

BARSTOOL: THE MOVIE

Written by

B-Man

Based on, Barstool Sports

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

DAVE PORTNOY, 40 and still in CLUB shape, lays on the ground of an EMPTY POOL.

TRASH gathers in pool of water around the over the hill blogger's body, he lays MOTIONLESS.

With a START he wakes up.

Dave's eyes OPEN.

DAVE PORTNOY  
What the fuck happened?

On the side of the pool stands MICHAEL RAPAPORT. He looks down at Dave with disgust.

RAPAPORT  
Took you this long to wake up?

Dave tries to stand, his limbs fail him and he FALLS over.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Where the hell am I?

RAPAPORT  
Don't you remember?

We fade into a FLASHBACK....

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

Dave is leaving the workplace. We see all the boys, BIG CAT, Kmarko, FIETS, KFC even fucking SMITTY wishes Dave farewell.

INT. DENTIST OFFICE - DUSK

Portnoy sits back in a hospital chair. As the DENTIST leans over he almost gags at the sight of Dave's ROTTEN TEETH.

The M.D. puts a gas mask on El Pres.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Suddenly we CRASH back to the POOL. Dave is beginning to remember.

DAVE PORTNOY  
I was about to get my tooth  
pulled....

Rapaport nods.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
What happened, shit Rapaport, why  
am in the bottom of a fucking pool?

RAPAPORT  
The dentist didn't do so well. You  
fell into a coma.

BACK TO FLASHBACK

INT. DENIST OFFICE - DAY

Dave is KNOCKED OUT, completely asleep on the dentist table.  
The DOCTOR leans in with a TOOTH SCRAPPING TOOL!

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Dave struggles to get to his feet.

DAVE PORTNOY  
If I was in a coma, then why the  
fuck am I in a pool?

RAPAPORT  
Your health insurance ended, it was  
the only place we could keep you.

DAVE PORTNOY  
What do you mean? Chernin gave us a  
great plan!

RAPAPORT  
He did, until seventeen years ago.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Seventeen years?

RAPAPORT  
Until Barstool closed down.

Dave sits up in awe.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Closed down?

RAPAPORT  
Dave. You've been in a coma for  
twenty years. Barstool is dead.

**TITLE SCREEN: BARSTOOL THE MOVIE**

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Dave using all his strength, stands up. He looks around. Rapaport is nowhere to be seen.

Dave wipes the dirty chlorine water off of himself and climbs out of the stagnant pool. He looks around confused.

**TITLE: AMERICA, 2040**

EXT. STREETS OF NEW YORK - DAY

Dave Portnoy walks through the streets of MANHATTAN, the same towering building surround him but something is different.

Dave passes a NEWS STAND, He looks down at the PAPER.

THE NEW YORK DEADSPIN POST.

The NEWSIE looks at the dirt covered Dave in disdain.

DAVE PORTNOY

What the hell is this? Where's the New York Times?

NEWSIE

What are you talking about? Deadspin bought out the Times years ago.

Dave picks up the paper, he reads the headline:

PRESIDENT GOODELL WELCOMES THE SUPERBOWL WINNING BROWNS FOR A THIRD YEAR IN A ROW.

DAVE PORTNOY

What the fuck...

Dave looks around, he's in TIMES SQUARE! Every MASSIVE SCREEN is showing JEZEBEL coverage of WOMEN'S SPORTS!

NEWSIE

Get the hell out of here unless you're buying something.

DAVE PORTNOY

Where's my paper? Do you carry anything Barstool?

NEWSIE

Barstool? I haven't heard that name  
in years.

Dave takes a minute to understand the whole scene unfolding  
around him.

DAVE PORTNOY

I have to rebuild the stool.

EXT. WEST VIRGINIA STRIP CLUB - DAY

Three very sad looking STRIPPERS dance for one dollar bills.  
The MC of the club leans over to the microphone to announce  
the next act.

M.C.

Without a doubt, my top earner the  
one the only, Kinky Keith!

From the back of the stage emerges a sweaty Kmarko. Dressed  
in a speedo and nothing else the sad shell of a man takes the  
stage.

KMARKO

You like how I dance baby?

Kmarko swings across the STRIPPER POLE. As he dances a  
handful of QUARTERS hits him across the chest.

He takes it in stride.

Keith TWIRLS around the pole and ends in a SPLIT on the dance  
floor when a NEWSPAPER hits his leg.

Keith picks up the PAPER.

KMARKO (CONT'D)

What the hell is this? I don't  
shake this ass for paper!

Keith looks up. He see's Dave sitting at the bar.

DAVE PORTNOY

Not just any paper.

Keith UNCLENCHES from the pole.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)

But it's not much without my  
editor.

KMARKO  
Dave?! You're awake..

DAVE PORTNOY  
What the fuck happened?

Keith slide across the floor over to his old boss.

KMARKO  
We never thought you'd be back.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Let's grab a drink.

INT. CHAMPANGE ROOM - NIGHT

Dave sits across from the sullen Kmarko, through his shame and self-conscious behavior he can barely make eye contact with Dave.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Keith how did it end up like this?

Keith buries his head in his hands.

KMARKO  
After you went into your coma it  
all went to shit.

FLASHBACK

INT. BARSTOOL NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

The whole office is in a UPROAR! NARDINI is trying to control everyone but everyone is screaming at once.

NARDINI  
We can survive without Dave!

BIG CAT and PFT sit in their corner, clearly in dismay. They each are chugging MAPLE SYRUP.

RIGGS is the first to speak out.

RIGGS  
What are we going to do without El  
Pres? Even in *Harvard* we had a  
principal. We need someone to lead  
our team.

KFC

As much as I despised him, he was Barstool. Without Dave I'll only have Feits to hate.

Nardini paces through the office.

NARDINI

Dave is an coma, the doctors say it will only last three months, while he's gone I think we can do the best to carry on without him.

FEITS

Confession: I actually loved the guy.

