

SETH: Jules is having a fuckin' party! Don't tell Fogell about the party.

FOGELL: Hey! Gangstas, what's up guys? I was just walking down the hall, and Nicola was right in front of me, she was wearing these tight white pants with this black g-string, and you could see right through the pants man, it was so sweet. I told her what time it was. It was awesome. She's got the nicest ass.

SETH: That's the coolest fucking story I've ever heard in my fucking life! That's insane! Can I hear it again? Do you have time?

FOGELL: Yeah, yeah, Seth, I'm really gonna miss your knee-slappers when me and Evan are at Dartmouth.

SETH: Yeah, well I'll be at State where the girls are half as smart, and thus twice as likely to fellache me.

FOGELL: What are you guys doing tonight (asshole)?

EVAN: We got, nothing. Nothing tonight.

FOGELL: No? Well, if nothing comes up, we can always get shitfaced again, yeah? I mean you're always calling me a pussy and whatnot, but today you're wrong. At lunch, I went to the same place Mike Snider went to pick up my brand new fake ID. Jigga jigga yeah, fake ID, fake ID...

SETH: That's insane! Because Evan was just like, "I heard about this party, we shouldn't tell Fogell about it", and I was like, "No, we should totally tell Fogell", and that way you can buy us booze now, that's awesome!

FOGELL: Yeah, I'll—sure I'll buy the booze, we're gonna get our drinks on, gonna party, get crunk and rock out dude!

SETH: Let me see it.

FOGELL: It's flawless! Check it!

EVAN: Hawaii. Alright, that's good, it's hard to trace, I guess...wait, you changed your name to...McLovin? McLovin? What kind of a stupid name is that, Fogell? What are you trying to be, an Irish R&B singer?

FOGELL: No, they let you pick any name you want when you get down there.

SETH: And you landed on McLovin?

FOGELL: Yeah, it was between that or Muhammad.

SETH: Why the fuck would it be between that or Muhammad? Why didn't you just pick a common name like a normal person?

FOGELL: Muhammad is the most commonly used name on earth, read a fuckin' book for once.

EVAN: Fogell, have you ever actually met anyone named Muhammad?

FOGELL: Have you actually ever met anyone named McLovin?

SETH: No! That's why you picked a dumb fuckin' name.

FOGELL: Fuck you.

SETH: Gimme that. Alright, you look like a future pedophile in this picture, number one. Number two, it doesn't even have a first name. It just says McLovin!

EVAN: What, one name? One name? Who are you, Seal?

SETH: Fogell, this ID says you're 25 years old. Why didn't you just put 21 man!?

FOGELL: Seth, Seth Seth, listen up assface. Every day, hundreds of kids go into the liquor store with their fake ID's and every single one says they're 21. Just how many 21 year-olds do you think there are in this town? It's called fucking strategy, alright?

EVAN: Let's stay calm, let's not lose our heads. It's a fine ID. It's gonna work. It's passable, ok? This isn't terrible! I mean, it's up to you Fogell. This guy's either gonna think, "here's another kid with a fake ID," or, "Here's McLovin, the twenty five year-old Hawaiian organ donor," ok? So what's it gonna be?

FOGELL: I am McLovin.

SETH: No you're not. No one's McLovin. McLovin's never existed because that's a made up dumb fuckin' fairy tale name you FUCK!

FOGELL: Jeez man, it'll work, give it a chance!

SETH: What the hell is that (*points at McLovin's vest*)?

FOGELL: It's a fuckin' vest, dumbass. I'm trying to look older.

SETH: You look like Pinocchio.

EVAN: No, It's just a vest.

FOGELL: Yeah. How many high schoolers you see in vests?

SETH: You really fucked us on this one, dickmouth. So now, I'm gonna go steal the booze.

FOGELL: No, don't do this, I promise you I'll get the liquor, Mike Snider's ID always worked, so will mine man!

SETH: Mike Snider's ID doesn't have one fucking name on it! Okay? I thought you Dartmouth guys would be smart enough to understand that. Now Seth's gotta pick up all the pieces. (*Seth goes into the store.*)

EVAN: He won't do it, don't worry.

FOGELL: Oh, I forgot to tell you, my mom said we could have the TV from the basement, and I've got like thirty lava lamp—

EVAN: Shut the fuck up man, he's gonna hear you. Be quiet.

FOGELL: You still haven't told him that we're rooming together?

EVAN: Fogell, shut the fuck up. (*beat.*) And take off your vest, you look like Aladdin.

(*Seth re-enters.*)

FOGELL: Where's all the stolen liquor Danny Ocean, did you hide it up your butt?

SETH: Piss off! I was gonna do it, but there was a security breach. You never would have done it. Let's watch your stupid ID get rejected.

EVAN: Well, Fogell, are you ready?

SETH: Here's the money, and the list.

EVAN: Change is yours. Keep the change.

FOGELL: Well thank you. What's the list for?

EVAN: The alcohol.

SETH: We're gonna get alcohol for the whole party, ok? We put a lot of time into this list, so don't fuck it up and get Sambuca again.

FOGELL: Ouzo, bourbon, spiced rum, Goldslick—

EVAN: Goldslick vodka. That's Rebecca, don't forget that, ok?

FOGELL: Raspberry vodka, scotch—

SETH: Oh, and Kyle's Killer Lemonade, a six-pack.

FOGELL: This is a lot of stuff, man, I don't know if I can get away with all this.

EVAN: What difference does it make, how much it is?

FOGELL: I don't know, man. I'm, like, really nervous.

*(Fogell starts breathing very hard and making an odd noise while doing so.)*

EVAN: Are you okay?

FOGELL: No, man, I should have worn the vest!

EVAN: Calm down!

SETH: What the fuck are you doing?

FOGELL: What if I go in there and they turn me down, man?

SETH: Then we're in the same exact place that we're in right now!

EVAN: Yeah, who cares?

FOGELL: It's fucking humiliating! Everybody in the store sees them kicking me out. What if they make me put all the liquor back on the shelf? I can't do that!

EVAN: Oh my God.

SETH: This whole thing is bigger than you, Fogell! So grow a pair of nuts, and fuckin' walk in there and buy the alcohol!

FOGELL: What if I don't feel like it anymore, Seth, What?

SETH: Then I will fucking kill you, ok? I'll get a knife, and stab you through your fucking heart.

EVAN: No, you can do this man, come on.

FOGELL: Killing me won't get you alcohol jerkoff, I'm the one with the fake ID.

SETH: Well then I'll cut your dumb little fuckin' face off, throw it over mine, get your ID, and buy it my fucking self!

FOGELL: Oh really? You don't have the technology or the steady hands to pull off a procedure like that, so

HA! Peace!

EVAN: Fogell, just be cool man! Get in and get out. *(Fogell enters the store.)* You're a hero!

SETH: We're so fucked. This plan's been fucked since jump street man

EVAN: Calm down. Just calm down, alright? (*beat.*) Hey, so did you bring a condom for tonight?

SETH: You brought a condom with you?

EVAN: Yeah, I figured I might as well, you know? I brought a little bottle of spermicidal lube too.

SETH: But you laughed in my face when I said I'd be having sex tonight.

EVAN: Yeah, that doesn't mean you shouldn't just always be prepared, you didn't even bring a condom?

SETH: No! No, I mean that wasn't part of the plan. I can't believe you did this without consulting with me about it!

EVAN: What are you talking about a plan? We've never discussed, like, any plan, but you keep saying we have a plan.

SETH: I had, like, a general outline, you know? I was gonna go down on her for, like, several hours, ok? She would love that. She'd be smitten by that. She'd go out with that. Or, I'd dry hump the shit out of her leg.

EVAN: Ok, well I don't see the harm in bringing one little condom.

SETH: And one little bottle of spermicidal lube?

EVAN: Yeah, one little bottle of spermicidal lube.

SETH: Evan, that's psycho shit, man. It's like Charles Manson shit. What do you think Becca's gonna be psyched that you brought a bottle of lube? "Oh Evan! Thank you for bringing that lube for my pussy! I never would have been able to handle your fuckin' four inch dick inside of my pussy without that gigantic bottle of lube!"

EVAN: Ok that's...that's enough.

SETH: These girls are 18 years old, they're not dried up old ladies. They're good to go.

EVAN: Then I won't bring the lube! Don't make me feel like that. I thought it was cool. This is a nice kind.

SETH: Let me see that for a second? (*Evan hands him the lube, and he throws it.*) Fuckin' dumbass. Lube? You brought lube?

EVAN: That's cool. So, you owe me six bucks! Cause I'm not walking over there to get it. And it exploded.

SETH: Holy Shit! It's Cary Hutchins! She had the biggest tits I've even seen I think.

EVAN: Yeah, I heard she had breast-reduction surgery.

SETH: What? Making your tits smaller? That's like slapping God across the face for giving you a gorgeous gift.

EVAN: She had back problems, man! And it's not just making them smaller, they completely reshape them, they make them more supple and symmetrical...

SETH: I gotta catch a glimpse of these warlocks. Let's make a move.

*(They run off.)*

EVAN: She's going around the corner!