

DIPLOMATIC AMMUNITY!

FADE IN:

INT. AFI FEST - MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

PAUL PANNER, 32, awkward, chubby, and deshelled-but-still-presentable, sits in the last row of the darkened theater with no one beside him.

We watch only his face, which remains intense and unaffected, as the audience, which sounds full, reacts to the film. People gasp, cry...

The theater fills with laughter, but Paul seems all alone and on the verge of tears.

INT. AFI FEST - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The AUDIENCE MEMBERS, all wearing VIP-style name badges, leave the theater in friendly clusters. Judging by their conversations, it seems the film was a hit.

Paul, still alone, looks longingly at a few of these Groups as if he wants to talk, but he doesn't move.

His agent, SARAH RAJI, 42, and dressed in a business suit, approaches him.

PAUL  
That...that was--

SARAH  
An example of the staggering power  
of film.

Paul looks at an IMPORTANT LOOKING MAN, 50's, interviewing with a NEWS ANCHOR at the opposite end of the hall.

PAUL  
I don't belong here.

SARAH  
You're just as talented as any of  
these people.

PAUL  
None of them will even look at me.

SARAH  
You've gotta loosen up a little.

PAUL

I'm an imposter, and I can't hide it anymore. Why'd you drag me here? I was happy enough staying home and microwaving a pizza.

SARAH

As your agent, I have the duty to keep the cash flowing into both of our hands. You're coming off a miss-- a big miss, and you need to get back out into the scene.

PAUL

I think the scene has long passed me by.

SARAH

Look, I have other clients, Paul. Go, mingle as if you're career depended on it. Because, at this point, it absolutely does.

PAUL

I...uh--

SARAH

Sorry, I know you're not good at this, but will you at least try?

PAUL

Sure.

She starts walking away but turns back.

SARAH

...And, get some sleep tonight so you're fresh for our meeting with Albatross tomorrow.

Sarah walks away.

INT. AFI FEST - LOBBY - NIGHT

Paul approaches a GROUP OF FILMMAKERS huddled together and discussing film.

Paul stands awkwardly beside them for a few moments looking for his way to break in.

The Filmmakers laugh, and Paul laughs, even though he doesn't know what for, and moves toward the group.

PAUL

Hi, uh...

But a Filmmaker gives him a nasty look, and Paul backs away.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LOS FELIZ - NIGHT

As Paul approaches the small craftsmen house, he hears what sounds like a party. He sighs and enters.

His roommate, VITALY, 27, handsome with a Guns 'n' Roses vibe, is playing cards and smoking cigars in the kitchen with his THREE LEATHER CLAD BAND MEMBERS, 20's.

Paul holds his breath as he passes through the smoky scene.

PAUL

It's past midnight, Vitaly.

Vitaly all but ignores him as he waits for the third card to be flipped in their game of Texas Hold 'Em.

VITALY

Oh, you fucking cunt! Always on the river.

He throws down his cards.

PAUL

We agreed that--

VITALY

Hey, man, why don't you, like, slip on a banana peel and fall into a cactus or something?

PAUL

How many times do I have to tell you, I didn't write that film about me?

VITALY

Film? You wrote a movie about a guy who trips on a puddle of his own diarrhea, and you're calling it a film?

PAUL

That didn't even happen. And, there's more to it than that.

Paul sees one of the Band Members eating some pad thai then he looks in the fridge.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Hey, that's mine.

BAND MEMBER 1  
No it's not.

PAUL  
Can you guys please stop eating my  
food?

VITALY  
Practice ran late tonight. We  
missed dinner.

PAUL  
Look, I've gotta get up in the  
morning--

VITALY  
We'll quite down.

PAUL  
This is my house!

VITALY  
Alright, alright, just one more  
hand, okay?

One of the Band Members blows smoke directly in Paul's face.

Paul coughs and walks away, and they all start laughing.

BAND MEMBER 2  
What a fuckin' weirdo.

VITALY  
He's a writer, man. They all got a  
screw loose.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul sits on his bed in his lonely room as the Guys in the  
kitchen continue to shout.

Paul looks up at a Polaroid picture taped to his mirror of  
him with TWO FRIENDS. They look about ten years younger.

All Three are puking, and laughing, in front of an Apple  
Store.

In the white space below the picture are the words  
"Diplomatic Ammunity!" written in red.

The Band Members shout even louder.

Paul sighs, turns out the lights, and goes to sleep.

INT. ALBATROSS STUDIOS - BOARDROOM - DAY

Paul, with bags under his eyes, stands alone at the end of a long table and addresses THREE PRODUCERS, 50's. Paul is wearing a cheap three-piece suit as if he were interviewing for a high school principal position in Gary, Indiana.

Sarah sits about halfway down the table.

PAUL

Okay, so, a songwriter--a younger guy, thirties-ish--drives out to the desert after he has a panic attack during a show--a big show. Everything's going well, but when he looks out into the crowd, his girlfriend, his friends, family--no one is there. Just a bunch of fans.

The Producers don't look impressed.

PRODUCER 1

This doesn't sound very funny.

PAUL

That's because it's not--I mean, there are some humorous moments throughout, but it's a somber coming-of-age drama--

PRODUCER 2

But you're a comedy guy?

PAUL

I wrote one comedy.

PRODUCER 1

And it was huge. Zac Efron, Kate Hudson staring. Pulled in over two hundred mil in the box office.

PAUL

But it wasn't me--

PRODUCER 3

We need another Zac Efron picture.

PAUL  
But, this script actually means  
something to me.

PRODUCER 2  
Your last *meaningful* script was a  
disaster. You're a funny guy. Be  
funny.

PRODUCER 3  
What else have you got?

Sarah gives Paul a look as if to say, "Don't fuck this up!"

PAUL  
I, uh...I...

The Producers give eager looks.

Suddenly, an idea comes to Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Okay, you remember Lethal Weapon  
two? The guy who can't be arrested  
because he's a foreign diplomat?

PRODUCER 1  
Oh yeah! But, Mel Gibson still  
shoots him in the head anyway.

PAUL  
Well, Danny Glover, but yeah, that  
guy. Now, imagine three guys--young  
guys--inherit a small island in the  
Pacific Ocean somehow--they win an  
arm wrestling or break dancing  
competition or something--I mean,  
it's a ridiculous film--and as a  
result, they, like the guy from  
Lethal Weapon, can get away with  
doing whatever the hell they want  
without consequences...

Producer 1 laughs, and when Producer 3 sees this, he laughs  
too.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
...They go around robbing banks,  
and stealing ice cream cones from  
little kids, and basically just  
exercising their angst in humorous  
ways.

PRODUCER 2

And, what's the storyline?

PAUL

Uh...I, uh--these guys, they lash out, but in different ways. One of them wants to destroy the world, the other wants to heal it, and the third, I, uh, don't really know--

PRODUCER 2

And, where's it going?

Sarah looks ready to kill Paul.

PAUL

Huh?

PRODUCER 1

It sounds great! Weird, but I know you'll make it work. You're the master of slapstick, Paul.

Sarah looks relieved.

PRODUCER 2

I wanna see a script in four weeks.

PAUL

Uh, I don't--

SARAH

No problem.

EXT. ALBATROSS STUDIOS - DAY

Paul walks ahead of Sarah, who speeds up to catch him.

SARAH

I hate to say I told you so, but--

PAUL

But you don't?

Paul stops walking and so does Sarah.

SARAH

Look, you're a comedy guy and--

PAUL

What the hell does that even mean? Is my entire fucking existence just some cosmic joke?



SARAH

No, but it's what you're good at.

PAUL

I can write drama. I can write serious stuff with substance.

SARAH

We went that route with your last script, and look what happened?

PAUL

Yeah, the idiot masses couldn't comprehend it.

SARAH

Neither could the pedantic critics.

PAUL

It was infinity better than THE FART OF PEACE. God, I should have fought that title. I wanted it to be THE FALL GUY.

SARAH

Look Paul, there's nothing wrong with writing slapstick. There are millions of writers out there who'd pummel someone to death with rubber chickens for the opportunity you have. Grow up, grow a pair, and finish this script.

She starts walking away.

PAUL

Wait, I, uh, I don't think I can do this one.

SARAH

What do you mean?

PAUL

I mean, I don't think it's a good idea. That stuffs all behind me now, and I don't want to go back.

SARAH

Hey, you pitched it.

PAUL

Also, it's not even my idea.

SARAH

Well, whose is it?

PAUL

Uh, it's partially mine, but I came up with the idea with my friends from high school.

SARAH

So, call 'em up and we'll discuss rights.

PAUL

I've only seen them once or twice in like twelve years. I don't even know their numbers anymore.

SARAH

The now-married guy I sucked off before third period gym class in eighth grade just sent me a long, sleazy-ass Facebook message yesterday telling me he was going to leave his wife. I haven't spoken with him in over twenty years, and he found me. Hell, you could find the eight-year-old who sewed that awful tie in a Beijing sweatshop if you tried hard enough.

PAUL

But I--

SARAH

See, this is your problem. And this is why your last "serious" film failed. You don't complete things.

PAUL

What do you mean? I finished it well ahead of schedule.

SARAH

I mean, you don't believe in yourself enough to really see anything through. To realize your artistic vision.

PAUL

I'm just not smart enough.

SARAH

Bullshit! I could see the seriousness in FART that you never brought through, and the humor in DOWNTOWN that you buried. But instead of developing these, you took shortcuts and intentionally confused your audience in hopes that they wouldn't see you as the phoney you're absolutely not.

PAUL

DOWNTOWN was a gripping and poignant commentary on--

SARAH

--the ennui and isolation of modern living, blah, blah, blah. It was an abortion, and the only reason I even helped you pitch it is because I thought it'd be good for you to get that piece of shit out of the way so you could get back to writing serious slapstick comedies.

Paul looks defeated.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Look, go find your friends, reunite, whatever you gotta do. But get this *comedy* back to me in four weeks, got it?

PAUL

I don't have any friends.

SARAH

Oh, boo hoo. Who needs friends when you're a millionaire?

PAUL

I burned through all my FART money buying my house. I've been renting out the extra bedroom just to keep my head above water. But even my roommate won't talk to me other than to put me down. Both my career and my social life are already over.

SARAH

(sincerely)

Neither has yet begun. Now, I gotta get over to the set of *Wildebeest*.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Scarlett Johansson is refusing to  
leave her trailer without a special  
pair mittens or something.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul types "Diplomatic Ammunity" on the title page of a Final  
Draft document, but he stops when he gets to "Written By."

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Vitaly is sitting on the couch. Paul sits next to him.

VITALY  
Cynthia is coming over.

PAUL  
Cool.

VITALY  
Yeah, so, uh...

He makes a gesture as if to say, "Fuck off."

Initially, Paul doesn't understand, but Vitaly's gesture  
becomes more and more obvious, and Paul gets up.

PAUL  
Ah, got it.

He starts walking to the kitchen but stops.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Things getting serious?

Vitaly ignores him and answers his phone.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul stares at his blank computer screen.

He opens a web browser, logs into Facebook, and searches for  
"Jerry Major." In his profile pic, JERRY, 32, and scrawny, is  
dressed in a sleek, tailored business suit.

In the "About" section, his occupation is listed as "Robbing  
from the rich and giving to the poor."

Paul clicks on the "Message" box and starts typing something.

INT. SUPERSAVER MARKET - SAN BERNARDINO - DAY

TWO PUNKS, 20's, take a cautious look around, then, when they think they're clear, they start filling their backpacks with cans of baby formula.

JERRY MAJOR, now dressed like a supermarket employee, stands behind a register. He glances at a security mirror, and when he sees the Two Punks stuffing their backpacks, he quickly looks away.

As the Punks walk to the front of the store, Jerry turns to the ONLY OTHER EMPLOYEE WORKING A REGISTER to distract her.

JERRY

Hey, Sandy, can you grab me a new roll of receipt paper?

Sandy nods and walks away.

A can of baby formula slides down one of the Punk's pant legs and THUDS on the ground.

Jerry gives an irksome look, as if to say, "Fucking idiots."

When the Punks exit, Jerry turns around, and there waiting for him is Paul; he's witnessed the whole debacle.

Jerry is clearly thrown off by the site of his Friend, but he tries to play it cool.

PAUL

I see some things never change.

JERRY

I have no idea what you're talking about.

PAUL

Exactly.

EXT. SUPERSAVER MARKET - DAY

Paul and Jerry exit the supermarket and walk to their cars.

JERRY

You've gotta be kidding me.

PAUL

Nope. I pitched it to Albatross Studios, and for some wild ass reason, they ate it right up.

JERRY  
So, that's your *big news*?

PAUL  
Indeed.

JERRY  
And you came down here to tell me?

PAUL  
I came down here to recruit you to help me write the script.

JERRY  
Wish I could, but I'm already busy with other endeavors.

One of the Punks, now at the far side of the parking lot, accidentally dumps several cans of formula on the ground, making an undeniably loud series of THUDS.

Jerry gives them a pissed off look.

PAUL  
I see that.

JERRY  
Hey, it might not look like much, but I'm pullin' a nice little caper here.

PAUL  
Stealing baby formula?

JERRY  
You'd be surprised at how much formula goes for on the black market. Cigarettes and tampons too.

PAUL  
Well then I'd hate for you to pull the plug and work for me.

JERRY  
With the work I do with these idiots, combined with shorting the drawers, and letting underage kids make off with cases of beer, for a price of course, I'm pulling in about forty an hour.

PAUL  
Yeah, and just think, you were only making what, ten times that an hour as a lawyer?

JERRY  
Don't do that. I'll walk away.

PAUL  
Work for me.

JERRY  
For you?

PAUL  
Christ, with me.

JERRY  
You know I hated that shit. All those phonies smiling while robbing people blind.

PAUL  
You hate robbing?

Paul gestures to the Punks, who have stalled the getaway car.

JERRY  
How much do I get paid?

PAUL  
If I get anything like my first script, could be between half a mil and a million. Split three ways, you'll make maybe two hundred.

JERRY  
Three ways?

PAUL  
Yeah, we gotta get Charlie too.

JERRY  
No, fuck that.

Jerry starts walking back to the supermarket.

