

Best Budz

by
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INT. BEST BUDZ COLLECTIVE - DAY

A 60" LCD screen - the doors to Willy Wonka's factory open as Gene Wilder begins to sing Pure Imagination.

The music continues as a set of eyes gaze with wonder through a display case with several jars filled marijuana and bricks of hash.

They move from jar to jar-

The eyes almost pop out of the persons head when they finally stop on particular jar.

A set of hands reach for the jar and remove it from the display case.

JOSHUA "BERGER" ROSENBERG, a heavysset schlubby Jew, places the jar carefully on the counter.

He opens it up and pulls out the largest bud. His nose twitches as the scent fills the room.

A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE BOMBSHELL stares at the alluring crystal-covered buds.

BERGER

And this, my dear, is The Golden Ticket.

BLONDE

And...?

BERGER

And? It's only the greatest strain of Cannabaceae Cannabis ruderalis known to man.

The Blonde reaches for the pinecone-sized bud. Berger quickly slaps her hand away-

BERGER (CONT'D)

Stop that! What do you think this is, the fucking Exploratorium? You can't just go around touching everything like some snot-nosed kid at FAO Schwartz.

BLONDE

Why not?

BERGER

Because you broke the rules.

BLONDE

What rules? I didn't see any rules.

BERGER

Wrong, sir! Wrong! Under section thirty seven B of the contract signed by you, it states quite clearly that all offers shall become null and void if, and you can read it for yourself in this photostatic copy-

Berger reaches into a filing cabinet, pulls out a copy of the collective's contract, and a magnifying glass.

BERGER (CONT'D)

I, the undersigned, shall forfeit all rights, privileges, and licenses herein and herein contained, et cetera, et cetera, fax mentis incendium gloria cultum, et cetera, et cetera, memo bis punitor delicatum!

He slams the magnifying glass and contract down on the counter.

BERGER (CONT'D)

It's all there, black and white, clear as crystal! You stole fizzy lifting drinks-

BLONDE

Fizzy lifting drinks?

BERGER

You bumped into the ceiling which now has to be washed and sterilized, so you get nothing. You lose! Good day, sir!

BLONDE

But I haven't even bought anything-

BERGER

I said good day!

The Blonde stands silently in shock.

Just at that moment, SAMUEL "SAMMY" STEINS, Berger's skinny and unassuming best friend and business partner, enters with a BANK AUDITOR.

Sammy trips over a box that has fallen from a barrel labeled "Donations for the Troops".

He puts the box back in the barrel as he fumbles with a bunch of paperwork. Sammy looks up to see the Blond starring in shock.

SAMMY

Berger what did you do?

BERGER

I didn't do nuthin'. This girl tried to snag a nug.

BLOND

You lying sack of shit-

SAMMY

Miss I'm sorry, here on the house.

Sammy grabs a plastic pill bottle, prepackaged with weed.

She gives both Sammy and Berger a look of disdain, grabs the bottle and walks out.

BANKER

If this is how you treat customers, I can understand why you continue to miss payments on your loan.

SAMMY

I'm sure there is some way we can resolve this.

BANKER

You knew the terms of the contract when you signed it.

BERGER

That contract is looser than Sammy's mom's vagina.

SAMMY

Berger!

BANKER

(embarrassed)

I have no foreknowledge of the state of said vag-

The Banker tries to spit out the word, but his lips won't form them.

BANKER (CONT'D)

I'm only here to take inventory of the assets the items you own. They will be seized and auctioned next week. There's nothing I can do, my hands are tied.

BERGER

I know what you mean, man. I've had my hands tied by some freaky chicks and the best way to get out of that situation is to use your safety word.

SAMMY

Berger-

BERGER

You know what my safety word is?

SAMMY

Berger, shut up-

BERGER

Weed.

Berger reaches into the cabinet behind him and pulls out the acrylic jar filled with The Golden Ticket.

He pulls out the huge nug and the Banker's eyes light up-

BANKER

Are you trying to... bribe me?

Berger scoffs.

BERGER

Sir, I am offended! This is merely a gift from us to our most favorite Banker for, losing our paperwork.

BANKER

I'm pretty sure that's the definition of a bribe.

SAMMY

Don't listen to him, he doesn't know what he's talking about.

The Banker stares longingly at the bud.

BANKER

Even if I did take it, which I won't, I can't smoke it.

(MORE)

BANKER (CONT'D)
My company, and the State perform
random drug tests on a regular
basis.

Berger puts his arm around the Banker.

BERGER
That, my friend, won't be of any
concern.

BANKER
What are you talking about?

BERGER
This bud is going to change the
world. It's just as powerful as
White Widow yet just as smooth as
Granddaddy Purps. But when you
smoke this bud, it cleans your
system.

Berger opens the jar, wafting the smell into the face of the
Banker-

BERGER (CONT'D)
It's like you never smoked anything
at all. It's The Golden Ticket.

BANKER
That's... impossible.

Berger starts to put the massive nug into a plastic baggy.

BERGER
Two weeks. That's all we need. You
lose our paperwork for two weeks
while we take this bud to Amsterdam
to win the Cannabis Cup.

BANKER
How do I know it'll work?

Berger opens the display case and pulls out a fresh Instant
Drug Test. He rips open the container-

Pulls out his dick, and starts peeing into the little cup.

BANKER (CONT'D)
What the hell-!

The Banker takes two steps back, shielding his eyes from
Berger's glory.

Berger zips up his pants and dips the test strip into the urine.

AN AGONIZING BEAT-

It comes out clean.

The Banker looks at Sammy who slowly nods his head "yes". The Banker looks back over at Berger.

BERGER

Two weeks.

INT. BEST BUDZ COLLECTIVE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The untidy office has several file cabinets against the wall overflowing with papers.

The walls are stained and A Cheech and Chong Up In Smoke poster hangs above the decrepit desk.

Several boxes addressed to the troops in Afghanistan are piled in the corner near the door.

Berger lounges in a chair behind the desk while Sammy paces nervously.

SAMMY

I can't believe you did that, he's probably already on his way!

BERGER

No he's not.

SAMMY

You just exposed yourself!

BERGER

You stress way too much, Sammy.

SAMMY

Only because you're heads in the clouds.

BERGER

Not yet...

SAMMY

(sarcastically)

I'm surprised. I would have figured after what I just witnessed you're perma-stoned.

BERGER
He took the bud, didn't he?

SAMMY
What if he gets drug tested and it comes out positive? We're going to jail!

Berger sits up from his chair and begins to rifle through his "Cann'idor".

BERGER
Sammy, we've been pissin' clean for three months. We've got nothing to worry about.

He pulls out a joint, sits back, lights it.

A monstrous puff of smoke flows out of Berger's mouth and nose.

He hands the joint to Sammy but drops it in his lap.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Shit my balls!

Berger quickly jumps out of his seat causing his chair to fly back, nearly knocking everything off on the filing cabinet behind him.

Berger regains his composure, picks up the joint, and takes another rip.

BERGER (CONT'D)
(containing his cough)
We're going to ship the bud sealed safely inside that can of coffee. All we have to do is fly to Amsterdam, pick it up at the front desk of hotel and win the Cannabis Cup. It's full-proof.

He offers the joint to Sammy, who after a moment, takes it.

Sammy and Berger's assistant, GARY BUSEY, yes the Gary Busey, wearing army fatigues and combat boots, comes into the office carrying several boxes of canned goods and supplies.

GARY
Here are the last of the donations for my brothers-in-arms.

SAMMY

Just put them with the rest of the boxes in the corner-

BEFORE SAMMY CAN REACT, GARY COMES RIGHT UP BEHIND HIM, DROPS THE BOXES AND GRABS HIM BY THE SHOULDERS.

GARY

I just wanted to say, on behalf of the troops, thank you. You have no idea how hard it is to find a Trojan in the middle of the desert.

SAMMY

Is this another Busyism, cause I'm getting real tired of-

Gary let's go of him and reaches into an open box addressed for the troops producing a pack of RIBBED CONDOMS WITH VIBRATING PLEASURE RINGS.

GARY

You boys are gunna need these if you're heading to the Red Light District. Take it from me, you don't want to come home with a three year itch that you picked up from some Ladyboy in Saigon.

SAMMY

Oh dear God... Berger, did you donate vibrating condoms?

BERGER

Don't ask, don't tell.

Sammy takes the condoms from Gary and puts them back in the open box for the troops.

THE BOX OF CONDOMS BEGINS TO AUDIBLY VIBRATE.

Sammy hits the package and the vibrating stops. He puts it on the table in front of him, directly next to a second, closed, box.

SAMMY

We're not going to Amsterdam to solicit prostitutes and smoke weed.

BERGER

Don't let the fear of vagina take over Sammy.

GARY
 Buseyism number eighty-three.
 Fear, false evidence appearing
 real.

SAMMY
 Enough with the bullshit Buseyims!

GARY
 Suit yourself, Nancy-boy. They
 might just get you out of a hairy
 situation.

SAMMY
 Where's the box that's going to
 Amsterdam?

Berger points to the box directly in front of Sammy.

BERGER
 I'm three steps ahead of you.

Sammy takes a shipping label reading "AMSTERDAM" off of the desk and affixes it to the box. He hands the box to Gary and a buzzer rings on his desk.

Sammy and Berger glance at a black and white monitor, a FEDEX GUY stares into the camera.

SAMMY
 Gary, help take those boxes out to
 the truck.

Gary takes Sammy and Berger in either arm, nearly putting them in a headlock.

GARY
 Just know we're in this together.
 We're a team. Buseyism number
 twenty-six, together everyone
 achieves more.

BEAT.

SAMMY
 Gary, the door-

GARY
 It can wait.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LATER

Sammy and Berger step out of Gary's baby blue 1989 Chrysler LaBaron convertible. The paint is rusting and the canvas top is being held together with duct tape.

Gary gets out of the driver's seat.

GARY

Well I guess this is it, boys.

SAMMY

We are entrusting you with the entire dispensary.

GARY

Don't worry. Being an entrepreneur takes 80 percent hard work, 50 percent luck, and accountants that make math work.

It takes a moment before Sammy can comprehend what Gary just said-

He hands Gary the keys to the club and scribbles on a piece of paper.

SAMMY

This is my number in Europe. Call me if ANYTHING comes up.

Gary takes the paper and stares at it intensely.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

I don't want to come back to a to the place burned to the ground.

BEAT-

GARY SUDDENLY CRUMPLES THE PIECE OF PAPER UP AND PUTS IT IN HIS MOUTH-

SAMMY (CONT'D)

What the hell-

GARY

We don't want a paper trail.

Gary painfully swallows and grins.

Sammy pulls Burger towards the check-in, as Garry pulls their bags out of the back seat.

SAMMY
Your cousin is going to be OK
without us, right?

BERGER
He'll be fine. He's Gary Busey.

They look back at Gary who fumbles with his keys trying to unlock his convertible. The top is down, he could very easily jump into the driver seat. He doesn't-

SAMMY
That's what I'm worried about.

INT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LATER

Sammy and Berger are wait in line to pass through the security check point.

Passengers empty their pockets and take off their shoes in preparation for the metal detectors.

SAMMY
We've got twenty seven minutes to
make it to the gate.

BERGER
Perfect, that's just enough time
grab a Cinnabon.

Sammy just roles his eyes-

Berger looks around at all the TSA agents.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Just play it cool in front of these
guys. We don't need any problems.

SAMMY
What do you mean problems?

BERGER
I put a joint in your carry on.

SAMMY
You WHAT?!?

A SECURITY GUARD points at Sammy.

SECURITY GUARD
Next.

BERGER

Be cool.

Sammy's heart starts racing, he's clearly on edge-

Sammy empties his pockets into a small tray and puts his back pack on the conveyor belt.

He nervously watches it disappear through the X-Ray machine.

A second SECURITY GUARD beckons Sammy through.

Sammy takes a deep breath and passes through the machine without incident.

He sighs a breath of relief.

Sammy looks over at the X-Ray machine. The X-RAY OPERATOR squints at his screen.

He calls over a SUPERVISOR (early 40's), a greasy man with a mullet, and they both peer at the image. The two look over at Sammy whispering to one other.

The Supervisor picks up Sammy's bag.

SUPERVISOR

Is this your bag, sir?

SAMMY

Yes...

SUPERVISOR

I'm going to need you to open it up for me.

Sammy glares back at Burger.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY SEARCH DESK- CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger stand off to the side with the Supervisor is already rooting through the backpack.

Sammy can barely move-

SUPERVISOR

Care to explain... this?

BEAT-

The Supervisor pulls a large tube of toothpaste out from Sammy's bag.

SAMMY

It's... toothpaste.

SUPERVISOR

Sir, you're not allowed to travel with a container larger than three ounces. I'm going to have to confiscate this.

SAMMY

OK...

SUPERVISOR

(calm/jovial)

Believe me, I know how stupid this is. Things got real weird after 9/11.

The Supervisor leans in close to Sammy, keeping his voice down.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

(serious)

Between you and me, I think it's a conspiracy between the American Dental Association and the government.

