

**EXTRACT**

Written by

Mike Judge

March 2008

**BEGIN CREDITS:**

**EXT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT BUILDING - DAY**

An idyllic American factory. There's a huge, long lawn in front. A Reynolds Extract sign in brick with flowers/landscaping around it, sits near the entrance. We see from the number of cars in the parking lot that it's a company of about 50 - 75 employees.

**INT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT BUILDING - DAY**

We are in a manufacturing area of an assembly-line production. It's a big room full of intricate machines, huge vats of different colored extract and other food flavoring products, conveyor belts, bottling machines, etc. It has a high ceiling with offices on the second floor that have big windows overlooking this manufacturing area. We PAN up to the main office.

**INSIDE THE OFFICE**

JOEL REYNOLDS, head of the company, mid-thirties, is on the phone with his friend DEAN.

DEAN (v.o.)

You should come by tonight. Half price well drinks while the game's going.

**JOEL**

You always give me free drinks though.

DEAN (v.o.)

Oh yeah. Well come by anyway.

**JOEL**

Yeah?... Might as well. No action going on at my house, that's for

sure.  
DEAN (v.o.)  
Really? The wife out of town?

**JOEL**

No... I just haven't been laid in  
a month.

**2.**

DEAN (v.o.)  
You guys having problems or  
something?

**JOEL**

No. This is pretty much normal  
these days...

As CREDITS continue, camera PULLS OUT, back down to the  
manufacturing area, past a big vat of orange extract, down  
through various stages of assembly line production, then  
follows several bottles of orange extract moving past  
HECTOR, a Mexican immigrant employee in his thirties. The  
camera stops on him. Talking to Hector is STEP, a short,  
beady-eyed Charles-Manson-looking guy with a beard and  
mustache. Step is in his forties. He makes everything he  
says sound as macho and important as possible.

**STEP**

You get this job through Manpower?

**HECTOR**

Yeah.

**STEP**

I started here with Manpower too.  
Started out on the line just like  
you.

**(DEAD-SERIOUS)**

Only I did better... 40 crates a  
day.  
Beat. Hector is not quite sure what he's talking about.  
STEP continues telling his tale in such a way that the only  
polite reaction would be one of total amazement.

**STEP (CONT'D)**

I'm the best sorter in here.  
That's why they made me full time  
with benefits. I'll probably be  
floor manager this year.

A FEW FEET AWAY we see RORY, a stocky indie-rock geek, with  
too many tatoos, hair shaved on the side with a ponytail,  
lots of bad piercings, wearing baggy shorts with lots of  
pockets and some kind of gothy T-shirt -- a look that ought  
to be out of style by now.

**3.**

slapping  
Rory is putting stickers on boxes with a sticker gun. He  
flips the sticker gun around unnecessarily between each  
application, adding a few unnecessary moves/motions,  
each box when he's done, generally making the activity look  
like more of a skill than it actually is. He approaches Step  
and Hector, pulling out some fliers from his many pockets.

**RORY**

(hands them each a flier)  
My band's playing this Friday, come  
check us out.

Hector looks down at the flier. It's xeroxed with fifties  
clip-art, cut out letters and the name of the band, "God's  
Cock". Hector just looks at it confused, not knowing much  
English, not sure what he's supposed to be doing with the  
flier.

pack,  
AT THE END OF THE LINE, where boxes are loaded onto pallets,  
sits MARY, 58 years old, wearing a 15-year-old pair of acid-  
wash jeans, and an oversized tweety-bird T-shirt, fanny

and dayglow yellow triangle-shaped earrings. She's pear-  
shaped with short hair. She's bitter and bossy, always  
shaking her head at everyone. She sits on a stool with a  
clipboard, looks over her glasses at Hector, shaking her  
head. She talks to Gabriella, a Hispanic woman in her  
forties.

**MARY**

You see that... That new guy.  
He's holding us up. It's not my  
job to tell them to hold the line

either.

**GABRIELLA**

And then Joel's gonna come yell at us, cuz he's not doing his job.

**MARY**

(folds her arms, fed up)  
I'm just gonna sit here.

**GABRIELLA**

You're not gonna shut it off?

**MARY**

I'm not gonna hold the line. If they're not gonna do their job, why should I do mine.  
Mary sits there, arms folded, lips pursed, refusing to pause the conveyer belt.

4.

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Joel is still on the phone with Dean.

**JOEL**

If I don't get home before about 8:00, she puts on the sweatpants and once the sweatpants are on, it's over -- I get nothing.  
(notices something down

**BELOW)**

Shit. I'm gonna have to call you back.  
Joel hangs up and runs downstairs.

**ON THE MANUFACTURING FLOOR:**

Boxes start to accumulate and fall off the end of the line. Step sees this, runs to shut off the line, yelling at Mary.

**STEP**

What are you doing?!

**MARY**

What are YOU doing?!  
(pointing at Hector)

What is he doing?

Rory

A YELLING/BICKERING MATCH breaks out between Mary, Step,  
and Gabriella. Joel runs over, shuts off the conveyor belt.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

All right. Now, what's the  
problem?

They all erupt in more BICKERING AND FINGER POINTING.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

Okay! Okay, everyone settle down.  
Now Mary. Hector here is new okay?  
It's gonna take him a couple of  
days, maybe his English isn't so  
good. You gotta be patient.

**STEP**

That's what I was tryin' to say.

**JOEL**

And Step, if you wanna be Floor  
Manager, this is the kind of thing  
you're going to have to deal with.

5.

**STEP**

**(KISS-ASS)**

Exactly.

**JOEL**

Okay, now Step, Rory, Hector, let's  
get this cleaned up, and get  
rolling again. We can't afford to  
fall behind today.

Joel walks away. People resume their posts. Mary starts  
right back up with Gabriella.

**MARY**

You see that? We always get the blame.

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER**

Joel sits in his swivel chair, looking down at the production

floor, shaking his head. BRIAN, Joel's second in command, walks in. He's a little older than Joel, neatly trimmed beard, aviator glasses, and a bit of a gut. He wears a Reynold's Extract golf shirt and Khaki pants. He walks over to the window, joins Joel, looking down at the employees.

**JOEL**

Jesus... They're like a bunch of goddamned children.

**BRIAN**

Tell me about it. Sorry I missed the drama; I was showing boy-genius down there how to back up a forklift.

ANGLE ON Rory, driving the forklift, handing out a flier as he passes someone.

**BRIAN (CONT'D)**

That's his whole career, driving that damn forklift. You'd think he'd wanna learn how.

**JOEL**

Well, I guess he's got that band he's in too...

**BRIAN**

(disgust at the word

**"BAND")**

"Band", ugh...

**(MORE)**

**BRIAN (CONT'D)**

I'll bet dollars to donuts he sucks  
at that too. Then you got ah...

(tries to remember her  
name but can't)

Dinkus down there...

**JOEL**

Who, Mary?

**BRIAN**

No, the other one -- what's-her-  
face -- she asked me -- or rather  
"axed" me -- for more personal  
days. Just like that. I told her  
maybe if she figures out how to  
fill out the time sheets correctly  
I'll give her more personal days...

(Off Joel's look)

Don't worry, she will never fill  
out her time sheets correctly.

Joel looks down at the production floor. Joel's POV:

ANGLE ON: Mary and Step bickering. Step walks off. Mary and  
Gabrielle shaking their heads and yapping like a couple of  
old hens.

**JOEL (O.S.)**

Look at 'em... I am so sick of baby  
sitting these assholes.

(looks at his watch)

I better get going...

Joel leaves in a hurry, mumbling something about  
"sweatpants."

**INT. JOEL'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON**

Joel drives home, in a hurry, checking his dashboard clock.  
It's an upscale neighborhood of McMansions in a town like  
Lincoln Nebraska. He turns a corner, slows down suddenly  
when he sees something.

**JOEL'S POV:**

NATHAN, a middle-aged, overweight, annoying guy is going out  
to the street to get his mail.

**JOEL**

(to himself, praying)

Please go back inside... Please  
just turn around.. .Come on...don't  
notice me...

7.

It's too late. Nathan turns, sees Joel's car and waves, then crosses the street to Joel's driveway and waits to talk to him.

**JOEL**

**(TO HIMSELF)**

Shit!

Joel pulls into his driveway as Nathan flags him down. Joel begrudgingly rolls down the passenger side window so Nathan can talk to him.

**NATHAN**

Hi there Joel! Glad I caught ya...  
Nathan settles in like he's going to be there a while, leaning with his arms folded, hanging inside the car, trapping Joel.

**NATHAN**

How've ya been? I left you a message last week. I don't know if you got it or not.

**JOEL**

Yeah, actually Nathan, I'm kind of in a hurry here.

**NATHAN**

Oh yeah? You been busy?

**JOEL**

Yeah, in fact...  
(checks his watch)  
I should go right now actually. I gotta call the office before they leave.

**NATHAN**

Well, real quick while I got ya here -- what're you guys doing November 17th?

**JOEL**



Ah, I don't ah...  
(realizes his should fake

**IT)**

Actually we're going to be out of town that weekend.

**NATHAN**

Oh yeah? Where you going?

**8.**

**JOEL**

Ah...

**NATHAN**

Oh, wait a minute -- I'm sorry, I meant the 7th. Yeah, November 7th. You'll be in town then right?

**JOEL**

**(DEFEATED)**

Ah...Yeah.

**NATHAN**

Great. There's this dinner Leslie and I are going to. It's an annual thing -- we do it every year with the Rotary Club -- it's for charity. It's just a whole lot of fun, and we wanted to invite you and Suzie to be our guests at our table. It's--

**JOEL**

I'm sorry, I ah... I just don't think that's something we're gonna want to do.

**NATHAN**

Really? Why not? It's a lot of fun.

**JOEL**

Oh, I don't know. Suzie doesn't really like going to stuff like

**THAT--**

**NATHAN**

Why not?

**JOEL**

Well, we wouldn't know anybody there. She get's kind of uncomfortable.

**NATHAN**

Oh no -- It's not like that. She won't be uncomfortable. I guarantee it. No, it's not like that at all. It's not formal or anything. Trust me. It's just a real loose bunch.

**9.**

**JOEL**

I just don't...

**NATHAN**

I tell you what. Why don't we do this -- I'll go ahead and get tickets, since they're gonna sell out fast. You talk to Suzie. See what she says. Like I say, she won't be uncomfortable at all. Maybe I'll have Leslie give her a call -- you know how it is when the wives talk, heh heh--  
Joel is about to snap.

**JOEL**

Um, why don't we talk about this later.

(looks at his watch)

I gotta make this call before they

leave.  
Joel pulls away, forcing Nathan to raise off the window  
sill.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

**(CALLING BACK)**

Sorry... I just gotta make this  
call!

**INT. JOEL'S GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Nathan  
Joel pulls the car in, steps out and is shocked to see  
right there in his garage.

**NATHAN**

Sorry, I almost forgot -- the  
tickets are forty dollars a plate.  
I know that's a little steep, but  
the food is fantastic and it's for  
a good cause. So that'd be eighty  
dollars total. There's no tax or  
anything.

**JOEL**

Ah, look Nathan, I really gotta get  
inside and make this call. Let's  
talk about this another time.  
Joel has his finger on the button to shut the garage door,  
waiting for Nathan to get out. Nathan stops, just inside.

**10.**

**NATHAN**

Oh, and if you need us to look out  
for the house or anything when you  
go out of town --  
Joel's finger still on the garage door button.

**NATHAN**

Well, just let us know. Where you  
guys going anyway?

**JOEL**

**(BULLSHITTING)**

Ah, just sort of a vacation. Look,  
I gotta run.  
Joel hits the button and the door starts going down.

**NATHAN**

Alright then. We'll see ya.  
Nathan finally steps out of the garage. Joel breaths a huge  
sigh of relief. Then,

**ANGLE ON THE GARAGE DOOR:**

As it gets halfway down, we see Nathan's legs, heading back  
towards the door. Nathan leans down into frame as the door  
goes down.

**NATHAN**

Oh, Joel one more thing--  
Joel lets the door shut on him, and bolts into the house.

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Joel walks into the living room just as his wife, SUZIE,  
enters from the bedroom pulling on her SWEATPANTS. A look of  
disappointment on Joel's face. Suzie is a decent looking  
woman, about Joel's age.

**JOEL**

Man, that Nathan won't shut up.

**SUZIE**

Yeah, what an asshole. I don't  
even go into the front yard  
anymore. That wife of his is even  
worse.

**11.**

Suzie plops down on the couch looking tired and pissed off.  
Joel sits down next to her.

**SUZIE (CONT'D)**

We gotta get a new pool cleaner. I  
don't think that asshole checked

the chlorine levels again like I  
asked him too...

Joel puts his arm around her, caresses her shoulder. She  
doesn't seem to notice as he starts getting fresh.

**SUZIE (CONT'D)**

.and every time he is here, he  
goes on and on about some problem  
with the goddamn filter, and I have  
no idea what he's talking about...

Delayed reaction -- she notices Joel is getting frisky. He  
gets closer, starts kissing her neck.

**SUZIE (CONT'D)**

**(UNCOMFORTABLE)**

Ah, ...Joel?

**JOEL**

What?

**SUZIE**

I'm sorry. It's just... I'm a  
little tired, and, I don't know,  
it's the middle of the week...

**JOEL**

It's not the middle of the week.  
It's Monday. Why can't--

**SUZIE**

Monday?  
(Freezes, suddenly

**REALIZING SOMETHING)**

Oh shit!

**JOEL**

**(WORRIED)**

What?!

**SUZIE**

Idol!  
Suzie jumps up with newfound energy, runs for the remote and  
turns on the TV. Joel just sits there.

**12.**

Suzie plops down in a Barcalounger.

**SUZIE (CONT'D)**

Sorry honey. Maybe this weekend.  
Joel leaves the room.

**INT. JOEL'S BATHROOM -- LATER**

[Quick scene of Joel trying to masturbate (off screen of course), but he's too distracted by the sounds of a bad out-of-tune Idol audition blaring through the wall.]

**EXT. SCOREBOARDS SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT**

Establishing shot. A sports bar that's part of a Holiday Inn.

