

AFTER SCHOOL SPECIAL

written by

David H. Steinberg

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

December 21, 2001

**FADE IN:**

**1 INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY 1**  
As we wind down the crowded hallway in this typical American high school...

**1A ANOTHER CORRIDOR 1A**  
...we hear all the sounds of a STANDARD PORNO FLICK, from the unenthusiastic screams of fake ecstasy to the cheesy music.

**1B INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - AUDITORIUM - DAY 1B**  
The sounds echo in the empty hall. Behind the stage a light from an open door...

**MATT (O.S.)**  
This is unwatchable. It's not even in focus. And geez, look, the boom mike is in the shot. This is really shoddy work.

**1C INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - A/V ROOM - DAY 1C**  
The door leads into this room, as we continue on to a TV MONITOR displaying a sweaty guy's ugly face.

**DEACON (O.S.)**  
Why do they always show the guy's face? It's like, can't we just assume he's enjoying it?

We slowly PULL BACK from the TV.

**FRED (O.S.)**  
Because they're trying to make us feel like we're better looking than that guy, so we should be able to get chicks as hot as her.

**DEACON (O.S.)**  
How the hell do you know?

**FRED (O.S.)**  
It's a basic rule of porno.

Finally, we REVEAL our three heroes: MATT, FRED, and DEACON. They're watching the porno...

**2 INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - A/V ROOM - DAY 2**  
... before school with the sound turned way down, but you can still hear the porno. The three guys are sitting with their book bags on their laps to conceal any possible bonerage.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**2.**

**DEACON (V.O.)**

It all started on my seventeenth birthday  
with our usual morning routine: film  
appreciation.

The school bell RINGS and Deacon clicks off the TV.

**FRED**

Deacon! What are you doing? I was  
watching that.

**DEACON**

Come on, let's go. We're going to be  
late.

**DEACON (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

And when I say film appreciation, I mean  
film duplication. Fred steals them, Matt  
copies them, and I sell them.

Matt walks over to the TV and presses eject on five VCR's.  
The original plus four copies pop out.

CLOSE ON the original tape: "Ramalot Productions presents  
Dirty Darla #7," as Matt hands it to Fred and the copies to  
Deacon. They smile.

**3 INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY**

**3**

The guys are waiting in line for lunch.

**DEACON (V.O.)**

Fred's the kind of kid who's basically  
given up on high school. He figures his  
glory days are way ahead of him.

**FRED**

First, I go to Yale, then Harvard law,  
then when I'm making a hundred grand a  
year, I'll have a whole stable of hot  
chicks sitting around topless on my  
yacht.

He smiles ears to ear, looking for approval.

**MATT**

(to Deacon)  
Will that work?

**DEACON**

(to Fred)  
You are a complete moron.

Deacon and Matt walk off. Fred calls after them.

**FRED**

What?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**3.**

**4 INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY**

**4**

The video monitors up and down the hallways display an image  
that reads "Fifteen Days Till Midterms."

Fred sees two AMAZING GIRLS walking towards him.

**DEACON (V.O.)**

Until that big payday, Fred's sex life  
consists of spanking it.

**AMAZING GIRL**

That test was sooo hard.

That's too much for Fred to take. He adjusts his pants, turns

ninety degrees, and makes a beeline for:

5 **INT. BOYS' BATHROOM - DAY** 5  
Fred looks under the stalls to make sure no one's in there,  
then enters a stall and locks the door.  
He puts his book bag down, then places a protector on the  
toilet seat and sits down. He pulls a large wad of toilet  
paper off the roll. Then, from out of the book bag, Fred  
pulls a bottle of Moisty-Mate hand lotion. He smiles.

6 **INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY** 6  
Fred is walking to class when he spots a HOT GIRL, rubbing a  
stain off of her shirt. Another HOT GIRL grabs her arm.  
**HOT GIRL**  
We're going to be late. Are you coming?  
Fred perks up.

7 **INT. BOYS' BATHROOM - DAY** 7  
Fred walks into the stall and grabs the toilet protector.  
**DEACON (V.O.)**  
Fred averages two to five time a day,  
depending on how many girls he sees in  
the hallway.

8 **INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY** 8  
Matt is videotaping the students (including J.T. and Mark)  
running down the hallway to class. Fred watches.  
**DEACON (V.O.)**  
Now Matt-- Matt's what you'd call a late  
bloomer. Secretary of the Audio Visual  
Club, amateur filmmaker, and complete  
dork.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT** 4.

J.T. and Mark grab Matt's camera and film each other flipping  
him off. Matt grabs it back and the Twins walk away laughing.  
Fred shakes his head.

**FRED**  
What are you doing?

**MATT**  
All great directors start this way. I'm  
documenting the essence of high school.  
Teenagers running to meet their destiny  
only to find it's just home room. It's  
very existential.

**FRED**  
So's my balls. See you later.

9 **OMITTED** 9  
10 **INT. OUTSIDE THE LOCKER ROOMS - DAY** 10  
Matt trudges into the locker room area, holding a towel to  
his bloody nose.

**DEACON (V.O.)**  
In the normal course of things, Matt  
probably wouldn't even have been our  
friend, but Fred likes having someone to  
boss around, and I think Matt's actually

pretty cool once you get to know him.  
Just then, the burly GIRLS' SWIM TEAM COACH comes out of the girls' locker room. She walks by Matt without noticing, and the door to the locker room closes slowly.  
Matt's attention is drawn to it. The door stops with a CREAK, a sliver of daylight still visible.  
Matt shakes his head and starts to walk away towards the boys' locker room. Then, he stops. He's torn. He's still too immature to really be interested, but he thinks he should be. He looks around quickly, then slowly approaches the door. He turns his head sideways, and places it up against the crack.

10A **MATT'S POV**

10A

The proverbial jackpot. Teenage girls changing. Bras. Panties. Towels...

10B **REVERSE ANGLE**

10B

Matt's eyes widen. And then, they CLOSE TIGHT. He quickly scurries away.

**DEACON (CONT'D; V.O.)**

Well, at least he's got the key to the A/V room.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

5.

11 **INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY**

11

Deacon talks quietly to a DORKY FRESHMAN.

**DEACON**

Dirty Darla #7 is a modern classic. This is grade-A porn, my friend. Worth a lot more than twenty dollars.

**DORKY FRESHMAN**

Sweet.

He hands him the money and Deacon makes the exchange for the tape. The freshman clutches it like gold and scurries away. Deacon heads out down the hallway towards his locker. He sees a gaggle of teenage GIRLS gossiping.

**DEACON (V.O.)**

People always talk about how tough it is being a teenage girl. I mean, if I have to watch one more TV movie about bulimia or self mutilation or vaginal dryness...

Deacon reaches his locker and opens it. He sees some CHEERLEADERS bouncing down the hallway. Deacon takes out some books for class.

**DEACON (CONT'D; V.O.) (CONT'D)**

I'll tell you what's really hard. Being a seventeen year old boy. Imagine what it's like to have only one thing on your mind all day, every day, but to have absolutely no way of getting it.

12 **INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY**

12

CLOSE ON a textbook showing the anatomy of the vagina. PULL BACK to reveal Deacon, seemingly staring into space, but really staring at...

**DEACON (V.O.)**

Testosterone is a drug more powerful than heroin. I don't really have any evidence to support that, but the point is, a horny teenage boy will do almost anything for even a glimpse of sex.

... his BIOLOGY TEACHER's erect NIPPLES visible through her conservative bra and blouse. Aside from her flashing headlights, she's the kind of woman you wouldn't notice even if you were alone with her on a two-man luge. But that doesn't matter-- Deacon can't take his eyes off of them.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**6.**

**BIOLOGY TEACHER**

(in the background)

... the increase in the hormone testosterone causes certain physiological changes in the adolescent male...

**DEACON (V.O.)**

We're suffering. Suffering from a deep, debilitating addiction to something we've never even had. Teenage boys are like time bombs, ready to explode.

**BEHIND DEACON**

Two GUYS are whispering.

**GUY 1**

Did you hear about Rachael?

**GUY 2**

No, what happened?

**GUY 1**

John Baldwin nailed her.

Deacon bolts upright and spins around, concerned.

**DEACON**

Are you talking about Rachael Unger?

**GUY 1**

Yeah. It was at Richard Rosenblatt's party. In the bathroom.

**DEACON**

(crushed)

You're kidding.

**13 INT. DEACON'S BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

**13**

RACHAEL UNGER, Deacon's girlfriend at the time, is naked under Deacon's sheets after school one day. Deacon ENTERS from the bathroom and is immediately surprised by her state of undress.

**DEACON**

Rachael! What are you doing?

She sits up and strikes a sexy pose.

**RACHAEL**

We've been together for a year now, and I thought it was time to take our relationship to the next level.

Deacon is becoming very nervous.

DEACON

Now?

RACHAEL

You've been talking about this for months.

DEACON

I didn't think you were listening to me. Suddenly, Rachael becomes a little self-conscious.

RACHAEL

Don't you want to?

DEACON

Of course I do. But, I, um... I don't have anything...

She pulls out a condom.

RACHAEL

I do.

But he's still hesitating.

RACHAEL (CONT'D)

Deacon, what's the problem?

Deacon looks at her waiting there for him, his for the taking. An eternity passes. Then,

DEACON

I have a math test tomorrow.

14 INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY (END FLASHBACK) 14

The Teacher CLEARS HER THROAT and Deacon snaps out of it. He turns away from the guys behind him as they continue to describe the John Baldwin incident.

DEACON (V.O.)

"I have a math test tomorrow." The bottom line is, I just couldn't do it. I don't know why, I just couldn't. And I've cursed myself every day since then.

Deacon is suddenly...

15 INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY 15

... very depressed as he trudges to his locker. Which is nothing compared to how he feels when he looks

DOWN THE HALLWAY

and sees Rachael at her locker, hugging some people good-bye (including a good-looking guy who must be JOHN BALDWIN). Rachael looks down the hallway towards Deacon, but Deacon ducks away.

Now he's even more embittered.

16 EXT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY 16

Fred and Matt are walking towards their bikes after school.

FRED

Did you videotape it?

MATT

(sarcastically)  
Yeah. I took my camera to gym class with me.

**FRED**

You are the biggest moron I have ever known.

Just then, Deacon comes up to them.

**DEACON**

Hey, guys. Here's the money.

He hands out the proceeds from the operation, and Matt notices that Deacon is a little out of sorts.

**MATT**

Something wrong?

Deacon lets out a deep breath.

**DEACON**

Yeah. I heard Rachael Unger did it with John Baldwin.

**FRED**

Well, you had your chance. I told you to seal that deal.

**DEACON**

Shut up, Fabio. I don't see you sealing any deals.

**FRED**

I'm biding my time.

**DEACON**

Whatever. It just wasn't good timing.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**9.**

**FRED**

It doesn't get any better than that. You and Rachael were perfect for each other. And naked girls don't just appear out of thin air.

(scoffs)

"I have a math test tomorrow."

**DEACON**

Will you shut up already?

(beat)

Look, I've been thinking about this all day. We're juniors now. Upperclassmen.

**MATT**

So?

They reach the bike rack and start unlocking their bikes.

**DEACON**

So we have a responsibility to ourselves to start having fun and getting girls.

This year is our year.

(takes the chain off his bike)

There's nothing holding us back any more.

Over in the parking lot, JAKE, a studly senior, revs the engine on his truck. Two hot girls, KELLY and WENDY, sit on his bumper, chatting.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

You see? That's exactly what I'm talking about. That could be us.

**FRED**

That's not going to be us this year, or next year, or any year, ever.

**DEACON**

Why not? All we have to do is follow the simple lessons of Tony Montana in "Scar Face."

**MATT**

Ooh. Good movie.

**DEACON AND MATT**

(with Cuban accents)

"First you get the money, then you get the power, then you get the women."

**FRED**

So, we're going to become Cuban drug lords?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**10.**

**DEACON**

Listen, the porno pirating operation is bringing in plenty of money. When I get my new car tonight for my birthday, we'll have the power to go wherever we want. Then, there's nothing stopping us from getting the girls.

Fred and Matt look at Deacon warily. Is this a plan? Then, the hot girls and Jake drive past the guys.

**JAKE**

Bye, Sphincter!

They laugh, then peel out with the radio blasting.

**FRED**

Nothing's going to change, Deacon. You're still going to be the kid who shit his pants in fifth grade and no one will ever let you forget it.

**DEACON**

I had a stomach virus, asshole.

Just then, a super hot CHEERLEADER drops her car keys and bends over to pick them up.

**FRED**

Oh, that's just not fair.

Fred adjusts himself.

**17 OMITTED**

**17**

**18 INT. VIDEO CASA DEL RUSS A.K.A. RUSS'S VIDEO MAGIC - DAY**

**18**

Fred arrives dressed for work (name tag, shirt, etc.) and waves to RUSS, the scraggly owner of this small video rental store.

Fred passes J.T., Mark, Wendy, and Kelly and a bunch of other CUSTOMERS on his way to the back section of the store.

**ADULT SECTION**

Fred makes sure Russ isn't looking and ducks into the porno section. Hurriedly, he pulls out "Half-Cyborg 5: Final Showdown" from his book bag. But inside the case is the tape for "Dirty Darla #7." He makes the switch. Fred sighs a breath of relief, smiles, and walks out of the adult section...

**MAIN AREA**

...right into...

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**11.**

**RUSS**

Gotcha!

Fred SCREAMS.

**RUSS (CONT'D)**

I've been watching you.

Russ grabs Fred by the shoulders and throws him up against the shelf, shaking him with every word.

**RUSS (CONT'D)**

Those movies aren't for little monkey-boys!

**FRED**

Aaaaaahhhhhhhh!

The Customers stop to stare at the scene. Fred breaks free, and Russ chases after him.

**RUSS**

Come back here, you bastard!

Russ runs after him and DIVES at Fred's legs, knocking him and entire shelf of tapes over. The tape FLY EVERYWHERE. Fred is still SCREAMING.

Russ starts shouting at Fred so that everyone can hear. A crowd gathers around to watch the spectacle.

**RUSS (CONT'D)**

What else you got in here?

Russ rips open Fred's bag and pulls out items, looking for more tapes. Fred tries to stop him, but the old man has an iron grip and keeps him away.

Fred cringes as Russ exposes porno magazines, kleenex tissues, baby wipes, the bottle of Moisty-Mate Firming Lotion, Q-tips, women's sexy underwear, surgical gloves... Wendy and Kelly are completely grossed out.

**RUSS (CONT'D)**

(totally confused)

What's this for?

...and a Barbie-type DOLL with a pullstring. Russ pulls it.

**DOLL**

I'm Candy. Let's play dress-up.

The crowd is now seriously disturbed.

**MARK**

Dude.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**12.**

19 Fred sits there, whimpering on the ground. 19  
**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY**  
Deacon drives the DMV Tester Car under the watchful eye of  
the DMV TESTER.

**DEACON**  
And I signal exactly two hundred feet  
before the turn. Rule 108-1.  
The unimpressed Tester remains expressionless.

**DMV TESTER**  
Great. Now after the right, I want you to  
parallel park in the open space.  
Deacon complies.

**DEACON**  
I begin the parallel parking maneuver by  
pulling within three feet of the forward  
vehicle. I now shift into reverse while  
turning the wheel two revolutions  
clockwise...  
The Tester rubs his brow.

20 **INT. DMV - DAY** 20  
**FLASH!**  
Deacon's picture is taken. He passed.

21 **OMITTED** 21

22 **INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - DAY** 22  
It's dark, but suddenly the lights come on.

**EVERYONE**  
Surprise!  
Deacon pretends to be surprised.

**DEACON**  
Wow. This is great.  
The room is sparsely populated with a few of Deacon's  
RELATIVES, his MOM and DAD, younger brother MAX (14), and  
ROGER, a wheelchair-bound nerd with a face full of  
orthodontic headgear and braces.

**MATT**  
Were you surprised?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT** 13.

**DEACON**  
Yeah.

**MATT**  
Really?

**DEACON**  
Really. I was.

**ROGER**  
Happy birthday, Deacon. It's Lois Lane  
#2. Be careful. It's still in the  
wrapper.

He hands Deacon a comic book, still in the plastic bag.  
**DEACON**

Thanks.

23 INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - LATER 23  
Half-eaten cake and ice cream, unwrapped presents. Matt videotapes the event.

MR. LEWIS  
Are you ready for the big present?

DEACON  
(laying it on thick)  
You mean there's more?  
Deacon can hardly contain his excitement.

MR. LEWIS  
It's in the garage. Come with us.  
He follows them, looking back knowingly at Fred and Matt.

