

World's Greatest Brad

by
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Gary Sanchez

OPEN ON: BLACK SCREEN

The quote comes up: "Fatherhood is precious, not only in the shade, but in the sunshine of life, and thanks to a benevolent arrangement the greater part of life is sunshine."

Then the author card: "My Two Dads" NBC sitcom, 1988

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A disheveled MAN stands on the ledge of a building looking like a JUMPER. His tie's undone, suit ruffled. He looks like a man who's had a month of really, really bad days. He takes a SWIG of BOOZE. Meet BRAD WHITAKER, 40. He starts typing an e-mail on his blackberry.

BRAD (V.O.)

Dear Sara. When we first met it was love at first sight...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

We see BRAD buttoned up in his suit, looking much better than he did on the ledge. He's talking with SARA, a beautiful woman in her 30's.

BRAD (V.O.)

... sort of...

She's giving him the third degree.

SARA

Married?

BRAD

No.

SARA

Job?

BRAD

I'm an environmental architect. I design homes out of environmentally sound materials.

SARA

Gay?

BRAD

Uh, no.

SARA
Been arrested?

BRAD
No.

SARA
Ever "accidentally" laced your
girlfriends food with mushrooms?

BRAD
No. Of course not.

SARA
Ever spent time in rehab for
kleptomania, pyromania or
megalomania?

BRAD
What?!

SARA
Ever been involved in a chocolate
three way with the counter girls
from Dairy Queen?

Beat.

BRAD
You know, if this is a bad time for
you...

SARA
Do you want my number or not?

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

BRAD (V.O.)
Lucky for me I was nothing like
your ex-husband so we were good to
go.

Brad and Sara are the picture of a happy couple having
dinner. She's just finished laughing at one of his jokes.

SARA
Are you real?

BRAD
(points to body parts)
Well, this is a toupee, nose job
and I may have gotten pec implants.
(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)
(off her look)
Kidding. Kidding.

She laughs.

SARA
But seriously, are you really this nice?

BRAD
I think so, unless that's a turnoff in which case I am perfectly willing to bitch slap you.

She laughs more.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad and Sara in bed. He's studying a diagram from the Kama Sutra.

BRAD (V.O.)
Thankfully that wasn't necessary and soon our love was in full bloom...

Brad and Sara in a contorted position. He tries to move her limbs in to position.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Hmm. I think this goes here.

He then tucks her leg underneath him.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Pretty sure this goes under here.

He moves her other leg.

BRAD (CONT'D)
(proud)
OK. I think we got it.

And then suddenly her leg SPRINGS back up and SMACKS him in the face. Instant BLOODY NOSE.

INT. TOWNHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brad stands alone in the living room.

BRAD (V.O.)
But things really got good when you
finally took me home and introduced
me to your big surprise...

Sara walks out with her 12 year old son, DYLAN. Brad smiles.

BRAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(finishing "surprises")
...ssses.

And then her 8 year old daughter, MEGAN comes out and stands
next to Dylan.

BRAD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Sure, things were a little awkward
at first...

DYLAN AND MEGAN just STARE at BRAD.

EXT. PARK - DAY

At a picnic, DYLAN AND MEGAN still standing opposite BRAD
just STARING at him. No one moving a muscle.

BRAD
OK, maybe more than a little
awkward...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - DAY

In their same positions, every one still just STARING.

BRAD (V.O.)
Fine. They were really, really,
really, really, really awkward...

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Brad helps Megan and Dylan put the finishing touches on a
volcano that they've just built.

BRAD (V.O.)
But we got over it pretty
quickly...

Brad using a POINTER like a SCIENCE TEACHER.

BRAD (CONT'D)
... and that is how a volcano is
formed.

They give him somewhat blank stares.

DYLAN
Can we pour the stuff in now?

BRAD
Sure.

Megan and Dylan pour their bottles of fluid in to the volcano. It starts to ERUPT.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Uh guys, how much did you use?

MEGAN
All of it.

BRAD
ALL OF IT?!!

It starts to REALLY ERUPT now. Brad goes to grab a towel but it's too late. BOOM!

The volcano explodes SPLATTERING the kids and Brad with red gooey lava. The kids start cracking up. They love it. Brad joins in too - the three of them laugh together, start throwing goo at each other.

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

Brad and Sara cut the wedding cake with the kids.

BRAD (V.O.)
It wasn't long before we made it
official...

FREEZE FRAME on the family WEDDING photo, everyone having a good time, laughing as Sara and the kids playfully smush cake in Brad's face.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Brad is wearing a dorky birthday hat opening presents with the family.

BRAD (V.O.)
Which made me...

BRAD holds up a T-SHIRT from the kids, it reads WORLD'S GREATEST STEP-DAD.

DYLAN
The world's greatest step-dad!!

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Brad dropping Megan off at school. He's wearing his GREATEST STEP-DAD T-SHIRT over a button down shirt. He's covered up the "STEP" in step-dad with DUCT TAPE.

BRAD (V.O.)
A role I guess I got a little
carried away with...

Brad doing a VICTORY DANCE, celebrating. He's so proud he starts pointing to other parents and kids nearby.

BRAD (CONT'D)
That's right! You know it! Who's
your daddy?! Who's your daddy?!

MEGAN
Brad, it's just a dance.

BRAD
Just a dance? Just a dance?!
(gets emotional)
It's the daddy daughter dance. This
means you're starting to think of
me as... as...

MEGAN
Are you crying?

INT. BRAD'S OFFICE - DAY

Pan across a wall covered in rudimentary children's DRAWINGS.

BRAD (V.O.)
Everything was falling in to place.
Even things at work were picking
up.

CAMERA LANDS on BRAD talking with a co-worker LEO. They're using a MAGNIFYING GLASS to examine a children's DRAWING. Brad is pointing to the "TO BRAD" part.

BRAD (CONT'D)
See? There's no "r" there.

LEO
 (disinterested)
 Oh yeah. You're right. It's says
 "Bad."

BRAD
 No, it doesn't say "bad," it says
 "DAD."

Leo hands back the drawing.

LEO
 (not believing)
 Right, can I go back to my Sudoku
 now?

BRAD
 Don't you get it? They're reaching
 out to me subliminally. They're
 ready to call me Dad.

The door swings open. Meet Brad's boss, RONALD ANDERSON, a
 middle-aged man with an obsession with DONALD TRUMP.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 Mr. Anderson.

BOSS
 Brad, you've been here three years,
 you can call me Donald.

BRAD
 OK Donald.. but your name is
 Ronald.

BOSS
 Enough chitchat. Here's the deal,
 Marissa's been fired as project
 manager.

BRAD
 What? Why?

BOSS
 Cause she's a loser. I don't
 tolerate losers.
 (then)
 OK here's how it's gonna go down.
 One of you is gonna raise your
 hand. Then I'm gonna pick someone.
 That someone is going to be...
 (dramatic pause)
 The apprentice!

LEO
 With all due respect sir, don't you
 think you're taking this Trump
 thing a little too far? I mean, yes
 it was a good seminar but--

Boss cuts him off by pointing to Brad.

BOSS
 (to Brad)
 You!

Brad beams.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Brad, Sara and the kids stand on the lawn of a beautiful new home.

BRAD (V.O.)
 That promotion allowed us to find
 the perfect home...

Brad turns to Sara.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 ...for the perfect family.

SARA
 But can we afford it?

BRAD
 I don't think we can afford not to
 afford the togetherness this home
 will afford us.

Off her confused look, Brad turns proudly to the realtor.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 Wrap it up, the Whitakers are home!

The kids jump up and down, hug Brad. He's their hero.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The movers moving a large antique credenza.

BRAD (V.O.)
 Sure life wasn't without its bumps
 in the road...

Brad directs the two movers...

BRAD (CONT'D)
 Easy-easy-easy. Watch the edges.
 Easy-easy-easy-easy-easy-
 eeeeezzzzz, it's an antique. Easy-
 easy-easy-easy-easy...

It's clearly annoying the movers but he continues.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 Easy-easy-easy-easy, it survived
 the war. Easy-easy-easy. Turn and
 pivot. Very nice. Now easy-easy-
 easy. Don't forget to bend at the
 knees...

Brad notices a neighbor, LAMBERT, walking by.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 Hi there. We're your new---

The second Brad turns his back to leave the movers drop the credenza. A huge crash.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 (deflates)
 ...neighbors.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

BRAD (V.O.)
 But we were happy...

Brad and Sara drive in his Prius. He's got Kenny Loggins "Danger Zone" blasting and he's singing to her.

BRAD (CONT'D)
 (singing)
*Gonna getcha right in to my danger
 zone....*

She smiles - he's dorky but cute.

EXT. BACKYARD - EVENING

Dylan and Megan are climbing a big beautiful OAK TREE in the backyard.

BRAD (V.O.)
 The kids were happy...

Brad talks to them from down below.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Great news Dylan. I've got something totally awesome planned for you birthday.

DYLAN

We're gonna build a treehouse?!

BRAD

I don't think mother nature would appreciate us driving rusty nails in to her 200 year old baby. Besides this is way better.

DYLAN

A Peyton Manning autographed jersey?

BRAD

Who?

MEGAN

A monkey?

BRAD

(frustrated)

What? No. We're gonna take a family trip to America's favorite fun spot - OLD WILLIAMSBURG!

Beat.

DYLAN

Really? That's what we're gonna do for my birthday?

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BRAD (V.O.)

Everything was perfect.

The house looks beautiful all lit up at night. Just like in the Waltons we hear:

SARA (O.S.)

Good night, Megan.

MEGAN (O.S.)

Night, Mom.

One by one the lights go out...

BRAD (O.S.)
Good night, Dylan.

DYLAN (O.S.)
Night, Brad.

The last light goes out.

BRAD (V.O.)
Well, almost perfect...

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Brad eats his breakfast and reads the paper while Sara sits opposite him, looking at him lovingly.

SARA
I love you, Brad.

BRAD
(without looking up)
I love you too.

SARA
No, I mean I love you.

Brad gets the hint, looks up.

BRAD
You lost your credit card again.

SARA
I really love you.

BRAD
Crashed the car?

SARA
Looove you.

BRAD
Oh my God, you're leaving me?!

SARA
What?! No! Of course not.

BRAD
Then what? What is it?

SARA

It's Dusty. He's wants to come visit the kids.

BRAD

That's a great idea.

SARA

For a week.

BRAD

Even better.

SARA

Brad, are you hearing me? I said, Dusty. My ex-husband? The children's father? The reason reality TV has replaced quality programming?

BRAD

Yes. I know. But I also know that studies show children who have a healthy relationship with their biological father have a thirty percent better chance of living healthy productive lives.

SARA

Wow, you are officially the first person to use the words, healthy, productive and Dusty in the same sentence.

BRAD

Look, I know I've never met the man but I'm sure he's not that bad. Maybe he's matured, grown. For all we know he's blossomed in to a man of quality, reputation and position.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Brad stands with Sara and the kids at the front door.

Off in the distance we hear LOUD MUSIC, Ton Loc's 'Funky Cold Medina' blasting. Then a SCREECH of tires and we see a tricked out hot rod GTO take a corner at 60mph.

The car races toward Brad's house and then the driver does one of those incredible stunts, pulling a 180 that lands him in a perfect parallel park on the street sandwiched between two cars.

Before Brad can react, the kids run to the car.

KIDS
Daddy! Daddy!

Then the driver gets out. Meet DUSTY KAY, the real dad. He climbs out of the car in an insane outfit - a mesh football shirt, football shorts with the laces tied tight around his balls forming a ferocious camel toe.

Dusty scoops up Megan and grabs hold of Dylan.

DUSTY
Guys, I missed you so much. I know it was only a month but to me it felt like a year.

DYLAN
It was a year, Daddy.

DUSTY
Oh. In that case, here's a fifty.

He hands them cash.

MEGAN/DYLAN
Awesome./Sweet.

Dusty approaches Sara.

DUSTY
Damn Sara! You still look good. I just had the sweetest idea. "Milfs Gone Wild" I got the video cam in the trunk.

She gives him a polite peck hello.

SARA
Nice to see you too Dusty.

He doesn't let her out of her slight hug.

DUSTY
My lord, how did I ever let this one go?

SARA

You didn't, Dusty. Other way around, remember?

DUSTY

Sorry babe, I don't. I've got cognitive amnesia. Can't remember a thing before Anna Nicole's untimely passing. Far as I know, you and I are still husband and wife.

Brad and Sara share a look.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

BRAD

(false)
Good one.

DUSTY

You must be the lucky guy that stole her heart. I have heard great things about you. I mean great!

BRAD

Likewise. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Brad extends his hand.

DUSTY

Put that thing away and bring it in for the good stuff.

Dusty wraps Brad up in a bear hug. Brad's arms at his side, trapped. Dusty practically frisks him and gives a critique.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Hmmm, stong lats, pretty decent pecs, little soft in the abs and
(then like he found a
woody)
...oh well this isn't soft now is it?

BRAD

(horrified)
What?

DUSTY

Jokes. I tease. I kid.

BRAD

I see.

DUSTY

You've probably also picked up on the fact that I'm a shooto master.

BRAD

Shooto?

