

# Interesting Times

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EXT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Generations are defined by great events and cultural milestones. In 1992 there was nothing new and that nothing defined us.

The second weekend of January. The Friday before classes start back in session. The day most people returned from break.

A black 1990 Buick sedan pulls up and parks by the left hand garage of a one story duplex. It stands alone at the corner of the street. There is a vacant lot on one side, and a loading dock is behind it. The house looks deserted. The trees around it are dead, and the sky is a winter grey. The duplex is dingy white with faded peach colored trim. A motorcycle is parked out front. Dead leaves have gathered around the tires in large piles. The car idles in front of the left hand garage there is another garage in the center. The tale end of a song is audible through the closed windows of the car. When the song ends, MASON steps out of the car. Short, white and in his early twenties, he is dressed in his driving clothes, blue jeans with holes in the knees and a long sleeved shirt a size too large with the collar and half the sleeves ripped off. There is a faint reddish brown stain on the front of the shirt.

He reaches into his car and pulls out a load of clothes and walks to the front door of the duplex.

Because of its run down condition, the duplex is known to its inhabitants and visitors as the crack house. Of course, the inhabitants and guests were just college kids of the early nineties. To them, anywhere with a bad paint job and a poorly mown lawn would qualify as a crack house.

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

The house is sparsely furnished. An old sofa is in the center of the room. The arm rests have been badly damaged by the cat, SCUD, which is sleeping soundly in a yellow mustard colored lazy boy chair. The walls are barren except for a series of post-it notes about five feet up. The post-it notes have small spirograph designs on them and form a border around the house. The only other decorations are a six by five foot mineralogical survey map of the state of Arizona on one wall, and a road closed sign propped in the corner.

TIM, six feet tall also in his early twenties, is laying on the sofa. Mason opens the door and walks in.

MASON

Tim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM

Mason.

MASON

Happy New Year. Other assorted crap.

He dumps all his stuff on the floor. He shifts his weight from one foot to the other, and back again.

MASON (cont'd)

When you get back?

TIM

Last night.

MASON

Good break?

TIM

So, so. Is something wrong?

MASON

Yeah, I've had to piss for two hundred miles. I'll be right back.

He goes into the bathroom.

MASON (OS) (cont'd)

You seen Greg?

TIM

Yeah. . . . Kim tried to shoot him Christmas eve.

Mason walks back in with a shocked expression.

MASON

She what?

TIM

He went out drinking with some friends, and when he got home she was there.

MASON

Jesus.

TIM

You know those pornographic comic books Lester stole for us?

MASON

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIM

She'd taken all those and scattered them around the house, and set bullets on top of some of 'em.

MASON

Jesus Christ.

TIM

Then he went into the back bedroom and she was there with his gun. She didn't shoot him. Just said she loved him so much. . . .

MASON

She wanted him dead.

TIM

Pretty much.

MASON

I've got a shitload of stuff to bring in. You wanna help?

TIM

No, but I do want a beer.

Tim gets up and goes into the kitchen. Mason walks out the door.

MASON

If you change your mind, feel free to lend a hand.

TIM

How about I cheer you on from the sofa.

Tim lies back down. Mason walks outside.

EXT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Mason walks out to his car. He looks at the second story of the house across the street. ASHLEY, dark hair, twenty-one and stunningly attractive is standing on the balcony, wearing only an oversized white t-shirt that comes down to the middle of her thigh. She waves to him.

MASON

Hey, Ashley.

ASHLEY

Welcome back. How was Christmas?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON

Good. How about you?

ASHLEY

It was fun I went to. . . .

At that moment a man in blue jeans and no shirt walks out onto the balcony and picks Ashley up and kisses her. He throws her over one shoulder, exposing her bare ass, and walks back into the house. Mason stands there for a second. Tim walks outside, just as she is being carried back into the apartment. Mason looks at Tim.

MASON

Just had a lovely chat with Ashley.

TIM

I heard you two talking. I saw her last night at the Pub. She was with some Mexican guy.

MASON

That guy wasn't Mexican.

TIM

That wasn't the guy.

MASON

Oh.... She's a slut, but I love her.

