

Driving Jersey

By

Sam Klein

sam.klein@me.com
sklein5@ramapo.edu

Copyright (c) 2011 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the express written permission of the author.

BEGIN INTRO MONTAGE.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

LATE MORNING

JERRY's alarm clock rings. He smacks it, continues to sleep.

INT. CHAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Chad's alarm clock rings. He calmly turns off alarm clock. Gets out of bed calmly.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Jerry looks in mirror. He has bags under his eyes. He brushes his teeth for one second, then lets his toothbrush fall in the sink.

INT. CHAD'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

Chad brushes his teeth. Chad flosses his teeth. Chad gargles mouth wash. Smiles to himself in mirror.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - CLOSET

Jerry digs through his dirty clothes. Finds a nice, button down shirt. It is wrinkled. He puts it on and winks in the mirror at himself. He then puts a hooded sweatshirt on.

INT. CHAD'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

Chad irons a nice, button down shirt. He then puts it on and puts a track jacket on over it.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Jerry drags his feet to the pantry, grabs a pop tart and walks out.

INT. CHAD'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Chad makes eggs and toast. Chad sits down at the table and eats breakfast.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Jerry sits in car driver's seat. He begins to fall asleep. His head falls down on the steering wheel. Horn beeps loudly. Jerry jumps up. Jerry begins to drive out of garage.

INT. CHAD'S HOUSE - GARAGE

Chad waits for Jerry. Chad looks at his watch and shakes his head back and forth. Chad see's Jerry, walks over to him and into his car.

END MONTAGE

INT. CAR

CHAD and JERRY sit in Jerry's blue honda accord. They prepare for a drive to Manhattan, New York from Mahwah, New Jersey.

JERRY
Mornin' sunshine.

CHAD
Got our script?

JERRY
Friendlier than usual...

CHAD
Script?

JERRY
Yep.

CHAD
Printed out directions?

JERRY
Yea got 'em, google mapped. We gotta be there by, five, right?

CHAD
Yeah.

JERRY

Alright nice, so we'll be a little early, we have an hour to get there and this says it'll take forty-five minutes.

CHAD

Really? Only forty-five?

JERRY

Yea dude look, only thirty miles away.

Jerry hands Chad the directions.

CHAD

Jerry?

JERRY

Yes, Chad?

CHAD

Did you happen to look at the line in bold under the estimated arrival time?

Jerry takes the directions from Chad, and points to the line in bold under the e.t.a. It reads: "Up to one hour and forty-five minutes with traffic".

JERRY

Oh..

CHAD

Yea, now we're gonna be late, dick. Nice man.

JERRY

Nah, we'll be fine, look, we're takin' route 17 basically all the way to the Lincoln Tunnel. No cops on 17.

CHAD

Whatever man just- let's go.

Jerry starts the car and drives. They get to a yield sign before a merge onto the highway. The car in front of them is stopped at the yield sign.

CHAD

(to self/car in front of him)
Oh, yeah, no totally, yield means stop. I know, I forgot, that's my
(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
bad. Oh, no- wait, yield isn't a
stop sign? It isn't? Weird! Yeah I
know, crazy right?

Chad inhales deeply and exhales.

CHAD
Fucking drive! Open lane!

Chad reaches over and beeps the horn like a music beat. He yells along with his horn beat.

CHAD
Beep beep, beep, beepbeep,
beepbeep, beep!

Chad hits his head against the wheel, while fake cries hysterically.

CHAD
Go! Go! Go! Wah, wuah, ah! Not-
Stop- Why!?

The car ahead of him finally drives forward, as does Jerry.

JERRY
Are you gonna do this the whole
time? 'Cause maybe I'll just drop
you off at Ramsey station..

CHAD
Nah dude, that was rare for me.

Jerry takes his hooded sweatshirt off and throws it in the back. He is wears a nice, black button down shirt.

CHAD
Wow Jerry, that's a nice shirt.

JERRY
Yeah thanks, I know. Custom made,
Italian Silk..Gucci.

CHAD
Yeah?

JERRY
Uh..yeah.

CHAD
I don't know man, it says something
else to me.

JERRY

What do you mean?

Chad unzips his jacket. He wears the same shirt in the same color as Jerry.

CHAD

It kinda screams "Kohls", actually.

JERRY

Oh yeah I forgot, my other one is Gucci. What are the odds we'd get the same shirt, and then both wear it. Great minds...

CHAD

I'd say think alike, but there's only one mind in this car that even functions, nonetheless great.

JERRY

Thanks.

CHAD

I can't believe we're wearing the same shirt, am I gonna really have to call and ask what you're wearing next time?

JERRY

Maybe the guy will think it's cute or on purpose like twins, I don't know.

CHAD

Whatever, the outfit isn't important.

JERRY

I don't know, a lot of people've told me to dress for success.

CHAD

Alright you're gonna need to change your shirt.

JERRY

No way!

CHAD

Fine I'll help you.

Chad begins to pull at Jerry's collar playfully. Jerry resists forcefully. A button on Jerry's shirt is broken off in the tussle.

JERRY

Look what you've done!

CHAD

Oh no.. Guess you can't wear it.

JERRY

Nope, I am. Sticking with the twin theme for the interview. You're obviously the angry twin that didn't get enough love because at birth you came out second several hours later due to an inability to untangle yourself from the umbilical cord, and then caused mother to endure multiple days of bedrest and an extended stay at the hospital from the combination of prolonged labor and a troublesome breathing condition brought on by the burdensome delivery.

CHAD

Please, please. Never reproduce. Your seed is worthless.

JERRY

Well if the woman has good genes the-

CHAD

Worth.less.

Awkward silence. Chad looks over, does a double take at Jerry. Looks disgusted.

CHAD

And now you're chest bush is sticking out.

JERRY

Okay? So?

CHAD

It's kinda gross. You never trim it or something?

JERRY

No, hell no, women love it. That's like shaving away testosterone.

CHAD

Maybe women in 1970.

JERRY

Yeah, well, if this was 1970, I would be the man, not that I'm not the man.

CHAD

That's like saying you'd also be the man in a 1920's Harlem neighborhood for being good at saxophone.

JERRY

Yeah, I would be. The fact that you're jealous because I'm an accomplished musician is a little bit pathetic, Chad.

CHAD

How are you accomplished?!

JERRY

Anyone who gets paid to play a gig can consider themselves a talent.

CHAD

You played at the Beth El Nursing Home! For community service points!

JERRY

I don't weigh my wage in gold, Chad.

Chad shakes his head and looks out the window.

JERRY

So we got this interview because you're mom's, second cousin is a secretary at MediaMan Productions?

CHAD

Yeah, basically.

JERRY

How could a secretary possibly have so much pull?

CHAD
I really don't know, man.

JERRY
It's Tiffany right? Tiffany?

CHAD
Yeah.

JERRY
Hmm well then I think I know how
this happened. Probably a little mm
mm with the hmm hmm, mhm?

CHAD
Dude..

JERRY
It's a compliment! Tiffany's a
looker! You ever, you know, g-

CHAD
Are you really about to ask-

JERRY
What? She's your third cousin,
that's like, that's like basically
a family friend.

CHAD
No, that's like basically a blood
relative. And by basically I mean
is a blood relative you sick, sick
fuck.

JERRY
If I wasn't seein' Jenny, I'd def
ask for that number.

CHAD
Doesn't mean you'd get it. How's it
goin' with that by the way?

JERRY
With THAT? She has a name, Chad. A
beautiful one. She's my Jenny.

Jerry looks out and smiles.

JERRY (CONT'D)
And I'm her Forrest.

CHAD

Wait..wait. Does she call you
Forrest?

JERRY

Yea..problem?

Chad chuckles.

CHAD

No, no.

JERRY

Mmm, how about you tell me.

CHAD

She really calls you that? Like,
even when you're, ya know, in the
moment?

JERRY

All the time!

CHAD

And you see nothing wrong with
that?

JERRY

Nope.

CHAD

You do realize that Forrest Gump is
mentally challenged right?

JERRY

No! Are you mentally challenged? He
owns Bubba Gump shrimp, he can't be
retarded.

CHAD

What do you think that movie is
about..?

JERRY

The life of a successful
entrepreneur named Forrest Gump.

CHAD

Alright that's cool. So your
girlfriend-

JERRY

Ah ah ah, no, not girlfriend.
Partner.

CHAD

What?

JERRY

If gay people can refer to their significant other as partner, then so can I. I think saying 'girlfriend' is a little tacky, honestly. Yeah, she's a girl. And yeah, she's a friend, but I mean come on, we're deep into the new millennium, let's keep up here, a little advancement.

CHAD

Okay.. so your "partner" gets off by calling out, not your name, but the name of a mentally challenged yet successful character of fiction?

JERRY

Yeah..yeah, I guess she does. She's a freak though man.

CHAD

Yeah, I bet. How so?

Jerry slams on his brakes and beeps his horn. He then sticks his middle finger up and out the window.

JERRY

Learn how to fucking drive! Jesus!

CHAD

What an asshole, they just cut you off! Don't they know the Jersey Slide code of ethics?

JERRY

Ah, New York plates. Figures. People from upstate New York seriously can't drive, something in the water.

