

THE ASSHOLES

Written by

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Stuck in airport security with a bag of coke and nowhere else to  
hide it, four finance bros argue over whose rectum should pay the  
price to grant them safe passage.

FADE IN:

INT. TSA HOLDING ROOM - DAY

A TSA AGENT (45) stands by the door, waiting to exit. Four men in suit jackets sit at the cramped table across from him.

TSA AGENT

...one of my colleagues will come  
by in about 15 to do some  
additional screening. Sit tight.

He exits. One of the men groans and puts his head against the steel table. He's CAHILL (24), the self-proclaimed leader, the most "finance bro" of all the finance bros. He's got the longest mullet and a Rolex that'd make Jordan Belfort weep.

CAHILL

Johnson, for the love of all things  
holy, *tell me you don't still...*

JOHNSON (24) wears a grim expression, the second in command with the second longest mullet. Actually, you can guess the pecking order just by the length of their hair: Cahill, then Johnson, then DAVIDS (24), then BOYLE (20). Boyle's bald.

JOHNSON

You know it's still exactly where  
you told me to put it.

DAVIDS

Which is?

Johnson reaches into his jacket...pulls out a statue of Trump. He places it on the table and unscrews Trump's head. Inside is a bag with a LOT of cocaine.

DAVIDS (CONT'D)

Oh fuck me.

Boyle's eyes widen at the sight of the cocaine. He's the bitch of the group. The Jonah Hill to Cahill's Leo DiCaprio.

BOYLE

Is that COCAINE?! We-We can't have  
that here!

Cahill raises his head off the table, pissed off.

CAHILL

We're going to Fresno, Boyle,  
FRESNO. It would've been illegal  
not to.

BOYLE

Well what do we do with it?!

JOHNSON

We definitely can't snort it all...  
there's enough here to kill all  
four of us.

DAVIDS

So what then?

They turn to Cahill. He glowers, still sitting at the table.  
He puts his hand out, beckoning for Johnson.

CAHILL

Johnson...sauce me some of that  
**idea powder.**

A hand shoots out into Cahill's face with a little bit of  
cocaine on it. He sniffs it quickly. His face brightens.

CAHILL (CONT'D)

I GOT IT!

Cahill shoots up.

CAHILL (CONT'D)

Gentlemen...these are hard times.  
Perhaps the hardest of times. But  
if being number one at Dickens  
Sachs for two consecutive years has  
taught me anything, it's that hard  
times...require harder men.

He whips around, dramatically. The other men sit entranced.  
PATRIOTIC MUSIC PLAYS. He's their Ronald Reagan.

CAHILL (CONT'D)

And today, we need to be the  
*hardest* of men. Today, my friends,  
in order to save our asses...**we're**  
**gonna have to use 'em.**

The MUSIC cuts out. A beat.

DAVIDS

Wait, WHAT?!

CUT TO:

TITLECARD: **THE ASSHOLES**

More PATRIOTIC MUSIC PLAYS, then...

INT. TSA HOLDING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Cahill, Johnson and Boyle stand around Davids, who looks...*uncomfortable*, to say the least. His expression is one someone would have when copious amounts of cocaine are shoved up their butt.

He shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

DAVIDS

You know, I just don't think this is for me, guys.

The other three collectively groan. He throws up his hands in protest.

DAVIDS (CONT'D)

HEY! I clench when I'm uncomfortable, okay?! It's not my fault I'm a clencher.

CAHILL

FINE. Boyle, be a dear and grab a new condom from the condom pile.

Boyle goes over to the table, where a MASSIVE heap of condoms lies. He grabs one and brings it to Cahill.

CAHILL (CONT'D)

We really can't keep hot-potatoing this coke around, guys. We've only got about 67 of these things left.

JOHNSON

42 if you exclude the "Flamin' Hot" variety...seriously, it's fuckin weird you had that many on hand, Davids.

Davids hands the bag to Cahill, who quickly puts it into a new condom. He puts it on the table.

CAHILL

Who's next?

Davids and Johnson both turn to Boyle. Boyle frowns.

INT. TSA HOLDING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Boyle leans over the table, pants presumably down. The other three stand behind him. Cahill holds the cocaine.

CAHILL

Boyle, I'm being nice enough to put this *in* your ass for you, for the LOVE OF CHRIST, do NOT make me have to take it *back out*--

BOYLE

--Why does it have to be me?! Why can't we just put it back in Johnson?

CAHILL

Because the *third time* we tried to put it back in Johnson, *he* threatened to snap his own neck. Didn't you, Johnson?

JOHNSON

There's only so much abuse a man's honor can endure.

They get ready to perform "The Procedure". Sweat beads on Boyle's face. Cahill's hand is getting closer, closer...

Boyle jumps, throwing up a hand in protest.

BOYLE

WAIT! What if we divide the coke into *equal* amounts and we *all* carry some? That's fair, right?!

Cahill, Johnson and Davids pause. Consider it.

