

Workaholics Murderball

By

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COLD OPEN

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We open on ADAM chugging a stein full of beer while unbuttoning his pants with his other hand. BLAKE and DERS, accompanied by a BLONDE and a BRUNETTE, cheer him on.

Each of them has a stein of beer full to the brim. A stack of pogs and slammers scatter the table top. They are in the middle of a crazy game of beer pog.

ALL
(chanting)
Pogs! Pogs! Pogs! Pogs!

Adam wiggles out of his pants, they drop to the floor as he finishes his beer revealing his tighty-whities. He flexes.

ADAM
Guys, beer pog is easy.

DERS
You are losing pal.

BLAKE
Guys, how about we call it quits on the antidote & poison re-drink rule. We have been playing for half an hour and Adam is the only one who has had a turn.

ADAM
I feel great. By the way, Adam has to go pottie.

Adam crosses his arms in classic DeMamp style and exits.

BLAKE
(to the girls)
How are you so good at pogs?

DERS
(to the blonde)
Never mind that honey, how sweet is your Vespa? That jacket was tight.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Adam stumbles down the hall, knocking over a chair where he spots a leather jacket and pink motorcycle helmet.

ADAM

Nice!

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Adam stands defiantly before the bathroom mirror wearing the jacket and helmet, face shield pointing up. He flips the visor down, and then back up.

ADAM

(to himself)

Master Chief, reporting for duty.

Adam flips the visor down quickly and flexes.

Adam looks down, a bulge has appeared in his underwear. He looks back up at his reflection excitedly.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The girls are cheering as Ders finishes his beer, shirtless. Blake puffs away on his blunt obviously bothered.

BLAKE

It just doesn't make any sense. How are you this good?

A PRIMAL SCREAM erupts from the bathroom. They all look up as Adam comes running around the corner toward them. Adam charges forward, TRIPS over the chair he knocked over, SAILS through the air, and SLAMS head first into the front door.

ALL

(together)

Woah!

Adam grabs his neck wincing. He groans in pain.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Adam sits on a hospital bed wearing a neck brace. Blake, dressed as a doctor, listens to Adam's heart beat with a stethoscope. Ders sits calmly in a chair reading *Cosmo*.

ADAM

What a crazy night, am I right?

DERS

Yeah, if you consider blowing my chance to bone that hottie with the naughty body last night a crazy night, then yeah; It was a crazy night.

ADAM

Yeah right Ders, like you could have gotten one of those chicks. Don't worry, I'll put in a good word with my girlfriend for you.

Ders sits up straight, puts down his magazine and stares incredulously at Adam.

DERS

Your what? Girlfriend? Lets be real here Adam, that girl thinks you are a royal idiot.

ADAM

Oh yeah? Well why was she all over me last night touching me and stuff?

DERS

Because she is a nurse and you had basically killed yourself in our kitchen, am I right Blake?

Adam grabs the stethoscope and shoves it down his pants. Blake, mortified, scrambles to pull it out of Adam's pants when in walks a DOCTOR. The Doctor looks disappointed.

DOCTOR

(to Adam and Blake)

Fellas, not in here.

(To Adam)

Mr. DeMamp, I will choose to ignore how you got to the emergency room, and simply say you are lucky you had that helmet on.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM
Master Chief son!

The doctor stares at him - Are you serious?

ADAM
(apologetically.)
Sorry your honor.

DOCTOR
As I was saying, you have a
contusion on your neck, which will
hurt for quite some time. Avoid any
strenuous activities, no weight
lifting...

Adam REACTS approvingly.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Avoid sexual situations for the
next week, hetero... or homosexual.

The guys REACT - Say what?

ADAM
Actually, doctor, while I have you
here I was wondering if you could
answer a question for me. You see
my *girlfriend* is a nurse and I
would really like to fugg her, if
you know what I mean.

The doctor rolls his eyes, drops his hands to his sides in
defeat.

ADAM (CONT'D)
So, any advice on how I can, how
would you say, give her an
injection of penicillin... from my
penis?

Ders stands in exasperation.

DERS
Doctor, I'm so sorry.

The doctor seems a bit relieved.

DERS (CONT'D)
She is not his girlfriend. She is
totally into me. What advice you
got?

DOCTOR
(agitated)
I am not even going to dignify that question with a response.