TIM

She's not a slut; she's a bitch. A slut sleeps with everybody. . . .

MASON

And a bitch sleeps with everybody but you.

Mason hands a box in Tim's direction. Tim ignores it and walks back into the house, Mason follows close behind.

MASON (cont'd)

You're a hell of a third wave feminist thinker, man.

TIM (O.S.)

Don't know what that is, but if it will get me laid, I'll be anything I need to be.

INT MASON'S BEDROOM DAY

Mason walks in and dumps a load of clothes onto his bed. There are several piles of stuff already there. He walks back out of the room.

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Tim is laying on the sofa. Mason walks in.

MASON  
I'm gonna see if Greg's home.

Tim nods and Mason walks out.

EXT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Mason walks to the other side of the crack house and opens the door.

INT CRACK HOUSE SIDE 2 DAY

The interior of the crack house is decorated in a very feminine style. Modern art and an antique bureau, tables, with peach colored couches.

Mason walks in and sees the decorations. He looks around and then closes the door.

EXT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Mason stands outside, with his hand on the knob for just a second. He then walks back in.

INT CRACK HOUSE SIDE 2 DAY

Apprehensively, Mason steps back into the

MASON  
Hello?

GREG, same age as Mason, walks out of the bathroom. His hair is back in a pony-tail. He is wearing a t-shirt and boxer shorts. The boxers are decorated with little moons and stars.

GREG  
Mason. When'd you get back?

MASON  
(confused)  
A little while ago.

They stand there for a second. Both not mentioning the furniture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON (cont'd)  
I heard Kim tried to kill you.

GREG  
Yeah, but she didn't mean it. . . much.

They stand there for a second more, before Mason speaks again.

MASON  
Redecorated I see.

GREG  
Yeah, I was meaning to talk to you about this.

Greg sits down on the peach colored sofa and pats the cushion next to him.

MASON  
You turned gay?

GREG  
No. Kim moved in.

MASON  
Oh... was this before or after she was gonna kill you?

GREG  
After. She needed a place to stay. She was over all the time anyway. She didn't shoot me, so I agreed she should move in. It was kind of out of my control.

MASON  
What? She pulls a gun, so you let her move in?

GREG  
The key there being she pulled a gun, but didn't shoot me.

MASON  
So what's rent now?

GREG  
50 less a month.

MASON  
Okay, that's cool.

KIM walks in and throws down her purse. She is a little older than either Mason or Greg and shows it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

1.

She is dressed in a blue polka dotted dress with white-hose. The hose emphasize her fat calves and lack of ankles, cankles if you prefer. Apart from those unattractive features she is mildly attractive. While the dress isn't garish for the time, she has an air of trailer park to her demeanor.

MASON (cont'd)

Hello, Kim.  
(Awkward)  
You look nice.

KIM

Greg, could I have a word with you?

MASON

I see you've moved in.

KIM

Yes, get out. Greg and I need to talk.

Mason gets up and walks out. Shutting the door behind him.

EXT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Mason stands on the porch.

MASON

Damn.

He walks back to his side of the house.

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Kim is standing over Greg.

KIM

What was he doing over here?

GREG

Saying hello. You could try and be nice to him.

KIM

He's your little friend not mine.

GREG

You're right, he is my friend, and it'd be nice if you'd treat him as such. You don't have to be condescending. Besides, technically he lives here. His name is on the lease, not yours.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KIM

And what is that supposed to mean? You want me to move out. You would rather hang out with your little friends than be with me. Well, fuck you. Fuck you, I'm leaving.

Kim storms to the back room. Greg starts reading the paper. Kim walks back in and stares at him for a minute. She sits down next to him on the couch.

KIM (cont'd)

Greg, do you love me?

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Tim is lying on the sofa. Mason is sitting on the floor throwing darts the wall.

MASON

Do you mind that she's living here?

TIM

What?

MASON

Do you mind Kim living here?

TIM

She's what?

MASON

She moved in with Greg. Didn't he tell you?

TIM

No.

Mason throws another dart at the wall.

TIM (cont'd)

So what's rent?