CHAD

Nah, I saw what the problem is. They learn from Asian Women. I saw the driving school, Wong's House of

(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
 Drive. Totally monopolized the
 area.

Jerry shakes his head back and forth.

JERRY
 So racist.

CHAD
 No seriously. I don't know how they
 get away with it. Without
 constantly getting DWO's.

JERRY
 DWO's?

CHAD
 Driving While Oriental. Biggest
 offense after DWI's, I-

JERRY
 Okay, enough, you know Jenny's
 Asian.

CHAD
 Oh! Oh my, I, wow, so sorry, didn't
 realize. My bad dude, seriously.

JERRY
 Whatever. Ugh, man, there's so much
 traffic.

Jerry cracks his knuckles and sighs.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 So what about you, how's Chelsea?

Chad snickers.

CHAD
 I didn't tell you about that?

JERRY
 No, why, what happened?

CHAD
 Let's just say things didn't go as
 planned...

FLASHBACK: TWO WEEKS AGO

INT. CHAD'S LIVING ROOM

Chad and CHELSEA sit in the t.v. room on the couch. They watch a movie.

CHAD (V.O)

Okay so me and Chelsea had this thing we did, she would just, give me a..

PRESENT.

INT. CAR

Chad does a "hand job" gesture.

CHAD

..as we talk. She enjoyed stroking it, I enjoyed it..being stroked, was a nice little set up. But I, I don't know, I was just ready to move on.

JERRY

Why?

CHAD

She wouldn't blow me, argued a lot, wouldn't blow me..

JERRY

What?! Wouldn't blow?! Why?

CHAD

'Cause we wouldn't be able to talk while she does that. So anyway, I tell her we need to talk.

FLASHBACK: TWO WEEKS AGO

INT. CHAD'S LIVING ROOM

CHAD

Hey, Chelsea, can we talk?

PRESENT.

INT. CAR

CHAD
But *she* thinks I mean a "talk" h.j.
combo and gets all aroused.

FLASHBACK: TWO WEEKS AGO

INT. CHAD'S LIVING ROOM

CHAD (V.O)
I couldn't procrastinate any
longer.

Chelsea begins to give Chad a hand job as they chat on the
couch. Chelsea smiles.

CHELSEA
So what ya wanna talk about?

CHAD
Us, actually.

Chelsea continues to smile.

CHELSEA
Oh yeah? What about us?

CHAD
Well, listen. Chelsea, it was good.
And you're nice- fun. But I-

Chelsea's smile drops.

CHELSEA
Was good?

CHAD
Yeah, I mean, I think we've run our
course here. I feel like, like a
glacier in water. The glacier likes
being in water, but at the same
time that's what causes it to melt.

CHELSEA
And how is that like us?

CHAD
I mean, I like being with..in, you,
but at the same time, it's
limiting. I think we need to just,
explore.

CHELSEA
So you're breaking up with me?

CHAD
More of a..yeah, okay, yeah I am.
I'm sorry.

Chelsea stops Chad's a hand job and gets up off the couch.

CHELSEA
I hope your little glacier finds
its way into some herpes water!

CHAD
Baby, come on, you aren't gonna
finish?

CHELSEA
Are you serious?

Chad makes a puppy dog face.

CHELSEA
Enjoy blue balls, asshole.

BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. CAR

JERRY
Wow, that's rough.

CHAD
Yeah, from her reaction, you can
see why I needed to dump her.

JERRY
Absolutely.

A few moments of silence.

CHAD
You ever think about how we wanted
to end the script?

JERRY
I'm not sure really. Think he'll
like our idea?

CHAD
I mean, it's just about what we're
doing now. Driving to pitch a
(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
script. It's like Seinfeld kinda,
basically about nothing, but it's
pretty funny.

JERRY
Whoa, no. Don't you dare call our
script nothing, how dare you!

CHAD
I didn't say that.

JERRY
You said it's about nothing!

CHAD
Well it is!

JERRY
Wow. Cool. Maybe, ya know, let's
just turn around, my gas could be
better spent.

CHAD
No, not really. It really couldn't
be.

JERRY
Ya know dude, you're kind of a
dick.

CHAD
We need to relax and think of an
ending, not argue. Drop it.

JERRY
Drop what? Drop nothing, like our
script? Is our friendship nothing
too?

CHAD
Oh my G-d, Jerry, I'm sorry, jeez.
Can we get over it now?

JERRY
I don't know, can we?

CHAD
How about after we pitch our
script, and the guy loves it, I buy
you something from the dollar menu
on our way back?

JERRY

Really?

CHAD

Yea man, definitely. If you chip in like, half.

JERRY

You are truly the best.

The car in front of them honks, which causes a chain reaction of honks.

CHAD

Dude, it's bumper to bumper now, can we just take the next exit and go back roads?

JERRY

Yea let me take out the gps, it'll reroute us.

Jerry opens the glove compartment and takes out his gps. He plugs it into the car charger and puts it on its stand.

CHAD

You have a gps? Why didn't we use it in the first place instead of printed directions?

The GPA has a female voice with an Australian accent.

GPS

In .6 miles, exit towards Spring street, on right.

CHAD

...Why does your-

JERRY

Have an Australian accent?

CHAD

Yeah...

JERRY

Why not?

CHAD

Because we're in America...

JERRY

Well, I like Australian accents,
and I want Carmen to have one.

CHAD

You named it?

JERRY

Yup.

They exit on Spring Street and pull up to a stop sign.

GPS

Turn right on Spring Street.

They turn right, and continue.

GPS

In 3 miles, turn left on Eastern
Highway.

JERRY

Sure will, Carmen.

Jerry continues to drive on Spring Street. They stop at a
red light.

JERRY

Look, Chad, up to the right.

CHAD

What am I looking at?

JERRY

See that? The strip club, Harem's.
Free entry between 1pm and 5pm,
let's do it!

CHAD

Aside from the fact that we have a
script to pitch, you don't remember
Harem's?

JERRY

We're like, eighty percent there,
we have plenty of time to stop. And
no, why would I remember a place
I've never seen?

CHAD

You have seen it, I can't believe
you don't remember. Freshman
year...

FLASHBACK: FRESHMAN YEAR

INT. DORM ROOM

Chad and Jerry sit in their three person dorm room on the first day of college. They unpack, and wait for their third random roommate to arrive.

CHAD

Man this is fucking sweet! I'm so glad to be out of my parents house, we can do whatever the fuck we want!

JERRY

Dude seriously, no more bedtimes or anything like that. I can go out before I do my homework now. Yes!

CHAD

So you're a virgin I take it?

JERRY

I-no, I have, it-

CHAD

Relax I'm kidding. Man I'm glad you're my roommate and not some fuckin' weirdo, I was nervous about getting two randos.

JERRY

Yeah, this is going to be a fun year.

CHAD

So, do you drink?

JERRY

No, I mean not yet. I'll try beer though.

CHAD

Smoke?

JERRY

Cigarettes? Ew, no!

CHAD

No man, weed. Do you smoke weed?

JERRY
No, isn't that illegal?

CHAD
Ah, Jerry, we sure have some work to do. Hopefully this third roommate is gonna help me out with you.

Chad laughs to himself. Jerry laughs awkwardly. The door opens slowly. Jerry and Chad look over. PAT, an awkward, pale, zit-faced kid walks in. He has an awkward grin, and looks around nervously. He has a nasally voice. Pat is followed by PAT'S FATHER. Pat's Father is old, fit, dark tan, wears extremely short, blue shorts and a small, matching tank top.

PAT
Hey guys, I'm Pat.

Pat extends his hand for a handshake. Jerry and Chad each take a turn to shake his hand.

PAT'S FATHER
Hey boys, I'm Pat's father. Good to meet you.

PAT
So, so I guess I'm top bunk?

CHAD
Yeah, sorry man, first come first serve, right?

Chad laughs to relieve tension. Pat and his father give each other looks of disapproval .

PAT'S FATHER
Boys, don't you think it would be more fair to draw highest card for bottom bunks? That's what we always did in the camp.

JERRY
Camp?

PAT
Nothing, it's fine, I don't mind top bunk.

Pat and his father continue to unpack. Pat's father lifts the big boxes, but his back gets sore. They stop for now.

PAT'S FATHER

Alright son, you got it from here?

PAT

Yeah, bye Dad, thanks for the help.

PAT'S FATHER

No problem, give me and Mommy a call later, love you son.

Pat's father gives Pat a hug and quick peck on the lips goodbye. He walks out.

CHAD

Did you just kiss on the lips?

PAT

No.

JERRY

You sure?

PAT

Whatever, we're Italian.

Pat goes into the bathroom and comes back out in a robe.

CHAD

What's that?

PAT

What?

CHAD

What you're wearing.

PAT

Oh, my robe. I just like to wear it when I'm hanging out.

CHAD

I see. How often do you... hang out?

PAT

A lot.

CHAD

What's your last name, bro? I'll add you on facebook.

PAT
Facebook?

JERRY
You don't have a facebook?

PAT
No, what's that?

Chad and Jerry give each other a concerned look.

