friend".

DAVE

What the hell is this?

Red Kneck opens the book up. The two men see nude pictures of them showering.

RED KNECK

I think I'm gonna snap! What the fuck is going on?

DAVE

I will kill somebody! What sicko wants these pictures?

Dave turns the page and sees more pictures of the two men. There is one picture with Dave's picture cut out and pasted onto one of Red Kneck's shower pictures. It has a twinkie like substance spilt next to it. Dave's eyes bulge out of his head.

DAVE

SOMEBODY IS GOING TO DIE!!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BAR – NIGHT

Night time at the local bar.

INT. BAR – NIGHT

Bubba, Dave, and Red Kneck sit at the bar.

RED KNECK

Yah....I can't believe this bull-shit...and it took the cake when I seen the picture with Dave's picture pasted onto my shower photograph. I'm gonna fucken kill.

Dave gives a look like he is going to go massacre somebody.

BUBBA

That fucken rules!! Ha Ha Ha! That's the funniest thing I've ever heard!

DAVE

Yah, really funny. You'd be killing people if it happened to you.

BUBBA

No...nobody would dare pull that shit with me.

DAVE

Well, I'm going to get to the bottom of this. I WILL find out who did this and they WILL die!

RED KNECK

First, I'm gonna kick the shit out of the losers, then I'm gonna tie them up and let Mr. Bubbles bang em good ole doggie style!!

BUBBA

Ha Ha Ha! This Fucken Rules!

DAVE

Fuck you.

EG walks up and sits next to Dave at the bar.

EG

How's it going big guys?

BUBBA

Oh, it's going kick-ass. Isn't it Dave? Ha Ha Ha!

DAVE

Fuck you.

EG gives a look of concern.

EG

Why? What happened? Is there something that I can do to help?

RED KNECK

Some little bastard has been taking pictures of me and Dave in the shower. We found a photo album with the pictures in it in the lunchroom today.

EG

Wow! That really is a little mess. I sure hope that you find out that I....I mean that you find the little bastard.

BUBBA

Well. I'll let you boys enjoy the rest of your day. I have to go meet that one chick tonight. Be careful taking showers tonight! Maybe you two should take one together just to be safe! Ha Ha Ha!

Bubba makes a square camera shape with his fingers and pretends to take a snap-shot of Dave. He then sings "Photograph" by Def Leppard as he exits the bar.

DAVE

Dick.

RED KNECK

Yah, I think I'm going to hit the couch, drink a few out of my fridge, and wait for that cock to show up with his camera tonight. Then, I'm going to tie his cock to my antenna until the next lightning storm comes.

Red Kneck starts walking towards the bar exit door. Dave isn't paying attention and is looking at a cute girl who has just walked into the bar.

EG

Ok...tell Mr. Bubbles I said hi.

RED KNECK

What?! What did you say?

EG

Oh, I said don't have troubles making pie.

RED KNECK

Whatever that means little boy.

EG

I AM NOT A LITTLE BOY!

RED KNECK

Ha Ha Ha! Little shit.

EXT. ALLEY OUTSIDE THE BAR – NIGHT

EG

So what do you plan on doing about this smart mysterious character taking those photographs?
How do you plan on catching him?

DAVE

I don't know. But if I do catch him, his body will be spread through every state. New York.
Pittsburgh. New Connecticut....everywhere.

EG

Well I didn't really want to mention this. But, I used to be a Dick.

DAVE

Hell, I could have told you that. You still are. In fact you're a cock too.

EG

No, silly willy. I mean a detective. A private investigator in fact. I used to work with Magnum P.I.

DAVE

That was just a TV show wasn't it?

EG

Absolutely not! Why would TV create such crazy mysteries? That shit was live television.

DAVE

I guess I never really thought about it.

EG

Well I'll tell you what. Since I like you, I'll cut you a deal. You give me a thousand bucks now and a thousand bucks after I find this brilliant man and I'll track him down for you.

DAVE

Well, that's a lot of money.

EG

Ok, but who's to say that this sensational guy won't take more inspiring pictures of you?

Dave takes out his wallet and gives EG a thousand dollars.

DAVE

Ok, just find the future dead fucker!

EG

Oh, believe me. You just made my day.

EXT. SKIPPY JOE'S HOUSE – DAY

It's the next day. The house is an old brick home.

INT. SKIPPY JOE'S LIVING ROOM – DAY

Skippy Joe is sitting in the living room on a lazy-boy recliner knitting a new blanket. His mother sits in a chair next to him doing the same.