24 INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY (CONTINUOUS) 24  
The door opens, the lights come on, and Deacon's face drops. No new car. Instead, several large wrapped boxes. Deacon halfheartedly rips open the paper.

MR. LEWIS  
It's a new computer system. You've been talking about it for months.  
But his Mom can see his expression.

MRS. LEWIS  
What? That's not what you wanted?

DEACON  
No, it is. It's just--

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT** 14.

MAX  
I'll take it.

MRS. LEWIS  
Max!

MR. LEWIS  
We can exchange it if it's not the right one.

DEACON  
No, I just thought-- I thought you guys were buying me that car I wanted.  
Max snickers.

MRS. LEWIS  
A car? Why do you need a car?

MR. LEWIS  
You can ask permission to use our car whenever you want, champ.  
They put their arms around Deacon and smile warmly. Deacon looks over at his parents' Aerostar Minivan. Everyone moves back into the house, except Deacon's parents, who linger.

MR. LEWIS (CONT'D)  
I told you he didn't want a new computer.

MRS. LEWIS  
Like you know what anyone in this house really wants.

25 INT. DEACON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 25  
The guys set up the computer. Deacon is really depressed.

**DEACON**

Now what are we going to do?

**FRED**

At least you got this great party.

**MATT**

Actually, we were expecting a lot more people.

Fred elbows him.

**MATT (CONT'D)**

What?

**DEACON**

You invited more people?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**15.**

**FRED**

Well, we did send out flyers to like three hundred people from school.

**DEACON**

And no one showed up?

**ROGER**

I did.

Deacon looks back at Roger.

**DEACON**

Great.

**ROGER**

Uh, guys. No one showed up because they're all at Tom Cooperman's house. He's having a keg party.

**FRED**

What? Why didn't I hear about this? That shit's not right.

**ROGER**

I heard it from Rahim. He beamed me the 411 in study hall.

A beat. Deacon's anger turns to action.

**DEACON**

Let's go.

**MATT**

Why?

**FRED**

Yeah. Tom Cooperman kicked me in the balls in third grade, and I swear there is still a footprint on my nutsack.

**DEACON**

Come on, guys. Can I just get one thing that I ask for on my goddamn birthday?

**MATT**

He's got a point.

**FRED**

Fine. Watch your balls.

- 25B INT. COOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT** **25B**  
 CLOSE ON a set of feet, stomping on a Sony D.D.R. mat.  
 REVEAL TOM COOPERMAN dancing up a storm, in a heated  
 competition against several challengers. The CROWD goes wild  
 at Coop's moves.  
 The DOORBELL RINGS.  
 Continuing his dance steps, Coop moves to the door.
- 26 EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT** **26**  
 Deacon, Fred, and Matt stand on the porch, waiting. The door  
 opens, and we see Coop dancing all the way to the front door.  
**COOP**  
 (ad lib)  
 Grommets!  
**DEACON**  
 Hey, Coop. Can we come in?  
 Coop un-pockets a tiny piece of paper with a thousand names  
 on it. He examines it for a long time.  
**COOP**  
 Sorry, son, that dog won't hunt. Y'all  
 ain't on the list.  
 He goes to close the door. Deacon stops it with his foot.  
 Fred flinches.  
**DEACON**  
 Coop. It's my birthday today, so cut me  
 some slack, all right?  
 Coop looks him over, then opens the door.  
**COOP**  
 (ad lib)  
 Well, pickle my turnips, why didn't you  
 say so? Happy birthday, friend.  
 The guys look at each other, excited. They look back at  
 Roger, five feet behind them at the bottom of the steps.  
**ROGER**  
 Little help?
- 27 INT. COOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT** **27**  
 People drinking, dancing, couples making out. Girls  
 everywhere. And over near the keg is...

**DEACON**  
 (in a trance)  
 Oh, my God. There's Naomi.  
**FRED**  
 She looks good.  
 And there's NAOMI, every teenage boy's fantasy, wearing a hot  
 party dress and drinking a cup of beer. Someone lightly bumps  
 her...  
 CLOSE ON her lips as the beer dribbles down her chin, and the  
 world goes still .

She playfully wipes the beer off her moistened lips and chin with the back of her hand. She turns her head and her hair floats in the air.

**DEACON AND FRED**

are zombies, completely mesmerized by her.

**FRED**

She spilled her beer.

**DEACON**

Yeah.

Fred adjusts his pants. Deacon makes a decision. One that he'd normally never make.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

I'm gonna go talk to her. What have I got to lose?

**FRED**

Your dignity?

**DEACON**

She's Rachael's friend. It's not like I don't know her.

**MATT**

Ask her if she has any unusual hats. Girls like that.

Deacon gives Matt a dirty look.

**THE KEG AREA**

**DEACON**

Hey, Naomi.

**NAOMI**

Happy Birthday, Deacon.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

18.

**DEACON**

(pleasantly surprised)

You remembered.

**NAOMI**

Well, I got this flyer and--

**DEACON**

Oh, right. So where's Jake?

**NAOMI**

Like I care.

**DEACON**

(hopeful)

So you two aren't going out any more?

**NAOMI**

Duh.

Deacon's mind is racing with possibilities when:

**JAKE (O.S.)**

Freakin!

It's Jake, back for another beer.

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

Hey, did you hear about Rachael Unger? Before Deacon can answer...

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

He shoots, he misses, right, ass-

sphincter? Come on, Naomi. We're going in the pool.

**NAOMI**

Screw off. I'm talking to Deacon.

**JAKE**

Whatever.

**NAOMI**

Whatever.

Jake gives Deacon a dirty look, nods a "let's go" to J.T. and Mark, and heads out back.

**NAOMI (CONT'D)**

What an asshole.

As soon as Jake is out of sight, Deacon turns back to Naomi, but she's already gone, stranding Deacon. What just happened here?

REVEAL Matt helping Roger drink a beer in the background.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**19.**

**28 EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - LATER**

**28**

Deacon wanders out back. It's very dark and there are several people in the pool, including Jake's good-looking friends, Kelly, Wendy, J.T., and MARK. It's hard to tell in the dark water, but it looks like they might not be wearing any clothes. Deacon sees this and starts to walk away.

**J.T.**

Deacon. I heard it was your birthday. Come on in the pool, man.

**DEACON**

No, that's okay.

**MARK**

No, seriously. It's cool.

**KELLY**

(come hither)

Come on, Deacon.

**WENDY**

Yeah. Come on.

Deacon thinks about it. He takes the metaphorical plunge.

**DEACON**

All right.

He slips off his shoes and takes off his shirt. He walks over to the shallow end. Deacon steps in with his shorts still on.

**MARK**

Dude, what are you doing? Take off your clothes.

**DEACON**

What?

**WENDY**

We're skinny dipping, Deacon.

He hesitates, not sure what to do.

**DEACON**

Oh. Okay. Sorry, I'll just leave you guys alone then--

**KELLY**

--No, come on in. Join us.  
Wendy swims into J.T.'s arms. Her shoulders rise above the water and you can just make out the top of her breast.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**20.**

**DEACON**

looks at her, thinks it over, and finally... slips off his shorts. He gets into the pool in his underwear, then slips them off, too, and throws them on the side of pool.

**DEACON**

Wow. This feels amazing.  
Someone splashes Kelly, she giggles, and the other kids swim around. Kelly swims by Deacon seductively and he smiles.

**JAKE (O.S.)**

Coop's doing funnels. Come on.  
It's Jake, by the side of the pool with Deacon's clothes. The other people swim to the front, and get out of the pool...  
...wearing clothes! Even Wendy, in a strapless bra.

**J.T.**

(rubbing it in)  
Sorry, dude.

**DEACON**

Hey, give me back my clothes!

**JAKE**

Freakin? I can't see you. Maybe I need to turn on the LIGHTS.  
And he does. The backyard lights go on illuminating the scene. Deacon panics. People start looking at him, laughing. Then, the cheesy colored pool lights come on, flashing slowly.  
Deacon is humiliated. Jake bends down to whisper to Deacon.

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

Did you really think Naomi was into you?  
Deacon doesn't respond. But it's not enough for Jake. He picks up Deacon's underwear with a stick and examines them.

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

Oh my God! Skid marks. Aaaahhh, Deacon  
shit his pants again!

**DEACON**

No, I didn't! Give them back!  
Jake does a victory lap around the pool with Deacon's underwear on the stick. Everybody is laughing.

**JAKE**

Sphincter boy shit his pants!

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**21.**

**28A INT. COOP'S HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

**28A**

Jake locks the sliding glass door and waves at Deacon in the pool. The group laughs and walks away.

**29 EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - LATER**

**29**

Deacon is still in the pool, shivering and shrivelled.  
Finally, the lights turn off in the back yard, and Deacon ventures out of the pool.  
He grabs an inflatable elephant pool toy and slips it around his privates. He slowly sneaks around the house.

29A **EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - SIDE OF THE HOUSE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)** 29A

A dog BARKS! He snarls at Deacon standing there wearing only the pool toy. Deacon runs away into the

29B **EXT. COOP'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)** 29B

The Dog is right behind him. Deacon struggles with him.

**DEACON**

Hey, watch the nads!

But it's no use. The dog BITES the front of the pool toy and it starts to deflate...

... just as the HEADLIGHTS of a car pull into the driveway. Deacon FREEZES. He desperately tries to cover himself with the rapidly diminishing toy being jerked away by the dog in a motion that makes it look like Deacon's getting a doggie hummer. A MAN gets out of the car.

**COOP'S DAD**

What the hell kind of sick shit is this?

30 **EXT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY** 30

The next day, the guys are at the bike rack, when a hot SPORTS CAR drives by. Deacon is visibly bummed.

**DEACON**

You know how long it's going to take to save up for a car selling porno tapes twenty bucks a pop?

Fred looks down.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

What?

**FRED**

There's a small problem.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**22.**

**MATT**

What?

**FRED**

I got fired yesterday. Russ caught me and went berserk. Some sort of sting operation he's been planning for months. I don't know.

**DEACON**

You're kidding me, right? Tell me you're kidding.

**FRED**

No. And now I have to work twice a week at my dad's office. I told you this Scarface plan was stupid.

**DEACON**

Great. So now we've got no girls, no car, and no money.

**FRED**

And no porn.

**MATT**

Tony Montana would be very disappointed.  
Deacon is once again...

**31 INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - DAY**

**31**

... very depressed, as he sits, bored out of his mind in his biology class.

**BIOLOGY TEACHER**

Now turn your textbooks to chapter six,  
the Animal Kingdom. As you should know by  
now, biology is the study of life, in all  
its infinite varieties.

Deacon continues to stare at her perpetually hard nipples.

**BIOLOGY TEACHER (CONT'D)**

So to keep things a little fun around  
here, tomorrow we're taking a field trip  
to the zoo.

Deacon buries his head in his hands.

**32 EXT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY**

**32**

Deacon is talking to the Dorky Freshman near the bike rack.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**23.**

**DORKY FRESHMAN**

Is this some kind of extortion racket?  
I'll pay you double if you can get me  
something today.

**DEACON**

I'm sorry. There's nothing we can do for  
a while. We don't have anything new.

**DORKY FRESHMAN**

I'm dying. I just need something.

Just then, Naomi walks by on her way to the parking lot.

**DEACON**

Hey, Naomi. What are you up to?

**NAOMI**

Going home to cram for midterms.

With a look, Deacon shoos away the freshman dork.

**DEACON**

Oh. I could help you. I mean, if you  
needed any help.

**NAOMI**

That's okay. I'll be all right.

Deacon searches for something meaningful to say, desperate  
not to let the moment pass him by. Naomi cuts him some slack  
by asking,

**NAOMI (CONT'D)**

So where did Rachael go off to?

**DEACON**

She went to Paris with the French Club.

(then, taking a chance)

We're seeing other people.

She laughs at his attempt at being nonchalant. But she's  
laughing with him, not at him, and Deacon can tell the

difference. He relaxes...

**JAKE (O.S.)**

Hey, sphincter.

... just as Jake drives up to them. Deacon is starting to really get pissed at Jake ruining the moment with Naomi.

**DEACON**

Look, can you please stop calling me that? I think we're old enough to just let it go. All right?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**24.**

**JAKE**

Oh, sure. Sorry about that... Shit-pants. He looks at Naomi.

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

Hi, Naomi.

**NAOMI**

Whatever.

She turns her back to Jake and his smile fades. He revs the engine and peels out BACKWARDS. Deacon jumps out of the way, but his bike is CRUSHED by the car.

**JAKE**

Oops. Sorry.

He shifts gears and drives over the bike again. He laughs as he drives away. Naomi gives Deacon a pitying look and walks away. The moment is gone. Now Deacon is...

**33 INT. AEROSTAR - DAY**

**33**

... pissed. His crushed bike is in the back seat.

**DEACON**

(emphatic)

Look, mom. I need a car.

**MRS. LEWIS**

But I thought we agreed--

**DEACON**

I need a car of my own.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Well, honey. A car is a lot of responsibility.

**DEACON**

Jesus, Mom. I'm seventeen now. I think I can handle it.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Well, it's also a lot of money. I'll tell you what. Maybe you can get an after school job to earn money for a car. I'll talk to your father.

Deacon is stewing.

**34 OMITTED**

**34**

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**25.**

35 INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - DAY

35

CLOSE ON a web browser as the following URL is typed in:  
www.nicelookinggirlsthatgetnaked4U.com.  
The Cyber Granny parental block pops up. Denied.  
www.homeromteachersdoingitbeforeschool.com  
Cyber Granny. Denied.  
www.ineedfreepornnow.org  
Denied.

FRED

Goddamn it.

MATT

Your dad really knows his firewalls.  
Deacon bursts into the room.

FRED

Hey, asshole. Don't just come barging in  
here. We could have been naked.  
Matt gives Fred a look.

DEACON

(excited)

Shut up. I figured out how to get back on  
the Tony Montana track.... So, I'm at the  
zoo today...

36 EXT. ZOO - DAY

36

A crowd of people (including Deacon's biology class) are  
watching something in the monkey cage.

BIOLOGY TEACHER

People! People! Come quickly. Witness the  
miracle of nature at its most primal.  
She's videotaping it, and Deacon looks up AT HER VIDEO  
VIEWFINDER. It's a monkey orgy. Masturbation and fornication  
everywhere.

DEACON (V.O.)

And these monkeys are doing it. I mean,  
they're going wild. And Miss Ariel is  
videotaping it.

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

26.

BIOLOGY TEACHER

(getting hot and bothered)

With one final thrust of his engorged  
penis, the male deposits his seed and  
moves on.

(suddenly bitter)

Probably to a younger, more desirable  
female. One who doesn't have any  
"issues." Whatever that means.

DEACON (V.O.)

That's when it hit me.  
Just then, a glob of "something" shoots out towards the crowd  
(SFX). Everyone ducks, except for Roger, who's can't move  
quickly enough in his wheelchair. It hits him in the face,  
dripping down his orthodontia.

ROGER  
A little help!  
DEACON (V.O.)  
Well, Roger actually...  
37 INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - DAY 37  
FRED  
What?  
DEACON  
Let's make one.  
MATT  
One what?  
DEACON  
A movie.  
MATT  
Great! That's perfect! I've already got  
an idea for a kind of sci-fi horror  
thing. It's like "The Shining" meets "The  
Jetsons."  
DEACON  
No, you moron. A porno film.  
Fred lights up.  
FRED  
Even better.  
DEACON  
And check this out. The best part of all,  
is I've got an angle.

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

27.

FRED  
What kind of angle?  
DEACON  
We can make pornos that cater to guys  
like us.  
FRED  
You mean virgins.  
DEACON  
Yes. Adult films made by virgins for  
virgins.  
MATT  
With good cinematography.  
FRED  
And cute, nice girls. The kind you'd want  
to take to dinner with your parents.  
DEACON  
Right. No shots of sweaty guys' faces.  
FRED  
And nothing up the butt.  
They look at him.  
FRED (CONT'D)  
What? I don't like it when they put stuff  
up their butt.  
MATT  
These have to be nicely edited. We should

shoot on super 16 and transfer to video.

**DEACON**

No, Matt. We'll shoot it on your video camera. We're not getting any expensive equipment.

**FRED**

How are we going to get the women to star in the film?

**MATT**

And the guys.

**DEACON**

I don't know. We'll surf the net. We'll figure it out.

They look at each other for a beat. Finally, Fred and Matt crack up.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**28.**

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

What?

**FRED**

That was really funny.

Deacon just looks at them, pissed.

**DEACON**

I'm serious about this.

**MATT**

We can't make a porno movie.

**FRED**

Do you have any idea how much trouble we'd get in?

