

BACK TO THE EIGHTIES
By Ben King

Contact: kingbenjam@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM -- DAY

MAX McDONALD, a tall and slim thirty-three year old red-headed white guy, sleeps fully dressed on top of his bed. Posters of rap stars and pimped out cars decorate the walls.

A clock-radio clicks over to 1:30 and a big screen TV BLASTS a rap video in surround sound.

Max leaps off the bed and fumbles with a bunch of remote controls.

MAX

God damn it.

Max turns the volume down slightly but by now is singing along and bobbing his head to the base line.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

Max streams down a hill on his Razor push-scooter. He focuses his eyes on the Global Positioning System (GPS) device that he holds in one hand.

Max rides past the Tainted Love record store. It has a giant statue of George Michael on the roof. The George Michael statue has a hole where it's butt used to be.

Max's scooter snags on a pebble and Max tumbles through the air and skids across the asphalt road. The GPS device topples to the ground and his cell phone slides from his pocket and lands a few feet in front of him.

MAX

God damn it.

The cell phone rings.

MAX (CONT'D)

God damn it.

Max ignores his bloody hands and knees and grabs for the cell phone. He checks the caller ID then answers.

MAX (CONT'D)

S'up kid.

DJ JOSHUA (O.S.)

(on phone)

Where is everyone.

MAX

Settle down, I'll be there in two twists of a lamb's nut sack.

DJ JOSHUA

Is this Max, you don't sound like
Max?

MAX

Oh not this again, who do I sound
like this time DJ Joshua?

DJ JOSHUA

You sound like a karate pirate. How
do I know it's really you?

MAX

Because if it wasn't really me I
wouldn't be about to hang up on your
ass.

Max hangs up the phone then grabs the GPS device and puts it into his backpack. He spots a convertible pulling out of a McDonalds drive thru. He jumps aboard his scooter and grabs the car's bumper; positioned for a free ride.

The car pulls out into the street and then turns into a driveway about three houses down.

MAX (CONT'D)

God damn it.
(To driver)
You lazy bastard.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVERTIBLE -- CONTINUOUS

The driver smushes fries into his mouth.

BACK TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- CONTINUOUS

When we cut back to Max we notice that he is now short with brown hair, played by a different actor.

Max sullenly scoots off.

INT. DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Max enters the front door. The inside of the house is full of cell phones, each one connected to a different kitchen appliance.

The cell phones RING loudly in a multitude of different tones. WHIR! WHIZ! Suddenly all the kitchen appliances are activated.

Max whirls around in surprise.

MAX

God damn it.

A cat leaps on top of a large drum that has radiation symbols on it. The cat has five legs.

DJ JOSHUA, a mad scientist type, bounds into the room, extremely excited. He is an eccentric looking 30 year old black man. Although he is very overweight he has boundless energy. He has a very large afro.

DJ JOSHUA

It works, Max, it works. Look at all this. I'm a genius.

MAX

You better not be tapping into my minutes again.

DJ JOSHUA

No, that's the beauty of it. I designed my own private digital network. From the ground up, right here in the house. Dang, I bet it has better range than AT&T.

MAX

My dad's farts have better range than AT&T. But what's the point? So you can open a can of dog food from the bedroom?

DJ JOSHUA

Exactly.

MAX

You don't even have a dog. You know there are plenty of companies that would pay you six figures to goof around like this.

DJ JOSHUA

Too confining. This isn't work. This is fun.

MAX

Why don't you ever design anything useful. Like a decent tasting diet soda.

DJ JOSHUA

I do. All the time. Like this.

DJ Joshua unclips a Palm Pilot from his belt.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

It's an RSD.

MAX

A real stupid device?

DJ JOSHUA

Racial slur detector. It scans the police radio airwaves for naughty words.

MAX

And how exactly is that going to change the world.

DJ JOSHUA

I don't suppose it will change your world any. But just try being a black man driving a nice car for a day.

MAX

You drive a 1986 Geo Metro.

DJ JOSHUA

Right. What, you don't think that's a nice car? It's only got 340,000 miles on it. Okay how about this?

DJ Joshua grabs a cell phone from the desk.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

It's an old white lady instant orgasm/wrinkle remover/hair restoration device.

MAX

Now that's more like it. Stuff like that will make you boat loads of cash. You need an infomercial. How many have you got?

DJ JOSHUA

Only one. It's a prototype. I made it in a whirl of creativity. I'm not even sure how I did it. I'll have to take it apart and re-trace my steps.

MAX

Whatever. Anyway, I'm here. Are we gonna jam.

DJ JOSHUA

I didn't think Suzy was going to let you out of the house.

MAX

She's at work, thank God. Where's Skippy?

DJ JOSHUA

He said he'd meet us there. Sounded
like he had a woman with him.

INT. YMCA -- STAGE -- DAY

On stage, DJ Joshua stands behind a mixing turntable and
SKIPPY, a goofy looking 48 year old white guy holds a guitar.

SUZY, Max's pretty girlfriend, stands in front of the stage.

Max rolls in on his scooter. A Madonna-style headset
microphone hovers in front of his mouth. He is wearing a t-
shirt that displays a brand of nuts. Under the logo it says
"www.BigNuts.Com".

Max glances at the dance committee that is seated about ten
feet in front of the stage. One of the committee members is
Huey Newton (or look-a-like).

MAX

Let's get this party started.

Silence.

MAX (CONT'D)

I said let's get this party started,
right?

SKIPPY

Holler.

MAX

We're the Phat Pimps, time to put
the crack down, 'cause we're 'bout
to put the slap down.

DJ Joshua starts scratching records and then launches into a
sample of the WAR GAMES computer; "Shall we play a game."

Skippy thrashes his guitar.

Suzy looks longingly at Skippy.

MAX (CONT'D)

(rapping)

Shall we play a game, what? She's
just another dame, hot? She's in it
for the fame dog, but that's not why
I came dog. Glo-bal-thermo-nuclear-
war, Glo-bal-thermo-nuclear-war.

HUEY NEWTON

Thank you. Next.

The band stops playing, looking a little hurt.

MAX

But...

EXT. TOWN SQUARE -- DAY

Max and Suzy walk together. He looks depressed but Suzy is happily fiddling with her Palm Pilot PDA.

MAX

I thought you were at work.

SUZY

I was. I mean I am. I'm on a lunch break.

MAX

(referring to her
micro miniskirt)
Wearing that?

SUZY

What's your problem. You know we have casual Fridays at the bank.

MAX

But today is Saturday.

SUZY

Jeez. No wonder your little rap group is a colossal failure. You're a complete tool. I don't blame those guys for hating you.

MAX

You mean Skippy and Josh. They love my ass. Anyway shouldn't you be getting back to work.

SUZY

Oh now you're telling me what to do and where to go? Whatever. I don't even know why I bother with you. You're immature, you're broke, and you have zero talent.

MAX

Zero talent? Just because I don't play Elton John and Billy Joel and whatever other crap you like doesn't mean I have zero talent.

Suzy laughs.

SUZY

Billy Joel?

(MORE)

SUZY (CONT'D)

You better check yourself before you wreck yourself, that's your CD. You didn't even know what rap was until I told you.

MAX

What about-

SUZY

-Vanilla Ice? Will Smith? You call that rap? Rap is Wu Tang, or The Coup, or even Jurassic 5. Get a clue.

MAX

What the? How do you know so much about rap? I thought you hated it.

SUZY

You really don't know me at all do you Max? There's Skippy, I'm going to get a ride from him.

MAX

I bet you are.

DJ Joshua approaches Max as Suzy runs to catch Skippy.

DJ JOSHUA

Don't worry kid. It was just a school dance. It's not like we were auditioning for the Summer Jam or anything.

MAX

I don't know Josh. Maybe we're not as good as I thought we were. I mean am I a complete loser? 33 god damn years old, and I work for Kinko's for crying out loud.

DJ JOSHUA

Shoot, at least your an assistant manager. I've been the paper jam consultant for 10 years.

MAX

I don't know. I just feel like a failure.

DJ JOSHUA

That's your parents fault Max. They obviously set the bar way too high.

MAX

Maybe I should have taken that golf scholarship to Yale like they wanted.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh so you could end up like your old man?

MAX

God no. That guy has finally lost it. Last night he told me he was a werewolf.

DJ JOSHUA

Like Rolf Harris?

MAX

Who?

DJ JOSHUA

Rolf Harris. He's that guy who sings Tie Me Kangaroo Down.

MAX

What the hell are you talking about. Can't I ever have a normal conversation with you?

DJ JOSHUA

Well, I'm working on a pretty big invention. Want to talk about that?

MAX

What, have you designed a remote control for your bowels? So instead of pushing, you just buzz your colon on the cell phone?

DJ JOSHUA

You'll see.

MAX

Did you finish mixing our demo?

DJ JOSHUA

Yeah, but I'm not sure if we're gonna be able to clear that Aztec Camera sample.

MAX

What's the problem? We're only using the baseline and the melody.

DJ JOSHUA

They said that Volkswagon is offering big money for an exclusive rights deal.

They walk past a Lincoln dealership.

MAX

Typical. When we blow up I'm only gonna sellout for good causes.

DJ JOSHUA

Like Mothers Against Carrot Top?

MAX

No. Like Lincoln. Look at that sweet Navigator. That's how I'm gonna roll.

DJ JOSHUA

I'm still shocked that we haven't heard anything back from our last demo. You did send it in didn't you?

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM -- DAY -- FLASHBACK

Max sits at his desk stuffing a CD into an envelope. We see that the envelope is addressed to "DEF JAM RECORDS -- NEW TALENT DIVISION".

Max walks over to the mirror and stares at his reflection.

MAX

What the hell am I thinking. They'll hate this. They'll laugh. Everybody always laughs.

Max tears up the envelope and throws it into the trash.

BACK TO:

EXT. TOWN STREET -- DAY

Max continues to walk with DJ Joshua.

MAX

Of course I sent it. I told you they would hate it though. Probably still laughing.

DJ JOSHUA

Well, they're going to love this new groove.

(beat)

Oh my god, there's Jefferson.

MAX

Who?

DJ JOSHUA

Jefferson. He's a major hottie who works over at Starbucks. I've had a crush on him for months.

MAX

He looks familiar. I think he was friends with my sister. Why don't you ask him out.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh no, I could never. He's a coffee shop god and I'm just a fat nerd.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT -- LATER

Max and DJ Joshua sit at a table munching on burgers. NIGEL, a good looking man with a British accent approaches them. He has a donation can and is holding a Palm Pilot PDA.

NIGEL

Plug George Michael. Please make a donation. We desperately need to plug George Michael's bum.

MAX

A donation? You're a good looking fellow. I'm sure he'll let you do that for free.

NIGEL

Not the real George Michael you stupid wanker. I'm talking about the statue next door at Tainted Love Records.

DJ JOSHUA

That farting George Michael statue has been busted ever since I can remember. Why would you want to fix it now.

NIGEL

I don't want to fix it. I just want to plug his bum. Apparently kids have been climbing inside him and playing around.

MAX

So?

NIGEL

The city thinks it's too dangerous. They are going to tear it down unless we can come up with the money to plug the hole.

MAX

How much do you need.

NIGEL

Only about \$200. But so far I've only got 87 cents. Nobody seems to care for George Michael's arse anymore.

MAX

Yuck, it's probably all hairy and pock-marked.

NIGEL

That statue is a classic. People come from all over the world to see it and hear the stories about how it was broken.

MAX

Stories? What stories?

NIGEL

Here, I have the whole history in my Palm. I'll beam it to you.

Nigel holds his Palm Pilot out and Max reluctantly digs his out from his pocket and holds it parallel to Nigel's.

Nigel beams the document to Max.

DJ JOSHUA

Just give me a synopsis.

NIGEL

Well apparently Wham were playing here in town and somehow the owner of Tainted Love convinced them to come to his store opening.

DJ JOSHUA

Did they have balloons?

NIGEL

No. Andrew Ridgely was apparently under the impression that there was a statue of both of them. When he saw a solo George Michael up there he was pissed.

MAX

I don't blame him. I always thought he was the real power behind Wham.

NIGEL

Anyway he'd already been larging it that night and was totally off his face. He lost it and threw rocks up at the statue. He put a rock through George's arse then passed out in the middle of the street.

MAX

Wow.

NIGEL

They broke up the next day.

Max drops a quarter in the donation can. DJ Joshua holds a quarter over the can as if he is dropping it in but somehow another quarter sticks to his and he withdraws both.

Nigel doesn't notice.

NIGEL (CONT'D)

Thank you.

Nigel walks to the next table.

MAX

I saw that.

DJ JOSHUA

I figured out how to magnetize quarters. My own genius shocks me.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM -- LATER

Suzy and Skippy are romantically entangled in the bed. They laugh and moan and thrash about. Suzy is on top.

SUZY

Oh Skippy, you're so much more fun than Max. He never lets me up on top.

SKIPPY

I'd rather not have that image right now.

SUZY

In fact he never lets me do anything. I've always wanted to be a singer. Actually, a rapper. But when I asked if I could join the band he just laughed at me.

SKIPPY

God, why would you want to be a rapper. It's a tough business you know.

SUZY

I have opinions. I want to be heard.
And I have a crush on Snoop.

SKIPPY

Bow wow yippy yay yippy yo.

Suzy laughs as they continue to thrash about.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAX'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Max scoots up to the front door and throws his scooter down.
He enters the house.

BACK TO:

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

SKIPPY

Oh Mallory. I love you.

SUZY

Mallory? Who the hell is Mallory?

SKIPPY

Suzy. I said Suzy. Wait. I think
I heard something. Where did you
say Max was?

SUZY

Don't worry about Max. He'll be
hanging out with that weirdo Joshua
for hours. He's the only one that
will listen to Max's bullcrap.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Max pauses and listens intently. He grabs a baseball bat.

MAX

Hello? Anybody here?

Max heads to the source of the noise, the bedroom.

BACK TO:

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Max bursts into the room. Suzy and Skippy try to cover up.

SKIPPY

It's not what you think.

SUZY

Unless you think I'm getting it on with your band mate. Because if that's the case, it probably is what you think.

MAX

I'm going to be sick.

Max runs from the room holding his mouth, trying not to vomit.

SUZY

(to Skippy)

What? You're going to let that stop you? Come on. I'm not done yet.

SKIPPY

But...okay.

INT. DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- LATER

Max lays on DJ Joshua's couch, sobbing, with his head in DJ Joshua's lap. DJ Joshua strokes Max's hair.

DJ JOSHUA

You're better off without her Max. I don't know what you ever saw in her anyway.

MAX

I know, she's a total cow now. But it wasn't like that. Back in high school when we met. She was special. Sensitive, and funny too. She always had me cracking up.

DJ JOSHUA

That was 15 years ago Max. People change. Just look at Kurt Cobain.

MAX

He's dead.

DJ JOSHUA

Exactly. But he used to be totally alive.

MAX

It's almost as if her personality began to rot for some reason. Maybe it's my fault. Maybe I didn't tend to her like I should have.

DJ JOSHUA

She's not a slab of meat Max. She has a mind of her own.

(MORE)

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Maybe she was always rancid. You were just too young and horny to care.

MAX

No. I remember our first date. The Astronauts Under The Sea dance.

DJ JOSHUA

The what dance?

MAX

Oh, that was the year of the Challenger explosion. It was supposed to be a moon landing dance but you know, out of respect they decided to change the decorations in the gym. We all had our costumes already though so they made it Astronauts Under the Sea. It was kind of neat in the end.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh yeah. I vaguely remember that. I think I was a Freshman then.

MAX

Anyway, that's where Suzy kissed me for the very first time and I knew we would spend the rest of our lives together.

DJ JOSHUA

Eww.

Max sobs again.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I mean don't worry kid, everything's going to be all right.

MAX

Don't say that. I hate it when people say that. There is no way that this can turn out all right. So unless you can dial one of your little cell phones and make all this magically disappear then please don't say that everything's going to be all right.

DJ JOSHUA

Everything's going to be all right Max. Everything's going to be all right.

Max sits up and looks at DJ Joshua. DJ Joshua smiles mischievously.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Look Max, I have a few things that I need to tie up. Give me a couple of hours then meet me down at the Kinko's parking lot. Midnight. Bring your scooter.

MAX

Why? What are you going to do?

DJ JOSHUA

You'll see.

MAX

Okay. Whatever. I'm not about to go home though. Maybe I'll go visit my folks.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- EVENING

Max scoots through the streets on his Razor. He hits a pebble and tumbles to the ground.

INT. MAX'S PARENTS' HOUSE -- EVENING

Max's mom, MAURA McDONALD, a sixty year old woman tends to Max's bleeding knee.

MAX

And then I walked in on her with Skippy. It was awful.

MAURA

Don't worry Max. I always thought Suzy was kind of ugly anyway.

MAX

Come on mom, Suzy may have been a psychotic schizophrenic bitch but she was never ugly.

MAURA

What about those inverted nipples?

MAX

What? How on earth...

MAURA

Nevermind dear. I'm just saying that I think you could do a lot better. There, all cleaned up. I wish you would wear some protective gear on those rollerskates of yours.

MAX

It's a scooter mom.

MAURA

Maybe you could get some training wheels. Just until you get a bit steadier.

MAX

Mom! Jeez. Is dad around?

MAURA

Yes, he's out back practicing his howl.

MAX

Oh no, he's not still claiming to be a werewolf is he?

MAURA

It's been difficult for him Max. Living all this time with such a hairy back. He's just looking for answers.

MAX

His back isn't that hairy. No hairier than mine.

MAURA

His ass crack is a bit out of control though.

MAX

That's a real nice image mom, thank you for that. Look, do you think I could borrow the Bug tonight. I'm meeting up with DJ Joshua and as you can see, my Razor is all warped.