PAUL  
Why?

JERRY  
That guy's an arrogant fucking prick, and you know it.

PAUL  
You're still jealous?

JERRY  
Of what?

PAUL  
That he beat you for valedictorian?

JERRY  
No.

PAUL  
Wendy Wright?

JERRY  
That was like fifteen years ago.

PAUL  
Exactly. It's not Diplomatic  
Ammunity without him.

The Punks back out and run over a bunch of cans that they left in the parking lot. One can explodes, and the Punk driving freaks out and smashes into a car parked behind him.

JERRY  
Two hundred g's, you say?

PAUL  
Could be more...

JERRY  
I heard Charlie went nuts after losing the mayoral race in San Diego. Living on a commune out in the desert.

PAUL  
Know where?

JERRY  
Nope.

PAUL  
We'll find him.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DESERT - DAY

Paul drives and Jerry sits shotgun while drinking a beer.

PAUL  
And they disbarred you?



JERRY

Judge doesn't like it so much when you call him a fucking retard, or the jury a bunch of whiny pussies.

PAUL

What happened?

JERRY

They sentenced my client to prison for a fucking cyber bullying charge. Can you believe that shit?

PAUL

No, I mean with you. What happened? You went through eight years of Stanford Law just to piss it all away.

JERRY

Life is not meant to be lived locked in fucking court rooms.

PAUL

Yeah, better to be free managing a chain grocery store in San Bernardino. That's what motivated Alexander the Great, right? To conquer every Supersaver from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

JERRY

I guess we can't all be farting on screen. I may have been second in our class, but what about you? One hundred? Two hundred?

PAUL

Sixteenth out of over four hundred.

JERRY

You stole that idea from Charlie, didn't you?

PAUL

What are you talking about?

JERRY

Your farting movie. The core of that was him.

PAUL

I think we need to get you into some A/C. Your brain's overheating.

JERRY

A genius teenager taking care of an alcoholic mother turns down scholarship offers because he's too afraid to take that step forward, and instead, he farts around San Diego, slipping on banana peels and making poo jokes just to make his mom smile.

PAUL

That fart movie made over two hundred mil, and would have done better internationally if Europeans had any sense of humor.

JERRY

God, and DOWNTOWN? What were you thinking?

PAUL

You think Charlie will even give us the time of day?

Paul digs in his pocket and pulls out his phone.

JERRY

Look, with a guy like Charlie, if you come at him and start making demands, he'll beat you down with logic, but if you express some heartfelt need that he thinks he can meet, he'll open right up. As smart as he is, he's easy as fuck to manipulate. Just make him feel helpful...

Paul searches his phone for "Plants that grow in the California desert," and the car swerves.

JERRY (CONT'D)

...careful.

PAUL

That should be easy. But I'm not trying to con him. He's a friend.

JERRY

Was a friend...You know, I finished first in my class every year at Stanford. The only person in my life who ever beat me is now chanting mantras in the desert.

EXT. CHARLIE'S COMMUNE - SALTON SEA - DAY

CHARLIE ROSEN, 33, handsome and with a large, athletic build, sits at the head of a long wooden picnic table where TWENTY HIPPIES eat dinner. He's also dressed like he's heading to Woodstock, and as he addresses the group, and they eat up every word he says.

CHARLIE

...But we don't thank god, or allah, or the buddha, or any other deity for this bounty of food. We thank our hands, and our backs, and our strong legs which helped us to pick it. And we thank our knowledge to turn barren desert into fertile farmland, and our camaraderie which brought us out here and kept us here long enough to reap the seeds we've sown...

The table is filled with a rich bounty of farmed foods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...Now, let's celebrate our own divinity.

A MAN and a WOMAN fight over a bowl of salad to be the one who scoops it on Charlie's plate. The Man grabs the bowl first, but the Woman grabs the spoon.

MAN

It's my turn to serve the Mayor.

CHARLIE

There are no *turns*, only turnips...

The Man dumps salad on Charlie's plate, and Charlie feigns frustration, but he seems to really love it.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...It's okay, Desert Coyote, you can both serve me.

Paul and Jerry walk up behind Charlie.

JERRY

The Mayor?

Jerry laughs hysterically. This clearly irks Charlie.

EXT. CHARLIE'S COMMUNE - DAY

Charlie shows Jerry and Paul the grounds.

JERRY  
You built a fucking commune?

CHARLIE  
It's not a commune, it's an  
Intentional Community. We've all  
gathered with the intention of  
living off of the grid and getting  
back to our roots.

Jerry picks up a handful of sand.

JERRY  
So, I guess you started life as a  
rock?

Jerry lets the sand fall through his hand.

Paul checks his cell phone quickly then hides it from view.

PAUL  
Do you grow the, uh, queen of  
forages?

CHARLIE  
Yes, we grow plenty of alfalfa. It  
thrives in the desert.

Paul sneaks a look at his phone again.

PAUL  
Aristotle would be pleased.

CHARLIE  
Why's that?

PAUL  
Oh, because he, uh, wrote about it  
in, uh...

Paul fakes a cough and sneaks another peek at the phone.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
...it's an ancient crop used by the  
Greeks, Romans, and Persians.

CHARLIE  
Whoa, look at you, Professor  
McSmarty.

Paul gives a self-conscious smile.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I've also shown the community how to use solar energy to desalinate water. We have an abundance here beside the Salton Sea.

JERRY

The Salton Sea is the result of an irrigation disaster, and you use it as the primary irrigation source for your crops? That's ironic... kinda like these hemp seeds calling you Mayor after you got buried in that landslide.

A PRETTY WOMAN, 20's, approaches Charlie.

PRETTY WOMAN

Mayor, Junebug refuses to do his chores again, and I'm getting so tired of having to do them for him.

CHARLIE

What do I always say?

She gives a blank stare.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

When life hands you lemons...?

PRETTY WOMAN

Oh, grow your own damned strawberries.

Paul smiles at Charlie.

CHARLIE

So, why don't you stand up for yourself, tell him to do his own chores, and thus, grow your own strawberries?

PRETTY WOMAN

Where are the seeds?

CHARLIE

Christ, just...just leave me alone.

She leaves. Paul is still smiling.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What?

PAUL  
You always say?

CHARLIE  
What are you talking about?

JERRY  
Damn, you really got something  
going on here.

CHARLIE  
I've personally selected each  
member of this community to  
preserve its delicate balance, but  
looks have nothing to do with the  
selection process.

JERRY  
Yeah, why go for looks when you can  
cultivate a community of blind  
disciples so dumb they see you as  
some kind of savior just for  
feeding them beets?

CHARLIE  
Look, guys, it was nice seeing you  
both, but I've got work to do.

Charlie starts walking towards the main house.

PAUL  
Wait, do you want to know why we  
came here to see you?

CHARLIE  
Whatever it is, it's in the past.  
This is my future.

PAUL  
How would you like to write a film  
script?

CHARLIE  
I'm already working on a  
masterpiece here in the desert.

PAUL  
You were always interested in  
cinema in high school--

CHARLIE  
Film, art, expression, politics are  
all fleeting acts of ego.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I use knowledge to grow food, which  
is something we need to survive.

Jerry winks at Paul.

PAUL

We need you, Charlie. We're working  
on a script for Diplomatic Ammunity  
and it won't be the same without  
you. We need your perspective to  
bring it all to life.

Charlie stops walking.

JERRY

Just think of the blank page as a  
desert that we need to irrigate  
with your considerable insights.  
You can be the spiritual shaman of  
the project.

A FRANTIC MAN, 20's, rushes up to Charlie.

FRANTIC MAN

Cow Bell ate my mushrooms again!

Charlie looks irritated by the Man's whining.

CHARLIE

Can't you people resolve anything  
on your own? (to Paul and Jerry)  
I've gotta go--

JERRY

Walk on water?

He starts walking away but stops.

CHARLIE

Good luck with the script.

JERRY

There he goes. Surrounded by people  
but all alone.

This comment seems to effect Charlie.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - DESERT - DAY

Paul drives and Jerry sits shotgun. Jerry drinks a beer.

JERRY

What was all that *queen of forages* crap you pulled back there?

PAUL

The same as all your factoids about irrigation and the Salton Sea.

JERRY

God, he really fucked himself up, didn't he?

Jerry takes another drink.

PAUL

Looks to be doing better than you.

JERRY

That's just because I didn't have a chance to show him who's boss.

PAUL

You're still angry about that?

JERRY

I should punch right through his little protective zen bubble.

PAUL

This bullshit's the reason why we're not friends anymore.

JERRY

Please, that just catalyzed the reaction. We'd stopped being friends long before that.

PAUL

What a waste of time.

JERRY

We were kids--

PAUL

No, I mean with Charlie just now.

JERRY

He'll come around.

PAUL

What makes you think so?



JERRY

His ego won't let us do this project without him. We planted some fertile seeds. Now, they just need to grow. We should start brainstorming the script in the meantime.

PAUL

No, not until we're all together again.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul and Jerry eat takeout at the table.

PAUL

God, my fucking career is over.

JERRY

Can you really call one movie a career?

PAUL

Two.

JERRY

I'm sorry: one half-assed maudlin stillborn and a two-hour fart joke.

Jerry's words seem to upset Paul.

Vitaly and his Band enter. They're drunk and loud.

VITALY

No, you need to command the stage--  
(he sees Paul and Jerry) Shh,  
fellas, Paul is on a date. Let's  
not disturb him.

Instead of attacking, Jerry seems to absorb the insult. He doesn't respond, which seems strangely uncharacteristic.

PAUL

Can you guys please find another place to party? We're working here.

VITALY

Seems like the working will come later on.

Vitaly thrusts his pelvis to suggest they're gonna fuck.

PAUL  
 (to Jerry)  
 This is my roommate, Vitaly.

Jerry nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (to Vitaly)  
 And this is my best friend, Jerry.

Vitaly also nods.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 He's going to be hanging out here  
 for a few weeks.

VITALY  
 I don't remember telling you that  
 was okay.

PAUL  
 And I don't remember needing your  
 permission. He's gonna crash on the  
 couch tonight.

EXT. CHARLIE'S COMMUNE - NIGHT

Charlie sits at the head of the long table beside Cow Bell.  
 Charlie looks deep in thought.

CHARLIE  
 You think it's ironic that we use  
 the Salton Sea for irrigation?

COW BELL  
 Why?

CHARLIE  
 It's the result of an irrigation  
 accident.

The lights are on, but Cow Bell ain't home.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Never mind.

Cow Bell leaves, and Charlie sits alone in silence.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry, sleeping on the couch, awakens to find Vitaly starring  
 at him a few inches away from Jerry's face.

JERRY  
What the fu--

VITALY  
Go home.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Paul and Jerry eat breakfast at the table.

JERRY  
We need to do this thing quickly or  
I'm outta here.

PAUL  
The call of street life too strong  
for you?

JERRY  
I can be hustlin' right now.

PAUL  
You grew up in La Jolla. What's  
wrong with you?

JERRY  
I got things to do.

Paul's phone rings. He checks it: Sarah. He ignores her.

PAUL  
Give him some time.

Paul's phone rings again. He checks it and smiles.

EXT. L.A. UNION STATION - DAY

Charlie, dressed in normal clothes, exits the station and  
sees Paul and Jerry waiting. They exchange a smile.

JERRY  
I knew you'd come.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The Three walk inside the house.

CHARLIE  
So, it's a feature-length script,  
which is how many pages?

PAUL

Generally, between ninety and one ten, but it's best to be below one hundred for a comedy.

CHARLIE

In four weeks?

PAUL

Three and a half now. And we split the writing credits three ways.

CHARLIE

I'm not interested in any of the legal matters concerning the process, more so how we're going to create an engaging and worthwhile script from such a slapstick topic.

PAUL

I'm sure we'll find a way together.

An awkward silence.

CHARLIE

So, how've you both been?

JERRY

Running a nice little business.

Paul gives him a look.

PAUL

Good. What's it been, twelve years?

JERRY

It was July of two thousand two, so, a hundred and seventy months.

PAUL

Which translates to?

JERRY

Fourteen years and two months.

PAUL

Shit, I figured at least one of us would be married by now. How's it been so long?

JERRY

I started at Stanford a little after the, uh, incident.

CHARLIE

And I went off to Cornell.

PAUL

And I stayed in San Diego working at a car wash. Hey, I made some calls for your campaign, by the way. Wasn't much, but I did what I could.

CHARLIE

Thanks, that was a...

PAUL

I can imagine.

JERRY

You shoulda run a more aggressive campaign. David Banks really hammered you for your inexperience in politics.

CHARLIE

I just wanted to help people and figured they'd be able to see that. I'm not interested in smear tactics.

JERRY

And now you're here.

Jerry gives him an arrogant look.

CHARLIE

So what do we do first?

JERRY

I think Paul probes you for more ideas to steal.

PAUL

That's low...I say we just freestyle it right now to get the juices flowing.

JERRY

This story is based on us, right?

PAUL

Yeah.

JERRY

How accurate we gonna make it?

PAUL

That's up to us.

CHARLIE

Why don't we start by defining what Diplomatic Ammunity is? What it meant to us?

PAUL

I dunno. It was just us running around pulling a bunch of pranks and pretending to be immune to the consequences.

CHARLIE

What were we seeking immunity from?

JERRY

It wasn't about immunity. It was about chaos, havoc, destruction. Lashing out at the world's cold pragmatism. At it's blind acceptance of authority. It's about self expression and freedom. We gotta make this the ultimate punk rock, *Anarchy in the UK*, middle-finger-to-everybody project.

CHARLIE

I suggest a subtler direction. Something more heartfelt. To get to know the characters and better understand the root of their angst.

JERRY

There you go with roots again. I think you've been studying botany so long, you think you've become a fucking shrub.

PAUL

Well, if we're going to understand the characters and the cause of their anger, why don't we come up with characters.

JERRY

Now you're talking. Alright, well the Jerry character should have like a James Dean meets Ramones flair...

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN DIEGO - DAY - STORY WORLD

Jerry's character, JOHNNY, 22, and a mixture between James Dean and Brando from THE WILD ONE (and played by a different actor), comes to life. Though the rest of the world is in shorts and sandals, Johnny cruises the busy streets in jeans and a heavy leather jacket.

