

**1 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATE EVENING****1**

CHARACTERS: Dylan, Allan, Fred, Tweaker, Man.

Moonlight on cracked pavement. Three early-20s friends wander the neighborhood.

DYLAN walks ahead, FRED trails close behind, checking over his shoulder like he expects a car to jump the curb. ALLAN stays in the center, hands in pockets, taking everything in without a word.

DYLAN

(rapid, pointless)

And the guy at the counter kept saying 'Have a blessed day' like ten times. Like, buddy, I think I felt God after the first three-

FRED

(restless, annoyed)

So, did you guys watch the game last night?

DYLAN

(unfazed)

Did we watch the game? What are we, fuckin' 40? What's next, y'all been keeping up with Pearl Jam? How about those lawns, am I right guys?

Dylan sweeps his hand to the well manicured lawns they pass by.

FRED

Sorry man, I thought you liked the Cowboys or something.

DYLAN

(begrudgingly)

I mean yeah, I guess. I was on Tinder for most of it.

ALLAN

I thought it was a good game.

FRED

Thank you!

Dylan stops in his tracks followed shortly by the other two.

DYLAN

Who gives a shit about the game?  
The world's our oyster and I'm  
fuckin' Gordon Ramsay. Let's find  
something REAL to do.

Fred and Allan look at Dylan expectingly, yet nothing is  
said.

ALLAN  
I have Apples to Apples at my  
apartment?

DYLAN  
(disgusted)  
Yeah sure, let me call my 8 year  
old niece to tag along maybe?

Allan looks confused, genuinely considering the proposition.

DYLAN  
(befuddled)  
No dude! Let's just... I don't  
know, go to Chili's or something.  
We can go from there.

ALLAN  
(enthusiastically)  
I love Chili's.

Fred gives an approving nod and they continue walking.

**2 EXT. GAS STATION - LATER**

**2**

The trio drifts by the flickering lights of a gas station on  
the way to Chili's. The hum of the sign fills the gaps  
between their conversations.

TWEAKER, 60s, in battered clothing with poor hygiene can be  
seen as a dim outline between the dumpster and gas station  
wall.

TWEAKER  
(weakly)  
For ten bucks you can taste God and  
spit her back out.

Allan and Fred continue walking as if they heard nothing  
while Dylan lags behind for a brief moment, apprehensive at  
the comment. He catches up.

DYLAN  
(mystified)  
Dude, that was kind of beautiful.

FRED  
 (dismissive)  
 Yeah, man. Drugs make you say some  
 crazy shit.

DYLAN  
 Yeah, but that was just... That was  
 really profound.

Dylan stops for a brief moment, followed by the others, deep  
 in contemplation.

DYLAN  
 I have to talk to him.

He turns around and walks back to The Tweaker without  
 hesitation, leaving Fred and Allan bewildered. He kneels  
 down.

ALLAN  
 (whispering)  
 What the hell is wrong with this  
 guy?

Fred shrugs and they follow after him.

DYLAN  
 (hesitantly)  
 Hey man, what'd you say?

TWEAKER  
 (without glancing up)  
 I said for 10 bucks you can go to  
 Heaven and back.

DYLAN  
 (carefully)  
 I don't think that's what you said  
 exactly, per se, but that's fine.

TWEAKER  
 (now looking at Dylan)  
 Did you know that God is a woman?  
 She showed herself to me one  
 time... Pretty hot, too.

DYLAN  
 Right... yeah... What did you say  
 about 10 bucks?

The Tweaker pauses for a brief moment before snapping back to  
 form.

TWEAKER

Oh... yeah. 10 bucks. Heaven n'  
shit. Of course.

He reaches into his tattered coat pocket and pulls out a bag  
with 3 pills, rattling them like a prize.

FRED  
(whispering)  
Dylan, let's go man.

Without looking back, Dylan flamboyantly puts his arm up,  
silencing Fred.

FRED  
Dylan, what the hell is wrong with  
you?

ALLAN  
Chili's is right there, man.

Dylan turns back, annoyed.

