

The Inbetweeners

"Pilot"

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Inbetweeners

"Pilot"

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL LAWN - MORNING

WILL, 15, serious about his dress shirt and sweater vest, stares out at a sea of teenagers waiting for the morning bell... His buddies JAY, SIMON and NEIL (holding a football) sit on a concrete picnic table next to him.

WILL V.O.

My name is Will Mackenzie. And these... are my closest friends.

Jay smirks at Will's canvas briefcase.

JAY

So you're sticking with the briefcase?

WILL

It's a messenger bag.

SIMON

No. It's either a briefcase or a purse.

WILL

Well, my last school discouraged backpacks. They didn't want us to look like a bunch of ninja turtles.

JAY

--They wanted you to look like dickheads?

We FREEZE the scene.

WILL V.O.

...I've known them since yesterday.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - (FLASHBACK)

MR. GILBERT, a bored-looking 30-something, leads WILL out of the front office and into the hallway of students.

WILL V.O.

See, the thing about being a teenager is that your social standing can be determined by one moment. One choice. And though sometimes that choice is your own...

Will nods hello to a pretty girl, who smiles back-- but Mr. Gilbert quickly drags him past her.

WILL V.O. (CONT'D)

...Sometimes it's made by a Vice Principal that doesn't give a shit about you.

Mr. Gilbert stops at SIMON, at his locker with JAY and NEIL.

MR. GILBERT

Simon, this is Will Mackenzie. He just transferred from a private school, and you've been carefully selected to show him around.

SIMON

What? Why me?

MR. GILBERT

You were standing closest to the door.

Simon looks at the administration office door, groaning, as Jay and Neil take in Will with an amused chuckle.

JAY

Is that a *briefcase*?

WILL

It's a messenger bag.

JAY

Is it delivering the message "I'm a douche?"

Neil snorts out a dopey laugh.

NEIL

He's like a miniature grown-up. But full-sized...

Will spots a group of handsome jocks nearby and looks pleadingly at Mr. Gilbert:

WILL

What about them? They're very close. If we just step one more--

He takes a step towards them, but Mr. Gilbert doesn't budge.

SIMON

(to Mr. Gilbert)

Why do I have to show him around? Nobody showed me around.

MR. GILBERT

Because Will suffered from bullying issues at his last school.

WILL

What? No. No, I didn't.

MR. GILBERT

It's nothing to be ashamed of--

WILL

Sorry, but it *is*, kinda. And I wasn't. Sooo...

MR. GILBERT

Did they pick on you because your dad left your mom for a prostitute?

Will glares at him for a beat.

WILL

They didn't *know* that at my last school.

MR. GILBERT

Oh. Well, you've got a fresh start now. Good luck.

He crosses away. Will avoids the gang's delighted ogle.

EXT. SCHOOL LAWN - (BACK TO PRESENT)

WILL V.O.

...But, like my mom after my dad left her for a whore, I intended to make the best of it.

SIMON

(noticing)

Alright, there's Carly. Give it.

He grabs the football from Neil, not taking his eyes off CARLY, a stunningly-hot girl walking with her girlfriends.

WILL

You really think throwing a football will make a girl like you?

NEIL

It makes her see him as an athlete. Subliminal advertising.

WILL

It's the opposite of subliminal, actually.

JAY

True. It's liminal.

WILL

Not a word.

JAY

You know we don't like you, right?

WILL V.O.

...And, as I came from a school where popularity was determined by how early you got into Harvard...

Simon, across the lawn now, pivots in front of Carly and LAUNCHES THE FOOTBALL. A nice tight spiral. Carly and the other students watch as it sails through the air towards the guys. Will jogs a few steps and CATCHES IT. People notice. A brief moment of cool that's not lost on him.

WILL V.O. (CONT'D)

...It was nice to be at somewhere you could have it by throwing a football.

Will drops back and hurls the ball with all his might. It flips through the air, end-over-end, veering wildly off course and slamming into the head of a special-ed student struggling to walk on arm braces. He goes down hard.

The students gasp at the challenged kid, moaning and flopping around on the ground, then turn their glare at Will, who stares in silent horror.

WILL V.O. (CONT'D)

Yup... This was going to be great.

SLAM TO OPENING CREDITS.

ACT ONE

WILL V.O. (CONT'D)

So far my first day of public school had been a wonderful voyage of discovery... About how awful public schools were.

