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Mom's Photoshoot

Eric G. Hollerbach
University of New Orleans, ehollerb@uno.edu

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Mom's Photoshoot

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
University of New Orleans
In partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of

Master of Fine Arts
In
Creative Writing
Screenwriting

by

Eric Hollerbach

B.A. Newschool University 2008

EXT. BURBANK, CA - FLAPPERS COMEDY CLUB - NIGHT

ERIC YORK (27) is standing outside the Yoohoo Room. (The smaller showroom of Flappers Comedy Club.)

He's talking on his cellphone.

He's on the phone with his mother, DENISE YORK (53).

DENISE (OS)
Tell me about this girl you're dating.

ERIC
I don't know, Mom. It's new. I don't want you to say something too critical or fucked up.

DENISE (OS)
I wouldn't.

ERIC
That's your usual thing. I tell you something, and you torture me with the details I volunteer.

DENISE (OS)
So, you're dating a girl.

ERIC
Of course I'm dating a girl. I date girls.

DENISE (OS)
Just checking.

ERIC
I like her, but I might also move.

DENISE (OS)
So it's not serious?

ERIC
We're exclusive.

DENISE (OS)
Tell me something.

ERIC
No.

DENISE (OS)
Just what's her name?

ERIC
Her name is Amelia.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HACKETTSTOWN, NJ - TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Denise is on a cordless landline. She's an all American Jersey-Italian.

Her house is hoarded with ceramic dolls, recreation-league soccer trophies, macaroni necklaces, scrapbooks, and other cluttered tokens of domestic life.

DENISE

Did she go to college? Where?

Denise looks through an old scrapbook of Eric's high school years.

ERIC

She went to college. Somewhere in Portland.

DENISE

How did you meet?

ERIC

She came to a comedy show.

DENISE

She thought you were funny?

ERIC

Yeah, Mom. Obviously.

Eric rolls his eyes, annoyed.

DENISE

What was her major?

ERIC

What do you mean?

DENISE

What did she study in college?

ERIC

Woman's Studies.

DENISE

Woman's Studies?

ERIC

Yeah.

DENISE

What's she gonna' do with that?

ERIC
I donno. Probably talk to somebody
else.

Eric hangs up his cellphone.

Denise is surprised the call disconnects.

DENISE
Hello?

Denise redials.

DENISE (CONT'D)
(to herself)
He didn't hang up. We musta got
disconnected. Did he hang up?

Eric reaches for the door of the club.

Eric's phone rings, he declines the call with a touch of a
button.

Denise frowns and hangs up the cordless phone.

Her frown flickers with her faulty lightbulbs.

INT. NORTH HOLLYWOOD - MUAY THAI ACADEMY OF AMERICA - DAY
KRU PUK (65) stands in front of a dozen students.

KRU PUK
Maybe you have stress in your life.
Bills. Maybe a girl breaks your
heart. With Muay Thai, after you
punch, and you kick, you feel
better.

Eric nods, he needs that.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Eric kicks a heavybag.

Kru Puk walks by Eric and holds up his left hand into the
correct position.

Eric at (165 lbs) is in the ring across from a thin but
scrappy TEENAGER (15) (120 lbs).

Eric drops after a kick to the liver.

RING

Eric is on the ground.

TEENAGER
Let's go. Get up.

ERIC
(to Kru Puk)
How old was that kid?

KRU PUK
Fifteen.

ERIC
He's too tough.

KRU PUK
He's been coming here since he was
five.

On the other side of the gym, FIVE YEAR OLD BOYS are going through a stretching routine with another teacher.

ERIC
I'll go with those kids, these
teenagers are too intense.

LATER

Eric holds pads while boys go through boxing drills.

Eric SMILES.

EXT. SANTA BARBARA, CA - TRAILS - DAY

Eric and AMELIA (24) walk to a stream in the woods. Amelia is a cute brunette with a Portland swagger.

Eric has a slightly bruised eye.

ERIC
So, yeah. I might, um... Either I
get to work on another job in LA or
I have to move. I don't know what's
going on.

AMELIA
You're getting kicked out of your
apartment?

ERIC
If I don't get a job. Freelance
careers doing production on reality
shows are impossible.

AMELIA

Where are you going to move?

Eric helps Amelia jump over a puddle.

ERIC

I don't know. A small town to work on my jokes, while I get some job.

AMELIA

Stay here.

ERIC

I want to.

AMELIA

Why do you have a black eye?

ERIC

I got the shit kicked out of me by a fifteen year old boy yesterday.

Amelia laughs.

AMELIA

Oh, yeah? In Karate class?

ERIC

Muay Thai class. It's kickboxing from Thailand. Karate is from Japan.

AMELIA

Do you have to pick fights in your class?

ERIC

I thought I could take him. Now I'm in the toddler's group. They're less rough.

Eric and Amelia climb a small waterfall.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hey, let's smoke a joint.

AMELIA

Okay.

Eric lights a joint, and they take scenic seats on the waterfall.

ERIC

I told my mom about you.

AMELIA
What did she say?

ERIC
Nothing much... I just bragged how
cute you were.

AMELIA
I told my mom about you, too.

ERIC
What'd you tell her.

AMELIA
I told her you do stand-up. That
you've worked on some shows...

Eric goes in and kisses Amelia.

They kiss off screen.

EXT. COMEDY STORE - ROOFTOP PATIO - NIGHT

Eric gets a nudie picture of Amelia.

He's smoking a joint.

ERIC
Hey, now. You dirty girl.

JAY LITE (27) steps onto the patio.

JAY
Eric, you're next.

ERIC
Thanks, man.

INT. COMEDY STORE - BELLY ROOM - NIGHT

Eric is onstage.

ERIC
I like boobs. I'm really into boob
physics. Is a girl wearing a bra,
or not wearing a bra. Wow. Big
difference.

Chuckles.

ERIC (CONT'D)
What if it rains? Wow. What can I
see. Side boob? Underboob? Classic
top cleavage. See through nip
action? That's boob physics 101.
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
Boob physics, the best subject in college.

Eric takes a mini-bow.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I had to take the SAT's in Highschool. It's hot in New Jersey. The girl in front of me had a shirt on, no bra. Whenever she erased something her side boob jiggling drove me crazy.

Eric uses his hands to pantomime side boob.

ERIC (CONT'D)
She had these short, short, short shorts, rolling into her butt.

Eric rolls his fingers.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I lost 700 points on the SAT's, because I was into boob and butt physics, and not math, or reading or whatever the fuck was on that test.

LAUGH.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I started filling out the scantron. Drawing... Boobies.... Booty...

Laugh.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I gave it to the administrator, and I said, 'See if you can even get this through the machine. I laminated it for you.'

Laugh.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Girls don't care about dick physics. They don't care. They don't obsess at night. Does it float in vinegar, does it sink in oil? What if it got half a boner? Could you crack an hardboiled egg on it; would the shell break?

Eric acts out as a guy getting onto a bus.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 A girls ultimate fantasy is not
 some naked guy walking onto a
 Greyhound, slapping his boner on
 everyone as he walks by. Excuse me,
 excuse me. No woman's like, 'Hey
 Rufus, come here. Wave that thing
 in my face. Wowie wow.'

INT/EXT. LAUREL CANYON - ERIC'S HONDA CIVIC - EVENING

Eric's phone rings through his speakers.

ERIC
 Hello.

EMILY (OS)
 Hi, Eric.

ERIC
 Wassup, big sis?

EMILY (OS)
 So. What's up with that girl?

ERIC
 What do you mean?

EMILY (OS)
 Mom told me you have a girlfriend.

ERIC
 I don't know. I'm seeing a girl.

EMILY (OS)
 Yeah?

ERIC
 Yeah.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - EVENING

EMILY YORK (31) looks at cribs and baby things.

Emily's wearing an engagement ring.

EMILY
 Okay. So... A couple of things.

ERIC
 Yeah.

EMILY
I'm pregnant.

ERIC
You're pregnant?

EMILY
Yeah. And then Vince proposed. He was going to do it anyway. We talked about it. But now I'm wearing a ring around.

ERIC
That's fucking great! So, you said yes.

EMILY
Of course I said yes.

Emily rolls her eyes.

ERIC
I'm happy for you.

EMILY
We're going to get married in four months. Are you going to be in LA?

ERIC
I don't know.

EMILY
Are you moving to a small town to work on your standup album?

ERIC
Maybe.

INCOMING CALL: AMELIA.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hold on 'Em. I got another call.

EMILY
Is that your girlfriend?

ERIC
Um... Lemme' call you back.

EMILY
You do have a girlfriend.

ERIC SWITCHES THE CALL.

ERIC
Hi, sweetie.

She looks through scrapbooks of her kids, when they were younger.

We see one page of a FAMILY TREE.

Tom and Denise are the parents.

Emily (18), Eric (15), Kevin (7) are the children.

More pictures of Boy Scouts, fingerpainting, Vacations to Hawaii, Indian Princesses shooting a bow and arrow.

INT. EMILY'S HOUSE - COLORADO - 6:00AM

Emily wakes up from bed, pregnant, runs to the toilet to PUKE.

VINCE (35) a heavyset African American guy wakes up.

VINCE
Are you puking?

INT/EXT. EMILY'S CAR - MOUNTAIN ROADS - 7:15AM

Emily is listening to music. The time reads on her car's display.

Her speakers RING, her dashboard displays, "Incoming Call From: MOM."

Emily clicks, ACCEPT.

EMILY
Hi, Mom.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DENISE'S BASEMENT - MORNING

Denise is still looking through scrapbooks on the same couch she slept in.

She's holding a cordless phone from 2000.

DENISE
Hi, Emily.

EMILY
Mom, I'm pregnant. I'm driving to work. I have a headache.

DENISE
I'm just checking in.

EMILY

Okay. I'm doing fine. Thanks for checking in.

Emily merges onto the highway.

DENISE

And! I want to talk about the wedding. Do you have a date yet? Do you have a venue? A DJ, a cake, or a photographer?

Denise looks through her wedding pictures.

EMILY

We have some of that in the works. I'm headed to work. My head is...

DENISE

How can I help? Should I get a photographer? I know a very good photographer, my friend Sheila has a daughter. She's got professional equipment. Reasonable rates.

EMILY

Yes, that's fine.

Emily focuses on the road. Her stress levels rise as the traffic around her becomes more intense.

DENISE

And I would pay for it, and it would be my pleasure.

EMILY

Okay. You can handle it. Thanks.

DENISE

And it wouldn't be a bother to you at all. But I would just want to get a picture of me under the gazebo, you know, putting a... Putting a rose on Vince's lapel... Or something. During the ceremony.

Denise takes a wedding picture out of the scrapbook.

EMILY

Maybe.

A Dirt Bike Rider without a helmet does a wheelie around Emily's car.

EMILY (CONT'D)

FUCK!

DENISE

What? What happened?

EMILY

I got cut off by a dirtbike. Vince and I want to plan the ceremony together, however it goes.

DENISE

The photographer has to know what to film. Where to stand.

EMILY

We don't even have a venue yet. I need a few months...

DENISE

I'm just saying. I would need to walk down the aisle first. Put a flower lapel on Vince.

EMILY

I think you're a little old to be the flower girl.

DENISE

I just want to be the proud mom.

EMILY

We might be on a beach. There might not be an aisle.

DENISE

You know who would make a really great flower-girl?

EMILY

Sheila?

DENISE

Well. I'm just saying Sheila's neighbor has a niece from one of her other brothers.

EMILY

Mom, I'm driving to work. I kinda have to shit. I'm pregnant, exhausted.

DENISE

I thought you wanted a photographer.

EMILY

I thought you wanted to get me a photographer. Now, you can do me that favor... And...

DENISE

Let's talk crabcakes. There is a
butcher, down the road.

EMILY

The crabcakes.

DENISE

The tartar sauce is to die for.

Emily, in her car, pulls over.

She opens the door and PUKES out of her car.

DENISE (CONT'D)

Hello? Hello?

INT/EXT. ERIC'S HONDA - DODGERS STADIUM - DAY

Eric and Amelia are smoking joints on their way up the long
road to Dodgers stadium.

Amelia's hand works down into Eric's pants as he makes his
way to the parking validation guy.

ERIC

Sweetie. You're going to make me
crash into the booth.

AMELIA

Oh, is it hard to focus?

ERIC

Yeah.

AMELIA

Deal with it.

Amelia goes downtown.

Eric grabs his jacket from the backseat, and hides Amelia
underneath it.

He grabs his parking permit from his visor and hands it to
the Parking Attendant.

ERIC

Here you go.

Eric doesn't come to a full stop.

Eric drives off, swerving.

The Parking Attendant leans to investigate.

INT. SHORT HILLS, NJ - SHEILAS HOUSE - NIGHT

SHEILA (70) lives in a luxurious southern plantation-style mansion. Sheila is nimble and witty for her age.

Sheila pours tea for Denise.

DENISE
He keeps getting fired from jobs
because he's smoking too much pot.

SHEILA
Oh, dear.

DENISE
But he keeps having these loose
girlfriends.

SHEILA
Give him some space, he's a young
man.

DENISE
He just doesn't fucking listen to
me anymore. He's got these bimbos
in his ear.

SHEILA
You'll see him at the wedding.

DENISE
I bought him the damn plane ticket.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eric is packing a bag, while Amelia walks around in underwear.

AMELIA
So, your sister got pregnant, and
now she's getting married?

ERIC
Yeah, but it's not like that.

AMELIA
What's it like?

ERIC
She's been with Vince forever. For
over, I don't know, twelve years.

AMELIA
And what about us?

ERIC
We're good.

Amelia stares.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Right?

AMELIA
You got one foot out the door,
already. Look at you. Packing a
bag...

ERIC
Darling. I'm going to my sister's
wedding.

Eric grabs Amelia's butt.

He tries to kiss her, but she moves away.

AMELIA
Flying across the country when you
should be getting a job.

ERIC
Baby. When your sister gets
married, you have to be there.

AMELIA
Maybe I would want to go to the
wedding.