He looks ready to brawl.

JERRY (V.O.)  
...with a touch of Mad Max. He's handsome, but has a I-dare-you-to-fuck-with-me look...

Johnny passes a restaurant with outdoor seating, and he grabs a plate of pasta off some Guy's table and keeps walking while eating rigatoni with his bare hands.

JERRY (V.O.)  
...the epitome of cool, Johnny don't give a fuck. He's a former Special Op's assassin who was awarded a Medal of Honor after killing every Taliban member with his bare hands. Johnny's a master in all styles of fighting...

Some MUGGERS attempt to steal a WOMAN'S purse, but Johnny steps in and stomps them to the curb.

JERRY (V.O.)  
...women love him, but he has no time for their hollow advances...

The Woman swoons, and Johnny grabs her, dips her, and goes in for a kiss, but stops before planting one. Instead, he just lets go of her, and she falls back-first onto the sidewalk.

As he continues walking, PEOPLE stop and cheer for him.

JERRY (V.O.)  
...because there's always another adventure...

He walks into the street, puts out his hand, and stops a Ferrari. He walks over to the DRIVER, opens the door, literally throws the Driver twenty feet onto the sidewalk, gets in the car, and tears ass out of there.

END STORY WORLD

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Paul and Charlie stare at Jerry as if he were an idiot.

PAUL

You've got some issues, man.

CHARLIE

Perhaps some repressed delusions of grandeur coupled with a borderline personality disorder?

JERRY

In that case, *Mayor*, who are you?

EXT. TORREY PINES CLIFFS - DAY - STORY WORLD

Charlie's character, TERRA, a formless being bathed in glowing golden light, hovers at the edge of a cliff facing the ocean.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

I'm Terra, which is Latin for earth, a formless being with a pure golden aura, visible to even the most unaware of sentient beings...

A GROUP OF FOLLOWERS sit behind Terra, basking in its self-righteous glow.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

...who follow it as a means to achieve their own form of spiritual enlightenment.

END STORY WORLD

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

PAUL

Wow, this is already getting away from me. Look, guys, we're writing a script here not a love letter to ourselves.

JERRY

You asked how I saw the character.

CHARLIE

How do you see yourself?



PAUL  
 I...I don't know. Just regular?  
 Without super ninja powers or the  
 ability to teleport with my mind...

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - STORY WORLD

Paul's character, A TALENTED AND APPRECIATED WRITER, 32, and played by Paul, types something on a computer with a big smile on his face.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 ...just a smart, successful,  
 appreciated guy?

Vitaly enters and reads over Paul's shoulder.

VITALY  
 Wow, I appreciate how smart,  
 successful, and creative you are.  
 Here, have my leftover pad thai  
 while I play you a song.

Vitaly hands Paul the pad thai then starts playing a harp.

END STORY WORLD

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

JERRY  
 Now who's being delusional. I've  
 seen your movies.

CHARLIE  
 What's his name?

PAUL  
 Uh...Pal?

Jerry starts laughing at Paul.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Alright, well let's shelf the  
 characters for a bit and focus on  
 plot. Maybe the characters will  
 fall in place once we have a story.

CHARLIE  
 Okay.

PAUL

So, uh, how do these guys even acquire Diplomatic Ammunity?

CHARLIE

Well, the process is actually quite simple to start a country. All you have to do is--

JERRY

Is have a defined territory with a permanent population and a government. Then, you need to declare independence, get recognition from the international community, and join the U.N.

PAUL

Christ, that's a movie in of itself. What if they just somehow inherit a country that's already recognized internationally?

JERRY

This is why no one takes you seriously, man. You cut corners.

PAUL

This is a brainstorming session. I'm just upchucking ideas.

JERRY

Fine, then how would they do that?

PAUL

They win a pie eating contest against the king or something.

CHARLIE

That's ridiculous.

JERRY

No, that's great! How about a staring contest?

EXT. BEACH - S. PACIFIC ISLAND - DAY - STORY WORLD SEQUENCE

Johnny, Terra, and Pal are lying on a gorgeous beach. Johnny, in full biker gear, smokes out of a huge bong, while Terra hovers above the ground.

PAUL (V.O.)

Okay. So, they beat the king of some small South Pacific island in a staring contest and inherit the country...

The KING, 50's, and dressed up like a stereotypical British king, with a large crown and flowing purple cape, steps onto the sand above the Idiots, blocking out the sun. He looks ready to rumble.

Johnny leaps up and squares off in front of him, and they stare at each other as a CROWD gathers.

They stare with equal intensity, then the King looks beyond Johnny and sees a wave flowing over a barrier wall, and he closes his eyes, which start to tear, and he loses the contest intentionally.

Johnny and the other Two Idiots celebrate.

PAUL (V.O.)

...And the king doesn't care because, due to global warming, the country ain't even going to exist in a few years anyway, and now these guys have to deal with it in its darkest hour.

The King hands over his cape, then walks to the ocean, hops on a jet ski, and takes off, giving the Idiots the finger on his way out to sea.

The Idiots share the cape, which is wrapped around all Three. Terra wears the crown, but Johnny steals it away from Terra.

END STORY WORLD SEQUENCE

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

PAUL

Then, they travel to the U.S., where they begin pulling pranks with immunity.

CHARLIE

We should have them stay on the island to try and come up with a solution to the rising sea levels.

JERRY

Fuck that. They should loot the country and sneak off in the middle of the night.

PAUL

Either way, we need to do something about these characters though. Johnny? Terra? I get that we're writing a comedy, but that doesn't mean it needs to be ridiculous. In fact, I think it'd be better if we wrote something more subtle and nuanced, that borders the line between comedy and drama.

CHARLIE

They could petition the U.N. to fight global warming?

JERRY

Where's the comedy in that?

CHARLIE

Perhaps they could don leather jackets and start killing people instead? That'd be a real riot.

JERRY

It'd be better than some sappy, sentimental snooze-fest. Look, I signed onto this project to wreak havoc. I want some anarchy.

PAUL

Please, you signed on because this pays more than your supermarket heists.

JERRY

(to Paul, quietly)  
Easy on the heist stuff, alright?

CHARLIE

Well, I signed on to create something meaningful from the anarchy that was our youth.

PAUL

And I just want to write something that will get people to take me seriously. Which is why we need to rethink these characters.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Can we just make Johnny some  
 regular guy, and cut the  
 superpowers?

Jerry grumbles.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 And can we give Terra a more  
 definitive humanoid shape?

CHARLIE  
 I'm open to compromise, but instead  
 of writing another white male part,  
 I'd like to make my character an  
 Asian woman, who are largely  
 underrepresented in Hollywood  
 today.

JERRY  
 I didn't see a film projector at  
 your Assisted Living community.

CHARLIE  
 Intentional Community.

Vitaly and his Band come in the front door. They're rowdy.

PAUL  
 Goddamn it...

Paul walks to the kitchen door.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Hey, guys, we're working here.

VITALY  
 Ahh, yes, your virgin's club  
 meeting. I see you've already  
 covered your discussion on how to  
 dress like a serial killer.

He looks right at Jerry, and Jerry looks away.

CHARLIE  
 There's no need to be nasty.  
 There's plenty of space for us all.

VITALY  
 (to Paul)  
 Where'd this guy come from? (points  
 at Charlie) Don't tell me you found  
 a normal-looking friend?

JERRY

We've all been friends since kindergarten.

VITALY

Probably 'cause they were afraid if they weren't nice to you their heads would end up in your freezer.

Jerry looks defeated by the comment. Charlie opens his mouth as if to say something, but he doesn't.

PAUL

Leave us alone. We're writing.

Vitaly starts laughing and walks to the living room where he and his Band start rocking out.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Let's just go. You guys hungry?

CHARLIE

I haven't eaten anything all day.

EXT. BURRITO SHOP - NIGHT

The Three eat burritos at an outdoor table.

PAUL

This is great. Why haven't we done this more often?

JERRY

You know why.

Jerry gives Charlie an evil look. Charlie doesn't seem to have seen it.

Charlie gets a phone call. He takes it and walks away.

CHARLIE

It's okay...I already told you, only for a week or two...We're writing a script...I'm sure you can handle that without me...

Charlie looks at Paul and Jerry.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...It's important to me...Yeah, okay, bye.

Charlie returns to the table.

PAUL  
Who was that?

CHARLIE  
They need me back in the desert,  
but they can manage without me.

A PRETTY WOMAN walks by and smiles at Charlie. Jerry sees this.

JERRY  
Why don't you recruit her for your cult?

CHARLIE  
It's not a cult.

JERRY  
Had me fooled.

PAUL  
Relax, guys. Thanks, by the way,  
for helping me with this project.

CHARLIE  
I'm happy to help.

JERRY  
Me too...even though you stole the  
idea from me.

PAUL  
What? For Diplomatic Ammunity?

JERRY  
Yeah, I came up with it.

PAUL  
I don't remember.

CHARLIE  
No, it was mine.

JERRY  
Bullshit.

CHARLIE  
Please, you've been stealing since  
the first day we met.

INT. LA JOLLA ELEMENTARY - KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - DAY -  
FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

It's show and tell day, and the TWENTY FIVE STUDENTS look excited. Kids have model cars, handmade jewelry, etc...

DANA, 5, stands in front of her Classmates holding a plastic bag filled with dog shit.

MRS. FULLER, 50's, a sweet but stern teacher, addresses her.

MRS. FULLER

What do you have there, sweetie?

DANA

Churro ate a balloon at my sister's birthday party, and he pooped it out yesterday.

MRS. FULLER

Oh dear god--

DANA

See...

Dana squeezes the bag, and a blue balloon appears.

The Class goes wild. Some say "Eww," others say "Cool!"

MRS. FULLER

Okay, thank you, Dana.

Mrs. Fuller gets up and grabs the bag of shit.

MRS. FULLER (CONT'D)

Can I keep this? I'd like to show my daughter.

DANA

Okay.

Dana hands the bag over. Mrs. Fuller returns to her desk, and discreetly throws the bag in the garbage.

MRS. FULLER

Okay, Jerry, you're next.

Jerry, 5, gangly and awkward, walks to the head of the class with a nervous but cock-sure gait. He holds up a jar of sand.

JERRY

My family went to Fiji this summer, and I brought back a jar of sand and some sea shells. See.



He presents it to the Class, but no one seems to care. Jerry hangs his head.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It was really fun.

MRS. FULLER

I'm sure it was, Jerry. Okay, Charlie, you're next.

Charlie, 5, chubby and unattractive, grabs a shoebox under his desk and walks to the front of the class.

CHARLIE

Last week, when I went out looking for my mom, I saw something moving by the fence near McGavin's Bar. So, I walked over, and it was a baby bird all alone. So I took it home, fed it, and have been taking care of it.

Charlie opens the box, and the bird is inside.

The Other Kids gather around to see it.

Jerry, however, gives a jealous look and remains seated.

MRS. FULLER

Did you show your mother?

Charlie gives a somber look and shakes his head.

CHARLIE

She doesn't care about anything since my dad died.

Mrs. Fuller gives a concerned look.

MRS. FULLER

Okay, now it's Paul's turn.

Paul, 5, small and nervous, turns pale. He walks back to his desk, opens it, pretends to be looking for something, then sees a dead spider, grabs it, and walks to the front of the class. His Classmates have now returned to their seats.

PAUL

Oh, uh, I was walking with my mom in the park near our house, and we were under this tree, and there was this baby bird just singing and minding his own business, and all the sudden, a big hairy spider jumps out at the bird, and I pushed it out of the way, and the spider hit the ground, and it got squished and died.

Paul shows the spider, but the Class doesn't respond, so Paul pretends he's the spider and falls on the ground. The Other Students start laughing.

MRS. FULLER

Thank you, Paul. You're quite the storyteller. You can get up now.

Paul gets up and walks to his seat.

Jerry gives Charlie a jealous look, then he looks at the shoebox.

A GIRL stands in front of the class holding a pumpkin. She doesn't say anything--just has a serious ass look on her face. Mrs. Fuller has had enough.

MRS. FULLER (CONT'D)

Okay, let's break for recess.

The Students start leaving the room, but Jerry stays behind. He walks over to Charlie's desk, grabs the shoebox, and puts it in his backpack hanging in the back of the room.

Paul, re-entering the room, sees this.

EXT. LA JOLLA ELEMENTARY - SCHOOL YARD - DAY

Jerry stands alone in the corner of the yard while the Other Students play. TWO BULLIES approach Jerry.

BULLY ONE

Here's some more sand for you.

He dumps a handful of sand on Jerry's head.

BULLY TWO

But it's not from Fee-chee.

Charlie sees this and approaches. He's bigger than the Two Bullies, and they seem to notice his presence right away.

CHARLIE  
 Leave him alone. It's not nice to  
 pick on people.

BULLY TWO  
 We were just playing.

CHARLIE  
 You were being mean. I saw it.

Paul approaches but doesn't get involved.

BULLY TWO  
 (to Charlie)  
 I saw a turtle over there, but you  
 can't look at it.

The Bullies wander off.

CHARLIE  
 Are you okay?

JERRY  
 (prideful)  
 I'm fine.

CHARLIE  
 I liked your sand.

Jerry smiles.

Mrs. Fuller rings a bell, and the Students run back to the  
 classroom.

INT. LA JOLLA ELEMENTARY - KINDERGARTEN CLASSROOM - DAY

Charlie panics looking for his bird.

CHARLIE  
 Has anybody seen Sam?

No one seems to pay attention, except Paul, who approaches  
 Jerry.

PAUL  
 I saw you take his bird.

JERRY  
 No I didn't.

PAUL  
 He was nice to you outside.

JERRY  
I didn't ask for his help.

PAUL  
You should give him back Sam.

Jerry huffs some air then wanders to the back of the room, takes a look around, quickly reaches into his backpack, and pulls out the shoebox.

JERRY  
Look what I found back here.

CHARLIE  
You took him!

JERRY  
Nuh-uh!

PAUL  
Yes, you did. I saw you.

CHARLIE  
It's okay. I forgive you.