MISCELLANEOUS SHOTS OF SCHOOL DAY

- WILL opens his locker door. It comes off in his hand.
- WILL walks down a CROWDED HALLWAY. A group of students chuckle at his briefcase. He pretends not to notice.
- WILL approaches the door to the LIBRARY and tugs on it. It's locked. He sees a sheet of paper taped inside, reading: "Closed for budgetary reasons."
- WILL enters a CLASSROOM, the briefcase on his back - his arms through the handles like it's a Jansport. He heads to an empty seat, when the briefcase opens and his books fall out in a noisy avalanche. He smiles tightly.

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

WILL, looking beat, enters to see row of toilet stalls with no doors. He sighs...

WILL V.O.

...Especially the toilets. Which have no doors on them to discourage drug use. This also, curiously enough, discourages *shitting*.

Will enters a stall, noticing the urine-soaked floor. He delicately hangs his windbreaker across the stall opening.

WILL V.O. (CONT'D)

But at least I got to spend some more time with my new friends...

JAY, SIMON and NEIL enter.

JAY

I'm telling you, I spent the entire Summer porking vag. That's the upside of your parents dragging you to a bunch of RV parks. The girls there all have one thing in common.

SIMON

They're poor?

JAY

No. Well, yes, but also they're easy. Let you practice on them for hours. I'm so good at sex, now.

NEIL

Really? What's the best way to do it, then?

Jay pauses, considering.

JAY

Just-- deep. Try to get really deep. Right up to the balls.

NEIL

And do you put the balls in?

JAY

What?

NEIL

I've heard you've gotta put the balls in if you really want a girl to get off.

JAY

(unsure, then covering)

Yeah. You can. Some chicks like it. Some don't.

SIMON

What? Balls won't even fit in there. You're full of shit. You've never fucked anyone. Neither have I, and neither has Neil.

JAY

Hey-- you can think whatever you want. I don't care. I've scrubbed enough crabs off my jock to know how many sluts I've--

A group of GOOD-LOOKING SENIORS walks in. Jay immediately clams up and starts washing his hands.

WILL V.O.

...And as much as I wished I didn't fit in with these idiots...

Will's windbreaker detaches from the stall opening and falls to the urine-soaked floor. He looks down at it, then up at the bathroom full of guys now staring at him as he squats six inches above the toilet-paper covered seat.

WILL V.O. (CONT'D)

...I did.

He gives them a sheepish wave.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The guys sit with their lunches. SIMON, NEIL and JAY with school trays and WILL with a series of meticulously packed tupperware containers. He unfolds a linen napkin and puts it in his lap.

JAY

Jesus Christ.

WILL

What? Good manners cost nothing.

JAY

Good snatch costs nothing. Unless your dad's around.

WILL

Thanks.

NEIL

Do you still have to give a prostitute money once you've left your family for her?

SIMON

I bet they waive the fees, then.

JAY

Yeah. I've banged tons of hookers and they're like "don't pay, I enjoyed it as much as you." Then they want me to kiss them on the mouths and shit. I don't, though. Whores.

WILL

(looking around)

So I can sit anywhere, right?
Tables aren't assigned?

JAY

You're lucky we let you sit here,
Dress for Less. You're sweater is
literally sucking the coolness out
of us.

WILL

Is there *that much* coolness to suck?

JAY

There's about to be a lot more, TJ Maxx. We're skipping tomorrow. Because bitches love rebels, and I am tired of watching the jocks hog all the panty biscuits. It's time we showed these fuckers who we are.

WILL

By *not* showing them who you are?

SIMON

Does seem a little backwards.

JAY

That's how popularity works! But whatever. Do what you want. I'm already up to my nuts in gash. I'm just trying to help you guys bang something besides your right hand.

NEIL

Left, for me. Feels more like somebody else doing it.

WILL

Somebody that's attached to your shoulder?

SIMON

Well if skipping school helps me with Carly, I'm in. I've been watching those tits grow since the sixth grade and they are not slowing down.

CARLY (O.S.)

What's not slowing down?

SIMON

--Gyaaa!

He whirls to see CARLY has approached.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Nothing! our football team. We're gonna be great this year.

(calls out to table of
jocks)

Go Huskies!

JOCK
(calling back)
Shut the fuck up.

Simon nods, humbled, and smiles back at Carly.

