

I JUST WANT MY PANTS BACK

Pilot Episode

Written by

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Based on the novel, *I Just Want My Pants Back*

REVISED

MTV/UCP/Dutch Oven

7.21.2010

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

JASON STRIDER, good-looking but not in a traditional way, wearing a "Bono Is No Fun" tee, lies on the couch in his profoundly small NYC apartment, watching women's ice skating on TV. A scantily clad skater lands a jump.

JASON
Yes, triple toe loop.

His cell rings.

JASON (CONT'D)
Hello? Where are you, it sounds like someone's sacrificing a chicken. Home, watching basic cable. No, I'm not "touching it." I don't answer the phone when I'm masturbating, unless I'm at work.

The clock on the microwave reads 12:03.

JASON (CONT'D)
A drink now? Nah, I can't; I can't be late tomorrow. (EYEROLL) Yep, that's me, huge pussy. 'K, bye.

He hangs up. Sits back. Sighs. Music kicks in...

EXT. NYC STREET - NIGHT

He's not staying in. Jason weaves through the various denizens of his Brooklyn 'hood: drunk hipsters, old Polish women pushing carts, a geek-chic COUPLE on smart phones...

WOMAN
Their burgers were so *not* organic.

MAN
I'm already posting about it.

INT. LUCY'S - NIGHT

And enters the cool dive. He bellies up to the bar where a fratty JERK harasses two girls, one BRUNETTE, one BLONDE.

JERK
So, what's the matter with you two?

BLONDE
You're the matter.

JERK

Do you like girls? Is that it? Do you like girls or do you like guys?

Jason can't help himself.

JASON

Do you like robots?

The girls laugh. Brunette flashes him a "thank you" smile.

BRUNETTE

Yes, we're in love with our robots. So leave us alone.

Jerk is pissed. You know this guy. Fightin' guy.

JERK

You're a fucking wiseass.

JASON

Thanks.

JERK

Yeah, well how about making me?!

JASON

Um, making you what? Listen man, I don't want to fight.

He tries to turn away, but Jerk shoves him into Blonde.

BLONDE

You okay?

JASON

Yeah. I haven't been in a fight since 6th grade, but I totally beat the crap out of that kid. He was only in third grade, though.

Jerk glares; Jason, with no choice, balls his fists. Before the bullets fly a hipster GIRL, pretty, titty, pushes forward.

GIRL

(TO JERK) Hey! Next time you use the bathroom, try not to piss all over the seat! Is it too small to aim, or do you just have the sprinkler attachment on?

JERK

I wasn't even in the bathroom.

GIRL
Yeah you were; that place looked
like it was hit by acid rain.

JERK
Shut up, slut.

GIRL
I am a slut; a huge one. And yet I
find you totally unappealing. Bye.

He exits, broken. Girl turns to Jason; her tone to friendly.

GIRL (CONT'D)
What's up, Fatty?

JASON
Comments like that are why I vomit
myself to sleep.

GIRL
It's not working. (TO BARTENDER)
Two shots of Jack and two Stellas.

JASON
I was so gonna kick his ass, Teen.

Girl is TINA: Jason's best friend.

TINA
I know, I didn't want you to get
sent to juvy. Here -- To freedom.

She hands him a shot, and they do the clink and swallow.

JASON
Ugh, that tasted like cough syrup
and dirt.

TINA
Mine was like intercourse and
tears.

JASON
I wouldn't know, I don't remember
what sex tastes like.

TINA
Like chicken. How long's it been?

JASON
Six weeks.

TINA

Wow, six whole weeks, you're like a castrato. It's just a bad streak, Jay; you've always been a streaker. Remember senior year, that weekend with whats-her-face from the dorm, the girl with the thing on her thing, Magnum P.I....

JASON

Who?

TINA

That chick with the lil' mustache.

JASON

Debbie Lee. And being a streaker's what I'm worried about. Seriously.

TINA

(BEAT) Got any weed?

INT. LUCY'S BATHROOM - SAME

They ping-pong a one-hitter in the ironic-grafitti-filled can.

JASON

I'm just saying, this lil dry spell could easily turn into the drought of the decade. Something's off. I feel a disturbance in The Force.

TINA

Maybe if you stop with the *Star Wars* references. Here, I'm high.

JASON

Me too; "I could eat a wheel of cheese" high. "We should start a band" high.

TINA

As long as you're not "I need you to check my testicles for lumps" high again. C'mon, being in here makes me have to poop.

