

# **LOST IN THE SAUCE**

Written By

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**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

BUZZ - a cell phone VIBRATES, shaking the table atop which it sits.

JEREMY (20) reaches for it groggily, knocking it onto the floor. He's an underachiever with a penchant for spending more time figuring out how to avoid doing something, than it would take to actually do it.

JEREMY

Who the fuck calls anymore.

Jeremy gets out of bed and grabs his phone off the floor.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

(yawning)

Hello?

AUNT CLAIR

Hi, Jeremy, just confirming you'll be home in about an hour when I drop off the twins.

Jeremy grabs a half-full beer from his desk and takes a drink.

JEREMY

Uh... Yeah... I'll be here.

AUNT CLAIR (V.O)

Great! Thank you so much. We'll be back Sunday afternoon to pick them up!

JEREMY

Sounds good, bye.

Jeremy hangs up the phone, takes another sip of beer, and goes downstairs.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

BEN (20), lies unconscious on the couch. He's more capable than he lets on, and he's a strong believer in 'work smart not hard.'

When Jeremy walks into the room Ben sits up groggily.

He's shirtless and his face is covered in lewd words and drawings.

He reaches for his phone, but, as he touches it, he drops it instantly and GRIMACES in pain.

BEN  
Bro... What happened last night.

Jeremy LAUGHS.

JEREMY  
You were so drunk, you started an argument with that pigeon statue on the way home from the bar... then, when it didn't answer, you took a swing at it.

Ben GROANS and stretches as Jeremy walks past him into the kitchen, and grabs a beer from the fridge.

BEN  
Wait! What time is it?

Jeremy walks back into the living room, tosses the beer cap onto the coffee table, and collapses into the couch.

JEREMY  
Almost twelve.

BEN  
Oh Shit! My exam.

Ben reaches into the couch cushions and grabs a too-small button-down, he throws it on, and runs down the hallway and out the door - his shirt is unbuttoned and his shoes don't match.

#### **EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY**

DING DONG - A woman, AUNT CLAIR (34) and two small children, ALEX (8), JENNA (8) stand on Jeremy's front step, as Jeremy opens the door.

Alex is mischievous and stubborn, while Jenna is rebellious and resourceful.

JEREMY  
Hey... guys...

The kids run inside the instant Jeremy opens the door.

Aunt Clair hands Jeremy a backpack, then turns to leave.

AUNT CLAIR  
Thanks again for watching them.

Jeremy waves and closes the door behind her.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jeremy turns the TV on to a kids show, grabs a fresh beer from the fridge, and sits down on the couch.

After a beat, Ben storms into the living room.

BEN

Hey asshole! Thanks for letting me go to my four-hundred-person exam with dicks drawn all over my fucking face!

JEREMY

Could you please watch your goddamn language, I'm watching my little cousins.

Jeremy gestures towards the twins who stare at Ben in shock.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Also, it's payback for the time you let me go to that interview with half my head shaved.

Ben starts GIGGLING to himself.

BEN

Oh right... I guess we're even now.  
(to the kids)  
So... do you guys... want a beer.

JEREMY

Bro, they're eight!

BEN

Okay! So... light beer?

Jeremy SIGHS.

BEN (CONT'D)

Fine. More for me.

Ben goes to the fridge and grabs a beer - he returns to the living room, and sits down on the couch.

Ben takes a long pull from the beer, then looks at Jeremy expectantly.

BEN (CONT'D)  
So... did you... decide to bail on  
your plan?

JEREMY  
What are you talking about?

BEN  
Oh my god, you forgot?!

JEREMY  
Forgot what?

BEN  
Uh dumbass, tomorrow is the twenty-  
second.

Jeremy looks at Ben blankly for a beat.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Stacy's party!

JEREMY  
Man, stop trying to mess with-

Jeremy grabs his phone and checks the calendar app.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
Oh shit!

He quickly claps his hand over his mouth and looks at the  
twins who are staring at him in shock.

JEREMY (CONT'D)  
Hey kids, how about you go play  
catch outside.

Jeremy opens the backdoor and ushers the kids outside.

They're hesitant at first, but after a beat they cave and go  
into the backyard.

Jeremy grabs a ball from the corner of the room and throws it  
outside after them, as you would for a dog.

BEN  
So what are you going to do about  
tomorrow?

JEREMY  
I don't know, do you have any  
ideas?

BEN

Well we could get someone else to  
watch them.

JEREMY

You mean outsource it? What are we,  
a tech support company? Besides,  
everyone we know is going to be at  
this party.

BEN

Okay, so let's hear your brilliant  
plan.

Jeremy stands and paces for a beat - it looks like he's going to say something, but he just stops and sits down again.

JEREMY

I've got nothing...

BEN

You know what this calls for?!

JEREMY

Ugh, not a-

BEN

That's right! A brainstorming  
session!

#### **EXT. BACKYARD - DAY**

Jeremy and Ben sit in a pair of lawn chairs next to each other separated by a cooler filled with ice and beers.

They're both wearing goofy sunglasses and ridiculous, cardboard hats, made out of the remnants of multiple beer boxes. There's a pile of empty beer bottles next to each of their chairs, and both of them are holding a half-full beer.

Alex and Jenna play catch in front of them.

BEN

Okay, so... remind me why this  
party is so important?

JEREMY

Stacey's leaving for Ottawa Sunday  
for her internship. If I don't  
shoot my shot tomorrow... I'm  
probably not going to get another  
chance.

BEN

I think you might be the first person in history who makes Ben Simmons look like a good shooter, by comparison.

Jeremy gives Ben a look of defeat.

BEN (CONT'D)

Okay, so... what are we going to do, we can't bring them with us.

JEREMY

Wait, what if we did?

BEN

Are you serious?! You know how parties get around here. Remember when that girl brought her dog to that frat party, and a bunch of guys on the football team got it drunk and painted it's fur?

Jeremy LAUGHS.

JEREMY

Oh, yeah. It was so drunk it couldn't walk.

BEN

Or how about that guy who had that collection beta fish, and people started a fish fighting ring in his dorm.

Jeremy LAUGHS harder.

BEN (CONT'D)

Those fish died, bro!

JEREMY

You think people are going to get my cousins drunk, and make them fight each other so they can bet on it?

BEN

MAYBE!

JEREMY

Look, we'll just give them some ground rules and make sure one of us is always with them.

BEN  
(under his breath)  
And people say *I'm* the  
irresponsible one.

JEREMY  
What?

BEN  
Nothing... At least this way I  
won't have to hang out with Stacy's  
bitchy roommate.

JEREMY  
Denise? You two STILL hate each  
other?

BEN  
Bro! She told everyone I wet the  
bed.

Jeremy LAUGHS.

JEREMY  
That was in, like, the third grade.

BEN  
Hey, it's not funny! Instead of Ben  
Webster, people called me Bed  
Wetter until high school.

JEREMY  
But didn't you start it by telling  
everyone if she went out in the  
rain she'd melt because she was a  
witch.

BEN  
Oh yeah, because her family moved  
here from Kansas.

Jeremy rolls his eyes and SIGHS.

JEREMY  
How many times do I have to tell  
you, that doesn't make sense.  
Dorothy is from Kansas, the witch  
is from Oz.

It's clear they've had this argument before.

BEN  
Whatever, bro, everyone else got  
it.

JEREMY

You two need to just hook up and  
end the sexual tension.

Ben looks at Jeremy, horrified.

BEN

Me... and her? Never!

JEREMY

I think the real question is, can  
you go the whole night without  
having to change your sheets.

Ben leaps from his chair and tackles Jeremy who is still  
LAUGHING, and the two wrestle playfully on the grass.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jeremy and Ben stand in the living room, Alex and Jenna sit  
on the couch facing the older boys.

JEREMY

Alright guys, we're taking you to a  
party tonight, so we have some  
ground rules. Rule number one: Ben  
and I are in charge. Rule number  
two: don't drink anything anyone  
gives you.

ALEX

What if you give us a drink.

JENNA

Or Ben?

Ben smirks at Jeremy, who rolls his eyes.

JEREMY

If Ben or I give you a drink that's  
fine, but no one else! Rule number  
three: if the cops show up, RUN.

**EXT. FRONT LAWN - NIGHT**

Jeremy, Ben and the twins arrive at the house. The MUSIC is  
so loud it can be heard two blocks away.

JEREMY

YOU THINK THIS IS THE PLACE?

BEN  
WHAT?

JEREMY  
YOU THINK THIS IS THE PLACE?

BEN  
I THINK THIS IS THE PLACE!

JEREMY  
I'M GOING TO GO FIND STACY!

BEN  
WHAT?

JEREMY  
I'M GOING TO GO FIND STACY!

BEN  
YOU SHOULD GO FIND STACY!

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Jeremy walks into the kitchen - there is a group of people crowded around a keg, but no Stacy.

**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Jeremy goes downstairs into the basement - there's a group of stoners enveloped in a cloud of marijuana smoke, but no Stacy.

**INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT**

Jeremy goes upstairs and opens the bedroom door to his left

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A MAN (20's) and WOMAN (20's) make out in the bed, half-naked.

The man opens his eyes, and sees Jeremy standing in the doorway.

MAN  
What the fuck? Get out!

JEREMY  
Have you guys seen Stacy?

The guy reaches for something beside the bed, a shoe, which he throws at Jeremy.

Jeremy frantically closes the door to avoid getting hit.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Ben and the twins stand in the corner of the living room. DENISE (20's) sees them and approaches.

BEN

Denise, where's Stacy?

DENISE

(slurring)

Who invited you? Our lease very clearly doesn't allow dogs.

BEN

Stacy did... and don't you live here... bitch?

DENISE

(slurring)

Stacy only tolerates you because she's in love with your oblivious friend.

BEN

Are you drunk?

DENISE

(slurring)

Not drunk enough to make talking to you bearable.

While Denise and Ben argue the twins slip away into the backyard.

**EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT**

Several people crowd around a beer pong table.

A football player (BRODY 20's) stands at one end of the table, clearly intoxicated wearing a shirt that says "Gael's Football" with a picture of the Queen's Golden Gaels logo.

At the other end of the table are two greasers (STEVE and DYLAN 20's) with what looks like a full bottle of hair-gel in their hair.

BRODY

You losers are a disgrace! Take  
your pussy drinks and get the hell  
out of my house!

STEVE

Can we at least get our bag first?

DYLAN

Yeah, it has the rest of our  
drinks.

BRODY

No! It's our bag now! Consider it  
payment.

STEVE

Payment? For what?

BRODY

For the loser tax! Now get the fuck  
out!

Brody high-fives his buddy (CHAD 20's), while the two  
greasers walk away from the table pathetically.

BRODY (CONT'D)

Who's next?

The crowd of people try to avoid eye contact with Brody.

BRODY (CONT'D)

What about you little dude?

Brody gestures at Alex.

CHAD

Chill bro, they're kids.

BRODY

They can play with water.

ALEX

Fine, we'll play.

CHAD

Do you know the rules?

ALEX

You put the ball in the cup, seems  
pretty simple.

JENNA

Yeah, if you can do it, how hard  
can it be?

The crowd CHEERS at Jenna's retort.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Jeremy walks into the living room.

Ben and Denise sit on the couch, making out.

JEREMY

I knew it!

They both look up and see Jeremy standing in front of them.

They immediately push away from each other, feigning  
repulsion.

BEN

It's not what it looks like.

JEREMY

Sure it's- Wait, where are the  
twins?

BEN

Oh shit! They were here a second  
ago.

Jeremy, Ben, and Denise get up and run around the house  
looking for Alex and Jenna.

After a beat, Jeremy goes into the backyard, and finds them  
playing beer pong.

They have two cups left, while Chad and Brody have three -  
it's surprisingly close.

Jeremy grabs their arms and pulls them away from the table.

JEREMY

Let's go.

ALEX

But we're about to win.

BRODY

Hah! Not a chance, ya little  
fuckers!

BEN  
What the hell's wrong with you?  
They're kids!

Ben takes a step threateningly towards the Brody but Denise pulls him away.

DENISE  
Look.

Denise points to the corner of the backyard, where Stacy stands, talking to a group of people.

Ben smacks Jeremy on the shoulder and points in Stacy's direction.

JEREMY  
Ow, what the fu-

BEN  
Over there, go talk to her!

Jeremy turns and sees Stacy. He slowly, almost painfully slowly, walks over to where she's standing.

JEREMY  
Hey Stacy, can I talk to you for a second?

STACY  
Sure.

Stacy and Jeremy walk away from the others.

