|  |
| --- |
| “UNFORTUNATE BONDS”ByMatthew Lovell& Isaac Swift |
| Deadpileup@aol.com |

ext./int. amber bond’s Driveway - NIght

The scene opens with a red camera pulling into the driveway of AMBER BOND’s HOUSE. The car is quite fancy and new, seeing as the owner takes great care of it. Inside the car are AMBER BOND, A somewhat uptight thirty-three year old blonde female and her obnoxious, pretentious thirty year old boyfriend, LANCE DICKMEYER. The two have just come back from a date and LANCE is dropping AMBER off at home.

AMber

(laughing)

I had a really good time tonight, LANCE. You really know how to show a woman a good time. You know how to put your money where your mouth is!

LANCE leans in as if to kiss Amber, she hesitates but allows it to happen.

lance

How about we go inside and finish the date, babe?

Amber

How about I just take a rain check on that? I have a headache anyways.

lance

(scoffs)

You always have a headache. You know what would fix that right?

amber

(exiting the vehicle)

Yeah, to hydrate and get a good night’s sleep.

lance

Come on babe, I want to at least walk you inside. There could be rapists hiding under your porch! I don’t like to say that kind of stuff, but it happens!

Both Amber and Lance are out of the slick hot rod and walking to Amber’s front porch stairs. Lance makes mocking pig squealing sounds like the douche he is.

lance

You got a purdy mouf! I-

As he chases Amber up the stairs, Lance loses his footing, tripping over a discarded forty ounce bottle of Colt 45, flying off the porch and landing on his ankle.

lance

SON OF A SHIT!

Amber whips her head around, surprised.

amber

Oh my god! Lance!

Amber runs over to her fallen boyfriend, making sure he isn’t seriously injured.

A fat, short, greasy looking man of approximately fifty five years of age comes out of the dark of the corner. This man is ED BOND, the estranged father of Amber. He is toting half a Colt 45 that he quickly grabs a swig of. Amber whips her head towards ED, hearing him belching and farting simultaneously.

ED

Baby! Good to see you! Who’s this ass cracker? Why’s he on the ground? Looking for worms, boy?

amber

(horrified)

Dad! What the hell are you doing here? And why did you leave beer bottles all over my porch? My boyfriend almost broke his ankle!

Ed gives out another hearty belch.

Ed

I wanted to come see my lil’ girl! Plus I finally scored a date with some 40’s milf off of one of those over-forty-and-wanna-hump-websites. It didn’t require a credit card so I didn’t have to go through the trouble of stealin’ one.

He hesitates a little.

Ed

(whispering)

It’s been a dry spell.

Amber rolls her eyes and sighs heavily.

Amber

And the beer bottles dad? Why are they all over my porch and yard?

LANCE struggles to his feet.

LANCE

(sarcastically)

This is your dad? Interesting.

ED

Who is this jerk off? This is your boyfriend?

Amber

(ignoring Ed, to Lance)

He’s not my dad. He’s the creep that walked around in my house in his underwear and occasionally sent me to the liquor store to steal cigarettes while he faked heart attacks.

Ed points his finger at Amber, shaking it sternly.

Ed

Those were symptoms of a serious underlying disease! I was going through some things!

AMber

Yeah. People’s wallets.

Seeing he is getting nothing from Amber tonight, Lance caves, claiming defeat.

lance

Well sir, it was very nice to meet you. Honey, I will call you later, or whatever.

Lance leans in for a kiss, left hanging awkwardly as both Ed and Amber look at him. It would appear that Lance has missed the fact that this isn’t a good time for that.

lance

Well, uh…goodnight.

Lance limps away to his car, quite embarrassed and defeated. After Lance is in his car and backing out the driveway, Ed directs his attention back to his daughter.

Ed

That guy sucks.

amber

He’s my boyfriend. Your opinion of him doesn’t matter in the least to me. None of your opinions do really. So what do you want dad? I’m tired and I want to go to bed. You’re kind of blocking me in.

Ed kind of stirs his foot around and murmurs a bit.

