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 fiancee, 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, 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
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 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)

(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. Growing. And I want you keeping up with me here.

**FISHER**
What does Moore have to do with your growing?

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

**FISHER**
I've known him since Cub Scouts.

**LIZ**
He's weird.

**FISHER**
He's quiet.

**LIZ**
He's weird.

**TIGHT ON - CHARLES MOORE**
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 and looks 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, 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
looses
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
last one in. He slides the big Minivan door shut and

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 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
(onto 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)

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 Kerouack, 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 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 Christ's sake.

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

ADAM
Are you solid with that?

FISHER
No. I think it's fucked.

ADAM
Then fuck what your father said, cause I'm gonna tell you right now... You'll know what it's all about, why you got married and why you love her when you wake up at three in the morning, and the streetlight's coming
through the window and it's just catching a corner of her face, like a sleeping angel. And her hair smells sweet and she's your's. She's all your's. Do you see where I'm going here?

MICHAEL AND BOYD AT THE BAR

speed hitting cocaine.

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

MICHAEL
Israel doesn't have a King.

BOYD
Then what do they have?

MICHAEL
They have a president. A Benjamin Yahoo something.

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

MICHAEL
What's your point?

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

MICHAEL
The Israelis can protect themselves. They got the Mossad thing happening.
Mossad's for real, man. They scalp babies.

**BOYD**
There's my point exactly.

**MICHAEL**
What? What's your point?

**BOYD**
Take Mexico.

**MICHAEL**
What?

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

**ANGLE ON**

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 leave's are bare. What's left? The little trees, the little fellas that the storm didn't see. The tiny little...

Moore is on the balcony.

**MOORE**
The stripper's here.

**ADAM**
(bombed)
Excellent.

He and Fisher stagger aside.

**HOTEL SUITE**

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 move, for position on and around the couch. Tina starts to very sexy.

Michael tokes a joint.

**MICHAEL**
God, I love women.
TINA'S DANCE MONTAGE

SERIES OF SHOTS:

TINA dances, slowly peeling off her clothes.

The guys are into it. Michael seems especially turned-on.

Tina moves in on Fisher, starts a very nasty lap dance... somehow incorporating a rubber hose.

The guys hoop and holler...

Michael is mesmerized...

Tina grinds on Fisher's lap, touching her nipples...

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.
sure of physical geography. The one thing we are sure 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, 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 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)
Lets take a vote. A simple vote. Two
choices; we clean up the mess. Right now. Bury it in the desert, go home, and never look back. Or, we can call the police... Open those doors, roll the dice and hope that it's only Michael who falls. Let's take a vote. Desert... or police?

BOYD looks around. BEAT. Raises his hand.

BOYD

Desert.

He looks at MOORE.

MOORE

(beat)

Fucking desert.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

(to Fisher)

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

(puts up his hand)

Desert.

All eyes on FISHER, no response.

BOYD

Nobody knows she's here.

FISHER

Good God... Good God...

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

ADAM

How do we get her out of here?

A reasonable question. Boyd thinks. BEAT.

BOYD

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

ADAM

(beat)

You don't think someone will have a
problem with a body being thrown off a balcony?

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

ADAM
What about the blood?

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

ADAM
Have you ever done this before?

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

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

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

RALPH (O.S.)
Hello? Is anyone in there?

Boyd races to the door, eyes the peephole.

BOYD'S POV, through the peephole, outside in the hall,
man. RALPH, early 30's, fairly unassuming.

BOYD
(calls out)
What is it?

RALPH (O.S.)
Ah, yeah, hi. Is Tina there?

Adam throws his head in his hands.

BOYD
(through door)
What?

RALPH (O.S.)
I'm with Tina. Is she there?

Boyd indicates to the guys to be cool.

BOYD
She's not here.

RALPH (O.S.)
Where is she?

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

Boyd turns as the guys freak. Crazed 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?
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 -- 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
door shut. Holds it tight as Ralph tries to force it open.

**BOYD**

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

And help they do. Michael, Moore and Adam all hold the door shut as Ralph continues to fight for his life. Slowly force of his POUNDING eases. We hear Ralph slowing down...
The thrashing slows... softer... The MOANS quiet...
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 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 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, 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 store, Boyd pushes a cart, grabbing: cleaning supplies, tape, giant pruning shears, etc...

