

CHRISTIAN SLATER CAMERON DIAZ

# VERY BAD THINGS



THEY'VE BEEN BAD. VERY BAD.

"VERY BAD THINGS"

by

Peter Berg

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FADE IN:

TITLE SEQUENCE

THE DEAD OF NIGHT

Pitch black. Dead quiet. Dim faint light appears in the distance, approaching, growing larger. As the light nears, we recognize car headlights. Closer and closer until the car is bearing down upon us with great force...

INT. CAR

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

MOORE

That ought to be about the end of that.

FISHER

Yup.

SILENCE. PUSH IN ON Fisher...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"The Oakland Raiders have taken a 7 - 6 lead in a, tough, football game and this crowd is standing..."

FISHER'S VISION - GRAINY - OUT OF THE PAST THREE RIVER STADIUM - DECEMBER 23RD, 1972

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

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"Hang on to your hats, here come the Steelers out of the Huddle..."

INT. CAR - FISHER

transfixed...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"It comes down to one big play, 4th  
down, ten yards to go. Terry Bradshaw  
at the controls..."

Bradshaw throws.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"And Bradshaw, back and  
looking...Again, Bradshaw running  
out of the pocket... Looking for  
someone to throw to..."

Bradshaw throws.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

...Bradshaw fires it down the field  
and there's a collision!..."

The ball bounces off the helmet of a Raider player and is  
caught low by the Steelers' FRANCO HARRIS.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"...and it's caught out of the air!  
The ball is pulled in by Franco  
Harris!"

FISHER - DRIVING

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Franco Harris running for the end  
zone, all but home..."

Oncoming headlights illuminate Fisher's face...

END TITLES.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN ON:

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

SLOWLY TRACKING down a long line of couples. Some with kids,  
some old, some young, all waiting to pay their \$55 and pick  
up their marriage license.

We HOLD on a young couple, late 20's, KEITH FISHER and his  
fiancee, LIZ GARRETY. Fisher has a blondish quality to him,  
unassuming, pleasant, attentive, a bit more reactive than he  
could be. Liz is quite attractive, but somewhat tense, and  
not at all happy about having to stand in this very slow  
moving line.

LIZ

This is ridiculous.

FISHER  
Government cutbacks.

LIZ  
Why can't we do it through the mail?

FISHER  
(patient)  
We missed the deadline.

LIZ  
Can't we do it on the phone?

FISHER  
I don't think so.

In front of them a middle-aged MEXICAN COUPLE make-out intensely while their chubby little THREE YEAR OLD stares at Liz.

LIZ  
Why is this Kid staring at me?

FISHER  
I'm not sure.

Liz pulls a note-pad out of her daypack.

LIZ  
(reading from her  
notes)  
Did you send in all of the deposit  
checks?

FISHER  
I think so.

LIZ  
(pause)  
What do you mean, you think so?

FISHER  
I sent a lot of checks, I'm not sure  
what all of them are.

LIZ  
The wedding cake check?

FISHER  
Sent it.

LIZ  
Photographer?

FISHER  
Sent it.

LIZ  
Florist?

FISHER  
Yup.

LIZ  
Caterer?

FISHER  
Yes.

LIZ  
Hotel for my parents, the tent, the  
band, the Judge...

FISHER  
(beat)  
I think I forgot the tent.

LIZ  
(somewhat alarmed)  
You forgot the tent?

FISHER  
I think so.

LIZ  
Why?

FISHER  
Why what?

LIZ  
Why did you forget the tent check?

FISHER  
I didn't mean to Liz. I'm sorry.

LIZ  
You can't play around with these  
tent people.

FISHER  
I'm not playing around. I forgot.

LIZ  
What else have you forgot?

FISHER  
How could I know what else I forgot?

LIZ  
I'm working my ass off here. I've  
taken care of absolutely everything  
Keith.

FISHER

Because you wanted to. You wanted  
this to be your wedding not your  
parent's.

LIZ

Don't you dare.

FISHER

What?

LIZ

Don't you put this on me. Don't do  
it, don't do it, don't do it, don't...

A YOUNG TEENAGE COUPLE behind them stares at Liz, a bit  
confused.

FISHER

(trying to calm her)  
Stop it. I'm sorry.

LIZ

(trying to control  
herself)  
You know how important this is to my  
mother. You know that.

FISHER

I'm sorry. I'm sorry I forgot the  
tent. I don't think I forgot anything  
else.

LIZ

(not bitchy)  
I bet you didn't forget the bachelor  
party checks.

FISHER

Are we going to do this again?

LIZ

I'm just saying I bet those checks  
all found the mailboxes.

FISHER

I wouldn't know.

LIZ

It amazes me how organized you and  
your little fun bunch can be when it  
comes time to mobilize to Vegas.

FISHER

(patient)  
They organized this, not me. I have

nothing to do with it.

LIZ  
Well it's bad timing.

FISHER  
How do you figure?

LIZ  
Right before the wedding?

FISHER  
It's a bachelor party. You sort of  
have to do it before the wedding.

LIZ  
I suppose Boyd is the creative force  
behind all this.

FISHER  
He is.

LIZ  
He's a moron.

FISHER  
He's my friend. He's not a moron.

LIZ  
David Boyd is a big sack of hot gas.

EXT. SANTA MONICA

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

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

BOYD  
(into phone)  
David Boyd. Tina. Great. Okay. Here's  
the deal, we're talking five guys.  
Hard Rock. Nice guys Tina. My friends.  
Yeah. I'm calling you directly so  
you don't have to go through the  
agency...  
(suddenly, over his  
shoulder)  
HEY! DO NOT ENTER THE HOUSE!  
(back into phone)  
That's correct. Cash straight to  
you. Yes. Twelve hundred? I don't

think so. It's just stripping. Just  
a show. Hold on.

(O.C.)

Could you please wait off the  
property?

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

MAN

We're just trying to sneak a peak.

BOYD

Just stay off the property until I'm  
off the phone.

MAN

Why?

BOYD

Cause that's the way they do it.

Bewildered and somewhat intimidated, they back off.

BOYD

(back into phone)

So it's five guys, Hard Rock Casino.  
Nine hundred bucks and you do the  
thing with the rubber hoses. Are you  
in? Tina, are you in? Good.

Boyd hangs up, puts on his jacket and turns with the same  
bizarre insincere smile in his photo. Hand extended...

BOYD

David Boyd, nice to meet you.

FISHER AND LIZ IN LINE

LIZ

Why do you feel the need to explore  
this side of your personality?

FISHER

What are you talking about?

LIZ

I'm talking about the kind of people  
you hang out with... about growing  
up, assuming responsibility of  
yourself.

FISHER

I asked you to marry me. I'm ready  
for marriage. That's responsibility.  
That's growth.

LIZ

I just think that at some point you're going to have to re-evaluate some of your friendships...

FISHER

Who else?

LIZ

Charles Moore for instants.

FISHER

You don't like Moore? Since when?

LIZ

It's not that I don't like him. But the wedding has really got me thinking and... I just keep myself opening up. Growing. And I want you keeping up with me here.

FISHER

What does Moore have to do with your growing?

LIZ

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

FISHER

I've known him since Cub Scouts.

LIZ

He's weird.

FISHER

He's quiet.

LIZ

He's weird.

TIGHT ON - CHARLES MOORE

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

Food orders fly all around as Moore works with a mesmerizing focus, a poetic sense of purpose, fifteen things going on at once; he chops, sautes, braises, etc..., in a perfect mute silence.

FISHER AND LIZ STILL IN LINE

FISHER

He just doesn't talk a lot.

LIZ

Why? What's his problem?

FISHER  
He's a great chef.

LIZ  
He's weird. And I expect more from you.

FISHER  
You expect more what?

LIZ  
You're going to be hungover for three days. Like those guys on "Oprah" that get drunk and have disgusting sex with prostitutes and then say their vows with the stench of cheap hotel whore sex all over them.

FISHER  
Time out.

LIZ  
It's vile!

People are staring.

FISHER  
That's absurd.

LIZ  
I've seen it on television.

FISHER  
I'm not going to marry you with the smell of prostitutes on my body.

LIZ  
(starts to cry)  
I am not common Keith. I am not common. I am a creature like no other and I will not be commoned! Is that to much to ask?  
(screaming)  
Is that to much to ask!?!

FISHER  
You will not be common!!!

Finally, at the head of the line, Liz steps up to the clerk.

LIZ  
Marriage license please.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING

Fisher and Liz emerge, start for the parking lot. Liz stops

to look at Fisher, her eyes well with tears, vulnerable and apologetic.

LIZ  
Do you love me?

FISHER  
Of course.

LIZ  
How much?

FISHER  
With all my heart.

LIZ  
(vulnerable)  
Kiss me...?

FISHER takes her into his arms, pulls her to him, kisses her hard, for all it's worth.

INT. A LARGE MONEY MANAGEMENT FIRM

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

MICHAEL BRENN, short, compact, with a severe personality disorder, masquerading as semi-appropriate behavior.

MICHAEL  
That's just insecurity.

FISHER  
I don't know. She's really been stressing out.

MICHAEL  
Just insecurity. Nut crunching gut splinters.

FISHER  
What does that mean?

MICHAEL  
It means she's insecure.

FISHER  
About what?

Michael's phone rings.

MICHAEL  
(picks up)  
Mike Brenn. Yes. Yes. 14.3 at 7.5  
for 6. At 29.83 at 9.

(hangs up)  
 I'm amazed the windows don't blow  
 out of their fucking sockets with  
 all the repressed, ass-puckering  
 rage in these soul-less lizards.

FISHER

(beat)  
 I just want her to be happy.

MICHAEL

Same alarm clock every morning, same  
 two pops on the same snooze button...

(PHONE RINGS; picks  
 up)  
 Michael Brenn. Yes... Yes...  
 (looking through stacks  
 of stats)

Hold your horses. Okay. Got it. 6.321  
 at 17.28 for 6.6 at 9.256 out at  
 3432.343.

(hangs up)  
 Same shower, towel, toothbrush, razor,  
 hair gel. It's a fucking epidemic  
 Fisher and you better start addressing  
 it. You're getting married and I'm  
 not going to candy-coat it. It just  
 gets worse. It's an eighteen wheel  
 cement mixer that will crush every  
 bone in your body.

Fisher looks pale.

FISHER

I'm not breathing right.

MICHAEL

You're not breathing right?

FISHER

Lately I'll just start getting  
 lightheaded, dizzy, and I realize I  
 haven't breathed in like two minutes.

ADAM BRENN, Michael's older brother, mid-30's, a bit soft in  
 the belly, approaches, more or less in charge.

ADAM

(to Michael)  
 We're leaving from my house in three  
 hours. If you want to come, get your  
 numbers in order by then.

MICHAEL

First of all...

ADAM

(cuts him off)  
No first of all. I'm not in a game mood.

MICHAEL  
You're interrupting a personal conversation.

ADAM  
(to Fisher)  
Sorry Fish.

FISHER  
We'll be ready Adam.

ADAM  
I know you'll be.  
(to Michael)  
Three hours.

Adam goes.

MICHAEL  
I don't care for him.

FISHER  
He's your brother.

MICHAEL  
So?

Fisher's phone RINGS.

FISHER  
(pick's up)  
Keith Fisher.

INT. KITCHEN

Liz sits at the kitchen table, in a mild panic.

LIZ  
(into phone)  
We've got problems here.

FISHER  
Problems?

INTERCUT Liz and Fisher.

LIZ  
Seating problems.

FISHER  
Okay.

LIZ

Keith do not trivialize this.

FISHER

I'm not. What's the problem?