MAURA

I don't think so honey. Your dad promised Buffy that she could use the car tonight.

MAX

Buffy is 33 years old. Don't you think it's about time you cut the apron strings?

MAURA

Oh honey, I'll always be her mother. There's nothing wrong with getting a little help every now and again.

MAX

She always was your favorite.

MAURA

Nonsense. She has a big date tonight that's all. And anyway you're a clever little snatch, I'm sure you can figure something out.

MAX

Come on mom, this is important. DJ Joshua has something big lined up.

MAURA

I don't like you playing with that boy. He's a bad influence on you.

MAX

He's not a boy mom, he's 30 years old. And if anything he keeps me out of trouble.

BUFFY McDONALD, Max's chubby twin sister, and IRWIN McDONALD, Max's 60 year old father enter the room. Irwin, although hairy, is physically timid and nerdy looking. Two horribly noisy and dirty 14-year-old boys trail behind Buffy. They punch each other continuously.

IRWIN

Hooooooooooooowwwwwwwlllll.

BUFFY

Shut up dad. Where are the god damn keys. You know I have a big date tonight.

BUFFY'S DIRTY KID #1

Mom, Reggie is punching me.

BUFFY

So what, punch his ass back.

Buffy's Dirty Kid #1 punches the other kid in the face. Blood streams from his nose. Buffy's Dirty Kid #2 wipes the blood away and digs a joint out of his pocket. He lights it up.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

That better not be mine you little brat.

MAURA

What is that? Is that drugs? I forbid any drugs to be used in this house.

BUFFY

Shut up hag, it's only pot.

IRWIN

Listen Buffy, I don't want you telling anyone about me okay. Let this-

Irwin snarls.

IRWIN (CONT'D)

-be our little secret.

BUFFY

Whatever you stupid moron. That car better be clean too. If you've left any ass-hair in there you're going to be very sorry.

MAX

Hi Buffy. Hi Dad. Hi little Satan's spawns.

IRWIN

Oh, well, actually Buff, your mother and I were, well lets just say there are a few stains on the back seat.

BUFFY

Hello, anybody home? You know I'm going out with Kirk tonight. Think, dad, think. How are you going to fix this?

IRWIN

Well, it is a full moon tonight but I suppose I could take it down to Kipper's Car Wash.

BUFFY

Why don't you get Max to do it. That ungrateful little snot never does anything around here anymore.

MAX

What are you talking about. I don't even live here. You're the one who is living rent free and high off the hog up in here.

BUFFY

See what I mean? Now he's calling mom a pig.

IRWIN

Max. That's enough. Be nice. Now why don't you run the bug down to the car wash. Your sister sure would appreciate it.

MAX

No way. What did...actually, you know what? I will go get it cleaned. After all Buffy does have a lot of work to do if she's going to make that face presentable.

BUFFY

You wish you looked as good as me. I can get any man I want.

MAX

Nice try, nice lie Buffy. I'm still in shock over the fact that someone impregnated you.

BUFFY

There's evidence right there. Everybody in high school wanted to go to the dance with Roger Starbuckle, but who did he choose? Me that's who. Then I screwed him in the back of his dad's El Camino and kicked his ass to the curb. He's been begging for me back ever since.

MAX

Suing you for custody doesn't equal begging for your company.

Buffy's Dirty Kid #2 turns to Irwin.

BUFFY'S DIRTY KID #2

Grandpa, your shoe is untied.

Irwin looks down at his shoes. WHACK! Buffy's Dirty Kid #2 punches him hard on the chin. Irwin falls to the ground in a heap.

BUFFY'S DIRTY KID #2 (CONT'D)

Gullible bastard.

Buffy laughs and pats her kid on the back.

EXT. MAX'S PARENTS' HOUSE -- EVENING

Max reverses out of the driveway in his parent's lime green Volkswagon Bug. His warped scooter is secured to the roof rack.

EXT. KINKO'S PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Several cars are parked in the lot and people walk in and out of Kinko's. DJ Joshua sits in a shopping cart that is filled with bottles of Snapple. DJ Joshua's five legged cat, LEGS, is also in the cart. A suped-up BMX rests against the cart.

Max pulls into the lot in the lime green Bug and parks next to DJ Joshua. He gets out of the car sporting a back-pack with the names of popular bands scrawled all over it.

MAX

Okay, I'm here. God I hate this place. Why'd you choose Kinko's.

DJ JOSHUA

Yeah, I forgot it was open 24 hours.

MAX

But you work here, how could you forget.

DJ JOSHUA

I work days. Anyway, we have to find somewhere else. Somewhere quiet.

MAX

How about the Lone Star Mall.

DJ JOSHUA

Perfect. Let's go.

Max ties DJ Joshua's BMX to the roof rack and climbs into the driver's seat.

MAX

Are you coming?

DJ JOSHUA

I'd better stay with the Snapple. I brought a towing rope.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- NIGHT

The WV Bug zooms through the street towing DJ Joshua who is sitting in the grocery cart protecting the bottles. LEGS is tumbling around in the cart.

EXT. LONE STAR MALL PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

A giant Texas-style lone star statue stands at the entrance. A sign reads "Lone Star Mall -- Texas-sized savings".

As Max zooms into the empty parking lot the grocery cart spins out to the side and topples over.

DJ Joshua, Legs, and several bottles of Snapple tumble across the ground. The bottles shatter and empty their contents.

Max stops and we see him laughing hysterically inside the car.

DJ JOSHUA

The fuel. What have you done to the fuel?

Max steps out of the Bug.

MAX

(still laughing)

Thanks DJ Joshua. You really know how to cheer a guy up.

DJ JOSHUA

Look what you've done. Where am I going to get fuel at this time of night?

MAX

That looks like Snapple to me.

DJ JOSHUA

It's not just any Snapple. This is, or should I say was, Apple Raspberry Snapple. 36 bottles.

MAX

Thirsty?

DJ JOSHUA

You idiot. The Apple Raspberry is the final piece of the puzzle.

Without it-

(points to the Razor
Scooter on the roof
rack)

-that is just a scooter.

MAX

Right. As opposed to?

DJ JOSHUA

Only the solution to all your problems.

MAX

Oh, you figured out how to turn a scooter into a faithful girlfriend with a pleasant personality and giant t-

DJ JOSHUA

No. It's better than that. But thanks to your brilliant driving skills you may never know.

MAX

What are you talking about?

DJ JOSHUA

As soon as you figure out how we can get Snapple at this time of night I'll tell you.

MAX

Gee that's a toughie Einstein. Maybe we could try a Seven Eleven.

DJ JOSHUA

Brilliant. Yes. That could work. Great. Okay, now get your scooter down and I'll explain how your life is just about to get a whole lot better.

Max unties the still warped scooter and places it next to DJ Joshua.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

What's this?

MAX

My scooter. You told me to bring it.

DJ JOSHUA

No. I mean why is it all bent out of shape. Did you whack Suzy with it?

MAX

Dang, you always come up with great ideas *after* the fact.

DJ JOSHUA

This won't do Max. Just forget it. This whole thing is obviously just a joke to you.

MAX

Fine. I'll just go home and stab Suzy in the head then.

DJ JOSHUA

Look Max. Focus. This is important.

MAX

Okay DJ Joshua. What do you want me to do?

DJ JOSHUA

Well, now we're short a scooter and 36 bottles of Snapple Apple Raspberry. We're going to need to fix that problem Max.

MAX
(glancing towards the
mall)
Feel like doing a little shopping?

DJ JOSHUA
Ah, now your talking.

Max and DJ Joshua creep over to the front doors of the mall.
Legs moves awkwardly behind them.

MAX
Maybe we shouldn't do this.

DJ JOSHUA
Why not?

MAX
I know the owner of this mall. It's
my sister Buffy's friend Heather.
She won it in a law suit against the
old owners.

DJ JOSHUA
What for?

MAX
She was trying to recreate that scene
from Big where Tom Hanks dances on
the piano in a toy store. Some kid
had left a booger on it and she
slipped and broke her back. Her
lawyers said she should have been
warned about the possibility of
boogers.

DJ JOSHUA
Come on let's go. Maybe we'll get
lucky and break our backs in there.

MAX
Okay, I guess she can afford it
anyway.

DJ JOSHUA
How are we going to get in?

MAX
I figured you would have some nifty
invention that would spring these
doors open.

DJ JOSHUA
Of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONE STAR MALL PARKING LOT OUTER -- CONTINUOUS

An old white lady walking her dog notices Max and DJ Joshua.

BACK TO:

EXT. LONE STAR MALL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

DJ Joshua picks up a large rock from the ground.

DJ JOSHUA

I call this the door-o-matic.

CRACK! SMASH! DJ Joshua pitches the rock through the glass door.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Hurry. Let's go.

Max stands in stunned silence for a few seconds then sprints into the mall.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONE STAR MALL PARKING LOT OUTER -- CONTINUOUS

The old white lady runs to a nearby pay phone and dials 911.

OLD WHITE LADY

(into phone)

Police? Yes, it's an emergency...
There are two giant crazed black men
breaking into the Lone Star
mall...They are whacked up on
crack...probably desperate for drug
money...yes...a 9mm, an oozi, and a
big hunting knife...okay...thank
you.

The old white lady hangs up the phone.

OLD WHITE LADY (CONT'D)

(to dog)

Ha ha suckers! Okay Snoop, let's
run inside and grab the video camera.
Inside Edition will pay big for this
footage.

BACK TO:

INT. LONE STAR MALL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Max catches up with DJ Joshua as they run through the empty mall.

DJ JOSHUA

You go find a scooter. I'm going to track down some fuel.

MAX

I think this might be illegal DJ Joshua.

DJ JOSHUA

That's possible Max. But this is the only way. Meet me back here in 7 minutes.

DJ Joshua and Max split up.

Max finds a sports store but there is a steel gate covering the entrance.

MAX

God damn it. I need one of those magic keys.

Max looks around and spots a garbage can. He digs through it and pulls out a half-eaten hot dog. He then pitches the hot dog at the window of the sports store. It lands with a SPLAT! And slides down the glass.

MAX (CONT'D)

God damn it!

Max removes one of his shoes and smacks it against the window. The window shatters and the shoe drops to the ground.

Max sprints into the store and heads for the scooter section.

CUT TO:

DJ Joshua comes sliding out from behind a corner. He is being hotly pursued by a SECURITY GUARD.

He runs past the sports store just as Max is exiting, scooter in hand.

DJ JOSHUA

Run.

Max joins DJ Joshua in the quest to escape the security guard.

MAX

Where did he come from?

SECURITY GUARD

You better stop right now gentlemen. I have a gun and I'm pretty sure it works.

Max and DJ Joshua turn a corner and see a huge security station. It has several surveillance monitors and a multitude of buttons.

MAX

Oh no. Look, this is all going to be on video.

DJ JOSHUA

What kind of society is this. We need to monitor everything?

The security guard fumbles with the gun as he takes it out of the holster.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Max, you distract him. I'm going to take care of this.

MAX

What? What the hell am I supposed to do?

BANG! BANG!

The security guard pulls the trigger. The bullets WHIZ! Past Max's head. Max stops in his tracks as DJ Joshua moves towards the security station.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hold it. Stop. Hold your fire. I give up.

The security guard catches up to Max.

SECURITY GUARD

(laughing)

Whoa! That was fun. Did you see that? I almost blew your head off.

MAX

Yeah, I noticed that.

SECURITY GUARD

We're not really supposed to shoot our guns.

MAX

What?

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, they told us that if we encounter any criminals we should just give them what they want.

MAX

What's the point of that. I mean
why have security at all.

SECURITY GUARD

Deterrence I guess. I can look pretty
scary when I want to.

The security guard grimaces and puffs his chest out.

Meanwhile, DJ Joshua is pressing all kinds of buttons at the
security station.

MAX

So why did you shoot at me.

SECURITY GUARD

I don't know. I guess I got caught
up in all the excitement.

The security guard waves Max over to the security station.

MAX

So what now? Are you going to call
the police.

SECURITY GUARD

Yeah, I suppose so. I'll probably
get fired for this though. I mean
look at that-

(points to bullet
holes in a candy
store)

I bet I have to pay for that.

MAX

Well, maybe not. What if we just
didn't tell anybody.

SECURITY GUARD

Doesn't matter. It's all on video.

DJ JOSHUA

This is perfect.

MAX

Yeah, the perfect end to the perfect
day.

DJ JOSHUA

No, I mean I have a solution.

MAX

Shoot. Wait, not you Security guy,
that was just an expression of
anguish.

The security guard chuckles.

DJ JOSHUA

(to security guard)

Look, what if you give us your gun,
and the videotape. Then you can say
that we were the ones who shot up
the candy store. Nobody would ever
know. And I bet you'd even get a
raise for surviving the whole thing.

SECURITY GUARD

Well. I guess so. Wait, do you
think you could tie me up. We could
get some rope from the hardware store.

DJ JOSHUA

I think that could be arranged.

EXT. LONE STAR MALL PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

DJ Joshua and Max burst out of the broken window through
which they entered. Max fumbles with his scooter as he stuffs
several videotapes into his backpack.

Max cracks up laughing.

MAX

What a riot. We're all set now,
right.

DJ JOSHUA

Well, not exactly. I didn't find
any Snapple.

INT. 24 HOUR CONVENIENCE STORE -- NIGHT

Max and DJ Joshua are loading apple raspberry Snapple into
their shopping cart. Legs sits in the child seat.

Next to the counter is a sign that reads "Razor Scooters
Half Price."

Max points to several scooters that are displayed under the
sign.

MAX

God damn it. You idiot, look at
that. We didn't even need to break
into the mall.

CONVENIENCE STORE GUY

You guys broke into the mall?

DJ JOSHUA

No.

CONVENIENCE STORE GUY
Are you going to rob me?

MAX
Do you have video surveillance?

CONVENIENCE STORE GUY
It's busted.

EXT. 24 HOUR CONVENIENCE STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

DJ Joshua and Max burst through the doors pushing the Snapple filled cart. They laugh loudly as they run.

MAX
What the hell are we doing? We could go to jail for this.

DJ JOSHUA
We had to get our hands on this fuel Max, by any means necessary.

MAX
But why didn't we just pay for it?

DJ JOSHUA
This is America Max, you need money to pay for stuff.

MAX
But I have money. I just got paid yesterday.

DJ JOSHUA
Oh.

INT. 24 HOUR CONVENIENCE STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Max and DJ Joshua sheepishly walk up to the counter and lay the money down.

CONVENIENCE STORE GUY
What's this.

MAX
We forgot to pay for our Snapple just now.

CONVENIENCE STORE GUY
(stuffing the money
into his pockets)
I see.

EXT. LONE STAR MALL PARKING LOT -- LATER

DJ Joshua wires a cell phone unit to the handlebars of the new scooter.

Bright flashing wires run down the handlebars and extend across the base of the scooter to a small metal briefcase. The briefcase, which has a funnel protruding from the top, sits on four rollerskate wheels and trails behind the scooter.

MAX

Okay, what the hell is it?

DJ JOSHUA

Take a guess.

MAX

A geek mobile.

DJ JOSHUA

No, that's what it was. Now it's a Snapple powered time-machine.

MAX

Oh God! You're kidding me right? You dragged my ass out here in the middle of the night for a joke. A practical god damn joke?

DJ JOSHUA

This is no joke Max. This super-scooter is going to take you back to the eighties.

MAX

Oh yeah, that's just what I need. To re-live the cheesiest decade in the history of mankind.

DJ JOSHUA

Think about it Max. This could change your whole life.

MAX

You know what DJ Joshua? Dancing to Mr. Roboto didn't do much for me the first time, so what makes you think it would be any different now?

DJ JOSHUA

I've thought it all through Max. I know just how to change things.

MAX

This is ridiculous. There's no way that contraption is going to work.

DJ JOSHUA

That's what they said about NADS, Max. But do you see any hair at all on my body right now?

MAX

As usual I have no idea what you're talking about. Please tell me you've tested this time-travel scooter DJ Joshua. I definitely do not need to be spontaneously re-particalized in some old lady's waterbed like last time.

DJ JOSHUA

That was different Max. That was a teleporting BMX, not a time-traveling scooter.

MAX

Whatever. I'm just saying that there is no way I'm getting anywhere near that thing without seeing it in action first.

DJ JOSHUA

Well I can't do it. I have to stay back here and take notes.

Max looks to Legs.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

No way. He still hasn't forgiven me for the extra leg.

MAX

Then I'm leaving.

DJ JOSHUA

All right, all right. We'll send Legs.

MAX

How is this supposed to help me anyway.

DJ JOSHUA

Look, obviously Suzy isn't the girl for you.

MAX

Oh, you think? And I was just planning our honeymoon in the putrid depths of hell.

DJ JOSHUA

How many years have you been together?

MAX

15 years. 15 wasted years.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Think of all the things I could have done in those 15 years. Think of all the women I could have been banging.

DJ JOSHUA

That's just it Max.

MAX

And then she has the nerve to drive a 48-year-old VD-riddled penis through my heart. That's just nasty. Skippy is fifteen years older than her. I think I'm going to vomit.

DJ JOSHUA

Focus Max.

MAX

Right. But assuming this thing doesn't vaporize poor little Legs how on earth is traveling through time going to help me? It's the present that sucks old man dick.

DJ JOSHUA

That's just it Max. Going back in time will allow you to change the present.

MAX

So what am I supposed to do when I get there? Just start killing people?

DJ JOSHUA

Nothing that complex. All you have to do is stop your relationship with Suzy before it begins. Convince yourself not to fall in love with her.

MAX

That shouldn't be too difficult. Although I was pretty headstrong back then. I fell pretty hard for Suzy.