CHAD
Nevermind man, we'll make you one
tomorrow. For now, let's focus.
First day of college.

Chad opens the mini-fridge. He smiles with a deviant look.

CHAD
Time to drink, boys.

PAT
I-I don't know, I'm meeting my
parents in a few days for my
birthday lunch, I heard a hangover
gets pretty bad.

CHAD
First off, a hangover only lasts
the morning. Secondly, it's your
birthday?! Let's fuckin' celebrate!

JERRY
Strip club!

CHAD
Yes! That's what I'm talkin' about!

JERRY
Wait, no! That's just what they say
on reality shows. I wasn't serious.

CHAD
Well I am. Get ready guys, we're
going to the strip club!

TWO HOURS LATER.

INT. DORM BUILDING HALLWAY

Chad, Jerry, and Pat walk out the door. Pat is still in his robe.

CHAD

Whoa, whoa, Pat, what are you doing?

PAT

What?

CHAD

The robe, it's gotta go.

PAT

What, why?

CHAD

It just does man, no robe.

Pat takes his robe off in the hallway. Pat is in his boxers. Chad laughs.

CHAD

No man! I mean go change, put some real clothes on!

Pat goes to change. Jerry and Chad wait in the hallway. Pat rejoins them, in normal clothing. They continue to walk, and get into the elevator.

INT. DORM ELEVATOR

CHAD

Alright so I looked up the nearest place, Harem's. It's just off route 17, maybe twenty minutes away.

JERRY

Is it free?

CHAD

Free? Free? Jerry, dozens of naked women will be rubbing their supple breasts in your face on a weekday night, and you expect it for free?

JERRY

I mean, I don't know, I n-

CHAD
Only twenty bucks each.

PAT
I hope it's worth it.

Chad again smiles with a deviant look.

CHAD
Oh, it will be.

EXT. HAREM'S PARKING LOT

Chad, Jerry, and Pat stand in the parking lot. They look confused. They see a Discount Shoe Store and a Dry Cleaners. They approach the stores.

CHAD
Where the fuck is it?

PAT
Good plan, Chad.

CHAD
Shut the fuck up birthday boy.
Maybe this guy knows.

Chad approaches a very strong, tall MAN. The man wears a suit and stands around outside.

CHAD
Hey man, do you know where Harem's
is?

MAN
I.D.

CHAD
What?

MAN
Show me your identification.

CHAD
Alright...

Chad hands the man his identification. The man points at a set of stairs that leads to underneath the two stores.

CHAD
(to Jerry and Pat)
Yo, guys! This way!

Jerry and Pat scurry to the man, show him identification, and go downstairs into the strip club.

INT. HAREM'S STRIP CLUB

The strip club is nearly empty. There is a group of middle aged business men, a pair of black men, and a group of three Indian men gathered around the stripper stage. Chad, Jerry, and Pat take a seat in front of the stage.

CHAD

Yo this is kind of weird actually.

JERRY

Yeah, really awkward.

Pat cannot take his eyes off the stripper. The STRIPPER crawls over to him.

STRIPPER

Hey cutie, you enjoying this?

Pat shakes his head 'yes'.

STRIPPER

Yeah? Got a little donation for the charity box?

Pat goes to put a dollar bill in the strippers cleavage.

STRIPPER

No baby, there isn't much there, so I accept donations through a different box.

The stripper turns over and opens her panties. She takes Pat's hand and puts it in. He lets go of the money, and she takes his hand out.

STRIPPER

Ooh, big, strong hands. I'll be seeing you later, I hope.

The stripper walks away and continues to pole dance.

PAT

Did you see that?! She totally wanted me!

JERRY

That's her j-

CHAD

Yeah man, she did! That was crazy!
How about we get some lapdances
going?

PAT

Yeah! I want that one!

Chad signals for the stripper to come over to them. She comes over.

STRIPPER

Hey boys, so what are you guys
doing tonight?

CHAD

Celebrating our boy Pat's birthday!

STRIPPER

Oh yeah? Ooh, how old are you babe?

PAT

N-nineteen.

STRIPPER

Wow, so you're legal. Good. So
boys, anybody here a virgin?

The boys all shake their heads no and smile awkwardly.

STRIPPER

(to Pat)

I don't know, I think you might be.

The stripper strokes Pat's head.

PAT

What?! No!

STRIPPER

Aw no, baby, it's okay. Just twenty
bucks, you come with me in the
V.I.P. room.

CHAD

Yeah, do it man!

PAT

Alright! Let's do it!

The stripper takes Pat by the hand. Pat gets up to walk with her. Chad taps the stripper on the shoulder.

CHAD

Hey, sorry, real quick. Could we get a girl over here for my boy Jerry? He's a first timer.

STRIPPER

No problem doll.

Stripper whistles from across the room to MINDY.

STRIPPER

Hey, Mindy! Come here!

Mindy waddles over. She looks nine months pregnant. Jerry looks over at Chad, horrified.

MINDY

Hey boys, so which one of you is looking for some fun tonight?

Chad responds quickly.

CHAD

Jerry is.

MINDY

Ooh, hey Jerry, I'm Mindy. What do you say, come with me in the back? Nobody can see what goes on in the V.I.P. room.

JERRY

Mindy, I'm sorry, are you, are you, pregnant?

MINDY

Excuse me?!

JERRY

I'm sorry, I'm sorry! V.I.P. room, I'll go!

MINDY

Relax baby, I'm fucking with you. Aw, you're so cute. But yeah, eight and a half months in.

CHAD

Wow, and you can still give lap dances?

MINDY

As good as ever. You want a little sample, Jerry?

JERRY

Nah, I'm alright, thanks though.

MINDY

Sweetie, where else are you gonna find a good two for one deal like this?

Chad looks away, pretends to hold in vomit, but laughs.

JERRY

You know what, sure, I like your enthusiasm.

Chad looks surprised. Mindy begins to give Jerry a lapdance.

MINDY

Ooh I feel something hard down there. You better not give my baby a black eye.

JERRY

Oh I bet Daddy wouldn't like that.

MINDY

Not one bit, cutie, but he's not here right now.

Chad looks away and mouths out "What the fuck?"

MINDY

Jerry, something, feels kinda...wet. Did you just?

JERRY

What? No, I don't know.

Mindy moans in pain.

MINDY

Ooh! Ow, oh my G-d, fuck, ow!

Mindy's water breaks while she is on top of Jerry. Chad coughs, gags, and nearly vomits.

STRIPPER

Oh my gosh! Call 9-1-1, call a doctor!

Mindy falls to the floor, on her back.

CHAD
Let's get outta here!

Chad and Jerry run to the parking lot. They get into the car and drive.

INT. CAR

JERRY
What about Pat?!

CHAD
Fuck! Fuck it, he'll find his way back.

FADE OUT.

INT. DORM ROOM

THE NEXT EVENING

Jerry is in bed, miserable. Chad walks around the room in anticipation.

CHAD
Almost six, almost six, almost six!
It's gotta be on the six o'clock
local news, has to be.

Jerry shuts off the television with the remote.

CHAD
No!

Chad turns the television back on.

CHAD
Here it is!

Chad and Jerry watch the television. A clean cut, MALE NEWS ANCHOR reports.

MALE NEWS ANCHOR
In local news, a unusual event took place last night, at Harem's strip club near Paterson. Channel Five field correspondent, MARIA DELTORO, is there live on the scene.

EXT. HAREM'S PARKING LOT

Maria Deltoro stands in the Harem's parking lot. There are several police vehicles and ambulances.

MARIA DELTORO

Thanks Tom. I'm standing outside Harem's strip club, in Paterson, New Jersey, where twenty-nine year old dancer, Mindy, has just given birth, late this afternoon. Now, a strange part of the story, Mindy refused to birth her child outside the confines of Harem's. Even stranger, is the video footage we were given from the security cameras last night.

Security camera footage of Mindy's water breaking on Jerry is shown. Then, security camera footage of Jerry as he runs away is shown.

MARIA DELTORO

Now what's happening here is, it appears that Mindy's water actually broke on this poor boy, during a lapdance, of all things. Oh, wait a minute, the new mother is coming out now, I'm going to try to get a few words with her.

Maria Deltoro runs over to Mindy, who has just entered the parking lot.

MARIA DELTORO

Mindy! Mindy! Congrats on the birth, is it a boy or a girl?

MINDY

Thanks honey! It's a beautiful baby boy.

MARIA DELTORO

He certainly is precious. Have you named him?

MINDY

Yup, beautiful baby Jerry.

MARIA DELTORO

Aw, that's great, well congratulations. For channel five local news, I'm Maria Deltoro, and

(MORE)

MARIA DELTORO (cont'd)
this is an example of irresponsible
parenting. Back to you, Tom.

MINDY
Excuse me, bitch?!

INT. DORM ROOM

Chad laughs hysterically and shuts off the television. Jerry
stares at the television.

CHAD
Dude! Dude! So, let's break this
down.

JERRY
Stop.

CHAD
So, so she named her baby after you
right?

JERRY
Right.

CHAD
And, and, she called it a two for
one deal last night, right?

JERRY
Right.

CHAD
But she had a boy! You got a lap
dance from a fucking boy! A half
gay lap dance!

