

"VERY BAD THINGS"

by

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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, we recognize car headlights. Closer and closer until the car is bearing down upon us with great force...

INT. CAR

Two men in the front seat, FISHER and MOORE. Fisher drives. All seems quite normal until we take a closer look, sweat matts hair, dirt stains on white tuxedo shirts hands are 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

Playoff game between the Oakland Raiders and the Pittsburgh Steelers. Scoreboard reads: 22 seconds, 4th down, 10 yards 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!..."

The ball bounces off the helmet of a Raider player and is 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:

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

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 not at all happy about having to stand in this very 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

TIGHT ON a "Fred Sands" realty sign being pounded into the ground. Pictured on the sign, as "offered by," is realtor DAVID BOYD, 30-ish, short hair, smiling with bizarre sincerity.

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

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

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.

Boyd hangs up, puts on his jacket and turns with the same
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. Growning. 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

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

Food orders fly all around as Moore works with a mesmerizing focus, a poetic sense of purpose, fifteen things going on at once; he chops, sautes, braises, etc..., in a perfect mute 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 to look at Fisher, her eyes well with tears, vulnerable and 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

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

MICHAEL BRENN, short, compact, with a severe personality 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.

ADAM BRENN, Michael's older brother, mid-30's, a bit soft in
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

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

Adam's and Lois' kids, Timmy, 8, and Adam Jr., 10, watch with Liz. (Adam Jr., in leg braces and crutches, suffers 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.

Adam kisses Lois and the kids goodbye. Adam Jr. nearly loses his balance in the excitement, Adam catches him.

Boyd starts to get in the drivers seat.

ADAM

Not on your life.

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

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

EXT. HWY - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

The minivan cruises east: from Santa Monica; through downtown Los Angeles; and the City of Industry. At the turn off, a 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!

DEAD SILENCE. As they ride through the lifeless desert, Fisher 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

The minivan cruises through Death Valley in route to Vegas.

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

North of Vegas. The minivan is parked high on a cliff
overlooking the city. A couple of Tequila bottles on ice, a
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 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...

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

ALL

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

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

INT. CASINO - GAMBLING MONTAGE

Improvised DIALOGUE.

CARDS fly.

CASH and CHIPS PLAY FISHER on cell phone calls about the
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

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

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

The MUSIC is LOUD. The boys are super drunk in the swank 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 Christsake.

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

MOORE crazed with the rhythm of the "Chemical Brothers," 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 leaves 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

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

BOYD

Gentlemen, this is Tina.

The guys, wasted, attempt to greet Tina.

TINA

Who's the lucky groom?

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

TINA

Hi Fisher.

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

Michael's going crazy... He tries to touch her, she slaps his hand away...

Fisher can't take it anymore...

Tina relents... moves on...

Michael reaches for her leg like a dog in heat.

She passes over him, teasing, tormenting him, and settles 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...

The guys egg Tina on, she gets off on Adam's shyness, rubs 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 sure of physical geography. The one thing we are sure of is that MICHAEL is fucking the hell out of Tina in the bathroom.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

MASTER BATHROOM:

Michael works Tina from behind.

SUITE:

MOORE bouncing off the furniture.

FISHER and ADAM, wildly high.

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

BATHROOM:

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

TINA
Oh come on.

MICHAEL
I want to play.

TINA
It's gonna cost extra.

MICHAEL
I will pay.

SUITE:

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

BATHROOM:

Michael screwing the hell out of Tina.

TINA
Easy baby, easy.

SLOW MOTION INTERCUT:

SUITE:

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

BATHROOM:

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

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

SUITE:

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

BATHROOM:

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

SUITE:

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

BATHROOM:

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

SUITE:

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

MOORE
(beat)
Cool.

Moore is fine, not even a scratch. The guys break into ROARING LAUGHTER, completely HYSTERICAL; shaking, roaring, releasing. 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, he stares O.C. at...

MICHAEL

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

MICHAEL
I really fucked up.

INT. BATHROOM

The guys rush in. Stop dead in their tracks.

TINA

On the floor, legs twisted underneath her, lies growing in a growing puddle of dark blood. SILENCE as the guys stare, 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

Adam moves into the living room, heads for the phone. Boyd 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?!

Fisher wanders back to the bathroom door where Moore is; they stare down at Tina as the conversation rages in the 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 Christsake 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)
Let's 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, a 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.

SILENCE. Ralph checks the rest of the guys. Some strange eye
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.

