

FADE IN:

INT. DIMLY LIT BASEMENT - NIGHT

The room is dank and eerie, and contains a pool table, a TV that plays a football game on mute, an old sofa, and a table covered in chips, pretzels, and soda.

BRAD (18) leans over the pool table, deeply concentrating on the bright red 3 ball towards the back of the table. JACK (18) stands opposite the pool table, watching Brad. Her long hair is stuffed into a baseball cap. On the couch, nervously stuffing his face with skinny pop, is OWEN (15). CHAZ (19) stands in front of the TV, watching silently. *

Brad snaps his pool stick forwards, firing the cue ball into the 3 ball, and sinking it. He straightens, running a hand through his disheveled brown hair.

BRAD
That's how it's done, boys.

Jack whistles, nodding. The sound of Owen aggressively crunching skinny pop fills the silence. *

JACK
Yo, Owen, can you hand me a coke? *

Owen's head snaps up. He breathes through his mouth.

OWEN
A coke? You want a coke? Right now?

JACK
Not this again, dude, relax--

OWEN
Relax? Relax! You can't be serious!

BRAD
You relaxed, Jack?

Jack spits into her palms and rubs them together as she hunches her back, leaning over, licking her lips.

JACK
I'm more than relaxed, bro! I'm ready to go! *

BRAD
What about you, Chaz? Relaxed?

Chaz nods his head still staring at the TV.

CHAZ

Yeah, bro. I think it's a good idea. Definitely well planned. Thoroughly developed. I think what we have here is really strong.

Brad extends his arms, calmly, gesturing a point proven.

BRAD

See? It's not a big deal, dude--

OWEN

It's absolutely a big deal! You guys are crazy! Do you know how many things could go wrong here?

JACK

Dude--

OWEN

Don't "dude" me, Jack! What if we get caught?

BRAD

We're not gonna get caught, bro--

OWEN

Really? Because pulling a guy unwillingly into a car in broad daylight and asking some store clerk for a crate of... of supplies
(Owen puts finger-quotes around the word supplies)
Is a foolproof plan, yeah?

Jack slams her hand on the pool table, then points at Owen.

JACK

Don't you rag on Marvita, bro, not cool! Not cool!

Brad puts a hand on Jack's chest, calming her. Jack's face is tomato red. He brushes off his shirt.

BRAD

Listen. It might not be the most well thought out plan, but it will work. I'd put my high school varsity football jersey on it.

CHAZ

Dude, you love that jersey... Your commitment is inspiring... Bro.

BRAD

I know, right! See, that's how serious I am about this! We have it all worked out-- get the supplies from Marvita, pick up the target outside of Wendy's, and take--

OWEN

Do you hear yourself right now? We're abducting a man outside of a Wendy's! How will nobody see us?

JACK

Chuck always drops Dave off before work, in the back of Wendy's where there aren't any windows. Sometimes, if they're early, they squeeze in a quicky.

Brad nods his head, patting Jack on the shoulder.

BRAD

That's good recon, bro. Nice.

Jack nods, and the two chest bump. Owen rolls his eyes, taking his head in his hand. Chaz is still watching the game.

OWEN

I still think--

Jack's phone rings, with the ringtone "Love Song" by Sara Bareilles. She answers it smiling. Brad and Owen watch her as she says "yeah," and "uh-huh" a few times before ending the call on a "later babe," followed by a disgusting kiss sound.

JACK

Thinking time's up, bro. That was Marvita. She's ready for us.

BRAD

Sick work, bro.

Brad and Jack chest bump again, and Brad grabs his car keys from his pocket, jingling them in front of Owen's eyes.

BRAD (CONT'D)

It's now or never, bro.

A beat. Owen stares nervously at the keys, sweating.

CHAZ

Come on, bro. I'm sure it'll be a solid physical and spiritual adventure. We might even uncover some hidden inner truths--

JACK

Come on, Owen, this is your moment to shine! To let loose! It'll be an abduction for the ages!

BRAD

Jack's right. It's time to decide, old buddy: are you a Muppet, or are you a man?

FADE OUT.