HOTTEST ASS CONTEST

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"She’s got one of those heart-shaped asses. Have you ever had a chick with a heart-shaped ass?"

-- John (Mickey Rourke) referring to
Elizabeth (Kim Basinger) in *9 1/2 Weeks*

FADE IN:

On one of the most beautiful female asses God ever created.

Voluminous, yet sculpted. Athletic, yet ripe & rotund.

Sans clothing and basking in the morning sunlight, this derriere belongs to --

EXT. CLEMENTINE BEACH (SOUTH FLORIDA) - DAWN

A drop-dead gorgeous CHINESE-AMERICAN CHICK (23).

An Asian girl with a great ass? You betcha.

A blanket having slipped off of her, she sleeps nude on her stomach, on this expansive public beach.

The privilege of waking up next to her belongs solely to --

OWEN BROADBENT (27)

A notorious partyboy with unruly locks and a body built for nailing chicks. Also sans clothing.

Eyeing her beautiful butt through hungover eyes, he cracks a horny grin before reaching over her for a half-empty tequila bottle.

And as he accidentally DINGS her head with it as he pulls it toward him, she's jarred awake. As she eyes him, perturbed, the harsh reality of her one night stand kicks in --

CHINESE-AMERICAN CHICK
Oh, shit...

OWEN
Don't act like you didn't enjoy it, Shelly.

CHINESE-AMERICAN CHICK
It's Riley.

RILEY CHONG, that is.

OWEN
Of course it is.

RILEY
Please tell me you used a condom.

He genuinely LAUGHS at the notion. She buries her head in the blanket for a brief moment, before rising to get dressed.

Creating a stellar opportunity for Owen to study her stunning nude form from numerous enticing angles as he swigs tequila.

OWEN
Don't take this wrong, but how did someone of your Asian persuasion luck out with such a Grade A backside?

RILEY
It ain't luck. I'm a quarter Columbian.

OWEN
That explains everything.

As she slips tight jeans over her G-string --

OWEN (CONT'D)
So we'll hook up again me & you. Maybe even tonight?

RILEY
Maybe even never. I've got a boyfriend. And besides, you're SO not my type.

OWEN
Charming & well-endowed is not your type? You did fuck me bareback after all.

RILEY
Eww. Please don't say that word again.

OWEN
(thrusting his pelvis)
What, <u>bareback</u>?

RILEY
Charming. Really.
(and then)
The only reason I fucked you is because you plied me with Patron shots all night. No offense.

OWEN
None taken. I only fed you tequila to win the company of your epic rear.

Leering at it --

OWEN (CONT'D)
It's quite something to behold.

As she slides on a tank top over a lacy bra, incredulous --

RILEY
You're a bona fide cad, aren't you?

OWEN
A what?

RILEY
It's an ill-bred man who treats women in an irresponsible way.

OWEN
In that case, a cad I am.

Just then, two HOT BIKINI TEENS run into the surf, completely hijacking Owen's attention from Riley. When he finally turns back to her --

OWEN (CONT'D)
But don't let that stop you from giving me your digits.

Only, she's gone. Owen smirks at his own misfortune. And as he peels himself off the beach to go face the day --

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

In this quintessential bachelor pad, an oversized poster of a young Kim Basinger (from *9 1/2 Weeks),* flaunting her perfect heart-shaped ass, looms in the reflection as Owen, unshowered, gets dressed in front of a vanity.

Nobody throws on a wrinkled shirt & tie with more reckless abandon than this guy. And all while puffing a black & white zebra striped joint, hands-free, dangling from his lips.

EXT. MAIN STREET (DOWNTOWN CLEMENTINE) - DAY

Owen barrels on his skateboard down this primary artery of this modest beach town, puffing his J.

As he zooms by, one thing becomes abundantly clear: Clementine Beach is not thriving. In fact, it's languishing.

Numerous businesses including a bank, barbershop & diner are all shuttered. So is the once charming 3-story boutique hotel: the Surfrider Inn.

EXT. CITY HALL - STEPS - DAY

As Owen kick-flips his board into his hands and takes the steps of this quaint government building, he passes an imposing statue of a bearded man with a confident gaze.

The placard on the pedestal beneath reads:

Jameson J. Broadbent

Founder of Clementine Beach, Florida

1892-1957

Broadbent? That's right, Owen's great grandfather.

INT. CITY HALL - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Owen, now sufficiently stoned, moves past a clock that reads 11:15 AM, and past a cluster of desks towards his own in a corner.

FRIENDS & COWORKERS greet him --

CHET (28), Ass't Controller, eager, awkward & ugly BFF --

CHET
Somebody smells likes pussy! O?

MARCUS (25), HR Coordinator, passionate brotha --

MARCUS
Oh yeah, that's some Asian pussy!

DENNY (31), Communications Manager, always inappropriate --

DENNY
Impossible. Asians were banned from Florida decades ago. You're whiffing Latina pussy.

OWEN
You're both right. She was 75% Chinese. But her ass was 100% Columbian.

Several desks down from these sleazeballs is FAITH (22), a conservative cutie with a cross on a chain around her neck.

She clearly takes offense to all the vulgarity, but doesn't protest.

Owen's late arrival has also captured the attention of --

GLEN PRITCHARD (41)

The strikingly hirsute, pent up Deputy Mayor, staring hard at him through a glass window from a tiny office across the way.

As Owen plunks down in his chair --

OWEN (CONT'D)
But she's last night's news. Let's talk today.

As Owen kicks his feet up on his desk --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Power nap. Pacifying smoke. Leisurely lunch on the beach. Chet, wake me up at one.

CHET
Not a minute a later, O.

Just as he shuts his eyes, Pritchard jarringly arrives at the foot of his desk.

PRITCHARD
Perk up pretty boy. I need a word.

Eyes now opening, thoroughly uninspired by who he sees --

OWEN
Deputy Mayor Pritchard?

PRITCHARD
Surprised to see me in your 'hood?

OWEN
Actually, yeah. Who let you out of the primate cage?

Gesturing to Pritchard's office as his friends SNICKER. Clearly damaged from a lifetime worth of "hairy" jokes --

PRITCHARD
Oh yeah, my follicular malfunction is really hilarious.

OWEN
So why are you here?

PRITCHARD
With the mayor on leave, I thought it'd be an ideal opportunity to break my silence and tell you what I really think of someone like you.

OWEN
Like me?

PRITCHARD
A lazy, stoner poon hound who only has his cushy city job because his great granddaddy was the founder and the mayor genuinely believes he's the last link to a time when the city still represented the American Dream.

OWEN
Not bad. Sounded a tad rehearsed.

PRITCHARD
I'll give you rehearsed. In reality, your name means squat. And being that you don't give a damn about your job or this city, I'd have had you booted years ago.

Eyeing Owen with utter disgust --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
Hell, you don't even have a real job title.

OWEN
I'm the Associate Directives Liaison.

Pritchard eyes him, incredulous. Even Owen realizes how ridiculous the title sounds. And then --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Look, Pritch, thanks for stopping by. But my dick's sore from last night.

And as he adjusts his crotch --

OWEN (CONT'D)
And my hangover is potentially fatal if I don't tend to it with some shuteye. So, let's catch up in another year or so...

And as Owen once again leans back in his chair, Pritchard knocks his legs off his desk, jarring the shit out of him.

PRITCHARD
You think you're hungover? This city's hungover!

Everyone now eyes Pritchard as if he's nuts.

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
37 million dollars is the tab Clementine Beach owes for a decade of binge spending.

Gesturing out the window --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
Have you looked around town? At the boarded up businesses that line our streets?

Now pacing like a wild ape --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
Rampant unemployment and tepid consumer spending are just a fraction of the issues we face.

And now turning woeful --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
This city is on the brink of bankruptcy Hell. Do you have any idea what Chapter 9 does to a city?

Owen's look says he has no clue.

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
It opens it up to property seizures, judicial oversight of spending and liens on tax revenues.

But chiming in with flippancy to spare --

OWEN
If that were to happen, would it jeopardize our annual Christmas party at Olive Garden?

PRITCHARD
Were it to happen, smartass, we'd all be fucked in the ass!

His outburst sends a shockwave through the office. Faith, is quietly appalled. And then, collecting himself --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
Bottom line, in order to stave off bankruptcy another quarter, we need to come up with 3.7 million dollars in <u>exactly</u> one week.

Now laying down a most sobering reality --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
If we don't, they'll fire everyone who works here and replace us with state-appointed employees.

And now staring unforgivingly at Owen --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
If you weren't so selfish, maybe you'd have a thought on fixing the situation.

OWEN
Here's a thought: screw the nap, it's time for lunch, now.

Owen pops up and heads for the door. As Chet, Marcus & Denny follow --

PRITCHARD
Go on, Owen. Our city's accounts are empty anyway. There's no way to stop the bankruptcy in time.

In a smarmy tone --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
And even with your fancy last name, you'll be canned like the rest of us.

And then viciously --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
Only thing is, you'll never work again. Who in their right mind would hire a flunky like you?

EXT. THE GATOR SHACK - PATIO - DAY

One of the few surviving businesses on Clementine Beach's boardwalk, populated by CUSTOMERS in boardshorts & bikinis.

As Owen & friends lunch on burritos & beers --

CHET
You know how much penile reduction surgery costs? I can't afford to lose my job.

MARCUS
You? I've got 3 babies, 3 mamas, and a Springer Spaniel to feed.

DENNY
You should take advantage of the state's Safe Haven Law, Marcus.

MARCUS
Safe Haven Law?

DENNY
It's dope. You drop all your unwanted kids off at the fire station and you never have to feed them, wipe their asses, or see them again. And it's totally legal!

Marcus eyes Denny, incredulous.

MARCUS
Who taught you to be so cold, man?

CHET
Daniel Day Lewis, obviously: "I've abandoned my boy!"

OWEN
Guys, you have no need to worry. Unemployment may be tough at first, but you'll all land on your feet.

They eye him, uncertain of that. Stating his case --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Chet, you're an accounting wizard. I've never known anyone who could crunch numbers better.

He fist bumps Chet.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Marcus, you're an HR madman. You can pick talent better than Simon Cowell & Randy Jackson combined.

Cheersing glasses with Marcus --

OWEN (CONT'D)
And Denny, your communication skills are top notch. Just look how clearly you explained the Safe Haven Law to Marcus.

He slides Denny a shot. They both drink. And then --

OWEN (CONT'D)
I'm the one who's screwed. Pritch was right. I got my job, and kept it for 5 years, for one reason only: the Broadbent family name.

Getting down on himself --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Once I get fired, I'll never work again. I'm totally unhirable.

CHET
Hey, don't talk like that, O.

MARCUS
Yeah, you'll find a job.

DENNY
You'll just have to curb your late-night drinking & womanizing a bit.

Everyone, including Owen, eye Denny, before busting out in LAUGHTER. As if this nightcrawler could ever curb his vices.

EXT. CLEMENTINE BEACH - BOARDWALK - DAY

As Owen & friends share a joint on their stroll back to the office, the two hot bikini teens who earlier hijacked Owen's attention from Riley at the beach, run to them from the sand.

They're GINNY & JENNY (both 19), with bubbliness to spare.

GINNY
Hey guys!

JENNY
Excuse us!

GINNY
We were kinda wondering if --

JENNY
You could help us settle a bet?

As they eye Owen flirtatiously, he eyes them back --

OWEN
I don't know. We'd really hate to be late getting back to our high profile desk jobs.

Eyeing his friends, practically drooling --

OWEN (CONT'D)
But sure, why not...

JENNY
Oh my God!

GINNY
Awesome!

JENNY
So, it's like this: I think Ginny has a way hotter ass than me.

GINNY
And I think Jenny's butt is ten times more bootylicious than mine.

JENNY
Can you guys take a look and tell us what you think?

Though they're dumb as shit, that doesn't stop the guys from leering as they parade their stunning asses.

CHET
Those are the two most beautiful dookie-makers I've ever seen. It's a tie!

DENNY
It's like trying to choose between pork chops & beef brisket. I call a tie, too.

MARCUS
Turn it around cuz I can't judge ass without judging boobies.

CHET
He's right. The two go together like peanut butter & jelly.

As the girls turn and flaunt their boobs --

MARCUS
Chet & Den are right, a tie it is!

Uncontrollably turned on, Denny reaches for his zipper --

DENNY
Now that it's settled, can I baste your meat with my barbecue sauce?

The girls, freaked out by him, are saved by Owen who gestures for Denny to back off.

OWEN
Easy there, K.C. Masterpiece. Nothing's settled.

And then decisively --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Ladies, my friends are well-meaning, but you wanted an honest opinion and you're gonna get one.

Eyeing Ginny's ass --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Ginny's got decent hindquarters, but she overworks it in the gym. Her gluteal muscles have been overdeveloped at the expense of her natural curves.

Now eyeing Jenny's --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Jenny's ass, however, is from another planet.

CHET
Uranus, I was thinking.

OWEN
Round, firm & naturally maintained by yoga, I presume. It's an ideal specimen. Though her skin tone would benefit from a daily loofah.

And settling it once and for all --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Jenny, you've got the nicer ass. And Ginny, you won the bet. You should both be proud today.

The girls, having gotten more than they bargained for --

JENNY
You sure know a lot about ass.

GINNY
Yeah. I guess I'll take up yoga.

As the girls stroll away, Owen's friends turn to him --

CHET
Nice one, O.

MARCUS
You're a real ass guru.

DENNY
You're the Yoda of asses.

Owen shrugs. He knows. And then something on the beach catches his eye.

Ginny & Jenny have merged into a perfect row of TWELVE GORGEOUS YOUNG WOMEN sunbathing in G-string bikinis.

All laying on beach towels, on their stomachs with their firm, fit asses facing up, Owen eyes them deep in thought.

In fact, he's now totally transfixed by their asses, sun beaming off of them, as ALL SOUND AROUND HIM GOES QUIET.

A long, contemplative moment, before finally, Owen has an incredible revelation.

And then, ALL SOUND RETURNS as he is snapped out of transfixion by his friends --

CHET
Hey, O?

DENNY
You alright?

MARCUS
What's up with you, man?

Owen, possessed by a new sense of wisdom and purpose, turns to them and shares his revelation --

OWEN
I know how we're gonna save this city from bankruptcy, and in turn, save our jobs.

CHET
How?

OWEN
We're gonna have a contest.

MARCUS
What kind of contest?

OWEN
An ass contest.

And then, looking right at us with a straight face --

OWEN (CONT'D)
A Hottest Ass Contest.