JERRY
This I know.

CHAD
That's it? Nothing else to say?

JERRY
Nope.

CHAD
Wait...

JERRY

What man? What else do you have to say? I barely know you, and you already think you can harass me like-

CHAD

No, fetus fucker, relax. I was gonna say, what happened to Pat?...

BACK TO PRESNT.

INT. CAR

Jerry continues towards the end of Spring Street.

JERRY

Man, I totally forgot about all that 'til now. Whatever, I was hammered.

CHAD

Hammered? You had never tried beer and didn't even know if weed was legal.

JERRY

Whatever, man.

CHAD

Jesus, I can't believe you had a half gay lap dance. And two for one deal? How were you into that?

JERRY

It was a long time ago.

CHAD

And she named the kid after you...

JERRY

Drop it, okay?

CHAD

Okay, okay.

JERRY

I think we'll be there pretty soon.

At the intersection they turn left on Eastern Highway. Immediately a Newark police car pulls up behind them and turns on the lights. They pull over. The officer gets out of his car and walks up to the drivers side window. Jerry rolls down his window.

OFFICER
License and registration.

JERRY
(to Chad:)
Can you get it, red envelope thing
in the glove box.

Chad fishes for the registration and hands it to Jerry.

JERRY
(to Officer:)
Here ya go.

OFFICER
Stay in the vehicle, I'll be back
in a few minutes.

Officer begins to walk away.

JERRY
Officer! Excuse me, what did I do
wrong?

Officer turns around.

OFFICER
Obstruction of traffic, illegal
left turn onto Eastern.

JERRY
But my gps, I'm not from here, it
told me to turn left. Anyway you
could give me a warning, I-

OFFICER
Son, do you know where you are?

JERRY
Um.. New Jersey.. somewhere..

OFFICER
The car-jacking capital of America,
ring a bell?

Jerry gulps, then speaks weakly.

JERRY
...Newark?

OFFICER
That's right boy, motha fuckin'
Newark. Ain't no warnings here.

The officer walks back and gets into his car. Jerry rolls up his window.

CHAD
I guess "Carmen" let you down.

JERRY
Damn it Carmen! What the hell! Piece of crap gps. We had a loving relationship until today.

CHAD
Yeah man, too bad, this won't be a cheap one, we're in Newark.

JERRY
Great, I'll be helpin' some babies
Mama's Mama buy crack.

CHAD
What? Not everyone in Newark smokes crack.

JERRY
Yeah, they inject it too.

CHAD
Doubtful.

JERRY
How would you know?

CHAD
I guess I wouldn't... but I doubt it.

JERRY
This is b.s. man! Cops make me so tense, I can't do this.

CHAD
Relax man, it'll be fine.

Jerry slams his hands on the wheel in frustration. The officer gets out of his car and knocks on the window of Jerry's car. Jerry rolls down the window.

OFFICER

Here you go.

Officer hands Jerry his license, registration, and a ticket.

OFFICER

I'm giving you a ticket for obstructing traffic, which is no points, and a significantly smaller fine than an illegal left.

Jerry looks at his ticket and looks up at the Officer.

JERRY

But my gps-

OFFICER

Alright you have a nice day now.

JERRY

No you listen! This ticket is bullshit!

The officer quickly turns around.

OFFICER

Excuse me?!

JERRY

Yea I bet if I was a cute little girl with a nice pair of titties poppin' out I'd be scotch free right now!

OFFICER

Son...Y-

JERRY

Yea keep sayin' son. If I were 'daughter' a quick little flash would pay this ticket off, right..

Jerry does "quotes" with his fingers.

JERRY

..officer?

OFFICER

Get out of the vehicle, now!

JERRY

I don't know how Jews can live around here with all the pig!

CHAD

Jerry, shut up! He gave you a break!

OFFICER

What if I'm a Jew?!

JERRY

Ha, yea okay, Officer-

Jerry looks at Officer's name pin, and is cut off by the Officer.

OFFICER

Klein. Officer. Klein.

JERRY

Listen, I'm really sorry, we're on our way to New York, running kinda late, so-

OFFICER

Running late to New York from Newark? Never heard that one before.

JERRY

If we could just go-

OFFICER

Get.out.of.the.ve-hic-le. Now!

JERRY

Officer Klein, please, from one Jew to another, can I please-

A buzz is heard from the officer's RADIO.

RADIO

Got a 311 at the preschool on Grand, local units respond, over.

OFFICER

You know what, just get outta here. Don't let me find you in Newark again today.

JERRY

Thank you! L'Chaim!

The officer walks away and gets into his car. He drives off. Jerry puts his gps in the glove box and pulls back on the road. He begins to drive.

JERRY
Playin' that Jew card like a
fiddle.

CHAD
Well, that went swimmingly.

JERRY
Fucking pig. And what the hell, I'm
never using my gps again.

CHAD
How much is the ticket for?

JERRY
Fifty four dollars!

CHAD
Are you really gonna complain about
that? That's nothing...

JERRY
Let's just figure out how to get
the hell outta here.

CHAD
I can see New York from here, just
drive until we see a sign for it.
Hopefully soon, this seems like a
bad neighborhood.

JERRY
Alright. Hey why don't we make a
night outta this thing?

CHAD
How so?

JERRY
Maybe we could stay with Greg.

CHAD
Greg? He's so weird. Is he still
dating that girl too?

JERRY
Glor?

CHAD
Yeah, Glor. They're the weirdest
couple ever. And who calls
themselves Glor?

JERRY

What's wrong with them?

CHAD

Think of last time we were there...

FLASHBACK: 14 MONTHS AGO

INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT LIVING ROOM

GREG, GLOR, Chad, and Jerry sit and watch television. It is 9:56 p.m.

CHAD

So.. everyone ready to go out?

Greg, a tall, stern sounding man and his girlfriend, Glor, stand up in front of the television and hold hands. They look at each other and then address Chad and Jerry

GREG

Well, Chad, it's just about 10 o'clock.

Greg and Glor smile at each other.

CHAD

Yea, we should probably head out. I heard about a good bar on-

GREG

No, Chad. It's 10 o'clock, on a Thursday night.

CHAD

Right...

GREG

Well, Glor and I usually get intimate with each other at exactly 10pm on Thursdays.

Chad sits awkwardly. Jerry pays no attention, still watches television.

GREG

It's about that time. You guys are more than welcome to continue watching your program. Or we can meet you downstairs in T minus seven minutes.

CHAD
Jerry, let's go downstairs, they'll
meet us.

JERRY
Nah, I'm watching something.

CHAD
Dude, come o-

JERRY
Shhh!

Chad remains seated on the couch next to Jerry. Jerry watches the show intensely. Chad has his chin in his hand, and his elbow rests on the armrest as he stares into space. Glor sits on the end on the couch, and Greg gets on top of her.

GLOR
Mmm Greg it's like we have an
audience!

GREG
Just pretend they aren't there,
like they're just watching us on
television.

GLOR
Mmm Greg, yes! I love you!

Glor and Greg make out.

CHAD
Wait..wait, is this really
happening?

GREG
Chad, I welcomed you to wait
downstairs. You chose to stay.

Greg and Glor continue to make out intensely.

Chad stares at them and then at Jerry with a look of disbelief. Jerry continues to watch television.

FADE OUT. BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. CAR

JERRY

I don't know man I don't really see the problem. What about Joey?

CHAD

Joey? He is way too nice, it'd be boring. That's like going to hang out with..

Chad snaps his fingers rapidly while he thinks.

CHAD

with like, Smokey the Bear.

JERRY

I don't know about Smokey.. why is he always hangin' out in the woods?

CHAD

Yeah I don't know, and why is his name Smokey if he wants to prevent forest fires?

JERRY

True, should be called Extinguish the Bear or something.

CHAD

Yeah I agree.

They stop at a red light. An old, HOMELESS MAN approaches their car. He knocks and points to his change cup.

JERRY

What do we do?!

CHAD

I don't know man, give him some change..

Jerry takes out his wallet and gives him all of his cash: 9 singles.

HOMELESS MAN

Thank you, my brotha. Ya know, in my day, white folk didn't stop at red lights in this neighborhood.

Jerry quickly rolls up his window and drives through the red light.

JERRY
Holy shit man!

CHAD
Way to choke.

JERRY
What dude, he was coked out and
shit!

CHAD
No, not really, just a homeless guy
beggin'. You gave him all your cash
like a pussy.

JERRY
He'd have robbed me! You heard what
he said!

CHAD
Calm down. Jesus. He was messing
with you.

JERRY
Whatever man, I don't know. I need
gas though.

CHAD
Then let's get gas...

JERRY
I don't have any money...

CHAD
I'll spot you for now, just go to
the next station.

JERRY
I don't know where it is.

CHAD
Plug it into Carmen.

JERRY
Ha-ha, funny.

CHAD
I thought so. Yo I see one a few
blocks up.

JERRY
I don't wanna get gas around here!

CHAD

Would you rather run out of gas around here? That cop was the David Archuletta of this area.

JERRY

Huh?

CHAD

Ya know, that really nice kid that did well on American Idol.