DJ JOSHUA

Just get inside your head Max. Do whatever you have to do.

MAX

Right. I mean how smart can I be. I'll just be me but without all this life experience.

DJ JOSHUA
Exactly. Just get in and get out.

MAX
But how will I get back?

DJ JOSHUA
(pointing to briefcase)
That's what this is for. I've constructed a particle re-routing time retrieval sub-routine that will activate the system reversal socket motivator at the exact second that we program it to. It's all based on the Bateman fractional particle elimination theory.

MAX
I've never heard of Bateman.

DJ JOSHUA
That's me Max. That's my last name.

MAX
(sarcastically)
Great. Perfect.

DJ JOSHUA
So let's get this show on the road.
Give me your watch.

Max hands DJ Joshua his watch. DJ Joshua ties Legs to the scooter. Legs squirms and meows but to no avail. DJ Joshua then tapes the watch to Legs' head. The watch reads 2:36.

MAX
Where are you going to send him?

DJ Joshua looks at his own watch.

DJ JOSHUA
It's right on 2:36. I'm going to send him into the future. To 2:58.

MAX
2:58? That's 22 minutes. Are we just going to stand around for 22 minutes?

DJ JOSHUA
Right, right. Okay let's send him to...what time is it again?

MAX
You're scaring me DJ Joshua. Just send him to 2:39. That should be fine.

DJ Joshua fiddles with a flashing red timing system that is embedded into the scooter handlebars.

CUT TO:

EXT. LONE STAR MALL PARKING LOT OUTER -- CONTINUOUS

The old white lady sits on the curb holding her video camera. She checks her watch repeatedly.

OLD WHITE LADY

Good lord. What if this was a real emergency.

BACK TO:

EXT. LONE STAR MALL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

DJ JOSHUA

Okay. All set. Now Legs just has to get up to five miles an hour and then lift the scooter into a bunny hop and zoom! Into the future.

MAX

DJ Joshua?

DJ JOSHUA

Yes.

MAX

Legs is a cat. I'm pretty sure he is completely incapable of pulling a bunny hop.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh. Yes. Of course. Do you think I'm an idiot? I'm going to ride the scooter. Yes. And then jump off just as I send it bunny hopping into the future.

MAX

Are you sure? Okay. But wait one second, let me get a shot of this.

Max pulls a very small digital camera out from his back pack.

DJ JOSHUA

Where'd you get that?

MAX

I stole it from my sister Buffy.

DJ Joshua jumps aboard the scooter, straddling Legs. As he scoots we see a speed dial click over to 2 mph, then to 3 mph.

The brief case wobbles and twists as it trails behind the scooter.

DJ JOSHUA

Here we go.

As the dial clicks to 5 mph DJ Joshua lifts the scooter into the air then desperately tries to fling himself off.

Max snaps a shot with the digital camera.

The scooter, with DJ Joshua and Legs still aboard, vanishes in a puff of smoke. DJ Joshua's cell phone drops from mid air and bounces on the ground.

MAX

(shouting)

DJ Joshua? Oh no!

Silence.

Max stands silent, shocked. He then grabs the cell phone from the ground. The cell phone clock reads 2:38. He watches and nervously waits for it to turn to 2:39.

Finally 2:39 arrives and SLAM! DJ Joshua, Legs, and the scooter appear in mid air and fall to the ground.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh my god. That was amazing.

Police sirens WAIL in the background. DJ Joshua and Max do not react at all.

MAX

DJ Joshua, are you...

DJ JOSHUA

What time is it Max? What time is it?

Max looks at the cell phone.

MAX

2:39.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes. Yes, 2:39. But look at my watch Max. Look at my watch.

Max grabs DJ Joshua's wrist.

MAX

2:37. But how...Is this some kind of joke?

DJ JOSHUA

Yes, yes. 2:37. I did it. Wait,
let's check Legs' watch just to be
sure.

Max lifts Legs off the ground. He is still attached to the
scooter and wriggles wildly in an attempt to free himself.

MAX

2:37.

DJ Joshua leaps into the air.

DJ JOSHUA

I don't believe it. It actually
worked. And look at me. Absolutely
no adverse affects.

MAX

Isn't that what you were expecting.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes, of course. Of course. Do you
know what this means Max. We could
do all kinds of things with this. I
mean I could go back in time and
invent the telephone.

MAX

Or I could go back and erase 15 years
of agony.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh.

MAX

What?

DJ JOSHUA

Well, I mean, I wanted to send you
back kind of like a test. But now
that I have successfully completed a
time jump...

MAX

Oh no you don't. I'm going. You
got me all hyped up for this and now
I'm going.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes. Okay. We should probably do a
longer range test anyway.

The police sirens are getting louder.

DJ Joshua unties Legs from the scooter. Legs takes off
running.

MAX

How does this sucker work? I know
it's the Snapple, but how-

DJ JOSHUA

It's all in the briefcase.

DJ Joshua opens the briefcase and reveals a clear triangular
pipe with brightly colored liquid flowing through it.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

This is the Thrush Capacitor. I
invented it when I was a Sophomore
in high school. Actually, right
about the time that you will be there.

MAX

A thrush capacitor? What the hell
is that?

DJ JOSHUA

It generates the 15.7 billion
jigowatts that we need to pierce the
space time continuum.

MAX

Thrush?

DJ JOSHUA

It's like a yeast infection in the
mouth. You'd be surprised how much
energy yeast has.

MAX

But how on earth did you discover
it?

DJ JOSHUA

Well, my girlfriend at the time-

MAX

But you're gay.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes. Yes I am. But how do you know
you don't like peanut butter if you've
never tried it.

MAX

Yuck, I hate peanut butter.

DJ JOSHUA

Anyway, my girlfriend at the time
had some serious cottage cheese action
between her legs.

MAX

Never mind.

DJ JOSHUA

Okay. I just have to clean this up a bit, reload the fuel, and you'll be all set.

Dj Joshua tends to the scooter and attached briefcase.

MAX

So what was it like?

DJ JOSHUA

The time jump? It was amazing. But not. I mean it was like nothing happened at all. I tried to leap off but I couldn't get free. And then I came crashing to the ground.

MAX

So how did you know you went through a time-warp?

DJ JOSHUA

The look on your face Max. I just knew. Anyway, we're all set here. I've set the timer for you to return in exactly one week.

MAX

A week? That's too long. Or not long enough. I don't know about this DJ Joshua.

DJ JOSHUA

A week is perfect. It will give you time to relax a little. But remember, you absolutely must stop yourself from falling in love with Suzy.

MAX

Guaranteed.

DJ JOSHUA

And you may need to top off the thrush capacitor.

MAX

Eww.

DJ Joshua hands the scooter to Max.

DJ JOSHUA

Just start scooting and then when the dial gets to 5mph pull a bunny hop and Wham! 1986!

A loud and annoying BEEPING comes from DJ Joshua's body.

MAX

What's that?

DJ JOSHUA

(fumbling around)

I don't know. Oh hang on. It's the RSD.

Three police cars, sirens and lights blaring, tear into the parking lot and come straight toward DJ Joshua and Max.

The old lady runs into view right behind the police cars. She is eagerly videotaping as she runs.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Hurry up. Get moving. Quick before the cops get us.

Max grabs the scooter and starts riding. With one hand he snaps pictures with the digital camera.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

I've loaded enough fuel for you to get there and back. Just hide the scooter somewhere safe as soon as you arrive.

MAX

What?

The police officers jump out, guns drawn.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Freeze.

The dial clicks over to 3 mph.

DJ JOSHUA

I said-

MAX

What?

POLICE OFFICER #1

Freeze.

The dial clicks over to 4 mph. Max continues to snap pictures as he rides.

OLD WHITE LADY

Beat his ass. Come on what are you waiting for.

Police Officer #2 whips out his night stick and rushes DJ Joshua.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Careful Roger, he looks pretty calm.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Forget that Jim. I haven't had a
good workout in days.

Police Officer #2 starts beating on DJ Joshua. Several cell
phones drop to the ground and break apart.

OLD WHITE LADY
Yeah, that's what I'm talking about.

DJ JOSHUA
No! My old white lady instant
orgasm/wrinkle remover/hair
restoration device invention. You're
breaking my old white lady instant
orgasm/wrinkle remover/hair
restoration device invention.

The dial clicks over to 5 mph and Max leaps into the air.

EXT. STRIP MALL -- NIGHT -- 1986

CRASH! Max and the scooter appear out of thin air and spill
onto the ground, landing on a flattened cardboard box. As
he falls Max twists and turns and ends up spinning on his
head. He is surrounded by kids in Adidas sweatsuits. A
radio booms 80's style rap music.

BREAKDANCE KID #1
Whoa! Where'd this guy come from?

BREAKDANCE KID #2
I don't know, but that was a pretty
dope move.

BREAKDANCE KID #1
Hey guy! That was def! Can you
teach us how to do that?

MAX
(a little dazed)
DJ Joshua?

BREAKDANCE KID #1
What?

MAX
What year is this?

BREAKDANCE KID #1
The year of the robot.

Breakdance Kid #1 starts doing the robot dance.

MAX

It worked! I don't believe it. It actually worked. Where am I?

BREAKDANCE KID #2

Your on our turf man. And if you don't teach us that headspin thing then we are going to carefully escort your ass off of our turf.

MAX

(laughing)

Turf? What is this? Breakin' II
Electric Boogaloo?

BREAKDANCE KID #1

Listen old man, don't come onto our turf making fun of the bible okay?

MAX

You're right. I'm sorry. You guys are kicking it old school and honestly I've got to respect that.

BREAKDANCE KID #2

Old school?

Max looks around at his surroundings.

MAX

Oh my god, the mall. I forgot this place used to just be a strip mall. I used to get my haircut right over there at Supercuts.

BREAKDANCE KID #1

Maybe you should go back and visit. That Julius Caesar do isn't working for you man.

MAX

This is a George Clooney! The girls love this.

BREAKDANCE KID #2

(pointing to Max's
scooter)

What is that?

MAX

This is a time machine. I'm from the future.

BREAKDANCE KID #2

Right, okay old man. And I'm Jacko.

MAX

You mean Michael Jackson?

BREAKDANCE KID #2

No, Jacko, that crazy guy who says "oi" on those Energizer commercials.

MAX

Oh yeah I wonder what ever happened to that guy.

BREAKDANCE KID #2

What are you talking about. He's on that dope show where he's a crime fighting truck driver. He's never gonna fade away.

BREAKDANCE KID #1

Listen guys, I should probably be getting home. My mom will be worried.

BREAKDANCE KID #2

Yeah, me too. We'll see you round future boy.

The breakdance kids pack up their stuff and walk away talking and laughing.

MAX

(shouting)

What? You don't believe me? Well, well, how about this? Johnny Depp is going to be a huge movie star in the future. How would I know that if I wasn't from the future.

BREAKDANCE KID #1

(shouting back)

Johnny Depp? No way. If anyone's gonna make it from 21 Jump Street it's Richard Grieco.

MAX

(to himself)

Now what am I supposed to do?

Max forages in his backpack and pulls out his GPS device.

MAX (CONT'D)

At least I'll be able to find my way around.

Max turns the GPS device on but the screen blinks No Satellite. Max waves the device in the air trying to pick up a satellite contact.

MAX (CONT'D)
God damn it. Why on earth won't
this piece of crap work?

Max forlornly drops the GPS device back into his backpack.

EXT. STRIP MALL -- MORNING

Max is sprawled across the ground, asleep, in the same place that he stood the previous night.

The street by the strip mall is bustling with cars. Max wakes up groggily.

MAX
(to himself)
I need a Starbucks.

Max spots a cafe in the strip mall. He scoots to the cafe and walks inside.

INT. CAFE -- CONTINUOUS

Max's sister Buffy, now 18, skinny but still slightly butch, sits at the counter with two friends, JEFFERSON and HEATHER. They are all wearing leg warmers and white Reeboks.

On the wall there is a poster announcing an open mic night. Max glances at the poster then approaches the counter.

COUNTER GIRL
Can I help you?

MAX
Yeah. Give me a long skinny double
mocha frapachino cloudy with Bavarian
sugar flakes. And an oatmeal muffin.

COUNTER GIRL
Can I help you?

MAX
Oh. Yes. What kind of coffee do
you have?

COUNTER GIRL
We have coffee. Or decaf.

MAX
Nice variety. Got anything healthy?

COUNTER GIRL
We got Pepsi Free.

MAX
Sweet. I'll take anything that's
free.

Counter Girl gives Max a can of Diet Pepsi.

COUNTER GIRL
That will be fifty cents.

MAX
I thought you said it was free.

COUNTER GIRL
It is. It's diet.

MAX
Who the hell calls Diet Pepsi Pepsi
Free?

COUNTER GIRL
I do.

Max hands Counter Girl a five dollar bill. It is one of the
new design bills.

COUNTER GIRL (CONT'D)
What's this? Is this some kind of
counterfeit?

MAX
No. They just came out with those.
They're new.

COUNTER GIRL
Got any real money?

Max digs in his pocket and hands some change to Counter Girl.

BUFFY
Max? Is that you?

Max turns around, shocked to see his skinny and young twin
sister.

BUFFY (CONT'D)
Good lord, what's happened to you?
You must have gained 20 pounds since
I saw you yesterday.

JEFFERSON
Jeez Max, you have a big night? You
look awful.

HEATHER
And you smell all old like Charles
Grodin.

BUFFY
Yeah old. What the hell is this?
You aren't Max. But you look just
like him. Who are you?

MAX

(laughing)

Little Buffy is that you? I haven't seen you since you were this high.

BUFFY

Uncle Joey? Are you Uncle Joey?

MAX

No. I'm your Uncle Jesse. Irwin is always telling me that his boy looks just like me. I guess it's true.

BUFFY

What are you doing here?

MAX

I thought it would be a trip to come and visit this place. After all these years it's like going through some kind of time warp.

BUFFY

Yeah, this town is behind the times, that's for sure. So are you going to pay for our breakfast?

Max looks to Counter Girl.

MAX

Do you take debit cards?

COUNTER GIRL

Is that supposed to be funny?

MAX

(to Buffy)

Sorry Buff. I guess you'll just have to pay your own way for once.

BUFFY

Mom was right about you. You're grody to the max. Come on girls.

The three girls and Jefferson leave some money on the counter and leave.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

See you round Uncle Joey.

MAX

Jesse. Say hi to your brother for me.

EXT. CAFE -- CONTINUOUS

The girls and Jefferson notice Max's scooter as they leave the cafe.

BUFFY

Look at this thing. It must be Uncle Joey's.

JEFFERSON

(pointing to the
briefcase)

What's that? Looks like a briefcase.
Probably loads of cash in there.

HEATHER

Or underpants.

BUFFY

Or drugs. Quick grab it. Before
Uncle Ugly comes.

JEFFERSON

You think he's ugly? I think he's
pretty hot. He looks just like Max
but much more manly.

BUFFY

Eww, gag me with a spoon.

Jefferson tries to disconnect the briefcase from the scooter.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Come on Jefferson. Grab the
briefcase.

JEFFERSON

I can't. It's attached to this...this
metal thing with wheels.

Max comes tearing out of the cafe.

MAX

Hey, what are you doing? That's my
scooter.

BUFFY

We're just trying to see what you
brought for us Uncle Joey. Uncles
always bring their nieces gifts.

Max pulls Jefferson away from the briefcase. Buffy grabs
it.

MAX

Stop it Buff. This isn't funny.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

There's some very important stuff in there.

BUFFY

Jeez Uncle Joey, you whine just like Max.

WHACK! Buffy lands a punch square in Max's face. Max drops to the ground, out like a light.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

Hello? Anybody home?

JEFFERSON

Oh Buff, did you have to knock him out?

BUFFY

He's family. We play around like this all the time in my family. Now grab that thing and let's get out of here.

HEATHER

Can I have his underpants?

EXT. SCHOOL -- DAY

Max hides behind a tree as kids explode from the school's front doors. He spots Young Max and laughs at his awkward manner.

Max looks around obviously searching for someone.

MAX

Ah, there you are.

Young DJ Joshua holds a large remote control. He points it at the bike rack and an unassisted bike automatically rolls toward him.

Max laughs again.

DJ Joshua jumps on the bike and rides down the street. Rather than holding the handlebars he steers with the remote control.

Max grabs a random bike, a BMX, and follows Young DJ Joshua.

RANDOM KID

Hey, mister, that's my bike. Come back here.

Max ignores the kid and continues to follow Young DJ Joshua.

EXT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- LATER

Young DJ Joshua comes to a halt on his bike, wobbles, and then falls to the ground. A shiny new Geo Metro is parked in the driveway.

Max rides up to Young DJ Joshua.

MAX

Excuse me. Are you DJ Joshua?

DJ JOSHUA

No.

MAX

Yes you are.

DJ JOSHUA

No, I'm not.

MAX

Look stop messing around. This is important.

DJ JOSHUA

My name is Joshua Bateman. Like Jason Bateman. But Joshua. Not Jason.

MAX

Of course, of course. You're not a DJ yet.

DJ JOSHUA

What's a DJ?

MAX

Never mind. I have to talk to you. It's urgent, and it's going to blow your mind.

DJ JOSHUA

No thanks.

MAX

What? I'm serious. What I have is going to blow you away.

DJ JOSHUA

Look, I'm only a sophomore and I'm already taking AP chemistry. Do you really think I can't make my own drugs?

MAX

Look, do you know a kid called Max McDonald? He's a senior.

DJ JOSHUA

I think so. Isn't he that dufus
who always wears leg warmers.

MAX

What? No. That's his sister Buffy.

DJ JOSHUA

That's a girl? Are you sure?

MAX

Trust me. I mean why would a dude
be wearing leg warmers.

