

"DUE DATE"

written by

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FADE IN:

BEGIN OPENING CREDITS...

INT. JENSEN APARTMENT - LOS ANGELES - DAY

MONTAGE:

1) Expectant father PETER JENSEN, a 40ish businessman, sits with his 8 1/2 month pregnant wife CHRISTINE (mid 30s). They interview a LATINA NANNY in her 50s.

LATINA NANNY

...and I just want to say, I will take care of your baby as if it is my own.

PETER

Thank you, Rosario. We'll be in touch.

The Latina Nanny exits.

PETER (CONT'D)

I don't know about her.

CHRISTINE

What? She's perfect.

PETER

Christine, this is the person who is going to be taking care of our child. We can't just hire some stranger.

CHRISTINE

She was my sister's nanny for eight years.

PETER

She's in the mix.

2) Peter and Christine interview a PREPPY NANNY in her 20's.

PREPPY NANNY

...they had two children and I worked for them for three years.

PETER

And in that time, how often would you say you missed worked?

PREPPY NANNY

Knock on wood, I was never sick a day.

PETER

In other words, you're due.

3) They interview an OLDER RUSSIAN WOMAN.

PETER (CONT'D)

A lot of applicants say they know C.P.R. You'll understand if I'd like to see you prove it.

4) They interview a JAMAICAN NANNY. She hands them a resume.

JAMAICAN NANNY

I have references from families in the U.S. and Jamaica as well.

PETER

Uh huh. That's great. And I assume you won't mind submitting to random urine tests?

CHRISTINE

Peter!

PETER

What? Drug use is part of her culture.

5) They interview a 20 YEAR-OLD GIRL with a NOSE RING.

PETER (CONT'D)

No.

6) They interview a CAMBODIAN NANNY.

PETER (CONT'D)

Let's talk about the elephant in the room: Vietnam.

7) The RUSSIAN WOMAN is on the floor breathing into a "C.P.R. Annie" doll. Peter holds a stop watch.

END OPENING CREDITS.

EXT. ENCINO HOUSE - DAY

A "FOR SALE" sign is on the front lawn.

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A fastidiously dressed male REAL ESTATE AGENT shows Peter and Christine a nice but modest house in the Valley.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
 ... I'm so pleased you like the house, Peter. Of course I was pleased when you liked it the first four times.

PETER
 It's a good school district, right?

REAL ESTATE AGENT
 Yes, still is. When's the baby due?

CHRISTINE
 I'm having a C-section next Friday.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
 Caesar salad! Are we happy about that?

CHRISTINE
 I'm not especially, but Peter is.

PETER
 I don't like the randomness of natural childbirth.

The Real Estate Agent's PHONE RINGS.

REAL ESTATE AGENT
 Would you excuse me for a minute?

The Real Estate Agent moves off.

CHRISTINE
 I really want this house.

PETER
 I'm just not sure we can afford it.

CHRISTINE
 We've been over this. We have the down payment. We have plenty of savings. With both our salaries--

PETER
 I know, but what if I lose my job?
 (MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

Or what if there's unexpected medical bills? Or you end up having septuplets?

CHRISTINE

Honey, stop worrying about the "what-ifs." I know you're nervous, I am too. But it's time to move out of the apartment.

PETER

I don't feel we have the cushion yet. How about one life-changing event at a time?

INT. BULL RUSH OFFICES - DAY

Corporate headquarters of up-and-coming energy drink Bull Rush. Framed posters on the wall tout their catch phrase, "All Rush, No Bull." Peter enters the office of JERRY EASTMAN (50s), company president.

PETER

You wanted to see me, Jerry?

JERRY

Have a seat, Peter. I've got some big news.

PETER

What's up?

JERRY

What comes to mind when I say the name Goran Vodavic?

PETER

Boston Celtics. All Star power forward. Hits three pointers in his sleep. Dates supermodels.

JERRY

You left out that he's the number one action movie star in Croatia. And, that he's looking to endorse an energy drink.

PETER

Wow, he could do for us what Michael Vick did for Powerade. Until the dogs and the... you know...

JERRY

Right. Poor guy. You've got a meeting with Vodavic on Monday.

PETER

I'm all over it.

JERRY

I knew you would be. I booked you a room at the Copley Plaza.

PETER

That's in Boston.

JERRY

Yeah. Celtics are at home this week.

PETER

Oh. Yeah... right.

JERRY

Problem?

PETER

Well kind of... Christine and I are having the baby on Friday. C-Section.

JERRY

Wife about to pop, you don't wanna mess with that. No worries, I'll send Bob Taicher. His wife already hates him.

PETER

No. I'm the V.P. of marketing, I should go. Any chance of moving Goran back a week?

JERRY

Can't. He's meeting with everybody Monday. Let me send the Taich.

PETER

No no no. I'm going. Don't worry, it won't be a problem.

INT. JENSEN APARTMENT - EVENING

Peter sets the kitchen table. Christine brings over two plates of food.

PETER

Look, I'm not thrilled about the timing either, but this is huge. If we get an NBA star, it'll take us to the next level.

Peter pulls a chair out for Christine to sit.

PETER (CONT'D)

And if I don't go, Jerry will send Bob Taicher.

CHRISTINE

God I hate Taicher.

PETER

Everyone does. But if Taicher lands this Croat, he'll be known as the guy who put Bull Rush on the map. And I'll be known as the guy who used to be the guy who was gonna make partner.

Christine picks silently at her food.

PETER (CONT'D)

Making partner means financial security for our child. And we can re-open discussions about a house.

CHRISTINE

It's just that... this was going to be our last week to be together as just a twosome.

PETER

And it still will. I'll take the red-eye Sunday night. Meet Goran Monday morning. Be back in time for dinner Monday night.

Christine moves over to Peter. She stretches her arms out and rests them on his shoulder, her bulging belly between them. She gives him a kiss.

CHRISTINE

You should go.

PETER

It'll be just like I went to work for the day. No different.

EXT. BOSTON - HIGH-RISE BUILDING - MORNING (MONDAY)

Establishing shot of an imposing office building.

INT. AGENT'S OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Peter (in a finely tailored Armani suit) stands in the doorway of a fancy conference room with Croatian NBA star GORAN VODAVIC. Also there is Goran's agent GENE HONG (30s), a smooth Asian man with his hair slicked back like Pat Riley.

PETER

Goran, it was great meeting you.
All the folks at Bull Rush are
very excited at the prospect of
working with you.

Vodavic nods and shakes Peter's hand.

PETER (CONT'D)

By the way, my wife and I loved
you in "Full Court Mess"

GORAN

You saw my movie?

PETER

Saw it? I own the DVD.

GORAN

You know, I did my own stunts.

PETER

Well who else could hang off a
basketball rim and kick a Serbian
mobster in the face like that?

Goran smiles.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Peter walks toward the reception area with the gum-chomping,
blue-tooth wearing Gene Hong.

GENE HONG

Awesome job in there, Peter. Gimme
some, dawg.

Gene holds out his fist for a bump. Peter gives it to him.

GENE HONG (CONT'D)

We just gotta meet with a few more
co's, I'll get back to you A-SAP.

They reach the reception area. There are SEVERAL MEN IN SUITS with various presentation materials. Gene approaches one of the reps.

GENE HONG (CONT'D)

Rob, how you doing? Gimme some, dawg.

Gene gives Rob a fist bump. They head off down the hallway. Peter turns to another rep who holds a 7-foot tall cardboard cutout. It's Vodavic shooting a jump shot with a "Lightning Juice" bottle.

PETER

You got Goran shooting with his right hand. You know he's a lefty.

LIGHTNING JUICE REP

Dammit.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - MORNING

A Lincoln Town Car inches its way toward the American Airlines departure terminal.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Peter is in the back, on his Blackberry. His leather briefcase is on the seat next to him.

PETER

(into Blackberry)

Hey sweetie, how you feeling?...
Yeah, I think it went well... Hey,
how 'bout I stop by that Thai
restaurant on Ventura, pick us up
a couple of number thirty-sixes...

The Lincoln Town Car pulls to a stop. The DRIVER gets out and puts Peter's briefcase on the curb.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, I've got to hurry, I'm running
late for my flight. See you
tonight, love you.

Peter hangs up and opens his car door when... THE CAR DOOR IS RIPPED OFF by a beat-up Ford Focus that is angling for a spot closer to the curb.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - CONTINUOUS

Peter gets out of the car. His Driver approaches from where he set Peter's briefcase on the curb.

DRIVER
Are you okay, sir?

The passenger door of the Ford Focus opens. A half-open BACKPACK with clothes spilling out is thrown from the car, knocking over Peter's briefcase. Man-child ETHAN TEMBLAY, 32, gets out of the car, along with a cloud of smoke. An angry Peter approaches the Ford Focus.

PETER
What the hell? You could've killed me.

Ethan looks at the Town Car door, which lies on the ground.

ETHAN
Dude, you should look before you open your door.

PETER
You're saying it's my fault?!

Ethan grabs his backpack.

ETHAN
I'm not saying it's anybody's fault. Have your guy work it out with my guy, I gotta catch a flight.

Ethan darts off toward the terminal.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAY

Peter waits impatiently near the front of a long line to get through the metal detector. He tosses his briefcase on the conveyor belt, then passes through the metal detector without a problem.

X-RAY GUY
Bag check!

The X-Ray Guy stops the conveyor belt. An officious, tough-looking AFRICAN-AMERICAN MALE SCREENER approaches and holds up Peter's leather briefcase.

SCREENER
Is this your bag, sir?

PETER

Yes, why?

SCREENER

You sure it's your bag?

PETER

Is there a problem?

SCREENER

I need to hear you state that it is your bag.

PETER

Fine. I state that it is my bag.

The Screener reaches into the outside pocket of Peter's briefcase and pulls out a brown paper bag. From that bag he pulls out magazines, holding each one up as he calls out the name of it.

SCREENER

(loud)

"Hustler." "Hustler's Leg World."
"Today's Spanker."

Peter turns red, as other travelers stare at him.

PETER

Those aren't mine.

SCREENER

Oh no? They came from your bag.

The Screener reaches into the bag and pulls out a small ceramic PIPE. He sniffs it.

SCREENER (CONT'D)

Smells like weed.

PETER

(re: paper bag)

Obviously, that isn't my bag.

SCREENER

I'm gonna have to confiscate your pipe.

PETER

It's not mine, none of this is mine. Keep everything, just hurry.

SCREENER

It's gonna take the time it takes.
Please empty your pockets.

Peter sighs and empties his pockets. The Screener sniffs Peter's wallet.

SCREENER (CONT'D)

Can't tell if that smells like
weed or cow hide.

PETER

There's no pot in there. I don't
use it.

SCREENER

Maybe you sell it.

PETER

Do I look like a drug dealer?

SCREENER

I don't know, what's a drug dealer
look like? It'll help me for next
time.

PETER

Well, not like me.

SCREENER

Maybe they look more like me.

PETER

I didn't say that. I mean, I'm
sure there are lots of black people
who are drug dealers who don't
look like you.

(off Screener's look)

You know what, that didn't come
out right--

SCREENER

I think I'm gonna have to do a
more detailed search.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT BACK ROOM - DAY

Peter has his shoes off. The Screener is slowly checking under the insoles.

PETER

You sure you don't want to remove
the crown on my back molar?

SCREENER

Just doing my job, sir.

PETER

Yeah, right. Taking 20 minutes to
search me. Good work.

SCREENER

Actually, I'm not quite finished.

The Screener SNAPS on a LATEX GLOVE.

INT. AIRPORT - GATE AREA - DAY

Peter runs toward his departure gate with the awkward stride
of a man who's just had a finger up his ass. A GATE AGENT
is about to close the door to the jetway.

PETER

Hold on!

A winded Peter hands the Gate Agent his boarding pass.

GATE AGENT

Mr. Jensen. I'm sorry but we had
to give away your business class
seat. I can put you in 32D, last
open seat.

PETER

Goddammnit. Fine, whatever.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Peter plops down in an aisle seat of the last row of coach.
He puts his wallet, keys and Blackberry in the seat pocket
in front of him. He tries to lean his seat back, then
realizes he's in the row that doesn't recline. He swears to
himself then notices the seatmate to his right. It's ETHAN.

PETER

Oh God.

ETHAN

How you doing? I was originally
in the exit row, but I don't want
the responsibility.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I never gave it much thought until I heard the flight attendant's speech about being able to open the emergency exit and I realized people's lives could be in my hands. I mean, if we're opening the emergency exit that means we're in serious shit, which means people are going to start to lose their shit, which probably means I'll lose my shit and totally fuck things up and maybe kill people. I'm a nervous flyer to begin with, I don't want that responsibility.

Ethan takes a closer look at Peter.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You look familiar. Do I know you?

PETER

Yeah. You know me.

ETHAN

Do you buy your meat at Shaw's?

PETER

You just ripped the door off the car I was riding in.

ETHAN

That was you?

PETER

Forty-five minutes ago. Tops.

Ethan reaches into a brown paper bag and pulls out a magazine.

ETHAN

Investor's Daily? What the fuck is this?

PETER

That's mine.

ETHAN

I'm completely confused.

PETER

Our bags got switched after the accident.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

And because of you and your pot pipe, I'm late, I was strip searched, and I have to sit back here.

ETHAN

So, do you have my magazines?

PETER

Do you know what a five-point cavity search is?!

ETHAN

So, you don't have my magazines.

PETER

I threw them out.

Peter's Blackberry BEEPS. He takes it out of the seat pocket and reads an e-mail.

ETHAN

You tossed my pornos? Why would you do that?

PETER

I didn't know I'd have the good fortune of running into you again.

Peter turns away from Ethan and starts typing on his Blackberry.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT (O.S.)

In preparation for take off, please turn off all electronic devices...

A small LIGHT BEAMS into Peter's eye. Peter looks over and sees that it's the glare coming off of Ethan's IPHONE. The iPhone is off, and Ethan is nervously twirling it in his hands.

PETER

Do you mind?

ETHAN

What?

PETER

The sunlight's going in my eyes.

ETHAN

Oh, sorry man.

Peter goes back to his Blackberry. A beat later, the light hits his right eye. Peter moves his head but the light dances over into his left eye.

PETER

Alright, now you're doing it on purpose.