BLAKE
Whoa doc, it isn't like we are asking you to write us a 'scrip for rufies or something. Wait, can you do that?

DOCTOR
(to Blake)
Take off that coat and quit touching things.
(to Adam)
Mr. DeMamp, I'm writing you a prescription for ibuprofen. That is all I am legally allowed to give you because of the comments your suspicious friend just made.

Adam flashes an angry glare at Blake, mimes "I will murder you."

INT. CAR - DAY

Ders is driving the 'Vo, Adam rides shotgun with his neck brace on, and Blake sits in the back pondering something intensely.

DERS
I cannot believe you think that nurse is your girlfriend. Those girls were way too classy.

BLAKE
They were so good at pogs.

DERS
I'll give you that buddy, they were excellent milk cap players.

Adam and Blake share a look - Are you kidding me?

ADAM
Milk caps Ders? This makes so much sense now. You were always a nerd weren't you?

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE
(unreasonably livid)
They are called pogs Ders!

Blake continues to stammer over his words and erupts in an unintelligible scream of frustration.

DERS
What? That is what we called them
at my school. Wait, why are we even
talking about this?

BLAKE
You were talking about the hotties
and how good they are at milk ca...
FUCK!

Adam restrained by his neck brace tilts his whole body to look at Blake.

ADAM
All that matters is that little
dove wants me. I'm not going to lie
guys, she makes me want to play gay
chicken with her.

DERS
That doesn't make any sense, and
you don't even know her name.

ADAM
Yeah I do. Its Jaim... Jessica.

DERS
It doesn't matter, there is no way
that you are going to get a dime
piece like that, especially after
you made an ass of yourself.

BLAKE
I don't know Ders, the way he
Supermanned his way in there like
that, I bet he made Christopher
Reeve proud.

ADAM
(matter-of-factly)
Blake is right, his wife probably
gave him all sorts of puntang after
she saw him fall off that horse.

DERS

It is not going to happen.

ADAM

Is that a bet Ders? Because it sounds to me like it is a bet, and I accept it.

BLAKE

Ders, you are upsetting Adam. He needs us to take care of him. That is our duty as his friends.

ADAM

Yeah, and right now I just want some jalapeno poppers, a pizza bagel and a Choco Taco. Is that too much to ask!

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Adam stands in the frozen foods aisle. He looks at the Choco Tacos sitting above his head. He opens the door and reaches up to grab them, winces in pain.

As Adam grabs his neck, a STUNNING WOMAN rushes over to him. This girl is a ten out of ten and Adam immediately forgets his pain.

STUNNING WOMAN

Oh, sweetie, that looks painful, let me help.

Adam stutters for a second unable to speak as the woman, tall and gorgeous in a model-like way, reaches into the cooler to grab his novelty ice cream. As she does, her perfect rack comes face-to-face with Adam's eyeline: He smiles.

She comes back down with the box of Choco Tacos and hands them to him with a smile.

STUNNING WOMAN

There you go honey. Take care.

Adam smiles like a perv, she walks away, mesmerized by her perfect body in her tight jeans when an ELDERLY WOMAN on a Rascal cuts in front of him.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Excuse me. Could you be a dear and get me that box right there?

(CONTINUED)

She points to a box next to the Choco Tacos. Adam, nonchalantly reaches up and grabs her the box.

ADAM

Here you go ma'am.

Adam, unable to help himself, takes a peak at her cleavage as he hands her the box. He grimaces in silent disgust.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Thank you, sonny.

Adam watches the elderly woman speed off in her Rascal scooter. Adam has a eureka moment, REACTS.

Ders and Blake emerge from around the corner with beer and other junk food.

ADAM

I just stared into the nipples of the future...

Blake REACTS to the reference. Then Blake and Ders look past Adam to see the old lady squeaking away in her Rascal scooter.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(nostalgically)

...hard nipples like magic eight balls full of answers.

BLAKE

Sounds good buddy. We should go, we have work in an hour.

Adam continues, oblivious to Blake's comment.

ADAM

I know how I'm going to get my nurse to play with my slammers.

DERS

What are you even talking about?

BLAKE

(seriously)

You would know if you had ever played pogs appropriately.

ADAM

The answer is simple: The Florence Machine effect, duh.

(CONTINUED)

DERS

Seriously, what are you talking about?

ADAM

I just had the hottest chick I have ever seen help me get my delicious Choco Tacos because I'm injured.

Ders and Blake share a look of disgust.

BLAKE

I think we should get you home buddy.

ADAM

Blake, you of all people should be excited about a nice pair of jugs.

BLAKE

Stop right there mister, I love me some boobies, but I prefer them on the younger side.

Adam now gives Blake the disgusted look.

DERS

What does this have to do with anything?

ADAM

I know how I'm going to win our bet.

DERS

There is no bet if nothing is at stake.

ADAM

Don't try to back out of it now Anders.

Adam pulls out his phone and begins texting someone.

EXT. GUY'S HOUSE - FRONT HOUSE - DAY

The guys pull up to the house in the 'Vo. Karl is hammering away on a ramp in the middle of the yard. He SPOTS them, DISAPPEARS into the house.

The guys exit the car and begin walking toward the house when KARL emerges with a wheelchair.

(CONTINUED)

DERS

You are not serious.

ADAM

Totally serious!

Adam waddles hurriedly to the chair, sits down. Ders rushes toward the wheelchair, bumping into Blake who is staring in awe.

DERS

This is not happening. Now way, no how.

KARL

Blake, you okay man?

Blake reverently steps toward the wheelchair.

BLAKE

It was two thousand and five. Katrina had struck and Relient K had made it onto MTV 2. In those days, a prophet foretold of a time when Adam would use a wheelchair to Murderball a chick. That day has finally arrived.

Blake drops to a knee and bows his head in a solemn gesture of reverence. Karl follows Blake's example. Ders stares.

ADAM

Thank you my valiant disciples.

DERS

You cannot be serious. You are going to pretend to be in a wheelchair to get a nurse to sleep with you?

ADAM

Pfft, who is pretending here Ders? I *am* in a wheelchair. Can't you see me?

KARL

Good one dude.

DERS

I cannot sit here and watch you do this. It is immoral and low. Where did you even get a wheelchair anyway?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Ders, we sat on this very roof
daydreaming about girls giving us
rusty wheelchairs. Now I have the
wheelchair.

KARL

Totes. I got a great deal at the
airport for fifty cents. Oh yeah, I
also got you these.

Karl pulls a handful of gumball machine toys like sticky
hands and rings from his pocket, gives them to Adam.

ADAM

Sick! Prizes!

BLAKE

Dibs on a sticky hand!

KARL

Yeah, its just my way of saying I
hope you feel better. So, that
being said: I hope you feel better.

DERS

Are you really going to stand there
and support him in this?

BLAKE & KARL

(together)

Yep.

Adam SMACKS a slap bracelet onto his wrist and flashes it to
everyone.

ADAM

Being paralyzed rules!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. OFFICE - GUY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ders and Blake sit at their desks. Adam is parked in his
wheelchair; MONTEZ, WAYMAN, and JILLIAN crowd around him.

MONTEZ

Can you still feel your manhood?

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Oh yeah, they said it was paralysis below the hippocampus or something. It means I just can't feel my legs, but my meat stick works fine.

JILLIAN

Good, I was worried about that.

Wayman nods his head in agreement.

DERS

Guys, he is fine. He isn't even handicapped!

JILLIAN

Anders Holmvik! You should be ashamed of yourself! He is handicapable. Right Adam?

DERS

No, Jillian. He really isn't hurt.

JILLIAN

Adam may be tough on the outside but your words still penetrate him. Stop penetrating Adam!

Jillian storms off in anger.

MONTEZ

You know, you could try to parlay yourself into a rusty wheelchair.

Adam and Blake fist bump awkwardly. Montez and Wayman walk away.

ADAM

They love me, like a king on a wheelchair throne.

BLAKE

Wayman gave you his lunch, and Tez was super chill for the first time in like, ever.

Blake grabs a gummy worm from Wayman's lunch and eats it.

DERS

That is because you are lying to them! It is deplorable what you are doing.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Don't try to make me feel bad by
using big words Ders!

Adam's phone vibrates. Adam removes it to read a text message.

BLONDE

(via text message)

Adam, I feel responsible for last
night, how 'bout I toss you one?

DERS

Do what you want, but there is no
way you are gonna lock that down.

ADAM

Oh yeah, Anders? Why did I just get
a text message from her saying she
is going to toss my salad tonight?

Blake and Ders REACT.

DERS

No she did not!

Ders grabs Adam's phone, reads the text.

BLAKE

Really? She said that? In a text?

DERS

See, right here! She didn't say she
was going to toss your salad. She
said she was going to toss you one.
Who knows what that is? Maybe a
cool bud light or a frosty beverage
of some sort. You can't read into
this stuff Adam.

A look of defeat passes over Ders. He stares at the ground
for a moment in silence.

DERS (CONT'D)

Fine, if you guys are using this to
your advantage, I'm going to use it
to mine.

Adam and Blake get excited.

INT. OFFICE - ALICE'S OFFICE - DAY

Ders walks into the office, stands quietly in front of ALICE. The room is silent for a few beats.

ALICE
Busy. Go away.

DERS
Alice, I apologize for the interruption. You see, I wouldn't be interrupting you if it wasn't extremely important.

ALICE
Yes you would. Speak up or leave Holmvik, I have to meet my sister for lunch in five minutes.

DERS
Right, wouldn't want you to be late.

ALICE
You are stalling, spit it out.

DERS
Right, so Adam hurt himself pretty bad yesterday and I think he might be a little too proud to say something.

Alice doesn't bat an eye.

DERS (CONT'D)
As a professional colleague and a friend I thought it was my duty to speak up for him. I think he needs to go home and rest.

ALICE
Oh, you think that do you Anders? Get back to work.

INT. OFFICE - GUY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Ders sits down at his desk defeated again.

DERS
No luck guys. She didn't buy it.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

Whatever Ders. You sure you didn't spoil it for me because you are jealous?

DERS

No, I'm serious. I tried to get us all out of work, but she didn't care.

BLAKE

I don't know Ders, you are pretty jealous.

ADAM

Ders, you have no idea what power this chair holds over women. It is basically a direct line to their pleasure center.

INT. OFFICE - HALLWAY - DAY

Adam rolls toward a water cooler outside of Alice's office. He begins attempting to get water out of the cooler and causing a mess, soaking himself. Jillian notices.

JILLIAN

Oh Adam, let me help!

ADAM

No Jillian. I can do it!

JILLIAN

Right, of course you can. Just know that I'm here to help if you need anything.

Adam continues to spill water everywhere as he waits for Alice to notice him.. Finally, she stands and moves toward her door.

ADAM

Jillian, can't you see I'm struggling, help me!

Adam is being as loud as possible so Alice will see him. He watches out of the corner of his eye only to see her lock her door and walk away in the opposite direction.

Jillian is grabbing mashed cups to get water as Adam rolls away.

INT. OFFICE - GUY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Adam rolls back to his desk.

DERS

Oh, what happened? It didn't did it?

At that moment Alice enters the cubicle with a stack of papers, they all go silent.

ALICE

Do I even want to know what you idiots did to Adam?

ADAM

It was pretty awesome actually.

ALICE

Whatever. Blake, take Adam home. I don't want any workman's comp issues. Holmvik, the dog whistle company we dialed for last week were so impressed with you, they want you to call these leads. Get them done today before you leave.

DERS

But Alice, that isn't fair.

ALICE

Shut it Anders. Do you want a job here or not? They asked for you, they get you. Dial the whole list before you go home.

Alice turns and leaves.

DERS

But Blake can't even drive!

Jillian emerges with a glass of water.

JILLIAN

Here you go sweetie!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Blake, loudly struggling down the street on roller blades pulls Adam in the wheelchair. Adam holds onto some Ethernet cable that is wrapped around Blake's waist.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Its a good thing you keep a spare
set of roller blades at the office.

Blake, covered in sweat, looks back at Adam. Adam didn't hear a word. Adam politely gives him a thumb up, the sun blinds him forcing him to squint.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

A COMIC BOOK STORE CLERK carrying a giant box moves a display out of Adam's way. He walks back to Blake who is waiting at the counter, and sets them down.

COMIC BOOK STORE CLERK

I haven't sold a pog since 1993.
You said you play beer pong with
these?

BLAKE

No, not beer pong. Beer Pog. Don't worry, I got it confused too once. That is why I invented Beer Pog, some of the best inventions come from confusion. So anyway like I was saying, these girls are way good at Pogs.

COMIC BOOK STORE CLERK

Look this is all we have. Do you want 'em?