LIZ

We're supposed to have gold-trimmed padded seats, now they're telling me that there was a mistake and we can't have padded.

FISHER

What kind of seats can we have?

LIZ

Not padded ones.

FISHER

So what do we do?

LIZ

You go down there.

FISHER

Go down where?

LIZ

Go down to the seat place and straighten this out.

FISHER

Honey I don't have the time...

LIZ

I need your help.

FISHER

We're leaving in three hours.

LIZ

(starts to cry)

I need your help.

FISHER

I'll call them from the road.

LIZ

Do you love me?

FISHER

More than I ever imagined being able to love anyone ever.

LIZ

Take care of those chairs.

FISHER

We're leaving from Adam's. Come send me off.

LIZ

Maybe.

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - SANTA MONICA

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

LOIS

Notice how clean and well-behaved they all appear, respectable members of modern society. Timmy, Adam Jr., take a good look at this...

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

LOIS

...We will compare these before photos with whatever form of degeneration presented to us in 24 hours, no matter how low, how vile...

LIZ

...embarrassing, shameful...

LOIS

...regression of Modern Man to his most primitive, ape-like state...

LIZ

The stone age.

LOIS

The post-Vegas Man.

LIZ

A mutant species.

LOIS

Okay boys, smile!

Lois clicks off photos of the men.

LOIS

All right. As you were.

The guys break. Fisher goes to Liz.

LIZ

Will you please call the chair people?

FISHER

I will.

LIZ

Do you love me?

FISHER

Of course.

LIZ

Just call and let me know that your  
okay.

FISHER

I love you.

LIZ

Have a nice bachelor party.

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

Boyd starts to get in the drivers seat.

ADAM

Not on your life.

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

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

EXT. HWY - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

The minivan cruises east: from Santa Monica; through downtown  
Los Angeles; and the City of Industry. At the turn off, a  
freeway sign reads; "Las Vegas 385 miles."

INT. MINIVAN - LATER

BOYD

You're a fucking moron.

MICHAEL

It's my fucking opinion.

ADAM

It's really a stupid opinion. You  
have developed an annoying habit of  
talking for what seems to be no other  
reason than to hear yourself speak.

MICHAEL

Because my opinion threatens yours,  
it's poorly developed?

ADAM

No, because your opinions are idiotic  
and have nothing to do with what any  
given conversation is about, which  
makes 85% of your eagerly injected  
thought process highly offensive to  
me.

MICHAEL

Boyd brought up divorce statistics.

BOYD

The hell I did!

MICHAEL

The hell you didn't!

BOYD

The hell I did!

MICHAEL

You said one in two marriages end in  
divorce.

BOYD

I never heard that.

FISHER

You said that Boyd.

BOYD

Well, I didn't mean it.

MICHAEL

You're an asshole Adam.

ADAM

You're an asshole.

MICHAEL

Oh, and why am I an asshole?

ADAM

Multiple reasons.

MICHAEL

Name one.

ADAM

I don't have to...

FISHER

SHUT UP!

DEAD SILENCE. As they ride through the lifeless desert, Fisher dials his cell phone.

FISHER  
(into phone)  
Is this Pico Party rents? Can I speak  
to whomever is in charge of chairs?  
Chairs.

Boyd checks his watch.

BOYD  
Four hours and fifteen minutes. I  
can make Vegas in 3 and change.

ADAM  
I'm not getting a ticket.

FISHER  
(on cell phone)  
Tony? This is Keith Fisher. You're  
doing my wedding and I'm calling  
about the chair situation. Yeah,  
I'll hold.

BOYD  
Who's up for making some real money?

ADAM  
Don't even start.

BOYD  
You want to hear me out?

MICHAEL  
Nope.

BOYD  
Moore?

MOORE  
No I don't.

BOYD  
Fish?

FISHER  
Not really.  
(into phone)  
Yes, the Fisher wedding chairs...

BOYD  
Prison Communication Systems.  
(no response)  
An acquaintance friend of mine is  
professionally involved with a  
communications outfit in Denver that

I just happen to know for a fact is about to be rewarded a very large, exclusive contract to rewire every state prison in Colorado. Yes sir.

Nobody gives a fuck.

FISHER  
(into phone)  
No, I'm holding for Tony. In chairs. Keith Fisher. Okay.

BOYD  
That would translate to government guaranteed contract in excess of 35 million dollars.

FISHER  
(into phone)  
We need padded chairs.

BOYD  
Or a stock kick of approximately 125% on shares which are currently sitting around \$4.38, or, in plain English...

ADAM  
SHUT UP!

MICHAEL  
NO!

BOYD  
What is wrong with you people? I'm a helper here.

MOORE  
Your investment ideas never work out.

BOYD  
That's the whole point. They rarely work out. But on occasion they do. And when they do, they do big.

MICHAEL  
Your ideas never work out.

BOYD  
Oh really? Starbucks?

ADAM  
That's one idea.

FISHER  
(into phone)

No... we want padded chairs... okay?

BOYD

One idea that if you had fucking  
listened to, you would each be worth  
approximately 15 million dollars.

ADAM

You can't keep bringing up Starbucks.  
That was your only real hit in like  
75 tries.

BOYD

I set up Fisher with the broker that  
found his house. Took care of that  
one, didn't I?

(beat)

Prison Communications.

MOORE

I don't think so Boyd.

BOYD

Fine. Don't come crying to Boyd. No  
sir.

He turns away from the guys and stares out the window.

FISHER (O.S.)

Yes, I was holding for Tony in chairs.  
I have a chair problem. No, I'm not  
Tony, I need to speak to Tony.

EXT. DESERT

The minivan cruises through Death Valley in route to Vegas.

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

North of Vegas. The minivan is parked high on a cliff  
overlooking the city. A couple of Tequila bottles on ice, a  
case of Heineken. The boys are arming up.

ADAM

All the bullshit aside Fish, we've  
been coming up here for what, eight  
years?

Boyd, carving a branch with his boy scout knife...

BOYD

More.

ADAM

Over eight years of some of the  
hardest raging experiences of my  
life.

MOORE

Good times.

MICHAEL

Drum banging real times.

FISHER

Real times.

ADAM

They've all been real times. And as you prepare to enter into a new phase of life, as you prepare for new roles; father, husband, teacher, you will, as I have, come to except the letting go of old ways. Soon, the mellowing will begin...

BOYD

But not tonight.

MOORE

Not tonight.

ADAM

Tonight we return once again to the cave. Tonight we let the monsters out. We fill ourselves with the spirits of Genghis Kahn, Joe Namath, JFK, Paton, Lombardi, Hemingway...

MICHAEL

(screaming)

Franco mother-fucking Harris!

MOORE

Keith Richards, Dean Martin...

BOYD

Jack Kerouback, Herman Melville, Henry Miller and Hunter S. Thompson. I dedicate this evening to fear and to major loathing. So from sun set to sun rise, let me be heard...

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

ALL

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

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

INT. CASINO - GAMBLING MONTAGE

Improvised DIALOGUE.

CARDS fly.

CASH and CHIPS PLAY FISHER on cell phone calls about the chairs again.

TEQUILA POURS. Shot after shot after shot after shot.

MICHAEL throws back a shot, falls off his stool.

CASINO PHONE BOOTH

Fisher sneaks a call to liz.

LIZ (V.O.)

Hello.

FISHER

Hi.

INT. DEN - LIZ'S AND FISHER'S APARTMENT

Liz is making place cards, "I Love Lucy" is on the TV.

LIZ

Hi.

(teasing)

Are you calling from jail?

FISHER (V.O.)

Not yet.

LIZ

Well, the night is young. Did you straighten out the chair situation?

FISHER (V.O.)

I'm working on it, I've made three calls.

(beat)

I can't stop thinking about how much I love you.

LIZ

That's sweet.

FISHER (V.O.)

Well I do.

LIZ

Well you should.

FISHER (V.O.)

What are you doing?

LIZ  
Just a bit of organizing.

FISHER (V.O.)  
Nesting?

LIZ  
Yeah. Nesting.

FISHER (V.O.)  
I'm mad at you.

LIZ  
Go have fun. Not too much.

FISHER (V.O.)  
I'll see you tomorrow...

CASINO

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

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

The MUSIC is LOUD. The boys are super drunk in the swank bachelor party suite.

MOORE stagger-dances on a table.

BOYD AND MICHAEL stand at the wet-bar.

BOYD  
I don't hate women.

MICHAEL  
You hate women.

BOYD  
False.

MICHAEL  
True.

BOYD  
Not true.

MICHAEL  
You have a King fantasy.

BOYD  
I am a lover. In Africa, you can  
stay king as long as you can service  
your women every night.

MICHAEL  
And what happens when you can't?

BOYD  
 (swigs whiskey; looks  
 up)  
 New king.

EXT. BALCONY

Adam and Fisher.

ADAM  
 No. No. No. It's what my father said  
 to me. He said it and he meant it...  
 He said to me... He said, Adam, he  
 said... He told me and I heard him...  
 he said...  
 (struggles to remember)  
 Hell he said so many Goddamn things  
 I can't remember everything he said  
 for Christsake.

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

ADAM  
 Are you solid with that?

FISHER  
 No. I think it's fucked.

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

MICHAEL AND BOYD AT THE BAR

speed hitting cocaine.

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

MICHAEL

Israel doesn't have a King.

BOYD

Then what do they have?

MICHAEL

They have a president. A Benjamin  
Yahoo something.

BOYD

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

MICHAEL

What's your point?

BOYD

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

MICHAEL

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

BOYD

There's my point exactly.

MICHAEL

What? What's your point?

BOYD

Take Mexico.

MICHAEL

What?

BOYD

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

ANGLE ON

MOORE crazed with the rhythm of the "Chemical Brothers," jumps up and down on the table.

ON BALCONY

Fisher and Adam power shooting Tequila.

FISHER

The bucks gonna stop right here.

(pounds his chest)

If my son doesn't know the six New England states, if he has trouble with geography, I won't stick it in his face. I'll help the little guy. I'll put him in the car and take him out there. I'll take him to Maine for a big Lobster dinner, go skiing in Vermont, hot dogs at Yankee Stadium... I won't stare him down.

ADAM

Don't ever stare him down.

FISHER

I won't do it.

ADAM

Don't eyeball your kids.

MOORE

On the coffee table, dances the beastly dance.

THE BAR

BOYD

The Mexicans would love it. They're dying for a little order down there. They need direction.

MICHAEL

They need leadership.

BOYD

That's what I'm saying. Let the Israelis straighten it up. They got plenty of room down there, number one. Plus, and this is just a plus, they kind of look alike -- the Jews and the Mexicans. So I think on a whole your average Joe Mexican is gonna have less of a problem getting his head around the whole assimilation thing. Am I right?

The DOOR BELL RINGS.

BALCONY

ADAM

I tell mine that they're little men.  
I tell them they're strong. They  
make me feel joy. I let 'em know. So  
they really know that I need them  
just as much. You know. Just as much  
man. And you know, you're their  
godfather...

FISHER

I know and I'm honored...

ADAM

If anything ever happens to me...

FISHER

I know...

ADAM

Y'see? That's the real point here.  
That's what I'm driving for, when  
the big storm comes and knocks down  
all the forests and the rocks fall  
down and the leave's are bare. What's  
left? The little trees, the little  
fellas that the storm didn't see.  
The tiny little...

Moore is on the balcony.

MOORE

The stripper's here.

ADAM

(bombed)  
Excellent.

He and Fisher stagger aside.

HOTEL SUITE

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

BOYD

Gentlemen, this is Tina.

The guys, wasted, attempt to greet Tina.

TINA

Who's the lucky groom?

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

Fisher's ear.

TINA

Hi Fisher.

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

Michael tokes a joint.

MICHAEL

God, I love women.

TINA'S DANCE MONTAGE

SERIES OF SHOTS:

TINA dances, slowly peeling off her clothes.

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

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

The guys hoop and holler...

Michael is mesmerized...

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

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

Fisher can't take it anymore...

Tina relents... moves on...

Michael reaches for her leg like a dog in heat.

She passes over him, teasing, tormenting him, and settles onto Adam's lap.

The guys roar in approval... Michael glowers...

Adam turns bright red as Tina arouses and rides him...

Michael starts to burn...

The guys egg Tina on, she gets off on Adam's shyness, rubs her breasts in his face...

The guys are howling...

Tina sucks one of Adam's fingers into her mouth...

Michael looks like he's going to explode...

Adam's overwhelmed, he politely bails out...

BOYD  
(whispers to Fish)  
She's all your's Fish. Anything you  
want. Happy bachelor party.

FISHER  
I can't.

MICHAEL  
(jumps up)  
I'll take a ride.

FISHER  
Go for it.

MICHAEL  
(to Tina)  
Come on.

TINA  
(to Boyd)  
You said just dancing.

BOYD  
(re: money)  
I'll take good care of you.

TINA  
(dead flat; re: Michael)  
With him.  
(beat)  
Lucky me.

Michael moves in on Tina. Hesitantly, she leads him into the  
master bedroom.

MOORE  
She's fucking hot!

ADAM  
I need a drink.

BOYD  
Tequila...

Boyd reaches for the bottle as the beat goes on.

HOTEL SUIT - MONTAGE

Distorted, a bit crooked. MUSIC and DIALOGUE constantly  
changing levels. We're not sure who's saying what. We're not  
sure of physical geography. The one thing we are sure of is  
that MICHAEL is fucking the hell out of Tina in the bathroom.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

MASTER BATHROOM:

Michael works Tina from behind.

SUITE:

MOORE bouncing off the furniture.

FISHER and ADAM, wildly high.

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

BATHROOM:

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

TINA

Oh come on.

MICHAEL

I want to play.

TINA

It's gonna cost extra.

MICHAEL

I will pay.

SUITE:

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

BATHROOM:

Michael screwing the hell out of Tina.

TINA

Easy baby, easy.

SLOW MOTION INTERCUT:

SUITE:

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

BATHROOM:

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

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

SUITE:

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

BATHROOM:

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

SUITE:

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

BATHROOM:

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

SUITE:

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

MOORE

(beat)

Cool.

Moore is fine, not even a scratch. The guys break into ROARING  
LAUGHTER, completely HYSTERICAL; shaking, roaring, releasing.  
TIGHT SHOTS of each HOWLING until...

One by one... they sober up... looking O.C.

TIGHT ON FISHER as his smile slowly fades to confusion, he  
stares O.C. at...

MICHAEL

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

MICHAEL

I really fucked up.

INT. BATHROOM

The guys rush in. Stop dead in their tracks.

TINA

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

MOORE

Jesus.

ADAM

Don't touch her. Call 911.

MICHAEL

(in shock)

I was just playing... we were playing  
just playing around.

ADAM

(examines Tina)

She's dead.

FISHER

No... No.

MOORE

How do you know she's dead.

ADAM

She's got no fucking pulse.

BOYD

You don't know what you're doing.

Boyd pushes Adam out of the way. Starts feeling her pulse.

BOYD

(not getting anything)

Where do you look? What side of the  
neck?

MOORE

Left side.

ADAM

Either side you idiot. I'm calling  
911.

FISHER

(semi-gone)

What happened? Oh my God...

MICHAEL

We were playing... she slipped...  
she hit her head.

ADAM

(incredulous)

Playing?

SUITE

Adam moves into the living room, heads for the phone. Boyd  
intercepts him. They wrestle for the phone.

BOYD

Wait!

ADAM

What?

BOYD

What are you doing?

ADAM

(hysterical)

What are you talking about?

BOYD

What do you think you are doing?

ADAM

I'm calling the ambulance.

BOYD

Just wait a second. Wait one second.  
Okay. What are you doing?

ADAM

Calling the ambulance.

BOYD

Why?

(beat)

Why? She's dead. Why are you calling  
an ambulance?

A reasonable point. BEAT.

ADAM

We have to call the ambulance.

BOYD

Why?

Fisher entering, freaked...

FISHER

Oh, Jesus... call the police.

BOYD

No.

FISHER

She's dead. Call somebody!

BOYD

Shut up.

FISHER

Call 911.

BOYD

Shut up.

MICHAEL

She slipped.

ADAM

(attacking Michael)

What did you do?

MICHAEL

(defensive)

You never heard of accidents?! Get off me!

Adam slaps Michael. Moore tries to break it up.

BOYD

Everybody shut up. LISTEN TO ME!

SILENCE.

BOYD

Listen to me. Please. Everybody just calm down a bit here. Okay... First... are we sure she's dead?

ADAM

Her head's bashed in and her heart isn't beating.

MOORE

She's dead.

MICHAEL

It was an accident!

BOYD

Are you sure this was an accident?

ADAM

You're a lying deviant. What did you do?!

MICHAEL

The floor was wet. She slipped!

ADAM

Why was the floor wet?

MICHAEL

I don't know why the floor was wet!

ADAM

Why?!

Fisher wanders back to the bathroom door where Moore is; they stare down at Tina as the conversation rages in the b.g.

BOYD

Stop it! Listen to me. Let's just take a second here and take hold of the situation, OK? Let's just review our options here.

ADAM

We have a dead woman bleeding all over the bathroom. What options? Call the police.

BOYD

Call the police. Okay, that's one option.

ADAM

That is not an "option." There is no multiple choice here.

BOYD

Yes sir, there sure is an option here. There are always options.

ON Fisher and Moore.

MOORE

I've never seen a dead person.

As Moore moves in, transfixed, to take a closer look...

FISHER

(enraged)

Fuck! Fuck you fucking guys!

BOYD

Well we can definitely call the police. That's an easy call. If we call the police... What happens?

(silence)

They find a dead prostitute in the bathroom... They ask us... What happened? We say, ah... our friend, Michael...

(to Adam)

Your brother... got a little out of control... they were making love... and he got a little excited... and he, ah, sort of beat her head into the side of a toilet, while he choked her to death with a rubber hose...

ADAM

Stop it!

BOYD

There's more.

ADAM

Just stop.

BOYD

Just giving the facts.

ADAM

I'm calling the police.

BOYD

What were we doing officer? Why didn't we help her? Well... we're all a bit high, you know, bachelor party, that kind of thing. Fisher here is getting married in three days... Beautiful wife... he didn't have anything at all to do with it... It was all Michael here... just Michael...

ADAM

You don't play games with Homicide police. There are no options here. There is not the luxury of worrying about how the fallout will settle.

BOYD

I've known him for while maybe twenty years kind of a close friend but hey what the heck officer, take him away, go on it's for his own good.

FISHER

(outraged)

What are you talking about? Adam's right. We don't have a choice here Boyd... I mean what are you talking about? What options???

BOYD

(calm)

Bury her out in the desert.

ADAM

(sarcastic)

Sure, why not.

MOORE

He's right.

BOYD

We can take her out to Red Rock. Find some quiet place... and put her in the ground.

ADAM

You don't just casually walk out of  
a Vegas Casino with a dead woman.

BOYD

We can do this. We can get her out  
of here.

ADAM

Have you completely lost your mind?  
So you get her out of here. So you  
get her out into the desert somehow,  
without anybody seeing, so what, you  
don't think at some point somebody  
might notice that she's gone?

BOYD

Nobody knows she's here. I called  
her personally. Nobody knows.

FISHER

Oh for Christsake Boyd. Somebody  
must know she's here.

BOYD

Nobody knows.

PAUSE, as the guys digest this point.

ADAM

Her blood is all over the bathroom.  
I'd say that's a bit of a DNA problem.

BOYD

It's a marble floor, we can clean it  
up.

FISHER

Oh God. This is insane.

BOYD

What's insane is the fact that Michael  
here put a fucking girl's head through  
a toilet. That's insane.

MOORE

They'll get us on accessory to murder.

ADAM

Bullshit it's not accessory. I didn't  
do shit. You call the cops, you  
explain it was an accident...

BOYD

Her fucking head was caved in.

ADAM

So! I didn't fucking do it!

BOYD

She's got bondage burns on her wrists.  
There's blow all over the room, Moore  
looks like he went at it with a  
mountain lion. This room looks like  
the Manson Family stayed here a month.  
Michael goes down, we all go down.

MOORE

I'm not going to ruin my life over a  
dead whore.

ADAM

That's a horrible ugly comment. "Dead  
whore?" She's a person!

FISHER

(falling away)

I'm getting married...

MICHAEL

I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

ADAM

I've got a wife and two boys.

Fisher shuffles to a corner, collapses, head in hands.  
SILENCE.

BOYD

(unflappably calm)

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

BOYD looks around. BEAT. Raises his hand.

BOYD

Desert.

He looks at MOORE.

MOORE

(beat)

Fucking desert.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

(to Fisher)  
 Fish, I'm really sorry. I just... I  
 owe you man.  
 (puts up his hand)  
 Desert.

All eyes on FISHER, no response.

BOYD  
 Nobody knows she's here.

FISHER  
 Good God... Good God...

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

ADAM  
 How do we get her out of here?

A reasonable question. Boyd thinks. BEAT.

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

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

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

ADAM  
 What about the blood?

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

ADAM  
 Have you ever done this before?

BOYD  
 The reality is, you take away the  
 horror of this situation, take away  
 the tragedy of the death, take away  
 the moral and ethical implications  
 of all the crap you have had  
 conditioned, beaten, into your head  
 since grade one. What are we left  
 with? What? A 115 lb. problem. 115

lbs. that must be moved from point A to point B. Now, a straight line in the shortest distance but we are denied the luxury of a visible straight line. But that line exists and I see it. I see that line. Trust me. Adam. Trust me... I can take care of this.

KNOCK KNOCK

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

KNOCK KNOCK

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

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

Boyd races to the door, eyes the peephole.

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

BOYD  
(calls out)  
What is it?

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

Adam throws his head in his hands.

BOYD  
(through door)  
What?

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

Boyd indicates to the guys to be cool.

BOYD  
She's not here.

RALPH (O.S.)  
Where is she?

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

Boyd turns as the guys freak. Crazy bits of panicked conversation -- GIBBERISH.

KNOCK KNOCK.

RALPH (O.S.)  
Could you open the door please.

Boyd moves back to the door, slowly, opens it. Ralph steps in. Takes a good look around.

RALPH'S POV of the fairly destroyed hotel room and five severely traumatized men.

RALPH  
Okay. Hi.

SILENCE.

RALPH  
So who's the lucky guy?

PAUSE.

BOYD  
Who?

RALPH  
The groom?

FISHER  
Me.

RALPH  
Cool...  
(beat)  
You all dudes from L.A.?

BOYD  
Yup.

RALPH  
Doing the bachelor party thing?

BOYD  
That's right.

RALPH  
Sin City. Devil's Playground. The  
Black Bitch. All day every day.  
(beat)  
Where's Tina?

BOYD  
She's in the bathroom... she's still  
working.

RALPH  
She's still working?

BOYD

That's right.

RALPH

Sweet deal.

SILENCE. Ralph checks the rest of the guys. Some strange eye contact. Extremely uncomfortable.

RALPH

Is everything okay?

BOYD

Great. Fine. Perfect.

More SILENCE.

RALPH

(indicating bathroom)

I'm gonna just tell her I'm waiting.

He starts for the bathroom.

BOYD

She's in there!

RALPH

I'm just gonna let her know I'm here.

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

RALPH, in shock, staring, back-peddles...

RALPH

My God!

As Ralph starts to turn --

FISHER (O.S.)

No! NOOOO!!!

ON BOYD -- his Boy Scout knife raised above his head -- driving it into Ralph's neck!

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

BOYD

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

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

open.

BOYD

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

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

AT THE DOOR

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

INT. THE BATHROOM

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

MOORE

Oh God.

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

THE GUYS' POV

An absolute blood bath. The walls are covered with Ralph's arterial spray. Tina lies, still dead on her side. Ralph has somehow "assumed the position" dead, head in the bathtub. A bizarre and gruesome sight. Boyd surveys the carnage, takes charge.

BOYD

(with military  
precision)

All right people. New plan. Not even  
a new plan so much as a modification  
of the old plan.

FISHER

(beyond shock)

I'm calling the police.

BOYD

So help me God you touch that phone  
and I bury you with them.

(beat)

Surrender is no longer an option. I  
repeat -- It is not an option. Is  
there anyone who does not understand  
that?

Fisher's response is to join Moore, as he searches for a garbage can to puke in. Michael just stares.

BOYD

A little gut check time fellas. A time for some serious self-exploration. How do I function? For real? No more bullshit. Can I keep my cool when they bounce my bananas? When they won't play my fucking song? etc, etc. Do you get me? Do you get me?

MICHAEL

Not really. no.

BOYD

Not a problem. Understand not my words, but follow my orders. Follow my orders

INT. WALMART - NIGHT

The boys move down the isles of the massive 24 hour everything store, Boyd pushes a cart, grabbing; cleaning supplies, tarp, tape, giant pruning shears, etc...

BOYD (V.O.)

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

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

INT. HARD ROCK CASINO

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

INT. HOTEL SUITE

Boyd turns up the MUSIC.

BOYD

Let's do it people.

MUSIC OVER SERIES OF SHOTS:

Moore and Fisher scrub blood from the carpet. Fisher keeps forgetting to breath.

Michael and Boyd put Tina and Ralph in the bath tub.

Adam sits in shock on the floor.

Fisher and Moore try to fix a broken chair.

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

Adam stares at the wall.

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

Boyd saws. Michael wraps. Fisher and Moore clean.

Adam slowly straightens up a lamp, begins to help.

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

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

BOYD

All right. Looking good people.

EXT. RED ROCK CANYON ROAD

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

INT. MINIVAN

Adam drives, cringing with every bump and bang. Everyone is tense. Boyd eyes the clock. It's 4 a.m.

BOYD

Sun rises at 5:52.

ADAM

I'm not wrecking the transmission!

EXT. DESERT

SERIES OF SHOTS:

The guys off-loading the suitcases.

Fisher and Boyd digging holes.

They start putting the suitcases in the holes.

ADAM

Wait. Wait a minute.

BOYD

What?

ADAM

We can't do this.

BOYD  
We've already done this.

ADAM  
No, I mean the suitcases. We can't  
bury them in suitcases.

MICHAEL  
Why?

ADAM  
It's sacrilegious.

BOYD  
How do you figure?

ADAM  
According to Jewish law, the blood  
and limbs are considered to be part  
of the human being. They must be  
buried together or their souls won't  
rest in peace.

BOYD  
So that's what we're doing.

ADAM  
No we're not. The bodies are all  
mixed up. We can't do this to them.

BOYD  
She's Asian. They don't have Jews in  
Asia.

ADAM  
That is absolutely not true.

BOYD  
(beat)  
Well what the fuck are we supposed  
to do?

ADAM  
(as if reasonable)  
Open the suitcases, unpack the body  
parts and reunite the limbs.

FISHER  
No way.

ADAM  
It has to be done.

BOYD  
We have to get going.

ADAM

I am not flexible on this.

PAUSE.

BOYD

Alright. Let's do it.

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

BOYD

I got her arm.

MOORE

Here's his head.

As the guys put limbs with bodies...

CUT TO:

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

EXT. GRAVE SITE

As the last of the dirt is packed down by Boyd. The guys stare down at the grave site.

BOYD

Now I am the last to say that we have done here is a good thing. It's not. It's not a good thing. But it was, given the circumstances, the smart play. We did what had to be done. And... well... I'm proud of us. I'm proud of each and every one of us. We performed. Under the most complex and nerve shattering of situations, we stood fast and we delivered. I feel proud.

SILENCE.

ADAM

We are all going straight to hell. Either hell or prison, whichever comes first.

BOYD

Wrong. That is flat out wrong. hell is for cowards, for hypocrites who fear to live by the strength of their own convictions. This is war. Given the circumstances and given the fact that we are alive and they are not, we have chosen life over death. Two wrongs don't make a right. So our

conviction and execution would only mean more death here, not less.

MOORE

Boyd... I don't know man... It just seems to me that ever since you took Tony Robbins self-help thing... you're all fucked-up in the head.

FISHER

I got to agree with that.

BOYD

That is a load of shit. Personal power has nothing to do with any of this. Tony Robbins has helped me to unlock energy and see my options more clearly, yes, but to give him credit for this, for all of this... Well that's just more than the man deserves.

FISHER

I think we should say some words over the grave.

BOYD

What kind of words?

FISHER

I'm talking about prayer.

BOYD

Go ahead.

Fisher steps to the grave, looks down.

FISHER

Dear God... I don't know how to pray.

MICHAEL

Just go ahead and say what's on your mind.

BOYD

Speak from the heart my brother.

Adam turns in disgust.

ADAM

This is pathetic.

MICHAEL

You're pathetic.

ADAM

(turning on Michael)

What did you say?

MICHAEL  
(pointing)  
You're not a team player.

ADAM  
Don't point at me.

MICHAEL  
You never were a team player. That's  
why you never had any friends.

ADAM  
I have plenty of friends.

MICHAEL  
The hell you do.

ADAM  
The hell I don't.

MICHAEL  
You have acquaintances -- business  
friends and superficial golf buddies.  
You have always been a fringe player.  
You have some serious male on male  
intimacy problems.

ADAM  
What are you fucking talking about?

Michael looks at Boyd.

FISHER  
Michael, now is probably not the  
best time for this.

BOYD  
No, this is the perfect time. This  
is real time. Adam. Your brother and  
I, as well as several others present,  
have always suspected that you...  
(points to Adam)  
...are a fully repressed, living in  
major denial, locked down, fly-boy  
butt-fucker.

DEAD SILENCE. Adam stares stupefied at Boyd, then Michael.  
Finally, Fisher says his prayer.

FISHER  
Dear God, please forgive us for what  
we have done here tonight. We have  
lost our way. Speaking for myself,  
let me say...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MINIVAN - DRIVING

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

FISHER (V.O.)

...I am deeply in love with the woman  
I am about to marry and I look very  
much forward to raising a family and  
being a positive member of society.  
We promise, if you forgive us, we  
will never forget this tragedy and  
will try with all our powers to use  
it as a daily reminder that we are  
here on earth to do good not evil.  
Let us go from this day forward with  
new purpose and spirit. You have  
given us a second chance and let us  
take that second chance and use it  
as fuel to feed our fires of  
productivity so that the spirits of  
the two we now bury live on forever  
in the good deeds and positive  
achievements we from this moment on  
shall make our life's work...

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

FISHER (V.O.)

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

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

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

MICHAEL tries to open a child proof bottle of Excedrin.

BOYD plays "Mrs. Pac-man" in the corner.

MEN'S ROOM

Moore dry heaves for all he's worth.

PAY PHONE

Fisher finishes dialing, waits... Finally...

LIZ (V.O.)

Hello.

FISHER

Hey. It's me.

LIZ (V.O.)

Where are you?

FISHER

We're on our way home. I just...  
we're running a little late.

LIZ (V.O.)

How late?

FISHER

No. Just like an hour or so.

LIZ (V.O.)

What about the chairs?

FISHER

Okay.

LIZ (V.O.)

What okay?

FISHER

What!

LIZ (V.O.)

The chairs.

FISHER

I left a message. I think it's going  
to be okay.

LIZ (V.O.)

You sound funny. Did you do cocaine?

FISHER

No. No. I'll see you in about four  
hours.

As he hangs up the phone...

LIZ (V.O.)

(distant; unheard)

Do you love me?

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

ADAM

I want you to hear me out.

FISHER

What.

ADAM

You and I have done nothing. You especially. We are innocent.

FISHER

I don't think so.

ADAM

We are. We go to the police. We tell them the truth. Now. Before they find out. Now. We save ourselves.

The HISPANIC CAR WASH WORKER beeps the horn, Adam jumps. The van is ready.

BOYD

Let's go!

Adam stares daggers into Fisher.

ADAM

We save ourselves. It's our only chance.

Adam heads back to the car, leaving Fisher alone.

FADE TO BLACK:

EXT. ADAM'S HOUSE - DAY

The shiny clean minivan cruises to a stop in front of the house. Adam Jr., "Little Adam," and Timmy play in the fenced yard along with a couple of other kids.

INT. MINIVAN

Adam stops the car. The guys sit in silence as the kids assault the truck, climbing all over it. Little Adam waves his crutches wildly.

ADAM JR.

(screaming)

Daddy's home! Daddy's home!

Boyd addresses the fellas.

BOYD

The past is the past. Today is the beginning of the rest of our lives.

MOORE

Today is the best day of the rest of our lives.

FISHER

(disgusted)  
The first day.

MOORE  
What?

As Lois, with camera, and Liz, come out the front door.

FISHER  
(disgusted & depressed)  
It goes; "Today is the first day of  
the rest of our lives."

BOYD  
However it goes, the point is, nobody  
says anything to anyone ever.  
Right?... Right?

MICHAEL  
Right.

MOORE  
That's right.

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

BOYD  
You're goddamn right. Adam?

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

ADAM  
(reluctant)  
Right.

EXT. SUBURBAN

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

LOIS  
(with camera)  
Group shot. Here we go boys! Yes  
sir, compare and contrast time!

She starts herding the boys into a group pose.

LOIS  
Feeling a little HUNGOVER are we? Do  
you kids take note?  
(taking pictures)  
See how pathetic Daddy and his jackass  
friends look?!

Fisher makes eye contact with Liz.

LIZ

What's the word on the chairs?

FISHER

I'm working on it.

LIZ

Then you'd better work on it in the car. We gotta go see the Judge.

INT. JUDGE'S OFFICE

ON JUDGE LAUREL TOWER.

JUDGE TOWER

We don't say "love, honor and obey" anymore. And we don't say "till death do us part." Today we say, "respect, honor and cherish, as long as you both do love." How does that sound?

LIZ

I kind of like "till death do us part." I mean, this is forever. In sickness and in health, through good times and bad. Honey, what do you think?

Liz looks at Fisher who is a nuclear wreck, barely coherent.

FISHER

Yea... It's great... seems like... I don't know you've got all the important stuff in there.

JUDGE TOWER

All right then. It's refreshing to see two young people not afraid of real commitment. Will you have friends or family saying words -- singing or anything?

FISHER

(beat)

Are we supposed to?

JUDGE TOWER

It's not a question of supposed to, it's an entirely personal decision... Some do some don't.

LIZ

We don't think so. I mean, we just want the singing when I come out.

JUDGE TOWER

Okay great. What will that be?

LIZ

We're just going to have the leader  
of the band sing alone with his  
guitar. Acoustic.

JUDGE TOWER

What song?

LIZ

"You Send Me."

JUDGE TOWER

Oh I know that. How does it go...

LIZ

You know,  
(talks it)  
Darling you... you send me... Darling  
you... You mend me.  
(to Fisher)  
Honey, sing it for Judge Tower.

In lieu of an anxiety attack, Fisher...

FISHER

(sings)  
"Darli...ing you, ewe ewe ewe, send  
me, Darli...ing you, ewe ewe ewe,  
mend me.

LIZ

"At first I thought it was  
infatuation... But oh it's lasted so  
long..."

FISHER & LIZ

"Now I find myself wanting to marry  
you, marry you and take you home..."

Judge Tower joins in and the three squeak out the chorus and  
it's pretty pathetic.

MUSIC OVER:

INT. TUXEDO RENTAL STORE

The guys are being fitted for their wedding tuxes.

Lois takes pictures of the five groomsmen.

Liz closely watches as the TAILOR makes adjustments to  
Fisher's tux.

Adam looks sick.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - SUNSET

Fisher and his dad walk along the pier eating hot dogs. A father and son moment.

MR. FISHER

I wanted to just take this final opportunity to visit with you. You know, just to be with you, father and son, before you run off and do your own husband, daddy thing.

(starts to choke-up)

I'm just so goddamn proud of you... God knows I didn't always play it right with you...

FISHER

You did all right dad.

MR. FISHER

I could have done it better. I'm a fucking ball-buster I am.

FISHER

You never walked away dad. You could have walked away.

MR. FISHER

I'm just so scared of that song. That fucking, "My son just arrived the other day... he says thanks for the ball, come on let's play. I got lots of bills come again next day. He's grown up just like me... My boy is just like me." Gordon fucking Lightfoot, Cat Stevens, whoever, that song just fucking kills me.

FISHER

Harry Chaplin. "Cats in the Cradle."

MR. FISHER

Just kills me...

FISHER

I love you dad.

MR. FISHER

I love you so much it hurts. Me and your mother marvel at what you have become. You're going to have a wonderful journey with this girl. I feel it deep inside. A wonderful, magical journey.

(cries again)

And I'm, like I said, just so proud of how you turned out. (hugs Fisher)

You go out and knock 'em dead Keith.  
Knock 'em dead!

Off Fisher we...

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE

TIGHT ON A Vegas Newspaper Metro Section slammed down on a desk -- A small article on Tina, the now missing prostitute.

FISHER  
Where did you get that?

MICHAEL  
At the newsstand on 3rd.

ADAM  
(falling apart)  
Fucking Boyd. That fucking idiot.  
They're on to us.

MICHAEL  
They're not on to us. I'm gonna call  
Boyd.

Michael picks up the phone.

EXT. SOMEBODY'S YARD

TIGHT ON BOYD talking into cell phone.

BOYD  
Oh that's just nothing. That's just  
a missing persons thing, that's all.

INTERCUT PHONE CALL

MICHAEL  
You said nobody would miss her.

BOYD  
No. I said nobody knew she was coming  
to the hotel.

ADAM  
(grabs phone)  
Boyd you idiot, the shit's coming  
down!

BOYD  
What does that mean?

ADAM  
You got us into this mess.

BOYD

Oh I did? I think it was your little rat fuck brother who decided to play Hamburger Helper with the hooker's head.

ADAM

(freaks)

Would you, shush?! These phones aren't secure!

BOYD

Lighten up Adam. Show some character.

ADAM

Don't talk to me about character.

BOYD

Watch the tone fella.

Fisher realizes he's not breathing.

ADAM

Fuck you Boyd!

BOYD

Any time fat boy!

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

INT. BAKERY

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

INT. FLORIST

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

INT. LIZ AND FISHER'S NEW HOME

A beautiful country style beach house in Santa Monica. Liz, Fisher and the realtor, MAGGIE, walk into the charming kitchen. Fisher seems stressed by the price tag.

LIZ

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

MAGGIE

Are you guys gonna fill this place

with kids? You sure got room for them.

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

MAGGIE  
Take your time. I wish I had.

LIZ  
(hugs Fisher)  
We will.

MAGGIE  
So where to on the honeymoon?

FISHER  
This is our honeymoon.

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

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

LIZ  
That's our plan.

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

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

FISHER  
How much?

MAGGIE  
Five percent should be fine for now, which is, let's see, twenty thousand dollars. Of course I'll be splitting my commission with your friend.  
(beat)  
He is a very sweet man.

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

EXT. GAS STATION MINI-MART

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

INT. ADAM'S MINI-VAN

Adam, ghost white, fumbles for a credit card as the kids go nuts in the back seat.

KIDS

(singing)

"Do your balls hang low, do they  
wobble to and fro, can you tie 'em  
in a knot, can you tie 'em in a bow?"

ADAM

(snapping)

Knock it off!

LOIS

Don't snap at them!

ADAM

They're driving me nuts!

LOIS

They're singing.

A black sedan, looking like an unmarked police car, pulls up nose-to-nose with them at the pump. TWO MEN in dark suits in the front look like cops. Adam can't help but notice.

ADAM

(getting out)

It's a disgusting song.

EXT. CAR

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

Adam and the "suit" make eye-contact.

SUIT

How ya doing?

ADAM

(nervous mumble)

What?

SUIT

What's that?

ADAM

What did you say?

SUIT  
I said how's it going?

ADAM  
I didn't hear you.

SUIT  
Well that's what I said.

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

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

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

SUIT  
How do you like that mini-van?

Adam's tank is almost filled. He wants nothing more than to  
get out of there...

Lois rolls down the window.

LOIS  
Honey, go in there and get some  
Starbursts.

ADAM  
What?

LOIS  
They're screaming for Starbursts.

ADAM  
Later.

LOIS  
They're screaming like monsters and  
it's giving me a headache. Go get  
some fucking Starbursts.

Adam looks from the suit to the cop car...

ADAM  
Fine.

TRACK with Adam as he walks from the pumping across the  
parking lot, past the cop car, his HEART POUNDING...

INT. MINI-MART

Adam quickly searches the candy section for Starburst. He  
looks out the window...

ADAM'S POV

The "suit" has finished with the gas but he's not leaving...  
He's taking a close look at Adam's van. He seems to be  
checking the license plate...

ADAM

Oh my God.

Adam is blocking the aisle. He doesn't notice a YOUNG  
UNIFORMED COP trying to get past.

COP (O.S.)

Excuse me.

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

COP

You okay?

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

CLERK

Just leave it!

ADAM

(determined)

It's okay.

CLERK

Leave it!

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

CLERK

GET OUT!

ADAM

(on his back)

I'm sorry.

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

ADAM

(tears in his eyes)

I'm sorry.

CLERK

GET OUT!

Adam scurries out of the Mini-Mart, the Cop watches in  
confusion.

EXT. MINI-MART

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

SUIT

The wife's begging me for one. How's the mileage.

Adam jumps in the van, quickly starts it up.

LOIS

Where's the candy?

ADAM

There is no candy!

LOIS

What do you mean? It's it's a goddamn Mini-Mart?!

KIDS

Dad?!

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

FISHER & LIZ'S REHEARSAL DINNER - COCKTAIL RECEPTION

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Fisher and Liz greet their guests.

Moore smokes alone at the bar.

Boyd and Michael charm a group of OLD LADIES.

Adam arrives with his family, Adam Jr., Timmy and...

Lois sporting a nose cast and two very black eyes.

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

Adam takes Fisher aside.

ADAM

Have you thought about what I said?

FISHER

Jesus Adam, can we not get into this now please?

ADAM

I got a migraine like a little monkey kicking in the side of my skull, Mike Tyson with a fucking sledge

hammer trying to crack...

FISHER  
(cuts him off)  
I got you.

ADAM  
(dazed)  
Where's the bathroom?

INT. REHEARSAL DINNER - NIGHT

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

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

MR. FISHER  
(holding picture of  
Keith, age 4, on a  
mule)  
And this is Keith at age four and  
his best friend "Bunker the Mule."  
Evidently, when they were in camp,  
Keith and Boyd got into some serious  
arguments over exactly who was Keith's  
best friend -- Boyd or the mule.

Mr. Fisher holds up a photo of a young Fisher and young Boyd, both scrappy and bloodied from a fist fight.

Boyd sits with Moore at a table.

BOYD  
Fisher had a less than normal  
relationship with that Donkey.

FISHER  
(seated next to Liz)  
You always were a jealous man.

Mr. Fisher holds up a picture of Keith, Boyd, Moore and Michael all in a Peewee Football uniforms.

MR. FISHER  
After camp came football, and for  
those of you not following the sports  
pages back in 1977, you might not  
remember the Peewee Powerhouse  
Oklahoma, who, under the brilliant  
leadership of your's truly, rolled  
to an auspicious league record of 0-  
12 scoring exactly zero touchdowns.

TIGHT ON Adam, looking extremely uncomfortable, surrounded

by his family.

MICHAEL

The problem was coaching. Poor leadership.

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

BOYD

The problem was our quarterback had trouble remembering his right from left...

FISHER

No, the problem, as I recall, was the lack of blocking...

As the guys debate, in front of the room, who's fault Oklahoma's 0-12 season really was.

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

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

EXT. BEACH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

FISHER

You all right?

ADAM

I can't fucking breathe. I'm sorry.

Boyd, followed by Michael exits the restaurant.

BOYD

(approaching)

OK. Definitely not cool! Definitely inappropriate behavior here.

FISHER

Shut up Boyd.

BOYD

Negative. This is not what we have worked out in terms of presented behavior.

FISHER

He's having a problem here.

MICHAEL

What's the problem Adam?

Moore joins the group.

MOORE  
What's the problem?

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

BOYD  
What is your problem?

ADAM  
I can't do this.

PAUSE.

MOORE  
Can't do what?

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

BOYD  
What?

ADAM  
At the seven-eleven.

BOYD  
Who? What are you talking about?

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

BOYD  
(shouts)  
Nobody's smoking anybody out.

FISHER  
Shut up.

MOORE  
Quiet.

Liz is at the door of the restaurant.

LIZ  
Keith? Is everything okay, honey?

Fisher bolts over to Liz.

FISHER  
Yeah baby. Everything's great.

LIZ  
Well, can you come back inside?

FISHER  
(not moving)  
Yeah. Sure.

LIZ  
Now?

FISHER  
Yeah. Look honey, I'll be right in.  
I just... we're just taking care of  
some Groomsmen last minute business.

Mr. Fisher approaches.

MR. FISHER  
Everything okay?

FISHER  
Yeah, Dad. It's great.

MR. FISHER  
Well, I'm in the middle of my goddamn  
toast here.

FISHER  
OK, OK. You guys just go back in.  
Dad, keep going with the toast, we'll  
be right in. Go on.

Fisher ushers his father and Liz back inside, then turns, to  
quickly head back to the parking lot where things are  
escalating.

PARKING LOT

BOYD  
(on Adam)  
You got some mighty fucking fine bad  
timing Adam. We got a rehearsal  
situation here.

ADAM  
I don't give a damn.

MICHAEL  
About anybody but yourself. You never  
have.

ADAM  
And you're a little fucking reject.

MICHAEL  
Eat my ass!

MICHAEL KICKS ADAM'S MINIVAN

ADAM

Hey!

Michael kicks it again, harder. Adam shoves him.

ADAM

If you ever touch my minivan again,  
I'll make you sorry. Real sorry.

MICHAEL

You're a loser.

ADAM

You're the loser! A big black hole  
sucking up everything you touch! YOU  
MURDERED THAT GIRL! MURDERER!  
MURDERER!

MICHAEL

You're the loser! You think your  
shit's so fucking righteous! FUCK  
YOU! You were there with us, boy!  
Right there! SIDE BY FUCKING SIDE!!!

FISHER

Shut up!

BOYD

Shut your fucking mouths!!!

Boyd and Fisher separate the brothers.

ADAM

(freaking)

I didn't do anything! I'll turn your  
pathetic ass in!

BOYD

Adam! Calm down.

ADAM

I won't calm down. I can't do this.  
We can't do this. It won't work. It  
will not work.

BOYD

It has worked.

ADAM

I'm talking about DNA samples, fiber  
optics, search parties, they got  
infrared scanners, FBI scientists.  
They figure this shit out. They always  
figure it out.

BOYD  
They won't figure it out.

ADAM  
I got children. I've got a life.

MICHAEL  
You got a retarded kid and a fat pig  
wife.

ADAM  
You fucking bastard!

Adam attacks Michael, slashing, biting, mauling, the brother's  
go down hard, slugging it out on the ground.

EXT RESTAURANT

Liz is back at the restaurant door.

LIZ  
Keith?!

Fisher bolts over to Liz.

FISHER  
Everything's OK. Just some more  
preparations.

LIZ  
Are they fighting?

FISHER  
No baby. We'll all be right in.

Fisher pushes her inside and charges back to the...

PARKING LOT

Fisher helps break the fight. Adam and Michael try to contain  
their rage.

BOYD  
This is going to stop right now.  
Right now!

MICHAEL  
(seething)  
You will not screw this up.

ADAM  
Don't you threaten me you little rat  
fuck.

MICHAEL  
Don't you fucking threaten me --  
I'll fucking kill you.

ADAM

Go home!

MICHAEL

You go home!

Boyd pulls Michael to his car.

BOYD

Why don't you just cool out. Go home  
and go to sleep.

Boyd opens Michael's car door, puts him in.

BOYD

Just go home, chill the fuck out.  
Okay?

Michael starts his car. Boyd shuts the car door.

BOYD

Just go home.

MICHAEL, eyeballs Adam. Adam eyeballs him right back. Michael  
hits the gas and screeches away.

BOYD

All right. Let's all go back in.  
Adam? You're cool right?

ADAM

No. I'm not Boyd. I am not cool at  
all.

Reluctantly, they start back in.

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

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR

Michael in a trance, staring at the guys watching him.

MICHAEL

Mr. Fucking Minivan...

He hits the gas.

EXT PARKING LOT

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

ADAM

NOOOO!!!!

Adam jumps between the minivan and Michael's car.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR

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

EXT. PARKING LOT

Michael's car crushes Adam like a sandwich meat between his car and the minivan. Metal, flesh, severed limbs, Adam explodes like a gnat.

CUT TO:

THE HORRIFIED EXPRESSIONS OF BOYD, MOORE AND FISHER

INT. UCLA EMERGENCY - WAITING ROOM

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

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

Boyd and Fisher talk to the POLICE.

BOYD

It was just a crazy freak accident.  
He thought the car was in reverse...  
He didn't realize.

The COP takes notes.

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

COP

Was there some sort of an argument?

FISHER

No. Nothing like that.

COP

We heard there was some arguing going on. Some loud talk.

BOYD

No. No. We were just all outside just talking.

COP

What were you talking about?

BOYD

The wedding. We were talking bout

how it was going to be one of the last times for us to all be together with Fisher not being married...

COP

A lot of people seem to think there was some hostility out there.

BOYD

(getting righteous)

Well I can't really comment on what "a lot of people" thought. I can only tell you that we had a horrible accident here and were all feeling extremely traumatized and your questions are a bit poorly timed. We're in full on grieving mode right now thank you very much Officer... Randone.

FISHER

Easy Boyd.

BOYD

No easy Boyd! I got a best friend in there in pieces. How about a little sensitivity?

Boyd storms off, goes and sits with Michael. Fisher stays with the cop.

COP

That's all I wanted to know.

A DOCTOR appears in the doorway.

DOCTOR

His situation is critical. He's asking to speak to his wife.

SHOTS of the guys eyeing each other nervously as Lois slowly gets up and follows the Doctor into a treatment room.

The guys move to the door, where they can see Lois, leaning over the hospital bed, talking to Adam.

POV GUYS

Adam hooked up to dozens of wires, etc...

Lois leans over to kiss him. Adam appears to be whispering something to her.

ON THE GUYS

Watching Adam speak to Lois... Nervous.

POV GUYS

Lois has her ear to Adam's mouth. He is clearly speaking to her. Lois is sobbing when... ALARMS GO OFF IN ADAM'S ROOM.

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

Lois collapses on the floor.

WAITING ROOM

The guys have witnessed Adam's death. Michael turns in horror. Boyd, Fisher and Moore stare. Liz rushes to Fisher, throws her arms around him, overcome with grief.

INT. DENNY'S - LATE NIGHT

Fisher, Boyd, Moore and Michael eat eggs.

BOYD

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

MICHAEL

Ball park sausages.

BOYD

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

MICHAEL

(clearly starting to crack)

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

(inappropriately loud)

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

BOYD

Easy Michael.

MICHAEL

(on a roll)

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

CUSTOMERS are starting to pay notice.

MOORE

Shut up Michael.

MICHAEL

(screams)

I KILLED MY BROTHER!

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

BOYD

Okay. Time to fly.

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

MICHAEL

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

WAITRESSES, COOKS and LATE NIGHT DINNERS stare, confused as  
the HOWLING Michael is carried to the door.

MICHAEL

(struggling)

Time to pay the man. "For if we  
confess our sins he is faithful and  
just, to forgive us our sins, and to  
cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

Fisher and Boyd struggle with Michael.

FISHER

(tipping Waitress)

Thank you.

She watches them haul Michael outside.

POV WAITRESS

Michael thrashes wildly in the parking lot.

EXT PARKING LOT

MICHAEL

"Kill one man and you are a murderer!  
Kill millions and you are a conqueror --  
Kill all and you are a God!"

Michael breaks free, starts running away. Boyd, Moore and Fisher give chase. Moore dives on Michael's back. Fisher helps Moore hold Michael down while Boyd gets the car.

MICHAEL  
(calming down)  
"The memory of the just is blessed  
but the name of the wicked shall  
rot."

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

INT. CAR - DRIVING

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

BOYD  
You will get yourself together here  
mister. Are you hearing me?

Michael, now catatonic, stares out the window.

FISHER  
He's cracked up.

BOYD  
He is not cracking up.

FISHER  
Boyd... What have we done?

BOYD  
What did you ask me?

FISHER  
What?

BOYD  
What is the question you asked me?

FISHER  
I said, what have we done?

BOYD  
Yes, you did. Now that is the  
question! That is exactly the question  
we should be asking ourselves. You  
tell me Fisher. What have we done?

FISHER  
I don't know! I just want to get  
married.

BOYD

Say it again.

FISHER

What?

BOYD

What you just said. Say it again.

FISHER

I just want to get married.

BOYD

Exactly! Exactly my point.

MOORE

What's your fucking point?

BOYD

I'm not talking to you?

FISHER

What's your point?

BOYD

You want to know what you are doing here?! You are love pumping. You are protecting all that is sacred and beautiful and in sync with poetry and sunsets and little newborn babies. You are walking the walk. This is it Fisher, the real stuff. You love this woman. Love is second to nothing. I love you. I love Moore. I love Michael. This car is full of love, and nothing -- absolutely nothing -- supersedes love, man. Nothing. We will do what it takes. Whatever it takes.

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

BOYD

Love does not lose.

TIGHT ON Fisher, speechless.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN ON:

ADAM'S FUNERAL - GRAVE SITE

A Jewish ceremony. A hundred or so guests. A RABBI conducts the service. Lois sits in shock flanked by her boys.

Michael, Fisher, Boyd and Moore stand in positions of honor

up front. They're all eyeing each other.

Michael starts emitting deep, uncontrollable, highly inappropriate MOANS.

BOYD

Easy Michael.

Michael can't control himself as his body starts to seize and tremble. Moore and Boys attempt to stabilize Michael who breaks away, charges over to Lois and buries his head in her lap sobbing deeply. Everyone is stunned but the Rabbi Continues.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Liz and Fisher.

LIZ

(hysterical)

Cancel?! Cancel?! Are you out of your fucking mind?!

FISHER

Nobody's saying cancel. I'm talking about modifying.

LIZ

No way.

FISHER

Can we just talk this out?

LIZ

Talk what out? We are locked and loaded here. We are non-refundable. I've got relatives on the airport right now! I've got...

The phone RINGS. Fisher freezes.

LIZ

Answer it!

Fisher picks up the phone.

FISHER

Hello?

INT. LOIS' HOUSE

Lois on the phone, near hysteria.

LOIS

Keith. It's Lois. I just found a note up in Adam's study. It's some kind of crazy confession about killing

a stripper and cutting up bodies  
and...

INT. CANTERS COFFEE SHOP

TIGHT ON FISHER

FISHER  
(explaining)  
...burying them outside of Vegas,  
about Boyd being the ring leader...  
She wants to know what the hell is  
going on and I'm starting to freak  
out here.

Boyd, Moore and Michael, looking particularly traumatized,  
are seated at a booth with Fisher.

MICHAEL  
We're goosed.

BOYD  
We're not goosed.

MOORE  
What's goosed?

BOYD  
What is her disposition?

FISHER  
Regarding what?

BOYD  
Does she sound pissed, scared,  
hostile? Did she mention the police?

FISHER  
No, but she's definitely pissed and  
hostile. And she's clearly starting  
to think that's something's not right.

Michael starts sobbing uncontrollably.

MICHAEL  
We're goosed! Goosed by God!

BOYD  
Michael get a grip.  
(to Fisher)  
What did you tell her?

FISHER  
I told her that I have no idea what  
Adam was talking about in that letter.

MOORE

Did she believe you?

FISHER

I have no idea.

MOORE

You can tell when people believe  
you. It's obvious.

FISHER

Well I don't have that skill and if  
I had to guess I would say that in  
no way did she believe me.

MICHAEL

(screaming)

Goosed!

BOYD

Stop it!

MICHAEL

Goosed!

People are staring.

BOYD

Stop.

MICHAEL

Goosed!

BOYD

(to Moore)

Give me the Valium.

MOORE

He just had two.

BOYD

Give me two more.

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

BOYD

(to Michael)

Open sesame.

Michael complies like a puppy.

FISHER

Jesus Boyd you're going to O.D. him.

BOYD

Suck my ass.

INT. LOIS' KITCHEN

TIGHT ON Lois, busted nose, eyes black.

LOIS  
I never liked you Boyd. You're a  
snaky little fuck. Always have been.

WIDE ON the guys, seated around a little breakfast table.  
Michael's in a Valium stupor.

BOYD  
What are you talking about?

LOIS  
Don't sweet lip me.

BOYD  
I don't understand where this personal  
attack is coming from...

LOIS  
You're a liar. I want to know what  
happened in Vegas.

BOYD  
Nothing happened in Vegas.

LOIS  
I don't want to hear it from the  
liar. Stick a plug in it Boyd. Fisher?  
What happened in Vegas?

FISHER  
(beat)  
Nothing happened in Vegas.

LOIS  
(not buying it)  
Moore?

MOORE  
(sheepish)  
Nothing happened.

Michael starts back in with the power sobbing. All eyes are  
on him. Guilty, uncomfortable silence. Michael's coming  
unglued.

LOIS  
Michael? Do you have something to  
tell me?

BOYD  
Michael. Tell Lois that nothing...

LOIS

Shut up Boyd! Michael?

All eyes on Michael.

MICHAEL

(quiet)

Goosed.

Fisher struggles to breathe. Boyd tenses up.

LOIS

What?

MICHAEL

Lois we were bad, we were very, very bad.

BOYD

He's upset about Adam. We're all upset.

LOIS

I will call the police right now if I don't start getting some answers.

BOYD

Lois please.

She heads for the phone.

LOIS

Fuck you Boyd.

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

FISHER

Okay. Lois... here's the deal.

(beat)

Adam was with a prostitute in Las Vegas.

Lois freezes, puts down the phone. Boyd and Moore look stunned at Fisher -- good lie.

LOIS

What?

FISHER

I'm sorry he was unfaithful to you.

BOYD

And it wasn't the first time... He had a thing about prostitutes.

Fisher gives Boyd a look. Lois starts to choke up.

LOIS  
 (crushed)  
 My Adam?

Lois crumbles before their eyes.

BOYD  
 We're sorry.

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

EXT. LOIS' HOUSE

Fisher and Moore load Michael into the car. Boyd leans into the back window. Adam Jr. and Timmy are in the backseat, still in their P.J.'s.

BOYD  
 Mommy just needs a little time out.  
 Everything's gonna be okay. Okay?  
 (the boys don't answer)  
 Okay.

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

BOYD  
 After you drop the kids off, take Michael home. Put a few drinks in him so he'll sleep.

FISHER  
 I don't think that's such a good idea.

BOYD  
 Just do it.

FISHER  
 What are you going to do?

BOYD  
 Take care of business.

FISHER  
 (accusing)  
 What does that mean?

BOYD  
 And what does that mean?  
 (off no response)  
 Are you insane?!  
 (whispers)

You think I would hurt Lois?! She's  
the mother of those kids! What is  
wrong with you?

FISHER  
I don't know...

BOYD  
You got a nasty side to your thought  
process.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. FISHER AND LIZ'S HOUSE

TIGHT ON Fisher.

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

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

FISHER  
Lois is a mess and Michael's really  
upset. Everyone's upset.

LIZ  
We're not canceling.

FISHER  
I know.

LIZ  
I won't even discuss it.

FISHER  
No one's discussing it. I'm just  
gonna run Michael home. I'll be right  
back.

LIZ  
I need you to pick up the cake  
tomorrow.

FISHER  
Don't we already have someone to do  
that for us?

LIZ  
Yeah. You.

FISHER  
Okay. Okay.

Fisher kisses Liz and goes.



us looking for... You get me?

FISHER

The wahoo moment?

MICHAEL

That's my point! You see Man...  
burning at his absolute. To see all  
the forces just come together, just  
right, you know, just in perfect  
harmony. That's what I'm driving at.  
You get me?

FISHER

I think so.

MICHAEL

I've been looking for that flash and  
I look and I look and I can't find  
it. And what if I already had it?  
You know. My moment? What if it's  
gone? And I never saw it?  
(finishes drink)  
You're getting married, man. That's  
a fucking beautiful thing. Just a  
beautiful thing. I just can't stop  
breaking beautiful things.

INT. LOIS' HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

LOIS

You picked the wrong woman mother-  
fucker!

As Lois sinks her teeth into Boyd's balls.

BACK AT THE BAR

MICHAEL

You see for me it's over. Over baby.  
I'm gonna turn myself in. After the  
wedding of course. After the wedding.  
Out of respect.

MOORE

I don't think that's a good idea.

MICHAEL

I said out of respect. Respect for you Fisher. For you and your wedding and your beautiful bride. There will be no more rain. You see where I am here?

FISHER

I appreciate it. I do, but... maybe you ought to just ease up on yourself a bit.

MICHAEL

No. No. No. This is my doing. You see I'm gonna have my wahoo spark for my own. For Lois and the kids, for my brother, for Franco. I'm gonna turn myself in. I am all that. I'm gonna do it for sweet Lois.

LOIS' BEDROOM

Boyd and Lois are choking the living shit out of each other. Boyd pulls back, swings with a left, Lois ducks, she swings, a right cross to Boyds eye. He goes down. She jumps on him. Choking him like a mad dog. As Boyd struggles for air...

THE BAR

Fisher checks his watch as Michael fumbles with his eighth shot of Yukon Jack.

MICHAEL

If I was to think... If I were to think... No I mean I have thinked it over... I have. And without putting a lot of pressure on you I just... Well I just...

FISHER

What is it?

MICHAEL

(drunk-slow)  
Well if you do think about names... Michael's a pretty good one... It's done me all right.

Michael's eyes bore into Fisher, like he knows something Fisher doesn't. Fisher's cell phone RINGS.

FISHER

(answers)  
Yeah.

INT. LOIS' BEDROOM

TIGHT ON Boyd, eye swelling, scratch marks, hair a crazy mess.

BOYD  
(into the phone)  
Okay. Here's the deal and it's a  
good one. Lois is cool. It's a  
pacified situation.

INTERCUT BOYD AND FISHER

FISHER  
What does that mean?

Michael stares at Fisher.

BOYD  
I'm talking about Lois having relaxed  
her anxiety. Only deal is... you  
still got Michael there?

FISHER  
Yeah.

BOYD  
Good deal. Lois just wants to hear  
it from Michael.

FISHER  
Hear what?

BOYD  
That it was all an accident. She  
wants to hear it from Michael's mouth.

FISHER  
Now?

Michael drunkenly nods his head as if can hear the conversation.

BOYD  
That's right.

FISHER  
Isn't it a little late?

BOYD  
Hold on a sec.  
(turns)  
Lois, you sure you wouldn't rather  
do this in the morning?

PAN OVER to see Lois, half hanging off the bed, strangled to death. Boyd won.

BOYD  
 (back into phone)  
 She says now's the time.  
 (quietly)  
 I got a peace treaty thing happening  
 over here... let's get this over  
 with.

EXT. LOIS' HOUSE

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

BOYD  
 Okay Michael, let's go.  
 (helps him out)  
 Upsy daisy big guy.

MICHAEL  
 (hammered)  
 How about my Fatburger?

BOYD  
 Come on tough guy. Listen to me.  
 (takes Michaels face  
 in his hands)  
 You are going to tell Lois that it  
 was all an accident. Okay cowboy?  
 You got me?

MICHAEL  
 I love you.

MOORE  
 He's too drunk.

BOYD  
 He's fine. Okay Mikey, let's go.  
 (to Fisher and Moore)  
 You guys stay here.

Boyd leads Michael into the house.

INT. CAR

Fisher and Moore wait in silence...

MOORE  
 (beat)  
 I'm thinking about maybe making a  
 move.

FISHER  
 A move?

MOORE

Greenpeace.

FISHER

Greenpeace?

MOORE

Maybe go up to the North Pole, the  
Arctic. Tag polar bears with dart  
guns. I've always had a pretty good  
aim...

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

Boyd comes jogging out the front door, hops in the back seat.  
Fisher and Moore turn, eyes wide.

BOYD

Michael was having an affair with  
Lois. That's what Michael and Adam  
were arguing about in the parking  
lot. Michael killed Adam in a jealous  
rage. Lois broke it off with Michael,  
he strangled her to death and then  
shot himself in the head.

(beat)

Happens all the time.

Boyd touches the painful scratches on his face.

BOYD

That Lois fought like a fucking  
Comanche.

ON Fisher and Moore in stunned horror...

INT. LAW FIRM

TIGHT ON BARRY MORRIS, mid-40's, attorney.

BARRY MORRIS

I don't see how this could have been  
kept from you. The facts are quite  
simple; last month Adam and Lois  
changed their will. They requested  
that you two, as a married couple,  
be the Custodians of Record for their  
estate including all properties,  
cash holdings, security holdings  
and... children. You are legal  
custodians of the Brenn Trust.

ANGLE ON

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

LIZ

My god.

BARRY MORRIS

There's more.

FISHER

More?

BARRY MORRIS

Adam and Lois were not terribly prudent in terms of providing for the possibility of the unforeseen.

FISHER

What are you talking about?

BARRY MORRIS

I'm talking about Life insurance.  
I'm talking about money.

LIZ

Money?

BARRY MORRIS

Yes money. Adam had a five hundred thousand dollar Term Life Insurance Policy.

PAUSE.

LIZ

What does that mean?

FISHER

That means we get five hundred thousand to help raise the kids.

LIZ

(amazed)

No.

FISHER

Yes.

BARRY MORRIS

Actually, no. Adam was switching to a Whole Life Policy, but re-scheduled his medical exam... and failed to make his last payment... so his Term Life lapsed. So it's value is null and void.

(off Liz's horror)

Now he did have a pension account, worth another 150 thousand.

LIZ  
(relieved)  
Well, oh...

BARRY MORRIS  
And a house. Valued at 350 thousand.

LIZ  
So where's that leave us?

FISHER  
150 plus 350... we still get 500  
thousand.

BARRY MORRIS  
(beat)  
No. Not even close. With property  
values down, the house is worth  
100,000 less than 450 he paid for  
it. With three credit cards, the  
minivan payments, and other  
outstanding debts... Plus the Income  
and Estate Taxes assessed on his  
IRA...  
(punches his calculator)  
You'll get, oh... in the neighborhood  
of, ah... 14,223 dollars.

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

LITTLE ADAM  
Get away from me!

FISHER  
I'm just trying to help...

LITTLE ADAM  
I don't want your help!

FISHER  
Stop kicking. Stop kicking!

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

BARRY MORRIS  
(breaking the tension)  
So. When is the wedding.

LIZ  
Tomorrow  
(at Fisher)  
We are getting married tomorrow.

INT. CAR

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

EXT. FISHER'S CAR

Fisher leans on the trunk, puking. Liz gets out to help him, he starts crying. Liz is gentle and loving.

LIZ  
It's okay... It's okay baby. Cry for  
Mama. Cry for Mama.

FISHER  
No it's not okay. It's not.

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

LIZ  
Cry for Boom Boom. It's okay.

FISHER  
(sobbing)  
Liz we've got to cancel, we have to  
put it off.

LIZ  
(ice)  
Don't even.

FISHER  
Do you love me?

LIZ  
What?

FISHER  
Do you love me?

LIZ  
What kind of stupid question is that?

FISHER  
(breaking down)  
Oh God. We. Liz. We. We. Killed a  
woman. We...

LIZ  
What are you talking about?

FISHER  
(completely hysterical)  
Oh Liz. We. God. We, in Vegas. Michael  
crushed her skull. She was dead.  
There was nothing else to do. It was

an accident.

LIZ

Who's dead?

FISHER

The prostitute.

LIZ

You fucked a prostitute?

FISHER

No Michael did. It was an accident.

LIZ

You killed a prostitute.

FISHER

Michael, by accident.

LIZ

Call the police.

FISHER

It's too late.

LIZ

My God. You've got to call the police,  
tell them it was an accident. Where  
is she?

FISHER

She's in the desert. She's out in  
the desert.

LIZ

You left a dead prostitute out in  
the desert? Alone?

FISHER

She's not alone... She's... Boyd...  
Oh God... He's gone nuts... He killed  
Lois and Michael... it's all...

LIZ

Stop! You stop right here. I don't  
want to know anymore. I told you not  
to do this Bachelor Party thing. You  
were warned.

FISHER

But...

LIZ

No buts. I told you your friends  
were Jackasses.

FISHER

But...

LIZ

No buts. I've waited twenty-seven years, twenty-seven years I have focused and prepared to walk down that aisle. I will not be derailed! I will not be embarrassed! I will not be denied! I am walking down that aisle tomorrow come hell or high fucking water!

Liz marches back to the car, gets in and slams the door.  
Fisher just stares in shock.

EXT./INT. CHURCH - FISHER AND LIZ'S WEDDING

It's pouring rain outside.

Shots of guests dashing from their cars to the church.

Fisher's parents with Adam Jr. and Timmy, looking overwhelmed.

Upstairs: Liz and her Bridesmaids help Liz get dressed.  
Everyone looks depressed.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

Fisher and Moore in tuxedos. Boyd enters, shuts the door.  
Fisher looks ill.

BOYD

Okay, we're about two minutes out.  
Moore, better take your position.

Moore looks at Fisher.

BOYD

Chop chop.

Moore goes. A long tense BEAT between Fisher and Boyd.

BOYD

This is a situation that defies judgement. We have acted and showed courage that is not of a kind known by most.

FISHER

I'm getting really tired of your bullshit.

BOYD

My what?

FISHER

You've got a warped thought process.  
Your brain doesn't function properly.

BOYD  
You care to add a little specification  
to that slanderous accusation?

FISHER  
(snaps)  
I'm talking about some bad, bad,  
very bad things. Bad things! Those  
are bad fucking things!

BOYD  
Okay fine.

FISHER  
Fine? Fine what?

BOYD  
Whatever you say Kojak.

FISHER  
I'm serious.

BOYD  
I'm serious. I'm the serious one  
here. I'm the one making the play.  
I'm the Indian Runner. And I want my  
money.

INT. CHURCH

The organ is playing. The guests are seated. Liz and her  
father are waiting in the front hall.

LIZ  
I told Boyd two fucking minutes!

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - CONT'D

FISHER  
What money?

BOYD  
Blood money. Insurance dollars that  
you have thus fucking far decided  
not to tell me about at all. In no  
way have you mentioned that money.  
And I find that to be very very  
offensive.

FISHER  
You're sick.

BOYD  
(veins pulsing)

And if you think you can fuck me,  
 don't. Cause I'm fucking insulated  
 Fisher. Protected. Backed up on  
 floppy. Do you get me? I want my  
 fucking money!

FISHER

Not a prayer.

BOYD

I'm a lifesaver. A lighthouse. Up  
 all night in the rain, in stormy  
 gale force wind, tornado and fucking  
 earthquakes. I stay lit for you. I  
 stay lit. I don't go dark. I never  
 go dark!

FISHER

You need help.

Fisher turns away. BOYD combusts. He leaps on Fisher with a  
 wild cry.

BOYD

I want that money!

Boyd and fisher fight like animals; choking, pounding,  
 mauling, a fight to the death. Fisher is losing, Boyd is  
 choking the life out of him, killing him. Fisher is going  
 down, eyes rolling back, he's dying, until...

CRASH. Boyd's head is caved in from behind. REVEAL Liz  
 wielding a big, heavy crucifix. Boyd slumps to the ground.  
 Fisher gasps for air. Boyd stirs. Liz beats him repeatedly  
 with the crucifix until he's dead as a door knob. Fisher is  
 stunned. Liz tosses the cross. Miraculously, only one perfect  
 droplet of blood has gotten on her wedding dress. She flicks  
 it off with her finger.

LIZ

(composing herself)

Here comes the bride.

Liz gathers up her train and marches out. Fisher looks at  
 Boyd, a bloody dead mess.

THE WEDDING

Fisher joins Moore at the alter. JUDGE TOWER smiles warmly  
 at Fisher.

MOORE

Where's Boyd?

FISHER

(whispers)

Downstairs in the closet.

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

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

JUDGE TOWER

May we have the rings please?

FISHER

What?

JUDGE TOWER

The rings?

Fisher looks at Moore.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

Moore opens the closet. Boyd falls out.

INT. CHURCH

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

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

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

INT. CHURCH

Moore returns.

MOORE

Got 'em.

He hands the rings to the Judge, at which time, he, she, Fisher and Liz all see blood on his white shirt cuff. The Judge looks at Moore. He pulls his jacket sleeve down.

JUDGE TOWER

(continues)

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

FISHER

I do.

Liz slides the ring on Fisher's finger.

JUDGE TOWER

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

LIZ

I do.

Fisher slides the ring on Liz's finger.

JUDGE TOWER

I now pronounce you husband and wife.

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

WEDDING RECEPTION - TENT NEXT TO CHURCH

Liz drinks champagne and talks with her guests.

EXT. CHURCH - REAR

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

MOORE

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

FISHER

My God...

MOORE

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

FISHER

Did he try to kiss you?

MOORE

All week long.

Fisher slams the trunk closed.

WEDDING RECEPTION - MUCH LATER

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

FISHER

He kept saying he was protected.

LIZ

What does that mean?

FISHER

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

LIZ

Like how?

FISHER

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

LIZ

The only proof is those bodies.

FISHER

So what do we do?

LIZ

Move the bodies.

FISHER

Move the bodies?

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Excuse us?

Fisher and Liz look up at a sweet OLD COUPLE, who talk at  
the same time, oblivious to each other.

OLD MAN

We just wanted to say  
congratulations and  
wish you great  
happiness. Mazeltov. I  
just did. I said  
Malzeltov. You never  
listen to me.

OLD WOMAN

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

LIZ

(cheerleader smile)

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

The Old Couple shuffles away. Fisher watches them go, he suddenly breaks down, crying...

FISHER

I... Liz... all I ever wanted, was for you to be happy. I just wanted to give you the wedding, the life you always dreamed of...

(sobs)

...I just love you so much... So much...

LIZ

(beat; unmoved)

You and Moore move the bodies and bury Boyd with them. In fact, put Moore in the ground too.

FISHER

What?

LIZ

If you don't tie up all the loose ends it'll never be over.

FISHER

(horrified)

No...

LIZ

You put him down or don't bother coming back.

FISHER

But...

LIZ

Do you love me? DO YOU LOVE ME?!

OFF Fisher...

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

INT. FISHER'S CAR

Fisher drives, Moore's in the passenger seat. They're still in their tuxedos. Extreme silence. Fisher, almost in a trance.

MOORE

You alright?

FISHER

Yeah. I'm thinking about Michael's

Franco Harris fixation. You know how Michael was always harping "Immaculate Reception?" I've seen that play. A lot of times... and I have to say this... Franco was lucky. Flat out, right place, right time. That's it. He was where the ball bounced. You get me?

MOORE

I guess.

FISHER

I'm saying it's luck. All luck. You work your entire life, all the training, focus, all the dedication, all irrelevant. Where does the ball bounce? My father spent his whole life trying to start a company, practiced every day, worked like a dog, finally got enough money. He's paid the dues, he's ready, does all the market research, picks his shot -- "Pup Corn."

MOORE

Pup corn?

FISHER

That's right, "Pup Corn." Doggie treats. Little snacks for dogs. He's figured it out. There is a hole in the market and he's going to fill it. Spends all out money, works himself into not two but three heart attacks getting this shit up. After fifteen months, the big day arrives, the first box of "Pup Corn" pops off the belt. He comes running home with that box, pulls us out of school. We all pile into the living room, must be fifty of us, and in comes "Shelmer," our 8 year old mutt. "Here Shelmer," my dad cries. He's got that little fucking pup corn in his hand, "Here girl." This dog will eat anything, she eats rocks, anything. She walk's up to my dad's hand, looks down at the little pellet, licks it once, turns around, walks out of the room. Shelmer rejected the "Pup Corn." Fifteen months of my dad's life, right there. Not one dog ate Pup Corn. Not one. Three months later, "Pup Corn" shuts down. Chapter Eleven. My father never got over it. Never.

SILENCE hangs again.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

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

FISHER

I think it was over here.

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

MOORE

It was over by those rocks.

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

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

FISHER

There.

MOORE

Where?

Fisher moves to a new spot.

FISHER

There. This rock is where I stood when I said the prayer.

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

FISHER

Bingo.

Moore and Fisher quickly start to dig, until, finally, Moore's shovel makes contact.

MOORE

Got it.

And they dig some more.

DISSOLVE:

MOORE

in the hole, passing the suitcases up to Fisher.

DISSOLVE:

FISHER

loads the cases into the car.

EXT. NEW BURIAL SITE

The suitcases are unloaded. Fisher and Moore dig a new grave. Moore's back is to Fisher as he digs.

MOORE

I've been thinking about what you  
said that day. The prayer. About  
using this whole mess to bring out  
the good in me...

Fisher is directly above Moore, holding the shovel, looking down at the back of Moore's head.

FISHER

Yeah?

MOORE

I think there's a lot of truth in  
that. I'm gonna pursue some options.  
I want to join that Big Brother thing.

FISHER

(slowly raises the  
shovel over his head)  
That's a good one.

MOORE

I want a black one. A little black  
brother. That's a big problem it  
seems to me. Lack of racial  
integration. That's a big one. You  
think?

Moore looks up to...

FISHER, tears running down his face, the shovel high above his head, ready to bring it down hard onto Moore's skull.

MOORE confused and then realization... CUT between Fisher above, poised to strike, Moore below, still and vulnerable. Their eyes locked for several beats. Finally...

MOORE

What do you think?

Slowly, Fisher lowers his shovel.

FISHER

I think you'd make an excellent Big  
Brother.

MOORE

(back to work)  
That's what I'm thinking.

DISSOLVE:

THE GRAVE - LATER

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

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FISHER'S CAR - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

MOORE

Well that ought to be about the end of that.

FISHER

Yup.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

THE IMMACULATE RECEPTION

The distorted but definitely recognizable image of Franco Harris running for his life.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And it's Franco Harris running for...

Franco makes it into the Raider end zone.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

A TOUCHDOWN FOR PITTSBURGH!  
UNBELIEVABLE!

CUT BACK TO:

FISHER

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

HIGHWAY

Fisher's car SMASHES head-on into another car. IN SLOW MOTION Fisher and Moore are launched through the windshield in an IMPLOSION of glass and steel, flesh and blood.

CUT TO BLACK:

We hear the sounds of SCRUBBING.

SLOW FADE UP:

INT. FISHER HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

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

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

TIGHT ON FISHER

EXT. BACK YARD

FISHER

Okay let's try it again.

Adam Jr. and Timmy, in ill-fitted Cub Scout uniforms, recite the "Scout Laws."

TIMMY

A scout is thrifty,  
saves for the future.  
A scout is clean, he  
keeps his body...

ADAM JR.

A scout is brave. A scout  
can face danger, even if  
he's afraid...

FISHER

Let's see the salutes!

Timmy snaps out a fine salute. Adam balances on one crutch to salute but loses balance and falls flat on his face. He starts SCREAMING.

REVEAL Fisher, in a wheelchair, both legs amputated above the knee. He leans over, trying to help Adam Jr. up and his wheel chair tips over. Fisher falls on top of Adam Jr. who SCREAMS even louder, flailing arms and legs like a turtle on its back.

REVEAL Moore, in an electric wheel chair he operated with a mouthpiece. As he is paralyzed from the neck down, he's no help at all. Timmy suddenly snaps.

TIMMY

(to Adam Jr.)

Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

FISHER

It's okay, it's okay.

THE BATHROOM WINDOW

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

FISHER (O.S.)

Timmy SHUT UP! Help your brother!

ADAM! Let him help you!

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

OUT THE WINDOW - DOWN IN THE BACK YARD

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

FISHER

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

Suddenly, O.S. from the bathroom, Liz WAILS. Fisher looks up at the window... LONG BEAT...

FISHER

(to the boys)

Okay, let's skip to the Scout's Oath...

ADAM JR. & TIMMY

On my honor, I will do my best...

The boys recite the "Scout's Oath" as Liz's deep, heaving, wailing SOBS grow in intensity O.C.

ADAM JR. & TIMMY

...to do my duty to God and my country... To obey the Scout Law, to help other people at all times...

SLOWLY PULL OFF Fisher, Moore and the kids...

ADAM JR. & TIMMY

To keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight.

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

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END