And as his friends eye him, incredulous --

INT. CITY HALL - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

As Pritchard works fiercely in his office, Owen's friends are gathered around his desk, grilling him on his idea --

CHET
I don't get it. How is some little ass contest supposed to solve our problems?

OWEN
Who said anything about little?

As Owen stands and enthusiastically pitches his vision --

OWEN (CONT'D)
By design, this contest will attract tens-of-thousands of revenue-generating revellers to Clementine Beach, smack in the middle of spring break.

And really driving the following point home --

OWEN (CONT'D)
We're talking entry fees, concessions, souvenirs. The sales tax alone will be a goldmine.

Across the way at her desk, Faith is eavesdropping on them.

MARCUS
Please. Ain't nobody hittin' up C-Town for spring break when they can party in Panama City Beach or Cancun.

OWEN
PCB is the armpit of Florida if you ask me. And Cancun? Have you seen the State Department travel warnings for Mexico?

DENNY
Forget locale. It's your idea that's flawed. There's already ass, leg, tit & toe contests up and down the coast. What's so special about yours?

OWEN
I'll tell you what's special: I'm not talking about some lame, vulgar, cottage cheese ass contest.

And now reveling in the glory of what could be --

OWEN (CONT'D)
This will be an international competition featuring world-class derrieres from six continents.

Faith is quietly appalled by the notion.

OWEN (CONT'D)
It'll elevate our city into the premier spring break destination in the United States. Maybe even the entire Western Hemisphere.

As Owen's pitch starts to resonate with them --

MARCUS
When you put it that way, it doesn't sound like such a shit idea.

DENNY
Sounds okay, actually.

CHET
I think it sounds brilliant, O. And I'm in.

OWEN
Good. I'm glad.

They bump fists. Now eyeing Marcus & Denny --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Because this is no one man show. The clock is ticking. If we're gonna make a real go at this, I need you all on board.

Marcus & Denny eye each other. And then --

MARCUS
You know we'd never say no to you.

DENNY
But just because we're in...

Gesturing to Pritchard in his office --

DENNY (CONT'D)
...doesn't mean Pritch-the-Bitch is gonna go for it.

OWEN
Don't worry about Pritchard. I'm gonna convince him. And Chet's gonna help me.

Off Chet, perplexed --

INT. CITY HALL - PRITCHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Owen & Chet stand at the foot of Pritchard's desk, who stares up at them irately.

PRITCHARD
An ass contest? This is the bucket of bile the progeny of our city's fine founder comes to me with in our darkest hour?

He stands up.

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
Get lost, Broadbent. Go whack your dick off, or whatever you normally do during office hours.

OWEN
Trust me, I've got a bottle of body butter in my desk drawer and I'm horny as an aardvark. But first, have a look at this...

On cue, Chet hands Pritchard a thick document.

PRITCHARD
What the Hell is this?

OWEN
Chet crunched the numbers. If we stage this contest and get even a quarter of the attendance PCB got last spring, we'll clear enough revenue to pay our most pressing debts and avoid bankruptcy for another quarter.

Pritchard eyes them, skeptical. And then, flipping through the document --

PRITCHARD
Interesting... Really... Damn...

He looks up, eyeing them impressed.

OWEN
So we can push forward with the contest?

PRITCHARD
Hold on. If these numbers are correct --

CHET
Trust me, they're correct.

PRITCHARD
Then that's one thing. But the fact is, this is a small town. It doesn't have the infrastructure to handle thousands of drunk college kids.

OWEN
Infrastructure? When I was in college, all I needed was a 24-pack and a sleeping bag to hump on.

PRITCHARD
Even if I did authorize your contest, the mayor would never allow it. Unlike you, he has principles.

Now pleading --

OWEN
Come on Pritch, the mayor's out for bypass surgery this entire week.

CHET
In his absence, you're in charge.

OWEN
Green light the contest and by the time he returns, it'll be over and you'll be a hero.

Pritchard eyes Owen hard --

PRITCHARD
You're asking me to go behind Mayor Donaldson's back?

OWEN
It's the only option to pull this city out of ruin and you know it.

Pritchard thinks hard on it. Tormented by the decision he has to make, finally --

PRITCHARD
Alright. You go ahead with your ass contest.

But with one final caveat --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
That is, if you can cobble together enough startup cash.

OWEN
Startup cash?

PRITCHARD
Stage rentals, sound systems, security, Porta-Potties. You're talking 150, maybe 200 grand.

Owen is taken aback by the amount. With a shit-eating grin --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
What? Did you think you'd get that from the city?

He LAUGHS, bursting Owen's bubble. At least for the moment.

INT. THE GATOR SHACK - NIGHT

As a LIVE BAND cranks out bad 90's covers, Owen joins his friends drinking beers at a table in back.

OWEN
Put your drinking caps on guys. We need to pull 200 G's together to get the contest up and running.

They eye him, staggered by the number.

DENNY
If I had 200 grand, I'd buy a personal submarine so I could jerk off underwater.

MARCUS
A submarine? Why not buy something cool, like a Bentley?

DENNY
You expect me to jerk off in an automobile?

OWEN
Guys. Any of you know any venture capitalists or millionaire playboys who'd want to invest?

Now they eye him, incredulous. But then --

CHET
Actually O, you do.

OWEN
Me?

CHET
Yeah. Beau Bingham.

Marcus & Denny eye Owen in disbelief --

DENNY
You know Beau Bingham?

MARCUS
The pitcher for the Miami Marlins?

OWEN
I used to know him. We played ball at Clementine High together. But we haven't talked in years.

CHET
So what? He totally dug you. Plus, he's loaded. I read he dropped 600 grand on an endangered black panther from Bolivia.

OWEN
Maybe, but Beau famously abandoned this city when he got famous. He's not gonna get involved with us now.

CHET
Do we have any other choice?

Owen thinks on it. They don't. And then --

OWEN
Fine, I'll ask. Meanwhile, Denny, start a balls out online marketing campaign spreading word to college students about the contest.

DENNY
Check that.

OWEN
Chet, your bro is a Hollywood hotshot, right?

CHET
He works in the mailroom at William Morris Endeavor.

OWEN
Perfect. Have him get us a host for the contest. Someone funny and charming, like Bill Maher.

CHET
I'll see what I can do.

OWEN
Marcus, I need you to headhunt the hottest asses on the planet. Find girls who've already won regional contests. And if you're uncertain of their worthiness, just ask me.

MARCUS
Word. But if you're demanding the best-of-the-best, you need to sweeten the pot.

OWEN
Good point. We'll offer a $25,000 Grand Prize and all girls who participate get free room & board.

MARCUS
Room & board?

OWEN
You & Denny are gonna reopen the Surfrider Inn.
(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)
The girls can crash there and it'll be our base camp while we prep for the contest.

Looking concerned --

DENNY
But we have jobs, Owen. When are we supposed to do all this shit?

OWEN
I talked to Pritch. He knows that until the contest is over 6 days from now, it's our only job.

As he gets up to head out --

OWEN (CONT'D)
BTW, Chet, be sure to gas up the Sebring on your way home tonight.

CHET
Why?

OWEN
Because me & you are rollin' down to South Beach in the AM.

EXT. COLLINS AVENUE (MIAMI SOUTH BEACH) - NEXT MORNING

Owen, riding shotgun, is chauffeured by Chet in his beat-to-shit '95 Chrysler Sebring convertible.

Cruising down this epicenter of activity as the sun blazes, Chet's jaw drops at the sight of a LATINA BIKINI BABE (19), on the sidewalk and sporting perfect boobs & cameltoe.

As he lowers his sunglasses and demands her attention with a crass tongue gesture, he unwittingly veers into the oncoming lane of traffic and runs a scooter off the road.

Now about to crash into a Porsche, Owen grabs the wheel and cranks them back into their lane, saving their lives!

And as Chet shrugs off Owen's admonishing look --

EXT. INDIAN CREEK DRIVE (INDIAN CREEK ISLAND) - DAY

Now cruising through this posh residential Miami 'hood, Owen & Chet come upon a gated driveway.

EXT. BEAU BINGHAM'S ESTATE - FRONT GATE - DAY

Beyond the high gate lie acres of manicured grounds leading to a dreamy Med villa. BUZZING the intercom, clearly they've been waiting a while.

CHET
Dude's not answering. Maybe this was a dumb idea. We should bounce.

OWEN
We came all this way. We're gonna see Beau even if we have to scale this gate.

Just then, Chet gestures to signage depicting a vicious Doberman.

CHET
But he's got dogs, O. Dogs fucking hate me.

OWEN
Don't be ridiculous.

Eyeing the yard --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Besides, there's no dogs here. Those signs are just for show. To keep the riff raff out.

And as Owen starts to climb the gate as Chet follows --

CHET
What are we?

EXT. BEAU BINGHAM'S ESTATE - YARD - DAY

Owen & Chet stroll towards the house several hundred feet away. And then, Owen spots something that instantly stops him in his tracks. With a TREMOR in his voice --

OWEN
Uh, hey Chet?

Chet now stops, too. Turning back to Owen --

CHET
Yeah?

OWEN
You said dogs hate you, right?

CHET
Yeah.

OWEN
Do panthers hate you, too?

CHET
No. Not that I know of. Why?

OWEN
Because there's one staring at us right now like we're its next meal.

Just then, Chet turns to see what Owen sees: the endangered black panther Chet earlier mentioned, not more than 50-feet away. It ROARS, further scaring the shit out of them.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Oh, fuck me.

CHET
Fuck me, too.

And then, as the panther starts to walk towards them, and then run, Owen eyes an open screen door at the house.

OWEN
The door, Chet! Run!

They take off running. The panther speeds up. They look back as it catches up. And just as they near the house, the panther leaps onto Chet's back, tackling him to the ground.

Chet SCREAMS LIKE A BITCH as the panther is about to maul him. But just then --

A MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Beyonce!

The name instantly snaps the panther off of Chet and to attention. Standing in the doorway, the owner of the voice --

BEAU BINGHAM (28)

Buzz cut & built like a truck, he's a cocky bastard with a penchant for chewing copious amounts of loose leaf tobacco.

BEAU
Get your black ass off him!

Beyonce, obedient, backs off Chet as he pulls himself off the ground. But Owen & Chet now realize Beau is aiming a shotgun at them.

BEAU (CONT'D)
What's up mofos? Thanks for stopping by. I've been itchin' to test out Florida's Stand Your Ground law.

As he COCKS the firearm --

OWEN
Beau, wait -- it's me!

Beau eyes him closer, not recognizing.

BEAU
Me, who?

OWEN
Owen Broadbent. Clementine Beach High. Remember?

Beau eyes him again. Now recognizing --

BEAU
Well I'll be damned. It is you, Broadbent.
(and then)
What the Hell are you doing here?

OWEN
I came to see you.

Beau stares at him coldly for a long moment. But finally, he lowers his gun and grins.

BEAU
Well come on in and have a cold one, man!
(to Chet)
You, too, you little high pitch bitch.
(to Beyonce)
And you -- go play with the dogs.

As Beyonce mopes away and Beau heads in the house, Owen & Chet follow him in.

CHET
I told you he had dogs.

INT. BEAU BINGHAM'S ESTATE - MAN CAVE - DAY

Featuring a wall-to-wall theater screen, pool table and bar. Beau eyes Owen as he open beers --

BEAU
God damn blast from the past.
(and then)
Remember we used to double bone
that Latvian exchange student?

CHET
You did that?

Owen's look suggests he did and he's not proud. Beau hands them the beers, then starts to shoot pool as he eyes the Twins/Redsox game on TV. The Twins hit a double.

BEAU
Aww, Boston, you're fucken me!
(and then)
I've got 300 large on this game.

CHET
You bet on your own sport?

BEAU
Yeah, so what? It's fun.
(defensive)
What, you think I got a problem?

CHET
No, of course not...

An uncomfortable moment. And then --

BEAU
I've thought about you from time to
time, Broadbent. I once considered
calling you up just to say hey.

OWEN
Why didn't you?

BEAU
I hit the bigtime. Everyone seemed
to have their hand out, so I
decided to leave my past behind.

Owen realizes he's got his work cut out for him here.

OWEN
Well Beau, I certainly don't have
my hand out.
(and then)
But I do have an investment op you
won't be able to refuse.

BEAU
(suspicious)
Oh, yeah? What kind of investment?

OWEN
An investment in your reputation.

Beau is perplexed.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Clementine Beach is in dire financial straits and I'm staging an ass contest during spring break to save it from bankruptcy.

BEAU
You're kidding?

OWEN
I kid not. I'd like to offer you the opportunity to kick in 200 G's and if the event's profitable --

CHET
And we have little doubt that it won't be --

OWEN
You'll get your money back after, plus a generous 25 percent.

Beau sets his cue down, eyeing Owen coldly. And then --

BEAU
No thanks. And I gotta get to practice, so --

OWEN
Beau, you know you have a rep as guy who got rich, then abandoned his hometown for a fancy SoBe lifestyle.

BEAU
Excuse me?

OWEN
Clementine Beach officials have requested your support at numerous local events over the years. And every time, you've blown 'em off.

Beau's look says it's true.

OWEN (CONT'D)
People think you're callous and you forgot where you came from.

CHET
O's right. Leaving your past behind may have protected you from predators, but it also made you look like a complete asshole.

OWEN
Make this investment and I'll make sure everyone knows you helped your hometown when it needed it most.

Beau takes them seriously now, considering --

BEAU
An ass contest, huh?

And finally, he finds his check book and starts writing --

BEAU (CONT'D)
You're a persuasive sumbitch, you know that?

Just then, they hear CALLING from another room --

A WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Beau Bear? Where are you?

CHET
Beau Bear?

BEAU
That's my woman.
(yelling back)
I'm in the Man Cave, baby!

Seconds later, she enters. And to the shock & horror of Owen, she's Riley Chong, the chick he earlier fucked on the beach. She's just as shocked to see him. But covering --

RILEY
Uh, hi...

OWEN
Uh, hey...

But Beau gets suspicious as he eyes their demeanor --

BEAU
You know my little Korean butterfly?

RILEY
I'm Chinese...

OWEN
No, I don't believe I do.

A moment. And then --

BEAU
Come on. You can't fool me.

Owen & Riley say no more as Beau studies them further. And then --

BEAU (CONT'D)
You nailed her, didn't you?

OWEN
I... Yeah. I did. I'm sorry.

BEAU
Sorry? For what? It was long before me & her shacked up, obviously.

OWEN
Uh, yeah. Obviously.

BEAU
Pussy gets shared. Shit happens. And it ain't like I thought she was a virgin when we met.

