

Waiting to Die
"Shampoo Chain Reaction"

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Tantamount
Sony
CBS

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FADE IN:

COLD OPEN/OPENING CREDITS

1 INT. LIVING ROOM STYLE SPACE - DAY

1

TIGHT ON THE FACE OF **LONNIE PONCE**, A REGULAR LOOKING GUY IN HIS EARLY-MID 30'S (THINK A SLIGHTLY LESS ATTRACTIVE WILL SASSO). HE'S SINGING ALANIS MORISSETTE'S REVENGE ANTHEM "YOU OUGHTTA KNOW."

LONNIE
(singing)

I want you to know... that I'm happy for you... I wish nothing but the best for you both...

WE WIDEN TO SEE THAT IN ADDITION TO DELIVERING A TERRIBLE, BUT HEARTFELT RENDITION OF THE SONG, LONNIE IS PLAYING A TOY DRUM SET.

WE WIDEN FURTHER TO REVEAL ANOTHER REGULAR GUY IN HIS EARLY-MID 30'S, **JEFF HELMUT** (THINK AN ACTOR VERSION OF CHAD KULTGEN), PLAYING A TOY GUITAR ALONG WITH LONNIE. THEY'RE PLAYING **ROCKBAND 2**, EYES FIXED ON A TV IN THE FOREGROUND.

JEFF, A CLEAR ROCKBAND GUITAR VIRTUOSO, LOOKS NONPLUSSED AS HE DELIVERS A FLAWLESS PERFORMANCE. LONNIE RIPS INTO THE VERSE, HITTING EVERY GIRLY NOTE.

LONNIE

An older version of me... is she perverted like me... would she go down on you in a thea-tah...

A **PLAIN GIRL** IN HER 20'S WALKS INTO FRAME AS THEY PLAY.

PLAIN GIRL

You guys know what time it is?

LONNIE KEEPS PLAYING AND SINGING THROUGHOUT THE REST OF THIS SCENE. JEFF KEEPS PLAYING, EYES GLUED TO THE TV, CONCENTRATION NEVER BROKEN AS HE DOES ALL THE TALKING.

JEFF

Time for you to get lost.

PLAIN GIRL

Whatever, aren't you guys gonna be late for your crappy job?

JEFF

Everyday. Everyday with this. All
we want to do is play a little
Rockband before we go to work and
every day you give us grief. When
are you gonna understand that this
is who we are and what we do,
Claire? And P.S. crappy job? Check
your name tag.

LONNIE BUSTS INTO THE CHORUS AS WE PULL OUT TO SEE THAT HE
AND JEFF ARE PLAYING ROCKBAND 2 IN A **BEST BUY**. CLAIRE IS
DRESSED IN ALL THE FINERY OF A BEST BUY EMPLOYEE INCLUDING A
BEST BUY NAME TAG. SHE LOOKS PISSED. CLEARLY HAVING TO DEAL
WITH THESE GUYS EVERY DAY HAS TAKEN IT'S TOLL ON HER.

PLAIN GIRL

You guys are dicks.

SHE WALKS AWAY DEFEATED.

WITH SHOPPERS MILLING ABOUT, LONNIE UNABASHEDLY BRINGS IT
HOME AS THE CREDITS BEGIN.

LONNIE

AND I'M HERE... TO REMIND YOU... OF
THE MESS YOU LEFT WHEN YOU WENT
AWAY... IT'S NOT FAIR... TO DENY ME
OF THE CROSS I BEAR THAT YOU GAVE
TO ME... YOU, YOU, YOU OUGHTTA
KNOOOWWW!

LONNIE AND JEFF SIT SILENTLY FOR A BEAT. LONNIE WEARS A
SLIGHT SMILE, JEFF DOES NOT.

LONNIE
(calling after)

Hi Claire.

END OF COLD OPEN.

ACT ISCENE A

2 INT. JEFF AND LONNIE'S KITCHEN - LATER 2

LONNIE SITS IN HIS UNDERWEAR AT A TINY TABLE REFILLING A BOTTLE OF KETCHUP BY SQUEEZING TINY KETCHUP PACKETS INTO IT.

JEFF (O.S.)

Lonnie...

LONNIE STOPS, SUCKS THE LAST BIT OF KETCHUP OUT OF A PACKET.

LONNIE

S'up. Kinda busy...

LONNIE GESTURES TO THE BOTTLE AS IF TO SAY, "WHAT COULD POSSIBLY BE MORE IMPORTANT THAN THIS?"

JEFF (O.S.)

We're out of shampoo.

LONNIE

Jeff, use soap. Shampoo's basically just soap for your hair anyway.

JEFF (O.S.)

I guess. Whatever.

PROBLEM SOLVED, LONNIE HAPPILY GOES BACK TO REFILLING.

THE DOORBELL RINGS.

LONNIE LOOKS UP, BACK TO THE KETCHUP, AND BACK TO THE DOOR.

THE DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

JEFF (O.S.)

Are you going to get that?

LONNIE

Meh.

LONNIE LEAVES HIS PROJECT AND ANSWERS THE DOOR.

3 INT. JEFF AND LONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME 3

IT'S **SIMON DUNNE**, A REGULAR GUY IN HIS EARLY-MID 30'S, WITH SLIGHTLY TIRED EYES DRESSED IN KHAKIS AND A BUTTON UP SHIRT.

LONNIE

Hey, Simon.

SIMON

Where's Jeff? We gotta talk.

LONNIE

Showerin'.

SIMON

Well get me a beer while I wait.

JEFF WALKS OUT IN A TOWEL.

JEFF

No beer. What do you want?

SIMON NOTICES JEFF'S HAIR IS WAXY AND KIND OF STANDING UP.

SIMON

What did you do to your hair?

JEFF

Ran out of shampoo. Used bar soap.

LONNIE

Shampoo's basically just soap for
you hair anyway.

SIMON

I need a favor.

JEFF AND LONNIE REACT LIKE THEY JUST GOT HIT WITH STOMACH
CANCER, WHINING AND DOUBLING OVER UNCOMFORTABLY.

SIMON

Calm down. Jesus. For once just
hear me out before you get pissy.

JEFF AND LONNIE STOP THEIR ANTICS AND STARE AT SIMON.

JEFF

Let us know when we can get pissy.