ERIC
Darling. My family is crazy.

AMELIA
I love crazy families.

ERIC
I can't afford to fly you. My mom
bought my plane ticket.

AMELIA
I love weddings. I have all these
nice dresses, and nowhere to wear
them.

ERIC
I'll see you when I get back.

Amelia hops on Eric's bed.

AMELIA
And you're going to leave all this
hot bitch behind? You're just going
to fly away?

ERIC

I'll see you in three days.

Amelia stops Eric's approach with a foot to the crotch.

EXT. PENNSYLVANIA MANOR - DAY

Denise and the FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHER (45) are standing in the field. Denise is pointing to the gazebo.

Denise has a flower in her hand, and she's practising putting it on a Vince, but Vince isn't there.

Test pictures FLASH.

EXT. MANOR - DAY

Eric and Emily are watching Denise from across the field.

Eric's smoking a joint; he hands it to Emily.

EMILY

I can't, I'm pregnant.

ERIC

You don't want your kid to like reggae? Smoke weed, have a rasta child.

EMILY

I don't want mom to walk down the aisle before me.

ERIC

Tell her she can't. Tell her to sit in the fucking chair before the ceremony.

EMILY

She's taking practice pictures. Look.

Denise dances to no music under the gazebo. FLASH FLASH.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I think they got the picture, already.

ERIC

Ridiculous. She just paid for the photographer to extort you for a in-ceremony walk down the aisle?

EMILY

I think she just wants to boss
someone around all day.

ERIC

That too.

Eric throws the joint to the ground.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Let's face the people. I'm stoned
as fuck.

INT. PENNSYLVANIA MANOR - EVENING

Eric walks up to Vince, they hug warmly.

ERIC

Hey, Vince. Congratulations.

VINCE

You seem stoned.

ERIC

Um... That's a huge accusation.

Vince takes cologne out of his pocket.

VINCE

Here, take some of this.

Vince sprays down Eric.

ERIC

Oh, thanks. My dad's crying like a
baby. He's a tough guy to warm up
to, but I think you finally broke
through.

VINCE

Oh, great. The day before the
wedding.

ERIC

I bought fireworks, by the way.

VINCE

Don't get us kicked off the
property.

INT. PENNSYLVANIA MANOR - EVENING

A full wedding rehearsal dinner is in bloom. Fifty
well-dressed guests are enjoying a well-prepared meal in a
luxurious plantation manor.

TOM YORK (57), teary, stands and taps his half-full champagne flute.

A wine-soaked speech on paper sits next to his untouched salmon.

He looks at his notes, and his lip quivers.

TOM
Okay. I'll be honest. I wasn't
immediately taken with Vince.

The crowd LAUGHS.

We see Vince sits next to Emily; they squeeze hands.

TOM (CONT'D)
But if there's one thing I know...
He loves my daughter.

Tom hesitates.

UNCLE JIM (55) starts to heckle.

UNCLE JIM
Here come the waterworks.

TOM
What father doesn't meet his
daughter's boyfriends with a
shotgun one Thanksgiving? Or a
Samurai Sword one Easter? At one
point I had pepper-spray. And I
looked into a making a pipe bomb.
You know, these things keep your
daughter's boyfriends on their
toes.

Another LAUGH.

UNCLE JIM
(whispers to Vince)
I wonder if he'll get through this
next part.

TOM
(starting to cry again)
I know you'll have a beautiful life
together.

UNCLE JIM
(whispers)
And there he goes.

Tom sobs.

TOM

I love you both very much. Welcome to the family, Vince. It's an honor to have you.

Tom sits back down in tears to slow sentimental claps.

Eric taps his champagne glass.

This quiets the room, and he stands up.

ERIC

I just want to say that tomorrow Vince will be my brother-in-law. But I've known him for twelve years now.

Eric makes eye contact with Vince.

ERIC (CONT'D)

He's always been my brother.

Eric wipes a few tears from his eyes.

Vince SMILES broadly back.

ERIC (CONT'D)

A baby seems to be on the way, and I just want you all to know I'm planning on taking my Uncle duties super-fucking serious.

LAUGHS.

Denise taps her champagne glass.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Mom!

MOM

Stop cursing.

ERIC

Can I get my notes after my speech? Thanks.

Denise rolls her eyes to her neighbor, Sheila.

Awkward silence.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Emily. Vince. If you want me to get those plastic boobs to breastfeed the baby. I'll do it. I will wear the plastic tits, I don't give a fuck. If that's what you guys need. I'll be ion the front lines of baby
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
 feeding duties with those tits on.
 Giving milk.

Denise taps her champagne glass, again.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 I'm taking my Uncle duties to the
 next fucking level.

Eric gathers his notes.

SHEILA
 (whispers to Denise)
 Does he always curse this much?

DENISE
 (whispers)
 No, Sheila. I'm embarrassed.

Young COUSINS are in the crowd, ages 5-15.

AUNTS cover young ears.

Denise taps her champagne glass, again.

ERIC
 Welcome to our weird family, Vince.
 Okay, Mom, Jesus. Now it's your
 turn.

Vince and Emily nod to Eric.

DENISE
 I'm a very proud mom. I was very
 happy to get the photographer for
 this event.

ERIC
 (whispering)
 Jesus, fuck. The photographer.

DENISE
 And I'll be very happy to walk down
 the aisle with my gorgeous daughter
 tomorrow morning. It will be the
 proudest moment of my life.

Eric finishes his champagne, puts the flute down, and slams
 it down, breaking the glass stem.

ERIC
 No, Mom! You're not walking down
 the aisle before Emily. That's your
 speech? That's your speech?!

GASP from Vince's family.

Sheila GASPS next to Denise.

DENISE
Sheila. It's okay.

SHEILA
Very disrespectful.

Another ten seconds of silence.

EXT. MANOR - EVENING

Vince walks outside in a huff. Eric takes a large joint from his pocket and lights it.

VINCE
What the fuck was that shitshow?

ERIC
(coughing)
What?

VINCE
Do you understand that this is my rehearsal dinner? This is supposed to be my fucking happy day. And you're making shit super-fucking awkward.

ERIC
Yeah. Okay. I can see that. That's certainly a valid perspective.

Eric takes a few more pulls.

VINCE
I don't think you get it, man.

ERIC
Let me tell you what I see.

VINCE
I don't give a fuck what you see. All you have to do is sit down, and be nice, and shut the fuck up.

ERIC
You don't understand about my mom.

VINCE
What about my family? My family is really confused. They're like why is your brother-in-law drunk, stoned, and yelling at his mom?

ERIC
Those are all huge allegations.

VINCE
Oh, but you see stuff that I
don't?!

Eric hands Vince the joint.

ERIC
Okay, man. You're right.

VINCE
What are you thinking?

ERIC
My mother tortured Emily about
paying for the photographer.

VINCE
Yes. I heard a thing or two about
that.

ERIC
So, my mom is fixated on obtaining
a photograph of her walking down
the aisle before Emily.

VINCE
Who cares?

ERIC
I know. This is Emily's show. She
said 'no.' So, now, I'm trying to
enforce Emily's ideal. I'm the
goddamn Maid of Honor. I gotta play
the bad-cop sometimes.

VINCE
You're her best man.

ERIC
That's not true.

VINCE
So maybe you can handle your mother
in the background. Not drunk and
crazy over the table of the
rehearsal dinner. There's other
bad-cop tactics.

Eric takes the joint back and looks at the ground.

ERIC
Okay, that's a great point.

VINCE
Yeah, no shit.

Silence.

Vince grabs the joint.

ERIC
And I'm baked. God, I'm a fucking
idiot!

VINCE
I liked your speech.

ERIC
I meant it. You're my brother.

Vince takes more serious pulls from the joint. Rapidly.

VINCE
I know. And I'm sorry I had to come
down on you like that. Okay? I'm
under a lot of pressure. We had to
do this months earlier because
Emily's pregnant. I'm getting
married, you know.

ERIC
And I want Emily to have a good
time.

VINCE
Do you get it?

ERIC
I do. This should be Emily's day
and my mom will try to harvest
attention for herself, like a
vampire.

VINCE
I know, my mom's crazy, too.

ERIC
My mom would step a heel through my
sister's forehead to get her fat
face in the right light.

Vince LAUGHS.

EXT. PEASANTS QUARTERS - NIGHT

Eric walks to the room, labeled, "Peasants Quarters." He
knocks on the door.

Eric's brother, KEVIN (21) opens the door. He's wearing a

ruffled collar from the formal dinner atmosphere.

KEVIN
Well, that was an interesting
dinner.

Kevin hands Eric a beer. Eric walks inside.

INT. PEASANTS QUARTERS - CONT.

The Peasants Quarters is a awkward split-level basement level room in the B&B.

ERIC
Yeah, what could go wrong?

KEVIN
Why did Mom put us in the Peasants
Quarters?

ERIC
I'm sure she's in the slave-owners
suite.

KEVIN
Why is Mom so obsessed with the
photographer?

ERIC
I don't know, bro.

BECKY (18), Kevin's Girlfriend, is wearing a UMASS sweater.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hey, Becky.

BECKY
Hey, Eric. Your mom hates me.

ERIC
She's just been miserable since my
dad left her.

BECKY
She made him miserable.

ERIC
Looks like Becky is up to speed.

KEVIN
There's no pleasing either of them.

ERIC
Luckily... Kevin. We're both going
to be uncles soon. We're the
fucking adults now.

KEVIN

That's right.

ERIC

We're the next fucking generation.
And I made the adult decision, when
I crossed the border into
Pennsylvania. To buy some
fireworks.

BECKY

Nice!

ERIC

I'm a fucking Uncle. I make the
rules. Let's get drunk and have a
Wizard Fight.

ALL

Wizard Fight!

EXT. MANOR - SPRAWLING LAWN - NIGHT

CUE MUSIC: "Tick Tick Boom" by The Hives.

Eric finishes a beer and takes more hits from a joint.

He places the beer on the ground and takes a BOTTLE ROCKET
from his jacket pocket. He uses his empty beer bottle to
mount.

Eric, Kevin, and Becky have empty wine boxes, cut modified
into shields. And one Roman Candle and lighter each.

Eric's smoldering joint is used to light the fuse.

ERIC

When the bottle rocket explodes in
the air, that is the signal to
light your candle and start
fighting. You are a wizard. The
candle is your wand. Wield your
power...

The Bottle Rocket shoots in the air. BOOM!

ERIC (CONT'D)

Wizard fight!

They all light their Roman Candles.

INT. MANOR - WEDDING SUITE

Vince and Emily wake up to BLASTS from outside.

Vince is startled, Emily is calm.

VINCE
What was that?

EMILY
It's a wizard fight.

Vince looks out the window to see the wizard fight in full bloom.

EXT. LAWN - NIGHT

BLASTS and smoke.

Eric dives to Dodge.

Kevin blocks a Roman Candle blast with his shield.

INT. SUITE

VINCE
Jesus.

Another bottle rocket. BOOM!

EMILY
Eric must've smuggled in fireworks.

VINCE
Yeah. He told me. You know, your mom and Eric are a lot alike.

EMILY
How's that?

VINCE
When they want to do something, they just do it.

EXT. LAWN

The battle rages on. Kevin is hit in the stomach.

ERIC
You gotta' dodge those, Kev.

KEVIN
OUCH! That fucking hurt.

Eric drinks from a beer bottle and stashes it in his jacket pocket.

ERIC
Use the wine box, block stuff.

Eric blocks some Roman Candle bursts with his wine box. But he's hit on the leg.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Ow! FUCK!

INT. QUEEN SUITE - NIGHT

Denise watches the fight from her window.

Her frown illuminates with the occasional blast.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAWN - MORNING

Eric walks with a beer in his jacket pocket to the gazebo. He's wearing shorts.

Emily is well-dressed walking with JULIE (30) the Manor's manager.

JULIE
So you'll walk through the gazebo.
Everyone will be sitting here.

EMILY
(to Eric)
Nice shorts.

ERIC
I gotta' be dressed up for walking
practice?

JULIE
This must be Eric.

ERIC
Hello.

EMILY
He's my best man.

Eric and Julie shake hands.

ERIC
I'm the Maid of Honor.
(whispers to Emily)
I thought we talked about my title.

Emily PUNCHES Eric in the stomach. He spills some beer.

EMILY
You're drunk.

ERIC
That's a huge accusation.

Eric drinks from his pocket-beer.

JULIE
So, when everyone's seated, you'll walk down the first half of the aisle. Then you'll stand there at the threshold of the gazebo.

ERIC
Sounds fucking great.

Eric swigs his beer.

JULIE
And Vince's sister, Kelly, is going to come from that side. And you meet there.

ERIC
I see...

DENISE
EMILY! Emily.

Denise COUGHS as she walks towards the gazebo.

Her purse swings wildly, suspended from the bend in her elbow.

ERIC
Oh, Jesus.

Denise approaches and Eric ducks and dives from her swinging purse.

DENISE
The photographer is here. Emily. You got to put on your dress and take pre-wedding pictures.

EMILY
Yes, Mother.

DENISE
I'll help you stitch up the back.

ERIC
Hey, Mom. We're just doing the walking practice. I think you'll be quietly seated all the way over there. From the start of the
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
ceremony.

Denise throws Eric a stern look.

DENISE
Don't be fresh.

ERIC
I'm serious. ...Way over there.
Where the seats are. In a seat. I'm
the Maid of Honor, so I get to walk
from the side.

EMILY
Eric... C'mon.

DENISE
I thought you were the Best Man.
Are you going to wear a dress,
tomorrow?

ERIC
If I did, that would be my choice.

DENISE
Whatever...

ERIC
I got a great title. Great position
in the ceremony. Dad's going to
walk Emily down the aisle. Then I
come from the side like an eagle,
in a graceful swoop of support.
So... That's what we're rehearsing
out here...

Julie pushes past Eric to shake hands with Denise.

JULIE
Hello, you must be the mom. I'm
Julie the facility manager...

DENISE
Hello, I'm Denise. Emily and Eric
are my children.