She eyes him offended. And then --

BEAU (CONT'D)
No harm, no foul. Here...

Handing Owen the check before SMACKING Riley's ass --

BEAU (CONT'D)
Gotta jet. Be a doll and show 'em out. And make sure Beyonce doesn't eat this one.

Gesturing to Chet. And as Owen & Riley eye each other relieved as he splits --

EXT. BEAU BINGHAM'S ESTATE - YARD - DAY

Riley escorts Owen & Chet down a path, no panther in sight.

OWEN
So the girl who broke my heart on the beach is into cads after all.

RILEY
Only rich cads. And I didn't break your heart.

OWEN
Maybe not. But you certainly left a contusion.

RILEY
If Beau finds out me & you had sex the other night, you'll be wishing all you had was a contusion.

OWEN
Are you gonna tell him?

RILEY
Hell, no. I don't want your blood on my hands.

Injecting himself into the conversation --

CHET
I'm Chet by the way. I smelled your vagina on him yesterday.

She eyes him, disgusted. As they arrive at the gate --

RILEY
What the hell are you doing here, Owen? How do *you* know a baseball star?

OWEN
Don't sound so surprised. I keep some pretty impressive company.

Eyeing douchy Chet, she hardly believes him. Copping --

OWEN (CONT'D)
We played ball together in our school days. Now he's helping fund an ass contest I'm staging.

Ogling her beautiful rear once again --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Actually, you should enter.

RILEY
Actually, you should leave.

They do. Owen eyes Chet admonishingly as they put some distance on her --

OWEN
I smelled your vagina on him...?

EXT. CROSSROADS CHURCH - DAY

A modern megachurch with an oversized cross looming above.

INT. CROSSROADS CHURCH - AUDITORIUM - DAY

An ultra-conservative AUDIENCE listens intently as --

PASTOR CANDY SCOTT (37)

A wicked hottie in a snug blouse, pencil skirt and tight ponytail delivers a powerful sermon. Reading from a Kindle --

PASTOR SCOTT
Matthew 5:28. *Whosoever looks on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.*

Now stepping out from behind a podium, Kindle in hand and eyeing the audience, we realize Faith is among them.

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
Is it such a surprise that men lust after women? Especially when they insist that they dress like streetwalkers?

Audience REACTION suggests it's no surprise.

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
You men out there need a role model in your lives to show you the moral path. And I know just the person.

Teeing up her Kindle --

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'll read you an unedited passage from this man of God, no doubt using ungodly language that under normal circumstances I'd never repeat, but doing so strictly for the purpose of making his woman understand the ills of dressing provocatively.

Now reading --

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
When you go out in public it's a fucking embarrassment to me. You look like a fucking bitch in heat. And if you get raped by a pack of niggers it'll be your fault, all right? Because you provoked it.

Pastor Scott pauses, allowing the potency of the words to sink in. And then --

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
Let us all learn from Mel Gibson, the righteous expectations that men should have of their women.

And then turning to Jesus on a cross behind her --

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
And let us all praise the Lord Jesus Christ, for giving us the strength to follow the righteous path. Amen.

The audience, including Faith, ERUPTS IN PRAISE --

THE AUDIENCE
Amen!

INT. CROSSROADS CHURCH - PASTOR SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

An eerily over-sanitized room dominated by a prominent wall cross. Faith sits across from Pastor Scott at her desk. She's quite taken by this religious leader.

FAITH
Your sermon was incredible, Pastor Scott. It moved me deeply.

PASTOR SCOTT
There are forces of evil trying to destroy us, Faith. We need to keep fighting the good fight.

FAITH
I know. That's why I felt it was urgent that I speak with you.

PASTOR SCOTT
What's on your mind, honey?

FAITH
There's a situation with a man I work with. His name is Owen Broadbent.

PASTOR SCOTT
Wait a minute. I know that name.

The pastor pulls from her drawer a journal. Paging through it, she finds what she's look for.

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
Just as I suspected. He's on our church's watch list.

FAITH
Watch list?

PASTOR SCOTT
Of heathens. He's been on our radar for some time now with all his drinking, drugging & carousing.

Eyeing Faith intensely --

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
Did that sinner touch you? Did he violate you?

FAITH
No, Pastor. Nothing like that.
(and then)
He's organizing a contest on our beach this coming weekend.

PASTOR SCOTT
Contest?

FAITH
A buttocks contest.

A vile look emerges on the pastor's face.

FAITH (CONT'D)
He's rallied the support of the deputy mayor and all his disciples at City Hall. They do whatever he says. He's like Jesus to them.

A moment as her anger builds. Then, SPITTING the word out --

PASTOR SCOTT
Buttockses. Why would anybody want to look at those dirty and despicable things? They should be covered by cloth at all times.

Just then, a raging determination washes over her.

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
No such contest will take place in this city under my watch. I'm going to put the fear of God into Owen Broadbent.

She eyes Faith, a crazed look in her eye --

PASTOR SCOTT (CONT'D)
I may put on a light and frothy show here at church, but I can go dark. Very dark.

Faith is taken aback by her wickedness. And then --

FAITH
Pastor Scott, please don't tell anyone I brought this matter to you. It could jeopardize my job.

PASTOR SCOTT
Don't worry, Faith. We take care of our own kind.

EXT. CHET'S HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NEXT MORNING

Chet steps out of this modest abode and joins Owen, whose been waiting. From inside, YELLING --

CHET'S MOM (O.S.)
Chet, what are all these stains on your underwear?

YELLING back --

CHET
Don't worry about 'em mom!

OWEN
Dude, I can't believe you still live with her.

CHET
I've got it made here. Who do you think is gonna scrub those stains off?

Shaking his head --

OWEN
Come on, what's the surprise you wanted to show me?

EXT. CHET'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH - DAY

As Owen & Chet approach from the side yard --

CHET
We have to determine a contest winner, right?

OWEN
Uh, right.

CHET
Well I came up with the perfect way to do it.

Arriving on the porch, they come upon a tarp draped over a 12-foot tall object. As Chet removes the tarp --

CHET (CONT'D)
Meet the Ass-O-Meter.

The Ass-O-Meter is a digital device resembling a giant thermometer, only it's hot pink in color and at the very top, emblazoned with a pair of flesh-toned, ceramic ass cheeks.

Owen is severely taken aback by it --

OWEN
What the...

CHET
I bought this applause meter at the flea market last summer. I didn't know what to do with it till now.

Chet plugs it in and it lights up like a pinball machine.

CHET (CONT'D)
I stayed up all night refurbishing it to fit the theme of the contest. Did you notice the ceramic ass at the top?

OWEN
(obviously)
Yeah, I noticed.

CHET
You love it, don't you?

Eyeing Chet, matter-of-factly --

OWEN
It's a monstrosity, I've never seen anything uglier and I'm ashamed to stand next to it.

Chet is taken aback by his reaction. But then --

CHET
Wait a second, you're totally joshing me, right?

OWEN
I'm not joshing. Your Ass-O-Meter sucks ass!

CHET
Then how are we gonna judge the contest?

OWEN
With judges, Chet. You're gonna find us actual judges. And you only have three days left to do it.

Chet nods, defeated. And then --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Come on, Marcus has images to show me and he needs your help with the projector.

And as they shuffle off --

INT. CITY HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

At a conference table, Chet fumbles with an overhead projector, threatening it.

CHET
Don't mess with me *ese*, I'll kill you.

Meanwhile, Denny works on a laptop and Marcus engages Owen in a philosophical dialogue.

MARCUS
I don't understand your hardon for ass, Owen. I know I'm a brotha and I'm supposed to love booty, but truth be told, I'm a boob man.

Owen kicks back as he expounds on his tastes & preferences --

OWEN
The fact is Marcus, most Blacks & Latinos have known for centuries what us white men have only recently realized: the female ass has profound significance.

Opening a bottle of whiskey and pouring shots --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Remember in *9 1/2 Weeks,* when Mickey Rourke extolled the virtues of Kim Basinger's heart-shaped ass?

MARCUS
You really think I watched that shit?

OWEN
The point I'm trying to make is, Mickey got the sentiment right, but in actuality he was just scratching the surface.

MARCUS
What surface?

OWEN
The desire for a woman with a great ass is embedded in the male genetic code. We're drawn to shapely hips and round bottoms because they're an anatomical cue of sexual maturity.

Marcus is now intrigued.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Furthermore, the ass is a key element of a woman's overall architecture. And sans an appealing one, she simply won't capture my imagination.

MARCUS
Fascinating.
(and then)
But I'm still a boob man. You can motorboat boobs.

At that very moment, Denny now standing behind Chet, chimes in --

DENNY
You can motorboat ass, too!

Denny drops down, sticks his face in Chet's butt and MOTORBOATS THE HELL OUT OF IT. Repulsed --

CHET
Hey, get out of my butt!

Just then, the projector starts working. On a screen, an image of a DROP DEAD GORGEOUS LATINA (22), with the kind of ass rappers write songs about, appears.

Owen, Chet & Denny are bowled over by her.

CHET (CONT'D)
Who the Hell is that?

MARCUS
Rafaela Mezzomondo. She's a Brazilian ass model.

Eyeing Owen --

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I need your approval on her and several others.

OWEN
How could I not approve that?

DENNY
No shit. I'd love to bend her over a toilet tank.

Marcus remotely changes the image to an AFRICAN GODDESS (23), with long limbs and a muscular backside.

MARCUS
That's Maida Mudiwa. She's a refugee from Zimbabwe.

OWEN
Score one for the Dark Continent.

DENNY
If you bounced a quarter off that ass, God would catch it in Heaven.

CHET
Can I borrow that line sometime?

Now replacing Maida is an image of STARLA PERKINS (24), a sexy Mid-Westerner bearing a striking resemblance to a young Kim Basinger. She has blue eyes and a gorgeous ass.

And Owen is nothing short of smitten.

OWEN
Stop the presses. Who is that?

MARCUS
Name's Starla Perkins. She's from Ohio. She just won Toledo's Miss Bubble Butt pageant.

Owen rises, inching towards the screen to study her form --

OWEN
Is it just me, or does she actually have a heart-shaped ass?

MARCUS
Yeah, maybe. But can we move on cuz I've got a dozen more hotties to show you before I gotta split to feed my ungrateful kids?

OWEN
I've seen enough, Marcus. They're all in. You outdid yourself, especially for a boob man.

MARCUS
Thanks, chief.

OWEN
Send 'em invites. Except for Starla. Her I'll call myself.

INT. CITY HALL - MAIN OFFICE FLOOR - DAY

Owen's at his desk eyeing another sexy image of Starla on his computer screen as he places a call.

INT. STARLA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A phone RINGS. STARLA'S GRANDMA, hooked up to oxygen and chain smoking, HACKS HER LUNGS OUT as she YELLS --

GRANDMA
Starla! Answer the fucking phone!

Just then, STARLA, in daisy dukes & tank top, and looking even hotter in person, enters the room. Good naturedly --

STARLA
Sorry Grandma, I got it.

Answering --

STARLA (CONT'D)
Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN: INT. CITY HALL/INT. STARLA'S HOUSE

OWEN
Starla Perkins?

STARLA
That'd be me.

Just then, Grandma HACKS again. It's so loud, Owen momentarily pulls the phone off his ear. When she stops --

OWEN
Owen Broadbent. I'm the Associate Directives Liaison for the City of Clementine Beach, Florida.

STARLA
Associate what?

OWEN
Never mind. I was just calling to congratulate you on your recent Miss Bubble Butt win.

Starla's now politely annoyed.

STARLA
Thanks. But if this is a ploy to ask me out, I have a boyfriend.

Owen's deflated by the revelation. But then bucking up --

OWEN
I promise, it's nothing like that. Actually, we're staging a contest of our own down here, but far grander in scope & scale. I'd like to invite you to enter.

STARLA
Sorry, but Bubble Butt was a one shot deal for me. I don't plan on making my ass my career.

Grandma HACKS again, even louder. Owen stares at the phone, perplexed --

OWEN
Do you have a pet yak? Is it choking on something? Need a vet?

Starla LAUGHS. The ice is finally broken.

STARLA
No, that's Grandma. Lifelong Marlboro Red smoker. She's got Stage 4 emphysema and needs a new lung.

OWEN
Sounds... expensive.

STARLA
You're telling me. Even with a second mortgage on her house, we're 20 grand short.
(whispering)
She'll probably be dead soon.

OWEN
Yikes. Sorry to hear that. I would've hoped the Bubble Butt prize money would've helped.

STARLA
Prize money? All I got was a 250 dollar gift card to Wal-Mart.

OWEN
You're kidding...

STARLA
I wish.

Owen grins, slyly.

OWEN
In that case, I should mention that our Grand Prize is 25K.

STARLA
(awestruck)
25 thousand? Are you shittin' me?

OWEN
I shit you not. So come on down and I'll even comp you airfare.

As Starla grins excitedly at the proposition --

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

With an extra bounce in his step, Owen approaches the door to his unit. About to unlock it, he realizes it's ajar.

Apprehensively pushing it open, to his shock, he finds a giant wooden cross lit by string lights in place of where the *9 1/2 Weeks* poster was. It even has a "bleeding" Jesus statue nailed to it.

Entering --

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Owen eyes the spectacle with only one thing to say --

OWEN
Jesus Christ.

He flips a light switch, but it doesn't work. Then, the door SLAMS shut behind him, startling the shit out of him.

He turns to find a shadowy figure (Pastor Scott) in a black cloak and frightening Bronze Age metallic mask with eye & mouth slits in the shape of crosses.

She brandishes a medieval flail (a rod attached to a chain attached to a metal ball with spikes). And then --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Chet? Come on, what the fuck?

In a DIGITALLY-ENHANCED SINISTER VOICE --

PASTOR SCOTT
Watch your mouth heathen. And don't call me Chet.

Realizing it's not Chet --

OWEN
Who are you? Is this a joke?

PASTOR SCOTT
Wrath is no joke sinner. And it's paying you a visit today.

OWEN
You can't be in here.

Gesturing to the wall --

OWEN (CONT'D)
And what the Hell did you do with Kim Basinger?

PASTOR SCOTT
I incinerated the whore.

Owen is momentarily crushed. And then --

OWEN
I'm calling the cops. I'm having you arrested.

As he pulls his smartphone from his pocket --

PASTOR SCOTT
God can't be arrested

OWEN
Uh, you're not God.

PASTOR SCOTT
I'm God's messenger. And the message is: Don't mess with Him!

Just then, she lights the ball of the flail on fire. And with great precision, she swings it at Owen, knocking the smartphone clear from his hand.