INT. CHAMPANGE ROOM - DAY

Keith sits SOBBING at Dave's feet.

KMARKO

Within a week we fell apart. The Pardon My Take boys left, never to be seen again. Smitty went back to the streets selling pasta, Trent went back to growing corn.

Dave sits back taking it all in.

DAVE PORTNOY

When did it all end?

KMARKO

By week three, we were sold to SBSports.

Absolute RAGE grows in Dave's eyes.

DAVE PORTNOY

SBSports?

KMARKO

It get's worse. Simmons became our new CEO.

FLASHBACK

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

Simmons walks through the Barstool office, he clearly is disliked by every single blogger there.

SIMMONS

30 for 30: Ice Cube interviewing  
with Pardon my Take.

Simmons takes a golf club and begins to practice his swings.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

30 for 30: Live Facebook feeds of  
Patriots games.

Simmons chugs a GATORADE.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

30 for 30: Nate at Nite.

Simmons walks over to RITA.

SIMMONS (CONT'D)

WHY THE FUCK AREN'T YOU WRITING  
THIS DOWN?!?!

INT. CHAMPANGE ROOM - DAY

Kmarko has been reduced to a blubbering mess on the floor.

KMARKO

It was awful Pres. Within three  
weeks HBO canceled the entire  
website.

Dave just nods.

DAVE PORTNOY

When was that?

KMARKO

Seventeen years ago.

DAVE PORTNOY

Where did everyone go?

KMARKO

Here, there, I haven't seen a  
single blogger since then. You've  
seen what I've become. What the  
fuck do you want? Are you just here  
to laugh at me?!?!

Kmarko sobs at Dave's feet.

DAVE PORTNOY

No.



Kmarko looks up, there's some hope in his eyes.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)

I came here to make Barstool what it was again. We need to find every blogger and put out one great day of blogs so that everyone will remember what Barstool was.

Kmarko stands, finally regaining whatever self worth he has left.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)

I came to bring Barstool back and bring down President Goodell.

Dave reaches down and offers Kmarko his hand, they clasp FISTS.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)

Now let's get the team back together.

EXT. LOUISIANA SWAPS - MORNING

Dave and Kmarko drive through the BAYOUS of Louisiana in Dave's BRONCO.

They pull into an OLD SHACK.

DAVE PORTNOY

Are you sure this is where he is?

KMARKO

I can't be sure, he went off the grid years ago. But I saw thirty shipments of All Day IPA and Hot Dogs were coming here a week, I had an idea.

Dave exits the car. He turns to Kmarko.

DAVE PORTNOY

Stay in the truck. I think I need to handle this one.

EXT. OLD SHACK - DAY

Dave walks his way over to an old decrepit Shack, the wood is rotting, bending off the walls. It looks like a True Detective location if they ran out of money by episode 2.

Dave slowly swings the door to the old shitty cabin open.

INT. SHITTY CABIN - CONTINUOUS

The door almost rattles off it's hinges as Dave walks in.

Dave hears a voice in the back.

VOICE

Larry wouldn't have done this, oh  
no Larry was a good boy, a very  
good boy, what a good boy.

Dave steps into the cabin.

Around him are pictures, signs, and animal skeletons.

Newspaper clippings: HISTORY GENERAL MAKES ANOTHER CLAIM THAT  
HITLER WAS CELIBATE, ANOTHER WIN FOR THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT  
FINDING HITLER'S LOST BONES.

DAVE PORTNOY

Dan?

VOICE

Who cares where you're from? You  
can always like the Cubs. Hometown  
team. Hometown team.

DAVE PORTNOY

Dan, it's Dave.

Suddenly a man only wearing ANIMAL SKINS pops out from behind  
the doorway.

It's BIG CAT, older, grayer and wearing an EYE PATCH over his  
left eye (this patch will switch from either eye  
intermittently without warning as the movie goes on)

BIG CAT

Are you Larry? Have you brought my  
goldfish back to me?

Dave looks at this monstrosity.

DAVE PORTNOY

Dan, it's me. It's Dave.

Big Cat begins to start throwing shit around.

BIG CAT

Get the fuck out of here! I don't know who you are! I've never heard of anyone named Dave before!

Dave ducks under this large man's advances he goes to embrace this wild man.

DAVE PORTNOY

Big Cat.

Big Cat stops.

BIG CAT

I haven't heard that name in a long time.

Dave steps forward.

DAVE PORTNOY

I was sick. I woke up. What happened to you Dan.

Big Cat in a state of delirium tries to CHARGE Dave.

BIG CAT

Dave is dead! He left me! He died like all my friends before him!

Big Cat goes to TACKLE Dave!

DAVE PORTNOY

Calm down! Sit down, have some pupcorn.

He stops.

BIG CAT

Pupcorn.... It is you.

Big Cat embraces Dave in a giant HUG.

DAVE PORTNOY

I missed you big guy. What happened?

BIG CAT

The only place a bookie can't find you is in the swamps. Are you going to bring us back together?

DAVE PORTNOY

I'm going to try.

EXT. HIGHWAY 101 - NOON

Big Cat, Dave and Kmarko are driving in Dave's Bronco down the empty roads of America. There's a lot of fucking road kill.

DAVE PORTNOY

We need to find the rest of the writers.

KMARKO

Big Cat, do you know where PFT is?

Big Cat begins to slam his head against the CAR WINDOW!

BIG CAT

Don't say that name! Never say that name! He took my eye that son of a bitch!

Dave and Kmarko look at each other.

DAVE PORTNOY

Well, do you know where we could find anyone else?

BIG CAT

How far to Iowa?

EXT. CORN FIELDS OF IOWA - NIGHT

Giant LIGHTS shine down on a CORN FIELD. Hundreds of MEXICANS works picking sheath after sheath of CORN. One big man stands out against them all. TRENT.

Through the darkness we see the headlights of Dave's Bronco pull up to field.

Trent laughs and talks with the other workers, he turns when he sees the car roll up.

Kmarko leans out the window.

