

THE PERFECT DAY

Written by

Jim Greer

INT. GREG'S MESSY BEDROOM - NOON

GREG is in bed asleep. His PHONE is next to him, vibrating. It says Pizza Place Pizza Guy. He wakes up to answer it.

GREG
Uh, huh?

JERRY
(On Phone)
Where are you?!

GREG
Huh?

JERRY
(Phone)
You were supposed to be here, you
dumb punk.

GREG
Was I? I thought that was
yesterday?

JERRY
(Phone)
It was yesterday AND today, you
dumb punk. Get over here now! I got
orders coming out my wazoo!

GREG
Ok, yeah, sorry.

He hangs up and looks confused, trying to remember what day it is while stretching.

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

ADAM is snoring on the couch. He's a slob who hasn't bathed in days and always wears the same clothes.

There's a FILTHY GLASS BONG and a PIZZA BOX on the coffee table, next to a LARGE BAG OF WEED that's mostly full. Next to Adam is AN OPEN CAN OF BEER. Next to the couch is a stack of mostly empty PIZZA BOXES.

Greg stumbles in pulling up his jeans while he walks. He grabs the bong and finishes off the weed, then puts it back on the coffee table. He takes the last slice of pizza and closes the box.

He checks to make sure he's got his wallet, keys, and cellphone. Slides into his sandals. Then heads out the door.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg gets in and closes the door. He starts the car and his favorite song starts playing. He smiles, nodding his head.

He opens up his ashtray and sees most of a BIG FAT JOINT that was partially smoked but mostly still there.

GREG

Booyah!

He smiles and lights it up, taking a big hit, then drives off.

EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS - NOONISH

It's a nice sunny day. Greg's car is driving along the road, windows down.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg is smiling, listening to the song.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg gets to his job at Pizza Place Pizza Place. He snubs out the joint, puts it back in the ashtray, and closes it.

INT. PIZZA PLACE

It's a pizza place that only does delivery and pickup, so it just has a counter in the front. There's a stack of pizzas on the counter waiting to be delivered.

Greg walks in, looking VERY stoned. JERRY the store owner comes storming out of the back.

JERRY

Where the hell you been, you knucklehead. I've got all these deliveries stacking up.

GREG

Sorry, I forgot what day it was.

JERRY

It's because of all that marijuana you smoke. Oh, don't think I can't tell. You reek of it!

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, even Snoop Doggy would tell you to lay off the stuff every now and then. You'll never amount to anything if you go through life doped out of your gourd, son.

Jerry's Hot Wife SAMANTHA comes out of the back.

SAMANTHA

Then who would deliver your damn pizzas, Jerry? Huh? You? You can't even figure out the GPS.

JERRY

Don't you get started with that again. It was just one time, Samantha! One time!

SAMANTHA

It was more than one time, Jerry.

Greg looks lost. Jerry looks at Greg.

JERRY

Well what are you waiting for, dummy? Those pizzas ain't gonna deliver themselves.

Greg looks at the pizzas, then starts grabbing them.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #1 - EARLY AFTERNOON

Greg is driving, smiling as he's listening to a different song of his favorite band.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #1 HOUSE

Greg is standing at a front door, holding a pizza. CUSTOMER #1 opens the door looking upset. Greg hands them the pizza and they close the door. Greg leaves.

INT. GREG'S CAR DELIVERY #2

Greg's driving along and pulls up to House #2.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #2 HOUSE

CUSTOMER #2 is closing the door as Greg goes back to this car.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #3 ROAD

Greg's car is driving along with the windows down, listening to his favorite band.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #3 HOUSE

Greg is walking towards the house carrying pizza. He rings the door bell and waits. CUSTOMER #3 opens the door looking disgruntled.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg's car pulls up to the Pizza Place and parks.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg's smoking more of the joint that's smaller than before. He puts it out, then closes the ashtray. He gets out.

INT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg walks in and just stands there. Samantha and Jerry are fighting again.

SAMANTHA

I don't care, Jerry! I don't care!

JERRY

Of course you don't care. You never care! The only thing you care about is getting your hair done, watching your shows, and those damn cats!