DJ JOSHUA

Why would anyone wear leg warmers?

MAX

Wow, you really are ahead of your
time. Oh, forget it. I'm just going
to tell you straight.

DJ JOSHUA

Are my parents dead?

MAX

No. Not that I know of. Look DJ
Joshua, I'm from the future. I'm
Max McDonald.

DJ JOSHUA

The guy in leg warmers?

MAX

No. God damn it. That's Buffy.
I'm his, her sister. Look, I need
your help. I'm from the future and
Buffy stole my scooter.

DJ JOSHUA

I really don't want any.

MAX

Any what? I'm telling you that I'm
from the future. I'm your friend
from the future.

DJ JOSHUA

Are you a Scientologist or something?

MAX

No, I'm from the year 2002. And I
can prove it.

Max pulls out his wallet and shows DJ Joshua the contents.

MAX (CONT'D)
 (pulls out a condom)
 Look, a Trojan Extended Pleasure
 condom. Ever seen one of those?

DJ JOSHUA
 No.

MAX
 These were only just invented. It's
 for guys who shoot early. Not that
 I need it. You know. My friend DJ
 Joshua gave it to me.

DJ JOSHUA
 Isn't DJ Joshua me?

MAX
 Yes.

DJ Joshua walks toward his front door.

MAX (CONT'D)
 Wait. I've got more.
 (pulls a quarter from
 his wallet)
 Look this quarter was minted
 in...19..73. Oh. Hang on.

DJ Joshua enters his house.

Max follows him.

INT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

DJ JOSHUA
 Get the hell out of here. What do
 you think you are doing?

MAX
 I'm serious. I need your help.
 Just give me a second and I will
 prove who I am.

Max reaches into his backpack and pulls out the mall security
 video tapes.

MAX (CONT'D)
 Do you have a VCR?

DJ JOSHUA
 (pointing)
 Yep, it's over there.

Max approaches the VCR. He hits eject and notices that it
 is top-loading. He tries to insert a tape but it doesn't
 fit. The VCR is beta-max.

MAX

You have a beta-max? This is worthless. Except maybe on E-bay. Remind me to come back for this.

DJ JOSHUA

Now you're talking in tongues. That is a brand new VCR. I just watched Ghostbusters on it last night.

MAX

Yeah that was a pretty sweet flick. Ghostbusters II blew though.

DJ JOSHUA

You really need to leave my house. You are making less than no sense.

Max reaches into his backpack and pulls out his digital camera.

MAX

Wait. This will do it for sure. Come over here and take a look at these photos.

DJ JOSHUA

What is that?

MAX

It's a digital camera. I have some pictures of you in here.

DJ Joshua moves closer to look at the camera.

Max turns it on and the first picture is a topless shot of Suzy.

MAX (CONT'D)

(scrambling)

Oh, not that one.

The next photo is a snapshot of Eminem or another modern rap star.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, look at this. It's Eminem. I saw him down on Kerby Street a couple of days ago.

DJ JOSHUA

Who? And why is he flipping you off.

MAX

Never mind. Look at this one.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

It's you. In the future. And that's the time machine you invented.

DJ JOSHUA

No way. That does look a bit like me but if I was going to invent a time machine I'm pretty sure I would make it out of a rad BMX. That looks like a stick with wheels. Really small wheels.

MAX

Right. I know. But it's a scooter and all the kids have one in 2002. And you already tried to turn a BMX into a teleporter.

DJ JOSHUA

What else have you got?

MAX

You have a girlfriend right?

DJ JOSHUA

Sure.

MAX

Does she have a yeast infection?

DJ JOSHUA

You sick bastard, how did you know that?

MAX

And you have a fuzzy mouth right? Thrush?

DJ JOSHUA

Yes, I just went to the doctor this morning. But how did you...what the hell does this have to do with anything.

MAX

It's the thrush capacitor. That's how you power the time machine.

DJ JOSHUA

Of course. Of course. The yeast. You're right. So many of my inventions need power. And plutonium is becoming very hard to obtain.

MAX

See.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes. Immense power. But I've been struggling. Nothing will generate enough power. But yeast. That's brilliant. You're a genius.

MAX

No, that's your idea. You are just about to invent it.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes. Yes. I'm a genius. I've got to go. I have to get working on this right away.

MAX

But I need to talk to you.

DJ JOSHUA

No problem, come back tomorrow at...

DJ Joshua looks at his Swatch watch but can't read the time.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

...damn it. Why did I buy this stupid Swatch watch. It's impossible to read time on this thing.

MAX

Looks cool though.

DJ JOSHUA

Come back tomorrow around 2:00. And bring that instamattic camera.

MAX

Okay. I guess I'll pay a little visit to me then.

EXT. MAX'S PARENTS' HOUSE -- LATER

Max approaches the house, which is painted bright blue. He sneaks around the side and peers in a window. He sees his parents sitting on their bed. They look the same as they did in the present day.

MAX

God damn, they were always old.

Maura McDonald passes a bong to Irwin who takes a hit.

MAX (CONT'D)

What the? I thought there were no drugs allowed in there.

Irwin howls.

MAX (CONT'D)

So they're not plain crazy, they're just always high.

Max creeps back to the front door and timidly knocks. A few moments later Buffy swings the door open.

BUFFY

Oh. It's you. What do you want?

MAX

Do you mind if I come in?

BUFFY

What the hell is that on your t-shirt?
WWW period big nuts period com?

MAX

That's an Internet site for Big Nuts.

BUFFY

A what?

MAX

A Web page.

BUFFY

A what?

YOUNG MAX (O.S.)

Who is it?

BUFFY

(to Young Max)

It's Uncle Joey.

YOUNG MAX (O.S.)

Is he the one that makes us grab
candy from his pockets? Don't let
him in.

Buffy motions Max to enter the house.

INT. MAX'S PARENTS' HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Max wanders into the living room where Young Max is sprawled out on the floor playing Summer Games on his Commodore64.

MAX

Oh cool. I loved that game. I used to always bust my joysticks on it though.

YOUNG MAX

This is brand new. It just came out yesterday.

Buffy walks between Young Max and the computer monitor.

YOUNG MAX (CONT'D)

Buffy! Get out of the way.

SNAP! Buffy kicks Young Max in the guts.

Max jumps toward Buffy, poised to fight.

BUFFY

What, are you gonna hit me old man?

Max backs down.

MAX

Why are you so mean to your brother?

BUFFY

Because he's an irritating little twirp.

MAX

Well, he's going to be famous someday.
A giant rap star. And you're going
to be a fat mole with rotten kids
and no husband.

WHACK! Buffy smacks Max in the face.

Max drops to the floor.

YOUNG MAX

What's a rap star?

BUFFY

(to Young Max)

Have you done my homework yet?

YOUNG MAX

No. It's not due until-

BUFFY

Hello? Did I ask you when it was
due?

Max stumbles back to his feet.

MAX

Buffy as soon as you're finished
your Jerry Springer spree do you
think I could get my scooter back?

BUFFY

That piece of crap metal wheelie
thing?

MAX

Yes. And the briefcase. Do you have them?

BUFFY

It was filled with junk. We pitched it.

MAX

Nice. Where exactly did you pitch it?

BUFFY

In that vacant lot next to the new record store.

MAX

It better still be there. Max, I need to talk to you. In private.

YOUNG MAX

Oh, you are that uncle.

MAX

No Max. I'm not that uncle.

YOUNG MAX

Then who are you?

MAX

That's what I need to talk to you about.

EXT. EMPTY LOT -- EVENING

Max and Young Max circle around on their BMX's. The empty lot is surrounded by stores, including the Tainted Love record store.

The record store has a sign in the window that reads "Grand Opening in 4 days."

YOUNG MAX

So what is it that's so important?

MAX

Do I look familiar to you Max?

YOUNG MAX

Sure. I think I've seen you at the family reunion in Boise.

MAX

That's not it Max. My name is Max McDonald.

YOUNG MAX

That's my name.

MAX

Exactly. I'm you Max. I'm from the future.

YOUNG MAX

Sure you are.

MAX

No, really. I came here on a mission. There are things you need to know. Things that could ruin your life if you don't hear them.

YOUNG MAX

Okay if you're me then prove it.

MAX

Okay, ask me a question that only I would know.

YOUNG MAX

All right. Who do I have a secret crush on?

MAX

That's easy, Tootie from Facts of Life.

YOUNG MAX

Well, yes, but I mean someone real. Someone at school.

MAX

That's why I'm here Max. It's that slut Suzy Little.

YOUNG MAX

Don't you dare call her a slut. You can't be me because never in a million years would I refer to Suzy as anything but gorgeous and caring and very large breasted.

MAX

You're right. She is all those things. Now. But Max, you have got to stay away from her. She's evil. She evolves. Or devolves. Into a raving bitch from hell. Just look up www.Whoresfromhell.Com and I guarantee you will see her spreadeagled across your computer screen.

YOUNG MAX

She likes computer games? Excellent.

MAX

No you idiot. She likes older guys' dried up penises. She turns into a complete hag.

YOUNG MAX

Never. It's not possible. I'm out of here. I don't know who you are or why you're saying these things. I know Suzy. I love Suzy. And there's nothing you can say that will ever change my mind.

MAX

Fine. For now. But I'm not going to let this drop. She will seriously screw up our life if you don't forget she ever existed.

YOUNG MAX

Impossible.

MAX

Just keep an open mind for now. Hey do you see my scooter anywhere.

YOUNG MAX

Is that it over there in the corner?

The scooter and briefcase have been recklessly abandoned in the dirt.

MAX

That sucker better still work.

INT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Max is in Young DJ Joshua's bedroom. DJ Joshua has converted half the room into an invention zone. There are bubbling beakers and electric wires all over the place.

DJ JOSHUA

(holding a drawing)

Is this it Max? Is this the thrush capacitor?

MAX

Sure looks like it. I've got your time traveling thrush scooter parked out the front if you want to see the real thing.

DJ JOSHUA

Are you kidding? Bring it in.

MAX

All right. I think it might need a few minor repairs. I was hoping you could help.

Max leaves the room. DJ Joshua grabs a pop stick and scrapes some thrush from his mouth. He holds the thrush stick up to the light.

DJ JOSHUA

(to himself)

Brilliant. I am absolutely brilliant. I smell a Nobel Prize.

DJ Joshua sniffs in the air and then grimaces.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Eww, what's that.

DJ Joshua holds the thrush stick close to his nose and sniffs. He then jerks his head back in revulsion. In doing so he smudges the thrush sample on his nose.

Max enters the room holding the scooter and briefcase.

MAX

Here it is! What's wrong with you?

DJ JOSHUA

Nothing. I just caught a whiff of my own genius that's all.

MAX

What's that on your nose?

DJ Joshua wipes his nose then examines his fingers.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh yuck. It's thrush.

MAX

Nice. Are you going to stop fooling around and take a look at this?

DJ JOSHUA

Of course. This is genius. My genius.

MAX

I hope you're ready for this.

DJ JOSHUA

I invented it right?

MAX

Yes, but that was a few years from now.

DJ Joshua places the scooter and briefcase up on a bench.
He opens the briefcase.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh this doesn't look good. The thrush
is all dried out. Burned up. And
the capacitor is bent. What have
you been doing to this.

MAX

Don't ask. Can you fix it?

DJ JOSHUA

It would help if I could talk to my
future self.

MAX

Well I do have you on tape.

Max taps his backpack.

MAX (CONT'D)

But it's VHS.

DJ JOSHUA

VHS? That's an extinct technology
waiting to happen. Don't worry,
though, I think I know where I can
get a VHS player.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- NIGHT

Max and DJ Joshua are rolling a TV/VCR into the corner of
the classroom.

MAX

How did you get a key to this place?

DJ JOSHUA

I'm a Young Einstein.

MAX

Now that was a great movie.

DJ JOSHUA

It's not a movie, it's a club. For
child geniuses. We meet here on
Thursday nights.

MAX

So you miss Friends?

DJ JOSHUA

I have plenty of friends. I'm the
Head Einstein.

Max slides one of the mall security videotapes into the VCR.

The tape starts playing. It is footage of a woman changing in a department store dressing room.

MAX

Oh. I knew they did that.

Max reaches over to stop the tape.

DJ JOSHUA

Hold on. This could be very helpful.

MAX

Unless that girl has a yeast infection then I don't think this is going to do us any good.

Max ejects the tape and places another one in the VCR.

The tape shows Max and DJ Joshua running through the mall.

MAX (CONT'D)

Yes, this is it. That's me and your, you.

The tape shows the standoff between Max, DJ Joshua and the security guard.

DJ JOSHUA

What were you doing in there? And why am I so fat.

MAX

The camera adds ten pounds. And we aren't the type to regularly break into a mall but we were desperate. We needed a new scooter and some fruit juice.

DJ JOSHUA

Don't they have Seven Elevens in the future?

MAX

Where was this brilliant suggestion when I needed it?

DJ JOSHUA

Oh my God. What on earth is that on my head?

MAX

That's an afro.

DJ JOSHUA

I know it's an afro but why is it on my head. Am I some kind of seventies throwback loser hippie?

MAX

No, Afros are in. And no offense but it looks a hell of a lot better than that Bobby Brown box cut you got going.

DJ JOSHUA

God. I'm going on a diet right now. Why didn't I invent some kind of fat sucking machine instead of that stupid time warp piece of crap?

MAX

Like lipo-suction?

DJ JOSHUA

No, something that could just suck fat out like a vacuum.

MAX

Are you sure you're DJ Joshua? You don't seem all that bright. And this time machine is genius. Pure genius.

DJ JOSHUA

Genius. You're right. I really am a genius. It's a god damn time machine. Pure genius. I'm gonna be famous.

MAX

So has this inspired you to fix my scooter.

DJ JOSHUA

No doubt. I'm your man.

MAX

You're the man.

DJ JOSHUA

Which man?

MAX

Forget it. Let's go.

INT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- LATER

The scooter and briefcase are up on the bench. DJ Joshua fiddles with them.

DJ JOSHUA

Max? Do you realize what this means?

MAX

That I will finally be rid of that
dirty slut?

DJ JOSHUA

No. This proves how brilliant I am.
After this I can retire. No more
pressure to succeed. No more stupid
inventions.

MAX

But you don't have any pressure.
You love inventing things.

DJ JOSHUA

I would love inventing things. If
it was just for fun. But it's all
about getting into college. Pleasing
the old man.

MAX

Don't worry, DJ Joshua, you're going
to get over that pretty fast.

DJ JOSHUA

Why do you keep calling me DJ. Do I
work in a radio station in the future?

MAX

(laughing)

No. You fix copiers at Kinko's.

DJ JOSHUA

Is that a sex shop?

MAX

Yes.

DJ JOSHUA

No matter. This genius is going to
make me rich. And famous. Hey do
you have that magic camera.

Max reaches into his backpack and grabs the digital camera.

MAX

Sure. Here it is. Why?

DJ JOSHUA

I want to take a look at that picture
of the scooter again. I can't figure
how these wires are supposed to
connect.

MAX

Just click the green button.

DJ Joshua fiddles with the camera but looks perplexed.

MAX (CONT'D)

What's wrong.

DJ JOSHUA

The picture. It's messed up.

MAX

Let me take a look.

Max grabs the camera and notices that the image of the scooter is faded.

MAX (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I can fix this in PhotoShop.

DJ JOSHUA

Why is it doing that?

MAX

I don't know. This is Buffy's. She probably spilled mayonnaise in it.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh my God! Look at this. The scooter is disappearing!

MAX

Yeah, you already said that.

DJ JOSHUA

I mean the real scooter. Look, it's fading away.

MAX

What did you do? What did you do?
I need that scooter you prick. I
need it to get back to the-

DJ JOSHUA

I didn't do anything. Maybe it was
set to return at this time.

MAX

No. That's not how it works. It
doesn't just fade away.

The scooter continues to fade.

MAX (CONT'D)

Oh God. I bet I know what's
happening. You egomaniac.

DJ JOSHUA

Then stop it. Please. My brilliant invention is fading right before my eyes. I'm going to cry.

MAX

You idiot. This isn't your invention. Well it is yours. But it's not yours.

DJ JOSHUA

It is mine. Mine is mine. It was me who invented the thrush capacitor. Me, not me.

MAX

That's why it's disappearing. Your ego has gotten out of control. Stuff we do now can change the future. You hear me?

DJ JOSHUA

What do you mean?

MAX

I mean your ego. You are so pleased with yourself that now your going to just kick back. And stop inventing things. And if you don't invent things then you don't invent time travel. Get it?

DJ JOSHUA

But I already invented it. I'm a genius!

MAX

No, you're not. You're a fool. You invent things for the love of it. You get paid \$6.25 an hour to fix god damn copy machines when you could be earning 625 grand to invent weapons of destruction.

DJ JOSHUA

That is foolish. Are you sure that is me?

MAX

But you're happy. A happy fool. You love to invent. I mean that's all you talk about. Your cell phone operated gyno-bots. Or your water proof barbecue. That's what you love.

DJ JOSHUA

I still don't get it. Either way
I'm still a genius.

MAX

But your mindset right now is ruining
everything. You're planning to kick
back. Get away from the pressure.
Stop inventing. But that means that
this stupid scooter will never get
invented. And I'm stuck in 1986
listening to Spandau god damn Ballet.

DJ JOSHUA

What should I do? I can't help the
way I think.

MAX

Just think about it. What is the
only thing that makes you happy?

DJ JOSHUA

Carol on Growing Pains.

MAX

What else?

DJ JOSHUA

Inventing?

MAX

Exactly. So why give it up.

DJ JOSHUA

I told you. I can't stand the
pressure. Everybody wants something
from me. Everybody expects something.
I just want to invent.