STACY (CONT'D)  
What's up?

JEREMY  
I've been trying to find you all night. I wanted to tell you that...

Jeremy loses his nerve and trails off - he just looks at her awkwardly.

STACY  
Tell me... What?

JEREMY  
I wanted to tell you-

As he regains his composure, Jeremy's interrupted by SHOUTING.

The backyard is lit up by the unmistakable blue and red lights that could only belong to one thing - cops.

Everyone PANICS.

Ben picks the twins up, one under each arm, and runs over to where Jeremy and Stacey are talking - he shoves Alex into Jeremy's arms, and pulls him towards the back fence.

BEN

Come on!

Jeremy's reluctant at first, but he quickly snaps out of it - as he gets to the fence, Ben sets Jenna down and hops it - Jeremy picks Alex and Jenna up, one after the other, and hands them over the fence to Ben, then hops it himself - after he clears it, all four of them race off down the alley.

CUT TO:

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

Jeremy's phone BUZZES.

He's passed out on the floor.

TILT UP to Ben, who is passed out on the couch.

TILT UP slightly further to Denise who is passed out on top of Ben.

JEREMY

Hello?

AUNT CLAIR

Hi Jeremy, we're on our way to your place now, we'll be there in about twenty minutes.

JEREMY

Okay, see you soon.

Jeremy hangs up the phone.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Shit, shit, shit!

He runs up the stairs and into his bedroom where the twins are sleeping.

**INT. BEDROOM - DAY**

JEREMY

Alex! Jenna! Get your shit together! Your parents are on their way.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Aunt Clair stands at Jeremy's door, KNOCKING.

**INT. FRONT HALL - DAY**

Jeremy crouches in front of the twins, so they're at the same eye level.

JEREMY

Alright guys, remember, when your mom asks what you did, don't say you went with us to a college party.

JENNA

So, what should we say?

JEREMY

I don't know! Just make something up!

ALEX

Should we say we ran from the cops?

Jeremy rubs his face exasperatedly.

JEREMY

What do you think?

JENNA

(whispering)

I think that's a 'no.'

more KNOCKING at the door.

AUNT CLAIR (O.S.)

Hello... Jeremy?

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Jeremy opens the door.

JEREMY

Hey, Aunt Clair.

Jeremy hands his aunt the twins' bag, as Alex and Jenna run outside and hug her.

AUNT CLAIR

So, did they behave? What did you guys do?

JEREMY

Uh... not go to a party and play drinking games.

AUNT CLAIR

What?

JEREMY

Nothing, bye.

AUNT CLAIR

...Bye...

The twins run to the car, as Aunt Clair gives Jeremy a suspicious look, then finally turns to leave.

**INT. FRONT HALL - DAY**

Jeremy closes the door.

He gets half-way to the living room, when there is another KNOCK at the door.

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Jeremy opens the door

JEREMY

Did you guys forget- Oh... hi,  
Stacy.

Stacy stands at the door, smiling awkwardly.

STACY

Hey.

JEREMY

What's up?

STACY

We never finished our conversation yesterday.

JEREMY

Right, see... what I wanted to say  
was...

Jeremy trails off, followed by an awkward pause.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

The thing is-

Stacy leans in and kisses Jeremy, then pulls away.

STACY

I hope that wasn't-

Jeremy pulls her in and kisses her again.

After he pulls away they both smile at each other awkwardly.

JEREMY

When are you leaving, do you have  
time to get something to eat?

Stacy looks at her phone and smiles at Jeremy.

STACY

I've got a bit of time, that sounds  
great!

Stacy and Jeremy get in Stacy's car and drive off.

**INT. FRONT HALL - DAY**

Ben stands in the front hall, peeking out from behind the curtain of the window that faces the front lawn.

BEN

My boy finally did it.

DENISE

Uhm, are you blind? It was my girl  
who made the first move.

Ben turns around to see Denise standing behind him with her arms crossed.

BEN

Don't be stupid! If Jeremy hadn't  
laid the foundation last night, she  
never would have come over here.

DENISE

What foundation? He ran off before  
he could even say anything.

Ben turns around and walks towards the kitchen.

BEN

That's because the cops showed up!

Denise follows him.

DENISE

Sure... blame the cops. This is  
just like...

FADE OUT.