

RIPPED VAN WINKLES

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OVER BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE:

Marijuana is not a drug!!
I used to suck dick for coke.
You never suck dick for marijuana.

-- Bob Saget

FADE IN:

1 EXT. DAY

CLOSE ON a flame

SUPERIMPOSE: "1986"

We follow the flame as it ignites a bowl of weed.

SUPERIMPOSE: "4:20 PM"

We hear a long, powerful INHALE as...

CLOSE ON the bong's bowl. The weed rapidly burns.

REEVES (O.S.)

We finally graduated, Dude. We can
start our business. It's like that
song - "No more pencils. No more
books. No more teacher's dirty
nooks."

The last of the burning bud is sucked in. The bowl's empty.

Sound of long EXHALE.

HARRIS (O.S.)

(coughing)

Looks.

REEVES (O.S.)

What?

PULL BACK to REVEAL we're in...

2 EXT. SECLUDED FOREST - CONTINUOUS

HARRIS WEBER and his buddy REEVES CORNELL, 17 year-old
stoners, sit on boulders passing the bong.

Reeves cleans a bag of marijuana and tosses the seeds away.

HARRIS

It's not nooks. No more teacher's
dirty LOOKS.

Beat. It registers...

REEVES

The song totally makes sense now.

Harris holds out the bong for Reeves. Reeves makes a gesture
rejecting it - he's good.

Harris takes another drag, gets up and looks over at the
hillside behind Reeves who continues to toss the seeds into
the forest.

HARRIS

How many seeds you think we've
tossed onto this hillside over the
years?

REEVES

A quazillion.

HARRIS

Is that a real number?

REEVES

Yeah, it's a real number. Probably
not a real word though. Still
nothing growing?

HARRIS

Nope. We found the only secluded
spot in the Northwest where weed
won't grow.

(looking at watch)

We should head back down. We're
gonna be late picking up Debbie.

Harris gets on his mountain bike and rides off-camera. Reeves
jogs after him.

Beat.

Reeves runs back into frame, jumps on his mountain bike and
follows Harris down the hill.

CUT TO:

3 EXT. DOCTOROW FRONT PORCH - DUSK

CLOSE ON Harris' hand as he KNOCKS on the front door of a modest house.

The door opens revealing a stern-faced MR. DOCTOROW, the father of Harris' girlfriend.

HARRIS

Oh hi! Mr. Doctorow? I'm Harris.
Nice to finally meet you.

Harris holds out his hand but Doctorow doesn't shake it. He just stares, speechless. Standing before him is every father's nightmare.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

We're here to take Debbie to the
Raising Hell Concert?

Reeves pops up from behind Harris and sings "Brass Monkey" by BEASTIE BOYS.

REEVES

Brass Monkey. That funky Monkey.
Brass Monkey--
(off Doctorow's stare)
Beastie Boys. It's a song, Dude-- I
mean Debbie's Dad.

The nightmare just keeps getting worse.

HARRIS

Is Debbie ready?

Finally speaking...

MR. DOCTOROW

You've got to be fucking kidding
me.

HARRIS

Yeah, I'm not surprised. Women are
never ready on time. We'll wait.

As they barrel past, into the house...

REEVES

Got any munchies? I wouldn't say no
to egg salad.

Doctorow, now alone, stands there in disbelief. Did that really just happen?

CUT TO:

4 INT. DOCTOROW LIVING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

CLOSE ON EASY CHEESE being squirt onto a cracker.

PULL BACK. Reeves also got cheese on the coffee table. He wipes it up with his finger and licks it clean.

Mr. Doctorow forces himself to let the lack of etiquette pass without comment.

MR. DOCTOROW

(to Harris)

Debbie tells me you're not planning to go to college.

HARRIS

No, Sir. We don't need college. Reeves and I are gonna start our own business. Live off the grid.

MR. DOCTOROW

Off the what?

HARRIS

You know, not get caught up in the whole corporate rat race.

REEVES

Corporations crush the working man.

HARRIS

(to Reeves)

I got this.

(back to Doctorow)

It's a totally cool idea for a business. Ready? We're gonna drive all around the country and sell coffee on street corners.

REEVES

And sometimes the middle of the block if there isn't a corner.

MR. DOCTOROW

Just coffee?

HARRIS

Smart, right? Nobody else is doing it.

Reeves puts the can of Easy Cheese to his mouth and inhales the nitrous oxide gas. Reeves offers the can to Mr. Doctorow.

REEVES

Whippit?

Doctorow decides he's heard enough...

MR. DOCTOROW

I was wrong about you boys. I want to apologize. That idea of yours is one sure-fire plan for success.

They smile with pride.

MR. DOCTOROW (CONT'D)

I got something for ya.

Doctorow goes to a cabinet and returns with a BOTTLE OF SCOTCH which he places on the coffee table.

MR. DOCTOROW (CONT'D)

Here. Should be enough to get my daughter intoxicated, don't ya think?

HARRIS

(sensing trap)

Uh, sir, we won't be needing that.

REEVES

Yeah, we already have some vodka in my van.

MR. DOCTOROW

You have a van! I assume you have a mattress in the back also? Nothing like fornicating in the back of a van, am I right?

REEVES

You fuck animals? Gross!

MR. DOCTOROW

How you set on condoms? On second thought, it'll probably be more fun to violate my daughter without protection.

(to Reeves)

I assume you'll be joining in too?

Harris realizes what's going on.

HARRIS

You're not gonna let her go, are you?

Mr. Doctorow smiles - Harris figured it out.

REEVES

Why not?

MR. DOCTOROW

Because I don't like you boys. You're stoners, this concert's is way too far away and Debbie is underage.

REEVES

Okay, that's one reason.

MR. DOCTOROW

And let me add -- in all my years, I've never heard such a stupid idea for a business -- selling just cups of coffee. That's as dumb as trying to sell bottles of water.

REEVES

What if I promise not to fuck her?

Harris shoots Reeves a look.

REEVES (CONT'D)

(to Harris)

What? We're negotiating.

HARRIS

Can I talk to Debbie?

MR. DOCTOROW

No.

REEVES

Can I talk to her?

MR. DOCTOROW

What part of "no" confuses you boys?

REEVES

The K and the W. Why are they silent?

Mr. Doctorow stands - this visit is over. Reeves reaches for the scotch but Mr. Doctorow grabs it.

MR. DOCTOROW

You don't need this. I'm sure you already have a bag of weed in your van.

REEVES

Ha! See? You don't know everything about us. We don't have weed in my van. We're going to pick up some on our way to the concert.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Reeves and Harris exit and the door slams behind them.

REEVES

I think Debbie ratted us out. How'd he know we were stoners?

DEBBIE (O.S.)

Harris! Wait!

DEBBIE (16), trying her best to look like Madonna from DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN, runs out the front door and catches up to them.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Sorry. I tried to leave a message at your house.

HARRIS

No wonder you never wanted me to meet your dad. He's kinda...

DEBBIE

An asshole. I know.

REEVES

(adding)
Who fucks animals.

Harris and Debbie look into each other's eyes, ignoring Reeves.

DEBBIE

(sad)

It was gonna be our first hip-hop concert together - Houdini, Run DMC, L.L. Cool Jay...

REEVES

Ladies love the cool James.

(off Harris' look)

I'll wait in the van.

Reeves crosses out.

HARRIS

It's just one night apart. We're gonna spend the rest of our lives together. I love you.

DEBBIE

I love you too. Bring me back a t-shirt?

Harris nods and they kiss like first lovers do.

MR. DOCTOROW (O.S.)

(yelling from porch)

Debbie! Back inside! Now!

REEVES (O.S.)

(mocking Mr. Doctorow)

Harris! In the van! Now!

Debbie runs back towards the door.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. DEALER'S FRONT PORCH - LATER

Harris KNOCKS. The door opens a crack and a WOMAN (40s) stares out suspiciously.

HARRIS

Oh. Sorry. Guess Tommy gave us the wrong address. Do you know where Joe lives?

WOMAN (JOE)

I'm Joe. You here for herb?

HARRIS

You're a dealer? You look like somebody who'd sell Avon.

JOE
I sell that too. Buying lip gloss
or herb? Make up your mind.

HARRIS
Herb.

She opens the door, they enter and she closes it behind them.

SFX: DEADBOLTS slide into place.

7 INT. DEALER'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with pot smoke and dimly lit. Reeves spots some sales-award plaques on the wall.

REEVES
(to Harris)
She really *does* sell Avon.
"Northwest Division, Salesperson Of
The Year"--

SFX: TRIGGER BEING COCKED

REVEAL a large GUN is pointed at them by Joe.

JOE
I think you guys are cops.

Harris and Reeves start shaking like chihuahuas.

REEVES
(scared)
We change our minds! We want lip
gloss!

JOE
What's Tommy's middle name?

HARRIS
We don't know!

The dealer suddenly relaxes, puts the gun away and CHUCKLES.

JOE
I don't either. I'm just fuckin'
with you. Take your clothes off.

HARRIS
What?

JOE
Take your clothes off. You want the
weed or not?

HARRIS
Yeah, but--

JOE
(scary)
Do I need to go and get my strap-on
so we can dance a few numbers
first? Strip ladies!

They hesitate.

She holds up the gun again and cocks it.

JOE (CONT'D)
Now bitches!

They quickly start to take off their clothes as Joe exits
into another room.

HARRIS
(re: clothes removal)
Probably to make sure we're not
wired.

REEVES
Oh, Maannn. I saw this coming.

HARRIS
You saw this coming? The dealer
would turn out to be an Avon lady
who'd put a gun to our heads and
threaten to fuck us with a strap-on
phallus.

REEVES
Pretty much. Although I didn't know
what the word phallus meant until
just now.

Joe returns with some pot in a metal container.

HARRIS
(re: clothes off)
See? We're not wired.

JOE
Oh, I wasn't worried about that. I
just wanted to see you guys naked.
(re: Harris' penis)
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

That reminds me, I have to buy cashews.

(re: pot)

Four hundred.

HARRIS

Dollars?

JOE

No. Pesos. This stuff was made in Area 51. Where they keep the aliens. Ever hear of G Thirteen?

REEVES

(excited)

This is that pot made by the CIA?

JOE

This is G *Fourteen*. Most of the CIA can't get this shit yet.

HARRIS

How'd you get it?

JOE

I fucked a guy who knows a guy. That's all I'm gonna say.

REEVES

Wow. Those are the kind of stories you can't make up, even if you try.

HARRIS

Still, four hundred...

JOE

Tell you what. One of you go down on me and I'll take off ten percent.

Reeves and Harris wait for her to laugh. She doesn't.

HARRIS

(hopeful)

You're joking?

JOE

Make me squirt and I'll take off twenty.

They look at each other, worried and confused.

REEVES
Squirt what?

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

8 EXT. DESERT - EVENING

A 1980 Volkswagon Vanagon drives through the desert.

9 INT. REEVE'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

Reeves is driving. They both stare out the windshield into the distance. There's an uncomfortable silence between them.

MUSIC ON RADIO: TBD

After a few long beats, Harris finally attempts to break the silence -- he turns to Reeves...

REEVES
(staring ahead)
I said I don't wanna talk about it.

They continue to drive in silence.

FADE TO:

10 INT. REEVE'S VAN - NIGHT

They are now driving on a dirt road in the middle of nowhere. Nothing but desert in all directions.

Harris passes the time by free-styling lyrics which turns into rapping about them being lost.

Reeves, annoyed, joins in and raps they're *not* lost, it's a shortcut.

They argue back and forth (via rap lyrics) until Harris basically "wins" the song.

Reeves stops the car.

REEVES
You want to turn around? Fine.
We'll turn around.

Reeves puts the van into reverse and quickly backs up.

The van's tires suddenly lose traction in the dirt and the van rolls back into a large ditch.

HARRIS & REEVES

Whoa!!!

CUT TO:

11 EXT. DESERT DITCH - MOMENTS LATER

They both stand on the side of the ditch looking at the stuck van. They're not going anywhere now.

REEVES

What are the odds we'd fall into the only ditch in the entire desert?