DUSTY

Only the most advanced of all the martial arts. Let me demonstrate.

He puts Brad in an arm-lock.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

You see Brad, I come in peace. I'm not some lunatic blowing back in to town to steal back his family like some crazed astronaut lady.

BRAD

(wincing)

That's good to know.

Dusty lets go then bends back Brad's fingers. He howls.

DUSTY

(ignores)

Point is I'm no bully. I don't pick on guys just 'cause they couldn't get laid in a five dollar whorehouse on pay day with five dollars in their pocket.

He releases and then puts Brad in a choke hold.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

And I totally don't care that you're bisexual.

BRAD

(struggling to breath)

What?! I'm not bisexual.

DUSTY

Seriously? I just assumed, you know, from the penny loafers.

SARA (O.S.)

OK are we ready to start the tour...

Sara and the kids enter. They see Dusty choking Brad.

SARA (CONT'D)
Dusty, what are you doing?!

Dusty releases him quickly.

DUSTY
Nothing. Just showing Brad some
submission holds.
(then claps)
OK, let's get this tour started.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dusty stands with Brad, Sara and the kids taking in the formal living room. Brad's still rubbing his sore neck.

SARA
...so this is the living room...

DUSTY
OK, here's what were gonna do.
First we lose the painting, we
replace it with fifty inches of
delicious, wide-screen, flat panel
HD. My treat if you're cool with
hot merch in the house?

BRAD
One step ahead of you Dusty...

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - MEDIA ROOM

Reveal the beautiful tricked out media room, big screen, captain's chairs etc. Dusty takes it in - heaven.

DUSTY
OK... the blood is officially
running down to my secret garden.

SARA
And we're moving on...

INT. HOUSE - BRAD'S OFFICE

SARA
This is Brad's office...

Just like his work office, his home office is decorated with tons of kids drawings. There are puppets on the shelves. A little kids play area. Kid books everywhere.

DUSTY

So what, you're like a kindergarten teacher?

Off Brad's embarrassed look.

INT. HOUSE - DYLAN'S BEDROOM

Dylan's bedroom is spotless, super neat and tidy.

DUSTY

It's very neat.

(to Brad)

So what, you got one of them Guats coming in here a couple times a week to tidy up?

BRAD

Actually, the children are required to maintain their own rooms.

Dusty LAUGHS then realizes he's telling the truth.

BRAD (CONT'D)

We find it gives them a sense of responsibility and self worth.

DUSTY

Pretty sweet deal for you too huh? I mean, getting my kids to do your housekeeping for ya.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY

The family is about to pass a closed door. Dusty stops.

DUSTY

What's in this room?

BRAD

Oh. That's the master bedroom.

Instantly Dusty swings the door open.

DUSTY

(elbows Brad)

So this is where the magic happens.

(MORE)

DUSTY (CONT'D)

The love shack. The honeymoon suite. The chamber of commerce.

SARA

Chamber of commerce?

BRAD

In answer to your question, Dusty, yes these are our marital quarters.

Dusty notices the bed.

DUSTY

Hey wait a second. Sara, is that our bed?

SARA

No, I don't think so.

DUSTY

You sure? It looks exactly like ours.

SARA

That's a California king, Dusty. We had...

(uncomfortable to Brad)

A water bed.

Dusty crosses. Sits down on the bed and starts bouncing.

DUSTY

I don't know. This feels exactly like our bed.

BRAD

Brand new bed, Dusty. Bought it when we moved in.

DUSTY

Hang on a sec.

Dusty gets into position. Starts humping the bed.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

(calls over shoulder)

We're gonna have to agree to disagree on this one, Brad. This is definitely our bed.

Brad and Sara cover the kids eyes.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Sara gives Brad a reassuring rub on the back as he rolls sushi rolls. The kids open presents with Dusty in the background.

SARA

So? How are you holding up?

BRAD

OK. He's um... interesting.

SARA

Yeah, and you know you were right - he's a hundred times better than he was.

Brad's stunned - 'he is?' She moves on.

DYLAN

Oh sweet! A guitar.

DUSTY

That's no ordinary guitar, bro. That came from the King himself.

BRAD

(impressed)

Elvis?

DUSTY

No. Huey Lewis. Caught a hang with him and the News one night in Reno. Good people.

Dylan gives Dusty a hug.

DYLAN

Thanks Dad. This is like the greatest gift anyone has ever gotten me.

BRAD

Hey, what about the telescope I got you for Christmas? We saw Orion's Belt with that.

DYLAN

Oh yeah... that was cool too.

Sara tries to put a positive spin on things for Brad.

SARA

Isn't that a great gift, honey?
You're always saying how a musical
instrument is an excellent learning
tool.

BRAD

Yeah. It's almost as great as
Megan's gift.

Reveal MEGAN holding up a BRA. She seems slightly confused.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brad and Sara are having drinks with Dusty. Dusty's at the bar pouring a huge tumbler for himself while telling them his story.

DUSTY

...and then it was back to Paraguay
just to tie up some loose ends. I
was briefly involved in politics
there. Well politics and booking
bands.

(all proud)

I'm the guy that reunited the
Marshall Tucker Band.

BRAD

Wow. That's.... you must be very
proud.

DUSTY

It's a gift. But enough about me,
let's talk about you guys and this
place. Way sweet crib, guys.

SARA

Thank you Dusty.

BRAD

Yeah, thanks. And please, make
yourself at home while you're
visiting.

Dusty takes in the place.

DUSTY

Sweet. Now, I noticed you've got an
extra room around back.

SARA

Oh, that's our guest room for...
guests.

BRAD

(quickly)
We use it mostly for storage
though. Storage and guests, I
guess.

DUSTY

Don't you worry. I'm not fishing
for the invite. I'm perfectly happy
with my hotel down the road.

Awkward.

BRAD

So, Dusty, what brings you to town?

DUSTY

(holds up his drink)
The free booze mostly.
(off Brad's look)
I'm kidding. You're gonna find Brad
that I got the gift of the gab and
one helluva funny bone.

BRAD

I can see that.

DUSTY

Business. I'm here on business.

BRAD

Oh? What line of work are you in?

DUSTY

I'm an entrepreneur, Brad.

BRAD

Really. That's great.

DUSTY

It is. Right now I've got a really
thriving ebay business going.
Mostly scalping tickets and moving
irregular jeans. But that was
before I had my dream.

BRAD

Your dream?

DUSTY
More of a vision I guess...

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dusty stand beside a box with a white sheet covering it.

DUSTY
... It was so clear that I
immediately woke up and drew it on
a cocktail napkin.
(real dramatic)
And this is what the Gods showed
me...

Dusty pulls off the sheet revealing his INVENTION. It's a
severed MANNEQUIN ARM crudely fastened to a CHUNK OF WOOD.
Brad stares at it for a long time. No idea.

SARA
What is it?

DUSTY
A million dollar idea.

Brad stares at it.

BRAD
You're here to chop the arms off
mannequins and crudely tape them to
wooden blocks?

DUSTY
No, I've come to meet investors.
(still not getting it)
To invest? In my invention?

Dusty pushes it toward them.

BRAD
Oh, I get it.
(beat)
No I don't.

DUSTY
I'll give you a hint. It's
something every red blooded
American man would have serious use
for.

BRAD

Oh God. Please don't tell me it's some kind of masturbatory device.

SARA

Brad?!

BRAD

What? I'm sorry but after the bra.

DUSTY

Allow me to introduce to you the Hi-Fiver.

With that Dusty smacks the hand and a little recording says "Go Colts!"

DUSTY (CONT'D)

(sales pitch)

How many times have you been watching the big game when somebody makes a sick play and you reach to hi-five and then wham - it hits you - you're alone. You're just standing there like a retard with your hand in the air. What are you gonna do? What can you do? Nothing. You gotta put that hi-five back in its holster and pray for another hi-five day. With my invention, the world will never again see another wasted hi-five. And won't that be a better place for us all? "Cause a hi-five is a terrible thing to waste."

(low to Brad)

That's my copyrighted catch phrase.

BRAD

Actually, it's the United Negro College Fund's catchphrase.

DUSTY

(ignoring)

Now keep in mind this is just a prototype but can't you just picture one of these in every living room in America?

BRAD

Not really. No.

DUSTY

Great. I'll put you down for a grand.

INT. BRAD AND SARA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sara's in the bathroom, Brad's looking out the window. She calls to Brad.

SARA

Honey, how you doing in there?

BRAD

Great. I just lost a thousand dollars, learned my wife used to have a waterbed and almost got grappled to death for being a bisexual.

She comes out.

SARA

You're not a bisexual.

BRAD

Thank you honey. I know that.

SARA

Where is he now?

BRAD

In the pool... naked.

REVEAL DUSTY, laying on a raft, floating with a bottle of Jagermeister listening to an iPod.

SARA

Well, I really don't know why you said he could spend the night.

BRAD

He was drinking Jagermeister with a Captain Morgan chaser. What was I supposed to do, let him drive?

SARA

(gives a peck)

It's only a week, right? And that was very sweet of you.

BRAD

I don't get it. How in the world
were you ever married to this guy?

SARA

It was a long time ago. I was young
and foolish. Didn't you ever do
anything crazy when you were young?

BRAD

No. Not really.

SARA

Which is why when I got older I
fell in love with you and became
the happiest woman in the world.

He's doubting.

BRAD

(quoting Dusty)

Even though we never did it in a
Waffle House "crapper?"

SARA

He was kidding.

BRAD

Or played quarters off your tight
ass?

SARA

I have offered you that a hundred
times.

BRAD

And I told you, I don't know how to
play quarters.

SARA

I could teach you.

He gives in. They start to make-out. The DOORBELL RINGS. They
share a look.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - FRONT HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brad opens the door and sees TWO HOOKERS.

HOOKER
Hi, we're looking for...
(reads from slip of paper)
Buck Hymen?

Brad stands there. Dusty runs up.

DUSTY
They're with me. Business
associates.

Dusty leads them back.

EXT. BACKYARD - NEXT MORNING

The backyard has been soaked from the overflowing pool. Brad walks around soaking in the damage as the pool guys work.

POOL GUY
Found your problem right here Mr.
Whitaker!

He pulls an empty bottle of Jagermeister out of the filter.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dusty has made himself at home, whipping up breakfast wearing tighty whities, no shirt and an apron. Brad enters holding a pool cleaning bill.

BRAD
Dusty, they just pulled a bottle of
Jager out of the pool filter.

DUSTY
You know, you invite a couple of
friends over, you think they're
decent folk and then they do
something bush like this. I am
deeply, deeply sorry, Brad. I am a
guest here and I will take care of
that.

He takes the bill and the KIDS RUN in.

MEGAN/DYLAN
Daddy./Dad!

They blow past Brad and hug Dusty.

BRAD

Hey Dylan. Great news. I got the e-mail this morning about your big birthday trip. We're all set.

DYLAN

(unenthused)

Oh. Cool.

DUSTY

Birthday trip?

DYLAN

Just some like train thing or something.

BRAD

Train thing? C'mon, it's a lot more than just a train thing. It's a fantastic journey to Old Williamsburg on the old Iron Horse line. We're gonna have a chance to live like they did in colonial times. C'mon, don't you want to learn how to churn your own butter? Make parchment out of dried papaya leaves? Powder a wig?

As Brad speaks, Dusty is behind him mimicing him, making fun. Megan and Dylan laugh. Finally Brad catches on.

DUSTY

Bro, I'm sorry but c'mon, the kid's twelve. You really think he wants to be a pilgrim?

BRAD

They're not pilgrims. They're Colonial English.

DUSTY

Whatever. Look at the little dude, he's turning thirteen. Probably sprouting nut hairs already. He wants to have a party, invite his friends over, maybe get his freak on with a couple of girl scouts.

SARA

A party's not such a bad idea. New house, new friends?

BRAD

Sara.

SARA

What, I just think it'd be good for him to finally make some friends.

DUSTY

He doesn't have friends?

BRAD

Of course he does.

DYLAN

Not unless you count Artie down the street. He's eighty-seven and has one leg. Keeps it in a jar. It's kinda cool.

DUSTY

C'mon Brad, let's have a party?

BRAD

Why do you even care. It's two weeks away, you won't even be here.

DUSTY

So? I wasn't there when Janet Jackson's boob fell out but I'm still sure glad it happened.

BRAD

What?

DUSTY

Come on. It'll be my treat.

(pulls out cash)

I've got a thousand dollars burning a hole in my pocket.

BRAD

That's my money!

Brad goes to grab it. Dusty pulls it back.

DUSTY

Indian giver.

(then to kids)

What do you say kids, should we have a party?

DYLAN

Party! Party!

MEGAN
Party! Party!

They shout 'party' and continually slap the Hi-Fiver. It too says "party."

BRAD
(hurt, to Dylan)
But our trip?

DYLAN
Come on Brad, this'll be way cooler
than Old Williamsburg.

This crushes Brad but he relents for the kids.

BRAD
OK, sure. Party.

The chant resumes.

ALL
Party! Party!

Everyone's in on it now, even Brad half-heartedly.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Close on BRAD and about ten colleagues looking slightly bewildered. REVEAL they're STANDING around a massive conference table, there are no chairs.

Their BOSS, Mr. Anderson enters.

BOSS
OK people, quit your gabbing and
let's get down to brass tacks.

GUY
Uh sir, what happened to our
chairs?

BOSS
Got rid of 'em.

GUY
Uh, why?

Boss holds up his Donald Trump book.

BOSS

(reads from book)

Page 127. Remove all chairs to keep meetings brief and your employees "on their toes!" Now where's my project manager?

BRAD

Right here sir.

BOSS

OK, here's how this is gonna go. I'm gonna tell you we have a terrific new client looking to spend millions on an eco-friendly dream house, you're gonna tell me you're the man for the job.

BRAD

I am the man for the job.

BOSS

No, you're not.

Uncomfortable beat.

BOSS (CONT'D)

It's called humor people, the Ronald does it all. Now clear your schedule, Whitaker, you've got two weeks to bring this baby home.

BRAD

Yes sir.

BOSS

(correcting)

Yes, Mr. Trump.

BRAD

Seriously?

Boss flips to a page.

BOSS

Page 256. Make sure all your employees know who's boss. They should always be formal when addressing you. Every one of my employees addresses me as Mr. Trump. Yours should do the same.

BRAD

I think he means to use your own
last name Mr. Anderson.

BOSS

Good catch. I was just testing you.

A secretary walks in at that moment.

SECRETARY

Excuse me but Brad's wife is on the
phone. Says it's important.

Off Brad's look.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Brad takes in the scene. Every kid from the neighborhood is
in his backyard engaged in a massive water balloon fight with
Dusty, Dylan and Megan centered around a massive, freshly
constructed tree house that has completely destroyed Brad's
precious 200 year old oak tree. The tree is mangled and
distorted with sawed off branches littering the yard.

Dusty catches Brad's eye.

DUSTY

Isn't it great bro?! Look at all
these kids!! It's true what that
weird baseball voice guy said - if
you build it - they will come!!

Before Brad can answer a cop steps up to him.

COP

OK Mr. Whitaker, we're all done.
Here's your citation for the
destruction of a protected tree.

He hands it to Brad.

COP (CONT'D)

One for building without a permit.
One for not building to code. One
noise violation. One endangering
the well-being of a minor. One for
each minor present.

Hands him a stack of citations.

COP (CONT'D)

And finally one for the broken tail light on the GTO you got out front.

BRAD

But that's not even my car.

COP

I almost forgot. One for housing an unauthorized tenant.

The cop walks off. Sara turns to Brad.

SARA

At least the kids are having a blast, right?

Brad rifling through his citations...

BRAD

Yeah and it only cost us three thousand seven hundred and ninety dollars.

SARA

Honey, it's only---

Brad is PELTED by an errant WATER BALLOON. He's soaked.

DUSTY

Sorry bro, that's my bad.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The whole family including Dusty sits around the table. They are in the middle of a family conference. Brad is reading off a list of House Rules.

BRAD

And lastly, number 10. No more unauthorized construction projects or desecration of surrounding trees, plants, shrubs, etc.

DUSTY

You know bro, for a grand I'd be happy to tear the whole thing down and I'll even throw in a new tree.

BRAD

For a grand? You're the one who built the thing in the first place.

DUSTY

Yeah, the construction was a gift.
Demolition's gonna cost ya though.

Brad looks to Sara. Please help.

SARA

It's OK, honey. We're listening. Go on.

BRAD

The point is if you're going to be spending time here this week you must agree to follow the rules.

DUSTY

I just want to say for the record, in regards to rule number seven - I am not the one who called the cop an A-hole.

DYLAN

That's true, Brad.

MEGAN

He's got a point.

BRAD

It slipped and I have apologized!

DUSTY

Look bro, I think I know what's really going on here. You're upset that I came bearing gifts for the shorties but came empty-handed for the hombre of la casa.

BRAD

What? No I'm not.

DUSTY

Sure you are. It's so obvious and you don't even know it. But it's all good now. I ran out this morning and picked you guys up the sweetest housewarming gift you could imagine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dusty's got his hands over Brad's eyes as he leads him in to the living room.

DUSTY
Keep 'em shut.

Brad sniffing, hating Dusty's fingers around his nose.

BRAD
Any chance you had chicken fingers
today, Dusty?

DUSTY
Yeah! How the hell did you know
that?!

BRAD
Lucky guess.

DUSTY
OK open 'em.

Brad opens his eyes and sees a CHIMPANZEE in a cage in his
living room.

BRAD
What the hell!!! You brought a
monkey in my house?!!!

SARA
Oh God.

MEGAN/DYLAN
Cool./Sweet.

DUSTY
Not a monkey, bro. It's a
chimpanzee.

BRAD
(softens)
Geez Dusty, I don't know.

DUSTY
He's friendly. Hand trained.

Dusty lets it out.

BRAD
Hey little buddy.

The chimp pounces on Brad. Putting him in a headlock.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Oh my God. Get it off me!!

DUSTY
Stop screaming. You're scaring the
poor thing.

BRAD
I'm scaring him?!

Dusty tries to pull the chimp off him.

DUSTY
Don't show your teeth. It's a sign
of aggression.

BRAD
What?!

DUSTY
Stop smiling! You're freaking him
out!

Brad tries to scream with his mouth closed.

BRAD
(muffled)
Aggghhhh.

But the monkey gets vicious. Takes Brad down with a kick to the shins. Rips at his hair, bites his ear, starts tearing at his belt.

The family tries to help but the monkey is too wild. Brad tries to swat it away, fight it off but the monkey puts a sleeper hold on Brad. Brad spins around trying to get it off. Spinning right through the window.

Crash. And then the monkey jumps out and climbs back on Brad.

As the monkey goes back to work pulling off Brad's pants a neighbor, MR. LAMBERT walks by and gives a very disapproving look.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON Brad lying in bed sleeping. He starts to stir.

SARA (O.S.)
Brad? Are you awake?

Brad's eyes open. He smiles at the sight of SARA.

BRAD
Oh honey, I had the worst dream.

SARA
It's OK sweetie.

BRAD
It was horrible. I dreamt your ex-husband came back to town and he was like this big retarded...

Brad turns his head and sees a beaming Dusty standing over him as well.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Retard.

DUSTY
No worries, hombre. I know that's just the drugs talking. Been there, done that.

BRAD
(to Sara)
Where am I?

SARA
You're in the hospital. But it's OK. You're gonna be fine.

BRAD
Hospital? So it's true? A monkey really did sexually assault me?

DUSTY
Three ways to China, hombre. Turns out you were in heat and didn't even know it.

BRAD
What?

MEGAN
Smudge is really sorry, Brad.

BRAD
Smudge? He has a name now?

Sara nods regrettably.

DUSTY
Yeah but it's all good bro. You're not gonna have to worry about that horny little bastard anymore.

BRAD
 (hopeful)
 You're getting rid of him?

DUSTY
 No way Jose Cuervo. But I did get
 'em fixed for ya.

Dusty holds up a ZIPLOCK bag holding the CHIMP'S NUTS.

Brad snaps up, about to get upset and then his MORPHINE DRIP
 kicks in. He starts to drift off.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
 There you go, back into the arms of
 Sister Morphine. Sweet dreams,
 hombre.
 (then)
 Let's roll, peeps.

Sara gives Brad a gentle kiss then walks out with Dusty and
 the kids.

From Brad's hazy POV we see the family walking off together.

INT. CAR - NEXT DAY

Sara drives Brad home from the hospital.

SARA
 You OK? You haven't said much since
 we left the hospital.

BRAD
 I'm fine.

SARA
 Still upset about the sponge bath?

Brad gives a look - don't mention that.

SARA (CONT'D)
 Honey, the nurse was in training.
 Besides they're supposed to wash
 you down there.

BRAD
 Not when their name is George
 they're not. And I'm pretty sure
 offering a happy ending isn't part
 of the training regimen.

SARA

Honey.

BRAD

I'm sorry, I guess it was just hard seeing you and the kids leave that way yesterday.

SARA

What way?

BRAD

Like one big happy family.

SARA

I know it must be difficult Brad, but he is their Dad, they're supposed to be happy around him, right?

BRAD

(false)

Yes.

(then)

What about you?

SARA

Well you're right about me. I am happy that we're one big happy family. But you left out the most important ingredient to my happy family. You.

BRAD

You're not just saying that because I have a full bottle of Vicodin?

SARA

No and believe me, the kids may be having a good time with their real dad but it doesn't mean they've forgotten about their step dad.

BRAD

You're right. I'm overreacting. Hey, maybe we should do something fun with them today. How 'bout the museum - you know they're still running that Picasso exhibit.

SARA

(hedging)

Yeah, we could do that.

BRAD

What?

SARA

It's nothing. Just that Dusty promised to take the kids to the mall today and I sort of said yes.

BRAD

The mall?

INT. BRAD'S PRIUS - DAY

The whole family is now packed in the Prius. It's very cramped with Dusty's KNEES DIGGING in to Brad's back and his big head leaning in to Brad's view. Classical music plays.

DUSTY

Hey Brad, can we get an overhaul on the tunage? I'm all for breaking new talent but seriously these dudes need to just give up the dream already.

BRAD

(all stuffy)

Kids, it looks like someone needs a classical music tutorial. Care to tell your Dad what composer this is?

DYLAN

I think it's Rockmani-jack-off.

Dusty and Megan laugh. Megan offers.

MEGAN

No. I'm pretty sure Butt-hoven's fifth.

Laughs all around. Brad turns to Sara, shocked.

DUSTY

Sorry bro. Overruled.

Dusty then SQUEEZES between the two driver seats to change the radio station. He's so big that his squeezing is JOSTLING Brad in his seat.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Talk about classical music. Don't get more "classic" than Young MC.
(MORE)

DUSTY (CONT'D)
 (starts singing loud)
*This here's a tale for all the
 fellas. Try to do what those ladies
 tell us. Get shot down 'cause
 you're over zealous. Play hard to
 get and females get jealous.*

As the music plays, Dusty's dry humping the air. Getting his hips in between Brad and Sara's seat and pumping his hips, making Brad really uncomfortable.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
 (over music)
 Hey Sara, remember this one?

SARA
 (laughs)
 Yeah, I remember.

BRAD
 What's so funny?

SARA
 Oh. Nothing.

DUSTY
 Who knew Cincinnati could be so insane, huh.

BRAD
 (to Sara)
 Cincinnati? What happened in Cincinnati?

SARA
 Nothing. Nothing happened.

Brad sees in the rear view mirror.

DUSTY
 (almost cracking up)
 Yeah. Nothing.
 (savoring)
 Oh, sweet Cincinnati.

INT. MALL - DAY

It's pandemonium. A very busy shopping day. Lots of overweight mall people with overweight mall kids making their way carrying tons of shopping bags and eating corndogs.

Dusty, Brad and the family walk through.

DUSTY

(all proud)

I know you're not really a mall guy but come on, admit it, this is not exactly what you were expecting now is it, hombre?

BRAD

It's exactly what I was expecting.

DUSTY

Oh yeah? Check it out. They even got dinosaurs, just like the museum.

BRAD

I'm pretty sure that's Barney, Dusty.

REVEAL a BARNEY mascot guy shaking hands with little kids.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(looking thru map)

Now, I think we should head to the Discovery Channel Store. Dylan, remember you expressed some interest in cartography.

DUSTY

Let's not and say we did.

(to kids)

Look kids- Target!!!

They run off with Dusty.

INT. STORE - DAY

Dylan is holding up two Peyton Manning football jerseys. The blue home jersey and the white away one. Brad's with him.

DYLAN

I want both.

BRAD

I know you do. But you're at that age now where you're going to start being faced with some serious choices in life. And each choice that you make is not only going to turn you into the man you will one day be but it will also tell the story of your life.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Now why don't we start telling
Dylan's story right here, right
now?!

Beat.

DYLAN

OK. Chapter one - I want both.

Dusty breezes in the scene.

DUSTY

Then get both buddy. That's why God
created Visa.

Dusty flashes his credit card.

CUT TO:

INT. STORE - DAY

Megan proudly holds up a BB gun to Brad. Brad takes it from
her and puts it back on the shelf.

BRAD

I'm sorry Megan, but that's a
completely inappropriate toy for a
nine year old.

Dusty steps in to frame.

DUSTY

Sorry bro, but I'm gonna have to
disagree with you on that one. And
I know of some pretty smart old
dudes with weird wigs who would
too.

BRAD

Dusty, when the Constitution was
written we were primarily an
agrarian society. I hardly think
the Founding Fathers intended the
Second Amendment for children in
the suburbs.

DUSTY

Founding Fathers? I was talkin'
'bout Moses himself, Mister
Charlton Heston.

Dusty takes the gun off the shelf and hands it to Megan.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Don't forget your bb's, little lady. Nothing's more dangerous than an unloaded gun.

Dusty walks off. Off Brad's horrified look.

INT. STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Dusty and the kids are at the cashier as their mountain of stuff is being rung up. The kids are thrilled, Dusty's loving the love they give him. Brad comes over.

BRAD

Don't you think this is a bit excessive?

DUSTY

Not really, bro, no. This is just how I roll.

Brad gives up, heads to Sara.

BRAD

(re: the excessiveness)
Can you believe this?

SARA

He hasn't seen them in over a year so he's spoiling them a little 'cause he feels guilty. That's what we divorced parents do.

BRAD

Does he have to do it with blow up dolls and heavy artillery.

SARA

At least he's spending his money on the kids and not late night call girls, right?

Megan runs over with all her bags of stuff.

MEGAN

Mommy, Mommy look at everything I got. It's like Christmas only without all the preachy stuff.

Brad heads back over to Dusty as he's signing the credit card bill.

BRAD
 Do you need a hand with --
 (notices Dusty signing)
 Did you just sign my name?

DUSTY
 What?

Brad looks at the card in Dusty's hand.

BRAD
 Is that my card?

DUSTY
 Where?

BRAD
 There.

DUSTY
 When?

BRAD
 What?

DUSTY
 Who?

BRAD
 Who? That doesn't even make sense.
 Now is that my card or not?

DUSTY
 (plays dumb)
 I really don't think so. I believe
 it is mine.

Brad takes the card. Shows it.

BRAD
 Then why does it have my name on
 it?

DUSTY
 You have a very common name.

BRAD
 No I don't.

DUSTY
 Yes you do. How do you know my name
 isn't Brad Whitaker too?

BRAD
Because it's not!

DUSTY
You don't know that. Dusty could just be an alias. Maybe my Christian name is Brad Whitaker? Huh, ever think of that? No, I bet you didn't.

BRAD
Just do me a favor, keep your hands off my stuff, OK.

Brad walks off.

DUSTY
(calls out)
You're the one that said, make yourself at home.

INT. STORE - LATER

Brad and Sara talk while Dusty tries outfits. He shows off each one to the kids. They laugh.

SARA
I'm really sorry, Brad. I thought I told you that he has kleptomania issues.

BRAD
You said he went to rehab.

SARA
He did. I guess he just relapsed. You know how hard recovery is.

BRAD
Unbelievable.

SARA
Honey, it's fine, we'll just return everything.

BRAD
Oh yeah, that's a great idea. Then he'll really have the kids thinking I'm a dork.

SARA
 Brad, the kids do not think you're
 a dork.

Dusty and the kids come out of the fitting room all wearing Brad's exact dorky blazer and khakis outfit. They all point at each other and laugh hysterically.

INT. MEN'S CLOTHING STORE - SALES COUNTER - DAY

Dusty's now wearing a brand new insane TANGERINE SUIT. He's with Brad at the cashier. A bunch of Dusty's denied credit cards are on the counter. The cashier is trying another card.

DUSTY
 (embarrassed to Brad)
 I don't know what the problem is.

BRAD
 Yeah. Hard to believe your
 Blockbuster card didn't work.

Cashier hands back the card to Dusty.

CASHIER
 I'm sorry sir. This one's been
 denied as well.

Dusty turns to Brad. Pleading with his eyes.

BRAD
 What?

DUSTY
 Please? I really need that suit for
 my big day.

BRAD
 I'm not sure that's a good idea.

DUSTY
 (low)
 C'mon bro, don't make me look like
 a deadbeat in front of the kids.

Brad looks at the kids who are watching nearby. He can't help but be a good guy.

BRAD
 OK, fine. It's the least I can do
 to repay you for stealing my credit
 card.

DUSTY
(oblivious)
You my bro just earned yourself
another ten percent of the Hi-
fiver.

BRAD
That's really not necessary.
Anything to help with your investor
meetings. Because the sooner you
close your deal the sooner you'll
be able to... well.. leave. Right?

DUSTY
Right.
(small beat)
But this isn't for my meetings bro.

BRAD
It's not?

DUSTY
You really think I'd wear this
crazy suit to a business meeting?
C'mon, I'm not an idiot. For those
I got a tux.

BRAD
But you said you needed it for your
big day?

DUSTY
Yeah, the Daddy-Daughter dance with
Megan.

Push in on BRAD. His eyes go wide.

INT. BRAD'S PRIUS - DAY

The family drives home from the mall. It's dead silent in the
car. Tense.

DUSTY
Something wrong, bro?

BRAD
Nope.

SARA
Are you sure, honey?

BRAD

I'm sure.

DUSTY

I gotta say bro, feels like something's wrong.

BRAD

THERE IS NOTHING WRONG!

DUSTY

(whoa)

O-K.

Brad turns on the radio and once again 'Bust a Move' plays.

He freaks out. Hits the radio to turn it off but accidentally turns the volume up. He hits it harder this time in anger. The faceplate comes off. Now he can't turn it off. It's blasting. He's defeated by the radio.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Now is something wrong?

EXT. SUBURBAN TOWN - CONTINUOUS

OVERHEAD shot of the Prius driving through town with YOUNG MC CRANKING.

INT. BRAD'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Brad's on his eco-house design on the computer. Sara enters.

SARA

Whatcha doing?

BRAD

Oh nothing. Just drafting a petition to have Cincinnati secede from the Union. I've got fifty names. Only two million, nine-hundred nintey-nine thousand, nine-hundred fifty more to go.

SARA

You're mad.

Brad holds up some envelopes.

BRAD

We're getting mail in his name so no, I'm not mad.

SARA

Honey, I know this hasn't gone as well as we hoped but remember why we're doing this - for the kids, right? And believe me, they may not be showing it but they appreciate everything that you're doing.

BRAD

Yeah I noticed that when Megan totally blew me off for the Daddy-Daughter dance.

SARA

Is that what this is about?

BRAD

(like a kid)

No. I didn't even want to go to that stupid dance.

SARA

That's too bad. Megan's going to be sorry to hear that.

BRAD

(sorry for himself)

Why would she care, she already has a date.

SARA

Yeah, but she was hoping to have two dates. She was looking forward to being the most popular girl in school that night.

BRAD

Really?

SARA

Really. Look she even made you a present. It's a picture of you.

BRAD

(flattered)

Of me?

She hands over the drawing. Brad looks at it.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Why do I have a mustache and dorky
glasses?

SARA
Oh. Dusty might've helped a little.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

As Brad exits the office he bumps in to Dusty.

DUSTY
Sick news bro.

BRAD
You just found out you have a
missing chromosome

DUSTY
Nope. I just landed Peyton Manning
as the headline guest for Dylan's
backyard b-day bash.
(proud)
Yup, he's a friend.

BRAD
(no clue)
I'm sorry... who?

DUSTY
Ha. Good one. Only hitch is you're
gonna need to fly him here first
class.

Dusty's got his hand out. Brad doesn't budge.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Good thinking. I'll use your miles
instead.

He walks off.

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY EVENING - ESTABLISHING

INT. HOUSE - MAIN HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

Brad is dressed in his best suit carrying a corsage. He's
pacing at the foot of the stairs, checking his watch. He
calls up the stairs to them.

BRAD
You almost ready Meg? Dance starts
in half an hour.

SARA (O.S.)
(calls down)
In a minute.

DUSTY (O.S.)
Yo bro, you got a sec?

Dusty enters in his insane looking suit with wide lapels.

BRAD
(sarcastic)
Nice suit.

DUSTY
Yeah, my new best-bro bought it for
me.
(then)
Any-who, I've been doing some
thinking and you're totally right.
The hi-fiver is a dumbass idea.
Dipped in shit that one is.

BRAD
Well...

DUSTY
It's OK. You can admit it.

BRAD
OK. It might be a tough sell.

DUSTY
Exactly. That's why I'm gonna scrap
the whole idea. F it in the A-hole,
ya know?

BRAD
Does this mean you'll be leaving us
ahead of schedule? Let me be the
first to say how much we'll miss
you.

DUSTY
Don't worry, I'm not bailing on you
yet, bro. I've gone back to the
drawing board. Check it out.

Dusty holds up a clear BOTTLE filled with YELLOW LIQUID.

BRAD

Dusty, if that's a bottle of urine
I'm going to have to scream.

DUSTY

Urine? Now that wouldn't make a
very nice fragrance would it?

BRAD

(creeped out)
You've designed a fragrance?

DUSTY

Bingo. Here, give it a spritz...

BRAD

No, really that's---

Too late. Dusty sprays Brad's neck.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(winces)
This is awful. It smells like beer.

DUSTY

Bingo again! It is beer! And not
that overpriced imported stuff
either. Real American beer.

BRAD

You want to sell beer as cologne?

DUSTY

Think about it. As you might've
guessed by now I've gotten more ass
than a park bench. But what you
don't know is I've gotten most of
it while I've been totally shit-
faced. So what does that tell you?

BRAD

Well, like most people you probably
feel less inhibited when you're
intoxicated and therefore more
comfortable approaching strange
women.

DUSTY

No. It means chicks love the stank
of booze.

BRAD

Right. Of course.

SARA (O.S.)
OK gentlemen, are you ready to see
your date?

Megan descend the stairs. Brad beaming, turns to Dusty.

BRAD
She looks beautiful doesn't--

DUSTY
Shotgun, first dance!

Off Brad's look.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

The dance is underway. All the dad's are slow dancing with their daughters. Dusty and Megan are picture perfect as they sweetly dance together.

REVEAL Brad all alone standing on the sidelines of the dance floor. He's fidgeting and looks out of place and frankly a little creepy watching all the little girls dance.

An old lady school marm PRINCIPAL walks nearby. She spots Brad and she gives him a quizzical look. Brad makes eye contact then quickly turns away.

Montage of quick cuts:

Brad drinking punch, tells a nearby kid to recycle his plastic cup.

Brad bored - gets caught dunking his Oreo's in the punch.

Brad hovering by the bleachers - he's the grown-up version of an awkward kid at his first dance.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Brad makes his way uncomfortably through the crowd. He arrives at Dusty and Megan, still dancing. Brad TAPS Dusty on the shoulder to cut in. Dusty totally ignores. Turns his back. Brad taps harder. Still ignores. Brad TAPS really HARD.

DUSTY
Hey bro. You're still here? I
thought you bailed.

BRAD
No Dusty. Still here. Waiting for
my turn, remember?

DUSTY
Dude, I told you I totally called
first dance.

BRAD
That was ten dances ago!

DUSTY
It's an 80's medley. Technically
that's one song. One song. One
dance.

BRAD
(frustrated/steams)
Five more minutes!

Brad storms off.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - LATER

It's been a while. Dusty and Megan are now rocking out to
YOUNG MC. The dance floor is alive.

Reveal Brad now sitting on a bench all alone. Miserable. Brad
gets up. Makes his way back over to the punch bowl. A little
girl is there filling up her cup. She's all alone.

BRAD
Hey sweetie, you all danced out?

LITTLE GIRL
Well, my daddy's in a wheelchair so
he can't really dance that much.

Brad sees her Dad in a wheelchair across the gym. Brad waves.
The Dad doesn't wave back.

BRAD
Well, if it's OK with your daddy
and you'd like to dance, I'd be
happy to escort you out---

Brad reaches out, puts a consoling arm on the little girl.
She starts screaming.

LITTLE GIRL
Stranger danger! Stranger danger!!

BRAD

No. Wait---

Instantly the music stops and the Principal blows her whistle.

PRINCIPAL

(screaming)

Lockdown! Lockdown!!

Suddenly, lights on, kids running, sirens blare inside the gym. Red lights flashing everywhere. The doors crash closed.

Brad looks the other way - those doors slam shut. He looks up - window guard crash down. All the lights come on. Brad looks guilty.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Brad bent over, face down on the hood of cop car. It's quite the scene. Tons of police cars. Red lights everywhere. Even a helicopter swirling over head with a huge beam of light shining Brad's eyes. Brad is being held by a cop, RANDY.

BRAD

Is the helicopter really necessary?

PRINCIPAL

He was lurking about the whole night, officer.

WHEELCHAIR DAD

Then he tried to get my daughter to dance with him. Against her will!

DUSTY

He tried to cut in while I was dancing with my daughter three times.

Brad turns. Horrified.

BRAD

Dusty?!

DUSTY

Sorry bro. Can't lie to the law man. That would be wrong.

BRAD
Officer. He's lying. She's my--

Randy the cop steps in real close. Gets in his face. Sniffs.

RANDY
Sir, have you been drinking?

BRAD
What? No.

RANDY
(smells again)
Jesus! You stink like a goddamn
brewery.

BRAD
I can explain. It's my... cologne.

RANDY
Get this pile of turd out of my
face!!

The crowd cheers as the other cops come in and cart Brad off. They yell at him as he's tossed in the squad car. As he pulls away the angry towns people YELL at him and BANG on the car.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

PAN across the drunk tank. A guy smoking a cigarette. Another guy passed out snoring. Another guy playing solitaire.

And then landing on TWO GUYS MAKING OUT. Just to the left of them sits a very uncomfortable BRAD still in his suit. One of the make out guys mistakenly starts to tousle Brad's hair instead of his date's. Brad tries to move. The guy keeps touching. Very very uncomfortable until finally...

GUARD
Brad Whitaker?

Brad jumps up.

INT. CAR - MORNING

Sara and Brad drive home from jail.

SARA
At least it was just the drunk
tank, right? Could've been a lot
worse.

Brad gives a look.

SARA (CONT'D)

Well, it's true. Child molestation is a very serious crime, Brad.

BRAD

Sara, I did not molest anybody!

SARA

I know you didn't but come on Brad, how did you think it was going to look when you asked a ten year old to dance with you.

BRAD

So now it's my fault? Oh that's just beautiful. This is exactly what he wants.

SARA

What who wants?

BRAD

Dusty! Don't you see what's happening here. He's trying to sabotage me.

SARA

Don't be ridiculous. Sure, he's not the sharpest tack but he doesn't have a malicious bone in his body and frankly for the first time in his life he's got his priorities straight. Do you even know what he did today?

BRAD

Burned our house down?

SARA

No, a completely selfless act. He cancelled his plans so that he could stay another week and be there for Dylan's birthday party.

BRAD

Another week?!

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Dusty and Dylan are playing stick ball in the front yard. The front door is the backstop. Brad and Sara get out of the car.

DUSTY

Yo bro, little stick ball?

BRAD

No thanks Dusty. Little tired today. Spent the night in jail after you falsely accused me, remember?

DUSTY

Prison's nothing to be ashamed of hombre. The important thing is you learned your lesson and you keep your nose clean from here on in. K?

Brad stops dead in his tracks when he notices a freshly spray-painted box with an 'x' through it on his beautiful front door.

BRAD

Did you seriously turn my front door into a backstop?

DUSTY

(all proud)
And I put up a hoop.

Dusty points to a basketball rim now crudely fastened to the house. Brad is horrified.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

(low)
Don't worry bro, that's on my dime.

BRAD

You think I don't know what you're doing? You think I'm an idiot? I went to Stanford goddamnit. You're looking at a hundred and eighty two IQ points standing here. I've got the papers to prove it.

DUSTY

Cool. I got papers that say I can smoke weed. Legally.

BRAD

OK, Dusty. Have your fun. Laugh it up. But let me tell you this, I did a little research on your alleged friend Peyton Manning. Turns out he's quite the star player for the national footballers organization. Now, how do you think Dylan's gonna feel when his new hero is a no-show?

DUSTY

No show? Why, did Peyton call you? If that fucker even thinks about flaking---

BRAD

Of course he didn't call me. That's not the point.

DUSTY

Oh. What's the point?

BRAD

The point is you don't know him and he's not coming.

DUSTY

Is too.

BRAD

Is not.

DUSTY

Is too.

BRAD

Is not.

DUSTY

Is too.

BRAD

Is not!

And with that Brad enters the house and SLAMS the door.

A long beat. And then...

DUSTY

(softly)

Is too.

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Sun coming up.

INT. BRAD'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

Brad talking on the phone, acting like he's sick.

BRAD

(fake coughing)

Oh it's real bad Mr. Anderson. I think it was the shellfish. (fake throw up) Of course my project will be ready. Uh-oh, here comes some more... (fake throw up) OK bye.

Brad hangs up as Sara enters.

SARA

Oh my God, you're a bulimic.

BRAD

No, I'm not, I was just calling in sick.

SARA

But your seven year perfect attendance record?

BRAD

History. The kids are off from school today and we are going to the beach.

Dylan and Megan head in.

DYLAN

We are?!

MEGAN

Awesome.

SARA

But Brad, your project? It's almost due. Do you really think this is a good time to miss work?

BRAD

My project's going to be fine
besides what's more important,
another day at work or quality time
with my family.

He pulls them in.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Now let's go wax up them boogie
boards.

DYLAN

Hey, can Dad come?

BRAD

Gee I don't know buddy, your Dad
probably has important investor
meetings today.

DUSTY (O.S.)

No I don't.

Brad turns to Sara.

BRAD

Is he ever at his hotel?

Dusty enters in his concert T and ball-hugging football
shorts.

DUSTY

Where we rolling?

BRAD

We're going to the beach.

DUSTY

Oh damn, I don't have my bathing
suit.

BRAD

Aw, that's too bad. Well, maybe
next time.

DUSTY

Ah screw it, I'll just wear these.

Dusty rips off his shorts. Off on Brad's horrified look.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

CLOSE ON Dusty rocking an insane pair of tight black G-STRING underwear that makes a Speedo look like a pair of pants. He walks with the whole family, Brad is horrified to be seen with him.

DUSTY
I appreciate you letting me roll
with you today bro.

BRAD
Like I had a choice.

DUSTY
(not getting the dig)
No, you did. And you chose me. And
that's why you're my broheim. And
that's why I got you this.

He hands Brad a manila envelope.

BRAD
Let me guess - anthrax?

DUSTY
(ignoring)
What's your favorite movie, hombre?

BRAD
Um, 'It's a Wonderful Life?'

DUSTY
Second favorite?

BRAD
'Lawrence of Arabia.'

DUSTY
Third?

BRAD
I don't know, 2001.

DUSTY
(frustrated)
No, it's ET. Just say ET, OK?

BRAD
Fine. ET.

DUSTY
Really? Ever wonder why there
wasn't a sequel.

BRAD
No, not really.

DUSTY
Well I did and after the Hi-Fiver
and the brew cologne went down in
flames, I decided to do something
about it.

BRAD
What could you possibly do?

Dusty points, Brad opens it pulling out a SCRIPT.

BRAD (CONT'D)
E-T Part Deux?

DUSTY
Touchdown!

BRAD
Dusty, you can't do this.

DUSTY
You wanna hear the story? It's so
effin' sweet. ET is alive and well,
living in Reseda and playing
shortstop for the Dodgers--

BRAD
Dusty, this is intellectual
property. Other people have the
rights to this movie. Smarter
people. Richer people. Normal
people, Dusty.

Beat where Dusty actually seems a little hurt.

DUSTY
(like a kid)
Hater.

And Dusty marches off.

EXT. BEACH - KITE BOARD RENTAL - DAY

Brad, Dusty, Sara and the kids are at the waters edge. There's only one kite boarding rig left. They're fighting over it like kids. Each one pulling at it.

DUSTY

Seriously, I should go first.

BRAD

No, I should.

DUSTY

Bro, I have gotten tubular in the pipes of Maui with the legend Kelly Slater. The dude painted my house. We bought shag carpeting together. We were boys. He gave me his mojo. I'm going first.

BRAD

Yeah, well, I was coxswain for varsity crew at Stanford four years running with a skulling SPM of fifty!

DUSTY

I didn't understand one word you just said. Literally not a single word.

BRAD

See if you can understand this - shotgun!

Dusty lets go.

DUSTY

Fine. I'll just chill here with Sara and talk about the Cincinnati days.

BRAD

Nothing happened. She already told me.

DUSTY

(taunting)
OK. Nothing happened.

SARA

OK. That's enough you two. Brad,
you called shotgun, you go.

EXT. BEACH - SHORE LINE - MOMENTS LATER

Brad is strapped in to his kite boarding rig. Sara, Dusty and the kids are by his side.

SARA

You're sure you know what you're
doing?

BRAD

Babe, me and the water are one. I'm
a Pisces, remember?
(dorky, to kids)
You guys ready for some rock and
roll?

KIDS

Yeah!

Brad's beaming - finally a victory in their eyes.

BRAD

Here I go.

He pushes off slightly. Suddenly a GUST OF WIND grabs hold of his kite and takes him out.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(calling back)
It's OK. All good.

Despite the heavy wind, Brad is actually doing well, hanging on.

DUSTY

Wow, look at him. He's really doing
it.

KIDS

GO BRAD! GO!

Brad's beaming. And then the WIND PICKS UP DRAMATICALLY.
Brad's no longer in control. He's being blown out to sea.

CLOSE ON Brad.

BRAD

Aggghhhhhh!!!!!!

Reveal him flying through the air, strapped in to his kite. Totally out of control. His board touches the water for a brief second and then he's launched back in the air.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Aggggghhhhh!!!!!!

Brad soars over the heads of swimmers, surfers and windsurfers. He's heading out to sea.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Aggggghhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

ANGLE ON DUSTY with the kids on the beach.

DUSTY
Now, not so much.

DISSOLVE TO:

ONE HOUR LATER

Back on Brad. Still SAILING AWAY, now way out. His voice is HOARSE from screaming. He's SUNBURNED. Lips are CHAPPED, he's dying of THIRST.

Then he hears a loud FOG HORN blow off screen. We see an object that looks like a WALL.

Reveal a huge tanker makes it's way across the ocean. He's headed right for it.

BRAD
(soft/desperate)
Aggggghhhhhhh!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ANGLE ON THE TANKER blowing its huge horn and then we see Brad enter frame where he FACEPLANTS in to the side of the ship.

CUT TO:

EXT. TANKER

A dozen or so Arabs wearing turbans fish Brad out of the water and flop him on deck.

He's a mess. He's soaking wet, bruised and tangled up in the strings of his kite. He's also passed out. An Arab guy proceeds to give Brad CPR. He finally coughs up some water and awakes.

The Arabs celebrate bringing him back by doing that crazy tongue cheer they do.

EXT. TANKER - LATER

Brad has now changed clothes, he's wearing one of those Arabic smock gowns. A couple of guys are walking with him, moving him toward a crowd getting ready to take a picture.

BRAD
Fellas, I really appreciate you
saving my life and all but really,
this is totally unnecessary.

ARAB
(broken English)
Take picture. Take picture.

BRAD
Um.. OK sure. I guess that's fine.

Brad is put in the center of the group for the picture. Everyone is holding a gun. Somebody puts a machine gun in Brad's hands.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Oh no. No gun for me thank you.

He tries to offer it back but it's THRUST back in to his CHEST harshly.

BRAD (CONT'D)
OK. The gun stays. Good call.

Arab holds the camera, ready to snap.

ARAB
OK. Now cheeeeeeeese.

All the Arabs and Brad smile for the picture.

Then we hear SIRENS OFF SCREEN. One of the Arabs points to a COAST GUARD boat.

ARAB (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Americans! Americans!!

They look overboard and see more COAST GUARD ships surrounding the boat.

COAST GUARD
(loudspeaker)
This is the United States Coast
Guard. Drop anchor we are coming
aboard.

EXT. BOAT DECK - LATER

A bunch of Arabs are being led off the boat. A couple of
Coast Guard officers have Brad.

BRAD
I'm telling you. I'm an American!

MARINE
Sure you are, Akmed. Who won last
year's Super Bowl?

BRAD
What? I don't know.

MARINE
Like I thought. Get him out of
here. He makes me sick!!

BRAD is carted off.

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Start on HOMELAND Security seal then find BRAD standing naked
but for underwear. He's self-conscious trying to cover
himself.

Two interrogators, FRANKS and JONES enter.

BRAD
There's been a terrible mistake. I
can explain.

FRANKS
Yeah, can you explain this?

Franks pulls out a photo of Brad with the other Arabs all
holding guns in the air.

BRAD
Oh shit.

Jones starts to take off his jacket, getting ready for
business.

Then an homage to Marathon Man. Franks interrogates while Jones looks on menacingly.

FRANKS
Is he here?

BRAD
Is who here?

FRANKS
Is he here?

BRAD
I don't know what you mean.

FRANKS
Is he here?

BRAD
OK. Yes, he's here. He's right here.

FRANKS
Is he here?

BRAD
No. He's gone. He went away. Very far away.

Franks pounds on the desk hard.

FRANKS
(to Jones)
Oh, this guy's good. He's a tougher nut to crack than I thought.

JONES
Don't worry. I got something that'll loosen those lips.

Angle on JONES' ZIPPER as it comes undone.

BRAD
Nooooooooo!!!!!!!

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A stream of piss raining down on Brad from above. It's landing on his forehead and dripping down his face.

He's wincing in horror while trying to keep it out of his eyes and mouth.

FRANKS

Is he here?

Brad's almost crying now and trying to speak without opening his mouth for fear of drinking piss.

BRAD

(tight lipped)

I don't know.....

Then another OFFICER opens the door, sipping coffee.

OFFICER

(nonchalant)

How's it' going guys?

JONES

(while pissing)

All good. Hey, would you mind getting me a Twinkie?

OFFICER

Sure. Chocolate or vanilla?

JONES

Ummm... vanilla's good.

OFFICER

Cool. Oh hey, I almost forgot - wanted to tell you guys, the computer's are back up. This guy's story checks out. Kiteboarding accident. Architect. Yadda yadda.

JONES

Really?

OFFICIAL

Yeah, he's good to go.

Jones stops pissing.

JONES

Hey man, real sorry about that.

FRANKS

Yeah man, that's our bad.

Jones offers his hand. Brad can't move, his hands tied behind his back, piss all over him.

EXT. BRAD'S SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A nondescript BLACK SEDAN screeches around the corner and races down the block. Without stopping, Brad is TOSSED from the car wearing a HOOD over his head.

As the car speeds on, Brad TUMBLES on his front lawn. Brad pulls the bag off his head. He looks around and sees his NEIGHBOR, LAMBERT, checking his mailbox.

BRAD

It's not what it looks like.

LAMBERT just shakes his head and moves on.

DUSTY exits the house gnawing on a huge HERO SANDWICH.

DUSTY

(while chewing)

Bro, where you been?

Brad moans, still in pain.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I've been manning the homefront. I know in your absence you'd want me in charge.

BRAD

Sara!!

Sara rushes out while on the phone.

SARA

(into phone)

It's OK. He's home now. Thanks.

(she hangs up)

Honey, oh my God, thank God you're home.

She and Dusty lift Brad and help him inside. Dusty reacts to Brad still being wet from urine.

DUSTY

(sniffs)

New cologne, bro?

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

As we watch the early morning sun rise over the house, we hear the water from a shower being turned on.

Beat.

And then an insane howl.

BRAD (O.S.)
Owwwwww!!!!

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Brad's silhouette in the shower. He's still SCREAMING in pain as we see him struggle to turn the water off.

Sara comes running in.

SARA
Brad, are you OK? What is it?

BRAD
You know how sometimes when you take a shower it makes your sunburn come out more?

SARA
Yeah?

Brad opens the shower door and reveals himself.

SARA (CONT'D)
Oh. My. God.

REVERSE ANGLE of an insanely sunburnt Brad. His entire face and body are bright red and crisp.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Brad's buttoned up in his suit which only makes his insane sunburnt face stand out more. He literally looks like he's on fire. AS he makes his way through the office, he says hello to everyone.

BRAD
Hello. Hey. How are you. Hey there.

Everyone shrinks from him as he makes his way, reacting to his burn. Leo, a co-worker is waiting for him.

LEO
(forebodingly)
Trumpster wants to see you.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Brad sits across from his boss in what look like an exact replica of the Apprentice boardroom.

BOSS

So you came down with some food poisoning is that it, Brad?

BRAD

Sir, I can explain.

BOSS

Looks more like sun poisoning.

BRAD

Sir--

BOSS

You lied to me Brad. So now you're in the boardroom. Now, I see you've brought some of your teammates in with you. One of you is going to be fired.

BRAD

Actually sir, I don't know these people. You pulled them out--

BOSS

A word of advice Brad? I'd be as cooperative as I can today if I were you.

BRAD

Yes...

BOSS

Good. Now, let's hear from the other members of your team.

(to person next to Brad)

You. Who do you think I should fire?

REVEAL A Hispanic JANITOR sitting next to Brad. He's still holding his mop.

JANITOR

Yo no hablo ingles.

BOSS
Don't want to sell out your leader
huh? OK, I can respect that.
(looks to guy on other
side of Brad)
And you?

REVEAL A FED EX guy holding a package and looking confused.

FEDEX GUY
Um, I just need someone to sign for
this?

BOSS
You're fired!

FEDEX GUY
What?

BOSS
Oh please, stop the whining.

FEDEX GUY
But I don't even work here.

BOSS
Whah. Whah. Whah.

Fed Ex guy gets up.

FEDEX GUY
You're a fucking freak man.

BOSS
Consider this a friendly warning
Brad, a shot across your bow if you
will. Your presentation's in less
than a week. Let's pull it
together.

Brad gets up, on his way out.

BRAD
Yes, sir. Thank you so much, sir.

As he exits. The boss turns to his secretary who's at a
nearby desk.

BOSS
(ala Apprentice)
I had to do it.

SECRETARY

You did. You had no choice. Good call.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Brad and Sara are arguing.

BRAD

Of course it's his fault. Everything's his fault. I wouldn't be surprised if he's also responsible for global warming, Paris Hilton and trans-fats.

SARA

But you're the one who called in sick. That's why you almost got fired.

BRAD

Because I had to. If I'm going to have any chance with the kids I've got to start showing them that I can be cool too.

SARA

Brad, this isn't a competition.

BRAD

Yes it is. And he's winning. By a lot.

SARA

Honey, you and Dusty are different. You each have different qualities, both of which are needed by this family.

BRAD

Yeah, he's the cool guy who gets all the laughs and I'm the dork who gets to do the taxes.

SARA

You're not the dork.

BRAD

(perks up)
Really? You mean, the kids do think I'm cool?

SARA
 (hedging)
 Well...

BRAD
 See!

SARA
 Honey, you have to understand -
 Dusty was shaving in the fifth
 grade. He got his first tattoo in
 middle school. He had a van for
 crissakes!

BRAD
 So?

SARA
 So, you were in the chess club.

BRAD
 Chess TEAM. And I was a state
 champion.

SARA
 I know and I love that about you.
 But they're kids. It's not really
 the kind of thing they're impressed
 with.

(makes a move for him)
 I on the other hand, am very
 impressed...

She tries to wrap her arms around him. He's not biting.

BRAD
 I'll have you know that if I wanted
 to be I could be cool in a jiffy.

SARA
 A jiffy?

Off Brad's look.

MUSIC UP:

MONTAGE OF BRAD GETTING A MAKEOVER

INT. BANK - DAY

Brad is at the teller window dealing with the teller, a very old lady with glasses and blue hair.

OLD LADY TELLER

Are you sure you want to empty your entire 401k, Mr. Whitaker?

BRAD

Live for today baby, that's my motto.

He takes his money and leaves.

OLD LADY TELLER

Baby?

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Brad's getting a haircut. His conservative sidepart is quickly transformed into a spikey Ryan Seacrest type cut by a very gay stylist. Brad is spun around to look at his new do. He likes.

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY

Brad buys every book he can on Peyton Manning.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - DAY

Brad rifling through racks of mens sports attire.

CUT TO:

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Brad comes out of the fitting room dressed exactly like Dusty. He's in a mesh half-cut jersey and ridiculously tight athletic shorts with the laces over his balls.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

Brad rolls up in his Prius and is greeted by a salesman.

SALESMAN

I had a feeling we'd be seeing you today Mr. Whitaker. We just got the new Prius' in. Eighty miles to the gallon. Can you believe it?

BRAD

Fuck the Prius, Steve. I want that.

REVEAL a sparkling red, brand new CORVETTE.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Dusty's working on the GTO's engine. Parts everywhere, it's a mess. Dylan and Megan hang nearby, bored out of their minds.

MEGAN

I'm bored.

DYLAN

Me too, can we go to the mall?

DUSTY

Sorry guys, Brad's been totally hiding his wallet.

ANGLE ON THE NEW CORVETTE racing down the street. It screeches around the corner and races up to the house. Slams hard on the brakes making a screech.

The convertible top comes down revealing Brad.

KIDS

Whoa!! Sweet car.

BRAD

Who wants a ride?

The kids jump in the car. Brad tears off leaving rubber streaks.

DUSTY

Touche my friend, touche.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Brad races through the neighborhood, the kids loving it. Brad tosses Dylan a baseball bat.

BRAD
Here you go buddy.

DYLAN
What's this for?

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Brad tearing down a residential street with Dylan leaning out the window knocking mailboxes off their posts with the bat.

CUT TO:

INT. MALL - DAY

Megan is seated at one of those mall booths getting her ears pierced. Brad and Dylan are off to the side with giant SLURPIES. They're racing to see who finishes first.

DYLAN
Beat ya!

BRAD
Ow, brain freeze.

They both laugh. The guy from the ear piercing booth comes over to Brad. He's a totally pierced teenager.

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE
Excuse me sir, is she with you?

He points to Megan in the booth.

BRAD
No doubt.

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE
Um, I just did her ears but now she says she wants her belly done.

BRAD
And?

TEENAGE EMPLOYEE
Well, I'm not sure it's legal to pierce a nine year old's belly button.

BRAD
Hey, if she wants it, she gets it.

Brad gives a thumbs up to Megan. She beams.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The whole family including Dusty has dinner together. Brad and Dusty are in the same outfit - mesh shirt and tight shorts. Dusty takes a big GULP OF SODA...

DUSTY
(to Dylan while BURPING)
Please pass the bread.

SARA
Dusty!

The kids crack up. Not to be outdone, the new Brad takes a gulp of soda...

BRAD
(WHILE BURPING)
Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

The kids are amazed.

DYLAN
That was incredible!

BRAD
That was the Gettysburg address.

MEGAN
(sincere)
Awesome.

Dusty is stunned, he's been beaten. Brad's elated. He beams and turns to Sara who's wearing a horrified look - what has happened to you?

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Dusty's taking a nap on the couch. He's sprawled out on his stomach wearing just his tighty-whities. He's snoring.

Brad and Dylan tip-toe in to the room. Dylan unpeels a BANANA and hands it to Brad who slips it just under the band of Dusty's underwear.

BRAD
(whispers to Megan)
OK Meg, let him in.

Megan opens the door and lets SMUDGE the monkey in. SMUDGE catches sight of the banana and goes nuts. He hops up on DUSTY and starts RAVAGING him to get at the BANANA.

Dusty wakes up SCREAMING as he's being ATTACKED.

Brad and the kids are on the sidelines cracking up.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Dusty is manning the bbq.

ANGLE ON BRAD AND THE KIDS holding water balloons and hiding by the side of the house. Brad gives the kids military hand signals and everyone splits off.

Back on Dusty cooking a GIANT PIG on ROTISSERIE. Out of nowhere Dylan comes around one side of the house and BLASTS Dusty with a water balloon.

DUSTY
What?!

Dusty turns to react and he's blasted from behind by Megan.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
Hey!

ANGLE ON BRAD standing on the roof holding an ENORMOUS BALLOON. He drops it right on Dusty's head. He's totally SOAKED.

Beat.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
OK, that one smelled like pee.

EXT. HOUSE DRIVEWAY - DAY

Brad and the kids are playing football on the front lawn when DUSTY pulls up in his GTO.

DUSTY
Hey, how 'bout we get a little two
on two going.

BRAD
Let's not and say we did.

DUSTY
Dylan?

DYLAN
Sorry Dad, Brad gave me a hundy and
a Peyton Manning signed helmet.

Dylan snaps out a hundred dollar bill then turns so Dusty can
see the signature on the helmet he's wearing.

DUSTY
That's a sweet deal. I understand.
Megan?

MEGAN
Tiffany diamond earrings and an
American Girl doll.

She shows them off.

DUSTY
I feel you.

BRAD
Sorry bro, that's how I roll.

Dusty nods and heads in to the house.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Dusty is sitting at the table, pouting and being bored like a
kid. Sara enters.

SARA
Hey, what are you doing?

DUSTY
(like a kid)
Nothing.

SARA
Why aren't you outside with Brad
and the kids? I think they're
playing flashlight tag.

DUSTY

No reason.

SARA

Dusty, what's the matter?

DUSTY

(wells up)

Nobody wants to play with me.

SARA

Dusty, are you crying?

DUSTY

(while crying)

No.

He reaches out to her. She HUGS HIM.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Brad and the kids are having fun, running around chasing each other with flashlights. Brad's light is dimming.

BRAD

(to kids)

I'll be right back. Gotta get more batteries.

DYLAN

Can you bring out some gum and some candy and ice cream.

BRAD

Sure. Anything else?

MEGAN

Pizza, a coke and maybe some corn dogs?

BRAD

Good call.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Dusty and Sara are sharing a bottle of wine together. Dusty's eyes may still be red from crying but it's all good now. They're telling old stories and laughing.

DUSTY
... and we were just stuck there
and then the neighbors came in.

SARA
And joined in! Oh my God, that was
hysterical.

Brad enters.

BRAD
Hey, what's so funny?

SARA
Oh nothing honey, just telling some
old stories.

DUSTY
Real classics.

BRAD
Really? I enjoy a good story.

SARA
They wouldn't be funny to you. You
kinda had to be there.

DUSTY
(laughs)
Could you imagine if he was there
that night?

Sara cracks up.

SARA
Oh my God. Hilarious!

Sara and Dusty hi-five.

BRAD
Really? Why would it be so funny if
I was there?

SARA
Too hard to explain.

DUSTY
"Hard."

Dusty and Sara laugh again.

BRAD
This is about Cincinnati isn't it?

SARA

What? No.

BRAD

Yeah it is. I can tell by the way you guys are laughing. You two always laugh like that when Cincinnati comes up.

SARA

It's nothing hon, really.

BRAD

OK, so then tell me. Tell me what happened in Cincinnati.

SARA

Brad believe me, you don't want to know what happened in Cincinnati.

Sara and Dusty share a knowing giggle.

BRAD

Yes, I do.

SARA

No. You don't.

BRAD

(stronger)
YES. I DO.

SARA

NO. YOU DON'T.

BRAD

Sara, I demand you tell me what happened?

SARA

You DEMAND?

BRAD

Yes, as your husband I demand to know - what happened in Cincinnati?!

She stands up.

SARA

OK Brad, you wanna know what happened in Cincinnati?

BRAD
YES! I WANT TO KNOW!

SARA
You're sure you want to know?

BRAD
POSITIVE! I WANT TO KNOW!

SARA
Absolutely sure?

BRAD
ONE MILLION PERCENT! NOW WHAT THE
HELL HAPPENED IN CINCINNATI?!

SARA
We fucked, Brad. OK? We fucked a
lot. Twenty times. We did it
everywhere. On the floor. On the
sink, in the shower...

She's searching. Dusty helps out.

DUSTY
That weird luggage rack thingy.

SARA
Right. Even that weird luggage rack
thingy. Thank you Dusty. In fact, I
think my back is still sore from
that night. There, Brad? Are you
happy now?

Brad is stunned. Beat.

BRAD
Wow, I really did not expect that.

DUSTY
I was shaking my head bro.