**DEACON**

Do you have any idea how much money we'd make?

A beat.

**MATT**

Like how much?

**DEACON**

Enough for a car. Enough for more camera shit. To take girls out. I don't know. For whatever we want.

Beat. Beat. Beat. They're thinking about it.

**FRED**

What about the moral implications?

**DEACON**

It's a free market transaction between consenting adults. What's the problem?

**FRED**

We're not adults.

**MATT**

He's got a point, Deacon.

**DEACON**

Guys, tell me the truth. Haven't you ever wondered... haven't you ever imagined what it would be like to make one?

**MATT**

Not really.  
Deacon turns to Fred, who looks guilty.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**29.**

**FRED**

Okay. Sure. I've thought about it. I've thought about shaving Principal Taggart's ass, too.  
A look, then Deacon gets up to seal the deal.

**DEACON**

Look. This is an opportunity we shouldn't let slip away. If we make this movie, it could be the best year of our lives. We'll go in boys and come out men. And at the end, we'll have the money, the power, and the women. But you losers would rather play it safe. Well, I'm not going to waste another minute. I'm making this porno movie with or without you. And when I show up at school in my new set of wheels, and you two limp dicks are begging me for my sloppy seconds, I'll just have to tell you, "Sorry, guys. That ship has sailed. You blew it."  
Ringing silence.

**MATT**

(sincerely)  
That was a really good speech, Deacon.

**DEACON**

Thanks.

**MATT**

Did you work that out before?

**DEACON**

No, Matt.

**FRED**

Okay... So say we were to do this. What would we call our company?

**MATT**

I've got it. "After School Special."

They look at him. It's perfect.

**38 INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

**38**

WE FOLLOW a WOMAN dressed in a Fredericks of Hollywood type outfit, walking down the hallway past office suites; a mortgage company, a dentist, etc...  
She enters an office. As the door closes behind her, WE SEE the sign on the door, "Ramalot Productions."

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**30.**

**39 INT. VIC'S "STUDIO" - CONTINUOUS**

**39**

A small, vertically integrated porno production company. Blow-ups of the company's box covers on the walls, hundreds of copies of titles on shelves, a small STAFF and two adjoining rooms.

VIC RAMALOT, whose face we recognize from Dirty Darla #7, enters from the set. His partner, MIKE, helps him on with his robe.

**MIKE**

That was good. Some good action.

**VIC**

I've got a question for you Mike, and I want you to promise to be completely honest.

**MIKE**

Sure. Of course, Vic.

Vic looks at him, vulnerable.

**VIC**

Do you think I'm too fat?

**MIKE**

Are you kidding? The camera loves you.

**VIC**

Seriously?

**MIKE**

Absolutely.

**VIC**

Thanks, man.

Vic gives Mike a jive hand shake and the two do a little hug. Over Mike's shoulder, Vic sees the woman who's come into the office.

**VIC (CONT'D)**

Darla, sweetheart. Ready for number eight?

Darla drops her top and heads for the bathroom.

**DARLA**

Sure, Vic, lemme freshen up first.

**VIC**

(to Mike)

Is he in there?

Mike nods, leading Vic through a door, into

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**31.**

**40 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

**40**

where there's a terribly FRIGHTENED MAN (cameo for Ron Jeremy, etc.) tied to a chair with a gag in his mouth. Vic shakes his head, picking up a pair of rusty hedge clippers from the table. He snaps them open.

**VIC**

So, you think you can just walk into my town and move in on my territory?

The Man takes a quick look down at his own crotch, fearing the worst. He shakes his head, pleading through his gag.

**41 INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

**41**

The guys are huddled behind the frosted window of Fred's

dad's office, standing away from the RECEPTIONIST.

**FRED**

We've got to have two forms of i.d. to prove she's over eighteen.

**DEACON**

How much money do we need?

**FRED**

A first time porno actress makes only two fifty to five hundred bucks.

**MATT**

That's it? Does that include the sex?

**DEACON**

Yes, Matt.

**MATT**

So how do we get women for this movie?

**FRED**

We place an ad in the Cleveland X-Press for "body models." That's like some sort of code word in the industry.

**MATT**

Are we supposed to have sex with these women?

**DEACON**

No, Matt.

A NURSE walks in.

**NURSE**

Fred, your father wants you to take these urine samples down to the lab.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**32.**

**FRED**

Okay. In a minute.

Fred puts the samples down. She rolls her eyes then leaves.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

We also need an adult signature to set up the bank account and the web site.

**MATT**

Let's use Principal Taggert's name.

**FRED**

Oh yeah, good idea. That'll never come back to haunt us.

**DEACON**

Then whose name should we use?

Just then, MR. GREITZER comes into the office.

**GREITZER**

I'm Ronald Greitzer here for my 4:00 appointment.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Okay, Mr. Greitzer. I'll let the doctor know you're here for your...

(checks the book)

rectal exam. Have a seat.

He leaves and Fred looks at Deacon, mischievously.

**DEACON**

No way.

**FRED**

Why not? It's perfect. My dad's got Mr. Greitzer's signature on file, his credit card number, and his social security number...

A beat.

**DEACON**

And he'll never find out?

**FRED**

It's not like we're going to send him our annual report. It'll just be like an official name of record or something.

**DEACON**

Okay. Cool.

The Nurse returns.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**33.**

**NURSE**

And take these fecal and semen samples, too.

She hands Fred two more containers, and the guys exit.

**41A EXT. STREET - DAY**

**41A**

The guys ride their bikes towards the lab to deliver the samples.

**FRED**

And we need porno names.

**DEACON**

What do you mean?

**FRED**

It's a basic rule of porno. All people affiliated with the production of an adult film have porno names so their friends don't recognize them.

**MATT**

Oh, you mean like "Johnny Hardmember"?

**FRED**

Exactly. That's a good one. I'll be Balls McLongcock.

**MATT**

Ooh, I like it.

**DEACON**

Guys. Those kind of names are just for the actors.

**MATT**

You're just jealous that you don't have a cool porno name like us.

**DEACON**

Okay, fine. Then I'm Sam ...  
(searching)

Slam. Sam Slam. The Back Door Man.

Matt and Fred look at each other, then Deacon.

**MATT**

That name sucks.

**FRED**

You don't get it, do you? A porno name  
needs to be a very subtle thing.

Fred gestures and DROPS the samples which SPLATTER all over  
the ground.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**34.**

**DEACON**

Sorry, Balls. I guess I'm still new at  
this.

**FRED**

Matt, pick that up.

**42 INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**42**

The family dinner.

**MR. LEWIS**

And I'm telling the guy, he's got to use  
form ND-45 for a third-party beneficiary,  
but Johnson's gotta be the big man.

"We've been using ND-90 for twenty-two  
years." But Johnson's an idiot. He  
doesn't know ND-90 doesn't even exist  
anymore.

Mom yawns. The phone rings and she gets it.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Hello?

(covers phone)

Deacon, it's for you. It's a young lady  
named Palomina.

Deacon CHOKES on his food. He gets up quickly and grabs the  
phone. Max is eyeballing him, so Deacon walks with the phone  
into the other room and talks softly.

**DEACON**

Yeah. 345 Remson. That's right. Great.  
Wednesday, three to five. Looking forward  
to working with you, too.

He hangs up and returns to the kitchen to see the whole  
family staring at him, curious.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

I'm tutoring someone ... in math. To earn  
money for a car.

He forces a smile.

**43 INT. DEACON'S BEDROOM - DAY**

**43**

The guys are busy setting up auditions.

**DEACON**

No, we don't pay bus fare.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**35.**

**FRED**

Sure, you can bring your dog.

(beat)

Oh. No, that's okay. Better leave him home.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

**MATT**

Thanks. You sound sexy, too.

**JUMP CUT TO:**

The guys are getting excited.

**FRED**

I can't believe this is working.

**44 INT. BASEMENT SET - OTHER ROOM - DAY**

**44**

And there's Matt, wearing a shirt and tie, nervously sitting in the rec room with a room full of CRACK WHORES. They're a motley crew of fat, old, toothless, spandex-wearing streetwalkers (including one TRANSVESTITE). An uncomfortable silence pervades the room. Matt turns to one woman wearing a rainbow-colored halter top.

**MATT**

When you have sex with a strange man, do you imagine it's like your boyfriend or something?

She just looks at him.

**DEACON (O.S.)**

(over a walkie talkie)

We're ready. Over.

Matt picks up his walkie talkie.

**MATT**

Roger. Over.

He looks at his clipboard and turns to the first woman.

**MATT (CONT'D)**

You can go in now.

She gets up and walks through the curtain.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**36.**

**45 INT. DEACON'S BASEMENT - DAY**

**45**

The basement is set up with a casting couch. Fred and Deacon are also dressed in jackets and ties. The Crack Whore makes her way over to them. They stare at her, slackjawed.

**DEACON**

Take a seat please.

**FRED**

Hi, I'm Balls McLongcock and this is Sam Slam.

**CRACK WHORE**

Tequila. You boys seem kind of young.

**DEACON**

Don't worry. We're old enough.

**FRED**

Tequila. Nice name. So, have you done any films before?

**CRACK WHORE**

I been in some home movies. Stuff like that. Some pictures.  
She tosses a stack of Polaroids at them. The top one has her standing next to a horse. Fred is speechless.

**DEACON**

Okay, then. I think we have what we need.  
We'll call you.  
She's confused.

**CRACK WHORE**

So you don't want me to suck you two off?  
They look at each other.

**DEACON**

No, I don't think that will be necessary at this time.

**FRED**

Maybe later.

**46 INT. DEACON'S BASEMENT - LATER**

**46**

The whores are gone.

**MATT**

Maybe if we put another ad in and say we're only looking for good looking models.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**37.**

They look at him with disdain.

**FRED**

There's got to be another way to recruit porno actresses.

**47 INT. DEACON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**  
**FLASH!**

**47**

Three digital images of the guys are lined up on Deacon's computer monitor (thanks Mom and Dad!). Deacon is digitally altering the photo of Fred to give him a goatee. Matt's photo has already gotten mutton chops and Deacon's looking sweet with a fu-manchu.

**DEACON**

I say we make them from Hawaii.

**MATT**

Hawaii?

**DEACON**

It's perfect. Do you know what a Hawaii driver's license looks like?

**MATT**

No.

**DEACON**

Exactly.

**FRED**

But isn't it going to seem a little suspicious? Like why are we in Cleveland?

**DEACON**

Vacation. People from Cleveland vacation in Hawaii, where do you think people from Hawaii go?

Matt and Fred look at each other. They shrug, then,

**MATT**

Aloha.

48 **INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT** 48

The next night. The three guys walk downstairs dressed in Hawaiian shirts. Deacon's parents are reading and Max is watching TV.

**DEACON**

Hey, mom. Can I borrow the car?

**MRS. LEWIS**

I have to go to the video store later.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

38.

**DEACON**

But, mom. You said I could use the car, but it's never free.

**MRS. LEWIS**

All right, Deacon. I'll walk to the store.

**MAX**

Where are you guys going?

**DEACON**

Out.

**MR. LEWIS**

Why are you boys dressed like Don Ho?

**FRED**

This is the new style, Mr. Lewis.

**MAX**

Yeah, for ass-wranglers.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Max!

49 **INT. AEROSTAR - NIGHT** 49

Inside the car (still in the garage), the three guys apply their fake facial hair to match their three new fake i.d.'s.

**FRED**

Are we really going to do this?

**DEACON**

Oh, yeah.

He starts the ignition, and an EASY LISTENING tune blasts on the radio, ruining the moment. The guys look at each other for a beat, then Deacon quickly changes the station to a ROCKING SONG, and get back into the mood for adventure.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

(once again)

Oh, yeah.

They pull out and drive off.

49A **EXT. CLEVELAND - NIGHT** 49A

The minivan descends out of the suburbs into the lights of the big city below.

50 **EXT. THE PRETTY KITTY CLUB - NIGHT** 50

CLOSE ON the Aerostar's bumper sticker: "My child is on the honor roll at William Wall High School."

The guys step out of the car and see for the first time the Holy Grail of boyhood fantasies: the neon outline of a topless woman at the entrance to this upscale strip club. They stop and stare for a beat, before finally getting up the nerve to walk up to a menacing BOUNCER sitting on a stool outside the entrance, reading "The Princess Diaries."

**BOUNCER**

I.d.'s.

They confidently pull out the i.d.'s and hand them over.

**BOUNCER (CONT'D)**

Richard Runningbear from Hawaii? What brings you guys to Cleveland?

**FRED**

**MATT**

Business.

Vacation.

**DEACON**

We're on business, he's on vacation.

He hands the i.d.'s back.

**BOUNCER**

Well, "tiki-alohi-noa-lohi."

**DEACON**

Sorry?

**BOUNCER**

That's Hawaiian for "welcome."

**FRED**

Right. Of course. We just moved to Hawaii a few months ago. Haven't picked up the local lingo yet.

They force smiles and wait for the answer...

**BOUNCER**

Okay. Have a good time, guys.

Deacon grabs the i.d.'s and pushes the other two forward. He grabs the handle to the door.

**BOUNCER (CONT'D)**

Oh, and guys.

(beat)

Nice lamination job.

**FRED**

Thanks!

The Bouncer closes the door on them. Busted.

**DEACON**

Look. We have to get into this strip bar.

**MATT**

The next two years of high school depend on it.

**BOUNCER**

How old are you guys?

**DEACON**

Twenty-seven.

**FRED**

Thirty-five.

**MATT**

Sixteen.

Fred smacks him.

**BOUNCER**

Sorry, guys.

Then,

**DEACON**

We've got money.

Deacon pulls out a wad of cash. The Bouncer looks around, then thinks about it for a second.

**51 INT. THE PRETTY KITTY CLUB - NIGHT**

**51**

WE TRACK the guys as they slowly move down the dark corridor towards the light. Each guy is in his own little world, Matt and Fred following Deacon as he takes the first nervous steps.

First the neon lights hit them, then the smell of liquor and sweat, the sounds of barroom chatter, and finally the grinding blast of MUSIC, so powerful it seems to stop them in their tracks. Their eyes bug out.

SCANTILY-CLAD WAITRESS walking by. As they move further into the club, they see actual STRIPPERS soliciting lap dances and some TOPLESS DANCERS onstage. Fred smiles ear to ear.

The guys are locked in a deep primordial trance, broken only by the voice of a COCKTAIL WAITRESS.

**COCKTAIL WAITRESS**

What'll you boys have? Two drink minimum.

**FRED**

Huh? Oh. I'll have a scotch. Straight up.  
On the rocks.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**41.**

She looks at him like he's an idiot.

**MATT**

I'll have a seven and seven.

**DEACON**

Uh, same.

She leaves.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

What's a seven and seven?

**MATT**

I don't know. But I heard that guy over there order one and I like the way it sounds. Numerical.

The Waitress comes back with their drinks. He pays her and then they raise their glasses.

**DEACON**

To After School Special.

**MATT AND FRED**

To After School Special.

They drink. And CHOKE.

**MATT**

It tastes like poison.

A beautiful STRIPPER in an American flag bikini approaches.

**AMERICAN FLAG STRIPPER**

Are you boys interested in a dance?

They look at each other.

**FRED**

Okay?

She takes Fred's hand and walks him over to a private dance couch. As the next SONG starts, a curtain lowers around Fred and the Stripper. Fred is a little freaked out.

**IN SILHOUETTE**

She strips off her top revealing her big American breasts. She rubs up and down Fred's body, shaking her hair in his face. Matt and Deacon watch intently.

**MATT**

Cool.

**BACK TO SCENE**

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**42.**

The song ends, the curtain comes up, and Fred is smiling ear to ear. The Stripper gets dressed and Fred pays her.

**AMERICAN FLAG STRIPPER**

You want another dance?

**FRED**

Uh, not right now, thank you. I have to go to the bathroom.

He tries to get up, but the Stripper stop him.

**AMERICAN FLAG STRIPPER**

Well how about you buy me a drink?

**FRED**

Okay.

She sits down on Fred's lap. Right on his boner.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

Uhhhhh.

**AMERICAN FLAG STRIPPER**

(to the waitress)

Seven and seven.

**MATT**

You want mine?

She laughs.

**AMERICAN FLAG STRIPPER**

So what brings you boys to the Pretty Kitty?

**MATT**

We're from Hawaii.

**DEACON**

Actually, we're filmmakers. We're here looking for new talent.

**AMERICAN FLAG STRIPPER**

Really?

**DEACON**

Yeah, we're looking for some beautiful ladies looking to break into film. You interested?

**AMERICAN FLAG STRIPPER**

No.

They look defeated.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**43.**

**AMERICAN FLAG STRIPPER (CONT'D)**

But I know someone who is.

