

FOREVER YOUNG (1-10)

Written by

David Mazur

contact.davidcmazur@gmail.com
(818)588-1981

INT. SPORTS CAR - EVENING

Braden pulls up in a LAMBORGHINI.

BRADEN

Get in here, Charlie! Are you
ready for the most legendary night
of your life!

CHARLIE

(sighs)
I guess.

Charlie climbs into the back of the CAR, a tight fit
squeezing between his friends.

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - EVENING

BRADEN

Not bad, not bad at all. See boys,
Charlie knows how to clean up,
unlike you sewage rats.

MILES

Hey!

SEAN

Looking crispy, Charlie.

CHARLIE

Thanks. You don't look half bad
yourself.

Sean pulls out his WEED GRINDER and rolls a JOINT.

SEAN

It's all in the eyes.

Sean demonstrates his best smoldering look.

MILES

Alright gentleman, we're back,
we're here, we're rockin' and
a'rollin'. Get ready to mob the
city. Who's excited?!

MILES (CONT'D)

Me!

SEAN

Me!

CHARLIE

I guess.

LIGHTER is heard flicking.

BRADEN

Hey! Who is that?! Sean?! I told
you --

Sean holds the FLAME up to his self rolled BLUNT.

BRADEN (CONT'D)

Not in the car! Sean! Not in the
car!

Braden reaches behind him slapping around wildly, attempting
to make any sort of contact.

SEAN

Bro! Watch the buds!

Sean slaps Braden back. They awkwardly tussle.

BRADEN

Give them to me!!

SEAN

No!

BRADEN

Sean!

SEAN

No!

BRADEN

You have a problem man!

CAR swerves.

MILES

(voice cracked,
screams/squeals)

Both hands on the wheel! 9 and 3!
9 and 3!

CAR straightens out.

CHARLIE

(to Sean)

Can you just wait twenty minutes
until we're out of his car?

SEAN
Sure, Charlie. I'll do it for you.

EXT. CHUBBY'S BAR - NIGHT

The view we saw in the opening shot -- the BAR you wish you were at right now.

A long line of attractive college kids wait to get in, their heads collectively turn to see the arrival of --

INT. SPORTS CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

The heads of the four guys pivot as they drive up to the BAR, taking in the college girls, sexily-dressed. The guys notice they're being noticed.

SEAN
They're looking at us.

The Boys faces mashed against the CAR WINDOW.

BRADEN
No you idiot. They're looking at the car.

SEAN
Okay, yeah, but, we're in the car.

Sean catches a glimpse of a burley doorman checking IDs at the front entrance of the BAR.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Crap, there's a guard at the door.

CHARLIE
He does not look friendly.

SEAN
You didn't say there were gonna be guards.

BRADEN
Of course there are guards, it's a college bar, exclusive... what did you expect?

CHARLIE
I got a bad feeling about this.

MILES
How do we get past him?

Braden pulls into a parking space and parks the CAR.

BRADEN

Let me worry about that part.

SEAN

Ok.

Sean open the CAR DOOR, the others begin to move out, but Miles stops them. He grabs onto the corner of Sean's SHIRT and yanks him back inside.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Hey! What did you do that for?!

MILES

We need to go over the ground rules.

SEAN

Ground rules?

MILES

Yeah, the ground rules. Like what happens if one of us gets lucky?

Charlie struggles to hold in his laughter.

CHARLIE

You mean... with a girl?

MILES

Yes with a girl. I'm serious. Who get's the car?

BRADEN

Obviously, I get the car because it's my car.

SEAN

Well, technically it's your dad's car.

BRADEN

And since it's MY CAR, I have first dibs.

SEAN

That's some elitist piece of bull shit if I've ever heard it.

BRADEN

Fine, what do you purpose?

MILES

I think the first one to pick up a girl should get the car. That's fair. Right?

Miles looks to the group.

MILES (CONT'D)

It only makes sense. Sean?

SEAN

Yeah.

MILES

Charlie?

CHARLIE

I don't even know why we're even having this conversation. Look at us.

MILES

Charlie agrees. It's three to one, majority rules.

BRADEN

Screw your rules. I don't want to be waiting around for you bozos when I have a hot babe wrapped around my arms.

MILES

Well if you're so sure, than you have nothing to worry about.

BRADEN

Fine. But I get to hold onto the keys.

MILES

Fine.

Braden

What about protection?