KMARKO

Trent?

TRENT

My golly, is that you Keith?

Kmarko nods.

TRENT (CONT'D)  
How the hell did you find yourself  
down here?

Dave leans out the window.

DAVE PORTNOY  
And they said having an Iowa blog  
was dumb.

Trent almost CUMS with joy.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
Want to start writing again?

Trent is speechless. He just NODS.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
Then get in asshole.

Trent hops into the car.

EXT. LAS VEGAS - NIGHT

The lights of Las Vegas shine over the entire city. Gamblers,  
Whores and a bunch of suckers walk the street.

Dave pulls his car up to the EGYPTIAN.

DAVE PORTNOY  
I never believed in this kid. You  
want to take this one?

Kmarko just nods and gets of the car. He walks into the  
hotel.

INT. EGYPTIAN - CONTINUOUS

Kmarko walks into the lobby of the casino. Slot Machines  
light up behind him, the CONCIERGE takes notice.

CONCIERGE  
Can I help you sir?

KMARKO  
I'm looking for the Balls.

The Concierge just nods and flips a SWITCH.

A SECRET DOORWAY opens up, Kmarko makes his way in.

INT. SEX CLUB - NIGHT

Kmarko walks through a scene that would make Dante faint, the true final circle of hell.

Every single way they turn is just pure debauchery. Women blowing dudes, dudes blowing dudes, dudes trying their best to blow women.

Kmarko walks into the back entrance after handing a BOUNCER a TEN DOLLAR BILL.

VOICE

CUT!

Kmarko looks around. He's on a movie set. He walks to the director.

The director turns around with ANGER.

GLENNY BALLS

This is a closed fucking set! If you're not blowing you are out of here!

Glenny looks at Keith and realizes who it is.

GLENNY BALLS (CONT'D)

Keith....

KMARKO

Glenny.

They stand apart from each other. Glenny now feeling the shame of what he has become.

KMARKO (CONT'D)

What is all this?

Glenny looks around, he see's his camera filming two ladies absolutely DRILLING each other with strap ons.

GLENNY BALLS

I'm a director now.

KMARKO

You make this?

GLENNY BALLS

What did you expect? GBalls is now the name that sets a standard for hard-core pornography.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Smitty looks into the mirror, he sees himself SHIRTLESS and stroking his cock.

SMITTY  
I'm a big bright shining star. A  
big fucking bright shinning star.

Smitty walks to the door, he pulls on his WHITE SUIT COAT.

INT. SEX CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Smitty walks out, completely cocky and ready to go. Until he spots Kmarko.

KMARKO  
Smitty?

Smitty tries to keep walking.

SMITTY  
I don't know who you're talking  
about.

Smitty walks towards the set. Kmarko grabs him.

KMARKO  
Smitty, it's me, Keith.

Smitty pushes him away.

SMITTY  
I don't fucking know you man!

Smitty walks over to a TOPLESS BABE, he begins to kiss her.

As they kiss Smitty keeps looking towards Keith.

TOPLESS BABE  
What's the matter?

The Babe looks down towards Smitty's crotch.

SMITTY  
Don't worry about it. Give me a  
second.

The Babe keeps kissing him but gives up after a while.

TOPLESS BABE  
I thought you were a pro?

Smitty looks towards Keith.

SMITTY

Fuck!

Smitty pulls up his pants and head over to Glenn and Kmarko.

SMITTY (CONT'D)

You fucking ruined my career once  
and now you come here and take away  
my erection??

Kmarko just puts his hands on Glenn and Smitty's shoulders.

KMARKO

I have Dave waiting outside.

Glenn's big fat fucking smile lights up, Smitty looks confused.

SMITTY

That's bullshit. Dave died years  
ago. You think I would be doing  
this if I could still blog?

KMARKO

Why don't you come out and see?

Smitty KNOCKS Kmarko's hand away.

SMITTY

If you made me believe a lie and  
lose an erection in one night I'm  
going to cuck the shit out of you.

KMARKO

Follow me.

EXT. EGYPTIAN - NIGHT

Kmarko leads Glenn and Smitty over to Dave's Bronco.

GLENNY BALLS

Dave!

Glenn runs to the car, desperate to see Dave.

Smitty stands in the foyer, refusing to move closer.

SMITTY

You think you can come back now?  
After all these years?

(MORE)



SMITTY (CONT'D)  
You think I'll just get up and  
leave my profession just to go with  
you?

Dave leans out of the car.

DAVE PORTNOY  
We have Mario Kart.

Smitty shrugs and gets into the car.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREETS - MORNING

Dave's car full of bloggers chugs down the road. They pass a  
Softball field when a familiar face runs their way.

NICK INSIDER  
Dave??

Dave quickly tires to roll up the window.

NICK INSIDER (CONT'D)  
Dave! It's me Nick!

Nick reaches his hand into the car and stops the window.

NICK INSIDER (CONT'D)  
I heard you were in a coma? Are you  
starting Barstool again? I have  
some great blogs where I swear a  
TON!

DAVE PORTNOY  
No I'm sorry I think you mistook me  
for someone else. I hope you find  
whoever Dave is and write for him  
again.

Dave SPEEDS off leaving Nick in their dust.

NICK INSIDER  
I fucking hope so too dude.

INT. WELLS FARGO OFFICE - DAY

Dave and Kmarko stand next to a telegraph. Big Cat sits in  
the corner chowing down on a burrito.

DAVE PORTNOY  
You know how to work this?

KMARKO

I'm not sure, they haven't used these since WW2. I wish we had PFT, I'm sure he could work it.

At PFT's name Big Cat THROWS his BURITTO against the wall.

BIG CAT

FUCKKKK!!

Kmarko runs to him and apologizes.

KMARKO

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said his name. Why don't you just tell us what happened so we can get to the bottom of it.

Big Cat just shakes his salsa covered head.

KMARKO (CONT'D)

Okay. I understand.

Dave begins to TAP out a code on the TELEGRAPH.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEEEEEEP.

