

SPRING BUDS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. JACK'S BASEMENT - LATE AT NIGHT

JACK, a shy honor student living up his senior spring descends his basement steps to an empty room.

JACK

My parents seem to be sound asleep,
but they usually snore. I don't
know guys.

Two of Jack's friends appear from clever hiding spots within the room.

MIKE, a brainless high school slob lacking a filter, jumps over the back of the couch wearing his favorite Nirvana T-shirt.

STEVE, the most down to earth of the crew, runs back to intensely playing his video game.

MIKE

Dude this is so awesome. I love how
early your parents love to hit the
sack. Let's just hope we don't hear
them, hittin' the sack if you know
what I mean.
(Smirks)

STEVE

(Sarcastic)

A ha ha ha ha, shut it Mike. That's
what working parents do instead of
lounging all day on the sofa with a
12 pack and a fresh carton of cigs.

MIKE

What the hell do you know about
work Steve?

STEVE

I know that had you done some the
past 4 years, maybe college would
have been an option.

MIKE

Ya whatever, where the hell's your
sister and the alchemist?

JACK

She sent me a text like 20 minutes
ago; should be here soon.

MIKE

She texted you! You're so in! Speak
of the devil.

STACY, Steve's popular blonde twin, enters through the
basement door. She dramatically lets her hair loose from her
bun.

JACK

(Entranced)
Hey Stacy!

MIKE

Hey she's finally here!

Mike rushes towards Stacy with open arms.

STEVE

Do you have any idea how long we
waited?

Steve rushes towards Stacy.

STACY

Wow, haven't seen you guys so
excited to see me in a while.

Stacy cautiously opens her arms to receive the unexpected
hugs.

Steve and Mike knock Stacy's arms out of the way and hug the
backpack she has on.

STACY (CONT'D)

I really should've known better
than to think you jerks were
excited to see me.

JACK

Well I am!

MIKE

Jack stop it. The alchemist has
arrived. Don't be distracted by
some mediocre women when there is
science to be had in our lungs!

Mike removes a very large intricate looking glass bong from
the backpack.

STEVE

(Holding up the bong)
Ah the alchemist!

STACY
That is really just sad.

STEVE
Strange, you're usually the one who
ends up crying after you hit it.

STACY
Shut up Steven.

JACK
Just remember, smaller pulls Stacy.

STACY
(Sarcastically)
Ya definitely Jack! You too!

Stacy takes a hit from the bong

STACY (CONT'D)
(Coughing)
Wa.... Wat.... Water ... Steven
water!

STEVE
Sinks over there Stace!

MIKE
(Filming on his phone)
There's some in the bong!

Stacy tilts the bong as the water slowly and dramatically
makes its way into here mouth.

JACK
(Dramatically)
Nooooo! Staaaaaaacccceeyyyy!

Stacy looks faint and falls to the ground.

STEVE
Oh shit! Nighty night Stace.

MIKE
(laughing)
YES, YES! World Star! World Star!

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM SCHOOL - DAY

Mike and Steve sit in class throwing crumpled notes across the classroom. The teacher slowly begins to take notice of what they are doing.

MIKE'S NOTE (V.O.)

Who would've thought the teachers pet would skip his first day of school on teacher appreciation day.

STEVE'S NOTE (V.O.)

Honestly I think I'm more surprised to see you here than Jack being absent.

MIKE'S NOTE (V.O.)

Coincidence that your sister isn't here either? That would probably explain her mourning sickness.

STEVE'S NOTE (V.O.)

It's morning sickness you fucking idiot. Anyway, we all know Jack doesn't have the balls to make the first move.

TEACHER

Steven and Mike... Please!

STEVE AND MIKE

(Cheerful)

Yes Ms. Buckles

Steve and Mike continue to throw notes across the class.

MIKE'S NOTE (V.O.)

I mean your sister knows he has the balls. You'll figure it out in about nine months!

STEVE'S NOTE (V.O.)

Count your blessings Mike.

Steve throws a piece of paper into the back of a kids head in front of Mike. A dumb football player stands up towering over him and clearly angry.

FOOTBALL KID]

(authoritative)

Who the fuck was that?

TEACHER

Language!!!

STEVE

(Stands up)

Jesus Christ Mike! What the hell was that?! You could've seriously hurt him!

TEACHER

Sit down Steven!

MIKE

(Stands up)

What the hell is this! Some sort of circus?

FOOTBALL KID

You think I'm funny?

TEACHER

Enough! Mike stay after class.

MIKE

As much as you'd like me to stay to appreciate you Ms. Buckles, I have a bus to catch. I think that...

TEACHER

(Interrupting)

No Mike, you don't think. And you don't have a bus to catch. You can watch the sun go down right here while you formulate a reason for your actions.

FOOTBALL KID

Suck it Mike!

STEVE

Ya Mike, suck it!

TEACHER

No one is going to suck anything! If I hear another word out of any of you, you'll all be staying!
(Bell rings ending class)

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jack is sitting in the basement on the couch caressing Stacy's head. Stacy looks worse than she had the night before and is lying on the sofa with her head in Jack's lap.

