

DIRTBALLS

Written by

Casey Costello

Pilot

"360"

Based on true dipshits.

CaseyEcostello@gmail.com

CAST OF OUR DIRTBALLS:

ROCCO SPOTACHINO, late 20s, indie-rock poseur hipster goombah who hates sleeves. Self-righteous. Gay but you wouldn't guess it cause he's probably got a Skoal Longcut tooth'n gum'd. Pringles 'stache. Loves chaos and literature. Hates reading.

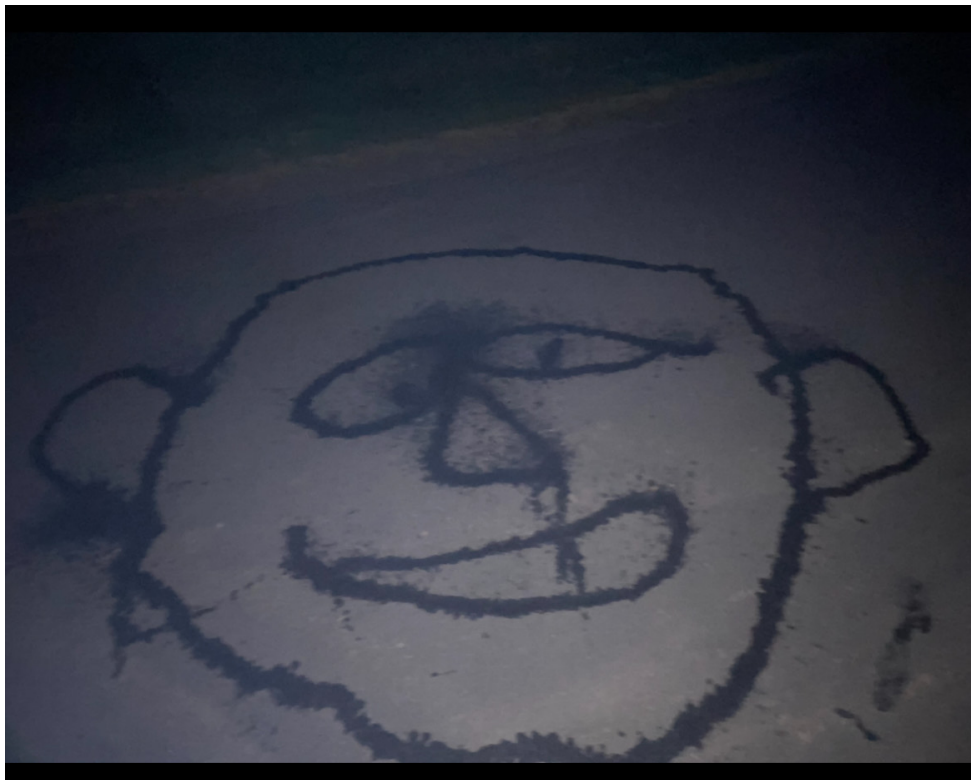
HAVANA FLORES, late 20s, iron fist in a velvet glove. Hot, lipstick lez. Loves Bud Heavy in a bottle and the bullshit galaxy giving "*life & love answers*" to suckers.

MALONELY, late 20s, big Masshole with a thick Boston accent. He don't flush the toilet, he scares the shit out of it - a real Red Rabbit. Loves solitude and movies - especially conspiracy-themed ones.

JAMES "IRISH" GILLANDERER, late 20s, suburban hip-hop Asian-American adoptee. Smart dumbass. Some kind of savant. Or way too burnt. Loves grass and glueing rocks together.

They're all a bit different but for one love: **booze & drugs**.
Ok, two.

DEAR READER, as you read this, please ask yourself: In our current Age of Absurdity & Idiocracy, are these bestial characters any worse than America's most beloved "characters" on America's most popular "reality" tv shows? Or those running the country? Or this urin-art pic below...?



These legendary pics are the mood board of dirtballs:



CHYRON OVER BLACK

Life really does begin at thirty. Up until then, you're just doing research.

- Carl G. Jung

Also this dirtball...

Chaos is the score upon which reality is written.

- Gunnery Sergeant Guy Diburglio

EXT. EVIL GREEDY GOUGING BIG BOX SUPERMARKET CHAIN - DAY

HAVANA and IRISH wait outside. Havana wears a *Urin-Art* tshirt like in the pic above on page 1. Irish wears a *T-Shirt*, which is a candid pic of a dog shitting.

IRISH

... So when Senora Dubois asked me what I wanted my Spanish class name to be I said, "Dios." She said, "Irish, you can't be 'God,' but you can be "hay-soos."

HAVANA

Fair trade.

IRISH

Manure. What's a "hay-soos?"

HAVANA

"Jesus."

Oh.

ROCCO exits, dressed in his daily grubby fit of jorts & tank top.

HAVANA (CONT'D)

Finally, I'm starving.

But Rocco is empty handed. No bags, nada, as he approaches.

IRISH

Manna from Heaven. Survival is served.

ROCCO

A poor man's fight in a rich man's war. *Big Balls* in your mouth, donor class.

Huh? Then he pulls sandwiches from pockets and hands em out.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 Tariff this, brologarchs!

HAVANA
 Leopard meet face.

IRISH
 (Drumpf mock)
The word "grocery." It's a sort of simple word. It sort of means like everything you eat.

HAVANA
 Never a better time for crime.

IRISH
 Gotta love how almost everything in *Fuck Yeah!* is gratis these days.

HAVANA
 The grift that keeps on giving.

ROCCO
 It starts at the top.

HAVANA
 Except at the FBI. Cause it's gone.

They laugh.

ROCCO
 "Law and order." Fart noise.

HAVANA
Katastrophenpolitk at it's finest.

Then:

ROCCO
 Yo, Costello!...

Angle on **COSTELLO THE BUM** on the corner (*my boy Brad Pitt is a recovering stew and agreed to play this role for us*).

Rocco throws him a sandwich.

COSTELLO THE BUM
 (solidarity fist raise)
 Gods peed, dirtballs!

ROCCO
 Christian love, Christian love,
 kill, kill, kill!

As they chomp their corporate booty a LITTLE PERSON passes.

IRISH
 Check it out - a live one.

Irish snaps a pic. LP flicks him off.

HAVANA
 You're a terrible person.

IRISH
 But not a little one.

Rocco snort-laughes.

EXT. TOWERS PRISON - DOWNTOWN - DAY

*(This scene is sadly quite true, except I wasn't with friends
 - I was with Malonely's parents and siblings. Ugh.)*

Havana, Rocco & Irish approach, eyeing the 15 story prison.

Havana wears a *Urin-Art* shirt and Irish wears a *T-Shit*. Rocco wears his daily grubby fit: jorts & tank top.

Irish clocks the vertical windows --

IRISH
 Is that him?

They look up to see Malonely waving from his 5th floor cell.

ROCCO
 There's the legend!

They excitedly wave. Rocco drops his pants and MOONS him, smacking his hairy ass. They enter the jail...

INT. TOWERS JAIL - CONTINUOUS

A **GUARD** (loves it, hick) looks up from SECURITY CAMERAS.

HAVANA
 Hi! We're here for the freak off.

GUARD
 Get out.

HAVANA

Diddy fan. Too soon?

GUARD

Out.

IRISH

Jay Z fan?

ROCCO

We're picking up our friend Kevin Malonely.

GUARD

Oh, you're with him?

ROCCO

Yep. He's getting out today.

GUARD

No he's not. Thanks to you...
(up/downs em)
Pronoun-spectrum people.

HAVANA

What?--

IRISH

Did you offend us?--

GUARD

(points to security cams)
I saw you drop your pants to moon half the jail population, which is indecent exposure - a crime - and nearly caused a riot.

ROCCO

So? They're caged.

GUARD

Yeah, because cages civilizes criminal rioters.

ROCCO

Rioters aren't criminals.

HAVANA

'Least not the Mayonnaise Militia.

GUARD

Beat it, faces of fentanyl.

HAVANA

Don't get Instagram-psyhic stupid
and activate me, pizzaGaetz!

GUARD

Wow - so much insult.

IRISH

Is our friend coming out or not?

GUARD

(re Rocco)

Miss Man here spreadin' and
flashin' his leather Cheerio for
hundreds of poodles just delayed
his release. For 72 hours.

ROCCO

What kinda dry butt-fuck Harry
Potter Prisoner of Azkaban jail-
house horse shit is this?!

GUARD

Your kink I reckon, Pride Boy.

Rocco blows him a tough kiss.

HAVANA

Whatever, cochese! You're just a
mechanical suit in a medicated
smile in this bullshit
corporatocracy! Free our friend!

GUARD

Out, snowflakes. Before I arrest
you demonic unhumans. At jail.

IRISH

Arrest us? Pfft - this is America.

GUARD

Said the salt-chasin' slug.

HAVANA

The criminal justice system is
supposed to be for the people, not
the profits of conglomerates!

Huh? Then, disgust --

GUARD

(points)

What's on your shirts?

IRISH

"T-shit."

HAVANA

"Urin-Art."

She throws up the Solidarity Fist for Malonely.

ROCCO

She drew it with her dick.

GUARD

Gross. God sure was blessin' the wrong dolls when He blessed ya'll with balls. Get out, creatures.

HAVANA

You got a cross on your chest with Nietzsche-Nazi in your heart, huh.

IRISH

You're bad meat, amigo.

HAVANA

And smell like dog water. We won't forget this, *long covid!*

GUARD

I don't doubt it, Florida Men.
(re Irish)
And take *kung flu* with you.

HAVANA

Plague joke? Real mature.
(facetious)
Definitely not too soon, papaw.

IRISH

And stop calling people hurtful names.

GUARD

You got it, Toyota.

ROCCO

Deny the crimes, defend the jailed,
depose the tyrants!

GUARD

Easy, *Luigi*.

HAVANA

Rest in piss, for-profit
motherfuckers!

Off our Dirtballs' rage-march out --

ROCCO
History remembers whether you learn
it or not, coxcombs!

HAVANA
Vox populi, vox dei!

IRISH
Pandas aren't real!

GUARD
(sotto)
Nuttier than shitter-trapped rats.

EXT. TOWERS JAIL - CONTINUOUS

They exit.

IRISH
72 hours? Dude, we jammed up
Malonely pretty good today.

ROCCO
Fuck today!

HAVANA
No shit. Today can kiss my ass!

ROCCO
Today can eat my ass!

HAVANA
Today can suck my ass!

ROCCO
Today can fuck my ass!

... reflective beat --

ROCCO (CONT'D)
I used to really love days like
today.

Now what?

HAVANA
We gotta hatch a plan to fix this.

IRISH
And insurrect his ass outta there.

ROCCO

We can't just leave him. To get raped.

(not so sotto)

Lucky bastard.

HAVANA

We can't plan it here where they're watching us. Let's hit that joint across the street to scheme - that coffee shop.

IRISH

Yuck.

They cross the street headed for the coffee shop... But beeline into a BAR next door.

INT. BAR - DAY TO NIGHT TO DAY TO NIGHT...

QUICK MONTAGE OF THEM PARTYING LIKE ASSHOLES IN VARIOUS BARS AND GETTING TOSSED OUT OF EACH OF THEM...

72 HOURS - AND MORE DRINKS & DRUGS - LATER

EXT. ANY TV TAX BREAK CITY, USA - MORNING

Tidy houses. Except for one house: a dump.

INT. DIRTBALLS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ripped couches, chipped coffee table, cracked TV running reruns of the Starz series "P Valley".

Beers, bong, grass crowd the table. A bottle of Curel lotion. This place looks like purgatory if God drove a Greyhound.

Havana and Irish sleep on a couch - SPOONING.

Havana slowly sleep-grinds Irish from behind, causing Irish to calmly and sleepily demand --

IRISH

Stop it.

Not working. So Irish tries --

IRISH (CONT'D)

I'm not a girl.

Havana stops... Then she starts up again...

IRISH (CONT'D)
Or a door knob.

Havana stops.

Rocco's on the floor. A BOOK "THE ILIAD" pillows his head.

A big RAT ("SEABISCUIT") scurries up and stands on him.

ROCCO
(eyes closed)
Get off me, Seabiscuit.

Seabiscuit GALLOPS off to the kitchen for some feed.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
(feels something)
Which one of you dicks pissed my
pants?

Suddenly, the front door SLAMS open. Day-light BURSTS into the living room blinding our floppers.

ALL
Ahh!!

A HUGE MAN - back-lit in the doorway - looms.

HUGE MAN
ALL YOU FUCKIN' MUTHAHFUCKAHS ARE
FUCKIN' FUCKED!

HUGE MAN steps into the room, revealing: **MALONELY**.

He drops his bag on Rocco's sternum as he steps over him.

MALONELY
COCAINE AND CIGARETTES! WHO'S GOT
EM?!!

Malonely grabs a bottle of Jameson and a rocks glass.

He spits into the glass, grabs a nearby jacket to clean it --

HAVANA
(re jacket)
Dude, that's my--

MALONELY
(knows full well)
What?

He pours a long one into the spit-shined glass and is about to take his first gulp of satisfaction --

IRISH

How'd you get--

MALONELY

Don't interrupt me! Or I'll knock your teeth out and eat your butthole with em. I've been whiskey free for 53 - no - 56 days, thanks to you fuckers. So - some understanding.

ROCCO

Sorry about--

MALONELY

Shut up!

IRISH

Prison made you mean.. er.

Malonely sniffs the whiskey lovingly and tilts it back lustfully. Then --

MALONELY

I gotta rip a number 3.

HAVANA

(points at Curel)

Take the lotion back up there.

MALONELY

No. I like to feel the real deal.

Malonely starts upstairs...

ROCCO

Of fist..? And don't fuck with my laptop--

IRISH

(mock)

Everything's computer!

ROCCO

I got my OnlyHoles up on a post-Trumping still.

(joy)

Sans wipe of course for his new closeted cabinet. They wanted radicalized white men, well they got this asshole. Literally. Gonna be a lucrative 4 years.

HAVANA
 (to Malonely)
 Dong off the slopjar.

MALONELY
 I'm going reverse cowgirl like
 always but this time I'm gonna
 treat myself like a Mormon
 discovering xHamster.

IRISH
 Git yo'self, Kim Dong Un.

MALONELY
 And I hope you got rid of the
 squishy toilet seats. It feels like
 going butt to butt while shitting
 in an asshole.

ROCCO
 (more joy)
 Exactly.

Malonely stomps upstairs... And SLAMS a door.

Rocco grabs his skull in pain.

ROCCO (CONT'D)
 Ugh, the shame-spiral is creepin'.

IRISH
 Don't get all murder-suicide. Just
 relax, take a deep breath and--

SMASH CUT:

IRISH (PRE-LAP) (CONT'D)
 SUCK!

EXT. DIRTBALLS' HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - LATER

Our Dirtballs party on the porch.

A 6-ft BONG is lit by Irish and smoked by Rocco, who has to
 stand on a chair to reach the top of it.

IRISH
 Suck! Suck harder, side-smile! It's
 not lighting! You know how to suck!

Rocco sucks harder. Smoke fills the bong. It's lit, but Rocco
 can't see it. Irish fucks with him.

IRISH (CONT'D)
One more big one...

Rocco SUCKS and looks ready to pass out.

IRISH (CONT'D)
Ok, that might've done it-- take it-

Irish pulls the cartridge. Rocco inhales a chimney, quickly.

Rocco holds it like a champ... until - BLOWING IT OUT WITH A COUGH ATTACK and falling off the chair! He might die.

Irish laughs like a bastard.

ROCCO
Stop laughing!
(dying coughs)
Why are you so Housewives mean to me?

IRISH
Cause I love you. Laughing at you is my love language.

ROCCO
You're mean.

IRISH
You're mean!

ROCCO
(cough-cough)
Even this is beneath you!

IRISH
Nothing's beneath me. I fucked your shoe once.

ROCCO
I don't like you, Irish.

Irish drains the bong & blows smoke in his face --

IRISH
Don't talk to me like I'm adopted.

ROCCO
You are adopted, cause your gene pool is a P.F. Chang's toilet.

IRISH
You're pay-for-porn dumb. I'm Korean, you pizza.

ROCCO

With a fake Yankee accent. Bat
eating, car-bombing dreamer mother--
(cough cough)
Gonna get ICE on your alien ass.

IRISH

Build the wall, gweilo.

COSTELLO THE BUM stumbles up to them --

COSTELLO THE BUM

Hey, heathens! Spare change for
some crack and a handgun?

IRISH

You got it, Costello!

Irish throws him a beer. Costello catches it and splits --

COSTELLO THE BUM

Witness and survive, dirtballs!
(re beer)
Cause this's the closest you'll
ever come to the Holy Spirit!

ROCCO

Gayhmen, Costello!

Malonely enters, buckling his jeans.

HAVANA

There he is! Back from the *dick*.

MALONELY

(tada!)
In the *Fleshlight*. Man, poundcake
got weird since the local
constabulary tried to disappear me.
So much *futunaria* and *stranger on
the rocks* shit.

Malonely pours a whiskey.

MALONELY (CONT'D)

Got any drugs?

Irish offers the bong --

MALONELY (CONT'D)

Real drugs. Drugs that'll transport
me. Not that legal, snow flake
shit.

IRISH
Whiskey's legal.

MALONELY
Thankfully.

HAVANA
Shockingly.

IRISH
That shit'll kill you.

MALONELY
Cool way to die.

Malonely swills his whiskey.

MALONELY (CONT'D)
Fuck I need a girlfriend. If I have to feed the ducks anymore I'm gonna turn into a goddamned breadcrumb.

HAVANA
Gonna end up gettin' gay that way.

MALONELY
Pfft. I played pro in Canada, guy.

ROCCO
No shit, CTE.

HAVANA
The amount of time you blades spend working your dicks you may as well get gay.

IRISH
We'd probably get laid more.

HAVANA
Or at all.

Zing. Moving on --

ROCCO
How was prison, M'lonely?

MALONELY
For a place where the Devil goes to trump? Awesome. Much needed me time. Lost 30 pounds, dried out, three squares. Read. Books. Big ones.

IRISH

Words.

MALONELY

(bball dribble/shoot)

And prison rules pick-up made me
love the game again.

(then)

Saw that AG flame-out Gaetz in
there too. Monger's gettin' *diddy'd*
around like a hand puppet.

ROCCO

Lucky gooner.

IRISH

The pedo-bro wasn't on the down-low
with the Venmo.

HAVANA

Gettin' jabbed with more than Botox
now.

MALONELY

Inspiring to see our criminal
justice system really thriving.
Speaking of...

Malonely pulls a WAD of CASH from his jeans.

MALONELY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Prison guards suck at poker.

IRISH

Jeez - you worked em huh?

MALONELY

Like Jordan versus that Woody
Harrelson basketball movie team.

HAVANA

You're terrible.

IRISH

And definitely meaner.

ROCCO

(hand clap!)

Well come on, man, spread the
bread! I'm so broke I forgot my
PIN.

MALONELY

Broke? You?

ROCCO

Wanna know what God thinks of
money? Look at who He gives it to.

IRISH

(drumpf mock)

*Part of the beauty of me is that
I'm very rich. So let's bring
religion back! Let's bring God back
into our lives.*

ROCCO

Then let's bring Him to The Ballet.
Or Slammer.

MALONELY

I'm too pretty for man-strippers
now after prison pilates.

HAVANA

'Love pilates.

IRISH

You do pilates?

HAVANA

No, Senator Florida. I watch. Turns
my thighs into slip n'slides.

IRISH

That's where you harangue?

HAVANA

Dragnet.

IRISH

That work?

HAVANA

(re herself)

Fat tits, skinny arms. Ho's U-Hauls
line up like a bastard.

IRISH

Don't bring me into this just cause
I'm adopted.

Irish rolls a joint.

MALONELY

What have you let-downs been up to?

IRISH

Bird flu's back.

HAVANA
Polio's next.

IRISH
Then measles.

HAVANA
My money's on smallpox.

ROCCO
Lost another job.

MALONELY
At another packy? Where we gettin'
free booze now?!

HAVANA
Drank away Ciara.

MALONELY
Again?

HAVANA
She can smell the lose on my
breath.

IRISH
Got a promotion.

MALONELY
Unbelievable. How do you do it?

IRISH
Adderall.

MALONELY
So you're basically meth'd at work.

IRISH
Not meth'd. Genius'd.

Havana SIGHS. Eyes her text thread with CIARA:
HAVANA: **"No manure! She was nothing. I was just horning
myself up for you!"**
CIARA: **"Fuck. You. Drunk. LOSER."**

HAVANA
Are we... losers?

OTHER 3 DIRTBALLS
Pfft! No way! Subjective. Think you
mean "subjective."

A heavy, thinky beat. No one wants to answer. Honestly.

HAVANA

(angst)

I don't wanna be who I am. "The Watch" is coming on.

ROCCO

Fuck suicide watch. Drink a *kill-think* and push it back. Like this--

Rocco stares at his beer then instructs it with GRIT:

ROCCO (CONT'D)

Work.. work..

Then chugs it. Done. Ahh.

ROCCO (CONT'D)

See? Works every time. It's fun. We got into this for fun. We've been this way together forever.

HAVANA

Our behavior is not fun. And our behavior isn't something we got into, it's something we ended up in.

ROCCO

Are you riddling us?

HAVANA

We gotta stop this.

ROCCO

What *this*?

HAVANA

Don't play "*Irish*." You know this. This. Circle. Cycle. Of duffings. It's killing us and it's sad.

ROCCO

It's just a rough patch.

HAVANA

Which turned into life.

Our Dirtballs ponder this. Rocco cracks a beer.

ROCCO

So what do we do?

HAVANA

It's time. I'm tired of livin' like a death wish. We gotta finally do it. We've discussed it before. And it'll help me get Ciara back.

ROCCO

Damn it. Really? Can't we do something else?

IRISH

Yeah, can't we do crime? I've always loved crime.

MALONELY

She'll break your heart.

IRISH

How about apomorphine? Cured that one junky back in the day.
(joy)
It's got morphine in it...

HAVANA

This isn't the 50s, *beatdik*.

IRISH

Knocks it out in a minute.. Is there a way we can do something like that..? Uhhh, by injection inside..? or, or.. almost a cleaning.. sounds interesting to me.

You're stupid stares glare.

IRISH (CONT'D)

Fine - krokodil. That's hip again. Cures everything.

HAVANA

Like "life." No, we gotta do this the sane way.

ROCCO

Well I don't wanna do it and be a whatever they call them now.

HAVANA

Me neither. None of us do.

IRISH

I'd rather be an NFL punter. Or a dirty cop.

MALONELY
Or a Michael Bublé.

IRISH
Bublé?

MALONELY
You know how much ass a dude gets
singing like a pussy?

Truth.

IRISH
I don't know, this move sounds more
brutal than trying to fall asleep
sober on a Sunday.

ROCCO
More painful than gay guy voice.

MALONELY
(nasally dork impression)
Or writer guy voice.

HAVANA
I know but we have to do it. We
can't keep clawing and crawling
thru life. We gotta get upright
already. Our lives are days like
lost dogs. Whooshing past us like
the sighs of cursed earthbound
angels.

IRISH
(kinda sad)
Words.

ROCCO
(disgust)
What are we? Going clear?

IRISH
Finally get our 72 virgins.

Solemn beat.

ROCCO
Guess it could help me land a new
job.

IRISH
Maybe a black or brown one.

HAVANA
Definitely not a yellow one.

MALONELY
Havana's right. And I'm court
ordered anyway. Part of my probie.
(points to them)
And I need the support. You owe me.

HAVANA
I'm ready to turn my life around,
boys. Get this going in a different
direction.

IRISH
A 360 huh? Fine. But only because
Jessica Alba is single.

MALONELY
This is where the cock meets the
spaniel, lads.

HAVANA
(stands)
Ready?

IRISH
After this.

Irish lights the joint.

HAVANA
Let's do the positive today, men.

IRISH
Yep. Be the change.

MALONELY
Let's crush this shit. Like King
James versus *The Friends* from that
Woody Harrelson basketball movie.

HAVANA
Still terrible. You should be on
that team.

Hand CLAP. Moving on. Positive aura - turning it all around.

MALONELY
I'll drive, where are my keys...?
Oh, here they are--

Malonely sees his CAR KEYS in his WHISKEY GLASS. Drains the
drink before fishing them out. As they split --

IRISH

360!

EXT/EST. CHURCH - LATER

TEARY TERRY (O.S.)

(crying)

...and when I got home, my bags
were packed and waiting for me on
the driveway and...

INT. AA MEETING - LATER

Group share. AA Meeting Leader **RICHARD** (divorced dad) sits
front & center. All listen as **TEARY TERRY** shares his story.

Our Dirtballs look bored as shit. But Havana looks frustrated
- like she's gonna burst. Conflicted? Eyes a text from Ciara:
Leave me alone. We're done. Now she's sad.

Opens Ciara's Instagram and sees her canoodling a WOMAN.

Now she's pissed.

TEARY TERRY

(sniffle)

... I realize now that if I don't
come in here looking for change
then... I'm gonna be on the corner
begging for some.

HAVANA

Oof.

IRISH

Doozy.

ROCCO

And hilarious. You take that bit on
the road?

MALONELY

He didn't have a choice.

Our Dirtballs laugh, as a few SURLY AAers hide chuckles.

RICHARD

Guys. Not cool--sorry, gotta intro
myself- I'm Richard and--

IRISH

My name's long for "Dick!"

More DB laughs, except Havana who steams.

RICHARD
Again, not cool--

HAVANA
Not cool, *quarter-zip*, is all this
self-criticism fueling analysis
paralysis.

Richard eyes his clothes self-consciously.

IRISH
Think she means ya'll think too
much.

RICHARD
Guys, guys, let's bring it back to
the group, please. We're eagles
here and we want to soar. In our
sobriety. Right? Don't you?

ROCCO
(disgust)
I don't wanna be an eagle and soar.

MALONELY
I'd rather be a pigeon and shit.

RICHARD
I get it, you're new, I've been
there, it's scary and foreign.
Seeking sobriety is like moving to
a new country - but only packing
for the flight.

OUR DIRTBALLS
Oh come on!/Suck a di--
/Words!/Grant me the insanity!
/It's not about the pasta! / Biden
murdered JonBenèt! /You're stupid!

RICHARD
Sobriety takes patience! And
patience is a virtue!

MALONELY
I prefer vices.

RICHARD
Vices-- substance abuse.. brings
nothing but painful memories for
most of us--

HAVANA

But not all of us.

MALONELY

Beer beer! I second that. Why do these kinda groups and shit always have to revolve around the bad times?

ROCCO

I know we're all here because we aren't always our *Be Best*--

HAVANA

Still wrong and dumb.

IRISH

Ain't no dumb like MAGA dumb.

ROCCO

But it can't be all shitty memories and stories. It isn't for me.

MALONELY

Alcohol is the booze that binds us!

ROCCO

Our psychological pacifier!

IRISH

We're all drunk on the inside!

Ha! The group loves it.

ROCCO

Boozin' is a blessed unrest! Like in the Bible.

MALONELY

Read that one too. Now that's a *big book*.

IRISH

To quote the original def master monk Vanilla Ice: "You're gonna like your own shit whether it sucks or not!"

RICHARD

Are you guys high or something?!

ALL 4 DIRTBALLS

I could eat.

RICHARD
Don't you wanna quit using?

MALONELY
In public?
(ALT: Just in public.)

AAers laugh.

IRISH
One time I got so duffed at a Skins game that I fell over the railing into the players' entrance. Ended up stumbling my way into the locker room after we clinched the NFC East - best time ever. Sprayed champagne, showered with the team, played with their handguns.

Slight laughs from AAers. **OLD TIMER BERNARD** raises his hand but doesn't wait for permission --

OLD TIMER BERNARD
Name's Bernard and I'm an alcoholic.

IRISH
I thought this shit was anonymous?

OLD TIMER BERNARD
Your little "Danny Does Dallas" shower scene is nothin'. I got a DWI on a bike.

ROCCO
You got a "Bee-Wee?!"

OLD TIMER BERNARD
At two in the afternoon. In front of an elementary school.

RICHARD
And you don't find that troubling?

OLD TIMER BERNARD
I find it despicable. But that's my life. And sometimes all you can do is laugh at life.

IRISH
Mayhem to that, O.G.

OLD TIMER BERNARD
 You'll never know the value of a
 moment until it becomes a memory.

ROCCO
 Or a black out.

RICHARD
 Let's bring the focus back to
 Terry.

TEARY TERRY blows his nose loudly.

TEARY TERRY
 I don't know where it all went
 wrong. I hardly drank in college,
 and my twenties were spent in grad
 school and the office.

ROCCO
 How could you pass up partying in
 college?

TEARY TERRY
 I was always studying.

MALONELY
 (disgusted)
 Studying what?

HAVANA
 That was your problem. College is
 the time to be the worst and
 weirdest you can be.

IRISH
 I peed on people in college.

MALONELY
 Mostly yourself.

HAVANA
 Arkham State education right there.

MELISSA AA'ER
 I agree with you whiny split-fig
 WAPs. I spent my Smith College days
 drunk on quim.

Havana clocks this promiscuous reveal.

MELISSA AA'ER (CONT'D)

I was clueless, prude and dry as a cat's tongue until I found my social and sexual lubricant.

OLD TIMER BERNARD

We didn't have college in my day. We had war. My time in the navy was a drunken whore-filled bacchanal. I didn't think I was gonna survive, so I chased cirrhosis and syphilis.

MALONELY

Hell of a weekend.

OLD TIMER BERNARD

Some of the best times of my life.

HAVANA

Exactly! Terrible behavior, bad decisions - that's life.

The AAers ponder.

HAVANA (CONT'D)

Making mistakes is what growing up is all about. And I wanna keep growing up because you know what happens when you do finally grow up?

(dramatic beat)

Your heart dies.

Damn.

HAVANA (CONT'D)

And my heart is still thirsty. Uh huh, yeah. *Drink* about it...

Deep beat. Then Angry AAer cheers up --

ANGRY AA'ER

I used to get so much ass when I drank.

AAers crack smiles & chuckle.

MALONELY

Look at you all smiling like a jackass eating cactus.

ROCCO

Happy as a couple gays gettin' a dog together.

IRISH
Or a dog with 3 balls.

Big laughs.

ANNOYED AA'ER
I could always do the best
impressions.

ROCCO
Let's hear one.

ANNOYED AA'ER
I don't know. It's been awhile.

HAVANA
Who cares. Let'er rip.

Beat. Then --

ANNOYED AA'ER
*It's like-a weird. It's like-a
weally weird.*

Confused silence.

ANGRY AA'ER
Who the hell was that supposed to
be?

ANNOYED AA'ER
John Travolta.

ANGRY AA'ER
Don't do that again. Sober.

ANNOYED AA'ER
Fine. I know where to do it right!
And not be judged!

He stands and leaves.

HAVANA
That's the spirit! He's no quitter.

ROCCO
Who's next?

IRISH
Hell, let's all go!

TEARY TERRY
I'm in! My heart isn't dead!

MALONELY
And neither is my split-fig WAP!

IRISH
Life separates, death unites!

HAVANA
(to AA'er Melissa)
How bout you? Can I buy you a quim?

What?!

HAVANA (CONT'D)
I mean "drink?"

Melissa smiles, considering. Pilates time.

OLD TIMER BERNARD
I got a windowless van! I'll drive
us! Like a bat out of hell's
asshole!!

Old Timer walks out...

MALONELY
Let's go, Deltas!

Malonely follows him out. Then Dirtballs follow...

OLD TIMER BERNARD
(sings)
*I'm a wasted rock ranger / I live
the life of danger / smoking all
that crystal and cocaine...!!*

Then all the AAers follow our Dirtballs out ala the "Animal House" scene when Delta House walk out of that ridiculous *Pan Hellenic Disciplinary Counsel Student Court* "trial."

Richard's incredulous.

RICHARD
I'll still be here for you all next
week!

Our crew still marching out --

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Relapse is part of recovery!

Then, back to his old ways --

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Hey! I don't come to your jobs and
 slap the dick outta your hands!

He waits an anxious beat, then, back to his trying --

RICHARD (CONT'D)
 Wait for me! I got a DeeWee in a
 cul-de-sac and drank away my
 license for life!

And as he darts out in pursuit...

IRISH (O.S.)
 360!

I/E. OLD TIMER BERNARD'S VAN - MINUTES LATER

Dirtballs & AAers piled in the van as Old Timer drives crazy.

IRISH
 CALL YOUR PARENTS!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Dirtballs & AAers rush the bar. Les the Bartender incredulous

LES THE BARTENDER
 Not tonight, Rocco! You dirtballs
 are persona-non-Diddy.

IRISH
 Too soon!

LES THE BARTENDER
 You're banned. Off you fuck.

HAVANA
 (to AAers re Les)
 Mercury is in retro-lame.

ROCCO
 Banned for what?

LES THE BARTENDER
 Everything. You're animals and
 idiots run by your soggy mid-
 brains.

ROCCO
 Manure, Les! You know we can't get
 enough of what we don't need!

LES THE BARTENDER

You get what you get because you do
what you do.

ROCCO

Are you riddling me?!

LES THE BARTENDER

Don't you BOP House gooners have
something better to do tonight?
Like go home and wash your socks
before they give birth?

ROCCO

You're cruisin' for a MeToo'in with
that work place perv talk.

LES THE BARTENDER

I say this with love: You have the
behavioral capacity of a cumquat
breeding with a Bulgarian woodtit.

ROCCO

Now you talkin' crypto?!

Les notices Malonely and greets him happily --

LES THE BARTENDER

Malonely! How you doing, high heat?

MALONELY

I'm alive, Les. Full spectrum.
Finally livin' in 3D.

LES THE BARTENDER

Right on. Ho Chi Minh back in the
homeland. Welcome back.

They slap hands.

LES THE BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Let's salt your bacon, brotha.

Les pours him a whiskey.

LES THE BARTENDER (CONT'D)

(re the other Dballs)
But not these infidels.

HAVANA

Les, this is a special occasion.
These fine people with us are
celebrating.

LES THE BARTENDER
Celebrating what? J6?

HAVANA
The good old days. The rejuvenation
of youth.

IRISH
Wasted youth.

ROCCO
They're not animals and idiots,
Les. Just people with hearts.

LES THE BARTENDER
I didn't say they were animals and
idiots.

IRISH
Hurtful.

LES THE BARTENDER
Although I admire that you zeroes
haven't stopped trying, why don't
we do this another time--

SLAP! as THREE \$100 BILLS slam on the bar from Malonely and
his prison guard hustle --

ROCCO
Spread the bread!

MALONELY
Let's turn this cock into a
spaniel, Les.

LES THE BARTENDER
(fuck)
Fine. What can I get you?

DB & AA'ERS
DRUNK!!...

SMASH TO BLACK.

... Over CHEERING & chaos we hear --

OLD TIMER BERNARD (O.S.)
What in the Sam Hell is on your
shirts?

TAG:

MALONELY (PRE-LAP)
 (irritated)
 Seriously? Just gonna stand here?!

INT. OUTDOOR MALL ESCALATOR - DAY

Malonely stands annoyed & impatient because NO ONE WALKS up or down it, while Rocco & Irish debate a hot topic --

ROCCO
 ..."Proflect" is not a word, guy.

IRISH
 How is "reflect" a word but its inverse - "proflect" - is not?

ROCCO
 Because you're face-tat stupid.

IRISH
 Sudden death this debate,
 M'Lonely...

MALONELY
 (re escalator riders)
 I'm *proflecting* about beatin' some middle-DUH-merica ass in public.

Uh oh. Then --

MALONELY (CONT'D)
 Hey, Fat Americans! This isn't a Disney ride! Or a Rascal!

ESCALATOR RIDERS turn, scared.

HAVANA
 Relax, guy.

MALONELY
 Why don't USAholes walk on these things? The whole country wears nothin' but sweats anyway.

HAVANA
 Just try to enjoy the view.

MALONELY
 What view?

HAVANA

Beave on the way up...

SHORT-SKIRT POV of PRETTY WOMAN riding down the escalator in front of and in the opposite lane of them.

HAVANA (CONT'D)

Cleave on way down...

DOWNSHIRT POV of same woman's cleavage on the way down.

Ohh. They all now notice. And enjoy. Rocco eyes the BUFF BOYFRIEND aside her.

OUR DIRTBALLS

Hay-soos.

They step off escalator to GROUND FLOOR and cross street to --

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER & SOUP KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

They tie on kitchen aprons and approach a line of HOMELESS.

IRISH

Who's hungry for some grilled
Scooby and sauteéd Garfield?

COSTELLO THE BUM

Well drop kick me Jesus and take
the wheel.

ROCCO

Body of christ, Costello. No homo.

MAN (O.S.)

You're late, dirtballs.

Reveal the LITTLE PERSON that Irish called a "live one."

IRISH

Sorry, boss.

COSTELLO THE BUM

(right into camera)
And you're welcome, America.

"Caught in a Jar" by Dropkick Murphys kicks in:
www.youtube.com/watch?v=kcqXQJEoGxE

Or "Boys on the Docks" www.youtube.com/watch?v=36VUXSA2k1s

FADE OUT.