CARLY
Hey, do you have Mrs. Weaver for
economics?

SIMON
Yeah. Ugh. Stupid bitch.

CARLY
Oh. I just transferred into your
class.

SIMON
(quickly)
She's good, though. I'm learning a
lot.

CARLY
Cool.
(then)
Mm. Do you wear aftershave now?

She leans in close to take a sniff... giving him a peek down
her unbuttoned blouse. He swallows hard.

SIMON
It's kind of an all over body spray.

CARLY
It's nice. See ya in economics?

He nods, crossing his legs and squirming a bit as she crosses
away. Jay stares at him in disbelief.

JAY
Dude. Go walk her to class! That
was your opening!

SIMON
Nah. I'm good.

JAY
(laughs)
What's wrong? You get a stiffy
because a pretty girl talked to
you?

SIMON
Fuck off.

JAY
(realizing)
Wait-- you don't actually have a
boner do you?
(off his silence)
Oh Jesus.

Jay pulls Simon's hands from his crotch and we get a glimpse
of an erection before he can cover it.

JAY (CONT'D)
Oh my God, he's got a boner!

SIMON
Jay. Please. I'm begging you.
Just think about how you'd feel in
my situation. I'll never ask you
for a single thing again, just
don't tell anyone.

JAY
(standing and shouting
to everyone around)
HEY! Simon's got a boner!!

Students turn and laugh, shouting "boner!" as Jay tries to
pry Simon's hand off his lap. Will cuts a small square of
his sandwich with a knife and fork and delicately eats it.

WILL V.O.
And, if there was one upside to
being trapped in this hellhole of an
institution, it was finding a group
of friends that would make anyone
feel better about themselves.

Will leans over to Simon:

WILL
Have you tried thinking about
something *unsexy*? Like dead nuns?

Simon concentrates for a beat, then cringes.

SIMON
That's only making it worse.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SCHOOL - LATER THAT DAY

SIMON, JAY and NEIL walk away from the school in a crowd of students. WILL hurries up to them.

WILL V.O.

If I was going to survive this school, I knew I couldn't do it alone. High School is a scary place and there's safety in numbers.

WILL

(to group)

So it looks like I don't have any grade-determining assignments tomorrow, if you guys are serious about skipping.

JAY

Whoa-- Who said you were invited?

NEIL

Aww man. We have to be *invited*?

WILL V.O.

...And, given enough time, people will always find something they like about you. Even if it's not you.

Will's MOTHER pulls up to the curb in a sporty red car and waves. She's smoking hot. Simon, Jay and Neil just gawk.

JAY

Holy shit.

SIMON

Is that your Mom?

WILL

Yes. I told her not to come and pick me up.

NEIL

She's hot.

JAY

Yeah, I'd fuck her.

WILL

Thank you.

JAY
I would though. Wouldn't you?

WILL
Um, well, as she's my *mom*, no.

JAY
But if she wasn't.

WILL
She is though, sooo...

SIMON
But what he's saying is, if she wasn't your mother, then would you fuck her?

WILL
Are we still doing this?

NEIL
So you would fuck her?

WILL
No.

JAY
I would.

WILL
Pretty clear on that now, thanks.

He shakes his head and starts off for his mother's car.

JAY
(calling after)
Simon will email you his address.
We're meeting there in the morning.

Will pauses, smiles to himself. A victory.

INT. POLLY MACKENZIE'S CAR - LATER

POLLY drives as WILL stares out the window.

POLLY
So you've made some friends already?

WILL
I wasn't very selective.

POLLY
Well, just make sure these so called 'friends' are nice to you.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

I don't want to see you get bullied again.

WILL

Wait-- Did you tell them I was bullied at St. Marys?

POLLY

I thought you were.

WILL

No, I wasn't. I got wedgied a few times, but that was just a fad.

POLLY

Oh. Well, they wanted a reason for the transfer and that was what sprang to mind.

WILL

Instead of "I can't afford the fees anymore?"

POLLY

Yes.

Will just stares at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURB - THE NEXT MORNING

WILL walks along the sidewalk with his briefcase.

WILL V.O.

The next morning I headed to Simon's house to skip school for the first time ever.

A school bus full of kids passes by. Will squirms guiltily, but presses on, approaching:

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

WILL finds SIMON, JAY and NEIL outside the house, bookbags on. MRS. COOPER, Simon's mother, is on their heels.