EXT. LATVIA - DAWN

Slavic Polka fills your ears.

Hundreds of Latvian children run through the streets following a HUGE MAN, they pick up the candy that spills through his finger tips.

It's CLEM.

The SECRETARY OF LATVIAN COMMUNICATION comes running to Clem.

SECRETARY OF LATVIAN COMMUNICATION

Mr. Clem! Mr. Clem!

CLEM

What is it, Secretary of Latvian Communications?

SECRETARY OF LATVIAN COMMUNICATION

We just received a Slovakian e-mail, a telegram, it says Dave Portnoy wants you to come back and write for Barstool!

Clem pours the rest of his M&Ms down his throat.

CLEM

Tell him I'll be on the next flight  
back.

INT. ROSIE'S PIZZA - DAY

Dave sits with Big Cat, Trent, Clem, Kmarko and Glenny at a  
table with a STEAMING PIZZA sitting in the middle of it.

The other men all watch Dave with a mix of ANTICIPATION and  
FEAR.

TRENT

C'mon Dave, aren't you gonna have a  
bite?

Dave is glossy eyed. He stares ahead.

GLENNY

Dave? Maybe a pizza review for old  
times sake.

CLEM

Yeah. One bite remember? Everyone  
knows the rules?

Dave looks down at the pizza, he picks up a SLICE.

He takes EXACTLY ONE BITE!

DAVE PORTNOY

Seven.

The boys look completely crushed. No crust bite, no decimal,  
no El Pres.

Kmarko shakes an ADDERALL into his palm and passes it to his  
old boss.

KMARKO

Here, this will get you going.

DAVE PORTNOY

No thanks.

The group GASPS. This is unheard of.

Clem pulls Kmarko aside.

CLEM

I think I know what we he needs.

Clem pauses, pensively.

CLEM (CONT'D)  
We have to find his son.

Kmarko nods.

KMARKO  
I can't find him anywhere.

CLEM  
You've been checking?

KMARKO  
I've already tried everything.  
Henry, Hank, Handsome, Lockwood,  
nothing comes up!

CLEM  
Try Lyndon, Frannie Lyndon.

Kmarko grins.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAWN

Big Cat and Kmarko stand outside the School, KIDS run past them, books in hand, excited to start the day.

KMARKO  
Are you sure this is the place?

One kid stops and looks up at Big Cat, he looks almost monstrous with his eye patch and giant wad of CHAW in his mouth.

KID  
You can't chew tobacco at school..

Big Cat SPITS a mouthful of tobacco juice on the KID'S SHOES!

BIG CAT  
Eat shit nerd.

The kid runs away crying. Big Cat looks around.

BIG CAT (CONT'D)  
I never thought Hank had it in him  
to teach.

INT. PRESCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Hank stands before a whole group of PRESCHOOLERS sitting Indian style.

Hank scans the crowd looking over each kid.

MR. SANSBURY  
Hank? Is there a problem?

Hank turns around sheepishly.

HANK  
I'm sorry Mr. Sansbury, I was just  
looking for somewhere to sit.  
Terrance took my lunch yesterday  
and Ellie is a total cunt.

Mr. Sansbury HITS Hank in the back of the head.

MR. SANSBURY  
You know I won't tolerate that  
language Hank. Now sit down,  
Preschool isn't going to pass  
itself.

Hank pouts but takes his seat in the back of the class.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Hank sits in front of Mr. Sansbury, he holds a copy of  
GOODNIGHT MOON.

Hank stares at the picture book with sheer intensity.

HANK  
Goodnight b-bears, goodnight  
chairs.

Mr. Sansbury looks concerned.

MR. SANSBURY  
Read those words backwards.

Hank goes quiet.

Mr. Sansbury SLAMS his fist down on the table.

MR. SANSBURY (CONT'D)  
I knew it! You memorized the book!  
Why won't you learn!

Hank almost breaks down.

HANK  
Please let me go to second grade,  
I'm soo sick of fucking tee ball! I  
want the parents to pitch!

MR. SANSBURY

You know Hank, there are other ways  
to pass pre-school that don't  
involve having to learn to read.

Mr. Sansbury UNBUTTONS his top two buttons of his Polo shirt.

Hank seems resigned.

*BOOM!*

Big Cat KICKS down the door.

BIG CAT

Hey PERV!

Big Cat reaches back, he's armed with his HAND CLAW!

In one SLASH, Big Cat RIPS Mr. Sansbury's face off!!

BIG CAT (CONT'D)

At your service, Hank.

HANK

Big Cat... It's been years, where's  
PFT?

Big Cat SLAMS his hand claw into the faceless teacher's desk.

BIG CAT

AHHHHHHHHHH!!!

He howls to the ceiling.

EXT. SCHOOL - NOON

Kmarko looks around, SIRENS begin to erupt around the school.  
Teachers and kids run frantically around the school yard.

Through the groups of kids screaming walks BIG CAT, his huge  
frame easily distinguishable, not to mention his dripping  
with blood hand claw, long tench coat and inexplicable eye  
patch.

Hank follows behind him, carrying a HE-MAN lunch box on the  
way out he says bye to some of his preschool buds.

The two reach Kmarko.

BIG CAT

Man hunt accomplished.

HANK

Kmarko good to see you, but we have to leave, like right fucking now.

KMARKO

What happened?

HANK

Dan used the hand claw.

Kmarko's face drops.

They run off down the street.

EXT. TGIF'S - NIGHT

Dave sits alone, he drinks a COCONUT cocktail and barely touches his appetizer sampler.

A shadowy figure walks up the stairs.

HANK

Pres.

Dave looks up, he sees his long lost intern.

DAVE PORTNOY

Handsome Hank. You're alive.

HANK

I'm alive? Everyone thought you were dead.

DAVE PORTNOY

It literally bottles my mind that you survived without me.

Dave takes a long pull from his cocktail.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)

How are we going to do this? Goodell is president, Deadspin has taken over every media outlet in this country, we don't even enough room to drive everyone around.