MASON

50 bucks less a month.

TIM

That's cool.

MASON

Why would anyone want to live with Kim?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM  
I have no earthly idea. Probably, it's  
just for the sex.

MASON  
You think he loves her?

TIM  
Little Miss Redwood calves? No way.

Mason throws another dart.

TIM (cont'd)  
What are you aiming at?

MASON  
The baseboard.

TIM  
You're tearing up the wall.

MASON  
I know.

TIM  
Well, let me try.

Mason walks over to the wall and pulls the darts out of the baseboard. He hands them to Tim. Tim starts throwing from the couch.

MASON  
I need a girlfriend.

TIM  
I thought we agreed that a girlfriend  
redirects funds badly needed for  
purchasing beer.

MASON  
Sometimes a man needs a girlfriend more  
than he needs beer.

TIM  
For sex.

MASON  
Besides sex.

TIM  
You didn't undergo some religious  
transformation over Christmas did you?  
What could a girl possibly add to your  
life that doesn't have to do with sex?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MASON

Tim, somehow I feel you aren't the person I need to be discussing this with.

TIM

You're definitely right about that. Oh, I talked to Peter and Jeff. They're gonna come over tonight. I think I might call some other people. Have a party. What are you up to?

MASON

I don't know, hang on.

Mason grabs the phone and dials.

INT CLARK'S PLACE DAY

Three people are sitting around a fairly nice apartment. The place has a dining room table, and three chairs. Other than that there are no furnishings. The kitchen sink is overflowing with dishes.

MATT is pouring a Margarita into SANDY's glass. CLARK answers the phone. All three are college age. Sandy is rather plain, as is Matt. Clark is a burly sort of person. He answers the phone by shouting his first word.

CLARK

Yellow. Hey, Mason. What's up?

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Mason is sitting on the floor leaning against the wall. The cat has wandered over next to him.

MASON

Nothing much. Anything happening over there?

INT CLARK'S PLACE DAY

Clark spins in his chair, sipping from his drink.

CLARK

We're drinking.

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

MASON

It's like four o'clock.

INT CLARK'S PLACE DAY

CLARK

It was either this or watch Oprah. . . .  
I don't know I'll check. Guys, what are  
we doing tonight?

SANDY

I think the Delts are having a party at  
Tom's house.

CLARK

You hear that? You know, Tom the Delt  
that lives across the street from  
Petrolli's. Cool, we'll stop by your  
place about nine.

Clark hangs up the phone, and finishes his Margarita.

SANDY

Who was that?

CLARK

Mason.

SANDY

So, Clark, what should I do about my mom?

MATT

Do what I do, blame her for all your  
current psychological disorders.

CLARK

Sandy's mom found out she wrote people's  
papers last semester.

SANDY

She said it wasn't ethical.

MATT

It wasn't.

SANDY

It was.

MATT

How?

SANDY

I was writing them to get money for  
Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATT

And you consider that ethics. Doing something wrong for the right reason?

SANDY

Yes, but my mom doesn't agree. She thinks I'm going to hell.

CLARK

For writing a paper?

SANDY

She's an ex-nun. She's pretty adamant about the going to hell thing.

MATT

Well, irregardless of whether your mom's a nun or not.

CLARK

Regardless.

Matt stares at Clark.

CLARK (cont'd)

Irregardless isn't a word. Regardless is.

MATT

I didn't say irregardless.

CLARK

Yes, you did.

MATT

I said regardless.

SANDY

You said irregardless.

MATT

Sandy Blant, you always take his side.

SANDY

No, I don't.

MATT

You do.

SANDY

No, I don't.

MATT

You do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARK  
This is pointless.

SANDY  
I agree.

MATT  
See, you're taking his side again.

SANDY  
Irregardless this is pointless.

CLARK  
Regardless.

SANDY  
Shut up.

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Kim is lying on the sofa wearing a bathrobe. She is eating an ice cream bar.

KIM  
Greg. Greg. Greg!

She gets up and looks to the back bedroom.

KIM (cont'd)  
Greg!