INT. LUCY'S BAR - 10 MINUTES LATER

Back at the bar. Tina's finishing a text.

TINA

That was Brett; I might go let him give me a foot massage. By foot massage I mean have sex, I just said foot massage so you don't feel bad about being a born again virgin. Go talk to those girls you saved; they owe you.

JASON

What's chivalry worth these days?

TINA

They should clean you like cats. Just be funny. Funny to girls is like boobs to boys.

Tina starts to leave.

TINA (CONT'D)

Oh hey, you want to chip in for a present for Stacey? We should get her something nice, she's pretty freaked about the big 2-5.

JASON

I was just gonna get her something goofy, like a lottery ticket.

TINA

Yeah, dollar and a dream's not gonna cut it Shylock; it's a big deal to her. 'K, Smell you later.

She splits. He approaches the Brunette, who now sits alone. She's so cute it hurts.

JASON

Hi. I'm Jason.

BRUNETTE

Jane. Thanks for before, I thought I was gonna have to use my mace.

JASON

That would've been embarrassing for you, I mean, it's all about Tasers now -- mace is sooo over. It's like toe rings, or fedoras.

JANE

Or glaciers, or marine life in the Gulf.

JASON
Whoa, you're a little dark there.

JANE
(DEEPENING HER VOICE) "I'm a
loner, Dottie. A rebel..."

JASON
(IMPRESSED) *Pee Wee's Big
Adventure*. Best movie starring a
sex offender, ever.

JANE
Arguably. I mean, *Ferris Bueller*?
So what do you do when you're not
being a bar hero?

JASON
I work at this, uh... I drive
NASCAR. Daytona, Talle...dega....

JANE
Oh my God, are you Danica Patrick?

JASON
No, but... same cheekbones.

JANE
Same boobs, too.

She flashes a beautiful smile.

JASON
You're really funny.

JANE
So are you. Shall we continue
being funny over another drink?

JASON
Indeed we shall.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jason and Jane are in the impossibly cramped kitchen,
struggling to make out in the small space.

JANE
Help me get my shirt off and I'll
help you with your jeans.

JASON
Deal.

He pulls her shirt off. As she works to tug down his pants:

JASON (CONT'D)
 This is too perfect. What if
 you're scamming me so you can steal
 my Discover Card in the middle of
 the night? What if you're really a
 sexy transsexual, and later I find,
 oops, you have a penis? That's
 always been a secret fear of mine.

JANE
 (STANDING BACK UP) You're babbling.

They lip-lock some more, but it's too crowded to consummate.

JASON
 You know, I do have a bed...

She rips open the fridge door, and grins, devilishly.

JANE
 Fuck me in your fridge.

She leans in; the door blocks our view. Really?

JANE (CONT'D)
 (MUFFLED, IN FRIDGE) C'mon fuck me!

Really. CLOSE-UP of Jason's face. Grin = Shit-eating.

JANE (CONT'D)
 Hurry, it smells in here!

JASON
 (TO SELF) What a fantastic e-mail
 this is going to make tomorrow.

Old condiments rattle to the floor as they do the deed.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Jane and Jason lie in bed. She props herself on her elbow.

JANE
 So, do you think I'm a slut?

JASON
 Only in the best most positive way.

He rolls to face her. She's so cute it hurts.

JASON (CONT'D)

I had, like, a really great time last night. But I have a confession to make. I lied, I don't drive stock cars.

JANE

I lied too; I'm not really a woman.

JASON

Technically you are; I didn't see any boy parts and I double-checked.

They kiss, softly. Then, she sees the clock. 9:00 AM.

JANE

Shit! I'm so late!

She hops out of bed and grabs Jason's pants off the floor.

JANE (CONT'D)

Is it okay if I borrow these? I hate when my doorman sees me in the same clothes from the day before.

JASON

That happens a lot, huh?

Jane shrugs, slips on the pants, and wiggles her butt.

JASON (CONT'D)

Can I get your number? Or should I just stalk you? I'm sorta lazy, a number would work better.

She writes it down on a scrap of paper and hands it to him.

JANE

See you around, Jason.

She exits. He waits until her footsteps fade, then:

JASON

Yessssssssssssssssssss!

ACT 1INT. ANDY'S DELI - MORNING

Still buttoning his shirt, Jason enters his local bodega and grabs an OJ. BOBBY, on a ladder, installs a security camera.

BOBBY

Hey, how are you boss?