HANK

I think I can help on that last part.

EXT. PURDUE - MORNING

Two SHABBY looking men sit in what you would call a B BOY STANCE. Next to them sits a a cooler of warm NATTY LIGHT.

It's CALEB and RONE, they look disheveled, unkempt and covered in dirt.

Three overweight girls walk past.

RONE

Hey!

CALEB

You girls like to party?

The group of CHICKS looks over with disgust.

CHICKS

Why would we want to party with two creepy old men?

The girls keep walking. The entire parking lot is empty, the tailgating ended long ago, an apt metaphor for these two's lives.

CALEB

Let's do words based on our emotional states.

RONE

Sad.

CALEB

Clinically depressed.

RONE

Dejected.

CALEB

Doleful.

RONE

Oh that's a good one. Melancholy.

CALEB

Cast down.

RONE

Terribly marred.

CALEB

Despondent.



RONE

Over.

They gaze at each other in unhappiness.

Rone pulls out a GLOCK.

RONE (CONT'D)

We still on for tonight?

CALEB

I'm not young or happy anymore.

They turn to go inside a RUSTED BUS, some remnants of the BARSTOOL LOGO are still seen on the outside but the bus looks like it hasn't been driven in years.

BIG CAT

Halt.

Rone and Caleb turn. They see the whole group of BLOGGERS.

KMARKO

This thing still run?

CALEB

Oh my god.

DAVE PORTNOY

Get in the bus. We're going back to New York.

INT. NEW YORK FASHION OFFICE - MIDDAY

Three INTERNS run into a brightly lit, very FANCY office. Light SHINES through a floor to ceiling window with a view of all of Central Park.

They speak to a FIGURE turned around in a Versace Leather chair.

INTERN #1

We just got a new supply of Yeezy shoes! Do you want me to run a review.

The figure WAVES the request away.

FIGURE

No! Your little brain wouldn't know fashion if it sprayed cum all over your tits!

The Intern shirks away embarrassed.

INTERN #2

Mrs. F, I tried on these new Mout  
and Bou pants!

FIGURE

You tried them on?!? If I wanted to  
see a leather bowl full of cottage  
cheese I'd go to Syria!

The intern runs to the changing room.

INTERN #3

Mrs. F! I have three visitors that  
won't leave...

Before she can finish her thought Dave and Big Cat barge in.

The figure TURNS in it's chair.

Dressed in a completely pink PANT SUIT it's LADY FEITELBERG.

LADY FEITELBERG

Get these *MEN* out of my office!

The intern tries to pull at Dave but he just brushes her off.

DAVE PORTNOY

John. We're bringing the team back  
together. We are throwing one big  
Barstool Black Out party.

LADY FEITELBERG

John?

Lady Feitelberg grabs the edge of her desk.

LADY FEITELBERG (CONT'D)

John?!?!

Lady grabs her NAMEPLATE and THROWS it at Dave's head. It  
SMACKS him in the forehead.

LADY FEITELBERG (CONT'D)

The name is Lady Feitelberg. Get  
these fuckers out of my office!

As Dave and Big Cat are being pulled away by big SECURITY  
GUARDS.

BIG CAT

John, it's Saturday.

Lady Feitelberg stops in her tracks. Big Cat and Dave are dragged out the door.

Lady Feitelberg sits at her desk, she whispers to herself.

LADY FEITLEBERG  
(whisper)  
They're for the boys..

EXT. NEW YORK FASHION OFFICE - DAY

Big Cat and Dave are CHUCKED out of the front door. They land on the street. Big Cat's one good eye has TEARS falling from it.

BIG CAT  
We were so close..

DAVE PORTNOY  
Come on Dan, we'll just have to  
leave this one behind.

The two friends stands and begin to walk away.

SUDDENLY through the doors come JOHN FEITLEBERG! He's wearing SWEATS and a BALL DON'T LIE shirt.

JOHN FEITLEBERG  
Wait!

Dave and Big Cat stop.

JOHN FEITLEBERG (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I need you, Barstool  
needs me, who else will blog about  
hating having sex?

Feits gets on his hands and knees.

JOHN FEITLEBERG (CONT'D)  
Please take me back, I'm begging  
you.

Dave looks to Big Cat who just nods.

DAVE PORTNOY  
When I get back to the office there  
better be three coffees on my desk.

EXT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

The boys stand outside the New York office. The building is GUTTED and completely boarded up.

FEITS

Still better than the Boston office.

KMARKO

Let's head inside.

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The place is a mess. Dave steps inside, he looks around, the place is a fucking mess. His first step into the office is directly on a SUBWAY RAT, it EXPLODES in blood.

DAVE PORTNOY

What the fuck is that?

Dave looks towards a TRASH CAN FIRE. Two men run their hands over the fire, LOUD SEAN and YOUNG PAGEVIEWS, they see Dave.

LOUD SEAN

PRES?

YOUNG PAGEVIEWS

Holy shit.

The two homeless looking ex-employees run towards the reformed group of bloggers.

DAVE PORTNOY

You guys stayed?

YOUNG PAGEVIEWS

What else did I have? I impersonated a blading forty year old cuck for a year, no one would hire me.

LOUD SEAN

ONLY THE DEAF ORPHANAGE WOULD HIRE ME. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY. I HAD TO LEAVE, I ACCIDENTLY SAT ON A KID.

Clem opens up the CLOSET.

YOUNG PAGEVIEWS

Don't!

Inside is ROBBIE, his whole body is wrinkly and he can barely move.

ROBBIE  
I still haven't cum.....

Dave walks to a dusty WHITEBOARD. He starts to write a list of the bloggers they've picked up so far.

- KMARKO
- SMITTY
- FEITS
- BIG CAT
- HANK

He stops writing.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Did I forget anyone?

Glenny Balls, Caleb and Rone just shake their heads.