A beat, then time stands still once more for our heroes as ASHLEY makes her entrance. She looks barely legal, dressed in a Catholic school girl outfit, and walks up to them.

**ASHLEY**

Hi, I'm Ashley. You guys are filmmakers?

**MATT**

Video actually. They won't let me shoot on film.

Deacon pulls out his wad of cash.

**DEACON**

Look. We're paying top dollar, hetero only, no anal, and we're distributing through our web site.

**ASHLEY**

Aren't you kind of young?

**DEACON**

Aren't you? You know we're going to need two forms of i.d. to prove you're over eighteen.

**ASHLEY**

I'm eighteen. Don't worry.

**FRED**

Then you're hired.

**MATT**

Shouldn't we audition her first?

**ASHLEY**

Don't worry. You guys relax and have a few drinks. By the time the night's over, you'll know I'm your girl.

**STRIP CLUB MONTAGE:**

**51A INT. THE PRETTY KITTY CLUB - NIGHT**

**51A**

- Ashley slinks through the fog onstage and works the pole like good girl should: gentle but firm.
- Various other Strippers (a Swedish stripper named PLANTAIN, the American Flag Stripper, a BLACK STRIPPER, and an EXOTIC STRIPPER) give the three guys lap dances, dance on the carousel, and generally suck up to them.
- The guys are pounding drinks like there's no tomorrow.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**44.**

- Fred is nuzzling between Plantain's assets.  
- Deacon licks the Exotic Stripper's salty neck and downs a tequila shot.  
- The three guys are all on the bar now, doing a choreographed dance routine, and stripping to their underwear.

**51B EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT 51B**  
- CLOSE ON a trashcan, the guys are throwing up. PULL BACK TO REVEAL:  
- Boot and rally. The guys wipe their faces and join a gaggle of Strippers heading into an Amusement Park.

**51C EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - VARIOUS BOOTHS - NIGHT 51C**  
- Carney games. Matt wins a stuffed animal for Plantain.  
- Cotton candy, Roller Coaster rides, etc.

**51D EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - FUDGE FACTORY - NIGHT 51D**  
- The group is crammed into a booth at the Fudge Factory, eating ice cream sundaes. Matt shoots the straw wrapper at one stripper. She whips some ice cream at him. Food fight!

**51E EXT. DEACON'S HOUSE - DAWN 51E**  
- Ashley is dropping the guys off back at Deacon's house in the Aerostar. She writes down her information on a picture of herself. There's a car full of Strippers waiting for her.  
- Just then, Jake pulls into the driveway next door. He sees the Strippers and the guys.  
**END MONTAGE.**

**52 INT. VIC'S "STUDIO" - DAY 52**  
A LADY dressed in sexy clothes and eating chicken wings from a huge bucket is waiting around on the set, but Vic is over talking to Mike.

**VIC**  
Someone's been recruiting new talent.

**MIKE**  
Jimmy Rimmer says they're from Hawaii.

**VIC**  
Why the hell would someone from Hawaii come to Cleveland?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**45.**

**MIKE**  
Vacation? There's the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.  
Vic thinks it over.

**VIC**  
That's true.  
Vic regains his train of thought.

**VIC (CONT'D)**  
What is this? "F" with Vic month? If any more amateurs start moving in on my territory, I'm going to get really mad.  
Vic opens the drawer and pulls out a GUN. He cocks it menacingly.

**MIKE**  
Who you gonna shoot?

Vic's bluff has been called. Reluctantly,

**VIC**

I don't know.

**MIKE**

Calm down, Vic. I don't need you all agitated. You still got five films to star in today.

**VIC**

You're right, Mikey.

Mike takes the gun from Vic and puts it away.

**MIKE**

Don't worry. I'll find these guys and take care of it.

Vic cheers up a bit.

**VIC**

You hungry?

**MIKE**

Yeah, I could eat.

**VIC**

Grab some lunch?

**MIKE**

Yeah, okay.

The two head out for lunch, leaving the bondage lady sitting there, confused.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**46.**

**53 INT. DEACON'S BEDROOM - DAY**

**53**

Deacon wakes up sick as a dog. All the shades are drawn, but Fred and Matt are already hard at work on the computer. They seem completely fine, with no signs of Deacon's hangover.

**DEACON**

What are you guys doing?

**FRED**

We came up with a great idea. We're going to presell the videos by posting the scripts on the website.

**DEACON**

Will that work?

**MATT**

I don't know. But it's kind of fun. We just wrote this whole thing about the girls' locker room.

**FRED**

One thing, though. If our motto is "by virgins, for virgins," I was thinking we should put a picture of one of us on the web site to sort of sell the image.

**MATT**

You're not putting my picture up there.

**DEACON**

It doesn't really have to be one of us, though, does it?

He grabs the yearbook.

**INSERT:**

ROGER'S FACE, as Balls McLongcock, proudly displayed on the web site, hawking the first feature film (coming soon) of After School Special with the motto, "By Virgins, For Virgins."

A quick knock on the door and Deacon's Mom comes in.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Deacon, look who's here. Your friend,  
Jake.

Jake enters, all smiles.

**JAKE**

Hi, guys.

Fred quickly shuts off the monitor.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**47.**

**MRS. LEWIS**

You kids have fun.

And she leaves.

**JAKE**

What the hell's going on, Sphincter?

**DEACON**

What are you doing here?

**JAKE**

I saw the strippers. And some crack whore named Saffron came over my house the other day looking for you guys.

**FRED**

We don't know what you're talking about.

Jake takes some pages off the printer.

**JAKE**

What's this? "Oh, my God. There's a boy at the door looking at us naked in the shower."

He flips a page.

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

"The A/V Club Secretary lathers all of their glistening bodies. 'I'm so dirty,' she moans." What the hell kind of crap is this? Are you guys running a whorehouse or something?

**DEACON**

No.

**FRED**

Are you crazy?

**MATT**

They're not whores if we film them, you moron.

Deacon can't believe Matt just blew it. Fred smacks him.

**JAKE**

You retards are making a porno movie?

**DEACON**

You can't prove anything.

**JAKE**

Who's the girl?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**48.**

**MATT**

A stripper. Her name's Ashley.  
He pulls out Ashley's picture from his manila folder. Jake checks it out. His eyes go wide and suddenly he's their new best friend.

**JAKE**

Who's the guy?

A beat.

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

Well, maybe I could do it.

**DEACON**

No, that's not a good idea.

**JAKE**

Why not?

**FRED**

It's a lot harder than it looks.

**JAKE**

You don't think I can do it? Trust me,  
I've nailed enough girls.

**DEACON**

Forget it.

**JAKE**

Look, you little butt munch. I want to do  
this, and if you don't let me, I'll go  
and tell your mommy what kind of sick  
shit you're doing.

Jake looks him over.

**54 INT. BASEMENT SET AS "YEARBOOK OFFICE" - DAY**

**54**

**DARKNESS.**

Click. The lights come on. The big day has come at last. The guys are nervously conferring on one side of the room, far away from Ashley, who's standing alone, dressed in a conservative high school girl's outfit.

The basement has been transformed into the guys' idea of a movie set, complete with lights, camera, tripod, and sound equipment. A desk and decoration make the room look roughly like the high school yearbook offices.

Deacon gives Matt a little shove, and Matt takes a long walk over to Ashley.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**49.**

**MATT**

So, um, I'll be directing.

**ASHLEY**

Okay.

**MATT**

Okay. So I want you to play this very

understated. It's a very visceral scene,  
so it's important not to play it too over  
the top.

**ASHLEY**

Uh huh.

(beat)

Hey, did you guys shave or something?

Deacon looks at the other two, all three now beardless.

**DEACON**

Okay. I think we're ready here.

Fred awkwardly picks up the boom and puts his earphones on.

**MATT**

Boom in position.

**FRED**

What?

Deacon pushes him over to position.

**MATT**

Ashley, get into position.

Matt gets behind the camera. They whisper conspiratorially.

One last reality check before they take the leap.

**FRED**

Are we actually going to do this?

They look over at Ashley. She's waiting.

**DEACON**

I guess so.

They return to position.

**MATT**

So, um, we're starting with the  
masturbation and then Phillip, the  
yearbook editor, is going to surprise  
you.

**ASHLEY**

Okay.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**50.**

**MATT**

And ... action.

**ASHLEY**

(wooden)

These yearbook photos of the Debate Club  
are making me so hot. I can't help  
myself.

THROUGH MATT'S VIDEO DISPLAY, Ashley slowly strips off her  
clothes. But before we get too good a look, we

**REVERSE ANGLE**

FRED smiles ear to ear.

DEACON gulps.

MATT peers out from behind the camera.

**ASHLEY (O.S.)**

I hope no one catches me because I forgot  
to lock the door. Oh, yeah. Oh, God,  
yeah.

FRED's smile turns into nervous ogling.

DEACON crosses his legs and adjusts his shorts.  
MATT wipes a bead of sweat from his brow.  
Deacon whispers,

**DEACON**

Close up.

**MATT**

What?

**DEACON**

Close up.

**MATT**

Oh yeah. Right.

And Matt zooms in. Ashley continues moaning and as Matt gets closer, the camera starts shaking. He can't keep his hands steady.

**54A THROUGH MATT'S VIDEO DISPLAY**

**54A**

We'd love to get a look, but the camera is shaking so much, it's just a BLUR.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**51.**

**54B REVERSE ANGLE**

**54B**

**ASHLEY (O.S.)**

Oh! Oh! Oh!

**MATT**

Okay, CUT!

She turns off her performance like a light switch.

**ASHLEY**

What? Did I do something wrong?

Matt is quivering.

**MATT**

Uh, no. You were great. I think I've got what I need there. I want to set up for Jake.

**FRED**

I need a bathroom break.

**DEACON**

Not now, Fred. Jake.

Jake comes out of the bathroom dressed as the yearbook editor.

**MATT**

Action.

Jake opens a makeshift door to the office.

**JAKE**

(wooden)

Oh, my God. What are you doing?

**ASHLEY**

I couldn't help myself. Please don't tell the principal.

**JAKE**

Give me one good reason why I shouldn't.

**MATT**

Cut. Perfect. Okay, then. Let's get to the, uh, sexual material.

Jake pulls off his pants and starts to look a little nervous.

He stands in the corner, trying to psyche himself up.

**DEACON**

Jake, you okay?

**JAKE**

Sure. No problem.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**52.**

**MATT**

And ACTION!

But Jake is still standing there, not in the shot. He's starting to sweat.

**MATT (CONT'D)**

Action, Jake.

**JAKE**

Okay.

Still nothing.

**DEACON**

Come on, Jake. We're filming.

**JAKE**

All right. Hang on a second.

He has his back to them, but it's obvious his bread hasn't risen. Fred lets the boom mike sag a bit.

**FRED**

My arm's getting tired.

**ASHLEY**

So's his.

**MATT**

Action...

Jake finally whips off his underwear and faces Ashley.

**ASHLEY**

That's it?

**JAKE**

Hey, it's not hard yet.

**ASHLEY**

I can see that.

Fred snickers and Jake gives him the evil eye.

**DEACON**

Um, okay. Ashley, maybe you can help him out.

She grabs his joint and Jake freezes. He remains motionless, focusing every ounce of mental control on keeping the floodgates closed. Approximately one point three seconds later...

**ASHLEY**

Aaaahhhh!

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**53.**

**MATT**

Wait! I'm not set up for that shot!

**FRED**

Can I put down the boom?

**DEACON**

Jake? What's happened?

Jake, humiliated, runs to put on his shorts.

**JAKE**

This has never happened before. She got me too excited.

**ASHLEY**

Me? How did you ... without even getting hard first?

**JAKE**

(copping an attitude)

What do you want to hear? I've got a tiny pee-pee? I'm a premature e-jac-u-la-tor? Sometimes before I get a boner? Okay?

**DEACON**

Calm down, Jake. We can shoot this scene again. Just relax. We can splice it together.

**MATT**

We'd have to do it like twenty times to get enough footage.

**JAKE**

I'm out of here. And if you dickwads tell anybody about this, first I'll kill you, and then I'll bust you guys.

He pops the videotape out of the camera, takes it, and leaves.

**ASHLEY**

Now what?

The guys regroup, away from Ashley. The moment of truth: How far are they willing to go?

**MATT**

Deacon. You do it.

**DEACON**

No way.

**MATT**

Come on. This is your big chance.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**54.**

**DEACON**

No. You do it.

A beat.

**MATT**

Fred.

**FRED**

What?

**MATT**

Come on.

**FRED**

You.

**MATT**

I have to run the camera.

**FRED**

Oh, like you're the only one who can do that.

**MATT**

(false bravado)

Fine. I'll do it. I'll do it for the sake of the film. Hold this.

He hands the camera to Deacon and starts taking off his shirt. The rest of them look at Matt with his shirt off.

**DEACON**

Matt. Stop it.

**MATT**

No, I'll do it.

He desperately wants someone to hold him back.

**FRED**

(grabs him)

Matt!

They huddle again, worried about whether to go on with this.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

Look, guys. Maybe we should just pay Ashley and chalk this up to a failed experiment.

**MATT**

Fine with me.

**DEACON**

No. We can get someone else.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**55.**

**FRED**

Who?

**CUT TO:**

**55 INT. JIM'S TINY MART - NIGHT**

**55**

CLOSE ON the cover of "T&A Enthusiast" magazine. RISE UP to reveal a twenty-something MAN thumbing through the issue.

**REVEAL**

Deacon, standing a little too close to him.

**DEACON**

(nonchalant)

Good issue.

Beat.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

You ever think about getting into film?

Way uncomfortable, the guy puts the magazine down and makes a beeline for the door.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

Where are you going, man?

The guy is out the door. Deacon...

**56 EXT. JIM'S TINY MART - NIGHT**

**56**

... runs after him.

**DEACON**

Don't you want to get it on with a sexy lady?!?

Matt and Fred are sitting on the curb with some slurpies,

bumped.

**MATT**

And that guy had real screen presence,  
too.

Just then, Coop pulls up in his van and gets out.

**COOP**

Hey, dudes.

The guys look at each other...

**JUMP CUT TO:**

Moments later, after it's all been explained to Coop.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**56.**

**COOP (CONT'D)**

(awestruck)

You guys are gonna be legends of the  
school.

**56A OMITTED**

**56A**

**57 INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**57**

Fred and Matt are huddled around the computer.

**FRED**

Oh, I've got it. What if the Math Team  
Captain is in detention for something...

**MATT**

For fixing grades for a girl...

**FRED**

Yeah, and the cheerleader is in there and  
she's going to get grounded if she fails  
one more test...

As they talk, Fred types away.

**58 EXT. INDIA - DAY**

**58**

STOCK FOOTAGE: Taj Mahal, etc.

**59 INT. TEEN BOY'S BEDROOM - BHOPAL, INDIA - NIGHT**

**59**

A NERDY INDIAN BOY is totally engrossed in the After School  
Special Website. His eyeglasses reflect the glow of the  
scrolling text of Fred and Matt's current script.

**CHEERLEADER (V.O.)**

Well, maybe I can pay you some other  
way...

**INDIAN MOTHER (O.S.)**

Mujibur, dinner is ready!

**INDIAN BOY**

In a minute!

ONSCREEN, the mouse pointer clicks "PRE-ORDER."

**59A EXT. FRANCE - DAY**

**59A**

STOCK FOOTAGE: Eiffel Tower, etc.

**59B INT. TEEN BOY'S BEDROOM - PARIS, FRANCE - NIGHT**

**59B**

A NERDY FRENCH BOY reads the story on his computer.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**57.**

**MATH TEAM CAPTAIN (V.O.)**

Now that really computes!  
Click. Pre-order.

59C OMITTED 59C

59D OMITTED 59D

60 EXT. JAPAN - DAY 60

STOCK FOOTAGE: Recognizable Japanese landmarks, etc.

61 INT. TEEN BOY'S BEDROOM - KYOTO, JAPAN - NIGHT 61

A NERDY JAPANESE BOY reads the story from his PDA.

**MATH TEAM CAPTAIN (V.O.)**

Are you ready for your oral exam?

**CHEERLEADER (V.O.)**

Oh, God, yes! I never knew math could be  
so stimulating!

Click. Pre-order.

62 OMITTED 62

63 OMITTED 63

64 EXT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY 64

Deacon and his biology class are getting on a school bus.  
Nearby, Naomi is crossing the parking lot when she trips and  
spills her latté on her shirt. People start laughing, but  
Deacon instinctively rushes over to pick up her books.

**DEACON**

Are you okay?

**NAOMI**

Yeah. Thanks. I'm so embarrassed.

She pats at the stain.