ETHAN

You gotta turn that thing off. They made the announcement.

PETER

Don't worry about it.

ETHAN

I read in Maxim that it screws up the plane's radar.

Peter ignores him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

It's not just about the radar. Terrorists use cell phones to trigger bombs in their luggage. I don't remember where I read that.

PETER

It's a Blackberry, it's not a bomb.

ETHAN

I didn't say it was a bomb, I said terrorists use it to trigger a bomb. At least that's what I meant to say, I might not have made myself clear. Did I mention I'm a nervous flyer?

PETER

Jesus! If it'll shut you up, I'll put it away.

Peter puts his Blackberry in his seat pocket.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, there, I put the bomb away. My bomb is in the seat pocket!

ETHAN

(holds up iPhone)

And my bomb is in my pants pocket.

Ethan puts his iPhone in his pocket. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT stares at Peter and Ethan with a look of concern.

She reaches for the galley phone.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
(quietly into phone)
Get me the Air Marshall.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Peter and Ethan sit on chairs in an otherwise empty room.

ETHAN
Alright look, we better get our stories straight. I don't remember who brought up "bomb" first, but let's just say it was you.

PETER
(angry whisper)
Stop talking.

ETHAN
I'm just saying they're gonna separate us at some point and we gotta get on the same page.

PETER
Shut up. They're listening to us. Do you really think that guy went to get a cup of coffee?!

ETHAN
He said he was. So you think he's not going to bring me one back?

They sit in silence for several beats.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You know I don't think I ever got your name. I'm Ethan. Ethan Temblay.

Ethan holds out his hand to shake. Peter doesn't.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
(out of side of his mouth)
You really should shake my hand like we're meeting for the first time. That'll help our case.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Peter and Ethan have been separated. Peter sits across a table from two TSA AGENTS in suits.

PETER

Look, I shouldn't have been using my Blackberry after the announcement. I admit that. But the rest of this is complete crap. It's a joke.

TSA AGENT #1

It's not a joke to say you have a bomb on a commercial aircraft.

TSA AGENT #2

Why did you say there was a bomb in your luggage, sir?

PETER

I didn't. Look, this is all because of this goddamn idiot--

TSA AGENT #1

The one who requested to be moved from the exit row to sit next to you.

PETER

Yes. No. That was before I got there... I don't even know him.

TSA AGENT #2

So this "idiot" you don't know, who moved next to you, you're talking to him about ways to trigger bombs.

PETER

(sighs)

Look, my wife and I are expecting our first child on Friday and I need to get home to L.A.

TSA AGENT #1

You have no identification.

PETER

I told you, my wallet is in the seat pocket on the plane.

TSA AGENT #2

Your fingerprints aren't in the system.

PETER

How is that a bad thing? That means I've never been in trouble.

TSA AGENT #2
Well you're in big trouble now,
Peter.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - HALLWAY - DAY

The two TSA Agents look through one-way glass into a different interrogation room. They see Ethan furiously stabbing at the buttons on his iPhone.

TSA AGENT #2
Did he call or text anyone?

TSA AGENT #1
He's been playing "Call of Duty
IV" nonstop since we put him in
there.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

The two Agents walk back into the room and sit across the table from Peter.

TSA AGENT #1
They found your wallet on the plane.
Seems your I.D. checks out.

PETER
Good. May I have it please? And
my Blackberry.

TSA AGENT #2
The plane is in the air over
Pennsylvania.

PETER
Dammit, I've got everything in
that Blackberry. Can I go now?

TSA AGENT #1
We're releasing you from custody.
But you're being placed on the No
Fly List.

PETER
What? Why?

TSA AGENT #2
Because you were heard to make
statements that can be classified
as a threat to aviation. We don't
have any leeway on that.

PETER

Well, how do I get off the list?
Is there someone I can talk to so
I can fly out later today?

The Agents look at each other.

TSA AGENT #2

You can petition the Department of
Homeland Security's Traveler Redress
Inquiry Program.

TSA AGENT #1

TRIP.

TSA AGENT #2

It used to take months to get a
response, but now you should hear
back within a couple of weeks.

PETER

Weeks?! How am I supposed to get
back to Los Angeles?

TSA AGENT #1

On the ground.

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - DAY

Peter is at a rental car counter, talking with a RENTAL CAR
AGENT and her SUPERVISOR.

SUPERVISOR

I'm not sure what you're asking
me, sir. You want to rent a vehicle
but you have no method of payment
or form of identification.

PETER

Yes. But my wife can give you her
credit card number over the phone.

RENTAL CAR AGENT

(to Supervisor)

I told him that's against our
policy.

SUPERVISOR

Sir, even if I were to make an
exception on payment, you don't
have a driver's license.

PETER

I have a driver's license, I just don't have it with me.

(realizes)

But I know my number, it's B94--

SUPERVISOR

That's not going to be good enough.

ANGLE: A NEARBY RENTAL CAR COUNTER. Ethan is chatting with a FEMALE RENTAL REP.

RENTAL REP

Here's your credit card and driver's license back, Mr. Temblay. We have you in a Toyota Echo. Space G-126.

ETHAN

I had a buddy who had one of those. Kind of a little piece of shit, isn't it? Ehh, no worries, it'll get me to California.

She hands him his rental agreement. He notices a small tattoo on her wrist.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

That's a cool tat.

RENTAL REP

It's a Chinese symbol for peace. I got it when I was in Tibet.

ETHAN

Tibet? That's where the Dalai Lama is, did you meet him?

RENTAL REP

(laughs)

No.

ETHAN

I've never been to Europe. That's something I gotta do. You got any other tattoos?

ANGLE: Peter at his rental car counter.

PETER

I'll tell you what --

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

(reads nametag)

Mr. Diaz -- I'll sign whatever form you want releasing you from all liability. There will be no risk to the Budget Rental Corporation.

SUPERVISOR

Sir, you're in this predicament because you've been placed on the No Fly List. That's not exactly a ringing endorsement.

ANGLE: Ethan. He's got his sleeve rolled up to his bicep. He shows his Rental Rep a tattoo that reads "BE".

ETHAN

...This was supposed to say Becky, after my dog. Actually it wasn't really my dog, but I would bring it home scraps from work. I was drunk enough to start the tattoo, then I freaked out and bailed after the "B-E." People think it's some philosophical shit, like "To Be or Not to Be." But it's just part of a dog's name.

RENTAL REP

(laughs)

You know what, we might have a Chevy Malibu in the lot. That's a midsize.

ANGLE: A frustrated Peter points at a sign behind the counter.

PETER

It says "Customers Come First!"
I'm a customer!

SUPERVISOR

I'm sorry, sir. There's nothing I can do.

An exasperated Peter grabs his briefcase and starts off. He turns and watches as Ethan yucks it up with his Rental Rep.

RENTAL REP

And do you have a Gold Club card for a free starter tank of gas?

ETHAN

Not on me.

RENTAL REP
Well luckily I have mine.

She swipes a card through a reader.

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT RENTAL CAR LOT - DAY

Ethan tosses his backpack into the trunk of a Chevy Malibu. He slams the lid and sees... Peter standing next to the car.

PETER
I have no credit cards, no cash,
no I.D. I've got no way back to
L.A. and my wife's giving birth on
Friday.

ETHAN
So, you're looking for a ride?

PETER
(with difficulty)
Yes.

ETHAN
Well... I still didn't get your
name.

PETER
Peter. Peter Jensen.

ETHAN
Can I see some I.D.?

PETER
You know what, forget it.

Peter starts to walk away. Ethan follows after him.

ETHAN
I'm fucking with you. Come on
dude, we're going cross country.
We're gonna have some fun. Woo!

Ethan hops in the driver's seat and slams his door shut. Peter stands outside the passenger door.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
You getting in or what?

PETER
Would you unlock the doors please?

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - DAY

Ethan is driving; Peter's in the passenger seat talking on Ethan's iPhone.

PETER
 (into iPhone)
 ... so I don't have my phone, but I'm using Ethan's. You can call that number anytime. I've Mapquested the route. It's 2,978 miles, I'll be home on Thursday.

INTERCUT WITH: Christine at home.

CHRISTINE
 Thursday is cutting it pretty close.

PETER
 I know, but the important thing is I'll be back in time.

Peter turns away from Ethan, trying to gain some privacy.

PETER (CONT'D)
 A full day before the delivery.

ETHAN
 (loudly)
 Hello, Christine, I'm Ethan! Ethan Temblay. Congratulations on the baby.

CHRISTINE
 He sounds nice.

PETER
 (softly)
 He's kinda like your Uncle Joey, if you know what I mean.

ETHAN
 You got an Uncle Joey who's hung like a horse?

PETER
 Hey, it's my wife. Quit eavesdropping.
 (into phone)
 Alright, as soon as we hang up I'm going to call Louise. She's half a block away, she'll check up on you.

CHRISTINE
I'm not an invalid, Peter.

PETER
The plan is to reach West Virginia
by nightfall. I don't want to
drive any longer than that, I'm
exhausted from the red-eye.

CHRISTINE
If you're in West Virginia, you
should stay with Janine and Steve.

PETER
What? No, I don't want to stay
with your cousins. They hate me.

CHRISTINE
They don't hate you. You just
offended them. Look at it as a
chance to make things right.

PETER
Okay, fine. I'll call you later.
Love you.

Peter clicks off.

ETHAN
What's your pleasure, Pete?
Metallica or U2?

PETER
(tired)
U2, I guess.

ETHAN
Okay.
(beat; starts singing)
In the name of love, what more in
the name of love...

Off Peter's look...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - LATER - DAY

CLOSE UP on Peter's face. He's fallen asleep in the passenger
seat. He slowly opens his eyes. Sniffs. A cloud of smoke
passes by his face. His eyes get very wide. He looks down...

PETER'S POV: Ethan's head is in his lap, bobbing slightly
up and down, sucking on...

PETER
Aaahh! What the hell?!

Ethan lifts his head and we see he's been sucking on the end of a BONG which is wedged between Peter's legs. He has one hand on the steering wheel, the other holding a lighter.

ETHAN
(trying to hold in
the smoke)
It's cool, man.

Ethan straightens and goes back to driving. He exhales smoke.

PETER
What the hell are you doing?!

ETHAN
Well as you know, they took my
pipe at the airport. So I had to
break out the bong. And I couldn't
hold it and drive, that's not safe,
so I--

PETER
Are you completely retarded?

ETHAN
I drive better when I'm high.
More kicked back, you know?

PETER
How about just one rule for this
trip, okay? The driver will not
do bong hits.

ETHAN
You know what, my friend? I don't
want to do anything that makes you
uncomfortable. Agreed.

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - DAY

Peter is now driving. Ethan has a giant map unfolded. He's also doing stuff on his iPhone.

ETHAN
Check it out. I found this website
called "World's Largest Everything."
Did you know that in Tennessee
there's a 20-foot castle made out
of petrified horse manure?

PETER

We don't have time to sightsee.

ETHAN

There's some pretty cool giant stuff along the way. We definitely have to see the World's Tallest Totem Pole. It's only a few miles from the Grand Canyon.

PETER

Nope.

ETHAN

C'mon, how often are we going to get to drive cross country?

PETER

We will only do it this once.

ETHAN

You never stop to smell the roses, do you? Life's about the journey, not the destination.

PETER

What place mat did you read that on?

ETHAN

Several.

PETER

I've got a baby due on Friday. We are stopping only for food, sleep, and to use the rest room. We are not stopping to look at animal feces.

They drive in silence for a few beats.

ETHAN

Okay, little bit about me. Until recently, I assistant-managed the meat department at Shaw's supermarket. I'm currently single, that's by choice. That's a lie. And barring one drunken incident, I am heterosexual. And I too must get to L.A. by Friday.

PETER

Good. We're on the same page. Same deadline.

ETHAN

That's it?

PETER

What?

ETHAN

A normal person, in the circumstances in which we're in, would have some interest in his traveling companion's personal situation.

PETER

You're seriously suggesting that I'm not the normal one here?

ETHAN

I'm not speaking to you again until you ask me why I have to be back by Friday.

PETER

Can I ask you on Friday?

Ethan looks hurt.

PETER (CONT'D)

Fine. Why do you have to be back by Friday?

ETHAN

You don't care.

PETER

(sighs)

Oh, Christ. I do care. I want to know.

ETHAN

You totally ruined the moment. I'm not telling you.

PETER

Tell me when you're ready then.

ETHAN

(instantly)

I'm gonna be on "Survivor."

PETER

That's great.

Peter continues to drive.

ETHAN
That's it?

PETER
What?

ETHAN
A guy says he's gonna be on a TV show, and all you say is "that's great."

PETER
Uh, okay...
(forced enthusiasm)
Hey Ethan, how did you get to be on Survivor?

ETHAN
Well I'm not officially on it yet. I'm in the final two hundred.

PETER
Aren't there only like fifteen people on the show?

ETHAN
Yeah. That's why I quit my job. I'm a lock.

PETER
That's an eight percent chance.

ETHAN
People can manipulate statistics to sound like anything they want. The flip side is that I have a 92 percent chance.

PETER
This is the calculation that made you quit your job?

ETHAN
I can't go into the audition with a job. They're gonna think I'm not serious. Pull off at this exit.

PETER
What? Why?

ETHAN
I gotta drop a deuce.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - HORSHAM, PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

Peter and Ethan stand at the front door. A 35 year-old WOMAN who looks like she's 45 opens the door. She wears a housecoat, has a cigarette hanging out of her mouth, and a 6 month-old baby in her arms.

ETHAN

Hello, my friend and I are out-of-towners who were on Highway 420 and I had to go to the bathroom and then we sorta got lost so I was hoping I could use your bathroom.

PETER

420? Isn't it I-90?

HOUSECOAT WOMAN

Oh, you're just around the corner from 420. I can easily give you directions.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - DAY

Peter and Ethan follow the Housecoat Woman inside. There are eight kids running around, ranging in age from 6 months to 6 years old.

PETER

Wow. You've got a big family.

HOUSECOAT WOMAN

They're not mine. I run a day care center.

The Woman lights a new cigarette. She thrusts the baby out at Peter who has no choice but to grab the child.

HOUSECOAT WOMAN (CONT'D)

Here. Hold on to...
(reads name on diaper)
...Tyler while I give directions to your friend.