MAX

Then invent. Forget about everybody
else. Just invent because you love
it.

DJ JOSHUA

How? I'll let everyone down.

MAX

DJ Joshua, you can change the world.
But you have to do it on your own
terms. Everyone will accept that.
You just have to commit.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes. You're right.

MAX

I am. Trust me. In the future you are the least stressed person I know.

DJ JOSHUA

Obviously I turned to food for comfort.

The scooter begins to re-appear.

MAX

Look. It's working. It's working. You are a genius after all.

DJ JOSHUA

Genius. Yes, I am a genius.

The scooter fades a little.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

But a humble genius. One who will keep on inventing.

The scooter re-appears again.

MAX

Perfect. Now as soon as you fix that wiring we'll need to pick up some Snapple.

DJ JOSHUA

Some what?

MAX

Oh no. I'll have to deal with this later. I've got to get some rest. Tomorrow I have to break myself up with Suzy.

DJ JOSHUA

Do you have a place to stay?

MAX

No. I was thinking I could sleep at the Greyhound station.

DJ JOSHUA

We don't have a Greyhound station. Want to crash here?

MAX

Thank you. I'd love that.

INT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Max and DJ Joshua sleep in bunk beds. Max is on the top bunk.

The alarm clock clicks over to 6:15 and blasts 80's pop music.
Max jumps up and SLAM! He tumbles to the ground.

MAX

God damn it!

DJ Joshua wakes and shuts the radio off.

DJ JOSHUA

What are you doing down there.

MAX

Wondering who in their right mind
would get up at 6:15.

DJ JOSHUA

I have a student government meeting?

MAX

You? Student government?

DJ JOSHUA

I know. It's geeky but I get a lot
of inside info and it's going to
look great on my college application.
What do you have lined up for today?

MAX

I don't know. I have to figure out
some way to spend some quality time
with little Max.

DJ JOSHUA

Maybe you should kidnap him.

MAX

No, I don't want to freak him out.
Might make me turn out all loony. I
was thinking maybe I would enrol at
the school. Be like a transfer
student.

DJ JOSHUA

You're 33 years old.

MAX

Right, right.

DJ JOSHUA

Wait, I've got it. At last week's
student government meeting they
mentioned that the principal is
searching for a new P.E. teacher.

MAX

So?

DJ JOSHUA

You could do it. They were saying how desperate they were. And how nobody wanted to take the job.

MAX

Why not?

DJ JOSHUA

The last guy got fired for sleeping with a student.

MAX

And?

DJ JOSHUA

P.E. teachers kind of think of that as a fringe benefit. They don't see why someone would get fired for that.

MAX

Fair enough. But I don't have any qualifications.

DJ JOSHUA

No problem. I know a guy.

MAX

What guy?

DJ JOSHUA

Okay, I don't know a guy. But I know how to forge government documents. They taught us in ethics class.

MAX

That's not such a bad idea. I could keep an eye on Max and Suzy that way. The only problem is I'm not so hot at sports.

DJ JOSHUA

Have you ever seen a P.E. teacher that actually played the sports? Nobody will ever know.

MAX

Great. When can you make the fake qualifications.

DJ JOSHUA

I'll do it today. I work on our school paper, The Daily Beat, so I can use the presses at lunch time.

MAX

I'll have to get some new threads then.

DJ JOSHUA

Don't worry, you can borrow one of my dad's suits.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Max, wearing a powder blue tuxedo, sits in the principal's office. The principal scans the fake documentation.

PRINCIPAL

Very impressive. You taught at Bayside? You must know Jackie McKenzie then.

MAX

Yeah, what a prick. I hate that guy.

The principal is startled by Max's frankness.

PRINCIPAL

Thank God. I was beginning to think I was the only one.

MAX

Nope. Everybody hates that rat bastard.

PRINCIPAL

Interesting. Well I won't hold back in the future. Say, I like your tux. A little inappropriate though don't you think?

MAX

When in Rome and all that Jazz.

PRINCIPAL

I don't follow. But nevermind, beggars can't be choosers right? So, when can you start?

MAX

Technically I could start last year if you like. Or two months ago. Or a year from now. Whenever you like really.

PRINCIPAL

Okay, how about tomorrow?

MAX

Not very challenging but Perfect.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM -- DAY

Max stands on the basketball court surrounded by high school kids in gym attire. Young Max, Young Suzy, and DJ Joshua are all in the class.

YOUNG MAX

(to Suzy)

That's my uncle Joey.

SUZY

Wow. He's cute.

YOUNG MAX

Eww. He's all old and crusty.

SUZY

He's a man Max. A grown man. God that's sexy.

MAX

Okay class, enough chatter. Form two lines and then throw the ball at the basket thing.

UGLY KID

You mean have one line do layups and the other line rebound?

MAX

Sure.

The class begins running the drill. A short red-headed clutzy kid, SETH GREEN, stumbles and trips. SPLAT! He crashes onto the floor in a twisted mess. Two other balls come flying from out of nowhere and smash him in the face.

The entire class, except for Young Suzy, cracks up laughing.

MAX (CONT'D)

Quiet. Shut up. You think that's funny?

Young Suzy rushes to Seth Green's assistance and dotes over him.

UGLY KID

Yup. Come on, that's Seth Green. Even the teachers laugh at that dorkbot. He's a loser. What a waste of space. He'll never amount to anything.

MAX

That's Seth Green? The actor?

UGLY KID

No, that's Seth Green the uncoordinated snotball.

Max cracks up laughing. Seth Green shrugs Suzy off, and runs to the corner of the gym crying his eyes out.

Max approaches Seth.

MAX

(back to class)

Okay, show's over. Get back in line and...do that running and throwing thing.

Max puts his arm around Seth Green.

MAX (CONT'D)

Don't worry about those losers Seth Green. Someday you'll be able to buy and sell them.

SETH GREEN

Why are you using both my names?

MAX

Because you're Seth Green. You're famous.

SETH GREEN

Yeah, right. As soon as you can be famous for being the shortest nerd in the world, I'll be a household name.

MAX

That's just it Seth Green. You've just got to work with what you have. Make it work for you. Someday you will be a teen heart-throb. You might even get to star in a TV series set in Hawaii.

SETH GREEN

Acting? Me? I'm definitely no Judd Nelson.

MAX

Who?

SETH GREEN

Nevermind. Just forget it. I'm not cool enough to be an actor.

MAX

Oh yes you are. Trust me.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Now get back to the class. And remember you are a future star.

SETH GREEN

Really? Hmm. Maybe I could join drama class.

Max and Seth Green return to the basketball drill.

MAX

Suzy.

SUZY

Yes, Mr. McDonald.

Max chuckles.

MAX

See me after class.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM -- LATER

Suzy and Max are alone in the gym.

SUZY

You wanted to see me Mr. McDonald.

MAX

Yes, Suzy. Can you help me collect the equipment. And please call me Ma...uh...Mr. McDonald.

SUZY

Okay, Ma...Mr. McDonald.

Max and Suzy pick up basketballs from around the gym.

MAX

That was very kind of you to help out poor little Seth Green.

SUZY

Those boys are always so mean to him. And he's such a little cutie. Like a puppy.

Suzy flirts with Max, batting her eyes, flipping her hair, giggling.

MAX

Suzy? Are you feeling okay?

SUZY

(giggling)
Yes Mr. McDonald. Why do you ask.

MAX

You seem amazingly pleasant. Nice, friendly, even caring. And so god damn gorgeous.

SUZY

Oh Mr. McDonald, you're making me blush.

MAX

Yes, look at that. You're cheeks are all rosy. How adorable.

SUZY

You don't seem like a teacher Mr. McDonald. You're easy to talk to. And umm...sexy too.

Max chuckles.

MAX

This is going to be much harder than I thought.

SUZY

What is?

MAX

Oh nothing. Do you have a boyfriend?

SUZY

Well, there is one boy. But that's all he is, a boy.

MAX

Is it my nephew Max?

SUZY

How did you know? We haven't gone out on a date or anything. Or kissed at all. But he invited me to the Astronauts Under the Sea dance. I'm going to be a space mermaid.

MAX

Oh what happened to you Suzy. You're so lovely I can't stand it.

SUZY

(shocked)
Mr. Mcdonald!

MAX

I'm sorry. I know I'm your teacher. It's just that you have magic in your eyes. And you're so perky. Max is a lucky boy.

Suzy slowly bends over and picks up a ball.

SUZY

Well Max is extremely talented.
He's going to be a poet.

MAX

Shame about that itchy crotch of
his.

SUZY

Huh?

MAX

Oh oops. I really shouldn't be
spreading Max's personal information.

SUZY

Okay. Do you write poetry Mr.
McDonald?

MAX

Better than that. I'm in a band.

SUZY

You must play for me sometime Mr.
McDonald. You simply must.

MAX

Wow, you actually want to hear me
play?

The school bell rings.

SUZY

Oh God, I'm supposed to be in English.
I've got to go.

Suzy runs to the door, flipping her hair in the process. A ray of sunlight catches Suzy's hair and face, illuminating her sheer beauty.

Max collapses onto the floor.

INT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- EVENING

Dj Joshua fiddles with Max's digital camera. He flips through each picture quickly until he gets to the shots of the police beating the elder DJ Joshua. He pauses on each of these shots.

Max plays with a karaoke microphone that he found on DJ Joshua's desk. Each time he turns the base a different voice effect booms out from a portable speaker. He continues to speak into the microphone throughout the following conversation.

MAX

DJ Joshua, there's something I have to tell you. About the future. About that night.

DJ JOSHUA

Wait Max. Don't tell me anything. I don't want to mess with the space time continuum. Knowing my own destiny could be disastrous.

MAX

But it could really save you a lot of pain.

DJ JOSHUA

Oh okay. What is it?

MAX

The police. They beat your ass. They whack you really hard.

DJ JOSHUA

You do know I'm a genius right? I mean that's something that is out in the open right?

MAX

Yes. Yes, of course you're a genius.

DJ JOSHUA

And you see me looking at these pictures no?

MAX

Yes.

DJ JOSHUA

Like this picture of police sticks cracking my face open.

MAX

Right, that's what I'm trying to tell you.

DJ JOSHUA

I thought you might have something else. Something that isn't blatantly obvious to any idiot with two eyes.

MAX

Oh. Well, let's see. You do get pretty fat in the future.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes, Max, I can see that too.

(MORE)

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Hey wait a minute, what's this picture? What is that that I'm reaching for? On the ground. It looks like it's broken apart.

MAX

Yes, that's right. You were saying something about it when I jumped. Some type of old lady vibrator I think.

DJ JOSHUA

Eww. So how's your mission going? I saw you perving all over Suzy in gym class today.

MAX

Yes, I think I've made a connection with Suzy. I think I can work it from that end. But I haven't clicked with young Max yet. Any ideas.

DJ JOSHUA

Scientifically speaking you are much bigger than him. Why don't you beat the crap out of him.

MAX

I thought about it. But I could wind up doing permanent damage.

DJ JOSHUA

You said you were in a band right?

MAX

Yes, a rap metal band.

DJ JOSHUA

So is it true that chicks throw themselves at guys in bands? That's what George Michael says.

MAX

Umm. Yeah. That's true. Sure.

DJ JOSHUA

Then there's your answer. Get Young Max to start a band. He'll be too distracted by all the sluts and hussies to care about Suzy.

MAX

Ho's and skeazers.

DJ JOSHUA

Hmm?

MAX

That's a great idea. I just need to figure out a way to convince him to start a band.

INT. YOUNG MAX'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

The clock on Young Max's nightstand reads 1:30. Young Max is fast asleep.

Max enters the room dressed and made up like Marilyn Manson. He's carrying DJ Joshua's karaoke microphone and speaker.

Max places the speaker on the nightstand and he hovers over Young Max.

Max speaks into the microphone using a booming voice effect.

MAX

Wake up! Max! Wake up! I am punk rock Satan!

Young Max sits bolt upright. He rubs his eyes then bursts into laughter.

YOUNG MAX

(between uncontrollable laughter)

You're who?

MAX

Um, I'm a punk rock devil. I have come to command you to start a band. The legions need you.

Young Max bursts into a fresh bout of laughter.

YOUNG MAX

You look like an idiot. What kind of lame getup is that?

MAX

It's creepy. I've come to creep you out.

YOUNG MAX

(still laughing)

You look ridiculous. You say you're a devil? I suppose it would be pretty hellish to have to wear that getup for all eternity.

MAX

Oh forget it. How about the Lord of the Dance. Will this convince you?

Max dances around the room like Michael Flatley, hands by his side and legs jutting about.

Young Max laughs even louder.

Max runs out of the room leaving the speaker and microphone behind.

He pops his head back in the door.

MAX (CONT'D)

You should still join a band though.
Suzy will love it.

YOUNG MAX

Uncle Joey?

Max runs back out the door.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM -- MORNING

Max rides into the school grounds on his stolen BMX. Young Max and Buffy approach. They are constantly slapping each other.

YOUNG MAX

Uncle Joey?

MAX

Jessie. Uncle Joey is a Canadian
cheeseball.

YOUNG MAX

Was that you in my room last night?

BUFFY

I warned you about him dufus.

MAX

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

YOUNG MAX

You still have your mascara on.

MAX

I've got to get to class. Is there
something you wanted to discuss.

YOUNG MAX

I've been thinking about what you
said. About starting a band. I
think that would be neat.

BUFFY

You? In a band? That's the funniest
thing I've ever heard.

YOUNG MAX

You must not have ever heard your attempted insults then.

SMACK! Buffy whacks Young Max in the face. He drops like a sack of potatoes.

Buffy walks away smiling.

Max shakes Young Max and wakes him.

MAX

Are you okay?

YOUNG MAX

I will be as soon as that evil cow drops dead.

MAX

Don't worry about her. She's going to be fat. And you're going to be phat! P-H-phat!

YOUNG MAX

Whatever. I'll never be fat. I drink Tab. Anyway, do you think you could help me be in a band?

MAX

No doubt. Meet me at DJ Joshua's house after school.

YOUNG MAX

Who?

MAX

Joshua. Joshua umm. You know the nerdy freshman Joshua. He lives on Puff Daddy Boulevard. Number 36.

YOUNG MAX

Puff whatty?

MAX

Oh yeah. It's still Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard. Meet me there after school. I'll set you up.

EXT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Max, sitting on his BMX, and DJ Joshua wait outside. Young Max and Suzy approach from half a block away.

MAX

(to DJ Joshua)

What's he bringing Suzy for?

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm supposed to be helping...oh my god you can see the silhouette of her legs through that skirt. And look at the way her face sparkles in the sunshine.

DJ JOSHUA

Are you sure you want to go through with this?

MAX

Of course, helping him start a band is a great idea.

DJ JOSHUA

No, I mean the whole thing. Breaking up with Suzy. It seems like you are still in love.

MAX

She's beautiful isn't she. Absolutely adorable. Just look how sweet she looks.

DJ JOSHUA

So?

MAX

She changes. I can't let her suck me in again. This is not the Suzy that I know and hate.

Young Max and Suzy reach Max and DJ Joshua.

MAX (CONT'D)

Hi Suzy.

SUZY

(in sexy voice)

Hi Mr. McDonald. You look great. Have you been working out.

MAX

Not since I saw you in third period.

Young Max notices the extended gaze between Max and Suzy.

YOUNG MAX

Hello. Uncle Joey?

Max snaps out of his gaze.

MAX

Yes Max. We have a lot to do. Thanks for walking him over here Suzy. It's always a pleasure to see you.

SUZY

I didn't just walk him over. I'm going to be in the band too. Right Max?

YOUNG MAX

Right. I was telling Suzy about your idea and she thought it would be great if we were in a band together.

MAX

Hold on a minute.

Max pulls DJ Joshua to the side and whispers to him.

MAX (CONT'D)

What am I going to do?

DJ JOSHUA

Don't worry this is perfect. Band members never get along.

MAX

Right, of course. It will be just like VH1 Behind the Music.

Max and DJ Joshua rejoin the group.

MAX (CONT'D)

Okay great. This is going to work out just great. So what kind of band do you want to start?

YOUNG MAX

A cool band. Like the Thompson Twins. Or the Hooters. Or maybe even Adam and the Ants. We could be Max and the Moo Cows.

SUZY

Or what if we start a rap band. Like LL Cool J.

MAX

(surprised)

You know about LL Cool J?

SUZY

Sure, Rock the Bells, I Can't Live Without My Radio. It's straight from the streets. The most subversive thing since the Sex Pistols.

MAX

You like rap?

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

Why didn't you ever tell me? I thought you hated rap? You always told me how lame the Phat Pimps were.

SUZY

I've only known you a couple of days Mr. McDonald. And I love rap music. One day it's going to take over the world.

MAX

I know, I know. It's the realest music there is. Totally raw.

YOUNG MAX

Who's Al Cool Jay?

MAX

We've got a lot of work to do. Let's go inside. Oh, you all know DJ Joshua right?

DJ JOSHUA

Hi.

YOUNG MAX

Hi DJ. Is that short for something?

MAX

It's short for the wickedest spinner alive. He's a genius of scratching. This guy can sample a Burger King commercial and mix it with an AC/DC base line and bang out a jam so fresh that the X-tasy kids will eat their own glow sticks in a frenzy of enlightenment.

YOUNG MAX

Hi DJ. Is that short for something?

INT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Max, Young Max, Suzy and DJ Joshua mill about in DJ Joshua's lab/room.

Max places a record player on the desk and plays an eighties record like Duran Duran. He starts scratching the record back and forth.

The rest of the group hurriedly place their hands over their ears.

DJ JOSHUA

Hey! What are you doing. My dad is going to kill me if you break that.

SCREECH! The needle on the record player snaps.