BIG CAT  
KFC.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Fuck that schlub! He probably died of a heart attack watching Netflix on his couch.

BIG CAT  
We need him Dave.

Dave pouts.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Fine, I'll go. But if I get him, you bet your ass PFT better be in this office when I get back.

Big Cat points to his eye patch.

BIG CAT  
He took my fucking eye!

DAVE PORTNOY  
I don't give a shit.

Dave grabs his coat to leave.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
 This office needs to be fixed too  
 and Kmarko?

KMARKO  
 Yeah?

DAVE PORTNOY  
 Get that creepy fuck Nate, can't  
 have an empty bird cage just  
 hanging there.

As Dave leaves the guys smile, old Dave is coming back.

EXT. CROWN HEIGHTS BROOKLYN - DAY

Dave pulls up in his old as shit car. It's a classic suburban neighborhood.

Dave gets out of his car and walks down the street, he see's an AMAZINGLY HOT BABE washing a car.

In short shorts, a white tank, the water bounces off her perfectly voluptuous body.

DAVE PORTNOY  
 Holy shit.

Dave walks right to her.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
 Sup.

The BABE turns and looks to Dave.

BABE  
 Can I help you?

DAVE PORTNOY  
 I run a smut website, I mean an art website. We do a daily Smokeshow, only the most gorgeous girls, I want you on it.

BABE  
 Oh really?

She smiles at Dave and walks over.

BABE (CONT'D)  
 You take photos and release?

DAVE PORTNOY  
No, we just go on your instagram  
and post old ones.

BABE  
You do look like a big shot.

The BABE takes out her phone and hands it to Dave.

BABE (CONT'D)  
Just put in your number.

Dave takes her phone.

DAVE PORTNOY  
What's your name?

The girl giggles as she gets closer to Dave.

BABE  
Shea.

Dave GRINS.

KFC  
Hey motherfucker! Get away from my  
daughter!

Dave turns and sees KFC. His stupid haircut is the same,  
nothing has changed.

KFC (CONT'D)  
Oh no. God no.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Clancy.

KFC  
I prayed every single night that  
you died. Who the fuck gets out of  
a 20 year coma?

DAVE PORTNOY  
Champions.

KFC grabs his daughter.

KFC  
Shea, we're going inside. Dave I  
never want to see your ass again.

KFC drags Shea into the house, she WINKS at PRES as they walk  
away. Dave follows.

INT. KFC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dave walks inside. There has to be at least thirty BABIES screaming and crying.

DAVE PORTNOY  
When will the Irish discover  
condoms?

KFC takes a baby and begins to BREASTFEED it. Across from him sits BRENDAN, they both have MICROPHONES in front of them.

KFC  
Where were we?

BRENDAN  
We were talking about the weirdest  
sex you had in high school and now  
talk about on every podcast because  
your life sucks.

KFC  
Oh yeah.

KFC gets close to the mic.

KFC (CONT'D)  
I fucking hate my life! I haven't  
had sex! Babies wake me up!

KFC leans away.

KFC (CONT'D)  
That's a wrap, another great  
episode in the books.

Dave just stands there.

DAVE PORTNOY  
I see your still following my  
footsteps.

KFC  
What?

DAVE PORTNOY  
Podcasting. I invented that shit.

KFC  
Get the hell out of my house.

DAVE PORTNOY  
I'm getting Barstool back together.



KFC pauses.

KFC  
You got the guys? Big Cat, Feits,  
KMarko?

Dave nods.

DAVE PORTNOY  
They're all there and as much as I  
hate your fucking guts we need you  
back.

KFC  
You didn't hire any blacks did you?

Dave shakes his head.

KFC (CONT'D)  
Well let's fucking go then, and  
this isn't for you. I'd leave this  
hellhole to start marching the  
Trail of Tears.

KFC TOSSES the baby into the LIVING ROOM.

KFC (CONT'D)  
Let's boogie.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Kmarko and SMitty sit in a huge enclosure, from behind they  
hear the squeaking of METAL against linoleum floor.

They turn and see a man BOUND in CHAINS and with a HANNIBAL  
LECTOR mask tied to his face.

It's Nate.

The GUARDS unchain him. Nate SASHAYS over to Kmarko and  
Smitty.

NATE  
I haven't seen you *boys* in a  
loooong time.

He giggles as he bites his nails.

KMARKO  
We need you blogging again. Taco  
Bell is about to release a new item  
and I don't anyone can handle it.

Nate smirks.

NATE  
They only let me eat mashed  
potatoes here.

Nate locks eyes with smitty.

NATE (CONT'D)  
It burns when it drip drops on my  
chest.

Smitty vomits onto the ground.

KMARKO  
Jesus, the years haven't been kind  
to you. So will you do it? Will you  
come back and blog?

NATE  
You'll have to ask my watchmen.

He extends a creepily long finger attached to an even longer  
fingernail and points at the guard.

SMITTY  
Can we take this little fuck off  
your hands?

The guard shrugs.

GUARD  
Sure, you can do whatever you want.  
The guy pays us to keep him here.

Kmarko looks back to Nate who just gives an impish and  
disgusting grin.

EXT. DOCK IN MAINE - DUSK

Rain pours through the darkness, it patters against BIG CAT'S  
trench coat. He looks out to the dock, one lone FISHERMAN is  
standing waiting for a catch.

Big Cat begins to walk forward, he looks hesitant.

Lighting CRACKS.

As Big Cat gets closer the man turns, it's PFT.

He looks like that fisherman you see on fish sticks but he  
still has those big fucking glasses on.

PFT  
What the fuck do you want.

BIG CAT  
Not to be here.

The two men stand. They size each other up.

BIG CAT (CONT'D)  
Dave sent me to get you back to the  
New York office. He seems to think  
you were important to Barstool.

PMT  
And you?

BIG CAT  
I think he's dead fucking wrong.

Big Cat spits a huge glob of chaw juice on the ground.

PMT  
I see you still chaw.

PMT pulls out a giant metal box, he puts it to his mouth and  
inhales.