SIMON

My wife-

THEIR STOMACH CANCER FLARES UP AGAIN AS THEY IMMEDIATELY DOUBLE OVER IN PAIN AND START WHINING.

SIMON

Look, for our ten-year anniversary,
Kristy and I are renewing our vows
and you guys have to be there.

JEFF AND LONNIE STOP GROANING LONG ENOUGH FOR THE FOLLOWING.

JEFF

Why?

SIMON

Oprah-

THEY START GROANING AGAIN. LOUDER. SIMON POWERS THROUGH.

SIMON

Oprah's giving away a million-
dollar second honeymoon. You make a
video about why you're a great
couple and all this other crap.
Kristy wants to end her video by
cutting from a picture of our old
wedding party to the new one.

LONNIE

Second honeymoon? She didn't even
let you have a first bachelor
party!

JEFF

You're supposed to be our friend!
Why are you doing this to us?!

SIMON

I am your friend, but she's my wife
and if I don't make this perfect
for her, she'll cut my nuts off.

JEFF

Does Kristy not remember your wedding? I got drunk, banged her sister and never spoke to her again, even though she called me every day for a month. My being there could be kind of awkward.

SIMON

She wants to win this Oprah honeymoon, so she's willing to overlook it. Besides, she said it'd give you a chance to apologize.

JEFF

Apologize for what?

LONNIE

Look, if I go to this thing I'm going to have to bring Tina and she's going to start talking about marriage... and I don't like it when she talks.

SIMON

You guys have been dating for what - fourteen years? Maybe a little talk about marriage is in order.

JEFF

They've been dating fourteen years because he doesn't want to get married, moron.

SIMON

Why don't you just get it over with
and dump her?

LONNIE

We've been dating fourteen years,
you can't just throw that away.

SIMON

Well Kristy already told Tina about
it, so you're screwed.

JEFF

Simon, we've been friends all our
lives so I'm gonna choose my words
carefully here, 'kay? Your wife is
a soul-murdering whore.

SIMON

You want to insult my wife? You're
the ones who have been living
together in this weird set-up since
high school. You work together at
the same pathetic job. You even
keep a joint bank account for beer,
video games and UFC pay-per-views.
You guys are like a gay couple
without the sex.

LONNIE

Gay people don't watch UFC, Simon.

JEFF

And why are our jobs pathetic,
Simon?

(MORE)

JEFF (cont'd)

Because we make minimum wage?
Because our jobs contribute
virtually nothing to society?

SIMON

Correct.

JEFF

We could get better jobs, it's just
not worth it. The harder you try,
the more life craps on you. And we
do as little as possible in order
to indulge in the things we like.
You like those things too, but you
traded them in for a wife, two kids
and three ulcers. Not my fault.

LONNIE

I don't think gay people play video
games either. They might drink beer
but if they do, its like Michelob
Ultra or something like that.

SIMON

Alright fine, I wish I had no
responsibilities. You guys are
living the dream, but I'm screwed.
So I was just asking if you could
help me out this one time, but I
get it. Sorry for bothering you.

SIMON TURNS TO LEAVE.

LONNIE

This is a pointless argument
anyway. We're most likely working.

SIMON

What days do you guys work?

LONNIE

Tell us what day your thing is.

SIMON

You tell me when you guys work!

LONNIE

JEFF

YOU!

JUST DO IT!

SIMON

FINE! Friday.

LONNIE

JEFF

Nice!

Yes!

JEFF

See, we couldn't go to this train wreck even if we wanted to - which we totally don't. We have to do inventory with Donald.

SIMON

What if I could get you out of it?

JEFF

I'm listening. Any day I don't have to deal with Donald is a good day.

LONNIE

A. There's no way Donald will let us miss inventory... but B. Is there an open bar at your thing?

SIMON

I'll worry about Donald and yes there's free booze. Do we have a deal?

LONNIE

Get us out of work, which you'll
never ever be able to do, give us
lots and lots of free booze at your
thingy and we have a deal.

SIMON

Fair enough, deal.

SIMON PUTS HIS HANDS OUT TO SHAKE. JEFF TAKES ONE AND LONNIE
TAKES THE OTHER. THEY START TO SHAKE.

SIMON

And you have to wear suits.

JEFF

LONNIE

What?!

Suits?!

SIMON

What did you think you'd be
wearing, retards?

JEFF

I don't spend much time thinking
about what I'm going to wear to
your ten-year wedding thing.

LONNIE

SUITS?!

SIMON

Suits. You're wearing suits.

JEFF

Fine.

THEY PULL THEIR HANDS AWAY AND JEFF SLAMS THE DOOR IN HIS
FACE BEFORE HE AND LONNIE SILENTLY PART WAYS AND GO ON WITH
THEIR BUSINESS INSIDE THE APARTMENT.

SCENE B

4

INT. PERFORMANCE NUTRITION WAREHOUSE - DAY

4

JEFF AND LONNIE SIT BEHIND THE COUNTER AT A **GNC-TYPE NUTRITION STORE**. LONNIE SNACKS ON A POWER BAR AND 40 OUNCE ENERGY DRINK WHILE JEFF READS A MAGAZINE.

A **YOKED-OUT LADY BODYBUILDER** ENTERS.

YOKED-OUT LADY BODYBUILDER
(in a deep man-voice)

Where's the Muscle Milk?

JEFF
(barely looking up)

In your boobs.

THE YOKED-OUT LADY BODYBUILDER WALKS OF IN A HUFF.

LONNIE LOOKS AT JEFF.

LONNIE

Would you?

JEFF
(thinks for a beat)

Yeah.

LONNIE

Same.

DONALD HILDEBRANDT, EARLY-MID 30'S, FAKE TAN, SPIKED HAIR WITH BLONDE TIPS, PERFECTLY MANICURED PENCIL THIN BEARD AND MUSTACHE, THE BRAND OF EXPERTLY GROOMED DOUCHEBAG CURRENTLY CREEPING WOMEN OUT ACROSS THE COUNTRY, WALKS UP TO THE COUNTER. HE'S CLEARLY THEIR BOSS.

DONALD

Jennifer just told me one of you
two crank-cases said something
about her pecs.

JEFF

She asked where the Muscle Milk
was. What was I supposed to say?

DONALD GETS RIGHT IN JEFF'S FACE.