Ed

Well sweety, to tell you the truth, I didn’t bring much money with me and I was hoping I could stay the night on your couch if it wasn’t too much to ask.

Amber is quite annoyed. She eyes her watch and sighs heavily.

amber

I really don’t have time for this dad. I have to go to work in the morning and I don’t have the time to baby sit you. Any-

Ed cuts Amber off.

ed

-Look Amber, I may have not been the greatest father in the world when you were coming up, but I won’t put you out. I just wanted to come see you. I’ll stay the night and be gone in the morning. Please? Your old man’s begging you.

Amber hesitates, not sure what to say. Finally she gives in.

amber

Fine. But JUST the night. I don’t want you taking over my house and inviting all your friends over like a teenager.

Ed throws his hand up.

Ed

I swear I will abide by your laws! Gimme a bible!

int. low income apartments – night

In a shitty, cramped apartment, sits NICK BONDS (25), who is very much a slacker in every sense of the word, from the Cheetos dust on the ends of his fingers to the dirty boxer briefs he’s sitting in. NICK is rolling a joint while watching public access television.

nick

Now to just add the glue.

Nick licks the end of his rolling paper while gazing at the television. A local television personality that owns a “New Used” car dealership pops up on the TV.

Lighting his joint with a hand torch, NICK absentmindedly sets it down by his curtains.

Guy Smirkwurth

Do you not have credit? Identification? A social social security card? No way to prove you didn’t just hop over a fence and come to NEW USED to buy a car? NO PROBLEMO HOMBRE! The great thing about our wonderful country that I am proud to be a citizen of is that money speaks! And cash speaks all languages! Better yet, don’t have the money? Come on down to Guy Smirkwurth’s New Used with an item of equal or greater value of the down payment and we will make ourselves a deal! The number to call is-

Nick hops off the couch.

nick

I need a pen!

The curtains catch fire, Nick doesn’t take notice right away.

nick

What’s that smell? I forgot the pizza was in the oven! Wait, no. That was few days ago.

Nick notices the curtains are ablaze and hesitates to take care of the problem. He hastily grabs the fire extinguisher and throws it at the window. Glass breaks, as the curtains and extinguisher fly out the window. The fire is isolated outside and eventually died out.

nick

Wow, that was a close one.

Thinking that he extinguished the problem, he turns around while dusting his hands off and realizes that the rest of the room has been engulfed in flames.

nick

Not cool, man!

ext. outside the apartment – moments later

Three fire trucks are parked outside the apartment, spraying into Nick’s burning apartment. The burned out shell of the apartment Nick was in is pouring out large billows of smoke as it tries to hold its fuel. A beat up pickup truck with utility equipment in the back pulls up and slows to a crawl. The man who steps out of the truck is twenty four years of age, with a thick framed, blue collar look. This person is CHUCK DANDARS, also the owner of the apartment Nick had just caught on fire.

CHUCK’s jaw drops as he realizes that the apartment is his own. He spies Nick and runs over to him. Nick is in his underwear and standing next to SKINNY MAGGIE, a local homeless person.

NICK

Oh hey man, how was work? I didn’t know you got off so early.

CHUCK sways his head repeatedly between Nick and the burning out apartment.

chuck

What the hell is going on? What happened to my apartment?

Nick looks over at the apartment the two shared up until now and pretends to be surprised by it.

Nick

Oh yeah, that…well-

SKINNY MAGGIE

It was those Mexerkin teenagers across the street! Those goddamn, Gonzalerses!

Chuck walks over to the fire chief while Nick sneakily hands Maggie a bag of weed. An angry Armenian man runs over to Chuck and Nick and starts screaming in their faces.

landlord

What have you fuckholes done? You’ve ruined my building!

Fire chief

It looks like the cause of the fire may have been an oven fire. A burnt pizza to be exact.

nick

Nah, man. I burned that pizza days ago. I think it was an electrical fire.

landlord

You son of a bitch! You will pay for this.

fire chief

Well if it does turn out to be an electrical fire then the building owner is responsible.

landlord

No, no, no! You do not turn this around on me. These guys, they’re bad people. They never pay their rent on time. I was going to kick them out this month!

chuck

You didn’t pay the rent again? I gave you the check last week!