HARRIS

The odds NOW? One to one.

Harris looks around. The only lights are way, way in the distance.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Looks like we're sleeping here tonight.

FADE TO:

12 EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The van's radio is blasting "Rock Lobster" by THE B-52S.

Harris and Reeves smoke joints and dance around a CAMPFIRE as they lip-sync and pantomime under the stars with pure Rock-Lobster-stoner-joyish abandon.

CUT TO:

13 INT. REEVE'S VAN - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a butane lantern.

The pot they bought is sitting in its open metal container on top of the lantern.

PULL BACK to REVEAL we're inside the van.

All the windows are up and the wind is heard BLOWING outside.

The van is filled with pot smoke from a joint Harris and Reeves pass between them. They're stoned, in mid-conversation...

REEVES

Okay, okay -- how 'bout this one --
Cindy Crawford or Debbie?

HARRIS

(without hesitation)
Debbie. She's pretty *and* smart.

REEVES

Yeah. You're right. What's Cindy
gonna do after her looks fade? Sell
furniture? Debbie's the one with
the future.

Beat.

HARRIS

You hear that?

REEVES

What?

HARRIS

I hear my ears listening to things.

Harris takes another hit from the joint.

REEVES

That's amazing. Like you can hear
your ears operating or something?

CLOSE ON the heat from the lantern's metal top -- it starts
to COOK THE POT, making it smoke.

REEVES (CONT'D)

This CIA shit is powerful. I can't
tell if I have to piss or not.
Fuck, I'm high.

The interior of the van is now very smoky. It's hard to see.
Reeves takes yet another hit while Harris stares at his hand.

HARRIS

My hand looks like a tarantula.

Harris takes another hit.

REEVES

Dude, I can't even feel my hands.

HARRIS

God, I'm hungry. I wish I had a bowl of cheese and a slice of ice cream right now.

They both find that extremely funny and start giggling.

REEVES

I wish my fingers were Kit Kat bars. I'd break 'em off and eat 'em.

The van is completely engulfed in white smoke. Reeves is panting heavily.

HARRIS

You alright?

REEVES

Yeah, I just forgot to breathe. Feels like my entire face is in my mouth-- Oh my god! Now my nuts are vibrating.

Uncontrollable laughter. These boys are ripped.

PAN TO the lantern -- all the weed in the container is completely burning, releasing more and more smoke.

MUSIC UP

14 EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

ANIMATED TITLE SEQUENCE

The sequence will be a combination of animation and real life, mixed with political footage, historical and pop cultural events spanning the last 30 years.

Through TIME-LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY, day changes to night and back to day, quicker and quicker, spanning many years.

DURING THIS the wind blows sand onto the van, blending it into the landscape and rendering it nearly invisible.

PAN DOWN to find the back-side of Harris, just starting to pee.

SUPERIMPOSE: "PRESENT DAY"

MUSIC ENDS

Beat.

Reeves runs into frame next to Harris. In a hurry, he unzips his fly and also starts to pee.

Still seen only from behind, Reeves pulls a joint from behind his ear.

Like clockwork, without looking at Reeves, Harris pulls out a lighter and sparks the joint in Reeves' mouth.

As they bask in the euphoria of their morning pee...

HARRIS

Man, I slept like a baby. That weed was off the charts.

REEVES

They have weed charts?

For the first time, Reeves turns to look at Harris...

REEVES (CONT'D)

Dude, you look old!

REVEAL Harris and Reeves' faces...

They've aged 29 years!

Their hair is oily and out of place and they both have beards.

HARRIS

You do too. There must be some hallucinogenic shit in this weed.

They consider this for a beat.

HARRIS & REEVES

Cool.

In BG we barely see their van. It's been covered with decades of sand.

They look away into the distance and continue to pee.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. DESERT - LATER

Crows fly above.

Reeves FLIES THROUGH FRAME and lands off-screen.

REEVES (O.S.)

Ouch! Fuck!

Harris runs towards a small ridge near a lonely paved highway. We seen they've walked for miles through barren desert.

Harris reaches the ridge and looks over...

REVEAL Reeves laying face down in the dirt.

REEVES (CONT'D)

I thought I could fly.

HARRIS

Why would you think that?

REEVES

Because you still look old so obviously I'm still hallucinating. When you hallucinate, you can fly.

A TESLA automobile rockets by on the highway.

HARRIS

Whoa. Was that a space ship?

Reeves gets up and they run into the middle of the highway to look at it speed away.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Dude, this feels too real to be an hallucination. You know what I'm thinking? We're not hallucinating. We're still sleeping. This is a dream!

REEVES

We're both in the same dream?

HARRIS

I guess so. But am I in *your* dream or are you in *my* dream?

REEVES

Probably mine. I always dream of spaceships.

SFX: CAR HORN

A PRIUS speeds by, barely missing them.

REEVES (CONT'D)
Some spaceships are nicer than
others.

CUT TO:

16 EXT. TRUCK STOP ENTRANCE - LATER

Hot and tired from walking, they pass through the parking lot
and reach the entrance.

The automatic doors open...

AUTOMATIC VOICE (O.S.)
Welcome.

REEVES
Talking door. Cool.

They walk in...

17 INT. TRUCK STOP - CONTINUOUS

REEVES
A room full of people using
calculators? We walked for hours to
a math convention!

REVEAL a large room filled with long haul TRUCKERS and
FAMILIES, almost all of whom are texting into smartphones.

REEVES (CONT'D)
I fucking hate math. I was wrong --
we're in *your* dream. I'm going to
the bathroom.

Reeves crosses out.

Harris starts to cross to the newspapers. He's distracted by
a large moving image hanging on the wall -- he's never seen a
PLASMA TV before. It's so thin!

HARRIS
Man, I'm imagining some amazing
shit.

ON THE SCREEN

NEWS REPORTER
*..and earlier today the President
addressed these allegations at a
White House press conference.*

The image changes to PRESIDENT OBAMA behind a podium bearing the presidential seal.

OBAMA

These reports are unfounded...

BACK TO HARRIS

HARRIS

A black president! Wow!

He said that loud. PEOPLE nearby turn and stare.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

(defensive)

A man can dream.

CUT TO:

18 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Reeves finishes peeing at one of the many urinals. He looks for the flush handle but there isn't one.

He steps back. The toilet automatically flushes.

He considers this and steps in front of the urinal next to him then steps away. Sure enough, *that* toilet automatically flushes.

CUT TO:

19 INT. NEWSPAPER RACK

Harris scans the NEWSPAPERS. Something catches his eye. He grows concerned.

CUT BACK TO:

20 INT. MEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reeves runs back and forth in front of the wall of urinals, getting them to flush at will. He's playing the urinals like an instrument to the beat of a hip-hop song.

He's interrupted by Harris who rushes in with A NEWSPAPER.

HARRIS

(worried)

Dude, look at this.

Reeves crosses to the row of sinks.

REEVES

Me first! Check this out.

(to sink)

Hello, Mr. Sink. I'd like to wash my hands.

Reeves sticks his hands near the faucet -- the intra-red automatically dispenses water.

HARRIS

Forget that. Look!

REEVES

(reading headline)

Government Approves Stem Cell Research--

HARRIS

The date.

REEVES

October 18th, 2015. It's one of those fake newspapers.

HARRIS

I don't think so. Read the story.

REEVES

(reading)

Em-bra-yewn-nic-- Embryonic stem cells derive from tissue in the cell mass-- Why am I reading this?

HARRIS

I don't know shit about embryonic stem cells so I couldn't have written that. And you don't know anything about 'em--

REEVES

I know a little.

HARRIS

You can't even pronounce it!

REEVES

(defensive)

It was the first word in the sentence! I wasn't warmed up.

Harris suddenly gets an idea. He HITS Reeves across his face.

REEVES (CONT'D)
What the fuck!

HARRIS
(worried)
You didn't wake up! Shit! Hit me
back.

REEVES
No.

Harris has neither the time nor patience to negotiate. He needs to prove this theory.

Just then a LARGE BIKER enters the restroom.

HARRIS
Hey Sweetheart, how about a
blowjob?

As Harris expected, the biker HITS Harris in the face.

Harris falls to the ground as the biker turns around and walks out in disgust.

Reeves helps Harris back up.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
(scared)
Did you see that? You know what
this means?

REEVES
You can't take a punch?

HARRIS
No.

REEVES
You're gay in this dream?

HARRIS
This is not a dream!

REEVES
You're gay in real life?

HARRIS
No!!
(laying it out)
If either of us are actually
dreaming and got hit THAT HARD...
See where I'm going?

Beat.

REEVES

No.

HARRIS

We'd have woken up! This is not a dream! This is all real!

Reeves suddenly understands and grows scared...

REEVES

Wait a minute. In other words, you're saying this is not a dream? This is all real?

Harris nervously nods.

HARRIS

We've been asleep for almost thirty years!

They share a look of horror!

CUT TO:

21 INT. PAYPHONE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Reeves follows Harris, trying not to panic. They cross to where a wall of payphones used to be but have been removed.

REEVES

Somebody stole the phones!

One phone remains at the far end. They run to it.

HARRIS

(re: coins needed)
Seventy-five cents? Jesus, the future's expensive!

Harris digs into his pocket, finds some change and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

(thru phone speaker)
The number you have dialed has been disconnected...

Harris hangs up.

HARRIS
My parent's number is disconnected.
They had that number for forty
years.

REEVES
Try my house.

Harris puts in some more coins and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
(thru phone speaker)
The number you have dialed...

Harris hangs up and shakes his head.

HARRIS
This is bad. Really bad.

REEVES
How'd this happen?

HARRIS
That pot. It must've put us into
some sorta weird deep sleep.

REEVES
We need to go back to that dealer.
Maybe she has an anecdote.

HARRIS
You mean to send us back? We can't
go back in time.

REEVES
Why not? We went forward in time.

HARRIS
We just slept. You can't..unsleep.

REEVES
Fucking CIA. Always messing things
up. First Vietnam, now this. What
do we do?

HARRIS
(winging it)
We..I don't know. Find a tow-truck.
Get your van out of that ditch and
then...I don't know...Drive home, I
guess. See what's still there.

22 EXT. HIGHWAY

MUSIC: TAKE ME HOME by Phil Collins

Reeve's van, its paint mostly gone from being buried in sand for 29 years, drives toward their hometown in the distance.

23 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The van comes to a stop.

CLOSE ON Reeves and Harris as they look across the street in disbelief.

REEVES

Your parents definitely don't live there anymore.

HARRIS

They really mean it when they say you can't go home again.

REVEAL a strip mall now stands where houses used to be.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Our school's a Home Depot, your house is an empty lot and mine is a Palestinian donut shop. There's nothing left from our lives!

REEVES

(re: sign on donut shop)
What the hell is "gluten free?"

HARRIS

Let's try Debbie's old house. Maybe her parents still live there.

They drive off.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. DOCTOROW FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Harris rings the INTERCOM next to the door.

MRS. DOCTOROW (O.S.)

(thru intercom speaker)
Hello?

HARRIS

Mrs. Doctorow?

MRS. DOCTOROW (O.S.)

Yes.

HARRIS

It's Harris. Harris Weber.

MRS. DOCTOROW (O.S.)

Who?

HARRIS

Debbie's boyfriend-- Her *old* boyfriend.

Silence.

MRS. DOCTOROW (O.S.)

(angry)

Harris has been dead for thirty years. This isn't funny.

The intercom hangs up.

REEVES

Somebody's gonna be laughing soon.

Harris rings the intercom again.

MRS. DOCTOROW (O.S.)

Go away! Leave!

The intercom hangs up. Harris rings again.

The door suddenly opens, revealing an angry MRS. DOCTOROW.

HARRIS

Hi, Mrs. Doctorow. I'm sorry to bother you so late.

She stares in disbelief.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I know this is weird. You probably didn't expect to see me after all these years--

Harris notices a tear rolling down her face.

Harris suddenly realizes she's not *that* Mrs. Doctorow.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Debbie?

Harris opens his arms to hug Debbie, now in her 40s.

Wham! She punches Harris in the face.

CUT TO:

25 INT. DOCTOROW LIVING ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

Harris has an ICEPACK over his eye from getting punched.

DEBBIE

You want me to believe that you bought some super-pot from a woman named Joe, who was fucking some CIA guy, who was growing pot in Area 51 where they keep the aliens, on your way to the concert that you never got to because your van fell into a ditch where you slept for thirty years and all of a sudden this morning you woke up and here you are.

HARRIS

Crazy, right?

DEBBIE

Is all this supposed to be funny?

Reeves looks around the room.

REEVES

I can't believe you still live with your parents.

DEBBIE

(annoyed)

I don't. The house is mine now. Stay on topic. What really happened to you guys?

HARRIS

That *is* what happened.

Debbie sighs. Are they really gonna play this out?

DEBBIE

Do you have any idea how serious your disappearance was? There were news stories, missing person reports, private detectives were hired... Nobody could figure out where you guys disappeared to.

(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Eventually we all assumed you were dead so your parents held funerals for closure.

HARRIS

Really?

DEBBIE

Yeah really. You're buried in that cemetery on Madison Road.

(then)

There was a rumor you guys went to Central America and ended up in jail down there. Is that what happened?

HARRIS

We're telling you what happened. We don't understand it either--

Debbie stands up.

DEBBIE

O-kay, we're done. It's really late. You guys have to go now.

She walks to the front door. Harris and Reeves follow.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I'm sure if we were still in high school I'd find this joke a lot funnier. We'll have coffee tomorrow. You can tell me the real story then.

She holds the door open, ushering them out.

HARRIS

Do you know where my parents are? Their number was disconnected.

She gives Harris a disgusted look.

DEBBIE

Really? *Really?* When'd you become so insensitive?

HARRIS

How's that insensitive?

Debbie stares at him.

DEBBIE

(realizing)

Oh my god. You didn't know they died, did you?

(sincere)

Wow. I'm sorry to break this to you. They passed away, like, ten years ago.

REEVES

Bummer, Dude.

(to Debbie)

What about mine?

DEBBIE

Yours moved away after the funeral. Nobody's heard from them. Look, I hate to be rude. I'm glad you guys are still alive and this is all overwhelming but I'm really exhausted and I have to be at work early so...

She gestures towards the door again.

HARRIS

(remembering)

Oh, here. We never made it, so, best I could find.

He hands her a t-shirt he had in his pocket and they leave.

DEBBIE

(reading shirt)

Travel Centers of America.

FADE TO:

26

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DOCTOROW HOUSE - MORNING

CLOSE ON a hand as it KNOCKS on the other side of glass.

REVEAL Reeves and Harris asleep in the front seats of the van. The knocking wakes them.

Harris sees DEBBIE, dressed for work. He rolls down the window.

HARRIS

Good morning.

DEBBIE

You guys slept out here?

HARRIS

We've been sleeping in this van a lot recently.

DEBBIE

I can't believe you still have this thing. Look, I'm sorry I was rude last night. I was caught off-guard. I mean, you suddenly return and won't say where you were--

HARRIS

You look nice. All business-like.

Debbie is thrown by the unexpected compliment.

DEBBIE

Thanks.

(then)

The house is locked but if you want to clean up, there's a rinse-off shower on the side of the house.

HARRIS

That'd be great.

REEVES

Hey Debb, who owns the skateboard in the backyard?

DEBBIE

When were you in my backyard?

REEVES

I had to pee during the night. If I went in front, your neighbors might've seen.

DEBBIE

How considerate of you. The skateboard belongs to my son.

HARRIS

You have a kid? How old?

DEBBIE

Fifteen. He was at his dad's last night.

HARRIS

That's so cool. When can we meet him?

DEBBIE
Let's..hold off on that. For now.

REEVES
He's ugly? We won't laugh.

DEBBIE
What kind of thing is that to say!
He's not ugly!

REEVES
Retarded?

DEBBIE
Okay, you know why we're gonna hold
off? 'Cause of comments like that.
(re: van)
And all this. I don't want him
around people who aren't good role
models.

She immediately realizes how that sounded.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
I didn't mean it like that.
(reconsidering)
I don't know, maybe I did. You show
up on my doorstep, looking
homeless, sleeping in a van...
Brad's at a very impressionable age-

HARRIS
Not good role models?

DEBBIE
I don't know. Look, anything I say
now isn't gonna sound nice. I have
to go to work.

She leaves, too guilty to make eye contact.

Harris and Reeves remain in the van, letting what she said
sink in. Reeves takes out a joint and lights it.

REEVES
Might be time for you guys to start
seeing other people.

HARRIS
(re: Reeve's joint)
I thought the pot was all gone.

REEVES

It's Debbie's. I found a bag of joints behind the porch-light.

Harris shakes his head in disbelief and takes a toke.

HARRIS

She hides weed from her son but we're the bad role models.

REEVES

She's a hypocrite. I always said that.

HARRIS

When?

REEVES

I would've. Had I known.

HARRIS

How'd you know to look behind the porch-light?

REEVES

There wasn't anything hidden by the flower pots. Made sense to search there next.

CUT TO:

27 EXT. BACKYARD - AN HOUR LATER

There's a garage with a small guest room above it.

Reeves and Harris have showered and shaven off their beards. They're relaxing on the outdoor furniture, passing a joint.

REEVES

Birdfeeder water makes great aftershave.

(then)

So, what do we do now?

HARRIS

Well, first, we stop trying to tell people what really happened. Those truckstop people, the towing dude, Debbie... they all said we sound crazy.

Reeves nods.

REEVES

I barely believe what happened and I was there.

HARRIS

Right. Since nobody's ever gonna believe us, I say we drop the story, accept our situation and just pick up where we left off.

REEVES

You mean start our business? Sell coffee out of my van?

HARRIS

Exactly. With inflation I bet we can get two dollars a cup now.

REEVES

Two bucks for a cup of coffee? Dude, you're back to sounding crazy again.

They're interrupted by somebody coming through the gate.

HARRIS

Someone's coming. Hide the joint.

Reeves puts the whole joint into his mouth.

A moment later, BRAD (15), Debbie's son, enters the backyard.

BRAD

Who the fuck are you guys!

HARRIS

Brad, right? We're friends of your mom.

BRAD

My mom's friends don't smoke pot.
(noticing bag on table)
That's my fucking bag of joints!

Reeves takes the joint out of his mouth. It's still lit.

HARRIS

You kiss your mother with that mouth?

BRAD

No, but I licked your mother's pussy with this mouth.

REEVES
Liar! His mom's dead!

BRAD
Oh, *I'm* the liar?

REEVES
You hid your stash from your mom. I wonder what that secret's worth?

BRAD
As much as me telling her you broke into the house and were snooping through her closets. Checkmate, Fuck Face.

REEVES
(admitting; to Harris)
This guy's good.
(to Brad)
Shouldn't you be in school?

BRAD
Shouldn't you be lawn bowling at an old folks home? You guys need to pay me back for that joint.

HARRIS
How 'bout this? Hook us up with your dealer and we'll pay you back.

BRAD
Dealer? Nobody has a dealer anymore. You mean store?

HARRIS
(sarcastic)
Right. You can just walk into a 7-11 and grab a couple bags of weed along with your munchies.

Brad isn't sure if these guys are messing with him or not.

BRAD
I didn't say any store-- You guys know pot's legal here, right?

Reeves and Harris share a look. Could that possibly be true?

HARRIS
It is?

BRAD
You losers been asleep for the past
decade?

REEVES
(defensive)
Maybe.

28 EXT. OUTSIDE MEDICAL CLINIC

Our guys walk up to the front entrance.

REEVES
I don't understand why we have to
go to a doctor to buy pot from a
store

BRAD
If you have a prescription, they
give a discount.

REEVES
Pot at a discount? It's like my
birthday!

BRAD
I told you I'll hook you up.

They all head in.

29 INT. DOCTOR'S EXAMINING ROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Reeves is sitting on the examining table. A sexy female
physician, DR. GALES, walks in with a clipboard.

Reeves is immediately in love.

REEVES
Well hel-lo, Nurse.

DR. GALES
I'm not the nurse. I'm Doctor
Gales.

Reeves runs his eyes up and down her body.

REEVES
What a waste. With a body like that
you should definitely consider
becoming a nurse.

She forces a smile, letting the comment pass.

Reeves takes off his shirt.

DR. GALES

There's no need to take that off.

REEVES

I don't mind. I've taken off more for chicks uglier than you.

She lifts her clipboard to take notes.

DR. GALES

I assume you have trouble sleeping at night?

REEVES

No. Not at all.

(suggestive)

I can stay up all night if I had to.

She again ignores his comment.

DR. GALES

(leading)

You look like you have a lot of chronic pain.

REEVES

No.

(suggestive)

But I do have a few itches. Itches that need to be scratched.

DR. GALES

Mr. Cornell--

REEVES

Reeves.

DR. GALES

Mr. Cornell, I can't write a prescription for medical marijuana unless there's an actual need. Do you understand?

REEVES

You like Italian food?

DR. GALES

(very leading)

You feel you're under a lot of pressure and wish you had something to calm you down. Am I correct?

REEVES

I took *my* shirt off, you should
take off yours.

DR. GALES

I'm not a prostitute!

REEVES

You know what would be great right
now? A handjob. NOT A PROSTITUTE
handjob! One of those medical
handjobs.

That was the last straw. She takes out a rubber glove and
angrily puts it on.

DR. GALES

Lower your pants and bend over.

REEVES

Now we're talkin'.

30 INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harris, Brad and OTHER PATIENTS are seated, waiting to go in.
Through the reception glass they hear...

REEVES

(in pain)

AAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!

CUT TO:

31 INT. LARGE POT STORE - LATER

CLOSE ON a SLIDING GLASS DOOR.

The door opens revealing Harris and Reeves. They walk into
the Walmart of pot stores -- everything imaginable is on
display before them.

Their eyes go wide -- two kids in a candy store.

A POT SALESMAN crosses in.

POT SALESMAN

How can I help medicate you?

HARRIS

We'll take it all.

The salesman CHUCKLES.

POT SALESMAN

You can't have it all. What type of cannabis are you interested in?

HARRIS

Cannabis? Fuck that. We're here to score some weed.

REEVES

(proudly showing pot card)
At a discount.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

Harris, Reeves and Brad come around a corner, smoking a joint. They're fooling around with Brad's iPhone.

SIRI (V.O.)

(thru iPhone speaker)
The capital of Finland is Helsinki.

HARRIS

How'd she know that!

BRAD

I can't believe you never heard of Siri.

Reeves takes the phone.

REEVES

She doesn't know everything.
(into iPhone)
How much wood would a woodchuck
chuck if a woodchuck could chuck
wood?

SIRI (V.O.)

European or African woodchuck?

REEVES

See? I knew I could stump here.

Brad takes the phone back from Reeves.

BRAD

(into iPhone)
African.

SIRI (V.O.)

42 cords.

REEVES

I don't know if that's actually right. I'm gonna call it a tie.

(then)

Gotta say though, She sounds hot.

(into iPhone)

Hey Siri, how much wood would you suck of my wood if you could suck my wood--

Harris grabs the phone and turns it off.

HARRIS

Dude, that's harassment.

They pass a Starbucks.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

What are all these Starbucks?

BRAD

What do you mean?

HARRIS

They're all over. What are they?

BRAD

They sell coffee, hello?

Reeves and Harris stop and look at each other in shock.

HARRIS

All these Starbuck places on every corner sell coffee?

REEVES

And sometimes in the middle of the block if there isn't a corner?

Brad nods.

HARRIS & REEVES

(at each other)

Debbie's dad stole our idea!!

FADE TO:

33

EXT. CEMETERY - LATER

CLOSE ON 2 HEADSTONES...

"HARRIS WEBER 'He was like a son to us'"

"REEVES CORNELL 1964 to around 1985"

HARRIS (O.S.)

"Like" a son?

REVEAL Harris and Reeves sitting on the grass in front of their headstones, smoking a joint.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I was their son. This is so weird.

REEVES

Totally. And we're not even in there. We're, like, the unknown soldier. Except we're not soldiers. And we're not unknown.

KID (O.S.)

It's bad to smoke cigarettes.

A YOUNG KID (8) dressed in an over-sized suit has wandered over from some funeral.

REEVES

It's dope.

KID

It's still smoking.

(then)

You're not supposed to lean against the headstones.

REEVES

What are you, the cemetery police? These are *our* graves. Get away!

KID

You guys ghosts?

REEVES

Yeah, that's it. We're ghosts. Boo!

KID

Why'd they bury you in *those* clothes? Were you poor?

REEVES

Get out of here.

KID

If you guys are ghosts, how come I can't see through you?

REEVES

Because we smoke too much. I said
get out of here. Scat!

The kid scampers off.

They lean back against their tombstones and look out across
the tranquil cemetery. It's peaceful.

After a few beats...

HARRIS

This is the life, huh? Sitting on
our tombstones, smoking a joint. I
never thought I'd live long enough.
(then)
I'm hungry.

REEVES

Me too. A bowl of chili would be
great right now. Think they sell
any at that funeral flower shop?

HARRIS

Doubt it.

Harris takes a hit and passes the joint to Reeves.

REEVES

There's never any food around when
you're high.

HARRIS

Oh my god! I just came up with the
best idea in the world!

REEVES

A TV with a hose in front that
sucks your dick? Already thought of
it.

HARRIS

What's the one question everybody
asks when they get high?

REEVES

How come you can't un-melt cheese?

HARRIS

(answering for him)
"Where can we get some food?"
Here's the idea -- we open a
restaurant that serves chili with
pot in it!

(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 They'll eat the chili, get the
 munchies and keep ordering more!

REEVES
 Chili's easy to spill. They'll end
 up ordering two bowls for every one
 they eat. It's brilliant! Wait a
 sec. We'll be super successful.
 Millionaires can't live off the
 grid.

Harris thinks about this. He's right.

HARRIS
 We'll make sure not to be super
 successful. Just really successful.

REEVES
 That's a good compromise. Where we
 gonna get the money to open a
 restaurant?

HARRIS
 We'll go to a bank. Get a loan.

REEVES
 Dude, you're like an idea machine
 today.

CUT TO:

34 INT. BANK - SHORT TIME LATER

Harris and Reeves do their best to look business-like as a
 dull-suited LOAN OFFICER reviews their application.

Reeves fiddles with a pen on the desk.

HARRIS
 (sotto)
 Stop playing with that.

The loan officer is finishes reviewing their application.

LOAN OFFICER
 No.

HARRIS
 Why not? There aren't any chili
 restaurants around here. Are there?
 We don't actually know.

LOAN OFFICER
It's the marijuana aspect.

HARRIS
Pot is legal.

REEVES
What, have you been asleep for the
past decade?

LOAN OFFICER
I'm aware that marijuana is legal,
Mr...
(checking application)
..Weber, but that doesn't mean this
bank endorses it. We're a
conservative organization.

Harris stands up.

HARRIS
Well, maybe this bank doesn't
support it but there are plenty
banks that do!

CUT TO:

35 INT. ANOTHER BANK - SHORT TIME LATER

Same surroundings, different signage.

ANOTHER LOAN OFFICER
I'm sorry.

CUT TO:

36 INT. YET ANOTHER BANK - SHORT TIME LATER

YET ANOTHER LOAN OFFICER
Nope.

CUT TO:

37 INT. AND YET ANOTHER BANK - SHORT TIME LATER

AND YET ANOTHER LOAN OFFICER
Get the fuck out of here.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. WELLS FARGO - SHORT TIME LATER

Harris and Reeves approach the entrance.

REEVES

This time let's leave out the part about the weed. Tell 'em it's just a chili restaurant.

HARRIS

That's lying.

REEVES

No it's not. It's just not telling the truth.

HARRIS

They'll eventually find out.

REEVES

Yeah, when we open. By then we'll be paying back the loan. That's all they care about.

HARRIS

I don't know...

REEVES

Those cafes that sell paintings on the walls? You think they got a loan for a restaurant AND art gallery? They added the art later.

HARRIS

That's a good point.

REEVES

Dude, this is the only bank left. You want a loan or not?

Harris begrudgingly nods as Reeves holds open the door.

39 INT. WELLS FARGO - SHORT TIME LATER

MR. CASWELL, the loan officer, finishes reading their application.

CASWELL

So your restaurant will serve only chili?

Reeves gives Harris a look -- You know the answer...

HARRIS
Chili only. Nothing else.

CASWELL
It's a simple idea. It could work.

He looks at his computer screen...

CASWELL (CONT'D)
Wow. You guys must have really good credit. Not one negative thing pops up.

HARRIS
We work hard to be responsible.

REEVES
We didn't bring a bag to put the money in. Can we borrow one?

The loan officer chuckles.

CASWELL
Slow down. The application process takes a few days. Then you'll have to give a short presentation to the loan board but I don't see any red flags.

Caswell holds out his hand to shake.

FADE TO:

40 INT. DOCTOROW LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brad competes against himself in a DJ video game, playing along to over-produced EDM music projected onto a big screen TV as Harris and Reeves watch.

EDM MUSIC TBD

Brad finishes.

REEVES
That is awesome!

HARRIS
It's like you're actually a DJ in a club!

BRAD
Bad ass, right?

HARRIS

Why'd you choose that song though?
That was the worst music ever.

BRAD

What are you talking about? That
was by David Guetta. You know who
David Guetta is?

REEVES

(duh)
17th century chemist. First to bond
sodium molecules to aluminum alloy.

BRAD

(ignoring Reeves)
He's the biggest DJ in the world.

REEVES

I was thinking of a different one.

HARRIS

Pull up the song list. Let me show
you this game with some *real* music.

Brad pulls up the song list. Harris quickly scans through it.

REEVES

Look at that list!

Harris finds a song he likes and waits for it to load.

HARRIS

Here we go. Some old school. Stand
back, gentlemen.

The game starts.

MUSIC TBD

Harris is killing it.

Reeves jumps in, grabs the mic and sings along. Brad joins in
too. It's a party!

Suddenly Debbie enters through the front door. She sees
Reeves and Harris.

DEBBIE

What? Are you kidding me!

Harris and Reeves freeze. Brad turns off the game.

BRAD

Hey, Mom. You never told me you had such cool friends.

DEBBIE

(steaming inside)

Brad, can you go to your room for a sec? I want to talk to my "cool" friends here alone.

BRAD

No problem. We'll pick this up later.

(as he exits)

By the way, I said they can stay in the guest house.

DEBBIE

What? No!

BRAD

Why not? We never use it--

DEBBIE

Brad..just...please? Can you leave us for a few minutes?

Brad recognizes that tone - if he stays she'll start yelling at him. He begrudgingly exits.

BRAD

I really like these guys, Mom.

He's out.

DEBBIE

(to herself, thrown)

"I really like these guys?"

HARRIS

Before you get mad--

DEBBIE

What's the one fucking thing I said this morning!

REEVES

You said a few fucking things--

DEBBIE

I don't want you guys meeting my son! Remember that? I said that, didn't I? I had one request-- I am SO pissed right now.

HARRIS

Yeah, well, you're not the only one who's pissed. Your dad stole our idea.

DEBBIE

(lost)
What?

HARRIS

The founder of Starbucks. That's your dad, isn't it?

DEBBIE

What are you talking about?

REEVES

Admit it. Your dad's prancing around in his mansion somewhere, laughing at us.

DEBBIE

My dad can't even walk. He's in an assisted living home, confined to a wheelchair.

REEVES

A solid *gold* wheelchair, right? Probably being pushed around by a herd of Filipino houseboys. How's he pay for that? From selling overpriced cups of coffee that we invented!

DEBBIE

My dad has nothing to do with Starbucks-- I want you both to leave.

HARRIS

We want to run a proposition by you--
-

DEBBIE

Whatever it is, no.

REEVES

If I can say something--

DEBBIE

No. You cannot.

REEVES

Fair enough. I'll go check on Brad.

Reeves starts towards Brad's room.

DEBBIE

No. No!!

Reeves keeps going.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hello? Do you guys hear anything I say?

HARRIS

Reeves and I are going to open a restaurant--

DEBBIE

Good luck with that. Leave.

HARRIS

(plowing ahead)

Thing is, we planned badly. We have no money and can't keep sleeping in the van. You have a guest house--

DEBBIE

(firm)

You're not staying here.

HARRIS

Let me finish! In exchange for letting us stay, I don't know, a week, maybe two, we'll cook dinner for you and Brad every night. We're good cooks. Obviously. We're opening a restaurant--

Debbie goes to interrupt...

HARRIS (CONT'D)

AND I KNOW, the role model thing. Look -- we shaved. That's a start, right? And we promise we won't stay out late or curse or do drugs or gamble, have seances, perform human sacrifices, raise sea monkeys, hold Tupperware parties..I'm not gonna stop listing things until you agree. Your hair looks good by the way. And I'm not just saying that to butter you up 'cause I know you're smart enough to see through a fake compliment...

He can see she's beginning to loosen up.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I see my charm is working but just to be safe I'm gonna beg: C'mon, let us stay. We were close once. Help out an old friend. An old *boyfriend*. Who just found out he's an orphan. Who's seen you naked and been in your bed--

DEBBIE

Don't go there!

Harris makes a puppy-dog face. That finally did it.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Damn you! It *would* be nice to have some home-cooked meals.

(deadly serious)

Look at me. My son is the most important thing in my life. I'm gonna hold you guys to what you just said - no cursing or bringing home strangers or doing drugs...

Harris raises his hand.

HARRIS

Promise.

DEBBIE

(giving in)

You can stay. For *two* weeks. Max.

HARRIS

Thank you, thank you!

DEBBIE

I'm only doing this 'cause Brad dislikes everyone. Clearly you reprogrammed his brain and I want to find out how.

Harris goes to hug her but hesitates, not knowing if it would be right. She hesitates also but then relents and lets him.

CUT TO:

41 INT. GUEST HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

The guys have just finished moving their few belongings from the van into the room. It's pretty sparse - 2 twin beds, an old dresser... but it will do for a couple of weeks.

Harris hands Reeves a lit joint.

REEVES
Why'd you tell her we don't do
drugs!

HARRIS
It just slipped out. Oh, and we
can't curse either.

REEVES
Are you fucking kidding me!

Reeves takes a big hit and hands the joint back to Harris.

HARRIS
We can still smoke and curse, we
just can't let her see it. Or smell
it. Open a window.

Harris starts to leave for the main house.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
I'm gonna start dinner. That was
another part of the deal -- dinners
for her and the kid. I'll cook
tonight. You've got tomorrow.

REEVES
That's not fair. You should cook
all the meals. You get to fuck her.

HARRIS
What are you talking about? She
doesn't even like me anymore.

Harris exits to the house.

CUT TO:

42 INT. DOCTOROW KITCHEN - LATER

Debbie sits at the kitchen counter watching Harris chop
vegetables. They are both drinking wine.

HARRIS
Knock knock.

DEBBIE
Really?

HARRIS
C'mon...

DEBBIE
Who's there?

HARRIS
Honey Bee.

DEBBIE
Honey Bee, who?

HARRIS
Honey Bee a dear and get me a beer.

DEBBIE
That's the best you got?

She goes to the refrigerator and grabs a beer.

HARRIS
So..what happened to Brad's dad?

Debbie tenses up. The conversation suddenly turned personal.

DEBBIE
It...didn't work out.

HARRIS
Yeah, I kinda got that. C'mon,
details.

Debbie hesitates but then decides to let it all out...

DEBBIE
His name is David. I met him around
fifteen years after you...
(pointedly)
"vanished". I'm still in high
school and my first love drives off
and never calls. Talk about
abandonment issues! You really
screwed me up, you know. I mean, if
I knew you were kidnapped or died
or something...but there was always
that possibility you just hated
your life and ran away. From me.
Every boyfriend since,
unconsciously, I was thinking he'd
abandon me too. Anyway, that's what
the therapist said so thanks for
fucking up all my relationships.
(then)
Wow. That felt good.