SKIPPY JOE

How does this look mommy?

Skippy Joe holds up his blanket. It has a picture of Liberace playing the piano on the blanket.

MRS. DUPREE

Oh, Skippy Joe! That is breath-taking! The angels must be singing in heaven looking that that beautiful blanky.

Skippy Joe gives a huge grin and claps like a little four-year old. He stomps his feet on the ground.

SKIPPY JOE

Yay for me!! Tee Hee!

Mr. Dupree (Skippy Joe's father) Walks into the living room.

MR. DUPREE

Ok, what kind of shit is going on in here now?

MRS. DUPREE

Oh, knock it off honey. Skippy is just showing me his latest and greatest. He just finished another blanky.

Skippy Joe holds up his blanket to show his dad. But seems unsure of himself showing it to him.

MR. DUPREE

I am sick of this girly shit. That boy has to stop doing this crap. He needs to be a man. Men do not make Liberace fucken blankets! And another thing. I'm sick of that fucker taking tap dance lessons too. A man in his forties SHOULD NOT be doing that! What will the neighbors think?!

MRS. DUPREE

Don't you think that you're being a little too hard on him?

MR. DUPREE

Too hard on him? Too hard on him? Are you insane? Look at him. He's the sorriest shit I've ever seen!

Skippy Joe put his hands over his face and cries like a little school girl.

MRS. DUPREE

Oh kitten, don't let your father bring you down just because you do things that you love.

Skippy Joe looks up at his mom.

SKIPPY JOE

Ok mommy.

MR. Dupree gives a look of disgust.

INT. SKIPPY JOE'S BASEMENT – DAY

The basement has pornographic material covering all the walls. He has thousands of porno video tapes that cover his shelves. He even has a pornographic screen saver on his computer. It is a dark room with very dim light. Skippy Joe picks up a movie and looks at the title.

SKIPPY JOE

Hmm, what movie should I play today? "Big Bouncing Balls" sounds very delightful.

Skippy Joe's computer beeps and a naked woman pops up. It says "you got mail".

SKIPPY JOE

Oh goodie! I have a friend!

Skippy Joe reads the e-mail and then quickly dials the telephone.

INT. OFFICE OF DICK MCHAMMER – DAY

This office has a desk with Dick behind it with his feet propped up upon the desk. His desk has a sign that says: Editor of SuperPorn Magazine. There is a nude picture behind him with two cheerleaders playing tug of war with a long cock.

DICK MCHAMMER (On the phone)

Hello...Dick Mchammer. Welcome to Superporn Magazine my friend.

SKIPPY JOE (On the phone)

Hi, this is Skippy. I got your pictures that I told you about. You know...those photos of my co-workers Dave and Red Kneck?

DICK MCHAMMER (On the phone)

Oh, that is quite sensational! Can you send the pictures to me via e-mail?

INT. SKIPPY JOE'S BASEMENT – DAY

SKIPPY JOE (On the phone)

Yes sir. Right away. I am also working on getting more photographs for you.

DICK MCHAMMER (On the phone)

Well, that is splendid news. Well, send me those photographs. But there is only one catch. After I take a look at the pictures, you only have twenty-four hours to give me permission to publish them because of that last scandal you pulled ok? We don't need any more retired circus midgets trying to knock down our door this time, understand?

SKIPPY JOE (On the phone)

Yah, I still feel bad about that one. I thought that stuff was legal. I didn't realize circus midgets couldn't do that stuff to mules.

DICK MCHAMMER (On the phone)

Well, both of us are better men now because of it aren't we?

SKIPPY JOE (On the phone)

Yah, you got that right.

DICK MCHAMMER (On the phone)

Ok, just remember what I said. E-mail me those photographs and then you MUST respond to my e-mail within twenty-four hours in order for the deal to be effective.

SKIPPY JOE (On the phone)

Ok, bye. I love you.

DICK MCHAMMER (On the phone)

What?!

SKIPPY JOE (On the phone)

Just kidding...tee hee...bye.

DICK MCHAMMER (On the phone)

Bye?!

EXT. MARY MACH'S HOUSE – DAY

This house is a very old-fashioned home with a white picket fence in the front yard and a big apple tree in the front yard also. There is a big porch with a swinging chair in front of the house. Many flowers surround the home.