SAMANTHA

Leave my boys out of this!

JERRY

Your boys. What about your REAL boys? You know, those good for nothing sons of yours.

SAMANTHA

They're your sons too, Jerry.

JERRY

So you say, Samantha. So you say.

Jerry sees Greg just standing there, looking stoned.

JERRY

What are you waiting for? A fricking invitation? You got more pizza to deliver.

GREG

Oh, sorry.

Greg goes and gets the pizza to deliver.

JERRY

Jesus! Do I have to tell you to do everything?

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM - EARLY EVENING

Adam looks like he's just waking up. He stretches in place, before sitting up. He sees the open can of beer and takes a sip, but it has ashes in it. He makes a face, putting it back on the table.

ADAM

Uhh!

He sees he has ashes in his mouth. He gets up and stumbles towards the bathroom.

ADAM

Shit!

INT. GREG'S BATHROOM

Adam turns on the light and leaves the door open. He starts peeing without lifting the seat. He pees and pees and pees and pees. He thinks he's done so he starts getting ready to zip up, but pees some more, dribbling some on the floor.

He finishes peeing, pulls up his pants, scratches his balls, and burps really loud. Then he farts and sounds satisfied.

ADAM

Oh, yeah.

He farts again.

ADAM

Yeah.

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

Adam plops down on the couch. He sees the pizza box, opens it up but it's empty. He moves the empty box to the pile of empty boxes next to the couch.

He grabs the bong, dumping out the ashes into the open beer can and loading up more weed.

Greg walks in, carrying a box of leftover pizza.

GREG

Tell me you got some of that for me.

Adam hands Greg the bong and Greg hands Adam the box of pizza.

ADAM

If I can have your pizza, good sir.

GREG

That sounds like a deal. Thank you, kind sir.

ADAM

Ooh, it's still warm.

Adam opens the pizza box and takes out a slice. He puts the box on the coffee table.

Greg takes a big hit from the bong and holds it in, smiling. He hands the bong to Adam, who takes a big hit and holds it in while still chewing on pizza. Greg exhales and smiles.

GREG

Oh, yeah. That's the stuff. You wanna beer?

Greg gets up to get a beer. Adam exhales.

ADAM

Yeah, sure man. Hey, you wanna speedrun Megaman? I got a new path we can take, man. It should be awesome.

GREG

Sounds good, man. Start it up.

Adam gets the game ready. Greg comes up, handing Adam a beer. They both open their beers with a loud pop.

GREG
But you better not get us lost
again.

ADAM
Dude, when have I ever got us lost?

GREG
Every night, dude. You always get
us lost.

ADAM
Dude, you're crazy. You'll see.
This short cut is super easy. We
might get a record.

GREG
That's what you always say.

Greg grabs the bong for another hit.

ADAM
You'll see, you'll see.

BLURRY FADE OUT

INT. GREG'S MESSY BEDROOM - NOON

Greg is in bed asleep. His phone is next to him, vibrating.
He slowly wakes up enough to answer it.

GREG
Wha?

JERRY
(On Phone)
Where are you?!

GREG
Huh?

JERRY
(Phone)
You were supposed to be here
already, you dumb punk. Where are
you?

GREG
Was I? Wasn't that yesterday?

JERRY

(Phone)

It was yesterday AND today, you
dumb punk. Get over here now! I got
orders coming out my wazoo!

GREG

Ok, sorry.

He hangs up and looks confused, trying to remember what day
it is while stretching.

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

Adam is snoring on the couch. The Filthy Bong, Pizza Box, bag
of weed, and open beer can are on the coffee table.

Greg stumbles through the livingroom trying to put on his
jeans. He grabs the bong and finishes off the weed, then puts
it back down on the coffee table. He takes the last slice of
pizza and closes the box.

He checks to make sure he's got his wallet, keys, a
cellphone. Slides into his sandals. Then heads out the door.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg gets in and closes the door. He starts the car and his
favorite song starts playing. He smiles, nodding his head.

He opens up his ashtray and sees most of a Big Fat Joint that
was partially smoked.

GREG

Oh, yeah!

He smiles and lights it up, taking a big hit. Then he drives
off.

EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS - NOONISH

It's a nice sunny day. Greg's car is driving along the road,
windows down.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg is smiling, listening to the song.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg gets to Pizza Place Pizza Place. He snubs out the joint, puts it back in the ashtray, and closes it.

INT. PIZZA PLACE

There's a stack of pizzas on the counter.

Greg walks in looking stoned. Jerry storms in from the back.

JERRY

There you are, you knucklehead.
I've got all these deliveries
stacking up.

GREG

Sorry, I forgot what day it was.

JERRY

It's because of all that marijuana
you smoke. Don't think I can't
smell you from here! Jesus Christ,
even Snoop Doggy would tell you to
lay off the stuff every now and
then. You'll never amount to
anything if you go through life
doped out of your gourd, son.

Samantha comes out of the back.

SAMANTHA

But then who would deliver your
pizzas, Jerry? Huh? You? You can't
even work the GPS.

JERRY

Don't you get started with that
again. It was just one time,
Samantha! One time!

SAMANTHA

It was more than one time, Jerry.

Greg looks lost in thought. Jerry looks at Greg.

JERRY

Well what are you waiting for,
dummy? Those pizzas ain't gonna
deliver themselves.

Greg looks at the pizzas, then starts grabbing them.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #1 - EARLY AFTERNOON

Greg is driving along, smiling as he's listening to his favorite band.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #1 HOUSE

Greg is walking up to the house and rings the doorbell.

INT. GREG'S CAR DELIVERY #2

Greg is looking at his phone, looking confused. He almost hits something he doesn't quite see.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #3 ROAD

Greg's car is driving along with the windows down, listening to his favorite band.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #3 HOUSE

Greg is handing pizza to Customer #3 and gets cash. He thanks them, then heads back to his car.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg's car pulls up to the Pizza Place. Greg's smoking more of the joint from before. He puts it out, then closes the ashtray. He gets out and goes inside.

INT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg walks in and just stands there. Samantha and Jerry are fighting again.

JERRY

So what's the big deal? So I want to have some fun with the guys!

SAMANTHA

Because it's our anniversary, that's why, Jerry.

JERRY

Anniversary, schmaniversary, we have em every year. I never get to spend time with the guys.

SAMANTHA

Time with the guys? You mean poker
and strip clubs again.

JERRY

Watch it, Samantha!

Jerry sees Greg just standing there, looking stoned.

JERRY

What are you waiting for? An
invitation? Get these pizzas out of
here.

GREG

Oh, sorry.

Greg goes and gets the pizza to deliver.

JERRY

Come on! Do I have to tell you to
do everything?

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM - EARLY EVENING

Adam looks like he's just waking up. He stretches in place,
before sitting up.

He sees the open can of beer and picks it up to take a drink,
but it has ashes in it. He makes a face, putting it back on
the table.

ADAM

Shit!

He sees he has ashes in his mouth. He gets up and stumbles
towards the bathroom.

ADAM

Uhh!

INT. GREG'S BATHROOM

Adam turns on the light and leaves the door open. He starts
peeing without lifting the seat. He pees and pees and pees
and pees. He finishes peeing, pulls up his pants, scratches
his balls, and farts.

ADAM

Oh, yeah.

He farts again.

ADAM

Yeah.

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

Adam plops down on the couch. He sees the pizza box, opens it up but it's empty. He grabs the bong, dumping out the ashes into a mostly empty beer can and loading up more weed.

Greg walks in, carrying a box of leftover pizza.

GREG

Hey man, hope you got some of that for me.

Greg puts the pizza box on the coffee table. Adam loads the bong extra full.

ADAM

Definitely. Here you go, working man.

GREG

Thank you very much, kind sir.

Greg takes a big hit from the bong and holds it in, smiling.

Adam opens the pizza box and takes out a slice.

ADAM

Mmm. It's still warm.

Greg hands the bong to Adam, who takes a big hit and holds it in while still chewing on pizza. Greg exhales and smiles.

GREG

Wooo doggy! That's the stuff. Hey, you wanna beer?

Greg gets up to get a beer. Adam exhales.

ADAM

Yeah, sure man. Hey, you wanna speedrun Megaman?

GREG

Yeah, dude. Start it up.

Adam gets the game ready. Greg comes up, handing Adam a beer. They both open their beers with a loud pop.

ADAM

And I finally figured out that path
I was showing you, man. It's so
much shorter.

GREG

But you better not get us lost
again.

ADAM

I'm telling you, it works man.

GREG

That's what you always say.

Greg grabs the bong for another hit.

ADAM

You'll see, you'll see.

BLURRY FADE OUT

INT. GREG'S MESSY BEDROOM - NOON

Greg is in bed asleep. His phone is next to him, vibrating.
He slowly wakes up enough to answer it.

GREG

Huh?

JERRY

(On Phone)

Where are you?!

GREG

Wha?

JERRY

(Phone)

You were supposed to be here
already, you dumb punk. Where are
you?

GREG

Uh, but wasn't that yesterday?

JERRY

(Phone)

It was yesterday AND today, you
dumb punk. Get over here now! I got
orders coming out my wazoo!

GREG
Ok, yeah. Sure.

He hangs up and looks confused, trying to remember what day it is while stretching.

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

Adam is snoring on the couch. The Filthy Bong, Pizza Box, bag of weed, and open beer are on the coffee table.

Greg stumbles through pulling up his jeans. He grabs the bong and finishes off the weed, then puts it back down on the coffee table.

He's suddenly stricken with an odd feeling of déjà vu. He looks at the full-ish bag of weed and starts trying to think about something before shaking it off.

He opens the pizza box and takes the last piece.

He checks to make sure he has everything. Slides into his sandals. Then heads out.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg gets in and closes the door. He starts the car and his favorite song starts playing. He starts smiling.

Then he thinks for a second. Like this all feels so familiar. He thinks a little more.

He opens up his ashtray and sees most of a Big Fat Joint that was partially smoked but mostly still there.

GREG
Hey, yeah.

He picks it up, looking at it. Then lights it up and heads to work.

EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS - NOONISH

It's a nice sunny day. Greg's car is driving along the road.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg is smiling, listening to the song.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg gets to Pizza Place Pizza Place. He snubs out the joint, puts it back in the ashtray, and closes it.

INT. PIZZA PLACE

There's a stack of pizzas on the counter waiting to be delivered.

Greg walks in, looking VERY stoned. Jerry comes storming out of the back.

JERRY

There you are, you knucklehead.
I've got all these deliveries
stacking up.

GREG

Sorry, I forgot what day it was.

JERRY

It's because of that marijuana you
smoke. Oh, don't think I can't
tell. You reek of it! Jesus Christ,
even Snoop Doggy would tell you to
lay off the stuff every now and
then. You'll never amount to
anything if you go through life
doped out of your gourd, son.

Greg looks confused, like he remembers this.

Samantha comes out of the back.

SAMANTHA

But then who would deliver your
damn pizzas, Jerry? Huh? You? You
can't even figure out the GPS.

JERRY

Don't you get started with that
again. It was just one time,
Samantha! One time!

SAMANTHA

It was more than one time, Jerry.

Jerry looks at Greg.

JERRY

Well what are you waiting for,
dummy? Those pizzas ain't gonna
deliver themselves.

Greg looks at the pizzas, then starts grabbing them.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #1 - EARLY AFTERNOON

Greg is driving along, smiling as he's listening to his
favorite band.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #1 HOUSE

Greg is handing pizza to Customer #1.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #2 HOUSE

Greg is walking up to Customer #2's house.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #3 HOUSE

Greg is handing pizza to Customer #3 and gets cash. He thanks
them, then heads back to his car.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg's car pulls up to the Pizza Place and parks.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg is smoking more of the joint from before. He puts it
out, then closes the ashtray. He gets out and goes inside.

INT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg walks in and just stands there. Samantha and Jerry are
fighting again.

SAMANTHA

Because I don't want to go, that's
why.

JERRY

What do you mean, you don't want to
go. You were just complaining that
I never take you anywhere.

SAMANTHA

I was talking about a nice restaurant, maybe a movie. Not that stupid wrestling bullshit. That's all fake, Jerry. None of it's real.

JERRY

What are you talking about? Those guys really get hurt. Besides, it's good for business for people to see the Pizza Place Pizza Guy out and about.

SAMANTHA

Then go by yourself, Mr. Pizza Place Pizza Guy. Mrs. Pizza Place Guy wants to stay home and rest.

JERRY

Yeah, with a bottle of Merlot and a couple of zannies.

SAMANTHA

And what if I did?

She smiles. Jerry looks upset. He sees Greg just standing there, looking stoned.

JERRY

What are you waiting for? An engraved invitation? Get these pizzas out of here.

GREG

Oh, sorry.

Greg goes and gets the pizza to deliver.

JERRY

Come on! Do I have to tell you to do everything?

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM - EARLY EVENING

Adam looks like he's just waking up. He stretches in place, before sitting up.

He sees the open can of beer and picks it up to take a drink, but it has ashes in it. He makes a face, putting it back on the table.

ADAM

Shit!

He sees he has ashes in his mouth. He gets up and stumbles towards the bathroom.

ADAM

Uhh!

INT. GREG'S BATHROOM

Adam turns on the light and leaves the door open. He starts peeing without lifting the seat. He pees and pees and pees and pees. He thinks he's done so he starts getting ready to zip up, but pees some more, dribbling it on the floor.

He finishes peeing, pulls up his pants, then scratches his balls. He stretches, then farts.

ADAM

Oh, yeah.

He walks out, scratching his balls.

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

Adam plops down on the couch. He sees the pizza box, opens it up but it's empty. He grabs the bong, dumping out the ashes into the mostly empty beer can and loading up more weed.

Greg walks in, carrying a box of leftover pizza. Greg looks at the bag of weed.

GREG

Hey dude, when was the last time we bought weed.

Greg puts the pizza box on the coffee table. Adam loads the bong extra full.

ADAM

I don't know, dude. It's been awhile.

GREG

But how long. Like a week? Or like a lot longer.

Greg takes a big hit from the bong and holds it in, smiling.

Adam opens the pizza box and takes out a slice, talking with his mouth full.

ADAM

Huh. Yeah, it's been awhile.
Definitely longer than a week. Man.
It seems closer to a month. Why?
What's up?

Greg hands the bong to Adam, who takes a big hit and holds it in while still chewing on pizza. Greg exhales as he talks.

GREG

It's this weed. Look at the bag.
It's mostly full.

Adam exhales.

ADAM

Yeah, dude. It looks like it's
barely been touched. But we've been
smoking the hell out of it. Did we
have like another bag?

GREG

No, dude. I think that's it. We've
had that bag for a really long
time, yet it still looks fresh and
mostly full.

ADAM

Yeah, dude. You're right

GREG

And it's not just that. I've got
this joint in my car that I've been
smoking the hell out of every day,
but it keeps coming back.

ADAM

Holy shit, dude. You know what this
means?

GREG

We've got magic weed, dude!

ADAM

No shit dude! We can smoke the hell
out of it and it just keeps coming
back again in the morning.

GREG

Lets try it. Load it up again. I'll
go get some beer.

Adam empties the bowl and loads a huge mound of weed on it.

Greg comes up, handing Adam a beer. They both open their beers with a loud pop.

GREG
Hey, wanna speedrun Megaman?

ADAM
Definitely. I got a new path we can take, man. It's so much shorter.

GREG
Dude, you do that every night and you always get it wrong.

ADAM
Do I dude? Maybe you're right.

Adam takes a huge bong hit, then hands it to Greg.

GREG
Yeah, dude. Lets just do it the normal way this time.

Greg takes a huge bong hit.

ADAM
Yeah, you're probably right.

BLURRY FADE OUT

INT. GREG'S MESSY BEDROOM - NOON

Greg is in bed asleep. His phone is next to him, vibrating. He slowly wakes up enough to answer it.

GREG
Huh?

JERRY
(On Phone)
Where are you?!

GREG
Wha?

JERRY
(Phone)
You were supposed to be here at opening, you lazy punk. Where are you?

GREG
But...yesterday?

JERRY

(Phone)

It was yesterday AND today! Get over here now! I got orders coming out my wazoo!

GREG

Ok.

He hangs up and looks confused, trying to remember what day it is while stretching.

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

Adam is snoring on the couch but never moves. The Filthy Bong, Pizza Box, bag of weed, and open beer are on the coffee table.

Greg stumbles through pulling up his jeans. He grabs the bong and finishes off the weed, then puts it back down on the coffee table. He's about to get up when he notices the mostly full bag of weed. He smiles, then empties out the ashes to load a new bowl, heaping with weed.

Adam wakes up, looking beat.

ADAM

Hey, dude.

GREG

Guess what, dude. It worked. The bag is full again.

Adam picks up the bag of weed and smiles.

ADAM

That's awesome, dude.

Greg takes a huge hit from the bong, then passes it to Adam.

Adam takes a hit, then stretches a bit and walks to the bathroom. He leaves the door open as he pees.

Greg opens the pizza box and takes the last piece.

He checks to make sure he has his keys, wallet, and cellphone. Slides into his sandals. Then heads out the door.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg gets in and closes the door. He starts the car and his favorite song starts playing. He smiles.

He opens up his ashtray expecting to see the Big Fat Joint that was partially smoked but mostly still there.

GREG

Oh, yeah. Like clockwork. Magic weed.

He picks it up, looking at it. Then lights it up and heads to work.

EXT. AUSTIN TEXAS - NOONISH

It's a nice sunny day. Greg's car is driving along the road, windows down.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg is smiling, listening to the song.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg gets to Pizza Place Pizza Place. He snubs out the joint, puts it back in the ashtray, and closes it. He opens his door.

INT. PIZZA PLACE

There's a stack of pizzas on the counter waiting to be delivered.

Greg walks in, looking VERY stoned. Jerry the store owner comes storming out of the back.

JERRY

There you are, you knucklehead. I've got all these deliveries stacking up.

GREG

Sorry, I forgot what day it was.

JERRY

It's because of all that marijuana you smoke. Don't think I can't tell. I can smell it from here! Jesus Christ, even Snoop Doggy would tell you to lay off the stuff every now and then.

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

You'll never amount to anything if
you go through life doped out of
your gourd, son.

Greg looks confused, like he remembers this.

Samantha comes out of the back.

SAMANTHA

But then who would deliver your
damn pizzas, Jerry? Huh? You? You
can't even work the GPS.

JERRY

Don't you get started with that
again. It was just one time,
Samantha! One time!

SAMANTHA

It was more than one time, Jerry.

Jerry looks at Greg.

JERRY

Well what are you waiting for,
dingdong? Those pizzas ain't gonna
deliver themselves.

Greg looks at the pizzas, then starts grabbing them.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #1 - EARLY AFTERNOON

Greg is driving along, smiling as he's listening to his
favorite band.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #1 HOUSE

Greg is handing pizza to Customer #1.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #2 HOUSE

Greg is walking up to Customer #2's house.

EXT. AUSTIN DELIVERY #3 HOUSE

Greg is handing pizza to Customer #3 and gets cash. He thanks
them, then heads back to his car. Before getting in, he stops
and looks at the house for a few moments.

EXT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg's car pulls up to the Pizza Place and parks.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg is smoking more of the joint from before. He puts it out, then closes the ashtray. He gets out and goes inside.

INT. PIZZA PLACE

Greg walks in and just stands there. Samantha and Jerry are fighting again.

SAMANTHA

Ok, have your fun with the boys.
See if I care. I'll be out having
fun with the girls.

JERRY

What kind of fun?

SAMANTHA

You know, fun fun. Have a few
drinks, maybe sing a few songs.
Fun.

JERRY

Yeah, fun. Until you get arrested
for slapping a cop.

SAMANTHA

Hey, he deserved that. And I didn't
even know he was a cop.

Jerry sees Greg just standing there, looking stoned.

JERRY

What are you standing there for?
Get these pizzas out of here.

GREG

Oh, sorry.

Greg goes and gets the pizza to deliver.

JERRY

Come on! Do I have to tell you to
do everything?

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM - EARLY EVENING

Adam is studying all the food and drink containers. The weed bag is empty.

Greg comes in, carrying pizza. He sets it down on the coffee table. Adam grabs a slice.

GREG
Hey, dude. Where's all the weed?

ADAM
Oh, I'm doing an experiment to see when it comes back.

GREG
Dude, but what are we going to smoke?

ADAM
Oh, man. I'm sorry. I wasn't even thinking. But don't worry, it's not just the weed. It's all the food, including the beer. It all comes back again after we're both asleep.

Adam gets Greg a beer. They both open them.

GREG
Really? Wow. It's like magic.

ADAM
That's awesome man. I wonder what else we can do.

BLURRY FADE OUT

INT. GREG'S MESSY BEDROOM - NOON

Greg is in bed asleep. His phone is under him, vibrating. He slowly wakes up enough to answer it.

GREG
Hello?

JERRY
(On Phone)
Where are you?!

GREG
Oh, hey boss. I got held up in traffic.

JERRY

(Phone)

Traffic! Well get your rear over here and deliver these pizzas. I got orders coming out of my wazoo!

GREG

Yes, sir.

He hangs up and starts thinking.

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

Adam is snoring on the couch but never moves. The Filthy Bong, Pizza Box, bag of weed, and open beer are on the coffee table.

Greg walks in. He sees the bag of weed almost full. He dumps out the ashes and loads a fresh bowl.

Adam wakes up, looking beat.

ADAM

Hey, dude.

GREG

We did it again. Another bag of weed.

Adam picks up the bag of weed and smiles.

ADAM

Wow, dude. If there was going to be anything magical in the world, I'd want it to be a magic bag of weed.

GREG

No joke. But you know something dude, I think it might be bigger than that.

ADAM

What do you mean?

GREG

I mean that I don't think it's just the weed and beer that's coming back, I think it's like we're repeating the same day over and over.

ADAM

I don't know, dude. That sounds pretty crazy.

GREG

Crazier than a magic bag of weed? Dude, I think I've been delivering to the same people every day for the last month. Maybe longer.

ADAM

You think so? How could that be?

GREG

I don't know. Maybe it's like in that Groundhogs Day movie and we have to live a perfect day for us to keep progressing.

ADAM

Is the other option that we just keep repeating today over and over without any repercussions?

GREG

Yep, that's about right.

ADAM

Well...why wouldn't we want to just do that?

GREG

You mean just fuck around and not worry about tomorrow?

ADAM

Yeah, exactly.

GREG

Sounds good to me. Let's party dude.

Adam loads a huge bong hit.

ADAM

After this I'm going to pay for all the porn. Why the hell not? It'll all undo tomorrow.

GREG

That's weird, dude. But whatever.

Greg gets his phone and dials his boss back on speakerphone.

JERRY

(Phone)

Pizza Place Pizza Place, would you like to try our Pizza Place Pizza Supreme, for just nineteen ninety nine.

GREG

Hey boss, it's Greg.

JERRY

(Phone)

What do you want, Greg? When are you going to be here?

GREG

I just wanted to say this.

Greg rips a big bong hit right into the phone.

JERRY

(Phone)

Hey! What is this?

Adam picks up the bong and long hit while making a juicy fart into the phone.

JERRY

(Phone)

Greg! What are you doing?

GREG

I'm quitting, you asshole! You can suck my nuts, Jerry!

JERRY

(Phone)

What? Quit playing around and deliver these pizzas!

ADAM

Deliver them yourself, you stupid old fart!

Greg hangs up his phone and puts it on silent.

ADAM

Load that thing up again. I'm gonna put Megaman on.

Close up on the bong, fade in on new scene.

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

Greg and Adam are playing Megaman.

GREG
Oh yeah, oh yeah.

ADAM
Come to poppa. Oh yeah. Die die.

There's a knock at the door.

GREG
You order more food?

ADAM
I don't know, man.

Adam gets up and opens the door.

Jerry is at the door holding FOUR PIZZAS and A BAG OF BREADSTICKS, staring at the receipt and looking tired.

JERRY
Pizza Place Pizza Place, I've got four Pizza Place pizzas and a bag of breadsticks.

ADAM
Yeah, sure man.

Adam takes the pizza.

Jerry looks up and sees Greg on the couch.

JERRY
Hey, Greg! You need to get to work and deliver these pizzas. I'm dying out here.

Greg double flips off Jerry.

GREG
Up yours, Jerry. I quit!

Jerry looks at the receipt and realizes he's at the wrong door.

JERRY
Hey, wait a minute. You're not apartment 224.

ADAM
No shit, Sherlock.

Adam slams the door and walks into the living room with all the pizza. Jerry is banging on the door.

ADAM
Eat up, dude.

They start eating the pizza.

JERRY
(Through door)
Open up, Greg! Open up! Fine! I can't deliver that pizza anyway! I'll take it out of your final check. You hear me, Greg! I'm taking it outta your paycheck!

GREG
You do that, asshole!

ADAM
So hey, you think we can get that speed running record?

GREG
Sure, I'm feeling lucky.

ADAM
Hey, I'm going order more booze while they're still delivering.

GREG
Why not, man. We won't have to pay for it. Order two of everything. We are going to PAR-TAY tonight!

ADAM
Will do.

Adam's on his phone, ordering everything on an app.

It fades into...

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM

The place is a mess with empty food containers, booze containers, and everything else. They're playing Megaman.

GREG
Yeah yeah yeah!

ADAM
Oh yeah! Oh yeah! And BAM!!

GREG

Whoo! Yeah!

ADAM

We did it! I told ya we could use that short cut. Alright! World record!

GREG

Man! That was close! Woo! Ha ha!

ADAM

I told ya it would work! I told you!

GREG

You were right, man. You were right all along.

Adam loads up the rest of the weed in the bong. He passes it to Greg. Greg takes it and lights it up.

ADAM

You know what, man?

Greg hands it to Adam.

GREG

What's that, man?

ADAM

I think we did it. I think we had a perfect day.

GREG

You think so, man?

ADAM

Yeah, man. I mean, we smoked a big fucking bag of weed, we told off your boss, we bought all this amazing food and drink.

He stops to burp.

ADAM

And now we got the Megaman Six speedrun record. I think this counts as a perfect day.

GREG

You know what, dude? I think you're right. I think this was a perfect fucking day. Let's have a toast.

He pours the last of a FANCY LIQUEUR into two glasses.

ADAM

A toast.

GREG

To a perfect day.

ADAM

A perfect day.

They touch glasses, then toss back their drinks. They promptly pass out.

Fade Out

INT. GREG'S LIVINGROOM - NOON

Greg and Adam are asleep in the same positions they passed out in. Adam wakes up first, stretches. He sees all the empty booze bottles, sushi boxes, and other assorted mess, and the empty bag of weed.

ADAM

Hey, dude. Wake up. We did it, dude.

Greg starts waking up.

GREG

Huh?

ADAM

It's a new day, dude. We did it. We got to go to the next day.

GREG

Hey, yeah. You're right. It's a new day. Wow. Huh.

Adam gets up to go pee. Greg looks around, thinking.

GREG

Oh, man.

Adam is peeing with the door open. Greg checks his credit card app, looking unhappy.

GREG

Oh, man. This is going to be expensive.

Adam is peeing and peeing and peeing and peeing. Greg is looking at his phone.

GREG

Oh, man. I owe eighteen thousand dollars.

Adam is still peeing.

ADAM

(Off screen)

Whaaaaat?

Adam pees on the seat. Greg looks upset.

GREG

Shit.

Adam gets his phone out of his pocket to check his app, getting pee on the floor and toilet seat.

Greg stares at his phone, looking upset.

GREG

Man.

Credits role as Adam comes out staring at his phone.

ADAM

Holy shit, dude. We're so screwed.

They're both in a daze.

Greg's phone rings. It says Pizza Place Pizza Guy. Greg just looks at it and contemplates his next move.

Black Screen