

Brad Cutter Ruined My Life... Again

by
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FADE IN:

A SEA OF BLACK GRADUATION GOWNS shuffles by.

"Pomp and Circumstance" (the graduation march) BLARES from a crappy sound system.

Flashbulbs POP. We are...

INT. AUDITORIUM - GRADUATION DAY - 1994

Eager high school seniors accept their diplomas.

One awkward graduate makes his way across the stage. This is DAVE FISCHMAN. He pauses as his picture is snapped. Bad hair, acne, and headgear hide honest eyes and a good heart.

DAVE (V.O.)
For me, the only good thing about
high school...

Dave and the other graduates throw their caps into the air.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
...was that it ended.

Dave looks up just as a cap comes hurtling back down, pointy corner first, and nails him right in the eye. We hear a blood curdling SCREAM.

GO TO BLACK.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
At least I thought it did.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dave, now with a medical eye patch, sits alone, miserably picking at a piece of cake at his empty graduation party.

DAVE (V.O.)
That's me twelve years ago. The
six hours spent at the emergency
room and the scratched cornea
pretty much sucked the life out of
that party. It was a fitting end
to a miserable four years.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Dave, head down and headgear on, hurries through the hall.

DAVE (V.O.)
The best way to understand who I
was in high school, is to
understand who I was not.

Dave rounds a corner.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
And I was definitely NOT Brad
Cutter.

Coming around the corner in the other direction is BRAD
CUTTER - good looking, charismatic, confident. Picture the
coolest guy from your high school, multiply by ten, and you
get the idea.

Dave ducks out of the way as Brad and his hangers-on plow
through the hallway, laughing and living it up.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Brad Cutter went to his first
senior prom when he was in eighth
grade.

CUT TO:

14-YEAR-OLD BRAD CUTTER exits a limo with a hot older babe on
his arm. He's the picture of confidence.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I spent my own senior prom night
eating Hot Pockets and watching the
Robocop trilogy on laser disc.

CUT TO:

Dave settles down in front of the TV with a freshly nuked Hot
Pocket. He bites in.

YOUNG DAVE
Shit! Ah!

Dave spits the way-too-hot food out all over his hand.

DAVE (V.O.)
Brad Cutter was a three sport
athlete with a handful of county
records.

QUICK SHOTS as Cutter throws a touchdown, shoots a three
pointer, and hits a home run.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I couldn't even keep a job taping
football games for the video
yearbook.

Dave loads a tape into his video camera on the sidelines of a football game. Suddenly, a RECEIVER and TWO DEFENDERS going for an overthrown ball slam into Dave, crushing him to the ground.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
While Brad Cutter was having porno-level sex with prom queen Jenny Hanson...

CUT TO:

A FRAMED PICTURE of gorgeous JENNY HANSON in her prom queen tiara gets knocked from her bedside table as she and Cutter have hot "beautiful people" sex.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
...I was masturbating to her yearbook picture.

CUT TO:

Dave lies on his bed. Below frame, his right hand moves furiously as he stares at a picture of Jenny Hanson spread eagle in mid-air during a cheer routine.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Brad Cutter's smiling face

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Senior year, Brad Cutter was voted most likely to succeed, best smile, funniest guy, and best kisser. His posse included guys like Scoot McIlvane...

CUT TO:

SCOOT MCILVANE, a cool looking guy, slams a FRESHMAN into a locker.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
...Deekums Ransala...

CUT TO:

DEEKUMS RANSALA, another studly-looking guy makes out with a HOT GIRL in a stairwell.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
...and basically everyone worth knowing at Franklin High.

(MORE)

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 My posse consisted entirely of
 Simon Waldron...

CUT TO:

SIMON WALDRON, a pale, skinny computer dork, holds some sort of homemade computer device out to young Dave.

SIMON
 Check it out, Dave, the double
 joystick.

Simon smiles big.

DAVE (V.O.)
 Simon was a dork because he was a
 genius. I was just a dork.

Dave takes the joystick from Simon.

YOUNG DAVE
 Awesome!

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A quiet house sits on a suburban street.

DAVE (V.O.)
 But the worst thing about not being
 Brad Cutter was that I'd never be
 more than study buddies with Kara
 Blanchard.

INT. KARA'S DEN - NIGHT

Dave sits with KARA, a cute, mousy high school girl. A muted TV plays in the background as they pore over open math books.

KARA
 I still don't understand how to
 find the cosine.

DAVE
 It's really tricky. Here, if you
 just --

The back door opens and KARA'S STEP-MOM enters carrying a couple of grocery bags and smoking a cigarette. She glares at Dave and Kara.

KARA'S STEPMOM
 Oh look, another tutoring session.
 What test are you gonna fail
 tomorrow, Kara?

As Kara's step-mom leaves the room, Kara gives her the finger through the wall. Dave, assessing the scene, speaks up.

DAVE
(loudly for step-mom's
benefit)
Oh, thanks Kara, I get it now. I
needed to multiply the binomial by
the square root.

Kara gives Dave a confused look. Dave winks and continues.

DAVE (cont'd)
Now can you help me with number 17?

Kara's step-mom pokes her head around the wall curiously.

KARA
(getting it now)
Sure. You take the factorial
here...

Kara's step-mom looks impressed. She heads up the stairs.
Kara giggles.

KARA (cont'd)
Thanks.

DAVE
No problem. Factorial was a nice
touch.

Kara smiles at Dave. He smiles back.

KARA
Want a Coke?

DAVE
Yeah, definitely.

Kara goes to the kitchen. Dave feels like he's in. He pulls
off his headgear. He checks his breath. He fixes his hair.

Kara emerges with two drinks.

KARA
Oh my god!

Kara runs right past Dave to the TV and turns up the sound.

On screen, Brad Cutter is being interviewed in the locker
room after a basketball game. He has no shirt on.

CUTTER (ON TV)
I really owe it all to my
teammates.

KARA
He is so hot.

She SHRIEKS. Dave slowly picks up his headgear and puts it back on. It's hopeless.

DAVE (V.O.)
When high school finally ended, it was reason to celebrate.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A huge bonfire rages. Hot guys and girls drink, dance and make out. Brad Cutter and Jenny Hanson are the center of attention.

DAVE (V.O.)
Yeah right, like I knew about that party.

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVE'S BACKYARD - SAME NIGHT

Dave, with the eye patch, and Simon stand over a small fire they've built in a bucket. Dave holds his high school yearbook over the fire.

DAVE
To the end.

Dave drops it in the fire. Simon adds a Franklin High P.E. shirt to the fire.

SIMON
Good riddance.

Dave blasts the bucket with some lighter fluid. The fire flares up.

SIMON (cont'd)
Nice! You realize this is just the beginning, right?

DAVE
I guess so.

SIMON
Dave, high school is just something guys like us survive. The rest of our lives is our reward.

Dave looks unsure.

SIMON (cont'd)
Brad Cutter and those guys'll be pumping our gas. Jenny Hanson's gonna be a 300 pound divorcee by the time she hits thirty.

(MORE)

SIMON (cont'd)
 It's karma. It's cosmic justice.
 They all peaked in high school.
 It's pathetic.

DAVE
 Yeah, pathetic.

Just then, JUDY FISCHMAN, Dave's mom, comes running out of the house with a pitcher of water. She dumps it on the fire.

JUDY
 David! Have you lost your mind?!

DAVE
 Sorry, mom.

JUDY
 Now come inside. We need to rinse your eye with fluid.

Dave shrugs at Simon, and goes inside.

DAVE (V.O.)
 But things did get better.

CUT TO:

Dave walks along a college campus.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I went away to college, ditched the headgear, got a haircut, my skin cleared up, and I made some pretty cool friends.

CUT TO:

Dave and a few other GUYS watch *Robocop* and eat Hot Pockets in a dorm room.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 And sophomore year, I even got laid.

CUT TO:

A FAT, DRUNK GIRL holds a beer and beckons to a grinning Dave.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 And eventually, I got laid again.

QUICK CUTS of a few more GIRLS -- progressively less fat and less drunk.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I got my degree, and I moved out to
 Los Angeles. It was as far as I
 could get from my hometown.

CUT TO:

Dave, looking professional, walks along an L.A. street
 drinking an overpriced coffee.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 I spent a few years building my
 resume, and the more time passed,
 the further away I got from what I
 was in high school.

CUT TO:

Dave talking and laughing with PEOPLE at a party.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 After a few years, I got a good job
 working at the Centerpoint Agency,
 an in-store promotions firm.

Dave enters a modern office.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 So if you're ever at the store and
 you find yourself suddenly thinking
 you should buy a sports drink...

CUT TO:

A large cardboard standee of a basketball player drinking a
 certain brand of sports drink.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ...or batteries...

CUT TO:

Another cardboard standee of a giant smiling battery clogs a
 grocery aisle.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ...or cough medicine...

CUT TO:

A standee of a doctor holding cough medicine.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
 ...that was probably because of me.
 Or at least the company I work for.
 (MORE)

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
And although I started in accounts payable, I quickly moved up to the creative team.

Dave sits at his desk, working on something on his computer.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
In fact, with the way things were going, a promotion to Vice President of Creative Affairs was right around the corner.

Dave clicks the mouse a few times and types something on his keyboard. Reveal that on Dave's computer screen is a color coded graph that shows his progress toward a promotion.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
That promotion was the final step for me, and when it came, I was gonna do it. I was gonna ask Leah to marry me.

Dave clicks the mouse again, and now a new graph comes on screen showing the growth of his "Engagement Ring Fund." The fund is up to almost \$8,000.

Dave leans back in his chair and smiles at the graph.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
See, Leah Marshak was the best thing that had ever happened to me.

CUT TO:

Dave lies in bed, smiling and watching intently as LEAH MARSHAK sleeps. Leah has an easy going beauty, and even sound asleep, she has a disarming confidence.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Leah and I had been dating for almost two years, and I still couldn't believe she was actually with me.

CUT TO:

Dave and Leah sit on the couch, battling it out at a cyborg shoot-out style video game. They're both way into it, on the edge of their seats, banging away at their controllers.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
Leah was smart and funny and caring. And she actually found my quirks charming.

Eventually, Leah tackles Dave as he tries to keep playing. They are soon making out on the couch.

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
I knew she was the one. I had a
plan and I was sticking to it.

CUT TO:

A FULL-COLOR, DETAILED CHART OF DAVE'S LIFE PLAN

Pull back to reveal that the plan is taped to a pull-out
shelf on Dave's desk in...

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - EVENING

It's late in the day, and Dave sits at his desk. He points
to the chart as he speaks to someone in the office.

DAVE
See, once I get the promotion, I
buy the ring, propose to Leah, we
get a place together and we'll be
married one year later.

Dave looks up. Reveal ARTURO, a sixty year old janitor.

ARTURO
Mr. Dave, that is a very great
plan. Leah is a lucky woman. You
are so handsome and organized, you
should propose now.

DAVE
Not yet, Arturo, everything has to
be perfect.

Dave slides the shelf shut. Just then, ALEX WHITMAN, 40's,
Dave's boss and a bit of a dick, pokes his head in the
office. He holds his coat, ready to leave for the day.

WHITMAN
Dave, nice job on the Feldmar
Electronics campaign. You know we
got the Just Juice guys coming in
Wednesday. They're real hard
asses, but if you don't screw up
this account, Vice President could
be yours.

Whitman leaves. Dave smiles big and turns to Arturo.

DAVE
See?

ARTURO
What a cock sucker.

Dave shrugs.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dave has his coat and briefcase, on his way out. He rounds a corner and finds a handful of CO-WORKERS at their cubicles packing up for the day.

DAVE
 Hey guys, I just heard from
 Whitman. Great job on the Feldmar
 account. Thanks to all of your
 efforts, they are going to move
 some serious electronics inventory.

Dave claps for the assembled co-workers. They smile good-naturedly. He's a little dorky, but sweet. He points to each, one by one, and high-fives them as he compliments them.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Will - busting out strong creative.
 Gina - with logistical support.
 Chris - rocking the deliverables.
 Team effort all the way.

Dave finishes the high-fives, and reaches into his briefcase and starts handing out neatly printed flowcharts.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Here are the flow charts for
 Wednesday's Just Juice meeting.
 Never too early to start, right?
 The red-line items reflect the
 power point, okay?

The other workers nod. Satisfied, Dave heads down the hall. He flips open his cell phone and dials.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Hey Leah, it's me. I'm picking you
 up in twenty minutes.
 (beat)
 It's a surprise.

He closes the phone.

CUT TO:

Leah and Dave sit on a couch eating Chinese food. A green glow reflects off their faces as they stare straight ahead.

LEAH
 It's beautiful.

DAVE
 (awestruck)
 Yeah.

PULL BACK to reveal that the couch is actually part of a furniture showroom in...

INT. FELDMAR DEPARTMENT STORE - EVENING

Leah and Dave eat their dinner right in the middle of the store. They stare intently at...

A LARGE CARDBOARD standee made to look like a plasma TV. In the middle of the TV screen, neon letters read "It's On."

LEAH
And you wrote that?

DAVE
(beaming with pride)
Yep.

LEAH
It's goddamn brilliant.

DAVE
C'mon.

LEAH
I'm buying one.

DAVE
What?

LEAH
I can't help it. That is one killer in-store promotion and I'm buying a TV.

DAVE
Leah.

LEAH
You can't stop me. Your work really got to me and I'm buying one right now.

Leah gets up and heads for the electronics department. Dave laughs and follows her.

INT. CAR - LATER

Dave and Leah drive home. A huge TV box fills the back seat.

DAVE
You know you're crazy?

LEAH
I know.

DAVE
God, I love you.

Dave leans over and kisses her. Just then, his cell phone rings. Dave checks the caller ID.

DAVE (cont'd)
It's my mom. Today is too perfect.
She's not screwing it up.

Dave puts away the phone, gives Leah another kiss, and continues to drive home.

EXT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - NEXT DAY

The afternoon sun glints off Dave's office building.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dave sits with all the Centerpoint employees at a staff meeting. Whitman finishes speaking to the group.

WHITMAN
So I want everyone to start
thinking Just Juice, this is a big
one, people.

A SECRETARY pokes her head in the room and hands Whitman a note. Whitman reads it.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
(to the secretary)
Yes, absolutely.

She leaves again. Dave and a few other employees wonder what that was all about. Whitman turns back to the group.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
I have an important announcement to
make this afternoon. I've worked
in this business a long time. I've
seen a lot of people come and go.
Hard workers, creative people,
smart businessmen and women. And
it takes a lot to impress me.

Dave pumps up. Could Whitman be announcing his promotion right now?

WHITMAN (cont'd)
So when I see a person with that
special combination of smarts,
skill, charisma and character, I
jump at it.

Dave can't believe this. This is going to be so awesome.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Every team needs a star player.
And I think I've found ours.

Dave could burst with excitement.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
He came in to interview last week
and I hired him on the spot.

What?

WHITMAN (cont'd)
He'll be starting on the ground
floor, but I have a feeling he'll
work his way up quickly. He
arrived a few minutes ago and I
sent Cathy to bring him in so you
all could meet him right away.
Ladies and gentlemen...

On cue, Cathy opens the door and brings in...

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Brad Cutter!

Holy shit! Dave gasps. He can't believe it. Standing next
to Whitman is the one and only...

BRAD CUTTER

He looks great. At thirty, he's handsome, tanned, athletic,
and dripping charisma. Of course he has a full head of hair
and hardly an ounce of body fat.

The women are wowed, the men are impressed, and Dave may have
just swallowed his tongue.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Brad, why don't you introduce
yourself?

Brad steps up.

CUTTER
Hey everybody. Great to be joining
the team here. I'm sure I'll get
to know all of you a lot better in
the coming days. Especially this
guy right here.

Cutter points to a guy near the front.

CUTTER (cont'd)
This dude's a trouble maker, am I
right?

Everyone laughs.

CUTTER (cont'd)
 Seriously, I'm here to learn, I'm here to work hard, and I'm here to party with those two over there.
 (points to two guys)
 Hey, if I wake up in Tijuana with no pants on, I'm calling you guys.

The two guys he's pointing to love it. Everyone laughs.

CUTTER (cont'd)
 A little about me. I did the biz school thing, travelled the globe for a few years, blah blah blah. Now I'm settled, I'm looking to learn the corporate world from all angles and this seemed like a great place to start. So please, be kind, I know I have a lot to learn from all of you. Especially the ladies in the back. Be gentle, ladies.

He points to a few women in the back of the room. They giggle like school girls.

CUTTER (cont'd)
 So let's make some money, have some fun, and kick some ass.

The room explodes into applause. Wild applause. Everyone loves this guy. Dave is stunned. In seconds, Brad Cutter just became everyone's hero.

WHITMAN
 Thanks, Cutter. Alright everybody, back to work.

The meeting adjourns, and Cutter and Whitman head out into the hall. Dave quickly follows them out.

DAVE
 Brad, hey, Brad!

Cutter stops and turns. So does Whitman.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Brad, it's me, Dave Fischman.

Blank look.

DAVE (cont'd)
 From Franklin High.

Dave turns to Whitman.

DAVE (cont'd)
I went to high school with Brad.
He led the football team to the
state title. He set a record by
winning Homecoming king all four
years. He slept with a twenty-four
year-old math teacher. Jess Wilcox
sang a new song about him every
year at the talent show.

CUTTER
And she won twice.

DAVE
Yeah, exactly.

WHITMAN
(weirded out)
Wow... Dave, uh, good memory.

CUTTER
(to Dave)
And we were in the same class?

DAVE
Yeah. Dave Fischman. Sophomore
year when you were class president,
I ran for treasurer. My campaign
speech was an old school rap. I
lost to that Indian girl, but it
was a really close race.

Blank look from Cutter. Whitman is getting uncomfortable.

DAVE (cont'd)
My locker was just one flight up
from yours and two hallways over.

Cutter gives an odd look.

DAVE (cont'd)
Not that you would know that or
anything...

CUTTER
Wait a second - Fischman? I think
we had gym together one year.

DAVE
Yes, yes! Exactly!

CUTTER
Hell yeah, fifth period gym with
Coach Guerrero!

DAVE

Yeah!

CUTTER

You were a madman! You kicked ass
in that class!

DAVE

Well, I don't know about that.

CUTTER

God, we had fun. Noseplug, right?

DAVE

(nervous)

Um, I'm not sure what --

CUTTER

Noseplug! Of course.

(to Whitman)

Everyone called this dude Noseplug
because when we did swimming, he
had to wear nose plugs. I guess I
never knew your real name.

(to Dave)

What's up, Noseplug!?!

Cutter reaches out enthusiastically for a high five. Dave
reluctantly delivers.

WHITMAN

Noseplug. I like that. Back to
work, Noseplug!

Whitman laughs.

DAVE

Um, yeah, I, uh, actually don't
wear those anymore. I can swim
without them now.

CUTTER

Way to go, man.

Dave feels completely dumb.

WHITMAN

Well, Cutter starts work tomorrow,
so help him however you can...
Noseplug.

Whitman chuckles.

DAVE

Right. Okay. Great to see you
again, Brad.

CUTTER
Right on, dude. Go Franklin.

Cutter and Whitman head down the hallway.

CUTTER (cont'd)
(to Whitman)
So Whitsie, you a golfing man?

WHITMAN
You know it.

Their voices fade down the hall. Dave stands, shocked.

LEAH (O.S.)
And you knew this guy in high school?

INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Leah and Dave are talking about Brad Cutter. Dave seems wound up. Leah is folding Origami as she listens.

DAVE
Everyone did. Brad Cutter was a Franklin High legend. Brad Cutter defined cool for a generation. Brad Cutter is a brand name.

LEAH
And now he's working with you. That's crazy.

DAVE
Yeah, it's totally crazy. I mean this guy, Leah, every girl in school was in love with him. Guys worshipped him. And now he works at Centerpoint.

Leah looks at her misshapen Origami swan. She starts over. Dave starts pacing.

DAVE (cont'd)
I mean, what happens to someone who's that cool? Did he peak in high school? Has he had tough times? Does he put on his old football jersey, drink a six pack, and pine for lost glory until he passes out crying?

Leah folds as Dave continues to pace.

DAVE (cont'd)
 He looked good. He hasn't lost hair or gained weight. And everyone seemed to love him today. Maybe he's still just as cool? Is that possible? What does this mean for the office dynamic? What does it mean for me?

Dave looks overwhelmed. He flops down on the couch.

LEAH
 Wow. I don't know what to say.

DAVE
 Yeah. Tell me about it.

LEAH
 I mean, this guy's new, right? And he's from your high school. I guess you could just be nice to him. Show him around. Be his friend.

Dave's eyes light up. This never dawned on him.

DAVE
 That's it. I'll show him around. I'll take him under my wing. I'll be Brad Cutter's friend.

Dave kisses Leah. She looks pleased. She holds up a perfectly finished Origami swan.

LEAH
 Eh?

DAVE
 Wow. Why are you doing Origami?

Leah shrugs.

LEAH
 Seemed like fun.

EXT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - MORNING

Dave enters the front doors. He has a spring in his step.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dave walks with purpose down the hall.

DAVE
 (practicing)
 Brad, since we're both Franklin High Tigers, I figured I could give you the lay of the land. Brad, since we're homies, I thought I'd help you get situated.

Dave adjusts his shirt and tie a bit and takes the last couple of strides toward Brad's office.

INT. BRAD CUTTER'S OFFICE

Dave steps into the doorway confidently.

DAVE
 Brad, since we're both --

Dave stops mid-sentence.

Reveal Cutter and Whitman hitting golf balls on a putting green and laughing loudly. They look up at Dave.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Oh, hi, I didn't know you were in a meeting, I just, I mean...

WHITMAN
 What is it?

DAVE
 I, uh, I just thought, you know, since Brad's new and we went to high school together, I could show him around. If that's cool.

WHITMAN
 Good idea. I have a conference call in a few minutes, anyway. Noseplug, you show Cutter around. Bring him up to speed on Just Juice for today's meeting, too.

DAVE
 (with pride)
 Great. Absolutely.

WHITMAN
 Alright, Cutter, I'll see you later.
 (then, reliving joke)
 "Balls in the bag!"

Whitman busts up laughing again.

CUTTER
 "Order up!"

Whitman laughs even harder. He points at Cutter.

WHITMAN
 You. You are a bad man. I'll see
 you later.

CUTTER
 You know it.

Whitman reaches out and he and Cutter do an effortless fist bump, slap five handshake combo to say goodbye, then Whitman leaves. Dave tries to laugh along.

DAVE
 "Order up"? What's that?

CUTTER
 Ah, it's nothing.

DAVE
 Right, cool. Forget it.

Dave collects himself and puts on a big smile.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Okay. Let's get started. I don't
 want to overwhelm you with too much
 right off the bat. So we'll just
 take a walk through. You stop me
 if I'm going too fast.

INT. BREAK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dave walks Cutter into the break room.

DAVE
 So, this is the break room. We
 have coffee - regular and unleaded,
 that's what some of us call decaf.

Dave chuckles. Cutter does not.

At the counter, WILL STENSON, a co-worker in his early forties, fills out some kind of form.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Oh hey, Will. Brad, this is Will
 Stenson. Will, you remember Brad
 from yesterday.

WILL
 Hey, great to meet you.

CUTTER

You too.

Will and Cutter shake hands. Cutter eyes the form Will has.

DAVE

Will works creative too, so if you ever need a --

CUTTER

(to Will)

Dude, do not take Tech giving up three touchdowns. They'll never cover. You will get hosed.

Reveal that the form Will has been filling out is a college football gambling sheet.

WILL

Really?

CUTTER

Yeah, I know a guy, says Reizert's knee is hurt worse than they're letting on. Take the Bulldogs with the points. Trust me, bro.

WILL

Okay, I will. Sweet. Thanks.

CUTTER

No problem.

Dave tries to join in on the conversation too.

DAVE

So, picking the, uh, college football, huh? Gotta love Miami right?

WILL

They don't play this weekend.

DAVE

Right, yeah, of course. But I mean, when they do, they're pretty... good.

Will and Cutter just kind of nod. Awkward.

CUTTER

(to Will)

You need more scoop, just buzz me.

WILL

You the man, Cutter.

Will gives Cutter the cool guy handshake-hug thing and takes off. Dave is awed at Cutter's ability to bond so fast.

INT. COPY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dave leads Cutter into the copy room. GINA HACKETT, 30's and pretty, copies a huge document as she listens to her iPod.

DAVE
And of course, the famed copy room.

Gina notices them and takes off her headphones.

GINA
Hey Dave.
(then, flirty)
Hey new guy.

Cutter extends his hand.

CUTTER
(smooth)
Cutter.

GINA
(super flirty)
Gina Hackett.

CUTTER
'Sup Hackett?

Gina giggles. Dave watches, wowed by Cutter's charm.

GINA
Just copying this... stupid thing.

CUTTER
Stuck in the pit?

GINA
(loves it)
Totally. The pit.

DAVE
(to himself)
The pit?

Cutter notices Gina's iPod. He looks at it.

CUTTER
The King Bees, huh? Cool. I just downloaded a bootleg where they do a killer version of *Aftermath*.

GINA
No way. Awesome.

DAVE
 (trying to join in)
 I love downloading music.

GINA
 (to Cutter, still flirty)
 Maybe I could come by your office
 later. Check out some Bees.

CUTTER
 Cool.

DAVE
 I've got some great new songs, too.

GINA
 (to Dave)
 Yeah, you should e-mail the list or
 something, Dave.

DAVE
 Oh, okay.

GINA
 (flirty, to Cutter)
 See ya later, 'kay?

CUTTER
 Definitely.

Wow. Dave can only spectate.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dave and Cutter round a corner. TANNER and MERRILL, two cool, athletic-looking co-workers are coming down the hall.

DAVE
 Oh hey guys. Ben Tanner, Todd
 Merrill, you remember Brad Cutter.

CUTTER
 Dudes.

TANNER
 What's up?

MERRILL
 What's going on?

CUTTER
 (only to Tanner and
 Merrill)
 You guys look like you would be
 down for softball. Am I right?

MERRILL
Yeah.

TANNER
Sure.

DAVE
(jumping in)
I like softball.

CUTTER
Cool. Whitsie wants me to captain
the company team, get some wins for
once. Tryouts are next week.

TANNER
Awesome.

MERRILL
Cool. Later, Cutter.

CUTTER
Later.

They all bump fists. Dave reaches out and makes sure to get
his fist bumped as well before Tanner and Merrill take off.

DAVE
You didn't mention you were captain
of the softball team?

CUTTER
Well, in high school, you weren't
really the sports type.

DAVE
(stung)
No, I am. I mean, more than I was.

CUTTER
Alright, cool, tryouts are next
week.

DAVE
(nervous)
We don't usually have to tryout.

CUTTER
Exactly.

Dave looks a bit worried.

EXT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - DAY

Dave exits a small sandwich shop on the ground floor of the building. He holds a tray with a cup of soup, sandwich and a drink. He heads for a courtyard area with tables and chairs.

As Dave gets closer, he notices a table full of Centerpoint employees. They are all eating together and laughing loudly. Cutter is the center of attention.

The table is completely full. There's not even an inch between chairs. Dave stands at the outer edge of the cool table.

CUTTER

So I'm like, if I did, I wouldn't
be riding this thing.

The table erupts in laughter. Dave chuckles as if he gets it and scans for a way to be a part of it.

Dave walks to the next nearest table, sets down his tray and starts to drag a chair towards the cool table.

Dave pulls, but the chair jerks back, stopping him cold. The chair is chained to its table.

Determined, Dave begins a tedious process of dragging the entire table over. He must drag the table and each of its four chairs slowly, awkwardly, painfully, one bit at a time, toward the cool table.

To make matters worse, the stuff is so heavy, that as Dave drags, all the metal SCRAPES the concrete ground insanely loudly.

Everyone from the cool table looks over at the noise. Dave tries to smile and act nonchalant. Everyone turns back to Cutter.

Dave continues struggling, each drag making a horrendous sound, until he finally gets a chair close enough to sit directly behind someone at the cool table.

Sweating from exertion, Dave sits down, trying to balance his tray on his lap and eat without spilling his soup. Dave tries to crane his neck to see Cutter and get in on the conversation.

CUTTER (cont'd)

And that was my third time there,
so I'm thinking ---

BEEP BEEP BEEP. A nearby truck is backing up, and Dave can't hear what's going on. He tries hard, but it's useless.

Finally the beeping stops. Just as it does, everyone bursts out laughing again. Then almost as one, everyone stands up.

Within seconds, the entire table, led by Cutter, has cleared the area. Dave is left with his lunch on his lap.

A BUILDING SECURITY GUARD approaches.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir, you're gonna have to move this table back.

Dave looks miserable.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - DAY

Dave, covered in sweat from moving the table back, walks down the hall. He passes the copy room and does a double take.

Outside the door, a maintenance guy finishes putting up a placard engraved with the words, "The Pit." Dave can't believe it.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

Dave uses paper towels to wipe the sweat off his face.

ARTURO
And what is this, "cool table?"

DAVE
It's just... this stupid high school thing. I don't know, Arturo. Maybe it's just me, but a cool table, tryouts for the softball team... When did this become Centerpoint High?

Just then, Dave's cell phone rings. He picks up.

DAVE (cont'd)
Hello.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Leah's on her cell phone as she walks along the street.

LEAH
Is this the future vice president of Centerpoint?

INTERCUT

DAVE
(brightening)
Hey Leah.

LEAH
I just wanted to wish you luck in
your big juice meeting.

DAVE
Thanks.

LEAH
Hey, didn't that guy from your high
school start today?

DAVE
Yeah, Brad Cutter.

LEAH
Is it weird? Does it feel like
you're back in high school?

DAVE
Uh, you could say that.

LEAH
Are you okay?

DAVE
(lying)
Yeah, I'm fine. I'll call you
later, okay?

LEAH
Okay. Bye, sweetie.

DAVE
Bye.

Dave hangs up.

ARTURO
You are a most lucky man, Mr. Dave.
Leah is a wonderful lady. Now, you
just go kick the butt in that
meeting.

Dave takes a deep breath and smiles. Arturo's right.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The room is filled with Centerpoint staff and a group of
EXECUTIVES from Just Juice. Dave stands in the front of the
room by a power-point slide showing an elaborate graph.