SEAN

What now?

BRADEN

You know, for your fire hose, your golf club, your python, your magic stick, your ding-dong.

SEAN

My dong?

BRADEN

Do I have to do everything in this
friend group?

Braden pulls out his wallet, inside, he removes an old,
crusty, unopened, golden CONDOM. All four stare as Braden
holds it up.

SEAN

Trojan, nice.

Braden opens up the GLOVE BOX and slides the CONDOM inside.

BRADEN

I'm gonna keep it safe right here
for whomever-

(cough)

me--

(Cough)

Get's to the car first. Are we all
in agreement?

All nod.

BRADEN (CONT'D)

Great, that settles it.

The four climb out of the CAR...

EXT. CHUBBY'S BAR - NIGHT

The four guys do their best "Reservoir Dog" walk towards the
BAR, actually looking pretty cool, until -- Miles stumbles
out of frame from his height-boosting INSOLES.

The group arrives at...

EXT. CHUBBY'S FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A burly DOORMAN checks IDs. He seizes up our four heroes.

DOORMAN

IDs?

Braden takes charge.

BRADEN

Yes, indeed, my good sir. Me and my three compadres would like to enter your fine establishment with our special guest Mr. Lincoln.

Braden slips the Doorman a five DOLLAR BILL. The Doorman is not impressed.

DOORMAN

Unless you also happen to be friends with Benjamin Franklin, you ain't getting in.

Braden cringes, he checks his WALLET -- not enough -- then hits the others up for whatever CASH they have.

BRADEN

How about eighty-two dollars
aaaannnnd forty-six cents?

The Doorman sighs, he accepts the CASH and signals the guys in.

Together, they step inside...

INT. CHUBBY'S BAR - NIGHT

It's as we saw it before: a gaggle of attractive college girls, all dancing, talking, flirting, having a great time. The guys in awe.

BRADEN

What did I tell you?

MILES

For once, you weren't full of shit.

BRADEN

Welcome... to paradise!

SERIES OF SHOTS

The four maneuver through the crowd to a BARTENDER:

BRADEN (CONT'D)

Four Heinekens.

MILES

Make mine a Vodka Spritzer.

The Bartender gives Miles a sideways glance then steps off to fill the order.

BRADEN
"Vodka Spritzer?"

MILES
(with a shrug)
It's what my Mom orders.

The boys move to a CORNER BOOTH and take their SEATS. They nervously eye their surroundings.

SEAN
Now what? We can't just expect hot girls to come up to us.

Just then, FOUR HOT GIRLS step up to the CORNER BOOTH.

CUTE GIRL
Hey --

BRADEN
Hey!

CUTE GIRL
You're in our booth.

Only then do the guys notice the JACKETS and PURSES piled up in the BOOTH. The guys move on sheepishly.

The four gather near the POOL TABLES, Charlie inadvertently knocks into a player mid-shot.

CHARLIE
Sorry! Sorry!

He hurries out of the way -- right in front of a dart board as a DART narrowly miss his head.

The four cluster together, wary of getting in the way.

BRADEN
This is ridiculous. We're surrounded by hot girls and all we're doing is talking to each other.

MILES
That's not so bad.

CHARLIE
(to Braden)
Why don't you show us how it's
done?

Braden accepts the challenge, he moves to a HOT GIRL. The Hot Girl sizes him up, then turns away unimpressed.

Braden makes his way back to the guys, lies to cover his failure:

BRADEN
She's got a boyfriend.

Miles returns to the BAR.

BARTENDER
Another Vodka Spritzer?

The Bartender preps the drink. Miles notes two CUTE GIRLS beside him.

MILES
(deep voice)
Hey Ladies, can I buy you a drink?

The girls nod happily, joined by a half-dozen others, Miles only then realizing they're all together. The girls clamber to give their orders to the Bartender, Miles winces.

END OF MONTAGE:

The guys completely discouraged.

CHARLIE
(sarcastic)
Gee, thanks, guys. This has really
cheered me up.

BRADEN
Okay, let's get out of here.

The four start for the exit --

Just then spotting a tableful of CUTE GIRLS -- the same ones we established earlier. Amazingly, the CUTE GIRLS take notice of our heroes... they smile.

MILES
Are they smiling... at us?

Miles looks behind him, just incase.

CHARLIE

I think... maybe they are?

A moment of uncertainty... the boys walk forward to join them.