The Pumpkin Girl starts crying too. Paul gives Jerry a look, and Jerry goes back into his backpack and pulls out the pumpkin.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. BURRITO SHOP - NIGHT - RETURN TO PRESENT DAY

CHARLIE  
I can't believe you'd steal an injured bird from a kindergartner.

JERRY  
I was a kindergartner too. And I didn't steal it. I gave it back.

PAUL  
After I made you.

JERRY  
Fuck you guys.

PAUL  
Look, it's hard enough to write a screenplay when everything is going well.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

It's going to be impossible for us to finish this if we keep arguing.

CHARLIE

I agree.

They both look at Jerry.

JERRY

I think we should set it in someplace exotic, like Brazil.

PAUL

Why's that?

JERRY

We get to travel there, right?

PAUL

Maybe.

JERRY

You ever watch the Miss Bumbum contest?

PAUL

And you ever hear of a screenwriter scoring a supermodel? You're on the lowest level of the Hollywood social hierarchy--trust me, I know from experience, so perish the thought. And as the ranking member of this writing committee, I say every decision we make benefit the script in some way, and not just ourselves. If there's an artistic reason to shoot in Brazil, I'd like to hear it.

JERRY

Artistic? Did you just call a movie about guys puking in front of the Apple Store artistic?

PAUL

Hey, a piece of shit can be artistic if you look at it right.

JERRY

Well, what is this piece of shit even about?

PAUL

Let's keep digging and see if we  
can find that answer.

JERRY

Alright, so the guys leave the  
island and are now cruising down  
Impanema Beach on Harley's...

EXT. IMPANEMA BEACH - DAY - STORY WORLD SEQUENCE

Johnny, Pal, and TERRA (now played by an Asian actress, 30's)  
are cruising down the street on Harley's. Johnny is in a  
leather jacket, Terra dressed like a hippy, and Pal is  
wearing a regular t-shirt and shorts.

JERRY (V.O.)

...and all the girls stare as they  
pass by.

DOZENS OF GORGEOUS WOMEN IN BIKINIS leave the beach and start  
cheering for Johnny.

PAUL (V.O.)

And what the hell are they doing in  
Brazil? Exotic locations cost  
money, and so do hordes of extras.  
Nobody's gonna okay this.

JERRY (V.O.)

They're going to use their  
Diplomatic Ammunity to fight the  
drug cartels...

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

FIVE DRUG DEALERS sit at a table covered with drugs and  
weapons in a smoky, poorly lit room.

Johnny kicks in the front door, enters the room, and beats  
the living hell out of the drug dealers.

JERRY (V.O.)

...then, once they've vanquished  
their competition, they become drug  
king pins...

EXT. MANSION - DAY

Johnny, Terra, and Pal sit on lounge chairs on a deck overlooking Rio de Janeiro. GORGEOUS WOMEN surround Johnny, but pay Terra and Pal no attention.

END STORY WORLD SEQUENCE

EXT. BURRITO SHOP - NIGHT

PAUL

Look, if we want a chance at getting this thing made, and us getting paid, we need to be a little more sensible with the budget. Let's just set it where Diplomatic Ammunity was born. San Diego...

EXT. MISSION BEACH BOARDWALK - DAY - STORY WORLD SEQUENCE

Terra steers a three-person bike, with Johnny in the middle and Pal in the back.

PAUL (V.O.)

...and no Harley's. I think they should ride a three-person bike and do quirky shit, not kill drug lords.

JERRY (V.O.)

Alright, then they have swords and--

Johnny starts swinging around a sword and PEOPLE scatter.

PAUL (V.O.)

No swords!

CHARLIE (V.O.)

How about pies?

Pal fills a pie tin with whipped cream and hands it forward to Johnny.

JERRY (V.O.)

Pies?

CHARLIE (V.O.)

Pies are funnier than swords. Pies don't cause lasting harm. Pies can be washed off.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
They're symbolic of a more socially  
acceptable expression of angst.

JERRY (V.O.)  
It's a fucking movie. We can do  
whatever we want.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
And I don't want to kill people. I  
want to win them over.

PAUL (V.O.)  
Me too. So pies it is.

MONTAGE - PIEING PEOPLE AT THE BEACH

[A popular Brazilian song like "Carolina" by Seu Jorge plays]

-Johnny hurls several pies toward the beach, and each lands directly in RANDOM PEOPLE'S faces. The People look upset, but the Three Idiots shout "Diplomatic Ammunity!" and the People smile and give a thumbs up.

-As they pass an OLDER MAN rollerblading by, Johnny sticks out a pie, and the Man rolls into it face-first. The Man shakes his fist, and the Three Idiots yell "Diplomatic Ammunity!," and the Man starts smiling and gives a thumbs up.

-a HUNK sleeps on the sand with his mouth open. Pal fills his mouth with whipped cream, and the Hunk wakes up. He starts to get angry, but Pal says "Diplomatic Ammunity!," and the Hunk smiles, licks his lips, and gives a thumbs up instead.

-a COP is writing TWO YOUNGER WOMEN a ticket for drinking a keg at the beach. Johnny gets down on all fours behind him, and Pal hits the Cop with a pie in the face so hard that he trips over Johnny, and falls on the sand.

The Cop starts to get angry, but the Idiots say "Diplomatic Ammunity!," and the Cop smiles and forces a thumbs up.

-a bulldog on a skateboard passes by. Terra leans over and pies the dog, and it gives a thumbs up.

-A SCUBA DIVER spears fish deep under the ocean. Johnny, still in his leather jacket and with no oxygen tank, swims up from behind him and pies him. Johnny shouts what sounds like "Diplomatic Ammunity!," and the Diver gives a thumbs up.

END STORY WORLD SEQUENCE



EXT. BURRITO SHOP - NIGHT

Paul, Jerry, and Charlie are laughing like old friends for the first time.

JERRY

A scuba diver? That's good stuff.

PAUL

See, we can still have fun without getting completely out of control.

JERRY

Well, it's getting late. I should head home.

PAUL

Why don't you stay with us?

JERRY

What, like a sleep over?

PAUL

Yeah!

JERRY

What about your roommate?

PAUL

We'll sleep in my room, so you won't have to worry about him.

JERRY

I'm not worried.

PAUL

C'mon, man, no need to get defensive.

JERRY

I'm not being defensive.

PAUL

You're right, I'm sorry. C'mon it'll be fun.

JERRY

Fine.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Three are still giggling.

JERRY

Hey, you guys remember when we convinced Troy Taylor that Hulk Hogan's name was actually Hall Krogan?

They start laughing even harder.

CHARLIE

He was so confused.

PAUL

Or when we tricked Matt Jamison into fingering his asshole after gym class?

JERRY

Oh god, we worked on that for weeks.

PAUL

Yeah, we'd wait until he was close enough to hear us, then we'd talk about how much we loved sticking stuff in our asses, especially after doing exercise.

CHARLIE

I walked in on him in the showers jamming in a shampoo bottle.

PAUL

Or remember when--

A loud knock at the door.

VITALY

Hey, will you retards shut the fuck up? I've gotta get up early tomorrow.

Nervous silence for a moment.

CHARLIE

No.

They burst out laughing.

VITALY

Fucking losers.

They start laughing again like little kids.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Paul makes scrambled eggs as Charlie sits at the table.

Jerry is in the living room noodling with Vitaly's guitar.

PAUL

If Vitaly finds out you're playing  
with his guitar, he's gonna kill  
you.

JERRY

Fuck him.

PAUL

I'd love to hear you say that to  
his face.

Some mail comes through the mail slot, and Jerry jumps as if  
Vitaly is returning home. Charlie sees this.

CHARLIE

You'd fuck him, indeed.

Jerry gives him a look, then plugs in and rips an absolutely  
virtuosic guitar solo that would cause even Satriani to cream  
his pants.

Paul and Charlie look amazed.

PAUL

Christ, Jerry, I knew you played,  
but not like that.

Jerry unplugs the guitar, walks to the kitchen, and sits at  
the table.

JERRY

I was just messing around.

CHARLIE

Then I'd like to see you when  
you're being serious.

JERRY

You know my parents forced me to  
play classical guitar. And I  
fucking hated every minute of it.  
But something about the electric  
guitar calls to me.

PAUL

Well, maybe we can let Johnny carry  
a Les Paul wherever he goes.

JERRY  
I'm a Strat man.

PAUL  
Sure...

Paul serves the Guys some eggs.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
...I had a blast last night.

CHARLIE  
Yeah, me too. I haven't laughed  
that hard in years.

JERRY  
What are you talking about? That  
script sucks. Pieing sharks is your  
idea of cinema?

PAUL  
We were just having fun, but I  
agree that it needs some work.

CHARLIE  
Well, what was Diplomatic Ammunity  
anyway? It had to be more than just  
teenagers lashing out against a  
cruel world.

PAUL  
I think we need to look deeper into  
that to find the film's spine.

JERRY  
Christ, stop calling it a fucking  
film, alright?

CHARLIE  
Just because it's comedy doesn't  
mean it can't be artistic.

PAUL  
I'd like to do something a little  
more serious than what we already  
have, and I think taking a look  
backwards will help achieve that.  
What was Diplomatic Ammunity?

JERRY  
I started it to get back at my dad.

CHARLIE  
You sure? I think it was my idea.

JERRY  
Don't get into that shit again.

PAUL  
Well, let's go back to the  
beginning...

INT. LA JOLLA MIDDLE SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY - FLASHBACK  
SEQUENCE

Jerry, scrawny and nerdy, and Paul, chubby and awkward, both  
13, eat lunch in a crowded cafeteria.

JERRY  
No way, she's so much hotter in I  
Know What You Did Last Summer.

PAUL  
Yeah, but she's sweeter in House  
Arrest. I mean, I feel like she  
could actually be my girlfriend.

Charlie, round as a bowling ball, sits down.

CHARLIE  
Who could be your girlfriend?

JERRY  
Jennifer Love Huge Tits.

CHARLIE  
It's good to have dreams.

PAUL  
It's not a dream. Someday I'm gonna  
be rich and famous, and she's going  
to be my girlfriend.

JERRY  
Sure, Paul. You gonna be the  
world's most famous garbageman just  
like your dad.

Paul hangs his head.

Jerry reaches into the backpack of the BOY sitting behind him  
and pulls out a sandwich bag filled with seeds.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Fucking seeds? Where's the loot?

Jerry stuffs the seeds in his pocket, and Paul sees this.

PAUL

At least I'm not a thief.

Jerry ignores him then checks out WENDY WRIGHT, 13 and beautiful, sitting at the popular table. Charlie sees this.

CHARLIE

Looks like you're dreaming too,  
Jerry.

TWO NEW BULLIES, 13, come over. The Bigger One spits in Jerry's mashed potatoes.

BIGGER BULLY

Wow, those potatoes look good. Take  
a bite, Jerry.

The Bully scoops up some potatoes with a spoon and brings it to Jerry's face. Jerry starts shaking.

Charlie sees this then leans over and eats the potatoes.

CHARLIE

Mmm, so good. Were you eating  
garlic this morning?

BIGGER BULLY

No.

Charlie fans his nose.

CHARLIE

Seems to me like you were.

Charlie stands. He's bigger than the Bigger Bully.

SMALLER BULLY

Yeah, you do have some nasty  
breath.

BIGGER BULLY

Fuck you.

They walk away.

JERRY

Why'd you do that? I was just about  
to spit in his face.

PAUL

Sure you were.

CHARLIE

Because I'm a garbag man, and I'll eat anything.

He smiles at Paul, and Paul smiles back.

EXT. LA JOLLA MIDDLE SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

About TWENTY BOYS, Paul, Jerry, and Charlie included, check out a list posted on the wall outside of the gym.

PAUL

Do you see us?

Charlie scans the list.

CHARLIE

No.

JERRY

Again? We're never gonna make the team.

PAUL

There's always next year.

JERRY

That's what you said last year. C'mon, let's just go.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - JERRY'S BEDROOM - LA JOLLA - DAY

Jerry, Charlie, and Paul change into swimsuits inside of the mansion overlooking the ocean. Jerry looks down at the beach and sees TWO COPS confiscating a case of beer from some TEENS. The Cops walk back to their car and crack open a beer.

JERRY

Sometimes I wish I was born in a different time when kings ruled. If you were a noble, you could get away with anything.

PAUL

Would suck if you were a serf.

JERRY

Not if you were a king.

PAUL

You could be a celebrity.

CHARLIE  
Or you could be like that guy from  
Lethal Weapon two. The one with--

JERRY  
Diplomatic ammuny.

Paul and Charlie laugh at him.

CHARLIE  
You mean *immunity*, right?

JERRY  
That's what I said!

PAUL  
No you didn't. You said--

Paul trips and almost falls into Jerry's classical guitar.

JERRY  
Careful!

PAUL  
Sorry.

JERRY  
My dad would kill me if I put a  
scratch in that thing.

CHARLIE  
Will you play us a song?

JERRY  
No, we don't have much time before  
he'll get home, and I'd rather  
spend that in the pool. He doesn't  
like when you guys come over.

PAUL  
I've gotta go soon so I can study  
for our Biology test tomorrow  
anyway.

JERRY  
Why don't we do both at the same  
time?

PAUL  
What do you mean?

JERRY  
Let's play a game.



EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - POOL - DAY

The Guys stand about twenty feet from the inground pool. Paul eats a banana.

JERRY

Alright, so what we'll do is quiz each other. If you get the answer right, you step toward the pool, and if not, you stand still.

CHARLIE

Okay.

Paul looks less enthusiastic about the idea.

PAUL

Uh, sure.

JERRY

I'll start. Charlie, what do you call a cell membrane that will only allow certain substances through?

CHARLIE

Semi-permeable.

Jerry looks frustrated by this.

JERRY

Take a step.

Charlie takes a step.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Paul, why do tomatoes ripen quicker at room temperature than in the fridge?

PAUL

Uh, because, uh, lowering the temperature slows the enzymes responsible for the ripening process?

JERRY

Take a step.

Paul looks excited to have answered correctly.

CHARLIE

Alright, Jerry, your turn. A heart muscle cell would most likely have a high proportion of what?

JERRY  
Mitochondria.