**INT. SCOREBOARDS -- CONTINUOUS**

Joel sits at the bar. DEAN, the owner of the bar, late forties, and an old friend of Joel's, sits behind the bar on a stool.

**JOEL**

I gotta get a house with a bathroom that's doesn't share a wall with the TV.

**DEAN**

Why don't you do that in another bathroom. You've got three of 'em.

**JOEL**

It would look suspicious. We never use those other bathrooms... Maybe if I had some insulation put in...

**DEAN**

Insulation?... All I know is, you shouldn't move man; you've got a nice house. I mean you've got the American dream really -- you own your own company. I can't believe you used to bar back for me here, and now you've got all that.

**JOEL**

But what do I have really? It's a

big pain in the ass.

**(MORE)**

**13.**

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

I'm always working; can't stop or the whole place will fall apart. And what good does it do me anyway? I don't get laid. That stock guy with the shitty band that works for me probably gets laid more than I do.

**DEAN**

(trying to help)  
Yeah, but he probably lives in a crappy apartment.

**JOEL**

Hell, I'd move into a crappy apartment if the bathroom wasn't right next to the TV.

**INT. MUSIC STORE - DAY**

CINDY, a girl in her early twenties, is at the counter looking at a new Gibson hollow-body electric guitar -- one

of

the really nice ones. The price tag says \$3,950. She's beautiful and sexy and all that, but there's something vulnerable and sweet about her as well.

Two SALESMEN, typical music store employees -- long-haired, goateed, nerdy cocky guitar-hacks are giving her way too

much

attention. It's clear that they don't usually have women this hot in their store. They practically stumble over each other trying to help her.

**SALESMAN #1**

Yeah, it's expensive but it's sweet... Are you familiar with the Gibson humbucking pickups?

**CINDY**

No, sorry. I don't play. It's for my Dad actually -- for his fiftieth birthday. My sisters and I are all pitching in.

**SALESMAN #2**

Ah, that's nice... Your Dad would love these humbuckings. They really kick ass.

An annoyed MALE CUSTOMER has been waiting behind Cindy, trying to get some help, but he might as well be invisible. He tries to address Salesman #2, off to the side.

14.

**MALE CUSTOMER**

Excuse me... I just have a quick question...

Salesman #2 is oblivious, never takes his eyes off Cindy.

**SALESMAN #2**

**(OBLIVIOUS)**

So, what kind of music did he play?

Both Salesmen's eyes are glued to Cindy as Male Customer finally gets sick of waiting and storms off into the

keyboard

room.

**CINDY**

I think he played like, jazz or something. I'm not sure.

**SALESMAN #2**

Well this is an excellent jazz guitar. It's what Pat Metheny plays.

**SALESMAN #1**

Is your Dad into Metheny at all?

**CINDY**



Oh, I don't know who that is.  
Sorry.

**SALESMAN #2**

He's like, a totally kickass fusion  
guitarist. Are you into fusion?

**CINDY**

I don't really know much about  
it...

**SALESMAN #2**

I play fusion guitar so... Just  
curious.

**CINDY**

Um, do they come in any other  
colors?

**SALESMAN #1**

You mean different finishes?  
There's a sunburst finish we might  
have in stock.

15.

**SALESMAN #2**

Yeah, do you wanna see it? I'll go  
get it.

**SALESMAN #1**

Or I could go. Whatever.

**CINDY**

Are you sure?

**SALESMAN #1/SALESMAN #2**

Oh totally./ No prob!./ I'll show  
you the case it comes with too.

The salesmen practically trip over each other, going into

the

back to find the other guitar.

Cindy stands there alone for a beat. She looks around. Then  
casually picks up the four-thousand dollar guitar and walks

out the front door with it.

**EXT. MUSIC STORE - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

puts  
Cindy walks a few yards over to her car, a '92 Terzel,  
the guitar in the trunk, gets in and takes off.

**INT. MUSIC STORE - CONTINUOUS ACTION**

The two Salesmen return -- one carrying the sunburst-finish guitar and the other with the hard-shell case. They look around, notice she's gone. They stand there for a beat, disappointed, before they realize what just happened.

**SALESMAN #1**

Oh shit!...

**(FRANTICALLY LOOKING**

**AROUND)**

**THE GIBSON!**

They run out the front door, but Cindy is long gone.

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Joel is at his desk. Brian comes in, excited.

**BRIAN**

You're not gonna believe this.  
Remember the guy from General Mills  
that called a while back? Talking  
like he wanted to buy us out?

16.

**JOEL**

I thought you said he wasn't  
serious; he was just sniffing  
around.

**BRIAN**

Yeah, well he's serious now. He

just made an offer -- I mean a real offer this time.

**JOEL**

You're kidding.

**BRIAN**

No. It must be part of some bigger strategic move, because it's over market value I think.

**JOEL**

Wow...

Joel lets it sink in. He walks over to the window, looking down on the production floor.

**JOEL**

I could unload all this... I could probably retire...

**BRIAN**

I mean, yeah, there's a lot of details to work out, but this could be great. They'll be calling back next week, what should I tell them? Joel looks down, sees Mary sitting with her arms folded, shaking her head.

**JOEL**

Tell 'em hell yes.

**INT. MANUFACTURING FLOOR - CONTINUOUS**

Mary sits with her arms folded, refusing to hold the line.

**MARY**

I already warned him. This is the last time. I'm just gonna sit here.

In SLOW MOTION, we see:

**17.**

- The first box falls off the end of the assembly line, bottles shatter.

- Rory, carrying some boxes slips on the broken bottles of goopey extract, falls and slides into an aisle.  
- A forklift stops suddenly to avoid hitting Rory, causing a huge stack of pallets to fall off.  
- Quick shot of Mary shaking her head in slow-motion.  
- Just as Step rounds a corner to see what's going on, the pallets land on a bunch of pipes and high-pressure valves which burst open sending a piece of shrapnel flying across the room heading straight for  
- STEP'S CROTCH. The shrapnel heads straight for his genitalia, as we

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT BUILDING - DAY**

Step is on a stretcher being loaded into a MEDIVAC helicopter by a couple of EMS guys. Step moans in pain as Joel tries to comfort him. A small crowd of employees watch.  
ANGLE ON Mary in the crowd, shaking her head.

**MARY**

I knew it. That's what happens when you don't pay attention.

**INT. SCOREBOARDS -- LATER**

Joel sits at the bar, on a cell phone. Dean sits behind the bar on a stool.

**JOEL**

(to the person on the

**PHONE)**

Uh-huh... Alright. Let me know if you hear anything else.  
He hangs up, talks to Dean.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

Well, he's definitely lost one of 'em. They think they might be able to re-attach the other one, but they're not sure.

18.

**DEAN**

(shaking his head)  
Wow...

**JOEL**

Yeah... I'm not sure how it happened, but we have a great safety record and we comply with all the safety codes so... it was just a freak accident. There'll be an investigation of some kind I'm sure.

**DEAN**

Well, you have insurance for that kind of thing, right?

**JOEL**

Oh yeah. Of course. In fact, he'll probably get a huge settlement.

**DEAN**

Yeah. I would think so. I mean, it's your balls...  
Beat, as they contemplate the profundity of it.

**JOEL**

Boy it really makes you stop and think about how fragile we are -- especially our balls. They're just hanging there in a little sack between our legs. At any moment they could be cut off forever.

**DEAN**

Yeah. And your balls are really important man. Your balls are everything. What kind of life would you have with no testicles? Can you imagine that shit?

**JOEL**

Yeah...  
Beat.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

You know Dean, my life wouldn't be much different than it is now

actually.

**(MORE)**

**19.**

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

Except for once every three months when I have sex with my wife. In fact, I might even be better off...

**DEAN**

Wait. Three months? I thought you said it was once a month.

**JOEL**

I did? I must've been lying. I don't know... Maybe things'll get better when I sell the company. I'll be around more...

**DEAN**

Well, I hope so. That would suck... I get laid all the time.  
(off Joel's reaction)  
Sorry.

**JOEL**

Ah, it's all right...

**(THINKS)**

Actually, it sucks.

**DEAN**

Yeah, sexual frustration is bad news... You know what you oughtta do?

**JOEL**

What?

**DEAN**

Get some Xanax.

**JOEL**

Xanax? Isn't that for anxiety?

**DEAN**

Yeah it is, but I find it's good for just about any psychological problem. I mean, basically it just makes you feel good, so it sort of works for anything. I even take it when I have a cold. It's probably great for sexual frustration. Want me to get you some?

**JOEL**

No.

20.

**DEAN**

You know what else is good?  
Codeine cough syrup.

**JOEL**

For what?

**DEAN**

It's just good.  
Joel looks at Dean for a beat.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

Are you on something now?

**DEAN**

No... Well, I guess I took some Vicodin this morning. But that was just 'cause I was hung-over.

**EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY**

Establishing shot, a pawn shop in a strip mall. Cindy's car parked out in front.

**INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS**

Cindy is at the counter, the Gibson guitar we saw earlier is in front of her. A PAWN SHOP GUY is counting out money. He pauses, looks around, then speaks sympathetically to her.

**PAWN SHOP GUY**

Um, you know, I'm really not supposed to say this... but since this belonged to your father, and since he passed away and all...

**(QUIETLY)**

You could probably get a better deal at a music store.

**CINDY**

Oh, that's okay. Thanks. But I just kind of wanna get it over with, you know? It's kind of hard for me.

**PAWN SHOP GUY**

I understand.

He looks around to see if his boss is watching, then counts off a FEW MORE TWENTIES, feeling sorry for her.

**21.**

PAWN SHOP GUY (cont'd)  
Here.

**INT. CINDY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER**

Cindy puts the money in her wallet, along with a driver's license.

**CLOSE ON THE WALLET.**

Cindy shuffles through three or four different driver's licenses. On one, her name says MISTY PATTERSON. It's a Kansas license. She takes another one out from Colorado, with the name CINDY METZLER on it and puts that in front, then puts the wallet away.

A newspaper sits on the front seat. Something grabs her attention.

**ANGLE ON THE NEWSPAPER:**



We see an article about Step's accident. There's a picture of Step being taken away on the stretcher. Cindy starts reading the article, with growing interest.

**CINDY'S POV:**

She scans the article, zeroing in on certain words, "...potentially big settlement..." "...no testicles..." "several million dollars" then back to "no testicles" then quickly back and forth several times -- "million dollars"

"no

testicles" "million dollars" "no testicles"  
ON CINDY'S FACE - A look of determination. She looks one more time at the name under the picture -- Don "Step" Wilkenson, then zeroes in on the words "Reynold's Extract." She starts the car and speeds away.

**INT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT BUILDING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Joel sits with Brian. Brian has a clipboard, going over the day's business.

**BRIAN**

So obviously Step's not coming back anytime soon. I had to hire a couple temps. Is that okay?

**JOEL**

Yeah, sure. How is Step?

22.

**BRIAN**

Better. They say he's going home in a couple of days. Speaking of which, the guys at General Mills heard about this whole Step thing. They're worried. If Step decides to sue us -- beyond the insurance settlement -- it could be a serious liability. They don't want to make an offer until this thing has settled.

**JOEL**

Really? They think it's that big of a liability?

**BRIAN**

Well yeah. Don't you? I mean, think about it. Imagine if you asked a bunch of jurors how much you'd have to pay 'em to cut their balls off? I mean, I wouldn't let someone cut my balls off for a billion dollars. Seriously -- unless there were some kind of really expensive operation that could give you artificial balls or something. Would you?

**JOEL**

No, I guess not.

**BRIAN**

Anyway, I wouldn't worry. He says he's not going to sue us. Says he

**(CRUDE IMITATION)**

"don't want somethin' fer nothin'" and "What's right is right." If we can just get him to sign something to that effect we should be fine.

**JOEL**

Boy, Step sure is being mellow about all this.

**BRIAN**

Yeah, well I think when you lose your balls it mellows you out. You don't get as pissed off and aggressive about things. I know it's true for horses, and bulls.

23.

**JOEL**

Boy, it sure does make you think..

**BRIAN**

Oh, by the way, guess who asked for a raise today?

**JOEL**

Who?

**BRIAN**

**(GESTURES INDISCRIMINATELY**

to someone downstairs)  
Dinkus. Can you believe that?

**JOEL**

Brian, you call everyone here "Dinkus." I don't know who you're talking about.

**BRIAN**

You know, Forklift-Dinkus?

**JOEL**

Oh... I thought you call him "boy-genius."

**BRIAN**

Yeah, well boy-genius asked for a raise. I said, "are you kidding? You nearly got someone killed last week," and then he blamed it on Dinkus over there.

**JOEL**

You know Brian, you really ought to learn the employees' names.

**BRIAN**

Well, I was thinking about that, but hey, if this deal goes through next week, I won't have to. It's not like I'm gonna be inviting Dinkus and Boy-Genius over for dinner.

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY**

Joel stands on one side of his office looking down through a long window overlooking the manufacturing area. Dean comes in, walks over to the window, looks down at the production floor with Joel.

24.

**DEAN**

Hey man. What's goin' o-- Whoa!

DEAN'S POV: It's CINDY, now working down on the floor, on the assembly line.

**DEAN (CONT'D)**

Damn! Who's she? Is she new?

**JOEL**

Yeah. She's a temp.

**DEAN**

She's a tramp?

**JOEL**

No a temp. Quit staring.

**DEAN**

Damn, she's hot! Way to go.

**JOEL**

Hey, I didn't hire her. She came here through Manpower, like everybody else. They just sent her over.

**DEAN**

Manpower, huh? Maybe I should give them a call. You don't usually have girls anywhere near that hot working here. What's the deal?

**JOEL**

Yeah, I know. I guess it makes sense though if you think about it. Hot girls need a job just as much as anyone else.

**DEAN**

(thinks for a second)  
Do they really?... Huh... You just don't see 'em here. Usually your

temps look like winos. And they're guys.

**JOEL**

You wanna hear something really weird?

**DEAN**

What?

25.

**JOEL**

She came on to me.

**DEAN**

No way! Really?

**JOEL**

Yeah. I mean, I'm pretty sure. I could be wrong, but...

**DEAN**

Hey, I'm sure she did. Are you kidding? You could have any girl down there.

**JOEL**

I don't know about that.

