

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dark and dingy. Water drips from above onto HEWEY and HURLEY (30s) heads. Present, our heroes are on the ground, handcuffed back to back against a post.

Hewey is the optimist, never truly grasping the situation. Signs would seem to indicate he's on the autistic spectrum. Hurley, is the pessimist, always angry, and will always follow Hewey down the rabbit hole. Underneath, he's a big softy.

HEWEY

This is great, isn't it?

HURLEY

Yeah. It's great. Real great, buddy.

HEWEY

I mean who'd ever thought that a missing dog and broken guitar would lead to this?

HURLEY

To our death.

HEWEY

What? Our death? You always do this, you always take negative view. You can never see it any other way.

HURLEY

Any other way?? Any other way?? What way would you like me to think about this?

HEWEY

I don't know? How about an adventure?

HURLEY

An adventure? What are we the Hardy Boys?

HEWEY

You know, most people live their tiny lives where nothing amazing happens to them. And here we are smack dab in the middle of this heroic adventure and you can't appreciate it.

(MORE)

HEWEY (CONT'D)

If this was going happen, I wouldn't want it to happen with anyone else. Sharing this with my best friend.

HURLEY

Speak for yourself.

HEWEY

What did you just say to me?

HURLEY

I said speak for yourself.

HEWEY

Are you saying I'm not your best friend?

HURLEY

Yeah.

HEWEY

I'm not your best friend?

HURLEY

That's what I said.

HEWEY

Okay, okay, who's your best friend then? Go on.

HURLEY

...Tony Mitchell.

HEWEY

Tony Mitchell? Tony Mitchell? From junior high. I always thought there was something going on between the two of you. I knew it!

HURLEY

That's right! I was cheating on you!

HEWEY

I'm going Fatal Attraction you so bad.

HURLEY

Promises. Promises.

HEWEY

You have spoken to him in five years.

HURLEY

Wait, what? How --- how do you know that?

HEWEY

I cloned your phone in high school. You're my best friend, think I'm just leaving shit to chance. It's a crazy world out there.

HURLEY

You cloned my phone?

HEWEY

You're welcome. And for the record Tony Mitchell, your best friend still thinks your Mexican.

HURLEY

What?

HEWEY

Yeah, that's right, your best friend doesn't know you're Puerto Rican.

HURLEY

That son of bitch. He was supposed to be my best man.

Hewey kicks backwards, striking Hurley in the calf. Hurley yelps.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

What the hell was that for?

HEWEY

I'm your best man. Me! Me!

Hewey and Hurley engage in kicking fight.

(CONT'D)