

Chinese Food & Porn

by
Jeff Howard
&
Travis Knox

November 5, 2009

FADE IN

EXT. WOODVALE, NEW YORK - PRE-DAWN

A manicured suburb, late-model cars and family vans adorn winding lots leading to lovingly maintained 1950s-era homes.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, REARDON HOME - CONTINUOUS

GREG REARDON is in his 30s, his looks still a hit with women from assistants to soccer moms. He's SOUND ASLEEP, and looks BLISSFULLY HAPPY. A moment of absolute perfection, UNTIL:

THE ALARM BUZZES, 6:30 AM. Eyes closed, Greg hits the clock. Rolls on his back, reaches for his WIFE. SHE'S NOT THERE.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg lifts the toilet seat, unable to open his eyes. If the silhouette in the shower is any indication, his wife is hot.

JESSICA

You're not going to pee in front of me, are you?

He looks down at the lifted toilet seat, hands at his boxers.

GREG

No. 'Course not.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Greg rushes toward the kid's bathroom, but it's LOCKED.

GREG

Who's in there?

ELLA (O.S.)

It's me. Ella. Ella Reardon.

GREG

I know your last name, it's daddy.
How long you going to be?

ELLA (O.S.)

(beat)
Long.

INT. STAIRWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Greg hustles downstairs. We see the house is a nice 3 BR, 2 1/2 BA, not so much a showcase as a fully functioning home.

Greg sees the half-bath door is cracked. Relieved, he opens it, and hears a SCREAM from inside. Greg recoils.

GREG

Max, you gotta close the door,
buddy.

MAX (O.S.)

I didn't have time. It was an
emergency.

GREG

Yeah. I know the feeling.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg enters. He stares at the kitchen sink. He approaches it. Starts to move some dishes out of it. But, stops himself.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

GREG LEANS AGAINST THE FENCE, PEEING INTO THE FLOWERS.

UNTIL: A LARGE DOG from the other side of the fence leaps up, his red eyes just visible over the top of the fence. Greg leaps back, and SOAKS HIS OWN SLIPPERS.

EXT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

TWO SLIPPERS tossed into the trash can. Barefoot, Greg creeps to the front of the house. The dog's BARK raises the OLD LADY NEIGHBOR to his left. He races to the door, just ahead of her PRYING EYES through her kitchen window.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY, MANHATTAN HIGHRISE OFFICE TOWER - LATER

Greg and PHIL approach the elevators. Phil, late 20s, is gunning for the top. He dresses sharper than Greg but isn't as liked. A pair of SECURITY GUARDS are deep in conversation.

SECURITY GUARD 1

- the hot one, from Channel 5.

SECURITY GUARD 2
That's what HD was made for -

Greg and Phil look back to see what has their attention. Outside, a bus passes by with a wrap-around advertisement featuring a glamor shot of JESSICA REARDON, Greg's beautiful and talented wife. The ad reads EVERYBODY'S SIDELINE REPORTER: New York's Favorite Sportscaster comes to ESPN.

Greg can't help but SMILE as he steps into the ELEVATOR.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

PHIL
Must be pretty proud. Random guys, talking about the hot sports chick, knowing they're talking about your wife.

GREG
No complaints here.

PHIL
And it doesn't really matter if she can tell a shotgun spread from an illegal use of the hands. Just as long as she looks the part.

GREG
She can hold her own with any man in any fantasy league anyday.

PHIL
Sideline reporter. We all know what they're for. For drunk guys to hit pause to try and make out nipple. Oh, yeah, little traces of the outline of a nipple. And later, when their wives won't touch them because they stink of Natural Light and cheese popcorn, they wander off to the bathroom to whack it. And who do you think'll be their inspiration?

Greg stares straight ahead. Just ignore this guy.

PHIL (CONT'D)
The most recent deposit in their mental spank bank, which in this case happens to be your wife.
(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

She'll be contorted into every sick position that Joe Six-Pack's brain can imagine.

The elevator doors OPEN, as Phil pantomimes bending her over his knee and smacking her backside, even as people look on. Phil follows Greg into the lobby of FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS.

GREG

You can't get in my head, Phil.

PHIL

Well, we'll see, won't we?

Phil's beautiful, early 20s assistant HEATHER greets them. Greg's own assistant, late 40s Agatha Christie-dressing MARTHA, is also there.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - LATER

Greg in his Prius, Max in the back seat, in an interminable pick-up-kids line of cars at school. He's using his Blackberry, scooching a few inches at a time, FRUSTRATED.

Finally, Greg gets out and RUNS for Ella. CARS BEGIN TO HONK AT HIM, the CROSS-GUARD turns and waves her flag, whistles.

Greg reaches the edge of the concrete, where an embarrassed ELLA waits. He takes her by the hand. Before she can react, he scoops her up and runs back to his car. More ANGRY HONKS.

EXT. FRONT YARD - EARLY EVENING

The PIZZA MAN collects money from Greg, as his wife JESSICA, who we recognize from the ad on the bus, enters the house.

PIZZA MAN

(eyes following her)

Hey, isn't that the hot girl from Channel 5 ... ?

Greg sees the Pizza Man raise his cell phone to snap a picture of Jessica as she bends to greet Max.

GREG

There goes your tip. Pervert.

Greg SLAMS the door on him. Jessica, kneeling down with the kids, turns to look at him, confused.

JESSICA
What's that about?

GREG
Nothing.

JESSICA
You gonna save some energy for
later, ace?

GREG
I'm a perpetual motion machine.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - LATER

Greg yawns at the end of the children's book he's reading Max, whose eyes close. Greg sneaks a look at his Blackberry.

Greg slips off the bed, creeps to the door. Hits a SQUEAKY FLOORBOARD and stops dead, but sees Max's eyes still closed. His hand is on the doorknob, when:

MAX
Daddy, what are the stars?

GREG
Do you mean the -
(he points up)
Stars?

MAX
Is that where God lives? Or Santa
Claus? What are they made of? Are
they going to fall on us?

Greg steps back, settles in for a long talk.

INT. GREG AND JESSICA'S BEDROOM - LATER

Greg finally enters, Jessica ready and waiting. She drops the book she's reading and instantly he's happy as a man can be.

GREG
If I smoked, I could go outside
five, ten, times a day, ten minutes
at a time, and nobody wants me
around. That kind of free time is
almost worth respiratory damage.

JESSICA
You don't want me to want you
around?

He kisses her, then expands his range of kissing her, which continues even as they speak through it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I had to fill out a million forms for ESPN today. Guess what they want me to do?

GREG

Wear a sheer shirt?

JESSICA

What? No. They asked me to sign a morals clause.

GREG

A morals clause? So no more booze binges and felony weekends?

JESSICA

Don't you remember, that DVD, the week after the honeymoon.

GREG

Ohhh ... right.

JESSICA

While I'm gone, destroy it.

GREG

What? That's posterity. You hand that down to future generations, to say look, your grandmother was very, ridiculously hot.

JESSICA

That's disgusting.

GREG

So is the DVD, if I remember ...

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. They stop, silent, breathing heavy.

JESSICA

(whispering to his ear)
Could be a false alarm.

They both wait, baited breath, so close to each other, they can't help but come in to kiss again as:

ELLA (O.S.)

(from outside door)
Mommy? Are you there?

JESSICA
I got this one. You just, just ...

GREG
Keep hope alive?

INT. GREG AND JESSICA'S BEDROOM - 6:30 AM

Greg becomes semi-conscious, and SLAPS THE CLOCK. He reaches over for where Jessica should be, and she's GONE.

He sits up, sees it's LIGHT OUT AGAIN and he's missed out.

GREG
Again! Dammit damn dammit!

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Greg hustles past, on his way out the door dressed for the office. Jessica calls out to him as he's at the door.

JESSICA
Hey, perpetual motion! Don't forget, the kids have a half-day today. You have to get them early.

GREG
Bring it. This time next week we're on vacation!

Greg prompts Ella and Max into a CHEER.

ELLA AND MAX
Vacation!

JESSICA
(less excited)
Vacation.

GREG
C'mon, it doesn't matter where we are, so long as we're all together.

JESSICA
But a cartoon cruise, it's so ...

GREG
Thrilling and memorable to kids?

JESSICA

It's just not going to stick with them as an experience the way that National Parks tour would've.

GREG

Yeah, they'll never remember the mountain of sheet cake, but they'll always cherish the giant hole in the ground.

JESSICA

Max, what do you like better, cake or holes?

MAX

What kind of cake?

GREG

Forget it mommy, you're out-voted.

CUT TO:

INT. FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS - AFTER LUNCH

Greg enters and can feel the tense atmosphere. People are heading with purpose toward the CONFERENCE ROOM. His assistant Martha is relieved to have found him.

GREG

What's going on?

MARTHA

Mr. Fawcett called everyone to the conference room, now.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The CEO, MILES FAWCETT stands at the head of the table. He's in his 40's, casually elegant and older brother accessible. People are crammed inside, with tension hanging in the air.

MILES

Blackberry has put the account up for open bidding.

GREG

A re-compete? Blackberry?

Greg looks at Phil, who gives a death stare as others buzz.

MILES

This doesn't mean the sky is falling. But in this climate, we have to be aggressive. So I invited the Hammer to come visit, and allow us to pre-pitch him.

HEATHER

Is the Hammer a person?

GREG

The Senior VP at Blackberry.
(to Phil)
Phil, have you even met him?

PHIL

(reluctantly)
No.

MILES

He'll be here next week. Greg, I want you on this.

PHIL

He can't do it. Greg's on family vacation all week. He's not dedicated enough to stay single like me.

Greg starts to speak, but can't get in a word.

MILES

He'll postpone it. The Hammer is coming.

PHIL

Let him go. Greg hasn't had that account for six months.

GREG

I got promoted off the day-to-day, and what I did for five years you blew in six months -

PHIL

Go home, Greg. You're not needed.

GREG

No! No, I've got this. I'll do it!

INT. HALLWAY, FAWCETT P.R. - MOMENTS LATER

Greg in the hallway, mind reeling from what's just happened. MARSHALL, an exec jock in his mid-30s, offers a high-five.

MARSHALL

My man! Wasn't that a nine day kiddie cruise you had yourself on?

GREG

Yeah?

MARSHALL

And now you're out of it. Your wife's gonna go, that shit is non-refundable. You're up for nine days of glorious bachelorhood.

Martha doesn't like this. Greg walks a long, last mile toward his office. Fear across his face. A STAFF ACCOUNTANT passes.

STAFF ACCOUNTANT

That's two weekends on your own. You should throw a party.

HEATHER

Party? Is someone having a party?

GREG

Nobody's having any parties. I'm just going to have some time alone. Without the kids. And my wife.

His assistant Martha looks scared for him.

MARTHA

How are you going to tell Jessica you're not going on vacation?

Greg opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Leaning against his door, Greg's petrified face turns into INTENSE PLEASURE. Greg closes his eyes.

GREG

Oh my God, nine days of total peace and quiet and -

He JUMPS when his CELL PHONE RINGS. JESSICA. Deep breath.

GREG (CONT'D)

Hello?

(beat as his face
tightens, then relaxes)

I forgot. I was 100% wrong, you
told me about teacher appreciation
day, I blew it, I was -

(beat, as he listens and
face tightens again)

- why would anything be wrong?

(beat)

How can I be talking funny? It's
you, acting like I'm talking funny
that would be the only thing making
me -

(beat as he listens)

Costco? Rolling luggage for the
kids? I'm on it. For you.

INT. COSTCO - LATER

Greg has a giant box of kid's luggage on a flat cart, heading
toward checkout. It dawns on him he's in the booze aisle.

He stops. Reflects. Resists, and pulls his cart a bit, until
he grabs an OVERSIZED BOTTLE OF ABSOLUT.

TWO CASES OF IMPORTED BEER IN HIS CART, GREG PERUSES SNACKS.

GREG TURNS A CORNER, TO THE BUTCHER. GIANT STEAKS.

GREG TURNS AN AISLE, AND WE SEE HIS CART IS OVERFLOWING:

A large carton of individual chips, bagels, DVDs, cases of
sport drinks, gallon of olives, a box of frozen waffles,
year's supply of M&Ms... and an ENORMOUS BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

GREG LOOKS GUILTY AS HE SEES THE TOTAL: \$328.74.

INT. GREG'S PRIUS - TEN MINUTES LATER

Greg butchers the lyrics to Aerosmith, not a care in the
world. He makes the turn onto his street, and in the
distance, HE CAN SEE Jessica outside, playing with the kids.

He looks up at his grinning face, realizes he has to tone it
down. As he glides into his spot, his look goes from
overjoyed to frustrated, with furrowed brows.

He grabs the flowers, opens the door, and REVEAL JESSICA
STANDING RIGHT THERE, looking at him, curiously.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Jessica has heard the news, she and Greg stand close and he's staring deep into her eyes, waiting for a reaction.

JESSICA
Nobody else can do this?

Greg shakes his head "no." Ella and Max look up from the kitchen table, where they're scrubbing veggies.

GREG
There's nothing I can do! It's Blackberry, it's the agency's meal ticket!

Greg sees Ella and Max both stop scrubbing.

GREG (CONT'D)
Hey, kids, why don't you go watch some TV and I'll finish that.

MAX
(to Ella)
Let's watch TV so they can fight.

GREG
We're not fighting! We're just doing adult talking.

JESSICA
But close the door.

The kids go.

GREG
Just cancel. We'll do something else sometime else.

JESSICA
When? It's school vacation, it's pre-paid, it's the trip the kids want. I'm starting a new job, who knows when I'll feel comfortable taking time off ... but how do I handle them alone?

GREG
There is one person who's always free and loves the kids.

JESSICA
(horrified)
No, not -

INT. GREG AND JESSICA'S HOUSE - SATURDAY MORNING

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN, REVEALING BEVERLY, mother to Jessica. She's full of energy, in her late 50s, and still working it.

BEVERLY
Grandma is here!!

The kids jump all over her. Behind Beverly is ISAAC, Jessica's father, looking sporty in jeans and a jacket that may have come from Banana Republic. As he shakes Greg's hand, Isaac can't suppress his huge smile.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Jessica load the luggage into Isaac's car together.

JESSICA
I found our DVD. Left it on your desk, marked "Ancient Coins Lecture."

GREG
Is that what the kids are calling it these days?

JESSICA
It was the most boring thing I could think to label it. Why don't you go ahead and ... enjoy it and then destroy it.

GREG
You, seven years ago? Don't mind if I do.

JESSICA
Oh?

GREG
Yeah, I mean, it's almost as good as you look now.
(they kiss)
I'll always prefer the live show.

INT. ENTRY TO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Jessica step in. Beverly has both kids dancing. Greg looks, where's Isaac? Then he re-appears, WITH THE SEX DVD.

ISAAC
 "Ancient Coins Lecture?" Mind if I
 borrow it while everyone's away?

GREG AND JESSICA
 (shouting, fast)
 No!

Greg reaches out to snatch it. Isaac holds on tight a moment,
 and it turns into a tug of war.

ISAAC
 I was going to return it.

GREG
 It belongs to a neighbor. I pulled
 it out to give it back to him.

ISAAC
 (to Jessica)
 What's going on?

JESSICA
 Just a jerk neighbor. It's his, he
 wants it back. He's one of those -

GREG
 Ancient coin nuts.

JESSICA
 Those guys're the worst.

Greg pulls it from Isaac's fingers, tucks it in his back
 pocket. Isaac stares at them, sure something's up.

Greg smiles, but Beverly, Isaac and the kids both stare him
 down. He gets uncomfortable.

BEVERLY
 What are the two of you boys going
 to do around here without us?

Greg and Isaac both stammer, no clear answer.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
 What you have to do is get together
 for dinner, three or four times
 just to be with family.

GREG
 Oh, well, that'd be ...

ISAAC

Absolutely. Just us boys, getting some solid time to bond. Greg's treat, of course.

Greg forces a laugh, looks helplessly to Jessica.

GREG

Last one in the car's a rotten egg!

Max and Ella hop up, Beverly behind, Isaac's eyes on Greg and Jessica. Uncomfortable, Jessica moves on, stranding Greg.

ISAAC

Just a minute, young man.