Harris has been listening as best someone with only 18 years of life experience can. All he sees though is somebody who has talked herself into a cage of her own making.

HARRIS

(sincere)

Sorry. I guess. I didn't ask for this to happen, it just did. This is all confusing to me too.

(then)

Just so you know, we didn't try to meet Brad. We didn't know he'd be home so early.

DEBBIE

He skipped class?

Harris realizes he may have opened up a can of worms.

HARRIS

I didn't mean early. I just said that. Relax.

DEBBIE

It's hard raising a kid as a single mom, okay? I worry. I'm always worried. Worried he'll break a bone skateboarding, worried he'll fall into the wrong crowd...

HARRIS

He won't fall into the wrong crowd.

DEBBIE

You barely know him.

HARRIS

With a mom like you, I mean, you know, one who cares? He won't.

Debbie is disarmed by this compliment.

CUT TO:

43 INT. DOCTOROW HOUSE - MORNING

Debbie has left for work. Reeves is on Debbie's computer. Harris enters.

HARRIS

Ready to go? What are you doing?

REEVES
Searching for my parents.

HARRIS
On Debbie's computer?

REEVES
She said I could use it. There are
all these chat rooms and support
groups where you can search for
people.

SFX: DING

REEVES (CONT'D)
I got a friend request!
(looking at screen)
From Nigeria!

Harris comes around and looks at the screen.

HARRIS
Facebook?

REEVES
It's this place where people tell
the entire world the most
unimportant things.
(re: status listing)
See? This guy announced he just
brushed his teeth-- Oh. Now he's
finished.

HARRIS
We gotta go check out those
restaurant spaces.

Reeves hits a keyboard key and the screen shuts off.

REEVES
Let's do this.

Reeves gets up and they start to exit when...

SFX: SKYPE RING SOUND

HARRIS
I thought you turned it off.

REEVES
I thought I did.

They return to the computer and look at the screen.

REVEAL MR. DOCTOROW'S HEAD (30 years older) on the screen via SKYPE.

MR. DOCTOROW
(on screen)
Who are you guys?

HARRIS
Dude, that looks like Mr. Doctorow.

REEVES
Yeah, only older. And uglier.

MR. DOCTOROW
I can hear you!

REEVES
It can interact! This is so cool --
you can put your family members
into games.

MR. DOCTOROW
I'm not a game! I'm on Skype!

REEVES
That must be the planet he's on.
(loud; at screen)
We're on Earth. Over.

MR. DOCTOROW
Where the fuck is my daughter?

REEVES
He's on Planet Skype and his
daughter's missing...
(realizing)
I bet the object is to rescue them!
(loud; at screen)
What are your coordinates? We're
coming for you. Over.

HARRIS
Dude, you don't have time to play
this now. Turn it off.

Reeves reaches for the computer cord to unplug it.

MR. DOCTOROW
Do not disconnect me--

Too late. The screen goes blank as they exit.

CUT TO:

44 INT. EMPTY RETAIL SPACE - SHORT TIME LATER

LANDLORD
What kind of restaurant you
planning?

HARRIS
It's gonna be called The Chili Pot.
We're gonna serve only chili.

LANDLORD
That's gonna pay the rent?

HARRIS
Each bowl's gonna cost twenty
dollars a pop.

LANDLORD
For chili!

REEVES
(leaning)
We have a secret ingredient. We're
gonna put "cannibus" in it.

LANDLORD
No, you're not.

REEVES
Hey man, it's our recipe.

LANDLORD
You're not selling pot on my
property.

HARRIS
Marijuana is legal.

LANDLORD
So's a tittie bar. But you're not
gonna open up one of those in my
building either.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. ANOTHER STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

They walk down the street.

REEVES
Who'd think, thirty years later,
racism would still be alive in
America?

HARRIS

I don't think that had anything to do with race.

REEVES

Dude, wake up! He was a landlord and he was white.

(then)

What's the deal with these conservative types? They all hate us.

HARRIS

They don't hate us, they hate the pot. Hopefully at this next place it won't matter.

As they walk...

REEVES

What do you think about "Reeves Almighty"?

HARRIS

For what?

REEVES

My Twitter handle.

(off Harris' confused look)

Twitter's this thing on the computer where you announce stuff publicly and get people to follow you. It's like being Jesus. But harder.

HARRIS

Why's it harder?

REEVES

On Twitter you only get 140 characters to win-over followers. Jesus got to ramble a lot.

Harris stops.

HARRIS

Here we are.

A sign in the window reads: RESTAURANT FOR LEASE. Harris rings the buzzer.

REEVES

I say we go back to hiding the part
about the weed. Worked with the
bank.

The BUILDING OWNER, a hippie-looking guy with blood-shot
eyes, appears in the doorway wearing a tie-die shirt.

BUILDING OWNER

Duudddes.

He exhales smoke. Harris and Reeves recognize the smell.

HARRIS

(to Reeves)

I don't think we're gonna have to
resort to that.

CUT TO:

46 INT. FORMER RESTAURANT SPACE - SHORT TIME LATER

They cross into the main room from a just-completed tour of
the kitchen.

HARRIS

And all the kitchen equipment's
included in the rent? What about
the stove?

BUILDING OWNER

Stove, refrigerators... What you
see is what you get.

(then)

Chili with weed in it. Right on. I
once replaced my bong water with
soup.

HARRIS

We'll take it.

BUILDING OWNER

I don't know if I still have it.
That was years ago.

HARRIS

No. This space.

BUILDING OWNER

Oh. Cool. I'll need a five thousand
dollar deposit.

HARRIS

Can you hold it for us? We're still waiting for our loan.

BUILDING OWNER

No can do. And just so you know, I got some other dudes coming over tomorrow afternoon to look at it.

47 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RESTAURANT SPACE - SHORT TIME LATER

Harris and Reeves sit on the curb.

REEVES

This place is perfect. Maybe the bank'll give us a loan while we wait for the loan.

HARRIS

(remembering)

Wait a sec! My grandparents used to put money in the bank for me every year. I wasn't allowed to touch it until I was twenty-one.

REEVES

You can definitely pass for twenty-one now! How much?

HARRIS

I was up to, like, four thousand dollars or something.

REEVES

Dude, that will be enough! With thirty years of compound interest, it's probably worth four or five times that by now. You just saved the day.

CUT TO:

48 INT. DOCTOROW KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Brad helps Reeves and Harris make chili. They offer Debbie a taste to get her opinion.

DEBBIE

Delicious.

REEVES

It's a new recipe I'm experimenting with. I make chili from scratch and then add a can of store-bought chili to give it flavor.

DEBBIE

Interesting approach.

REEVES

Thank you. Hey, did you know Clark Gable ate chili the night he died? I read that on Goggle.

BRAD

(moron)
Google?

REEVES

(covering)
Some people say Goggle.

BRAD

Who?

REEVES

Okay, you got me.

Brad and Reeves share a small laugh. Debbie can't help but notice how well Brad is getting along with the guys.

BRAD

Hey Mom, Harris and Reeves said they'll take me motocrossing this weekend.

DEBBIE

No they won't. I said you couldn't go.

BRAD

Because you didn't want to take me. These guys said they'll do it.

DEBBIE

It's not that I can't take you. I don't want you going. I told you, it's too dangerous.

BRAD

It's not dangerous.

DEBBIE

I'm not gonna argue.

HARRIS

It's actually safe. We'll have helmets and pads on.

DEBBIE

If it's safe, why do you need helmets and pads?

(to Brad)

You're not going.

Brad gets mad and pounds on the table.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Hey!

BRAD

You're not fun! You're never any fun. You're a fun killer!

Brad storms off.

HARRIS

I think you're being a little overprotective--

DEBBIE

I don't remember giving you a say here. He knew I didn't want him going. He used you to get around me.

HARRIS

I just don't understand why you're against him going--

DEBBIE

(mad)

Because I'm his mom! That's the reason. You think it's easy saying no! I hate saying no to my kid.

HARRIS

Sorry, I didn't--

DEBBIE

No, you didn't!

Debbie storms out.

Harris stands there, not knowing what hit him.

REEVES

Women just don't get it. Danger is why things are fun.

(MORE)

REEVES (CONT'D)
 In fact, go tell her she's wrong.
 Right now. It'll be fun.

CUT TO:

49 INT. GUEST HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Reeves is playing with an iPad while Harris waits on hold.

HARRIS
 (to Reeves)
 Hold music hasn't changed. Remember
 Jesse's Girl? Somehow they managed
 to make it sound worse--
 (into phone)
 Yeah, I'm here... How much?... I'm
 Sorry. I didn't understand. Can you
 repeat that?... In English?.. In
 better English?.. Okay. I think I
 got it... Thanks.

He hangs up.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 I was right. I had four thousand in
 the account. At a quarter percent
 over thirty years, it's worth just
 under forty-four hundred dollars.

REEVES
 Damn. The landlord guy needs five
 thousand.

HARRIS
 Guess we'll have to sell your van.

REEVES
 What! It's the only van I have.

HARRIS
 No. It's the only van you *had*.

Beat.

REEVES
 (sold)
 Dude, you should've been on the
 debate team. You're good.

Harris climbs into his bed.

HARRIS

Once we get the loan we'll buy it back.

(then)

You staying up?

REEVES

I'm just gonna wait 'til you fall asleep and then jerk off in the bathroom.

HARRIS

Remember you told me if you ever say stuff too weird to say out loud, I should tell you? Word.

REEVES

Noted.

TALKING BEAR

Noted.

HARRIS

What was that?

TALKING BEAR

What was that?

Reeves holds up an iPad.

REEVES

Brad loaned me his iPad.
It's a talking bear app that repeats what people say.

The MY TALKING TEDDY app on the iPad shows a cartoon bear saying stuff.

TALKING BEAR

B Brad loaned me his iPad.
It's a talking bear app that repeats what people say.

REEVES

Cool, right?

TALKING TEDDY

Cool, right?

HARRIS

Yeah. But it's little annoying.

TALKING TEDDY

Yeah. But it's little annoying.

HARRIS
Turn it off.

TALKING TEDDY
Turn it off.

HARRIS
I'm serious.

TALKING TEDDY
I'm serious.

HARRIS
God-dammit! Reeves. Stop!

TALKING TEDDY
God-dammit! Reeves. Stop!

REEVES
It's not me, Dude!

TALKING TEDDY
It's not me, Dude!

HARRIS
Fuck you, Talking Teddy. It's you,
Dude.

TALKING TEDDY
Fuck you, Talking Teddy. It's you,
Dude.

Harris gets up and takes the iPad from Reeves.

REEVES
Teddy's right. It's you.

TEDDY
Teddy's right. It's you.

HARRIS
(to Reeves)
Don't say anything else.

TALKING TEDDY
Don't say anything else.

REEVES
Okay, I won't.

TALKING TEDDY
Okay, I won't.

SMASH CUT TO:

CLOSE ON a VAN DOOR opening revealing...

50 EXT. USED CAR LOT - NEXT MORNING

A USED CAR SALESMAN looks over Reeve's van.

CAR SALESMAN
If you told me this thing was
buried in sand for a decade I'd
believe you.

REEVES
Really? Nobody has yet.

CAR SALESMAN
I'll give you nine hundred dollars.

Reeves winks at the salesman and turns the stereo way up. The speakers sound like shit.

SONG TBD

REEVES
(yelling over music)
Pioneer. 15 watts per channel!

After a few beats, Reeves turns the radio off.

CAR SALESMAN
I'll give you eight hundred.
(noticing bumper)
Is that rust?

REEVES
Wrap a little tin foil around that,
it'll look new.
(clarifying)
Fresh tin foil.

CAR SALESMAN
You're high.

REEVES
As a kite. Wanna hear the stereo
again?

CAR SALESMAN
(annoyed)
Only if you want to make it seven
hundred.

Reeves blasts the radio and starts doing a celebration dance.

REEVES

Deal.

CUT TO:

51 INT. GUEST HOUSE -- THAT EVENING

Harris watches WHERE ARE THEY NOW on the E! Channel. Reeves enters.