ERIC
And Kevin.

DENISE
And Kevin.

JULIE
Nice to meet you.

Julie and Denise shake hands.

Julie steps onto an expired bottle-rocket. She picks it up.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Was someone shooting fireworks last night?

DENISE

Eric? Do you know anything about that.

ERIC

No. I think those neighbors are up to something in their woodshed.

JULIE

There's no fireworks allowed on the property, sir.

ERIC

That's what I told your neighbors. Last night. There's some real rough characters over there.

JULIE

An elderly couple lives over there.

ERIC

They must've been on speed or something. I think I saw them lighting something on fire, running around... Naked and all...

EMILY

Alright. Julie. Everything looks great, but can the chairs have a wider aisle? And I want to move those flowers there...

INT. MANOR - WEDDING SUITE - HOURS LATER

FLASH. FLASH.

Emily is having photographs taken, in her wedding dress.

Denise walks towards her with a wrist corsage.

DENISE

You look so beautiful, Emily.

EMILY

Thanks.

DENISE

Let me put this on you. How's my hair?

Denise smiles towards the camera. Her hair is a mess.

FLASH. FLASH.

DENISE (CONT'D)
I know. I didn't have time to brush
it.

Emily starts to toss Denise's hair around.

EMILY
You didn't have time to brush it?

DENISE
So much to do.

EMILY
That's better.

The Photographer places her knee on a chair for the right angle.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Denise, can you turn towards me a
little more?

DENISE
Like this?

PHOTOGRAPHER
Yeah, perfect.

FLASH. FLASH.

Tom walks up the stairs to the wedding suite.

He takes a look at Emily in the wedding dress and starts to cry.

DENISE
There Tom goes again, crying.

FLASH. FLASH.

EMILY
Don't make me cry, Dad.

LATER

Tom, Denise, and Emily are standing for a picture.

Tom can't keep it together. Tears pour.

FLASH. FLASH.

INT. MANOR - BREAKFAST AREA - MORNING

Tom and Jim look toward AUNT COLLEEN (45) sitting across from Sheila and Denise.

AUNT COLLEEN
What were those blasts last night.

DENISE
That was my son.

SHEILA
Fireworks in a nice place like this. Could you imagine?

Tom York sits next to Uncle Jim.

UNCLE JIM
So, Tom. Does your ex-wife have an elderly lesbian lover?

TOM
I wish. That woman is loaded.

UNCLE JIM
Oh, yeah?

TOM
She married into the family of a wealthy New Orleans banker fifty years ago. They met at a Debutante ball.

UNCLE JIM
Her family is from New Orleans?

TOM
No, Sheila's from New Jersey. Her mom put her on a train. She was so hot they let her in for free. She wasn't on the guest list, or anything.

UNCLE JIM
She musta' been a hot piece of ass back then.

TOM
I'm sure she was. She got the richest guy there.

UNCLE JIM
So, her husband died, and she moved back to New Jersey?

TOM
That's the story I got.

UNCLE JIM
I should go talk to her.

TOM
And get her number...

UNCLE JIM
Why not? Worth a shot, I could quit
my job at the airport.

Uncle Jim and Tom LAUGH, as Eric approaches with his
breakfast.

Eric swigs from a jacket beer.

TOM
You're getting an early start.

ERIC
I need something to level the pot
out.

UNCLE JIM
You've really become a degenerate.

ERIC
Thanks.

UNCLE JIM
Were you blowing up shit last
night?

ERIC
No.

TOM
You brought fireworks in here? We
could get kicked out.

ERIC
I will not field any more hurtful
accusations without my lawyer
present.

UNCLE JIM
Kevin showed me a burnt welt on his
stomach. It looks like a Roman
Candle burn.

Eric starts to LAUGH.

TOM
Eric. You gotta balance having fun,
while being safe.

UNCLE JIM

Who's going to pay for that if he needed stitches?

ERIC

He'll be fine. Snitches get stitches.

TOM

He'll have a scar. For the rest of his life.

ERIC

Dad, you gotta teach Kevin to duck.

UNCLE JIM

What if he got hit in the eye? You guys had no protection.

ERIC

We had wine boxes.

TOM

Wine boxes...

ERIC

We cut and taped them into shields.

UNCLE JIM

Well, it was stupid.

ERIC

As soon as Emily drops her baby... There's going to be a new Uncle in town, Uncle Jim.

UNCLE JIM

Is that right?

ERIC

As soon as I get my uncle card in the mail. You're finished. It's over for you.

UNCLE JIM

It's been over for me for a while, kid. Believe me.

TOM

Eric, you're so fucking dramatic. We were having a nice time.

Vince's sister KELLY (27) walks to the table with her food.

ERIC

Hey, Kelly.

KELLY

Hello.

ERIC

So you're Vince's best groomsmaid?
Sit, and join us.

Kelly sits down to eat.

KELLY

Thanks. I'm Vince's best woman.

ERIC

Oh, that's a good title. Here's my
washed up Uncle Jim.

UNCLE JIM

You know, I could kick your ass.

ERIC

Oh, really?

KELLY

Eric.

UNCLE JIM

I could beat up drunk Eric.

EXT. MANOR - LAWN - DAY

The lawn seats are now full.

A five-piece string band, in tuxedos, wait patiently.

A clear path leads to a small garden archway, rimmed with
flowers.

Emily, Eric, and Tom are waiting for their cues.

Tom is crying.

A PASTOR (25) takes position under the gazebo, next to Vince.

ERIC

Keep it together, Dad.

Tom wipes a tear.

TOM

I'm just so proud.

EMILY

Where's Mom?

Eric peeks around, to the chairs.

TOM
Hiding in a bush with the
photographer?

The PASTOR signals the String Band to PLAY.

ERIC
I don't see her. She's not sitting
down. This is my and Kelly's cue. I
have to walk.

As Eric runs to position to walk from the side, Denise BURSTS through the Double Doors in the middle of the Manor, and races down the aisle. Her purse swings haphazardly from her elbow.

The Photographer follows, catching the moment.

ERIC (CONT'D)
She stepped on my cue.

Kelly starts to walk from the opposite side of the manor.

Eric waves for Kelly's attention and holds up his hands. STOP. She reads these signals and does.

TOM
This is fucking crazy.

ERIC
She got her way. Unbelievable. Look
at her go.

Denise relishes the moment. FLASH. FLASH.

Vince is quietly outraged.

Denise slowly walks by Vince, pins a flower to his corsage.

VINCE
(whispers)
Can you please sit down?

DENISE
This is a little loose. Let me fix
it.

She turns towards the camera.

FLASH. FLASH.

VINCE
Please sit down, Mrs. York.

DENISE
I'm on my way.

Denise looks back to the photographer to pose, before going through the archway to her seat.

ERIC

She's not even in her seat yet.
This is embarrassing.

Denise's purse swings and Uncle Jim puts up his elbow to block it from hitting him in the face.

The purse swings back around and cracks Kevin in the head.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Kevin needs to learn to duck.

Eric signals for Kelly to walk. They walk in unison.

Tom pockets tissues and takes Emily by the hand.

Tears start flowing again as they walk together down the aisle.

TOM

Here we go, baby.

EMILY

Stop. You're making me cry.

TOM

I'm trying. I can't.

They walk down the aisle towards Vince and the Pastor.

CUT TO:

INT. BARN - NIGHT

"Uptown Funk" by Bruno Mars hits the SPEAKERS.

Eric grabs Aunt Colleen from her seat.

ERIC

May I have this dance?

AUNT COLLEEN

Of course.

UNCLE JIM

Get your own broad.

ERIC

Learn to dance, old man.

Eric and Aunt Colleen dance.

BARN - LATER

Eric sits next to Emily.

EMILY
Nice moves.

ERIC
I can pull them off from time to
time.

Eric chugs water from the table.

EMILY
That's not your water.

ERIC
I'm going to pass out. I've been
boozing all weekend.

Eric takes deep breaths.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Aunt Colleen is so cool. Why is our
mom so crazy?

EMILY
Who cares?

ERIC
Why did she walk in front of you?

EMILY
I'm glad you just let her do it.

ERIC
But, Emily...

EMILY
You got to let it go. That's what I
learned today. Go with the flow,
Eric. You only get one mom.

ERIC
She treats us like shit.

EMILY
What I'm saying is, don't fight
her. Just let it be. You get
wound-up sometimes, Eric. You get
mad.

ERIC
She drives me crazy.

EMILY

I think just about every
psychologist in the world would say
that if you don't have a good
relationship with your mom, you'll
have bad romantic relationships as
well.

CLOSEUP - ERIC'S FACE

The weight of this idea sinks in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Eric idly looks out the window.

Clouds whiz by.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

There's a KNOCK at the door.

Eric gets up and opens the door. Amelia is standing there.
Looking solemn.

ERIC

Hi, Darling.

Eric tries to kiss Amelia, but she turns her cheek.

ERIC (CONT'D)

What's up?

AMELIA

There's this guy at work. He kept
asking me out.

ERIC

You went out with him?

Amelia nods her head, 'yes.'

ERIC (CONT'D)

I was just gone for the weekend. My
fucking sister got fucking married.

AMELIA

And you didn't want to bring me?

ERIC

We've been dating for five months.
You know my situation. My mom is
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
crazy.

AMELIA
You don't have a good relationship
with your mom?

ERIC
What does that have to do with
anything?

AMELIA
Didn't she buy you the plane
ticket?

ERIC
Yeah, she did. Okay.

AMELIA
She's not such a bad mom.

ERIC
What did you do with this guy? You
had sex with this guy from work?

AMELIA
No.

ERIC
What, he took you out to dinner,
and you sucked his dick in the
car...

Amelia admits through silence.

ERIC (CONT'D)
If that's your move, it's a good
move. It's a good move...

AMELIA
I'm sorry. I didn't want to hurt
you.

ERIC
Can you leave, please?!

Taken back, Amelia gathers herself, and exits.

ERIC (CONT'D)
...Woman's studies...

EXT. COMEDY STORE - ROOF - NIGHT

Eric cries as his phone RINGS.

ERIC
I'm sorry. I'm crying.

JAY
Why?

ERIC
I got dumped!

JAY
Oh.

ERIC
Bye, Emily. Thanks.

INT/EXT. AMERICAN AIRLINES - FLIGHT TO NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Eric sits next to RAFAEL (67), a bayou-born redneck.

RAFAEL
This gator was eye-ballin me from across the swamp. 'Knew he wanted Rufus, my prized rooster. Or Meghan, my best girl. When I looked again, he was gone. He submerged like a torpedo. By the time I had me my gun, he hopped out and got a hold of my right boot. Snapped my Achilles tendon like a damn banjo string. Took me a shot, and blew the right side of his of his jaw off. Also blew off my own damn big toe in the process. He didn't die though, just made him mad. A week later the son-of-a-bitch came back and ate my damn Rufus.

INT. NEW ORLEANS - LAKEVIEW APARTMENTS - DAY

Eric unpacks a suitcase in a two-bedroom apartment.

MOHAMMED (18) opens the door. He's wearing designer clothes and has a leopard-skin suitcase.

MOHAMMED
Hello.

ERIC
Hello. I guess we're roommates.

MOHAMMED
I'm Mohammed.

ERIC

Eric.

MOHAMMED

Good to meet you.

ERIC

Good to meet you.

MOHAMMED

So, we should get some bitches together tonight on Bourbon Street.

ERIC

(laughing)

Yeah. That sounds fun. Where are you from?

MOHAMMED

Dubai.

ERIC

Mohammed from Dubai.

MOHAMMED

I guess so. Where are you from?

ERIC

New Jersey.

MOHAMMED

New Jersey? You are Eric from New Jersey.

ERIC

So in Dubai, the women wear burkas?

MOHAMMED

They have to be covered. We call it 'Souks.'

ERIC

And your parents sent you to America for college?

MOHAMMED

Yes.

ERIC

Do you know about Mardi Gras?

MOHAMMED

I heard about Mardi Gras, I saw it on the internet. Is that real? Do girls really get naked on the street?

ERIC

I think they show their titties for beads, and stuff. A little visual prostitution for costume jewelry. It's a great scam.

MOHAMMED

So if I have a dozen beads?

ERIC

If you play your cards right, you'll see 24 tits. But that's like scoring a 300 in bowling. It's hard out there.

MOHAMMED

I see.

ERIC

If you wear a suit and look good... You'll do better.

MOHAMMED

Why suits?

ERIC

So the girls will think we're big-time players. My sister just got married and I have a great suit.

MOHAMMED

Oh... Let me talk to my friend Samir. He will get me a fake ID.

Mohammed drops his expensive luggage and runs out the door.

EXT. BOURBON ST. - MIDNIGHT

Eric and Mohammed strut down Bourbon St in SUITS.

They're both drinking massive hand-gernade drinks.

Mohammed sees two hot girls walking down the street.

MOHAMMED

Woah. Eric. Are those MILF's?

ERIC

What? Probably not. They're like 25.

MOHAMMED

I like MILF's.

ERIC

A MILF is a girl with a kid. Not every hot girl is a MILF.

MOHAMMED

I will fuck all the MILF's.

ERIC

Alright, bud. I like your focus. I like your energy. But some MILF's are married. Be careful.

MOHAMMED

I will cuckold. I will make the husband cry, and that's when I cum on his face.

ERIC

Jesus.

A Latino Drug Dealer, SUAVE (52), holds a pug puppy.

SUAVE

Hey, you guys want coke?

ERIC

No. I've never done coke before.

MOHAMMED

Don't be a bitch.

ERIC

C'mon, man.

MOHAMMED

(to Suave)

Let me talk to my friend, a second. Puppy, I will talk to you soon.

SUAVE

Yeah, this dog closes all the deals. Be careful, he's a tough negotiator.

The pug BARKS.

Mohammed walks to the side with Eric.

ERIC

Let's not do coke.

MOHAMMED

Eric, let me explain something.

ERIC

What?

MOHAMMED

Eric, my friend has a lion. And the lion killed the housekeeper.

ERIC

Of course it did.

