

THE STORY OF HOW I STARTED SNIFFING GLUE  
AND  
BECAME A KICKASS DUDE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. SPERM BANK - DAY

DAMON, 35, wears a tie wrapped around his head as blood drips down his face. He nervously looks over a desk. He holds a sawed off shotgun.

Across from him are his HOSTAGES. They looks frightened.

DAMON (V.O.)  
Look at me. I'm thirty five, high  
as fuck and my only known  
accomplishment so far is that I  
once sucked my own cock.

POLICE (O.C.)  
Come out with your hands up!

DAMON  
Fuck!

DAMON (V.O.)  
I'm also robbing a sperm bank. So  
yeah. I guess I got that going for  
me as well.

FEMALE HOSTAGE  
Please, just let us go!

DAMON  
Is there another way out of this  
place?

FEMALE HOSTAGE  
The back exit.

DAMON  
Where is that?

FEMALE HOSTAGE  
In the back?

Damon shoots his way to the back of the office. He shatters the front window. The cops out front fire back.

EXT. SPERM BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Damon quickly runs out of the back exit. He looks around for any police.

It's clear.

He makes a run for it.

DAMON (V.O.)  
You're probably asking yourself,  
how did I become such a bad ass  
motherfucker? Well, I'll tell you.  
I think it all happened when I  
started sniffing glue.

The cops burst through the sperm bank exit, chase after him.

Damon fires at the cops, they duck for cover.

INT. BORING OFFICE - MORNING

Everyone at their cubicles stare at Damon as he packs his  
belongings into a tiny box.

DAMON (V.O.)  
First I got fired from my job.  
Cutbacks or some shit like that. I  
don't know. I stopped listening  
after they said they had to let me  
go.

Damon walks out of the room with his head down, depressed,  
carrying his tiny box.

INT. DAMON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Damon sits his tiny box down on the couch. He sees a leather  
woman's jacket laying on the floor.

Some moaning is heard somewhere in the room.

DAMON  
Hello?

He walks over to a closed door, slowly he opens it.

Inside we see DAMON'S GIRLFRIEND, 20's, hot, completely nude  
with another girl between her legs.

DAMON (V.O.)  
Then I caught my girlfriend  
cheating on me. With another girl.

DAMON'S GIRLFRIEND  
What the fuck! Why are you home?!

DAMON  
I got fired!

Damon's Girlfriend keeps doing what she's doing.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Can she stop that?

DAMON'S GIRLFRIEND  
I was going to tell you.

DAMON  
That you're a fuckin' lesbo?

DAMON'S GIRLFRIEND  
Yeah. Yeah! Right there!

Damon's Girlfriend climaxes.

DAMON'S GIRLFRIEND'S GIRLFRIEND looks up, sees Damon there watching them.

DAMON'S GIRLFRIEND'S GIRLFRIEND  
So you must be Damon. What's up?

DAMON  
Nothing. Just watching my girlfriend dyke out. Which isn't as fuckin' hot as I thought it would be!

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Damon looks out at the water beneath him. He steps out on to the ledge.

DAMON (V.O.)  
That's when I decided to kill myself.

Damon jumps off the bridge...

He falls through the air, SPLASHES into the river below.

Slowly he stands up, sees how short of a distance he is from the bridge.

DIRTY JOE (O.C.)  
Can't kill yourself from that bridge.

Damon looks under the bridge, sees DIRTY JOE. He's old, in his 60's, wears dirty clothes. He's huffing glue from a paper bag.

Damon walks over to him.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Damon runs down an alley with his shotgun. He rips the tie off his head and tries to shove in two fresh shotgun shells into the barrel.

The cops are right on his ass. They fire at him, bullets ricocheting everywhere.

DAMON (V.O.)

That's also how I met Dirty Joe. He introduced me to glue. I know, hugs not drugs. But those people haven't tried crack. I'd take a crack rock over a hug any day. Fuck, do you know how hard it is to load a shotgun while running? Like really fuckin' hard.

EXT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Dirty Joe and Damon sits outside a drug store. They both sniff glue they just bought.

Huge giant grins fill their stupid faces.

DAMON (V.O.)

Things were looking up. I got a new best friend. Who has way less teeth than I remember him having.

He looks at Dirty Joe's toothless smile.

DAMON

Does this shit make your teeth fall out?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Damon sits on a bed as he watches BAILEY dance seductively for him.

She's hot, young, wears tight almost hooker clothes.