PETER

Uh okay, but from a liability standpoint--

But the Housecoat Woman and Ethan head off to the kitchen.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay.

Peter holds 6 month old Tyler in his arms. He looks out at the room, and sees the other kids. A couple of them are fighting over a paintbrush. One reads a book out loud to herself on the couch. Another stares at a video of Barney blaring on a small TV.

Ethan's iPhone RINGS. Peter pulls it out of his pocket and checks the Caller ID.

PETER (CONT'D)

Damn. Jerry.

(calls off)

Okay, kids? Can everyone be quiet for a minute, I need to take this business call.

Peter gently sets Tyler down on the ground.

PETER (CONT'D)

Don't move.

(answers phone)

Hey, Jerry.

JERRY

Peter! Good news, Vodavic liked you. We're still in the running.

PETER

Okay, what do we need to do?

A lonely Tyler begins to CRY loudly. Peter tries to give the "stop" sign with his hand to Tyler.

JERRY

Is that a... did you have the baby, Peter?

PETER

Uhh--

JERRY

'Cause if you did, I can put Taicher on this.

PETER

No, we didn't have the baby. I'm... at a store right now. Shopping. Lots of people and uh, kids.

Peter gets hit in the eye with a flying paint brush. Blue paint streaks down his shirt.

PETER (CONT'D)

Ow!

JERRY
You okay, Pete?

PETER
Yeah, it's just crowded in here.

Tyler gets up and wobbles like a drunken sailor toward a coffee table. Peter has to cradle the iPhone against his neck as he races to stop Tyler from taking a header.

PETER (CONT'D)
Can you hold on a second, Jer?

Peter covers the iPhone's microphone. He carries Tyler in his arms and approaches a 6 year-old girl reading a book on the couch, HALEY.

PETER (CONT'D)
Hi there. What's your name?

HALEY
Haley.

PETER
Haley, how would you like to earn one dollar?

HALEY
Okay.

PETER
All you have to do is sit here with Tyler for just a minute, make sure he doesn't go anywhere. Can you do that?

HALEY
I can do it for two dollars.

Peter sighs and hands Tyler to Haley.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

Peter, on the iPhone, pulls the back door shut behind him.

PETER
Sorry about that, Jerry.

JERRY
Goran's agent, the Chinaman, is gonna call you tomorrow morning. Talk about next steps.

From offscreen WE HEAR the SNARLING and GROWLING of a dog. Peter looks to his side and sees a mangey PIT BULL, not on a leash, gazing up at him. Peter backs up a step, and the dog moves a step closer. The pit bull growls then BARKS. Peter holds up his hand, begging the dog not to come any closer.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Did you get a dog, Pete?

PETER

No. No, I'm at a pet store.

JERRY

Taicher doesn't have a dog. He doesn't have kids. Hell, he may not even have a home.

PETER

No, no. I'm good. I can handle this.

The dog growls again, then LEAPS up onto Peter, startling him and TACKLING him to the ground.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yaaaaah!

JERRY

Hell yeah, "yaah!" I like your enthusiasm. Let me know how the call goes... partner.

The dog RIPS at Peter's suit, and slobbers all over him. Peter kicks at it furiously.

PETER

You got it, Jerry.

Peter hangs up and continues kicking at the pit bull, who continues to rip into Peter's once-elegant suit.

INT. SMALL HOUSE - PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

A disheveled Peter steps back in. He has mud in his hair and on his face, and large rips in his suit. The paint kids are THROWING paint at each other. Tyler's still on the couch, but his DIAPER is on his HEAD. Haley reads her book.

PETER

Jesus.

Peter awkwardly tries to put the diaper back on Tyler.

HALEY
Whose daddy are you?

PETER
No one's. I'm here to get
directions. Actually I'm going to
be a Daddy in just a few days.

Tyler rips off his diaper and throws it over Peter's head.

HALEY
You're gonna be a Daddy?
(laughs)
Can I have my two dollars now?

PETER
(flustered)
Umm. Right. Sure.

Peter instinctively reaches into his pocket, then remembers...

PETER (CONT'D)
Actually, I don't have any money.

Haley's bottom lip trembles and she immediately begins to:

HALEY
[LOUD WAILING CRY]

PETER
It's okay. No need to cry.

HALEY
[LOUDER WAIL]

PETER
(toward rear room)
Uh ma'am? Ma'am?! I think the
kids miss you.

Peter moves toward the kitchen to get the Housecoat Woman.
He does a "swinging knock" on the kitchen door and opens it.

PETER'S POV: Ethan and the Housecoat Woman sit at the kitchen
table, taking hits off a BIG FAT DOOBIE.

EXT. SMALL HOUSE - PENNSYLVANIA - DAY

Peter and Ethan walk back toward the car. Ethan holds a
large BAG OF WEED. Peter is pissed.

PETER

What kind of country is it where a woman like that runs a day care center?

ETHAN

Why do you have to talk shit about Ruth behind her back?

PETER

How did you even find her?

ETHAN

Craigslist.

PETER

She advertises on Craigslist? What's it say, "Dealing in child care and dope?"

Ethan laughs.

PETER (CONT'D)

You're no different than the children in there. You only care about what your impulsive little brain wants at any given moment.

ETHAN

Oh yeah? Well would a child have gotten directions back to the highway?

Ethan holds up a diaper with writing on it. A beat, then we hear NASTY BARKING, as the PIT BULL runs toward them. Peter and Ethan race to the car, getting inside just in time. The dog scratches at Peter's window and tries to bite the glass.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

The Chevy Malibu cruises down a West Virginia highway, as day turns to night.

EXT. JANINE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Chevy Malibu is parked on the street. Peter and Ethan head up the walk to the house. Peter's suit is in tatters.

PETER

Listen, Christine's cousins are a little sensitive about their West Virginia-ness, so be careful you don't say anything to offend them.

ETHAN

Why would I say something to offend them?

PETER

Trust me, it's easy to do.

ETHAN

What'd you say to piss them off?

PETER

It's not important, it's in the past.

ETHAN

If you don't want me to make the same mistake, you better tell me.

PETER

(sighs)

A few hours before my wedding, I was in the hotel lobby and I ran into Janine. She was wearing what looked like some kind of smock. And I innocently told her that there was time for her to go back to her room and change.

ETHAN

So?

PETER

Turns out she had already changed.

ETHAN

Dude.

PETER

I found out later she'd spent two months sewing the hideous dress-smock herself.

INT. JANINE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter and Ethan sit in the living room with STEVE, an amiable blue collar guy (48); and JANINE (45), chatty and chubby.

JANINE

So, Peter, you must be excited with the baby on the way.

PETER

Oh yeah. Who wouldn't be?

STEVE

I remember when you first got married, you said you didn't want to have kids.

PETER

Did I? No, I probably said I didn't want to have kids right away.

JANINE

I don't think so. I have what they call an "eidetic memory." We were at the wedding, table number four. Steve was on my left and a delightful gentleman named Bob Taicher was on my right. And I remember exactly what I was wearing.

Janine glares at Peter. Peter gives an awkward smile.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Anyway, you were drinking a vodka and cranberry juice and you said, quote: "We've decided not to have children." And then the band played "I Want To Put On My Boogie Shoes."

PETER

I meant not right away.

ETHAN

Janine, I gotta ask about that gorgeous dress you're wearing. Did you buy that in Paris?

JANINE

No. I made it myself.

ETHAN

Get the fuck out of here. You made that dress?

STEVE

Yes she did.

ETHAN

You should sell your shit on QVC. You'd be a multi-millionaire.

JANINE

(pointed; to Peter)

Well, it's nice to meet a man with such good taste.

PETER

And those shoes are stunners.
There's nothing you can't make.

JANINE

They're from Target.

An uncomfortable beat of silence. Then...

JANINE (CONT'D)

Oh hey Steve, why don't you go get
Missy's wedding album to show Peter.

STEVE

(exiting)
Right, right.

JANINE

You're not too tired to look at
some pictures from our daughter's
wedding, are you Peter?

PETER

No, no. Nothing I'd rather do.
(to Ethan; hinting)
Unless you're too tired, Ethan.
You did say you were tired.

ETHAN

Nope. Got a second wind. Bust
out all the albums you got.
Wedding, vacation, school plays...
I love to get a window into people's
lives.

INT. JANINE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bedroom that used to be used by Janine and Steve's kids.
A couple of twin beds and a bathroom off to one end. Peter
and Ethan are in the two beds a few feet away from each other.
The lights are off.

ETHAN

...you know most people go on
Survivor and they try doing all
kinds of subterfuge shit. You
know what my strategy is? Be
honest. Just be myself. That's
how I'm gonna win in Survivor.
That's how I win in life.

PETER

Good for you.

ETHAN

I'm always honest. I was honest about Janine's dress. I'd buy that dress for my girlfriend. If I had one.

PETER

What are you gonna do if you don't get on Survivor?

ETHAN

I don't know. I'll figure it out.

PETER

It sounds like you had a good job.

ETHAN

Yeah, they were talking about moving me up to senior assistant manager -- with full bennies.

PETER

You could've stayed with that company for twenty years. That's security.

ETHAN

And twenty years from now I could drop dead of a heart attack like my Dad. Fuck that shit.

PETER

That's rough, I'm sorry.

ETHAN

He worked for Raytheon right out of college. Always wanted to quit and build boats. Never got around to it.

A beat.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

So, is your dad still alive?

PETER

Yes.

ETHAN

What's his deal, what's he do?

PETER

I don't know.

ETHAN

You don't know? How do you not know?

PETER

I'll tell you about it some other time. Good night.

ETHAN

C'mon, we're having a conversation. We're bonding.

PETER

(sighs)

He walked out on us when I was twelve. I don't speak to him. I don't even think about him.

ETHAN

I don't believe that. Every guy thinks about his Dad. I think about mine all the time.

A beat.

PETER

We really should get to sleep.

ETHAN

Yeah. Alright.

Peter turns over and pulls up his blanket. After a few beats, he hears some creaking and rustling from Ethan's bed, mixed in with some SOFT GRUNTS.

PETER

What are you doing?

ETHAN

Taking care of business. I can't fall asleep if I don't.

PETER

I'm three feet away!

ETHAN

I'll be done in a second. Just don't talk.

PETER

For godsakes, take a night off--

ETHAN

I'm done.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY NEXT MORNING (TUESDAY MORNING)

Peter and Ethan are asleep. An alarm clock starts to BEEP, BEEP, BEEP. Peter turns it off.

PETER
Ethan, wake up.

ETHAN
[GROGGY MUMBLE]

PETER
It's 6 a.m. Let's go.

ETHAN
Just give me one or two more hours.

PETER
Get up! We've got over two thousand miles to cover.

Peter flips on the light and starts to get dressed. He puts on a pair of TARTAN PLAID WOOL PANTS and a LIME GREEN SWEATER. Ethan slowly gets out of bed.

ETHAN
What the hell are you wearing?

PETER
It's all Steve had left from before he put the weight on.

ETHAN
Not sure that's your look, dude.

PETER
I'll buy some clothes as soon as we hit a major city.

Peter puts on one black sock and scans the floor looking for the other. He finds it over by Ethan's bed.

ETHAN
That's mine.

PETER
No, yours are over there.

Peter gestures to a pair of blue socks by Ethan's jeans. Peter puts on his sock.

PETER (CONT'D)
What the hell? It's wet.

Peter notices Missy's WEDDING ALBUM on Ethan's bed, opened to photos of her BRIDESMAIDS. He looks to his foot, then back to Ethan and the open wedding album...

PETER (CONT'D)

OH MY GOD!

Peter WHIPS off his sock and chucks it across the room.

ETHAN

It was dark. I thought it was my sock.

Peter drags his bare foot across the carpet to wipe it off. Peter hoists his foot up into the bathroom sink. He furiously scrubs at it with a bar of soap.

PETER

You were using Missy's wedding album for... stimulation?

ETHAN

Well, somebody threw out my porn.

PETER

That's just gross. And disrespectful.

ETHAN

Dude, you gotta check out this picture where they're all hugging each other. It's borderline lesbo action.

Ethan grabs the album.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

Ethan pulls the album closer and starts rubbing at one of the photos.

PETER

What?

ETHAN

One of the pictures caught a little shrapnel.

Ethan rubs a little too hard, and he ends up smearing the picture. He yanks out the damaged photo and starts re-arranging the other photos on the page.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

There's plenty of pictures of the
bridesmaids. They won't notice
it's gone.

(finishes)

There.

Ethan puts the damaged photo in a trash can.

PETER

Don't put it in there, they'll
find it.

Peter snatches it out of the garbage and shoves it in his
pants pocket.

INT. JANINE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Peter (in Steve's clothes) and Ethan come down the stairs.
Ethan's carrying the wedding album. All the lights are off.
They speak in hushed tones so they don't wake anyone.

PETER

Put the album back on the coffee
table. I'm gonna leave a note.

Ethan heads toward the family room. Peter walks into...

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Peter enters the kitchen. Janine and Steve are up and
dressed.

JANINE

Good morning! Don't you look
handsome?

STEVE

I used to do very well with the
ladies in those slacks. How do
you like your bacon, Peter?

PETER

Actually, we're gonna hit the road.
Get a jump on the traffic.

Ethan enters.

ETHAN

Janine, Steve, thanks for
everything.

Ethan shakes Steve's hand and kisses Janine on the cheek.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(to Peter)

I'm gonna put my stuff in the car,
can I get the keys?

Peter pulls out his keys and gives them to Ethan, who exits.

STEVE

Oh hey, you dropped something there.

Janine bends down and picks up a PHOTO off the floor.

JANINE

This is a photo of Missy's
bridesmaids. Why was it in your
pocket?

PETER

Uhhh, it wasn't. I think it was
on the floor. Maybe you dropped
it last night.

JANINE

Noooo. I saw it fall out of your
pocket when you pulled out your
car keys.

She looks at the photo more closely.

JANINE (CONT'D)

What's this all over it?

PETER

Umm, I don't know. Probably the
glue from the photo album.

Janine licks her finger, touches it to the photo, then takes
a taste.

JANINE

It doesn't taste like glue.

Peter tries to avoid eye contact. Janine looks at the
picture, then back at Peter.