HARRIS

You wouldn't believe all the shit we missed. Remember George Foreman, that boxer? He's hawking portable grills now.

REEVES

He became poor? That's terrible.

HARRIS

And O.J. Simpson? They tried to put him in jail for killing his wife.

REEVES

Bullshit.

HARRIS

The jury found him not guilty though.

REEVES

Good. At least there's still some fairness left in the judicial system.

There's a KNOCK on the door. Harris makes himself presentable and opens it. It's Debbie. Reeves exits to main house.

DEBBIE

Hey. About the other night...

HARRIS

Don't worry about it.

DEBBIE

No, we sorta pushed it aside. I wanna say something.

(where to begin?)

Those things I said that first morning... Clearly I was wrong. Brad told me you're letting him hang out with you guys. I want you to know I really appreciate that.

HARRIS

It's nothing.

DEBBIE

No. It is. You guys have really gone out of your way to include him. It means the world to me. You guys can stay as long as you want.

(then)

Brad told me about the restaurant.

Harris freezes.

HARRIS

(nervous)

He did?

DEBBIE

You're only gonna serve chili, huh?

HARRIS

Yeah. Is that all he told you?

DEBBIE

What'd he leave out? You're not telling me something.

HARRIS

(covering)

I can't tell you everything 'cause if some of those things don't end up in the restaurant you'll think we failed. Being a failure's not a good role model.

Debbie takes this in.

DEBBIE

That's kinda sweet.

HARRIS

I wanna hold up my end of the deal.

Are they sharing a moment?

HARRIS (CONT'D)

What about dinner tonight?

DEBBIE

Oh, I should've told you. You don't have to cook for me tonight. I'm going out with some girlfriends.

She exits, oblivious that Harris was trying to ask her out.

CUT TO:

52 INT. THE CHILI POT - DAY

The space is being renovated. Ladders and painting supplies cover the floor.

Pots of chili cook on the stove. Reeves is recipe testing.

Harris and Brad take a break from painting. Reeves brings over some bowls of chili to taste.

REEVES

Which one's better?

HARRIS

What's the white stuff, sour cream?

Harris tastes it and immediately spits it out.

REEVES

That's paint. Some must've dripped in.

HARRIS

Why didn't you stop me!

REEVES

By the time I realized, it was too late. You should eat slower.

BRAD

What time we going moto-cross riding this weekend?

HARRIS

Your mom said you can't go, remember?

BRAD

Who says she has to know?

HARRIS

I won't go against her.

REEVES

I'll take you.

HARRIS

No, you won't. Why would you do that?

REEVES
Cause I want to go riding.

HARRIS
We're a team here. We're supposed
to back each other up.

REEVES
Seems like you're on Debbie's team
the past few days.

REEVES puts his arm around Brad as if to say, this is my
team.

REEVES (CONT'D)
Team Brad!
(noticing)
WEEDS R US is here!

A GROWER enters. He looks like a Xerox repairman complete
with a company logo on his button-down shirt.

GROWER
(re: Brad)
How old is he?

BRAD
You hitting on me, pervert?

GROWER
I'm not allowed to conduct business
if anybody around is underage.

HARRIS
He's fine. He just turned twenty-
one.

Brad gives Harris a nod of thanks.

The grower is skeptical.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
His parents are midgets.

The grower gives a look.

REEVES
Oh, right. We're not supposed to
say midgets. They're Hobbits.

CUT TO:

53 INT. THE CHILI POT - SHORT TIME LATER

CLOSE ON a briefcase holding WEED SAMPLES in containers. The grower opens the containers for them to smell.

GROWER

You're gonna need at least ten blends to start. I've got Super Skunk, OG Kush, White Widow, Blueberry Kush...

HARRIS

Which mones are best?

GROWER

All this stuff is chronic. Off the weed charts.

REEVES

(to Harris)

You were right. They *do* have charts.

(to grower)

We'll take 'em all.

The grower smiles and jots down the order. Harris points to a gadget in the grower's tote bag.

HARRIS

What's that?

GROWER

New model Volcano. They made the balloon a lot bigger.

The grower takes out the Volcano, turns it on and puts some weed in it to demo.

GROWER (CONT'D)

This one's aimed more for parties. Each balloon now holds enough to get six or eight people high.

HARRIS

How's it work?

The grower isn't sure if Harris is playing stupid.

GROWER

You put the weed in, it vaporizes and fills the balloon. Then you inhale through the tube.

HARRIS
 Why would somebody use this?
 (off grower's look)
 I mean, we know why, I want to hear
 how you'd say it.

GROWER
 You're not inhaling hot smoke. It's
 cooler and healthier for the lungs.

HARRIS
 Right, right. That's how I normally
 say it.

REEVES
 I feel healthier already.

REVEAL that Reeves has taken the balloon off the vaporizer
 and inhaled it all himself!

The grower is shocked. He inhaled a whole balloon!

REEVES (CONT'D)
 Now that's a party! We'll take a
 couple of these.

HARRIS
 We're not selling paraphernalia in
 the restaurant, remember?

REEVES
 Oh, I remember. For us.

CUT TO:

54 EXT. BEACH - DAY

Harris and Debbie ride rented bikes along a BIKE PATH.

Harris stops and gets off his bike.

HARRIS
 C'mon.

He starts to run across the sand.

DEBBIE
 Where you going?

HARRIS
 Why do you ask so many questions?

She gets off her bike and reluctantly runs to catch up. He's heading toward a SWING SET on the beach.

DEBBIE
What are you, nine now?

HARRIS
I'm 49. Age is only a number. Sit.

Reluctantly she sits next to him on the neighboring swing. Harris is already swinging. She starts to swing halfheartedly.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
C'mon, you can do better than that.

DEBBIE
I haven't been on one of these in decades.

They both swing for a few beats.

Debbie starts to swing more freely.

HARRIS
Let's see who can swing higher.

Before long all her troubles seem to go away.

As the sun sets, they continue to swing, higher and higher. Not a worry in the world.

FADE TO:

55 INT. CHILI POT - NEXT DAY

All the tables, chairs and cooking equipment are in the center of the room covered by tarps. Paint cans, ladders and drop clothes inhabit the floor space.

Harris and Reeves halfheartedly paint as Brad enters.

BRAD
Hey, guys.

Brad sees a jar marked "Donations" with some bills inside.

BRAD (CONT'D)
What's this?

HARRIS
 (re: Reeves)
 He just found out his Facebook
 friend needs an operation.

BRAD
 Is he from Nigeria?

REEVES
 How'd you know?

BRAD
 It's a scam.

REEVES
 That's exactly what he told me
 people would say. You don't want to
 be a part of saving his life? Fine.
 (then)
 Let's hire some guys to finish this
 painting for us.

HARRIS
 There's no money left.

REEVES
 We still have five bags of weed. We
 can pay 'em with that.

CUT TO:

56 EXT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT - LATER

Dozens of DAY WORKERS stand on the corner, looking for day
 labor work. Harris and Reeves walk up.

REEVES
 (announcing)
 Who wants a job?

The day workers clamor to be picked...

DAYWORKERS
 Me!.. I do... aqui, aqui...

HARRIS
 (shouting over mayhem)
 We have no money.

The excitement immediately evaporates. They start to scatter.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 We'll pay you in pot.

Immediately it's back to...

DAYWORKERS

Pick me!... aqui, aqui... Yo! Over here...

FADE TO:

57 INT. CHILI POT - LATER

Dozens of DAY WORKERS are lying around, passing joints between them, not doing work. They're all too high. Many are asleep.

Reeves and Harris are high also.

REEVES

Looks like a youth hostel in Mexico. They're baked. They're baked beans.

(hearing himself)

Okay, forget I said that. That was definitely racist.

HARRIS

Make a note. Next time we should hand out the pot *after* they paint.

REEVES

Should've just paid 'em in cash.

HARRIS

We couldn't. There's no cash left, remember?

REEVES

It worked out perfectly then. There's no pot left either.

HARRIS

Wait, wait, wait. What? We had five bags. You handed out all five bags?

REEVES

There was only one bag left.

HARRIS

You said there were five.

REEVES

I did? I guess I got my numbers mixed up.

HARRIS

You mixed up five and one? We need at least four bags to open the restaurant! You can't serve chili with pot in it without the pot in it!

REEVES

No worries. I called Weeds R Us. The guy's bringing more over as we speak. Problem solved.

HARRIS

Problem not solved. I just told you, we're out of money.

REEVES

When?

HARRIS

Just now!

REEVES

Why do you keep telling me important things when I'm high?
(then)
By the way, we're out of pot.

Mr. Caswell enter.

REEVES (CONT'D)

Hey! It's Mister Loan Dude, bringing our money.

CASWELL

I have some bad news.

REEVES

Tell us the good news first.

CASWELL

There is no good news.

REEVES

That *is* bad news.

CASWELL

We can't give you gentlemen the loan.

HARRIS

Why not? You said we have really good credit.

CASWELL

No, I said it *looks like* you guys have good credit. Turns out you have no credit at all!

HARRIS

Hold on. Let's look at it another way -- in three decades we've never missed a payment.

CASWELL

Banks don't give loans to people with no credit. I'm sorry.

Caswell exits.

A beat later the Weeds R Us Grower rolls in a dolly with boxes of weed.

GROWER

O-kay. I need a signature, payment and we're good.

Harris takes the clipboard and signs it.

HARRIS

Right. Money. Here's the thing -- there's been a little accounting error. We need this on credit.

GROWER

We gave you credit on that first delivery. You need to pay that invoice or pony up some cash before I can give you more.

Harris puts his arm around the grower.

HARRIS

Look around. We're almost ready to open and make the money we need to pay you. But we can't open until we get enough pot to open.

The grower is unmoved.

REEVES

I got this.

(to grower)

You're running a business and we're running a business. And businesses help other businesses, right? That's how this country was built.

(MORE)

REEVES (CONT'D)

The Pilgrims gave other pilgrims
stuff and then they gave the
Indians stuff and pretty soon
America was great. We're just
asking for the same deal the
Indians got.

The grower feels he's listened politely for long enough.

GROWER

No cash, no grass.

The grower wheels the boxes back out.

REEVES

(yelling after him)

Oh, now you're a poet. Just when we
need weed, you become a fucking
poet!

CUT TO:

58 EXT. OCEAN - EVENING

The sun is setting. It's one of those beautiful evenings at
the beach. Harris and Reeves sit on their boards, waiting for
the next wave.

It's amazing they are able to smoke a joint in the ocean.
Reeves passes the joint to Harris.

REEVES

I can't believe I screwed up on the
counting.

HARRIS

I can. You were wasted.

REEVES

We're always wasted.

HARRIS

Maybe that's our problem.

REEVES

No, money is our problem. Let's ask
Debbie for the money.

HARRIS

Are you out of your fucking mind?

"

(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Can you loan us thousands of dollars to buy pot?" She finds out we have anything to do with pot she'll kick us out. We won't have a place to live.

REEVES

Tell her the money's for something else.

HARRIS

I'm not gonna lie to her.

REEVES

You've been lying to her for weeks!

HARRIS

And I'm don't feel good about it, okay?

REEVES

Is that her?

ANGLE ON THE BEACH

A HOT GIRL in a bikini with a surfboard walks across the sand towards the water.

She comes more into focus. It IS Debbie. She looks fantastic at her age. She waves and starts to make her way into the ocean to join them.

BACK

REEVES (CONT'D)

She is one hot MILF. I hope you're enjoying every second of this, Dude, 'cause if she's really against pot, you guys have no future together. You know that, right?

Deep down Harris does know but he doesn't say anything.

REEVE

I say roll the dice. Maybe she'll kick us out but, who knows, maybe she'll give us the money. She's the only option we have left.

Debbie approaches on her board. Greetings all around.

DEBBIE
Brad told me you guys might be
here.

REEVES
I was just going in.

Reeves catches a wave, leaving Debbie alone with Harris.

HARRIS
Still surf, huh?

DEBBIE
Rarely. Being a parent and a fun
killer.

She smiles.

HARRIS
That's new.

DEBBIE
What, me smiling?