INT. MARY MACH'S FRONT PORCH – DAY

Mary Mach, Rachel Little, Stephanie Heffer and Louise Van Drunken sit on the porch drinking beer and doing shots of whiskey on this sunny day.

STEPHANIE HEFFER

Hey you dumb bitch, can you pass the whiskey?

(To Rachel Little)

RACHEL LITTLE (Clearly drunk)

Oh...yoouuu...waaanntt...to p-p-plaayy that game....do yaa?

MARY MACH

Knock if off Stephanie. She's hammered again. She always loses every time we play that shot game.

Rachel Little has her hands holding up her head with a huge drunken smile on her face.

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN

Have any of you ladies seen my niece Sue Oinkenberger today? She was supposed to call me today. She is so popular with the guys. They know a winner when they see one.

Louise Van Drunken takes a huge drink off of her beer. Rachel Little itches her crotch.

MARY MACH

No, sorry Louise. I haven't actually seen her in a while.

A young man in his late twenties runs by the house. The old ladies watch as he jogs down the street.

STEPHANIE HEFFER

Holy shit! Look at the dupa on that one! Hey honey, how would you like to take a jello bath with me? You'd make my millennium! Buuuurrrppp!!

The man picks up his speed and puts his head down as he is clearly embarrassed.

RACHEL LITTLE

Lookkkss....like yoouu...lost...an...other.....one Step...Stephanie.

STEPHANIE HEFFER

He can run, but he can't hide. Hee Hee.

Mary Mach jumps up.

MARY MACH

Is that my telephone honeys?

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN

No, I think it might be your microwave.

Brrriinnnggg. The telephone rings again.

MARY MACH

Shit. I can't get past the drunk bitch.

Rachel Little is passed out on the table. Mary Mach is stuck between her and Rachel.

Brrriinnnggg. The telephone rings once again. The answering machine picks up the call.

MARY MACH

Louise, can you go get the phone girlfriend?

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN

Oh sugar. I would, but the doctor told me to stay off of my hip until I heal up all the way after that surgery.

MARY MACH

Damnit Louise. You, dumb bitch. That was twelve years ago.

The telephone call has ended.

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN

One can never be too safe.

Mary Mach pushes Rachel Little over and gets on her feet. She walks into her living room and hits the button on her answering machine.

DICK MCHAMMER

Hi Skippy Joe. This is Dick, the editor of SuperPorn magazine. I sent you that e-mail. Remember what I said. If you don't send that email back to me within twenty-four hours, then those pictures of your co-workers Dave and Red Kneck will not be published. So, hurry up. Hope to see those photos published soon. Talk to ya later Skippy.

Mary Mach walks back onto the porch and sits down. Rachel Little is still passed out on the floor.

MARY MACH

That was a strange call. The guy called the wrong person.

STEPHANIE HEFFER

Who did the person ask for?

MARY MACH

Some Skippy Joe guy. The guy calling said that he was the editor of SuperPorn magazine. He said that Skippy only had twenty-four hours to respond to the email that he had sent him. Supposedly this Skippy Joe guy sent this guy some pictures of some Dave and Red guy to get published in his magazine. That's one screwed up phone call!

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN

I'll say it is!

EXT. EG'S BOX HOME IN THE ALLEY – DAY

The box is made out of cardboard and is not big at all. EG can barely fit into it. It is at the end of the alley and is surrounded by garbage. Tadpole walks up to the box. He looks at the exterior and then peaks his head into the box.

INT. EG'S BOX HOME IN THE ALLEY – DAY

TADPOLE

Hiiii. How are you? My name's Tadpole.

EG is in a deep sleep. He is curled up in a little ball with a blanket made of newspaper covering him

TADPOLE

Hiiii. Are you alive?

Tadpole throws an M-80 explosive by EG's ear. EG jumps up suddenly.

TADPOLE

My name is Tadpole. I kind of got messed up when I was born. I guess my parents got some sort of mutation liquid dumped on them and it messed up their genes. So, I was born like this.

EG

My name is EG. Well. I pretty much never asked anything about your past history. But, ok. How long ago did that happen?

TADPOLE

It happened to my parents almost twenty years ago. Have you always lived in this box?

The box has words sprayed on the side of it. The words say "this is EG's house".

EG

No. Actually I just moved back into town. I lived here umm...twenty years ago but something happened and I had to leave town right away unfortunately.

EG has a dream sequence of the event that happened twenty years ago.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET – DAY

EG is being chased by two men dressed like scientists. They are wearing long white coats. EG is carrying some strange liquid in a clear bottle.

