

THE MIDAS FLUSH

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Open close on the face of ERIC GREENE, 20. Toothpaste dribbles from his mouth as he grimaces in apparent pain.

He's shirtless. Toothbrush in hand. Sitting on the toilet. A laptop computer balanced on his thighs.

SPLASH. Visible relief.

The doorknob rattles and Eric's roommate WIGGY, 22, a Tupac worshiping, Eminem wannabe, dances in.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

(rapping)

*Why you taking so long?
Are you feeling kinda ill?
Or does being on the toilet...
Give you a thrill?*

Eric spits toothpaste between his legs.

ERIC

Dude!

Wiggy grabs Eric's laptop.

WIGGY

Yo what you got? Oh! Homey like
that old school porn.

INSERT -- LAPTOP SCREEN -- Not porn, an art blog featuring a Rembrandt nude. Wiggy tilts the laptop sideways.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

Baby got a bump on the rump.

Eric reaches for his laptop. Wiggy puts it on the sink, out of reach.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

We gonna party tonight?

ERIC

Come on dude, I don't barge in on
you when you're in here.

Eric makes a jerk off motion with his toothbrush hand and splatters toothpaste on the wall.

Eric's other roommate, CLARK NGUYEN, 19, shy and scholarship smart, pokes his head in.

CLARK
Hey, I still need the rest of the rent.

WIGGY
Yo you got to pay the man boy.

ERIC
Hello? I'm taking a dump!

IGGY
Don't start crying. We out.

Clark and Wiggy leave - without shutting the door.

ERIC
Shit.

INT. APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Eric opens a coat closet, pulls on a "SPARKY'S BAR & GRILL" polo shirt. Stacks of milk crates hold all his belongings.

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Eric walks past Wiggy's messy room -- clothes everywhere, walls covered with posters of rappers.

Eric continues past Clark's room full of neatly stacked Ikea boxes. Clark lists Ikea bookshelves on eBay, bangs his mouse on the desk.

Eric slides open a hall closet. A Rembrandt-esque painting hangs above a narrow foam mattress. This is his bedroom.

Yep, he's so broke he rents two closets. One for his stuff, one to sleep in.

INT. APARTMENT/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eric grabs a MANNY'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT bag from the fridge and stuffs it in his backpack.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY (DUSK) - ESTABLISHING

A cookie cutter development across the street from a state college campus in a small southern town. An "Apartments for Rent" sign is in the grass.

As Eric unlocks his bike his phone rings.

ERIC
MENSA Headquarters, how may I
outsmart you?

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eric's MOTHER, early 50's, cradles the phone, holds up a Western Union money transfer receipt.

MOTHER
Hello. May I speak to my son with
the genius IQ?

INTERCUT ERIC/MOTHER

ERIC
He's in the nuclear fission lab.
Please hold.

Eric pauses for effect.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hi Mom.

MOTHER
Nuclear fission? That's
impressive. How's the new
apartment?

ERIC
Very cozy. You get the money?

MOTHER
Yes, but you work so hard. You
should keep it. Have some fun, let
me worry about things here.

She drops the Western Union receipt next to a stack of past due hospital bills.

ERIC
(makes explosion noise)
A centrifuge just blew up. Gotta
go.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY (DUSK)

Eric pedals through campus. All around him other students aren't going to work.

- FRAT BOYS rolling beer kegs into their house
- A group of HIPPIES playing Hacky Sack
- A car load of STUDENTS pulling a water ski boat
- A BAND setting up outside the Student Union
- STONERS moving furniture onto the lawn
- SUPPORTERS in school colors heading to a game

EXT. SPARKY'S - CONTINUOUS

Eric jumps his bike onto the sidewalk. His back tire bangs the curb and hisses flat.

ERIC

Great.

INT. SPARKY'S/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A brass and fern meets sports bar restaurant. Eric heads for the kitchen, greeting various WAIT STAFF along the way.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Eric is met by BILLY MARSHALL, Manager, early 30's.

BILLY

Nice of you to join us Mr. Greene.

Billy is with FREYA NEWHART, 20, cute, ponytail. Eric stops and stares. Deer in headlights.

Billy smacks Eric on the side of the head.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Hey, you OK? I need you to work a double. Game night. Good tips.

ERIC

Yeah. Yeah, I'm fine. I'll do it.

FREYA

I can stay. If you need me.

Billy feigns amazement. Puts his arm around her.

BILLY
Well look at that. The new girl's
got gumption. I like it.

Billy pulls her close. Freya smiles uncomfortably.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Pay attention son. You so could
learn a lot from her. And me.

Billy walks away backwards nodding, pointing, winking.

FREYA
He always that funny?

ERIC
No, some days he's actually really
cheesy.

They laugh.

ERIC (CONT'D)
First night?

FREYA
Trained yesterday lunch. I used to
work at Bobby's. Total dive.

ERIC
You'll make better money here.

FREYA
I hope so, but it's not always
about money.

ERIC
Yeah, right. I'm Eric.

FREYA
Freya.

They shake hands. Eric's stomach GURGLES audibly.

Ah yes, the good ol' stomach growl. It's cliché AF, but
stick with me. By page 10 we'll be grinding out gold.

Eric watches Freya head onto the floor. A good looking,
super cool WAITER, 21, comes up behind him.

COOL WAITER
Too late bro. I got dibs on that.

INT. SPARKY'S - NIGHT - LATER

Sports on every screen. Students and alumni packed in.

Eric is jostled by passing wait staff as he clears plates for a JOCK and his date, a SEXY BLONDE in an outfit that leaves little to the imagination.

JOCK

Listen.

He makes a "come here" gesture. Eric leans in. Jock repeats the gesture.

JOCK (CONT'D)

This means come here. And this...

He makes a sweeping "go away" gesture with the same hand.

JOCK (CONT'D)

Means go away.

Jock silently repeats the "go away" gesture.

Eric turns, flips him off, his hand hidden behind his tray.

ERIC

(softly)

What's this mean?

Freya saw the whole thing.

FREYA

He knows we can spit in his food right?

ERIC

Secret sauce? I would, but they already ate.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN

Freya loads up her tray, heads onto the floor. Eric watches her go. Billy comes up behind him.

BILLY

I am so all over that.

INT. SPARKY'S/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Freya spills her entire tray of food on the Jock.

JOCK
Whoa! Major penalty!

FREYA
I'm so sorry.

Billy runs into the dining room and waves Freya away. She shrugs mischievously at Eric.

BILLY (CONT'D)
It's her first night. How about we get you desert on the house?

JOCK
How about you pay for dry cleaning dickball.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN

Freya saunters towards Eric, spinning her tray.

FREYA
Oops.

They high-five. Eric's grabs his stomach as if in pain.

EXT. SPARKY'S - NIGHT

Closing time. Eric scarfs his day old Manny's burrito. Freya comes out, hair down and looking super cute.

ERIC
You're my new hero.

FREYA
What can I say? I'm a great waitress.

She notices his burrito.

FREYA
Didn't see that on the menu.

Eric hold's up the Manny's bag.

ERIC
Piece of advice. Don't eat here every shift, even if it is free.

Wiggy pulls up in a sound system worth more than the car its in. Bass booming, license plates rattling.

WIGGY
 What up homey?
 (rapping)
*If you wants a ride,
 Then you gots to get inside.
 Get inside. Get, get, get, get
 inside.*

ERIC
 (embarrassed)
 Sorry. His parents beat him.

Wiggy checks Freya out.

WIGGY
 Damn! What's up baby doll? Need a
 lift?

FREYA
 I'm good. Plus I like my ears.

Freya unlocks the bike right next to Eric's.

FREYA (CONT'D)
 Working tomorrow?

ERIC
 Always.

I/E. - WIGGY'S CAR - NIGHT

Eric watches Freya pedal away. Grabs his stomach.

WIGGY
 You know you can't get your honey
 where you get your money dog. You
 better let me hit that for you.

ERIC
 Dude, can you please try to act
 like you're from Connecticut some
 of the time?

WIGGY
*I'm the kid from Connecticut,
 I grew up hard.
 Golf carts and gazebos
 In my backyard.*

Eric counts his tips.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

Yo you should invest some of that money in my demo. Seriously.

ERIC

This money is already spent. Rent, books, tuition. You know, stuff your parents give you money for.

WIGGY

Oh so it's like that?

Wiggy peels out. They pass Freya on her bike. She looks over at Eric.

ERIC'S POV - Time slows down. A golden aura surrounds Freya as she breaks into a beatific smile. Her long hair flowing behind her as she pedals. Angelic.

ERIC

Man, I wish I was rich as shit.

INT. APARTMENT/CLARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eric drops a wad of bills on Clark's desk. Clark bangs his mouse trying to close an "Asian Connections" website.

CLARK

Ever heard of Venmo?

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Eric lays down on his skinny closet mattress. Grabs his stomach, slides his "bedroom" door shut.

INT. BATHROOM - NEXT DAY (MORNING)

Eric on the toilet, toothbrush in hand, straining -- CLUNK -- he looks down, then stands up for a better look.

ERIC'S POV -- In the bowl sits a clean, shiny GOLD TURD.

In case you didn't get it from the title, this movie is about a guy who shits solid gold, but I promise this scene is about as gross as it gets.

Eric pulls up his pants. Stares down at the turd in shock. Wiggy kicks in the door.

WIGGY

Yo, my headphones in here?
(MORE)

WIGGY (CONT'D)
 (sees the gold turd)
 Damn. What did you eat?

Eric pokes the gold turd with a toilet brush. It CLINKS in the bowl.

Wiggy pulls out his phone and starts filming.

ERIC
 Don't film this dude.

INSERT -- WIGGY'S PHONE VIDEO -- Eric slowly reaches into the toilet water.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
 Aww. No. You playing me, right?

Eric drops the golden turd with a CLANG into the sink and pokes at it with his finger.

ERIC
 Stop filming! Delete that.

BACK TO SCENE

Wiggy pockets his phone.

WIGGY
 That is some serious bling yo.

They stare at the turd closely. Clark walks past.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
 Yo check it out. Goldilocks laid a golden egg.

CLARK
 Goldilocks was the three bears.
 You're thinking of the goose.

ERIC
 That came out of me. Just now.

CLARK
 Out your butt?

Eric nods.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Who put it up there?

ERIC
 What? Nobody dude.

WIGGY
Did it hurt?

ERIC
A little, yeah. What the hell?
This is not happening.

Clark grabs a toothbrush, pokes the turd.

WIGGY
Yo that's my toothbrush! Damn.

Clark picks up the gold nugget, testing the weight. He squeezes it -- it's solid, then sniffs it -- no reaction.

CLARK
Still warm.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Clark holds the gold turd up to the light.

CLARK
I guess it could be Iron Pyrite.

ERIC
You mean like Fool's Gold?

CLARK
Yeah, but I don't see how.

WIGGY
Because he's a butt pyrite.

Clark grabs a fridge magnet, runs it along the turd. It doesn't stick. He grabs a ceramic coffee cup, rubs the unglazed bottom against the turd. It leaves a gold streak.

CLARK
Where did you tools get this?

WIGGY
Don't tell me that sparkle bomb is real yo.

ERIC
No, no, no. There has to be an explanation.

WIGGY
I thought you were supposed to bite gold. You know, like them old English dudes with the coins.

Clark offers the turd to Wiggy. Wiggy points at Eric. Clark hands it to Eric. Eric slowly raises the turd to his mouth, tentatively bites into it.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Damn. That ain't right.

CLARK
Let me see.

Tooth marks.

CLARK (CONT'D)
I don't know where you got that,
and I don't want to know, and
without doing an acid test I can't
be sure, but from what I can tell,
it seems like real gold.

WIGGY
Yo, for real, what's the last thing
you ate?

INT. MANNY'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Wiggy, Clark and Eric in a booth. Eric stares straight ahead in shock. Wiggy studies a giant menu. MANNY, 50's, Mexican, comes to the table.

MANNY
Amigos?

Wiggy elbows Eric. Eric doesn't even open his menu.

ERIC
Chicken burrito, extra guac, black
beans, green sauce. Iced tea.

WIGGY
Let me get the exact same thing.

CLARK
Me too.

Manny writes down the order and takes off.

WIGGY
Yo, bring me two of them joints!

He turns to Eric, rubs his hands together.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Gonna drop me a big ol' nugget.

