

Hippie Hollow Victory

Draft: 1

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Script note: I didn't have this script form when I wrote the first draft of this script. There's little to no physical description of the characters or settings.

The first comic page was written in short story form rather than in script form, but I've changed that here.

In some places I add a little description in square brackets [like this] in case something is utterly unclear. Otherwise I've tried to leave it as is, warts and all.

Setting & Characters

Main char.: recent dumper, not dumpee

2nd char.: best bud, the wackier one

Enemy: ex's ex

The Lady: Yvette

-- Page 1 --

Harold and Kevein are in Harold's apartment. Harold's looking at his phone. Kevin's sitting on the couch, eating chips, a beer between his legs, playing XBox.

Harold reaches out for the phone, then thinks better of it and pulls his hand back.

Kevin: *(yells over his shoulder, not taking his eyes off the screen)* Dude. Don't be such a wuss. I can hear you second guessing yourself from over here.

Harold looks at him and crosses his arms. Kevin doesn't see this, enraptured as he is in his game.

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Kevin: I'm gonna do what you're not gonna do as long as you keep thinking about her.

Harold: Oh, and what's that.

The screen [on the TV] changes.

Kevin: Score! Woo-hoo, I'm the champeen!

Kevin stands up and the beer bottle goes flying out of his lap and onto the floor, the contents quickly emptying onto Harold's carpet.

Kevin looks at the beer, then back at Harold.

Kevin: I will so totally help clean that up.

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Transition: Kevin and Harold are outside Harold's apartment building, walking through the parking lot.

Harold: This is a stupid idea even for you.

Kevin: Dude, this'll totally rock.

Kevin flips the "devil's horns" rock sign with his hand.

Harold: Who told you about this? Whose ass can I kick when we find out it's not true?

Kevin's already shaking his head. They've reached his car [truck].

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Kevin: This dude Abbas swears by it.

Harold, his hand on the passenger side front door of Kevin's [maxicab] pickup, stops getting into the truck and instead looks at Harold around the back of the cab.

Harold: Wait. You're always telling me you don't understand half of what he says.

Kevin: It's totally cool, man.

Harold and Kevin stare at each other.

Kevin: Get in. I'll buy you an FHM if it doesn't work out.

They get into the car.

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We see Kevin and Harold from in front of the windshield as they drive.

Kevin reaches down to change the channel on the radio.

(Music: Some crappy pop music.)

Kevin changes the channel again, frowning.

(Music: Lionel Ritchie, "That's why I'm easy, easy like a Sunday morning.")

Kevin changes it. Harold claps his hand to his forehead.

Harold: Would you just pick something?

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Caption: 20 minutes later...

Harold gets out of the truck. They've arrived in a grassy greenbelt and they've parked under a tree.

Harold: You're such an ass.

Kevin: *(closing the door)* What? She was going, like, only five over.

Harold: So you flip her off and honk? She must've been seventy years old!

Kevin walks around, puts his arm around shoulder and gives his shoulder a squeeze.

Kevin: Old hag knew she was drivin' slow. She had it coming to her.

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They walk down a path through a thicket of trees. On the other side of the thicket the grassy field slopes down to a stream that bends around to the left, disappearing behind [a larger group of] trees.

Noises [voices] from off panel: Look at this! Hey, throw me the ball!

Kevin: Right, now you're ready to put that bi-

Harold: *(sticks his finger in Kevin's face)* Don't say it.

Kevin: --bitty so-called relationship you had to rest? *(smiles)* Did you think I was going to call that bitch something nasty?

Harold looks at Kevin coldly.

Harold: Does the word "misogynist" mean anything to you?

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(Off panel: Hey, you feefs!

Harold and Kevin turn to see Tony walking up to them. Tony's naked, but we see him [only] from the waist up. He's fairly muscular, and has a Ken doll face, but his hair is out of style and there's a feel of frat brother about his mannerisms.

Kevin: Wow, look at you, Tony. *(looks down)* Water kinda cold?

Tony: *(not looking at Kevin)(to Harold)* So you've joined the I-dumped-Kristen club? Congratulations.

Harold: You're a wonderful human being, you know that? (to Kevin) Let's go.

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Harold steps left around Tony, making sure not to touch him. Tony turns slightly to glower at Harold's back. Kevin walks by Tony's right side and bumps into him deliberately.

Tony: Hey, don't touch me!

Kevin: Dude, what're you gonna do? Flop over here and beat me up?

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Harold and Kevin round the corner. The ground slopes sharply down to a wide pool in the stream. Naked figures lay around the pool. Some are playing horseshoes. Others play catch.

Kevin starts taking off his clothes.

Harold: And the women are where?

Kevin: It's Hippie Hollow, man, the hippie chicks are probably just smokin' some bud before they come back.

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Harold starts to walk down to the pool, his clothes still on. Kevin chases after him, his clothes under one arm as he reaches down with the other [hand] to pull off his underwear. (We never see any of the naked men below the waist, or the naked women below the collarbone.)

Kevin: You can't go down there like that, man. It's naked or not at all.

Harold continues walking, not slowing down. He stops in a grassy area near a small cluster of trees.

Harold: Kevin, look around. What do you see?

Harold swings his arm to his left. From Kevin's point of view we see a bunch of naked men standing around in nothing but tennis shoes. (Maybe some bushes could hide their privates.)

Harold: Huh?

Kevin: (a touch embarrassed) Well . . .

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Harold: And over here --

Harold swings his right arm over and hits someone.

(Off panel): Ow!

Harold looks at who he hit, then quickly withdraws his hand and looks away.

Harold: (thought balloon) Do I look? Do I not look? Eye contact only?

Kevin: (off panel) Don't mind him, he's not good at introductions.

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From Harold's P.O.V., we see Kevin sticking out his hand to shake hands with a beautiful young woman. As Kevin sticks out his hand, the clothes he had trapped under that arm fall to the ground.

Kevin: Hi, I'm Kevin.

Yvette: Yvette.

Kevin: French, right? Voulez-vous avec--

Harold steps into frame quickly, keeping his eyes locked on Yvette's, not daring to look down.

Harold: Harold. (*Sticks out his hand.*) Uh, hi.

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Yvette smiles at Kevin and Harold, then fixes her gaze on Harold.

Harold: So . . . so . . . Sorry, that's it. I'm so sorry.

Yvette: That's okay, I don't normally walk into or even near men who gesticulate wildly.

Harold: Well, I gesticulate like any--

Kevin: --testiculate--

Harold: Kevin! Hey, I think Tony's looking for you. Look, there he is.

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Kevin glances briefly over his shoulder, then once back around the other shoulder, which gives him an opportunity to scan Yvette's body as he looks past her.

Kevin: Dude, what do I care [about Tony]?

Yvette: (*furrows her brow*) You guys got something against my Tony?

Harold: Me? Us? No, uh . . .

Harold imagines Tony and Yvette at dinner in a restaurant, naked. Tony and Yvette in a movie theater sharing popcorn and leaning close to each other, naked. Yvette eating a banana naked while she watches Tony lift weights, straining to push a barbell over his head. Naked.

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Kevin: Actually we think he's a wuss.

Harold shoots an angry glance at Kevin. (He does that a lot, doesn't he?)

Kevin: What? I'd call him a cock if he had one.

Harold turns back to Yvette with a sheepish grin.

Harold: Uh, Tony and I dated the same woman.

Yvette: *(narrows her eyes)* And you got an earful about him from her, I bet. You came after?

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Harold: Yeah, I --

Kevin: *(laughing)* Came after? *(laughs again)* Ha!

Harold hits Kevin in the arm. Kevin grabs his arm, looking hurt.

Kevin: Hello?!? Ow.

Harold turns back to Yvette.

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Harold: Look, I'm sorry. I didn't realize --

Yvette: *(steps to one side to look over Harold's shoulder)* Look, here he comes now.

Tony strolls up, looks at Kevin, Harold, and Yvette. He looks coolly at Kevin and Harold, then takes a step toward Yvette.

Tony: Hey, let's go.

Yvette: *(steps back)* I don't want to.

Tony: *(frowns)* Come on, it's time to go. *(Steps forward toward Yvette, his hand out.)*

Harold steps in front of Yvette.

Harold: Tony, she doesn't want to go with you.

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Tony: What's this?

Yvette's facial expression has dropped.

Yvette: Um . . . Harold, is it?

Harold: (to Yvette, without taking his eyes off Tony) I know, I hardly know you, but it's okay.

He crosses his arms.

Tony: Dude, you don't know what you're doing.

Harold: Kristen told me the kind of crap you said to her. She thought you might hit her.

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Tony holds his arms out in a "Who, me?" gesture. Behind him Kevin is sneaking up and sticking his leg out behind Tony's legs. We see this from the knees down.

Tony: Harold, I don't know what she told you, but I ain't like that. Besides, she called me after you broke up with her.

Harold, who had been ready to push Tony over, stops and holds his hand up to indicate Kevin should stop what he was doing, was was bracing for Harold to push Tony over his leg.

Tony follows Harold's eye line and sees Kevin standing behind him and to one side. He looks Kevin in the eye, then looks down and sees his leg. Kevin smiles, shrugs, and pulls his leg back.

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Tony faces Harold again.

Tony: That's right, she called me. She didn't want to get back together or nothing, but she had some choice things to say about how you dumped her cold.

Harold: I did what was best for both of us. You're the one who--

Yvette steps out from behind Harold and steps between him and Tony.

Yvette: Look, this is all very nice, but can we drop it?

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Harold looks down, then back at Yvette. He imagines her kissing Tony, her hands clasping either side of his face.

Harold: Look, I'm sorry, I'll leave you two alone. I didn't know you were together.

Yvette and tony look at each other, then at Harold, who is looking away, still lost in the vision of the two of them kissing.

Yvette: Yeah, right, together. (to Tony) Would you just go? And tell Mom I might not make it for dinner?

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Harold perks up.

Harold: (thought balloon) Mom?

[text across the page] ha Ha HA HA HA Ha ha

Harold sees Kevin rolling in the grass, laughing.

Kevin: Oh my god, this is classic!

Yvette: (over Kevin's laughing, to Harold) If your friend wasn't such a tool I'd tell him about the chiggers in the grass.

[Yvette] holds out her hand again.

Yvette: Yeah, hi, I'm Yvette, Tony's sister. You know Tony?

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Harold laughs, still meeting her gaze, and takes her hand.

Yvette: Yeah, he told me about you. What he said was bullshit, though -- Kristen called me, not him, and she was sad to see you go. I think what you said to her was the sweetest breakup I've ever heard about.

Harold: Well-- (blushing)

Yvette: But before I give you my number, do me a favor?

Harold: Sure.

Yvette: Will you at least look once?

Harold smiles and starts looking down. In a succession of panels, we see Yvette's smiling face, her shoulders, then the top half of her breasts, then

THE END