

EROTIC, ERRATIC, ECSTACTIC!

Written by

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Based on, If Any

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INT. BEDROOM, NIGHT

BILLY, a 14 year old boy with the complexion of a bowling ball, stares at his computer that plays muffled porn-moans from the speaker.

Billy goes to unzip his pants, nearly underwear-less when suddenly RICHIE, an absolute STUD and his older, menacing step-brother, barges in through his door.

BILLY
AAAAAAAHHHH!!

Billy scrambles for the covers on his bed, his computer falls to face towards Richie.

RICHIE
(laughing)
Hey Chodester, lock your door if you're gonna wank it.

BILLY
(shook)
You broke my lock last week trying to beat me up for eating your leftovers!

Richie looks down to see the video Billy was watching.

RICHIE
(laughing)
"Step-sister catches brother masturbating." Sounds kinda like what's happening here.

He winks.

BILLY
Eww what the-...W-why the fuck are you making this somehow worse?

RICHIE
Relax, I'm gonna let you finish "taming your shrew" in a sec. Basically the whole senior class is coming over tonight, so I'm setting some ground rules for you and your gumby friend.

BILLY
Me and Jonathan aren't gonna bother you guys, I swear.

RICHIE

Exactly. You two will have the whole boiler room to galavant around while the party is going on upstairs, but don't test my kindness. I don't wanna see you dweebs trying sneak any alcohol and I better not catch you in my fucking room.

BILLY

Why can't we stay in my room?

RICHIE

Well there'll be more horny couples than there'll be rooms, so we need all hands on deck for the sex palaces.

Billy gives a look of disgust as he closes his computer.

CUT TO:

INT. BOILER ROOM, NIGHT

The rage of the party is muffled in the background as JONATHAN, a 14 year with a lanky but equally goofy complexion, shakes Billy by the shoulders.

JONATHAN

Tonight. Is. The Night.

BILLY

You don't understand dude, Richie will actually like... brand me with a spoon or something if he catches us upstairs.

JONATHAN

So we wait til him and Lindsey get freaky down here.

BILLY

That could be all night.

JONATHAN

What about his room? He has to have a personal stash of Coors light or something.

BILLY

It's like you're TRYING to get my
ass beat. I'm not touching that
doorknob.

JONATHAN

Fine, I will.

Jonathan begins to walk towards Richie's door that connects
to their room, but is stopped by a thunderous tackle by
Billy. The weight is excruciatingly painful for Jonathan.

BILLY

Don't touch that fucking door!

JONATHAN

(struggling)

B-B-Billy... Get. Off!

The two squirm around before Billy realizes that he is
crushing Jonathan. He gets off.

BILLY

Sorry. I just can't deal with
Richie's wrath.

JONATHAN

(panting)

Bro, you gotta trust me. The party
is raging, and we'll be in and out.

Billy looks around, pondering.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

We've been planning this night
since the day your mom booked her
trip. You said it yourself: We're
gonna drink like four beers, go off
the fucking walls and come into
freshman year being known as the
sick ass kids that party with
seniors.

Billy ponders for a beat.

BILLY

Shit. Fuck. Fine. Two minutes ONLY.

Jonathan grins, and the two slowly open the door.

INT. RICHIE'S BEDROOM, NIGHT

A single dim lamp lights the room that is full of weights, sports jerseys, trophies and used condoms. They stand in awe for a moment, and start to creep around.

BILLY
(whispering)
Mini-Fridge.

The two walk over towards the Mini Fridge which is next to his bed. They open it. Its full of muscle milk, literally nothing else.

Jonathan opens up a drawer and finds a bottle full of blue pills with smiley faces on them. The label says "LOVE". He takes one out and holds it up.

JONATHAN
Wait, is this...

BILLY
Is it what?

JONATHAN
I mean its blue...

BILLY
You don't think it's...

Viagra. JONATHAN Drugs? BILLY (CONT'D)

BILLY (CONT'D)
Wait what? Like from those commercials with the pretty woman talking about improving your sex life and kissing some guy?

JONATHAN
Dude. It's the LOVE drug. Why do you think those pretty women are all over the guys?

Billy grabs it to examine.

