

She's Out of My League

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INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

A dozen or so shadowy people are seated in the darkened room. A slide projector dimly lights MR. FULLER, a crew-cutted Robert Stack type in a suit, as he addresses the group. The current slide is a still from a security video of a blurry figure - it could be any of about a billion people.

FULLER

...So, let's keep a steely eye out for this bastard. (THEN) Before we dismiss, this is your monthly reminder of why we're here.

Fuller advances to a slide of the American flag. Close on one of the group - a heavysset bald man in his mid-thirties. He politely pays close attention to the presentation.

FULLER (CONT'D)

The American people want to travel. (Slide: Family in front of a fake dinosaur) They want to attend baseball contests (Slide: Fat guys spilling beers as they go for a foul ball) and popular music concerts. (Slide: John Tesh)

Close on another face in the group. A doughy man with three-day scruff and a trendily long haircut. He looks bored, rolling his eyes at the speech.

FULLER (CONT'D)

They want to be happy. (Slide: People line dancing) But, Security comes first. (Slide: Army soldier with a massive machine gun guards a playground) Without security there can be no happy. You are America's front line in the global war on terror. Let's hit the trenches and let's be careful out there. (Slide: TSA logo)

The lights come up and as the group files out we get a better look at their uniforms. The TSA agents move out into the...

INT. AIRPORT - SECURITY CHECK POINT - DAY

The agents take their places, manning the screening equipment. We push in on the bald man as he takes up his post next to the walk-through metal detector. This is KIRK KETTNER. He is not a looker. His uniform only serves to highlight his least attractive features but his eyes and demeanor are pleasant and kind.

The scruffy agent is STAINER. He stands at the x-ray monitor. As the bags begin to move through, he does not pay any attention, rather he hands Kirk a flyer.

STAINER
Kirk, bro. Tonight?

INSERT: The flyer reads, "Wheel in the Sky - a Tribute to Journey at Club Vertigo - Every Tuesday Night!" Stainer is pictured wearing a massive afro in the band photo.

KIRK
I don't know, Stainer.

STAINER
Dude, you never come see us anymore. It's been like four months. Time to forget about Marnie and get back on the whores.

Stainer does a sex dance that makes everyone uncomfortable. Fuller shoots a stern look from his office.

KIRK
It's not that. It's my Grandma. I'll probably be at the hospital for the next few nights.

STAINER
Oh, shit. I spaced that. How's she doing?

KIRK
She's hanging in there but it doesn't look good.

STAINER
Dude, I'm sorry. She's a great lady. That sucks.

A Middle-Eastern man in a cowboy hat is next in line. Mr. Fuller appears behind Kirk, taps his shoulder and subtly motions to the Arab. Kirk smiles at the potential terrorist.

KIRK
Hey there, Habib.

HABIB
(perfect English with a southern accent)
Howdy Kirk. Lemme guess; I been flagged for a random search.

KIRK

Yeah, sorry. I'll get you out of here quick. You off to Boston again?

HABIB

No, sir. Pediatric convention in Delaware.

Kirk opens Habib's bag.

HABIB (CONT'D)

Kirk, I know you're just doing your job but, for Pete's sake, ya'll know me.

KIRK

I'm sorry. It's just...

Kirk gestures to his boss as he zips the bag back up.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Okay, Habib, you're all set buddy. Have a good trip.

HABIB

Thanks Kirk. See you next time.

Fuller again appears behind Kirk.

HABIB (CONT'D)

(to fuller - now in a thick Arab accent)
Praise be to Allah.

FULLER

You think that's funny!? You wanna sit in first class or you wanna sit on my gloved and jellied finger!?

EXT. AIRPORT CURB - DAY

Follow a pair of perfect female legs as the woman's heels click along the sidewalk, suitcase rolling behind. Although we can't see the woman riding on these legs, we can see several men stare as she passes by on her way into...

INT. AIRPORT TICKETING

More stares from more men and even a few women as we follow the legs to the check-in line. The legs glide to the front and stop to wait for the next available ticket agent.

From the slightly upward angle, we see two young male ticket agents. (One on each side of the legs.) One is black and one white; each are dealing with customers. They simultaneously notice our woman. They suspiciously eye one another and the race is on. Each agent begins typing furiously to expedite their current customer in the hope of waiting on her next.

Angle on the WHITE AGENT as he waits on a yuppie couple.

WHITE AGENT

(rushed)

Okay, how many bags are you checking? Any bags!?

YUPPIE MAN

Is this one too big to carry on?

WHITE AGENT

No. Carry it on. Good call.

YUPPIE WOMAN

Grant, you don't want to lug that thing all over the airport.

The agent leans back and issues a bothered sigh. He looks to his right to check the progress of the BLACK AGENT, who is waiting on an old Asian woman.

BLACK AGENT

(rushed)

Did you pack your bags yourself?

The Asian woman obviously did not understand a word of the question but she smiles and nods along.

ASIAN WOMAN

Yes.

BLACK AGENT

Has anyone unknown to you asked you to carry anything onto your flight?

More smiles and blank nods.

ASIAN WOMAN

Yes.

BLACK AGENT

I think you mean NO.

WHITE AGENT

You can't do that!

BLACK AGENT

She doesn't know what the hell I'm talking about!

YUPPIE MAN

Where exactly is gate F5?

WHITE AGENT

Just past F4. Have a day now folks. Let's hustle it up.

ASIAN WOMAN

Sank you!

BLACK AGENT

No sweat. Keep it moving.

The Asian woman is not going anywhere. The black agent leans into her face and barks once like a dog. Her smile turns to fear as she backs away, ending the race in a dead tie.

BOTH AGENTS

Next!

Reverse to show the woman they were competing for. She is a classy, sophisticated, blonde around thirty. Drop dead beautiful. She is startled by the sudden call from both men. She laughs off her little scare and then randomly chooses the black agent. He shoots a smug victory grin over to his co-worker, who is being an overtly sore loser.

MOLLY

Hi, I'm booked on flight 94 to Burbank. Molly McCall.

BLACK AGENT

(trying way too hard)
California. Fantastic. So do you travel quite a bit?

The white agent moves to loiter around the black agent's station, just to get a better look at MOLLY.

WHITE AGENT

Hey Derek. You got the numbers on the (making it up as he goes) new, um, procedures for the, um, airport thing... regarding the, ah, planes? (to Molly) Whassup?

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Kirk is at his post.

Stainer works the next x-ray belt, where a young rocker type is running a guitar case through. Stainer stops the belt and moves it back to get a better look.

STAINER
Les Paul Classic re-issue?

ROCKER
(smug)
No, it's a sixty-five. Mint.

STAINER
Fuck you. No way.

The rocker boy looks at his watch as Stainer rolls the case through and pops it open.

ROCKER
Dude, I'm late for my flight.

STAINER
Sorry, I have to search this case for, you know, explosives and such. This thing is sweet!

Stainer takes the guitar out and starts riffing on it as the bins and bags pile up before him.

At Kirk's station, Molly (the blonde bombshell) is crossing through. Every guy who can see her has been struck dumb but Kirk banters with her like he would anyone else. No flirting or stammering - just friendly and relaxed.

KIRK
Morning.

MOLLY
Oh, hello again.

KIRK
Second trip in two days?

Molly is putting her laptop back in her bag.

MOLLY
Ugh. Yeah. It's just a short hop to L.A. but they've got me going back and forth three days in a row. This client is killing me.

KIRK
Well hang in there kiddo and I guess I'll see you tomorrow.

MOLLY

It's a date.

Molly's long legs carry her toward the gates as every man except Kirk watches. Fuller saunters up and nudges Kirk.

FULLER

Did'ja see that? Boy would I ever like to...you know...put my penis in her vagina. (wink)

Back at Stainer's station. As he puts the guitar back in its case, he scratches it on the corner of the x-ray machine. Stainer and rocker boy lock in shocked gazes.

ROCKER

What the hell!?

He grabs his guitar and inspects a wicked scratch.

STAINER

Dude, I am so sorry.

ROCKER

Sorry my ass! This thing is worth more than you make in a year, you clumsy motherfucker!

STAINER

Yeah, I bet it was but...

Stainer points to a white sign mounted in an acrylic stand.

STAINER (CONT'D)

"TSA is not responsible for items lost or damaged in the security screening process..."

Stainer flips the sign around to reveal a few more words handwritten on the back. He reads them aloud.

STAINER (CONT'D)

"...so fuck you."

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Kirk enters to find his MOTHER, an attractive old woman, sitting with a short, plain woman about Kirk's age.

KIRK

Hey Mom. Hey Marnie.

MRS. KETTNER

Oh, hi Sweetie.

Across the room, Kirk's father is speaking to a man who looks a bit like Kirk. The man is telling a funny story that cracks up MR. KETTNER. The two pretend to box for a moment.

KIRK

Who's that guy Dad's with?

MARNIE (the plain woman) stands and takes Kirk aside.

MARNIE

Kirk, you've been really great about your mom and I staying so close since we broke up but I know how much Grammy meant to you... Well, is it okay with you that I'm here?

KIRK

Sure. It's fine. (it's not)

MARNIE

Okay, good. Then can I introduce you to my new boyfriend?

She leads Kirk over to the man who is speaking with his father. They are laughing again.

MARNIE (CONT'D)

Ron, this is Kirk.

RON

Uh, oh - the ex. Awkward! (Ron and Mr. Kettner laugh) No! I'm just jack-assin' with you, pirate. Great to meet you. How you doing?

KIRK

I've been better.