JANINE (CONT'D)

Oh my.

INT. CHEVY MALIBU - DAY

Peter drives. Ethan is in the passenger seat.

PETER

I went to sleep, and I had righted the ship with my wife's cousins. And because you can't keep your hands off your dick, the whole thing went to hell!

ETHAN

Hey, there's nothing to be gained by focusing on the negative.

PETER

Oh, you're right. Let's focus on the positives. What possible fucking positive is there?

ETHAN

Well... you don't have to have a positive to not focus on the negative.

PETER

You're lucky there are witnesses who have seen us together on this trip.

ETHAN

What is that? Is that a death threat?

PETER

Take it however you want to take it.

Ethan's PHONE RINGS.

ETHAN

(into phone)

Hello? ... Just chillin'. What's up with you, dawg? ... Cool. Cool. Who is this? ... Gene who? I don't know any--

PETER

It's for me, give me the--!

Peter grabs the phone out of Ethan's hand.

PETER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hey Gene, it's Peter. Sorry about that, I got a new assistant--

Ethan accidentally cuts a LOUD FART. Peter covers the phone.

PETER (CONT'D)
 (to Ethan)
 Hey, this is an important call.
 Do not fuck this up for me.

Ethan gives Peter an apologetic look.

PETER (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 ...Listen Gene, if Goran's not
 comfortable speaking English, we
 could do more visually oriented--

Peter catches a whiff of Ethan's fart. It's pretty rank.
 Peter lowers the windows. Noisy wind rushes into the car.

PETER (CONT'D)
 (into phone; shouting)
 ... We could do TV ads where we
 keep the dialogue to a minimum.
 (shouts louder)
 I said we'll keep the dialogue to
 a minimum.

Peter rolls the windows back up. Ethan lets out a LONG,
 SQUEAKY FART. This one stinks worse than the last. Peter
 punches Ethan in the shoulder.

ETHAN
 Sorry, I can't help it.

PETER
 (struggling to speak)
 What's that? What's that, Gene?

Beads of SWEAT drip down Peter's forehead. Ethan grabs his
 stomach.

ETHAN
 Oooh, incoming.

It's a seeper. Peter dry-heaves.

PETER
 (into phone)
 You want me to come to Dallas? ...
 Hold on one second, let me check
 my schedule.

Peter cradles the phone between his ear and shoulder and
 starts to unfold a road map. He takes the opportunity to
 quickly roll down his window, stick his head out, and grab a
 few gasps of fresh air.

Wind rushes back into the car and blows the map around the front seat until it plasters across Ethan's face. Peter snatches the map back, rolls up the window, and scans the map.

PETER (CONT'D)

(into phone)

I can make it to Dallas tomorrow, no problem. It's practically on the way... I mean I'll clear my schedule for Goran... Great, see you then.

Peter clicks off the phone and rolls the windows back down. He hands the iPhone back to Ethan.

PETER (CONT'D)

What the hell is wrong with you?

ETHAN

Janine's lasagna. That shit was heavy, man.

PETER

No, I'm asking if there's something wrong with you. That is not a smell that comes out of a human.

ETHAN

What was I supposed to do? Hang my ass out the window?

PETER

It's not funny. This is my job, it's how I provide for my family.

ETHAN

So what's going on in Dallas?

PETER

I'm pitching Goran one more time before the Celtics-Mavs game. If he likes what he hears, I think he'll sign with us.

ETHAN

You know, you haven't really explained the whole Vodavic ad campaign to me. I'm an idea guy, maybe I can tell you how to make it better.

PETER

Uh, no. Thanks anyway. I've got a headache. And I'm nauseous. How about some peace and quiet, okay?

ETHAN

For how long?

PETER

Until we get to Kentucky.

Peter stares straight ahead, not speaking. Ethan sits for a few beats in silence.

ETHAN

Alright, here's a question me and my buddies like to debate. If you had to -- and you've gotta pick one -- if you had to, would you give a hand job to, or get a blow job from... Elton John?

Peter makes a wincing face, but doesn't respond.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I pick hand job and I'll tell you why. I can close my eyes and pretend I'm playing tug of war on a piece of old rope. Sure it's gonna take a lot longer to complete the act, but at least there's no contact between mucous membranes. How about you?

Peter sighs but still stays silent.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Your silence indicates to me that you would pick blow job. You want to put your candle in his wind, don't you?

Peter continues to ignore him. Ethan angles his iPhone so that it beams sunlight at Peter's eyes. Peter's first reaction is to bring down the sun visor. Then Ethan does it again and Peter realizes what he's doing.

PETER

Cut it out.

ETHAN

I'm just trying to get you to loosen up, man.

PETER

I don't need to loosen up. What I need to do is get to L.A. before my son is born.

ETHAN

And we're gonna do that. But it wouldn't kill you to have a little fun along the way.

Ethan shoots a light beam at Peter's eyes.

PETER

Knock it off. Don't be an ass.

ETHAN

Hey, you don't call a guy an ass for giving you a Hardwick's Brother.

PETER

A what?

ETHAN

We named it that back in high school. We were in chemistry class and this guy Billy Hardwick's brother came by and stood in the doorway and was trying to ask Billy for lunch money. And all of us were like using our watches and calculators and stuff to shine sunlight in his eyes and Hardwick's brother kept squinting and putting his arms up to block it and shit. It went on for like ten minutes. Most hilarious thing in the history of the world.

PETER

High school? You got nothing more recent?

Ethan kicks the Hardwick's Brothering into overdrive. Peter tries to ignore it. Ethan wiggles the iPhone, creating a strobe-light effect.

PETER (CONT'D)

Goddamnit, give me that!

Peter reaches over and grabs the iPhone.

ETHAN

What are you doing?

PETER
I'm going to throw it out the window.

ETHAN
No you're not, you need it.

PETER
Promise you'll stop Hardwick's Brothering me!

ETHAN
Promise you'll lighten up!

Ethan grabs at the phone, but Peter doesn't release his grip.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Let go of it!

Peter SWERVES into the wrong lane. He almost gets nailed by an ONCOMING TRUCK. Then he SWERVES too far back in the other direction. Out of control, the Chevy WHIPS back across two lanes, PLUNGES into a roadside GULLY, and ROLLS OVER. The car ends up on its side, passenger side up.

PETER
You okay?

ETHAN
Yeah, you?

PETER
I think so.

EXT. CHEVY MALIBU - DAY

Ethan and Peter extricate themselves from the car by climbing out the passenger side door. They stumble a few yards away from the vehicle. They stare back at the Malibu, which lies on its side. Smoke seeps from under the hood.

PETER
Alright, maybe we can push it back upright.

ETHAN
Yeah, yeah. That's a good idea.

They take one step back toward the car and then FLAMES start shooting out of the hood.

PETER
Jesus!
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

(beat)

Aw crap, my briefcase's in there.

ETHAN

Noooo!

Ethan BOLTS toward the car.

PETER

Ethan, forget it. It's just some presentation materials--

But Ethan isn't stopping. And the FIRE IS SPREADING. Ethan sticks his head and arms through the blown out passenger window. Peter chases after him.

PETER (CONT'D)

You're gonna kill yourself. Forget it.

Peter grabs Ethan by the waist and yanks him out, just as the car is ENGULFED IN FLAMES.

PETER (CONT'D)

Are you crazy?! It's a goddamn briefcase.

ETHAN

I didn't go back for that.

Ethan holds up his bag of weed.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Soot-covered and slightly bruised, Peter and Ethan walk along on an empty stretch of highway, the Chevy burning behind them. They pass a sign, "REST STOP - 3.5 MILES." Ethan talks on his iPhone.

ETHAN

...Yeah, I know that ordinarily you can't get the supplemental insurance on the car after you crash it, but I was hoping you guys could make an exception... Hello?

Ethan hangs up.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Welp pardner, good news and bad news.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Good news is they do have a mid-sized car with air co, somewhat nearby.

PETER

Great.

ETHAN

Bad news is they charged my credit card 20 grand for the damage and now the card is maxed out so I can't rent another car.

PETER

What?!

ETHAN

I know, they're being completely unreasonable--

PETER

How am I going to get home? I can't miss the birth of my son. I need a car... I shouldn't even need a car. I should be able to go to an airport and get on a plane. I am so fucked!

ETHAN

Don't flip out on me, dude. We should be thankful we're alive. Remember, focus on the positive.

Peter stops and glares at Ethan.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

C'mon, we'll get to the rest stop and figure it out.

A frustrated Peter starts marching down the road. Ethan follows after him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit, I forgot. Peter!

PETER

(stops; turns around)
What?

ETHAN

You can't wear a condom while he's blowing you.

PETER

What?

ETHAN

You chose blow job. So when Elton's blowing you, you can't wear a condom. If you want to change your mind and pick hand job, I'll let you, because I didn't tell you before. But when you're jerking him, he can't wear a condom and you can't wear rubber gloves. It's skin on skin. There's a big debate about using lotion but--

PETER

Stop it! Just stop talking for one minute! Can you do that?

Peter and Ethan walk in silence for a few beats.

ETHAN

What are you thinking about?

PETER

Beating your head in with a tire iron.

ETHAN

You want it on your conscience that you killed the next winner of Survivor?

PETER

Not that I give a shit, but you might want to have a back up plan on the "tiny" chance you don't win.

ETHAN

Hey, I don't have to win. Elisabeth Hasselbeck didn't win and she's got her own talk show now.

PETER

So you're going to host a national talk show?

ETHAN

I could. I'm good at talking.

PETER

Talking a lot and being good at talking are two different things.

ETHAN

Well, if the talk show thing doesn't happen, I'll figure it out.

PETER

You know, you keep saying that, but life doesn't work that way. You've gotta have a plan.

ETHAN

You can't plan for everything.

PETER

Yes, you can. When I was a freshman in high school, I decided I was going to Stanford. I changed my curriculum and my extra-currics to ensure I would get in, and I did. And by the end of my sophomore year, I had already targeted the Fortune 500 companies I wanted to work for. After I graduated, I laid out a five year plan for when I'd get married and how many years would be between promotions. Well you know what, I'm at the end of my fourth five year plan, and I'm about to sign Goran Vodavic and get promoted again. Right when I'm about to have my first child -- just like I planned. So yeah, I'd say it's worth planning and not just hoping you'll "figure it out."

ETHAN

Alright, fair enough. But let me ask you this: If you spend all your time planning, when do you live?

INT. REST STOP MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Peter stands at a sink. He uses paper towels to clean his face and his wounds. Looks at his disheveled self in the mirror.

EXT. REST STOP - DAY

Peter talks on a pay phone. INTERCUT WITH Christine in the apartment.

PETER

(into phone)
Hey honey, it's me.

CHRISTINE
Is everything alright? You sound
like something's wrong.

PETER
Uh, everything's okay. We had a
little accident. Minor delay.

CHRISTINE
Did you get hurt?

PETER
I'm fine. How are you?

CHRISTINE
I'm okay. They delivered the crib.

PETER
The alabastair white with the double-
lock gate, right?

CHRISTINE
Yes. And after they set it up,
you realize how tight things are
in here. You know, the house we
looked at is still available...

PETER
I can't think about that right
now.

CHRISTINE
When do you think you'll be here?

PETER
Don't worry, still on track for
Thursday night. But just to be
safe, maybe we should call Dr.
Schwartz and see if we can push
back the C-section.

CHRISTINE
I already talked to him. He's not
comfortable doing that. It's too
risky for the baby.

PETER
Damn.

CHRISTINE
I just want you here, Peter.

PETER

You know what, I'm going to call Louise, have her come over and keep you company.

CHRISTINE

I don't want fucking Louise! I'm sorry. I just -- I just want you to get home.

PETER

I do too.

Peter hangs up. Ethan approaches.

ETHAN

Well Mister "there are no positives," fate has been kind enough to introduce us to Claudia and Randi Barnes and their daughter Bethany.

Ethan grabs Peter and drags him to a LESBIAN COUPLE in their early 60's: CLAUDIA, beefy and tough; RANDI, skinny, pretty, granola-type; and BETHANY (17) shy and cute.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

The Barneses, it turns out, are driving their recreational vehicle from North Carolina to Los Angeles.

RANDI

We're taking Bethany on a campus visit to Pepperdine.

ETHAN

And they've graciously offered to give us a ride.

RANDI

Ethan told us how your wife's having a baby and how you're so jittery that you crashed the car.

Ethan smiles at Peter.

RANDI (CONT'D)

When we were pregnant with Bethany, this one was a nervous wreck.

CLAUDIA

I was not.

ETHAN

Turns out these guys are also big hoops fans. I said you could introduce them to Goran Vodavic.

PETER

Uh, yeah. Absolutely.

CLAUDIA

Climb aboard, we're not going to leave two fellow travelers stranded.

They head toward an RV that's decked out All-American style, including a sticker that reads, "This Motor Home Insured by Smith and Wesson."

INT. RV - DAY

Cruising down I-44 in Missouri, along the old Route 66 which goes to Los Angeles. Claudia is driving, Randi sits shotgun. Peter and Ethan are in the rear passenger seats. Bethany is off to the side reading a book.

Peter notices a lot of hunting paraphanelia adorning the walls (rifles, scopes, awards, etc).

PETER

So... you guys are hunters?

CLAUDIA

I am, the wife and kid aren't. Mostly big game. White-tailed deer. Elk. You shoot, Peter?

PETER

Uh, well, sort of. I played laser tag with some guys from my firm last month.

Claudia gives Peter a disapproving look.

CLAUDIA

I've charted out the stops between here and Dallas. There'll be two breaks before we bunk down for the night. So plan accordingly.

ETHAN

Boy, you really know how to party.

Randi chuckles, Claudia doesn't and shoots Randi a look. Randi rolls her eyes and gives Ethan a playful shove on the knee.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

So Bethany, where else you looking besides Pepperdine?

BETHANY

Well, I'd like to check out UC-San Diego too.

CLAUDIA

Actually, we're going to concentrate on schools that are more academically focused.

RANDI

College isn't only about academics, Claudia. We want Bethany to have a positive social experience as well. Gotta learn how to party sometime.

BETHANY

Jesus, Mom, I'm not retarded.

CLAUDIA

Whoa! No taking the Lord's name in vain. Not in this Winnebago.