Sammy is taken back by the Supervisors candor.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Think about it. If people can't travel with toothpaste they get cavities. If they get cavities they have to go to the dentist. If they go to the dentist they have to...

The Supervisor thinks for a moment-

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

It's a Ponzie Scheme that goes all the way up to the President.

Sammy stairs dumbfounded, Berger on the other hand is mesmerized

An alarm goes off on one of the metal detectors.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Gotta go. Stay strong.

The Supervisor puts his fist up for a 'fist bump'. Sammy slowly raises his fist.

The Supervisor bumps fists, and runs off towards the security check-point.

BERGER

Well that went surprisingly well.

SAMMY

You idiot! You could have gotten me arrested!

BERGER

It's the US government, for God's sake. It took them ten years to find some camel jockey in the desert shitting in the bucket.

SAMMY

Will you shut the hell up?

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - CONTINUOUS

The terminal bustles with activity as people go to and from their flights. A giant board of arrival and departure times glows down on Sammy and Berger.

BERGER

Let's hit the bathroom and spark that jay. It's gunna be a long flight.

SAMMY

This is an airport, Berger.

BERGER

Fine. I'm getting Panda Express.

Berger heads off towards the food court.

SAMMY

Boarding starts in 15 minutes, don't be late!

As Sammy fumbles with his carryon a beautiful YOUNG WOMAN (early 20's) with shoulder-length dirty blonde hair stares hopelessly up at the departure board.

She finally notices Sammy standing next to her-

She speaks with a European accent.

YOUNG WOMAN

I can't make anything of all these flights?

Sammy doesn't answer, he looks around hoping she's talking to someone else.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
My flight leaves in 20 minutes and
I can't find the gate.

She hands him her boarding pass.

Sammy looks at her, taken by her beauty.

She shoves her ticket into his hands, forcing Sammy to finally snap out of his trance.

SAMMY
Amsterdam? Gate thirteen.

He points to the gate, just across the way. She smiles and starts to relax.

YOUNG WOMAN
Thank you so much. I thought I
might miss my plane back home. I'm
Abigael.

She offers her hand to Sammy. He shakes it, nervously.

SAMMY
Sammy.

She smiles.

Berger comes walking up, Cheetos in hand, fingers covered in Cheetos dust.

BERGER
I leave you alone for three minutes
and you're already picking up
chicks? You gotta save your
strength for the Red Light
District, man!

Abigael looks at Sammy as the color drains out of his face.

SAMMY
Nope, no Red Light for me, I'm just
a normal guy that doesn't pay money
to have sex with prostitutes.

BERGER
Come on, Sammy, not fucking a whore
in Amsterdam is like not getting
AIDS in Africa, am I right?

SAMMY
(irritated)
Weren't you going to get food or something?

BERGER
I left my wallet at home. Spot me a twenty?

Sammy points to the Cheetos-

BERGER (CONT'D)
I had some change...

Berger offers a Cheeto to the Girl and Sammy-

Sammy can only shake his head in embarrassment, as an announcement comes over the PA system.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Ladies and gentlemen, flight 420 to Amsterdam will now begin boarding, you may approach the gate.

Sammy points at the girl's boarding pass.

SAMMY
That's you, I guess.

Abigael looks at her ticket, and starts to gather her things.

ABIGAEL
It was nice to meet you...

Berger licks his fingers before offering a greasy hand to her.

BERGER
Berger.

Abigael avoids touching Berger with a little wave.

ABIGAEL
Bye, Sammy. Thanks again.

Abigael starts to walk towards the gate.

Sammy waits until she is out of ear shot to say anything.

SAMMY
You are such an idiot sometimes.

BERGER

Like you were gunna stick it in her
anyways.

INT. AIRPLANE TO AMSTERDAM - LATER

Flight attendants pour beverages for passengers as Berger is fast asleep and snoring loudly by the window. He leans on Sammy who is trying to push him the opposite direction.

A sudden bump of turbulence and Berger awakens from his slumber.

He wipes drool off of his face-

BERGER

We there yet?

Sammy uses a napkin to dab some saliva off of his sleeve.

SAMMY

Not for another couple-a-hours.

Sammy looks up and sees Abigael walking back to her seat from the rest room.

She smiles and tries to make eye contact with Sammy but he looks away.

BERGER

You should talk to her.

SAMMY

What's the point? Once we get off
this plane I'll never see her
again.

BERGER

That attitude is only going to
bring you bad luck.

There is a tone from the sound system and the speakers buzz to life as THE CAPTAIN makes an announcement.

CAPTAIN (O.C.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I've got some
bad news. An electrical storm is
brewing over Amsterdam and we have
to reroute to Paris. I'll keep you
posted on our progress into Charles
de Gualle.

There is a collective sigh of exasperation from the cabin.

BERGER
 (to Sammy)
 Told you.

SAMMY
 What the hell are we going to do?

BERGER
 No point in stressing out about it,
 there's nothing we can do.

INT. CHARLES DE GUALLE AIRPORT - DAY - LATER

Sammy and Berger stand in front of the counter arguing with a male FRENCH FLIGHT ATTENDANT. He is doing his best to remain polite, but all of the angry passengers have taken their toll.

SAMMY
 What do you mean there's nothing
 you can do?

FRENCH FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 I'm sorry, sir, but we don't
 control the weather.

SAMMY
 I can't believe there isn't another
 flight that can get us closer.

FRENCH FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 If you Americans actually learned
 geography, you would know that this
 is the closet major Airport.

SAMMY
 How long till the next flight?

FRENCH FLIGHT ATTENDANT
 It could be a few hours or a couple
 days. Like I said I don't-

SAMMY
 Control the weather I got that.
 But-

Berger looks around the terminal and sees Abigael sitting by herself reading a book.

BERGER
 I have an idea.

Berger makes a bee-line straight towards her.

SAMMY
Where the hell are you going,
Berger? We need to figure this out!

INT. TERMINAL WAIT AREA - CONTINUOUS

Berger approaches Abigael standing directly in her light.
She looks up-

BERGER
Hi there.

ABIGAEL
I'm still good on the Cheetos.

BERGER
Awesome- I was just wondering, if
there was another way to get to
Amsterdam from here?

Abigael thinks about this for a moment.

ABIGAEL
Well you could take the train but I
really don't think-

Sammy rushes over looking horrified. Abigael smiles.

SAMMY
I'm sorry, Berger's isn't bothering
you, is he?

BERGER
You act like I'm some sort of
juvenile delinquent.

SAMMY
You pulled your penis out in front
of customer, I think that says all
it needs to about your age.

BERGER
One time! I pull it out one time,
and you act like it's the end of
the world.

SAMMY
Do you not remember the Tijuana
incident.

BERGER

Look the whore had it coming. She used teeth-

ABIGAEL

Well that's about all I needed to hear...

Abigael starts to pack her things up and walk away.

Sammy stops her-

SAMMY

I'm sorry, please don't go. You really gotta ignore Berger, he can be kind of... crude...

ABIGAEL

It's fine, I was just explaining that there's a train. But I really don't-

BERGER

What do you say, Sammy? Stick around with the froggies or hightail it outta here?

Sammy looks at Abigael who smiles sheepishly.

SAMMY

Let's wait for the plane.

BERGER

You heard what the gay flight guy said, we could be stuck here for days. No way am I missing all that fine Amsterdam ass.

Before Sammy has anything to say-

BERGER (CONT'D)

The train it is!

Abigael looks a little disappointed.

ABIGAEL

Good luck.

Berger starts to walk down the gate. Sammy hesitates and glances back at Abigael.

BERGER

Come on, dude.

Sammy starts walking towards Berger.

ABIGAEL

Bye.

He manages an awkward wave, leaving her at the terminal.

INT. GARE DU NORD TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger are walking to the platform. Berger pushes his way through the crowd with Sammy in tow.

SAMMY

Maybe we should have waited at the airport with Abigael.

BERGER

Sammy, in three hours we'll be in Amsterdam and she'll probably still be stuck at the airport. Fuck bitches, get money.

INT. TRAIN DINING CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Berger and Sammy take a seat at one of the tables. The dining car is relatively lavish for a train with tasteful arrangements on the tables.

A MALE FOOD SERVER stands, already taking their order.

SAMMY

I'll have a granola bar and a bottle of water.

FOOD SERVER

Anything else?

BERGER

Let me have a ham sandwich, a hamburger, a bag of chips, a Coke and a chocolate bar. I've got to eat a lot to keep up with my boyfriend.

Berger rubs Sammy's belly who quickly bats his hand away.

The Food Server just shakes his head, and makes his way towards the kitchen.

SAMMY

This is exactly what I'm talking about. Just try and quit joking around for five minutes.

BERGER

Don't worry, everyone's a little gay in Europe.

SAMMY

You know what I mean.

BERGER

Relax, broseph. By the end of the weekend we'll be famous.

SAMMY

Berger, this is really important to me. I put my life savings into opening the dispensary. I haven't taken a day off in three years and if this doesn't pay off I could lose everything.

BERGER

Correction. We could lose everything.

SAMMY

My point is we're taking a huge risk and if we fail I don't know what I'd do with myself.

BERGER

This is just like high school.

SAMMY

Not this again.

BERGER

Sarah Cummings?

SAMMY

We've gone over this, I spent the last six years trying to forget her.

BERGER

That's my point. You went all the way through high school wanting to tell her how you really felt but you were too chicken shit to say anything.

SAMMY
Get to the point.

BERGER
Don't go through life wondering
what if.

SAMMY
This isn't some high school crush,
Berger. This is our livelihood on
the line.

BERGER
People have been trying to grow
what we grew for years. This is
going to change the way people
perceive marijuana, you know that.

BEAT.

BERGER (CONT'D)
We took a huge step coming this
far. It's time to unlock the
handcuffs. It might just pay off.

SAMMY
And what if it doesn't?

The Food Server returns to the table.

FOOD SERVER
A Coke and a water for the
gentlemen.

The Food Server leaves dropping a couple of straws onto the
table.

SAMMY
Just try and take this seriously.
You have a real talent of screwing
things up.

BERGER
Sammy, fame and fortune are waiting
for us at the end of these tracks.
There is no possible way to screw
that up.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT COMES OVER THE LOUD SPEAKERS IN FRENCH.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

(subtitled)

Ladies and gentlemen our train is about to split in half. If you are heading to Amsterdam please move to the back.

SAMMY

What'd he say?

BERGER

Next stop, Amsterdam!

Berger holds up his Coke to toast their journey.

Dash Rip Rock's LET'S GO SMOKE SOME POT, a parody of LET'S GO TO THE HOP, begins to play as the train splits in two, sending them in the wrong direction.

EXT. MADRID TRAIN STATION - NIGHT

All the passengers exit the train. The Grand Station is still lively, even at two in the morning.

An escalator brings everyone up to the top floor. A few people rush via the stairs.

Sammy hasn't slept at all and looks haggard. Berger, on the other hand-

BERGER

So what are we gonna do first? Hash bar? Prostitutes?

SAMMY

I just wanna find our hotel, pick up our package, and hit the sack.

As they step onto the escalator, a COUPLE passes them speaking Spanish. Sammy's ears perk up at the familiar sound. Berger pays no attention to the two.

BERGER

Let's at least go window shopping for vaj!

Sammy is paying no attention to Berger. He looks around, starting to take in the Spanish conversations around him.

BERGER (CONT'D)

There is no way we're not picking up some of Amsterdam's finest.

Berger and Sammy get off the escalator and continue to walk towards the exit.

SAMMY
You hear that?

BERGER
Hear what?

SAMMY
Those people. Everyone's speaking Spanish.

BERGER
Yeah, I've never seen so many white Mexicans before.

SAMMY
White Mexicans?

BERGER
Yeah, all the white ones are on vacation, just like us.

They continue to the street.

EXT. MADRID TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

The city is bustling with PARTY-GOERS and REVELLERS.

CAB DRIVERS hang out in front of the station, hustling people into their taxis.

BERGER
The brown Mexicans are back home working.

SAMMY
This isn't right.

BERGER
Of course it's right, it's just like in the good 'ol U S of A. White people relax and brown people mow lawns and serve Slurpees.

SAMMY
No, I don't think we're in Amsterdam.

BERGER
That's impossible.

Sammy stops in front of a shoe shop. A neon sign glows the words "Zapatos Para Todos".

SAMMY
Look at that sign.

BERGER
So they have one Mexican food place here. Big deal.

SAMMY
No, moron, that says shoes for everyone.

BERGER
OK so they have one Mexican shoe store here.

SAMMY
We're not in Amsterdam, Berger.

BERGER
So where are we?

They both turn around and notice the sign leading into the train station which reads BIENVENIDOS A MADRID.

Their mouths hang agape.

SAMMY
We're in Spain!

BERGER
Oops.

SAMMY
Oops?!?

At that moment the gates to the train station slam shut.

Sammy runs back to the locked gates of the train station trying to pry them open.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
It's locked! We can't be in Spain, we need to be in Amsterdam!

BERGER
We'll just have to chill here for the night.