MRS. COOPER

So who is this new boy that's driving you to school?

JAY

There he is.

Will freezes, not at all ready for this. He gives Mrs. Cooper a doff of his invisible hat...

WILL
Hello there, Madam.

And regrets it immediately.

MRS. COOPER
You're old enough to drive?

WILL
Oh, yes. I drive everywhere. I drove here, even.

MRS. COOPER
Well, I would hope so - since you're taking them to school.

WILL
Right! Obviously.
(laughs a bit too much)
I'm parked right up there.

He points up the street. Mrs. Cooper looks, raising her eyebrows.

MRS. COOPER
The panel van?

Will looks at the faded 1980 Econoline and cringes.

WILL
Yyyes. It is a little molestery, I know. But I got a great deal. From a molester. But its never been-- he never molested in it. Just transported... to molest.

JAY
(quietly)
Stop saying molested.

WILL
(quietly)
I'm trying to.

SIMON
Bye, Mom.

Mrs. Cooper nods, unsure, as they start down the street towards the van. She heads back inside as they get to it.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Well that was flawless.

WILL

I should have pointed to the Volvo.

JAY

You think?

A balding, 40-something guy with a creepy mustache approaches and smiles delightedly at the sight of them.

GUY

You guys need a lift?

NEIL

Sure!

Will, Jay and Simon glare wide-eyed at Neil, then tear off. Neil shrugs apologetically to the guy and hurries after them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - LATER

The guys sit around a fountain in a city park.

WILL V.O.

So, so far - skipping school had consisted of lying to Simon's mom, dodging a rape, and hanging out with the only other people not in school or at work.

A group of toddlers skip by. Jay crumples his 7-11 cup and hurls it after one of them.

WILL V.O. (CONT'D)

Two year-olds.

JAY

Alright, this is totally lame.

NEIL

Yeah. We should get up a game of Red Rover with 'em or something.

JAY

No, we should get some booze.

SIMON

How?

JAY

Well, we could use my fake ID but I lost it at a fucking drug rave last night. So stupid.

WILL

Yeah, you would think you'd be more careful in your made-up fantasies.

JAY

It's not made up, dick head. Test my urine. It's probably 80% coke.

SIMON

You know, it's the middle of the school day. The stores are *expecting* adults. Somebody just has to look the part.

All eyes turn to Will, specifically his preppy outfit and briefcase.

WILL

What, because I tuck my shirt in?

NEIL

You also talk kinda grownuppy.

JAY

Kind of? He talks like he's got an English teacher crammed up his ass.

Will sighs, resigned.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - LATER

WILL approaches a bored-looking CLERK reading a magazine.

WILL

Good afternoon.

CLERK

Hmm? Oh. Hey.

WILL

(as if correcting himself)

Yes. *Hey*.

The clerk looks up at him, puzzled. Will, panic setting in, quickly grabs an armful of potato chips.

WILL (CONT'D)

Warmer out than I thought it'd be.
When I left for my job. At the
firm.

CLERK

Can I help you with something?

WILL

Yes. I am a man, who has just
bought a house in the area. And
I'm having a housewarming party, to
which I'll be inviting a lot of my
work friends to. Hence the potato
chips.

CLERK

Okay.

WILL

And, um, I'll also probably need
some alcohol. To go with the
chips.

CLERK

Right. What type of thing were you
looking for?

WILL

Oh, umm--

Will eyes the wall of liquor behind him, saying the first
thing he sees...

WILL (CONT'D)

Some Remy Martin?

CLERK

Cognac?

WILL

Yyyes. Is it a good year?

CLERK

What?

WILL

I'm sure it is. Two bottles,
please. And some of those mints,
for the people drunk driving.

CLERK

Right. That's gonna be \$49.50.
Anything else?

WILL

Mmm, what's on special?

CLERK

Me letting you buy this if you're out of here in five seconds.

WILL

(quickly)

I think this'll do it.

He hurries to hand over a wad of crinkled cash from his pocket.

EXT. SUBURBS - LATER

A closed gas station, or alley... whatever location is easy. JAY finishes pouring the Remy Martin into paper cups.

JAY

Drink!

They all take a shot, then immediately cringe.

SIMON

Holy God.

Jay shakes it off and refills their cups.

SIMON (CONT'D)

What is this stuff?

WILL

Cognac. It's a type of brandy.