EG

Shit, shit, shit.

SCIENTIST #1

Give us back our formula! That liquid is of no use to you!

EG

The hell if it isn't. Somebody is going to give me five thousand dollars for it.

SCIENTIST #2

That formula will do more harm than good. Give it back. It will screw up the world if it isn't in the right person's hands.

EG continues to run from the scientists. Just then, a dog leaps up and bites EG right in his ass. EG screams and continues to run with the dog attached to his ass.

EG

Owww!!! Get off of me you little bastard!

SCIENTIST #1

Please, in the name of science. Give us back our potion.

EG

Never!!

SCIENTIST #2

We'll give you the money. Just give it back to us!

EG slows down. There are three little boys playing by a fire hydrant. A dog is also nearby. EG looks at the scientists. Suddenly out of nowhere, a frisbee hits EG right in the groin. EG drops the formula onto the ground. The formula splatters on the three boys and the dog. There are also a couple frogs nearby that some of the formula splattered on them.

SCIENTIST #1

Nooo!!

SCIENTIST #2

We must call the paramedics immediately!

EG

Shit. Shit. Shit.

EG continues to run. The scientists stop to see if the children are ok.

EG comes back from his dream sequence of the past and back to the present time.

INT. EG'S BOX HOME IN THE ALLEY – DAY

TADPOLE

Oh really? What was that? Why did you have to leave? EG? EG?

EG

Oh, nothing too big. Just a little accident. That's all. Nothing that concerns you.

TADPOLE

Why don't you live in a normal home? Can't you afford it?

First of all, I don't pay taxes. I DO NOT give my money away. Especially to those people in the government. I like to save my money. So, I try not to ever spend it. Everything is taxed. It sucks. It's a bunch of bullshit. The IRS can kiss my ass. Why spend money on all of that shit anyways? I was broke before. I don't ever want that to happen again. All I know is that I want to find a nice chick to hang out with and she would surely love my home.

TADPOLE

What kind of girls do you like? Do you like that one walking down the street over there?

A cute, blonde walks across the street.

EG

Hell no! Are you nuts? I like the one behind her though.

A brunette weighing approximately four-hundred pounds eating twinkies walks behind the blonde.

TADPOLE

Whatever floats your boat.

EG

I'd rock her boat.

TADPOLE

More like a battleship.

EG

What's that supposed to mean? Are you putting me down?

TADPOLE

Umm, yah.

EG

Oh, ok. Just wondering.

EXT. DAVE AND BUBBA'S HOUSE – NIGHT

It is a nice day in the neighborhood.

INT. DAVE AND BUBBA'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Dave paces back and forth in the living room. Bubba and William are sitting on the couch in front of the TV.

WILLIAM

Urrkk. Burrrrrpppp. Beeelllcchhh. Yukum.

BUBBA

Yah Dave. Sit down and relax.

DAVE

How in the hell can I relax when some piece of shit is out there taking pictures of me naked and enjoying them?

BUBBA

Then do something about it.

DAVE

I already did. I hired that EG guy to hunt that sicko down.

BUBBA

Gee, that's a good move. He seems trustworthy. (In a sarcastic tone)

WILLIAM

Feekele hetum Buuurrpppp. Quitcher yuhem Beeelllcchhh!

BUBBA

I couldn't have said it any better William. How in the hell do you know that this sicko doesn't have any more elaborate plans like publishing them in a magazine or something?

DAVE

Holy shit! I didn't even think about that!

Dave starts pacing even faster. The characters look at the TV. A commercial comes on.

Move to the Television.

Music comes on. Lyrics: Meat market! Meat market! Uncle Donny's meat market!

BUBBA

Kinda different.

A big fat bearded man named Uncle Donny appears on the television screen.

UNCLE DONNY

Come on down to my precious meat market. We have the best and biggest meats in town. Nobody can beat our meat....(long pause)....prices. Meat market! Meat market! Uncle Donny's meat market!

BUBBA

Maybe somebody's beating their meat to your pictures Dave! Ha Ha Ha!

Dave has a pissed off look on his face.

DAVE

Fuck you.

BUBBA

Salami anyone? Ha Ha Ha.

Dave looks like he is going to kill.

EXT. SUE OINKENBERGER'S TRAILER – NIGHT

The trailer is beat up and old. Weeds grow around the trailer. An old tractor sits in front of the trailer. It looks as though it has not been used in years.

