



MAN CLUB

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EXT. GOLF COURSE (18TH HOLE) - DAY

Three guys ending a round of golf. They each take a turn to chip a ball onto the 18th green. ROB TANDER (30's) is a hip-nerd. He lets off a solid shot that lands close to the hole.

ROB

So you'll be cool making new friends
right, Hank? New town. New job.

MARK JACKSON (30's) is all hippy/rocker, he lines up a ball. SMACK -- and it sails past the green and into a sand bunker.

MARK

FUCK ME!--Are you kidding? He'll
be all lonely and crying, begging
Tara not to take that promotion
and return home ASAP.

The most important person to this story is: HANK BINSKI (30's) has a friendly *guy-next-door* face. He aims up his shot. Swings back and SMACK -- it lands plum on the green.

HANK

Have some faith guys. I'll be fine.

Mark and Rob exchange looks, then LAUGH. They walk forward.

ON THE GREEN - MOMENTS LATER

They take it in turn to line up putts. They each miss. One after the other. Each CURSING under their breath. Mark can't even make it out of the sand trap. He finally throws his club.

MARK

Motherfucking stupid Wilson!

PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

All three guys are tossing their clubs into their cars. It's a sad and heavy moment. Full of man awkwardness.

ROB

Well, good luck with everything, Hank.
I gotta split before Jena gets back.

Rob goes to shake Hank's hand -- but Hank bear-hugs him.

HANK

... I'll miss you, Rob.

Rob is touched. Hugs him back. Tight. *He'll miss him too.*

MARK

Jesus, get a room will you both?

Hank then hugs Mark, catching him off guard. Mark takes it, then hugs him back tight. Eyes watering with emotion. *Shit.*

MARK (CONT'D)

... I'll miss you too, buddy.

Rob gets upset and turns his back and SNIFFS. Mark breaks away and also turns and SNIFFS. Hank spins and wipes away tears from his eyes. All three hiding their faces.

HANK

... My allergies are killing me.

MARK

Onions... It's onions in the air.

ROB

I accidentally poked myself in the eye.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - DAY

An ALARM rings out. It's 7:00 am.

SUPERIMPOSE: THREE MONTHS LATER

Hank throws back the covers of his bed.

A quick few shots as he showers. Towels himself off. A *golf-theme* tie is picked, then put back on a rack. Then a gray tie is thrown on. White shirt buttoned up. Black pants and belt pulled tight. Polished black leather shoes slip on.

Hank looks at himself in his mirror. Wearing a suit, he looks sharp, but behind his corporate facade', we can see he's nervous about something.

TARA BINSKI (30's) is attractive, hip, focused and dressed in a figure hugging business attire. She walks in and smooths over Hank's shoulders, trying to wash away his worries.

TARA

Maybe they'll warm to you if you took in donuts.

Hank straightens up his tie. Procrastinating.

HANK

I could do that, but they'd still ignore me.

Tara grabs her purse, kisses Hank on the cheek.

TARA

They'll come around to you. Remember, this transition isn't going to be easy. But hopefully the fact I'm finally making some serious money will help, huh.

Tara breezes out the room leaving Hank and his sad reflection.

HANK

But you're adjusting better than I am.

TARA (O.S.)

You just need to climb out that shell of yours and make more of an effort to make friends. That's all. Love you, Hanky-Panky.

BOOM. That's her leaving. Hank fiddles with his tie some more.

EXT. OFFICE-TECH - DAY

Hank's Ford Focus pulls into the busy small lot. A sign in his spot reads: SENIOR DATA ANALYST - HANK BINSKI

Office-Tech is a small and old building.

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Hank walks into the area made up of small, bleak, gray cubicles. He takes a seat in one cube. The only form of decoration is a photo: Tara and Hank on their wedding day.

Hank looks around to see other workers all tapping on PCs.

All men and women in white shirts. Gray suits. Blue ties. It's like everyone knew what the other was wearing that day and wanted to match.

Hank notices nearby frail FRED HOPKINS (65) concentrating on tapping away on his PC. He's far too old to be working. His hearing-aid perched on his ear.

HANK

Morning, Fred.

Fred ignores him. Works away with narrowed eyes.

DUKE GREEN (59) stands in his nearby cube, he's ex-military and proud.

DUKE

Damn it, Hank, you say *morning* to Fred every damn morning for the last three months, and you know he turns off his damn hearing-aid until lunch-time.

HANK

Duke. How are you this morning?

DUKE

Fine, until you show up with your damn '*mornings.*'

Duke sits back down pissed. Hank SIGHS and takes a seat to start a long boring day at work.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Well kept lawn. Well kept four-bedroom house. Hank's Focus pulls onto the drive-way.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hank walks in with heavy shoulders. Puts his suitcase to one side. He sees Tara, still in her work-suit, breezing out.

TARA

Hey baby. How was your day?

HANK

Long. Boring. One guy shouted at me for saying "*morning*" too much.

Tara embraces Hank lovingly. Kisses him on the cheek.

TARA

Did you do the donut thing like I suggested?

HANK

No. Donuts are only for nice people.

TARA

Well give it a whirl. Always makes me the popular girl at the office.

HANK

Do you have to leave right now?

Tara grabs her car keys and a thick folder.

TARA

I'm having a dinner-meeting with
Melissa and Joan in fifteen minutes.

HANK

But you see your work colleagues every
day, at work, why do you need to see
them now? Tonight?

TARA

See, that's your problem right there.
And that's why you're finding this
relocation so tough. You gotta stop
putting up fences, and start *meeting
the neighbors*.

HANK

I know our neighbors.

TARA

You only know our neighbors by made-up
names. And I don't think *Shady-Guy-
Next-Door* and *Old-Couple-On-The-
Otherside* would be happy that after
three months of living next to them we
still don't know their real names.

Hank rolls his eyes. Tara approaches him again.

TARA (CONT'D)

I know YOU, and you are a great, fun,
and interesting guy. You'll fit in
eventually...

(she kisses Hank sweetly)

There's Chinese in the fridge. And
don't miss me too much, okay, Panky?

Hank watches Tara leave with a wave. He slumps down in the
sofa and switches on the LCD TV to an old episode of *FRIENDS*.

TV (O.S.)

(Friends theme tune)

... *But, I'll be there for you, when
the rain starts to pour!*

Hank rolls his eyes. Changes the channel.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - DAY

An ALARM rings out. It's 7:00 am.

Hank throws back the covers of his bed. Showers. Towels. A
gray tie thrown on. White shirt buttoned up. Etc, etc.

INT. HANK'S FORD FOCUS - DAY

Hank drives. Sees a sign for DUNKIN' DONUTS. Thinks about it. Then signals off the road.

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Hank walks through the offices with a large box of donuts in hand. As he walks, old men in their cubes turn and look.

IN THE KITCHEN

Hank puts down the box of donuts. Puts a stack of napkins next to the box and with a Post-It note, he writes *ENJOY, FROM HANK*, and sticks it on the box.

He walks out the kitchen.

IN HIS CUBE

He sits down. Happy with himself. Then he frowns. Gets up.

IN THE KITCHEN

He walks in and stops dead in his tracks. The box is empty of donuts. All the napkins gone.

HANK

... You gotta be kidding me.

IN THE MAIN AREA

Hank walks out the kitchen and surveys the area of gray cubes. Everyone is eating a donut and doing their work.

Not one bastard looks over, or even says thanks.

Hank looks at Fred, who's eating and tapping away on his PC.

Hank looks at Duke, who's reading a local paper, white sugar around his mouth.

HANK (CONT'D)

You enjoy the donut I bought?

DUKE

What donut?

HANK

The one you ate in two seconds.

DUKE

I didn't eat a donut.

HANK

There's sugar around your lips.

Duke dabs his mouth with a Dunkin' Donuts napkin.

DUKE

Cocaine habit. Wrong I know.

Hank shakes his head and sits back in his cube. His phone RINGS. He notices the number and picks up.

HANK

Hey. How are you?

INT. HAMILTON MEDICAL/ OFFICES - INTERCUT

Colorful cubes, all middle-aged women chatting and snacking. The bright demeanor and attitude is worlds-apart from the bleak Office-Tech.

TARA

Hey, Panky. So I was talking to Melissa at work about how you're lonely living here, and she's having a party this weekend and we're both invited.

HANK

Great. Now all your work colleagues know I have no friends.

TARA

That's why she's invited everyone she knows, along with their husbands, so you can make friends. It'll be great.

HANK

Great? It's like you're a pimp and you're pimping me off.

TARA

Don't be silly, Hank. This is a good thing. You'll meet men who like golf. You can get your golf-buddies back! Besides, Melissa is a riot, and I'm sure her husband will be a blast.

HANK

Do I have any say in this?

TARA

I've already said we're free that weekend.

HANK

Great. But if I end up going home with one of the men from the party, it'll be your fault, pimp.

Hank notices Duke frowning at him over his specs.

HANK (CONT'D)

(to Duke, cups phone)

It's a joke. She's not really pimping me out.

TARA

Either way, it's a great chance to make some new friends here. See you at home. Love you!

Off Hank, thinking about it. *This could be my chance...*

EXT. BEAR'S MANSION - NIGHT

A beautiful home for beautiful people.

Hank's Focus parks up and Hank and Tara climb out, both dressed in evening-wear. Hank is impressed with the abode.

HANK

What does the husband do for a living?

TARA

Bear? He owns that chain hardware store *J.D. Powertools*.

Hank takes in their large, lush and perfectly mowed lawn.

INT. BEAR'S MANSION/ MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The home is even nicer inside. Hank and Tara walk in.

HANK

Nice digs.

TARA

Melissa. You look wonderful.

MELISSA STONE (30's) is beautiful and striking. She makes over arms outstretched.

MELISSA

OhMyGod. Thanks so much for coming. And you must be the handsome Hank.

Hank offers a hand-shake.

HANK
Thank you for inviting us--

MELISSA
--The men are all outside. You're
welcome to join them. They're smoking
Cuban's or some shit.

Hank watches as Tara is whisked away by Melissa.

EXT. BEAR'S MANSION/ BALCONY - NIGHT

The balcony door gingerly opens and out peeks Hank. He sees a circle of men all gathered LAUGHING and listening to someone.

MACHO MALE (O.S.)
... And I said: *If you really want to
nail her, you'll need a bigger gun
than that!*

All the Men BURST INTO LAUGHTER. And as it dies --

Hank steps forward and trips on the step and falls flat on his face. When he looks up - everyone as looking at him.

HANK
Hi. Names Hank. I'm with Tara.

The group of men all look at each other. *Tara who?* Then the crowd parts to reveal - BEAR STONE (30's). Handsome. Athletic. Tanned. Polo shirt. Alpha Male written all over.

And he was the man every other man was listening to.

BEAR
(macho voice)
Are you okay, Hank?

Hank gets up, dusts himself down, embarrassed.

HANK
I'm fine thanks. Are you Bear?

BEAR
I am indeed. And welcome, friend. Can
I get you another drink?

Before Hank can says YES Bear CLICKS HIS FINGERS and a bottle of Heineken is handed to him, who hands it to Hank.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Heineken okay?

HANK
Sure.

BEAR
Good. 'Cause there's none of that shitty Lite beer between these four walls. Right men?

ALL THE MEN
Right, sir!

Hank arches an eyebrow. Bear puts an arm around Hank and leads him over to the balcony looking over their plush green sprawling yard.

BEAR
So Melissa tells me you and Tara just moved into town.

HANK
That's right. It's been three months.

BEAR
How's that working out for ya, Hank?

Hank notices all the men are watching them talk.

HANK
Umm. Good. Tara is better at making friends than me though. So it's tough.

BEAR
I know all about it. Ball-and-chain asked me to help you out. Anything for an easy life. But making friends easy? That's women, isn't it? They talk shit at the cooler or snack machine, next thing they're best buddies, getting their nails done and have stupid tea-parties around each others homes. Men are different. A lot different.

HANK
... Yeah, I guess they are.

BEAR
They make friends slower. They are more cautious. Careful. Feel each other out - in a non-sexual way I mean.

Hank nods.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Hank. You work for *Office-Tech*, right?

HANK

Yep.

BEAR

Wife got the promotion. Move here. You work "the cube" all day. Come home, watch some TV. Maybe rub one out to Sofia Vergara when the wife falls asleep watching *Modern Family*.

Hank hesitates.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Maybe that's just me. But either way, it all gets the same shit, over and over again. Work, sleep, eat, rub one out. Do you ever feel like life is like that?

HANK

Sure, I guess sometimes --

BEAR

Man is Man, Hank. Man used to kiss goodbye his cave wife, and go out to forage for food for his family. He used to hunt. Prey on animals. Kill them with spears, shitty sticks -- his bares hands if needed. He was red bloodied. Pure. Hungry. And primal.

(wistfully)

Now all Man does is kiss his wife goodbye and drive to Dunkin' Donuts and get an egg, sausage and cheese on a poppy seed bagel. Then sit in "the cube," stare at a monitor, then go home and sleep. Maybe on the weekend your high-light is to shop at *Bed Bath and Beyond* and check out the hot Latino sales assistant in the lighting department...

(then seriously)

Do you ever feel that *Man* was destined to do something more than that each day, Hank?

Hank nods, agreeing. Notices the MEN all still looking.

HANK

I guess life can get repetitive. --
Your friends, are they okay?

BEAR
 (to Men re: Hank)
 IT'S OKAY. HE'S ONE OF US.

The MEN all go back to murmuring among themselves.