ERIC
I could be dying.

WIGGY
So. Die rich. And fat with a P
and an F. Come on bro, this is
like a gift from God. Seriously.

ERIC
I'd like to think that if God
wanted to give me a gift he could
think of something better than a
shiny turd.

CLARK
Like what?

They sit in silence until their food comes.

WIGGY
Here we go. Get rich or die
trying.

Wiggy and Clark dig in. Eric stabs his burrito, not eating.

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Wiggy does calisthenics and massages his belly while Clark
GROANS on the couch.

Eric researches medical conditions on his laptop.

ERIC
Says here if you have green stools
then it could be liver problems.
White ones, and its your kidneys,
black and sticky means ulcers, and
yellow, here we go, Yellow is bad.
Indicates stomach, liver or
intestinal problems.

Wiggy points at the golden turd on the coffee table.

WIGGY
That ain't yellow homey.
(rapping)
*He went to the toilet,
And what did he do?
Crapped himself
A gold number two!*

ERIC
Gold. Yellow. That's just wrong.

CLARK

Look up how much it's worth.

Eric grabs his stomach, looks at his watch, changes into his Sparky's shirt and heads out.

WIGGY

Man you gonna miss it. I'm working up some serious bullion here.

Wiggy jumps up and down, rubbing his belly.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

Come on baby, make it happen.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN - NIGHT

It's dead. Freya refills salad dressing tubs. Eric wipes down serving trays, eyes on Freya. She catches him. Smiles.

Eric picks up a small packet of butter, pokes a hole in the foil with a knife. He brings it up to his face, hiding the packet in his hands.

ERIC

Hey, do I have a zit?

He squeezes the packet and a ribbon of butter oozes out.

Freya leans in close, dips her finger in a tub of guacamole, brings her finger up to her nose.

FREYA

I don't know. Do I have a booger?

They're face-to-face. Eric's stomach GURGLES loudly.

Billy walks over with Brasso and a rag. Freya quickly pops her guac finger in her mouth, pulls it out clean.

BILLY

Eric! How about hitting the bar brass?

Eric bolts, hand on belly.

BILLY (CONT'D)

As for you...

Billy puts his arm around Freya, dips his finger in the guacamole, and sings into it like a microphone.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 (singing Michael Jackson)
 I wanna guac with you, all night.

FREYA
 Wow.

INT. SPARKY'S/BATHROOM

Eric sits on the toilet, freaking out. CLANK.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN - DAY

Billy flirts with Freya. Eric walks in white as a ghost.

BILLY
 You look like shit and it's slow
 anyway. Close out and go home.

Billy gyrates his hips behind Freya.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 We got this.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Eric on the phone as he walks his bike with the flat tire.

MOTHER
 Museum of Modern Art, how may I
 direct your call?

ERIC
 Hey Mom.

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eric's Mom cradles the phone as she sips tea at the kitchen table.

MOTHER
 Department please?

INTERCUT ERIC/MOTHER

ERIC
 OK. Abstract Impressionists?

MOTHER
 Really?

ERIC
MOMA? Really?

MOTHER
What? It could happen. You're a
good artist.

ERIC
Mom, I want to ask you something.
When Dad died did he have any
strange complications or anything?

MOTHER
Not unless you count no insurance
and tons of medical bills. Why,
what's wrong?

ERIC
Nothing, just something that came
up in Biology. Forget it.

INT. APARTMENT/CLARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Wiggy and Clark stare at Clark's computer screen.

WIGGY
Yo Poo, check it out. We listed
your nugget on eBay.

ERIC
You what?

CLARK
No bids. Three watchers.

WIGGY
You squeeze another one out yet?

Eric pulls the second gold turd from his pocket.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Ho snap! I don't get it. We ate
the exact same as you.

Clark takes the turd from Eric, inspects it carefully.

ERIC
Nobody is gonna buy a gold piece of
shit.

CLARK
On eBay? People will buy anything.

Clark turns back to his computer, Googles "gold excrement."

CLARK (CONT'D)
Some chick did a painting with
feces and gold leaf. Gross.

Clark bangs his stuck mouse, tries some other word combos.

CLARK (CONT'D)
A band, Alchemy, Alchemists. Here
we go, King Midas.

WIGGY
King My Duh Ass! That's you Poo!

ERIC
Stop calling me that.

WIGGY
Poo! Chika-chika-Poo!
Chik-chik-Poo!
Forget eBay.
Auctions take too long.
We gonna get paid.
Before I finish this song.

EXT. GRIMSTEIN'S JEWELRY - DAY

Eric and Wiggy kneel on the ground next to Wiggy's car.
Wiggy bangs a turd on the pavement, shaping it into a bar.
Clark watches from the passenger seat.

ERIC
Dude, this is a bad idea.

CLARK
Hey.

Eric and Wiggy look up to see old MR. GRIMSTEIN flip the
"closed" sign to "open."

WIGGY
Let's roll.

INT. GRIMSTEIN'S JEWELRY - DAY

Your Grandma's jewelry store. Eric and Wiggy do not belong.
Grimstein eyes them suspiciously.

Wiggy makes a grand gesture as he places the gold on the
glass counter.

Grimstein picks it up, scrutinizes it through bifocals. He points at a security camera, disappears into the back.

ERIC
Dude, let's get out of here. He's calling the cops right now.

WIGGY
Chill baby.

Wiggy dances for the camera like he's in a music video. Grimstein emerges from the back.

GRIMSTEIN
May I ask where you got this?

They balk. Grimstein gives them a hard look.

GRIMSTEIN (CONT'D)
I'll give you three-thousand.

WIGGY
Three-thousand?

GRIMSTEIN
Thirty-five hundred. Final offer.

WIGGY
We'll take it.

ERIC
Dude!

Grimstein nods, places the gold under the counter, comes up with a receipt book. Raises his furry eyebrows.

GRIMSTEIN
I.D.?

EXT. GRIMSTEIN'S JEWELRY

Clark watches from the car as Wiggy and Eric come running.

CLARK
Uh oh.

Clark slides into the driver's seat, starts up the car. Eric and Wiggy pile in. They peel out.

CLARK (CONT'D)
What happened?

WIGGY
I'll tell you what happened. Homey
got paid! Show him Poo.

Eric pulls a wad of large bills from his pocket.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Three and half G's.

Clark lets off the gas.

CLARK
Wait. He bought it? For thirty-
five-hundred?

WIGGY
Hell yeah!

CLARK
You got ripped off.

Wiggy looks at Clark like he's crazy.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Gold is around two grand an ounce.

WIGGY
Whatever. Poo just sold his freaky
feces for cash money baby.

ERIC
Can we just get out of here? I got
class now anyway.

WIGGY
Oh hell no. Class is canceled.

INT. GOLDEN NIGHTS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

Wiggy and Clark hoot drunkenly. A STRIPPER wiggles on Eric's
lap. Eric pushes her away.

STRIPPER
What are you, gay?

Eric hands the stripper some bills.

ERIC
No. I like you, but...

STRIPPER
You're gay.

WIGGY
 Maybe now you can afford to come
 out of the closet.

CLARK
 Closets. With an S. He so gay, he
 lives in two closets!

STRIPPER
 I'll tell the girls to leave you
 alone.

WIGGY
 Wait, what? No!

Eric stands up to leave.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
 Yo where you going?

ERIC
 To the ATM.

INT. GOLDEN NIGHTS/MEN'S ROOM

Eric sits in a toilet stall, drunk, phone pressed to his ear.

FREYA
 (voice mail)
 Hi, you have not reached Freya.
 Keep trying!

ERIC
 Hey! So I got your number off the
 employee list at work. I didn't
 think you'd be on it because you're
 new, but there you were.
 (hiccups)
 Anyway, I'm probably gonna die soon
 and as my last act I think we
 should go out. Tomorrow. I don't
 know where.
 (beat)
 Not Manny's.

He hangs up, leans against the stall, and passes out.

INT. GOLDEN NIGHTS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB

Wiggy is on stage, shirtless, squatting and pooping invisible
 gold turds which he scoops up and "throws" to the crowd.

Red faced Clark throws money at Wiggy.

CLARK
I want boobies!

Several burly BOUNCERS grab them roughly.

WIGGY
Alright y'all. Chill.

CLARK
I want to bamboozle boobies!

INT. GOLDEN NIGHTS/MEN'S ROOM

Eric asleep on the toilet. His phone wakes him up.

ERIC
Mmm yup?

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN - NIGHT

FREYA
I got a missed call from this
number?

INTERCUT ERIC/FREYA

Eric perks up.

ERIC
It's Eric. From work.

FREYA
Oh my God, where are you? Billy is
freaking out.

ERIC
You listen to my message?

FREYA
Should I?

Eric realizes where he is.

ERIC
Nope.

FREYA
You know you're supposed to be on
right?

ERIC

Tell Billy I'm sick. And tell him
to stop harassing you. There's
laws.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Manny's bags litter the carpet.

Wiggy is asleep in an armchair, hand down his pants, a half
eaten burrito on his lap.

Clark is naked, passed out, face down on the couch, rolled up
tortillas jammed in his bum crack.

Eric is fixing his flat tire and clearly hungover. He grabs
a clean Sparky's shirt and heads out.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN - DAY

Eric looks rough.

FREYA

What happened to you?

Eric GROANS.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Maybe we should go to Manny's.

Eric confused.

FREYA (CONT'D)

You called me?

ERIC

I'm sorry. I was so drunk.

Freya pokes Eric in his GURGLING stomach.

FREYA

Well, there's only one place to go
when you're hungover.

INT. MANNY'S - NIGHT

Eric and Freya in a booth, out of uniform. Freya has cleaned
her plate. Eric's hardly touched his burrito.

ERIC

That's so cool you're an Art History major. I'd love to do that.

FREYA

Why don't you?

ERIC

I would, I mean I almost went to Art School, but since my Dad died, We have these massive hospital bills. Who wants to be a starving artist anyway?

FREYA

My Dad split before I was born.

(awkward beat)

Not the same I guess. Anyway I want to open a gallery.

ERIC

No way. If I could do anything, I'd love to just paint. Maybe if I knew a gallery owner it wouldn't be so bad.

FREYA

Totally! I'd hook you up. What do you paint?

ERIC

I don't. School, work, no time. The last one I did was in high school. I got first place in an art show and thought I was going to become a famous artist.

FREYA

What was it of?

ERIC

You know I look at it every day and I'm still not sure. I guess its an homage to Rembrandt

FREYA

Rembrandt is my all-time favorite!

ERIC

What else is on the list?

FREYA

What list?

Eric takes out a pen, grabs a clean napkin.

ERIC
Your all-time favorite things list.
Give me five.

FREYA
Hmm. Rembrandt, dogs, I mean, is
there anything better than puppy
breath? What else? Every girl
loves flowers right? Oh, fast cars
and new car smell. If they bottled
it, I'd wear it.

They both laugh.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Laughing! That's on the list.

Eric makes a funny face. She laughs harder. Eric waves the
napkin triumphantly.

ERIC
Ha-ha!

FREYA
With people, not at them.

ERIC
Oh.

FREYA
I'm kidding. People who get me.
That's rare. Put it on the list.

ERIC
Got it.

They exchange a look. A connection. Manny drops the bill.

MANNY
Amigos.

Eric quickly picks it up.

FREYA
We can split it.

ERIC
No way. I got it.

Eric pulls out a giant wad of cash. Freya notices.

FREYA
 You rob a bank? Because I know
 where you work.

Eric lays money on the table.

ERIC
 Yeah. Next time you see me it will
 be in the papers.

EXT. MANNY'S - NIGHT

Eric and Freya under a street lamp. He removes his U-lock
 from both their bikes.

Freya grabs her belly.

FREYA
 You know, if you really liked me
 you'd have a wheelbarrow to roll me
 home in.

Eric rubs his stomach.

ERIC
 Do you feel weird at all?

FREYA
 If by weird you mean really full,
 then yeah.

She gives him a quick kiss on the cheek.

FREYA
 Thanks. This was fun.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 Hey do you want to go the museum
 tomorrow?

FREYA
 Sure, but get some rest. I want
 you at a hundred percent.

Eric watches Freya ride off, then grabs his stomach and does
 the "about to poo my pants shuffle" back towards Manny's.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A Biology lecture comes to an end. Eric makes his way down
 to the front to chat with PROFESSOR MILTON (30's).

PROF. MILTON
Eric, right?

ERIC
Yes sir.

PROF. MILTON
A question?

Eric pulls a gold turd from his backpack.

ERIC
You ever seen anything like this?

Milton eyes the turd suspiciously.

PROF. MILTON
That depends. What is it?

ERIC
I excreted it sir. Yesterday.

Milton hands it back.

PROF. MILTON
I see. Perhaps I'll excrete your
final grade. How would that be?

ERIC
Sir?

PROF. MILTON
I suggest you stop goofing around
and start focusing on what's
important, Eric. Good day.

INT. MUSEUM OF FINE ART - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Eric sits on the toilet.

ERIC
Come on, come on!

CLANK -- Eric pulls a gold turd out of the toilet, wraps it
in toilet paper, and stuffs it in his pocket.

He quickly washes his hands, checks his hair, pulls down his
shirt to cover the bulge in his pants.

INT. MUSEUM OF FINE ART - GALLERY - DAY

Freya waits by a sculpture.

FREYA

I was about to send in the cavalry.

ERIC

Sorry.

FREYA

Let's go have some fun then.

Eric and Freya admire a painting. On the floor a painted line indicates how far from the art they must stand.

Eric tip-toes right up to the line. Freya pushes him over it and makes security alarm noises.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Warning! Art nerd alert!

They get stern looks from an old SECURITY GUARD.

Eric and Freya in front of an 18th Century nude.

ERIC

(highbrow art nerd voice)

Clearly what the artist was trying to communicate here was a visual diatribe, a social commentary if you will, of what it meant to be a woman of means in the 18th Century.

FREYA

Indeed. Or he was just making old school porn.

They laugh. More stern looks from the Security Guard

Eric and Freya look at a sculpture made of re-cycled car parts, street signs, old tools etc.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Is it just me or is most southern folk art just trash welded together?

Eric flicks a hubcap with his finger, it PINGS like a cymbal.

ERIC

Come on, it's beautiful.

Security Guard comes over, puts his hand on the hub cap.

Eric and Freya play hide-and-seek in the gift shop.

EXT. MUSEUM OF FINE ART

The Security Guard escorts Eric and Freya out. They laugh. He watches them kiss on the steps, it creeps them out.

INT. SPARKY'S - DAY

Lunch shift. Eric serves a cheeseburger to a customer.

CUSTOMER 1

Ah. I had the quiche?

ERIC

Sorry.

CUSTOMER 2

(annoyed)

We're still waiting for our check.

ERIC

Be right there.

Another CUSTOMER waves his empty water glass.

CUSTOMER 3

Excuse me.

Eric grabs Freya.

ERIC

Can I talk to you for a second?

He leads her through the kitchen out to the loading dock.

EXT. SPARKY'S/LOADING DOCK

Milk crates, recycling bins, trash cans, mop buckets. The Cool Waiter leans against the wall smoking a cigarette. Eric shoots him a "get out of here" look.

COOL WAITER

(under his breath)

I had dibs bro.

FREYA

What's up? I got tables.

Eric pulls a gold turd from his pocket.

ERIC

This.

Freya waits for an explanation.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Gold. Atomic number seventy-nine.
Chemical element symbol AU. Pirate
booty.

FREYA

I know what gold is.

ERIC

I'm sorry. It's just, OK, this is
freaky.

FREYA

You're secretly a gold miner and
this is your lucky strike?

ERIC

Sort of. Only it came out of me.
In the toilet.

FREYA

Gross. Is this a joke? Where's
the camera? Hello? You can come
out now.

Billy kicks open the back door.

BILLY

Customers!

ERIC

I'm serious. I'm going to the Med.
Center after this shift.

Freya heads in, Billy checks out her ass.

FREYA

Have them check your brain.

Eric tries to follow her in, but Bill arm blocks him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Got the clap?

ERIC

Yeah. That's exactly what I have.

BILLY

I knew she was a trouble maker.
Burns right? I had it a couple
times.

(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
I used to hold ice cubes on my tip
it hurt so bad. I'd so still do
her though.

ERIC
Can I go?

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Eric sits on the table as a DOCTOR flips through a file.

DOCTOR
Well, it appears you're a healthy
young man. Blood work, good.
Blood pressure, good. Urine, good.
And...

He reaches back to his desk for a specimen bottle holding a
gold turd. He hands it to Eric.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Sense of humor, good. Very funny.
Now get out of here. I got a
waiting room full of people with
real problems.

EXT. MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Eric sits on the steps, specimen bottle in hand. Freya rides
up on her bike, still in her Sparky's uniform.

ERIC
Checking up on me?

FREYA
Just seeing if you're for real.
What did they say?

Eric shakes his specimen bottle.

ERIC
That I'm full of it.

FREYA
Well, if it makes you feel any
better, I don't believe you either.

Eric stares at his feet.

FREYA (CONT'D)
What are you doing now?

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Freya and Eric surrounded by history books, medical abstracts, physician's journals, and encyclopedias.

FREYA
Have you researched online?

ERIC
Nada. Unless you count some
"artist" who made gel caps full of
gold dust that you swallow to
"increase your self worth."

FREYA
That's sort of cool and dumb at the
same time.

Eric sketches in his notebook.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Wow. Look at this!

She holds up a photo of a gold necklace worn by King Tut.

FREYA (CONT'D)
This would look hot on me right?

Eric nods. Freya checks the time.

FREYA (CONT'D)
I should probably go.

They both stand.

ERIC
Thanks for not calling me crazy,
it's just that...

Freya leans in, shuts him up with a kiss. Her backpack drops to the floor as they make out.

FREYA
Is that a gold nugget in your
pocket or are you glad to see me?

ERIC
(embarrassed)
Its...

FREYA
Its OK.

She grabs her bag.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Bye crazy.

Freya walks off. Eric's stomach GURGLES in the quiet library. He returns to his notebook -- makes a few motions with his pencil.

INSERT -- ERIC'S NOTEBOOK -- A portrait of Freya wearing the King Tut necklace.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Eric comes home. Clark is eBaying. Wiggy eats a burrito on the couch.

WIGGY

Yo Poo. Where you been dog? I just shat a foot long money maker.

ERIC

Seriously?

WIGGY

No.

Wiggy holds up his burrito.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

But I'm working on it. You?

Clark walks in. Eric opens his closet, shows them a milk crate full of gold turds.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

Mother Goose!

CLARK

Mother Goose wrote fairy tales. You're thinking of Aesop's fables.

WIGGY

That ain't what I'm thinking.

INT. GRIMSTEIN'S JEWELRY

Eric and Wiggy drop the milk crate on the counter. Clark waits by the door outside.

Grimstein peers into the crate: Socks and undies. Eric pulls them aside to reveal the gold turds.

Grimstein takes the crate into the back. Eric paces nervously while Wiggy mugs for the security camera.

Grimstein returns, scribbles in his receipt book, spins it around to show Eric. Wiggy looks over his shoulder.

WIGGY
Nuh-unh. You got us last time
Grim, but now we got knowledge.
Double that.

Grimstein gives Wiggy a hard look, adjusts the total. Eric signs. Wiggy snaps his fingers.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Bip! Bip! Bam!

EXT. MALL - DAY

Eric, Wiggy and Clark exit the mall carrying shopping bags, wearing identical new suits, sneakers and sunglasses.

EXT. YAMAHA DEALERSHIP - DAY

A SALESMAN waves goodbye. Wiggy's car pulls away towing a trailer with Jet Skis and dirt bikes on the back. Wiggy is wearing a helmet.

EXT. CIRCUIT CITY - DAY

Wiggy and Clark direct SALESMEN loading D.J. gear, stereo equipment, game consoles and a giant TV into and on top of Wiggy's car. He's still got the helmet on.

I/E. WESTERN UNION - DAY

Eric wires money while Wiggy and Clark play on the motorbikes - still parked on the trailer.

INT. STUDENT LOAN OFFICE - DAY

Eric slides a stack of cash over to a RECEPTIONIST.

EXT. NEW APARTMENT - DAY

An attractive REAL ESTATE AGENT hands Eric keys to the apartment next door to Wiggy and Clark's.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Massive party. Wiggy D.J.'s, still wearing the motorcycle helmet. Clark stands shyly in a corner sipping a beer.

INT. NEW APARTMENT/BEDROOM

Eric lays on a king size bed holding his phone and a beer. His high-school painting leans against the wall.

ERIC

Why are you whispering?

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Freya is at a long desk, studying. Other STUDENTS shoot her looks. She speaks quietly into her phone.

FREYA

I'm in the library. What's all that noise?

INTERCUT ERIC/FREYA

ERIC

I left you like three messages. We're having a party. Come over.

FREYA

So you're feeling better then?

ERIC

I'd feel better if you were here.

He grabs his stomach. Winces.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I think.

FREYA

What do you mean you think?

ERIC

I'm kidding. Come over.

FREYA

Can't. Exam tomorrow. Enjoy your party.

ERIC

Good luck on your exam.

He hangs up, stares at the ceiling, guzzles the rest of his beer.

WIGGY (O.S.)
Poo! Poo! Get down here dog!

INT. NEW APARTMENT

ERIC'S POV - The party is rocking. People starting to hook up, except Clark, who leans against the wall, alone.

Wiggy walks up to an ASIAN GIRL laughing with her GIRLFRIENDS.

WIGGY
Excuse me.

He grabs the Asian girl's hand, walks her over to Clark.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
This is my boy Clark. You ever need a bookshelf, he's your man.

ASIAN GIRL
Hi.

CLARK
Hey.

MEANWHILE - Eric heads for the keg, the Blondie from Sparky's sees him and comes over.

BLONDIE
This your party?

ERIC
I guess.

BLONDIE
Got anything else to drink?

ERIC
Sure.

She follows him into the kitchen.

INT. NEW APARTMENT/KITCHEN

Wiggy freestyles to a gaggle of sorority girls.

WIGGY

(rapping)

*To the hottest girls I ever saw,
May I suggest a ménage à trois?
I'll be very gentle, with my love,
And don't worry ladies, I always
wear a glove.*

Wiggy sees Blondie, nods his approval to Eric.

Eric pulls some pink wine from the fridge, fills a plastic cup, and hands it to her.

Blondie takes a sip and intentionally dribbles wine on her cleavage. She looks at Eric - "your move."

Wiggy kneels down behind Eric, cups his hands under Eric's bum like a baseball catcher.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

*It's like King Midas as I was told,
Everything he eats turns to gold!*

ERIC

Be cool dude.

WIGGY

All right dog. We cool, we cool.

ERIC

Food is a good idea though.

Eric hands Wiggy a wad of cash. Blondie is impressed.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Order some pizzas or something.
Not Manny's!

INT. NEW APARTMENT - LATER

Manny's bags everywhere. The party is raging.

Eric watches people trash his new apartment while Blondie hangs all over him. He checks his messages and she grabs his phone, and takes a selfie.

ISAAC THE BUTLER, 50's, in a tuxedo, collects bottles, wipes up spills. Shakes his head at Eric wrestling his phone back from Blondie.

ISAAC THE BUTLER

Can I get you something sir?

ERIC
Who are you?

WIGGY
I hired my man here to help out.
You a pimp now. Need to start
living like one.

Blondie wobbles in her high heels and knocks over a lamp.
Isaac the Butler catches it.

ERIC
Nice. Now you're officially hired.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - LATER

Party winding down. Eric sits on the couch with Blondie.
Clark takes off holding hands with the Asian girl.
The sorority girls split, leaving Wiggy solo.

WIGGY
Ain't none of you gonna be in my
video!

Wiggy lowers the music, plops down on the couch across from
Eric and watches Blondie as she strokes Eric's thigh.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
I like your shoes.

BLONDIE
Are they shoes? I thought they
were handles.

Wiggy snaps his fingers.

WIGGY
And... I'm out.

Wiggy bails.

BLONDIE
(to Eric)
Now what?

INT. NEW APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Morning after. Eric in bed with Blondie. His phone rings,
welcoming him to Hangover City.

ERIC
Yeah?

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eric's Mom in the kitchen, with a Western Union notice.

MOTHER
Is this MENSA, MOMA or the Franklin
Mint?