RON

Right. Of course. I'm sorry about your grandmother. It's just so... Well, old people, you know, what are you gonna do?

KIRK

Yeah. Thanks.

Kirk's brother ERIC and his fiance DEBBIE enter from the hall. They are both in their late thirties and good-looking for trailer trash. Debbie is about seven months pregnant.

ERIC
 Little brother. Grammy wants to
 see you.

KIRK
 Okay. Well, I better get in there.

Eric and Debbie walk with Kirk down the hall.

ERIC
 Listen, I'm pretty sure she wants
 to discuss the will. She won't
 tell us dick, so we're kind of
 hoping you can grease the wheels.

KIRK
 Okay, but you know Grammy didn't
 have all that much. Once the
 hospital and... and the ah...

ERIC
 Yeah, yeah, the cremation and what
 not...

KIRK
 Well, it's not going to leave
 enough to get worked up over.

DEBBIE
 We've got a wedding to pay for,
 Kirk and...

ERIC
 Debbie, let me handle this. We've
 got a wedding to pay for, numbnuts,
 and you know Mom and Dad are going
 to Branson next month. Now you
 always been Grammy's favorite so
 we're counting on you to get in
 there and sort out what's what.

INT. HOSPITAL - GRAMMY'S ROOM

In a dimly lit hospital room, a very old woman lies in a bed. She is hooked up to an I.V. and several monitors. Kirk comes in and forces a smile. Grammy's voice is weak and shaky.

GRAMMY
 There you are Big Slick. Did you
 bring 'em?

KIRK
 Grammy, you really shouldn't...

GRAMMY

Just hand 'em over. I'm on death's door and you know it.

Kirk sits and reluctantly hands her a pack of cigarettes.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, for Christ's sake. Filters?

Grammy lights up a smoke and savors a long drag. Kirk tears up at how slightly his grandmother clings to life.

KIRK

I love you Grammy.

GRAMMY

Don't start that shit now. You're looking at one lucky old broad who's done a lot - skydiving, rollerderby, colored fellas. I got no complaints. So when the check comes I don't want any blubbering or bullshit outta you. Just enjoy your life like I did mine and raise a glass to your old Grammy once in a while.

Kirk hugs her and he cries a bit.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)

You know how much I love you Kirk.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Molly is coming through Kirk's lane again. Mr. Fuller steps in and stops her before she crosses through.

FULLER

Ma'am, could you please remove your jacket and shoes?

MOLLY

Oh, sure.

She does. Fuller is leering at her stellar body. She's about to go through when he stops her again.

FULLER

Why don't we go ahead and strip off that belt too while we're at it.

Molly takes an exasperated breath as she removes her belt. She starts to move through but again Fuller stops her with a raised palm. He then motions to her breasts and crotch.

FULLER (CONT'D)

Any piercings you'd like me to know about?

KIRK

Why don't you just come on through, ma'am, and we'll see if anything sets off the machine.

Molly steps through. The machine does not go off. She gathers her things and mouths a silent, "Thank You" to Kirk as she walks on. Fuller glares at Kirk but before he can say anything, RANDY, a young agent, calls out from the office.

RANDY

Kirk buddy! Phone call!

Kirk walks over to take the call.

FULLER

You best hope the terrorists are taking personal calls on the job too, mister!

Kirk takes the phone from Randy.

KIRK

This is Kirk Kettner.

Kirk's expression tells us that some sad news is coming in.

INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Kirk sits at a table with a cup of coffee. He opens his wallet and flips to a photo of a much younger Grammy and an eight-year-old Kirk in a casino. Grammy is smoking a cigarette and dealing blackjack while Kirk sits at the table.

Kirk tears up and puts his face in his hands.

Molly is passing. She sees Kirk and stops.

MOLLY

Oh Geeze. Please tell me I didn't get you in trouble back there.

KIRK

No, no. It's not that. I ah...I lost somebody today.

Molly sits down and puts her hand on his hand.

MOLLY

Oh my God. I'm so sorry. I know... I lost my grandmother a few months ago and I...

Kirk tears up again and so does Molly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Your grandmother too? And you were close? Oh, you poor thing.

Kirk tries to keep it together. Molly looks at the photo.

KIRK

She used to be a blackjack dealer at the Horseshoe. When I was little, she taught me and my friends how to play poker. Turned us into a bunch of eight-year-old degenerate gamblers.

They share a sad laugh.

KIRK (CONT'D)

So, your grandmother too, huh?

Molly removes a small clear-plastic booklet of photos from her bag and shows a picture of her grandmother.

MOLLY

My Grammy Keenan was ninety four but independent right to the end. She was always trying to cook for everyone. You couldn't stop her.

KIRK

Oh, God, I know. Grammy used to change her own oil. Right up until a few months ago. She was... Do you change your own oil?

MOLLY

(laughs)

No. I wouldn't know where to begin.

KIRK

I know, me neither. She could barley walk and I'd come over and find her lying under her Cadillac all covered in grease.

They share a laugh and Kirk is cheering up a bit. An announcement comes over the PA.

GATE AGENT
 ...final boarding call for United
 flight 94 to Burbank...

MOLLY
 Oh, geeze, that's me. I'm so sorry.

KIRK
 No, no. Go catch your flight.

Molly stands and offers her hand to Kirk.

MOLLY
 I'm Molly.

KIRK
 Kirk Kettner.

Molly squeezes Kirk's hand, grabs her bags and trots off toward her gate. A businessman near Kirk's table reaches over and gives him a playful chuck on the shoulder.

BUSINESSMAN
 Dead Grandma. (a nod and a cheek
 click) Nice one.

INT. AIRPORT GATE

Molly arrives at the gate just in time to make her flight.

INT. AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP

Kirk gathers his things and notices that Molly left her pictures on the table. He looks through them. In the last pouch are some business cards that read, "Molly McCall - Event Planner." Her cell number is on the card.

INT. AIRPLANE 737

Molly is sitting in a window seat. The flight is mostly empty. The two other seats in her row are unoccupied until a CREEPY BUSINESSMAN moves from the row behind her to the seat next to Molly. He casually smiles as though there is nothing odd about taking the center seat while the aisle seat (and many full rows) are open. Molly looks at the vacant seats and then at him as if to say, "You've got to be kidding."

CREEPY BUSINESSMAN
 How you doin'?

Molly's phone rings and she fumbles to answer it. A FEMALE PASSENGER sitting two rows back looks annoyed.

INTERCUT: AIRPLANE / AIRPORT COFFEE SHOP

MOLLY

Hello?

KIRK

Oh, hi. Molly McCall?

MOLLY

Who's calling please?

KIRK

It's Kirk... From the coffee shop. You left your pictures with me. If you tell me which gate you're at, I can run them right down to you.

MOLLY

Oh, no. I'm already on the plane and we're pushing back right now.

KIRK

Okay, well I'll leave them at the lost and found and when you get...

MOLLY

Oh geeze, some of those are my only prints. It would be such a huge favor if you could hold on to them for me. I'm coming back next week.

KIRK

Oh, sure. But how will I...

The female passenger hails the flight attendant.

FEMALE PASSENGER

She's talking on her phone.

The creepy businessman gives the woman the finger and then looks to Molly for approval. He doesn't get it.

MOLLY

I have your number in my phone. As soon as I get back I'll call you and arrange to pick them up, okay? Thank you so much, Kirk.

Molly turns off her phone and holds it up for the flight attendant to see.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Thanks. I'm really sorry.

CREEPY BUSINESSMAN

You believe these pricks? So, what do you do?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. VERTIGO CLUB - NIGHT

Kirk comes in and stops at the bar to order a beer. Two men are waving to him from a table near the stage. Kirk gets his bottle and snakes through the crowd toward his friends.

On stage, Stainer (in his afro wig) plays guitar as his band finishes the last chorus of "Lovin', Touchin' Squeezin'."

STAINER

Thank you! We're going to take a little breakski but we'll be back in a few minutes to do Frontiers.

The band turns to put down their instruments and the house music kicks in.

Kirk arrives where his friends are standing at a high bar table. DEVON looks like Howdy Doody at 33. JACK is good-looking and dressed semi-hipster. Devon gives Kirk a hug.

DEVON

Hey Kirk. How you been holdin' up?

KIRK

It's been a rough week but, you know, all of the services and family stuff keep you pretty busy... I really miss her, though.

Jack hugs Kirk as well.

JACK

She sounded like a hell of a lady.

STAINER (O.S.)

Oh, fuck yeah! Kirk's Grandma was the shit.

Stainer arrives, hugs Kirk and gives him a kiss on the head.

STAINER (CONT'D)

She's with God now, buddy - and you just know she's bustin' his balls.

Kirk laughs and Stainer raises his glass.

STAINER (CONT'D)

To Stella!

The guys all raise their glasses and take a drink. This is just what Grammy wanted and it's cheering Kirk up.

Kirk's cell phone rings. He has to talk loud over the music.

KIRK

Hello?... Oh, Hi. I'm sorry I can barely hear you. I'm at a club and.... Club Vertigo? Oh, yeah - it's right down the street from there... Okay, sounds good.

Kirk hangs up.

JACK

What was that all about?

KIRK

Nothing, just a passenger. She accidentally left something with me. She's going to stop in and pick it up I guess.

DEVON

She's coming here? She a cute gal?

KIRK

Very.

STAINER

Well alright dude! That's a leave-behind. She digs you!

KIRK

No she doesn't. Trust me.

STAINER

She does a leave behind and then just happens to be in the neighborhood? She practically has her hands in your pants.

KIRK

No, seriously - it's nothing. She's way out of my league.

