

**Smalltime**

By

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[INTRODUCTION]

SUGGESTED SOUNDTRACK: 1990's alternative rock to mark the era this takes place in: Pearl Jam, Four Non Blondes, Alice in Chains, Slayer, Smashing Pumpkins

INT./EXT. MONTAGE OF PLACES AND SCENES

SHANE (V.O.)

So here it was, my high school graduation. The end of some eighteen years of hiding in the shadows, avoiding the ridicule of my peers, and cultivating a sense of sarcasm so sharp as a knife for the institution. Hi, I'm Shane. That creepy guy with the bad acne problem who sat in the back of your fifth bell biology class. You know that kid your parents warned you about. Who hung out with the bad crowd of juvenile delinquents who all dropped out of school because we were too doped out or kicked out--only, here I was... About to walk, wearing the fucking robe and hat over my purple hair.

I couldn't help it, I was a rebel, yes. I never actually went to school, yes, this is true too... But I made up enough tests and studied just enough to graduate with honors... Yes, I accomplished this and still managed to get stoned every day for the last four years, I learned physics while Disney ducks and mice sang to me from the LSD I was dropping two or three times a week... And of course there was the alcohol, those bells I would spend locked in a bathroom stall with a bottle of Mad Dog 20/20-- Kiwi Lime was my favorite flavor... Cause it was smoother than grape.

After school, when I went to school. I slept... Afternoons were great when I was in Junior High-- Different Strokes reruns, those sexy tight bitches on The Facts of Life... But I was getting to old for that. I valued the night, and the wonderful world of drinking beer in the same dead end street every night with the same high school drop outs I loved so much. They were great people, they never talked about what they wanted to do with their lives, or the Gulf War and its economical impacts, or what college they were going to...

CUT TO:

KEVIN

Hey Shane man, I just got fired from that meat-cutting job at the Food Lion. Whatta sonofabitch. My parents will probably kick me out if I can't make rent this month, but you probably know what it's like.

BRANT

Man, what are you talking about dude? This guy makes honor roll every semester.

KEVIN

Oh shit, I'm sorry dude.

(Awkward silence)

Hey Jimmy, pass me a brew.

(exits)

SHANE (V.O.)

It didn't matter that I wasn't quite fitting in with them... They let me hang out with them and they never asked me those difficult questions the rest of the world was always hitting me with.

CUT TO:

MOM

So have you decided what college you want to go to yet?

Shane Shrugs.

MOM (CONT.)

You know your father and I went to Virginia Tech. That's where we met.

SHANE

(not looking up)

I was thinking of getting a job and maybe finding a place with some friends.

BOTH PARENTS

What?

FATHER

I didn't work my ass off to get my PhD and support this family so you could throw it all away.

SHANE

I just want to take a year off, I'm eighteen, I want to try living on my own.

FATHER

The hell you will, if you take a year off you'll fall into that lifestyle forever and never make anything of yourself.

SHANE

How do you know that?

MOM

Shane, you aren't smart enough to not go to college.

SHANE

What?

Father stands up, getting in Shane's face and pointing a finger inot his chest.

FATHER

You're going to college and that's final! No son of mine is going to waste his life! I brought you into this world and I'll take you out of it!

SHANE

So I got shipped off to college. I don't know why I let them all do it to me. Maybe I was confused from all the drugs I was doing, maybe it was eighteen years of complacency, or maybe I actually believed all that bullshit they told me of a better world out there. A place where I would meet like-minded people who held my intellect, non-materialistic, well tempered wit the extreme distrust o authority. Liberal-minded people like myself, well-read and open to the limitless possibilities our world holds for us-

CUT TO:

DITTOHEAD #1

Man, when I graduate with my Computer Science degree I'll be making six-figures.

DITTOHEAD #2

Not if you lose half of it to some inner-city bitch with six kids.

DITTOHEAD #3

Fucking liberals.

DITTOHEAD #1

I know. The MSM has everyone brainwashed. That's why I only listen to Rush Limbaugh.

SHANE

Well, that turned out to be just another lie of the institution. Here everyone told me college was going to be this haven for intellectuals -- Sure, I was expecting something along

the lines of Kerouac or Ginsberg, but all it was was a bunch of spoiled-brats wit no more vision than how much money they were going to be making out of school. AND where was the real world in all of this? Where were the bums, the drug-dealers, the lowlifes? Everywhere I looked it was college t-shirts, buzzcuts and shoulder-length blonde hair. Excuse my Southern Dialect, but where were all the "niggers"?

CUT TO:

BLACK GIRL #1

Girlfriend, I can't wait till fall break so I can get back to--

BLACK GROUP

Black People!!!

SHANE (V.O.)

College was nothing but a fucking summer camp for rich-kids. Kids I would never have anything to do with in the real world, and this fantasy world was not going to be any exception. Or was it? Here I was, that scary kid your mother wouldn't let you play with in grade school because I was always getting you to play in traffic, or shoplift candybars, or throw eggs at cop cars. Suddenly, these little innocents were away from their nests, no parental authority figures around to protect them from me -- their minds were mine to corrupt freely!!!

TITLE: SMALL TIME

SHANE (V.O.)

Believe me. I tried to fit in with the college crowd. I went to the social functions or what these pudwakcers lame excuse for a party was. I couldn't believe it, first the beer

was always either natty-light or the Milwaukee-beast-- translated either no-buzz or sick-buzz. The style's were always the same; college t-shirt, blue jeans. Everywhere I looked college T-shirt, blue jeans.

GUY

Hey, I like your T-shirt.

GIRL

Go Kaps!

SHANE

(stepping between them)

You see what I mean? That guy just complimented that girl on the greek motherfucking letters she's wearing. These people consider me a freak.

GUY

(pointing at Shane)

Hey, lookit the mop-head!

SHANE (V.O.)

Don't even get me started on the college dating scene. What could be more romantic then getting puke-drooling drunk with a frat boy and then get raped in the bushes? I even went to some bible study groups.

DITTOHEAD #1

(giving Shane a flyer)

Hey Shane, I know your always talking about sex and stuff. This guys coming to talk about it -- I thought you would be interested.

SHANE

I don't think so guy... These speakers don't really know all that much about the subject. Especially Christians.

DITTOHEAD #1

Oh no! Really, he'll be talking about the "straight dope".

SHANE

Really? You think he might be able to tell me why my asshole bleeds so much after my boyfriend shoves the hamster up there?

DITTOHEAD #1

(blushing, trying to escape)

Uh... Well... I don't think---

SHANE (V.O.)

Hey, I never claimed to be mature, emotionally developed or any of that crap, but these dumbasses did, and that was their weakness. They were young, ignorant, and smug and that pissed me off at fantastic heights... Nothing was the way it was supposed to be, I was being trapped in another four years of this... This bullshit!

INT. BIBLE STUDY GROUP

Holding hands.

SHANE

Jesus Fucking Christ I need a bonghit!

BIBLE GROUP

(Gasps)

Shane stands up and leaves.

SHANE

Oh yeah, and Jesus was a Jew!

EXT.

SHANE

(walking, furious)

I ask you, what the fuck am I doing here? What did I do to deserve this? All I wanted out of life was to live the free-road. Screw the beaten path and forge my own direction.

INT. DORM



SHANE

I should have listened to my friends  
and ran away from home. It could have  
taken years for my father to track me  
down and kill me.

(stops, sighs)

Man, those could be some incredible  
years.

Shane gets a strange look on his face, eyebrows furrow, we can  
hear distorted guitar playing coming from inside a door.

SHANE (CONT.)

My god, that sounds like Slayer!

(listens for another  
second)

It is! It is Slayer!

The music stops, Shane makes devils hors hand symbol.

SHANE (CONT.)

(gravelly, death-metal  
voice, shouts)

Fucking Slayer!

The door opens suddenly, a tall gangly man, FLASH, wearing a  
cardigan sweater and what appears to be pajamas. One hand holds  
a guitar by the neck. He has long curly red hair. He looks around  
for a second, his eyes wild.

FLASH

Come on in.

Shane enters the room which is completely dark except for one  
light under the loft. A bong sits on the desk, smoke rising from  
its bowl.

FLASH (CONT.)

You want a bong hit?

SHANE

(little squeak voice)  
Yes please.

FLASH

Here you go. You want some coffee?

SHANE

You have coffee?

FLASH

Or tea if you want... There's cream and sugar too.

SHANE

Oh my god... I'm Shane.

Shane extends his hand.

FLASH

I'm Flash.

They shake.

SHANE (V.O.)

Flash wasn't his real name of course. It was a nickname he'd picked up working at some pizza place.

SHANE

So I guess the name is meant to be ironic?

Flash looks into space, bowl smoking, there is a long pause.

FLASH

Huh?

(wakes out of it)

Oh yeah man... It's a joke. Did you just hit this or is it my turn?

SHANE (V.O.)

Don't mistake his being slow for stupidity. That's a mistake I see these college fucks make all the time. Flash was a true intellectual. He had no intention of going to college, but one of the Physics Professors practically begged him to attend. I admit, it was even hard for me to imagine this guy as a physicist, but the test scores proved it. After I met Flash, it wasn't long before I got into the whole network of stoners. They were different from the stoners I was used to. They

weren't all about drinking coffee and watching movies. Many of them came from the country and enjoyed the simpler things in life.

Scenes of Shane and Flash and other hippie-styled people sitting in trees, playing Frisbee, hacky-sack.

[DISHWASHING - BUSSED IN MANAGERS]

SHANE (V.O.)

Drugs cost money and my parents were unwilling to foot the bill for any entertainment costs I might incur during my college career. So I got a job working as a dishwasher in the cafeteria. My coworkers were bused in from one of the local sanitariums, it was like a good deed the school did for the local community. I didn't mind having to work with the retards every night, but why did they get to be the supervisors?

Shane has a work hat pulled low over his eyes during the narration, he is scraping food off plates into a large disposal, he is covered in food bits, a short woman with thick glasses grabs his arm and yells gibberish at him, pointing at the disposal, he nods and she waddles away, she comes back on screen grabbing and pointing again.

SUPERVISOR

Abla babla ana mak!

SHANE

I don't understand. What are you saying?

SUPERVISOR

Abla babla ana mak!

SHANE

I don't understand what you are saying! Speak clearly!

(getting increasingly frustrated)

Is that even english?

(Turning to her, throwing  
his hands in the air)  
E-NUN-CI-ATE!!!

CUT TO

INT. SHANE'S DORMROOM

Shane enters the room, soaked in food bits, his roommate is on the phone with his girlfriend doing lovey-talk, gives Shane an odd look when he comes in and crinkles his nose in disgust.

[INTRODUCE IAN]

INT. SHANE'S DORM

SHANE (V.O.)

My resident advisor had decided to drop by again to debate philosophy. He always managed to drop by right after I'd smoked a bong. Actually, I guess it would be weird if he dropped by and I wasn't stoned. Ian really creeped me out. He was athletic, clear-headed, always had a smile on his face. He was a little too healthy, if you know what I mean. Disturbingly healthy. You could say to him:

SHANE

Ian, I fucking hate your guts you plastic, empty-headed, ken-doll wanna-be.

SHANE (V.O.)

And his response would be:

IAN

I respect your opinion Shane, and I think we should talk about this further. Maybe over lunch?

SHANE (V.O.)

Ian also suffered from another crippling form of psychosis that often goes unnoticed in this world of

ambition and material gain. You see, Ian was an education junkie. He'd already acquired two bachelor's degrees and was now working his way to his first Masters. To most people, this sounds like a noble pursuit. The story of a man trying to make something big out his life. To me it was a clear cut case of a coward trying to avoid reality. This twenty-eight year old boy enjoyed living in the dorms. He enjoyed the easy-going structure of college. He couldn't get a job with a bachelor's in Philosophy. He soon found that the workforce had no place for philosophers so now he has decided to compile his mistake by pursuing his Master's in Philosophy. Do you see what I mean by how there's the college fantasy world? The myth is that college prepares you for the world. The reality is that all of these punk-ass kids were being deluded into thinking they were special. Nobody was telling them the truth. That piece of paper doesn't mean you still won't end up kissing ass. Ian's counselors needed to sit him down and tell him that.

[INTRODUCE SWANK]

EXT SWANK'S DORM

Shane pauses outside of Swank's door, goes to knock but stops suddenly and begins sniffing at the air. Looks at the audience and knocks. We hear the sounds of panic.

SWANK  
(muffled)  
Be right there!

We can hear an aerosol can being sprayed at the door, Shane smiles. The door opens.

SWANK  
Yes?

SHANE

Are you Swank, the resident advisor?

SWANK

Yes, what can I help you with son?

SHANE

Ian on the third floor referred me to you, I've...

SWANK

Oh sure, come on in.

Shane comes in and Swank shuts the door.

SWANK (CONT.)

I know a lot about what you're going through...

Shane sits down, pulls Swank's double barreled bong out and takes a hit. Swank stops talking and looks at him wide eyed.

SHANE

(slowly exhaling)

You don't mind do you? I saw it laying out and I figured it was for guests.

SWANK

(smiles, relaxing)

Yeah, uh-huh, that's what it's for.

SHANE (V.O.)

Swank wasn't too bright.

SWANK

(confused)

So... Who are you?

SHANE

I'm Shane, I got busted for shoplifting recently and I need some Resident Advisor advice.

SWANK

Oh, well, college can be a pretty scary place. You're probably tempted to try new things, it's a time for experimentation and...

SHANE

(to the audience)

Is he reading this off a card?

(shakes his head, turns to Swank)

Hey man, this herb tastes really minty, is this some special breed?

SWANK

(still rambling)

...you're body is going through changes and you're noticing girls-- Huh? Oh, no, I use mouthwash for bong water.

SHANE

Why?

SWANK

It covers up the smell... You wanna smoke a blunt?

SHANE

Hell yes!

CUT TO

Shane and Swank looking very baked and zoning, the room is filled with smoke.

SWANK

So what was your problem?

SHANE

Problem go bye-bye. Now I just gotta wash a shitload of dishes to pay for whatever the court slaps me with.

SWANK

You need cash?

SHANE

Yeah.

SWANK

One second.

He reaches under his chair and pulls out a cigar-box, inside it are several ounces of weed.

SWANK (CONT.)

I gotta unload some of this wacky-tobaccy. If I front you an ounce could you sell it quick?

Shane picks up an ounce, unrolls it and looks it over.

SHANE

I'll be back in an hour.

We pass through a montage of scenes of Shane meeting with Flash, Christians, etc.

SHANE (V.O.)

That afternoon, selling dope became my primary means of income. I told the dinning hall to fuck off. In one hour I made as much money as they paid me in a week AND I got all the dope I could smoke AND I didn't have to deal with retards and convicts....

Ummmm... Okay, maybe that last bit wasn't on target, but it was a sweet setup. I'd sold dope before, but only to score my own weed. Buy an ounce, sell three quarters and keep the fourth. I never fell into a setup like this. Swank was awesome, a total dumbass, but awesome nonetheless. I didn't have to worry about pinching from bags to have dope for myself. Swank would smoke me up till I was cross-eyed and then kick me out. So I didn't have to hang out with his sorry ass. Yeah, I have to say things were going pretty well until...

INT. COURTROOM

Shane is sitting in court, wearing a button up shirt and tie, staring into space and looking bored.

SHANE (V.O.)

How many times have I been in this situation? Waiting in line for the man in the black robe to determine my fate. Wonder what I'll get this time? More street law classes? X-hundred



hours of community service? How much punishment is required for stealing a two dollar steak?

While the narrator is speaking, the courtroom is slowly filling up with clean-cut frat-boys, all wearing sweaters with letters. He looks over at the overweight mans who's giving him an evil grin.

SHANE (V.O.)

Hmph. It's the rent-a-pig who busted me. I bet he's been bragging all month about his big bust.

CUT TO

INT. CARD GAME

"Rent-a-Pig" playing cards, smoking a cigar, and drinking with friends.

RENT-A-PIG

Man, I was patrolling Rack N Sack yesterday and I catch this kid on camera lifting a steak, musta been homeless. So I go out on the floor to bust him, I put my hand on his shoulder as he's walking down the isle and he about jumps out of his skin. Little punk makes a reach for his piece, so I clubbed him with a forty-pound frozen turkey.

INT. COURT ROOM

SHANE (V.O.)

When the reality is:

INT. RACK N SACK

Rent-a-pig walks up to Shane.

RENT-A-PIG

Busted.

SHANE

Ah, man.

Reaches under his shirt to pull out the steak.

RENT-A-PIG

He's got a gun!

Punches Shane in the stomach, who goes flying to the ground.

INT. COURT ROOM

SHANE

(shaking his head)

Rent-a-cops... Rent-a-cops suck because they aren't real cops, they think they can arrest you, assault you.

(looks at the Rent-a-pig, who's still smiling at him)

...If I was a bigger guy.

(back to the audience)

If a Rent-a-cop ever lays a hand on you, beat them down. Remember, they're not real cops, so they can't legally detain you.

(looks around at all the frat boys)

Hmmm... Why do I have the strangest feeling of deja-vu?

INT. HOMETOWN COURT ROOM

A younger Shane, sits in court. The court is filled with Navy uniforms.

SHANE (V.O.)

Tidewater is a Navy Town, and the military breaks all the laws.

The HOMETOWN JUDGE is looking at a Navy-boy, standing next to his Commanding Officer.

JUDGE

Let's see here, you wrecked your car while driving intoxicated. What do you have to say for yourself?

COMMANDING OFFICER

We're leaving port this week and he's essential personnel.

HOMETOWN JUDGE  
Sentence deferred.

INT. COURT ROOM

A Frat-boy looks innocent, behind him are a line of frat-boys wearing the same letters, standing at attention.

JUDGE  
So you were intoxicated in public and stole a parking meter. Well, you're just a good old boy... Just sowing your oats. Sentence Deferred.

BAILIFF  
Shane Sinclair.

Shane approaches the bench, same innocent look.

JUDGE  
Stealing steaks eh boy? What do you have to say for yourself?

SHANE  
It was a stupid thing to do your honor. I know that, I was hungry. I just ask that you don't do anything to ruin my college career.

JUDGE  
Uh-huh. \$250 fine and 200 hours community service, and I suggest you get a job if you can't afford to eat.

SHANE  
I have a job your honor. I work at the dining hall.

JUDGE  
Then I suggest you take a semester off and work full time. Get out of my court room.

EXT. COURT ROOM

Shane is unbuttoning his shirt to reveal a "Blunted" t-shirt with a giant marijuana leaf on it.

SHANE

(to the audience)  
Some people are more equal than  
others.

[SUMMER BREAK]

SHANE (V.O.)

That first summer home was like a long cool drink of water in the middle of a desert. My first day back it was like old times. We rounded up the gang for a night of bar-hopping. We brought Bryson along, the plan was to pull the old "It's Bryson's 23rd Birthday." Routine, even though he was only 16... It never failed to earn us round after round of free drinks without getting carded. We'd been getting away with it since he was 14.

After a few scenes of drinking at the bars we cut to a scene of a viewpoint low in the passenger's side of a truck. Music is blaring and streetlights pass over the windshield. We pass a red light and can hear car horns blaring under the music. Another red light and another. We see Shane, blinking his eyes groggily and the windshield, he sits up slightly and looks in the backseat where there are three drunk and passed out friends. He blinks his eyes blearily and looks over at Bryson who's completely passed out behind the wheel of the car. He stares for a few seconds, then passes out again.

EXT. TRUCK

Outside the truck, the truck skids out into a busy intersection and comes to a stop. Shane wakes up again and looks around, there are people surrounding the truck, yelling. Shane reaches over and turns off the music, an angry man at the windshield.

ANGRY MAN

What the fucks a matter with you? Are  
you drunk?

DOUG opens the door and pukes on the man's shoes.

INT. COP CAR

Of course, summer break wasn't all fun and games.

[YOUNGER SHANE MEETS CURRENT SHANE]

Younger Shane is engaging in something stupid and criminal.

SHANE (V.O.)

If only I could go back in time, meet  
my younger self...

Younger Shane turns away from his crime to come face to face  
with the current Shane.

SHANE (V.O.) (CONT.)

...and Beat some sense into him.

YOUNGER SHANE

What are you?

SHANE

Hello Shane, I'm you. I've been sent  
from the future to correct the  
mistakes of the past.

(Punches his fist into his  
palm)

Prepare for unmerciful punishment.

YOUNGER SHANE

Ulp!

Shane grabs Younger Shane by the collar and pummels him to the  
ground. He stands up, brushing off his hands, satisfied.

SHANE

Well, that's that.

Shane smiles and turns around to walk away and comes face to  
face with OLDER SHANE.

SHANE

Who the fuck are you?

OLDER SHANE  
(Slapping fist into palm)  
Anticipate extreme agony.  
(Pummels current Shane into  
the ground)  
You... Stupid... Little...

[FIRST SMALLTIME JOB]

[PATRICK]

INT. PATRICK'S HOME

SHANE (V.O.)  
Drug culture is an interesting world.  
One of my regular customers was a  
chemistry graduate named Patrick.  
He'd graduated three years ago, but  
found it impossible to get a job if  
you didn't live in the city. Being a  
country-boy, this was unacceptable,  
so he found other means of  
employment.

Shane enters Patrick's house.

SHANE  
Hey Pat.

Patrick is standing in front of a giant dry erase board covered  
with molecular diagrams and equations. Shane comes up and stands  
next to him, staring at it.

SHANE  
Whatcha doing?

PATRICK  
One of the ingredients in Lydocaine  
is cocaine, it's what makes the  
numbing sensation. I'm trying to  
figure out how to extract the  
cocaine. Theoretically, we might be  
able to distill almost half a gram of  
the stuff from a tube.

(Looks at Shane)  
We could start manufacturing coke in the United States for less than the cost of importing it.

(looks back to the board)  
I just can't figure out how to isolate it.

SHANE  
Wow, let me know when you figure that out. I got your stuff.

PATRICK  
Cool, do you want me to pay you in cash... Or...

SHANE (V.O.)  
Sometimes Patrick and I would trade up. He know how to make metacathamine dirt-cheap and I could sell it at almost a 90% profit. There was only one problem.

SHANE  
I thought you couldn't make that stuff anymore since the government started requiring manufacturers of mini-thins to switch to pseudo-ephedrine.

Patrick goes over to a vial, pours out some white dust onto a glass lasagna tray.

PATRICK  
I think I've gotten around that. I made some changes to the refining process.

He cuts the powder into lines, hands Shane a bill. Shane rolls it and Patrick holds up the tray.

PATRICK (CONT.)  
Try and freebase it quick, before it melts into the glass.

Shane stops, hand Patrick back the bill.

SHANE

Ummm... That's okay, maybe you just better pay me in cash this time.

Patrick shrugs and sets down the tray.

**[INTERSTATE PULLOVER]**

Shane is driving his truck in the interstate while saying this, he's passing cars like the were standing still. He's smoking a joint and has a big cheesy grin on his face, sitting beside him is Flash. Suddenly, in the distance, we can see flashing lights of police cars. They grow closer until we can see six state troopers pulling up behind him. One siren's briefly, Shane sits up suddenly and looks in his rear view mirror.

SHANE  
(nonchalantly)  
Oh crap.

He turns to Flash and hands him the smoking joint.

SHANE (CONT.)  
Hey man, hide this somewhere.

Flash looks at him skeptically.

FLASH  
Hell no man. I told you to be careful.

SHANE  
I was being careful. Shit man, I'm only doing--

He looks at the speedometer, it's off the scale.

SHANE  
Oh.  
(puts his hand to his head,  
looking faint)  
Oh, oh, oh.

The siren wails again. Flash sits up and looks out the back window.

FLASH



Man... What are you gonna do?

SHANE

(thinking)

Ummm... Quick, roll down the windows  
and air the truck out.

FLASH

I think you better just pull over--

SHANE

I know what I'm doing!

The roll the windows down, the state patrol cars surround the truck and force it onto the shoulder. The cops get out and point guns at the truck

COP

Get your hands in the air! Now!

Shane and Flash put their hands in the air.

CUT TO

INT. COP CAR

Shane sits in the passenger seat of the patrol car, a big beefy cop sits in the driver's seat, filling out forms.

ROOKIE

You wanna make a run for it? Go on,  
try it. I was captain of the track  
team in high school. Come on, it'd be  
fun. Make a run for it...

SHANE (V.O.)

You'd think I'd be panicked in this  
situation, reckless driving and  
possession. I'm looking at jail time.  
I guess I'm just desensitized. I'm  
busted, there's nothing to do but  
accept it. Whatever's in store for me  
is going to be long and arduous... And  
there's nothing I can do about it. I  
have to go with the flow... Be like  
water and take the easiest path. Of  
course, the easiest path would have  
been to just not get busted in the

first place--but that's in the past now. You've got to maintain. Keep cool, don't let those hurt feelings take over. Be calm.

(starts trembling)

Don't give in to the motherfucker. I've never hurt anyone. Why the fuck does this shit always happen to me? I never do anything wrong. Do I? Am I a bad person? What the fuck do you want me to do?!?!

SHANE

(to the cop)

Rookie shut up.

CUT TO

INT. JAIL CELL

Shane is handcuffed, being pushed up against a wall by the Rookie, who takes the handcuffs off and pushes Shane in the iron door. Shane takes a few steps in and looks around, scared. The iron door slams shut behind him. There's a guy curled up into a ball on the floor and a puddle of vomit in front of him. A man curled around the toilet with a stack of Styrofoam in front of him, and Flash, who sits on the floor shivering. Shane sits down next to him, tucks his arms into his shirt and starts shivering.

SHANE (V.O.)

They threw me in the fucking drunk tank.

FLASH

I told you to be careful.

SHANE

Sorry.

LSD GUY

Hey.

Shane looks at him. LSD Guy points at the Styrofoam.

LSD GUY

This is my Styrofoam. You can't have it.

SHANE  
It's all you man.

LSD GUY  
I've got a monopoly on the Styrofoam.

Shane puts a cigarette in his mouth and turns to Flash.

SHANE  
Hey man, can I get a light off ya?

FLASH  
They took my lighter.

SHANE  
Me too.

He stands up, and walks over to the Iron Door.

LSD Guy's eyes go wide, he shrinks back, clutching at his Styrofoam.

LSD GUY  
You can't have it!

SHANE  
Uh huh.  
(Bangs on the cell door)  
Hey! Hey! I need to speak with  
someone.

A few seconds pass and a cop comes to the door.

COP  
What?

SHANE  
There's been some kind of mistake.  
This is a drunk tank and we're not.

The door shuts.

SHANE (CONT.)  
Hey! I need a light man. I need some  
fire for my cigarette!.

The door opens, and the cop lights his cigarette.

SHANE

Thank you.

Shane lights another cig off of his and passes it to Flash. He tucks his arms into his T-shirt and shivers.

SHANE

We'll have to keep a cigarette lit the rest of the night, I don't think that cop's coming back.

FLASH

I told you not to do anything stupid.

SHANE

(sighs)

FADE

INT. CLERK'S OFFICE

A disheveled and unkempt man with glasses wearing a corduroy suit sits at a typewriter, hunting and pecking keys. Shane sits in a chair rocking back and forth. The Rookie enters the room and the man behind the typewriter looks at him.

CLERK

Who's that man hoarding Styrofoam in the drunk tank?

ROOKIE

I brought him in two nights ago. I busted him with a sheet of LSD, but he ate the whole damn things before I could stop him.

CLERK

You didn't tell anyone he was in there; he hasn't been fed for two days.

ROOKIE

He won't be in any condition to eat for awhile yet.

CLERK

It would have been nice to know he was in there.

(Points to Shane)

We kept this guy over night for possession of marijuana?

ROOKIE

Yeah.

CLERK

Why didn't you just write him a ticket and send him on his way?

ROOKIE

Well, he was doing a hundred and ten in a sixty-five zone. It took six state troopers over twenty minutes to catch up with him.

SHANE (V.O.)

(Smiling)

Twenty minutes? Wow! Wait till I tell the gang about this. Twenty-minutes.

The Clerk looks over the paperwork.

CLERK

You didn't charge him with reckless driving.

ROOKIE

I musta forgot.

CLERK

Uh huh. You can go.

Rookie leaves, the Clerk turns to Shane.

CLERK

I must apologize for the way you've been treated. He's a new guy on the force. He doesn't realize what a small time bust you are.

SHANE

The guy's a repressed homosexual, totally manhandled me during the search.

CLERK

You don't have too much to worry about when you go to court.

SHANE

Really?

CLERK

Except for the quantity.

SHANE

Quantity?

CUT TO

INT. COURT ROOM

JUDGE

Two pounds? Two pounds of marijuana?

Shane half-shrugs, looking guilty.

SHANE

I uh... I was... Well, it's like--

JUDGE

I suppose you were taking it  
somewhere to sell the stuff?

SHANE

Oh no! I mean, no your honor.

JUDGE

You weren't trying to sell it?

SHANE

Oh no. I know how much trouble that  
could get me into. This was...

(swallows)

...my Personal stash.

JUDGE

Two pounds worth of personal stash?

SHANE

It was gonna be a four day weekend?

The Judge shakes his head in disbelief.

JUDGE

All right, I'm gonna suspend your  
sentence for six months. During that

time you will take monthly drug tests  
and attend VASAP classes.

The Rookie stands up in disbelief.

ROOKIE

But he was driving recklessly! It  
took us twenty minutes to catch him!  
You should throw the book at him!

JUDGE

You didn't charge him with reckless  
driving.

ROOKIE

(looking down)

I was supposed to do that?

JUDGE

(to Shane)

All right, I'll see you back here in  
six months. You seem like a  
reasonably intelligent fellow, so  
you should know to stop smoking that  
stuff.

The Judge suddenly points the gavel at him.

JUDGE (CONT.)

Are you sure you weren't going to sell  
that stuff? Ah.

The Judge slaps the gavel on the desk.

CUT TO

Shane sits down next to Flash on the bench.

FLASH

Man, I told you to drive careful.

[ACID]

SHANE (V.O.)

That Styrofoam monopolist ended up  
being a great hookup for LSD, which  
is a mystical drug, but the most

insane of all drugs... Wit the exception of probably Angel Dust, or STP, or DMZ... or some other really intoxicating drugs. LSD is an occasional drug. You have to really be prepared to drop acid.

Don't plan on going out and doing anything if you're dropping acid, unless it's something like going to a Grateful Dead show, where you don't have to worry. That's the most important thing to avoid of all, worry. Stress is multiplied a bazillion times when your tripping, just like the good things... So surround yourself with good vibes. Plan on a relaxing night with people your comfortable with. That's really important, the people you're comfortable.

INT. ROOM

Shane is sitting on his couch with a room full of people all tripping, but no one is talking.

SHANE (V.O.)

Who are these people? I don't know these people. Why are they here? I gotta get away, get outside... Clear my head... Come down to reality.

Shane stands up.

SHANE

I gotta get some fresh air.

EVERYBODY

Great idea! Let's get some fresh air!

EXT. FIELD

The ground is covered with snow, everyone comes outside, surrounding Shane. He takes a deep breath, exhales, condensation coming from his mouth. Then he bolts inside his apartment, slams the door shut and we can hear the bolts lock.



HUNTER  
(confused)  
Hey Shane?

SHANE  
(from inside)  
Go away! Nobody's home!

The blinds pull shut and the lights go off.

INT. SHANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Shane continues preparing, checking the refrigerator for beer and Orange Juice, carton of cigarettes, marijuana.

SHANE (V.O.)  
Make sure you have plenty of fluids handy. Beer to take the edge off and marijuana to make it stranger. Orange Juice is supposedly a trip enhancer, but I've no idea why. If you do decide to go anywhere, make sure its a walk, don't drive and no matter what, avoid public places at all costs.

[LSD CONTINUED]

Doug, Shane and Matt are all sanding at the side of the road on a board walk, highly populated. Looking at a car with a overheated radiator, steam rises from this Volkswagen Rabbit. Doug turns to Shane, puts a bowl and an ounce of weed in his hand.

DOUG  
Man, the cops are gonna be all over us in any second. Take this and get outta here.

Shane looks scared, but nods and takes off running.

MATT  
Wait a minute! Where's he going?

DOUG  
I told him to run away, you know, cause of the cops.

MATT  
(looking around)  
What cops? Dammit! I'm supposed to be  
babysitting you trippers tonight and  
one of you goes running away?

DOUG  
Uh...

MATT  
How are we supposed to find him???

CUT TO

SHANE (V.O.)  
I can't stress enough how important  
environment is when you trip. Make  
sure you have people around you who  
understand. I mean really  
understand, people who've been  
there... Anyone else won't know how  
to deal with you.

CUT TO

INT. SHANE'S DORMROOM

Shane is grabbing at things in the air. His roommate is on the  
phone with his girlfriend, watching Shane in confusion. Shane  
stops and turns to stare at John.

JOHN  
Are you okay?

Shane gets up and comes close to John, smells him, pokes him,  
then reaches up and grabs the top of John's head.

CUT TO

Shane's perspective, we see the head split open and a demon  
sprouts out of the top to reach out and grab Shane's head.

CUT TO

Shane is shrieking at John and runs out of the room. John, still on the phone, looks out the doorway to watch Shane running away down the hall.

[additional LSD note]

NARRATOR

It's okay to make plans when you're gonna dose. Just remember that your plans may go out the window.

INT. A CAR

Shane and Doug sit in the back seat of a car, looking upset. Mandy and Matt sit in the front seat.

DOUG

Dammit Mandy, this trip you sold us is bunk.

MANDY

That's impossible, this shit's that Purple Dragon that's been going around. Everybody says it's the bomb.

SHANE

But we took two hits each over two hours ago.

MANDY

Man, that's not cool, this guy has never screwed me over before. Well, let's smoke a bowl and go hang out on the beach.

She lights up and passes the bowl back to Doug, who takes a hit and immediately gets a real funny smile on his face. Shane hits it and gets a funny smile on his face. Both look at each other and start giggling uncontrollably.

MANDY

What? Is it starting to kick in?

Shane and Doug keep laughing, looking around with wide eyes and back at each other. Mandy turns around in her seat.

MANDY

Is it that good?

From Shane's perspective, we see Mandy looking at him. Every slight turn of her head morphs her features, eyes appear and disappear, her voice echoes. He turns to Doug, who's looking at him laughing, his Nose inflates and his head swells and shrinks and he looks like an ogre, then an elf.

CUT TO

EXT. SHANE'S PARENT'S HOUSE

The car pulls up to Shane's house, Shane and Doug get out of the car, laughing and pointing at everything. They stumble over to sit on the curve. From inside the car, we hear Mandy's voice.

MANDY

Ya'll don't know how to handle your trip.

She drives off, we sit next to Shane and Doug, who just sit and laugh like idiots. The stars spin in time-lapsed state, the sun rises, traffic goes by, morning turns to day and the two finally start to stop laughing. Toning it down to an occasional chuckle. Then they sigh and look around.

SHANE

Well, I guess I've finally come down.  
(chuckles)  
No sense in going to sleep, I'll just go into work.

DOUG

I'm gonna go see if I can't sleep in a forest someplace.

Doug gets up, brushes himself off awkwardly, reacting to his own touch. He shivers and starts to walk away.

DOUG

Have fun at work dealing with the weird day.

SHANE (V.O.)

Oh yeah, the weird day. The day after you dose. The day that isn't quite right. Sounds bother you, things feel

strange, you see things that aren't there, but you're sober.

We see Shane working produce, looking over his shoulder suspiciously, jumping occasionally.

SHANE (V.O.)

I think it's enhanced by the lack of sleep. You can't sleep on acid, you close your eyes and see dancing dead bears. Sometimes, I would take an eight of a tab to pull an all-nighter. Just enough to keep me awake without the hallucinations.

We see Doug, trying to sleep in the forest. He closes his eyes and chorus lines of cartoon characters dance and sing before him. He opens his eyes and rolls over, exhausted.

INT. SHANE'S APARTMENT

SHANE

(to the audience)

Well, that's LSD... Remember the rules. Don't go to public places unless you have some sober friends around you. Make sure you know and trust the people you trip with, and remember most of all to have fun.

[Insert Principia Discordia Quote about bad trips here.]

Wish I could let you in on the fun, but sober people make us a little paranoid.

[THE END OF SWANK]

SHANE (V.O.)

Summertime was a nice break from school and that whole, having to think thing that went on there. The

greatest part about being in a college town in the summer was how empty the place got, of course, this put a serious damper on my business. It also meant Swank didn't have anything to do all day either.

Shane, Swank and Flash are all sitting in the living room, slouched and looking bored. They've all got beers, empty cans line the coffee table, they toss bottle caps into a bucket. Swank takes out a bottle of prescription drugs, takes out a pill and swigs it down with a beer.

SHANE

Hey Swank man, that's your third Xanax and as many beers dude, don't you think you should go easy?

SWANK

Man, I'm hardly feeling it.

SHANE

(to the audience)

I liked Swank a lot better when he got me high and kicked me out of the dorm...

(to Swank)

Hey Swank, you gonna smoke us up man?

SWANK

I said I will... I'm just waiting for this shit to kick in.

SHANE

Man, it looks like it already is.

SWANK

Man, I'm hardly feeling--

Swank's head topples over and he's unconscious.

SHANE

Oh shit man, he's fucking OD'ed in my living room.

FLASH

No he hasn't man.

Flash lifts up Swanks head and peels open one of his eyes.

FLASH

Swank, where'd you put your herb  
dude?

SWANK

It's at home.

FLASH

Ah man.

Flash lets his head drop.

SWANK

I want pizza.

FLASH

We don't got any pizza.

SWANK

I got a frozen pizza at your house.

FLASH

Yeah.

Swank stumbles to a stand.

SWANK

Pizza.

Swank stumbles out the door, closing it behind him. Flash looks  
at Shane, jumps up, and locks the door.

SHANE

What are you doing dude?

FLASH

I'm locking him out, we don't want to  
deal with somebody that fucked up.

SHANE

Yeah but--

There's a knock at the door.

SHANE

What now?

Flash is looking through the peep hole.

FLASH

If we don't answer the door he'll  
think there's nobody home.

SHANE

You think he's that fucked up?

FLASH

He's fucked up enough that he won't  
remember any of this anyways.

SHANE (V.O.)

I knew how true that was, I was no  
stranger to Xanax.

INT. HIGHSCHOOL CLASSROOM

Shane's teacher is lifting Shane's head off the desk, from  
Shane's perspective, the world is wobbly and black explosions.

TEACHER

Shane, are you okay?

SHANE (V.O.)

Oh yeah, I'm jess a lil' sleepy.

INT. SHANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

FLASH

He's walking away.

He stops looking through the peephole and leans his back to the  
door.

FLASH

Trust me man, it's for the best, he'll  
pass out in somebody's lawn  
somewhere--

A car engine starts, Shane and Flash look at each other in shock.

SHANE

He drove here?

FLASH

Oh man.



Shane runs up to the door, Flash flings it open, and they run out into the parking lot in time to see Swank back into Shane's truck, crumpling the side and driving off, hitting the curb and blowing the tire out as he turns out of the parking lot.

SHANE

This is bad.

FLASH

Ah, man.

SHANE

Okay. Ummm... We should go find him and stop him before he gets into serious trouble.

FLASH

Is your truck still out of commission?

SHANE

Yeah. Where do you think he went?

FLASH

Well, duh. He went to my place.

SHANE

Yeah? How do you figure?

FLASH

That's where the pizza is.

CUT TO

EXT. PARKING LOT FLASH'S APARTMENT

Shane and Flash are hoofing it through the parking lot.

SHANE

I don't see Swank's car here.

FLASH

Me either, I hope he's all right. He's a dumbass, but he's a harmless dumbass--

Flash stops, listening. We can hear an alarm in the distance.

FLASH

Ah, man.

Flash looks up to his apartment. Where the door is ajar and smoke is rolling out o the archway.

CUT TO

INT. FLASH'S APARTMENT

Flash opens the oven and pulls out a completely carbonized pizza, he turns on the fan. Shane opens the door all the way and starts waving it back and forth, he puts a fan in the doorway to blow the smoke out. Flash pulls down the smoke detector and, coughing, stumbles outside with Shane. They look at each other in confusion.

SHANE (V.O.)

That was the last we ever saw of Swank. The rumor from other's who knew him was that he got thrown in rehab and wasn't allowed to associate with our crowd anymore. I felt pretty bad about it, not only did it say something about me and my character as a person, but it also meant I was going to have to find a real job.

(cut to landscaping)

[SUMMER JOB]

SHANE

I was going to have to start earning my own way, or take summer school classes.

(laughs)

Yeah, fuck that. College towns turn into ghost towns in the summertime so finding work was no easy task. I ended up taking a job with the landscaping crew. It was hard work, but it wasn't school and I got to hang out with the locals. They were down to earth people.

During this narration we see empty streets, Shane wandering around. We cut to scenes of Shane doing landscaping work, smoking pot. The na scene of him mowing a lawn with a goofy look

on his face, a big redneck looking fellow with a weed eater starts yelling at him. Shane looks at him confused and runs over a sprinkler with the mower. A chunk of metal lodges in the wood fence, right next to the redneck's head. He throws his weed eater down, rips off his hat and chases after Shane, who's eyes go wide and he runs away. We see him being chased across a field, and scrambles up into a tree. The redneck comes up to the tree and begins jumping in the air trying to grab him down.

INT. BAR

TOM, the redneck is making the same jumping motion and looking up, several other rednecks stand in a circle around him laughing hysterically.

TOM

But I couldn't catch the little  
fucker. I said,

(looking up)

Well boy, you gotta come down  
sometime and looked down at me and was  
like Uh Uh! I ain't coming down.

All the rednecks laugh, camera pans to include Shane, holding a beer and looking embarrassed.

TOM (CONT.)

This little fucker's all right!

He claps an arm around Shane.

INT. BAR - LATER

Some of the rednecks and Shane are sitting around a table, nursing their beers. Tom looks up as two hippy looking guys come into the bar.

TOM

Ah, shit. Damn a couple of college  
fucks just came into our bar.

One of the kids grabs a pool cue and the other goes to rack the table. Tom yells at them.

TOM (CONT.)

Hey, that's our table!

The kids look uncertain, one shrugs and they go to the other table.

TOM (CONT.)

Nah man! We got that table too.

The college kids look at each other and one motions to the other for them to leave, but he raises a hand.

COLLEGE FUCK

You guys don't have any quarters down  
on either of these--

He shuts up as all the rednecks stand up and look intimidating. There's silence and the two hippies leave. Everyone takes their seats, Shane begins laughing hysterically.

TOM

What the hell do you find so amusing?

SHANE

(still giggling)

I've just never been friends with a  
bunch of rednecks before, that's all.

Rednecks all look at each other and start laughing.

TOM

You're all right college boy.  
(motions to the bartender)  
Let's get some more beer over here.

SHANE (V.O.)

I was beginning to feel like I had  
found a clique.

EXT. HOT SUMMER DAY

Several very hung over looking rednecks sitting by a truck, rubbing swollen eyes and sipping juice, coffee, smoking cigarettes and looking miserable.

TOM

(to Shane)  
Go mow the lawn.

SHANE

What? By myself?

REDNECK #1

You heard him college fuck. Go mow the  
lawn.

SHANE

Ah man.

He gets up and stumbles off screen.

SHANE (V.O.)

So the rest of my summer went by like that. Working insane hours, getting drunk every night with the rednecks. It was something else to do. I looked at it that way.

Scenes of Shane getting slapped by Tom, drinking and playing pool, developing one incredibly red neck.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK

Shane and Tom are smoking a joint. Tom taking a hit.

TOM

An English major huh?

SHANE

Yeah.

TOM

You gonna be a teacher?

SHANE

I guess.

TOM

You don't know what you're gonna do?

SHANE

(shaking his head)

Not really.

TOM

Damn, wish I could just fuck off for four years of my life.

Shane looks down silently.

TOM (CONT.)

Falls coming, gonna be time to rake leaves. All the college fucks will be moving back into town again. God I fucking hate this place.

Shane looks at him.

SHANE

Yeah?

TOM

(nodding)

Yeah. All these privileged little bastards come into our town. The whole place goes to hell. We gotta clean up the messes, put up with their spoiled little asses. The cops let them do whatever the hell they want and they bust us for everything.

(stares into space)

Fuckers.

Shane nods his head, suddenly Tom punches him in the arm.

TOM

But there's still two more weeks for me to take it out on your ass! Go mow that lawn college fuck!

[A DAY IN THE LIFE OF MY ROOMATE]

We see Shane's roommate passed out in his bed, hair strew out, his head resting on an alarm clock showing "9:59", it flips to "10:00" and an awful siren goes off, incredibly loud. He does not stir. Shane is sitting in front of his computer, smoking a bowl.

SHANE

John!

(pause)

John!

(pause)

Joooooohn!!!

Shane shakes his head in frustration, gets up and pokes John, still no response. He grabs John's head by the hair to lift his head off the alarm clock and turns it off. Drops John's head back onto it with a loud crack and goes back to sit down and smoke his pot, looking out the window.

INT. SHANE'S DORMROOM - EVENING

We cut back to John, still sleeping on the alarm clock, which shows "5:24" now. John stirs awake, eyes swollen shut, looks around then looks at the time.

JOHN

Ah fuck! I missed all my classes again! What the fuck?

Shane is sitting in his chair with his bowl, the window shows it is now dark outside.

SHANE

Yeah, you didn't wake up when your alarm clock went off so I had to shut it off for you.

John begins climbing out of bed, his loft.

JOHN

What man? You turned my alarm clock off again? Why the hell did you do that for? How am I ever supposed to get to class if you keep shutting off my alarm clock?

Shane shrugs.

JOHN (CONT.)

Ah man, I think I had an exam today in...

(pause)

...Biology?

There's a knock at the door and ALICE, a chubby girl, comes in.

ALICE

Hey honey, you feeling okay? You were kinda rough last night.

JOHN

Yeah, I'm okay, but Shane turned off my alarm clock this morning so I missed class.

Alice shoots Shane an ugly look. Shane rolls his eyes at the audience.

ALICE

Again?

JOHN

Yeah.

John looks depressed.

Alice straddles John's lap and caresses his hair.

ALICE

Don't worry baby, it's okay to miss a few classes. Nobody's keeping track.

She pulls a bottle of "Montezuma's Revenge" from his desk and takes a swig, John takes a swig too.

INT. SHANE'S DORMROOM - LATER

The clock reads "9:00".

Shane sits with his bowl, smoke rising from it, a textbook sits in his lap and a look of frustration hangs on his face as he tries to concentrate on it. In the background we can hear and see John and Alice fucking away under the covers. Shane turns to the audience.

SHANE

I'd just like to take a moment here to point out the difference between my illegal drug use and my roommate's drinking problem. I've been smoking pot all day, I've attended my classes and I've spent my free time studying up on all my coursework. My roommate has spent the day passed out and fucking his girlfriend. Now, putting aside the fact that I would much



rather be doing right now, who's  
doing the more damaging chemical?

The door busts open and three obviously drunk males stumble into  
the room.

DRUNK #1

Hey whatsup John? Watter you doing?  
Oh! Oh! Oh! I guess I know what you're  
doing!

John comes out from under the covers to give a high-five to his  
friend.

JOHN

Hey man!

Shane turns to the camera.

SHANE

Okay, fuck this, I'm going out.

INT. SHANE'S DORMROOM - LATER

The clock reads "12:00".

Shane comes back into the room, the drunks are sitting in a  
circle, playing cards. Drunk #1 Throws down his cards.

DRUNK #1

That's it! I'm out!

JOHN

Ah man, I'm asshole again?

DRUNK #2

Drink Asshole!

John lifts his beer.

ALL

Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

Shane climbs into his loft and pulls the covers over his head.

INT. SHANE'S DORMROOM

The clock reads "4:00".

From Shane's perspective, laying in bed, we see John patting Shane on the head.

JOHN

Hey man! I just wanted to wake you up  
and tell you what a great roommate you  
are! I love you man!

John bends over, behind the edge of the bed, and we hear puking noises.

JOHN (CONT.)

Ah man, I just yuked on Shane's  
computer man! He's gonna be pissed.

INT. SHANE'S DORMROOM

We see Shane's roommate passed out in his bed, hair strew out, his head resting on an alarm clock showing "9:59", it flips to "10:00" and an awful siren goes off, incredibly loud. He does not stir. Zoom out, Shane rolls over to look at the camera.

SHANE

I think it's time I moved out of the  
dorms.

[MOVING OUT]

We pan across a series of run down houses, trash strewn across the yards, kegs and beer cans litter everywhere.

SHANE (V.O.)

So I grabbed some friends and moved  
off campus. Five minutes from campus  
to be exact. Living off campus was the  
freedom I always dreamed of. To smoke  
pot in my room without having to blow  
it out the window, cooking my own food  
rather than having to eat the dining  
hall swill. Fuck the dorms, having my  
own place was everything I ever hoped  
for. Suddenly, college didn't seem so  
bad. This was where the culture was.

[HIGHSCHOOL FLASHBACK]

A younger, uncertain looking Shane stands by the side of a 7-11, a few dollars in his hands. A man walks by him.

SHANE

Hey, could you buy me some beer?

The man passes him by, another person approaches.

SHANE

Can you buy me some beer?

Passes him by. He sits down on the curb and waits. A van, all decked out, pulls up. Shane looks at the group of black men inside the van, swallows hard, then get up and approaches the driver.

SHANE

Excuse me, could you buy me some beer?

BLACK GUY

(big smile)

Hey guys! The little white boy wants us to buy him some beer! You remember when you would stand outside the liquor store asking everyone who walked by to buy you alcohol?

(they all laugh in agreement)

Sure boy, I'll get you some beer, whatcho want?

SHANE

Six bottles of Mad Dog.

[JUNIOR YEAR]

Shane approaches the counter of a 7-11 and sets down an armload of Boonze wine.

CLERK

(looking sarcastic)

My friend, that is more Strawberry Blonde than a man like you can handle.

SHANE

(pissed)

It's not for me.

He reaches below the counter and pulls up a six-pack of Budweiser.

SHANE (CONT.)

That's for me.

CLERK

Uh huh. Need to see the ID bro.

Shane pulls out the ID impatiently and the Clerk starts to tally it up after squinting at it.

EXT. 7-11

A group of frat boys are loitering by the pay phones.

SHANE (V.O.)

Junior year. I was the first of my gang to turn twenty-one as a result of being held back in the fifth grade.

SHANE

(to the audience)

Don't even get me started on that one.

SHANE (V.O.)

You would think it'd be cool being the oldest, but I'm the one who gets stuck with the beer runs. And what do the kiddies want to drink?

FRAT BOY points at Shane, laughing.

FRAT BOY

Hey, look at the wine cooler fag!

All the Frat Boys laugh.

SHANE (V.O.)

Boonze. They don't have to go into the store to actually buy the stuff. So they order wine coolers. The least manliest form of alcohol there is, all because they don't have to face the ridicule of actually walking into the store to buy the stuff.

SHANE

(to the audience)

Which makes you wonder doesn't it?  
Beer tastes like piss, but everybody  
drinks it because that's what we're  
told to drink.

(shakes his head)

What does that say about us as  
consumers?

A KID approaches Shane with money in hand.

KID

Hey man, can you score me some mad  
dog?

Shane looks him up and down.

SHANE

Fuck off freshman.

[REMEMBERING VIDEO GAMES]

[INTRODUCTION to Sophomore/Junior Year. INTRO BILLY]

Shane and Flash are sitting on the floor, Indian-style with game  
controllers in hand. Both are Chinese-eyed, squinting at some  
video game (Sega Genesis) Flash cringes in defeat and Shane  
laughs in victory.

FLASH

Man, it doesn't matter what I do, you  
always kick my ass.

SHANE

Yeah, you can't beat a lifetime of videogame playing. I've been in training since the Atari 2600 to whup your ass. Space Invaders, Asteroids. Back when video games didn't have an end, you just kept trying to beat your old score. You can't match with that!

CUT TO:

SHANE (V.O.)

I remember when video games gained their 3rd dimension.

Shane playing DOOM, all the lights are off, the demon dog attacks the screen. Shane Shrieks and points at the screen.

SHANE

What the fuck is that?  
(Controls the keyboard)  
Run away! Run away!

CUT TO:

Flash stands up, stretches his back.

FLASH

I'm going to play some guitar.

Goes to the bedroom

SHANE

(to the audience)

You're probably wondering why a normal, sane person like myself would do something as irresponsible as let Flash move in with me. I left to visit my hood for two weeks and told him he could hang out here and watch Cable TV. When I came back, he was moved in. What can I say? I just wish I could get him to pitch in on rent... Or at least groceries.

FLASH

(from the bedroom)

Hey man, you're running a little low  
on beer I noticed.

Shane rolls his eyes.

SHANE

(to the audience)

I got some good news though. I found  
a new hook-up. Even better than  
Swank.

(holds his hands up for  
emphasis)

I'm on the inside now mutha-fucka's!  
Yo check this out.

CUT TO

Shane sittin at home, watching TV. We can hear muffled sounds  
of a couple fighting upstairs. Suddenly the female starts  
screaming hysterically.

SHANE

Oh Fuck.

(puts out his joint)

He's killing her!

He picks up the phone and dials 911.

OPERATOR

[Insert Standard 911 Answer here.]

SHANE

My neighbor is beating up his  
girlfriend.

CUT TO

The police pull up to the apartment, BILLY is giving Shane the  
evil eye. [Describe Billy]

SHANE (V.O.)

Well, it turned out he wasn't killing  
his girlfriend, he was just dowsing  
her in a cold shower. Even though it  
would require some effort on my part,  
I decided to apologize to him for the  
mistake.

CUT TO

Billy on the porch, bitching Shane out.

BILLY

You're sorry? Sorry? Man that shit ain't cool. Fucking pigs showed up at my door and I froze!

Shane smiles and laughs, stops when Billy looks angry.

BILLY (CONT.)

Nah man, that ain't cool. That shit scared the shit outta me!

(leans in close to Shane)

Man I got dealer quantities of herb upstairs, I could go to jail for the rest of my life. You understand?

Shane's eyes go wide.

SHANE (V.O.)

I think it was the sincerity of my apology, but Billy started fronting me ounces that very day. Maybe it wasn't my apology, maybe he was just being neighborly. Or maybe he was just being lazy... I dunno. I do know that I was back into the "Higher Than minimum wage" income bracket, and I wasn't paying taxes on shit. Billy even let me come along on his dope runs. Those were fun.

CUT TO

Billy and Shane driving very carefully.

SHANE (V.O.)

There's nothing like driving a vehicle with 35 pounds of marijuana in the backseat. You obey every stop sign, every speed limit, and piss your pants every time you pass a cop.

[Insert Scene of Shane sitting in the Car nervously]

CUT TO



Shane's apartment, Billy is entering the living room with a fat duffel bag, Flash and friends are sitting on the couch. Shane follows in and stands by the door. Billy throws the duffel bag down on a coffee table.

BILLY

Everybody get the fuck out.

Flash looks around at friends.

FLASH

Sorry guys, you better go.

BILLY

You too narc.

Flash shrugs, gets up and shuffles out the door with friends. Shane shuts and locks the door, Billy pulls down the shades.

SHANE

Flash isn't a narc dude.

BILLY

Whatever man, that dude is too  
fucking stereotypical stoner man.  
You know what I mean?

Shane looks at the audience with a quizzical stare. Billy opens the duffel bag and out spills an incredible quantity of weed. Shane's eyes go wide.

SHANE (V.O.)

Selling weed isn't like opening a  
club or convenience store. You don't  
have to advertise, the word just  
spreads.

[STRANGE PEOPLE AT THE DOOR]

SHANE (V.O.)

Selling dope isn't like opening a  
night club or used car lot. You don't  
have to advertize, the potheads just  
start showing up at your door.

Shot from the inside of the apartment looking out on the front porch. Door opens. There's a hippie guy with dreadlocks and his hippie girlfriend in bare feet, looking scruffy.

HIPPIE GUY

Hey man, I'm friends with Obi who lives on Grey street and he's friends with Marshall who lives on Warren street and Marshall told Obi that you could hook me up.

Door slams. Opens again and there's a black man with a toothpick in his mouth, dressed semi-gangster.

GANGSTA

Yo man, I heard you the man with the green. Help a brother out?

Door slams, opens again and there's a tiny raver girl bouncing. She speaks like a valley girl.

RAVER GIRL

Hey, I know you're a pot dealer, but do you know where I can get some E for the rave in Roanoke tonight?

Door slams, opens again. A suspicious looking high-schooler stands there.

HIGHSCHOOL KID

Hello,  
(looks both ways)  
I'm a friend of "Herb".  
(makes quotations with his fingers)  
I heard you were "kind".  
(leans in and winks twice, smiles bouncing)

Door slams. Opens again. Billy's standing there, arms folded, looking pissed.

BILLY

You got my money yet? Where's my money? Don't even try and tell me you ain't got it. I seen motherfuckers coming up to your door all damned day.

SHANE (V.O.)

I was making bills, tuition, and luxury expenses, all tax free and on my own hours.

Shane's beeper goes off, Shane stops playing video games and dials a # on the phone.

SHANE

Yeah? How much? I'll be over around nine.

SHANE (V.O.)

Billy was blown away.

CUT TO

Billy's counting cash out.

BILLY

Damn Shane! You're gonna make small-time hustler of the month! I'm gonna have to give you a volume discount for what you're moving.

[HANGING OUT WITH POT HEADS]

SHANE (V.O.)

The only problem with selling herb is having to deal with potheads in all their shapes and sizes.

Shane is riding his bike with a backpack around town. We see him inside apartment, watching a hippy scrutinize a quarter of weed. Hippy squints at the bag, feels it, takes a bud and smells it. Puts it on a postage scale.

HIPPY

It's a half a gram under.

SHANE

I weighed it out on my digital scales at home. It weighs out fine.

HIPPY

Yeah, but the bag weighs a gram, did you take that into account?

SHANE

I know the bag's a gram. That's five grams, it weighs out.

HIPPY

It's kinda seedy.

SHANE

I just sell what they give me.

HIPPY

Will you take 30 for it?

SHANE

No, it's thirty-five.

HIPPY

You think you can give me a dime bag  
later to make up for the seeds?

SHANE

No.

HIPPY

There's at least a gram of seeds here.

SHANE

No.

CUT TO

Shane on his bike again. Riding around town. Then at another  
apartment with a guy and a girl. Fat Hippies.

FAT HIPPIE GUY

(handing Shane the cash)

Thank you so much. We really  
appreciate it.

FAT HIPPIE GIRL

Yeah, man you're the greatest.

SHANE (V.O.)

Here's the biggest pain about hooking  
up stoners.

FAT HIPPIE GUY

(Holding up a freshly  
packed bong)

Rip green?

SHANE (V.O.)

Having to smoke pot with the stoners.

We flash through a variety of scenes with stoners passing Shane  
a variety of pipes.

SHANE (V.O.)

Pot heads are ritualistic, they think it's a courtesy to get high with the guy who sold them the product. Like I'm doing this out of the kindness of my heart.

POTHEADS

Bong hit? Smoke a bowl? That's all you. Wanna blaze?

Scenes of Shane hitting these devices.

SHANE (V.O.)

It's customary for the dealer to smoke up with the people he sells to. Proper pot-dealing etiquette. Like I'm doing them a favor by selling the a product for profit. This becomes problematic when you're selling pounds of the stuff to thirty or forty people a day.

Shane unsteadily stops his bike in front of his apartment, eyes slits. He staggers in where Flash sits on the couch watching Jerry Springer.

FLASH

Hey man, you wanna get high?

Shane sits own next to Flash, rubs his face vigorously and stretches his eyes open. Pulls out a sack and tosses it at Flash.

SHANE

Okay, but you gotta pack it.

[SHANE AND BILLY GET ROBBED]

SHANE (V.O.)

Yep, everything was running smoothly, we were raking in the cash. So, of course, it had to hit a brick wall.

Billy and Shane are sitting in the car, Billy finishes counting the bills and puts them in his coat.

BILLY

I'll be right back.