Greg stops, looks his father-in-law in the eyes.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

I've waited 35 years for this moment, never been able to pull it off. Nine days alone! You don't know what this much marriage does to a man - yet. So listen up, boy. In nine days, you and I'll stand on that dock holding hands and singing "Kumbaya" like we bonded like Simon and Garfunkel getting paid for a reunion tour. But 'til then, don't bother me. This is manna from heaven, I don't want to waste a fuckin' minute. Is that clear?

GREG

Yessir. Crystal.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Hugs all around, everyone takes a turn clinging on to Greg.

JESSICA

I got some organic strawberries at the farmer's market. Please don't let them go bad.

GREG

I'm all over it.

He watches them load into the car, then Isaac PEELS away, as though hurrying. Greg blows a kiss, then they're gone.

INT. ENTRY TO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg enters. The place is super QUIET. Greg soaks it all in, breathing deeply, the air of FREEDOM.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg comes inside with two cases of beer. Through the window, WE CAN SEE the open trunk with the rest of his goods.

GREG DUMPS ALL THE HEALTHY FOODS INTO THE TRASH.

GREG

Won't need this ... too much
healthy bullshit in the way ...

Reaches the strawberries. Pauses, a twinge of guilt? Greg dumps them, container over the bag to make sure they go, as:

JESSICA IS STANDING THERE. Holding a six-pack of classy imported beer with a ribbon around it.

JESSICA

I forgot your present.

Jessica watches as a last strawberry falls into the trash.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You're going to have trouble
fitting this in with those two
cases of beer and the Absolut.

GREG

This is a work thing. The time
alone, it's just a ...

JESSICA

Do me a favor and destroy that DVD.
And maybe before you stop wearing
pants and get liquored up, you
could take a look at the back roof.
Dad spotted three missing shingles.

GREG

Look, I didn't ask for time alone.
But the more people brought it up,
the more I realized this might be a
once-in-a-lifetime thing.

JESSICA

You don't have to sell me. Do what
you've gotta do, Ace.

Jessica goes. Greg sees a note attached to the beer, a "Honey-Do List." #1 is "Have a beer and watch some TV." #2 is "Enjoy the DVD." #3 is "Sleep in on the weekend" and so on.

GREG

I have a relatively cool wife.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Greg flops back on the couch, beer in hand. Picks up the remote. Nearly has the bottle to his lips when he stops.

GREG

What I have to do is work on the presentation. But I have time. And let's face it, you need the last minute pressure.

(passes by a mirror)

Fix the shingles, that's the move.

(heading to door)

My wife's been gone twenty minutes and I'm talking to myself. Is it good or bad to talk to yourself?

EXT. DECK, BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg puts the ladder up against the house.

GREG

What's it matter if it's a bad sign if you're alone?

(he climbs the ladder)

No one's gonna know.

He passes an OPEN WINDOW NEXT DOOR, sees the NOSY OLD LADY NEIGHBOR, MARY, heard. He breaks eye contact, climbs away.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MARY is energetic in her 70s, passes by her husband, ALBERT, also in his 70s and never leaves his La-Z-Boy. As she enters, he CHANNEL FLIPS from "Girls Gone Wild" to Gordon Ramsay.

MARY

That idiot is talking to himself. Wife's been gone less than an hour and he's talking to himself.

ALBERT

Gordon's givin' 'em hell.

EXT. ROOF - MOMENTS LATER

Greg reaches the top of the ladder, climbs on the roof. He walks toward the front of the house side, and LOOKS STRAIGHT DOWN. A knee-buckler, and he has to compose himself.

GREG
You're okay. If you fall, fall that way, it's six feet.

Greg walks, cautiously, toward the loose shingles.

GREG (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm done talking to myself.

He bends down, investigates. Three loose shingles, dangling.

GREG (CONT'D)
How'd Isaac even notice a shingle from down there!

Greg puts several nails from his back pocket into his mouth. Takes a shingle, sets it into place, measures out the nail. Double-checks his hammer approach, and then LETS IT SWING.

THE HAMMER PIERCES RIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF.

GREG (CONT'D)
Oh, shit!

Greg pulls the hammer out with difficulty. When he does, he sees straight into ELLA'S BEDROOM, in tasteful pastels.

Greg stands up straight to get leverage to pull the hammer out. Stands, TUGS, and then:

HIS LEG FALLS DOWN INTO THE NOW BIGGER ROOF HOLE.

His leg is stuck, and he has to grind around in circles to find a way to loosen it, until he can PULL IT UP AND OUT, TEARING HIS PANTS and SCRATCHING HIS LEG.

EXT. DECK, BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg descends the ladder, frustrated. At the bottom, he tosses his hammer. HE'S RIPPED HIS PANTS UP TO THE ZIPPER.

When he contorts to remove the nails from his back pocket, his BALLS HANG OUT.

GREG
 (tossing the nails aside)
 You're not going to jab me, I don't
 fall into traps like that -

Greg realizes that the old lady neighbor Mary stands outside
 in her own yard, openly staring at him.

GREG (CONT'D)
 Go ahead, Mary. Let me have it,
 there's nothing you could say that
 would embarrass me anymore.

MARY
 Put your balls away. We have a
 decent community here.

Greg reaches down, FEELS THE HOLE. SHOCK AND HORROR.

INT. ELLA'S ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Greg stands beneath the hole in the roof. Shards of wood and
 roofing everywhere. His DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING - MOMENTS LATER

Greg sees a tall man at the door, suffering from lack of
 exercise, looking in. The doorbell rings AGAIN and AGAIN.
 Greg looks for something to cover up.

EXT. FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Greg opens the door, impatient, reveals DENNIS. Overbearing,
 obnoxious yet sweet as could be, so nobody wants to tell him.

DENNIS
 Neighbor!

GREG
 I'm sorry, do we know each other?

DENNIS
 We share a backyard. Right back
 there. I'm the guy over the hedge!

GREG
 Oh, yeah. Well, nice to meet you.

Dennis pushes his way past Greg and inside. Greg is revealed
 as wearing a robe, which he holds closed with his hands.

DENNIS

Don't tell me I caught you and the Mrs. at an inconvenient time?

GREG

No, nothing like that.

DENNIS

Well, heads-up, I'm having an open house later. Just my employees from the gun shop, and I invited most of the neighbors over on my street, the party neighbors.

GREG

Your wife's away and you're throwing a party?

DENNIS

I have to, the hospital's only keeping her the one night.

GREG

The hospital!

DENNIS

It's just tests. You know that pretty boy next door to you, Hunter? I told him to bring as many friends as he wants. Good lookin' kid like that, the ladies are sure to follow.

GREG

Great, well, my family's out of town too, so the noise doesn't bother me. Anyway, I'd better -

DENNIS

I'm here to invite you, bro. How long you got?

GREG

Actually... I've got nine days.

DENNIS

Nine - ! You're my frickin' hero, man. Nine days of nothin' but Chinese food and porn!

Greg smiles as Dennis looks past him, into the kitchen.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 What's that you got there? The
 Armstrong Cabinets?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dennis examines the cabinets. Greg enters, robe clenched.

DENNIS
 They're good, maybe second best on
 the market. Top's is always gonna
 be Sheffield. Those're artisan. You
 know what that means? Artisan
 built, custom, all of 'em.
 (gazes into living room)
 Is that the 55" Sony LCD? I love
 that machine, but we got the 60"
 ourselves. For me, that extra five
 inches just makes all the
 difference.

Dennis steps into the open living room, picks up the remote.
 Starts scanning through Greg's DVR list.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 88%, that's pretty high. You're
 going to want to blast out some of
 this unnecessary shit now that your
 wife and kids're out of town -

Dennis begins MASS DELETING.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 So long, Diego. Piss off, iCarly.
 Make way for Tera and friends.

Dennis scans over CAKE BOSS scrunches his face and DELETES.

GREG
 "Cake Boss" was mine!

Greg snatches the remote from Dennis, who then scans Greg,
 wearing his clenched robe.

DENNIS
 Oh, shit man, I get it, I'm gonna
 roll. A man's wife's away, standing
 in his robe. I understand, my man.

Dennis extends his hand to shake, then thinks better of it.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

On second thought, no shake,
suddenly I'm nervous I caught you a
few strokes in.

(retreats to door)

My place, dusk. We're going to
party like it's 1999!

Dennis does a dance step and intends to back out the door smoothly, but doesn't entirely open it and bangs into it.

INT. HOME OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Greg passes the DVD, marked "Ancient Coins Lecture" and sitting beside his lap-top. Intrigued, he stops, picks it up. Pops open the tray on the lap-top and inserts the DVD. He pushes the tray in, but then thinks better of it.

GREG

Hasn't been gone long enough yet.

EXT. DECK, BACKYARD - NEAR DUSK

Greg has beer in a cooler, magazines featuring Megan Fox, two individual packages of chips, laid before a hammock.

He sniffs the night air, satisfying. A breeze in his hair. He picks up his beer, backs up to the hammock, CAUTIOUSLY. The hammock takes his weight, so he swings his legs around and lies back. As he does, the SIDES OF THE HAMMOCK slide up around him, burying him.

Greg has to LAUGH at himself, even as his beer teeters over his head. Steadying the beer, he kicks his left leg, so that he lies DIAGONAL across the hammock, and now all is perfect.

He adjusts the pillow, and lies there, beer on his chest, in an absolute state of nirvana. He closes his eyes, when -

DENNIS' OUTDOOR SPEAKERS

Ev'rybody's - workin' - for the
weekend / Ev-rybody - needs a new
ro-mance /

Greg shoots up, holds on to his beer, loses his magazine, and ends up folded inside the hammock again, as:

THE SPEAKERS LET OUT FEEDBACK, AND THEN SILENCE.

GREG

Thank God ...

But the silence is pierced by the younger, more club sound of Britney Spears CIRCUS.

GREG (CONT'D)

Aww, c'mon.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The music blaring, Greg watches the nosy neighbor's windows, and sure enough there's a lot of angry movement inside.

Greg creeps to the hedge, the music overpowering almost everything. He tries to peek through into Dennis' yard, but can only catch GLIMPSES through the foliage:

WAS THAT A HOT GIRL IN A BIKINI?

THAT WAS DEFINITELY DENNIS TURNING ON THE PARTY LIGHTS.

A YOUNGER COUPLE DANCING VERY DIRTY ...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg flops and turns on the TV, to drown out the music. He FLIPS CHANNELS, past MTV, airing a beach special, until:

HE SPOTS MOTION IN HIS BACKYARD. Concerned, Greg goes to a window.

THROUGH THE CURTAINS, Greg peeks into his own backyard. There are THREE HOT GIRLS IN BIKINI'S, nosing around his hot tub.

GREG

I never thought those letters were true ...

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg steps outside, the Black Eyed Peas rattle the speakers. Like a hunter sneaking up on a deer, he creeps up on the girls. As the first girl lowers herself into his hot tub.

Greg tries to get them to spot him so he doesn't have to say anything, but they're oblivious. They pass a joint.

GREG

Uh ... ahem?

The third girl, holding in smoke, spots Greg, taps the second girl as she's about to lower herself into the hot tub.

SECOND GIRL

Oh, mister, is this your hot tub?

GREG

Mister? It's Greg, hi. Listen -

FIRST GIRL

Please don't toss us. It's so-o crowded next door, we just wanted to catch up, the three of us.

THIRD GIRL

(proffering joint)

Hit?

GREG

I'm good. Thanks. Just ... promise me you won't leave anything incriminating around. For when my wife gets back to town. Okay?

She drops her bikini top to the ground. Greg lingers just a beat before turning back to the house, then works very hard not to look back. The girls have already forgotten about him.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg settles in with a fresh beer. Music muffled, flipping through a magazine. Looks up. No! Back to magazine. But can't resist, goes to the window to take a look.

PEERING OUT THE WINDOW, HE SEES THERE ARE NOW FIVE GIRLS.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Greg steps out of the bathroom, zipping up. Wanders past a window. Can't resist, he looks out. Like "The Birds," there are now NINE PEOPLE, including TWO MEN in his yard.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg walks with purpose toward the group, which is now FIFTEEN PEOPLE, including a new girl in cut-off jeans and a t-shirt who looks vaguely familiar ...

Greg feels a hand on his shoulder, turns and sees HUNTER, just turned 20, good looking in the almost girlish way some young men with tans and toned bodies are. Women love him.

HUNTER

Mr. Reardon, I came to retrieve my guests, they got out of bounds.

GREG

It's Greg - Hunter, right?

They shake, Hunter shifts his beer hand.

GREG (CONT'D)

I didn't realize you turned 21.

HUNTER

I didn't. Look, Mr. Reardon - uh, Greg, the truth is, you and me, we're not all that different. I'm you, thirty years ago -

GREG

Whoa, ten years. Twelve, fourteen, something like that.

HUNTER

Irregardless, we both know it's essentially over for you. When I'm in your position, and it's over for me, I want to have as many memories built up as I can.

Hunter tips his beer, in the direction of jeans-shorts-girl.

GREG

She looks so familiar ...

HUNTER

Just give me an hour. Do it for the you you used to be before you grew up into this.

GREG

Yeah ...

FROM THROUGH THE HEDGES, A TOTALLY DRUNK DENNIS APPEARS. Like the ghosts in "Field of Dreams" except he's got stickers stuck into his arm and doesn't care, scratches on his face.

DENNIS

That's a hell-to-the-no! You don't know Greg like I do, the guy's like a mother by another brother to me.

Greg and Hunter can't help but laugh at Dennis, who reaches out to pull a frond out of his hair.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Greg, my man, have a beer with me.

GREG

Actually, I think I already had four of 'em inside, and you know, it's not so much me as -

Greg points to the NOSY NEIGHBORS' HOUSE.

DENNIS

What? You're afraid that little old lady's gonna tell your wife on you?

GREG

Yes!

Hunter presses a beer into Greg's hand. Greg can't take his eyes off jean-shorts-girl, who's talking casually to the various girls in the hot tub.

Hunter chugs. Greg looks at Dennis' face, trying to place the jeans-shorts-girl, he pops the can open and CHUGS.

When he's done, jeans-shorts-girl is RIGHT THERE, and WE REALIZE BEFORE GREG DOES, THAT SHE IS HEATHER FROM WORK. She leans in and HUGS HIM. Hunter looks jealous as could be.

HEATHER

It is so cool of you to have this party! Your house is beautiful.

Heather looks inside, everything tasteful. Greg places her.

GREG

(fear)

Heather! You work for -

HEATHER

Phil, yeah. I wish I worked for you, Phil is no fun at all. He'd never do anything like this.

HUNTER

Mr. - uh, Greg, introduce me to your friend.

GREG DRINKS AGAIN, AND THAT'S WHEN THINGS GO BLEARY ...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two GIRLS with a bottle each stand before the LAP-TOP, looking intently. A GUY walks by and comes to a dead stop.

GUY
Where'd you get that?

FIRST GIRL
It was in the computer -

SECOND GIRL
Who is this chick in the video?

THE LAP-TOP PASSES FROM PERSON TO PERSON ON GREG'S COUCH.

DRUNK GUY
Oh, I know, she's from the news!

SKIRT GIRL
She does sports. And apparently a
lot more!

Skirt Girl looks at the family photo on the table beside her.

SKIRT GIRL (CONT'D)
That's the guy whose house this is.

She passes it like a hot potato. It ends up with a group
surrounding it, watching.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

WHEN HIS CLARITY RETURNS, GREG FINDS HIMSELF AT THE PICNIC
TABLE WITH DENNIS.

A young crowd, plus Dennis' friends, sixty people partying on
Greg's backyard. A group cheering on a bikini-clad chick
nailing a keg stand. Hunter laying a rap on Heather inside.

GREG
- and when my family was leaving,
when I heard I was gonna be alone.
I wasn't sad. I felt ... relief.
What the hell is wrong with me!

Greg's face shows anguish. He tips his latest beer.

DENNIS
(deadly serious, drunk)
There's nothing wrong with you,
brother. You're just a reactionary
force to the times we live in. It's
these women. Don't you see what
they've done to us? Look at my
friends out there, my guy friends,
my employees and such -

Dennis points out the numerous middle-aged men making up a faction of the party.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

What's the common de - de -, Christ
I'm fucked up. What do you see?

GREG

NASCAR t-shirts?

DENNIS

Bitch titties.

GREG

Huh?

DENNIS

That's what women have done to us,
man. I looked around one day and I
realized, us men are growing tits!

Greg looks down at his flat chest ...

DENNIS (CONT'D)

You do dishes, don't you? You
grocery shop.

GREG

I like to -

DENNIS

You buy tampons? You pick the kids
up at school? You make as much
money as your wife?

GREG

What's the point?

DENNIS

They're turning us into chicks! And
they're turning into men! It's like
we're all meeting in the goddamn
middle. So how is the magic that
exists between a man and a woman
supposed to come alive when we've
all become each other? That's why
things are so screwed up between
the sexes right now. It all started
in the 70s, with that goddamn Alan
Alda, and just got worse. There's
only one thing we can do about it,
one way to save us all -

Greg is entranced, but Dennis stops as a HOT CHICK passes by.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Hey, sweetheart. I haven't had time to memorize your hotness yet, don't hustle by ...

She turns and smiles, tips her beer and strikes a sexy pose in appreciation, but then CONVULSES, and PUKES INTO A BUSH.

GREG

Those're my wife's Begonia's!
(back to Dennis)
Go on, you had a solution.

DENNIS

(stares blankly)
Damned if I know. What were we talkin' about?

They both LAUGH, and drink. As Greg puts his can down, it's as though A SWITCH FLIPS IN HIS HEAD.

He's not out of it anymore, he's seeing what's really there. Greg walks through his backyard, a REVELER BACK-SLAPS HIM.

REVELER

One of the most impressive things I ever saw. Mazel tov!

Greg has no idea what the man is talking about. Instead, he's focused AS THE REVELER SETS HIS DRINK DOWN ON GREG'S GLASS TABLE, BESIDE A STACK OF COASTERS.

GREG

When you're a guest, you use a coaster! It's common courtesy!

REVELER

Coaster's the least of your problems.

Greg scans his TRASHED YARD. Divots of grass missing. The hot tub has overflows on nicely planted flowers. Over 100 people congregating, loud music ... even Dennis's party lights have been dragged over and hung haphazardly.

He sees Heather, buying Hunter's rap. Dennis crashes their party, and Hunter tries to get rid of him.

RANDOM VOICE (O.C.)

Anyone know where I'd find a plunger?

Then, GREG REALIZES PEOPLE ARE INSIDE THE HOUSE.

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg moves on, into the dining room, where a COUPLE IS GOING AT IT on his dining room table.

GREG

Stop! I don't even do that there!

The place is trashed, cabinets open, stuff everywhere.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

There's one teenaged girl, ATHENA, rifling through his cabinets when Greg enters, switches on the lights.

GREG

All right, little Fanny Freeloader,
get out!

Athena turns, and Greg sees just how young she is. He spots the LAP-TOP sitting on the counter, and the SCREEN IS UP.

ATHENA

Don't Jon Gosselin out, then sober
up and take it out on the innocent.
That's what's wrong with your
generation, you won't accept
responsibility for your bullshit!

GREG

My generation? I'm not in any other
generation. Just - get - out!

ATHENA

Enjoy your power trip. Your white
male hegemony is over! You don't
even have anything worth stealing,
and I mean that both literally and
figuratively!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

There's at least 30 people crammed into the room, all gazing forward at the big-screen TV. When he enters, FULL OF FURY, ALL EYES ARE ON HIM. One DRUNK GUY REACHES OUT AND PRESSES "PAUSE" ON THE REMOTE. He turns off the TV.

GREG

Everybody! Get the fuck out of
here! Right now!

Greg surveys: cigarette butts in house plants, empty bottles everywhere, overflowing trash can, stains on walls, a random puddle in the carpet.

DRUNK GUY
You seemed so cool -

EXT. BACK OF HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Athena leaves, and WE SEE she has the LAP-TOP TUCKED UNDER HER ARMS. THE ONE WE SAW GREG PUT THE SEX DVD IN.

She cuts through the hedge and back into Dennis' yard.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg flings open the doors, revealing HUNTER and HEATHER, as she hasn't yet succumbed to his particular line.

HUNTER
Hey, ocupado!

GREG
Just ... please ... go.

HEATHER
I don't want trouble at work.

Heather goes, Hunter follows, glaring death daggers at Greg.

HUNTER
Look at her, man! What're you doing to me! Karmically, what're you doing to you!

GREG
Get the hell out of here before I call your parents!

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg steps out, continuing the flow of people.

GREG
Keep moving! And keep it quiet, this is a -

He's HUGGED by Dennis, so drunk he can barely walk.

GREG (CONT'D)
You! This is all your fault!

DENNIS

I love you, bro! I walked over here yesterday a stranger and I found a brother!

GREG

Get the hell out of here, Dennis!
Go home!

DENNIS

You bet I am. But I'll be back.
What you and I have here -
(he motions between them)
- this runs deep.

GREG

You're a drunk, asshole, redneck
who's trashed my house! You should
be at the hospital with your poor
wife and instead you're leering at
topless co-eds!!

DENNIS

You're the best, brother, the best.

Dennis is caught up in the wave of people going along, Greg can see him already swearing brotherhood into someone else's ear. And then:

Greg SEES MARY AND ALBERT FROM NEXT DOOR, staring at him through the window. His eyes WIDEN WITH FEAR. He can hear POLICE SIRENS.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Greg is caught up in the headlights of the COPS, as the revelers disperse more quickly now. He approaches, hands up.

Two MUSCLE-BOUND COPS step out and lean on each door.

LONG-SLEEVES COP

You the owner of the home, sir?

GREG

I am, Officer, and I'm sorry, this
got out of hand -

SHORT-SLEEVES COP

The citizen next door informs us
your wife's away. For nine days?

GREG

That is correct.

They both break out into smiles. Short-Sleeves Cop, the closest to Greg sticks his hands up for a HIGH-FIVE.

SHORT-SLEEVES COP
Awesome, bro! Awesome.

GREG
So I'm not in trouble?

LONG-SLEEVES COP
Nah. We'll shut the old bitch up.
(laughing)
But you keep this up for the next
nine days and your troubles might
be out of our jurisdiction.

INT. ENTRY TO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg surveys the scene. It's like the Bizarro version of his own home. The place is relatively trashed.

He walks slowly amongst everything. Picking up a still-dribbling bottle here, a crushed red-wine glass there.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg drops glass in the trash. Surveys his opened cabinets, his missing foods. Things over-microwaved and discarded along the counters. Another trashed room.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Greg follows a trail of two sets of muddy footprints down his hallway, where he PASSES BY AND SEEMS TO MISS THE DANGLING POWER CORD OF THE LAP-TOP.

But then, he stops, walks backward, looks away from the tracks and STARES AT THE POWER CORD, ONLY NO LAP TOP.

Greg blinks. Glares. It has to be there.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

From outside, WE SEE Greg hustle from room to room, fruitlessly searching. His tension becoming clear as he starts to WAIL from inside.

Finally, the door BURSTS OPEN, and Greg walks NEXT DOOR to Hunter's parent's house. The GATE IS CLOSED AND LOCKED. He shakes the door, hears the DOG BARK from inside and retreats.

GREG
Hunter took it. He had to've ...

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg leans out his bedroom, staring into the darkness toward HUNTER'S PARENT'S HOUSE. He stares down one particular window, where he sees a MALE FIGURE move back and forth.

Greg leans out his window, trying to get the attention of the pacing man, to no avail. He looks for something to toss at the window, then sees a WOMAN FIGURE join the man. They begin to fool around, in silhouette.

GREG
Son of a bitch!

Greg whirls a FAT CANDLE from Jessica's bedside table toward the window.

GREG (CONT'D)
I want my DVD!!

The BLINDS GO UP, Greg sees HUNTER'S PARENTS, clearly cursing him out, Hunter's MOM at first covering her naked body with her hands, then angrily gesturing at Greg anyway. Greg CLOSES HIS BLINDS, fast.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

The entire neighborhood is quiet, except for the Reardon house, where we can see Greg still turning the house upside down after hours of searching.

EXT. BACKYARD - MID-MORNING SUNDAY

Greg lies passed out in his yard, lights still on inside, doors open, things tossed from his search for the DVD.

From over the fence of Mary and Albert's yard, a GLASS BEER BOTTLE comes flying. It lands on the patio, and shatters. Another and then another follow it fast, and then ANOTHER BOTTLE SMACKS GREG IN THE FACE.

Greg WAKES UP FAST, ASSAULTED, as more beer bottles fly. Struggling to his feet, Greg takes a liquor bottle to the back of his head, dazing him.

Greg looks around, the PLACE IS TRASHED.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg emerges out into the daylight. Staring over into the neighbors yard for a glimpse of Hunter.

Instead, a CAR SQUEALS BEHIND HIM, it's Hunter, reluctantly returning home in his mom's Audi station wagon. He tries to walk past the robe-wearing Greg, but Greg is in his face.

HUNTER

My parents don't want me to talk to you, they say you're a peeper.

GREG

I thought it was your room!

HUNTER

That doesn't make it any better!

GREG

Do you have my lap-top?

HUNTER

Leave me alone, Mr. Reardon. I didn't steal your damn computer.

GREG

What about your friends?

HUNTER

I'm no rat, either. You ruined what was about to be the best hook-up of my life with that girl, Heather!

GREG

Heather? I can hook you up with her. You can take her anywhere you want, just look for my laptop.

HUNTER

What's the point? I've got no money, no place to go. I'm too young to get into bars. My parents won't let me move back to campus because I partied too much. And they're always here at the house -

GREG

(sincerely)

You've got all the opportunity in the world, and no means. You poor bastard, that's the worst -

HUNTER

I know, right? I'm in my prime, I need to hunt.

GREG

Put the word out to everybody you knew at that party. I don't care who took it, there's a grand in it for you and a grand in it for them.

HUNTER

I don't want your money. I want your place, Friday night.

The DOOR OPENS, and Hunter's MOM glares at Greg.

HUNTER'S MOM

He is a minor, you sicko!

HUNTER

I'm not a minor, mom, I'm 20.

HUNTER'S MOM

I told you to get back here and cut the grass! As long as you live here, you're a minor!

Hunter passes her, full of teen angst. Greg tries to work himself up to let her have it, but he's got nothing. Frustrated, he turns to walk away.

EXT. NEXT STREET OVER - MOMENTS LATER

Greg, disheveled, walks past neighbors who are out, already showered and going about their day, and he feels conspicuous. He counts off houses to the one that must be DENNIS'S.

EXT. DENNIS' HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg RINGS THE DOORBELL. DOGS BARK, a loud WOMAN'S VOICE from inside, and a ruckus to get to the door. DENNIS OPENS IT.

GREG

I know you must hate me after all the things I called you last night, but I just have one question -

Dennis HUGS GREG.

DENNIS

My brother! Let me step out, I'm trying to keep the triage area inside quiet for the Mrs.

Dennis smiles, but sees Greg is deadly serious.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I have to admit the details are a little fuzzy after the last round of Jaeger-bombs. I showed up at the hospital to get the wife this morning, I was so out of it the doctor made me go to a bed and take 20 minutes of fluids!

Dennis hold up his hands for a high-five, Greg doesn't.

GREG

Then you don't remember - I threw everyone out?

DENNIS

You did? That is so Greg, that's funny.

GREG

That's not so - I have to ask you. Do you know where my lap-top is? It's small, gray, was in the office or the living room.

DENNIS

I saw that lap-top. I saw it!

GREG

What? You did? Where?

DENNIS

It was ... it was out in the backyard. It was being passed around. Everybody was ...

GREG

What??

DENNIS

I remember people were handing it around. And laughing. And I think one guy tried to take it into the bathroom with him.

GREG

Do you know who has it now?

DENNIS
 (straining to recall)
 It was ... porn. Wasn't it?

Greg GOES WHITE. Can't speak.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 Home-made porn. Oh, shit ...

Dennis breaks out into a wide smile.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 Oh my Lord, was that you? My man!

He holds up another high-five. Instead, Greg's hands go to cover his eyes, he can't stand the pain.

GREG
 People ... saw it?

DENNIS
 That was some really, I'm sorry I'm talking about your wife, if I'm talking about your wife, I wouldn't want to assume -

Greg GLARES AT HIM UNTIL HE SHUTS UP.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 That was some dirty stuff.

GREG
 (loud)
 I know it was! And now it's gone!
 It was in that lap-top, and the lap-top is gone and I have to find it!
 if that thing gets out there, my wife's career is screwed! My marriage is screwed!

Dennis is already backing inside, motioning "phone to ear."

DENNIS
 Call me. We'll commiserate. You and me, we're like long-lost brothers, living the same life so close to each other, brought together on one of those Dateline shows.

GREG
 Is your wife okay? What did she think was wrong with her?

DENNIS

She thought it was the lupus.

GREG

Oh my God, oh, I'm so sorry -

Dennis double checks to make sure no one's listening.

DENNIS

No, don't get the wrong idea.
There's no illusions between me and
you. That hedge between our yards,
I wish I could tear it down.
Because I don't feel like there's
any boundaries here -

Dennis waves between them, freaking Greg out.

GREG

Listen, my wife likes to put
planters and bird feeders and
things on that hedge, so -

DENNIS

No, no, the hedge is a metaphor.
Listen, about the lupus. Don't give
it another thought. Every five, six
months the wife starts driving me
nuts. So I go on to WEB-MD and I
start feeding her some symptoms.
You seem a little tender at the
joints, you've got some neck
stiffness and boom, she checks
herself into the hospital for
jaundice, for Lyme disease, this
time for lupus tests.

GREG

Are you serious? You really do that
to your wife?

DENNIS

I love her too much not to.

INT. ENTRY TO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg enters, running to ANSWER THE PHONE.

GREG

(huffing and puffing)
Hello?

INT. CARTOON CRUISE BUFFET LINE - INTERCUT

Jessica and the kids stand at the food carousel. It's an endless line of treats going by. She swaps one of Max's pieces of pie with an apple. She holds a cell phone.

JESSICA

It's me. Have you heard from ESPN yet?

GREG

(panicked)

What? Why would I hear from ESPN?

A CARTOON CHARACTER adds a brownie to Max's plate. Jessica pushes him aside and removes it.

JESSICA

What are you so jumpy about?

GREG

I'm not!

JESSICA

Listen. I've got my hands full here and they keep trying to reach me to schedule another photo shoot. Can you handle it for me?

GREG

That's it?

Greg HEARS THE FAMILIAR CALL WAITING TONE. He looks at the phone to see what the number is.

GREG (CONT'D)

That's them. I got everything under control. I better take it, I love you -

(CLICKS OVER)

Hello?

PHONE VOICE

This is Ms. Thomas from ESPN calling for Jessica Reardon.

GREG

She's away ... but I just spoke to her and she said to go ahead and schedule the photos with you.

PHONE VOICE

We hate to bother her with this,
but that last round of photos might
be a little sexier than the family
image we want her to go with.

GREG

Family image?

PHONE VOICE

The family image is a big part of
what we want your wife to be about.

GREG

It is?

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg opens the fridge for a water, then sees the very SWEET
HONEY-DO list of nice things left by Jessica under a magnet.

He scratches out #1, "Have a beer and watch TV" and replaces
it with "FIND THE DVD." He scratches out #2 and replaces it
with "CLEAN THE HOUSE."

CUT TO:

INT. FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS - MONDAY MORNING

Greg enters, tidy but his eyes betraying his nerves. He walks
past person after person who ACKNOWLEDGES him as they pass.

JUNIOR WRITER

You the man.

Greg's brow furrows, curious, but too distracted to care. THE
ELEVATOR OPENS, REVEALING MARTHA, holding his itinerary.

INT. ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Greg stares up at the numbers climbing.

MARTHA

- at 11:45 Mr. Fawcett wants to
hear what you've got so far for the
presentation -

GREG

What I've got?

MARTHA

You didn't spend the weekend working on it? That's what you always do.

GREG

I ...

MARTHA

Is this because Jessica's away? I knew your life would become a shambles without her.

GREG

Shambles? No. No, it isn't. I can pull this out. I'm working it out.

Martha looks at him curious, but the door opens to save him.

INT. BREAK ROOM - AN HOUR LATER

Greg walks in as two EXECs wait for the brewing coffee.

FIRST EXEC

So he's supposedly got her up on all -

He sees Greg, stops. Eye motions to the 2nd Exec, who turns.

SECOND EXEC

Oh, hey, there he is. How's the presentation coming?

EXT. FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS - MOMENTS LATER

Greg steps out to "Smoker's Garden" where a RESEARCHER and an attractive young COPYWRITER are smoking.

COPYWRITER

- appropriateness of hearing about this at the workplace, because -

As Greg sits on a bench, he becomes visible to the women, and the Researcher actually LAUGHS.

COPYWRITER (CONT'D)

What?

(she turns, sees GREG)

Oh.

She stubs out her cigarette, and they walk away, talking quietly now. Greg is confused, not sure why this reaction.

INT. HALLWAY, FAWCETT P.R. - MOMENTS LATER

Greg enters, distracted, not sure what's going on. He runs smack into PHIL, coming off the elevator. Greg's first instinct is to turn away, but Phil is all over him, handing him one folder after another.

PHIL

Wanted to be all over you, and deliver these reports, which are sure to titillate. I just want to make sure that you are on top of this presentation, rather than letting this presentation climb on top of you. It's going to be a grind for you this week, a long, powerful grind.

Phil smirks as he passes the folders. Greg catches a glimpse of a DISTRESSED LOOKING HEATHER in the conference room taking notes for Miles, and his STOMACH SINKS LIKE A STONE.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Yeah. You and that wife of yours. A coupla weeks ago, that would've been just an office curiosity. But, and correct me if I'm wrong, didn't your wife just get a big-time national television job?

Greg drops the folders and grabs Phil by the lapels. As Greg does, his own tie goes askew, and his SHIRT FRONT comes out.

GREG

Listen to me, you son of a bitch, if you've got it -

Phil's eyes widen. Greg realizes what he's done, and backs off, but Phil is ECSTATIC.

PHIL

What do you mean, if I have it?

GREG

I don't mean anything. Go do some work, Phil, keep a client once.

PHIL

Oh, shit. You don't know where it is, do you? You had a wild party and you lost your sex DVD. This is the digital age.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

That thing's going to be all over the web in a matter of hours. Your life literally has a time-bomb about to explode!

Phil laughs and Greg turns to run away.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Don't think I'm not buying copies for the holiday party!! I'm going to my office to start Googling now!

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Greg turns a corner, Googling "Jessica Reardon sex tape." WAITS A BEAT. NO RESULTS, he's intensely relieved. Greg sees Heather wrapping up with Miles. Once Miles moves on, Greg hustles Heather back into the conference room.

HEATHER

Mr. - Greg -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg closes the door, PULLS THE BLINDS, to shut them off.

HEATHER

What's going on? Am I in trouble?

GREG

No, I need your help. Obviously you know, about the DVD -

HEATHER

Your wife looks so hot in it, does she have a specific regimen she follows, could she post it or something -

GREG

You - watched it, too?

HEATHER

It was being passed around. By the time I realized what it was, it was too late.

Greg covers his eyes, embarrassed.

GREG

That lap-top. Somebody took it out of my house on Saturday night, and I can't find it. I just need you to ask around, now, just try to find it if you can.

HEATHER

That is so sweet, you're doing this for your wife. They say that chivalry is dead, but it's not.

Heather reaches forward, Greg almost instinctively backs away, and she ends up SMEARING LIPSTICK on his cheek instead of one smooth kiss. Greg looks at Heather, scared.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I love your shirt. Is that Abercrombie?

GREG

(uncomfortable)
... yeah ...

HEATHER

I didn't know they had Abercrombie's for older people. You should tuck in the other side.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Heather steps out, followed by Greg, stuffing his shirt back into his pants, just as Heather notices the lipstick smear and reaches out to clean it up for him.

MILES

Now, see here?

They both look over, deer in the headlights, to SEE MILES.

GREG

Miles. I was just looking for you. To update you on my, uh, status.

MILES

I think your status is clear.

Miles moves on before Greg or Heather can protest.

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg enters, distraught, out of it, headed for his chair, when HIS CHAIR TURNS to reveal MILES.

MILES

This re-compete, it's critical.
This is a situation where the big
player steps up in the big game to
make a big play.

GREG

I've always done that for you,
Miles.

MILES

It's disappointing. I've seen so
many men go the way you're going
with that girl.

(waves off Greg's protest)

It's getting to the point where
it's difficult for Mrs. Fawcett and
me to find a husband-wife golf
foursome.

GREG

That wasn't what you think, and my
wife and I would have a foursome
with you any time.

MILES

That makes me happy to hear.

Miles crosses to go, then turns.

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh, right, status report. On the
presentation.

Greg doesn't know what to say, puts up a feeble "THUMBS UP."

MILES (CONT'D)

That's what I want to hear.

CUT TO:

INT. ENTRY TO HOUSE - LATER

Greg walks in, and though he's done about half of the
cleaning, the STAINS and TEARS still remain.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg gulps a beer, flips on the kitchen TV.

WEATHER CHICK

(onscreen)

- definite rain expected later in
the week, with some areas getting
as much as 2" in heavy gusts -

The DOORBELL RINGS. Again and again. Greg sneaks into a spot where he can see outside without being seen, and realizes it's DENNIS.

DENNIS

(from outside)

Bro!

(knocks a few times)

Broseph!

(he rings the bell)

Broseph Jefferson!

GREG

(under his breath)

That doesn't even make sense.

Greg just sits in that hiding position, swigging his beer, waiting for the ringing to end, looking like a BROKEN MAN.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - TUESDAY MORNING

Greg wakes up on the floor of his kitchen. Beer bottles around him in a circle. He looks at the clock, 7:15 AM.

Greg stumbles to his feet. Reaches for his Blackberry, Googles "Jessica Reardon sex tape" and waits ... NO RESULTS. Greg closes his eyes, "I'm okay."

EXT. FRONT YARD - LATER

Greg hustles TRASH BAG AFTER TRASH BAG to the corner. Several NEIGHBORS watch, hear the CLANK OF BOTTLES AND CANS.

GREG

Spring cleaning.

A WOMAN takes her SON by the hand, steers him away.

SON
 Mommy, is that what an alcoholic
 looks like?

WOMAN
 Sometimes, sweetheart.

Greg turns away, and is nearly back inside his house, when he
 hears a car HONK. Turns, to see Dennis in a near-new and
 shining Mercedes, waving. Greg is taken aback by the car.

DENNIS
 (rolling down window)
 You must'a been out burning the
 midnight oil last night!

The woman and her son look back again.

GREG
 What? No!

DENNIS
 Whattya mean no? I've been seeing
 your wife's billboards all over
 town, man. Those eyes watching me.
 She's gonna be a big star. You'd
 better find this DVD before it
 ruins your whole life.

GREG
 (angry, tense)
 Yes! I know!

DENNIS
 You're gonna need help, we're in
 this together. 'Cos we're a
 misunderstood breed, the still-
 raging domesticated man-animal. We
 gotta stick together.

Greg forces up a smile and fist-bumps.

GREG
 You got it. Thanks for your help.

DENNIS
 C'mon. Give it up. Give it up for
 the man in the Mercedes S550!

Dennis honks his horn a few times, and howls.

GREG
 Give it up?

DENNIS
The love. We're in this together!
Mission Save-Your-Ass!

GREG
(uncomfortable)
You got it ... bro ...

DENNIS
I'm not feeling it yet! You gotta
give me the love! We're gonna get
you outta the shit together, but
first I gotta feel the love!

GREG
Big - love ... Broseph!

DENNIS
Right back at'cha!

Dennis rolls along, leaving Greg alone in the street.

CUT TO:

INT. FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS - HALF HOUR LATER

Greg walks with extreme purpose, past reception. Spots MARTHA
and cuts a hard turn to avoid her. Stands, waiting for her to
pass out of sight when HEATHER appears behind him.

HEATHER
I know where your lap-top is.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg closes the blinds.

HEATHER
I'm so embarrassed! The girl who
took it is a friend of my little
sister.

GREG
Your little sister? How old is this
friend?

HEATHER
17.

GREG

(wincing)

There was a 17 year old girl in my house? Of course there was, why wouldn't there be! Look, take this -

(Greg pulls out a wad of CASH to hand her)

Can you go get it from her?

THE DOOR OPENS FAST, and Phil barges in, Miles just behind him but with noticeably less purpose and more surprise to see Greg and Heather here.

Miles sees money changing hands between them.

MILES

Heather, would you give us a minute?

Heather vanishes immediately, money hanging in Greg's hand.

MILES (CONT'D)

How about we just make the best of an awkward situation? Greg, I want to hear your pitch to the Hammer, in whatever form you have it. Just a progress report, and I want Phil here to be my sounding board.

Phil smiles at Greg, pulls a chair out for Miles.

MILES (CONT'D)

Phil, you're not going to get anywhere by trying to romance me.

Miles takes the seat anyway. Looks dead on at Greg, who stands on the opposite side of the desk.

PHIL

Why not pocket the money first, Greg? Nobody needs to stare at your extracurricular activities.

Greg stuffs the cash away, looks only at Miles.

GREG

Miles, I've done a lot of pitches for you. A lot of client lunches, a lot of presentations. And never in any of them did you make me rehearse for you, and I seem to recall most of them have gone really well.

MILES

This is too important to leave to chance.

PHIL

He's got dick!

MILES

I'm going to have to consider handing this to Phil, Greg. You were my first choice because of your track record, but I'm a little thrown by what I'm seeing out of you lately.

Miles stands to go.

GREG

By what you're seeing?

MILES

The affair.
(quieter)
The sex tape rumors.

GREG

There's no affair!

PHIL

But the DVD ... ?

MILES

This is no one's business.
Tomorrow, high noon, you both pitch me. I'll make a final decision then, and one of you will pitch the Hammer the next day.

Miles passes Greg without eye contact. Phil pulls imaginary six-guns from his imaginary holster to shoot Greg dead. Frustration boils in Greg's face.

INT. GREG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg enters, looks for Martha at her desk, but she's not there. Glances out into the busy hallway.

GREG

Martha! Martha, where are - !

She bumps into him hustling to his desk. People are watching.

MARTHA

I have a message for you. From Heather.

Greg CLOSES THE DOOR so no one can hear.

GREG

You don't have to give me the disapproving look. She works here, it's perfectly normal for her to have a message for me.

MARTHA

Heather says Athena is available now. She gets out of school at 2:30 but doesn't want to be seen there with you, so she'll be standing on the corner of Forest and 16th.

Greg looks immediately relieved.

GREG

I ... have to go. Run an errand.

MARTHA

An errand?

GREG

Martha, I could be buying Girl Scout cookies from her for all you know.

MARTHA

Are you, Greg? Are you buying Girl Scout cookies?

Greg turns to leave.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I've worked for you for four years now, Greg. And I've never asked any questions. Never had a single reason.

GREG

You don't now, Martha.

MARTHA

Think of your kids!

Greg rolls his eyes, angry, but goes.

CUT TO:

INT. GREG'S PRIUS - TEN MINUTES LATER

Greg cruises along, looking for a girl he doesn't know.

His Blackberry rings, DENNIS SANSCHAGRIN CALLING, he figures he'd better answer, holds it low on speakerphone.

GREG

Listen, it's a bad time. I'm on my way to a high school to pick up a girl -

DENNIS (O.S.)

(from phone)

Whoa, careful not to say anything incriminating on a cell phone, man!

GREG

Can we please be serious?

DENNIS (O.S.)

(from phone)

I know I present a fairly jovial character, but this is one thing I do not joke about. I own a gun shop, man. They watch out for that stuff. The NSA, and keywords and what-not.

GREG

Okay, look -

DENNIS (O.S.)

(from phone)

Let me keep it brief. I got your number from your secretary there, I was thinking you should have mine, I should have yours. Makes it easier when we get a break on this case of ours.

Greg SEES ATHENA standing at the corner. He passes her, but glances back to double-check. RECOGNIZES HER.

GREG

Dennis! Listen, I think I've found my lap-top here. So with this major lead I have, this ought to wrap it up. So don't worry about me.

DENNIS (O.S.)
 (from phone)
 I don't want to sound like a little
 bitch here, but it sounds like I'm
 being dumped.

GREG PULLS A U-TURN.

GREG
 What? No. Of course not. It's just
 that I have this work project, if I
 don't do it right, I'm screwed -

DENNIS (O.S.)
 (from phone)
 Hey, no excuses necessary. You got
 a work project, I got a life too -

GREG
 I gotta go, I gotta go.

Greg hangs up, just as ATHENA COMES INTO HIS WINDSHIELD VIEW.
 It's clear to see that she RECOGNIZES HIM.

EXT. INTERSECTION - MOMENTS LATER

Greg steps out of his car, leaning in the door.

GREG
 You? After all that talk about
 responsibility and ending white
 male hegemony!

ATHENA
 Personal responsibility implies
 unique rules for every individual
 as an a priori definition of
 existence!

GREG
 You're a lap-top thief!

Athena stares at him, turns and just WALKS AWAY. Greg has no
 choice but to leave his car there, and walk after her.

GREG (CONT'D)
 Hold on, I need that computer!

ATHENA
 I pawned it.

GREG
 You pawned it! Where!

ATHENA

You'll get the ticket. Just as soon as you give me a ride to my appointment.

GREG

Listen, I can't drive you anywhere. You're under-age. Just give me the name of the pawn shop and we'll call this even.

ATHENA

Under-age only applies if there's some sort of inherent hint of sex. So just to prevent any fantasies, you're never going to get any of this. None of this, this or this. I find you grossly old in a shirt that's trying too hard.

GREG

I harbor no such fantasies. Believe me, you have no idea how annoying little girls like you are to people like me. You're way too righteous, because not enough people have come along and stomped on you yet. Once you've been used as a, as a ...

ATHENA

Semen receptacle?

GREG

That's disgusting. It's true, but it's disgusting. Don't be so self aware, you have no idea how annoying that makes you!

ATHENA

So it's safe to say there's no tension between us.

GREG

Of course not!

ATHENA

No sexual tension means a ride is perfectly legit. And you don't get jack-shit out of me without it.

INT. GREG'S PRIUS - MOMENTS LATER

Greg drives uncomfortably with Athena beside him.

ATHENA

You must be carrying some major suburban guilt to buy a hybrid.

GREG

I like the car.

ATHENA

No, you want to project just the right image. Your shirt is ten years too young for you, but your car says you're thoughtful and give a damn, or at least you think it does. What it really says is, I follow any trend to cling on to -

GREG

Just tell me where we're going!

ATHENA

Keep going straight -

Greg's Blackberry RINGS. He sees that IT'S JESSICA! He looks at Athena, PANIC in his eyes.

GREG

Don't say a word! Or deal's off!
This is my wife!

ATHENA

What's the matter, don't want wifey to know you cavort with teens?

Greg GLARES AT HER, then answers.

EXT. PORT OF CALL DOCK - INTERCUT

Max and Ella are with Beverly in the background, waiting in line to get giant ice cream sundaes. In his Prius, Greg keeps watching Athena, who mocks him through some lines.

JESSICA

Greetings from the good ship trans-fatty acids.

GREG

God, I wish I was there with you.
What'm I missing?

Beverly insists on more whipped cream on theirs, and they pile sky-high.

JESSICA

Mayhem, sugar rushes, fairy tale musical theater, pee-filled pools, photo ops, and tiny bathrooms. Mixed in with outright joy.

GREG

Awesome. That's fantastic.

JESSICA

If I know you, you're sitting there, convincing yourself not to sweat your presentation.

GREG

My presentation? Oh, right. Yeah. Don't worry about me, it's all under control. Everything is under control.

Greg tries to avoid Athena as she toys with him by tickling his neck and ear.

JESSICA

So flatter me, just between us. Have you taken a look at the DVD?

GREG

A look? I can tell you, it's pretty much the only thing I've thought about the last few days.

Athena GRABS GREG'S ARM, TO MOTION, "TURN HERE." Greg looks up and sees they are at a FREE HEALTH CLINIC.

GREG (CONT'D)

No, no, no!

JESSICA

What's wrong?

GREG

(recovering)
I ... dropped my ... breakfast burrito.

JESSICA

You never eat in the car!

GREG

One stupid mistake! I got hot cheese everywhere, I gotta go! It burns!

Greg TURNS OFF HIS PHONE.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

GREG
I'm not doing it!

ATHENA
Ten minutes, sign a fake name on
one form, and I'm out of your life.

GREG
No! Forget it! I'll just go to the
police.

ATHENA
You sure you have that kind of
time? I notice you haven't Googled
in ten minutes.

INT. LOBBY, FREE CLINIC - TEN MINUTES LATER

Athena fills out forms, oblivious to Greg, who feels ALL EYES ON HIM. He shifts uncomfortably. Stares at a rack of pamphlets: PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY, THE BIG MAN WHO KNOCKED UP A LITTLE GIRL, WHAT THE LAW SAYS YOU MUST DO ...

Greg looks away, to the eyes. An OLDER NURSE behind the desk, staring at him with judgemental eyes.

Athena drags him up to the desk, at first against his will but then he gives in and goes.

ATHENA
This is my father. He needs to sign
a form to let me get the pill. Even
though it's no one's business if I
want to take control of my body.

The Older Nurse's eyes move slowly from Athena to Greg, judging him.

OLDER NURSE
ID?

As Greg resists, and the Older Nurse gets impatient.

ATHENA
Did you zone out and forget your
wallet?

GREG

No ...

ATHENA

Then give her your ID, so we can go hit that shop for mom. Before the whole world finds out what a slut she is.

Greg hands over his ID. The Older Nurse studies it, studies him, he feels like he should just confess, and then she PROFFERS UP A FORM for him to sign.

Greg reaches for his license, instead, the Older Nurse turns and makes a PHOTOCOPY of it.

GREG

Oh, is that really necessary?

OLDER NURSE

It's for our permanent files.

EXT. PARKING LOT, FREE CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER

Greg follows Athena out into the sunshine, his head spinning.

GREG

Permanent files, that's a direct quote. She's going to put it in the permanent files.

ATHENA

For Christ's sake, will you let go of your reverence for authority? What do you care what they say about you?

GREG

They can say whatever they want, just so long as they don't say it to my wife!

ATHENA

You shoulda thought of that.

GREG

You ... no, I'm not going to engage. That's what personality defects like yours want! Just give me my pawn ticket and I'm gone.

ATHENA

I will. Just as soon as you drive me home, let me run inside and get it out of my army jacket.

GREG

You ... you're ...

ATHENA

Time's a'wastin', I gotta figure you belong in some cubicle somewhere, right?

GREG

I just want to ...

Greg's eyes widen with rage.

ATHENA

It's about a 20 minute ride, so we should roll!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - LATER

Greg's car rolls to a stop just past a stop sign on a street full of large, expensive homes.

INT. GREG'S PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

GREG

This is where you live?

ATHENA

Don't judge me. Park here.

Greg puts it in park.

ATHENA (CONT'D)

Once I'm inside, there's going to be drama, so I won't be coming back out. You sneak around back, wait under the window to the right, and I'll drop you the receipt.

GREG

You're shitting me, right?

EXT. ATHENA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg reluctantly, cautiously, follows Athena down the street.

GREG

Don't make me wait outside for more than a minute. If you do -

ATHENA

If I do, then what?

GREG

Just ... don't, that's all.

EXT. BACK OF ATHENA'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg moves into position, watching the neighbors on either side to make sure nobody spots him. He feels out of place, and is scared to make a noise as he steps over into position.

FROM INSIDE, Greg can hear muffled screams, angry screams, then high-pitched ones coming back from Athena.

Greg PASSES A WINDOW, and sees a TEEN BOY for just a moment. Not sure if the boy sees him, he hustles on, WAITING BENEATH ATHENA'S SECOND FLOOR WINDOW.

He stands by another window, looking into a darkened STUDY. Waits. Waits. Can hear a DOOR SLAM above him. He waits.

HIS CELL PHONE RINGS.

He nearly jumps out of his skin. He looks at the CALLER ID and sees that it's JESSICA.

He hits "reject" to stop the ringing, but NOT IN TIME to react to the WINDOW OPENING into the study.

A BROOM HANDLE flies out, right into his solar plexus, and doubles Greg over.

ATHENA'S MOTHER

Stay away from my daughter!

By the time he recovers, he sees ATHENA'S FAT MOTHER, with the plump TEEN BOY he saw for a moment before in the background. Athena's Mother cocks the BROOM and then:

SMASHES GREG IN THE FACE WITH IT. Bristles in his eyes, nose and mouth, he stumbles back against the hedge.

ATHENA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)

No more of you old men buzzing around the hive!

This time she's about to jab him IN THE THROAT, but Greg moves out of the way, and her broom lodges in the hedge.

Greg has to limbo under it to get away, and she LASHES OUT, clawing at him, as he passes.

ATHENA'S MOTHER (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get your license number!
You're gonna be on a registry!

GREG RUNS LIKE THERE'S NO TOMORROW.

EXT. ATHENA'S STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Greg PEELS AWAY.

ATHENA'S MOTHER
Not on my block!!

As Greg's car passes, Athena's Mother SWINGS AT IT WITH A TIRE IRON.

She smashes the front hood and the side-mirror, and scratches along the passenger side door as Greg gets away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY, REARDON HOUSE - WEDNESDAY MORNING

Dennis stares at Greg's messed-up Prius. He wears his work uniform of khaki's and short-sleeve polo with the logo "FREEDOM WEAPONS" sewn onto it. The logo depicts a skeletal hand clinging on a to a revolver.

DENNIS
Oh, shit!

INT. ENTRY TO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg, fresh from the shower, answers the door. The house is much cleaner, but still needs work. Stains and tears abound.

GREG
Dennis.

DENNIS
Greg. I'm not here in any brotherly way. Just a neighborly stop to make sure you were okay.

GREG
Why wouldn't I be okay?

DENNIS

Somebody beat the shit out of your car.

GREG

Yeah. I know. But it's really hard to care too much about that right now when my sex DVD is out there at a pawn shop right now!

DENNIS

That lead of yours didn't work out?

GREG

Our most personal moment is out there, waiting to go viral. And it's going to ruin our lives. I don't have time to apologize for my behavior. It's coming at me from all sides right now. The DVD, and the place is still a shambles. And I've got the biggest presentation of my life tomorrow -

DENNIS

You mean that was real? You really have a work project?

GREG

Of course I do.

Dennis looks touched. He has to break eye contact.

DENNIS

That - means a lot to me, man.

CUT TO:

INT. FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS - THREE HOURS LATER

Greg, in suit, tie and immaculate hair is visible inside MILES' GLASS-WALLED OFFICE. Phil stands, PRESENTING, clearly wrapping it up with some fast-paced slides, which we can see but they're out of context with no sound. Angelina Jolie to Megan Fox. William Shatner to Chris Pine. A tired old sheepdog to a brand new puppy.

Phil claps for himself. Miles stands, clearly not overwhelmed but he never looks to excited anyway.

RECEPTIONIST

Sir, you can't go in there!

DENNIS BRUSHES PAST HER, spots GREG, GOOGLING.

INT. MILES' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The horror on Greg's face registers as he sees DENNIS PRESS HIMSELF TO THE GLASS.

MILES
What's this?

GREG
That's -

DENNIS
I know the pawn shop! I found it!

PHIL
Pawn shop? Short on money, Greg?

MILES
It's almost lunchtime. I'm going to let you deal with your friend.

GREG
He's a neighbor, just a neighbor.

INT. FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS - MOMENTS LATER

Miles breezes past Dennis, while Phil studies him.

PHIL
What does your shirt say?

DENNIS
Freedom Weapons. That's my shop.

PHIL
Greg, your friend owns a gun shop?

DENNIS
Guns are as important a part of the US of A as fried chicken & waffles, monster trucks and Pam Anderson.

Greg starts to correct Dennis, but what's the point.

PHIL
I agree. Those are all equally important parts of this country.
(examines logo closely)
Is that a skeleton with a gun?

DENNIS
Yeah, you know, as in pry it out of
my cold, dead hands?

GREG
Okay, Phil, that'll do. Dennis,
what's going on?

Dennis glares down Phil, won't talk until he leaves. Phil
backs away, and Dennis puts an arm around Greg for privacy.

DENNIS
I found it.

GREG
You found what?

DENNIS
The pawn shop, with your lap-top.

GREG
You? How could you ... ?

DENNIS
I closed down Freedom Weapons for
the day. Checked out all the pawn
shops in the area in a grid
formation, and ultimately,
delivered a hit.

Greg throws himself into a hug with Dennis, noticed by
numerous co-workers nearby.

GREG
You saved me ... my ... you ... you
just don't know!

DENNIS
Now I feel the love. I feel it.

GREG
Where?

DENNIS
Just about twenty minutes away ...

GREG
Same as that girls house.

DENNIS
Yes. All the pieces of this case
are coming together.

GREG

Look ...

(consults his watch)

I have to be here, for a presentation, in less than an hour.

DENNIS

Give me your ID or a note or something and I'll go get it for you. I'm the bag-man, you don't even have to front me the cash.

GREG

No! No! I'll get it.

DENNIS

What's this? Some kind of trust issue?

Greg hustles Dennis along, toward the exit, past numerous co-workers enjoying the show.

GREG

We don't know each other well enough to have a trust issue!

DENNIS

A week ago I'd've agreed. But right now, I gotta figure I'm your best friend.

That stops Greg in his tracks.

GREG

There's no way you think that's true.

DENNIS

When your sex ...

(decides to be discreet)

... thing ... went missing, who'd you tell?

GREG

What? That ... I had to!

DENNIS

Everybody makes choices, bro. You chose me. Embrace it.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUEEN TAKES PAWN SHOP - LATER

Greg's Prius pulls into the parking lot, Dennis shotgun.

INT. GREG'S PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

Greg and Dennis are quiet and awkward as Greg parks.

GREG

Listen, Dennis. The truth is, I have friends. But my life is so busy. With work, and with the kids.

DENNIS

Yeah, same here.

GREG

I don't really even have a best friend.

DENNIS

Me, either.

They look toward each other, slowly. Puppy-dog faces melting as their eyes meet.

GREG

Well, uh, I guess we should go in.

DENNIS

Yeah, right thing to do. Tension breaker.

Greg and Dennis exit the car.

GREG

Oh, fuck me!

Dennis looks to see what has his attention. Outside the store is Jessica's ESPN ad in a bus stop shelter. Someone has given her NIPPLES AND PUBIC HAIR with a Sharpie.

GREG (CONT'D)

I need to find something to cover it up.

DENNIS

Oh, that's disgusting. Anybody who saw that DVD would know it's far from accurate. Your wife is clearly a waxer.

GREG
 (aggression)
 Don't ever ... EVER ... say
 anything about having seen my wife
 naked EVER again.

INT. QUEEN TAKES PAWN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Greg enters, Dennis just behind. The first thing he sees is an old lady, VIOLA, creeping up and down the aisles. Arthritic fingers re-arranging the stock.

The proprietor is BIG DON, in his mid-forties and hiding his paunch behind an expensive and trendy open-collared shirt adorned with an open-zippered hoodie. He appears around the corner, as though checking on Greg and Dennis, but they quickly realize he's just watching Viola.

BIG DON
 (recognizing Dennis)
 You again. I told you, you can't
 buy that lap-top until it's past
 the 30-day period.

DENNIS
 I brought the owner.

GREG
 Do you have it? Can I see it?

Viola perks up, Dennis can feel her eye upon him.

VIOLA
 These two giving you trouble, Big
 Don?

BIG DON
 No, there's no trouble here.

DENNIS
 No trouble here.

GREG
 Just so long as I get my lap-top,
 uh, Big-Don.

Viola turns her eye on Greg. She's a suspicious, angry lady. Big Don looks at her, and she backs off.

VIOLA
 They bother him in this
 neighborhood.

BIG DON
Okay, mom -

VIOLA
Because of his sexual preferences.

BIG DON
Mom!
(to them)
I'm sorry. She's got that
inappropriateness that comes with
getting old.

VIOLA
Should've changed the name of the
business when you bought it. "Queen
takes Pawn," it has connotations.

BIG DON
It was established!

DENNIS
Hey, no judgments here, I endorse
the lifestyle. You guys have
excellent taste in clothes and
music.

They watch Viola disappear around the corner. Big Don admires
Greg's shirt, stylish and well-fitting.

GREG
I've uh, heard that my shirts give
off a certain gay vibe.

BIG DON
It's funny you say that, when you
walked in, I had you pegged.

DENNIS
You know, I never saw it before,
but now that you say it, I can
totally see it.

BIG DON
You have to forgive my mother.
She's a little touchy, because
about two months ago she saw me get
robbed. So now she's a little over-
protective.

GREG
I don't blame her, that's terrible.
And I don't want any trouble, I
just want my lap-top.

BIG DON

If we're talking about the same lap-top, you're not the person who sold it to me.

GREG

The person who sold it to you is an underage girl who stole it from my house.

Big Don's entire demeanor changes.

DENNIS

He really needs it. It's a wife-related issue.

Viola re-appears, having just reacted from Greg's outburst. Dennis can see that she's got her HAND IN HER POCKET, as though hiding a gun. He taps Greg.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

I think the old lady's got a gun.

GREG

What?

BIG DON

Oh, no, not again! Mom!

GREG

Again?

Big Don crosses, Dennis reaches to block him. Viola retreats.

DENNIS

Why does she have a gun?

GREG

Listen, there's a DVD in the tray of the lap-top. You can keep it, if you just give me the DVD.

Big Don looks at Greg, not sure if he trusts him.

GREG (CONT'D)

Keep the computer, no questions asked. And I'll never have to call the police or anything about my missing computer that turned up in your shop.

BIG DON

I have hundreds of cases which show precedent that the seller, that girl, is the one at fault and not the vendor, which is me.

Big Don tries to move Dennis' arms, Dennis resists and puts his HAND ON BIG DON TO STOP HIM FROM MOVING.

FROM HIS POV, GREG SEES VIOLA APPEAR DOWN THE AISLE, AND PULL HER GUN.

BIG DON (CONT'D)

Don't!

Greg tries to pull Dennis out of the way, but too late - PLINK. Not a BLAM, a PLINK, but Dennis SCREAMS OUT IN PAIN. Dennis turns, Greg sees he's got a BB LODGED IN HIS CHEEK.

BIG DON (CONT'D)

Mom! No more BB guns!

GREG

Get my goddamn lap-top!

Big Don makes a move toward his mom, Greg moves Dennis out of the way, and VIOLA FIRES SEVERAL TIMES.

THREE BB'S STRIKE GREG IN THE FOREHEAD. He SCREAMS OUT in pain, and reaches up - two of them are LODGED THERE.

GREG (CONT'D)

I'm going to get an infection!

Furious, Greg turns on Viola. She retreats, as best an old lady can move, to hide in another aisle. Dennis and Greg fan out to find her.

BIG DON

No, leave her alone! I'll get your lap-top!!

But Dennis and Greg fan out, each taking a side, and in a moment they have Viola trapped in an aisle between them.

She waves the gun from one side to the other.

GREG

Lady, you shoot me with that thing again and I'm gonna ... I'll ...

She points and FIRES. Right into Greg's chest. It makes a hole in his shirt, and he CHARGES HER. Dennis charges from the other side, and she CRUMPLES, making them BASH THEIR HEADS TOGETHER AND FALL.

She stands over them, waving the gun between them, until GREG KICKS IT OUT OF HER HAND.

Dennis goes diving for it, and he's got the gun on her.

BIG DON

It's my fault. I shouldn't have had that gun here.

DENNIS

Guns don't shoot people. People shoot people.

Dennis FIRES A ROUND AT VIOLA'S ASS. Viola SCREAMS BLOODY MURDER.

BIG DON

That's enough! I have the lap-top right here!

Greg scrambles to his feet to go get it.

VIOLA

You're gonna go to jail for this!
You shot a defenseless old woman!

Dennis sneers.

GREG

Okay, I got it! I got it!

Greg sets it on a counter, powers it on. Viola is comforted by Big Don, who checks her skirt and sees it didn't pierce.

BIG DON

You didn't have to shoot my mom.

DENNIS

She shot me first.

Dennis PLUCKS THE BB OUT OF HIS OWN CHEEK.

BIG DON

If you put hemorrhoid cream on that, it'll keep the swelling down.

Greg has the lap-top up, hits the CD tray to open it:

IT'S EMPTY. THE DVD IS GONE.

Greg's mind and body disconnect, his eyes glaze over, and he can see nothing but rods and cones and then a long TUNNEL -

CUT TO:

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, REARDON HOME - LATER

Greg lies under covers, eyes blissfully closed, all joy in his face. Finally, sleep beginning to wear off, he rolls over and reaches over for Jessica. Except she's not there.

Greg's eyes open. IT'S SUNNY OUTSIDE. Confused, he stands, he's in his boxers and socks. Walks toward the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg lifts the toilet seat to pee. Checks the shower, Jessica's not there. Looks in the mirror and sees BAND-AIDS ON HIS FOREHEAD.

GREG

Oh shit!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg grabs for his Blackberry, Googles "Jessica Reardon sex tape" and waits. It's taking a moment, the network is busy, and he stares at it, until NO RESULTS. For the first time, he breathes.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Furious, Greg enters as HIS PHONE RINGS.

DENNIS

Your phone has not stopped doing that since you fainted at the pawn shop.

GREG

I fainted?

HUNTER

Dead out, head smack on the floor. They wanted to call an ambulance -

GREG

I was supposed to go back to work!

DENNIS

You might wanna call 'em, it's
nearly five o'clock.

HUNTER

At least no rush hour!

Greg reaches for his phone. Eyes Hunter.

GREG

What's he doing here?

HUNTER

Scoping the party scene for Friday.

GREG

Oh, no! Party's off!! My DVD, it's
gone, all because of your last
fucking party!

(into phone)

No, Martha, I'm sorry, that wasn't
for you.

(beat)

He did?

(beat)

He did?

(beat)

Well, did you -

(beat)

Well, why not -

(longer beat)

Okay. Tell him I'll be there, at
the airport to meet the Hammer with
him. I won't let him down.

Greg hangs up, buries his head in his hands.

HUNTER

Our deal is for a party either way.

DENNIS

This thing's not over. Think about
it, a party, with the same people,
we bring all the suspects back
together -

HUNTER

Just like in *The Thin Man* -

DENNIS

You saw that movie?

HUNTER

My old girlfriend's father had a huge collection of really old movies. I saw the first fifteen minutes of almost all of 'em -

DENNIS

(beat, then understands)
My man -

GREG

Shut up! Shut up both of you! Did you bother to notice that in the last five days my entire life has fallen apart? I missed the most important meeting of my life and now my presentation has been given to an asshole to do! And that DVD, it's gone! If I don't find it in the next three days, my wife's new job is going to be gone with it!

HUNTER

That was your wife in that DVD? No, shit I am impressed. She has one of the hottest -

Greg DIVES FOR HUNTER, starts pounding him just as he was raising his hands to offer a high-five.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

My parents paid for these teeth!

Hunter fights back, they fall furniture and break a lamp.

DENNIS

Break it up! BREAK IT UP!

Dennis pries them apart, catches a stray punch in the nose.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Aww, man. If you broke that ... my wife loves my nose!

Dennis drops them both to go look in the mirror. Hunter and Greg separate, both breathing heavy.

HUNTER

I wanna have a party. You wanna find your DVD. Somebody there took it. We can find out who, by having another party.

DENNIS

You gotta admit, that makes a lot
of sense, bro.

Greg catches himself in the mirror: BB marks across his
forehead, and a cut along his cheek from a Hunter punch.

GREG

I just want to go put some
hemorrhoid cream on my BB wounds.
You guys do whatever you want.

Greg just wanders off, toward the stairs, muttering.

EXT. FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

As Greg's bedroom lights go off, and WE SEE HIM climb under
the covers and pull them over his head, IT BEGINS TO RAIN.

We focus on the HOLE IN THE ROOF OVER ELLA'S ROOM, where the
heavy rain already begins to pour through and SOAK the
exposed wood.

AS TIME PASSES, THE RAINS TURN TORRENTIALLY HEAVY.

AS NIGHT FLIPS TO DAY, WE MOVE DOWN TO THE FRONT DOOR:

EXT. FRONT DOOR - THURSDAY MORNING

Greg emerges to the SUNNY MORNING, decked out in a very
European cut suit, his hair done exactly right, and a certain
swagger in his walk. His eyes say take-no-prisoners.

He gets noticed by two HOUSEWIVES jogging as he steps to his
car. One jogs into the other's path and they nearly tumble.

INT. GREG'S PRIUS - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Greg drives, listening to Wagner, weaving efficiently through
traffic. Total FOCUS until his Blackberry rings. Caller ID
says DENNIS. Greg REJECTS the call.

It almost instantly RINGS, Dennis again. Greg TURNS IT OFF.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, PRIVATE JET GATE - HALF HOUR LATER

Greg steps away from his parked Prius and toward the PRIVATE JET RECEPTION AREA. He buttons one of the three buttons on his suit as he walks, total confidence.

INT. PRIVATE JET GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg enters, sees PHIL AND MILES along with the two hottest JUNIOR EXECS in the company. Phil's reaction to seeing Greg there is TOTAL SHOCK, and Greg can see it.

MILES

Greg, looking sharp.

GREG

I'm on it today, Miles. Like I can't miss on it.

MILES

That's what I want to hear. But I'm still going to lead with Phil.

Greg sets his jaw. A very attractive but clearly unnerved FLIGHT ATTENDANT opens the doors and THE HAMMER enters.

THE HAMMER

You're all looking delightfully well-fed.

He's not quite 30, and not quite 150 pounds, despite good height. His hair is sculpted to perfection, his sunglasses are what will be cool next year. He has the body of the young Uma Thurman and the voice of the old Laurence Olivier.

MILES

(only moderate German)

Good morning, Mr. Hammstroeder. A pleasure is always to experience you.

THE HAMMER

(English)

You need to work on your conversational German, Miles. It could socially retard your future progress.

MILES

Well, welcome. We appreciate you giving us the first at-bat here.

THE HAMMER

Suffocate me with colloquialisms,
please. My time has no value.

Miles looks back at Phil, not sure what to think. Phil steps up, sticks out his hand.

PHIL

Phil, Mr. Hammer - stroeder.

THE HAMMER

Did you call me that name?

PHIL

What -

THE HAMMER

No one calls me by that name. It is cultural disrespect of the highest degree! Who are you, idiot?

PHIL

I've been handling your account for the last six months.

THE HAMMER

That is nothing to boast about.

The Hammer sticks out his hand and absolutely CRUSHES Phil in a handshake. Phil BREAKS FIRST, and pulls away.

THE HAMMER (CONT'D)

There is one familiar face. Mr. Reardon, sir, how are you?

GREG

It's nice to see you again, Mr. Hamstroeder.

Greg extends his hand, and HOLDS THE HAMMER'S INTENSE GRIP to the breaking point, never giving in. The Hammer watches his eyes until he sees Greg's BRIEF MOMENT OF PAIN, then lets go.

THE HAMMER

I will allow myself a sneer over this round going to me.

GREG

Just this one, though. The agency arranged for a Town Car for you -

The Hammer reacts with disgust.

GREG (CONT'D)

But I have my Prius if you'd like a simple ride back.

THE HAMMER

I would.

Greg and the Hammer step past Phil, who has no choice but to be pushed aside. Greg nearly has the Hammer to the door when two massive AIRPORT SECURITY GUARDS, TSA OFFICERS block it.

GREG

Excuse us -

TSA OFFICER

This area is temporarily closed to pedestrian traffic.

THE HAMMER

Rules, rules, rules. There are more rules and signs in this country -

GREG

What's happening, Officer?

TSA OFFICER

A Southwest jet to Vegas is being diverted this way to take a passenger off the plane.

GREG

Wasted already on the way to Vegas?
(to the Hammer)
This might be an interesting human oddity for you.

THE HAMMER

I never tire in my study of the human form and all of its variants.

EXT. OBSERVATION RAIL, PRIVATE GATE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg, the Hammer, Phil, Miles and the two hot Execs watch on as the Southwest jet's door is opened. Machine-gun toting TSA AGENTS stomp up the gate-stairs and enter.

THE HAMMER

The human drama, it's addictive.

PHIL

Like "Survivor."

THE HAMMER
 "Survivor!"

Greg has to stifle a laugh.

THE HAMMER (CONT'D)
 American reality television is the first sign of the impending cultural Armageddon. America as a culture must prepare to take a seat at the table of nations rather than imposing your - wait!

The Hammer points, they all see the TSA Agents re-emerge, with their PRISONER. TO HIS INSTANT HORROR, GREG SEES:

THE PRISONER IS HIS FATHER-IN-LAW ISAAC.

Greg's entire disposition changes. Worse, they remove a YOUNG, SLUTTILY DRESSED WOMAN along with him.

THE HAMMER (CONT'D)
 Greg, you know this woman?

GREG
 No. No, I don't know her. The uh, the man.

THE HAMMER
 Who is this man?

GREG
 My father in law.

The Hammer's eyes light up with delight, and so do Phil's. Miles buries his face in his hands, unable to bear anymore.

EXT. TARMAC - MOMENTS LATER

A very drunk Isaac strains against his captors, kicking as they take him down the stairs.

ISAAC
 I know my civil rights! I'm a civil rights attorney, goddammit!

TSA OFFICER
 You're drunk and disorderly on a flight.

ISAAC
 I'm going to Vegas!

SLUTTY GIRL
Leave him alone!

She swings her bag at the TSA Officer's head, and he stops it mid-swing with his fist.

ISAAC
Oh, shit.

INT. TSA AIRPORT LOCK-UP - HALF HOUR LATER

Greg sits in the reception area, Googling for "Jessica Reardon sex tape" and once again coming up with no results.

Finally a TSA Officer steps out to greet him.

TSA OFFICER
Your father-in-law is charged with drunken, disorderly conduct, hijacking for initiating a charge which necessitates an aborted take-off, the jet had just taxied on to the runway, and also with assaulting a Federal Officer.

Each one another spike in Greg's heart.

GREG
Is this ... going to take long? I really have to get back to work.

TSA OFFICER
We're talking about an act of terror against the United States of us here.

GREG
Any ... time-table?

TSA OFFICER
Given his lack of priors and his status in the community, he's available for bail.

GREG
Oh, great -

TSA OFFICER
At \$25,000.

Greg's head tilts in direct proportion to his eyebrow raising. That's a painful figure.

He reaches into his wallet and pulls out his CORPORATE CARD.

GREG
Put it on this ...

EXT. PARKING LOT, PRIVATE JET GATE - AN HOUR LATER

Greg walks out with a nearly sober Isaac.

ISAAC
That's embarrassing, just out of bounds embarrassing. They had to swipe your credit card twice to go through.

Greg can't believe that's what he means, close to explosion.

GREG
What the hell were you thinking?

ISAAC
I don't owe you any explanations. But you telling me you didn't do anything crazy this week?

GREG
Me? No! I didn't - nothing like -

Greg stops. Quiet.

GREG (CONT'D)
Now you have to figure out a way to fix this.

ISAAC
Nothing to fix. I'm out.

GREG
Out?

ISAAC
I got my taste of freedom. Thirty-seven years I was a tireless advocate for man's freedoms and human rights, and now I know what all that horseshit really means. That's it, I'm out.

GREG
You don't mean that. I mean, what if I told you the same thing, about your daughter, what would you say?
(MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

Wouldn't you say it was unfair just to walk away without trying to fix the problems?

ISAAC

Knowing what I know now? No. Absolutely not, mind your own fucking bees-wax, hell to the no.

They reach Greg's car.

GREG

Hell to the no?

ISAAC

That's something that ...
(struggles to remember)
... Beth ... likes to say.

GREG

Beth is your new girlfriend?

ISAAC

(shit-eating grin)
Not after I declined to pay for her bail, I'm sure.

GREG

I don't believe you. I think you had one big crazy moment, and if you had your way you'd crawl right back where you were for all those years. Because you're like me, you love your wife.

ISAAC

I do not!

GREG

You do! It's nothing to be embarrassed about. I've heard so many bullshit theories lately, but I have to tell you the only thing that makes sense to me is, we have to love our wives! We have to love our lives. What we have, what we already have, is so much better than how it would be any other way. If you knew what I've had to do to protect my wife the last few days -

ISAAC

What? What've you had to do to protect my baby girl?

Isaac gets into Greg's face, to intimidate.

GREG
None of your business.

ISAAC
You just asked me a million questions.

GREG
I get myself arrested, you can ask questions. Until then, I'll stay here on the moral high ground.

EXT. IN-LAWS HOME - LATER

Greg drops Isaac in front of his home. It's more trashed than his own ever was. Greg looks on, mystified by what he sees.

ISAAC
(from outside car)
Don't judge me!

Isaac reaches down his pants, scratches, and walks toward his house. As Isaac reaches the door, he has to reach down and scratch again. Greg watches, CONCERNED.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION, FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS - LATER

Greg RUNS WITHOUT REGARD FOR OTHERS through the lobby, INTO MARTHA, and knocks her down. She looks up at him, disgusted.

MARTHA
Mr. Reardon -

GREG
It's Greg, Martha. You've always called me Greg.

MARTHA
I'm asking for a transfer. I no longer think of you as my Greg!

GREG
That's great, but I have to get into this meeting - NOW!

MARTHA

Your friend Dennis Sanschagrin has called again and again. What kind of name is that?

GREG

I don't know. I don't care. And thanks for giving him my cell number, really appreciate that.

They reach a window to the CONFERENCE ROOM, where the Hammer sits, arms folded, cold eyes staring through steel-rimmed glasses straight at PHIL, who's floundering. Miles downs a champagne and refills.

MARTHA

He said "did you see the Google link yet?"

Greg STOPS. Suddenly WEAK AT THE KNEES, GUT-PUNCHED.

GREG

Did he ... was it my ... which Google link?

Greg is instantly on his Blackberry. Googling "Jessica Reardon sex tape."

MARTHA

He most certainly did. He said it was the "one with that lady" who "does that thing on camera."

Greg gets a HIT. The results are "jessicareardonsexdvd.com" Greg sees the SURROUNDING PHRASES: Jessica Reardon, sex, along with dvd, coming to web, all-fours, sports reporter sideline reporter, ESPN, topless, nipples, naked celebs ..."

MARTHA (CONT'D)

I always thought you loved your wife, Mr. Reardon.

GREG

Who do you think he's talking about!

Martha's eyes well up, going from anger to understanding.

GREG (CONT'D)

Now I have to go and try to save one of our jobs!

EXT. FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS - MOMENTS LATER

Greg emerges, his Blackberry turning on. He has 15 MESSAGES, all from DENNIS. It's RINGING NOW.

GREG

I just got your message. Please tell me your vast expertise includes hacking.

INT. DENNIS' COMPUTER ROOM - INTERCUT

Dennis' computer room has just one sleek, British lap-top, in stainless steel, safe for diving at depths of up to 300'.

DENNIS

A lot of people will tell you you need something domestic to hack domestic, but you're never gonna do better than the Ego line, it's frickin' made by Bentley, man -

GREG IS FURIOUS, SCREAMS AND ABUSES HIS CELL PHONE:

GREG

I don't have time! Do you realize we're talking about my life here!

DENNIS

I have an address.

CUT TO:

EXT. STRIP MALL - SEVEN MINUTES LATER

Greg's Prius screeches a hard turn into the nearly full parking lot. Greg steps out of the car, hustling. He sees DENNIS AND HUNTER standing together underneath a neon sign for the LAY-TECHS adult sex shop.

GREG

What's Hunter doing here?

DENNIS

Back-up, man. We got your back if it goes wrong.

HUNTER

You said we were going to get to hang out in a sex shop and soak in the human depravity.

DENNIS
Same thing.

Greg rushes past Dennis.

DENNIS (CONT'D)
Whoa, hold on, what's your plan?

GREG
I'm gonna demand my property!!

DENNIS
That's it? These people can be tough, man.

INT. LAY-TECHS SEX SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Greg enters and surveys the shop. It's funkier, neon-laden and embraces its own inner dirtiness with aplomb. As Dennis and Hunter fill in, Greg strides to the desk, where a BETTY PAGE-a-like works the counter.

BETTY PAGE-A-LIKE
Looking for something in particular, sir?

Greg can't help but feel there's something wrong about this girl, but he can't put his finger on it.

GREG
Someone at this address has a DVD that belongs to me. And I'm not going to leave until I get it.

The Betty-Page-a-Like reaches below the counter and picks up a shopping bag. Sets it on the counter.

BETTY PAGE-A-LIKE
Here you go.

Greg looks from the is-it-or-isn't-it of a potential Adam's Apple on the Betty-Page-a-Like as she stands back up and adjusts her outfit, to the bag.

GREG
That's it?

BETTY PAGE-A-LIKE
The guy said to tell you he works here. He found your DVD, and he was going to put it on the web. But he chickened out when he figured you'd sue him.

Greg snatches the bag. Motions to Dennis and Hunter, "head on out." They step out of the shop. Greg heads for the exit.

GREG

Wait a minute. He said that, or he said to tell me that?

BETTY PAGE-A-LIKE

Whattya mean?

GREG

Never mind -

Greg leaves, reaches into the bag, fishing out a LARGE DILDO, outfitted with a handle like brass knuckles. Off Greg's confusion, HE PASSES THE SECURITY SENSOR, SETTING OFF ALARMS.

Greg turns, not sure what's up. INSTANT GATE-FENCE DOORS DROP to cover the exits.

BETTY PAGE-A-LIKE

Oh, shit!

Greg looks outside, where Hunter and Dennis turn back to see he's stuck, holding the dildo. Greg drops it, reaches into the bag, finds the DVD. So relieved, fishes it out of the paper folder, in Sharpie it reads "FUCK YOU."

GREG

PHIL!

EXT. LAY-TECHS SEX SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Dennis bangs on the gate, to no avail. In the distance, Hunter can HEAR SIRENS.

DENNIS

You didn't get it?

GREG

(from inside store)
It's not it!

HUNTER

I'm not going to jail for you!

Hunter scrambles off for his car.

DENNIS

I won't leave you, bro.

GREG
 (shouting over alarm)
 Nobody's going to jail! I just have
 to make a call.

Greg sees Dennis' concern.

GREG (CONT'D)
 Go, just go!

DENNIS
 Thanks, man! You're the best!

Dennis scrambles into Greg's car.

INT. FAWCETT PUBLIC RELATIONS - LATER

Phil loiters outside Miles' office. Moments later, Miles
 exits, a full head of steam, Martha trying to keep up.

MILES
 - nothing else?

MARTHA
 They declined his corporate credit
 card at county processing.

MILES
 Did they say why he was using it?

MARTHA
 No. But they turned it down because
 he max'd it out earlier.

MILES
 He ... max'd it out? Wha - where?

MARTHA
 At ... the airport jail.

INT. ISAAC'S MERCEDES - LATER

Greg, ruffled, sits beside Isaac, driving and flustered.
 Dennis and Hunter in the backseat. Greg is on the phone with
 Miles.

GREG
 (into phone)
 But Miles, no I -
 (beat)
 Of course I intend to pay -
 (beat)
 (MORE)

GREG (CONT'D)

You can't just do that. Not after
all these years ...

Isaac look at Greg, sees Miles has HUNG UP.

GREG (CONT'D)

He fired me.

Dennis pats Greg on the back. Greg stares out the window.
Hunter admires the ride.

HUNTER

There's one benefit to getting old.
The only guys who can afford the
insurance are old -

ISAAC

Shut the fuck up!

Isaac is completely back in control again.

GREG

Isaac, I'm so sorry to bother you.
On the day that I lost my job! On
the day I'm in danger of losing
Jessica her new job -

ISAAC

Jessica? What'd you do to her, you
son of a bitch -

GREG

Stay in your own business! You're
nobody to cast stones.

ISAAC

That was all well and good. Until
you got yourself arrested. And now
you're right there in the same boat
I am, having to answer a lot of
questions of a deeply personal and
embarrassing nature to someone you
don't like all that much!

INT. PHIL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Phil reads a number off a web page, dialing his cell phone.
He makes a last second decision to put a napkin over the
speaker, as it is answered.

PHONE VOICE

TMZ tip-line.

PHIL
 (through napkin into cell
 phone)
 I have information. About an ESPN
 personality and a sex tape.

EXT. REARDON HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac's Mercedes glides into the parking spot.

Isaac steps out, already looking up at the roof. A SIX-FOOT
 AREA has caved in from being soaked.

ISAAC
 What'd you do to the roof?

GREG
 I tried to fix it a few days ago.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg wanders in, to his modified "honey-do" list. Scratches
 out the next few numbers of nice things from Jessica and
 replaces them with, "FIX THE CAR", "RE-PAY ISAAC'S BAIL MONEY
 TO MILES", and "RE-FIX THE ROOF."

INT. ELLA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Isaac, Greg, Dennis and Hunter stand over the damage. The
 hole in the roof, the destroyed walls of the room, soaking
 with future mildew. A heavy stench from the trashed carpets.

Dennis looks at Greg, who's on the VERGE OF TEARS.

DENNIS
 Maybe we should give Greg a few
 minutes. To compose himself.

Greg nods, silent, but Isaac won't have it.

ISAAC
 How could you let this happen? What
 irresponsible streak made you sit
 on your ass while your family's
 home was put in danger!

HUNTER
 Hey, old guy, he wasn't sitting on
 his ass! He hasn't had a minute to
 himself since he's been looking for
 that sex DVD of him and his wife.

Greg tries to cut Hunter off, but too late.

Isaac's FACE FREEZES. His eyes go stony. It's as though Isaac's body is rejecting the information. Then, slowly, he starts to turn red and fume with anger.

DENNIS

Nice job, dipshit. That's his father-in-law!

HUNTER

I thought it was his lawyer!

ISAAC

You raise a girl. All those years. All the right schools. And some bastard, no-goodnik nobody comes along and dehumanizes her on videotape for his own sick and demented pleasures -

HUNTER

If you see the tape, you can tell she wants it, too! She's knows how to work the camera -

Isaac lunges for Hunter, Hunter puts up his dukes, and the oldest man and youngest man are going at it. Dennis steps between them, noticing Greg's retreat.

DENNIS

Brother, you can't do it. You gotta charge forward and win.

GREG

I can't. I lost it. I lost the DVD. She'll lose her job. I lost mine. We'll lose the house. We'll have to go live with Isaac and Beverly -

ISAAC

The hell you will.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DEAD OF NIGHT

Greg overlooks his modified "honey-do" list, as Dennis and Hunter work together, Dennis instructing Hunter how to cut carpet.

INT. ELLA'S ROOM - NEAR-DAWN FRIDAY

Isaac lays frame across the hole in the roof, while fans blow on the wood to dry it out.

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Greg has a new bag of shingles, a hammer in his belt, nails sticking out of his back pocket.

GREG LAYS THE TARP PAPER AND CUTS IT INTO PLACE. His foot slips, the roof still a little slick, but he RE-GAINS HIS COMPOSURE.

INT. ELLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Isaac sees Greg's stumble, and watches as he rights himself.

ISAAC

Watch it up there. My patience for home repair is already gone.

GREG

(calling down)

So is mine, old man, but they're coming back tomorrow!

EXT. HUNTER'S PARENTS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hunter, holding his lap-top out before him, races out of the house, cuts across to Greg's yard.

INT. ENTRY TO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Hunter bursts inside. The only thing he sees is Dennis, making a Denver omelette in the kitchen.

HUNTER

Where's Greg?

DENNIS

He's up on the roof. What's up!

HUNTER

(SCREAMING out)

TMZ has a story! TMZ says -

INT. ELLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Off the noise, Isaac cranes his neck to hear.

HUNTER (O.S.)
- there's an ESPN sex tape!!

ISAAC
What'd you say!

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Greg bends to get his face closer to the hole to hear.

HUNTER (O.S.)
SEX TAPE! ESPN!

Greg's face goes white. His knees go weak. His feet SLIP on the slick shingles and -

INT. ELLA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GREG FALLS THROUGH THE HOLE, landing on his back.

He lies a moment, dazed, Isaac watches a DANGLING STAKE OF WOOD hang by a thread, twist in the wind, then breaks off.

Before Greg can react, the STAKE drops through the air and IMBEDS ITSELF IN HIS THIGH. He reaches down with his hand to try and pull it out, instinctively, and feels with his grip that the stake can stand on its own.

ISAAC
For Christ's sake, don't pull it out! You'll rip a vein or an artery or something!

GREG
I can't just leave it there!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hunter has his lap-top, Dennis and Isaac support Greg, who supports his leg up, with the spike hanging out of it.

GREG
What is ESPN saying?

HUNTER
Nothing yet. But it's out there.
TMZ broke it.

DENNIS

They just don't give a name.

ISAAC

That might mean they don't have the actual tape yet. Without physical proof they can't use a name.

GREG

The remote, gimme the remote -

Dennis tosses Greg the big-screen remote. Greg reaches to catch it and HITS HIS OWN LEG SPIKE, screams and writhes.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NOON FRIDAY

Greg sits, writhing, on a row of uncomfortably hard seats, the STAKE OF WOOD still protruding from his leg. He sits before several TVs, and he has one on CNN and the other on ESPN. ESPN has canned fishing programs on, but CNN has included in their crawl, "... TMZ.com reports on sex tape for ESPN personality ..."

Seeing that roll by makes Greg sit back, exhale, and glance around. A couple of HOMELESS PEOPLE with the flu, a GUNSHOT VICTIM who bullies a SKINNY DAD at the vending machine, a BLOODIED PRISONER dragged by a couple of SHERIFF'S DEPUTIES.

Greg lifts his watch, BUMPING THE STAKE, and he SCREAMS.

GREG

(for all to hear)

One more hour I'm gonna pull this thing out.

Greg sits back, exasperated.

ATTENDING PHYSICIAN

Greg Reardon?

Greg waves, stands, steps uneasily on his leg. Then, out of the corner of his eye, he sees ESPN GOES TO A LIVE "BREAKING NEWS" GRAPHIC.

ATTENDING PHYSICIAN (CONT'D)

This way, sir. It's your turn.

GREG

I ... need to see this. You'll have to get back to me.

ATTENDING PHYSICIAN

Are you serious? You know how long
that could take?

But Greg pays no attention. His eyes transfixed on the ESPN screen. He pulls out his Blackberry. Scans through recent calls to find JESSICA'S CELL PHONE NUMBER.

And then, ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN, the ESPN newsroom comes up. A somberly lit CHRIS BERMAN sits behind the anchor desk, for once not surrounded by anyone else.

GREG

Oh, shit.

INT. ESPN STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Chris Berman looks ahead at the teleprompter and sighs.

CHRIS BERMAN

Ladies and gentlemen, it is my
difficult duty today to acknowledge
a story from the tabloid press,
involving our own beloved network,
ESPN, your world leader in sports.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg hits DIAL, to JESSICA, eyes focused on the TV screen.

CHRIS BERMAN (O.S.)

(from TV)

There's a deep sense of personal
and professional shame at a time
like this. I assure you, this isn't
how anyone wanted an otherwise
bright future to go.

GREG

You got that right.

Greg hears his PHONE DIALING, RINGING.

CHRIS BERMAN (O.S.)

(from TV)

But I didn't want you to hear it
from the tabloids, I wanted you to
hear it from me. Before they can
name names, and smear anyone's
career, I have to tell you.

(beat)

I made a sex tape.

Greg's JAW DROPS. He HANGS UP HIS PHONE IMMEDIATELY.

CHRIS BERMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(from TV)

My wife gave me the camera as a birthday present. We had a bottle of domestic wine, one thing led to another, and it blossomed into what was intended to be a beautiful expression of monogamous love.

Greg nods along. Others looking on are jeering Berman.

CHRIS BERMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(from TV)

Some of the things we did on the tape, well, they aren't the usual routine. But now that it's going to be out there, please let me be the first to say, I'm sorry you had to see that side of me, America, I was raised better than that, and I don't think any of us would want to be judged on one act. One specific, regrettable, act, even if it is between man and wife. All I hope for is a second chance.

Greg JUMPS UP IN HIS SEAT, CHEERING, THRILLED. He SEES ALL EYES ON HIM, turns and SLAPS HIGH-FIVES with a homeless guy and then with the shooting victim.

SHOOTING VICTIM

You must really be a big Boomer fan.

GREG

I am today, brother!

Turns, pumps his fist, and KNOCKS HIS ELBOW INTO THE SPIKE IN HIS LEG. Instantly, he GASPS IN PAIN, and DROPS TO THE FLOOR like a sack of potatoes, writhing in pain.

The Attending Physician stands over him.

GREG (CONT'D)

I can do it now.

ATTENDING PHYSICIAN

Yeah, it doesn't work that way. You'll just have to wait.

EXT. EMERGENCY ROOM - 10 PM

Greg uses crutches to step out of the Emergency Room, furious over the time. He sees Isaac waiting to pick him up, already honking the horn of Greg's REPAIRED PRIUS.

INT. GREG'S PRIUS - MOMENTS LATER

Greg struggles to stash the crutches in the backseat, finally just chucks them to the ground and gets in. His leg heavily bandaged, his pants cut beyond repair.

GREG

Eighteen hours! All they did was pull it out and spray Bactine on it.

ISAAC

Don't forget all the hours you spent in the hospital, exposed to infection. Jesus, man, hospital infection is the new bubonic plague far as I'm concerned.

GREG

Sir, you just ... you don't say things like that to a man with a hole the size of a, of a -

ISAAC

Silver dollar pancake?

EXT. GREG AND JESSICA'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATER

The Prius cruises through Greg's neighborhood.

INT. GREG'S PRIUS - CONTINUOUS

The overwhelming throb of Lil Wayne penetrates the car.

ISAAC

They're playing that shit again. I told them, Motown Chartbusters, Volume One!

They pull up outside his house. Cars everywhere, people everywhere spilling in and out of GREG'S HOUSE.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

How's my breath?

Isaac blows a gust into Greg's face, making him recoil not so much from his breath as from his discomfort with it.

ISAAC (CONT'D)

Well?

GREG

I don't know, I shut my nose down so I wouldn't smell.

ISAAC

Nobody can just shut their nose down like that -

Isaac snaps his fingers, and as Greg opens his mouth to speak BLOWS AGAIN into his face. Greg's face twists in horror.

GREG

You need some gum. What is that, wasabi and ... root beer?

ISAAC

Mr. Pibb.

GREG

Yeah, that's a bad combination.

ISAAC

Well your bosom buddy Dennis isn't the caterer he claims to be.

GREG

Isaac, Chris Berman's perversion has given me a second lease on life. My, you know, DVD hasn't shown up in the media yet, on the internet yet, which means it's still out there. This party's my last chance, I need to walk in there and recover it right now from whoever stole it last week!

INT. ENTRY TO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and Isaac enter to MANY MORE PEOPLE than the previous party. CLOTHES hang everywhere, shirts, pants, bras. Shoes lined by the door. The music pumps so loud, and people are into their own debauchery, so nobody notices Greg. He sees they wear his SHEETS, TOWELS his and Jessica's BATHROBES.

GREG
 (over music)
 What's going on? Why are you
 wearing my sheets!

A really sexy DANCING GIRL with a loose toga yells back.

DANCING GIRL
 Because some asshole is out there
 trying to waterboard people!

She spills her drink all over Greg's sheets. Greg glances out the window and sees DENNIS OUTSIDE, caked in mud like Jabba the Hut and being hosed down.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Greg emerges, sees it's Hunter hosing Dennis down, Heather sharing a drink with two straws in it with him.

DENNIS
 There's the man!

GREG
 What's going on here?

HUNTER
 (drunk)
 The neighborhood genius here
 decided to go Guantanamo on some of
 my friends -

GREG
 (excited)
 And!

HEATHER
 These are times of change! You
 don't condone that do you, Greg?

GREG
 Not ... when it doesn't directly
 benefit me, no.

DENNIS
 (through hose water)
 You see? You shoulda let me finish.

Greg surveys the WASTED MULCH BEDS around the bushes. Sees it strewn everywhere as Dennis is hosed off.

GREG
 Ah, come on ...

Greg sees Hunter is no longer watching where he's spraying the hose, because he and Heather are kissing. He watches for just one beat, and sees that Dennis doesn't even mind the hose anymore, he's too busy enjoying the show.

DENNIS

Now you wanna slide your hand just down the arch of her back, but real delicate like -

Greg sees Isaac step off with a SET OF BRUNETTES, wearing only GREG AND JESSICA'S SHEETS LIKE TOGAS, waving at him, and scoots off to re-connect.

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Dennis towels off, glances around, Greg just behind him.

DENNIS

(still shouting though
music's quieter here)

There's one suspect here I got an eye on. Seems like a real piece of work. He keeps following people around and tapin' 'em .

GREG

Nothing weird about that.

DENNIS

Yeah, but he's looking for upskirts. Nip-slips. Side boobage. The guy's no weekend warrior, I think he's a gin-u-wine pervert.

Dennis' eyes light up. Someone is near the hot-tub, holding up a Blackberry toward some DRUNK GIRLS.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

There he is. Creepy looking son of a bitch!

Greg sees it's THE HAMMER, using his Blackberry to record two girls wearing bra's and panties wrestling in the hot tub.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Asshole! A little privacy, huh?

The Hammer looks up, sees Dennis. Greg tries to hide his face in his hands, but the Hammer spots him.

THE HAMMER

Greg. Good to see you.

DENNIS

You know this guy?

GREG

(keeping a smile)

He's my boss's boss's boss's boss.

(the Hammer arrives)

Are they taking good care of you?

THE HAMMER

They are an entertaining bunch.

(to Dennis)

Now, I believe you referred to me as an asshole. May I inquire why?

GREG

Oh, boy ...

DENNIS

I can tell from your accent you're from out of town, so I'll go easy on you. But in this neck of the woods, we don't videotape people without permission. It's called the U.S. of Bill of Rights, and you can look it up on Wikipedia. Footnoted!

THE HAMMER

It is American folk tradition to videotape people. How else do you explain the great hero Joe Francis?

GREG

Joe Francis is a hero?

THE HAMMER

The man saw a window into the soul of human depravity and he exploited it, so much so that he nearly made himself a legitimate political power until his personal hijinks cost him any respectability.

The Hammer lifts his Blackberry to snap photos of ISAAC, sandwiched by the two brunettes, canoodling.

THE HAMMER (CONT'D)

The ultimate voyeur, his empire crumbled only when he injected himself into the action. Learning from his mistakes, I allow myself no transgressions from my wife.

DENNIS

Sounds like somebody's pussy-whipped to me.

THE HAMMER

You are gloriously dim. But I must admit, she did come with an excellent dowry.

GREG

Her father is the CEO of Blackberry. Not that the Hammer wouldn't have -

THE HAMMER

What did you call me?

DENNIS

The Hammer, all right!

Dennis puts up a high-five, the Hammer is furious.

THE HAMMER

I forbid that nickname. It is a symbol of Communism, and while I stand with the working man, we must always veer to the sides of corporate fascism!

DENNIS

Oh no, you didn't advocate corporate fascism, not here in my U.S.A., mister!

Greg's attention turns to a sight that makes no sense. He sees his old neighbor ALBERT enter. Starts to walk that way.

THE HAMMER

Greg, I wish to speak with you.

GREG

You do? I just have to - hold that thought!

Greg rushes over to Albert.

GREG (CONT'D)

Albert, I promise, this is all coming to an end. It happened when I wasn't here, I'm about to throw everyone out -

ALBERT

What? No, I just escaped!

Greg watches as the Hammer and Dennis both stare at a co-ed as she tries to shotgun beer which instead dribbles all over her. They both take CAMERA PHOTOS.

GREG

Out? Are you here to ... attend?

ALBERT

To get loaded and mingle!

(off Isaac)

Look, if that old guy's doing it, so can I. Have you seen what young women are like these days? They'll apparently take off their tops at any moment.

GREG

But what about ...

ALBERT

I crushed up a Xanax in her tea. We won't be seeing her for at least four hours.

INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We see Albert's old wife MARY, slumped forward in an easy chair, her tea service still sitting on her lap, SNORING. Her two cats chomping at her lemon square.

INT. ELLA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Heather and Hunter are inside. They close the door, lock it, and begin to fool around for real now.

HUNTER

We can't go to your place?

HEATHER

I live with my parents.

HUNTER

You do?

HEATHER

Since I dropped out of college.

HUNTER

My parents made me come home from college. Too much partying.

HEATHER

You're like someone I can talk to.

They kiss a while, and she's just at the point of removing her shirt, when she SEES THE FEET SHADOWS IN THE DOOR CRACK.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What the hell is that?

Hunter crosses the room, ABRUPTLY opens the door, revealing THE HAMMER, his Blackberry now dangling in the keyhole. Heather squeezes by them, returning to the party.

THE HAMMER

Noblesse oblige?

HUNTER

You're the second old guy in two weeks who's cost me that girl!

THE HAMMER

You use your partying to avoid having to face making decisions about your impending adult life.

Hunter looks at the Hammer, dumb-founded, then angry.

HUNTER

Don't reduce my experience to some cookie-cutter social model!

THE HAMMER

Why not? It is the truth that those cookie-cutters exist because we all fit into them so well? You will never truly have a girl like that until you decide what you are, and embrace it.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Greg wanders off alone, eyes distant, feeling like it's over. Dennis catches sight of him as he hits the stairs.

DENNIS

You okay, bro? You swallow a bad tequila worm or something?

GREG

I'm fine. Going to bed. Goodbye.

DENNIS

You want me to throw 'em all out
for you this time?

GREG

Let them do what they want.
Somebody should be happy somewhere.

DENNIS

It's not like you to give up. The
Greg I know, he's feisty. He's
always trying, always fighting and
clawing to get what he wants.

GREG

That Greg completely failed and his
entire life fell apart. Lock up
when you go.

DENNIS

You know my last name, Sanschagrin?
You know what that means?

GREG

That you had to tell every teacher
you ever had how to pronounce your
name the first day of school?

DENNIS

Sanschagrin, it's old French, it
means "without regret." And that's
how I'm livin' it, without regret.
Whatever you did that got you here,
here is where you are. The Tao
tells you that all you have to do
is ask for it.

Greg vanishes up into the darkness.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Don't give in to the darkness,
brother! Stay in the light!

The Hammer is there, behind Dennis.

THE HAMMER

Your under-developed friend is
correct, Greg. Positivity will out.

The Hammer turns to leave.

DENNIS

That's why you don't make sex DVDs.

THE HAMMER

What did you say?

DENNIS

That's what's got that poor bastard in all this trouble to begin with. He blew some big presentation, he went out of his mind, trying to find this DVD he lost.

THE HAMMER

Of?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Greg lies across the bed. Total stoicism. Then, he rolls over and sees a FRAMED PHOTO of himself and Jessica on their wedding day. Cutting the cake, smiles and futures bright.

He reaches out, clutches the photo to his chest and CRIES. Just cries, and wails, and kicks and screams.

GREG

I just want my life back! I just want it back where it was before so many people saw that sex DVD ...

GREG RISES TO THE BUREAU, WHERE OTHER PICTURES SIT.

He picks up a photo of Ella, with Max on his first day back from the hospital. He holds it up to his view, and just WEEPS openly, wailing so loudly, that -

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

As the iPod tunes change, helmed by Albert working a lap-top station, EVERYONE HEARS SOBBING. Albert cuts the next track, and strains to hear.

Dennis, then the Hammer, then Heather, Hunter, and the others stop to listen. They hear the SOUND OF A GROWN MAN CRYING.

Dennis, listening, begins to feel his jaw wriggle. He's going to break down and cry.

DENNIS

I can't stand to listen to a grown man cry -

Isaac has to turn away.

ISAAC

Don't turn on the water-works.

Heather, makeup smeared, reaches out to comfort herself on Hunter's shoulder. He pulls her tight into a VICTORIOUS HUG.

Dennis and Isaac embrace.

DENNIS

Greg deserves to be happy.

ISAAC

He's always been there for my daughter.

Heather and Hunter embrace.

HUNTER

I just wanted to help Mr. Reardon.

HEATHER

He's the nicest guy at work.

The partiers aren't reveling anymore, they're hugging, talking, holding hands, being there for each other.

DRUNK GIRL

I'm gonna go call my mom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Greg lies on the floor, surrounded by photos of his family, taken off the furniture, off the walls, each memory a happy and smiling face forming a circle around his fetal form.

And then, he STOPS. His eyes WIDEN.

DENNIS

So many people saw it ...

INT. ENTRY TO HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Greg wipes his eyes, tries to straighten his hair, stands at the landing. People milling around, looking at him, but it's quiet now. He ignores them, even as they look on admiringly.

GREG

I was here. Here, and a girl with no top on ... complimented me on my performance. She'd seen it ... but people were scattered all over.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg walks in, some people are following him now, like Forrest Gump.

GREG

I came in, there was a couple going at it.

GUY

That was me. I came back, hopin' the girl would show.

A GIRL from the crowd steps up.

DRUNK GIRL

That was me.

The guy smiles at the girl.

GUY

All right!

They fold together, Greg already moves on.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

More people crowd in. Greg studies the place.

GREG

I saw her here. Athena, the pain in the ass. She had the lap-top, but ... but ...

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg hustles into the living room. Mind swirling, lost in his own thoughts. He turns to face the big-screen HDTV.

GREG

I walked in. People were here. Watching something. A whole bunch of people, looked up at me.

Greg turns, STARES DOWN HIS OWN UNTOUCHED FOR OVER A WEEK BIG-SCREEN HDTV.

GREG (CONT'D)

I've been so busy. I never did the first thing my wife told me to do ... sit down and have a beer and watch TV.

Greg walks toward the TV, transfixed.

DENNIS
You mean, you think -

HUNTER
After all the places you looked -

Greg reaches for the remote, hits POWER before he looks up.

DENNIS GASPS. HUNTER AND HEATHER BOTH GLARE AT IT, LAUGHING AND SMILING. ISAAC LOOKS, AND HAS TO TURN AWAY IN DISGUST.

ISAAC
Dear sweet Lord -

DENNIS
Buddy, is that -

Dennis tilts his head, studying.

GREG LIFTS HIS HEAD TO LOOK, ON THE TV A STILL:

GREG'S OWN BARE ASS, as he bends over and is apparently kissing Jessica, who we cannot see except for her feet. It's a painfully disturbing image, but GREG SMILES EAR TO EAR.

GREG HITS EJECT SEES THE DISC MARKED "ANCIENT COINS LECTURE."

He turns and lifts it, in VICTORY. When he lowers it, the first person he sees is THE HAMMER.

THE HAMMER
Greg. I want to see that DVD.

ISAAC
What?

DENNIS
Excuse me?

GREG
You're not a client anymore. Which means that I can and will hit you.

THE HAMMER
From what I have heard everyone here has seen it. Has witnessed the sight of your wife debased in all her pixilated glory. I imagine you want your job back.

GREG

I do. But I want it because I know you and the account better than the others. Because I can come back to it and give you the service you need, either for Miles, or for my own agency if need be.

THE HAMMER

Don't be such a stuttering suburban troglodyte. Rise above the rest of these people, most of whom have apparently already seen it -

GREG

No, that was an accident. A mistake, I'd do anything to take back. But to do it on purpose, no, I couldn't do that ... I wouldn't do that for anything!

ISAAC

Greg, punch him in the mouth!

DENNIS

No, man. Just put it in and push play. This is your life back, your whole life!

HEATHER

He's a sleazeball!

HUNTER

Heather's right, don't give in!

Greg holds up his hands to stop them. Turns to the Hammer.

GREG

The answer is no. Now why don't you go ahead and exit. Hammer.

THE HAMMER

As your delightful American personality says, is that your final answer?

GREG

That's out-dated. If you mock us, mock us with better references.

THE HAMMER

You would rather throw me out on principle than have your job back for one slight moral infraction?

GREG

I love my job. But I love my wife
and my family more.

Greg turns away.

THE HAMMER

Greg. You are an excellent
executive. Bring that passion to my
account, and it will always be your
account.

Greg's eyes light up, he can't believe it.

Greg turns, man-hugs Dennis. Heather and Hunter going at it.
Isaac high-fives Albert. The Hammer waves his goodbye and is
gone out the door. Greg faces the crowd, sees Dennis KISSING
A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ON THE LIPS.

GREG

Dennis! Didn't you learn anything?
Don't you see that the bottom line
is we all have to learn to love
what we have?

DENNIS

(off the beautiful woman)
Greg, I'd like you to meet Mrs.
Sanschagrin.

Greg is shocked. She's a total knock-out, maybe 15 years
younger than Dennis and stacked.

MRS. SANSCHAGRIN

So nice to meet you, Greg. I've
heard so much about you.

GREG

Without regret ...

CUT TO:

EXT. CRUISE SHIP DOCKS - SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Greg and Isaac walk the docks, along with numerous other WELL-
WISHERS AND FAMILY MEMBERS who've come to greet the ship.

THE CRUISE SHIP PULLS TO THE DOCK.

Greg and Isaac together, looking, anticipating, and then
WAVING AS JESSICA, BEVERLY, ELLA AND MAX COME INTO VIEW ON
THE DECK. Waving at them among hundreds of others.

Greg and Isaac are so excited they HUG.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP - CONTINUOUS

Jessica and Beverly look at each other, shocked by the HUG.

EXT. CRUISE SHIP DOCKS - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Beverly is further shocked when Isaac hugs her tight.

Greg bends down to greet the kids, huge hugs from each of them. They wear cartoon cruise hats, t-shirts, badges, and hold bags laden with souvenirs.

ELLA

We brought you something, daddy!

GREG

I got everything I need right here.

MAX

Can I have your chocolate bar then?

GREG

No!

Greg rises, face to face with Jessica. Takes her in his arms.

GREG (CONT'D)

You look even prettier than the last time I saw you.

JESSICA

That was only nine days ago!

GREG

Nine days. But also seven years ...

Jessica BLUSHES, Greg kisses her.

ELLA

Not while people are watching!

Greg pulls himself away, catches Isaac eyeing him.

ISAAC

Not while people are watching!

ELLA

See, Grandpa knows the rules.

They walk off the deck, one big happy family.

BEVERLY

He'd better know the rules. Grandpa knows if he did anything wrong while I was gone, I'll catch him.

ISAAC

Grandpa's way too smart for that.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

The kids are off playing. Greg slides in behind Jessica, who's sifting through the MAIL. Greg REVEALS the DVD.

GREG

Would you like to do the honors?

JESSICA

That was your job, while I was gone.

Greg lifts scissors to it.

GREG

Sure you don't want a peek?

JESSICA

Is it ... good? Is it going to freak me out?

GREG

When I finally got to see it, it made me feel so much better.

JESSICA

No, go ahead. I'll stick with the memory.

Greg CEREMONIOUSLY CUTS THE DVD, Jessica opens an ENVELOPE.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

What're we getting from the State?
Did you get another traffic ticket?

Greg's EYES WIDEN. JESSICA OPENS THE ENVELOPE, REVEALING:

The red-light camera photo of Greg, seated alongside ATHENA, as they are in a HEATED ARGUMENT, like a lovers quarrel.

GREG

I can explain.

FADE OUT.

OVER THE END CREDITS:

Superimpose: FRIDAY

WE SEE ISAAC in his front yard, the sexy 50-something NEIGHBOR next door FLIRTING WITH HIM. Undoing a button.

Superimpose: SATURDAY

WE SEE ISAAC, in a computer store, a flirty 40-something smiling at him as he pays with his gold card.

Superimpose: SUNDAY

WE SEE ISAAC, in the same computer store, same gold card, this time getting handed a NUMBER.

Superimpose: MONDAY

WE SEE ISAAC and the COMPUTER STORE LADY, at a CLUB way too young for them. We see them take ECSTACY.

We see Isaac and the Computer Store Lady grinding on a staircase, much younger people stepping over them.

Superimpose: TUESDAY

WE SEE ISAAC and Computer Store Lady having a furious argument outside a coffee house.

Superimpose: WEDNESDAY

WE SEE ISAAC, at the same CLUB, buying two beautiful 20-something women drinks.

Superimpose: THURSDAY MORNING

WE SEE ISAAC slip out of bed with the two women.

We see Isaac and one of the women, the one he got thrown off the plane with, slipping out to his car.

We see Isaac and the woman in an airport bar, smashed.

We see Isaac and the young woman, cautioned by TSA Authorities as they fool around in a bathroom stall.

We see Isaac and the young woman, IN A PLANE BATHROOM, as the door opens on her straddling him seated on the toilet seat. His look of shock and surprise and anger at being caught.

FADE OUT.