STAINER

Dude, you said Marnie was out of your league and let's face it, Marnie's kinda nasty.

Marnie is standing behind Stainer. He doesn't miss a beat.

STAINER (CONT'D)
...Marnie...don't you think Marnie
Tomkins is kind of nasty?

MARNIE
I don't know who that is.

STAINER
Oh, you don't know Marnie Tomkins?
She's just this girl. I thought you
knew her. Anyway, she's pretty nasty
looking... but you're looking good.

MARNIE
Kirk, I'm sorry about Grammy.

The guys slink away to give Kirk and Marnie some privacy.

MARNIE (CONT'D)
I realize she was never that crazy
about me but I know how much you
loved her and I hope you're okay.

KIRK
Thanks. Thanks, I'll be alright.

MARNIE
Listen, are you going to Branson
with your folks next month?

KIRK
No. It's not really my thing.

MARNIE
What's wrong with Branson? You too
good for Branson now?

KIRK
No. Branson's...awesome.

MARNIE
Well, your mom invited Ron and I
along. We'd love to go but not if
it's going to be weird for you.

Kirk considers this. It will be weird.

MARNIE (CONT'D)
...I mean the tickets are non-
refundable but it's up to you.

Stainer overhears this and groans out loud.

KIRK

No. You should go. I'm sure
you'll have a great time. Totally.

Marnie hugs Kirk. This makes him uncomfortable.

MARNIE

Kirk, I'm sorry about what happened
with us. You're going to make
someone very happy someday, but you
have to get over me first, okay?
Is it a deal?

Marnie hugs him again and then departs.

STAINER

She's going to Branson with your
fucking parents? And bringing her
new fucking boyfriend!?

KIRK

Yeah. He seems like a good guy,
though. He's an entrepreneur.

Across the room they see Marnie return to Ron with a hug.

JACK

Entrepreneur? Kirk, I know that
guy. He owns a Pizza Hut.

KIRK

So? That's a business.

STAINER

It's not even a real Pizza Hut.
It's one of those strip-mall take-
out ones. They don't even have
chicken wings. The guy's a fuckin'
douche bag.

KIRK

He's got more going on than I do.
That's all I'm saying.

STAINER

Dude, you can do a hell of a lot
better than her.

DEVON

One door closes, another door opens.

STAINER

Fuck you Devon, that doesn't even make any sense. But take this broad that's coming here tonight - I got a feeling about her. You're gonna get on that.

JACK

Absolutely. Visualize it.

KIRK

I appreciate what you guys are trying to do but, I'm telling you, I have zero chance with this one and I'm completely okay with that.

DEVON

That's defeatist thinking.

KIRK

No it isn't. It's just like saying I'll never go to the moon and I'm okay with that too.

STAINER

You're saying you don't want to go to the moon? That's bullshit.

KIRK

No. I'm saying that I never will go to the moon but I'm not going to get down about it because, you know - I never expected to.

STAINER

You don't know. Technology and shit. You might go to the moon.

Kirk waves to someone at the door. The guys look up.

The guys' POV: Molly is stepping toward them - dressed in a beautiful gown. They laugh the way you might laugh at a particularly brutal football tackle.

DEVON

Holy Frijole.

JACK

Oh shit. Yeah, you're right.

STAINER

Sorry, bro. You'll go to the moon before you'll hit that. No chance.

KIRK
I told you.

Molly arrives at their table.

MOLLY
Hey! There you are!

Molly hugs Kirk. From across the bar, Marnie takes notice.

KIRK
Here I am.

MOLLY
I'm sorry I'm so overdressed. I just came from a work thing. Are you doing okay with...everything?

KIRK
Oh, you know... Hey, these are my best friends - Jack, Devon and Stainer.

The guys' I.Q.s drop like stones as they shake her hand.

MOLLY
Stainer?

STAINER
Yeah, just a nickname. Doesn't really mean nothin'.

KIRK
Oh. Here's your pictures - all safe and sound.

Kirk hands Molly the pictures.

MOLLY
Thank you so much for taking care of them for me! I need to get some copies made. If I lost these...uugh.

KIRK
No trouble at all.

MOLLY
Hey, have you eaten yet?

KIRK
Um...

MOLLY

I was going to go grab a bite. Let me buy you dinner to pay you back.

KIRK

You don't have to pay me back.

MOLLY

I know. I want to. Come on! The place across the street has the best greasy burgers in town.

KIRK

A burger does sound good. (then to the guys) I'm going to just ah...

Molly waves goodbye and heads for the door. Kirk starts to follow but Stainer pulls him back for a quick huddle.

STAINER

Dude. It's cool that she's buying you dinner but do not get your hopes up about this one.

KIRK

Don't worry. Believe me, I know.

Kirk catches up with Molly. Marnie watches them exit.

A big guy has overheard this and leans over to Stainer.

BIG GUY

Good advice there friend. Your boy ain't got a prayer with that chick.

STAINER

You talking shit about my buddy!? 'Cause I'm giving out free fuckin' ambulance rides!

Big Guy assesses the crazy on Stainer's face and stands down.

STAINER (CONT'D)

Yeah, I didn't think so!

INT. BURGER JOINT - NIGHT

Kirk and Molly sit across from one another in a booth. The WAITER arrives.

WAITER

Start you off with something to drink ma'am?

MOLLY
I'll have a Bass.

WAITER
And for your... brother?

KIRK
What? Oh, I'm not her brother.

WAITER
Oh, I'm sorry. I just figured...

KIRK
You know what, a Bass sounds good.
Make that two.

WAITER
Great. Sorry.

The waiter exits.

KIRK
So... You know what I do, what
about you? Your card said event
planner. How'd you get into that?

MOLLY
Well, it wasn't the original plan.
I went to law school. Ended up at
a big firm but I hated it. Then,
they asked me to plan the Christmas
party. It was a big hit and a few
months later I was done with law.

KIRK
Wow.

MOLLY
I know. Pernicious career move,
right?

KIRK
Oh, I don't know what that word
means. What was it?

Close on Molly's smile. She finds Kirk's unabashed admission
very refreshing and endearing.

MOLLY
I'm sorry. Like, destructive or...

KIRK

Oh, okay. No, I don't think that's so perni...gious?

MOLLY

Pernicious.

KIRK

Good - new word. No, not pernicious at all. Not if you enjoy the work.

MOLLY

I really do. We do a lot of charity events and I get to work with some of the most amazing human beings on some really fun projects. Next month I'm doing a cancer benefit with Billy Joel.

KIRK

Wow. I love Billy Joel.

MOLLY

The only downside is I have to do a lot of public speaking and I've always struggled with stage fright.

KIRK

Oh man - That's my number one fear. I'm terrified of getting up in front of people. I'd rather get a Kentucky root canal.

Molly laughs. An older GOOD-LOOKING MAN steps up to the table and stands facing her with his back to Kirk.

GOOD-LOOKING MAN

Excuse me, I was just sitting over at the bar and I was wondering; has anyone told you today that you are absolutely stunning?

MOLLY

Are you seriously hitting on me right in front of my boyfriend?

He turns to Kirk and both men start to laugh.

GOOD-LOOKING MAN

This is your boyfriend?

KIRK

Oh, yeah right! (Catches Molly's unspoken instructions.) But, yeah. I'm her boyfriend, I guess, so...

GOOD-LOOKING MAN

Really? Wow. Well... sorry.

KIRK

Honest mistake.

The man gives Kirk a wink and wanders back to the bar.

MOLLY

Did you get a load of that hair-piece? What is it with men? I mean, look at you. You're bald and you're fine with it. A little dignity is all I'm saying. The toupees and plugs and the teen-dream sports cars... Oh geeze, I'm sorry. Do you drive a sports car?

KIRK

I drive a 94 Taurus. It's got AM/FM but I wouldn't call it a sports car per se.

Molly laughs and we hard cut through the following snippets of conversation as they eat, chat and laugh.

KIRK (CONT'D)

So here's this little old lady trying to go through security with six pounds of weed in her girdle!

Cut. The food is being served.

MOLLY

Oh, my God! I love that book!

Cut. The waitress is picking up the empty plates.

KIRK

So, a duck walks into a bar...

Cut. Molly is laughing while she's paying the bill.

MOLLY

Well, I've got an early morning. I should go. Thanks for coming along. This was really fun. And thanks again for helping me out.

KIRK

No, thank you for dinner. I feel bad that you won't let me...

MOLLY

Oh, stop it. Listen, I handle some of the charity events for the Coyotes and I've got some tickets for the hockey game tomorrow night. You interested?

Kirk is a bit taken aback and confused. Is she actually asking him out on a real date?

KIRK

(nervously)

Um, sure. Yeah, great. I mean, I'm free tomorrow night.

She digs two tickets out of her purse and hands them over.

MOLLY

Perfect. I hate to see them go to waste. There's two so maybe bring Stainer?

Kirk's expression is as much relief as disappointment.

KIRK

Oh, right. Thanks! Thank you.

EXT. HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT

Kirk and Stainer are on their way through security. A huge security guard runs a metal-detector wand over Stainer.

STAINER

Whatcha runnin' there a PX-235?

GUARD

I don't know sir.

STAINER

The two hundred series are dog shit. You couldn't find a bazooka with that thing. You should look into the new eight fifties.

GUARD

Can you keep it moving sir?

INT. HOCKEY ARENA

Kirk and Stainer arrive at the third row to find two open seats right next to the penalty box. To Kirk's surprise, in the next seat - Molly! Kirk elbows Stainer.

KIRK
Hey, it's Molly. She's here.

STAINER
(perplexed)
Huh.

MOLLY
Hey guys! You made it! Hooray!
Thanks for coming.

KIRK
Oh, yeah. Wouldn't miss it.

STAINER
Thanks for the sweet seats!

MOLLY
Guys, this is my best friend in the whole world, Patty. This is Kirk and, um, Stainer, right?

Patty is over 200 pounds with a pretty face and an edge that comes from a lifetime of taking crap from morons.

PATTY
Hey boys. Nice to meet you.

MOLLY
Patty's my assistant and my go-to gal. Whatever you need, she can make it happen on a moments notice.

PATTY
You need a cock-shaped cake with a cotton-candy bush delivered by four o'clock? I'm your connection.

MOLLY
Oh, and she likes to shock people so don't let her freak you out.

KIRK
How 'bout that. So, we're going to grab some beers. Can we bring you ladies anything? Beer? Nachos? Patty, cotton candy?

INT. HOCKEY ARENA CONCESSIONS AREA

Stainer and Kirk stand in the beer line.

STAINER

That's it. She's setting you up
with the fat chick.

KIRK

Ooohhh! Okay! Okay! That makes
sense, right!? When Molly was here
I was like, "what!?" But, okay!
Well, Patty seems cool. She's funny.

STAINER

Well, yeah, she has to be.

KIRK

What does that mean?

STAINER

Nothing. The fat chick seems
great. You never know, bro, that
fat chick could wind up being the
love of your life.

Kirk returns a look of annoyance.

STAINER (CONT'D)

Patty, I'm saying. Patty could be
the love of your life.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA

The game has started. Kirk, Stainer, Molly and Patty are cheering. The puck smacks the glass before them and another player skates up for it. As he mucks it from the edge, he looks up and sees Molly. He's distracted just long enough to get brutally checked face first into the glass. A penalty is called on the player who hit him. That player skates into the penalty box near Molly. The name on his jersey reads, "REESE." He speaks with a thick Canadian accent.

REESE

Hey Molly! Yer lookin' good, eh!

MOLLY

That was a bogus call, Bobby. Your
skates barely left the ice.

REESE

I know. What's that aboot, eh?

KIRK
 (nervously to Reese)
 Yeah, that ref is like a total
 blindo, man.

STAINER
 Blindo?

PATTY
 Kirk, Molly's sister is blind.

KIRK
 Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't mean...

MOLLY
 (not offended)
 Oh, I know. It's fine.

INT. BROADCAST BOOTH

The radio announcers are calling the game.

ANNOUNCER
 Forty Five seconds left on the
 Power Play and the Sharks are
 knocking at the door.

INT. HOCKEY ARENA

REESE
 So, after the game, you wanna party?

MOLLY
 You know my policy on players,
 Bobby. And you might have noticed
 we've already got dates.

The penalty ends and the ref opens the box but Reese is not
 paying attention.

REESE
 Come on, Molly. Just give me a
 chance, eh. I'm a great guy - ask
 any of these assholes.

The crowd is booing Reese.

MOLLY
 Reese, you'd better...

REESE
 You can't seriously be blowing me
 off for these two hosers.

STAINER

Hey! Fuck you Reese! You suck
this year anyway!

Reese raises his squirt bottle over the glass and squirts Stainer.

STAINER (CONT'D)

You dick!

Stainer is immediately on his feet, climbing the glass and trying to pummel the huge player. Security is on him in a flash and dragging him, kicking & swearing, out of the arena.

Reese wakes up and skates out of the box but it's too late. The Sharks score and the crowd revolts. A red-haired redneck woman, sitting two rows back, calls out to Molly and company.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN

You idiots just cost us a goal! I
hope you're happy!

PATTY

You'd better check that tone, Reba!
You do NOT want me comin' up there!

MOLLY

Patty! Stop it! I'll go see what
I can do about Stainer.

KIRK

No, this is my fault, I'll take
care of it.

MOLLY

No, it's okay. I know the head of
security. I'll be right back.

Molly exits and Patty sits back down next to Kirk.

KIRK

God, I'm really embarrassed.

PATTY

That's okay, if Reese did that to
me I'd have gone over the glass
too. But I would have landed a few
before they got me. Reese has been
all over Molly ever since she
dumped her boyfriend. I tell you,
that girl has nothing but trouble
when it comes to men.

KIRK

What? How is that even possible?
She's so...

PATTY

Tell me about it. I'm no lezbo but
sometimes she makes me want to
strap on - if know what I'm saying.

KIRK

Yeah. I think I do.

PATTY

It's a curse, looking like that.
Who has the balls to hit on her?
Just the most arrogant A-holes like
Reese out there.

KIRK

Yeah, I suppose.

PATTY

Listen, Molly brought me along
tonight because, you know, she
thought I might be 'interested.'

KIRK

Oh. Oh yeah?

PATTY

But, just for honesty's sake, I'm
not interested. No offense.

KIRK

No! Hey! None taken. I don't
blame you. I know I'm no Brad
Pitt. That's cool.

PATTY

What? You? No, I'm talking about
your pal, Stainer. I know he's your
friend but he seems like kind of a
dumbshit. (THEN) Wait. Why would
you think I was talking about you?

KIRK

I'm sorry. I didn't mean to assume
anything.

PATTY

Oh my God. You don't have a clue
do you? Molly's really into you.

KIRK
Oh, yeah right!

Kirk laughs hard until he realizes that Patty isn't laughing. Patty's nod says, "I'm serious."

KIRK (CONT'D)
But... why would...

PATTY
A knockout like Molly be interested
in a spud like you?

KIRK
Well, yeah.

PATTY
Got me. Again, no offense. But
listen, Kirk, your dream girl just
showed up. Try not to blow it.

Close on Kirk's terrified expression. The SOUND of a bowling ball demolishing ten pins...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - NIGHT

The place is crowded and classic rock is cranking. It's an old alley with overhead-projection score sheets. Kirk, Stainer and Devon sit and talk while Jack throws a strike.

DEVON
Atta boy Jackers!

STAINER
It doesn't add up, Kirk. If
Molly's so into you, why bring her
friend and give you two tickets?

KIRK
She was hoping to set Patty up with
you.

STAINER
Oh, great.

KIRK
It's okay, she wasn't interested.

STAINER
So you're saying the hottest babe
in the world wants you and the fat
chick isn't into me. Will you
listen to yourself? Fuck you.
(MORE)

STAINER (CONT'D)

What did Molly have to say about all this?

KIRK

I don't know, Stainer, somebody got thrown out of the game and I had to drive him home, remember?

DEVON

Pretty impressive catch, Kirky.

STAINER

There's no way. Don't get him all worked up. Her friend was fuckin' with him. Molly said herself that Patty loves to mess with people.

DEVON

Kirk, you deserve a gal like her. And Stainer, why don't you try to be a little more supportive.

STAINER

Why don't you try a little shut the fuck up, Devon. This week, we're not taking dating tips from the guy who met his wife in eighth grade.

JACK

Are we still bowling?

Stainer picks up a crappy, beat up ball from the ball return.

STAINER

All I'm saying is - she's just too hot. No judgement on Kirky, the guy's just outgunned here.

KIRK

I can't argue with him.

Stainer goes to the line. The BOWLER (a pro-type with a custom ball and glove) on the next lane is already standing about to roll. Stainer starts to step up.

BOWLER

Yo, house ball! I was up first.

STAINER

Oh for fucks... What is it with you people?

BOWLER

Just wait your turn.

STAINER

All this noise and bullshit in this place and I'm such a distraction over here in your god damned peripheral vision!?

KIRK

Okay Stains, take it easy.

The bowler stands glaring back.

STAINER

Well!? Fuckin' roll then!

The bowler takes another minute to set. Stainer lets out a long sigh. The bowler steps to the line and Stainer rushes into his own delivery. Both men throw gutters. The bowler comes at Stainer but their friends separate them.

BOWLER

You're lucky motherfucker!

STAINER

Oh yeah!? Bring it, Brunswick!

DEVON

Stainer! Cool your jets, buster.

The bowler's friends drag him away. Stainer takes a deep breath before he shifts right back into conversation mode.

STAINER

Okay. Anyway... I love Kirky but let's face it, the guy's a three.

DEVON

Stainer, that's just dirty pool. He's at least a four.

STAINER

You're outta your fuckin' mind - four! You go ahead and pump rainbows up his ass. I'm just being honest.

Stainer moves the score sheet and then writes a three on the glass. It projects onto the overhead scoreboard.

KIRK

I can live with three.

STAINER

He's a nice guy and he's funny.
Those are a half a point each.

Stainer continues the equation on the projector.

STAINER (CONT'D)

But he drives a shit box so we
gotta deduct a point for that.

DEVON

Kirk said she likes his Taurus.

STAINER

That's so fucked, I won't even
dignify it with a response. So
we're back to three. Meanwhile,
this Molly is a hard ten.

DEVON

A hard ten?

STAINER

Generally, if a broad is that hot
you can deduct a few points for dumb
or shallow but she went to law
school and her sister's blind.
That's a hard ten, friends, and that
is rare. A seven point disparity -
that's a chasm. The most you can
jump is two points. I can't even
get a ten.

JACK

Oh, not even you, huh?

STAINER

I'm a five, okay?

JACK

Bullshit. Then what am I?

STAINER

You're a seven and a half.

JACK

Fine, you're a five then.

STAINER

Okay, so I get a two point bump for
being in a band. That puts me at
seven. On a good day, most I can
bag is a niner.

KIRK
What about your shitty car?

STAINER
Artist exemption. I'm expected to have a shitty car.

JACK
Is there an artist exemption for being a jag-off?

STAINER
Fuckin' A there is.

KIRK
Stainer's right. Patty was probably just messing around. It's not a big deal. Let's just bowl.

DEVON
What about Rick Ocasek? Billy Joel, Donald Trump...

STAINER
Yeah, dumbass. Those are the wild-cards. Money and fame.

JACK
So, if he were a millionaire?

STAINER
A mil ain't what it once was, Jackie. Devon's practically a millionaire for Christ sake. A mil might get you an eight but to bring down a ten now days - two million minimum.

Stainer finishes the equation by writing, "Kirk = Fucked."
Kirk's phone rings. He checks the ID and his eyes go wide.

KIRK
(into the phone)
Hey, Molly... Um, yeah, sure...
No, that sounds good. Yeah, I know where that is. Um, okay, yeah...
see you then.

Kirk hangs up and gapes at his friends, who wait in suspense.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Holy crap. (dazed pause) She just asked me out for tomorrow night!

Kirk exchanges fives, fists, tips and hugs with Devon and Jack. Stainer shakes his head, still not buying it.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY MEN'S ROOM

Kirk runs into the otherwise empty restroom. He stares into the mirror and his smile fades into panic. He splashes water on his face. He reaches for a paper towel but the dispenser is empty.

KIRK

(to himself)

It's okay. Get it together. Guys do this all the time. You can do this. You can make it happen.

RANDOM MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(from inside a stall)

You better not be jerking off in the sink, man!

EXT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT - DAY

Kirk's Taurus pulls into a space. He climbs out and slams the door. As it closes, he reaches but too late. He looks through the window. The keys are hanging in the ignition.

INT. AIRPORT SHUTTLE BUS

WILLY, the Russian driver, is chipper and bubbly as he sings along with "I'm Like a Bird" on the radio. Kirk is knocked around by Willy's crazy driving. In the mirror, Willy notices Kirk's dazed expression.

WILLY

(thick accent)

Kirk! You look like someone made a second number in your breakfast cereal. You are doing okay, yes?

KIRK

You know what Willy. I honestly don't know how I'm doing.

WILLY

He does not know!

KIRK

I should be doing awesome but I don't know. Know what I mean?

WILLY

Nope!

KIRK
How are you?

WILLY
Perfect! Willy is having another
kick ass of a day.

Willy takes a hard left and some suitcases fall on Kirk.

INT. AIRPORT FOOD COURT - DAY

Kirk is picking up a coffee. As he walks on, he takes a sip. The lid comes off and hot coffee spills on his shirt.

STAINER (O.S.)
Way to go, Big Slick.

Stainer is now next to Kirk, who glares back at him as they walk across the food court.

A short, plain girl behind the Orange Julius counter gives them an apprehensive wave.

STAINER (CONT'D)
Oh, shit. Let's go this way.

Stainer returns an uncomfortable smile but then redirects their path away from her. Kirk waves.

KIRK
Who's that?

STAINER
Nobody. Just some chick I boned
once when I was drunk. You look
like shit, bro.

KIRK
Thanks. I had trouble sleeping
last night. This Molly thing... I
don't want to want this, you know?
It just seems too good to be true.
I just don't get it.

STAINER
I know what you mean. There has to
be some explanation.

KIRK
I can't think of one. Not one that
makes any sense.

STAINER

Well, let's spitball it a little. You've got dick for money so she's no gold digger. Oohh! Did you ever see Double Indemnity?

KIRK

Please don't say she wants me to kill someone.

STAINER

Okay, then... maybe she's on a scavenger hunt. You know, like find a wagon wheel, a wiffle ball bat and a fat, bald TSA agent - that kind of thing.

Kirk is no longer responding.

STAINER (CONT'D)

Oh, shit, dude. Al Qaeda. Think about it. You're a TSA agent, she's a terrorist...

Kirk walks away.

EXT. OLD STRIP MALL - DAY

Kirk, still in his TSA uniform, walks past a large laundromat to a small storefront next door. The chipped and faded lettering on the glass reads, "Maury Hammerstein, Attorney At Law - Aggressive, Dynamic Representation Since 1942!" As Kirk reaches for the door, he notices a small hand-written sign, "I don't make change!" He goes inside.

INT. LAW OFFICE

Wood paneling, buzzing fluorescent lights and furniture the Salvation Army would sell only as firewood.

Eric and Debbie sit with Kirk's parents. There are two elderly women and another middle aged man in the room as well. Maury, who's about a hundred years old - cute and meek, fusses with an ancient VCR while smoking a cigarette.

Kirk sits down next to Eric. Kirk notices a free bank calender on Maury's desk - dated 1991.

ERIC

It's about time, numbnuts.

KIRK

I came right from work.

MR. KETTNER

Okay Maury - we're all here.

MAURY

Oh! You bet! You betcha! Okay, hi there Kirk. Firstly, let me just say how awful sorry I am. Stella was one heck of a gal and a real dish. Anyhow, let me just...

Maury gets the VCR going. "Wheel of Fortune" comes up on the screen.

MAURY (CONT'D)

Oh mercy. I didn't tape over her with The Wheel did I?

The picture goes to snow and then stutters into a shot of Grammy sitting in her kitchen. She has just clicked the video camera on with a remote control.

MAURY (CONT'D)

Oh, good. There she is.

GRAMMY

Testing. One, two, three, four. Oh, this God damned thing!

She gets up and fusses with the camera.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)

Jap piece of shit! Is it on!?

Cutaway to Kirk tearing up. Grammy sits back down.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, my name is Stella Edith Dakin and if you're watching this, I'm dead as a doorknob and I ain't spent all my money yet. I got shit to do today so I'm going to get right to it. This is my last will and testament and if you miss anything the old Jew's got the paperwork. Okay, here's the deal...

Everyone besides Kirk leans in, excited to hear what they might get. A phone rings. Maury looks around but the ringing is coming from the TV. Grammy answers the phone.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)

Hello? I'm kind of busy right now
Eric... Oh, for God's sake, boy!
How can you be sure it's even
yours? It could be practically
anybody's!... No, I'm not paying
for that!... Well, then I guess
you're going to be a daddy.
Congratulations, now I gotta go!

She hangs up, puts on her glasses and lights up a smoke.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)

Anyway! I love all of you, despite
some of the shit you pulled, but I
spent my life a gambler and I always
put my money on the best bet. The
odds of any of you fish doing
anything worthwhile with my stack
are slim to none. So old Grammy's
going all in on Big Slick.

Everyone looks at Kirk who is stunned.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you, Kirk. Don't let
your old Grammy down. Do something
good with it.

She blows a kiss, lifts the remote and aims it at the camera.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, for Christ sakes!

She throws the remote at the lens. The picture goes to snow.

ERIC

So Kirk gets it all!? That is
bullshit!

KIRK

Eric, it can't be much.

ERIC

Well!?

Maury digs into his desk and pulls out a mess of papers. He
dons a pair of glasses that make his eyes look gigantic.

MAURY

Let's see here... Looks like she
had herself six G's in savings.

(MORE)

MAURY (CONT'D)

Um, another three grand in bonds,
give or take. Her life insurance
will pay pert-near seventy grand.

He adds this up on an old adding machine (the kind with the hand crank) and writes \$77,800 on a chalk board, which is mounted on the wall behind him.

ERIC

She left him eighty grand!?

MAURY

Most of Stella's retirement home expenses were covered by her reverse mortgage. But, figure in thirty thousand still due to Arborwood Village. She racked up forty-seven thousand in medical bills. And my fee, of course, which now stands at two thousand and change - which is real reasonable, folks.

He writes "Liabilities = \$79,000 Total -\$1,200."

ERIC

So Kirk owes money!? HA! Shit,
man! That is God damn hilarious!

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The upscale restaurant is crowded. Kirk and Molly are eating at a small table. Kirk is not relaxed like he had been the last time they ate together. He is sweating and trying to remain cool. The Maitre d is eyeing them suspiciously.

MOLLY

But, you can't legally be held responsible for her debt. What kind of hack is this attorney?

KIRK

It's okay. I had it in savings.

The waiter brings a drink to Molly.

WAITER

(French accent)

Madame. From ze gentleman in ze grey suit.

From his table, a good looking man smiles and raises a drink to Molly. She nods back - polite but annoyed.

KIRK

Anyway... Grammy hated owing anyone money. I'm afraid she couldn't rest if she wasn't square with the house. It's the least I can do. She practically raised me.

MOLLY

You're a good man, Kirk.

Molly smiles and takes his hands. The maitre d is watching and getting angry. The waiter returns with another drink.

WAITER

From ze gentleman in ze purple tie.

Another guy raises his glass to her from the bar. Molly is getting irritated. Kirk is feeling smaller every minute.

MOLLY

Listen, no more drinks. Please.

WAITER

Of course. No more drinks, madame.

MOLLY

I'm sorry. This happens sometimes.

KIRK

Yeah, I get that a lot too. I'm sure the next one will be for me.

Molly laughs. The best looking man Kirk has ever seen walks up to the table. He and Molly hug.

MOLLY

Oh, my gosh! Talon! I didn't realize you were in town already.

TALON

I just flew in this morning.

MOLLY

Kirk, this is Talon. This is my good friend, Kirk.

TALON

Great to meet you, sir.

Talon gives Kirk a winning handshake, complete with wink.

TALON (CONT'D)

So, do we have you for our Disabled Angels Program again this year?

MOLLY

Wouldn't miss it.