He blows out a glorious stream of smoke.

BIG CAT  
I see you still vape.

PMT  
You can see with that thing?

Big Cat reaches back and SLAPS PMT across his face.

BIG CAT  
I'll never forgive you for what you  
did.

PMT laughs, dark and menacingly.

PMT  
For what I did? You should've never  
been that close to a shuttlecock.

BIG CAT  
Bro Sweet was about friendship not  
about eyes falling out!

The two guys are quiet, they look into each others eye.

PMT  
Maybe I did hit it too hard.

BIG CAT  
I was a little close to the net.

PMT takes another MASSIVE cloud of smoke to the lungs.

PMT  
Dan, I'm sorry.

Big Cat just shakes his head.

BIG CAT  
I can't believe you anymore.

PMT  
I'll show you, come here.

Pmt grabs Big Cat's head and pulls it close to his.

BIG CAT  
What are you doing?

PMT  
Just relax.

PMT lifts Big Cat's eye patch. A GIANT GAPING HOLE is all that is left.

PMT (CONT'D)  
You ever chaw in that thing?

BIG CAT  
All the time.

PMT  
Here's how much I'm sorry.

PMT reaches into this own eye socket and begins to YANK OUT HIS OWN EYEBALL!

PMT (CONT'D)  
AHHHHHHHH!

BIG CAT  
No Stop!

PMT'S EYE BALL IS NOW ONLY ATTACHED WITH LIGAMENTS!

PMT  
I'll never stop for you!

SNAP!

PMT'S EYE BALL come free of his head. He holds it in his hands.

PMT (CONT'D)  
Let's trade.

PMT pulls off BIG CAT'S eye patch and in the GAPING HOLE in Dan's head he puts in his OWN EYEBALL.

PMT (CONT'D)  
Fits like a glove.

The new eye ball just rolls around in Cat's head, his face is covered in blood.

BIG CAT  
Two different colored eyes, just like a real big cat.

PMT  
You know who else had an interest in eye color?

A gigantic smile comes across Big Cat's face.

BIG CAT  
Who?

PMT  
Hitler.

INT. BARSTOOL NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

Pres, Big Cat, Nate and PMT all walk back through the door.

The office is completely rebuilt, it looks amazing.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Looks fine. Start blogging. I'm gonna grab a coffee.

Dave presses the elevator button and it reaches the top.

RIGGS steps out.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
Hey Riggs.

RIGGS  
What the fuck guys? Was anyone going to tell me?

The guys don't even respond, they are busy blogging.

Big Cat looks up at Riggs.

BIG CAT  
Eye brothers!

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

Dave walks down the crowded Third ave. A BUM is heard asking for change just a few feet from the mogul.

BUM  
Top ten reasons you should give me  
change!

Dave stops.

BUM (CONT'D)  
Does giving homeless people money  
make you happier? The result may  
surprise you!

DAVE PORTNOY  
I'd know that style anywhere.

Dave runs to the bearded smelly bum.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
Spags?

The bum looks up, it is indeed Chris Spags.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
We want you back at Barstool.

Chris nods.

CHRIS SPAGS  
Use this one easy trick to get me  
off the streets.

DAVE PORTNOY  
You're hired buddy.

INT. BARSTOOL NEW YORK OFFICE

Dave and Chris get off the elevator. INSTANTLY Dave is grabbed by a large man and a CUTLASS is held to his neck!

PIRATE SIMON in full pirate regalia stands holding Dave by the neck.

PIRATE SIMON

If that lass Asa Akira doesn't  
dress up as Bluebeard and blow me  
cannon, I'll chop Pres's head clean  
off. Aye?

No one is given a chance to respond because out of nowhere

*BANG!*

Pirate Simon's HEAD EXPLODES!

CHAPS

Man down.

UNCLE CHAPS swinging on a rope BUSTS through the window,  
glass shatters everywhere.

CHAPS (CONT'D)

General Chaps reporting for duty  
sir!

Chaps salutes Dave who just dusts the glass and brain off of  
his shirt.

DAVE PORTNOY

I'll see you guys later.

Dave enters his office and closes the door.

Kmarko and Big Cat look at each other.

KMARKO

We've done everything to make Dave  
happy, we're all back, what more  
could he want?!

The guys all mumble, no one knows what to do.

KFC

Should we get our real boss in  
here?

EXT. MONTANA FARM - DAY

A woman walks through a herd of COWS. A FARMER follows her.

FARMER

Ma'am we can't kill anymore cows.

WOMAN

It wasn't a request.

FARMER

There's a massive beef shortage  
because of you. I can't slaughter  
any more of the herd.

WOMAN

You can and you will! I need more  
leather pants!!

It's NARDINI, she's dressed in leather pants of course and  
cowboy hat.

Clem trudges through the mud and cow shit behind Nardini.

CLEM

They have leather in New York.

NARDINI

Who the hell are you?

CLEM

Clem. You used to be my C.E.O.,  
Barstool is back up and every  
pirate ship needs a angel investor.

NARDINI

Thank god. I needed my husband to  
go back to work.

Nardini calls to the farm house.

NARDINI (CONT'D)

Let's go!

TEX comes walking out, he has a mullet and is now grossly  
overweight.

Tex and Nardini begin to lick each others faces.

TEX

That's how we kiss.

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

The guys sit around dejected because Dave still hasn't  
snapped out of his funk.

Riggs turns on the big screen TV, the headline:

**PRESIDENT GOODELL REOPENS DEFLATEGATE**

Everyone's faces fall, this is big.



RIGGS  
Quick close Dave's door!

Trent goes to close Dave's door but Big Cat grabs him.

BIG CAT  
I think I figured it out, we've  
been trying to make Dave happy. We  
shouldn't

RIGGS  
What do you mean?

BIG CAT  
Dave doesn't want to be happy, he  
hates being happy. We don't want  
happy Dave, we need mad Dave, we  
need jealous Dave, we need GRUDGE  
DAVE.