And Ralph is on his way to the bathroom. And the guys are freaking as Ralph moves through the bedroom up towards the bathroom. Hand on door – opening door – stepping in – and 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!

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

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

And MOORE is there. Helping Boyd wrestle the SCREAMING thrashing Ralph into the bathroom. Ralph fights like a gilled Marlin. They shove him into the bathroom. Boyd slams the door shut. Holds it tight as Ralph tries to force it back open.

BOYD

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

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

AT THE DOOR

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

INT. THE BATHROOM

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

MOORE
Oh God.

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

THE GUYS' POV

An absolute blood bath. The walls are covered with Ralph's arterial spray. Tina lies, still dead on her side. Ralph has somehow "assumed the position" dead, head in the bathtub. A bizarre and gruesome sight. Boyd surveys the carnage, takes 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 a
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 everything
store, Boyd pushes a cart, grabbing; cleaning supplies, tarp,
tape, giant pruning shears, etc...

BOYD (V.O.)

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

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

INT. HARD ROCK CASINO

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

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Boyd turns up the MUSIC.

BOYD
Let's do it people.

MUSIC OVER SERIES OF SHOTS:

Moore and Fisher scrub blood from the carpet. Fisher keeps 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.

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

Adam stares at the wall.

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

Boyd saws. Michael wraps. Fisher and Moore clean.

Adam slowly straightens up a lamp, begins to help.

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

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

BOYD
All right. Looking good people.

EXT. RED ROCK CANYON ROAD

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

INT. MINIVAN

Adam drives, cringing with every bump and bang. Everyone is 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.

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

BOYD

I got her arm.

MOORE

Here's his head.

As the guys put limbs with bodies...

CUT TO:

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

EXT. GRAVE SITE

As the last of the dirt is packed down by Boyd. The guys 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.

DEAD SILENCE. Adam stares stupefied at Boyd, then Michael. 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

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

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

FISHER (V.O.)

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

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

Adam watches his mini-van move through the wash and rinse cycle, staring, paranoid at the Mexican Towel Boy cleaning 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?

CLICK. Fisher, in a daze, turns and walks into right into Adam who has been standing there listening. Adam doesn't 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.

The HISPANIC CAR WASH WORKER beeps the horn, Adam jumps. The 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 house. Adam Jr., "Little Adam," and Timmy play in 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.

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

BOYD

You're goddamn right. Adam?

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

ADAM

(reluctant)

Right.

EXT. SUBURBAN

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

Judge Tower joins in and the three squeak out the chorus and 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. A 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

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!

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

INT. BAKERY

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

INT. FLORIST

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

INT. LIZ AND FISHER'S NEW HOME

A beautiful country style beach house in Santa Monica. Liz,

Fisher and the realtor, MAGGIE, walk into the charming kitchen. Fisher seems stressed 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.

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

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

EXT. GAS STATION MINI-MART

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

INT. ADAM'S MINI-VAN

Adam, ghost white, fumbles for a credit card as the kids go 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.

A black sedan, looking like an unmarked police car, pulls up 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

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

Adam nods, eyeing his gas pump, willing it to pump faster. His heart starts to pound, he looks away, sees...

An LAPD police car pull into the station, stops in front of the mini-mart. TWO COPS inside.

ON adam, eye-balling the cop car. He slowly turns to steal a glance at the "suit."

SUIT

How do you like that mini-van?

Adam's tank is almost filled. He wants nothing more than to 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.

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

COP
You okay?

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

CLERK
Just leave it!

ADAM
(determined)
It's okay.

CLERK
Leave it!

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

CLERK
GET OUT!

ADAM
(on his back)
I'm sorry.

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

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

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

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?!

Adam, in a cold sweat, hauls out of the Gas Station, pulls into traffic, nearly gets hit, slams on the brakes, Lois 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.

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

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

A large dining room in a Westside restaurant has been taken over by the wedding party. Seventy-five guests, dressed up, are into the desserts. The toasts are about halfway over.

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

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.

Mr. Fisher holds up a photo of a young Fisher and young Boyd,
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.

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

MICHAEL

The problem was coaching. Poor
leadership.

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

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

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

EXT. BEACH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

Adam attacks Michael, slashing, biting, mauling, the brother's
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

Fisher helps break the fight. Adam and Michael try to contain
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, eyeballs Adam. Adam eyeballs him right back. Michael
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.

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

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

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

ADAM
NOOOO!!!!

Adam jumps between the minivan and Michael's car.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR

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

EXT. PARKING LOT

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

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

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

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

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

Lois has her ear to Adam's mouth. He is clearly speaking to

her. Lois is sobbing when... ALARMS GO OFF IN ADAM'S ROOM.

