

TOM AND JAKE

by

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EXT. NORTH WOODS - DAY

The sun rises barely bursting through the clouds. A light covering of snow carpets the field and leafless trees. A hunter's deer blind sits in the middle of this wilderness.

INT. HUNTER'S BLIND - DAY

The camouflaged blind allows two hunters to sit inside with room for their gear and not much else. TWO MEN already hide in the blind:

JAKE (20s), bleary eyes and fine features, has coordinated hunting attire which looks like the pictures from a hunting magazine.

TOM (20s), stout with suspenders to hold up his pants, sits heavily in the blind with a tired face and stubble on his chin. His clothes look rumpled but serviceable.

Jake fiddles with his thermos.

JAKE

Coffee?

Tom crouches with his eye to the scope of his rifle.

TOM

Hush, I seen one.

JAKE

Would you move your fat
behind so I can see too?

TOM

You ain't the lead dog, so
your view of my behind ain't
gonna change anytime soon.

Jake continues to look down the scope of his rifle.

JAKE

Let me see!

TOM

I am telling you straight
Jake. Don't screw this shot
up for me.

Tom breaks his concentration to give Jake a "fuck you" look.

JAKE

Okay then, take your best shot.

Jake fakes a loud sneeze.

Tom pulls the trigger. The rifle barrel kicks. A small puff of smoke escapes the barrel.

TOM

You son of a saint.

Tom smiles in wonder.

TOM

Big rack. Must have had a twenty point antler.

JAKE

Trophy? I don't believe you.

TOM

You don't have to believe me, you just have to repeat it back at camp.

JAKE

Like when we were sport fishing in the stocked pond?

TOM

That's right, that bass was twelve pounds.

Jake mimes drinking a bottle.

JAKE

More like 12 ounces.

LATER

JAKE

How long are we going to stay in this blind looking for bucks we can't hit?

TOM

You're just set out to ruin this for me ain't ya?

JAKE

No greater pleasure.

TOM

Why don't you go back to camp and drink with the other beer hunters? Those assholes are probably still in bed.

Jake yawns and stretches.

JAKE

No, I don't need any more beer. I'm still hung from last night. Besides, we might get lucky.

TOM

All right then, let's switch places.

Tom moves his large frame to let Jake have another view of the woods. And Tom's fat ass.

JAKE

Thanks Tom. You think you could spot me a few bucks?

TOM

You can see fine.

JAKE

No, I mean men in your wallet.

TOM

What are you on?

JAKE

The men on paper. In your wallet.

TOM

How'd you know I have pictures of men in my wallet?

JAKE

I was talking about money. Dead presidents. Every man has money. Why, what did you think I was asking about?

TOM

N-n-nothing. Mind your own
business. You hunting or
what?

JAKE

Just looking for a buck...

Jake searches the landscape with a pair of binoculars.

TOM

See anything?

JAKE

I am beginning to see a
little clearer now.

TOM

Could you be any louder? That
way, it's easier for the
bucks to sneak up on us.

LATER

JAKE

Hey Tom. You like naked
pictures of women?

TOM

Sure do! Especially when
they're with a man.

JAKE

Do you like them big?

TOM

Yes I do.

JAKE

The man or the woman?

TOM

(farts)

Did you hear one?

JAKE

Thought I heard one. A buck
snort. Nearby.

TOM

(giggling)

Me too.

Tom waves his hand so Jake can smell the pungent odor.

JAKE

Was that you?

TOM

My bad.

JAKE

That was a pretty high note
for a buck snort.

TOM

What are you saying' Jake?

JAKE

That sounded like a virgin
ass to me.

TOM

What are you talking about?

JAKE

No need to be all anal
retentive about it.

LATER

JAKE

Hey Tom, you want to shoot
this buck? Help me aim the
rifle.

TOM

You're acting like a total
wimp. Can't you shoot your
own rifle?

JAKE

I can but if you could help
me with this, I'll remember
your twenty point buck.

Tom leans over Jake and whispers in his ear.

TOM

This is my rifle, this is my
gun. One is for hunting, the
other is for fun.

JAKE

See. I told you. We just
might get lucky.

Tom and Jake embrace as they slide onto the floor of the
blind. Hunting clothes are strewn outside. The frenzy
increases and shakes the blind.

Nearby, a huge buck mounts another buck in a hip thrusting
frenzy. The beast with eight legs has twenty antler points.

LATER

Still in the hunter's blind.

The two men enjoy an après sex moment. They smoke
cigarettes and drink Budweiser beer.

Tom and Jake dress in suits reminiscent of Pavarotti.
Camouflage hats sit on their heads.

[NOTE: Cue hypnotic BALLAD by Norm Sherman.]

Tom and Jake hear the music. They pinch the cigarettes out
and hide the bottles.

Jake ducks down out of sight. Tom surprises himself with a
beautiful baritone voice and sings with operatic flair.

TOM

(singing)

We are hunters. Big buck
hunters. Party all night. Up
for a fight.

Tom ducks down out of sight, Jake stands up. Jake also
surprises himself with a wonderful tenor voice and also
sings with operatic flair.

JAKE

(singing)

Hunting all day. We say "No
way!" Wake us at dawn. All we
do is yawn.

Jake knows the drill. He ducks, Tom sings. This time Tom wears the heavy chains and attitude of a soulful street crooner. Tom wears his hunting hat instead of the expected pullover hat. Same melody, different attitude.

TOM

(singing)

Old enough to bleed. Old
 enough to butcher. That's how
 we keep the fawns, off our
 fucking lawns!

Tom repeats the drill. He ducks, Jake sings. This time, Jake dresses and sings like a country western singer to the same melody. Jake wears his hunting hat instead of the expected cowboy hat.

JAKE

(singing)

We could hunt ducks. But we
 say "That sucks!" If you like
 to butt fuck, do it out in
 the truck!

Tom and Jack both stand up for the final verse. The two dress in their initial hunting ware. They sing the same melody as a rowdy man chorus. Swaying side by side.

TOM AND JAKE

Deer camp, it's a beer camp.
 Deer camp, it's a queer camp.
 (ad lib)...

FADE OUT.

TOM (OS)

What the fuck was that?

JAKE (OS)

Love?

THE END