

NO PUNCH BACKS

Written by

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EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

WAM!

GREG, 23, not as dumb as he looks, along with some loose teeth, falls to the ground.

He spits out blood and laughs along hysterically with LARRY, 23, definitely as dumb as he looks.

LARRY

Punch buggy! No punch backs!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Larry and Greg, now sporting a grill, stroll.

Larry spots a punch buggy and wallops Greg in the eye.

LARRY

Punch buggy! No punch backs!

Both cackle.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Larry and Greg, now sporting a shiner, hunt for their car.

Larry notices a bug and slams Greg's face into a car window.

LARRY

Punch buggy! No punch backs!

Both guffaw.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Greg, now sporting a broken nose and a bunch of tiny cuts, fills his car while Larry leans against it.

Larry sees a bug at another pump and kicks in Greg's knees.

LARRY

Punch buggy! No punch backs!

Both shriek with laughter.

EXT. CROSSWALK - DAY

Greg, riding in a wheelchair with casts covering his legs, crosses the street as Larry peels down the road in a bug, and he's... oh my god, he's... he's heading straight for him!

CRASH!

He leaps out of the bug.

LARRY

Punch buggy! No punch backs!

Both laugh to the point where they can't breath.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Greg, now sporting a full body cast, laughs to himself.

He looks over to A TOY PUNCH BUGGY sitting next to his bed. A note tied to it says, "No punch backs! Love, Larry"

Greg continues laughing.

A DOCTOR, 43, he's a doctor... what... what else needs to be said, enters holding Greg's past few bills.

DOCTOR

Mr. Scallops... I have some bad news.

The doctor hands the grinning Greg his bills.

His smile dissipates.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Larry wheels out a depressed Greg.

His mental condition finally matches his physical one.

Larry spots a bug, and a grin crawls across his face.

He grabs a loose metal pipe and as he is about to slam it into Greg's chest...

Greg winces.

GREG

STOP!

Larry is baffled.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm so so so sorry, Larry, but I just... I just can't anymore.

Larry is crushed.

LARRY

Fine. I get it.

Larry runs off crying.

GREG

No! Wait! Come back!

Greg stares into the middle distance, eyes watery.

DAN, 34, a dad, but... you'll see, exits the hospital.

Greg wipes his eyes and looks over to him.

GREG (CONT'D)

I know you're not wearing a cape, so this could be a little much to ask, but could you wheel me home?

DAN

What?

GREG

Heroes wear capes. I thought, I don't know, you could be one even though you aren't wearing one.

Dan rolls his eyes, but begins pushing him anyway.

DAN

(under his breath)

My wife just had a still birth, and this is what I gotta deal with.

INT. GREG'S HOUSE - DAY

Greg lays on his bed staring into the middle distance.

His room is a mess. He should probably clean it up. OH WAIT! He can't. His body was DESTROYED. Guess it's excusable then.

GREG

You get it, right.

Dan, for some reason, is sitting in a chair next to him.

DAN
Yeah, I do, but he clearly doesn't.
He thinks you hate the joke.

GREG
But...

Greg, forgetting he's in a full body cast, attempts to wrap himself sexily in his sheet, but it fails TERRIBLY.

CRACK, CRUNCH, BREAK

GREG (CONT'D)
(whimpering)
I love it.

Dan stands up.

DAN
Well, tell him that. I'm going to
go comfort my wife who I should
have been with this whole time.

Dan leaves.

GREG
Wait! Can you pass me the phone.

No response. He's gone.

Greg reaches for the phone himself, but he just can't seem to get it.

He keeps trying anyway.

He scooches closer and closer to the edge of the bed. His fingers peaking out of the cast skim the phone.

He moves slightly clos- OH CRAP! He falls onto the floor.

All of the onomatopoeia.

Greg wails for 32 unbroken seconds.

SUPER: HOWEVER LONG IT TAKES FOR A FULL BODY CAST TO HEAL

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - DAY

Greg limps up the path surrounded by dead grass, and knocks on the door.

No response.

He rings the door bell.

Again, no response.

He leans against the door, but he falls in. The door was open, silly. Should have tried that first.

INT. ENTRYWAY - DAY

Greg picks himself off the ground.

GREG

Larry?

Greg looks around.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Greg pops his head into the filthy, abandoned kitchen.

GREG

Larry?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Greg's head enters the dust drenched room.

GREG

Larry?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Greg's head peaks into the total mess of a room. I'm convinced that bed has NEVER been made.

GREG

Larry?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Greg sticks his nose into the piss stained floor lavatory.

GREG

Larry?

He steps in, lifts up the toilet seat, and puts his face in the bowl.

GREG (CONT'D)
 (underwater)
 Larry?

INT. GREG'S SHITTY TOYOTA COROLLA - DAY

Greg sits and shuts the door. He rubs the toy punch buggy as he ponders for a moment, and then starts the car.

Buckle up, boys, it's time for a montage.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Greg with his head out the window drives in.

GREG
 Larry?

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Surrounded by 6 year olds, Greg stands atop the jungle-gym searching in the distance.

GREG
 Larry?

EXT. ABANDONED AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY

Greg sits in the cart at rickety roller coaster's peak.

GREG
 Larry?

INT. FROZEN YOGURT SHOP - DAY

The place is about half filled, and Greg sits at a table munching down on some cookies n' creme drenched in toppings.

Greg looks up from his food.

GREG
 Larry?

LARRY KRUMHOLTZ, 37, who is paying spins around. His eyes are beaming, he's so excited!

KRUMHOLTZ
 Yes!?

Greg shakes his head.

Krumholtz looks to the ground.

INSERT: A calendar day page falls.

Then another.

Then hands grab the whole calendar and throw it and place down a new one.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Greg in desert attire and using a big stick climbs the dunes.

GREG

Larry?

INSERT: The calendar is slapped away, and new one replaces it

EXT. FROZEN TUNDRA - DAY

Greg in full snow gear treks up the mountain in the opposite direction he climbed the dune.

GREG

Larry?

INSERT: The calendar is ripped to shreds, and replaced again.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Greg holds up a torch and walks through carefully.

GREG

Larry?

Greg's torch casts a man shaped shadow. I bet it's Larry.

Greg runs over to see...

LARRY, I KNEW IT!

GREG (CONT'D)

Larry!

The ghastly Larry stares at the wall blankly... which I guess is what he's been doing this whole time.

Greg grabs him from behind, and flips him over his shoulder.

His body SMACKS against the ground. Oof, that must of hurt.

Larry looks up, shocked to see Greg, holding the toy punch buggy.

GREG (CONT'D)
Punch buggy! No punch backs!

He offers a hand to Larry.

Larry, eyes watering, accepts.

Greg pulls him up into a hug.

GREG (CONT'D)
I'm so glad to see you again.

LARRY
I... I thought you hated me?

GREG
No way!

They separate. God, that's wholesome. I wish I had friends, but I am simply sentient action lines.

GREG (CONT'D)
I just couldn't play punch buggy anymore because it put me into crippling debt. Now, let's go home.

The two walk out of the cave arm in arm.

CREDITS

EXT. CAVE - DAY

They continue walking arm in arm.

GREG
I'm still in crippling debt by the way.

LARRY
Figures.

FADE TO BLACK