NEIL

Yes. But I think it's pronounced *cog-nack*.

JAY

Drink!

They down another cup -- wincing against it.

SIMON

(hoarse)

Good.

(then, little buzzed)

I wish Carly could see me now. I should text her a picture, huh? Show her I'm fucking badass.

WILL

I don't think badasses text pictures of themselves, though.

JAY

Only of their dicks. I do that all the time. It's like a fucking bat signal for snizz. Chicks always text back a beaver shot.

WILL

Really? Let's see one, then.

JAY

Meh. You guys wouldn't be able to tell what it is. They take it from the inside. Because that's where they want me to be.

SIMON

Well, I want to lose it with someone I love. And I love Carly.
(realizing)
I do. I love her. She's beautiful, she's smart, she makes me laugh...

WILL

So why don't you tell her that?

NEIL

Yeah. Girls like being told guys like them. Just be direct. Spraypaint it on an overpass.

SIMON

What?

JAY

No no no. Not intimate enough. You want to be romantic, you have to aim straight for the heart.

Simon nods.

WILL V.O.

...Though this sounded more like advice for killing a deer, it was all Simon needed to make his move.

EXT. CARLY'S DRIVEWAY - LATER

We find SIMON on all fours spray-painting a giant heart with the words "I love Carly D'Amato" as WILL, JAY and NEIL watch.

SIMON
This is cool, right?

JAY/WILL/NEIL
(lying)
Yeah. / Totally. / Very cool.

SIMON
You would tell me if I was being a
dick?

JAY
Sure.

WILL
I think writing her last name is
especially important. Even though
it's her driveway. You wouldn't want
to risk any Carly-based confusion.

CARLY approaches on the sidewalk with her buddies, including
her best friend WENDY, on their way home from school. They
stop in their tracks at the sight of the spray-painted drive.

CARLY
What the hell is that?

SIMON
What?

Simon looks up, caught.

CARLY
Simon, why are you spray-painting
my driveway?!

SIMON
Um--

CARLY
What does it--
(reads)
You love me?

Will, Jay and Neil stifle drunken laughter.

SIMON
Look, I can easily wash it off --
and we can pretend this never
happened, and I could not tell
anyone and you could not tell
anyone and my friends could not
tell anyone, and most importantly
your friends could not tell anyone--

WENDY

I'm telling everyone.

Carly's friends giggle.

CARLY

Simon, we've known each other since we were eight. Why are you doing this now?

SIMON

I-- it was a dare.

WENDY

Did someone dare you to be the world's biggest douche?

Everybody but Simon laughs.

CARLY

So what, then, you're in love with me?

SIMON

Um--

(off her friends)

Maybe we can talk about this another time?

JAY

This could not have gone any better.

Carly glances at Will and Jay, clearly enjoying Simon's humiliation... Wendy and the others are laughing too. Carly looks back at Simon, noticing how much he's suffering.

CARLY

Actually... This is kind of cool, Simon. Like some kind of underground graffiti artist.

SIMON

Gwuh?

CARLY

Why don't you come over tonight? I'm baby-sitting my little brother. We can talk about this then.

SIMON

Really?

CARLY

Yeah. Come around eight. My parents will be gone by then. Probably a good idea to avoid them until this washes off.

SIMON

I'm not sure it washes off.

But Carly is already headed inside with her friends.

CARLY

(calling back)

See you tonight.

She disappears inside the house. Simon turns back to the guys, who are stunned.

SIMON

I can't believe this actually worked.

WILL

Second that.

JAY

It's because you're drunk! Girls always go for that. It's like you're Kurt Cobain or something.

WILL

I think he was on heroin.

SIMON

Do I have to do heroin?

NEIL

Probably won't hurt.

JAY

Nah, it's too hard to find and I don't want to dip into my stash.

SIMON

So what do I do about tonight then?

A beat. Jay smiles.

JAY

Get way more drunk.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. WILL'S KITCHEN - LATER

WILL empties a bottle of Peach Schnapps and a bottle of Goldschläger into a 2 liter soda bottle, as the guys watch.

WILL V.O.

Between all the cognac we drank, and what Jay poured on the ground in honor of dead rappers, we were out of booze. But luckily, I found a few bottles my mom hadn't thrown at my Dad.

JAY

When's the milf getting home?

WILL

Not until six. We're fine.