He goes to exit the car and there's a gun in his face. He stops and stares at it.

ROBBER

I know why you're here and I know you got a lot of cash on you. Hand it over.

Billy takes a long, deep breath, grits his teeth and slowly hands the money over. The gun disappears and we hear footfalls running away. Billy and Shane look at each other, Billy angry, Shane shocked.

CUT TO

INT. CARRIE'S APARTMENT

Billy is stomping back and forth across the living room.

BILLY

The motherfucker set us up. Somebody has to pay.

PARTNER

What kind of bullshit is that man? We're pot-dealers, we ain't the mafia. We go beat somebody up, we'll go to jail.

BILLY

So we're just supposed to take it?

PARTNER

Unless you want to call the cops, tell them you got ripped off on a dope deal. Look, he's been hooking us up for three months, we know we can trust him. You guys got robbed, it happens all the time, it'll happen again. It was my money too, we just gotta figure out how to recover our losses.

BILLY

We don't have any money.

PARTNER

I'll sell my dirt bikes, you can sell your motorcycle. That'll cover it.

BILLY  
(pointing at Shane)  
What about him?

SHANE  
I'll sell my college education.

PARTNER  
(laughs)  
This isn't Shane's problem, he's small time, you and me will take care of this.

[BILLY IS A MEATHEAD]

BILLY  
Of course, I can't do anything with a damn psychology degree.

SHANE  
You've got a psychology degree?

BILLY  
Yeah, what'd you think I was just a meathead?

SHANE  
Oh, I still think you're a meathead, but now you're a meathead with a psychology degree.

Billy jumps up off he couch, fists clenched.

BILL  
I'll wrap my bicep around your head.

Shane jumps off the chair, we can hear his footfalls as he runs away. Bill sits back down smiling, he laughs.

[POST GRADUATE]

NARRATOR

There's an old saying, you can never go home. After I graduated I found out how true that was.

Shane is leaving for the night

MOTHER

Where are you going?

SHANE

Out.

MOTHER

What time will you be back?

Freeze Frame.

SHANE

(to the camera)

Okay, so here I've spent the last five years of my life living independently, going out drinking to all hours of the night. Doing whatever the hell I want and now I have to come home and be put under the microscope again?

(Pauses, looks at his mother then back at the camera, shaking his head)

Fuck this.

MOTHER



(unfreeze)  
Hey, where are you going?

Shane walks out the door.

MOTHER (CONT)  
We're only concerned because we love  
you!

NARRATOR  
So I moved back to the land of  
college-fucks.

We see him getting on a bus

[THE HAND TRANSPLANT]

Billy and Flash are watching WWF wrestling on the television.  
Shane comes in from selling dope, backpack slung over one  
shoulder, carting his bike inside.

FLASH  
Did you hear the news man? They  
transplanted a dead man's hand onto  
an amputee's arm.

SHANE  
(sitting down)  
Really? That's pretty cool.

BILLY  
Man, that's not cool! Think about it.  
That dude's got somebody else's hand.

SHANE  
Yeah, so what? I'm an organ donor. I  
think it's pretty cool that some part  
of me will go on living after I pass  
away.

BILLY  
Man, that shit ain't cool. Imagine  
some dude gets your hand. What's the  
first thing he's gonna do? Try it out!  
He's gonna jerk off with it. All you

dumbass organ donors are gonna die  
and your hand is gonna be used to jerk  
off some strange dude!

SHANE

Who cares if you're dead?

BILLY

I care. I'm no fucking homo.

SHANE

You're no fucking organ donor either.

BILLY

That's just sick dude.

SHANE

That's not so sick. What's sick is the  
poor guy who's gotta jerk off with a  
dead man's hand. That's disturbing.

BILLY

(thinking about it)

Nah, that'd be pretty cool.

SHANE

(rolls his eyes and turns to  
wrestling on TV)

Man, you guys know this stuff is fake.

BILLY

(pointing to the door)

Get the fuck out.

Shane shakes his head in astonishment, but gets up and leaves.

[THE PARTY]

Shane is standing, arms folded, leaning against the wall.

SHANE

(to the camera)

Welcome to the party. Do things seem a little quiet here? Let me show you the reason.

Shane walks a step over, where a collection of jocks are sprawled out drunk and arguing. One of them is Billy.

SHANE (CONT)

These meatheads have been arguing, cat-calling, and--

Suddenly two of them jump up and start fighting, the other's all jump up and obnoxious yelling and cussing starts. Shane begins yelling into the group too and they cuss at him as well - it all quiets down suddenly and Shane turns back to the camera.

SHANE (CONT)

...and fighting. It's like one of the rednecks I used to work with used to say

CUT TO

Tom is talking to Shane

TOM

When we go out, we're either gonna get laid or get in a fight. That's what it means to be redneck as hell.

CUT TO

Shane is standing in front of the meatheads.

SHANE

Meatheads are very similar to rednecks in that respect. Well... As you can see, they've totally scared all the social life out of the rest of the party. Which kind of pisses me off considering I paid \$108 for that keg of Dominion. It's so rude. Makes me wonder what I would do if I wasn't so polite.

(pause)  
Why I might  
(Suddenly gets a crazy I  
mean CRAZY look in his  
eyes)  
Take a cattle-prod to em!!!  
(He brandishes a cattle  
prod)  
Stop being a shithead!

Shane sticks the prod into the closest jock, he jumps in the air and falls to the ground like he's having a seizure.

SHANE (CONT)  
Thankyou! Come again!  
(Sticks another with the  
same result, Billy stomps  
up to Shane)

BILLY  
What the fuck do you think you're--

SHANE  
(sticks him)  
Thank you for not being a meathead!

The scene builds to a crescendo of chaos, Shane stabbing jocks with the cattle prod.

Suddenly, it cuts back to reality. Shane is standing with his arms folded in front of the Jocks.

SHANE  
But then my conscience just wouldn't  
allow that.

A beer bottle breaks next to his head and another fight breaks out.

SHANE (CONT)  
When you agree to have a party in your apartment, you're also agreeing to the responsibility that comes with it. You know, being a good host, paying no mind to the people puking over your balcony.

As Shane is walking to the bedroom door, Billy stumbles over to the wall and begins to urinate on it.

SHANE (CONT)

...and Other things. You just shrug it off, but why is it every party I have all the hardcore drugs end up being done in my room?

He opens the bedroom door and inside are thirty people squeezed in, all are talking at once and nobody is listening

SHANE (CONT)

Welcome to the coke party. A room full of people, all buzzed up out of their minds. Everybody's talking and nobody's listening. The coke won't last very long, coke is one of those drugs you do and do until it's all gone. The people in this room are drinking more beer than you can believe, and it's not doing anything to them. In a hour or two, when the coke runs out, they'll switch to Ritalin -- its not as good, but it'll keep them awake until noon tomorrow. There are the hardcore partiers. All the meatheads out in the living room will drink themselves to sleep while these people are just getting started. You will have to excuse me as I become a bad host.

He shuts the door on the audience.

(More Description: the room is smoke filled, people playing guitar and drums)

The Door opens again and Shane is smiling

SHANE

I'm just kidding, come on in.

Shane shuts the door with the audience inside the room and steps carefully over people all babbling nonsensically. He sees Flash, playing guitar and steps carefully over to him and squeezes down to sit cross-legged.

SHANE

Hey man.

Flash looks up slowly, a cigarette dangling from his lips.

FLASH

Oh, hey man, what's up.

SHANE

Not much.

(to the audience)

Flash is the only person I know who is completely unaffected by amphetamines.

SARAH

Hey Shane.

SHANE

Hey homegirl.

SARAH

Are those meatheads still out there?

SHANE

Yeah, unfortunately.

SARAH

Fuck it. They're drunks, they'll pass out soon. You wanna bump?

She holds up a small vial of white powder.

SHANE

You don't mind?

SARAH

Hell no, you always hook me up.

SHANE

Thank you.

He takes the vial and pours a little on his wrist. He snorts it, hands the vial back to Sarah.

SHANE

Thanks.

NARRATOR

Sarah was a goddess. A communications major who hated school as much as I did. She loved DiNero movies and could watch the Godfather movies over and over. I really wanted to hook up with her in the worst way, but I needed a little something to give me courage.

Shane chugs his beer and grabs another one.

SARAH

Hey Shane, you wanna buy a vial?

NARRATOR

Yesssss.

SHANE

Definitely. How much?

SARAH

You can just gimme a twenty bag of herb later.

She hands him the vial.

NARRATOR

You see what I'm saying? Isn't she great?

SHANE

Thanks.

He taps and snorts another bump.

NARRATOR

Maybe just one more to relax me.

Shane looks to make sure Sarah isn't looking and takes another bump.

FLASH

Man, go easy on that stuff.

SHANE

I need a little something to wake me up.

He takes another bump.

FLASH

That isn't gonna wake you up man.  
That's not coke, that's special K.

(SHANE)

What the hell is special k?

FLASH

Those are cat tranquilizers man.

SHANE

What?!?

(He swoons, puts a hand to  
his forehead)

Oh man, I feel dizzy.

Flash hands him a tray with yellow powder on it.

FLASH

Quick, do a couple of lines of this  
to even it out, it's Ritalin.

SHANE

Thanks man.

Shane snorts two long lines, leans back, sniffing, and suddenly  
his eyes go wide and his breathing becomes erratic.

SHANE

Crap, I gotta take the edge off.

He pops open a beer and chugs it. He puts the empty can down,  
breathing heavily.

SHANE

That's better... Wait... No... It  
isn't.

(pops open another beer and  
chugs)

Okay, okay... I think I got it under  
control man.

(Suddenly shakes his head  
back and forth, like a dog  
shaking off water)

Brrrrrrr....

SARAH

Shane, are you okay?



Shane looks at her with a screwy grin and on eye open wider than the other.

SHANE

Oh yeah, sure, I'm fine... How are you?

SARAH

Wow, you're fucked up. Is it the special K?

SHANE

(big cheesy smile)  
Among other things.

SARAH

You wanna smoke up?

SHANE

Sure.

They look at each other for a second, and Shane suddenly sits up, aware.

SHANE

Oh, yeah. I mean, sure.

He gets up and reaches under the coffee table for a tray with a half pound of dope on it, reaches under again and pulls out a pack of Philly blunts, takes a pocket knife, slices a cigar open, empties the tobacco out into a waste basket and starts sprinkling weed onto it.

LATER

Everyone is passing around blunts, the room has become more mellow.

SHANE

(lighting a blunt)  
Hey everybody, since we got so many blunts going around, everybody should just relax with it when it comes to you... Take your time... They're blunts, there's plenty more to go around.

Shane puffs on his and leans back next to Sarah, whose eyes are red slits and a big smile on her face.

SHANE

Hey homegirl, you wanna shotgun?

SARAH

Huh?

Shane puts the lit end of the blunt in his mouth and she smiles.

SARAH

Yeah.

She puckers her lips and inhales the smoke he blows out.

NARRATOR

I was smoking up the party with my entire stash, which I was supposed to sell to pay my rent, all to impress this freshman girl. TO her, this was big time, even though I knew I was small time.

She finishes her hit, leans back with her eyes closed, blowing out the smoke. Shane watches, pulls the blunt from his mouth and passes it on, never taking his eyes off Sarah. He lays down on his side, looking at her, then falls asleep. Outside, we can see the sun is long risen.

[HOW TO GET THE FIRST KISS]

Shane wakes up and it's dark outside, he sits up, blinking, looks around, and sees that Sarah is gone.

SHANE

(sighs)

He looks over to Flash, who's sleeping with a burnt out cigarette in his mouth and the guitar in his lap. Shane gets up and lumbers out to the living room, holding his head, then into the kitchen and pours himself a large glass of water, chugs it and pours another. He slaps some water on his face. He surveys the living room, there is a hole punched in the wall, the place is trashed with empty beer cans, puddles of beer and passed out partiers lying about.

SHANE (V.O.)

There's nothing more depressing than sleeping all day and into the night. It's like you've lost an entire day.

Shane cleans a spot on the couch, moves a passed out person's legs, and sits down.

SHANE (V.O.)

What's worse is Sarah left me while  
I was passed out, that kinda stings.  
Maybe I should give her a call.