BEAR (CONT'D)
 Listen, Hank. I know what it's like to blow into town not knowing anyone. I wasn't born this popular. Me and these guys, we hang out on weekends. We do shit. Crazy shit. Man shit. *Camping. Shooting Paintballing. Golfing.* That sort of shit. Do you like that sort of shit?

HANK
 ... I golf, yes.

BEAR
 Good. I like to think doing man shit restores back some of my *Man-Instincts* that we've all been stripped of.
 (hands Hank a card)
 Here's my card. There's a bunch of us going up to the mountains this weekend for some Man-Time. You're more than welcome to join us.

Hank looks over the card Bear gave him. It says BEAR "MAN CLUB" STONE.

HANK
 That's great. I'd love to come along and hang-out.

BEAR
 Good. Because there's more to life than just eating, working and shopping at *Bed Bath and Beyond*, right men?

All the Men chirp up suddenly.

ALL THE MEN
 That's right, sir!

Bear gets nose-to-nose with Hank. Real close.

BEAR
 All I ask in return is loyalty.

HANK
 Loyalty?

BEAR
 To Man Club. Let me give you an
 example.
 (to nearby Men)
 Alan. Come here.

ALAN JONES (39), balding with bangs, runs up to Bear.

ALAN
 Sir, yes sir!

BEAR
 Give me a display of your loyalty to
 Man Club.

ALAN
 Sir, yes sir! Humm. What would you
 like me to do to display my loyalty to
 Man Club, sir?

Bear never takes his eyes off Hank while speaking to Alan.

BEAR
 Run and throw yourself over the
 balcony.

Alan salutes Bear, levels off a look at the end of the
 balcony, crosses himself, then runs and jumps over the
 balcony and falls out of sight.

HANK
 Holy shit.

We hear an OMFF and CRACK. Hank rushes over to the balcony
 and looks below -- to see Alan laying awkwardly on the grass
 holding his back. Various plants are crushed and pots broken.

All the Men look over as well.

HANK (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

Alan rolls over and climbs slowly to his feet. Stuck on his
 ass is a large green plant.

ALAN
 I landed on your cactus. Sorry.

Bear is pissed.

BEAR
 That was a moving-in gift from my dead
 Mother, asshole!

All the Men grimace. The nearby door opens and Melissa sticks her head out.

MELISSA

Bear.

Bear shudders. He turns with a smile, as do All the Men.

BEAR

(fake)
Yes, dear.

MELISSA

Inside now. We're playing charades.

Melissa disappears back inside. Then a heavily pregnant woman KARI JONES (31) peeps out confused from the door.

KARI

Alan out here? We're playing charades
and I need a back massage.

BEAR

He'll be inside in a sec.

Kari nods, retreats back inside. Bear grinds his teeth.

BEAR (CONT'D)

I fucking *hate* charades.

INT. HANK'S FORD FOCUS - NIGHT

Hank drives as Tara listens.

HANK

... and then he said stuff about how man
used to be like a cave-man, and go
hunting and killing stuff with his
hands, and then he asked that guy Alan
to throw himself over the balcony
without even looking -- Honestly. He was
really scaring me for a while there.

Tara LAUGHS.

TARA

Maybe they're just hazing you. You
should give Bear a call and join them
this weekend. You know I got that
sales pre-conference with Joan and
Melissa so you'll only be by yourself.

HANK

... I know.

TARA

Besides, it'll get you out the house more and this is a great chance for you to finally make some guy-friends here.

Off Hank, thinking it over. *True...*

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late and Hank reads while Tara watches *Modern Family*. Hank hears a SNORE as Tara is passed out. He frowns, then brightens up when on the TV -- Sofía Vergara struts around a bedroom wearing nothing but a bra and panties.

Hank looks at Tara asleep, then at his crotch, then back at the TV with guilt...

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - DAY

An ALARM rings out. It's 7:00 am.

Hank throws back the covers of his bed. Showers. Towels. A gray tie thrown on. Etc, etc.

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Hank pecks away on his PC. A thought crosses his mind and he leans over to Duke.

HANK

Hey, Duke. Psst.

Duke looks over his specs at him. Not happy.

HANK (CONT'D)

What you doing this weekend? Wanna hang out and do something?

DUKE

With you?

HANK

Yeah.

DUKE

No.

Hank goes back to his PC and taps away. Duke shakes his head.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Hank returns from work as Tara passes him in her gym clothes.

TARA

I'm running to *Macy's* then going to the gym. Wanna hit Bed and Bath later on? We need extra towels ASAP.

HANK

I guess so...

Tara kisses Hank and leaves him putting down his suitcase.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hank watches *Survivorman* alone. A TV dinner next to him. He puffs out his cheeks. Plays with the business card that Bear "Man Club" Stone gave him. He puts it to one side...

INT. DIVE BAR - EVENING

At the bar on his *iPhone*, Hank sits sipping a Miller.

HANK

... It's just hard, dudes. My coworkers are more cold than a Wendy's Frosty. Tara tried hooking me up with her work friends, but they are crazy.

EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE - INTERCUT

Rob and Mark, holding golf clubs, listen on speakerphone.

ROB

I hear ya buddy. You just gotta stick in there. Meet some dudes and crack some beers with 'em.

MARK

But don't come off gay. 'Cause sometimes you can do that, homo.

Hank GROANS. Glances on stage to a THREESOME OF DUDES playing xBox 360 ROCK BAND 3 - hammering out the finale to *The Doors: Break on Through*. They finish to a smattering of clapping.

HANK

Okay, well, I should head-off now.

MARK

Take it easy dude. And don't be gay.

HANK

Only with you guys.

Hank hangs up as the Threesome Of Dudes take seats at the bar next to Hank. They pound their beers hard.

HANK (CONT'D)

... You guys sounded great.

ROCK DUDE

Thanks. I play for an hour a day.

HANK

Cool. So you guys hangin', looking for chicks then?... Drinking beers...

The Threesome of Dudes all look at him, frozen.

ROCK DUDE

Yeah. Why else would we be here?

ANOTHER ROCK DUDE

We're not gay, mister.

All Three get up and leave Hank at the bar defeated.

INT. BED, BATH AND BEYOND - NIGHT

Tara and Hank -- who wheels a kart -- look through the goods.

TARA

So did you call Bear about this weekend?

HANK

No. Not yet. I'm trying to organize something with the guys at work though.

TARA

And how is that working out?

HANK

... Not well. But I'll break 'em.

Hank notices a really HOT LATINO GIRL in the lighting section. She smiles at Hank as she bends over to grab a box -- Hank can't help but stare at her cleavage -- and Tara notices and slaps his shoulder to get his attention back to her.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank slam dunks the trash into the can. He notices the neighbor next-door. JACK MALTON (30's), little unshaven and unkept, trades NODS with Hank, and both go back inside.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank mooches up the stairs but stops short entering the bedroom when he hears Tara on the phone. He eavesdrops as --

TARA

... He's just not fitting in, Mom.
He's not happy here...

Hank hides his mix of embarrassment and hurt.

TARA (CONT'D)

... And what sucks is that we have
this beautiful home. I got this
excellent job I've worked hard to get,
even he's making more money out here.

Hank nods. Agreeing.

TARA (CONT'D)

... But Hank is my top priority, not my
promotion, so if it doesn't work out for
him, we'll just have to move back home.

Hank is hit hard by that. *Shit...*

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank watches *The Golf Channel*. He reaches over for Bear "Man Club" Stone's card. Then grabs the phone and dials.

It rings. Clicks open. Just the noise of someone chewing gum.

HANK

Hello?

VOICE (V.O.)

Hello.

HANK

Is this Bear Stone?

VOICE (V.O.)

Who asks?

HANK
It's Hank Binski. We meet last week--

INT. BEAR'S MANSION/ BATHROOM - INTERCUT

Bear is on the toilet. Maxim in one hand, phone the other.

BEAR
--Selena Gomez. She's really hot, but
it's like she's your best friends
daughter, and it feels wrong, right?

HANK
... I guess.

BEAR
So you wanna come join us this
weekend? You hunt?

HANK
No, I never hunted. But yes, I'd like
to join you guys if that's --

BEAR
We need to meet. Tonight. You free?

HANK
Yeah, I'm --

BEAR
Of course you are. Your wife is with
my wife, and they're doing wife things
like talking and working and shit.
Come over in an hours time. I'll
organize the men for your Initiation.

HANK
Initiation?

BEAR
You need to go through it if you're
going to join Man Club.

Click. Hank finally hangs up the phone. Smiles.

EXT. BEAR'S MANSION - NIGHT

Hank climbs out his Focus and walks up to the house -- which
is jammed with various makes of black colored cars.

INT. BEAR'S MANSION/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank is lead through the house by Alan, who's arm is in a sling and he walks with a limp.

ALAN

All the Man Club members are waiting
for you in the basement.

Hank nods. Getting worried.

INT. BEAR'S MANSION/ BASEMENT - NIGHT

Hank descends into the basement of THE BEST EVER MAN CAVE:

Pool table. Air-hockey. Pinballs. Coin-Op Arcades. PS3, xBox & Wii. UFC punching bag. Bar with beer neon-lights. On the walls are: swords, knives, muskets, shields, etc. Various Men turn to attention when Alan presents Hank to the group.

ALAN

Gentlemen, Hank Binski is here.

ALL THE MEN

Hi.

BEAR (O.S.)

I'm glad you could make it, Hank.

Bear walks out from behind a huge CAPTAIN MORGAN NEON SIGN with a Sam Adams in hand. He's casually dressed like the rest of the men. Polo shirts and Docker pants.

HANK

Thanks for inviting me... So, I have
to do some kind of initiation?

BEAR

A pledge of sorts. It's nothing to get
worried about, Hank. It's just a little
something we have the new recruits do.

HANK

... Okay. So where do I start?

BEAR

(smiling)
Eager, isn't he men?

ALL THE MEN

Sir, yes sir!

BEAR
Then let's start. Men, form the *Circle of Man*.

All the Men quickly form a circle around Hank. Bear stands in front of Hank.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Hank, please raise your right hand and prepare to take the pledge of *Man Club*.

Hank nods. Raises his right hand. Thinks: *WTF*.

BEAR (CONT'D)
Do you Hank Binski, take Man Club to be your only lawful outlet for man activities?

HANK
... Humm. I do?

BEAR
(nods GOOD, then)
Do you promise never to cry in front of another man while in Man Club?

HANK
... I... Do.

BEAR
Do you promise never to tell a woman; mother, lover or wife - what we get up to in Man Club?

HANK
I do.

BEAR
And do you promise to always attend Man Club functions, activities and events, forever and ever. Amen?

HANK
Amen.

BEAR
And finally, do you promise to always do what I, Bear "Man Club" Stone, asks?

BEAR (CONT'D)
... I do.

BEAR (CONT'D)

So now you know the pledge, do you promise to love, honor and obey the oath of Man Club at all times, no matter what may happen, so help you God?

HANK

... I do.

Bear steps forward and puts his hands on Hank's shoulders.

BEAR

Then with the power invested in me, I invite you, Hank Binksi, to fall back with confidence and trust into the *Circle of Man* to complete the pledge from which you just took.

HANK

Will they catch me?

BEAR

It's a *Circle of Man*, Hank.
(narrows his eyes)
Question is: DO YOU TRUST US?

Hank nods OKAY. All the Men hold out their hands, forming a giant mattress of arms and hands to catch him. Hank crosses himself. Takes a deep breath and in SLO-MO falls backwards...

... and everyone moves away their hands...

... and Hank falls HARD onto the floor.

Hank tries to get his breath back as he looks up at Bear, who offers a hand up smiling.

BEAR (CONT'D)

You passed. Welcome to Man Club.

HANK

... I thought they'd catch me.

Bear takes out a "Lion Roaring" pendant and chain and slips it over Hank's neck as he stands.

BEAR

Bring in the drinks! It's time to celebrate! We have a new member!

Hank finds himself handed a beer by Alan.

ALAN

Enjoy, you deserve it.

HANK
I can't. I gotta drive home.

ALAN
Don't worry about it, I'll be taking
you home. I'm on driving duty tonight.
Painkillers and beer don't exactly mix.

Hank shrugs and sips his beer.

HANK
In that case, cheers everybody!

ALL THE MEN
CHEERS!

BEAR
And now for our club song!

All the Men clear their throats and get ready to sing aloud.

ALAN
*Making your way in the world today,
takes everything you've got...*

RAHJA
*Taking a break from all your worries,
sure would help a lot...*

ED
Wouldn't you like to get away?

ALL THE MEN
*Sometimes you want to go, where
everybody knows your name!*

BEAR
(quietly)
... That's: Man Clubbb.

ALL THE MEN
And they're always glad you came!

BEAR
(louder)
It's: Man Clubbb.

ALL THE MEN
*You wanna be where you can see,
our troubles are all the same.
You wanna be where everybody knows
your name.*

Everyone stops singing and all eyes are on Hank.

HANK

*... You wanna go where people know,
people are all the same...*

ALL THE MEN

*You wanna go where everybody knows
your name!!!*

All the men chest-bump in pure delight and Alan does the piano rift to himself.

BEAR

Man-Time!!!

QUICK MONTAGE

- All the Men chug beers along with Hank, who nearly spits out his mouthful as he tries to swallow a large dose.

- All the Men play Pinballs, Pool, Air-Hockey, and Hank laps it all up with his new loud buddies. Does fist-bumps, etc.

- All the Men play either Wii, xBox or PS3 games. Hank watches Alan play the new *Grand Theft Auto* with glee. Ed gets excited.

ED

*Fuck that hooker, then kill her and
take all her money!*

- All the Men goad Hank to take a swing at the punching bag, which has a photo of a FAT, BUT HAPPY MAN on it.