EXT BACK OF CRACK HOUSE SIDE 2 DAY

Greg is climbing out the back bedroom window. He closes it and heads around the house. Just as he exits, Kim walks into view. She looks around and then walks back to the front of the house.

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Tim is lying on the sofa, drinking a beer. Mason is reading the newspaper.

TIM  
Hand me the sports.

Mason tosses the sports section towards Tim. It falls on the floor, just out of his reach. He is trying to grab it without getting up off of the sofa. Greg walks in and grabs the paper before Tim can reach it. He sits down and starts to read.

TIM (cont'd)  
Hand me the funnies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mason pitches another section to Tim. This time he catches it.

MASON  
Did you see Jesus Jones is playing?

GREG  
Yeah. I couldn't get tickets.

Tim finishes his beer.

TIM  
Greg, do you want a beer?

GREG  
Yeah, I'll take one.

TIM  
While you're up get me one too.

Greg reluctantly gets up and goes to the kitchen. Hammering can be heard from next door. Greg gets a puzzled look on his face and then heads into the kitchen.

GREG  
Mason, you want one?

MASON  
Sure.

Mason picks up the phone and dials a number.

MASON (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Julie? Yea. . . . Pretty good. Listen you wanna get dinner. . . . No, I'll meet you there. Listen, I got another call. I'll see y'all in an hour or so.

Mason clicks the phone to answer call waiting.

MASON (cont'd)  
Hello? I don't know. . . hang on. Hey, Tim it's Kim. . .

Greg walks back in from the kitchen carrying three beers. He waves to Mason that he's not there.

MASON (cont'd)  
Did Greg come by here?

TIM  
No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MASON  
He's not here. Why would I lie to you?

Mason stares at the receiver.

MASON (cont'd)  
That bitch.

TIM  
She hang up on you?

MASON  
Yeah. Greg, if I see you I'm supposed to tell you Kim's looking for you.

TIM  
You want us to hold onto your gun over here?

GREG  
No, she's got her own gun. If she shoots I want to be able to shoot back.

TIM  
It's good to see a relationship that really works.

GREG  
Ammunition is the spice of life.

There is a knock on the door.

KIM (OS)  
Greg?

MASON  
(Whispering)  
Everybody duck.

GREG  
Stall.

He heads to the back hall.

MASON  
Hold on.

Mason gets up and starts for the door. He notices the three open beers on the table.

MASON (cont'd)  
Tim, the beer.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Tim grabs one of the full bottles and downs it. Mason grabs his bottle and walks to the door. When he opens it, Kim pushes her way in.

KIM  
Is Greg here?

MASON  
No.

She walks to the back room, stopping to look at the beer bottles as she passes Tim. She walks past the hall closet and into Tim's room. Greg jumps from the closet into the bathroom. Kim comes walking back out. Tim gets up from the sofa and walks toward the bathroom. He and Kim meet in the hallway. They both walk into the bathroom.

INT BATHROOM DAY

Greg is standing in the shower, pressed up against the wall, hidden from view from the doorway. Tim steps in front of Kim.

TIM  
Excuse me, I need in here.

KIM  
Do you mind if I look in here?

TIM  
Not if you don't mind me pissing on your shoes.

KIM  
You're drunk.

TIM  
I know, my mom's so proud.

He unzips his pants. Kim grunts her disapproval. She exits the bathroom. Greg steps out of the shower.

GREG  
Thanks for covering man.

TIM  
Oh, I didn't know you were in here. I really had to piss.

GREG  
Thanks anyway.

Greg listens at the door.

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Mason is talking with Kim in the hall outside the bathroom.

MASON  
If he was here, I would have told you he  
was here when you called.

KIM  
I believe you. I just need to use your  
bathroom.

MASON  
Use the one on your side.

KIM  
It's not working.

MASON  
Since when?

KIM  
I said it ain't working.

INT BATHROOM DAY

Tim flushes the toilet and starts to walk out.

GREG  
(whispering)  
No, you can't go. Take a shower.

TIM  
I don't need to.

Greg reaches down and starts the shower running.

TIM (cont'd)  
Mason, I'm gonna get a shower before  
Peter and Jeff show up.

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Mason is trying to stand between Kim and the door to the  
bathroom.

MASON  
If I see Greg, I'll tell him to call.

Kim starts to turn and Mason walks toward the living room. As  
soon as he is out of her way she reaches for the bathroom  
door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MASON (cont'd)  
Don't go in there.

Kim pushes the door open and steps inside.

INT BATHROOM DAY

The shower is running. The curtain is falling into place, after having just been pulled shut. Kim walks over to the curtain and throws it open. Tim and Greg are standing in the bathtub fully clothed. They are soaked. Kim looks at the two of them and storms out.

Mason walks in just as Tim is shutting off the water.

MASON  
This is cute. Is there something you two want to tell me?

TIM  
We have a special love.

GREG  
Fuck.

MASON  
Oh yeah, Greg, call Kim. She was looking for you.

GREG  
Fuck you.

He laughs and walks out of the bathroom.

TIM  
I don't think this Kim thing is going to work out.

MASON  
No shit.

TIM  
Why do you want one of those?

MASON  
I said I wanted a girlfriend. I didn't say I wanted a Kim.

INT CLARK'S PLACE DAY

Clark and Sandy are sitting on the floor. Matt is sitting in a swivel chair watching television. All three are still drinking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SANDY

I don't think I'll go to the party tonight.

CLARK

Like you have better things to do.

SANDY

I think I'll sit at home and read.

MATT

Sandy Blant, you'll get four pages into the book and be board silly.

SANDY

No, I won't.

She gets up, a little shaky on her legs. The alcohol is starting to take effect.

SANDY (cont'd)

I always wanted to be a ballerina.

CLARK

Shut up.

SANDY

I took classes for years. Then I realized I had no rhythm and gave it up.

CLARK

What are you talking about?

SANDY

I wanted to be a ballerina.

CLARK

No. I know what you said, but why?

SANDY

I just felt like saying it.

MATT

Will you two shut up. I'm trying to watch t.v..

CLARK

It's a rerun.

MATT

I'm still watching it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLARK

Why? To examine the subtleties of the sub text.

MATT

You just can't appreciate the art form.

CLARK

Blow me.

SANDY

That is your response to everything.

CLARK

Yeah.

SANDY

Don't you think you could be a little more creative?

CLARK

Yeah, but blow me, I don't want to.

SANDY

Clark, do you ever wish your life had meaning?

CLARK

And yours does?

SANDY

My life has more meaning than yours.

CLARK

No it doesn't.

SANDY

Yes it does.

CLARK

Your life has no meaning and I can prove it. If your life had meaning you wouldn't be here with me.

SANDY

Maybe I'm trying to give some of the meaning in my life to you. Or maybe I'm trying to keep you out of trouble.

CLARK

Oh, blow me.

MATT

Will you guys be quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SANDY  
Oh, blow Clark.

The phone rings. Matt picks it up. He mumbles something into the receiver and hangs up the phone.

MATT  
Bad news, Rich's on his way up.

SANDY  
Do you think Rich's gay?

CLARK  
Well, he did try to cut my steak once.

SANDY  
If that's a sexual metaphor, please don't explain it.

CLARK  
Get your mind out of the gutter. Remember when we all went out for Lynne's birthday. I sat next to Rich, and he reached over and tried to cut my steak into bite size morsels.

SANDY  
And that makes him gay?

CLARK  
That and his roommate told me.

MATT  
(surprised)  
What? What he say?

CLARK  
He said Rich's gay.

SANDY  
Does that make a difference? In the way you treat him, I mean.

CLARK  
No.

SANDY  
Are you sure.

CLARK  
Well, I don't say blow me, as much, when he's around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MATT

Hey! Just because someone's gay does not mean he's a freak. If you found out I was gay, would it make any difference?

CLARK

I'd start closing the door when I take a leak.

SANDY

So you do act different.

CLARK

Slightly, but it's not because he's gay. It's because he's so damn nice. It makes me mad.

SANDY

I'm nice. Does that make you mad?

CLARK

You're not nice, you're a pest.

SANDY

I am not.

CLARK

You most certainly are a pest. An annoying little insect of a person.

SANDY

Clark, you are just a bully.

CLARK

I am not.

MATT

If I might interrupt. I'd like to point out the grade school quality of your conversation. You sound like a couple of kids fighting in the sand box.

CLARK

My best friend in high school got held back a year for pissing in the sandbox.

SANDY

In high school?

CLARK

No. In kindergarten.

SANDY

He pissed in a kindergarten.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Clark stares at Sandy for a second. He has a blank look.

CLARK

What in the hell are you talking about?

SANDY

To piss in a sandbox is a cry for help.

There is a knock on the door. RICH walks in. He is tall and slight of build. He smiles at everyone and sits down.

RICH

What are y'all up to.

SANDY

We're discussing life.

MATT

They're being stupid.

RICH

So nothing's new.

INT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Mason is walking out of the back bedroom. He has changed clothes and is heading out for the evening. His evening attire is just a step above his driving attire. He is wearing blue jeans and a casual button up shirt. Tim is lying on the sofa.

MASON

Tim, I'm going to dinner. Want to go?

TIM

No, I've got some laying around I've gotta get done.

MASON

I'll be back in a while.

EXT CRACK HOUSE DAY

Mason walks outside. Kim can be heard yelling in the background. Greg isn't yelling back. Mason starts to go to his car, he glances at Ashley's apartment and walks across the street.

EXT ASHLEY'S PLACE DAY

Mason hesitates, raises his hand to knock, loses his nerve and walks away.



## INT RESTAURANT NIGHT

The restaurant is nothing special. It is one of the variety that likes to hang stuff all over the walls for no real reason. There are very few people in America who want to eat dinner while looking at a back hoe shoved into the ceiling. Yet, these places thrive.

KERRIE, JULIE, and CANDICE are already sitting down when Mason walks up. He joins them at the table. The girls are all twenty-oneish. Kerrie is blond, Julie is a brunette and Candice is a red haired dwarf. Pictures next to their booth are of famous couples - Frank Sinatra and Mia Farrow, Ike and Tina Turner, Burt Reynolds and Lonny Anderson, Sonny and Cher.

MASON  
Sorry I'm late.

KERRIE  
You should be.

MASON  
Hello to you. I piss you off lately?

KERRIE  
As a matter of fact, you did. . .

Candice interrupts, looking for a way to change the subject.

CANDICE  
What kept you?

MASON  
I stopped by to see if Ashley was home.

JULIE  
Oh, god!

Mason looks at her.

JULIE (cont'd)  
Sorry, I just don't like her. I know she's your friend, but she's. . .

MASON  
A slut. I know.

CANDICE  
You have a good break?

MASON  
Pretty good. Till now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KERRIE

What is that supposed to mean?

MASON

What did I do?

KERRIE

You invited yourself along. This was supposed to be a girl's night out.

MASON

Well, I can leave if you want me to.

KERRIE

No, stay. I'll be right back.

Kerrie gets up and goes to the rest room. Mason leans over to Julie.

MASON

What in the hell is going on with Kerrie?

JULIE

She's just a little moody. Her date canceled on her.

MASON

Where was she going?

JULIE

The Jesus Jones concert in Dallas.

Kerrie comes back and sits down.

MASON

You still got your tickets for tonight.

KERRIE

Yeah.

MASON

If you need somebody to go with, I could ask Greg. He was looking to get tickets.

KERRIE

Are you sure?

MASON

I'll give him a call if that's cool with you.

KERRIE

Is he still going out with Kim?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MASON

Yeah, she moved in over break. Still,  
it's not like a date. And if she cares,  
she'll bitch at him not me.

The waitress walks up and sets down drinks for the girls.

WAITRESS

Are y'all ready to order?

The girls order.

MASON

I'm just having dessert.

WAITRESS

Anything to drink?

MASON

A Dr Pepper, thanks.

He smiles at her and she smiles back. She takes their menu's  
and walks away.

INT CRACK HOUSE NIGHT

Tim is lying on the sofa. There is a knock on the door. He  
gets up and lets Peter and Jeff in.

TIM

It's about time, Jeff. I'm starving.

