

BACKSTAGE PASS

an original screenplay by

Gary Howell and Mark Moore

Gary M. Howell
garymhowell@gmail.com
Mark Moore
mmrem24@yahoo.com

2014 - All rights reserved.
This material may not be performed, reproduced,
or otherwise utilized in any way except by the
express written consent of the authors.

FADE IN:

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - EVENING

An album spins on a turntable. Posters of rock bands and ladies in provocative poses line the back walls of the station's control booth.

Journey's "Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'" blares from a speaker in a ceiling corner.

SUPER: 1979

RUSSELL OWENS, 19, a tad heavy and slightly awkward looking, SINGS along, badly, as the song plays.

He pulls another album from its jacket, sets it on a second turntable, slides on a pair of headphones and cues up a song.

EXT. RADIO STATION / PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

DALE WINGER, 19, rail thin and not awful looking, drives a piss yellow '74 Camaro into the lot. It belches heavy black smoke from the exhaust as he pulls to a stop.

He steps out of the car and tries to shut the door. It doesn't close properly, so he tries to shut it again and again. Exasperated, he gives it a hard kick. The door FALLS OFF the car with a great THUD.

DALE

GAAHHH! You piece of shit!!

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Russell looks the control room window and sees Dale struggling to haul the door from his car through the station's entrance.

The song ends and Russell snaps on the microphone.

RUSSELL

That's Journey with their latest,
"Lovin', Touchin', Squeezin'" on 96X --
a song that refers to how Dale Winger
spends every night at home.

Dale mouths "jerk-off" at Russell through the window.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Dale's coming up at ten o'clock, so
you have five minutes to lock up
your children, hide your pets and
stab ice picks in your ears. In the
meantime, it's Styx and "Renegade"
on the 'X.'

Russell starts the song and kills the mic. Dale drops the car door on the floor and enters the control room.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Okay. I'll bite. Why is your car door sittin' in the lobby?

DALE

'Cause I kicked it off my car.

RUSSELL

Bullshit. You can't even do one pushup without hurting yourself. But you know what? I don't want this to turn into a thirty minute discussion of how shitty your car is, so congrats. You're king of the car door ass-kickers.

DALE

(ignores him)

Why are you always busting my ass on the air?

RUSSELL

I thought that was your thing.

DALE

My thing? What thing?

RUSSELL

You know -- I thought you liked it when we "bantered."

DALE

It's not "bantering" if you're the only one doing it. That's just verbal abuse.

RUSSELL

Whatever. It's good for ratings. You should try it sometime.

DALE

What are you saying -- that my ratings are lousy?

RUSSELL

I'm not saying that they are or they're not -- they are, by the way -- but you just need to lighten up. Do something different. Get people fired up.

DALE

We're an album rock station, Russell.
People listening to us aren't supposed
to be fired up. They're supposed to
be all laid back and shit, you know...
from firing up.

He fake holds a doobie to his lips. Russell gives him a
strange look, then goes over to the album shelves, where he
flips through several.

RUSSELL

What do you want to kick off with?

DALE

Eh, whatever. Let's go with KISS.

Russell pulls an album out. Hides it from Dale.

RUSSELL

Good call. Can't ever go wrong with
fuckin' KISS. Except for "Beth."
That song blows donkey schlong.

DALE

Funny, that's what I was gonna play.
(off Russell's look)
Kidding. Put on "Detroit Rock City."

RUSSELL

Now we're talkin'.
(as he cues it up)
What're you doin' Saturday night?

DALE

Not sure. Maybe head over to Boomer's.

Russell makes a hideous face.

RUSSELL

Seriously? Our one night off a week
and you want to go to a disco and
try to get lucky with a bunch of
coked up emaciated chicks?

DALE

C'mon, they're not emaciated.

RUSSELL

Plus listening to that music for
more than ten minutes makes my dick
bleed.

DALE

I'm not even sure what that means,
but you should probably get that
looked at.

RUSSELL

(ignores him)

Those girls there -- they're only
after one thing. Rich hunks that can
dance their asses off.

DALE

That's actually two things--maybe
three if you were to separate the
"rich" from the "hunk"--

RUSSELL

--Which, by the way, you're not rich,
and I've seen you in the shower, so
you're batting oh for two there.

DALE

It sort of scares me that you've
been watching me shower.

RUSSELL

When is the last time you had a date
anyway?

DALE

I see you're conveniently ignoring
the fact that you watch me shower.

RUSSELL

Dude, for the love of God, I don't
watch you shower! And you're ignoring
the fact that you have zero dating
skills.

DALE

Why are you raggin' on me? What about
you? Where are all the hot chicks
you're bangin'?

Russell ignores him.

DALE (CONT'D)

I thought so. We're a fuckin'
miserable pair, aren't we?

Russell shrugs, readies the mic as the current song fades.

RUSSELL

That'll do it for another five star Russell Owens Show on 96X. Coming up after the break is Dale Winger, the human equivalent to Nyquil. Sleep tight everyone!

Russell starts a commercial for a monster truck show.

COMMERCIAL PITCH MAN (V.O.)

(over the monitor)

SUNDAY, SUNDAY, SUNDAY!! See them shake hands with the devil as they race through the gates of hell!

Russell turns down the monitor, gets out of his chair and heads for the control room door.

RUSSELL

It's all yours, chief...

Dale watches Russell exit the control room.

DALE

Don't hurt yourself jackin' off tonight!

Russell shoots Dale the finger as he walks through the lobby. He tries kicking the car door by the entrance. It falls over and CRASHES through a coffee table. Russell runs out the door laughing.

Dale slips on the headphones. The mike goes on, but the charisma left with Russell.

DALE (CONT'D)

Good evenin', East Texas, how's it goin' tonight?

EXT. RADIO STATION / PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Russell sits in his '72 Monte Carlo. He turns on the radio. As Dale drones on, a scowl grows on Russell's face.

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DALE

I hope you're ready to rock and roll all night, because you've got Dale Winger with you for the next four hours to do just that. Let's kick it off with Kiss. It's 'Detroit Rock City', on the 'X.'

Dale hits the play switch on the turntable. A Barry Manilow song immediately goes out over the airways. A look of anguish from Dale.

INT. MONTE CARLO - CONTINUOUS

Russell laughs at the success of his prank. He slaps the car into gear and peels out of the parking lot.

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Dale slides off his head phones, hands them to the DJ following him. He heads to the lobby and stares at the car door, sitting atop the crushed coffee table.

EXT. RADIO STATION / PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

With great effort, Dale loads his car door in the trunk of his car. The back end sags tremendously under the weight. The car makes a HIDEOUS NOISE as Dale turns the engine. Dale can only shake his head as he steers it out of the lot.

EXT. WINGER RESIDENCE - EARLY MORNING

A nondescript one story brick home in a nondescript neighborhood. Middle class oozes from each shutter.

Dale pulls into his driveway. The car COUGHS and SPUTTERS to a stop. He sighs as he wearily steps out of the car, his hair wind-whipped in a hundred directions.

INT. WINGER RESIDENCE / LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dale creeps through the house. He passes a wall clock. It reads: 2:20. Past pictures of himself and his younger sister, EMILY, in various stages of childhood. None of them flattering. More like embarrassing. He continues on into the--

HALLWAY

Where he slips off his shoes and tiptoes to the end of the hall, into--

HIS BEDROOM

Where he closes the door, flicks on the lamp by his bed. A hideous mishmash of rock band posters line the walls. Comic books, clothes and album covers litter the room.

He strips down to his tighty whities -- not a good luck for someone with his painfully thin and unathletic body -- and CRASHES into his unmade bed, where he instantly falls asleep.

INT. WINGER RESIDENCE / DALE'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

MONA WINGER, 43, incessantly cheerful, pulls open the curtains. Sunlight spills into the room, hits Dale directly in the face. He begins to stir, his eyes opening wearily to see his mom standing next to the bed.

He becomes conscious of the fact that his morning wood is exposed. He immediately pulls himself under a bedsheet.

MONA
Hey, sleepyhead!

DALE
Mom! What are you doing?

MONA
Your dad and I are leaving and will be gone awhile. You want me to make you something to eat before we leave?

DALE
What time is it?

MONA
Two... in the afternoon.

DALE
Guess that explains the bright sunshine outside. But thanks for the clarification.

He sits up, the bedsheet wrapped around him.

DALE (CONT'D)
Where are you going?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
To get a new car!

Dale's father, JACK, 45, stands in the bedroom doorway. Looks like an accountant. Wears a suit that doesn't quite fit him.

DALE
Why are you wearing a suit?

JACK
A man wearing a suit to buy a car says: 'Here's a man that means business and you're not going to screw me, buddy.'

MONA
Honey, your language.

JACK

Looks like you could use a new car
as well. Or a least a car with a
driver's side door.

DALE

Seriously? I'm gettin' a new car?

JACK

What? Of course not! I was just
pointin' out that you needed one.

Dale looks dejected. Suddenly, LOUD MUSIC reverberates from
the room next to his.

DALE

Oh, you gotta be kidding.

Dale pulls his pillow over his head, but he can't muffle the
sound. He bangs on the wall, but to no avail. Lets out a
loud scream.

DALE (CONT'D)

Argghhh!!!

The music continues to thud against the wall.

DALE (CONT'D)

What the hell is she listening to?
It sounds like two cats fighting in
a bag.

MONA

Oh, that. Emily got the new Andy
Gibb album.

DALE

No! Three Bee Gees were enough! Why
do they have to keep reproducing?

MONA

Now, honey, she's infatuated... going
through that phase... all girls do.
I was a big Buddy Holly fan. That
slicked back hair, those tight jeans.

JACK

So was I.

DALE

(makes a face)
Hopefully it was the music you were
a fan of.

Dale bangs his head against the wall and by chance he's in time with the music.

JACK
See, you're getting into it! It's kind of catchy after a while.

DALE
It is not catchy at all... it's like Chinese water torture.

MONA
(to Jack)
Time to go, honey.

Mona walks away, as Dale gets his dad's attention.

DALE
Dad, we don't talk too much.

JACK
Uh-huh.

Jack turns to leave.

DALE
Dad!

Jack turns around. Antsy.

JACK
Whatcha need son? New car's awaitin'!

DALE
Um... So, girls.

JACK
Girls.
(beat)
Is there a question there, or are you just making a random statement?
(he points at things)
Window. Comic book. Condom.

DALE
What? Where?

JACK
Kiddin', son. What's the question?

DALE
For the life of me, I can't seem to attract a girl. How did you manage it? I mean, you and mom seem happy.

Jack checks back to make sure Mona is out of range, then closes the door.

JACK

Well, son, every now and again I do the five knuckle shuffle and when I'm finished I still go back to her... that's how I know I'm in love.

Dale's blank stare says it all. He looks sick.

DALE

Seriously? That was the grossest thing I've ever heard. Plus, you didn't even answer the question.

JACK

Gotta go get a car now! Glad we had this chat, son. We should do it more often!

Dale nods his head as if to humor his dad as Jack leaves.

DALE

No thanks.

Dale throws himself back on the bed, stares at the ceiling while Andy Gibb blares in the background.

INT. RADIO STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Dale walks through the front door of the station. Flattens down his wind-tossed hair. He waves at Russell, working the control room, and moves on to the--

KITCHEN

Where he grabs a soda from the fridge. A phone rings continuously. He decides to answer.

DALE

96X.

INT. RECORD COMPANY / OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PHIL MUNGO, 33, reclines in his desk chair. Wears a ridiculously loud leisure suit and gold chains. Gold albums line the wall. A particularly large poster of the band "ZEPHYR" proclaiming a world tour rises behind him.

INTERCUT BETWEEN PHIL AND DALE

PHIL

Hey there. Phil Mungo, A&M Records Promotional Exec. Who's this?

DALE

Dale. Dale Winger.

PHIL

Dale Winger. You a DJ at the 'X?'

DALE

Yeah.

PHIL

Well, DJ Winger, I'm already tired of talking with you, so let me get right to the point. I've got four promotional tickets to the upcoming Zephyr concert in Ft. Worth. Part of their "Asses Slow as Molasses" Tour.

DALE

Catchy.

PHIL

These guys aren't Shakespeare. Now I'm supposed to offer these to your music director. But here's the deal. I've dealt with your MD before. He's a fuckin' prick, you know?

Dale is unsure of what's happening, other than he heard 'free tickets', so he's going to play the game.

DALE

Yeah, he's a real ball-buster.

PHIL

Exactly. I need these tickets to go to someone who really appreciates this band and wants his listeners to appreciate them just as much, you know what I'm sayin'? Make those bastards want to go to the concert. You interested?

DALE

Hell, yeah, I'm interested!

PHIL

Awesome, man. That's the kind of enthusiasm I'm looking for. Oh, and one more thing. These tickets come with backstage passes, so you can hang out with the band after the show.

Dale's eyes light up at this news.

DALE

No shit?

PHIL

Would I shit you, man?

DALE

I'm not sure. Would you?

PHIL

You are one naive son of a bitch.
What are you, like nineteen?

Dale laughs nervously. He tries to cover by deepening his voice slightly.

DALE

Ha! Good one, man! No, actually,
I'm... twenty-three.

PHIL

Jesus. You could have fooled me.
Listen, I've got to run. Just play
that new album and really push that
concert. April 14th. 8:00 p.m. Fort
Worth Tarrant County Coliseum. Think
you can handle that?

DALE

Absolutely. You bet.

PHIL

Alright, Winger. Tickets and passes
will be at 'Will Call' the night of
the concert.

DALE

So fuckin' stoked! Thanks Phil!

PHIL

You got it, buddy. Remember: plug,
plug, plug!

Dale hangs up. Pumps his fist and leaps in the air.

He races down the hall to the control room. Russell mimes
Keith Moon as a "WHO" song plays.

DALE

Jesus, Russell! You're not going to
believe this!

Through the glass, we see Dale speak excitedly. Dale and
Russell then leap up and down, high-five each other, dance
to the music.

INT. BOOMER'S - NIGHT

A typical late 70's era disco. Dale and Russell enter, dressed to kill. They eye the talent on the dance floor, weave in and out of girls standing around drinking. Russell looks impressed.

RUSSELL

Okay. This is good. There's some talent here. We've got two weeks to find dates for this concert--this is our big opportunity and we can't waste it on some average skank. We need Grade A top of the line pussy.

(points)

Like this one.

A SMOKING HOT GIRL walks by Russell. He tries to get her attention as Dale continues on to the bar.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Hey, would you like--

SMOKING HOT GIRL

Fuck off.

RUSSELL

(calls after her)

You bet! My friend and I are going to get something to drink now, but we'll dance later!

(under his breath)

Bitch.