The guys nod in agreement.

BIG CAT (CONT'D)  
Hey Dave! Come out and look at  
this.

On TV, GOODELL walks out in front of the podium. He looks  
younger than he does now.

GOODELL  
Hello people of the Republic of  
America. Today I am announcing a  
plan.

Dave slumps into the room, he watches the TV.

GOODELL (CONT'D)  
A plan that will put one of the  
nation's biggest bullies, biggest  
enemies, biggest liar, Tom Brady  
behind bars.

Dave visibly grows angrier and angrier. This is the most  
alive we've seen him all movie.

GOODELL (CONT'D)  
The charge? Deflating balls. The  
punishment? **DEATH.**

SMASH!

Dave throws a bottle of Oakheart© Rum THROUGH the TV!

DAVE PORTNOY  
Get me my fucking whiffle ball bat.

INT. NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

A lone microphone stands in the center of the office.

DAVE PORTNOY (O.S.)  
Hit the music.

Dad da, da da da da da da da!

Dave takes a second, he looks out at his employees, the talent he has garnered over the years.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
Ok. I know a lot of you thought I was dead, I see Deadspin chirping me, I see Goodell chirping me. That's how big I am, even six feet deep I have these motherfuckers on my back! Big Cat was saying I was weak for being in a coma. No, no, no. Who wakes up after a twenty year coma? Nobody! Me! That's who. You guys whine and complain. Oh I have the flu, oh I don't feel good. Stop, I was in a coma for twenty fucking years. Dave Portnoy, El Pres, brick by fucking brick, coma by coma.

The employees start to get fired up.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
You think a brain this big can die? I was just doing so much thinking, so much strategizing and moving around firing fucking neurons that it needed a nap. Boom. Twenty years. Now I'm back, rested, zero noodle absolutely no noodle.

Dave pontificates like a god. His speech would put Lincoln to shame.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
Now I turn on the TV and I see this FUCK, this RAT, this GARBAGE on my TV saying he's going after Brady. You know what, I hope you do. What happened last time?

(MORE)

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)

You might have forgotten because it was twenty fucking years ago but I don't it was like yesterday for me. The Pats took the Lombardi trophy and shoved it so far down your wife's throat that her boyfriend could taste it when he was giving her a rim job. I'm coming for you Goodell, you little rat fuck, I may have been dead but I'm back, just to take you fucking on. Mark it down boys.

El Pres stands triumphant.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)

MUSIC!

Da Da, da da da da da...

Dave walks off screen and Hank turns off the camera.

The office erupts in CHEERS.

They pat Dave on the back, El Pres is back!

BIG CAT

So what's the plan?

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The ENTIRE BARSTOOL CREW walks out front. Dave takes the lead and they walk towards the front entrance of the WHITE HOUSE.

Tourists surround them, it's busy, hectic.

DAVE PORTNOY

Okay. Just follow my lead.

Dave brings the huge group of guys to the side entrance marked TOURS.

There's a TOUR GUIDE outside, it's a twenty five year old BLONDE CHICK.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)

We have a tour scheduled.

Kmarko leans over to Big Cat and whispers in his ear.

KMARKO

This was his big plan?

Big Cat shrugs.

TOUR GUIDE  
For all of you?

DAVE PORTNOY  
Yeah. Made it like weeks ago.

TOUR GUIDE  
Sure! You guys follow me.

Dave let's a couple guys pass him. He see's Kmarko and Big Cat.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Never doubt the biggest brain in the industry.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dave stands by as the thirty or so employees file into the most important building in American history.

DAVE PORTNOY  
So this is it huh? Kinda a dump.

The Tour Guide pretends she doesn't hear and rattles on about a painting of Alexander Hamilton

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
Hey sweet heart. Where's the president? Can we see his office or whatever.

The Tour Guide is taken aback.

TOUR GUIDE  
Ummm, sure. Follow this way.

BIG CAT  
How the hell does he just keep winning?

The entire staff of Barstool Sports heads down the hall way and the Tour Guide opens two big DOUBLE DOORS, they open into the OVAL OFFICE.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

PRESIDENT GOODELL looks up from his desk. He stands, furious!

PRESIDENT GOODELL  
Why are these Buffoons in my  
office!

DAVE PORTNOY  
Time to end this you rat fuck.

Dave Portnoy, Big Cat, KFC, Kmarko, Riggs, Trent, PFT,  
Handsome Hank, Feits, Clem, Spags, Smitty, Uncle Chaps, Jerry  
Thorton and Nate stand in front of President Goodell.

DAVE PORTNOY (CONT'D)

They all pull out PISTOLS

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The entire Barstool office UNLOAD bullets at Goodell,  
absolutely VENTILATING him.

PRESIDENT GOODELL  
Ahhhhh!

In slo-mo Goodell's body explodes with blood!

DAVE PORTNOY  
Next stop, Cheese Boy.

Secret service STORM in, all of BARSTOOL drops their guns and  
fall to the ground.

EXT. LINCOLN MEMORIAL - DAY

Outside the Lincoln Memorial the Dave Portnoy, Big Cat, KFC,  
Kmarko, Riggs, Trent, PFT, Handsome Hank, Feits, Clem, Spags,  
Smitty, Uncle Chaps, Jerry Thorton and Nate are lined up next  
to each other.

They stand on a make shift GALLOWS.

All next to each other. Nooses around their necks.

An EXECUTIONER stands next to the single lever, not a single  
blogger looks scared.

EXECUTIONER  
Any last words? The entire nation  
is waiting to hear why you did it.

Dave steps forwards and looks into the camera. He throws out  
the BIGGEST PREP SCHOOL FACE OF ALL TIME.

The world is shocked.

DAVE PORTNOY  
Viva la Stool.

The Execution pulls the lever and all of barstool falls with  
a...

SNAP!

Dave hangs, his body blowing in the gentle breeze, Prep  
school face forever etched onto this man's, no this hero's  
face.

***FIN***