As he jerks his hand back, stunned --

OWEN
Christ! I jerk off with that hand!

PASTOR SCOTT
For the last time you have used His name in vein!

She takes several more wild swings at Owen with the flaming flail. Each time it gets closer as he dodges. Finally, Owen can't take it anymore --

OWEN
Alright! Stop! Please! Just tell me what the Hell you want from me!

PASTOR SCOTT
You will put an end to your depravery & debauchery! Your buttocks contest will be aborted!

On that, Owen's heard enough. He takes a stand.

OWEN
So that's what this nonsense is all about.
(and then)
I'll do no such thing. And besides, I thought you people weren't down with abortions!

On that, he charges her and slams his foot into her gut. She flies back and CRASHES through a window, falling out.

Surprised by his kick's effect, Owen approaches the window to find Pastor Scott 20-feet below, face now unmasked and hair flowing, crawling out of a bush that caught her fall.

And as he watches her limp away hurriedly --

EXT. OWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEY - NEXT MORNING

As Chet helps Owen carry the cross --

CHET
Who the Hell was she?

OWEN
A Jesus freak with a serious aversion to ass.

CHET
You've gotta call the cops.

OWEN
There's no time. We need to check up on progress at the beach.

They hoist the cross into a dumpster. As they walk away --

CHET
Oh yeah, turns out my bro knows Bill Maher's agent's waxologist. He got Maher to sign on to host.

OWEN
For real?

Chet's look says so.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Sweet deal!

They bump fists.

EXT. CLEMENTINE BEACH - DAY

On one end of the beach, a CREW OF WORKERS erects a giant elevated stage with a stunning tropical backdrop. On the other, a flatbed truck arrives with a dozen portable toilets.

Across the entire beach, work activity of all kinds related to the contest is in effect. The scale is impressive.

Owen stands on the beach with Chet, taking it all in.

OWEN
Me & you have spent our lives on this beach, Chet. Getting high, chasing tail.

CHET
That's for sure. Except you always caught all the tail.

Owen can't argue with that. And then, proudly --

OWEN
Did you ever imagine us doing something this important? Putting on an ass contest of this scale?

CHET
Never. I actually imagined us in prison, getting raped in the ass.

They walk now. Chet eyes Owen curiously --

CHET (CONT'D)
You know, with the exception of getting laid, I've never seen you this passionate about anything. It's cool. And I'm proud of you.

OWEN
Thanks, Chet. I'm proud of you, too.

CHET
For what?

OWEN
For having the vision to back me on this idea. For sticking by me, always. For being the best friend I could ever have.

Chet savors the praise from his hero for a sec. And then --

CHET
Hey O, I'm just curious, have you wondered what your great gramps would say if he were alive and knew you were staging a contest verging on soft porn?

OWEN
Sure I've wondered.
(and then)
Great Grandpa Broadbent came here from Wales, broke. He couldn't get work. He nearly starved to death. But being the rugged bastard he was, he eventually pulled himself up by his bootstraps and built this city from the ground up.

Owen stops, looking Chet in the eyes --

OWEN (CONT'D)
He'd be proud of me because I'm gonna do my part to carry on the legacy he built and do it my own way. And I'll tell you something else...

On his smartphone, Owen pulls up an old B&W depicting a woman in an old-fashioned bathing suit, flaunting her ample butt.

OWEN (CONT'D)
...That's great grandma Iris. Look at that fanny. Know what that means? Great grandpa was a total assman, just like me!

Just then, Owen notices Chet's eyes watering.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Chet, are you crying?

CHET
You never told me that story before. It's beautiful.

OWEN
Dude, pull yourself together. The ladies will be arriving soon and you need to look presentable.

As Chet wipes away tears and they roll --

EXT. SURFRIDER INN - DAY

Unlike when Owen earlier skated past this boutique hotel, the window boards have been removed and the place is lit up. A banner out front reads: *Welcome Hottest Ass Contestants*

As Owen & Chet enter --

INT. SURFRIDER INN - LOBBY - DAY

They find themselves in the midst of a lively champagne reception welcoming SEVEN OF THE SEXY CONTESTANTS in flirtatious outfits, all of whom boast bodacious backsides.

Overseeing the reception is Marcus who mingles, Denny who documents with a video camera, and a SMALL WAIT STAFF that serves champagne & hors d'oeuvres.

Denny approaches Marcus, discreetly --

DENNY
This is fucking insane. I've never been in a room with this many 9's & 10's before.

MARCUS
This ain't nothing. Only a third of the contestants are even here. When the rest show, the shit's gonna be off the hook.

A moment. And then --

DENNY
I think I just shot my load.

Across the room, clearly in his environment, Owen grabs a glass of champagne off a waiter's tray and CLINKS it, commanding the women's attention. As they gather around --

OWEN
Ladies, welcome to Clementine Beach and the historic Surfrider Inn. My name is Owen, this is my colleague Chet, and clearly you've already met Marcus & Denny.

Gesturing to Denny and his camera --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Don't be afraid of him. He's simply acquiring footage for our online campaign so we can better promote the contest & all of you.

Now eyeing the girls, knowingly --

OWEN (CONT'D)
And let's not be modest, you're all here because you belong. Because when it comes to backsides, you're the best-of-the-best.

Gesturing to Chet, Marcus & Denny --

OWEN (CONT'D)
And we're here to ensure your stay is pleasant and your contest experience memorable.

Moving closer to them --

OWEN (CONT'D)
So we can better know you, please state your name, where you're from, and tell us something scintillating about yourself. Starting with you:

Gesturing to ALEJANDRA (19), a raven-haired beauty --

ALEJANDRA & ALL OF THE FOLLOWING GIRLS SPEAK ENGLISH W/ THEIR RESPECTIVE NATIVE LANGUAGE ACCENTS

ALEJANDRA
Alejandra. I'm from Peru. And I can drink anyone under the table.

Next up, FRANKA (22), a stunning blonde --

FRANKA
Franka. Netherlands. I don't have a single hair anywhere on my body.

VERONICA (21), a fair-skinned cutie --

VERONICA
Veronica. Australia. I once blew my country's Prime Minister while his wife was in the next room.

NAOMI (18), an exotic temptress --

NAOMI
Naomi. Barbados. I've never owned an undergarment.

MAIDA (23), the tall African goddess from the slideshow --

MAIDA
Maida. Zimbabwe. I can wrap my legs around a man. Twice.

RAFAELA (23), the Brazilian ass model, also from the slideshow --

RAFAELA
Rafaela Dominica Guzman Mezzomondo. *República Federativa do Brasil*.

She turns, jutting out her perfect ass strapped into a pair of curve-hugging jeans. She's one cocky bitch.

RAFAELA (CONT'D)
My ass is a work of art that defies the laws of gravity, space & time.

And now eyeing the other contestants --

RAFAELA (CONT'D)
And you are all wasting your time trying to compete with me. Go home!

The girls all react with COMMENTS akin to "whatever" and "screw you bitch." All except for Starla, who now politely introduces herself --

STARLA
Hi all. I'm Starla from Toledo. And, um, I'd love to swap this champagne for a cold beer.

Rafaela eyes her up & down, disgusted --

RAFAELA
Beer? Ha! In Brazil, we drink *caipirinhas*. But if I were you, I'd give up booze altogether. You can't afford the calories.

STARLA
I'll take my chances, thanks.

As Owen eyes Starla with a grin --

MOMENTS LATER

Owen hands Starla a beer as the reception continues. She takes a sip.

OWEN
Better?

STARLA
Much.

She eyes him curiously for a long moment. For the first time, we see him uncomfortable.

OWEN
Damn calzone. I have spinach in my teeth, don't I?

STARLA
No. Sorry for staring. It's just, you surprised me.

OWEN
Really? How?

STARLA
When we talked on the phone, I pictured you being older. And --

OWEN
Creepier?

STARLA
Uh, yeah. Much creepier.

They LAUGH.

OWEN
You haven't seen me ride a carousel at Disney World in my jockstrap.

Now Starla LAUGHS HARD. Curiously, from across the room, contestants Naomi & Veronica eye-fuck Owen as they whisper to each other. Not noticing them --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Seriously though, I'm glad you decided to come, Starla.

And gesturing to Rafaela across the way --

OWEN (CONT'D)
And if you want me to drop a laxative in you-know-whose *caipirinha*, just lemme know.

STARLA
I'll definitely keep that in mind.

Now eyeing him, playful --

STARLA (CONT'D)
So, how will you keep all us girls entertained till the contest?

OWEN
I figured we've got this entire hotel at our disposal.

STARLA
Yeah?

OWEN
So why not invite a few friends over and throw a little welcome party?

Starla smiles.

STARLA
I'm up for a little partying.

EXT. SURFRIDER INN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

To call this party "little" would be a major injustice. Relentless beats THUMP from inside & carry into the night.

THRONGS OF YOUNG PARTIERS make their way inside as others drink, smoke, snort & fuck in the parking lot.

INT. SURFRIDER INN - LOBBY - NIGHT

What has now essentially transformed into a raging Berlin-style nightclub with SCANTILY CLAD BODIES moving to DANCE BEATS spun by an EDGY DJ DUDE (20) in a corner booth.

Marcus, dancing with Maida, busts out moves that would put even Usher to shame. TALKING LOUD over the music --

MAIDA
I'm impressed.

And then turning and shaking her ass for him --

MAIDA (CONT'D)
Are you?

MARCUS
You got a round booty fo sho. But you're a little lacking in the titty department.

MAIDA
(offended)
Excuse me? My breasts are adorable.

MARCUS
Go ahead then. Prove it.

Maida lifts her top and reveals her perfect, perky little boobs. Marcus eyes them, copping to his error --

MARCUS (CONT'D)
I stand erected.

And as she puts them away and they grind each other --

INT. SURFRIDER INN - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Giving the bacchanals and orgies of ancient Rome a run for their money...

This wide and dimly lit hall is ideal for the game of Clothesline, in which TWO GENDER-MIXED TEAMS consisting of PARTYBOYS & GIRLS compete by stripping off items of clothing to create the longest line of clothes on the floor.

And at this point, let's just say there are far more clothes draped across the floor than on the players.

Meanwhile, the doors to all the rooms are open and FROLICKING GUESTS, including contestants we've met and MANY WE HAVEN'T, move in and out of them in a clothing optional free-for-all.

Moving past the --

ESCAPADE SUITE

A bed is swarming with NAKED MOVING BODIES. It's only moments later we realize Chet is creepily lurking in a dark corner of the room pleasuring himself to the live porn.

TANGO SUITE

Denny, with his camera trained on Alejandra & Franka, both in bikinis, proceeds with an interview as --

P.O.V. VIEWFINDER

The girls play with each other as they eye-fuck the camera --

DENNY (O.S.)
Can you please tell your curious fans the benefits of possessing an epic rear end?

ALEJANDRA
I'll tell you this: random guys come up and smack it, bite it & stick things in it all the time.

DENNY (O.S.)
Oh yeah? How do you react?

ALEJANDRA
God blessed me with a beautiful ass. The least I can do is let men enjoy it.

DENNY (O.S.)
What about girls? Do they ever play with your ass?

Franka chimes in --

FRANKA
Girls are more gentle. They like to lick it, scratch it & sniff it.

DENNY (O.S.)
Sniff it?

FRANKA
Like this...

And as Franka lowers to her knees and slips Alejandra's bikini bottom off --

VANITY SUITE

Rafaela, nude and eyeing her rear in a full-length mirror, engages in a hilarious and elaborate ass-luffaing ritual. She's the queen of narcissism.

EXT. SURFRIDER INN - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

As a HIPSTER DJ CHICK (22) spins tunes for the outdoor PARTIERS, they cheer on COMPETITORS in the pool engaging in the dangerous drinking game known as Swimming for Shots.

Competitors down a shot on one end of the pool, swim to the other end, down another shot, & repeat until a loser drowns.

And just as a DROWNING VICTIM has to be fished out, we catch a snippet of conversation between Naomi & Veronica, previously seen eye-fucking Owen, now drinking on the deck.

NAOMI
He's like a cross between Clint Eastwood & Justin Bieber.

VERONICA
I am so gonna go down on him.

We now realize they're eyeing Owen again, across the way and kicking back on a chaise lounge next to Starla. As Starla observes the mad revelry --

STARLA
Wow. Spring break in Florida is even crazier than I heard it was.

OWEN
If it's a party you want, this is certainly the place to be.

STARLA
You really love to party, don't you?

OWEN
Sure, who doesn't? But sometimes I wonder if I should slow down. I'm not 21 anymore.

STARLA
Ah, maturity. Creeps up on everyone at some point.

OWEN
Uh, mature is not a word commonly used to describe me.

As Owen pulls out one of his zebra joints --

OWEN (CONT'D)
But a doctor recently described my liver as a jailhouse riot.

She LAUGHS. Owen grins.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I'm glad you find my thrashed liver amusing.

Just as Owen is about to light up, Marcus approaches them, concerned.

MARCUS
Hey Owen, we've got company. Cops...

And as Owen, disquieted, slips the joint into his shirt pocket and gets up --

EXT. SURFRIDER INN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Owen comes face-to-face with Clementine Beach Police Officers WARREN (47) & LEMKE (44). Both are humorless authoritarians.

OWEN
Officers, welcome. Can I offer you cocktails? Perhaps introduce you to some female specimens?

OFFICER WARREN
I don't drink. And I'm married.

OFFICER LEMKE
We're on duty. Hadn't you noticed?

OWEN
My apologies. My offer was a misguided attempt at showing you appreciation for keeping our streets safe at night.

Now eyeing Owen closer --

OFFICER LEMKE
You look familiar. Haven't I arrested you before? For disorderly conduct?

Faking being offended --

OWEN
Disorderly conduct? Me?

Eyeing the activity inside through a window --

OFFICER WARREN
This hotel has been shut down for years. Why is it open now?

OWEN
We're housing contestants competing in the beauty pageant the city's hosting.

OFFICER LEMKE
Beauty pageant? I heard it was a booty pageant.

OWEN
Booty can be beautiful, can't it?

Just then, Owen produces a document and hands it to them.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I work for the mayor's office. That's the permit we acquired to reopen the hotel.

Now flashing a charming grin --

OWEN (CONT'D)
So, we'll just dial the volume down a notch & everything's cool, right?

OFFICER WARREN
Everything's not cool. The volume is the least of our concerns.

OFFICER LEMKE
Your orgy is violating damn near every ordinance in the city.

OWEN
Orgy? You've got it all wrong...

OFFICER LEMKE
There's people blowing each other in the parking lot!