She shoots the finger over her shoulder. Dale and Russell make their way to the bar, order drinks, then turn and face the floor.

DALE

Any ideas how to do this?

RUSSELL

Yeah. It looks like half the Kilgore Rangerettes are here tonight. At least they're somewhat respectable in the looks department, and I hear they're always giving it up for the jocks. Imagine what they'll do for backstage passes to a hot rock concert?

DALE

Seriously?

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

You think that some Rangerette that doesn't even know you, who only bangs jock dick, is going to suddenly throw herself at you in exchange for tickets to see a rock band? What if she doesn't even like Zephyr?

RUSSELL

Then fuck her! I wouldn't lower myself to bang a girl who can't appreciate the greatness that is Zephyr. Plus, it's not true that they don't know us. We're celebrities in this town. Well, I am, at least.

A fairly hot girl, ASHLEY, 19, approaches.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Okay -- How about Ashley? She's like the head of the Rangerette whore corps, I'm talking Statue of Liberty whore.

Dale glances blankly and shrugs.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Thousands have been inside her?
(off Dale's blank
stare)

God, you're so fuckin' lame. Hey, Ashley!

She stops in her tracks. Looks blankly at Russell.

ASHLEY

Do I know you?

RUSSELL

You're joking, right? We're in like three classes together at Kilgore Junior College!

Still no reaction from Ashley.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Russell Owens, 96X DJ?

ASHLEY

I listen to Disco 99.

RUSSELL

What? That piece of shit station?

(MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

(looks sadly at Dale)

Okay -- despite the fact that you must have a serious personality disorder, you are incredibly hot, and my fellow DJ Dale Winger and I would like to invite you to join us to see the one and only... Zephyr.

Ashley glances back and forth between the guys.

ASHLEY

Who the hell is Zephyr?

RUSSELL

Are you fuckin' kidding me?

Russell checks Dale, who lowers his head.

DALE

Forget it.

They stroll past Ashley.

RUSSELL

The youth of today... so goddamn uneducated.

They scour the disco. Approach girls of all shapes and sizes who turn down their offer. Russell is exasperated.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Well buddy, this is your paradise. Let's see you make a move.

DALE

Dude, relax. We have all night.

Hot GIRLS pass by at a steady rate. Russell stops one.

RUSSELL

Hey, hold on. Let me ask you something. Do you like fruit?

GIRL

(confused)

Yeah, why?

RUSSELL

Because my cock is peachy! And ripe for--

The girl SLAPS Russell and storms off. Russell shrugs.

DALE

You are really on fire tonight.

RUSSELL

Let's see you do something, asshole.
You're just fuckin' standin' there.
You think girls are gonna just walk
right up to you?

At that, a cute girl, AMY, 19, approaches Dale. She is sweet personified. A close talker, she gets nose to nose with Dale. Dale takes a step back, flinches.

AMY

Dale! It's Amy! Amy Greer?
(off Dale's look)
From high school, remember?

DALE

Oh, yeah... Amy. How's it goin'?

AMY

(gushes)
Great! Awesome! I listen to you on
the radio all the time!

RUSSELL

So you're the one! You should be
tested.

AMY

(to Dale)
Wanna dance?

Dale checks with Russell, who gives him the thumbs up, then the hand signal for fucking.

Dale hits the dance floor like a crossbred chicken/octopus. Legs and arms everywhere. Amy smiles as she dances. She seems to like Dale...a lot.

DANCE FLOOR LATER

Dale and Amy sway from side to side in each other's arms as a slow song plays. Russell sits at the bar counter, clearly bored.

The song ends, Dale and Amy release and within a second Dale marches over to Russell. He leaves Amy alone and puzzled on the floor.

DALE

It's getting late. We really need to
find some girls to ask to the concert.

Russell glances over at a discontented Amy. She sits and SLURPS on a drink.

RUSSELL
 Uh, dude. Isn't that a girl...
 (motions towards Amy)
 ...Who's in to you?

DALE
 Who, Amy? No. She's just a classmate
 I barely knew from high school. She's
 not interested. Old classmates don't
 hook up.

Russell drops his head on the bar counter.

RUSSELL
 You're either stupid, or an idiot...
 I'm going with the first one--and
 the second.

DALE
 It's just -- I don't know. She's
 cute, you know, but she's not crazy
 hot. Like Victoria Principal hot.
 She's more like Kate Jackson cute.
 There's a big difference.

RUSSELL
 Are you kidding me? Kate Jackson's
 fucking hot, dumb-ass. I would give
 my right nut to have three minutes
 alone with even a half-nude Kate
 Jackson.

DALE
 I don't even think you would need 30
 seconds. You'd jizz all over yourself
 before she even unsnapped her bra.

RUSSELL
 You're missing the fuckin' point
 here!

As Russell and Dale argue, Amy leaves.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
 Focus, man! Hot girl --

DALE
 Cute girl.

RUSSELL
 I'm going to kill you.
 (MORE)

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Cute, hot, whatever. She's throwing herself at you and you just blow her off.

DALE

But hanging with her might cause the hot girls to lose interest in me.

RUSSELL

No way. Girls are attracted to guys that have girls hangin' all them. It's like moths attracted to the flame or something.

Dale takes a long drink from his beer. Thinks.

DALE

You know what? Screw it. I'll go talk to her.

Dale looks around, notices Amy's gone.

RUSSELL

That worked out great, huh?

DALE

Shut up.

RUSSELL

Screw this.

Russell climbs on top of a chair. Dale watches as Russell shouts:

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Would any of you lucky ladies like to go see Zephyr in concert and then meet the band afterwards backstage?

A group of girls approach them.

DALE

Whoa. This is more like it.

ONE GIRL steps forward... Very cute.

GIRL

So what's the catch?

(laughs)

We have to sleep with you or something?

RUSSELL

While not contractually required, it would move you to the top of the list.

GIRL

Ewww.

All the girls have grossed out faces.

GIRL (CONT'D)

I don't like Zephyr that much.

The girls laugh and walk away. The guys' self esteem has reached a new low, as they watch all the girls scatter, except--

JENNY (O.S.)

We'll sleep with you.

A small fat girl, JENNY, 19, with a face only a mother could love, stands in front of Dale.

DALE

Dear God.

And CHASTAIN, 20, smoking hot, long legged, great breasts. Makes her way to Russell.

RUSSELL

Dear God is right.

DALE

(to Jenny)

So, um, I appreciate the offer but I don't think you and I would really be compatible--

JENNY

Why? Because I'm fat?

DALE

What? You're not fat! Who said that?

JENNY

I'm not stupid.

DALE

No, of course not! It's just, you're a redhead... You know, like Ginger, and I'm more a Mary Ann type.

JENNY

You're full of shit.

One swift kick from Jenny drops Dale to the floor clutching his family jewels. Russell turns away from Chastain.

RUSSELL

Ouch. You okay there, Dale?

Jenny storms off. Russell drapes his arm around Chastain as Dale continues to roll in pain.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Listen, buddy, I'm gonna, you know, take this fine young lady up on her offer. I'll check in with you later.

Dale struggles to get to his feet. He looks over to see Russell's hand on Chastain's butt as they exit Boomer's.

DALE

Lucky bastard.

EXT. RADIO STATION / PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Dale leaves the station, gingerly gets in his Camaro.

INT. CAMARO - LATER

Dale drives a deserted road. He flicks through radio stations, stops on a country station...sings made-up words over a song.

DALE

My dog is dead, my wife stole my truck. I'm sittin' in prison, I'm some other guy's--

He quickly turns over to another station.

DALE (CONT'D)

God, I hate country music.

He stops at one station and turns up the volume. An amped-up DJ chatters over an AM station.

DJ (RADIO) (O.S.)

Goooooooooooood morning Chicago!!! Rocket Rob Monroe taking you through the early hours here on WLS, Chicago's hit machine! Just a reminder to all you ladies listening out there, only a few days left to be our guest DJ with Larry Lujack on his morning show. Here's how it works--every night this week I will ask a question based on a song I played earlier.

(MORE)

DJ (RADIO) (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The first person to answer the question correctly will be entered in a drawing to be our guest DJ. The questions are coming up right after this from Meat Loaf, on the one, the only, WLS Chicago!

Dale screeches to a halt, then realizes he's in the middle of the road. He slowly pulls over.

DALE

Sweet Jesus, that's it!! I gotta talk to Russell!!

INT. CHASTAIN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chastain lies spread eagled on her bed, dressed in very sexy lingerie. The toilet flushes as Russell appears, stripped down to his tighty whities.

CHASTAIN

Look at you.

RUSSELL

Yeah, I work out every once in awhile.

Russell climbs on the bed and lowers himself on top of her.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Oooh, Dale -- what you are missing!

As Russell runs his hands over Chastain's breasts, he tilts his head towards the nightstand. A photo of some guy stares back at him.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

What a minute, are you cheatin' on your boyfriend? That's not right... But I'll let it go just for tonight.

He slowly lowers his hand towards her crotch...

CHASTAIN

No silly, that was me before my operation.

...Just as Russell touches the penis.

CHASTAIN (CONT'D)

I haven't finished the op yet.

Russell jumps up faster than a bullet.

RUSSELL

Holy fuck, hooollllly fuuuuccccck!!!

He grabs his clothes and runs out the door, dressing as he goes. Chastain calls after him.

CHASTAIN

Hey!! Where are you going?
 (as the door slams)
 Do I still get the tickets?

EXT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Russell continues running, half-dressed, as other RESIDENTS, mostly students, point and laugh.

RUSSELL

Shit! I gotta talk to Dale...

EXT. WINGER RESIDENCE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dale walks outside. Jack is buffing his new maroon '79 Cadillac Sedan DeVille.

DALE

Really diggin' the new wheels, Dad.
 Think I can drive it sometime?

JACK

For what? To cruise chicks? To use
 as your 'shaggin' wagon'?

DALE

Don't you ever talk like a normal
 dad? But yeah. It'd be nice car for
 taking a girl out on a date.

JACK

(pats the car roof)
 It would, wouldn't it? Tell you what.
 You actually get a date, and I'll
 consider letting you use it.

Dale nods happily as he gets in his Camaro.

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dale BURSTS in to the control room. Russell turns down the monitor.

DALE

I got it! Jesus, I've got it!

RUSSELL

Got what? The clap? Oh, wait -- you'd have to have sex to get the clap. My mistake. What's up?

DALE

I have an idea on how to get dates for the show! Brilliant idea with one drawback to it!

RUSSELL

Look, if this involves your sister in any way, count me out.

DALE

Sick. No, listen, we have a contest on the radio. We have girls who want to go to the concert--

RUSSELL

Yes!!

DALE

--Send in a letter why they want to go--

RUSSELL

The more explicit the better!

DALE

I'm not sure we can make that a condition, but I like your thinking. And each entrant has to send a picture with their entry.

RUSSELL

Oh my God! That's so fuckin' genius! We can pick practically anyone we want!

DALE

That's the drawback.

RUSSELL

What're you talking about? It's a slam dunk!

DALE

No, see, we can't make it look like it's rigged. Would be bad P.R. for the station. So we take the top three choices, bring them up to the station, then interview them on the air -- like 'the Dating Game,' but where we can actually see them.

Russell notices his song is about to end, hastily throws another album on the turntable and quickly cues it up. He flips on the microphone.

RUSSELL

Bob Seger and "Feels Like a Number" on the "X", and here's a number for you -- 98, as in how hot it's supposed to get tomorrow, so make sure you libate accordingly. In fact, I think I'll get an early start on it, so here's some AC/DC to take you up to the 'Dale Winger' show. For those of you about to rock, hey, I salute you! For those of you about to listen to Dale's show, well, I pity you! Good night, and good bowling!

Russell starts the next song, kills the mic.

DALE

Good bowling?

RUSSELL

I heard it at a bowling alley once. Thought it sounded cool.

DALE

So anyway, we interview these girls, and I select the winner and pick her as my date. You get to take Miss Second Place as your date.

RUSSELL

Hold on. Why do you get to pick the winner? I don't want to be stuck with your sloppy seconds!

DALE

Because, dumb ass, I got the tickets, and I thought of the idea! Besides, if this plan works out, all three of the girls are going to be worth taking, so we're golden!

RUSSELL

What about the third place girl? What does she get?

DALE

I don't know. Maybe a coupon for a Big Mac or something.

RUSSELL

(thinks)

There's only one problem... Simon.

DALE

Shit. Simon. Okay, I'll deal with Simon, you start thinking of questions for the girls.

INT. RADIO STATION / OFFICE - LATER

Dale knocks on an office door jamb. A name plaque on the door reads: "Program Director." JIM "BOOGIE" SIMON, 30, already balding with a bad comb-over, sits at his desk, alternates between munching on chips, smoking a cigarette, and slogging down a Big Gulp. Waves Dale in.

DALE

Got a moment?

SIMON

Yeah, sit down.

(rustles some papers)

I was just going through our Arbitron ratings. Care to guess what yours was?

DALE

I never was a very good guesser. More of a cheater. It's how I got through high school.

Simon is unamused.

SIMON

Well, let me help you out. They suck.

DALE

Okay. Sure. I hear you.

(thinks)

So you're using "suck" in a negative connotation, right?

SIMON

Is there any other way? Look, you've got to get it together or we're going to have to make some changes. And when I say "changes," I mean like...

(makes a slicing motion

across his throat)

Capiche?

DALE

I hope you're only talking about firing me. The alternative seems a little drastic.

SIMON

If I could, I'd do both. But I don't have anyone in the bullpen at the moment, so I'm stuck with you. So what the fuck are you here about?

DALE

Well, I actually have an idea that might generate a lot of interest, maybe give me a little ratings jolt.

Simon takes a drag from his cigarette.

SIMON

This doesn't involve farm animals or drinking on air, does it? Because you know neither of those ideas turned out very well. We were lucky to avoid a lawsuit. And jail time.

DALE

No, this is perfectly safe, I promise. Here's what I was thinking...

Dale describes his idea as a ROCK SONG plays. Simon sits stone faced as Dale talks. It doesn't look good, until--

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Dale throws open the door. Russell eats a candy bar while reading the latest 'BILLBOARD' magazine.

He starts the next song. Dale can hardly contain himself.

DALE

Simon said yes!!

RUSSELL

Oh, shit! No way!

DALE

Yeah, so we start promoting it tonight. Couple of conditions, though.

RUSSELL

I knew it. Fuckin' Simon. What are they?

DALE

First one is: Every girl that enters
has to be at least 18.

RUSSELL

Damn it! Okay, I guess I can live
with that one. Second?

DALE

He chooses the final three
contestants.

RUSSELL

What? No way! That's so fuckin' bogus!

DALE

And the way we were going to do it
wasn't?