JAY

I wasn't asking because I was afraid she'd find us. I was asking because I want to go through her panty drawer. I'm betting it's all thongs.

NEIL

Or crotchless teddys.

WILL

Please stop.

JAY

It's crazy that you once came out of her vagina. It's like you backwards banged her.

WILL

Well, by that logic, we all banged our moms.

NEIL

Oh, *Gross*.

JAY

I was actually born in a lab. So they could fuse a special metal to my bones.

WILL

Okay, that's just 'Wolverine.'

JAY

Based on me.

SIMON

Can we focus on tonight? I need a plan for Carly.

JAY

Easy. One of us comes to watch the little brother, and you and Carly go at it. I'm thinking you take me. She might want double penetration and I'm the only one who has experience in both holes.

SIMON

Right... I think I'll take Will.

JAY

What?

CUT TO:

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - THAT EVENING

WILL and SIMON (looking a bit hammered) walk up to Carly's house and ring the bell.

WILL V.O.

So, after three hours of drinking what tasted like mouthwash and formaldehyde, Simon was ready.

CARLY opens the door, seeing Simon.

CARLY

Hi.

SIMON

Hi.

WILL

(peeking from behind
Simon)

Hello.

CARLY

Oh. Hey, Will.

(to Simon)

Is he your chaperone?

SIMON

It's cool, baby. He's gonna watch your little brother while we chat. You know, about our feelings.

He winks drunkenly at her. She stares at him, bewildered.

CARLY

Best not to call me "baby" though.

SIMON

Really?

CARLY

Mm. Come on. I was just gonna grab a drink. Dylan is in there watching TV, Will.

Will nods and gives Simon a thumbs-up before heading to the living room.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

CARLY takes a bottle of wine out of the fridge as SIMON tries to lean suavely on the counter, but is clearly wobbly.

CARLY

Dad totally lost it when he saw the driveway. He's gonna make your parents pay for a stone cleaner.

SIMON

It was worth it.

Carly smells the air.

CARLY

Do you smell Windex?

SIMON

(putting a finger on her lips)

Shhhhh.

She winces at his breath and pushes his finger away.

CARLY

Oh God is it you? What've you been drinking?

SIMON

Shit. My manners--

He produces a bottle of liquid with gold flakes floating it.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Want some?

She looks at it, repulsed.

CARLY

Ew. What homeless guy did you steal that from? I'll stick to wine.

SIMON

Wine is for girls.

CARLY

I am a girl.

SIMON

(off her look)

Well, this is a man's drink. For men. And if you can't take me like this, well... I'm sorry baby, but this is the package.

He chugs far, far too much of it, grabs a brownie, then chugs some more. This is clearly not a great package.

INT. CARLY'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

WILL watches TV with Carly's eight year-old brother, Dylan. Will points at the screen, still a little drunk himself.

WILL

Oh, I've seen this one. It's about what would happen if a chemical bomb hit a city. Streets would pile up with corpses. Stacked up on the curb like recycle bins.

Dylan looks at him, concerned.

DYLAN

My parents are in the city. Would they be killed?

WILL

Yup. dead. Stacked up on a curb.

DYLAN

Dead forever?

WILL

Dead forever. Yep.

DYLAN

(going mental)

My Mom and Dad are dead?!

WILL

What? No-- it's all hypothetical!

DYLAN

I'll never see them again?!

WILL

You will! I'm sure you will!

Dylan starts screaming. Will's eyes go wide with panic.

WILL (CONT'D)

No! Shhhh! Shh! They're back now! Back from the dead!

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

SIMON staggers towards Carly.

SIMON

Come on. You know why I'm here. And I know why I'm here, and you know why I'm here. Kiss me.

He lunges to kiss her, but she backs away.

CARLY

Simon, you know I've got a boyfriend.

SIMON

Then just-- hand job me.

CARLY

What?! Jesus!

Simon freezes, suddenly green. He swallows some puke.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Simon? Are you alright?

SIMON

Oh shit--

He turns in the direction of the sink and PROJECTILE VOMITS in a chunky, gold-flaked arc -- across the kitchen island and appliances, then staggers to the sink and VOMITS HARD into that. He wipes his mouth and looks back at Carly.

SIMON (CONT'D)

I don't feel very--

He turns back and VOMITS AGAIN, as a bloodcurdling scream is heard from the other room.

CARLY

Dylan?

