

Mile High

by:

Brandon Angelini

7/29/2014 Copyright

northsidetimes@yahoo.com

FADE IN:

EXT. - MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Thick, dense smoke bellows from the top of the school building. The fire alarm sounds loudly. Panicked students and teachers come pouring out of all the exits screaming. Sirens ring out in the distance and soon fire trucks come zooming into the school parking lot lights flashing. The fire fighters jump out and begin hosing down the blaze.

Two overweight students come hobbling out of the back cafeteria exit, they look like chimney sweeps from being covered in nothing but soot. The two kids, so painted in black, are unrecognizable.

TEACHER
(overly concerned)
Who are you boys?

EXT. - LE EXPENSIVE HOTEL - SUNSET

SUPERIMPOSE: *LE EXPENSIVE*, FIVE STAR RESTAURANT & HOTEL, DENVER, COLORADO.

INT. - LE EXPENSIVE HOTEL - DINING ROOM

A tuxedo wearing waiter carries a silver tray of champagne and scones to an elderly couples table inside the large, elegantly decorated, hotel dining area. Glittering with chandeliers and beautiful artwork, the room is the definition of upper class.

A loud distraction has lead everyone's attention to the double doors in the back, that lead into the kitchen. Some of the patrons are turned around in their chairs, watching random cooking objects fly past the two little windows on the kitchen doors.

The sounds of pots and pans hitting the ground echo loudly throughout the dining room. All are visibly afraid, eyes bulging, lips trembling, a few hiding fearfully behind their lace napkins.

CHEF 1(O.S)
(yelling)
Two teaspoons!

(CONTINUED)

CHEF 2(O.S)
(yelling back)
Three teaspoons!

CHEF 1(O.S)
(utter disbelief)
You FOOL! I can't believe you just
did that!

CHEF 2(O.S)
(pridefully)
Oh yeah! That's right, you like
that? There's more where that came
from chump!

CHEF 1(O.S)
(angrily)
Oh, that's it! I've had it with
you! I'm gonna...

The vibrations of pots and pans hitting the ground and
bodies slamming against the kitchen walls rattle the
chandeliers completely off the ceiling. Patrons dive from
their seats to avoid being crushed.

BOTH CHEFS(O.S.)
(in struggle)
AHHHGGHHH!

INT. - LE EXPENSIVE HOTEL - KITCHEN

The kitchen walls are covered in food, cooking instruments
laden the floor. CHEF 3, 29, a normal looking sou chef,
cowers in the corner horrified, shielding himself with a
large flat baking pan.

CHEF 1,(Jack Black)JACK BROWN, 35, dark haired, short stocky
fellow, slams his hand on the little metal bell. His white
outfit covered in red meat sauce and yellow mustard.

JACK
(yelling)
Order ready!

He puts a plate with red and green slop on it, in the 'order
out' slot. CHEF 2,(Kyle Gass)KYLE BASS, 35, balding, short,
and shirt covered in food splotches. He rings the bell even
louder.

KYLE
(yelling louder)
ORDER READY!!

(CONTINUED)

JACK lunges and knocks a plate of food out of KYLE'S hand. The plate spirals in slow motion to the ground where it splatters its guts everywhere. KYLE reaches into a drawer and pulls out a large metal spatula. He brandishes it like a sword.

JACK grabs the nearest weapon he can find, which happens to be a large dead fish. He holds it up in his defense, but the fish just flops to the side. Both chefs stare at the fish and then at each other. The sweat dripping off their faces. Suddenly, both chefs dive in to attack!

Five large, nameless SECURITY guards burst into the kitchen as the two chefs are sprawling around the floor. SECURITY pushes KYLE out of the way and use a stun gun on JACK only.

JACK
(shocked)
Wait! What!? Not me! Get him,
he's the one! AHHHHHHH!

KYLE
(antagonizingly, pointing
childishly)
Get him, it's him, he's the one,
he's the bad one!
(satisfied)
Yeah. Ha ha, yeah. Bye bye Jack!

JACK is then picked up by SECURITY and carried out of the kitchen like a used crash test dummy. KYLE watches happily, childishly clapping his hands together as JACK is taken away.

EXT. - LE EXPENSIVE HOTEL - BACK ALLEY - JUST AFTER SUNSET

The back door swings open and SECURITY throws JACK out on the ground, scraping his knee on the concrete. Just before the door can close it swings open again and the HOTEL MANAGER, 50, French, appears in the threshold.

HOTEL MANAGER
(super angry, heavy french
accent, hands flailing)
YOU ARE FIRED!!

The HOTEL MANAGER slams the door excessively hard behind him. The Hollies, *He ain't heavy, he's my brother*, plays in the passing wind. JACK slowly picks himself up and brushes off the shame.

He walks off, hands in his pockets, head down. Reaching into his shirt pocket, he pulls out a cigarette and lights it. Blowing out his first drag, he turns and looks back at the hotel one last time before walking out of sight.

INT. - JACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - KITCHEN - MIDDAY

YOUNG JACK and YOUNG KYLE are wearing their mothers' aprons and are covered in flour. The T.V. is playing their favorite show, "Couples Cooking!", a hilarious husband and wife cooking show, with TOM and LINDA.

TOM(O.S.)

That's right Linda, first we must
bake the dough and then we can fry
it...

LINDA(O.S.)

That's right Tom...

YOUNG KYLE

We're best friends too, right J.B.?

The oven timer goes off, beep, beep, beep.

YOUNG JACK

(nodding)

Yep... You and me will always be
best friends Kage. Just like Tom
and Linda...

(insecurely)

I think they're ready?

YOUNG KYLE

(shrugging his shoulders)

Take 'em out, I dunno? I hope so,
I'm hungry.

YOUNG JACK opens the oven and takes out the smoking tray and puts it on the stove. He fans away the smoke to reveal what looks like burnt feces.

YOUNG KYLE(CONT'D)

(confused)

Ahhh, umm, are those chocolate chip
cookies?

YOUNG JACK

Hmmm? I don't know. We followed
the recipe and put everything in,
right? So, how could...?

(CONTINUED)

Both boys turn simultaneously and look at two lonely eggs sitting on counter.

YOUNG JACK (CONT'D)

(upset)

YOU forgot the eggs!

YOUNG KYLE

(offended)

No, YOU forgot the eggs! You were supposed to put them in!

YOUNG JACK

Oh yeah? Well... You're not my friend anymore!

YOUNG KYLE

(yelling)

Oh YEAH? Well, you were NEVER my friend! Ha! And, you're officially un-invited to my 9th birthday party. Ha HA!

INT. - JASMINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

JASMINE, 29, a beautiful redhead, lays in her nightie on her bed reading a girly magazine. The phone rings and she picks up the receiver.

JASMINE

Hello?

JACK (V.O.)

(softly defeated)

Hey Jaz.

JASMINE

(excitedly)

Jack! Hey, what are you doing? Did you get off early... Are you coming to see me!?

JACK (V.O.)

(directly)

I got fired, and I hate Kyle, he's the reason, he's the one. He's the one that should have got fired, not me. I didn't even do nothing. They electrocuted me! And, and, he didn't even get in trouble or anything...

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE
(sympathetically)
Awww, it's okay. It's okay...

JACK(V.O.)
(angrily snapping)
No it's not! It's not okay!

JASMINE
Sheesh, sorry, I'm just trying to help. Jack, you and Kyle have been friends for a long time. I'm sure everything will be fine...

JACK(V.O.)
(overreacting)
FINE!? Fine? How can it be fine? I just lost the only job I ever wanted to know. The only real friend I've ever had, and you think that's fine? HOW CAN IT BE FINE!? I don't know who I am anymore, who am I!?

JASMINE
(offended)
CALM DOWN. You can't talk to me like this just because you're upset. Maybe you should go for a walk.

JACK(V.O.)
(under his breath, mockingly)
Maybe you should shut up.

JASMINE'S mouth hits the floor, pulls the phone away from her ear and just looks at it in her hand furiously.

JACK(V.O.)(CONT'D)
Jasmine wait! I'm so sorry. Dammit. It's all Kyle's fault... WAIT... No...

JASMINE hangs up the phone like it's an icky slug. CLICK.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The house is very clean and neat. Wooden furniture and tan leather couches on a nice rug. The living room is very spacious, with a few plants, and some nature pictures on the walls.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK, (Zach Galifianakis) 35, JACK'S bearded, very discrete, professional roommate. He's sitting on the couch reading a CULTURE magazine, legs crossed. JACK closes the front door behind him then huffs sadly, head still hanging low.

JACK
(sorrowfully)
Hey... (sigh)

ZACK
(doesn't look up)
Hmmmphh....

JACK
(un-noticing, defeated)
Hey man...

JACK, dragging his feet, makes his way to the couch. Plops down heavily next to ZACK, still a seat in between them. ZACK looks up at him from his reading material with large eyes, staring intensely.

JACK doesn't seem to notice again and kicks off his shoes. He sits back hard on the couch, relieving a large sigh, then turns to ZACK. ZACK'S face is still half-buried in his magazine, but his eyes are looking at JACK.

JACK (CONT'D)
(softly, bothered)
Hey... Hey man. You know what? You know what? That's right. That's right, I want to try the pot. Right here. Let's go. Come on! Let's do this. I'm ready, let's go to lala land...

ZACK'S eyes grow large and focus in on JACK, squinting his right eye as he questions JACK.

ZACK
(surprised)
Why would you want to do a thing like that? Try *the pot*... You've never wanted to before? Did something happen?
(mockingly)
Try the pot...

JACK
(defeated)
Because, I've just lost everything dude. I just got fired. I feel like if I see Kyle I'll strangle
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)
the life outta him... And, amidst
my anger, I yelled at Jasmine and
ruined that too. I don't even know
who I am anymore... WHO AM I!?

ZACK
Calm down man...

ZACK rolls his eyes and puts his reading material down on
the coffee table with a deep sigh. JACK still waiting
anxiously for a reply.

ZACK(CONT'D)
(seriously)
Alright pal, lets not be
hasty. This is serious...

JACK
(throws arms in the air)
So what! I don't care! Let's do
this!

ZACK
(troubled, giving in)
Alright, damn you! Just give me a
minute to think. I just, I just
need a drink, you want a drink?

JACK
(softly)
What do we have?

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

ZACK at the refrigerator, looking inside.

ZACK
(from inside the refrigerator)
Ummm, we've got milk, water, purple
stuff, oh and Sunny D!

JACK(O.S.)
Sunny D!?! Yeah! I'll have some of
that.

As JACK is replying, ZACK is gulping down the last of the
Sunny D from he bottle. He wipes his chin clean with his
sleeve.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
(smirking)
Oh wait, there's no Sunny D left...
How about something else?

JACK(O.S.)
That's cool, I'll just have some
purple stuff.

Once again, as JACK is replying, ZACK is guzzling the rest of the purple stuff from the pitcher, purple stuff cascading down the sides of his mouth like a waterfall. He finishes and wipes his mouth. Then, snaps out of his day dream. ZACK grabs the full container of Sunny D, pours JACK and himself a glass and walks back to the living room.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

ZACK hands JACK his glass of Sunny D and sits back down on the couch.

JACK
(sad)
Thanks dude, but you just gotta understand... I just don't know where to go from here. I thought I knew, I had it all figured out. My dream job, nice girl, fun friends and then BAM! I'm thirty five, no girl, no job... I really did think I had it all figured out. But, I didn't. And now, I don't know if I ever will.

ZACK
(helpfully)
You could join the circus, the freak show part. I don't know... Maybe, something like, the worlds whiniest man. What do ya say? I'll drive ya down there, talk to the boss man for ya...

JACK
(turning dramatically)
No... I've always loved to cook. Wanted to be a chef since I can remember. I mean, nothing's better than preparing an unbelievably good meal. And, when I cook, it's always, unbelievably good. But, now, I'll never work in the business again.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
Sad, but true.

JACK
(in disbelief, angry)
I can't believe it. I just MESSED
IT ALL UP!

ZACK
(losing interest)
Look, if I'm gonna stay at this
pity party I'm gonna have to eat
something. I've got to put some
Bagel Bites in the oven. Then we
can party some more...

JACK
You know, I could just show you to
make your own pizza bagels. I'm
pretty sure we have all the
ingredients...

ZACK
(astounded)
What is this sorcery you speak
of!?

JACK
(feeling better)
Come on, I'll show you. And it
won't take long. Trust me...

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

SUPERIMPOSE: EIGHT MINUTES LATER

JACK and ZACK are sitting at the dining room table, with a
plate piled high with sizzling hot delicious looking full
size pepperoni pizza bagels. They begin to devour the feast
quickly.

ZACK
(mouth full)
I don't know how you did this, but
since you did, I'll help you.

JACK
(confused)
What?

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
(mystically)
I will take you under my wing, arm.

JACK
(half laughing)
I have no idea what you're talkin'
about.

ZACK
(semi-whispering)
Or do you?

JACK
I don't.

ZACK
(seriously)
Okay, listen, I've decided to show
you how to smoke *the* pot. And,
lesson one, stop calling it *the*
pot.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - ZACK'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Against the far wall there is a black light fish tank, with several jelly fish swimming around inside. A king sized bed is accompanied by some dressers, two small vintage black leather couches, a coffee table, and a leather recliner.

Flat screen on the wall in front of the bed. JACK and ZACK enter, ZACK points for JACK to sit on the couch and wait for a moment, he goes into his closet for a second and returns with an old scroll. ZACK blows the dust off into JACK'S face, making him cough.

ZACK
(seriously)
If you think you're really ready,
you must first familiarize yourself
with thee official rules.

JACK
(appalled)
The rules? What rules?

ZACK
(convicted)
YES! The rules.

ZACK dramatically opens the scroll. Written on it is, "THE 20 OFFICIAL RULES OF SOCIALLY SMOKING CANNABIS."

(CONTINUED)

JACK

(slightly confused)

Okay? See. I don't even know if I'm gonna like it. People say they get paranoid and all freaked out. Then, their messed up for the rest of their life. I just don't know about all that pal...

ZACK

(modestly)

The point is, once you *do* get lifted, high, stoned, baked, hazed, buzzed, burned out, spaced out, ripped, bamboozled, blazed, blasted, plastered, blastered, which is a combination of the previous two, you're going to come to face the person you really are. Inside your own head of course. There are those individuals out there that decide to blame the truth rather than face it. Just remember Jack, the herb is there to enhance who you are, help find who you are, not define who you are. The choice is always yours; be who you should be.

JACK

(quickly)

Yeah dude, I got it. Just don't be a douche bag, got it.

ZACK begins reading from the scroll.