Russell shrugs.

DALE (CONT'D)

Those were his terms. As he put it,
"Take it or fuck off."

RUSSELL

Fine. Fine!
(squeals like a girl)
This is going to be so awesome!

DALE

I know, right? What could possibly
go wrong?

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Dale rolls himself over to the bin of records, sorts through
and lifts out Zephyr's newest album, holds it high like he's
found the Holy Grail. He glances at Russell, who checks back
with two thumbs up.

He puts it on, gets in front of the mic:

DALE

For all you ladies out there, listen
carefully -- we've got something
special just for you!

A Zephyr song plays in the background.

MONTAGE

IN A DORM ROOM -- Several GIRLS in various stages of attire,
drink beer and hit each other seductively with pillows. They
turn up the radio as details of the contest come on.

IN A BEDROOM -- DAWN RIDER, 19, super hot, ties a GUY, 20, up to the bed... he sweats profusely -- with good reason, as she has huge knife in her hand. She makes the sign of the cross an inch above his body.

He panics as she raises the knife. She suddenly stops and glances at the radio. Turns it up when she hears the contest. Her psycho look turns into a smile. The guy breaks free and runs out the door. She couldn't care less.

IN A KITCHEN -- A two hundred pound VANESSA, 20, African American, jams cupcakes into her mouth at the table. She stops for a moment as she hears the contest, then continues to jam more cupcakes down her throat.

IN A BEDROOM -- Amy, Dale's high school friend, smiles radiantly as she lies back on her bed. She listens attentively to her bedside radio, picks up a some paper from her nightstand and begins to write.

IN SIMON'S OFFICE -- Simon has his feet up on the desk as a load of mail gets dumped on it. He sits up, opens the mail, eyebrows raised. He begins to pan through the entries.

END MONTAGE

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The guys are talking back and forth.

RUSSELL

And we should ask them if they mind us dialing "0" on the brown telephone.

DALE

What?

RUSSELL

You know, letting the one-eyed child spit into the well.

Dale shrugs. No clue.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Butt-fucking, for God's sake.

DALE

What is wrong with you? We can't ask that on the radio!

RUSSELL

What if we turn off the mic's and ask?

Dale starts to respond when -- Simon RAPS at the window. He holds three sheets up, lets himself in.

SIMON
Okay, boys, I've got your three.

RUSSELL
I'm already fuckin' fearing this.

SIMON
They're not bad. As far as you guys are concerned, they're real winners.

DALE
Let me see.

Simon hands them over. Dale checks them out.

INSERT: A picture of Dawn, seductively posed against a tree.

DALE (CONT'D)
Let's see who do we have first...
Dawn Rider, and Dawn is smoking hot!
Yes! Good job, Simon!

He hands the picture to Russell.

RUSSELL
Holy cow!
(To Simon)
I take back some of the bad things
I've said about you.

Simon rolls his eyes. Hands Dale a second picture.

INSERT: A picture of a very FOXY-LOOKING AFRICAN-AMERICAN, 21, coming out of a pool in a bikini.

DALE
And number two, Vanessa... also pretty
fine and it says she loves to bike.

He hands it to Russell.

RUSSELL
And she's black! Oh shit! You know
what they say, don't you?

DALE
About what?

RUSSELL
I don't know! But it's something
good about blacks. And sex.

Simon hands Dale the third contestant's picture. Dale stops, makes a face, looks up at Simon.

INSERT: A sweet-looking AMY GREER, 19, holding her cat.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

What is it, dude? Does she have a hideous scar?

He turns the page to face Russell.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Hey -- it's that girl -- Amy. And check out that pussy on her.

SIMON

Hardy har har. You guys know her?

DALE

We went to high school together... I guess she likes Zephyr. Too bad, I have my winner picked.

SIMON

Hold on, now. This is supposed to be a fair contest -- remember, each contestant gets a chance.

(as he leaves)

But I would pick Dawn if I were you. Did you see that rack on her?

Dale sighs, stares at the photo of Amy.

EXT. WINGER RESIDENCE - DAY

Dale pulls into his driveway next to his dad's new car. As he pulls to a stop, the car misfires and a thick black smoke shoots out of his exhaust.

Jack lifts his head from the other side of his car.

JACK

That can't be good.

DALE

Jesus! I gotta date coming up and this car just ain't gonna cut it.

Dale eyes his dad's new car excitedly.

JACK

Hold on. I know that look. Your mother had the same look when I first went carpet munching on her.

Dale closes his eyes. Cups his hands over his ears. Makes "la la la" sounds to cover up his dad's words.

JACK (CONT'D)

You know, dine at the "Y", eat a fur burger...

DALE

For the love of God, dad... really? I'm your freaking son here.

JACK

I'm just tryin' to educate you.

DALE

Can't you go five minutes in a normal conversation with your son without mentioning your sexual exploits? Talk about sports. The weather. My job. Whatever.

JACK

(sighs)

I'll try. So how was your day?

DALE

Good, dad. Thanks for asking... listen, you said if I got a date I could borrow your car.

JACK

And?

DALE

Well, I have a date -- and I need to drive to Fort Worth for a concert and my piece of shit car can barely make it a block without breaking down. Plus, not having a driver's side door would be a real mood killer.

JACK

First of all... You have a date? Is it a female? I mean, don't get me wrong, I don't care if you're... gay, or... are you gay?

DALE

Dad, I keep telling you I'm not gay, I'm straight.

JACK

Gay or straight, either way you're great. Very proud of you.

DALE

Nice save, dad. Can we get back to the car?

Jack rubs the hood of the car, considers it.

JACK

I don't know, son. This is an awfully big responsibility. Like making sure you're always carrying a condom just in case you--

DALE

No need to explain further.

JACK

Tell you what, in honor of this momentous occasion, I will let you use the car. On two conditions. Very important.

DALE

Okay.

JACK

One: You're extra careful with it -- no 'Dukes of Hazzard' type stunt driving.

DALE

I promise -- no jumping over rivers that don't have bridges or riding around on two wheels.

JACK

Good. And second: bring it back with a full tank of gas.

DALE

That's it?

JACK

That's it.

DALE

Deal!

JACK

Fantastic! So who is this lucky girl?

DALE

I don't know yet.

Jack gives Dale a look of disbelief.

JACK

This person does exist, right? 'Cause I'm not lettin' you use this car just so you can get lucky with yourself.

DALE

And we're done here.

Dale goes inside.

INT. WINGER RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dale digs in the fridge for a soda. Mona works on dinner, and Dale turns up his nose when he spots a Hamburger Helper box and a big gob of something inedible in a pot.

DALE

Is that dinner?

MONA

It certainly is! My own creation. Hamburger Helper Spaghetti O's.

DALE

That's sounds, um... yummy, really. But I'm gonna have to pass. Need to be at work early. Got a big night ahead of me.

Mona looks disappointed, then has a look of understanding.

MONA

Oh... wait. Is tonight the night you have the radio contest?

DALE

(surprised)

Yeah -- how did you know about that?

MONA

Your sister was talking about it the other day. She wanted to enter.

Dale has a sick look.

DALE

First of all, she's too young. Second, I'm pretty sure that's illegal. Third, gross.

MONA

No, silly, she wanted to go with Russell. She thinks he's cute.

DALE

And on that disgusting note, I'm going to get ready.

Dale leaves the kitchen, goes into the--

BATHROOM

Where he goes through the stages of getting ready. Hair, deodorant (too much), cologne (too much).

He leans into mirror, puts on a large gold chain around his neck when he notices--

A PIMPLE on the side of his nose. Literally wasn't there thirty seconds earlier.

DALE (CONT'D)

Damn it!

He gently massages it, pushes it around, pokes at it. Puts soap and water on it. It's not going away without drastic measures.

DALE (CONT'D)

Okay. Just gonna have to do this.

Put his index fingers on each side of the pimple. A little pressure at first, but this is a deep one. The pain is etched on his face. He pushes harder and harder, until --

POP!! The pus shoots out like a bullet at the mirror. Splatters all about. Disgusting.

Even more disgusting is the after effect on Dale's nose. A bloody mess. He tries to clean it up, but a nice little scar is left behind. He pulls out a tube of Clearasil from the medicine cabinet. Puts a big blob on his nose.

If anything, it looks more disgusting than before. Dale shakes his head, leaves the bathroom a mess and heads to--

DALE'S BEDROOM

Where "In The Navy" by the Village People reverberates from his sister's bedroom. Jet plane engines are quieter. He shakes his head, goes into his closet, pulls out his best polyester blend shirt.

As he buttons the shirt, the music gets in his head and he quietly sings along.

DALE (CONT'D)

"In the navy -- can't you see we
need a hand, in the navy -- come on,
protect the motherland, in the navy --
Come on and join your fellow man..."

As he sings, he tries to do a little John Travolta move but it doesn't come off too well. As the song hits the hook, he starts to dance and clap along to:

VILLAGE PEOPLE SONG

"They want you, they want you, They
want you as a new recruit."

Eyes closed, he does a couple of pelvic thrusts, turns and as he opens his eyes, sees--

Jack, who stands in his bedroom door. Eyebrows raised. Dale looks around, pretends like nothing happened.

DALE

Oh, uh, hey, dad.

JACK

You did say you were straight, right?

DALE

Yes! What do you want?

JACK

Mom just told me about the contest...
I just wanted to wish you luck, and
if I were you I would ask them if
they've ever--

DALE

Stop! Just stop! I don't need anymore
disgusting sexual analogies!

JACK

I was about to say "ever been to
Fort Worth." It's a big city. Easy
to get lost in.

Dale, embarrassed, heads out the door.

DALE

Oh. Sorry.

Jack calls after him.

JACK

But you might want to ask if they've
ever shaken hands with a sea monster
before.

DALE (O.S.)
Nope! Not gonna do it!

EXT. WINGER RESIDENCE / DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dale slides in his doorless car. Sputters away.

INT./EXT. DALE'S CAR / HIGHWAY - LATER

Dale drives his doorless Camaro down a highway. Cars WHIZ by. Exhaust fumes and bugs fill his car. His hair whips crazily in the wind.

He turns up the radio, as Styx's "Blue Collar Man" plays.

EXT. RADIO STATION / PARKING LOT - EVENING

He pulls into the lot. Steps out. He's a mess.

DALE
Okay, it's show time.

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dale enters, buzzing with excitement. Russell leaps up, gives him a high five, then looks Dale over.

RUSSELL
You look like shit, buddy.

DALE
Really? Is it the pimple? Is it noticeable?

RUSSELL
Yeah. That's what it is. Just comb your hair, man.

DALE
(messes with his hair)
Okay, remember to make it look like a fair competition.

Russell nods. The guys each jump behind a mic as Simon walks past the window with a thumbs up. He opens the door.

SIMON
Ready to get this party started? The girls are here.

The guys nod enthusiastically. Simon closes the door.

RUSSELL
What a lame thing to say.

DALE

He's an idiot.

As a song fades out, Russell starts to talk.

RUSSELL

Okay, it time to get this party started! It's the moment you've been waiting for -- which lucky girl will get concert tickets and a backstage pass to meet the world hottest rock band, Zephyr, but even more importantly, a date with myself as well as the one, the only, the Master of Disaster himself, Dale Winger.

DALE

Russell, thanks for that wonderful introduction, but even *you* can't crush my soul tonight, because tonight is about finding two lucky ladies to accompany us to Fort Worth for a dream date. So let's meet the three girls. Simon, bring 'em in.

Simon guides the girls towards the control room. The first in is Dawn, who looks smoking hot with breasts almost too big for her shirt. Russell jumps up to get her a stool. He knocks the stool over, so Dawn has to bend to pick it up.

Dale has his fist in his mouth with excitement. Russell jumps back on the mic.

RUSSELL

Our first contestant is Dawn. She is looking incredibly fine, if I do say so myself... what about you, Dale?

DALE

(mumbles)

Uh huh.

RUSSELL

I'll take that as a yes... Our next contestant is Amy. Come on in, Amy.

Amy strolls in with all eyes on Dale. She waves and smiles at him. Dale just nods in acknowledgement, Russell shrugs.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Amy, you're looking great as well. Right, Dale?

DALE

Um, absolutely... here, let me get
you a stool.

Dale grabs a stool for Amy, but is distracted by Dawn and her bulging cleavage. He accidentally hits Amy in the head with the stool.

AMY

Owww!

DALE

Sorry, I was distracted.

AMY

So I see.

Amy checks her own less than impressive breasts.

AMY (CONT'D)

(mainly to herself)

At least mine are real.

Dale gets back behind the mic.

DALE

And last but not least -- Vanessa.
Come on in, sweetheart!

Vanessa lumbers into the room. The guys are mortified.

RUSSELL

Excuse me, where's Vanessa?

VANESSA

I'm Vanessa.

Russell raises the photo. Shows it to Vanessa.

RUSSELL

No, this Vanessa... did you eat her?

VANESSA

Excuse me?!

DALE

(quickly)

He said, did you meet her? Like
outside. Are you her sister or
something?

Vanessa smiles.

VANESSA

What's wrong, you boys can't handle all this?

RUSSELL

Well, it would definitely take both of us--

Dale elbows Russell.

DALE

Russell, why don't you get her a stool?

RUSSELL

(under his breath)

Or two...

Russell gets her a stool. She glances at Amy and Dawn.

VANESSA

What we got here? Lady and the Tramp?

Dawn jumps up off her stool.

DAWN

What did you say, you overgrown bitch?

They both square up, squishing poor Amy in between them.

DALE

Just getting started, and already seeing fireworks. Let's see if we can keep this energy going.

RUSSELL

Ok, you know why you're here. But we'll just remind all the folks listening how this works. We'll ask a few questions, just like "The Dating Game," and you give us your best answer. Afterwards, Dale and I will judge who came up with the best answers, and the winner will accompany Dale as his date to the show,

The three nod.

DALE

Here's our first question. Vanessa -- If we were to go out on a date where would we go and what would we do?

VANESSA

I'd drag your ass to Mickey D's, get myself a double whopper, large fries and diet coke. Don't know what you would do, probably get a happy meal.

Russell laughs.

DALE

Would I get laid?

VANESSA

That all depends on if you're a gentleman or not. If you try to touch my fries, I'll break your scrawny body.

DALE

Ok then... Amy?

AMY

Dale, I'd go wherever you want me to go, eat wherever you want to eat. I'd try new things and laugh at your jokes.

DALE

Yeah, yeah -- but would I get laid?

AMY

Sex is so fake with someone you don't know. I would get to know you and we would become passionate... about our relationship.

Dale is silent. Simon, on the other side of the control room window, encourages Dale to speak. Russell picks up on it.