ETHAN

Well anything you need to know about the collegiate experience Bethany, I'm your guy.

RANDI

Where'd you go to school, Ethan?

ETHAN

Worcester.

PETER

They have a college there?

ETHAN

Junior college. They go the full two years, I did one.

(mumbles)

Semester.

EXT. INTERSTATE 44/ROUTE 66 - NIGHT

The RV pulls off at an exit with a sign that reads "Campground."

CLAUDIA (V.O.)
Welcome to Oklahoma. Campground
of America up ahead half a click.
Randi, I'll take an Old Milwaukee
if you got one.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

The group sits around a campfire, the RV and TENTS behind them. Peter, Ethan, and Bethany roast marshmallows. Randi leans against Claudia, who smokes a big cigar.

RANDI
Nothing brings purpose to your
life like having a child. You'll
know that feeling soon enough,
Peter.

PETER
Looks like I'm gonna know that
feeling on Friday, thanks to you
guys.

CLAUDIA
I'll give you the secret to raising
kids, if you wanna hear it.

PETER
I'm all ears.

CLAUDIA
It's about having rules, and being
there to enforce them. It's tough
sometimes, but you're not their
buddy, you're their parent.

RANDI
She wanted to put that in our
wedding vows.

CLAUDIA
As you can tell, I'm the bad cop.

ETHAN
Is it rude to ask which one of you
is the birth mother?
(to Bethany)
I think you look a lot like Randi.

PETER
It seems rude.

CLAUDIA
It's pretty rude.

RANDI

He's right, though. I was a better candidate for the in vitro.

CLAUDIA

Damn, Randi, talk about rude. This isn't appropriate campfire chatter.

PETER

Christine and I went through in vitro too. It's nothing to be embarrassed about. Didn't work for us, though. Then two years later we were pregnant. Doctor called it a "miracle conception."

CLAUDIA

I don't like talking about it. Guess I'm old fashioned that way.

RANDI

In which way aren't you old fashioned?

BETHANY

(laughs)

Yeah mom, I'd like to know too.

There's some awkward, tension-filled silence.

ETHAN

Boo-yeah! This is one perfectly toasted marshmallow. Somebody get a picture of this.

Ethan holds up his marshmallow on a stick and takes a photo of himself with his iPhone.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Peter is asleep in a sleeping bag. We see on Ethan's nearby iPhone that the time is 1:25 a.m. The phone RINGS. Peter bolts upright and answers.

PETER

Christine?

ETHAN (OVER PHONE)

(shouting over noise)

No, it's Ethan.

Peter looks over to an empty sleeping bag.

PETER

Where are you?

ETHAN (OVER PHONE)

I went out for a bike ride. But I got caught up in something, I need you to come get me. I'm texting you the address right now.

PETER

You went for a bike ride in the middle of the night?

But there's no answer. Ethan has hung up.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Peter, dressed in the tartan plaid pants and green sweater, stands among the few tents. He looks at the map on the iPhone and sees the address is 1.6 miles away. Peter looks over at a MOUNTAIN BIKE hanging from a rack on the rear of the RV.

EXT. OKLAHOMA COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Peter pedals a mountain bike up to a modest house. Loud music is playing inside. He checks the iPhone to confirm the address, then gets off the bike.

INT. CAMPUS HOUSE - NIGHT

Peter enters. It's a party house. The music's super loud. College kids are getting high, drinking and making out.

COLLEGE GUY #1

(re: Peter's clothes)
Somebody's Dad's here!

ETHAN (O.S.)

Peter! Over here!

ETHAN, beer in one hand, joint in the other, is partying with some students. Peter marches up to him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

(to students)
This is the guy I was telling you about!

PETER

I thought you were in some kind of trouble.

ETHAN

I was, man. I almost died.

Everyone is silent for a beat, then the students burst out laughing. Then Ethan bursts out laughing.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Aww, you guys made me laugh.

(to Peter)

Alright, I wasn't in any trouble but this is like the best party I've ever been to. Oklahoma rocks!!!

PETER

You're unbelievable. How'd you find this place?

ETHAN

Facebook. Sent out a Friend Finder, said I was in O.K.L.A. looking for a party.

Peter looks furious. Ethan puts his arm around him.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

C'mon, Peter, you need this. You're wound so fucking tight. Loosen up and party with some Rogers State Hillcats.

Peter takes several deep breaths to try to calm himself. He pulls Ethan away from the others.

PETER

I should beat your ass right here, right now. But I'm too tired. So I'm going to bike back to the campsite. And if you're not around in the morning, I'll tell Claudia to leave without you--

Peter notices a group of college kids playing GUITAR HERO. The guitar is being played by a familiar-looking girl...

PETER (CONT'D)

Is that... Bethany?

ETHAN

Where?

Ethan turns to look where Peter is looking.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, that's her.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

We were talking, she said she was getting cabin fever. So I thought I'd introduce her to the collegiate party scene.

Peter goes over to Bethany, who is rocking out on the guitar.

BETHANY

(eyes on the TV)
Hey, Peter.

PETER

Bethany, do your Moms know you're here?

BETHANY

No.

PETER

(turns to Ethan)
We gotta get her back. Now.

BETHANY

I'm about to get the the high score here. Just give me ten minutes.

PETER

Ten minutes, that's it.

Peter moves aside. He takes a few steps and runs into ROOSTER, a massive, offensive lineman type.

ROOSTER

Yo! Ethan, is this the Red Bull guy, bro?

ETHAN

Yeah. He's like almost the head of all of Red Bull.

PETER

Not Red Bull. Bull Rush.

ROOSTER

Bull Rush? Bull Rush is an inferior beverage.

PETER

And why is that?

ETHAN

Oh shit. It's on!

ROOSTER
'Cause you can't mix it with vodka.
You can mix Red Bull with vodka --
it's called a Red Bull and vodka.

PETER
Have you ever tried Bull Rush and
vodka?

ROOSTER
No.

PETER
Market research shows consumers
prefer the taste of Bull Rush and
alcoholic beverages over Red Bull
nearly two to one.

ROOSTER
Red Bull, Bull Rush, what you just
said is Bull Shit.

Rooster playfully pokes Peter in the chest.

ETHAN
It. Is. Motherfuckin' on!

PETER
Where's your bar?

ROOSTER
Back there.

Rooster points to an impressively stocked bar with all
different kinds of booze.

PETER
You got any Bull Rush in this dump?

ROOSTER
I can find some.

Peter takes off his jacket and rolls up his sleeves.

PETER
Bring some cups.
(re: music)
And turn this shit down.

INT. CAMPUS HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Peter is behind the bar, mixing drinks at a furious pace and
calling out the names of the drinks to the large crowd that
has gathered around.

PETER

Bull Rush, tequila, and margarita mix is a Bullgarita... Bull Rush, Midori and vodka is a MelonBull...

The partygoers down some drinks. Peter tosses a few back too.

PETER (CONT'D)

B.R., gin and orange juice is a Bull Rush Original Gangsta...

ETHAN

O.G.! Talkin' a coupla O.G.'s up in here.

Peter grabs a clear glass and turns to Rooster.

PETER

I'll tell you what, my friend -- Rooster is it?

ROOSTER

Rooster it is.

PETER

I'm going to fill this glass here with the best tasting energy drink in America...

Peter empties a can of Bull Rush into the glass.

PETER (CONT'D)

And then I'm going to pour some Jagermeister into this shot glass. And then I'm going to drop the shot glass into the big glass and you're gonna drink a Bull Rush Torpedo!

The mixture of Bull Rush and Jagermeister spills over the top of the glass. The massive Rooster downs it effortlessly. He pauses for a beat, wipes his mouth with his sleeve, then:

ROOSTER

Whooooooooo! Bull Rush Torpedo!

INT. CAMPUS HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Peter is sitting at the bar, drinking with a few college students. He's enjoying himself. He downs a large cup.

PETER

Man, that is smooth. Can't even taste the Bull Rush.

COLLEGE GUY #2

Dude, we've been leaving out the Bull Rush for like an hour. You've been drinking straight vodka.

PETER

Then top me off, motherfucker!

Peter laughs and holds out his cup.

INT. CAMPUS HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

A DRUNKEN PETER stands atop the bar with several students, and Ethan. They're singing the Rogers State Hillcats' fight song. Peter holds up a can of Bull Rush.

PETER/ETHAN/STUDENTS

(singing)

...Put on your shirt/Put on your hat/Let them know you're a Rogers State Hillcat! ... Put up your dukes/Pick up your bat...

One of the Students grabs a blue and red painted HILLCAT BASEBALL BAT and holds it up like a microphone.

PETER/ETHAN/STUDENTS (CONT'D)

...And fight, fight, fight like a Rogers State Hillcat!

Everybody cheers. Peter FALLS OFF the bar.

INT. CAMPUS HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Several hours and drinks later, Peter is drinking and holding court with a group of students and Bethany and Ethan.

PETER

... You kids should make the most of your time at college. I'm a Vice President, on my way to being Partner Vice President. Study hard and some day you too can be a big shot at a top ranked energy beverage company.

ETHAN

To Bull Rush.

Everyone raises their cup and takes a drink.

PETER

But I didn't have it handed to me.
Nothing's ever been handed to me.
I had to man-up early. My Dad
left when I was twelve. He was a
drinker and a gambler. And a douche
bag. I don't gamble. I don't
douche bag. I really don't drink
much either.

BETHANY

To not drinking!

PETER

Bethany? Ethan, Bethany's here.

ETHAN

Sorry about your dad, Peter. That's
harsh.

PETER

Not your fault, partner.
(turns to others)
Traveling partner. We're traveling
partners 'cause the government
banned us from the skies.

ETHAN

(cocky)
Anyone else here on the No Fly
List? Huh? Nobody? I didn't
think so.

Peter downs the rest of his drink and goes to get a beer.
He squeezes past a caffeined-out WEIRD LOOKING GUY and takes
a seat on the couch. Ethan joins Peter, they're alone.

PETER

I'm not gonna be like him.

ETHAN

That freak? Why would you want
to?

PETER

No, my dad. The day he left, that's
the day I became a man. A twelve
year-old man. I mowed lawns and
shoveled snow and saved every penny
and put myself through college.
Did you know I got an M.B.A. at
night?

ETHAN

I took harmonica lessons at night.

PETER

Can I tell you a secret? I can tell you a secret because we're traveling partners. And traveling partners share everything, right?

ETHAN

Absolutely.

Peter leans in.

PETER

I'm scared to death about having this kid.

ETHAN

What are you so scared of, man?

PETER

I'm not ready.

ETHAN

You're ready, you're just drunk.

PETER

I don't have my ducks in a row. The ducks need to be lined up. And they're not, they're not properly rowed.

ETHAN

What?

PETER

What?

Peter stares at Ethan, confused.

PETER (CONT'D)

I need a drink.

INT. CAMPUS HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

The music's pumping. Ethan's off in a corner with a HOT FEMALE GRAD STUDENT, holding a bong.

ETHAN

So, we've smoked like half a pound of my weed. You wanna, uh, go somewhere more private now?

HOT GRAD GIRL
I'm not going to fuck you, dude.

ETHAN
Oh, okay. You wanna go somewhere more private and you don't have to fuck me?

HOT GRAD GIRL
I'm not going to blow you either.

Ethan stands alone for a beat. A shockingly ugly GOTH GIRL approaches.

GOTH GIRL
You got any more weed?

ETHAN
Uh, no. Sorry, all out.

GOTH GIRL
Oh, 'cause I'd blow you for it.

Ethan looks the Goth Girl up and down, contemplating.

ETHAN
(sighs)
This is really a borderline call...
Does that lip ring come out?

GOTH GIRL
Yeah.

ETHAN
Alright, I do have more weed.

GOTH GIRL
Let's go.

The Goth Girl grabs Ethan's hand and starts to lead him off. A college senior, MARK, intercepts them.

MARK
Hey, what're you doing?

GOTH GIRL
Leave us alone, Mark.

ETHAN
Yeah, leave us alone, Mark.

MARK
That's my girlfriend, asshole.

ETHAN

Well your girlfriend's about to
blow me, so out of my way.

Mark gets in Ethan's face.

MARK

You lookin' to get your ass kicked?

ETHAN

I'm not looking for anything.
Your girlfriend seems to be looking
for a few more inches, Stumpy.
Maybe you oughta watch, learn how
to treat a lady.

Mark shoves Ethan hard against the wall. Ethan pushes back, knocking Mark into a five-man game of "quarters." And the fight is on. Mark tackles Ethan to the ground. Ethan punches him in the head and kicks him off.

The fight goes on and Ethan eventually gets the upper hand... which is when two of Mark's buddies grab Ethan and hold him back. Mark spits out some blood and starts wailing on Ethan.

PETER (O.S.)

Get off him!

They turn to see Peter holding the red and blue painted
HILLCAT BASEBALL BAT.

PETER (CONT'D)

I said get the fuck off him!

Peter starts SMASHING beer bottles, lamps, bongos, etc. Bethany and other students enter to see what all the commotion is about. Bethany is wearing the Guitar Hero guitar.

MARK

Easy, man.

PETER

I will kill every last motherfucker
here! You've got no idea the
pressure I'm under! Croatians! A
baby! Look what I'm wearing!
Aaaaahh!!!

Peter smashes a coffee table.

MARK

Okay. Just put the bat down.

Peter doesn't. He instead cocks the bat back like Barry Bonds.

ETHAN

Dude, I didn't know you were a lefty.

PETER

We're getting out of here. You too, Bethany.

Bethany hands the guitar to a student, then she and Ethan head toward the front door. Peter backpedals behind them, holding the bat out menacingly. He looks out at the disturbed faces of the partygoers and then lowers the bat.

PETER (CONT'D)

Drink Bull Rush.

Peter, Ethan, and Bethany run out the door as fast as they can.

INT. TENT - NEXT MORNING (WEDNESDAY MORNING)

The sun beams into Peter's tent. He wakes up, hungover. Ethan is already up and out.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - MORNING

Peter comes out of the tent and shields his eyes from the glare of the sun. He sees Claudia, wearing a jog bra and shorts, doing one-handed push-ups.

CLAUDIA

'Morning, lazy bones.

PETER

'Morning. Where is everybody?