**DEACON**

(genuine)

Really? I didn't think you got  
embarrassed about anything.

She smiles at Deacon, cheered up by the inadvertent  
compliment. The Bus HONKS for Deacon.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

Well, I guess I should go.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

58.

He turns to walk away, when Naomi makes a decision to give  
Deacon a shot.

**NAOMI**

Deacon, wait. Block me for a second while  
I change my shirt.

**DEACON**

What?

**NAOMI**

Facing the other way.

**DEACON**

Oh.

He turns around and she changes her shirt behind him. Deacon

can't help but sneak a peek.

**NAOMI**

I haven't seen you around here in a while.

**DEACON**

Yeah, I'm working on this project at home.

**NAOMI**

Cool. You can turn around now.

He turns and sees her new shirt is not yet 100% on.

**NAOMI (CONT'D)**

Listen. Mark and J.T. are having a party tonight. You want to meet me there?

**DEACON**

Really?

**NAOMI**

Why not?

**DEACON**

Okay. Cool.

The bus HONKS for Deacon again.

**65 EXT. AQUARIUM PARK - DAY**

**65**

Matt and Fred charge forward on their 10-speeds through a park. They slide to a stop, falling off their bikes, but they're too excited to care.

**65A INT. AQUARIUM - DAY**

**65A**

They rush up to Deacon, whose biology class is near the Beluga Whale tank.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**59.**

**MATT**

Deacon, come quick.

Deacon steps away from his class for a moment.

**DEACON**

Matt, what's wrong?

**BIOLOGY TEACHER (O.S.)**

Like all mammals, the whale gives birth to live young. Can anyone name another characteristic of mammals? Vinnie?

**FRED**

Our site got linked by another bigger site. Someone must have seen our stories and liked them.

**DEACON**

And?

**MATT**

We got a few more pre-orders and a ton of hits.

**DEACON**

How many?

**MATT**

Guess.

**DEACON**

A thousand?

**FRED**

Twelve thousand.

**DEACON**

Holy shit!

Deacon high-fives the other two. They're all stoked.

**FRED**

We need to hurry up and make this movie.

**MATT**

We should go over the schedule for tomorrow. And make sure the script is ready.

Deacon's smile fades.

**DEACON**

Uh, I can't tonight guys.

**FRED**

Why? Where are you going?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**60.**

**DEACON**

It's this thing I have to go to.

**MATT**

Is it a travelling carnival?

**DEACON**

No. Look, it's this party Naomi invited me to.

**MATT**

Can we come?

Fred picks up on Deacon's hesitation. This isn't good.

**DEACON**

Uh... Okay. I guess that's cool.

An awkward beat.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

I want you guys to come. It's just, I don't know. I kind of had this vibe from Naomi.

**MATT**

(still doesn't get it)

We can just meet you there.

**DEACON**

Yeah. Okay. That's cool. Look, it's at Mark and J.T. Slistak's house. I'll see you guys there. I've got to get back to class.

**MATT**

Later.

Deacon walks back to the group.

**MATT (CONT'D)**

What are you wearing to the party?

**FRED**

We're not really going to the party, you moron.

**MATT**

Why not?

**FRED**

Because I said so.  
Matt starts getting agitated.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**61.**

**MATT**

But we told Deacon-- I mean, we can't  
just not show up. What if Deacon is  
looking for us--  
This is too complicated to explain to Matt, so Fred just  
gives in.

**FRED**

All right. All right. Stop crying  
already. We'll make an appearance.

**MATT**

Cool.

**66 INT. MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

**66**

Amid this raging party, Deacon has taken his rightful place  
with the in-crowd, standing dangerously close to Naomi  
without his usual sidekicks weighing him down. Finally.

**NAOMI**

You know, Rachael's coming back from  
Paris in a couple of weeks.

**DEACON**

So?

**NAOMI**

So, aren't you even a little interested  
in seeing her?

**DEACON**

No. There's someone else I'd rather  
see...

He looks into her eyes, waiting to see if the limb he's out  
on is going to break. She smiles. It's working. Just then,

**MATT**

Hey, guys.

It's his sidekicks and they've got some seriously bad timing.  
Deacon shoots them an annoyed look.

**NAOMI**

So what's this project you guys are  
working on?

**FRED**

We can't really talk about it.

**JAKE (O.S.)**

Yeah. It's private.

Jake eyes Deacon intently.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**62.**

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

Why are you hanging around with this  
loser?

**NAOMI**

What's your problem, Jake?

**JAKE**

What's yours?

She storms away. Deacon follows her.

67 **EXT. MARK'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT**

67

Naomi is out on the patio.

**DEACON**

What was that all about?

**NAOMI**

He really pisses me off. Jake is such an asshole.

**DEACON**

Tell me about it.

**NAOMI**

When we were going out, he was so mean to me all the time. I think he's compensating for his little dick that never even gets hard.

Deacon chokes on his drink.

**DEACON**

Well at least you were smart enough to dump him. I mean, you deserve someone who will treat you ... I don't know. Really well.

**NAOMI**

You know what you are?

Deacon gets a little nervous.

**NAOMI (CONT'D)**

You're a nice guy.

She kisses him on the cheek. Deacon looks at her, then steels himself to make a decision. He kisses her!

She's surprised, but not unwilling.

**NAOMI (CONT'D)**

Deacon?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

63.

**DEACON**

I've been wanting to do that for a long time.

**NAOMI**

So why didn't you?

Most guys would look away at this point, with a fabulous babe with pouty lips staring you down. But Deacon passes the test: he stands his ground and kisses her again. She likes it.

AT A WINDOW, Jake sees them kissing. He doesn't like it.

AT ANOTHER WINDOW, Fred sees it, too. And for a completely different reason, he doesn't like it either.

68 **INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY**

68

The set is finally ready: Ashley is lying on the bed in a robe, the lights and camera are set, and Matt and Fred are adjusting the video camera. The only thing missing is an actor. Deacon ENTERS.

**DEACON**

Hey, where's Coop?

**FRED**

He was supposed to be here a half hour ago.

**MATT**

Maybe he got sucked into a black hole.  
He chuckles to himself.

**DEACON**

Good one, Spock. I can't understand why you're not more popular with the ladies.

**MATT**

Look, we're wasting time. Deacon, why don't you just go in there?  
Deacon balks at first, then looks over at Ashley, lying there.

**MATT (CONT'D)**

Come on...

**DEACON**

Okay. Okay. All right already.  
He pulls off his shirt and approaches Ashley with a pizza box from out of nowhere.

**MATT**

And action!

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**64.**

Matt starts filming while Ashley pulls Deacon near her.

**ASHLEY (O.S.)**

Maybe I can pay for the pizza some other way...

We hear Deacon's ZIPPER opening offscreen as Deacon rolls his eyes and reluctantly delivers his line:

**DEACON**

And maybe I could throw in the sausage for free.

Deacon shows no enthusiasm for what's happening down below.

**MATT**

Fred, you get in there, too.

**FRED**

Are you sure?

**MATT**

Yeah, it'll be a great shot.

Fred takes off his shorts and walks over to the other side of the bed. Ashley is offscreen, presumably lying on the bed. The two guys are facing each other.

**FRED**

Hey.

**DEACON**

S'up?

**FRED**

How's it going?

Deacon shrugs.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

Hey, did you see that show on Sci Fi about sun spots?

**DEACON**

Yeah. They said there's going to be a massive eruption next year.

Fred starts laughing.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

What?

**FRED**

You said "massive eruption."

Deacon starts laughing, too.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**65.**

**MATT**

Hey, quit the chatter.

**FRED**

Sorry.

**MATT**

Hey, why don't you guys kiss?

**DEACON**

What?

**MATT**

You know. Make out with each other.

**DEACON**

What?

**FRED**

All right.

Fred goes in to kiss Deacon, who's thoroughly confused.

Deacon holds him back with his hand.

**DEACON**

Wait. Why do you want us to kiss?

**MATT (O.S.)**

Because that's what guys do in gay porn.

**DEACON**

What?

Deacon looks over at the camera. It's Ashley filming. PANIC! He slowly looks down at the person he and Fred are having sex with. He can barely look. It's Matt!

**MATT**

More sausage please.

**DEACON**

Aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhh!

**CUT TO:**

**69 INT. DEACON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**69**

Deacon bolts up out of bed. Nightmare. Thank God.

**70 INT. BASEMENT SET AS "MOVIE THEATER" - DAY**

**70**

Deacon enters and the scene looks very much like the dream: Ashley on the bed and Matt and Fred waiting around.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**66.**

The set is made up to look like a movie theater, complete

with rows of seats, a bed sheet "screen," and a massive 5,000 watt light. Deacon is still a little agitated.

**DEACON**

Where the hell is Coop? There's no way I'm making out with Fred.

Then Coop comes out of the bathroom and sees everyone staring at Deacon.

**COOP**

What's going on?

**ASHLEY**

Deacon is talking about making out with Fred.

**FRED**

No way. I'm holding the mike and that's it.

**COOP**

I thought we were doing straight porn.

**ASHLEY**

If you guys want to do gay porn, you still have to pay me.

**DEACON**

Hang on. Relax. It was just this stupid dream I had.

**MATT**

You dreamed about making out with Fred?

**DEACON**

No. Well, yes. And we were both having sex with you. But it was just a dream so let's forget it.

Everyone is a little uneasy at this admission. Deacon quickly changes the subject.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

What's with the light?

**MATT**

It's a "special effect." If you want this film to look amateurish, you're going to have to get someone else to do it.

**DEACON**

Okay. Relax.

**FRED**

Come on. Let's do it already.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**67.**

**MATT**

Action.

Matt starts his cheesy "projector light effect" and Coop takes a seat next to Ashley.

**ASHLEY**

This summer tent-pole event-movie is making me so scared.

**COOP**

Hide your head down here and I'll tell you when it's safe to come up.

As she starts to go down, we turn our attention...  
ON FRED and DEACON, away from the action.

**FRED**

(snide; whispers)  
How's Naomi?

**DEACON**

Fine.

**COOP (O.S.)**

Not yet. This is the really scary part.

**DEACON**

(whispers)

Hey. Can I ask you a question?

Fred shrugs. The memory of the nightmare is wreaking havoc with Deacon's conscience.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

Do you ever think maybe we've gotten ourselves in a little over our heads with all of this?

**COOP (O.S.)**

Oh, baby. Not yet.

Fred appears to be pondering the question deeply. His face slowly contorts to a look of seeming anguish. Then,

**FRED**

Fire!

The coiled cord to the massive light is burning a circular hole in the smouldering carpet.

**COOP**

Unplug the light!

Deacon moves to unplug it.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**68.**

**MATT**

Wait, it's hot!

Too late. Deacon touches the cord, SCREAMS, and reels back, knocking the light over.

It EXPLODES onto the floor. The carpet bursts into FLAMES.

**FRED**

Run!

Ashley and Coop run up the stairs. Fred isn't far behind.

**MATT**

Quick, get the fire extinguisher!

**DEACON**

Where is it?

**MATT**

Over there!

He spots it in the corner and grabs it. Meanwhile the flames are growing.

Deacon comes over and aims the extinguisher at the flames. He depresses the lever. Nothing.

**DEACON**

It's not working!

Matt thinks about it for a second.

**MATT**

Oh. Me and Fred used it when we wrote the foamy cat fight script last week.

71 **INT. FRED'S BEDROOM - NIGHT** 71  
Matt and Fred are giggling and prancing around the room in bikinis discharging the fire extinguishers at each other.

72 **INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY** 72  
Deacon looks at him strangely for a beat, then runs into the

72A **INT. BASEMENT - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY (CONTINUOUS)** 72A  
He looks around frantically. Nothing. Then, he starts the WASHING MACHINE. It slowly starts to fill up.

**MATT (O.S.)**

Hurry!

Deacon turns the dial to "large load," pauses and chuckles to himself.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

69.

**DEACON**

Large load.

**MATT (O.S.)**

Deacon! Hurry!

Deacon snaps out of it and grabs the laundry detergent bottle. He scoops up some water and RUNS into the other room.

72B **INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY (CONTINUOUS)** 72B

He throws the soapy water onto the fire and Matt. The fire goes out, but Matt's not too happy about getting soaked.

73 **INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)** 73

Coop is looking down the stairs to the basement. Fred is freaking out. Ashley is still topless but covering herself up, having just put on her panties. She goes to put on her shirt when

**MRS. LEWIS (O.S.)**

What's going on here?

**DEACON'S PARENTS**

are standing in the doorway to the kitchen with Max, whose arm is in a splint. Max stares at Ashley. She covers herself some more.

Then, Deacon and Matt enter the kitchen from downstairs.

**MAX**

Nice rack.

**DEACON**

Mom! Dad! What are you doing home?

**MRS. LEWIS**

Max sprained his wrist at soccer practice. What is going on here?

**MR. LEWIS**

Well, I'm sure there's a reasonable explanation why there's a naked girl in our kitchen. Right, Deacon?

Deacon isn't too sure.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Well...

**DEACON**

I, uh...

Deacon's mind is racing. Then,

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

70.

**ASHLEY**

I'm Deacon's girlfriend. Ashley.

**MRS. LEWIS**

His girlfriend?

**MR. LEWIS**

His girlfriend?

\*  
\*

**DEACON**

Yes, my girlfriend.

**MRS. LEWIS**

And what were you doing with your clothes  
off in my kitchen?

**ASHLEY**

We were having a make out party.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Where are the other girls?

**DEACON**

Their dates stood them up?

**COOP**

Yeah. My date wasn't feeling well.

**FRED**

Mine has mono. From too much making out.  
With me.

**MRS. LEWIS**

What's that smell?

**MATT**

We had a small fire, Mrs. Lewis. I tipped  
over a candle. It was to set the right  
mood.

**MR. LEWIS**

A fire? Let me see the damage.

**DEACON**

Dad, don't. Let me take responsibility.

We'll pay to have it fixed.

Deacon's Dad looks at Ashley again. He can't hide his pride.

**MR. LEWIS**

Damn right you will.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Well, Ashley. I didn't know Deacon even  
had a girlfriend.

**MR. LEWIS**

Maybe you can join us for dinner tonight.

Ashley looks at Deacon. Deacon's Mom glares at Dad.

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

71.

**DEACON**

I think Ashley's busy tonight--

**ASHLEY**

Okay.

Oh, shit.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Okay, then.

**74 INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**74**

Ashley is eating dinner with the Lewises. Max keeps staring at her. Mr. Lewis steals a few glances of Ashley himself while continuing his work-related rant.

**MR. LEWIS**

So get this. Johnson comes up to me today and he's all like "where's the ND-90's?" I'm like, "Johnson, they discontinued the ND-90 like six weeks ago." I've been telling this guy...

**ASHLEY**

Johnson sounds like a moron.

**MR. LEWIS**

Exactly!

Mr. Lewis is psyched that someone is finally paying attention to him. Mrs. Lewis doesn't like the way he's looking at her.

**MRS. LEWIS**

So, Ashley. If I could ask you a personal question, exactly how old are you?

**ASHLEY**

Nineteen. But I tell people eighteen.

Deacon laughs nervously.

**DEACON**

Isn't that funny?

The doorbell rings.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

I'll get it.

**FOYER**

Deacon open the door. It's Naomi.

**DEACON**

What are you doing here?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**72.**

**NAOMI**

I thought I'd come by and surprise you.

Maybe we could hang out in your bedroom.

She looks at him seductively. Deacon looks over his shoulder.

**DEACON**

Now's not a good time.

**NAOMI**

What's wrong?

**DEACON**

Nothing. Let's talk later.

He tries to close the door, but she stops it.

**MRS. LEWIS (O.S.)**

Deacon, who is it?

Too late. Naomi comes in.

**NAOMI**

Hi, Mrs. Lewis. I'm Naomi. I'm Deacon's girlfriend.

And with that she looks at Deacon, figuring she just made his day. It fails, however, to achieve the desired effect.

**MRS. LEWIS**

His girlfriend?

She looks at Deacon. Max pokes his head through.

**MAX**

Deacon has two girlfriends?

**DEACON**

Shut up, Max!

**NAOMI**

What do you mean? What's going on?

**MAX**

Deacon's other girlfriend is having dinner with us.

**DEACON**

I can explain.

Naomi walks into the kitchen with Max.

**MAX**

This is Deacon's other girlfriend, Ashley.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**73.**

**MR. LEWIS**

His other girlfriend?

Dad's beaming with pride. The two girls size each other up.

**ASHLEY**

Hi.

**NAOMI**

Oh, my God. How old are you, you slut?

**ASHLEY**

Eighteen.

**NAOMI**

I thought you were a nice guy.

Naomi storms out of the house. Deacon follows, then Ashley.

**MRS. LEWIS**

You need to have a talk with him. He could be having S-E-X.

**MR. LEWIS**

I need to give him a goddamn medal.

(she storms off)

What?

**FOYER**

Deacon watches Naomi go. Ashley consoles him.

**ASHLEY**

Let her go.

**DEACON**

Are you insane? I've been fantasizing about Naomi Feldman since the seventh grade.

**ASHLEY**

Fantasy and reality are two different things, Deacon. Don't fall in love with who you think she is. You have to be sure

you love the real person.

**DEACON**

So what should I do?

**ASHLEY**

Go after her then. Or don't. Whatever.

He looks at Ashley for a beat, then goes after Naomi.

75 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

75

Naomi and Deacon are arguing under a street light.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

74.

**NAOMI**

She's a porno actress in your porno film. She had to pretend to be your girlfriend because she ran upstairs naked when the light caused a fire. And you've never had sex with her or even kissed her.

**DEACON**

Yeah, pretty much.

He looks down.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

So, I guess this means you're not my girlfriend anymore.

**NAOMI**

Not necessarily.

She looks at him with newfound interest.

**NAOMI (CONT'D)**

I want to come to the set tomorrow.

**DEACON**

No, I don't think that's a good idea.

**NAOMI**

Why not? I'm curious. I've never seen a porno movie actually being made.

**DEACON**

Matt and Fred will get really mad. We're not supposed to tell anyone.

**NAOMI**

Tell them I'm a ... creative consultant. For the female point of view.

**DEACON**

No offense, but the female point of view doesn't really matter in these films.

She looks at him, pouting.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

Okay. Okay.

76 **CLOSE ON** a computer monitor displaying the A.S.S. Website. The cursor is clicking through the various pages: text stories, pictures of the set, still photos of Ashley and Coop, etc. But more importantly, the "hits" counter looks like the odometer on a rocket ship. **PULL BACK** to reveal...

76

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

75.

76A INT. VIC'S "STUDIO" - DAY

76A

Mike is surfing the web while eating a large bratwurst sandwich. Vic enters in his signature robe.

**MIKE**

This After School Special shit is amazing. They're getting a ton of hits off their stupid stories and they don't even have any product.

**VIC**

Are you sure those are the guys from the Pretty Kitty?

**MIKE**

It's the same guys. Bingo. I just found out where they live.

**VIC**

Give me that address. I'm gonna teach these assholes a little lesson about the adult film business.

He takes the piece of paper and storms out the door.

**MIKE**

Vic!

He pops back in.

**MIKE (CONT'D)**

You going like that?

Vic looks down at his robe.

**VIC**

Oh, yeah. Thanks Mike.

Vic puts his slippers on. They do the jive hand shake and hug thing again.

77 INT. VIC'S CAR, PARKED - DAY

77

Vic checks the address of the house against the print out.

**VIC**

Goddamn amateurs. Think they can screw with Vic Ramalot.

**MIKE**

Let's do this.

78 EXT. STREET - DAY

78

They get out of the car and Mike places the gun in his pants. They walk up to the front door and bang. It opens, revealing

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

76.

MR. GREITZER.

**VIC**

You Greitzer?

**GREITZER**

Yes. That's me.

Vic's a little confused. He looks at the piece of paper.

**VIC**

Ronald J. Greitzer?

**GREITZER**

Yes. That's right.

Then, a spark of understanding.

**VIC**

Oh, I get it. Brilliant. You're not even a fuckin' kid.

Mike pulls the gun out and puts it to Greitzer's head. Greitzer drops his glass of soda, raises his hands, and starts shaking, terrified.

**GREITZER**

What are you doing?

**VIC**

What am I doing? I'm retiring you from the porno business. Permanently. Understand?

**GREITZER**

Yes. Yes. Please don't hurt me.

**VIC**

No more sweet young pussy, no more hot school-girl fantasies, no more goddamn pornos "for virgins by virgins." You got me?

Greitzer's eyes dart over to the side, and for the first time, Vic steps into the house and sees: LITTLE GIRLS. It's Greitzer's little daughter's birthday party. Six-year-old GIRLS and their stunned PARENTS all stare at Vic. Greitzer's wife comes over, screaming and crying.

**GREITZER'S WIFE**

Please don't hurt my husband!

**VIC**

Uh...

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**77.**

**GREITZER**

I'm sorry! I'll never rent them again! It was only that one time my wife was at her sister's! Please! I promise you!

**GREITZER'S WIFE**

You rented a dirty movie? You told me it was Jakob the Liar!

Mike lowers the gun and they start backing out of there.

**GREITZER**

What? I shouldn't be entitled to a little joy in life?

**GREITZER'S WIFE**

Now look at the trouble you've brought to this house.

**GREITZER**

And I'm supposed to know the Religious Right would come after me for renting an adult film?

As they continue to fight, Vic and Mike run back to the car.

**79 INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

**79**

Dress rehearsals. Naomi is sitting at the kitchen table talking to Ashley, who's wearing a sexy cheerleader outfit.

Deacon is at the microwave making popcorn.

**NAOMI**

Five hundred dollars a night?

**ASHLEY**

Yeah, but if you can break into films, like these ones, you can get featured dancing gigs and make ten times that much.

**NAOMI**

No way.

**ASHLEY**

Seriously. If these guys ever get their act together.

Matt stumbles in carrying a pile of scripts. Fred walks in behind him and sees Naomi.

**FRED**

What is she doing here?

**DEACON**

Naomi is my girlfriend.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**78.**

Fred exchanges a glance with Matt.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

And I wanted her to help out. Give the script a female point of view.

Fred pulls Deacon aside.

**FRED**

Jesus, Deacon. Didn't you see that Beatles documentary on the History Channel? You're pulling a Yoko Ono on us.

**DEACON**

What?

**FRED**

Fine. Whatever. Let's get started. I'm sure she'll be really helpful.

Coop comes out of the bathroom dressed as the Math Team Captain, complete with nerd glasses, pocket protector, etc.

**COOP**

Oh, hey, Naomi.

**NAOMI**

Hey, Coop. Are you helping these guys, too?

**COOP**

(sheepishly)

Sort of.

**MATT**

Okay, people. Places everybody. Let's try to do this with a little heart, okay? And action.

Everyone turns to their scripts and starts the rehearsal.

**ASHLEY**

This quadratic equation is so hard.

**COOP**

Well, maybe we should just stick to long division.

Coop drops his corduroys and Naomi gasps. She stares at Coop's "slide rule" for a beat, then snaps out of it.

**NAOMI**

Wait a second. Cut. This is all wrong. She wouldn't be fantasizing about some geek.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**79.**

**MATT**

He's not a geek. He's the Math Team Captain.

**NAOMI**

No, he should be really well-dressed, and maybe he's a foreign exchange student from Portugal.

**MATT**

Um, and the director is the only one who's allowed to say "cut."

**FRED**

Who cares, Naomi?

**NAOMI**

Deacon agrees with me, don't you?

Matt and Fred look at Deacon.

**COOP**

Dudes, come on. My nuts are getting cold.

**ASHLEY**

I'm out of here.

**NAOMI**

Shut up, Coop. This is important.

**COOP**

(swings his arms out)

And my nuts aren't?

Coop's hand accidentally smacks Ashley in the nose as she's getting up. She SCREAMS.

**DEACON**

Are you okay?

**COOP**

I'm sorry, Ashley.

She's pissed, holding her nose.

**ASHLEY**

Look. This is ridiculous. Who does dress rehearsals for a porno shoot?

**MATT**

Oh, sure. Why don't we throw out the script while we're at it and "improvise."

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**80.**

**ASHLEY**

Guys, I appreciate the money. It's nice to get paid for sitting around doing nothing, but this isn't helping my career. I've got no footage for my reel.

She packs up.

**FRED**

Where are you going?

**ASHLEY**

Sorry.

She leaves.

**COOP**

Ashley, wait. I'm sorry. Ashley!  
Then, he blurts out something unexpected:

**COOP (CONT'D)**

(calling after her)

I love you!

Coop exchanges an awkward glance with the guys: he's said too much. He goes after Ashley, with his pants still around his ankles and his bare ass in full display.

He stumbles on his pants and falls on his face. He gets up quickly and continues after her, still with his pants down.

**FRED**

Now what are we going to do? Your "girlfriend" ruined everything.

**DEACON**

Coop's the one that smacked her.

**NAOMI**

Besides, if you losers knew anything about women, we wouldn't have this problem.

**FRED**

Who asked you?

**NAOMI**

I don't have to take this.

She storms off, leaving Deacon there to make a decision. He looks at Matt and Fred for a beat, then follows Naomi. Fred and Matt are crushed.

80 **EXT. THE PRETTY KITTY CLUB - DAY**

80

Ashley is walking through the parking lot on the way to work.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

81.

**MRS. LEWIS (O.S.)**

Ashley?

It's Deacon's Mom, in the adjacent lot. She walks over to her.

**ASHLEY**

Mrs. Lewis!

**MRS. LEWIS**

What are you doing here?

**ASHLEY**

I, um, I'm... I'm going where you're going.

**MRS. LEWIS**

To yoga class?

**ASHLEY**

Yes. Exactly.

**MRS. LEWIS**

I haven't seen you in class before.

**ASHLEY**

It's my first time.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Well, that's great, Ashley. You're really going to love it.

She escorts her towards the yoga class building.

**MRS. LEWIS (CONT'D)**

It's really easy, but if you can't keep up, just follow my lead.

**CUT TO:**

**81 INT. YOGA CLASS - DAY**

The entire class of slackjawed MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN yoga students stare in disbelief. Even the instructor is amazed.

**ASHLEY**

is essentially folded in half, her legs pinned well beyond her ears. She's obviously been in this position before.

**82 INT. YOGA CLASS - LATER**

The women are gathering their things after class, some still eyeing Ashley jealously.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**82.**

**MRS. LEWIS**

You're quite flexible, Ashley.

**ASHLEY**

Yeah, people tell me that all the time. You know, I could teach you some of those moves. Mr. Lewis would love it.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Oh. Okay. Maybe later. Listen, Ashley. I want to ask you something... personal. About you and Deacon.

**ASHLEY**

Uh huh.

**MRS. LEWIS**

You know Deacon is only seventeen.

**ASHLEY**

Uh huh.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Right. So I was just wondering. You know. If you and Deacon... Well, if Deacon and you were...

**ASHLEY**

Um, no.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Good. Good. That's very good.

She gives Ashley a warm little hug.

**ASHLEY**

Listen, Mrs. Lewis. You don't have to

worry about Deacon. He's a good kid. If you just let him make his own mistakes in life, he's going to turn out fine.

83 INT. NAOMI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

83

Deacon and Naomi are under the covers, making out.

NAOMI

So, do you have anything?

DEACON

Like what?

NAOMI

You know. Protection.

DEACON

Oh. Oh yeah. Of course.

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

83.

She sees he's nervous.

NAOMI

Don't you want to?

DEACON

Of course I do.

NAOMI

Then what's the problem?

Deacon looks at her waiting there for him, his for the taking. A long beat. Then,

DEACON

It's my first time.

NAOMI

That's okay. Just go slow.

And he does. He's nervous at first, not sure what to do. But as she kisses him softly, suddenly we start to hear the slow fade in of PORNO MUSIC playing in Deacon's head. (Now that Deacon's actually having sex, it's involuntarily triggering the only thing he knows about sex: porno movies.) The music grows louder when:

FRED (V.O.)

(in Deacon's head)

Every two minutes, they change positions.

He pauses, and cocks his head in confusion. He tries to shake Fred's voice out of his head, but he can't.

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

It's a basic rule of porno.

Finally, he gives in to the porno music. He rolls Naomi on top of him.

JUMP CUT TO:

They're doing it standing up against the door.

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

The door. Always a classic.

JUMP CUT TO:

Deacon sweeps away all the stuff from her desk and lifts her up on it. Naomi likes it.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Fantasy and reality are two different things.

JUMP CUT TO:

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

84.

Naomi's HAND presses up against the window. It slowly falls to the ground.

FRED (V.O.)

It's a basic rule of porno.

JUMP CUT TO:

Back on the bed, Naomi is in a state of complete bliss, having had her first ever orgasm.

ASHLEY (V.O.)

Fantasy and reality are two different things...

But Deacon doesn't share Naomi's contentment. He looks troubled.

83A INT. THE PRETTY KITTY CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

83A

The next night, Deacon is talking to Ashley backstage as she's getting ready to go on.

DEACON

I don't know. It was weird. Is it supposed to be so weird?

ASHLEY

Of course it was weird. True love can only exist between two women.

Deacon is stunned.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Just kidding. I don't know, Deacon. Do you like this girl?

He hesitates a bit too long.

DEACON

Of course I do.

ASHLEY

Your heart is telling you that you don't. And I think it's time you start listening to your heart.

Deacon still doesn't get it.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)

Look. I have to go on. Just do whatever you want. Or don't. Whatever.

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

85.

84 INT. DAVE'S DUPES - DAY

84

Vic and Mike wait at the counter for his video copies of volume 28. DAVE (cameo for the director, DME) comes to the counter with a box.

VIC

Thanks, Dave.

DAVE

Vic.

He turns to leave just as another GUY (cameo for the writer,

DHS) comes up to Dave with a pad of paper.

**VIDEO DUPE GUY**

Hey, Dave, there's a guy on the phone who wants to set up a new account.

**DAVE**

What's it for?

**VIDEO DUPE GUY**

Some outfit called After School Special. They turn back.

**MIKE**

What did you just say?

**VIDEO DUPE GUY**

Nothing. It's for another customer.

Mike grabs him by the collar and pulls him over to Vic.

**VIC**

Did you say "After School Special"?

Mike grabs the paper, drops the guy, and he and Vic rush out of the store. After they're gone:

**VIDEO DUPE GUY**

Shit, man. You must be crazy.

(calling after them)

Better watch your back, homie! You might get smoked!

85 **INT. PEACHTREE & FINCH - DAY**

85

Naomi is dragging Deacon into the store featuring posters of buff male models with nut-hugging boxer briefs.

**DEACON**

What are we doing here?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

86.

**NAOMI**

What? I thought you might want some new clothes.

**DEACON**

I don't need any new clothes.

**NAOMI**

And guess what? I booked facials for us at the Serenity Spa.

**DEACON**

Naomi. Wait. Stop.

He stops her.

**NAOMI**

What's wrong?

**DEACON**

I have to meet up with Matt and Fred this afternoon. I already blew them off yesterday.

**NAOMI**

Deacon, you don't have to hang out with those guys any more. Besides, you really need a facial. And I mean, I thought we could spend the day together. You know, after last night.

**DEACON**

But what about Matt and Fred?

**NAOMI**

Well what about me?

She pouts. She has him under her thumb. He takes her hand and continues into the store.

86 **INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY**

86

Deacon walks in really late, but wearing a hot new Peachtree & Finch outfit. And his skin seems to glow. Matt and Fred glare at him from the far end of the couch.

**DEACON**

What's going on? Are we going to find another girl?

(off their look)

What?

**FRED**

Matt and I have been talking.

**DEACON**

Yeah. About what?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

87.

**MATT**

We want to make this movie.

**DEACON**

I know. I do, too.

**FRED**

No, Deacon. We want to make the movie we wrote. We want to make it without you.

**DEACON**

Okay. I know what this is about, guys. I'm sorry about Naomi.

**FRED**

That's not the problem, Deacon.

**DEACON**

Then what is it?

**FRED**

I thought this was about us having fun and doing something crazy together. But as soon as you got what you wanted, you blew us off.

**DEACON**

You don't understand.

Fred cuts to the chase.

**FRED**

Do you even like her?

Deacon is about to tell them. Then,

**DEACON**

Fine. Go ahead without me.

**FRED**

Fine.

Matt and Fred get up and leave.

86A **OMITTED**

86A

86B OMITTED 86B  
86C OMITTED 86C  
86D OMITTED 86D  
86E OMITTED 86E  
FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT 88.

87 INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT 87  
The family eats dinner in silence. Deacon feels like shit.

MRS. LEWIS

So, Deacon. How'd you think you did on your midterms?

DEACON

Fine.

MAX

I found a dead bird on the soccer field. Its head was missing.

Deacon's Dad pushes away his plate and gets up.

MR. LEWIS

I have to go back to the office tonight. Johnson screwed the pooch again.

MRS. LEWIS

Whatever.

88 INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT 88  
Deacon's Dad gets into the Aerostar. He turns on the radio, which blasts a ROCKING SONG. He quickly changes it back to an EASY LISTENING TUNE.

88A EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT 88A  
He pulls in to the lot and parks. He steps out of the car and starts to walk to his office. Only it's not his office. It's...