INTERCUT ERIC/MOTHER

ERIC
Mom.

MOTHER
That's a lot of money you sent.

ERIC
Yeah. Me and Tony Montana got a
really good thing going. What time
is it?

MOTHER
It's too much.

ERIC
I had good tips this week.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Outside someone POUNDS on a door. Eric sits up, cradles the
phone, hops into his undies and over to the window to see --

EXT. APARTMENT

POLICE banging on the door of his old apartment.

INT. NEW APARTMENT/BEDROOM

ERIC
Mom, I gotta go.

Eric hangs up.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Shit. Shit. Shit.

Frantic, Eric opens a walk-in closet, covers the milk crate full of cash with clothes, and slams the door.

He shakes Blondie awake.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Get dressed!

BANG! BANG! This time on his door. Eric freezes.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Blondie is shackled to a bench flirting with two OFFICERS.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Eric stares straight ahead in a daze. Door opens, in walks DETECTIVE DUBOIS carrying a file and a portable DVD player.

DETECTIVE DUBOIS
So, Goldfinger, what's the story?

He flips through the file.

DETECTIVE DUBOIS (CONT'D)
According to this, you're looking
at possession and trafficking.
Stolen property.

ERIC
What? No way. We paid cash for
everything.

DETECTIVE DUBOIS
Mmm-hmm.

He pushes the DVD player towards Eric.

DETECTIVE DUBOIS (CONT'D)
Do me a favor, hit that little
button right there. Tell me what
you see.

Eric pushes "play." Fuzzy black and white video.

INSERT -- GRIMSTEIN'S SECURITY CAMERA VIDEO

Wiggy dances, waves his arms like he's in a rap video. Behind him Eric glances furtively at the camera. Eric watches for a few seconds then pushes the machine away.

DETECTIVE DUBOIS (CONT'D)
How do you know Vanilla Ice?

Eric shakes his head.

DETECTIVE DUBOIS (CONT'D)
Who is that with you?

ERIC
Nobody.

Dubois stares.

ERIC (CONT'D)
My roommate OK? He's my roommate.

DETECTIVE DUBOIS
You live alone. You're girlfriend
out there confirmed this.

ERIC
I just moved. She's not my
girlfriend. Look I didn't do
anything.
(beat)
Am I under arrest or what?

DETECTIVE DUBOIS
We've had a number of B and E's
lately. Mostly what gets gone is
small stuff. Easy to carry, easy
to hide and easy to fence.

ERIC
Are you serious? You think I broke
into people's homes and stole their
jewelry. That's what you think?

DETECTIVE DUBOIS
Who said jewelry? Not me. So yes,
I think you stole it, mashed it up
so it couldn't be recognized and
sold it to...

Dubois checks the folder.

DETECTIVE DUBOIS (CONT'D)
Grimstein's Jewelers. But if I'm
wrong, then all you got to do is
tell me, where you got the gold.

Dubois stares, waiting.

ERIC
I get a phone call right?

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Eric shields his eyes from the sun, met by Clark.

ERIC
Thanks for bailing me out.

CLARK
Hey, it's your money. They say anything about me? I can't lose my scholarship. What happened?

ERIC
I need a lawyer is what happened. Where's Wig?

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Wiggy plays Wii with Isaac.

ISAAC THE BUTLER
So that's why if you're really serious about the rap game, you need to find a good Producer. Someone to mentor you. Help you find your sound.

WIGGY
Word Isaac. You the man.

Eric and Clark enter. Wiggy embraces Eric.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Poo! What's up dog? Back from the joint.

Eric pushes him away.

ERIC
It's not the joint "dog," it's jail. And it's your fault I got dragged in there. They had video of us at Grimstein's and your jack ass doing gang signs and everything.

WIGGY
Fo rizzle?

ERIC
 Yes fo rizzle! Can you just talk
 normally for once? Seriously!

Eric opens his old closet, it's empty. All his stuff is next door. He slams the door.

WIGGY
 Why y'all buggin'? Cops got
 nothing.

ERIC
 (mimicking Wiggy)
 Because yo, I gotta go to work yo,
 yo homey yo. Is that so rizzle-
 diculous?

WIGGY
 What's rizzle-diculous is you
 chasing that hottie waitress into a
 job you don't even need no more.

Eric storms out. Isaac watches, tempted to follow.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN - DAY

Eric punches in. Freya does prep work.

ERIC
 Hey.

Freya blanks him and heads to the bar. Eric follows.

INT. SPARKY'S/BAR - CONTINUOUS

Billy wipes down bottles behind the bar.

ERIC
 Hey?

Freya grabs a college newspaper, tosses it at Eric.

INSERT -- FRONT PAGE -- Side-by-side mug shots of Eric and
 Blondie. Headline: "Bimbo and Clyde. Students Linked to
 Local Burglaries."

Eric stares at the article.

ERIC (CONT'D)
 It's not what it looks like.

Freya snorts, pulls out her phone.

FREYA
You sent me a picture of her foobs.

ERIC
Her what?

FREYA
F for fake. Boobs.

BILLY
Can I see that?

ERIC
(ignoring Billy)
She took my phone. OK, that was a mistake.

FREYA
No shit Sherlock. You know, I thought we had chemistry, but hey, if that's what you want, you can have it.

Billy tries for Freya's phone.

BILLY
I've never seen real foobs.

ERIC
Let me make it up to you. I got money. We could go somewhere nice.

FREYA
I'd rather go out with him.

BILLY
That can so be arranged. We can guac it...
(singing Billy Ocean)
All night long. All night! All night!

ERIC
(sarcastic)
Yeah, well that will make me jealous.

FREYA
At least he's not a lying, cheating, thief.

BILLY

Which reminds me, now that you seem to have a criminal record this will need to be your last shift.

Eric throws the newspaper at Billy.

ERIC

Well my last shift ends now, because I quit! And for your information she thinks you're a cheese ball.

Billy and Freya watch Eric walk out.

BILLY

Hard cheese or soft cheese?

Freya blanks him.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Medium cheese! Rarr! I'm a Gruyère bear. No? No.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eric stares at the paper napkin from his date with Freya.

Clark and Wiggy play Wii.

WIGGY

I'm seriously schooling you Holmes!

CLARK

Pre-schooling.

Clark makes a move, wins the game.

WIGGY

Rematch. Right now.

CLARK

(to Eric)
You got winner?

Eric is somber, silent.

WIGGY

Yo Poo man, what's up with you dog?

CLARK

I just figured it out. He has S.W.S.

Eric looks up confused.

WIGGY

What is that? Like herpes?

CLARK

No man, Sudden Wealth Syndrome. It happens to people who aren't used to having money. It can actually make them less happy.

WIGGY

Yeah, like MC Hammer, spent all his cash on mansions and shiny pants.

CLARK

Maybe you need some financial help.

Wiggy counts bankrupt rappers on his fingers.

WIGGY

Or Master P, he's broke.

ERIC

Dude, a Financial Adviser? Really?

WIGGY

Suge Knight.

CLARK

What I mean is, you know. Now that you have money, you might need someone to help manage things.

WIGGY

Beanie Sigel. That Two Live Crew chump. All them rappers.

Eric pulls out a gold turd, hands it to Clark.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Here. Manage this.

CLARK

I didn't mean me.

ERIC

Whatever. I trust you. From now on you're my Financial Manager.

(to Wiggy)

I don't know what you are.

WIGGY

I'm your Fun-ancial Manager!

ERIC

Great. Let me know when the fun starts.

Eric stares down at the napkin.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Is Isaac still around?

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Eric chats with Isaac while he hoses off the dirt bikes.

ISAAC THE BUTLER

That thing about there being a lot of fish in the sea?

He stops to ogle two COLLEGE GIRLS in Daisy Duke shorts.

ISAAC THE BUTLER (CONT'D)

Well, that's true. Thing is, if you're lucky enough to find a special lady who you feel in your gut is "the one," then you gotta do two things. One, you gotta trust that gut feeling. Don't over think it. Just go for gold and let things unfold.

ERIC

What's the second thing?

ISAAC THE BUTLER

Well, chances are you're gonna blow it, do something dumb and get your ass into trouble. And when you do, that's when you use your Man Magic.

ERIC

Man Magic?

ISAAC THE BUTLER

Lady mad at you? Flowers. Instant out of the doghouse Man Magic. Lady won't talk to you? Love letters, poetry. You might feel silly, but trust me, they're Man Magic. Forget a birthday or anniversary? Jewelry. That's expensive Man Magic.

ERIC

What if you got caught with someone else?

ISAAC THE BUTLER

Then you better be David eff'in Blaine baby. Thing is, you got to be the "man" in romantic. Do your homework, find out their favorite things, where they're coming from and let them know you care. And if that don't work, all you can do is be real and talk it out baby. Communication. That's the serious Man Magic.

Eric nods knowingly at Isaac the Butler, a decision made.

INT. SPARKY'S - DAY

Lunchtime. Not too busy. Freya at the bar with Billy.

Eric walks in with a bouquet of flowers. The HOSTESS, 19, hot, skintight dress, watches Eric hand them to Freya.

ERIC

Forgive me?

FREYA

Let me think about that for a second.

Freya tosses the flowers into a trash can.

HOSTESS

I love flowers.

INT. SPARKY'S - DAY

Late afternoon. Busier. Eric returns, this time with a pet carrier in hand. Inside is a puppy. WAIT STAFF gather around to "Ooh" and "Ahh" at the puppy.

FREYA

Take it back.

Freya walks off.

COOL WAITER

Weak bro.

HOSTESS
I love puppies.

INT. SPARKY'S - NIGHT

Dinner. Very busy. Eric waits by the door for Freya. She looks up, annoyed.

 FREYA
Please stop coming here.

Eric dangles a key fob. He nods out front towards a new Porsche with a bow on it.

 ERIC
You said fast cars and new car
smell. That's both. From your
list.

On Freya confused.

 ERIC (CONT'D)
Your all-time favorite things list.
Flowers? Puppy breath?

 FREYA
That's what you think? That you
can buy me with things? Things
don't matter. Money doesn't
matter. What's inside is what
matters.

 BILLY
Yeah. It's so about what's inside.

 FREYA
 (to Billy)
Shut it.
 (to Eric)
Just so you know, officially, any
thing we had? Over.

Freya storms off. Billy taps his heart.

 HOSTESS
I love Ferrari's.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wiggy, Clark and Isaac play with the puppy. Eric enters.

ISSAC THE BUTLER
How did it go?

ERIC
It didn't. Look, it's not your
fault, but I think you're fired.
Nothing personal. Just, you know.
Who has a Butler these days anyhow?

ISAAC THE BUTLER
(despondent)
Times have changed.

Eric pulls a gold turd from his pocket, hands it to Isaac.

ERIC
Thanks for everything.

WIGGY
Yo, you can't fire Isaac. He is
the man. Not his fault you all
love sick. Seriously.

CLARK
He was great at the party.

ERIC
Yes, he was great at the party, but
the party is over.

WIGGY
That S.W.S is infecting your mind.

ERIC
I bought her a Porsche!

WIGGY
And as your Fun-ancial Manager I
hereby advise you to forget that
girl and trade in that douche-
mobile for some dope wheels
immediately!

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

A pimped out Escalade rolls slowly through campus. This ride is slammin' - Spreewell rims, low-pro rubber, sparkling paint, windows tinted, multiple video screens, undercarriage lighting, bass booming.

INT. ESCALADE - NIGHT

Eric drives. Wiggy shotgun. Clark in back.

ERIC
I can't believe I let you talk me
into getting this.

They stop at a crosswalk. COLLEGE GIRLS everywhere.

WIGGY
Come on boyee! It's a honey
magnet. Look at all these hotties.

Wiggy leans out the window.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Hey ladies! Woop! Woop! Shake.
Your. Rump-ah.

ERIC
Dude, be cool. I got court
tomorrow anyway.

WIGGY
(to Clark)
You didn't tell him?

CLARK
I thought you did.

WIGGY
Yo, don't worry about court. We
got it covered. Big time.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Small town courtroom. Eric stares straight ahead. Wiggy and Clark sit beside him looking over their shoulders. All three in their new suits.

A BAILIFF exchanges paperwork with the STATE PROSECUTOR at a table in front of the bench.

BAILIFF
County versus Eric Greene.
Possession and trafficking of
stolen goods.

Eric stands.

BAILIFF (CONT'D)
How do you plead?

The courtroom doors burst open. All heads turn towards the back. In walks JOHNNIE COCHRAN, briefcase in hand. He motions for Eric to sit down.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN
Not guilty!

ERIC
Johnnie Cochran?

Wiggy and Clark pump fists behind Eric's back.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN (CONT'D)
Ladies and Gentlemen, I'm about to take you on a search for truth and a journey to justice, because my client here is not only innocent, he has been unfairly accused.

JUDGE
Well, that's very nice. And maybe that kind of talk will get fruit juice out of a squeeze in the big smoke, but unless your client can tell us where he got the gold, he's doing time.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN
The only crime committed here, is a crime of injustice. I ask you, what has happened to America when a man is assumed guilty until proven innocent?

STATE PROSECUTOR
What has happened, sir, respectfully, is your client was caught selling gold "bars" of what we believe to be stolen jewelry.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN
I'm aware of the case, I'm aware of the charges, and I'm all too aware of what you believe.

STATE PROSECUTOR
Of course you are sir.
(under his breath)
I'm a huge fan.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN
Where my client's gold came from is irrelevant.
(MORE)

JOHNNIE COCHRAN (CONT'D)
Where these charges came from, now
that, that is something worth
looking into.

Wiggy suddenly jumps up.

 WIGGY
Yo! I can prove he didn't steal
it!

The Judge SLAMS his gavel.

 WIGGY (CONT'D)
Seriously.

 JUDGE
Order!

Wiggy pulls out his phone and confers quietly with Johnnie.

 JOHNNIE COCHRAN
Your honor, may we approach the
bench?

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Everyone gathered around a large TV watching the video of
Eric in the bathroom from Wiggy's phone.

 ERIC
You were supposed to delete that.

 WIGGY
Be thankful. I'm saving your ass
holmes.

 STATE PROSECUTOR
This is highly irregular.

 JUDGE
And it proves nothing, but there is
one way we can find out just what
exactly your client is full of, if
there are no objections?

INT. COURTHOUSE/JAIL - DAY

The Bailiff, Judge, Johnnie Cochran and State Prosecutor
stand outside a jail cell.

Inside - Eric, dressed in a hospital type gown, tries to poo gold into a stainless steel toilet.

ERIC

Little bit of stage fright I guess.

Eric shifts his weight. The others watch uncomfortably.

ERIC (CONT'D)

OK. Here we go. Come on. Ha!

Eric wipes and stands up.

JUDGE

Let me in there.

The Bailiff fumbles with the keys, opens the cell. The Judge rushes in, followed by the State Prosecutor and Bailiff.

They peer into toilet.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Hoo boy! There's one helluva difference between what I see here and...

He dangles a plastic evidence bag containing the confiscated gold "bar."

JUDGE (CONT'D)

This.

STATE PROSECUTOR

The state rests.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN

Your honor, if I may.

The Judge silences them with a hand.

JUDGE

I've had enough of this... Nonsense. In lieu of any witnesses or real evidence, I'm dismissing the charges, for now. But if I see you in my courtroom again, they come back, hear?

Eric stares into the toilet, dumbfounded. Nods his head.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Now take this shit show out of my courthouse.

INT. MANNY'S - NIGHT

Eric, Wiggy, Clark and Johnnie Cochran sit in a booth guzzling margaritas.

ERIC

I can't believe it's over.

WIGGY

It was good while it lasted though right?

CLARK

Yeah, you're still pretty lucky.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN

Just remember, there's a big difference between innocent and not guilty.

Wiggy nudges Eric with his elbow.

WIGGY

Yo, "Handles" at two o'clock.

Eric turns to see Blondie at the front door. She spots Eric, whispers to her two hot GIRLFRIENDS.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN

Now I'm afraid I must catch a plane. Look me up if any of you wind up in law school. Or jail.

The girls sashay up to the booth.

WIGGY

Ladies, slide on in. This is my man Clark over here, and you know Eric right?

The girls slide in, giggling.

ERIC

(to Blondie)

Hey, so what happened to you?

BLONDIE

Please. I'm a little angel. You're the bad boy around here.

Blondie grabs Eric's margarita, stares at him while she sucks hard on his straw and finishes his drink.

WIGGY
Manny! Mas margaritas por favor!

INT. NEW APARTMENT/BEDROOM - DAY

Morning after. Eric wakes up in bed alone, hungover. Heads into the bathroom.

INT. NEW APARTMENT/BATHROOM

The half-naked Blondie tweezers her eyebrows in the mirror.

ERIC
Whoa.

BLONDIE
Do you think my eyebrows are crooked?

He stares at her.

ERIC
Yes. Listen, I'm really sorry, but I have to go to class.

He gestures at the toilet.

ERIC (CONT'D)
And I sort of need to...

BLONDIE
Oh, does boo boo need to do a poo poo?

Eric nods slowly. Blondie giggles, checks her brows in the mirror, pecks him on the cheek and leaves.

INT. NEW APARTMENT/BEDROOM

Blondie gets dressed. Eric's phone rings, she looks for it, discovers the milk crate in the closet full of gold and cash.

She tucks a wad of bills into her purse, finds the phone -- still ringing, and hands it through the bathroom door.

INT. NEW APARTMENT/BATHROOM

Eric takes the phone.

ERIC
Dude. I'm so hungover.

INT. APARTMENT/CLARK'S ROOM

Clark at his desk, stares at his computer.

CLARK
(on phone)
You need to get over here.

INTERCUT ERIC/CLARK

BLONDIE (O.S.)
Bye bad boy.

ERIC
Why did you let me hook up with
that replicant again? Jesus.

CLARK
The shit has hit the fan.

ERIC
Wiggy?

CLARK
No man. Just come over.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

Eric shields his eyes from the sun as he runs down his steps,
then up the steps to Wiggy and Clark's.

INT. APARTMENT/CLARK'S ROOM

Wiggy and Clark stare at Clark's computer.

Eric walks in. Wiggy puts his hands on Eric's shoulders.

WIGGY
I just want you to know right now,
I had nothing to do with this.

Clark covers the screen with his hand.

CLARK
OK. You need to see this, but try
not to freak.

Clark moves his hand away to reveal Wiggy's video of Eric in the bathroom on YouTube.

ERIC
What the hell?

He takes a closer look.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Dude, there's like eight-hundred-thousand views! That video was supposed to be sealed.

CLARK
Suppressed.

ERIC
Whatever. Not seen. This is bad.

WIGGY
Check the comments.
(reading)
Does he fart gold dust? Wait, do you?

Eric is freaked.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Relax. You can't even hardly tell its you.

CLARK
It's true, that could be anybody.

INT. JIMMY KIMMEL LIVE STUDIO SET - NIGHT

JIMMY KIMMEL does his pre-show monologue.

JIMMY KIMMEL
Did you hear about this?
Apparently a twenty year old college student named Eric Greene has been found not guilty of burglary charges after showing a video of himself defecating solid gold. I don't see what's so special about this, I mean, I pee liquid gold every day. Sometimes two or three times.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Eric's mug shot is on the front page of "USA TODAY" with the headline "Is the Golden Goose a Man?"

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Several EMPLOYEES hover around a desk watching the YouTube clip - now approaching two million views.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY

Dozens of PASSENGERS stare at a TV.

ON SCREEN -- A news reader.

NEWS READER

Gold fever has struck in the oddest of places: The bathroom.

Eric's school I.D. picture flashes on screen.

NEWS READER (CONT'D)

It's all down to this young man who has what some people are calling, a Midas Butt.

MONTAGE - PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD CHECKING THEIR TOILETS

- An OBESE WOMAN calls her HUSBAND into a tacky bathroom. They stare down, shake their heads.
- A YOUNG GIRL sits on a toilet booster seat, smiles up at her PARENTS. Her Mother quickly lifts her off. Her Father peeks inside, shakes his head.
- An INDIAN SWAMI in Bombay stands up from squatting on the railroad tracks and looks down.
- A JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN in a hotel bathroom, timidly takes a downward peek before flushing.
- A GRIZZLY BEAR in the woods looks at the ground and ROARS.
- A YOUNG GIRL pokes around in the toilet with a Barbie Doll.
- A JANITOR pushes a mop bucket along a row of toilet stalls, checks inside each one.
- A CAMPER at a campground shines a flashlight down into an outhouse toilet.

- CROWDS at a music festival charge the portable toilets, knocking them to the ground.

INT. AFRICAN SCHOOLROOM - DAY

A group of laughing AFRICAN CHILDREN gathered around an ancient PC watch the YouTube video - now over five million views.

EXT. NEWS STAND - DAY

Tabloids have Eric on the cover. Two WOMEN thumb through a magazine, land on Eric's photo.

WOMAN 1
I'd kiss his ass.

WOMAN 2
Mmm-hmm.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

A STREET VENDOR sells T-shirts and bumper stickers with the slogan "My Shit Don't Stink" printed above an image of a gold turd.

STREET VENDOR
Shit shirts! Get your shit shirts here!

INT. JAPANESE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

Two JAPANESE STUDENTS watch the YouTube video on a mobile phone and laugh - now over ten million views.

EXT. GRIMSTEIN'S JEWELRY - DAY

Packed with customers. Grimstein places a sign in his window: "Fecal Gold!"

INT. SPARKY'S - NIGHT

Freya leans against the bar reading a college newspaper with Eric on the front page. Billy scarfs a plate of lasagne.

He notices the paper. Talks with his mouth full.

BILLY

I went through his employee meal tickets so I could eat exactly what he ate. Cool huh?

FREYA

He must be freaking.

BILLY

Yeah. Freaking rich. I would so do anything to have his problems.

Freya walks away, leaves Billy to study the newspaper.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What?

INT. NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Wiggy and Clark chill on the couch. Eric is on the phone.

ERIC

Mom, you know how we like to joke. It's a prank. A very bad prank.

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eric's Mom on her couch, watching TV news.

MOTHER

Do you have any idea how embarrassing this is? What am I supposed to tell people?

INTERCUT ERIC/MOTHER

ERIC

I don't know, tell them you're a great cook and it's all your fault.

MOTHER

How is this even possible? You're all over the news. I'm coming up there.

ERIC

Please don't Mom. I swear, this will all blow over.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Eric plops down on the couch between Wiggy and Clark, head down in his hands.

WIGGY

Man, you got to just roll with this dog. It is what it is. And it is what it be.

ERIC

What are you, M.C. Confucius now?

Eric points out the window.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Have you seen it out there? What my life be, is over.

Clark goes to the window, parts the blinds to reveal...

EXT. NEW APARTMENT

The parking lot filled with PAPARAZZI, NEWS REPORTERS, SCREAMING FANS -- and a BLACK JEEP CHEROKEE with tinted windows.

INT. NEW APARTMENT

CLARK

I think you have to talk to them.

ERIC

They've already seen me half-naked taking a dump! What more do they want?

WIGGY

Hey, seriously. I know you're down, but it isn't that bad. You have everything: money, hot girls, fame. If I was you I'd be stoked.

The doorbell RINGS.

ERIC

I'm not here.

Wiggy opens the door. It's Manny. He holds up a bag. The paparazzi try to get inside, shouting, taking pictures.

Wiggy waves Manny in.

WIGGY
 Hola Manny.

Manny kicks his way through piles of fan mail and flowers.

MANNY
 (to Eric)
 Amigo! You are big star hey? Good
 for my business. I show you.

Manny pulls a burrito from the bag, instead of the usual silver, it's wrapped in gold foil.

MANNY (CONT'D)
 El Burrito de Oro! No silver.
 Just for you my friend.

Manny hands the burrito to Eric.

MANNY (CONT'D)
 No charge amigo. Not for big star
 and his groupie.

WIGGY
 We're more like an entourage
 actually.

Eric walks to the window.

MANNY
 Why so sad amigo? You have good
 life.

WIGGY
 See? Manny gets it.

Eric tosses the burrito to Manny.

ERIC
 Manny can have it.

Eric leaves the room.

WIGGY
 Whatever. If I was him and I
 wanted something I'd just eat one
 of these and...

Wiggy sticks his bum out, makes a fart noise.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
 Shit it and git it.

Eric comes back carrying his high-school painting in one hand, a gold turd in the other. Heads out the door.

Clark and Manny go to the window to watch. Wiggy turns up the TV showing live coverage from outside their apartment.

ON SCREEN -- Eric stands at the top of the steps. Photographers, News Reporters and Fans shout questions.

FAN 1
There he is!

REPORTER 1
Are you on a special diet?

REPORTER 2
Why is this happening to you?

REPORTER 3
Is it true you were abducted by aliens?

FAN 2
Sign my toilet paper!

Eric holds up the gold turd. Cameras flash as the crowd goes quiet. Eric slowly cocks his arm and then tosses the turd far out into the parking lot.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Crowd goes mental. A NEIGHBOR gets the turd, holds it up triumphantly and is surrounded by paparazzi.

FAN 1
I'll give you ten grand for it right now!

REPORTER 1
What are you going to do with it?

The neighbor sniffs the turd lovingly.

NEIGHBOR
Smells like a new car!

Eric jumps into the Escalade and makes a clean get away.

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CLARK
He's lost it.

WIGGY
 Seriously.

MANNY
 El Burrito de Oro.

EXT. SPARKY'S - DAY

Eric parks the Escalade, gets out carrying the painting. Before he can enter the restaurant he is recognized.

A PHOTOGRAPHER gets in his face, snapping away. A News Reporter shoves a mic at him.

REPORTER 4
 Mr. Greene is it true you used to work here?

A crowd of ONLOOKERS gathers.

STUDENT 1
 Yeah, Golden Boy!

Eric's path is blocked.

INT. SPARKY'S

The commotion outside gets Freya's attention. She sees Eric near the front door surrounded by the crowd. Billy watches as she exits onto the sidewalk.

EXT. SPARKY'S

Camera flashes pop, Reporters shout, onlookers cheer. Freya raises an eyebrow at the scene.

ERIC
 I'm sorry. I wanted to see you.

FREYA
 Well, you've seen me. Now you can take the circus back on tour.

Eric grabs her arm. The crowd presses in.

ERIC
 I just wanted to say that I'm sorry. That's all. I was stupid.
 (MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Like those rednecks who win the lottery and instead of leaving the trailer park they just upgrade to a double-wide. You know?

Freya suppresses a laugh. Eric gestures at the crowd.

ERIC (CONT'D)

This isn't me. The gold thing. That's over now. I just want to go back to the way things were before.

FREYA

At least you know your shit does in fact stink. You need to watch some Dr. Phil or something. Learn to love yourself.

ERIC

I'm not even sure I like myself.

FREYA

I got to go.

Eric hands Freya the painting.

ERIC

Wait. I wanted to give you this. When I made it, it's the last time I felt good, besides hanging out with you. I don't know. Maybe it can be the first thing in your gallery someday.

FREYA

I thought I made you feel weird.

ERIC

You do. In a good way.

The crowd starts to chant.

CROWD

Kiss! Kiss! Kiss!

The crowd pushes Eric and Freya close. They look into each other's eyes. A flicker. Eric grabs his belly.

BILLY

Everybody clear out! This is a place of business. Scram, or I am so calling the cops.

Billy eyeballs the painting.

BILLY (CONT'D)
I wouldn't quit your day job. Oh,
wait.

Freya heads inside. Eric fights his way through the crowd back to his Escalade, but gets blocked by the Jock.

JOCK
Hey dickball.

The Blondie appears next to the Jock, teetering on heels.

ERIC
Are you serious?

Jock grabs Eric by his shirt and sinks his fist into Eric's stomach. Eric goes down on the sidewalk, gasping.

Jock showboats for the crowd. Cameras fire. Billy watches from the doorway approvingly as the Jock pulls back the elastic waistband of Eric's underwear.

JOCK
No gold in here. Just a pussy.

Jock gives Eric a hard wedgie.

CROWD
Ooh!

Jock grabs Blondie by the elbow and marches her away, she turns back to look at Eric on the ground.

BLONDIE
(mouthing)
Sorry.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

Eric drives away from Sparky's. The radio plays "Golden" by Jill Scott. Eric stabs at the stereo -- "Heart of Gold" by Neil Young comes on next. He stabs again -- "Golden Years" by David Bowie. And again -- "Goldigger" by Kanye West.

ERIC
Come on!

INT. NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Eric plops down on the couch, flicks on the TV.

ON SCREEN -- YouTube video of Eric in front of Sparky's getting punched. Freya visible, watching through the window.

Eric flicks off the TV, picks up the phone.

FREYA
(voice mail)
Hi, you have not reached...

Eric hangs up. His phone immediately rings and he answers without checking who it is.

ERIC
Freya, listen.

BLONDIE
Hey boo boo, its your other girlfriend.

Eric checks the phone. The caller I.D. photo is Blondie making a kissy face.

BLONDIE (CONT'D)
Are we going to party tonight?

ERIC
Your boyfriend just beat me up, in case you forgot, so no, we are not going to party tonight. Or any other night. Lose my number!

Eric hangs up. Calls Mom.

ERIC (CONT'D)
This is Lieutenant Smurtermeyer calling from N.A.S.A. We're doing a routine background check on one of our new astronauts and would like to confirm a few details.

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eric's mother is at the kitchen table.

MOTHER
Isn't it a bit soon for jokes?
You're still on the news here.

INTERCUT MOM/ERIC

ERIC

I need to talk with you about something. I was sort of a jerk to someone.

MOTHER

Well, when your father was a jerk he used to write me the sweetest love notes. Maybe you could try...

ERIC

Man Magic.

MOTHER

What?

ERIC

Nothing. Thanks Mom.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Eric searches the living room, clearing away empty Manny's bags, beer cans, clothing, etc.

He finds the napkin with Freya's favorite things on it.

He peeks out the window.

ERIC'S POV -- The black Jeep Cherokee is now parked in the far corner of the lot.

Eric looks through his notebook, finds the sketch of Freya, rips it out, flips it over, and starts to write.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Eric peers out the front door. The parking lot is empty, paparazzi gone for the night. Eric runs for the Escalade.

Tires SQUEAL. Eric looks up as the Jeep Cherokee screeches to a halt next to him. Two AGENTS in black suits jump out, taser guns firing. Eric is caught and loaded into the Jeep.

An ENVELOPE falls from his pocket onto the ground.

INT. F.B.I. RESEARCH LAB - DAY

Eric wakes up in a hospital bed. Straps secure his arms and legs. The room is sterile, more lab than hospital.

Several AGENTS observe as a NURSE injects fluid into an I.V. and Eric falls instantly asleep.

INT. F.B.I. TOMOGRAPHY ROOM - LATER

Eric wakes up inside a noisy C.T. scanner. No room to move. Eric yells, but the CLACKING of the machine drowns him out.

The Agents observe as an OPERATOR dials up the power.

INT. F.B.I. FLOAT TANK AREA - LATER

Eric wakes up in a large, glass float tank, up to his chin in water, restrained by an array of electrodes.

He frantically tries to paddle.

The Agents observe as a TECHNICIAN opens a valve.

INT. F.B.I. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

The Agents watch Eric through one-way glass. He sits in his underwear, one wrist chained to a table.

An Agent walks in carrying a stack of folders.

AGENT

The man with the golden bum.

The Agent opens a file.

AGENT (CONT'D)

Do you have any idea how much your little stunt cost the taxpayers of America?

Agent flips through the file.

AGENT (CONT'D)

We've done every test we have on you. And a few that we officially don't. And every single one shows you to be of no extraordinary biological value.

ERIC

So can I go?

AGENT (CONT'D)

You're normal. Physically anyway. So how did you do it?

ERIC
I didn't do anything. I think she
did it to me.

AGENT
Who is she?

ERIC
Nobody. You know what? It was all
a hoax and I'm truly sorry.

AGENT
Why did you do it?

ERIC
Because I wanted to hang out with
you and get tubes shoved up my
crack. Look, you think this whole
thing was a big prank and I just
admitted it. Ha ha. Gotcha. Now
can I go? Please? I need to be
somewhere.

AGENT
What do you mean? You were never
here.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

The fans and paparazzi are gone. The black Jeep Cherokee
deposits Eric on the sidewalk, still in his underwear.

A plastic Ziploc bag lands at his feet with his phone and
clothes in it. The Cherokee speeds away.

Eric picks up the bag, takes out his phone, dials as he heads
into his apartment.

FREYA
(voice mail)
Hi, you have not reached Freya.
Keep trying!

INT. NEW APARTMENT

The place has been ransacked.

ERIC
Sweet.

He heads to the fridge. Nothing inside except a half eaten
Burrito de Oro.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Ugh.

Eric starts righting furniture. He is startled by a KNOCK.

He opens the door to see TWO MEN in rubber Halloween masks.

One of the guys punches Eric straight in the face. The other duct tapes Eric's ankles, wrists and mouth.

That's right. Homeboy got nabbed. Again.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eric wakes up on the floor of a bathroom. He lifts himself up, tries the door - locked.

ERIC

This isn't funny guys.

He tries the only window. It won't budge. Too small for him to fit through anyway.

A note slides under the door. Eric picks it up, reads.

INSERT -- NOTE -- "Gold = Freedom"

Eric bangs on the door.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You're wasting your time.

Eric crumples the note. Notices a framed needlepoint.

INSERT -- NEEDLEPOINT QUOTE -- "If it's brown, flush it down. If it's yellow, let it mellow."

Eric jiggles the toilet flush lever. It's been duct taped so it can't move.

ERIC (CONT'D)

If it's gold, kill yourself.

INT. APARTMENT/WIGGY'S ROOM

Wiggy makes beats on his computer.

WIGGY

*Before you flush
You best be checkin'
Or your plumbing
You could be wreckin'.*

(MORE)

WIGGY (CONT'D)
 (beat)
 Hell yeah.

Wiggy takes off the headphones, walks out.

INT. APARTMENT/CLARK'S ROOM

Clark puts shipping labels on Ikea boxes.

WIGGY
 Manny's?

CLARK
 You're going to turn into a Burrito
 de Oro if you don't quit.

WIGGY
 You seen Poo?

Clark shakes his head.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
 Then I'm taking the Escalady. Back
 before you know jack.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

Wiggy walks up to the Escalade, notices Eric's envelope under the front tire. Picks it up.

INSERT -- ENVELOPE -- In metallic gold ink: A heart. "For Freya, from Eric."

WIGGY
 Tragic.

He tosses it on the dashboard and speeds away.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Empty bags from Subway, KFC, and McDonald's cover the floor. Eric stands flat against the wall behind the door.

ERIC
 OK. I got one. Big shiny one.

The kidnappers unlock the door and enter, masks on.

KIDNAPPERS POV: The bathroom appears empty.

KIDNAPPER 1

What the?

Eric jumps from behind the door and pushes Kidnapper 1.
Kidnapper 2 drops Eric to the floor with a left hook.

KIDNAPPER 2

Don't make me hurt you.

Eric rubs his jaw. Kidnapper 1 inspects the toilet.

KIDNAPPER 2 (CONT'D)

Gold?

Kidnapper 1 shakes his head "no."

Kidnapper 2 grabs the toilet brush, waves it at Eric.

KIDNAPPER 2

You better start squeezing out some
gold McNuggets or I'll cut them out
of you.

ERIC

With that?

KIDNAPPER 1

We're spending all our money on
food and getting nothing for it.

KIDNAPPER 2

It takes money to make money.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM - LATER

Eric notices a stained section of linoleum at the base of the
toilet. He uses his fingers to pry it up. Underneath the
wood floor is damp and rotted.

Eric forces a towel bar loose and uses it to poke the floor.

ERIC

(shouting to cover the
noise)

Just stretching my legs in here.
Gotta get my system working. Junk
food clogging me up.

INT. CABIN

Kidnappers sit on rustic log armchairs in front of a roaring
fire. Faces hidden from view.

KIDNAPPER 2
What's he whining about?

KIDNAPPER 1
Peristalsis.

KIDNAPPER 2
Peri what?

KIDNAPPER 1
Peristalsis. Its how the body moves food through the digestive system. See, the digestive tract is like a giant tube with a layer of muscle that enables the individual organ walls to propel food from one organ to the next, sort of like an ocean wave. The whole digestive process is more efficient if the body is moving. The more you move, the faster food moves through you.

INT. CABIN - MOMENTS LATER

Eric is duct taped to an armchair and being exercised by the masked Kidnappers. One of them bicycles Eric's legs while the other kneads his belly.

KIDNAPPER 1
This so feels wrong.

KIDNAPPER 2
Think about feeling rich.

Eric mumbles through the tape.

KIDNAPPER 2 (CONT'D)
Don't get cute.

Eric nods. The tape is ripped from his mouth.

ERIC
I can go.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM

Eric on the toilet. Skin pale, forehead sweaty, hair messy. The masked kidnappers stand at the door watching.

Eric grimaces, strains. SPLASH! Kidnapper 2 grabs Eric.

KIDNAPPER 2

Off!

Eric stands, covers himself with one hand, reaches for the toilet paper with the other.

Kidnappers look inside the bowl.

KIDNAPPER 1

That so isn't gold.

Kidnapper 2 pinches his nose.

KIDNAPPER 2

Damn. Your peri-ass is broke.

ERIC

I told you.

Kidnapper 2 holds up a tennis racket and a silver serving spoon. Hands it to Kidnapper 1.

KIDNAPPER 2

There has to be gold in there.

KIDNAPPER 1

I am so not doing that.

KIDNAPPER 2

Don't be a dickball.

ERIC

Hey, do I know you dudes?

Kidnapper 1 drops the spoon and racket into the toilet.

KIDNAPPER 1

Team meeting, kitchen.

INT. CABIN/KITCHEN

The masked Kidnappers argue.

KIDNAPPER 1

This is way too heavy. Let's just take him back.

KIDNAPPER 2

No way. I already spent a hundred bucks on food.

KIDNAPPER 1

Maybe he needs better food.

KIDNAPPER 2

So go get some then. Get some Ex-Lax too. Just in case.

INT. SPARKY'S/BAR - DAY

Slow lunch. Freya at the bar. Cool Waiter comes over, tosses a newspaper at her.

COOL WAITER

Get a load of this.

INSERT -- NEWSPAPER -- Eric's picture with headline: "Golden Boy Stinks! Leaked F.B.I. Probe Reveals Prank."

COOL WAITER (CONT'D)

He was full of it huh?

FREYA

You have no idea.

COOL WAITER

Yeah, actually I do. I ate everything he did. In order. We all did. And I promise you bro, none of us struck gold.

Billy comes over, looking stressed and tired.

BILLY

Let me see that.

Billy takes the paper and heads into the kitchen. He grabs a plastic bag full of to-go boxes, and heads out the back door.

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Eric's Mom watches TV news.

ON SCREEN -- Video of Eric getting beat up by the Jock.
Ticker across the bottom of the screen: "Golden Boy: HOAX!"

NEWS READER

The so called Golden Boy has lost his touch, or more correctly, never had it. The whole thing it seems was a college prank.

Eric's Mom picks up the phone.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM

Eric has the linoleum section peeled back. He's made a tiny hole in the floor. He peers down through it.

ERIC'S POV: A crawl space under the cabin about a foot tall.

Eric hears his phone RING. Stops working to listen.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Kidnapper 2 scrambles through the cabin, finds Eric's phone on the kitchen floor.

ON SCREEN -- Mom.

KIDNAPPER 2

(shouting)

Hey shit for brains. It's your Mommy. Better start grinding out those twenty-four karat yule logs if you want ever want to talk to her again.

Kidnapper 2 ceremoniously rejects the call, tosses the phone in the garbage.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM - DAY

Eric chips away at the floor. The hole is getting bigger.

KIDNAPPER 2 (O.S.)

What took you so long?

KIDNAPPER 1 (O.S.)

You're not going to believe this!

Eric freezes, listening.

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The Kidnappers read the college newspaper.

KIDNAPPER 2

Prank! What do they mean?

KIDNAPPER 1

I say we cut our losses and let him go.

Kidnapper 2 digs Eric's phone out of the trash can.

KIDNAPPER 2
I got another idea.

INT. MOM'S APARTMENT

Eric's Mom stirs soup on the oven, cradles the phone.

MOTHER
El Bulli, kitchen, may I help you?

INT. CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Kidnappers huddle around the phone, on speaker.

KIDNAPPER 1
El Bulli closed.

KIDNAPPER 2
(Colombian accent)
We are professional kidnappers. We have your son. We want two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand dollars or we'll flush him down the toilet in tiny pieces.

INTERCUT KIDNAPPERS/MOM

MOTHER
Honey, I'm not sure it's such a good time for more jokes.

KIDNAPPER 2
This isn't a joke.

MOTHER
No? OK, well tell the MENSA mastermind, abstract impressionist, astronaut, nuclear fission genius to call me when you let him go. I'm hanging up now.

KIDNAPPER 1
That went well.

KIDNAPPER 2
Shut up dickball. Let me think.

INT. APARTMENT/CLARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Late afternoon. Clark is stacking Ikea cartons.

WIGGY
Yo. What is all this anyhow?

CLARK
You know how people love Ikea, but they also hate Ikea?

WIGGY
Hundred percent.

CLARK
Well, I get bookcases, list them on "the Bay" with a twenty percent markup. Plus delivery. People pay it happily just to avoid going there.

WIGGY
You ever sell the turd we listed?

CLARK
It's up to eleven grand.

They're interrupted by a KNOCK at the door.

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY

Wiggy opens door. No one there. Just a note.

INSERT -- NOTE -- Letters, words and headlines torn from the college newspaper spell out: "\$250,000. Taylor Park. Midnight tomorrow. Or Golden Boy Deceased Notices."

WIGGY
Yo!

Wiggy hands Clark the note.

CLARK
Think its legit?

WIGGY
Poo ain't been around for a couple days.

Wiggy's phone RINGS.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
This is him now.
(into phone)
What up player?

ERIC
Sell everything. Tell Freya I'm
sorry.

WIGGY
Say what?

KIDNAPPER 2
Hear that dickball? Bring the
money or Golden Boy gets flushed.

WIGGY
Yo, who is this?

By now Wiggy is talking to a dial tone.

WIGGY
He said sell everything.

CLARK
For real? By tomorrow? No way
we'll get two-hundred-and-fifty K
by then.

WIGGY
I say we find these bitches, put a
cap in their ass and get our boy
back.

CLARK
You're like a parody of yourself
you know that? We should call the
cops.

WIGGY
No way. We take care of this
ourselves. We family.

CLARK
All right Tupac.

Clark grabs his digital camera.

CLARK (CONT'D)
Let's go see what we got.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM

Eric chips away at the hole, almost big enough to fit
through.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clark goes through Eric's apartment snapping photos. Wiggy counts cash out of a milk crate.

WIGGY

Can you believe this? Homey got thirty G's sitting in a milk crate!

CLARK

OK, so. Thirty plus the bikes, Jet Skis, and all the toys in here and we should be at about one-fifty.

WIGGY

Plus three bling bombs.

CLARK

And the one on eBay. So call that one-ninety. Think they'll negotiate?

WIGGY

Please.

CLARK

The Escalade.

WIGGY

Aw, no man, not the Esky.

CLARK

Pictures.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Wiggy has his phone out, lining up the perfect sunset photo of the Escalade.

INT. ESCALADE

Wiggy sees the envelope for Freya on the dashboard.

EXT. SPARKY'S - NIGHT

Wiggy and Freya on sidewalk. She reads Eric's note.

WIGGY

We're selling everything.

Wiggy waves the ransom note at the illegally parked Caddy.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Even the Escalade.

FREYA
Porsche was cooler.

WIGGY
Look, I'm getting you don't like
him right now, but the boy is crazy
about you. We could use your help.

Freya pockets the note. Stares hard at Wiggy.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM

Eric wearily chips away at the hole.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wiggy and Clark finish up listings on eBay.

CLARK
Even if we sell everything with
"Buy It Now" its going to be tight.

WIGGY
We could put yard sale flyers up in
the Student Union.

CLARK
Good idea. You can sort out the
gold?

WIGGY
Hell yeah. Grimstein and me is
tight now.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

A giant sign, hand painted on a sheet: "Massive Yard Sale
Today Only." Clark takes cash from a BUYER loading a pinball
machine into a pickup.

CLARK
Thank you.

Clark turns to help STUDENTS move a giant TV.

Wiggy and Freya pull up in the Escalade. Wiggy waves a fat
wad of cash.

WIGGY
Old man came through.

FREYA
I'm only helping so I can kill him
myself.

CLARK
Cool. Some Doctor called about the
truck. He's coming by tonight.

WIGGY
(to Freya)
Ain't no Doctor fly enough for that
ride.

MONTAGE - YARD SALE

- A FRAT GUY pays Clark. His BROTHERS carry an air hockey table away.
- A FATHER and two very excited young SONS pay Freya and hook up the trailer with the motorbikes on it.
- Three TWEAKERS pay Wiggy for the D.J. and stereo gear.
- The milk crate half full of cash
- An ELDERLY COUPLE drive away with the hot tub trailer.
- An INDIAN FAMILY overload their tiny car with furniture.
- Two STUDENTS roll away the Foosball table on skateboards.
- The milk crate nearly full of cash
- Clark's computer screen. His eBay in-box full of "Your Item Sold!" messages -- including the gold turd for \$15,000
- A MAFIOSO walks out with Eric's suit.
- The milk crate overflowing with cash.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Kidnappers sit by the fire, back to us.

KIDNAPPER 1
What if they don't come?

KIDNAPPER 2
Then we leave him on the highway in
his underwear.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Kidnappers barge in, masks on. Eric quickly covers the hole, trying to look calm. The towel rod rolls away.

Kidnapper 2 picks up the rod, smacks it into his palm.

KIDNAPPER 2

Oh tough guy? You want to hit me with that?

ERIC

I was pulling myself up and it came off.

Kidnapper 2 raises the rod at Eric as if to hit him.

KIDNAPPER 2

You better hope your little friends show up.

(to Kidnapper 1)

Tape him up good.

Kidnapper 1 tapes Eric's mouth, wraps his wrists. Kidnapper 2 peers into the toilet.

KIDNAPPER 2 (CONT'D)

Damn it.

He looks at his watch and walks out with the towel rod.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wiggy, Clark and Freya sit on the floor in the empty apartment. Clark counts the cash.

CLARK

One-eighty.

WIGGY

That's it?

FREYA

That's a lot.

WIGGY

We need more.

CLARK

What about the Escalade?

The doorbell rings. Wiggy gets up and opens the door. It's DR. DRE. His ENTOURAGE behind him on the steps.

DR. DRE
Yo, yo. You sellin' that Esky out
front?

Wiggy, speechless for once.

DR. DRE (CONT'D)
We got the wrong joint?

WIGGY
Nah, nah. You got it right. You.
You're. Ho! Snap. I can't
believe this! Dr. Dre right here.
In the house!

Clark and Freya come to the door.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
(to Clark)
Yo! This is the Doctor? Why
didn't you tell me?

Clark and Freya don't get it.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Seriously. Death Row? The
Chronic? N.W.A.?

Clark and Freya shake their heads. Wiggy waves them off,
steps outside.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

WIGGY
They don't know.

Dr. Dre points at the Escalade.

DR. DRE
Why you want to sell that sweet
ride?

WIGGY
Have to. Got a brother in trouble,
need the cash.

DR. DRE
I hear that.

They walk over to the truck followed by Dre's entourage.
Wiggy keys the alarm. Dr. Dre gets in the driver's seat,
puts on the stereo. Bass booms -- it's Wiggy's demo.

DR. DRE (CONT'D)
What's this?

WIGGY
Just some stuff I've been working
on.

DR. DRE
Tight.
(beat)
How much you need?

WIGGY
Seventy?

Dr. Dre nods out the window at his entourage. One of them steps forward with a briefcase, opens it. Dr. Dre grabs seven stacks and hands them to Wiggy.

DR. DRE
You know why most rappers go broke?
They got no economic sense. See, a
new car depreciates twenty percent
the second you drive it off the
lot.

Dr. Dre puts his hands out for the keys.

WIGGY
Forget Tupac, may he rest in peace,
you are the man. Love you.
Seriously.

DR. DRE
Get your bro out of that trouble,
hear?

Wiggy watches Dr. Dre and his entourage motor off.

INT. CABIN - NIGHT

Eric's phone rings somewhere on the newspaper covered coffee table. Kidnapper 2 finds it, sees Blondie's picture on the caller I.D.

He goes to answer, but misses the call. He throws the phone into the fireplace.

KIDNAPPER 1
Major, major, major penalty!

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kidnapper 2 kicks in the bathroom door. Eric is gone. He checks behind the door.

KIDNAPPER 1
What's going on?

KIDNAPPER 2
What's it look like Einstein? He's gone.

Kidnapper 2 steps in the wrong spot and falls through the linoleum covered hole, smashing his head on the toilet.

He tries to move, but he's bigger than Eric, and stuck. He wriggles awkwardly as Kidnapper 1 yanks his arms.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clark and Freya look at a map. Wiggy runs in with the money.

WIGGY
Got it!

CLARK
Cool.

Clark looks at his watch.

CLARK (CONT'D)
All we need now is a plan.

All three gather around the map.

INSERT -- MAP -- State Park map of "Taylor Park."

EXT. TAYLOR PARK WOODS - NIGHT

Eric runs awkwardly down a dirt road, wrists taped behind his back, mouth still covered.

EXT. CABIN - NIGHT

The Kidnappers stand outside the cabin, next to a car. Kidnapper 2 is scratched up, clothes torn.

KIDNAPPER 1
I knew this was a bad idea.

KIDNAPPER 2
Shut up. We're still doing the deal.

KIDNAPPER 1
How?

KIDNAPPER 2 (CONT'D)
We'll fake it.

KIDNAPPER 1
What do you mean fake it? You can't fake giving someone back. What if he's gone to the cops?

KIDNAPPER 2
Settle. We're in the middle of a National Park. Where's he gonna go? We'll just pretend we have him, get the money and split. Easy.

EXT. TAYLOR PARK WOODS - NIGHT

Eric runs, breathing heavy through his nose. He hears a car coming, hides behind a tree.

The Kidnappers zoom by. Eric steps back out onto the road, starts jogging, heading for lights in the distance.

EXT. TAYLOR STATE PARK - NIGHT

Headlights flare as Clark and Wiggy pull into the sign posted park entrance in Wiggy's car. Freya in the back seat.

They slowly approach a wooden bridge and are blinded by flashing headlights. Wiggy slams on the brakes.

WIGGY
Show time.

CLARK
I don't like this.

FREYA
I'll second that.

Wiggy gets out of the car, grabs the milk crate out of the back seat, holds it up over his head.

Car doors slam in the distance. Slowly, two figures emerge through the evening mist: The Kidnappers in their masks.

KIDNAPPER 2
Bring the money over!

Clark gets out of the car, stands behind Wiggy.

CLARK
Let him go first!

KIDNAPPER 2
Put the money down in the middle
and go back to your car. Then
we'll let him go.

Wiggy looks at Clark and Freya. They nod -- "Do it."

Wiggy drops the crate in the middle of the bridge and then slowly walks backwards to the car.

Eric suddenly bursts through the trees, runs awkwardly through the surprised Kidnappers to the middle of the bridge and kicks the milk crate of cash off it.

KIDNAPPER 2
No!

Eric runs to Wiggy and Clark as dollar bills flutter down into the water and float away.

Freya jumps out of the car.

WIGGY
Ho!

Eric gets to the car, Freya helps him in. Wiggy and Clark jump in and spin gravel as they pass a Park Ranger patrol car coming towards them.

Behind them the Kidnappers freeze in the Park Police spotlight. Dollar bills flutter away in the dark.

INT. WIGGY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Wiggy drives fast.

WIGGY
Yo those rent-a-cops on us?

CLARK
No. We're good.

WIGGY
That was crazy right?

Eric is in the back seat next to Freya. She pulls the duct tape away his mouth.

ERIC
What are you doing here?

FREYA
I'm not sure yet.

ERIC
I'm so sorry. I had everything I thought I wanted, but really I had nothing.

CLARK
You definitely have nothing now. We sold all your shit - literally and figuratively - to raise the ransom you just deposited in the river.

WIGGY
Poo crazy.
(rapping)
*He kicked the cash.
It went in with a splash.
And then my boy Poo did...
The hundred yard dash!*

FREYA
Shut up!

ERIC
Shut up!

Freya opens the envelope, holds the sketch/card up in front of Eric's face.

FREYA
Did you mean everything you wrote here? Because if you did, then I want to hear you say it. Out loud. To me. Now.

ERIC
It's just, the way I feel when I'm with you. I've never felt anything like it. It's like you're inside me, a part of me. And all I know is I want more. I don't care about the gold, the money, or the toys. All I want is you.

Freya leans in, kisses Eric. His stomach GURGLES loudly.

Clark and Wiggy bump fists in the front seat.

FREYA

We have our whole careers to make money. And in the meantime, if I'm going to give you a second chance, you need to get your shit together.

Freya pokes him in the heart.

FREYA (CONT'D)

In here.

ERIC

Might be easier if you un-tape me.

Wiggy pulls out a giant kitchen knife.

CLARK

Whoa!

ERIC

What is that?

WIGGY

It's my nine yo. Nine inches of kidnapper killin' steel. Just in case things didn't go as planned.

CLARK

We didn't have a plan.

WIGGY

Hence the nine.

Freya grabs the knife, cuts Eric's hands free, throws the knife in the back.

Eric rubs his wrists. He and Freya kiss again. Longer this time. His stomach GURGLES again, loudly. She pulls back and looks at him.

ERIC

I swear it only does that when you're around.

INT. (OLD) APARTMENT - DAY

Several days later. Eric on the phone, walks into the living room, opens his small closet. It's back the way it was before, stacked milk crates holding all his stuff.

ERIC
 Yes Mom, everything is fine. I'll
 see you next week. Astronaut Green
 over and out.

He hangs up. Tosses brushes, paints and Art History books
 into his backpack.

On his way out he passes Wiggy writing lyrics in a notebook.

WIGGY
 We gonna party tonight?

ERIC
 Got a date with Freya.

WIGGY
 You gonna hit that finally?

ERIC
 Come on man.

WIGGY
 What? I'm just saying.

Wiggy gestures at his poorly decorated room.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
 You can use the Den of love if you
 need more room to maneuver.

ERIC
 I'm good.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Eric cuts through campus on his bike, crosses Main Street,
 jumps the sidewalk in front of Sparky's and skids to a stop.

EXT. SPARKY'S - DAY

Cool Waiter smokes outside. On the front window a sign.
 "Now Hiring: Full-time Manager."

COOL WAITER
 Hey bro.

Eric reaches in his bag, pulls out two Sparky's shirts.

ERIC
 Give these back for me?

COOL WAITER
How did you do it anyway? I know it
ain't the food in this joint.

ERIC
All you got to do is find a girl
with a heart of gold.

Eric rides off.

COOL WAITER
Yeah, well, I had dibs!

EXT. MANNY'S - NIGHT

A line of customers extends out the door.

INT. MANNY'S - NIGHT

Place is packed. Festive. Eric and Freya sit in a booth.
DINERS recognize Eric. Freya and Eric eat Burrito de Oros.

Manny serves Burritos to a nearby table.

MANNY
El Burrito de Oro! Ole!

DINERS repeat the cheer "Ole!"

FREYA
I was surprised you wanted to come
here.

ERIC
I know, but our first date was here
and I thought...

FREYA
That was a date?

Eric is lost for words. Freya pokes him. Manny delivers
margaritas and hands Eric the college newspaper.

MANNY
You are still famoso amigo!

INSERT -- COLLEGE NEWSPAPER -- Front page mug shots of Billy
and the Jock. Headline: "Golden Boy Kidnappers Convicted."

MANNY (CONT'D)

You come again soon amigo? Always
no charge for you and your lovely
señorita.

ERIC

Manny...

MANNY

Look my restaurant. All the time
full. Because of you amigo.
Everybody want to eat the Burrito
de Oro. Lucky for me. Lucky for
you. Maybe they get lucky too.

Manny smiles, bows his head, winks at Freya.

EXT. MANNY'S - NIGHT

Eric and Freya walk down the sidewalk rubbing their stomachs.
Eric's is GURGLING.

FREYA

Food. Coma. Can't. Walk.

Eric pulls out a key and nods towards a shiny new wheelbarrow
chained to a lamp post. Freya laughs.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Now that is sexy.

They walk over to it. Eric unlocks the chain, gestures
grandly, and offers his hand.

ERIC

My lady.

Freya climbs in. Eric pushes her down the sidewalk into the
sunset.

FREYA

Faster!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Morning. Wheelbarrow parked in bushes out front.

Clark and the Asian girl load a bookcase into a truck with
"Yin & Yang Bookshelf Co." painted on the side. They kiss,
get in and drive away.

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY - DAY

Wiggy walks down the hallway, beat-boxing and admiring his demo CD.

The closet door slides open, startling him. Inside on the tiny mattress are Eric and Freya.

WIGGY

Aw yeah Poo! Closet of love!

Eric grabs a towel, kisses Freya, heads to the bathroom. Wiggy gives him a thumbs up.

INT. APARTMENT/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

There's a shiny new knob and heavy duty lock on the bathroom door.

Eric is on the toilet, shirtless, toothbrush in hand. He looks up to the ceiling, straining. We move in closer on his mouth. Up close, grimacing. And then...

CLANK!

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Eric returns to the closet, snuggles in next to Freya. He pulls out a gold turd, shows it to her.

ERIC

It's definitely not the burritos.

AMY

It's definitely still gross.

They kiss, Eric slides the closet door shut.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Days later. Eric is in the living room with Wiggy, Clark Freya and his Mom. Isaac the Butler is back serving drinks.

In the background several large canvases and an easel.

Eric has gifts for everyone.

ERIC

Just some small tokens of my appreciation for sticking with me.

Clark unwraps a gold plated mouse.

CLARK

Oh man, I totally need this. I mean, not a gold one, but, thanks.

Wiggy unwraps a gold tooth grill. Everyone laughs.

WIGGY

Nah man. I know where that gold's been.

Eric hands his Mom an envelope. She opens it, curious.

INSERT -- HOSPITAL BILL -- The account shows a zero balance. A large red stamp reads "Paid in Full."

She hugs Eric.

MOTHER

You may not be a MENSA genius, astronaut, or a nuclear physicist, but I'm proud of you. Just how you are. And your Father would be too.

Eric hands a gift to Freya. She unwraps it - a replica of the gold King Tut necklace she admired in the library.

Eric puts in around her neck.

ERIC

You were right. It does look hot on you.

They have a long kiss.

WIGGY

Aw snap!

Wiggy pops in the grill, starts dancing and rapping.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

(rapping)

*Shake your booty!
You know what to do.
Move your money maker,
Like the King of Poo!*

CUT TO:

"KING OF POO" MUSIC VIDEO

INT. ORNATE GILDED BATHROOM - NIGHT

Wiggy raps to camera, flashes his gold tooth grill.

The sorority girls are back too, looking hot, dressed in gold lamé doing a "Booty Dance" in the background.

INTERCUT stills of the songs meteoric rise up the music charts -- all the way to Number 2.

WIGGY

*Who is the man
Took a gold number two?
He's not King Midas,
He's the King of Poo!*

*When it first occurred,
He couldn't believe,
What shot out of his
Sphincter sleeve.*

*He looked in the toilet
And what did he see?
A shiny gold shit
Floating in pee-pee.*

*He reached right in
And took a sniff,
It was solid gold baby,
He couldn't get a whiff.*

*So he took it to a jeweler,
To try and get rich
Instead he got arrested,
Now ain't that a bitch.*

*But now it's all good,
Found not guilty in court.
Poo lives in two closets
Not a mansion or a fort.*

*If you're short of money,
Don't doom and gloom
Try a Manny's burrito,
and hit the rest room.
But before you flush,
You better be checkin'
Or pipes and plumbing,
You could be wreckin'.*

(MORE)

WIGGY (CONT'D)
*And if you get lucky,
You just might see,
A solid gold nugget
Waiting for thee.*

Dr. Dre joins Wiggy to rap the chorus, Blondie clinging to his side.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Ahh... Shake your booty!

DR. DRE
You know what to do.

WIGGY
Move your money maker.

DR. DRE
Like the King of Poo!

WIGGY
*Shake your booty! You know
what to do. Move your money
maker, Like the
King...of...Poo!*

DR. DRE
*Shake your booty! You know
what to do. Move your money
maker, Like the
King...of...Poo!*

FADE OUT.