CLAUDIA

I don't know. Just got back from running a 10K.

PETER

You seen Ethan?

CLAUDIA

Nope.

Claudia does one final push-up then stands up.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)

Wanna give me a hand getting breakfast going?

PETER
 Sure, no problem. We should make
 it a quick one, I need to buy a
 suit when we get to Dallas.

CLAUDIA
 Roger that.

Peter follows Claudia to the RV.

INT. RV - MORNING

Claudia is looking in the fridge, handing items back to Peter.

CLAUDIA
 Alright, I've got eggs, bacon,
 wheat bread, white bread, O.J.--

ETHAN (O.S.)
 [GRUNTING SEXUAL NOISES]

CLAUDIA
 What the hell is he doing?

PETER
 Oh, God. Sorry. He's immature...
 still got the hormones raging...

CLAUDIA
 He's whacking it?

Claudia starts laughing. Peter chuckles along. Then we
 hear FEMALE MOANING NOISES. Claudia stops laughing.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 What the--?!

Claudia pushes past Peter to the rear of the RV. She flings
 open the closed bedroom door to find...

ETHAN AND RANDI

Fully NAKED on the bed. Ethan's doing the gray-haired Randi
 doggie style.

CLAUDIA (CONT'D)
 Lord Jesus in heaven above.

PETER
 Oh, shit.

Ethan and Randi look up, two deer caught in headlights.

EXT. INTERSTATE 44/ROUTE 66 - MORNING

Ethan walks next to Peter, who has a look of total horror and disbelief.

PETER

I'll be honest. I thought after you jacked off on a wedding album, that you'd fired your best shot. But I gotta hand it to you. You exceeded my expectations.

ETHAN

Randi is obviously not completely committed to the lesbian lifestyle.

PETER

Oh, then that makes it okay. Because for a minute there, I was going to be angry at you for fucking the 60 year-old domestic partner of the one person who could get us to California!

Peter walks ahead. Ethan catches up to him.

ETHAN

It's really Claudia's fault. I mean, she loves Randi but you can't totally control someone for twenty years and not expect--

PETER

Do you ever stop to think that maybe your impulses have consequences? Not just for you, but for me as well?

ETHAN

It wouldn't hurt you to be impulsive every now and then -- like you were last night. That's the Peter Jensen I wanna hang out with.

A car approaches from down the highway. Peter holds his thumb, but the car just speeds on by. Peter checks his watch.

PETER

Fuck. I'm never going to make the meeting. Gimme your phone.

ETHAN

Oh man, I forgot to tell you.
(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

That agent dude called this morning.
The meeting's off.

PETER

What?

ETHAN

Yeah, he said something came up,
he couldn't do Dallas, wanted you
to meet him in Seattle. I told
him we couldn't do Seattle, we're
having a baby Friday. He said he
couldn't push it, it had to be
Seattle. I said he wasn't
understanding me. Things got a
little heated, words were exchanged,
bottom line is I pulled us out.

PETER

Pulled us out? Who's us?

ETHAN

You. Me. The company.

PETER

You don't work for the company!

ETHAN

He thought I did. You know, Gene
said some pretty disrespectful
things. Not just about me, but
about Bull Rush too.

Peter frantically dials the iPhone.

PETER

Hey Gene, it's Peter Jensen...

INTERCUT WITH: Super-Agent Gene Hong, on his Bluetooth,
chomping on a piece of gum.

GENE HONG

Hey Peter. What's up, dawg?

PETER

Gene, I think there's been a
misunderstanding. The guy you
talked to earlier, he was just a
temp. Total flake, he's been fired.
Where are you guys gonna be middle
of next week, because I can meet
you--

GENE HONG

Let me stop you there, P-man.
Goran's going with Thunder Juice.

PETER

What? Gene, it's just a couple
days. What about a videoconference--

GENE HONG

It's not gonna work out this time,
dawg. But hey, good luck on the
baby thing. E-mail me your address,
I'll have my office send a gift.

Gene hangs up. Peter turns to Ethan.

PETER

I could have closed this. But
because of you, now this whole
trip was for nothing.

ETHAN

Okay. That's fine. You can blame
me if you want.

PETER

Who the hell else should I blame?

ETHAN

An impartial observer might conclude
that this guy's been stringing you
along the whole time. That he's
been using you to negotiate a better
deal with your competitor.

Peter thinks about this for a beat. Ethan might have a point.

PETER

You had no right to do that.

Peter starts walking. Ethan follows him.

ETHAN

For my money, there are other hoops
stars who are better suited for
the product. You thought about D-
Wade?

PETER

The only thing I'm thinking about
now is getting home.

They walk for a little bit and Peter stops at a road sign
that reads: "Tulsa 38 miles. Albuquerque 619 miles.

Los Angeles 1436 miles."

ETHAN

Whoa. We're not walking to L.A.

PETER

(points)

Tulsa. I've got a college buddy there. Maybe he can get us a car.

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY

A small, single-story home in Tulsa.

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAY

Near the end of lunch, finishing up some steaks. Peter and Ethan sit at a small dining room table with JIM CALVIN, a big, African-American, former college football player, the same age as Peter.

(Peter now wears a XXL pullover shirt that Jim gave him, as well as a pair of jeans that are too big and have to be cinched tight at the waist. Peter will have to keep pulling up the pants for the rest of the movie.)

JIM

... Nah, Pete didn't party much in college. Sumbitch was too busy studying and working two jobs.

PETER

Yeah, I didn't have time for much else.

JIM

Found time to steal my girlfriend.

PETER

I didn't steal Christine, you two had already broken up.

JIM

Well, there's "broken up" and there's "broken up."

ETHAN

Wait, "Christine" as in your wife Christine?

JIM

One and the same. God's gift to this great green planet.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

(beat)

Great woman. The best. Sweet
Christine McGowan.

Jim takes a bite of steak and stares off into the distance.
Ethan looks at Peter, who seems uncomfortable.

ETHAN

Uh, hey, Jim. You ever been to
the Grand Canyon?

JIM

Coupla times. Hiked to the bottom
and slept by the river once.

ETHAN

The World's Largest Totem Pole is
like five minutes from there.
Tell your bud here to let me stop
and take a look.

PETER

If we didn't have time when we
started out, we definitely don't
have time now.

JIM

He's got a point, Ethan. Man's
wife is having a baby. You line
up Dr. Schwartz, you better be
there on time. Best cutter in
L.A.

PETER

How do you know we're using
Schwartz?

JIM

Christine mentioned it in one of
her e-mails.

PETER

Oh, okay.
(beat)
How many e-mails does she send
you?

JIM

What do you mean? It's e-mail.
You know, every couple days,
whatever.

PETER
You e-mail my wife every couple
days?

ETHAN
Oops.

JIM
I send her a joke, she hits me
back with an LOL. No big deal.

PETER
It's not a big deal. It's just
that she's never mentioned it.
(beat; mumbling)
It's obviously more than LOL if
you know which OB/GYN we're using.

Jim starts picking his teeth with a toothpick.

JIM
You've really made it, Pete. Just
like we all knew you would. You
got it all. Good job. Great wife.
Kid on the way. And you can bet
Christine will get that smokin'
hot body back real soon after giving
birth.

PETER
Uh, thanks, Jim. What about you?
You seeing anyone?

JIM
I'm out there looking. Dated my
personal trainer for awhile. We
even talked about moving in
together, but...
(chuckles; claps Peter
on shoulder)
... this guy here took the best
damn woman I ever had.

An awkward beat of silence.

ETHAN
Welp, I better try to squeeze one
out before we hit the road again.
Where's your toiletto?

INT. JIM'S HOUSE - LATER

Jim and Peter are finishing clearing the dinner plates.
Ethan is still in the bathroom.

Jim reaches into his pocket and tosses Peter a set of keys.

JIM

So, it's an old truck, 95,000 miles.
But she'll get you to L.A. no
problem.

PETER

I'll have someone drive it back
after--

JIM

Nah, I'll drive it back myself
after I fly out to see the baby.

PETER

Oh, okay. Thanks.

Jim makes an "it's nothing" gesture. Ethan returns.

ETHAN

Well, in retrospect, I probably
should have eaten something other
than steak and dinner rolls. I
totally balked in there.

Ethan notices a FRAMED PHOTO on an entertainment center shelf.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Whoa, that chick can work a straw.
Is that the personal trainer?

ANGLE: THE PHOTO. It's Jim and Christine at a Mexican
restaurant/bar sipping on two straws from a giant glass.
Christine is almost cheek to cheek with Jim.

JIM

That's Christine.

ETHAN

Seriously?

Peter moves over to look at the photo. Behind it, there are
several other photos of Christine (from college, etc).

PETER

Uh, I don't remember this. Where
is it from?

JIM

Last year in San Diego. Chris
told you we ran into each other
down there, right?

PETER
Ran into, yes. She didn't say you
shared a Mojito.

JIM
Margarita. Christine doesn't--

PETER
--like rum, I know.

ETHAN
(squints to read photo)
What's the date on this, June 19th?

JIM
Sounds about right. Who's ready
for dessert?

Jim exits to the kitchen, leaving Peter and Ethan.

ETHAN
(whispering)
Dude, June 19th is like nine months
ago.

PETER
So?

ETHAN
No disrespect, but I think this
guy had sex with your wife.

PETER
That's insane.

ETHAN
I'm just saying, she wanted to
have a baby. And you said yourself
that you couldn't get an erection...

PETER
No I didn't.

ETHAN
"In vitro." Isn't that Latin for
impotent?

PETER
No. Not even close.

ETHAN
Well, you couldn't get her pregnant.
(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

So she rendez-vouses with this big black ex-boyfriend, gets him drunk... Now she's e-mailing him ten times a day... "Miracle conception?" I don't think so. Come D-day, you're in for a big surprise.

Jim returns with dessert.

JIM

I hope you guys like key lime pie. I make a mean key lime pie.

Ethan takes a plate of pie. An annoyed Peter takes one also, without saying anything.

JIM (CONT'D)

Hey Pete, you pick a name for the boy yet?

PETER

Of course. But we're not telling people until after--

JIM

I like the name Jerome. Jerome Jensen. We can call him J.J. Jerome was my father's name.

Ethan shoots Peter a look.

PETER

Why would we name him after your father?

JIM

It's not "after" my father, it's just the same name.

ETHAN

It's kind of a black person's name, isn't it? Old school black. If you're gonna go with a black name, do something fresher like Carmello or Plaxico. Something that ends in an "o."

JIM

(to Ethan)

Are you for real?

ETHAN
(oblivious)
What?

The guys eat their pie in awkward silence, until...

ETHAN (CONT'D)
Jim, did you bang Peter's wife in
San Diego?

JIM
What the fuck did you just say?!

PETER
Ethan, for chris'sakes.

JIM
You come into a man's home, eat
his lime pie and then accuse him
of adultery with his friend's wife?
So I was in San Diego and ran into
an ex-girlfriend. The operative
word there is ex. E-X. We had a
few drinks, I walked her back to
her hotel.

PETER
Wait, what?!

JIM
Would you rather I didn't walk her
back, Pete? Let her walk alone at
night?

PETER
No, I wouldn't. But I'm supposed
to believe you just "ran into" her
in San Diego?

JIM
Now you're starting with this shit?

PETER
Well Jim, it's pretty clear you
still have feelings for Christine.
I mean, did you run into her in
San Diego or did you plan to run
into her?

JIM
Look, Pete, I know you're under a
lot of stress. And you've been
cooped up with this d-bag for two
days--

ETHAN
Wait. What'd I do?

JIM
Take the truck. Get going before
I change my mind.

INT. JIM'S PICK-UP TRUCK - DAY

An old Ford pick-up truck. Ethan rides shotgun. Peter drives, he's talking on Ethan's iPhone.

PETER
...Hey Christine, I left you a
message at home too. Just checking
in, seeing how you're doing. We're
in Oklahoma. Ran into Jim Calvin.
Wanted to discuss that with you...
Unless he's already e-mailed you.
Anyway, call me back.

Peter hangs up.

ETHAN
Sorry, dude, about your kid. Jim's
kid. The kid.

PETER
You're completely off base. I am
not discussing this any further.

ETHAN
The important thing is, you'll
love the baby no matter what.

PETER
You know what?! I should leave
you right here, right now.

ETHAN
Dude--

PETER
But I'm not going to. Because
when you had a car, you helped me
out. But I'm done screwing around.
We're driving straight through the
night.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - OKLAHOMA-TEXAS BORDER - DAY

As the late afternoon sun begins to set, Peter and Ethan drive Jim's pick-up truck into the Lone Star state, passing a sign that reads, "Don't Mess With Texas."

INT. TEXAS GROCERY STORE - DAY

MUSIC CUE: AC/DC's "You Shook Me All Night Long."

CLOSE ON: A six-pack of BULL RUSH drops onto the checkout conveyor belt.

WIDER: Peter drops a second six-pack onto the belt. Ethan follows behind Peter and dumps an armful of chips, candy, etc. And two TEXAS TRUCKER HATS that read "Texas -- A Whole 'Nother Country." Ethan hands Peter his debit card. Peter swipes it through the card reader.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY/NIGHT

As the words to the song kick in, we see a MONTAGE of images as Peter and Ethan head west in Jim's truck across Texas:

- Small-town Texas whizzes by: Diners, boot shops, neon signs for pawn shops, boarded-up mom and pop businesses, a used Cadillac dealer; vast oil fields -- some drained dry and some once again being drilled; hand-painted signs for Indian reservations; large, flat farms of cattle, cotton and other crops; craggy-faced Texans in cowboy hats and lots of denim.
- Empty Bull Rush cans tossed into the rear of the cab.
- Ethan in the bed of the pickup, wearing the Trucker cap, getting high. Peter closes the sliding window in the back of the cab.
- The truck is pulled off on the side of a road. Peter leans against the side, looking at a text message on Ethan's iPhone. ANGLE: IPHONE. "From: Christine. Got ur message. Out shopping w/Louise. Jim called, said u guys had lots of laffs."
- Ethan comes out of the woods with a magazine in his hand. Frustrated and disappointed, he shakes his head "no."
- A Texas-sized, orange and purple SUNSET.
- Peter using the glow of Ethan's iPhone to read a book titled, "How To Get Your Child Into An Ivy League College."
- Peter driving under an amazing, ink-black sky dotted with luminous stars while Ethan hangs his ass out the passenger window and farts.

- The sun starts to rise. Ethan is driving, Peter is zonked out in the passenger seat.

INT./EXT. JIM'S TRUCK - NEXT MORNING (THURSDAY MORNING)

The song ends. The morning sun wakes Peter up. He looks out the window and sees a sign: "Arizona Highway 99."

PETER
Highway 99? What happened to the interstate?

ETHAN
A trucker told me this way would shave off like three hours.

PETER
Three hours is good.
(checks dashboard)
We better get some gas.

INT. GAS STATION/MINI-MART - ARIZONA - DAY

Ethan is at the counter talking to a NATIVE AMERICAN CLERK. Peter is off in the corner, talking on the iPhone. Ethan slaps his debit card on the counter.

ETHAN
Whatever I filled up on the truck out there, this beef jerky, and a copy of...
(stares behind counter)
...is that the current issue of "Finally Legal?"

The Clerk shrugs and tosses it on the counter.

CLERK
Anything else?

The Clerk begins to ring Ethan up. Peter approaches, taking a bite from a Power Bar.

PETER
(to Clerk)
Add this too.
(to Ethan)
I talked to Christine. The whole thing with Jim was much ado about nothing.

ETHAN
Really?

PETER

Yeah. Turns out that they weren't even together at that Mexican restaurant. Jim was there with another girl, and Christine ran into him, and she just posed for the picture with the other girl's straw. That's all.

ETHAN

Right, it happens all the time. You run into someone, you ask their date if you can put your lips on their straw and then you head off on your merry way. Happens every day in every bar in America.

Peter realizes the excuse Christine gave doesn't sound so good now that he's said it out loud.

CLERK

Denied!

ETHAN

What?

CLERK

You got 16 dollars left on your debit card and 82 dollars in purchases. You need another card or cash. No checks!

ETHAN

I don't have another card. I have...
(pulls cash from pocket)
Seven dollars and twenty-two cents.

CLERK

That leaves fifty-eight dollars and change.
(turns to Peter)
How 'bout you, sunshine? You got any money?

PETER

No. I left my wallet on the--

CLERK

Plus one seventy-five for the Power Bar.

Ethan looks at the Clerk and gives him a helpless shrug.

EXT. GAS STATION/MINI-MART - ARIZONA - DAY

Peter and Ethan stand next to Jim's truck. Peter stares at him with an accusatory glower.

ETHAN

I thought I had more left on my debit card. How was I supposed to know that it was tapped out?

PETER

(losing it)

It's a debit card! It tells you exactly how much is left! That's the point!

ETHAN

What's the difference between that and a credit card?

Peter throws his hands up in disgust and lets out a scream. Ethan takes out his bag of weed and starts rolling a joint.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Alright, maybe we can get some cash by selling something.

(nods at Peter's feet)

Like those shoes, what'd you pay for those, five hundy?

Ethan lights the joint and takes a deep hit. He looks at Peter, who stares at him and his joint with a seething glare.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What? You want a hit?

Peter gestures to the bag of weed.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Oh.

EXT. ARIZONA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Ethan and a nervous Peter sit in Jim's truck, parked next to a sprawling desert high school. Peter is in the driver's seat. Ethan points to some guys with shaved heads.

ETHAN

What about those guys? They look like they party.

PETER

I don't know, they look so young.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

You sure they're even in high school?

ETHAN

They're at Barry Goldwater High, carrying books and backpacks.

PETER

There's gotta be some place else to sell it.

ETHAN

It's eleven o'clock in the morning. You know of any rock concerts or left-wing political rallies going on right now?

There's a RAPPING on Peter's window. It's a beefy SCHOOL SECURITY GUARD holding a billy club. Meet DUNCAN, a 35ish former football player who couldn't make it as a cop. Duncan motions for Peter to roll down his window.

PETER

Oh shit.

ETHAN

Just be cool. School cop.

Peter rolls down the window.

DUNCAN

You can't park here.

PETER

Oh, okay. I'm just dropping him off for school.

Duncan takes a closer look at Ethan.

DUNCAN

He looks like he's forty.

ETHAN

(offended)
I'm thirty-two.

DUNCAN

License and registration.

ETHAN

(softly to Peter)
You don't have to show him shit. He's a friggin' crossing guard.

PETER

Actually Officer, I don't have any of that. I lost my I.D. and... you know what? We'll just get going.

DUNCAN

Turn off your ignition and stay right there.

Duncan walks back toward a compact Chevy Cobalt with the words "Barry Goldwater High School Security" stencilled on it. He takes a cell phone off the dash and dials it.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Billy? Hey, it's Duncan. Can you run a plate for me?

BACK ON: Peter and Ethan, still in the truck.

ETHAN

Just take off. He can't follow us, he doesn't have jurisdiction.

PETER

I'm not gonna just take off. It's suspicious.

ETHAN

I'm holding here, man. I'm telling you, just gun it.

PETER

Let me go talk to him.

Peter climbs out of the truck and approaches Duncan, who's still on the cell phone.

PETER (CONT'D)

Listen, sir, I think there's been a misunderstanding.

DUNCAN

Are you Jim Calvin?

PETER

Uh... yes. Yes I am.

DUNCAN

Really? Because you don't look like a six foot two, 225 pound black man.

Suddenly, Ethan PEELS OFF in the pickup truck. He hauls ass down the street and disappears around a corner. Peter and Duncan watch in disbelief. Duncan pulls out a can of PEPPER SPRAY and aims it at Peter's face.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Up against the car! Hands on the hood!

Peter leans against the hood of the diminutive Cobalt as Duncan frisks him. Then Duncan moves Peter over to a wooden bench and sits him down.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
You ain't running off, you can make book on that.

He puts Peter's hands behind his back and through the slats, then cuffs him to the bench with PLASTIC CUFFS.

PETER
Ow, Jesus! Not so tight!

DUNCAN
I knew you two were up to something.

PETER
You gotta help me out here. I have a pregnant wife in Los Angeles who is about to give birth--

DUNCAN
I'm gonna turn you over to the Coconino County cops. Maybe now Chief "Suarez" will let me re-take the police exam.

Duncan moves back to his car. He sits in the driver's seat, leaving the door open. He starts to dial his cell phone when suddenly we hear the ROAR of an engine.

Seemingly out of nowhere, Jim's truck races down the street and BARRELS into the Cobalt's open door, RIPPING IT OFF. Ethan slams the truck into REVERSE, and backs up against the side of the Cobalt, blocking Duncan from getting out. Ethan leans his head out the window.

ETHAN
Get in!

PETER
I can't, I'm cuffed to the bench!

Duncan struggles to climb over the gear shift to the passenger side of the Cobalt. Ethan hops out of the truck and quickly helps lift Peter and the bench up into the truck bed. Peter's oversized jeans fall down in the process.

PETER (CONT'D)

Go, go!

Ethan runs back into the truck, hits the gas, and the truck PEELS OUT down the street. Peter is in the back lying on his side and cuffed to the bench.

Duncan exits the Cobalt out of the door-less driver's side and pops the trunk. He pulls back the carpet liner, and takes out a SHOTGUN hidden beneath.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Ethan is driving fast. Peter's in the open-air truck bed, cuffed to the bench, lying on his side. He tries to right himself, but can't do it.

INT. JIM'S TRUCK - DAY

Ethan checks the rearview mirror. He sees Duncan behind him, in his door-less Cobalt, gaining ground. Ethan TURNS HARD LEFT at the next intersection.

IN THE BED of the truck, Peter slides hard into the right inside panel of the truck.

PETER

Ow!

Duncan holds the shotgun out the open side and FIRES a shot. It SHATTERS the passenger side of Ethan's rear window.

ETHAN

Holy fuck!
 (turns to Peter)
 Good thing you weren't sitting
 there!

Ethan races ahead north, but at the next street a car heading west crosses in front of him. He SWERVES LEFT AND RIGHT, avoiding the car, but BOUNCING Peter like a PINBALL in the cab of the truck.

PETER

(with each smack)
 Shit! Shit! Shiiiiittt!

Ethan sees the entrance ramp to the highway. He cuts it too close and BANGS over a curb.

Peter bounces up HIGH and then crashes back DOWN onto the truck bed, the left side of Peter's face being the only cushion for the landing.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Ethan races down the highway, SWERVING in and out of other vehicles. Duncan follows behind, doing the same thing.

ETHAN

(shouts)

Do you see him?

PETER

(shouts)

Slow down. You're giving me a concussion.

ETHAN

We can have a discussion later.
I'm gonna lose this psycho.

Duncan's souped-up Cobalt is surprisingly fast. He eventually pulls alongside Ethan and aims his rifle at the front tire.

Ethan SLAMS on the brakes. Peter FLIES forward into the back of the cab. Duncan FIRES. The shot misses. Duncan SLAMS on his brakes, aims the rifle back at Ethan and Peter, and... gets REAR-ENDED hard by an 18-wheeler. Duncan's air bags inflate. He drops the shotgun onto the highway. Ethan runs over it.

Now Ethan floors it. He races down the highway, putting space between himself and Duncan. He passes a road sign that reads "Flagstaff 12 miles."

Ethan speeds up, then makes a sharp right onto an OFF RAMP, driving over the median in the process. Peter bounces up and down like a Mexican Jumping Bean.

PETER

(with each bump)

Stop. The. Truck.

Ethan gets over the median and guns it up the ramp.

BACK ON THE HIGHWAY, moments later, Duncan's mangled Cobalt sputters PAST the ramp and keeps on going, dragging its back bumper along the blacktop.

EXT. ARIZONA ROAD - A LITTLE LATER

Ethan has finally pulled the truck to a stop on a dirt road. It's the middle of nowhere. And it's hot.

Ethan and Peter stand next to the truck. A small toolbox is open in the bed of the truck. Ethan uses an Exacto knife to finish cutting off Peter's plastic handcuffs.

PETER

What the FUCK is the matter with you?!

ETHAN

In what respect?

PETER

I was bouncing all over the truck! You could've killed me!

ETHAN

Excuse me, I was trying to escape. It's only 'cause of my evasive maneuvering that you didn't get shot.

PETER

I came this close to falling out of that truck at 80 miles an hour.

ETHAN

Hey, how about a thank-you? I came back to save you.

Peter snorts. He walks around to the driver's side and hops in. Ethan climbs into the passenger side.

INT. JIM'S PICK-UP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Peter turns the key, the engine sputters. He tries again. It sputters again.

PETER

C'mon, c'mon.

Peter looks at the gas gauge.

PETER (CONT'D)

Shit. It's out of gas.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Peter slams the door of the truck closed as he steps out into the hot desert sun.

PETER

Give me your phone, I'm gonna call Triple A.

Ethan hands it to him. Peter dials. He waits for a beat.

PETER (CONT'D)
Dammit, no signal. Huh, that's
strange, there's no signal in the
middle of the fucking desert!

He KICKS the truck, then kicks the road, then kicks at the
truck again. Peter takes a moment to digest everything,
then looks around and takes in his surroundings.

PETER (CONT'D)
Where are we?

ETHAN
Arizona.

PETER
Where in Arizona? I saw a sign
that said Flagstaff was twelve
miles away.

ETHAN
Okay, so we're near Flagstaff.

PETER
Flagstaff's way north of where
we're supposed to be. You were
trying to go see that fucking totem
pole, weren't you?

ETHAN
No, I wasn't.

PETER
Yes you were.

ETHAN
Dude, I wasn't.

PETER
Once again, you are incapable of
thinking about anyone else but
yourself. You're a child.

ETHAN
I wasn't doing it for me. I was
doing it for you. So you could
see your Dad.

PETER
My Dad?

ETHAN

He's in a retirement home called Garden City.

PETER

I know where he is.

ETHAN

Don't you see? It's fate that we're here. Think about it. Everything that happened to us, happened for a reason. Our meeting. The No Fly List. Even you catching me with Randi. It was all so that we could be brought together at this moment for one thing: so you could reconcile with your father before your son is born.

PETER

And when did this revelation come to you? When you were high on pot or just in your normal haze of stupidity?

ETHAN

You don't need to insult me.

PETER

You don't need to be messing with my life. There's one thing I need, and that is to get home. You have screwed me so many ways I've lost count. The last thing I need to do right now is have anything to do with my father. You don't know what's right for me. Hell, you don't know what's right for yourself. Survivor? Why would they pick you?

Peter shakes his head.

PETER (CONT'D)

Actually, I stand corrected. They always have one annoying fuckup who ruins it for everybody else.

Ethan is speechless for a few beats, clearly hurt. Then:

ETHAN

You know, you haven't exactly been the world's coolest traveling buddy.

(MORE)

ETHAN (CONT'D)

You're uptight, arrogant, ungrateful, and you're condescending. You're right, I'm not the smartest guy in the world. And maybe I am a fuckup. I'm thirty-two years old, I don't have a girlfriend, I don't have a wife. I don't have anybody in my life who depends on me. But if I did, I sure as hell wouldn't have flown across the country when she was about to have our baby.

This really stings Peter.

PETER

It's time we go our separate ways.

ETHAN

Fine with me.

PETER

Okay then. Have a good life.

Peter starts walking away.

ETHAN

Where are you going?

PETER

Wherever you aren't.

Peter gives a half-hearted backwards wave as he heads down the dirt road back to the highway. The Arizona sun beats down on him.

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT ROAD - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS OF Peter walking along a two lane Arizona road under the searing hot mid-day sun: A car passes by, Peter holds out his thumb to hitchhike, the car keeps on driving; Peter wipes sweat from his brow; Peter opens a roadside CALL BOX. He lifts the receiver and it comes completely free of the box -- the cord has been cut; A weary Peter holds his hands above his head to shield the sun. He passes by a road sign that says "Welcome To Garden City." Peter looks at the sign.

PETER

Ah, hell.

EXT. GARDEN CITY RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Peter trudges up a long driveway that leads to a series of low-rise apartment-style buildings. Engraved in two boulders adorning the driveway are the words: GARDEN CITY RETIREMENT COMMUNITY.

INT. GARDEN CITY RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Peter stands in the hallway, outside a door to one of the rooms. He's sweaty, dusty, and dirty. He takes a deep breath then knocks on the door.