BLAKE

How much would a treasure trove like that run a dude?

COMIC BOOK STORE CLERK

I'll give you the whole lot for five bucks.

BLAKE

(like a baller)

Do you accept cash?

Blake pulls out five one dollar bills. The Comic Book Store Clerk gives him a glare of disapproval.

(CONTINUED)

Adam, where we left him, is staring at a Manga style comic book with all of the attention he can muster. Blake walks over with the giant box.

BLAKE

Adam, I totally scored! I have like a million pogs and slammers here!

Adam doesn't hear him. Blake nudges Adam, but he doesn't move.

ADAM

Have you ever seen such giant knockers in all of your life?

Blake looks at the magazine and smiles.

BLAKE

Those are pretty nice, but I could draw bigger. Lets go home and I'll show you.

ADAM

No. I can't leave. Not until I have saved these images into my spank bank. And there are a lot of images to save Blake.

BLAKE

Adam, come on buddy. I gotta get these organized so I can strategize on how to battle that ninja vixen tonight.

ADAM

No, I'm not going! I want to stay here!

Blake sets the box of pogs in Adam's lap and starts pushing him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

No! I am not leaving!

Blake ignores him prompting Adam to CHUCK the box of pogs on the ground scattering them everywhere. Blake GASPS in shock.

BLAKE

Are you happy Adam? Did you get what you wanted?

Blake gets on his hands and knees and scoops pogs and slammers into the box. Adam reluctantly gets out of the wheelchair and joins him.

(CONTINUED)

The Comic Book Store Clerk rushes to help them.

COMIC BOOK STORE CLERK
Are you guys okay? I heard a...

He stops in his tracks when he sees Adam out of the wheelchair. He holds his hands out - WTF?

EXT. GUY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Ders pulls up in the 'Vo. He steps out and looks exhausted. As he approaches the front door, he finds Karl sitting on the porch eating some chicken.

KARL
Be careful in there, its basically prom night.

DERS
That better not be my chicken.

KARL
Oh, hey Ders. Sorry I didn't see you walk up.

Ders ignores him, walks in the house.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

As Ders enters his house, he finds Blake basically naked on the couch across from the Brunette who is stacking pogs like poker chips.

Adam is sitting shirtless in his wheelchair, the Blonde nurse draped across him in his lap.

DERS
What the hell is going on in here?

ADAM
Ders! Welcome home. You remember Jessica and... her friend. Don't ya?

Blake waves to Ders without looking away, focusing all of his attention on the game at hand.

DERS
Yeah yeah, hi. Thanks for leaving me at work all day, bodaggits.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

No, thank you for getting us out of work early. I was wrong about you Ders.

Ders, gives up, walks away.

BRUNETTE

(to Blake)

You know, the way you keep losing, I would assume you didn't want to win.

BLAKE

Oh, trust me chica. I want to win so hard. So, so hard right now!

The Brunette smiles and perks up, misinterpreting his comment as a come on.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ders pulls an empty box of chicken out of the fridge.

DERS

Filthy gutter trash!

EXT. GUY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Ders flings the door open and storms out to find Karl picking his teeth with a chicken bone.

DERS

You no good, lousy, mooch! You ate my chicken!

KARL

Woah, I did? I'm sorry Ders. I thought this was my chicken.

DERS

Right. Like I'm going to believe a homeless criminal drug dealer like you had chicken in my fridge. You can't even afford chicken.

Karl scratches his head in confusion.

KARL

I don't know what to tell you Anders. I would never eat another

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KARL (cont'd)
man's chicken. That is sacred
ground. I'm sorry.

DERS
Just do us all a favor and kill
yourself.

Karl stands up, and walks away like a sad puppy.

DERS (CONT'D)
And you owe me some chicken!

Ders stops his rant, smiles, turns, and enters the house.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ders enters, scans the room for Adam but only Blake and the
Brunette remain.

DERS
Where is he?

BLAKE
They went to his room. Now let me
focus!

Ders storms off. Blake remains poised and half naked on his
couch.

BRUNETTE
You know, maybe we should go to
your room.

Blake perks up at her suggestion.

BLAKE
Good point. I have something I want
to show you in there anyway. I
think you are going to be impressed
when you see it.