CHARLIE  
Take a step. Paul, what's the name  
of the cells responsible for  
reproduction?

PAUL  
Oh, gametes!

CHARLIE  
Take a step.

Paul, assuming he's outmatched here, finishes the banana,  
throws the peel on the ground, and pretends to slip on it. He  
grabs his groin.

PAUL  
Oh god, I broke my gametes. I'm  
out. You guys keep going.

JERRY  
Whatever. Okay, Charlie, true or  
false: you're more likely to get  
type two diabetes from your mother  
than your father.

Jerry takes a look at Charlie's stomach.

CHARLIE  
True or false: you're more likely  
to be an asshole from your father  
than your mother?

Charlie grabs a grill lighter from a nearby table.

JERRY  
Last question, is alcoholism  
genetic?

Jerry lights Charlie's swimsuit on fire, but Charlie stands  
still, remains calm, and looks Jerry deeply in the eye.

CHARLIE  
Not always...

Charlie jumps in the pool while giving Jerry the finger.

JERRY'S DAD (O.S.)  
Jerry, get over here!

JERRY  
Oh fuck, my dad's home early.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jerry's father, MR. MAJOR, 40's, a nerdy but menacing asshole, screams at Jerry.

JERRY'S DAD

What did I tell you about bringing those losers around here?

JERRY

Dad, keep your voice down.

JERRY'S DAD

You've got a test tomorrow. If you wanna get into law school, you're going to have to shape up. Class rank is important, and you're not going to get into Yale graduating tenth in your class.

JERRY

Charlie's smarter than me.

JERRY'S DAD

Charlie's mom is a drunk. We've given you everything. If you can't beat him then you deserve to fail. Now, go study, so you can still get your hour of guitar in before bed.

JERRY

Fine.

JERRY'S DAD

I've gotta be out of here by six tomorrow morning, so no fucking around tonight.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - POOL - DAY

Charlie and Paul hide in the bushes under the opened kitchen window. They heard everything.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Jerry sneaks out the door as Charlie and Paul wait. Jerry carries a brown grocery bag.

JERRY

I'm sorry for what I said. About your mom.

CHARLIE

It's okay. I'm sorry for what I said about your dad.

JERRY

Don't be. He deserves it. Here...

He hands Charlie the bag.

JERRY (CONT'D)

...take this.

Charlie looks inside. It's filled with food. Charlie picks up a boxed of mashed potatoes and smiles.

CHARLIE

Mashed potatoes, huh?

JERRY

With garlic.

He points at the box where it says garlic.

Charlie keeps digging and finds some bananas.

CHARLIE

I hate fruit.

JERRY

Me too, which is why I've given you all of ours.

CHARLIE

Thanks.

Jerry's Dad yells something in the house.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Sorry about him.

PAUL

Too bad you can't get him back.

Jerry looks down the street and sees several construction barriers and orange road cones.

JERRY

You know what? Can you guys come back later tonight?

PAUL

Sure.

EXT. CHARLIE'S MANSION - LA JOLLA - DAY

Paul and Charlie walk up the driveway to a mansion even larger than Jerry's.

CHARLIE

Shit...

Charlie's Mother, DIANE, 40's, elegantly dressed but passed out drunk, lies on an outdoor couch on the porch, a bottle of wine by her side.

Charlie and Paul approach her. Charlie taps her shoulder, but she remains in that state between reality and sleep.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

C'mon, ma, wake up. Paul's here.

Paul smiles and waves, but she doesn't quite wake up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

C'mon, ma...

He pokes her several more times.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Fuck it...it's showtime.

Charlie takes a nervous glance at Paul then breaks out into a song and dance routine combining the skills of Fred Astaire and Jerry Lewis. He starts singing a popular 50's tune while dancing along seriously, and his Mother comes to.

Soon, Diane is clapping along.

Charlie's serious dance becomes slapstick, and he starts falling all over the place while his Mother laughs.

DIANE

Now, go ahead and do it.

Charlie reaches into the grocery bag, pulls out the banana, scarfs it down, then tosses the peel on the porch, and intentionally slips on it, falling into the bushes.

His Mother gives a standing ovation.

Charlie gets up and approaches her.

CHARLIE

C'mon, ma, let's get you inside.

Charlie gets her arm around his shoulder and walks her inside. Paul grabs the bag of food and follows them.

INT. CHARLIE'S MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Charlie walks his Mother upstairs as Paul enters the kitchen. Paul opens a cupboard to put food away, and it's completely empty. He opens another, and it's filled with liquor bottles.

He opens the fridge: nothing but bottles of wine.

When Paul reaches into the bag to put food away, he pulls out the bag of stolen seeds and smiles. He grabs a piece of paper and a pen, writes something down, leaves the paper on the kitchen table, and puts the seeds next to the note.

Paul puts a few more cans of food away then leaves discreetly.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PACIFIC BEACH - DAY

Paul walks up to a small rundown beach bungalow.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Paul eats dinner with his PARENTS, both 40's. His Parents both look like good hearted people, but they radiate depression and hopelessness. They eat fish sticks in misery.

PAUL'S DAD

That guy was really giving me hell again for denting his trash can.

PAUL'S MOM

Mmmhmm, that's too bad.

PAUL'S DAD

I'll try to be gentler next time.

Paul gives them a concerned look. He gets up, brings his plate to the sink, turns on the garbage disposal, and pretends to shove his hand inside.

His Mother shrieks, but his Father starts laughing, realizing immediately that it's a joke.

Paul covers his hand with his sleeve, then holds it up for his parents and lowers the sleeve showing his hand is fine.

PAUL'S MOM

How many times do I have to tell you to stop doing that?

His Father continues laughing and soon his Mother laughs too.

INT. CHARLIE'S MANSION - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Charlie enters the kitchen alone. He sees the note, walks over, and reads it.

CHARLIE  
When life hands you lemons, grow  
your own damned strawberries.

Charlie smiles and eats his banana.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Paul and Charlie stand outside of Jerry's house. Jerry comes out wearing all black like a cat burglar.

CHARLIE  
(whispers)  
What, are we robbing houses?

JERRY  
(whispers)  
Shh! No, follow me.

EXT. JERRY'S CUL DA SAC - NIGHT

The Idiots giggle as they carry the road cones and signs into the street.

JERRY  
Alright, now spread 'em out so he  
can't just drive around them. He'll  
have to get out every ten or so  
feet.

PAUL  
What if one of your neighbors needs  
to get out first?

JERRY  
Please, they're all geriatrics.  
They won't be out by six a.m. They  
wouldn't even notice anyway.  
Probably just plow right into 'em  
and think they're kids.

They continue to plant cones in the street.

PAUL  
Hey, guys, it's kinda like we've  
got Diplomatic Ammunity.

JERRY  
I said *immunity*.

Paul and Charlie laugh.

CHARLIE  
As long as we don't get caught.

EXT. JERRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Jerry's Dad backs out of the driveway, but when he puts the car in drive, he sees that the street is filled with construction cones and signs.

JERRY'S DAD  
Son of a bitch!

He gets out and starts moving the obstructions.

INT. JERRY'S HOUSE - JERRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jerry watches through his window and laughs.

JERRY  
Diplomatic Ammunity, mothafucka!

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Paul brings plates to the sink as Charlie and Jerry continue to sit at the table.

CHARLIE  
Well, that's fitting.

PAUL  
What is?

CHARLIE  
It seems we all came up with the idea: I brought it up, Jerry executed it, and you recognized it and gave it meaning.

PAUL  
Yeah, I guess that is fitting.

CHARLIE  
And it just took off from there...



EXT. LIQUOR STORE - LA JOLLA - DAY - FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Jerry, Paul, and Charlie walk up to the store.

JERRY  
This the place?

CHARLIE  
Yeah, she always gets it here.

JERRY  
Let's do this.

He reaches into a backpack Paul has on and pulls out an empty vodka bottle and a large bottle of water.

LATER

The Three Idiots sit outside the store, pass the vodka bottle filled with water, and pretend to be drunk.

A WOMAN, 50's, approaches them with a look of disgust.

WOMAN  
How old are you boys?

JERRY  
Old enough, if you know what I'm sayin'...

WOMAN  
Where are your parents?

JERRY  
She's kinky too...

WOMAN  
Did you get that bottle here?

PAUL  
Yeah, we just walked right in and they sold it to us--didn't even have to show ID. I'm only thirteen.

Jerry turns his head, sticks his fingers down his mouth, then leans over and purposely pukes on the Woman's shoes. She screams and storms back to her car.

JERRY  
I'm a Boy Scout.

WOMAN  
I'm calling the police!

JERRY

Please do...

LATER

TWO COPS arrive. They take a look at the Idiots out front then charge inside the store.

The Idiots get up and run away laughing and shouting "Diplomatic Ammunity!"

EXT. TRASH CAN ASSHOLE'S HOUSE - PACIFIC BEACH - DAY

Jerry, Charlie, and Paul hide in some bushes and watch as Paul's Dad dumps the contents of a metal trash can into the garbage truck.

The TATTOOED ASSHOLE, 30's, who lives at the house stands on his porch watching Paul's Dad as Paul's Dad nervously puts the can back down on the street.

TATTOOED ASSHOLE

That's right, nice an' easy. Don't you dent my shit again, motherfucker.

Paul's Dad gets back into the truck, and it drives away. The Asshole goes back inside his house, and Paul, Jerry, and Charlie emerge from the bushes with baseball bats. They walk up to the metal can, and Jerry picks it up and smashes it on the ground as Charlie and Paul beat it with bats.

By the time the Asshole runs outside, the Idiots are already running away and shouting "Diplomatic Ammunity!"

TATTOOED ASSHOLE (CONT'D)

My beautiful can! I'll kill you motherfuckers! I'll kill you!

INT. FASHION VALLEY MALL - FOOD COURT - DAY

Charlie, Jerry, and Paul stuff their faces with tacos and laugh hysterically. Jerry squeezes several sauce packets in his mouth as Charlie and Paul shovel in shredded lettuce.

CHARLIE (V.O.)

...At first it was about getting back at the assholes in our lives, then we turned out sites to corporate America.

They each have a backpack at their feet that they reach into and grab out a gallon of milk.

PAUL

So, we gotta get the whole thing down in an hour?

CHARLIE

Yeah, the calcium--

JERRY

The calcium is too much for you to digest, which causes you to--

EXT. FASHION VALLEY MALL - APPLE STORE - DAY

Paul, Jerry, and Charlie puke in front of the store. Milk, tacos, and lettuce everywhere. PEOPLE run away screaming, and an OLD MAN, 60's, almost slips in a pile of it.

Charlie has a Polaroid camera, hands it to a PUNK GIRL, 15, and she snaps a shot of the Three of them while laughing.

When SECURITY approaches, the Three run away laughing and shouting "Diplomatic Ammunity!"

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Paul returns to the table.

CHARLIE

We were lashing out against authority. Or, maybe just bullies in general?

PAUL

This is good! This is what we need.

CHARLIE

What's that?

PAUL

The story needs a spine. It can't just be some idiots wreaking random havoc on the world. There needs to be some purpose. Knowing now that we were lashing out against bullies and authority, how can we represent that in the script?

JERRY

They go on a crime spree, with  
their sites on robbing Fort Knox.

PAUL

That's stupid.

JERRY

More stupid than three white guys  
taking over a South Pacific island  
after winning a staring contest?

PAUL

People would be more willing to  
forgive the silliness and  
inconsistencies in the first two  
acts if we finish with something  
meaningful.

JERRY

People don't just forget the past  
because the future promises  
something meaningful. The future is  
the past. We might as well just end  
it with some epic intergalactic  
battle that symbolizes the fucking  
perpetual war of existence.

PAUL

We need something more realistic.

CHARLIE

Building on Jerry's idea, what if  
they rob the World Bank, and expose  
it for basically enslaving the  
developing world?

JERRY

Or, if we're going for *realistic*,  
they can wage war against some  
megalomaniacal third-world  
dictator...

PAUL

Maybe some combination of the two?

JERRY

...then take over and rule the  
country with an even tighter fist?

PAUL

You really have some serious  
issues, you know that?

JERRY

What's wrong with power and fame?

Paul looks to be digesting these words.

PAUL

That's actually not a bad idea.

CHARLIE

What?

PAUL

What if these idiots do something to attract the world's attention, then they use their fame and influence to go after some crazy-ass dictator who basically represents as big of an authority figure bully as there is?

JERRY

(to himself)

An impossible-to-please lawyer?

CHARLIE

Just like daddy?

JERRY

Fuck you.

CHARLIE

I like it, Paul.

JERRY

They should recruit a band of mutant assassins and--

PAUL

No assassins. Diplomacy. But with a modern twist. Think about how a lot of people today become famous.

JERRY

They'll make a porno?

PAUL

Close...

INT. REALITY SHOW SET - DAY - STORY WORLD SEQUENCE

Johnny, Terra, and Pal stand among TEN HANDSOME GUYS dressed in suits in what looks like some kind of cheap *Bachelor* knockoff.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 ...they cheat their way through  
 some shitty reality show like that  
 one where insecure people all fight  
 to be loved by an even more  
 insecure person.

MONTAGE - REALITY SHOW DESTRUCTION

-Pal puts dog crap in SOME ASSHOLE'S suit pocket, and when he approaches the WOMAN, she fans her nose and runs away.

-Terra blends a smoothie filled with herbs and vitamins, and offers it to THREE OTHER CONTESTANTS, who accept.

Later, they're all in the pool, and the Three Other Contestants puke in the water.

-Johnny pushes ANOTHER CONTESTANT over a cliff while shouting "Diplomatic Ammunity!"

END STORY WORLD SEQUENCE

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

PAUL  
 You know, for someone who's so smart, you're really a fucking idiot.

CHARLIE  
 Then what?

EXT. U.N. BUILDING - NEW YORK - DAY - STORY WORLD SEQUENCE

A limo pulls in front, and HUNDREDS OF FANS go wild when Johnny, Terra, and Pal exit.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 Then they use their fame to take down the world's worst dictator...

JERRY (V.O.)  
 Kim Jong Un?

