

HEROES AND VILLAINS ENTERTAINMENT



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TAMING THE CREW

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WGAW Registered

A WOMAN'S PERFECTLY-MANICURED HAND

Writes in a notebook - adding items to a CHECKLIST.

"**Sunday**" is written atop the page with perfect penmanship. Below is a meticulous "To-Do List" starting with "**Stretch**". Beside each item is a BOX just waiting to be checked-off...

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

Our list-maker, CALLIE BEZOS, 30s, as tightly wound as her ponytail's scrunchie, STRETCHES on the floor in her workout clothes. As she pulls her hand up her leg, she stops half-way. Discovering--

CUT BACK TO THE LIST

"**SHAVE LEGS**" is squeezed into the middle of the CHECKLIST.

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - SPOTLESS BATHROOM - MORNING

Callie sits on the toilet, perusing the REAL ESTATE SECTION of the San Francisco Chronicle.

CUT BACK TO THE LIST

With a flourish, a perfect, 45-degree-angle check mark is made in the box next to "**BUSINESS MEETING.**"

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Callie SINGS along with her iPod as she runs. "**Stay (I Miss You)**" by **Lisa Loeb** never sounded so off-key or out of breath:

CALLIE
You say... I only hear what I want
to / And you say... I talk so all
the time--

Callie turns the corner to find a steep-ass, San Francisco HILL. Without hesitation, she turns and runs the other way.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
So...

CUT BACK TO THE LIST

"**RUN**" is checked off her list.

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - SPOTLESS BATHROOM - MORNING

Callie strips off her clothes and hops into an already steaming shower. After a ridiculously short beat...

The WATER SHUTS OFF. Callie reaches out and grabs a towel--

CUT BACK TO THE LIST

"**QUICK SHOWER**" and (!) "**SHAVE LEGS**" are checked off her list. Callie's hand moves down to "**PERFECT MATCH APPOINTMENT**" and--

INT. PERFECT MATCH OFFICES - DAY

Beneath a large LOGO is the company's slogan: "Because *Professional Women* Deserve a *Professional Matchmaker!*"

Callie sits across from her PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER, one of those women in their 50s, who always tell you they're 39.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER
So tell me about your date!

CALLIE
Well, honestly, Margot, I was pretty disappointed.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER
What happened? Did he get fresh?
Did he try and touch your boob--?

CALLIE
No.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER
Your baby chute? Did he go for the--

CALLIE
What? No. Who calls it that--?

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER
Because we do not allow that kind of thing on the first date--

CALLIE
He didn't touch my "baby chute," okay? He didn't touch anything.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER
Oh...

CALLIE

No. I didn't *want* him to touch me.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER

No sparks, huh? It happens. Not to worry, though. We've got 50 more "Perfect Matches" in our database just waiting to meet you.

CALLIE

Right... Look, I really appreciate everything you've done. But I just don't think this is working out.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER

Not working out? Sweetheart, this was only your third date with us. Finding a Perfect Match takes time.

CALLIE

Listen, I'd really rather not get into this. But you had me give you a list of qualities I was looking for when I signed up--

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER

And we've matched almost every one.

CALLIE

Okay, first: I'm not sure taking business trips to Detroit means you "like to travel." And second: your service isn't called Almost Match. It's called Perfect Match.

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER

Are you *accusing* me of something?

CALLIE

No, I mean, maybe a poorly conceived marketing campaign, but--

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER

Because I'm a third generation matchmaker. I've been doing this 20 years. I have *personally* introduced over 200 married couples. I'm the best at this, okay? And I've got news for you, honey: that man you went out with... Jacob--

CALLIE

Steve--

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER
 Steve. Steve's a great guy. And maybe if you weren't so concerned with him checking all the boxes on that little list of yours, you might have noticed that.

CALLIE
 Yes, I'm sure Steve and his Steely Dan record collection will make some woman very happy one day, but--

PROFESSIONAL MATCHMAKER
 Oh, now you have a problem with Steely Dan? You know what? I don't have time for *difficult* people. Because you know what happens to difficult people, sweetheart? They end up alone. Forever. Okay?

CALLIE
 (sotto)
 Perfect Match appointment - check.

INT. TWO MILLION DOLLAR PACIFIC HEIGHTS' LISTING - DAY
 Callie walks through the empty house on her cell phone.

CALLIE
 Rodolfo, I love you! If you weren't married, I'd kiss you right now.
 (her face drops)
 Oh god! The bird. Rodolfo, no. What is the bird still doing here?

She stares in horror at the kitchen's back window, which features a giant, STAINED GLASS TOUCAN.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
 Yes. It was on the list I--

But she's cut off by the DOORBELL. Too late.

INT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS LISTING - TEN MINUTES LATER

Wearing her patented "smile that sold a thousand homes," Callie leads a cute, middle-aged GAY COUPLE down the hall.

CALLIE
 ...and you know the best part about this place? *This* is not a house.

BOTH GUYS

It isn't?

CALLIE

No, see, houses are a dime a dozen.
A roof, a couple of walls, coat of
paint... This... This is a home.

The guys smile. Putty in her hands. But then--

GAY MAN #2

Is this the kitchen in here?

CALLIE

Actually, the kitchen isn't ready--

GAY MAN #2

I just want to see it.

GAY MAN #1

He *loves* to entertain.

And before Callie can say anything else, in they go and--

GAY MAN #2

Jesus, Mary and Joseph!

GAY MAN #1

Oh my god! Look at that thing! It's
hideous!

CALLIE

Believe me, I know. It's awful. But
we'll have it replaced by--

GAY MAN #2

I love it! Do you love it?

GAY MAN #1

It's so...kitschy! We could do like
a whole like tropical tiki
breakfast nook thing in here.

GAY MAN #2

Fruit Loops-chic! I love it!
Callie, tell me you love it...

Callie smiles, making a big, fat check mark in her mind.

CALLIE

I mean, how could you not.

EXT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS HOUSE - DAY

Callie walks down the front steps on her CELLPHONE:

CALLIE

...I understand that, mom. But if I tell you the now, the news really won't be much of a surprise.

(seeing a cab)

Hey, taxi! TAXI!

Callie runs into the street after it... But the cab ZIPS by.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Yes, I was yelling "taxi" at you, mother. I thought it might be fun if I started pointing out things I see while we talk... No, I don't think sarcasm is what's keeping me from finding a boyfriend... This is ridiculous, I'll be there in five minutes... Goodbye, mom!

As she puts her phone in her purse it falls off her shoulder.

EXT. PACIFIC AVENUE - STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

A green and white "**Cullen Crew Taxi Cab**" flies around the corner - "Bullit" style. It heads right for CALLIE, who bends down to pick up her purse. She turns just in time to see--

RRRRRRR! The cab SCREECHES to a halt inches from Callie's face. She STUMBLES and FALLS backward. A beat, then...

GUY (O.S.)

Oh my god! Are you all right?

CALLIE

Jesus! Step off the gas, asshole!

Callie looks up to see PATRICK CULLEN, 30, the only cabbie on the planet wearing designer jeans, staring down at her.

PATRICK

I'm so sorry! I don't usually drive like that. It's just- My brothers and I- We're on our way to the Niner game and we have this race- And the last one there has to wipe my dad's ass tonight and- Right, let me back up a second...

CALLIE
No, please, go on.

PATRICK
Did I mention I was sorry?

CALLIE
You know, I bet your boss would
love to hear about this.

PATRICK
Yeah, see, my boss is my dad, so--

CALLIE
Thank god for family.

PATRICK
Listen, could I maybe give you a
ride somewhere? Make it up to you?

Patrick puts on his most winning smile and offers his hand.

CALLIE
Well, I guess it's probably safer
in your car than out here on my ass
in front of it, huh?

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - DAY

Patrick pulls over. But Callie doesn't notice; she's buried
in her NOTEBOOK, compiling another one of her to-do lists--

PATRICK
So...were you planning on getting
out or is this like a "Collateral"
situation where I drive you around
and you shoot a bunch of people?

CALLIE
(finally looking up)
Excuse me?

PATRICK
Is that what you've got in that
notebook? Your "hit list."

CALLIE
Something like that.

Patrick watches in the rearview mirror, as Callie studies the
house across the street...

PATRICK

You need help with your bag or--?

CALLIE

I'm fine. Just preparing for the ninth circle of hell... Let me ask you something: does your mom like brunch? And by brunch, I mean, drinking mimosas and explaining to you why you're still single?

PATRICK

My mom died actually.

CALLIE

Shit. I'm sorry...

PATRICK

It's okay. It's been 12 years.

CALLIE

When I was six, my mom wouldn't let me be "Annie" for Halloween because "she came from a broken home."

PATRICK

Sounds like a real sweetheart.

CALLIE

Oh yeah, she's the best. Imagine Bill O'Reilly. Only wearing a blouse from Ann Taylor Loft.

PATRICK

Okay, now I'm getting aroused.
(she laughs, and then)
So this may seem like a stupid question, but... If you hate her so much, why come at all?

CALLIE

Well, she makes *great* scones.

They share a parting smile, as Callie gets out and trudges up to her mother's door. Patrick starts to pull away, when...

He spots Callie's NOTEBOOK. Sitting on the back seat.

EXT. CALLIE'S MOTHER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Callie rings the door bell, just as Patrick starts running up the steps behind her with the notebook.

PATRICK
Hey, you forgot your--

Callie looks back just as the FRONT DOOR OPENS revealing: her mother, HELENA, 60, with a hairdo you can set your watch to.

HELENA
Jesus! Where have you been? I--
(she spots Patrick)
Oh... Well this *is* a surprise!

CALLIE
Oh, no, mom, this--

HELENA
Were you going to introduce us? Or
should I just stand here with my
hand out like a panhandler?

Callie freezes. Her Sunday about to get even worse... Except--

PATRICK
Hi. Patrick Cullen, ma'am. What a
pleasure it is to finally meet you.

HELENA
Nice to meet you, Patrick... Well,
don't just stand there. Come in!
Oh, and Callie, in the future? If
you could tell me your "surprise"
requires an extra place setting...
It's called common courtesy.

Helena heads inside, and Patrick quickly turns to Callie--

PATRICK
Okay, life story in 30 seconds. Go.

CALLIE
What- What are you doing?

PATRICK
Let's just say I know what it's
like to have a demanding family.

Callie looks at him like he's crazy, but...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
So, what'ya think? We've been going
out what...? Maybe two months?

She smiles. And our newly minted fake couple heads in, trying to cram 2 months of "getting to know you" into a few seconds.

HELENA (PRE-LAP)
So how did you two meet?

INT. HELENA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Without missing a beat Patrick takes Callie's hand and--

PATRICK
Do you want to tell it or should I?

CALLIE
Uhh... Why don't you.

PATRICK
She always makes me tell it. Even though *I know* she'll spend half the story correcting me on the details. This guy knows what I'm talking about. Am I right?

Patrick motions across the table to PETROS, Callie's stepdad, 60s, a bushy eyebrow'ed man of few words. He barely blinks.

Suddenly, Patrick's PHONE ERUPTS! **Nirvana's "Rape Me"** blares! He scrambles to silence it, but instead hits SPEAKER PHONE--

KEVIN (ON THE PHONE)
(in the background)
Hold still, pussy!

SEAMUS (ON THE PHONE)
(in the background)
Eat me, old man!

LIAM (ON THE PHONE)
Dude, Patty, where are you, man?
Kev's about to knock a beer can--

A PAINED YELP is heard before Patrick finally cuts off the call, mortified. Everyone stares at him. It's awkward...

PATRICK
Right, so, that was my brothers... Those three, I tell ya what, they love a little good-natured hijinks.

HELENA
Oh? How much younger are they?

PATRICK
I'm actually the youngest... ANYWAY, so back to the story.
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

About a month ago I'm down at Pier 39 buying some fish to feed the sea lions, and there, across the bait shop is this... This vision--

Helena's face scrunches up - '*feeding fish...to sea lions?*'

CALLIE

Uhh... He's just kidding, mom--

PATRICK

See, I told you she'd correct me!

HELENA

My god. Why on Earth would you kid about something like that?

CALLIE

Because we, uh, we met... We met--

PATRICK

We met online, okay? Callie's still a little embarrassed about it--

HELENA

You met on the *computer*?

PETROS

I see Dateline last week 'bout men who meet young girls in chat room on computer. These girls, they very, very young--

HELENA

Petros, please! You're not helping!

Petros shuts up. Another very awkward beat, until...

PATRICK

Listen, Miss...

(realizing he doesn't know
her last name)

...Assumptions are often made about online dating. I mean, believe me, I was skeptical, too. But ma'am, when I met your daughter...

Patrick turns and looks into Callie's eyes - it's convincing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

...and I learned just how beautiful and smart and feisty and funny she was, I don't know...

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

All I could think was: thank god for online dating. Because without it, how would I have ever met this extraordinary woman... You know?

Callie and Helena both look ready to melt. Even Petros looks moved. Patrick coolly picks up a scone and takes a bite--

PATRICK (CONT'D)

These are *great* scones, by the way.

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - LATER

Callie and Patrick sit in the cab outside her apartment.

CALLIE

So... Thanks. For that.

PATRICK

Hey, no problem. I've always excelled at fake relationships.

CALLIE

(smiling)

Seriously? Online? That's how you think we'd meet?

PATRICK

Come on, there is no way you're turning down an e-mail from "ButterflyKisses79".

(off her look)

What? The ladies love him, Callie.

Callie laughs, and you get the feeling this could go on for--

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Callie sits in bed, phone pressed to her ear, notebook resting in her lap. She works on a new checklist entitled "**The Perfect Guy**" as she talks...

PATRICK (ON THE PHONE)

...of course I told them about you.

CALLIE

So when do I get to meet them?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. CULLEN HOUSE - PATRICK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick sits halfway out the window, like a kid smoking pot.
But he doesn't have a joint, just his PHONE--

KEVIN (O.S.)
Hey Patty! Dad ain't gettin' off
that shitter by himself!

PATRICK
Calm down! I'll be right there!
(back to Callie)
I think the better question is:
when am I gonna see *you* again?

CALLIE
When? I think you mean *if*...

PATRICK
That's it, huh? Two months down the
drain? Your mother will be crushed
when she hears the news.

CALLIE
Fine. *Maybe* we can give it one more
shot. But only if you're willing to
put in the effort this time. We
both know you've just been going
through the motions lately.

PATRICK
Has it really been that obvious?

Their SMILES and **Wilco's "I'm Always in Love"** take us into:

A MONTAGE OF CALLIE & PATRICK'S RELATIONSHIP

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT #1

On TV: CONAN O'BRIEN delivers his monologue. But- HEY NOW!
Patrick and Callie are on the bed, going at it like animals.

CUT TO CALLIE'S "PERFECT GUY" CHECKLIST

"Good in Bed" is checked off her list.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

On stage, two costumed PERFORMERS SING their brains out.
Callie and Patrick sit in the crowd.

Patrick does an exaggerated YAWN and PRETENDS to PASS OUT in his chair. Callie elbows him, and Patrick jumps, pretending to be startled. They both try to suppress their LAUGHTER.

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S CHECKLIST

"Cultured" is checked off her list.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE - AN HOUR LATER

The FAT LADY SINGS - literally. Patrick is moved near tears. He turns to share the moment with Callie but she is--

FAST ASLEEP. Patrick leans over, holds out his phone and snaps a picture of them - her slumber captured for posterity.

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S CHECKLIST

"Sensitive" is checked off her list.