Nick

That was rent money? I thought you said give that check to Trent.

chuck

You gave that asshole my $500? Did he even ask what it was for?

CUT AWAY:

INT. TRENTS APARTMENT – DAY

TRENT, (25) carbon copy of Nick appearance wise. His looks are disheveled and is of the stoner variety. He’s playing video games with Nick.

nick

Oh, Trent, here’s your money.

Trent looks at him strange and doesn’t ask any questions.

Trent

Thanks, man.

BACK TO PRESENT:

NICK

No nothing at all.

The landlord is very frustrated at this point, and he’s had enough of this nonsense. It is very evident that patience and empathy are not elements present in his personality.

landlord

Listen to me you two peabrains. I want you out of here, and I mean now. I don’t want to see you losers again!

chuck

Can I at least grab my alarm clock out of the apartment?

landlord

Shove your alarm clock in your ass for all I care! Just get out of here.

The landlord storms off cursing, looking for the fire chief. Nick shrugs.

nick

At least it’s raining.

Chuck stares at his idiot friend and puts his hands over his face and sobs.

int. Amber’s house – morning

Ed, trying to help out in his eyes, takes the old filter from Amber’s coffee pot and looks around for a trash can. Not seeing one, he throws it into a nearby chair like an asshole. Hearing Amber coming into the room, he runs to a chair and pretends to be casual.

ed

Sorry I couldn’t get the junker started, Sweet Pea. That borrowed carburetor from my buddy down at Lucky’s Scrap House finally jumped in the shit house. You wanna make us some coffee?

Amber is very busy and annoyed. She blows her mess of her from her face and spouts angrily at Ed.

amber

Dad, Lucky’s is a chop shop and your ‘buddy’ was probably someone who lost to you in poker and couldn’t front the food stamps.

Ed scoffs at this.

Ed

You really make me out to be a bad guy. A retired veteran!

Amber sets up the coffee pot and goes to sit at the table, sitting right in the coffee filter. She has chosen a white pants suit for the day, coincidentally.

Amber

I’m not making you out to be a bad person, you just ARE a bad person. You do bad things. That kind of sets the definition of the word. And veteran? The veteran of the casino buffets. Two weeks in the army and you still get military discounts for crab legs.

Ed mocks Amber by mimicking her like a child. Amber throws her hands up and goes out of the room.

amber

(O.S.)

Whatever Dad. Just try to get your car fixed today and get out. I’m having Lance over later and I’d rather that you not be here.

Ed scrunches his face up in a knotted grimace.

ed

What’s the deal with you and this Lance guy? Is this one of those progressive gay best friend situations? You cry on each other’s shoulders through Steel Magnolias and dab the tears, eventually it buds into some kind of attraction? I read about that Maury.

amber

(O.S.)

Maury is a t.v. show.

ed

They have words on the screen!

Amber hurries into the kitchen with her laptop back stapped over her shoulder and makes a travel mug of coffee.

Amber

My boyfriend isn’t gay, dad. I don’t know why you’re so hung up on him.

ed

HIS NAME IS LANCE! Gays are okay, but admit it, you can’t trust them. They’re all mean and catty. I’ve read studies!

Amber rolls her eyes at her father’s stupidity.

 amber

Whatever dad I have to go. My boyfriend isn’t any of your business, and plus, it isn’t like you’re gonna be sticking around to get to comfortable with him anyways. Lock up when you go, okay?

As Amber goes out the door, the large brown stain from the coffee filter sticks out very clearly against the white of her pants. Ed doesn’t notice, sighing quite heavily about his situation.

Int./ext. Vacant parking lot and Chuck’s car – Afternoon

Nick wakes up in the passenger seat of Chuck’s truck with the sun beaming on his sweaty, greasy face. He wipes his face with his gross wife beater. Chuck is outside of the car, looking into his side view mirror. He has just finished shaving, rising his razor into a coffee cup.

nick

What time is it? This broken spring has been probing ass all night.

chuck

I have no idea. Around one, I think. I’m probably late for work. Time doesn’t work right on the dash.

nick

Why don’t you just call out? You’re apartment burned down, and work sucks.

Chuck looks over at Nick and scoffs.

chuck

In the real world work doesn’t stop because you don’t feel like it.

nick

(smoothly)

I don’t work at all and I live in the real world. I guess you’re doing it wrong.

chuck

You wouldn’t be living at all if I didn’t let you sponge off me, and I’m getting fed up with that. While I go to work, get off your ass and find us a place to stay.

nick

Pfft, why me?

chuck

Because you don’t have anything else to do and you’re good at making people do things they don’t want to do.

Chuck jumps in his shitty truck and peels off, leaving Nick in a cloud of blue smoke. Nick realizes that he doesn’t have any way to get around, much less a way to get a hold of Chuck.

INT. AMBERS OFFICE – AFTERNOON

Amber walks into the office, greeting everyone as she always does, and starts to realize she is getting strange looks from her co-workers. Her assistant, KAREN, pulls her off her to the side to let her know that there’s a brown stain on her pants. KAREN, (24) is a beautiful African American woman with a mousy way about her.

karen

Um, Miss Bond….

amber

Oh, Karen, I need you to hold all calls until I get out the 2:00 meeting.

Karen hesitates to inform Amber.

karen

Well, Miss Bond I have—

amber

-Karen, I’ve told you to call me Amber.

Karen grabs Amber by the arm and pulls her into the ladies room.

karen

(DISCRETELY)

I don’t want to assume anything, but did you maybe have an accident?

Karen points at the mirror behind Amber.

amber

What in the hell?

Amber touches it to see what it is and quickly smells her fingers. A JANITOR steps out of one the stalls he’s cleaning.

JANITOR

Eww. I ain’t cleaning that up.

amber

It’s coffee. Get out of here!

The janitor leaves. Amber pulls out her cellphone and calls Lance.

AMBER

Lance! Bring me an extra pair of work pants to my work and don’t ask me why.

int. Ed’s car – continuous

Ed is traveling down the road. Suddenly his car starts to make thumping noises and begins to smoke, slowing to a halt where it dies like an old horse. Ed realizes he has jinxed himself by lying about his car being broken and that karma has caught up with him.

ext. highway – continuous

Looking under the hood of his car, Ed is perplexed. He isn’t the best about taking care of vehicles, and there is any guess to why his car has called it quits.

ed

Well fart on my father’s dead eyes. I thought karma was just a stripper I knocked up in the eighties!

Looking around, he realizes it’s quite hot outside and he’s in quite a pickle. He decides to walk a spell down the road, hoping to maybe flag down a car. He walks with his thumb out for a while. A car lays on the horn as it drives by, almost running him down.

Ed screams at the driver as they return the favor.

ed

I hope you drive into a storm of shit! You shit lover! YA HEAR ME?

Ed shrugs off his anger, catching his breath. He looks over at a nearby billboard, which happens to be a New Used advertisement, donning the shit eating grin of Guy Smirkwurth. A sly grin peels across Ed’s face.

int. guido’s diner – continuous

Nick wanders in like a puppy that has gotten lost, not really sure himself where he’s going. He slumps down into the first booth he find and lets out a gross belch. He notices a WAITRESS who is busy with another customer.

nick

Hey! Guido girl! I need some help!

The WAITRESS turns around and rolls her eyes. She walks up to the foul smelling young man and reluctantly opens her notebook.

Waitress

Am I mistaken or are you in here hiding from your probation officer?

nick

Nick throws his hand up mockingly, as if to attest to the truth in court.

Innocent your honor, innocent I swear.

waitress

So, lemon slices and water it is? The sugar’s free.

nick

I ain’t here for lemonade. I just need to use the phone if you don’t mind.

The waitress nods her head over to where the cash register is.

waitress

Over there, and don’t get any ideas with the register, Stinky.