ZACK

Number twenty, just chill, maintain, learn to control yourself, and know your limit. Number nineteen, no coughing, hacking, or blowing smoke on other people...

JACK has fallen asleep. ZACK gently, yet firmly slaps JACK to wake him from his boredom slumber.

ZACK

(authoritatively)

...Number six, ash before you pass. Five, rotation is always to the left. Four, who ever rolled it lights it. Three, puff, puff,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZACK (cont'd)
pass. Means you get to hit it
twice if it's a joint or blunt,
once if it's a "piece."

JACK
Peace?

JACK holds up the peace sign. ZACK shakes his head no, and points his hand at JACK like a gun. Then puts his thumb to his mouth and pretends to light his pointer finger like a bowl piece.

ZACK
Piece, it's what it's called. The
good ones are blown glass. Number
two, if you can hold it, you can
hit it. And, number one, don't get
baked and then go driving or doing
something dangerous and
stupid. There's a lot of immature
rookie tokers out there, ruining it
for the rest of us, and you better
not be one of them.

JACK
(nodding vivaciously)
Right! Yeah! Idiots!

ZACK
Keep in mind, nobody wants a user
and abuser around, Jack. Remember,
nobody likes a liar and a loser,
okay? Just don't forget, if you're
a cheater and a beater, you'd
better just STOP. Just
STOP! Dammit just stop! Alright?

JACK
(insecurely)
I'm not sure I wanna do this
anymore...

ZACK
(philosophically)
Good. For it is only when a man no
longer seeks his destiny, can he
live it.

JACK
Wow, who said that?

ZACK
(honestly, looking off)
I just made that up.

ZACK reaches into his pocket and out pulls two pre-rolled joints.

ZACK(CONT'D)
One for you, and one for me. You smoke cigarettes, so you know. Take three to five inhales, then wait about ten minutes and see how you feel. If you don't feel anything, light it back up and take a couple more puffs. Trust me, you don't want to do too much, especially your first time.

JACK
(worried)
What happens if I do too much?

ZACK
If you happen to do too much, Jack. You should just go lie down and sleep it out, okay?

JACK
(agreeing excitedly)
Okay, okay, got it. Ten puffs, every three to four minutes, got it. Lay down if needed, got it.

ZACK
(not listening)
Alright, great.

The pair light their joints simultaneously and puff away. ZACK gets up and plays Jimi Hendrix, *Purple Haze* on the stereo system. After a two puffs JACK ganders at the harmless looking joint and thinks to himself.

JACK(V.O.)
(convincingly)
I don't feel anything. I don't see what the big deal is...

JACK is still puffing away, even though he was told to take a few hits and put it down. ZACK doesn't notice because he's sitting, smoking, and reading his magazine.

SUPERIMPOSE: 10 MINUTES AND 26 PUFFS LATER

(CONTINUED)

Jack is sitting very still, the joint in his hand burned down to his fingers. He stares wide eyed into oblivion, unconscious to the world around him. ZACK creeps up to JACK from the side.

ZACK
(grabbing JACK'S shoulders)
So! How ya feelin'?

ZACK shakes JACK'S shoulder violently, suddenly waking JACK out of his trance.

JACK
(cottonmouth, red eyes)
I, I, feel different. Everything's a lot slower and clearer. Colors are brighter, and sounds are louder. I'm me, but inside my own head. Like, a figment of my own imagination. As if I know everything and I know nothing.

ZACK
Only once you've erased yourself, can you truly be yourself.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING

ZACK and JACK both slowly exit their respective bedrooms at the same time, both happen to be wearing the same one piece bunny pajamas.

ZACK
Awkward.

JACK looks at him with a big smile on his face.

JACK
(yawning)
I don't remember putting this on? That had to have been the deepest sleep I've had in a long time. I don't even remember going to bed. Are you hungry? Because, I'm starving...

ZACK
I'm sure you are, and I know the perfect place to go. But first, you must follow me.

ZACK stands in the doorway, staring at JACK for a beat, arm extended. JACK looks at him, and starts to walk towards the door that ZACK is standing in.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

ZACK and JACK are seated on the couch, still in their pajamas. ZACK pulls out a strange glass object.

ZACK
This is a bowl. A piece.

ZACK pulls out some bud from a jar, that was sitting on the table, and packs some into the glass piece. Then, hands it to JACK.

JACK
Haha, a bowl, huh?

ZACK
A glass pipe. That is the carb,
the hole. Put your finger there,
light it, inhale. Then, let go and
keep inhaling slowly until you get
enough. Okay? Go ahead.

JACK takes the lighter, puts it underneath the bowl and inhales strongly. ZACK tries to hold back a laugh.

JACK
(humiliated)
Well, as you can see, I'm not a
professional.
(trying again)
It just doesn't seem to be
working...

JACK hits the bowl again and takes in a deep breath of fresh air, holding it in. Then, he slowly blows out the clean air as if it was smoke. ZACK finally steps in a motions to light the bowl from the top.

ZACK
(empathetically)
Like this.

JACK quickly acts like he knows what he's doing, takes a large hit accidentally. He coughs for several moments until he falls off the couch. ZACK laughs at JACK'S attempts to gasp for fresh air. He points and continues to laugh for several beats until he stops, stoically. Then, he takes a hit from he bowl. JACK slowly climbs back onto the couch, out of breath.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
(passing the bowl to JACK)
Here. Your hit.

JACK
(overwhelmed)
Okay? I'll just end up coughing it
all out again anyway.

ZACK
That's okay, coughing helps the
T.H.C. get into your blood better.

JACK
What's T.H.C.?

ZACK
T.H.C. or tetrahydrocannabinol, is
the psychoactive chemical in
marijuana. Those little crystals
on the bud, they're what get you
high. Hey, I wanna take you
somewhere...

JACK
(scared)
Take me somewhere, where do you
wanna take me...?

ZACK
(comically)
For breakfast silly, not to kill
you.

JACK
(helpfully)
Sure you don't want me to whip
something up here? How about
peanut butter and jelly french
toast? Huh? Yeah? I can make it
quick... Sure? How about some
cinnamon vanilla pancakes... No?

ZACK
(sternly)
Follow me.

ZACK stands in the doorway and then quickly dashes away.

INT. - OLDE BAKERY - EARLY DAY

JACK and ZACK are amazed by all the treats. The OLD WOMAN, 72, owner of the bakery, is tidying up in the corner. Cookies, doughnuts, pastries, and other baked goodies are in a display case in front of the check-out register.

ZACK

Do you like bakery's? You ever been here...? Best pastries in town.

JACK

(reminiscing)

It was at my first birthday party, I knew right then and there, I'd fallen in love. Dessert. Didn't matter what kind, chocolate cake, fudge, pumpkin pie, cookies, pastries... They all were my favorite.

EXT. - JACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - 1986 - DINNER TIME

SUPERIMPOSE: MAY 12TH, 1986

Inside the family sits at the dinner table. JACK'S DAD, 42, a hard working, dirt under his finger nails kinda guy, sits slowly finishing the last bite of his meal.

INT. - JACK'S CHILDHOOD HOME - DINNER TABLE

YOUNG JACK

(innocently)

I'm finished Papa, may I have dessert?

JACK'S DAD

(disturbed)

NO!

INT. - OLDE BAKERY - PRESENT

JACK snaps out of his memory and walks over to the OLD WOMAN at the counter.

JACK(V.O.)

I wouldn't mind workin' here.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
(announcing)
They've got peanut butter chocolate
bear claws.

JACK
(to OLD WOMAN)
I saw that you had a help wanted
sign by the door over there.

OLD WOMAN
(Italian accent)
No... Noo... Noo job.
(under her breath)
Trippy hippie.

JACK
But, the sign, says now
hiring. I'm sure I'm qualified...

The OLD WOMAN shakes her head no and points to the door for
JACK to leave.

OLD WOMAN
(upset)
No, no, you leave, you go, no
job. You go, you go now.

The OLD WOMAN ushers JACK out of the bakery with her witch
broom. ZACK stays inside, mesmerized by the doughnut
selection, doesn't even notice the commotion.

EXT. - OLDE BAKERY - DAY

ZACK finally exits the OLDE BAKERY and approaches JACK who
is sitting on the curb, head in his hands.

ZACK
(finishing his pastry)
You don't need to work there,
you're a certified chef, dude. You
could make your own bakery if you
wanted.

JACK
(sigh)
You're right.

ZACK hands JACK a jelly doughnut, JACK is elated.

(CONTINUED)

JACK(CONT'D)
(uplifted)
Dude, thanks!

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK loudly stumbles through the front door. ZACK and DR.D(Snoop Dogg)a slender, well dressed businessman are sitting facing each other in conversation. A large blunt being passed back and forth between the two.

JACK
(softly)
Zack?

ZACK
(softly, sweet)
Come on in buddy. Here, sit here.
(pats the couch beside him)
I want you to meet Dr.D. He's a very old friend of mine that successfully treats heroine addicts with medical cannabis.

DR.D
(quickly)
Power of the soul my brother.

JACK
(hesitant)
Okay, nice to meet you.

JACK extends his hand to shake, but DR.D does some crazy dap up. DR.D suddenly pulls out a blunt, splits it, fills it with bud, rolls it and lights it, all in a matter of seconds. After taking a couple puffs he passes it to JACK.

DR.D
So, I hear that you've decide to try the powerful and sacred ganja. It is a potent herb that will open your mind to yourself.

JACK
(flabbergasted)
Yeah. But, how did you do that?
(hits the blunt)
COUGH!! Ahhh, here.

JACK pushes the blunt to ZACK. DR.D is rolling another blunt to show JACK.

(CONTINUED)

DR.D

I'll tell you, first, get your green right. Now, don't go and grind it up too fine. Make sure nothin' pokin' holes. Nah mean? The most important thing for any joint or blunt, is that it smokes. No matter how ugly. Some people roll on the table, others roll in their hands. I do it in my hands. Then, tuck the bottom paper over like that. Mmmhhhhmmm. Oooh sticky-icky. Lick and twist. Blam! Understand?

JACK

(unsure)

I think so...

ZACK

(trying to hold in a puff by taking tiny sips of fresh air)

Try not... to make it... too nasty...

DR.D blows O's and JACK tries to imitate, but can't pull off the trick. The trio are sitting, blazed out, when DR.D moves to leave.

DR.D

(squinting)

Alright my homies, its been real. But, it's time for me to roll out, and roll up. I'll be at you Z. Holla back Jack, you stay on top of that, matter fact.

DR.D makes his exit and the two housemates are left in a cloud of smoke. After a moment, ZACK looks over at JACK with a sly grin.

ZACK

I'm hungry, you?

JACK nods his head in agreement.

ZACK(CONT'D)

Let's grab a snack. And, then come take a ride with me, I've got an errand to run...

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(confused)
At one in the morning?

ZACK
(aggressively)
Yes, at one in the morning. At one
in the morning...

JACK
(curious)
Yeah, sure, why not. Where ya
goin'?

ZACK
(reassuringly)
To see a friend. Don't worry, it
won't take long.

EXT. - BRIAN'S HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: 5 HOURS LATER

ZACK comes out of the house, briefcase in hand. Quickly, he jumps into the car where JACK is still waiting, now asleep.

INT. - ZACK'S CAR - BREAK OF DAWN

The slam of the car door closing wakes the slumbering JACK. The radio is still playing Pink Floyd, Learning to fly. ZACK reaches over and turns the volume down a little.

JACK
(rubbing his eyes, mad)
WHAT!? WHO!!? Dude, where the
hell have you been? I've been
waiting out here for like, thirty
hours. Man. Damn.

ZACK
My friend, has some issues with
just stopping by. He kinda wants
you to stay for a while, okay...

ZACK pulls out a large vacuum sealed bag filled with one pound of high grade marijuana from the briefcase.

JACK
(bewildered)
Wow! That's so much.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
I need a favor...

JACK
(resisting)
Oh, no... I don't know what to do,
I don't know who wants that. I
can't sell drugs, I don't know
how... Okay. What? What do you
want?

ZACK
(high pitch voice)
Never mind, it's fine. Can't even
hear me out, that's cool...

JACK
(giving in)
No, no tell me,
what? What? What!?

ZACK
(charismatically)
I just needed to drop this off at a
friends on the way back, that's
all. But, you're a busy bee, I
understand.

JACK
Alright fine, let's go. But, I'm
not staying in the car this time.

ZACK
(shrugging it off)
No, I wouldn't do that to you man.

JACK
(half to himself)
You *just* did that to me...

EXT. - WHINY POTHEAD'S APARTMENT - DAWN

The golden sun peaking, ZACK and JACK walk up to the
apartment door. Right as ZACK is about to knock on the
door, it cracks open. The WHINY POTHEAD, (Patton Oswalt)35,
looks out from inside.

SUPERIMPOSE: THE WHINY POTHEAD

WHINY POTHEAD
(exasperatedly)
You brought someone to my house!?

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
 (directly)
 It's an apartment, lets not get it
 confused. And, I could just
 leave...

WHINY POTHEAD
 (trying not to give in)
 No! No... Is he cool?

ZACK
 (seriously)
 Are you asking me if I hang out
 with uncool people?

WHINY POTHEAD
 (upset)
 UUGHHHH! Just hurry up.

INT. - WHINY POTHEAD'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

The WHINY POTHEAD ushers the two inside after unchaining the door. Then, closes the door behind them quickly. Scurrying about to lock the many unnecessary locks on the door.

Inside is a filthy living room; a hoarder's paradise. It looks like a total dump, garbage everywhere, stuff piled to the ceiling. Only a path has been cleared for traveling to the other rooms in the apartment.

WHINY POTHEAD
 (to JACK)
 Don't mess anything up.
 (squints his eyes and points
 at JACK in his face)

ZACK gives a wide eyed look to JACK, JACK smiles and holds back a laugh. The two guests follow the WHINY POTHEAD to the back smoke room.

INT. - WHINY POTHEAD'S APARTMENT - SMOKE ROOM

The inside of the room is immaculately clean and white. Nice furniture, couches line the walls, and a mini fridge. Large, low, glass table in the middle of the room.

WHINY POTHEAD (CONT'D)
 (rubbing his hands together,
 to ZACK)
 So, what have you got for
 me? Hmmm? Skunk? Haze? Kush? Tell
 me...

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
 (nonchalantly)
 It's your favorite...

WHINY POTHEAD
 No. No way... How can I trust
 you? You're trying to get me
 again. Just like last time...

ZACK
 (casually)
 Yep. I'm sure.

WHINY POTHEAD
 You're lying, where is it? Show it
 to me! Show me!

ZACK reaches into his briefcase and pulls out the large bag
 of weed from earlier. He slowly hands it to WHINY POTHEAD.