BOYD (V.O.)
We will organize, we will mobilize, we will maximize and prioritize.

Moore grabs a plastic garbage can off a shelf and pukes 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 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.


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 f*cked-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.
Let's go!

Adam stares daggers into Fisher.

We save ourselves. It's our only chance.

Adam heads back to the car, leaving Fisher alone.

FADE TO

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 sign he just pounded into someone's yard. Behind the 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 stresses by the price tag.

LIZ

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

MAGGIE

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

LIZ

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

MAGGIE

Take your time. I wish I had.

LIZ

(hugs Fisher)
We will.

**MAGGIE**
So where to on the honeymoon?

**FISHER**
This is our honeymoon.

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

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

**LIZ**
That's our plan.

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

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, 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-ballng 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, 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
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.
He's having a problem here.

What's the problem Adam?

Moore joins the group.

What's the problem?

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

What is your problem?

I can't do this.

Can't do what?

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

What?

At the seven-eleven.

Who? What are you talking about?

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

(shouts)
Nobody's smoking anybody out.

Shut up.

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
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 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, defribulates. 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


INT. DENNY'S - LATE NIGHT

Fisher, Boyd, Moore and Michael eat eggs.

BOYD

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

MICHAEL

Ball park sausages.

BOYD

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

MICHAEL

(clearly starting to crack)
Franco Harris has a flare for the
dramatic. The former Pittsburgh Steeler running back, beat known for "The Immaculate Reception," his improbable sixty yard Ricochet Reception. I say Ricochet Reception has made a bold move on corporate America.

(inappropriately loud)

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

**BOYD**

Easy Michael.

**MICHAEL**

(on a roll)

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

CUSTOMERS are starting to pay notice.

**MOORE**

Shut up Michael.

**MICHAEL**

(screams)

**I KILLED MY BROTHER!**

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
(striking)
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
(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
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.
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
MICHAEL
(finger in his ear)
Do you hear buzzing fish?

FISHER
Buzzing?

MICHAEL
Yeah. I got some kind of buzzing. Like a zzzzzzzzzzzzzzz thing just chipping away in the back of my skull.

FISHER
I don't hear it.

MICHAEL
Yeah, well, it's a nasty problem.

FISHER
Have another drink.

INT. ADAM AND LOIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

TRACKING SHOT down hallway into bedroom where Lois sleeps peacefully.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Fisher and Michael. Moore, drinking, just listening.

MICHAEL
Dad used to bring home these sparklers to me and Adam. Out back we'd light 'em up. The three of us. We'd hold 'em up to the sky and watch the explosions of light. Sparks. And dad would be all... "Get ready"... "watch for it"... "here it comes," here comes the "wahoo"

FISHER
The wahoo?

MICHAEL
The sparkler would burn hot, then 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 thoughted 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 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.

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 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, and Fisher and Liz all see blood on his white shirt cuff.
Judge looks at Moore. He pulls his jacket sleeve down.

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

FISHER
I do.

Liz slides the ring on Fisher's finger.

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

LIZ
I do.

Fisher slides the ring on Liz's finger.

JUDGE TOWER
I now pronounce you husband and wife.

Fisher kisses Liz. They turn to face their guests who
applaud. Liz cries tears of joy.

WEDDING RECEPTION - TENT NEXT TO CHURCH

Liz drinks champagne and talks with her guests.

EXT. CHURCH - REAR

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

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

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

FISHER
Did he try to kiss you?

MOORE
All week long.

Fisher slams the trunk closed.

WEDDING RECEPTION - MUCH LATER

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

FISHER
He kept saying he was protected.

LIZ
What does that mean?

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

LIZ
Like how?

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

LIZ
The only proof is those bodies.

FISHER
So what do we do?

LIZ
Move the bodies.

FISHER
Move the bodies?
OLD MAN (O.S.)

Excuse us?

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 lose
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 mean 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!

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.

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 soiled toilet of what is clearly a filthy kids bathroom; 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 wheel chair tips over. Fisher falls on top of Adam Jr. 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 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
houses, WIDER to reveal the surrounding track-like
homes, housing track-like families, with track-like nightmares
Liz's plaintiff wails echo the communal despair of the
human

BLACK:

THE END