EXT. AT&T PARK - SF GIANTS GAME - NIGHT

Callie and Patrick are decked out in Giants' gear.

Suddenly, Patrick points to the JUMBOTRON: the two have been highlighted by "KISS CAM." Patrick waves his hands - "No! I'm not with her!" He points to a MUSTACHED OLD MAN sitting next to him. "I'm with him!"

But suddenly, the old man notices and grabs Patrick and KISSES HIM. Callie and the crowd ERUPT in LAUGHS and CHEERS.

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S CHECKLIST

"Sense of Humor" is checked off her list.

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - **BACK TO NIGHT #1**

ON TV: Jimmy Fallon trots on stage and... Yep, they're still--

CALLIE

Do you wanna finish? You can if--

PATRICK

Nah, I'm good.

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S CHECKLIST

"Good in Bed" is CROSSED-OUT and replaced by **"GREAT in Bed."** As it's checked off, the music FADES, and we... END MONTAGE.

INT. TRENDY SF BAR - NIGHT

A wall-to-wall crowd battles for space and drinks. Callie sits alone at a table, trying to flag down a WAITRESS--

No dice. She eyes the bar - considering her options. She drapes her JACKET over the table and gets the attention of a DRUNK GUY a table over pounding scotch Han Solo.

CALLIE

Excuse me, sir? Would you mind watching my table a minute? I'm meeting my boyfriend's family tonight, and I really want to make a good impression, so I was going to run to the bar and grab some--
(off his annoyed look)
Right. You've got it under control.

INT. TRENDY SF BAR - AT THE BAR - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Callie picks up TWO PITCHERS OF BEER and very gingerly starts to wade through the masses back to her table. But--

BACK AT HER TABLE

KEVIN CULLEN, 40, America's Next Top Smart Ass, flirts with a WAITRESS (NICOLE), while he helps her try on Callie's JACKET--

KEVIN

I bet you secretly hate it when people call you Nikki, am I right? Your name is Nicole, dammit! You're too classy for that Nikki shit.
(re: the jacket)
Oh, look at that. Like it was made for you... Now, what'ya say you go grab me a couple of pitchers? But hurry back, all right? I'm going to anoint you my queen tonight. Ya hear me, Nicole? My queen!

Nicole the Waitress heads off, wearing the jacket. Passing--

CALLIE

Um, excuse me. This is my table.

KEVIN

Really? How can it be your table if I'm sitting here?

CALLIE

I saved it. This guy was watching--

She turns. Drunk Guy is passed out face first on his table.

KEVIN

You put this guy in charge? Did you vote for Bush twice, too?

CALLIE

Where's my jacket? I left my--

KEVIN

You might want to check lost and found. They're usually pretty good about that kind of stuff.

CALLIE

I didn't lose it. I put it down to show people the table was taken.

KEVIN

Using the world as your own personal coat rack, huh? Come on, you're better than that.

CALLIE

All right, look, buddy... We're all very proud you managed to crawl out of your shitty apartment and come down here tonight. Clearly you went to a lot of trouble with your vintage shirt and that tub of gel in your hair... But here's what's gonna happen now: you're gonna stand up, you're gonna move along, and you're gonna let me have my table back, all right?

KEVIN

Or what? What exactly would happen, "Business Casual"? Your fairy boyfriend gonna walk in here and--

PATRICK (O.S.)

Hey! You found a table!

He kisses Callie on the cheek. Kevin just stares - staggered.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Jesus. Do we look *that* much alike?

CALLIE

Uh... Woman's intuition, I guess.

PATRICK

So you met Kevin. This is Seamus...

SEAMUS CULLEN, 36, an awkward, furry ball of weird, extends his hand and does a weird, regal bow--

SEAMUS

A pleasure to meet you, madam.

LIAM

Could you not act weird as shit for like one second of your life, man?

LIAM (aka AXL) CULLEN, 34, owner of an extremely rare punk rock Napoleon complex, shakes his faux-hawk in disgust.

PATRICK

...and this is Liam.

LIAM

But most people call me Axl. Hey, Bud Light! Fuckin' A!

NICOLE THE WAITRESS

All right, mister, I've got your pitchers. Now where's my crown?

CALLIE

Wait. Is that- Is that my jacket?

Kevin just smirks, grabs a PITCHER, and starts pouring.

INT. TRENDY BAR - **FOUR OR MAYBE EIGHT PITCHERS LATER**

Callie is caught in a crossfire of drunken Cullen bickering:

SEAMUS

I had to do something. The guy was gonna jump, man.

LIAM

Yeah, funny how you suddenly turn into a fucking humanitarian when I'm beating your ass by 50 feet.

PATRICK

Who jumps off a bridge with their wife standing right next to them?

SEAMUS

The guy was troubled, Patty.

KEVIN

The guy had a thousand dollar camera hanging around his neck, Seamus. He was a Japanese tourist.

SEAMUS

Exactly! He was probably some Tokyo bullet train conductor running away from his fast paced-problems...

LIAM

You lost, dude. Just admit it!

SEAMUS

Sorry, I'm not like you guys. Winning isn't everything to me.

KEVIN

That's cuz you never win anything!

SEAMUS

I'm a human being first... A competitor second.

LIAM

And a fucking idiot third.

SEAMUS

Let's go, Axl! I'll race you again right now. I'll run so fast you'll lose by- by- by a hundred meters! That's like 320 feet, okay?

LIAM

Fine. I'm ready. Wait...
(chugs his beer, BURPS)
Okay, now I'm ready.

PATRICK

Come on, guys. Callie really doesn't need to see this--

KEVIN

See what? Us having fun? Christ, Patty, if we stopped having fun every time you brought a new chick out, we'd never fucking have any.

Kevin stares down his brother... Callie quickly jumps in:

CALLIE
Patrick, it's fine. Really. I ran
cross country in high school. I've
watched guys race before.

LIAM
(with a devilish smile)
Not like this you haven't.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY - NIGHT

Liam jumps around getting pumped, while Seamus does- What are those? Dutch lunges? Callie watches with Patrick, perplexed.

CALLIE
It's like 45 degrees out here.

PATRICK
Oh, it's about to get a lot worse.

CALLIE
This is a typical Friday night for
you? Brother Bridge Racing?

PATRICK
Strip Racing. Technically.
(off her look)
Hey, you're the one who begged me
to meet them.

Kevin rolls a SHOPPING CART over--

KEVIN
Let's go, Business Casual. Hop in.

PATRICK
What? Kev, no. She is not--

KEVIN
Interlopers play "Cosell," Patty.
That's the rule.

PATRICK
Since when--?

KEVIN
--Since always--

CALLIE
--what's a Cosell--?

--Kevin hands Callie a VIDEO CAMERA--

KEVIN

--Here. Just keep the camera on them. Think you can handle that?

LIAM

And give us some play-by-play.

SEAMUS

And remember to enforce the rules!

PATRICK

Cal, you don't have to do this--

KEVIN

--Yes, she does--

CALLIE

--Wait, what are the rules?

KEVIN

There's only one: first guy to the toll booth completely naked wins.

All the brothers stare at Callie, wondering if she's game...

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Callie sits in the SHOPPING CART, legs tucked inside, camera ready. Kevin pushes her up a few feet from the starting line.

KEVIN

On your mark...

PATRICK

Seriously, you *don't* have to--

KEVIN

--Get set. GO!

Liam and Seamus spring into action. They pry off their shoes and socks then take off down the walkway! As they run, they shed clothing. Undoing shirt buttons. Unfastening belts. And hot on their trail are--

CALLIE and KEVIN racing after them in the shopping cart. Patrick follows behind, collecting the discarded clothes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Play-by-play! Play-by-play!

CALLIE

Right, uh... *Annnnd they're off!*

As this ridiculous scene zips past, CARS going the opposite direction toward Marin County HONK their support.

CALLIE'S POV: she manages to keep the camera somewhat still as the two brothers race full-tilt boogie fifteen feet ahead.

CALLIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's uh, uh- Crisis Hotline by a
nose early but Appetite for
Destruction is right behind him...

EXT. BRIDGE - NEARING THE TOLL BOOTH - MINUTES LATER

Liam and Seamus are more hopping than running. They try to wriggle out of their boxers, while still moving forward.

CALLIE (O.S.)
Down the stretch they come and--!
(getting an eye full)
--Dear god that's a lot of pasty
white ass! And it's Crisis Hotline.
Appetite for Destruction. Back and
forth. Who's going to win...?

Liam gives Seamus a shove and pulls ahead, raising his arms in victory as he passes the toll booth. But that's when--

KEVIN & PATRICK
Oh shit!

A SIREN WHOOPS! A police squad car is parked on the sidewalk beyond the tolls - LIGHTS FLASHING. Waiting for them...

Liam and Seamus skid to a naked halt. The others behind them.

KEVIN
Everybody just be cool! I'll talk
to him...

But Callie climbs out of the grocery cart--

CALLIE
No, let me.

PATRICK
Callie--

CALLIE
Trust me. I've never gotten a
speeding ticket in my life.

KEVIN

What the fuck are you doing? What
the *fuck* is she doing?

The look on Patrick's face says he has no idea.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

A hysterical Callie stands with the COP, CRYING her eyes out.
The brothers watch ten feet away, trying to listen in:

CALLIE

Oh my god, this is bad. This is
really bad. I can't lose my job. I
was just trying to help them and--

COP

Lady, just calm down, okay? Help me
understand what's going on here.

CALLIE

See, I work over at the V.A. In the
psych ward. And these guys, they're
really good guys. They just have
issues. Okay, a few issues, but...
They're always talking about
visiting the bridge, and I thought
maybe if I brought them out here,
it might ease their minds a little,
ya know? But things got a little
out of control, and I- I--

COP

Wait. Hold on. These guys are...?
(off her solemn nod)
Christ. War does terrible fucking
things to the mind, don't it?

CALLIE

It does. You might say these poor
men are fighting the war of their
lives right now...
(points to her head)
Up here.

A long beat... The Cop eyes the brothers... Then Callie:

COP

You promise to get them dressed and
back to the hospital immediately?

Callie nods her assurance. The Cop turns to the brothers and--

SALUTES them. They all look confused except Seamus, who salutes back, covering his package with his other hand.

INT. CULLEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The decor is an 80's time warp. But a small table in the corner stands out - it's a SHRINE to the boys' MOTHER.

An ORCHID is surrounded by FRAMED PHOTOS: Mom and Dad. Mom with the boys at various ages. And the last one: the whole Cullen crew at Christmas - Patrick can't be older than 18.

ON THE COUCH: Callie and the brothers watch their video of the race. Seamus tries to pull an ottoman over to see better--

KEVIN

What the fuck? Put it back, man.

SEAMUS

I can't see from over there.

KEVIN

Then sit on the fucking floor.

SEAMUS

That's bullshit! Mom would want me to be comfortable, you know?

KEVIN

Mom *wanted* that ottoman over there, fucktard. Put it back.

LIAM

Don't be pissed cuz you lost, man.

SEAMUS

I only lost cuz you cheated! You're like the Sammy Sosa of streaking.

LIAM

Uh, Callie, could you remind my brother here of the only rule?

CALLIE

First guy to the toll booth wins.

LIAM

Exactly! Thank you! And that makes this the hand of victory. And the hand of victory can't hear your cries for justice, bro. It can only hear its adoring fans...

He waves his hand toward his ear a la Hulk Hogan.

LIAM (CONT'D)

And the hand of victory would also like to point out the girl who made this all possible! The silver-tongued vixen! The Duchess of B.S.! The girl that saved all our white, Irish asses tonight! Miss Callie!

Liam raises Callie's hand triumphantly! Beaming, Patrick turns to a quiet Kevin - usurped as the center of attention:

PATRICK

So... What'ya think?

KEVIN

I think I'm gonna go have a smoke.

Hurt, Patrick watches as Kevin gets up and heads outside.

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - DAWN

Callie looks over - Patrick's clearly stewing over Kevin.

CALLIE

So, that Kevin... He's, uh...

PATRICK

Don't worry. He'll come around.
(off her look)
He will. He's just not that big on change. After the Niners traded Joe Montana, he swore off the team for two years. He refused to even say Steve Young's name out loud until after he won the Super Bowl.

CALLIE

Great, so all I have to do is win the Super Bowl.

PATRICK

He just needs to spend some more time around you. That's all. And hey, if it's any consolation: I think you're kind of okay.

CALLIE

(cracking a smile)
Really? Because the jury's still out for me.

EXT. MARKET STREET - SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

A smiling JOE MONTANA promotes MULTI-VITAMINS on a BILLBOARD, reminding us, "**It's never too late... To get back in the game!**" Below on the street, a Cullen cab weaves thru traffic.

INT. CULLEN CREW CAB - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Seamus talks into his cab radio as he drives.

SEAMUS

Nice work, Patty. Amazing midriff.

LIAM (O.S.)

Who cares about her midriff?

INT. ANOTHER CULLEN CAB - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

LIAM

Look, she ain't afraid to drink.
And she owns two Van Halen albums.
That's workable. Plus, great tits.

KEVIN (O.S.)

We all know it doesn't matter.

INT. YET ANOTHER CULLEN CAB - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

This girl's got a week left - tops.
Then Patty'll find her fatal flaw.
Just like all the rest of them--

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

PATRICK

It's not like that with her. She's--

--as the scene continues, we: INTERCUT BETWEEN THE CABS--

KEVIN

Different? Yeah, heard that one.
Face it, bro, you're just like me.
Every girl's like a carton of milk;
they all got an expiration date.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Only difference is: you act like a fucking lactose intolerant half the time, and I'm out there drinking fresh milk every morning, but--

PATRICK

I'm serious this time, Kev. Callie, she's like... My best friend.

KEVIN

Did you- Did you just say--?

LIAM

(high-pitched lovey voice)
Oh, Callie, when I look into your eyes I see... My future!

SEAMUS

(even higher-pitched)
Oh, Patrick, it feels like magic when your lips touch mine. Your skin tastes like wild berries, so sweet and pure. I want you to hold me and rock me through the night. Take away all my pain. Make me...

Seamus trails off. He looks at the weirded-out PASSENGER in the back seat. Come to think of it: ALL THE BROTHERS have FARES. And none of them seem thrilled to be hearing all this.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

What? Was my voice not high enough?

INT. HOUSE - GLENN PARK - DAY - **A FEW MONTHS LATER**

Callie and Patrick climb a narrow staircase that CREAKS with every step. They move up to the house's main floor.

CALLIE

It was just a mouse. Calm down.

PATRICK

That was not "just a mouse." That thing was big enough to open its own theme park.

CALLIE

It's on the list. Rodolfo hasn't even been over here yet.

PATRICK

So, when do you start showing it? Couple weeks? A month?

CALLIE

Actually, I kind of already am...
Right now...

(Patrick freezes)

Look, I never thought this'd happen
either... But then you came along,
mowed me down with your car, stole
my heart. And here we are, ya know?
I'm happier than I've ever been
before... You're my best friend,
Patrick. I love you.

PATRICK

And I love you, too--

CALLIE

--But?

PATRICK

There's no "but." I love you...
It's just- Okay, there's a "but"...
See, if we move in together, pretty
soon you'll wanna get married and--

CALLIE

--Well, yeah, sure, but that
doesn't have to happen right away--

PATRICK

--let me finish--

CALLIE

--I mean, I know I'm always
complaining about my mom's nagging,
but I'm not in a rush or anything--

PATRICK

Callie, I can't get married!
(this shuts her up; then)
I mean, I can't- I'm not really
allowed to get married until my
brothers do. And I know that sounds--

CALLIE

Ridiculous?