**DEAN**

I'm serious. Dude, you're the big shot here. You're the king of... What do you call that shit you make here again?

**JOEL**

Extract. And spray-dried flavoring, and we're branching out

**INTO--**

**DEAN**

Yeah, you're the Extract King man.

You could have any girl here. I mean, I wouldn't want most of 'em, but her... Way to go Joel.  
Dean looks down at manufacturing area, taking it all in.

**DEAN (CONT'D)**

So how did she come on to you?

**JOEL**

Well, first she started asking me about what happened to Step and all that stuff -- you know, just sort of making conversation?

**DEAN**

Yeah.

**JOEL**

But it really seemed like she was flirting with me, you know?

**(MORE)**

26.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

Then, she just sort of asked me out... I think.

**DEAN**

Really? How?

**JOEL**

Well, you see that guy down there by the fork lift?  
ANGLE ON Rory, the indi-rock guy with tattoos, etc.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

His band is playing somewhere, at some party this weekend, and she asked me if I wanted to go with her.

**DEAN**

Wow. So, you gonna do anything about it?

**JOEL**

What? No. No way. I couldn't live with myself if I cheated on Suzie... It'd be nice if I got laid at home once in a while though...

**DEAN**

(still staring at her)  
Man, she is fine. You mind if I hit that then?  
Beat.

**JOEL**

Yeah, I do sort of...  
We see a COMMOTION down on the floor. Mary runs out of the Women's locker room SCREAMING AND YELLING.

**INT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT / MANUFACTURING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

**ACTION**

Mary runs over to where Hector is working, hysterical.

**MARY**

My purse is stolen! It's gone!  
(pointing at Hector)  
He did it! He stole my purse!

**27.**

Brian runs over and stands between them, trying to calm Mary down, but she keeps ranting. Hector looks confused and worried.

**BRIAN**

Now hold on--

**MARY**

I won't hold on! I'll call the cops!

**HECTOR**

(confused, frightened)  
What? I don'... No comprende...

**BRIAN**

**(HORRIBLE SPANISH)**

Espera un momento Hector. Tu sabes  
donde esta su... uh, purse?  
ANGLE ON CINDY, watching the whole thing-- completely  
unfazed. Joel rushes in.

**JOEL**

Now wait a second. Calm down Mary.  
How do you know it was stolen?

**MARY**

It's gone! That's how.

**JOEL**

Well, what did it look like.

**MARY**

It was black with a fur, leopard  
style border...  
As Mary describes the purse, we

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CINDY'S CAR - AFTERNOON**

Cindy sits in her parked car, going through the purse Mary  
just described. She takes some cash, puts it in her pocket,  
then finds what she's looking for -- the address book.

**ANGLE ON ADDRESS BOOK.**

Cindy turns to the Ws and finds Step Wilkenson. She notes  
his address. She starts the car and takes off.

28.

**EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF STEP'S HOUSE - A LITTLE LATER**

Cindy sits and waits, listening to the radio. It's a very



blue-collar neighborhood. She's about three houses away from Step's house, keeping an eye on it. After a beat, Step limps out of the house, walks over to his pickup truck, painfully gets in, and leaves. Cindy starts the car and follows from a distance.

**INT. GROCERY STORE - A LITTLE LATER**

Step wheels his shopping cart into one of the checkout lines.

He uses the cart as a crutch to help him walk. Cindy gets in line behind him. She only has one item, a bottle of Reynold's Orange Extract. Step notices her.

**STEP**

You can go ahead of me if that's all you have.

**CINDY**

**(SWEETLY)**

Thank you so much.  
(holds up extract bottle)  
I can't believe I'm buying this stuff -- I work at the factory.

**STEP**

Really? I work there too. Or, ah, I used to.

**CINDY**

Really? You're kidding! I just started there. What's your name?

**STEP**

I go by Step. Yeah, I'm the fastest sorter there...  
As Cindy and Step get to know each other we

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Joel enters the living room. He first sees the sweatpants, then sees Suzie is sound asleep on the couch. He sighs, then turns and leaves.

29.

**INT. SCOREBOARDS SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT**

Joel sits at the bar talking to Dean. Joel is drinking some kind of hard liquor, getting a buzz.

**JOEL**

I'm sick of it Dean. I'm sick of being turned down in my own house by my own wife. We're turning into one of those brother-sister couples.

**DEAN**

Huh...Now that you mention it, you guys kind of look alike too.

**JOEL**

**(GROSSED OUT)**

No we don't!

**DEAN**

Okay.

**JOEL**

(takes a drink)  
Maybe things will be better after I sell the company... Or maybe it's just going to mean more time to sit around and contemplate not getting laid.  
Dean nods sympathetically.

**DEAN**

What about that girl at work? She still into you?

**JOEL**

Yeah... she was really coming on to me. She gave me her phone number and everything. Told me to call her if I wanted to go to that party. Can you believe that? And there's nothing I can do about it, but just be sexually frustrated.

**DEAN**

I've got some Xanax if you want it.  
Like I say, that always works for  
me.

30.

**JOEL**

No thanks...

**DEAN**

Well maybe you should call that  
girl.

**JOEL**

No, I can't. I can't cheat on  
Suzie. I just gotta power through  
it until I'm so old that I can't  
get it up anymore.

**DEAN**

What about if Suzie cheated on you?

**JOEL**

Hmm... I hadn't even thought of  
that...

**(BEAT)**

I wish she would.

**DEAN**

You wish she would cheat on you?  
Wouldn't that bother you?  
Joel thinks about it.

**JOEL**

No. I don't think it would  
actually.  
(occurring to him)  
I guess that's weird huh?

**DEAN**

Yeah, it's a little weird. Sort  
of.

**JOEL**

But see, then I could do something about all this sexual frustration, without feeling guilty about it.

**DEAN**

Do you think she would cheat on you?

**JOEL**

Nah...

**DEAN**

You sure?

31.

**JOEL**

**(CONSIDERS IT)**

Well, I don't know. Hmm... Maybe if she were really tempted she would. Like if some really studly guy came on to her.

**DEAN**

So you're saying she would probably cheat on you if she was put in temptation's way?

**JOEL**

Yeah, maybe.

**DEAN**

You know what you oughtta do?

**JOEL**

**(WEARY)**

I don't wanna do any drugs Dean.

**DEAN**

No, no. Check this out -- If you really wish your wife would cheat

on you, it's not that hard to make  
it happen.

**JOEL**

How?

**DEAN**

Hire a gigolo to have an affair  
with your wife.

**JOEL**

What?

**DEAN**

I'm serious. I know a guy.

**JOEL**

**(INCREDULOUS)**

You know a gigolo?

**DEAN**

Yeah.

**JOEL**

How do you know a gigolo?

**32.**

**DEAN**

This guy Brad. He comes in here  
all the time. He's a friend of  
Vic's. You could hire him to have  
an affair with Suzie.

**JOEL**

Come on Dean.

**DEAN**

Why not? You said you wouldn't  
care if she cheated on you. Then  
you'd be free to go out with that  
Cindy chick and get your ya-yas out  
-- with no guilt. Problem solved.

(proud of himself)  
Man, what a great idea.  
Joel just shakes his head at the whole thing.

**JOEL**

You know, maybe I will try some of  
that Xanax.  
Dean reaches down under the cash register and whips out a  
little box and pulls out a pill.

**EXT. LAKE -- SAME TIME**

Step's truck is parked out at a lake in the country. He and  
Cindy sit next to each other on the tailgate, looking at the  
stars, talking.

**STEP**

I just believe that what's  
right is right.

**CINDY**

That's right Step, and what's right  
is for you to send a message.

**STEP**

A message?

**CINDY**

You need to send a message so that  
a horrible accident like this never  
happens to anyone else ever again.  
That's what's right. And the way  
you do that is to take them to  
court.

**33.**

**STEP**

You think?

**CINDY**

Yes Step... That's why I called a  
lawyer for you -- that guy on all  
the bus stop benches.

**STEP**

Joe Adler?

**(TOUCHED)**

You did that for me?

**CINDY**

Mmm hmm... I just want you to do what's right Step.

They start cuddling, kissing. Cindy pulls away.

**CINDY**

I'm sorry Step, your doctor said you shouldn't get aroused.

**STEP**

No he didn't.

**CINDY**

Maybe it was your lawyer, but he talked to your doctor. And your doctor said it's very important not to get aroused until after the trial... I'm sorry.

**STEP**

That's okay... You're so good to me Cindy.

They start cuddling again.

**CINDY**

Look Step, you're getting me turned on, I'm getting you turned on... I better just go.

**INT. SCOREBOARDS SPORTS BAR -- LATER**

Joel is starting to look really tweaked as the drug-alcohol combination begins to kick in.

Dean is examining a pill under the cash register light, trying to read the small print. He looks concerned.

**DEAN**

Shit... Do you remember what color that pill I gave you was?

**JOEL**

Huh?

**DEAN**

Damn. I don't think it was Xanax. I think that might've been Ritalin... Or "Special K."

**JOEL**

(feeling the buzz)  
Ah, who cares?

**DEAN**

It's just that, ah, Special K is a horse tranquilizer, kinda has a weird effect when people take it but... well, don't worry about it... You might not want to drink too much more though.

**JOEL**

(beginning to slur his

**SPEECH)**

You know that thing you were talking about? About the gigolo?

**DEAN**

Yeah?

**JOEL**

Do you think it would be wrong to do that? I mean morally wrong?

**DEAN**

(with full authority)  
Oh nooo. Definitely not. What could be morally wrong about it?

**JOEL**

I don't know...

**DEAN**

Look, if she doesn't want to go for it, she doesn't have to. And if she does, then she's the one who sinned, and then it's perfectly



morally right for you to go out and boff whoever you want.

35.

**JOEL**

**(SLURRED SPEECH)**

Yeah, I guess you're right. I can't think of anything morally wrong about it either.  
Beat.

**JOEL**

And this guy, he's a friend of yours? What's his name?

**DEAN**

Brad. You want me to give him a call?

**JOEL**

I don't know. It's kinda weird even talking about it.

**DEAN**

Look, this is no big deal Joel. I'm serious.

**JOEL**

Really?

**DEAN**

Yeah. I mean, you can't lose. Just say you're hiring him to come clean the pool or something. See what happens. If she doesn't go for it, then at least you know you're doing the right thing by being faithful.

**JOEL**

Yeah, I guess you're right... I don't know. It's crazy.  
Dean pours Joel another drink.

**DEAN**

Look. Have another drink. Think about it... You know what? Why don't I just call Brad and see what he has to say?

**JOEL**

Alright. What the hell.  
Joel takes a big swig of liquor.

36.

**INT. SCOREBOARDS SPORTS BAR - BACK OFFICE -- NIGHT**

Dean and Joel are talking with BRAD, the gigolo. He's young, blonde, super good-looking, but clearly a complete airhead. Joel looks really messed up now.

**JOEL**

So it's two-hundred dollars then?

**BRAD**

Yeah, two-hundred.

**DEAN**

Well yeah, but don't forget, I'm getting ten percent.

**JOEL**

What, so you're a pimp now?

**DEAN**

**(CONDESCENDING CHUCKLE)**

I don't think they're called "pimps" when it's with male prostitutes, okay. There's some other word for it -- it's not a "john," but it's something like that. Besides, I'm the one who hooked all this up. And don't worry 'cuz it's coming out of Brad's

money anyway.

**JOEL**

Alright, alright.

**(TO BRAD)**

So it's two-hundred dollars then?

**DEAN**

Two-hundred and twenty.

**JOEL**

Wait a minute--

**BRAD**

Um, I have a question?

**JOEL**

Yeah?

Brad looks at Joel, deeply concerned.

**37.**

**BRAD**

So like, are you gonna, like, watch or something?

**JOEL**

No no no. God no! It's not like that. I won't even be there. I'll be at work. Remember? We already talked about this.  
Brad looks blank, like he's not getting it.

**JOEL**

What you'll do, is come to my house pretending to be the new pool cleaner. Then you simply try to seduce my wife. Okay? If she doesn't respond, you simply clean the pool and leave. That's all. It's that simple.  
Hold on Brad for a long beat.

**BRAD**

So, uh, you're not gonna touch my ass or anything...?

**JOEL**

NO! Try to pay attention okay? I will not be there. I will be at work. You come over to my house while I'm not there, posing as the new pool cleaner and then try to seduce her...  
Brad finally makes a breakthrough.

**BRAD**

Oooh, I see. Sorry man. Yeah, yeah. I get it now. You're not even gonna be there...

**JOEL**

Yeah, that's right.

**BRAD**

Yeah... cool. No problem. This is gonna be great!

**JOEL**

Remember, she might not go for it--  
Brad starts to get a little too excited.

38.

**BRAD**

Yeah, this is gonna be cool! I can hardly wait! Awesome. Hey man, if you know anyone else who needs -- you know -- what I do, like you know, lonely housewives and shit, maybe you could tell 'em about me, you know...

Joel looks on with growing concern as Brad can't seem to  
stop  
talking.

**BRAD**

Cuz like, I figure if I did a few jobs and I was, like, really good? Then maybe they'd tell their friends, you know, and they'd give me a... what do you call those things?

**DEAN**

Referrals.

**BRAD**

Yeah yeah, those things. Then those women could tell more women and then it'd be like I was, like, uh... branching or..

**DEAN**

Networking.

**BRAD**

Yeah, networking! Totally. Then if I got enough of 'em, maybe I could quit my landscaping job and do this full time. That would be awesome! Cause I hate landscaping. I like getting laid a lot better, and my boss is a total dick...

**EXT. SCOREBOARDS' PARKING LOT -- NIGHT**

Joel and Dean are at Dean's car, trying to say goodbye to Brad, who still won't shut up.

**BRAD**

Like I say, if your wife has any housewife friends who might--  
Dean finally puts his foot down.

**39.**

**DEAN**

Okay, you've said that a few times now Brad. Go on to your car.  
Okay?

**BRAD**

Alright. Cool. Like I say--

**DEAN**

Goodnight Brad.

**BRAD**

Okay. See you later.  
Brad finally leaves.

**DEAN**

Let me drive you home. You're in  
no condition to drive.  
Joel stumbles into Dean's car.