MAX

Oops. Oh well, I guess we'll have to freestyle. DJ Joshua, give me a beat box and I'll start off.

DJ Joshua grabs a cardboard box from the corner of his room.

DJ JOSHUA

Will this do?

MAX

No. Like this.

Max does a human beatbox.

DJ Joshua copies Max and does a great job.

MAX (CONT'D)

Perfect. Okay.

Max launches into a common 1990's rap song like LL Cool J's Round the Way Girl.

Suzy digs it and is grooving to the beat. DJ Joshua is also having a great time. Young Max looks confused. Max brings the song to a close.

SUZY

Wow, that was milky smooth. Did you just make that up.

MAX

Yup. It's not that hard when you have the rhythm in your blood. Okay Max, now you give it a shot. Just tell a story. About how great you are.

SUZY

I'll do the beat bop.

MAX

Beat box.

Suzy launches into an impressive beat box.

YOUNG MAX

Okay.

(rapping)

So this is my story, about me being great. But wait, I can't be that good, I've never had a date. Except that cross-eyed girl and her retarded sister Kate.

(MORE)

YOUNG MAX (CONT'D)

But they didn't love me, I think the word they used was hate. I'm just a nerdy loser, I guess that's my fate, Every single night I stay up late and masturbate.

MAX

Stop, stop. You're even creeping me out now. Am I really that much of a loser?

YOUNG MAX

No, that was about me. What did you think?

MAX

Maybe we'll give Suzy a try.

INT. CAFE -- DAY

Max, Young Max, DJ Joshua and Suzy enter the cafe. Suzy grabs hold of Max's hand and squeezes it. Young Max notices this and gives a look of disgust.

Buffy and her friends Jefferson and Heather are at the counter.

MAX

This is the place I was telling you about.

(points to poster on wall)

See they have an open mic night tonight.

SUZY

This is so exciting Mr. McDonald. Do you think we're ready?

MAX

Are you kidding. You are sensational. If I knew you were this good I would have asked you to join the Phat Pimps a long time ago.

YOUNG MAX

Oh no, there's Buffy.

Buffy turns around.

BUFFY

Max, I thought I told you to never come in here.

JEFFERSON

Oh lighten up Buff. You're brother
is cute. Let him stay.

Heather looks up from a crossword puzzle.

HEATHER

What's a six letter word for pubic
wig?

BUFFY

(to Young Max)
Give me \$5 you little twirp.

JEFFERSON

I'll get it for you.

Jefferson reaches into Young Max's back pocket and pulls out
his wallet.

Young Max blushes. Jefferson opens his wallet and sees plenty
of cash in there. He winks at Young Max.

JEFFERSON (CONT'D)

Oh sorry Buff. He's fresh out of
cash.

Buffy leans over and socks Young Max in the guts.

BUFFY

Next time you better have my money
bitch.

Jefferson comforts Young Max and takes him over to a booth.

Max looks to Suzy. He notices that she is gazing at him in
wonder.

MAX

Suzy? Hello?

Suzy snaps out of it.

SUZY

Sorry Mr. McDonald. I can't help
it. Your eyes are magnetic.

Max smiles warmly then approaches the counter girl.

MAX

(to counter girl)
How do we go about being a part of
the open mic night. We have a band.

COUNTER GIRL

Want kind of music do you play?

MAX

Rap.

COUNTER GIRL

You talk. That sounds kind of boring.
Just give me \$10 and you're in.

Max hands the girl some money which she quickly stuffs in her pocket.

BUFFY

Come on Jefferson. Stop poring over that red-headed geek-boy.

JEFFERSON

He doesn't have red hair.

BUFFY

Oh, that's odd.

Jefferson whispers something to Young Max as he joins Buffy.

As Buffy heads for the door Max sticks his foot out and trips her.

Everybody, including Jefferson and Heather, laugh.

Buffy jumps to her feet and takes a swing at Max. He ducks then instinctively jabs Suzy in the face.

MAX

Oops.

Young Max enjoys the show.

BUFFY

How dare you. You're a grown man!
And I'm just a little girl.

YOUNG MAX

Smack her. Smack her again.

Buffy unleashes an avalanche of punches onto Max. Max bolts out of the door.

Buffy hurriedly follows Max. The rest of the group rush outside to watch.

EXT. CAFE -- CONTINUOUS

A kid zooms by on rollerskates. Max knocks the kid over then tries to rip off his skates. He twists and pulls but the skates won't budge. The kid bursts into tears.

Buffy gains ground and almost catches up with Max.

BUFFY

You're mine now you dirty old man.

Another kid swooshes toward Max on a skateboard. Max pushes him off and commandeers the skateboard. He sees an old lady riding by in a motorized buggy so he grabs on to the back.

The buggy moves extremely slowly.

MAX

Step on it granny.

Max's skateboard hits a pebble and he is thrown to the ground.

MAX (CONT'D)

God damn it!

Suzy and the others run toward the action.

SUZY

Oh no! Mr. McDonald are you okay?

Buffy closes in on Max and WHACK! WHACK! She kicks him in the guts again and again.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Stop it. Stop it. Max, do something.

Young Max cowers in silence.

Max GROANS then stands up next to Buffy. He is much taller than her.

MAX

(to Buffy)

I should beat your ass right now.

BUFFY

You wouldn't dare you cowardly little fart.

HEATHER

I can put lipstick on with my boobs.

Just then Suzy pounces on Buffy and wrestles her to the ground. In the tussle Buffy's dress gets ripped completely off. Everybody stops. Stunned.

Buffy's bra is stuffed with tissues.

Everybody cracks up laughing. Buffy covers up, embarrassed.

Young Max approaches Buffy. He reaches out and squeezes her tissue stuffed bra.

YOUNG MAX

Oh how sweet. Our little pumpkin is all grown up. Look, she's gotten her Kleenex. Your boobs will come in very handy during flu season.

BUFFY

(pointing to Max)
You'll pay for this.

Young Max looks to Suzy to see if she appreciates his joke. Suzy is now tending to Max. Jefferson is off to the side laughing his head off.

Buffy runs away in her underwear.

MAX

Forget her, lets go back and grab a coffee.

DJ JOSHUA

I can't. I've just had an epiphany about an invention. I've got to go and work on it. It's a bikini hair removal device.

MAX

She was kind of hairy wasn't she.

SUZY

I've got to run too. I promised my mum I'd pick up a poster of Crockett and Tubbs for her. I'm already late.

Max grabs his cell phone from his pocket and passes it to Suzy.

MAX

Want to borrow my cell phone? You could page her.

SUZY

English please.

DJ JOSHUA

What is that? A toy phone?

MAX

It's a cell phone. It's just like a regular phone except you pay more for it and your boss can reach you when you're trying to have fun at the beach.

DJ JOSHUA

Sounds great.

MAX

You're going to love it. Trust me.
Anyway, I'll see you guys later right.

SUZY

Yep, bye sweetie.

MAX AND YOUNG MAX

Bye.

INT. CAFE -- LATER

Max, Young Max, Jefferson, and Heather are back in the cafe,
together, enjoying coffee and snacks.

HEATHER

What's your favorite state?

MAX

Partial inebriation.

HEATHER

Mine's Texas. It's so cool. Cowboy
hats, oil rigs. I love that stuff.

MAX

I don't know why everyone always
talks about Texas. It's just another
state. Why don't people ever talk
about South Dakota. Or Idaho. Idaho
has potatoes you know. Can you
imagine what life would be like
without potatoes. No French fries
for a start.

HEATHER

Oh my God, you're right. I love
French fries.

Heather starts making helicopter sounds with her mouth.

YOUNG MAX

What are you doing now?

HEATHER

I'm like that guy who makes all the
sounds.

Heather makes the sound of a car starting.

MAX

What are you? A wounded magpie?

HEATHER

I'm a girl who makes sounds with her
mouth. Like that guy.

Heather continues to make strange sounds throughout the conversation.

JEFFERSON

(ignoring Heather)

Max, I know this might sound a little forward, but I was wondering if you might take me to the Astronauts Under the Sea dance on Saturday.

YOUNG MAX

Um, you're a guy.

JEFFERSON

I know. It's okay, I'm gay.

YOUNG MAX

I see. Shouldn't I be gay too though.

JEFFERSON

Yes you should. I think you'd like it.

YOUNG MAX

That could be a problem. I'm in love with Suzy and I don't think being gay would really help that situation much.

JEFFERSON

But Suzy has the hots for your uncle.

YOUNG MAX

I doubt that very much.

Young Max looks to Max.

MAX

No, not possible. That could never turn out well. Trust me.

YOUNG MAX

Can I? Trust you I mean?

MAX

Of course. I'd never do anything to hurt you. I mean me. I mean you.

JEFFERSON

I guess that leaves me out in the cold again.

MAX

You know what? I know the perfect guy for you. I don't think he knows that he's gay yet, but trust me. He'd be perfect for you.

JEFFERSON

It's not that weirdo that you've been hanging around with is it?

MAX

DJ Joshua isn't weird. He's brilliant. Well, maybe a little weird, but in a quirky genius way not in a creepy Jeffrey Dalmer way.

YOUNG MAX

Yeah that Jeffrey Dalmer kid is a little odd.

MAX

Wait, you know Jeffrey Dalmer?

YOUNG MAX

Yeah, he goes to our school. He's the one with the putrid smell emanating from his locker.

JEFFERSON

Come on focus guys. I need a date to the dance.

MAX

DJ Joshua is perfect for you. I'll set it up.

JEFFERSON

I don't know. He's just not very cool. He is cute but god, he's such a nerd.

MAX

You know what they say about nerds. They're the ones that end up making millions. Just look at Bill Gates.

JEFFERSON

Is that where Joshua lives? In Bill Gates?

MAX

No.

JEFFERSON

Do you really think he could be a millionaire?

MAX

Well...he could be. If he ever quits Kinko's and gets a real job.

JEFFERSON

He's into that kind of stuff? Maybe he is cool after all. But he isn't cool like Max.

MAX

What's so special about Max?

JEFFERSON

Are you kidding? He's gorgeous.

Young Max is indifferent but Max smiles broadly.

MAX

What else?

JEFFERSON

What else? Nothing else. I mean what else is there?

INT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Max and DJ Joshua hang out in DJ Joshua's room. DJ Joshua fiddles with the scooter. A local entertainment show is on the TV.

MAX

So does your girlfriend know?

DJ JOSHUA

That we need more yeast?

MAX

No, that your gay.

DJ JOSHUA

Gay? Wh..what are you talking about? Have you been snooping in my drawers?

MAX

No, but I know a few guys who would like to.

DJ JOSHUA

You know what? Fine. I am gay. I don't care who knows anymore. But don't tell my dad okay?

MAX

I really couldn't give a crap. You might want to tell your girlfriend though.

TV REPORTER (O.S.)
 (from TV)
 ...and the number one pop duo Wham
 have postponed tonight's concert
 until Sunday night.

The TV coverage flashes to footage of Wham in their Choose
 Life shirts.

DJ JOSHUA
 Oh. I love these guys.

MAX
 Further evidence.

DJ JOSHUA
 Evidence of what?

MAX
 I never realized they were anti-
 abortion crusaders.

DJ JOSHUA
 What are you talking about?

TV REPORTER (O.S.)
 George Michael and the other guy
 vehemently deny that the concert
 postponement is due to an outbreak
 of thrush. Sources close to the
 band have confirmed that George
 Michael's underpants have recently
 contained a cottage cheese like
 substance.

MAX
 Ooh, that's not necessary.

TV REPORTER
 And reports that the other guy has a
 fuzzy mouth continue to give credence
 to the story. They will still appear
 at the grand opening of the Tainted
 Love record store on Saturday night
 where they will be signing autographs
 and posing with the giant Wham statues
 that are to be unveiled.

MAX
 Oh my god, I heard about this. Andrew
 Ridgely doesn't get a statue and he
 spazzes out.

DJ JOSHUA
 Who?

EXT. SCHOOL -- DAY

Max and Young Max are sitting outside eating their lunch.

MAX

Listen kid, now that you're in a band it's probably not such a good idea to be in a steady relationship.

YOUNG MAX

You mean Suzy? I can't help it Uncle Joey.

MAX

Jesse.

YOUNG MAX

When she's not near me I feel weak. When we are together I feel like vomiting, but it's the good kind of vomit.

MAX

There's just so many other girls that you could mess around with. I always wanted to bang Julie Peterson. Why don't you hook up with her?

YOUNG MAX

She's a cheerleader.

MAX

Exactly.

Suzy joins the two Max's. They both smile in awe.

SUZY

Hi boys!

Suzy sits on Max's knee. Max giggles and strokes her hair.

YOUNG MAX

Uncle Joey, teachers aren't supposed to grope the students.

MAX

He's right suzy. You should probably hop off.

Suzy starts to move.

MAX (CONT'D)

In a couple of minutes.

Suzy giggles.

YOUNG MAX

Suzy, what are you going to wear on our date to the Astronauts Under the Sea Dance.

Max stops smiling.

SUZY

Well I already had a spaceman suit so my mom is sewing a fin and tail on it. I'm going to be a space mermaid.

YOUNG MAX

I bet you'll look absolutely stunning. Too bad you won't be there to see it Uncle Joey.

MAX

Actually I just signed up to be a chaperone.

YOUNG MAX

Won't all that responsibility be a bit hard for you to handle.

MAX

Indeed, it's already getting hard.

Max winks at Suzy.

INT. DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

DJ Joshua again fiddles with the scooter. Max stands by his side.

MAX

DJ Joshua, this is a lot harder than I thought.

DJ JOSHUA

How so? It seems like you are doing a good job of breaking them up.

MAX

But I'm falling in love all over again. It's breaking my heart to think of leaving her behind. She's so perky and cute and smart and funny and kind and sweet and happy and she laughs at my jokes and squeezes my hand and I just want to faint into her warm little arms.

DJ JOSHUA

Maybe you can find that sweet girl inside the future Suzy.

MAX

No. Trust me. It's not her. The future Suzy is rotten. She's eaten the sweet Suzy. They don't even smell the same. You know how Suzy smells like a strawberry sunflower?

DJ JOSHUA

No.

MAX

Well the evil Suzy smells like rancid kiwi fruit.

DJ JOSHUA

So take her with you.

MAX

To the future?

DJ JOSHUA

Why not. Seems like she likes you well enough. It might be fun.

MAX

Now that's something to think about. How are the repairs coming along.

DJ JOSHUA

Fantastic. Except-

MAX

-Except what?

DJ JOSHUA

Well, it's the thrush capacitor. We need to top off the yeast.

MAX

I know. But your girlfriend still has her infection right?

DJ JOSHUA

Yes, I think so. But, well, it's your fault.

MAX

What, what did you do?

DJ JOSHUA

I told her. About me.

MAX

Oh God, why couldn't you wait one more day?

DJ JOSHUA

I just couldn't Max. I was ready.
I had to do it.

MAX

So what are we going to do? Where
will we find that much thrush?

DJ JOSHUA

If only there was a way we could
know exactly who had thrush and
exactly when they will be in a
position where we could hold them
down and scoop it out of them.

MAX

That's it! I've got it!

DJ JOSHUA

Thrush?

MAX

No, a solution. Andrew Ridgely.
The other guy from Wham! Remember
that TV report? It said that he has
thrush.

DJ JOSHUA

But there's no way we could get close
enough to him.

MAX

Oh yes there is. Saturday night.
He's going to get drunk and throw a
rock at George Michael's butt. At
the Tainted Love record store.

DJ JOSHUA

Perfect. It will be tight though.
You are set to go back on Saturday
night, and that's the night of the
Astronauts Under the Sea dance.
This will take some careful planning.

INT. CAFE -- NIGHT

It's open mic night. DJ Joshua, Max, Suzy, and Young Max
stand at the side of the stage. They are next. Max releases
a puff of smoke that looks suspiciously like marijuana smoke.

MAX

Whoa! I haven't done this stuff
since I was your age.

The others laugh hysterically.

YOUNG MAX

Maybe we should have waited until
after the show. This stuff makes me
hallucinate sometimes.

They all laugh again.

The band steps onto the stage. Max and Suzy grab the front
microphones while Young Max and DJ Joshua launch into a beat
box routine.

They start rapping another popular rap song from the 1990's
like Public Enemy's Burn Hollywood Burn.

Two guys resembling Miami Vice's Crockett and Tubbs wait
beside the stage. They look very impressed.

They finish the song and the crowd sits in silence.

MAX

(to crowd)

Maybe you're not ready for that yet.
But after a couple of lame white
rappers ease you into it you will
love this shiznit.

Young Max suddenly looks panicked.

YOUNG MAX

(to Max)

Uncle Joey! You're arm is
disappearing. It's almost completely
vanished.

Max's arms look perfectly fine.

MAX

(looking at his arm)

Oh my God, you're right. What's
happenning? It's fading away. I
must have changed history. I must
not exist anymore. DJ Joshua, what
should I do? I've changed history
somehow.

DJ JOSHUA

Or else you've gotten really, really
high and you're hallucinating.
Considering I can see both your arms
I know where my money is.

MAX

No, that's impossible. I'm vanishing.
Even Max sees it.

DJ JOSHUA

That's not surprising. Besides a few extra memories the composition of your brains is exactly the same. And they're both reacting in an identical way to the wacky weed.

SUZY

I'm really high right now.

The crowd boos at the delay.

MAX

I don't know DJ, now my tongue is disap-

Max mumbles.

DJ JOSHUA

Okay, let's call it a night. I think we've learned a lot.

The Miami Vice looking guys approach the band.

CROCKETT

That was incredible.

TUBBS

Electric.

MAX

Thanks. I've been writing dope rhymes and developing funky beats for years. I've got some more if you want to hear them.

CROCKETT

We weren't talking to you.