TALON

That's fantastic. (to Kirk) Mol is always a big hit with the kids.

MOLLY

Please. You're the one the kids go crazy for.

KIRK

So you two work together?

MOLLY

Only once a year. Talon is our charity liaison at the air show.

TALON

And?

MOLLY

And my ex-boyfriend.

Kirk starts to choke. He grabs his water glass and takes a swig but the ice collapses and the water pours all over him.

KIRK

Oh, boy. I guess I better...

Kirk heads off to the bathroom, muttering to himself.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Stupid. Stupid. Stupid.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT MEN'S ROOM

Kirk is drying his shirt. A man is still zipping up as he takes the next sink. Before washing, he offers a handshake.

MAX

Excuse me. My name is Max Fleming.
I'm a financial planner.

Kirk takes the handshake reluctantly and then gets a business card. Max then starts to wash up - so does Kirk.

KIRK

Oh, Hi.

MAX

Please forgive me but I'm curious.
Who manages your portfolio?

KIRK

My portfolio? I don't really...

Max takes the last paper towel - forcing Kirk to drip dry.

MAX

It's okay if you'd rather not say. I
admit that selling my services in a
men's room is a tad aggressive but
isn't that what a man of your means
requires in his financial planner?

KIRK

My means.

MAX

Judging by the company you're
keeping, I'd say that you're making
a handsome living. I can help you
do even better.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT RESTROOM HALL

Kirk exits reading Max's card - somewhat bewildered. The
Maitre d stops Kirk and speaks in a French accent.

MAITRE D

Excusez-moi Monsieur. Might I have
a word?

KIRK

Oh, sure. Is everything all right?

The Maitre d looks around and then leans in and speaks
quietly - now without the French accent.

MAITRE D

My kids eat here. My mother's here
right now you son of a bitch.

KIRK

Okay. Did I...

MAITRE D

Look, I can appreciate that this is
not some common street-walker.
You're obviously willing to pay for
the best but we can't have this
kind of thing at my place.

KIRK

What? I'm not paying anyone.
We're just on a date.

MAITRE D

You are on a date with *her*? What
am I an idiot? Now, I don't wish
to embarrass you, sir, or make a
scene. So, enjoy your dinner but,
be warned, do not ever bring
another professional into my place.
(louder and back into the French
accent) Tres bien Monsieur!

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT

When Kirk rounds the corner, he sees that Molly and Talon are still talking. Kirk hides behind a plant. Molly is beaming. She stands to hug Talon and kiss his cheek before he exits the restaurant. Kirk returns to the table.

KIRK

Oh, no. Did I miss Talon?

MOLLY

He had to go but he asked me tell
you how much he enjoyed meeting you.

KIRK

Yeah. Super. He, uh, seems like a
great guy.

MOLLY

He is. He's wonderful. I know, I
know - the blue eyes and the rock
hard abs, right? But he's really
so much more than that. A gallery
in New York just opened an exhibit
of his photography. He's a genius.

KIRK

(to the waiter)
Can we get the check?

WAITER

Madame, your bill has been covered
by ze woman in ze Raiders Jacket.

A butch woman in the bar raises a glass in Molly's direction.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - NIGHT

Molly and Kirk pull into a parking lot.

MOLLY

Oh my gosh! This is your apartment? I used to live in this neighborhood back in college.

KIRK

Yeah, I'm gonna move to a better place pretty soon.

MOLLY

We used to come to parties over here sometimes. Oooohh. Can I come up and see your place?

EXT. KIRK'S APARTMENT

It's Friday night and several college parties are raging in the complex. Kirk leads Molly up the stairs and down the balcony hall toward his door. They pass a few college students on the way; a couple making out, a guy vomiting in a bush. Two apartment windows are covered with tapestries of Bob Marley and a giant pot leaf.

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT

Kirk and Molly enter. The apartment is neat, clean and fairly sparse.

KIRK

It's not much, I know.

MOLLY

No, I like it!

Molly walks around and examines certain items. Kirk quietly hides a framed picture of Marnie. Molly passes his computer desk where she coos at a screensaver of baby polar bears. Just as she passes it, she bumps the mouse and the computer comes to life, revealing a "Hot Back-Door Asians" website. Molly didn't see it and Kirk scrambles to turn off the monitor. She turns to see what he's doing. He smiles. She moves on to a rack of DVDs.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Wow, we have a lot of the same DVDs. Life of Brian, Cool Hand Luke, Family Guy... Beaches, Kirk?

KIRK

What? It's a good movie.

MOLLY

I love that movie.

She spots a crate full of vinyl records.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Wow, records. No Way! Look at all this Cheap Trick!

KIRK

You like Cheap Trick?

MOLLY

Are you kidding? Heaven Tonight is the first album I ever owned! A hand-me-down from my big sister. She was the coolest person in the whole world.

She notices an upright piano in the corner.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

You play the piano?

KIRK

A little. My grandma taught me. It was kind of our thing. She was a great player. Ragtime, show tunes, that kind of thing. I'm really not very good.

She plops down on the couch.

MOLLY

Oh, I'll bet you're great. Play something for me.

KIRK

No, I can't really play in front of people.

MOLLY

What, the stage fright thing? Come on it's just me. Please?

KIRK

No, I really can't. Trust me, you're not missing anything.

Kirk decides to join her on the couch but then he balks into a little dance of almost sitting. He finally commits to sit.

MOLLY

So you've never played in front of anyone?

KIRK

Nope. Almost did once. A talent show in high school. I just sat up there drenched in sweat. I really thought I could do it but then I made my big mistake.

MOLLY

Let me guess. You looked at the audience.

KIRK

Yep. All these eyes on me. I'm shaking, my head is spinning, I'm trying to remember if I even play the piano... and then, I puked.

MOLLY

Right there on the stage?

KIRK

INTO the piano actually.

MOLLY

Shut up! You're lying! Why would you do that?

KIRK

It was a reflex. I was trying not to barf on the floor. Turns out it's a lot easier to clean puke off a stage than out of a baby grand.

MOLLY

Yeah, that has to be a real bitch. Oh, I shouldn't be laughing. You poor thing.

Molly brushes his hair back with her hand. Kirk is frozen with fear. Molly leans in. Kirk also leans in but not too far. Molly smiles, realizing that it's up to her to make this official. She takes him by the collar, reels him in and kisses him. They make out for a moment. Kirk is near panic but he does his best to keep it together.

KIRK

Sorry. I'm a little cotton-mouthed. I'm going to get a glass of water. How 'bout for you? Water? A nice glass of, you know...water?

MOLLY

Yeah. That sounds good.

Kirk steps away from her and disappears into...

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT KITCHEN

He pours a glass of water. He's about to return when he sees his reflection in the window. The boner under his khakis is not subtle. He looks down and starts to panic.

KIRK

Um... You want anything to eat?

MOLLY (O.S.)

No thanks.

Kirk opens the fridge and thrusts his pelvis in. He takes a few deep, calming breaths. He closes the fridge - still at full alert. Kirk searches the kitchen, his panic building. He grabs a Time Magazine. He flips through frantically. He turns to a bikini model in an ad, then a naked aboriginal women, then bare breasts in a breast cancer article.

KIRK

Oh come on!

He is sweating like crazy.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Can I give you a hand?

KIRK

No. I got it!

Kirk finally flips to a picture of Barbara Bush. He stares at it hard. His boner begins to retreat.

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT

MOLLY

Listen Kirk, I want you to know that I would really like to, you know, to be with you tonight.

KIRK (O.S.)

Really?

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT KITCHEN

The boner pops back up. Kirk silently mouths, "MOTHERFUCKER!" at his mischievous little man.

MOLLY (O.S.)

Well, sure. But... I just don't think I'm ready yet.

Kirk's reply is rushed with enthusiastic relief.

KIRK

Sure! Sure! Yeah! No problem!
Great! That's...that's great!
Ice!? You want some ice!?

MOLLY (O.S.)

Sure.

Kirk opens the freezer. He puts a few cubes in her water and then grabs a fistful and shoves his hand in his pants.

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT

Molly gets cozy on the couch and looks even sexier.

MOLLY

I mean, don't get me wrong. I want to! Believe me - getting naked and crazy sounds fantastic right now.

KIRK (O.S.)

Shit!

MOLLY

Are you okay?

KIRK (O.S.)

Yeah, fine.

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT KITCHEN

Kirk runs the water while he digs under the sink. He finds duct tape. He pulls some tape off the roll. It makes a loud noise that causes Molly to pause and Kirk to tense up. Kirk opens his pants and begins taping down the trouble-spot. He coughs hard to cover each subsequent tug of the tape roll.

MOLLY (O.S.)

I just think we should get to know each other first. I'm no prude. I mean, I'm pretty generous in bed. Once I trust a person, I like to experiment and get pretty wild.

KIRK

Oh, dear God.

MOLLY (O.S.)

But, I just need to feel safe first.

Kirk finishes taping up, zips his pants and checks his profile in the reflection from the window.

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT

Kirk returns with two glasses of water and no visible boner.

KIRK
Hey. I'm totally fine with that.

MOLLY
You're the best.

Kirk gives an "aw-shucks" head tilt. Molly stands.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay, well, I'd better go then.

They walk to the door. Molly leans in and they kiss a few moments more. Kirk winces as the tape is getting a little snug. She drops her keys and then goes down on one knee to retrieve them. Suddenly she starts coughing. She puts her fist over her mouth.

Kirk's POV: As her head and fist bob in front of his crotch.