PATRICK

Did I mention my family is crazy?

CALLIE

Yeah. You have. But you never
mentioned that *apparently* you're
all living in a bad 1950's musical.

PATRICK

It's my mom. See, before she passed away, we all promised her--

CALLIE

You promised your *mom*? That you wouldn't get married?

PATRICK

Right. Okay... My mom had this older sister, my Aunt Noreen. And Noreen never got married. The woman spent her whole life alone with her pugs. And when my mom got sick, she started to feel guilty about it. She got it in her head that it was her fault, ya know? Because she ran off with my dad so young. I guess she wanted to make sure the same thing didn't happen to one of us.

Callie lets this all sink in for a beat... Then:

CALLIE

So, you just can't get married yet.

PATRICK

Well, yeah, technically. But you know my brothers. They're not exactly the marrying type.

CALLIE

Well, sure, not now. Right now they're train wrecks. But... Maybe I could, you know, help them.

PATRICK

Help them? Oh, Cal, no. Not a--

CALLIE

All they need is some female guidance... A few dating tips. Make-overs. Definitely make-overs. I can introduce them to the right girls.

Callie digs in her purse and grabs her TO-DO LIST NOTEBOOK--

PATRICK

What are you doing?

CALLIE

I don't want to forget any of this.

PATRICK

Callie--

CALLIE

Patrick, I've spent my whole life helping people find the perfect place to live. It's basically the same thing. I can do this.

(off his look)

You know what? I find your lack of faith disturbing.

PATRICK

Did...you just quote *Darth Vader*?

CALLIE

You gonna help me or not, buddy?

Callie gives Patrick a big smile - no idea what she's in for.

TIGHT ON CALLIE'S HAND

As she starts a new checklist in her notebook, this one entitled: "**Fixing Up the Cullen Brothers.**" Pull out--

INT. TRENDY NOE VALLEY SALON - DAY

Callie writes while her hair is examined by ERIN, 30s, long & layered on opinions, buzz-cut short with the sugar coating.

ERIN

...so, we all tell him it's a terrible idea. But Emmett's the kinda guy who takes advice from fortune cookies. So he gets the monkey anyway. He's convinced he can house train the thing. Fast forward to six months later: the girlfriend is gone and ole Chimpy is still crapping on the couch.

CALLIE

I'm not training monkeys, Erin--

ERIN

No, you're worse. You think you can tame the whole flippin' jungle.

PATRICK

On behalf of my entire family, thank you for that flattering metaphor.

Yep, Patrick's at the next station, getting his hair cut by--

LAYLA

Come on. I think it's romantic.

Callie gives Erin an "I told you so" look. Then again, LAYLA, late 20s, is the bright-eyed kind of girl who--

ERIN

Yeah, this from the girl who can recite every detail of every "Sex and the City" episode ever made.

LAYLA

I can not!

ERIN

Really? What was the name of the guy Carrie sets Miranda up with in the first episode--

LAYLA / CALLIE / PATRICK

Skipper.

The girls all look at Patrick - Whoops!

PATRICK

What? I happened to see that one.

LAYLA

He's even a bad liar.

CALLIE

I told you. He's the total package.

PATRICK

(stopping Layla)

Whoa, whoa. I don't want too much off the top. I want it more like layered, you know?

Callie smiles and looks at Erin... Finally:

ERIN

Okay, fine, he's great, we get it. You wanna play matchmaker at the circus? First thing you gotta do is observe these guys while they're sniffing around some females. You know, study their mating habits.

PATRICK

Seriously, I'm sitting right here!

LAYLA

Look, look! He's even cute when
he's pretending to be angry.

INT. SHITTY IRISH DIVE BAR - NIGHT

"Cullen's Crüe" is painted on the head of a bass DRUM. Sticks
in hand, SEAMUS taps out an opening beat. Leading us into...

LIAM

*You say... / I only hear what I
want to... / And you say... /
I talk so all the time / So...*

Callie watches at the bar with ROY, the brothers' soon to be
70-year-old father, who is presently nursing a pint of beer.

CALLIE

Oh my god. I love this song.

ROY

Not for long you won't.

ON STAGE: Kevin picks out the song's opening GUITAR riff. And
as Patrick's BASS joins the fray - BOOM! The band kicks into
a face-melting version of **Lisa Loeb's "Stay (I Miss You)."**

LIAM

*I thought what I felt was simple /
And I thought that I don't belong /
And now that you are leaving, I
know that I did something wrong /
Cuz I missed you...*

Liam rips the MIC out of the stand for effect before--

LIAM (CONT'D)

Yeah... I missed you!

Callie's face says it all: they may be spirited, but--

ROY

God, they suck! You can blame their
Partridge Family-loving mother.

CALLIE

Come on, they sound... Okay.

ROY

They sound like rush hour traffic.

ON STAGE: Liam kicks them into the next verse, and...

Roy's right, they do kind of sound like rush hour downtown.

ROY (CONT'D)

God love her, but Lil was deaf,
dumb, and blind around those boys.
It was one hair-brained idea after
another when we were raising them.

CALLIE

Yeah, Patrick was telling me about
the whole "Marriage Pact"...

ROY

Christ, that one took the cake.
That woman and her damn
"philosophies". Never knew what'd
come out of her mouth next. But you
know what? Dammit if she wasn't
right just about every time. She
knew what was best for those boys.
Better than anyone ever will.

(Callie clams up; then...)

See, love is kinda like the Johnny
Carson Show. And in our marriage,
Lilly was Carson. I was Ed McMahon.
My job was to sit there on that
couch and agree with everything she
said. Laugh at her jokes. Help her
out with whatever she needed. And
you know why...? Cuz she was the
best in the god damn business.

Roy washes down his wisdom with the remainder of his beer.

ROY (CONT'D)

'Course now that she's gone, all I
got left are those yahoos up there
screaming like a couple of raccoons
makin' babies in the dumpster.

Callie LAUGHS and so does Roy as the Crüe keeps wailing away.

INT. SHITTY IRISH PUB - LATER

Callie and the Cullen boys sit around a graveyard of EMPTY
BEER BOTTLES at their table.

LIAM

The 70's, dude. You couldn't swing
your dick without hittin' a chick
that was ready to fuck.

(MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)

That's just a scientific fact, man.
Dad knows. Right, pop?

But Roy is either too drunk or too asleep to respond--

KEVIN / PATRICK / LIAM

(almost simultaneously)

Not it!

SEAMUS

Oh man! Come on, guys! I had to do
it last week--

KEVIN

I bet you coulda got some major ass
during the French Revolution. Think
about it: bunch of rebellious
French chicks wearin' that shit
that pushed their tits up... Wait.
That's probably offensive, huh,
Business Casual? 'Scuse my French.

CALLIE

Rien à foutre.

SEAMUS

What's that mean?

Callie just smiles; Kevin glares at her, takes another drink.

SEAMUS (CONT'D)

Guys, I told you: 19th century
England - that was the spot.

LIAM

Jesus Christ! Would you shut the
fuck up about the lobster?

CALLIE

What lobster?

The whole table GROANS - don't ask him that!

SEAMUS

So, I was watching this biography
on Oscar Wilde, right...? Guy used
to walk around with a pet lobster.

PATRICK

You *can't* walk a lobster!

SEAMUS

You can. And he did... Anyway, this
lobster? Chick. Magnet.

CALLIE

Hold on... Did you not get to the part about Oscar Wilde being gay?

The table ERUPTS! This is news to the Cullen brothers.

LIAM

Holy shit! That explains everything: you're a fucking homo.

KEVIN

True or false, Seamus: after the show you went upstairs and listened to **Culture Club's Greatest Hits**.

PATRICK

(singing like Boy George)
Do you really want to hurt me--?

SEAMUS

Oh, like you should talk, Patty!
You buy your jeans at Forever 21.

PATRICK

They have a men's line, bro, and--

KEVIN

Guys, guys...

Kevin motions a table over where a hot MARINA GIRL, 20s, drinks alone. Callie perks up, ready to take mental notes...

SEAMUS

Holy crap, look at that midriff!

LIAM

Dude, she looks exactly like that chick in the "November Rain" video.

KEVIN

Fuck that. She looks exactly like the girl I'm taking home tonight.

LIAM

Bull shit!

SEAMUS

Yeah, I don't know, Kev. She looks a little out of our league--

KEVIN & LIAM

Maybe your league.

LIAM
Care to make it interesting?

KEVIN
I get her, you buy the condoms.

PATRICK
Guys, come on. A lady's present...

CALLIE
Don't stop on my account. In fact,
tell you what: any of you get her
number, and the drinks are on me.

SEAMUS
Oh, I'm so in!

LIAM
I told you this chick was cool!

But Kevin is eyeing Callie, too, suddenly very suspicious.

INT. SHITTY IRISH PUB - AT THE BAR - NIGHT

The MARINA GIRL still sits alone, checking her phone. Liam does his best to make a suave approach. He leans in--

LIAM
God, look at you... All those
curves and me with no brakes.

MARINA GIRL
Excuse me?

LIAM
What? Nothing. I'm Liam by the way.

INT. SHITTY IRISH PUB - AT THE BAR - A LITTLE LATER

Seamus sidles up next to the GIRL. He just stands there next to her... Until finally:

SEAMUS
Hey, do you mind if I flirt with
you for a little awhile?

As they continue trying, we INTERCUT BETWEEN THEM. WITH LIAM:

MARINA GIRL (RAMY)
Ramy.

LIAM

Ramy? Wow, you don't hear that name every day. How do you spell that?

RAMY

Just like Amy but with an "R".

LIAM

R - U - serious?

RAMY

(not amused)

Yes. I - M.

WITH SEAMUS

SEAMUS

(after a LONG beat...)

So, you're a girl, huh?

WITH LIAM

LIAM

Hey, has anyone ever told you that you look exactly like Axl Rose's wife in the "November Rain" video?

RAMY

Pretty sure you're the first.

LIAM

(singing like Axl Rose)

When I look into your eyes / I can see a love restrained / But darlin' when I hold you / Don't you know I feel the same?

Ramy looks as uncomfortable as humanly possible.

WITH SEAMUS

SEAMUS

Hey, has anyone ever told you that you look exactly like- Like that chick... Shit! What's her name?

(shouting to Liam O.S.)

Hey Axl! Who was the chick you said she looked like? From that video?

INT. SHITTY IRISH PUB - BACK AT THE CULLEN'S TABLE - NIGHT

Seamus plops back down next to Liam, both of them defeated.

SEAMUS

Man, I couldn't even get her *fake* number.

LIAM

Fuck her, dude. You can't trust anyone that doesn't love "G 'n R". That's just a scientific fact.

KEVIN

I'll be right back...

He heads for the door to catch up with Ramy outside. Everyone turns to watch, the conversation framed by the window:

Kevin bums a cigarette, and quickly has Ramy LAUGHING.

LIAM

That fucker cannot be stopped.

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S LIST

"**Study Their Game**" is checked-off her list.

INT. SHITTY IRISH PUB - OUTSIDE THE BATHROOM - LATER

Callie comes out of ladies' room and runs right into Kevin. He takes Callie's hand and stuffs a PIECE OF PAPER into it.

KEVIN

Guess the drinks are on you.

Callie looks down to see RAMY'S crumpled up NUMBER.

CALLIE

I'm sorry. Have I done something--

KEVIN

I know what you're trying to do. And it's not going to work.

CALLIE

Excuse me?

KEVIN

Patty told you about the pact, and now you think you can--

CALLIE

All we want is--

KEVIN

Spare me the united front crap, okay? Patrick doesn't give a shit about who we're trying to nail.

CALLIE

Fine. *I* want to help you guys--

KEVIN

Bullshit! This is about *you* and the fact that your ovaries are busy planning their retirement party.

CALLIE

You *actually* believe you're the only person in the world that can make them happy, don't you?

KEVIN

They're happy, all right?

CALLIE

You don't think they'd be happier--

KEVIN

They're not ready for that! Did you not see them out there? Jesus! Put down the Cosmo for a second. Because you know what? We took the quiz, and it turns out we do put having fun ahead of finding our fucking soulmate, okay?

With that Kevin storms off. Callie watches him go, pissed.

INT. ERIN'S SALON - DAY

Callie still holds the PAPER. Erin works on a client.

ERIN

So, Papa Bear's protecting the man cave, huh?

CALLIE

I could probably get Joe Montana to show up now, and they wouldn't agree to their makeovers.

LAYLA

Is that the old guy in those vitamin billboards? My parents go to church with that guy.

ERIN

Look, it's simple. You forget Kevin right now. You gotta draw the cubs out of the cave. Isolate them.

CALLIE

Seriously, do you have Animal Planet on like a continuous loop?

ERIN

Sorry, not all of us watch mousy blonde cops solve 80-year-old murders like you, Miss Popularity.

LAYLA

Oh my god, Cal! I never knew you watched **Lost**. You should come over.

Erin and Callie both look at her - she's serious. ANYWAY...

CALLIE

How the hell am I supposed to get the two of them to show up here?

ERIN

Two words--

INT. CULLEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

LIAM

(re: a TEXT on his PHONE)
 "Free beer," dude! And you know her stylist friends are hot. You gotta be like an eight - minimum - just to get into cosmetology school. That's just a scientific fact.

SEAMUS

I don't know. Remember that old Indian lady mom used to take us to? She always smelled like beef stew...and not in a good way.

LIAM

This isn't a Fantastic Sam's above some fucking pet store, Seamus! These chicks massage your scalp with conditioner and shit. It's like a happy ending for your hair.

SEAMUS

But I like my hair the way it is.

LIAM
Dude, it looks like your neck
coughed up a fur ball.

The BACK DOOR OPENS, and Kevin walks into the conversation--

LIAM (CONT'D)
Whatever. I'll go by myself.

KEVIN
Go where?

LIAM
Oh, nowhere. It's nothing.

SEAMUS
Yeah, nothing. Just something super
homosexual Axl wanted to do.

Kevin stares them down...waiting for the beans to spill.

INT. ERIN'S SALON - DAY

A bucket full of watery ice and BEER sits on the host stand.

LAYLA
This is fun, right? A few girls. A
few beers... Oh, right, sorry, Cal.

ERIN
We'll come up with something else.

CALLIE
Why bother? Those two won't even
pee without his permission. They're
probably with him right now,
sacrificing a goat or--

Callie's PHONE LIGHTS UP and BUZZES. She has a new TEXT...

LAYLA
Is it them? Is it them?

CALLIE
"Outwit feeble female adversary -
Check! Nice try, B.C. Hugs, Kevin"

LAYLA
What's B.C.?

CALLIE
"Business Casual." It's his clever,
little nickname for me.

Erin can't suppress a LAUGH - Callie shoots her a look--

ERIN
I'm sorry. It's just... You are
very fond of the pant suit.

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Patrick lies on the bed LAUGHING. But Callie is not amused.

PATRICK
You do own a lot of pant suits.

CALLIE
Why is everyone so obsessed with my
stupid pant suits?

PATRICK
We're just worried that if you keep
buying them, Hillary Clinton won't
have anything to wear.

CALLIE
I hate you. You know that, right?
I'm officially boycotting your
birthday now.

PATRICK
Look, I don't know what you
expected. Kevin's spent his whole
life creating our little frat house
and brainwashing us all to love it.
He's not just gonna say "forget it"
because you want to get married.

CALLIE
We. Because we want to get married.

PATRICK
You know that's what I meant.

CALLIE
So what? I should just give up?

PATRICK
No. You're just gonna have to sugar-
coat things. Use some trickery...
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

You have to make them enjoy the ride so much, they never realize they got on it in the first place.