JERRY

That was the single gayest reference. Ever.

CHAD

Wanna pay for gas?

JERRY

I have no money, caus- ahh fuck you man..

They turn into the nearest gas station and pull up to a pump.

JERRY

I'm gonna run inside the convenient store and get a snack, you want anything?

CHAD

How much should I put in the car?

JERRY

Do twenty regular. You don't want anything?

CHAD

You don't really have the best of luck with gettin' people things at convenient stores...

FLASHBACK

INT. RANDOM CONVENIENT STORE

Jerry skims through birthday cards and picks one out. He then brings the items he plans to purchase to the register. The cashier is a big, red neck man about age thirty-five. He has a raspy voice with a southern accent.

JERRY
How ya doin'?

CASHIER
Good, good, you? Got any coupons?

JERRY
Nah.

Jerry puts out the birthday card he got for Chad to give to Chad's sister, and the condoms he got for himself on the item scanner. The cashier gives him a questioning look.

JERRY
Oh, no, these aren't uh, related items.

The cashier moves in close to Jerry.

CASHIER
(whispers)
I know, brother. I know.

The cashier pulls down the collar of his shirt, revealing a confederate flag tattoo on his chest.

Cashier chuckles

CASHIER
I know all about "related items", don't you worry.

FADE OUT. BACK TO PRESENT.

INT. CAR

JERRY
That was one time. You sure you don't want anything?

CHAD
Honestly, I need some vasaline or lotion or something for a nasty cut I have on my knee.

JERRY
Alright, do you have some cash I could borrow?

Chad stares at Jerry.

CHAD

Fine. Here.

Chad hands Jerry a 10 dollar bill. Jerry takes it, gets out of the car, and walks into the convenient store.

INT. CONVENIENT STORE

The store has a few locals and is over crowded with random items. Jerry decides to get the cheapest snack, a banana, and goes to the cashier. The cashier, a masculine, black female, looks like a transvestite.

JERRY

Hey, just this.

Jerry puts the banana on the counter.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Oh, actually, do you guys sell any like, lotion, vaseline or something?

The cashier looks down at the banana, and up at Jerry. She raises her eyebrows at Jerry with a smile.

NEWARK CASHIER

Mmm I don't think we does baby, but I got some right here if you want it.

Jerry steps back.

JERRY

Actually, I'm good, just the banana's fine.

NEWARK CASHIER

Mmm mhk baby. That's uh, ooh; Sixty-nine cent.

The cashier gives Jerry a subtle wink. Jerry puts a ten dollar bill down and turns around, rushes out.

JERRY

Keep the change.

As Jerry turns around to leave, a man in a black sweatshirt with his hood up and a man with a bandana over his mouth and nose enter the store.

HOODED MAN

Ight this is a hold up, nobody
ain't goin anywhere! Don't think I
won't cut ya'll!

A thin, white computer nerd stands up.

NERD

You can't do this! In broad
daylight?!

HOODED MAN

Bitch I said I'll cut you. Everyone
throw your wallets to me!

Everyone throws their wallet to the HOODED MAN except for
the NERD and Jerry.

HOODED MAN

Yo, lady, at the register, open
that shit up right quick!

NEWARK CASHIER

Nah you ain't havin' this!

HOODED MAN

I said open that up, ain't the
customer always right?

NEWARK CASHIER

Boy this ain't no Mac Donalds!

SCARED CUSTOMER

Uh I, I think that's, um, that's
actually, burger..burger king's,
s-slogan.

CUSTODIAL STAFF MEMBER

Actually, Harry Gordon Selfridge
was generally thought to have
coined the phrase for his London
based Selfridge's department store
opened in 1909.

Everyone gets quiet, looks at Custodian quizzically. The
scene continues.

NEWARK CASHIER

Beside, you ain't no customer
anyway!

The hooded man takes a candy bar from the shelf and brings
it up to the register.

HOODED MAN

One candy bar, now I'm a customer.
Open that register, slut!

NEWARK CASHIER

If you had money for a candy bar
already why you gotta rob this
place?

HOODED MAN

I *stole* this money! Ight, you know
what..

The hooded man takes out his knife.

NERD

This isn't worth it man! Just stop!

The hooded man walks up to the Nerd and barely cuts his arm
with a knife. The bandana man walks up to random customers,
holds his gun out, and collects watches and valuable items.

NERD

He did it! He cut me! I'm bleeding!
Oh my G-d, he really did it!

HOODED MAN

Son I told you!

JERRY

(under his breath)
Holy shit...

BANDANA MAN approaches a college age kid, points the gun to
his head.

BANDANA MAN

Yo let's have it!

COLLEGE KID

D-dude I've got like, five bucks,
and I threw it in the middle.

Bandana man puts the gun to COLLEGE KID's temple.

BANDANA MAN

Bullshit! You got more, don't fuck
with me here.

COLLEGE KID

I really don't, I had five bucks
that I was gonna spend on dinner,
I'm just a broke college kid. But
now, no dinner for me, thanks.

BANDANA MAN

College kid? Mad money for that,
you got bills, I know it.

COLLEGE KID

I don't! Listen, are you really
gonna shoot me over five bucks?
Like, you can have it, here it is,
but I mean, would you? I've just
always wan-

BANDANA MAN

Shut your mouth!

COLLEGE KID

Come on, you're stealing my money,
can't you just answer my question?

Bandana man leans in closer to college kid and speaks
calmly, quietly, and sadly.

BANDANA MAN

Listen man, this shit's an act. I
don't even got no bullets in this.
Hell, this a damn cap gun, I just
done a nice paint job. I love to
paint. I'm in PETA too. Fuckin'
animals. Love that shit. Just ain't
got no money. That's all.

COLLEGE KID

Yeah I got you, I get it man. Apply
for painting school, maybe you can
get a scholarship.

HOODED MAN

Yo Ty how you talkin that bitch
shit again? Mid fuckin' robbery?
Let's go!

HOODED MAN

(to Jerry)

White boy, where your wallet at?

JERRY

I-i-if you could just let me go,
I'm just goin' to New York.

HOODED MAN

Ain't that cute. Fuckin' wallet!
Now! You seen what jus' happen.

JERRY

I-I just have a debit card, no cash.

HOODED MAN

Oh, just debit? Ight it's cool you can go.

Jerry gets up and walks towards the door. The hooded man grabs him and takes his wallet out of his pocket. He takes the debit card out of Jerry's wallet and breaks it in half.

HOODED MAN

Looks like you ain't got a nice card no more!

JERRY

I could've given you the pin with access to hundreds of dollars...

HOODED MAN

What in the *fuck* did you just say?!

Jerry runs out the door. Hooded man begins to exit, but stays in the store. Cops already begin to arrive. Jerry runs back into the car.

JERRY

Get outta here, fuckin' hold up!

CHAD

I can't! The pump's still in the car!

Gas begins to pour out of the car tank. The cash meter is on thirty eight dollars and continues to rise.

CHAD

(to gas attendant)

I said twenty, not fourty!

The attendant, a middle aged Arab man, talks on the phone in Arabic, wears a blue-tooth ear piece.

GAS MAN

(to Chad:)

No.

CHAD

What do you mean no?!

GAS MAN
Forty. Cash.

CHAD
Twenty. Cash.

GAS MAN
Forty.

CHAD
Twenty!

GAS MAN
Forty or police.

CHAD
Fine, asshole.

Chad pays the gas attendant.

GAS MAN
No English. Asshole.

CHAD
Fuck you.

Jerry pulls out of the gas station and back onto Eastern Highway.

CHAD
That was ridiculous! Fucking Indian.

JERRY
That was ridiculous? I was just in a hold up! And I'm pretty sure he's Arab.

CHAD
Whatever man I can't tell towel heads apart.

JERRY
You are so ignorant! But dude. I.was.just.robbed.

CHAD
So you didn't get my vaseline?

JERRY
Did you not hear me? I was robbed at knife point.

CHAD

Alright good 'cause I was messin' with you. And hey I mean I basically was robbed too. So you spent my entire 10 dollars?

JERRY

Yea, on being robbed! It was crazy! I was gonna try to fight him, but he probably had mad gats and shit.

CHAD

You're probably just a little bitch and shit.

JERRY

You know what..

CHAD

What?

JERRY

You're an attention whore, just like there's always that one twelve year old girl at the middle school dance in seventh grade who wears a short skirt and grinds with all the guys like a slut while the other girls talk badly behind her back yet envy her advanced dancing ability. That's you, Chad. That's you.

CHAD

How does that relate to you being a little bitch?

JERRY

I don't know, but I'm not paying you back for the gas.

CHAD

You better freakin' pay me back. I'll kill you.

JERRY

Oh, really? You can't do anything.

CHAD

(very quickly)

I get to punch you everytime I see a black person.

JERRY

What?

Chad punches Jerry over and over on his right arm.

CHAD

One, two, three, four, five. All day son, gotta love Newark.

JERRY

Ow, okay, stop! Shit man, that hurts!

CHAD

Double time for Latinos!

Chad punches Jerry's arm with both fists very rapidly.

JERRY

Enough! Jesus! That really hurts, man.

CHAD

I thought you're tough?