Kirk winces again. She hears the tape start to give way. She looks up, slightly confused. Kirk looks around as though he's looking for the source of the sound. Molly stands.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
I had a really nice time. I'll call you tomorrow.

KIRK
Great!

Kirk opens the door for Molly.

EXT. KIRK'S APARTMENT

As Molly exits, she gives him one last kiss. Two studly male college students are playing foosball on their patio. They stop when one points out the hottie who's kissing Kirk. Molly trots off.

COLLEGE STUDENT #1
Damn, man! That chick is fine!

Kirk returns a cool "whassup" nod to the guys.

COLLEGE STUDENT #2
All right Mr. Kettner!

COLLEGE STUDENT #1
You wanna play some foos!?

KIRK
No thanks fellas.

Kirk beams from the attention as he goes back inside.

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT

He drifts over to his piano and sits down. The joy of what has just happened is plastered on his face. He launches into a furiously happy Jerry Lee Lewis style romp. Soon a neighbor is pounding on the wall. Kirk stops playing.

KIRK
Sorry, Mrs. Neusbaum!

Kirk continues his celebration, dancing around the apartment. He picks up the picture of Marnie and speaks to it.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Ron seems like a swell guy. I love
Pizza Hut. What? Who's this?
Why, this is my girlfriend, Molly.
Oh, don't be that way. Oh, there,
there, now. Here's a tissue.

He drops the picture and continues the dance.

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kirk lies in bed staring at the ceiling fan. The smile continues as he drifts off to sleep. Time lapses as Kirk sleeps and the sun comes up. Still smiling, his eyes open like a shot and he reaches for his phone - "No Missed Calls."

MONTAGE OVER MUSIC:

- 1) Kirk gets up and goes into the bathroom. He checks his gut and hairline in the mirror.
- 2) From under his bed, he pulls out a Total Gym still in the box. It is dusty, unopened and has a ribbon still attached along with a card that reads, "Happy Graduation - Love Mom and Dad." He sits in the living room bewildered as he reads the directions. The parts are spread out all over the floor. He works out on the machine but it soon violently collapses underneath him. He checks his phone. "No Missed Calls."
- 3) He throws away unhealthy snacks and treats from the cupboards.

He opens an untouched box of Healthy Bran and fills a bowl. He watches cartoons as he heaps sugar on the healthy cereal and then checks his phone. "No Missed Calls."

3) He surfs the web. He reads info on the Hair Club For Men site. He moves to Hot_or_Not.com. The first woman is very pretty. He rates her a seven, the next is also pretty and gets another seven, the next girl is very unattractive. Her score is three. Kirk feels bad for her and rates her a ten. He checks his phone. He moves on to "BackDoorAsians.com."

4) Kirk watches a Connery James Bond movie on TV. The lower third reads, "AMC's 24 Hours of Bond." No Missed Calls. The sun is setting and Bond is now Roger Moore - No Missed Calls. Kirk digs a box of Ding Dongs out of the trash and eats them as he watches. It's dark outside and Kirk is in bed watching Timothy Dalton - No Missed Calls. The morning light is creeping in as Pierce Brosnan does the driving and Kirk is still awake looking devastated - No Missed Calls.

5) Kirk is at a convenience store buying milk. He is a mess - tired, unshaven, wearing a frumpy sweatsuit. He passes the magazine rack and something catches his eye. It's a gorgeous picture of Molly on the cover of Phoenix Entrepreneur Magazine. Kirk holds up the magazine and then catches his own reflection in a mirror on a sunglasses rack.

6) Kirk is walking home. Every street sign, billboard and T-shirt he sees reads, "NO MISSED CALLS."

MUSIC FADES OUT

INT. KIRK'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

He stands in the shower sulking. He hears the phone ring in the next room. He jumps out, grabs a small towel and starts to dry off as he runs into the bedroom. He reaches the charger base but the phone is not there. He stands and listens hard to the ringing. He runs into the living room. Angle on the phone. It's hiding under a pillow on the couch. In the background, Kirk rushes around the room flipping up papers and magazines. The phone keeps ringing and Kirk's panic increases until he finally spots the phone. Kirk dives for it, losing his towel in the process.

KIRK
Hello!? Hello!?

STAINER (V.O.)
Took you long enough. What were you doing, taking a growler?

Kirk notices a woman on the landing outside behind him. She can see his ass through the window. He covers up.

KIRK
Sorry, Mrs. Nuesbaum.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SHOPPING DISTRICT - DAY

Kirk and Stainer come out of a record store and walk past the shops and restaurants. Kirk holds a stack of flyers for Stainer's band. As they walk, Kirk hands flyers to Stainer who posts them on walls and kiosks with a staple hammer.

STAINER
Kirk, it's a simple rule of life.
Look around. People are pretty
evenly matched.

Kirk and Stainer look at the couples that stand at the bus stop, sit in the outdoor cafes and walk down the sidewalk. Each couple is fairly closely matched - pretty with pretty, ugly with ugly, heavy with heavy, fit with fit.

KIRK
Yeah, but Stainer, she was the one
who asked me out. So, why...

STAINER
That first night, were you
intimidated by her?

KIRK
No, I didn't think I had a chance.

STAINER
Exactly. So you were relaxed and
funny. You were on.

Stainer posts several "Wheel in the Sky" flyers on a kiosk.

KIRK
So I gotta get back to that.

STAINER
That's just it, Kirky. Now that
she's opened the door, you can't
get back to that.

KIRK
So I'll have to fake it?

STAINER
Forget it. You can't fake that
far. A broad like her - she'll
smell that horseshit a mile away.

Kirk and Stainer enter a...

EXT. CAFE FRONT PATIO

...and take a table on the crowded patio.

STAINER

Can we get a couple of menus?
(then to Kirk) You eating?

KIRK

Maybe just a salad.

STAINER

Dude, one salad ain't going make up
for thirty years of chili dogs.

KIRK

I know. But I got dinner with my
folks later.

STAINER

Fun. Be sure and stab your brother
in the eye with a fork for me.

KIRK

Sorry, Eric's not coming tonight.

Kirk motions toward a mismatched couple (nerdy guy with
knockout girl) who pass Kirk and Stainer's table on their way
to the valet stand. Stainer rolls his eyes.

KIRK (CONT'D)

You know what - this is ridiculous.
I'm just going to call her.

STAINER

Fuck you are! Put that thing away.
You do not call her. Don't you get
it? Talon is back in town.

KIRK

No, she broke up with him.

STAINER

So, you're telling me you were
sitting there, a sweating,
quivering stutter-bucket and when
you came back from the can, Molly's
hugging a guy who's so good looking
you'd probably fuck him. What do
you think she's doing this weekend?

KIRK

So what am I supposed to do?

STAINER

What can you do? She hasn't called
- she's not going to.

KIRK

You're probably right.

STAINER

Just count yourself lucky. You got
to kiss a goddess and you got out
before she recalibrated your
hardware. A chick like that can
raise the bar too high and then
once she dumps you, nobody else
measures up.

KIRK

No, you're right. You know what -
it's good. It's better. I'm
actually relieved. You should have
seen this Talon guy. Man! All
I've been thinking about is having
to be naked in front of her. I
don't need that kind of pressure.

The valet pulls a red Ferrari up to the mismatched couple and
the nerdy guy opens the door for her. Stainer shakes his
head as if to say, "Was there even a doubt?"

Kirk's phone is sitting on the table - it rings. Kirk and
Stainer can see Molly's name on the caller ID.

STAINER

Don't do it!

The phone rings again. Kirk glances down at the phone.
Stainer keeps a stern eye on Kirk. RING! Close on Kirk's
eyes turning weak. RING! Close on Stainer's threatening
eyes. RING! Kirk gives up and looks away. Stainer's eyes
calm. Kirk snatches the phone but Stainer grabs Kirk's
wrist, pinning it to the table. RING!

KIRK

Cut it out!

STAINER

Let it go!

RING! Kirk reaches for the phone with his other hand but Stainer's free hand intercepts it and these arms flail around like battling snakes. Kirk presses the button to answer the call and, instead, moves his head down to the phone.

KIRK

Hello!?.... Oh, no problem! Yeah I was super busy yesterday anyway.

STAINER

Would you look at yourself?

Stainer lets go and Kirk sits up and backs away.

KIRK

Well, I have dinner with my folks tonight... Oh, I wouldn't want to subject you to them... Okay. If you want to. I can pick you up...

Kirk gives a confident smile and an "I told you she'd call" nod. Stainer crosses his arms and shakes his head.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Oh, sure. Well then let me call you back in a few minutes and I'll give you directions. Alrighty. Yeah. Buh-bye.

STAINER

Well, I guess you just solved that. An hour with your family and she'll file for a restraining order.

KIRK

No. Eric's not going to be there. It's going to be good. You might be wrong about Molly. She might...

Stainer spots a round little boy posting a "Lost Puppy" flyer over one of the ten he just posted on the kiosk.

STAINER

(to the boy)

Whoa! I don't think so Spanky! A little lower!

The boy instead posts it over a "Walk For a Cure" poster.

EXT. KIRK'S PARENTS' HOME - EVENING

Molly drives up and stops in front of a small home on a quaint residential street.

She climbs out of her car, checking the address on a small sheet of paper. She sees Kirk sitting on the front porch.

KIRK
You found it!

MOLLY
I had good directions!

She steps up the front walk toward Kirk, who points to a little yellow note taped to the front door.

KIRK
I'm sorry. My folks aren't back yet. We're locked out.

MOLLY
You don't have a key?

KIRK
No. My dad's kind of obsessed with home-security. Like someone's going to break in and steal his Reader's Digest collection.

