

INT. GILL FAMILY CAPE HOUSE- LATER THAT NIGHT

As Bobby sneaks in to a darkened house, a SINGLE LIGHT turns on. Wes lounges in an easy chair, sipping a TALLBOY.

WES

Well well well. If it isn't the man about town!

BOBBY

Sorry, Wes.

WES

Sorry Wes? That's all I get? After you steal my car, and take it on a goddamn joyride?!

BOBBY

I needed to do some errands.

WES

Ohhh, you are fibbing right now!

BOBBY

I'm fibbing?

WES

That's right. What's coming out of your mouth is a fuckin' fib!

Bobby tries to get to his room, but Wes blocks him.

WES (CONT'D)

What is it? Did you dump a body into the ocean? Did you rail some busty beach bunny? Tell me!

Bobby blushes a bit. Wes stops and stares at him hard.

WES (CONT'D)

Oh my God! You were out plowing some Cape Cod strange!

BOBBY

Ew, gross. I didn't plow anyone. I just... Met someone.

WES

That's great! Who?!

BOBBY

A girl I met at the marketplace.

WES

Why didn't you tell me sooner?! You gotta let The Hotline connect you!

BOBBY

What could that possibly mean?

WES

That's my nickname! All my friends call me The Hotline, 'cause I connect them... To fucking!

Bobby shakes his head.

BOBBY

Even knowing your friends, I'd bet good money that nobody has ever called you "The Hotline."

Wes pulls out his phone and dials, and puts it on SPEAKER.

FRIEND ON PHONE (O.S.)

Hotline! What's up kid?!

WES

Not much, pal. You just won me some cash though, so thanks!

FRIEND ON PHONE (O.S.)

Sick!

Wes hangs up. Bobby sighs as he reaches into his pocket.

EXT. CAPE HOUSE BACK PORCH- LATER THAT NIGHT

Wes paces back and forth, energized as Bobby and Toby sit nearby, beers in hand.

WES

Alright, so she's a New York intellectual chick on vacation.

BOBBY

From England, actually.

TOBY

Like Austin Powers?

BOBBY

No. That's a weird first English person to think of.

WES

It sounds like she wants to have a summertime fling with a townie boy!

BOBBY

Do you really think that?

WES

Of course! It's in all their movies. "Grease," "Dirty Dancing?" All women want on vacation is some local greased up jackamo to whisk them away from their troubles.

BOBBY

What exactly is a jackamo?

WES

It's exactly everything you're not. Which is why we need to give you some jackamo lessons.

BOBBY

Wes, the only thing more pathetic than me would be fake tough me.

WES

I know that, ya dip! It's more than the act. It's the life around you. We gotta convince this girl that you're a Cape staple. Once we do that, we're gonna get you a little smooch action under this moonlight. I mean look at that!

He points up to the moon.

TOBY

That's a good ass moon.

WES

Good?! It's fuckin' resplendent!

BOBBY

Forget it. It's a lost cause. I didn't get her number, and I can't just lurk by her house like a creeper.

WES

Don't worry, pal. I'm gonna make this crappen for you, so let it crappen. Let. It. Cra--

BOBBY
 --Okay! Okay! Just don't say
 "crappen" again.

WES
 (Smirking)
 ...Oh it's gonna crappen.

EXT. CAPE STREET- THE NEXT MORNING

Mariel and Laura go for a jog.

LAURA
 Hailey and Steve better have stopped
 fucking by the time we get back.

MARIEL
 I'm surprised they haven't shook
 the house from the foundation yet.

LAURA
 So are you going to see this townie
 boy again?

MARIEL
 I don't know. He didn't ask for my
 number, and I didn't want to, you
 know, force it upon him.

LAURA
 I guess you can always regress and
 invite Tyson to come up.

MARIEL
 No way. One time I walked into the
 bathroom when Tyson was smiling
 into the mirror as he peed. I
 haven't seen "American Psycho," but
 I bet a scene like that is in it.

LAURA
 Yeah, but he's hot, he gets along
 with us, and he likes you. What
 else do you want?

Beach Patrol Erik struts down the other side of the street.
 He doffs his cap.

BEACH PATROL ERIK
 (Slyly Nodding)
 Ladies.

He hitches up his shorts like they were pants as he passes.

LAURA

If I ever fuck a guy with a polo tucked into shorts, please run me over with a car.

INT. GILL FAMILY CAPE HOUSE- CONTINUOUS

Bobby wakes up to Wes and Toby cutting up Coke cans.

WES

Mornin', champ!

BOBBY

What are you doing?

WES

Little trick we learned from drunk dads at Little League.

Wes grabs a Budweiser from the fridge. He slides the Empty Coke Can AROUND the Bud can.

WES (CONT'D)

Just take a Cut Up Coke can, wrap it around your Bud Heavy, and no one's the wiser!

TOBY

My Dad punched out an umpire once.

WES

Okay, some people were the wiser.

He wraps three beers in Coke Cans and heads for the door.

WES (CONT'D)

Now that we have our breakfast, school is now in session!

EXT. GILL FAMILY CAPE HOUSE PATIO- MOMENTS LATER

As Toby and Bobby sit on the patio, Wes comes around the back with two golf clubs and a bucket of balls.

WES

Alright, lesson one. Tobes!

He tosses Toby a club, who grabs it. The two of them set up tees on the hill.