Shane picks up the remote out of a pile of beer cans and cigarette butts, he leans back, points it and clicks. We see a bare wall and disconnected cable wires.

SHANE

Somebody stole my TV.

Shane sighs, tosses the remote back into the pile and looks around bored. Flash comes into the room, steps in a puddle of beer, and jumps. He's got the guitar by the neck and the cigarette stuck to his lips.

FLASH

Ah, Fuck!

SHANE

Hey Flash, I got a question for you...  
It's about women.

Flash is shaking beer off his foot.

FLASH

Yeah? What do you want to know?  
(looks at the wall)  
Where's your TV?

SHANE

Stolen. How do you make your first  
move with a girl? Should I just lay  
a big sloppy kiss on her or what?

FLASH

Hell no, man that shit only happens  
in the movies. I've found the best way  
to handle it is to just ask her.

SHANE

Ask her out?

FLASH

Nah, ask her if you can kiss her. Look her in the eye and say, "May I kiss you?" It's actually pretty damn romantic. Why? Who are you trying to hook up with?

SHANE

Isn't it obvious? Sarah.

Flash looks uncomfortable.

FLASH

Oh, ummmm. I don't know how to tell you this man, but Sarah's hooked up with Billy.

Shane stands up.

SHANE

What? How can that be?

FLASH

I'm sorry dude, I saw them kissing on the front porch after you fell asleep.

SHANE

But that's-- After everything I--  
THAT'S NOT FAIR!!!

Shane storms out of the apartment.

SHANE

I've got to see this myself.

EXT. BILLY'S APARTMENT

Shane is knocking on Billy's door. Billy opens it, he's in his boxers.

BILLY

What's up man?

SHANE

Hey, I need something.

BILLY

Sure.

Shane enters and shuts the door behind himself. He comes into the living room, Sarah is sitting on the couch, wearing only Billy's T-shirt. Shane pauses a second and we can see his disappointment.

SHANE

Hey Sarah.

SARAH

Hey Shane, how ya feeling? You were pretty spent earlier today when I left.

SHANE

Yeah. Somebody stole my TV.

Billy tosses a pound of weed on the kitchen table, and walks over to sit next to Sarah on the couch.

BILLY

There you go.

Shane keeps his eyes on Sarah and Billy snuggling up together.

SHANE

Thanks.

Sarah and Billy start making out, Shane's face grows darker, he grabs the pound and starts to walk out.

SARAH

Where you going?

SHANE

Uh... I got this thing I gotta do...  
I..

(notices the pound in his  
hand)  
...gotta move this.

SARAH

It's a little late in the day for that. Why don't you hang out?

SHANE

Oh...  
(pauses, thinking)  
...okay.

He sits down on the couch, farthest away from the two. Billy gets up, scratching his nutsack.

BILLY

I better shower and get dressed, I'm supposed to be meeting some friend's at Sharkey's.

SARAH

Okay.

Billy drops his briefs on his way into the bathroom and closes the door, we hear the shower running.

SARAH

Your apartment got trashed last night.

Shane keeps his eyes on the TV.

SHANE

Yeah, that's what happens at parties.

SARAH

Thanks for smoking everyone up.

Shane just shrugs.

SARAH (CONT.)

Is something wrong?

SHANE looks at her in disgust.

SHANE

Why Billy?

SARAH

What's wrong with Billy?

SHANE

He has a girlfriend.

SARAH

He told me they were breaking up.

SHANE

He's a meathead.

SARAH

No he's not. He only acts that way.  
He's really a sweet guy.

SHANE

That's what meatheads want you to  
think when they want to sleep with  
you.

SARAH

Billy's not like that Shane.

Shane sighs, gets up and starts to walk out.

SARAH

Shane?

SHANE

Yeah?

SARAH

Do you have a lower opinion of me  
because I slept with Billy.

Shane doesn't look at her.

SHANE

No Sarah, of course I don't.

He leaves.

CUT TO

INT. BAR

Shane and Sarah are playing pool, she's talking up a storm.

SHANE (V.O.)

Welcome to my nightmare. Billy the  
abusive meathead together with  
Sarah, the girl of my dreams and I  
have to hang out with both of them.

SARAH

I think Billy's taking me for  
granted. It's okay for him to go out  
with his friends whenever he wants  
but he got uptight tonight because I  
wanted to hang out with you.

SHANE

He's a control freak. He doesn't respect you; he just wants to own you.

SARAH

What makes you think he doesn't respect me?

CUT TO

INT. SHANE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Billy and the meatheads are playing cards, Shane sits on the couch, writing.

BILLY

Last night I stuck it in Sarah's ass, boy she about had a heart attack!

Shane's pen breaks, splattering ink on him. Bill breaks out laughing.

CUT TO

INT. BAR

SHANE

He-- Has he broken up with Carrie yet?

SARAH

No, but he's going to. She's just making it difficult for him. She's crazy.

SHANE

That and he's been living at her apartment, so if they break up he'll be homeless.

SARAH

Well, I might have a solution for that.

SHANE

What?

SARAH

It's nothing.



SHANE

What is it?

SARAH

I thought I'd let him move in with me.

SHANE (V.O.)

(Howling)

Nooooooooooooooooooooo!!!!

SHANE

Sarah, do you think that's wise? I mean you hardly know Billy. I know Billy, I know what kind of a guy he is. You don't want that as a permanent fixture in your life.

SHANE (V.O.)

Wow, listen to how mature I sound. You go Shane.

SARAH

I don't want to be alone Shane.

Shane thinks about it. Then puts his hand on hers.

SHANE

Sarah, may I kiss you?

Sarah pulls her hand away gently.

SARAH

I'm sorry Shane, not you.

SHANE

Why?

SARAH

Because you're not what I'm looking for.

SHANE

And Billy is?

SARAH

Billy's... Confident... Manly.

SHANE

You mean he has an overbearing personality, that'll get old really quickly.

SARAH  
At least he has a personality.

SHANE  
What?

[SARAH LEAVES SHANE]

SARAH  
You know what's wrong with you Shane?  
You don't take part in life. You just sit back and watch it happen all around you.

Shane looks at her as if to say something, then looks down again.

SARAH (CONT.)  
You're a non-person. You're nothing. You're out of mind once you leave the room. I know there's somebody in there Shane. Someone I want to know, but you're so bottled up it will never happen. Don't you see it?

They stare into each other's eyes for a long time, Shane mouths words, but no sound comes out. Finally, he looks away.

SARAH (CONT.)  
Okay then, I gotta meet Billy at the Solar Haus party.

Sarah gets up and leaves.

INT. SHANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Flash and STONER are sitting on the floor, in front of the television.

FLASH  
Hey man, hop on a controller, we're about to play some deathmatch.

Shane paces, Flash and Stoner watch nervously.

FLASH

Hey Yosh--

SHANE

Fuck all of you. You live there with your dates and your lazy lives. Smoking free pot on my hard work while some meathead jackass sonofabitch gets rich on my effort. All so I can get a stupid ass English degree and make jack shit while idiots like you are living it up.

STONER

Hey dude, that's no way to--

FLASH

(hushed tone)

Shut-up dude, you're only gonna make it worse.

Shane grabs a beer, punches a hole in the bottom with a kitchen knife, beer spurts and he quickly shotguns the whole thing, tossing the beer can over his shoulder and belching.

SHANE

You know the part that gets me the most, it's the fact that I know if she would just give me a chance she'd see how perfect we could be.

(Picks up another beer,  
repeats the process,  
belches)

It's bullshit! That's what it is. Women want equality, the freedom to do whatever with their bodies and personal lives. They want to prove themselves in their careers and relationships. And you know what?

(Shotguns another, wobbles  
and looks like he's gonna  
throw up, gags a couple of  
times and his eyes start  
watering.)

You know what? It's still entirely the man's job to pick up the woman. You know why?

(drops the empty beer can,  
looks around and grabs a  
bottle of schnapps off the  
coffee table. Uncaps it.)  
Because women are fucking weaklings.  
They are afraid of objection... Er...  
Rejection. They leave it up to the man  
to handle all that crap. All they  
gotta do...

(takes a hefty swig from the  
bottle)  
Is wait around to get fucked.

Shane starts to march out of the room.

FLASH  
Where are you going man?

SHANE  
I gotta do something.

[DONUTS IN THE SOLAR HAUS YARD]

Shane laughing hysterically, howling, yee-hawing, and yahooping behind the wheel of his truck, which is spinning, the engine revving. Suddenly flashing police lights appear in the background spinning into and off the screen. Shane notices them, slowly stops laughing and stops the truck.

SHANE  
Ah, fuck.

He opens the door and falls out of the truck onto his face. We can see police officers come onto the truck from all directions. The truck stands in the middle of the Solar Haus front yard, which is completely trashed, track marks and mud everywhere. Everyone at the Solar Haus stands outside staring. We Sarah in the crowd, her eyes wide.

INT. POLICE CAR

Shane is handcuffed in the back of the cop car, looking miserable. Billy and Partner show up and look at Shane through the window.

BILLY  
Damn. Shane went crazy.

PARTNER

Yep, that was fucking nutty man.

BILLY

Damn, Shane's going to jail.  
(starts giggling)

PARTNER

Yep.

They both start laughing. Shane looks at them coldly through the window.

[SARAH ENDING]

SHANE (V.O.)

My torment over Sarah would not last  
very long.

Sarah comes over to Billy's girlfriend's apartment, opens the door and comes in nonchalantly. She enters the living room and walks to the bedroom door, which is cracked open. She pushes it open and looks in shock at Billy, who has Carrie bent over the bed, he notices her, but continues banging away.

BILLY

Well close the damn door!

CUT TO

INT. SHANE'S APARTMENT

Sarah's pacing and crying.

SARAH

I can't believe it, I can't fucking  
believe it!

SHANE

I tried to tell you.

SARAH

That bastard. After everything I did  
for him that  
(to the ceiling, shrieking)  
Goddamn fucking bastard!!!

Shane walks over to her and tries to calm her down.

SHANE

Sarah, calm down. Screaming isn't going to make a difference... Billy doesn't care, he's that kid of insensitive brute.

SARAH

(Wiping away the tears,  
still sobbing)

Well... I guess there's no reason for me to stay here anymore.

SHANE

What do you mean?

SARAH

Billy was the only reason I was hanging around this godforsaken shithole of cow-tippers and sorority bitches.

SHANE

But what about school?

SARAH

I dropped out a month ago, I've been getting so fucked up every night I stopped going to class. I as going to go back home to live with my mom, but then I met Billy.

(Starts crying again)

SHANE

Oh Sarah, I'm so sorry.

SARAH

(hugs him)

I am too... You tried to warn me.

(Let's him go and starts to  
walk away.)

It's not your fault... It's the fault of that

(to the ceiling, shrieking)

)

abusive meathead motherfucker you have upstairs!

We hear a foot stomp on the ceiling three times.

BULLY

(muffled)

Hey shut up, I'm trying to get off up here!

Sarah growls and storms out.

SHANE (V.O.)

So that was the end of my only love interest in college. Carrie kicked Billy out after the incident, after he got off I presume... He didn't have anywhere else to go, so he moved in with me temporarily... Where does a 250 lbs gorilla sleep?

[LIVING WITH BILLY]

We see Shane waking up. Billy is laying on top of him, drooling on his face.

SHANE

(awkwardly)

Uh, Billy?

BILLY

(squeezes Shane)

Mmmmm... Carrie...

Billy kisses Shane on the cheek.

SHANE

College towns are a difficult place to find a job, especially in the summer. They turn into ghost towns. Billy was working as a painter and selling dope on the side until the fall semester began. He tried to help me out by letting me sell a little for him, but it wasn't enough to even pay for my food. So I started pinching from his stash. I figured by eliminating the middle-man, anything I sold became pure profit. There was just one problem with this though.

[BILLY GETTING RIPPED OFF]

Billy is pacing back and forth across the room. Shane sits on the bed and watches him nervously.

BILLY

Goddammit! I know somebody's ripping me off! I've lost over a pound of weed in one week! Has anybody come into my room Shane?

Shane shakes his head and answers uncertainly.

SHANE

Nah man. I haven't seen anybody.

He looks down and sees his bag is open and there is a bag of weed and a wad of cash in plain sight. With his foot he pushes them under the bed.

