

party animals

by

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INT. LIVING ROOM

A party is going on, people holding solo cups, etc.

BRETT

This party is off the freakin' hook,  
dude.

TREVOR

Yeah, I feel like I'm back in college!

SCOTTIE

Remember that one time we were drunk  
and hopped the fence at the football  
field, then Brett you yelled,

BRETT, TREVOR, AND SCOTTIE  
WE'RE GONNA LIVE FOREVER!

They laugh. Reese enters.

REESE

What's up guys!

Reese does a little spin, some sick dance moves, and finally  
approaches their friends.

TREVOR

Look who it is.

SCOTTIE

Reese!

REESE

And you guys, my goal today, is to  
party harder than you guys.

BRETT

In your fricken' dreams dude.

TREVOR

Then let's start with the requisite,

TREVOR AND SCOTTIE

BEER BONG!

BRETT

You guys are crazy, I can't believe-

REESE

No their not.

BRETT

Huh?

REESE

It's just, they're not crazy, that's easy.

BRETT

Uh, okay dude-

TREVOR

LET'S GET EM FILLED.

SCOTTIE

RIGHT ON, DUDE.

BRETT

Alriiiiiight let's do it.

They do the beer bong, Scottie and Trevor cheer them on, Brett wins.

BRETT

Looks like I won, Reese!

SCOTTIE

The REIGNING BEER BONG CHAMP.

TREVOR

The CHAMP-I-ON.

REESE

You cheated.

BRETT

Wh-what?

REESE

Yours wasn't as filled as mine. I go way harder at parties, dude, you don't know what you're talking about.

BRETT

It's really not that deep, it's just-

REESE

What, you think you can out-party me?

TREVOR

Looks like we GOT SOME MORE COMPETITION

SCOTTIE  
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO BRETT?!

TREVOR  
UH OH, HERE COMES THE WHEEL OF SHOTS.

Trevor brings out the wheel of shots, whatever that is.

TREVOR  
YOU KNOW THE RULES!

SCOTTIE  
WHOEVER THE ANSWERS THE THREE TRIVIA  
QUESTIONS AND TAKES THE SHOT FASTER,  
WINS!

BRETT  
Guys, I don't think this is-

REESE  
What, are you saying you can't out  
party me?

BRETT  
Reese, no, I'm just saying I don't  
understand the competition of all-

SCOTTIE  
BRETT CAN'T OUT PARTY REESE I GUESS!

TREVOR  
GUESS REESE IS THE REAL PARTY ANIMAL!

BRETT  
Aw FINE, okay okay line em' up.

Trevor and Scottie line up 3 trivia cards, and fill up shot glasses, while exclaiming party-like phrases, not listening to the next two lines.

REESE  
I'm going to ruin your whole fucking  
life.

BRETT  
Dude chill, it's just a game.

SCOTTIE  
OKAY, ON YOUR MARKS...

TREVOR  
GET SET...

SCOTTIE AND TREVOR  
GO!

Reese and Brett flip cards.

BRETT  
(reading)  
What is the /capital of Arizona?

REESE  
(reading)  
/When was the war of 1812?

BRETT  
Phoenix!

REESE  
Fuck, uhh...

BRETT  
(reading next card)  
Who writes the lyrics for Elton John?  
Uhh BERNIE TAUPIN.

REESE  
Mother fuck, uhh...

BRETT  
(reading next card)  
Who is the current chancellor of  
Germany? Uhh ANGELA MERKEL

Brett takes the shot and cheers. Scottie and Trevor  
celebrate.

REESE  
FUCK, SHIT, BALLSACK, this is STUPID.

SCOTTIE  
LOOKS LIKE WE GOT A WINNER IN THE  
HOUUSE!

TREVOR  
PARTY ANIMAL BRETT IS BACK, BABYYY!

REESE  
I can shotgun this bottle of Corona  
faster than you.

BRETT

What?

REESE

OH you're not gonna do it, pussy?

SCOTTIE

WHAT, ARE YOU A CHICKEN, BRETT?

Trevor and Scottie make chicken sounds, while...

BRETT

No that's glass, Reese, you can't  
shotgun that.

REESE

Maybe you can't, but I can, I can out  
party you.

TREVOR

COME ONNNNNN BRETT, YOU CAN DO IT!

BRETT

No that's, like physically dangerous,  
Reese, don't do that.

Reese gets ready to do that.

REESE

Count down from 3.

SCOTTIE AND TREVOR

THREE!

BRETT

No, don't-

SCOTTIE AND TREVOR

TWO!

BRETT

YOU'RE GONNA HURT YOURSELF, IT DOESN'T  
MATTER, DON'T-

SCOTTIE AND TREVOR

ONE!

Reese shoves his key in the bottle, shattering the glass,  
shotguns it, and when we see his face again after he's  
finished the beer, his mouth is full of blood.

REESE AND SCOTTIE AND TREVOR  
WOOOOOOO!/OH MY GOD!/PARTY CHAMPIONS!

REESE  
SEE I CAN OUTPARTY YOU!

SCOTTIE  
GUESS REESE WAS RIGHT AFTER ALL!

TREVOR  
YOU'RE THE MAN REESE, SO EPIC,

SCOTTIE  
SO METAL,

BRETT  
YOU GUYS!

Brett's exclamation silences the room.

BRETT  
What are we doin' man? You can "out party" me? Cool, okay, maybe you can Reese, but look at yourself...you're covered in blood dude...I know we said it feels like we're back in college, but we're not...Scottie, you have a job, you have to be up in 6 hours...and Trevor, you got kids man, what are you doing?

TREVOR  
Yeah...

BRETT  
And Reese...it isn't that serious! We can just hang out! I love you guys, let's put an end to this and just have fun.

They all look at each other with sentiment.

BRETT  
But hey, for old times sake...

Brett grabs a bottle of Corona, shotguns it, and when we see his face again after he's finished the beer, his mouth is full of blood. Everyone cheers. Blackout.