CALLIE

You mean kinda like how you got me to sleep with you the first time?

Callie's smirk vanishes when it's struck by a PILLOW. She jumps on Patrick, and a PILLOW FIGHT breaks out...

INT. CANDLESTICK PARK - LUXURY SUITE - DAY

The Cullens enter a 5-star, football-themed setup that puts the "luxury" back in "luxury box." They're all wide-eyed--

LIAM

Houses of the Holy!

SEAMUS

Look! A hot dog bar!

Patrick walks with Roy out onto the balcony, admiring the field below, where the 49ers go through pre-game WARM-UPS.

ROY

Sure as shit beats the upper deck.

Callie smiles at her handiwork, then walks over to Kevin, who hangs at the back. Far less enthused than the other Cullens.

CALLIE

Hey... I just wanted to apologize. For the other day. I was hoping--

KEVIN

How the hell'd you swing this?

CALLIE

Oh, that's the best part, actually. My friends rented it. They should be joining us any minute now--

On cue, Erin, Layla, and a TEAM of other hot STYLISTS come through the door, carrying all they need for MALE MAKE-OVERS.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, guys, could you listen up for a sec? So, the thing about this suite is the owner has a fashion line for men.

(MORE)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

And they've been nice enough to let us use it as long as you let them try out some of their products on you. You know, kind of make you over a little--

KEVIN

No way! We're not interested!

SEAMUS

Are you kidding, Kev? I'd test dog food to watch the game up here.

LIAM

Yeah, whatever you ladies need...

KEVIN

Fuck that. I'd rather sit in the upper deck. With real fans.

ROY

Well, then you're an idiot, son.

And with that a **CLASSIC NFL FILMS' SCORE** leads us into...

"A VERY CULLEN MAKEOVER MONTAGE" (copyright pending):

INT. CANDLESTICK PARK - LUXURY SUITE - LATER

NFL Films style. Plenty of SLOW-MO. All very overdramatic:

- The stylists HUDDLE UP. Erin barks out instructions. Finished, they all CLAP THEIR HANDS and "Break!"
- ERIN'S EYES BULGE - darting back and forth like Mike Singletary's at the line of scrimmage. Pull back to reveal: she's trying to make sure Liam's sideburns are even.
- Layla lowers Seamus' head into the sink. She tries to turn on the faucet, but the water won't come on...
- ...Seamus still has his head over the sink when Layla and another GIRL come over with a GATORADE COOLER full of WATER. They DUMP it on his head a la a Super Bowl-winning coach.
- TIGHT ON ROY'S FACE - a female finger applies a STREAK of CONCEALER below each of his eyes. It looks like he's wearing flesh-colored EYE BLACK.
- Callie picks up a JAR of HAIR PRODUCT and THROWS IT! It spirals across the room in slow-mo until... Erin catches it.

- Layla walks a FRESHLY-SHAVEN Seamus past Callie who claps her approval and then SLAPS Layla on the ass as she passes.

- MAKEOVERS COMPLETE, Liam and Seamus run toward each other, jump, and BUMP ASSES in mid-air like one of them just scored.

- Kevin has a towel draped over his neck, head in his hands. Patrick walks past and gives him a reassuring slap on the shoulder. Ah, the agony of defeat...

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S LIST

"**Makeovers**" is checked off her list, and we... END MONTAGE.

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - DAY

Patrick and Callie crawl along in post-game traffic.

PATRICK

I gotta hand it to you. On our way out, Liam asked me if I "liked his new jeans. But not in a queer way."

CALLIE

Yeah, well, every boy secretly loves playing dress-up. That was the easy part. Now I've gotta find them the right girls.

PATRICK

Yeah, good luck with that.

CALLIE

Come on, you know what they like. They each must have a type, right?

PATRICK

You could say that...

INT. SHITTY CLUB - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Liam sits on a stool on stage with a GUITAR.

LIAM

I'd like to dedicate this next song to a very special girl out there...

PATRICK (V.O.)

So, Axl will only date girls that have names from classic rock songs.

LIAM
*Oh wake up Maggie! / I think I got
 somethin' to say to you...*

In the crowd, MAGGIE swoons. But she's not the only one.

INT. VARIOUS SHITTY BARS - **LOTS OF DIFFERENT NIGHTS**

Liam sings a MEDLEY OF SONGS; a different girl in each crowd.

LIAM
And the wind, it cries... Mary.

Liam does his best Hendrix guitar solo... MARY is near tears.

JUMP TO:

LIAM (CONT'D)
Sweet Caroline!

The crowd, led by CAROLINE pipes in: "BUM! BUM! BUM!"

LIAM (CONT'D)
Good times never felt so good!

The crowd: "SO GOOD! SO GOOD!"

JUMP TO:

LIAM (CONT'D)
*Never gonna stop, give it up / Such
 a dirty mind / Always get it up for
 the touch of the younger kind / My
 my my ay yi--*

THE CROWD
 WOO!

LIAM
M- m- m- My--

BACK TO:

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - BACK TO SCENE

CALLIE
 --He did *not* go out with a Sharona!

PATRICK
 Dated her for a year purely on
 principle.
 (MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

But just like all the rest of 'em:
once he burnt out on the song, he
burnt out on the girl.

CALLIE

That's insane.

PATRICK

Insane? No, Seamus is insane. The
freaks that guy has dated. Let's
see, there was the body builder...

INT. BODY BUILDER'S PLACE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

BODY BUILDER GIRL, 30s, overly-defined muscles in all the
wrong places, flexes in front of the mirror. Behind her
Seamus slips in the door holding a BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

He tries to sneak up and surprise her with them, but--
Spooked, she flips him over her shoulder and out of frame.

SEAMUS (O.S.)

Surprise.

PATRICK (V.O.)

And then there was the mime...

INT. SEAMUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT - **FLASHBACK**

Seamus sits on the bed, his knees touching MIME GIRL's (no
makeup, she's off-duty). She points to a "TEAR" coming down
her cheek. Mime Girl puts her hands in front of her, miming
that there's "a WALL between them."

Seamus tries to mime back - he feels his way to "the edge of
the wall" and peeks his head around the side. He smiles.

Mime Girl shakes her head and shows that the "box is all
around her." Seamus' face drops - Worst. Breakup. Ever.

PATRICK (V.O.)

And, of course, the weirdest of
them all was the UPS girl...

EXT. UPS GIRL'S HOUSE - DAY - **FLASHBACK**

A UPS delivery person RINGS the DOOR BELL.

CALLIE (V.O.)

Working for UPS isn't weird.

PATRICK (V.O.)

I didn't say she *worked* for UPS.

The DOOR OPENS revealing a SMILING GIRL, late 20s. Smiling back is SEAMUS - he's the one in the brown UPS UNIFORM.

SEAMUS

If you could please sign for your package here, ma'am?

The Smiling Girl pulls Seamus and his "package" inside--

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - BACK TO SCENE

CALLIE

Seriously? *Every* time?

PATRICK

Every time. The girl was working out some serious daddy issues... Oh, and let's just say Seamus found out "what brown could do for him." And it wasn't anything good.

CALLIE

What about Kevin? Do I even want to know?

PATRICK

You saw him at the bar the other night. What Kevin wants Kevin gets.

Callie considers all this for a beat... Then, coyly:

CALLIE

So, have you thought anymore about what you want to do for your birthday next weekend?

PATRICK

Oh... I don't know. Maybe dinner at that Italian place we like or...

(off her smile, realizing)

Oh, I'm sorry. What did you want to do for my birthday, Callie?

CALLIE

It's just, I need a big party where I can throw the boys in a pot with lots of different girls and see what gets cooking, ya know? You'd be the guest of honor, of course...

PATRICK

I'm flattered, really. Where exactly are you going to find these desperate, self-loathing girls that want to jump in this pot of yours?

CALLIE

Come on, Patrick, this is San Francisco. The entire city is filled with sexually frustrated, heterosexual women.

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - DUSK

It's swanky soiree central. SERVERS in black-tie buzz around. ICE SCULPTURES, food and champagne glasses abound. Callie shows off the fruits of her to-do list labor to Patrick...

CALLIE

Called in a favor from an old client - famous party planner. I found a condo for his mistress awhile back. Discreetly, of course.

PATRICK

Shit. It pays to be discreet.

Callie consults her notebook, double-checking as she talks--

CALLIE

Wait 'til you see the girls. Kevin is gonna be surrounded by so many anorexic models, he'll have to beat them off with a carrot stick...

PATRICK

Carrot sticks, skinny models. Yeah, I see what ya did there--

CALLIE

For Seamus, I found a WNBA player, an albino, "Miss Gluten Allergy," and a girl with three nipples--

PATRICK

Tall, white, and lactating. Hold the bread. Got it--

CALLIE

And let's just say Liam will have a greatest hits album to choose from.

SERVER

Excuse me, Miss Bezos? The man with
the pony is here...

Callie and Patrick exchange a look - 'What the hell?'

EXT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BACKYARD - DUSK

An Old Man pounds a STAKE into the ground, which a PONY is
hitched to with a rope.

CALLIE

Sir? Sir, what are you doing?

OLD MAN

This 418 Cliffside?

CALLIE

Yes, but we didn't--

OLD MAN

Name's Waffles. Pony that is, not
me. I'm Abe.

CALLIE

I think there's been a mistake.

The Old Man pulls an INVOICE out of his shirt pocket--

OLD MAN

I got you down here for one pony.
For a... Kevin Cullen, is it?

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - NIGHT

The GUESTS have arrived - a very female crowd. A few stand
out from the pack: like the 6'3" WNBA player (BRIDGETT) and
the ALBINO girl (NATALIA). There's also quite a few--

ERIN

What's with all the queens, Cal?

A large gaggle of GAY MEN enjoy a platter of *amuse bouches*.

CALLIE

I couldn't *only* invite women.

ERIN

So you invited the cast of **Rent**?

CALLIE
Hey, they won't hit on anyone.

ERIN
You sure about that?

The Gay Boys perk up as Patrick walks by. They HOOT & HOLLER.

LIAM (O.S.)
There he is!

The BROTHERS have ARRIVED. They enter carrying WATERMELONS.

KEVIN
Look at my baby brother! He's all
grown up, and he's all grown up!
(handing him a melon)
Little present from me to you, bro.

PATRICK
Why is there a hole in the top?

KEVIN
Because nature still can't put the
vodka in there for you--

--Callie grabs Kevin and takes him aside--

CALLIE
Can I talk to you for a second?

PATRICK
Where's Seamus?

SEAMUS (O.S.)
Feliz Cumpleanos hermano!

Big smile on his face, Seamus stands at the door holding a
leash that leads down to... His new PET LOBSTER.

LIAM
I told you to leave that thing in
the car, asshole!

SEAMUS
And I told you he's my plus-one!
Patty, there's someone I want you
to meet: this is Captain Stubing...

PATRICK
Uh, Seamus... You remember we told
you Oscar Wilde was gay, right?

SEAMUS

Yeah, I thought about it: so he wanted to gossip with girls over tea. I want to bend them over a couch. Same principle applies.

(he gets distracted by...)

Holy shit! Is that--

ACROSS THE ROOM - ON CALLIE AND KEVIN

CALLIE

--a pony? Really? I'm trying to throw your brother a party here.

KEVIN

And what's a party without a pony? Oh, which reminds me... I brought party favors for everyone. Here--

He hands her a SMALL BAG. She opens it to find: a miniature bottle of WHISKEY. A KAZOO. And a three-pack of CONDOMS.

CALLIE

(holding up the condoms)

Gee, Kev, aren't we putting the cart before the pony?

KEVIN

Only one way to find out...

Kevin takes the KAZOO and blows it LOUDLY in Callie's face.

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - NIGHT

CALLIE

So tonight I want you to focus more on "flirting like a rock star" and less on drinking like one, okay?

LIAM

Yeah, yeah, got it.

Liam struggles to open a BEER with his teeth. Callie takes it from him and pops the cap off for him. It was a twist-off.

CALLIE

Did you hear what I just said?

LIAM

This is only my second. Plus, I hit on girls better when I'm buzzed. That's just a scientific fact.

CALLIE
 Okay, but just remember: "light
 buzz equals more love."

LIAM
 Fuckin' A. That's a good one.

Callie leads a smiling Liam over to a GROUP OF GIRLS.

CALLIE
 Okay, ladies. Here he is. Cute as
 he is talented...

LIAM
 (terrible, false modesty)
 She's exaggerating. Really.

CALLIE
 Let me see if I can remember
 everyone. You already know Layla.
 And then we've got: Beth, Gloria,
 Molly and... Shoot, help me out--

The last girl in the row SMILES and does a little TWIRL.

LAST GIRL
 Hi, I'm Billie Jean. I'm a dancer.

CALLIE
 She looks more like a beauty queen
 from a movie scene with that smile,
 am I right?!
 (absolute crickets)
 Right... Well, you guys have fun...

Callie slinks off, as Liam turns on the charm. A beat, then:

KEVIN (O.S.)
 Hey, bro! Try the watermelon.

Kevin nudges Liam and offers up a plate full of watermelon.

LIAM
 Thanks, but I'm takin' it slow
 tonight, dude.

KEVIN
 Nah, this isn't the spiked shit...
 Ladies? Some delicious watermelon?

They all grab a piece. And so does Liam. He takes a big bite.

EXT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

The LOBSTER sits on a table next to a tray of BUTTER. Seamus stands next to him, squeamish and awkward as ever. But WNBA Bridgett and albino Natalia are entranced by the crustacean--

BRIDGETT

Oh my god! He's so cute!

NATALIA

Look! His little antennae are wiggling--

CALLIE

He's probably a little nervous with all this butter around!

SEAMUS

(an awkward beat, then)

Some people think lobsters are cannibals. But that's only half true. They usually feed on clams and mussels. But sometimes, if they're really hungry, they'll eat tinier lobsters, too.

Seamus smiles, proud of himself. But the girls look confused.

CALLIE

Uh... Seamus, weren't you telling me that lobsters mate for life?

SEAMUS

Actually, that's a myth--

NATALIA

Oh my god, you're right! Remember that **Friends** episode? When Ross and Rachel kiss? "You're his lobster!"

CALLIE

Right? God, wasn't that romantic?

The girls swoon, touching Seamus' arm. He smiles and you can almost see him starting to loosen up.

EXT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Liam helps LAYLA feed the pony a CARROT. Over her shoulder, he makes eye contact with Callie who gives him a thumbs up.

LIAM

Careful! I don't want him to nibble your pretty, little fingers off!

LAYLA

Stop it! He's sweet.

LIAM

I've always loved horses, ya know? They're such majestic creatures. I used to love riding as a kid.

LAYLA

Really? I vaulted for like 6 years.

LIAM

Kids always gave me crap cuz of my size. But on a horse, shit, I was faster than any of 'em.

LAYLA

Well, I think you're the perfect size. For a lot of things....

In his flirty daze, Liam doesn't notice the pony take a bite of his WATERMELON. Then Liam takes another bite, too.

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - LATER

Near the front door, Callie and Erin survey the party.

CALLIE

Are we sure one cake is enough?

ERIN

The place is full of gay guys, models, and a girl with a gluten problem. We're gonna have to eat the whole damn thing ourselves.

CALLIE

Where the hell did Patrick go?

Erin shrugs just as the DOORBELL RINGS. Callie opens the door to find PICKLES THE CLOWN, 40s, full makeup, half in the bag.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

What are you...a clown?

PICKLES

Nothin' gets past you, huh?

KEVIN (O.S.)
There he is!