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

Lois collapses on the floor.

WAITING ROOM

The guys have witnessed Adam's death. Michael turns in horror. Boyd, Fisher and Moore stare. Liz rushes to Fisher, throws 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, best 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!

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

BOYD
Okay. Time to fly.

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

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

WAITRESSES, COOKS and LATE NIGHT DINNERS stare, confused as 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!"

Michael breaks free, starts running away. Boyd, Moore and Fisher give chase. Moore dives on Michael's back. Fisher 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."

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

INT. CAR - DRIVING

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

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

BOYD

Love does not lose.

TIGHT ON Fisher, speechless.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN ON:

ADAM'S FUNERAL - GRAVE SITE

A Jewish ceremony. A hundred or so guests. A RABBI conducts 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.

Michael can't control himself as his body starts to seize and tremble. Moore and Boys attempt to stabilize Michael who breaks away, charges over to Lois and buries his head in her 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.

Boyd, Moore and Michael, looking particularly traumatized, 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.

Moore counts out two Valium, hands them to Boyd as Michael 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.

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

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.

Michael starts back in with the power sobbing. All eyes are 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.

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

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

Lois freezes, puts down the phone. Boyd and Moore look stunned 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.

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

EXT. LOIS' HOUSE

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

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

TIME CUT TO:

INT. FISHER AND LIZ'S HOUSE

TIGHT ON Fisher.

FISHER

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

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

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 booth.

hotter, then even hotter... and there would be one moment of pure burn when that little fucker would cook just perfect. Perfect. It would only 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

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

They go down hard on the floor and start fighting like wild

animals.

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 hear it from Michael's mouth.

FISHER

Now?

Michael drunkenly nods his head as if he 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?

PAN OVER to see Lois, half hanging off the bed, strangled to 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

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

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

Boyd comes jogging out the front door, hops in the back seat. 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

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

Adam Jr. suddenly slips off his chair, lands flat on his back, starts struggling to get up. Fisher tries to help Little 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!

Fisher manages to get Adam Jr. back up in his chair. Liz looks rather horrified.

BARRY MORRIS

(breaking the tension)

So. When is the wedding.

LIZ

Tomorrow

(at Fisher)

We are getting married tomorrow.

INT. CAR

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

EXT. FISHER'S CAR

Fisher leans on the trunk, puking. Liz gets out to help him, 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.

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

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

The organ is playing. The guests are seated. Liz and her
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 wielding a big, heavy crucifix. Boyd slumps to the ground. Fisher gasps for air. Boyd stirs. Liz beats him repeatedly with the crucifix until he's dead as a door knob. Fisher is stunned. Liz tosses the cross. Miraculously, only one perfect droplet of blood has gotten on her wedding dress. She flicks 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.

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

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

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

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

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

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

INT. CHURCH

Moore returns.

MOORE
Got 'em.

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

Fisher and Liz look up at a sweet OLD COUPLE, who talk at 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.

OLD WOMAN

We're your Uncle Henry's parents. Opal and Earl. Tell them from both of us. Malzeltov. Wish them luck. The secret to a good

marriage is to listen.

LIZ

(cheerleader smile)

Thank you. Thank you. We will. Bye
bye.

The Old Couple shuffles away. Fisher watches them go, he 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

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

INT. FISHER'S CAR

Fisher drives, Moore's in the passenger seat. They're still 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

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

FISHER

I think it was over here.

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

MOORE

It was over by those rocks.

Again they search, prodding into earth with their shovels.
Nothing.

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

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

FISHER
Bingo.

Moore and Fisher quickly start to dig, until, finally, Moore's
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 above, poised to strike, Moore below, still and vulnerable. 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

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

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FISHER'S CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

MOORE

Well that ought to be about the end of that.

FISHER

Yup.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

THE IMMACULATE RECEPTION

The distorted but definitely recognizable image of Franco 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

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

HIGHWAY

Fisher's car SMASHES head-on into another car. IN SLOW MOTION Fisher and Moore are launched through the windshield in an 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

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

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

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

FISHER (O.S.)
Timmy SHUT UP! Help your brother!
ADAM! Let him help you!

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

SCREAM.

OUT THE WINDOW - DOWN IN THE BACK YARD

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

FISHER

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

Suddenly, O.S. from the bathroom, Liz WAILS. Fisher looks up 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...

The boys recite the "Scout's Oath" as Liz's deep, heaving, 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.

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

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END