HANK

(re: Fat Man)
Who's this guy?

ALAN

(whispers)
*Harold Jugs. We don't ever talk about
him.*

ALL THE MEN

Just throw your best shot, Hank!

HANK

Okay.

Hank slugs the bag to the ROAR of All the Men.

END MONTAGE

All the Men are still knocking back beers, being rowdy, chest-bumping and playing games when Bear yells to the group:

BEAR
Bullseye!

ALL THE MEN
BULLSEYE!

Hank frowns as all the men pair-up quickly. Hank is left alone with RAHJA PATEL (30's), a nerdy Indian who wears real-strong prescription glasses.

HANK
What's *Bullseye*?

All the Men LAUGH. Bear walks over with a dart-board and hands it to Hank.

BEAR
You take a partner. And each take it in turn to hold the board above your chest, while the other throws three darts - basically playing *Around the World*.

HANK
Around the World?

BEAR
You start at twenty, then when you hit it, you move down the numbers and finish with the bullseye.

HANK
Okay. Sounds fun.

BEAR
Rahja. You're up first.

Bear hands three sharp darts to Rahja, who pushes up his glasses and narrows his magnified eyes.

Hank gingerly holds up the dart board and winces as Rahja lines up a shot.

All the Men hold their breath and nudge each other excited.

Rahja lets a dart loose - THUNK - it lands next to Hank's knuckles.

HANK
Jesus H Christ. That was close.

All the Men LAUGH. It's tense. Rahja curses.

RAHJA
Fuck. Sorry. I'll do better next time.

Rahja lines up another dart, narrows his eyes. All the Men grimace, watching from behind their hands.

Rahja throws - THUNK - sticking in Hank's leg.

HANK
Oww shit. Shit-fuck!

Hank tugs out the dart in pain. Rahja grimaces.

RAHJA
I'm an asshole. I'm *so* sorry.

BEAR
Only one more dart to go, Hank.

Hank takes a breath - raises the dart-board again.

HANK
Please focus Rahja. Please!

Rahja nods. Licks his lips with concentration. He aims up his last dart, shuts one eye, brings back his arm and throws -

- and hits Hank in the knuckle.

HANK (CONT'D)
Holy Mother-of-Fucking-God!!!

Hank doubles over and yanks out the dart and throws it to the ground. Rahja holds his head in embarrassment.

All the Men are CRACKING UP, pissing themselves.

ALL THE MEN
Welcome to Man Club!

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - DAY

Hank packs clothes into a suitcase while Tara watches.

TARA
I'm so happy you're going away with Bear and his friends.

Hank walks with a limp to get more T-shirts.

HANK
You and me both.

TARA
Call me when you get there? You'll be back before five on Sunday, right?

HANK

I think so. I can't promise anything.
Bear was vague about times.

TARA

Promise me you'll call though?

Hank kisses and grabs his suitcase.

HANK

Promise. Love you!

Hank limps out while Tara watches pensively.

TARA

Love you! Have fun with your new
friends!

EXT. MOUNTAIN-SIDE ROAD - DAY

A impossibly large mountain with a tiny road snaking up it. A black Land Rover drives, followed by a black BMW, black Mercedes and black Lexus.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Alan drives while Bear is shotgun. Hank sits in the back.

HANK

It was so weird, everything you said
back at the party come true. The *Bed,
Bath and Beyond* girl --

ALAN

There's always a hot one working in
the lighting department, right?

Bear nods. Like a wise old man. Lapping it up.

HANK

Then there's the Sofia Vergara and
rubbing one out thing.

ALAN

She is so hot, isn't she?

Bear smirks. Loving it.

HANK

And the repeating everyday crap of
sleep, work, eat.

(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

Man should be doing more with is life
than just the same thing everyday.

ALAN

Exactly!

BEAR

I only speak the truth, Hank. Man has lost his way from what made him Man in the first place. Just like a dog or a cat, we've all slowly become domesticated animals living inside our safe Western lifestyles. Our food is there, ready in two minutes. Our water is there, flavored with strawberry. Our heat and AC, all there at a press of a button. I say FUCK IT. Let's go back to square one.

Hank nods. Understanding and getting it.

BEAR (CONT'D)

This weekend will begin, what I hope will be a new era for you Hank Binski. A new era of Man-Hood --

ALAN

ARGHH!

Alan spins the Land Rover out the way of a squirrel.

Everyone SCREAMS as the Rover aims straight off the road.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Oh-my-God-We're-going-to-die!

EXT. MOUNTAIN-SIDE ROAD - DAY

The Land Rover ZOOMS straight off the road and disappears out of sight.

The fleet of black cars behind slowly stops.

Rahja climbs out from the Mercedes along with ED MILLER (46), a big bear of a man with a scraggy beard (wearing a *Rangers* jersey). They see below the Land Rover bouncing down the very steep mountainside leading towards a nearby forest.

RAHJA

You think they want us to follow?

Ed thinks about it. Then takes out his cell.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

Complete pandemonium. The Rover BOUNCES and SHAKES side-to-side with the guys being thrown around like marbles in a bucket. Everyone is shitting themselves as trees, logs, animals and rocks FLASH past their windows in a blur.

ALAN

We're-dead-We're-so-dead!

Hank, mortified, braces himself the best his can.

BEAR

Keep-it-straight-and-avoid-the-trees-
You-stupid-asshole!

RING-RING. More SHAKING and BOUNCING and Bear goes into his pocket and with both hands carefully pulls out his cell.

EXT. MOUNTAIN-SIDE ROAD - DAY

Rahja listens while Ed talks on his Blackberry.

ED

Yes, sir. We'll be right down.

Ed SNAPS shut his cell.

ED (CONT'D)

He says to get down there now.

Rahja pushes up the glasses on the end of his nose and they go over to the Merc. Ed signals to the BMW and Lexus (full of Men) that they should follow.

The Merc starts up, turns, and drops off the road along with the BMW and Lexus behind.

INT. LAND ROVER - DAY

More trees, rocks and animals FLASH by - then the ground finally levels off and the Rover skids to a LONG NOISY stop.

Hank is frozen. A moment of final silence and stillness falls over them all. Bear drills Alan with a look.

BEAR

Next time, drive over the fucking squirrel!

Alan sinks. Hank washes over his face with his hands.

EXT. FOREST/ CAMP - DAY

All the black vehicles are covered in twigs and mud. But they are all parked in a circle and All the Men have their trunks open and are checking over their high-powered rifles.

HANK

Humm. I don't own a rifle.

ALAN

It's okay, I have one you can borrow.

Alan hands Hank a .22, and he holds it like a dead fish.

HANK

So Alan, at the party I noticed your wife was pregnant. When is the baby--

ALAN

(whispers)

Shush. Bear doesn't like us talking about women when we're on Man-Time.

HANK

(nods)

Okay. Sorry about that.

Bear turns around wearing camo that makes him look like G.I. Joe.

BEAR

Okay men. *Cell phones*.

All the Men hand their phones to Bear. Hank hesitates.

BEAR (CONT'D)

It's a rule here at Man Club, Hank. On *Man-Time* nobody gets to use their cell to call their pregnant wife or "*just check-in*." I'll give back the phones tonight though so that we can touch-base with the ol' ball-an-chain.

Hank nods. Hands over his phone.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Okay men, into the darkness we go.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

All the Men, clutching rifles, move through the forest.

BEAR

Remember men, first one to kill
anything gets the \$1000 gift-card
courtesy of *J.D. Powertools*.

(smooth advert voice)

*For all your hardware needs and
desires...*

All the Men nod. Hank just moves silently over logs.

ALAN

This is just like that movie Predator.

HANK

Predator?

ALAN

Yeah, that movie where a bunch of guys
with guns go into a jungle and find some
nasty pussy face monster. It had the
Terminator and Lando Calrissian in it.

BEAR

It was Carl Weathers, Alan, otherwise
known as Apollo Creed.

ED

Everyone knows that, dip-shit.

Alan cringes.

RAHJA

I remember after I saw *Predator* I
couldn't eat pussy for a whole year.

All the Men grin.

ED

(a'la Arnold Schwarzenegger)
You're one ugly mutherfucker!

All the Men laugh again.

Bear signals ARMY STYLE, All the Men kneel down. Bear points
to his eyes and signals "two" and points ahead.

Alan and Ed move ahead while All the Men hang-back.

Alan and Ed see something rustle a bush nearby. They aim up
their assault-rifles with a steady hand.

A squirrel darts out from the bush and scurries up a tree.

Ed and Alan PANIC and let off shots - which miss. Both sigh.

RAHJA

This is fucking stupid. It's been three hours and we got nothing.

ED

Maybe if you could actually see you could fucking hit something.

RAHJA

I'm two stones-throw from being technically blind, what's your excuse ass-fucker?

Ed grinds his teeth as Bear walks over, looks at his watch.

BEAR

Listen up. Sun-set is in an hour, we should head back to camp for food. Let's move it!

All the Men nod and turn around and walk back.

EXT. FOREST/ CAMP - NIGHT

All the Men sit around a fire, eating beans and talking.

ALAN

I don't know about you guys, but I could never withstand torture in the hands of the enemy.

RAHJA

I know what you mean. Those al-Qaeda motherfuckers are nasty.

ALAN

If you went *anywhere* near my testicles I'd fold and confess everything in a second.

(then to Bear)

Sorry, sir.

BEAR

It's okay. It's important for a man to know his limits. Yours Alan is your testicles.

All the Men nod and agree. Ed thinks long and hard...

ED

If I was out in Iraq, and got caught by al-Qaeda and they were going to behead me, I'd make sure I had the last laugh.

ALAN

How can you have the *last laugh* in that situation?

ED

Easy. I'd whip out my cock and bang one out.

All the Men exchange confused looks.

ED (CONT'D)

It would totally gross out the terrorists, disorient them all, the fuckers wouldn't know how to react. Maybe one would try and grab me, but I'd aim my cock at him. He'd probably freak out and back away fearing of a juice explosion on his hip, and that's when I'd jump out the window and make my escape to safety.

All the Men remain silent. Ed nods. Onto something.

ED (CONT'D)

It'd totally fucking work. It'd be the last thing they'd expect to see.

HANK

Maybe they should teach that technique in the Army.

All the Men BUST OUT LAUGHING. Ed fake-smiles looking at Hank.

AT A NEARBY BUSH - MOMENTS LATER

Rahja and Hank take a leak.

RAHJA

So what do you think of Man Club? You can be honest with me. I don't kiss Bear's ass like some of the men here.

HANK

Honestly?

RAHJA

Sure. The only reason I'm here is because my wife made me.

(MORE)

RAHJA (CONT'D)

(female voice)

Rahja, when are you going to get out the house? Rahja, when are you going to make friends? I get tired of it and accept Bear's invitation to screwball Man Club. Now my wife is happy. Me though - not so.

HANK

... Yeah. It is crazy. I guess they're a good bunch with doing all these activities, and Bear giving away that \$1000 gift-card is pretty generous.

Rahja shakes his head thinking about something.

RAHJA

You know I'm sorry about what happened with Bullseye the other night. I didn't mean to throw darts at you.

HANK

It's okay. I know.

Both their heads turn at a bush nearby. A RUSTLE and then a GRUNT. They exchange glances. IS THAT A BEAR? Hank narrows his eyes, a good thirty feet off into the forest a huge BROWN BEAR crouches over.

Hank and Rahja nod at each other and Rahja slips off the rifle from his back.

RAHJA

Please. You take the shot.

HANK

Don't you want to win the \$1000 gift card?

RAHJA

I will miss. Please, you take it. Besides, it'll make you look good to Bear, Grizzly Adams and the crew. *Your first trip with Man Club and you land a bear, fucking hot, huh?*

HANK

Tell you what, I'll split the card 50/50 with you.

RAHJA

Deal.

Hank smiles, takes the rifle off Rahja and nuzzles it into his shoulder -- aims up with a closed eye. Finger over the trigger... Then hesitation washes over his face.

Hank LOWERS the rifle.

HANK

I can't do it. I love bears.

RAHJA

Me too. They are beautiful creatures.

(an idea)

But it is close to the campsite, and for the safety of everyone here we should probably scare it away. Why don't you sting it in the ass.

Hank NODS. He levels off the rifle. His finger curls around the trigger -- and he squeezes slowly.

POP.

The bear gets hit in the ass and rears up and screams:

BROWN BEAR

MOTHERFUCKER!

Hank and Rahja exchange confused looks. The bear turns around and under the moonlight we see: Ed holding his ass. Just wearing a big brown jacket. Slacks around his ankles.

ED

Which Motherfucker just shot me?!

Hank goes to open his mouth --

RAHJA

I am very sorry, Ed!

Rahja marches over pleading with Ed, who's furious.

ED

Bear, Rahja shot me in the ass! Oww!

Bear and All the Men make over to the clearing.

ED (CONT'D)

It's because I said shit about your country, isn't it?

RAHJA

What?!

ED

Iraqi terrorists. You got pissed at me for talking smack about your men.

RAHJA

I'm from India you fucking pussy-face Grizzly Adams, not Iraq.

ED

Oww! Jesus, it fucking hurts! Oww!

BEAR

Okay men. Listen up. Wounded man needs AVAC to nearest hospital ASAP. Alan, get Ed to the Rover and take him to the ER, STAT.

ALAN

Sir, yes sir!

Alan helps a limping and cursing Ed away from the group.

BEAR

Rahja. No offense, but due to your failing eye-sight, I think it's best that we keep you off the guns, okay?

RAHJA

This is bullshit-jerky!

Bear turns to Hank and speaks loudly to the group.

BEAR

Seeing as Hank is our new member, and although he technically didn't kill anything, he did come the closest to do just that, so I award Hank the \$1000 gift-card for shooting Ed in the ass.

Bear hands Hank a wad of gift cards. Hank is speechless.

HANK

Wow. Thanks, Bear.

All the Men WHOOP and CHEER.

BEAR

Okay. It's been a long day, so let's all get some shut eye, men. When we get back I'll dish out the phones for a good-night call of three mins tops.

ALL THE MEN

Sir, yes sir!

All the Men head back to their tents for the night. Rahja and Hank hang back.

HANK
Thank you, Rahja...

RAHJA
No problem. So we're even now with the
dart-thing?

Hank gives a \$500 gift-card to him.

HANK
Even.

EXT. FOREST/ CAMP - MOMENTS LATER

All the Men are making calls at the same time. Hank is off to one side talking on his cell.

HANK
I miss you too.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Tara is in bed watching *Say Yes to the Dress* on TV.

TARA
So you're having fun?

Hank notices Bear looking at him while he's on his cell.

HANK
I won a thousand dollars on the
hunting trip today. Pretty cool, huh?

TARA
A thousand? That's excellent. Melissa
said you and Bear would hit it off.

Bear points to his clock and nods to Hank.

HANK
Okay hon, I guess I should go now.
It's late and we're all beat.

TARA
Okay, and tell the guys I said "hi."

HANK
Will do. Love you.

Click. Bear takes Hank's phone him while shouldering his own.

BEAR
 Okay hon, I gotta go. Battery is
 dying... I know, happens every time.
 Love you. Bye.

Bear grins at Hank, holding out his cell phone.

BEAR (CONT'D)
*Time apart, is what keeps a marriage
 together, right?*
 (off Hank's blank look)
 ... Maybe that's just me.

Bear signals to All the Men to wrap it up. He signals "three,
 two, one - NOW."

ALL THE MEN
 Okay love you, bye!

All the Men hang up at the same time and hand back their
 phones to Bear.

EXT. MOUNTAIN-SIDE/ WILD RIVER - DAY

All the Men are on the river-bank holding oars and standing
 next to river-rafting boats.

BEAR
 Okay men. Select your teams and last one:
 Takes it up the ass from their wife!

All the Men group together and rush for their boats. Hank is
 with Rahja and Alan. They jump in their boat and push away
 and start rowing hard.

Soon the river current pulls them along fast as three other
 boats race down the torrent. Ed keeps his ass high in the air.

IN HANK'S BOAT

Hank paddles along at the front. Water splashing on him.

HANK
 These waters don't have any
Exocoetidae do they?

ALAN
 Exo what?

HANK
Exocoetidae. Flying Fish.

RAHJA
I haven't seen them before. Why?

HANK
I'm allergic to them.

RAHJA
Eating them?

HANK
Skin contact. The oils on their scales
I'm overly-sensitive too.

ALAN
I'm sure you'll be okay.

They all paddle hard as their boat over-takes and goes into second place. Ahead of them is Bear, Ed and Other Member.

RAHJA
Come on team. Paddle hard. We can take
these pussy-bitches on.

Suddenly a fish flies out the choppy water and lands inside the boat. Hank freaks out and jumps away from it - which makes the boat rock and roll HARD.

HANK
Jesus Christ! Oh God! Why?

IN BEAR AND ED'S RAFT

BEAR
You taped fish-food to the bottom of
the newcomers boat, right?

Ed nods and Bear looks over at the commotion in Alan's boat. He double-takes as Hank leaps around causing the boat to impossibly rock.

ED
They will all be overboard before the
end.

BACK TO ALAN'S RAFT

ALAN
Please Hank, just stay calm.

Another fish leaps into the air and lands in Hank's arms - which he tosses high into the air - which in SLO-MO comes spinning down back into the boat and hits Rahja on the head - knocking off his glasses.

HANK

The stinging. Oww. The stinging.

Another fish flips onto the boat and Hank dances around even more SHOUTING and YELLING as fish make contact with his feet and legs.

CRUNCH. Hank steps on Rahja's glasses and a shard pierces the boats latex - which splits fast - and water comes on board.

Alan paddles furiously as their boat slips back into the third spot. He looks down as his feet are deep in water.

The hole splits wider very quickly -- RIPPPP -- and takes on more water, revealing a frenzy of fish swimming below.

ALAN

Water on-board!

The boat lurches and Hank falls over-board and drops into the water. He splashes around, frantic.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Man over-board!

Alan leaps into the water and tries to swim over to Hank.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'll save you, Hank. Rahja. Throw us the life-saver.

Rahja fumbles around the boat blind and picks up a fish - mistaking it for the life-saver - and heaves at them both.

RAHJA

Here we go!

Hank gets a fish in the face - SLAP.

HANK

Argh! Jesus it stings!

UNDER THE RAPID WATER

Swim millions of Flying Fish, brushing against Hank.

BACK ON THE WATER

Hank GASPS as he feels the touch of millions of fish.

HANK (CONT'D)

Jesus shit! ARGH!

Alan and Hank BUG-EYE as rushing at them is the fourth boat.

ALAN
Hank, watch out!

Hank and Alan dive aside as the boat BLASTS past them. They breathe a sigh of relief. Rahja tries to bale out the water from the sinking boat.

RAHJA
We're going down. We're fucking
sinking assholes!

UNDER THE WATER

Hank is dragged fast towards some nearby jagged ROCKS. His legs are too busy kicking away at the fish. Then BAM - his testicles hit a protruding ROCK.

BACK ON THE WATER

Hank suddenly SCREAMS bloody murder. He has stopped dead with the current flowing around him. His head lowers in real pain.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

All the Men stand outside the E.R. smoking and talking as Hank is wheeled out in a chair by Tara to their car.

TARA
Oh, poor Panky. I'll make you better.

HANK
(embarrassed)
Thanks, hon. Just wheel me straight
into oncoming traffic.

Ed smirks, holding down laughter. Hank waves to All the Men.

HANK (CONT'D)
Thanks for the trip guys. It was fun.
(under his breath)
... Don't call me ever again, assholes.

Tara wheels Hank away as Bear signals "Call Me." Hank returns the gesture, faking enthusiasm.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Focus is outside their house.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank lays out on the bed holding an ice pack to his groin, while Tara applies white cream to his very red welts on his face, arms and legs.

HANK

... And they nearly killed me before they got there when Alan drove the Land Rover over the edge of the mountain.

TARA

Melissa said Alan swerved to avoid a poor little squirrel.

HANK

And then we went shooting and I nearly killed Ed Miller.

TARA

But you won a thousand dollars for doing a *Dick Cheney*.

HANK

And the fish nearly stung me to death and I had to spend five hours waiting in a crappy hospital until you picked me up.

TARA

They couldn't control the fishy-fish. That's not Man Club's fault.

HANK

It's over, hon. I'm done with them.

TARA

Well you're going to be lonely this weekend if you stay in. I'm off to Denver for a sales conference.

Hank SIGHS.

HANK

You never had to travel this much back home.

TARA

That's because I wasn't a medical sales executive back there, was I?

Hank pouts. Tara softens.

TARA (CONT'D)

What is it?

HANK

... I just hate being alone here.

TARA

I know. But this is hard for me too. I got a shot at making exec and we both agreed it would be good for us. Please, just try and stick out this Man Club for a while longer. For me?

HANK

Maybe I'll give them one more go. Just so I can keep busy while you're away.

Tara smiles happy. Kisses him sweetly.

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Hank taps away on his PC when his phone rings. He picks up.

HANK

Office-Tech, Hank Binski speak--

BEAR (V.O.)

(through phone)

Hank. It's Bear. We're doing Speedo-Paintballing this weekend. Alan will pick you up 8am Saturday.

HANK

Speedo-Paintballing?

EXT. PAINTBALLING GROUNDS/CAR LOT - DAY

All the Men are in the car lot surrounding Bear.

BEAR

Speedo-Paintballing. Probably the most dangerous type of paintballing there is. First to make a kill gets a \$500 gift-card courtesy of *J.D. Powertools*.

(smooth advert voice)

For all your hardware needs and desires...

All the Men CHEER and WHOOP, then start stripping off clothes until they are down to just their Speedos. Hank looks worried, but Alan hands him a pair.

ALAN

It's okay. You can borrow mine.

Hank's nose wrinkles up.

HANK
This is all we've got to wear?

All the Men look at him - all wearing JUST Speedos.

HANK (CONT'D)
But won't it hurt like hell when I get
hit?

All the Men LAUGH and start grabbing their paint-guns.

ED
That's the point, Panky.

Hank looks as Ed walks off with his gun in hand smirking.

EXT. PAINTBALLING GROUNDS/ FOREST - DAY

Pellets flying everywhere as All the Men wearing just Speedos run around firing off shots. Some get hit and SCREAM and fall to the ground. Many just giggle as they shoot at each other. Rahja and Hank take refuge against a thick tree as pellets SPLATTER and POP.

RAHJA
I don't know about you, but this is
fucking scary.

HANK
I do not want to get hit.

Hank suddenly SCREAMS as Ed nails him in the ass and back many times over.

HANK (CONT'D)
Jesus fucking Christ!

Hank spins around watching Ed gloat.

ED
You're out, asshole!

HANK
Fuck.

Hank jogs off leaving Rahja hiding behind the tree. Ed tracks alongside Hank.

ED

Back when we went hunting, I have a theory that you are the one that shot me in the ass and not Rahja.

HANK

Really Columbo. Why's that?

ED

'Cause Rahja can't shoot for shit.

Hank gives Ed a worried look and makes over to the safe area.

HANK

Maybe he got lucky. Ever thought that?

Ed grills him with a look.

EXT. PAINTBALLING GROUNDS/ SAND DUNES - DAY

Bullets flying everywhere as All the Men charge at each other firing off shots. Many men fall, even more SCREAM in pain.

Hank and Rahja see a chance to nail Ed in a bunker, and they aim up and fire at him covering him in red paint.

ED

ARGH! YOU ASS-FUCKS! OWW!

RAHJA

Smoke that Clint pussy-face Eastwood!

Ed gives them both the 'finger' as they advance. Then Bear nails Hank and Rahja and they both SCREAM and run like girls.

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Hank is at his PC reading an email from Tara "Miss you, can't wait to see you Sat night!". Hank SIGHS. His phone rings.

HANK

Office-Tech, Hank Bin--

BEAR (V.O.)

(through phone)

Hank, it's Bear. Saturday we're playing golf. Alan will pick you up at 7am.

HANK

(gritted teeth)

Fine.

INT. HOTEL/ BEDRROM - MORNING

Tara is asleep. She rolls over to hug Hank - but he's not there. Tara wakes up confused, then: *Oh, I'm in a hotel.* She tries to go back to sleep. Eyes open. She's missing him...

EXT. GOLF COURSE/ 1ST HOLE - DAY

All the Men are wearing their golfers shirts and pants. Bear lets off a beautiful fair-way drive.

BEAR

Hank. You're up.

Hank spots his ball, swings back and drives a fair-way shot.

ALAN

Sweet shot.

HANK

What a great day for golfing, huh.

Hank for the first time, looks truly happy.

INT. AIRPORT/ BOARDING GATE - DAY

Tara reads a book at the boarding gate. It loses her interest and she checks the time on her phone, blows out her cheeks. Then her screensaver kicks in - a pic of Tara and Hank, happy. She looks sad as people pass her by at the airport...

EXT. GOLF COURSE/ 12TH HOLE - DAY

Hank kills another fair-way shot. He's pretty happy.

All the Men jump into their golf karts. Bear looks around.

BEAR

Kart-Lancing!

All the Men GIGGLE and spin around their karts, and with their golf clubs pointing out like lances, they all take positions facing each other.

TWO KARTS FACE-OFF

Rahja and Hank sit nervous. WTF. Rahja hands his driver to Hank and points it out like a lance, as Rahja grips the wheel.

HANK

Please tell me this isn't what I think it is.

RAHJA

It's what you think it is. Now off with his head, bitch!

HANK

But we're having such a nice time...

Ed and Alan sit in the other kart, and Ed grinds his teeth at the prospect of nailing Hank with his Nike driver.

ED

Now! Move it!

Rahja puts his foot down and both karts race at each other.

HANK

This is a crazy idea...

Both karts close in impossibly fast and - THWACK - Hank deflects Ed's driver - but Rahja gets hit straight in the face - which sends him toppling out the kart and rolling over-and-over until he comes to a stop in a sand trap.

Alan spins around the kart as Ed looks on triumphant. He grins as Rahja rolls over onto his back and wheezes. But Ed's smile drops when he sees his Nike Driver completely bent.

ED

Assholes!

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank walks through the door and he puts aside his golf clubs angry. Tara throws herself onto him.

TARA

I'm missed you so much!

HANK

That's it. I'm through with Man Club.

TARA

What? Why?!

HANK

They ruined a perfectly good game of golf with '*Kart-Lancing*.'

TARA
Kart-Lancing?

HANK
It's modern-day golf jousting. But instead of lances we use drivers, and instead of horses we use golf karts.

TARA
Owch.

HANK
Exactly. I ruined my Ping Driver you got me for Christmas.

TARA
That thing cost me \$500!

HANK
I'm sorry. I know you're really good friends with Melissa but I'm done with Bear and his buddies. From here on out I am no longer a member of Man Club. I'll find my own friends to hang-out with.

Tara smooths over his shoulders.

TARA
I know, Panky... You did give it a go. And it would be nice if you stayed home more often. We could spend some quality time together. Like we did back home. What do you think?

Tara has a twinkle in her eyes.

HANK
(suggestive)
I think that's a great idea.

Hank chases Tara up stairs into the bedroom.

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Hank at his PC. His phone RINGS. He know who this is.

HANK
Hi, Bear.

INT. LAND ROVER - INTERCUT

Bear talks on his *Bluetooth*.

BEAR
This Saturday, 5am. *Street-Bowl*.

HANK
Listen. About this Saturday. Me and Tara are kinda doing something. All day. I can't make it.

Bear swerves the Rover off the road and to a dramatic STOP.

BEAR
What.

HANK
Me and Tara. We have something planned.

BEAR
And this Saturday so does Man Club.

HANK
We decided to go to Home Depot and gets some stuff for the back yard. Sorry.

BEAR
Home Depot? Back yard? What talk is this?!

HANK
Sorry I can't make it this weekend. But thanks anyway for the --

BEAR
Hank, this is how it starts. You spend time together on weekends. Next thing you argue, name-call and before you know it you both end up hating each other. Trust me, you want to spend your time away from your wife, *not with her*.

HANK
Hello?... You're breaking up. Hello.

Hank HANGS UP. He watches nervously waiting for the phone to ring back, but it doesn't. *Phew*. He continues working.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Hank takes out the trash. Sees his neighbor, Jack, struggling under the hood on his car. Both see each other. NOD.

Hank SLAM-DUNKS the trash then heads back inside, but something makes him stop and look back at Jack - who's double-fist-turning something and getting a red face.

Hank walks over.

HANK
Hey neighbor.

JACK
... Hey there.

Hank stands nervously. Then cleans his hand and extends it.

HANK
Sorry, we've never actually got to be properly introduced. Names Hank.

JACK
Hi Hank. I'm Jack.

HANK
What you working on there?

JACK
Oh, damn valves gone. Just replacing it.

HANK
You need a hand?

JACK
Sure, if you have the time.

Across the street, a black SUV sits idle. Someone inside the vehicle watches Hank and Jack...

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - DAY

With greasy hands, Jack and Hank walk into the house, which is tidy and almost like a married couple lived here. He has various golf stuff (paintings/ ornaments/ etc) about.

HANK
You like golf then?

JACK
I play when I can. You into it?

HANK
Yeah, love it. Haven't played much since I moved out here, and the time I did play recently it was spoiled by idiots playing *Kart-Lancing*.

JACK
Kart-Lancing?

HANK
Don't ask.

JACK
Maybe we should go sometime.

HANK
Yeah, that would be cool.

Jack goes over to his fridge.

JACK
Beer?

HANK
Sure. Why not.

Jack hands Hank a Miller.

JACK
You wanna hang, watch the game?

Hank goes to say something when his cell RINGS. He answers.

HANK
Hi honey... Yes, I'm at the neighbors house. Jack... Yes, he's a nice guy-- No, he's not weird--I'll be home soon, hon. Bye.

JACK
I understand if you gotta go.

HANK
It's cool. I can hang for a while.

Jack smiles. Happy that he's got company.

JACK
Great. I recently got a wicked set of Callaway's. Wanna see 'em?

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens and Hank is shown out by Jack. Both LAUGHING.

HANK
Wow. The Cowboys blew chunks.

JACK
 Hey. There's a first time for
 everything.

Hank and Jack hang at the porch. It's awkward.

HANK
 We should do this again sometime.

JACK
 Sure. I'm just a stones throw away.

Hank is shy.

HANK
 Can I get your number? Maybe call you
 sometime?

Jack goes into his pocket and scribbles down his number,
 hands it to him.

JACK
 There we go. Call me anytime.

Another awkward beat. Then Jack holds out his hand, which
 Hank shakes.

JACK (CONT'D)
 Nice meeting you, Hank.

HANK
 You too, Jack.

Hank beelines across the yard and over to his own property.
 Jack waves goodbye and goes back inside.

Hank makes it onto his own porch when Bear steps out blocking
 him from going inside.

HANK (CONT'D)
 Jesus! You scared the crap out of me!

BEAR
 (re: Jack)
 Who's that, Hank?

HANK
 Oh, Jack? He's my neighbor. Nice guy.
 You'd like him.

BEAR
 Is he your *new* friend?
 (sniffs Hank)
 I smell beer, chips and friendship.

Hank steps back.

HANK

We just spoke tonight for the first time. -- Is there something I can help you with?

BEAR

Yes there is. *Man Club*.

HANK

What about it?

BEAR

Well, that's the thing. See, when someone pledges to Man Club it's a serious vow, sorta for life in most cases. And when someone just drops out to spend time with other people, like women, wives or other men who aren't in Man Club, then I tend to get worried...

HANK

Listen, Bear. I've been meaning to tell you for a while, but it's just never been the right time...

Bear listens. Frowns.

HANK (CONT'D)

I don't think I can be in Man Club anymore. I just don't see it working out between us...

BEAR

What?...

HANK

I guess what I'm trying to say is --

BEAR

Nobody leaves Man Club, Hank. Nobody.

Bear steps forward. Getting in Hank's personal space.

HANK

... But I guess I am.

BEAR

Woa. Hold on a second here shall we? What seems to be the problem? Why do you want to leave all of a sudden? I thought you were having fun on our weekends away.

Hank is uncomfortable.

BEAR (CONT'D)

It's okay. You can tell me it straight. If there's something we did wrong, we can fix it. We're all adults here, aren't we?

HANK

Okay. I guess the whole thing of doing activities isn't such a bad thing, it's just the...

BEAR

What?

HANK

... Well, the things we do inevitably take a turn for the worse.

BEAR

... Meaning?

HANK

Well, for example, golf last weekend. I was shooting a great round. Then you called *Kart-Lancing* and from then on we were all hitting each other with golf clubs.

Bear chuckles at the memory.

BEAR

Is that it?

HANK

Then there's the whole paintball trip. Ruined. Then there's the hunting trip. Ruined. Then there's the rafting thing. Ruined.

(then)

I'm sorry Bear. I just don't think it's working out for me anymore.

Bear edges closer even still.

BEAR

There's only two ways to leave Man Club, Hank. *Death and a coma*. And you took the pledge. The oath. It's forever and ever, Amen. You can't go back on an oath that ends with Amen. It's un-Godly.

Hank steps around Bear and approaches his front door.

HANK

I'm sorry. I really am. But I'm just going to have to leave the club. If there's some cancelation fee involved I'd be happy to pay it.

Bear's left eye twitches involuntarily as he grabs Hank.

BEAR

This isn't a promotional membership at McFatties-Gym. Man Club membership is for life.

Hank gets free and open his door and lets himself in.

HANK

Again, really sorry I can't be in it anymore. Oh, you'll be needing this back I guess.

Hank takes off his 'Man Club' necklace and gives it to Bear.

HANK (CONT'D)

Thanks though for dropping by. Bye...
(under his breath)
... Crazy psycho.

Click. Bear stands on the lawn. Jaw firm. Eye twitching. Seething.

BEAR

But **nobody** leaves Man Club. Nobody.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Looking flustered and white, Hank sits next to Tara who's watching *The Bachelor* while looking over a heavy file.

TARA

You okay?

Hank has a thousand yard stare.

HANK

I think I just made a friend and an enemy in one night.

INT. BEAR'S MANSION/ BASEMENT - NIGHT

All the Men have gathered in a circle as Bear stands center.

BEAR

Gentlemen. Something horrible has happened tonight. Something Un-Godly.

Rahja listens, noticing that Hank isn't present.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Hank Binski has turned traitor. I caught him with another man.

GASPS from All the Men.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Yes, that's right. He was befriending his neighbor, a man by the name of Jack.

More GASPS.

BEAR (CONT'D)

The only person to have left Man Club was *Harold Jugs*.

All the Men spit on the floor at the name.

BEAR (CONT'D)

And he at least earned the right to withdraw from Man Club. But this traitor Hank Binkski, he just up and left. And that my friends, is unforgivable.

ALL THE MEN

Unforgivable!

BEAR

So I hereby call Hank Binski, and everything he stands for: An enemy of Man Club.

ALL THE MEN

Enemy of Man Club!

BEAR

And for that most treacherous of crimes, he shall pay... He shall pay with his life!

ALL THE MEN

His life!

BEAR

HIS OWN SINGLE LIFE!

ALL THE MEN
HIS OWN SINGLE LIFE!

BEAR
 (wistful)
 ... Life.

ALL THE MEN
 Life!

BEAR
 That's it. The end. Period.

All the Men MURMUR.

ALL THE MEN
 ... Period.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

A beautiful morning. The door opens and Hank walks out dressed for work. He steps on something. He looks down and sees a shaggy toy Horses-Head-On-A-Pole, but the pole is broken off like someone snapped it off. Attached is a note.

HANK
 (reading note)
 "Nobody leaves Man Club. Nobody."

Hank SIGHS.

HANK (CONT'D)
 Great. I got the mafia after me now.

His neighbor Jack leaves his home. Both wave. Hank hides the toy horse behind his back.

JACK
 Hey buddy. Beer and game tonight? Jets and Steelers on my new 50" 3D HDTV.

HANK
 Great. I'll call when I get home.

JACK
 Excellent. Have a great one.

Jack gets in his car, turns it on, and drives away. Hank throws the horses-head in the nearby bush. He makes for his car when he hears a SCREECH of tires squealing.

He looks up in SLO-MO to see a black BMW speeding down the street. Hanging out the window is Ed with a shit-eating grin holding a suped-up paintball gun.

Hank makes a break for his Focus a few feet away...

HANK

Noooooooo.

...Ed takes aim with one eye closed - finger over the trigger.

...Hank fumbles for his keys as he gets closer - and a red splatter appears nearby his door handle...

...Ed fires off shots in quick succession...

...Hank grimaces as he takes multiple hits on his back, legs, ass and arms. It's horrible. Like a gangsta drive-by.

HANK (CONT'D)

Argghhhhh.

...Still in SLO-MO Hank falls dramatically to the ground...

...As Ed's BMW peels away around a corner and out of sight.

DRAMATIC OVERHEAD VIEW

As Hank lays there, looking like he's bleeding. His car covered in what looks like blood.

HANK (CONT'D)

(in SLO-MO)

Damn youuuu, Man Clubbbb!

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Hank, ruffled and limping (and in a change of clothes), crosses over to his cube and sits without as much as a "hello" to anyone. Duke fires him a look.

DUKE

What time do call this?

HANK

I call this being late. You got a problem with that?

Duke raises an eyebrow and goes back to work. Hank starts up his PC with new-found bravado.

HANK (CONT'D)
 (sotto)
 That's what I thought.

Hank checks his emails. He gets one from MAN CLUB. He clicks OPEN and it reads: *Nobody leaves Man Club. Nobody.*

Hank SIGHS. Hits DELETE.

INT. HANK'S FORD FOCUS - DAY

Hank drives while listening to Guns N Roses "*Civil War.*" Suddenly there's a WHOOP and LIGHTS FLASH. Hank pulls over.

A COP climbs out his cruiser and walks over. Meekly TAPS on the window - which Hank rolls down.

HANK
 Alan?

Alan is the Cop.

ALAN
 I'm really sorry to do this, but Bear made me do it. Is this okay?

Hank GROANS.

HANK
 Sure. Hit me with it.

Alan starts writing out a ticket.

ALAN
 If Bear asks, or anyone else for that matter, I gave you a speeding ticket. But I'm just writing you a seatbelt violation, okay?

HANK
 Fine. How's your wife doing?

Alan stops writing the ticket. Gushing with joy.

ALAN
 She's ready to burst man. I'm just waiting for that call, you know? I'm freaking, but it's like Christmas every morning!

HANK
 Good to hear. What are you doing with Man Club when she gives birth?

ALAN

Well, Bear was far more generous than I thought...

HANK

Yeah?

ALAN

He's giving me every fourth weekend off to spend with Kari and the little one.

HANK

Every fourth? So one weekend per month?

ALAN

Yeah. I thought he was totally gonna say like every fifth or sixth.

(hands ticket to Hank)

Have a nice day, Hank. And if you just want to come back to Man Club, it'll be really cool.

HANK

Thanks. But I don't think that's going to happen.

ALAN

I understand. Sometimes I feel that way too. Bye, Hank.

Alan walks back to his cruiser. Hank shakes his head.

HANK

... Bear is a monster.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

A radio on Rahja's pants CRACKLES TWICE and Rahja grabs his brushes and a paint-bucket and leaps over a nearby fence.

Hank drives his Focus onto his driveway and STOPS suddenly. He climbs out, jaw slack. Painted on the side of his house is:

NOBODY LEAVES! NOBODY!

Hank CURSES and rushes for the hose and turns it on. Jack the neighbor comes out and frowns at Hank scrubbing at the words.

JACK

Hey buddy. You okay? You need a hand?

HANK

I'm good. You can go inside. Just kids playing. I got it covered.

JACK

Okay. We still on for the game tonight?

HANK

I can't, sorry. Too busy. Maybe some other time.

Jack, hurt, nods.

JACK

Okay, Hank. Take it easy.

Hank doesn't even say *goodbye*, he just scrubs harder.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hank and Tara are in bed, each reading magazines.

HANK

You know I bumped into Alan today? Did you even know he was a cop?

TARA

His wife is one too.

HANK

No shit. Anyway, he told me that when Kari gives birth, Bear is going to let him spend one in four weekends with his wife and kid.

TARA

Really?

Hank nods.

TARA (CONT'D)

Wow. Man Club is more like a cult, huh? Hold on, he doesn't make you all have sex with him, does he?

Hank HUFFS and rolls over and grabs the remote.

HANK

I'm going to watch *Ice Road Truckers*.

TARA

Just keep the volume down, hon.

HANK

Don't worry. I can't watch it too long.
I have a meeting with my area manager.

Hank turns on the TV and all he gets is static. He turns the channels over - but all are gray. He throws back the covers.

HANK (CONT'D)

Stupid dish.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE/ ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Moonlight shines down onto a bent and crushed satellite dish.

Hank narrows his eyes at the sight.

HANK

... God damn it.

Suddenly Hank loses grip on some tiles and slides like an ice-skater down the rooftop...

HANK (CONT'D)

Holy shittt!

... and falls off the edge, falling directly into the nearby tree... And one branch at a time, he painfully hits them tumbling to the ground with a THUD.

He lays there in crippled agony, when a door opens revealing light on him.

TARA (O.S.)

You okay, Panky?

INT. BEAR'S MANSION/ BASEMENT - NIGHT

All the Men gather around while Bear points to a flip chart.

BEAR

So far *Operation: Destroy Hank Binski* is going very well. Ed was great on the paintball drive-by. Alan, fantastic work on the speeding ticket. Rahja, excellent on the painting of his house and destroying his satellite dish.

(he struts around)

But tomorrow is D-Day gentlemen. For then, we will destroy the life of ex-member Hank Binski and send a clear message to the world that Man Club is not to be taken lightly or abused!

All the Men APPLAUD and CHEER. Rahja looks worried.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - DAY

An alarm SOUNDS. Hank rips back the covers of his bed.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BATHROOM - DAY

Hank is in the shower, lathering up himself, when he suddenly does a jig under ice cold water.

HANK
What the hell!

Hank throws off the faucet. Throws a towel around himself and checks the nearby sink. It's cold too. He GROANS.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BASEMENT - DAY

Hank zeros in on his boiler. Pipes undone. Broken off. Someone had some fun with it earlier.

HANK
Bastards.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

His hair a mess and looking disheveled, Hank leaves his house with a brief-case in hand.

EXT. OFFICE-TECH - DAY

The Focus pulls into a spot. Hank climbs out and darts inside.

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Hank strolls in and stops cold when he sees the AREA MANAGER (30's) talking to Fred and Duke over coffee and donuts.

Hank straightens his tie and strolls over to his cube.

AREA MANAGER
Oh, so you must be our new employee,
Hank Binski.

Hank shakes his hand.

HANK

That's me. The "new guy."

AREA MANAGER

Great. Thanks so much for the coffee and donuts. It's a nice touch.

Before Hank can say anything --

FRED

Yeah, it's a trend he started when he first worked here. And so far he's been a great asset to the team.

Hank is double-shocked that Fred not only spoke but also saved his ass.

AREA MANAGER

That's really great. Just great.

(change of tone)

But your time-keeping is lousy and your appearance is a mess.

HANK

About me being late and looking this--

AREA MANAGER

--I don't care where you come from, or what you did back at your old office, but here, at this district at Office-Tech, we keep to time, because *time is money*, and we keep up a good appearances as well, like attire and such. Both are equally important, although money is more so. Do I make myself understood, Mr. Binski?

HANK

... Yes, sir. You do.

AREA MANAGER

Good. Now I'll let you get back to work on your stats, which I'll need by the end of the day.

Area Manager walks off, leaving Hank with Fred and Duke.

HANK

Thanks guys.

Fred and Duke NOD and go back to their cubes to work.

EXT. MCDONALDS - DAY

Hank sucks on a coke while on his cell.

HANK

This is going too far. He almost cost me my job.

INT. HAMILTON MEDICAL/ OFFICES - INTERCUT

Tara is on her Blackberry buried under lots of paperwork.

TARA

Maybe you should talk directly to Bear. Try and sort this out between you both. Man to Man.

HANK

I would, but he'd probably go mad and try and throw me off his balcony.

TARA

Then how are you going to deal with this problem? I need to have warm showers and like watching TV.

HANK

I guess I'm going to have to play him at his own game.

TARA

Hank, when you went away with Man Club, there wasn't any women involved, was there?

HANK

No, why?

TARA

Just something Melissa said. She said she wouldn't be surprised if there was.

HANK

Listen, there were no women. It goes against the principle of Man Club. And when did you talk to Melissa?

TARA

Earlier. She said Bear was still hopeful you would return.

BEEP-BEEP.

Hank looks at his phone and sees Bear calling.

HANK
Speak of the devil. I gotta go hon.

TARA
You didn't cheat on--

Hank clicks over in a hurry.

HANK
Hello, Bear.

INT. J.D. POWERTOOLS/ SHOP FLOOR - DAY

Bear talks on his cell while trying out a powerdrill.

BEAR
Hank. How are you? Haven't heard from you in a while. Thought I'd check in.

HANK
Stop the bullshit. I know your game...

BEAR
You do?

HANK
... And two can play at it.

BEAR
Woa there. Hold your horses for a second. I was simply calling to extend an olive branch.

HANK
What?

BEAR
A truce. Man Club is having a little party tonight. We talked about it and thought we should relax our restrictions on new members, cut them some slack. What do you say? Attend tonight and we can bury this incident and have you back just like the old days?

Hank thinks about it.

HANK
When and where?

BEAR

Alan's place. 8pm. We got beers,
cards, porn and pizza. We'd love to
have you there.

HANK

Love to be there. See you then. Oh,
and Bear... Sorry for being an ass and
dropping out of Man Club. It won't
happen again.

BEAR

(gritted teeth)
I forgive you, Hank.

Bear hangs up. WHIRS the powerdrill HARD.

BEAR (CONT'D)

I just nailed you, sucker.

Hank smirks. Pumps his fist.

HANK

Perfect!

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A simple three bedroom house, picture perfect lawn.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE/ BASEMENT - NIGHT

All the Men are chugging beer. Chest-bouncing. Hand-snapping.
Playing cards. xBox. Running around doing crazy shit.
Listening to loud ROCK MUSIC, a HOT MILF gyrates on a make-
shift stage like a stripper and starts taking off her shirt.

BEAR

Not yet!

Hot Milf buttons back-up her shirt, no questions asked.

Bear, sober as the Pope, glances at his watch. Ed walks over.

ED

So what are we gonna do after we drug
Hank?

BEAR

Embarrass him. Take photos. Hold him to
ransom. Force him back into Man Club.

Ed smirks.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Four various makes of cars curb up. Out climb lots of excited women wearing fashionable dresses.

MELISSA

Are you sure Kari said it was cool to have my *Pampered Chef Party* round here?

TARA

Hank said he spoke with Alan and Kari's kitchen has a double-oven. She insisted. She's staying with her sister tonight anyway.

MELISSA

Oh. That makes total sense.

Ten giggling women, carrying boxes of junk, walk towards to the porch.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens and All the Women frown at the noise of ROCK MUSIC from the basement.

MELISSA

What the hell? I thought you said nobody would be home?

Tara shrugs.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE/ BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ed chugs a beer with Alan as they throw dollar bills at the Hot Milf who still gyrates on the little stage.

All the Women walk in. Melissa first. Her eyes bug-out.

MELISSA

What the fuck is going on?!

Music is killed. Total fucking silence.

All the Men shit themselves. Bear's jaw drops. *This is bad.*

BEAR

... What are you doing here?

MELISSA

I said: What the fuck is going on?!

Alan starts whimpering. Ed makes for his Wife, who turns away. Rahja looks away - as His Wife stares him down. Tara just takes it all in. Her jaw firms HARD.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

And what is your work colleague doing here?!

Hot Milf steps off the stage and grabs some clothes.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Huh?! What the fuck is going on?!

BEAR

(stuck for words)

... This wasn't for you to see.

MELISSA

Is this what you really get up to on your weekends? Beer and women?

Melissa SLAPS Bear around the face and storms out, followed by All the Women who are extremely pissed. Ed turns to Bear.

ED

Holy shit. I'm totally fucked. I'm gonna be sleeping on the floor for months because of this shit! And my back is already killing me 'cause I tried stripping on that stage earlier!

RAHJA

I can tell you now that my wife is very fucking mad at me.

ALAN

... I'm a dead man.

ALL THE MEN

We're ALL fucked!

BEAR

SILENCE!

(gathers himself)

... This is the work of a genius.

(then)

Men, we vastly underestimated Hank Binski. If he wants to start a war, we'll give him a war. A war that he'll remember for the rest of his soon-to-be short life!

Bear nods to Hot Milf.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Amy. Get your clothes. I'll take you home.

Hot Milf follows an angry Bear out the basement, leaving All the Men to contemplate their bleak fates.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bear and Milf make over to the Rover when Bear stops -- notices two rear tires dead flat.

All the Men stop too and each one notices their cars have two rear flat tires.

BEAR

Oh, he's good... He's very good.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BEDRROM - NIGHT

Tara slips into the bedroom and sees Hank is fast asleep. She bites her lip and takes off her clothes and climbs into bed.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Hank leaves his home, suitcase in hand, looking more put together than yesterday. He steps gingerly off his porch and examines his walk to his car.

The coast is clear.

Hank double-times it to his car, jumps in, starts up and drives away.

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Hank walks back to his cube when Duke is already there.

DUKE

Hank. Meet our new recruit, Adam.

Alan from Man Club wears a shameful smile.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Show him the ropes please.

HANK

Sure.

Hank quickly leads Alan over to the --

PRIVATE BREAK-ROOM

Where Hank and Alan talk quietly.

HANK (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on, "Adam"?!

ALAN

Bear was really upset by your stunt last night.

(whispers)

BTW. Nice touch with spiking the tires.

HANK

Good. Maybe he'll learn to just leave me alone now.

ALAN

Well, it didn't work. Hence me being here.

HANK

And just why are you here?

ALAN

Bear made me take two weeks off so I could infiltrate your company, plant pornography on your computer, which would get you fired, ruin your life, and have you move out of this town back to where you came from.

HANK

Wow. Over-kill much?

ALAN

He holds grudges.

HANK

Shouldn't you be with your wife now? Isn't Kari due anytime?

ALAN

Yeah, I can only go to places where I get at least three bars on my cell. These two weeks I should've used when she gives birth.

HANK

So how long do you have off for maternity?

ALAN

... Two weeks.

HANK

Jesus, Alan. Bear's a monster. He's ruining everyone's life just so he can get to me. You should be taking time off to spend with your wife, not spending it here trying to sabotage my job. And Alan, the fact that he's giving you off every fourth weekend is a joke. You should be spending anytime you want with Kari and your kid, and not be letting your time dictated to you by Man Club.

Alan covers his face and sobs.

ALAN

I know he's mean. I guess he's just a control freak.

Hank puts an arm on Alan's shoulder, which eases Alan's sobs.

HANK

Look. Bear doesn't know you're here today. He won't know you'll be here tomorrow. Why don't you just go home and be with your wife and I won't say anything. If Bear calls I'll tell him you've fit in well and I'm worried for my job and safety.

ALAN

You'll do that, for me?

HANK

Yes.

Alan cuffs away tears and holds out his hand.

ALAN

I like you more than Bear.

Hank shakes Alan's hand. But Alan bear hugs him.

HANK

I like you too, Alan.

ALAN

Do you really want out of Man Club?

Hank nods YES.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Only one man has left and lived to tell the tale. Harold Jugs. You remember his picture from the time we played darts?

HANK
Fat guy. I remember.

ALAN
Find him. He'll tell you how to get
out of Man Club once and for all.

HANK
Thank you.

Alan starts to sob again. Even harder. Hands over face.

HANK (CONT'D)
What is it buddy?

ALAN
Promise me you won't get mad.

HANK
Sure.

ALAN
... When you weren't looking, I
uploaded a virus that sends 5000
pornographic photos from your
computer. I'm so sorry.

Hank looks crestfallen. Just stares past Alan.

HANK
It's okay, Alan... It's okay.

Alan nods and cuffs away more tears.

INT. OFFICE-TECH/ OFFICES - DAY

Alan walks meekly back into the office area and looks around
all the cubes. One-by-one, all his colleagues monitors flash
up an image of a black woman and a white midget fucking.

Alan freezes. *Oh shit*. Duke puts on his glasses and inspects.

DUKE
What is that midget doing with that...
OH MY GOD HE'S TOTALLY FUC --

INT. J.D. POWERTOOLS/ MANAGERS OFFICE - DAY

On his PC, Bear cuts and pastes some photos together. It's
pictures of Hank, which he cuts the head off, and pastes them
onto the body of Another Similar Build Man with his hands on
the breasts of a Hot Woman.

Amy pokes her head into the room sucking an ice pop.

HOT MILF/ AMY
My kid called out sick from school.
Can I leave in five?

BEAR
Only if you do me a favor.

AMY
What?

Bear prints out the doctored photo - it looks very convincing.

BEAR
I need you to ruin someone's life.

AMY
Sure. Who?

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tara looks at photos of Hank with Hot Women. She hears the noise of a car curb up. She narrows her eyes as Hank walks in.

HANK
You would not believe the day I've had.

TARA
... I bet.

HANK
Bear made Alan send porno images to everyone in my office using my email, and I got suspended for it. What the --

Hank sees the photos displayed over the coffee table. He double-takes because they simply look that good.

HANK (CONT'D)
... Is that me?

Tara hands a photo at him. Stabs at the answer-machine.

ANSWER MACHINE VOICE
You have one SAVED message.
(BEEP/ FEMALE VOICE/Amy in disguise)
Hi, this message is for... *Tara... I slept with your husband... Hank. He was good. Hot good. We did it every time on his weekends away, doggy style-*

Tara stops the message - angry.

HANK

... C'mon, you know that's fake.

TARA

The photo. Sure. The message. Clearly.

Then she holds-up some sexy red lingerie between her fingers.

TARA (CONT'D)

But is this fake? I found them hanging out of your sports bag upstairs.

HANK

WHAT?!

TARA

I trusted you and those guys on your weekends away! I should've known something was up when we busted Bear's little get-together last night. You know he was pimping out his co-worker like a stripper?!

HANK

I organized that!

TARA

What?! You organized--

HANK

--No. I didn't mean that I organized it, I *orchestrated it*--

TARA

What the hell? So this is what you all do when you have your "Man-Time"?

HANK

No! I did it to expose Man Club to all the wives so that they could see what they're really like, also I was hoping that maybe they would all get the men into trouble and maybe break-up Man Club from the inside.

(beat)

Besides, he tried to make me lose my job! And now he's trying to break us up. See, these photos are clearly...

(picks up one)

... high-quality forgeries. This is really high end work. Wow, Bear should totally work in graphics.

Tara grabs her jacket and suitcase at the door.

HANK (CONT'D)
You've packed a suitcase. Where are you going?

TARA
I'm staying with Lisa for a while.

HANK
Lisa?

TARA
Someone I trust. I thought I knew you Hank Binski, but I guess I don't anymore since you're part of this Man Club thing, and until you're out of it, don't come looking for me.

Tara walks out.

HANK
Shit! I'm not even in the club anymore!

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank is slumped depressed in his sofa. He watches *UFC The Ultimate Fighter* while eating ice-cream.

The phone rings and the answer-machine picks up with a BEEP.

BEAR (V.O.)
(through answer-machine)
Hank... We can make it all just go away if you come back to Man Club. Call me and all your troubles will just go away...

BEEP. His eyes well-up with emotion.

Then an idea strikes him. He gets up and grabs the phone book from the bookcase. THUDS it down and rips it open to the letter J.

His fingers runs down the list of last names until he hits:

HAROLD JUGS

He tears out the page and grabs his car keys.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hank leaves his porch and walks over to his car when he spots his neighbor Jack putting out the trash.

JACK

Hi.

Hank senses Jack is hurt. He crosses over to him.

HANK

Hey, Jack. I want to apologize for the other night.

JACK

Oh, you don't need to do that.

HANK

No. I do. I was wrong to lash out on you. We had an arrangement to drink and watch TV and I bailed on you. I'm sorry. We don't know each other very well, actually, not at all. I gave you the wrong impression of me. I keep plans and don't ditch people last minute. That's not my style.

Jack puts aside his trash-bag.

HANK (CONT'D)

Listen, I'll be honest, I don't make friends easy, but I was hoping you'd give me another chance to maybe become your friend. What do you say? Will you give me another chance?

Jack nods. Smiles.

JACK

It's cool. I saw the writing on your house. I figured something was up. Why don't you come inside, have a beer, we can talk this over?

INT. JACK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack listens as Hank talks and sips his beer.

HANK

... And then the final straw was Tara leaving me 'cause she found some lingerie put there by Bear.

JACK
Damn. This Man Club sounds relentless.

HANK
They are.

JACK
Hence you wanting to track down this
Harold Jugs guy and get out of it once
and for all.

HANK
Yep.

JACK
Well, you can't do that alone. You
need protection.

HANK
I don't like guns.

Jack laughs. Stands, tightens up his belt.

JACK
I got nothing else on tonight, so why
don't I come with you?

HANK
It could get dangerous.

JACK
I'll take that chance.

INT. HANK'S FORD FOCUS - NIGHT

Hank drives while Jack sits shotgun.

HANK
I can't believe Tara left me. I need to
convince her it was all just planted
evidence.

Scenery passes their windows. Jack suddenly looks sad.

JACK
At least you still have a wife. You'll be
able to patch it up with her I'm sure.

Hank notices on Jack's finger a wedding ring.

HANK
... I'm sorry for your loss.

JACK

What?...

HANK

That your wife, you know, is dead.

JACK

Oh, she's alive. She's a lesbian. Left me for another woman. Nine years of marriage went BOOM one night. Haven't trusted another woman since. And I keep this ring on my finger to remind me of that everyday.

HANK

Sorry to hear that.--You'll learn to trust again. We all do.

Jack turns to Hank.

JACK

You know, I'm happy we finally got talking to each other. There's nothing worse than seeing your neighbor each day and just giving them the nod.

HANK

Me too... Thanks for helping me out with this.

JACK

That's what friends are for, right?

Hank NODS. Touched and thankful. Jack gets animated.

JACK (CONT'D)

So we'll find this Harold Jugs, make him help you get out of Man Club, we'll get you back with Tara, and then deal with this asshole Bear Stone once and for all.

HANK

Yes!

HAROLD (O.S.)

Absolutely fucking not!

EXT. HAROLD'S RANCH - NIGHT

Standing by his broken front door, HAROLD JUGS (48), unshaven and a complete mess of a man. He SCREAMS at Hank and Jack.

HAROLD

I was lucky to get out of Man Club alive -- with my own life -- and now you want me to get involved again?! No fucking way. Sorry, you'll have to get someone else to help you out.

Harold SLAMS the door shut on their faces. Hank KNOCKS.

JACK

Erm. Maybe we should just go.

HANK

He's the only one who can help me. I have to convince him.

Hank KNOCKS again. Harold opens up angry.

HAROLD

What now? I already said NO.

HANK

I'll give you money.

HAROLD

Never. No amount is ever enough to deal with Man Club again.

HANK

I'll pay you five thousand.

HAROLD

Come inside.

INT. HAROLD'S RANCH/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Just as shitty inside as Hank, Jack and Harold sit all staring at each other. Harold plays with his beard.

HAROLD

So you want out of Man Club... How long have you been a member? When did you pledge?

HANK

Six weeks ago.

Harold purses his lips.

HAROLD

Okay, you can't evoke the Duel of Rights.

JACK
Duel of Rights?

HAROLD
It's strictly a code only full members of Man Club can enforce. You need to be with the club for a year to evoke it. I was lucky. I was with them for one year and a day when I told Bear I wanted out.

HANK
And what is this *Duel of Rights*?

HAROLD
What was it? Only the most challenging, degrading and most difficult time of my life...

THE SCREEN GOES ALL SWIMMY...

INT. BEAR'S MANSION/ BASEMENT - NIGHT

Harold, clean shaven and youthful, faces-off All the Men (younger versions), with Bear, also looking younger and more spry, being the ring leader in the center.

Harold is shown a chair, which he sits on. They begin to duck-tape down his arms and legs so he can't escape.

HAROLD (V.O.)
The *Duel of Rights* is a series of trials. Trials of great physical and mental stress.

Alan, with more hair, gently puts headphones on Harold.

HAROLD (V.O.)
They did unspeakable things to me. Like make me listen to four hours of Barbra Streisand's greatest hits. That trial was simply known as the *Trial of Music*.

LATER

Harold, headphones on, frantically tries to wiggle free from the chair and tape, but it's useless.

HAROLD (V.O.)
I'd listened to her soul-destroying music for what seemed like a lifetime. Her songs were forced down my hear-drums over and over again.

(MORE)

HAROLD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Titles such as: *Woman In Love, The Way We
 Were, Somewhere, and Happy Days Are Here
 Again.*

BARBRA STREISAND (V.O.)
*I am a woman in love/ and I'll do
 anything/ to get you into my world...*

Harold freaks out, tears rolling down his face.

CUT TO: 4 HOURS LATER

Harold is freed from the chair only to be hoisted up by All
 the Men.

HAROLD (V.O.)
 Next was the *Trial of Burns.*

One member at a time takes it in turn to give Harold painful
 Indian-burns. Each time someone douses Harold's burns with
 vinegar. Harold SCREAMS.

CUT TO: EVEN LATER

Harold, arms red and wet, is brought to his feet and All the
 Men form a circle around him.

HAROLD (V.O.)
 The next trial was known as the *Trial
 Of Offense.* They would simply mock and
 call me terrible names.

Bear gets in Harold's worn-down face.

BEAR
 You're a worthless sack of shit!

ED
 You have no balls! Your balls are
 missing!

ALAN
 You are fat and ugly!

Ed spits on Harold's feet in disgust.

EVEN LATER STILL

Harold is put back in the chair again with tape. A TV is
 wheeled in front of him. On the screen is **Steel Magnolias.**

HAROLD (V.O.)
 (emotional)
 Next was the *Trial of Pain.*
 (MORE)

HAROLD (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 They made me watch *Steel Magnolias* -
 while waxing off my arm, back and leg
 hair with duck-tape!... It was then I
 was closest to breaking.

Harold SCREAMS as they RIP OFF a long strip of duck-tape that
 removes his hair on his legs.

EVEN LATER AGAIN

Harold, nearly spent, is brought to his hair-less knees,
 where Bear holds up a whip made of dildos.

HAROLD (V.O.)
 (even more emotional)
 The final trial... those fuckers! It was
 called simply: *The Dildo-O-Nine-Tails*.
 Need I explain more?
 (sobbing)
 Need I explain more...

In SLO-MO, a'la *The Passion of the Christ*, Harold is
 dramatically whipped as his eyes well with pain.

Then Bear singles out a LARGE BLACK DILDO and grasps it
 firmly, and looks down at Harold's butt - as classical music
 builds to a crescendo.

Harold's eyes POP WIDE as he SCREAMS bloody murder.

END FLASHBACK. BACK TO SCENE:

Hank and Jack sit shocked by the story. Harold sips a beer,
 his hand shaking, pushing aside a tear.

HAROLD
 Sometimes when I'm alone, I still feel
 the dildos slapping against my back.

Jack swallows HARD.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 They made me lose everything. My wife.
 My job. Dignity. Everything.

HANK
 Why did you want out?

HAROLD
 My wife at the time complained I
 didn't spend anytime with her. She was
 right of course. Moment I left Man
 Club, within six months she left me.

JACK
 (disgust)
 Women, huh.

HANK
 But how do I get Hank out of Man Club
 if I can't evoke the *Duel of Rights*?

HAROLD
 Their main strength is in numbers, but
 Bear is a strong leader. If you take
 them apart one member at a time, you'll
 be able to take down Bear a lot easier.

HANK
 How do we take them down? I don't want
 to actually hurt them.

HAROLD
 You simply have to find Man Club's
Achilles Heel and attack them there...
 Find their weakness and exploit it.

HANK
 ... Man Club's weakness?

HAROLD
 Is Ed Miller still a member? And Alan
 Jones?

HANK
 Yes. Both.

HAROLD
 Alan is the weaker, Ed the stronger.
 Break Ed down, you'll be good.

Off Hank, thinking that over.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
 I accept cash or credit.

HANK
 I'll pay you when I'm out of Man Club.

Harold stares at Hank with respect.

HAROLD
 ... I like your style.
 (stands)
 Then in the morning, we begin:
Operation Take Down.

EXT. BEST BUY - DAY

Hank, Jack and Harold stroll into the doors of Best Buy.

Start: UPBEAT MILITARISTIC MUSIC.

INT. BEST BUY - DAY

Hank, Jack and Harold wheel a kart each to the PS3, xBox and Wii section. They begin loading up consoles.

HAROLD

We simply make each member become too busy for Man Club. Playing a console is a great start.

HANK

This should take care of most of its fringe members.

Harold nods as he loads up.

INT. HANK'S HOUSE/ LIVING ROOM - DAY

Harold, Jack and Hank are all hunched over a PC. Hank is on Expedia and purchasing a vacation to Hawaii. He grimaces when he hits CONFIRM BOOKING.

HANK

... That should take care of Alan.

HAROLD

He's a popular, loyal member of Man Club. Topple him and you've won half the battle.

MOMENTS LATER:

Hank is on StubHub purchasing *Ranger* tickets. He grimaces when he hits SEASON PASS PURCHASE.

HANK

... That should take care of Ed.

HAROLD

The brute of the group. His love for the *Rangers* supersedes his love for Man Club. That much I know.

EXT. EYE-WORLD CLINIC - DAY

Hank, Jack and Harold walk out from Eye-World with a voucher.

HANK
And that should take care of Rahja.

JACK
So you're basically turning Bear's members against Man Club by bribing them with gifts?

HAROLD
We're making them see they can be busy with other things.

HANK
Now all we have to do is administer the medicine.

All three high-five.

EXT. HOUSE #1 - DAY

A normal home. Hank KNOCKS on the door. A Member of Man Club answers. Hank hands him a PS3.

HANK
Enjoy.

INT. HOUSE #1 - MOMENTS LATER

Member of Man Club is on the phone to Bear.

MEMBER OF MAN CLUB
Yeah, he just dropped off a PS3 for no reason.

BEAR (V.O.)
(through phone)
Keep it. I know what he's trying to do.

Member of Man Club hangs up, and happily starts hooking it up to his 50" 3-D LCD.

EXT. HOUSE #2 - DAY

Another normal home. Hank KNOCKS. Another Member of Man Club answers. Hank hands him an xBox.

HANK
Here you go.

Another Member smiles like Christmas and accepts it.

EXT. HOUSE #3 - DAY

Yet another home. Hank KNOCKS. Hands a Nintendo Wii to them.

HANK
Have fun.

Yet Another Member steps outside and punts the Wii box into the neighbors yard, then goes inside and SLAMS the door.

EXT. ED MILLERS HOUSE - DAY

Ed answers the door. Hank stands there with Harold and Jack.

ED
Hank Binski. Traitor. Standing
alongside Harold Jugs. Previous
traitor. What do you both want?

HANK
A truce.

ED
Ridiculous. Get off my property before
I call the cops.

HANK
I know you're a big Rangers fan. So I
got you season tickets.

Ed hesitates. Then takes them. Looks them over in awe.

ED
... Thanks. But no thanks, Panky.
(he hands them back)
I can't be bought. You are still, and
will always be, a traitor to me and
Man Club. Same goes with Harold there.

Harold casts his eyes away from Ed's stare.

ED (CONT'D)
Tell me one thing. Was it you that
shot me? Or Rahja?

Chin-up, Hank narrows his eyes.

HANK

... It was me. And I missed. I was aiming for your nuts.

ED

I knew it!

Ed SLAMS the door shut angry.

EXT. ALAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan answers the door. Hank thrusts two tickets at him.

HANK

Alan, I bought you a *Baby-Cation*. A vacation that's for families with new-born babies. It's to Hawaii.

ALAN

Wow. Thank you so much. Kari is gonna love it.

HANK

You don't need Man Club anymore Alan. You'll soon have a child and that's got to be your priority in life.

ALAN

You're telling me to leave Man Club aren't you?

HANK

Yes. I am.

ALAN

... But I don't want to do that.

HANK

Why?

ALAN

I like the friendship. The activities. The bond with other men. I don't want to leave Bear's Man Club for those reasons... I don't want to be alone... Without friends.

Hank's shoulders slump. Then a light goes off above his head.

HANK

Unless, perhaps, I were to start my own Man Club...

HAROLD

That is a stroke of genius. You can poach all of Bear's members and form your own club to bring him down!

Hank grins. Turns to Alan serious.

HANK

If I were to do that, will you join me? Will you drop out of Bear's Man Club?

ALAN

Sure as shit, yeah.

HANK

Then do you, Alan Jones, join *Hank's Club*? Attendance optional.

Alan salutes.

ALAN

Yes I do!

Alan takes off his Man Club pendant and chain with relief.

Harold and Jack high-five Hank.

HANK

Of course. *If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.*

JACK

Can I join?!

EXT. RAHJA'S HOUSE - DAY

Rahja answers the door to Hank, Alan, Jack and Harold.

HANK

If you join Hank's Club, I'll pay money towards your corrective eye surgery.

RAHJA

Sign me up, bad boy.

Hank and Rahja high-five, but Rahja misses.

QUICK MONTAGE OF VARIOUS "MEMBERS" HOMES

- Member #7 answers his door, sees Hank, Alan, Rahja, Jack and Harold there. Hank offers him a PS3 and shows him a slip of paper with the words HANK'S CLUB on it. Member #7 shrugs and nods YES.

- Same with Member #8. He agrees too.
- Same with Member #9 as well.
- And Member #10 too.

INT. BEAR'S MANSION/ BASEMENT - NIGHT

An angry Bear stands in a circle made up of Ed, and five other members of Man Club.

BEAR

Hank Binski is taking away my members one at a time. Luring them away with petty gifts. But the ones that remain here today, are my most trusted and loyal, and for that I am--

A RINGTONE bleeps off. It's the theme to *Gillette: The Best A Man Can Get*. Bear goes into his pocket. Answers.

BEAR (CONT'D)

Bear Stone.

INT. ALAN'S HOUSE/ BASEMENT - INTERCUT

On the phone, Hank is surrounded by Alan, Rahja, Harold, Jack, and four ex-Man Club Members.

HANK

How's attendance tonight, sir?

BEAR

Very funny. What do you want?

HANK

You took away my life, now I'm talking away yours.

BEAR

We could destroy each other, there will be no end.

HANK

Unless we meet on a battle ground, and sort this issue out once and for all.

BEAR

Interesting... My choice of battle.

HANK

Fine. Whatever.

BEAR
Then I choose *Wife-Run*.

HANK
What?

BEAR
Every year in Finland, over 7000 people meet to watch men race the one hundred meters sprint carrying their wives on their shoulders. Hence the name *Wife-Run*.

HANK
If that's what will settle all this, then sign me up.

BEAR
And what's the prize?

HANK
I win, you leave me alone to form a new Man Club.

BEAR
... And if I win? Which I'll do.

HANK
I leave town. But you promise to release my men from harm.

Bear thinks it over, then:

BEAR
... Agreed. I give you my Man-Word.

HANK
Then we meet tomorrow for the *Wife-Run*.

BEAR
9am. Belmark Park. Be there or be square, amigo.

Hank hangs-up. His men pat each other on the back.

HANK
Tomorrow, we settle this once and for all.

JACK
You need your wife for *Wife-Run* right?

Off Hank, thinking about that statement. *Shit, he's right.*

JACK (CONT'D)
I'll come and help you get her back.

HANK
It's fine. This is one thing I need to
Man-Up and do alone.

Jack nods. Understanding.

EXT. RANCH HOME - NIGHT

A nice ranch. Hank knocks on the door and a WOMAN answers.

HANK
I need to speak with my wife.

INT. RANCH HOME/ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hank sits opposite Tara as a Woman leaves them alone.

HANK
I'm going to settle this once and for
all. Man Club. The hassle. All of it.

Tara rolls her eyes. Half listening.

TARA
Really. How?

HANK
I'm competing in an event tomorrow
that will decide our fates.

TARA
What? Not another stupid man-event...

HANK
It's called Wife-Run. If my team wins,
we stay here and Bear will leave us
alone. If I lose, we have to move back
home.

TARA
... You're crazy--

Tara gets up and goes to leave, but Hank blocks her.

HANK
-- I know it sounds crazy --

TARA

YOU are crazy. This Man Club thing IS nuts. Can't you see it's tearing us apart?

HANK

I know, but it's my only chance of freedom, to escape from it all, and to make things good again between us.

TARA

What do you want from me, Hank?

HANK

I want you to be there tomorrow, so I can carry you across that finish line and beat Bear and his Man Club once and for all.

TARA

... It sounds ridiculous.

HANK

It is. Melissa, Joan and Kari will all be competing too.

TARA

Kari? But she's nine months pregnant.

HANK

... Rules are rules.

Tara shakes her head.

HANK (CONT'D)

Please. I beg you. I need you to do this one last thing for me.

TARA

Okay. But I'm still not coming home with you. I don't trust you for crap.

HANK

That underwear? Bear planted it there. I'll prove my innocent to you, Tara. That much I promise.

Tara watches as Hank walks over and opens the door.

HANK (CONT'D)

Night.

Hank leaves Tara looking pensively.

EXT. PARK - DAY

MUSIC UP: Rocky Theme, "Gonna Fly Now" (orchestra version).

Wearing jogging shorts, t-shirts and sneakers, Hank, Rahja, Alan, Jack, Harold and four Ex-Members stretch their legs as their respective wives watch on.

KARI

I tell you now, if he drops me, I'm going to fucking kill him.

On the otherside of the park, stroll in SLO-MO Bear, Ed, and five Members of Man Club -- all with their wives behind them.

Hank and Bear step forward and face-off each other.

HANK

It's a fine day to settle a score.

BEAR

You're going down faster than an narcoleptic hooker.

RAHJA

Fuck you pussy-club face!

BEAR

Testy.

(to crowd)

The rules are simple. First one across the line wins.

(to Hank)

You ready to dance, Panky-boy?

HANK

Let's do this.

(re: Harold)

We've got Harold as the whistle-blower.

Bear locks eyes with Harold, and Harold flips him the finger. Jack stands proudly next to him, like a bodyguard.

Bear nods and All the Men line up and stretch.

All the Wives put down their purses. Kari puts down a drink.

Hot Milf and Jack catch each others eyes, and there's sparks... Harold snaps him back to reality.

HAROLD

Take your marks...!

ALL THE MEN brace their wives on their shoulders.

Everyone GRUNTS and GROANS under the weight.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
... Ready.

Bear and Hank lock-eyes. Stare each other down.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
... Set.

Ed and Alan lock-eyes. Ed wins the stare-down though.

HAROLD (CONT'D)
Go!!!

Cue music: Vangelis - "Chariots Of Fire"

IN SLOW-MO, All the Men charge along the race-track with wives on their shoulders.

Bear takes an early lead from the pack of men...

... Hot Milf and Jack YELL and CHEER them all on.

... Hank narrows his eyes and sneaks up behind Bear.

... Alan's knees begin to buckle, and he stops and puts Kari down, who's holding her stomach in pain.

... Ed charges along, SCREAMING, and he nudges Rahja, who topples over with his wife on his shoulder.

... Bear glances back to see him separating from the field.

... Ex-Member #8 keeps neck-and-neck with Hank. In tied-second place.

... Man Club Member, who's a stocky dude, holds up his wife high above his head and with gritted teeth, throws her like a rock towards Hank -- but the Crazy Banshee Wife hits Ex-Member #8 and all three go down hard in a plume of dirt.

... Hank closes down on Bear, who begins to tire.

... Melissa and Tara lock-eyes, and Melissa gives her a NOD.

... Ed closes down on both Hank and Bear.

... Melissa begins to shift her weight on Bear's shoulder and Bear begins to topple forwards.

... Hank draws neck-and-neck with Bear, who continues to stumble forwards.

... Ed raises his wife high above his head, ready to launch her life a rocket. She attempts to grip onto Ed to stop herself being thrown - but it's no good - she sails through the air like a bird...

... Hank and Bear are practically shoulder-to-shoulder, with only fifteen yards to the finish line...

... Ed's Wife (Joan) sails through the air, aiming at Hank, but Hank pulls away from Bear and Joan hits Bear and Melissa hard, taking down both of them...

... Bear reaches out for Hank to pull him down too, but all he grasps is Hank's shorts - which rip off in Bear's clutch.

... His white ass bare, Hank in SLO-MO staggers over the finish line with Tara on his shoulder.

BACK TO NORMAL SPEED

Hank covers up his privates and celebrates with members of his Club.

Bear looks up from the dirt to see --

AMY

Too bad. I thought you had that sucker.

Hank hears her talk.

HANK

See Tara. That's the voice you heard on our answer-machine. It was Bear's own employee!

Melissa turns angry to Bear.

MELISSA

Don't tell me you had her making prank calls again!

Bear offers up his hands in defense.

BEAR

She's her own person, I can't help it!

Tara frowns taking in the news, watching Bear be teared apart by Melissa.

MELISSA

You screw up! You complete dickless asshole! You and your stupid Man-Club can go --

HANK
Melissa! Bear! Please!

Silence from them both. All eyes on Hank.

HANK (CONT'D)
Look. What Bear was trying to do with Man Club isn't such a bad thing. But the way he was going about it was wrong. Sure, it's good to have friends to have fun times with on weekends. But it's just as important to have those fun times with your wife, and also just to kick-back and chill on your own.

(to Alan)

Alan, it's cool if you want to just sling-it with your wife and soon-to-be kid. That's fine and normal. Heck, even if you wanted to just stay-in and play *Call of Duty*, that's cool too.

(to Bear)

And Bear, maybe your wife wouldn't be so hostile if you spent more weekends with her, instead of going off hunting and paintballing with the guys.

Bear takes that note with a "maybe" shrug.

HANK (CONT'D)
What I'm trying to say is, we need to put just as much time into ourselves as we do friendships and wives and--

KARI (O.S.)
Jesus Fucking Christ!

Alan has his hand crushed by Kari, who's in pain.

KARI (CONT'D)
I need to go to the hospital, and now.

EXT. MAIN ROAD - DAY

A fleet of cars rush down the street, Alan at the front.

INT. HOSPITAL/ CORRIDOR - DAY

Bear and his Men and Wives stand to one side of the corridor, as Hank and his Men and Wives stand to another.

TARA
 You know Kari shouldn't've taken part
 in this damn Wife-Run.

A door BUSTS OPEN and Alan walks out, happy as can be.

ALAN
 It's a baby!

HANK
 A baby what?

ALAN
 An actual baby!

RAHJA
 Boy or girl, ass-face?!

ALAN
 Oh, boy!

All the Men shake Alan's hand and congratulate him.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 I'm going to call him Hank. After
 Hank, our *Hank Club* leader.

Bear, hurt, swallow his pride and offers Alan a hand.

BEAR
 Congrats, Alan. All the best.

Alan studies his hand, hesitant, then shakes it.

ALAN
 Thank you, Mr. Stone.

EXT. AIRPORT ARRIVALS - DAY

Rob and Mark (Hank's old friends) climbs into a taxi.

MARK
 I'm telling you, man, he'll made zero
 friends and be at home playing on his
 PS3 crying every night.

ROB
 Totally. Playing Tetris. Boo hoo.

EXT. HANK'S HOUSE/ BACK YARD - DAY

A big BBQ party in action. Ex-Members of Man Club enjoy hotdogs with Hank, Jack (arm around) Hot Milf/Amy, Harold, Alan, Rahja and their wives. Even Duke and Fred are there. Alan plays with Little Hank as Kari enjoys a cocktail.

Tara walks over to Hank and puts an arm around him.

TARA

I'm sorry I didn't trust you, Hank.
You deserve better.

HANK

It's okay. Man Club did a pretty good
job on us both, didn't they?

Tara smirks. Hank's iPhone rings. He answers smiling.

HANK (CONT'D)

Hi guys. Long time no speak.

ROB (O.S.)

(filtered)

Just checking-in. Seeing how my boy's
doing.

MARK (O.S.)

So you made zero friends out there,
Hank? Tara still got you P-whipped?

A taxi curbs up and Rob and Mark climb out.

Hank watches his people with a new found sense of pride...
His wife... New-found friends... He smiles.

HANK

Gentlemen. It's going good... Really
good.

Rob and Mark make round into the yard and stop and stare.

MARK

Fuck. He really did make new friends.

PULL BACK on everyone having fun at the BBQ as Hank spots Rob
and Mark -- and they all bear-bug *man-style*.

THE END

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