DAVE
(confident)
Phase 2 of our five pronged attack
is to incentivize end-users while
reinforcing the base strategy.

(MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)
 (new slide)
 As you'll see --

VOICE
 Let me stop you there.

Dave looks up in shock.

DAVE
 Excuse me?

Reveal PALMER GAINES, 50s, CEO of Just Juice. Gaines is slick and corporate, but with a harsh edge.

GAINES
 Look, your charts and graphs are all well and good, but I really don't give a shit.

DAVE
 Uh, I --

Gaines stands up for effect.

GAINES
 I need to sell juice. Lots of it. I want my socks knocked off. I want to get a goddamn boner for my juice.

No one knows quite what to say. Whitman jumps in.

WHITMAN
 Mr. Gaines, let me assure you, this is just the very beginning of our work on the account. Centerpoint will develop a thorough and innovative campaign.

GAINES
 Frankly, you're gonna have to, Alex. We're bidding other firms, and we're not messing around. This promotion needs to - Make. Juice. Cool.

A palpable tremor goes through the room. Dave looks sick to his stomach.

Cutter, who's sitting off to the side, stands up and looks Gaines right in the eyes.

CUTTER
 You won't need any other firms, Mr. Gaines. When we're through, you're just gonna need to make more juice.

Cutter smiles big and looks right at Gaines. Gaines looks back at Cutter. Then, a huge smile spreads on his face, too.

GAINES
Goddamnit, I like this guy! Who is he?

Everyone exhales. Wow.

WHITMAN
This is Brad Cutter, he's new. He was just sitting in today, he --

GAINES
Cutter, it's good to have you on the team.

Gaines reaches out and shakes his hand. Dave looks shocked.

GAINES (cont'd)
That's it. We're done here.

Immediately, all the Just Juice guys pack up and head out of the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Centerpoint employees are still in the room. A loud murmur can be heard as they try to assess what just happened.

The room goes silent as Whitman walks back in, shutting the door behind him. He strides to the front.

WHITMAN
Well, you all heard him. Palmer Gaines just threw down the gauntlet, and we are going to get the job done. I want every resource poured into this thing. If he wants juice to be cool, we are not going to sleep until juice is so goddamn cool that my son and his friends are sneaking flasks of it on the back of the bus. Got it?

An acquiescent murmur runs through the group.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
I want two separate teams working creative on this. A little competition might be just what we need. Dave, I want you heading up one team.

Dave smiles big. He could almost burst with pride.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Cutter, I want you leading the
other team.

Dave's face falls. What?! It's Cutter's first day!

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Alright I'm gonna randomly divide
you up. Hackett...

Whitman points to the beautiful Gina Hackett.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Rysma...

Whitman points to studly JIM RYSMA.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Tanner...

Whitman points to the great looking BEN TANNER.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Merrill...

Whitman points to TODD MERRILL, who could probably bench
press Dave.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
And Danelli.

Whitman points to ANN DANELLI, the hottest woman in the room.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
You're with Cutter.

Dave looks stunned.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Eckers...

Fat girl.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Phillips...

Weirdo.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Brenneman...

Social retard.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Tagachi...

Misfit.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
And Alpert.

Extreme Makeover candidate.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
You're with Dave.

Dave stares around in disbelief. That was random?

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Let's hit this one out of the park,
people. At the end of the month,
we have our day-long corporate
retreat, I want these campaigns in
good shape by then.

Cathy, Whitman's secretary motions to Whitman.

CATHY
The building council.

WHITMAN
Oh right, our building needs one
representative to sit on an
advisory council for the upcoming
redesign. You'll get an upgraded
parking spot and a few afternoons a
month off for meetings.

DAVE
(quickly)
I'll do it.

GINA
I can do it.

Dave shoots Gina a look. A couple other members of Cutter's
group nod their support to her.

DAVE
Really, I can do it, it's no
problem.

GINA
I'd like to sit on the council.

WHITMAN
Alright, we'll have an election at
the retreat, and don't forget
softball tryouts. You know your
groups. Now get to work.

Whitman heads for the door. Everyone stands up. Dave looks around at his group. He looks at Cutter with his group.

DAVE
 (under his breath)
 Holy shit. I am back in high school.

The familiar chords of *The Breakfast Club* song - Simple Minds' "Don't You (Forget About Me)" - kick in as we...

BEGIN "WORK AS HIGH SCHOOL" MONTAGE

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - DAY

Cutter and other members of his "cool group" laugh and joke together as they work on their project. From nearby, Dave eyes them jealously.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - DAY

Dave walks down the hall. He stops in shock, staring at a "Vote for Gina" poster on the wall. Unbelievable.

EXT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - DAY

Dave gets to lunch early and sits down at the "cool table." He smiles to himself, satisfied.

A big group of Centerpoint employees, including Cutter, exit the building and sit down at a table on the other side of the eating area, making it the new cool table.

Every seat is immediately full. Dave is screwed again.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - DAY

Dave sees a line of employees waiting in the hall. He leans into Will Stenson at the back of the line.

DAVE
 What's going on?

WILL
 Picture day.

DAVE
 What?!

Will holds up his ID badge.

WILL
 New security system, we're all getting new badges.

DAVE
Oh right.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON DAVE'S FACE - EYES CLOSED, STUPID LOOK

FLASH! A picture is snapped.

It becomes Dave's new ID badge. It looks horrible.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

A big group of Centerpoint employees meets. As someone makes a presentation, Dave looks over toward Cutter.

Ann Danelli passes Cutter a folded up note. Cutter opens it and chuckles. Dave stares, longing to be cool.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - DAY

Dave walks along the hall. He notices that now there are a half dozen colorful, sparkly "Vote for Gina" signs.

ANWAR, the foreign computer tech, walks by.

DAVE
Look at this, Anwar. What are we,
in tenth grade?

Anwar looks at Dave like he's crazy and moves on.

EXT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - DAY

Dave is early for lunch again. Cleverly, he puts his tray with his salad and drink down at one table, then moves to the other table and puts his entree down and drapes his sport coat over a chair. He smiles at his own genius.

Dave turns and notices that a FEMALE JANITOR has grabbed his tray from the first table and is heading for a garbage can.

DAVE
No!

Dave hustles over just as she throws his food away.

DAVE (cont'd)
Shit.

The janitor gives him a look. Dave turns back just as Cutter and his entourage sit at the newly empty table. Of course, there's no seat for Dave.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Dave sits with his group of misfits.

DAVE
(encouraging)
Alright, guys, we can do this!
Think cool. Think juice. Hit me.

PHILLIPS
Talking oranges?

DAVE
Okay... maybe.

BRENNEMAN
We could do song parodies? It
worked for Weird Al.

DAVE
Hmmm. Let's, uh, keep 'em coming.

Just then, Cutter and his cool group walk by outside the glass walls of the conference room. Dave looks longingly as they seem to be having a great time.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - DAY

Next to a slew of "Vote for Gina" signs, Dave puts up a pathetic hand-scrawled "Vote for Dave" sign. He steps back and looks at it. The tape gives and it falls off the wall.

CLOSE ON A FIRE ALARM GOING OFF

EXT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - DAY

Everyone from the office comes out a side door of the building. Whitman approaches Dave.

WHITMAN
Noseplug, get a head count.

DAVE
Yes, sir.

Dave counts heads and looks around. Several people are missing.

EXT. BACK OF BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Dave rounds the corner and finds Cutter and a few members of his group smoking behind the building.

DAVE
 Hey, uh, you're not supposed to be
 back here. We need to gather in
 the appointed spot.

CUTTER
 What? Are we gonna get detention?

They all have a good laugh.

END MONTAGE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A full company meeting takes place to discuss Just Juice.
 Dave has the floor.

DAVE
 So, as you'll see in the chart on
 page five, if we can create "cool"
 action-points throughout the
 shopping experience, we can raise
 the "hip" factor and be able to
 maximize eyeballs.

Dave looks around. He notices that the response is less than
 enthusiastic. He tries to finish with a flourish.

DAVE (cont'd)
 That way we can really drive the
 "coolness" of the juice home with
 consumers! Big time!

Whitman sighs.

WHITMAN
 Dave, the strategy's on the money,
 but I'm not feeling the cool.
 What's gonna rock Gaines' world?

DAVE
 Song parodies?

WHITMAN
 Come on, people. This is a big
 account for us. We are fighting
 for our lives here. Cutter,
 where's your group netting out?

CUTTER
 We're still honing, but we're
 looking to slow build, tease it,
 stoke it, dare them to come near,
 then, fire off a power play! Hit
 'em hard, send 'em straight to the
 juice aisle!

A beat as everyone soaks this in, then...

WHITMAN

That is exactly what I'm talking about!

Cutter leans back and smiles. His group looks happy. Dave is beside himself.

DAVE

Power play?

Whitman stands up.

WHITMAN

Listen up, everybody. This account is *it* for us. This could make or break our year. Promotions, bonuses, everything hinges on Just Juice. I didn't want to go there, but we could even be looking at downsizing if we don't nail it.

The mood in the room goes sour. Everyone seems nervous.

ECKERS

Downsizing?

More tension. Cutter leans in and smiles.

CUTTER

Whitsie, don't you worry.
(dramatic pause)
We're gonna **fuck** this baby sideways!

There's a brief moment of shocked silence at the profanity, then, everyone bursts out laughing! Huge laughter. The tension is completely broken.

Everyone is happy. Dave tries to ride the good feelings.

DAVE

Yeah, let's assrape this donkey!

All laughter stops. Silence. Disgusted looks. That could not have been received any worse. SHEILA HYDALE, 40's, from accounting, bursts into tears and runs out of the room.

DAVE (cont'd)

Wait, no, that came out wrong.

Everyone stares daggers at Dave.

EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

The baseball diamond is set up for softball tryouts. Employees from Centerpoint warm up.

Dave arrives and starts stretching. He looks tense but hopeful.

LEAH (O.S.)
Hey sweetie.

Dave looks up and sees that Leah has come to watch. She looks adorable in a baseball hat. Her presence makes Dave even more nervous, but he tries not to show it.

DAVE
You made it. Great.

They kiss. Just then Sheila walks by and gives Dave a dirty look. Leah notices.

LEAH
What was that about?

DAVE
Just a misunderstanding.

LEAH
Oh. You get out there and kick some ass today, alright?

Leah smacks Dave on the butt. He heads out to the field. Leah sits down in the bleachers.

LEAH (cont'd)
Let's go Dave! C'mon Fischman!

Dave smiles up at Leah. She's pretty great. Dave sizes up the tryouts and notices three young, super athletic GUYS warming up. He's never seen them before. As he tries to figure out who they are, Whitman walks by.

WHITMAN
Like the new "interns," Noseplug? Cutter found 'em. One of 'em had a tryout with the Padres last year.

Whitman walks away happily. Dave looks nervous.

EXT. PARK - LATER

The tryouts begin.

- Dave's up to bat. Leah cheers her support. One of the interns pitches. Dave strikes out swinging. Ouch.

- Dave plays shortstop. He gets the ball. Cutter barks at him in confusing baseball lingo. Dave isn't sure what to do. He hesitates. All the runners are safe.

- Dave's up again. He makes contact for an infield dribbler. The interns turn a super slick double play. Dave can't believe it.

- Dave plays catcher. One of the interns is running for home. Dave catches the ball. It's a play at the plate. The intern plows into Dave - hard! Think Pete Rose. Dave drops the ball. Safe. Leah cringes.

EXT. PARK - LATER

The tryouts continue. Dave, looking beaten down, plays second base.

LEAH
Go Dave! You're doing great.

Dave forces a smile at Leah.

Merrill steps up to the plate. The pitch comes in and CRACK, he pops it high into the air.

Dave looks up, it's definitely his ball.

DAVE
I got it. I got it.

Dave tries to keep his eye on the high pop-up, when, out of the corner of his eye, he sees her! Dave does a double take. Time stops.

Walking to the bleachers is JENNY HANSON! It's unmistakably her. Twelve years later and the former prom queen looks even better than she did in high school. She's beautiful and sexy and perfect.

Dave stares at her as she waves at Cutter.

The ball hits the ground.

WHITMAN
Noseplug, look alive!

Dave, back in reality, grabs the ball and throws to first. Of course, Merrill is safe.

Cutter walks up to Dave.

CUTTER
(sarcastic)
Nice play, dude.

DAVE
 (awestruck)
 Jenny... Hanson...

CUTTER
 Jenny Cutter now.

Cutter just smirks and walks away. Dave looks back to the stands and sees that Jenny Hanson is sitting next to Leah. They're chatting.

Dave shakes that off and tries to get ready for the next batter.

INT. CAR - LATER

Dave and Leah drive from tryouts. Dave is silent and looks miserable.

LEAH
 (encouraging)
 I thought you did well.

DAVE
 Oh please. I sucked. God, I can't believe we had to try out for the team! Company softball used to be fun. And those "interns"? Give me a break.

LEAH
 Well, Brad Cutter seemed cool.

Dave makes a disgusted noise.

LEAH (cont'd)
 And Jenny is so sweet. I really like her. Did you know each other in high school?

DAVE
 Leah, in high school, Jenny Hanson would not even look at me.

LEAH
 Dave, that was a long time ago. She's new in town and seems really cool. I like her.

Dave makes another noise.

LEAH (cont'd)
 This *isn't* high school, you know.

DAVE
 (under his breath)
 Sure it isn't.

EXT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - MORNING

Dave walks into the building.

INT. BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Dave enters the break room. He takes a deep breath. There it is. Taped up over the coffee station. *The list*. The list of who made the softball team.

Dave hurries over to it and quickly reads the whole list. He reads it again. He reads it one more time.

DAVE
 Damn it!

Dave grabs the list off the wall and crumples it up.

ANWAR (O.S.)
 I need to see that list.

Dave turns to find that Anwar is standing behind him.

DAVE
 Sorry.

Dave carefully un-crumple the list, smooths it out on the table, and tapes it back up. Anwar steps up and looks at it.

ANWAR
 Yes!

He pumps his fist, turns, and leaves.

DAVE
 Son of a bitch!

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dave sits at his desk. Arturo leans against the credenza nearby.

DAVE
 I'm 30 years old. I'm not in high school!

ARTURO
 Of course not. You are a big professional man.

DAVE
 You're damn right I am. And I'm
 gonna get that promotion, and I'm
 gonna stick to my plan and
 everything is going to be perfect.

ARTURO
 It is a most excellent plan.

Dave seems to be calming down.

DAVE
 I don't care about lunch tables, or
 fire drills, or making teams, or
 elections, or popularity. Screw
 popularity! I don't care.

ARTURO
 Why would you?

Dave's phone rings. He motions "hold on" to Arturo, then
 picks up.

DAVE
 Dave Fischman.

INT. LEAH'S OFFICE - SAME

Leah's on the phone at her desk.

LEAH
 Hey sweetie.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING

DAVE
 Hey Leah. How's it going?

Dave smiles at Arturo. Arturo gives the thumbs up.

LEAH
 Good. I hope you're free tonight.

DAVE
 Why?

LEAH
 Well, I've been on the phone with
 Jenny Cutter all morning.

DAVE
 You have?

LEAH
 She is so cool, Dave. I love her.

DAVE
Wow. Love. That's... crazy.

LEAH
She and Brad are barbecuing
tonight, and she invited us.

Dave lights up.

DAVE
Really? Tonight? To their house?

LEAH
Yeah. They live up in the canyon.
It should be fun.

DAVE
Yeah. Okay. Sure. Barbecue with
Brad Cutter and Jenny Hanson. At
their house. Wow. Great.

LEAH
I'll come over to your place after
work and we can go from there. Oh
shoot, that's her on the other
line. I gotta go. Love you.

DAVE
You too. Bye.

Leah's gone. Dave sets down the phone.

DAVE (cont'd)
(shocked disbelief)
Leah and Jenny Hanson are like,
best friends. We're invited to
Cutter's house.

ARTURO
Will you go?

Then it hits Dave.

DAVE
Oh my god... Leah's popular.
(beat)
I'm dating a popular girl!

Dave jumps up and grabs Arturo.

DAVE (cont'd)
I'm dating a popular girl!
(beat)
Do you know what that means?

ARTURO
 Yes!
 (beat)
 No, not really.

DAVE
 It means I'm popular!

ARTURO
 That's wonderful.

DAVE
 I'm popular! I'm a popular guy!
 For the first time in my life, I'm
 popular!

ARTURO
 This is magnificent!

Dave looks truly happy.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Dave leaves for the day. He has a definite spring in his
 step. He says goodbye to everyone as he passes.

DAVE
 'Night, Gina. See you in the a.m.
 Brenneman, stay out a trouble,
 baby. Tanner you have a great
 night, I know I will.

Dave sees Whitman leaving.

DAVE (cont'd)
 What's up, Whitsie, half day? Just
 kidding.

Dave makes a quick detour for Cutter's office. He leans his
 head in. Cutter's on the phone.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Mr. Cut-ter! See you tonight.
 We're gonna get our grill on!

Dave finger-guns Cutter who just nods. Dave is flying high.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - EVENING

Dave and Leah drive to Cutter's. They both seem happy.

DAVE
 This is gonna be so awesome.
 Barbecue at the Cutters. My hair's
 good, right?

LEAH
You look great.

DAVE
As do you.

He kisses her. She giggles.

Just then, Dave's cell phone rings. He pulls it out and looks at the caller ID.

DAVE (cont'd)
My mom again.

LEAH
You gonna get it?

DAVE
Nah, we're almost there.

Dave puts away the phone.

EXT. BRAD CUTTER'S HOUSE - EVENING

Dave's car pulls up to the coolest house you've ever seen. Ever. How they afford it, we don't know. How something that cool can even exist, unclear. But there it is.

Dave and Leah get out of the car.

DAVE
Wow. Cutter's house is incredible.

They walk up to the door and ring the bell. Jenny opens the door. She looks hot.

JENNY
Hey!

LEAH
Hi!

They give each other a HUGE hug. Dave smiles and waits. The hug ends and Jenny turns to Dave.

JENNY
Hi.

Dave isn't sure whether to go for the hug, so he and Jenny do that awkward "are we hugging or not" dance for a moment. Jenny, who clearly never wanted the hug, finally, mercifully, extends her hand.

JENNY (cont'd)
Dave Fischman. This is crazy, huh?

DAVE
Yeah. Really. You and Brad...

JENNY
I know. High school sweethearts.

DAVE
You look *really* great.

A little too much "really."

JENNY
(awkward)
Thanks.
(half-ass)
You too.

Awkward beat.

JENNY (cont'd)
Come in, come in, Brad's grilling
out by the pool.

Jenny excitedly takes Leah by the hand and leads her in.
Dave follows.

CUT TO:

BIG JUICY STEAKS on the grill. We are...

EXT. BRAD CUTTER'S BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Brad grills steaks. Dave attempts to bond.

DAVE
(enthusiastic)
Steaks look good, man.

CUTTER
Thanks.

DAVE
So, the gals are gettin' pretty
tight, huh?

CUTTER
Guess so.

DAVE
We're gonna be hanging out a lot, I
guess.

Dave smiles big. Cutter gives a non-committal nod. Just then, Leah and Jenny exit the house giggling and holding glasses of wine. Jenny taps hers.

JENNY
Announcement!

The guys look over.

JENNY (cont'd)
As some of you know, Mrs. Whitman
asked me to plan this year's annual
Centerpoint charity fund raiser.

DAVE
Really? Wow.

JENNY
And I... have recruited Leah.

Leah takes a bow.

JENNY (cont'd)
After talking about it all day, we
have the perfect theme for this
year's event.

LEAH
We are doing a gala evening...

JENNY
In the style of a senior prom!

She shrieks. Leah shrieks, too.

CUTTER
Sweet.

DAVE
(thrown)
Senior prom? As in high school?

JENNY
Isn't it great?

LEAH
(to Dave)
It'll be so fun. You can take me
to prom.

She hugs Dave and gives him a kiss. Dave isn't sure what to
make of this. Then, from in the house, the DOORBELL RINGS.

CUTTER
They're here.

DAVE
Who's here? I thought it was just
us.

Cutter heads into the house. Jenny explains.

JENNY
Well, since this is sort of a
Franklin High reunion, we invited
Scoot and Deekums. They're in town
on business.

DAVE
What!?

Right on cue, Cutter comes out of the house with SCOOT and DEEKUMS, two dudes from Cutter's high school posse.

SCOOT
(re: Dave)
Holy shit! It is him!

DEEKUMS
Noseplug!

Dave cannot believe this.

INT. BRAD CUTTER'S HOUSE - LATER

Everyone sits around the table eating dinner.

CUTTER
(motioning to Deekums)
So *this* guy jumps in the back of
the truck, completely butt ass
naked, and we get the hell out of
there.

Everyone laughs. Leah especially. She seems tipsy.

LEAH
Oh my god! That is hilarious!
(faux disapproving)
Dave, were you a part of this?

DAVE
(uncomfortable)
Um, no. I, uh, wasn't there.

Dave almost visibly shrinks. There's an awkward silence.

SCOOT
Hey Noseplug, weren't you friends
with that kid, Simon Waldron, the
computer dork?

DAVE
(embarrassed)
We kind of knew each other.

DEEKUMS

That guy is making serious bank on some technology shit up in San Francisco.

SCOOT

Pays to be a geek, man. You still talk to him?

DAVE

Nah, we sort of lost touch.

SCOOT

Sucks for you, dude, could have got in on that whole thing.

DAVE

Yeah, I guess so.

Another awkward beat. Dave isn't even good at being a nerd.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BRAD CUTTER'S HOUSE - EVEN LATER

Everyone is finishing dinner. Everyone but Dave seems to be having a great time. Leah definitely seems drunk.

LEAH

(laughing)

No way! That's my kind of party!

She laughs hard and so do all the cool people. Dave doesn't.

SCOOT

I was so wasted that night.

JENNY

When weren't you wasted?

CUTTER

Seriously, remember ditch day, when you puked on that chick?

Another big laugh.

LEAH

Oh my god! After our ditch day, three of us ended up in jail!

CUTTER

Been there!

Leah and Cutter high five. More raucous laughter.

LEAH
(to Dave)
Wasn't ditch day awesome?

DAVE
(never ditched)
Yeah... definitely. Ditching, and
not being at school. Awesome.

DEEKUMS
I don't remember ditch day at all.

JENNY
Jesus, Deekums, how much weed did
you smoke?

CUTTER
Somewhere between "most" and "all".

Another big laugh. Leah pours herself some wine.

LEAH
We once smoked up in the faculty
bathroom!

JENNY
Oh my god! I thought it was bad
when we stole X from my brother.

CUTTER
Really, you loved it at the time.

Jenny hits him playfully. Everyone laughs.

DAVE
(blurting out)
I did drugs in college.

Everyone stops and turns to Dave.

DAVE (cont'd)
(lying)
Some pot, some pills, heroin. It
was awesome.

No one's sure what to say. Leah looks freaked out.

CUTTER
You shot heroin?

DAVE
Uh, yeah, shot it right up. It was
pretty nuts.

LEAH
I had no idea.

DAVE
 Yeah well, it's in the past.
 (changing the subject)
 Great pie, Jenny.

Dave wants to die. Mercifully, Scoot jumps in.

SCOOT
 Yo, Cutty, we still playing poker
 tomorrow?

CUTTER
 Hell yeah.

LEAH
 Dave, you play poker, right?

DAVE
 I play Euchre, it's not really...

LEAH
 (drunkenly)
 You should go. It'll be fun.
 Poker with the guys!

CUTTER
 Sure Noseplug. Come over. But
 bring your A-game. We don't mess
 around.

SCOOT
 No we don't!

Scoot and Deekums bump fists. Dave so wants to fit in.

DAVE
 Yeah, alright, I'll be there.

LEAH
 (changing the subject)
 Okay, okay, I know this is
 personal, but I'm drunk and I have
 to ask.
 (to Jenny and Cutter)
 You two have been together since
 high school and you've never, 'you
 know-ed' with anyone else?

JENNY
 Oh, we had our lapses, but we
 always got back together.

CUTTER
 Plus, we keep it interesting.

LEAH
Interesting?

JENNY
(sexy)
We have been known to invite
another woman into our bedroom.

SCOOT
Oh yeah! That's what I'm talking
about!

LEAH
(a little flirty)
Really?

Leah and Jenny exchange a look. It's too much for Dave to take. He reaches for his water, but knocks a glass of red wine onto his lap.

DAVE
Shit!

Dave jumps up. Cutter rolls his eyes.

INT. CUTTER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Cutter throws a pair of gym shorts at Dave.

CUTTER
Just wash 'em and give 'em back to
me at work. You can throw your
pants in our hamper.

Cutter heads out. Dave pulls off his pants and puts on the gym shorts. They look incredibly stupid with his shirt.

Dave heads into...

INT. MASTER BATHROOM

Dave looks around. Of course, he opens the medicine cabinet.

Boring. No crazy prescriptions, nothing embarrassing. He sees a men's skin cream.

DAVE
Ha, somebody has dry skin!

Dave starts to put it back, then hesitates. He looks at it. Hey, if it works for Cutter... Dave pours some onto his hands and rubs it all over his face. He smiles. It feels pretty good. He puts on a little more.

Dave carefully puts the skin cream back. He takes one last look around the bathroom, then heads for the clothes hamper with his stained pants.

Dave opens the hamper and is about to stick his pants in when he stops cold. His eyes go wide. Staring back at him is...

JENNY'S HANSON'S THONG! It's lace and it's pink and it's fantastic! Dave can't believe what he's looking at. Those few square inches of fabric would have given him whack-off material for months.

Dave wants to put his pants in and walk away, but he can't. He can't help himself. He reaches in and pulls out the thong. He touches it. He fondles it. Yes, he sniffs it.

LEAH (O.S.)
There you are!

Dave immediately balls up the tiny thong and closes his right fist around it as he turns to face Leah. He hopes to god she didn't notice.

DAVE
Hey.

Dave tries to slide the thong into his pocket. Gym shorts - no pockets. Dave starts to sweat.

LEAH
We're about to play Pictionary.
Turns out Jenny and I have the same
love for dorky games. Plus I know
how awesome you are at it.

DAVE
Oh, right, cool.

Leah grabs Dave and pushes him ahead of her, playfully holding his shoulders.

LEAH
Come on.

INT. CUTTER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Leah continues to hold onto Dave's shoulders and push him from behind. This gives Dave no way to ditch the thong. He's getting panicky.

DAVE
Don't you think it's getting late?

LEAH
It's 9:30. C'mon, I want them to
see how great you are at this.

She kisses his cheek as they enter...

INT. CUTTER LIVING ROOM

Everyone is gathered for the game. An easel with paper is set up. All eyes go to Dave. He balls his right fist up even tighter around the thong.

JENNY
You're up first, Dave.

She extends a marker to Dave. He takes it awkwardly with his left hand. Leah gives him a strange look. Jenny pulls out a game card. She shows it to Dave.

JENNY (cont'd)
Okay, Leah and Scoot are on your team. Ready, set...

She flips over the little hour glass.

JENNY (cont'd)
Go!

Dave approaches the board and starts drawing left handed - his off hand. The best he can do is some kind of blob.

SCOOT
Cloud!

LEAH
Gas!

SCOOT
The Shmoo!

Dave crosses off this attempt and tries more. A stroke victim could draw better. He's losing it.

LEAH
The blob! Squiggles!

SCOOT
What the hell is that?

LEAH
Dave, what's wrong with you? Draw with your right hand!

SCOOT
C'mon man!

Dave is sweating and getting very frustrated. His right fist especially drips sweat. He draws more. It sucks more.

SCOOT (cont'd)
Dude! That isn't anything!

LEAH
Why are you drawing with your left hand?

SCOOT
You suck, man!

Dave wipes his brow with his right fist. Leah notices. He draws one more unintelligible blob, then...

JENNY
Time!

Dave looks beaten. Leah goes up to him.

LEAH
Dave, what is wrong with your right hand?

DAVE
Nothing --

SLO-MO as she grabs for his right hand and he tries to yank it away and - BAM! - the thong falls out onto the ground. It's crumpled and sweaty.

LEAH
What the ---

JENNY
That's my thong!

Jenny reaches down and grabs it.

JENNY (cont'd)
It's soaking wet! Ew!

Jenny drops the thong back on the ground. Dave panics.

DAVE
No, wait, it's just wet from me!

LEAH
Oh my god!

JENNY
I'm gonna puke.

DAVE
No, I mean, it's wet from my sweat.

SCOOT
Dude, you tried it on?

DAVE
No, god, it's from my hand sweat,
from holding it so tight.

DEEKUMS
Jesus Christ.

CUTTER
You're one sick dude, Noseplug.

DAVE
No, this is coming out all wrong.

LEAH
I can't believe this.

Leah stares at Dave. He truly doesn't know what to say.

DAVE
Here, I can put it back.

Dave reaches for the thong.

JENNY
Don't touch it!

Dave stops. He looks around at everyone.

DAVE
I think maybe we should go.

Everyone stares daggers at Dave.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Dave and Leah drive home from Cutter's house. Leah looks pissed. Dave looks miserable.

DAVE
I'm really sorry, I just --

LEAH
I don't want to talk about it.

Dave shuts up. He feels terrible.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Dave's alarm sounds. We don't see his face as he groggily gets out of bed and heads for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We see Dave from behind as he stands at the toilet and finishes peeing. He flushes and shuffles over to the sink.

Dave washes his hands and glances up at his reflection.

He SCREAMS!

Reveal that Dave's face is covered with a horrible, red, bumpy rash. It looks like a terrible case of acne.

DAVE
Oh my god!

Dave splashes water on his face. It doesn't help. He can't believe this. Then it hits him.

DAVE (cont'd)
Cutter's skin cream!

Dave is frantic. He washes his face violently. The rash reddens and seems to get worse!

Dave throws open his medicine cabinet and looks for anything to put on his rash. He grabs Neosporin. He puts some on.

BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM!

Okay, that stung. He washes it off.

INT. DRUG STORE - MORNING

Dave races down an aisle. He grabs an anti-rash cream and reads the label.

DAVE
One to two weeks?! Shit.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A BUNCH OF MAKE-UP ON A SHELF

A hand comes in and sweeps it all into a basket.

Reveal that Dave is buying all the concealing make-up that he can. Dave takes his basket and hurries for the check-out.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

As Dave drives to work, he uses the rearview mirror to apply all kinds of base, cover-up, and concealer.

Dave swerves, narrowly missing another car. The other driver HONKS and shoots Dave a nasty look.

OTHER DRIVER
Watch the road, tranny!

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - MORNING

Dave walks down the hall. He looks like the world's worst drag queen. Make-up is caked on his face. Everyone he passes gives him a disgusted look.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dave furiously washes off the make-up.

EXT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dave, with no make-up but lots of "zits," heads for his office. Whitman rounds the corner.

WHITMAN

Dave, I really need your team cracking on Just Juice, we --
(noticing)
What the hell happened to your face?

DAVE

I'm not really sure.

WHITMAN

Puberty?

Whitman laughs. Dave forces a smile.

WHITMAN (cont'd)

Anyway, I want to hear some big ideas at the retreat. That promotion could still be yours.

Whitman moves on. Dave looks forlorn.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - LATER

Dave sits at his desk trying to concentrate on work. He picks up the phone and dials. He leaves a message.

DAVE

Hey Leah, it's me. Look, I'm really sorry about last night. Things have been a little weird for me lately. I'm sorry I embarrassed you and I'm sorry I took Jenny's - you know - I'm just sorry.

Dave hangs up. That sucked. There's a knock at Dave's door and Cutter pokes his head in.

CUTTER

Hey, panty sniffer.

Dave tries to hide his rash-covered face behind a folder.

DAVE
 (from behind folder)
 Cutter, hi, great barbecue, I
 really --

CUTTER
 Hope you have a lot of cash for
 poker tonight.

Cutter laughs and leaves. Dave looks panicked.

CUT TO:

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

Arturo and Dave sit on crates. They play cards over a cardboard box.

DAVE
 Does a straight beat a flush or a
 flush beat a straight? Damnit, why
 can't I get this!

Dave throws down his cards.

ARTURO
 Mr. Dave, relax. You are just
 learning. Stress will only make
 your man acne worse.

DAVE
 It's not... just forget it. Deal
 me again.

Arturo deals some more cards. Dave looks forlorn.

EXT. CUTTER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dave's car pulls up and he gets out. Still covered in pseudo-acne, he takes a deep breath, then looks at the palm of his left hand.

Written in blue ink on his hand is a full cheat sheet of the hierarchy of poker hands. Dave studies it a beat, then forces a smile. He rings the doorbell.

INT. CUTTER'S HOUSE - SAME

Cutter opens the door.

CUTTER
 Noseplug, you made it.

DAVE
 (trying to be cool)
 Hey... dude.

CUTTER
 Bad news, Jenny washed all her
 underwear today.

Behind Cutter, Deekums and Scoot laugh their asses off. Two other super cool-looking guys, BRETT and DARREN, laugh also.

BRETT
 This must be thong boy!

DARREN
 What's up, crotch lover?

Dave tries to keep his smile. He just nods at them.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Let's play some freakin' poker,
 losers!

Dave looks over and can't believe his eyes. Exiting the kitchen, holding a beer is BEN AFFLECK.

AFFLECK
 C'mon Cutter, shuffle up and deal,
 bitch!

CUTTER
 Hold your horses, Gigli.

AFFLECK
 You cock!

Affleck good-naturedly slams his shoulder into Cutter. They wrestle as if they're the closest friends in the world. Dave can't believe this. He turns to the movie star.

DAVE
 You're Ben Affleck.

AFFLECK
 And you collect panties. Let's
 play.

Everyone sits down at the poker table.

DISSOLVE TO:

The guys play cards, Dave tries to keep up. He checks his palm for hints. Cutter wins a pot.

DISSOLVE TO:

Darin expertly deals cards.

DARREN
 Alright, progressive re-ante,
 option buy to activate wilds.
 Third queen out is a kill card.
 Hearts can steal. High-low split.

Dave has no idea what's going on.

DISSOLVE TO:

Affleck shows his winning hand.

AFFLECK
 Suck it, dickwads!

Affleck pulls a massive pile of chips toward himself. Dave looks at the dwindling number of chips in front of him.

DISSOLVE TO:

Everyone's smoking cigars and drinking and having fun. Deekums wins a big hand. Dave looks miserable with his miniscule chip stack.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dave looks at the cards he's been dealt and checks his palm. His sweat has almost completely obscured the cheat sheet.

DISSOLVE TO:

The guys continue to smoke and drink and play.

SCOOT
 So I boned her mom, too!

Everyone laughs.

DISSOLVE TO:

Dave holds some cards. They seem good. With no chips, he puts a handful of cash into the pot.

DAVE
 (nervously)
 I raise \$100.

DEEKUMS
 Noseplug likes his cards!

Cutter throws in his cash.

CUTTER
 Way to grow some balls, Noseplug.

Dave smiles.

CUTTER (cont'd)
But you're screwed.

Cutter throws down three aces and grabs all of Dave's cash.

DISSOLVE TO:

Everyone seems drunk and rowdy. They're talking football.

DEEKUMS
Wilson won't take 'em to the
Superbowl, he's a redneck pussy!

BRETT
Yeah, he's too busy banging his
sister!

Everyone laughs.

CUTTER
I wouldn't bang his sister with
Scoot's dick.

More laughter.

DARREN
Plus the coach is a total retard!

Darren does a really harsh imitation of a retarded person.
Everyone cracks up. Dave wants to join in.

DAVE
Yeah, and Ericson's gay!

Sudden SILENCE. The room completely sobers.

SCOOT
(super serious)
Hey man, that's not cool.

Dave's stunned.

DEEKUMS
Homophobia and gay-bashing are
pretty lame, Noseplug.

AFFLECK
Don't be freakin' gaycist, man.

CUTTER
I mean c'mon, we all experimented
in college.

Grunts of approval. Cutter can even make being gay cool!

DAVE
(tentative)
I'm... sorry.

BRETT
No shit you are.

Dave remains stunned.

DISSOLVE TO:

It's very late now, and the game is winding down. Cards are laid out on the table in some strange pattern and all but one of them is turned over. This game seems incredibly complex.

Dave looks at his cards - four kings. Pretty unbeatable. Dave looks at his palm - it's just a mess of blue ink.

CUTTER
Are you in or not, Noseplug?

Dave looks across the table. Only Affleck still holds cards.

AFFLECK
Show some nad, dude!

DAVE
What's the bet again?

SCOOT
Two grand to you, Noseplug, c'mon!

CUTTER
You could win all your cash back or you could be a pussy.

Dave looks at his cards again, he's sweating. Finally...

DAVE
Okay, I call.

Cutter is the dealer. He is about to turn over the final card on the table.

CUTTER
Here comes the 'flank' card.

He turns it over - jack of diamonds. The table goes nuts.

EVERYONE
Ohhh! Holy Shit! No way! Etc.

DAVE
What?! What?!

DEEKUMS

Jack of diamonds, man, it doubles
the pot and turns threes, sevens,
and all diamonds wild!

DAVE

What!? Nooo!

CUTTER

That's how Wichita Cyclone is
played, man. Standard rules.

Dave shows his cards. Affleck shows his. Everyone hoots and
hollers. Affleck has clearly won.

AFFLECK

You owe me eight thousand dollars,
bitch!

Dave looks like hell.

INT. CUTTER'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Everyone is leaving. Dave finishes writing a check for eight
thousand dollars and hands it to Ben Affleck.

AFFLECK

Nice doin' business with you.

Then, Affleck gets right in Dave's face.

AFFLECK (cont'd)

And lay off the gays, asshole!

Affleck leaves. Dave is miserable.

INT. DAVE'S CAR - NIGHT

Dave sits in his parked car. He bangs the steering wheel
violently.

DAVE

Damnit! Damnit! Damnit! That was
all the ring money!

Dave takes a breath and tries to calm down.

DAVE (cont'd)

I have to get this promotion now.
I have to.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Dave staggers out. He looks like
a beaten man. Even his rash seems worse. Dave looks toward
his apartment.

DAVE
What the...?

Reveal JUDY FISCHMAN, Dave's mother, sitting with a bunch of suitcases on the floor outside Dave's apartment.

DAVE (cont'd)
Mom?

His mom stands up as Dave approaches.

JUDY
Do you know how late it is?

DAVE
What are you doing here?

JUDY
I've been calling you. But you never answered or called me back.

DAVE
Mom, I'm so sorry, I've been really busy and --

JUDY
Your father and I split up.

DAVE
What?!

JUDY
It was a long time coming. All he ever does anymore is eat Kashi and run on that damn treadmill.

DAVE
Oh my god. I can't believe this. You're my parents.

JUDY
It's really for the best.

DAVE
And so you're moving to L.A.?

JUDY
No, it's just been a stressful, crazy time, and I needed to get away. Far away. I thought I could stay here for a few weeks.

DAVE
(more emotional than her)
Yeah, of course. Mom, I'm so sorry.

Dave goes to give his mom a hug. She stops him.

JUDY
Have you been smoking cigars?

Dave feels like a scolded child.

DAVE
No, I was just with some guys.

He goes to hug her again. She stops him.

JUDY
What guys were you with until 2 am
on a work night?

DAVE
(total teenager)
Just some guys, okay? God, mom!

JUDY
Well maybe if you didn't smoke and
stay out so late your adult acne
would clear up.

DAVE
It's not acne, it's... never mind.

Dave opens his apartment.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Judy makes herself at home.

JUDY
I'll sleep in the bedroom, you can
have the couch.

DAVE
But --

JUDY
I'm your mother, I'm not sleeping
on the couch.

Dave picks up the phone and dials.

JUDY (cont'd)
Who are you calling at this hour?

Dave turns away and waits for an answer. Someone answers.

DAVE
Leah? What's all that noise?
Where are you?

INT. NIGHT CLUB - SAME

Leah is with Jenny Hanson on a crowded night club dance floor. It's incredibly loud.

LEAH
(yelling)
I'm out dancing! With Jenny!

INTERCUT

DAVE
Oh, um, wow, okay, are you heading home soon because I thought maybe I could sleep ---

LEAH
(yelling)
I can't really hear you! Can we talk tomorrow?

Jenny points at something, and she and Leah giggle like kids.

DAVE
Oh. Okay, sure, I just --

LEAH
(still yelling)
Bye!

Dave's phone goes dead as Leah hangs up.

JUDY
Don't worry, you'll have your privacy on the couch. If I hear you masturbating, I'll stay in the bedroom until you're done.

DAVE
Mom!

JUDY
And if you want even more privacy, than build a couch fort with blankets like you used to.

DAVE
I'm not building a goddamn couch fort!

CUT TO:

DAVE'S COUCH FORT

The morning sun streams in the windows. Dave stirs inside the fort, then groggily pokes his head out.

JUDY
 (chipper)
 Good morning.

Dave focuses on his mom sitting at his computer, browsing something on the internet. It wasn't a nightmare. She's really in his apartment.

DAVE
 (groggy)
 Morning.

Dave comes up and looks over his mother's shoulder. She's on an internet dating site. She scrolls through profiles.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Mom, isn't it a little soon?

MOM
 I told you, I've been waiting for this split for years.

Dave takes another look at the profiles. Every single man is FAT. Quite fat. Dave tries to shake that off. He goes into the kitchen. He stops dead when he sees the clock.

DAVE
 Oh my god! It's 8 o'clock!

JUDY
 So, that's plenty of time.

DAVE
 No! Today's the company retreat. I have to present Just Juice ideas! We're having the election! The bus is gonna leave without me!

Dave starts racing to get dressed.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Shit! Shit! Shit!

JUDY
 I'll take you. I need the car today.

DAVE
 What?!

JUDY
 I came here to have a vacation. I'm not sitting in here all day.

DAVE
 Fine. Whatever. But we need to
 go, now!

EXT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES - MORNING

A yellow school bus idles in the parking lot. Whitman stands outside the bus looking at his watch.

Dave's car comes racing into the parking lot. It pulls right up to the bus. Dave jumps out of the passenger seat. He runs up to Whitman.

DAVE
 Sorry I'm late...

Then from behind Dave, we hear...

JUDY
 David, just a second.

Dave turns around just in time for...

SPRAY. Judy hits him with a shot of bug spray.

JUDY (cont'd)
 Close your eyes.

DAVE
 Mom...

JUDY
 You're going on a retreat. Bug
 spray is just good sense. Now turn
 around.

She sprays his back.

JUDY (cont'd)
 All set.

Whitman looks amused.

WHITMAN
 Dave, who's this?

JUDY
 (before he can answer)
 I'm Judy Fischman, David's mother.
 Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

JUDY (cont'd)
 There won't be any swimming today,
 will there? Because David doesn't
 have his nose plugs.

DAVE
 Mom!

WHITMAN
 (very amused)
 He'll be fine.

Whitman climbs on the bus. Dave, humiliated, follows.

INT. BUS - CONTINUOUS

Dave gets on and scans the bus. Everyone is on board and there are hardly any open seats. The prickly, old BUS DRIVER turns to Dave.

BUS DRIVER
 Proceed behind the white line
 please, the bus is leaving.

Dave looks down and sees the classic white line that school kids have to stay behind when the bus is in motion. Dave makes sure he clears it.

The bus starts up and Dave lurches, almost falls down, then begins looking for a seat.

Up front he sees a broken seat with a completely messed up cushion, he keeps moving.

As he makes his way down the aisle, it's clear that nearly every seat is filled.

Anwar sits by himself, but hogs the seat in a way that makes it clear that Dave isn't welcome. Dave moves on.

Suddenly, the bus takes a sharp turn and Dave falls right on top of Sheila, the woman he offended in the meeting. His hands land right on her boobs.

SHEILA
 Get off me, perv!

She shoves him hard.

DAVE
 Sorry. It was an accident.

Dave regains his footing as Sheila gives him a terrible look. He continues toward the back of the bus. Cutter is in the last row, of course, holding court with all the cool people.

Dave notices that sitting on a seat near the back are several large platters of sandwiches for lunch. Dave makes a move to try to slide the platters over, but the bus turns and he bobbles them. Sandwiches pour out onto the floor.

DAVE (cont'd)
Shit! Sorry. Damn it.

Everyone rolls their eyes as Dave struggles to grab the sandwiches and put them back on the platters. Many roll off along the floor.

CUTTER
Maybe you should sit up by the front.

Dave, embarrassed, heads back for the front of the bus. He hurries past Sheila's seat this time.

Dave arrives at the broken seat he noticed earlier. He tries in vain to adjust it somehow so it has cushioning. He leans over to the driver.

DAVE
Um, excuse me --

SCREECH! The driver slams on the brakes. Everyone is jostled violently.

VARIOUS
Jesus! What the hell! Aaaaah!

The sandwiches all tumble to the floor again. This time they're really ruined.

BUS DRIVER
Behind the white line!

Dave looks down. His foot is over the line. Dave slinks back behind the white line and into the broken seat.

As the bus starts up again, everyone gives Dave dirty looks. He sits in the incredibly uncomfortable seat, miserable.

EXT. RETREAT SITE - LATER

It's one of those "Outward Bound" "back to nature" places. The Centerpoint employees sit in a circle on a wood patio.

Cutter is surrounded by the cool people. Dave is not. GEOFFREY, the retreat moderator, speaks.

GEOFFREY
Hello, Centerpointers. My name is Geoffrey, and I'm with the retreat center.

(MORE)

GEOFFREY (cont'd)
 We are here today for team building. All day at work you exercise your minds, and your fingers on those keyboards, but today we are going to move our bodies. We are going to breathe fresh air. We are going to get our blood pumping and work together.

Geoffrey smiles broadly.

GEOFFREY (cont'd)
 But first, we want to clear the air of any issues that may be blocking the flow back at the office. This is what we call a 'safe circle.' You can say anything you want here with no rebuttals or judgement, but please keep it constructive. And of course, praise is always welcome.

Sheila, the woman who Dave offended, shoots her hand up.

GEOFFREY (cont'd)
 Yes, please, go ahead.

SHEILA
 Dave Fischman says dirty things. He doesn't understand boundaries. He's a terrible man.

Dave can't believe this.

DAVE
 Wait a minute, I was just --

GEOFFREY
 No rebuttals. Every thought is valid here.

Dave looks frustrated.

GEOFFREY (cont'd)
 (to Sheila)
 I'm glad you felt safe saying that.
 (to all)
 Who's next?

Eckers raises her hand.

ECKERS
 Sometimes, Dave makes me uncomfortable.

DAVE
 What?!

GEOFFREY
Okay, we hear you.

BRENNEMAN
Dave ruined our lunch for today.

DAVE
Oh, c'mon!

GEOFFREY
Thank you for that.

Dave buries his hand in his hands.

GEOFFREY (cont'd)
Okay, I think we've covered Dave,
and I'm sure he will work on all of
this. How about a positive
comment?

Merrill raises his hand.

MERRILL
Cutter's awesome.

Everyone nods in agreement.

GEOFFREY
I meant a positive comment about
Dave, but that was fine. Let's
keep the positivity flowing.

Tanner raises his hand.

TANNER
Since Cutter arrived, things have
kicked a lot more ass.

ALL
Yeah. Totally. Definitely. Etc.

GEOFFREY
Good, good, anyone else?

GINA
Cutter's really awesome.

More agreement. Dave sinks into an emotional hole.

EXT. RETREAT SITE - LATER

The group is gathered for lunch. People hold plates at a buffet table. They pick pathetically at what survived of their lunch. Dave motions to a bowl of potato salad.

DAVE
 (optimistic)
 Hey, the potato salad's still good.

A few people roll their eyes. Anwar motions to his plate of nothing but potato salad.

ANWAR
 Great. Thanks.

Dave takes some potato salad and slinks to a table. Whitman stands in front of the group.

WHITMAN
 Alright, as you eat what's left of our lunch, we have some business to take care of. We need to elect our representative to the building advisory council. Dave and Gina will each get a chance to make a short speech. Dave, you're first.

Dave pulls a piece of paper from his pocket.

DAVE
 Alright, just for fun, uh, here's a little old school rap I wrote.

Dave does a brief 'beat box,' then launches into the rap.

DAVE (cont'd)
 (rapping)
 Well my name is Dave and I'm here
 to say / I'll rep you all in an
 awesome way / On the council, I
 will sit / I'll push for things, I
 will not quit / I'll work real
 hard, I'll work real good / I'll do
 the job like I should! Yo!

Dave crosses his arms like Run DMC. No one claps. No one says a word. All are stunned.

WHITMAN
 Wow. Okay. Gina?

GINA
 I'm not sure how to follow that.
 I'd like the opportunity to
 represent Centerpoint. Thanks.

Everyone claps.

WHITMAN
 Great. All those for Dave?

Dave raises his hand.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
All those for Gina?

Everyone else raises their hands.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
There you have it.

Dave feels the pain.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Also, a quick update on this year's Centerpoint fundraiser benefitting cancer research. We'll be having a gala in the style of a senior prom!

Everyone oohs and aahs. They love it. Dave does not.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
My wife tells me the prom theme is a tropical paradise, so let's all get in the spirit.

Dave rolls his eyes.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
And this year, Cutter's wife Jenny and her friend Leah are helping plan the event.

DAVE
(blurting out)
Leah's my girlfriend. She's Jenny's friend and also my girlfriend.

Everyone is weirded out by the outburst.

WHITMAN
O-kay Dave, good to know, thanks.

Dave feels stupid.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Now, finish your lunches, because before this afternoon's Just Juice presentations, we're hitting the ropes course. You'll be divided into your Just Juice teams. I want to see teamwork, drive, and victory!

Dave's eyes light up.

EXT. ROPES COURSE - LATER

The retreat center features a classic Outward Bound style ropes course through the trees. It looks complex and somewhat treacherous.

Dave has his group gathered around him. He grins broadly.

DAVE

Alright guys. We are gonna win this thing. I may suck at poker, softball and all other conventional sports, but I spent six years at camp Wakanabee and I ruled the ropes course. Just follow my lead.

EXT. ROPES COURSE - MOMENTS LATER

The teams begin the course.

- The first event is a climbing wall. And, incredibly, Dave really is good at this! He coordinates his team, pulls people up and over, and looks like he knows exactly what he's doing. Cutter's team works hard and manages to keep pace.

- Dave helps his team traverse the first rope bridge perfectly. He's truly a master. As Cutter's team falls behind briefly, Dave almost glows.

- It's a more difficult rope bridge now, and Cutter's team has taken the lead. Dave, with fire in his eyes, actually carries Brenneman on his back across one of the more treacherous sections.

- Both teams are neck in neck as they make their way across the final obstacle. Dave leads with confident efficiency.

- A zip line is the final part of the course. Both Dave and Cutter jump onto side by side lines and fly down to the bottom. They finish the course tied. Both look exhausted.

EXT. ROPES COURSE - MOMENTS LATER

Both teams have gathered. Everyone looks winded and spent.

WHITMAN

Wow. Excellent job everyone. We have ourselves a tie.

Everyone claps. Dave seems disappointed.

WHITMAN (cont'd)

So to break the tie, this next event is for just the team leaders.

DAVE

Yes!

WHITMAN

Let's see who can make it across
'The Widowmaker' first.

Everyone looks up at a super scary rope bridge/obstacle course.

EXT. WIDOWMAKER - MOMENTS LATER

Dave and Cutter are both at the start. Dave looks over at Cutter with a confident smile. He wants this bad.

DAVE

May the best man win.

Cutter just nods - whatever.

Down below, Whitman has a bullhorn.

WHITMAN

Go!

They take off. Cutter is nimble and athletic, but Dave is determined and experienced. Dave jumps out to the lead. Cutter keeps pace, just behind.

Down below, everyone cheers and yells. Cutter takes a slight lead. Dave makes a great move and powers back ahead.

Dave's lead grows. His eyes burn with competitive fire. He bounds and swings recklessly, craving a win.

Cutter falls behind, but works to steadily keep up.

Dave's lead is huge now. Dave loves it. It's truly his moment of glory.

SLOW MOTION kicks in as Dave starts showboating, reveling in his imminent victory.

Dave takes a huge risky leap and...

WHOOOSH! Dave slips through the bridge! But his foot gets tangled in the ropes. His body swings out. He screams. Everyone looks up as Dave sails through the air.

SMACK! Dave bashes face-first into a huge tree branch. Everyone cringes. Dave hangs upside down by his foot. His body twists in mid air.

DAVE

(weakly and muffled)
I'm okay.

Dave spits blood and passes out.

GO TO BLACK.

EXT. DAVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

Dave's building stands against the twilight sky.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - SAME

The elevator doors open and Leah gets out. She hurries down the hall toward Dave's apartment. She looks worried. She knocks on the door.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The door swings open. We only see Leah's stunned reaction.

LEAH
Oh my god!

Reveal Dave with a HUGE METAL CONTRAPTION on his face. It seems to be holding his jaw in place. It looks very much like his old headgear. Along with the rash, the headgear really recaptures Dave's high school look.

LEAH (cont'd)
Oh sweetie.

She hugs him.

DAVE
Ow.

LEAH
Are you in a lot of pain?

DAVE
I'm pretty doped up. But I think it looks worse than it is.

JUDY
It does.

Judy, dressed for a night out, emerges from the bedroom.

JUDY (cont'd)
Hi Leah.

LEAH
(surprised)
Judy, hi. Dave didn't tell me you were visiting. How are you?

JUDY
Paul and I split up.

LEAH
Oh, I'm so sorry.

JUDY
Thank you. But it's for the best really. I feel like a weight has been lifted off me.

LEAH
(not sure how to react)
Oh. Alright.

Just then the doorbell rings.

DAVE
Who's that?

JUDY
My date.

Judy opens the door to reveal GARY, a very fat, Asian man.

JUDY (cont'd)
You must be Gary.

GARY
And you must be Judy.

They smile at each other flirtatiously. Dave and Leah stare.

JUDY
Gary, this is my son Dave and his girlfriend Leah.

They exchange nods and waves.

JUDY (cont'd)
Well, we're off to dinner.
Remember, David, be careful in your headgear.

DAVE
It's not headgear!

JUDY
And no monkey business. The doctor said to stay as immobile as possible. Sex play could aggravate your injury.

DAVE
Mom!

JUDY
What? You don't have sex play?

DAVE
Mother! Please.

JUDY
Alright, we're leaving. Bye Leah.

Judy and Gary exit.

LEAH
That was odd.

DAVE
Yeah.

Leah notices the couch fort.

LEAH
What's that?

DAVE
Nothing. It's nothing.

Dave starts knocking down the blankets.

DAVE (cont'd)
Look, Leah, I am so sorry about the other night.

LEAH
It was pretty weird, Dave.

DAVE
I know. I don't know what came over me. Please forgive me.

LEAH
Well, Jenny and I laughed about it today. I guess if she can laugh, I can too.

DAVE
You saw Jenny again today?

Just then, Leah's cell phone RINGS. She picks up.

LEAH
Hello. Hey Jen-Jen! What's up?

DAVE
(mouths)
Jen-Jen?

LEAH
No way! Shut up! Shut up!

Leah goes into a giggling fit. Dave can't stand it.

LEAH (cont'd)
 Yeah. Absolutely. Wait, are you serious? "Hold On To The Nights" was my senior prom song. That is so awesome! This is gonna be the best night ever. See you in a little bit.

Leah hangs up.

DAVE
 (harsh)
 "Hold On To The Nights"? The Richard Marx song? That's pretty lame.

LEAH
 (insulted)
 Well I think it's sweet.

DAVE
 And what was that about seeing her in a little bit?

LEAH
 I'm going back over there to stuff envelopes.

DAVE
 Tonight?

LEAH
 Planning the prom takes a lot of work, Dave.

DAVE
 (snapping)
 What is it with you and this stupid prom?

LEAH
 (snapping back)
 Look, I know you're in pain, but don't take it out on me.
 (checks her watch)
 I gotta go anyway. Cutter's gonna help us out.

DAVE
 Jesus, it's like you're obsessed with those two. You can't be apart for one hour?

LEAH
 (pissed)
 Hey, I'm not the one sniffing their
 dirty underwear.

DAVE
 (backing down)
 Okay, I'm sorry, you're right.
 It's just the meds talking. I'm
 all looped. Look... do you think
 maybe I could come with you?

LEAH
 I don't think that's a good idea.

DAVE
 Yeah. You're probably right.

LEAH
 I should go. Feel better, okay?

Leah heads out the door. Dave looks and feels like hell.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Dave wakes up and emerges from his couch fort. His mom is at
 the computer.

JUDY
 Good morning, honey.

Dave looks over his mom's shoulder. She's IM'ing with a
 couple of guys. Their pictures come up with their messages.
 They're both fat and neither one is Gary.

DAVE
 What are you doing?

JUDY
 Just IM'ing with a few guys.

DAVE
 What happened to Gary?

JUDY
 No chemistry.

The computer makes a BOOP-BOOP sound as Judy gets another
 message.

JUDY (cont'd)
 Oooh, new message. Don't forget
 your lunch when you go to work.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A BROWN BAG LUNCH

It features Dave's name with a heart around it. It sits on Dave's desk in...

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Dave eats the bag lunch his mom made. He looks miserable with his headgear and acne, polishing off a juice box.

Whitman appears at the door.

WHITMAN
(re: headgear)
Holy Christ! What is that thing?

DAVE
It immobilizes my jaw.

WHITMAN
Palmer Gaines is going to be here for the meeting soon. Can you take it off?

DAVE
Not really.

WHITMAN
Look Dave, your little accident kept you from presenting your campaign at the retreat so I'm going in blind here. Don't make me look bad. If you still want a shot at vice president, this is it.

Whitman leaves. Dave looks forlorn. He pulls out his bottle of pain pills and takes a handful.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Palmer Gaines sits with his arms crossed. He's flanked by stoic looking Just Juice EXECUTIVES. Whitman sits nearby. Dave and his team prepare to present.

DAVE
I see everyone has their packets, so you can all follow along. Now, without further ado, ladies and gentleman, I give you... Juice!

The lights go down and a screen lights up with images of juice flowing, cascading. One of Dave's team hits play on a boom box and lame, new age MUSIC plays.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Juice, the liquid life force of our
 nation! The cool, quenching power
 of fruits and vegetables.

Palmer and his executives look dubious.

DAVE (cont'd)
 And we say... let it flow!

The MUSIC kicks into high gear. Brenneman flashes the lights on and off. Dave waits for something, but it doesn't seem to be happening.

DAVE (cont'd)
 I said... let it flow!

The side door of the conference room finally opens and two more members of the team slide in an elaborate standee. It's an actual working waterfall and colored liquid flows from it. It's incredibly complex and incredibly lame.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Centerpoint proudly presents... the
 flowing Juicerfall!
 (pause for effect)
 Cool, crisp, scintillating. Who
 can resist?

GAINES
 What the hell is that?

DAVE
 It's the... Just Juicerfall!

GAINES
 That is the most retarded thing I
 have ever seen.

WHITMAN
 Um, can we kill the music?

Someone stops the boom box. Gaines walks up to the Juicerfall.

GAINES
 It looks dangerous.

DAVE
 No, no, it's just fine.

Dave smacks it to demonstrate that it's fine and it completely collapses. Fake Juice dumps all over the floor.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Shit!

GAINES

Damn!

Everyone gets out of the way.

BRENNEMAN

I think it's dissolving the carpet.

DAVE

Oh god.

WHITMAN

Alright, that's it. Presentation over.

DAVE

But wait, there's more.

GAINES

I've seen enough.

DAVE

(scrambling)

But, if you turn to appendix C in your packet, you'll see we also have Extreme Juice Power Stations!

GAINES

I don't care.

DAVE

Mr. Super-Juice Guy?

GAINES

Isn't there another team?

DAVE

(desperate)

Brenneman, sing him a song parody.

Brenneman starts snapping his fingers, about to sing.

GAINES

Oh, for the love of god!

WHITMAN

Alright, that's enough. Palmer, let's get you some coffee while Dave and his team clean this up.

Whitman glares at Dave. He quickly leads Palmer and his team out the door.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dave's group stands outside the conference room. They finish dumping the remains of the Juicerfall in the trash. A few pull off rubber gloves. Behind them we see Cutter's team in the conference room having their meeting.

Dave faces his team.

DAVE

I hope you're happy. I hope you're all happy.

Dave seethes. He's clearly whacked out on pain pills and looks like a lunatic with his acne and headgear.

DAVE (cont'd)

That was a disaster in there! Not one of you knows the first thing about making juice cool! You're the least cool bunch of dorks, misfits, and losers ever assembled!

Dave starts pointing to them one by one.

DAVE (cont'd)

You, look what you're wearing! And you, have you ever even felt a breast? And you, you live with your mother! Have any of you ever been to a party? Ever fit in? Ever done anything... cool!? Ever?!

Dave is beside himself. Suddenly, behind Dave, the conference room erupts into applause. Dave turns to see the doors open, and Cutter, Whitman and Gaines exit patting each other on the back and laughing. Dave tries to join in.

DAVE (cont'd)

Hi fellas. How'd it go?

Gaines gives Dave a dirty look as he and his guys leave.

INT. WHITMAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Dave and Cutter sit across from Whitman.

WHITMAN

Gaines made his decision.

Cutter smiles. Dave looks terrified.

WHITMAN (cont'd)

We got the account.

Cutter smiles bigger. Dave is incredibly relieved.

DAVE
Oh thank god.

WHITMAN
No, Dave, thank Cutter. Gaines, as you know, was very disappointed with your pitch. And frankly so was I. Cutter really saved the day.

Whitman looks Dave up and down.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
I don't know what's going on with you. The weak pitch, the inappropriate comments, the... unseemly appearance, and I've heard that you berated your team? Very poor leadership.

Dave sinks into his chair.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Cutter will be running the show on Just Juice. I'm promoting him to Vice President of Creative Affairs.

DAVE
What?! That was gonna be my job. He's worked here for five minutes. I've been here for seven years!

WHITMAN
After these last few weeks, you're lucky to have a job, Dave. You'll give logistical support to the campaign and stay clear of Gaines. You'll answer to Cutter.

DAVE
(stunned)
But... no... I...

WHITMAN
Let's all be men about this, okay?

CUTTER
Don't worry, Noseplug, I'll put you to work.

Dave can't believe this.

INT. CENTERPOINT OFFICES HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Dave, covered in acne, wearing headgear, and looped on pain meds, trudges down the hall. He looks like he's been punched in the gut, then...

BRENNEMAN
Hey Dave, screw you and your
Juicerfall!

Brenneman comes right up and PUNCHES Dave in the gut! Dave doubles over in pain.

BRENNEMAN (cont'd)
We did our best!

Brenneman walks away. Dave slinks into his office.

INT. DAVE'S OFFICE

Dave enters and collapses onto his chair. He catches his breath and opens the pull-out shelf on his desk.

He looks at his 'life chart' taped there. Furious, he grabs it, crumples it up and dumps it in the trash.

He picks up his phone and dials a number.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - SAME

Jenny Cutter waits outside a dressing room. She grabs the ringing cell phone out of a nearby purse.

JENNY
Leah's phone.

INTERCUT WITH DAVE'S OFFICE

DAVE
Jenny?

JENNY
(unfriendly)
Oh, hi Dave.

DAVE
Where's Leah?

JENNY
(cold)
She's busy right now.

DAVE
Well, I need to talk to her.

JENNY
I'll let her know.

Jenny hangs up.

Dave is pissed. He looks out his open office door and his eyes go wide.

Cutter and ARTURO are walking down the hall laughing together. Cutter actually has his arm around Arturo!

ARTURO
Oh, Mr. Cutter, you are a most funny man.

They continue down the hall. Dave can't believe it. This is the last straw.

Dave grabs his phone and dials. He waits and waits then slams it down.

DAVE
Damn it Mom, where are you! I need you to pick me up!

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

Dave walks along the side of an incredibly busy road. He has no car. He's walking home. It begins to rain. Hard. Cars HONK as they pass.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Dave enters. He looks ragged and wet. Judy is there, with LEN WOLKY, another VERY FAT man.

JUDY
David, what happened to you?

DAVE
Another fat guy?

JUDY
David! How dare you!

DAVE
Jesus Mom, are you some kind of chubby chaser?

JUDY
David, that is incredibly rude!
You apologize right now.

Dave ignores her and hits play on his answering machine.

LEAH'S VOICE

Hey Dave. Jenny said you called.
Tonight we're decorating for the
prom so I'm pretty busy...

Dave's eyes burn at the mention of prom. He hits delete.

JUDY

David! David! I said I want you
to apologize.

But Dave just turns and walks out. Judy is beside herself.

EXT. DAVE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Dave starts his car and drives off into the pouring rain.

INT. DAVE'S CAR

Rain pours down. Dave drives like a man possessed.

Lightning FLASHES, and behind his headgear, we see the rage
in Dave's eyes.

EXT. EVENT SITE - NIGHT

Dave's car screeches into the parking lot. He gets out and
marches through the pouring rain.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Jenny, Cutter, Leah, Whitman and a large group of Centerpoint
employees set up for the prom. Music plays on a boom box as
everyone puts up elaborate tropical-themed decorations.

Double doors fly open in the back of the room, and Dave
stands there, dripping wet and maniacal.

Dave sizes up the happy group. He sees Leah with Jenny and
Cutter. He sees all the cool people from work.

DAVE

Noooooooooo!

All eyes go to Dave as he runs over to the boom box and
smashes it onto the ground.

DAVE (cont'd)

(to Cutter)

You! You ruined everything!

Dave charges at Cutter full speed. It's unclear if he wants
to push him, hit him or tackle him.

When Dave gets there, Cutter deftly uses his superior strength to throw Dave down to the ground (think Pedro Martinez and Don Zimmer).

As Whitman, Leah, and the others look on in disbelief, Dave makes another charge and is thrown down again.

LEAH
Dave, stop it! What the hell is wrong with you?

DAVE
Wrong with me? Wrong with me? Nothing is wrong with me. It's him. He's the devil! He dragged us all back to high school - with his popularity and his cool lunch table and his prom. I'm so sick of this goddamn prom! Fuck prom!

Dave starts running around like a madman, tearing down decorations, destroying elaborate palm trees made of papier-mache. The tropical paradise is being totalled.

LEAH
Stop it! Stop it!

WHITMAN
Dave, you are out of control! This is unacceptable.

DAVE
You're unacceptable! All of you are unacceptable! Don't you see! It's all his fault!

Dave points at Cutter.

DAVE (cont'd)
He ruined my life. He ruined the plan. He destroyed the office and turned everyone against me!
(to Whitman)
And you! He's got you wrapped around his little finger. You have no say, no power. Cutter's running the whole thing.

WHITMAN
That is it! You're fired, Dave, effective immediately.

DAVE
I'm fired? I'm fired? Good!

Dave jumps up on a table. He wobbles, but steadies himself.

DAVE (cont'd)
 I don't want to work for you
 anyway! Who's with me? Who's
 ready to leave this horrible
 office? Join me! Get away from
 the tyranny of Cutter and his petty
 popularity. Join me and live as
 equals. We must unite! Who's with
 me? Who's with me?

Dave looks out at the group. He gets no support.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Eckers! Come on.

ECKERS
 You made fun of me today.

DAVE
 Brenneman!

BRENNEMAN
 Go to hell, Dave.

DAVE
 Anwar?

Anwar gives Dave the finger.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Fine! I don't need you! I don't
 need any of you!

Leah approaches Dave.

LEAH
 Dave please, just come down from
 there.

DAVE
 You get away from me! You're not
 on my side. You're a traitor!
 You're popular. You're with them.
 Go have your prom with your super
 cool friends Cutter and Jenny. Go
 have a goddamn threesome with them!
 Just leave me alone!

Dave stumbles and falls off the table. He gets back up and
 storms out of the ballroom. Leah is near tears.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dave staggers out of the building in a rage. Rain continues
 to pour down. Dave spots something. His eyes turn wild.

There, parked in the best parking spot in the whole lot, is Cutter's sports car. The vanity plate reads "Cutter."

Dave lunges for the car. He kicks it and beats it with his arms and fists. The car alarm begins to BLARE, but Dave can't seem to do any damage.

Dave looks for something more powerful. He sees a nearby tree branch on the ground. He grabs the branch.

Dave wields the branch as if it was a crow bar and thrashes at the car with it. He hits windows, doors, even headlights, but nothing breaks. Nothing even dents.

The alarm continues to BLARE, and, in the building doorway, the group gathers. Cutter, Jenny, Leah, Whitman and others all watch as Dave attempts to destroy Cutter's car.

Dave's blows are futile. The tree branch breaks. It's pathetic. Dave now beats at the car with the two pieces of branch. Leah can barely watch.

Suddenly, SIRENS BLARE and three cop cars pull into the lot and surround Dave.

OFFICERS jump out of their squad cars with guns drawn.

POLICE OFFICER

You, put down the weapons and get on the ground! Now!

Dave continues to beat at the car.

POLICE OFFICER (cont'd)

Go! Go! Go!

In a perfectly choreographed maneuver, the six cops charge at Dave, disarm him and tackle him to the ground. They push his face into the asphalt and drive their knees into his back.

Leah watches in tears. Jenny puts her arm around her as the cops shove Dave into a squad car and slam the door.

INT. JAIL - NIGHT

Dave sits alone in a holding cell. He looks completely defeated. A police officer approaches.

POLICE OFFICER

Headgear, you get your phone call. Let's go.

Dave looks up. His eyes sparkle with an idea.

CUT TO:

A SUPER SLEEK HELICOPTER

Descends through the dawn sky. The rotors create swirling wind as the corporate chopper lands on the police helipad.

The bay door of the helicopter opens and out steps SIMON WALDRON, Dave's best high school friend. He looks older and wealthier, but he's still basically the same geek from his high school days.

Simon heads toward the police station entrance.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

An OFFICER brings Dave out to Simon.

DAVE
Simon, thank you so much for
bailing me out.

SIMON
You look like shit, Dave.

DAVE
It's been a rough couple of weeks.

Simon and Dave start to walk out of there.

SIMON
You know, after not hearing from
you for a few years, this was a
pretty odd phone call.

DAVE
I know. I'll explain everything.
I just need to get away, far away.

EXT. SKY - DAY

Simon's helicopter flies through the air.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Simon has been listening to Dave's story.

SIMON
You tried the old school rap speech
again? What were you thinking?

DAVE
You're kind of missing the point,
Simon. Cutter destroyed
everything. I lost my job, my
girlfriend, my dignity, everything.
He's evil. He turned my life into
high school. And we were wrong.

(MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)
 There's no karma. There's no
 justice. Cutter's still popular.
 And you should see Jenny, she's a
 goddamn super-model.

SIMON
 Of course she is.

Simon lets out a little laugh.

DAVE
 How can you just laugh?

SIMON
 Because despite everything that
 happened, high school really is
 over, Dave. You need to believe
 that.

Dave looks dubious.

SIMON (cont'd)
 You just need some rest. We'll be
 there soon.

Dave can't believe Simon's lack of outrage.

EXT. SIMON'S MANSION - DAY

The helicopter sets down in front of Simon's massive estate.

INT. SIMON'S MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Simon and Dave enter.

DAVE
 Wow.

SIMON
 Pretty cool, huh?

Dave looks around - full size R2D2 replica, arcade games, an
 actual contestant podium from the set of Jeopardy - it's a
 dork paradise.

DAVE
 You have not changed.

SIMON
 Why should I?

WOMAN'S VOICE
 Honey, is that you?

Dave recognizes the voice. Suddenly, KARA, Dave's crush from
 high school, emerges from the other room. She looks great!

DAVE
Kara?

KARA
Dave Fischman! Great to see you.

She gives him a big hug.

KARA (cont'd)
What happened to your face?

DAVE
It's a long story.

Kara examines the headgear a bit.

KARA
We can do better than this medieval contraption. And that rash? What did you do, use moisturizing skin cream?

DAVE
Yeah, how did you know?

KARA
I'm a doctor now.

SIMON
A damn good one too.

DAVE
And you guys are...

SIMON & KARA
Married.

Simon puts his arm around Kara.

KARA
It was a whirlwind. We reconnected at the ten year reunion and we eloped three months later.

DAVE
The reunion? That's incredible. I didn't even go.

SIMON
We know. We missed you.

KARA
Simon and I hadn't really kept up, then it all just clicked.

DAVE
 (blurts)
 But he's such a dork!
 (feels bad)
 I mean, not that --

But Simon and Kara just laugh.

KARA
 I know that. I stopped chasing
 'cool' guys a long time ago. It's
 highly overrated. I've never been
 happier.

She gives Simon a hug and kiss. Dave sits down. His whole
 view of the world seems to be shifting inside out.

KARA (cont'd)
 Can I get you something to drink?
 You hungry?

DAVE
 Yeah, anything would be great.

KARA
 Cool.

She heads for the kitchen. Dave turns to Simon.

DAVE
 You're a lucky guy.

SIMON
 Thanks.

The two share a smile. Simon knows Dave loved Kara.

SIMON (cont'd)
 I want you to stay here with us for
 a couple of days. Kara will get
 you fixed up. We'll have some fun.
 Maybe you'll figure things out.

Dave smiles. Simon's still a good friend.

SERIES OF SHOTS - DORK FEST

- Simon and Dave do battle with remote controlled robots.
 Simon's robot beats the hell out of Dave's. They both laugh.

- Kara fits Dave with a new jaw brace. It goes inside his
 mouth and is hardly noticeable. She holds up a mirror for
 him. He smiles, it looks good.

- Dave and Simon play a virtual reality shooting video game.
 Dave scores and does a victory dance.

- Kara applies some ointment to Dave's face rash. She gives him a few more tubes of the stuff.

- Dave stands behind the Jeopardy podium. He buzzes in to answer a question. It actually lights up.

- Dave, Simon, and Kara play Scrabble. Kara uses all her tiles and jumps up and down in celebration.

- All three eat dinner. They laugh and talk. Dave finally fits in.

EXT. SIMON'S MANSION - DAY

Dave gets into the waiting helicopter. Kara and Simon lean in to say their good-byes.

SIMON

It was great to see you, buddy.
Now you get down there and talk to Leah. Don't let her slip away.

DAVE

(nervous)
I don't know.

KARA

Dave, you missed prom once because you were afraid to show how you felt.

Dave looks up at Kara. He can't believe she knows.

DAVE

What? How did you --

KARA

Just don't do it again. You're going to that dance. And she's going with you.

Kara hugs Dave. He hugs her back, still unsure. Simon puts his arm around Kara.

SIMON

We'll see you soon, Dave.

DAVE

Thanks guys, for everything.

Kara and Simon back away as the helicopter starts up. They watch it take off into the air.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Dave unlocks his door and enters.

Just then, Len, Judy's heavysset 'friend,' exits the bathroom in just a towel. It ain't pretty.

DAVE

Whoa.

LEN

Oh, hey. Sorry about that.

JUDY (O.S.)

David, is that you?

Judy hurries out of the bathroom also in a towel, hair wet.

JUDY (cont'd)

Where were you? I've been worried sick.

DAVE

I'm sorry. I just had to get away for a little while.

(re: towels)

You seem... to be doing well.

JUDY

Len and I are adults, David. And we enjoy each other's company.

DAVE

Yeah I got that. Look, it's cool. I'm really sorry about what I said the other night.

(beat)

Is that my towel? Never mind.

(beat)

Look, I kind of had a breakdown or something, but I'm better now.

JUDY

And I'm sorry for invading your life like I did. I should have given you more space.

DAVE

It's okay. If you're happier now, then I'm happy. So what do you say we all put some clothes on and order dinner?

His mom self-consciously pulls her towel closed tighter.

EXT. LEAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Dave walks up to the call-box to buzz Leah's apartment. He hesitates, unsure what he'll say.

Just then, Leah emerges from the side door of the building. She's dressed for a jog. Dave spots her.

DAVE

Leah!

Leah turns, surprised to see him.

LEAH

Dave. What are you doing? Just lurking out here? Waiting for me to come out?

DAVE

No, god, no. I was about to buzz you.

Leah looks incredulous.

LEAH

Yeah, well, I'm jogging now.

Leah starts to jog. Dave runs to keep up along side her.

DAVE

Look, I want to apologize.

Leah runs faster. Dave tries to keep up.

DAVE (cont'd)

For everything. I got obsessed and confused. I freaked out. I'm really sorry.

Leah just keeps running. Dave is getting winded.

DAVE (cont'd)

Look, could we maybe... stop... running... I think I'm gonna pass out.

Leah stops abruptly. Dave bends over, sucking wind.

LEAH

You said some pretty terrible things the other night, Dave. Terrible and embarrassing. And really mean. I can't believe you could think that stuff about me.

DAVE

I know. I'm sorry.

LEAH

You were a crazy person. So angry and violent, and obsessed. With what? High school popularity?

Dave feels stupid and awful.

LEAH (cont'd)

It was like I had no idea who you were. That you could do that. Act like that and be so mean to me in front of everyone.

DAVE

I know, I know.

LEAH

I thought you knew me better. The fact that you could think those things about me... Look, I just... I just need to go.

Leah looks near tears again. She takes off running. This time, Dave doesn't follow. He looks defeated.

INT. DAVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dave sits on the couch staring at his TV. It's not even on. He looks like crap.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Dave slowly gets up and opens the door.

REVEAL Brad Cutter standing there.

CUTTER

Dude, I need your help.

DAVE

(stunned)
What?

Cutter moves into the apartment.

CUTTER

Just Juice, man. It's a nightmare.

DAVE

What are you talking about? Your Palmer Gaines' butt boy.

CUTTER

I know, I know, but I'm all about the inspiration, the brilliance, the great ideas.

Dave rolls his eyes.

CUTTER (cont'd)
When it comes to the nuts and bolts, the organization, I don't know what the hell's going on.

Dave sits down in a chair and leans back.

DAVE
(smiling)
Is that right?

CUTTER
We're only a few days into this thing, and already it's a disorganized mess. If Whitman realizes it, I'm screwed.

DAVE
I guess you would be.

CUTTER
You gotta help me. You're always doing those charts and graphs. You organize things. You like handing out packets and folders and shit like that.

DAVE
Yes, I do. But not anymore. I don't work there anymore.

CUTTER
You're enjoying this, aren't you?

DAVE
A little, yeah.

CUTTER
Look, I'm sorry that I came here and screwed up whatever you had going. Yeah, I called you Noseplug. Yeah, I was kind of a dick. That's what I do. I'm kind of a dick. It works for me.

Dave takes this in.

CUTTER (cont'd)
Listen, if you come back and work on the project, I'll make it all up to you. I'll put you back on the softball team. You can sit with me at lunch.

(MORE)

CUTTER (cont'd)
 You can have a permanent spot at
 poker night. I'll steal you some
 of Jenny's thongs. Used.

Dave stands up and faces Cutter.

DAVE
 I don't want any of that, Brad. I
 don't care anymore. I get it now.
 That stuff's just not me. I don't
 make the team. I don't sit at the
 cool table. I don't beat Ben
 Affleck at poker. I make the
 graphs. I'm Dave Fischman. You
 and me, we're like yin and yang.
 Without Dave Fischman, there's no
 Brad Cutter. And without Brad
 Cutter, there's no Dave Fischman.
 It's the way it's always been. We
 bring balance to the force.

CUTTER
 Is that some Star Trek thing?

DAVE
 Look, none of it matters anyway.
 The only thing that mattered was
 Leah. And I blew it. She's a
 popular girl. She needs to find
 her own Brad Cutter. It just
 wasn't meant to be.

CUTTER
 Dude, that's where you're wrong.
 That chick loved you. And I mean
 loved. I gotta say, I never really
 understood why, but she did.

DAVE
 (sarcastic)
 Thanks.

CUTTER
 I'm serious, man. After the other
 night, she was devastated. Jenny
 could barely console her. You
 think everyone fits into your
 little boxes, but they don't.
 Popular, not popular, cool, not
 cool, Leah loved you, man.

Now Cutter has Dave's attention.

CUTTER (cont'd)
 And the whole prom thing? You
 screwed that up, too. Leah wasn't
 trying to re-live some pathetic
 high school glory.

(MORE)

CUTTER (cont'd)
She wanted you to take her to the
prom because she never went when
she was in high school.

DAVE
(staggered)
What?

CUTTER
She planned her high school prom,
and then some dickhead stood her
up. Probably someone like me. And
she knew that now she was with a
guy who would never do something
like that to her. You.

The revelation hits Dave hard.

DAVE
Oh my god. You're serious, aren't
you?

CUTTER
That's why it was such a big deal
to her. The tropical theme, the
Richard Marx song, it was all stuff
from the prom she missed. In high
school, she decorated the whole
place, she picked the song, and she
never got to dance to it.

DAVE
I have to do something. I have to
fix it. I have go to that prom
with her. You have to help me.
Will you help me?

Cutter breaks into a sly grin.

CUTTER
Will you organize Just Juice?

Dave nods. Music kicks in.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. TUX SHOP - DAY

Dave gets measured for a tuxedo. Cutter stands nearby.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Dave and Cutter go over charts and tables. Dave points
things out and explains them. Cutter nods and takes notes.

INT. CUTTER'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Dave and Cutter work on huge prom decorations. They glue crepe paper flowers to chicken wire.

INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY

Dave looks through the karaoke section. He picks out a CD.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Dave walks Cutter through a couple of aisles and points out standees and their placement. Cutter nods.

INT. CUTTER'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Dave now works alone. He looks sweaty and exhausted as he works with papier-mache and paint.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EVENING

Dave knocks on the door. An older woman answers and greets Dave with a hug. She brings him into the house.

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The older woman leads Dave into what was once a young girl's bedroom. The woman opens the closet and pulls out a very dated powder blue prom dress. Dave smiles.

INT. CUTTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Dave shows Cutter how to do something on the computer. Cutter gives a few mouse clicks then smiles broadly. Dave pats Cutter on the back.

INT. CUTTER'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Dave, covered in glue, paint, and glitter, stands back and looks at something. He smiles.

END MONTAGE

INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Leah sits alone, in sweat pants, watching some TV. Home again on prom night. There's a knock at the door.

LEAH
(yelling)
The Kleins are next door in 211!

JENNY (O.S.)
Leah, it's us, open up.

LEAH
I'm not here.

JENNY (O.S.)
Seriously, come on.

Leah sighs, gets up and goes to the door. She opens it to reveal Cutter and Jenny. They are dressed for the prom.

LEAH
What are you guys doing? You're gonna be late.

JENNY
Leah, we planned that prom together, and I am not going without you.

Jenny holds up Leah's old prom dress. It's been altered, and it looks pretty great.

LEAH
Oh my god! Where did you get that thing?

JENNY
I have my ways. Now come on, let's get you ready.

LEAH
Jenny, that's really sweet, but I can't face those people. All those ruined decorations, the fight with Dave - I can't go back there. It just won't be the night we planned.

CUTTER
C'mon, Leah, it's a fund raiser, how can you say no to those starving kids?

LEAH
We're raising money for cancer research.

CUTTER
Whatever. C'mon.

JENNY
Leah, really. You worked so hard. You deserve to enjoy tonight.

LEAH
I was humiliated.

CUTTER
Life is about facing our
humiliations and moving forward.

Both women look at him like, 'what the hell?'

CUTTER (cont'd)
(changing gears)
C'mon, do it for the kids.

VOICE (O.S.)
Alright people, let's go already.
I wanna spike the punch.

Reveal BEN AFFLECK coming around the corner.

LEAH
Ben Affleck?

AFFLECK
Hey, nice to meet you.

He shakes her hand.

AFFLECK (cont'd)
You the one that planned prom?

Leah nods.

AFFLECK (cont'd)
C'mon then, we're gonna be late.

CUTTER
(to Leah)
Maybe you can say no to those kids,
but you can't say no to Ben
Affleck.

Leah looks torn.

JENNY
Please, Leah, it won't be the same
without you.

Leah relents. She takes the dress and goes to get ready.

INT. BALLROOM ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Leah, Jenny, Cutter, and Affleck make their way toward the
ballroom. Leah looks incredible in the dress.

LEAH
I don't know about this.

JENNY
C'mon...

Jenny drags Leah into...

INT. BALLROOM

Leah looks around in awe. The place is truly a tropical paradise. Or at least the papier-mache version of one. Leah can't believe it. The destroyed decorations have not only been rebuilt, but expanded upon ten fold.

LEAH
Who did all this?

Cutter and Jenny just shrug. Leah continues into the room. The place really looks great and everyone seems to be having a good time. Guests in tuxes and prom dresses, complete with boutonnieres and corsages, dance and have fun.

Everyone from work shmoozes and dances - Cutter's team with Dave's team, lowly Anwar with gorgeous Gina, the softball interns, Arturo, even Brenneman.

The song ends, and Whitman steps up to a microphone on stage.

WHITMAN
Good evening, everyone. I'd like to thank you all for helping support Centerpoint's commitment to the Einler Cancer Research Center. This prom has been a rousing success.

Everyone applauds.

WHITMAN (cont'd)
Now, let me hand it over to our own big man on campus, Brad Cutter.

People cheer wildly as Cutter steps to the microphone.

CUTTER
Does this prom rock or what?!

Big cheer.

CUTTER (cont'd)
Alright, cool, cool. Before we crown the king and queen of the prom, I'd like to bring someone else up here. He's a guy you all know. He's been through a lot lately, and he's put a lot of you through it too.

Leah looks nervous.

CUTTER (cont'd)
 But he did manage to replace all
 the decorations that he ruined. And
 he wants a chance to apologize.
 Please hear him out. Ladies and
 gentlemen, Dave Fischman.

Cutter turns, and out from the wings steps Dave. The audience reacts coldly.

Dave steps up to the microphone. He looks like a complete dork. He has a tux on with a powder blue cumerbund and tie to match Leah's dress, he wears his old headgear, and he's actually wearing nose plugs! He holds a cardboard box.

In the crowd, Leah looks like she wants to leave, but Jenny pulls her back.

DAVE
 (nervous)
 Hi. Everyone.

People glare.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Look, I know that a lot of you are
 angry at me. And you have good
 reason. I was a jackass.

Anwar nods in agreement.

DAVE (cont'd)
 I insulted and offended my
 hardworking team, and I am so sorry
 for that. You worked your butts
 off, and you didn't deserve it.

A few members of Dave's team soften.

DAVE (cont'd)
 I was a terrible leader. I let you
 down, not the other way around. I
 was obsessed with being something
 I'm not. Something I could never
 be. But here I am tonight, and
 this is me.

Dave lets everyone gaze at his full dorkitude.

DAVE (cont'd)
 I'm a geek. I'm a dork. I don't
 say the right things. I don't wear
 the right clothes. I don't have a
 way with people. I'm not slick.
 I'm Noseplug. I see that now. I
 was stupid to try to change.

Leah listens intently.

DAVE (cont'd)
 I wanted to be Brad Cutter. I've actually wanted to be Brad Cutter my whole life. But I can't. I need to just be me. I see that now, but maybe it's too late. I lost my job, I lost your respect, I lost my dignity.

Dave takes the microphone off its stand and heads down into the crowd.

DAVE (cont'd)
 But the worst part is, I lost the only woman who ever loved me for me.

Dave makes his way toward the back of the room. He scans for Leah.

DAVE (cont'd)
 I judged her so quickly and so wrongly. I accused her of being shallow and stuck in the past, when that is exactly what I was doing.

The crowd parts and Dave finds himself looking across the room at Leah.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Leah, this is the prom I never had, and now I know it's the prom that you never had too. I was too busy being a jerk to see how much it meant to you, and I'm so sorry. But I want to make it up to you. Maestro?

The DJ hits play, and the karaoke track for "Hold On To The Nights" kicks in. Dave starts to sing.

DAVE (cont'd)
*Well, I think that I've been true
 to everybody else but me / And the
 way I feel about you makes my heart
 long to be free / Every time I look
 into your eyes, I'm helplessly
 aware / That the someone I've been
 searching for is right there...*

Dave continues as he walks right up to Leah. She can't help but smile warmly - truly touched by the gesture.

DAVE (cont'd)
*Hold on to the nights / Hold on to
 the memories / I wish that I could
 give you more...*

LEAH
 (choked up)
 You are such a dork.

Dave looks Leah right in the eyes.

DAVE
 I was gonna do this properly, with
 a ring and everything, but Ben
 Affleck won my ring money.

Affleck shrugs. Dave gets down on one knee, and looks up at Leah. He opens the box to reveal a corsage.

DAVE (cont'd)
 Leah, will you go to prom with me
 and marry me?

Leah looks shocked and happy. She takes a breath, then...

LEAH
 (quietly, overwhelmed)
 Yes.

DAVE
 Even if I'm never cool?

LEAH
 As long as you never try to be.

DAVE
 Never.

He slides the corsage on her wrist and they embrace. Everyone cheers. Dave and Leah kiss. People cheer more.

Reveal Dave's mom, Judy, and Len stepping out of the crowd and cheering. Also reveal Simon and Kara there, applauding. Arturo weeps openly.

Dave and Leah kiss and hold each other. Neither has ever looked happier. Cutter steps up.

CUTTER
 Ladies and gentleman, I give you
 the king and queen of the prom.

Cutter walks right up to Dave and Leah, and puts the crowns on their heads. Perfect.

The DJ kicks on an awesome, fun, rocking song and, as the credits roll, we begin a killer dance montage.

Len and Judy cut a rug, Affleck break dances, Cutter and Jenny rip it up, Anwar gets funky, Kara and Simon let loose, and, of course, Dave dances with Leah, like the dork he is.

FADE OUT.

FADE BACK IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET

As MUZAK plays, the camera comes around a grocery aisle to reveal the final version of the Just Juice standee.

It's a life-size cardboard standee of Brad Cutter himself. He holds a bottle of Just Juice and smiles big. A caption over his head reads - *Just Juice - Just Cool.*

A CUSTOMER pushes his cart along. He stops and stares at the standee.

CUSTOMER
Wow, that juice does look cool.

The customer grabs three six packs of Just Juice, puts them in his cart, and moves on.

GO TO BLACK.