JERRY

That was just abuse right there. Dyphus status.

CHAD

Man up.

JERRY

Seriously Chad, that wasn't cool. Too far.

CHAD

Alright alright, but you better pay me for the gas.

JERRY

Yeah, maybe.

Chad winds up for a punch.

JERRY

Okay! I really hate you sometimes.

CHAD

Sorry, had to do it. You okay?

JERRY

No, Chad, I'm not okay. Abuse from others is the first step towards self abuse.

Chad rolls his eyes.

CHAD

Oh, give me a break.

JERRY

No Chad, maybe our script should end with me killing myself. Would you like that?

CHAD

You're being over dramatic.

JERRY

Come on, isn't that a good ending?

CHAD

Okay Jerry, I'm sorry I punched you.

JERRY

Anything else?

CHAD

No?

JERRY

How about you're sorry for having a slammin' hot cousin that sucks dick in Manhattan!

CHAD

I'll let that slide since I see a sign for New York. I don't want to kill you until after the pitch.

They stop at a red light and wait to take a ramp that is an exit towards New York. A homeless man holds a cardboard sign that says "HOMELESS, HUNGRY. WILL WORK. G-D BLESS".

JERRY

Thanks sweetheart. Yo, look at that hobo.

CHAD

What about him?

JERRY

His sign. Says he'll work. That's so respectable. I hate the kinda homeless guys that just ask you to give them money for no reason.

CHAD

I'd support that, call him over. I'll give him a few bucks.

Jerry rolls down his window.

JERRY

(to hobo)

Yo! Come over here!

The HOBO shakes his head 'no'.

JERRY

Come on don't be shy, I'll give you some money! I like your sign!

The hobo waves them on.

JERRY

Aren't you hungry? Come over!

The hobo looks frustrated, and quickly walks over to Jerry's car.

HOBO

Can you stop, please?

JERRY

You don't want any money?

HOBO

No, now stop calling me over.

JERRY

You're the worst hobo ever. I was just sayin' how I respected your sign, bu-

Hobo sighs.

HOBO

I'm not a hobo, I'm undercover on a sting opp to catch this guy that finds homeless men and pays them to fight each other.

JERRY
Oh, Bum Fights! I saw that on
youtube! Good sh-

The hobo stares sternly at Jerry.

JERRY (CONT'D)
I mean, bad shit, bad definitely.
Glad someones doing something about
it.

HOBO
If this operation is compromised
I'm holding you partially at fault.
I know your license plate number.

JERRY
What?!

HOBO
Actually, I would like some money,
free lunch sounds good.

Chad hands the hobo a five dollar bill.

HOBO
Thanks, stay safe, and lay off the
bum fight videos kid.

The light turns green and they take the ramp towards New
York.

CHAD
Radio?

JERRY
Nah, there's never anything good
on.

CHAD
Yea you're right. All just Lady
Gaga kinda shit.

JERRY
Dude, like, I can't even take
anymore of that. Who-what kinda
producer is sitting back, hears
this kinda music, and is like, yea,
yea, that's fucking good shit,
let's put this bitch on the radio
and sign her a deal!

CHAD

I swear to G-d, it's just some kinda big, industry joke.

JERRY

Is she even, a she? 'Cause I'm pretty sure she's a man.

CHAD

I'm pretty sure there's a video on the internet that's questionable.

JERRY

She has a bulge, like, like a magnum bulge, like significantly bigger than most guys bulges, and..

CHAD

Oh, are you, are you having bulge issues?

JERRY

No! Not bigger than my bulge, just like, if you see her, in concert, you'll know what I'm saying, not-

CHAD

You're just diggi-

JERRY

Not that I've been to her concert!

CHAD

You're just digging yourself into a deeper hole...

JERRY

No! Youtube!

CHAD

Your bulge is small, you've seen her in concert...

JERRY

Youtube! Okay? Youtube!

CHAD

Alright, alright, calm down princess.

JERRY

I'm good.

Awkward silence. Jerry stares out the window for a few seconds.

JERRY

So you know my friend Sean's band?

CHAD

Mhm.

JERRY

Had the best idea for self promotion. Sean always wanted to make a porno called "Superman Up Lois's Lane". It's-

CHAD

How would a porno help promote their band?

JERRY

Well, does vertical integration ring a bell to you?

CHAD

Yeah...

JERRY

Well they'd be making the porno, and playing their own music in it.

CHAD

Genius...

JERRY

Yeah, it's about Sex Luther who installs kryptonite up Lois's "lane" so that Superman can't penetrate it.

CHAD

Hmm.. But they can't really reach an audience besides porn viewers unless it's softcore.

JERRY

Softcore?

CHAD

Yea, they can't show dick, or vagina, or any penetration.

JERRY
So just boobs?

CHAD
Yea, just boobs. And ass I guess.

JERRY
That's boring...

CHAD
Yea..yea it is...

JERRY
Why does that even exist?

CHAD
Ya know.. I really don't know..

Jerry and Chad ponder this thought silently. They move into the left lane. A man, that wears a shirt, tie, and sunglasses approaches rapidly from behind in a maroon SUV. He slaps himself back and forth in the face with both hands. Jerry looks in his rear view mirror and sees this.

JERRY
Chad, look at that guy behind us!

Chad turns around. He see's the same man, but the man is not slapping himself.

CHAD
What? Just some prick tailing us.

JERRY
No look! He's freakin' out, he was like slapping himself back and forth, driving with no hands!

Chad turns around again. The man behind them sips coffee.

CHAD
He's just drinking some coffee.

Jerry looks in his rear view mirror. The man puts both hands on the coffee cup and chugs. He then throw the cup in the back and slaps himself again.

JERRY
Look now!

Chad turns around. The man continues to tail them, but drives attentively, with both hands on the wheel.

CHAD

You gonna just stay in this lane
and let him tail you all day?

JERRY

Oh, this guy isn't even ready.

CHAD

For what? I just meant move over
and let him pass us.

JERRY

No no no no no, when people tail
me.. let's just say I have a plan.

CHAD

Don't do anything, odds are the
other driver is crazier than you.
I've heard stories man.

JERRY

Like what?

CHAD

I mean, tons, but one time my
friend said his friend was messin'
with this guy on the road, clean
cut, slicked back hair kinda guy in
a black cadillac, and t-

JERRY

Mafia.

CHAD

Exactly.

JERRY

Sorry to hear that. But, maybe
those crazy drivers will realize,
they aren't as crazy as me..

Jerry quickly swerves into the middle lane and let's the SUV
pass him. He then immediately gets back into the left lane
and tails the SUV.

JERRY

Ya like that!? Slap it some more
you slap happy son of a bitch!

CHAD

Are you seriously tailing him now?

JERRY
Hell yeah I am.

Jerry puts both hands on the wheel and stares intensely at the SUV in front of him. He keeps as close to it as possible.

CHAD
Don't, Jerry. He's going like 90 miles per hour.

JERRY
Let's hope he goes 91!

CHAD
Stop man.

JERRY
Just gettin' started!

CHAD
Ugh.

The SUV breaks, and Jerry to stop short. The SUV then rapidly accelerates again.

JERRY
Alright, alright, I don't wanna risk an accident.

Jerry slows down and moves back into the center lane. The SUV then, in the left lane, slows down to Jerry's speed. He gets aligned with Jerry's car and stares intensely at Jerry, and not at the road. Chad calmly turns his head left then does a double take.

CHAD
Whoa, shit, Jerry! Look, left!

Jerry looks and is startled, slightly swerves the car.

JERRY
Ah! This guy is freakin' insane!

The man in the SUV continues to stare them down. Traffic begins to build up as they near the toll for the Lincoln Tunnel. They slow down, and the man in the SUV continues to stare at them. The traffic is nearly not moving. The man in the SUV, still stares, does not realize this. He cracks into the car in front of him.

CHAD
What the-

JERRY
He just-

CHAD
Wow! Who's crazier now?

JERRY
He wins.

Jerry and Chad coast away from the scene. The man gets out of his SUV.

SUV MAN
It was worth it! It was *fuckin'*
worth it! HAHA!

Jerry and Chad approach the toll. They enter EXACT CHANGE lane, which is coins only.

JERRY
Where's the person to pay?

CHAD
You went in the coins only one.
There is no person. You don't have
any change in your car?

JERRY
Oh true. No, I do.

Jerry opens a compartment and takes out a handful of quarters. Jerry reads the sign that lists toll costs.

JERRY
Let's see, two axle vehicle.. two
axle vehicle. Eight bucks!?

CHAD
Wow, we should've just taken the
train.

The car behind them honks their horn. Jerry puts up his middle finger and begins to go.

CHAD
No, you have to pay it! You'll get
a huge fine if you don't.

Jerry stops his car. The car behind them beeps again.

JERRY

Maybe the people behind me have
some extra change, they seem to
hold me to a high standard of toll
bartering.

Jerry gets out of the car and approaches the car behind him.
In the car are two college age girls. Jerry knocks on their
window.

JERRY

Hey, sorry, do you have an-

GIRL ONE

Ahh!

GIRL ONE opens the window slightly and sprays her soda all
over Jerry's face. The soda gets in his eyes.