PAUL (V.O.)  
 Fuck that. I don't want to get cyber hacked or be poisoned in revenge for writing a script...

The Fans mob the Idiots, and Security has to hold the Fans back. Johnny and Terra are loving it. Johnny makes out with RANDOM WOMEN while signing ANOTHER WOMAN's naked breasts, and Terra encourages Fans to gather around while she bows her head in some type of prayer.

A RANDOM MAN throws a banana peel in front of Pal, who looks freaked out by the scene.

RANDOM MAN  
Go 'head, slip on it!

Pal hides behind a LARGE SECURITY GUARD.

INT. U.N. BUILDING - GENERAL ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

It's a full house as AMBASSADORS from nations all over the world stand by or sit in their respective seats while pulling pranks on each other.

The IRANIAN AMBASSADOR gives the VIETNAMESE AMBASSADOR a wet willy, the GERMAN AMBASSADOR superglues an earring to the MALE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR's ear, the CANADIAN and FINISH AMBASSADORS cheer as the RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR swallows a live goldfish.

When Johnny, Terra, and Pal come in, the Ambassadors stop pranking each other and give the Idiots a standing ovation.

GERMAN AMBASSADOR  
Thank you, gentlemen, for opening  
our eyes to the way of the prank.

JAPANESE AMBASSADOR  
And no one can stop us!

An AMBASSADOR behind the JAPANESE AMBASSADOR drops a pumpkin on the Japanese Ambassador's head, and he falls down.

The Leader of West Koroastan, SADARN BIN POL POT VON OM esquire III, 50's, and a mix between Saddam Hussein, Moammar Gadhafi, and Kim Jong Un, crosses his arms and remains seated in protest. He does not look amused.

PAUL (V.O.)  
...No, he's Sadarn bin...Pol Pot,  
uh, von Om esquire...the third,  
leader of West...Koroastan, and  
he'll be a mix of the worst  
dictators in recent history.

When the fanfare subsides, Sadarn stands and points at the Idiots.

SADARN BIN POL POT VON OM  
 Look around. Do you see the  
 disorder you Western Devils have  
 incited? These fools are all trying  
 to outdo the other in the race to  
 become as famous and stupid as you.

JERRY (V.O.)  
 Then Johnny blasts his ass away.

Johnny pulls out a gun and attempts to shoot him, but Pal  
 stops him.

PAUL (V.O.)  
 No, let's stick with pies.

JERRY (V.O.)  
 Fine.

Johnny launches a pie from across the room, and it lands  
 directly in Sadarn's face. The whole place erupts in laughter  
 as Johnny moonwalks the length of the room.

Sadarn wipes his glasses with his shirt, and the look on his  
 face shows more sadness from being picked on than it is a  
 desire to kill.

A NEARBY AMBASSADOR gives Sadarn a wedgy, and Sadarn looks  
 like he's going to cry.

SADARN BIN POL POT VON OM  
 (to the wedgy-giver)  
 You've just declared war.

Pal looks affected by this.

END STORY WORLD SEQUENCE

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY - PRESENT DAY

PAUL  
 I dunno. Maybe Sadarn is right?

Vitaly and his Band come in. They go though the fridge and  
 start eating Paul and Jerry's leftover burritos.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 Hey, that's ours.

Vitaly walks over and grabs some eggs off of Jerry's plate  
 using his hand, and eats them.



VITALY

I thought we shared in this house?

PAUL

How was your practice?

VITALY

Good, but we're going to need some more work before our first gig next week. It's going to be big.

The Band Members finish the burritos then head for Vitaly's room. Vitaly exits the kitchen but pops back in.

VITALY (CONT'D)

(to Charlie)

You wanna blaze, man?

CHARLIE

Uh, yeah sure?

He gets up and follows them into the room, which has life-sized cardboard cutouts of Ozzy Osbourne, Lemmy, and Alice Cooper.

JERRY

I wanna blaze.

They're already gone.

JERRY (CONT'D)

That fucking asshole! He deserved it, you know?

PAUL

Charlie?

JERRY

Yeah.

PAUL

That was so long ago.

JERRY

Apparently not.

He points to Vitaly's room.

INT. HIP HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jerry, Paul, and Charlie sit at a table reading menus. Charlie looks blazed out of his mind. The WAITER approaches.

CHARLIE

Excuse me, it says here that the kale is farm fresh, but where is exactly is the farm?

WAITER

It's in the Mendocino Valley.

CHARLIE

That's an awful far drive. What's the farm's carbon footprint? And the restaurant's as well?

WAITER

I, uh, don't know, sir, but I can check.

CHARLIE

Yes, please do.

Jerry sees a FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD ACTOR sitting a few tables away (maybe Danny Glover? In Hollywood, anything can happen, right?), and Jerry nudges Paul.

JERRY

That (the actor's name)?

PAUL

I think so.

CHARLIE

I could make a killing growing crops in the desert just outside the city here...

JERRY

You think I should ask for an autograph?

PAUL

He's eating, man.

CHARLIE

...And use solar energy to create our own water source.

JERRY

How stoned are you?

CHARLIE

I feel perfectly within myself.

JERRY

I'll say. Fucking asshole.

CHARLIE  
Don't harsh my mellow, man.

JERRY  
Of course, where are my manners?

The Waiter returns.

WAITER  
I'm sorry, sir, but the manager on duty tonight doesn't know.

JERRY  
Don't worry about this dick. We're ready to order.

CHARLIE  
Well, I need a minute.

JERRY  
Of course you do.

WAITER  
I'll come back.

JERRY  
You're always ruining everyone's good time.

PAUL  
Relax, man.

JERRY  
You know exactly what I'm talking about. Charlie's been an ass since junior year...

INT. LA JOLLA HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY - FLASHBACK  
SEQUENCE

Jerry and Paul, both 16, sit in the cafeteria and eat. Jerry stares at Wendy Wright, 16 and still cute, sitting at the popular table. She gives him a disgusted look, and Jerry looks away.

Charlie, now ripped and gorgeous, joins them.

JERRY (V.O.)  
...when he burned off his baby fat.

Charlie has a salad, banana, and apple on his tray.

JERRY

You eat like a fucking rabbit.

CHARLIE

You can't trust people to provide for you, but you can trust the earth.

JERRY

You're a strange bird.

CHARLIE

Sorry, guys, I'm gonna have to bail on puking outside of the movie theater later on.

JERRY

C'mon, man, the Mission Impossible franchise is an abomination.

CHARLIE

Well, as much as I love good film, I wanna hit the gym to prep for basketball tryouts.

JERRY

It doesn't matter how much you workout. We never make the team.

Charlie puts his hand on Jerry's shoulder.

CHARLIE

When life hands you lemons, grow your own damned strawberries, Jer.

Charlie winks at Paul.

KARL MURPHY, 16 and popular, waves Charlie over.

KARL

Hey, Charlie, come sit with us.

Wendy smiles at Charlie, and Jerry sees this.

CHARLIE

You guys mind?

PAUL

Fuck, I'd kill to sit by Wendy Wright.

Jerry looks pissed.

Charlie gets up and walks over, and the Popular Kids accept him with smiles and high-fives.

The Two School Bullies walk over, and the Bigger One spits in Jerry's mashed potatoes.

BIGGER BULLY

A little seasoning.

The Smaller Bully scoops some potatoes with a spoon and brings them to Jerry's mouth.

Jerry holds out at first but when he sees Wendy flirting with Charlie, he opens his mouth and willingly eats the potatoes.

INT. LA JOLLA HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Jerry and Paul see Charlie, Karl, Wendy, and some other Popular Kids talking down the hall. Jerry pulls a punk rock style leather jacket out of his locker and puts it on.

PAUL

What are you doing?

JERRY

Growing some damned strawberries.

Jerry walks towards the Popular Kids, who walk in different directions, and Paul follows Jerry. OTHER KIDS snicker at Jerry as he passes.

RANDOM GUY 1

It's Johnny Rotten-crotch.

RANDOM GUY 2

I think he'd need to get laid first.

Jerry tries to ignore them and keeps walking, finally arriving at his destination: Wendy Wright.

JERRY

Uh, h...hi Wendy.

Wendy completely ignores him and walks away. OTHER STUDENTS start to crowd around Jerry and laugh at him. One says "Ehh" like the Fonz.

Paul sees the look of shame in Jerry's eyes and backs towards a nearby stairwell where he intentionally falls, tossing a stack of papers in the air and diverting attention to himself. Jerry sees this and looks relieved.

INT. LA JOLLA HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

The BASKETBALL COACH blows a whistle, and the THIRTY BOYS trying out for the team run. Among them are Jerry, Paul, Charlie, and Karl.

Charlie quickly runs ahead of the pack, while Jerry and Paul fall behind. Charlie inches in front of A FAST KID and wins.

EXT. LA JOLLA HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

The Boys trying out for the team crowd around a list posted to the wall. Jerry and Paul check the list and start frowning. Charlie checks the list and starts smiling.

JERRY

I told you it was pointless.

Karl walks over to Charlie and high five's him.

KARL

Charlie's a beast, son!

Jerry turns around.

JERRY

Wait, you made the team?

Charlie is too busy celebrating with the Other Guys who made the team to respond to Jerry.

EXT. LA JOLLA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Jerry and Paul walk across the lawn toward Charlie, standing by himself near the parking lot.

JERRY

I can't believe Charlie was able to get us tickets to Pearl Jam.

PAUL

Yeah.

They catch up with Charlie, who's surveying the parking lot and not really paying attention to Paul and Jerry.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'm excited for our launch of the launch of the new Ipod this week.

JERRY

Yeah, I think this time I'm gonna go with a combination of oatmeal raisin cookies and deli meats. A texture of rough and smooth.

PAUL

I'm focused more on color--maybe eggplant and Fruit Loops? What about you, Charlie?

Karl drives by with Wendy sitting shotgun.

KARL

Hey, Charlie, hop in.

JERRY

But we're your friends?

CHARLIE

We're all alone here, man. Friends are just a tool to fill the void.

JERRY

You're a fucking tool.

Charlie gets in the car.

CHARLIE

I'll see you guys this weekend.

PAUL

Bye?

INT. FASHION VALLEY MALL - FOOD COURT - NIGHT

Jerry and Paul sit at a table with a mountain of food on it, but neither is eating. Jerry checks his watch.

PAUL

What time is it now?

JERRY

Six fifty. If he doesn't get here soon, it's gonna be too late.

PAUL

Should we get started?

JERRY

Fine.

They pile food in their mouths, but not with any joy.

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. HIP HOLLYWOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT - PRESENT DAY

As the Guys recall that memory, Paul interrupts it nervously, as if he doesn't yet want to explore it.

PAUL

Alright, you guys want dessert?

The Famous Actor sees Charlie and walks over.

ACTOR

You're Charlie Rosen, aren't you?

CHARLIE

That's me.

ACTOR

My mother's from Mission Valley, and she raves about you. Would you mind coming over and saying hi? She was one of your biggest supporters.

CHARLIE

I'd love to!

Charlie gets up and follows the Actor to the table.

JERRY

(to himself)

More like your only supporter, fucking asshole.

Jerry and Paul eat, but not with any joy.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry, Charlie, and Paul get ready for bed. Charlie picks up his sleeping bag.

CHARLIE

You know what, guys? I think I'll camp out on the couch tonight.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Charlie sleeps on the couch.



INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jerry sleeps on the floor. Paul is wide awake in his bed.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Paul sits at his computer with a frustrated look on his face. He types something then deletes it. He phone rings.

INT. SARAH'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah speaks on the phone.

SARAH  
I need an update, Paul.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Paul looks at Jerry in his room and Charlie on the couch, both sleeping.

PAUL  
Well, we've had some great moments,  
but it's falling apart again.

SARAH (V.O.)  
Again?

PAUL  
I, uh, mean...never mind.

SARAH (V.O.)  
You've only got about three more  
weeks.

PAUL  
I know. I'll do my best to keep it  
together.

SARAH (V.O.)  
Send me a draft asap.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Paul and Jerry sit at the table while Charlie is just getting off of the couch.

JERRY  
Finally. How many drinks you have  
with (the famous actor)?

CHARLIE

I didn't count.

JERRY

We thought we were going to have to finish this story without you.

Paul takes a good look at his Friends.

PAUL

I don't think we have a story.

JERRY

What about taking down that crazy dictator?

PAUL

As terrible as he is, he actually has a point. If the characters are inciting disorder, aren't they as bad as a dictator?

JERRY

Who cares? Aren't we just trying to entertain an audience?

CHARLIE

We have a responsibility not to condone anarchy.

JERRY

Fuck that, preacher. Our responsibility is to put asses in the seats. You can check your soapbox at the door.

CHARLIE

I fail to see how taking a responsible approach to writing makes me a preacher.

JERRY

When you assign art these kinds of absolutes, you're irrefutably wrong.

CHARLIE

And what absolutes might these be?

JERRY

That art has a responsibility to advance a socially, economically, and or politically moral message.

CHARLIE

What's wrong with that?

JERRY

Perspective. What's moral to you might be immoral to someone else, or some other culture.

CHARLIE

Well, call me idealistic, but aren't peace, respect, and tolerance universally accepted as moral?

JERRY

Well, call me pragmatic, but I don't think art has any responsibilities other than to itself. It lives on screen in its own hermetically sealed world that mocks your *morals* and *values*.

CHARLIE

That's a selfish perspective.

JERRY

Says the man who told us in high school that friends are just tools. How moral is that? Making your friends feel like dicks just for caring about you?

CHARLIE

If we can do some good, shouldn't we?

JERRY

If we can raise some hell, shouldn't we? I see right through all your New Age, moonbeam bullshit. Your life is just as fucked up as the rest of ours, and don't forget it.

The comment seems to effect Charlie.

PAUL

Look, guys, we're getting way off track here.

JERRY

I think we're right on it. What's your perspective on film?

(MORE)

JERRY (CONT'D)

You haven't even thought about it,  
have you?

PAUL

I'm not really sure.

JERRY

Other than it's a great medium to  
indulge your scat fetish.

PAUL

I think film is anything it needs  
to be, and right now, this  
particular film needs some unity.

CHARLIE

How so?