JASON

I feel like a thousand dollars.
Which is nine hundred more than I
have in my checking account, but
anyway, I feel great. What's that?

BOBBY

New security. No one will be
robbed or murdered in this store.

JASON

You should put that on the door.
How do you know how to do that?

Bobby climbs down and runs the wires toward a monitor.

BOBBY

Back home, I worked at video
business. I had beautiful
girlfriend there, but we break up
when I move here. (SIGHS) It is
hard for man to be alone, Jason.

JASON

Here we say, no man is an island.

He empties a pocketful of change on the counter for the juice.

BOBBY

In my country it's "Bhaj na machaa
na." An ugly girl blames mirror.

JASON

That's not really the same thing.

Bobby separates lint from Jason's nickels and dimes as the door swings open. Tina, in last night's outfit, enters in glorious, hungover, post-coital disarray. A beat. Then:

TINA

I need an egg sandwich and I need
it now.

JASON

You need a gallon of antibacterial soap and a *Silkwood* shower.

BOBBY

You need pregnancy test.

TINA

Don't toy with me. I'm fragile.

BOBBY

Sorry, whore friend of Jason.

He walks off to make the egg-wich.

TINA

He never remembers my name.

JASON

So, you had fun with Brett, eh?

She grabs the juice from him, opens it, and drinks deeply.

TINA

Let's just say I introduced him to God. You? What happened?

JASON

IT happened. The dry spell is over! I had sex with that girl last night *in* my fucking refrigerator!

TINA

I did that once but the sex was bad so I ate half a pizza. Congrats Jay, you're back.

JASON

I am back. I feel stronger and more confident, like those guys in the hair transplant commercials. You'd really like this girl, Teen. I mean, *I* really like this girl. She's cute and funny and... surprisingly filthy.

TINA

These are a few of your favorite things.

JASON

I know this sounds goofy, but... she was pretty perfect.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)
 And I played it totally cool; I was
 like a young James Van Der Beek.

TINA
 That's your gold standard? Well,
 good for you, Dawson. Hear hear.

She takes another long slug of juice.

TINA (CONT'D)
 Hey, let me ask you a question. So
 I was looking through Brett's
 wallet this morning...

JASON
 You fished through his wallet?

TINA
 (SHRUGGING) He fished through *my*
 ladypurse. (SHE PULLS OUT A BLUE
 CARD) Would you ever carry a frozen
 yogurt frequent eater card?

JASON
 I gotta get to work, psycho.

He takes back the juice carton. It's empty.

INT. JB'S CASTING AGENCY - ELEVATOR - 15 MINUTES LATER

Jason and a BLACK MALE EXEC ride together. A MUZAK version of
Ebony and Ivory plays. Jason looks at the Exec; they should
 acknowledge this, right? Yes? No. They ride in silence.

INT. JB'S CASTING AGENCY - DAY

The elevator opens into a shitty, rundown office; A dozen
 LITTLE PEOPLE wait, reading magazines, on phones, etc. JB,
 late 30s, a multitude of issues, immediately comes up to him.

JB
 (GESTURING TO THE CLOCK) Let me
 guess, dentist appointment?

JASON
 Sorry. I think I have sleep apnea.
 Web MD says I'm a prime candidate.

JB
 No problem, I'm just gonna start
 docking your pay when you're late.

JASON

Really?

JB

Yeah, really. It's not a democracy, Jay. I am Pharaoh, you are Jew. Now go run the session in the back, everyone's waiting.

JASON

You know, I'm actually, Jewish, JB.

JB

Great, Happy Chanukah. Oh, also, the toilet's clogged. Someone has some real psychological issues.

He hands him a plunger.

JB (CONT'D)

Clean it like you mean it. Like you know we're in a recession and I get emailed a lot of qualified resumes.

INT. JB'S CASTING AGENCY - MOMENTS LATER

Jason stands by a camera, eyeing a spec sheet. A surly 3.5 foot Little Person, BRIAN, toes a tape mark on the floor.

JASON

OK, you'll be playing, um... a piece of fruit. This says they want to see you dance.

BRIAN

How the fuck does fruit dance?

JASON

I guess just try a bunch of stuff?

Jason hits play on a beat up, old school boombox. Little Brian sighs, then begins dancing: running man, cabbage patch, robot. It couldn't get more awkward. Or could it?

JASON (CONT'D)

(READING SHEET) Oh, I also need to shoot close-ups of your limbs.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jason stares at Jane's number. He pulls out his phone.

JASON
 (REHEARSING) *Hey Janey, it's Jason.*
Ugh, fucking nerd. Hola, Jane.
Como estas? Jesus! (DEEP BREATHS)
Van Der Beek. Van Der Beek.

Steadied, he dials the phone, and paces. On the third ring...

INT. THAI RESTAURANT - SAME

A bored THAI MAN answers. INTERCUT.

THAI MAN
 Sawdeekrap. Phukett Thai food.

JASON
 Is this, uh, 323-2627?

THAI MAN
 Yes, 323-2627.

JASON
 Is... Jane there? Does someone
 named Jane work there?

THAI MAN
 No Jane. Thai food.

Jason hangs up, flabbergasted. He curses, and runs his fingers through his hair. Then... he dials again.

THAI MAN (CONT'D)
 Sawdeekrap. Phukett Thai food.

JASON
 Can I get delivery to 699 Grand,
 3A? Large Pad Thai, dumplings and
 two lemongrass chicken. Thanks.

He hangs up and calls Tina.

INT. TINA'S APARTMENT - SAME

Tina picks up a shirt, sniffs it, recoils, and stuffs it in a laundry basket. Her phone rings. INTERCUT.

TINA
 Moshi-moshi.

JASON
 I just ordered a crapload of Thai
 food. Dinner's on me, come over.

TINA
 Can't, I'm in the middle of an epic
 laundry. What's up?

JASON
 Fridge girl stole my pants.

INT. STACEY AND ERIC'S - NIGHT

STACEY, ERIC and Tina sit at the table, drinking wine. Jason arrives with two bags of Thai food.

JASON
 (TO ERIC) Doctor, (TO STACEY)
 Lawyer, (EYEING TINA'S CLOTHES) My
 color blind pal... Here, meet my
 new girlfriend.

He plops the food down. Stacey starts to open the bag.

STACEY
 You've introduced us to worse.

Eric hands him a drink with an umbrella in it.

ERIC
 I made this special for you. It's
 called a nocturnal emission.

TINA
 How are you doing? Do you have
 post-pants depression?

JASON
 No, it's stupid, I just really
 thought she was into me. I mean
 why did she even borrow my pants if
 she was just gonna blow me off?
 It's not like she's gonna wear 'em.

ERIC
 People take sex trophies, Jay.

TINA
 Many of my own dishrags are the
 clothes of former lovers. Did you
 really think you and *Freezerface*
 were gonna fall in love and life'd
 be a dream filled with lollipops
 and rainbows?

They pass around the Thai food.

JASON

No. Maybe. In my dream she also had a massive trust fund.

He takes a deep, overlong sip of his cocktail.

STACEY

You don't have to really drink that; it's a joke.

JASON

I'm an environmentalist; I don't believe in wasting things. Except my time at work. It's been a real banner fucking day.

ERIC

Did you call Stacey's ex yet, dude?

STACEY

Seriously, I told Scott you were going to call *3 months ago* before he left Maxim. He's connected to things you like: music, writing...

TINA

Scott Lenchner's successful? The guy who asked me to roleplay school bus driver/sexy retarded girl?

STACEY

Lench was just trying to be funny.

TINA

Lench tried to fuck me, and I quote, "special-style" while *he was still dating you*.

JASON

You know, I will call him.

ERIC

Or he'll be at Stacey's big birthday. Duh duh! Twenty-five seems so far off to us twenty-four year-olds, Stace. How's it feel?

STACEY

It feels like someone else is about to start a sex drought. I know you guys mock me because I've been overanalyzing this, but it's my quarterlife birthday, OK? I just want it to be memorable.

(MORE)

STACEY (CONT'D)

Anyway, I finally decided what I want to do: let's see Sleigh Bells at Rock Shop, get drunk and dance!

TINA

You, uh, like Sleigh Bells?

STACEY

Yeah. Why?

JASON

They're hip and new and loud...

STACEY

Screw you guys, I know cool bands! My trainer put them on my iPod.

TINA

Sorry. Sounds fun, Stace. So do you have tickets already?

STACEY

They go on sale tomorrow at ten. Jay, could you do me a huge favor? Go there and reserve eight under my name. We can't do it, we have the tennis championship.

ERIC

We'll be bringing home the gold.

Stacey anticipates Jason's next question.

STACEY

Here's my credit card. You also need to give my email; they send a confirmation we'll need to get in.

