



BOYS WEEKEND

Written by

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EXT. BEER DEPOT PARKING LOT. MORNING.

A red mini van parks in the empty lot. The driver door opens.

Slow-mo:

Cline steps out pit vipers and a cut-off PBR shirt. Licks his bearded lip. Hitches his flamingo swim trunks.

INT. SMALL TOWN BEER DEPOT. DAY.

CLANG of bells on a leather strap.

COOLER:

Cline props open the beer cooler with his foot.

He places a 30 rack in his already full shopping cart of Hamm's beer. He turns back to the cooler. He stares into the empty cavern.

FRONT COUNTER:

Cline approaches the bored CASHIER, flicking through Better Home and Gardens.

CLINE

You got any more beer?

The cashier gawks at the full shopping cart of beer.

EXT. SMALL TOWN BEER DEPOT. DAY.

Cline whistles a TUNE as he pushes the full cart across the parking lot.

The cashier follows behind pulling a pallet carrying 20 more racks of Hamm's.

Cline pops the trunk to his red mini-van. Next to a large cooler, he pulls out a duffle bag bursting at the seams with rockets, fountains and firecrackers. He pats the empty spot.

CLINE

Just pop those bad boys right there.

CASHIER

Did you want to put a few cases in the cooler?

CLINE
Can't. That's for the skeeter
spray.

Cline opens the cooler and pulls out a jar of piss-colored liquid.

CLINE (CONT'D)
10 shots vodka, 2 squeezes of fresh
lemon, 1 jar pickle juice.

The cashier loads the beer cases into the mini-van. Cline opens the jar and takes a long gulp. He BELCHES.

CLINE (CONT'D)
Damn that's good. Want some?

The cashier takes the jar. He drinks some. Immediately, he coughs handing the jar back to Cline.

CASHIER
Not for the faint of heart.

Cline takes another gulp. He puts the jar back into the cooler.

CASHIER (CONT'D)
Must be some party.

CLINE
More of a pilgrimage.

The cashier puts the last case into the--

CLINE (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa, whoa--that last one
comes up front with daddy.

Cline shoves the duffel bag on top of the cases. He hands the cashier a twenty.

Cline heads to the driver's seat. He rips open the box and pulls out a beer.

CLINE (CONT'D)
(to Cashier)
Carpe Cervisia.

He tosses the beer to the cashier, who catches it.

CLINE (CONT'D)
Seize the beer, my friend.

Cline throws the case on the console.

He slams the car door.

The mini-van drives over the parking block and merges into traffic, cutting off a HONKING Buick.

The cashier remains in shock, who was that?

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