MOHAMMED

She was from Mexico, she was thirty, and the lion bit her neck, and ate her torso. Do you know why?

ERIC

Because your friend owns a fucking lion.

MOHAMMED

The lion only killed her because she was afraid. Other people come to the house all the time. Gardeners. Delivery people. People who aren't afraid are the kings of the world. They pet the lion, and he is a good cat.

ERIC

Whatever. You don't even know how to buy coke. What do you say? Hey, give me one coke?

MOHAMMED

You ask him how much it is, stupid. And you pay the price.

Mohammed holds up a huge wad of cash.

ERIC

Alright. I'll do coke. I won't be a bitch.

MOHAMMED

Don't let me see that weak shit again.

Eric slaps Mohammed.

ERIC

Shut the fuck up.

Mohammed walks back over to Suave.

MOHAMMED

We will have some coke. What is the price?

SUAVE
Come over here.

Suave holds up a bag.

SUAVE (CONT'D)
That's sixty.

Mohammed gives him the money.

MOHAMMED
Do you know where I can find some
MILF's?

SERIES OF SHOTS - BOURBON STREET - "UPTOWN FUNK" BY BRUNO
MARS

Mohammed and Eric are dancing like fools.

Getting phone numbers.

Binge Drinking.

Getting lapdances.

Eric and Mohammed drunkenly eat fried chicken while dancing.

Mohammed does another line of coke.

Mohammed finds a TEXAS MILF (43) on the street. He runs to tap her on the shoulder. She turns around, and he whispers in her ear, while he hands her a \$50 bill. She takes the money and WINKS.

Eric walks around looking for Mohammed holding a half-full plastic whalebone cup.

Mohammed gets a blowjob from the MILF next to a dumpster.

Eric finds Mohammed pulling his pants back up, as the MILF walks away.

ERIC
Was that a hooker?

MOHAMMED
Everything has a price. I'm still
horny. I have more coke. Let's get
hookers. It's easy.

INT. CROWNE PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Eric and Mohammed walk into a hotel room with a double bed.

They are escorted by two ghetto hookers with big hoop

earrings and chrome bikini/dresses.

YOLANDA (25) and SHAWANDA (21).

ERIC

This is just where my associate and I are staying for the night.

MOHAMMED

Yeah. We have to do brain surgery on sick kids in New York City tomorrow.

YOLANDA

You were here for a doctor's convention?

ERIC

A neurosurgery convention.

SHAWANDA

I don't give a fuck. As long as you got money.

ERIC

We can pay you. The hospital pays us well, even if some of our more vulnerable patients don't have the money.

MOHAMMED

Yes, I...

Mohammed takes out his wallet. It's clearly thick with bills.

Yolanda picks up the side-table lamp.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

(in Arabic, translated)
Bitch, what the fu...

Yolanda SMASHES IT over Mohammed's head.

As Eric moves towards Mohammed Shawanda kicks Eric in the balls.

They grab Mohammed's cash and run out.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS - LEON SIMON DR. - DAY

Eric and Mohammed walk down the street. Mohammed wears a back-pack.

Mohammed's head has band-aids and he has a shiner.

ERIC
Did you get that MILF's phone
number?

MOHAMMED
Which MILF? You need a MILF.

ERIC
I've never dated a girl with a kid.
But, I guess I'm going to be an
uncle soon.

MOHAMMED
Try new things.

ERIC
I should.

MOHAMMED
You should. Listen. I just got a
book.

ERIC
For architecture?

MOHAMMED
No, stupid. This guy called Mystery
wrote a book about getting girls.
He is a Pickup Artist.

ERIC
Don't you have school?

MOHAMMED
I am in school. He teaches night
classes online. You can ask
questions in the chat room. You
read the book, and he sends you a
test. Then you get a schedule of
when to go out.

ERIC
And what does he tell you to do?

MOHAMMED
He's smarter than you.

ERIC
How?

MOHAMMED
He doesn't get his balls kicked in
by hookers.

ERIC
That's a huge accusation and very
rude.

MOHAMMED

Look, Eric. When you are dancing out with girls, okay?

ERIC

Yeah?

MOHAMMED

When you twirl a girl, what do you do?

ERIC

When I twirl a girl?

Mohammed mimes spinning a girl while dancing.

MOHAMMED

Your eyes. They look at her butt, they look at her tits. You check out her body... Right?

ERIC

Yeah, I guess so.

MOHAMMED

I do not. My eyes look away. I look at other girls. So, when she turns back around she catches your eyes cheating on her. This will make her jealous, and, uh... insecure.

ERIC

Step one, lower the defense of your enemy.

MOHAMMED

Exactly. She thinks, 'what's wrong with me?' Then she will chase you. Listen, you need these classes.

ERIC

I'm in school. Is that the first book you read this semester?

Two hot COLLEGE GIRLS (18-19) walk by.

MOHAMMED

I'll talk to you later.

Mohammed runs up to them.

ERIC

(to himself)

Look at him go. That MILF blowjob cracked him.

Eric's phone RINGS. The screen says, "DAD."

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hello?

Pocket-jumble noises ensue.

Eric HANGS UP.

INT. COLORADO HOME - 6:00AM

Emily wakes up and runs to the bathroom to PUKE.

Vince sits up in bed and turns the light on.

VINCE

Do you need help, sweetie?

Emily's cell-phone RINGS.

EMILY

Answer my phone.

Vince walks over to the cellphone and answers it.

VINCE

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT/EXT. DENISE'S BUICK - MORNING

Denise is driving through a scenic NJ road during autumn.

DENISE

Vince?

VINCE

Yeah. It's me. How are you Mrs. York?

DENISE

Is Emily around?

VINCE

She's throwing up.

DENISE

Well, I just want her advice about something.

Emily, somewhat recovered, brushes her teeth in the bathroom with the door open.

VINCE

What is it?

DENISE
Have you talked to Eric?

VINCE
Yeah, he's doing fine.

DENISE
He hasn't called me in a very long time. You know, I just finished a scrapbook for him and...

Emily stands over Vince.

VINCE
You and Eric really don't always get along, huh?

DENISE
What do you mean?

EMILY
Is that my mom?

VINCE
Yes.

Vince quickly stands up, and hands the phone to Emily.

EMILY
Hi, Mom.

DENISE
Emily. How's Eric. Is he doing okay?

EMILY
So, you want to know about Eric? He's fine.

Vince gets dressed in the background.

DENISE
He hasn't called me.

EMILY
When he does, be nice.

DENISE
I'm not nice?

EMILY
Mom. You know what I'm saying.

DENISE
I'm the bad mom?

EMILY

I don't know, ma. There's a difference between photographs and real people. Real people are harder to deal with.

DENISE

What are you talking about?

Emily runs to the bathroom to throw up again.

She throws the cellphone back to Vince, who stops tying his tie to catch it.

VINCE

Hello?

Emily PUKES in the background.

DENISE

Vince?

VINCE

You know, I think Emily just threw up again.

Vince gags.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I can smell it.

DENISE

Poor, girl. I remember being pregnant with her.

VINCE

It's gross. Sorry, Mrs. York. I'm getting dressed for work. We're going to have to get back to you.

Vince hangs up the phone.

Denise, disappointed, drives down the country road.

DENISE

Oh, shit. Here it is.

She turns into a trailer park.

INT. SIBERIA, NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Eric stands in front of a Rock-n-Roll club telling jokes.

ERIC

My dad has a huge dick and pocket dials me all the time. Does that
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
 happen to you? You ever get twenty
 minute voicemail from your dad that
 just sounds like this:

Eric FLOPS the microphone against his hand.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 I'm like, "I guess my dad's wearing
 mesh shorts today."

LAUGH.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 I took this girl out to a fancy
 brunch. We're cheers-ing champagne
 flutes. There's a steaming plate of
 oysters. I get a phone call. I say,
 "Excuse me, sweetie. Oh, it's my
 dad. Could be important." I answer
 it and all I hear is:

Eric flops the Microphone against his hand again.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 She's like, "Who was that?" I'm
 like, "Oh, my dad's dick. What were
 you saying? You're in school right,
 cosmetology. That's cool. Bright
 future. Sometimes my dad's dick
 just calls me forty times a day.
 He's probably playing racquetball
 at the YMCA."

A girl, KRISTEN (28) is in the audience. She's cute, has her
 hair in a bun, and wears black-frame glasses.

She's entertained and into Eric.

EXT. SIBERIA - NIGHT

Eric and KYLE SMITH (31) smoke weed outside.

Kyle is an African American comic. He's short and fit.

KYLE
 Good set tonight.

ERIC
 Thanks, dude. I like that new bit
 you're doing, about waterslides.

Kristen approaches from the side.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 You want to get in on this?

Eric hands the blunt to Kristen.

KRISTEN

Yeah, sure. Hey, you were really funny.

ERIC

Thanks.

KRISTEN

So, you take all your dates out for oysters?

ERIC

You want to go out?

KRISTEN

Oh, look. Here's my number.

Kristen holds up her phone, and Eric types her number into his phone.

KYLE

Wooo... Dog. Eric getting numbers.

Eric WINKS at Kyle.

KRISTEN

I just moved to New Orleans a month ago. The food here is so good. My son ate his first fried chicken wing of his life a few days ago. It blew his mind.

ERIC

You have a kid?

KRISTEN

Yeah, he's with a sitter now.

ERIC

Damn, you're a MILF.

KRISTEN

How romantic.

KYLE

Yeah, Eric. He's smooth.

ERIC

I'm going to take you out, alright?

KRISTEN

Wow. Look at you taking charge...

ERIC
Come over here.

Eric hands Kyle the blunt.

KRISTEN
Are you stoned?

ERIC
Yeah.

Eric takes Kristen aside and starts to kiss her.

KYLE
Oh, there he goes.

Another comic, JON REAUX (25) comes out...

JON
Oh, yeah, Eric. Get some...

Eric FLICKS OFF JON, mid-make-out.

JON (CONT'D)
Damn...

KYLE
Caught himself a MILF.

INT. DENISE'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Denise looks through scrapbooks.

She looks at the phone and dials.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SIBERIA - NIGHT

Eric stops kissing Kristen to take the call.

ERIC
Hello, Mom.

KRISTEN
You're taking a call from your mom?
I thought we were making out.

ERIC
Let me just see if she's alive,
real quick.

KRISTEN
Um...

ERIC

Mom? Look, I don't have a lot of time.

DENISE

I'm visiting you in New Orleans. I still can't believe you just moved out of the blue.

ERIC

Oh, dear.

DENISE

I'll be there April 4th. That's when I'm coming. I bought a plane ticket.

ERIC

Okay. Fine.

DENISE

I know you don't have a lot of money, so I'll treat you to dinner. And I'll take us to the World War II Museum.

ERIC

I hate museums, but okay.

DENISE

Don't be grumpy. Are you mad at me about the wedding?

ERIC

A little.

Eric walks away from Kristen, who rolls her eyes and resumes smoking with Kyle and Jon.

KRISTEN

He just stopped kissing me to take a call with his mom?

KYLE

I don't know. He just moved here two weeks ago.

Eric is pacing away from the gang.

DENISE

You're the one who could've got us kicked off the property with those fireworks. You were drunk the whole time.

ERIC

Do you think it's ridiculous that you walked down the aisle before Emily, on her wedding, when she specifically told you not to?

DENISE

Eric.

ERIC

You don't think you stole her thunder?

DENISE

What did you contribute? Nothing! You didn't pay for the photographer. I did. You made a scene to yell at me. You made Vince's family all upset, and Sheila was very uncomfortable.

ERIC

I was Emily's MAID OF HONOR! Her bulldog. Her enforcer.

DENISE

Whatever.

ERIC

If I get married, there will be no photographer.

KRISTEN

Already talking about marriage?

ERIC

(to Kristen)

A hypothetical marriage. I'm sorry you have to listen to this...

DENISE

I would get a photographer for your wedding, too.

Eric starts jumping, ranting, and raving.

Kristen seems disturbed.

ERIC

No you wouldn't! No you fucking wouldn't! Why would I invite you to my future wedding? I can't trust you to take your seat. Stop living for your hoards of dusty basement scrapbooks! All the while your real family is fucking miserable. I got to go!

Eric hangs up, and looks back to Kristen.

Kristen looks surprised.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Sorry.

KRISTEN

Jesus. I thought I had a complicated relationship with my parents.

INT. INTERNATIONAL B&B - ESPLANADE - 1:33AM

Eric and Kristen are under a blanket, kissing on a couch on the first floor of the B&B.

Kristen starts to LAUGH.

ERIC

Wait... He's upstairs?

KRISTEN

He's just in town to see Archer. Supervised visitation.

ERIC

Archer is your son?

Kristen nods, 'yes.'

ERIC (CONT'D)

And his real dad is upstairs?

KRISTEN

He's in the China themed room. All by himself. He has his own bathroom.

Eric looks up.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

He'll be gone tomorrow.

ERIC

And you guys aren't...

KRISTEN

He had the chance to be a dad, but he abandoned us... Five years ago. That's something you don't forgive.

ERIC

I see...

Eric looks around the mansion.

ERIC (CONT'D)
And that door's locked?

KRISTEN
Yeah.

ERIC
What about that door?

KRISTEN
He's asleep.

ERIC
Or, he's not, and he'll shoot me in
the head.

KRISTEN
That's not going to happen.

ERIC
In Texas, if you find your wife in
bed with another man, you can kill
him. The Judge will just say,
"Crime of Passion," and nobody goes
to jail.

KRISTEN
That's not true.

ERIC
Yes it is.

Eric's phone RINGS, his phone reads, "DAD."

Eric takes the call.

KRISTEN
Now your dad is calling?

ERIC
Hello?

We hear: POCKET NOISES AND A SUBTLE DICK SLAP.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Damn it. My dad's dick keeps calling
me.

Eric hangs up.

KRISTEN
Do you want to leave?

ERIC
I don't want to get my teeth kicked
in by your baby-daddy upstairs.

KRISTEN
That's not going to happen.

ERIC
You're sure?