JASON

No problem.

TINA

Reserve one for Brett, too. He loves Sleigh Bells.

JASON

You're bringing him? I thought you just slept with the guy because he had air conditioning.

TINA

Yes, but now I like him. Maybe.

JASON

Well, I'll be solo. Fucking Jane.

STACEY

There's a woman in my Torts class I can set you up with.

ERIC

Yeah, take her out. A bird in the hand's better than two in the bush.

TINA

Clearly you've never had two in the bush. Jay, you need to forget this pants chick and move on, OK? We just need to cleanse your sex palate with another woman. I'm not saying we find your dream girl, I'm saying we all go out this week and find you one with boob implants, who thinks "irony" means something that tastes like metal, and who, after a few appletini's, will let you put on your little miner's cap and go spelunking in her girlcave.

JASON

You are a special, special friend.

ERIC

Wish I could join this pervy vision quest, but it's a tough week. I'm assisting this big heart surgeon. He may let me crack the ribs; it's an honor for med students, like officially popping your cherry.

TINA

"Popping your cherry" isn't an honor. It's a bloody mess you have to hide by pretending your sheets caught fire when you and Scott Spielberg were working on a "science project." Jason, start your boner. It's on.

ERIC

Have fun; go be a total poon hound.

Stacey shoots him a semi-disgusted look.

STACEY

Just don't forget about the tickets tomorrow night, okay?

JASON

I'm on it. Best quarterlife ever!

ACT 2EXT. NYC STREET - AFTER WORK

Work bag over his shoulder, Jason emerges from the subway and passes a BUM who's panhandling...while on his cell.

BUM
 (INTO PHONE) Hang on.
 (TO JASON) Spare some change, sir?

Jason holds up his cell, incredulous.

JASON
 Dude, we have the same phone.

EXT. BONITA SIDEWALK CAFE - AFTER WORK

Jason finds LENCH, 25, hipster-playa-entrepreneur, at a table outside. He engages Jason in a bro-shake that ends in a snap.

LENCH
 Jaybone, been a while.

JASON
 Hey Lench, thanks for meeting me.

LENCH
 No worries, but I gotta be quick, I have to go set up.

JASON
 For what?

LENCH
For what? Seriously, you need to follow my tweets. I'm having a banger tonight in honor of our first issue. You should come rock it. (TEXTS) Boom -- you're evited.

JASON
 Thanks. What exactly do you do, by the way?

LENCH
 I'm helping launch a new magazine that focuses on environmental sustainability...

JASON

Wow.

LENCH

And hot chicks. We're calling it "All Naturals." Think models with 70's era grooming in hemp bikinis, teaching you how to compost.

JASON

Sounds... smelly. I didn't know you loved the planet.

LENCH

Sure, it's a fucking goldmine. But you, Stacey said you needed some career advice?

JASON

OK, well, it's embarrassing, but... I'm sort of like a receptionist.

LENCH

(NOT EVEN HIDING IT) Wow.

JASON

It's not cancer - but yeah, it's just a bullshit gig until I figure out what I want to do with my life. I was thinking music journalism? Remember my radio show at school, Strider's Mostly Phenomenal But Fully Enjoyable Power Hour?

LENCH

Emmm... no.

JASON

Anyway, I don't even know how to start. Everyone else seems to have a plan, or found some job, picked and sticked. But I can't spend the rest of my life doing something I don't like just to get little bits of green paper. Know what I mean?

LENCH

Fully, man. But you ran out the clock there, Jaybone. I gotta bounce. Let me think on it, I may know someone to be your savior.

JASON

Really?

LENCH

I'm pretty popular right now, Jay:
I'm rolling with super fucking hot
Locavore sluts and delicious raw
milk cheeses -- people want to hang
with Lench.

He starts to Blackberry as he edges toward the door.

LENCH (CONT'D)

You gonna bring anyone tonight, or
you lone wolfing it?

JASON

Uh, wolfing. Tina will probably
join, but we're just friends.

LENCH

Tina, mm. Ever notice that she
looks just the tiniest bit "downy?"

JASON

No.

LENCH

She does; it's hot. Tell her Lench
said, The wheels on the bus go
round and round. She'll understand.

INT. BIKINI WAXING SALON - EVENING

Tina's getting a bikini wax from an older Brazilian WAXER.

TINA

Be gentle, okay?

WAXER

I be slow, like turtle.

TINA

Just don't be like one of those
ninja turtles.

Her cell rings. She answers as waxing commences.

TINA (CONT'D)

Diga me.

EXT. NYC STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jason flips through a street vendor's milk crate of vinyl.
INTERCUT.

JASON

Yo. Your boy Lench says hi.

TINA

Spectacular jackass, isn't he?

JASON

Full metal douchebag. But he's throwing a party tonight. Wanna go? I just need to pop out in the middle and reserve the tickets.

TINA

Totally. Sounds like the perfect spot for Operation Jay Lay.

The WAXER rips off a sheet. Tina curses, then looks down.

TINA (CONT'D)

Great, now I look like the world's tallest baby. See you later, Jay.

INT. LENCH'S PARTY - THAT NIGHT

Lench's loft is filled with drunk hipsters and gypsters. It's sustainable meets slut. Jason and Tina toast with tall boys.

JASON

To an evening of loose morals and questionable choices.

TINA

To burying that pants thief deep in a cooter coffin and never thinking of her again. (CLINKS HIS CAN)
After tonight, you won't even remember Jane's name.

JASON

Yeah, you told me that when you made me do shots on the way here. I'm already pretty buzzed.

TINA

You need to join me up here at "very buzzed."

They do the drink-and-walk thru the soiree.

TINA (CONT'D)

Gotta hand it to Lench, this is actually cool.

JASON

It's a little crunchy. Reminds me of Lilith Fair, with more boner wolves and less Sarah McLachlan.

TINA

You went to Lilith Fair?

JASON

It was a dark time for me. There's Lench. Should we go say hi?

TINA

Nah, he's busy molesting that hippie.

CUT ACROSS THE ROOM TO Lench, who's clenching a white GIRL with dreadlocks. He fingers her hair clumps, sensually.

LENCH

Mmm... Is everything dreadlocked? No... let me be surprised.

CUT BACK to Jason and Tina. She finishes her beer; he checks his phone.

JASON

Shit, it's almost ten already. I should go get those tickets soon.

TINA

Wait. Look: cute dorks.

A MAN and WOMAN, attractive but dressed conservatively, stand near the wine. Tina waves. Man returns it.

TINA (CONT'D)

Cats in the cradle. C'mon Jay.

She pulls him over to the two, who seem fairly drunk.

TINA (CONT'D)

Hiii. Great party, right?

MAN

Awesome. I'm Spencer.

TINA

Thumbalina. Nice to meet you.

WOMAN

(TO JASON) I like your shirt.

JASON

I like your potentially clouded judgement. How do you know Lench?

WOMAN

We work in legal at All Naturals.

MAN and WOMAN fill their drinks. Jason whispers to Tina.

TINA

Lawyers, they're probably clean and'll leave early. Let's divide and conquer: You get Jacoby, I get Meyers.

JASON

What about Brett?

TINA

If we can't weather a minor indiscretion with a handsome dork, what chance do we have? OK -- shit's about to get real, esse.

She turns and puts her arm around Spencer.

TINA (CONT'D)

Hey, so, I heard there's a spot here where you can churn your own butter -- let's go find it.

They walk off. Jason takes a quick look at his cell. 10:04.

JACOBY

Expecting a call?

JASON

No, no, there's just something I'm supposed to be doing right now. I should really go.

JACOBY

Too bad. There's something I was really hoping to do tonight, too. But I can't do it alone.

She smiles. It's a smile that says, "I do bad things." Jason considers the clock on his phone, and then the dirty smile...

JASON

Yeah, my errand can wait until tomorrow.

INT. STACEY AND ERIC'S APARTMENT - EVENING

A small crowd watches as Stacey and Eric are mid-rally, playing Wii Tennis doubles. Their nerdy opponents, in matching sweatsuits, look like twins, except the guy's CHUNKY, and the girl's a SIZE ZERO. Nerd couple win the point.

CHUNKY
(DWEEBILY RAISING ROOF) What-what!

STACEY
Where's your head, Eric?!

ERIC
Sorry, this controller sucks!

CHUNKY
Game point!

SIZE ZERO
(SONG TO HIS SING) Your serve!

Stacey grabs Eric by the shirt and pulls him in close.

ERIC
Ow. Hon...

STACEY
We are *not* losing to "before" and "after." Do you copy?

ERIC
Copy.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A few empty beer bottles sit on the floor; Jason and Jacoby go at it on the bed. Jacoby, sloppy drunk, stops, and sits up.