Nick smells himself and shrugs, getting up and walking over to the phone. He makes a fake dive for the cash register, just to screw with the waitress.

nick

(grabbing the phone)

Got ya!

Nick punches a familiar number into the greasy phone. It rings a few times and Chuck picks up on the other end.

chuck

(V.O.)

Hello? Who is this?

nick

Hey man! It’s nick. What’s going on?

chuck

(V.O.)

I’m at work. Why are you calling from Guido’s Diner?

nick

Why do you have it in your contacts? That’s weird man.

chuck

(V.O.)

I have taste buds and a lunch break. Plus they deliver. You know I can’t leave work to eat.

Nick mouths the word “bullshit”.

Chuck

(V.O.)

Have you found anywhere for us to stay yet? I figured that was why you were calling me.

nick

Oh, Yeah!

chuck

(V.O.)

Yeah you found something?

nick

No, I just remembered that was why I was calling.

chuck

(V.O.)

So you haven’t found anything?

Nick

Nah…

After a beat, there is rustling on the other end of the line as Chuck starts to yell from his end.

Chuck

(V.O.)

Hey dirtbeard! I told you to stop coming around here eating out of the garbage! Come back here asshole!

Nick hears indistinguishable yelling on the phone and hangs up.

nick

Work must suck.

Nick goes to sit back in the same seat he was in before. The waitress comes up and brings him a cup of coffee.

waitress

On the house.

The waitress walks off and Nick grumbles.

nick

I don’t even like coffee.

int. guy smirkwurth’s new used – later

Ed gets out of the passenger side of a tow truck and looks around at the dealership. It’s a dodgy as he thought it would look, a fly by night business that picked up steam and stayed around somehow.

towtruck driver

You know you gotta pay for the tow old man?

Ed writes the tow truck driver a check that is destined to bounce. The driver looks at the check doubtfully.

towtruck driver

(doubtfully)

Mrs. Maria Mendoza. I presume?

Ed shrugs.

ed

That’s an old lady. I mean my old lady!

The towtruck driver smiles and takes off. Ed walks up and looks at the first car he sees, a nicer convertible which he would never be able to afford, no matter how many purses he snatched. He kicks at the tires. A heavy set man with a cheap suit and a cowboy hat and bolo tie come walking fast over to Ed while on the phone, this man is Guy Smirkwurth.

guy

Hey greaseball! Quit messing with my car!

ed

(Sizing Guy up)

I assume you’re the weasel that owns this place.

Guy throws on his car salesmen devilish grin.

guy

And I assume you’re the weasel-er-fine gentlemen who is interested in making a deal!

Ed motions over to his broken down shit pile of a car. Guy takes Ed’s keys and rushes off on the phone, all the while speaking quite irritably to whoever is on the other lines. He comes back about a minute later with a pair of keys with a cow keychain with a strange language about it. He motions over to a shitty old taxi. Ed stands looking it over while guy continues to talk on the phone.

ed

This car has blood in all over the seats.

Guy loses phone reception and swears, returning his attention to Ed.

guy

Oh that’s just rust.

Ed gives Guy a looks like he’s crazy.

ed

No that’s blood. Where did this car even come from? It’s about to fall apart.

guy

All of Guy’s New Used cars are handpicked for quality by only best colleagues of mine in the business

ed

(Looking doubtful at the shitty car)

Yeah, I’m sure they’re great colleagues…

guy

Well look buddy, I gotta go call my colleagues back. I don’t seem to get good service out here. If you want the car my sweet little honey of a receptionist up front will take care of you. Can’t miss her, finest ass in the south.

Guy gives a weird wink and whistle combination and walks off, dialing a number into his phone. Ed looks at the car as if it were a giant turd on bald tires. Not far off, Guy has found service and is speaking a little too loudly to the other person on the phone. Ed’s ears perk up as he eavesdrops.

int. Guido’s Diner – later

Amber hustles into the diner in her non stained pants. We she’s getting lunch to go and then she notices Nick out of the corner of her eye. Nick notices her as well.

nick

(Loudly)

Amber? AMBER ALERT, AMBER ALERT.