89 EXT. THE PRETTY KITTY CLUB - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 89  
He passes the Bouncer, still reading Aristotle's Ethics.

BOUNCER

Enjoy.

90 INT. THE PRETTY KITTY CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT 90  
Ashley is changing into her school girl outfit.

PLANTAIN

Ash, you ready? You're up now.

90A INT. THE PRETTY KITTY CLUB - NIGHT 90A  
DEACON'S DAD enters the club and pays the cashier.  
INTERCUT:

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT 89.

90B ASHLEY sprays glitter on her body backstage. 90B

90C DEACON'S DAD takes a seat right up front. 90C

D.J. (O.S.)

... they work hard for their money, guys,  
so let's tip them good. All right. Now,  
on the main carousel, let's give it up  
for the naughty school girl. ASHLEY!

Applause. Ashley struts out through the cloud of stage FOG,  
right up to Deacon's Dad...

... who's turned around, ordering a drink. He turns back to  
see...

... Ashley's back, as she swings around the pole. She struts  
by each of the men in the front row, reaching down to take  
dollar bills out of their hands. She walks over to Deacon's  
Dad...

... but he's tipping the waitress. She does another spin  
around the pole...

and lands in a split, face to face with...

... Deacon's Dad, who happens to have a crisp dollar bill  
between his teeth.

They immediately recognize each other and FREEZE. A long  
beat. Then:

**MR. LEWIS**

Hello, naughty school girl whom I've  
never met before.

**ASHLEY**

You, too, are someone whose kitchen I've  
never been in.

Another beat, then she grabs the bill out of his teeth, and  
quickly moves away.

91 **INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT**

91

Dad walks upstairs, still a little stunned.

**MRS. LEWIS**

You get everything done at work?

**MR. LEWIS**

Yeah. All set.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Oh, guess who I ran into? Deacon's  
girlfriend, Ashley.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

90.

Dad freezes.

**MR. LEWIS**

Where did you see Ashley?

**MRS. LEWIS**

Over on Industrial Way.

**MR. LEWIS**

You were on Industrial?

**MRS. LEWIS**

You know, she is so flexible. It's really  
amazing some of the positions that girl  
can twist herself into.

**MR. LEWIS**

What?!?

**MRS. LEWIS**

She even offered to teach me. So I could

move like that.

**MR. LEWIS**

Yeah, that would be great! I mean, if you're into that.

**MRS. LEWIS**

Maybe. I like her. I know she's a little older, but I think she's good for Deacon.

**MR. LEWIS**

You do?

Just then, Deacon walks past them down the hallway towards his bedroom. Dad eyes him with a rare combination of fatherly concern and male jealousy.

**92 INT. DEACON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

**92**

Deacon walks past his desk and something catches his eye. He stops to look at a picture of himself with Fred and Matt from fifth grade. He looks really happy in the picture.

Then, he sees a strip of photo booth pictures taken yesterday with Naomi. She's hamming it up for the camera, but you can tell from his expression, they don't belong together.

He tosses the Naomi picture onto the desk.

**93 EXT. DEACON'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - NIGHT**

**93**

Deacon stands by the water skipping rocks with Matt and Fred.

**FRED**

So, what did you want to talk to us about?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**91.**

**DEACON**

I wanted to say I'm sorry.

**FRED**

For what?

**DEACON**

For blowing you guys off.

**MATT**

That's okay, Deacon.

**DEACON**

No, it's not. It's just sometimes I feel like the whole world is passing us by and we're just sitting still. I don't know.

Anyway, I'm sorry.

**FRED**

You know, you can be a real dick sometimes.

Then, Fred smiles. Deacon knows they're cool with each other.

**DEACON**

Naomi and I did it the other night.

**MATT**

No way!

**FRED**

You're kidding, right?

**DEACON**

No, it's true.

**FRED**

How was it?

**DEACON**

Good. At first. But then I kept thinking  
about all the pornos. Trying to hit the  
right spots, positions. I don't know.  
After a while it kind of seemed like  
work.

**MATT**

I find that extremely difficult to  
believe.

Deacon laughs.

**FRED**

So what now? Do we make this thing?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**92.**

**DEACON**

I don't know. Maybe we should just call  
it quits.

**ASHLEY (O.S.)**

Hey, guys.

Ashley walks up to them. She looks hotter than ever, in a  
tiny midriff shirt and short shorts.

**DEACON**

What are you doing here?

**ASHLEY**

I need you.

**FRED**

What?

**ASHLEY**

I need you to make this movie. For my  
reel.

**DEACON**

Well, actually we were--

**ASHLEY**

Ooh, look. An eyelash.

For the third time, time stands still as Ashley gently pulls  
the errant eyelash from Deacon's eye and offers it up to him.

**ASHLEY (CONT'D)**

Make a wish.

Deacon is too entranced to close his eyes, but he does take  
the opportunity to blow the eyelash off her hand. She smiles  
and brushes back a strand of hair from his brow.

The guys are hooked.

Up through the window, over on Deacon's computer, the A.S.S.  
Website is running, featuring Roger's smiling face with the  
motto, "By Virgins, For Virgins." The counter is on fire.

**94 INT. HAIRDRESSER - DAY**

**94**

Roger is getting his hair cut by a cute HAIRDRESSER, his  
wheelchair next to him. A few other women are in the back,  
whispering and looking over at Roger. An OPERA ARIA plays on  
the radio.

**HAIRDRESSER**

So, I'm thinking about getting into

films.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

93.

**ROGER**

Okay.

**HAIRDRESSER**

You have any tips on how to break in?

**ROGER**

Uh, no. Not really. Acting classes, I guess.

**HAIRDRESSER**

Really? I didn't think there was a lot of acting in those films.

Roger is confused.

**ROGER**

Well, I guess it kind of depends.

**HAIRDRESSER**

You think you could get me an audition?

**ROGER**

For what?

**HAIRDRESSER**

Come on. How long have I been cutting your hair?

**ROGER**

Since I was like eight.

**HAIRDRESSER**

(whispers)

I know who you are. Don't worry. Your secret's safe. Come on. I just want to make one film to see what it's like.

Roger is still totally clueless.

**ROGER**

That's great. But how can I help you?

**HAIRDRESSER**

Oh, I get it. You help me, I have to help you. That's how it works. Okay.

She looks around. Then, she sprays a big dollop of hair mousse into one hand and places it under the hair apron. ZIP. Roger panics.

**HAIRDRESSER (CONT'D)**

Relax.

**ROGER**

What're you-- Oh, God!

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

94.

His face contorts to match the aria playing on the radio, making it look like he's singing the soprano solo.

95 **INT. BASEMENT SET AS "THE PROM" - DAY**

95

Coop and Ashley have brought some help: Plantain and the Bouncer. They're waiting around for the guys. The room is

their most elaborate set so far, a hotel ball room, complete with themed prom banner, dance floor, stage, etc.

**COOP**

No, no, it's a municipal bond fund.

**ASHLEY**

But what about the capital gains?

**COOP**

Sure there's short term capital gains, but the dividends are tax free.

**PLANTAIN**

State and federal?

Deacon enters with Matt and Fred.

**ASHLEY**

Hey, guys. I hope you don't mind, Plantain and Baxter want to be in the movie, too.

**BOUNCER**

Hey! Mr. Runningbear!

Matt smiles meekly as we

**CUT TO:**

**THE PRODUCTION MONTAGE:**

**95A INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY**

**95A**

Moments later, cheesy prom MUSIC plays and a mirrored disco ball reflects light across the dance floor. As the couple dances across the floor, dressed in a prom gown and tux, Ashley looks into Coop's eyes.

**ASHLEY**

Ira, I have something important to tell you.

**COOP**

What is it?

**ASHLEY**

This prom is making me so hot. I'm ready to lose my virginity to you tonight.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**95.**

Coop gives the thumbs up to the Bouncer, also dressed in a tux, then starts making out with Ashley in an exaggerated tongue-lapping display.

BEHIND THE CAMERA, Matt peeks out and looks at the other two guys with a furled brow. Deacon gives him a forced thumbs up.

**95B INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY**

**95B**

Coop and Ashley sit in the back seat of a Split Car. Coop says, "Oh, Rachael. You're the best." Fred looks over at Deacon, who just smiles sheepishly.

**95C INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY**

**95C**

The Bouncer and Coop play chess as the guys capture the offscreen action. Ashley says, "You're the sexiest teacher I ever had." The guys turn their heads sideways to figure out the bizarre position Ashley and Plantain have gotten themselves into.

**95D INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY**

**95D**

Plantain, dressed as a chaperone with a big punch stain on

her dress, is eating a tuna fish sandwich and smoking a cigarette. Matt calls "Okay, people. Places. Let's get it together." Plantain puts the cigarette out on her heel, hides the tuna fish sandwich in her purse, and sprays the air with Weylon J. Petunia's.

**PLANTAIN**

My dress is ruined!

**BOUNCER**

I'm so sorry, Miss Jorgensen. What are we going to do?

She rips off her dress in one big swoop, revealing sexy underwear.

**95E INT. BASEMENT BATHROOM - DAY**

**95E**

Fred is in the bathroom with the Moisty-Mate, but he just can't seem to get in the mood. Through the door:

**PLANTAIN (O.S.)**

I never knew chaperoning the prom could be so "hard."

Fred gives up and throws the lotion back in his book bag. When he exits the bathroom, everyone is staring in his direction, then quickly looks away nonchalantly.

**95F INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY**

**95F**

The Bouncer is going at it with an ugly sex face, dripping with sweat.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**96.**

Fred lowers the boom and it smacks the Bouncer in the head. Deacon applauds, trying to rally the troops, "Good scene. Good scene."

**96G INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY**

**96G**

Plantain speaks with no real enthusiasm, "I give you an A+." Matt asks her to do the line again, but she says it exactly the same way again. One more time, same result. Suddenly Coop lets out a huge FART and everyone starts laughing. Matt throws his hands up, frustrated.

**95H INT. BASEMENT SET - DAY**

**95H**

Coop and Ashley are in the back seat, post coitus.

**ASHLEY**

That was the best prom ever.

**COOP**

You can say that again.

And as Ashley actually repeats her line, we see Fred mouthing it along with her, proud of his contribution to the script.

**95J EXT. DEACON'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY**

**95J**

Matt strips off the sheets, sprays them with lighter fluid, and sets them on fire. As the flames rise up and **FILL THE SCREEN,**

**MATT (O.S.)**

Cut. That's a wrap.

**END MONTAGE.**

**96 INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - LIBRARY - DAY**

**96**

Deacon is studying in the library.

**RACHAEL (O.S.)**

Deacon!

He turns around and there she is: RACHAEL UNGER.

**DEACON**

Rachael?

**RACHAEL**

Hi, how are you?

**DEACON**

Good. Good. How was France?

**RACHAEL**

It was so fun. We just got back yesterday. The school totally screwed up my class schedule.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

97.

Deacon looks her over.

**DEACON**

So, how's John Baldwin?

Rachael goes white.

**RACHAEL**

Who told you about that?

**DEACON**

Everybody knows.

**RACHAEL**

Well everybody is a liar. I never did it with John Baldwin.

Deacon is stunned.

**DEACON**

You didn't?

**RACHAEL**

Jesus, Deacon. I don't even know him. It's not like it was with us.

It hits Deacon like a ton of bricks.

97 **INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - A/V ROOM - DAY**

97

Deacon and Fred enter and see Matt sitting by the computer.

**FRED**

So...?

**DEACON**

How does it look?

**MATT**

It looks great. It's the best porno film I've ever made.

**FRED**

So what's the problem?

**DEACON**

Are you done with it?

**MATT**

Well, I cut together some footage to give to Ashley for her reel, but I don't think I can finish this film.

**FRED**

Why not?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

98.

**MATT**

I can't even watch it. Every time I turn it on, I keep thinking about that tuna fish sandwich and Coop farting all day long.

**DEACON**

That was pretty gross.

**MATT**

That's just it. The movie looks great, but seeing everything else -- all the disgusting, nasty stuff -- that's what's taken all the fun out of it. And I just don't want to do it any more.

**FRED**

Great. I knew it. I knew you couldn't handle this.

Matt looks away.

**DEACON**

Take it easy, Fred.

**FRED**

No, I knew that when it came down to it, Matt would wuss out.

Matt snaps.

**MATT**

You know what? Fuck you, Fred. You're the wuss here. At least I don't have to whack off every time I see a girl in the hallway.

Fred shoves Matt.

**FRED**

Shut up, Matt.

Matt stands up and gets in Fred's face.

**MATT**

No, you shut up! For once in your life, be a man and admit this movie was a mistake.

**FRED**

Why don't you make me?

The two square off, staring each other down. Until,

**DEACON**

No. Matt's right. This movie was a mistake.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**99.**

**FRED**

What are you talking about? This whole thing was your idea.

**DEACON**

Come on, Fred. Didn't you think this movie was going to be ... I don't know, sexy?

Fred looks at the other two for a beat, not sure what to say. Finally, he smiles.

**FRED**

How long have you guys known about the bathroom thing?

Deacon laughs.

**MATT**

If you didn't like making the movie, why didn't you say something?

**FRED**

I don't know. I thought you guys were having fun. I didn't want to be the wuss.

A beat.

**FRED (CONT'D)**

So what about the car?

**DEACON**

The Aerostar's not so bad.

**FRED**

What about the money and the power and the women? What about Tony Montana?

**MATT**

Scar Face is just a stupid movie, Fred.

Fred smiles.

**MATT (CONT'D)**

So what do we do with this?

He holds up the tape.

**98 EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK (CLOSED) - NIGHT**

**98**

The tape is burning in the center of a huge bonfire. A massive party is raging. Tons of teenagers are dancing, drinking, and having a good time rocking to a LIVE BAND. At the center of it all are Matt, Fred, and Deacon are finally enjoying themselves.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**100.**

**ASHLEY**

Hey, guys. Great party.

**DEACON**

Thanks.

**ASHLEY**

I've got some big news. I sent the reel to Vivid and they want to fly me and Coop to L.A. to talk about a contract.

**MATT**

Wow. That's great, Ashley.

**DEACON**

Congratulations.

Deacon hugs her.

**BOUNCER (O.S.)**

Deacon! Vinnie says we need more ice!

**DEACON**

Hang on, guys. I'll be right back.

He leaves Fred and Matt alone with Ashley.

**FRED**

Hey, Ashley. Can I ask you a question?

**ASHLEY**

Sure.

**FRED**

Do you think me and Matt will ever get girlfriends?

**ASHLEY**

Are you kidding? Come on, guys. You have it made. You're smart, funny, fun to be with. In a couple of years, girls will be dying to meet men like you.

**MATT**

Really?

**ASHLEY**

Well, no. Popular, good looking guys always get the girls.

(off their look)

Hey, what was I supposed to say?

Then, Roger wheels by, arm in arm with his Hairdresser. No more braces and headgear, Roger looks sharp with slicked back hair and suave clothes.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**101.**

**ROGER**

Hey, guys. Great party.

He wheels off. The guys and Ashley do a double take.

**99**

**EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

**99**

The Bouncer is checking off names from the invite list. A long line of people are trying to get in, including J.T.

**J.T.**

I can't believe these losers are having such a killer party.

Coop is walking by and overhears the comment.

**COOP**

Hey, you're not on the list, dude.

**J.T.**

What's with you, you pussy? Are you joining the retard team, too?

Just then, Plantain enters and walks to the front of the line. The high school guys stop everything to stare at her.

**PLANTAIN**

Coop!

**COOP**

Plantain.

Plantain kisses him, while nonchalantly grabbing his crotch.

**PLANTAIN**

Come on. You don't need to wait in this line. Deacon and the guys are already inside.

Coop puts his arms around her and walks away, not without looking back over his shoulder for a second at J.T. standing there, dumbfounded. Then, the Bouncer escorts J.T. away.

**100**

**EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT**

**100**

Ashley is walking by Wendy and Kelly.

**WENDY**

I can't believe Naomi dumped Jake for  
Deacon Lewis.

Ashley stops.

**ASHLEY**

Let me tell you something about Deacon.  
That boy is amazing in bed.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**102.**

**KELLY**

And you are...?

**ASHLEY**

Ashley. Deacon's ex.

**WENDY**

Seriously?

**ASHLEY**

Seriously. Have your boyfriends ever  
given you an orgasm?

**WENDY**

No.

**KELLY**

I think so.

(off Ashley's look)

No.

**ASHLEY**

Have you ever felt so completely  
satisfied in bed that you just wanted to  
sleep for a week?

**KELLY AND WENDY**

No.