Steve enters through the basement door.

JACK
Where's Mike?

STEVE
My day was awesome, thanks so much
for asking!

JACK
Better than your sister's, she
hasn't stopped throwing up since
last night.

STEVE
I'd be puking too if my head was
that close to your crotch.

JACK
Seriously Steve, if it's a virus
she'll need some sort of
antibiotics.

Mike barges through the basement door.

MIKE
(Panting)
You're a real asshole Steve! You
screw me over and couldn't even
hold the bus?

JACK
You pool hop on the way home Mike?

STEVE
Figured I'd let him get his cardio
in since he cuts gym class
everyday.

MIKE
(Pointing to Stacy)
Well at least I don't look as bad
as her.

Stacy leans over to puke.

JACK
She really needs to see a doctor.

MIKE
Conveniently Steve, your family
believes in that homo-patheic
witchcraft so you can kiss a
doctors visit goodbye.

JACK

(Shaking his head)
Homeo! Homeo-patheic! You guys have never been to the doctors?

STEVE

Not since my Dad got that yoga instructor position at the YMCA a couple years back. That holistic son-of-a-bitch even canceled all our medical insurance.

MIKE

Not sure what that holistic crap means, but it can't be good if it sounds like Holocaust!

STACY

(Murmuring)
He's so stupid.

JACK

She has to go the doctor.

STEVE

Without insurance! Your crazy man, you know how expensive that will be.

MIKE

Weird, you'd think yoga instructor would be respectable enough to receive medical benefits. Unless of course your a guy. And a yoga instructor.

STEVE

Jack, you have insurance! You can go explain her symptoms and get the medicine she needs.

JACK

No way! Anyway, my parents are in between switching my insurance plan...

MIKE

(interrupting)
So Jack's clearly a pussy.
Unfortunately for him Stacy's straight.

JACK

You have insurance Mike! Why don't you do it.

MIKE

Yeah that's definitely not going to happen.

JACK

50 bucks and a spare key to my basement?

MIKE

(speedily)

When's the appointment?!

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike is sitting in the doctor's trying to memorize the symptoms he has written down on his phone. The doctor knocks and enters the room. Mike is shocked to find a very beautiful, young, lady doctor.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

Mr. Martino, how are you?

MIKE

(Shocked)

I...I...I... I've never been called mister before.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

(Laughing)

I'm Dr. Deborah Honeywell. It says here you're feeling a little under the weather do you want to try to explain what you're experiencing?

Mike still entranced by the sexiness of the doctor looks down at his phone to read from the list.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL (CONT'D)

Oh I'm sorry Mr. Martino but we don't allow the usage of phones in our office. I'm sure you can describe what your feeling.

Mike looking clueless is dazed and star-struck.

MIKE

I... I... I feel a little faint,
light headed, kinda like
butterflies. But umm, I'm
experiencing some pain in my groin,
specifically my ummm, well ya know,
the whole package. Just been kinda
red and sore lately.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

Of course, well let's check it out.
Can you take off your shoes, pants
and socks.

Mike pops off the table and strips naked eagerly.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL (CONT'D)

Okay, well keeping your boxers on
would have been fine too, but yes
it's definitely looking a little
red, as for the soreness you'll
just have to tell me when you begin
to feel it.

Doctor begins to touch Mike's testicles poking cautiously for
soreness.

CUT TO:

A FRAME OF MIKE'S FACE:

Awkward seconds go by as Mike makes many different faces,
suddenly his eyes widen and one of pure bliss is shown.

MIKE

YES! Right there!

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

It's sore there?

MIKE

Yes, so incredibly sore!

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

(Concerned)

Hmm, this could be more serious
than I expected. I think the best
way to go about this is to schedule
a follow up appointment with me and
our practices' urologist.

MIKE
Yes! Yes, that sounds like the best
idea ever!...

The doctor shoots Mike a strange look.

MIKE (CONT'D)
For my health of course!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S BASEMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Mike enters Jack's basement to find Steve, Jack, and a still
sicker than ever, Stacy.

MIKE
Everyone! Stop what your doing and
gather around. I have thee best
news ever!

JACK
You got the medicine!

MIKE
No! I did not get the medicine,
but...

STEVE
(interrupting)
Then what the hell could the good
news be.

MIKE
(enchanted)
I, Mr. Michael Manuel Martino, am
in love!

STEVE
Jesus Christ.

MIKE
Yes that is right. Thank you Jesus
Christ. She even asked to see me
again.
(sighing)
Dr. Honeywell.

JACK
You go to the doctors and you came
out with a date?

MIKE

It was magical Jack! I went in with full intention of getting the medicine, but then she asked me to take my pants off and she was so shocked to see what I had. She couldn't resist but to touch it and now here we are. I'm so thankful you guys convinced me to go. You know what, keep the money and the key Jack, Dr. Honeywell is all I need! Come here guys, you too Stacy, group hug!

Stacy run's out the basement door to puke.

STEVE

Why would he pay you, you fuckin idiot. You didn't even get the medicine!