BILLY
So it like helps you have sex?

JONATHAN
Yeah, I'm guessing it makes you irresistible to girls.

Jonathan grabs one out and puts it on his tongue, and wags it around deviously.

BILLY
(whisper yelling)
Jonathan fucking stop!!

JONATHAN
I'm just joking dude... unless?

Suddenly we hear footsteps headed for the door from upstairs.

Billy and Jonathan both gasp loudly. Jonathan accidentally inhales the pill and begins to choke. Billy scrambles to put everything away. He spills a few pills but doesn't notice.

He looks up and notices that Jonathan struggles to breath. Billy delivers a ferocious punch to his chest, causing the pill to shoot into his own mouth.

Billy's eyes widen. The upstairs door opens.

They run back to the boiler room and sit down awkwardly on pipes just as Richie and LESLIE, his beautiful and more intelligent girlfriend, reach the bottom of the stairs.

INT. BOILER ROOM, NIGHT

Billy gulps in fear and swallows the pill.

BILLY
(voice forcibly deepened)
Sup guys.

LESLIE
Hi Billy.

Jonathan stands dumbfounded and speechless.

RICHIE
(drunk)
Sup neeeerdsss. Need one of you to drive me to McDonalds.

BILLY
Um Richie I don't even have a learner's permit yet.

RICHIE
You'll be fine, you've done some of driver's Ed right?

LESLIE

Wait babe, that seems dangerous.
You can just doordash or something.

RICHIE

Didn't ask for your input sweetie.
Besides, that's like 10 extra
bucks, A.K.A 4 value packs of
Muscle Milk.

LESLIE

Rich baby, we talked about how you
can't treat me like that.

Jonathan and Billy are so unbelievable uncomfortable.

RICHIE

Yeah yeah, sorry, I respect you and
value your opinion and all that
stuff.

He stumbles into her and whiffs it trying to kiss her.

LESLIE

(laughing)
Alright dummy, into the bedroom,
too much jungle juice for you.

She turns to Billy, winks him and points to the upstairs as
she closes the door.

Billy and Jonathan stare in awe at the door.

JONATHAN

(staring at door and
whispering)
You heard that? She said Jungle
Juice. You thinkin what I'm
thinking? Billy?

He turns to see Billy is already bolting upstairs.

INT. BATHROOM, NIGHT

Billy bursts into the upstairs bathroom and Jonathan follows
right behind him. Billy leans down to the toilet and starts
putting his fingers down his throat.

JONATHAN

Woah woah woah dude what the hell
are you doing? We need to strike on
this jungle juice while we still
can!

BILLY

NO! I need to puke this pill up
before I get killed by Richie!

JONATHAN

relaaaax dude, he's not gonna find
out. Matter of fact, this could be
the best thing that's ever happened
to you! You're always thinking
worst case scenario.

He tries to pull Billy's hand away from his mouth.

BILLY

Well what the fuck is worst case
scenario?

Jonathan grabs his phone and looks up "Viagra worst case
scenario". He gasps.

BILLY (CONT'D)

What??

JONATHAN

well... one dude had to have his
penis... amputated.

BILLY

OH GOD!

Billy reaches back for his mouth and gags. Jonathan grabs for
his hand.

JONATHAN

Billy! Just hold up for second!

Billy pauses from trying to pull trig.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

It says that was an extreme case,
like... whole-bottle-extreme,
alright? You only took ONE. Plus
Richie's done for the night, and
your blood is bout to be coursing
with liquid love, the party is
calling you!

Billy stands up. He ponders.

BILLY

Well, I guess Richie does these
things and he turns out fine.

JONATHAN
 Fuck yeah he does, and so will you!
 Tonight YOU'RE the king!

BILLY
 (amped)
 Let's go show these peasant bitches
 what's up!

INT. PARTY DANCEFLOOR, NIGHT

Billy and Jonathan emerge from darkness onto the dance floor. Billy begins to tear it up and everyone is amazed. Montage of party rage ensues.

Billy pouring drinks down Jonathan's throat, doing a keg stand, dumping his head in the punch bowl, rubbing his nose on the floor, crowd surfing.

He's sweating up a storm and moving like a wrecking ball. He dances with a blow up sex doll in the crowd next to Jonathan.

BILLY
 Dude! It's working!

JONATHAN
 That's not a real person Billy.

He stops to look at it, confused, then keeps dancing.

BILLY
 Hahaha I don't give a fuck!!

Jonathan looks a tad concerned as Billy starts to lick the wall and rub his own face.

From a distance we hear yelling.

LESLIE
 (muted)
 Richie wait! Calm down!

RICHIE
 BILLY!!!

The whole crowd turns to see an almost naked, livid Richie running toward Billy.

Billy's eyes widen and he sprints and slides underneath his reach.

RICHIE (CONT'D)
 Come back here you little slippery
 fucking sausage! You really thought
 I wouldn't notice the loose pills
 in my desk??

BILLY
 (chewing on nothing)
 I'm ..sorry Richie ...I didn't mean
 to take your ...Viagra!

The whole crowd turns in confusion.

LESLIE
 Your what?

RICHIE
 What? No I don't... what the fuck
 Billy?

JONATHAN
 Your blue love pills...

RICHIE
 Those are MOLLY pills!

DRUG SNOB (SHERMAN)
 (O.S)
 Well technically if it's pressed
 and in pill form then it's
 ecstasy...

RICHIE/LESLIE/JONATHAN
 Shut the fuck up Sherman!

LESLIE
 (concerned)
 Wait he actually took it?!

Richie turns to face him, noticing Billy is covered jungle
 juice and beer.

RICHIE
 What the fuck did I tell you about
 booze Billy!?

Suddenly Billy runs through the crowd and out the front door.
 Richie chases after with a full head of steam.

Jonathan and Leslie follow after.

EXT. FRONT LAWN, NIGHT

They come out to Richie tackling Billy, who rolls around giggling uncontrollably.

RICHIE

I told you not to go in my room you
tubby fuck!

He punches Billy in the stomach, it feels like a little massage, he can't stop smiling.

Jonathan goes to try to protect his friend but is sent flying with a swift blow.

LESLIE

Richie stop it, you fucking
asshole!! Your privacy is not what
you should be concerned about!

Richie goes for a haymaker to Billy's face. Right as he delivers it, headlights shine toward them. The car honks.

Richie has Billy's collar in his hand and a fist ready to deliver pain. He looks up.

Out of the car comes MOM, badass, livid and tired.

Everyone's mouths drop. Richie lets go of Billy who laughs when he hits the ground.

MOM

All of you. Inside. NOW!!! And
Richie get your stupid fucking
degenerate drug addicts you call
friends out of my goddamn house!

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, NIGHT

Billy cleans his busted lip in the mirror while talking on the phone.

BILLY

How bad is it for you?

JONATHAN

Parents are pissed, grounded for a
month.

BILLY

Fuck, same here. I'm sorry. Of course her flight HAD to get canceled.

JONATHAN

Sorry? No way dude. Time of my life!

There's a knock on the door.

BILLY

Alright dude I gotta go.

He hangs up. It's Leslie, she enters.

LESLIE

Hey party animal.

BILLY

(voice obviously deepened)
Hey.

LESLIE

I'm sorry your brother was such a piece of shit.

BILLY

(still deep voice)
Nah, just a small couple bruises.

LESLIE

Well believe it or not, he's sorry too. He couldn't say it himself since your mom sent him off to your Dad's for the night, but he did ask me to give you this...

She hands him a lock and a key. Billy looks confused.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I'm not sure why, he said so you can "tame in peace"

Billy looks extremely embarrassed but tries to play it off.

BILLY

Hmmm. I'll find a use for it.

LESLIE

Well anyway. You probably won't see me around the house for a while, at least until Richie gets his shit together. But just know you got someone watching your back at school alright?

Leslie leans in gives him a kiss on the cheek. Billy is unbelievably shook. She smiles and leaves.

Billy cracks a smile, missing his two front teeth, and begins to practice picking up girls into the mirror:

BILLY

Hey I'm Billy, nice to meetcha...
Oh these bruises? You should see the other guy hahaha just kidding... yeah I was the kid who was crowd surfing with the seniors... good times good times...

This continues for some time as we:

FADE TO BLACK.