DAVIDS

Hmmmm...sounds kinda like socialism. Do it, Cahill!

Cahill does it. Boyle SQUEALS.

INT. TSA HOLDING ROOM - SOME TIME LATER

The TSA Agent walks in again, this time with another agent.

TSA AGENT

How're you gentlemen doing?

CAHILL

Oh, so great sir. So great.

The four men sit very politely at a now cleared-off table. Boyle looks stressed. For obvious reasons.

TSA AGENT

Agent Lewinsky just had a question  
for you guys before we start--

AGENT LEWINSKY

--Yeah, I just wanted to ask if any  
of you gents were allergic to dogs?

They all sit in confused silence.

JOHNSON

...No. Why?

AGENT LEWINSKY

I'm the K-9 trainer. In a few  
minutes I'm bringing one of our  
drug sniffing dogs in to do some  
tests. Don't worry though, he's  
extremely quick and thorough...  
whenever he finds a bag or suitcase  
with illegal substances in it, he  
rips it to shreds almost  
immediately. Easy peasy.

CAHILL

...WHAT?!

AGENT LEWINSKY

Seriously though, you guys won't  
miss your flight. He's super quick,  
so it really shouldn't take too  
long. But yeah, just cause you  
asked, I mean, he just rips it  
apart, just tears that thing open  
like a fat kid on Christmas...he's  
insatiable, really. Anyway...

The agents open the door and exit.

Cahill, Johnson and Davids sit in stunned silence. Boyle  
looks like he's having a fucking stroke.

BOYLE

(in a daze)

They're gonna eat my ass.

DAVIDS

Boyle, wait-

He goes ballistic:

BOYLE

THAT DOG'S GONNA EAT MY FUCKING  
ASS! GET THIS SHIT OUT OF ME!

CAHILL  
BOYLE, WAIT!

Boyle whips towards Cahill.

BOYLE  
YOU KNOW WHAT, CAHILL?! YOU WANNA  
KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO HAVE *YOUR ASS*  
ON THE LINE?! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE  
THIS COCAINE AND SHOVE IT--

Boyle reaches under the table, trying to pull it out. Davids jumps on him, trying to stop him. They fight until...

There's a sickening RIP. All fall silent.

Sweat beads on Boyle's face. Davids lowers his head underneath the table...his face comes back grim.

CAHILL  
What happened?

DAVIDS  
It broke.

JOHNSON  
What did?!

DAVIDS  
The condom.

JOHNSON  
THE CONDOM BROKE?!

BOYLE  
Am I gonna get pregnant?

Cahill whips towards Boyle, frustrated.

CAHILL  
No, you idiot, you're going to DIE!

BOYLE  
Oh thank God...

Boyle slumps onto the table, in a daze. Cahill and Davids flip him over. He convulses. They hold him down.

JOHNSON  
What do we do, Cahill?! WHAT. DO.  
WE. DO?!

Cahill stammers.

CAHILL

I-I don't know, guys, I don't know!  
They didn't go over this stuff at  
Pepperdine-

Suddenly, Boyle shoves Johnson and Davids off of him.

Boyle slowly rises, growling, his body doubled over, his eyes wild. He's enduring a werewolf-like transformation, fueled by adrenaline, fear and cocaine.

He gnashes his teeth as he turns to Cahill, coked-out, literally high off his ass.

He lumbers towards him, growling.

CAHILL (CONT'D)

Hey, Boyle, I-I'm sorry, Boyle,  
please, just *calm down* man...

Boyle creeps closer to Cahill, ready to pounce. But then...

The door opens. A BARK.

AGENT LEWINSKY (O.S.)

Alright if you boys will just take  
a seat, we'll...WHAT THE FUCK IS  
GOING-

Boyle foams at the mouth in rage when he sees them. He lunges out of frame before Cahill can stop him, unhinged.

We hear Agent Lewinsky scream. The dog BARKS. Bloodshed ensues.

Cahill stands by, horrified, as gut-wrenching noises of human-on-dog violence fill the room. He opens his mouth and lets out a HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM, and then:

INT. NEWSROOM - NIGHT

An ANCHORWOMAN (30) sits at a desk in a newsroom, speaking to the camera.

ANCHORWOMAN

The young man then suplexed the  
German Shepard through the table,  
bit off his ear like Mike Tyson,  
and then said, quote, *you're not  
eating MY ass bitch*, unquote.

(MORE)

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

Police then arrived, and took Johnson, Cahill and Davids into custody for possession of drug paraphernalia. Boyle, however, was shot on sight, thirty-five times.

She makes a turn to another camera.

ANCHORWOMAN (CONT'D)

In other news, during the Presidential debate today, Former President Donald Trump had this to say to America:

INSERT: CLIP OF TRUMP AT THE DEBATE

DONALD TRUMP

They're eating the dogs! They're eating the—they're eating the *PETS* of the people that live there...

FADE OUT.