SAMMY

Where the hell are we going to do that? We don't have enough money for a room.

Berger's eyes light up, a huge grin spreading across his face.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

What is it?

Berger shakes his head delightfully. He spins Sammy around, and grabs his bag searching for something.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Please tell me that brain of yours is finally working and you've thought of something besides pussy.

BERGER

Of course. My life doesn't revolve around chicks dude.

Berger continues to rummage around in Sammy's bag.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Got it!

Berger's eyes light up as he reveals the joint.

SAMMY

You actually put that in my bag?!?

BERGER

Good call right?

SAMMY

Are you kidding me?!?! If I had been caught-

BERGER

But you weren't. Now give me a lighter, this will help.

SAMMY

How the hell is that going to help?

BERGER

How the hell is it NOT going to help?

Berger puts the joint to his lips and lights it.

SAMMY

We need a place to stay, we don't
need to get fucked up right now.

Berger takes in the smoke and exhales. He hands the joint to Sammy.

BERGER

Take a hit and chill.

Sammy takes the joint just as a SPANISH POLICE OFFICER comes around the corner sniffing the smoke in the air.

He notices Sammy and Berger.

SPANISH POLICE OFFICER

(subtitled)

You two! Stop! Police!

The Officer starts quickly walks towards them.

SAMMY

What did he say?

BERGER

I don't know but I'm pretty sure
we're in trouble. Run!

Sammy and Berger take off down the street as the cop chases after them.

EXT. MADRID STREET - CONTINUOUS

As they continue to run, Berger spots a small night club with a few MALE PATRONS smoking cigarettes outside.

BERGER

Inside quick!

They both bolt inside the club.

INT. GAY SPANISH BAR - CONTINUOUS

The club is dark and loud. Strobes and lasers flash all around. The DJ spins Dub Step music.

Sammy and Berger look around at a sea of YOUNG GAY MEN bumping and grinding on the dance floor.

BERGER

We'll be safe in here.

Sammy looks around at everyone.

SAMMY
There sure are a lot of guys in
this place.

A hot, shirtless, LATINO comes up to Berger holding a drink.

LATINO
(subtitled)
Can I buy you a drink hot pants?

BERGER
What?

LATINO
Drink.

The Latino holds up his drink, trying to show him what he is talking about over the loud music.

BERGER
Drink! Yes please!

Berger smiles as the Latino heads towards the bar.

The Spanish Police Officer opens the door looking around for Sammy and Berger.

A moment, then Sammy spots the Officer.

SAMMY
It's the cop. Out the back!

BERGER
But this nice gay Mexican is going
to buy me a drink.

SAMMY
Now!

Sammy drags Berger towards the door.

The Spanish Police Officer sees them and makes his way after them.

He has a hard time getting through the sea of men dancing. A few of them even try to grind on the Officer.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger bolt into the decrepit alley like a bat out of hell. It dead ends into a brick wall.

A single dumpster sits next to the door. Berger opens the top.

BERGER

Jump in.

SAMMY

No way, I'm no dumpster diver.

BERGER

Would you rather be an ankle grabber?

SAMMY

You have a point.

Sammy jumps in, followed by Berger.

The Officer comes out just as the top of the dumpster closes.

He looks to the dead end of the alley, sees nothing, and disappears down the street.

INT. DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger sit in a pile of old food, trash, and cockroaches.

Berger pulls out his lighter, illuminating the small cabin.

SAMMY

This place smells like your apartment.

BERGER

Yeah I just busted ass, sorry. Let's just finish that joint and figure out what we're going to do for the next eight hours.

SAMMY

Are you kidding me? I threw it out when we saw that cop.

BERGER

You did what?!?

Berger peeks out the top of the dumpster-

SAMMY

What was I supposed to do, let him pin us with possession?

BERGER

Well, we'll need to find more.

Sammy gags on the putrid stench.

SAMMY

I CAN'T TAKE IT, I NEED AIR!

Sammy bursts through the top, taking in a huge breath. The top of the trash can slams back against the wall, hitting Sammy on the head.

EXT. MADRID ALLY - CONTINUOUS

Berger calmly jumps out and brushes himself off. He looks around.

BERGER

I think we lost him.

Sammy climbs out of the dumpster rubbing his head.

They look around and see a gaggle of haggard looking PROSTITUTES hanging out in the back of the alley, calling out to them in Spanish.

On the street in front of them a HOMELESS MAN struggles with a syringe and tourniquet.

They walk down the alley. Sammy notices a HOBO wearing a trench coat.

HOBO

(subtitled)

Come here, I have something to show you.

The Hobo starts walking towards Sammy and Berger, opening his trench coat to reveal he is masturbating furiously.

SAMMY

Get the fuck away!

Sammy picks up an empty beer bottle and throws it at the Hobo.

EXT. MADRID STREET - CONTINUOUS

They walk out of the alley and into a grungy neighborhood.

SAMMY
It's getting cold, Berger and this
place is giving me the creeps.
Let's go back to the train station.

BERGER
And risk seeing that cop again?
Hell no.

A ringing starts.

SAMMY
You hear that? The entire police
force is on their way to us!

BERGER
For one joint?

SAMMY
We have to go now!

Sammy starts to run. As he does, Berger notices the ringing
is coming from Sammy's bag.

BERGER
Hold up!

Sammy stops, and Berger rips open his bag.

SAMMY
No more pot Berger!

Berger pulls the out CELLPHONE. Sammy looks at it.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Who is it?

BERGER
Gary...

The color drains from Sammy's face as Berger picks up the
call.

INT. BEST BUDZ DISPENSARY - [INTERCUT]

Gary is sitting at Berger's desk with his feet up. The office
has been transformed.

It is now clean and tidy. Papers have been organized and
filed, several office plants are in full bloom, and a sippy-
bird dips his beak into a tray of water on the desk.

GARY
Hey, cuz. I've got a bit of a
problem.

BERGER
What's wrong?

GARY
I'm painting the office and I can't
decide between Almond Toast or
black.

BERGER
Hold on, let me ask.

Berger covers up the mouth piece to the cellphone.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Do you prefer Almond Toast or
black?

SAMMY
What the hell are you talking
about? Give me the phone!

Sammy grabs the phone out of Berger's hand.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Gary, what's going on?

GARY
Hey, Sam-meister. How's Amsterdam?
You didn't fuck a prostitute
without me, did you, Cousin?

SAMMY
We're in Madrid.

GARY
I've been to Madrid. Those Spanish
boys know how to party.

SAMMY
What's wrong with the club, Gary?

GARY
Well I can't decide what color to
paint the office.

SAMMY
You painted the office?

GARY

Well not yet. You haven't told me what color you like, Toasted Almond or black?

SAMMY

We don't have time for this. We're stranded in Madrid with no money.

GARY

Well why didn't you say so?

SAMMY

Because I thought there was something wrong with the club!

GARY

There is! Toasted Almond or black?

SAMMY

Gary, I'm hanging up unless you can tell us where to find a place to stay tonight.

GARY

Hmmm... I was there about twenty years ago. If the place is still around, you should be able to get a room fairly cheap.

Sammy puts his hand over the receiver.

SAMMY

He knows where we can stay!

GARY

It's called Hostel Esperanza-

Berger starts tugging on Sammy's sleeve.

BERGER

Let me talk to him, I gotta ask him something.

SAMMY

Where is the hostel?

GARY

It's at La Plaza del Dos de Mayo-

Berger starts tugging even harder.

BERGER

Come on, let me talk to him.

SAMMY
Berger, hold on a second.

BERGER
Come on, man, I really need to ask
him something!

Sammy has trouble pay attention to Gary with Berger pestering
him-

GARY
The girls there let me stay for
free but I had to work for it and
man, did I work for it...

BERGER
Give me the phone, Sammy.

GARY
Tell them I sent you. They'll
remember me.

BERGER
For the last time give me the
fucking phone!

Sammy thrusts the phone into Berger's hands and pulls out a
map of Spain.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Hey Gary, where can we find some
weed?

Sammy looks up from the map.

SAMMY
That's what was so important?

BERGER
It's extremely important.

GARY
There is no weed in Spain.

BERGER
No weed?

GARY
No, but you can definitely find
some hash. Look for a Moroccan
hanging out near the plaza. They
always got somthin'.

BERGER

(to Sammy)

He said we can score some hash from
some dude playing the maracas.

Sammy rolls his eyes and goes back to reading the map.

GARY

Not maracas, Moroccans. They're
black, they might have dreads, the
one I saw was wearing a heavy
trenchcoat.

SAMMY

Found it. Let's go.

BERGER

Alright Gary, gotta go.

GARY

Take it easy, Cousin. I'm going
with Toasted Almond. Later!

Gary hangs up before Berger can respond-

SAMMY

Berger, we're not scoring hash from
some guy playing the maracas.

BERGER

Not maracas, idiot. Moroccans.

EXT. LA PLAZA DEL DOS DE MAYO - NIGHT

Sammy and Berger turn the corner. The plaza is completely
empty.

Across, is HOSTEL ESPERANZA. Sammy points to a bright neon
sign.

SAMMY

Look, the hostel. Let's get some
sleep and we can try again in the
morning.

Sammy starts towards the Hostel.

BERGER

But what about the Moroccan?

SAMMY

Forget it!

Berger looks around desperately one last time.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Berger!

BERGER

Yeah, fine.

Berger catches up to Sammy when they hear something moving behind them.

VOICE

Are you looking for someone?

Sammy and Berger turn around and see a MOROCCAN (mid 30s) materialize out of the darkness-

Dark skin, long dreadlocks, carrying a backpack. The MOROCCAN speaks English with an African accent.

BERGER

Jesus, you scared me, bro!

MOROCCAN

You didn't answer my question. Are you looking for someone?

Berger lowers his voice.

BERGER

We're looking for some hash.

MOROCCAN

You aren't a cop, are you?

BERGER

Are you kidding me? What police force would hire my fat ass?

The Moroccan stares at them for an uncomfortable moment.

BEAT-

He then swings his backpack around and unzips it. The Moroccan reaches down into the bag and produces a dark ball wrapped in plastic.

BERGER (CONT'D)

How much?

MOROCCAN

Forty Euro.

SAMMY
Forty Euros? Are you fucking
kidding me?

MOROCCAN
If you don't want it somebody else
will.

The Moroccan starts to put the dark ball back in his bag.

BERGER
No! Wait!

The Moroccan looks up at them. Berger pulls Sammy aside.

SAMMY
Dude, in no universe is that worth
forty Euros.

BERGER
What other choice do we have?

SAMMY
Oh, I don't know, stay in doors
tonight.

BERGER
We'll be fine. Besides Gary said
we could end up staying for free.

SAMMY
And what about our train tickets
for tomorrow.

BERGER
We just tell them we got on the
wrong train. I'll take care of it.
You can't tell me after all we went
through tonight you don't need to
take a fat hit and chillax.

Berger grabs Sammy's wallet before he has a chance to say
anything-

BERGER (CONT'D)
When have I ever been wrong?

Sammy gives Berger a look-

MOROCCAN
Enjoy.

The Moroccan drops the ball into Sammy's hands and disappears
back into the darkness.

BERGER
I'll grab the papers, we'll role a
spliff.

Berger runs to a nearby bench and starts to root through his bag. Sammy takes a closer look at the ball.

SAMMY
Jesus, this shit is hard as a rock.

Sammy peels the plastic off of the ball revealing the dark matter inside.

He smells it-

SAMMY (CONT'D)
This shit is a rock!

BERGER
What? Let me see that.

Sammy hands Berger the ball.

He takes a good look at it, turning it in his hands. Berger licks it, getting the taste in his mouth. He gags.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Mother fucker! Find the Moroccan,
quick!

Sammy and Berger look around the plaza but the Moroccan is nowhere to be seen.

SAMMY
You made me pay forty Euro for a
rock?

BERGER
I didn't make you do anything. You
should have checked it.

Sammy blows a gasket. He takes the rock and throws it across the plaza.

SAMMY
I should have checked it? You told
me I was doing the right thing! I'm
going to kill you!

Sammy starts running after Berger. Rain starts to pour down on the two drenching them.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Great! Fan fucking tastic. Not only do we have no bud, and no money, but we're stuck in the god damn rain!

BERGER

Could be worse. We both could be in jail right now getting mouth raped.

SAMMY

You are such a fuck, you know that?

BERGER

Look, the Hostel is right there. Let's see if we can snag a room.

INT. HOSTEL ESPERANZA - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger enter the makeshift lobby soaked. Some folding chairs sit around a milk crate with stacks of ancient magazines on it. Loose papers are strewn across the front desk but nobody can be seen.

BERGER

This place is a dump.

SAMMY

This dump might be our only shot at sleeping indoors tonight.

Berger walks over to the desk and rings a bell. The ringing seems to reverberate through the entire room, shaking the rickety walls.

ROSA, (40), comes through the door. She is surprisingly cute for her age and wears her brown hair in pig tails. Her shirt sports a unicorn and rainbows. She seems incredibly out of place in this sleazy hostel.