JERRY

Ow! Jesus Christ!

GIRL ONE

Rape! Rapist! Go away!

GIRL TWO

Get the whistle!

GIRL ONE blows a whistle as Jerry runs back into his car.

CHAD

They didn't have any extra change?

JERRY

Nope.

CHAD

You have a little s-

JERRY

Yup.

CHAD

Okay.

An INDIAN WOMAN and her elementary age son enter the toll
booth and address Jerry. The woman has a strong Indian
accent

INDIAN WOMAN

What is the problem?

JERRY

I didn't realize this was change only.

INDIAN WOMAN

Okay it's fine, eight dollars.

JERRY

Yeah... I actually don't have any cash either, funny thing, in-

INDIAN SON

Moooo!

JERRY

Is he okay?..

INDIAN WOMAN

(sternly)

He has a condition. But if you don't have any cash or coins, and no EZ Pass, you take an envelope and mail it in.

Jerry looks next to the price listing and see's a sign: "NO MONEY, TAKE MAIL IN ENVELOPE".

JERRY

Oh..thanks.

Jerry reaches for an envelope and drives on. Traffic is bumper to bumper as all of the cars try to squeeze into two lanes to enter the Lincoln tunnel.

CHAD

We're already forty minutes late.

JERRY

Yeah, but we're basically there after the tunnel.

CHAD

Try to weave your way in, you are a good driver right?

JERRY

Straight stealth right here. Watch this.

Jerry begins to weave in and out between cars, slowly advances them closer to the tunnel entrance.

CHAD

Nice! We're almost in!

As Jerry makes his final lane change to enter the tunnel, an old woman smacks into the side of their car from the right.

JERRY

No! What the fuck!

CHAD

Stupid bitch! We're screwed now!

The old woman gets out of her car, yells at Jerry and Chad. Their windows are up and they can't hear hr.

JERRY

I mean.. at least now we have a good ending to use for our script now...

CHAD

Good ending?! Good fucking ending?! You useless sack of shit, you're more worthless then the tampon in this old, menstrual woman's vagina!

Chad's words fade out, as we see Jerry deep in thought. Jerry snaps out of it, and grabs the script.

CHAD

And good luck paying rent now! Fuck, you're w-What, what? What are you doing? Put that sh-

JERRY

Chad, let's go.

CHAD

Go? You crashed the car, man!

Jerry smiles.

JERRY

Come on we can do this, you coming?

Jerry runs between cars and into the Lincoln tunnel.

CHAD

Yo niggernuts what about your fucking car?

Jerry yells from inside the tunnel. His voice echos.

JERRY
 Fuck it! Let's go!

Chad mutters to himself.

CHAD
 Yeah, fuck it, just a car right?
 I'm stayin' here.

Chad looks around, makes eye contact with an angry black man a few cars over. Chad motions that he is going to run the other way. He runs towards Jerry. He then stops himself, goes back to the car, and locks the door. He gives the black man a smile and a thumbs up, taps the car hood, and runs towards Jerry again.

INT. LINCOLN TUNNEL

Chad catches up to Jerry. Cars beep at them continuously.

JERRY
 Glad you decided to join

Chad pants, out of breath.

CHAD
 You, you're insane. How we gu-?

JERRY
 It's dead traffic, let's just run through.

CHAD
 Wh-How about that, the little sidewalk thing, above the road?

JERRY
 I have a better idea...

Jerry gets up on a car, hops from car to car. Chad follows.

CHAD
 When-

Chad and Jerry jump from car to car.

CHAD
 Did-

Chad and Jerry jump from car to car.

CHAD

You-

Chad and Jerry jump from car to car.

CHAD

Grow a-

Chad and Jerry jump from car to car.

CHAD

Pair?

Chad and Jerry continue to car-jump.

JERRY

I just really wanna fuck the hot secretary at this place, I hear she's-

CHAD

Alright seriously, enough with that!

JERRY

You're right, you're right, Jenny probably wouldn't like me making those kinda jokes anyway.

CHAD

Jenny? You mean Ling-Ling?

JERRY

Don't be jealous that you can't expand your horizons to the love of an ethnic Chinese woman.

CHAD

I'm sorry, being ethnic and all, I guess she would pronounce it "Ring-Ring", right?

JERRY

That's it!

Jerry tackles Chad from one car onto the roof of the next.

JERRY

You can't just be racist all the time! Not about Jenny!

CHAD

Alright, holy shit man, I take back saying you grew a pair.

JERRY

I just tackled you!

CHAD

Yea, but like a pussy, no conviction. And onto a Smart Car of all cars, pussy move.

The two stand up on the roof of the Smart Car.

CHAD

Jerry why is your face flashing red?

JERRY

Because I'm angry!

CHAD

No I mean like-

JERRY

Wait...why is yours blue?

Jerry and Chad look down. There is a police vehicle behind them.

CHAD

Shit, shit, shit, alright keep going.

JERRY

Yeah maybe there's an emergency, that's probably why he's flashing.

CHAD

Yeah dumbass we're there emergency.

Chad and Jerry get down from the roof. They start to run between cars. The flow of traffic begins to pick up.

JERRY

No way!

CHAD

Next ladder, we'll climb up to the sidewalk.

Chad and Jerry sprint as cars gain speed. Police car tries to follow them, but is taken by the traffic flow. Chad and Jerry make it to a ladder, climb up, and continue to sprint until they are out of the tunnel.

EXT. URBAN STREET OUTSIDE TUNNEL

Jerry is out of breath.

JERRY

That, that-that was awesome!

Chad has his hands on his knees, bent over.

CHAD

Yea, so-was, the holocaust.

JERRY

Come on you know that was fun!

CHAD

Again, holocaust.

JERRY

Hey, it was for Nazis...

Chad looks up at Jerry in disbelief. He then begins to vomit on the sidewalk.

JERRY

Aw, Chad, nasty.

CHAD

Fuck y-

Chad vomits again.

JERRY

Let's go, we're like five blocks away!

Chad wipes the vomit from his face and looks up to Jerry.

CHAD

Let's pitch this fucking script.

Chad and Jerry run through the streets of Manhattan as inspirational music plays. Slow motion. Chad vomits again while he runs, but does not stop. They arrive at their destination. They pull the door handle, but it is locked.

CHAD

No! No! Fuck, fuck fuck!

Chad stomps his feet.

JERRY

No way, they close at six. It isn't even six. It isn't even five fifty.

CHAD

Wait, duh.

Chad presses the buzzer several times. The secretary unlocks the door.

INT. LOBBY-MEDIAMAN PRODUCTIONS OFFICE

Chad and Jerry wait in the lobby. Jerry is asleep. The sound of a buzzer is heard several times. Jerry wakes up, startled.

JERRY

Yo we up?

Chad laughs.

CHAD

You are now. Still waitin' on the big guy. How much longer you think, Tiffany?

TIFFANY

You guys got here pretty early, it'll be just a few more minutes.

JERRY

(whispers to Chad)

Wait, early? What?

CHAD

Yeah Jerry, early. The opposite of late, like your menstrual cycle this month.

Chad begins to speak in a baby voice as he rubs Jerry's stomach.

CHAD

How's the little guy in there?
Cooking nice? Hmm?

JERRY
How long have we been waiting?

CHAD
Like an hour, stoner.

JERRY
Whoa, I just had the craziest
dream, I coulda sworn-

TIFFANY
Alright boys he's ready for you.
Follow me.

JERRY
You have the script?

Chad smiles and holds up three copies of the script.

CHAD
All three copies! Let's go.

JERRY
(to himself)
Three copies?

Chad and Jerry follow Tiffany down the hallway.

CHAD
That's a pretty nice shirt Jerry, I
can't believe I didn't think to
class up today.

Jerry looks around.

JERRY
Yeah...

TIFFANY
Alright guys, good luck.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

The office is modern and well decorated. There is a big desk, two seats in front, and a plasma t.v. on the wall. MIKE WELLS, a chubby, middle-aged man in a suit, greets the Jerry and Chad. Mike Wells speaks with a New York City accent.

MIKE WELLS
Welcome, welcome.

Chad and Jerry shake hands with Mike Wells.

MIKE WELLS

Jerry, Chad, take a seat, get comfortable. How was finding your way here, not too bad?

JERRY

Phew, well, actually-

CHAD

Yeah, smooth sailing, Mr. Wells.

MIKE WELLS

Please, Chad, Mr. Wells was my fathers life partner, call me Mike.

JERRY

Wasn't Mr. Wells your dad?

Mike Wells drops his smile.

MIKE WELLS

Well, yeah, yes Jerry, he was also my father.

Chad kicks Jerry from under the desk.

MIKE WELLS

Anyway, before we get into it, need anything, something to drink, snack?

CHAD

I'm all set, thanks Mike.

JERRY

Yeah, no, I'm good thank you.

MIKE WELLS

Well, well that was confusing, Jerry. You said yeah. And then you said no. If you want something, speak up.

JERRY

I-no, I just, I mean if you have some Ju-Ju Beans, candy, I-

MIKE WELLS

I'm joking, Jerry, just a joke.

Jerry laughs awkwardly.

JERRY
Oh, haha. Oh!

CHAD
Good one, Mike!

MIKE WELLS
Thanks boys, so anyway, you guys seem ready to have the big talk. Chad, thanks for emailing me that copy this morning, I wanted to have it all read for the pitch.

CHAD
No problem, Mike.

Jerry looks over at Chad, confused.

MIKE WELLS
Is something wrong, Jerry?

JERRY
No, I just didn't know- I-

CHAD
He's a little groggy from the nap he had in the lobby, that's all.

MIKE WELLS
Well, wake up! Boys, so this script. I mean, I'll put it all out on the table, right now, I'll do that, for you, Chad, Jerry. You're here, for one reason.

Chad and Jerry perk up.

MIKE WELLS
Okay well really two reasons. One. Because Chad, that cousin of yours sucks a mean dick.

Jerry laughs, Chad punches him. Jerry looks hurt.

MIKE WELLS
Nah, just kidding Chad.

Mike Wells turns to Jerry, puts his hand over his mouth so Chad cannot see. Mike Wells whispers to Jerry.

MIKE WELLS
But seriously...

Chad looks frustrated.

MIKE WELLS

Alright, enough fun, so the script.
It was like... It was like eating
cow tongue, you boys ever eat cow
tongue?

Chad and Jerry shake their heads no.

MIKE WELLS

It's like eating cow tongue,
because what you see is what you
get. I ordered it once, they
literately brought me the tongue,
of a fucking cow. No change in
color, texture. I thought, maybe
you cook it up right, a little
marinate, shit's good. Nope. It's a
tongue, still red. Still has taste
buds.

JERRY

I wonder if it can taste you,
tasting, it!

Mike Wells slams his hand on the desk.

MIKE WELLS

Exactly, Jerry! Exactly. So how
does the script compare?

Chad and Jerry shrug their shoulders.

MIKE WELLS

Well, it's called "Driving Jersey",
and what do you get?

Chad and Jerry have blank looks on their faces.

MIKE WELLS

You literately "drive" through
"Jersey". That's it. Granted, into
New York, and some running, but
mostly the aforementioned.

CHAD

Knew it was a dumbass idea...

MIKE WELLS

However! Chad, however. Like
wondering if the cow tongue's taste
buds are tasting me, tasting it, I
too, wonder if the people, will
want to taste Driving Jersey.

JERRY
Seriously?!

CHAD
(to Jerry)
How is this making any sense to
you?

MIKE WELLS
So, I made a lunch. Morning email,
clutch move, thank your boy, Jerry,
thank your boy. Because as you made
your way to New York, I had made my
way to New Jersey.

CHAD
What, why?

MIKE WELLS
I had a lunch planned with Kevin
Smith, he wanted to see what I had
for him this month. I told him
about this one. He loved it. Wants
to hop on.

CHAD
Holy shit! Yes! Yes!

MIKE WELLS
No, Chad, no. I told him to fuck
off.

JERRY
Why? Why?

MIKE WELLS
Because, Seth Rogan got a text from
Kevin about starring in it, Seth
liked the idea, wants to make a
directorial debut. With your
fucking script.

CHAD
So Seth Rogan is doing it?!

MIKE WELLS
Nope, told him to lick a dick.

JERRY
Who else could possibly want this?

MIKE WELLS

Do you know a man named Larry David? I think, somewhere in here, you reference his show, I guess you heard of it, Seinfeld?

CHAD

Larry fucking David!

MIKE WELLS

Yeah, Larry fucking David. But you know what, I told all of them, no thanks. You know why?

JERRY

Why the fucking why?!

MIKE WELLS

Because, boys, with this, I would like to make my directorial debut.

CHAD

You threw away, fucking, Larry David, Seth Rogan, and Kevin Smith, so that you, unknown, could direct? For the first time?

JERRY

Yo chill Chad it's still a sick deal, he likes our script!

MIKE WELLS

Chad, we still-

CHAD

No, no, don't you think maybe you should ask us, what we want, or are you gonna just shove your dick in our mouth and tell us that's the way it goes?

MIKE WELLS

Well if I did that I'd call you Tiffany first but..

CHAD

Alright that's it!

Chad gets up fiercely and heads towards the door.

MIKE WELLS

It's gonna star Seth Rogan, Michael Cera, and be produced by Larry David!

Chad turns around.

CHAD

For real?

MIKE WELLS

For real. I'm sorry about the Tiffany joke, that was the last one. Your movie is going to be produced, starring, and directed by the best! What do you say?!

CHAD

I wouldn't say directed by the best, but hell yeah!

MIKE WELLS

Hell yeah indeed! Tomorrow bright and early we'll get some ink flowing and start talking the numbers game my friends.

JERRY

I'll bring my T-89, baby!

Mike and Chad stare at Jerry.

JERRY

Calculator...

MIKE WELLS

Yeah, do that...So guys, this script, based on a true story or what?

CHAD

Inspired by many separate occasions, but no, not a true story.

JERRY

A collection of some true stories though.

MIKE WELLS

Wow, you're really an asshole then Chad.

Chad laughs.

CHAD

Yea, well, North Jersey does that to you. Be an asshole or be a Jerry, I always say.

MIKE WELLS

I hear that.

JERRY

What?

MIKE WELLS

Exactly. Guys, gotta ask, how'd you get here today? Drive, bus-

CHAD

Oh, we took the train, Mike, we took the train.

MIKE WELLS

Love it. Smart.

JERRY

So Mike, what kind of numbers you think we could look forward to? Six, seven figures or...?

MIKE WELLS

Jerry, you guys are still technically nobodies, you don't go from virgin to porn star overnight. Six figures, if you're real lucky.

Jerry and Chad look at each other, excited.

ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. MANHATTAN - STREET

A film crew is set up on the sidewalk outside the Lincoln Tunnel. "Driving Jersey" is being filmed, with MICHAEL CERA and SETH ROGEN.

Michael Cera is out of breath.

MICHAEL CERA

That, that-that was awesome!

Seth Rogen has his hands on his knees, bent over.

SETH ROGEN

Yea, so-was, the holocaust.

MICHAEL CERA

Come on you know that was fun!

SETH ROGEN
Again, holocaust.

MICHAEL CERA
Hey, it was for Nazis...

Seth Rogen looks up at Michael Cera in disbelief. He then begins to vomit on the sidewalk.

MICHAEL CERA
Aw, Chad, nasty.

SETH ROGEN
Fuck y-

Seth Rogen vomits again.

MICHAEL CERA
Let's go, we're like five blocks
away!

Seth Rogen wipes the vomit from his face and looks up to Jerry.

SETH ROGEN
Let's pitch this fucking script.

Mike Wells walks over, slams clapperboard.

MIKE WELLS
Cut! Alright good shit, let's call
it a day.

Mike walks over to Seth Rogen.

MIKE WELLS
Seth! Nice work with the puking,
very realistic.

Seth Rogen chuckles.

SETH ROGEN
I knew all the years of binge
drinking would be of use
eventually.

MIKE WELLS
Little too much manischewitz?

SETH ROGEN
Alright, you know what, Mike, the
Jew jokes, that really isn't cool.

MIKE WELLS
Seth, sorry, I didn't think-

SETH ROGEN
Yeah, you didn't think. Whatever,
man.

Mike Wells' phone rings. He answers, walks away.

MIKE WELLS
What, are you fucking kidding me?
What kind of company doesn't have
another driver available?

Jerry hears Mike, walks over.

JERRY
Mike, is everything o-

Mike cuts Jerry off with a hand gesture.

MIKE WELLS
Alright, well fuck you! And fuck me
too 'cause you sound kinda hot.

Mike hangs up his phone.

MIKE WELLS
Man, I'm screwed, I have to be
upstate in Syracuse by 10p.m. and
my fucking limo driver got hit by a
taxi, he better get fucking fired.

CHAD
Brutal.

MIKE WELLS
Gotta be. But the company has no
replacement! So I'm stuck here with
this fucking limo, no license, no
driver.

JERRY
No license?

MIKE WELLS
Don't ask.

JERRY
Just take the limo.

MIKE WELLS

...Jerry, have you ever.. have you ever driven a limo?

JERRY

Whoa, Mike, no, I was kidding, I'm not-

CHAD

Road trip?

MIKE WELLS

Road trip.

JERRY

Guys, I'm not stealing a limo, my karma, holy mantras- I can't-

MIKE WELLS

Fuck this limo company, and fuck your karma, we're going upstate mother fucker!

JERRY

No!

MIKE WELLS

If you don't drive, I will. And I will inevitably get caught, arrested, and the movie will be shut down. Is that what you want?

Mike Wells turns to the production crew.

MIKE WELLS

This guy, right here, Jerry, wants to shut down this movie! He wants it to be fucked like a nine year old girl in Afghanistan! What do you all think of that?

The production crew boo's Jerry, looks angry, throws things at him.

JERRY

Alright!

Jerry runs to the drivers side of the limo and gets in. Chad and Mike Wells get in the back of the limo. Chad sticks his head out of the sunroof.

CHAD

We're goin' upstate mother fuckers!

The limo accelerates, collects dust, drives away.

FADE OUT BLACK.