PAUL

Like, who really are these  
characters? Even a slapstick comedy  
needs three dimensional characters.

JERRY

So, add some dimension.

PAUL

There's no arc. There's no story.

CHARLIE

So, what do we need?

PAUL

We need to come together. I just  
got off the phone with my agent,  
and I think that my career is  
already flaming out.

JERRY

We've got some good stuff.

PAUL

Yes, but a few fun moments here and  
there don't make a movie.

JERRY

Well, what does?

PAUL

I...I don't know. Maybe they're  
right? Maybe I am a hack?

Charlie gets a call, and he takes it.

CHARLIE  
 Hey Rain Shower...Oh...Oh-okay,  
 okay...A few more days...

JERRY  
 Rain Shower?

The news is playing on the TV in the living room, which can be easily seen from the kitchen.

ANCHOR  
 San Diego's new mayor, David Banks  
 will be in L.A. tomorrow to give a  
 speech vowing to fight crime...

Charlie watches with a sad look on his face.

CHARLIE  
 I've gotta go...

He hangs up the phone.

PAUL  
 I heard Mayor Banks was a  
 pedophile.

JERRY  
 I heard he has a secret studio  
 under his basement where he shoots  
 erotic photos of barn yard animals.

CHARLIE  
 Guys, this has been fun and all,  
 but I think it's time for me to get  
 back to reality.

Vitaly enters the kitchen.

VITALY  
 Christ, you fucks are still here?

He opens the fridge and takes out Jerry's leftovers from the previous night.

JERRY  
 Hey--

VITALY  
 That what you feed your barn yard  
 animals after jerking off to them  
 fucking?

Jerry looks defeated.

VITALY (CONT'D)

Now, look, fellas, my band is spending the night so we can get an early start preping for our show tomorrow, so it'd be best if you could all shut the fuck up tonight so we can get some sleep...

He takes a few more bites out of the food then tosses it out.

VITALY (CONT'D)

...this is disgusting.

Vitaly leaves.

Jerry looks in the garbage and sees his dinner sitting there.

CHARLIE

I think that I should--

JERRY

You guys know what we need? A little Diplomatic Ammunity.

They all smile.

PAUL

What are we gonna do?

MONTAGE - DIPLOMATIC AMMUNITY!

-The Idiots go in Vitaly's room, and Paul opens a shoebox in the closet filled with bags of magic mushrooms.

JERRY (V.O.)

I say we start by making Vitaly and his band a special stew to prepare for their big show...

-Paul stirs a big pot of beef stew, and he, Jerry, and Charlie laugh as Jerry tosses in handfuls of magic mushrooms.

-Vitaly and his Band sleep in the living room.

-The next morning, Jerry, Charlie, and Paul are wide awake and sitting at the kitchen table, as they watch Vitaly and his Band gorging themselves on the beef stew.

PAUL

(mocking)

Oh no, please don't eat anymore of our delicious beef stew! We worked so hard to prepare it.

BAND MATE

God, this tastes like cow shit.

JERRY

We'll help you guys get ready.

-Jerry, Charlie, Paul, Vitaly, and his Band go to the garage where the Band's gear is stored.

-Vitaly and the Band start reacting as though the drugs are kicking in. One stares at the back of a shovel, and Another sits on a bike and seems to think he's riding.

JERRY (V.O.)

...then, after the drugs have kicked in, we lead them to the garage and play off their own insecurities to keep them voluntarily inside...

Jerry motions to Charlie and Paul, and they put the cutouts of Lemmy, Ozzy Osbourne, and Alice Cooper in front of the open garage door.

When Vitaly and his Band see the cutouts, they react as if the rockers are deities, and they're not worthy. Some drop to their knees and bow their heads. Another avoids their gaze.

VITALY

Oh masters, we're not worthy.

-Jerry, Charlie, and Paul fill the Band's van with equipment then drive away, laughing hysterically, as the garage door closes on Vitaly and the Band, sealing them inside.

END MONTAGE

INT. VAN - DAY

Charlie drives, Paul sits shotgun, and Jerry in the back. Jerry plays Vitaly's electric guitar. They're still laughing.

PAUL

Would this hold up in court?

JERRY

It'll hold up in the court of my conscience.

CHARLIE

So does sodomizing sheep.

JERRY

Look, we didn't poison their food, they stole ours. We didn't steal their equipment, we helped them load it in their van and bring it to their show. We didn't lock them in the garage, they stayed in there voluntarily. They can walk through the door anytime they'd like.

CHARLIE

Vitaly's the one who called you a hack writer, right?

PAUL

Yeah.

CHARLIE

So, rock on.

INT. PAUL'S GARAGE - DAY

Vitaly hugs the Lemmy cut out while crying.

VITALY

I just want to make you proud.

INT. VAN - DAY

Charlie drives through West Hollywood and comes to a stop at a red light. Jerry sees a leather jacket hanging in the window of a thrift store.

JERRY

Hey, swing back around the block and get me.

Jerry hops out of the van.

INT. VAN - DAY

Charlie pulls back up to the thrift shop, and Jerry is waiting out front wearing a punk rock leather jacket.

Jerry smiles, plays air guitar, then hops back in the van.



INT. ROCK BAR - HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Jerry, Charlie, and Paul enter the hazy, dark bar. There are about FIFTY ROCK FANS already in the audience dressed in the proper proportion of leather to ripped denim.

The Three Idiots approach a BAR MANAGER, 40's.

PAUL

Hi, uh, we're Death Curtain.

BAR MANAGER

Well, go set up. You're up first.

LATER

Paul, Jerry, and Charlie take the stage: Jerry on guitar, Charlie on drums, and Paul on bass and vocals.

Paul leans in towards the mic.

PAUL

Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen...

The Crowd seems baffled by this show of formality.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...I hope you're ready to both rock and roll. After a brief introduction, we're going to play some of said rock and roll music...

The Crowd already looks agitated.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...My name is Vitaly Sergov, and I play this instrument with fat strings, this is the guy who always smells like Pine Sol playing drums...I think his name is Dave...

Charlie stands and waves to the Crowd.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...and this is the asshole who's always eating my food and stinking up the bathroom...

Jerry sticks his index and middle fingers on the sides of his mouth, then flicks his tongue between them like he's eating pussy. The Crowd cheers for this.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 ...Our band's name is Death, uh,  
 Something, but we just changed it  
 to Diplomatic Ammunity...

Jerry rocks a quick riff on the guitar.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 ...Okay, fellas, let's play some  
 rock and roll music. One, two,  
 three, start rocking now...

Paul starts playing what sounds like a butchered version of  
 "Heart and Soul" on the bass, while Charlie hacks away at the  
 drums with no sense of rhythm or timing.

Jerry doesn't play anything at first. He seems put off by the  
 booing Crowd.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
 (singing to the tune of  
 "Heart and Soul")  
 Rock and roll! We're playing rock  
 and roll. Our music is called rock  
 and roll. Remember, I'm Vitaly!

People start hurling beer bottles and screaming for them to  
 get off stage.

Charlie almost gets hit by a bottle, and he ducks for cover  
 under the drum kit. Paul also seeks refuge behind the drums.

Jerry, however, walks to the front of the stage and starts  
 shredding the hell out of the guitar. But soon, he drops into  
 something melodic and virtuosic, and the Crowd goes wild.

Charlie and Paul look up from behind the drums and marvel at  
 their Friend's talent. Jerry has finally become cool, and he  
 owns the crowd.

EXT. ROCK BAR - DAY

Jerry, Paul, and Charlie bring the instruments to the van.  
 The Bar Manager hands Jerry some loot.

BAR MANAGER  
 I suggest you keep it all...

He gives Charlie and Paul a dirty look.

BAR MANAGER (CONT'D)  
 ...I don't want to see either of  
 you in my bar ever again.

He walks away, and Jerry, Charlie, and Paul start laughing.

PAUL  
Christ, Jerry, you were like  
Satriani out there.

JERRY  
Well, gentlemen, the day's just  
started. Shall we?

They pile back in the van, Charlie again driving.

CHARLIE  
Where to?

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Charlie is holding a banana, and Paul stands beside him.

PAUL  
I don't know. Slipping on a banana  
peel is so on-the-nose.

Charlie puts the banana down, and grabs a plantain.

CHARLIE  
What about a plantain?

PAUL  
That's gold!

Jerry enters the produce aisle, and in his cart are pie tins,  
several cans of whipped cream, and three gallons of milk.

JERRY  
Ready for war, solders?

The Two Baby Formula Punks are stuffing their backpacks with  
eggplants. Charlie sees them.

CHARLIE  
Look at those two.

They see Jerry and come over.

JERRY  
Oh fuck...

PUNK ONE  
Hey, Jerry, where've you been? We  
heard you quit the SuperSaver. We  
had to find someone else to help us  
grab our baby formula.

JERRY

I, uh, I don't know what you're talking about. Guys, let's get the hell outta here.

EXT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

As Charlie drives away, the Two Punks run out of the grocery store while a SECURITY GUARD chases them.

CHARLIE

What the hell was that about?

JERRY

I have no idea.

EXT. VARIETY MAGAZINE BUILDING - DAY

Jerry reads a copy of *Variety* out loud.

JERRY

Panner's lack of imagination is the real villain of DOWNTOWN, which suffers the second script blues...

A MAN exits the building.

CHARLIE

That him?

PAUL

Yeah.

JERRY

Get ready.

The Man walks along the street, and Charlie slows the van beside him.

Jerry opens the rear door and smashes a pie in his face. Charlie drives off while they shout "Diplomatic Ammunity!"

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Charlie, Jerry, and Paul sit in the van, each holding a gallon of milk. Jerry and Paul drink their gallon, but Charlie doesn't drink his.

JERRY

Pass the gummi bears and cauliflower.

Paul passes them, and Jerry stuffs them in his mouth.

PAUL

Oh man, this is gonna be so good.

JERRY

I'm gonna try to get it in his mouth.

Charlie looks about as pale as the milk he's not drinking.

CHARLIE

Guys, I think we should reconsider.

JERRY

What?

CHARLIE

He won the election far and square.

JERRY

The man's a fucking thief.

CHARLIE

Oh, and you should talk. Hey, you know where I can get some cheap cans of baby formula?

JERRY

Fuck you.

CHARLIE

Look, maybe it's time for us to grow the fuck up. The people chose him. Just like the people chose to ignore your movie...

He points at Paul, and Paul looks upset by this.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...and the girls chose to ignore your scrawny ass.

He points at Jerry.

JERRY

And you chose to ignore us.

CHARLIE

When?

INT. FASHION VALLEY MALL - FOOD COURT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK  
SEQUENCE

Jerry and Paul both chug separate gallons of milk.

PAUL  
Time?

JERRY  
Seven fifteen.

PAUL  
Call him.

JERRY  
I'm not wasting minutes on his ass.  
He's supposed to be here.

PAUL  
Just call him.

Jerry takes out his phone and calls Charlie.

JERRY  
Yo, where the fuck are  
you?...What?...You're supposed to  
be here...Where?...You know what,  
fuck you!

Jerry hangs up.

PAUL  
Where is he?

Jerry takes a look at the busy Apple Store then starts  
packing up his stuff.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

JERRY  
C'mon, let's go.

Paul gets up.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Grab the milk. Definitely grab the  
milk.

EXT. FASHION VALLEY MALL - NIGHT

Jerry hails a cab, and he and Paul get in.

EXT. DEAD END STREET - NIGHT

The cab stops near a car parked at the end of a dead end overlooking the ocean. The car is the same as the one that Charlie got in earlier, and that car is a-rockin'.

Jerry and Paul approach the car, Jerry with a look of dread in his eyes. Soon, it's clear that Wendy is blowing Charlie in the back of the car.

JERRY

You're a fucking asshole!

Jerry kicks the car, then grabs his stomach. Jerry deliberately sticks his head in the window then pukes all over Charlie and Wendy. When Paul sees this, he projectile pukes through the other window.

Charlie gets out, pulls up his pants, and approaches Jerry.

CHARLIE

And you're a scrawny little bitch!

Charlie punches Jerry hard in the face, and Jerry falls to the ground.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm sick of protecting you. I'm sick of you two hanging on me for everything.

Jerry, crying both tears of sadness and rage, gets up.

JERRY

And you think you're so much fucking smarter and better than us, but you're not. You beat me by two hundredths of a point in your G.P.A. I'm going to fucking Stanford Law. Stanford, motherfucker! I'm not a piece of shit.

Jerry starts sobbing.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. L.A. CITY HALL - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Jerry holds back tears.

JERRY

I loved her.

CHARLIE

You didn't even know her, Jerry.

JERRY

You're a fucking asshole.

CHARLIE

You puked on me! The first time a girl ever showed any interest in me, and you ruined it. Wendy never spoke with me after that. She was fucking devastated too. You ever think that maybe your actions have consequences?

JERRY

Says a man who ran off to hide in a fucking desert commune the second the world showed him that it maybe didn't care about him as much as he thought. Why do you need people to love you so much? No, why do you need people to need you so much?

CHARLIE

You really wanna get into that, Johnny? Why do all of your fantasies involve beating people into loving you? The only reason why you had any friends is because we felt sorry for you.

PAUL

That's not true. We've always been friends.

CHARLIE

Good ol' naive Paul. Look, friendship is nothing more than tool we use to fight boredom...

JERRY

Here we go again...

CHARLIE

...or depression, or loneliness, or to avoid trauma, but that's all it is: a tool, like a wrench or a screwdriver. Friendship is inherently selfish, as is love, and the desire for popularity. We're alone here, Paul, every one of us, and we're fighting our fights by ourselves.

(MORE)



CHARLIE (CONT'D)

The best we could ever do is cheer  
one another on, even if that person  
is stealing your idea for a film...

He looks at Paul. Paul seems saddened by this comment.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

...or if that person is just a run-  
of-the-mill loser.

He looks right at Jerry.

JERRY

You're the loser.

CHARLIE

And you steal from supermarkets.  
Weren't you a lawyer?

JERRY

You know I never wanted to be a  
lawyer.

CHARLIE

I'm sure your dad's really proud.

JERRY

And I'm sure your dad's really  
dead.

Charlie starts the car.