Kevin waltzes over with a captivated herd of MODEL TYPES.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Did I not tell you there'd be a
clown? And Pickles is the best!

PICKLES
Ladies, I got tequila! I got vodka!
I got an 11-inch balloon animal in
my pants! Now, who's thirsty?!

Pickles pulls a seltzer bottle out of his pants and SPRAYS
SHOTS into the drunk model girls' mouths. Callie grabs Kevin--

CALLIE
You invited this freak show!

KEVIN
What's a party without a clown?

CALLIE
If he isn't gone by the time I get
back, I'm serious, I'll tell every
girl in here you have herpes.

KEVIN
(as she walks away)
I had crabs not herpes. And my
beach's been combed clean, okay?

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Callie walks down the hall, poking her head in doors with no
luck. But then she hears noise coming from the next room...

CALLIE
(opening the door)
Patrick--?

Nope. It's TWO HALF-NAKED GAY GUYS sprawled across the bed.

HALF-DRESSED GAY GUY #1
I told you to lock the door!

HALF-DRESSED GAY GUY #2
Jesus! Don't be such a prude!

CALLIE
Oh god! Sorry! Please, carry on!

Callie shuts the door and scurries away down the hall.

EXT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Callie searches the backyard for Patrick. Walking past--

SEAMUS

You could see it in his eyes, ya know? The pain. The anguish. The unfulfilled dreams. The guy was gonna jump. I did what anyone else would do: I saved his life.

Captivated, Bridgett looks moved to the point of tears.

EXT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

Callie gets Patrick's voicemail greeting, when Erin runs out--

ERIN

Jesus! There you are! We've got a bit of a situation developing.

EXT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Callie and Erin open the front door and bump into a gaggle of ANNOYED GIRLS, all LEAVING in a huff.

CALLIE

Where are you going? We haven't even done the cake yet...

BILLIE JEAN

I'm over the whole retro college shenanigans thing, okay?

ANNOYED MODEL TYPE

So over.

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Inside it's ABSOLUTE BEDLAM - **Mötley Crüe's "Dr. Feelgood"** BLARES as Callie and Erin survey the debauchery:

- Seamus does a KEG STAND, his legs held up by Bridgett.

- The ICE SCULPTURE has been turned into a LIQUOR LUGE. Kevin pours Bacardi down the slope into a waiting model's mouth.

- Out back near the PONY: Liam does a STRIP TEASE for Layla, singing along, doing his best Vince Neil impression.

As they walk past him, Pickles hands Callie a BALLOON ANIMAL. She takes a closer look - it appears to be a guy with his hand around a giant boner. She tosses it aside, disgusted.

She pushes her way over to Seamus--

CALLIE
Where the *hell* is Patrick?

SEAMUS
Uh...I think one of the gay boys
drug him down to the basement.

CALLIE
To do *what*?

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Callie tries to wade through a crowd that twitters excitedly. All eyes are on--

GAY SPIN-MEISTER
Okay, people... Right foot blue!

A TWISTER MAT is filled with HALF-NAKED GIRLS and a few guys. Amidst the limbs is a drunken Patrick, wearing only boxers.

He tries to move his right foot, but loses his balance and...
DOWN HE GOES! A few people HOOT and HOLLER their approval.

GAY SPIN-MEISTER (CONT'D)
You know what that means, Patty!

THE CROWD
Strip! Strip! Strip!

Yep, we're smack dab in the middle of a Strip Twister game.

PATRICK
No, guys, come on. I'm not getting
naked--

CALLIE
What the hell are you doing?

PATRICK
Callie! Hey! There you are. The
guys- See the guys told me I had to
play cuz I'm the birthday boy and--
(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 (drunkenly sidetracked)
 Man, that watermelon was strong...

CALLIE
 What watermelon?

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - NEAR THE KEG - CONTINUOUS

Seamus is up in the air again, doing another keg stand, when--

BRIDGETT
 Hey, where'd your lobster go?

Seamus' eyes go wide. He SPITS OUT the BEER in his mouth and falls to the ground. Frantic, he runs off to find his mate--

SEAMUS
 Stubing! Captain Stubing! Report to
 the poop deck immediately!

EXT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A shit-faced and shirtless Liam staggers toward the pony.

He's trying in vain to mount the poor thing--

LAYLA
 Liam, honey, no. I don't think
 that's a good idea.

LIAM
 I can ride him! Seriously. It's
 totally, totally fine, okay?

He pulls himself aboard the tiny steed, but that's when--

LAYLA
 Oh my god! Is that a lobster?

She bends down and picks it up, but Captain Stubing SPOOKS THE PONY, and it takes off! Liam holds on for dear life.

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Callie and Patrick re-enter, as MORE GIRLS FILE OUT--

CALLIE
 No, please, don't leave. We're just
 about to cut the cake.

It's no use. Callie marches over to Kevin - beyond pissed.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Are you happy now? Are you having a good time?

KEVIN

I'm having a great time. So is everybody else. Relax!

CALLIE

That's why everyone's leaving?

KEVIN

Maybe they aren't our kinda people.

CALLIE

Your kind of people...? You know what? When I first heard how much Patrick looked up to you, I figured you must be this great guy. This amazing, older brother. But it's all crap! You don't give a shit about them! The only thing you care about is being the center of their pathetic, little universe.

KEVIN

Spare me the scolding, mom! Look around! Everything's fine--

LIAM (O.S.)

LOOK OUT!

The pony (and Liam) come charging through the room - people SCREAM and SCATTER in every direction. Suddenly, the pony throws Liam off, and he CRASHES onto the table that houses--

Patrick's GIANT BIRTHDAY CAKE - SPLAT!

Stunned silence... Everyone - even a suddenly sheepish Kevin - stares slack-jawed at the mess. Well, everyone except:

PICKLES

Now this is what I call a fucking party! WOOO!

Off Callie, the house and her plan in ruins...

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

The stains have stains. Callie wades through the mess, PLASTIC GLOVES on, garbage bag in one hand, watermelon rind in the other. A hung-over Patrick trudges in and spots her...

PATRICK

Come on. We're going to breakfast.

CALLIE

Wait. Let me just finish this room--

Patrick takes the bag out her hand. And gives her a hug. It only takes a second before Callie starts to CRY--

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I really thought I could do it. I thought I could help them, ya know?

PATRICK

I'm sorry, hon. I tried to warn you... Maybe we could go for one of those common law marriages. Isn't that every little girl's dream?

Callie can't help but LAUGH a little through the tears.

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - LATER

Callie and Patrick walk back in from breakfast to find the house looking 100-percent better. Not normal, but on its way.

CALLIE

Did you call a cleaning crew?

Patrick shakes his head - 'wasn't me.' But that's when they spot their cleaning crew. Working outside--

EXT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Seamus & Liam rake up garbage, not seeing Callie & Patrick.

LIAM

Layla, dude. Layla! That's like the most epic rock song of all-time--

SEAMUS

What was epic were this girl's legs, Axl. They were like- like two-by-fours. No, wait, that's not right. They were like- *Really* long--

LIAM

You can't even remember lumber yard's fucking name, idiot--

SEAMUS

Names are just labels. Labels we give people for no good reason.

(finally noticing)

Hey! Callie! There you are. Listen, uh... You wouldn't happen to have that basketball player's number, would you? Also, do you maybe know her name?

LIAM

Actually, uh... I was kinda hoping you might have Layla's number, too.

CALLIE

Uh, yeah...sure.

SEAMUS

Hold on! You talked all that shit about Clapton's sloppy seconds, and you didn't even get her number?

LIAM

I didn't *need* her number, really. I know where she works.

This re-ignites the debate, when Kevin comes outside--

KEVIN

Hey, Patty, you mind if I steal your girl for a second?

INT. MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR HOUSE - KITCHEN

Kevin scrubs down the counter, Windex and paper towels in hand. Callie stands, waiting for him to say something.

CALLIE

So...

KEVIN

Look, some of the stuff you said last night. It was... It was--

CALLIE

True?

KEVIN

Maybe a little. Like a shred of truth. But you were wrong about one thing: I do want them to be happy.

CALLIE
That's all I want, too. Really.
(and then)
So... What'ya want?

KEVIN
Excuse me?

CALLIE
You want something, I can tell. Do
you need a girl's number, too?

KEVIN
I can get my own numbers, thanks...
Except- I was kinda thinking of
calling that girl from the bar the
other night. And I kinda gave it...

CALLIE
Oh... Yeah. Ramy, right? I think
I've got it in my purse outside in
the car. I'll find it.

KEVIN
Thanks... So, I guess I'm, ya know,
sorry or whatever.

CALLIE
Well then, I guess I, ya know,
accept your apology or whatever.

KEVIN
So, what? We friends now or...?

Kevin finally makes eye contact, and Callie smiles--

CALLIE
You missed a spot, friend.

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S LIST

"Find Them the Right Girls" is checked off her list.

INT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM NIGHT

Patrick flops on the bed after a long day of cleaning.

PATRICK
Man, I saw some things in that
bathroom I can't un-see. It was--

An ENVELOPE drops on his stomach. Callie smiles down at him.

CALLIE

Things got so crazy, I didn't have a chance to give this to you...

PATRICK

You know you're supposed to leave the money on the night stand, baby.

CALLIE

Just open it, dummy.

He does, finding a BROCHURE for a resort in WINE COUNTRY--

PATRICK

Oh, Cal. Wow! This is...wow.

CALLIE

King-sized suite. Private tastings. And they have a great wedding planner on site if, you know, we wanna check a few things out...

Patrick smiles fades a bit, suddenly much less than enthused--

PATRICK

Oh...yeah. Sure. We should do that.

CALLIE

I mean we don't have to--

PATRICK

No, definitely. We should definitely check that out.

He puts on a happy face and gives her a "thank you" kiss.

EXT. CALLIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Per the usual, Callie comes down the front steps wearing one of her legendary pant suits, phone pressed to her ear:

CALLIE

Yes, I'm sure you *would* love a June wedding, mother... I'm not having this conversation with you right now... Goodbye, mom!

She hangs up just as a CULLEN CAB SCREECHES up to the curb--

KEVIN
You're killing me, B.C.!

INT. KEVIN'S CAB - DRIVING - A MINUTE LATER

CALLIE
Why wouldn't I give them their numbers? They like these girls.

KEVIN
Of course they like them. They like any chick that can stand to be around them for 10 minutes.

CALLIE
I know you think you're the expert and all, but girls don't go out with guys that don't call them--

KEVIN
And they don't got out with my brothers, period. Look, if you just wanna keep blindly following one of those idiot lists in your--
(off her look)
What? You don't think I've noticed? You carry that little book around like you're a Jehovah's Witness.

CALLIE
I do not.

KEVIN
Please. I bet you can't even take a shit without scheduling it in that thing first.
(this shuts her up)
Look, what you don't get is this isn't about checklists and dating rules. This is about competition.

CALLIE
Love isn't a competition.

KEVIN
Let me let you in on a little secret, Business Casual: in my family, everything's a competition.

This strikes a chord with Callie... Her expression changes:

CALLIE
Shit...well, what do I do? I can't--

KEVIN
We're past that. I took care of it.

FLASH TO:

INT. CULLEN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EARLIER THAT MORNING

Kevin sits on the couch. Seamus paces back and forth behind him, talking on his phone. Liam stomps in from the kitchen--

LIAM
Who the fuck put my phone in the
fucking dishwasher?

Kevin nods to Seamus. Without a second thought, Liam grabs the phone out of Seamus' hand and SLAMS it to the floor--

SEAMUS
What the fuck man?! I was talking
to a business colleague!

INT. KEVIN'S CAB - DRIVING - BACK TO SCENE

KEVIN
Look, Seamus and Liam are gonna do
whatever it takes to avoid ending
up the loser. So, if one of them
sees things progressing for the
other with a girl, they're gonna
step up their game. You keep that
up long enough, and they might
actually come across as semi-
normal. Pretty soon, the girls get
their hooks into 'em. And by the
time either one of them figures it
out, it'll be too late.

CALLIE
You're such a romantic.

KEVIN
Do you want this to work or not?

CALLIE
So what I am supposed to do? Set up
a group date like they're on some
horrible reality show?

KEVIN

Yes! Perfect! See, now you're thinking like a Cullen.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - DAY

Open fields and foliage on a beautiful SF day (so, you know, 65 degrees and partly cloudy). The Cullens have staked out a picnic area and have paired off with their girls.

ON BRIDGETT AND SEAMUS:

BRIDGETT

So, did you play sports growing up?

SEAMUS

Badminton in high school. I wasn't very good, though. I still have nightmares about Asian dudes slapping that 'cock in my face.

(off her look)

Uh... Shuttlecock. That's what you hit. Some people call it a birdie.

BRIDGETT

Oh, right. I never really played. But maybe you could teach me?

SEAMUS

Sorry. Can't. Doctor's orders. I got tennis elbow. Not supposed to smack the 'cock around anymore.

ON LIAM AND LAYLA - Liam sits on a table with his GUITAR:

LIAM

*What'll you do when you get lonely?
/ And nobody's waiting by your side
/ You've been running and hiding
much too long / You know it's just
your foolish pride / Lay(la)--*

LAYLA

Is that like classic rock? I don't really listen to much K-FOG.

LIAM

What? Wait- What do you listen to?

LAYLA

Country mostly.

LIAM
You mean like Johnny Cash?

LAYLA
No, not old stuff! Like Rascal
Flatts or Taylor Swift. Oh, and
Kenny Chesney! He's my favorite. Do
you know any of his songs?

CALLIE stands with PATRICK by a cooler, trying her best not
to make it obvious that she's spying on Liam and Seamus.

CALLIE
Is it just me or does this not seem
to be going very well?

PATRICK
You're the mastermind that
instituted the no drinking rule.

CALLIE
We should do something--

PATRICK
You. You should do something.

CALLIE
Hey, this wasn't my idea either.
Where the hell is your brother?

PATRICK
Maybe he wizened up and realized
this whole thing is pointless.

CALLIE
What is your problem today--?

The would-be argument is cut off by: HONK! HONK! Kevin pulls
up, parking behind a row of three more Cullen cabs.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Seriously, have you guys never
heard of carpooling! I mean, we...

But Callie's words trail off, as she watches Kevin escort
RAMY out of the car - the two are flirting up a storm.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

CALLIE
Hey, thanks for showing up.

KEVIN
Yeah, right, sorry we're late--

RAMY
It was my fault, actually--

KEVIN
I picked Ramy up at her place and got to check out some of her work.

CALLIE
Your work?

RAMY
I sculpt. Classics mostly. Some free form stuff--

KEVIN
She's being modest. This girl's amazingly talented.

CALLIE
Gorgeous *and* talented... What the heck are you doing with this guy?

She watches as Ramy LAUGHS and puts her arms around Kevin.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - PICNIC TABLES - MOMENTS LATER

Patrick helps them unload stuff from the car. Kevin glances over at Seamus and Liam who continue to flounder--

KEVIN
You're just letting them talk? What is *that* supposed to accomplish?

PATRICK
Not only that. She banned booze.

CALLIE
I wanted them to bond. Soberly.

KEVIN
Jesus, come on! They need to be *doing* something. So they have something to bond over.

CALLIE
Like what?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - FIELD - DAY

A RED BALL bounces in and... BAM! Bridgett KICKS the shit out of it. Liam tries to run the ball down in the outfield.

Yep, we're smack dab in the middle of a co-ed KICKBALL GAME.

Liam throws the ball in, but Callie's attention is focused on KEVIN AND RAMY, cheering Bridgett home. Very touchy-feely.