WHINY POTHEAD (CONT'D)
 (arms stretched in
 anticipation)
 It is! Finally! Super Silver
 Haze. It's okay now, it's okay,
 you're okay now.
 (to ZACK, seriously)
 How much?

ZACK
 (without hesitation)
 Five.

WHINY POTHEAD
 (outraged)
 Five! No, no, no, no, I'm not
 paying five. Are you crazy!? You
 know how long I've been waiting...?

ZACK
 (calmly)
 Okay, not a problem. I have
 other...

WHINY POTHEAD
 (interrupting)
 Okay! Okay, okay,
 five. Sshheesshh, five. *Hahaha*
 this guy... Ass.

WHINY POTHEAD scurries around and returns with five thousand
 dollars and slaps it in ZACK'S hand. ZACK smiles and puts
 the money in the briefcase, and locks it shut.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
 (imposingly)
 Now, you have to do me a favor...

WHINY POTHEAD
 (weakly)
 No. Why? But, I don't want to...

ZACK gives him a crazy look.

WHINY POTHEAD(CONT'D)
 (insecurely)
 What? What is it? Just, what is
 it already?

ZACK
 (smirking)
 My friend, Jack, he's still a
 little "green" to this whole
 thing. I just want you to show him
 how to use the glass and the
 vape. And, tell him a little bit
 about it, for shits sake.

WHINY POTHEAD
 What!?! No. No, no, no, nooo way.
 I'm not gonna let him just break
 my... Oh, no! No...
 (glimpses at Zack)
 Fine.

WHINY POTHEAD walks to his closet, inside is a shelf
 dedicated to each smoking instrument: glass bong, bubbler,
 and a vaporizer. He grabs the bong and brings it over to
 JACK.

WHINY POTHEAD
 (mockingly)
 Okay, this is a bong, can you say
 bong? This piece here is called
 the slide, it's where we put the
 bud and light it. It goes in an
 out. This is where you put your
 mouth, like this. Okay? Duh.

The WHINY POTHEAD takes a big rip of the already packed
 bong, then hands it to JACK, signaling for him to try. JACK
 lights the bong and begins to pull smoke into the chamber.

WHINY POTHEAD(CONT'D)
 ...Yeah, now pull the slide out and
 inhale. Not too fast! You'll end
 up coughing your lungs out! NO!

(CONTINUED)

JACK pulls the slide out and hits the bong much too fast. He bellows out a large plum of smoke then falls into a raging coughing fit on the floor. Once he catches his breath, he gives a thumbs up from the floor. And, then another thumbs up.

JACK
(very stoned)
Uh, hahaha, what's that? It looks like...

WHINY POTHEAD is holding his bubbler, that kinda looks like male genitalia.

WHINY POTHEAD
(interrupting)
No matter what it looks like! This is called a bubbler. Same dynamics of a bowl, except there's water in it. You get it, don't ya noob? Sure you don't.

JACK
(uninterested)
Yeah, you can use that one.
(pointing)
What's that, a pencil sharpener?

JACK is pointing in the closet at the vaporizer.

WHINY POTHEAD
Nooo. It is a vaporizer. Say it with me now, va-por-riz-er, okay? You put the bud in here at the end of the tube into the glass piece. Turn it on and start pulling. Oh yeah, there are three different types of pot, Indica, Sativa, and Hybrid. Indicas are very heavy usually with a couch-lock type body effects, while Sativas are more of a head high. Uggghhh. Okay?
(to ZACK)
Ya happy?

ZACK stoically nods his head in approval.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - JACK'S BEDROOM - EVENING

JACK sits in his room, smoking a joint by himself, watching television.

ANNOUNCER(V.O.)

Eat these brownies, there delicious
and better than the other brands!

JACK

(unconvinced)

I'll show you delicious.

JACK turns off the T.V. and heads to the kitchen.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

JACK is mindlessly throwing ingredients into a large bowl when ZACK enters the kitchen.

ZACK

What are you makin'?

JACK

(head down, mixing)

Brownies.

ZACK

Wanna make some "special" brownies?

JACK looks up, eyes illuminated, grin smirked on his face.

EXT. - BRIAN'S HOUSE - DUSK

ZACK gets out of his parked car, walks up to the house, and knocks on the door. The door quickly opens and a large arm reaches out and grabs him, pulling him in.

INT. - BRIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

BRIAN, (Brian Posehn)35, a tall, bulgy, awkward man. BRIAN is wearing his favorite jeans and black T-shirt. It reads: GREEDY GREENTHUMB, with a large marijuana leaf printed on the back. In between the two old couches sits a side table with a large bag of pot on it.

ZACK hands him a wad of cash, and BRIAN quickly begins to count it, still standing.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
(slightly offended)
It's all there...

BRIAN
(upset)
You know *I* have to do this every
time.

ZACK
(changing the subject)
So, what is it?

BRIAN
(overly defensive)
It's O.C.D. Okay!? I don't like
to talk about it. And, now look
what you made me do, I lost
count. Now, I have to start all
over.

ZACK
(correcting himself)
No, what I meant was, what's the
weed?

BRIAN
Oh! Oh, oh. Sorry, am I
interrupting you while you're
counting? Let me finish counting,
and I'll tell you. Okay? One,
two...

BRIAN counts on his fingers and his lips move as he counts
inside his head. ZACK stares at him the whole time.

BRIAN(CONT'D)
Okay, it's all there. The stuff I
have is actually two types, since I
ran out of the one I had been
giving you, the super silver
haze. So, I had to dig into my
personal stash to cover the other
half that you needed. So...

ZACK
So...

BRIAN
(confused)
So... So, what?

(CONTINUED)

ZACK

So, so what's the other kind?

BRIAN

Oh, oh yeah, it's Sour Grape. A cross between Sour Diesel and Grape Ape. It tastes just like it smells. Ha ha, it's awesome...

BRIAN hands ZACK the bag with two half pounds to ZACK and he puts the bag up to his face.

ZACK

(marveling)

Sweet Cheebas! Would ya look at that... Oh yeah, hey B, I brought you something.

ZACK hands him a brownie that JACK made.

BRIAN

(skeptically)

Thanks.

ZACK

Yeah, my roommate made a batch, I'm gonna see how well the sell.

BRAIN

Cool... Hey! What was that!? Did you hear that!?

ZACK

(studying the bag of pot)

Uh, no I didn't hear any...

BRIAN

(dramatically interrupting)

There it is again! Zack, you have to go. I've got some... Things to take care of...

(turns over his shoulder)

Stop that racket!

ZACK

...Okay? Are you sure you're alright...?

EXT. - BRIAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

BRIAN'S arm pushes ZACK out the front door with a pat on the back. The door closes and ZACK happily walks to his car, briefcase in slow swing. He enters his car and drives away slowly.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

JACK is sitting on living room couch reading, as ZACK enters through the front door.

JACK
(giddy)
I'm glad you're back. I have something for you...

ZACK
What?

JACK
I made something, something new. I call it, a cinnadoughroll. It's a cinnamon bun doughnut. And, I injected the icing inside. Viola! For you mon ami.

JACK presents the little plate with the delicious looking Cinnadoughroll to ZACK.

ZACK
(taking a look)
Wow, this is impressive. We'll have to try them with a special ingredient.

JACK
(confused)
What?

ZACK
You know, herb, ganja, weed, pot, bud, chronic, nug, beasters, purp, reefer, dank, dro, haze, hydro, headies, fire, skunk, piff, endo, kush, the good stuff, green and so on.

JACK
Oh, yeah. What about the two hundred brownies I just made? They took me the better part of two days
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)
to make... Isn't that enough for a
while?

ZACK
Depends on how long you think a
while is...

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - BRUNCH

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO DAYS LATER

JACK walks in naturally, having just awoken from a good
nights slumber. ZACK can barely sit still at the kitchen
table, where he's enjoying a cup of coffee.

JACK
(prying)
So, what's goin' on with you...?

ZACK
(stroking his beard)
They're all gone.

JACK
(confused)
Who's all gone?

ZACK
The brownies. They're all gone. I
gave out samples yesterday, so
today I got rid of the first
hundred. Then, as I'm pulling into
the driveway, maybe an hour
later. I get a call. Now, they
want the rest. Everybody loves
'em! Can't get enough of
'em. And, they want more, lots
more. We're on to something here!

ZACK takes JACK by the hands and starts dancing around
playfully with him.

JACK
(concerned)
I dunno. I thought, this was like
a one time thing, ya know? At
least for a while, I don't really
know if...

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
(interrupting)
Here, this is yours.

ZACK stops dancing and reaches into his pocket pulls out a stack of 100 twenty dollar bills. He puts the money in JACK'S hand. JACK just stands there, with his jaw dropped, staring at the money in his hand.

JACK
(taken back)
All this from some brownies?

ZACK
Not just some brownies. The best pot brownies anyone has ever had, ever.

JACK
(excited)
YESSSS! Okay, yes.

ZACK
I have an idea.

JACK
What?

ZACK
Let's open up our own infused bakery. We can start infusing every type of creation you make...

JACK
(uncomfortably)
Where the hell are we gonna get the money for that? Are you really serious?

ZACK
(eyes wide)
If I could express into words the gravity of my seriousness, the entire universe itself, would implode.

JACK
But, where are we gonna get that kind of money?

ZACK
(irrelevantly)
So?

JACK
So!?

ZACK
Yeah, so?

JACK
So, where are we gonna get the
money? I said, where are we gonna
get...

ZACK puts his finger on his lips as to quiet JACK, then puts
his finger on JACK'S lips. JACK immediately stops talking.

ZACK
(softly)
Ssshhhhh ssshhhhh. I know a guy.

JACK
(doubtfully)
You know a guy? Who?

ZACK
(nodding)
Brian...

EXT. - BRIAN'S HOUSE - MIDNIGHT

ZACK'S car pulls into the driveway, ZACK and JACK get out
and walk up to the front door. ZACK knocks on the
door. After a moment the door opens, two arms quickly reach
out and grab both men, pulling them inside.

INT. - BRIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

The grandfather clock in the corner twangs midnight. BRIAN
is wearing a much too small red high school singlet
(wrestling uniform) and is very sweaty. He has a blue mat
down across the floor. And, it too, is very sweaty. Has
BRIAN been wrestling himself?

BRIAN
(to ZACK, pointing a JACK but
never acknowledging him
personally)
Who's this?

ZACK
This is my roommate Jack. He's the
one who made the brownies. I gave
you one...

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
(looking at JACK,
intimidatingly)
You wanna go!? Huh, you think you
can take me?

BRIAN jumps into a wrestling stance, arms ready to attack.

JACK
(confused, not intimidated)
No, I don't think that...

BRIAN
(brow furrowed, intense)
Good, 'cause if you wanna
go... You just let me know.

BRIAN taps his sweaty finger on JACK'S chest.

ZACK
(to BRIAN)
We need to talk, business.

BRIAN spins from JACK to looking ZACK dead in the face.

BRIAN
What business?

ZACK
(enticingly)
Big money making idea.

BRIAN
(unimpressed)
What's the big idea?

ZACK
We open up a bakery that makes
delicious baked edibles.

BRIAN
(disinterested)
They already make those.

ZACK
But, most of them aren't
delicious. And, some of them don't
even work.

BRIAN
I know that.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK

Well, did you eat that brownie I gave you?

BRIAN

No.

ZACK

Oh. Well, they're pretty damn good. You would know that if you ate the one I gave you.

BRIAN

(semi-interested)

Okay, so, what are the terms of this big money making idea?

ZACK

Equal partner, you would have to put down the bulk of the capital up front. But, we'll use the first profits to pay that loan back.

BRIAN

(interested)

How much, and how long?

ZACK

Around a hundred, all together.

BRIAN

(in disbelief)

A hundred!? Okay, so, how long until the loan is paid off?

ZACK

For everything, total payback, six months maybe eight. Look, you'll manufacture, he'll bake, and I'll do whatever it is that I do. It'll be perfect! You'll only wish you had, if you don't.

BRIAN

It just seems like a huge risk with no reward.

ZACK

Huge risk, huger reward! Think about it. Now, that it's legal, it's gonna be the next big billion dollar industry. Don't you want a piece of that? We'll be the first

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZACK (cont'd)
ones doing it *and* Jack here is a
certified master chef.

JACK innocuously shakes his head in disapproval.

BRIAN
What if we fail?

ZACK
What if we succeed...

ZACK stares deep into BRIAN'S eyes without blinking for
several beats.

JACK
(uncomfortable)
Lets just let him think about it,
we...

ZACK
(to BRIAN, hastily)
Think about it, you just think
about it... Well? What do you
say?

BRIAN
(honestly)
Zack, I already know you made some
good money off 'em or I wouldn't be
who I am. Okay. How about this,
let me find this brownie and we'll
finish this right here, right
now. If it tastes unbelievably
good, I mean insanely
delicious. The best I've ever had,
and it works, I'll say yes.

ZACK nods his head in agreement. BRIAN leaves the living
room for a moment, then returns with the brownie. He peels
off the plastic wrap and a sticker that's holding the
plastic wrap on. It reads: MUNCHIES ORIGINAL RECIPE

BRIAN
(mockingly amused)
Awww, that's cute. Did you make
that?

ZACK
(proudly)
Yessir.

BRIAN

Ha. Before I eat this, you have to make me another deal.

ZACK

(impatiently)
You sneaky bitch...

BRIAN

You...
(points to JACK)
...have to pay me what you owe at the end of every month and... After I eat this brownie, you both have to stay here and watch the new Strain Hunters episodes with me, deal?

JACK

Strain Hunters? Never heard of it, what is it?

BRIAN

(obnoxiously)
It's where Arjan and Franco and his guys go and find the origins of certain strains to breed them into perfection! And, save the rare ones from going extinct. That's what it is!

BRIAN gives them a crazy, "why don't you understand how important this is," look.

ZACK

(seriously)
Alright. As long as you don't talk the whole time.

BRIAN

Half the time.

ZACK

A fourth, final offer.

BRIAN

(proudly)
SOLD.

BRIAN takes a bite out of the brownie skeptically. After chewing for a second he tastes how delicious it is and can't help himself from quickly devouring the rest. With brownie still being chomped around in his mouth, he replies...

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN(CONT'D)
(eyes growing large in
delight)
I'm in! Hey, this is really
good. Strain Hunters here we
come...

JACK
(whispering to ZACK)
Are you sure this is a good idea,
trusting *this* guy...

ZACK nods wisely. BRIAN loads show and presses play for the new STRAIN HUNTER'S episode. The three look comfortably uncomfortable, squished on the undersized couch together. BRIAN is stuffed in the middle, sweaty arms around JACK and ZACK, smiling from ear to ear.