RUSSELL

For those of you listening at home, Dale had to catch his breath from the brutal honesty of that last answer.

DALE

(snaps to)

Right, sorry. Dawn, what about you?

DAWN

Well Dale, I'd take you to a strip club. Let you watch me get it on with another girl while we're dancing.

Dawn starts to fake an orgasm.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Can you see it Dale? Do you want
some of it? I'll let you join us.

Amy is disgusted, Vanessa has one eyebrow raised. Russell almost has tears of joy. Dale turns bright red and begins to sit awkwardly. Dawn continues to moan and groan. Simon motions for them to cut her off.

VANESSA

Dear God, do we have to listen to
this?

Dawn stops abruptly.

DAWN

You know you get the same satisfaction
from a Twinkie.

RUSSELL

All right, girls, let's exercise
some control here... and, uh...

The guys are both distracted by Dawn, who unleashes another button from her shirt. Amy sulks at the sight. Russell shakes himself back to reality.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Okay -- my question now. Vanessa, if
you could play out a movie scene,
what would it be?

VANESSA

I like that scene in the movie "From
Here to Eternity." You know, where
the water rolls up on the beach, and
Burt Lancaster holds me as we kiss
passionately and roll around in the
waves.

DAWN

Gimme a break, if you were that close
to water you would be harpooned.

Vanessa jumps up.

VANESSA

One more fat joke from you and I'll
rip those fake titties right off
your chest.

RUSSELL

Whoa, everyone just settle down.
There will no titty ripping on this
show... revealing yes, ripping no.

DALE

Okay, Amy, what about you?

Amy ignores Russell, focuses completely on Dale.

AMY

Well my favorite movie is "Casablanca" and I love the line "I think this is the beginning of a beautiful friendship". I would act that out to a certain someone and then we would kiss and he would tell me that we'll always have Paris.

She keeps eye contact with Dale.

DALE

That was weird.

Amy looks dejected.

RUSSELL

Dawn -- for the love of God, help us out here.

She sits up.

DAWN

There's so many to choose from, but I would love to do a scene from "Deep Throat."

Dale almost falls out of his chair. Russell coughs loudly.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Right now, if you boys want.

Russell looks over to Simon, who is yanking on what's left of his hair. The "move on" sign is again given.

RUSSELL

Well, who wouldn't love that, right, Dale?

DALE

Uh huh, yep, for sure.

Amy and Vanessa just look disgusted.

RUSSELL

Okay, we'll just tally up our scores.

Dale and Russell write on a piece of paper each. Show them to each other. They each nod.

DALE

And we have our picks.

RUSSELL

Why don't we start with third place?

DALE

So finishing in third is...

Dawn and Amy smile as Vanessa scarfs down a Twinkie. A smile of satisfaction on her face.

DALE (CONT'D)

Vanessa!

Amy and Dawn can barely contain their excitement. Vanessa just shrugs.

RUSSELL

Sorry, Vanessa! But no goes home tonight empty handed. Your third place prize is... a Big Mac coupon.

Russell waves the coupon in the air.

VANESSA

Screw you guys and your freaking fat jokes.

Vanessa gets up to leave but not before she grabs her coupon.

DALE

Ok then that leaves Amy and Dawn.
The winner of a date with yours truly
to go to see Zephyr in concert is...

Amy sits on pins and needles. Dawn looks like it's already in the bag.

DALE (CONT'D)

Dawn!! Congratulations!!

Dawn jumps off her stool, rushes over to Dale, who wraps his arms around her and puts his head on her chest. Amy watches on with a half-hearted smile. Russell comes in from behind and hugs Dawn as well.

Amy looks dejected. Dale finally notices, then jumps back on the mic.

DALE (CONT'D)

Once again, no one walks away from here a loser! Dawn won the opportunity to go to see Zephyr with me, as well as go backstage to see the band!

RUSSELL

And Amy, as runner-up, you're the real winner here, because you too are going to see Zephyr -- as my date!

Amy looks even more dejected.

ROCK MUSIC plays as Russell and Dale talk excitedly with Dawn. Simon enters the room and goes up to Dawn as well. Amy gets up, leaves the room. No one even notices.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINGER RESIDENCE - AFTERNOON

Dale exits the house in a loud shirt unbuttoned halfway down his chest and tight jeans that unfortunately do not show off anything.

He eyes his Dad's Cadillac with anticipation. Jack dangles the keys in front of him as Mona takes pictures with an old film camera.

JACK

You remember the rules, right?

DALE

Full tank of gas, no stunt driving.
Got it.

JACK

One more thing.
(reaches into wallet)
Here's \$10. Never know when you might get into an emergency.
(low voice)
Ondoms-kay, know what I'm saying?

DALE

(takes the bill)
Adly-say, I ooo-day. Thanks guys -- don't wait up. It might be pretty late before I get home.

MONA

Be safe, Dale! Both hands on the wheel at all times!

JACK

Not if he wants to get lucky!

Dale shakes his head, climbs in the car. Rubs the crushed velour seats softly. Pulls out a cassette tape, puts it in the player.

Cranks the ignition and Foreigner's "Cold as Ice" floods the car.

He puts the car in reverse, waves to his adoring parents, when -- HONK!! Dale nearly hits a passing car as he backs out of the driveway. Jack hangs his head. Mona takes more pictures. Dale drives away.

EXT. RIDER RESIDENCE - LATER

Russell looks at the piece of paper with Dawn's address as Dale drives. They're in the middle of nowhere. A nice wood-frame house sits out on a large parcel of property. Dale pulls up the long driveway.

As they exit the car, three ferocious looking GERMAN SHEPHERDS immediately appear from behind the house, make a beeline for the guys.

DALE

Holy shit!

Dale scrambles onto the hood of the car. Russell tries to open the passenger door, but it's locked.

RUSSELL

Open the door! Open the door!

DALE

I can't! Climb on the car!

Russell climbs on top of the trunk just as the beasts arrive. They nip at his heels.

RUSSELL

Mother fucker! Go away you fuckin' spawns of Satan!

Suddenly, a HIGH WHISTLE. The dogs slink away as quickly as they appeared. On the porch, tall, hard-looking PRESTON RIDER, 45, stands quietly. Eyes that can pierce the soul. A .45 is strapped in a holster attached to his belt.

PRESTON

Watchu boys wantin'?

DALE

Is it safe to come down?

Preston leans over, spits a disgusting string of tobacco juice into some bushes. A little hangs off his bottom lip.

PRESTON

Those dogs won't botha ya. Lessin' I tell 'em to.

RUSSELL

No need to tell them anything, sir.
We're just here to pick up Dawn.
Could you let her know--

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Who tha hell are these pricks?

SANDY RIDER, 42, extremely hot, steps seductively out on the porch. It's easy to see where Dawn gets her talent. The boys' eyes can barely contain themselves.

SANDY

(to Dale)

Waddaya lookin' at? You lookin' at
me like I'm a piece of meat or
somethin'. That what ya think I am?

Dale is a deer caught in the headlights. Flustered.

DALE

Oh, no. Absolutely. I'm sorry --
absolutely not. What I mean is--

RUSSELL

Dale, shut up before Buford Pusser
here plugs you in the head!... Sorry
if we offended you, ma'am. Just a
little jumpy after Rin Tin Tin and
his gang nearly bit our nuts off.

A door SLAMS on the porch. Dawn stands there in tight jeans
and a revealing blouse.

DAWN

Daddy, don't shoot these guys, okay?
(grins)
At least wait 'til I get home.

PRESTON

(grunts)

Yeah. They best be bringin' you home
all nice and safe if they know what's
good for 'em.

Dale and Russell look at each other. Russell points at Dale.

RUSSELL

Actually, sir, she's his date. So if
there's anyone you want to be killin',
it'll be him.

DALE

Shut up, Russell!

SANDY

Dawn, you have Mr. Pete?

DAWN

(sighs)

Yes, mom. Don't worry about it.

SANDY

If either of these boys try anything that you ain't up for, just flash Mr. Pete. That'll get their attention. Better yet, just go ahead and use him.

Dawn leaps off the porch, heads to the car. She waits impatiently next to the passenger door.

Dale examines his surroundings, makes sure there's no vicious animals about, then leaps down and unlocks her door. They all get in, take off as quickly as possible.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATER

Dawn sits on the passenger side. Smacks on gum and studies Dale. Russell lustfully looks her over from the back seat.

DALE

So what -- or who -- is Mr. Pete?

DAWN

Nothin' to be concerned about.

(looks Dale over)

So what's your story?

DALE

What do you mean?

DAWN

I mean you have to have a contest to get a girl to go to a concert with you? You have some kind of mental condition or something? Hard up?

RUSSELL

I would say both.

DALE

I'm not hard up. Just... in a slump.

RUSSELL

Can you be in a slump if you've never had a date to begin with?

Dawn's eyebrows raise.

DALE

I'm on a date right now, smart ass.
With a hot girl. So suck it.

DAWN

What about the other girl?

DALE

What other girl?

DAWN

The one from the station?
(points at Russell)
Isn't she supposed to be that guy's
date?

RUSSELL

Oh, shit! Amy! God damn it! We forgot
to pick her up!

Dale bangs his head on the steering wheel.

INT. GREER RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Amy sits on her couch, looks at her watch. Dressed like a
Young Republican. Feels like a reject. She sighs heavily.

AMY

(to herself)

Oh, Dale. Would it hurt to show a
little interest in me?

(beat)

Why am I talking to myself?... Because
I've no one else to talk to, because
I'm the only one that understands
me. Well, you know what, Amy? Screw
stupid Dale and his stupid concert
and his stupid backstage pass.

A CAR HORN goes off outside. Amy leaps up.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh! Yay! He's here!

(shouts to no one in
particular)

Dale's here! I'll be home late!

No one responds. Amy shrugs, heads for the door.

AMY (CONT'D)

(takes a deep breath)

Play it cool, Amy, play it cool.

EXT. GREER RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Amy opens the door, points to her watch.

AMY

Hey! Thought you forgot me!

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - CONTINUOUS

Dale shrugs. Amy stands on the porch, waits.

RUSSELL

Yeah, hence the reason we are late.
Are you getting in or what?

Amy runs down to the car, opens the door and climbs in.

DALE

"Hence" bro... I like it, makes you
sound sophisticated.

RUSSELL

I'm surprised you were able to use
"sophisticated" correctly.

DAWN

Is the entire trip gonna be like
this, cuz I'll get a bus.

Russell puts his arm around Amy, who shows an awkward smile.
Scoots away from Russell slightly.

Dale glances in the rear view mirror. He notices Amy has
eyes only for him. He puts on his shades, reaches his hand
out to touch Dawn's leg. She lifts it and moves it away.

DAWN (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

DALE

Uh... Um...

RUSSELL

Smooth, man.

DAWN

(smiles)

Plenty of time for that later. Let's
get the fuck outta here.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - LATER

A long stretch of interstate highway with barren surroundings.
MUSIC PLAYS from the cassette. All four sing along.

DALE

This is gonna be awesome.

RUSSELL

Hell ya, bro.

Dale howls with excitement, followed by Russell, then Dawn. Amy let's out a pitiful yelp. The other three stare at her.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

What was that? Did you hurt yourself?

AMY

No. Just... no, I'm fine. Really.

Dawn starts to unbutton her shirt, as Dale loses control for a moment. The car swerves as his attention is distracted. Dawn smiles seductively.

DAWN

Time to kick it up a notch.

She puts her hand down her bra, feels around. Russell leans over, eyes fully focused on her assets. Amy sits back, arms folded.

DAWN (CONT'D)

You boys wanna show?

RUSSELL

Do you need to ask? Hell, yeah!

DALE

Show you what? You don't mean you want me to pull out my--

DAWN

Not that kind of show, you pervert.

AMY

I can give you a show, too. Not that I would, because that would be disgusting.

RUSSELL

Of course it would. I've got bigger breasts than you.

Dawn pulls out a joint and holds it high.

DAWN

Mary Jane -- a girl's best friend. So who wants to get high?

Russell gives her a thumbs up, as Amy rolls her eyes.

DALE

Hell yeah, I'll give a go.

RUSSELL

Light her up.

Russell glances around at Amy.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

What about you, Debbie Downer? It might do you some good. Put a little smile on your face.

AMY

I can smile without it, thank you.

She puts on a fake smile. Russell is unimpressed.

RUSSELL

Okay, then.

Dawn lights it up and takes a huge drag. The Cars "Just What I Needed" plays from the stereo.

DAWN

Fuck yeah... now we're partying.

She passes it to Russell. He kicks back in the seat and inhales.

RUSSELL

Best day ever.

He laughs to himself, then hands it to Dale.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Here you go, bro, enjoy.

Dale takes it while concentrating on driving. He puts it gently up to his lips and ever so softly inhales then exhales straight away.

DAWN

Jesus! Is this your first time?

AMY

You don't have to do it, Dale, you're bigger than that.

Dawn turns to Amy, her eyes are glazed.

DAWN

You're such a fuckin' killjoy. We should have brought that Vanessa chick instead.

(MORE)

DAWN (CONT'D)

(to Dale)

You gotta inhale, keep it in -- that's the fuckin' point.

Dale takes a long drag and holds it. He starts to cough vigorously just as he passes a COP.

AMY

Oh, shit. Cop! COP!!!

Dale looks in his rear view mirror. Sees the cop pull onto the freeway from the shoulder. Looks down at the odometer. READING SHOWS: 57 mph.

DALE

No, no!

RUSSELL

What's wrong?

DALE

I was speeding! 57 miles an hour!

DAWN

That's bullshit. A cop isn't going to stop you for going two miles over the speed limit.

AMY

How about speeding and smoking weed at the same time? Think that might get their attention?

RUSSELL

Shit! Ditch the joint, Dale! I can't go to jail. I can't be somebody's bitch!

Dale looks in the rear view mirror. The highway patrol car is 100 yards back. Suddenly the patrol car's lights start flashing. Dale panics.

DALE

Holy shit! He's coming after us!

Everyone looks back. Russell, Amy and Dale are in general freak out mode. Dawn takes it all in stride.

DAWN

Just throw the freakin' joint out the window, dude.

Dale rolls down the window, attempts to toss the joint out as the others look back at the patrol car.

Unfortunately, the wind catches the joint and sends it back into the car under the back seat, where several old newspapers rest.

No one notices, as they continue to watch the patrol car. The lit end of the joint smolders against the newspapers.

DALE
(to himself)
Just stay calm, just stay calm.

DAWN
Jesus, relax, will ya? You're just going to draw attention to yourself.

The patrol speeds up. Dale begins to pull over to the shoulder when--the patrol car ZIPS past the Cadillac and chases after another car.