CALLIE

You don't think they're moving a little fast?

Patrick catches the ball from Liam and relays it home. Then:

PATRICK

What? Because she showed him some of her art?

CALLIE

That's like third base emotionally.

PATRICK

Cal, I've never seen the guy even stand on a base before. He's usually too busy taking the girl deep.

(off her look)

You started the baseball metaphor.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - LEFT FIELD - LATER

Seamus and Layla graze the field. He stares at her MIDRIF, accentuated perfectly by her short tank top. She YAWNS--

SEAMUS

Right? How boring is this?

LAYLA

Yeah, team sports aren't my thing.

SEAMUS

What is...? Your thing, I mean?

LAYLA

I don't know. Random, stupid stuff. Bad horror movies. Country music. Oh, and I really love animals. I volunteer at a shelter.

SEAMUS

Really? Wow. Cool... What's, uh,
your position on lobsters?

WOOSH! The KICKBALL flies over their heads and bounces away.

LAYLA

Oh, I'm vegan. I don't eat animals.

Seamus' smile is uninterrupted by--

LIAM (O.S.)

Seamus! Get the ball, asshole!

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - FIRST BASE - LATER

Bridgett LEADS OFF first base, while Liam mans the bag.

LIAM

Hey! No leads!

BRIDGETT

Says who?

LIAM

You can't steal bases in kickball,
dude. That's a scientific fact.

BRIDGETT

Maybe you can't. Not with those
short, stubby legs of yours.

LIAM

You ever heard the phrase: big
things comes in small packages?

Bridgett holds her hand up to her chin, measuring--

BRIDGETT

You ever heard the phrase: you must
be *this tall* to ride this ride?

A flirtatious smile and... She's off! Stealing second base.

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - FIELD - LATER

As the teams switch sides between innings, Layla SINGS a
KENNY CHESNEY song softly to herself - Liam winces.

LIAM

Jesus, I need a drink--

--Callie pulls him aside for a quick conference--

CALLIE

See? I knew you could have fun
without getting wasted.

LIAM

Oh yeah, I'm having a blast.

CALLIE

Liam--

LIAM

I don't know if this girl is really
my speed, okay?

CALLIE

Of course she is. Come on. Do you
see Seamus chickening out? Are you
gonna sit back and watch him score
while you just stand here with the
bat in your hands...? I really need
to stop using baseball analogies.

Liam takes a look over at Seamus who's having his shirt
pulled over his head by Bridgett. She runs off laughing.

ON SEAMUS pulling his shirt back down, not nearly as amused.
Kevin gives him a SLAP on the back.

KEVIN

That's a lot of woman, bro.

SEAMUS

Yeah, she kinda scares me a little.

KEVIN

Don't be a pussy, man. You really
wanna spend the next year listenin'
to Axl's stories about bangin' his
chick, while you're still stuck in
your room testing out moisturizers?

Seamus stares longingly across the field at Layla singing...

SEAMUS

Would the stories be like really
detailed? And could I ask questions
about like how soft her skin is or--

--Kevin slugs Seamus in the arm--

KEVIN

Dude! You need to yank down on your balls, make 'em drop, go over to Queen Amazon, and close that shit!

EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Kevin stands on the pitcher's mound LAUGHING with Ramy at some inside joke, when the mighty Callie strides up to bat.

CALLIE

What's so funny, Kev? You tell her you can't get past the third date because of inadequacy issues?

KEVIN

Awww. I never took you for the jealous type, B.C. But it must be tough losing by this much to me.

CALLIE

Then I guess I should apologize now for our comeback. I know how ornery your pops can get about curfew.

KEVIN

Oh, is this the part where you try to kick one into my manhood and kill my chance at ever having kids?

CALLIE

See, now I thought your intimacy issues'd take care of that for me.

PATRICK

Come on! Let's go! Play ball!

Callie digs in. A picture in concentration. The ball bounces in and... WHAM! She kicks a line drive right into--

KEVIN'S FACE! He crumples to the ground in a heap.

Everyone runs to the pitcher's mound. Kevin's nose is BLEEDING profusely, and his eyes are already swelling.

SEAMUS

Kev! If you can hear me, man...
Don't walk toward the light!

Kevin motions to Liam who slugs Seamus in the arm for him.

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S LIST

"**Create a Competition**" is checked off her list.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Kevin's laid up with two black eyes and a splint holding his broken nose in place. Callie stands at the door.

CALLIE

If it's any consolation, I was aiming for your manhood... You gonna be okay?

KEVIN

I'm fine. They're just making me stay overnight. The doctor said something about wanting to monitor my brain activity.

CALLIE

(smirking)

Jesus, so you could be here awhile? I mean, brain activity...that could take weeks to find.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Patrick talks with a DOCTOR. Seamus passes by him, clutching a vending machine bag of Funions and plops down next to Liam--

SEAMUS

So... That Layla's pretty great.

LIAM

Of course she is, dude. Wait... What is it you like about her specifically? I'm just curious, ya know, because she's so awesome.

SEAMUS

Oh, man, everything. Like how she's really into animals. And she's super sweet and friendly. And her midriff - wow, man - score.

LIAM

Yeah... She's totally into me, too.

SEAMUS

Yeah, cool. Great. That's great...
 (mouth full of Funions)
 What'd you think about Bridgett?

LIAM

Way out of your fucking league.

INT. KEVIN'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CALLIE

I wasn't jealous, by the way.

KEVIN

I was just trying to get you riled
 up. Good thing it didn't work, huh?

CALLIE

Hey, I'm a pretty good athlete. I
 ran cross country and played
 softball in high school.

KEVIN

Bull shit. Girls that played
 softball didn't look like you.

CALLIE

What's that supposed to mean?

KEVIN

Softball girls were...thick.
 You're...

CALLIE

I'm what?

KEVIN

Not.

CALLIE

Did you just pay me a compliment?

KEVIN

No. I *implied* a compliment--

Callie smiles with mock shock and jabs Kevin in the ribs--

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Owww! Fuck! Jesus Christ!

CALLIE

Oh my god, I'm sorry. Are you--

Kevin LAUGHS - tricked her! Callie jabs him in the ribs again and a mock, flirty fight ensues, both of them LAUGHING until--

The brothers barge in - Liam holds a big COFFEE TABLE BOOK.

LIAM

Don't you worry, bro! The "good book" is here and ready to inspire your comeback.

Callie and Kevin snap back to reality. Patrick eyes them - he knows he's walked in on something, he just doesn't know what.

CALLIE

The good book? I thought you guys stopped going to Church when--

PATRICK

Not *that* good book.

LIAM

Yeah, this one is way sweeter.

Liam hands it to her. There's a picture of Joe Montana below: **"The Drive - Standing on the Sidelines of Super Bowl XXIII".**

LIAM (CONT'D)

Kev got it signed by everyone from the "The Drive". Well, except Joe.

SEAMUS

(a sore spot)
Yeah, except Joe.

CALLIE

What's "The Drive"?

LIAM

Bite your tongue, woman!

PATRICK

Come on, Cal. Niners-Bengals? Super Bowl 23?

Callie shrugs. The brothers stare at her, incredulous. Then... For what sounds like the 1,000th time, it begins:

KEVIN

3:10 on the clock. Down by three. Niners have to go 92 yards. They need a miracle...

PATRICK

...they need Joe Montana.

KEVIN

To calm everyone in the huddle, Joe looks up into the stands, points at someone in the crowd and says--

SEAMUS

"Hey, isn't that John Candy?"

KEVIN

Bam! First play's a pass to Craig in the flat, out to the 16...

INTERCUT WITH: actual **NFL Films footage** of the game.

PATRICK

He dumps to Franks over the middle. Then hits Rice down the sideline, out of bounds near midfield...

SEAMUS

Craig out of the backfield again and they're into Bengal territory. Then, second and forever: Joe finds Rice streaking across the middle...

Liam starts jumping up and down he's getting so pumped--

LIAM

Jerry "fucking" Rice, man! Guy avoids three Bengal defenders and sneaks inside the 20... Then, 52 seconds left. Joe finds Craig one more time. Down to the ten...

KEVIN

And then it happened: 39 seconds left... Bill Walsh calls the last play of his NFL coaching career.

PATRICK

Twenty halfback curl, X-up.

KEVIN

Last ten yards in the red zone are the hardest. But Joe Montana's John Wayne. And John Wayne never loses. He's making that throw.

LIAM / SEAMUS / PATRICK

He's *making* that throw.

KEVIN

Everyone in the place has their eyes glued to Rice, but not Joe. Because he knows John Taylor's got a step on his man. And... Boom! In stride. Right in his hands. Back of the end zone. Touchdown, 49ers!

He raises his arms skyward just like Montana - Victory! All the brothers beam like it just happened.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

January 22, 1989. Best day of my life... And there's not even a close second.

Off Callie's look, just staring in awe...

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - NIGHT

Seamus and Liam are back at it - bickering in the back seat--

SEAMUS

That's what I'm asking you! How is she out of my league?

LIAM

You're way too short for her. That's just a scientific fact, man.

SEAMUS

I'm not short! I'm taller than you.

LIAM

Please! Besides, it doesn't matter. She's too hot, too. And too athletic. And she probably listens to way sweeter music.

SEAMUS

Well, Layla's way too hot for you. And too nice. And too awesome!

Callie sticks her head in the back, eyeing the two of them.

CALLIE

On the count of three, I want both of you to say the name of the girl you want to go out with again--

LIAM

What the hell are you--

CALLIE

One, two--

SEAMUS

LIAM

Layla.

Bridgett.

The brothers look at each other...and smile, cueing back up **Wilco's "I'm Always in Love,"** which takes us into:

CALLIE'S "CULLEN COUPLES" CHECKLIST MONTAGE

"Patrick & Callie" is added to her list...

INT. WINERY RESORT - EVENT ROOM - DAY

Callie and Patrick stand next to a table full of CAKE SAMPLES. Callie tries a bite off her plate. Pleased, she holds out her fork for Patrick to try.

He opens his mouth and she SHOVES it in - making a mess. She starts to LAUGH, while he grabs another piece and... SPLAT! He pushes the whole plate-full in her face. They both grab for new pieces, a full on cake fight ramping up.

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S CHECKLIST

"Liam & Bridgett" is added to her list...

INT. CULLEN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Liam sits across the breakfast table from Patrick.

PATRICK

I don't get it. If you really like her, what's the problem?

LIAM

How am I supposed to close the deal? There's no Bridgett song. It's the least musical name ever.

PATRICK

So write her a new song.

Off Liam considering this idea - for the first time ever...

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S CHECKLIST

"Seamus & Layla" is added to her list...

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Layla holds a gaggle of leashes that lead down to a pack of various sized DOGS, all sniffing up a storm. She smiles at--

Her walking partner, Seamus, who holds a handle that leads down to a WAGON. The LOBSTER sits inside, antennae wiggling.

A bulldog sticks his snout in the wagon, trying to sniff Capt. Stubing. Layla yanks him out. And on they go, past another giant SMILING JOE MONTANA BILLBOARD.

INT. CULLEN HOUSE - LIAM'S ROOM - DAY

Liam sits on the bed, noodling on his guitar--

LIAM

*I knew you were it, Bridgett / Your
eyes, they made my heart fidget /
Yeah, fidget, fidget for your love--*

Liam stops. Knowing exactly how bad it sucks.

CUT BACK TO CALLIE'S CHECKLIST

"Kevin & Ramy" is added to her list...

INT. RAMY'S ART STUDIO - DAY

Ramy works on a large block of CLAY with the utmost concentration. It's a developing statue about two feet tall. She looks up and starts CRACKING up--

Her subject, Kevin, strips off his pants leaving him in just his boxers and socks. He tries to contort himself into "The Thinker" pose, struggling to keep a straight face.

INT. LIAM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Liam strums his guitar with confidence. There's no singing yet, but the instrumental part of the new song sounds great.

INT. CALLIE & PATRICK'S NEW HOUSE - GLENN PARK - DAY

A civilization of MOVING BOXES populates the living room. Callie and Patrick each lug in another box from outside.

Unbeknownst to them, a few feet away...

A MOUSE scurries past behind some boxes... END MONTAGE.

INT. CALLIE & PATRICK'S NEW HOUSE - DUSK

Callie puts in her earrings - the final touch to her outfit.

PATRICK (O.S.)
That sink's still got no cold
water, by the way. It's like
washing your hands in a deep fryer.

He enters wearing a GQ SUIT. Callie can't help but stare...

PATRICK (CONT'D)
What?

CALLIE
Nothing. It just never ceases to
amaze me how someone so stylish
could come from your family.

PATRICK
Um, hon, I think you're forgetting
Axl. In the wife beater and the
acid-washed jeans... *That's* style.

Callie smiles. A beat... She checks herself in the mirror.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
You look fabulous.

CALLIE
I've got constructive criticism in
my future regardless.

PATRICK
It's gonna be fine.
(off her look)
Okay, maybe not fine. But there'll
be booze. Lots and lots of booze.

CALLIE
Tell me again why she has to come?

PATRICK
Because it's dad's birthday, and he
invited her.

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - DUSK

Patrick drives with Callie shotgun. In the backseat is--

HELENA

Oh, you weren't joking. This *is*
down by the airport. How charming.

She grimaces as they pull up to the Ramada parking lot valet stand. Next to her Petros stares blankly out his window.

CALLIE

Mom, please don't start...

EXT. RAMADA - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Callie hops out of the car and cuts off her mother--

CALLIE

I mean it. I will have your 70th
birthday party at that Motel 6 down
the street, you hear me? You're
going to walk in here and have the
time of your life tonight. Got it?

HELENA

What? I'm just saying. Between the
cab and the accommodations. It's a
real...working class experience.

They walk around the car to find Patrick talking to the VALET
- it's the gay guy who manned the Twister game at the party.

VALET (XAVIER)

God! It is *such* a small world!

PATRICK

Getting smaller all the time.
Hey, Cal, you remember Xavier from
my birthday...?

CALLIE

Oh, sure, hi. Great to see you.

XAVIER

What are you guys doing in *South*
City on a Saturday night?

HELENA

(before Callie can answer)
Having the time of our lives, dear.

INT. RAMADA - BALLROOM - NIGHT

A large banner hangs across the back wall: "**Happy 70th Roy!**"

Below it: Roy, the brothers and a few other relatives are gathered on a small stage drunkenly SINGING--

ROY & CO.
*Oh, Danny Boy! / The pipes, the
 pipes are playing...*
 (forgetting the words)
*Da na na na / Da na, na na, na na
 na-ah...*

This draws big LAUGHS from the CROWD. And the gang's all here: Layla, Bridgett, Ramy...

Even Xavier the Valet has snuck in on his break to enjoy the music. Everyone's loving it. Everyone except--

HELENA
 (a few martinis in)
 Why do the Irish always sing this
 song? Everyone knows it's about
 someone *dying*--

CALLIE
 Keep it up, mom, and they'll be
 singing about you...

ON STAGE: The song ends and everyone heads back to their seats. Except Liam, who grabs a GUITAR and moves to the MIC--

LIAM
 How about another big hand for the
 birthday boy? Mister Roy Cullen!
 (APPLAUSE, and then)
 I wanted to play one more song, if
 I could. A new song actually. It's
 dedicated to a very special lady...

Liam smiles at BRIDGETT in the crowd. Then, he kicks in on the guitar with the GUITAR RIFF we heard earlier--

LIAM (CONT'D)
*When I sing, I rule the stage / Sex
 appeal, rock and rage / I cover
 Loeb, and girl's inhibitions fall /
 But lately it's occurred to me / I
 love the center for the Phoenix
 Mercury / Man, I can't believe I'm
 watching women's pro basketball.*
 (Bridgett beams; then,
 hitting the chorus)
*Oh, I say Bridgett, "what is it?" /
 Is it cuz your six-foot-two and I'm
 damn near a midget?*
 (MORE)

LIAM (CONT'D)
 / *Well, however wide the gap I know
 we can bridge-it, Bridgett / How's
 'bout me and you play some one-on-
 one tonight?*

Callie smiles and turns to find... The chair next to her empty. She cranes her neck, searching the room. No Patrick.

CALLIE
 Have you seen Patty?

SEAMUS
 Think he said he forgot his camera
 in the car.

Callie grabs her WINE GLASS and sneaks off to find him...

EXT. RAMADA - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sipping her wine, Callie searches the rows of cars for Patrick's cab. Finally, she spots it. As she approaches...

LAUGHING and WHISPERING can be heard. It's coming from the--

BACKSEAT: **Patrick is fooling around with...Xavier the Valet!**

Callie drops her wine glass, and it shatters on the ground. Patrick turns to see her. Crestfallen. He fumbles to get out of the car, as she takes off--

PATRICK
 Cal! Callie, wait!

Trying to run in her heels, Callie takes a bad step...and TAKES A SPILL to the GROUND! This allows Patrick to catch up just as she starts to cry--

CALLIE
 I knew you were too perfect...
 Jesus Christ! How could I be so
 stupid? I mean, what cab driver on
 Earth wears designer jeans?

PATRICK
 Cal, I didn't know. I- I--

CALLIE
 You didn't *know*? What do you mean
 you didn't know?

PATRICK
 I wasn't sure. I was confused. I
 wanted to talk to you about it, but-

CALLIE

But what? You thought you'd wait
for our wedding?

PATRICK

Look, this- This doesn't have
anything to do with you--

CALLIE

I think it has a hell of a lot to
do with me, Patrick! Has this
happened before?

(a beat)

Has this happened--!

PATRICK

Once. One other time. But--

CALLIE

I can't be here. I have to go. I
have to get out of here--

PATRICK

It was six years ago. And I got so
freaked out afterward I thought it
meant- You know, that I wasn't...

(and then)

You know my family, Cal. You know
what they're like. What do you
think would happen if I told them?
I tried to make it easier. For
them. For me. It just seemed easier-

CALLIE

Well, I am so glad this was *easy*
for you--

PATRICK

That's not what I meant. I just- I
didn't know what to do... I'm so
sorry. Please, Callie... You can't
tell them.

Callie avoids eye contact, but finally... Nods her agreement.

INT. RAMADA - BALLROOM - NIGHT

Eyes red, dress torn, Callie makes a beeline over to the
dance floor, where Petros gives a drunken Helena a twirl--

CALLIE

We're leaving. Now.

HELENA

What happened to your dress?

CALLIE

I *want* to go home. Please.

PETROS

No, no. Come, Callie. Join us. We dance. We dance the night away.

HELENA

We're here to have the time of our lives, remember?

They jitterbug away. Callie starts to leave by herself when--

ROY

Callie! Get your pretty face over here! Have a drink with an old man.

Roy drunkenly waves her over to the bar... No way out.

ROY (CONT'D)

What'll you have?

CALLIE

Uh, Maker's and ginger. Actually, you know what? Screw the ginger.

ROY

That's my girl!

The bartender hands Callie her bourbon, and she takes a BELT.

ROY (CONT'D)

I tell you what, kid, you are something special. Never seen that Patty of ours happier. And that's the god's honest truth...

Another stomach punch. All Callie can do is FINISH her DRINK.

INT. RAMADA - BALLROOM - **TWO DRINKS LATER**

Callie's planted in the same spot, downing more BOURBON - at least a sheet and a half to the wind. Her eyes are fixed on--

THE DANCE FLOOR: the brothers DANCE up a storm with their girlfriends. All her work a...

CALLIE

Big fucking success - check!

Kevin spots her watching, excuses himself and walks over.

KEVIN

Hey. Why aren't you dancing?

CALLIE

Your brother and I... We decided to sit this one out.

Kevin nods, not really sure what to make of that. Then...

KEVIN

Listen, I'm a little buzzed right now, so I'm sure I'm gonna regret telling you this, but... I just wanted to say thank you.

CALLIE

Thank you?

KEVIN

For everything you've done for us. For me. I guess I kinda needed someone to come along and pry my head out of my ass, you know? No one's really been around to do that... Since my mom.

Despite all the pain and all the booze... Callie is touched.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And it made me realize some stuff. Kinda see the light, I guess.
(and then)
Okay, so don't tell anyone this, but, uh... I was thinking of asking Ramy to move in together. Got a whole special dinner thing planned after the Niner game next week.

Callie's face drops, even a rung lower than before...

CALLIE

Kevin, that is so...great.

KEVIN

You think so? I wasn't sure if maybe it was too soon or--

CALLIE

No, it's great. I'm happy for you.

KEVIN

Thanks.

He hugs her. One of those buzzed hugs that goes a beat or two long - a definite moment. The look on Callie's face says she doesn't want it to end. But, of course, it does...

They share a smile before Kevin heads back to the dance floor to find Ramy. Callie downs the rest of her bourbon.

INT. RAMADA - BALLROOM - ON STAGE - **TWO MORE DRINKS LATER**

Roy proudly holds up his new framed #70 49ERS JERSEY for the room to see. "**Cullen**" has been stitched on the back.

MIC in hand, Patrick stands next to him, smiling.

PATRICK

We decided we'd put it behind
glass, so you couldn't spill beer
all over this one.

This draws a BIG LAUGH from the room. And then:

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Here's to the best dad four
brothers could ask for... To Roy!

ALL

To Roy!

CALLIE

(a beat late and too loud)
TO ROY!!!

Patrick turns to see Callie stumbling on stage. You don't need me to tell you that she has another bourbon in her hand.

PATRICK

(shielding the mic)
What are you doing?

CALLIE

I want to say something.

She tries to pry the mic out of his hand--

PATRICK

Callie, stop--

ROY

Come on, let her talk, Patty.

LIAM

Yeah, get off the stage, bro!

Callie rips the MIC out of Patrick's hand, causing a SCREECH of FEEDBACK! People CLAP and Callie does a drunken curtsy.

CALLIE

Thank you, thank you. Now... I probably don't need to tell you all that Roy Cullen is a very smart man. And, you know, he once told me... He said: Love... Love is like the Johnny Carson Show. Well, Roy... Heeeeere's Callie--!

Callie SNORTS at her joke, swaying drunkenly back and forth.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I'd like to start- I'd like to start with a song if I could... And this one... Goes out... To you!
 (she points at Kevin; and then, very off-key)
You say... / I only hear what I want to... / And you say... / I talk so all the time / So...

She stops. Everyone looks as concerned as Patrick now...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

So... Maybe I'm not the best singer. But! I know things. Things about you guys. *Secrets... Shhhhh!*

PATRICK

That's enough, Callie--

CALLIE

Enough? *Enough*. Come on! I'm just getting started... For instance: did you know that Liam only dates girls who have names in rock songs?

In the crowd, Liam plays it off with a smile to Bridgett.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Or Seamus! Seamus'll only go out with a girl if she's even weirder and more fucked up than he is!

PATRICK

Give me the microphone, Callie--

CALLIE

But I haven't even told them *your* secret yet, Patty... And boy does he got a doozy! See, about an hour ago, I found him messing around in the parking lot with the valet... P.S. The valet was a dude!

Kevin takes a few steps toward the stage...

KEVIN

All right, that's enough--

CALLIE

Oh, and Kevin! We can't forget Kevin! Here's a guy who- Who asked his soon-to-be live-in girlfriend - sorry, spoiler alert! He only asked her for her number because of a bet he made with his brothers. And then! He shoves the number in my face to prove what a man he is! Oh!

Helena pushes past Patrick and grabs Callie by the arm--

HELENA

We're going home now.

CALLIE

Fine! We'll go! I'm going! There's nothing left for me here anyway!

The microphone slams to the ground - more horrible FEEDBACK. Helena tries to take Callie's arm to guide her off-stage...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I don't need your help, Mom! I can walk on my own, okay?

On cue, she stumbles, but regains her balance just in time.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

See? I'm perfectly--

--But that's when Callie keels over and PUKES all over her mother's shoes.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

...fine.

Off a SEA OF ANGRY FACES staring in disgust at our girl...

INT. HELENA'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

A towering, half-empty bottle of water sits on the night stand next to a jar of Advil, and a plate filled with toast crumbs. Below it, ON THE FLOOR is a--

PURSE, its contents spilling out onto the rug. A tampon, tube of lipstick, and pack of gum form a trail that lead to a--

GARBAGE CAN that has been strategically placed below the--

HEAD OF CALLIE, hanging precariously off the side of the bed. A jumbled mess of blankets cover the rest of her body.

Her eyes open - bloodshot, weary. And she GROANS.

INT. HELENA'S HOUSE - GUEST BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Callie splashes her face with water from the sink in vain; no Noxema girl refreshment to be found. She looks up and sees a:

CHECKLIST taped to the mirror that reads:

"Before you leave today, please... Make Bed. Put Advil back in the Cabinet. Hang Up Your Wet Towel. Put Plate in the Dishwasher. Collect All Your Belongings... Thanks, Mom."

Yes, thanks Mom, indeed.

INT. HELENA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Callie plops down in a chair at the table across from Petros, who chuckles at whatever *Marmaduke* is up to this morning.

HELENA

So nice of you to join us in the land of the living, dear.

(handing her COFFEE)

And how are we feeling?

CALLIE

Oh, spectacular.

HELENA

Would you like me to fix you some breakfast? Or lunch as it were?

CALLIE

You have any whiskey for this?

HELENA

You know, I'm just delighted to learn there isn't embarrassment enough in the world to dim that winning sense of humor of yours.

(and then, pointed)

Petros, I'll be outside with my roses if you need me...

CALLIE

Mom--

Helena avoids eye contact with Callie as she leaves. The back door SHUTS. A long beat, then...

PETROS

Your mama, she love her roses.

CALLIE

Yeah. She loves anything she can show off to her friends.

PETROS

Eh, flowers is nice. But she talk about you most the time. She say, "Callie best house seller in San Francisco..." "Callie so beautiful, she sparkle like ruby..." "She such a funny girl..."

(off Callie's look)

Okay, I say last one. She not think you very funny.

They LAUGH. Callie looks out the window at her mom. Wishing she didn't have to be told such things by an old Greek man.

INT. CALLIE & PATRICK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Callie tentatively walks through the front door...

A SERIES OF JUMP CUTS: Callie ducks her head into the kitchen... The backyard... Bedroom.... No sign of Patrick.

INT. CALLIE & PATRICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Callie plops down on the bed, exhausted. Something catches her eye ON THE NIGHT STAND--

It's her NOTEBOOK. She opens it up and turns to the page with Patrick's checklist: "**Cultured,**" "**Sensitive,**" "**Sense of Humor,**" "**Great in Bed**" all checked off, one-by-one. Suddenly--

Callie fires the notebook across the room, where it slams into the far wall. Then she curls up in a ball on her bed, and starts to CRY.

EXT. CALLIE & PATRICK'S HOUSE - GLENN PARK - DAY

Callie comes down the front steps doing three things at once. She pulls her jacket on, balances her purse on her opposite shoulder, all while talking ON THE PHONE--

CALLIE

...No, I can't say I have much mistress experience, Mr. Zimmet... Well, the ocean can't be soothing for everyone, sir... Yes, I'll be right there. I just have to hail a--

Callie starts to raise her hand, when her face drops. A Cullen Crew Cab rolls up. And Patrick's behind the wheel.

PATRICK

Thought you might need a ride to the ninth circle of hell.

CALLIE

Pretty sure I'm already there... Don't you have a football tailgate to be at?

PATRICK

I was hoping maybe we could go somewhere and talk.

EXT. PIER 39 - DAY

An eager throng of tourists peer down at the water, where an eager throng of SEA LIONS BARK for fish. Patrick & Callie walk the pier, past the bait shop where--

CALLIE

The infamous site of our first, fake meeting. Cute.

PATRICK

An internet chat room seemed a little impersonal.

CALLIE

Is that why you brought me here? To remind me that we were living a lie from the start?

PATRICK

No. Look, Cal, what I did... It was awful. And I'll understand if you never forgive me. But this... This wasn't a lie. It can't be. Because if it was, that means the last year wasn't the best of my life. It'd mean that you're not my best friend... And it was. And you are.

(and then)

You're my soulmate, Callie. I truly believe that. It's- It's just- I...

CALLIE

You love dudes.

She finally cracks a smile and Patrick can't help but LAUGH--

PATRICK

I love dudes.

The two of them stare out at the Bay for a long beat... Then:

CALLIE

I'm sorry about my little shit show the other night.

PATRICK

Yeah, well... I'd had 30 years to figure things out and come out of the closet and still hadn't... Plus, I could maybe understand why you'd be a little mad at me: I did almost run you over with my car that one time.

CALLIE

So, did you talk to them?

PATRICK

A little. I'm sure we'll talk about it more. Preferably when my dad's a little more sober... Oh, he *knew*, by the way.

CALLIE

What?

PATRICK

Yeah, apparently my mom was convinced by the time I started 7th grade. That damn woman knew before I did...

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Actually, she was so sure and so worried that I'd never admit it that when she got sick--

CALLIE

Oh my god...

PATRICK

All these years I've been dating girls, and it's always been there as my out. No one would suspect a thing. "He's just some guy with a crazy mom who has a bunch of crazy rules"... Shit, my mom was no fool. She knew my brothers wouldn't be on the fast track to anything.

CALLIE

She was buying you time... Wow, that is incredibly sweet in like the most twisted way possible.

PATRICK

That's my mom.
(and then)
But then you came along and...

CALLIE

Ruined everything.

PATRICK

Pretty much.

They smile. The sting softening a bit...

PATRICK (CONT'D)

It's not the only reason it wouldn't have worked, you know?

CALLIE

I don't think you need more than--

PATRICK

I've seen the way you act around each other... Everyone has.

CALLIE

What? What are you talking about?
(off his look)
I don't act any different around--

PATRICK

People who fight as much as you guys do are either related.

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Or they wanna bone.

(doing his best Liam)

That's just a scientific fact, man.

Callie avoids eye contact for a long beat... Finally:

CALLIE

Okay... I *might* have some feelings for him. Maybe.

PATRICK

So, do something about it.

CALLIE

You know, Patty, I just got out of this long-term thing, and it didn't end too well--

PATRICK

He's asking that girl to move in with him after the game tonight, Cal. After that...

CALLIE

Look, he's happy. And I'm guessing he doesn't want to talk to me again after last night. I doubt Seamus and Liam do either.

PATRICK

I'm talking to you.

CALLIE

It's too late. Believe me. There's nothing I could...

She trails off, as her eyes fixate on something in the distance. Patrick turns to see it, too. There, along the Embarcadero is a familiar billboard with--

JOE MONTANA'S SMILING FACE. And the ad's words ring truer than ever: "***It's never too late...to get back in the game.***"

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Patrick's cab FLIES down the street, weaving through traffic.

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

But Patrick isn't driving; he's holding on for dear life--

PATRICK

Maybe you should let me talk to her
so you can concentrate on the road--

In the driver's seat: Callie, phone in one hand, waves him
off with the other, leaving no hands on the steering wheel.

CALLIE

(on the phone)
...could you just ask Layla the
name of the church, please...?
Thanks, mama.