DONALD

You don't get it, do you? Muscle Milk is in aisle three, not in our customers' mam-glands.

SIMON WALKS INTO THE STORE.

DONALD

What are you doing in Performance Nutrition Warehouse, Simon? We sell supplements here, not Vagisil!

DONALD ELBOWS JEFF. NOTHING.

SIMON

Donald, Vagisil has been the punch line to every insult you've uttered since high school. Why?

DONALD

Vagisil is for vaginas. It's like I'm saying you have a vag, bro-seph. You get it?

SIMON

Yeah.

DONALD

It's like I'm basically saying you're a lady.

SIMON

Yeah I get it. Look, I'm here to ask you a favor. I need you to let these guys off work Friday.

DONALD POSTURES UP, FLEXING A LITTLE, AND GETS IN SIMON'S FACE.

DONALD

You tellin' me how to run my shop?

SIMON

I'm just asking a favor.

DONALD

That's a pretty big favor my man.

What do you need 'em for?

LONNIE

I told you he wouldn't let us go.

DONALD

Hey Lonnie, you were the
quarterback in high school like a
hundred pounds ago, right?

LONNIE
(oblivious)

Sure was.

DONALD

Maybe you should chill with the
audibles before I sack your fat
ass!

LONNIE SAYS NOTHING.

DONALD

Now Simon, you were saying?

SIMON

My wife and I are renewing our vows
and they need to be there.

DONALD

There gonna be trim at this thing,
duder?

SIMON

Women? Yeah, of course.

DONALD

They hot?

JEFF

His wife's sister is pretty hot. Or
at least she was ten years ago.

DONALD

I ain't about to scrape up your
sloppy seconds, bro-ham. There
gonna be booze up in this joint?

SIMON

Well, yeah.

DONALD STROKES HIS PENCIL THIN BEARD, DEEP IN THOUGHT.

DONALD

Okay, here are the terms of the
deal. Non-negotiable. They can have
the day off, but I get to come to
the party. And I get to bang one of
the skanks in attendance.

SIMON

I can't guarantee you can have sex
with one of my guests, no. How
could I possibly guarantee that?

DONALD

Non-negotiable! End of frickin'
line, dude-man.

SIMON

Donald, be reasonable. You can
come, but that's the best I can do.
I mean it'll have to be better than
sitting around here doing inventory
with Jeff and Lonnie right?

DONALD

Yeah, you're right. Jeff call that staffing service and get some Mexicans sent over here Friday night to do inventory.

DONALD WALKS OFF TOWARDS THE BACK OF THE STORE.

JEFF AND LONNIE LOOK HAPPY AND BUMMED AT THE SAME TIME.

JEFF

That doesn't count.

SIMON

I got you out of work.

SIMON NOTICES SOMETHING SMELLS WEIRD.

SIMON

Why do you smell like toothpaste?

JEFF

We ran out of soap.

SIMON

And you used toothpaste?

LONNIE

If it can clean your teeth, it can clean your skin.

JEFF

Look, that's not important, you double crossed us.

SIMON

I did exactly what you asked.

LONNIE

But we're still going to have to hang out with Donald. That wasn't part of the deal.

SIMON

You should have thought of that
when you made the deal then. I kept
up my end. You guys can't back out
now.

AT A LOSS, LONNIE CALMLY GIVES SIMON A LIGHT BACKHAND SLAP
ACROSS THE FACE.

SCENE C

6

INT. JEFF AND LONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

6

LONNIE SITS IN THE LIVING ROOM. JEFF COMES IN HOLDING A TOOTHBRUSH, WEARING A SUIT COAT AND PANTS THAT ARE ABOUT TEN SIZES TOO SMALL.

JEFF

You use last of the toothpaste?

LONNIE

Yeah. Just took a shower.

JEFF

Thanks, what am I supposed to brush my teeth with?

LONNIE

Baking soda?

JEFF GETS A CONCERNED LOOK ON HIS FACE.

JEFF

This is ridiculous. Why don't we just go to the store?

LONNIE LOOKS LIKE JEFF JUST KICKED HIM IN THE NUTS.

LONNIE

No. The store's far and it sucks.

Do you want to go to the store?

JEFF

I hate going to the store more than almost everything else that I hate in my life and that's a long list. But I'm not going to brush my teeth with baking soda.

LONNIE

I'd brush my teeth with Comet and a Brillo pad if it meant I never had to go to the store again.

JEFF

Then you're stupid.

LONNIE

I'd rather be stupid than a wimp like you. Every one of these products is just soap for something. This whole "different soap for different things" deal is stupid. We have enough "soap" in this apartment to live off forever.

JEFF LOOKS AT LONNIE LIKE HE'S INSANE.

JEFF

I'm going to the store.

LONNIE

No! I'm onto to something here. I didn't want to have to do this, but I'm issuing you an official Mendelchuck.

JEFF

Really? You're gonna waste your one Mendelchuck a year on this?

LONNIE

Yep. (deep breath) I invoke the spirit of Allen Mendelchuck who tragically lost his right pinky toe upholding the sanctity of the first official Mendelchuck Challenge twenty one years ago. You cannot go to the store until we have used every single cleaning product in our apartment.

JEFF

I'm giving you one more chance to take this back.

LONNIE

Sorry dude, you've been Mendelchucked.

JEFF SHAKES HIS HEAD, SIGHS.

JEFF

Fine.

JEFF MOVES INTO THE KITCHEN, OPENS THE FRIDGE, TAKES OUT AN OLD GROSS BOX OF BAKING SODA THAT'S PROBABLY BEEN THERE FOR TEN YEARS.

JEFF

I'll be in the bathroom brushing my teeth, ass.

LONNIE GOES TO THE KITCHEN CUPBOARD AND PULLS OUT A BOTTLE.

LONNIE

Wait! Oven cleaner. When was the last time you baked a pie?

(MORE)

LONNIE (cont'd)

We should use it to clean something
we do use. Put this in the shower.
Nice suit by the way.

JEFF

Thanks. Wore it at my cousin's
wedding... I was fifteen.

LONNIE

Really shows off your junk.

JEFF

You know what you're going to wear
to Simon's thing?

LONNIE

No. I guess I could just rent a tux
like I did for the first wedding.

JEFF

Rent a tux? What are we going to
pay for UFC 105 with?

LONNIE

You're the one that wanted to buy
toothpaste! I guess I'll figure
something out.

THERE'S A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

JEFF

Who is it?

BRANDI (O.C.)

Brandi.

JEFF

It's open.

IN WALKS **BRANDI WINTER**, 20'S. VERY HOT AND NOT SO SMART BUT
ONLY AWARE OF ONE OF THESE FACTS. GUESS WHICH ONE.

BRANDI

Hey guys.

SHE PROCEEDS INTO THE KITCHEN, RUMMAGING THROUGH THE FRIDGE.

BRANDI

So last night was like a serious disaster. Do you have any half and half...

JEFF

No.

BRANDI

...I need it for my coffee. I'm too hung over to go to Starbucks...

LONNIE

No!

BRANDI

...last night I went to Venice Room with this guy, Rudolpho. We met in the foodcourt. He drives an '05 Beamer. I was dancing and I accidentally spilled my drink on this bitch who turned around and like tried to grab my hair but missed and ripped my favorite pink bra. And then Rudolpho was like, 'You're embarrassing me,' and then he left the club with that bitch. They totally hooked up, I know it. What a creep. You guys don't have any half and half. It's cool. Thanks anyway.

(MORE)

BRANDI (cont'd)

I mean most guys would be like,
'Sex first, then half and half.'
You guys don't even try to hit on
me. I love you.

SHE CLOSSES THE FRIDGE AND WALKS OUT. JEFF LOOKS AT LONNIE.

LONNIE

Would you hit that?

JEFF

Totally. But I have a feeling she's
not into guys who work at the
Performance Nutrition Warehouse,
share a teal nineteen-ninety-one
Chevy S-10 pickup and cut each
others' hair.

LONNIE

I don't know. I kind of like the
way I did your bangs last time.

SCENE D

7 INT. PERFORMANCE NUTRITION WAREHOUSE, BREAKROOM - DAY 7

LONNIE SITS IN THE BREAKROOM ON A RATTY COUCH STARING INTO SPACE FOR A FEW BEATS.

LONNIE

Uhhhhhhhhhhh.

LONNIE SITS FOR A FEW MORE BEATS STARING INTO SPACE.

LONNIE

Don't want to clean the break room!

Uhhhhhhhhhhh!

LONNIE REACHES OVER AND SLAPS A BROOM. IT HITS THE GROUND.

HIS PHONE RINGS. HE PULLS IT OUT OF HIS POCKET.

LONNIE

Uhhhhhhhhhhh! Girlfriend.

HE FLIPS HIS PHONE OPEN.

LONNIE

What?

TINA (O.S.)

Hey, babe. Watcha' doin'?

LONNIE

Cleaning the breakroom.

HE KICKS THE BROOM AND STARTS RUMMAGING THROUGH SOME BOXES.

TINA (O.S.)

Well I just wanted to talk about

Simon and Kristy's vows renewal.

It's going to be so fun, I can't

wait. I mean it must be so nice to

have a man who loves you so much he

wants to marry you twice. Even once

would be nice, but twice...

(MORE)

TINA (O.S.) (cont'd)

would you ever want to do something
like that... like get married?

LONNIE STOPS, STONE COLD, PARALYZED.

LONNIE

Uh... would you?

TINA (O.S.)

Of course, I love you.

LONNIE

Me too.

TINA (O.S.)

So you're saying you do want to get
married?

LONNIE

Uh... sure... in the future.

TINA (O.S.)

So then we're basically like pretty
much engaged, I guess.

LONNIE

Uh... yeah... I'd say it's more
like we're engaged... to be
engaged... in the future.

TINA (O.S.)

I love you so much. I can't wait to
go to Simon and Kristy's party with
you...

TINA'S VOICE TRAILS OFF AS LONNIE TURNS HIS ATTENTION TO
SOMETHING IN THE CLOSET. HE PUTS THE PHONE DOWN ON THE COUCH.

HE WALKS INTO THE CLOSET WITH TINA STILL TALKING TO HERSELF.
ONCE INSIDE THE CLOSET...

LONNIE

Holy crap. This is perfect!

SCENE E

8

INT. JEFF AND LONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

8

SIMON HANDS JEFF AND LONNIE SOME PIECES OF PAPER.

LONNIE

What's this?

SIMON

It's a list of acceptable and unacceptable behavior for our vows renewal. Kristy took a lot of time to write this and I need you guys to look it over and sign them before I leave.

JEFF

You've got to be kidding.

SIMON

No.

JEFF AND LONNIE START FLIPPING THROUGH THE DOCUMENTS.

LONNIE

Rule seven: Must maintain a smile until the event concludes?

SIMON

She just wants everyone to look happy in the video.

JEFF

Rule twenty two: Must refrain from having sex with the bride's maids. Do all the guests have to sign these?

SIMON

Just you guys.

JEFF

This is crap, Simon. Absolute crap.

SIMON

Just sign the things and try not to
make asses out of yourselves.

JEFF

Fine.

THEY SIGN THE DOCUMENTS AND HAND THEM BACK TO SIMON.

SIMON

Thank you. You guys found suits
yet?

LONNIE

Oh yeah.

THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER FOR A BEAT.

SIMON

Can I see them?

JEFF

Yeah, I guess. Mine looks fine.
It's like a regular suit.

LONNIE

Mine is actually awesome.

SIMON

I'd like to see them, just to make
sure if you don't mind.

JEFF

Whatever.

9

INT. JEFF AND LONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

9

SIMON SITS ON THE COUCH WAITING FOR THE GUYS TO EMERGE.

THEY EMERGE. JEFF WEARS HIS CHILD-SIZED SUIT. LONNIE WEARS A
BLAZER WITH A GIANT "PERFORMANCE NUTRITION WAREHOUSE SELL-A-
THON CHAMPION" LOGO EMBROIDERED ON THE FRONT OF IT.

IT'S A BODYBUILDER DRINKING A POWER SHAKE SQUATTING ON THE WORDS "PERFORMANCE NUTRITION WAREHOUSE." THE LOGO IS SPLIT IN TWO LIKE A BASEBALL JERSEY. IT'S HIDEOUS.

LONNIE

Drink it in.

JEFF

What in the hell are you wearing?

LONNIE

It's an old sell-a-thon blazer. I found it in the breakroom.

SIMON STANDS UP AND LOOKS THEM OVER.

SIMON

Um... where are the real suits?

LONNIE

On our bodies.

SIMON

Jesus. You guys can't be serious.

JEFF

Why not?

SIMON

Because you look ridiculous.

JEFF

You said we needed suits. These are suits.

SIMON

Really? You can't just go buy a normal suit?

JEFF

With what money?

SIMON SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF AND TAKES OUT A FEW BILLS.

SIMON

Here's a hundred bucks. That's more than enough money to get two cheap suits at Men's Discount Suit Emporium.

LONNIE
(beat)

So you're saying you don't like our suits?

SIMON

You guys look like homeless game show hosts.

JEFF

I like how you're adding in this extra stipulation on our deal that you have to like our suits.

LONNIE

I can see why you don't like Jeff's suit, but you don't like mine either?

SIMON

I especially hate yours.

LONNIE

Can't you just buy us the suits you want us to wear?

SIMON

No. You're adults. You can do it.

Bye.

SIMON EXITS. JEFF AND LONNIE SIT ON THE COUCH FOR A FEW BEATS. LONNIE IS BUMMED.

JEFF

Look, I don't like this any more than you do but we'll be okay. Remember Pickle Man from high school?

LONNIE

Yeah?

JEFF

Well he works at the Men's Discount Suit Emporium.

LONNIE

Pickle Man works at the Men's Discount Suit Emporium?

JEFF

Yeah. I'm sure Pickle Man will cut us a deal. He's Pickle Man.

ACT IISCENE F

10

INT. JEFF AND LONNIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

10

LONNIE AUTHORITATIVELY PLACES THE LAST OF SEVERAL CLEANING PRODUCTS ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER IN FRONT OF JEFF AND HIMSELF. THE CHALLENGE IS IN FULL EFFECT.

LONNIE

Let's do this.

JEFF

It's on.

JEFF PICKS UP A BOTTLE OF AIR FRESHENER, DEFIANTLY. HE SPRAYS IT UNDER HIS ARMS LIKE DEODORANT. IT STINGS... BAD. HE FANS HIMSELF WITH HIS HANDS, ATTEMPTING TO ALLEVIATE THE PAIN, WHILE GRITTING HIS TEETH THEN SLAMS THE BOTTLE BACK ON THE COUNTER.

LONNIE PICKS UP A BOTTLE OF WINDEX, SPRAYS SOME ON HIS HEAD, AND VIGOROUSLY "WASHES" HIS HAIR. SATISFIED AFTER A FEW BEATS, HE CROSSES HIS ARMS, STEPS BACK AND LOOKS AT JEFF AS IF TO SAY, "YOUR MOVE, DICKFACE."

BEGIN MONTAGE:

MUSIC: "ONE THING LEADS TO ANOTHER" BY THE FIXX

-JEFF HOLDS UP AN EMPTY CARDBOARD TOILET PAPER TUBE AS IF TO SAY, "OUT OF TOILET PAPER." HE CRUSHES IT LIKE AN EMPTY BEER CAN AND THEN HOLDS UP A BOX OF DRYER SHEETS IN LONNIE'S FACE. "TOP THAT, BUTTWIPE."

-LONNIE CLEANS HIS CONTACT LENSES WITH BLEACH. JEFF NODS AS IF TO SAY, "AND..." LONNIE NUTS UP AND INSERTS HIS FRESHLY CLEANED CONTACT LENSES ONE BY ONE. IT'S VERY PAINFUL BUT HE GETS THROUGH IT. LONNIE WINCES AS IF HE'S TOUGHING OUT AN ANEURYSM, THEN SUDDENLY, HE'S FINE.

-JEFF LATHERS UP HIS FACE WITH AN EXPLOSIVE SPRAY OF OVEN CLEANER, THEN BEGINS SHAVING.

-LONNIE POURS SOME GRANULATED LAUNDRY DETERGENT IN HIS MOUTH. THEN HE PUTS UP A FINGER IN JEFF'S FACE, "THAT'S NOT ALL." HE POURS SOME BEER DOWN THE HATCH AND SWISHES THE CONCOCTION AROUND LIKE MOUTHWASH BEFORE HIS MOUTH VIOLENTLY EXPLODES WITH FOAM LIKE A RABID DOG.

-THERE'S ONE BOTTLE LEFT - AN UNMARKED BOTTLE FULL OF GREEN LIQUID. LONNIE AND JEFF INSPECT IT, NO IDEA WHAT IT IS. AFTER A FEW CURIOUS BEATS, THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THEN POUR THE STUFF INTO TWO SHOT GLASSES. THEY ENCIRCLE ONE ANOTHER'S ARMS LIKE NEWLY WEDS AND DOWN THE MYSTERIOUS LIQUID. NOT BAD. OUR AUDIENCE MAY ASSUME IT WAS PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS OR SOMETHING.

END MONTAGE.

SCENE GINT. PERFORMANCE NUTRITION WAREHOUSE - DAY

LONNIE AND JEFF, STILL ALIVE, ARE RESTOCKING PROTEIN POWDER ON THE SHELF. THEIR HAIR IS DISHEVELED, THEIR FACIAL HAIR IS PATCHY AND STUBBLY, THEY HAVE RANDOM RED SPOTS ON THEIR ARMS AND FACES AND GENERALLY LOOK LIKE CRAP.

THE YOKED-OUT LADY BODYBUILDER APPROACHES THEM.

YOKED-OUT LADY BODYBUILDER

Do you guys have anything that gets rid of acne on your neck?

LONNIE

Why? You on the juice?

YOKED-OUT LADY BODYBUILDER

No, your neck looks like you rubbed it with a piece of garlic bread.

SHE WALKS AWAY BEFORE LONNIE CAN RESPOND. ONCE SHE'S OUT OF EAR-SHOT...

LONNIE

It's razor burn. I shaved with Pine-Sol this morning. Lay off.

DONALD APPROACHES THE GUYS.

DONALD

Bro-bots, are you psyched for this skank-fest or what?

JEFF

Not really.

DONALD

Then you're out of your frickin' mindframes, dudes. I got my suit pressed and ready, getting the tips frosted tomorrow and I'm gonna pound three 5-Hour Energy drinks the night of.

JEFF

Oh yeah, suits.

DONALD

You guys don't have suits yet?

LONNIE

No, we have to go buy them today.

DONALD NODS.

DONALD

I just hope there's a few clocks at this thing.

JEFF

By "clocks" you don't actually mean clocks do you?

DONALD

Nah, nah, nah. I mean some ladies who know what time it is.

JEFF

And what time is that?

DONALD

Time to get it on with the Don!

DONALD BUSTS INTO A QUICK AND AGGRESSIVE 90'S STYLE DANCE.

JEFF AND LONNIE STARE AT HIM. HE'S CRAZY. THEY DON'T GET HIM.

BRANDI WALKS INTO THE STORE AND UP TO THE COUNTER.

BRANDI

Hey guys.

DONALD

Hey Brandi, good to peep you again.

DONALD PURSES HIS LIPS, SUBTLY FLEXES, TENSING EVERY MUSCLE IN HIS BODY, BECOMING RIGID.

BRANDI

Do you guys have anything I can take before I start drinking so I won't be hung over tomorrow...

JEFF

No.

BRANDI

...because I'm going out with Rudolpho...

LONNIE

No!

BRANDI

...to that club called Region and he knows the promoter so it's going to be free drinks all night long and I don't want to be hung over.

DONALD

That's a nice club, great dance floor.

BRANDI

Oh, have you been?

DONALD

I was out front for a while, VIP line, handlin' my biz, you know, chowin' a hotdog, bacon wrapped, scanned the dance floor a few times when the bouncer opened the door.

BRANDI

Oh... cool.

DONALD

Yeah it was.

BRANDI

So... like... do you have something that would... help me not be hungover tomorrow... or?

DONALD

Well there's a lot of things that can blaze off a hangover. Rigorous physical activity after drinking is tops on the list.

BRANDI

I was really just looking for something to drink or a pill or...

DONALD

I get ya'. You should pound some B12 before you go out and then again before you go to bed. I could drop some off later tonight when you get home, free of charge if you want to text me.

BRANDI

Seriously?

DONALD

Serious as you want me to be.

BRANDI

That's really sweet, what's your number? I'll text you.

SHE WHIPS OUT HER CELL PHONE READY TO PUNCH IN HIS NUMBER.

DONALD

Nine three-

BRANDI

Wait, what kind of car do you
drive?

DONALD

Scion.

BRANDI

The one that looks like a car or
the one that looks like a Lego van?

DONALD

Uh... the Lego... van... I guess.
But it's totally tricked out.

BRANDI

Oh, well, uh, I can just get your
number from Jeff and Lonnie. I
should get going.

SHE TURNS AROUND AND WALKS AWAY, WAVING TO JEFF AND LONNIE
AND SHE EXITS.

BRANDI

Bye guys. Love you.

SHE'S GONE, OUT OF EARSHOT.

DONALD

Whatever, skank. Make sure those
labels are facing out, douchetools!

SCENE HEXT. PARKING LOT OF MEN'S DISCOUNT SUIT EMPORIUM - DAY

THE GUYS APPROACH THE FRONT DOOR. BEFORE THEY ENTER, JEFF TAKES LONNIE BY THE ARM AND DRAGS HIM TOWARD A WHITE VAN PARKED NEAR THE ENTRANCE.

LONNIE

What're you doing?

JEFF

Taking you to Pickle Man.

LONNIE

I thought he worked in the Men's
Discount Suit Emporium.

JEFF

I said he works at the Men's
Discount Suit Emporium... he works
in this white van over here.

JEFF KNOCKS ON THE BACK DOOR OF THE WHITE VAN. **PICKLE MAN**, A NEFARIOUS GUY, PEEKS HIS HEAD OUT.

PICKLE MAN

Yeah?

JEFF

Pickle Man, it's Jeff and Lonnie.
We need some suits.

PICKLE MAN

Well step into my boutique,
gentlemen.

PICKLE MAN OPENS THE BACK DOOR OF HIS VAN AND BECKONS THE GUYS INSIDE. THEY AWKWARDLY ENTER.

SCENE I

INT. JEFF AND LONNIE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

JEFF AND LONNIE WALK IN WEARING THEIR NEW SUITS. THEY'RE CRAPPY SUITS BUT THEY'RE SUITS NONETHELESS.

LONNIE

We still have eighty bucks left. I guess we give it back to Simon.

JEFF

No. Idiot. I just won an autographed Van Damme poster on Ebay. Seventy-six bones. That eighty bucks is a gift from the universe.

LONNIE

Which movie?

JEFF

Hard friggin' Target.

LONNIE

Boom. We came out smelling like roses on this one.

LONNIE NOTICES SOMETHING ON JEFF'S SUIT.

LONNIE

What is that?

JEFF RAISES HIS SLEEVE. THE ANTI-THEFT DEVICE IS STILL ATTACHED TO IT.

JEFF

I guess one of those things that sets off store alarms if you leave with it on. Turn around.

JEFF LOOKS AT LONNIE. HE HAS ONE ON THE BOTTOM OF HIS SUIT COAT.

JEFF

You got one too.

LONNIE

You think these suits are stolen?

JEFF

Too late to worry about that now.

All that matters is we didn't steal them.

LONNIE

I guess.

JEFF

We have to get these things off.

INT. JEFF AND LONNIE'S KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

JEFF AND LONNIE STAND IN THEIR UNDERWEAR, THEIR SUITS ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF THEM. JEFF WIELDS A HAMMER AND A SCREWDRIVER.

JEFF

I guess we just kind of pry them off.

LONNIE

No, it has that little thing right there. Gotta like un-click that part.

JEFF

Un-click?

LONNIE

Yeah. But lightly. Don't want to get a snag in the fabric.

LONNIE TAKES THE SCREWDRIVER AND HAMMER FROM JEFF AND USES IT LIKE A CHISEL. HE DOES A COUPLE PRACTICE HITS WITH THE HAMMER, THEN DOES ONE LIGHT TAP ON THE SCREWDRIVER.

BAM!!! THE DEVICE EXPLODES, SPRAYING LONNIE, JEFF AND BOTH SUITS WITH BLUE INK.

LONNIE HOLDS THE SCREWDRIVER AND HAMMER... MOTIONLESS... AND BLUE.

LONNIE

Or set off the exploding ink cartridge.

JEFF

Awesome. Get a stain stick or something.

LONNIE

Used it as deodorant.

JEFF

Laundry soap?

LONNIE

Shampoo.

JEFF

Dish soap?

LONNIE

I used that to do the laundry.

THEY SHARE A LOOK, "WHY DIDN'T WE JUST USE THE LAUNDRY SOAP TO DO THE LAUNDRY?"

JEFF

Well do we have anything left in the place we can use to clean this up?

LONNIE FLIPS ON THE KITCHEN SINK FAUCET.

LONNIE

Water?

SCENE JINT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - NIGHT

THE ANNIVERSARY PARTY IS IN FULL SWING. WELL-DRESSED GUESTS MILL AROUND AS A VIDEOGRAPHER RECORDS THE ACTION. SIMON'S WIFE, **KRISTY**, A PRETTY LADY IN HER EARLY-MID 30'S, STANDS NEXT TO SIMON... PISSED.

KRISTY

I knew it. They're not showing up,
I'm not getting my picture, and I'm
not going to win my Oprah
honeymoon! I ask you to do one
thing and look what happens.

SIMON TAKES A LONG PULL OFF HIS BEER.

JUST THEN, IN WALK LONNIE AND JEFF, COVERED IN BLUE INK.

KRISTY SPOTS THEM. SHE'S SPEECHLESS. SIMON HEADS OVER.

LONNIE

So where's the open bar you
promised us?

SIMON

Open bar? You're, you're blue. What
the hell happened to you guys?

JEFF

Look, it was either this or we walk
around with those stupid anti-theft
devices hanging off our suits.

SIMON

Anti-theft devices? I gave you guys
money and you stole your suits?!

LONNIE

No, we bought 'em but when we got them back to our place we realized the guy forgot to take off the little theft doodads.

SIMON

Why didn't you just take them back?

JEFF

Nah, as soon as we got out of his van, he took off.

SIMON

I don't even know what to say.
We're all dead.

LONNIE

Look, we're in suits. We're here.
We... got the suits. I mean...

DONALD WALKS UP. HE'S DRESSED IN AN AFFLICTION STYLE SPORT COAT (SKULLS AND EAGLES AND SNAKES AND SWORDS GOING UP AND DOWN THE ARMS AND ACROSS THE CHEST) WITH THE COLLAR POPPED. HE'S WEARING SUNGLASSES AND HIS TIPS ARE FROSTED TO THE EXTREME. HE ALSO WEARS JEANS: RIPPED.

DONALD

Nice look, bro-worms. Psyche.
You're pulling zero skanks tonight,
which means more for me and my two
friends.

HE FLEXES HIS BICEPS ONE AT A TIME (HIS TWO FRIENDS).

DONALD

Lates.

HE WALKS OFF, STILL FLEXING. KRISTY TAKES HIS PLACE.

KRISTY

I would thank you for coming but at the moment I'm one hundred percent incapable of getting past the fact that you've ruined the most important night of my year.

LONNIE

We can leave if you want.

KRISTY

Oh no. You're not going anywhere. You're staying for the whole thing and you're taking the picture. And Jeff, you're apologizing to my sister. And Lonnie, I hope Tina talks to you about getting married until you actually get married or until you die.

SIMON

Where is Tina?

LONNIE

Parking. Can we get drunk now?

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM, DANCE FLOOR - LATER

DONALD IS ON THE DANCE FLOOR DESTROYING IT. HIS MOVES ARE AGGRESSIVE AND HOSTILE. HE DANCES ALONE WHILE PEOPLE STARE.

DONALD

Gettin' hot on the dance floor,
people!

DONALD TAKES OFF HIS JACKET REVEALING A SKIN-TIGHT, SLEEVELESS UNDER ARMOR STYLE SHIRT. HIDEOUS. HE BREAKS BACK INTO HIS MARTIAL ARTS INSPIRED DANCE MOVES.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - SAME

JEFF SITS NEXT TO **KRISTY'S SISTER**, A LARGER GIRL.

JEFF

So, I'm sorry I never called you
back after the wedding.

KRISTY'S SISTER

I knew it. I knew you still thought
about me. And I knew you were
always sorry for what you did.

JEFF

What?

KRISTY'S SISTER

Follow me.

SHE STANDS UP AND TAKES JEFF BY THE HAND, LEADING HIM AWAY.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - SAME

LONNIE SITS DOWN TO A GIANT PLATE OF FOOD. HE HAS SIX BEERS
IN FRONT OF HIM. HIS PHONE RINGS. ANNOYED, HE ANSWERS IT.

LONNIE

What, Tina?

TINA (O.S.)

I couldn't find a spot so I had to
park like five blocks away and I
really don't want to walk by
myself. Could you come out?

LONNIE

Sure, babe.

TINA (O.S.)

Thanks. I'm like down the street by
the grocery store.

LONNIE

'Kay, I'll be there in one sec.

TINA (O.S.)

Hurry. Love you, babe.

LONNIE

You, too.

LONNIE CLOSES HIS PHONE, SETS IT DOWN ON THE TABLE AND THEN PROCEEDS TO TUCK A NAPKIN INTO HIS SHIRT (WHICH IS SPLATTERED IN BLUE SPOTS IN CASE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN), CRACKS A BEER AND DINES ON HIS MEAL, OBVIOUSLY LEAVING TINA TO HER OWN DEVICES.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - LATER

KRISTY'S SISTER LEADS JEFF TO A COAT CLOSET AND PULLS HIM IN.
WE STAY OUTSIDE THE CLOSET.

JEFF (O.S.)

This might not be such a good idea.

KRISTY'S SISTER (O.S.)

Why? You apologized and we still have feelings for each other.

JEFF (O.S.)

Oh Jesus. Just give me one second to go to the bathroom.

KRISTY'S SISTER (O.S.)

Okay, but you better come back or I'm going to tell my sister that you were a complete dick to me.

JEFF EMERGES FROM THE CLOSET. DONALD IS STANDING IN THE HALLWAY, LOOKING AROUND.

DONALD

Where's the can? I gotta relieve.

JEFF

Donald! There's a skank in that closet who is primed and she said she liked frosted tips.

DONALD

This chick a clock?

JEFF

Oh yeah. She knows what time... the
time is.

DONALD

Noice!

DONALD GIVES HIM A FIST BUMP.

DONALD

Thanks bro-torch. I'll drain later.

JEFF EXITS. DONALD OPENS THE CLOSET.

KRISTY'S SISTER (O.S.)

That was fast.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - LATER

LONNIE SITS AT HIS TABLE, AN EMPTY PLATE OF FOOD AND FIVE
EMPTY BEERS IN FRONT OF HIM. HE DRINKS THE LAST BEER AS HIS
PHONE RINGS.

HE FLIPS IT OPEN.

LONNIE

Yeah.

TINA (O.S.)

I got tired of waiting and walked
by myself, butt head. Now I'm in a
banquet room, but I think you guys
are in a different one or something
because no one's here.

LONNIE

Yeah sounds like you're in a
different room 'cause there are
people in this one.

TINA (O.S.)

Well can you come find me or
something?

KRISTY (O.S.)

Okay everybody, lets get together.
It's time to take the picture.

LONNIE

Gotta go, babe. Takin' a pic.

TINA (O.S.)

Oh... okay. Love you.

LONNIE

Same.

LONNIE HANGS UP.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - LATER

KRISTY IS CORRALLING EVERYONE TOGETHER FOR THE FINAL PICTURE.
SHE'S FLUSTERED. JEFF AND LONNIE ARE SITUATED RIGHT NEAR THE
FRONT, NEXT TO SIMON.

JEFF

You could put us in the back or
something.

KRISTY

No I can't because I want everyone
to be in the exact same position
they were in for the original.

LONNIE
(pointing to a guy
standing next to him)

What if this guy would've died?

KRISTY

No one died. Can both of you guys
just try to hide as much of
yourselves as possible or
something.

KRISTY MOVES UP ON THE LITTLE STAGE EVERYONE'S STANDING ON
AND TAKES HER PLACE NEXT TO SIMON.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER TAKES THE PICTURE AND WE SEE IT: EVERYONE LOOKS NORMAL EXCEPT FOR JEFF AND LONNIE, WHO ARE BLUE, BUT ALSO RIDICULOUSLY TRYING TO HIDE THEIR HANDS, SUITS AND FACES BEHIND OTHER PEOPLE.

INT. HOTEL BANQUET ROOM - LATER

EVERYONE IS GATHERED AROUND THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S LAPTOP COMPUTER LOOKING AT THE PHOTO WE JUST SAW.

PHOTOGRAPHER

I know it's hard to believe but
that's really the best one we took.

KRISTY JUST HANGS HER HEAD AND SIGHS. KRISTY'S SISTER GRABS JEFF'S HAND.

KRISTY'S SISTER
(whisper, but still loud
enough for everyone to
hear)

That was amazing. I don't remember
your chest being that smooth ten
years ago. But it was hot.

KRISTY

You guys had sex? Jeff, you signed
my agreement.

JEFF

We didn't have sex.

KRISTY'S SISTER

Uh, yeah we did. You said the way I
pulled your head closer with my
legs was worthy of a black belt in
Brazilian JiuJitsu.

DONALD

That was me, and just to let you
know, that's about the highest
compliment I can pay a skank.

KRISTY'S SISTER LOOKS AT DONALD, THEN AT JEFF, STARTS CRYING AND RUNS OFF. NO ONE KNOWS WHAT TO SAY, SO THEY SAY NOTHING.

KRISTY

I don't know what I was thinking,
inviting you two. You ruin
everything you touch. You're a
disaster. I don't even know why I'm
surprised. I've known you two meat
heads since high school and you
haven't changed one bit. You guys
are absolutely useless! Get the
hell out of here!

LONNIE

Sweet.

LONNIE AND JEFF CALMLY WALK OUT.

DONALD

Me too?

KRISTY

Seeing as I have no more sisters
for you to have sex with, yes, I'd
appreciate that.

DONALD

It's cool. Tell her to Facebook me.

DONALD LEAVES.

SIMON MOVES TO PUT A HAND ON KRISTY'S BACK, CONSOLING HER.

KRISTY RECOILS FROM HIM, SHOOTS HIM AN EVIL LOOK.

KRISTY

Don't touch me.

TAG

INT. TEAL 1991 CHEVY S-10 PICKUP - LATER

LONNIE DRIVES DOWN THE ROAD, JEFF RIDES SHOTGUN, BOTH STILL IN THEIR SUITS.

A FEW BEATS PASS.

JEFF

Hey, where's Tina?

LONNIE

Oh yeah. She gave me the car keys and then I think she said she was going to say hi or bye or something to somebody... I don't know, I guess she's back at the thing.

A FEW MORE BEATS PASS IN SILENCE. THEY'RE CLEARLY UNAFFECTED BY THE UNKNOWN WHEREABOUTS OF TINA.

LONNIE

I kinda feel bad, man.

JEFF

About Tina?

LONNIE

Nah, she'll be fine. Try to put yourself in Simon's shoes. Imagine you're married to some mean chick who wants to make your life a living hell by renewing your vows and you want your friends there but your friends just piss your wife off even more than she normally is which makes your life even worse.

JEFF THINKS FOR A BEAT.

JEFF

I'm sorry. I couldn't get past the
"put yourself in Simon's shoes"
part.

LONNIE

Yeah, I hear ya.

ANOTHER BEAT PASSES. JEFF NOTICES LONNIE IS STILL A LITTLE
EFFECTED.

JEFF

Hey man, look on the bright side,
we stole like three hundred dollars
worth of cleaning crap from that
supply room.

WE MAY NOW NOTICE THAT THE BACK OF THE TRUCK IS COMPLETELY
FILLED WITH CLEANING SUPPLIES.

JEFF

And by the way, I know I'm not
always good at saying this kind of
stuff, but I've really been meaning
to tell you - now that it's all
over, that turned out to be a great
Mendelchuck.

LONNIE

Yeah, it was wasn't it?

JEFF

But not half as great as this one.
I invoke the spirit of Allen
Mendelchuck who tragically lost his
right pinky toe upholding the
sanctity of the first official
Mendelchuck Challenge twenty one
years ago. Now that we actually
have soap, you cannot in any way
wash that blue crap off your face,
at all.

A FEW BEATS PASS.

LONNIE

That's pretty good.

WITH THAT OUR HEROES DRIVE DOWN THE ROAD, READY TO AVOID MORE
OF LIFE'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

END OF EPISODE.