JACK

I can't believe this shit. Give me Honeywell's number, I'm going first thing tomorrow morning.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

Jack sits in the doctors office waiting for the doctor. The doctor knocks and enters the room. Jack is shocked to find a very beautiful, young, lady doctor.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

Hello Mr. Sox. I'm Dr. Deborah Honeywell. I hear you're feeling a little under the weather today?

JACK

(Shocked)

I... I... I've never been called mister before... I'm sorry, that was dumb, I didn't even answer your question. My friend saw you yesterday, Mike, and couldn't stop talking about how wonderful you were. So I thought I'd give you a call.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

Oh, Mike Martino? I'm afraid he might have a pretty serious situation going on. He seemed strangely excited for his follow up with the urologist though. Kind of an odd ball if you ask me.

JACK

Follow up? That must of been the date he was referring too.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

Date?

JACK

Umm, yeah, he said something like he saved the date, said he was busy between that time. You know him, he can give off the wrong impression sometimes.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

(laughing)

You don't have to tell me. Well enough about him, how are you feeling?

JACK

(sweating nervously)

Honestly not too well, I've had these stomach cramps, random nausea and fatigue. I pretty much haven't left the couch the past two days.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

Strange, you don't look like your in too much discomfort.

JACK

(conceited)

Well, you know how alpha males are.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

No, actually I, I don't.

A beat.

JACK

Umm, well, let me think. I was with my friends, we were all sharing a glass of water and all of a sudden...

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

(interrupting)

Say no more Mr. Sox, you kids have to lay off that devil's lettuce. One kid even came in here last week after he had drunk the water straight from the bong. How ridiculous is that?

JACK

(Playing along)

Ridiculous! Kids these days.

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

This was an easy one, especially because your sweating like a mule. That doesn't have much to do with your sickness but that's how you gave it away. Any who, theirs been a 72 hour bug going around and seems like it's taken over the whole town. You probably picked it up from your stoner habits. I'm going to write you a prescription for Relenza and you should be good to go within a day or two. Just do me a favor and leave the smot pokin' for the hippies.

JACK

Yes, definitely! Thank you this is such a relief. I'll be sure to let Mike know you said hello. And, umm, your not going to tell my parents right?

DOCTOR HONEYWELL

(sarcastic)

Only if you tell Mike I said hello.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S BASEMENT - LATER THAT DAY

Jack enters his basement holding up the prescription like the 1968 Olympic black power salute. Triumphant, Jack wants to let Stacy know that he did it all for her.

JACK

Stacy! Where is Stacy? Stacy!

STEVEN

She's upstairs using the bathroom.

MIKE

What the fuck are you doing?

JACK

Really, I planned that entrance and everything. She still puking?

STEVEN

Surprisingly no... well, maybe. I don't really know, but she was up and about when you were gone. Even ran an errand.

Stacy can be heard descending the steps. Jack runs back outside.

Jack re-enters the room striking his previous pose with the prescription in hand.

MIKE

Still no idea what the fuck your doing!

JACK

What no man who hath gone before me has been able to do, I have conquered.

MIKE

Stacy, please tell Jack if he ever wants to get laid, to not do that around any female, ever!

STEVE

As much as I hate taking Mike's side, I'm going to have to say he has a point Jack.

STACY

Shut up guys! I actually thought it was kind of cute.

JACK

Stacy, your never going to believe this. I went to the doctor and pretended to be sick, I totally fooled her.

MIKE

Dr. Honeywell? Did she mention me?

JACK

Apparently Stacy, you're not the only one who's downed bong water.

STACY

Can we pleeaassee, just never mention that again.

STEVE

(Sarcastic)

Mention what? You drinking the bong water?

MIKE

Who the hell was your doctor Jack!?

JACK

Here you go Stacy, one prescription written by Honeywell herself.

STACY

Jack come here! That was incredibly sweet, but I don't think I'll be needing it that anymore.

Jack has a look of disappointment on his face.

Stacy pecks a kiss on Jack's lips.

MIKE

(Childishly)

Oooooo. Boner alert!

STEVE

Seriously Stace? You're better than that!

MIKE

Wait but seriously, did Dr. Honeywell mention me?

JACK

Yeah, she did actually. Something about lopping off a testicle.

STEVE

Don't they have to take both off if they do that.

MIKE

(paranoid)

Oh no! No that can't be! She said we were serious. Deborah wouldn't do that, she said she wanted to see them again.

JACK

Sounded pretty serious to me.

MIKE
(pacing around)
Oh fuck, no, no noooo! This can't
be!

STACY
(Towards Jack)
Jack we should talk.

JACK
Anything for you Stacy, what you
thinking about?

Stacy leans in whispering to Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
(Yelling)
Pregnant! How? I've worn a condom
every time!

MIKE
(Heroically)
Impossible! It can't go wrong if
you wrap your dong.

STEVE
You!?... Jack Sox... had sex!..
With MY sister!

MIKE
Wait what? You actually had sex?

STEVE
I'm going to kick the shit out of
both of you!

JACK
Where the hell is Honeywell's
number?

FADE OUT: