

## THE SAINTS OF SOULARD

Shane Jackson (ANDREW) - high school QB turned former rocker, stopped playing music to get back to drinking cause you can't drink onstage / not enough beer backstage, really about the drinking

Danny Tremaine (RYLAN) - Shane's childhood friend, never left Souard when Shane was traveling the world, really about the girls, tattoo artist—sports for the guys, tweety bird for the girls. Danny wears a lot of Fox racing gear and he has two energy drink themed tattoos

Linda Jackson (KATHERINE) - Worried about his son because he keeps making speeches to himself about beer and cigarettes. Wants him to go back to being a rock star so he will drink less.

Big Sal (BRANSON) - Owner of DB's. Always wiping a mug with a rag. DB's isn't doing so hot ever since the Rams left for Hollywood.

Jack Scallop (BRANSON) - He's Shane's boss at the Budweiser beer factory. He's a real go-getter who has had success in the corporate lifestyle.

Tasha St. Cream (KATHERINE) - A no nonsense DB's girl. She's got two legs and she's built like a real iron wagon that you can fuck. Got a bump it that hits the ceiling. 10/10 Souard Cooze.

Trinity Montblanc (ALANA) - A DB's girl with her dreams in the clouds. Has the hots for Shane.

Charlene Satana (NOBODY—DOESNT HAVE ANY LINES) - A supermodel that works in Hollywood during the week, and returns to Souard every weekend. The ex of Shane from when he was a rock star. She dumped him the second the guitar left his hands.

Chester St. Louis (CHARLES) — Went to a rival high school—Oakville—and now he runs St. Louis Bread Company, which is looking to buy DB's and ruin its small-town character

(ENTER: INTERIOR. DB's Bar. An ordinary weeknight.)

The camera fades in on a dimly lit bar where every single object of furniture is a different shade of brown. The walls are covered in standard guy stuff - beer, sports, and hey, a little tits and ass always helps you wet your whistle. The camera pans through the bar, showing the clientele at tables. It's a lot of middle-aged men, north of forty, with their t-shirts tucked into their carpenter jeans. They are all laughing, having a good time, but when their waitress walks by - think of young Bo Derek with a yeast infection, high heels clicking on the inexplicably linoleum floor, wearing a weird infantilizing women's baby doll 1999 St. Louis rams jersey with tiny denim

shorts pulled up so high that the FDA would issue a citation to this place for unacceptably high minge levels - all the fellas at the table nearly fall over, biting their knuckles, mumbling to themselves "Man, if I could get one night with a girl like that, I would nut so hard that the vacuum left inside my penis would suck my nuts into my butt." The camera follows the waitress as she struts into the kitchen, where literally all of the men working have giant tufts of hair on their elbows. They slide her a plate full of a local St. Louis favorite - toasted ravioli - and she rides the stride of her long legs to the bar, placing the plate between two guys - no, two heroes - who smile chipperly while sucking on their Budweiser Beers.

**SHANE: (voiceover)** Soulard. St Louis is a misunderstood town. You might know it as a place people are from. But if you don't know it, let's get started. You got your Bud men. You got your dope smokers. Coke heads. Some get along real nice with the bankers, who get along with the country club set. Professors and students. Professors who are fucking their students. Dipshits. Bozos. Titans of industry. And then there's us.

Welcome to DB's.

**DANNY:** Yo, Shane. Is Tasha working tonight? I think she likes me, man. I think tonight is the night.

**SHANE: (voiceover)** Heh, that's my boy Danny. He may be a second string drinker, but he's an all-pro cooze hound. He only eats orange and brown food so his cum tastes like hard boiled eggs and smells like dog food. He's got a reputation around here, for sure, but then again, who doesn't? Your rep is all you got here in Soulard. **(Talking now)** Heh, Danny, you and your girl chasing, man. Me? Fuck, I'm just happy to share my bed with a warm beer and a cold cigarette. Those girls are nothing but trouble. Distractions.

**DANNY:** Here we go again, huh? Another fucking night at DB's. Why don't you try it my way for once? Instead of looking for a frosty beer, try looking for a hot chick. Instead of blacking out every night, you could be pulling out every night. Of a woman. Instead of a shot and a beer, you could put your dick in a rear. Instead of -

**SHANE:** Three examples is plenty, Danny. Another fucking night at DB's. Cause DB's, well—it's where the damned come to feel glory. For the has beens, the could've beens and the never-weres. Crossing South Broadway to go to DB's? You might as well be crossing the river Styx. When the sun comes up tomorrow morning, the shadow of the St. Louis Arch itself will be cast over this place, hitting the reset button, and the puke will be cleaned, the bottles will be carted away, and a few of us will even brush our teeth.

**DANNY:** There you go again, talking all cool and shit. Where'd you learn to talk like that?

**SHANE:** You'd be amazed at how much someone can learn about the world at the bottom of a glass.

**DANNY:** Don't be afraid to poke your head out of the bottle every now and then. There's a whole world up here.

**SHANE:** No thanks, I've seen it all. I've seen a man gunned down in broad daylight on Russell and seen a baby born on Manard. I've eaten Gooey Butter Cake with former mayor Francis Slay. Was sitting in this very seat when I saw Mark McGwire jack his 70th dinger of the year. Shook hands with Nelly at the top of the Arch. I even arm wrestled John Goodman in the under arch, the equally sized arch that is underground underneath the Arch that only people from St. Louis know about. No Danny, I've seen it all. Only thing left for me is in this dingy Soulard bar.

**DANNY:** Yeah, and how much longer this gonna last before the Yuppies in Tower Grove try to take it over? St. Louis sold out the second it got that IKEA. Fuck, just thinking about it makes me want to pound all five of these Budweiser bottled beers sitting in this bucket we ordered. Cool --place like this? You know those corporate yuppies want in on the action. A badass sports bar full of old guys where they make all the bartenders and waitresses wear lingerie? Where the beer flows like wine? With some of the best food in the world - DUI poppers, topless burgers (that's a burger without a top bun), toasted raviolis filled with boneless buffalo wings? Enjoy it now while you can man, because St. Louis is changing, and this place is going to be on the first MetroLink out of town.

**SHANE:** MetroLink doesn't go out of town.

**DANNY:** (wagging his finger in Shane's face) Don't fucking start with me, man, don't try to tell me Maplewood isn't out of fucking town.

**SHANE:** Fuck! I need a cigarette. When you don't know what to do, just light a cigarette and follow that pale orange light in front of you like it is the fucking North star.

**DANNY:** Sometimes the shadow the Arch casts is so dark only a cigarette will light the way.

**SHANE:** Whoa. That was a pretty fucking sick thing to say, Danny. I think you're getting the hang of it.

**DANNY:** Thanks Shane. I've been trying really hard to say some cool shit lately.

**SHANE:** Fucking A.

**DANNY:** Can I bum a smoke?

**SHANE:** Fuck! Can't you just get a pack out of the vending machines here?

**DANNY:** Sorry, bro. I spent all my cash. I went down to the Muny to see the new musical based on the 1999 St. Louis Rams. It's the Greatest Show on Earth About the Greatest Show On Turf. It's so stellar, bro. Ray Lankford plays Kurt Warner. Office Pam plays Brenda Warner. Kevin

Kline plays Brenda Warner's haircut. And you know while I'm at the Muny, I got to get the David Eckstein Heart and Hustle Award Limited Edition Gus' Pretzel. It's shaped like a baseball. And I had to hit up Jackie Joyner-Kersey's new Pork Steak food truck.

**SHANE:** Oh, that sounds awesome man.

**DANNY:** Dude, I didn't even say the best part. All of the music was played by The Urge.

**SHANE:** Oh man, I definitely want to talk about that later. But we got to table it. Because once we go outside and start smoking our cigarettes, we only say cool shit about cigarettes. Got it?

(DANNY and SHANE stand up.)

**DANNY:** Hey Sal, watch our drinks man.

**SAL:** Sure thing, fellas.

**SHANE:** Yeah, watch my drink, Sal. Watch me chug it all down right now. **(voiceover occurs while Shane is chugging his entire beer)** That's Sal. Sal is a good egg, but he's a bit crusty around the edges. Like a crusty egg. Not that I mind. You got to be crusty to own a place like this. Sure, the girls may be soft and curvy and covered in the kind of perfume they sell at the commissary in women's jails, but strip away all that glitz and glamour and all Sal has left is a six shooter with one bullet in it that has free parking anytime in his mouth.

**SAL:** Night's young, Shane. Might want to take it easy. I know you like to stand up by the bar, hit that power stance you like so much, feet spread out, bottle directly in the air, free hand outstretched artfully. You get too drunk when you do that shit.

**SHANE:** You sound like my mom, man.

**SAL:** Oh really, smart ass? She must smoke a lot of unfiltered cigars, then.

**SHANE:** (tears welling up in his eyes) Don't say a fucking word about my mother.

**SAL:** Easy, cowboy. I ain't the horse you wanna tango with.

**DANNY:** What the fuck are you guys talking about?

**SAL:** It's a mixed metaphor.

**SHANE:** I drink at one speed. My speed. You wanna get in my way? I'll fly right past you. I love drinking my beer. Ale, lagers, whatever you got. Pints or cans. Bottles or bowls. I'm a drinker, man. Whiskey. I'll drink that one too. Tequila. I had that once, in Mehico. I've been all over the world, sipping, chugging, drinking. Vodka. I had that too. Alcohol is the lamp that lights my way.

The glow of a neon beer sign has lit my path better than any padre has. The single sweet truth of the universe. I trust an ale more than I trust people. Because lagers never let you down. Hell, it's funny... people say that alcohol blurs your vision. But to me? It's the only time I see clearly.

**SAL:** Save it with the speeches, pretty boy. Now I may just be a fat, grouchy, unhygienic, and, let's face it, basically as stupid as you are able to get while still being able to be legally executed, but I got to put my foot down, Shane. Why not go back to your old job, huh? It was stable work, you were good at it, and you were making good money.

**DANNY:** You're preaching to a lost congregation, Sal. Might wanna stick to pouring drinks - stiff ones.

**SHANE:** I left rock and roll in the past, where it belongs. I'm a drinker now. I can work in advertising and drink all day. It fits my lifestyle. It is a great honor to work for the Budweiser Beer factory. I'm a soldier in the war against sobriety. I show the world what to drink. College kids, high school kids, even tweens. Housewives, trophy wives, midwives. Renaissance men, salarymen. Criminals, priests. Angels and demons. Everyone wants a sip, but they don't have the map to get there. That's where I come in. The "sherpa" of the Mt. Everest that is Budweiser Beer. Mount Budweiser.

**SAL:** I was like you, once. It's hard to believe because I'm so fat and stupid now, and yeah, sure, people like to laugh it up when I walk around all day with my whole ass crack out. Also, I stink. If testicles had assholes, that is what I would smell like. Sure. I got rabies, mange, and a couple of ticks live on me that usually only live in dogs. Also, no one really respects me since that dog bit me and all of my teeth fell out. Also, I only eat room temperature beans and most of my house is underwater. If a woman is naked in front of me, she can write it off on her taxes as charity. What I am trying to say here is that I am a big shit, but that I was cool once. I drank. I rode that Budweiser Beer like a stallion, broke it in, tamed it, and became its master. I constantly did poetic shit. I would like, break a beer bottle and then compare it to my life.

**SHANE:** I'm nothing like that! (Shane takes a beer bottle and breaks it) Fuck! Just like my shattered life! ...People always want me to do what THEY want me to do. They are constantly telling me bullshit like "You could have been in the NFL, the Dallas Cowboys begged you to play!" or "You sold out stadiums worldwide, you were a songwriter seen maybe once every generation." or "You knack for neurosurgery would have taken the medical world by storm." But what about me? What about what I want? I spent so long trying to please others, to make right and do right by the whole damn globe. But me? All I ever wanted to do was drink, and that is exactly what I plan on doing.

**SAL:** Maybe it is time to reunite your band... The Crave. Your album, Intoxicology, cemented you as a St. Louis legend, like Chuck Berry with less sex crimes. Maybe it's time to give up this crazy, unreliable dream of working in advertising and get back to the stable, solid life of rock and roll.

**SHANE:** I quit rocking for a reason... crazy hours, all the shows, they don't let you drink on stage. Too many rules, man. I got demons... and they need to be drowned. By beer.

**DANNY:** Fuck! You two should both pound a fucking ale right now! It's the only way you'll shut your mouths! I want to smoke! I want to smoke so fucking bad! Look at me! I want to fucking smoke a cigarette!

**SHANE:** Smokers and sobriquets. Inhale the flame, exhale truth...

**DANNY:** Shut the fuck up! Shut the fuck up! I want to fucking smoke! Stop saying shit! Shut up! Bitch! STupid mother fucking quotes all the time. No one is listening, Shane! Shut up!

[Danny stands up. He approaches Shane and reaches into his front shirt pocket taking his pack of cigarettes. The name of the brand is Wesson's. They step outside. They post up outside the building, standing in different but equally cool ways. Shane is squall posing, leaning against the wall with his back and putting the bottom of his shoe against the wall with one leg. He is holding his cigarette by pinching the filter with his thumb and pointer finger. When he inhales, he inhales so hard that he squints. Danny is squatting like a baseball catcher, letting his fingers dangle over his knees. He holds his cigarette like his teeth like it is a cigar, and when he inhales, he holds the smoke in like it is weed.]

(Both make exhaling noises)

Shane watches as 5:30 hits and dusk overtakes the sprawl of Soulard. He can see forms appearing, shadows. People from all walks of life appear from different directions just to pour through the door of DB's. "When the saints go marching in..." he says with a smirk and takes a long drag off his cigarette.

**DANNY:** I love smoking my Wesson's. Wesson's: The Brown Cigarette.

**SHANE:** A lot of people are scared away from smoking Wesson's because they are brown. But they taste just the same as other cigarettes. Smooth. Crisp. Like if an apple was filled with cigarette smoke and also it made your car smell like cigarettes.

**DANNY:** I like to smoke cigarettes. I wish I could smoke them everywhere.

**SHANE:** The tar... the ash... breathe it all in. (Shane rips off the filter of his cigarette) I wanna feel it all. I wanna feel everything.

**DANNY:** Yeah, breathe it in, man. Drink in the smoke of the cig like the suds of a nice cold Budweiser beer. Hell, I'm getting thirsty - for a cigarette myself.

**SHANE:** Well, light one up, Kemosabe.

**DANNY:** (Danny lights a cigarette with the cigarette he lit 30 seconds ago) You know, heh... They say these things kill ya. But me? (Danny inhales his cigarette for a solid 10 seconds) It's the only time I ever feel alive.

**SHANE:** This cig is a lot like Soulard - mix a lot of pleasure with a little pain, used and burnt out, until it's just a tar-stained filter tossed into the gutter. Sometimes this town feels like one big cigarette.

**DANNY:** The streets of Soulard come at you like a double shot of jack. Bitter at first. Acerbic. but if you welcome them, they will warm you. Comfort you.

**SHANE:** Going to have to hit up Dirt Cheap for some more Wesson's tomorrow. Maybe get some Schlafly's and Kraftig along with my usual Budweiser Ales.

**DANNY:** I'm more of a Fred's Cheapo Depot guy. It's a different local liquor store that also sells cigarettes.

**SHANE:** I know. We both know a lot about St. Louis.

**DANNY:** Hold up. Here comes Trinity, man. She's got the total hots for you.

**SHANE:** No way, Kemosabe. Can't have any distractions right now. Besides, she is a goody two shoes. Girls like that never go for bad boys like me.

**DANNY:** She isn't a goody two shoes, man, she works as a bartender at a place where she's got to wear lingerie all day. She smokes cigars and she has to get a tetanus shot like, every 2 weeks. I don't think that's a goody two shoes, man.

**SHANE:** Good girls like that are all the same. They'll pick you up like a Wesson's cigarette, light you up, get you all fiery, and then inhale you until there's nothing left.

**DANNY:** That kind of sounds like a bad girl to me.

**SHANE:** I got a little loose with the metaphors, maybe, but I still am describing a good girl. Trust me. Besides, she wants nothing to do with me, man. I can tell.

**DANNY:** Dude, she wants you. Here she comes - shhh.

[Trinity approaches the two cool smokers. She's got long jet black hair that goes all the way down to her ass crack. She looks like a woman that would get really, really mad if you told her that she wears too much makeup. She is wearing black leather pants, high heels and a white tank top with some weird graphic on it like a baby doll's head with dice for eyes. She looks like she might have been fucked by Billy Bob Thornton at some point in the state of Florida].

**TRINITY:** Shane. Danny.

**DANNY:** Trinity.

**TRINITY:** What's a matter, Shane ? You shy? I wish I was that Wesson's cigarette in your mouth. Wish that thing was me. I'd love to climb into that mouth of yours and party around. Kick my shoes off in there, really make myself comfortable if you know what I mean.

**SHANE:** Hey Trinity. How you doing tonight?

**TRINITY:** Oh, so it speaks? It isn't just a 10 out of 10 slice of red throbbing dick? Oh okay, so you speak, you aren't just a hyperrealistic sex doll jacked full of armpit pheromones? I thought, and I'm not being sarcastic here Shane, I truly, in my heart of hearts, I truly believed that you were some kind of mobile cum factory that drove around putting cream in women's jeans. And for that, I'm sorry. And to show you I'm sorry, in fifteen minutes, I'm going to be naked in your car, rolling around, making it smell like dry shampoo. But now, I gotta go clock in.

[Trinity walks into the bar.]

**DANNY:** Dude, she wants you!

**SHANE:** What are you talking about?

**DANNY:** Are you serious dude? This isn't Boston Harvard. She was looking at you like how I look at Budweiser beers, Einstein.

**SHANE:** Nah man, good girls like that don't go for guys like me. You're crazy.

**DANNY:** Dude, every time she sees you she puts her fingers in your mouth. She follows you into the bathroom literally every time you have to use it. She wants to fuck, bro.

**SHANE:** You're funny, man. Nah, man, me and her, we're just friends.

**DANNY:** Dude, you pretend it's about drinking, but you know it's really about your ex, Charlene.

**SHANE:** (tears welling up in his eyes) Don't say a fucking word about Charlene. (Shane takes a beer bottle and shatters it against the wall.)

**DANNY:** For fucks sake, man. Okay. okay. I won't bring her up. Jesus Christ man. Come on. Hey, I know what will cheer you up. A fucking beer.

**SHANE:** (still tearing up) Yeah. Yeah a fucking beer. Fucking A.

[Shane and Danny walk back into the bar. They sit down back at their drinks.]



**SHANE:** When the Saints of Soulard come marching in... Trust me... You want to be in that number.

**DANNY:** I don't see many Saints here... just sinners. If everyone here is a Saint, then that means God must be found at the bottom of a bottle.

**SHANE:** Hell, that's where I found him.

**DANNY:** Easy, Tarzan. That must be why you go through bottles so fast. Always looking for the next bit of divinity. Maybe slow down a bit, Shane. Enjoy it. Drink that ale like it was a fresh pack of Wesson's, smoking it, drinking in the flavor.

**SHANE:** You sound like those bozo record executives. I'll tell you what I told them. Shane Jackson drinks ale. Get used to it or get the F out of my A. (Shane reaches behind the bar and grabs a bottle, opens it, and starts chugging.)

**DANNY:** Whoa! Looks like we are in for a night for the fucking ages! (Bar patrons start cheering)

**TRINITY:** Wow, Shane. I'm impressed. You chug whiskey like a total slut. I want to get you in some stirrups and goof off with your under stuff. Just really poke around down there. What I'm saying is that I'm interested in you sexually and that both R Kelly and Phil Spector called me "too open minded".

**SHANE:** Listen, Trinity, you're a sweet girl, but I don't want to fuck your life up.

**TRINITY:** Oh please, Shane, you're talking to a woman who once jacked off in front of Louis CK. I recorded Chuck Berry pissing to get back at him for this thing he did. I've lost like 3 snakes in my apartment. I think I can handle whatever drama you can bring.

**SHANE:** Listen, you don't got to try to impress me, Trinity. You're you and that's great. I carry a lot of heat in my heart - and I don't want to make the flower that you are wilt.

**TRINITY:** Whatever you say, man, I'll just leave you with this. If you ever want to have the easiest sex you've ever had in your life, just make my tacky pink flip phone covered in rhinestones ring.

**SHANE:** More cryptic comments. Trinity, I never know what you're trying to say.

**TRINITY:** (To Danny) What's his problem?

**DANNY:** I really don't know. I think he thinks denying sex is cool or something? He's just a brick wall.

**TRINITY:** I feel like I've been really direct. I don't know how much more direct I could be.

**DANNY:** I mean, it's definitely not you. It's him. 100%.

**TRINITY:** Okay, good. I mean, that's what I thought, but it's so insane that I started doubting myself, you know?

**DANNY:** Hey - can you get me in with Tasha? Man, I'd like to hold her like a nice cold Budweiser beer. Pop her top off and drink her down like she was a Wesson's cigarette. Exhale smoke. Now that's a smooth beer.

**TRINITY:** Just ask her. I don't really care. I got my own nut to think about getting. Now, with Shane - I think I'm just going to keep following him into the bathroom. Sooner or later, he'll probably do something. I'll probably at least get to see it.

**SHANE:** Hey, what are you guys talking about?

**DANNY:** Just ignore him. He's wasted. He's just gonna start waxing poetic about stuff soon and then he'll freak out and leave.

**SHANE:** If St. Louis is a lady, then Soulard is her tits. Her milk? Ice Cold Budweiser beer.

**DANNY:** Hey Trinity, could you get us some DUI poppers to split and a topless burger - no top bun? And keep that Budweiser Beer aflowing.

**TRINITY:** Oh please, we all know that in Soulard, the beer never stops flowing. If St. Louis was a man, Soulard would be his big fat swinging hard dinger, and instead of being engorged by blood, it was hard because it was filled with beer.

**DANNY:** That is kind of disgusting.

**TRINITY:** It's exactly as gross as the tits full of beer one was.

**DANNY:** Yeah, I guess.

**TRINITY:** Whatever. This conversation is really immature. I'm going to leave.

[Trinity heads to the other end of the bar. Danny leans in to talk to Shane.]

**DANNY:** Hey Shane, before you black out, I wanted to tell you that I'm going to ask out Tasha later tonight.

**SHANE:** You're wasting your time, Danny. These are your best drinking years. You wanna throw it away for some tight scrooge?

**DANNY:** Tight scrooge... you mean pussy?

**SHANE:** Y-yeah.

**DANNY:** I guess I never thought of it that way. I think I like having sex the most out of all feelings, so yeah, I do wanna throw away my best drinking years for some scrooge. I never really worried about drinking as much as I could every night. I am mainly concerned with, and this is me being completely honest here, I am mainly concerned with feeling good all of the time. That's my main purpose in life. And while drinking does feel good, it doesn't feel as good as having sex. Particularly the end. The end of sex when you cum. That, to me, is my favorite part. So yeah. I am going to do it anyway. I'm gonna ask out Tasha.

**SHANE:** Let me tell you something about women. Women are like this bottle of Budweiser beer right here. Full bodied, elegant, delicious. The difference between beer and women is that when you tilt back a woman and drink her in, she drinks you back.

**DANNY:** Don't really think that that one works.

**SHANE:** Let me tell you something about women. Women are like this bottle of Bourbon here. Full bodied, elegant, delicious. The difference between bourbon and women is that when you tilt back a woman and drink her in, she drinks you back.

**DANNY:** Oh man, look, Tasha just came in. Look at her.

[The camera cuts to Tasha. She is pushing open the cowboy style double doors that lead to the kitchen. Her hair is blowing in the wind somehow. Tasha has that black hair with red highlights in it that every woman in an emotionally abusive relationships seemed to have in 2009. She is wearing an array of sexualized clothing that does not match. Black cowboy boots, neon green fishnets, daisy dukes and some sort of weird metal bra with studs in it.]

**DANNY:** I got to have her man. She looks like a Bratz doll on its 18th birthday. Look at her, her facial expression never changes. She always looks like some guy is explaining the plot of Star Trek to her. Her mouth is also always a little open. That's hot to me because of biological, not psychosexual, reasons.

**SHANE:** I've heard enough of this shit...

**DANNY:** Hold up, man, I'm going to go talk to her. Tasha! Hey!

[Danny abruptly gets out of his seat to head towards Tasha. Shane broods for a moment, staring blankly at the bar top before him before grabbing his bottle and chugging.]

**SHANE: (voiceover)** Fuck this shit. Sick of all this talk about sex. Time for a St. Louis Goodbye. It's like an Irish Goodbye, but in St. Louis. That's what we call it here.]

[Shane puts his bottle down and ambles towards the door. He stumbles out onto the sidewalk, pulls out a flask, and chugs it. The night is dark and the hour is late. He starts to walk home.]

**SHANE:** It's all bullshit... I want a fucking ALE.

[Shane pulls out his cell phone. He starts dialing a phone number, from memory, one number at a time, really making a meal out of dialing the phone, hitting the numbers very deliberately and slowly.]

**PHONE:** You've reached the number for (woman's voice) Charlene Santana. (normal voice) They cannot come to the phone right now. Please leave your message. BEEP.

**SHANE:** Charlene... Probably shouldn't be calling... I miss you like how I miss beer in the mornings when I wake up and I haven't been able to drink any for awhile because you cannot drink beer while sleeping. Your hair is golden like a golden ale. I miss your brown eyes and how they remind me of a brown ale. Your ruby red lips... just like a red ale. I know you said that if I ever want to get back together with you, that all I have to do is become a rock legend again but... no matter how much I care about you, I got to be loyal to my drinking dream. I really wish that wouldn't have made you move to Hollywood to become a supermodel. Even if you still come back to Souldard every weekend to visit... Whatever. You know what, I'm drunk. And Drunk hearts often speak of sobering truths, the problem is, there ain't nobody around to hear them... Goodbye Charlene. Sorry to fuck up your life with my caustic truth. Caustic truth... because I'm so real in a world so fake that my mere presence fucks up the status quo... Okay, I'm at my mom's house now. Time to go. Also, I don't live with my mom. My old tour bus from my rock and roll days is parked outside of my mom's house and I live in that. Okay, bye.

[Shane's mom Linda is outside of her front door as Shane is rambling on the phone outside of his tour bus. Linda lives in a small home made of orange brick and her front yard is full of old lady yard things, like weird little flags with rabbits on them, plaster gnomes and alabaster angels.]

**LINDA:** Shane, I was worried sick. Are you okay?

**SHANE:** Ah, geez mom, I'm fine.

**LINDA:** Fine? You're living in a tour bus in front of your mother's house! And you've been drinking!

**SHANE:** Ale's well that ends well...

**LINDA:** (gasps) Don't you DARE ever say your cool drinking lines in front of me! How dare you! I am your mother!

**SHANE:** What? Not proud of your little boy anymore?

**LINDA:** Proud of you? I was proud when you were a big rock star, selling out arenas! More money than you knew what to do with! Now, what do I have to be proud of? You have a regular paycheck with a large corporation and you have a steady job that you excel at? Are you kidding me? A mother doesn't want THAT for her child!

**SHANE:** Your little boy... is all THREW up!

(Shane begins to throw up onto one of the tires of his RV. His mom watches, her arms crossed, frowning.)

**SHANE:** I was doing a play on words of grew up, but with threw up, so I threw up. Also, I had to throw up, so--

**LINDA:** I understood the line! Let me just explain what has recently happened in your life so that it is crystal clear! You were an accomplished high school quarterback who decided to skip college to start a rock band, that rock band was very successful, you had a girlfriend that you loved very much, but you decided that you liked drinking beer more than you liked being a rock star because they didn't let you drink as much beer as you wanted, so you quit. Then, your girlfriend dumped you. In order to support your drinking habit, you got a regular 9 to 5 job in the advertising department of the Budweiser Beer factory, because you thought that since you liked beer so much you would be the best at advertising it. And since you lost your Hollywood Mansion, you kept your tour van as a house and parked it in front of my house.

**SHANE:** Why-- why are you saying so much exposition. You're just explaining things I already know. Who are you talking to?

**LINDA:** No one! I'm just restating things that have already happened so that neither of us are confused!

**SHANE:** But we both already know this.

**LINDA:** Mr. Thompson across the street was walking his dog so I just wanted to remind anyone that might be hearing.

**SHANE:** Eh... Ale... Goodnight, mom. (Shane falls onto the ground).

[Shane collapses into a pile in front of his RV. Linda sighs, and begins to help him up and get him into bed.]

**LINDA:** You never learn with those Budweiser Beers!

**SHANE:** I'm sorry Ma! I gotta do it Ma! I got to stay legit!

**LINDA:** I love my boy!

**SHANE:** I love you ma!

**LINDA:** My little boy... what will become of my little boy!

[Shane rolls into the very small, very weird tour bus bed. His RV is filled with empty hard alcohol bottles. Linda moves to cover him with the blanket. As she goes into kiss Shane's cheek, she realizes he is sleeping with his eyes open, and goes to close them like people do to dead people in movies.]

[INT. Shane's tour bus—The next morning. His headache is pounding like a beer. His eyes are bleary and red, like a red ale. He looks at his classic circular red alarm clock which says it's time to wake up.]

**SHANE:** Mornings to me are like dogs—never been fond of either. Well, except the hair of the dog. Which is what I need now. The one dog I actually want to bite me.

[He pours a shot of Jack into a pint glass, then chugs the entire fifth.]

**SHANE:** Well. Guess I better brush my teeth.

[He grabs the shot glass he poured, swishes it around in his mouth, and swallows.]

**SHANE:** If I don't get a move on I'm gonna be late for work. Funny thing about writing ads for Budweiser beer. Your job is to get people to drink the beer. But when you drink it yourself, and it makes you late for work everyday, they get mad. Kafka himself couldn't write something more Kafkaesque. Heck, I guess I'm a writer myself, even though I'm a man of few words. I let my ads do the talking for me.

[Shane continues to ramble to himself as he gets behind the wheel of his bus and starts his drive to the Budweiser Beer Offices. He's driving for only a minute before he hits a red light.]

**SHANE:** Well ain't that just my shit luck. Good thing I brought some buddies along for the ride. My friend Bailey, and his best friend Guinness.

[We see a montage of him driving past MetroLink stations, Busch Stadium, and the Arch two separate times, driving with his knees while he holds a pint of Guinness in his right hand and drops in a shot of Baileys with his left, then chugs glass after glass.]

**SHANE:** Out here on the road, there's nothing but a man and his thoughts, taking in the rugged city scenery, clutching the wheel as if to tame this beast of a vehicle, this stallion, all the while holding a pint of Guinness and a shot of Baileys, a potent combo that hits a driver in his gut like an explosion. I guess that's why they call it an Irish car bomb.

[Five or six Irish car bombs later, Shane arrives at the Budweiser Beer Offices, which we saw him pass repeatedly during the montage.]

[INT. Shane's Office, late morning—Shane's boss, Jack Scallop, comes into his corner office to give him the business.]

**SHANE:** [Voiceover] Jack Scallop. My mentor, my boss. Took me under his wing the minute I started here. The guy is everything a man would aspire to be. The cutting wit, the charm of George Clooney, the charisma of a cult leader. Not to mention he's a deadringer for Paul Newman, with a soup can cock to boot. He has everything. The perfect 5-bedroom home in the south county suburbs, the huge 1950s car, a beautiful blonde wife with the rudest cans you've ever seen. That's something you can drink to.

**SCALLOP:** Late again Shane? Let me guess. Another long night drowning your sorrows, swapping stories in Soulard with the sinners and the saints. Well let me tell you this. There's nary a saint who picked up the bottle that didn't wind up a sinner. They say even an angel's resplendent wings will become waterlogged, worthless, when drowning in ale.

**SHANE:** Heh. Well we both know I'm no angel. You know, they say a sinner is born every day in Soulard. And the saints? Well. Those are just sinners who haven't lost their way yet. But enough with this prattling about pints and pilsners, barstool reveries, dirty glasses and dirtier secrets. What is it that you want from me Jack?

**SCALLOP:** You know what it is Shane. You're late. Again. I know we work for Budweiser, but you need to ease up on the bottle. Like me. I only drink Michelob Ultra cause I've gotta stay fit. I'm an athlete. You know I'm out there golfing every day, rain or shine. But look at you. You're a mess. Your hair's as wet and sticky as a tavern floor. Your eyes are as red as a red ale. Now come on. We need a new idea today. Pronto. We gotta make these Clydesdales do something new and crazy so people keep buying our beer.

**SHANE:** You know it's funny. We sell beer, but then when I drink it a lot, I get in trouble. Kafka himself couldn't come up with something so Kafkaesq—

**SCALLOP:** Will you cut it with this shit, Shane? You already tried that line on me last week. Now get to work.

[Jack storms out of Shane's office, leaving him alone with his thoughts and a fifth of Jack, which he sips pensively.]

**SHANE:** These damn Clydesdales have done it all. What's left for them to do? I guess in that respect they're not a whole lot different from me. I've been a quarterback. A rocker. There's not much left for me to do but die. When these Clydesdales kick the bucket we just replace them with a younger one. But hell, when I die, I'm going right to the dirt. Nobody to replace me. Nobody to carry on my legacy. It's the damndest thing. You spend all this time living, just to die.

[Shane steps out of his office into the open floorplan center of the office. A dozen Clydesdales are standing at their cubicles, eating hay and licking salt licks.]

**SHANE:** [Sigh] I know you fellas can't talk. But we've had some good times, haven't we? The commercial where you stared patriotically at the 9/11 towers. The ad where you were brave 9/11 firefighters bringing ice cold Budweisers into the towers. The foreign market ad where you talked about how the Saudi Royal family bears no responsibility for 9/11, so we could sell more non-alcoholic Budweiser in the Saudi market. I'm proud of all our work together. But look at me. All dressed up in this suit and tie. This isn't me, man. And look at you guys. Licking a corporate salt lick under this soul-killing fluorescent lighting. You were meant to roam free. What happened? Where did we all go wrong?

**CLYDESDALE:** Neeigiggghh!!!

**SHANE:** I'm with you man, fuck this corporate lifestyle. Look. Maybe I could come up with a hundred more ads. Maybe we could have you play frisbee. Or smoke. Or let you drink the beer for once. Or show you how to grind up beer hops with your hooves. But what's the point man? It would all be just to make money for some guy in a suit. Or some clydesdale in the executive suite who's out of touch with the ordinary working clydesdale. I'm done, man. I need to clear my head with a drink at DB's.

[EXT St Louis, Natural Bridge Road—Shane is driving his tour bus back to DB's. The camera zooms tight on the wheel, and we see both hands are on it, which is rare for Shane. However, the camera pans up to his face, where we see three straws in his mouth. Two are coming from a double beer helmet he is wearing. It says "Go Rams" on the front. The third straw is actually a funnel coming from a beer bong, which is strapped onto his rear view mirror and he loads beers into it at stoplights.]

**SHANE:** Glug glug glug. Man fuck. I thought I could hack it in the corporate world of Budweiser Beer. But it turns out even that shit made me a sellout. The only thing in this world that's real to me is drinking a nice-cold ice-cold beer at DB's. Speak of the devil. Here I am at DB's now. I better pull my tour bus into a parking space and go inside to see about having a beer now. Here I go.

[INT—DB's. Tasha and Trinity see him coming and prepare his favorite drink, six Budweisers, and leave it at his favorite seat.]



**SHANE:** Yo Trinity! Thanks for the hookup. Hope you kept the beers ice cold while I was gone.

**TRINITY:** Of course babe. But aren't you supposed to be at work in the famous budweiser beer office?

**SHANE:** It's funny. Budweiser is my passion, but that place wasn't no good for me. Only thing good for me is this bar right here. I mean. When I was a rocker, I was a sinner, but the fans looked at me like a saint. Now look at me sitting here in this bar. Sinners. Saints. Viewed through the whiskey bottle's golden glow, they both look the same. Do they not?

**TRINITY:** Yeah I guess so. Doesn't matter much to me. Sinner or saint, it's just nice to see a familiar face around here.

**SHANE:** I appreciate that Trinity. But show me one saint of Soulard who isn't a sinner. I can't tell you how many years of my life I've spent searching for salvation at the bottom of a bottle. But looking back, I'd say it was what I found in the middle of the bottle, the beer, that I was looking for all along.

**TRINITY:** Wouldn't it be more fun to say this stuff to Danny instead of me?

**TASHA:** Danny's at his place, probably making romantic plans for when he takes me on our date to DB's later. But hey Trinity, shouldn't you tell Shane about that thing you wanted to tell him about?

**TRINITY:** Right right. Shane. Remember you were saying how important this place is to you? How you changed your legal address to this bar, so debt collectors would call here instead of your mom's place? And remember how those debt collectors are after you cause you ran up \$300,000 of beer and whiskey at this bar? And you put it on all those K-Mart credit cards you thought would be erased when they filed for bankruptcy?

**SHANE:** Uh huh. What's that got to do with anything?

**TRINITY:** They're trying to take the bar away from us Shane.

**SHANE:** The debt collectors?

**TRINITY:** No. The gentrifiers. They want to take this place over and gentrify it and turn it into a chain bar with tacky shit on the walls for tourists and hipsters.

**SHANE:** They want to take down the Cardinals snuggie signed by Yadier Molina, and the baseball bat autographed by Joe Camel, and replace it with tacky crap?

**TRINITY:** Yeah that's the least of it. We'd probably lose our jobs too. Getting paid \$2.13 an hour plus tips to strut around wearing only a Rams baby onesie with the bottom half cut off is my profession. I don't know any other life.

**SHANE:** Sounds a little far fetched to me. Sal loves this bar almost as much as I do. This place is practically his child, after the court emancipated his daughter on the grounds that he's too ugly and smelly to be a father.

**TRINITY:** Chester St. Louis has been sniffing around. Coming in here and trying to buy the place from Sal. Sal's gonna do it too.

**SHANE:** Chester St. Louis? That old bastard? He went to the rival high school, Oakville. When I was quarterback we played his team, and he was also quarterback. I decimated him. Guess he never forgave me. The son of a bitch runs the St. Louis Bread Company now. Guess gentrifying is in his DNA.

**TRINITY:** That's right Shane. He wants to ruin this joint's small-town character. Now come on. You've got some kinda personal grudge with this guy. Say you'll talk some sense into Sal.

**SHANE:** Look Trinity. You're asking a sinner to deliver a benediction on behalf of the whole damn neighborhood of Soulard. You see this beer right here? This beer I just finished? Notice how there's still a sip at the bottom? Well I leave the last sip so I don't have to see the bottom of the bottle. I'm afraid of what I might find. And that's how I feel about this whole rotten business with Sal and Chester. I don't want none of it.

**TASHA:** But Shane you're our only hope. Where will Danny take me on our date if this place turns into a hipster hotspot?

**SHANE:** Tasha. Sweet, simple Tasha. The saints of Soulard have been drinking in this town long before DB's opened, and they'll continue long after. Hell. First saint I ever heard about, they canonized him in the 1800s. Could drink his weight in whiskey every night. Smoked a pound of cigarettes an hour. But look at me. No, they won't declare me a saint. You won't see my face on stained glass. Only glass you'll see on my face is right here. This ice cold Budweiser beer. And speaking of... I could use another.

[As TASHA goes to pour another ice cold beer from the tap, Shane starts puking all over the bar.]

**TRINITY:** Shane! You've gone and done it again! I bet this puking is because of all your excess drinking.

**SHANE:** Suppose you're right Trinity. So what? You think I'm broken? You think my soul is on fire, and the only way I know to deal with it is to douse it in liquor and regrets?

**TRINITY:** Yeah something like that. But Shane. [She clasps her hands around his puke-soaked hands]. Shane. I can fix you. You are like a project to me. And I *know* I can fix you.

**SHANE:** Guess you think my shattered heart is like a Lego set you can just re-assemble however you like. Well you can return the pieces back to Denmark, Trinity. Cause I ain't havin' it. And hey, while you're there, grab me a nice Carlsberg beer. Cause that's what I'll be doing from here till eternity, cooling the embers of my smoldering heart with a steady stream of ale.

**TRINITY:** I don't think your shattered heart is like a Lego, Shane. I just want to change you. Please let me change you.

**SHANE:** I guess you think I'm a NASCAR racecar, and my heart is a tire that you can just change at will. Well let me tell you something about this pitstop, Trinity. No need to top me off with oil. A nice beer ought to do the trick. And make it fast, like a NASCAR.

**TRINITY:** There's more to life than just drinking, Shane! Just give me one night alone with you and you'll see.

**SHANE:** One night, huh? Guess you think my heart is some cheap hotel in a nowhere town. Check in for one night. Check out the next morning. Well look in the bedside drawer Trinity. What's in there? It's not a bible, it's a flask of 70 proof Jack Daniels Tennessee Honey. Cause that's my salvation, babe. The only lord I'm praying to at night is Lord Budweiser. He's the guy who invented Budweiser originally.

**TRINITY:** Ok I get the point about how your heart is. I know what's best for you, you just can't see it. So here. I'll pour you up another tall frosty one. But think about what I said. Please Shane. I can save you.

**SHANE:** Trinity. You know as well as I. There's no saving the Saints of Soulard.

[Shane looks cool as he sips his fresh beer. Trinity got so involved in her plea that she forgot to clean up any of the puke and none of them seem to mind anymore, except Sal, who enters from the back room.]

**SAL:** Tasha! Trinity! What the fuck is going on here? Why is there puke all over my bar? I don't remember throwing up. And if somebody besides me threw up, their ass needs to be ejected.

**TRINITY:** I'm sorry Sal, I'll clean it up right now. It was just an accident. Shane got a little too far into the deep end of the swimming pool this afternoon. Like the swimming pool means lots of alcohol, and he had too much, so that's like the deep end.

**SAL:** Yeah I get it, but throw his drunk ass out. Maybe it'll teach him to get his act together and become an honest 9-to-5 rockstar again.

**SHANE:** Don't worry. I was just seeing myself out. You know Sal. You had something special going in this joint. All the sinners and the saints lined up in a row, sipping swill and swapping tales. But if you sell this place to Chester St. Louis I can tell you one thing. There won't be a sinner or a saint in sight. Guess they ought to call this place purgatory. When the saints come marching in? They'll know they're damned.

**SAL:** Now listen here Shane. Soulard is changing. Chester has a vision. Maybe there's no room for sinners in Soulard no more. And saints neither. The Greatest Show on Turf was 20 years ago Shane. The Rams moved to L.A. Maybe it's time you move on too.

**SHANE:** Sal, you know I've hated the corporate lifestyle ever since I walked out of my office job this morning and forgot to tell them I quit. The last thing this town needs is another corporate chain bar.

**SAL:** No Shane. The last thing this town needs is another washed up quarterback turned rocker turned drinker, mouthing off and rambling on. You think you're a Saint of Soulard, Shane? You must be outta your mind. The saints were raptured up outta this place years ago. You're just a barfly Shane. And maybe Chester's flyswatter is just what this place needs.

[With that, Chester St. Louis walks in the front door. A very red man with a light in his eye that gave a look of pure pride and guilt, standing at 5'10" bought a buck fifty with the sweatiest upper lip in the world and a hairline of regret, wearing a plaid blue suit and a black tie with a martini cocktail on it, his cufflinks are of course silver arches]

**SAL:** Speak of the devil. Mr. St. Lous! How are you this fine afternoon?

**CHESTER:** Feeling good, Sal. And who's this pale apparition standing at your side? Is this not Shane Jackson? The old quarterback for Melville high?

**SHANE:** Quarterback. No one's called me that in a long time. Let me guess. You're Chester St. Louis. Oakville's QB. Number 13. Unlucky number. I seem to recall your name from gridiron memories long forgotten. Out on the field where soldiers don helmets and lob hail marys, doing battle for glory and goalposts, where salvation can only be found in the endzone. Nowadays, instead of throwing touchdowns, I'm more about drinking beers down. Instead of worrying about the Defensive Line, I'm trying to walk in a straight line. Instead of aiming for the endzone, I'm--

**CHESTER:** Yes, I haven't forgotten that fateful day on the gridiron when the Melville Tigers clutched victory out from the paws of the Oakville Tigers. But tell me Shane—who's the big cat now? I am the successful entrepreneur of the St. Louis Bread Company, while you are merely a barfly who would go to one of my establishments and beg for a free loaf of that classic St. Louis bread.

**SHANE:** You probably think I'm some kind of sinner. And true, my last Hail Mary was on the gridiron in that fateful game. But people like you will never understand the spirit of Soulard. How

could you? After all, Soulard comes at you like a dense cloud of cigarette smoke and hazy memories, and the real ones just breathe it all in. But you—you're suffocating in that suit. That tie around your neck isn't a necktie. It's a noose. You're dead inside, man, your outside just doesn't know it yet. And another thing about me. Instead of trying to get a football win, I'm trying to get a big cup of gin. Instead of--

**CHESTER:** Maybe this suit is a lot different from what I wore on the gridiron in high school. But lots of things have changed since then. Nelly doesn't rap anymore. Budweiser was sold to InBev. And now DB's is gonna be sold to me. Cause I run this town.

**SHANE:** I guess what they said about Oakville Tigers was true. The most fearsome roar and the most majestic stripes, cannot hide the soul of a coward.

**CHESTER:** Well well. Think you can stop me from buying this place? Go ahead and try. Perhaps then see who really has caught a tiger by the tail. I just stopped in to say hi to Sal, but the real deal to sell DB's will take place under the Arch right after the Veiled Prophet's Ball. Do try and stop us. To watch you try—I think it would be quite... up-ROAR-ious.

**SHANE:** This is bullshit Chester! You and I both know there's only one rightful owner of DB's—and that's whoever can drink the most. You and me. A drinking contest. That's how we oughta settle this. Right now.

**SAL:** Now now. That's quite enough. Our friend Shane here was just leaving. I'm afraid he's had one too many.

**SHANE:** Sure I'll go. But when the last saint licks the last drop dry from DB's last keg, you'll know what a mistake you've made.

[Shane lights up a Wesson's cigarette. One of the really brown ones.]

**SHANE:** Oh. And one more thing. I hope you've said your prayers. But know this. There won't be a saint in all of Soulard to answer them.

[NEXT SCENE - Danny is alone in his apartment when he hears Shane thrashing on the door in a drunken rage.]

**DANNY:** Who is it? What the hell, man? Shane? Is that you?

**SHANE:** It's all fucked! Fuck! Shit! I'm so fucking stupid! Stupid, Stupid, Stupid!

**DANNY:** Settle down, kemosabe. What's going on? Are you drunk?

**SHANE:** I may be drunk, kemosabe, but my truths are sobering.

**DANNY:** What's up?

**SHANE:** Sal is going to sell DB's! And to fucking Chester St. Louis! A guy that I forgot I was a rival with! This is so fucked! Everyone is going corporate! I want to fucking smoke! I want to chug a fucking beer! The colder the beer, the more it matches with this frigid world! Fuck! Suck me!

**DANNY:** Yeah, Trinity was telling me last night. I didn't want to tell you because you would black out and freak out and act out. I guess you kind of did anyway so it wouldn't have mattered if I had told you or not.

**SHANE:** Wait - you knew?

**DANNY:** Yeah, man. I was telling Tasha that she could get a job at Sports Cuts where she cuts guys hairs and rubs her tits all over their elbows. I tell you man, she's pure sex. She's like liquid fucking. She's a tall glass of water that you could drink all day long. She's got a perfect ass like two big tits and a set of tits like a playmate's ass. Sooner or later, I'm going to hit that, bro. And I'm going to make that fucking room stink.

**SHANE:** Stop it with your sex drive! Can't you tell that we are two different characters that are motivated by two completely different things! That's our main conflict as friends!

**DANNY:** I'll stop it with my robust sexual appetite when you stop it with the drinking! You're a mess! You wake up every morning and make an Irish car bomb. You make an Irish car bomb in your car on the way to work. You cover yourself in cologne to cover up the smell of Irish Car Bombs all day. Not to mention, you smoke like 17 different brands of cigarettes. You don't have the right to tell me what to do!

**SHANE:** Fuck! This fucking sucks! Let's just put our differences aside for one day, man, and help me SAVE DB's! Come on. Do it for Tasha.

**DANNY:** Damn, Shane. You always know just what to say to get to make me do what you want. You brought up Tasha, which made me think about cooze. Well played. Okay, kemosabe. How we going to save everyone?

[Just then, the door swings open. Shane's mom Linda enters.]

**LINDA:** Yeah, how are we going to do this thing.

**SHANE:** Mom? You're going to help us save DB's?

**LINDA:** Well, actually, kemosabe, Danny told me this was an intervention.

**DANNY:** We don't have TIME for that, Linda. The year - 1987. The place? The Veiled Prophet's Ball. And who was the winner that year, the Queen of Love and Beauty. Oh, it was Linda Jackson, future mother of The Crave lead singer Shane Jackson.

**LINDA:** How did you find that out?

**DANNY:** Funny thing about St. Louis. It just can't seem to keep its secrets. Heh. Also, it was on VH1 Behind the Music.

**LINDA:** The Veiled Prophets... an insane group of wealthy St. Louisans who have a weird debutante ball for underage girls... I thought it sounded perfect. Safe. What could go wrong? But then Francis Slay's dad walks in wearing a duster and tells you that if you want to win the crown then you have to have sex with Ozzie Smith. Ozzie wasn't game but I really wanted to win that crown... so here we are.

**SHANE:** That's right before I was born. Are you saying --

**LINDA:** Listen, kemosabe, I don't know who your dad is and yes, it fits the time profile and yeah that was the only guy I had sex with at that time, but now is not the time or place to discuss this. We have to... wait, what are we doing?

**DANNY:** We have to save DB's.

**LINDA:** We have to save DB's.

**DANNY:** Ah, it'll never work! We know the business deal is going down under the arch during the Veiled Prophet's Debutante Cotillion Ball, but we don't know how to stop it.

**LINDA:** I do. But afterwards, the intervention.

**SHANE:** Mom, I love you, but I gave up so much for drinking because it is my passion in life. I like the way it makes me feel. Being a rock star is fun, sure, but my dream is to do what I can to scrape by and spend all of my days and nights drinking. I hope you understand.

**LINDA:** Oh, Shane, I never knew you felt so passionately about it. I never should have tried to get in the way of your drinking.

**SHANE:** Mom, I forgive you. (tears well up in his eyes instantly) I love you so much.

**LINDA:** I love you too. Now, we got a bar to save. I know a little secret from my Veiled Prophets days. Legally speaking, if you challenge anyone to a drinking contest over a business deal during the ball, they are unable to refuse your challenge.

**DANNY:** Oh, wow. That's really convenient.

**LINDA:** Yeah. I don't know if it's ever happened before. Pretty obscure, right? So, are we ready to head down there? The ball starts in an hour.

**DANNY:** Well, let's get a move on, then!

[Shane begins to puke as the scene ends.]

[EXT Nighttime—The St. Louis Arch. Shane and Danny hop off the MetroLink station, right at the foot of the Arch, which is right next to a standalone Lids store and a bar called The Sitting Duck. Right underneath the arch, they see Chester St. Louis holding a money briefcase and Sal holding a comically sized novelty deed that says DEED on it. Shane simultaneously lights a cigarette and makes an irish car bomb to calm his nerves. Danny pulls four Johnny Vegas shots out of his breast pocket along with a Wesson and hands two shots to Shane, to cool off a bit and relax before this shady deal.]

**CHESTER:** The time has come to do the deed, so to speak. And I don't mean sex. I mean to buy the property deed for DB's, the famous bar I want to gentrify.

**SAL:** That's right. Here is the suitcase full of money you requested. When I went to the bank, they said it would be easier to sell property if we just did it at the bank and didn't use cash. It's actually easier these days to do large transactions without paper money. But I politely declined. I guess it's cause I'm old fashioned. Even though this town is changing, there's still room for tradition.

**CHESTER:** Yes. And even though my plan is to gentrify Soulard, some things will remain the same. For example, my new bar will still serve beer for anyone who wants to try some. Plus, smoking will be allowed inside, as usual.

**SHANE:** Not so fast Chester! The fate of every real drinker in St. Louis is at stake! I'm not going to let you take away our beer!

**CHESTER:** Well. I was just explaining that I'm not going to take away the beer. I'm going to just gentrify it and make money off it.

**SHANE:** Nevertheless! You think you can take this town over? Yeah. Maybe you know fancy rules, like how to buy a bar using money. But you don't know the soul of this town, Chester. What do you know about the Veiled Prophets Ball?

**CHESTER:** Quite a lot actually. My mother, Budwisina St. Louis, was in the Veiled Prophet's Court of Honor five years running.

**DANNY:** Oh. Then you probably know about it. The rule.

**CHESTER:** The rule?



**SHANE:** [holding up a Budweiser beer label he peeled off a bottle, and pretending like it's a document with rules written on it] The rule. Legally speaking, if you challenge anyone to a drinking contest over a business deal during the Veiled Prophets Ball, they are unable to refuse your challenge.

**SAL:** Shane! What the fuck are you doing! DB's had a good run, but St. Louis is changing. You need to accept that!

**SHANE:** Sal. Your topless burger may just be a burger served without the top bun. But to me, it's a St. Louis tradition. When you thought of that, you became a fucking genius to me, even though you smelled like moldy clove cigarettes and cumin. Now, the only thing that smells is this deal. And it smells like shit.

**SAL:** You see that suitcase fulla money? It's not just full of money. It's full of my dreams too. My dream of having money. And I'm not going to let you stop me because of some stupid rule!

**CHESTER:** Now hold on, Sal. The Veiled Prophets Ball is a hallowed St. Louis tradition. I know some things are changing around here, but this isn't one of them. If Shane wants to invoke the rule, then so be it. We will have a drinking contest. And the biggest drinker will become the new owner of DB's.

**DANNY:** You don't have a clue what you're getting yourself into, kemosabe. Shane was just telling me how he beat you on the football gridiron back in the day. Well. I got a feeling he's going to beat you on the bar gridiron as well. But this time, his pigskin is going to be a shot glass. And his touchdown is going to be the part where he drinks an entire keg of whiskey.

**SHANE:** Yeah. But let's cut the chitchat. All this talking is making me want to wet my whistle. It's time to throw the ultimate rager to show them how we do it in Souldard. And on the guest list will be all of the sinners and all of the saints. The only ones getting turned away at the door are the faint of heart.

**CHESTER:** Ok. Let's go to the bar and do it. And by do it, I don't mean sex. I mean the drinking thing you're talking about.

[Interior, daytime, DB's. The crowd from the Veiled Prophet's ball is now at DB's. Shane and Chester are stationed across from each other, staring each other down like cowboys. As Shane calmly and stoically lights a cigarette, Chester puts a pouch of snus in his lip. As Shane takes a pre-drinking contest sip of Budweiser, Chester takes a pre-drinking contest sip of Miller Lite. Then they do a third thing that is kind of similar but also kind of different. Sal is behind the bar rubbing a bloody rag into a shit-stained glass. Tasha and Trinity are gathering all of the drinking supplies needed for the contest.]

**TRINITY:** Good luck Shane. Thanks for being the only one man enough to stand up for all of us. Let me know if you ever want to have sex with me for free.

**SHANE:** I'm not doing this for you.

**TRINITY:** Okay. Yeah, whatever. Offer is still on the table.

**SHANE:** I'm doing this because, uh.

**TRINITY:** What's up?

**SHANE:** I don't remember why I'm doing this. That guy used to play football against me and I like drinking beer here. I guess that's it.

**TRINITY:** Well, good luck, thanks man. Have fun. Oh, and don't forget about the free sex.

**DANNY:** Hey Shane. You ready to do this? That's a lot of Budweiser Beer. Are you intimidated?

**SHANE:** A ton of fucking ale and a ton of fucking bourbon is heaven to me, Kemosabe. And if this is heaven, I must be the fucking Saint of Soulard himself. Because in this heaven, I shine the brightest. Fucking A. Let's get this fucking started.

[Danny walks to a nearby window]

**DANNY:** Got to hand it to Shane. He's one salty S.O.B. but I can't help to be jealous of him right now. A man completely in his element. A man born to drink ale. I guess if you could say that a bar is heaven to him, then he must be the fucking Saint of Soulard himself. A man fully realized. Wow. He's finally got what he wanted, even if it is kind of tragic. But who am I to judge? Heaven to me would be having sex, no matter how briefly, for even a single moment. It doesn't matter the girl, it doesn't matter if it is good sex or bad sex, all that matters is that it is sex, period. Doesn't matter if it is someone I care about or not. I'd prefer them to be hot, but let's be honest here, I just want to have sex. Oh, and also, I want to be able to nut. To me, nutting is my favorite part of sex. The reason is because I just want to feel good all of the time. It is very, very important to me. I cannot stress this enough.

**TASHA** [coming up behind Danny]: What are you soliloquizing about Danny? You're so mysterious to me. I ought to call you Alfred Hitchcock, the most mysterious man of all.

**DANNY:** Well, shucks, kemosabe. I was just thinking. It's a shame we weren't able to go on our date here because instead we had to come here to watch a drinking contest.

**TASHA:** Hey, I got an idea. (Tasha takes a flower out of a nearby flower pot that was put out as decoration for the impromptu drinking contest). Why don't we pretend this here is our date, right now?

**DANNY:** Do you want to go in the closet full of chemicals and screw like a couple of stray dogs?

**TASHA:** I like to take my time getting to know a guy. So yeah. I fuck on the first date and if it's good, maybe we get dinner by date three. So yeah I'm gonna let you hit this pussy like a damn baseball bat of Mark McGwire.

**DANNY:** Sounds like a home run to me!

**SAL:** Can you two numbskulls hurry up and go in the back and screw? This conversation is -disgusting. And the big drinking contest is about to start.

**DANNY:** Sal you smell like a sewer after a rat orgy. You're one to talk about disgusting.

**SAL:** Listen. I know that I smell like a foreign person's apartment. But that doesn't mean--

**TASHA:** Hold that racist thought! The contest is starting!

[Chester and Shane are surrounded by a keg of Budweiser Beer, a fifth of bourbon, a dozen little tiny airport bottles of Fireball, a glass of red wine, a gun, a pangolin, a six pack of twisted tea, some keyboard duster and another gun.]

**SHANE:** So this is the warm-up round, huh? Should be easy. I already drank a 30 case to get my head in the game.

**CHESTER:** This bar is mine, Kemosabe.

**SHANE:** (gasps) No, it can't be.

**CHESTER:** That's right, I just gentrified Kemosabe. And there is plenty more where that came from. Just say some more cool stuff - they'll be saying it on a CBS sitcom in no time. That way, little Shane, you can come down from your little ivory tower and give up being a Saint in Souldard and become a normie guy just like me.

**SHANE:** Kemosabe is a word me and my friends and my mom made up! You can't have it! And matter of fact, you can't have this bar neither! So drink up. Because it's going to be a long night.

**CHESTER:** Let me give you a little preview of this neighborhood after I'm in charge. You know that building next door, that abandoned muffler factory that's been empty and full of rats for 30 years? I'm going to turn that into an Orange Julius.

**SHANE:** You motherfucker... sometimes I SLEEP in that fucking factory! Bastard! One of those rats was the best man at my wedding with Charlene! But she got cold feet. That's why I never

refer to her as my ex-wife. Cause we never actually got married. But I do mention the rats a lot. Cause we're good friends to this day.

**CHESTER:** (Laughing) Had enough? We haven't even STARTED yet. I'll turn every Saint in this place to a sinner yet.

**SHANE:** Funny thing about Saints... is that they're all sinners, aren't they?

**CHESTER:** Hah. I suppose one man's saint is another man's sinner.

**SHANE:** You know. It's a funny thing about Soulard. They say this place makes sinners of saints, and saints of sinners. So which one are you Chester? Go on. Drink up. And show me what you've got.

**CHESTER:** I guess I'll go ahead and... (Chester grabs the bottle of bourbon) get this party started excuse me started.

[Chester opens the bottle and immediately begins chugging. The entire crowd gasps - they've never seen anything like this in his life. He's drinking that sweet whiskey water down like it was a cheap beer. The bourbon tasted like strong beer as he drank it down like water. He drank the bourbon so fast that one could think that to him, it tasted more like water than bourbon. Hate Me by Blue October immediately begins playing.]

**TRINITY:** He's drinking so fast! I've never seen that technique before!

**SAL:** Haaa—Aaaahh—Hagghhh—He's!! Incredible!!

**LINDA:** Oh, I'm here now too to support my son! Linda, remember me? Linda Jackson? Wow that guy is drinking fast!

**SHANE:** He's--- he's so fast --- there's no way -- I'm done for!

**TRINITY:** Unless you use... THAT technique.

**SHANE:** ...I see. That technique. Sal told me I wasn't allowed to do it inside of DB's anymore after I bit that guy's kid and gave him alcohol poisoning. He had to get his stomach pumped and they found one of my teeth inside. Are you sure? Are you saying I can hit my power stance, Sal?

**SAL:** What are you saying? Are you talking to me?

**SHANE:** Then I'll do it.

**SAL:** I can't hear you. What?

**SHANE:** Arlight, folks. Keep your eyes on your saints. Because they are about to go marching in....

[Shane immediately hits a power stance, feet at a 90 degree angle, one hand holding the bottle directly above his mouth in the air and the other hand coyly putting his thumb through his belt loop. The liquor drains out of the bottle so quickly that a small sonic boom emits from the bottle, shattering the glass into a thousand pieces. Everyone is cut up pretty bad, but there isn't a single drop of liquor wasted, the only thing in sight wasted, are the saints. Also the sinners are wasted too.]

**CHESTER:** Looks like we got a ball game on our---

**SHANE:** Looks like we got a ball - oh, sorry, go ahead.

**CHESTER:** I was going to say that it looks like we got a ball game on our hands.

**SHANE:** Me too.

**CHESTER:** Okay. I'm going to start drinking more now.

**SHANE:** Me too.

[Chester effortlessly grabs a glass of red wine with one hand and sloshes it down his throat while he jacks in the tap to the keg and starts sucking on that thing like it was a big tit. Shane, not to be outdone, quickly sprays the keyboard duster into his mouth while he pours a bunch of beer into a bucket.]

**SAL:** I got this crazy breathalyzer that can breathalyze from a distance. I wear it over my eye and it looks so cool. So I can see people's BAC in my scanner over my eye.

**LINDA:** Wow.

**SAL:** I was hoping people would ask me about it but no one did, so I'm just going to tell you.

**LINDA:** Okay.

**SAL:** Anyway, now that I explained my scanner, can I tell you what their BAC is?

**LINDA:** Uh huh.

**SAL:** Uhh—Aaaghhh—It's!! Shane is!! He's at .10.... .15..... .25... I've never seen anything like it!!

**LINDA:** Agghh—Aggghhh—!! His—!! His BAC!!

**SHANE:** [Finishing another fifth of Jack] Hah. The only BAC I care about is beer and cigarettes.

[Trinity goes to the same window that Danny went to in order to look out of the window wistfully.]

**TRINITY: (voiceover)** I'm so proud of Shane for drinking all of that beer... but what if something bad happens to him? His BAC is nearly .30, that is over the St. Louis legal limit of .28... I hope he's okay. I care about Shane, but I have tried really, really hard not to have feelings for him romantically, which I haven't, because I only just want to have sex with him. I've made it really, really clear that I want to have sex with Shane. But with all this alcohol - will Shane even be able to get hard if we have sex? I'm so scared...

**SAL:** Hey Trinity, can you get back over here to help me clean? One of the kegs is filled with puke somehow.

[This goes on for hours, as Shane and Chester go keg for keg, neither making a lead on the other. Everyone watching eventually settles into another night of drinking at DB's as Chester and Shane grow drunker and drunker.]

**SAL:** Maybe you guys should have put a time limit on it? Like the first one to drink a certain amount of beer, then you are done.

**SHANE:** Too late now, Sal. And besides, that's not my style. My style... Well... It's well known to the sinners and saints alike. The style of drinking a lot.

**SAL:** It's just like, listen, I understand you are trying to save the bar and all, but you guys made a really, really vague agreement. Just a generic drinking contest. That could, theoretically, last forever. It was just a mistake in planning. Maybe you and Chester could come up with an easier drinking contest to both arrange and judge.

**SHANE:** Not now, Sal. I got him on the ropes. I got him right where I want him.

**SAL:** He's holding the keg above his head and drinking from it. Now he's holding the keg like a guitar and pretending to play it. He looks fine. You're the one with a bunch of hay in your hair and your nose won't stop bleeding.

[Trinity walks up with a plate of DUI poppers.]

**TRINITY:** Here, you need to eat.

**SHANE:** I... I... I don't need that shit. I need beer! I love drinking a fucking ale. Poppers won't quench the thirst in my soul like that sweet brown beer can... in fact, they happen to make me

thirstier, because of the jalapenos inside, also the pepper jack cheese, for just \$13.99 only at DB's ?

**TRINITY:** Just eat. I know you can do this, Shane. I know what it is like. I see you here every day, drinking for ten plus hours. I feel like I know you, Shane. And I see it, trust me, how nobody in here believes in you. Nobody believes in your drinking. Nobody believes in your Budweiser advertisements. Nobody believes in you. But do you know what I see? The Saint of Soulard. Shane, I am the first person to officially believe in you. I believe in your drinking. I believe that you were smart to quit your rock band in order to drink more. Everyone has been wrong about you your entire life except you. I believe in you, Shane. Go win this. For us. For Soulard. For DB's. But most of all? I want you to win this for yourself.

[Shane looks inspired. Back in Black plays as the fire in Shane's eyes comes alive as he dusts himself off and stands up. Chester stops playing his keg like a guitar for a second and regards Shane.]

**SHANE:** It's time for my ultimate move... the Power Stance.

**CHESTER:** You already did that I thought?

**SHANE:** Fuck! FUCK!

[Shane grabs his keg and assumes the power stance, feet splayed, and he holds the keg over his head and starts chugging from the tap. The shape of the keg starts fluctuating like a cartoon because of how hard Shane is sucking on it for that sweet Budweiser beer. He is drinking the beer so hard that it sounds like a million little explosions are occurring inside of the keg itself.]