Handing back the permit --

OFFICER WARREN
We're shutting you down.

The officers pull nightsticks, but Owen steps up on them --

OWEN
Hold on a sec! This party is to welcome contestants who will directly help generate revenue for the city. Revenue that very well might be used to pay your salaries.

Now he's got Lemke's attention.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Unless of course you don't mind taking a pay cut? Or losing your jobs altogether?

But not Warren's. Brandishing his nightstick --

OFFICER WARREN
Step off, son. Before I crack you.

Just then, the sound of an --

AUTHORITATIVE VOICE (O.S.)
Officers.

The voice belongs to SGT. DALTON (56), approaching from the shadows. He's a firm, fair leader in a Sam Elliot mustache.

SGT. DALTON
Holster those sticks.

OFFICER WARREN
But, sir --

SGT. DALTON
We're not the Party Patrol. And we're certainly not the Blowjob Batallion, either.

OWEN
I tend to agree that your law enforcement expertise would be much better utilized --

SGT. DALTON
Hush. Nobody asked you, partyboy.

And then stepping up on him --

SGT. DALTON (CONT'D)
You're a brassy little firebrand, aren't you?

OWEN
Brassy? I suppose on occasion.

SGT. DALTON
Clear this lot, ratchet down the noise and keep the party indoors.

OWEN
Sure thing, Officer.

SGT. DALTON
It's Sergeant. And one other thing: You can fork over that fancy smokable in your pocket.

He saw the zebra joint? Owen eyes his pocket, busted. And as he reluctantly hands it over --

INT. SURFRIDER INN - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

On a balcony high above the lobby/dance floor eyeing the madness below are Owen, Chet, Marcus & Denny.

OWEN
Tomorrow when you awaken and experience the racking consequences of your debaucherous evening, you can look your bloodshot eyes in the mirror and be proud. Together, we've created something that's truly larger than ourselves.

Owen waves to Starla dancing with the other contestants down below, as she waves back.

OWEN (CONT'D)
And in the process, recruited some of the hottest women in the entire world to our humble city.

Raising their glasses --

OWEN (CONT'D)
The heavy lifting has been done, gents. From here on out, it's all smooth sailing. Salute!

THE GUYS
Salute!

They down their shots. Then, Denny raises his camera.

P.O.V. VIEWFINDER

Now filming Owen.

DENNY (O.S.)
Hey Owen, I think it would be sweet if I shot you standing on the rail & diving into the dance pit below.

Owen eyes Denny. He's serious. Peering over the rail --

OWEN
It’s like 40 feet down, Den.

CHET
Are you trying to kill the man?

DENNY (O.S.)
Relax. They’ll catch you. And besides, it’ll be great promo for the contest.

OWEN
You think?

DENNY (O.S.)
Absolutely. I’ll post it on YouTube and everyone who watches it will think the contest organizers are cocksure hellraisers.

OWEN
When you put it that way...

END P.O.V. VIEWFINDER

As Denny continues filming, Owen climbs up on the rail. And as the crowd below CHEERS HIM ON with open arms, he takes a swig from a whiskey bottle, pumps his fist and YELLS --

OWEN (CONT’D)
I am a cocksure hellraiser!!!

The crowd ERUPTS. And then, taking a deep breath, he leaps off & plummets towards a thrilling, but uncertain landing --

INT. SURFRIDER INN - LOBBY - NEXT DAY

Sounds of LOUD TV NEWS fill the air as the sun shines in on the party aftermath. The place looks like a tsunami hit it.

Beer & liquor bottle are everywhere. RANDOM PARTIERS are passed out in unlikely places.

Among them is Owen, laid out on the spot where he presumably landed, on his belly and on top of a smashed coffee table. Remarkably he sports an intact beer coaster tower that has been erected on his back.

As his tightly fused eyes begin to open, he’s instantly confronted by the excruciating reality of the abuse he inflicted on himself the night before.

Pain carved into his face, the card tower crashes around him as he peels himself off the table.

Assessing numerous injuries to his body, the female TV NEWS ANCHOR'S VOICE is like a sledgehammer to his cranium.

Finding the remote, he LOWERS THE VOLUME to a more comfy level just in time to catch this breaking report:

TV NEWS ANCHOR
In sports news, the Miami Marlins have abruptly terminated their contract with star pitcher Beau Bingham amidst accusations that he gambled on Major League Baseball games, including placement of wagers against his own team.

OWEN
No shit?

TV NEWS ANCHOR
It's also been alleged that Bingham's gambling addiction has resulted in the loss of his entire fortune, once believed to be upwards of 75 million dollars. Baseball has not seen a gambling scandal of this scale since the likes of Pete Rose.

OWEN
This is not good.

Just then, Owen spots Chet passed out on the floor with his pants around his ankles. Approaching and nudging by foot --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Chet. Chet, wake up.

Chet's eyes finally open. Light blinds him. He's a wreck.

CHET
I'm dying. Dying, dying...

OWEN
At least die with your pants on.

As Chet pulls them up --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Oh, and thanks for abandoning me after my heroic leap of faith last night.

CHET
We tried to move you. You wouldn't let us. You were a dick about it.

OWEN
Me? Really?

As Chet sits up and eyes his smartphone --

CHET
Shit. Bad news, O. My bro says Bill Maher dropped out of hosting the contest.

OWEN
What? Why?

CHET
He knocked up a supermodel. He's got his hands full trying to convince her to terminate.

OWEN
Damn you, Bill!

CHET
But there's good news. He got us Ryan Seacrest instead.

OWEN
That's good news?
(and then)
Go back to sleep, dude.

As Chet crashes to the floor and Owen moves for the stairs --

TV NEWS ANCHOR
In local news, college students from far and wide are descending upon Clementine Beach for a spring break bash that promises to be...

INT. SURFRIDER INN - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Owen moves through the hallway, climbing over bodies passed out on the floor, including Marcus, who uses Maida's chest as a pillow. Continuing on, he passes various suites.

He peeks into the Tango Suite to find Denny's video camera mounted on a tripod in front of the bed. Alejandra & Franka, sleeping, are elaborately tied to the bed, with Denny sleeping between them.

OWEN
(to himself)
That-a-boy, Denny.

Moving on he comes upon the Escapade Suite, the bed filled with naked, passed out partiers. About to move on again, he spots who he's looking for.

ESCAPADE SUITE

Owen approaches Starla, crammed into a love seat and sleeping. She's fully clothed. He eyes her beauty for a long moment, before covering her with a blanket.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Pastor Scott and a SMALL ARMY OF HER FOLLOWERS picket in protest of the Hottest Ass Contest. There's no shortage of clever signage, including one that reads: *Mary didn't wear a G-string!* As they all CHANT --

PASTOR SCOTT & FOLLOWERS
No butt no smut! No butt no smut!

They're approached by --

MAYOR DICK DONALDSON (58)

A hefty bastard whose demeanor is as serious as his risk for diabetes. Previously on LOA, he's back early!

PASTOR SCOTT
How dare you Mayor Donaldson?
Shame on you!

MAYOR DONALDSON
How dare I what? What is going on here?

As her followers PAUSE their chant --

PASTOR SCOTT
How dare you allow our community to become a cesspool of tanned hindquarters?

MAYOR DONALDSON
I have no idea what you're talking about.

PASTOR SCOTT
I'm talking about Clementine Beach's Hottest Buttocks Contest!

MAYOR DONALDSON
Buttocks Contest?

PASTOR SCOTT
Except replace the word buttocks with an unspeakable synonym uttered by sailors and other miscreants.

MAYOR DONALDSON
You mean ass?

PASTOR SCOTT
Bingo! It's scheduled for tomorrow. Don't you know what's going on in your own city?

Confounded by the news, he tries to pacify the situation --

MAYOR DONALDSON
Just calm down, alright. I've been on medical leave, but I'm going up to my office right now and I'm going to get to the bottom of this.

As he moves for the building, it only takes a moment before the CHANTING RESUMES with a vengeance --

PASTOR SCOTT & FOLLOWERS
No butt no smut! No butt no smut!

INT. CITY HALL - PRITCHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

From his window, as he trims his body hair, Pritchard fearfully eyes the mayor walking away from the protestors and into the building

VICE MAYOR PRITCHARD
Oh fuck me, fuck me, fuck me.

EXT. SURFRIDER INN - PARKING LOT - DAY

Owen steps outside, looking ill. He only gets a few steps before lunging for and PUKING in a trash can.

BEAU (O.S.)
What's wrong with you, ass-man?

Owen turns to find Beau, approaching from his Porsche parked along the curb. He's in sunglasses and a Chicago Cubs hat.

OWEN
Jim Beam. He's what's wrong.

And then eyeing Beau's hat as he pulls himself together --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Cubs fan? You?

BEAU
Hell, no. I'm in hiding. Didn't you see the damn news?

OWEN
Yeah, I saw. You bet against your own team. What were you thinking?

BEAU
I was having a little harmless fun, making a few bucks.

Owen eyes him, incredulous.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Anyway, it's the dough I lost on the Superbowl, Wimbledon and the Kentucky Derby that crushed me. They're the *real* Axis of Evil.

OWEN
So you are broke.

BEAU
Flat. Plus, they took my house. They even took Beyonce. Know how many wildlife conservation laws I broke to acquire that kitty?

OWEN
How many?

BEAU
All of 'em. But whatevs. Just give me my 200 grand back and at least I can eat.

Beau eyes Owen, waiting for him to pay up. And then --

OWEN
Right now?

BEAU
Hell yeah, right now!

OWEN
I don't have it. It's spent. You made an investment. I told you if the contest was profitable, you'd get it back after.

Beau now steps up on him, intense --

BEAU
Listen close, Broadbent. You & me may have been buds in high school, but when it comes to money, I don't fuck around.

OWEN
(sarcastic)
Yeah, clearly.

BEAU
The money I gave you ain't no investment anymore. It's a loan. And I better get it back quick.

Threatening him with a ridiculous stabbing gesture --

BEAU (CONT'D)
Or I'll carve you up, *compadre*.

Beau hops in his Porsche and TEARS OFF.

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR DONALDSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Mayor Donaldson chews the shit out of Pritchard --

MAYOR DONALDSON
I leave for surgery and this is the *caca* I come back to?

PRITCHARD
Dick, please, it's not as bad as you think. Really.

MAYOR DONALDSON
Don't "Dick please" me alright? I got the goddamn Christian Coalition parked outside my building!

Now deeply disappointed in him --

MAYOR DONALDSON (CONT'D)
How long have you known me? Did you ever think I'd be okay with an ass contest?

PRITCHARD
You know we're at the end of our rope. Don't you think the contest is at least worth a try?

MAYOR DONALDSON
(intensely)
You listen to me. I'll let this city fry before I allow it to turn into a frat house getaway.

Jutting his finger into Pritchard's chest --

MAYOR DONALDSON (CONT'D)
And while I hold you entirely responsible for this mess, I demand to know who else is involved. Go get 'em.

Pritchard doesn't move.

MAYOR DONALDSON (CONT'D)
Now!

PRITCHARD
Uh, they're not here.

MAYOR DONALDSON
Where the Hell are they?

Hesitant to bust them, the mayor bears down and he cracks --

PRITCHARD
There's an off chance, that after partying all night at the Surfrider Inn, with the contestants, they're now home nursing their hangovers.

On that nugget, the mayor grasps a paper weight. And as he hurls it at a glass framed painting and it SHATTERS into a million pieces --

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Owen approaches his apartment door to find Starla sitting there with her suitcase.

OWEN
Starla?

STARLA
Hey. Sorry. I got your address from Chet. I couldn't stay at the hotel anymore.

OWEN
It's not exactly Shangri-la, is it?

She shakes her head. As he offers his hand, pulling her up --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Come on in. Though I can't promise we won't get assaulted by any religious zealots.

STARLA
Uh, okay...

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

No zealots today. Starla puts her things down as Owen downs a beer and a fistful of Aleve.

STARLA
That bad, huh?

OWEN
I might kill myself. I'm debating.

And then, eyeing her curiously --

OWEN (CONT'D)
You're not hungover?

STELLA
I drank less than you. Besides, I'm incapable of a hangover.

OWEN
Come again?

STELLA
I don't have the gene for it.

OWEN
Wow. You're like a superhero.

A moment. And then, gesturing to the couch --

OWEN (CONT'D)
It's all yours. It's like sleeping on a cloud. I've had it since college.

She plunks down on it, impressed.

STARLA
College, you must be really smart.

OWEN
I think you've got the wrong idea about college. They give degrees to chimpanzees nowadays.

She LAUGHS. And then --

STARLA
I had fun last night. With you.

OWEN
Me, too. With you.

STARLA
I hope me staying here doesn't break any rules.

OWEN
Rules?

STARLA
You know, fraternizing with the contestants.

OWEN
Right. I'd hate to jeopardize the moral integrity of the ass contest.

She LAUGHS some more. He approaches her --

OWEN (CONT'D)
I hope you staying here doesn't break any other rules. Like ones you might have with your boyfriend?

A moment. And then --

STARLA
What boyfriend?

She fibbed about it. Owen smirks. It only takes him a moment before he's on her like a magnet on a fridge.

They kiss passionately. He tears her clothes off. She his. And as he begins to give her the ride of her life --

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - HOURS LATER

A hand RAPS on Owen's door.

INT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Owen, now sleeping on the couch under a blanket with Starla, is awoken. Groggy, he falls back asleep.

RAPPING on the door again. Now they're both awake.

OWEN
Go away!

MUFFLED through the door --

PRITCHARD (O.S.)
Owen, it's Pritchard. Open up. It's important.

OWEN
Pritch?

Owen climbs into his boxers as Starla fully covers her nude body with the blanket. Letting Pritchard in, he's hornily taken aback by the sight of her --

PRITCHARD
Oh. Wow. Hey there, honey...

OWEN
What are you doing here?

PRITCHARD
So this is the legendary Broadbent bachelor pad, huh? Got any bourbon?

Owen eyes him, incredulous, before gesturing to a cabinet, from which Pritchard gets a bottle. Taking a swig, then --

PRITCHARD (CONT'D)
The mayor came back early from leave. To an army of church protestors outside City Hall.

OWEN
Oh, shit...

PRITCHARD
We've been canned. Me, you, Chet, Marcus, Denny.

OWEN
You can't be serious.

PRITCHARD
He cancelled the contest, too. All your permits have been revoked. It's over.
(and then)
I thought I should tell you in person.

Now Owen's getting worked up --

OWEN
Screw that fat bastard! He can't do that. It's not fair. Not to Clementine residents, or my friends who busted their asses to make the contest happen.