A mother clutches her kid’s hand. Amber does not seem thrilled to see Nick.

amber

Nick, how unfortunate to see you.

Amber sits reluctantly at the booth with Nick.

nick

How have you been, Miss Moneybags?

amber

I’m doing okay. By the smell of things, you’ve been better. Well I wouldn’t say better.

nick

My shower is broken. And my stove. Oh yeah my apartment burned down last night!

amber

Is that other stuff unrelated to the fire? Is Chuck okay?

nick

Yeah, he’s fine. I’m supposed to be looking for somewhere that we can stay temporarily.

amber

Well, in other bad news, dad’s in town.

Nick sets up and starts doing pantomime air boxing.

nick

Dad? Hell yeah!

amber

You shouldn’t be so excited. Last time you were around dad, you got in a fist fight.

nick

Oh water under the bridge.

amber

Close. He threw you off a bridge into a shallow creek.

nick

I’m not good at these word games.

amber

Don’t get any ideas. You’re not staying there. He better be gone by tonight.

nick

You’re always unavailable to help anyone. You only look out for yourself.

amber

That’s the best line of defense when everyone you know is a total shithead.

nick

We might not be the most reliable people around, but you’re also a really cold person.

amber

(Defensively)

I’m not cold! I’m room temperature!

int. guy’s new used – continuous

Guy is not far away from Ed, who has stopped looking at the shitty taxi and started eavesdropping on Guy’s conversation. Everything Guy is saying is clearly audible to Ed, and even though he can’t make out what is being said on the other line, he can piece together to conversation

guy

(Trying to be quiet, unsuccessfully)

Listen, Ramon. We are both well aware of the risks. The last few times have gone over quite smoothly and I don’t see why anything wrong would go over this time.

There is indistinguishable murmuring over the other line. Guy removes his cowboy hat and scratches his head, revealing a bad comb over.

Guy

What did you just say?

Guy puts one finger in his ear trying to hear his contact better.

guy

I’m a cock eater? Well you’re a cock eater you worm! You swim on back to Mexico in an ocean of shit!

Guy slams his phone onto the ground and begins jumping up and down on it with his cheap snakeskin cowboy boots, smashing it into pieces. Ed taps Guy on the shoulder and Guy swings around wildly, as if to hit Ed in the face.

Ed

Whoa, whoa, whoa, big guy! Take it easy! Take it easy!

guy

Sorry my good sir, sorry. Just a little tensed up. Business deal with a client who is a tough negotiator. Forgive old Guy for getting all frizzle frazzled.

Guy combs his greasy hair back to the side and puts on his cowboy hat. He licks his lips and regains his composure.

guy

So how about that car? Did you make a decision big guy? If you aren’t too sweet on that little ride I’m sure we could find something else around here to temp you.

ed

Look man, I couldn’t really make out what that other guy was saying on the phone but I could definitely tell what was going on. I can tell you right now Mexico is both too much muscle and is pricy. You’re paying for risk you don’t need where you could be dipping into your backyard and digging in more profit with basically no risk. I’ve been in your game a bit off and on every now and again over the past twenty years or so. I think I could help you out.

Guy tries to act surprised for a beat, but the he drops the innocent car salesmen act.

guy

You a cop?

ed

Do I look like a pig to you? I’m just a guy that knows a thing or two about your business.

A beat passes as Guy turns the gears in his brain. He then comes back with a response with a wry grin across his face.

guy

What advice could you share, friend?

int. chubby’s bar and grill – night

Nick has coerced Amber into getting a drink with him down at Chubby’s. This is a familiar spot for them seeing as Chubby used to let them sneak in and drink as teenagers. Amber doesn’t seem excited to be here, but it’s a nostalgic place and she folds easy. She’s also a little soused at this point, having put back a few shots.

amber

I’m gonna let you stay a bit, cuz you’re my brother. You may smell like a pile of shit and are as lazy as one too, but you can stay as long as you like.

She hangs onto Nick as she leans over, unsteady on the bar stool. He’s nowhere near as drunk as her and probably using her inebriation to her advantage.

nick

Thank’s Amber Alert! I knew you were a good person deep down.

Amber starts laughing for no reason.

amber

I wanna go home now. I gotta pee. And dump. Did I tell you Dad got coffee on my pants it looked like I dumped my pants! It made me look like a fool in front of all my supervisors and I’m probably not gonna get my promotion to site supervisor anymore! Ha! I hate my life!

Nick pulls Amber up and starts to lead her outside to the parking lot. She starts to throw a drunk tantrum because she doesn’t want to leave and throws a shot glass at the bartender.

amber

Stop looking at my tits you asshole! They’re not for you! They’re for me!

Nick is highly embarrassed.

nick

I know, you showed him. Now let’s leave.

nick

(To the bartender, mouthing the words)

Sorry man, so sorry!

int. chubby’s bar and grill – continuous

Ed pulls up in a sweet convertible as Nick is dragging Amber out of the bar. He sees Ed get out of the car.

nick

Dad! Sweet!

He drops Amber and she yelps and falls to the ground. The two start play fighting, circling each other and air boxing. One or the other starts to get too into it and they actually start to fight, bringing each other to the ground punching each other. Chuck pulls up and jumps out of his truck.

chuck

What the hell is going on?

Amber manages to get to her feet and stumbles over to Chuck and falls near him. He manages to grab her before he hits the ground. He feels very awkward about this.

amber

Dad and Nick are beating each other’s asses and you’re here too, Chuck!

Nick and Ed have stopped fighting by now, they’re getting to their feet and Ed is holding his back.

ed

Ah, my back! I’m getting to old for this crap!

nick

Sorry dad, you know I always get carried away!

ed

Yeah, to jail. Chuck, I haven’t seen you since you were the size of my pecker!

Chuck leans over to shake Ed’s hand but Ed jumps in for a hug instead. Amber at this point is still on the ground mumbling nearby.

chuck

(To Nick)

So where are we going? We still need somewhere to, you know, live.

nick

Oh yeah, Amber says we can stay with her tonight.

amber

Yeah, Chuck, you live with me tonight.

Amber goes into a hiccupping fit.

ed

Hell yeah, boys! Looks like it’s going to be a good night!

chuck

Sounds good to me.

Amber’s phone starts to ring. Shut up, something is happening. Amber answers.

amber

Hello? Lance?

Everyone is heckling Amber.

nick

That dude sucks!

Ed and chuck nod in agreement.

amber

No we’re just leaving the bar.

(Waits a beat)

With my dad and my brother nick. I only had a few drinks. Don’t be such a whiner.

Amber is staggering trying to put her phone back in her bag.

amber

What are you shitbirds looking at? Let’s move the party to the hizzouse!

ed

Who’s house?

Everyone stares at Ed, who obviously is not up on the modern lingo. After a beat of silence, Ed speaks, changing the subject to cut the awkwardness from the air.

Amber

I’m driving that slick ass whip, Dad!

Everyone looks around nervously

ed

What about your car?

amber

Pffft. I’ll leave it. Who needs it anyways?

Ed shrugs.

ed

Good enough for me.

chuck

Well I’ll drive my truck and follow along.

The group boos Chuck for no reason. Ed goes with it just because. Chuck doesn’t know how to feel about this.

Amber hops into Ed’s new car. Ed and Nick follow suite, Nick hopping in the back and Ed getting in the passenger seat while Chuck gets in his own vehicle. Without warning, Amber throws the car into reverse and peeled out into the street, almost hitting a parked car. She rolls down the window and shouts at the car.

amber

You sack of shit! I’m going to punch you until you die!

There is obviously no one in the car.

ed

(O.S.)

Should we switch?

Amber tries to protest but Ed opens her door and she slumps out into the street. Nick gets out and puts her in the driver’s side back seat as Ed gets behind the wheel. After everyone returns to the car they take off into the night, with Chuck following behind them.

the end