

THE MIDAS FLUSH

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Toothpaste dribbles from a grimacing mouth.

A nose and eyes come into frame, then the entire, strained face of ERIC GREENE, 20, handsome on a good hair day.

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

Eric looks up to the ceiling. SPLASH. Relief.

The doorknob rattles. Lock visibly broken.

Eric's roommate WIGGY, 22, a Tupac worshipping, Eminem wannabe, kicks open the door.

WIGGY

Check it!

Wiggy dances into the bathroom holding an invisible mic.

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 the laptop.

WIGGY

Yo what you got? Gang bang?

MILFs?

ERIC

Come on!

WIGGY

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. Toothpaste spatters 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!

CLARK
These came too.

Clark drops a stack of bills on the sink, gives him a thumbs up.

ERIC
Will you dudes please get out of here?

WIGGY
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. Milk crate shelves hold all his belongings.

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. APARTMENT/CLARK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric walks past Clark's room, full of perfectly stacked Ikea boxes.

Clark lists Ikea bookshelves on eBay, bangs his stuck mouse on the desk.

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY

Eric slides open a hall closet. A Rembrandt-esque painting hangs inside. He tosses the envelopes onto a narrow foam mattress. This is his bedroom.

Yep, you read that right. Homey 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, 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.

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 the
genius?

INTERCUT ERIC/MOTHER

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

Eric rides away one-handed.

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 use this money for you.
 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)
 I think a centrifuge just blew up
 Mom. 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 Frisbee and having a BBQ
- A car load of STUDENTS pulling a water ski boat
- A BAND setting up outside the Student Union
- STONERS moving furniture out onto the lawn
- SUPPORTERS in school colors heading to a game

EXT. SPARKY'S - CONTINUOUS

Eric jumps onto the sidewalk. His back tire bangs the curb, hisses flat.

ERIC

Great.

He locks his bike. Reluctantly enters Sparky's.

INT. SPARKY'S/DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Brass & fern decor. Eric heads for the kitchen, exchanges greetings with WAIT STAFF as they prep.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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

BILLY (O.S.)

Nice of you to join us Mr. Greene.

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

Billy smacks Eric on the side of the head.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Hey, you OK? I said 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 kind of 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 guy WAITER, 21, comes up behind him.

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

INT. SPARKY'S - NIGHT - LATER

Big game 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 with a 10 body, a 3 brain
and 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, hand hidden behind his tray.

ERIC
 (softly)
 What's this mean?

Freya saw the whole thing. Walks Eric to the kitchen.

FREYA
 He knows we can spit in his food
 right?

ERIC
 Too late for Secret Sauce, 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.

Out on the floor a dish CLATTERS to the floor.

JOCK (O.S.)
 Whoa! Major penalty!

Billy runs into the dining room.

INT. SPARKY'S/DINING ROOM

Freya is at the Jock's table, tray empty. He's wearing a side order of blue cheese dressing.

BILLY
 I'm so sorry.

Billy waves Freya away from their table. She shrugs at an incredulous Eric on her way past.

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

Billy gestures at Eric to get it.

JOCK
 How about you pay for dry cleaning
dickball.

That's right. He said "dickball." And he'll say it again too. Think of it as his signature insult.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN

Eric garnishes two ice cream sundaes.

Billy grabs the sundaes, serves them to Jock and his date.

Blondie feeds Jock like a baby. Secret Sauce on every bite.

BLONDIE
 This will make it all better boo
 boo.

Eric and Freya watch from the kitchen.

FREYA
 Yeah?

ERIC
 Oh yeah.

Freya offers Eric a high-five. He slaps with one hand, grabs his GURGLING belly with the other.

EXT. SPARKY'S - NIGHT

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

FREYA
 Good night?

ERIC
 Epic night. After what you did?
 Your my hero.

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

She eyes his burrito. He 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 booms, license plate rattles.

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

ERIC
 I don't know him.

Wiggy checks Freya out.

WIGGY
 Damn! What's up baby doll?

ERIC
 Need a lift?

FREYA
 Thanks, I got my bike. Plus my
 ears might break.

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 GURGLING 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
 (rapping)
*I'm the kid from Connecticut,
 I grew up hard.
 Golf carts and gazebos
 (MORE)*

WIGGY (CONT'D)
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 gone. Rent, books, bills, tuition. You know, stuff your parents give you money for.

WIGGY
Oh so it's like that?

Wiggy starts the car, peels out.

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

ERIC'S P.O.V.

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
I wish I was rich.

Wiggy (no aura) slaps Eric on the knee, ruins the moment.

WIGGY
Me too, then you could pay for gas.

Eric sighs, peels off some bills, rolls them like a joint, puts it in Wiggy's mouth.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Aw yeah! Cash money bluntin'.

INT. APARTMENT/CLARK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Eric enters. Clark quickly closes an "Asian Connections" website, opens eBay.

Eric drops his wad of tips on Clark's desk, all one dollar bills. Clark thumbs through them.

CLARK
Ever heard of Venmo?

ERIC
Cash is king.

INT. APARTMENT/HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. BATHROOM - NEXT DAY (MORNING)

Eric on the toilet, toothbrush in hand. Straining. Then, a metallic CLUNK.

Eric looks down between his legs, confused, jumps off the toilet. Pants falling down.

ERIC'S P.O.V.

In the bowl sits a clean, shiny GOLD TURD.

No, this isn't a dream sequence. In case you didn't get it from the title, this movie is about a guy who shits 100% solid gold.

Wiggy kicks in the door, video camera phone in hand.

WIGGY
Video gangster!

Eric pulls up his pants. Stares at the turd in shock.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
What up Swami? You got a king
cobra coiled up in there or what?

Wiggy zooms in on the toilet.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Damn. What did you eat?

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

INSERT - P.O.V. WIGGY'S VIDEO PHONE

Eric slowly reaches into the water, grabs the turd.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
You playing me, right?

Eric spins around, drops it in the sink. Pokes at it. Solid. Sniffs it. No smell.

ERIC
Stop filming. Delete that.

BACK TO SCENE

Wiggy pockets his video phone.

WIGGY
That is some serious bling yo.

They stare at the turd closely. Clark walks past the open bathroom door.

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 with two fingers, palms it, testing the weight. He squeezes it in his fist, hard. It's solid.

CLARK
Still warm.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Clark holds the gold turd.

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.

INSERT - GOLD TURD

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's definitely gold.

ERIC

Maybe I was abducted by aliens.

WIGGY

Yo, seriously, 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, takes off. Wiggy shouts after him.

WIGGY

Yo, bring me two orders!

He turns to Eric, rubs his hands together.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

Gonna drop me a big ol' nugget.

ERIC

I could be dying you know.

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
tryin'.

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

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

Wiggy does calisthenics and massages his belly.

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 the service area, 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. A ribbon of butter oozes out.

Freya leans in to look closely at his face, slyly 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, licks his finger seductively sings into it like a microphone.

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

FREYA
 Wow.

INT. SPARKY'S/BATHROOM

Eric sits on the toilet, freaking, then... CLANK.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN - DAY

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

BILLY
 You look like a turd. Close out
 and go home.

Billy gyrates his hips behind Freya.

BILLY (CONT'D)
 We got this.

EXT. CAMPUS - NIGHT

Eric walks his bike with the flat tire. Takes out his phone,
 dials.

MOTHER
 (filtered)
 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?

Eric's Mom puts down her tea.

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 I mentioned 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 or what?

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, hands it back.

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

Clark sits in the passenger seat of Wiggy's car. Eric and Wiggy kneel down next to the car. Wiggy bangs a turd on the pavement, molds it into a small bar.

ERIC
Dude, this is a bad idea.

CLARK (O.S.)
Hey.

Eric and Wiggy look up to see hairy, old MR. GRIMSTEIN, come to the door. He flips a "closed" sign to "open."

WIGGY
Let's do this.

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

GRIMSTEIN

Do you mind if 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 puts a hand to his chin, feigns indecision.

ERIC

We'll take it.

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. Wiggy and Eric run out of the store.

CLARK

Uh oh.

Clark slides into the driver's seat, starts up the car. Eric and Wiggy pile in. Clark peels 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 practically two grand an ounce.

WIGGY

Whatever. Poo just sold his freaky feces for cold cash baby. Cash. Money!

ERIC

Will you shut up? Let's get out of here. I got class now anyway.

WIGGY

Oh no way. Class is canceled.

INT. GOLDEN NIGHTS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB - NIGHT

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

STRIPPER

What are you, gay?

Wiggy and Clark laugh. Wiggy hands Eric a shot. He knocks it back, stuffs money in the strippers bra.

ERIC

Listen. You're nice, I like you, but...

STRIPPER

You're gay.

WIGGY

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

CLARK

Closets. Sss. He so gay, he's in two closets!

STRIPPER

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

WIGGY

Wait, what? No!

Eric throws a wad of bills at Wiggy, stumbles away from the table.

Wiggy paws at fluttering bills.

WIGGY (CONT'D)

Baby come back.
(to Eric)
Yo where you going?

ERIC

To the ATM.

INT. GOLDEN NIGHTS/MEN'S ROOM

Eric sits in a toilet stall, 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.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
 I didn't think you'd be on it
 'cause you're new, but there you
 were.

(hiccup)
 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 probably.

He hangs up, leans against the stall, shuts his eyes.

INT. GOLDEN NIGHTS GENTLEMAN'S CLUB

Loud music. Wiggy on stage, does deep squats and poops
 invisible gold turds which he scoops up and "throws" into the
 crowd.

Red faced Clark throws money at Wiggy.

CLARK
 Get a boob job flat front!

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, head against the wall. His phone
 vibrates, 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: Asleep in an armchair, hand down his pants, a half
eaten burrito on his lap.

Clark: Naked, passed out, face down on the couch, rolled up
tortillas fan out of his bum crack.

Eric: Hungover, fixes his flat tire, grabs a clean Sparky's
shirt and heads out.

INT. SPARKY'S/KITCHEN - DAY

Eric not coping well.

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 embarrassed.

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 too 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 an all-time favorite!

ERIC
What else is on the list?

FREYA
What list?

Eric takes out a pen, grabs a clean napkin from a nearby
table.

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 has to be 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. Has to go on the
list.

ERIC

Got it.

They exchange a look. A connection.

Manny drops off 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 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 hesitates. Freya grabs her bike.

FREYA (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. It was fun.

Eric rubs his stomach.

ERIC
Do you feel weird at all?

FREYA
No? Wait, weird good? Or weird,
weird?

ERIC
Good. Really good.

She gives him a quick kiss on the cheek.

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.

Freya rides off.

Eric's grabs his stomach, turns and does the "about to poo my
pants shuffle" back into Manny's.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A Biology lecture comes to an end. Eric makes his way down
to the front. Waits for students chatting with PROFESSOR
MILTON to clear out.

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.

Milton storms off.

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, hurriedly wraps it
in toilet paper, stuffs it in his front pants pocket.

Quickly washes his hands, checks his hair, pulls down his
shirt to cover the bulge in his pocket.

INT. MUSEUM OF FINE ART - GALLERY - DAY

Freya waits by a sculpture.

FREYA
I was about to send in the cavalry.

ERIC
Yeah, sorry. I'm fine.

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, goofs around, tip-toes right up to the line. Freya pushes him over it, 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 another painting, 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 his finger against a hubcap, it PINGS like a cymbal.

ERIC
Come on, it's beautiful.

Security Guard comes over, puts his hand on the hub cap to stop it pinging.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Sorry.

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

EXT. MUSEUM OF FINE ART

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

INT. SPARKY'S - DAY

Lunch shift. Eric serves a cheese burger 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. Cool Waiter leans against the wall smoking a cigarette.

FREYA
Romantic.

Eric shoots Cool Waiter a look. Cool Waiter flicks his butt, heads inside.

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
crack.

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!

FREYA

Seriously?

ERIC

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

BILLY

Come on let's go.

Freya heads in past Billy, he stares at her ass, blocks Eric
with his arm.

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. 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. Inside, 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 holds up his specimen bottle and shakes it.

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 watches Eric, real despair on his face.

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 don't you
think?

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.

Eric backs her up against bookshelves, her backpack drops to the floor as they make out. Then come up for air.

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. Gives him a quick kiss.

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 holding several 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, see? Those are worth at least 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. Eric looks good, but miserable.

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. Eric shakes his head in dismay.

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. Eric makes a call on his mobile phone.

I/E. WESTERN UNION - DAY

Eric wires money. Wiggy and Clark play on the motorbikes.

INT. STUDENT LOAN OFFICE - DAY

Eric watches a RECEPTIONIST count a stack of cash suspiciously. Small smile from Eric.

EXT. NEW APARTMENT - DAY

Eric on the steps with an attractive REAL ESTATE AGENT. She hands Eric the keys - it's the apartment next door. Wiggy grabs the keys, heads inside.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

INT. NEW APARTMENT/BEDROOM

Eric on a king size bed holding his phone and a beer, drunkenly luxuriating in all the space. His high-school painting leans against the wall - the only decoration.

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.

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 test.

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 P.O.V.

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 some 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. Blondie from Sparky's is there.

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's bugs out at Blondie, nods approval to Eric.

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

Blondie takes a sip. Wine dribbles on her cleavage. She wipes it away, licks her fingers.

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

WIGGY (CONT'D)
(rapping)
*It's like King Midas as I was told,
Everything he eats turns to gold!*

ERIC
Be cool dude. Keep it on the D.L.

WIGGY
All right dog. We cool we cool.

ERIC
Food is a good idea though.

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

ERIC (CONT'D)
Order some pizzas or something.
Not Manny's!

Wiggy whips out his phone, takes off

ERIC (CONT'D)
No more burritos!

BLONDIE
You work at Sparky's right?

The Blonde hands Eric her empty cup.

BLONDIE (CONT'D)
Want to fill me up waiter boy?

INT. NEW APARTMENT - LATER

Party at fever pitch. Eric watches people trash his new apartment. Manny's bags and burrito bits litter the floor.

Blondie hangs all over Eric as he checks his phone, pulls up Freya's number. Blondie grabs it, takes pictures of herself, hits "send."

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

WIGGY (O.S.)
Yo Poo!

Wiggy chills with the sorority girls, waves Eric and the Blonde over. Clark and the Asian Girl arrive with tequila shots.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
Good party my man.

CLARK
Hey, what do you call a white rapper without a girlfriend?

WIGGY
A pimp!

ASIAN GIRL
Homeless!

WIGGY
Yo, I got a home baby.

CLARK
Whatever. Suck it up homey.

They down their shots, make tequila faces.

Eric pukes a little into his empty shot glass.

CLARK (CONT'D)
That's not gold.

Isaac the Butler hands Eric a glass of water.

ERIC
Where am I? The Love Boat?

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

Blondie stumbles in her high heels, knocks over a lamp.
Isaac the Butler catches it.

ERIC
Nice. You're officially hired.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - LATER

Party winding down. Eric sits on the couch with the Blonde,
sips a beer.

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. Blondie has her high-heel shoes off. She leans on
Eric, strokes his thigh.

Wiggy gestures for Eric to take her into the bedroom. She
catches him. He quickly points at her shoes.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
I like your shoes.

BLONDIE
Are they shoes? I thought they
were handles.

Wiggy snaps his fingers, stands up.

WIGGY
And I'm out.

Wiggy bails.

BLONDIE
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 wired.
Are you dealing drugs?

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 tables 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 bang 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, opens a walk-in closet, covers the milk crate full of cash with laundry, slams the door.

Shakes Blondie.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Get dressed!

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

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Blondie shackled to a bench, flirts with two OFFICERS, flashes her handcuffs as if they were the latest fashion accessory.

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 here?

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, pushes the machine away.

DETECTIVE DUBOIS (CONT'D)
So, 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?

Detective Dubois taps his file on the table.

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 letting that hottie waitress drag your sorry ass into a job you don't even need.

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, coldly. Walks out to the bar.

Eric follows, confused.

INT. SPARKY'S/BAR - CONTINUOUS

Billy 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
f'oops.

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
Yeah, well that will make me
jealous.

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

BILLY
Which reminds me, now that you 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 turns to Freya.

BILLY
Hard cheese or soft cheese?

Freya blanks him.

BILLY (CONT'D)
Medium! Rarr! I'm your Gruyere
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 it. You got
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 off bankrupt rappers on his fingers.

WIGGY
Or Master P, he's broke.

ERIC
Dude, a Financial Adviser? What am
I supposed to invest in? Gold
futures? Because its not looking
good.

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.
 Seriously.

ERIC
 This whole catastrophe is a pain
 the hole.

WIGGY
 Yo, you got hemorrhoids?

ERIC
 Giant ones.

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 washes 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 get into trouble, then 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.

Eric pulls the napkin with Freya's favorite things written on it out of his pocket.

ISAAC THE BUTLER (CONT'D)

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 carrying a bouquet of flowers. The HOSTESS, 19, hot in skintight dress, watches Eric hand the flowers to Freya.

ERIC
Forgive me?

FREYA
Let me think about that for a second.

Freya tosses the flowers into a trash can.

Hostess walks over, flirts with Eric.

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.

The Hostess grabs Eric.

HOSTESS
I love puppies.

INT. SPARKY'S - NIGHT

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

FREYA

Please quit coming here. I just want to finish my shift in peace OK?

Eric dangles a key fob. He nods out front towards a new Porsche 911 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 the Butler 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.

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
Just, you know. Who has a Butler
these days anyhow?

ISAAC THE BUTLER
(despondent)
Times have changed.

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

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

ISAAC THE BUTLER
Thank you.

ERIC
See you at the Captain's Table
sometime.

Isaac hugs Eric, Wiggy and Clark.

CLARK
I can't believe you fired Isaac.

ERIC
You're supposed to be my Financial
Manager, not wasting money on a
Butler.

CLARK
That was Wiggy.

WIGGY
True. But he was great at the
party right? Right?

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

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

ERIC
No doubt. I bought her a Porsche!

WIGGY
And as your Fun-ancial Manager I
hereby advise you to forget that
broad and trade in that jerk-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

Wiggy drives. Eric shotgun. Clark in back.

ERIC

I can't believe I let you talk me into getting this ghetto-mobile.

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 seriously covered. Big time.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Small town courtroom. Eric stares straight ahead. Wiggy and Clark 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. He takes a file, calls out to the courtroom.

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 at Eric to sit down.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN
Not guilty!

Johnnie nods at the JUDGE and addresses the room.

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,
but unfairly accused.

Wiggy and Clark pump fists and Eric on the back.

ERIC
Johnnie Cochran?

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?

The State Prosecutor sheepishly steps in.

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. 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!

Johnnie rushes over. Wiggy pulls out his phone.

They confer quietly.

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.

After a long, awkward moment, Eric nods his head.

ERIC (CONT'D)

OK. Here we go. Come on. Ha!

Eric wipes, stands up, all confidence.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Check that shit out.

JUDGE

Let me in there.

The Bailiff fumbles with an overloaded key chain, opens the
cell. The Judge rushes in, followed by the State Prosecutor
and Bailiff.

They peer into toilet.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Hoo boy! Well, 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.

JOHNNIE COCHRAN

Your honor, if I may.

STATE PROSECUTOR

The state rests.

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 charade out of my
courthouse.

INT. MANNY'S - NIGHT

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

Eric still dumbfounded.

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.

Awkward beat as they all stare at Johnnie.

Wiggy nudges him with his elbow.

WIGGY

Yo, "Handles" at two o'clock.

Eric turns to see Blondie at the front door.

She spots Eric, whispers to 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 arrive at the booth.

WIGGY

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

The girls slide in, giggling.

ERIC

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 Eric, sucks hard
on his straw. Drains it. Wiggy shouts to Manny.

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

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 with gold turds and cash.

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

INT. NEW APARTMENT/BATHROOM

Eric takes the phone, answers.

ERIC
Dude. I'm so hungover.

INT. APARTMENT/CLARK'S ROOM

Clark at his desk, stares at his computer.

CLARK
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. Down his steps, 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 turns, puts his hands on Eric's shoulders, stops him. No B-Boy talk this time.

WIGGY
I just want you to know right now,
seriously, 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 a hundred and
eighty thousand hits! 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 watch the YouTube clip
- now approaching two million views.

INT. AIRPORT LOUNGE - DAY

Dozens of waiting PASSENGERS stare at a TV in the boarding
area.

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.

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - PEOPLE ALL OVER THE WORLD CHECKING THEIR TOILETS

- A) An OBESE WOMAN calls her HUSBAND into a tacky bathroom. They stare down, shake their heads.
- B) 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.
- C) An INDIAN SWAMI in Bombay stands up from squatting on railroad tracks and looks down.
- D) A JAPANESE BUSINESSMAN in a hotel bathroom, timidly takes a downward peek before flushing.
- E) A GRIZZLY BEAR in the woods looks down at the ground, ROARS.
- F) A YOUNG GIRL pokes around in the toilet with a Barbie Doll.
- G) A JANITOR pushes a mop bucket along a row of toilet stalls, checks inside each one.
- H) A CAMPER at a campground shines a flashlight down into an outhouse toilet.
- I) 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: "Exclusive! Fecal Gold!"

INT. SPARKY'S - NIGHT

Freya at the bar reads the college newspaper, Eric on the front page. Billy chows a plate of lasagne, eating while he walks.

He notices the paper. Talks with his mouth full.

BILLY
I went through all his employee meal tickets.
(MORE)

BILLY (CONT'D)
Eating exactly everything he ate.
In order. So 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 on the couch. Eric on the phone, pacing.

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 out there? What my life be, is over.

Clark gets up, goes to the window, moves the blinds. Outside he sees...

EXT. NEW APARTMENT

The entire 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 drops his NYC accent and gets real.

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 paper bag with his restaurant logo on it. The paparazzi crowd him to get a look inside, shouting, taking pictures.

Wiggy waves Manny inside.

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. Wiggy takes the bag from Manny, pulls out some cash.

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

WIGGY
We're more like an entourage
actually.

CLARK
Thanks Manny.

Eric gets up, 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.

Wiggy does a wide arm flourish like a magician.

WIGGY (CONT'D)
 (angelic)
 Ta-da!

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 news, showing live coverage from their apartment complex.

ON SCREEN

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

FAN 1
 There he is!

REPORTER 1
 Mr. Greene, 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 notebook!

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

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Crowd goes mental. A NEIGHBOR catches 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!

In the background Eric jumps into the Escalade, 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. Crowd presses in.

ERIC

I just wanted to say that I'm sorry. That's all. I was stupid. Like those rednecks who win the lottery and instead of leaving the trailer park they 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.

Billy comes out onto the sidewalk, basks in the brief attention from the paparazzi.

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 looks at the painting. Tries to hand it back.

FREYA
I thought I made you feel weird.

ERIC
Keep it.

STUDENT 1
Thank you kiss!

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 steps up.

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

Billy grabs the painting from Freya, examines it.

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

Freya heads inside.

INT. SPARKY'S - CONTINUOUS

Freya walks past a two-top of COLLEGE GIRLS.

COLLEGE GIRL 1
You know Golden Boy?

COLLEGE GIRL 2
He's hot.

Freya walks past, ignores them.

COLLEGE GIRL 2 (CONT'D)
What's her problem?

COLLEGE GIRL 1
I heard he gave Sarah Marshall half
a poop, and she got, like, a whole
new wardrobe with it.

COLLEGE GIRL 2
No way.

COLLEGE GIRL 1
Way.

EXT. SPARKY'S

Eric fights his way through the crowd back to his Escalade. He is blocked by the Jock.

JOCK
Hey dickball.

Blondie appears next to the Jock, teetering on heels.

ERIC
Are you serious?

Jock grabs Eric by his shirt, pulls him close.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Look around.

Jock sinks a fist deep in Eric's stomach. Eric goes down on the sidewalk, gasping.

Jock showboats for the crowd. Cameras fire.

Billy watches from the doorway approvingly.

Jock pulls back the elastic waistband of Eric's underwear, looks inside.

JOCK
No gold in here. Just a pussy.

Jock gives Eric a hard wedgie. The crowd goes quiet.

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 complicated stereo. "Heart of Gold" by Neil Young comes on the next station.

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 followed by a shot of him in front of Sparky's getting punched by the Jock. Freya visible, watching through the window.

Eric flicks off the TV, picks up the phone, dials.

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

Eric hangs up.

Phone rings, Eric answers without checking caller I.D.

ERIC
Freya, listen.

BLONDIE
(filtered)
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. Stares at the phone. Dials.

ERIC (CONT'D)
This is Lieutenant Smurtermeyer calling from N.A.S.A.
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

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. Stack of hospital bills visible.

MOTHER

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

INTERCUT MOM/ERIC

ERIC

Mom, I told you, that's all over.
I need to talk with you about something. I was sort of a jerk to someone.

MOTHER

Who is she?

ERIC

Just a girl, OK?

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.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

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

Finds the napkin with Freya's favorite things on it.

He peeks out the window.

POV ERIC

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, 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 to see the black Jeep Cherokee careen through the car park, screeching to a halt next to him.

Two AGENTS in black suits jump out, taser guns firing.

Eric is expertly 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.

He struggles.

Several AGENTS observe as A NURSE injects fluid into an I.V. Eric instantly asleep.

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

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

Same 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.

Same Agents observe through tinted glass as a TECHNICIAN opens a valve.

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

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

A door opens. An Agent walks in carrying a stack of folders. Plops them down on the table. Stares at Eric.

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 just 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 blanks him.

AGENT (CONT'D)

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

ERIC

I didn't do anything. She did it to me.

AGENT

Who is she?

ERIC

Nobody. Never mind. It was all a hoax. I'm truly sorry. Really, I am.

AGENT

OK. Why did you do it?

ERIC

Because I wanted to hang out with you and get tubes shoved up my crack. Look, you want to think this whole thing was a big scam and I admitted it. I made it all up OK? 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

Thanks. That was awesome. I'll call you.

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

Eric's 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 at the door.

Eric opens the door to see TWO MEN wearing 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.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Eric wakes up on the floor of a bathroom decorated in a fashion only a Grandmother could love.

Eric lifts himself up, tries the door - locked.

ERIC

This isn't funny guys.

Tries the only window. 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'

(MORE)

WIGGY (CONT'D)
*or your plumbing you could be
 wreckin'.*
 (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 my
 lady. Back before you know jack.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX

Wiggy walks up to the Escalade, notices an envelope stuck
 under the front tire. Picks it up.

INSERT - ENVELOPE

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

WIGGY
 Gay.

Wiggy gets in the Escalade, puts the envelope on the dash,
 drives off.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Empty bags and cups from Subway, KFC and McDonald's scatter
 the floor.

Eric flat against the wall next to the door.

ERIC

OK. I got one. Big shiny butt bomb.

Kidnappers unlock the door, enter, masks on.

The bathroom appears empty.

KIDNAPPER 1

What the?

Eric jumps out from behind the door. Pushes Kidnapper 1 aside.

Kidnapper 2 stops Eric with a left hook.

Eric drops to the floor.

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 head "no."

ERIC

Yeah, and I pee champagne.

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

(gasping)

With that?

KIDNAPPER 2

We're spending all our money on food and so far, no gold.

KIDNAPPER 1

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, pokes the rotted floor, shouts to cover the noise.

ERIC

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.

CUT TO:

INT. CABIN

Eric in a log armchair, mouth and hands duct taped. He is being exercised by the masked Kidnappers.

One of them bicycles Eric's legs while the other kneads his belly - the whole deal looks like homosexual bondage gone wrong.

KIDNAPPER 1
This so feels wrong.

KIDNAPPER 2
Think about feeling rich.

Eric mumbles through the tape. Kidnapper 2 grabs the edge of 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

Stained linoleum back in place. Eric on the toilet. Skin pale, forehead sweaty, hair messy.

Masked Kidnappers stand at the door watching.

Eric grimaces, strains. SPLASH!

Kidnapper 2 yanks Eric's arm.

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 serving 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. I'll watch skunk hole. 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 Publicity Stunt."

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 heads into the kitchen takes the paper with him. Grabs
a plastic bag full of to-go boxes, 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
It seems the so called Golden Boy
has lost his touch, or more
correctly, never had it. The whole
thing was a college fraternity
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 P.O.V.

There is a crawl space under the cabin about a foot tall.

Eric hears his phone RING. Stops working on the floor 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. Hole bigger now.

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 buried in the college newspaper.

KIDNAPPER 2

Publicity stunt! 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
(whispering)
El Bulli closed.

KIDNAPPER 2
(puts on Columbian
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.

Kidnappers baffled.

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
 Seriously.

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 tom. 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
 (filtered)
 Sell everything. Tell Freya I'm
 sorry.

WIGGY
Say what?

KIDNAPPER 2
(filtered)
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.

CLARK
What was that?

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 take 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 pokes away, one small chip at a time. Hole getting bigger.

INT. NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

WIGGY

Seriously, 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 dash.

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 pokes at the hole, now big enough to get his whole arm through.

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 crosses his fingers.

WIGGY
Me and Grimstein? We 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 pulls up in the Escalade. Jumps out with a fat wad of cash.

WIGGY
Old man came through.

Freya rides up on her bike.

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

Wiggy hands the money to Freya.

WIGGY
Find somewhere safe for this.

Behind them Clark takes a phone call. Freya shuffles the money. Clark shouts from the porch.

CLARK
Hey Wiggy! Some Doctor called about the truck. He's coming by tonight.

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

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - I/E. NEW APARTMENT/APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY/NIGHT

- A) A FRAT GUY pays Clark. His BROTHERS carry the air hockey table away.
- B) A FATHER and two very excited young SONS pay Freya and hook up the trailer with the motorbikes on it.
- C) Three TWEAKERS pay Wiggy for the D.J. and stereo gear.
- D) The milk crate half full of cash
- E) An ELDERLY COUPLE drive away with the hot tub trailer.
- F) An INDIAN FAMILY overload their tiny car with furniture.
- G) Two STUDENTS roll away the Foosball table on

skateboards.

- H) The milk crate nearly full of cash
- I) Clark's computer screen. His eBay in-box full of "Your Item Sold!" messages - including the gold turd for \$15,000
- J) A MAFIOSO walks out with Eric's suit.
- K) 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 on the floor, tries to look calm. The towel rod rolls away from him.

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

KIDNAPPER 2
Oh tough guy? You want to hit me with that?

ERIC
I was pulling myself up.

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

KIDNAPPER 2
You better hope your little friends come.
(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.

Looks at his watch, 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.

Dr. Dre puts on the stereo. Bass booms.

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 of bills, hands them to Wiggy.

DR. DRE
 You know why most rappers go broke?
 They got no economic sense.
 (MORE)

DR. DRE (CONT'D)

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 digs for the phone, 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!

Kidnapper 2 runs for the bathroom, kicks in the door.

INT. CABIN/BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eric is gone. Kidnapper 2 checks behind the door. Kidnapper 1 enters.

KIDNAPPER 1

What's going on?

Kidnapper 2 walks into the bathroom, waves his arms grandly.

KIDNAPPER 2

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

Kidnapper 2 turns, steps in the wrong spot, falls through the linoleum, smashes his head on the toilet bowl on the way down.

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

KIDNAPPER 2 (CONT'D)

I got it.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clark and Freya look at a map. Wiggy runs in, holds up 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 doing the deal.

A confused look from Kidnapper 1

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.

Kidnapper 1 kicks dirt. Kidnapper 2 gets in the car.

KIDNAPPER 2 (CONT'D)

Coming?

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.

ERIC'S P.O.V. - HIDING IN BUSHES

Clark gets out of the car, stands behind Wiggy.

KIDNAPPER 2

Bring the money over!

WIGGY

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 back at Clark and Freya. They nod he should do it. He does.

Eric bursts through the trees, charges awkwardly towards the surprised Kidnappers, charges through them, sees Wiggy, then Clark, then Freya.

Eric stops in the middle of the bridge next to the milk crate of cash, breathing heavily through the duct tape - loosening as sweat drips down his face.

He looks back. Kidnappers coming for him. Eric blows hard on the duct tape covering his mouth, loosening it more. He stands, catches his breath.

ERIC

(muffled)

See ya dickball.

And then Eric kicks the crate of cash off the bridge.

KIDNAPPER 2

No!

Eric runs as dollar bills flutter down into the water.

Freya jumps out of the car.

WIGGY

Ho!

Eric gets to the car, Freya pushes him in. Wiggy jumps in, spins gravel as they pass a Park Ranger patrol car coming in.

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

INT. WIGGY'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Wiggy drives fast.

WIGGY

Yo those rent-a-cops on us?

The others look back.

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 that 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

That 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.

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

CLARK

We didn't have a plan.

WIGGY

Hence the nine.

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 again with 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)
 If you want to use the Den of love,
 you can.

EXT. CAMPUS - DAY

Eric cuts through campus, crosses Main Street, jumps the
 sidewalk in front of Sparky's, 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

Line of customers extends out the door.

INT. MANNY'S - NIGHT

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

Manny serves more Burritos to a nearby table.

MANNY
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 lost for words. Freya pokes him. Manny delivers
margaritas, 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.

Freya smiles, impressed.

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 jingles it.

Eric 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, offers a 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, startles 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. He looks up to the ceiling, straining. We move in closer on his mouth. Up close and 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. Sort of.

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

Just a small token of my appreciation for sticking with me.

Eric has gifts. Clark unwraps his - a gold plated mouse.

CLARK

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

Wiggy unwraps his - a gold tooth grill. Everyone laughs.

WIGGY

Nah man. I know where that'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 great 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 the "Booty Dance" in the background.

INTERCUT stills of the songs meteoric rise up the music charts 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'.*

*And if you get lucky,
You just might see,
A solid gold nugget
(MORE)*

WIGGY (CONT'D)
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.