PRITCHARD
Life isn't fair, Owen. If it was, Heath Ledger would be alive and Joey Lawrence would be dead.

STARLA
Joey Lawrence isn't dead?

PRITCHARD
I'm afraid not.
(and then)
Owen, I know in your own ass backwards way, you tried to do the right thing. But let it go.

As Owen now gets dressed in a hurry --

OWEN
Fuck that. I'm not letting anything go. I'm gonna talk to the mayor.

PRITCHARD
You can't do that.

OWEN
Why not?

Pritchard thinks on it, then --

PRITCHARD
Hell, I don't know. Don't listen to a pantywaist like me.
(and then)
You go do whatever you want!

Owen eyes Starla on his way out the door --

OWEN
Sorry to bang-n-bolt.

STARLA
It's okay. Go!

EXT. MAYOR DONALDSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A mod colonial in a gated community. But as we already know, no gate can stop Owen, who THUMPS the front door with his fist. Finally, the mayor answers in his robe, pissed --

MAYOR DONALDSON
What the Hell? Owen? Do you know what time it is?

OWEN
Late. I know. But this will just take a minute.

A moment, before the mayor reluctantly steps outside, shutting the door. Eyeing Owen sternly --

MAYOR DONALDSON
You've got exactly a minute.

OWEN
Don't cancel the contest. It'll keep this city from going bankrupt. If you don't believe me, I'll show you the numbers to prove it.

MAYOR DONALDSON
Screw your numbers. And I don't want to hear another damn word about your contest.

Owen eyes him, baffled. And then --

OWEN
I don't get it. I've seen you look chicks up and down. You're no prude. So what's got you scared? The church?

The Mayor LAUGHS CYNICALLY.

MAYOR DONALDSON
The church? Fuck those narcissists. This is about salvaging my reputation & dignity.

Now leveling with Owen --

MAYOR DONALDSON (CONT'D)
This town is about to burn to the ground. When it does, I plan on emerging from the ashes unscathed.

Puffing his chest --

MAYOR DONALDSON (CONT'D)
I can still have a political career anywhere else I choose. And I don't need the whiff of shit from your ass contest tainting it.

Owen's disgusted by the man.

OWEN
So that's it? It's all about you? What about the people of Clementine Beach? Their town's gonna disintegrate because you were too busy stroking your own shaft.

Now Owen's unleashed the mayor's fury.

MAYOR DONALDSON
You ingrate shit. You come to my house and talk to me like that? For years I've extended my kindness to you, kept you employed.

OWEN
You used me and leveraged my family name for your own benefit. On top of that, you're a liar.

MAYOR DONALDSON
What lie have I ever told?

Owen steps closer to him --

OWEN
You still sticking to your bypass surgery story? Because I happen to know something this city's residents, not to mention your wife, doesn't.

MAYOR DONALDSON
Oh yeah, shitface, like what?

OWEN
You've got a Chilean mistress. Whom you routinely romance in Santiago. That's where you've been this past week.

The mayor knows he's busted. Owen smirks --

OWEN (CONT'D)
I heard she's got a great ass.

Burn. The mayor now quakes in fury. Jutting his finger into Owen's chest --

MAYOR DONALDSON
Whatever you think you know, I advise you to keep it to yourself.

Relishing the power --

MAYOR DONALDSON (CONT'D)
You've got no idea the weapons I have in my arsenal. Weapons I'll use to destroy you.

And as the mayor turns and heads back into his house --

MAYOR DONALDSON (CONT'D)
Go home, boy. You're far, far out of your league.

SLAM goes the door. The vile look on Owen's face is unforgettable.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Owen, pissed to Hell, recklessly barrels through traffic on his skateboard. That is, until he hits a crack, flies off and SMACKS the pavement with his face.

In great pain, he lifts his badly scraped head and the first thing he sees is signage announcing the Beachcomber Tavern.

INT. BEACHCOMBER TAVERN - NIGHT

Owen, at the bar, medicates the scrape by downing a shot. And then calling for the CUTE BARTENDER'S (23) attention --

OWEN
Hey, honey, I'm six shots behind here so can you shake those tail feathers a tad faster?

EXT. SURFRIDER INN - POOLSIDE - NIGHT

Owen, now inebriated, arrives to find another night of hard partying underway. He aggressively pushes past PARTIERS, hijacks the DJ booth & brings the music to a SCREECHING halt.

As the party comes to a complete standstill and everyone stares at him --

OWEN
Party's over. Nothin' to celebrate here. Go home.

AN A-HOLE GUEST
Blow me! Turn the beats back on!

OWEN
You want beats?

Owen picks up the turntable and hurls it into the pool. SPLASH! As it FIZZLES and sinks to the bottom.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Go get 'em!

The mortified DJ chick goes into shock. The guests are all taken aback, too.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Everybody... get the fuck out!

As the party quickly clears, the only people left are Chet, Marcus, Denny & a few of the contestants. Approaching --

CHET
O, Jesus, what's the matter with you?

OWEN
Our d-bag mayor is what's the matter. He fired all of us and put the kibosh on our contest.

Everyone is devastated by the news.

MARCUS
He can't do that. Pritch authorized the whole thing.

OWEN
Pritchard got canned, too. It's all over.

DENNY
(whining)
But this is the most pussy I've ever been around!

CHET
O, you have to explain to the mayor the importance of the contest.

OWEN
I did. He doesn't give a shit. And frankly, neither do I anymore.

On that, Chet steps up on him.

CHET
Don’t say that. You don’t mean it.

OWEN
Yeah, I do, Chet. Our jobs are now beyond saving. And truthfully, that’s all I ever cared about. I’m fully prepared to sit on the sidelines and watch this city tank.

Grabbing his crotch uncomfortably --

OWEN (CONT’D)
Now, I’m gonna go drain my bladder, then find a bar where I can fill it up again. So step aside.

Chet doesn’t budge.

CHET
You’re not leaving. Not in this vile self-destruct mode.

Despite Chet’s words, Owen tries to sidestep him, but he blocks him again. So Owen hauls back and shoves his best friend into the pool. SPLASH! And as everyone stares after Owen as he stumbles out --

EXT. SURFRIDER INN - LOBBY - NIGHT

Owen moves intently towards the bathroom. But before he can enter, Veronica & Naomi, horny as hell, double-team him against a wall. Groping him --

VERONICA
Hey lover...

NAOMI
We’ve been waiting for you...

OWEN
What?

VERONICA
Oh, please Owen, don’t act so surprised.

NAOMI
You know you’re hotter than Eastwood & Bieber combined.

VERONICA
And we know you want it.

As Owen gently tries to ease them off --

OWEN
Ladies, I appreciate the ego boost, but I gotta take a serious piss before things get ugly.

NAOMI
Mmmm... Why don't you piss on me?

Naomi reaches down, starts to pleasure him through his pants.

OWEN
That's really not such a good idea.

VERONICA
Oh, yeah? Is this a good idea?

She lowers to her knees, looking up at him as she unzips him. Fuck, this girl is hot. He's tormented, but finally --

OWEN
Oh, screw it... Just do it...

And just as she reaches into his fly, Starla walks in through the front door and sees Owen in the threesome.

Locking eyes with him, he's as stunned to be caught in this situation as she is to find him in it. And as she turns, devastated, and storms away --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Starla! Wait!

He zips up and goes after her.

EXT. SURFRIDER INN - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Owen exits the building, desperately looking for Starla, but she's disappeared into the night. SCREAMING at himself --

OWEN
Owen, you douchebag fuck!

Now unable to hold it a second longer, he moves for a bush and takes a SERIOUS LEAK. But as he does, a fast-moving fist CRACKS him across the face, knocking his ass to the ground.

A moment, before he looks up to find Beau, standing over him menacingly. And he's not alone.

He's backed by teammates ACE (27) & JAX (29), and they're even more brutish than him. And then --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Jeez, man. You couldn't let me put my dick away first?

BEAU
My bad. It's a nice one, though.

OWEN
Thanks.

As Owen pulls himself up and zips up --

OWEN (CONT'D)
You heard that quick that the contest was cancelled?

BEAU
Uh, what the Hell did you just say?

OWEN
The contest, it's off. That's why you hit me, right? Because you're not gonna get your money back?

BEAU
I hit you because you nailed my girl on the beach not 48 hours before you asked me for 200 grand.

Owen cringes.

OWEN
Riley told you.

BEAU BINGHAM
Just before she dumped my ass. She said I was a disgraced loser. And that you were a thousand times the lay I was.

Owen, proud of himself --

OWEN
I do have this move where I --

BEAU BINGHAM
Shut your mouth.

A moment. And then --

OWEN
I'm sorry, alright. For everything.
(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)
I deserved to get clocked, dick exposure be damned. I hope we can move on now.

Beau LAUGHS, devilishly. So do Ace & Jax.

BEAU BINGHAM
You've got the wrong idea. You've got a beating a day coming your way till I'm paid up. Starting today.

OWEN
Beau, get this through your head: I'm never gonna be able to come up with 200 grand.

BEAU BINGHAM
Then, I wouldn't want to be you.

Owen now knows he's fucked. A heavy moment. Finally, he feigns acceptance. Then, he bolts! As Beau, Ace & Jax take off after him --

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

In the still of the late night, the trio quickly catch up to Owen under a street light, surrounding him.

He resists valiantly as Ace & Jax grasp him and lock his arms, but he is no match for their strength and athleticism.

Beau steps up, and with no hesitation, brutally jabs Owen in the face. Again. And again. Each time, harder.

Soon he goes limp and Ace & Jax release him to the pavement. And as they all begin to stomp the shit out of him --

EXT. CITY HALL - STEPS - NIGHT

A full moon lights up the Jameson Broadbent statue.

There's not a person in sight. That is, until Owen stumbles onto the steps battered, bleeding and bewildered.

And when he doesn't have the wherewithal to take one more step, he crashes to the concrete. Staring up at his great grandfather, he lets all his misery out in a pathetic RANT --

OWEN
I failed you great grandpa. I failed your entire city. I'm not a fraction of the man you were. I'm a fucking loser and I don't deserve anything good in life.

He GROANS as he grabs his aching rib. And then --

OWEN (CONT'D)
And if I'm now a cripple and I never have sex with another hottie, drink another shot, or smoke another joint again, I brought it all upon myself.

A long agonizing moment. Before he hears the sound of a FAMILIAR VOICE --

SGT. DALTON (O.S.)
Buck up, Broadbent. You got joints-a-plenty in your future.

A moment, before Owen sits up to find the cop from the party who confiscated his zebra stripe joint. Only he's now in civilian clothes, brandishing the very same joint.

Owen eyes him suspiciously, before finally sitting up. Sgt. Dalton takes a seat next to him. Lighting up the joint, he takes a really long drag before passing it off to Owen.

OWEN
Nice drag. They don't piss test you guys?

SGT. DALTON
They did. But as of tonight, I'm no longer a cop. The mayor cut half the department.

Owen eyes him, feeling sorry.

SGT. DALTON (CONT'D)
Said something about streamlining the workforce for when the state takes over.

Taking a smoke. And then --

OWEN
I'll save you a spot in the unemployment line. That is, if I can ever stand again.

Sgt. Dalton eyes Owen's banged-up body and face --

SGT. DALTON
Should I even ask?

OWEN
Let's just say the Miami Marlins cease to be my favorite ball club.

A moment. And then --

SGT. DALTON
Heard your contest got terminated. Sorry to hear it. I saw its potential.

OWEN
Yeah?

SGT. DALTON
Why do you think I let you party on last night?

Owen eyes him, now realizing. And then --

OWEN
You did get a free smoke out of it.

Owen passes the joint as they CHUCKLE. But Owen's CHUCKLE soon turns into a WAIL. His ribs ache too much to laugh. As he recovers --

SGT. DALTON
It's funny, our mayor has put the entire population of this city in jeopardy.

OWEN
That's funny?

SGT. DALTON
This weed's potent. Bear with me.
(puffing)
I'm getting to the funny part.

OWEN
Okay...

SGT. DALTON
Who would've thought a total fuckup like you would be the one with the integrity to do something about it?

As Sgt. Dalton LAUGHS his ass off --

SGT. DALTON (CONT'D)
That's the funny part!

OWEN
As hilarious as that is, the mayor's silenced my integrity. Permanently.

Now looking Owen straight in the eyes --

SGT. DALTON
If the stakes were any lower, I'd accept that and walk. But they're not. So I'll leave you this question to answer:

Sgt. Dalton stands, passing the joint off to Owen.

SGT. DALTON (CONT'D)
Are you really the kinda guy that's gonna let a blowhard like Mayor Donaldson stop you from doing what you want?

On that, Sgt. Dalton strolls off into the night. Owen contemplates the question for a long moment.

With a fire still blazing in his belly, and a renewed vigor overcoming him, he can come up with only one answer --

OWEN
Fuck no!

And as he flicks the joint and pops to his feet --

EXT. OWEN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Owen enters from the stairwell. Starla sits in front of his door. He's relieved to see her.

OWEN
Starla...

As she looks up, it's clear she's been crying. Now noticing his cuts and bruises --

STARLA
Oh my God, what happened to you?

OWEN
It's nothing. I'm fine. I'm so glad you're here.

Standing up --

STARLA
I locked myself out when I went to look for you. I'm only here for my things. I'm flying home soon.

OWEN
Starla listen, please. When you saw me at the hotel, I was making a huge mistake. I'm an idiot and --

STARLA
Owen, stop. It's not like I'm your girlfriend or something. It doesn't matter.

OWEN
<u>It does matter</u>.

A moment. And then --

STARLA
Then how could you do it? Right after you slept with me? I wasn't expecting much from you, but you made me feel really shitty.

OWEN
I know I did. I made a dumbass decision in a very dark moment. And I'm terribly sorry for it.

She eyes him. She's not buying it and he knows it.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Look, I'm not asking you to forgive me. But I am asking you to stay. I'm pushing forward with the contest despite the mayor.

Moving closer --

OWEN (CONT'D)
You're an amazing girl, Starla. You're sweet. You're beautiful. You've got a heart-shaped ass that inspires.

Trying his hardest now --

OWEN (CONT'D)
And you have a really great shot at winning this contest and taking home all that money.
(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)
Don't let a jerkoff like me get in the way of your success.

A long moment as she recognizes his sincerity and starts to come around. And then --

STARLA
You look like shit. Come on. Let me bandage your face while I think about it.