INT. SUE OINKENBERGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sue and Glover are lying in bed naked and Glover is smoking a cigarette. Glover gets up and doesn't say a word. He leaves the bedroom. Moments later we hear the front door slam as he leaves the trailer.

SUE OINKENBERGER

That man can perform miracles! I think he may finally be the one!

The telephone rings. Sue picks up the phone.

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

Hello? Oh, hi Aunt Louise? Oh, I've been busy going to church and raising money for the homeless. Yah, you know me.

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN (ON THE PHONE)

Well, I haven't talked to you in a while so I thought I'd give you a call to check up on you.

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

Oh, I had a hot beef injection so I feel much better....ummm....I mean...

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN (ON THE PHONE)

Hot beef injection? Did you have the flu?

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

Yah, the flu. I still have gook in my mouth....oh, never mind.

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN (ON THE PHONE)

I was over at Mary Mach's earlier and she got the strangest phone message. It was from the editor at SuperPorn magazine.

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

Really? What was that message about?

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN (ON THE PHONE)

He wanted to publish some pictures sent from some Skippy guy in his magazine. He said that the pictures were of some Dave and, oh, what was the other guy's name? Oh yah, Red. He said that Skippy had to answer his email within twenty-four hours. Pretty weird phone call, huh?

Sue has a frightened look on her face.

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

Oh Oinkenbergers! I think somebody is going to murder someone!

LOUISE VAN DRUNKEN (ON THE PHONE)

What do you mean sugarplum?

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

I'll tell you later. I have to call someone first. Hopefully I can calm him down before he hears this from somebody else.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BIG DICK'S NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT – NIGHT

The building is in rough shape. A large neon sign with a large woman bending over, lights up the front of the building. EG and Skippy Joe walk in the front door.

INT. BIG DICK'S NIGHT ENTERTAINMENT – NIGHT

Skippy Joe has a grin from ear to ear as he looks at the beautiful women on stage. A slightly overweight woman is on stage topless. She puts a beaver back in its cage.

ANNOUNCER

So, let's give it up for Lucy Loveable and her pet beaver, Furburger!

The crowd claps and cheers.

ANNOUNCER

Wow! I can't say that I've seen a beaver give mouth to mouth to another beaver before. That's a first for me. Next up we have Beautiful Janie Lou. She drives a semi for Sugar Twin Pies during her free time. Her hobbies include bathing with naked elephants and steam rolling pedestrians on the sidewalk with her huge rolls of flab. Give it up for.....Janie....of the jungle!

Two men in the crowd barely clap. An elephant trumpet blares loud on the PA system as she walks out onto the stage.

EG

Holy shit! I got to get me some of that!

SKIPPY JOE

Umm,....yah....

EG

There's Bubba and Dave. Let's sit by them. They'll be excited to see us.

EG and Skippy Joe walk towards the table.

DAVE

Man! There's that screwball EG and Skippy Joe. I hope they don't spot us. I'm in no mood for them.

BUBBA

Ah, take it easy David. They may be good for a few laughs at their own expense. Ha ha ha!

EG and Skippy Joe walk up to the table.

EG

Hi pals.

DAVE

How's it going? Any leads on that porno freak?

A waitress in her fifties walks up. She's missing half of her teeth and her body is flabby and undesirable.

WAITRESS

Hi Skippy Joe! How's it going my sweetheart? You haven't been in here in two nights. Have you been sick or something? All of us girls have missed you. You never miss wet and wild Wednesdays.

SKIPPY JOE

Oh, me and my Mommy went out to celebrate my third-place tap dancing finish in the spring recital. My mommy was so proud. I did miss your boobies though.

Skippy Joe looks straight at her boobs and gives a scary stare.

WAITRESS

Oh Skippy Joe! You're so funny!

Skippy Joe gives her a twenty for a tip and the waitress walks away.

DAVE

I can't wait to catch the pervert who took the pictures of us, Red Kneck.

RED KNECK

No shit! I'm going to cut the nuts off of the freak. Then I'm going to sprinkle salt all over his nuts and stick leeches on them. Then I'm going to throw them in my blender. After I let my blender run for a good twenty to thirty minutes, I'll pour the remains into a bag full of cement and I'm going to bury the bag in my backyard. I'll make sure he never gets his balls back again.

BUBBA

Ha ha ha! How sweet of you! Ha ha ha!

Red Kneck stands up.