**ASHLEY**

You're wasting your time giving those  
Neanderthals blowjobs. I mean, they'll  
probably wind up unemployed wife beaters  
anyway.

**KELLY**

So, are Deacon's friends seeing anybody?

**ASHLEY**

Matt and Fred? I don't think so. But if  
you're interested, you better move fast.

Those guys know how to do this thing ...

She whispers something to Wendy and Kelly. They look shocked.  
Ashley walks off...

**100A EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT**

**100A**

...and finds Deacon, sitting alone on a broken-down ride. She  
sits down next to him.

**ASHLEY**

How's Naomi?

**DEACON**

I don't know. Good, I guess.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**103.**

**ASHLEY**

I thought she was your fantasy girl.

**DEACON**

Yeah. She was.

**ASHLEY**

You're gonna dump her.

**DEACON**

I don't want to. I don't know. It's not like it was when I was with Rachael. Rachael and I used to talk about stuff. We just, I don't know, connected.

**ASHLEY**

Very good, Deacon.

Deacon is confused.

**DEACON**

What do you mean?

**ASHLEY**

Oh, nothing. I guess I'm just glad that you finally figured it out.

A moment of realization.

**DEACON**

Yeah, I guess I did.

(beat)

So I have to do this, don't I?

**ASHLEY**

(joking this time)

I guess. Or not. Whatever.

Deacon smiles. He finally understands that Ashley really does care about him. Ashley kisses him on the cheek and exits off into the horizon.

101 **EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - NIGHT**

101

Deacon holds Naomi's hand and they walk and talk.

**DEACON**

There's something I want to talk to you about.

**NAOMI**

What?

**DEACON**

I've been thinking. Maybe we should see other people.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**104.**

**NAOMI**

What?

**DEACON**

Well, I mean, we don't really have anything in common. And we don't really even get along.

**NAOMI**

You're breaking up with me?

(beat)

Can we still have sex?

**DEACON**

Listen to what I'm saying, Naomi.

**NAOMI**

The only reason I went out with you was because I thought you were a nice guy. And now you're breaking up with me?

**DEACON**

Yeah. I guess so.

**NAOMI**

If you tell anybody about this... I have a reputation.

**DEACON**

I won't. You can tell people you dumped me if you want.

**NAOMI**

Really?

**DEACON**

Sure. What do I care?

**NAOMI**

You see? You are a nice guy.

She kisses him on the cheek.

**DEACON**

Just don't tell anyone about the movies. All right?

She smiles.

**JAKE (O.S.)**

These guys are pornographers!

It's Jake, on the bandstand with the mike. He's drunk.

**JAKE (CONT'D)**

They're perverts! They make porno movies in their basement!

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**105.**

But no one is paying any attention.

**DEACON**

No one's listening to you, Jake. Give it a rest.

Jake gets down to confront the guys.

**JAKE**

Oh, really, skidmarks? I know someone who will believe me. Your parents.

**DEACON**

The web site is in someone else's name. All our records are encrypted. There's no tracing it to us, jerk off.

**JAKE**

Oh, really? Well, good thing I took the tape of Ashley masturbating in your basement. When they see that, they'll see what kind of movies their perfect little Deacon is making.

**DEACON**

Did you make a copy of it?

**JAKE**

No.

**DEACON**

You sent the original tape to my parents?

**JAKE**

Yup.

**NAOMI**

You know, Jake, you're a real dick!

She punches him in the stomach. He doubles over and she uppercuts him. He flies backwards, crashing through a table.

**DEACON**

Jesus.

**MATT**

You should probably avoid pissing her off.

**DEACON**

Noted. Guys. We've got a problem.

102 **INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**

102

A large envelope labelled "OPEN ME" sits with the unopened mail on the foyer table.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

106.

103 **EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

103

The guys get into the Aerostar.

**VIC (O.S.)**

Not so fast, ladies.

It's Vic and Mike, and Mike points his gun at Deacon's head.

**VIC (CONT'D)**

Which one of you is Balls McLongcock?

Matt and Deacon give up Fred.

**VIC (CONT'D)**

Good name.

**FRED**

Thanks.

**VIC**

Too bad you're not going to be able to use it any more.

**DEACON**

Who the hell are you?

**VIC**

The competition. And who the hell are you, coming into my town, paying girls double what I'm paying them? This stupid After School Special shit is cutting into my business. So now I'm putting you out of business.

104 **OMITTED**

104

105 OMITTED  
105  
106 INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT  
106

The folks are reading.

107 OMITTED  
107

108 OMITTED  
108

109 OMITTED  
109

110 OMITTED  
110  
110A EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT  
110A

CLOSE ON the Aerostar bumper sticker, "My child is on the honor roll at William Wall High School."

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**107.**

CRANE SHOT up to the second floor landing.

**110B INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 110B**

Deacon, Matt, and Fred are bound and gagged, and hanging by their pants from meat hooks. Mike takes their gags off and they starts whimpering.

**MATT**  
Please don't kill us, Mr. Porno Man.

**VIC**  
Relax. We're not going to kill you.  
The guys let out a collective sigh of relief. Thank God.  
A beat.  
Then Mike pulls out the HEDGE CLIPPERS.

**MIKE**  
(matter of fact)  
We're going to cut your balls off.

**FRED**  
What?!?

The guys freak out, but Mike's gun keeps them in place.

**VIC**  
(re: Fred)  
Start with him.

**FRED**  
Why me? It was all Deacon's idea!

**DEACON**  
**FRED!**

**VIC**  
Okay. Do the leader kid.

**MIKE**  
Quit squirming. It hurts a lot more if you struggle.

Vic starts undoing Deacon's belt.

**DEACON**

Wait! Wait! Wait!

**VIC**

Come on, kid. Take it like a man.

Vic pulls down Deacon's pants. Mike brings the blades together in a menacing practice chop.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**108.**

Deacon is CRYING like a little girl. Fred also sobs uncontrollably, creating a cacophony of boyhood terror. Mike goes in for the cut...

**MATT**

We've got pre-orders!

Mike stops and looks back at Vic.

**VIC**

What did you say?

**MATT**

We pre-sold copies of our video.

**VIC**

(condescending)

How many? Fifty? A hundred?

**MATT**

No. Sixty-three thousand, two hundred twelve.

**VIC**

What?

**MIKE**

That's a lot of product, Vic.

**FRED**

We've got orders from all over the world.

**DEACON**

We'll give you the website if you let us go.

Vic looks at Mike for a second, then shrugs. Mike closes the hedge clippers and they untie the kids and let them down. Deacon pulls up his pants.

**VIC**

Okay, so what's your cut?

**DEACON**

Nothing.

**FRED**

Except...

**DEACON**

What except? There's no except!

**FRED**

Except you promise to supply us with quality porn free of charge.

(off Deacon's look)

**(MORE)**

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**109.**

**FRED (CONT'D)**

It could come in handy. I mean, until we get girlfriends.

**MATT**

And...

**DEACON**

No, Matt!

**MATT**

(emboldened)

And you have to maintain the artistic vision of After School Special.

**VIC**

And what's that?

Matt puts his arm around around Vic's shoulder.

**MATT**

The key is to try and remember what it was like before you had sex. What did you used to fantasize about? A math teacher who bends over a little too far. The door to the girls' locker room open just a sliver. Going over to visit your friend and catching his mother coming out of the shower.

**FRED**

Dude?

**MATT**

Not you. Deacon's mom.

**FRED**

Oh yeah. I've been there.

**111 INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 111**

Deacon's mom is showering, but the door to the bathroom is open. Fred wanders into the bedroom.

**FRED**

Deacon? Are you in here?

**112 INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT (END FLASHBACK) 112**

**DEACON**

Guys!

**VIC**

Okay. We've got a deal, but you gotta give me all your master tapes.

(to Matt)

And kid. If you ever need a job, give me a call.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**110.**

He hands Matt a card. Deacon turns to Vic and shakes his hand.

**MATT**

It's been a pleasure doing business with you, Mr. ...

**VIC**

Ramalot. Vic Ramalot.

**FRED**

Good name.

**VIC**

Thanks.

The guys savor the moment, then simultaneously realize the clock's still ticking... They run!

113 **INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**  
113

**MR. LEWIS**

Did you go through the mail today?

**MRS. LEWIS**

Not yet. I'll go get it.

She gets up to get the mail.

113A **EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT**  
113A

The car races around a corner.

113B **INT. AEROSTAR - NIGHT**  
113B

**FRED**

Hurry!

**DEACON**

It's a minivan! It can't go that fast!

114 **EXT. STREET - NIGHT**  
114

The car races down the street.

115 **INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**  
115

His mom approaches the Envelope and stack of mail.

116 **EXT. DEACON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**  
116

They run up to the door and burst in.

117 **INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT**  
117

Deacon runs in and eyes: AN EMPTY TABLE.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**111.**

117A He looks around frantically. He runs into the **INT. DEACON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)** 117A  
where his parents are sitting there waiting for him. He can  
tell by their expression, they know.

**MR. LEWIS**

Looking for something in the mail,  
Deacon?

**DEACON**

No, I just--

**MR. LEWIS**

Maybe something you'd rather not have us  
see.

Deacon goes white.

**DEACON**

Mom, Dad...

**MRS. LEWIS**

It's too late, Deacon.

**DEACON**

Wait--

**MRS. LEWIS**

We just want you to know how deeply disappointed we are in you.

**DEACON**

I can explain.

**MR. LEWIS**

Explain? Explain?

**DEACON**

If you'll just give me a chance...

**MR. LEWIS**

How are you going to explain this?

He holds up the REPORT CARD.

**MRS. LEWIS**

How did you manage to get a "C" in biology?

Deacon is in shock: relieved, confused, and a little angry.

**MRS. LEWIS (CONT'D)**

I knew we shouldn't have let him have a girlfriend--

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**112.**

**MR. LEWIS**

Let alone two--

**DEACON**

Is that what this is about? My biology class? It's just a stupid midterm grade.

**MR. LEWIS**

I don't like your tone, mister.

**DEACON**

Mom, Dad. I'm seventeen now. I'm driving. I've got a girlfriend. Well, actually, we broke up. But you guys treat me like a kid. Is it too much to ask for to be a normal teenager with a normal life?

**MRS. LEWIS**

You broke up with Ashley?

**DEACON**

No. Naomi. Look. I just want to have fun with my friends, okay?

They look him over. Finally,

**MR. LEWIS**

Okay, then. Just make sure you don't repeat this performance on your finals.

**DEACON**

I won't.

Relieved, he walks out into the Foyer. Max appears from around the corner with the tape. They walk together.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

How much do you know?

**MAX**

Pretty much everything. Mr. Slam.

Max hands him a piece of paper.

**MAX (CONT'D)**

These are my demands.  
He looks them over.

**DEACON**

Done.

(beat)

Did you know all along?

**MAX**

Are you kidding? Who do you think made  
the first pre-order?

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**113.**

Max hands him the tape and they shake hands. Deacon turns to  
Matt and Fred waiting in the foyer. They're relieved.

**CUT TO:**

**118 FRED'S FACE**

**118**

**FRED**

I'm really nervous.

DEACON puts his arm around his shoulders.

**DEACON**

My advice is to go slow. If you feel  
you're losing control, just try to relax.  
Don't worry. It's easier than it looks.

PULL BACK to reveal we're in

**INT. DMV - DAY**

Fred is about to take his driving test.

**FLASH!**

Fred gets his picture taken.

**119 EXT. DEACON'S HOUSE - DAY**

**119**

Deacon drives the minivan home and pulls in next to the brand  
new convertible sports car. Deacon gets out, excited.

**MR. LEWIS**

What do you think?

**DEACON**

This is for me?

**MR. LEWIS**

Are you crazy? It's for me. You want a  
new car, you get an after school job.

Deacon's Mom is wearing a sexy outfit and carries an  
overnight bag. She's beaming.

**MRS. LEWIS**

But we are letting you have the Aerostar.  
It may not be "cool," but it'll get you  
where you're going.

**DEACON**

Thanks, guys. Really.

**MRS. LEWIS**

We're going away for the weekend. Your  
father surprised me!

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**114.**

Deacon's parents KISS then pull out of the driveway.  
120 **EXT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY** 120

Deacon pulls the minivan into the parking lot. In the passenger seat is Fred. In the back seat are Matt, Max, and Max's three FRIENDS. They all get out and the freshmen scamper away. Matt is holding Deacon's driver's license.

**MATT**

It's not even in focus. This is really shoddy work.

Deacon takes it back from him.

**MATT (CONT'D)**

So, guys. I decided I'm going to apply to NYU next year. The film school.

**FRED**

Too bad we burned the film. You could have submitted it as your sample.

**MATT**

Good idea, Balls.

The guys start laughing.

**FRED**

So, I guess we all got what we deserved. No money, no power, no women.

**MATT**

Tony Montana would be pissed.

Just then, Rachael spots them and walks over.

**DEACON**

Speak for yourself, guys.

**RACHAEL**

Hey, guys. Deacon.

Deacon KISSES her. The other two guys are stunned.

121 **INT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY** 121

Deacon walks down the hallway with Matt and Fred, and holding Rachael's hand. The four of them run into Wendy and Kelly.

**WENDY**

Hey, guys. Hey, Deacon. I heard Naomi broke up with you.

**DEACON**

Yeah. But I think it worked out better this way.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT** 115.

Rachael smiles.

**WENDY**

Hey, Fred. I hear you know a thing or two about giving women pleasure.

Fred freezes. He steels himself, trying to build up the nerve to say what he wants to say. Then,

**FRED**

No, I don't.

She's disappointed. The whole gang hangs their heads. Then,

**FRED (CONT'D)**

Matt knows a thing or two about

pleasuring women. I know everything.  
Fred smiles ear to ear. Wendy laughs, duly impressed.

**WENDY**

We should go out some time.  
Kelly looks at Matt seductively.

**KELLY**

Maybe all four of us could go out.

**MATT**

That could work, you know, depending on  
my schedule.

**WENDY**

Cool. So call me.  
They walk off just as Jake pushes Deacon from behind.

**JAKE**

Watch where you're going, sphincter boy.  
But he's dealing with a totally new and improved Deacon now.

**DEACON**

I thought I told you not to call me that  
anymore.

**JAKE**

What are you going to do about it?

**DEACON**

Some people never learn.  
Matt pulls out a funky remote control. He hits a button and  
all the monitors come on up and down the hallway. Students  
stop to look up at them.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**116.**

**121A ON THE MONITORS**

**121A**

plays a specially edited version of the infamous first  
attempt at making the porno, aptly titled, "William H. Wall  
High School Presents: The Premature E-Jake-ulator."

**JAKE**

I've got a tiny pee-pee? I'm a premature  
e-jac-u-la-tor?

**121B HALLWAY**

**121B**

Jake is horrified.

**JAKE**

Stop it! Stop the video!

**MATT**

You probably shouldn't have mailed that  
tape back to us.

The video starts repeating in continuous loop, but has been  
edited to sound like a rap song.

**JAKE (O.S.)**

Tiny pee-pee. Tiny pee-pee. E-jac-u-la-  
tor. E-jac, e-jac, e-jac-u-laaaaaaa-tor.

Students point and laugh at him, while Deacon and the guys  
continue on down the hallway, dancing to the beat. Deacon  
kisses Rachael goodbye.

**DEACON**

You know, guys, I've been thinking about something.

**FRED**

What's that?

**DEACON**

About how making the movie didn't turn out to be so fun. I think I figured out why.

They stop at their lockers.

**DEACON (CONT'D)**

Sex is like a comic book, still in the original wrapper. Once you open it up and read it, it loses its value.

**FRED**

Deep.

**FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT**

**117.**

**MATT**

I think he's got something there. Making that movie felt like we were tampering with forces we couldn't possibly understand.

**DEACON**

Exactly. The fun part about high school is unravelling the mystery of what's going to happen next.

The guys smile and dial the combinations on their lockers. In the background, Jake is still on the ground crying. We TRACK through the hallway, outside...

121C  
121C

**EXT. WILLIAM WALL HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY**

... where we see a large CAR TRANSPORT, with three hot new sports cars on it. Their license plates read "JOHNNY H," "SAM SLAM," and "BALLS."

TRACK OVER to Mike, unloading the cars and Vic, standing there smiling.

**FADE OUT:**

**END CREDITS**

**FADE IN:**

122  
122

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Deacon's parents are in bed. On the TV plays familiar sounding porno music on the hotel pay-per-view.

**MR. LEWIS**

Why do they always have to show the guy's face?

**MRS. LEWIS**

To make you think you can get girls as hot as her. It's a basic rule of porno.

A long beat.

**MR. LEWIS**

Hey. Isn't that our basement?

**FADE OUT:**

**THE END**