ROSA

(subtitled)

Can I help you?

SAMMY

My name is Sammy and this is my associate Berger. We're looking for a place to stay for the night.

ROSA

Do you have a reservation?

SAMMY

No, but-

ROSA

I'm sorry but all of our beds are taken.

SAMMY

I understand. But it's raining and we really just need a place to stay for the night.

ROSA

There really isn't anything I can do. By law we have to keep our occupancy below a certain number.

SAMMY

We don't even need a bed, we can sleep on the ground.

ROSA

A couple of miles down the road, there's a couple more Hostels. They might have something-

Berger barges in front of Sammy.

BERGER

Listen, toots, let me tell it to you straight. We're stranded here for the night, a Moroccan stole the last of our money, and we really don't want to sleep outside in the rain.

Sammy's eyes light up.

SAMMY

Gary...Gary Busey. He sent us!

Rosa's ears perk up at the sound of Gary's name.

ROSA

You know Gary Busey? The actor?

BERGER

Yeah he's my cousin!

Rosa considers this for a moment.

ROSA

Wait here.

She heads off to a back room. She takes another look at the two, smiles and closes the door behind her.

SAMMY
Nice lady.

BERGER
You have a crush on Rosa.

SAMMY
No I don't.

BERGER
Sammy has some mommy issues.

SAMMY
Shut up!

BERGER
Sammy and Rosa sitting in a tree, K-
I-S-S-I-N-G!

SAMMY
Knock it off!

Sammy punches Berger in the arm.

BERGER
Ow!

Rosa returns, followed by MARIA (40), the manager, an equally attractive steam-punk woman wearing a black T-shirt, combat boots, and a bright pink pixie cut.

They both look over Sammy and Berger, measuring them up.

MARIA
You know Gary Busey?

BERGER
Yeah. He told us that we could
come to some sort of-
(clears throat)
Arrangement...

Berger offers a goofy smile.

ROSA
I think we can figure something
out, can't we, Maria?

Maria looks them up and down.

MARIA
I think so.

Sammy and Berger both breathe a sigh of relief.

SAMMY
Oh thank God!

INT. PRIVATE OFFICE LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger follow Maria and Rosa into their private office.

Two red leather couches sit in the matching red leather room. It looks like the TACK ROOM at the Madana Inn, very Dominatrix like.

As Sammy and Berger take everything in, Maria sits down and pulls out a METAL LOCK BOX from behind the couch.

She takes a KEY FROM AROUND HER NECK, opens it, and reveals a half ounce of fresh green marijuana and a wad of cash.

Sammy and Berger's eyes light up.

MARIA
Do you boys smoke?

BERGER
Does the Pope rape little boys?

Maria reaches behind her and grabs a three foot glass bong. She starts to pack a bowl.

SAMMY
I thought there was only hash in Spain.

MARIA
We have a little garden. You can smoke if you promise not to tell the police.

She winks at Sammy and Berger.

BERGER
Cross my heart and hope to die.

Maria hands Berger the bong and he takes a big hit.

MARIA
You said you're stranded?

SAMMY

We got on the wrong train in Paris.
We're supposed to be in Amsterdam
right now.

Berger hands Sammy the bong who takes a hit.

ROSA

Oh, pobrecitos.

BERGER

No no, I'm Berger and this is
Sammy. SSAAMMY. We're on our way
to the Canibus Cup. I grow this
stuff you know.

MARIA

Is it any good?

BERGER

The best. It won't show up on any
drug test. It's the-

SAMMY

Berger!

Sammy smacks Berger on the arm.

ROSA

Don't worry we won't tell the 'C-I-
A'.

Rosa and Maria giggle. Maria hands Rosa the bong and she
takes a hit.

MARIA

So now that we're all acquainted
let's discuss payment.

SAMMY

Gary mentioned something about
doing some handy work?

MARIA

What did you have in mind?

SAMMY

Anything really. Dishes, laundry,
tidy up the place. You were nice
enough to let us stay, whatever you
girls need, we'll do.

ROSA
HMMMM... What about the pipes?
They haven't been clean in a long
time.

SAMMY
Like roter-rooter stuff?

MARIA
No. More like hammering.

SAMMY
Well I've never really used a
hammer but Berger's great with his
hands.

Maria looks to Berger and smiles seductively.

MARIA
Oh yeah? What kind of experience do
you have... pounding things?

Berger leans in a little closer to Maria.

BERGER
I can pound all... night... long.

Sammy turns to Rosa.

SAMMY
So where do you keep the tools?

Rosa puts her hand on Sammy's thigh.

ROSA
Tonight you're the tool.

SAMMY
What?

MARIA
You boys want to stay here for
free? You're going to have to fuck
us.

Sammy looks at Berger.

SAMMY
We're going to have to fuck them?

Berger smiles.

BERGER
We're going to have to fuck them.

MARIA

You two go ahead and... how do you say in English... Make yourselves comfortable. We'll be right back.

Maria and Rosa head off to a back room, looking back at Sammy and Berger. Berger immediately takes off his shirt.

BERGER

We hit the jackpot, dude!

SAMMY

The plan this trip was to lose my virginity to a prostitute, not be a prostitute. This isn't right.

BERGER

The only thing that isn't right are the things we're going to do to these poor cougars. You're always talking about letting loose, man. This is your chance!

SAMMY

This doesn't happen to real people, it only happens in those fake ass short stories in Penthouse.

BERGER

This is how they start.

SAMMY

No, this is how horror movies start.

AT THAT MOMENT A SUDDEN BLAST OF DEATH METAL MUSIC COMES FROM WHERE MARIA AND ROSA RUSHED OFF TO-

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN REVEALING MARIA AND ROSA WEARING LEATHER DOMINATRIX OUTFITS.

Maria is holding a giant whip and Rosa has a ball gag.

Sammy and Berger just about jump out of their skins-

BERGER

Sweet fancy Moses!

Sammy goes to stand up.

CRACK!

Maria whips the air right in front of Sammy's face. He quickly sits back down.

MARIA
Surprised?

SAMMY
Extremely!

Berger jumps up, strips down to his underwear, and puts his hands on his hips.

BERGER
All right, ladies! You wanna play
hardball. What's it gonna be? Face
sitting? Brazilian farting? Bukake?

Maria drags the whip across her bare feet.

MARIA
First you're going to suck our
feet.

Sammy and Berger look at each other.

BERGER
(whispering)
I love feet!

ROSA
On your knees.

Berger immediately crawls over to Maria's feet, staring at them longingly.

He looks back at Sammy who is still on the couch.

BERGER
Come on, dude.

Sammy reluctantly crawls towards Rosa.

ROSA
Suck it.

Sammy stares at Rosa's foot taking in how big it is. He looks over at Berger who is already going to town on Maria.

Sammy looks back down at the gigantic foot, swallows hard, puckers up, and kisses Rosa's big toe.

ROSA (CONT'D)
No, no, no. Suck it.

Sammy hesitates but finally starts to suck her big toe.

Maria moans in pleasure from Berger's mouth to foot action.

MARIA

Aye, papi!

Maria pushes Berger back to the couch where she climbs on top of him. They start to make out.

Sammy's face contorts. He stops sucking Rosa's toe and pulls a thick black hair from out of his teeth. He looks at it confused.

Rosa leans down to Sammy and starts nibbling on his ear. Sammy's eyes roll into the back of his head as he forgets about the hair.

Rosa hands Sammy the ball-gag.

ROSA

(in a baritone voice)

Put it on.

Sammy seems confused by Rosa's deep voice.

ROSA (CONT'D)

(a more lady like tone)

You wanted a place to stay, right?

Sammy looks back over at Berger and Maria who are violently feeling each other up on the couch and reluctantly puts the ball-gag in his mouth.

Rosa fastens the Velcro straps around the back of his head and throws him on the couch.

She taps Maria on the shoulder who gets off of Berger and the two start making out.

BERGER

Oh fuck yeah. So hot.

Sammy makes an inaudible noise through the ball-gag.

Maria turns Rosa around so her back is facing Sammy and Berger.

Berger checks out Rosa's ass and sees a massive bulge under her panties.

BERGER (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Dude, I think your chick just shit herself.

Sammy looks down and notices the bulge. His eyes widen as he lets loose a muffled scream of horror. This is no turd-

Maria pulls off Rosa's underwear and a huge cock falls out.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Oh my God! A mangina!

Rosa takes off Maria's underwear and another huge cock flops out.

BERGER (CONT'D)
OH MY GOD! Another mangina!

Sammy rips the ball-gag out of his mouth.

SAMMY
They're guys!

BERGER
Well technically Rosa is a cross-dresser and Maria is a transvestite. They're actually very different segments of the LGBT community...

CRACK!

Maria whips Berger across the cheek.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Take it easy! We haven't even set a safety word yet.

CRACK!

Maria cracks the whip again. Rosa tosses Sammy and Berger a canvas bag while Maria locks the front door she puts the key around her neck.

ROSA
Put these on.

Sammy looks back into the bag.

SAMMY
You've got to be kidding me.

He pulls out a massive black strap-on dildo.

BERGER
Impressive.

SAMMY
Is this really necessary?

MARIA

If you ever want to leave, you'll
do as we say.

Maria dangles the key around her neck in front of Sammy and Berger.

Sammy looks helplessly at Berger who nods with approval.

BERGER

Don't worry, I'll do all the heavy
lifting.

Sammy steps into the strap-on dildo, securing the Velcro belts around his waist and either leg.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Hey Sammy, how's it feel to finally
have a horse dong?

SAMMY

Shut up!

Maria snaps her fingers.

MARIA

Rosa, the camera.

Rosa grabs a BRIGHT PINK CAMERA from the nearby desk and focuses it on Sammy and Berger. She takes a photo.

SAMMY

Whoa whoa, what's the camera for?

ROSA

We want something to remember you
by.

Rosa opens an armoire full of photos of other men in the exact same position as Sammy and Berger. There are noticeably more of Gary Busey than anyone else.

Maria snaps a photo of Berger making a funny face and Sammy looking terrified.

SAMMY

What?!?

ROSA

Kisses for the camera.

Berger sticks out his tongue and moves closer to Sammy. Sammy recoils violently.

SAMMY
No way. I am not kissing him.

MARIA
You kiss or you sleep on the
street.

BERGER
Just go with it, bro.

Sammy shuts his eyes as Berger makes his move.

Berger's tongue is all over Sammy's face, trying to force its way into Sammy's shut mouth. Maria clicks several pictures and snickers.

Sammy pushes Berger away and wipes copious amounts of saliva off of his face.

SAMMY
Jesus Christ...

Maria presses the butt of the whip between Berger's eyes.

MARIA
Now dance for us.

Berger starts dancing in his underwear, trying to be seductive. Sammy just sways back and forth awkwardly.

ROSA
More effort, pretty boy.

Sammy starts to sway his hips a little harder.

Berger grabs Sammy's strap on and starts to swing it around.

BERGER
Check it out, Sammy! It's the
helicopter!

Sammy looks disgusted.

MARIA
Suck his plastic dick.

SAMMY
No way. Absolutely not.

BERGER
It's fine Sammy.

SAMMY

They want you to give me head with
a plastic cock.

Berger gets on his knees, looking up at Sammy.

BERGER

Just relax, I know what I'm doing.

He flutters his tongue on the tip and plays with the plastic
balls with considerable skill. Sammy looks horrified.

Rosa takes more pictures as Maria watches.

MARIA

Now fuck his face.

SAMMY

What? I can't face fuck my best
friend!

BERGER

Just pretend it's late at night,
your thinking of that chick from
the plane, and your going to town
on your teddy bear.

Sammy reluctantly starts thrusting his hips and Berger makes
gagging sounds.

The noise activates Sammy's gag reflex.

SAMMY

Oh God...

Rosa takes close up photos of Berger choking on the dildo.
His eyes are red and watering.

ROSA

You like that, don't you?

SAMMY

I hate it!

ROSA

You want more.

SAMMY

I'm good, we can stop now.

ROSA

Hump! Hump! Hump!

SAMMY
No! No! No!

MARIA
Enough!

Berger stops and catches his breath. Maria points to Sammy.

MARIA (CONT'D)
You. On the couch.

SAMMY
I thought you said that was
enough...

MARIA
We're done when I say we're done.
Couch. Now.

Sammy sits down on the couch, the strap on standing at
attention around his waist.

Maria walks towards Sammy seductively, Sammy's eyes wide with
fear.

SAMMY
What are you doing?

Rosa tosses the camera to Berger and makes her way towards
Sammy.

MARIA
We're going to fuck you.

ROSA
And your friend is going to take
pictures.

Sammy looks at Berger horrified who snaps a photo.

BERGER
Sorry, bro.

SAMMY
No sorry bro! Help me!

Berger snaps another photo as Maria climbs on top of Sammy.

ROSA
I'm so wet right now.

SAMMY
How is that even possible?!?

MARIA
Are you ready for me?

SAMMY
I have never been less ready in my
life.

MARIA
You're so hard.

SAMMY
No I'm not!

BERGER
I am.