INT. SURFRIDER INN - LOBBY - NEXT DAY

Owen struts in to find Chet, Marcus & Denny moping on couches. Like a motivational speaker on crack --

OWEN
Look at those long, ugly faces. What are you guys, trapped coal miners? Perk up my brothers!

Eyeing Owen's bandages --

CHET
What the hell happened to you?

OWEN
Rough sex, of course. No worries. Life is good and it's about to get a whole lot better.

Eyeing Marcus --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Marcus, where are the contestants?

MARCUS
Upstairs. Sleeping. Eating each other out. Doing God knows what. Those girls are freaks.

OWEN
Get on up there. Tell 'em to do some lunges & oil up their heinies.

Eyeing Denny --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Denny, get on that Twitter feed and start Twatting.

DENNY
It's Tweeting.

OWEN
Yeah, but doesn't Twat sound better? Just make sure every ass-lover on the planet is on their way to Clementine Beach right now.

DENNY
Why?

MARCUS
Yeah, why?

OWEN
Because the Hottest Ass Contest is back on, that's why. Now move it!

Marcus & Denny get up excitedly and move out. Owen & Chet now eye each other.

CHET
Why the change of heart?

OWEN
I can't bear the thought of a missed opportunity. Our jobs are in the toilet, but this city doesn't have to be.

Owen inches up on him, looking remorseful --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Chet, what can I say? I'm --

CHET
You're my best bud, O. You never have to apologize to me.

OWEN
Yeah, I do. I shoved you into an over-chlorinated swimming pool. I'm a jerk. And I'm sorry.

CHET
No, I'm sorry. I couldn't secure a host for the contest. Seacrest bailed last minute. Something about a herpes breakout.

OWEN
Forget him. A gay host for a female ass contest never would've worked anyway. We're just gonna have to go to battle with the army we've got.

CHET
What do you mean?

OWEN
I'm gonna host the contest myself. Why not, right? I've always had a flair for the performing arts.

CHET
If you say so.
(and then)
Hey, you really think the mayor is gonna let you stage the contest without a fight?

Savoring the challenge --

OWEN
Not a chance.

EXT. CLEMENTINE BEACH - DAY

The sun blazes overhead and THUMPING MUSIC SWELLS as throngs of young, tanned and toned SPRING BREAK REVELERS move past a ticketed entry emblazoned with signage that reads:

WELCOME TO CLEMENTINE BEACH'S 1ST ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL HOTTEST ASS CONTEST

They join an EPIC HARD-PARTYING CROWD in front of the stage impressively set for what will no doubt be a rollicking show.

As they eagerly await its start, here's just a small sampling of the illicit behaviors occurring in the crowd:

- FIVE BIKINI BABES lined up in a row receive a continuous stream of absinthe poured into their mouths by MUSCLEHEADS.

- A BLONDE, BRUNETTE & REDHEAD, all topless, engage in a three-way pierced tongue make out session.

- A HOT SLUT rips a bong and "shotguns" it into a RANDOM GUY'S mouth, knocking his unsuspecting ass to the ground.

EXT. LILLY'S BISTRO - PATIO - DAY

As the mayor indulges in a lavish brunch with his attractive younger WIFE (29), his smartphone RINGS. Answering --

MAYOR DONALDSON
What is it?... Bullshit, I shut it down... That little fucker... Have them meet me there, I'm on my way!

As the mayor bolts up, he knocks the table with his belly, sending dishes CRASHING to the floor.

WIFE
Dickie, where are you going?

MAYOR DONALDSON
To take down Owen Broadbent and his illegal ass contest!

And then gesturing to his plate --

MAYOR DONALDSON (CONT'D)
Make sure you doggy bag those sausages for me.

And he's gone.

INT. TALENT TENT (CLEMENTINE BEACH) - DAY

At a mirror, Owen in a striking hipster-white Dolce & Gabbana linen suit and cantaloupe shirt, struggles to tie his tie.

Just then, two helping hands reach in. They belong to Riley. She makes quick work of the task as Owen eyes her surprised.

OWEN
Riley, what are you doing here?

RILEY
I heard you took quite the beating. In part over me.

OWEN
Don't let it go to your head. I get my ass kicked over chicks all the time.

RILEY
I don't doubt that.

Finishing the knot --

RILEY (CONT'D)
I thought the least I could do is show up with my perfect round ass and support your contest.

Gesturing to the rucksack flung over her shoulder --

RILEY (CONT'D)
I'm packing a G-string thinner than fishing line.

OWEN
Right on. That's the spirit.
(and then)
So how do I look?

RILEY
Like a cad in an overpriced suit.

With a smirk she departs, just as Chet, Marcus & Denny approach --

CHET
Don't listen to her. You're stylin', dude.

MARCUS
Sexy, man. Sexy.

DENNY
You're like a hot piece of melon man-candy.

OWEN
Aw, thanks. I'd love to continue our lovefest and dry-hump you guys, but right now, I need to go lube up the crowd.

CHET
No you don't. My bro may have failed to secure a host, but he came through last minute with some judges AND a kickin' warm-up act.

And then handing Owen a single rose --

OWEN
Chet, you shouldn't have...

CHET
It's not for you, doofus. Go give it to Starla.

EXT. CLEMENTINE BEACH - STAGE - DAY

At an elevated turntable, the famed DJ DRAMA goes to work PUMPING OUT the opening strains of a modern remix of Too Short's "Shake that Monkey" through a THUMPING sound system.

And doing the honors of covering this rump-shakin' classic is the Sunshine State's own superstar FLO RIDA. The crowd goes WILD as he takes the stage and addresses them on his mike --

FLO RIDA
Yoyo. Life moves fast. Let's stop and pay homage to some ass!

And wasting no time getting into it --

FLO RIDA (CONT'D)
Put a hump in your back and shake your rump [4x]/You don't have to be naked to dance like a stripper/Just wiggle that tail like your name is flipper/Do it like a dolphin on top of the water/Take it to the ground and pop it harder...

INT. CONTESTANT DRESSING ROOM (CLEMENTINE BEACH) - DAY

As the music THUMPS in the b.g., contestants in various stages of dress & undress ready themselves while enduring Rafaela's "performance" as she ogles her ass in a mirror --

RAFAELA
All you bitches want my ass, yeah (x2)/You bitches can't have my ass, no (x2)

Starla, nearby in a short robe and doing her makeup, rolls her eyes. Just then, she spots Owen in the doorway. He gestures her over.

OWEN
Hey there. It's almost showtime.

Gesturing to Rafaela --

STARLA
It's been showtime in here for the last half hour.

Owen CHUCKLES. Eyeing his suit --

STARLA (CONT'D)
That's some outfit.

OWEN
I'm channeling my inner Sonny Crockett.

And then, from behind his back, he pulls out the rose.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I just wanted to give you this.

Accepting it --

STARLA
Thanks. That's really sweet.
(but then guarded)
But Owen --

OWEN
I know. I know.
(and then)
I'll see you out there, okay?

She nods.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Good luck.

STARLA
Good luck to you.

EXT. CLEMENTINE BEACH - STAGE STAIRCASE - DAY

Owen approaches, trailed by Chet, Denny & Marcus.

OWEN
It's time to do this gentlemen.

They bump fists with Owen. But as he's about to take the stairs up to the stage, Mayor Donaldson and TWO CLEMENTINE BEACH COPS (both early 20's), in uniform, show up and block his path. As the mayor stares hard at Owen --

MAYOR DONALDSON
I warned you that you were out of your league, boy. But you decided to push me anyway.

OWEN
And you're hardly an easy man to budge.

A fat joke. Owen's friends CHUCKLE.

MAYOR DONALDSON
Clever sense of humor for such a profoundly stupid young man.

OWEN
At least I'm profound.

His flippancy now angering the mayor even further --

MAYOR DONALDSON
Officers, arrest this man and his cohorts. For running this event without a permit, for conspiring to violate our city's decency ordinance, and --

OWEN
Uh, mayor. Before you cart us off to jail, I think you should have a look behind you.

The mayor & cops turn to find Sgt. Dalton. And he's backed by a CREW OF SEVEN EX-COPS, among them Warren & Lemke from the party, all in civilian clothes and looking intimidating.

SGT. DALTON
Afternoon, Mayor. Nice day for some ass, isn't it?

MAYOR DONALDSON
Dalton?

SGT. DALTON
Don't forget to greet my men. You should recognize them. You had 'em fired off the force, after all.

The mayor eyes Sgt. Dalton and his crew viciously --

MAYOR DONALDSON
I'd strongly advise you not to get involved in this, Dalton. I'll make sure you never serve on a police force again. Anywhere.

SGT. DALTON
We're already involved. And seeing as how with the exception of these two rookies...

Gesturing to the two uniformed officers.

SGT. DALTON (CONT'D)
...I've ensured that no other Clementine Beach Police officers will be backing you up today, you best rethink letting Mr. Broadbent up those stairs.

MAYOR DONALDSON
This is intimidation. And obstruction of justice.

The mayor, now quaking mad, reaches for his smartphone.

MAYOR DONALDSON (CONT'D)
I'm calling in Lake Park Police, Riviera Beach, I'll have every available cop in Palm Beach County up here to arrest all of you.

SGT. DALTON
Yeah, you do that. In the meantime...
(eyeing Owen)
...Get up on that stage and show that crowd what Clementine Beach is made of.

OWEN
With pleasure.

Owen moves for the stairs, but the mayor and the two officers stand their ground. That is, until Sgt. Dalton & his crew step up on them, intimidating them into stepping aside.

And as Owen grins at the mayor, slipping on a wicked pair of white sunglasses to complement his suit, and climbs up --

EXT. CLEMENTINE BEACH - STAGE - DAY

Flo Rida's extended performance comes to an epic conclusion --

FLO RIDA
All that booty is that for me/It's lookin' so fat we at the party/Let's hit the bar and drink tequila shots/Find a spot on the floor lemme see it drop/Bounce that ass [3x]/Shake that monkey [3x].

The crowd CHEERS HEARTILY. And then --

FLO RIDA (CONT'D)
Foxes & hounds, give it up for your host and the brainchild behind this magnanimous event, Owen Broadbent!

And as Owen takes a deep breath, gaining composure, before confidently strutting out on the stage, Flo Rida's generous intro paves the way for a TSUNAMI OF CHEER from the crowd.

Owen pumps his fist in the air, reveling in the moment. That is, until he sees the following:

Stage Right - Pastor Scott & her army of followers, adjacent to the crowd, CHANT (faintly in this massive audience) their phrases of protest. Her wicked stare is almost demonic.

Stage Center - Beau & his goons menacingly stand at the front of the crowd staring him down. Then, Beau threatens him with his signature stabbing gesture.

Stage Left - The Mayor, on his smartphone and calling in backup, eyes him with pure hatred.

Momentarily rattled, Owen digs deep and finds his courage again.

And as the audience continues to CHEER, Owen, mike in hand, enthusiastically welcomes them --

OWEN
Greetings derriere devotees!

The derriere devotees go WILD.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Salutations fanny freaks!

A long moment of more CHEER from the fanny freaks.

OWEN (CONT'D)
And pardon my manners, I forgot to say hello to all of you ass aficionados out there! Hello!!

All the ass aficionados go CRAZY, too.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Welcome to Clementine Beach's 1st Annual International Hottest Ass Contest!

Everyone now RAGES.

OWEN (CONT'D)
I look out across this beach, at all of you, and I see the world represented.

Gesturing to SEXY ARGENTINIANS brandishing a white & blue flag --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Argentina -- *hola*!

The Argentinians CHEER as their women flash their tits. Then Owen gestures to the HOT SWEDES brandishing their blue & yellow flag --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Sweden -- how the Hell you doin'?

The Swedes CHEER as their women also flash their tits. And finally gesturing to a group of SCOTS holding up their white & blue flag --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Scotland -- make some fucken noise!

They too ERUPT IN CHEER. But as their country's notoriously ugly women flash their unattractive boobs, the crowd BOOS. Running damage control --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Okay, moving on then...
(and then)
I can't tell you all how proud I am today.

Owen, displaying exceptional stagecraft, confidently paces as he continues --

OWEN (CONT'D)
In this world that often seems so divided, here we all are, together on American soil to celebrate the one undeniable commonality that we all share: an appreciation for fine female ass!

The crowd goes APE SHIT. The mayor's now even more unnerved. Pastor Scott & her disciples are completely silenced by the ROAR. And then --

OWEN (CONT'D)
But before we get started, there's something I need you to know. This contest is about far more than just ass. You see, Clementine Beach was once a Great American City. But like Detroit, Sacramento, Cleveland and countless other big cities and small towns across this economically-depressed country, we have fallen on hard times.

The crowd, feeling the pain of his words, BOOS.

OWEN (CONT'D)
But your support here today offers the potential for this city to have a second chance. This contest is about the pursuit of the American Dream. And I couldn't think of a better bunch of people to pursue it with than all of you!

The crowd CHEERS, moved by the speech. So do Owen's friends standing off to the side. Even Beau is choked up.

OWEN (CONT'D)
So how about I introduce you to our esteemed panel of celebrity judges and we get this mutha underway?

The crowd goes BAT SHIT CRAZY!

OWEN (CONT'D)
Please welcome to the stage a man who is no stranger to fine ass or fine television, Mr. Mario Lopez!

MARIO LOPEZ struts onto the stage to THUNDERING CHEER from the females in the audience. He takes a seat at a judges table rigged with microphones.

MARIO LOPEZ
Ladies, settle down, there's enough Mario meat to go 'round.

OWEN
Our next judge is known as much for kicking ass as he is chasing it. Let's hear it for Mr. Steven Seagal!

STEVEN SEAGAL steps on to the stage and bows to the audience. His fans APPLAUD. Taking a seat next to Mario, serious --

STEVEN SEAGAL
I was the first Westerner to open an Aikido dojo in Japan. Never forget that.

OWEN
Last but not least, make some noise for former teen heartthrob, current Chippendale stripper and coiner of the phrase "Whoa!," Mr. Joey Lawrence!

JOEY LAWRENCE steps out on stage to GREAT CHEER. Approaching the judge's table, he play fights with Seagal, who'd like nothing more than to beat his ass. Taking a seat --

JOEY LAWRENCE
I'm not dead! Whoa!

OWEN
Utilizing a 100-point scale, our judges will consider criteria including ass mass, shape, firmness, proportionality and skin tone. And of course they'll be looking to see how well each girl can work it!

Now gesturing to an archway from where the contestants will enter --

OWEN (CONT'D)
So without further adieu, I introduce you to our ass-tastic line-up of contestants. Ladies, come on out!