PATRICK

So, what exactly is it that you're
going to say to him?

CALLIE

I haven't really figured that part
out yet.

PATRICK

You don't have a plan?

CALLIE

(shrugging)
I'm just gonna wing it.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

She LAYS ON THE HORN and SWERVES around a car, gunning it
through the intersection, barely beating a YELLOW LIGHT.

And as **The Jackson 5's "I Want You Back"** hits full volume on
the radio, the cab goes flying up the 280-SOUTH on-ramp...

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DAY

Callie and Patrick sit parked outside a church, scanning the
parishioners as they head inside for Sunday mass.

CALLIE

Shit.

PATRICK

Be patient. He'll be here.

CALLIE

Maybe he isn't coming this week.

PATRICK
 Callie, I learned three things when
 I was a kid: never drink anything
 Kevin hands you, never ask my dad
 about Vietnam, and never, ever,
 doubt Joe Montana. He'll be here.

Almost on cue: JOE MONTANA, 53, god-like, and his WIFE
 JENNIFER, a timeless beauty, hurry toward church. Late--

EXT. ST. PIUS CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

CALLIE
 Mr. Montana! Mr. Montana, wait!

Joe turns to see Callie running toward him; he likes what he
 sees. Joe's wife...not so much:

JENNIFER
 Don't you people have any decency?
 We're walking into a house of
 worship. No autographs!

CALLIE
 I don't want an autograph--

JENNIFER
 Well, you look a little old to be a
 groupie--

PATRICK
 She's not a groupie. She's with me.

He pulls Callie toward him. Jennifer looks him up and down...

JENNIFER
 Yeah, and I'm with Richard Simmons,
 honey. Just leave us alone. Please.
 Let's go, Joe...

Joe gives Callie a 'sorry' shrug and follows his wife inside.

PATRICK
 Richard Simmons? Seriously?

INT. ST. PIUS CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

The Montanas sit in the back, the mass already underway.
 Callie slips into the same pew and slides over to them--

JENNIFER

(whispering)

Listen, sweetie, I have mace in my purse, and I will use it.

CALLIE

Please, it's important. It's about- It's about the guy I-- Well, I think I may love him, and he's gonna end up with the wrong girl unless--

Parishioners turn and glare. Some SHUSHES.

JENNIFER

You're embarrassing us.

CALLIE

(loudly)

Please! This is my only shot!

Her words ECHO through the church, and everyone in the place turns around. All eyes on Callie...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna lose him. And your husband- You're like a god to him, Joe. Oh, sorry, no disrespect... Anyway, he's got this book signed by the whole team except for you, and I think he'd talk to me if--

JENNIFER

So you *do* want an autograph. That's what this is all about?

CALLIE

No, it's just... Look, love is... Love is kinda like a two-minute drill. Things may look grim. But the game isn't over until the clock reads all zeroes. And I've got 3:10 left to play here, and I'm down by three with 92 yards to go. And you're the only guy on the planet who can get me where I need to go.

JENNIFER

What are you talking about--?

PATRICK

(trying to help)

Bam!

(MORE)

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Pass to Craig in the flat out to the 16. Then a dump to Franks over the middle...

CALLIE

Rice down the sideline out of bounds at midfield... Then Craig--

RANDOM PARISHIONER #1

--Out of the backfield, gets into Bengal territory...

Callie watches in astonishment as the entire church joins in.

RANDOM PARISHIONER #2

Second and forever: you find Rice streaking across the middle--

PARISHIONER'S YOUNG SON

Jerry "F'ing" Rice, man. Guy avoids three Bengal defenders and sneaks inside the 20...

PATRICK

52 seconds left. You hit Craig again. Down to the ten...

CALLIE

Then it happened. 39 seconds left. Bill Walsh calls the last play of his career. It was... It was...

MAN (O.S.)

Twenty halfback curl, X-up.

Everyone turns to see the PRIEST on stage, helping out.

PRIEST

Continue, my child...

CALLIE

The last ten yards are always the hardest. But you're John Wayne. And John Wayne never loses. You're making that throw.

PATRICK

He's making that throw.

CALLIE

Everyone in the place has their eyes glued to Rice, but not you. Because you know John Taylor's got a step on his man. And... Boom!

(MORE)

CALLIE (CONT'D)

In stride. Right in his hands. Back
of the end zone. Touchdown, 49ers!

She raises her arms skyward just like Montana (and just like Kevin). The CHURCH erupts in APPLAUSE at the mere memory...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

I need that kind of miracle, sir.
Please, help me, Mr. Montana,
you're my only hope...

A long beat... What seems like forever... Finally, He speaks:

JOE MONTANA

(big smile)

That was a pretty sweet drive.

CALLIE

You could be like the MVP of my
life here. Just like you were of
that game--

JOE MONTANA

Actually, I didn't win MVP--

MAN (O.S.)

But I did!

That's right. JERRY "FUCKING" RICE leans in between them.

PATRICK

Holy shit! Jerry fucking Rice!
Uh...sorry, father.

CALLIE

Please, Joe...

JENNIFER

He's not going anywhere. I'm sorry.
It's a great story. But we have
brunch at my mother's after this.

Callie's face drops. So does Joe's, actually. But then:

JOE MONTANA

(pointing across the room)

Hey, isn't that John Candy?

ON JENNIFER as she turns to look for the dead comedic acting legend. A beat until she realizes she's been duped...

By the time she spins back around... They're already gone.

EXT. ST. PIUS CHURCH - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

An excited Callie, Patrick, Joe and Jerry make their getaway.

PATRICK

Man, that was so awesome!

JOE MONTANA

(proud of himself)

I use that one all the time.

Smiles all around. But that's when Callie checks her watch--

CALLIE

Shit! There's no way we're gonna make it.

JERRY RICE

What you talkin' bout, lady?
Candlestick's like 20 minutes away.

CALLIE

We've got to make a couple of stops first.

JOE MONTANA

We'll make it. I'll drive.

CALLIE

Maybe I should--

PATRICK

(taking the keys from her)

He's *driving* that car.

INT. PATRICK'S CAB - DRIVING - **A COUPLE OF STOPS LATER**

The car's packed to the gills. BRIDGETT rides bitch in the back seat, the top of her head scraping the roof. Jerry and Layla stare up at her in awe. In the front--

Callie and Patrick are a puddle of nerves. At the wheel, Joe stays cool (of course), HUMMING Lisa Loeb softly to himself.

CALLIE

Wait! That was the road we wanted.

JOE MONTANA

Roads? Where we're going, we don't need *roads*.

Joe winks at a confused Callie and Patrick and shifts gears.

CALLIE
Did he just quote "Back to the
Future?"

JERRY RICE
My boy loves him some 80's movies.

EXT. HUNTERS POINT - NEAR CANDLESTICK - CONTINUOUS

The Cullen cab WEAVES deftly through traffic. Joe drives like Jeff Gordon, James Bond and Jason Bourne all rolled into one.

EXT. CANDLESTICK PARK - PARKING LOT - DAY

The cab skids to a perfect stop behind Roy's mini-van. Callie and Patrick jump out...but the Cullen boys are gone. A LOUD ROAR comes from inside the stadium.

CALLIE
Shit, they already went in.

The hope drains from Callie's face... It's over. But then:

JOE MONTANA
Come on, let's go!

PATRICK
The game's sold out.

JERRY RICE
We takin' this party to the house,
okay? You comin' or what?

EXT. CANDLESTICK - FRONT ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Joe, Callie and the gang approach the ticket taker.

CALLIE
Maybe I should talk to him. Explain
the situation--
(off Joe's look)
Right. You got this.

TICKET TAKER
Tickets?

Joe stares the Ticket Taker in the face, and then, with an Obi-Wan-esque wave of his hand--

JOE MONTANA

Our group is of no concern to you.
You're going to let us pass.

TICKET TAKER

Your group is of no concern to me.
I'm going to let you pass.

JERRY RICE

Damn, Joe! You still doin' that
Jedi shit, huh?

As the gang runs inside, Ticket Taker's MANAGER lumbers over--

MANAGER

DeWitt! What the hell are you
doing? Did you just let those
people in without tickets?

TICKET TAKER

Dude, boss, chill. Don't you know
who that was? That was Joe Fuckin'--

INT. CANDLESTICK PARK - UPPER DECK - SECTION 301, ROW 3 - DAY

Kevin, Seamus, and Liam sit in their seats during a timeout -
their typical Niner football buzz muted. Kevin, wearing his
#16 Montana jersey, looks particularly distracted.

SEAMUS

Hey guys... Do you think maybe
Patty will want us to watch Project
Runway with him now or--?

LIAM

Don't be a fucktard!

SEAMUS

What? I'm trying to be supportive.

KEVIN

(annoyed)
Go get us some beers.

SEAMUS

But Dad just left to get some.

KEVIN

Well, go help him then!

LIAM

You go!

Kevin gives them a look - he means it.

INT. CANDLESTICK PARK - UPPER CONCOURSE - MOMENTS LATER

A grumbling Seamus and Liam spot the gang running the other direction down the concourse. Callie stops, seeing them--

LIAM

What the fuck are you doing here?

CALLIE

I know you guys are mad, but--

LIAM

We're not interested in anything you have to say, all right?

PATRICK

Let her talk, Axl. After everything she's done for you guys...

SEAMUS

What about what she's undone?

CALLIE

I feel awful about the other night. And I know two other people who feel the same way...

Callie waves Bridgett and Layla over. The brothers melt as the girls run up: they hug, kiss, and AD-LIB their reunion.

Suddenly, Liam freezes. He spots Montana approaching, the crowd parting like the Red Sea in front of him. Joe waves.

LIAM

Is that- Is that--?

That's when Seamus sees Joe. And faints into Layla's arms.

INT. CANDLESTICK PARK - UPPER DECK - SECTION 301, ROW 3 - DAY

In his seat, Kevin pages through his "Drive" book. Then--

JOE MONTANA (O.S.)

Black 59 Razor... Black 59 Razor...
Set... Hut-hut!

What the hell? Kevin looks up just as a FOOTBALL FLIES IN - heading right for his face. Kevin flinches, but--

Jerry Rice snags it out of the air inches from his face and hands it to him. Kevin stares in shock...

JERRY RICE

Read it, man.

Kevin looks at the ball. Scrawled on it are the words: "**I'm Sorry**". Confused, Kevin looks up, as his boyhood idols sit down on either side of him.

KEVIN

You're...sorry?

JOE MONTANA

Not us. Her.

Joe points to Callie, waiting at the bottom of the section.

JERRY RICE

Got us to come all the way out here just so you'd talk to her, man.

KEVIN

I have nothing to say to her.

JOE MONTANA

See, now, I was hoping you wouldn't say that, Kev. Cuz I really wanted to see that book of yours. Ya know, I heard everyone on the team signed it. You signed it, right, J.R.?

Jerry Rice takes the book, finds his autographed page.

JERRY RICE

You know it. I'm in there like swimwear, baby. Oh, but hold up... I don't see you in here, Joe.

JOE MONTANA

(mock surprise)

What? Oh, man! Well, we can't have that... Can we, Kev?

(and then)

Let me tell you something a wise person once told me, kid. Love is like a two-minute drill. Game ain't over 'til the clock hits zero.

KEVIN

Who said that? Bill Walsh?

JOE MONTANA

Just talk to her.

(taking the book)

We'll watch your book for you.

The two legends depart, as Callie sheepishly walks up. She sits down next to Kevin. A long beat... And then:

KEVIN

You just can't get enough of me,
can you, B.C.? A year later and I
still can't chase you off...

CALLIE

Best year of my life... And there's
not even a close second.

KEVIN

So, what? Is this the part where
you read off some list of reasons
why you and I are a perfect match?

CALLIE

Nope. No list. See, that's the
thing about you... You're loud.
You're obnoxious. You think you're
way smarter than you actually are--

KEVIN

Seriously--

CALLIE

You're always interrupting me--

KEVIN

I only interrupt you--

CALLIE

You're argumentative. And god, you
desperately need a new wardrobe--

KEVIN

Thanks for the tip--

CALLIE

In fact, you know what? I am
racking my brain right now and I
can't think of a single thing on my
list that you bring to the table.

KEVIN

Then you mind telling me why the
hell you're here?

CALLIE

Because I don't care what's on the list anymore. The list was wrong. I want you.

She looks into his eyes and lets this sink in...

CALLIE (CONT'D)

Look, I know you and Ramy--

KEVIN

Yeah, funny thing about that. After the party, we got in this huge fight. Somehow she got it in her head that I was in love with you or something. I don't know what would ever give her that idea...

CALLIE

I never said--

KEVIN

Would you just shut up for like two seconds? God...

...he finally cracks a SMILE...

KEVIN (CONT'D)

"You talk so all the time..."

CALLIE

(bigger smile)

"So..."

He KISSES her. It's a sweeter hookup than Montana-to-Rice. A row over: Joe hands Jerry the book, fresh with his autograph.

JERRY RICE

(reading)

"The love of a good woman is worth far more than six points." Damn, Joe! You one romantic motherfucker!

And that's when they see - THE KISS up on THE JUMBOTRON.

The CROWD'S CHEERS are led by the Cullen boys and their ladies who stand at the entrance to the tunnel.

JOE MONTANA

My work here is done.

Roy does a double take, as Joe Montana hands Patrick the book with a smile before heading down the ramp with Jerry...

Wilco's "I Got You (At the End of the Century)" kicks in as the KISS continues on the JUMBOTRON and we FADE TO...

A WOMAN'S PERFECTLY-MANICURED HAND

Holding a man's hand. The woman's ENGAGEMENT RING sparkles. Pull out to reveal the hands belong to Kevin and Callie in--

INT. KEVIN'S CAB - DRIVING - DAY

Kevin unlocks their hands to grab his cab radio--

KEVIN

Jesus Christ, Seamus, we're not in a god damn "Full House" episode. Nobody's getting married on a fucking cable car.

As the argument continues over the radio, we INTERCUT BETWEEN THE BROTHERS' CABS:

SEAMUS

Come on, guys. Think about it: it's uniquely San Franciscan.

LIAM

It's uniquely fucking retarded.

SEAMUS

Well, what about the church where mom and dad got married?

PATRICK

Uh, unless they had Vatican III last night, I'm pretty sure they still hate the gays.

SEAMUS

Shit. I forgot. Sorry, Patty.

LIAM

Why would anyone hate the gays? That's 10-percent less dudes I gotta compete with for ass. That's just a scientific--

SLAP! Liam gets whacked across the shoulder by--

BRIDGETT from the passenger seat. In fact, all the Cullen brothers are driving around with their girlfriends. Or boyfriend in Patrick's case - yes, it's Xavier the valet.

LIAM (CONT'D)
Jesus! What was that for?

BRIDGETT
Are you serious?

Callie GRABS THE RADIO from Kevin--

CALLIE
Little tip for ya, Axl. Never talk
about getting ass with a woman
sitting right next to you--

XAVIER
Especially after you just asked her
to marry you.

LAYLA
I've got the entire series of "Sex
and the City" on DVD if you want to
borrow it for some more tips.

Seamus' cab pulls up to a red light. His eyes light up,
seeing a BILLBOARD advertising--

SEAMUS
Guys! Guys! I got it! Las. Vegas.

In each car, the couples exchange a look...then a SMILE.

CALLIE
Last one there has to break the
news to our parents. And... Go!

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - CONTINUOUS

All four cabs PEEL OUT! And the cars speed off toward Sin
City and the NEXT CHAPTER of Cullen craziness...

THE END