BRAD
Yeah I know. I saw that. I really
should've listened to you. I don't
know what I was thinking. I guess I
was hoping for some funny
sightseeing story, you know?

DUSTY
I do. I do.

BRAD
(turning green)
OK. So I think I'm starting to not
feel so good now.

Brad runs off to a nearby bathroom and we hear him puke.
Dusty goes and stands by the door.

DUSTY
Bro, if it makes you feel any
better she was totally exaggerating
about the twenty times.

BRAD
(hopeful)
Yeah?

DUSTY
Yeah. That was in Scottsdale.

Brad pukes again.

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Crickets.

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Brad's just woken up, still in bed when Sara comes in with a
breakfast tray. She sets it up for him.

BRAD
What's all this?

SARA
A truce. I think we both haven't
been ourselves since Dusty came and
I think we just need to start
working together again, you know,
come up with a plan.

BRAD
I couldn't agree more. So what do
you have in mind, an accident,
cyanide?

SARA

Very funny. But it's almost over. So here's what I'm thinking, you knock 'em dead at your presentation today, tomorrow we give Dylan the best birthday party ever and the day after that we say good-bye to Dusty and everything returns to normal. Deal?

BRAD

Deal.

They kiss on it.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Brad is in the middle of his presentation to the group. His project sits on the table with a sheet over it.

Finally, it's going well. We can see from the looks on their faces that they're impressed. Especially his boss.

BRAD

... so now without further ado, allow me to present to you the first ever completely environmentally friendly home ever built. With a carbon neutral footprint.

(dramatic pause)

Gentlemen, welcome to the future...

Brad proudly rips off the sheet.

Blank stares on everyone. Brad sees what they see - his eyes go WIDE.

REVEAL THE HI-FIVER sitting on the table.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The family looks on as Brad loses it.

BRAD

I'm ruined, Sara. Completely and totally ruined!!!

SARA

Come on. It can't be that bad. What did your boss say?

BRAD
That's the worst part. He LOVES IT!

SARA
Well, see, that's great.

BRAD
No, it's not. It's the complete
opposite of great. Not only did I
lose the account...
(holds up HI-FIVER)
but now everyone wants one of these
stupid, ridiculous, monstrosities
as a Christmas gift! A Christmas
gift!!

Dusty enters.

DUSTY
Suhhh-weeeet!

That's all it took. Brad lets out a scream and CHARGES at
Dusty. They go crashing through the front door.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brad and Dusty tumble out on to the lawn together. They get
up and square off.

Then Brad charges like a bull right for Dusty. He runs right
in to him full steam but... bounces off Dusty as though he's
made of rubber.

Brad falls to the ground. Frustrated and even angrier now. He
leaps to his feet and stalks toward Dusty again.

SARA
Brad, what are you doing?!

BRAD
What I should have done a long time
ago!

He stalks Dusty.

DUSTY
Take it easy bro.

BRAD
I am not your bro!

DUSTY
Sorry hombre.

BRAD
Or your hombre!!

Brad then unleashes a torrent of punches. He starts swinging wildly. But Dusty has Matrix like abilities. He dodges the flurry of punches and kicks like some computer generated uber-boxer.

Brad stops. He's exhausted from throwing so many punches and not landing one.

Dusty taunts like a kid. Almost thinking they're playing.

DUSTY
Na-na-na-na-na.

Brad charges again. This time he's lucky enough to take Dusty down to the ground.

Dusty is giggling like a little kid. He's totally impervious to Brad's assault. This only aggravates Brad more. He starts pounding on his chest hard. But it seems to have no effect.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
(giggling)
Stop, stop. That tickles.

Brad continues to punch and pound but it only makes Dusty giggle and squirm more. Brad looks like a baby cub playing with poppa bear.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
(giggling/loving it)
Oh man, I'm dying. I can't breathe.

His pounding gets slower and less powerful with each thrust. He starts to slow down. His anger and frustration start to turn to whines and almost tears.

Brad gives up punching Dusty and hits the ground in frustration. Dusty bounces up. Unfazed.

DUSTY (CONT'D)
That was awesome bro. We should totally do that at the party tomorrow. The crowd'll love it.

He and the kids walk off.

Sara goes to BRAD. She tries to be consoling.

SARA
Honey, what has gotten in to you?

Brad looks up.

BRAD
(horrified)
Me? Me?!

He gets up, filled with anger.

BRAD (CONT'D)
He has single handedly ruined my
life! He's destroyed my family!
Ruined my career! And turned my
perfect home in to an insane
asylum! He is what's wrong with me!
Him! Him! Him!

He's clearly gone insane. Sara stares at him, taking it all
in.

SARA
No, I don't think it's him...

And she walks off. Leaving him on his lawn all alone. He
looks around - how did this happen to him?

ANGLE ON SARA WITH DUSTY AND THE KIDS walking away.

SARA (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about that Dusty. I don't
know what's gotten in to him.

BACK ON BRAD

He watches painfully as the entire family turns their back on
him and walks in to the house.

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

Dusty, Sara and the kids are having breakfast when
surprisingly perky Brad enters.

BRAD
Good morning everybody!

They're a little surprised.

SARA
Wow Brad, you're in a good mood.

BRAD

And why shouldn't I be? After all it is Dylan's big day. Everyone excited for the big birthday bash?

SARA

Yes. It's just you seemed pretty upset last night.

BRAD

Oh that? Please. Let me be the first to apologize. I was completely out of order. Especially to you, Dusty.

DUSTY

Really? You're no longer hating on me.

BRAD

Not at all. I totally understand you wanting to keep your hi-fiver in my display case so it didn't get dusty. I think that's perfectly reasonable. In fact, I feel so badly about overreacting that I'd like to make it up to you. Follow me please.

They exit.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Brad and Dusty stand outside.

DUSTY

What's up bro?

BRAD

Here.

Brad slaps a wad of cash in his hand.

BRAD (CONT'D)

It's my last ten thousand. And it's yours.

DUSTY

Bro, I am so out of the drug game.
(then)
Are you wearing a wire?

BRAD

It's not for drugs you moron. It's a bribe. I want to get rid of you. I want you to leave. Vamos. Capice?

DUSTY

You think you can just pay me off? You think I'd leave my only two kids for ten grand?

BRAD

Yes, I do.

DUSTY

Throw in a flat screen and you got a deal.

BRAD

Done. Now I'm going to the store to get supplies for Dylan's birthday party. When I get back I expect to see that you're gone.

Brad walks away smiling. Dusty calls out.

DUSTY

So you'll take care of Peyton? Tell him where to go, what to do, the whole nine?

Brad can't believe he's still going on about this.

BRAD

Oh yeah, consider it done. Been nice knowing ya Dusty.

(sotto)

Not.

Brad laughs at his own joke.

INT. CAR - DAY

Brad is driving his Vette, towing a big bouncy castle back to the house. He's feeling very proud of himself.

BRAD

Say what you want about Brad Whitaker. Call him a dork. Call him a nerd. But do not call him an idiot. Nope.

(MORE)

BRAD (CONT'D)

Brad Whitaker can be mocked,
ridiculed even laughed at but he
can not be outsmarted. Am I right
or am I right?

Brad turns and we see he's been talking to a MIME, who shrugs.

Brad pulls in to the driveway and his eyes go wide.

REVEAL a huge birthday party already underway in Brad's backyard.

EXT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brad races out of his car and looks at his backyard. The party is well underway - fifty people in the yard.

His yard has been completely destroyed. A massive home-made football field has been constructed in his backyard. The neighbors fences have been torn down to make the field. It spans four neighbors yards and is dotted with trees and swimming pools.

Stolen street lights are crudely fastened to Brad's roof. A massive section of his roof has been removed to make room for a press box where two announcers are currently calling the game being played.

His garden has been completely destroyed by a massive STAGE that's been constructed. Long-haired heavy metal musicians are playing really loudly.

Brad is devastated.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Dusty and a group of Dads are on the deck in the middle of a game of quarters. Dusty nails the cup and then points with his elbow to one of the Dads.

DUSTY

Feldman!

Brad charges up to the scene.

BRAD

What the hell are you doing?

DUSTY

Quarters, bro. You want in? Oh, I forgot, you don't know how to play.

All the Dads LAUGH at Brad. Brad lays in to Dusty.

BRAD

You were supposed to be gone!

DUSTY

Yeah about that. Check this out, I was all packed up, ready to roll and blow all that dough on booze and broads like usual and then it hit me - I should spend some of that scratch on my kids. So first I considered setting up a college fund and then I thought nah, I don't wanna step on Brad's toes. He's probably gonna wanna cover that whole school thing. So that's when I decided to do the responsible thing and put it all in to this party.

BRAD

Tell me you're not serious.

DUSTY

I know, it's hard to believe, right? It's like a real personal growth moment for me. And I owe it all to you bro.

Dusty puts his arm around Brad. Brad fights it off.

BRAD

Dusty, we had a deal. You said you would leave.

DUSTY

And I am so going to honor that deal, bro.

BRAD

When?

DUSTY

Well, next week is Dylan's football tryouts. The week after that Megan's got the spelling bee. I'm thinking May?

BRAD

May? May?!!

DUSTY

You're right. It's retarded for me to leave just before the summer. Let's call it September just to play it safe.

Brad steams out of frustration and charges off.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Brad approaches Sara on the dance floor.

BRAD

We have to cancel the party.

SARA

What? Why?

Brad has no reason.

BRAD

I don't really know. We just have to.

SARA

Brad, you're being silly. This party is great. Look how much fun the kids are having...

ANGLE on the BOYS PLAYING FOOTBALL on their awesome backyard field.

DYLAN DIVES for a ball, stretches out and lands in one of the swimming pools. He comes up with the ball. Thrusts his hand in the air.

The guy from the band gets on the mic.

VOICE (O.S.)

OK, everybody, this is the moment you've all been waiting for. Are you ready?

SARA

Oh honey, let's go. He's here.

BRAD

Who's here?

SARA

Peyton Manning.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The whole party is gathered on the fifty yard line. Everyone anxiously awaiting Peyton's big entrance.

ANNOUNCER

Here, ladies and gentlemen, is your
Super Bowl MVP champion himself,
Mr. Peyton Manning!!

ANGLE ON an overweight, sloppy Peyton Manning crashing through the paper ring set up. The whole party rushes out to meet him. He's hi-fiving as he makes his way through the crowd. It's obviously Dusty dressed as Peyton but the kids don't know that and the parents play along.

Angle on Brad as he watches them hoist Dusty up on shoulders like he's just won the Super Bowl. He can't take it another minute.

BRAD

Agghhhh!!!!

BRAD races through the crowd, bowling people over as he barges through. Then he leaps in to the air, grabbing Dusty by the throat and wrestling him to the ground.

Partygoes tear the two of them apart. Brad's neighbor, LAMBERT screams at Brad.

LAMBERT

Are you crazy man? That's Peyton Manning. He holds several NFL passing records, including - most touchdown passes in a single season, most consecutive seasons with over four thousand yards passing, a record seven seasons with four thousand or more yards passing in a career and a career 94.4 passing rating in the NFL ranking him first among active QB's with at least fifteen hundred passing attempts.

The crowd chimes in - yeah!

BRAD

Oh come on people. Open your eyes.
This is not Peyton Manning.

DYLAN

It's not?

NEIGHBOR

Of course it is. Look, he's wearing a helmet and everything.

BRAD

A helmet that you can buy in any sporting goods store. Look at his beer gut. Do you really think a professional athlete would have this?

Brad pokes at Dusty's huge gut.

DUSTY

(as Peyton)

Uh, take it easy young fella, it's the off season.

SARA

(trying to stop him)

Honey--

BRAD

It's Dusty honey. Pulling another one of his stunts. He's not friends with Peyton Manning.

DUSTY

Lies. Nothing but lies!

Brad rips off his helmet.

BRAD

(all proud)

There. You see!

SARA

(whispers)

Honey, we knew. We were just playing along. For the kids.

Dusty then glares at Brad.

DUSTY

Nice going bro. You totally ruined my son's birthday. Way to keep a secret. You don't see me ratting you out for trying to bribe me with ten grand do you?

Everyone reacts shocked...

DUSTY (CONT'D)

It's true. He wanted me to miss my own son's birthday party. I may not be perfect, but I do not have a price.

More shocked.... Some one in the crowd yells, "Get him!"

SARA

Brad, tell me that's not true.

BRAD

It's not... exactly.

SARA

Brad.

BRAD

I had no choice. He made me do it.

SARA

Really? How did he make you do it?

BRAD

You don't understand. You and the kids think he's like this really sweet harmless guy but what you don't see is that he's really dangerous. He just lulls you to sleep with his ignorance and then kills you with his stupidity.

SARA

OK now you're just being mean.

BRAD

Oh, it's OK for him to give me atomic wedgies at the dinner table and make fun of me for being a bisexual but I can't share a few honest words.

GUY

He's bisexual?

LAMBERT

I knew it!

The kids run to Sara. They're upset.

KIDS

Ewww!

SARA

Brad. I think you should apologize to Dusty.

BRAD

For what?!

SARA

For what? Brad, a father's bond with his children is precious. No one has the right to interfere with that.

BRAD

But what about me? I thought I was their father too?

DUSTY

(coughs)
Step-father.

Everyone laughs. People start pointing at Brad, the laughter increasing. Dusty steps in and puts his arms around the kids too. Now it's the family united against Brad.

This kills Brad. He hangs his head and walks away.

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Brad's Vette still towing the BOUNCY CASTLE pulls in to the hotel parking lot.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Brad stands at the counter, trying to check-in. A wholesome family, Mom, Dad and two kids stand beside him, next in line. Brad deals with the agent. She's looking at his ID.

AGENT

Brad Whitaker? Welcome back!
(off his look)
You're staying with us already, no?

BRAD

I don't think so.

She pulls out something.

AGENT
Isn't this your credit card
imprint?

BRAD
(realizing - Dusty)
Yes. Yes it is.

AGENT
So now you want two rooms?

BRAD
No, if I could just get the spare
key to my room. I seem to have lost
it.

AGENT
Sure thing.
(beat)
And you wanna continue with the 24
hour porno channel right?

Brad looks at the family who reacts.

BRAD
Um no no. I don't.
(to family)
It must be a mistake. I never
ordered that.

AGENT
Sure you did. You called me
stinking drunk the night you
checked in screaming that you gotta
get your spank on.

BRAD
She's confusing me with someone
else. Anyway, you can turn it off
now.

AGENT
Are you sure? Some new titles just
came in. "Iwo Jima 'Gina" and
"Creamgirls"

BRAD
I'll just take the key.

She hands it over. Brad smiles weakly and walks out, the Dad
pulls his family close so Brad can't get near them.

EXT. HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Brad opens the door to his (Dusty's) room. It's dark and when he steps in he trips over the clothing on the floor.

Brad flips on the light and looks all around, it's filthy and sloppy as he would expect. Clothing on the floor, pizza boxes, beer etc.

But then Brad's eyes move up and he sees a huge collection of children's drawings lovingly hung on the wall. It's the only thing in this room that is treated with care. They are beautifully framed and lovingly displayed.

Brad moves closer and inspects them. Each drawing is a depiction of all the fun stuff Dusty and the kids have done throughout our story. Drawings of them having fun at the mall, them playing in the treehouse, the Daddy-daughter dance, kite boarding etc.

He looks closely at each one and they all clearly read "To Dad" no magnifying glass necessary. Brad starts to shed a tear.

He sits down and then picks up a half empty bottle of JACK DANIELS. He takes the FIRST SIP. HE RECOILS FROM THE STING.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dusty's preparing an awful dinner for the kids.

DUSTY

Now isn't this nice. Us coming together to enjoy a good meal.

Megan pushes her plate away.

MEGAN

I'm not hungry.

DYLAN

Me neither.

DUSTY

But you guys said you wanted sushi.

MEGAN

This isn't sushi.

She holds up a cold SARDINE.

DUSTY

You want me to roll 'em up?

Dusty holds up Scotch tape.

Sara enters.

SARA

Dusty, we need to talk.

EXT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON BRAD, he's been drinking. He's upset, venting to someone.

BRAD

What is wrong with me? Am I that selfish that I would try to destroy a family. So big deal, he loves his own children. And his children love him. Why would I try to ruin that. Am I an animal????

REVEAL he's been talking to JEWEL, a hotel bar PROSTITUTE. She's dressed in a very sexy outfit.

JEWEL

Are we knocking boots or what, baby, 'cause I'm on the clock.

BRAD

Oh right. Sorry about that. Another hour?

(to bartender)

And another woo-woo!

JEWEL

That's another hundred.

He hands her money.

BRAD

Here you go sweetheart.

(back to bartender)

Hey barkeep, I said more woo-woos!

Bartender ignores him again. Brad's drunk, starts chanting.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Woo-woos! Woo-woos! Woo-woos!

INT. BRAD'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Dusty's been redecorating, gone are the pictures of the solar system and Beethoven. He's replaced them with an ANNA NICOLE SMITH SHRINE. Dusty and Sara enter.

DUSTY

You know, I saw this one coming a mile away. Lemme just say from the git-go that if we're getting this thing going again, you gotta know now that I am just not a one woman guy. That was our problem last go round.

SARA

What?

DUSTY

It's true. I got a hearty sexual appetite. I need some strange three, four times a week at least. And variety too. Lately I'm feeling the Asians. Is that gonna be a problem?

SARA

Dusty. We are not getting back together.

DUSTY

Oh. Then what do we gotta talk about?

SARA

Brad. We need to talk about Brad.

DUSTY

(turning it on)
Could you believe he did that today? What a jerk.

SARA

He's not the only one who's been acting like a jerk, is he?

DUSTY

Who? Me?

SARA

Look Dusty, you're not the easiest guy to be around.

(MORE)

SARA (CONT'D)

You never have been. But I put up with it because of the kids. You're their father and I try to honor that. But Brad has a place in this family too. When you were gone all those times it was Brad who was here for them. He was good to them Dusty and he was good for them. Do you even realize that our children are members of the honor roll? Three years running! Did you know Megan won her spelling bee last year? And Dylan is a level three speed reader?

DUSTY

(grossed out)
Speed reader?

SARA

Yes. And he loved it. So maybe it's time you started thinking less about yourself and more about what's best for the kids.

She lets that land on him then leaves.

INT. SARA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Sara and the kids are calling Brad. Gets his voice mail. As she leaves her message, we see Dusty eavesdropping at the door.

SARA

I don't know where you are honey but when you get this come home. I'm sorry. I miss you. The kids miss you. Even Dusty - well OK, he probably doesn't miss you but please come home.

MEGAN

We miss you, Brad.

DYLAN

Come home, Brad.

Dusty turns and leaves.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Quick cuts of Dusty driving through town looking for Brad.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Dusty still driving. He passes the hotel parking lot. A bouncy castle in full view. Dusty drives a few feet, stops, reverses and sees the castle.

DUSTY

Bingo.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Dusty scans the bar lobby looking for Brad. He sees JEWEL, the prostitute, heading to the elevators with a john.

DUSTY

Hey Jewel.

JEWEL

Dustbuster! Gimme half an hour with this guy and I'm all yours.

DUSTY

No, not tonight. I'm looking for a friend of mine. 'Bout yay big. Brown hair. Kinda skinny. Name's Brad.

Jewel shakes her head no.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Kind of nerdy.

JEWEL

Oh, you mean, Brad?

DUSTY

Yeah, you seen him?

JEWEL

Oh yeah. Tommy cut him off at the bar then he went running up to the roof screaming some noise that if he couldn't have any more wo-woo's then he got nothing to live for...

DUSTY

(terrified)

The roof?!

He bolts for the elevator.

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Brad stands on the ledge of the building. He's in the middle of typing on his blackberry. He looks like shit.

WE ARE BACK TO THE OPENING SCENE OF THE MOVIE.

Brad typing.

BRAD

... but now I know I was wrong and
I hope you can forgive me.

Suddenly the roof top door swings open and DUSTY come barreling through.

DUSTY

Brad!

BRAD

Dusty?

DUSTY

Don't do it bro!!!

BRAD

Do what?

Dusty charges at Brad and grabs him. Dusty's trying to pull him off the ledge. Brad doesn't know what he's doing, he starts wrestling back. It gets out of control until they lose their footing and start free-falling off the building.

Brad's in another Dusty bear hug.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Ahhhhhh!!!!

DUSTY

Don't worry bro. I gotcha.

ANGLE on the HOTEL POOL where a GAY POOL PARTY is underway. Lots of ripped guys in tight bathing suits splashing each other.

One of the gay guys looks up and sees Dusty and Brad falling out of the sky.

GAY GUY

Look! It's raining men!!!

All the gay guys CHEER.

And then they SPLASH in to the HOTEL POOL. A huge splash.

They sink to the bottom. A long beat. And then they both pop up. The gay guys cheer.

BRAD

What the hell are you doing?

DUSTY

Saving your life bro!

BRAD

What?!

DUSTY

You were about to jump. I couldn't risk losing you.

BRAD

I was trying to send an e-mail. I couldn't get any reception in the bar!

DUSTY

Oh. My bad.

One of the gay guys swims over with some cocktails on a tray.

GAY GUY

Would either of you fallen angels care for a cocktail.

BRAD

Um, could you give us a minute.
(to Dusty)
What are you even doing here?

DUSTY

You and I need to talk.

GAY GUY 1

Talking's good. It's important to let your feelings out.

Dusty turns to Brad.

DUSTY

I'll go first.
(deep breath)
OK. I guess I felt threatened by your relationship with the kids. They seemed to really dig you.

BRAD

Me? How do you think I felt everyday watching them look up to you like you're Superman or something.

DUSTY

Superman? That's how they look at me?

BRAD

Yeah. They worship you.

DUSTY

(pleased)

Yeah. I guess they do. Hey, maybe that means they look at you like Clark Kent?

BRAD

What? No, I don't think--

DUSTY

Seriously, think about it. Nerdy, glasses... virgin.

GAY GUY

Shotgun I get the virgin!

GAY GUY 3

No way. I saw him first!

BRAD

I am not a virgin!

(to Dusty)

Dusty, tell them I'm not a virgin.

DUSTY

He's not a virgin guys. He's married to my wife. And he's really important to my kids so please, some room.

Everyone backs up a little.

BRAD

Dusty, did you mean that? About me being important to the kids?

DUSTY

Sara's right Brad. The kids need both of us.

(MORE)

DUSTY (CONT'D)

Me to teach them all the Superman stuff like sports and humping and you to teach the Clark Kent stuff like math and safe sex.

BRAD

(oddly flattered)

Well...

DUSTY

It's true. I've seen you with them. You're a dope smart guy.

BRAD

Really? You think so?

DUSTY

No doubt. Now gimme some love you nerdy alter-ego dude you.

Dusty wraps him up in a hug. Beat.

BRAD

Dusty is that your hand on my leg?

DUSTY

No. Is that yours on my ass?

BRAD

Nope.

Reveal they are in a GROUP HUG with the gay guys who are groping them.

They RACE out of the pool.

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brad's talking to Sara in bed.

BRAD

... and I guess we realized that together we make one pretty great Dad.

SARA

Honey, that's the greatest thing I've ever heard you say.

Megan and Dylan enter.

MEGAN/DYLAN

Daddy, is that you?/We missed you,
Dad.

BRAD

Hey kids. It's me. Brad. I think
your Dad is downstairs.

The lights go on. Brad looks up and sees Dusty standing in
the doorway with them. Brad realizes the kids just called him
DAD.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(to Dusty)

You mean.....?

Dusty nods.

DUSTY

I figured even a Clark Kent dude
should get to feel what it's like
to be Superman every once in a
while.

Brad grabs the kids in a tight hug.

BRAD

I love you guys.

A real tight hug that goes on too long.

DUSTY

OK bro, now I think you're
suffocating them.

Title Card: TWO WEEKS LATER

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The house has been restored to its original beauty. Dusty's
car is in the driveway. The whole family helps him pack his
belongings in the trunk.

DYLAN

We're gonna miss you, Dad.

MEGAN

I love you, Dad.

They hug Dusty.

DUSTY
Don't you worry guys. I'm not going
away forever. I'll be back.

They break. Brad steps up.

BRAD
It's been a real pleasure.

Dusty offers his hand.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Put that thing away and bring it in
for the good stuff.

They hug.

DUSTY
Hombre.

BRAD
Bro.

They break.

SARA
You come back and visit anytime,
you hear?

BRAD
Yeah Dusty, anytime. And by anytime
we mean provided you call first and
give two weeks notice.

DUSTY
Will do bro. Will do.

Dusty hops in his car.

BRAD
Hey, where are you going anyway?

DUSTY
You know me, bro. Wherever the
road, she takes me.

He peels out. The family waves and almost turns around when they see that Dusty has pulled out of their driveway and into the driveway across the street. Brad stops short.

Dusty gets out of the car. Brad's puzzled. Concerned. Dusty walks over to the REALTY sign on the front lawn. He yanks off the FOR SALE SIGN.

DUSTY (CONT'D)

(calls out)

I forgot to tell you guys. I sold
the Hi-Fiver last week. Made a
bundle. We're gonna be neighbors!!!

Off Brad's horrified look.

TAG

INT. INFOMERCIAL SET - DAY

CLOSE ON THE HI-FIVER looking like a real product now.

VOICE (O.S.)

How many times have you been
watching the big game when somebody
makes a great play and you reach to
hi-five your buddy and then
realize, you're alone.

REVEAL PEYTON MANNING resting his hand on the HI-Fiver.

PEYTON MANNING

Hi. I'm Peyton Manning, quarterback
of the Super Bowl Champion
Indianapolis Colts and I'm here to
tell you about an exciting new
product. The Hi-Fiver!

He crosses and to a cheesy set where a bunch of guys are
watching games and giving hi-fives to the Hi-fiver.

PEYTON MANNING (CONT'D)

Never again will you have to feel
like an idiot standing alone in
your living room with your hi-five
cocked in the air. Never again will
you have to be embarrassed putting
that hi-five back in its holster.
With this incredible new invention,
the world will never again see
another wasted hi-five. And won't
that make the world a better place
for all of us?

(winks)

Cause a hi-five is a terrible thing
to waste!

FADE OUT