Maria dry humps the strap on dildo as Rosa kisses her
passionately.

Sammy longingly stares at Berger for help.

As Berger snaps another photo the glass bong comes into
focus.

Maria starts making high pitched noises.

MARIA
Yes, yes baby!

SAMMY
Make it stop! Make it stop!

ROSA
Ride that plastic penis!

Maria starts to ride Sammy harder. Her face contorts. Just as
she is about to orgasm-

CRASH!

OUT OF NOWHERE BERGER BUSTS THE GLASS BONG OVER ROSA'S HEAD.
SHE FALLS TO THE GROUND UNCONSCIOUS.

Maria stands up and turns around. Before she has time to
react Berger rips the strap-on dildo off of Sammy and hits
her over the head, knocking her out cold.

SAMMY
Holy shit!

BERGER
Let's get out of here!

Sammy and Berger grab their backpacks, clothes, and rush to the door. Sammy tries to open it but it wont budge.

SAMMY
It's locked!

Sammy spots the key around Maria's neck.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Quick, the key!

Berger rips the key off of Maria's neck and tosses it to Sammy. He unlocks the door and they rush out.

EXT. MADRID STREET - CONTINUOUS

Berger rushes out into the empty street followed by Sammy.

Sammy stops dead in his tracks.

BERGER
What are you waiting for, let's
fucking go!

Sammy takes off his backpack and hands it to Berger.

SAMMY
Wait here.

He runs back in, leaving Berger waiting in the street.

AN AGONIZING MOMENT-

BERGER
Sammy!

No response-

BEAT-

Berger can't wait any longer. He looks back one last time when Sammy comes bolting around the corner carrying THE METAL LOCK BOX.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Holy shit, dude!

SAMMY
Go go go!

Sammy and Berger run from the Hostel Esperanza as fast as they can.

EXT. MADRID SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Sammy and Berger find a subway entrance and slow down to catch their breath at the top of the stairs.

SAMMY

Dude! That was incredible! You should have seen the look on her face when you smashed that bong over her head.

BERGER

I didn't even think about grabbing that lock box!

SAMMY

Now we have enough cash to get to Amsterdam.

BERGER

And some bomb ass weed.

INT. MADRID SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

They walk down the stairs into the desolate subway station. Berger pulls the BRIGHT PINK CAMERA out from his pocket and starts reviewing the photos.

BERGER

These pictures are pretty hot.

SAMMY

Delete them right now!

BERGER

Come on, dude, these are memories. You can't throw away memories.

SAMMY

This stays between us, we take this to the grave.

BERGER

Alright, fine.

Berger starts fumbling around with the camera.

They head down into the subway as Berger continues to mess with the settings.

BERGER (CONT'D)

What the hell is the Spanish word for delete?

INT. MADRID TRAIN STATION - THE NEXT DAY

The train station bustles with commuters and tourists. Sammy and Berger are trying to buy their tickets at an automated ticket machine.

SAMMY

We still don't have enough cash.

Berger looks over at the train platform and sees a line forming to get on the train.

BERGER

Follow my lead.

INT. MADRID TRAIN PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger wait in line to get on the train. A LITTLE SPANISH BOY (about 10) and his PARENTS stand in front of them.

The boy stares at Berger. Berger tips an imaginary hat.

OUT OF NOWHERE THE KID REACHES UP AND PUNCHES BERGER RIGHT IN THE GROIN.

Berger's eyes cross as he doubles over in pain.

BERGER

You little shit!

The father ushers the boy into the train.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Give me a hand here.

Berger leans on Sammy who struggles to help him into the train.

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

The luxurious train has two levels and first class amenities. The cabins are like individual hotel rooms.

The dining car is more like a four star restaurant.

One car is even a devoted Discoteque complete with bar and dance floor.

Berger starts to look pale as Sammy helps him inside. He waddles through the car looking for seats but everything is taken.

BERGER

That little fucker got me good. I don't know whether I gotta puke or take a shit.

Sammy notices a conductor checking tickets slowly coming their direction.

SAMMY

Snap out of it dude, we gotta move.

BERGER

Take me to the dining car, I gotta sit down.

The Conductor, standing directly in their path, inches closer to them.

SAMMY

We can't go that way.

Berger starts breathing heavily. Sammy looks around and sees the HANDICAPPED BATHROOM.

A sign taped to it says "Out of Order" in Spanish and English but the door hangs slightly ajar.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Quick, in here.

Sammy pulls Berger into the bathroom.

INT. TRAIN HANDICAP BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sammy shuts the door behind Berger.

The bathroom is fit for a king, fluffy clean towels and rugs.

An unused roll of toilet paper sits next to an antique looking pull chain toilet.

SAMMY

Dude, this place is nice.

BERGER

I don't care, I just need to sit down.

They look around and spot piles of linens and towels ready to be washed.

Berger plops down on the sheets.

He is starting to sweat-

SAMMY

Do you need some water or something?

BEAT.

Suddenly Berger's stomach starts to rumble.

BERGER

Oh my god.

Berger immediately stands up grabbing at his stomach.

He eyes the toilet-

SAMMY

Don't.

Berger quickly undoes his belt, drops his pants, and waddles over to the bowl.

He pulls down his boxers just in time as shit begins flying out of his ass.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Oh my god!

Sammy backs into the corner of the room, burying his head into the sheets, trying to get as far away from the stench as possible.

A sigh of relief comes from Berger. He looks like he just had the greatest orgasm of his life.

Berger grabs some toilet paper and wipes his ass.

He stands up, looks at what he's done with pride, and puts his pants back on.

Sammy, on the other hand, isn't so appreciative, as he covers his nose with his sleeve.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, the smell...

Berger looks around for the handle.

BERGER
How do you flush this thing?

SAMMY
(choking back tears)
Pull the chain!

Berger sees a chain hanging from the tank above the toilet.

He pulls it but nothing happens. Berger yanks a little harder with the same result.

BERGER
It's not flushing.

SAMMY
Pull harder.

Berger pulls again and again, each tug harder and harder.

He gives it one last rip and breaks the cord.

The toilet flushes.

BERGER
Got it.

Relief comes over Sammy's face.

Berger glances back down at the toilet as the water starts to overflow.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Oh shit, it's not going down.

SAMMY
You fucking clogged it?

BERGER
Not on purpose.

The water continues to rise, faster.

SAMMY
Don't just stand there! Do something!

Berger desperately looks around for anything.

He grabs some toilet paper and throws it in. The toilet burps and continues to fill up.

He tosses more of the paper into the toilet but the water keeps rising.

BERGER
It's not working!

Berger takes the entire roll and chucks it in.

The brown water starts to flow onto the floor. Berger looks over at Sammy.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Quick! The sheets behind you.

Sammy grabs a hand full and runs them to Berger, nearly slipping in the shitty water.

Berger starts soaking up the water with the sheets and wringing it back into the overflowing toilet.

BERGER (CONT'D)
More!

Sammy runs back and grabs more sheets.

The two try and fight back the unstoppable sewage as it overflows.

Berger grabs as many sheets as he can and shoves his arm into the brown water, filling the entire can.

The toilet burps, shakes, but finally stops.

They take a deep breath, relaxing for a moment.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Saved the day again.

SAMMY
Let's go before anybody notices.

The two grab their things and make for the door.

INT. TRAIN TO AMSTERDAM - CONTINUOUS

Berger and Sammy peek their heads out of the bathroom. There is nobody in the hall and they slip out.

BERGER
How long do we have until they notice?

SAMMY
Just keep moving. Don't make eye contact with anyone.

SUDDENLY THE DOOR IN FRONT OF THEM SWINGS OPEN AND THE FATHER OF THE CHILD WHO PUNCHED BURGER IN THE GROIN COMES RUNNING OUT OF THE ROOM, COMPLETELY COVERED IN SHIT.

FATHER
(subtitled)
THERE'S SHIT EVERYWHERE!

Sammy and Berger look horrified but quickly walk past.

They peer into the room and see raw sewage shooting out of the sink, covering the Spanish Boy's family from head to toe.

The boy screams in terror.

Two Conductors come rushing down the hallway past Sammy and Berger.

MAN
(subtitled)
The shit, it won't stop! Save my family!

CONDUCTOR 1
(subtitled)
The sheets, in the disabled bathroom, quick!

Conductor 2 rushes to the bathroom.

CONDUCTOR 1 (CONT'D)
(subtitled)
I'm so sorry, sir. We'll take care of this immediately.

Conductor 2 pops out of the bathroom.

CONDUCTOR 2
(subtitled)
The bathroom! It's trashed! The sheets are ruined!

Conductor 2 looks into the bathroom and sees the total and utter destruction.

He looks around and sees a trail of fecal matter leading out the bathroom and down the hall where Sammy and Berger are exiting into the next car.

INT. NEXT TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger step into the next car trying to remain as inconspicuous as possible.

BERGER
Just be cool.

They walk down the hallway avoiding eye contact with everyone.

SAMMY
I can still smell it.

BERGER
Just keep walking.

Conductor 1 busts through the door behind them.

CONDUCTOR 1
(subtitled)
You two! Stop!

The two look back and see the Conductor's rage pouring out his ears.

They take off towards the next car, the Conductor in hot pursuit.

INT. DINING CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger rush into the fancy dining car. Several patrons enjoying their meals look up in surprise as Berger and Sammy rush through the car.

Sammy is about to exit the dining car when he crashes into three GIGANTIC BULGARIANS, PAVEL, NIKOLAI AND GREGOR.

They are loud, sweaty, and speak broken English.

Pavel, the biggest of them all, picks Sammy off his feet and holds him high above his head.

PAVEL
Take watch, tiny baby man!

Sammy screams.

BERGER
Put him down, he's fragile!

Pavel sets Sammy down gently.

PAVEL
Where you go in much hurry?

BERGER
Anywhere but here.

PAVEL
You go to dance?

NIKOLAI
We go to disco and have sexy times!

SAMMY
Yes yes, go go!

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Bulgarians push Sammy and Berger through the car shielding them from the Conductor's sight.

The Conductor rushes right past the group without stopping, disappearing through the next door.

SAMMY
The conductor's gone, let's get out of here.

Sammy looks behind him at the Bulgarians who walk side by side, taking up the entire walk way.

BERGER
We need a place to lay low for a while, the disco is perfect.

SAMMY
You're saying that because you want a drink.

BERGER
I just shit my guts out. I think I deserve one.

SAMMY
Berger, we cannot afford to buy drinks for ourselves. We need to save our money to get to Amsterdam and win the Cup.

BERGER
I didn't say I was buying the drinks for me. They're to get someone drunk enough to fuck me.

SAMMY
Berger, you're not buying any-

INT. TRAIN CLUB - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The doors to the club bust open. Sammy and Berger stare in awe.

SAMMY
Drinks...

BERGER
And Moses brought forth the chosen
people from the desert to the land
of milk and honey!

Sammy's mouth hangs wide open as his eyes feast on a HORDE OF BEAUTIFUL EUROPEAN WOMEN bumping and grinding on the dance floor.

The club has a thick layer of smoke inside and Dubstep music blares loudly from the speakers.

Off to the right is a bar and the drinks are flowing.

PAVEL
Now we drink!

INT. TRAIN CLUB BAR - CONTINUOUS

Pavel flashes a gold card at the BARTENDER who immediately begins pouring drinks for everyone.

BERGER
We need one of those cards man.

SAMMY
Don't ruin this for us!

They raise their glasses.

PAVEL
To new friend of train!

NIKOLAI AND GREGOR
New friend of train!

They all drink.

MONTAGE:

1. Sammy and Berger are engaged in a drinking game with the Bulgarians. Berger tries to reach for the card, but Pavel pockets it as he does.

2. Sammy takes a big shot and begins to cough and dry heave. The Bulgarians laugh loudly and pat him on the back. Again Berger tries to reach for the card, but Pavel pulls him in for a hug.

3. Berger's vision starts to double. A hot girl comes to the bar next to him and he shouts "Twins!" The girl looks confused and quickly leaves.

4. Sammy and Berger plead with the DJ to play a particular record. The DJ picks a different record and Berger gets mad, knocking the records everywhere.

Pavel takes Sammy and Berger under either arm. They are both completely hammered.

PAVEL
You have good times?

BERGER
How can a Jew like me compalin
about free drinks!

SAMMY
(grinning)
I can't feel my legs!

PAVEL
Wait here, I get more drinks.

Pavel goes to the bar and gets two mixed drinks.

He pulls TWO WHITE PILLS out of his pocket and drops them into either glass dissolving instantly.

Pavel hands the drinks to Sammy and Berger.

SAMMY
To friend of train!

BERGER
To friend of train!

Sammy and Berger down their spiked drinks.

NIKOLAI
(subtitled)
Is it time?

PAVEL
(subtitled)
Not yet. In fifteen minutes we make
our move.

Pavel and Nikolai push Sammy and Berger towards the dance floor.

Grigor stays behind and wiping all the residue from their drinks.

Sammy and Berger start drunkenly flailing their arms and legs to the beat of the music.

Two attractive English girls in tight mini skirts and six inch "fuck me" pumps watch Sammy and Berger from the edge of the dance floor.

The girls, SALLY and SARAH, whisper to each other, noticing how intoxicated Sammy and Berger are. They smile at each other and approach the drunken duo.

SALLY

Hey boys, you look like you could use some company.

BERGER

(belligerently)

We don't need company, YOU need company.

SAMMY

Yeah, don't tell us what we need, only we know what we need.

SARAH

I'll bet you could use some of this.

Sarah grabs Sammy head and pulls it into her bosom, letting him motor boat her. His eyes light up as she starts dancing with him.

Sally immediately moves towards Berger, pulling him close. She turns around and starts bumping and grinding on his crotch.

Sammy flails his arms to the beat awkwardly as Sarah tries to keep up.

SAMMY

So what are a couple of gorgeous girls like you gonna be doing in Amsterdam?

SARAH

We both got a job in sales.

SAMMY
Selling?

SARAH
Our vaginas.

Sammy's eyes light up. He looks over at Berger who has all but passed out on Sally's shoulders.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Tonight we're offering a special.
Two for one.

Suddenly Sammy starts to feel the effects of the drugs. The color drains from his face.

SARAH (CONT'D)
So what do you say?

Sammy look directly at her. His eyes flutter.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Do I have something in my teeth?

SUDDENLY A STREAM OF VOMIT COMES FROM SAMMY'S MOUTH AND HITS THE GIRL RIGHT IN THE FACE. HE COLLAPSES DIRECTLY ONTO THE DANCE FLOOR.

Berger points and laughs-

SUDDENLY HIS EYES ROLL INTO THE BACK OF HIS HEAD-

He passes out right next to Sammy.

Before anyone has time to react the Bulgarians swoop in to extract the drugged friends from the dance floor.

PAVEL
Come with us, tiny baby man. We get
you food.

INT. THE BULGARIAN'S CABIN - LATER

Blackness. Nothing. Just the empty world around Berger.

Faint voices in the distance, too hard to make out.

Berger slowly opens his eyes, the light above blinding him. He shields his eyes as the voices become recognizable.

GRIGOR
(subtitled)
What if they wake up?

PAVEL
(subtitled)
Don't worry, they're not going
anywhere.

The three Bulgarians leave the cabin.

Berger starts to slowly regain consciousness. He looks around and sees the virtually empty room save for a couple of bunk beds and a sink.

Sammy sits passed out on the other side of the room.

Berger gets up and heads to the door, peering out into the hallway.

The Bulgarians are nowhere to be seen. Berger turns around and sees that his and Sammy's bags are open, every pocket unzipped.

Berger runs over to Sammy, and shakes him.

BERGER
Sammy wake up, we're in trouble.

Sammy doesn't move.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Don't die on me, bro!

SAMMY
(half-asleep)
No Berger I will not suck your dick
for bud...

BERGER
You got some fucked up dreams
there, brother.

Berger slaps Sammy across the face.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Come on, get with me here.

Sammy starts to come to.

SAMMY
Hey Berger-

BERGER
Let's go, get up.

Sammy becomes slightly more conscious.

SAMMY
Hold up man, what's the rush?

Sammy sits up abruptly.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
WE MISSED OUR FLIGHT TO AMSTERDAM,
DIDN'T WE? I told you to set your
alarm!

Sammy gets up a little too fast. His legs give out on him.
He grabs at his throbbing head.

BERGER
Snap the fuck out of it, man.
We're on a train to Amsterdam.

SAMMY
The Bulgarians!

BERGER
They must have drugged us.

Sammy sees the contents of their bags all over the room.

SAMMY
Our bags!

Berger walks over to the door. He peeks out, planning their
escape route.

BERGER
No sign of them. Time to go.

SAMMY
But our stuff!

Berger grabs Sammy by the arm pulling him through the door.

INT. TRAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Berger and Sammy continue down the hall.

The train has stopped at a station. Some passengers are
disembarking while others struggle to get their bags onto the
train.

Sammy is still woozy from the drugs.

SAMMY
Are we in Amsterdam?

Berger looks out the window reading the sign on the station platform.

BERGER
Not quite, we're in Brussels.

Just then the Bulgarians come down the hall in the opposite direction. They notice Sammy and Berger up ahead.

PAVEL
Hey! Americans!

BERGER
Come on, don't look back.

Berger pulls Sammy through the train car, walking as quickly as they can without making a scene.

PAVEL
American hotties, come back! We
play now!

Berger picks up speed, dragging Sammy along behind him. The two start knocking into people.

BERGER
Sorry. Excuse me! Sorry.

The Bulgarians keep pace, gaining on them, and knocking people over with no regard for anyone.

BERGER (CONT'D)
QUICK, OFF THE TRAIN!

Berger leads Sammy off the train, hurling him around the corner.

EXT. BRUSSELS TRAIN STATION - CONTINUOUS

Berger and Sammy knock over an OLD WOMAN with a walker. She falls but Berger doesn't stop.

BERGER
Sorry, grandma!

The two blend in with the crowd, keeping their heads down.

SAMMY
Please tell me you have some sort
of plan.

BERGER
I always have a plan.

Sammy sees the Bulgarians get off the train.

SAMMY

You better, because here they come!

The Bulgarians stand a full head above everyone else on the platform.

Pavel spots the grandma sprawled on the floor up ahead where people have gathered around trying to help her.

Pavel looks ahead and sees Sammy and Berger.

They make eye contact.

Pavel and the Bulgarians make their way towards the two.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Shit.

BERGER

This way!

Berger drags Sammy towards a different train on the other side of the platform.

The Bulgarians follow suit and head towards the same car but a different door.

INT. SECOND TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Berger throws Sammy on the train by his shirt. Sammy flies through the air nearly landing on a child.

Berger gets on. As he does he sees Pavel step through the door at the opposite end of the car.

BERGER

Off the train!

Berger grabs Sammy by the shirt and tosses him back off the train.

INT./EXT. SECOND TRAIN/PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Sammy's shirt starts to rip as he flies out the door.

They rush back across the platform towards their train to Amsterdam.

Pavel and his fellow Bulgarians step out behind them.

The Second Train's whistle rings out. The lights inside dim for a moment.

CONDUCTOR
(in Belgian)
All aboard!

BERGER
Back on the train!

Berger throws Sammy back on the second train. Sammy falls to the floor. Berger jumps on just as the door closes.

SAMMY
My ankle!

Sammy sits there holding his twisted ankle.

Suddenly Pavel forces a door open on the other end of the car.

He spots Sammy and Berger and the Bulgarians start to head towards them.

BERGER
Let's go Sammy, get up!

SAMMY
I can't, you twisted my ankle.

Berger grabs Sammy under the arms and heaves him over his shoulder.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Put me down.

Berger looks back towards the Bulgarians. They inch closer and closer.

Berger looks back at the closed door.

BERGER
This is going to hurt you a lot
more than it's going to hurt me.

SAMMY
Wait, what?

Berger steps back and takes a slight running start at the closed door.

HE SMALS SAMMY'S HEAD INTO THE GLASS LIKE A BATTERING RAM.

He merely bounces off with a loud thud.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK, BERGER?

BERGER
I thought it would work.

The Bulgarians get closer and closer.

SAMMY
Fuck! They're coming.

Berger tries to open the door but it won't budge. He starts praying.

BERGER
Please God, I'm not ready to die! I
promise, no more hookers, no more
drugs, no more fat chicks!

Suddenly the doors open-

BERGER (CONT'D)
Thank you!

EXT. PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

Berger jumps out with Sammy in tow. A CONDUCTOR has opened the door with a special key from the outside.

He lets an OLD MAN in his 80s on the train, a Mr. Magoo look-a-like.

Berger starts to take off with Sammy towards the train on the other side of the platform when they pass a CONDUCTOR.

Berger suddenly stops and runs back up to the Conductor.

BERGER
See those tall dudes over there?
They don't have tickets, they're
trying ride for free.

CONDUCTOR
Are you sure?

Berger has already taken off towards the train back to Amsterdam.

He gets on just as the doors close.

INT. TRAIN TO AMSTERDAM - CONTINUOUS

Berger puts Sammy down on the floor. Both are out of breath. Sammy rubs his head.

SAMMY
I think I have a concussion.

BERGER
At least your ankle doesn't hurt any more.

SAMMY
Yes it does!

Sammy continues to rub his ankle and head at the same time.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Help me up. Let's just go find our stuff.

Berger helps Sammy up.

The train blows its whistle and starts to pull out of the station. As it does Sammy and Berger look out the window at the Bulgarians being harassed by several conductors.

Pavel looks up at the departing train and makes eye contact with Berger who flips him the bird.

INT. THE BULGARIANS' CABIN - CONTINUOUS

Berger and Sammy return to the Bulgarian's cabin. All of their things are strewn across the floor.

SAMMY
They went through all of it.

BERGER
Did they take anything?

Sammy rummages through his bag desperately. Frustrated, he takes his bag and throws it across the room.

SAMMY
Our cash, our credit cards, our ID's. Those fucking Bulgarians took it all.

Sammy stands up looking at all their things thrown across the floor.

BERGER

We'll figure something out.

Sammy bends down, grabs his bag, and starts stuffing his things back inside.

SAMMY

Like the time in junior year when you forced me to help you hijack the football team's limo?

BERGER

Why you gotta bring up the past?

SAMMY

Because if my memory serves me right we didn't fare to well in that situation did we?

BERGER

Yeah but-

SAMMY

Or how about the time you insisted on smoking some bud with that Army Ranger after the Lakers game.

BERGER

That's the least I could have done after the guy-

SAMMY

It turned out that guy was a raging lunatic. He chased us four blocks. Then we missed the last bus home and had to catch a cab that I paid for.

BERGER

I told you I would get you some cash for-

SAMMY

I haven't seen a dime of that money and that was 3 years ago.

BERGER

With all the money we're about to make in Amsterdam, we won't have a problem.

SAMMY

Us having to go to Amsterdam is the problem!

(MORE)

SAMMY (CONT'D)

If it wasn't for you wasting all that money on the new hydroponics grow system we wouldn't be in this mess in the first place.

BERGER

That hydroponic system helped me create our bud which is going to make us richer than that dispensary ever could. Just chill, it will all work out.

SAMMY

That's your answer to everything.

BERGER

You're acting like this is all my fault or something.

Sammy's face turns blood red. He jumps up looking Berger dead in the eyes.

SAMMY

Wake up shit for brains, IT IS YOUR FAULT!

BERGER

How is it my fault?

SAMMY

Did you not notice all the fucked up situations we've gotten ourselves into this trip?

BERGER

We're almost there aren't we?

SAMMY

Only by the grace of God! We were nearly arrested in Spain, raped by dominatrix trannies, and now we've been robbed by Bulgarians.

BERGER

Just don't think about it and it will all go away. That's how I deal with shit like this.

SAMMY

Maybe you should start thinking for a change.

BERGER

And maybe you should try and go with the flow for once. The more you worry the worse things get.

SAMMY

No, the worse things get the more I worry... But not this time.

BERGER

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

SAMMY

I'm getting to the hotel, picking up the bud and using the winnings to pay for this trip and the bank loan. I'm selling my share and I'm out.

BERGER

You can't do that! That's my bud! I grew it, I created it!

Sammy grabs his bag and throws it over his shoulder.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

SAMMY

Somewhere far away from you. The next time you see me will be on the cover of High Times.

Sammy leaves, slamming the door in Berger's face.

BERGER

We'll see about that!

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREETS - DAY

Berger emerges from the Amsterdam Train Station and onto the street.

It is bustling with PEOPLE who go about their daily commute paying no attention to him.

He looks over at the taxi line, it's huge. Berger then looks down towards the canals, empty.

EXT. CANALS - CONTINUOUS

Berger makes his way down the empty line. He jumps into the first barge he sees.

It's CAPTAIN, an old gray haired man, sits reading a magazine.

BERGER
The Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky!
Hurry!

The Old Man sighs and heaves himself up, puts down his fishing rod, and slowly unties the boat from its mooring.

BERGER (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
Come on, come on, come on...

The Captain finally unties the boat. He sits down near the outboard motor and pulls the starter cable.

The motor sputters and stalls. He tries again with the same result.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREET - DAY

Sammy emerges about 200 yards away from Berger. He doesn't see him.

Sammy does see a second huge line of people waiting for taxis.

He too looks over at the canals, and sees a sign for a water taxi. There's no water taxi, nor is there a line.

SAMMY
Can't be that long of a wait.

EXT. CANALS - CONTINUOUS

Sammy gets down to the canals, to see a barge pulling up. Behind it's Captain sits Berger.

The barge makes dock.

BERGER
You've got to be kidding me. I'm sorry there's just no more room, you're going to have to find another boat.

Sammy stands there, examining the empty boat. There are another six seats available.

Sammy steps onto the barge.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Didn't you hear me! You're going to-

SAMMY

Deal with it Burger. We have less than an hour before they close admission.

BERGER

You can ride along in the boat but there's no way I'm working with an asshole!

Sammy sits down, as the Captain tries to start the motor.

The old man pulls the starter he gets nothing. The old man tries again, albeit not nearly hard enough. The motor sputters and stalls.

Berger finally loses his patience.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Move it, grandpa!

SAMMY

You're going to get us both thrown off this thing!

Berger pulls the starter cable again and the motor roars to life, his maniacal laughter nearly drowned out by the motor.

BERGER

Yee-haw! Let's book it, Dan-O!

The old man sits down behind the wheel of the water-taxi and hits the accelerator.

Berger hums the "Hawaii 5-0" theme song to himself.

His excitement is quickly extinguished, however, when he realizes that the old man is puttering the water-taxi along slower than the people walking on the roads above them.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Hey, Old Man, you're slower than Helen Keller!

The old man doesn't even acknowledge Berger and keeps his eyes on the canal.

Berger watches anxiously as pedestrians walk faster than the water-taxi.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Come on!

The boat putters along towards an intersection in the canals.

Passing in front of the three is a large barge carrying a load of garbage. The old man slows the water-taxi down and waves his hand, signaling the barge to go in front of him.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Don't give him the right of way!
Just go!

The old man dismisses Berger's pleas with a wave of his hand as they wait for the barge to pull in front.

The old man reaches below his seat and finds a gas mask. He puts it on.

SAMMY

What the hell is that for?

The scent from of the garbage wafts back over the water-taxi, hitting Sammy and Berger in the face. Their eyes begin to water and the two starts to cough.

BERGER

Dear Christ!

Sammy hangs his head off the side of the boat trying to escape the toxic fumes to.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Pull around! There's plenty of room!

The old man just sits and putters behind the foul-smelling barge. Berger dry-heaves a couple times

BERGER (CONT'D)

Screw it.

Berger pushes the old man out of his seat and takes control of the water-taxi.

OLD MAN

(subtitled)

Stop! Don't!

Berger hits the accelerator and speeds around the side of the barge. Sammy holds on for dear life, almost flying into the water.

Just as Bergers about to pass the Garbage Barge he sees another water-taxi filled with tourists heading straight for him.

He swerves suddenly, attempting to escape the inevitable.

BERGER
Fuck fuck fuck!

Berger crashes directly into the garbage-boat. The impact is so forceful that the barge-operator loses his balance and falls into the water.

A huge hole opens up in the hull of the garbage boat and it starts to quickly take on water.

The other water-taxi hits the wall of the canal sending several tourists flying.

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS

Several classy-looking PEOPLE sit at an outdoor cafe, sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes.

A WAITER brings a cup of coffee and some milk to an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (40). Underneath her is a BIG BLACK DOG tied to her chair, napping in the sun.

Suddenly the dog rouses, his nose twitching. He starts to growl.

The attractive woman reaches for her milk and starts to pour it. Her face sours. She smells her milk.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
(subtitled)
Excuse me, waiter. This milk has gone bad.

The waiter comes over to her table.

WAITER
(subtitled)
That's impossible, madame. This milk is was delivered today.

ATTRACTIVE WOMAN
(subtitled)
Then what's that awful smell?

EXT. CANAL BANKS - CONTINUOUS

At that moment Berger heaves himself over the side of the canal wall, followed by Sammy.

The two are completely soaked and covered in garbage.

SAMMY
Could you fuck this trip get any worse?

EXT. OUTDOOR CAFE - CONTINUOUS

The startled woman drops the milk and gasps.

Suddenly her dog lets out a howl and takes off from under her chair sending her and the table flying.

The dog runs straight for Berger and Sammy dragging the chair behind him.

EXT. CANAL BANKS - CONTINUOUS

BERGER
It just did! Run.

Berger and Sammy takes off at full speed but the dog quickly gains on them.

EXT. AMSTERDAM STREET - CONTINUOUS

Berger pushes his way through crowds of people as if he were a fullback blcoking for Sammy. The two try to stay one step ahead of the growling dog.

BERGER
Make way! Coming through! Watch it!
Move it or lose it, sister!

The dog snarls and snaps at Sammy's heels, ripping a piece of his pant leg off. The chair swings wildly behind it, knocking people over and damaging property.

SAMMY
Fuck!

As the dog thrashes his ripped pant leg Sammy breaks away from it. The dog spits out the pant leg and runs after the two.

Berger rounds a corner near the canal but Sammy loses his footing. He slips and slides to a stop at the edge.

Berger pauses, and looks on in horror.

Sammy turns over and sees the dog pouncing towards him. Sammy instinctively curls into the fetal position.

The dog lands on Sammy who roles backwards, sending the dog hurling into the water.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Ha! Take that, dog!

Sammy turns around and sees the chair that the dog is tied to coming straight for him.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Wham! The chair hits Sammy square in the chest and he falls into the canal with the dog.

Berger rushes towards the edge of the Canal.

EXT. AMSTERDAM CANAL - CONTINUOUS

Sammy breaches the surface of the canal water like a whale gasping for air. He looks around and sees the dog swimming right for him.

SAMMY
You've got to be kidding me.

Sammy swims as hard as he can in the opposite direction but the dog stays right on his tail.

EXT. AMSTERDAM CANAL BANKS - CONTINUOUS

SEVERAL PEOPLE have gathered on the banks of the canal looking down in the water. A LITTLE GIRL (about 10) stands with her MOTHER (late 30s).

LITTLE GIRL
(subtitled)
Mama! That man and the dog are in
the water!

MOTHER
(subtitled)
Help! Somebody help!

EXT. AMSTERDAM CANAL - [INTERCUT]

Berger stares at Sammy trying to escape the dog.

BERGER

You OK?

SAMMY

Don't worry, I'll be fine. I'm actually Michael Phelps and have 13 gold medals in swimming.

BERGER

That would make sense seeing how he was photographed with that bong...

SAMMY

Fucking help already Berger!

The dog continues to gain on Sammy who is waning.

Berger jumps into the water.

He swims over to Sammy, putting him in a life-guards hold. Sammy has trouble keeping his head above the water.

About 40 yards away Berger spots a ladder. He swims furiously towards it while the dog continues to paddle straight for the two.

Berger grabs hold of the ladder and pushes Sammy out. He climbs out behind.

The dog is unable to climb and desperately treads water below him.

Berger sits on the side of the canal catching his breath. He looks around and sees the hotel less than a quarter mile from where he is sitting.

The Little Girl screams.

Berger sees the dog's leash snagged on a root sticking out from the canal wall. The dog starts to lose energy, it's head dipping below the surface momentarily.

Berger looks back and forth between the hotel, the little girl, and the drowning dog.

Berger takes a deep breath and dives back into the canal. He looks around and sees the dog struggling to stay above water. Berger dives down and maneuvers the dog onto his shoulders and swims for the surface.

Berger struggles to get the leash free but it is no use. Without thinking, Berger frantically unbuckles the dog's collar, freeing the dog enough to put it on his shoulders.

Berger reaches for the ladder and begins to heave himself and the dog out of the canal.

BERGER
Come on, buddy! Let's go!

EXT. AMSTERDAM CANAL BANKS - CONTINUOUS

It takes every last ounce of Berger's strength to pull himself and the dog out of the water but he manages to deposit himself and the dog on the bank of the canal.

The dog licks Berger's face playfully, grateful it is still alive.

Everyone claps. Berger looks up at all of them. He stands and curtsies.

The Little Girl turns her attention to the soaking wet dog. She scratches the dog's ears and its tail happily thumps on the ground.

Sammy gets up, drenched.

SAMMY
Now what?

Berger spots a CAB DRIVER standing against his car, reading the newspaper. He heads straight for it.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Wait for me!

Sammy follows.

INT. TAXI CAB/EXT. AMSTERDAM STREET - CONTINUOUS

The doors of the taxi cab slam close, grabbing the drivers attention.

The Cab Driver pokes his head into the rolled down rear window.

BERGER
NH Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky, now!

CAB DRIVER
Americans?

SAMMY

Look we don't have time to explain.
Get us there in the next ten
minuets and we'll pay you triple.

CAB DRIVER

Triple hu?

Berger get's out of the cab, and pushes the Cab Driver into
the drivers seat.

BERGER

Good, perfect. Just sit down, turn
on the car, and drive.

Berger gets back in, and the Cab Driver turns around.

CAB DRIVER

So to the Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky?

SAMMY

Yes.

CAB DRIVER

Isn't that right where the Canibus
Cup is being held?

BERGER

Yes.

CAB DRIVER

You know they close the gates in
about 15 minuets.

BERGER

Yes!

SAMMY

Yes!

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

OK, just making sure you guys know.

The Cab Driver starts the car. He turns on his blinker,
checks his blind spot, and slowly moves into traffic.

INT. CAB/EXT. AMSTERDAMN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

The cab driver turns the cornor, driving slowly.

CAB DRIVER

So have you American's been
enjoying my country?

SAMMY

Well if you think being thrown into your trash filled canals, and having a huge dog chase after you, only to get draged back into said canals by said dog, then yeah, it's been a blast!

CAB DRIVER

My English isn't so great, but I'm glad you're enjoying yourselves!

The Cab Driver turns a cornor. Sitting off to the side of the street is a POLICE OFFICER. The two lock eyes imdiatly.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Shit.

The Cab Driver tries to hide his face best he can.

SAMMY

What's goiong on?

The Cab Driver starts to speed up. The Officer turns onto the street behind them, and flips on his lites.

INT. POLICE OFFICER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Police Officer picks up his loud speaker.

POLICE OFFICER

(subtitled)

Freddrick stop! You owe 3000 Euro's in unpaid parking tickets!

INT. CAB/EXT. AMSTERDAMN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

SAMMY

What did he say?

CAB DRIVER

I have a few unpaid parking tickets...

The Driver makes a quick right and takes off down an ally.

EXT. AMSTERDAM ALLY - CONTINUOUS

He zooms down the ally. The Police officers takes the quick right, his tires screech.

A few boxes are in the middle of the street, the Taxi Driver hurls through them, sending them flying. They land on the windshield of the Police Officers car. He usses his windshiled wipers to wipe them off.

The Police Officer glances down at speedometer, 40kph (30mph).

TAXI DRIVER

So where did you say you were going to again?

They make a left onto back onto the main street.

EXT. AMSTERDAM MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

As the cab comes onto the main street, it almost slam into a car crossing their way, just missing it by inches.

SAMMY

Too close!

CAB DRIVER

I don't know the hotel Too Close.

SAMMY

Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky.

The Police officer follows right behind them, making a careful turn into traffic.

The Cab continue to zoom down the street weaving in and out of lanes, around the cars.

CAB DRIVER

Well I'd stop and let you two off here, but you know, the cop.

They pass the Grand Hotel Krasnapolsky. Sammy looks at it his heart sinks.

SAMMY

Wait let us off!

CAB DRIVER

No can do partner.

The Taxi Driver takes a hard right back down an ally.

EXT. AMSTERDAM ALLY - CONTINUOUS

They pick up speed down the ally. The Police Officer continue behind them.

TAXI DRIVER

Don't worry, I know this town like the back of my hand, we'll loose this guy! Just like in the movies, no?

SAMMY

No not like the movies!

TAXI DRIVER

Don't worry I have an old girlfriend who lives around here, she will hide us out for a while.

SAMMY

But I don't want to hide out, I want to get my pot!

BERGER

Sammy, it's a girl, who knows, maybe she'll blow us all.

SAMMY

Shut the fuck up Berger!

EXT. AMSTERDAM ALLY/MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Moped continues to weave in and out of traffic, darting in and out of allys. With each turn they take the Police Officer falls further and furhter behind them.

MONTAGE

- 1) They come around a cornor almost running into a bus. The bus stops just in time.
- 2) They ride on the sidewalk, to get around the slower moving cars, trying not to hit everyone as they go.
- 3) They zoom down an ally, hit a hill, and catch some air. The police car follwoing them slowly drives over the hill.

INT. CAB/EXT. ALLY - CONTINUOUS

They enter an ally, the isn't cop behind them, but his sirens can still be herd.

The three cross over a bridge and the pull up to an apartment.

SAMMY

Where the hell are we?

TAXI DRIVER

Don't worry my girlfriend lives here.

The Taxi Driver turns off his car, and gets out.

He rushes up to the apartment and starts buzzing the call button. Sammy and Berger wait in the car.

A young, gorgeous blond, no more than 25 years old, answers, CHLOIE.

CHLOIE (O.S.)

Who's is it?

CAB DRIVER

Cholie it's me Fredrick you must hide me and my friends, the cops are after us.

CHLOIE (O.S.)

You piece of shit, you have a lot of nerve coming back here.

CAB DRIVER

I don't know what you're talking about.

CHLOIE (O.S.)

Don't play that shit with me. You know exactly what i'm talking about. After sleeping with that whore.

CAB DRIVER

I didn't sleep with her.

The window above suddenly opens up, Chloie sticks her head out the window, she is beyond beautiful, blond hair, blue eyes, huge tits.

CHLOIE

Get the hell out of here Fredrick I never want to see you again!

The Taxi Driver steps away from the door, looking up at Chloie.

CAB DRIVER

Please, Chloe, they are after me,
we have no where else to turn to.

BERGER

Look at the knockers on this one.
Are all the women out here this
hot?

SAMMY

We have fifteen minuets to make it
to the hotel. If we don't leave
now we're fucked!

CHLOIE

We? Oh your new boyfriends over
there. They look sweat, but one
looks like a bitch, and the other
has bitch tits.

CAB DRIVER

No, they aren't my boy friends,
they're just regular friends, like
Monica. She was just a friend, we
were just hanging out.

CHLOIE

Your dick was hanging out in her
mouth, that's for sure.

CAB DRIVER

No that wasn't what you saw...she
was...ah...I got stung by a bee and
she was sucking the poison out.

Sammy looks over at the Cab Driver, then at his watch.

SAMMY

We have to do something.

BERGER

Like what? Steal the cab?

Sammy looks over towards the steering colum and notices the
keys still inside.

SAMMY

That's exactly what we're going to
do.

Sammy starts to climb over to the front seat.

BERGER

Wait! No Sammy don't. We're in a
foreign land, no passports, no ID's.
We're going to-

Sammy starts up the car.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Sammy! Don't!

The Cab Driver turns around to see his cab flying down the
ally.

CAB DRIVER

Wait my friend! My cab!

As the Taxi Driver runs down the Ally the Police Officer
pulls in and speeds up next to him. He cuts in front of the
Cab Driver, as Sammy leaves them in the dust.

INT. CAB/EXT. AMSTERDAMN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Sammy turns down the main street, weaving in and out of
traffic.

BERGER

Do you have any idea where we're
going?

SAMMY

Some of this looks familiar.

The two stair out, everything looks the same.

BERGER

There it is!

Berger points across the canal to the Grand Hotel
Krasnapolsky.

Sammy looks, and see's the hotel. He makes a sharp left,
cutting traffic off completely, running a red light.

EXT. GRAND HOTEL KRASNAPOLSKY - CONTINUOUS

The two pull up to the hotel, the beat up taxi just about to
fall apart.

Sammy and Berger rush out of the cab, and into the hotel.
Everyone is stairing at the two.

INT. GRAND HOTEL KRASNAPOLSKY - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger run through the luxurious lobby and to the front desk.

The BELL-HOP at the desk looks at the two of them.

BELL-HOP
May I help you, gentlemen?

BERGER
Yes, there's a package for me-

SAMMY
No, the package is for me-

Berger straight arms Sammy who loses his balance.

BERGER
The package was shipped Federal Express from America. It's a brown box about yay-big addressed to Joshua Rosenberg.

Sammy gets up and pushes Berger away from the desk with his hip.

SAMMY
It's not addressed to Joshua Rosenberg, it's addressed to Samuel Steins.

BELL-HOP
Just a moment, I'll check.

The Bell-Hops walks into the back room.

BERGER
What the hell were you thinking back there?

SAMMY
We made it on time didn't we?

BERGER
Yeah, but you could have gotten us killed!

SAMMY
When have you ever been worried about anyones physical safety?

The Bell-Hop walks back out with a package.

BELL-HOP

I have a packaged addressed to a
Mr. Joshua Rosenberg.

Berger smirks triumphantly and grabs for the package. The
bell-hop, however, will not let go.

BELL-HOP (CONT'D)

And a Mr. Samuel Steins.

Sammy and Berger stare each other down. They both reach for
the package at the same time.

SAMMY

Grab the box, lets go!

EXT. CANNABIS CUP SIGN IN TENT - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger walk up to the table still holding onto
either end of the box.

BERGER

You've got to be fucking kidding
me.

The OLD SPANISH LADY from the train station in Madrid sits
smoking a joint at the table in front of them. She pulls it
away from her lips and ashes it on top of their box.

OLD SPANISH LADY

Hello, gay boys.

BERGER

We're not gay.

OLD SPANISH LADY

It's 2012. It's time to stop lying
to yourselves and the world.

BERGER

He's my business partner, not-

Sammy slams his fist down on the table.

SAMMY

Listen, lady, I've been beat up,
raped by dominatrix trannies, and
I've lugged this fat fuck all over
Europe. Now open the damn box.

The grandma whips out a knife stabbing it into the box. She
slides it down the middle, almost slicing Berger's and
Sammy's hands.

BERGER

On the count of three, flip it.

Sammy acknowledges with no more than a nod.

BERGER (CONT'D)

One...two...three!

The two flip the box open. Toiletries and sundries spill across the table.

Sammy and Berger stare at the contents on the counter, horrified.

BERGER (CONT'D)

What the hell is this?

SAMMY

This isn't our package.

OLD SPANISH LADY

How much acid did you two do?

Sammy starts ripping open the little boxes of toothpaste, shaving cream, and deodorant.

BERGER

There was a can of coffee, where is it?

Something starts vibrating across the table. Sammy and Berger look around, trying to find the source of the noise. Old Spanish Lady picks up a pack of RIBBED CONDOMS WITH VIBRATING PLEASURE RINGS, the same condoms Sammy put into the box for the troops.

OLD SPANISH LADY

Your condoms, boys.

Old Spanish Lady hands the pack of condoms to Sammy and goes to check in another entrant.

Berger stares dumbfounded at the condoms.

Sammy starts hyperventilating.

SAMMY

You're telling me that we travelled five thousand miles across the world and shipped ourselves the wrong package?

Berger is speechless.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
FUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKKK!

INT. GRAND HOTEL KRASNAPOLSKY - LATER

Sammy sits hunched over in a large leather chair. The melancholy look on his face is as low as it could get. His eyes melt into the back of his head, dejected.

A baggie of weed falls into his lap. Sammy looks up and sees Berger who jumps over the back of the adjoining chair, his normal cheerful self.

SAMMY
I'm still not talking to you.

BERGER
Come on, you're not going to let some small thing like this get between our ten years of friendship, are you?

Sammy doesn't say a word, he just turns his back to Berger.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Lets bygones be bygones. Help me smoke this blunt.

Sammy remains silent.

BERGER (CONT'D)
Listen, I fuck around. I've never been good at taking things seriously. But you know what I realized? Sometimes shit is just out of our control and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it.

Berger reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope. He tosses it onto Sammy's lap.

SAMMY
What's this?

He opens the envelope and his eyes light up.

BERGER
I got our deposit back from the Cannabis Cup. All five-hundred is there, minus twenty for the weed.

Sammy fans through the cash.

BERGER (CONT'D)

I was gunna use it on a couple of hookers but figured it would be better spent on rent... Considering we're gunna be out of jobs.

Sammy buries his face in his hands.

SAMMY

We probably wouldn't have won anyway.

BERGER

Of course we would have won! That bud is going to change the world. It's The Golden Ticket.

SAMMY

I guess.

BERGER

Look on the bright side, we got to see Europe.

Sammy finally turns back around.

BERGER (CONT'D)

So we didn't win. You can't let it get you down. It's water off the duck's ass.

Sammy smiles.

SAMMY

You mean water off the duck's back?

BERGER

Whatever, it doesn't matter. What matters is we're in Amsterdam and we still have two VIP passes to the Cannabis Cup.

Berger pulls out the passes from his back pocket. Sammy smiles.

SAMMY

You're right. Water off the duck's ass.

Sammy pats Berger on the back.

BERGER

So does that mean we're still friends?

SAMMY

How could I not be friends with the
man who sucked my plastic dick?

Berger laughs and shakes his head. Sammy points to the baggie
of weed.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

So what'd you get us?

BERGER

Some real OG Kush.

SAMMY

Bullshit.

Sammy opens the baggie and takes a huge sniff. The smell
melts him.

BERGER

No bullshit, bro. I got this off a
guy who entered it in the
competition.

Sammy and Berger get up and start walking towards the door.

SAMMY

You know I love you bro.

BERGER

Love you too man, no homo.

Sammy and Berger laugh.

EXT. CANNABIS CUP COMPETITION - LATER

Sammy and Berger are already stoned. Their eyes are bloodshot
and they have goofy grins on their faces. Sammy takes a hit
from a massive joint and passes it to Berger as the two walk
down the aisle of what looks like a giant marijuana trade
show.

Every vendor has something different they are showing off.
Berger and Sammy admire the different buds, edibles, display
cases, and custom glass blown pipes and bongs.

Berger snaps pictures of the festivities with the Bright Pink
Camera.

SAMMY

I think I died and this is what
heaven's like.

BERGER

No, heaven would be hot ass naked chicks lighting joints rolled with hundred dollar bills for us.

Berger snaps another picture.

SAMMY

Tell me you deleted those photos from the hostel.

BERGER

I still can't figure this stupid thing out.

The two turn the corner and see a girl about 5'6" with pale skin and short brown hair.

BERGER (CONT'D)

Hey isn't that the chick from the plane?

Sammy looks at who Berger is pointing at.

The girl turns around. It's Abigael. She stands behind a counter selling different buds, talking with other patrons of the Cannabis Cup.

SAMMY

Holy shit.

BERGER

I told you.

Sammy stands there stunned, his mouth hanging wide open.

BERGER (CONT'D)

You gunna talk to her?

SAMMY

I don't know, she probably wouldn't like me man. Look at me, I haven't showered since we left from LA.

BERGER

You're telling me you're still scared to talk to some chick you might never see again after what we went through?

Sammy takes a long look at Abigael.

SAMMY

You're right.

EXT. CANNABIS CUP - CONTINUOUS

Sammy pushes past the crowd that has gathered in front of Abigael's counter. She finishes with a customer, turns around, and almost walks into Sammy.

SAMMY

Hi there.

ABIGAEL

Sammy! You startled me.

SAMMY

I see you made it back in time.

Berger walks up next to Sammy and leans up against the glass.

ABIGAEL

Yeah, our plane ended up leaving a couple hours after you left.

SAMMY

What!?!?

Sammy turns to Berger his face steaming.

BERGER

Water off the duck's ass, bro.

Sammy's anger starts to subside.

ABIGAEL

You two look like shit. What happened?

SAMMY

Don't ask, way too traumatizing.

Abigael sees Berger holding the Bright Pink Camera.

ABIGAEL

Cute camera, boys. Let's see what you two lovers were up to.

Abigael goes to take the camera from Berger's hand.

SAMMY

No!

Sammy tries to hit her hands away and knocks the camera out of Berger's hands which shatters into a million pieces on the ground.

ABIGAEL
I'm so sorry!

SAMMY
Don't worry about it. Believe me,
there are some things I'd rather
forget about this trip.

Abigael smiles.

ABIGAEL
I think you're funny, Sammy.

SAMMY
Thanks, that makes one of us. So
do they ever give you any time off?

ABIGAEL
What's it to you?

SAMMY
Well I was wondering if you might
wanna show me the city.

She smiles.

ABIGAEL
Hold on.

Abigael grabs a business card. She hands it to Sammy.

ABIGAEL (CONT'D)
Give me a call in twenty minutes.

A huge smile comes across his face.

SAMMY
Yeah, I'll do that.

Sammy pockets the card and smiles at her.

EXT. CANNABIS CUP - CONTINUOUS

Sammy and Berger make their way through the crowd towards the stage.

BERGER
See? I told you it would work! You
should bring her weed. Bitches love
weed.

SAMMY
You are such an idiot sometimes.

BERGER
Yeah but you still love me.

AN ANNOUNCER steps onto the stage.

ANNOUNCER
And now the moment you've all been
waiting for. The winner of this
year's Cannabis Cup.

BERGER
Hold up, I wanna see who wins.

The announcer opens an envelope.

ANNOUNCER
Anton Villarosa with his hybrid 'Up
In Smoke'!

ANTON VILLAROSA comes out on stage to thunderous applause. He
shakes the Announcer's hand as a GIRL IN A POT LEAF BIKINI
hands him an oversized novelty check.

Sammy and Berger stare longingly up at the stage. A look of
disappointment comes across their faces.

BERGER
That should have been us.

SAMMY
Yeah, but hey, what you gonna do?

BERGER
Lets get out of here and grab
ourselves a couple of hookers.

Sammy smiles and looks at Abigael's business card.

SAMMY
You go ahead, I have a phone call
to make.

They start to leave when the Announcer gets back on the
loudspeakers.

ANNOUNCER
We'll see everybody next weekend in
Vancouver for the Canada Cup. The
winner there will take home five
hundred thousand dollars.

Sammy and Berger stop dead in their tracks. They look at each
other, the light bulbs going off in their heads.

Sammy reaches into his pocket and produces his cell phone. He dials a number.

SAMMY

Gary, it's Sammy. Book us two tickets to Vancouver on the double.

LET'S GO SMOKE SOME POT by Dash Rip Rock starts to play.

EPILOGUE:

EXT. US MILITARY BASE, AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A group of SOLDIERS are taking a break at base camp. They are opening up care packages from the United States.

SOLDIER

If I get one more stick of deodorant I swear to God...

He opens up the box and his eyes light up. He smiles.

SOLDIER (CONT'D)

Thank you, Baby Jesus.

THE END.