KRISTEN
Look. All the doors are locked. If he walks on the side of the house, that motion light will go on.

ERIC
Really?

KRISTEN
Yeah. And we respect each other's boundaries.

Kristen laughs.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
It's okay. Come here.

Kristen kisses Eric. He relents.

ERIC
I just don't want to get killed, you know?

KRISTEN
I know.

ERIC
(between kisses)
Crime of passion law.

Kristen grabs Eric's hand and puts it on her breast.

After more kissing, Eric is no longer afraid.

The side light turns ON.

Eric looks up in HORROR.

ERIC (CONT'D)
The side light is on.

KRISTEN
It's probably an alley cat.

ERIC
The SIDE LIGHT is on!

INT. BOULDER, CO - FOOTHILLS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Emily's breaths are well-practiced lamaze-style.

A doctor stands next to Vince to catching the baby.

Vince's eyes widen.

A crying GWEN (0) is placed on Emily's chest.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eric is packing a bag, while Kristen is sitting on his bed in underwear.

KRISTEN

What's her name?

ERIC

Gwen. I'm an uncle now.
Everything's different.

KRISTEN

Your sister had a baby. You didn't
do anything.

ERIC

I'm trying to be the best uncle in
the world. I take uncle duties very
seriously.

KRISTEN

Whatever.

ERIC

When am I going to meet your kid?

KRISTEN

I don't want to confuse him.

ERIC

What's confusing? You're my
girlfriend.

KRISTEN

I'm your girlfriend? Wow. He puts a
title on it, already.

ERIC

You're not my girlfriend?

KRISTEN

And that makes you...

ERIC

Look. If I'm an uncle I can be a
kinda step-dad figure.

KRISTEN

Oh, really? So you can wake up early every morning, and make sure Archer has lunch and goes to school?

ERIC

I can do anything.

Eric kisses Kristen.

KRISTEN

I don't believe you.

ERIC

Why not?

KRISTEN

You're packing a bag. You got one foot out the door, already.

ERIC

I'm going to see my sister's baby for two days, darling. I got serious Uncle shit going on this weekend.

Eric kisses Kristen and grabs her butt.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'll be right back. Don't go on a car-ride with anyone from work.

KRISTEN

What do you mean? I'm the only employee at the B&B.

ERIC

Good.

INT. COLORADO HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin passes Gwen to Eric, who looks into her eyes.

Emily and Vince SMILE.

ERIC

She's beautiful.

Eric smiles.

EMILY

She can already push herself up with her arms at only six weeks
(MORE)

EMILY (CONT'D)
old. She's way ahead of schedule.

ERIC
She'll be drinking ahead of
schedule. She'll be breaking hearts
in fourth grade. She'll cut up
someone's face before she's a
teenager.

EMILY
She won't cut faces.

ERIC
Depends what gang she gets in.

Eric play-boxes in front of Gwen.

VINCE
She's not a fighter. She's a lover.

EMILY
Unbelievable! Go have fun. But I'm
going to make you wear fake tits
later, and feed her.

ERIC
I'll be the milk maid of honor.

Vince LAUGHS.

VINCE
You're so weird.

EMILY
Eric. Tell me about your
girlfriend.

ERIC
Um... It's good. She gives me
something to work for.

VINCE
I think I know what you mean.

EMILY
Why didn't you bring her here?

ERIC
She's got her own commitments. She
runs a B&B. I need to get a damn
job.

EMILY
What's her kid like?

ERIC
I haven't met him yet.

KEVIN
You haven't met him?

VINCE
You should Uber.

Eric's eyebrows raise.

ERIC
Maybe I should.

INT. MARRIOTT, CANAL ST - NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT

Eric finds Denise, in the lobby.

Denise looks up.

ERIC
Mom.

DENISE
My Eric.

Denise tries to get up.

ERIC
Stay there.

Eric walks around to kiss her on the head and hugs her.

DENISE
We haven't called in weeks. You can be so cruel sometimes.

ERIC
I was waiting to see you. Saving up all our conversations.

DENISE
And you're still going with the shaved head look?

ERIC
Yeah, Mom. I shaved my head. This is what I'm doing now.

Denise pats Eric's bald head.

DENISE
You can still grow some hair. But if you want to be bald... Be bald.

ERIC

Okay great. Thanks, Mom. So... we have a great itinerary.

DENISE

I don't want to mess with your schedule.

ERIC

I am tight on time. But you said you wanted to go to the WWII museum. Let's go.

INT. WWII MUSEUM - LATER

Eric walks as Denise hobbles behind. Her purse swings haphazardly from her elbow, as it hits other people and displays.

Different diorama displays depict assorted scenes of human depravity.

ERIC

Look, Mom. All these people were shot.

DENISE

Shh...

ERIC

And then all these Japanese people were gunned down.

DENISE

You're dating a girl with a kid?

ERIC

Yeah. Well, I haven't met her kid yet.

DENISE

Shouldn't you wait until you have an established career?

ERIC

Ma. I'm weird looking. I'm a bald man now. I can't be fucking choosey.

DENISE

I was just saying you could grow something in the front.

ERIC

Look. All these people were gassed.

Eric points to a display of Jews walking into a gas chamber in a concentration camp.

DENISE

You want to support a family? Your girlfriend has a kid, Eric. You need a job. I know comedy isn't paying the bills. You need more direction.

Eric walks forward, ignoring her.

ERIC

I'm just dating someone. Casually. Ma... Let's go look at the airplanes that dropped bombs on the kids. What a great museum! A sociopath can be a kid in a candy store.

DENISE

Eric, you keep avoiding my questions.

ERIC

This is the worst day of my life. I fucking hate museums.

DENISE

We didn't have to come here.

ERIC

You mentioned it as something you needed to do.

DENISE

Do you know the responsibilities involved in raising a child?

ERIC

This place is full of lies. I want to see the exhibit where inbred bankers count money for bombs, planes, and propaganda.

DENISE

Everything is historically accurate.

ERIC

Let's go to a fucking Jazz club, this place is bumming me out.

DENISE

Shhh... Don't say that here.

ERIC
Don't shush the opinions of your
offspring.

DENISE
I care about your opinions.

ERIC
You prefer me in a photograph. When
I speak my mind, you only worry
what other people think.

DENISE
Look how smart you are. And you
can't work on a TV show in New
Orleans?

ERIC
I'm working on it. There's nothing
going on, here.

DENISE
What am I going to tell Sheila?

A class of school children walk by.

ERIC
Why don't you tell her to stick a
knife in her cunt?!

Denise angrily motions for Eric to SHUT UP.

ERIC (CONT'D)
The gossipy bitch!

One of the kids stops and stares.

DENISE
Eric!

Eric walks away.

EXT. ROYAL OYSTER HOUSE - DAY

Kristen and Eric sit across from each other at a classy, busy
restaurant in the French Quarter.

Plates of oysters abound in front of them.

KRISTEN
Oysters?

ERIC
What?

KRISTEN
Is this part of your plan?

ERIC
What plan?

KRISTEN
To give me an aphrodisiac?

ERIC
Oh, oysters are an aphrodisiac? I had no idea.

KRISTEN
Yeah, right.

ERIC
Alright. That's exactly what I'm doing. But it's totally legal. It's a legal move. You're still allowed to drug people with sexy food.

KRISTEN
I knew it.

Eric eats some.

ERIC
Delicious, sexy food. And my credit card is about to explode.

Kristen laughs.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(not joking)
I'm joking.

KRISTEN
Wait... Didn't you say... Isn't your mom in town?

ERIC
Yeah... But...

KRISTEN
I want to see her.

ERIC
No.

KRISTEN
Your mom visits you, and you don't spend time...

ERIC
We spent an afternoon. That's all I can handle.

KRISTEN

An afternoon?

ERIC

She's an advice juke-box without an off-switch.

KRISTEN

She's your mom, Eric.

ERIC

When can I meet your kid?

KRISTEN

I'm still trying to figure out how you fit in all this.

ERIC

Oh, really?

KRISTEN

You know, I come from a crazy family too.

ERIC

Oh, really?

KRISTEN

My dad ran coke for the Mexican mob. So there's that...

ERIC

What?!

Kristen dresses an oyster in lemon and horse-radish.

KRISTEN

Oh. Well. Then some Mexicans tried to kill us. Yada-yada. They bashed our doors in. That's when we moved to Florida.

Kristen lifts the shell to eat it.

ERIC

They bashed in your doors?

KRISTEN

Yeah.

ERIC

Strong move.

KRISTEN

It was.

ERIC
When did that happen?

KRISTEN
I was eight, I think.

Kristen takes a sip of champagne.

ERIC
Traumatic childhood.

KRISTEN
Yeah. I guess so. When things are normal is when I freak out. I guess I'm always waiting for the Mexican drug mafia to break down my door.

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Eric and Mohammed watch Russian twerk videos, smoke weed, and listen to WIZ KHALIFA.

MOHAMMED
How'd your date go?

ERIC
It went pretty well. My credit card is almost maxed out.

Mohammed and Eric refocus on the music video.

Eric's phone RINGS, "MOM" shows up on his screen. He hits REJECT.

INT/EXT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - NIGHT

Denise looks out the window, as her plane flies through a storm.

Her bruised frown illuminates with the occasional flash of lightning.

INT. INTERNATIONAL B&B - ESPLANADE - DAY

Eric kisses Kristen while holding a gift wrapped box.

ERIC
It won't be weird. I promise.

KRISTEN
Be careful with him. I think I saw the bus just drop him off.

Kristen walks to the front door.

ERIC
Perfect timing.

Kristen walks to the front of the house.

Eric's phone RINGS: MOHAMMED.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I can't talk now. But I'm dating a
MILF now, I'm about to meet her
kid.

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
You're an uncle now. You can date
anyone.

ERIC
I know. I can do anything. I'll
call you later.

Eric hangs up.

He looks up, and Kristen is holding ARCHER (5) in the doorway. He's a cute hippie child with long hair.

KRISTEN
This is my most prized possession.

ERIC
It'll be fun. I promise. I'm sure
he could use some man-time.

Archer runs towards Eric.

ARCHER
Man time!!

KRISTEN
He's been talking about this all
morning.

ERIC
Your mom said you're going to be
six soon, right?

ARCHER
Yep. I turn six in three weeks.

ERIC
And your mom told me you know yoga.

ARCHER
Yep. Look.

Archer stands on his hands and tippy toes. Archer makes a bridge with his body.

ARCHER (CONT'D)
This is downward dog.

ERIC
Wow.

Archer then stands on one leg and folds his hands together.

ARCHER
This is tree-pose.

ERIC
Oh, dear. Kristen, what if someone
wants his lunch money?

KRISTEN
What do you mean?

ERIC
New Orleans public school. He could
get his butt kicked.

ARCHER
What do you mean?

ERIC
Archer, do you know how to fight?

ARCHER
I don't fight... Fight who?

KRISTEN
He's more of a lover than a
fighter.

Kristen holds out her arms, and Archer jumps in and kisses his
mom on the cheek.

ERIC
Look what I got you.

Eric holds out a gift.

Archer's eyes again light up, and he runs towards the box.

KRISTEN
Wow. A gift?!

ERIC
An early birthday gift.

Archer opens the box, to reveal kid-sized boxing gloves.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm going to take you to my gym,
and teach you how to fight.

ARCHER
Man-TIME!!!

ERIC
You're going to be a fucking ninja,
bro. Maybe the best ever...

KRISTEN
Be careful with him.

Kristen SMILES at Eric, happy with Archer's enthusiasm.

ERIC
I was in the kid group at my Muay
Thai gym. I know what I'm doing.

INT. UNIVERSITY OF NEW ORLEANS - GYM - DAY
Eric puts Archer through boxing and kicking drills.
He holds up pads, and Archer has on boxing gloves.

ERIC
Jab. Jab. Uppercut.

Archer does it.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Right knee!

Eric lightly swings the pads at Archer.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Block. Block.

Archer blocks.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Now if some kid wants your lunch
money, do a left leg kick. Then a
right cross. Okay?

Archer does it.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Good job!!

Archer waves his gloves around like pom-poms. It's goddamn
adorable!!

ERIC (CONT'D)
Then if he falls down. You take his
lunch money.

ARCHER

Eric! That's not going to happen!

ERIC

It might. What if your teacher wants to give you a "B"?

ARCHER

What?

ERIC

If your teacher gives you a B, you do jab, jab, uppercut, left kick...

INT. GYM - SAUNA - DAY

Eric and Archer are sitting in the sauna.

ARCHER

It's too hot in here.

ERIC

That's the point. You're supposed to sweat. This is man-training.

ARCHER

How hot is it?

ERIC

Let me check.

Eric gets up and walks to the thermometer.

ERIC (CONT'D)

It's seventeen-hundred-million degrees.

ARCHER

Eric!

ERIC

Perfect temperature. We'll have six minutes before our faces melt off, and our bones boil in our blood.

Archer's eyebrows raise.

INT. B&B - ESPLANADE - NIGHT

Archer holds a pillow and hits Eric over the head with it.

Eric falls onto the bed, as Archer LAUGHS.

KRISTEN (O.S.)
Oh, no. You killed him, Archer.

Archer looks at his mother folding linens onto an opulent chair.

ERIC
Who said that? What year is it?

Eric stumbles to his feet.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(hammy punchdrunk)
I think I left the fish in the toaster. Granny's gonna be home soon.

ARCHER
He's alive, Mom. Just talking weird.

Archer tries to hit Eric with the pillow again.

Eric blocks the attack.

ERIC
Hi-YA!

Archer reacts with a big, 'oh-no' face.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Oh, you didn't expect my judo.

Eric picks up Archer, and flips him onto his back onto the bed.

Archer LAUGHS.

KRISTEN
Be careful with him.

ERIC
Don't worry. This is safely orchestrated horseplay.

Archer swings the pillow at Eric's head, who plops onto the bed.

Archer LAUGHS. Kristen smiles.

Eric pops up.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I got a picnic basket. The cake is on the train with the fish in the toaster.