INT. - GROCERY STORE - CHECK OUT COUNTER - DAY

JACK is at the check out counter with three large paper bags full of baking necessities. He pays the CLERK and carries the bags out of the sliding door to the street corner.

CLERK
Have a nice day.

JACK
Thanks, you too.

EXT. - GROCERY STORE - SIDEWALK - DAY

JACK walks to the corner of the street and waits to cross. On the other side of the street a BLIND MAN, (Casey Affleck) 35, normal looking, is also waiting to cross from the other side. The stoplight changes, and the crossing signal goes off.

JACK stands frozen, watching the BLIND MAN cross the intersection. He is smiling, walking cane tapping out in front of him.

Instantly every car at the stop light is beeping and yelling at the man to hurry on and move out of the way. The BLIND MAN just keeps on smiling and makes it across the street. As he walks past, JACK nods and smiles at him.

But, the BLIND MAN doesn't notice and keeps on walking. JACK visibly feels silly for not realizing that the BLIND MAN can't see him. So, he turns, head down, and presses the crosswalk button, embarrassed.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

BRIAN and ZACK are sitting at the counter on the stools to the side of the register. JACK enters through the front door with the groceries. Empty boxes laden the floor.

JACK

I think this should do it, this should be everything.

BRIAN

(nonchalantly)

I got all the permits and legal stuff taken care of, we're all ready to go.

JACK

Awesome.

ZACK

I finished the espresso machine and the jute box, so we're ready to rock n roll.

JACK

(throwing fist into the air)

Yes! Let's rock!

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - MID AFTERNOON

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO MONTHS LATER

The bakery has a nice selection of pastries in glass show cases. Behind the counter are several glass door refrigerators. It is a spacious area, with seating for the customers.

A MUNCHIES BAKERY sign hangs above the register, next to the billboard menu. BRIAN and ZACK are sitting at a table, heads hung low, sipping espressos. JACK enters with a tray of pastries from the back kitchen and puts them on the cooling rack.

BRIAN

(very concerned)

Where is everybody? See, I knew it, I knew it. This isn't working, this isn't working...

ZACK

It's only been two months. I did some advertising in the local

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZACK (cont'd)
magazines and newspapers last week,
we should be fine. There's nothing
to worry about.

BRIAN
(pissed, to JACK)
It better work punk.

EXT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - SIDEWALK - MIDDAY

SUPERIMPOSE: ANOTHER MONTH LATER

JACK leaves the empty bakery and shuffles down the sidewalk hands in his pockets, thinking to himself. JACK'S attention is suddenly distracted by the noise of loud car horns and he turns to see what the commotion is about.

He recognizes the BLIND MAN, again trying to cross through the intersection. This time the cars from all sides are really letting him hear it. BEEEEEEEP!!

BLIND MAN
(sarcastically)
Oh, I'm sorry... Am I in
everyone's way or something? Can't
you people see?? I'm blind!

The BLIND MAN finally gets across the intersection. He happens to stand next to JACK, where again JACK gives him a nod and a smile.

Again, JACK gets nothing in return, and hits himself with a balled fist in the forehead. Looking at the beautiful sky he gathers up enough courage to strike up a conversation.

JACK
(friendly)
Beautiful sky isn't it... I mean,
it sure is nice today.

BLIND MAN
(kindly)
That is true, it does feel nice.

JACK
(empathetic)
Hey, sorry about what happened to
you back there...

(CONTINUED)

BLIND MAN

(inquisitively)

There's no reason for you to be sorry. Thanks for the kind gesture though, it's the thought that counts. Right? ...Uh, am I standing in poop?

JACK

No, why?

BLIND MAN

(relieved)

Oh, just wondering. So, something's the matter?

JACK nods and looks away.

JACK

(nodding)

Yeah. How did you...? I dunno, to be honest, I think I've made a really big mistake.

BLIND MAN

(wisely)

Well, I know you're not asking for advice or anything... But, life is filled with making mistakes. The hard part, is learning to live with them.

JACK

Wow, you know, you're right man. I thought this was the way to go, but now I'm not so sure. I feel so lost again.

BLIND MAN

Seems to me, you're looking for someone...

JACK

(gleaming with hope)

Who?

BLIND MAN

(wisely)

You. Yourself man. Your happiness. Find out what makes you happy, and if you enjoy it, you won't care if you succeed or fail. You'll just be glad to be doing it.

(CONTINUED)

BLIND MAN chuckles softly to himself.

JACK
(enlightened)
How do you know that?

BLIND MAN
I just have an "eye" for these kind
of things.

The BLIND MAN throws out his elbow jokingly, but hits only
air.

JACK
I can "see" that, ha. Oh,
sorry. I didn't mean...

BLIND MAN
It's fine. You seem like a nice
guy, just stay that way. Access
yourself, then the public.

JACK
(turning)
We just opened a bakery down the
street there, if you ever feel like
stopping in... It's right over
there.
(points and feels silly for
pointing)
Sorry 'bout that.

JACK turns back to the BLIND MAN, who has suddenly vanished.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - MOMENTS LATER

JACK walks in through the front door, elated. ZACK and
BRIAN are both sitting at the counter hunched over, heads
hanging low, sipping espressos, again. Both, one arm on the
counter, the other holding a the tiny cup.

JACK
(up beat)
I think I've got a great
idea. Something that will help us
get more customers.

BRIAN
(skeptically takes a sip)
Yeah? What?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
A commercial, you know, like on
T.V.

ZACK
(taking a small sip)
Nope, too expensive.

BRIAN
See, nothing will work, you're
doomed, doooooooooommed!
(takes a sip)

JACK
What if, the commercial was free?

ZACK
Free you say?
(takes a sip)

JACK
Free.

BRIAN
(skeptically)
How free?
(takes a sip)

JACK
Free, free.

BRIAN
(closed-mindedly)
No, no way, a free
commercial? Yeah right. Ain't no
way... How?
(takes a sip)

JACK
(secretively)
Let me show you...

INT. - T.V. SET - MUNCHIES RECIPES SHOW - PUBLIC ACCESS T.V.

JACK is dressed in his white chef outfit, equipped with a large puffy white hat. The set is a normal kitchen cooking show, counters with ingredients and a sink in front of an audience. Except no audience, just an audience simulator machine. One oven in the background. JACK is staring into the camera with a wide, alluring smile.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
 (enthusiastically)
 Hey there! Welcome to Munchies Recipes. Today, we're cooking a modern Italian dish! My favorite, soon to be world famous, Spaghetti of meatball! What is it? It's a giant meatball with spaghetti on the inside!

JACK presses the button under the sink to make the automatized crowd cheer. He plops down a giant wad of meat onto a large cutting board. Lifting his eyebrows, he looks curiously at the camera, grinning.

JACK
 (informatively)
 Now, the idea is to already boil the noodles to an Al Dente firmness. Stuff them inside the meat with some seasoning, and mash it around a bit, form it.
 (Italian accent)
 Make it a beautiful meatballa.

INT. - ANIMAL HOSPITAL - BREAK ROOM - LUNCH

JASMINE listens to a message that JACK has left on her cell phone. She slowly eats her tuna salad, shaking her head in disgust at JACK'S voice.

JACK(V.O.)
 ...I'm so sorry, can't I just have a second chance, like in the movies?

JASMINE hangs up.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - DAY

JACK checks out a NEW YORKER CUSTOMER, 43, male, short, chest hair puffing out of his tucked in beater.

NEW YORKER CUSTOMER
 (New York accent)
 Yeah, this is my first time to da mile high city. The wife and I saw ya on da good ol' youtube. We thought it was a riot. So, here I am all da way froms the big apple. Gettin' my little girl her
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NEW YORKER CUSTOMER (cont'd)
21st burfday giff... Ya knows what
I'm sayin' pal?

JACK
(under his breath)
Not really.
(fake smiles)
Here's your twelve dozen cupcakes,
thanks for stopping in and have a
great day.

INT. - T.V. SET - MUNCHIES RECIPES SHOW - PUBLIC ACCESS T.V.

JACK is waiting for the viewer, staring deeply into the camera. He's sharpening a large knife very slowly.

JACK
(dramatically)
I know what you're thinking. Why
should I eat at home, when there
are all these great restaurants
right near my house? You know
why? Do you really wanna know
why? I'll tell you why, because
they're trying to kill you, that's
why!
(slams the knife into the
counter)
BAMM! Just think, when you eat
fresh, you feel fresh. Back over
here, let's check on our main
course.

JACK looks into the smoking oven. Reaches in, after waving away the smoke and pulls out a beautiful, gigantic, steaming meatball.

JACK(CONT'D)
(like a mad scientist)
Ha HA! Success!

As he's taking it out of the oven he almost slips, but catches his balance at the last second. After putting it on the counter, JACK grabs the large butchers knife, and cuts the giant meatball open. Steam sprays out as the knife goes in. He cuts a slice and the spaghetti inside looks cheesy and saucy.

INT. - KYLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KYLE has the remote for the T.V. in his hand, still pointing at the television he has just turned off. The most irate look on his face.

KYLE
(jealously)
Idiot.

INT. - LE EXPENSIVE HOTEL - KITCHEN

Fire fighters are on the scene fighting the blaze, people are running around in a panic. KYLE has a large empty pot in his hands. CHEF 3, burned to a crisp and holding his arm, he shakes his head angrily at KYLE.

CHEF 3
(gritting his teeth)
Idiot! You almost killed us.

HOTEL MANAGER
(to KYLE, violently pointing
towards the exit)
You're FIRED!

KYLE slowly walks out the door with his head down, looking over his shoulder only once, like an abandoned puppy.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - MORNING

MONTAGE: MUNCHIES BAKERY HAS MANY CUSTOMERS COME AND GO IN SUPER SPEED. THE SUN RISES AND SETS, AND THE LAST CUSTOMER IS PREPARING TO LEAVE.

JACK has successfully prepped the bakery for close. He waves to the last exiting customer and moves the OPEN sign to CLOSED. The phone rings. RING. RING. RING. JACK first decides not to answer it, then changes his mind, forgetting to lock the front door.

ZACK(V.O.)
Hey, how was it today?

JACK
We did AWESOME!

ZACK(V.O.)
Mmmmmm good.

(CONTINUED)

DING! Someone has just entered the bakery. JACK turns to see who it is, only to be standing in front of his nemesis, KYLE.

JACK
(to ZACK, quickly)
Alright, see ya, bye.

JACK hangs the phone up with out waiting for a response.

KYLE
I thought you were a real chef, not
a little miss muffin man.

JACK
I thought YOU were busy playing
make-believe over at Le
Expensive. Or fantasy land,
whichever.

KYLE
(proudly)
That's right, that's right. I'm
the man.

JACK
(dismissing)
Just get outta here.

JACK points with his thumb at the exit.

KYLE
Why?

JACK
Because, we're closed and... I
don't have to explain to you, just
get out!

KYLE
Saw ya on T.V. making a fool outta
yourself...

JACK
(loudly)
NOW! GET the HELL OUT KYLE!

KYLE scurries to the door knocking over things and making a mess as he exits.

KYLE
Here!
(fart)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KYLE (cont'd)
There's your house warming present.

KYLE exits, the door dings.

JACK
(mumbling to himself)
Weirdo.

JACK takes a broom and dust pan over to the mess on the floor.

INT. - T.V. SET - MUNCHIES RECIPES SHOW - PUBLIC ACCESS T.V.

JACK in his usual chef outfit and hat, staring intently at the camera.

JACK
(overly excited)
Hey there! Welcome to Munchies Recipes. Today we're taking a trip to meheho, and we're makin' enchilada pot pie.

JACK presses the fake crowd cheer button.

JACK(CONT'D)
First, we line the pan with the enchilada dough, then the bottom layer of beans, next rice, then chicken and cheese. Bake at 420 degrees for eight minutes.

JACK goes to the oven and takes out the pre-baked enchilada pot pie.

JACK(CONT'D)
When it's done baking, dip it in the deep fryer for just a second, if you have one. Top with enchilada sauce, lettuce, and salsa. BAMB! Enchilada pot pie. Serve with tortilla, maybe some guacamole...

The fake crowd cheers again.

JACK(CONT'D)
(nostalgically)
For dessert, Spanish wedding cookies. So delicious, when they're warm and soft, and that
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK(CONT'D) (cont'd)
 perfect sweet goodness... Don't
 forget to come check us out at our
 new bakery on...

SUPERIMPOSE: MUTE

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

JACK has just turned the television to MUTE. He is proudly showing his comrades, BRIAN and ZACK, the latest Munchies Recipes episode. BRIAN is wearing a shirt with a giant face of Arjan Roskam, with the words, "King of Cannabis" printed at the bottom.

JACK
 I think it's working...

BRIAN
 There wasn't anything *wrong* with
 the mute button.

ZACK
 (ignoring Brian)
 It is, for now. Profits are on the
 steady rise.

JACK
 Right on.
 (jokingly)
 Did you make that shirt Brian?

BRIAN
 (insulted)
 MAYBE! You just better have my
 money worm!

INT. - HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - LUNCH

Students crowd the tiny lunch room, they all just sit there eating their lunches. KEVIN, 17, a popular senior, is telling all who will listen about the Munchies Recipes Show. Many young, easily influenced ears are listening in, like normal looking, average, JUNIOR KID.

KEVIN
 Yeah, it's called Munchies Recipes
 or something like that. Yo, it's
 super funny though. The chef, or
 whatever, is hilarious...

(CONTINUED)

JUNIOR KID

I saw it yesterday too, online. He helped me make enchilada pot pie when my parents were gone, and it was really kinda good!

INT. - COLLEGE DORM - COMMUNITY ROOM - NIGHT

A bunch of dorm mates sit on couches in front of a large T.V. pointing and laughing at an episode of Munchies Recipes. One of the dorm mate hits a gigantic bong.

EXT. - NEIGHBORHOOD STREET STOP SIGN - DAY - COMMERCIAL

A normal sized pick-up truck slowly comes to a complete stop at the stop sign.

ANNOUNCER(V.O.)

Four wheels, two doors, 200 horses strong, and a truck bed full of dreams...

An even large pick-up truck comes quickly out of no where and smashes into the smaller truck, knocking it out of frame.

ANNOUNCER(V.O.)(CONT'D)

Or maybe, a four door extended cab, lift kit, 4x4 flex fuel beast, is what you're looking for...

Monster truck comes and rides on top of the bigger truck crushing it flat.

ANNOUNCER(V.O.)(CONT'D)

For all your trucks. My State insurance, is there for you. My State. Not yours.