Harris puts up his hands in mock surrender -- don't kill the messenger.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
I seem depressed to you, don't I?

HARRIS
I didn't say that.

DEBBIE
Yes you did. Your silence said it
all.

HARRIS
My silence always gets me in
trouble.
(then)
You're smiling now. That's what
counts.

She smiles again.

They both look out across the tranquil water.

Debbie sneaks a peak at Harris. He's so comfortable not having to talk away peaceful moments like this.

DEBBIE
How'd you manage to actually do it?

HARRIS

What?

DEBBIE

Live day to day. We all said we were gonna do that in high school but, you guys, you did it.

HARRIS

We didn't do anything. It just happened.

DEBBIE

Well, whatever just happened to you for the past thirty years, make happen to me. Get me a seat on that rocket ship to Planet No Problems.

HARRIS

You don't think I have problems?

DEBBIE

(skeptical)

What problems do you have?

Harris hesitates.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry. Another one of your secrets?

HARRIS

We don't have enough money to finish the restaurant.

DEBBIE

Get a loan.

HARRIS

We tried. Wells Fargo was gonna give us one but we don't have any credit. Banks won't loan to us. Big enough problem for you?

DEBBIE

(correcting herself)

Okay, Planet *A Few Problems*.

This time Harris is the one who smiles.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

So what are you gonna do?

Decision time.

HARRIS
Listen, I want to ask another favor
but I need to tell you something
first--

DEBBIE
Paddle.

HARRIS
What?

DEBBIE
Wave!

A perfect wave has come along. They paddle in unison and catch the wave, both riding it to shore before they finally each fall into the surf, laughing.

They grab their boards and make their way back out again.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
What'd you want to tell me?

Harris looks at the sunset, the ocean, Debbie... just the two of them... It's a perfect evening.

HARRIS
It can wait a bit longer.

FADE TO:

59 INT. GUEST HOUSE - THAT NIGHT

Harris is sitting on the bed as Reeves paces, pissed.

HARRIS
I didn't "chicken out."

REEVES
You were afraid she wouldn't accept
you being a pot-head. In my book
that's a chicken.

HARRIS
Okay, you know what? One, you don't
have a book. And two--

They're interrupted by excited KNOCKING. Debbie doesn't wait for an answer and just enters...

DEBBIE
I got you guys the loan!

HARRIS

What?

Debbie is so excited she talks a mile a minute.

DEBBIE

My friend Julie works for Wells Fargo. She spoke with the original loan officer. He still likes your idea--

HARRIS

Whoa, whoa! Slow down. They already said no. I told you, we have no credit--

DEBBIE

I didn't tell you the important part -- I'm gonna co-sign!

HARRIS

Oh no. No, no--

DEBBIE

(giddy with excitement)
Your credit's no longer an issue. You just have to give your little presentation tomorrow and you're all set! I'm so excited!

She kisses Harris on the cheek and exits more excited than when she came in.

REEVES

Well, that worked out.

HARRIS

What are you talking about? She thinks this is gonna be a normal restaurant.

(exiting)

I gotta tell her to cancel.

Reeves jumps in front of Harris, blocking his exit.

REEVES

Whoa, whoa. Tell her to cancel? What are you talking about?

HARRIS

I'm not gonna let her sign under false pretenses. Get out of my way.

REEVES

Hold on. Let's discuss this.

Harris has made his decision. He pushes past Reeves.

CUT TO:

60 INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harris KNOCKS on the open bedroom door.

HARRIS

Debbie?

Debbie comes out of the bathroom wearing just a wife-beater and panties. She looks hot!

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I need to...

Debbie grabs Harris, silencing him with a passionate kiss. Taking off Harris's t-shirt, Debbie starts to kiss his neck as she slowly makes her way down his body...

DEBBIE

I was afraid I was the only one wanting this.

Harris tries to resist.

HARRIS

There's something you need to know--

With her tongue, Debbie slowly starts to make her way back up Harris's body. The sensation is driving Harris nuts.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

(half-hearted)

Slow down a minute. I really need to tell you this.

DEBBIE

Talk fast.

She stares into his eyes while taking off her top.

Harris stares at her perfect breasts.

HARRIS

It can wait.

He grabs Debbie and they fall onto the bed.

FADE TO:

61 INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Harris is asleep on the bed. He's got the smile of someone who's just been laid for the first time in 29 years.

He wakes up and discovers Debbie is gone.

CUT TO:

62 INT. DOCTOROW LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Reeves is at the dining room table working on the computer. Harris comes rushing in.

REEVES

Morning, Princess. Didn't tell her, huh?

HARRIS

How do you know that? She still here?

REEVES

I didn't see her. She left a note for you.

Reeves gestures to a handwritten NOTE on the table.

REEVES (CONT'D)

It says she has a meeting all day and can't be at the bank but wishes us luck.

HARRIS

You read my note?

Harris starts searching for something.

REEVES

Dude, I haven't been laid in thirty years. I'm reading anything that might be a sexy love letter.

You looking for the phone?

HARRIS

Yeah. I need to tell Debbie to cancel the meeting.

REEVES

You tried that last night. Don't you see? You didn't for some reason. That was a gift from the Gods Of Pot. They want us to get this loan.

HARRIS

The God's Of Pot? Where's the phone?

REEVES

I hid it.

HARRIS

Why?

REEVES

Because I knew you might try again. I need this restaurant to happen. You had me sell my van! You can find a new friend with a van, I don't have that option.

HARRIS

She's risking her money. She needs to know. And you know what? I was thinking about this -- the bank needs to know too.

REEVES

Tell the bank? Dude, we're so close. Why you trying to sabotage us? The banks think pot is evil.

HARRIS

And they're wrong. We'll just have to convince 'em.

REEVES

How?

HARRIS

By...being convincing. I don't know.

(firm)

The only way we're gonna get this is if we get it without lies.

Reeves sees that Harris is not backing down.

After a beat, he begrudgingly gives in and nods.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 Good. Where's the phone?

Reeves points under a magazine. Harris grabs the phone and dials Debbie.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Debbie Doctorow, please... Well,
 when gets back tell her to call
 Harris. It's important.

He hangs up the phone.

REEVES
 The Pot Gods have spoken again.

CUT TO:

63 EXT. STREET THE BANK IS ON - DAY

Harris and Reeves stand on a busy corner. The bank is across the street. Reeves holds a pot of chili.

REEVES
 Okay, game faces on.

HARRIS
 I really wish Debbie would've
 called me back.

REEVES
 It's better like this. It's gonna
 be hard enough to convince this
 bank. Once she sees we turned
 around their conservative thinking,
 it'll be easier for her to jump
 onboard. You know I'm right.
 (then)
 Ready?

Harris begrudgingly nods.

HARRIS
 Ready.

They start to cross...

SFX: LOUD CAR HORN

They almost get hit by a truck and jump back onto the curb.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
 We should probably wait for the
 light.

CUT TO:

64 INT. BANK CONFERENCE ROOM - SHORT TIME LATER

CLOSE ON the pot of CHILI.

PULL BACK. The chili sits in the center of the large
 conference table.

Around the table sit a half dozen LOAN OFFICERS including Mr.
 Caswell. At the head of the table is MR. BOLLIGER, Head Loan
 Officer. They are all enjoying bowls of the chili.

BOLLIGER
 Shall we begin the presentation?

REEVES
 Uh, actually we're not quite ready.
 Another minute or two.

HARRIS
 (sotto to Reeves)
 Why we waiting?

LOAN OFFICER 1
 God, this chili sure is good.

Harris looks the loan officer. He's eating his chili with a
 little more gusto then would be expected.

HARRIS
 (sotto to Reeves)
 You spiked it!

REEVES
 They should sample the actual
 product. You said you didn't want
 to lie.

HARRIS
 That's not what I meant!

LOAN OFFICER 2
 Yumm--my.

Everybody is starting to eat with too much enthusiasm.

HARRIS
 How much did you put in?

REEVES
Enough to get the loan.

BOLLIGER
I see you gentleman have a loan
guarantor.
(looking around)
Ms. Doctorow?

JULIE, Debbie's friend who arranged the meeting, stands in the back, against the wall.

JULIE
She can't be here today but she
told me she's ready to sign upon
the bank's approval.

Bolliger nods and eats another spoonful of chili.

BOLLIGER
Do we have any bigger spoons?

REEVES
I think we're ready.

Harris and Reeves walk to the front. The lights dim.

Reeves clears his throat and clicks a hand-held remote. He glances at some index cards...

SLIDE: PHOTO OF THE CHILI POT'S EXTERIOR

REEVES (CONT'D)
Here's what the restaurant looks
like.

Beat.

Reeves clicks to the next slide...

SLIDE: MOUNDS OF MONEY

REEVES (CONT'D)
Here is our projected profit.

Beat. Click to next slide...

SLIDE: BEANS

REEVES (CONT'D)
Here are the ingredients in our
chili--

BOLLIGER
Hold on. Go back a slide.

Reeves goes back to the slide of money.

BOLLIGER (CONT'D)
Do you have any actual numbers for
your projected profit?

REEVES
No.
(then)
Here are the ingredients in our
chili.

QUICK slides of BEANS, A TOMATO, A COW, CANNABIS, CORN, and
AN ONION

BOLLIGER
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Go back. Was that
marijuana?

Click back to the CANNABIS slide.

REEVES
Yes.
(then)
Here are--

BOLLIGER
Can we get the lights back on?

The lights comes back on.

BOLLIGER (CONT'D)
Let me understand something --
You're gonna sell chili that has
marijuana in it?

Harris takes a breath. Here goes...

HARRIS
Yes. That's why it's called the
Chili Pot. Chili -- Pot.

REEVES
(eureka moment)
I never put that together. Great
name!

BOLLIGER

Let's stop here then. A pot restaurant is not the type of establishment this bank can support. It's not good for our image.

HARRIS

Actually we're gonna address that. Can we continue?

BOLLIGER

I really don't see the point.

HARRIS

(re: chili)

There's more.

Bolliger looks at the chili pot in the middle of the table. He holds out his bowl for another ladle full.

BOLLIGER

Go for it.

Harris refills the bowl.

HARRIS

(to Reeves)

Skip to the...

Reeves is already on it. As the SLIDES fast-forward, we catch some of the pictures as they fly by...

REEVES

..plates we're gonna use.. pictures of spoons... Okay. Lights?

The lights go back out.

SLIDE: THE CHILI POT'S STREET CORNER

REEVES (CONT'D)

Marijuana use isn't new. It's been used for thousands of years by literally hundreds of people.

HARRIS

Well-known people.

SLIDE: PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

REEVES

When Washington was crossing the Delaware, you think he was sober?

SLIDE: GEORGE WASHINGTON CROSSING DELAWARE

REEVES (CONT'D)

Who stands up in a boat? People who are high.

HARRIS

George Washington - pot smoker.

SLIDE: PORTRAIT OF BEN FRANKLIN

REEVES

What about Ben Franklin? Think he took some tokes the night he discovered electricity?

SLIDE: BEN FRANKLIN FLYING KITE

REEVES (CONT'D)

"Hey Honey, I'm gonna tie my keys to a kite and fly it in a thunderstorm."

SLIDE: BEN FRANKLIN FLYING KITE

HARRIS

Ben Franklin - bong owner.

SLIDE: Martin Luther King giving speech

REEVES

How about Doctor King? He had a dream. And why? 'Cause he smoked some chronic weed and passed out.

HARRIS

When he woke up from his dream, people began to see everything in a different way when he said those immortal words...

SLIDE: CHICKEN and WAFFLES

REEVES

"Instead of eggs, can I get chicken with those waffles?"

HARRIS

Dr. Martin Luther King - Fusion Chef.

SLIDE: LETTER "C"

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Cancer. Many people in this town
have it. And they're gonna die.
Soon.

SLIDE: CONVENIENT HOMES

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Shouldn't they have access to
something that makes time pass
slower?

REEVES
Pot does that.

SLIDE: TOMBSTONES

HARRIS
Picture thousands of tombstones:
"My death didn't come quick thanks
to Wells Fargo."

SLIDE: GATE

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Marijuana is a gateway to harder
drugs, correct?

SLIDE: GATE with X through it.

SFX: Game Show Buzzer

HARRIS (CONT'D)
Marijuana is not a gateway to
harder drugs. It's a gateway to...

SLIDE: PANCAKE HOUSE

HARRIS (CONT'D)
The Pancake House.

SLIDE: CINNABON

REEVES
Cinnabon.

SLIDE: A BAG OF FRITOS

HARRIS
Anything ending in "itos"

SLIDE: A BAG OF DORITOS

SLIDE: A BAG OF CHEETOS

SLIDE: BURITTOS

SLIDE: PILES OF DONUTS, FOOD TRUCKS, TACOS and BURGERS

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Hundreds of foods that would not be considered palatable to regular people are consumed every night thanks to the smoking of marijuana.

REEVES

"Wells Fargo - Economy Stimulater."

HARRIS

Did you know when pot becomes widely available, violence goes down?

SLIDES: BATS, PIPES, PRO WRESTLING

REEVES

When was the last time the Jamaican Army showed up for a battle?

HARRIS

"Wells Fargo - Peacemaker."

SLIDE: BIG QUESTION MARK

REEVES

These aren't just our opinions. We're not the only ones advocating the mainstreaming of pot.

MULTIPLE SLIDES: Hollywood stars associated with pot - Woody Harrelson, Sean Pean, Snoop Dogg, Cheech & Chong, Merle Haggard, Bill Clinton, Bill Maher, Bob Marley, Harrison Ford, Jackie Gleason, Willie Nelson, Michael Phelps, Frances McDormand, Charlize Theron, Matthew McConaughey, Oliver Stone...

ANGLE ON BACK OF ROOM

During above...

Debbie enters, unseen, and stands by Julie in the back.

JULIE

I thought you couldn't come.

DEBBIE

My meeting ended early.

JULIE

You didn't tell me it was a pot restaurant.

DEBBIE

What?

BACK TO PRESENTATION

Last slide of famous person.

REEVES

All of those people are on record supporting pot. I'm not an expert in statistics but common sense tells me that at least one of 'em has to be right.

HARRIS

Marijuana is not only embraced by the outcasts of society. It is mainstream. Former pot-heads are everywhere. And some are doing pretty well.

SLIDE: PRESIDENT OBAMA

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Be the first large bank to bring weed to the people. Help us help them imagine the unimaginable.

SLIDES: PATTON, GENERAL SCHWARZKOPF, COUNTRY SINGERS...

REEVES

Help us make the discovery of electricity possible a second, maybe even a third time.

SLIDE: AMERICAN FLAGS

HARRIS

Do you have the courage to make the world a better place? You can do it. Right here. Right now. Thank you for your time.

REEVES

God bless this conference room and the United States of America.

Reeves pulls the string on a CONFETTI POPPER and blows a party HORN.

SLIDE: APPLE PIE

The lights are turned back on. Everyone in the room is smiling and grinning and licking their empty bowls.

Bolliger, eyes now bloodshot, claps.

BOLLIGER

That was a very thought-provoking presentation. Bright colors too.

Harris sees Debbie in the back of the room, shaking her head in stunned disbelief.

She exits in anger.

Harris, shocked she was there, runs out to catch her.

CUT TO:

65 EXT. BANK PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Debbie exits the building. Harris runs and catches up to her.

HARRIS

Debbie! I was gonna to tell you--

DEBBIE

When? When were you gonna tell me?
After I signed the loan?

HARRIS

I know this looks bad--

DEBBIE

You were lying to me this whole time-- Forget about me. I trusted you to be around my son!

HARRIS

I don't know what to say.

She stops and stares at him.

DEBBIE

You don't know what to say? How about, "I'm sorry"? "I'm sorry I didn't think how my actions might affect others." "I'm sorry you found pot in Brad's backpack this morning."

(off Harris' look)

(MORE)

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Yeah. I did. 'Cause you exposed him to it.

HARRIS

Listen--

DEBBIE

No. I'm done listening. You listen now. You're a fucking irresponsible man-child. You sucked me in. You had me thinking that maybe I too can live day to day. You just forgot to tell me the secret -- It only works if you don't grow up! 'Course, maybe you didn't realize that. Maybe you never bothered to think it through. Growing up takes reflection.

She turns and walks away. Then stops to add one more thing...

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

You know what really hurts the most? I started to believe in us. Again.

She storms off.

Harris considers going after her but knows it's useless. He turns and sadly walks away in the other direction.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. DOCTOROW FRONT PORCH - LATER THAT DAY

Harris exits the house carrying his belongings.

Brad rides up on a bike.

BRAD

Get the loan?

Harris shakes his head.

HARRIS

Make sure your mom sees the note I left on the kitchen counter.

BRAD

What's going on? You're leaving?

HARRIS

Yeah. Your mom kicked us out.

BRAD

Why?

HARRIS

We've been bad role models.

BRAD

She said that?

HARRIS

She's right. By the way, she found some pot in your backpack.

BRAD

She went through my stuff!

HARRIS

That's what moms do. Relax. That's what the note's about. I told her the pot was mine. Said I hid it there and you didn't know.

BRAD

Don't tell her that! She won't let you come around anymore.

HARRIS

That boat's already sailed.

BRAD

This is bullshit. Don't take the rap. I was smoking before you guys showed up. I'll tell her.

HARRIS

Don't! Look, I know this doesn't make sense but when you become a grown-up, things aren't as clear-cut as you think they are. So just trust me on this -- right now your mom needs to believe in your innocence more than she needs to believe in mine.

Harris walks away and heads down the quiet street.

FADE TO:

67

EXT. SECLUDED FOREST - DAY

The same place we met our heroes at the start. Reeve sits on a fallen log and stares at the view. His mountain bike leaning on a tree nearby.

Harris, out of breath, finishes pushing his mountain bike up the hill.

HARRIS

I figured I'd find you here. This spot was a lot easier to reach thirty years ago.

REEVES

You weren't as fat back then.

HARRIS

Still mad at me, huh?

REEVES

You abandoned us, Dude. We were a team.

Harris thinks how to explain...

HARRIS

You know why people like us?

REEVES

Yeah, 'cause we have a van and lots of pot-- Oh wait! Now we don't.

HARRIS

'Cause we're fun. We're not the smartest or the best looking but we're fun. And you know why?

REEVES

Is this a fucking quiz?

HARRIS

'Cause we never worry 'bout shit. For the first time in my life I began to worry. Lying took away the one thing that made me special--

REEVES

They hadn't made their decision yet. You're good at talking. You could've saved the loan if you just waited another minute--

HARRIS

No! That's what got me in trouble. Waiting. There are other banks. There's only one Debbie. I had to make a choice.

(then)

(MORE)

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I lost her too if that makes you feel better.

REEVES

Truth? A little.

HARRIS

Truth? I don't want to lose my best friend also.

Reeves considers that for a long beat.

He pulls Harris into a hug.

REEVES

Hug it out, Dude.

They man-hug.

HARRIS

Oh my god.

REEVES

Yeah, I've been told I'm good hugger.

HARRIS

I don't believe it!

REEVES

Dude, it's just a hug. You're getting a little weird now.

HARRIS

Are those pot plants on the hill!

Reeves turns and sees what Harris sees...

REVEAL a few HUGE POT PLANTS growing on a small patch of the hillside they used to throw seeds onto.

A BEAM of sunshine is illuminating just those plants. Nothing is growing outside where the beam of light is shining.

REEVES

Look at the size of those!

HARRIS

Pot never grew here. Why now? And why only in that little area?

Harris looks up at the cliff.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. Look at the light--
Oh by god. That's it! Growing takes
reflection.

REEVES

What?

HARRIS

It's something Debbie said.
(pointing)
That cliff. There used to be trees
up there. They must've fallen down.
Now the sun's coming through and
bouncing off that rock formation.
Those plants are getting reflected
light.

REEVES

(recognizing weed fact)
Reflected light grows weed better
than direct light.

HARRIS

If we clear out the brush from that
ridge, this whole hillside will get
bathed in that same reflected
light!

REEVES

We'll have all the pot our
restaurant needs! For free!
(yelling)
Hey, Wells Fargo, fuck you and the
horse he rode in on!

HARRIS

(clarifying)
He rode in on a stage coach.

REEVES

Fuck him anyway!

They high-five and dance around like morons.

FADE TO:

68

EXT. THE CHILI POT - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "3 MONTHS LATER"

The restaurant is now open. CUSTOMERS sit outside, enjoying
both the food and the weed.

Smoking a joint, Reeves cooks at the stove.

We make our way through the crowd to the front counter where Harris takes an order...

HARRIS
\$39.50. Here's your number.

Harris hands the customer a ticket, crosses to Reeves and gives him the order chit.

Reeves looks at the chit...

REEVES
Dude, we're out of Woody Harrison
Maui Wowie. See if they want Richard
Gere Tibetan Buddha OG instead.

Harris goes to grab the customer and turns right into Debbie.

Uncomfortable silence.

DEBBIE
So this is it?

Harris is shocked to see her.

HARRIS
Hey, yeah. Wow. I never thought I'd
see you again.

She looks around and nods in approval.

DEBBIE
Place looks great. I see you're
also selling art.

REVEAL art on the walls.

HARRIS
Reeves' idea.

DEBBIE
Where'd you get the money from?

HARRIS
It's a little complicated. Let's
just say that some guy named Al
Gore helped out.

DEBBIE
(impressed)
Al Gore invested in your pot
restaurant?

HARRIS

No. But supposedly he has something to do with global warming. I didn't really follow the explanation but his name kept coming up.

(then)

I'm surprised you came here. I know how much you're against pot.

DEBBIE

Where'd you get that idea?

Harris makes a "Gee, I wonder" expression.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

I still smoke. I just didn't want it around Brad--

(getting back on track)

Listen, there's a hip-hop tour playing tomorrow night. I thought maybe we could finally go to a concert together.

Harris is surprised by the invite.

HARRIS

I'd love to go. Yeah. I guess this means you forgive me?

DEBBIE

Slow down, Killer. I'm not forgiving you. I'm just giving you another chance.

Harris nods. Fair enough.

Beat.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Do you know why?

HARRIS

Not a clue.

DEBBIE

Because of what you did for Brad.

Harris nods as if he understands. Debbie can tell he doesn't.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

The note. I know you lied for him.

Harris nods again.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

(frustrated)

Jesus! Do I really have to explain this to you? It was a selfless act. The first selfless thing you've done!

(off his blank expression)

You don't even understand what you did. Maybe this was a mistake--

HARRIS

No, no! I understand. I'm the one who *did* that selfless act, remember?

(admitting)

I just didn't think it'd lead to you giving me another chance.

DEBBIE

Exactly! Because it was selfless!

Harris considers this and nods. He gets it now.

HARRIS

I'm gonna do something selfless again.

He leans in and kisses her.

She smiles.

DEBBIE

No. That was self-ISH.

HARRIS

It made you smile. Maybe it *wasn't* so selfish.

She pulls him in for a longer kiss.

ANGLE ON Reeves across the room looking at them.

JOE (O.S.)

Need any Avon?

REVEAL JOE (the drug dealer)

JOE (CONT'D)

I've missed that tongue.

The horror on Reeve's face says it all.

FADE OUT:

OVER CREDITS

MUSIC TBD

Clips of celebrities endorsing The Chili Pot.

CHEECH & CHONG
We love The Chili Pot.

CUT TO:

HARRISON FORD
Whenever I'm in town I stop by the
Chili Pot for a quick bowl or two.
And some chili.

CUT TO:

WOODY HARRELSON
They have chili there?

CUT TO:

MATTHEW MCCONAUGHEY
Best food ever? The Chili Pot.

CUT TO:

OLIVER STONE
I tried G13. The CIA was funneling
dope into Nigeria during the 80s...

69 INT. BEDROOM

Joe lays in bed in after-sex euphoria.

REVEAL Reeves at the end of the bed, his face a little damp.

REEVES
(into camera; defensive)
I don't want to talk about it.

THE END