BILLY

Goddammit! I know somebody is fucking ripping me off! Man, when I find out who it is...

(He reaches into his drawer  
and pulls out a gun that  
looks like an Uzi)

...I'm gonna lay some fucking pain  
down on the mother fucker.



SHANE  
(eyes wide)  
What the fuck is that?

BILLY  
It's my **glock**.

SHANE  
What the fuck do you need a **glock** for?

BILLY  
What? It's just for show.  
(begins pacing again)  
You're looking out for me right  
Shane? I know you ain't the one  
ripping me off... You're too much of  
a pussy for that. You know if you were  
to ever do anything stupid, like narc  
me out, I'd fucking kill you. If I'm  
going to prison for the rest of my  
life. I ain't gonna have a problem  
adding on another life sentence.

SHANE  
I thought you just said that thing was  
just for show.

BILLY  
I'd kill you with my bare hands.

[FEAR OF BILLY]

SHANE (V.O.)  
I had good reason to be scared of  
Billy, **glock** or no **glock**. I'd seen him  
in a fight.

Billy's drunk at a party, stumbling around, bumps into a big guy and spills his beer.

BILLY

Motherfucker! You Spilt my fucking beer!

BIG GUY

Look guy, why don't you just go get another.

Billy suddenly stops swaying and gets a real intense look.

SHANE (V.O.)

Note the way his head is turned downwards, he's looking down at this guy even though he's twice his size.

BILLY

You gotta problem? Whassup?

BIG GUY

Buddy, I don't think you wanna--

Big Guy gets cut off as Billy uppercuts him and he topples back, out cold. Billy looks into his empty cup and stumbles off.

[SHANE IN A FIGHT]

SHANE (V.O.)

Of course, I know how to handle myself in a fight too.

Shane's at a party, walking by a frat boy.

SHANE

Meathead.

FRAT BOY

What'd you just say punk?

SHANE

You heard me.

FRAT BOY

Why don't you say that to my face?

SHANE

I just did.

FRAT BOY  
Bitch, I outta kick your ass!

SHANE  
I'm right here!

The Frat Boy starts to walk towards Shane.

SHANE  
I'm right here!

Shane Takes a step back. The Frat boy gets closer, Shane runs back a few steps and turns around to face him again.

SHANE  
I'm right here!  
(starts running away)  
I'm right here!

Frat boy gives chase. Shane tries to dodge this way and that, but the Frat Boy grabs him, pulls him to the ground and begins pummeling him.

[PURCHASING THE ZAPPER]

Shane comes in and sits on the couch, looks around suspiciously, his hand concealed in his back pack, he speaks to the audience.

SHANE  
Since the situation with Billy's been getting so sketch I went to a friend of mine to buy some protection.

He pulls out a zapper and holds it up to the camera, pulls the switch and electricity sparks between the prods.

SHANE

If that motherfucker decides to come after me, boy I'll zap his ass into unconsciousness.

The door bangs open and Billy's footsteps are loud coming in. Shane jumps, juggles the zapper which falls to the floor. Billy enters the scene, covered in sweat and carrying a basketball.

BILLY

Wassup Shane. Whatcho got there?

He picks up the Zapper, and laughs, sits down on the couch.

BILLY

Ah shit, Shane bought himself a stun-prod! Man this shit is funny! Watch this.

He sticks the prod against his arm, pulls the trigger and in a mocking tone.

BILLY

Oh it hurts! I'm incapacitated!

He laughs harder and shocks himself on the chest, the leg, and the neck.

BILLY

Man, and just think, this is supposed to protect you from people like me!

He sets down the zapper on the coffee table and leaves. Shane stares at it in disbelief.

[BILLY GETS BUSTED]

SHANE (V.O.)

INTRO GOES HERE.

You see, it happened like this:

INT. KID'S CAR

We see a high-school-aged kid driving slowly through a neighborhood, he pulls up to a group of black guys talking at the side of the road. They stop talking as the nervous kid pulls up and watch him with curiosity

KID

Hey, do any of you guys know where I can get some weed?

One of the guys smiles and approaches the car.

CUT TO

Black guy gets out of the car.

GUY

I'll be right back.

KID

How much is it?

Pulls out a wad of bills.

GUY

How much you want?

KID

I guess as much as I can get.

GUY

Better give me it all then.

Kid hands over the wad of bills.

GUY

I'll be right back.

Guy walks off and around the corner. Kid watches him go. From the clock on the car we see two hours pass. The sun is going down. The Guy steps out of Billy's apartment, and starts walking away down the street. The Kid comes out from the side and the guy notices him.

GUY

Ah, shit.

KID

Hey, were you able to get the stuff?

GUY  
Do I know you?

KID  
Yeah, it's me, did you get the stuff?

GUY  
I don't know what you're talking  
about kid.  
(Walks faster)

SHANE (V.O.)  
Getting ripped off is merely part of  
the drug culture, people who smoke  
weed are subject to victimization  
because they cannot seek legal  
justice. Can they?

[YOUNGER SHANE BUYING ACID]

Shane and KID stand on a street corner, looking suspicious.

KID  
Yeah, I can get you tabs man, how many  
you need?

SHANE  
Eight.

KID  
It's five a tab.

SHANE  
Here's forty.

KID  
(counts it)  
Cool, I got the stuff right...Here!

Kid makes like he's gonna reach into his pocket, then takes off running. Shane just watches him, his lips tight. Doug comes on screen.

DOUG  
Did that kid just run off with your  
money?

SHANE  
(pause, deep angry breath)  
No.

DOUG  
Really? Cause it looked to me like--

SHANE  
No he didn't. Come on let's go.

DOUG  
Well, did he say he could help us out?

SHANE  
No.

DOUG  
But what about--?

SHANE  
No!

CUT TO:

DETECTIVE  
So this guy offered to sell you a  
skateboard?

KID  
Yeah, and then he just walked off with  
my money.

DETECTIVE  
How much money was it?

KID  
A thousand two-hundred dollars.

Mother looks shocked, detective's demeanor changes to  
skepticism. We see the detective asking more questions, Kid  
get's panicky.

KID (CONT)

It was a collector's item.

SHANE (V.O.)

Don't ever think you can lie to a cop.  
They will pin you to the wall and make  
you squirm like a roach on a hotplate.  
Hell, they'll do that to you even when  
you're telling the truth.

Kid finally breaks down.

KID

It was for marijuana.

MOTHER

Oh my god.

CUT TO

Guy is smoking weed in a parked car with friend, laughing, having  
a good time. Flashing lights and spotlights appear around the  
car. They look alarmed. Outside the car we can see it surrounded  
by police vehicles.

CUT TO

INT. BACK OF COP CAR

Out side tow cops are talking.

SHANE (V.O.)

...and So the mind-fuck begins.

COP 1

(to cop 2)

Yeah, we got these guys on  
possession.

COP 2

Of what?

COP 1

Marijuana. This one's a suspect in a  
robbery case, the detective's on his  
way out here now. He's in a heap of  
trouble and we haven't finished  
searching the car yet. His friend is  
16.



A cop looks in the window and whips out a quarter-bag of weed in front of the guy's face.

COP 3

Look what I found under your seat boy!  
I guess you wouldn't know anything  
about this.

COP 2

Oops! Take him to the county jail.

Cop 1 gets in driver's seat, pulls out a clipboard.

COP 1

Wow, possession, robbery, corruption  
of a minor... You'll be old enough to  
drink when you get of...

We slowly zoom into Guy's face. The voice fades, we focus on the tension there.

SHANE (V.O.)

I can't stress this enough, don't  
ever talk to the police without  
talking to your lawyer first. Cops  
lie. See this guy, he's facing six  
months of probation, but they've got  
him thinking his life is over. That  
he's going to jail for the rest of  
this life, that he'll never hold a job  
title better than custodian. They've  
told him he has the right to remain  
silent, but they're gonna try and get  
him to talk anyway. They're gonna  
keep talking to him, keep adding  
pressure... Soon the detective will  
arrive and things will get even  
worse. I know what he's thinking, oh  
please got get this over with, how  
could I be so stupid? I'm gonna lose  
my job, my girlfriend's gonna dump  
me, I need to get away, escape. What  
can I do? How do I keep my life from  
being over-- and then.

GUY's eyes close.

COP 1

You know, you can get out of this if  
you tell us who sold you the weed.

Guy's eyes open.

CUT TO

Billy's selling weed to Guy, who looks nervous.

SHANE (V.O.)

So he cuts a deal, escapes six months  
probation to send someone else to  
jail for fifteen years. What he  
doesn't know yet, is that his life as  
he knows it is pretty much over. Word  
travels fast through the  
drug-community, he's gonna have to  
leave town, his job, his girlfriend,  
and his family to avoid the revenge.  
It's not an organized crime thing,  
it's a community standing together  
against and injustice.

Guy on a bus, riding out of town.

Guy approaches his group on the street corner, they all turn  
their backs on him but one.

LEADER

You gotta go.

GUY

What do you mean?

LEADER

You can't hang with us anymore. You  
gotta leave town.

GUY

Where am I supposed to go?

LEADER

Someplace not here, there's a lotta  
people-- including some of us who  
wanna put your ass in the hospital.

GUY 1

Yeah, ya fucking Narc son of a bitch!  
Why don't you carry your ass before  
we put it in a sling.

Guy walks off.

SHANE (V.O.)

As for me, I was going about my merry  
little life when I get dragged into  
it.

Shane's sleeping, his alarm-clock changes to three-am and the  
phone starts ringing.

Shane sits up, answers it.

SHANE

Hel--

BILLY

Get me outta jail motherfucker!

SHANE

Wha?

BILLY

Get your napping ass out of bed, drive  
down here and bail me out of jail!!!  
Nooooooooooooow!

CUT TO

Shane talking to Billy's silent partner, explaining the  
situation. He nods and gets Shane a huge stack of cash.

PARTNER

He better be good for this, stupid  
asshole. You going to bail him out  
now?

SHANE

Are you kidding me? I'm not bailing  
him out.

PARTNER

Who we gonna get then?

CUT TO

Shane and Carrie at the jailhouse, Carrie filling out the paperwork.

CARRIE

Oh my god, my poor baby. I hope he's alright.

Billy comes out of the detention cell, he and Carrie hug.

BILLY

Thank you baby.  
(turns to Shane)  
We gotta talk.

CUT TO

Shane, Billy, and Partner in Shane's living room. Billy is pacing, fists clenched

BILLY

Man, I wanna kill that motherfucker!

PARTNER

Forget about it, we gotta figure out how to keep you outta jail.

BILLY

I need money, we gotta arrange to re-up.

PARTNER

We spent all ur up money bailing you out of jail.

BILLY

Fuck!

PARTNER

(gets up to leave)  
We're screwed dude. It's over... Hey listen man, it's nothing personal, but I'd appreciate it if you didn't contact me... Forget about the money, it was equally yours, we can call it even.

BILLY

Yeah, get the fuck out...  
(Partner leaves)

Fuck.

(Pause, to Shane)  
You got any cash you can give me?

SHANE  
I got some cash, but I need that for--

BILLY  
Man, don't give me that shit. After all the money and herb you ripped me off, you own me.

SHANE  
I don't know what you're--

BILLY  
I didn't give a fuck, I let you have it. For all your nickel and dime bag hustling. I was taking ten times the profit from you. You ran your ass ragged making money for me. You did all the hard work, took the same risks as me, and walked away with chump change while I was raking in the cash. You know what?

(stands up)  
Fuck it, we're even, I'll find other means... I'll be damned if I'm doing to prison, even for a day.  
(exits)

SHANE (V.O.)  
And that was that. I didn't see Billy again, didn't hear about what happened to him... Whether he went to court or on the lamb, I'll never know. As for me, I got a jobby-job.

CUT TO

Shane Working Fast Food.

SHANE  
...and a student loan.

Everybody knew about what had happened to Billy, it was kind of rough for people to find weed... For

about two days. I didn't know who'd  
picked up the slack, I just knew I  
wasn't part of it anymore.

MENTION GUY

MENTION KID?

SHANE (V.O.)

Working as a small-time hustler for  
another bigtime crook.

SHANE

Would you like to super-size that?