Archer hits Eric over the head again. He drops.

INT. B&B - CHINESE ROOM - NIGHT

Eric and Kristen are bed together. They pet each other's hair and stare into each other's eyes.

KRISTEN
You're really good with him.

ERIC
I figured he could use some man-time.

KRISTEN
You don't seem intimidated.

ERIC
He's a great kid. It's easy.

Kristen kisses Eric.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You guys give me a nice stable base. It's hard to go out and do stand-up all the time.

Eric kisses Kristen.

ERIC (CONT'D)
You guys make it worth it.

Heavy petting ensues.

Eric shoves his face in Kristen's chest.

Kristen LAUGHS.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Wowie, wow.

KRISTEN
I didn't know I was dating a frat-boy.

ERIC
Maybe I've been hanging around Mohammed too much...

INT. ERIC'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eric enters his apartment with Archer.

The apartment's trash is full.

There are also boxes empty boxes of cereal in the corner near the door.

Mohammed is smoking weed, watching twerk videos on the living room tv.

ERIC

Hey Mohammed, can you take the trash out?

MOHAMMED

Oh, I don't use the trash. I just place things by the door.

Eric looks by the door. Three cereal boxes are filled with assorted trash.

ERIC

Oh. So the trash is full, and there's bullshit by the door. Cool.

MOHAMMED

Whatever. In my country I have maids.

ERIC

We don't have maids, Mohammed.

MOHAMMED

Do you want to be my maid? You need a job anyway.

ERIC

Not cool.

MOHAMMED

Whatever.

ERIC

Maybe one time, you walk into the dollar-store and buy dick for the house... Like, once ever!

MOHAMMED

I do-do stuff for the house.

ERIC

Doo-doo is the right answer. You leave doodie everywhere.

MOHAMMED

Okay. Mr. Mom.

ERIC

Archer, do a one-two hook to Mohammed's nuts.

ARCHER
 (laughing)
 No...

ERIC
 I told you your skills would come
 in handy, one-time.

MOHAMMED
 Don't have your girlfriend's kid
 punch my nuts.

ARCHER
 My mom is your girlfriend?

ERIC
 Um...Yes.

ARCHER
 Really?

ERIC
 Yeah. I'm pretty sure.

Archer stands up and hugs Eric.

MOHAMMED
 You're almost a stepdad.

Eric looks at Mohammed... 'don't go there...'

ERIC
 Okay, Mohammed. Do you understand?
 We good?

MOHAMMED
 We're good.

ERIC
 Please do something for the
 apartment. I'm from New Jersey. You
 could wake up with a cut face.
 Things happen.

MOHAMMED
 So, you're going to cut-up my face?

Eric and Archer close the door on Mohammed.

INT. UNO GYM - POOL - EVENING

Archer holds the side of the pool.

ERIC
 Watch out.

Eric does a CANNONBALL right next to Archer. He's splashed, and his hair gets wet.

ARCHER

Eric! You splashed me.

ERIC

(hammy punchdrunk)
Oh, sorry, kid. I had to wax my
grandma with the fish in the
toaster.

ARCHER

Eric, you're talking crazy again.

ERIC

I think you hit me pretty good with
that pillow the other day. My
memories are fuzzy. I'm having
weird dreams.

ARCHER

No, Eric. Go back to normal.

Archer struggles at the edge of the pool to hold himself up.

ERIC

Okay, listen. Have you ever dunked
your head under water?

ARCHER

No.

ERIC

Have you been in a pool before?

ARCHER

Not this deep.

ERIC

Okay. Watch what I do.

Eric holds the side of the pool, and dunks his head under the water, and brings himself back up to the side, and takes a deep breath.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I want you do do that. Take a deep
breath.

Archer does.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Hold your breath, dunk yourself in,
and pull yourself right back up.

ARCHER
Really?

ERIC
Yeah, do that. I'm right here to
save you. I can stand in the pool.
I'm pretty tall.

ARCHER
Okay.

Archer dunks his head in, he pops up, LAUGHING.

ERIC
Good job.

Archer spits water.

ARCHER
That was easy.

ERIC
Okay, this time, I want you to go
underwater, and I'm going to tap
you five times. I want you to stay
under for five seconds.

ARCHER
Okay.

ERIC
Can you do that?

ARCHER
Yes.

ERIC
Count five taps, and then pop back
up.

LATER

ERIC
Go.

Archer lets go from the side of the pool and swims to Eric
one yard away.

Eric catches Archer.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Good job.

Eric throws Archer into the air and catches him back in the
pool. Archer LAUGHS.

Eric puts Archer on his back and swims as fast as he can.

ARCHER
Faster.

ERIC
I'm going underwater. Hold your
breath!

Archer holds his breath as they dive under and come back up
swimming.

INT. SAUNA - LATER

Eric and Archer sit next to each other in the sauna.

ARCHER
Hey, Eric.

ERIC
Yeah, bud.

ARCHER
Do you know my dad?

ERIC
No. I didn't meet him.

ARCHER
Well. He gets drunk a lot and
doesn't make good decisions.

ERIC
I'm sorry to hear that, buddy.

ARCHER
Whenever I visit, his house in
Alabama, it's really dirty. He just
drinks and yells.

ERIC
Oh, no.

ARCHER
Do you like my mom?

ERIC
Of course, I do.

ARCHER
How much?

ERIC
Um...

INT/EXT. NORTH CAROLINA - DENISE'S BUICK - DAY

Denise drives Sheila in her big-boaty-buick.

DENISE

I don't know if he'll make himself available to us. He's very cold. He's stubborn.

SHEILA

If my son didn't call me for two months, I'd drive down to see him. That's just a mothers purgative.

DENISE

I just want to make sure he's alive, and well.

SHEILA

We'll track him down like spies.

DENISE

There's a poetry reading too, tonight. Outside Charlotte.

EXT. B&B - STOOP - EARLY MORNING

Eric waves to the Bus Driver as Archer walks onto the bus.

INT. B&B - CONT.

Eric walks back into the B&B to grab his coat.

Kristen is lying on the front couch.

KRISTEN

I'm sick.

ERIC

You told me, Sweetie. What can I do?

KRISTEN

Where are you going?

ERIC

To get on my own bus. Babe, I have an appointment at a car dealership. Maybe I can Uber and Lyft it and shit.

KRISTEN

Skip it.

ERIC

Kristen, you have to clean rooms,
and usher in new guests.

KRISTEN

I'm going to cancel on the guests.
I don't feel well.

ERIC

I don't know what to tell you.

Eric moves to open the door.

KRISTEN

You're abandoning me? You don't
give a shit about me! The moment I
get sick, you run out the door!

Eric runs back inside.

ERIC

I came here this morning just to
get Archer to school. Like I texted
you, two days ago.

KRISTEN

You could've slept over last night.

ERIC

The buses stop at ten, I had a
show. Kyle drove me home.

KRISTEN

Well, life isn't always on a
fucking schedule, Eric. I'm sorry
if I started to die when you had
other obligations.

Eric hesitates.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

You are the one obsessed with
titles. And your GIRLFRIEND is
sick. Yes. I'm your love. Your
heart. Your girlfriend, and I'm
saying I need you.

ERIC

Sweetie...

KRISTEN

You have no fucking empathy! No
patience! No ability to step up.

ERIC

Babe. You're home. Lemme go, andand
I'll be back in four or five hours.

KRISTEN

What are you talking about? No!

Eric sees the City Bus through the window.

ERIC

That's my bus.

KRISTEN

I should've known.

ERIC

What?

KRISTEN

You're mad at your mother over a wedding picture?! What chance do we have?!

ERIC

You don't know what your talking about.

KRISTEN

You're petty, controlling, inflexible...

The bus pulls away, Eric is about to run.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

My mom was a crack-head for most of my life. Meanwhile my dad was running from the Mexican drug cartel! You had it cushy in a house with your whole family in New Jersey.

ERIC

Not that cushy.

Eric runs out the door.

Kristen starts to CRY.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Sheila and Denise have coffee and chocolate cookies.

CHRISTINE (25) a young traveling poet reads a section of her story. She's artsy-hippie-chic.

Her I-Phone is connected to a small at her feet.

CHRISTINE

The music hit the speakers, as my Chevy Malibu approached Las Vegas.
(MORE)

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
It was new-wave funk.

Christine hits the PLAY BUTTON: "Pumped up Kicks" By Foster and the People.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Then, something else hit me.
Something I felt within my body.
The meta-data of my sexual
programming was shifting. Suddenly,
it was my friend Jessica I wanted
to push against the locker. I
wanted Jessica to absorb me into
her mouth. As she gagged on the
extract of my DNA.

Denise's eyebrows are up, listening very carefully.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
I imagined I was thrusting into her
mouth as my fingers inserted
themselves into my jeans. This road
trip turned into something more
transformative as I desperately
tried to connect the sensation of
my fingers inside me to Jessica's
mouth.

Denise starts to stare at Sheila, who pretends not to notice.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)
Gobbling, sucking, gagging, taking
me into her throat. Her gasps
passing over my rod, a phantom
limb.
I'd thrust toward her skull until
the release came. Pulsing a
projectile of my extract. It wasn't
just an orgasm, it was a permanent
body modification. My sexuality was
newly tattooed. I spun off highway
93, and as the dust settled, I'd
started to admit these visions
consciously.

Sheila finally shares a nervous look with Denise.

INT/EXT. B&B - STOOP - EVENING

Eric stands outside holding Chinese takeout.

Kristen comes to the door and opens it.

She's wearing a robe over pajamas. Her nose is red and
drippy.

KRISTEN

Oh, hello. I'm sorry this isn't good for my schedule. Goodbye.

Kristen starts to close the door.

ERIC

I have Chinese food. Wonton soup. Good for sick people.

ARCHER (OS)

Is that Eric?

Kristen, hearing this, opens the door.

KRISTEN

It's already terminal. I think you're too late.

Kristen walks inside, leaving the door open for Eric.

KRISTEN (OS) (CONT'D)

But you can come in if you want to sign the coroners report.

INT. B&B - EVENING

Eric closes the door and walks inside.

ERIC

I think I'm getting sick too, Kristen.

KRISTEN

Oh, yeah?

ERIC

I think you gave me what you have.

KRISTEN

Oh, yeah?

ERIC

Yeah.

KRISTEN

Now you'll know how it feels. Don't expect me to take care of you.

ERIC

I have time to take care of you now.

KRISTEN

Time, oh yeah. That.

Kristen SMILES, grabs a hamper filled with linens and starts to walk towards the stairs.

ERIC

I got a car. I think I'm going to be a fucking driver for a minute. You want soup?

KRISTEN

I'll have soup after I make some beds.

Kristen walks towards Eric and kisses his cheek.

Archer walks out of his room in time to see this.

ARCHER

Eric. I thought that was you.

ERIC

Hey, bud.

KRISTEN

Plate out the food in the kitchen.

ERIC

Yes, sweetie-cake.

ARCHER

Eric.

Kristen rounds the corner.

KRISTEN (O.S)

I'm sure Archer will want something, too. And watch your language.

ARCHER

Eric.

ERIC

What, Archer?

ARCHER

I just built a lego space-station. It has two spaceships! It's for kids twelve and up and I did it all by myself.

Eric walks into the kitchen.

ERIC

You're a genius. Follow me into the kitchen.

ARCHER
But it's in my room.

ERIC
I'm going to plate out this food,
and take a look.

Eric grabs for plates.

INT. B&B - CHINA ROOM - EVENING

Kristen walks into a room with RUFUS (22) a long-haired
guitar player from Nashville.

He's shirtless, attractive, and is wearing leather pants.

KRISTEN
(whispers)
Rufus?

RUFUS
Hey, love.

KRISTEN
You have to leave, get your stuff,
and go out the side door.

RUFUS
I was hoping for another round.

Rufus tries to grab for Kristen, she moves away.

KRISTEN
No way. You already gave me strep
throat. And my boyfriend is here.

RUFUS
Your boyfriend?

Rufus puts on his shirt and buttons it.

KRISTEN
Look. I fucked up. This was just a
thing.

RUFUS
The plight of the musician I guess.

Rufus puts on his cowboy boots.

RUFUS (CONT'D)
Women just use us for our bodies as
we tour in sexy pants from town to
town.

KRISTEN

Oh, so you want to help raise my kid?

RUFUS

You have a kid?

Rufus dresses faster, grabs his guitar, and heads for out.

ARCHER'S ROOM

Archer is building LEGO's on the floor.

ERIC

Hey, buddy.

ARCHER

Hello, Eric.

ERIC

You building something?

ARCHER

Just a space-station.

ERIC

Oh, so... No big deal. Just a space station.

ARCHER

And I'm Almost done with the second spaceship.

ERIC

Amazing! You want some Chinese food, buddy? Are you sick, like your mom?

Eric sits next to Archer.

Heavy cowboy boot FOOTSEPS creak the staircase on the side of the house.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Who is that?

ARCHER

Probably a house-guest.

Eric picks up one of Archer's spaceships and looks at it.

ERIC

Oh, yeah. Are you guys booked? I thought your mom was going to cancel the guests.

ARCHER
And mom's friend was over last
night.

Eric BREAKS APART a spaceship.

ERIC
Fuck!
(composing himself)
I'm sorry, Archer.

Archer becomes upset.

ARCHER
Eric! WHY DID YOU BREAK MY
SPACESHIP? I worked all day on
that!

Eric tries to put it back together.

ERIC
Yeah, sorry. What were you saying,
kid?

ARCHER
Eric!

ERIC
I'm sorry, Archer. I'm so, so,
sorry. I'm just confused. You were
saying someone was over last night.

ARCHER
I think my mom would like you
better, if you had long hair... If
you played guitar... If you drank
from a flask.

ERIC
Is that what your dad is like?

Archer shakes his head, 'no.'

ERIC (CONT'D)
Who is like that?

ARCHER
Oh, just someone.

ERIC
Archer.

ARCHER
What?

ERIC
Someone, who?

Kristen walks into the room.

KRISTEN
Eric, what happened to that
spaceship?