RUSSELL
Yes! Yes! Take that, you fucker!!

He shoots both fingers at the rapidly disappearing patrol car. Amy slaps him on the shoulder.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Owww!

AMY
What's your problem?

DAWN
Yeah, you got a problem with cops?

Russell looks sheepish.

RUSSELL
No way. Everyone just calm down.

UNDER THE BACK SEAT -- the newspapers have caught fire from the smoldering joint. Smoke begins to billow out from under the seat.

Russell sniffs the air. Amy looks at him funny. Starts sniffing as well.

AMY
I thought you threw that joint out.

DALE
Yeah, I did.

AMY
Then what's that smell?

Dawn looks into the back seat. Notices smoke rising from the floorboard.

DAWN
Holy fuck!

DALE
What? What is it?

DAWN
Your car's on fire!

Pandemonium reigns. Russell looks down, sees small flames lapping at his pants legs.

RUSSELL
Jesus Christ! I'm being burned alive!

He lifts his legs up, kicks at the back of the seat, inadvertently kicks Dale in the head.

DALE
Owww! Fuck, man!

Amy rolls down her window to let out the smoke. Sees an exit ahead.

AMY
There's an exit!... And a gas station!
We can get a water hose and put out
the fire!

Dale guns it, cuts off an 18 wheeler and shoots down the exit. Smoke pours out the windows as he maneuvers the car into an old GAS STATION that sits on the edge of downtown Dallas.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Dale screeches to a halt. Everyone pours out of the car. The station's owner, FERGUS, 60, crotchety with a three day beard, ambles out of the office, sees Dale grab a water hose and feebly spray it at the back seat. Realization sets in.

FERGUS
HEY! YA IDIOTS!!

He runs into his office, then runs back out with a fire extinguisher.

FERGUS (CONT'D)
Son of a bitch!! Get out of the way!

He sprays the entire back seat with the fire retardant foam. The fire is contained, but the back seat is a disaster area.

Both burnt and soaked. Dale looks sick.

DALE

Oh, man. Dad is going to kill me.

FERGUS

Maybe I'll save him the trouble.
What the hell ya thinkin', bringin'
a burnin' car to a GAS STATION?

They all think for a moment. Then it hits.

ALL

Oh yeah/right/that was kind of dumb.

RUSSELL

(points at Amy)
It was her suggestion.

DALE

Shut up, Russell.

Amy looks somewhat pleased that Dale has stood up for her.
Dale doesn't realize that he's done anything.

DAWN

Now what? We still have to get to
Fort Worth.

Fergus looks at the back seat, laughs.

FERGUS

I'd hate to be the one havin' to sit
in the back.

Russell nudges Amy.

RUSSELL

Are you going to be okay with that?

AMY

You are such a jerk.

DALE

No one's going to sit in the back.
We'll all ride up front. Might be a
little cramped, but...

DAWN

Sweet cheeks can ride in my lap.

RUSSELL

(surprised)
Hell, yeah I can.

DAWN

I wasn't talking to you, fat ass.

Russell's balloon is quickly deflated.

RUSSELL

I knew that.

(to Dale)

C'mon, let's get out of here.

AMY

Dale, I'm hungry. Can we grab something to eat on the way?

DAWN

Yeah, I need to line my stomach if we're going to get shitfaced later.

Dale considers it, looks to Fergus.

DALE

There any fast food places 'round here?

Fergus thinks, points down a side road.

FERGUS

There's a burger place 'bout eights blocks thataway. Just be careful. Keep your hands on your wallets... and your ladies.

Fergus sneers at the gang as he turns and walks away.

DALE

Don't worry, he's just tryin' to scare you.

AMY

Then he's doing a good job of it.

They all climb in the front seat. Dawn scoots to the middle, and Amy sits awkwardly on her lap. Russell takes the passenger seat, disappointed that neither girl is on his lap.

As they blow out of the gas station as Nick Gilder's "Hot Child in the City" plays.

EXT. BOOGER'S BURGERS - LATER

The foursome pull into the parking lot of a seedy fast food joint. It quickly becomes apparent as they walk to the front entrance that they are clearly in the minority here, as in they are the only whites to be seen.

Dawn marches up to the front entrance, no fear evident. The others constantly look over their shoulders, clearly uncomfortable.

INT. HOT DIGGETY BURGERS - CONTINUOUS

The somewhat dilapidated joint is packed. The noisy crowd becomes noticeably quiet as the four teens make their way to the front counter.

The cashier, RAFER, 20, a six foot eight beanpole with an Afro that stretches through three counties, stares at the group as they approach. The three study the overhead menu.

RAFER

Whatchu want?

DALE

(to Russell)

Holy crap! It's Kareem Abdul Jabbar!

RAFER

That's racist, man.

RUSSELL

What? How is that racist?

RAFER

Because you compared me with a tall black basketball player.

RUSSELL

Sorry, but if you're tall, and you're black, how is that racist?

RAFER

Because I don't play basketball, whitey!

Murmurs from the crowd in agreement.

DALE

Okay, my bad. Sorry.

(to Amy)

C'mon, let's just hurry up and order.

Amy steps up to the counter.

AMY

Can I have a number three?

RAFER

I don't know. Can you, bitch?

Guffaws from the crowd. High fives from the workers in the back. Dawn is angered.

DAWN

Hey! You got a problem?

Everyone grows quiet. Amy freezes. Russell and Dale each take a step back. A disturbance in the force. Dawn holds Rafer transfixed with a death stare.

RAFER

Damn lady. You a fuckin' stone cold fox. I get off at ten.

DAWN

Well, you'll be gettin' off alone, as I'm sure you do every night.

Rafer does a slow burn.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Now give her a number three and me a number two.

(turns to guys)

Give him your order.

RUSSELL

I'll just have the same.

DALE

Me too.

Rafer locks eyes with Dawn. Gives in.

RAFER

(to the back)

Three three's and a two.

Russell leans over to Dale.

RUSSELL

(quietly)

I don't like this. I'll bet those guys in the back are jacking off in our burgers right now.

DALE

Jesus, you think?

DAWN

(to Dale)

Pay the guy.

RAFER

That'll be \$11.20.

Dale hands Rafer a twenty. Rafer rings it up on the register, then sticks the change in his pocket.

DALE

Uhmmm...

RAFER

Thanks for the tip. You have a hot diggetty day.

Dale doesn't argue. He grabs the bags of food, Amy and Russell the drinks. They slowly make their way to the exit, as a large muscle bound CUSTOMER in sweats follows after.

As they hit the parking lot, the sun is just starting to set. An ominous setting. The four hurry to the car and crowd back into the front seat.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dale hands off the bags of food, starts the car. Suddenly the Customer is at Dale's window.

RUSSELL

Uh oh. Shit. Shit.

AMY

Drive, Dale!

The Customer bangs on the window. Frightened, Dale rolls the window down.

DALE

Hey there. How's it goin'?

The Customer looks them over. Eyes Dawn especially.

THE CUSTOMER

Um, um, um. Damn fine.

DALE

Yeah, it's a nice car, isn't it? Although we had a little bit of a problem with a fire back down the road. I think that's really gonna affect the re-sell value--

THE CUSTOMER

Shut up, cracker.

DALE

Okay. No problem. Look, it's nice chatting with you, but we've got somewhere to be. Big concert. Zephyr. I'm sure you've heard of them.

RUSSELL

I don't think they're playing fuckin' Zephyr on 'Soul Train,' Dale!

The Customer pulls out a snub-nosed .38 from his sweats, flashes it at the group.

AMY

Oh, my God, oh my God! He's has a gun. Dale, do something!

DALE

Seriously? What do you want me to do? Hit him with my cheeseburger?

AMY

You gotta do something! I can't die out here!

Amy starts to wail. Russell freaks as well.

RUSSELL

C'mon, man, be cool, be cool. We're DJ's. We don't make shit. We probably make less than you do.

THE CUSTOMER

What's that supposed to mean?

RUSSELL

No offense intended. I have no idea what you do. You're probably a lawyer. Make a shitload of money. I don't know. Just don't shoot us.

THE CUSTOMER

Shut the fuck up and give me all your cash. And that number two. I'm still hungry.

DAWN

C'mon, dude! Not my number two! That's such bullshit. Why can't you take her number three?

THE CUSTOMER

'Cause I hate pickles, bitch! Now give me your shit!

A general commotion as they reach into purses and wallets. The Customer looks around to make sure no one's watching, when suddenly--BAM! BAM!

Bullets WHIZ by Dale's face and just miss the Customer. He dives to the ground, covers his head.

Dawn has a handgun pointed across the front seat, the smoke still rising from the cylinder.

DAWN
(to Dale)
GUN IT, DUMB ASS!!

Dale drops the car into gear and hits the gas. The car launches over the curb as the Customer fires away. Food flies in the car. Bullet holes appear in the trunk. The rear window EXPLODES. Screams from inside as Dawn fires in return.

DAWN (CONT'D)
Mr. Pete says hello, fucker!

Dale just misses hitting two cars and drives the wrong way down a one way street until he gets to an intersection, where he makes a wild turn and speeds away.

INT. /EXT. CADILLAC - MOMENTS LATER

Dale is in full panic mode. Amy tries to calm him.

AMY
Dale! Dale, are you okay?

DAWN
Dude, just breathe. We're all fine.

DALE
What the fuck was that? Huh?

DAWN
What do you mean? I just saved your ass. You should be thanking me!

DALE
You nearly shot my nose off! Who the hell are you?

DAWN
Heh. I'm your worst nightmare. A chick on her period with a loaded weapon.

Russell and Dale look at each other. Explains a lot. Amy just laughs.

AMY
That'll make it easy to explain to your dad.

DALE
Oh, man! My dad! He's--

RUSSELL

Yeah, we know. He's gonna kill you.
Relax man, it's all good. That's
what insurance is for.

DALE

Oh, right. "Hey, dad! I set your car
on fire with a joint, and my hormone-
challenged date got into a gun battle
at a Hot Diggety Burger! Good thing
you had insurance!"

RUSSELL

You're not going to tell your dad
the truth, that's for sure.

The car passes a sign: "FT. WORTH 15 MILES"

RUSSELL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You've got to lie your way through
this. It's the smart thing to do.

AMY

Lying just makes things worse than
they already are.

RUSSELL

Who are you, Dear Abby? I lie all
the time to my parents. It's what
kids do. I think it's actually one
of our constitutional rights.

AMY

You are such an idiot.

EXT. TARRANT COUNTY COLISEUM - LATER

ESTABLISH the massive event center, as a large crowd filters
in from the parking lot.

INSERT: A large MARQUEE, which reads: "TONIGHT - 7:00 PM,
ZEPHYR"

Dale pulls the battered Cadillac up to a PARKING AREA. A
heavy set PARKING LOT ATTENDANT looks over the car, sees the
retardant foam and shattered glass in the back seat, shakes
his head.

ATTENDANT

Five dollars.

DALE

(to Russell)

Pay up, man. I'm already out twenty
so far.

Russell grumbles as he reaches into his wallet.

ATTENDANT

Had a rough night, have you?

DALE

You could say that.

ATTENDANT

Well, cheer up, buddy, you're about to see a kick ass concert. Your night can only get better from here, right?

Dale's disposition brightens at the thought. He hands over the five from Russell. The attendant hands him a voucher.

DALE

Yeah, you're right, man. Thanks.

EXT. TARRANT COUNTY COLISEUM - BOX OFFICE - LATER

SLOW-MOTION: The four approach the box office as the song "Don't Look Back" by Boston plays. They're look like disheveled rock stars, only slightly worse from the wear of the evening so far.

Dale finds the "Will Call" window, approaches with excitement in his eyes as the others wait off to the side. A female BOX OFFICE WORKER, 44, with a bad swept up hairdo and old cat eye glasses, peers through the window at Dale.

BOX OFFICE WORKER

Can I hep ya?

DALE

Yeah, I'm supposed to be on the "Will Call" list. Tickets were left for me by Phil Mungo, A&M Records.

BOX OFFICE WORKER

Name?

DALE

Winger, Dale Winger.

The Box Office Worker turns and flips through a long collection of tickets for distribution. A line of people collects behind Dale. He smiles over at Dawn, who returns it in a 'come hither' fashion.

BOX OFFICE WORKER (O.S.)

Sorry, don't have anythin' here under that name.

Dale is slowly hit by the reality.

DALE
I'm sorry, what?

BOX OFFICE WORKER
There's no tickets here for ya.

DALE
(horrified)
Are you sure? Can you check again?

The others notice Dale's panic, come over to check on him.

RUSSELL
What's happening, man?

DALE
She said the tickets aren't here!

RUSSELL
What? That's bullshit!

AMY
Maybe they're misfiled or something.

DALE
Yeah!
(to Box Office Worker)
Can you look under 'Dale' instead of
'Winger?'

The Box Office Worker trudges back over to the box of tickets.

DAWN
Are you telling me you duped us into
entering a contest, dragged our ass
here to Ft. Worth, nearly got us
killed, and now we don't have tickets
to the show?

Russell ushers the girls to the side.

RUSSELL
This is all just a misunderstanding.
Let us deal with it.

DAWN
You damn well better!

Russell hustles back over to Dale.

RUSSELL
What are we going to do, man? This
is a disaster!

DALE
No shit, Russell!

The people in line behind Dale begin to get impatient.

BOX OFFICE WORKER
Sir, there are a lot of people waiting. I've checked twice. There's no tickets here for you. If you want tickets, you're going to have to buy them.

Dale gives the woman a hard look. His hand starts to shake as he--

EXT. BOX OFFICE - LATER

Walks away from the box office holding four tickets.

RUSSELL
Yes!

AMY
You got the tickets??

DALE
(faintly)
Yeah.
(to Russell)
One hundred dollars. Had to use my dad's credit card.

RUSSELL
Man, you're really building up some brownie points with the old man. You're going to be in his shit house for years.

DAWN
And the backstage passes?

Dale just walks silently towards the arena. Dawn looks a little unhinged as she follows after him.

INT. ARENA - LATER

The lights go out in the arena. A spotlight hits an ANNOUNCER, who steps up to a microphone at one side of the stage.

ANNOUNCER
Good evening, Fort Worth! Are you ready to party tonight?

A loud CHEER from the crowd.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Then put your hands together for 3
time grammy-winning supergroup --
ZEPHYR!!!

The music blasts around the Arena as the band members suddenly appear from the darkness to the screams of adoring fans.

Dale, Amy and Russell cheer along with the rest of the crowd. Dawn looks like she could punch a hole in a cement wall. Stares stonily ahead as the music plays.

LATER--

Dale cheers with fist pumps in the air. He looks over at Amy, who is jumping up and down with excitement, obviously enjoying herself. He smiles at her happiness.