JACOBY
I'm not going to have sex with you.
I don't just let guys stick their penises in me all willy nilly. OK?

JASON
I'd never stick my penis in you all willy-nilly.

She pulls off her top, and starts to tongue his neck.

JASON (CONT'D)
I respect your boundaries.

INT. TAXI - SAME

Meyers is fumbling awkwardly on top of Tina.

TINA

Ow! Jesus, if you bite me one more time I'm going to clock you.

MEYERS

(MOVES HER HAND) Feel my sword.

TINA

Your sword? Is it sharp? (PUSHES HIM OFF) Listen, you seem nice; I dunno, maybe you plan to skin me to make a girl-suit, but either way, I'm not going to your place. I've got an undefined thing with a poet slash chocolatier I don't want to ruin. *But*, if you pay for the cab, you're welcome to some taxi-touching until you drop me off.

MEYERS

C'mon...

TINA

Take the deal: otherwise a hand-job's a man's job and you can get out at the light and mime a vagina.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - SAME

Jacoby's opening Jason's belt. She looks back at him.

JACOBY

Do me a favor. Stick your finger in my ass.

JASON

Uh, okay.

He does so, ever so cautiously, trying not to giggle.

JASON (CONT'D)

That, uh, working for you?

She looks up again.

JACOBY

Try your thumb.

JASON
 (TO SELF) You just never know how
 the day's going to end, do you?

He exchanges digits. She begins to grind.

JACOBY
 Mm, yes.

JASON
 Wait, I'm in a bad position... Ow!
 Holy fuck this hurts. He bites his lip in agony.

JACOBY
 (OBLIVIOUS) Yes! Yes! Harder!

INT. STACEY AND ERIC'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Supercouple are in bed, a TENNIS TROPHY beside them. Clearly,
 they just made bacon. Eric stretches; Stacey's on her phone.

ERIC
 Championship trophy, multi-position
 morning sex - I feel like Roger
 Federer. How many calories do you
 think we just burned, hon?

STACEY
 Shhh. Hi, I never got an email
 confirming my Sleigh Bells tickets?
 Stacey Goodman. No, that can't be.
 Really, nothing? Shoot. And it's
 sold out? Perfect. (HANGS UP) Ugh,
 Jason didn't reserve the tickets.

ERIC
 Maybe he put them under his name?

STACEY
 Or maybe he was out being a *total*
poon hound! Great, now what're we
 gonna do, just go to some lame bar
 like we do every year? One time I
 wanted to do something special...

ERIC
 Sorry, Sweetie.

STACEY
 (CURLING INTO HIM) Godammit.
 Godammit!

ACT 3EXT. STREET - MORNING

Jason runs, work bag flopping, bad thumb elevated, good hand buttoning his shirt, through slow walkers, shwarma vendors, and hungover hipsters drinking coffee.

INT. ANDY'S DELI - MORNING

Bobby is about to sell a XXX DVD to a TWEEN.

BOBBY
You are eighteen?

TWEEN
Twenty. I just moisturize and shit.

BOBBY
Okay, enjoy.

Tween exits as Jason bursts in, thumb still elevated.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
You all right, boss?

JASON
To say I feel like dogshit would be an insult to dogshit. Do you have gauze and a splint?

The door swings open -- Tina enters with a giant hickey.

TINA
Meyers is a fucking vampire.

JASON
Whoa.

BOBBY
Hello "Tina." See, I nice today, because of your ugly neck blood.

TINA
Whore friend of Jason is actually more accurate right now. What happened to your thumb?

JASON
Jacoby's ass. Her sphincter had the grip of a merchant marine.

(MORE)

JASON (CONT'D)

That pervy lawyer only made Jane look better, by the way. Thanks.

TINA

Well, prepare to up your bumner level. Stacey already called me this morning. Apparently, there are no tickets reserved under her name, and the show's totally sold out.

JASON

No. Shit, I didn't think it'd sell out so fast.

TINA

Well it did, and Stacey's super, super pissed, Jay. She was talking in that high-pitched angry voice that makes me want to bite down on the cyanide pill I keep in my molar. Y'know, Brett and I really wanted to see that show, too.

JASON

Oh, did I upset you and the guy who didn't give you that hickey? Give me a break. Ug, what am I gonna do?

TINA

Maybe you can find a scalper? You need to do some top quality weaseling here. It's serious.

JASON

I'll figure something out.

INT. JB'S CASTING AGENCY - DAY

Jason, thumb taped up, walks past JB at the copier.

JB

Look at me, doing Jason work. You just got docked twenty bucks, Jay.

JASON

Sorry, I'll come in early tomorrow and make it up.

JB

Double or nothing you don't. C'mon, grab the video gear, we have more mini-mes auditioning today.

Jason goes to the equipment closet. He takes out a digicam, and then reaches for the boombox. Suddenly, he gets an idea.

INT. STACEY AND ERIC'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Stacey holds up a flashcard, quizzing Eric on rashes.

ERIC
Shingles?

STACEY
No. C'mon, you know this.

ERIC
Shit. Uhhhh..... Stage 4 melanoma!

STACEY
Yes!

They high five each other. Faint music is heard.

ERIC
Do you hear music?

They go to the window. Jason's holding the boombox over his head, *Say Anything* style. It's dramatic.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(AWE) He's pulling a Cusack.

STACEY
(TO JASON) You ruined my birthday!

JASON
I can fix it! I have a plan! I--

A car, BLASTING merengue, pulls behind him, completely eclipsing his *In Your Eyes* moment with bone-rattling bass.

JASON (CONT'D)
Oh, c'mon man!

It rolls on. Stacey and Eric look at him, then at each other.

ERIC
You're going to forgive him, right?

STACEY
Yeah. He's Jason. (YELLS) Jay--

ERIC
(CUTS HER OFF) Wait, wait. Let's see how long he'll stand there.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - A FEW NIGHTS LATER

A banner hangs across the tiny apartment: HAPPY BIRTHDAY STACEY! The space is totally packed with PARTY-GOERS. Tina, neck hidden by the scarf, approaches Jason, who wears a tie.

TINA

Look at you, all dolled up.

JASON

Scraped it clean with a bbq brush.

TINA

Nice comeback, spaz. Sloppy Stacey seems really happy.

Stacey, holding her liquor like a 14 year-old, stands on the coffee table, above the wall-to-wall partyers, opening gifts.

STACEY

I don't care if I'm old, my man's gonna be a doctor and give me free Botox, so eat it! He cracked some guy's ribs today! His ribs.

ERIC

Focus on the gift, Stace.

JASON

(TO TINA) I convinced her a small party with friends was better than a concert. Plus there's the added benefit of fewer people to embarrass herself in front of.

Stacey finally gets the gift open.

STACEY

A crock pot! Eric, how'd you know?

ERIC

I knew, Sweetie.

She tongues him, aggressively.

TINA

(TO JASON) Those guys are so in love. Boring, slow cooked, but very tender love.

JASON
Speaking of love, I thought Brett
was coming? Was it the minor dork
indiscretion?

TINA
No. (SHRUGS) I found a Coldplay CD.

JASON
Oof.

They nod; yeah, that's that.

JASON (CONT'D)
So, in all the excitement, I, er,
forgot to buy Stacey a present.

TINA
And yet she got a gift from both of
us. I put your name on the card.
That's another one you owe me.

JASON
What was the first one?

Tina, grinning, hands him a plastic bag from her Ashley Olsen
sized purse. Jason takes it and pulls out... a pair of pants.

TINA
I figured you might need some fresh
ones. Have fun getting 'em dirty.

JASON
(CLEARLY MOVED) Thanks.

They watch as Stacey unwraps a very Tina-esque blouse.

STACEY
Guys - I love it! And thanks for
this awesome party Jay! Woo!

TINA
See, so you lost a pair of pants,
but hey, you saved Stacey's big
birthday. You good?

JASON
Totally. I mean, I'd be better if
you had weed.

She pulls out a J like some kind of pot magician.

TINA
Voila.

INT. JASON'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

It's less crowded now, but still going. Stacey's in the fetal position on the couch beside Eric. Lench shows one of Stacey's NERDY LAW SCHOOL FRIENDS something on his Blackberry that makes her recoil, disgusted.

Jason, drunk and sweaty, squeezes past some partyers to the fridge, and grabs a beer. As he's about to close the door, something catches his eye.

He reaches in and pulls out a long brunette hair. Jane's hair.

Jostled by dancing guests, he eyes it, wistfully.

Tina spots him; she cocks an eyebrow. It clicks.

TINA

Oh, Jesus Christ. You're gonna try
to find those pants, aren't you?

He's still examining the hair.

JASON

You know, I do believe I am.

They laugh, crack beers, and let the night go good and blurry.