BRUNETTE
Wow. I like the sound of that.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - BLAKE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Blake and the Brunette enter his room. He escorts her to the
bed, she sits down.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Alright, now close your eyes. Full disclosure, it is pretty big so don't be too scared.

BRUNETTE

Blake, I thought this was never going to happen.

Blake reaches for something behind him, hides it behind his back.

BLAKE

Alright, now open them.

As she opens her eyes, Blake pulls out a giant neon tube full of pogs.

BRUNETTE

Oh... wow.

BLAKE

Yeah, I told you it was huge. I got a steal of a deal on them.

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - ADAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Adam sits in his wheelchair in nothing but his underwear, the Blonde in his lap.

ADAM

I'm not going to lie, I'm fully torqued right now. You did that to me.

BLONDE

You know I couldn't help but think about the promise I made you today.

She stands up and pulls her shirt off. Only a bra remains between Adam and his destiny.

ADAM

Yeah, I didn't know you were that type of girl to you know, do that.

BLONDE

I can't help it. I just feel so bad for helpless people like you or my patients. I see it as an opportunity to take their minds off of their pain.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

You do this a lot? That's cool.
Are you strong enough to pick me
up and bend me over the bed?

She looks confused

ADAM (CONT'D)

You know, for the toss...

The door bursts open and in walks Ders. The Blonde covers herself with her shirt.

ADAM

Ders, what are you doing in here
man?

DERS

Sorry to interrupt, but I thought,
you know, since you liked this girl
so much you wanted to give her the
"special treatment".

BLONDE

Oh, I like the sound of that.

DERS

Oh you will honey, I promise. You
see, one of Adam's favorite things
to do, is play gay chicken. He
finds girls love it.

ADAM

Ders is kidding. He's a kidder.
Aren't you Ders?

Ders leans in close to Adam.

DERS

(whispering)

Say goodbye to your rusty
wheelchair pal.

BLONDE

Okay, this is getting interesting.

DERS

Just watch and see, who is manly
enough to play a bit of... gay
chicken.

Ders places his hand on Adam's knee. Adam tenses a bit as
Ders slowly moves his hand up his thigh. The Blonde seems
really into it so Adam strengthens his resolve.

(CONTINUED)

ADAM

I don't back down. I am pretty stubborn, that is something you will learn about me. That is why my dad used to call me jackass. 'Cause they are stubborn.

Ders forces himself to run his hand over Adam's underwear and gently stroke his crotch when suddenly, Adam GRUNTS having blown his load.

A long beat passes, Ders stares at Adam unsure of how to react. Adam does his best to hide his mishap from the Blonde.

Ders shudders and runs out of the room gagging.

ADAM

I guess I win then, don't I?

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENT'S LATER

Ders bursts into the living room still revolted when he trips over the same chair Adam did, SAILS through the air, and SLAMS head first into the door, PUNCHING a hole right through it with his head.

Ders pushes himself back into the living room floor and rolls over on his back grimacing in pain.

DERS

Adam? Blake? Karl? Anybody?

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. GUY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ders lays on the living room floor whimpering in pain and unable to move. When off in the distance we hear:

ADAM

NUMBER SIX!

Ders sobs a little to himself at this revelation, when Adam slides into the room at full speed his neck brace missing.

ADAM

Ders, I owe it to you buddy! I never would have lasted those three

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADAM (cont'd)
glorious minutes if you hadn't
given me a "pre-game warm up".

Ders continues to sob in pain and defeat.

Suddenly, Blake bursts into the room and howls like a wolf.

BLAKE
NUMBER ONE! I slammed her! I did
it. We did. She and me.

Blake and Ders both pause on Blake for a moment.

ADAM
Nice! Way to go man!

DERS
I would applaud you right now, but
I can't feel my arms.

The two girls come into the room half dressed.

BLONDE
Oh no, what happened?

She runs over to Ders to take care of him, gently caresses
his hair.

DERS
I fell and hit my head.

BLONDE
You poor baby.

Adam begins to tense up in anger.

ADAM
Don't you do this to me Ders! He's
a faker!

DERS
I hurt too much to even argue.

Ders whimpers again and begins to pass out.

ADAM
Oh, maybe he is hurt.
(to ders)
Oh yeah, this may not be a good
time to mention it buddy, but I ate
your chicken. I thought it was
Karl's. My bad.

CONTINUED:

26.

END TAG