DYLAN  
Guys. Hear me out. Sometimes, in  
life, you just have to take the  
mystery pills from the tweaker who  
says that God is a woman.

Fred and Allan stare at Dylan in bewilderment, who looks  
back, unfazed.

FRED  
What if it's fentanyl and we  
overdose and die? You have to think  
about these things, man.

DYLAN  
(to Tweaker)  
Are these gonna kill us?

TWEAKER  
Probably not.

DYLAN  
(to Fred)  
See man? It's fine. No death  
guarantee, from the source. So, are  
you in?

Allan, looking defeated, gives a nod.

FRED  
(anxiously)

Man, my parents are gonna kill me.  
They're gonna murder me in the face  
if they find out about this, dude.

DYLAN

First of all, you're 22 and live 9  
hours from them... B of all,  
dipshit, your name is Fred. I don't  
think your parents could possibly  
punish you any worse than that.  
Just take the tweaker pill and  
let's have some fun. I don't even  
like Chili's anyways.

ALLAN

(Under breath)

I like Chili's.

Fred looks down for a brief moment, thinking deeply.

FRED

Fine. Just this once. If it goes  
wrong... Well. I don't know. Fuck  
you, I guess.

Dylan stands and grabs Fred's shoulders and looks at him  
sincerely.

DYLAN

Frederick. You are a good man.

He turns back to The Tweaker.

DYLAN

We will take three of your finest  
pills please, sir.

The Tweaker nods, silently gives them their pills and grabs  
the cash. They take them without hesitation.

TWEAKER

And boys. Just remember. When She  
comes-a-knocking... you always let  
Her in.

DYLAN

(ironically)

...Amen!

They turn to walk back home.

Fred and Dylan slump onto the trash-covered couch.

Fred begins touching his face, then harshly squinting his eyes. Allan watches the T.V. completely stone faced. Dylan paces back and forth.

DYLAN  
(intensely)  
It's time to meet God.

FRED  
Dude. You have so much to live for.  
Stop that.

DYLAN  
(annoyed)  
No, dipshit... Dude, do you even  
understand nuance? Dude.

Dylan scoffs and pulls his phone out. He opens Tinder, the first match appears; DESTINY, way out of Dylan's league. Dylan stops all movement.

DYLAN  
Oh... Dude... Dude...

ALLAN  
What?

DYLAN  
(softly)  
I found her, man.

ALLAN  
What?

DYLAN  
I found her. Look.

He hands Allan his phone, who after fumbling around with the now foreign device, flips through pictures of Destiny.

ALLAN  
Alright.

DYLAN  
(excited)  
Alright? No, this is the woman of  
my dreams. If God is a woman, I'm  
about to match with her. Does that  
make me Jesus? Mary? I don't know.  
Her name is Destiny. DESTINY. You  
think that's random?

Allan shrugs and returns the phone. To his left, Fred looks as if he's about to cry.

ALLAN  
Probably.

DYLAN  
Okay? What do you know about anything or anyone?

ALLAN  
I know you haven't even talked to her yet.

DYLAN  
Buddy, relax. It's not about talking, it's about connection. Her bio says "looking for something real." Real, Allan! That's me. I'm fuckin' real.

ALLAN  
Sure, man.

Neither of them notice Fred shifting uncomfortably in his seat. Dylan resumes his pacing.

DYLAN  
Allan, help me craft a message to my future bride. It has to be like, romantic but not horned up, you know. What would you say?

ALLAN  
Nothing, I don't know.

DYLAN  
(bluntly)  
That's why you'll die alone. Women love words n' shit, man.

FRED  
Do either of you feel your heart beat in your finger tips?

DYLAN  
Freddy. Relax. It'll be alright.

Dylan stops.

DYLAN

I got it! I'll just send her that gif of Patrick Bateman nodding from American Psycho where he's all intense.

ALLAN  
(dumbfounded)  
Sure man, why not.

DYLAN  
It's ironic. Women love irony.

FRED  
My chest is doing something really weird, guys.

DYLAN  
That's love, Fred. Love is in the air.

Dylan stares at his phone with anticipation and anxiously presses send on the gif.

DYLAN  
Huh? What happened?

Allan looks at him, confused.

DYLAN  
It's not sending. I can't do anything. What the hell?

Dylan pauses for a moment, his face turning red.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Dude. The Wi-Fi isn't working. It's that fucking Ted from next door. He is always messing with my wiring. I should go beat his ass.. I have to find Destiny!

He shakes the phone, slaps the side of it like that'll help, switches random settings, nothing changes.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Come on, dude... load. Load! Why is nothing loading?! Is the router dead? Did Ted cut a cable?

Fred curls deeper into the couch, sweating. Allan watches Dylan, silent, almost bored. Dylan struggle only progresses.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna bite the router. I don't care. I'll eat it.

Allan finally sits forward, thinking.

ALLAN

Well... isn't she on a porch in one of those pictures?

Dylan stops, his face lighting up.

DYLAN

You're right!

He scrolls back through her pictures and a picture of Destiny on a porch surfaces.

DYLAN

Fred, get your ass up, we have something to do. Allan, make sure bitch-boy Ted doesn't come try to steal all my data..

FRED

(sheepishly)

I don't know man, I think I might be dyi-

Dylan grabs Fred by the wrist and YANKS him off the couch.

**3A MONTAGE - DYLAN & FRED IN NEIGHBORHOOD**

**3A**

He DRAGS Fred through the doorway, barely giving him time to stand.

They run DOWN THE STREET, full sprint, Fred STUMBLING behind him.

At THE FIRST HOUSE, Dylan holds up the picture of Destiny on the porch as they move, comparing all the details. WRONG.

At ANOTHER HOUSE, they slow just enough for Dylan to line up the phone with another porch, shake his head, keep moving. WRONG.

YET ANOTHER ONE. WRONG. They run again.

ONE MORE. Dylan stops. Fred nearly crashes into him. It's vaguely similar enough.

Dylan KNOCKS.

## 4 EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

4

A MAN, late 70s, cracks open the door. He's in slippers, a robe, a flashlight in one hand. The look of sceptic disapproval washes his face.

MAN  
(quietly, southern drawl)  
What the hell are you two boys  
doing on my porch at this hour?

A sweaty and jittery Dylan and Fred look blankly at the man, both awkwardly holding their breath to look more stable. Fred gives Dylan an elbow jab.

DYLAN  
(jumpy)  
Good afternoon, sir. My name is  
Dylan and this here is my good  
friend Fred.

Dylan puts a hand on Fred's shoulder, way too hard.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
We were just walking around. You  
know, just sort of prancing about  
and just so happened to notice...  
that lawn of yours.

The Man's face doesn't budge, he taps the flashlight against the doorframe like a metronome.

MAN  
Alright, I've seen enough. I'm  
calling the cops.

The Man goes to close the door when Dylan stops him.

DYLAN  
Sir. Sir. We didn't mean any  
harm... What do you use, John  
Deere?

The Man looks astonished as Fred begins to notice that the porch is a clear mismatch. He goes even more pale.

FRED  
(whispering)  
Abort. Abort.

The Man's hands tighten on his flashlight

MAN

I'll give you bout' 3 seconds to  
get the hell off my porch fore' I  
show you what's behind this door.

Dylan looks at Fred who looks like he may pass out. Dylan  
forces a serious face.

DYLAN  
(softly)  
Is... she there?

The Man's face tightens in disgust. Fred looks at Dylan  
dumbfounded.

MAN  
That's enough.

The Man lowers his flashlight and the door swings open.

Without missing a beat Fred grabs Dylan's collar and they run  
off, without noticing a single shot being fired into the air.

**5 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

**5**

Dylan and Fred keep running until they stop under a lamp  
post.

DYLAN  
(panting)  
What the fuck was that, Fred? How  
am I ever going to find my princess  
if you don't back me up?

FRED  
(out of breath)  
What are we doing? My heart can't  
take this much longer.

DYLAN  
Neither can mine, Fred. My wife is  
out here somewhere. That guy just  
got us one step closer.

FRED  
(angrily)  
I doubt she's even real, man. I  
mean seriously, she looks like  
fuckin' Padme and you look like you  
lick batteries.

DYLAN  
Love works in mysterious ways,  
doesn't it.

Fred doesn't reply. A long silence hangs in the air, Fred simply staring at Dylan. Dylan's smile slowly fades.

Dylan suddenly KICKS a trash can. It barely moves. He winces and pretends it didn't hurt.

DYLAN

What am I doing, dude?

Fred watches him pace in circles, still trying to look tough even though he's winded.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I feel like a fuckin' crazy person!  
My brain is broken.

He stops pacing. The dumb adrenaline finally drains out of him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

(tearing up)  
...Man, I just feel like nothing  
ever happens to me.

He shrugs it off fast, like he didn't mean to say anything of substance.

FRED

Uh... dude, it's fine. You're just...  
Bad night.

Dylan looks at Fred, tears in eyes, and wraps his arms around Fred who returns a few sheepish pats on the back.

FRED

It's cool man, let's just get back  
home, alright?

DYLAN

(blubbering)  
I'm such a pathetic little man  
baby.

FRED

(embarrassed)  
No, no man. You're not a man baby.

DYLAN

Yes I am. I'm a failure tiny little  
man baby that gets no girls.

FRED

Come on, man. You get lots of  
girls.

DYLAN  
 (sniffling)  
 ...Do you mean it?

FRED  
 Yeah... Let's just get back home.  
 Maybe Allan fixed the Wi-Fi?

Dylan delivers another bear hug.

DYLAN  
 (content, sniffing)  
 Let's do it.

Dylan and Fred begin their walk home, Dylan's arm awkwardly around Fred.

**6 INT. DYLAN'S LIVING ROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING**

**6**

Dylan and Fred slump down on the couch besides Allan, who sits like a stone.

ALLAN  
 (sluggishly)  
 So, did you find that chick? Uh...  
 Delilah... Daisy... Diana...?

DYLAN  
 (disappointed)  
 ...No. Did you ever fix the Wi-Fi?

ALLAN  
 ...What?

DYLAN  
 The Wi-Fi, man. Did you figure it out?

Allan pauses for a moment in deep thought.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
 Great.

ALLAN  
 Sorry dude, I've been busy.

He gestures to the T.V. which is playing a National Geographic documentary on YouTube.

DYLAN  
 YouTube? So the Wi-Fi is working?

Allan shrugs.

Dylan pulls out his phone and notices the airplane mode symbol in the top left. He closes his eyes and lets out a long sigh.

DYLAN  
(quietly)  
Dude.

FRED  
What?

DYLAN  
(jubilated)  
It was in airplane mode the entire  
time, mothafucka!

Fred stares at Dylan in bewilderment. Dylan's face is fully lit up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)  
Do you know what this means? My  
Queen could still be out there,  
waiting for her King right now!

Dylan turns airplane mode off and a flood of messages from Destiny appears.

DYLAN  
Dude. She's texting me! Oh my god,  
she wants me so bad.

Fred slumps further into his seat, disappointed.

Another vibration. Then another. Dylan opens the thread. The messages load.

Dylan freezes. His smile dies immediately. His face goes stiff-embarrassed, humiliated, trying not to show it.

Fred and Allan lean in a little, waiting for Dylan to read something impressive. Dylan doesn't speak.

FRED  
So, uh... what'd she say?

Dylan swallows hard. He forces a tiny half-smirk that doesn't fool anyone.

DYLAN  
(quietly)  
Nothing. Wrong person. Doesn't  
matter.

Awkward, painful silence.

Fred reaches for the remote. He doesn't say anything comforting this time. He doesn't pat Dylan's back. He doesn't even look at him.

BLACK by PEARL JAM starts playing.

ALLAN

(awkwardly)

Did you know it's actually the male  
seahorses that give birth? I think  
that's neat.

Dylan just sinks into the couch, staring ahead, staying silent, his face red, trying to look like he doesn't care.

CUT TO BLACK