Dirty Joe is off in the corner, smoking crack.

DAMON (V.O.)

He introduced me to Bailey. She gives guys blowjobs for crack.

(MORE)

DAMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But as soon as our eyes met, I knew  
we were in love.

A banging at the door stops her dancing.

MANAGER (O.C.)  
Bailey! I know you're in there! You  
better not be turning no fuckin'  
tricks in there!

DAMON  
(whispers)  
Who's that?

BAILEY  
(whispers)  
The hotel manager.

Dirty Joe stumbles to his feet. He laughs to himself.

DIRTY JOE  
I got something he can manage.

Dirty Joe pulls out a sawed off shotgun from under the bed.

DAMON  
Jesus, Joe. What the hell are you  
doing?

Dirty Joe BLASTS a hole in the door. The banging stops.

DIRTY JOE  
Got'em!

Damon runs to the door. He peeks through the hole.

DAMON  
Oh, fuck!

BAILEY  
Is he dead?

DAMON  
Extremely.

BAILEY  
So you wanna fuck or not?

She lifts up her dress to reveal she is actually a he.

DAMON (V.O.)  
Oh yeah. She also had a cock bigger  
than mine.

Damon bolts out of the room.

EXT. HOTEL PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Damon runs as fast as he can away from the dead manager and filthy hotel room.

Dirty Joe runs after him, still holding the shotgun.

DIRTY JOE  
Hey! Wait up!

DAMON (V.O.)  
I guess maybe things kind of went  
down hill after that.

Dirty Joe slows down. He drops the shotgun and grabs at his chest.

Damon stops running, turns around and notices Dirty Joe on the ground.

DAMON (V.O.)  
I'm not completely sure of the  
dangers of sniffing glue. But I  
don't think you can OD. To be fair,  
he does smoke a lot of crack. Like  
a lot a lot.

Damon hovers over Dirty Joe's body. He takes the shotgun and paper bag of glue.

EXT. DRUG STORE - DAY

Damon tries to cut holes into his tie, but it's hard to do with a butter knife. Which seems to be the only sharp instrument he has.

DAMON (V.O.)  
I spent all my money on a tranny  
hooker and glue. So I do the only  
thing a man that just got a blowjob  
from a tranny and a new found drug  
addiction does. Rob some place.

INT. DRUG STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Damon BURSTS inside the drug store wearing his tie around his face with eye slights cut out, like a terrible makeshift Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle.

He waves the shotgun around like a madman.

DAMON  
Everyone, get the fuck down!

He sees another ROBBER holding the place up. He wears a pair of panty-hose over his head, has a pistol pointed at the man behind the checkout counter.

The CASHIER has his hands up, one holding up a plastic bag filled with money.

CASHIER  
Thank god.

The Robber quickly aims the gun at Damon.

He's quick to react, blows a hole in the Robber, sending him across the room.

Damon lowers his shotgun and lifts up his makeshift mask.

DAMON  
Fuck.

CASHIER  
Thank you! That man was going to kill me!

DAMON  
Okay.

The Cashier runs over and hands him the plastic bag filled with cash.

CASHIER  
Here. Take this.

Damon looks at the bag of money and smiles.

DAMON  
You got any glue?

Police sirens are heard in the background.

CASHIER  
Quick! Out the back!

EXT. DRUG STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Damon runs out of the drug store with his bag of money.

We hear cops in the background.



He runs down the street with a huge smile on his face. He jumps up to celebrate being a hero, stopping a crime and getting paid for doing it.

He trips, falls, the shotgun goes off. He shoots Bailey the tranny hooker in the chest.

Damon slowly gets up and walks over. She has a giant gaping hole in her chest. She spits up some blood.

DAMON

Oh fuck.

The cops get closer.

INT. SPERM BANK - DAY

Damon runs into the sperm bank firing at the cops in the street.

Everyone in the small office freaks out. They all duck behind their desks.

The cops shoot at him through the window. Shrapnel bounces up and hits him in the head. He falls over holding his bleeding temple.

DAMON (V.O.)

And that brings us back to where we started.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Damon runs as fast as he can through the alley, trying to reload his shotgun.

DAMON (V.O.)

So that's how I became such a kickass dude. Now that I think about it, my story doesn't really have much of an ending.

Damon runs out into the street. A cop car SLAMS into him. He flies up into the air, lands on the windshield.

DAMON (V.O.)

Okay. That's a pretty cool ending. Let's end it there.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END