RED KNECK

Well boys. I have to get going. I'm going to sit on my front porch with my shotgun waiting for the pervert. Give me a call if you hear anything about his whereabouts.

DAVE

Oh. He'll be long dead before that.

RED KNECK

Just make sure you keep him alive long enough to let me take some shots on him.

Skippy Joe is noticeably nervous.

SKIPPY JOE

Oh...(sweating)...he can't be that bad of a guy.

DAVE

Yah. I'm sure he's a former nobel peace prize winner. All I know is he's dead as soon as I catch him.

A big man dressed in a dick costume walks up and is noticeably drunk.

DICK

Hi! Welcome to big Dick's...hiccup....Can I get you boys some shots?....hiccup.

BUBBA

Sure, what do you have?

DICK

I...hiccup...have...hiccup...just one kind. Big Dick's spunkalicious home mix. Do you want to try some? It has...hiccup...vodka, whiskey, rum, and a touch of chicken noodle soup.

SKIPPY JOE

It's spectacular. Take my word on this one.

WILLIAM

Etchhuemmakerr...buuurrrppp...heremxllejewhh...burrrppp!

BUBBA

William says that he loves chicken noodle soup. Sure. Pour us all a shot.

Dick pulls out five shot glasses from his back pocket and starts bending down.

DAVE

What the heck are you doing?

DICK

I'm pouring you..hiccup...your shots...hiccup.

Dick continues and pours the shots out of his penis head and into the glasses. Skippy Joe doesn't hesitate. He grabs a glass and throws down a shot down his throat. He has a chicken noodle dripping from his chin.

SKIPPY JOE

Mmmm, yummy.

Dave looks on with amazement. Bubba and William give a look like, screw that. They grab their drinks and slam them also.

The dick stumbles and walks away.

DAVE

Great. Now I'm slamming noodles from a guy dressed in a penis costume. My life has gone to shit.

Two young strippers walk up to the table.

STRIPPER #1

Hi Skippy Joe! I missed you. Do you want a dance?

Skippy Joe nods his head yes.

STRIPPER #1

Oh, by the way. I have those pictures for you. Five hundred dollars a piece now ok?

DAVE

See now, why can't that pervert just want pictures of beautiful women like him? No. I have to have some loser who likes guys.

Skippy Joe walks away with the two strippers.

EG

I would stay and listen to your boys problems, but I have a hottie to attend to.

EG looks up at the stage. There is a huge four-hundred pound woman dancing. EG takes a shot and walks towards the stage.

DAVE

I just wish that I had a clue where to find this guy.

INT. RED KNECK'S LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Red Neck sits on the couch with a beer between his legs. Mr. Bubbles lays on the ground with a burning cigarette in his mouth. The telephone rings.

RED KNECK

Damnit Mr. Bubbles! That's your fifth cigarette in the past twenty minutes. You gotta cut down or get a damn job. I'm sick of this free-loading bullshit. I bust my ass everyday at that plant while you sit here all-day smoking cigarettes and watching that damn Oprah. Can't you do something productive with your time, like cleaning this fucken house?

Mr. Bubbles looks up and cuts a major fart. A green bubble comes out of his ass and floats towards the ceiling fan.

RED KNECK

Fuuuuccckkk!!! Not again! You are one sick bastard!

Red Neck runs to the bedroom for some fresh air.

INT. RED KNECK'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

RED KNECK (ON THE PHONE)

Hello? What the fuck do you want Veronica? No, you can't have my damn bar-b-que. I bought it before we ever met. And besides that, my wife before I married you, just won it in last month's court judgment. I can't help it if I was married to that dumb bitch before I was married to your homely little ass. Yah....I'm a loser. Thank god you remind me. I almost forgot.

Red Kneck hangs up the phone. Red Kneck starts walking towards the living room.

RED KNECK

Damnit Mr. Bubbles. That's your sixth beer. I'm cutting you off. You're more expensive than any woman I've ever had and that's pretty sad.

The telephone rings again.

RED KNECK

That's it. I'm telling that wicked witch off this time.

RED KNECK (ON THE PHONE)

No. You can't have that fucken barb-b-que. I just wish you were that barb-b-que because then you'd be hot and you'd actually be able to make something that actually tasted good for a change.

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

Hello Red?

RED KNECK (ON THE PHONE)

Who is this? I'm sorry. I thought you were my wife. I mean ex-wife.

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

It's me Sue. Why are you so crabby?

RED KNECK (ON THE PHONE)

Oh, it's that damn dog again. He's farting up a storm. I feel like I live in Dom Deluise's bedroom closet after him eating beans and franks all night.

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

Well, I hate to make your mood even worse. I have horrible news.

RED KNECK (ON THE PHONE)

Why? What the hell happened? The beer plant didn't burn down to the ground did it?

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

No.

RED KNECK (ON THE PHONE)

Schwoo. I was sweating. Why what's wrong then?

Sue Oinkenberger gets into detail about what her aunt had told her on the phone earlier. Red Kneck's eyes bulge out.

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

Now Red don't get carried away. There may just be some sort of misunderstanding. You fellas just need to sit down and talk things out. I'm sure there's some logical explanation for all of this.

RED KNECK (ON THE PHONE)

Do you have rocks in your head?! Some guy just tried selling my naked picture to some porno magazine. A fella just doesn't sit down and have fucken tea with some pervert who does that. Ok? Somebody is going to pay a major price.

SUE OINKENBERGER (ON THE PHONE)

Now, now Red just take a min..

Red Kneck hangs up the phone. He dials Dave's number up.

RED KNECK (ON THE PHONE)

Hello Dave? Are you ready to kick some ass?

DAVE (ON THE PHONE)

Did you find out who mr. pervert is?

RED KNECK (ON THE PHONE)

Yeah. But we have to do something first. Meet me over at William's house. I'll explain when we get there.

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE – NIGHT

The house is huge with a large sized yard. It is a miniature mansion. Nicely trimmed bushes and trees surround the house.

INT. WILLIAM SAPHIRE'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Red Neck gets done explaining to Dave and William what Sue Oinkenberger had told him on the phone. Dave looks as if he is going to lose it.

RED KNECK

So anyways, William. We need to use your computer to hack that email to make sure that Skippy Joe doesn't approve those pictures to get published. If he hasn't done that already.

DAVE

I will kill. I will tear him up slowly. I will tear him up limb by limb. I won't tell you which limb I'm tearing off first.

RED KNECK

Just hold your horses Dave. First we need to stop that email, then we need to find out who was taking those pictures for that freak.

WILLIAM'S MOTHER (YELLING FROM DOWNSTAIRS)

You boys need to shut up right now! I pay the fucken bills around here. I don't need this shit. William, I told you time and time again if you and your fucken friends can't keep things quiet....

WILLIAM (YELLING TO HIS MOTHER)

Buuurrrpppp! Thwackk. Beeelllcchhh!!!

There is an uncomfortable silence. Red Neck and Dave look at each other in shock.

DAVE

Gee William. Your mom's a bitch.

William exhales and starts typing on the computer keyboard. A bunch of names appear on the computer screen. Skippy Joe's name appears.

DAVE

Here is his email! We got him!

William clicks on Skippy Joe's name. The guys watch in amazement as tons of porn of women, men, circus animals, and sex toys dance across the computer screen. Big letters appear on the screen saying "Welcome to Skippy Joe's email. Porn music plays in the speakers.

RED KNECK

I don't think that I've ever seen anything like this.

DAVE

This is completely fucked up. He's kind of the king of perverts. And what the hell was up with that circus chimp, cheetah and that vibrating razor? Is that legal?

WILLIAM

Buuuurrrppp! Bentochu Beeelllccchhh!!!

RED KNECK

Yah that dancing clam swallowing the hot dog wasn't expected either.

Porn music continues to play through the speakers. A young woman's voice says "Oh Skippy! Pour that peanut butter on me! Oh Skippy! You're the man!"

DAVE

Man, William hurry up and hack that email already! This is sick.

WILLIAM

Beelllcchhh!!!

William clicks the mouse.

RED KNECK

There it is! Here's the editor's email.

William clicks the mouse again. William types on the keyboard. We focus on the computer screen. The screen says "Are you sure you want to delete this email?"

DAVE

Fuck yah we do!

RED KNECK

Ok phase one is done. Next, let's go get our peanut butter spreader!

EXT. TV DINNER MANUFACTURING PLANT – DAY

Two men are on their lunch break. One man spreads peanut-butter on some bread.

EMPLOYEE #1

Yep, nothing beats good old peanut butter. We should make some sort of peanut butter dinner at the plant ya know?

EMPLOYEE #2

Yah no kidding. But I don't think the boss will go for it. After all, we already make pea butter and that's one of our top sellers.

Employee #1 nods in acknowledgement.

INT. TV DINNER ORANGE JELLO MANUFACTURING LINE – DAY

Skippy Joe operates the jello press. He sees Dave walking up with a mad look on his face. Skippy Joe gets nervous.

SKIPPY JOE

Ummm. What's the matter David?

Red Kneck pulls up on his fork lift next to the press. The heavy press stamps automatically every five seconds.

DAVE

Don't give me that shit!

SKIPPY JOE

What do you mean good old buddy?

Dave grabs Skippy Joe by the head. His head is near the stamping press.

DAVE

Have you ever seen a watermelon get squished before?

Skippy Joe starts crying like a little second grade girl.

SKIPPY JOE

I'm so sorry. I never meant any harm.

DAVE

Who took these pictures for you?

SKIPPY JOE

I found them in Red Kneck's dresser drawer.

Dave looks at Red Kneck.

RED KNECK

Dave. If you don't kick his ass for that lie then I will right now!

DAVE

Tell me the truth right fucken now!

Skippy Joe hesitates. His head moves closer to the stamping press.

SKIPPY JOE

Ok! Ok! That little boy took them for me! What's his name again? Oh yah! EG! He plans on taking more pictures Sunday at the football game. He's going to take pictures of the players in the shower after the game.

DAVE

I should have known.

Red Neck uses the forks of his forklift and the forks lift Skippy Joe up by his groin. The forks lift him up in the air and Red Neck drops him into the orange jello bin. Employees surrounding the incident applaud.

EMPLOYEE #3

He took pictures of me too! I could never prove it though.

EMPLOYEE #4

Yay for Dave and Red Neck! That bastard made my wife leave me because she saw pictures of me that he took and she left me thinking that I messed around!

EXT. DURNKVILLE FOOTBALL STADIUM – DAY

Thousands of people rush out of the stadium. Children hold their parents hands as they go through the exit gates.

STADIUM BROADCASTER

And the final score is the Durnkville Mighty Drunks 231 and the Shemtown Men Over Eighty, zero. Come back next week to watch our team kick some ass again. Next week they face the Detroit Felons. Also, come out to watch the half-time show. Our cheerleaders do a trick with their twirling batons that you'll never forget. Something grandpa will be talking about for years to come!

INT. FOOTBALL LOCKER ROOM – DAY

The players get ready to take their showers. Dave, William, Bubba and Red Kneck scope out the locker room and look for EG.

DAVE

I can't wait to crush someone's skull.

RED KNECK

Shhh. Be quiet Dave. We'll take care of that after we find the lil bastard.

DAVE (MUMBLING)

Little fucken dick....

Bubba turns on the showers.

BUBBA

Ok boys. That was an easy game. So let's all get hard now!

Bubba laughs under his breath.

EG (TO HIMSELF)

Kick ass. Time to make some more money.

EG scuffles with his camera trying to get it ready for some snap-shots. He is hiding in the rafters that are above the shower. Men with towels start walking into the shower. EG smiles and aims his camera down below. A big hand grabs EG by the neck.

DAVE

I got you, you little fucker! I'm gonna kick your little boy ass!

Dave throws EG up against the wall.

EG (CRYING)

I am not a little boy! I just did it for the money.

BUBBA

Like that's a reason to do what you did? That's fucked up!

EG

Shhuuutttt uuupppp!!

BUBBA

Don't tell me to shut up!

INT. DAVE'S BATHROOM – DAY

Dave, Bubba, Red Kneck, and William are all in a circle and surround EG. EG is hanging upside down over the toilet. EG is soaking wet.

RED KNECK

Ok. For the last time. Who is the most kick-ass person in this room?

EG (CRYING)

You are. Don't do this anymore ok? Pretty please pal?

BUBBA

Are you trying to say that I'm not the most kick-ass person here?

EG

No! I didn't say that at all fucker!

BUBBA

What!!

Bubba flushes the toilet. EG's head goes under water and he is given a swirlie.

DAVE

Soooo. Who is the most kick-ass person?

EG (CRYING)

Bubba is. Wait. No. Red Kneck. Ummm...

Red Kneck flushes the toilet and EG again gets drenched in the toilet.

WILLIAM

Buuurrrppp?

EG (CRYING)

That ain't fucken fair! I can't even tell what mr. burps even said!

EG is again drenched in the toilet. The characters laugh.

END OF ACT FOUR

THE END