And as DJ Drama spins Juvenile's "Back that Azz Up" as a display of awesome pyrotechnics shoot out from the stage...

...A procession of 21 BOOTYLICIOUS CONTESTANTS, including girls we've met and MANY MORE we haven't, all oiled up to perfection, strut out in their skimpiest and most alluring bikini tops, G-strings & thongs, and line up in formation.

The new girls consist of hard-bodied beauties representing Venezuela, Portugal, Belize, Jamaica, Tanzania and numerous other exotic international locales known for women with spectacular asses.

Rafaela wears a red, skimpy, strapless bikini with a g-string so thin it completely disappears in her crack.

Riley, just as promised, sports her NC-17 rated fishing line G-string.

And last but not least, Starla dons a revealing, but elegant yellow bikini with bottoms that perfectly highlight her heart-shaped ass.

All of the women are revealing so much skin and so much ass surface that it's nothing short of a wet dream come true.

So they can be easily identified, each girl carries a white plastic placard with a black number on it, from 1 to 21.

And as the crowd CHEERS ON these incredible hotties --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Alright, ladies. Now it's time for each of you to show this crowd, and prove to our judges, that you've got the hottest ass on the planet! So don't be shy when you take your turn. Shake that monkey!

And as DJ Drama spins a funky RUMP-THUMPING BEAT, we get a kick-ass, whizbang, music video style --

MONTAGE OF ASS

As each contestant takes their turn, breaking from the formation and strutting from the main stage onto a catwalk that protrudes deep into the crowd.

At the end of the catwalk is a vanity platform where they get to bust out their moves, flaunting and flourishing their world-class assets in the faces of untold thousands of fans.

- Riley, all confidence, turns to the crowd and works her hips in an erection-inducing motion that drives the men wild.

- Beau, watching her, sheds an agonizing tear over the love they once shared.

- Franka, with a devious grin, juts her butt like a stripper working a client for dollar bills.

- Judging by the look on the mayor's face, she's definitely his speed.

- Rafaela, raunchier than a rap video, offers a thoroughly crowd-pleasing performance as she pops and grinds her ass into their faces.

- Judges Mario, Steven & Joey are blown away by her.

- Likewise, the procession of contestants who follow each showcase their beautiful ass in a manner where they attempt to outdo those that preceded them.

- And last but not least, Starla takes her turn, gracefully striding down the catwalk and turning to the crowd, the sun creating a spotlight for her firm, glistening ass.

She pauses, allowing them to take in its ripeness & fullness.

And just before she strides away, in the most adorable way, she kisses her palm and SMACKS the flesh of her ass-cheek.

- Owen is in Heaven.

END MONTAGE OF ASS

As Starla strides back up the catwalk, she locks eyes with Owen, before merging back into formation. And then, Owen turns to the crowd --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Oh my God, what an incredible display of ass!

And now really pumping up the crowd --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Let's show our contestants how much we love them and their gorgeous bottoms! Make some fucken noise!

And as the contestants are lavished with a DEAFENING ROAR from the crowd, a standing-o from the judges, and HEARTFELT CHEER from Owen's friends --

OWEN (CONT'D)
I don't see any reason to waste any time. So judges, go ahead and reveal our finalists!

Mario Lopez leans into his mike --

MARIO LOPEZ
Though there were no easy decisions here today, the panel's narrowed down the field to three outstanding contestants who have demonstrated anatomical ass perfection.

As he ANNOUNCES their names, they each excitedly break from formation & line up next to Owen at the front of the stage --

MARIO LOPEZ (CONT'D)
From Miami, Florida... Contestant #1... the lovely Riley Chong!

The crowd goes WILD.

MARIO LOPEZ (CONT'D)
From Rio de Janeiro, Brazil... Contestant #12... the gorgeous Rafaela Mezzomondo!

The crowd ROARS.

MARIO LOPEZ (CONT'D)
And last but not least, from Toledo, Ohio... Contestant #24... the incredible Starla Perkins!

The crowd now goes INSANE. Owen can hardly contain his thrill for Starla.

But then, he hears an escalating VOICE OF DISSENT. Pastor Scott & her disciples have now elevated their CHANT to a sound level that severely irks Owen.

And setting out to do something about it by addressing the crowd --

OWEN
Before we announce a winner out of these three incredible beauties, I must digress for a mere moment.

Taking a serious tone --

OWEN (CONT'D)
This contest that we are so blessed to be a part of today almost didn't take place.

The crowd BOOS.

OWEN (CONT'D)
There have been forces of evil who have tried to ruin our good time. And they're still trying at this very moment. In fact, one of those forces is this group of soulless picketers standing right here.

Now gesturing to Pastor Scott & her disciples. The crowd instantly starts BOOING them in a rageful manner, scaring the shit out of them.

OWEN (CONT'D)
And while I'd never wish them any real harm, I wouldn't be opposed to a cornucopia of concessions raining down heavily upon them!

And on that, the crowd springs into action, hurling full plastic beer cups, pizza slices, soft pretzels and every other imaginable non-lethal food item at them.

Pastor Scott gets nailed in the face with a tray of cheesy jalapeno nachos.

All her disciples try to endure the nasty snack attack, but soon the bombardment is too much and they flee.

And as the crowd CHEERS and Owen eyes the resolution proudly, he turns to the --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Judges, let's not keep this crowd waiting any longer. Please reveal the third place, the runner-up, and the new Hottest Ass Contest international champion!

The crowd GOES WILD with anticipation.

MARIO LOPEZ
With an incredible score of 97 points, in third place, Riley Chong!

The crowd CHEERS! A long moment as Riley SCREAMS and bounces excitedly.

MARIO LOPEZ (CONT'D)
And with unbelievable scores of 98 points each, Rafaela Mezzomondo AND Starla Perkins -- it's a tie for first place!

On that revelation, the crowd BOOS uncontrollably. And they won't let up. Owen quickly approaches Mario, concerned --

OWEN
A tie? We can't have a tie. This crowd wants a clear winner.

MARIO LOPEZ
Don't look at me. I was pulling for the Korean chick to win.

OWEN
She's Chinese.
(and then)
Joey? You need to pick a winner. Fast.

JOEY LAWRENCE
Yeah? Well you need to put your judges up in nicer hotels.

Owen eyes him, incredulous. And then --

OWEN
Steven?

STEVEN SEAGAL
I was the first Westerner to open an Aikido dojo in Japan.

OWEN
Yeah dude, we know.

Eyeing the judging panel with sheer disappointment, Owen is now at a complete loss. Just then --

CHET (O.S.)
O! Hey, O!

Turning, he spots Chet off to the side of the stage, waving him over. Marching over to him --

OWEN
I've got a crisis here, Chet. What is it?

CHET
I brought the Ass-O-Meter with me! Just in case...

He gestures to the God-awful contraption sitting behind the stage.

CHET (CONT'D)
Let's put the sucker to work!

OWEN
Not a chance in Hell. You know how I feel about that thing.

CHET
What choice do we have? We have to let the audience pick the winner.

Gesturing to the crowd whose BOOING is now getting louder --

CHET (CONT'D)
Before they get really ugly.

Owen thinks on it for a moment. And with no other option --

OWEN
Fine goddamn it. Wheel that beast out here!

As Chet, Marcus & Denny wheel the garish device out onto the stage, Owen pumps up the crowd --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Ladies & gents, to help facilitate a winner, please welcome to the stage this wonder of advanced tie-breaking technology: the Ass-O-Meter!

As the crowd CHEERS, the digital needle on the Ass-O-Meter shoots up to 90.

OWEN (CONT'D)
The winner of this contest is now in your hands. So use your applause wisely!

Now eyeing the finalists, milking them for every last drop of entertainment value --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Rafaela, can I get you to shake your hot junk on the catwalk just one last time?

And as Rafaela struts down, cranking up the raunch as she shimmies to the edge of the catwalk, she power-grinds her ass into the collective consciousness of the crowd.

They respond wildly, ERUPTING IN CHEER and sending the needle on the meter all the way to 99!

OWEN (CONT'D)
99 on the Ass-O-Meter! What a showing by Rafaela Mezzomondo from Brazil! That's going to be virtually impossible to beat!

As Rafaela struts back --

OWEN (CONT'D)
But let's see if Starla Perkins has the goods to give Rafaela a run for her money! Come on down and strut that beautiful butt one last time!

Starla glides down the catwalk, and with the grace & style of a true champion, parades her ass with the utmost confidence.

And as she arrives at the edge of the catwalk and sticks it out for the crowd, allowing it to linger in the air, finally she kisses each of her palms in the most sultry way before gently SMACKING both her butt cheeks.

The crowd ROARS for her, this time so loud that the needle hits 100, then surpasses it as the pink ceramic ass atop the Ass-O-Meter SHATTERS and the entire device decommissions.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Oh my God! This is unprecedented! Starla Perkins has shattered the Ass-O-Meter! The people have spoken!

Starla is in shock. Rafaela is devastated. Owen approaches Starla, taking her by the hand and leading her to the front of the stage.

OWEN (CONT'D)
The winner of Clementine Beach's 1st Annual International Hottest Ass Contest and recipient of the $25,000 Grand Prize -- the unbelievable sexpot, Starla Perkins!

Starla gets another THUNDERING round of cheer as TWO SEXY MODELS approach from offstage and decorate her in a sash and tiara, and place a bouquet of flowers in her arms. Another HOT MODEL displays a giant check for $25,000.

Starla beams with joy as she elegantly waves to the RAVING crowd. And as Owen eyes her, proud --

EXT. CLEMENTINE BEACH - STAGE STAIRCASE - DAY

Owen takes the steps down purposefully as Chet catches up alongside him eyeing his smartphone --

CHET
I got you the preliminary numbers, O. We generated enough revenue to stop the bankruptcy.

Owen grins proudly, but not ready to celebrate just yet --

OWEN
Did you get me the other thing I asked for?

Chet hands Owen *something*.

Continuing down, they come face-to-face at the bottom with the mayor, who's waiting for Owen with an ARMY OF POLICE OFFICERS who have arrived from all over Palm Beach County.

Behind them, detained against a wall in handcuffs are Sgt. Dalton & his crew.

MAYOR DONALDSON
I hope you got your kicks you little shit. Because your world is about to get mighty dark.

OWEN
Before you arrest me, aren't you curious about what's on this jump drive?

Producing in his hand a portable hard drive (that Chet just handed him). As the mayor eyes it --

OWEN (CONT'D)
When I learned you lied about your surgery, I had my team dig a little deeper into other inconsistencies we've all noticed about you.

The mayor looks concerned.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Chet poured through financial records and found hard evidence that you've been tapping city funds to fund your penchant for mistresses & the jet-set lifestyle.

CHET
A villa in St. Lucia mayor? Really? On your government salary?

The mayor now looks faint as all the cops eye him suspiciously. Now trying to plead with Owen --

MAYOR DONALDSON
Let's take it easy here, alright? There's been a misunderstanding and I'm sure we can find a resolution that satisfies both of us.

Owen steps up on him --

OWEN
Fuck that. You've got one option to save your ass. You're gonna rehire me, my friends, Pritchard, Sgt. Dalton and all the other cops you fired.

A moment as he considers. And then --

MAYOR DONALDSON
You drive a hard bargain, Owen. But okay.

OWEN
I'm not finished. Then, using contest revenue and profits from the sale of your St. Lucia house, you're gonna pay off the city's most pressing debts.

MAYOR DONALDSON
But --

OWEN
After that, you'll announce in a press conference what a rousing success the contest was and how it'll be a permanent addition to the city's annual event calendar.

On that, the mayor BLOWS UP --

MAYOR DONALDSON
Now you wait a goddamn minute you little --

OWEN
Unless of course you want this hard drive to end up on the desk of the Miami Herald's Editor-in-Chief.

The mayor sneers. But thinking on it, he realizes he has no other choice --

MAYOR DONALDSON
I'll do it, goddamn it. I'll do everything you say.

OWEN
Good.

Owen commands the uniformed officers --

OWEN (CONT'D)
Don't just stand there, uncuff those men.

Gesturing to Sgt. Dalton & his crew. As the cops do, Chet has a private word with Owen --

CHET
Hey O, the mayor defrauded our city. Don't you think you let him off a little too easy?

OWEN
Yeah, I do. That's why after his press conference, you're gonna send this to the Miami Herald anyway.

Handing him back the jump drive, they exchange a sly look. But now Beau steps up on Owen with Ace & Jax.

BEAU
Nice ass contest. My penis was thoroughly entertained.

Before Beau can say another word, Owen SNAPS his fingers and Chet place a check in his hand. Handing it off to Beau --

OWEN
200 grand plus 25 percent. And in light of the contest being such a success, I'm making a donation in your name to the Endangered Wildcat Society.

BEAU
Sounds good to me.
(and then)
No hard feelings, right?

OWEN
Without you, this contest never would've happened. And all I had to do was suffer a little internal bleeding.

Beau grins at Owen. Then, Owen turns to his friends and they take a moment to celebrate with high-fives and hugs.

Across the way, standing out from the gathering of contestants in her bikini, tiara and sash, Starla catches Owen's eye. She's been watching him.

He approaches her, nervous, uncertain of how she feels about him.

OWEN (CONT'D)
You were amazing on that stage. You deserved everything you got today.

STARLA
What if I still want more?

OWEN
(perplexed)
What more is there?

STARLA
Don't be a jackasss...

She grabs him and kisses him. But she's not the aggressor for long. Owen takes her into his arms, dips her and passionately makes out with her.

And as his friends and all the contestants look on CHEERING, he finally pulls her up and eyes them.

OWEN
What a day, huh? I don't know about you guys, but I think we've earned the right to celebrate!

EXT. CLEMENTINE BEACH - STAGE - DAY

Flo Rida, backed by DJ Drama, once again takes the stage. Performing a rap-remix version of Queen's "Fat Bottomed Girls" to a jam-packed crowd, he is joined on stage by Owen and all of his friends including:

Starla, Chet, Marcus, Denny, Sgt. Dalton, Beau, Riley, Mario Lopez, Steven Seagal, Joey Lawrence & all of the contestants.

To our great surprise, Faith is now here too, standing on the side of the stage in a church dress and sun hat. Eyeing the celebration longingly, finally she says --

FAITH
(to herself)
Ah, screw it...

And ripping off her dress and hat, revealing a stunning bikini-clad body, she joins up with Owen & friends.

And as they all dance, drink and smoke out on this blazing afternoon as the crowd continues to party on the beach...

...There's enough provocative and titillating party footage from Denny's video camera to keep everyone entertained until the final credits roll.

FADE OUT.

THE END