INT. - SHAKEY'S DISPENSARY - COMMERCIAL

BIG BUD, 45, the owner of Shakey's Dispensary. Muscular and intimidating, he stands behind the counter.

BIG BUD

(aggressively)

Big Bud here, tellin' you to drop a dab on in here and get the *BEST* deals in town. No nug, all shake. That's right, we've got

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BIG BUD (cont'd)
trim, no tips. We got seeds and
sticks.

BIG BUD picks up a large jar of only stems and shakes it
violently at the camera.

BIG BUD(CONT'D)
(impatiently)
Come in today and get one percent
off, if you mention this commercial
and what I just did. Become a
member, and get a half smoked
pre-roll. More like a "free roll"
if you ask me. Glass is two
percent off on Thursdays,
concentrates three percent off on
Fridays. Buy an ounce get a half
of a gram, free. Come check out
our new store on Colorado
Blvd. Now open everyday from 10am
- 7pm! Cash ONLY! So, get in
HERE!

INT. - HOUSE FROM MEN IN BLACK - DAY - COMMERCIAL

It's the scene from the movie "MEN IN BLACK," where after
landing in the farmers field, the cockroach alien gets into
the husband farmers body. Inside the house the ALIEN IN
FARMERS BODY has just burst through the door
dramatically. He tells the FARMERS WIFE, 40, that he wants
a drink.

FARMERS WIFE
(concerned)
You don't look so good. You want
me to fetch you a drink?

ALIEN IN FARMERS BODY
(yelling)
YES! SUGAR! AND WATER! AGHGHHHH!

FARMERS WIFE
(scared)
Okay...?

FARMERS WIFE skeptically pours a glass of water and puts a
large tablespoon of sugar in the glass. She hands it to the
ALIEN IN FARMERS BODY.

(CONTINUED)

ALIEN IN FARMERS BODY
 (yelling)
 SUGAR! MORE SUGAR! AGGGHHHH!

The FARMERS WIFE pours more and more sugar into the glass until there is almost no sugar left in the container. With the raise of her eyebrows, questioning if the amount of sugar is suffice.

ALIEN IN FARMERS BODY(CONT'D)
 (happily)
 Cool-aid... Agrrghh.

The FARMERS WIFE smiles as she reaches into the cupboard and pulls out a container of Cool-aid. She holds the container next to her face and smiles. Then, she takes a scoop and pours it in the drink. The ALIEN IN FARMERS BODY is visibly excited.

ALIEN IN FARMERS BODY(CONT'D)
 (pleased)
 ARRGHGH! Thanks!

ANNOUNCER(V.O.)
 Cool-aid. It's what sugar was made for.

INT. - T.V. SET - KYLE'S RECIPES SHOW - PUBLIC ACCESS T.V.

KYLE is wearing a chef outfit with a cowboy hat. He's using the munchies set, except there is a sign with "KYLE'S" over the "Munchies" part of the Munchies Recipes Show sign.

INT. - BRIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK sees KYLE on the T.V. and quickly turns the MUTE button off. JACK looks like he's seen a ghost.

INT. - T.V. SET - KYLE'S RECIPES SHOW - PUBLIC ACCESS T.V.

KYLE'S hands are on the counter, head low, looking directly into the camera.

KYLE
 (squinting in an evil manner)
 Hello, and welcome to... Kyle's
 Recipes Show.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE visibly presses a button that makes the audience cheer. Then, picks up an over sized butchers knife. Grabs his cowboy hat and waves it in the air. He smiles awkwardly from behind the ingredient laden counter. Instantly he turns to a cutting board, quickly chopping a large tomato in half.

KYLE(CONT'D)

Everything here is better than on Munchies Recipes. You don't really like that show do you. No, I didn't think so. 'Cause when you bake and fry everything, you're fresh! YEEE HAAAW!

KYLE grabs a rubber chicken and starts basting and seasoning it recklessly.

KYLE(CONT'D)

See, the key, is the ingredients.

KYLE takes a giant egg and cracks it open, a baby chick pops out. KYLE scoops it up, puts it in a large pot and puts the lid on top. He holds the lid down, as if the baby chick is trying to escape.

KYLE(CONT'D)

(evil tone)

You stay in there little buddy.
Ahhhahahaaha...

KYLE turns the burner on with an sinister grin. Then, turns to the oven and pulls out a freshly burnt rubber chicken.

KYLE(CONT'D)

Look. Just look at this. This is quality. This is cuisine. I know what you want, you want the good stuff. Entertaining, upscale, and sexy...

KYLE begins to waltz with the burnt rubber chicken, holding it close, looking at it intently. Then, snuggling close to give it a sensual kiss.

INT. - BRIAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK sits jaw dropped still looking at the black T.V. screen. BRIAN and ZACK are on the other couch, they've stopped eating their pieces of pizza and are looking at each other in utter confusion. Both, turning to JACK simultaneously for an explanation.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
(same time as Zack)
Who...!

ZACK
(same time as Brian)
What...!

BRIAN AND ZACK
(together)
...the hell was that!?

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - DAY

JACK is standing behind the counter, not blinking. Same jaw dropped expression stuck on his face from the night before.

JACK(V.O.)
(thinking hard)
Why? He's gotta be up to something bigger...

ZACK appears.

ZACK
Have you figured out what to do about your old "friend."

JACK
Not yet, I just can't put my finger on what he's trying to pull, it's not like he's trying to get business for something. I think he's just trying to ruin it for me.

ZACK
(nodding, then shaking his head in disbelief)
Strange...

JACK
Yeah, that's Kyle. When we were in middle school, he burned the cafeteria to a crisp. Almost the whole school.

ZACK
(intrigued)
What? How?

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Threw a bucket of water on a grease fire. Whole cafeteria went up in flames.

ZACK

(stroking his beard)

Well, that's insane. Changing the subject, B-rye is already on the BBQ grilling. Oh, and don't forget to bring those hundred canna-brownies.

JACK

Okay, I shouldn't be long.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - JACK'S BATHROOM - EVENING

JACK is in the shower singing along to the radio playing, Seals and Crofts, *Summer Breeze*. He massages the foamy shampoo into his hair, and rinses it out.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - JACK'S BEDROOM

JACK is out of the shower now, half dressed still singing his version of the song in the mirror. In the closet he has trouble trying to pick out the shirt he likes. Then, he's lost inside his dresser drawers, trying to find a match for his lone black sock.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

ZACK and BRIAN'S faces and hands are covered in BBQ sauce. A place is made at the table for JACK. A plate with a pile of food still steaming is waiting there. He sits down tucks his napkin in his collar, and rubs his hands together ready to dig in.

JACK

(picking up his fork)

So, how did you find out about this party?

ZACK

Just shut up and eat. You'll find out about it soon enough. Come on, the foods getting cold, eat, eat. Ribs, beans, fries, slaw, eat it up. Yes, there you go, that's right, you got it now!

(CONTINUED)

ZACK digs into his meal like a vulture. JACK drops his fork and follows suit.

ZACK(CONT'D)

(to BRIAN)

Back to what I was saying, the paranoia stems from something in your past. Something you were close to, what is it? You need to remember. REMEMBER.

BRIAN

(getting a vision)

I remember. I was walking home one night from the Small-Mart, I had just turned 12. With some of my birthday money I bought a new comic book... It was dark...

EXT. - CREEPY NEIGHBORHOOD - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The neighborhood is dark and spooky. It is a cloudy autumn night, the moon is full. YOUNG BRIAN is walking down a road with many trees, the branches look like they're trying to grab anything under them.

B/W MONTAGE: YOUNG BRIAN IS WALKING BUT THE WIND IS HEAVY. HE'S TRYING TO READ HIS COMIC BOOK. THE ROAD IS DARK. STREET LIGHTS FLICKER, THE WIND HOWLS THROUGH THE TREES. STILL TRYING TO READ HIS COMIC, HE TRIPS AND GETS TANGLED IN A LOW HANGING TREE BRANCH. THE BRANCH GRABS HIM AND HE FREAKS OUT LIKE HE'S BEING MURDERED. THE TREE HOLDS HIM TO THE GROUND, THE LAST THING HE SEES IS HIS OWN HAND DROPPING HIS COMIC BOOK, THAT SUDDENLY GETS SWEEP AWAY BY THE WIND INTO THE SPOOKY DARKNESS.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATE EVENING

BRIAN physically awakes from his memory.

BRIAN

(wearily)

Whoa! Okay...

JACK

(sarcastically to himself)

...Okay?

ZACK sits back down and all three of the men begin eating very stoically. Each keeping to himself, head down, fork in a constant yet slow transition between plate and mouth. Eyes never leaving the table for several moments.

(CONTINUED)

ZACK

Now, that party we're going to,
it's at a rock legends house,
alright. So, don't be all
fanatical.

JACK

(sarcastically)
Yeah right.

ZACK

Well, mister I think I know
everything. Let me tell you a
little story about where I've been
and what I've been doing...

JACK

(slightly confused)
What, doing what?

INT. - BROADCAST INC - MEETING ROOM - LATE DAY

Looking through the conference room window, ZACK'S pantomiming the idea of the Munchies Recipes Show to a board of suits that work for a large broadcasting company. All of the well dressed members sit emotionless as ZACK is very animated and dramatic in his explanation of the show.

As ZACK triumphantly ends his presentation, like a proud and exhausted composer, the board members look around at each other unimpressed. After an awkward moment passes, ZACK reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a one ounce joint, and offers it to the board with the raise of his eyebrows.

The board members look around, and smiles begin to emerge from their lifeless, motionless faces. While smoking the doobie with the board members, the BOARD MEMBER LEADER, (Rip Torn)60's, distinguished, decides to comment.

BOARD MEMBER LEADER

(humored, red eyes squinting)
You know what, I like your
style. Remind me of the go getter
I once was. It may not be the
greatest idea in the world, but let
me ask you something. How many
times have you done this
presentation son?

(CONTINUED)

ZACK

(eyes barely open, smiling)
This makes seven.

BOARD MEMBER LEADER

Seven times! Ha! And, each time,
they obviously said no. Why do you
think that is?

ZACK

It's because... They were afraid
of something new! Afraid of
success.

BOARD MEMBER LEADER

(amused)

Ha HA! You here that? I like it,
gutsy. As leader of this board I'd
like to make you a deal. You talk
to one of my head producers, and
have him meet with your guy. Then,
I will check in with Vince, see if
the idea fits. Cause stuff like
this comes and goes every
day. Alright, would you make that
deal? Sound good, Romeo?

ZACK sticks out his hand to shake the BOARD MEMBER LEADER'S
hand.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The trio are still sitting at the table, sitting back pants
unbuttoned to let their large bellies breathe.

ZACK

So, I contacted Vince, met with him
while I was still in Cali. Nice
guy. When we were leaving his
office, he happened to bump into
one of his former music clients,
Dave Grohl. Vince told him about
the show and the treats we make,
and I happened to have a few with
me. One thing lead to
another. Dave, has now invited us
to a party at his Denver mansion,
tonight. He also put in an order
for those 100
canna-brownies. Which were paid
for in advance and only to be
delivered in person.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(baffled)
Wow. That's incredible!

ZACK
You still have to meet with Vince about the show. I've sent him the tapes. The fact that you've done five episodes, looks really good. But, he's kind of a loose canon. Good guy, real good guy though.

EXT. - DAVE GROHL'S MANSION - NIGHT

JACK, ZACK, and BRIAN get out of their car marveling at the large house. Cars are parked everywhere. The men walk up to the front porch, ZACK rings the door bell. DAVE GROHL, rock star, answers the door.

DAVE
Hey! Zack you made it, welcome to dab city. Awesome you brought the brownies. Ha, super glad you could make it.
(to BRIAN)
Nice to meet you. Come in, everybody's been itching for the special treats to get here...

INT. - DAVE GROHL'S MANSION - FOYER

BRIAN
(to JACK)
Dave Grohl thought it was nice to meet me... Not you.

Beautiful people are scattered everywhere and having a good time. No one is out of control. Atmosphere is warm and inviting. There's a different smoking theme to each room.

JACK
(looking into the different rooms)
Cool...

DAVE passes out the brownies as he give the trio a tour of his Denver mansion. The first room he points out has a large circle of people sitting on couches passing around a six foot bong.

(CONTINUED)

DAVE

That's the six foot bong
room. Over here is the hot box
room. (points)

DAVE opens the door tosses some of the brownies inside.

PEOPLE INSIDE HOT BOX ROOM

HEY! What! Close the door! Come
on, you're lettin' the smoke out.
Thanks for the brownies. Yeah,
thanks.

DAVE closes the door, and rolls his eyes playfully.

DAVE

The movie room is up stairs and the
pool is outside. And, if you get
too stoned, there's a bunch of beds
in the basement.

INT. - DAVE GROHL'S MANSION - KITCHEN

DAVE walks into the kitchen where he sets the bag of
brownies on the counter. Next to the brownies is a colossal
catered food and drink display.

DAVE(CONT'D)

BROWNIES ARE HERE!

The party goers flocks toward the brownies.

DAVE(CONT'D)

(to JACK, ZACK, and BRIAN)

Make yourselves at home. Thanks
again for coming.

ZACK nods with a smirk. DAVE leaves to host the party.

JACK

(enthralled)

This is AWESOME!

JACK sees into a room that people are using a blow torch,
his curiosity is apparent on his face.

JACK

(to ZACK)

What are they doing in there?

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
That's called dabbing.

JACK
Dabbing? I've never heard of it.

ZACK
Dabbing, doing a dab, it's fairly new.

JACK
What is it exactly?

ZACK
Ummm, you remember the vaporizer right?

JACK
Yeah.

ZACK
Well, it's sorta like that, except you use a concentrate like wax. They need to be heated at very high temperatures. You have to use an oil rig, dab nail, vape pen, and so on. That's what the blow torch is for. Heat up the little dab plate and once it's hot enough, you get a little bit of your wax, and poof, it turns to smoke. Not to be taken lightly.

JACK
(shocked)
Oh, that's crazy. What's that?

JACK points to a hookah a large group is using in the parlor, across from the dance floor, down a ways from the kitchen. BRIAN turns and sees what JACK is referencing.

BRIAN
That's a hookah, duh.

JACK
(intrigued)
I like those tiny, little hoses... So, so you can just puff as much as you want?

ZACK
Yep, and the smoke is diffused by the water inside to make it one of
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ZACK (cont'd)
the smoothest ways to enjoy a group
toke.

ZACK waves nonchalantly to the group of hookah users and the group waves back. Some even blowing kisses and holding up peace signs.

JACK
(impressed)
Cool.

JACK waves to the group, the group waves back motioning for him to join them. JACK joins the group and they hand him a hose. He takes a large hit and coughs as he lets it out. The group cheers at his failure. JACK sits back, getting more comfortable, visibly enjoying the company he's in.

ZACK and BRIAN both go their separate ways into the party. BRIAN heads to the dance floor, he starts to dance with a pretty girl from behind. The pretty girl doesn't notice for a while. When she does, she gets upset and moves away quickly. Feeling no shame, he turns around to find the nearest girl to be his next unknown dance victim.

JACK is still sitting with the hookah group sharing laughs and enjoying the view of the beautiful women on the dance floor. The disco ball hypnotizing those under its shimmering glory. ZACK, has disappeared.

INT. - VINCE'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Inside, everything is expensive and nice. The waiting room is decorated with comfortable couches and matching furnishings. Paintings, thank-you notes, and signed pictures of celebrities line the walls.

JACK and ZACK enter through the front door, the SECRETARY, 33, drop dead gorgeous, greets them unkindly.

SECRETARY
(unhappily)
Hello, do you have an appointment?

ZACK
Yes, we do, 11:30.

SECRETARY
(condescendingly)
Munchies?

(CONTINUED)

ZACK
(comically)
Yes ma'am.

SECRETARY
Okay. I will let Mr. Rouge know
that his 11:30 is here.

ZACK
Thank you.

SECRETARY stands up from her chair and walks down the hallway. JACK and ZACK sit down in the waiting room and watch her walk down the hallway into the unseen.

ZACK(CONT'D)
Man, what a bitch.

JACK
What if he doesn't like me?

ZACK
Then...

ZACK imagines throwing JACK out the window of a very tall building and waving to him as he falls towards the ground.

ZACK(CONT'D)
(snapping out of his dream)
I'm sure he will.

JACK
Really?

ZACK
I guess we'll find out...

The SECRETARY has appeared in front of them, magically.

SECRETARY
Mr. Rouge will see you now.

JACK
(sarcastically)
Great.

JACK and ZACK follow the SECRETARY down the hallway to the large office at the end. The SECRETARY stops in front of the door and motions for the duo to enter. Then, she heads back up front to her desk.

INT. - VINCE'S OFFICE - THE OFFICE DOWN THE HALL

ZACK opens the door and is greeted by VINCE, 40, (Will Ferrell) a very slick dressed, eccentric, pony tail wearing television producer.

VINCE
(enchantingly)
So, this is him, this is your boy
Z?

ZACK
(proud)
Yep, that's him.

ZACK and VINCE stare at JACK for several uninterrupted beats.

JACK
(nervously)
Hey...

VINCE
(loudly)
Hello there!
(to ZACK)
He's exquisite. I heard Grohl's
party was amazing, you're welcome
by the way...

JACK
(softly confused)
Umm?

VINCE
(calling out to Jack)
Tell me how to make something
yummy.

JACK
Okay, what do you like to eat?

VINCE
(impatiently)
Ugh, explain one of your favorite
recipes to me.

JACK
Alright, this one is for hearty
breakfast lovers. I call it the
ultimate bagelwich. First, we take
some ground beef, season it, grill
it up to burger perfection. Next,
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)
sizzle an egg over easy. Then, we top with a thin slice of lettuce, tomato and cheddar, slightly melted. Finishing with a toasty bagel on either side, garnished with ketchup, maybe a splash of hot sauce. My mouth is watering just thinking about it, thee ultimate bagelwich.

VINCE
(yelling and clapping)
Deliciousous!! I just made that word up, for how tantalizingly delicious that sounds. My taste buds are wetting themselves.

ZACK
(persuasively)
Makes me hungry.

VINCE
Amazing! Amazing! I'm hungry too. You're both coming with me to lunch, my treat. It's time we talk about the next level...

ZACK nods at VINCE and JACK looks confused. VINCE storms out of the office down the hall through the waiting room.

INT. - VINCE'S OFFICE - WAITING ROOM

VINCE (CONT'D)
(yelling at the SECRETARY)
Hold all my calls, don't you let anyone call me. We're going to lunch. OKAY? I swear to Hades, if I get one phone call whilst I'm eating, so help me, SO HELP ME!

JACK is astounded, as ZACK smiles from ear to ear. The trio dash out the door in a flash.

INT. - RED ROBIN - LUNCH

VINCE, ZACK, and JACK, are sat at the last available booth. The WAITRESS, 24, cute, comes by to get the drink order. The restaurant is completely full, with people starting to take seats in the waiting area.

(CONTINUED)

WAITRESS
(looking at Vince)
What can I start you off with to
drink today?

VINCE
(looking around)
I'll have a sweet tea, with lemon,
thanks sweetie.

WAITRESS rolls her eyes at VINCE, then turns to JACK.

WAITRESS
(smacking her gum)
You?

JACK
Just water is fine for me thanks.

WAITRESS
Lemon?

JACK
Sure, why not.

The WAITRESS sighs loudly and then turns to ZACK. She quickly is enamored and raises her brow as she looks at ZACK up and down like a piece of meat. She raises her brow again, asking for his drink order. ZACK too raises his eye brows and gives the WAITRESS "the stare down." The WAITRESS is overwhelmed by ZACK, and she looks away, blushing.

ZACK
(mystically)
I'll have what she's having.

WAITRESS
(flattered)
One Shirley Temple coming... right
up.

The WAITRESS leaves the table, turning a few times to look back at ZACK.

VINCE
(loudly)
That's why I love this guy!

VINCE grabs ZACK and gives him a rough, manly shaking hug whilst gritting his teeth in a huge smile.

VINCE (CONT'D)

So, Jack, let's get down to business. Down to the nitty gritty... I like the idea, and I like you. You not only add spice and flavor to the screen, but also to the imagination. But...

JACK

(broken hearted)

But?

VINCE

(insinuatingly)

We have a problem. There's a problem. YOU need to fix this problem, do you know what this problem is?

JACK

No...

VINCE

This problem has a name, do you know what the name of this problem is?

JACK

No?

VINCE

Ever heard of Kyle's Recipes Show?

JACK

(mumbling)

Kyle... Yes, I know Kyle.

VINCE

Now, I had somewhat convinced the higher ups to give you boys half a chance. Then, I find out about this clown. And, I say to myself, ain't life grand. I'm gonna cut right to it. You, Jack. You need to make this problem disappear, like pronto. POOF. Gone. Pay him off. Kill 'em. I don't care what you do!

JACK

(worried)

But, what if he won't bargain?

(CONTINUED)

VINCE
 (yelling)
 Then, no show, no nothing!

The WAITRESS returns with the drinks, restoring order to the table.

WAITRESS
 Ready to order? Or, do you guys
 need a few more minutes?

ZACK winks and blows a tiny kiss at the WAITRESS, and she giggles blushing like a school girl.

WAITRESS(CONT'D)
 Or, you can take as long as you
 want.

The WAITRESS winks and blows a kiss at ZACK.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - EVENING

JACK has just finished closing up and locking the front door. He walks timidly over to the phone and dials a number.

JACK(V.O.)
 (nervous)
 What the hell am I doing?

JASMINE(V.O.)
 Hello?

JACK
 (softly)
 Jasmine?

JASMINE(V.O.)
 What do you want Jack? I'm kinda
 busy living my life here.

JACK
 I'm sorry. Truly, I am sorry. You
 are wonderful and you should be
 treated good, you deserve the best,
 and I'm sorry.

JASMINE(V.O.)
 (semi-upset)
 Just because you say sorry doesn't
 mean everything goes back to being
 the way it was.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
I don't expect it to.

JASMINE(V.O)
I mean dammit Jack, it's not okay
to call me out of the blue like
this... I don't... I can't

JACK
(interrupting)
You don't have to do anything, I've
called to say what I needed to say,
and that's all. Goodnight.

JASMINE(V.O)
Jack wait. I really thought there
was something between us, something
real. I don't know, I'm not going
to waste my life away with someone
who isn't in love with me.

JACK
I still...

JASMINE(V.O)
(interested)
You still what?

JACK
I still think about you with food
in your teeth, and I still miss the
smell of your hair...

JASMINE(V.O)
(hopefully)
And you still love me right...

JACK
Yes, of course I do, I need to see
you...

JASMINE(V.O)
I don't know if we should.

JACK
Just let me come by and make you
something to eat. Then, I will
leave you alone forever if you
want.

JASMINE(V.O)
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Okay?

INT. - SECRET GROW WAREHOUSE - MIDNIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: SECRET GROW WAREHOUSE ON 1ST AND 30TH

BRIAN is showing JACK and ZACK around the warehouse, he personally designed, for growing optimum marijuana.

MONTAGE: BRIAN POINTING OUT ALL THE FEATURES OF HIS GROW WAREHOUSE. WITH HIS HAND HE SHOWS HOW TALL THE PLANTS ARE BECAUSE OF HOW AWESOME HE IS. HE SHOWS THEM WITH HIS HAND HOW SHORT THE PLANTS WOULD HAVE BEEN IF SOMEONE ELSE HAD GROWN THEM.

BRIAN POINTS OUT HOW MANY LIGHTS HE HAS SET UP. WITH PRIDE HE EXPLAINS SILENTLY, HOW HE'S THE GREATEST. SUDDENLY HE THINKS HE'S BEEN INTERRUPTED BY THE PLANTS. BRIAN BELIEVES THEY ARE MAKING FUN OF HIM BEHIND HIS BACK, LITERALLY.

BRIAN

(turning around to yell at the plants)

Stop saying that! You know that's not true.

JACK and ZACK both look at each other wide eyed and speechless. BRIAN turns back around to finish his explanation from early.

BRIAN(CONT'D)

Anyway, I did something a little extra. Instead of just using any old strain, I tried to match the phenotype to the kind of baked thingy it's gonna be made with. For example, the brownies and anything chocolate will be made with Chocolope, aka Chocolate OG. The banana bread, Banana Kush. The vanilla cupcakes, vanilla skunk. I want you to use Golden Goat for the oatmeal raisin cookies and call them Golden "Goatmeal" raisin cookies. That way, people will recognize the word association, okay?

ZACK stoically nods in approval.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(under his breath)
Not bad for an idiot.

BRIAN
There's Sugar Shack for the other
sugary stuff. 100% indica
Blueberry for the blueberry
muffins. I created my own strain,
called "Munchies Cookies" for the
cinnamon items.

ZACK
(nods head once)
You did good.

BRIAN
I did better than that. I actually
came up with another strain
too. In secret. I crossed
Strawberry Cough and Super Lemon
Haze. Thus creating, Strawberry
Lemonade. I want you to use that
hash specifically to make real
infused strawberry lemonade.

JACK
(impressed)
Wow.

BRIAN
Soon, here I'll be taking a
vacation, so I'll be bringing in
one of my guys to take my place
here at the warehouse.

JACK
Where ya goin'? Back to hell...

EXT. - KYLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Knock, knock, JACK lightly knocks on KYLE'S door.

JACK(V.O.)
Just don't know what to say...

KYLE opens the door at this exact moment to take the trash
out. He catches JACK just standing there, looking foolish.

KYLE
(suspiciously)
What the hell are you doing here?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
I wanted to talk to you.

KYLE
(annoyed)
About what?

JACK
Your show.

KYLE
(proudly)
Oh. You saw that did you?

JACK
Yes, I did. Can we talk?

KYLE
(quickly)
No.

KYLE forces the bag of trash onto JACK, then slams the door in his face. JACK quickly drops the bag of trash off to the side and knocks hard on the front door. BOOM! BOOM! KYLE opens the door instantly.

JACK
(arrogantly)
I heard there was a fire at Le
Expensive...

KYLE
Oh, you heard that did you?

JACK
I heard the whole hotel almost
burned to the ground.

KYLE
(quickly)
Yep, faulty wiring... Who knew?

INT. - LE EXPENSIVE HOTEL - KITCHEN - DAY OF THE FIRE

KYLE is in the kitchen with the other chefs. CHEF 3 is behind him with his back turned. WHOOSH! A fire burst out on the stove and CHEF 3 somehow gets his shirt and apron caught on fire.

Trying to put the fire out, KYLE instinctively and stupidly grabs a large pot full of water and throws it on the grease fire. Thus, creating a fire ball that engulfs the entire wall, and almost kills CHEF 3.

EXT. - KYLE'S APARTMENT - DAY

KYLE(CONT'D)
 Anyway, I don't know what you're
 sellin' pal. But, I ain't buyin'.

KYLE waves JACK the hitch-hikers thumb to scram.

JACK
 I'm gonna be getting my show on
 real television.

KYLE
 (offended)
 I've already got a deal to get my
 own real show too! So, see you in
 hell tubby!

KYLE slams the door in JACK'S face again.

INT. - VINCE'S OFFICE - THE OFFICE DOWN THE HALL - DAY

VINCE has his feet up on his desk as he yells into his
 speaker phone.

VINCE
 (yelling)
 WHAT!? What do you mean he's
 getting his own show?

JACK(V.O.)
 I don't know, that's what he said.

VINCE
 Is he insane!? Does he want me to
 kill someone!?

JACK(V.O.)
 (scared)
 Ah... No...?

VINCE
 (long pause, erupts)
 You better hope this is a lie,
 because if it's not, YOU'RE
 SCREWED!

VINCE smashes his speaker phone with the heel of his foot
 repeatedly.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - DAY

JACK looks at the phone and hangs it up. DING! The BLIND MAN from the street walks into the bakery.

JACK
(calling out)
Hey! My friend, I'm glad you came. Welcome to Munchies!

BLIND MAN
(jokingly)
Yep, I guess you could say, I had to see it for myself.

JACK
Yeah, it's not much to look at, but the smells are great. The tastes are even better.

BLIND MAN
(gregariously)
It's like they say, better to look like a fish market, than smell like one. Right? Haa.

JACK and the BLIND MAN share a laugh.

JACK
What can I get ya? We've got infused milkshakes now, too.

BLIND MAN
I was wondering, do you have a "non-infused" selection?

JACK
Of course. Everything we make has two choices, infused or regular.

BLIND MAN
(delightfully smiling)
Just one regular cinnadoughroll for me then, thanks. I'm always hearing people talk about how good they are.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - EVENING

ZACK enters the empty bakery, JACK is on the phone behind the counter, it's 5:59p.m.

JACK
 (on the phone)
 I'll be done around nine... Okay,
 bye.

JACK turns around all smiles, ZACK is staring right at him.

ZACK
 Hi. So, you and Jasmine, back
 together again, huh? You and
 Jasmine...

JACK
 (euphorically)
 Yep. Haven't been happier.

ZACK
 (coyly)
 Ha. That's because you're lying to
 her.

JACK
 (astounded)
 What? I'm not lying to her.

ZACK
 (directly)
 You run a pot bakery,
 remember? It's been more than
 three weeks and I still haven't
 seen her in here. So, what are you
 gonna say when she asks where
 you've been working?

JACK
 I dunno. I dunno.

EXT. - TROPICAL PARADISE - STRAIN HUNTERS EXPEDITION - DAY

The Strain Hunters, ARJAN and FRANCO, have allowed BRIAN to accompany them on their latest expedition into the beautiful wilderness of some secluded jungle.

BRIAN
 Wow, this is so sweet.
 (to a native)
 Ha ha ha, do you like to get
 high? Ha, yeah you do.

(CONTINUED)

ARJAN
(half annoyed)
Brian, come. Leave the villagers
alone, we are almost at the garden.

BRIAN
(holding his head low)
Sorry.

FRANCO
(whispering to ARJAN)
I knew this was a bad idea. I told
you, you should not have let him
pay his way onto this trip.

ARJAN
(calmly disturbed)
I know Franco. Please, just try to
put up with him for a little while
longer. For me, okay?

FRANCO shakes his head in frustration as he walks faster,
leading the group closer to the garden. They come to a
place where the brush is cleared. Soon, they're greeted by
the GROWER, 40, sun beaten.

GROWER
(heavy accent)
I am 30 years. My family has been
here five generations; the ground
is good for grow.

ARJAN
Do you buy your seeds?

GROWER
(proudly)
No.

FRANCO
Did the plants grow here
wildly? Or, did your people bring
the seeds with them.

GROWER
The herb grows here before.

FRANCO
(to ARJAN)
I think these are the genetics
we've been searching for
Arjan. These might be the
originals. Look at the leaf
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FRANCO (cont'd)
structure and the bud
formation. The smell is right
on. I think we've finally found
it!

ARJAN
I think you are right my friend.

BRIAN has wandered up to the top of the hill. He is looking at one of the plants and slips, losing his footing. He falls, rolling down the hill crushing many of the plants in large portions of the garden.

Destroying them further by violently rolling around as he tries to get up. ARJAN, FRANCO, and the GROWER all stand with extreme looks of distress on their faces, eyes wide, mouths hitting the ground.

INT. - JASMINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

JASMINE is watching television and while flipping through the channels she happens to come across JACK'S public access show.

JACK(O.S.)
Welcome to munchies recipes...

JASMINE turns the T.V. off.

JASMINE
(pissed off)
Son of a bitch.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - LATE AFTERNOON

JACK is wiping down the register counter casually. Customers are scattered around the restaurant, a calm atmosphere is suddenly disrupted when JASMINE barges through the front door.

JASMINE
(yelling)
Who the hell are YOU!?

JACK
(shocked)
Uhhh...

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE

(angrily)

Uhhh, how about a freakin' dumbass! How could you keep this from me? A T.V. show? A pot bakery? JACK? I thought we were... DAMN YOU! You stupid, stupid head. Uuggghh, we are through! I'm such an idiot...

JASMINE storms out of the bakery, all eyes on JACK. JACK'S cell phone rings.

JACK

(sadly)

Hello?

VINCE(V.O.)

(furious)

You've been CANCELED!

JACK hangs up. He looks up to see all the people in the shoppe staring at him.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - JACK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The phone rings and JACK answers.

JACK

Hello?

BRIAN(V.O.)

Do you have my money punk? Do ya? Nah, I'm just kiddin' ya though. But, really, you better be getting my money. Seriously, I am so serious right now. Are you getting my money, I mean are you getting my money, Jack?

JACK

(reluctantly)

Yes, I am getting your money.

BRIAN(V.O.)

Good, good. You better be, I'll check in on you later.

CLICK. BRIAN hangs up in JACK'S ear.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(under his breath)
The icing on the cake.

INT. - THE KYLE'S RECIPES HOUR - PRIME TIME T.V.

A large curtain is drawn to reveal KYLE standing at a well furnished, professional cooking show set. In the back, a large "THE KYLE'S RECIPES HOUR" sign glows in neon lettering. The spotlight hits KYLE, standing behind the counter, dressed in the usual chef garb.

KYLE
(genuinely)
Hey everyone! Welcome to The
Kyle's Recipes Hour! On today's
show, we're going half way around
the world! And, on the way we're
gonna make some delicious authentic
Asian cuisine! How does that
sound? Are you ready? Is
everybody ready!?

Audience cheers, JACK, also dressed like a clown chef, comes out of the side curtains.

JACK
(half out of breath)
WAIT! Don't forget about me! Chef
Dummkopf.

KYLE
Hey there chef! We couldn't forget
about silly old you. Come on,
let's go!

Audience cheers as the sound of an airplane flying loudly over head, rumbles the studio.

MONTAGE: KYLE PUTTING INGREDIENTS TOGETHER AND JACK SNEAKING THINGS IN WHILE KYLE'S BACK IS TURNED. JACK SPILLING THINGS ON THE AUDIENCE. JACK PUTTING THINGS IN THE OVEN, THAT KYLE JUST TOOK OUT.

KYLE CUTTING THINGS WITH OVER SIZED KNIVES. JACK THROWING SPICES ON THE FOOD DRAMATICALLY, TO SPICE IT UP A NOTCH, THEN SNEEZES ON THE FOOD, LOOKS AROUND AND STILL SERVES IT TO THE AUDIENCE.

JACK is about to throw a bucket of water on grease fire.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(tauntingly)
There's a huge grease fire! Hey kids, should I throw this big bucket of water on it?

KIDS IN THE AUDIENCE
(loudly together)
NOO!!

JACK
(ignoring their reply)
Okay!

JACK throws the water on the fire causing a large fireball to shoot out. Audience screams in terror. The fire consumes everything. All we see disappears in the red, orange, and yellow.

INT. - THE TONIGHT SHOW SET

KYLE is wearing his normal chef outfit, JACK dressed in his clown chef costume, both talking with talk show host JIMMY FALLON.

JIMMY FALLON
...They're on fire! That's what they are saying, that's what people are saying.
(reading a review)
"Kyle's Recipes, is an hour of my day I don't regret living..." What a deeply disturbing complement. Dontcha think? How do you guys feel, about being on such a roll? Ha. No, but seriously, your show is one of the most popular on television. How do you feel? I mean how do you really feel about your success? Jack?

JACK
(jokingly)
Well, I just try not to let it go to my head... Or my gut. Hahaha.

JIMMY FALLON
Nice... Kyle?

KYLE
First, I just want to say, thanks for having us Jimbo. To show our
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KYLE (cont'd)
appreciation, I brought you a
little something.

JIMMY FALLON
(surprised)
Oh no, what could you have for
me...?

KYLE pulls out a shirt that reads "I HELP PEEPLE!" He hands it to JIMMY FALLON. JIMMY FALLON holds the shirt up to the camera.

KYLE
We... I started a foundation called
"I HELP PEEPLE!" What it does is
it provides the necessities to help
feed people, who otherwise, have
nothing to eat.

Audience claps.

KYLE(CONT'D)
Every dollar of each shirt we sell,
goes to this program. Which is
great because it funds over one
thousand kitchens nation
wide. Just remember folks, this
was way more my idea, than clown
boy's over here.

Audience laughs.

JIMMY FALLON
Wow! Isn't that just great. Isn't
he great!? Check them out online
at I help people dot com.
(nods continuously)

Audience claps.

JIMMY FALLON(CONT'D)
More with Kyle and Jack after the
break.

JIMMY FALLON and KYLE pretend to fall back into some meaningful conversation they were previously having.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - JACK'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

JACK sits up, waking out of his hellish nightmare, face covered in sweat.

JACK
(out of breath, upset)
Stupid dream. Stupid Kyle...

INT. - T.V. SET - MUNCHIES RECIPES SHOW - PUBLIC ACCESS T.V.

JACK is unshaven, dark circles under his eyes, hair tasseled, wearing jeans and a Bronco's t-shirt. He has the most upset look on his face, almost a murderous stare...

JACK
(super unenthusiastically)
Hey. This is a called a bread sandwich... first you get the bread...

INT. - KYLE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KYLE frowns as he watches JACK bomb on T.V.

KYLE(V.O.)
(worried)
Oh no, if Jack is already making fun of himself, I'll have nothing to copy and make fun of on the real show...

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - DAY

JACK is serving customers behind the counter, the line is long. Even though he's doing good business, he's looks like a sad clown. The line moves forward as time progresses through days, sun up, sun down. JACK, forever frowning, monotonous like a mindless worker drone.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - DISH WASHING AREA - DAY

JACK washes the dishes slowly, occasionally mumbling to himself. DING! Someone has entered the bakery, JACK angrily throws the dishes back into the sink. With a deep breath he walks out front, fist clenched.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - DAY

An ambiguous CUSTOMER, struts up to the register happily.

CUSTOMER
(smiling)
Hi...

JACK
(without making eye contact)
Uh huh.

CUSTOMER
(smiling)
Yes, I think I'll have a mocha
latte and a regular apple crumb
muffin thank you.

JACK
(still looking elsewhere)
Uh huh...

JACK slowly types the order into the register.

JACK(CONT'D)
(monotone)
Six eighty one.

CUSTOMER
(smiling)
Oh I'm sorry, can I actually one of
those cinnamon bun things I keep
hearing my coworkers rave about, to
go... Please.

JACK
(typing it into the register)
Uh huh. Eleven twenty two.

JACK just reaches out his hand to collect the money, eyes
still looking off into the distance.

CUSTOMER
(excitedly)
Hey, aren't you that guy?

JACK doesn't acknowledge the CUSTOMER'S question and turns
his back to gather the order.

CUSTOMER(CONT'D)
(too excitedly)
Yeah, yeah, you are him. The T.V.
chef... Kyle's recipes, right?

(CONTINUED)

Red as a fire hydrant, JACK'S picture appears next to the word: infuriated, in the dictionary. Furiously, he puts the order together and slams it on the counter in front of the CUSTOMER, steam rising off his demonic looking face.

JACK
(trying to keep his composure)
No... I'm not KYLE!!

Snarling like an angry dog, JACK takes the money the \$20 bill the CUSTOMER cautiously puts next to the register. The CUSTOMER cowers momentarily, then grabs their purchase off the counter and scurries towards the door.

CUSTOMER
(calling out behind him)
Keep the change.

DING!

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - MIDDAY

SUPERIMPOSE: MONTHS LATER

JACK stands in front of the window holding a large rolling pin, he slaps the end into his other hand methodically. He looks very disturbed, his apron is still dirty from days before. He stares out, brow furrowed, angry at the world.

Two WOMEN, 20's, attractive, walk up to the door, but they suddenly see JACK standing there, stoically. Frightened, both briskly walk away, looking over their shoulders in fear.

JACK
(mumbling spitefully)
...And don't come back...

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The sun has just risen, ZACK and JACK are sitting smoking a bong together. JACK hasn't showered or shaved in weeks. ZACK is sharp looking, sitting legs crossed, arms stretched on the couch, leaning back into relaxation avenue.

ZACK
(taking pity)
You gotta get yourself outta this. It's frickin pathetic.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(folds his arms childishly)
I don't care.

ZACK
(seriously)
You need to, you're scaring away our customers. Moping around every minute. But, that's not the point. Just gotta stop being a damn baby about it. Okay, damn. Just pick yourself up and go forward dammit! Just get up and GO... Take a shower, you stink. Seriously, how is any of this helping?

JACK
(upset)
HOW? I don't know HOW!

ZACK
Then, just get up and turn on the shower on and go with it...

JACK
(disregarding)
Yeah, you say that *now*...

ZACK
The Jack I knew, he would never just quit like a bitch. He was strong, and smart, and funny. The Jack I knew in high school may have gotten picked on, but he didn't just quit, he graduated middle of his class. The Jack I knew, may have been a virgin until he was 28 but that just shows you he didn't quit then. The Jack I knew, was tough, he was a fighter...

A small twinkle appears in JACK'S eye. He picks himself off the couch, and raises his chin at the challenge.

JACK
(invigorated)
Yeah... Yeah! What am I doing? Just sitting here waiting for life to happen? NO! Not this time, this time, it's personal!

MONTAGE: JACK SHAVES, TAKES A SHOWER, BRUSHES HIS TEETH, COMBS HIS HAIR, AND PUTS ON HIS 'NICE' CLOTHES. HE SPRAYS SOME COLOGNE ON, MUCH TOO MUCH COLOGNE, AND HAS TO RETAKE A SHOWER, DO HIS HAIR AND GET DRESSED. FINALLY, HE HEADS OUT THE FRONT DOOR.

INT. - ANIMAL HOSPITAL - FRONT DESK - DAY

JACK walks up to the front desk, where a female RECEPTIONIST, 20, plain, accepts the large bouquet of roses JACK had put onto the counter.

JACK
Please make sure that Jasmine gets
these, thanks.

The RECEPTIONIST nods her head and takes the flowers to the back.

INT. - ANIMAL HOSPITAL - THE BACK

The treatment area is clean, Jasmine is checking on a dog that is in his cage. Other workers are mindlessly doing their respected jobs.

RECEPTIONIST
Jasmine, these just came for you.

JASMINE
Thanks.

JASMINE reads the note attached to the flowers.

JACK(V.O.)
(remorsefully)
Jaz, I was going to tell you. I
just thought that you would hate
me, now I guess you do anyway. I'm
sorry, I miss you, Jack.

JASMINE looks away from the note, crumples it up and throws it into the trash along with the roses.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

JACK is watching T.V. on the couch, the room is dark, ZACK approaches him with an illuminated cell phone extended in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
Who is it?

ZACK
Brian.

ZACK doesn't look happy, he hands JACK the phone and walks away.

JACK
(whispering, to ZACK)
I don't wanna talk to him, I just
took a shower...

BRIAN(V.O.)
Jack?

JACK
(unhappily)
Yeah?

BRIAN(V.O.)
You better be gettin' my
money. I'm on safari now, with my
best friend Arjan, you guys are
gonna have to pay the loan off by
the end of next month...

JACK
(shocked)
But, you said we could extend it a
couple months since you already own
the bakery out right.

BRIAN(V.O.)
Yeah, that was before,
now... Well, I'm probably never
coming back to the U.S. of A. So,
once you pay the rest of the loan
the bakery is yours. If you can't,
I've ordered the bank to seize it
and scrap it. The guy who is
growing for you now is under a
contract that ends if you can't
pay. But, if you can, I have
worked out a good deal for the bud
you guys need. You just gotta
understand, I'm gonna need every
penny I can get.

JACK
(bewildered)
Dude... That's still forty some
grand we owe.

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN(V.O.)
(aggressively)
I know. So hurry up and get it.