ERIC
Well, um... I don't know.

ARCHER
Um... Some guy who came over.

ERIC
Yeah?

KRISTEN
Yeah, a musician stayed in the
China Room. A couple from Austria
is in the Egyptian room. A German
couple is in the Hungarian
Honeymoon suite.

ERIC
I thought you were going to cancel
the guests.

KRISTEN
No rest for the wicked, I suppose.
Eric gives Kristen a long, skeptical glance.

ERIC
I think Archer knows your type.

ARCHER
Mom, do I like Chinese food?

INT. B&B - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Eric, Kristen, and Archer are eating Chinese Food. Beef Lo
Mein and a cup of wonton soup each.

Archer picks through his food hands.

ERIC
Archer, can you use chopsticks?

KRISTEN
He's five.

ERIC
Or a fork?

ARCHER

I just like the noodles.

Archer holds up a noodle, and drops in into his mouth.

KRISTEN

He's a hippie child. I don't put a lot of restrictions on his behavior.

Eric slowly sips his soup.

ERIC

There's something special about wonton soup when your sick.

Kristen sips hers too.

KRISTEN

I agree. I have to admit. It does make me feel a little better.

A long pause.

ARCHER

Mom, why were you naked with that guitar player on the couch last night?

Eric jumps out of his seat.

ERIC

WHAT?!

Eric runs out of the room, CRYING.

After another long pause.

KRISTEN

Fuck.

ARCHER

Where did Eric go? What happened?

KRISTEN

Shit.

Kristen hops out of her seat.

Archer does too.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)

Archer! Stay RIGHT THERE!!

Kristen hops onto the stoop without shoes.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
You're leaving?

Eric puts his shoes on.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
Sure, just walk away. Just go.
You've had one foot out the door
the whole relationship.

ERIC
(through tears)
Did you get sick, kissing some
guitarist with long hair?

Kristen looks guilty.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Archer said, 'I think my mom would
like you better if you had long
hair, played guitar, and drank out
of a flask.'

Archer appears right behind Kristen.

KRISTEN
That was a friend.
(scans her wits for a way
out)
Look, children have big
imagination.

ERIC
It's over!

Kristen is stuck.

After a drawn out pause.

KRISTEN
I don't know if you're wrong.

ERIC
Did you get strep throat from
sucking a weird dick?! Did you give
me second-hand weird dick strep
throat?!

Eric COUGHS.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I think I'm getting sick, too.
That's why I got Chinese food.

KRISTEN
Oh, you don't try to help me when
I'm sick. But as soon as you're
(MORE)

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
 sick, then the wonton-soup arrives.
 And you're the big hero?!

Eric looks at Archer, who is watching in horror.

ERIC
 I'm sorry, Archer.

Eric starts to cry.

KRISTEN
 Archer! Go back to the kitchen, I
 will talk to you soon.

ARCHER
 I'll never have a dad!

Archer runs away, it breaks both of their hearts.

ERIC
 Kristen! You didn't sleep with a
 semi-homeless guitar player with
 long, beautiful hair? You didn't
 kiss him?

KRISTEN
 I always had a thing with
 musicians.

ERIC
 I'm sure he's very spontaneous.

KRISTEN
 I was going to tell you.

Eric exits.

KRISTEN (CONT'D)
 Eric!

INT. BUDDHA BELLY - NIGHT

Eric performs stand-up comedy at the Buddha Belly on Magazine
 St. for thirty people.

ERIC
 I got my first clue things weren't
 going well for me and my
 girlfriend, when her kid said to
 me...
 (kid voice)
 You know. I think my mom would like
 you better if you had long hair.
 Played guitar. Drank from a flask.
 (back to normal)
 You ever realize your girlfriend is
 (MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
cheating on you when her kid
describes the dude? Follow-up
question, has anyone ever gotten
second-hand strep-throat from a
weird dick?

Some LAUGHS.

INT/EXT. CANAL STREET - NEW ORLEANS - ERIC'S PRIUS - DAY

Eric's iPhone is mounted to his dashboard. A large Uber sign
is in his window.

Eric stops in front of the Marriott on Canal.

He wipes tears from his eyes as he rolls down the window.

ERIC
Patricia?

PATRICIA (52) a Manhattan tourist, gets into the car with her
husband GERALD (55) an entitled businessman in a suit.

PATRICIA
Eric?

ERIC
Yeah, hop in.

The couple get settled.

PATRICIA
Commanders Palace.

ERIC
Yes, ma'am.

Eric starts to drive west from Canal down Saint Charles.

INT/EXT. CANAL STREET - DENISE'S BUICK - NIGHT

Denise pulls her car into the Marriott on Canal Street.

DENISE
The Marriott. The Marriott!

Stubborn, drunk pedestrians block her route. Denise makes a
few jump out of the way with her aggressive driving.

This makes Sheila wake up.

SHEILA
We're in Florida?

DENISE
New Orleans.

SHEILA
Oh. Oh yeah.

Denise pulls up to the valet.

DENISE
Oh, good they have valet. I bet
it's expensive.

INT/EXT. ERIC'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Eric drives silently with Patricia and Gerald in the back.

PATRICIA
So, kid?

ERIC
Yeah.

PATRICIA
What should we get at Commanders
Palace?

ERIC
I don't know. I can't really afford
to eat there. I have can soup with
ketchup this morning.

Gerald SNICKERS.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Go for the endangered turtle soup,
or the bald eagle foie gras. I
don't know what they have there.

PATRICIA
(dry)
Don't be rude, kid.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Denise and Sheila are sitting across from the Marriott's room
phone on separate twin beds.

Slowly Denise turns the phone towards herself and picks it
up.

DENISE
He knows my number. But this one is
local. I'm sure he'll pick up.

Denise dials robotically.

SHEILA
Put it on speaker-phone so I can
hear. I won't say anything.

DENISE
Okay.

Denise struggles to find the right button. It starts to RING.

INT/EXT. ERIC'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Eric's GPS cuts as an INCOMING CALL comes in. It rings LOUDLY
in the car.

Eric looks back to the couple.

ERIC
I'm sorry.

PATRICIA
You can take the call.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Denise hangs up the phone and presses the speaker button
again.

This hangs up the call.

DENISE
Oh, shit.

SHEILA
What?

DENISE
I think I hung up the call. These
fucking hotel phones are tricky.

Denise redials.

INT/EXT. ERIC'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Eric's paying close attention to the GPS.

ERIC

I don't know. I think they hung up.

The GPS cuts again. INCOMING CALL from a local 504 number.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry about this. It could be my landlord or something.

Eric clicks accept

INTERCUT WITH:

HOTEL ROOM

DENISE

Hello, Eric. It's your mom. I'm in town.

ERIC

Mom, I'm working.

DENISE

You have a job?

ERIC

Yes. I'm an Uber driver.

DENISE

I thought you were trying to work on a TV show in New Orleans! Now I have to tell people my son is a taxi driver.

ERIC

Tell them I'm dead.

DENISE

I'm at the Marriott, on Canal.

GERALD

We're at the Marriott.

DENISE

Do you know any good places to eat?

PATRICIA

Commanders Palace.

DENISE

Who is that with you.

ERIC

A passenger.

SHEILA
Harold used to take me there all
the time. I love Commanders Palace.

ERIC
Is that Sheila?

SHEILA
Hello, Eric.

ERIC
I think I missed my turn because
this call cut my GPS. Bye.

Eric angrily hangs up.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

PATRICIA
Are you always that rude to your
mother?

Eric fumes as he u-turns back on course.

4-Wheelers and Dirt Bikes pull WHEELIES around his car.

ERIC
Holy FUCK!

INT. PAT O'BRIENS - NIGHT

Denise and Sheila walk towards the fountain in the courtyard
of Pat O'Briens. They're each holding Hurricanes.

SHEILA
Denise, come and see the fountain.

DENISE
I wish Eric was with us.

SHEILA
Harold used to kiss me for hours
right here.

Denise SMILES.

DENISE
That's sweet.

Denise SMILES.

Denise sips her hurricane, and looks into it, sad.

INT/EXT. ERIC'S PRIUS - NIGHT

Eric drives with DR. PAULA LEBLANC (45).

DR. PAULA LEBLANC
So, let me get this straight, your
mom is a narcissist, and you keep
dating narcissists?

ERIC
Oh my god. You're right.

DR. PAULA LEBLANC
You don't sound like that tough a
case, sweetie. Come and see me at
my office.

Dr. Paula Leblac hands Eric her card.

ERIC
Woah. Thanks. I'm going to call
you. I need a therapist, probably.
Thanks.

INT/EXT. ERIC'S PRIUS - MISS MAES - NIGHT

Eric stops outside Miss Maes 24 hour bar, and ALEXANDRIA (26)
gets in. Alexandria is a cute redhead with a squeaky voice.

ERIC
Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA
Yes. Eric?

ERIC
Where are we headed?

ALEXANDRIA
Home.

ERIC
Let's go.

Eric drives off.

ALEXANDRIA
I just moved here from Nashville.

ERIC
I'm originally from New Jersey, but
I moved here from Los Angeles.

ALEXANDRIA
What do you do?

ERIC
I don't know. I do this, and I do stand-up comedy.

ALEXANDRIA
Can you tell me a joke?

ERIC
I'm kinda not in the mood. Right now. I don't know if this is the right venue.

ALEXANDRIA
Do you have a show tonight?

ERIC
Maybe. I'll probably just go through the motions.

ALEXANDRIA
You sound like a sad clown.

Eric rolls his eyes.

ERIC
You're probably right.

After a few minutes.

ALEXANDRIA
When does your show start?

ERIC
Buddha Belly around ten.

ALEXANDRIA
That's in fifteen minutes. Turn around. Take me there.

ERIC
Really? Alright.

EXT. BUDDHA BELLY - NIGHT

Kyle and Jon smoke a blunt.

JON
Why does Eric always wife-up so quick.

KYLE
He wants a family. Look at him, he's bald. It's his dad time.

JON
He likes taking kids to soccer
practise. Gives his pussy some
meaning.

KYLE
When's this show starting anyway.

JON
Who knows.

Eric approaches with Alexandria.

KYLE
A new girl?

ERIC
Wassup, Kyle. Jon.

Eric shakes hands with Kyle and Jon.

JON
Who's this white girl?

ALEXANDRIA
I'm Alex. Good to meet you.

Kyle hands the blunt to Eric.

ALEXANDRIA (CONT'D)
Oh, look. All the comedians are
smoking weed.

Eric hands the blunt to Alexandria.

ERIC
(to Alex)
What are you drinking?

ALEXANDRIA
PBR and whiskey?

ERIC
I got you...

ALEXANDRIA
Thanks.

Jon and Kyle exchange glances.

Eric walks into Buddha Belly.

ALEXANDRIA (CONT'D)
(about Eric)
He's nice...

JON
 (to Alex)
 Be careful with that one.

Kyle hits Jon.

KYLE
 Jon.

JON
 What? I'm just saying he might try
 to wife-you-up real quick.

ALEXANDRIA
 What do you mean?

JON
 He has issues with his mom, he
 tells us sometimes. I don't know.
 He likes to be the man of the
 house. Likes to take women's kids
 to soccer practise. You got kids.

ALEXANDRIA
 No.

JON
 Everyone needs a mom.

Eric is visible in the window, walking towards the door.

Kyle hits Jon.

JON (CONT'D)
 (to Kyle)
 I'm just saying, Kyle... He needs
 to call his mama! That's what he's
 doing. Finding new mama's all over
 New Orleans.

Eric opens the door and walks back outside. He holds two PBR
 cans and a plastic cup of whiskey.

ERIC
 Hey, here you go.

Eric hands Alexandria a shot and a beer.

Eric looks and Jon and Kyle who are now quiet, looking down.

ALEXANDRIA
 And you're not doing a shot?

ERIC
 I'm driving.

Eric and Alexandria cheers.

Eric drinks his beer. Alexandria does the shot and chases it with the beer.

Eric SMILES, and Kyle and Jon start to LAUGH.

Awkward silence.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 (to Jon & Kyle)
 Did these guys say something about me?

Alexandria LAUGHS.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 What? That I have mommy issues?

JON
 I didn't say that.

KYLE
 Totally didn't bring that up. At all.

ERIC
 I tell you guys fun secrets sometimes, guys. That are not for other people.

ALEXANDRIA
 Fun secrets?

ERIC
 Yeah, secrets you keep between friends for fun.

ALEXANDRIA
 I got some fun secrets.

ERIC
 You do?

ALEXANDRIA
 Sure.
 (after a swig)
 Maybe after a few more drinks, I'll tell you all my fun secrets.

Eric's eyebrows raise.

Jon and Kyle look at each other, 'Eric might pull this off.'

INT. ERIC AND MOHAMMED'S APARTMENT - 1AM

Eric and Alexandria are kissing as he opens the door.

ERIC
You are so cute.

ALEXANDRIA
Stop, stop. Keep going...

ERIC
And...

Eric TRIPS OVER dozens of cereal boxes, filled with assorted garbage.

After much flopping, Alexandria lands on Eric.

They look up to see Mohammed is doing COCAINE and making out with Yolanda and Shawanda.

He's wearing a thin robe, sunglasses, and silk underwear.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Goddamnit. Mohammed.

MOHAMMED
Look what the cat dragged in. Sorry ladies.

YOLANDA
Oh, I remember this guy.

SHAWANDA
Hello, Eric.

ALEXANDRIA
(to Eric)
You know these girls?

Eric and Alexandria stand up, wiping trash off themselves.

ERIC
Mohammed, these girls robbed you.

MOHAMMED
Look. We had a talk. Everything worked out.

SHAWANDA
He came with the money, honey.

Eric gets up and peels trash off himself and Alexandria.

ERIC
We'll be in my room. Don't know.

MOHAMMED
Have a good time.

As soon as Eric and Alexandria round the corner into Eric's

room.

Yolanda kicks Mohammed in the head, and Yolanda grabs the cocaine. They grab their clothes, and Mohammed's wallet, and run out the door.