CHARLIE

Alright, I'm bringing you two home,  
and I'm outta here.

JERRY

Yeah, gotta get back to your desert  
kingdom, right?

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Charlie, Jerry, and Paul stand by the van in the driveway.

A taxi pulls up, and Charlie starts for it.

JERRY

You're really doing it, huh?

CHARLIE

Time to get back to reality.

PAUL

What about the script?

CHARLIE

You guys think of me as some kind of a genius, but I'm not. I'm good with math, science, maybe a little with philosophy, but I don't know law. I don't know how to shred a guitar, nor do I know how to bring life to a screenplay. Paul, think back over the last week. Almost every good idea for the script came from you. What do you need us for?

The words seem to haunt Paul.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You're smarter than you've ever given yourself credit for. Trust your instincts. All that shit before about you stealing from me was a lie. I stole that character from you watching you use humor to defuse uncomfortable situations. Everything you've written is entirely you. You be the screenwriter, I'll be the botanist, and Jerry can be the thief slash musician. We don't need each other.

Charlie gets in the taxi, and Jerry walks to the window.

JERRY

All that bullshit you were spewing before about friendships is just a fucking rationalization. These last few days have been the best days of the last decade of my life. And that means something. I'm not just some tool, and neither are you. You and Paul are my best friends. I've been going out into this world everyday for thirty two years, and I don't know anyone else I can say that about.

Charlie looks to be considering Jerry's words.

PAUL

Yeah, and that strawberries thing you *always* say? Don't forget that was mine.

Charlie gestures to the DRIVER to drive.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul and Jerry stand in the room. Jerry looks at Charlie's sleeping bag then picks it up.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jerry sleeps on the couch.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul sleeps in his bed.

INT. CHARLIE'S COMMUNE - COMMUNAL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Charlie lies awake as Several Commune Members sleep in the same room. Though surrounded by People, Charlie looks alone.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Paul and Jerry eat cereal at the table. Paul's phone rings. He checks it--Sarah--and ignores it.

PAUL

Well, I'm finished. Got any space on your baby formula bandit crew?

JERRY

He's such a fucking asshole.

PAUL

You gotta let it go, man. He's an adult. You're an adult. If he decides to ignore us, that's on him.

A CRASH from the garage.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Oh shit! We forgot about Vitaly.

EXT. PAUL'S HOUSE - DAY

Paul presses a button on a remote control, and the garage door opens. Vitaly and the Band are inside looking tired and confused.

VITALY

What the fuck is going on?

PAUL

What'd you guys do to the garage?

It's a mess. Shit everywhere. The cut out of Ozzy has been decapitated.

VITALY

C'mon, we gotta get to the show.

Jerry and Paul just look at each other, back away slowly, and say nothing.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jerry and Paul sit near Paul's opened laptop.

JERRY

You should evict his ass.

PAUL

Isn't that a long process?

JERRY

Not if he lives in your home. You could have him out of here in a week.

PAUL

I dunno.

JERRY

Look, he shorts you rent, right?

PAUL

Yeah.

JERRY

And he ruins your shit?

PAUL

Yeah.

JERRY

Grow a pair, and kick him out.

Paul looks to be thinking the idea over.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I know it's easier said than done, but you got the law on your side. I'm sure you've also got the court of opinion on your side. Your only opponent here is him. You're bigger than him, and you're tougher than you give yourself credit for.

PAUL

Yeah, you're right, but I need his share of the rent.

JERRY

Have some confidence in yourself and your writing. You'll be up again.

Paul points to the computer.

PAUL

So, how do we wrap this thing up?

JERRY

I don't know, man. I think Charlie's right. This is on you, just like it's on me to deal with my own shit. I think I'm gonna head out today.

Jerry gets up and walks to the sink.

PAUL

So you're gonna abandon me too?

JERRY

It's time to grow up. Now, give me a ride.

PAUL

Would you like a juicebox for the trip?

Paul smiles.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - SAN BERNARDINO - DAY

Paul pulls up in front of a rundown apartment complex, and Jerry gets out.

JERRY

Hey, no matter what Charlie says,  
it was real.

Jerry carries a large duffel bag back to his apartment.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul types at his desk. The screen shows the title page of a Final Draft document, which reads "THE FART OF PEACE II: BEAN BURRITO BARRAGE." Paul looks miserable.

EXT. CHARLIE'S COMMUNE - DINING AREA - NIGHT

Charlie sits at the head of the table. The Other Members are a clamor of activity--talking, smiling, and passing food--but no one interacts with Charlie, who sits alone lost in thought.

Someone hands him a lemon. Charlie looks at it for a second, then reaches for a bowl of strawberries. He eats a strawberry and smiles, recalling a memory.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Jerry stands behind the register wearing a Stop and Fill employee shirt.

The Two Punks stuff their backpacks with energy drinks.

Jerry looks at a GROUP OF YOUNG BOYS outside of the gas station who are laughing and shooting the shit. Jerry looks ready to cry.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Paul minimizes the Final Draft file and opens a web browser. He checks out the news and sees that Pearl Jam is coming to San Diego. Paul looks to be lost in thought, but he soon smiles as if he's had a breakthrough.

He maximizes the Final Draft page, opens a new file, and titles it "DIPLOMATIC AMMUNITY!"

LATER

Paul types up a storm while he alternates between laughing his ass off and crying.

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - PAUL'S BEDROOM - DAY

Paul types an email and attaches "Diplomatic Ammunity!" then hits "send."

INT. PAUL'S HOUSE - HALL - DAY

Paul summons the strength to knock on Vitaly's door. He tries once, but chickens out before actually knocking, then he digs deep and knocks.

Vitaly answers the door naked.

VITALY

What the fuck you want?

PAUL

Well, uh, you were short rent this month--

VITALY

That's because someone robbed me--

PAUL

And you damaged the garage--

VITALY

Someone poisoned and imprisoned me.

PAUL

I want you out of my house.

VITALY

You can't evict me. We signed a lease.

PAUL

Yeah, and you're living in my house, which gives me more rights than you in this process.

VITALY

Fuck you. Make me leave.

Vitaly gets in Paul's face. Paul shies away at first, but he summons some courage, steps toward Vitaly, and clenches his fist.

PAUL

You're mean to people. You steal their things. You treat me like shit.

VITALY

You are shit.

Vitaly pushes Paul, and Paul immediately punches him in the face, surprising the both of them.

PAUL

No I'm not. Now get out of *my* house.

VITALY

Fine. I don't want to live with a loser anyways.

Vitaly goes back into his room and slams the door.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Jerry checks his phone, which shows he has an email from Paul. He opens the email.

PAUL (V.O.)

Hey guys, just wanted to let you know that I finished the script last night. After struggling for so long with it, I realized that it was our story of trying to write this script that was the one worth telling...

EXT. CHARLIE'S COMMUNE - DAY

Charlie reads on his phone.

PAUL (V.O.)

...I added you both as co-writers not just for legal or financial reasons, but because there's not a doubt in my mind that I would have been able to write this script without you both. Maybe not from a technical standpoint, but from an inspirational one. Charlie, your lecture on people being isolated within themselves is total bullshit, and you know it.

(MORE)



PAUL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Each of us is the sum of our interactions and experiences, and I've shared so many of those experiences with you. Any script I've written or could ever write, has been influenced by the people I've interacted with, as well as every song I've listened to, film I've watched, painting I've seen, hike through the woods I've taken...We're so much more than our own lonely vehicles. We're each other, and, Jerry, this script represents how seamlessly art and life can intersect, in spite of your views of a hermetically sealed on-screen world...

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Jerry continues to read.

PAUL (V.O.)

...Also, I got us tickets for Pearl Jam at Sports Arena Boulevard next week. Let's finish what we started years ago. I hope you like the script.

INT. ALBATROSS STUDIOS - PRODUCER'S OFFICE - DAY

Sarah and Paul enter the office where the Producer sits behind a desk. He gestures for them to sit, and they do.

PRODUCER

Paul, I've gotta say, this is the best script I've read all year, and it's certainly your best. How much of this was you and how much was your co-writers?

PAUL

Well, we lived the story together, but I interpreted it and wrote it down according to my perspective.

PRODUCER

What genre would you call it?

PAUL

Dramedy.

PRODUCER

We're going to find a director, and  
we're going to shoot this baby.  
Great job, Paul.

The Producer reaches out his hand. Paul hesitates for a moment, then smiles and shakes it with a look of pride.

EXT. SPORTS ARENA - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Charlie, Jerry, and Paul stand in the parking lot.

JERRY

How did you turn all that bullshit  
into a film?

CHARLIE

The man is good.

PAUL

The same way you turn baby formula  
into loot.

CHARLIE

How'd you come up with the ending?

MONTAGE - WORLD LEADERS ACTING LIKE IMMATURE ASSHOLES

-The IRANIAN PRESIDENT and SAUDI PRINCE ride in the Prince's limo through the desert in Saudi Arabia. All seems to be going well until the limo stops abruptly, and a GROUP OF ARMED MILITARY MEN rip the Iranian President out of the limo and cover his head with a hood.

PAUL (V.O.)

I wanted to show how chaotic the  
world would be if all leaders acted  
like our main characters...

They drag the President to the sand, get him on his knees, and put an assault rifle to his head. He starts screaming, but suddenly the Prince makes a gesture, and the Military Men remove the hood, and hit him in the face with a pie.

The Prince laughs and says, "Diplomatic Ammunity!" and the President forces a thumbs up.

-The SOUTH AFRICAN PRESIDENT and a JAPANESE DIPLOMAT walk through the South African Presidential Palace. They come across a lion in a cage, and the President opens the cage, and pushes the Japanese Diplomat inside while saying "Diplomatic Ammunity!"

JAPANESE DIPLOMAT

But this isn't a prank! It's really going to eat me!

The lion jumps on him, and he screams.

PAUL (V.O.)

...And how eventually, things would get ugly...

-The GERMAN CHANCELLOR visits an IRISH DIPLOMAT in a Dublin pub.

GERMAN CHANCELLOR

I would like your finest beer.

The Irish Diplomat gives the BARTENDER a look, and the Bartender kneels below the bar and pours a Budweiser into a stein. The Bartender hands over the drink, and when the Chancellor takes a sip, he gags.

The Irish Diplomat and Bartender yell "Diplomatic Ammunity!" but the Chancellor don't play when it comes to beer, and he jumps over the bar and starts choking the Bartender.

END MONTAGE

INT. U.N. BUILDING - DAY - STORY WORLD

Several U.N. Ambassadors laugh at Sadarn after he gets a wedgy. Pal, Johnny, and Terra study the Crowd then approach a podium and address the Ambassadors.

PAL

Excuse me, excuse me everyone...can we have order?

The Ambassadors quiet down and pay attention.

PAL (CONT'D)

It was wrong of us to insult Sadarn bin Pol Pot Oh esquire the third, and we'd like to apologize. He simply held a mirror up to us, showing us how ridiculous we've allowed ourselves to become, and we had no right to assault him for it. Ladies, gentlemen, take a look around. Is this the world you wish to live in?

(MORE)

PAL (CONT'D)

Where we give each other wedgies  
and feed each other to lions  
instead of talk out our problems?  
Mr. bin Pol Pot Oh, can you please  
come down here?

Sadarn hesitates, but gets up and goes down. Terra fills a pie tin with whipped cream and hands it to him.

PAL (CONT'D)

...Sir, we've stepped too far over  
the line, and we've decided that we  
need our shield of Diplomatic  
Ammunity to be revoked. Would you  
please do us the honor of pieing  
our faces to restore sanity to our  
lives and order to the world?

Sadarn smiles then cocks his arm back and hits Johnny. Terra fills another pie and hands it over, and Sadarn hits Pal, then the same with Terra.

The Ambassadors start laughing, but now they're laughing with Sadarn and not at him. A Few come down to pat Sadarn on the back, including the Ambassador who gave him a wedgy.

WEDGY AMBASSADOR

I'm sorry, Sadarn.

SADARN BIN POL POT VON OM

It's okay. It's not too late to  
redirect the nuclear missile  
currently headed toward your  
mother's home.

They smile and shake hands.

EXT. SPORTS ARENA - SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

The sound of whipped cream can be heard, and we can only see the Idiots from the chest up. Charlie and Jerry laugh.

CHARLIE

That's good stuff...

PAUL

You were right, Charlie. It's time  
for us to grow up and stop being so  
damned angry at the world. I  
realized that the purpose of our  
script wasn't to punish the bullies  
out there like Sadarn, as bad as  
they are.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

It was about the characters ending this silly Diplomatic Ammunity bullshit that's ruining their lives. It's about them making their peace with these bullies. About us making peace with the bullies in our heads...

Paul hands Charlie and Jerry something we can't see.

PAUL (CONT'D)

...it's time we drop the anger we have with ourselves and each other. I think that sometimes when people have experienced so much trauma together that that's all they see when they look at one another. But I don't want to look at you guys and see trauma, I want to see triumph. And I think you know what we need to do next.

They both nod, then Jerry pies Charlie, Charlie hits Jerry, then Jerry and Charlie grab Paul's pie and smash it in his face. They give each other a knowing look then smile.

ALL TOGETHER

Diplomatic Ammunity revoked!

JERRY

You know what? I'm happy to take a pie in the face if it'll mean saving the world from terrorists.

CHARLIE

I've been thinking a lot too, and I'd like to move up to L.A., open a co-op slash community center where we can serve locally grown organic food, and teach people how to grow their own damned strawberries.

PAUL

That's a great idea.

CHARLIE

And I'd also like to have a place where people can come together to discuss art, and music, and philosophy. Maybe have a house band to play music...?

He looks at Jerry.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
...What do you say?

JERRY  
I say, fuck the gas station.

CHARLIE  
And we'll get together a lot more.  
I don't want another fourteen years  
to go by without us being a part of  
each other's lives.

PAUL  
Now, are you guys ready to both  
rock and roll?

They smile.

INT. SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT

Pearl Jam rocks the house as Jerry, Charlie, and Paul dance with whipped cream all over their faces (hey, if you can get Danny Glover, you can certainly get Pearl Jam--you just need to believe in yourself!).

FADE OUT.