The door is opened by Peter's father BURT, a 70 year-old Alan Arkin-type.

PETER

Hey, Dad.

BURT

Peter? Jesus, you look like shit.

INT. BURT'S ROOM - DAY

A small and sparsely decorated room. Burt sits in a chair, Peter sits on the matching institutional loveseat.

BURT

...No Fly List? I never accomplished anything like that. I was persona non grata at several casinos, but I never had the Feds on my ass.

PETER

As I said, it's a long story... do you have a car I can borrow?

BURT

Let me ask you something. Did you get the letters I sent you?

PETER

Yeah Dad, I got your letters.

BURT

You couldn't write back? Or call?

PETER

I don't want to get into this now. I've got to get going.

BURT

I haven't seen you in twenty years,
you can't spend half an hour with
your old man? What's the rush?

Peter thinks for a beat, then...

PETER

I'm going to be a father.

Burt is taken aback. He didn't know. He's hurt.

BURT

You're having a kid?

PETER

Christine's having a C-section
tomorrow.

BURT

So it takes some cockamamie bullshit
on an airplane for me to hear I'm
going to be a grandpa?

PETER

Yeah, I guess so. Look, if you
don't have a car, do you have any
cash? Maybe I can buy a bus ticket
and--

BURT

I can get you a vehicle.

Burt stands up. Grabs his wallet off the dresser.

BURT (CONT'D)

But I'm confused. You knew your
wife was having the baby tomorrow,
right? So what the hell were you
doing flying to Boston?

Peter stands up. Tries to contain himself.

PETER

What was I doing? I was working.
I was trying to close the most
important deal of my life, one
that would have made me partner.
So my son wouldn't have to hold
two jobs and go to school at night.
It's called responsibility, but
you wouldn't know about that.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

After everything you did -- or didn't do -- you're going to judge me?

BURT

Whoa, whoa. Peter. Okay, I deserve that. But I'm not judging you. I just... I don't know you very well -- I wish I did. But I can see that you're trying so hard not to be me, that you're making the same mistake I did.

PETER

Same mistake? I haven't gambled away our savings and walked out on my family.

BURT

Your wife's about to have a baby and you're not there. The reason's not as bad, but the end result's the same.

PETER

I'll be there.

BURT

You should've never left.

PETER

You should know.

BURT

I do know. That's my point. You get to my age, you don't look back and think about accomplishments or awards. You think about moments and memories. The ones you had -- and the ones you missed out on. So while you're busy trying to make partner and plan how everything's supposed to work out, let me tell you that you can't. You can't control everything in life. Hell, it wouldn't be any fun if you could. But what you can do is be there, Peter. Be present. Don't spend so much time planning that you forget about living.

Peter has heard that before. About 1500 miles back. He sighs heavily and nods.

EXT. ARIZONA ROAD - DAY

A wilted Ethan sits on rock near the side of the road. A WHITE VAN with the Garden City Retirement Home logo on the side approaches and stops. Peter gets out. Ethan is sucking on a foot-long rubbery substance.

PETER

What are you doing?

ETHAN

Trying to get some water out of this piece of cactus.

PETER

That's the bottom of an old tennis shoe.

ETHAN

It's not real moist.

Ethan chucks the shoe away.

PETER

So... I uh, stopped in Garden City. He's in the van.

Ethan nods.

ETHAN

My father's been gone for twenty years, and I still miss the hell out of him. Good, bad, or indifferent I wish he was part of my life. I just thought, you still have the chance--

PETER

I appreciate what you did. And the things I said to you before, you know... that was the heat talking.

ETHAN

Yeah, I didn't mean what I said either. Well, some of it I did. Most of it.

Peter chuckles.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

I came so close to dying out here.
Two days without food or water.
No civilization for miles. Thanks
for coming back -- you saved my
life.

PETER

Ethan, it's been less than three
hours.

ETHAN

Really?

INT. GARDEN CITY VAN - DAY

Peter drives. Burt's in the passenger seat. Ethan is in
the backseat guzzling water and fiddling with his iPhone.

ETHAN

There were two "B. Jensens" in the
greater Flagstaff area. The other
one was a woman. Betty and I had
a nice conversation. After her
divorce goes through, I think I
got a shot.

BURT

You take that shot, Ethan. One
thing you realize at my age is you
never pass up pussy.

PETER

That's nice, Dad.
(to Ethan)
What's with the phone?

ETHAN

Still no signal. I think maybe I
got sand in it when I used it to
dig a tunnel.

Ethan hits the phone against his palm and tries to shake
sand out of it.

PETER

Where were you digging the tunnel
to?

ETHAN

I was just trying to get out of
there. I was delirious.

They pass a road sign that says "Grand Canyon 5 miles, Palm Springs 290 miles, Los Angeles 460 miles."

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Damn, the Grand Canyon's only five miles away.

BURT

I was there last year. Me and a guy from Garden City took one of those airplane sightseeing tours couple weeks before he died. "Bucket List" kinda thing.

ETHAN

They're letting you take this van all the way to California, Burt? That's pretty cool.

BURT

I told them I was going to the mall. By the time they figure it out, we'll already be in L.A.

PETER

You stole the van?

BURT

Technically we stole the van.

ETHAN

(re: iPhone)

Got it! I got a signal.

Suddenly, WE HEAR a rapid series of BEEPS.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Uh, dude, you got like ten messages from your wife.

INT. VOLVO - DAY

CHRISTINE is talking on her cell phone in the passenger seat of 40 year-old LOUISE'S Volvo.

CHRISTINE

My water broke. I'm going into labor.

INTERCUT WITH: PETER.

PETER

What? But we're not supposed to have the baby until tomorrow.

CHRISTINE

Well he's coming today. Where are you?

PETER

Arizona. Dammit!

CHRISTINE

Peter, you've got to get here. Louise is driving me to the hospital right now.

LOUISE

Hey Peter. Don't worry, she's in good hands.

PETER

I'm still a six hour drive from L.A. Labors can last that long, right?

Christine grimaces loudly from a contraction.

CHRISTINE

I don't think this one will.

PETER

Don't worry, honey. I will get there in time.

CHRISTINE

Hurry.

Peter hangs up. Turns to Ethan and Burt.

PETER

There's no way I can get there in time.

BURT

Let me ask you something. That No-Fly List only applies to commercial airlines, right?

PETER

Yeah.

BURT

Then I've got an idea.

EXT. CANYON AIR ADVENTURES - DAY

One of those airplane sightseeing tour places. Peter, Ethan, and Burt stand on the tarmac of a small airport, talking

with a TOUR PILOT (50s). Several Cessna 402b twin piston engine aircraft are parked nearby.

TOUR PILOT

... Los Angeles? I'm not supposed to fly beyond the Grand Canyon.

PETER

Please, this is an emergency. I'll give you three times what it would cost you. How's five grand?

TOUR PILOT

Well... you have the cash on you?

PETER

No. But I can get it for you in Los Angeles.

TOUR PILOT

I don't think so. Why don't you go to Phoenix airport? They have flights practically every hour.

ETHAN

Uhh... there's not enough time. C'mon, dude, hook us up.

TOUR PILOT

I'm sorry.

BURT

Alright, listen. This man here is my son. He's a great success and a great person, and all of that is no thanks to me. I've been a real shit of a father to him for the last twenty years. Now I can't do anything to change the past, but I've got a chance to maybe be a part of his life in the future. It would be a helluva first step if I could get him home in time for the birth of his son. My grandson. So please, I'm begging you, help us out here.

A beat. The Tour Pilot turns to Peter.

TOUR PILOT

You good for the money in L.A.?

PETER

Yes. Absolutely.

TOUR PILOT
Give me five minutes.

EXT. TARMAC - DAY

Peter and Ethan are about to get on the small plane. Burt sees them off.

PETER
So... what you said back there--

BURT
Least I could do, huh? Hey, do me a favor. After the baby's born? Call me.

PETER
I'll call you.

Burt and Peter shake hands. Peter holds the handshake for a few extra beats.

PETER (CONT'D)
Or... you could come with me now. Meet your grandson.

BURT
You serious?

Peter smiles.

INT. CESSNA PLANE - DAY

The plane is in the air, just after takeoff. The Tour Pilot is in the cockpit, which is really just the seat ahead of Peter, Burt, and Ethan. Ethan is very NERVOUS. He holds his arms around his waist and rocks back and forth.

ETHAN
Damn this is a tiny fucking plane.

BURT
Hey Peter, when you get in that delivery room, Christine is going to need your full support.

PETER
Of course.

BURT
She needs to know that you will love that kid like he's your own.

Peter turns to Ethan.

PETER

Did you... what did you tell him?

ETHAN

I just wanted him to be prepared for all the possibilities. What are the rules for tiny private planes? I mean, are they inspected or is it like the honor system?

BURT

(looking out window)

Mmm, mmm, mmm. Will you look at that?

BURT'S POV: Flying over the Grand Canyon. It's beautiful.

BURT (CONT'D)

(points)

Over there is where I spread Irv's ashes.

PETER

(stares out window)

It is pretty amazing. You oughta take a look, Ethan.

ETHAN

No thank you.

PETER

C'mon. You can actually see that totem pole you've been crying about.

ETHAN

I can't. If I look out that window I'm gonna freak out. Oh God, what if the only way to get to the Survivor island is on something smaller than this? And what if it's a desert island? I can't even survive a desert in Arizona. And what if--

A streak of LIGHT hits Ethan in the eye. He instinctively tries to brush it away. But the light hits him again. He looks back to see that Peter is using his watch to angle the sun's rays at Ethan. A Hardwick's Brother.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing, man?

PETER

You've got to loosen up, stop worrying about the what-ifs. You made it this far, you're going to do great.

Ethan smiles. Then dry-heaves.

EXT. VAN NUYS AIRPORT - DAY

The Cessna lands at the small airport in the Valley. Before the plane has come to a full stop, its door opens and Ethan jumps down onto the tarmac. He rolls, comes to a stop, then kisses the ground. A beat. Then he VOMITS.

The Cessna comes to a stop. Peter and Burt hurry off the plane. Peter grabs Ethan off the ground, and the three of them head for a waiting taxi.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY - DAY

The cab speeds down the 101, WEAVING in and out of traffic, honking, and driving on the shoulder.

EXT. ENCINO HOSPITAL - DAY

The cab screeches to a stop in front of the hospital. Peter, Ethan, and Burt race out. Burt tosses a few bills back into the cab.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

The three guys running. Ethan trails a few steps behind Peter and Burt.

SLOW-MOTION: The trio are on a desperate dash through the hallway, fighting their way through a crowd of people and equipment. Suddenly, an ORDERLY pushing a CART comes out of nowhere and SLAMS into Ethan. He goes down hard.

ETHAN

(slo-mo; to Peter)
Gooooo. Gooooooooo.

BACK TO REAL SPEED: Peter and Burt run on ahead.

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Peter hears the sounds of a CRYING NEWBORN.

PETER

(out of breath)
I'm here, I'm here.

Peter smiles at the Delivery Room Nurse. She holds up a healthy, nine-pound, AFRICAN-AMERICAN BABY. Peter's smile turns into a look of total shock.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh my god.

BURT

Oh boy.

The baby's AFRICAN-AMERICAN MOTHER sits up and looks around.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN MOTHER

Who the hell are you people?

INT. DIFFERENT DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

Peter rushes in with Burt. Christine is lying down. Louise, DOCTOR SCHWARTZ, and a Nurse stand next to her.

PETER

Did I make it? Am I too late?

CHRISTINE

(rapid breathing)

No honey, you're way early.

Peter takes her hand in his.

PETER

Christine, sweetheart, I am so sorry. I should have never left. But I'm here. I made it, I'm here for you.

CHRISTINE

I knew you would be. Did you sign your Croatian?

PETER

They're going with Thunder Juice.

CHRISTINE

I'm sorry.

PETER

Doesn't matter. We're buying that house.

CHRISTINE

Really? But I thought you said--

PETER

Don't worry, we'll figure it out.

Christine smiles. Burt gives a not-so-subtle cough.

PETER (CONT'D)
Oh, and this may not be the optimal
place for introductions but...
this is your father-in-law, Burt.

BURT
Sorry to come empty handed. I
should have flowers or candy--

CHRISTINE
(massive groan)
Aaaaaaah!

DR. SCHWARTZ
Okay folks, we're having a baby.

Ethan enters the room, with a big bruise on his face.

ETHAN
I'm here!

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. DELIVERY ROOM - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

FADE BACK UP ON:

Christine holds the healthy baby boy in her arms. Peter stands next to her, his hand resting lovingly on her shoulder, his face beaming with pride. Burt stands nearby with Ethan, who is nearly in tears.

ETHAN
Dude, he looks just like you.

PETER
He does?

CHRISTINE
Of course he does. He's beautiful.

BURT
I think he kinda looks like me.

ETHAN
All babies look like old men.

Peter kisses Christine on the forehead and approaches Ethan.

PETER
Thanks for getting me here.
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

I mean, thanks for getting me to the hospital, and... thanks for getting me to where I needed to be.

ETHAN

Piece of cake.

Peter puts his arm around Ethan's shoulder.

PETER

Listen, I've thought it over and... Hand job. I'd give Elton the hand job.

ETHAN

(nodding in agreement)

Dude.

They bump fists.

ETHAN (CONT'D)

Get over there, I wanna get a picture.

Ethan pulls out his iPhone and holds it up. Peter moves over to Christine and the baby. Ethan SNAPS the picture, and we FREEZE FRAME on the photo.

ROLL END CREDITS...

CLOSE ON: VARIOUS FRAMED PHOTOS.

- Peter, Christine, and the baby in the hospital bed.
- Peter and Burt, with Burt holding his grandson. Peter and Burt have unlit cigars in their mouth.
- Ethan holding the baby. Ethan has an unlit doobie in his mouth.
- Peter and Christine holding the baby in front of the house we saw in the beginning, now with a SOLD sign on it.
- Ethan and 15 other people dressed in tribal wear. They're holding a banner that reads "Cast of Survivor Season 19."

WIDEN TO REVEAL: A misty-eyed Jim is looking at the pictures in his Oklahoma house. He's taking each one and putting it on the shelf of his entertainment center.

FADE OUT:

THE END