**JOEL**

Are you sure about this guy Dean?  
He acts like he's never done this  
before.

**DEAN**

Oh no. He does it all the time.  
Don't worry. He just gets a little  
excited sometimes. He's cool.

**JOEL**

I don't know. He sure doesn't seem  
too bright.

**DEAN**

Yeah well, what do you expect?  
He's a whore.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**INT. REYNOLDS EXTRACT - EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - NEXT MORNING**

A break room with a kitchen. Joel is badly hungover. He looks like he's about to throw up as he reaches into the cupboard above the sink, downs a couple of aspirin, then drops some alka-seltzer in to a glass of water. Cindy comes in.

40.

**CINDY**

Looks like you had one of those nights.

**(FLIRTATIOUS)**

Where was I?

Joel nods, tries to grin and look cool as he takes a sip of his alkaseltzer. Then his eyes go wide, he almost does a spit-take as something suddenly dawns on him...

**JOEL**

Oh shit!  
He runs out of the room.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE**

Joel grabs the phone and dials frantically. Dean answers.

**JOEL**

Dean?

**DEAN (V.O.)**

**(WAKING UP)**

Oh, hey Joel.

**JOEL**

Thank God you're home. Ah... did that really happen last night? I mean, did we go through with it -- with that gigolo stuff?

**DEAN**

Ah, yeah. As far as I know.

**JOEL**

Shit! What was I thinking?! We gotta call it off. Right now. Can you call that guy, Brad?

**DEAN**

Okay...

**JOEL**

Tell him I'll pay him anyway, whatever, just don't come over. God, what was I thinking?!

41.

**DEAN**

Sure, I'll call him. No problem...  
Oh wait a second. I don't think I  
have his number.

**JOEL**

What? I thought you called him  
last night.

**DEAN**

Yeah, but I got his number from  
Vic.

**JOEL**

Well get it from him again.

**DEAN**

Vic doesn't have a phone right now.

**JOEL**

Shit! I'll try information.  
What's Brad's last name?  
Pause.

**DEAN**

Hmm... it's something like,... I  
think it's a Mexican name.

**JOEL**

**(LOSING PATIENCE)**

Mexican?! The guy's got blonde  
hair and blue eyes!

**DEAN**

Yeah, I thought it was weird too --  
a guy like that with a Mexican last  
name... It's like Lopez, or Sanchez  
or something.  
Joel looks at his watch. It's 11:15.

**JOEL**



Shit!

Joel hangs up the phone, and rushes out the door.

**INT. RECEPTIONIST DESK IN FRONT OF JOEL'S OFFICE --**

**CONTINUOUS ACTION**

Brian walks in.

**42.**

**BRIAN**

**(CONCERNED)**

Joel, we gotta talk.

**JOEL**

Not now Brian.

**BRIAN**

Ah yeah, it's kind of important --  
kind of really important. It's

**ABOUT STEP-**

Joel rushes past him.

**JOEL**

Not now!

We FOLLOW Joel as he rushes past his SECRETARY.

**SECRETARY**

Excuse me Joel? There's a Brad  
Chavez on line one for you.

**JOEL**

I can't, I--  
Joel stops suddenly.

**JOEL**

Who?

**SECRETARY**

Brad Chavez. He said he's done  
with the job you guys talked about

at your house? Do you want me to  
take a message?  
Joel looks pale.

**JOEL**

Um, no... He's the ah, pool  
cleaner. I better take that.  
Joel goes back in his office. HOLD on Brian, confused.

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Joel stares at the phone for a beat then picks it up.

**JOEL**

Hello?

**43.**

**BRAD (V.O.)**

Hey, is this Joel?

**JOEL**

Yes.

**BRAD (V.O.)**

Hey, it's Brad. Mission  
accomplished dude.

**JOEL**

What do you mean?

**BRAD (V.O.)**

I mean it worked. She totally went  
for it.

**JOEL**

What? What're you...?  
(looks at his watch)  
You weren't even supposed to be  
there for another 45 minutes.

**BRAD (V.O.)**

Oh really? I forgot what time you  
guys said, and I was so excited

about it, I just went over there.  
Joel sits down, freaked out.

**JOEL**

(reality setting in)  
So you mean she actually ah... you  
guys...?

**BRAD (V.0.)**

Yup. It was easy.

**JOEL**

**(AGITATED)**

Easy? What do you mean "easy"?

**BRAD (V.0.)**

Oh, I don't mean easy like she was  
easy -- like she was a slut or  
anything. I just mean it wasn't  
hard to get her to... Never mind.

**JOEL**

No. Tell me. Tell me how it  
happened.

**(BRACES HIMSELF)**

I wanna hear everything.

**44 .**

**BRAD**

You sure?

**JOEL**

Yeah.

**BRAD (V.0.)**

Okay. Well, she let me in, so I  
went back like I was cleaning the  
pool...

**EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - POOL -- DAY**

As Brad's dopey narration continues, we see the story he's telling. It plays out like a bad soft-porn flick on Cinemax.

We see Brad wiping the side of the pool with a rag.

**BRAD (V.0.)**

.I don't know anything about pool cleaning, so I was just faking it. She was in her bathing suit... Suzie comes out and lies on one of the reclining chairs.

**BRAD (V.0.)**

.So I struck up a conversation...

**BRAD**

This is a really nice house.

**SUZIE**

Thanks.

**BRAD**

Is it your Dad's house?

**SUZIE**

No. It's ours.

**BRAD**

Wow, you look so young to be living in a house this nice.

**SUZIE**

Oh, thanks.  
Beat.

**BRAD**

Do you have any sunscreen? I forgot mine.

**45.**

Brad's dopey narration comes back in...

**BRAD (V.0.)**

I thought that was pretty smart of me -- to ask her to borrow

sunscreen. See, 'cuz that way,  
once she gave me some, I could ask  
her if she wanted some too, and rub  
some on her back, instead of just  
coming out and asking her to rub  
some on her. Pretty smooth huh?...

We see Brad rubbing lotion on Suzie's back as she lies face-  
down on the chair.

**BRAD (V.O.)**

Once I was rubbing the sunscreen on  
her, the rest was easy...  
We see Brad's hands working their way down Suzie's back.  
Just as they start to move down towards her butt, Joel  
interrupts, YANKING US OUT OF THE FLASHBACK.

**JOEL**

Okay that's enough! Stop!

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

**JOEL**

I don't need to hear anymore.

**BRAD (V.O.)**

Okay, cool. Hey, like I say, if  
you know of anyone else, or if you  
ever need me to do it again--

**JOEL**

NO! No. Look, I gotta go. Bye.  
Joel hangs up the phone and falls back into his chair, in a  
state of shock.

**JOEL**

(quietly, to himself)  
Holy shit.

**INT. JOEL'S CAR - LATE AFTERNOON**

Joel drives home from work. He still looks freaked out. He  
notices something ahead, and suddenly SLAMS ON THE BREAKS.

46.

**JOEL**

Dammit !  
front  
JOEL'S POV: Nathan, the guy across the street is in his  
yard, puttering around with the mail.

**JOEL**

**(TO HIMSELF)**

No... not today...  
parked  
Joel puts the car in reverse, starts to pull behind a  
and  
car in an attempt to hide, but Nathan notices him, waves  
crosses the street. Joel reluctantly pulls ahead to his  
driveway.

**NATHAN**

How's it goin'?

**JOEL**

Oh, I'm kind of busy actually.

**NATHAN**

Yeah. Well I won't keep you. I  
just wanted to let you know, I got  
those tickets to that dinner we  
talked about on the 7th. I think I  
told you they were forty dollars a  
piece, but it turns out it's a tad  
more this year -- fifty-five -- so  
if I could go ahead and just get a  
check from you guys...

**JOEL**

Look, ah, we can't go. Remember?

**NATHAN**

No, this is the 7th. You said  
you're going out of town on the  
17th.

**JOEL**

Yeah, but remember, I told you we  
didn't really want to go to this  
thing.  
Nathan looks dumbfounded. Joel is about to snap.

**NATHAN**

But I already bought the tickets.

I know you said something about her feeling uncomfortable, but, like I say, she won't feel uncomfortable at all -- I guarantee it.

**(MORE)**

**47**

**NATHAN (CONT'D)**

It's just a whole lot of fun. You guys'll have a great time.

**JOEL**

Look, I gotta get going.

**NATHAN**

Alright then...  
Joel starts to pull away.

**NATHAN (CONT'D)**

Oh, one more thing --  
Joel just keeps driving, almost knocking Nathan over.

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Joel and Suzie are eating dinner. Suzie has a glow about her, looking better than ever -- relaxed, satisfied, etc. Joel's has a quietly pissed off demeanor. They eat in silence for a beat.

**SUZIE**

So... How's work?

**JOEL**

It sucks.

**SUZIE**

Really? What's wrong?

**JOEL**

Nothing.  
Suzie looks a little puzzled. They keep eating in silence for a beat.

**JOEL**

I don't feel well. I'm going to bed.

**INT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT BUILDING - JOEL'S OFFICE - DAY**

From the window in his office, Joel watches Cindy working down on the production floor. Cindy looks up, they make eye contact for a brief moment. She gives him a flirtacious

wave.

Joel waves back. Then Rory comes by, starts talking to Cindy.

**48.**

**INT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT /MANUFACTURING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

**CINDY**

So you're in a band?

**RORY**

.Actually, I'm in five bands right now. But Godcock is basically the same four guys as Fighthead, but Fighthead's more of a thrash/skatepunk thing. Godcock is more melodic stuff. Cindy nods politely. Rory thinks she's interested.

**RORY (CONT'D)**

So you comin' Friday?

**CINDY**

Yeah, definitely.  
(looks at her watch)  
Ooh, I gotta go. Dentist appointment.

**RORY**

Cool.  
Cindy leaves.  
ANGLE ON Mary, on the other side of the room, watching them.



She talks to Gabriella.

**MARY**

See, there he goes again, slowing us down.

**(RE: CINDY)**

Now she's a good sorter. They need to hire more people like her.

**GABRIELLA**

She's so nice too.  
Hector walks by. Mary just shakes her head.

**MARY**

I can't believe he's still working here. You know Silvia can't find her wallet. Thinks it was stolen. And guess who was in the locker room last? Hector.  
They both look at Hector and shake their heads in disgust.

**49.**

**MARY**

You know, I could get a job at Southwest Airlines. My Niece works there. I'd get better benefits than we get here too.

**GABRIELLE**

Mmm hmm. I could get a job at Gemco. You think they would put up with this stuff at Gemco? Mmm mmn. They run a tight ship.

**MARY**

That's right.

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Joel's POV of Mary and Gabrielle, yacking self-righteously.  
Joel looks on with disgust...

**JOEL**

**(TO HIMSELF)**

Good riddance...  
Brian steps in, taps on the door.

**BRIAN**

You got a second? I think we might have a big problem here. I'm not sure what happened, but all of the sudden Step says he doesn't want to settle anymore. I think he might've talked to a lawyer. Joel goes to his desk, sits down.

**BRIAN**

Like I say, General Mills isn't going to make their offer official until this settles. Joel considers this.

**JOEL**

I think Step is just chest-beating. He does this all the time. He gets all wound up, talks big, then he always backs down. And that's with his balls.

50.

**INT. PAROLE OFFICE - AFTERNOON**

It's a bleak looking office with rows of cubicles. We PAN past several cubicles where hardass parole officers meet with their parolees -- various gang-bangers, drug dealers, junkies, a hideous transvestite prostitute, etc. As we pan, each officer is giving them nothing -- "this is your last chance," "You expect me to believe that?", etc. We continue past officers giving them nothing, giving them nothing, ending on a cubicle with Cindy, where a PAROLE OFFICER is giving Cindy everything -- almost apologetic.

**PAROLE OFFICER**

gun

I'm sorry to even bring this up,  
but you're not living with the drug  
dealer anymore are you?  
Cindy's parole officer is a sad schlub of a guy, about 50  
with bushy grey hair and a mustache, he has a badge and a  
on his belt.

**CINDY**

Nope. I'm staying at Extended Stay  
until I can find a place...  
She smiles, flirtatiously waves her key/card.

**CINDY (CONT'D)**

See?

**(SINCERE)**

I really feel like I've turned my  
life around. Thanks in large part  
to you.

**PAROLE OFFICER**

**(ALMOST BLUSHING)**

It's okay. I'm just glad to see  
you're doing so well... Ah, one  
more thing I just need to ask you:  
We had a little incident up in  
Templeton a couple weeks back where  
someone stole an expensive guitar  
from a music store? Someone who  
fit your description. You know  
anything about that?

**CINDY**

Huh? No... I was probably at work  
that day.

51.

**PAROLE OFFICER**

Look Cindy, you realize you can't  
screw up anymore right? I mean,  
even something minor, and you could

go back to jail for a while this time. I'd hate to see that happen.

**CINDY**

Well yeah, but why would I steal a guitar? I've got no musical talent. I'm tone deaf.  
They both laugh.

**PAROLE OFFICER**

Heh heh, So am I. I can't carry a tune to save my life.

**CINDY**

Really? Wow...  
Cindy acts fascinated by Parole Officer's lack of musical talent. He happily goes on about it, forgetting about the guitar...

**PAROLE OFFICER**

Yeah, I could barely sing the Star Spangled Banner in school...

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT BUILDING - PARKING LOT - DAY**

It's the end of the workday. People walk to their cars.  
Joel turns a corner and finds Cindy right in front of him.

**CINDY**

Hey Mr. Reynolds.

**JOEL**

Oh, hey Cindy. You can just call me Joel.

**CINDY**

**(FLIRTATIOUS)**

Okay Joel. So you going to the party tonight?

**JOEL**

Oh yeah. Right, that's tonight...

**(AWKWARD)**

**(MORE)**

52.

**JOEL (CON T - D )**

Yeah, I was thinking about it. Are you going?

**CINDY**

Yeah, definitely. Maybe I'll see you there?

**JOEL**

Yeah, I think I'll probably go.

**CINDY**

Do you have the directions?

**JOEL**

I'm not sure...

**CINDY**

Here, I'll write it down just in

**CASE**

Cindy opens her purse. We see at least FIVE WALLETS, SEVERAL WATCHES, JEWELRY, etc. She takes out a pen and a piece of pink, girly stationery and starts writing.

**CINDY (CONT'D)**

I'll also put my number on here.  
In case you want to call me some time -- if you want.  
Joel blushes awkwardly, like a junior high school kid.

**JOEL**

Um... Okay. Sure.

**EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - EVENING**

Joel pulls into the driveway and is STARTLED as he practically runs over Nathan, flagging him down. Joel MUTTERS obscenities as he reluctantly stops and rolls down the window.

**NATHAN**

Hi there. Almost missed ya.

**JOEL**

Hi. I can't talk right now--

**NATHAN**

Hey, I noticed you guys got a new pool cleaner today. How is he? We're thinking of changing services.

**53.**

**JOEL**

Look Nathan, I gotta... Wait, you mean yesterday, don't you?

**NATHAN**

Huh?

**JOEL**

The new pool cleaner. You saw him yesterday right? Not today.

**NATHAN**

No. It was today. The new guy.

**JOEL**

What'd he look like?

**NATHAN**

Blonde haired kid, about this high, good looking. Real good looking.

**IN FACT--**

**JOEL**

You sure it was today? Not yesterday?

**NATHAN**

Yeah.

**JOEL**

You're absolutely sure?

**NATHAN**

Yeah. I know it was today, because I came home for lunch. I was gone all day yesterday. Anyway, you think I could go ahead and get that check from ya? Like I say, it's 55 dollars a plate, so that'd be 110 total. There's no tax...

Nathan leans up to scratch his back. Joel seizes the opportunity and pulls away, burning a little rubber.

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER**

Joel is on his cell phone, yelling in hushed tones at Brad. He has the door shut so Suzie won't hear him.

**JOEL**

What the hell were you doing at my house today?!

54.

**BRAD (V.O.)**

Oh, umm... nothing.

**JOEL**

Bullshit!

**BRAD (V.O.)**

Look, don't worry about it bro'. I won't charge you for this one.

**JOEL**

Won't charge me for...? You had sex with my wife again?!

**BRAD (V.O.)**

Well, I figured we already did it once, so what's the big deal? I mean, she said to stop by if I was in the neighborhood, so... Besides, I'm not gonna charge you--

**JOEL**

Not gonna charge...? God damn you!  
Yes you are gonna charge me! I'm  
gonna pay you! You're not having  
sex with my wife for free! And I  
better not ever catch you anywhere  
near my house ever again!  
Joel slams down the phone. Then realizes it's a cell phone,  
picks it back up and hits the "End" button.

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT**

Suzie is asleep on the couch in her sweatpants. Joel walks  
through, mumbles something about going to a party.

**INT. JOEL'S CAR -- NIGHT**

Joel pulls up to the house where the party is going on. He  
stays in the car, checking it out.  
Scanning Joel's POV, we see the band, Godscok, playing in  
the backyard, with Rory on bass. They are set up on the  
patio of this small two-bedroom suburban house. Most of the  
people at the party are crowded around the keg, which is on  
the other side of the backyard, ignoring the band. The band  
sounds awful -- loud as hell, unmusical, uninspired. The  
lead singer sings in that awful Eddie Vedder style, but even  
more loud and overly dramatic. Rory acts all intense, in  
stark contrast to the non-intensity of the music.

**55.**

They all have that baggy-shorts tattooed mid-nineties look.  
It's downright pathetic.  
There's one drunk guy off to the side banging his head,  
playing air-guitar and stumbling into the bushes.  
Joel spots Cindy over by the keg, drinking, mingling. He  
watches her for a beat, then shakes his head and drives

away.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SCOREBOARDS SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT**

Joel sits at the bar talking to Dean, drinking a beer.

**JOEL**



I can't believe my wife slept with that guy.

**DEAN**

Well... I thought you said it wouldn't bother you.

**JOEL**

I guess I didn't really think about it long enough... I just wish it hadn't been so easy for him.

**DEAN**

Yeah, I'm tellin' ya, chicks really go wild for that Brad...  
(Off Joel's look)  
Sorry.

**JOEL**

No, you're right. He may be a stupid, dull-witted moron, but he can get any girl he wants. Me, I had to work for it. I had to work hard, get a career going, take Suzie out a bunch of times, marry her. But not Brad. He gets to waltz into my house and have sex with my wife just like that. Oh, and by the way? That little prick was at my house again today.

**DEAN**

No shit? What was he doing?

**JOEL**

Take a wild guess.

56.

**DEAN**

Wow... You pay a guy to do a job, then he comes back and does it for free.

**JOEL**

I'm not going to let him do it for free. No way. I'm paying him.

**DEAN**

Really? How much?

**JOEL**

Oh, I don't know. The same, I guess. Why?

**DEAN**

Hmm... So should I get my twenty dollars from Brad then or...  
Joel shoots Dean an angry look.

**DEAN (CONT'D)**

We can worry about that later...  
Look at the bright side, now you can call Cindy.

**JOEL**

I don't know... I feel weird about it. Besides, she's at the party, she probably won't be home 'til late.

**DEAN**

You know what you need to do?

**JOEL**

(rolling his eyes)  
I don't wanna do drugs Dean.

**DEAN**

Look, I know I joke around a lot, but this time I'm serious.  
(like a doctor)  
You should try smoking a little pot. It's just an herb, it heals.  
Stress can kill you, and--

**JOEL**

I get paranoid when I smoke pot.

57.

**DEAN**

Not when you just smoke a little.  
Come on. You ever meet my friend  
Willie? Great guy. Really great  
guy.  
(as if it's a positive)  
He's the guy I got that horse  
tranquilizer from.

**JOEL**

Oh, wonderful.

**INT. WILLIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

WILLIE loads up some kind of giant three-foot tall bong and  
inhales a massive bong-load. He's a burly ex-football player  
type who looks like he might have an extra y-chromosome or  
two. Joel watches Willie, feeling a little uneasy. Dean  
pontificates.

**DEAN**

I've been reading about it --  
they're making technological  
advances now, coming up with great  
drugs that can make you happy and  
won't leave you with a hangover or  
nothin'.

**WILLIE**

(holding in bong-hit)  
Right on.

Willie finally exhales. The exhale seems to go on way longer  
than humanly possible, endless amounts of pot-smoke

billowing

out (accomplished with special FX). He finally hands the  
bong and lighter to Joel.

**JOEL**

Oh, I don't know... I'm kind of a  
light weight. I think that's too  
much for me--

**WILLIE**

(still holding out the  
bong and lighter)  
Bullshit.

**DEAN**

Come on Joel. Don't worry, this

stuff isn't that strong.  
(to Willie, re: Joel)

**(MORE)**

**58.**

**DEAN (CON T-D)**

He gets paranoid when he gets too stoned.  
Joel looks at Willie then at Dean, then takes the bong, partly out of being intimidated by Willie.

**JOEL**

Ah, what the hell.  
Willie instructs Joel on the bong usage in the same condescending way a weight-lifting instructor would.

**WILLIE**

Okay, now this is a gravity bong.  
Have you ever used one before?

**JOEL**

Umm, I think... no.

**WILLIE**

Okay, pay attention. Put your thumb right here on the carburetor. When I pull the plunger up and say, "let go" I want you to let go and inhale hard.  
Joel's POV: Looking down the barrel of the three-foot bong with macho-man Willie holding the lighter at the bowl.

**WILLIE (CONT'D)**

Okay exhale!

**JOEL**

You know, maybe I should just let

**YOU GUYS--**

**WILLIE**

(starting to get scary)

Bullshit! EXHALE HARD!

Mostly out of fear, Joel exhales. Willie puts the bong up to Joel's face, lights it and starts lifting the plunger. Then pushes it down.

**WILLIE (CONT'D)**

Let go! Inhale! NOW!

Joel lets go of the carburator, inhales.

**WILLIE (CONT'D)**

**(INSANE)**

**GO! GO! HARDER!!!**

**59.**

Joel inhales with all his might, sucking up massive amounts of thick pot smoke as Willie pushes down the plunger.

**STONER-RIPPLE**

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**WILLIE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT**

Willie, Dean and Joel sitting around, completely baked -- especially Joel. (We play most of the scene from Joel's stoned, paranoid POV.)

Dean makes some kind of barely audible mumble -- or did he?

**JOEL**

What?

Long pause.

**DEAN**

Huh?

Joel's POV: looking from Dean to Willie. Willie sits there with red eyes barely open. Willie turns slowly to Joel.

**WILLIE**

Huh?

**JOEL**

Oh, I thought somebody said something.

Willie looks at Joel, stone-faced, adding even further to Joel's paranoia. He stares at Joel for a long beat. Then, in an instant, he's right up in Joel's face.

**WILLIE**

**BWAAAAAAAAAAAAH!!!**

Joel jumps back, scared shitless. Willie starts laughing his ass off.

**WILLIE**

Haaaah ha... The look on your face!

**(INSANE CACKLE)**

Man you really do get paranoid when you get stoned.

**JOEL**

(fake, timid laugh)  
Yeah, heh heh...

60.

**DEAN**

Hey Joel, why don't you call that chick now?

**JOEL**

What time is it?

**WILLIE**

Time for you to call her and finally get laid man!  
(handing him the phone)  
Come on!

**DEAN**

It's twelve thirty. She might be back by now.

**JOEL**

Alright.  
Joel gets the phone number out of his pocket.

**WILLIE**

So what's this chick look like?

**JOEL**

Oh, she's got brown hair. Pretty hot. Kind of working-class looking...

**WILLIE**

What do you mean by that?

Willie stares at Joel for a beat. Joel can't tell if he's offended Willie or not.

**JOEL**

Umm... Oh you know,...

**WILLIE**

Is she kind of slutty lookin'?

**JOEL**

Yeah...

Beat. Joel's not sure if that was the right answer either.

**WILLIE**

Alright! That's how I like 'em.

61.

**JOEL**

Yeah...

**(UNCOMFORTABLE LAUGH)**

Kinda nasty, heh heh...

Joel starts dialing the number.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

I hope I don't wake her up...

**(LISTENS)**

It's busy.

**DEAN**

Alright. At least you know she's home.

**JOEL**

Yeah.

**WILLIE**

Try her again. Come on.  
Joel hits redial.

**JOEL**

Still busy... Man, what kind of  
person doesn't have call-waiting.

**WILLIE**

I don't have call-waiting. I hate  
call-waiting. Every time I hear  
that goddamn clicking sound, I  
wanna put my fist through someone's  
head.

Beat. Once again, Joel doesn't know whether to shit or wind  
his watch. Willie stares at him, then

**WILLIE**

Haaa ha! Man you really do get  
paranoid when you're stoned...  
Seriously though, I fuckin' hate  
call-waiting.

**JOEL**

**(NERVOUS CHUCKLE)**

Yeah...  
Willie grabs the phone.

**WILLIE**

Here let me dial. You're too  
stoned.

**62.**

Willie grabs the piece of paper with Cindy's number. He  
looks at it, starts to dial, then pauses, realizing  
something.  
Willie looks up at Joel, with slowly building rage, then  
hangs up the phone.



**WILLIE**

I'll tell you why you're getting a busy signal. This is my number.

**JOEL**

Huh? But...

Beat.

**JOEL**

Oh... You're joking right? Trying to make me paranoid?

Joel waits for Willie to start cracking up. He doesn't. He just continues glaring at Joel. We hear the FRONT DOOR UNLOCK. Everyone looks. CINDY enters.

**CINDY**

Hi. Sorry I'm late, I...

**(NOTICING JOEL)**

Joel? What are you doing here...?

Willie stands up and walks over to Joel's chair. Dean suddenly stands up.

**DEAN**

Well, it looks like you guys got a lot to talk about here so I think I'm just gonna go ahead and take off. Later guys.

Dean bolts. Willie moves in closer on Joel. Joel starts to leave, but Willie blocks him.

**WILLIE**

Kinda slutty?

Willie grabs Joel and throws him against the wall. Joel tries to make a break for the door, but Willie hauls off and punches him across the face. The ass-kicking begins as we

**CUT TO:**

63.

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE -- NIGHT**

trips  
sees

Joel limps into the house, his face bruised black and blue from the ass-kicking. He looks awful.

As he limps into the bedroom as quietly as possible, he

on something, waking up Suzie. She turns on a light and

Joel.

**SUZIE**

Oh my God Joel, are you alright?  
What happened?

**JOEL**

I'm fine. I'm fine. I just ah...  
got my ass kicked. Go back to  
sleep.

**SUZIE**

What? By who? What happened?

**JOEL**

It was just... some guy over at  
Scoreboards.

**SUZIE**

Let me drive you to the hospital.  
You need to get checked out.

**JOEL**

No. I'll be fine. I just want to  
sleep right now, okay?

**SUZIE**

You sure you're okay? It looks  
like your nose is broken, and your

**EYE--**

**JOEL**

**(AGITATED)**

Don't worry about it! People get  
their asses kicked all the time!  
It's no big deal. Go back to  
sleep.

**INT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT BUILDING - MORNING**

Joel walks past his Secretary.

64.

**SECRETARY**

Hi Joel. Brian wanted to see you--

**(NOTICING)**

Oh my God, what happened?

Joel keeps walking, MUMBLES something about falling down  
stairs, goes into his office and shuts the door.

some

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS ACTION**

Joel walks over to the window overlooking the production area. He looks down and sees Cindy working, with her back turned. Shakes his head.

Brian KNOCKS on the door and enters, looking worried.

**BRIAN**

Hi... Did you talk to Step yet?

**JOEL**

He isn't returning my calls.

**BRIAN**

Shit... We've got problems. He did hire a lawyer -- Joe Adler -- he's that personal injury lawyer you see on all the bus-stop benches. You oughtta see this guy. He's a real piece of shi--

(noticing Joel's face)

Oh man, what happened to you?

**JOEL**

Oh, I fell down some stairs.

**BRIAN**

Damn... Well anyway, I hate to say this, but I think we're screwed. There's no way this Adler guy is gonna settle for anything less than bankrupting us. Says he'll sue us into the stone age.

**JOEL**

(clutches his head

**MISERABLE)**

Shit... I gotta talk to Step.  
Brian looks at Joel's bruised face.

**65.**

**BRIAN**

Man, everyone's getting hurt.  
Cindy came in with a black eye  
today. You hear how she got it?

**JOEL**

Ah... no.

**BRIAN**

Step did it. Can you believe that?

**JOEL**

No he--!

**(CATCHES HIMSELF)**

What? Where did you hear that?

**BRIAN**

That's what she told Mary.

**JOEL**

But... Step? Does he even know  
her?

**BRIAN**

Apparently they've been going out.

**JOEL**

What?!

**BRIAN**

I know, it's weird. They didn't  
even meet here. They met at a  
grocery store or something. Just a  
total coincidence.  
Joel looks down at Cindy on the production floor, his mind

reeling.

**BRIAN**

Anyway, we're gonna have to hire a couple of new people because

**CINDY'S QUITTING--**

**JOEL**

Really?

**BRIAN**

Yep. And if it's okay with you, I'd like to go ahead and fire Hector.

**JOEL**

Fire Hector? What for?

66.

**BRIAN**

You know, Mary's purse? Sylvia's wallet? It's gotta be him. Who else could it be?  
Joel looks down at Cindy with growing suspicion.

**JOEL**

No. Don't fire him. Just trust me on this. Give him another week. If anything else is stolen, then you can fire him.

**BRIAN**

**(PUZZLED)**

Alright. If you say so.  
Brian looks Joel over.

**BRIAN (CONT'D)**

Man, are you okay? Have you seen a doctor?  
Joel's Secretary BEEPS in.

**SECRETARY (V.0.)**

Joel, Dean is on line one for you.

**JOEL**

Okay, thanks.

**(TO BRIAN)**

I better get this.  
Brian leaves.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

Hello.

**DEAN**

Hey man. Sorry I bailed on you  
like that last night. It's just  
that I don't like to get involved  
in other people's personal shit,  
you know what I mean?

**JOEL**

Uh-huh.

**DEAN**

I didn't even know Willie had a  
girlfriend. She must be new. Man,  
Willie looked pissed.

**(CHUCKLES)**

**(MORE)**

67.

**DEAN (CON T'D)**

I thought he was gonna take a swing  
at you there for a second.

**JOEL**

He did take a swing at me Dean.  
Several swings. In fact, he beat  
the living shit out of me.

**DEAN**

Whoa, really?

**JOEL**

Yes.

**DEAN**

Wow. Man, that really goes to show you -- this town is smaller than you think. You really gotta be careful.

Joel hangs up and walks out of his office, past his Secretary.

**JOEL**

I'm not feeling well. I'm going to go home early.

**INT. JOEL'S CAR -- DAY**

Joel turns the corner to his house and does a double-take as he sees BRAD'S TRUCK going the opposite direction.

**JOEL**

Shit!

Joel slams on the brakes, turns around, chases Brad's truck down and cuts him off, forcing him to stop. They both get

out

of their vehicles. Joel is livid.

**JOEL**

What the hell were you doing on my street again?!

**BRAD**

Dude, you weren't supposed to be home for another four hours--  
Whoa, what happened to your face?

**JOEL**

(trying to improvise a tough, snappy comeback, but can't quite make it

**WORK)**

**(MORE)**

68.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

The same thing that's gonna happen.. Your face is gonna look worse if... GOD DAMMIT! If I ever catch you anywhere near my house or my wife again, I'll have you arrested.

**BRAD**

For what? Suzie let me in.  
Joel is stumped -- Brad actually has a point.

**JOEL**

What the hell is wrong with you anyway? Do you do this with all your clients -- just keep coming back and hanging around?

**BRAD**

I don't know. This is my first one.

**JOEL**

What?! I thought you were a professional!

**BRAD**

Look man, I know she's your wife an' shit, but you might as well know -- I think we're in love.

**JOEL**

In love?!

**(COMING UNGLUED)**

HA! Man are you stupid. You are so goddamn dumb. You think she loves you? You're nothing but a piece of ass to her. That's all.

**BRAD**

I don't think so dude.

**JOEL**

Oh, you don't think so "dude?"  
Well did you ever think about this:  
she doesn't even know that I paid



you to have sex with her -- did  
that cross your small mind?

**BRAD**

Uuh..

**69.**

**JOEL**

How about I go home right now and  
tell her? Tell her you did it for  
the money. How about that loverboy?  
Brad suddenly looks worried. This really freaks him out.

**BRAD**

You wouldn't do that.

**JOEL**

You don't think so? Watch me.

**BRAD**

(realizing he's serious)  
No... Dude, please don't. Please?  
Joel starts back to his car.

**BRAD**

Look man, we really have a special  
thing going on. Please don't mess  
it up...  
Joel stops.

**JOEL**

Don't mess it up?! You're talking  
about my wife! My house! Stupid-  
ass!  
Joel gets in his car and starts it.

**BRAD**

(calls out to him)  
Dude, you can't do this to me.

**JOEL**

Oh yes I can...  
Joel peels out, drives half a block and turns into his

driveway.

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Joel walks in, still pissed off. Suzie is sitting on the couch, a little surprised to see him.

**SUZIE**

Oh hi. You're home early.

70.

**JOEL**

**(COLD)**

Hi.

Joel walks over to the sliding glass door, looks outside at the pool. It's filthy.

**JOEL**

So how was that new pool cleaner?

Suzie is caught off guard -- wonders if she's busted -- but she plays it cool.

**SUZIE**

Um... What do you mean?

**JOEL**

What do you think I mean?... Did he do a good job cleaning the pool?

**SUZIE**

Ah... well--

**JOEL**

Did he get all the... leaves? It doesn't really look that clean. I mean I'm looking at it, and I'd say it's pretty goddamn filthy. Did the guy even clean it at all? It sure doesn't look like it.

**SUZIE**

**(NERVOUS)**

Well yeah, I guess he didn't do a very good job.

**JOEL**

I think he did a horrible job. I don't think we should use him anymore.

**SUZIE**

Okay.

**JOEL**

Okay.  
Suzie watches Joel leave, a slight look of guilt on her face.

**SUZIE**

Are you all right, Joel? You want an aspirin or anything?

**71.**

**JOEL**

No.

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Quick shot of Joel staring up at the ceiling shaking his head, can't believe all this.

**EXT. STEP'S HOUSE -- NEXT DAY**

In a WIDE SHOT we see Joel's car is parked on the street.  
He walks up and rings the doorbell. We see Step answer, talk to him and then invite him in.

**INT. STEP'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS**

Step and Joel enter. Step's 300 POUND HALF-BROTHER sits on a ratty couch watching TV, drinking a huge plastic bottle of Pepsi. He looks like he's been sitting there for years. The

TV is deafeningly loud.

**STEP**

Wow, I don't think you've ever been to my house before. Have you?

**JOEL**

(talking above the TV)  
Yeah, I don't think so. I would've remembered...

**STEP**

This is my half brother Phil.  
Joel starts to motion "don't get up," then realizes that's not happening anyway. Phil nods.

**JOEL**

Hi... Hey Step, can we talk in another room.

**STEP**

Sure, let's go out back.

**EXT. STEP'S HOUSE - BACK YARD -- A LITTLE LATER**

Joel and Step sit at a picnic table.

72.

**STEP**

You know, my lawyer told me not to talk to you.

**(BEAT)**

You're not here to try to talk me out of suing are you?

**JOEL**

Oh, no... No, I'm just kind of curious about... ah... So you've been going out with Cindy, huh?

**STEP**

Yes sir. She's my girlfriend. We

might even get married after all  
this lawsuit-settlement stuff gets  
worked out.

**JOEL**

.so some of the guys at work are  
saying you gave Cindy that black  
eye.

**STEP**

What? That ain't true at all.

**JOEL**

Yeah, I know it's not.

**STEP**

She got it from falling down some  
stairs.

**JOEL**

Hmm... Look, you might wanna be  
careful with Cindy.

**STEP**

**(DEFENSIVE)**

What do you mean?

**JOEL**

Well, I'm not sure how to put this,  
but... You know, you got a lot of  
money coming your way with this  
settlement. You might wanna be

**CAREFUL--**

**STEP**

Oh no. No, she didn't even know  
about that 'til after we started  
going out.

73.

**JOEL**

You sure about that?

**STEP**

Oh yeah. I didn't tell her about it for a while 'cuz I was kind of embarrassed, you know? You don't tell a girl you just met that you lost one of your balls. Especially a girl as hot as Cindy.

**JOEL**

Yeah...

**(DELICATELY)**

You know she lives with this guy Willie right?

**STEP**

That's her ex. She broke up with him. She's gonna move out. She just needs to get all her stuff outta there.

**JOEL**

You sure about that?

**STEP**

Oh yeah. She's moving in with me.

**JOEL**

Oh. Hmm...

**STEP**

Look, I know Cindy's got some problems, but she means well. She's the best thing that ever happened to me.

**JOEL**

Well, okay... If you say so. Another thing -- you just might want to watch your back. Some of the guys at work who think you gave Cindy the black eye were talking about paying you a visit -- you know, getting even.

**STEP**

Oh. Well I'm not worried about that.  
(dead-serious, proud)  
I could kick anyone's ass at that

whole company.

74.

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - DAY**

Brad and Suzie are by the pool which is filthy. Brad starts coming on to Suzie. She pushes him away.

**SUZIE**

No Brad, we can't. I'm sorry, but we have to stop doing this.

**BRAD**

Why?

**SUZIE**

It's not right. I feel horrible. Besides, I think Joel's getting suspicious. And you gotta start cleaning the pool too.

**BRAD**

But I've never felt this way about anyone before. And I've been with a lot of chicks.

**SUZIE**

**(TURNED OFF)**

Uh-huh... Look Brad, the truth is I love my husband. I really do. This was all a big mistake. I'm sorry. I don't know what got into me, but we have to stop this. I want to make my marriage work again. I'm going to tell Joel about the whole thing and just hope he forgives me. And even if he doesn't, at least I won't be carrying around this horrible feeling. I just can't stand that he doesn't know.

**BRAD**

Uh... This doesn't mean we can't  
still see each other though, right?

**SUZIE**

Ah, yes it does.

**BRAD**

Why?

**SUZIE**

Because of all the things I just  
said.

**(MORE)**

**75**

**SUZIE (CONT'D)**

**(PATIENTLY)**

Do you need me to say them again?

**BRAD**

Can I see you tomorrow?

**SUZIE**

No.

**BRAD**

**(PLEADING)**

How about next week?

**SUZIE**

No. Look, you gotta go Brad. Joel  
could be home any second.

**BRAD**

I'll call you tomorrow.

**SUZIE**

(just trying to get rid of



**HIM)**

Okay. Okay, just go and we'll talk later.

Brad leans to kiss her, she pushed him away and he finally leaves.

**SUZIE**

**(TO HERSELF)**

God, what a moron.

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Joel sits deep in his chair, bummed out, staring down at the manufacturing area. Brian walks in.

**BRIAN**

So... you ready?

**JOEL**

Huh?

**BRIAN**

The meeting with Step's lawyer. Or lawyers I should say. It's today remember?

**JOEL**

Oh shit... Alright.

Joel drags himself out of the chair.

**76.**

**INT. REYNOLDS EXTRACT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

JOE ADLER, is holding court with the various lawyers and paralegals waiting for the meeting to start. As promised, he is awful. He looks like Henry Winkler with an extra Y chromosome and a lot of steroids. (Maybe cast Gene Simmons with his hair pulled back in a pony tail.)

**ADLER**

.You see, if both his balls had been knocked clean off, he would be

a good case, but not a great case:  
A man with no balls is no man at  
all. He's a freak. He's barely  
human. He's gross. And a jury will  
never feel like they can walk in  
the shoes of a ball-less, neutered,  
he/she freak. But Step. He's  
still got one ball - barely. He's  
still a man. A man who's very  
manhood has been jeopardized, but  
still a man. And that manhood,  
that very sense of what you are as  
a human being is hanging by a  
thread. Jesus, you can't get more  
dramatic than that. That brave  
ball, hanging on for dear life,  
hanging on for justice, is going to  
be the hero of this trial. I'm  
tellin' ya this Step guy is the  
fuckin' Holy Grail, the Powerball  
Jackpot. And you all laughed at me  
when I bought those bus bench ads.  
But I knew the asses of those poor  
slobs that sit on those benches and  
ride those sweaty, stinking, cattle  
cars are our future. And I --  
Joel and Brian walk in.

**ADLER**

Oh, hello. I'm Joe Adler...  
Everybody starts introducing each other.

**INT. REYNOLDS EXTRACT - EMPLOYEE BREAK ROOM - DAY**

A bunch of employees including Mary, Garielle, and Rory are  
talking, getting worked up.

77.

**RORY**

.And when they sell the company,  
Joel and Brian are gonna be the  
one's who get rich, and--

**MARY**

And we're the ones doing all the work.

**GABRIELLE**

That's right.

**RORY**

It's bullshit man. We should get a piece of it. I work my ass off.

**MARY**

Gabrielle and I work harder than anybody. I should be making what Brian makes. If you add up all the crates I move, I lift 10,000 pounds a day. Minimum.

**GABRIELLE**

That's right. Here he's gonna make a million dollars, and we're the ones who do everything. I went to college. For three years.

**MARY**

If we quit, this place couldn't run. They wouldn't be able to sell this place for anything.

JIM, a tall skinny 50-something guy with a ridiculously big mustache and a little paunch, chimes in.

**JIM**

That's why what we should do is, is we should all go on strike -- demand stock in the company before it sells. If General Mills knew we were on strike, they wouldn't buy this place until the strike was over. That way they'd have to give us stock.

Jim points to his head, gives everyone a "how's that" nod. It starts to build steam.

**RORY**

That's right man. We should do it. We should strike.

78.

**MARY**

That's right. I could get a job at Gemco like that. At Gemco, all the employees are owners -- even says so on the name tags.

**GABRIELLE**

Mmm hmm. I could get a job at Southwest Airlines...

**INT. REYNOLDS EXTRACT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

The meeting is already in progress. On Adler's side of the table are two other lawyers and a couple of paralegals. On Joel's side it's just he, Brian and Joel's secretary. Maybe one lawyer who doesn't say much. Everybody has in front of them a small stack of documents. The conference room, like Joel's office, has a full length window facing the manufacturing area.

**ADLER**

Ok gentlemen. We've gone through everything and the only way we would even begin to consider a settlement would be to the tune of the number you see on the bottom of page 18. Does everyone have this?

Joel and the rest of them find page 18. Joel is stunned by the number.

**JOEL**

What!!!?

(so pissed he can barely get the words out)

We don't have this much money! Not even close!

**ADLER**

Not in cash you don't. Of course not. But if you were to sell off your assets: the property lease, the equipment, the--

**JOEL**

What the ff-- Are you shitting me!? That would bankrupt us!

**BRIAN**

This is what I've been trying to  
tell you Joel...

79.

**JOEL**

If you think I'm just going to give  
up this entire company that I built  
from the ground up--  
Adler jumps up, dripping with phoney, forced indignation.

**ADLER**

How about what my client gave up!?  
His testicles! How about that!?  
He walks over to the door...

**ADLER**

In fact, I'll make a deal with you -  
- we will drop this case right now  
if you come over here and put your  
testicles right here  
(indicates the space  
between the door and the

**HINGES)**

and let me slam this door like  
this...  
Adler SLAMS the door ridiculously hard.

**ADLER**

Go ahead. We can settle this right  
now -- call it even. I will drop  
this case right now if you let me  
slam your balls in this door,

**BECAUSE THAT IS WHAT HAPPENED TO MY  
CLIENT!**

**JOEL**

It was an accident!

**ADLER**

Not according to our investigation.  
We believe that, in fact, there was  
gross negligence...

**INT. REYNOLDS EXTRACT - MANUFACTURING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

The employees, same ones in the breakroom, are milling  
around, talking, the idea of the strike gaining momentum.  
Rory points up to the conference room.

**RORY**

I heard those guys up there are the  
guys from General Mills.

**80.**

Employees' POV: Adler pacing around, yelling, Joel yelling  
back, etc. [They can't hear any of it.]

**MARY**

Mmm hmm...

**JIM**

See, now they're probably up there  
negotiating right now -- cuttin' up  
the pie that we baked. That's what  
it looks like to me.

The employees all nod in agreement.

Employees POV: Adler pointing at his balls, pointing to the  
door again, about to slam it. One of his lawyers stops him.

**RORY**

We gotta act fast. They could be  
about to close the deal.

**JIM**

Yeah, and leave us out in the cold.

**RORY**

Yeah, then it's too late. If  
they've already sold it we can't  
get a piece of it. We gotta act  
fast. We need to do one of those  
walk outs.

**JIM**

Well, we better do it now.

**RORY**

Okay, who's in? We need a show of force. Come on, it's now or never...

We PAN around the employees as the idea builds momentum, ending on HECTOR, who looks completely confused by it all.

**INT. REYNOLDS EXTRACT - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The meeting heats up.

**81.**

**ADLER**

Okay then, let me go back to my previous offer: I will gladly come down on that price -- I'll come all the way down to zero and drop this case -- if you go over there right now and slam your testicles in that door! Because--

**JOEL**

I don't wanna slam my testicles in the door! I want you to be reasonable! You won't even budge one penny! Come on!

**ADLER**

Like I say, if you slam your--

**JOEL**

I'll slam your balls in the door!

**ADLER**

I'm sorry, did you just threaten me?

Brian puts his hand on Joel, motions him to calm down.

**BRIAN**

Look, we need to cool off a minute.

We'll be right back.  
Brian leads Joel out of the room.

**HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

**JOEL**

I don't need this. I'm going home.

**INT. REYNOLDS EXTRACT - MANUFACTURING AREA - CONTINUOUS**

Joel walks down the stairs. The group of employees see him and ready themselves for the big confrontation. Joel notices them all looking at him and stops.

**JOEL**

Yeah?... What?

But they are ill-prepared. No one knows who should talk first. It's incredibly awkward. They all look at each other and mutter things like, "go ahead" "you first". Finally...

**82.**

**RORY**

Umm... We were just uh...

**JIM**

Well, Rory was talking about how you guys are doing this deal with General Mills and we just think that ah... We were considering the idea of ah...

**RORY**

Well, we just think that we should maybe get a piece of it, you know cuz we do all the work... And if we don't... um...  
Joel's in no mood for this. He goes off on them.

**JOEL**

You know what? Fine. Fine.  
You're all in charge -- all of you.  
(gestures to all the



**EMPLOYEES)**

As of now. You run the goddamn place. Go ahead. In fact, you can go up there right now and meet with Adler. He may slam your balls in the door, but woohoo! You're the boss!

Joel storms out, leaving the employees standing there. A BICKERING MATCH erupts over who was supposed to do the talking, who said they would say what, who backed down

first,

etc. "I was gonna say something but you interrupted," "You didn't say anything when he was leaving, so I thought you were quitting. I would've stood up to him." As the argument dies down, one by one they all go back to their posts, muttering.

**INT. JOEL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Joel is sitting at the table, picking at some food, looking miserable. Suzie comes over, gathers up her nerve.

**SUZIE**

Listen Joel, there's something I have to tell you. I think we need to be honest with each other. Suzie sits down.

83.

**SUZIE (CONT'D)**

I'm not sure how to say this, but -- well, you've been so caught up in you're work lately, and I'm here alone all day and sometimes I just--

**JOEL**

You banged the pool cleaner.

**SUZIE**

Wha...  
Suzie is stunned.

**JOEL**

That's what you're trying to tell me right? You had sex with Brad?

**SUZIE**

You knew?

**JOEL**

Yes I knew. I hired him.

**SUZIE**

Well I know you hired him, but how did you know about--

**JOEL**

I don't mean I hired him to clean the pool, I mean I hired him to have sex with you.

**SUZIE**

What?

**JOEL**

He's a gigolo Suzie.  
Suzie is stupefied.

**SUZIE**

But... what... Why?  
Joel is so fed up, he just tells her everything.

**JOEL**

I hired him to have an affair with you so that I could have an affair without feeling guilty. I was really drunk and on some kind of horse tranquilizer and--

**84.**

**SUZIE**

Brad was getting paid?...  
(disbelief, hurt)  
So you've been paying Brad this whole time? All fifteen times?!

**JOEL**

FIFTEEN TIMES?! Jesus Christ  
Suzie!  
Joel sinks into his chair, shaking his head.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

I only paid him once -- well,  
twice. The rest was on the house.  
Long beat as Suzie tries to let it all sink in.

**SUZIE**

You wanted to have an affair with  
another woman?

**JOEL**

Yes. But I didn't.  
Suzie paces around for a moment, reeling, processing all  
this. Then, decisively,

**SUZIE**

You asshole.

**JOEL**

Oh, I'm the asshole?

**SUZIE**

Yes! How could you?

**JOEL**

**(LAUGHS)**

How could I? How could you?!  
You didn't have to have sex with  
him. You could've simply said "No  
thanks. Just clean the pool," but  
you didn't, did you?! No, you took  
him up on his little offer and had  
sex with him -- fifteen times!

**SUZIE**

None of this would've happened if  
you hadn't hired him.

**JOEL**

Okay. I'll admit, I made a big mistake. I was drunk, on drugs, stressed, sexually frustrated and I shouldn't have hired a male prostitute to seduce you. But if you had simply been faithful, none of this would've happened. Suzie just looks at him for a beat.

**SUZIE**

You're sick, you know that?  
Beat. Joel can't really argue this point.

**JOEL**

What do you see in Brad anyway?  
He's borderline retarded. You probably could've been arrested for having sex with a guy that dumb.

**SUZIE**

That's it. I'm leaving.  
Suzie heads for the door. Joel follows after her.

**JOEL**

No. You're not leaving me. I'm leaving you!

**SUZIE**

Fine.  
Joel opens the door, about to storm out, only to find NATHAN, standing right there about to ring the doorbell.

**NATHAN**

Oh, hey guys. Glad I caught ya.  
You guys hardly ever answer the door. Heh heh.  
They are both so flustered, they can barely talk.

**SUZIE**

Now's not a good time Nathan.  
Joel turns around, storms off back into the house.

**NATHAN**

Oh, you guys goin' somewhere?

86.

**SUZIE**

No. Look, we can't talk right now.

**NATHAN**

Well, you think I could go ahead  
and get that check from ya then?  
I'm just trying to balance my  
checkbook here...

**SUZIE**

Now's not a good time.

**NATHAN**

When would be a good time, you  
think?

**SUZIE**

I don't know.

**NATHAN**

See the thing is--

**SUZIE**

Okay tomorrow.

**NATHAN**

Great, what time?

**SUZIE**

I don't know. Just come by  
tomorrow. I can't talk now.

**NATHAN**

Okay great. And if you could just  
go ahead and have that check,  
that'd be great. It's a hundred  
and ten. That's two plates at

**FIFTY-FIVE--**

**SUZIE**

Yeah, Okay...  
Suzie shuts the door, cutting him off.

**EXT. EXTENDED STAY AMERICA SUITES -- DAY**

Joel checks into an Extended Stay America hotel.(a chain of

hotels that rent by the week.)  
Quick shot of Joel sitting alone in the room. He drops his  
suitcase and glumly sits down on the bed, grabs the remote.

**87.**

decides  
find  
He turns on Spectravision and surfs the Adult titles,  
he's not into it and switches back to regular TV only to  
American Idol is on. He stares at it for a beat, then flops  
down on the bed and stares at the ceiling.

**INT. SCOREBOARDS SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT**

Joel sits at the bar, drowning his sorrows. Dean is over by  
the cash register, tending to some business. Brad enters,  
walks over to Joel. Joel looks the other way.

**BRAD**

Hey man... I know you probably  
want to kick my ass, but--

**JOEL**

I couldn't kick your ass if I  
wanted to. You're a good 10 years  
younger than me, and I'm a pussy.  
So why don't you just leave me  
alone.

**BRAD**

I just wanted to tell you, I'm not  
gonna see Suzie anymore. You don't  
have to worry.  
Joel keeps drinking his beer, stares straight ahead.

**BRAD**

The last time I was over there, she  
broke it off; told me to quit  
coming over... She said she was  
gonna tell you everything -- you  
know, about us. She's really into  
you dude. I guess that's why she  
married you an' shit... You're a  
lucky guy... Sorry if I messed shit

up.  
Beat. Joel takes another swig.

**JOEL**

Why'd you have to get hung up on Suzie? You could have any girl you want.

**BRAD**

Yeah, but I want Suzie. And I can't have her.

**JOEL**

You had her fifteen times.

**88.**

**BRAD**

Yeah, but she doesn't love me dude. It's just not the same... Anyway, just wanted to tell you that.

**JOEL**

Well... You told me.

**BRAD**

Alright, later...  
Brad starts to leave. Then he stops, turns around.

**BRAD**

Oh, one more thing... I quit my landscaping job... And I don't think I'm really cut out to be a gigolo. So I was wondering if you had any openings over there at your extract place?

**JOEL**

**(EXASPERATED SIGH)**

Brad, you had sex with my wife. I'm not gonna give you a job, okay?

**BRAD**

Okay... Sorry man.  
Brad walks away. Joel stares at his beer for a beat,  
thinking. He calls out to Brad.

**JOEL**

Hey Brad?...  
Brad stops.

**BRAD**

Yeah?

**JOEL**

I don't know... Maybe come by the  
office tomorrow. Fill out an  
application. I'll see what I can  
do.

**BRAD**

Cool. Thanks man.

**89.**

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY**

Brian sits with Joel. They both look pretty miserable.  
Brian looks down at some papers, shaking his head.

**BRIAN**

We're screwed. General Mills has  
pretty much withdrawn the offer  
pending a really favorable  
settlement with Step.  
(shaking his head)  
Not only do we not sell the  
company, we could wind up bankrupt.

**JOEL**

(muttering to himself)  
So I don't sell the company, don't  
get the money, I'm bankrupt, I  
don't get Cindy, I paid a guy to  
have sex with my wife, and she  
actually did it...



**BRIAN**

Excuse me?

**JOEL**

Nothing.

**EXT. JOEL'S HOUSE - POOL -- DAY**

Suzie is trying to clean the pool herself, struggling with the long pole with the net at the end. She looks miserable.

**NATHAN (O.S.)**

Hello?

Nathan enters through the back gate.

**SUZIE**

**(MUTTERS)**

Shit...

Nathan walks over to Suzie. She's in no mood for this. She acts as unfriendly as possible.

**NATHAN**

Why are you cleaning the pool yourself? That new guy didn't work out?

90.

**SUZIE**

Yeah, didn't work out.

**NATHAN**

Boy, you just can't get good help, eh?

**SUZIE**

Yeah.

**NATHAN**

So, did you get a chance to write that check?

**SUZIE**

Look Nathan, Joel and I aren't going to that dinner okay?  
Nathan acts deeply disappointed.

**NATHAN**

Well gee, I wish you would've told me that before I went and bought the tickets.

**SUZIE**

Joel never agreed to this Nathan, and neither did I.

**NATHAN**

Well, it sure sounded like you guys were going. Leslie was gonna talk to you about it, but you didn't return our calls. I mean, I already bought these tickets. They're nonrefundable. I really wish you guys had been a little more clear with me...  
It's the last straw. Suzie has had enough. She unleashes all her pent-up aggression on Nathan.

**SUZIE**

Okay, let me be really clear with you then. When we say "I don't think so," or even "I'm not sure," that means "no." Why can't you understand that?

**NATHAN**

Well, I just--

91.

**SUZIE**

Shut up! In fact, let me be even more clear with you. We don't like you! Is that clear enough? You're dull, you never shut up, you never listen, and we don't want anything to do with you ever again!

Nathan freezes, in some kind of state of shock. He starts to shake a little. Suzie just keeps going -- it feels too good to stop.

**SUZIE**

Is that clear enough for you  
Nathan?! Is that...?

Nathan starts to go into some kind of seizure.

**SUZIE**

**(WORRIED)**

Nathan?

Nathan's eyes roll back into his head, and he collapses.  
Suzie SCREAMS.

**EXT. EXTENDED STAY AMERICA SUITES -- NIGHT**

Joel pulls into the parking lot. He looks surprised, seeing something on the other side of the lot that gets his attention.

**JOEL**

**(TO HIMSELF)**

No way...

From JOEL'S POV, we see Cindy pull up and get out of her  
car.

Joel watches as she gets out with a grocery bag and heads up the stairs. Joel gets out and watches her from a distance. He sees her go into a room and shut the door. He stares up at the door for a beat. Then, with a look of determination, Joel walks up the stairs and knocks on her door.

**INT. CINDY'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS ACTION**

Cindy opens the door, a little startled to see Joel, but pleasant to him.

**CINDY**

Oh... Joel. I ah,...

**JOEL**

Hi.

**CINDY**

What're you...? What's up? How'd you know I was here?

**JOEL**

Ah, actually, I'm staying here too. Down on the first floor, around the back. I thought I saw you so I ah...

**CINDY**

Well, come in.

Joel enters, stands in the living room. Cindy heads in to the kitchen.

**CINDY (O.S.)**

Do you want something to drink? I think all I have is Diet Coke. Joel notices MARY'S PURSE lying on the coffee table. He stares at it.

**JOEL**

No thanks.

Cindy comes back in with a Diet Coke.

**CINDY**

Have a seat.

Joel remains standing, looking at the purse.

**JOEL**

That's Mary's purse... Isn't it?

**CINDY**

What?

**JOEL**

Right there. That's Mary's purse.

**CINDY**

Oh that? No, that's mine... So how are things at work?

**JOEL**

That's Mary's purse. You stole it, didn't you?

93.

Cindy acts like he's being silly. There's nothing about her demeanor that would make anybody think she's lying.

**CINDY**

No. It probably just looks like it. There's a lot of those.

**JOEL**

I've never seen another one. You probably have Sylvia's wallet in here somewhere too, don't you? And everything else that's been stolen from my employees.

**CINDY**

Joel, are you okay?

**JOEL**

No, I'm not. That's Mary's purse Goddammit! Okay? Everyone blamed Hector. He almost got fired. Doesn't that bother you?

**CINDY**

(innocent, sweet)  
Joel, I don't know what you're--

**JOEL**

Hector! Hard working guy, never did anything wrong. And what are you doing with Step? You're trying to screw him out of his settlement money aren't you?

**CINDY**

I have no idea what you're talking about.

**JOEL**

Yes you do! You're the only reason he's suing us aren't you? You know how much work it took for me to build up that company? You just don't care about anybody do you? What are you, some kind of

sociopath?  
Cindy looks like Joel might be getting to her.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

You can't even admit that you stole  
this purse can you? You just can't  
do it.

**(MORE)**

**94.**

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

In fact, you probably can't tell  
the truth about much of anything,  
can you?...  
Cindy turns away from him, looking down at the floor.

**JOEL**

I bet Cindy's not even your real  
name is it? Who are you? Where  
the hell are you from?  
Cindy, still looking away, doesn't answer.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

You can't answer can you? Because  
if you said one true thing, you'd  
have to tell the truth about  
something else and then it would  
all unravel wouldn't it? Then  
you'd have to admit that you stole  
this purse and God knows what else.  
Beat. Cindy still looking away, down at the floor. We see  
her eyes well up, about to cry, but Joel doesn't notice.

**JOEL**

**(COMPOSES HIMSELF)**

Well, I'm leaving now.  
Joel picks up the purse.

**JOEL**

And I'm taking this purse with me.  
If it really is yours, you can call

the police and tell 'em I stole  
it... In fact, I'm gonna call the  
police and report it...

Joel walks towards the door. Then Cindy slumps down on the  
couch, mutters something, still looking down at the floor,  
her voice cracking slightly.

**CINDY**

Please don't...  
Joel stops.

**JOEL**

What?

95.

**CINDY**

(still looking down)  
Please don't report it to the  
police. I'm on probation. I'll go  
to jail. For a long time.

**JOEL**

Well... Maybe you should've thought  
about that before you started  
ripping off my employees.  
Joel starts to open the door.

**CINDY**

Joel? Please? I'll leave Step  
alone. I promise. He'll drop the  
lawsuit.  
Joel considers this.

**JOEL**

How do I know that?

**CINDY**

You can keep the purse. If I don't  
leave him alone; if he doesn't drop  
the lawsuit, then you can report  
me. Please?  
Beat.

**JOEL**

Hmm... I guess that ah... Do you have Sylvia's wallet, and Jim's watch? Can I get those too?  
Beat. Cindy nods, still looking down. Joel considers it.

**JOEL**

Well... Okay then. I guess that works.

**(REALIZING)**

And I guess you just admitted that you stole the purse. That's good, I guess... A step in the right direction...  
Joel sits down on the couch also. With her head still down, Cindy is weeping quietly. Joel doesn't notice, looking straight ahead.

96.

**JOEL**

So what's your deal anyway?... I mean, how did you end up like this? Joel finally looks over, notices that she's crying. He's caught off guard.

**JOEL**

.Ah... Cindy?  
Cindy breaks down and starts bawling.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

Okay, now you see... that's what I'm talking about. You're trying to manipulate me now, and I'm not gonna fall for it...  
Cindy starts bawling even harder.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

I really hope you're not faking this right now, because I'm feeling really bad. Are you faking it?  
Cindy shakes her head "no."



**JOEL**

I'm sorry, I was just curious, you know, how a person ends up like... this...

Cindy suddenly starts BAWLING hysterically. Joel stands there awkwardly, not sure if he should hug her or comfort her in any way.

**JOEL**

Never mind. I'm sorry... Joel tentatively puts a comforting arm around her and she leans in to him, crying on his chest. He puts his other arm around her and she snuggles in even closer. As her crying gradually subsides she snuggles in even more. Finally, she lifts her head and they start kissing. As they get hot and heavy we

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**97.**

**EXT. EXTENDED STAY AMERICA SUITES -- MORNING**

Wide shot of the Hotel. It's a beautiful morning.

**INT. CINDY'S ROOM - DAY**

Joel wakes up, looking more relaxed than we've ever seen him.

We PULL OUT to reveal that he's alone in Cindy's bed. He sits up, yawns. He has a big satisfied smile on his face.

**JOEL**

Cindy?  
He looks around, realizes he's alone. Then suddenly looks worried.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

Oh shit!  
He scrambles for his pants, then looks relieved as he realizes his wallet is still there. He sets down the pants, then after a beat, picks them up again, checks inside the wallet and sees there's still cash and credit cards. Then he

looks up at the chest of drawers and sees: Mary's purse, Sylvia's wallet, and a watch, placed side by side. He lies back in bed, and shuts his eyes, grinning again.

**INT. REYNOLD'S EXTRACT /MANUFACTURING AREA -- MORNING**

Extract bottles moving along the assembly line full steam. Mary and Gabriella gossiping.

**MARY**

(looks at her watch)  
Joel hasn't been in all morning.  
can you believe that?

**GABRIELLE**

If we come in late, we get fired.  
And here we're working our tails  
off, and he's gonna get rich.  
Joel walks in, bright-eyed and cheery, greeting people. He  
walks over to Mary carrying her PURSE.

**JOEL**

Here you go Mary.

**98.**

Joel hands her the purse. Mary looks at it, not quite sure how to react, not ever wanting to appear grateful for anything -- not in her nature.

**JOEL (CONT'D)**

And by the way, Hector didn't take  
it. Cindy did.  
Joel walks off. Mary just shakes her head at him. She  
whispers to Gabriella.

**MARY**

Can you believe that? Blaming  
Cindy just to protect Hector.

**INT. JOEL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Joel is at his desk. Brian comes in.

**BRIAN**

Step's here to see you.

**JOEL**

Really? Bring him in.

**BRIAN**

No, he's outside. At the loading dock. Wants to talk to you alone back there for some reason.

**(CRUDE IMITATION)**

"Man to man."

**EXT. REYNOLDS EXTRACT - LOADING DOCK**

Step is pacing around, waiting. Joel comes out.

**JOEL**

Hi Step...

**STEP**

Hey.

**JOEL**

How you doin'? How's your, ah...

**STEP**

(looking down at his

**CROTCH)**

Oh it's okay. Some days it still hurts, but they've got me on some pills. It's not too bad I guess...

**99.**

**JOEL**

Well... that's good.  
They both sit down on the edge of the dock.

**STEP**

Look, ah... Cindy left me.  
Joel's nods, not surprised, but sympathetic.

**JOEL**

Wow... Bummer...

**STEP**

Yeah, it is a bummer... You know, I thought the worst part was having my balls knocked off, but you know what the worse part is? Dealin' with all this bullshit... I'm sick of that Adler guy tellin' me what to do. He's a real dick.

**JOEL**

Yeah, he sure is.

**STEP**

The truth is, I just want to have my old life back -- I just want to go back to work. I'm a workin' man; that's what I do.

**JOEL**

Yeah... I'm beginning to think I might be the same way... I'm a little worried about what I'd do with too much time on my hands.

**STEP**

I just lay around and watch TV all day.

**JOEL**

Yeah,... I think I do a lot worse.

**STEP**

The problem is, if I bankrupt the company, there won't be a job to go back to.

**JOEL**

You don't have to bankrupt the company.

**STEP**

Yeah, but then if I drop the lawsuit, you'll sell the company, and the new company might not hire me.

**JOEL**

Well, maybe I don't have to sell the company... You know I've been thinking; all these years I've been building this company, dreaming about the day I could sell it and retire, but what would I really do if I retired? It's like that old saying -- it's not about the destination, it's about the journey?  
Step just stares at him blankly, he lost him.

**JOEL**

I guess what I'm saying is, too much free time might not be such a good thing -- like that old saying, idle hands are the Devil's playground?  
Step's never heard that one either.

**STEP**

I'm sorry, I don't do much book readin'.

**JOEL**

What I'm saying is, I'm thinking maybe I won't sell the company...

**STEP**

Really?

**JOEL**

that is, if you dropped the lawsuit. -- and remember, you'll still get that insurance money -- probably a couple hundred thousand. What do you think?

**STEP**

Hmm. That sounds fair... But under one condition...

**JOEL**

What's that?

101.

**STEP**

You make me floor manager.

**JOEL**

Deal.  
They shake hands.

**INT. REYNOLDS EXTRACT - MANUFACTURING AREA**

Joel walks in with Step at his side. Addresses the employees.

**JOEL**

Hold the line!  
Mary shuts off the conveyer belt.

**JOEL**

Okay, listen up everybody.  
(Waits for them to settle)  
I've decided not to sell the  
company...  
Gasps and murmurs among the employees.

**JOEL**

And I'm making Step the new Floor  
Manager.  
More gasps and murmurs.

**JOEL**

And if anyone doesn't like it, I  
hear they're hiring over at  
Gemco... But just remember, at  
Gemco, the owner doesn't know your  
names; you never even meet him,  
he's at an office up in Chicago  
somewhere and you get an auto-  
response if you try to email him to  
complain about anything. Here, you  
can come up to my office any time  
you have a problem. Thanks.  
Joel walks off. Brian catches up with him.

**BRIAN**

Huh? You're not selling?

**102.**

**JOEL**

It's about the journey Brian. The journey.

ANGLE on Mary. She and Gabrielle start right back up.

**MARY**

You know, if Joel's going to put him in charge, we should go on strike. You know, at Gemco, the union handles the strikes and you don't even have to--

PULL OUT as Step cuts her off.

**STEP**

Quit yapping and get back to work or you're fired.

Step walks off -- maybe pops a testosterone pill. Mary and Gabrielle keep muttering and shaking their heads.

LONG PULL OUT as things get back to normal at the factory.

**INT. CHAPEL - DAY**

We are CLOSE ON NATHAN, in a coffin, embalmed. We PULL OUT to see mourners lined up, taking a last look at the body. Joel is among them. He looks down at Nathan for a moment and then continues to his seat. A few rows back, we see SUZIE, sitting by herself, dressed in black.

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Quick shot of Nathan's casket being lowered into the ground as the priest says the last few words.

**EXT. CEMETERY - A LITTLE LATER**

People hug and console each other. Joel sees Suzie, walks over to her.

**JOEL**

Hi... You doing okay?

**SUZIE**

Yeah, I'm okay.

**103.**

**JOEL**

I heard you were right there when it happened. That must've been rough.

**SUZIE**

It was horrible Joel. He came over to ask for that check, and I just...

Suzie breaks down, starts CRYING.

**SUZIE (CONT'D)**

.I just lost it. I started yelling at him. I said horrible things. He had an aneurism and I probably caused it.

**(CRYING UNCONTROLLABLY)**

I think the last thing I said to him was "shut up." Those were the last words he heard.

Joel hugs her, consoling.

**JOEL**

It's okay, it's not your fault...

It's not your fault.

Suzie's crying subsides a little.

**SUZIE**

It could happen to any of us Joel.

Any of us could have an aneurism.

We could die at any moment.

**JOEL**

Yeah, I know... I know... But we probably won't. It'll be alright.



Suzie starts to regain her composure.  
They stand there for a beat.

**JOEL**

You wanna go get something to  
eat... or something?  
Beat. Suzie still sniffing a little.

**SUZIE**

Yeah, okay. Sure.

**104.**

They walk off towards the cemetery gates. After a while,  
Joel hands Suzie a Kleenex.

**JOEL**

Here...

**SUZIE**

Thanks.  
They walk a little further. Joel looks at the Chapel nearby.

**JOEL**

Maybe we should've been married in  
a Church like that one. Instead of  
the Botanical Gardens.

**SUZIE**

I thought you liked the Botanical  
Gardens?

**JOEL**

Yeah, but... a church just seems  
more -- I don't know -- official.

**SUZIE**

You think it would've made a  
difference?

**JOEL**

I don't know... So, are we still  
married?

**SUZIE**

Well, legally yes.

**JOEL**

I mean otherwise.

**SUZIE**

Hmmm... We can talk about it I suppose.

**JOEL**

Alright.  
They walk for a beat.

**JOEL**

You know, this is really bad,  
but... Oh never mind.

**SUZIE**

What?

**105.**

**JOEL**

Well, as I was looking down at  
Nathan there, I was thinking...  
That's the longest I've ever seen  
him with his mouth shut.  
Suzie LAUGHS in spite of herself.

**SUZIE**

Joel!  
They walk off into the distance as we

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**