Tubbs brushes Max out of the way and fawns all over Suzy.

TUBBS

Such a milky voice.

CROCKETT

And killer body too. Here take our card. We're the hippest talent agents in town. And we know a star when we see one.

TUBBS

We represent all the cutting edge artists. Dexie's Midnight Runners, Flock of Seagulls, Howard Jones.

Suzy takes the card and stuffs it into her bra.

MAX

Thanks, we'll be in touch.

Crockett turns to Max.

CROCKETT

Yeah, you should give us a call too.
We can always use a few good washed
up middle aged roadies.

INT. YOUNG DJ JOSHUA'S HOUSE -- DAY

Max and DJ Joshua stand over a full scale model of the town. It includes the Tainted Love record store and the school. There is a mini statue of George Michael on the roof of the record store. A little Garbage Pail Kids action figure is setup to represent Andrew Ridgely. Other little figures are setup along the streets. They all have little acid wash jeans on.

DJ JOSHUA

Okay, you have to pay very close attention to this. Because the timing is critical.

MAX

No problem. I'll do whatever it takes to stop Suzy from kissing Max, then I'll convince her to come with me, and then pay little Andrew Ridgely a visit.

DJ JOSHUA

Who?

MAX

The Wham guy.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes, that's right. Little Adam Ridgemont will throw the rock like this.

At the flick of a switch the little figure catapults a jelly bean into the butt of George Michael.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Then you run across like this.

DJ Joshua guides another figure across the model street.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

And jump on the Wham guy. Hold him down and scoop some thrush out with a knife. You don't need much.

MAX

Got it.

DJ JOSHUA

I'll be waiting here, right across from the record store, with the scooter all ready to go.

MAX

Great. Did you get some Snapple?

DJ JOSHUA

Snapple?

MAX

The fuel.

DJ JOSHUA

I thought that's what we were getting from Adam Ridgemont.

MAX

No, no, no. That's for the thrush capacitor. We need Apple Raspberry Snapple to run the timer mechanics and stuff. Do you even know how this contraption works?

DJ JOSHUA

Of course I do. I invented it didn't I?

DJ Joshua looks at the scooter.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Now where does the smegma go?

MAX

Snapple, not smegma. I think I saw the real DJ Joshua pour it in that funnel looking thing.

DJ JOSHUA

No problem. I'll scrape a sample from the residue that's left in there and figure out the ingredients. Then I can whip up my own smegma.

MAX

Snapple. Do you think you can do it in time.

DJ JOSHUA

Does the Pope have herpes.

MAX

No.

DJ JOSHUA

I mean doesn't the Pope not have
no...ah forget it.

MAX

Okay, once you've made your
sme...Snapple we should be all set.

DJ JOSHUA

Right.

MAX

Except for one thing.

DJ JOSHUA

What?

MAX

You need a date for the school dance.

DJ JOSHUA

But I'm gay.

MAX

Oh, so you don't have a crush on
Jefferson?

DJ JOSHUA

But I'll be setting up.

MAX

You'll have time for a couple of
dances.

DJ JOSHUA

Jefferson would never go with me.
He thinks I'm a dorkbot.

MAX

I don't blame him if you use words
like dorkbot. But all Jefferson
cares about is appearance. So if we
give you a little make-over he'll be
dying to ask you out.

DJ JOSHUA

You think so?

MAX

No doubt. I'll dress you up just
like Gwen Stefani. It will be great.

DJ JOSHUA

I don't want to look like some future
freak. If you do give me a make-
over it's got to be what's cool now.

MAX

Oh, all right.

INT. SUZY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Suzy and Max are busily tending to DJ Joshua, giving him a make-over.

With clippers Suzy puts the finishing touches on DJ Joshua's hair. He has a lightning bolt carved into the side of his box cut and on the back Suzy has carved the letters D.J.

DJ Joshua stands up. He is wearing tapered acid wash jeans and a white frilly button-up shirt with puffy sleeves. He has white Reebok aerobics shoes.

MAX

Perfect.

SUZY

Wow, too bad you're gay.

DJ JOSHUA

Really? Is it cool? Do you think Jefferson will like it?

MAX

Only one way to find out. And just in case all else fails I have an idea that will seal it. You'll have to do some quick inventing to pull it off though.

EXT. STRIP MALL -- DAY

Max pushes DJ Joshua who stumbles in front of a gym. Through the window several people can be seen doing aerobics. Jefferson is one of them. He has a leotard on and leg warmers. Buffy and Heather are also in the class.

DJ Joshua parades in front of the window. He is now also wearing big wrap-around mirrored sunglasses.

DJ JOSHUA

This isn't working. Jefferson is perving at that guy who looks like John Travolta. He doesn't even know I'm alive.

MAX

He wants to go with you DJ Joshua, he just hasn't seen you in your grody clothes yet.

DJ JOSHUA

Grody means gross.

MAX

Oh. Well whatever word you kids are using to mean cool.

DJ JOSHUA

Cool.

Inside the gym the class finishes and Jefferson does a double take as he notices DJ Joshua.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Oh no, he's seen me. I think he's coming out. What should I say?

MAX

We just have to convince him that your not weird. Just don't do anything weird. And say something hip. Something from a Destiny's Child song.

Jefferson swaggers outside, wiping sweat from his forehead with his wristbands. Buffy and Heather follow close behind.

JEFFERSON

So Max, who's the spunk?

YOUNG MAX

Who? DJ Joshua?

MAX

Jefferson. This is DJ Joshua. DJ Joshua, meet Jefferson.

DJ JOSHUA

Umm. It's our destiny to have a child.

JEFFERSON

I'd like to see that.

(to Max)

I thought you said he wasn't a geek.

MAX

Does he look like a geek?

JEFFERSON

Well, no, he looks like a black Corey Heart, but he sure acts like a geek.

HEATHER

I think he looks like a tall Webster. Or a skinny Mr. Belvedere.

BUFFY

Oh God what's going on here?

JEFFERSON

Nothing. I thought this DJ guy was hot, that's all.

BUFFY

But he's a nerd. And why do you care anyway?

JEFFERSON

I still need a date for the dance.

BUFFY

You mean you're going to that geek fest? Those dances are for morons and retards.

MAX

You haven't been asked yet? Don't worry Buffy, at the last minute you'll trick Roger Starbuckle into going with you. Of course you'll only make it as far as the tray of his dad's El Camino because you are a horny-toed, man-eating bitch. And in nine months you'll have two nasty-assed keepsakes who you'll teach to be rotten just like you. And you'll completely deny the poor father any visitation rights. Because that's just the way you are. Ugly in the face, ugly in the soul.

They all look at Max in silence.

DJ JOSHUA

So, umm, Jefferson do you think that maybe you could Buzz my Armstrong on Saturday?

JEFFERSON

Well you've certainly got the look. But I'll only go with you if you know how to dance.

DJ Joshua winks at Max.

MAX

Dance? Are you kidding? This guy is Jennifer Lopes and Jennifer Beals all rolled into one.

DJ JOSHUA

(to Jefferson)
Here, put these on.

DJ Joshua hands Jefferson his wrap-around sunglasses. Jefferson puts them on.

DJ Joshua presses a button on his calculator watch, then stares at Jefferson.

CUT TO:

JEFFERSON'S P.O.V. -- CONTINUOUS

The theme to Footloose starts to play from mini speakers attached to the sunglasses in Jefferson's ears. Jefferson looks up at DJ Joshua. A holographic image of DJ Joshua appears. The image is dancing. To Jefferson it looks real, like DJ Joshua is dancing. It's a brilliant rendition of the Flashdance dance. Sweat flies as the DJ Joshua image pumps his legs up and down.

BACK TO:

FULL SHOT STRIP MALL -- CONTINUOUS

We see that DJ Joshua is still standing still. Max is giggling and the others look confused. Jefferson is bopping his head and smiling.

JEFFERSON

(to the music)

Everybody cut foot loose.

BUFFY

What's going on? Jefferson, have you gone mad?

CUT TO:

JEFFERSON'S P.O.V. -- CONTINUOUS

Jefferson continues to see the image of DJ Joshua, now dancing like Travolta.

JEFFERSON

Look at him go. I'm in love. Oh DJ Joshua, you must teach me some of those moves.

BACK TO:

FULL SHOT STRIP MALL -- CONTINUOUS

DJ Joshua laughs out loud.

BUFFY

This is ridiculous. Have you been smoking again Jefferson?

DJ JOSHUA

It works, it works. I truly am brilliant. Thanks Max.

EXT. TAINTED LOVE RECORD STORE -- AFTERNOON

Max and DJ Joshua hide the scooter behind a bush in the vacant lot next to the Tainted Love record store. The statue on the roof is covered with a large sheet.

MAX

Oh no, what about the Snapple. I completely forgot about the Snapple.

DJ JOSHUA

Don't worry. I took a sample from the scooter and replicated it.

MAX

Wow, that was quick. How on earth did you manage that.

DJ JOSHUA

Quite simple really. The ingredients matched almost exactly with a product we have here in the eighties.

MAX

You're kidding? What product?

DJ JOSHUA

It's a douche. I just had to add some color number 117 and flavor numbers 36 and 184.

MAX

Nice. How did you figure that out?

DJ JOSHUA

Don't ask.

Just then George Michael and Andrew Ridgely walk past and into the record store. They are joking and laughing.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Are you sure that other guy is going to flip out? They seem pretty happy right now.

MAX

Don't worry. The other guy doesn't know about the statue yet. It will all be fine. Trust me.

DJ JOSHUA

You know Max, I'm really going to miss you. You've really made me feel comfortable being myself. And just knowing that I've become a huge success is enough to keep me going.

MAX

A huge success?

DJ JOSHUA

Yeah, I invented a time machine didn't I? I must be a very well respected scientist.

MAX

Well no-one clears a paper jam like you. That's for sure.

DJ JOSHUA

Mmm, paper jam. That sounds interesting. Edible paper? That could be very useful.

MAX

I probably shouldn't tell you anything else about the future. We already saw what happened to the scooter when your ego blew up.

DJ JOSHUA

Ah come on. At least give me some investment advice. Like lotto numbers or something.

MAX

I guess that couldn't hurt but I didn't think to bring a newspaper with me so the lotto is out.

DJ JOSHUA

What about sporting events? Who wins the Superbowl this year?

MAX

I don't really follow sports.

DJ JOSHUA

Stock?

MAX

Of course. Buy Microsoft. That's the only one you'll need. Mortgage your testicles if you have to because it will make you an instant millionaire.

DJ JOSHUA

Cool. Lycra Soft it is.

MAX

Micro not Lycra.

DJ JOSHUA

Who?

MAX

Microsoft.

DJ JOSHUA

Yes, Lycra Soft. Okay.

MAX

Jeeze, Microsoft.

DJ JOSHUA

Okay, whatever. Now, you're sure you're going to be able to get the yeast right? Because that's all we need.

MAX

Yes, no problem. But...

DJ JOSHUA

What? You're not having second thoughts are you.

MAX

Well. It's just that Suzy is so lovely. And I think she likes me. Maybe I should stay here.

DJ JOSHUA

And be a P.E. teacher for the rest of your life? Don't you want to live out your dreams?

MAX

Of course. But Suzy, Suzy is a dream.

DJ JOSHUA

And what if she turns nasty again. Or if she tires of your wrinkly balls and falls in love with the younger you? You'll be stuck here. With nothing.

MAX

Yes, you're right. I've got to go. And I've got to convince Suzy to come with me.

DJ JOSHUA

Do you think you can?

MAX

Yes, I think so. She seems pretty hot for me.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

I'm still a little concerned for Young Max though. I know how much he loves her and I know he won't give her up easily.

DJ JOSHUA

I've been watching Suzy. It seems like she is attracted to strength. She likes a guy who will stick up for her. So whatever you do, don't let Young Max do anything heroic.

Max laughs.

MAX

I don't think that will be a problem.

DJ JOSHUA

And don't let them kiss.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM -- NIGHT

The Astronauts Under the Sea dance is well under way. The gym is decorated in an underwater theme but all the kids costumes are space related.

There is a DJ spinning eighties music.

Several teachers, including Max, are acting as chaperones. Max is wearing the blue tuxedo that he borrowed from DJ Joshua. Max walks past the punch bowl and secretly empties a bottle of Jack Daniels into it.

DJ Joshua and Jefferson sit on the bleachers chatting.

Young Max and Suzy nervously dance together. Just as they are getting close a NERDY TEACHER taps Young Max on the shoulder.

NERDY TEACHER

You're too close. Move apart.

YOUNG MAX

But we're dancing. Together.

NERDY TEACHER

You don't need a partner to dance. Look, I'll show you.

The nerdy teacher begins breakdancing. He pops and robots and spins on the floor. A circle of kids gather around and cheer him on.

Young Max and Suzy continue to dance together, getting closer.

Max checks his watch, looks to Young Max and Suzy, then checks his watch again. He walks over to Young Max and grabs him on the shoulder.

YOUNG MAX

What? We're just dancing. We're not even touching.

MAX

I need your help. It will only take a couple of minutes.

YOUNG MAX

What is it? You want to lock me in the trunk of a car so you can have Suzy all to yourself?

MAX

Hmm. I never thought of that.

SUZY

(flirting)

Hi Mr. McDonald.

MAX

Hi Suzy. Look we don't have much time. It's your sister.

YOUNG MAX

Buffy? Maybe you should tell someone who cares.

MAX

Trust me she needs you. I need you. You don't know how many Saturday nights I got tricked into babysitting her little monster-children.

YOUNG MAX

She has babies?

MAX

Only if you don't come with me right now.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

An El Camino is parked in the parking lot. Buffy and Roger Starbuckle are lying down in the tray. At first it seems as though Buffy is ravaging Roger.

Max and Young Max approach the El Camino. Max slides across the hood of a car and runs across the hood of another. Young Max just runs around the car. Suzy trails behind.

As Buffy and Roger roll over we see that she is trying to get away. Roger is mean and vicious.

He is trying to rape Buffy.

Max, Young Max, and Suzy stop just short of the El Camino.

MAX

Buffy, let him go, he's just an innocent...

Max notices that Roger is the aggressor. He is stunned.

SUZY

Oh my God, do something Mr. McDonald. That boy is raping Buffy.

Max is shocked. He cannot move. He looks to Young Max.

YOUNG MAX

Get off my sister you prick.

Young Max leans over the side of the El Camino. He grabs Roger by the shirt and yanks him over the side of the car and slams him on the ground. Max still stands still, doing nothing.

Buffy sobs.

BUFFY

I tried to stop him. I said no.

Young Max pulls Roger to his feet. Roger is huge. He towers over Young Max.

SUZY

Run, Max, run.

ROGER

You little turd. I'm going to cream you.

Roger's voice sounds like Sylvester Stallone.

YOUNG MAX

That's my sister. Nobody messes with my sister.

Buffy sits up in the El Camino and looks at Young Max, surprised and smiling.

A crowd gathers around the El Camino.

ROGER

I was just having a little fun. You know she wanted it, look what she's wearing.

Buffy is dressed like Madonna in her Like a Virgin video. A space helmet sits next to her.

Max comes around and the blood returns to his face.

YOUNG MAX

Yeah, well your voice sounds just like Rocky. That must mean you want to get smacked in the face.

WHACK! Young Max smashes his fist into the bridge of Roger's nose.

BUFFY

Max!

SUZY

Max!

The crowd cheers.

Roger puts his hand to his face and notices that he is bleeding profusely. He tries to take a swing at Young Max but he misses.

WHACK! Young Max socks Roger in the guts. Roger falls to the ground and bangs his head on the pavement. He is out.

The crowd cheers again.

Max's jaw drops. He can't believe his eyes.

Suzy rushes over to Young Max and hugs him.

SUZY (CONT'D)

Oh Max, are you okay? That was so brave.

YOUNG MAX

I'm fine.
(to Buffy)
Are you okay sis? Did we get here in time.

Buffy sobs, tears stream down her face.

BUFFY

Max, I'm so sorry. I've never...

Young Max jumps into the back of the El Camino and hugs Buffy.

BUFFY (CONT'D)

I should have...

YOUNG MAX

I know Buff, I know.

BUFFY

I love you Max. Thank you.

(MORE)

BUFFY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry that I'm always bitchy.
It's just that...

YOUNG MAX

I love you too Buff.

SLAM! Max passes out and falls to the ground.

The crowd pick up Young Max and Buffy and carry them back toward the gym. Suzy eagerly follows behind.

Max continues to lay on the ground, unconscious.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM -- LATER

Max staggers into the gym. The dance is in full force.

DJ Joshua and Jefferson are in the center of the dance floor. Jefferson bops around wearing the magic sunglasses. DJ Joshua stands still right in front of him.

Young Max and Suzy dance cheek to cheek. Buffy sits in the bleachers smiling.

Max wanders over to Buffy and sits down next to her.

MAX

Hi Buffy. You okay?

BUFFY

Thanks to my brother. I never knew he cared that much. He risked his life for me.

MAX

He always loved you Buff. It's just that sometimes you're such a bitch to him.

BUFFY

Not anymore. From now on nobody messes with Max. Including me.

MAX

Do you think you could do me a favor Buffy?

BUFFY

Depends. What is it.

MAX

It's Suzy. I think she's all wrong for Max. I don't want to see him get hurt.

We see Young Max and Suzy dancing in bliss.

BUFFY

They look all right to me.

MAX

Well just to be sure could you occupy Max for a couple of minutes. I want to have a word with Suzy. Alone.

BUFFY

I guess so.

Buffy walks over to Young Max and Suzy and asks to cut in. Suzy happily obliges and lets Buffy dance with Young Max. Suzy crosses to the bleachers where Max is.

MAX

Suzy, can I be frank with you?