**SAL:** .75...!! .80...!! .90!! ..... His BAC hit 1.0!!!

[Shane, still not satisfied at the speed in which he is drinking, starts to spin the keg clockwise over his head in order to create a tornado effect to shoot that sweet Budweiser Ale into his throat at breakneck speed. A very expensive CGI sequence occurs where we can see inside of the keg for a second and there is a tornado of beer going at 1000 miles per hour while lightning strikes everywhere.]

**SAL:** Wha—No!! But—AAahh!!! His BAC—!! 1.0...!! 1.01...!! 1.02...!! He's—He's ascended!!

**CHESTER:** No... no... it's not possible! It's not fair! I was going to gentrify this already very white neighborhood! No! No! DB's was going to serve Brunch! And nothing else would have changed, except the prices of the alcohol was going to go down! No! No!

**SHANE:** (taking his mouth off the keg for a second) Sorry, Kemosabe, but I like my Budweisers to be 9 dollars. 45 for a bucket of five.

[Shane latches back onto the keg so hard that his mouth pops. The keg begins to extend and distort rapidly. The camera cuts to Danny and Tasha, who aren't in the closet at all, but just on the ground a couple feet away.]

**DANNY:** I can sense something.... Shane is really going to do it! But he needs my help. I've been having sex for seven hours so far. Oh man, what a character defining decision I have to make. Do I keep having sex and stay true to my passion? Or do I help my friend?

**TASHA:** I think you should help your friend, Danny. We've been having sex for a really long time.

**DANNY:** I must... stay true to my purpose! Cumming is my favorite part of sex!

[Cut back to the keg vibrating rapidly. Fissures start appearing in the side of the keg and you can see a blinding white energy peering out of the cracks.]

**SAL:** Everyone down! It's gonna blow!

**DANNY:** Oh, fuck! I'm nutting!

[Everyone starts to duck as an immense explosion emits from the keg, sending metal fragments all over the bar. The bar is filled with smoke and there is debris everywhere.]

**SHANE:** Did I... did I win?

**SAL:** Is everyone okay? Anyone hurt?

**TRINITY:** I'm okay I think.

**DANNY:** Yeah, I'm fine, I just nutted. What happened? What's going on? I forgot that this was still a thing.

**TASHA:** I'm fine, too. I didn't nut though.

**LINDA:** Oh, oh God. Look at him. He's been shredded to ribbons.

[Cut to an image of Chester St. Louis on the ground, keg still being held in his outstretched hands. His body is full of tiny little holes and blood is spraying everywhere. It's honestly really gross. Even grosser than we are describing here. The metal from the keg superheated and exploded into a thousand tiny fragments. This tiny, superheated metal shot through the entirety of Chester's body, giving him hundreds of tiny wounds. As the superhot metal traveled through his body, it caused entire sections of his body to be shredded to ground beef. Also, because the metal was so hot, it cooked some of his flesh. So basically, he got completely destroyed and also cooked like a hamburger and his blood is all over the room.]



**DANNY:** Oh, man. Wow. That's disgusting. He's really dead, huh. He's like --

**TASHA:** Oh my God, I think I'm going to throw up.

**SAL:** Whoa, whoa, whoa, Tasha, hold on. Don't go messing up the place by throwing up. There's only one area that is messed up, and that's where Chester is laying. If you are going to throw up, throw up on him. That area is already messed up.

**LINDA:** Sal, I don't think that's appropriate, it's not like anything in here is that clean.

**SAL:** Okay, okay, okay, I'll just say this. If anyone wants to puke, I suggest they do it on Chester's body since it is already messing up part of the bar. But if you throw up anywhere else, you have to clean it up yourself. Deal?

**SHANE:** Why can't she just go throw up in the bathroom?

**SAL:** Oh, okay, I get it. I'm the bad guy now. Big dead body in my bar, torn by shrapnel you created, with your alcoholism by the way, nothing you do is cool or legit, you're just an alcoholic. That dead guy laying on the floor of my bar that you did and I'm the bad guy. Great. Just so we're all on the same page.

**SHANE:** Did I... Did I win?

**DANNY:** I mean like... yeah? I think?

**LINDA:** I mean, even without him dying, I still think you would have won. If that makes sense. If that counts at all.

**TRINITY:** You definitely had more steam. You were starting to say inspiring things. I think you would have won if he hadn't died.

**DANNY:** Just to be clear... you weren't TRYING to kill him, right? Like you didn't know the keg would explode?

**SHANE:** No, not at all, are you kidding me man? That was the first time I've done that.

**TASHA:** He's just making sure.

**TRINITY:** I mean, we were all kind of wondering. Like we are with you no matter what, but, yeah, I was wondering if you did it on purpose. I mean, it just hit him. It didn't hit any of us.

**SAL:** And that would be murder so I think we all did the responsible thing by bringing it up. Because even if I like you, Shane, I can't have you killing my potential business partners in the

bar. That's a crime. I feel like, the least we can do for Chester, the very least we owe him, is to ask you if you were intending to kill him.

**LINDA:** That's a good way of putting it, Sal.

**SHANE:** So, I guess, I won. I saved DB's.

**TRINITY:** (weakly) Yay. Thank you.

**TASHA:** Yeah, thanks Shane.

**SAL:** Okay, well, um. I guess we drag the body outside and leave it on the curb. I just -- if he's caught dead in here my insurance goes up.

**LINDA:** Wait - Should we call anyone? Like the police, 911?

**SHANE:** No need, Kemosabe. Even the beat cops understand that Souldard plays by a different set of rules. Sinners, Saints, it doesn't matter. We all check ourselves into purgatory the second we crack the day's bottled beer open. Cool cats and Wild nights. That's Souldard, kemosabe. Chester flickered out like the last light of a Wesson's, smooth and brown. It's time to flick that knob into the street to taste some asphalt. Souldard Style.

[Camera cuts to the entire bar trying to drag Chester's body to the curb, but it is so messed up that he just kind of pulls apart like slow-cooked pork. Everyone groans. Shane starts piling his bones while Tasha and Trinity put on rubber gloves and start locating errant flecks of meat. Sal has a big push broom and he takes the gathered remains of Chester and shoves them triumphantly out of his front door. They kind of just go spraying onto the front steps and sidewalk, not even making it to the gutter.]

**SHANE:** And stay out!

[Everyone laughs. Danny and Tasha embrace, everyone gawks at them as they start making out. Trinity approaches Shane.]

**SHANE:** You know what?

**TRINITY:** What?

**SHANE:** In this light? You sort of look like a giant Budweiser beer.

[Shane grabs Trinity and immediately shoves his tongue artlessly down her throat. Sal approaches Linda.]

**SAL:** Maybe we should make out now that everyone else is making out.

**LINDA:** Let's not do that. Also, it still smells like hot guts in here.

**SAL:** Oh that's not the guy, that's just me.

[Linda stops to look at Sal, smiling. Sal slowly leans in to kiss her. Linda pulls back.]

**LINDA:** What the fuck dude? You just told me you smell like guts and try to kiss me? Right after my son killed a guy in a drinking contest?

**SAL:** Accidentally.

**SHANE:** Hey, Sal! I know this sounds crazy but, I could really use a beer right now!

[Everyone laughs. The camera focuses on Sal handing Shane a beer. He is smiling for the first time in the movie. Linda, Trinity and Sal all gather around Shane, slapping his back. The camera cuts back to see that Danny and Tasha are having sex on the ground next to some blood and an ear that they missed. The camera pulls back further to see a bunch of stray cats fighting over Chester's face on the sidewalk. The camera starts flying down 7th street, turns onto Broadway, then turns onto 4th street, and speeds up towards the arch. The entire time, the camera is passing drinkers, partiers, riff-raff, pigs, crooks, horny politicians, garden variety sluts and bozos.]

**SHANE: (voiceover)** Show me one Saint of Soulard who isn't a Sinner, kemosabe. All that fancy shit don't matter here in Soulard. Your 401k only means something if it is the amount of beers that you have drank in your life. This is a town full of misfits participating in a grand experiment, what would happen if we all reached the bottom of the bottle at once. And me? All I need is my ale and my Wesson's. Don't be a stranger now. You know where to find me.

[The camera zooms up the Arch, briefly resting over and looking upon the entirety of St. Louis, before shooting into space. As the camera zooms out into space, you see the entire planet, and it is purple and red and there are volcanoes shooting into the sky everywhere. It becomes really apparent that this is a completely different planet than planet Earth. ]

THE END ?

[INT. daytime—DB's Bar. More than 20 years later. A young man of just 21 years sidles up to the bar. Tasha, now in her 50s but still with that shitty haircut with the red highlights, is working the bar.]

**SHANE JR.:** I'll have a Bud on the rocks please ma'am. And make sure it's ice cold.

**TASHA:** And what's your name, kid? Never seen you around these parts.

**SHANE JR.:** Name's Jackson. Shane Jr. Jackson. Born and raised Soulard strong.

**TASHA:** Shane... But that name... It couldn't be... Let me guess. You never knew your father?

**SHANE JR.:** Wh—Yeah. How'd you know?

**TASHA:** Sorry. It's just—I knew your father. And he was a great man. If you don't mind hearing this old bar-hand tell tale of the greatest damn drinker that ever called Soulard home, well, sit back with that Budweiser beer. And let my tongue tickle your ears with praise for the Saint of Soulard...

**THE END [when the saints go marching in]**