She RUNS OUT, as Simon slides to the floor, curling into a fetal position as he moans.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

SIMON is propped over the sink as WILL wipes vomit off the counter. CARLY strokes DYLAN'S hair, calming him.

WILL

Look, I'm very sorry, I-- Good
still warm--
(fights urge to vomit)
--I was just explaining the effects
of chemical warfare.

CARLY

To an eight year old? He won't
sleep for a week now, you idiot!
(to Simon)
Did you get all the chunks out of
the sink yet?

SIMON

I am really sorry. I think I ate
something. Do you think we could
just sit down and talk about us and--

He VOMITS all over Dylan's head, who starts SCREAMING again.
Carly can't even form words.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Ohhh, no.

WILL

I think we'll be going, now.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

WILL and SIMON walk through the night, Simon hunched over and humiliated. Will puts a supportive hand on his shoulder.

WILL V.O.

Though the night was a complete
disaster, it actually bonded the
two of us. A friendship forged out
of failure. We were the golden
flakes floating in the pool of
vomit. And there was comfort
knowing it would never get any
worse than this.

They stop at the sight of Simon's house... A sporty red car parked in the driveway.

SIMON
Isn't that your Mom's car?

POLLY steps out on the stoop with MR. & MRS. COOPER, looking pissed.

WILL V.O.
...I stand corrected.

INT. SIMON'S HOUSE - LATER

WILL and SIMON sit on a couch as POLLY and MR. & MRS. COOPER lecture them.

MR. COOPER
I mean, did you think the school wouldn't call us, Simon? And why do you smell like vomit and cheap alcohol?

SIMON
(weakly)
Not cheap. It had gold in it.

Will cringes.

POLLY
And you, Will-- You've never done anything irresponsible. Now all of a sudden you're skipping school? Why?

WILL
Well, I--

He looks at Simon, who's no help. Then, an idea. Will stands up, mustering his most Oscar-worthy performance...

WILL (CONT'D)
It was all my idea. I-- I couldn't face school again, Mom. I'm getting bullied again.
(breaking down)
It's happening all over again.

Polly looks at him for a beat, speechless, then GRABS HIM IN A SYMPATHETIC HUG. Will smiles to himself over her shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - THE NEXT MORNING

WILL, SIMON, JAY and NEIL saunter through the crowd of students, goofing around and shoving each other.

WILL V.O.

So I think it's safe to say public school is going to work out fine. I have three friends that seem to accept me, and a lifetime of superior private education to get me out of any jam this environment could present.

He waves goodbye to the guys and heads into a CLASSROOM, smiling at an ATTRACTIVE GIRL as he passes. She smiles back.

WILL V.O. (CONT'D)

Who knows? I might even get laid.

He has a seat in an empty desk, feeling good about himself, as the morning announcements start from the PA SPEAKER:

MR. GILBERT (O.S.)

(from PA)

Morning students. First, I want to announce that we've had a formal suit filed by the mother of William Mackenzie, regarding his treatment by the student body.

Will looks up, the color draining from his face.

MR. GILBERT (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(from PA)

Any student caught bullying him, or causing him any emotional or physical distress, will be severely disciplined by the school and possibly outside law enforcement. Will is a good boy, with a great big heart, and he deserves your respect.

The students all turn and giggle at Will, who is mortified.

WILL V.O.

But then again, I'm a fucking idiot.

He slams his head down on the the desk, as we CUE END MUSIC, OVER:

INT. FRONT OFFICE - SAME TIME

MR. GILBERT finishes reading from a sheet of paper into the microphone, then hands it back to POLLY MACKENZIE.

POLLY
That was perfect. Thank you.

She smiles and heads out. He checks out her ass as she goes.

MR. GILBERT
(quietly)
No, thank you.

The THEME MUSIC RISES, OVER:

EXT. CARLY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

The guys clean the spray-paint off the driveway. JAY uses a pressure washer, but we notice he's used the water stream to draw a massive cock in the concrete. SIMON sees it and throws a scrub brush at him. Jay dodges, accidentally turning the washer on the garage door, which blasts off a large stripe of paint.

They all stare, horrified, then start laughing. WILL turns the water hose on all of them, and they get into it -- carrying on, completely drenched, not a care in the world.

PULL BACK to see the brown panel van parked on the curb, the man with the mustache smiling warmly at the peaceful sight.

END OF SHOW