SUZY

Of course Mr. McDonald.

MAX

I'm very attracted to you.

SUZY

(shyly)
Mr. McDonald!

MAX

And I think you are attracted to me too. I don't have much time. I'm going home tonight and I'd like you to come with me.

SUZY

I don't know Mr. McDonald. I'm feeling pretty good about Max right now. Did you see him out there? He's a hero.

MAX

Yes, he is a hero. But that's going to go to his head. He's going to have girls hanging all over him. And he'll forget about you in no time. Just take a look.

All the girls on the dance floor are whispering and giggling and pointing at Young Max.

SUZY

Do you really think so?

MAX

I know so Suzy. I know Max a lot better than you.

SUZY

I guess so.

Young Max continues to dance with Buffy.

YOUNG MAX

Look at that.

BUFFY

What? Uncle Joey?

YOUNG MAX

Yes, if that old bastard thinks he's going to drive his 33-year-old VD-riddled penis through my heart then he's got another think coming. I mean for God's sake, he's fifteen years older than her.

BUFFY

Suzy? You think Uncle Joey wants to get with Suzy?

YOUNG MAX

I have no doubt about it. That old perve.

BUFFY

Suzy would never go for him.

YOUNG MAX

I hope not. I love her so much my bones ache.

BUFFY

They might just hurt from whacking Roger so hard.

YOUNG MAX

That would explain my hand bones. But I didn't touch Roger with the bone that really aches.

BUFFY

Eww, nasty.

YOUNG MAX

I don't know. I shouldn't worry I guess, but I've seen the way she looks at him.

BUFFY

And I've seen the way she looks at you. Sometimes you've just got to take a chance. Go and grab your destiny.

Buffy gives Young Max a shove.

Young Max stumbles across the floor to the bleachers. He grabs Suzy by the hand and pulls her onto the dance floor.

Suzy is in two minds. She looks back and forth between the two Maxes. Young Max spins her into a close dance. They gaze into each other's eyes lovingly.

Max remembers this moment all too well.

DJ Joshua and Jefferson sit down next to Max.

MAX

(to DJ Joshua)

This is it. This is where they kiss.
It's all over if they kiss.

DJ JOSHUA

What are you going to do?

MAX

It's all too romantic, I can't stop
it now.

JEFFERSON

You can't have romance without music.

MAX

You don't understand the situation
Jefferson.

DJ JOSHUA

No, Jefferson's right Max. Look at
them, grooving to the beat. They're
lost in it, just the two of them. I
mean come on, doesn't that Michael
Jackson groove make you think of
love.

MAX

That and fondling McAuley Culkin.

JEFFERSON

Who?

DJ JOSHUA

You're missing the point Max. Without
the music, they won't be dancing.
Without the music they won't be gazing
into each other's eyes.

JEFFERSON

And without the music that girl over
there won't be making a fool of
herself.

We see a girl dancing ridiculously badly.

MAX
Of course. The music.

Max glances at Young Max and Suzy. They are cheek to cheek.

Max sprints across the dance floor and leaps onto the stage.

Young Max and Suzy are closing in on a kiss.

Max does a flying karate kick and knocks the DJ off the stage.

SCREECH! The record stops. Young Max and Suzy separate before the kiss and look up at the stage. The whole dance floor is still except for the badly dancing girl. She continues to dance to her own beat.

Max takes over at the DJ table. He puts a new record on and starts scratching like a rap DJ. He leans into the microphone.

MAX (CONT'D)
It's time to jack it up another level.
Let's get this rave raging. Trust
me this is going to be off the hook.

The crowd looks in silence.

MAX (CONT'D)
We've got a special guest in the
crowd tonight. She's just about to
blow up as the latest rap sensation.
The leader of a new revolution.
Suzy. Suzy, are you out there?

SUZY
Me?

MAX
Come on up here. It's time to blow
this mother up.

Suzy reluctantly joins Max on the stage.

MAX (CONT'D)
This is Suzy, A.K.A. M.C. Supa Sue.
Let's give her a hand.

The crowd claps lightly.

We see DJ Joshua check his watch and then exit the gym.

MAX (CONT'D)
This is a little jam called Back
that Thang Up.

Max returns to scratching the record as he throws the microphone to Suzy.

MAX (CONT'D)
 (to Suzy)
 Just like we practiced.

SUZY
 (rapping)
 You're a big fine woman won't you
 back that thang up.

Suzy gains confidence and starts working the crowd. The crowd slowly but surely gets into it. By the end of the song the crowd is loving it.

Suzy finishes the song and leaps around the stage. She loves it.

MAX
 (to Suzy)
 Yeah. Yeah. You're the man. You're
 the mother krunking man.

Suzy rushes over to Max and leaps into his arms.

The crowd is still going wild.

Max grabs Suzy and plants a kiss on her cheek. Young Max looks on from the dance floor. He is furious.

Max moves in for a kiss on the lips but the crowd chants for more and Suzy returns to center stage and launches into another hit rap song.

INT. BACKSTAGE -- PUBLIC TELEPHONE -- CONTINUOUS

One of the teachers, Mr. Simmons, is on the phone.

MR. SIMMONS
 Russell? This is Johnny.
 (beat)
 Your cousin, Johnny Simmons. Listen
 to this, I think it's the sound you've
 been looking for.

He holds the phone towards the music.

After a few seconds he puts the phone back to his mouth.

MR. SIMMONS (CONT'D)
 Well, what did you think?

RUSSEL SIMMONS (V.O.)
 (through telephone)
 Umm. It sounds like rap.
 (MORE)

RUSSEL SIMMONS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I've been producing rap records for
two years now.

MR. SIMMONS
Right, right, but this girl's got
very nice boobs.

RUSSEL SIMMONS
Yeah? Where are you? I'll be right
over.

EXT. TAINTED LOVE RECORD STORE -- NIGHT

GARY, the middle-aged owner of the Tainted Love record store,
addresses a small crowd. DJ Joshua stands aside from the
crowd holding the scooter.

GARY
Well folks, thanks for turning up
tonight for the grand opening of the
Tainted Love record store.

WHAM FAN
Where's George. We want George.

GARY
(chuckling)
The Wham boys will be here any minute.
(pointing to the roof)
And as soon as they arrive we will
unveil this magnificent statue.

DJ Joshua checks his watch.

DJ JOSHUA
Damn, where is that old man.

A limo pulls around the corner and stops outside the record
store. It's Wham!

Several screaming teenage boys mob the limo.

George Michael and Andrew Ridgely step out of the limo.
George scratches his butt and Andrew smacks his mouth in
obvious discomfort.

GARY
Everybody, please give a warm welcome
to our guests of honor, George Michael
and umm err...

ANDREW RIDGELY
God damn it! It's Andrew Ridgely.

GARY
Right, right, Andrew Wrigley.

WHAM FAN

We love you George.

Andrew Ridgely shakes his head in irritation.

Max arrives on the scene peddling like crazy on his BMX. Suzy rides on the handlebars. Young Max trails close behind in his parent's wood-paneled station wagon.

A small rock is in the street right in front of Max. WHACK! Max crashes right into it. Suzy and Max both topple to the ground.

GARY

And the moment we've all been waiting for. Our town's newest landmark, the magnificent Wham statue. George will you do the honors.

George Michael pulls a rope and the giant George Michael statue is unveiled. It is constructed out of durable plastic.

The crowd cheers.

GEORGE MICHAEL

Brilliant. I love it.

ANDREW RIDGELY

What? What? This is the magnificent Wham statue?

NIGEL

Yes, fantastic isn't it?

GEORGE MICHAEL

What's the problem Aaron?

ANDREW RIDGELY

The problem? You're the god damn problem. A duo you said, they'd love us you said, the two of us. We'd be lovable heroes you said. Both of us.

GEORGE MICHAEL

And?

Max gets up and gives the thumbs up sign to DJ Joshua.

Andrew Ridgely jumps on George Michael and starts pounding.

ANDREW RIDGELY

And this.

He punches him again. The crowd grabs Andrew Ridgely and starts laying into him, kicking and beating and scratching and biting.

George Michael stands up, straightens his clothes and continues to admire his statue. Andrew Ridgely is almost unconscious. The crowd backs off.

GARY

Thanks boys, we are now officially open. And remember Wham's new album will be on sale here at Tainted Love all week.

George Michael waves to the crowd and climbs back into the limo. The limo pulls out leaving Andrew Ridgely behind. The crowd disperses.

Andrew Ridgely picks himself up and looks around for something to throw. Max picks up the rock that caused his fall.

MAX

Here.

Max pitches the rock to Andrew Ridgely.

ANDREW RIDGELY

I'll teach him to leave me in the shadows.

Andrew Ridgely tosses the rock up at the statue. It crashes into George Michael's plastic buttocks and leaves a gaping whole. Andrew Ridgely falls to the ground, unconscious.

DJ JOSHUA

(to Max)

Quick, get the thrush.

Max rushes over to Andrew Ridgely, opens his mouth, and scoops a swab of thrush with a spoon.

MAX

Is this enough?

DJ JOSHUA

Should be, bring it here.

Max hands the thrush to DJ Joshua who proceeds to dab it into the thrush capacitor.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You've got about 60 seconds to say your goodbyes.

MAX

Suzy, can I see you for a second.

Suzy bounces over to Max, happy and cute. Young Max watches in bewilderment.

MAX (CONT'D)

Suzy, this is going to sound crazy but I don't have much time. You're just going to have to trust that I am telling the truth.

SUZY

Of course Mr. McDonald. What is it?

MAX

I'm from the future. The year 2002. And I'm going back.

SUZY

But Mr. McDonald...

MAX

My real name is Max.

SUZY

But Max...

Young Max looks intently at Max, almost figuring it out.

MAX

I want you to come with me Suzy. I love you. And I think we are destined to be together.

SUZY

Oh my gosh Mr...Max. Are you serious?

MAX

Yes Suzy. I've been in love with you ever since I first laid my eyes on your pretty little face.

SUZY

I love you too Max. But the future? That sounds pretty scary.

MAX

It will be perfect Suzy. I just have to figure out how to stop you from...well we can talk about that later. What I need to know now is will you come with me?

Suzy looks over to Young Max.

YOUNG MAX

I love you. Please don't go.

SUZY

I don't know what to do. I love you both. It's almost as if...

DJ JOSHUA

Now Max, you've got to go now. The timer is almost a go.

MAX

I need a decision Suzy.

YOUNG MAX

Don't go Suzy, I love you.

SUZY

(to Young Max)

Sorry Max, I've got to go with him. I love you but Max is just older and wiser and I'm guessing a little richer too.

Max grabs the scooter from DJ Joshua.

MAX

Thanks DJ, I can't tell you how much I appreciate your help. I didn't think I'd ever find love again.

Max scoots over to Suzy. The briefcase trails behind the scooter.

MAX (CONT'D)

Okay Suzy, you'll have to sit on the briefcase, and hold on tight.

SUZY

This is a time machine?

Suzy straddles the briefcase. Max starts scooting. It is tough at first, with the extra weight on back, but he soon gains some speed. Just as the scooter gets moving Max's shirt blows up in the wind, displaying an odd birthmark on his side.

Upon seeing the birthmark Young Max lifts his own shirt. The exact same birthmark appears on his side. He looks back to Max.

The scooter reaches 3 mph, then 4 mph. It's almost ready to blast into the future.

Young Max suddenly realizes that it is his future self on the scooter. He charges at Max and Suzy and dives through the air.

MAX

Here we go. Hold on tight Suzy.

Young Max flies through the air and just as the scooter zaps into thin air he tackles Suzy to the ground.

The scooter is gone and Young Max and Suzy tumble to the ground.

SUZY
Oh Max. What happened.

YOUNG MAX
I couldn't let you go.

SUZY
Oh Max. I love you.

Suzy plants a big sloppy kiss on Max.

EXT. TAINTED LOVE RECORD STORE -- 2002 -- NIGHT

Max's scooter crashes to the ground. Max looks around. He is alone.

MAX
Suzy?

He looks around again but still sees nobody. He looks up at the statue on the Tainted Love roof. A banner hangs from the roof. It reads "Save George Michael's Butt".

MAX (CONT'D)
God damn it!

EXT. BIG POTATO MALL PARKING LOT -- LATER

Max walks into the parking lot, slowly dragging the buckled scooter behind him. A giant rock that looks just like a potato stands at the entrance. A sign reads "Big Potato Mall -- Big city excitement, small town value".

DJ Joshua is there and now he is skinny with short and funky dread locks. He leans on a silver ghettoized top of the line Lincoln Navigator. He's dressed to kill. He presses a button on his phone and the car's hydraulics kick in. The car bounces up and down and DJ Joshua laughs. We see Jefferson sitting in the passenger seat.

DJ JOSHUA
You're late. How was the flight?

MAX
I don't know. I don't know what happened. I think I might have killed Suzy. She just disappeared. Right when the scooter blasted off.

DJ JOSHUA
I wouldn't worry Max. Something tells me Suzy is doing okay.

MAX

What do you mean? How do you know.

Max clicks another button on his cell phone. The Navigator stops bouncing and the roof automatically opens. The roof stops in a perpendicular position, sticking straight up from the back of the car. The windshield slides down and the front seats raise up and spin 180 degrees. They now face the open roof.

DJ JOSHUA

It's a TV. My latest invention.
Climb aboard. Get comfy.

Max climbs into the Navigator and sits next to Jefferson. He recognizes him but only nods, still confused. The roof has been transformed into a giant TV screen.

MAX

How on earth did you afford this thing. Nevermind, just tell me how you know Suzy is all right.

DJ JOSHUA

See for yourself.

DJ Joshua flips the giant TV to MTV. A racy video clip is on. We recognize Suzy as she dances and raps across the big screen.

MAX

Is that...

As the song finishes the credits pop up on screen. They read "Future Man, M.C. Supa Sue, Directed by DJ Joshua."

DJ JOSHUA

Yup! M.C. Supa Sue.

JEFFERSON

Directed and written by DJ Joshua.

MAX

I, I, what, how?

DJ JOSHUA

Your young counterpart pushed her off the scooter.

MAX

But how...

DJ JOSHUA

She's a super-star rapper Max. And she's got you to thank for that.

(MORE)

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

After you left she quit school and just went for it full on. She struggled at first.

JEFFERSON

Then Josh started writing her songs. She blew up. Five albums, 12 number one hits.

DJ JOSHUA

Do you know how much money they give you for writing a number one song Max?

Max looks around at the Navigator and DJ Joshua's clothes.

MAX

A lot.

DJ JOSHUA

That's right. And that funds a lot of inventions. This is really the life Max.

MAX

What about the police? Remember they beat the crap out of you on that night, this night.

DJ JOSHUA

Remember the magic dancing sunglasses? Well I spent years perfecting that holograph technology.

(points off to the side)

See?

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG POTATO MALL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Several police officers frantically swing their night sticks. We see that they are trying to beat a holographic image of DJ Joshua. The image is laughing. The police continue to try and hit the image.

BACK TO:

EXT. BIG POTATO MALL PARKING LOT-- CONTINUOUS

Max turns back to DJ Joshua in wonder.

DJ JOSHUA

And remember my old white lady instant orgasm/wrinkle remover/hair restoration device invention?

MAX

No.

DJ JOSHUA

That's what the cops busted in the first version of tonight. Anyway, it's new and improved and all ready to go.

CUT TO:

EXT. BIG POTATO MALL PARKING LOT OUTER -- CONTINUOUS

The old white lady sits on the curb with her dog. She is gleefully watching the police try to beat the image of DJ Joshua.

DJ JOSHUA (O.S.)

But I'm not going to release it for a few more years.

BACK TO:

EXT. BIG POTATO MALL PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

MAX

This is fantastic. Everything has worked out. You and Jefferson, Suzy, your inventions. What about me and Suzy? Are we married? Am I rich too?

DJ JOSHUA

Not exactly. You and Suzy were very serious for a while. Happy, in love.

MAX

So what happened?

DJ JOSHUA

Well, you remember Skippy? He was a producer on Suzy's first album.

MAX

Eww, that dirty old bastard? How could she fall for him again. He's like 15 years older than her. So I helped everyone but myself. Please don't tell me I still work at Kinko's.

DJ JOSHUA

No, you're in the music industry now.

MAX

Yes! I knew it! Am I a rap star too?

DJ JOSHUA

Oh no. You're Suzy's roadie.

On the TV we see an MTV VJ knocking on the door of a plush mansion. Puff Daddy, or a similar rap mogul, opens the door.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

You might want to see this.

MAX

Puff Daddy? Why would I want to see Puff Daddy.

JEFFERSON

Oh this show is great. You get to see how rich and famous people live.

DJ JOSHUA

Well...

On the TV Buffy appears behind Puff Daddy. She is holding a little smiling baby.

MAX

What the?

DJ JOSHUA

That's Buffy.

MAX

I know who it is. I just don't understand.

DJ JOSHUA

That one's my fault I guess. I introduced them at one of Carson Daley's parties.

MAX

You hang out with Buffy?

DJ JOSHUA

All the time. And so do you. She is so loving towards you. It's beautiful. In fact she was the one that hooked you up with that roadie gig.

MAX

So I get to hang out at Carson Daley's house too?

DJ JOSHUA

No. Roadies don't usually make the cut.

MAX

Perfect. So are you going to start hopping through time now that I have tested it out for you?

DJ JOSHUA

Are you kidding? Why would I do that. My life is absolutely perfect right here.

DJ Joshua lays a big kiss on Jefferson.

DJ JOSHUA (CONT'D)

Do you want us to take you home? You must be exhausted.

MAX

Where's home?

DJ JOSHUA

With your parents.

Max holds his hands up to his face a la McAuley Culkin and SCREAMS.

FADE OUT:

The End.