Dale checks out Dawn, who sits with her arms folded next to him. She glances back. If looks could kill, she would be Michael Myers.

DAWN

I better see some backstage mother
fuckin' passes or I swear I'll go
all Charlie Manson on your ass.

His enjoyment turns to fear. Amy steps in front of her.

AMY

Hey! Stop bein' an unappreciative
bitch. He has been through a lot and
put up with your shit all night. He
brought your worthless ass to a
concert. It's not all about the
backstage pass. It's about memories
being made.

Dawn holds her hands up.

DAWN

Yeah. Awful memories.
(nods to Dawn)
You're not a fucking wallflower after
all... this girl has balls.

Dale takes notice of Amy. She glimpses at him as they both share a warm smile.

ON THE STAGE -- The band is going hard at it. The lead singer, JAKE MORANTZ, 28, parades around on stage. Long flowing blonde hair. Oozes equal parts ego and charm. As a song ends--

JAKE

Hey there, Fort Worth! How's it going tonight??

(after loud cheers)

Where are all my lovely ladies?

High pitched squeals permeate the arena.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This song is for you! It's from our new album "Asses Slow as Molasses" and it's called "Touch Me Anywhere You Want!"

The band launches into the number.

BACK AT THE SEATS -- Russell stumbles back to his seat with three beers.

RUSSELL

Did I miss anything good? Here's some more beers.

He glares at Amy as he hands the beers out.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Sorry -- They're all out of tap water -- I think you drunk the well dry. Is there another depressing drink I can get you?

She shakes her head. Russell leans in, breathes heavy on her. Amy wafts the smell away.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Suit yourself. Why don't you sit down next to me so we can know each other a little better. You know, a little feel here, a little feel there.

He tries to touch her breast. She smacks his hand away.

AMY

Stop it, Russell.

RUSSELL

C'mon, it's a god damn rock concert. People get hit on all the time here.

He tries to touch her breast again as Dale intervenes and grabs his hand. He squares up to Russell.

DALE

She said to leave her the fuck alone.
(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

She doesn't want to be touched, she
just wants to enjoy the concert...
is that too much to ask?

Russell pushes him away into Amy.

RUSSELL

What the fuck is your problem? I'm
just trying to get some action. Wasn't
that the whole point? Two girls on a
date at a Zephyr concert... and look
at this one--

(points to Dawn)

She obviously caught the miserable
disease from Amy.

DAWN

Fuck you.

RUSSELL

It looks like my only option.

Amy puts her hand on Dale's shoulder. Dawn jumps up.

DAWN

Hey, get your hands off my date!
You've got the other nerd.

Dale stands forward.

DALE

(defensively)

Hey, we are NOT nerds... we're DJ's.
And we're at a rock concert, so let's
just all chill.

RUSSELL

Yeah, you tell her, Dale.

AMY

Can we all just please enjoy the
rest of the concert? Dale spent a
lot of money on this.

RUSSELL

Correction -- his dad did.

They all return to their seats as Amy and Dale nonchalantly
rub against each other in passing. Exchanges of smiles go
unnoticed by the other two.

INT. ARENA - LATER

The show ends as loud cheers and whistles ring throughout.

ON THE STAGE -- Jake and the band take bows.

JAKE

Thank you, Fort Worth! Good night!

BACK AT THE SEATS -- The four scream their approval.

DALE

Well, that's it. Should we go?

Dawn has an evil glint in her eye.

DAWN

Oh no, this is not it. I came here
to go backstage and that's exactly
where the fuck I'm going.

She turns to Amy.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Put what you have of a chest out
sweetheart, we're gonna go meet
Zephyr.

Dawn grabs Amy by the hand and leads her down to the front.
The boys follow.

INT. BACKSTAGE ENTRANCE - LATER

A huge BOUNCER, 30's, towers over the entrance. Looks like a
Hell's Angels reject. Dawn continues to hold Amy's hand as
they approach him. Amy stops Dawn.

AMY

Just let me talk to him. I'll tell
him the whole story. Maybe he'll
show us some sympathy.

Dawn waves Amy ahead. She stands behind her and listens as
Amy begins to tell the whole story --

LATER

The bouncer looks incredibly bored. He yawns just as Amy
finishes.

AMY (CONT'D)

...And it's all true, I promise!

The bouncer checks out Amy, then looks at Dawn. In a second,
she lifts up her shirt, flashes the bouncer her great breasts.

Dale and Russell eyes pop out of their head.

RUSSELL

Heaven.

Dawn smiles at the bouncer, he smiles back. She grabs Amy shirt and lifts it up exposing her bra.

AMY

Hey!

Amy pulls her shirt down straight away. The bouncer laughs and steps aside, hands them a couple of passes to wear around their necks. Dawn grabs Amy by the wrist and leads her through the backstage entrance.

The boy's try to follow, but the bouncer steps in front.

DALE

Oh, sorry -- we're with them. Or they're with us, actually.

BOUNCER

No pass, no entrance.

Russell lifts his shirt up, exposes his man boobs. The bouncer stares blankly at him, shakes his head. Dale is disgusted.

RUSSELL

What? It worked for them!

Dale walks away, collapses in an arena seat. Russell does the same.

DALE

What an awful day.

RUSSELL

What are you talking about? This has been fuckin' awesome! We set your car on fire, we were in a gunfight, saw an rockin' concert, and even got some boob action! How the hell can you sit there and say that this has been an awful day?

Dale stares daggers at Russell.

INT. ARENA - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Amy and Dawn wind their way through a morass of GROUPIES, ENTOURAGE, ROADIES, and PR TYPES. Dawn sees a collection of people around a diminutive figure in jeans and tight fitting T-shirt. It's Jake.

He signs a few autographs, makes idle chit-chat. Out of the corner of his eye he catches a glimpse of Dawn.

JAKE'S POV: In SLO-MO, Dawn seductively struts in his direction, as "Lady" by Styx plays.

Amy walks awkwardly behind her, embarrassed by the attention Dawn receives, or more accurately, by the lack she's getting.

Jake turns to COLBY STANDISH, 29, a Zephyr bandmate. Stocky, his hairy chest is exposed from a silk shirt being completely unbuttoned.

JAKE

Dibs.

Colby looks from Dawn to Amy.

COLBY

I'll pass on the leftovers. Too...
antiseptic.

Colby turns his nose up at Amy as he wanders away. Doesn't faze her.

AMY

Don't flatter yourself, you're only
the fuckin' bass player anyway.

Dawn approaches Jake in a way that leads no doubt as to what's on her mind.

JAKE

Hey, there.

DAWN

(goes in for a hug)
You guys were awesome tonight.

JAKE

Thanks.
(as they release)
Jake.

DAWN

Dawn.

Amy stands off to the side, completely uninterested in being anywhere near this conversation.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Oh, and this is Amy.

JAKE

How's it goin'?

AMY

Peachy keen, Ace.

JAKE

It's Jake. Ace plays for KISS.

AMY

My mistake. Later.

Amy eases off to the side, tries to be inconspicuous. After a few moments, she turns, notices the Bouncer standing next to her, staring at her chest.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus. You scared the shit out of me.

(off the Bouncer's
stare)

Something I can help you with?

BOUNCER

I liked your bra.

AMY

I guess thanks are in order...but that's completely creepy.

BOUNCER

Can I have it?

AMY

What? No! You can't have my bra! What is wrong with you?

BOUNCER

You were the one showing it to me.

Amy, flabbergasted, storms off. She passes Jake and Dawn, who are hitting it off very well.

INT. ARENA - MAIN VENUE - LATER

Russell sucks down the last of his beer, lets out a loud BURP. Dale continues to wallow in his depression. Looks at his watch.

DALE

Shit. Eleven. We need to just get the girls and head home.

RUSSELL

And how're we gonna do that, huh? We're stuck out here suckin' on warm beers, while they're back there livin' the good life.

INT. ARENA - BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Dawn is riding on Jake's back. It's getting raucous. Colby throws a cup of beer across the room. It misses the person he's aiming for and nails Amy in the back of the head. Beer soaks her hair and the back of her blouse.

AMY

Dammit!

The Bouncer looks over, sees her soaked shirt.

BOUNCER

All right! Wet t-shirt contest!

INT. ARENA - MAIN VENUE - CONTINUOUS

Dale watches as a couple of men approach from the stage area. One of them wears a placard around his neck that's emblazoned:

"VIP - PHIL MUNGO - A&M RECORDS"

As Phil walks by, he nods to Russell, who gives a dispirited wave in return.

PHIL

(to Dale)

How's it going, dude?

Dale looks up from his beer.

DALE

Eh, I've been better--

(as he spots the
placard)

HOLY SHIT IT'S PHIL MUNGO!!

RUSSELL

(leaps from his seat)

GODDAMN PHIL MUNGO!!

Phil takes a couple of steps back, unsure of the situation.

PHIL

Whoa, easy there, Fat Albert.

Dale scrambles out of his seat as well.

DALE

Phil, it's Dale. Dale Winger.

PHIL

(tries to place him)

Winger. Winger. Nope. Not ringing a bell.

DALE

The "96X" DJ? From Longview? We talked two weeks ago? You were supposed to leave tickets and backstage passes for me?

A hint of realization.

PHIL

Ahhh. Yes. Right, right. Hey, hope you enjoyed the show, man.

(starts to walk away)

Listen, don't wanna be a dick, but I gotta run. Very busy.

RUSSELL

Hold on, man, we didn't get shit from you.

PHIL

What's that?

DALE

There was nothing at 'Will Call.' Had to buy the tickets to get in. No backstage passes... although our dates got back by flashing their boobs.

RUSSELL

Didn't work for me.

PHIL

I can't imagine why. Look, sorry about this -- obviously a huge cockup somewhere in the system. I'm sure you'll laugh about it later though, right? Good to meet you.

DALE

(Chases Phil down)

Wait a second! The least you can do, after all we've been through tonight, is get us backstage.

Dale tries his best pouty face. Russell does the same. Pathetic looking. Phil looks to the man with him. Shrugs.

INT. ARENA - BACKSTAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Dale and Russell walk triumphantly backstage behind Phil as Aerosmith's "Walk this Way" ushers them along. Dale fondly cradles his backstage pass that hangs from his neck.

It's madness. Screaming band members, loud music, adoring fans. It's not the intimate little gathering Dale imagined.

Amy spots Dale, rushes over. She wears a towel around her shoulders. Russell sniffs the air.

AMY

Dale!! Oh my gosh, I'm so glad you were able to get back here!

RUSSELL

Jesus, you smell like my dad after a night of bowling.

DALE

You okay?

AMY

No! This is awful, Dale! These people are just...

(she finally loses it)

...fuckin' insane!

DALE

(horrified)

Wow. You're a scary drunk.

RUSSELL

Blue is not a good color for you, if you know what I mean.

AMY

I'm not drunk! I'm just angry!

DALE

Okay, calm down. Let's find Dawn, maybe meet some of the band, and then head out.

Amy points over to Dawn, who hangs off Jake's shoulder as if she belongs to him. Now it's Dale's turn to do a burn. He marches in her direction, but she sees him coming and cuts him off before he can reach Jake.

DAWN

Hey, glad you made it back here. It's pretty cool, right?

DALE

What's going on here?

DAWN

Just hanging out.

(MORE)

DAWN (CONT'D)

(she pulls Dale aside)

Listen, Dale, I have an aunt here in Fort Worth. Made a call to her and I'm going to stay at her place tonight.

DALE

Wait, what? I... don't understand.

DAWN

I've had an awesome time -- sorry about the damage to your car.

Dale looks dejected, as if his date to the prom just left with another guy.

DALE

So do you want us to take you to your aunt's house?

DAWN

No, no. You guys should get back home. I'm just going to take a cab there. It's fine, really.

Dale is speechless. Looks like he's been hit in the face with a brick. Dawn reaches over, gives him a quick hug, then hurries away. As she goes--

DAWN (CONT'D)

Thanks for a great evening!

Dale watches her go. He turns on a dime, heads past Amy and Russell.

DALE

C'mon, let's go.

AMY

What was that all about?

DALE

I'll tell you later.

Russell and Amy follow Dale back towards the exit. Before they reach it, Amy looks over, notices restrooms.

AMY

Gotta go.

RUSSELL

I need to shake the snake as well.

Dale agrees. Russell and Dale enter the men's room.

Russell goes to the first urinal. Dale steps to the third. Russell moans as a stream of urine explodes into the porcelain.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Oh. My. God.

Suddenly Colby appears out of a stall behind them. Checks himself in the mirror. A tough looking ROADIE steps out of another stall, washes his hands daintily.

COLBY

Party moving on to the hotel?

ROADIE

Yeah.

COLBY

We're not at that same flea dump as last year, are we?

ROADIE

Nope--Marriott downtown this year. Fourteenth floor.

COLBY

Fuck yeah. Round up the hot women and let's get it on!

Russell and Dale look at each other as Colby and the Roadie leave. Dale zips up. Russell finishes up, gives his penis a jiggle, then a follow up jiggle. Then another. A fourth. Dale gets impatient.

DALE

What the hell are you doing?

RUSSELL

I can't be leaking everywhere. That would just be embarrassing.

They exit the restroom, where Amy already waits. She appears anxious. Gets Dale's attention and points across the backstage area to a long stretch limo where--

Jake and Dawn climb into the back. Dawn WHOOPS her excitement. For Dale, it's another brick to the face.

DALE

Son of a--

AMY

BITCH!!

Amy screams this a little too loudly. People nearby look at her funny.

RUSSELL

(to Amy)

I'm likin' the new Amy. Aggressive Puritan.

DALE

(mainly to himself)

Maybe he's taking Dawn to her Aunt's house. I mean, she wouldn't lie to me, right?

RUSSELL

(to Dale)

No, of course not, man. Why would she hop in a stretch limo with the lead singer of the hottest band in the world to go to some kick ass party when she can ride in a shot up, burnt out Caddie to go back to Hicksville with a bunch of losers? Of course she lied to you, man! Jesus.

DALE

I think you're being sarcastic.

RUSSELL

You're hopeless, man. Does that sound sarcastic?

DALE

No, it just sounds mean.

Russell storms off. He picks up a beer can, tries to throw it at the limo as it drives away, but it only flies about three feet before sailing harmlessly to the ground.

Amy saddles up to Dale.

AMY

I'm sorry about tonight. If it's any consolation, I've actually had a pretty good time tonight.

She pulls a strand of her limp, beer-soaked hair to her nose and smells it.

AMY (CONT'D)

For the most part.

Dale looks Amy over. Their eyes connect. Amy does her best to turn on the charm. It's short circuited when--

RUSSELL (O.S.)
We need to go to that party!

They look over. Russell is seething.

DALE
C'mon, man, let's just cut our losses
and call it an evening.

Amy nods in agreement. Russell can't believe what he's hearing. He grabs Dale's shoulders.

RUSSELL
Are you kidding me? You're going to
let her get away with this? She stole
your dignity! Did she also steal
your balls as she was running to the
limo?

DALE
What do you want me to do? It's too
late, man. She's long gone.

Dale stares at the limo as it drives away.

EXT. TARRANT COUNTY COLISEUM - PARKING LOT - LATER

The three walk towards the car.

RUSSELL
I'm just saying, aren't you forgetting
something? The Marriott downtown? We
go there, you could confront them...

The light goes off in Dale's head. The wrong one.

DALE
...And win her back!

RUSSELL
That wasn't exactly the direction I
was going, but if it works for you...

DALE
You're right, man, let's do this!

AMY
Seriously, Dale? What are you think--

They stop next to Dale's car. It's rocking back and forth. Dale looks in the back seat. Aghast to see A TEENAGE COUPLE making out. He whips open the car door.

DALE
Get the hell outta my car!

The TEENAGE GUY, 18, slides out, sheepish. His back is covered in flame retardant. Points at the back window of the car.

TEENAGE GUY

Hey, man, what'd you expect? You left the window open.

AMY

What is wrong with you people? Get the hell out of here!

The TEENAGE GIRL steps out of the car.

TEENAGE GIRL

Geez, chill, why don't cha?

Amy cuts loose with a blood curdling scream, then kicks the girl in the ass. The teenage girl, frightened, races away. Dale and Russell look on in horror.

AMY

My God, what is happening to me?

The three get in the car, pull away. As they reach the parking lot entrance, the Attendant waves at them. Dale stops, rolls down the window.

ATTENDANT

Oh, hey there. You missing someone?

DALE

Yeah, she ran off with the lead singer of Zephyr.

ATTENDANT

Huh. You're having a really fucked up day, aren't you?

DALE

(sighs)

Can you tell me how to get to the downtown Marriott?

The attendant just stares at Dale.

EXT. FT. WORTH MARRIOTT - NIGHT

ESTABLISH a large sixteen story modern looking hotel.

PARKING LOT -- Dale, Russell and Amy walk to the front entrance of the hotel. Amy is none too pleased to be there.

RUSSELL

How are we going to get in?

Dale looks around. He spots a large group of people leaving a bus. They are all wearing lanyards with the backstage pass from the concert. Dale looks down.

CU on Dale's lanyard bearing the same backstage pass.

DALE

We're gonna just walk right in.

The three run over, fall in line with the others. They hold their breath as they pass by a couple of SECURITY GUARDS, 20's. The Guards give them a once over.

GUARD #1

Hold on.

(as they stop)

How old are you guys?

RUSSELL

Fuckin' old enough to have sex without it being statutory rape.

AMY

That's only true if you're having sex with someone at least your age.

RUSSELL

What? That's a stupid law!

DALE

We're all nineteen. DJ's for a radio station.

(holds up his lanyard)

Got these bad boys from Phil Mungo.

GUARD #1

Phil Mungo. A&M Records.

RUSSELL

Yep.

GUARD #1

He gave you these.

Dale nods. The Guard considers, waves them on.

INT. FT. WORTH MARRIOTT - MOMENTS LATER

The three wait at the elevator with SEVERAL OTHER PARTYGOERS. Most of them are highly inebriated. The elevator PINGS. Everyone piles on.

INT. FT. WORTH MARRIOTT - ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Amy, Dale and Russell line one side of the elevator. Others squeeze in next to them. It quickly gets raucous. A hot but inebriated woman, ISABEL, 22, sways slightly, stares at Russell. He begins to feel uncomfortable.

RUSSELL
Hey...how's it going?

Isabel suddenly leans over, VOMITS all over Russell's shoes. Amy and Dale jump back. Everyone else carries on.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)
Whoa!! What the fuck?!!

Russell shakes off his shoes. Isabel looks like she might go for round 2. Instead, she leans over and kisses Russell full on the mouth.

AMY/DALE
Oh, gross!! /That's fuckin' sick!!

Russell pushes her away.

RUSSELL
Jesus Christ! Who are you -- that fuckin' Exorcist kid?

He wipe his mouth. Spits. Isabel smiles at Russell as the elevator stops. The doors open and everyone gets off.

HALLWAY

The guys glance up and down.

DALE
How do we know which room it is?

A room door flies open as a smoking HOT CHICK wearing only a nightshirt and underwear falls flat on her face. She holds a drink aloft without spilling.

RUSSELL
Found it.

Loud MUSIC reverberates throughout as they slowly approach. Sounds of glasses being smashed and wild screams now fill the hallway.

Amy, frightened grabs onto Dale.

AMY
I don't think this is a good idea.

DALE

We just gotta find Dawn, talk some sense in her, and get the hell out of here.

Isabel suddenly appears, clings her arms around Russell as he tries to walk.

RUSSELL

What is wrong with you? Christ, you're like a horny baboon.

ISABEL

I like you. You're hot!

She leans in to kiss him, he ducks outta the way as she barfs on the floor.

RUSSELL

Stop doing that! It's not very attractive.

She wipes her mouth.

ISABEL

Dad always told me, "Don't ever eat hot dogs from a gas station."

RUSSELL

I'm sure that's what made you sick.

The guys draw near the room, stepping over passed out bodies. They stop at the entrance and stare through a smoke filled room.

SERIES OF SHOTS - HOTEL ROOM

A) PARTIALLY CLAD CHICKS ride horseback on top of other guys.

B) A group of HALF-STONED GUYS pass a bong between them.

C) Guys do body shots off a PASSED OUT GIRL.

D) Girls and guys make out in the four corners of the room. A lot of groping going on.

E) One guy runs outta the bathroom laughing and covering his ears... a small explosion from the toilet...

F) In the distance, a CHAINSAW is heard starting up.

BACK TO SCENE

Dale with one eyebrow raised.

AMY

No sign of Dawn anywhere. Are we sure she was coming here?

DALE

This is definitely the place.

RUSSELL

Let's split up, do some investigating.
 (as a hot girl passes)
 And some partying... after all, we come this far, right?

Amy watches on, terrified as the guys wander the room. Joints and liquor get passed in their direction... Russell duly obliges. Dale smartly declines.

Russell struts through the crowd, does a little body shot off the Passed Out Girl. Isabel comes up right behind and does a body shot as well. She leans over and kisses the girl. Russell has a new found admiration for Isabel.

Amy clutches onto Dale, as other girls rub up against him. He's loving the attention. A beer funnel is practically shoved down his throat. He winds up spewing beer all around him. Amy drags him away.

AMY

Stay with the program, Dale. Remember, we're here to find Dawn. Then you'll see what a two-faced liar she is.

DALE

What is your problem with Dawn?

AMY

Open your eyes, Dale, she used you! She only wanted the passes so she could fuck the singer. You were her connection... Your contest, your ride, you paid her way in and now she is probably bangin' the douche bag every which way but loose...

DALE

Oooh. Great movie.

AMY

(sigs)
 I'm just trying to help... she is not the one you want.

Dale's eyes look a little hazy.

DALE

And this has nothing to do with her
having bigger tits than you, right?

Amy shakes her head, disgusted.

DALE (CONT'D)

Shit. Where did Russell go?

Dale looks over to one corner, Russell makes out with Isabel,
his hands all over her body.

DALE (CONT'D)

(to Amy)

Perfect. This was my contest, my
idea. How come I don't get to make
out with any chicks?

AMY

(exasperated)

Maybe it's because you're clueless?
Seriously, if you want a slut like
Dawn, then by all means--

DALE

Here you go with "Dawn" bashing again.
She didn't use me or lie to me. She --

Suddenly, Dawn appears out from a bedroom door with Jake.
Her arms are wrapped around him as they lip lock. He fondles
her breasts.

AMY

I'm sorry, you were saying?

Dale turns beet red and charges through the crowd.

DALE

Motherfucker!

AMY

Dale! Wait!

Dale makes a beeline for Jake. Dawn sees him approach.

DAWN

Oh, shit! Dale, don't do anything
stupid!

Dale pays no attention. He takes a full, awkward swing at
Jake, who ducks out of the way in time. Dale instead connects
with the door jamb, busting his hand open. He goes down in
pain.

Dawn stands over the top of Dale.

DAWN (CONT'D)

You idiot. Why did you come here?
You're a nobody, Dale, a fucking
nobody. Did you seriously think I
came to this concert to be with you?
Why don't you take your loser friends
and fuck off back to the hole you
crawled from?

Dawn senses someone to her left. She turns her head slightly, just as Amy connects perfectly onto her jaw... Dawn collapses in a heap. Dale gets up, gets shoved into a couple of other inebriated guys, who begin to fight.

Like an out of control wildfire, the fight spreads around the room. It's like a saloon in an old Western.

Amy and Dawn have each other in a hair grip. Dale nurses his hand, then takes another swing at Jake...this time connecting. Jake falls back into the bedroom.

Police sirens go off in the background as Dale separates Amy, then shouts for Russell. He's still making out in the corner, oblivious to the fights. He grabs Isabel and slings her over his shoulder. Dale and Amy run out of the room, followed by Russell, into the--

HALLWAY

Where Isabel is practically lifeless on Russell's shoulder. Dale suddenly stops Russell.

DALE

Dude, you gotta put her back.

RUSSELL

But, but...

AMY

It's for the best.

Russell looks a little disgruntled.

RUSSELL

Fine.

He drops her on the floor, hard.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

'Til we meet again.

The sound of the elevator panics Dale.

DALE

(points)

Oh, shit -- the stairs!

They run through the door for the stairs, just as the elevator opens and four COPS barge out.

INT. FT. WORTH MARRIOTT - EMERGENCY STAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Dale, Amy and Russell descend as quick as they can. They all laugh on adrenaline as they burst out the stairwell exit.

RUSSELL

That was fuckin' awesome.

EXT. FT. WORTH MARRIOTT - MOMENTS LATER

The three sprint towards Dale's car. They do one last check back, smile at one another and get in.

INT. /EXT. CADILLAC - INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Dale heads south on Interstate 35 out of Ft. Worth. The downtown buildings fade in the background.

Amy sits between Dale and Russell. She tries to maneuver herself closer to Dale. Dale notices, doesn't seem to mind. He looks around for a landmark.

DALE

Anyone see a sign for I-20?

RUSSELL

No. I'm too tired and drunk to look for anything.

AMY

(to Dale)

You okay to drive home? I can drive if you need me to.

DALE

I'm good. Maybe later.

Dale ponders his next words carefully.

DALE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you got dragged into all of this. I really didn't mean for you to--

RUSSELL

Hey! I-20 exit! You need to get off now!

DALE

What?

RUSSELL

(points to an exit)

Look, dumb shit! There!

DALE

You sure?

RUSSELL

Get off!!

Dale whips the car to the right. They pass under a highway sign that says: "Interstate 20 West"

Dale feeds into traffic.

DALE

(to Russell)

I thought you were too tired and drunk to help look.

RUSSELL

I rallied. You're welcome.

They pass a sign, which reads: "Abilene 140 miles". No one notices.

AMY

So you were saying...?

DALE

Sayin'? About what?

AMY

About how you were sorry to drag me through everything and that you didn't mean to get me involved with such a slut bag as Dawn, and that you'd like to make it up to me somehow.

Dale looks confused.

DALE

I said all that?

AMY

I think so. At least that's what I heard. I might be paraphrasing.

DALE

(nods)

I've probably been babbling. It's been a long night.

AMY

That's okay. I'm a good listener. I could listen to you go on all night.

She places her hand on Dale's leg. Smiles sweetly at him.

DALE

Oh. Hey there.

AMY

You okay with that?

DALE

Yeah, sure. Absolutely. I was hoping that--I mean I'm not opposed to you being sexually aroused by me--

AMY

Sorry?

An awkward silence. Dale stares straight ahead. Grips the wheel a little more securely. The silence is punctured by a loud SNORE from Russell. His face is pressed against the window, drool sliding out of his mouth.

LATER

The car continues down the interstate. Amy leans her head on Dale's shoulder, smiles at her good fortune. Bob Seger's "Night Moves" plays in the background.

Suddenly Russell snaps out of his deep sleep.

RUSSELL

Yo, Dale. I've got to piss like a race horse. We need to pull over.

DALE

(checks his gas gauge)
Yeah, okay. I need gas anyway.

Dale pulls off at a nearby exit and into a gas station.

INT. WEATHERFORD GAS STATION - LATER

A heavy set female CASHIER, 45, bored, watches a small television as Dale enters to pay. He goes to a cooler, pulls out a Dr. Pepper. Amy wanders the store.

DALE

You want anything?

AMY

I'm good.

Russell enters, goes over to Amy.

RUSSELL
(to Dale)
Hey, get me one!

DALE
Get it yourself, dude. You've been
spongin' off me all night.

Russell makes a face, rummages through the cooler. The cashier suspiciously eyes him, while Amy studies a large map of Texas on the side of a wall. Observes a big "YOU ARE HERE" arrow pointing at a location on the map.

CASHIER
Don't you be thinkin' 'bout stealin'
nothin'. I got a shotgun back here
with a barrel for each of ya.

Russell looks at her funny.

RUSSELL
You think just because we're
teenagers, we're here to rob you
blind?

CASHIER
Ain't cuz you're teens. Cuz you're
dressed funny. Must be from Eas'
Texuz. Bunch of lib'ral comm'nists.

Now it's Dale's turn to look at her funny.

DALE
What are you talking about? We're in
East Texas... aren't we?

AMY
Um, Dale?

CU on the map. The "YOU ARE HERE" arrow clearly points to a location a good distance west of Ft. Worth.

EXT. WEATHERFORD GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Dale storms out of the gas station, followed close behind by Amy. Russell soon follows afterward, a drink and a bag of chips in hand.

DALE
Can't believe we drove almost an
hour in the wrong direction!

RUSSELL

It could've been worse, man. Just think where we would be if I hadn't had to take a piss!

DALE

Still heading in the wrong direction because you told me to take the exit ramp for goddamn El Paso!

RUSSELL

And if you and Malibu Barbie here had been paying attention instead of being all mushy with each other, you'd have known it wasn't the exit! Besides, she was supposed to be my date!

AMY

Excuse me, but you were the one making out with a girl who threw up all over your shoes.

RUSSELL

And it was the only action I was getting all night! Are you happy?

Dale spots a pay phone, walks towards it.

DALE

I've gotta call my dad. Let him know we're gonna be late. God, he's gonna be pissed.

RUSSELL

Just remember the '3 L's', man: lie, lie, lie.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - INTERSTATE - LATER

The three are back on the road again as Jackson Browne's "Running on Empty" plays.

Russell sleeps on Amy's shoulder, Amy on Dale's. Dale struggles to stay awake. He fiddles with the radio dial, lands on 96X. Turns the radio up louder. Russell suddenly leaps up.

RUSSELL

(hears the radio)
Ah, Jesus. Is that our station?

DALE

Good thing is that if we're pickin' it up, we're nearly home.

(MORE)

DALE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Hey, think you can drive the rest of the way. I'm completely zoned out.

RUSSELL

You don't want me drivin', man. I probably still have half a keg of beer flowin' in my veins.

Dale nudges Amy, who slowly stirs from her slumber.

AMY

Mom, I'll get up in a minute. I just wanna lay here with Dale a little bit longer...

RUSSELL

Slut.

DALE

Hey, there, sunshine.

Amy suddenly snaps to. Unsure whether she should be embarrassed.

DALE (CONT'D)

I'm bushed and Russell is in no condition to drive. We're almost home. Think you can take us the rest of the way?

AMY

(rubs her eyes)

Yeah, sure.

Dale pulls to the side of the road. He and Amy switch.

INT./EXT. CADILLAC - LATER

Dale's head is almost at a 90 degree angle from his body. Let's out a girly snore. Russell now has his head in Dale's lap. Gives the appearance he is giving Dale oral.

They pass a sign which reads: "LONGVIEW - EXIT 1 MILE"

Amy sees the sign, barely, as she struggles to stay awake. She hits the exit, and continues on the service road. A long stretch of farm land to her right. REO Speedwagon's "Roll With the Changes" lulls her to sleep. Nice and peaceful.

DISSOLVE TO BLACKNESS:

Music ramps up.

HARD OPEN:

The Cadillac is moving at a good clip through a field. Amy, Dale and Russell are oblivious in the front seat. A portion of a barbed wire fence is wrapped around the front grill.

A small dirt mound jolts the car, and Amy stirs. SCREAMS. That wakes Dale. He SCREAMS. Russell is unfazed.

The car is moving through a herd of cows.

AMY

Oh my God oh my God OH MY GOD!!!

The Cadillac makes a beeline directly for a cow.

DALE

BRAKES!!!

Amy SLAMS on the brakes. The car skids through the grass, but not before bumping into the side of the cow, which tips over. Dale and Amy are hyperventilating. Russell suddenly stirs, looks around.

RUSSELL

We home?

DALE

Yes, Russell. While we were at the concert, my parents moved into a big field full of cows.

AMY

Oh my God, did I kill him?

RUSSELL

(panicked)

Kill who? You ran over someone?

DALE

She didn't kill anyone. Just bumped into a cow. Tipped him over.

RUSSELL

Oh, shit! Seriously, I missed it? I always wanted to do that.

The cow suddenly leaps up and runs away. Frightens Amy.

DALE

Hey, look! No harm done.

AMY

Except to my mental condition. You need to drive the rest of the way.

Dale nods. They switch again, and Dale drives them out of the herd.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - RUSSELL'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Dale pulls up to Russell's house, a white wood frame home that looks like every other house around it.

Russell staggers out of the car, comes around to the driver side window.

RUSSELL

Hey, this was a disaster of an evening, but I can't remember ever having so much fun.

(to Amy)

Sorry if I was kind of a douche to you tonight. You were pretty cool after all.

Amy shrugs it off.

AMY

Don't worry about it. It all worked out the way it was supposed to.

DALE

Try to tell my dad that.

RUSSELL

(laughs)

Yeah, good luck with that, man. Call me tomorrow and let me know how it goes.

Dale pulls away. As he does, the barbed wire still stuck to the car snags Russell's blue jeans, rips a big chunk out.

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Fuck! Those were my favorite jeans, dude!

Dale waves, drives away. Russell staggers to his house.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - AMY'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

Dale stops in front of Amy's house. A light is still on in the living room. The shadow of Amy's FATHER appears in the window, peers out.

Dale opens the door for Amy, walks her to the house. Amy waves her father away, and he disappears. As they reach the front door, Dale fumbles for the words.

DALE

Um, listen, I know this didn't turn out exactly the way you had probably hoped for, but--

AMY

It's turned out exactly the way I had hoped.

DALE

Really? How's that?

AMY

Because I'm standing here kissing you good night.

DALE

Kissing me--

Amy suddenly leans in and locks lips with Dale, who is taken by surprise, but quickly gives in to the moment. As it ends--

DALE (CONT'D)

Wow. Okay. Nice.

(off Amy's warm smile)

Can I make tonight up to you?

AMY

What do you mean?

DALE

I mean, take you on a real date. A normal one. Where no one is getting shot at, or thrown up on, or hit with beers. You'll have to ride in a car that's missing a door.

AMY

That would be nice. I'd like that.

DALE

Saturday? It's my only night off.

Amy nods, gives him a quick kiss and goes inside. Dale looks like he just won a million dollars until he turns and is jolted back to reality by the mess of a car in the street.

He climbs in, drives away into the darkness.

EXT. WINGER RESIDENCE / DRIVEWAY - LATER

Dale eases the car into the driveway. A porch light is on, but otherwise, darkness. He warily enters the house, tries to tiptoe through the dark living room. As he hits the kitchen--

LIGHTS FLICK ON. Dale freezes. Jack stands there in his boxes and old man's undershirt. A smile on his face.

DALE

Jesus! Oh man, you scared me there!

JACK

Sorry, son, just heard the car pull up and thought I would check on how the night went!

Dale is a teen who has been through the wringer, and his face shows it. He can only stand there looking forlorn.

JACK (CONT'D)

What's the problem, son? No action in the shaggin' wagon?

Dale swallows hard.

DALE

Oh, the wagon got a lot of action tonight. No problem there.

Jack stares at Dale. Something's not right here.

EXT. WINGER RESIDENCE / DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Jack, still in his underwear, gapes at his Cadillac - dented front wrapped in barbed wire, blown out back window, bullet holes, burnt out back seat. His mind is completely, utterly blown. Finally--

JACK

Where were you driving this? The Gaza Strip? I... I can't even begin to fathom how you were able to manage this! The barbed wire--that's an especially nice touch!

He notices the back half of the car.

JACK (CONT'D)

And... oh my God. Are those bullet holes? Someone was shootin' at you?

DALE

Good thing you have insurance, huh?

That does not go over well with Jack.

JACK

This is NO time to be flippant!

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

I trusted you with a brand new car,
and look what happened! It's
inexcusable! You're lucky you're
weren't hurt...

(notices Dale's hand)

Wait a second, what happened to your
hand?

Dale looks down at his hand. A gnarled bloody mess.

DALE

I tried to punch the lead singer of
the band. Didn't work out so well.

Jack can only shake his head at the insanity. A few moments
of silence, then--

JACK

Did you at least fill up the gas
tank?

Dale closes his eyes. One more disappointment for his dad.

JACK (CONT'D)

(shakes his head)

Seriously? I'm very disappointed in
you, son. Usually you're much more
responsible than this. What got in
to you tonight?

Dale can't find the words. Riddled with guilt.

JACK (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Well, I can't wait to hear how this
all happened.

(beat)

But not right now. Go on to bed.
Your mom and I will talk with you
this afternoon after we get back
from church.

Dale slinks away, thoroughly ashamed. Then--

JACK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is everyone at least okay?

Dale turns back.

DALE

Yeah, everyone's fine.

Jack continues to stare at the car.

JACK

Well, that's the most important thing.
Car can be fixed.
(looks to Dale)
Had something happened to you... I
just can't imagine it.

DALE

Thanks, dad. I'm really, really sorry.
I promise to make it up to you.

Dale goes inside. Jack rubs his hands through his hair, tries to make sense of it all.

INT. WINGER RESIDENCE / DALE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dale crashes into his bed. He doesn't even bother to undress. Asleep before he even hits the pillow.

EXT. WINGER RESIDENCE / FRONT DOOR - MORNING

A hand BANGS loudly on the front door. Pushes the doorbell.

INT. WINGER RESIDENCE / DALE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A muffled KNOCK on the door, followed by the CHIMES of the doorbell, slowly stir Dale from his slumber. GROANS.

INT. WINGER RESIDENCE / FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dale works his way through the house. KNOCKS alternate with CHIMES as he approaches the front door.

DALE

I'm coming! Jesus.

Dale opens the door, and his eyes open widely to see--

PRESTON RIDER, dressed in a Sheriff's uniform. He whips off his sunglasses, revealing wild, bloodshot eyes. A huge pistol in a holster on his belt, right next to a pair of handcuffs.

Preston looks inside the door. Dale looks nervous.

PRESTON

Where is she?

DALE

Who?

PRESTON

Don't play smart with me, fella.
(MORE)

PRESTON (CONT'D)

I'll ream ya a second asshole and then shove my arm up it and yank your god damn heart out! Now you get my daughter out here right now!

It suddenly clicks with Dale.

DALE

Oh! Dawn! She's not here. Honest.

PRESTON

Well, you didn't bring her home last night, huh? Fella takes a girl on a date, think he has a responsibility to make sure she gets home safely, don't ya agree?

DALE

Absolutely. One hundred percent agree.

PRESTON

THEN WHY THE HELL ISN'T SHE AT MY HOME RIGHT NOW, DIPSHIT?!!

Dale jumps back just a little. Thinks.

DALE

Because she said... she was going to spend the night with her aunt in Fort Worth.

PRESTON

Bullshit! She doesn't *have* a aunt in Fort Worth!

DALE

(mumbles)
Not a surprise.

PRESTON

(points)
You see this badge here? This badge gives me the right to unleash holy hell on your ass if you don't start tellin' me the truth! I will pistol whip your brain to mashed goo! CO-PREN-DAY?

Preston begins fingering his service weapon. Dale is in full panic attack now.

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Tell you what, boy.
(MORE)

PRESTON (CONT'D)

Why don't I just haul ya down to the station, let you sit with some of our finer citizens for awhile until you can remember the details.

Dale takes a step back.

DALE

Whoa, hold on, sir. That won't be necessary. What actually happened was...well, this is kind of embarrassing. She *told* me she was going to stay at her aunt's, but then later, I saw her getting in the back of a limo with the lead singer of the band. So she dumped me at the concert and went back to the hotel to some party with the band. I went to the hotel, tried to get her back...

(shows Preston his hand)

Even took a swing at the singer. Think I broke all my knuckles.

Preston studies Dale. Considers his story. Nods.

PRESTON

That sounds 'bout like Dawn. Girl's rougher'n a corn cob. What hotel?

DALE

Fort Worth Marriott.

Preston backs away from the door. Turns and heads for his cruiser. Slips his sunglasses back on.

PRESTON

(over his shoulder)

I'm gonna check your story out, boy. If she ain't there, I'll be back for ya.

(stops, turns to Dale)

And you don't want me to come back for ya, right?

DALE

No, sir. I honestly do not ever want to see you again.

Preston gets in his sheriff's car and drives away. A sigh of relief from Dale.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Dale sits in the control room. Studies the cover of the latest album by Supertramp, "Breakfast in America." Pulls out the album, cues up a song. Flips on the mic.

DALE

Good evening, everyone, Dale Winger here on the "X," bringing you the best album rock in East Texas. Let's kick it off with a song that best describes my night last night.

INT. MONTE CARLO - CONTINUOUS

Russell drives, listens to Dale on the radio.

DALE (Radio)

It's Supertramp, off their new album, "Breakfast in America", with "Take the Long Way Home," on the "X."

Russell nods appreciatively.

INT. RADIO STATION / CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The phone in the control room RINGS. Dale answers.

DALE

96X.

INT. RIDER RESIDENCE - DAWN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dawn sits on her bed. Looks extremely beat down.

DAWN

Dale, it's Dawn.

Dale doesn't immediately respond.

DAWN (CONT'D)

Hello?

INTERCUT BETWEEN DALE AND DAWN

DALE

Yeah, I'm here. You made it home okay?

DAWN

I took the bus. Dad threatened to shoot me when he picked me up.

DALE

He threatened me with a lot worse.

DAWN

Sorry about that... and sorry I bailed on you to go party with the band. I don't know what I was thinkin'. Plus I think I said some awful stuff about you at the hotel. I was pretty drunk.

DALE

Forget it. It's history.

DAWN

Really? Because I was thinkin' we could try goin' out again sometime soon.

DALE

Seriously? After everything that happened? I may be dumb, but I'm not that dumb. Sorry. Take care.

Dale hangs up the phone. Turns up the music. Smiles.

EXT. GREER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The yellow Camaro putters to a stop in front of Amy's house. His driver side door has been crudely wedged back on to the side. He climbs across and gets out of the passenger side.

He's dressed in his best "Saturday Night Fever" leisure suit - white pants, white jacket, black silk shirt. Unfortunately, he looks nothing like John Travolta.

Before he can even knock on the door, it flings open and Amy darts out and wraps Dale up in a big hug.

AMY

I've been waiting all week for this!
So excited!

DALE

You sure you want to do this?

Amy saunters towards Dale's car.

AMY

Absolutely...stud.

Dale smiles, jumps off the front steps and chases after her. He opens the door like a proper gentleman, then scoots in front of her.

DALE

Sorry, my door doesn't work...

AMY

(smiles)

Why should this car be any different
than any other car you drive?

EXT. BOOMER'S - NIGHT

The parking lot is happening. A large crowd waits to get in.

INT. BOOMER'S - CONTINUOUS

Amy sits at a table near the dance floor. Dale brings her a gin and tonic. He sits, clinks his beer to her glass. Amy points to the dance floor, where Russell dances, awkwardly, with a somewhat attractive, but clearly inebriated GIRL.

DALE

He seems to have rebounded.

AMY

Russell's a fun guy. Weird, but fun...

(beat)

But I'm glad we're here together.

DALE

Me too.

AMY

Can you believe we never got together in high school? I so wanted you to ask me out! I guess I was just too shy to say anything.

DALE

Really? Figures. I was never very good at reading women. High school was not very productive for me from a dating standpoint. Actually, as in non-existent. If I'd have known, believe me, I wouldn't have hesitated. I think--

AMY

Okay, I get it! You can't read the signs.

The opening strands of the Bee Gees "Night Fever" bursts across the sound system. Amy gets excited.

AMY (CONT'D)

I love this song!

She gets up, heads to the dance floor. Shakes her derriere at Dale. Motions seductively to him with her index finger and her dance moves to come hither.

AMY (CONT'D)

(Yells)

Can you read this sign?

Dale looks to the camera. An eyebrow arches. He flashes a devilish smile, and he's out of his seat, as we--

FADE OUT: