

"VERY BAD THINGS"

by

Peter Berg

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FADE IN:

TITLE SEQUENCE

THE DEAD OF NIGHT

Pitch black. Dead quiet. Dim faint light appears in the distance, approaching, growing larger. As the light
nears,
the car
we recognize car headlights. Closer and closer until
is bearing down upon us with great force...

INT. CAR

Two men in the front seat, FISHER and MOORE. Fisher
drives.
sweat
are
matts hair, dirt stains on white tuxedo shirts hands
blistered and bloody. They seem almost entranced.

MOORE

That ought to be about the end of
that.

FISHER

Yup.

SILENCE. PUSH IN ON Fisher...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"The Oakland Raiders have taken a 7 -
6 lead in a, tough, football game
and this crowd is standing..."

**FISHER'S VISION - GRAINY - OUT OF THE PAST THREE RIVER
STADIUM -
DECEMBER 23RD, 1972**

Pittsburgh
yards

Playoff game between the Oakland Raiders and the
Steelers. Scoreboard reads: 22 seconds, 4th down, 10
to go, 4th quarter.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"Hang on to your hats, here come the
Steelers out of the Huddle..."

INT. CAR - FISHER

transfixed...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"It comes down to one big play, 4th
down, ten yards to go. Terry Bradshaw
at the controls..."

Bradshaw throws.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"And Bradshaw, back and
looking...Again, Bradshaw running
out of the pocket... Looking for
someone to throw to..."

Bradshaw throws.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...Bradshaw fires it down the field
and there's a collision!..."

is

The ball bounces off the helmet of a Raider player and
caught low by the Steelers' FRANCO HARRIS.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"...and it's caught out of the air!
The ball is pulled in by Franco
Harris!"

FISHER - DRIVING

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Franco Harris running for the end
zone, all but home..."

Oncoming headlights illuminate Fisher's face...

END TITLES.

FADE TO

BLACK:

FADE IN ON:

DAY

INT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - MARRIAGE LICENSE DEPT. -

SLOWLY TRACKING down a long line of couples. Some with kids, some old, some young, all waiting to pay their \$55 and pick up their marriage license.

We HOLD on a young couple, late 20's, KEITH FISHER and his fiancée, LIZ GARRETY. Fisher has a blondish quality to him, unassuming, pleasant, attentive, a bit more reactive than he could be. Liz is quite attractive, but somewhat tense, and slow moving line.

LIZ

This is ridiculous.

FISHER

Government cutbacks.

LIZ

Why can't we do it through the mail?

FISHER

(patient)

We missed the deadline.

LIZ

Can't we do it on the phone?

FISHER

I don't think so.

In front of them a middle-aged MEXICAN COUPLE make-out intensely while their chubby little THREE YEAR OLD stares at Liz.

LIZ

Why is this Kid staring at me?

FISHER

I'm not sure.

Liz pulls a note-pad out of her daypack.

LIZ

(reading from her
notes)

Did you send in all of the deposit
checks?

FISHER

I think so.

LIZ

(pause)

What do you mean, you think so?

FISHER

I sent a lot of checks, I'm not sure
what all of them are.

LIZ

The wedding cake check?

FISHER

Sent it.

LIZ

Photographer?

FISHER

Sent it.

LIZ

Florist?

FISHER

Yup.

LIZ

Caterer?

FISHER

Yes.

LIZ

Hotel for my parents, the tent, the
band, the Judge...

FISHER

(beat)
I think I forgot the tent.

LIZ
(somewhat alarmed)
You forgot the tent?

FISHER
I think so.

LIZ
Why?

FISHER
Why what?

LIZ
Why did you forget the tent check?

FISHER
I didn't mean to Liz. I'm sorry.

LIZ
You can't play around with these
tent people.

FISHER
I'm not playing around. I forgot.

LIZ
What else have you forgot?

FISHER
How could I know what else I forgot?

LIZ
I'm working my ass off here. I've
taken care of absolutely everything
Keith.

FISHER
Because you wanted to. You wanted
this to be your wedding not your
parent's.

LIZ
Don't you dare.

FISHER
What?

LIZ

Don't you put this on me. Don't do
it, don't do it, don't do it, don't...

A YOUNG TEENAGE COUPLE behind them stares at Liz, a bit
confused.

FISHER

(trying to calm her)
Stop it. I'm sorry.

LIZ

(trying to control
herself)
You know how important this is to my
mother. You know that.

FISHER

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I forgot the
tent. I don't think I forgot anything
else.

LIZ

(not bitchy)
I bet you didn't forget the bachelor
party checks.

FISHER

Are we going to do this again?

LIZ

I'm just saying I bet those checks
all found the mailboxes.

FISHER

I wouldn't know.

LIZ

It amazes me how organized you and
your little fun bunch can be when it
comes time to mobilize to Vegas.

FISHER

(patient)
They organized this, not me. I have
nothing to do with it.

LIZ

Well it's bad timing.

FISHER

How do you figure?

LIZ

Right before the wedding?

FISHER

It's a bachelor party. You sort of have to do it before the wedding.

LIZ

I suppose Boyd is the creative force behind all this.

FISHER

He is.

LIZ

He's a moron.

FISHER

He's my friend. He's not a moron.

LIZ

David Boyd is a big sack of hot gas.

EXT. SANTA MONICA

the
realtor

TIGHT ON a "Fred Sands" realty sign being pounded into ground. Pictured on the sign, as "offered by," is

DAVID BOYD, 30-ish, short hair, smiling with bizarre sincerity.

off,
a
phone

WIDER to reveal, David Boyd in the flesh, suit jacket pounding away, sinking the sign into the front yard of cute little house. His CELL PHONE RINGS. Boyd, gets the from his jacket.

BOYD

(into phone)

David Boyd. Tina. Great. Okay. Here's the deal, we're talking five guys. Hard Rock. Nice guys Tina. My friends. Yeah. I'm calling you directly so you don't have to go through the agency...

(suddenly, over his shoulder)

HEY! DO NOT ENTER THE HOUSE!

(back into phone)

That's correct. Cash straight to you. Yes. Twelve hundred? I don't think so. It's just stripping. Just a show. Hold on.

(O.C.)

Could you please wait off the property?

house. ANGLE ON A YOUNG COUPLE, obviously here to see the

MAN

We're just trying to sneak a peak.

BOYD

Just stay off the property until I'm off the phone.

MAN

Why?

BOYD

Cause that's the way they do it.

Bewildered and somewhat intimidated, they back off.

BOYD

(back into phone)

So it's five guys, Hard Rock Casino. Nine hundred bucks and you do the thing with the rubber hoses. Are you in? Tina, are you in? Good.

same Boyd hangs up, puts on his jacket and turns with the bizarre insincere smile in his photo. Hand extended...

BOYD

David Boyd, nice to meet you.

FISHER AND LIZ IN LINE

LIZ

Why do you feel the need to explore this side of your personality?

FISHER

What are you talking about?

LIZ

I'm talking about the kind of people you hang out with... about growing

up, assuming responsibility of yourself.

FISHER

I asked you to marry me. I'm ready for marriage. That's responsibility. That's growth.

LIZ

I just think that at some point you're going to have to re-evaluate some of your friendships...

FISHER

Who else?

LIZ

Charles Moore for instants.

FISHER

You don't like Moore? Since when?

LIZ

It's not that I don't like him. But the wedding has really got me thinking and... I just keep myself opening up. Growing. And I want you keeping up with me here.

FISHER

What does Moore have to do with your growing?

LIZ

I just don't see him in the big picture.

FISHER

I've known him since Cub Scouts.

LIZ

He's weird.

FISHER

He's quiet.

LIZ

He's weird.

TIGHT ON - CHARLES MOORE

KITCHEN.

jacket.

mesmerizing

on at

mute

Late twenties, a chef in a very upscale, very busy
His name, "Moore," is embroidered on his white chef's

Food orders fly all around as Moore works with a
focus, a poetic sense of purpose, fifteen things going
once; he chops, sautes, braises, etc..., in a perfect
silence.

FISHER AND LIZ STILL IN LINE

FISHER

He just doesn't talk a lot.

LIZ

Why? What's his problem?

FISHER

He's a great chef.

LIZ

He's weird. And I expect more from
you.

FISHER

You expect more what?

LIZ

You're going to be hungover for three
days. Like those guys on "Oprah"
that get drunk and have disgusting
sex with prostitutes and then say
their vows with the stench of cheap
hotel whore sex all over them.

FISHER

Time out.

LIZ

It's vile!

People are staring.

FISHER

That's absurd.

LIZ

I've seen it on television.

FISHER

I'm not going to marry you with the
smell of prostitutes on my body.

LIZ

(starts to cry)

I am not common Keith. I am not
common. I am a creature like no other
and I will not be commoned! Is that
to much to ask?

(screaming)

Is that to much to ask!?!

FISHER

You will not be common!!!

Finally, at the head of the line, Liz steps up to the
clerk.

LIZ

Marriage license please.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING

Fisher and Liz emerge, start for the parking lot. Liz
stops
and
to look at Fisher, her eyes well with tears, vulnerable
apologetic.

LIZ

Do you love me?

FISHER

Of course.

LIZ

How much?

FISHER

With all my heart.

LIZ

(vulnerable)

Kiss me...?

FISHER takes her into his arms, pulls her to him,
kisses her
hard, for all it's worth.

INT. A LARGE MONEY MANAGEMENT FIRM

desks,
sits...
Desk after desk after desk of identical men, seemingly repeating the same task. We find Fisher at one of the number crunching. At the desk across from Fisher

personality
MICHAEL BRENN, short, compact, with a severe disorder, masquerading as semi-appropriate behavior.

MICHAEL

That's just insecurity.

FISHER

I don't know. She's really been stressing out.

MICHAEL

Just insecurity. Nut crunching gut splinters.

FISHER

What does that mean?

MICHAEL

It means she's insecure.

FISHER

About what?

Michael's phone rings.

MICHAEL

(picks up)

Mike Brenn. Yes. Yes. 14.3 at 7.5 for 6. At 29.83 at 9.

(hangs up)

I'm amazed the windows don't blow out of their fucking sockets with all the repressed, ass-puckering rage in these soul-less lizards.

FISHER

(beat)

I just want her to be happy.

MICHAEL

Same alarm clock every morning, same two pops on the same snooze button...

(PHONE RINGS; picks up)

Michael Brenn. Yes... Yes...

(looking through stacks
of stats)

Hold your horses. Okay. Got it. 6.321
at 17.28 for 6.6 at 9.256 out at
3432.343.

(hangs up)

Same shower, towel, toothbrush, razor,
hair gel. It's a fucking epidemic
Fisher and you better start addressing
it. You're getting married and I'm
not going to candy-coat it. It just
gets worse. It's an eighteen wheel
cement mixer that will crush every
bone in your body.

Fisher looks pale.

FISHER

I'm not breathing right.

MICHAEL

You're not breathing right?

FISHER

Lately I'll just start getting
lightheaded, dizzy, and I realize I
haven't breathed in like two minutes.

soft in
ADAM BRENN, Michael's older brother, mid-30's, a bit
the belly, approaches, more or less in charge.

ADAM

(to Michael)

We're leaving from my house in three
hours. If you want to come, get your
numbers in order by then.

MICHAEL

First of all...

ADAM

(cuts him off)

No first of all. I'm not in a game
mood.

MICHAEL

You're interrupting a personal
conversation.

ADAM

(to Fisher)
Sorry Fish.

FISHER
We'll be ready Adam.

ADAM
I know you'll be.
(to Michael)
Three hours.

Adam goes.

MICHAEL
I don't care for him.

FISHER
He's your brother.

MICHAEL
So?

Fisher's phone RINGS.

FISHER
(pick's up)
Keith Fisher.

INT. KITCHEN

Liz sits at the kitchen table, in a mild panic.

LIZ
(into phone)
We've got problems here.

FISHER
Problems?

INTERCUT Liz and Fisher.

LIZ
Seating problems.

FISHER
Okay.

LIZ
Keith do not trivialize this.

FISHER
I'm not. What's the problem?

LIZ

We're supposed to have gold-trimmed padded seats, now they're telling me that there was a mistake and we can't have padded.

FISHER

What kind of seats can we have?

LIZ

Not padded ones.

FISHER

So what do we do?

LIZ

You go down there.

FISHER

Go down where?

LIZ

Go down to the seat place and straighten this out.

FISHER

Honey I don't have the time...

LIZ

I need your help.

FISHER

We're leaving in three hours.

LIZ

(starts to cry)

I need your help.

FISHER

I'll call them from the road.

LIZ

Do you love me?

FISHER

More than I ever imagined being able to love anyone ever.

LIZ

Take care of those chairs.

FISHER

We're leaving from Adam's. Come send me off.

LIZ

Maybe.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - SANTA MONICA

older
brand
focuses

BOYD, MOORE, FISHER in the middle, MICHAEL and his brother, ADAM, all in suits pose in front of Adam's new, state of the art, Chevy Minivan while Adam's very aggressive wife, LOIS, mired in domestic resentment, her camera.

LOIS

Notice how clean and well-behaved they all appear, respectable members of modern society. Timmy, Adam Jr., take a good look at this...

watch
suffers

Adam's and Lois' kids, Timmy, 8, and Adam Jr., 10, with Liz. (Adam Jr., in leg braces and crutches, from muscular dystrophy)

LOIS

...We will compare these before photos with whatever form of degeneration presented to us in 24 hours, no matter how low, how vile...

LIZ

...embarrassing, shameful...

LOIS

...regression of Modern Man to his most primitive, ape-like state...

LIZ

The stone age.

LOIS

The post-Vegas Man.

LIZ

A mutant species.

LOIS

Okay boys, smile!

Lois clicks off photos of the men.

LOIS

All right. As you were.

The guys break. Fisher goes to Liz.

LIZ

Will you please call the chair people?

FISHER

I will.

LIZ

Do you love me?

FISHER

Of course.

LIZ

Just call and let me know that your
okay.

FISHER

I love you.

LIZ

Have a nice bachelor party.

looses

Adam kisses Lois and the kids goodbye. Adam Jr. nearly
his balance in the excitement, Adam catches him.
Boyd starts to get in the drivers seat.

ADAM

Not on your life.

the

they're

Boyd slides over shotgun, cranks the MUSIC. Fisher's
last one in. He slides the big Minivan door shut and
off.

wave

Adam looks in the rearview mirror, Lois, Liz, Timmy
goodbye. Adam Jr. waves one of his crutches.

EXT. HWY - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

downtown
a

The minivan cruises east: from Santa Monica; through
Los Angeles; and the City of Industry. At the turn off,
freeway sign reads; "Las Vegas 385 miles."

INT. MINIVAN - LATER

BOYD

You're a fucking moron.

MICHAEL

It's my fucking opinion.

ADAM

It's really a stupid opinion. You
have developed an annoying habit of
talking for what seems to be no other
reason than to hear yourself speak.

MICHAEL

Because my opinion threatens yours,
it's poorly developed?

ADAM

No, because your opinions are idiotic
and have nothing to do with what any
given conversation is about, which
makes 85% of your eagerly injected
thought process highly offensive to
me.

MICHAEL

Boyd brought up divorce statistics.

BOYD

The hell I did!

MICHAEL

The hell you didn't!

BOYD

The hell I did!

MICHAEL

You said one in two marriages end in
divorce.

BOYD

I never heard that.

FISHER

You said that Boyd.

BOYD

Well, I didn't mean it.

MICHAEL

You're an asshole Adam.

ADAM

You're an asshole.

MICHAEL

Oh, and why am I an asshole?

ADAM

Multiple reasons.

MICHAEL

Name one.

ADAM

I don't have to...

FISHER

SHUT UP!

Fisher

DEAD SILENCE. As they ride through the lifeless desert,
dials his cell phone.

FISHER

(into phone)

Is this Pico Party rents? Can I speak
to whomever is in charge of chairs?
Chairs.

Boyd checks his watch.

BOYD

Four hours and fifteen minutes. I
can make Vegas in 3 and change.

ADAM

I'm not getting a ticket.

FISHER

(on cell phone)

Tony? This is Keith Fisher. You're
doing my wedding and I'm calling
about the chair situation. Yeah,
I'll hold.

BOYD

Who's up for making some real money?

ADAM

Don't even start.

BOYD

You want to hear me out?

MICHAEL

Nope.

BOYD

Moore?

MOORE

No I don't.

BOYD

Fish?

FISHER

Not really.

(into phone)

Yes, the Fisher wedding chairs...

BOYD

Prison Communication Systems.

(no response)

An acquaintance friend of mine is professionally involved with a communications outfit in Denver that I just happen to know for a fact is about to be rewarded a very large, exclusive contract to rewire every state prison in Colorado. Yes sir.

Nobody gives a fuck.

FISHER

(into phone)

No, I'm holding for Tony. In chairs. Keith Fisher. Okay.

BOYD

That would translate to government guaranteed contract in excess of 35 million dollars.

FISHER

(into phone)

We need padded chairs.

BOYD

Or a stock kick of approximately 125% on shares which are currently sitting around \$4.38, or, in plain English...

ADAM

SHUT UP!

MICHAEL

NO!

BOYD

What is wrong with you people? I'm a helper here.

MOORE

Your investment ideas never work out.

BOYD

That's the whole point. They rarely work out. But on occasion they do. And when they do, they do big.

MICHAEL

Your ideas never work out.

BOYD

Oh really? Starbucks?

ADAM

That's one idea.

FISHER

(into phone)

No... we want padded chairs... okay?

BOYD

One idea that if you had fucking listened to, you would each be worth approximately 15 million dollars.

ADAM

You can't keep bringing up Starbucks. That was your only real hit in like 75 tries.

BOYD

I set up Fisher with the broker that

found his house. Took care of that one, didn't I?

(beat)

Prison Communications.

MOORE

I don't think so Boyd.

BOYD

Fine. Don't come crying to Boyd. No sir.

He turns away from the guys and stares out the window.

FISHER (O.S.)

Yes, I was holding for Tony in chairs. I have a chair problem. No, I'm not Tony, I need to speak to Tony.

EXT. DESERT

Vegas. The minivan cruises through Death Valley in route to

EXT. RED ROCK NAT'L PARK - CANYON - MAGIC HOUR

ice, a North of Vegas. The minivan is parked high on a cliff overlooking the city. A couple of Tequila bottles on case of Heineken. The boys are arming up.

ADAM

All the bullshit aside Fish, we've been coming up here for what, eight years?

Boyd, carving a branch with his boy scout knife...

BOYD

More.

ADAM

Over eight years of some of the hardest raging experiences of my life.

MOORE

Good times.

MICHAEL

Drum banging real times.

FISHER

Real times.

ADAM

They've all been real times. And as you prepare to enter into a new phase of life, as you prepare for new roles; father, husband, teacher, you will, as I have, come to except the letting go of of old ways. Soon, the mellowing will begin...

BOYD

But not tonight.

MOORE

Not tonight.

ADAM

Tonight we return once again to the cave. Tonight we let the monsters out. We fill ourselves with the spirits of Genghis Kahn, Joe Namath, JFK, Paton, Lombardi, Hemingway...

MICHAEL

(screaming)

Franco mother-fucking Harris!

MOORE

Keith Richards, Dean Martin...

BOYD

Jack Kerouback, Herman Melville, Henry Miller and Hunter S. Thompson. I dedicate this evening to fear and to major loathing. So from sun set to sun rise, let me be heard...

their Boyd holds the bottle above his head as the guys raise glasses in a toast.

ALL

He who acts the beast, rids himself of the pain of being a man!

glass The guys smash the bottles together in an explosion of and the golden Tequila.

INT. CASINO - GAMBLING MONTAGE

Improvised DIALOGUE.

CARDS fly.

the

CASH and CHIPS PLAY FISHER on cell phone calls about chairs again.

TEQUILA POURS. Shot after shot after shot after shot.

MICHAEL throws back a shot, falls off his stool.

CASINO PHONE BOOTH

Fisher sneaks a call to liz.

LIZ (V.O.)

Hello.

FISHER

Hi.

INT. DEN - LIZ'S AND FISHER'S APARTMENT

Liz is making place cards, "I Love Lucy" is on the TV.

LIZ

Hi.

(teasing)

Are you calling from jail?

FISHER (V.O.)

Not yet.

LIZ

Well, the night is young. Did you straighten out the chair situation?

FISHER (V.O.)

I'm working on it, I've made three calls.

(beat)

I can't stop thinking about how much I love you.

LIZ

That's sweet.

FISHER (V.O.)

Well I do.

LIZ

Well you should.

FISHER (V.O.)

What are you doing?

LIZ

Just a bit of organizing.

FISHER (V.O.)

Nesting?

LIZ

Yeah. Nesting.

FISHER (V.O.)

I'm mad at you.

LIZ

Go have fun. Not too much.

FISHER (V.O.)

I'll see you tomorrow...

CASINO

face. Fisher hangs up, a "crazy about the girl" smile on his

INT. FISHER'S SPLIT-LEVEL HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

swank The MUSIC is LOUD. The boys are super drunk in the bachelor party suite.

MOORE stagger-dances on a table.

BOYD AND MICHAEL stand at the wet-bar.

BOYD

I don't hate women.

MICHAEL

You hate women.

BOYD

False.

MICHAEL

True.

BOYD

Not true.

MICHAEL

You have a King fantasy.

BOYD

I am a lover. In Africa, you can stay king as long as you can service your women every night.

MICHAEL

And what happens when you can't?

BOYD

(swigs whiskey; looks up)
New king.

EXT. BALCONY

Adam and Fisher.

ADAM

No. No. No. It's what my father said to me. He said it and he meant it... He said to me... He said, Adam, he said... He told me and I heard him... he said...

(struggles to remember)

Hell he said so many Goddamn things I can't remember everything he said for Christ's sake.

FISHER

Right! That's exactly what I'm saying. My father said, first of all, I'm your father not your friend. I'm your father.

ADAM

Are you solid with that?

FISHER

No. I think it's fucked.

ADAM

Then fuck what your father said, cause I'm gonna tell you right now... You'll know what it's all about, why you got married and why you love her when you wake up at three in the morning, and the streetlight's coming

through the window and it's just catching a corner of her face, like a sleeping angel. And her hair smells sweet and she's your's. She's all your's. Do you see where I'm going here?

MICHAEL AND BOYD AT THE BAR

speed hitting cocaine.

BOYD

If I'm the king of Israel, I say to myself, King, I say to myself, King... Take a good look around. What do I see?

MICHAEL

Israel doesn't have a King.

BOYD

Then what do they have?

MICHAEL

They have a president. A Benjamin Yahoo something.

BOYD

I say to myself, look at the map. Look what's all around you. People who wish bad bad things for you and your people. For thousands of years the Jews are fighting everybody. It used to be they'd throw rocks, then the iron revolution and they would attack with spears. Then the gunpowder revolution. Now they're shooting fire power back and forth, all day bullets flying, babies getting shot.

MICHAEL

What's your point?

BOYD

Now if I'm the King of Israel and all these sand niggers are armed to the gills and you know it's just a matter of time... right? Am I right?

MICHAEL

The Israelis can protect themselves. They got the Mossad thing happening.

Mossad's for real, man. They scalp babies.

BOYD

There's my point exactly.

MICHAEL

What? What's your point?

BOYD

Take Mexico.

MICHAEL

What?

BOYD

Look up the chickens, dig up the holy dirt, pack up the wailing crying wall thing they bang their heads on all day long, stick it all on a big fucking tug boat. The whole country picks up and takes Mexico.

ANGLE ON

Brothers,"
MOORE crazed with the rhythm of the "Chemical jumps up and down on the table.

ON BALCONY

Fisher and Adam power shooting Tequila.

FISHER

The bucks gonna stop right here.
(pounds his chest)

If my son doesn't know the six New England states, if he has trouble with geography, I won't stick it in his face. I'll help the little guy. I'll put him in the car and take him out there. I'll take him to Maine for a big Lobster dinner, go skiing in Vermont, hot dogs at Yankee Stadium... I won't stare him down.

ADAM

Don't ever stare him down.

FISHER

I won't do it.

ADAM

Don't eyeball your kids.

MOORE

On the coffee table, dances the beastly dance.

THE BAR

BOYD

The Mexicans would love it. They're dying for a little order down there. They need direction.

MICHAEL

They need leadership.

BOYD

That's what I'm saying. Let the Israelis straighten it up. They got plenty of room down there, number one. Plus, and this is just a plus, they kind of look alike -- the Jews and the Mexicans. So I think on a whole your average Joe Mexican is gonna have less of a problem getting his head around the whole assimilation thing. Am I right?

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

BALCONY

ADAM

I tell mine that they're little men. I tell them they're strong. They make me feel joy. I let 'em know. So they really know that I need them just as much. You know. Just as much man. And you know, you're their godfather...

FISHER

I know and I'm honored...

ADAM

If anything ever happens to me...

FISHER

I know...

ADAM

Y'see? That's the real point here.
That's what I'm driving for, when
the big storm comes and knocks down
all the forests and the rocks fall
down and the leave's are bare. What's
left? The little trees, the little
fellas that the storm didn't see.
The tiny little...

Moore is on the balcony.

MOORE

The stripper's here.

ADAM

(bombed)

Excellent.

He and Fisher stagger aside.

HOTEL SUITE

to Boyd introduces TINA, a devastatingly sexy Asian girl,
all the boys.

BOYD

Gentlemen, this is Tina.

The guys, wasted, attempt to greet Tina.

TINA

Who's the lucky groom?

lips to The guys point at Fisher, roaring. Tina presses her
Fisher's ear.

TINA

Hi Fisher.

stumble Boyd dims the lights, cranks up the MUSIC as the guys
move, for position on and around the couch. Tina starts to
very sexy.

Michael tokes a joint.

MICHAEL

God, I love women.

TINA'S DANCE MONTAGE

SERIES OF SHOTS:

TINA dances, slowly peeling off her clothes.
The guys are into it. Michael seems especially turned-on.
Tina moves in on Fisher, starts a very nasty lap dance... somehow incorporating a rubber hose.
The guys hoop and holler...
Michael is mesmerized...
Tina grinds on Fisher's lap, touching her nipples...
slaps Michael's going crazy... He tries to touch her, she his hand away...
Fisher can't take it anymore...
Tina relents... moves on...
Michael reaches for her leg like a dog in heat.
settles She passes over him, teasing, tormenting him, and onto Adam's lap.
The guys roar in approval... Michael glowers...
Adam turns bright red as Tina arouses and rides him...
Michael starts to burn...
rubs The guys egg Tina on, she gets off on Adam's shyness, her breasts in his face...
The guys are howling...
Tina sucks one of Adam's fingers into her mouth...
Michael looks like he's going to explode...
Adam's overwhelmed, he politely bails out...

BOYD

(whispers to Fish)
She's all your's Fish. Anything you
want. Happy bachelor party.

FISHER

I can't.

MICHAEL

(jumps up)
I'll take a ride.

FISHER

Go for it.

MICHAEL

(to Tina)
Come on.

TINA

(to Boyd)
You said just dancing.

BOYD

(re: money)
I'll take good care of you.

TINA

(dead flat; re: Michael)
With him.
(beat)
Lucky me.

Michael moves in on Tina. Hesitantly, she leads him
into the master bedroom.

MOORE

She's fucking hot!

ADAM

I need a drink.

BOYD

Tequila...

Boyd reaches for the bottle as the beat goes on.

HOTEL SUIT - MONTAGE

Distorted, a bit crooked. MUSIC and DIALOGUE constantly
changing levels. We're not sure who's saying what.

We're not

of is
bathroom.

sure of physical geography. The one thing we are sure
that MICHAEL is fucking the hell out of Tina in the

SERIES OF SHOTS:

MASTER BATHROOM:

Michael works Tina from behind.

SUITE:

MOORE bouncing off the furniture.

FISHER and ADAM, wildly high.

start
knocking

BOYD sprays beer on Adam, who returns fire. Drunk they
wrestling, throwing each other around the room,
over furniture.

BATHROOM:

with her

Michael, tightly, ties Tina's hands behind her back
rubber hose.

TINA

Oh come on.

MICHAEL

I want to play.

TINA

It's gonna cost extra.

MICHAEL

I will pay.

SUITE:

knock a
floor.

Fisher spraying beer all over Adam and Boyd as they
table over and end up tangled and brawling on the

BATHROOM:

Michael screwing the hell out of Tina.

TINA

Easy baby, easy.

SLOW MOTION INTERCUT:

SUITE:

another
Moore wildly leaps from the couch to the chair, to
chair, back to the couch...

BATHROOM:

behind
Michael plows like a monster into Tina, hands tied
her back...

floor...
CLOSE ON her stiletto heels, digging into the marble
One of her heels breaks... she starts to slip...

SUITE:

glass
Moore jumps, misses the chair, falling down on the
coffee table, GLASS EXPLODES...

BATHROOM:

her
Tina falls, Michael reaches too late, she can't break
down...
fall with her hands tied behind her... she's going

SUITE:

floor...
Moore falls through the shattered glass, to the

BATHROOM:

Tina hits her head hard on the porcelain toilet...

SUITE:

Moore
Fisher, Adam, and Boyd stop brawling, stare down at
covered in glass.

MOORE

(beat)

Cool.

ROARING
releasing.
he

Moore is fine, not even a scratch. The guys break into
LAUGHTER, completely HYSTERICAL; shaking, roaring,
TIGHT SHOTS of each HOWLING until...
One by one... they sober up... looking O.C.
TIGHT ON FISHER as his smile slowly fades to confusion,
stares O.C. at...

MICHAEL

from

Standing in the door, face ghost white, blood dripping
his fingers...

MICHAEL

I really fucked up.

INT. BATHROOM

The guys rush in. Stop dead in their tracks.

TINA

in a
stare,

On the floor, legs twisted underneath her, lies growing
growing puddle of dark blood. SILENCE as the guys
trying to comprehend.

MOORE

Jesus.

ADAM

Don't touch her. Call 911.

MICHAEL

(in shock)
I was just playing... we were playing
just playing around.

ADAM

(examines Tina)
She's dead.

FISHER

No... No.

MOORE

How do you know she's dead.

ADAM

She's got no fucking pulse.

BOYD

You don't know what you're doing.

Boyd pushes Adam out of the way. Starts feeling her pulse.

BOYD

(not getting anything)

Where do you look? What side of the neck?

MOORE

Left side.

ADAM

Either side you idiot. I'm calling **911**.

FISHER

(semi-gone)

What happened? Oh my God...

MICHAEL

We were playing... she slipped... she hit her head.

ADAM

(incredulous)

Playing?

SUITE

Boyd Adam moves into the living room, heads for the phone. intercepts him. They wrestle for the phone.

BOYD

Wait!

ADAM

What?

BOYD

What are you doing?

ADAM

(hysterical)
What are you talking about?

BOYD
What do you think you are doing?

ADAM
I'm calling the ambulance.

BOYD
Just wait a second. Wait one second.
Okay. What are you doing?

ADAM
Calling the ambulance.

BOYD
Why?
(beat)
Why? She's dead. Why are you calling
an ambulance?

A reasonable point. BEAT.

ADAM
We have to call the ambulance.

BOYD
Why?

Fisher entering, freaked...

FISHER
Oh, Jesus... call the police.

BOYD
No.

FISHER
She's dead. Call somebody!

BOYD
Shut up.

FISHER
Call 911.

BOYD
Shut up.

MICHAEL
She slipped.

ADAM

(attacking Michael)
What did you do?

MICHAEL

(defensive)
You never heard of accidents?! Get
off me!

Adam slaps Michael. Moore tries to break it up.

BOYD

Everybody shut up. LISTEN TO ME!

SILENCE.

BOYD

Listen to me. Please. Everybody just
calm down a bit here. Okay... First...
are we sure she's dead?

ADAM

Her head's bashed in and her heart
isn't beating.

MOORE

She's dead.

MICHAEL

It was an accident!

BOYD

Are you sure this was an accident?

ADAM

You're a lying deviant. What did you
do?!

MICHAEL

The floor was wet. She slipped!

ADAM

Why was the floor wet?

MICHAEL

I don't know why the floor was wet!

ADAM

Why?!

is;
the

Fisher wanders back to the bathroom door where Moore
they stare down at Tina as the conversation rages in
b.g.

BOYD

Stop it! Listen to me. Let's just
take a second here and take hold of
the situation, OK? Let's just review
our options here.

ADAM

We have a dead woman bleeding all
over the bathroom. What options?
Call the police.

BOYD

Call the police. Okay, that's one
option.

ADAM

That is not an "option." There is no
multiple choice here.

BOYD

Yes sir, there sure is an option
here. There are always options.

ON Fisher and Moore.

MOORE

I've never seen a dead person.

As Moore moves in, transfixed, to take a closer look...

FISHER

(enraged)

Fuck! Fuck you fucking guys!

BOYD

Well we can definitely call the
police. That's an easy call. If we
call the police... What happens?

(silence)

They find a dead prostitute in the
bathroom... They ask us... What
happened? We say, ah... our friend,
Michael...

(to Adam)

Your brother... got a little out of
control... they were making love...

and he got a little excited... and he, ah, sort of beat her head into the side of a toilet, while he choked her to death with a rubber hose...

ADAM

Stop it!

BOYD

There's more.

ADAM

Just stop.

BOYD

Just giving the facts.

ADAM

I'm calling the police.

BOYD

What were we doing officer? Why didn't we help her? Well... we're all a bit high, you know, bachelor party, that kind of thing. Fisher here is getting married in three days... Beautiful wife... he didn't have anything at all to do with it... It was all Michael here... just Michael...

ADAM

You don't play games with Homicide police. There are no options here. There is not the luxury of worrying about how the fallout will settle.

BOYD

I've known him for while maybe twenty years kind of a close friend but hey what the heck officer, take him away, go on it's for his own good.

FISHER

(outraged)

What are you talking about? Adam's right. We don't have a choice here Boyd... I mean what are you talking about? What options???

BOYD

(calm)

Bury her out in the desert.

ADAM

(sarcastic)
Sure, why not.

MOORE

He's right.

BOYD

We can take her out to Red Rock.
Find some quiet place... and put her
in the ground.

ADAM

You don't just casually walk out of
a Vegas Casino with a dead woman.

BOYD

We can do this. We can get her out
of here.

ADAM

Have you completely lost your mind?
So you get her out of here. So you
get her out into the desert somehow,
without anybody seeing, so what, you
don't think at some point somebody
might notice that she's gone?

BOYD

Nobody knows she's here. I called
her personally. Nobody knows.

FISHER

Oh for Christ's sake Boyd. Somebody
must know she's here.

BOYD

Nobody knows.

PAUSE, as the guys digest this point.

ADAM

Her blood is all over the bathroom.
I'd say that's a bit of a DNA problem.

BOYD

It's a marble floor, we can clean it
up.

FISHER

Oh God. This is insane.

BOYD

What's insane is the fact that Michael here put a fucking girl's head through a toilet. That's insane.

MOORE

They'll get us on accessory to murder.

ADAM

Bullshit it's not accessory. I didn't do shit. You call the cops, you explain it was an accident...

BOYD

Her fucking head was caved in.

ADAM

So! I didn't fucking do it!

BOYD

She's got bondage burns on her wrists. There's blow all over the room, Moore looks like he went at it with a mountain lion. This room looks like the Manson Family stayed here a month. Michael goes down, we all go down.

MOORE

I'm not going to ruin my life over a dead whore.

ADAM

That's a horrible ugly comment. "Dead whore?" She's a person!

FISHER

(falling away)
I'm getting married...

MICHAEL

I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

ADAM

I've got a wife and two boys.

Fisher shuffles to a corner, collapses, head in hands.
SILENCE.

BOYD

(unflappably calm)
Lets take a vote. A simple vote. Two

choices; we clean up the mess. Right now. Bury it in the desert, go home, and never look back. Or, we can call the police... Open those doors, roll the dice and hope that it's only Michael who falls. Let's take a vote. Desert... or police?

BOYD looks around. BEAT. Raises his hand.

BOYD

Desert.

He looks at MOORE.

MOORE

(beat)

Fucking desert.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

(to Fisher)

Fish, I'm really sorry. I just... I owe you man.

(puts up his hand)

Desert.

All eyes on FISHER, no response.

BOYD

Nobody knows she's here.

FISHER

Good God... Good God...

All eyes on ADAM. He takes a while... Finally,

ADAM

How do we get her out of here?

A reasonable question. Boyd thinks. BEAT.

BOYD

Wrap her up in blankets. Bring the car around to the back of the hotel, throw her off the balcony, put her in the car... Done.

ADAM

(beat)

You don't think someone will have a

problem with a body being thrown off
a balcony?

BOYD

We check out the area and wait for a
time when it's clear.

ADAM

What about the blood?

BOYD

Someone goes to Walmart, gets some
buckets, brushes, mops, Spic and
Span, the works.

ADAM

Have you ever done this before?

BOYD

The reality is, you take away the
horror of this situation, take away
the tragedy of the death, take away
the moral and ethical implications
of all the crap you have had
conditioned, beaten, into your head
since grade one. What are we left
with? What? A 115 lb. problem. 115
lbs. that must be moved from point A
to point B. Now, a straight line in
the shortest distance but we are
denied the luxury of a visible
straight line. But that line exists
and I see it. I see that line. Trust
me. Adam. Trust me... I can take
care of this.

KNOCK KNOCK

The five men stop breathing. Somebody's at the door.

KNOCK KNOCK

Stunned silence. The guys stare at each other in
horror.

RALPH (O.S.)

Hello? Is anyone in there?

Boyd races to the door, eyes the peephole.

BOYD'S POV, through the peephole, outside in the hall,

man. RALPH, early 30's, fairly unassuming.

BOYD

(calls out)

What is it?

RALPH (O.S.)

Ah, yeah, hi. Is Tina there?

Adam throws his head in his hands.

BOYD

(through door)

What?

RALPH (O.S.)

I'm with Tina. Is she there?

Boyd indicates to the guys to be cool.

BOYD

She's not here.

RALPH (O.S.)

Where is she?

BOYD

She's here. She's just... Hold on a second.

Boyd turns as the guys freak. Crazy bits of panicked conversation -- GIBBERISH.

KNOCK KNOCK.

RALPH (O.S.)

Could you open the door please.

Boyd moves back to the door, slowly, opens it. Ralph
steps in. Takes a good look around.

RALPH'S POV of the fairly destroyed hotel room and five severely traumatized men.

RALPH

Okay. Hi.

SILENCE.

RALPH

So who's the lucky guy?

PAUSE.

BOYD

Who?

RALPH

The groom?

FISHER

Me.

RALPH

Cool...

(beat)

You all dudes from L.A.?

BOYD

Yup.

RALPH

Doing the bachelor party thing?

BOYD

That's right.

RALPH

Sin City. Devil's Playground. The
Black Bitch. All day every day.

(beat)

Where's Tina?

BOYD

She's in the bathroom... she's still
working.

RALPH

She's still working?

BOYD

That's right.

RALPH

Sweet deal.

strange eye

SILENCE. Ralph checks the rest of the guys. Some
contact. Extremely uncomfortable.

RALPH

Is everything okay?

BOYD

Great. Fine. Perfect.

More SILENCE.

RALPH

(indicating bathroom)

I'm gonna just tell her I'm waiting.

He starts for the bathroom.

BOYD

She's in there!

RALPH

I'm just gonna let her know I'm here.

are
the
- and

And Ralph is on his way to the bathroom. And the guys
freaking as Ralph moves through the bedroom up towards
bathroom. Hand on door -- opening door -- stepping in -
Ralph sees Tina.

RALPH, in shock, staring, back-peddles...

RALPH

My God!

As Ralph starts to turn --

FISHER (O.S.)

No! NOOOO!!!

ON BOYD -- his Boy Scout knife raised above his head --
driving it into Ralph's neck!

Ralph

MAJOR ARTERIAL SPRAY as Ralph's jugular is severed.
struggles. Boyd wrestles him back toward the bathroom.

BOYD

Help me! Don't let him bleed on the
carpet!

gilled
the

And MOORE is there. Helping Boyd wrestle the SCREAMING
thrashing Ralph into the bathroom. Ralph fights like a
Marlin. They shove him into the bathroom. Boyd slams

back door shut. Holds it tight as Ralph tries to force it open.

BOYD

He'll bleed out! He'll bleed dry.
Help me hold the door.

door And help they do. Michael, Moore and Adam all hold the
the shut as Ralph continues to fight for his life. Slowly
down... force of his POUNDING eases. We hear Ralph slowing
softer... The thrashing slows... softer... The MOANS quiet...
Ralph is Just a slight GURGLE... Ralph is going... going...
gone.

AT THE DOOR

Devastating Eight hands slowly peel off the bathroom door.
of SILENCE as the guys attempt to process this, the latest
developments... with Fisher staring, blotto.

INT. THE BATHROOM

the The door slowly opens. Boyd first -- then the rest of
guy's heads slowly appear in the doorway.

MOORE

Oh God.

relieve And Moore is out the door, racing for a garbage can to
himself.

THE GUYS' POV

Ralph's An absolute blood bath. The walls are covered with
Ralph has arterial spray. Tina lies, still dead on her side.
bathtub. A somehow "assumed the position" dead, head in the
takes bizarre and gruesome sight. Boyd surveys the carnage,
charge.

BOYD

(with military
precision)

All right people. New plan. Not even
a new plan so much as a modification
of the old plan.

FISHER

(beyond shock)

I'm calling the police.

BOYD

So help me God you touch that phone
and I bury you with them.

(beat)

Surrender is no longer an option. I
repeat -- It is not an option. Is
there anyone who does not understand
that?

Fisher's response is to join Moore, as he searches for
garbage can to puke in. Michael just stares.

BOYD

A little gut check time fellas. A
time for some serious self-
exploration. How do I function? For
real? No more bullshit. Can I keep
my cool when they bounce my bananas?
When they won't play my fucking song?
etc, etc. Do you get me? Do you get
me?

MICHAEL

Not really. no.

BOYD

Not a problem. Understand not my
words, but follow my orders. Follow
my orders

INT. WALMART - NIGHT

The boys move down the isles of the massive 24 hour
store, Boyd pushes a cart, grabbing; cleaning supplies,
tape, giant pruning shears, etc...

BOYD (V.O.)

We will organize, we will mobilize,
we will maximize and prioritize.

in Moore grabs a plastic garbage can off a shelf and pukes
it for all he's worth.

INT. HARD ROCK CASINO

the The boys attempt to look natural as they stroll through
them casino with their supplies. Late night gamblers pay
little notice.

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Boyd turns up the MUSIC.

BOYD

Let's do it people.

MUSIC OVER SERIES OF SHOTS:

keeps Moore and Fisher scrub blood from the carpet. Fisher
forgetting to breath.

Michael and Boyd put Tina and Ralph in the bath tub.

Adam sits in shock on the floor.

Fisher and Moore try to fix a broken chair.

like Boyd starts to dismember Ralph with the pruning shears,
cutting the joints of a roasted chicken.

Adam stares at the wall.

in a Michael wraps one of Ralph's feet in plastic, puts it
suitcase.

Boyd saws. Michael wraps. Fisher and Moore clean.

Adam slowly straightens up a lamp, begins to help.

wrapped UNTIL -- the last of the body parts, Tina's head, is
in plastic, packed in a suitcase.

of The bathroom has been remarkably cleaned up. Just a bit
blood left in the tub. Boyd looks pleased.

BOYD

All right. Looking good people.

EXT. RED ROCK CANYON ROAD

pace. The minivan bumps along a deserted road at a snail's

INT. MINIVAN

Everyone is Adam drives, cringing with every bump and bang.
tense. Boyd eyes the clock. It's 4 a.m.

BOYD

Sun rises at 5:52.

ADAM

I'm not wrecking the transmission!

EXT. DESERT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The guys off-loading the suitcases.

Fisher and Boyd digging holes.

They start putting the suitcases in the holes.

ADAM

Wait. Wait a minute.

BOYD

What?

ADAM

We can't do this.

BOYD

We've already done this.

ADAM

No, I mean the suitcases. We can't
bury them in suitcases.

MICHAEL

Why?

ADAM

It's sacrilegious.

BOYD

How do you figure?

ADAM

According to Jewish law, the blood and limbs are considered to be part of the human being. They must be buried together or their souls won't rest in peace.

BOYD

So that's what we're doing.

ADAM

No we're not. The bodies are all mixed up. We can't do this to them.

BOYD

She's Asian. They don't have Jews in Asia.

ADAM

That is absolutely not true.

BOYD

(beat)

Well what the fuck are we supposed to do?

ADAM

(as if reasonable)

Open the suitcases, unpack the body parts and reunite the limbs.

FISHER

No way.

ADAM

It has to be done.

BOYD

We have to get going.

ADAM

I am not flexible on this.

PAUSE.

BOYD

Alright. Let's do it.

open The guys start breaking down the body parts, ripping cases...

BOYD

I got her arm.

MOORE

Here's his head.

As the guys put limbs with bodies...

CUT TO:

they Dirt being thrown on top of the reunited bodies until are all completely buried.

EXT. GRAVE SITE

guys As the last of the dirt is packed down by Boyd. The stare down at the grave site.

BOYD

Now I am the last to say that we have done here is a good thing. It's not. It's not a good thing. But it was, given the circumstances, the smart play. We did what had to be done. And... well... I'm proud of us. I'm proud of each and every one of us. We performed. Under the most complex and nerve shattering of situations, we stood fast and we delivered. I feel proud.

SILENCE.

ADAM

We are all going straight to hell. Either hell or prison, whichever comes first.

BOYD

Wrong. That is flat out wrong. hell is for cowards, for hypocrites who fear to live by the strength of their

own convictions. This is war. Given the circumstances and given the fact that we are alive and they are not, we have chosen life over death. Two wrongs don't make a right. So our conviction and execution would only mean more death here, not less.

MOORE

Boyd... I don't know man... It just seems to me that ever since you took Tony Robbins self-help thing... you're all fucked-up in the head.

FISHER

I got to agree with that.

BOYD

That is a load of shit. Personal power has nothing to do with any of this. Tony Robbins has helped me to unlock energy and see my options more clearly, yes, but to give him credit for this, for all of this... Well that's just more than the man deserves.

FISHER

I think we should say some words over the grave.

BOYD

What kind of words?

FISHER

I'm talking about prayer.

BOYD

Go ahead.

Fisher steps to the grave, looks down.

FISHER

Dear God... I don't know how to pray.

MICHAEL

Just go ahead and say what's on your mind.

BOYD

Speak from the heart my brother.

Adam turns in disgust.

ADAM

This is pathetic.

MICHAEL

You're pathetic.

ADAM

(turning on Michael)

What did you say?

MICHAEL

(pointing)

You're not a team player.

ADAM

Don't point at me.

MICHAEL

You never were a team player. That's why you never had any friends.

ADAM

I have plenty of friends.

MICHAEL

The hell you do.

ADAM

The hell I don't.

MICHAEL

You have acquaintances -- business friends and superficial golf buddies. You have always been a fringe player. You have some serious male on male intimacy problems.

ADAM

What are you fucking talking about?

Michael looks at Boyd.

FISHER

Michael, now is probably not the best time for this.

BOYD

No, this is the perfect time. This is real time. Adam. Your brother and I, as well as several others present,

have always suspected that you...
(points to Adam)
...are a fully repressed, living in
major denial, locked down, fly-boy
butt-fucker.

Michael.
DEAD SILENCE. Adam stares stupefied at Boyd, then
Finally, Fisher says his prayer.

FISHER

Dear God, please forgive us for what
we have done here tonight. We have
lost our way. Speaking for myself,
let me say...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MINIVAN - DRIVING

in his
Fisher's prayer over the guys driving home. Each lost
own thoughts.

FISHER (V.O.)

...I am deeply in love with the woman
I am about to marry and I look very
much forward to raising a family and
being a positive member of society.
We promise, if you forgive us, we
will never forget this tragedy and
will try with all our powers to use
it as a daily reminder that we are
here on earth to do good not evil.
Let us go from this day forward with
new purpose and spirit. You have
given us a second chance and let us
take that second chance and use it
as fuel to feed our fires of
productivity so that the spirits of
the two we now bury live on forever
in the good deeds and positive
achievements we from this moment on
shall make our life's work...

heading
Anges, 358
Continue as the minivan disappears down the freeway,
back to Los Angeles. A freeway sign reads, "Los
miles."

FISHER (V.O.)

Thank you lord, and again, we ask
for your forgiveness and guidance...
Amen.

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

rinse
cleaning

Adam watches his mini-van move through the wash and
cycle, staring, paranoid at the Mexican Towel Boy
the interior.

MICHAEL tries to open a child proof bottle of Excedrin.

BOYD plays "Mrs. Pac-man" in the corner.

MEN'S ROOM

Moore dry heaves for all he's worth.

PAY PHONE

Fisher finishes dialing, waits... Finally...

LIZ (V.O.)

Hello.

FISHER

Hey. It's me.

LIZ (V.O.)

Where are you?

FISHER

We're on our way home. I just...
we're running a little late.

LIZ (V.O.)

How late?

FISHER

No. Just like an hour or so.

LIZ (V.O.)

What about the chairs?

FISHER

Okay.

LIZ (V.O.)

What okay?

FISHER

What!

LIZ (V.O.)

The chairs.

FISHER

I left a message. I think it's going to be okay.

LIZ (V.O.)

You sound funny. Did you do cocaine?

FISHER

No. No. I'll see you in about four hours.

As he hangs up the phone...

LIZ (V.O.)

(distant; unheard)

Do you love me?

into
doesn't

CLICK. Fisher, in a daze, turns and walks into right Adam who has been standing there listening. Adam look so good.

ADAM

I want you to hear me out.

FISHER

What.

ADAM

You and I have done nothing. You especially. We are innocent.

FISHER

I don't think so.

ADAM

We are. We go to the police. We tell them the truth. Now. Before they find out. Now. We save ourselves.

jumps. The

The HISPANIC CAR WASH WORKER beeps the horn, Adam van is ready.

BOYD

Let's go!

Adam stares daggers into Fisher.

ADAM

We save ourselves. It's our only chance.

Adam heads back to the car, leaving Fisher alone.

FADE TO

BLACK:

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - DAY

The shiny clean minivan cruises to a stop in front of the fenced yard along with a couple of other kids.

INT. MINIVAN

Adam stops the car. The guys sit in silence as the kids assault the truck, climbing all over it. Little Adam waves his crutches wildly.

ADAM JR.

(screaming)

Daddy's home! Daddy's home!

Boyd addresses the fellas.

BOYD

The past is the past. Today is the beginning of the rest of our lives.

MOORE

Today is the best day of the rest of our lives.

FISHER

(disgusted)

The first day.

MOORE

What?

As Lois, with camera, and Liz, come out the front door.

FISHER

(disgusted & depressed)
It goes; "Today is the first day of
the rest of our lives."

BOYD

However it goes, the point is, nobody
says anything to anyone ever.
Right?... Right?

MICHAEL

Right.

MOORE

That's right.

making
As the little kids put their lips up to the windows,
funny faces,

BOYD

You're goddamn right. Adam?

his
Adam is silent, watching the beautiful chaos that is
family.

ADAM

(reluctant)
Right.

EXT. SUBURBAN

and
As the guys get out and are mauled by the hyper kids
Lois and Liz.

LOIS

(with camera)
Group shot. Here we go boys! Yes
sir, compare and contrast time!

She starts herding the boys into a group pose.

LOIS

Feeling a little HUNGOVER are we? Do
you kids take note?
(taking pictures)
See how pathetic Daddy and his jackass
friends look?!

Fisher makes eye contact with Liz.

LIZ

What's the word on the chairs?

FISHER

I'm working on it.

LIZ

Then you'd better work on it in the car. We gotta go see the Judge.

INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE

ON JUDGE LAUREL TOWER.

JUDGE TOWER

We don't say "love, honor and obey" anymore. And we don't say "till death do us part." Today we say, "respect, honor and cherish, as long as you both do love." How does that sound?

LIZ

I kind of like "till death do us part." I mean, this is forever. In sickness and in health, through good times and bad. Honey, what do you think?

Liz looks at Fisher who is a nuclear wreck, barely coherent.

FISHER

Yea... It's great... seems like... I don't know you've got all the important stuff in there.

JUDGE TOWER

All right then. It's refreshing to see two young people not afraid of real commitment. Will you have friends or family saying words -- singing or anything?

FISHER

(beat)

Are we supposed to?

JUDGE TOWER

It's not a question of supposed to, it's an entirely personal decision... Some do some don't.

LIZ

We don't think so. I mean, we just want the singing when I come out.

JUDGE TOWER

Okay great. What will that be?

LIZ

We're just going to have the leader of the band sing alone with his guitar. Acoustic.

JUDGE TOWER

What song?

LIZ

"You Send Me."

JUDGE TOWER

Oh I know that. How does it go...

LIZ

You know,

(talks it)

Darling you... you send me... Darling you... You mend me.

(to Fisher)

Honey, sing it for Judge Tower.

In lieu of an anxiety attack, Fisher...

FISHER

(sings)

"Darli...ing you, ewe ewe ewe, send me, Darli...ing you, ewe ewe ewe, mend me.

LIZ

"At first I thought it was infatuation... But oh it's lasted so long..."

FISHER & LIZ

"Now I find myself wanting to marry you, marry you and take you home..."

chorus and

Judge Tower joins in and the three squeak out the
it's pretty pathetic.

MUSIC OVER:

INT. TUXEDO RENTAL STORE

The guys are being fitted for their wedding tuxes.

Lois takes pictures of the five groomsmen.

Liz closely watches as the TAILOR makes adjustments to Fisher's tux.

Adam looks sick.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - SUNSET

Fisher and his dad walk along the pier eating hot dogs.

father and son moment.

MR. FISHER

I wanted to just take this final opportunity to visit with you. You know, just to be with you, father and son, before you run off and do your own husband, daddy thing.

(starts to choke-up)

I'm just so goddamn proud of you... God knows I didn't always play it right with you...

FISHER

You did all right dad.

MR. FISHER

I could have done it better. I'm a fucking ball-buster I am.

FISHER

You never walked away dad. You could have walked away.

MR. FISHER

I'm just so scared of that song. That fucking, "My son just arrived the other day... he says thanks for the ball, come on let's play. I got lots of bills come again next day. He's grown up just like me... My boy is just like me." Gordon fucking Lightfoot, Cat Stevens, whoever, that song just fucking kills me.

FISHER

A

Harry Chaplin. "Cats in the Cradle."

MR. FISHER

Just kills me...

FISHER

I love you dad.

MR. FISHER

I love you so much it hurts. Me and your mother marvel at what you have become. You're going to have a wonderful journey with this girl. I feel it deep inside. A wonderful, magical journey.

(cries again)

And I'm, like I said, just so proud of how you turned out. (hugs Fisher)
You go out and knock 'em dead Keith.
Knock 'em dead!

Off Fisher we...

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE

TIGHT ON A Vegas Newspaper Metro Section slammed down on a desk -- A small article on Tina, the now missing prostitute.

FISHER

Where did you get that?

MICHAEL

At the newsstand on 3rd.

ADAM

(falling apart)

Fucking Boyd. That fucking idiot.
They're on to us.

MICHAEL

They're not on to us. I'm gonna call Boyd.

Michael picks up the phone.

EXT. SOMEBODY'S YARD

TIGHT ON BOYD talking into cell phone.

BOYD

Oh that's just nothing. That's just a missing persons thing, that's all.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

MICHAEL

You said nobody would miss her.

BOYD

No. I said nobody knew she was coming to the hotel.

ADAM

(grabs phone)

Boyd you idiot, the shit's coming down!

BOYD

What does that mean?

ADAM

You got us into this mess.

BOYD

Oh I did? I think it was your little rat fuck brother who decided to play Hamburger Helper with the hooker's head.

ADAM

(freaks)

Would you, shush?! These phones aren't secure!

BOYD

Lighten up Adam. Show some character.

ADAM

Don't talk to me about character.

BOYD

Watch the tone fella.

Fisher realizes he's not breathing.

ADAM

Fuck you Boyd!

BOYD

Any time fat boy!

reality
bizarre
picks up
sign,

Boyd hangs up the phone, looks at his picture on the sign he just pounded into someone's yard. Behind the sincere smile we now see the eyes of a maniac. Boyd the sledge hammer and swings wildly, destroying his splintering it into kindling.

INT. BAKERY

compare

Fisher and Liz taste different samples of cake and different cake designs with a BAKER.

INT. FLORIST

arrangements, Liz

Surrounded by hundreds of different floral shows a zombied Fisher the flowers she's picked for the wedding.

INT. LIZ AND FISHER'S NEW HOME

Liz,

A beautiful country style beach house in Santa Monica. Fisher and the realtor, MAGGIE, walk into the charming kitchen. Fisher seems stresses by the price tag.

LIZ

I love it. I just love, love, love, love it.

MAGGIE

Are you guys gonna fill this place with kids? You sure got room for them.

LIZ

We're in no hurry. I think we'll take some time to enjoy each other, enjoy our freedom before we surrender ourselves to kids.

MAGGIE

Take your time. I wish I had.

LIZ

(hugs Fisher)

We will.

MAGGIE

So where to on the honeymoon?

FISHER

This is our honeymoon.

LIZ

After the wedding, which we're paying for ourselves, and this house...

MAGGIE

Smart. Smart. Smart. Think big picture, take your time. I wish I had.

LIZ

That's our plan.

MAGGIE

Well, I just need your signature on these contracts and a deposit check so I can get the ball rolling.

takes
kisses

Liz looks at Fisher. She really wants the house. He
out his checkbook. Liz throws her arms around Fisher,
him.

FISHER

How much?

MAGGIE

Five percent should be fine for now, which is, let's see, twenty thousand dollars. Of course I'll be splitting my commission with your friend.

(beat)

He is a very sweet man.

check.

Liz stares at Fisher. His hand shakes as he writes the

EXT. GAS STATION MINI-MART

the

Adam, Lois and the kids pull into the mini-mart, up to
gas pump.

INT. ADAM'S MINI-VAN

kids go

Adam, ghost white, fumbles for a credit card as the nuts in the back seat.

KIDS

(singing)

"Do your balls hang low, do they wobble to and fro, can you tie 'em in a knot, can you tie 'em in a bow?"

ADAM

(snapping)

Knock it off!

LOIS

Don't snap at them!

ADAM

They're driving me nuts!

LOIS

They're singing.

pulls up
suits in

A black sedan, looking like an unmarked police car, nose-to-nose with them at the pump. TWO MEN in dark suits in the front look like cops. Adam can't help but notice.

ADAM

(getting out)

It's a disgusting song.

EXT. CAR

filling
sedan

Adam slides his card through at the pump and starts his tank as one of the "suits" gets out of the black and does the same.

Adam and the "suit" make eye-contact.

SUIT

How ya doing?

ADAM

(nervous mumble)

What?

SUIT

What's that?

ADAM

What did you say?

SUIT

I said how's it going?

ADAM

I didn't hear you.

SUIT

Well that's what I said.

faster.
front of
steal a
Adam nods, eyeing his gas pump, willing it to pump
His heart starts to pound, he looks away, sees...
An LAPD police car pull into the station, stops in
the mini-mart. TWO COPS inside.
ON adam, eye-balling the cop car. He slowly turns to
glance at the "suit."

SUIT

How do you like that mini-van?

than to
Adam's tank is almost filled. He wants nothing more
get out of there...
Lois rolls down the window.

LOIS

Honey, go in there and get some
Starbursts.

ADAM

What?

LOIS

They're screaming for Starbursts.

ADAM

Later.

LOIS

They're screaming like monsters and
it's giving me a headache. Go get
some fucking Starbursts.

Adam looks from the suit to the cop car...

ADAM

Fine.

TRACK with Adam as he walks from the pumping across the parking lot, past the cop car, his HEART POUNDING...

INT. MINI-MART

Adam quickly searches the candy section for Starburst.

He

looks out the window...

ADAM'S POV

The "suit" has finished with the gas but he's not

leaving...

He's taking a close look at Adam's van. He seems to be checking the license plate...

ADAM

Oh my God.

Adam is blocking the aisle. He doesn't notice a YOUNG UNIFORMED COP trying to get past.

COP (O.S.)

Excuse me.

display

Adam turns, panics, stumbles back, into the candy and topples to the ground. ADAM lies flat on his back in a monster mess of candy.

in a

COP

You okay?

the

Adam scrambles to his feet, trying frantically to fix major mess -- only making it worse. The IRANIAN STORE CLERK approaches, pissed.

CLERK

CLERK

Just leave it!

ADAM

(determined)

It's okay.

CLERK

Leave it!

Gatorade Startled by his tone, Adam staggers back, into a display, slips and topples to the ground.

CLERK

GET OUT!

ADAM

(on his back)

I'm sorry.

cop. They young cop gives Adam a hand up. Adam stare at the

ADAM

(tears in his eyes)

I'm sorry.

CLERK

GET OUT!

Adam scurries out of the Mini-Mart, the Cop watches in confusion.

EXT. MINI-MART

him. As Adam races back to his car, the "Suit" moves in on

SUIT

The wife's begging me for one. How's the mileage.

Adam jumps in the van, quickly starts it up.

LOIS

Where's the candy?

ADAM

There is no candy!

LOIS

What do you mean? It's it's a goddamn Mini-Mart?!

KIDS

Dad?!

pulls
Lois

Adam, in a cold sweat, hauls out of the Gas Station,
into traffic, nearly gets hit, slams on the brakes,
rockets FACE-FORWARD into the dashboard.

FISHER & LIZ'S REHEARSAL DINNER - COCKTAIL RECEPTION

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Fisher and Liz greet their guests.

Moore smokes alone at the bar.

Boyd and Michael charm a group of OLD LADIES.

Adam arrives with his family, Adam Jr., Timmy and...

Lois sporting a nose cast and two very black eyes.

suspicious.
Boyd and Adam check each other out; hostile and

Adam takes Fisher aside.

ADAM

Have you thought about what I said?

FISHER

Jesus Adam, can we not get into this
now please?

ADAM

I got a migraine like a little monkey
kicking in the side of my skull,
Mike Tyson with a fucking sledge
hammer trying to crack...

FISHER

(cuts him off)
I got you.

ADAM

(dazed)
Where's the bathroom?

INT. REHEARSAL DINNER - NIGHT

taken
up,
A large dining room in a Westside restaurant has been
over by the wedding party. Seventy-five guests, dressed

over. are into the desserts. The toasts are about halfway

large MR. FISHER stands in the middle of the room with the
life. blown-up pictures of Keith at different stages of his

MR. FISHER

(holding picture of
Keith, age 4, on a
mule)

And this is Keith at age four and
his best friend "Bunker the Mule."
Evidently, when they were in camp,
Keith and Boyd got into some serious
arguments over exactly who was Keith's
best friend -- Boyd or the mule.

Boyd, Mr. Fisher holds up a photo of a young Fisher and young
both scrappy and bloodied from a fist fight.

Boyd sits with Moore at a table.

BOYD

Fisher had a less than normal
relationship with that Donkey.

FISHER

(seated next to Liz)
You always were a jealous man.

Mr. Fisher holds up a picture of Keith, Boyd, Moore and
Michael all in a Peewee Football uniforms.

MR. FISHER

After camp came football, and for
those of you not following the sports
pages back in 1977, you might not
remember the Peewee Powerhouse
Oklahoma, who, under the brilliant
leadership of your's truly, rolled
to an auspicious league record of 0-
12 scoring exactly zero touchdowns.

surrounded TIGHT ON Adam, looking extremely uncomfortable,
by his family.

MICHAEL

The problem was coaching. Poor

leadership.

keeping
As the room LAUGHS, Adam becomes visibly upset. Not
it together.

BOYD

The problem was our quarterback had
trouble remembering his right from
left...

FISHER

No, the problem, as I recall, was
the lack of blocking...

As the guys debate, in front of the room, who's fault
Oklahoma's 0-12 season really was.

the
TIGHT ON Adam. He's had enough, excuses himself from
table.

himself.
TIGHT ON Fisher, seeing Adam, he quietly excuses

EXT. BEACH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Fisher
Adam stands by his car trying to compose himself.
approaches.

FISHER

You all right?

ADAM

I can't fucking breathe. I'm sorry.

Boyd, followed by Michael exits the restaurant.

BOYD

(approaching)

OK. Definitely not cool! Definitely
inappropriate behavior here.

FISHER

Shut up Boyd.

BOYD

Negative. This is not what we have
worked out in terms of presented
behavior.

FISHER

He's having a problem here.

MICHAEL

What's the problem Adam?

Moore joins the group.

MOORE

What's the problem?

All eyes on Adam, who's eyes are starting to tear up.

BOYD

What is your problem?

ADAM

I can't do this.

PAUSE.

MOORE

Can't do what?

ADAM

We're gonna get caught. I know we're gonna get caught. They were eyeballing my car.

BOYD

What?

ADAM

At the seven-eleven.

BOYD

Who? What are you talking about?

ADAM

They're on me. They're smoking me out!

BOYD

(shouts)

Nobody's smoking anybody out.

FISHER

Shut up.

MOORE

Quiet.

Liz is at the door of the restaurant.

LIZ

Keith? Is everything okay, honey?

Fisher bolts over to Liz.

FISHER

Yeah baby. Everything's great.

LIZ

Well, can you come back inside?

FISHER

(not moving)

Yeah. Sure.

LIZ

Now?

FISHER

Yeah. Look honey, I'll be right in.
I just... we're just taking care of
some Groomsmen last minute business.

Mr. Fisher approaches.

MR. FISHER

Everything okay?

FISHER

Yeah, Dad. It's great.

MR. FISHER

Well, I'm in the middle of my goddamn
toast here.

FISHER

OK, OK. You guys just go back in.
Dad, keep going with the toast, we'll
be right in. Go on.

Fisher ushers his father and Liz back inside, then
turns, to quickly head back to the parking lot where things are
escalating.

PARKING LOT

BOYD

(on Adam)

You got some mighty fucking fine bad

timing Adam. We got a rehearsal situation here.

ADAM

I don't give a damn.

MICHAEL

About anybody but yourself. You never have.

ADAM

And you're a little fucking reject.

MICHAEL

Eat my ass!

MICHAEL KICKS ADAM'S MINIVAN

ADAM

Hey!

Michael kicks it again, harder. Adam shoves him.

ADAM

If you ever touch my minivan again, I'll make you sorry. Real sorry.

MICHAEL

You're a loser.

ADAM

You're the loser! A big black hole sucking up everything you touch! **YOU MURDERED THAT GIRL! MURDERER! MURDERER!**

MICHAEL

You're the loser! You think your shit's so fucking righteous! **FUCK YOU!** You were there with us, boy! Right there! **SIDE BY FUCKING SIDE!!!**

FISHER

Shut up!

BOYD

Shut your fucking mouths!!!

Boyd and Fisher separate the brothers.

ADAM

(freaking)

I didn't do anything! I'll turn your pathetic ass in!

BOYD

Adam! Calm down.

ADAM

I won't calm down. I can't do this. We can't do this. It won't work. It will not work.

BOYD

It has worked.

ADAM

I'm talking about DNA samples, fiber optics, search parties, they got infrared scanners, FBI scientists. They figure this shit out. They always figure it out.

BOYD

They won't figure it out.

ADAM

I got children. I've got a life.

MICHAEL

You got a retarded kid and a fat pig wife.

ADAM

You fucking bastard!

brother's Adam attacks Michael, slashing, biting, mauling, the go down hard, slugging it out on the ground.

EXT RESTAURANT

Liz is back at the restaurant door.

LIZ

Keith?!

Fisher bolts over to Liz.

FISHER

Everything's OK. Just some more preparations.

LIZ

Are they fighting?

FISHER

No baby. We'll all be right in.

Fisher pushes her inside and charges back to the...

PARKING LOT

contain

Fisher helps break the fight. Adam and Michael try to
their rage.

BOYD

This is going to stop right now.
Right now!

MICHAEL

(seething)
You will not screw this up.

ADAM

Don't you threaten me you little rat
fuck.

MICHAEL

Don't you fucking threaten me --
I'll fucking kill you.

ADAM

Go home!

MICHAEL

You go home!

Boyd pulls Michael to his car.

BOYD

Why don't you just cool out. Go home
and go to sleep.

Boyd opens Michael's car door, puts him in.

BOYD

Just go home, chill the fuck out.
Okay?

Michael starts his car. Boyd shuts the car door.

BOYD

Just go home.

Michael MICHAEL, eyeballs Adam. Adam eyeballs him right back.
hits the gas and screeches away.

BOYD

All right. Let's all go back in.
Adam? You're cool right?

ADAM

No. I'm not Boyd. I am not cool at
all.

Reluctantly, they start back in.

abrupt A hundred or so feet away, Michael's car comes to an
idles for stop. They all turn. Michael turns his car around,
a moment.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR

Michael in a trance, staring at the guys watching him.

MICHAEL

Mr. Fucking Minivan...

He hits the gas.

EXT PARKING LOT

speeds Wheels spin, rubber burns. The guys watch as Michael
beloved full throttle, like a battering ram, right at Adam's
minivan.

ADAM

NOOOO!!!!

Adam jumps between the minivan and Michael's car.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR

brakes, Michael's expression turns to horror. He slams on the
but it's too late.

EXT. PARKING LOT

his Michael's car crushes Adam like a sandwich meat between

car and the minivan. Metal, flesh, severed limbs, Adam explodes like a gnat.

CUT TO:

THE HORRIFIED EXPRESSIONS OF BOYD, MOORE AND FISHER

INT. UCLA EMERGENCY - WAITING ROOM

Rehearsal
Chaos. The room is filled with people from the
Dinner.

kids
Black-eyed, nose broken, LOIS sobs, surrounded by her
and Liz.

Boyd and Fisher talk to the POLICE.

BOYD

It was just a crazy freak accident.
He thought the car was in reverse...
He didn't realize.

The COP takes notes.

Trembling.
MICHAEL sits in a corner by himself. Ghost white.

COP

Was there some sort of an argument?

FISHER

No. Nothing like that.

COP

We heard there was some arguing going
on. Some loud talk.

BOYD

No. No. We were just all outside
just talking.

COP

What were you talking about?

BOYD

The wedding. We were talking bout
how it was going to be one of the
last times for us to all be together
with Fisher not being married...

COP

A lot of people seem to think there was some hostility out there.

BOYD

(getting righteous)

Well I can't really comment on what "a lot of people" thought. I can only tell you that we had a horrible accident here and were all feeling extremely traumatized and your questions are a bit poorly timed. We're in full on grieving mode right now thank you very much Officer... Randone.

FISHER

Easy Boyd.

BOYD

No easy Boyd! I got a best friend in there in pieces. How about a little sensitivity?

Boyd storms off, goes and sits with Michael. Fisher stays with the cop.

COP

That's all I wanted to know.

A DOCTOR appears in the doorway.

DOCTOR

His situation is critical. He's asking to speak to his wife.

SHOTS of the guys eyeing each other nervously as Lois slowly gets up and follows the Doctor into a treatment room.

The guys move to the door, where they can see Lois, leaning over the hospital bed, talking to Adam.

POV GUYS

Adam hooked up to dozens of wires, etc...

Lois leans over to kiss him. Adam appears to be whispering

something to her.

ON THE GUYS

Watching Adam speak to Lois... Nervous.

POV GUYS

speaking to
ROOM.
Lois has her ear to Adam's mouth. He is clearly
her. Lois is sobbing when... ALARMS GO OFF IN ADAM'S

-
defibrillates.
her...
A MEDICAL TEAM rushes into the room. Adam is a v-tach -
Heart's not beating. The team injects medicine,
Lois watches in horror as her husband dies in front of
Finally a DOCTOR calls time of death.

Lois collapses on the floor.

WAITING ROOM

horror.
throws
The guys have witnessed Adam's death. Michael turns in
Boyd, Fisher and Moore stare. Liz rushes to Fisher,
her arms around him, overcome with grief.

INT. DENNY'S - LATE NIGHT

Fisher, Boyd, Moore and Michael eat eggs.

BOYD

The need to know is clear. What did
Adam tell Lois? That's the name of
the game. What did Adam tell Lois?
What does Lois know?

MICHAEL

Ball park sausages.

BOYD

You want some breakfast meat, Michael.
Is that what you want?

MICHAEL

(clearly starting to
crack)
Franco Harris has a flare for the

dramatic. The former Pittsburgh Steeler running back, beat known for "The Immaculate Reception," his improbable sixty yard Ricochet Reception. I say Ricochet Reception has made a bold move on corporate America.

(inappropriately loud)

Harris has lead a group of investors in the purchase of the Park Sausage Company. By taking on the challenge of resurrecting Park's, Harris is engaged in the equivalent of a sudden death overtime.

BOYD

Easy Michael.

MICHAEL

(on a roll)

He must take an open-field run to profitability through excessive debt large competitors and dwindling market share. Before the clock runs out.

CUSTOMERS are starting to pay notice.

MOORE

Shut up Michael.

MICHAEL

(screams)

I KILLED MY BROTHER!

get All eyes on Michael. Boyd is immediately up trying to Michael out of the booth. Casually, sweetly...

BOYD

Okay. Time to fly.

and Fisher helps Boyd lift Michael, who is becoming more more frenzied.

MICHAEL

I ran down my brother in cold blood. Shame on me! Shame! Shame! Shame!

confused as WAITRESSES, COOKS and LATE NIGHT DINNERS stare, the HOWLING Michael is carried to the door.

MICHAEL

(struggling)

Time to pay the man. "For if we confess our sins he is faithful and just, to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Fisher and Boyd struggle with Michael.

FISHER

(tipping Waitress)

Thank you.

She watches them haul Michael outside.

POV WAITRESS

Michael thrashes wildly in the parking lot.

EXT PARKING LOT

MICHAEL

"Kill one man and you are a murderer!
Kill millions and you are a conqueror --
Kill all and you are a God!"

and
Fisher
Michael breaks free, starts running away. Boyd, Moore
Fisher give chase. Moore dives on Michael's back.
helps Moore hold Michael down while Boyd gets the car.

MICHAEL

(calming down)

"The memory of the just is blessed
but the name of the wicked shall
rot."

back
Boyd is there with the car. They load Michael into the
seat, climb in and disappear into the night.

INT. CAR - DRIVING

trying
Boyd drives, Fisher rides shotgun, Moore's in the back
to contain Michael.

BOYD

You will get yourself together here
mister. Are you hearing me?

Michael, now catatonic, stares out the window.

FISHER

He's cracked up.

BOYD

He is not cracking up.

FISHER

Boyd... What have we done?

BOYD

What did you ask me?

FISHER

What?

BOYD

What is the question you asked me?

FISHER

I said, what have we done?

BOYD

Yes, you did. Now that is the question! That is exactly the question we should be asking ourselves. You tell me Fisher. What have we done?

FISHER

I don't know! I just want to get married.

BOYD

Say it again.

FISHER

What?

BOYD

What you just said. Say it again.

FISHER

I just want to get married.

BOYD

Exactly! Exactly my point.

MOORE

What's your fucking point?

BOYD

I'm not talking to you?

FISHER

What's your point?

BOYD

You want to know what you are doing here?! You are love pumping. You are protecting all that is sacred and beautiful and in sync with poetry and sunsets and little newborn babies. You are walking the walk. This is it Fisher, the real stuff. You love this woman. Love is second to nothing. I love you. I love Moore. I love Michael. This car is full of love, and nothing -- absolutely nothing -- supersedes love, man. Nothing. We will do what it takes. Whatever it takes.

deeply Boyd takes Fisher's head in his hands and kisses him on the mouth.

BOYD

Love does not lose.

TIGHT ON Fisher, speechless.

FADE

OUT:

FADE IN ON:

ADAM'S FUNERAL - GRAVE SITE

conducts A Jewish ceremony. A hundred or so guests. A RABBI the service. Lois sits in shock flanked by her boys. Michael, Fisher, Boyd and Moore stand in positions of honor up front. They're all eyeing each other.

Michael starts emitting deep, uncontrollable, highly inappropriate MOANS.

BOYD

Easy Michael.

seize
Michael who
in her

Michael can't control himself as his body starts to
and tremble. Moore and Boys attempt to stabilize
breaks away, charges over to Lois and buries his head
lap sobbing deeply. Everyone is stunned but the Rabbi
Continues.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Liz and Fisher.

LIZ

(hysterical)
Cancel?! Cancel?! Are you out of
your fucking mind?!

FISHER

Nobody's saying cancel. I'm talking
about modifying.

LIZ

No way.

FISHER

Can we just talk this out?

LIZ

Talk what out? We are locked and
loaded here. We are non-refundable.
I've got relatives on the airport
right now! I've got...

The phone RINGS. Fisher freezes.

LIZ

Answer it!

Fisher picks up the phone.

FISHER

Hello?

INT. LOIS' HOUSE

Lois on the phone, near hysteria.

LOIS

Keith. It's Lois. I just found a
note up in Adam's study. It's some
kind of crazy confession about killing

a stripper and cutting up bodies
and...

INT. CANTERS COFFEE SHOP

TIGHT ON FISHER

FISHER

(explaining)

...burying them outside of Vegas,
about Boyd being the ring leader...
She wants to know what the hell is
going on and I'm starting to freak
out here.

traumatized,
Boyd, Moore and Michael, looking particularly
are seated at a booth with Fisher.

MICHAEL

We're goosed.

BOYD

We're not goosed.

MOORE

What's goosed?

BOYD

What is her disposition?

FISHER

Regarding what?

BOYD

Does she sound pissed, scared,
hostile? Did she mention the police?

FISHER

No, but she's definitely pissed and
hostile. And she's clearly starting
to think that's something's not right.

Michael starts sobbing uncontrollably.

MICHAEL

We're goosed! Goosed by God!

BOYD

Michael get a grip.

(to Fisher)

What did you tell her?

FISHER

I told her that I have no idea what Adam was talking about in that letter.

MOORE

Did she believe you?

FISHER

I have no idea.

MOORE

You can tell when people believe you. It's obvious.

FISHER

Well I don't have that skill and if I had to guess I would say that in no way did she believe me.

MICHAEL

(screaming)

Goosed!

BOYD

Stop it!

MICHAEL

Goosed!

People are staring.

BOYD

Stop.

MICHAEL

Goosed!

BOYD

(to Moore)

Give me the Valium.

MOORE

He just had two.

BOYD

Give me two more.

michael Moore counts out two Valium, hands them to Boyd as continues to freak.

BOYD

(to Michael)

Open sesame.

Michael complies like a puppy.

FISHER

Jesus Boyd you're going to O.D. him.

BOYD

Suck my ass.

INT. LOIS' KITCHEN

TIGHT ON Lois, busted nose, eyes black.

LOIS

I never liked you Boyd. You're a
snaky little fuck. Always have been.

table.
WIDE ON the guys, seated around a little breakfast

Michael's in a Valium stupor.

BOYD

What are you talking about?

LOIS

Don't sweet lip me.

BOYD

I don't understand where this personal
attack is coming from...

LOIS

You're a liar. I want to know what
happened in Vegas.

BOYD

Nothing happened in Vegas.

LOIS

I don't want to hear it from the
liar. Stick a plug in it Boyd. Fisher?
What happened in Vegas?

FISHER

(beat)

Nothing happened in Vegas.

LOIS

(not buying it)

Moore?

MOORE

(sheepish)
Nothing happened.

are Michael starts back in with the power sobbing. All eyes on him. Guilty, uncomfortable silence. Michael's coming unglued.

LOIS

Michael? Do you have something to tell me?

BOYD

Michael. Tell Lois that nothing...

LOIS

Shut up Boyd! Michael?

All eyes on Michael.

MICHAEL

(quiet)
Goosed.

Fisher struggles to breathe. Boyd tenses up.

LOIS

What?

MICHAEL

Lois we were bad, we were very, very bad.

BOYD

He's upset about Adam. We're all upset.

LOIS

I will call the police right now if I don't start getting some answers.

BOYD

Lois please.

She heads for the phone.

LOIS

Fuck you Boyd.

looks
quickly...

The guys are freaking as she picks up the phone. Boyd
at the kitchen knives. Fisher sees him, intervenes

FISHER

Okay. Lois... here's the deal.
(beat)
Adam was with a prostitute in Las
Vegas.

stunned

Lois freezes, puts down the phone. Boyd and Moore look
at Fisher -- good lie.

LOIS

What?

FISHER

I'm sorry he was unfaithful to you.

BOYD

And it wasn't the first time... He
had a thing about prostitutes.

Fisher gives Boyd a look. Lois starts to choke up.

LOIS

(crushed)
My Adam?

Lois crumbles before their eyes.

BOYD

We're sorry.

Timmy
noise.
room is
water

Lois starts sobbing. Michael joins in. Adam Jr. and
appear in the door, in their pajamas, awakened by the
Seeing their mother in tears, they start to sob. The
filled with anguished tears. Boyd give Lois a glass of
and a Valium.

EXT. LOIS' HOUSE

into
backseat,

Fisher and Moore load Michael into the car. Boyd leans
the back window. Adam Jr. and Timmy are in the

still in their P.J.'s.

BOYD

Mommy just needs a little time out.
Everything's gonna be okay. Okay?
(the boys don't answer)
Okay.

very
Fisher starts to get in the car, Boyd pulls him aside,
wound up.

BOYD

After you drop the kids off, take
Michael home. Put a few drinks in
him so he'll sleep.

FISHER

I don't think that's such a good
idea.

BOYD

Just do it.

FISHER

What are you going to do?

BOYD

Take care of business.

FISHER

(accusing)
What does that mean?

BOYD

And what does that mean?
(off no response)
Are you insane?!
(whispers)
You think I would hurt Lois?! She's
the mother of those kids! What is
wrong with you?

FISHER

I don't know...

BOYD

You got a nasty side to your thought
process.

CUT TO:

TIME

INT. FISHER AND LIZ'S HOUSE

TIGHT ON Fisher.

FISHER

I'm sorry. Honey... it's just for tonight.

Timmy sit
milk.

Liz is in her robe, none too pleased. Adam Jr. and
in the b.g. at the kitchen table eating cookies and

FISHER

Lois is a mess and Michael's really upset. Everyone's upset.

LIZ

We're not canceling.

FISHER

I know.

LIZ

I won't even discuss it.

FISHER

No one's discussing it. I'm just gonna run Michael home. I'll be right back.

LIZ

I need you to pick up the cake tomorrow.

FISHER

Don't we already have someone to do that for us?

LIZ

Yeah. You.

FISHER

Okay. Okay.

Fisher kisses Liz and goes.

INT. BAR

Dark, smoky, MUSIC. Michael, Fisher and Moore sit in a
corner

last a second, but that second was it. It was it. That's what dad had us looking for... You get me?

FISHER

The wahoo moment?

MICHAEL

That's my point! You see Man... burning at his absolute. To see all the forces just come together, just right, you know, just in perfect harmony. That's what I'm driving at. You get me?

FISHER

I think so.

MICHAEL

I've been looking for that flash and I look and I look and I can't find it. And what if I already had it? You know. My moment? What if it's gone? And I never saw it?

(finishes drink)

You're getting married, man. That's a fucking beautiful thing. Just a beautiful thing. I just can't stop breaking beautiful things.

INT. LOIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

room. Lois' bedroom. As Lois sleeps, Boyd softly enters the
steps, he Moving in on the sleeping Lois, another couple of
suddenly, looms over her, reaches his hand to her throat when,
from Lois' eyes snap open. Boyd is startled. Lois grabs mace
a her night stand and sprays Boyd in the face. He MOANS,
wild stumbles back. Lois leaps on him like a shark slamming
animals. side of beef.
They go down hard on the floor and start fighting like

LOIS

You picked the wrong woman mother-fucker!

As Lois sinks her teeth into Boyd's balls.

BACK AT THE BAR

MICHAEL

You see for me it's over. Over baby.
I'm gonna turn myself in. After the
wedding of course. After the wedding.
Out of respect.

MOORE

I don't think that's a good idea.

MICHAEL

I said out of respect. Respect for
you Fisher. For you and your wedding
and your beautiful bride. There will
be no more rain. You see where I am
here?

FISHER

I appreciate it. I do, but... maybe
you ought to just ease up on yourself
a bit.

MICHAEL

No. No. No. This is my doing. You
see I'm gonna have my wahoo spark
for my own. For Lois and the kids,
for my brother, for Franco. I'm gonna
turn myself in. I am all that. I'm
gonna do it for sweet Lois.

LOIS' BEDROOM

Boyd and Lois are choking the living shit out of each
other.
Boyd pulls back, swings with a left, Lois ducks, she
swings,
a right cross to Boyds eye. He goes down. She jumps on
him.
Choking him like a mad dog. As Boyd struggles for
air...

THE BAR

Fisher checks his watch as Michael fumbles with his
eighth
shot of Yukon Jack.

MICHAEL

If I was to think... If I were to think... No I mean I have thought it over... I have. And without putting a lot of pressure on you I just... Well I just...

FISHER

What is it?

MICHAEL

(drunk-slow)

Well if you do think about names... Michael's a pretty good one... It's done me all right.

Michael's eyes bore into Fisher, like he knows something
Fisher doesn't. Fisher's cell phone RINGS.

FISHER

(answers)

Yeah.

INT. LOIS' BEDROOM

TIGHT ON Boyd, eye swelling, scratch marks, hair a crazy mess.

BOYD

(into the phone)

Okay. Here's the deal and it's a good one. Lois is cool. It's a pacified situation.

INTERCUT BOYD AND FISHER

FISHER

What does that mean?

Michael stares at Fisher.

BOYD

I'm talking about Lois having relaxed her anxiety. Only deal is... you still got Michael there?

FISHER

Yeah.

BOYD

Good deal. Lois just wants to hear

it from Michael.

FISHER

Hear what?

BOYD

That it was all an accident. She wants to here it from Michael's mouth.

FISHER

Now?

Michael drunkenly nods his head as if can hear the conversation.

BOYD

That's right.

FISHER

Isn't it a little late?

BOYD

Hold on a sec.

(turns)

Lois, you sure you wouldn't rather do this in the morning?

strangled to
PAN OVER to see Lois, half hanging off the bed,
death. Boyd won.

BOYD

(back into phone)

She says now's the time.

(quietly)

I got a peace treaty thing happening over here... let's get this over with.

EXT. LOIS' HOUSE

opens the
Moore
Fisher's car pulls up. Boyd is waiting outside. He
back door. Michael is drunk in the back. Fisher and
are up front.

BOYD

Okay Michael, let's go.

(helps him out)

Upsy daisy big guy.

MICHAEL

(hammered)
How about my Fatburger?

BOYD

Come on tough guy. Listen to me.
(takes Michaels face
in his hands)
You are going to tell Lois that it
was all an accident. Okay cowboy?
You got me?

MICHAEL

I love you.

MOORE

He's too drunk.

BOYD

He's fine. Okay Mikey, let's go.
(to Fisher and Moore)
You guys stay here.

Boyd leads Michael into the house.

INT. CAR

Fisher and Moore wait in silence...

MOORE

(beat)
I'm thinking about maybe making a
move.

FISHER

A move?

MOORE

Greenpeace.

FISHER

Greenpeace?

MOORE

Maybe go up to the North Pole, the
Arctic. Tag polar bears with dart
guns. I've always had a pretty good
aim...

Fisher
A "POP" resounds from within the house. Moore and
lock eyes, frozen.

seat.
Boyd comes jogging out the front door, hops in the back
Fisher and Moore turn, eyes wide.

BOYD

Michael was having an affair with
Lois. That's what Michael and Adam
were arguing about in the parking
lot. Michael killed Adam in a jealous
rage. Lois broke it off with Michael,
he strangled her to death and then
shot himself in the head.

(beat)

Happens all the time.

Boyd touches the painful scratches on his face.

BOYD

That Lois fought like a fucking
Comanche.

ON Fisher and Moore in stunned horror...

INT. LAW FIRM

TIGHT ON BARRY MORRIS, mid-40's, attorney.

BARRY MORRIS

I don't see how this could have been
kept from you. The facts are quite
simple; last month Adam and Lois
changed their will. They requested
that you two, as a married couple,
be the Custodians of Record for their
estate including all properties,
cash holdings, security holdings
and... children. You are legal
custodians of the Brenn Trust.

ANGLE ON

wide,
They
Liz and Fisher, flanked by Adam Jr. and Timmy, eyes
they sit across from the attorney, totally bazooka'd.
stare in horror at Morris.

LIZ

My god.

BARRY MORRIS

There's more.

FISHER

More?

BARRY MORRIS

Adam and Lois were not terribly prudent in terms of providing for the possibility of the unforeseen.

FISHER

What are you talking about?

BARRY MORRIS

I'm talking about Life insurance.
I'm talking about money.

LIZ

Money?

BARRY MORRIS

Yes money. Adam had a five hundred thousand dollar Term Life Insurance Policy.

PAUSE.

LIZ

What does that mean?

FISHER

That means we get five hundred thousand to help raise the kids.

LIZ

(amazed)

No.

FISHER

Yes.

BARRY MORRIS

Actually, no. Adam was switching to a Whole Life Policy, but re-scheduled his medical exam... and failed to make his last payment... so his Term Life lapsed. So it's value is null and void.

(off Liz's horror)

Now he did have a pension account, worth another 150 thousand.

LIZ

(relieved)

Well, oh...

BARRY MORRIS

And a house. Valued at 350 thousand.

LIZ

So where's that leave us?

FISHER

150 plus 350... we still get 500 thousand.

BARRY MORRIS

(beat)

No. Not even close. With property values down, the house is worth 100,000 less than 450 he paid for it. With three credit cards, the minivan payments, and other outstanding debts... Plus the Income and Estate Taxes assessed on his **IRA...**

(punches his calculator)

You'll get, oh... in the neighborhood of, ah... 14,223 dollars.

his

Adam Jr. suddenly slips off his chair, lands flat on

Little

back, starts struggling to get up. Fisher tries to help

Adam up.

LITTLE ADAM

Get away from me!

FISHER

I'm just trying to help...

LITTLE ADAM

I don't want your help!

FISHER

Stop kicking. Stop kicking!

Liz

Fisher manages to get Adam Jr. back up in his chair.

looks rather horrified.

BARRY MORRIS

(breaking the tension)

So. When is the wedding.

LIZ

Tomorrow

(at Fisher)

We are getting married tomorrow.

INT. CAR

back.
ill,
gets
Fisher drives, Liz up front, Adam jr. and Timmy in the
Everyone is shocked in silence. Fisher looks deathly
like he's about to vomit. He pulls the car over and
out.

EXT. FISHER'S CAR

him,
Fisher leans on the trunk, puking. Liz gets out to help
he starts crying. Liz is gentle and loving.

LIZ

It's okay... It's okay baby. Cry for
Mama. Cry for Mama.

FISHER

No it's not okay. It's not.

hear.
The kids watch from the rear view window but can't

LIZ

Cry for Boom Boom. It's okay.

FISHER

(sobbing)

Liz we've got to cancel, we have to
put it off.

LIZ

(ice)

Don't even.

FISHER

Do you love me?

LIZ

What?

FISHER

Do you love me?

LIZ

What kind of stupid question is that?

FISHER

(breaking down)

Oh God. We. Liz. We. We. Killed a woman. We...

LIZ

What are you talking about?

FISHER

(completely hysterical)

Oh Liz. We. God. We, in Vegas. Michael crushed her skull. She was dead. There was nothing else to do. It was an accident.

LIZ

Who's dead?

FISHER

The prostitute.

LIZ

You fucked a prostitute?

FISHER

No Michael did. It was an accident.

LIZ

You killed a prostitute.

FISHER

Michael, by accident.

LIZ

Call the police.

FISHER

It's too late.

LIZ

My God. You've got to call the police, tell them it was an accident. Where is she?

FISHER

She's in the desert. She's out in the desert.

LIZ

You left a dead prostitute out in the desert? Alone?

FISHER

She's not alone... She's... Boyd... Oh God... He's gone nuts... He killed Lois and Michael... it's all...

LIZ

Stop! You stop right here. I don't want to know anymore. I told you not to do this Bachelor Party thing. You were warned.

FISHER

But...

LIZ

No buts. I told you your friends were Jackasses.

FISHER

But...

LIZ

No buts. I've waited twenty-seven years, twenty-seven years I have focused and prepared to walk down that aisle. I will not be derailed! I will not be embarrassed! I will not be denied! I am walking down that aisle tomorrow come hell or high fucking water!

Liz marches back to the car, gets in and slams the door.

Fisher just stares in shock.

EXT./INT. CHURCH - FISHER AND LIZ'S WEDDING

It's pouring rain outside.

Shots of guests dashing from their cars to the church.

Fisher's parents with Adam Jr. and Timmy, looking overwhelmed.

Upstairs: Liz and her Bridesmaids help Liz get dressed. Everyone looks depressed.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

Fisher and Moore in tuxedos. Boyd enters, shuts the door.

Fisher looks ill.

BOYD

Okay, we're about two minutes out.
Moore, better take your position.

Moore looks at Fisher.

BOYD

Chop chop.

Moore goes. A long tense BEAT between Fisher and Boyd.

BOYD

This is a situation that defies judgement. We have acted and showed courage that is not of a kind known by most.

FISHER

I'm getting really tired of your bullshit.

BOYD

My what?

FISHER

You've got a warped thought process.
Your brain doesn't function properly.

BOYD

You care to add a little specification to that slanderous accusation?

FISHER

(snaps)
I'm talking about some bad, bad, very bad things. Bad things! Those are bad fucking things!

BOYD

Okay fine.

FISHER

Fine? Fine what?

BOYD

Whatever you say Kojak.

FISHER

I'm serious.

BOYD

I'm serious. I'm the serious one here. I'm the one making the play. I'm the Indian Runner. And I want my money.

INT. CHURCH

her

The organ is playing. The guests are seated. Liz and father are waiting in the front hall.

LIZ

I told Boyd two fucking minutes!