JEFF

Well, get cha ass outta the way.

Jeff walks in carrying a bag of groceries. He goes into the  
kitchen.

INT CRACK HOUSE KITCHEN DAY

The kitchen is a scary affair. Dishes are piled-up in the  
sink. A pot of something is sitting on the stove, next to a  
plate of cat food. A kitty-litter box is by the back door.  
Empty cardboard containers of beer and soft drink twelve  
packs are on the floor.

Jeff walks in and sets the groceries down.

JEFF

Jesus Christ! What died?

TIM

It's our sink. It's evolving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They look into the sink, there is a mold growing on top of several of the dishes.

TIM (cont'd)  
I sort of forgot to do them before  
Christmas break.

JEFF  
You need some serious help.

PETER  
We brought charcoal. I'll go start the  
fire.

Peter walks outside with a bag of charcoal and some lighter fluid. Through the window he can be seen pouring the charcoal and dousing the coals in lighter fluid. Tim opens the refrigerator and looks inside. There is a plate with something that looks like it might once have been some kind of meat, a bottle of ketchup and three beers.

TIM  
We're almost out of beer. Did you bring  
some?

JEFF  
No.

TIM  
Then what good are you?

JEFF  
None I guess. Is Mason here?

TIM  
No. He went to dinner.

JEFF  
He mind if I borrowed some of his CD'S?

TIM  
Go ahead. He'll never notice.

Peter is outside tossing lit matches into the barbecue grill, but it won't light. He comes back inside.

PETER  
The fire won't light.

JEFF  
Peter, a barbecue grill is like a woman.  
You just need to know how to treat it  
right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jeff grabs the matches from him and goes outside. He lights a match and tosses it into the grill. Peter and Tim watch as the flames shoot up, obscuring Jeff from view. When the flames die down, Jeff is on the ground.

TIM  
(to Peter)  
Peter, you wanna beer?

PETER  
No thanks.

JEFF (OS)  
Aaaaaa.

TIM  
Jeff, you want a beer?

PETER  
Nice move Jeff.

JEFF (OS)  
I melted my eyebrows.

Jeff walks in and has in fact singed the front of his hair, and his eyebrows.

TIM  
There's some bactine in the bathroom.

JEFF  
Thanks.

Peter looks outside at the fire.

PETER  
The fire's out.

INT RESTAURANT NIGHT

The girls are picking through the remains of their salad.

KERRIE  
What is taking our order so long?

MASON  
It's a Friday night. Give 'em a break.

CANDICE  
It has been a long time.

The waitress walks up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAITRESS  
How are you doing?

JULIE, KERRIE, CANDICE  
Fine.

MASON  
How are you?

WAITRESS  
What?

MASON  
How are you doing?

WAITRESS  
I'm fine.

MASON  
Well, if you need anything let me know.

She smiles a confused smile and says all right as she walks off.

JULIE  
Do you have to flirt everywhere we go?

MASON  
I wasn't flirting. I was goofing off.

KERRIE  
I'd have to agree with Julie. You were flirting.

MASON  
Candice. . .

CANDICE  
It sounded like flirting to me.

Mason sits back in his chair, a little bit annoyed. The waitress walks past again.

MASON  
Excuse me, a second ago, when I asked how you were doing. . .

WAITRESS  
Yeah.

MASON  
Did you consider that flirting?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WAITRESS

Was it?

MASON

I don't know. Was it working?

WAITRESS

Maybe.

MASON

Then it might have been flirting.

WAITRESS

While we're debating this, can I get you anything?

KERRIE

Our meals would be nice.

WAITRESS

I'll go check and see what the problem is.

She walks off. Mason looks back at the girls. They are glaring at him.

MASON

What?

Julie hits his arm.

INT CRACK HOUSE NIGHT

There are about eight people sitting around drinking. Peter walks up to Tim.

PETER

Is Greg coming over?

TIM

I don't know. Give him a call. I think he's spending a quiet evening with Kim.

PETER

Then I owe it to him to call.

TIM

Why?

PETER

To let him know that other people are having way much more fun than he is.

TIM

You're a true friend, Peter.

(CONTINUED)