INT. ERIC AND MOHAMMED'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Eric cooks while Alexandria grabs up trash into a bag.

Mohammed is asleep with a black-eye.

Eric and Alexandria look at him.

ERIC

Thanks for putting that away.

ALEXANDRIA

I hope your roommate is okay.

ERIC

He probably just got beat up by some hookers.

Eric sets two egg sandwiches on the table.

He pours iced-tea and hands out napkins.

ERIC (CONT'D)

...These kids today. Nobody wants chores, they just want whores.

ALEXANDRIA

You got to whip him into shape.

Eric sits down for breakfast.

ERIC

It's an uphill battle. Come and have breakfast. Leave that by the door.

Alexandria places the trash bags down, by the door, and walks to the breakfast table.

ALEXANDRIA

So, you're like Mohammed's dad.

ERIC

I do my best to correct their behavior with my love and wisdom.

ALEXANDRIA

Or their mother.

ERIC

Wowie. That's a head-trip.

Alexandria bites her breakfast sandwich.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You are so goddamn sexy.

Alexandria SMILES with egg in her mouth.

Mohammed MOANS.

MOHAMMED

Eric.

ERIC

Yes, Mohammed.

MOHAMMED

I think one of the hookers knocked me out.

ERIC

Where's your wallet?

Mohammed looks around.

MOHAMMED

I don't see it.

ERIC

Put the fucking trash away. It's by the door.

MOHAMMED

Eric. You are an asshole.

Alexandria LAUGHS.

Eric's phone RINGS.

His screen reads, "Sheila."

ALEXANDRIA

Who is it?

ERIC

It's my mom's friend.

ALEXANDRIA

You don't have to talk to her right now.

ERIC

Sorry, this won't last long.

Eric takes the call, and continues to collect trash into

another kitchen bag.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 What IS IT SHEILA?! Who's pregnant?
 Who's divorced? Who's got cancer?

Eric drops the bag and EXITS.

Alexandria and Mohammed blankly stare at Eric outside the window, 'What's wrong with this person?'

EXT. ST. LOUIS CEMETERY - NIGHT

Eric and Sheila walk through a cemetery.

ERIC
 Where are we going?

SHEILA
 Just here.

Sheila points.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 I want you to meet my husband,
 Howard.

Eric looks up at an ornate headstone.

"Howard DuBois Born November 26, 1937 Died October 31, 2004."

ERIC
 Hello, Howard.

Eric doesn't know what to do.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Look, lady...

SHEILA
 What's going on between you and
 your mother?

ERIC
 Oh, um...

SHEILA
 Go on...

Eric hesitates.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 Or maybe I should just shove a
 knife in my gossipy cunt?!

Eric is STUNNED.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 (leans forward, whispers)
 We share everything, your mother
 and I. I know everything.

ERIC
 Okay! Okay. So... You know we're
 not really talking. That's all.

SHEILA
 You don't return any of her calls
 or messages.

ERIC
 Yeah, I don't have the ability to
 in put effort into someone that
 pushy, aggravating, narcissistic.

SHEILA
 It's her way to love.

ERIC
 Maybe she could be a better
 listener. Less of a status-seeker.
 Less of a delusional scrapbook
 hoarder. Have you seen her house?

SHEILA
 She's going crazy, because she
 doesn't have her son to ground her
 back to earth. Your mother lives
 for her children.

ERIC
 That's too big of a job for me to
 handle.

SHEILA
 Maybe after a divorce, she needs
 extra calls from her kid.

ERIC
 She needs a therapist.

SHEILA
 You need to call your mom. At least
 once a week. For fucks sakes, Eric,
 everyone is dealing with their own
 goddamn trauma.

Eric is taken aback.

Sheila lights a joint, smokes it.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 Everyday I want to scream that I
 don't have my Howard anymore. He
 (MORE)

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 saved me. I was crazy when he first
 met me. My mother was a headstrong
 slut. Gave me all the worst habits.

Sheila passes the joint to Eric.

ERIC
 I can relate to that.

SHEILA
 She yelled. She was a loose,
 alcoholic. Good men got used by
 her.

FLASHBACK - INT. NEW JERSEY - ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - NIGHT
 (1963)

A CRUSTY SUITOR (40) opens the door of a shabby apartment.

SHEILA'S MOTHER (36) leads him in, as she wears her magical
 tight-red-dress.

SHEILA (V.O.)
 She would use me as bait sometimes,
 luring in lonely men who took pity
 on our small, pathetic family.

The Crusty Suitor sees a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG SHEILA (16), reading
 a book.

His gaze lingers too long.

SHEILA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 When I got of age, you can imagine
 how that went.

EXT. CEMETERY - CONT.

ERIC
 You were abused?

SHEILA
 What was abuse in the 60's?

Eric SHRUGS.

SHEILA (CONT'D)
 When I was younger they'd take me
 to the zoo. When I was older,
 they'd take me to their apartments.
 Hotels.

ERIC
 Shit.

SHEILA

One really nice, sweet guy took me out for icecream and to the zoo when I was six. But, poor thing, he'd shown real interest in her. So, while I was at the zoo with some sweet guy, my mom was banging some musician in our studio apartment.

ERIC

Goddamn... cold-hearted.

SHEILA

That's how her mother was, too.

Eric listens smoking.

SHEILA (CONT'D)

We can all fall to the depths, Eric.

ERIC

I know...

SHEILA

I'm going to tell you why I owe everything to my mom. She sent me to a debutant ball in New Orleans in 1967. I was twenty years old.

Sheila takes back the joint.

FLASHBACK - INT. SHABBY APARTMENT - NIGHT (1967)

Sheila's mom (40) hands her the MAGICAL TIGHT RED DRESS.

Slowly, Young Sheila (20) undresses and puts it on.

SHEILA (V.O.)

Growing up, my mom was always a knockout. But by the time she was forty, she'd put on weight. She hadn't had a date in two years. She couldn't fit into her magic dress anymore. So, she passed it onto me.

FLASHBACK - INT/EXT - AMTRAK SLEEPER CAR - NIGHT (1967)

Young Sheila touches the Magical Dress hanging from her bunk as she climbs into her bed on the train.

SHEILA (V.O.)

That dress was a stick of dynamite on the right waist. It was
(MORE)

SHEILA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 dangerous. And it was my turn.

FLASHBACK - EXT. DEBUTANT BALL - EVENING (1967)

Young Sheila walks up the stairs to the ball.

SHEILA (V.O.)
 I didn't even have a goddamn
 ticket.

Young Sheila is stopped by a POLICE OFFICER (34) with a guest list.

POLICE OFFICER
 Sorry, ma'am. You're not on the
 list.

FLASHBACK - INT. SHABBY NJ APARTMENT - DAY (1967)

Sheila's Mom checks her out with the dress, as she waves a lit cigarette at her.

SHEILA'S MOM
 They won't deny you looking like
 that.

YOUNG SHEILA
 You can't get me a ticket to the
 ball?

SHEILA'S MOM
 I'm giving you the dress, and I got
 you a one-way ticket. That's all I
 can afford. Tickets for the ball
 are priced for old-money.

Sheila puts on a record of CLASSICAL MUSIC.

SHEILA'S MOM (CONT'D)
 That'll be enough. Thank me later.
 Send me a postcard from your
 millionaire's mansion.

Young Sheila and her Mom practice formal dancing.

YOUNG SHEILA
 Ha-ha.

SHEILA'S MOM
 Those tits could get you in and out
 of Fort Knox with a gold bar
 sticking out of your coochie.

YOUNG SHEILA

Mom!

SHEILA'S MOM

No one's checking your ID with that waistline. Nobody! Trust me.

FLASHBACK - EXT. DEBUTANT BALL - EVENING (1967)

A WEALTHY MALE SUITOR (32) pokes his head outside to talk with the Police Officer.

The Wealthy Male Suitor looks at Young Sheila in the Magical Red Dress.

WEALTHY MALE SUITOR

Holy smokes!!!

(to the Police Officer)

Let this woman in, you animal!

POLICE OFFICER

She's not on the list.

WEALTHY MALE SUITOR

To hell with the list! The ballroom is filled with dog-faced-cows! God sakes, man! Please escort this angel inside!

Young Sheila is escorted into the ballroom, almost glowing.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

ERIC

A debutant ball. It sounds like a wife-auction.

SHEILA

It was the best night of my life.

FLASHBACK - INT. DEBUTANT BALL - NIGHT (1967)

Young Sheila walks around a five-star ballroom.

The waiters wear black and white tuxedos.

The Male Suitors wear more ornate and eccentric suits.

A String Orchestra plays beautifully.

Young Sheila sits in front of a golden bucket with the number 33 on it.

A Waiter puts a wrist-band on Young Sheila with a large,

corresponding "33" on it.

She gets up from her seat and the Wealthy Male Suitors take notice.

SHEILA (V.O.)
I worked the room and let the dress
do all the heavy lifting.

A Wealthy Male Suitor drops his wine-glass as Sheila walks by.

SHEILA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I made small-talk with some young
bankers, just to make the
aristocrats jealous.

A Wealthy Male Suitor writes a message to Sheila on a gold-stamped notecard. He discreetly places it into Sheila's bucket #33.

Another Suitor does the same.

Another.

Millionaire Men fumble over bucket #33 and Young Sheila.

Sheila LAUGHS and Southern Girls of Propriety are literally, stepped over for this mysterious girl from New Jersey.

Sheila takes her seat and looks into a full-bucket.

She LAUGHS and pours the notes out onto her banquet table.

A Plain Debutant Girl turns her bucket over. She's disappointed to find only ONE card in her bucket. The Wealthy Male Suitor who placed it there grabs the card, rips it up, and runs to talk to Sheila. The plain girl is FURIOUS.

HOWARD DUBUOIS (30) approaches Young Sheila.

SHEILA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Just when I was enjoying playing
the field. I saw Howard. He was
handsome, perfect. My savior.

HOWARD
You, my darling, are my future
wife. Allow me to take you for a
victory lap around these losers. At
which point my chauffeur will take
us to my private jet, and we will
be married in Jamaica. By a
witch-doctor.

YOUNG SHEILA
Strong move.

Young Sheila lifts her hand, and Howard catches it.

YOUNG SHEILA (CONT'D)
I accept your proposal.

SERIES OF SHOTS - "ROYALS" BY LORDE

Young Sheila and Howard are chauffeured onto a private airstrip.

Sheila drinks champagne as Howard pilots a small aircraft.

Sheila and Howard are married in the rainforest in a tribal congregation.

Sheila moves into Howard's mansion, a photo is snapped by a high-class photographer. Sheila seems to have an orgasm during the process.

A postcard from Howard's mansion arrives in Sheilas Mom's mailbox, next to an EVICTION notice.

Sheila's Mom opens her door to find both at the same time.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

ERIC
So, what are you saying?

Sheila is holding back tears.

SHEILA
My mother was living in poverty.
She'd always call me from a new
number, I thought she was
traveling, but she was homeless.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Sheila's Mom attempts to seduce a conductor for a free ticket. The attempt fails.

Sheila's Mom begs for quarters to use in a payphone.

Sheila's Mom drinks herself to death in a train station.

Sheila's Mom is carried out by EMT workers.

Sheila's Mom is on life support.

SHEILA (VO)
 After Howard died, I moved back to
 New Jersey to be with my mother.
 That's when I found her dying in a
 welfare hospital.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Sheila checks in with Eric who is stoned as he carefully
 listens.

Sheila's eyes pierce Eric's soul.

SHEILA
 I was able to offer her dignity
 only in her passing.

FLASHBACK - EXT. NEW JERSEY FUNERAL HOME - DAY (2006)

Sheila's elderly mother is in a casket, wearing the magical
 red-dress.

SHEILA (V.O.)
 She'd withered down to nothing, so
 I gave my mother her dress back.
 She fit again. Figured she could
 charm her way into heaven.

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

Eric has TEARS in his eyes.

Sheila stares, smoking.

SHEILA
 I am very persistent now, Eric; in
 matters of the family. Especially
 matters of mothers.

ERIC
 I get it.

SHEILA
 That's all I have to say.
 Goodnight.

Sheila elegantly gathers herself and exits.

As she passes, Eric is visible crying.

INT. CARROLLTON ST. BAR - NIGHT

Eric finds Jon Reaux and Kyle Smith outside.

KYLE
I signed you up.

ERIC
Oh, thanks, Kyle. I'm going to do
this, then grab Alexandria and have
her meet my mom.

Eric takes out a joint and lights it for Kyle.

Kyle and Jon share a tense look.

JON
Where were you last night?

ERIC
I saw my mom's weird friend in a
graveyard.

JON
I saw Alexandria at the Lost Love
Lounge.

Kyle hits Jon.

ERIC
Oh, yeah?

KYLE
Don't tell him here.

ERIC
Tell me what?

JON
What, Kyle?

ERIC
Tell me what?

JON
She was making out with another
guy. Saying she was mad at you
about that thing.

ERIC
What?!

KYLE
You try to wife-up too quick, we
tried to tell you that.

Eric STORMS OFF.

JON
Why are you hanging out with old
women, that aren't your mom?

INT/EXT. CAFE DU MONDE - DAY

Eric joins Denise at Cafe Du Monde.

He takes out pictures of himself with Mohammed, Kyle, Jon Kristen, Archer, and Alexandria.

Denise looks through them and they hug.

FADE TO BLACK

SOME CREDITS ROLL

INT. COLORADO HOME - DAY

Eric runs Gwen (2) through boxing drills.

She can barely walk / talk.

ERIC

Okay. One-two. Uppercut right.
Uppercut left. Leg-kick.

Vince and Emily watch from across the living room.

Gwen shakes her gloves around like a kid with snow mittens.

FADE OUT.

VITA

The author was born in Summit, NJ. He obtained his Bachelor's degree in creative writing from Newschool University in 2008. After working for several reality shows in New York City and Los Angeles, he joined the University of New Orleans screenwriting graduate program in 2014. Having completed the program, he'll soon be moving back to Los Angeles to pursue his show business goals.