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - CONT'D

FISHER

What money?

BOYD

Blood money. Insurance dollars that you have thus fucking far decided not to tell me about at all. In no way have you mentioned that money. And I find that to be very very offensive.

FISHER

You're sick.

BOYD

(veins pulsing)

And if you think you can fuck me, don't. Cause I'm fucking insulated Fisher. Protected. Backed up on floppy. Do you get me? I want my fucking money!

FISHER

Not a prayer.

BOYD

I'm a lifesaver. A lighthouse. Up all night in the rain, in stormy gale force wind, tornado and fucking earthquakes. I stay lit for you. I stay lit. I don't go dark. I never

go dark!

FISHER

You need help.

Fisher turns away. BOYD combusts. He leaps on Fisher
with a wild cry.

BOYD

I want that money!

Boyd and fisher fight like animals; choking, pounding,
mauling, a fight to the death. Fisher is losing, Boyd
is choking the life out of him, killing him. Fisher is
going down, eyes rolling back, he's dying, until...

CRASH. Boyd's head is caved in from behind. REVEAL Liz
ground. wielding a big, heavy crucifix. Boyd slumps to the
repeatedly Fisher gasps for air. Boyd stirs. Liz beats him
Fisher is with the crucifix until he's dead as a door knob.
perfect stunned. Liz tosses the cross. Miraculously, only one
flicks droplet of blood has gotten on her wedding dress. She
it off with her finger.

LIZ

(composing herself)

Here comes the bride.

Liz gathers up her train and marches out. Fisher looks
at Boyd, a bloody dead mess.

THE WEDDING

Fisher joins Moore at the alter. JUDGE TOWER smiles
warmly at Fisher.

MOORE

Where's Boyd?

FISHER

(whispers)

Downstairs in the closet.

WEDDING
father,

stand
His
until...

Before Moore can ask, the ORGAN begins playing the
MARCH. Liz starts down the aisle, escorted by her
She smiles radiantly.

Liz's father kisses her and gives her to Fisher. They
before the Judge who starts talking. TIGHT ON Fisher.
head pounding. He hears none of what the Judge says

JUDGE TOWER

May we have the rings please?

FISHER

What?

JUDGE TOWER

The rings?

Fisher looks at Moore.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

Moore opens the closet. Boyd falls out.

INT. CHURCH

at

Everyone waits patiently. Fisher is sweating. He looks
Liz who stares straight ahead.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

to

Moore rolls Boyd over, checks every pocket, trying not
get blood on himself.

INT. CHURCH

Moore returns.

MOORE

Got 'em.

she,
The

He hands the rings to the Judge, at which time, he,
Fisher and Liz all see blood on his white shirt cuff.

Judge looks at Moore. He pulls his jacket sleeve down.

JUDGE TOWER

(continues)

These rings represent the commitment
Fisher and Liz make to each other on
the day. Fisher do you take Liz to
be your beloved wife, to respect,
honor and cherish till death do you
part?

FISHER

I do.

Liz slides the ring on Fisher's finger.

JUDGE TOWER

Liz do you take Fisher to be your
beloved husband, to respect, honor
and cherish him till death do you
part?

LIZ

I do.

Fisher slides the ring on Liz's finger.

JUDGE TOWER

I now pronounce you husband and wife.

Fisher kisses Liz. They turn to face their guests who
applaud.

Liz cries tears of joy.

WEDDING RECEPTION - TENT NEXT TO CHURCH

Liz drinks champagne and talks with her guests.

EXT. CHURCH - REAR

Fisher and Moore load Boyd's body in the trunk of
Fisher's
car.

MOORE

He came to me early today, was talking
about money, insurance money. Said
he was gonna get what was his.

FISHER

My God...

MOORE

He said he was the Brain Trust. Said he was smarter than all of us. He started reading "Atlas Shrugged," staring at himself in the mirror.

FISHER

Did he try to kiss you?

MOORE

All week long.

Fisher slams the trunk closed.

WEDDING RECEPTION - MUCH LATER

Only a few guests remain. Fisher's parents watch the boys.
The caterers are cleaning up. Fisher and Liz sit alone.

FISHER

He kept saying he was protected.

LIZ

What does that mean?

FISHER

Like if something happened to him, he could still get us.

LIZ

Like how?

FISHER

I don't know. He could have told someone. He could have, like in the event of his death, somehow let someone know where those bodies are buried.

LIZ

The only proof is those bodies.

FISHER

So what do we do?

LIZ

Move the bodies.

FISHER

Move the bodies?

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Excuse us?

at Fisher and Liz look up at a sweet OLD COUPLE, who talk
the same time, oblivious to each other.

OLD MAN

We just wanted to say
congratulations and
wish you great
happiness. Mazeltov. I
just did. I said
Malzeltov. You never
listen to me.

Henry's
us.
luck.

OLD WOMAN

We're your Uncle
parents. Opal and Earl.
Tell them from both of
Malzeltov. Wish them
The secret to a good
marriage is to listen.

LIZ

(cheerleader smile)
Thank you. Thank you. We will. Bye
bye.

he The Old Couple shuffles away. Fisher watches them go,
suddenly breaks down, crying...

FISHER

I... Liz... all I ever wanted, was
for you to be happy. I just wanted
to give you the wedding, the life
you always dreamed of...
(sobs)
...I just love you so much... So
much...

LIZ

(beat; unmoved)
You and Moore move the bodies and
bury Boyd with them. In fact, put
Moore in the ground too.

FISHER

What?

LIZ

If you don't tie up all the loose ends it'll never be over.

FISHER

(horrified)

No...

LIZ

You put him down or don't bother coming back.

FISHER

But...

LIZ

Do you love me? DO YOU LOVE ME?!

OFF Fisher...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Vegas,
Fisher's car blasts past a road sign reading, "Las
358 miles."

INT. FISHER'S CAR

still
Fisher drives, Moore's in the passenger seat. They're
in their tuxedos. Extreme silence. Fisher, almost in a
trance.

MOORE

You alright?

FISHER

Yeah. I'm thinking about Michael's Franco Harris fixation. You know how Michael was always harping "Immaculate Reception?" I've seen that play. A lot of times... and I have to say this... Franco was lucky. Flat out, right place, right time. That's it. He was where the ball bounced. You get me?

MOORE

I guess.

FISHER

I'm saying it's luck. All luck. You work your entire life, all the training, focus, all the dedication, all irrelevant. Where does the ball bounce? My father spent his whole life trying to start a company, practiced every day, worked like a dog, finally got enough money. He's paid the dues, he's ready, does all the market research, picks his shot -- "Pup Corn."

MOORE

Pup corn?

FISHER

That's right, "Pup Corn." Doggie treats. Little snacks for dogs. He's figured it out. There is a hole in the market and he's going to fill it. Spends all out money, works himself into not two but three heart attacks getting this shit up. After fifteen months, the big day arrives, the first box of "Pup Corn" pops off the belt. He comes running home with that box, pulls us out of school. We all pile into the living room, must be fifty of us, and in comes "Shelmer," our 8 year old mutt. "Here Shelmer," my dad cries. He's got that little fucking pup corn in his hand, "Here girl." This dog will eat anything, she eats rocks, anything. She walk's up to my dad's hand, looks down at the little pellet, licks it once, turns around, walks out of the room. Shelmer rejected the "Pup Corn." Fifteen months of my dad's life, right there. Not one dog ate Pup Corn. Not one. Three months later, "Pup Corn" shuts down. Chapter Eleven. My father never got over it. Never.

SILENCE hangs again.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Ralph

Fisher and Moore search for the graves of Tina and with flashlights and shovels.

FISHER

I think it was over here.

Nothing. They move into a new area and start poking around.

MOORE

It was over by those rocks.

shovels. Again they search, prodding into earth with their

Nothing.

light Fisher stops digging, tired, he pauses, shines his
around until...

FISHER

There.

MOORE

Where?

Fisher moves to a new spot.

FISHER

There. This rock is where I stood
when I said the prayer.

soft. He starts digging in front of the rock. The earth is

FISHER

Bingo.

Moore's Moore and Fisher quickly start to dig, until, finally,
shovel makes contact.

MOORE

Got it.

And they dig some more.

DISSOLVE:

MOORE

in the hole, passing the suitcases up to Fisher.

DISSOLVE:

FISHER

loads the cases into the car.

EXT. NEW BURIAL SITE

The suitcases are unloaded. Fisher and Moore dig a new grave.

Moore's back is to Fisher as he digs.

MOORE

I've been thinking about what you said that day. The prayer. About using this whole mess to bring out the good in me...

Fisher is directly above Moore, holding the shovel, looking down at the back of Moore's head.

FISHER

Yeah?

MOORE

I think there's a lot of truth in that. I'm gonna pursue some options. I want to join that Big Brother thing.

FISHER

(slowly raises the shovel over his head)
That's a good one.

MOORE

I want a black one. A little black brother. That's a big problem it seems to me. Lack of racial integration. That's a big one. You think?

Moore looks up to...

FISHER, tears running down his face, the shovel high above his head, ready to bring it down hard onto Moore's skull.

MOORE confused and then realization... CUT between Fisher

vulnerable. above, poised to strike, Moore below, still and
Their eyes locked for several beats. Finally...

MOORE

What do you think?

Slowly, Fisher lowers his shovel.

FISHER

I think you'd make an excellent Big Brother.

MOORE

(back to work)

That's what I'm thinking.

DISSOLVE:

THE GRAVE - LATER

and The cases are in the hole with Boyd's body. As Fisher
Moore re-fill the grave with dirt we...

SLOWLY

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FISHER'S CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

dirty, Fisher drives, Moore rides shotgun, both men are
sweaty and tired.

MOORE

Well that ought to be about the end of that.

FISHER

Yup.

smile TIGHT ON Fisher, staring deep into the road, a faint
creeps on to his face...

DISSOLVE TO:

THE IMMACULATE RECEPTION

Franco

The distorted but definitely recognizable image of
Harris running for his life.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And it's Franco Harris running for...

Franco makes it into the Raider end zone.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

**A TOUCHDOWN FOR PITTSBURGH!
UNBELIEVABLE!**

CUT

BACK TO:

FISHER

skids on
divider,
bright...

Lost in his reverie, wakes up in a hair pin turn. The
speedometer reads 80. They run out of road. The car
the shoulder, Fisher cranks the wheel, jumps the
into oncoming headlights. Fisher and Moore lit up

HIGHWAY

MOTION
an

Fisher's car SMASHES head-on into another car. IN SLOW
Fisher and Moore are launched through the windshield in
IMPLOSION of glass and steel, flesh and blood.

CUT TO

BLACK:

We hear the sounds of SCRUBBING.

SLOW FADE UP:

INT. FISHER HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

the
soiled

TIGHT ON Liz, on her hands and knees, scrubbing around
toilet of what is clearly a filthy kids bathroom;
jockey shorts, Tonka trucks, mess everywhere.

out

O.S. we hear voices outside. Liz gets up off her knees,
brushes a piece of hair from her sweaty face and peers

the bathroom window.

TIGHT ON FISHER

EXT. BACK YARD

FISHER

Okay let's try it again.

Adam Jr. and Timmy, in ill-fitted Cub Scout uniforms,
recite the "Scout Laws."

TIMMY

A scout is thrifty,
saves for the future.
A scout is clean, he
keeps his body...

ADAM JR.

A scout is brave. A
scout can face danger, even
if he's afraid...

FISHER

Let's see the salutes!

Timmy snaps out a fine salute. Adam balances on one
crutch to salute but loses balance and falls flat on his
face. He starts SCREAMING.

REVEAL Fisher, in a wheelchair, both legs amputated
above the knee. He leans over, trying to help Adam Jr. up and
his wheelchair tips over. Fisher falls on top of Adam Jr.
who SCREAMS even louder, flailing arms and legs like a
turtle on its back.

REVEAL Moore, in an electric wheelchair he operated
with a mouthpiece. As he is paralyzed from the neck down, he's
no help at all. Timmy suddenly snaps.

TIMMY

(to Adam Jr.)
Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

FISHER

It's okay, it's okay.

THE BATHROOM WINDOW

the
Liz watches the pathetic chaos that is her life with
dull lifeless eyes of a concentration camp prisoner.

FISHER (O.S.)

Timmy SHUT UP! Help your brother!
ADAM! Let him help you!

SILENT
TIGHT ON Liz as her mouth slowly opens in an anguished
SCREAM.

OUT THE WINDOW - DOWN IN THE BACK YARD

help of
his
Adam Jr. gets back on his feet, with the begrudging
Timmy. As Fisher struggles to hoist himself up, back in
wheelchair...

FISHER

Remember a scout is helpful! A scout
doesn't scream in the face of
adversity.

looks up
Suddenly, O.S. from the bathroom, Liz WAILS. Fisher
at the window... LONG BEAT...

FISHER

(to the boys)
Okay, let's skip to the Scout's
Oath...

ADAM JR. & TIMMY

On my honor, I will do my best...

heaving,
The boys recite the "Scout's Oath" as Liz's deep,
wailing SOBS grow in intensity O.C.

ADAM JR. & TIMMY

...to do my duty to God and my
country... To obey the Scout Law, to

help other people at all times...

SLOWLY PULL OFF Fisher, Moore and the kids...

ADAM JR. & TIMMY

To keep myself physically strong,
mentally awake, and morally straight.

the
homes,
as
human

CRANE UP, past Liz at the window, out of the yard, over
house, WIDER to reveal the surrounding track-like
housing track-like families, with track-like nightmares
Liz's plaintiff wails echo the communal despair of the
village.

CUT TO

BLACK:

THE END