BRIAN hangs up the telephone loudly in JACK'S ear.

INT. - T.V. SET - KYLE'S RECIPES SHOW - PRIME TIME

KYLE is dressed in his new, flashy chef outfit, but the frowning faces of the audience tell a different story...

KYLE
(quietly)
Okay... and so, we'll move on
too... the rack of lamb, and season
it with some fresh rosemary herb...
has to be fresh can't be...

AUDIENCE MEMBER #1
SPEAK UP! WE CAN'T HEAR YOU!

AUDIENCE
YEAH!

KYLE
(overwhelmed)
Ummm, okay, so, ummm, okay...

KYLE(V.O.)
This isn't fun anymore...

INT. - T.V. SET - MUNCHIES RECIPES SHOW - PUBLIC ACCESS T.V.

JACK is addressing his viewers after a great show.

JACK
...First off what a great time we
had tonight, shredded steak
sandwiches and chili cheese potato
wedges. I just want to personally
thank everyone for tuning in. I
want to apologize for being gone
for a while. We spend so much time
trying to find the right person,
instead of being the right
person. So I'm going to start
being that better person. If
anyone watching has the time, and
wants to be a better person too,
meet me tomorrow morning at...

INT. - JASMINE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

JASMINE turns off the T.V. where JACK'S show had just been on. She's seen his declaration. Her face shows hope for JACK, she's thinking maybe she was too hard on him. But, then throws the remote control on the bed and shakes her head, she still not convinced.

INT. - OLD PEOPLE HOME - LIVING AREA - DAY

JACK and a large group of supporters are helping old people do their daily calisthenics. Then, they help the elderly with lunch, feeding and cleaning up. All while the news team captures everything on tape.

JACK
That's right gang, keep their
spirits high.

OLD ASIAN WOMAN
You know what they used to call me?

JACK
No...?

OLD ASIAN WOMAN
(erotically)
Miss Nassy... Hehehe.

The OLD ASIAN WOMAN rubs her pointer finger down JACK'S arm slowly.

JACK
(embarrassed)
Oh, okay then...

The NURSE, 33, professional and sweet, is making her rounds to all the helpers.

NURSE
(to JACK)
Is everything okay over here?

OLD ASIAN WOMAN
(innocently)
Can he help me to my room?

NURSE
Sure he can.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
(trapped)
Wait, who can...?

INT. - NEWS STUDIO - NEWS DESK

ANCHOR 1 and ANCHOR 2 are twins, brother and sister, and news cast partners. They seem to do everything exactly the same, even though their sex, is different. They are seated facing the cameras, prepared to launch the news, in 3, 2, 1...

ANCHOR 1
Welcome to the ten o'clock news! I am Anchor 1, and this *is* the news.

ANCHOR 2
Thanks for tuning in, I'm Anchor 2. Top story tonight, do-gooder baker Brown on a mission all over town. Find out what and why. Also, coming up, are you in danger? The answer is, probably.

ANCHOR 1
We'll have more in just a moment, CBD news, Denver.

INT. - ELDERLY WOMAN'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - COMMERCIAL

An ELDERLY WOMAN, 77, sits on her recliner chair in front of the illuminated glow of her television, late night. She's wearing her night gown, and has the saddest look on her wrinkled face.

ELDERLY WOMAN
(bottom lip jutting over the top lip)
I'm tired. But, I can't fall asleep...

ANNOUNCER(V.O.)
Do you have trouble falling asleep?

ELDERLY WOMAN
(nodding)
Yes.

ANNOUNCER(V.O.)
Introducing chloroform sleep-aide!

(CONTINUED)

A masked man appears behind the ELDERLY WOMAN and puts a cloth over her face. The ELDERLY WOMAN instantly falls asleep. The masked man disappears into the shadows from which he came.

ANNOUNCER(V.O.)(CONT'D)
Chloroform sleep-aide! It works
great!

EXT. - SOUP KITCHEN - LINE - NOON

Outside the kitchen a large line of not only needy people, but businessmen and law officials are waiting under the big 'SOUP KITCHEN' sign to get in. All here to support JACK'S cause and get some hearty lunch. News vans parked everywhere, cameramen shooting from every angle. Reports doing interviews with random bystanders.

INT. - SOUP KITCHEN

Cameras watch everything, JACK is happily serving everyone who comes in from behind the counter. Inspired volunteers are everywhere, helping where they can. The place is crowded with smiling faces, some eating and conversating.

A man in the line allows an elderly woman cut in front of him. This starts a trend until the woman is lead to a seat, which is given up to her, and brought a plate of food by the next person in the line. A RANDOM GUY, 51, homeless, stands on his chair.

JACK
(determined)
That's right, keep it moving,
there's enough here for
everybody. Nobody's goin' hungry
on my watch.

RANDOM GUY
(loudly)
This food is awesome!

EVERYONE
(cheering)
Yeah! Hooray!

JACK
(heroically)
Wait till you have dessert.

(CONTINUED)

JACK ladles a large spoonful of tasty looking stew on an empty plate. SPLAT! The line moves single file, very quickly, and those who get their food fill the open seats. People leaving their seats and taking their tray to a person waiting to wash it. And, a dessert table set up on the way out, with vanilla cupcakes wrapped in colorful cling-wrap.

EXT. - SAFARI - LION TERRITORY - LATE DAY

ARJAN, FRANCO, and BRIAN are out in the wilderness. The jeep has stopped and ARJAN and FRANCO are in the front seats, BRIAN is in the back. This is a dangerous place to be stopped, the roar of lions can be heard in the distance.

FRANCO

(pointing at some bushes)
Okay, here we are... This is where the map points. The legend of the Odji Tribe, is that in the lions den, during this week, every year on the full moon the magical cannabis blooms. Last night the moon rose full.

ARJAN

(seriously)
That is what our searches have been for all this time, and a few days ago we came across this ancient map. And now, it has led us to this place.

ARJAN holds up the old looking sheep skin map.

FRANCO

Power beyond imagination. This is the area here, this is sacred land. Go ahead. Check it out. Arjan and I will get the gear, you make sure it's safe...

BRIAN

(unsure)
I dunno...

FRANCO gives ARJAN a look, telling him to coax BRIAN, ARJAN resentfully nods his head.

ARJAN

(like he can't say it)
Don't worry, we're right behind you...

(CONTINUED)

BRIAN
 (wondering)
 If this magical bud really does
 exist, we could change
 everything... Okay, fine...

BRIAN reluctantly jumps out of the back of the jeep and starts to walk toward some bushes. Some weird plant life, nice vegetation, something faintly glowing...

BRIAN
 (Surprised)
 Hey! This looks like something...

Out of no where a giant male lion leaps onto BRIAN and the jeep speeds away, leaving BRIAN and the lion in a dust cloud.

BRIAN(CONT'D)
 AHHHHHHH! AHHHHHHH!!

INT. - KYLE'S DRESSING ROOM - BACK STAGE

JOHNSON, 43, business attire, who happens to be a powerful T.V. executive's assistant, kicks the in the door to KYLE'S dressing room. KYLE is undressing after a failure of a show, he sadly looks at JOHNSON in the vanity mirror.

JOHNSON
 (monotone)
 You're ratings are falling, even
 lower than before. People aren't
 even taking the free ticket
 promotion to get seats to your
 stupid show. You've been told for
 the last time, YOU'RE FINISHED!

KYLE is intimidated, puts his head in his arms on the make-up table, and weeps. JOHNSON walks out of the dressing room swiftly.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! JACK answers the front door to see KYLE standing there soaked by the heavy rain, sad look on his face.

JACK
 What the hell do you want?

(CONTINUED)

KYLE
(apologetically)
I'm sorry J.B. I let it all go to
my stupid head. I was just jealous
that you got promoted. You can
understand that right?

JACK
(forgiving)
Yeah, I guess I can.

KYLE
Do you think I can come in and talk
to you for a second?

JACK
(reluctantly)
Sure, why not.

JACK lets KYLE into the house, they sit across from each other on the living room couches.

JACK(CONT'D)
So, what?

KYLE
(remorsefully)
Well, as you know, I stole your
show out from under you. And, I
regret that. But, now I'm about to
lose my show. The ratings are too
low. So, I was thinking, maybe if
I could come work for you...

JACK
(resisting)
Oh, no, no no no.

KYLE
(puppy dog eyes)
Jack... Please.

JACK
No. I don't know. Maybe in time.

KYLE
Yeah, I guess you're probably
right. Okay, I'll just go.

JACK
Okay.

KYLE leaves with his head down, trudging back into the rain, heartbroken.

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - JACK'S BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

SUPERIMPOSE: TWO WEEKS LATER

JACK is getting dressed. Thirteen cute puppies run around the floor. ZACK enters into JACK'S room almost stepping on them, he has his cell phone up to his ear, surprised look on his face as he hangs it up. He tries to get JACK'S attention as he fights his way through the puppies.

ZACK

You're not gonna believe
this... Do something about these
things.

ZACK gently kicks a couple puppies off his leg.

JACK

What?

ZACK

(sadly)
Brian, is dead.

JACK

(super surprised)
WHAT!?

ZACK

(slowly)
Killed by a lion on the safari.

JACK

(baffled)
You're kidding, right?

ZACK

(not kidding)
DO I LOOK LIKE I'M KIDDING! And,
if you don't get these damn dogs a
new home or a ranch or
something...! Why would anyone
adopt these things!?

INT. - JACK & ZACK'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

KNOCK, KNOCK. JACK and the puppies come racing to the front door. JACK opens the door and JASMINE walks in, all the puppies gang up on her she tickles them.

(CONTINUED)

JASMINE
(like a vixen)
Hey, how about one of your infused
strawberry lemonades?

JACK
(baffled)
What?

JASMINE
Jack, I'm sorry I wasn't open
minded, I don't know what I was
thinking. But, I want to make new
memories with you, not without you.

INT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - DISH WASHING AREA - LATE DAY

JACK is washing the last of the dishes when his cell phone
rings.

JACK
(suspiciously)
Hello?

VINCE(V.O.)
You still want to be a big time
celebrity T.V. chef?

JACK
(unenthusiastically)
What?

VINCE(V.O.)
I'm sure you heard about what
happened to your dear friend
Kyle. Supposedly, the viewers want
you.

JACK
I won't do it.

VINCE(V.O.)
Jack, listen, baby. We may have
had some differences in the past,
but come on. This is the future.

JACK
No.

VINCE(V.O.)
Jack, listen, I understand. Okay,
I get it, okay? This, is just a
once in a life time offer and...

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Twice in a life time... How do I know you're not going to just drop the show if another one comes up.

VINCE(V.O.)

(hysterically)

I'm sorry OKAY!! I'm sorry, what do you want from me? WHAT!? What can I say to change your mind?

JACK

Okay. I'll consider it, on one condition...

INT. - T.V. SET - MILE HIGH RECIPES

A new cooking show set, new outfits, JACK and KYLE have their own individual island counters with an ingredients setup in front of them. The dim lights are illuminated, the curtain rises, and the audience claps.

JACK AND KYLE

Thank you, thank you.

JACK

(vibrantly)

And, welcome, to MILE HIGH RECIPES!

KYLE

Boy, do we have a great show for you today.

JACK

That's right Kage, we're making our special main course deep dish pizza...

KYLE

And, our world famous cheese cake. But, first lets start with a hot appetizer, our boneless buffalo wings, made with real buffalo's wings!

JACK

MMMMmmm sounds good!

EXT. - MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE - SEATTLE STORE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

ZACK stands outside the new Seattle, Munchies Bakery. In his hands he holds a large pair of scissors, ready to cut the opening ribbon. A large group of people are waiting and taking pictures with their cameras. FLASH! FLASH! FLASH!

ZACK

(into microphone)

Thank you all for coming out to support the grand opening of the new MUNCHIES BAKERY & CAFE, Seattle!

CROWD

(cheering)

YEEAAAHHH!! YAAY!!!

ZACK cuts the ceremonial ribbon and the group of people that had been waiting, all try to cram inside at once. The front page of The Seattle Times frames the still image, titled, "Munchies for Everyone!"

INT. - THE TONIGHT SHOW SET

JIMMY FALLON is actually introducing JACK BROWN, and KYLE BASS to come out from behind the curtain. The crowd cheers manically.

JIMMY FALLON

(excitedly)

They've opened another store in Seattle, their first ten episodes broke ratings records... Here they are folks, the chefs from Mile High Recipes, Jack Brown, and Kyle Bass!

JACK and KYLE come waving out from behind the curtains, the crowd cheers louder as they shake hands with JIMMY FALLON and sit down.

JIMMY FALLON(CONT'D)

So, tell me guys, how did it feel when you gave away a third of your profits to charity?

JACK

(folding his hands)

Well James, it felt delightful.

(CONTINUED)

KYLE
(folding his hands)
Unbelievably delightful.

The crowd claps and cheers.

JIMMY FALLON
What do you have in store for us
next? Maybe, a reality T.V.
cooking show!? Where crowd members
are chosen as contestants!?

JACK
(obviously nodding yes)
I don't know.

KYLE
(obviously nodding yes)
Maybe, we'll see.

INT. - EIFFEL TOWER RESTAURANT - TABLE FOR TWO - NIGHT

It's evening, JACK is wearing a tuxedo. He's seated with the ever beautiful, JASMINE. She's vividly stunning in her white, diamond encrusted dress, with matching necklace and bracelet. Across the table they look at each other fondly, stars glittering in the moonlight.

JACK
(sincerely)
You know, you are pretty, pretty,
Mrs. Brown.
(flutters his eye lashes)

JASMINE
(blushing, giggling)
Oh, you. You always know just what
to say, Mr. Brown.

JACK & JASMINE
(like wealthy people)
Ah hahahaha hahaha ha.

The pair clink their champagne glasses together. Each gazing off into the vast galaxy that is the others eyes. JACK and JASMINE are both wearing new shiny wedding rings.

Her engagement ring is a colossal diamond. His hand moves atop of hers caressingly. They look into each others eyes and kiss romantically, while knocking everything over on their table, carelessly.

EXT. - DEEP JUNGLE - NIGHT

The howls of many creatures echo into infinity, as a tiny fire burns in the sea of darkness. BRIAN is wearing the skin of the lion that attacked him on his back. His clothes tattered and ripped, a large scratch across his face and shoulder. He sits with his make-shift spear, in his make-shift shelter.

He eats greedily, the well cooked lion leg, alone. BRIAN'S eyes glowing with vengeance in the flickering flames. He pulls out a small leather sack. Opens it, shinning upon his face, a bright neon green, glowing light.

BRIAN
(evil laugh)
Muhhhhahahahahahahaha!!