A very old man wobbles out of the house next door with a beagle on a leash. The man struggles a bit with the dog.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Hi, Mr. Riley!

MR. RILEY
Well, howdy Kirk!

KIRK
Hey, what do say you take the night off and I'll take Noodle around the block for you? (to Molly) Are you up for a walk?

MOLLY
That sounds great.

MR. RILEY
Geeze Kirk, that's mighty nice.

Kirk jogs over to take the leash. Noodle jumps up on Kirk. He and Molly pet the excited dog.

KIRK
(baby talk)
Yes! Always happy to see you, pretty girl! Yes you are a pretty girl! Yes you are!

Molly takes note - animal lover - big points.

MR. RILEY

You're a good boy, Kirk.

KIRK

It's no trouble at all.

Molly and Kirk start down the sidewalk with Noodle. An old woman comes out of the next house with her dog on a leash.

OLD WOMAN

Honey!? Are you back in business!?

KIRK

(To Molly)

I had a little neighborhood dog-walking service when I was a kid .
(to the woman) No problem, Mrs. D,
we can take Norton along too!

Several soft-faded cuts as Kirk and Molly move through the neighborhood. Soon they have a third dog. Kirk points out landmarks as they talk and laugh. Now they have a fourth dog. Molly takes his arm.

The evening light is a bit dimmer as they give Noodle back to Mr. Riley. Kirk turns toward his parents' house. Now there's a car parked in the driveway and a jacked-up, knobby-tired pick-up parked out front. The truck has two bumper stickers ("One Nation Under GOD!" and "No Fat Chicks!") flanking a vanity license plate that reads, "ERIX-TOY." Kirk's shoulders slump at the sight of it.

KIRK (CONT'D)

Hey, you know what I'm thinking,
let's go get Chinese.

MOLLY

What are you talking about? I want
to meet your family.

They start toward the door. Molly's cell phone rings.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. It's Patty. I've
got to take this. Go ahead. I'll
be right in.

INT. KIRK'S PARENTS' HOME - EVENING

Kirk comes through the front door to find his father in the living room watching a hockey game.

KIRK

Hey dad.

MR. KETTNER

(without looking up)

Kirk.

MRS. KETTNER (O.S.)

Hi sweetie!

Eric steps out of the kitchen with three beers.

ERIC

Close the door, fucknut.

KIRK

Hey Eric. I thought you were hanging drywall tonight.

ERIC

Nah. Fuckin' Leroy fired me again. Like that dick never came to work with a little buzz on.

KIRK

Okay, listen, I brought a date tonight. I really like her. Please don't embarrass me in front of her. I'll do anything you want.

ERIC

I promise I won't mention her goiter.

Eric and Dad crack up.

A flushing sound and then Ron comes out of the bathroom. He's buckling up. Kirk's shoulders drop again.

RON

I did like you said Mr. K.

Eric tosses Ron and Mr. Kettner each a beer.

KIRK

Oh, hey Ron. So Marnie's here?

Marnie appears in the door of the kitchen. She's holding a corningware pot filled with mashed potatoes.

Molly finishes her call. She's up the front steps and Kirk lets her in. Eric, Ron and Mr. Kettner are stunned. Marnie drops the pot and it smashes on the floor in front of her.

Mrs. Kettner and Debbie rush out to see what Marnie is gaping at. Debbie (still pregnant) is immediately threatened by the way Eric is looking at Molly.

KIRK (CONT'D)
Everyone, this is Molly McCall.

Kirk's never seen his family so impressed. He can't hide his grin. Ron pops the cap off his beer and it overflows a bit.

INT. KIRK'S PARENTS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kirk, Molly, Mr. & Mrs. Kettner, Marnie, Ron and Debbie sit around the kitchen table and feast on a meatloaf dinner. Eric is at the fridge grabbing a beer. Marnie is angrily watching Ron whose eyes are all over Molly.

ERIC
You want another one Dad?

MR. KETTNER
You read my mind.

MRS. KETTNER
You two take it easy now. We have guests. (THEN) Eric honey, I'm sure if you apologize to Leroy, he'll take you back.

Eric returns to the table with the beers.

ERIC
Nah, fuck him. Anyways, Leroy ain't payin' shit ever since he trucked in all those spics from Fresno.

KIRK
Geeze Eric!

Ron looks offended and raises a palm to indicate that...

RON
I got this, Kirk. Eric, before you go bad-mouthin' a whole group of people, you should know that my grandmother on my father's side is from Fresno.

ERIC
Hey, I'm sorry. I didn't know.
(THEN) So, Molly. What do you do?

MOLLY
I'm an event planner.

ERIC

You see? That's using your head.
That's a business to get into.

MOLLY

Well, thank you Eric.

ERIC

Book a band, blow up a few balloons
and people pay out the ass for it.

KIRK

There's a little more to it than
that, Eric. Molly handles some big
events. She's even doing a benefit
with Billy Joel next month.

MOLLY

(playfully)

Actually, Eric's right. Just a few
balloons.

Molly smiles to reassure Kirk that she can handle herself.

RON

You know, Molly, I'm a business
owner myself. A little restaurant.

MARNIE

I wouldn't really call it a
restaurant, Ron.

RON

We serve food that people eat. So -
restaurant.

MARNIE

It's a Pizza Hut with no tables.
It's a take out place.

ERIC

So, Molly, me and Debbie here are
getting hitched. What do you get
for a wedding job?

Kirk raises his eyebrows into "please-behave-yourself" puppy
dog eyes. Eric shoots back an "oh whatever" sneer.

MOLLY

Hmmm. Honestly, I don't really do a
lot of weddings. I specialize more
in fund-raisers, corporate events,
that kind of thing.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Right now I'm working on the annual benefit for the Children's Cancer Center.

ERIC

But you've done weddings.

MOLLY

I've done a few.

ERIC

So, what do you get for one?

KIRK

Dad, could you...

DEBBIE

Don't get your panties in a wad, Kirk. He's just making conversation.

MOLLY

Geeze, there are so many factors that affect the cost of a wedding.

ERIC

We're looking at about two hundred people and we're gonna do this whole Nascar theme.

DEBBIE

I'm getting a kick-ass dress made out of actual checkered flags and Eric is going to be in an orange tux with a big Home Depot logo on the back and Tony Stewart's number 20 on the shoulders.

MOLLY

Oh, how fun!

ERIC

So what's the damage for supervising something like that?

KIRK

Eric, please.

ERIC

I'm just talkin' ballpark. I'm ain't gonna try and Jew her down.

MOLLY

Okay. Before expenses, my base fee for a non-charity event is fifteen thousand. So, I'd ballpark that somewhere around twenty-five grand.

ERIC

(stunned)

Fuck a duck.

For a moment everyone is chewing and there is a break in the conversation. Kirk is getting wound up tighter and tighter.

ERIC (CONT'D)

So you're making a comfortable living, you seem like you got your head together more or less and Christ, look at ya. What the hell you doing with numbnuts here?

MRS. KETTNER

Eric!

ERIC

Come on, Ma - we're all thinking it.

MRS. KETTNER

Molly, I'm so sorry.

MOLLY

No, it's fine. The truth is, Kirk and I are just getting to know one another but so far, I think he's decent, he's funny and... You know, when we first met, Kirk asked me in all sincerity if I knew how to do an oil change.

Eric, Ron and Mr. Kettner each let out a quick burst of "yeah right" laughter.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I know! And, you're right, I don't but... I just love that he asked.

A moment passes as they all process this. The women at the table all know exactly what Molly means. The men are simply confused.

ERIC

Funny? Kirk is funny? Tell us a joke there Sinbad.

MRS. KETTNER

(to Kirk) Well I hope you can hold onto this one pumpkin. (to Molly) When Marnie broke up with him he was devastated for months, the poor little guy.

Marnie looks up, surprised and touched by the comment. Kirk is mortified.

ERIC

No shit, when you dump him, he's liable to kill himself.

Kirk rubs his own head to keep it from exploding. Molly calms him with a hand on his back. This move isn't lost on Marnie.

INT. KIRK'S PARENTS' BATHROOM - LATER

Kirk splashes water on his face and then looks for a towel but can't find one. He's forced to use his sleeve. He is a wreck. He takes a deep breath and steps out into...

INT. KIRK'S PARENTS' HOME ENTRY HALL

...to find Marnie at the front door putting her coat on.

KIRK

Are you heading home?

MARNIE

Got to get home and let Peanut out. (she wipes some lint off of Kirk's shirt sleeve.) Kirk, you look really good.

KIRK

Thanks. You do too.

Marnie smiles a sad smile.

MARNIE

Ron! Let's go!

RON

I'm coming! It was really fantastic to meet you Molly. If you ever need a pizza...

Ron gives Molly a hug that makes Marnie as uncomfortable as it does Molly. He then passes Kirk as he crosses to the front door, carrying a pile of foiled over paper plates.

RON (CONT'D)
 Cripes Kirk! Crack a window in
 there pirate! HAAAAHA!

Ron and Marnie exit. Kirk walks back into...

INT. KIRK'S PARENTS' KITCHEN

Mrs. Kettner and Molly are cleaning up.

KIRK
 Molly, you don't have to do that.

MOLLY
 No, It's fine.

MRS. KETTNER
 You let us have some girl time.
 Take these downstairs to your dad.

She hands Kirk a bag of Fritos and shoes him through the
 basement door.

INT. KIRK'S PARENTS' BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kirk's father has built a tacky little basement bar decorated
 with neon beer signs and Eric's old trophies and ribbons.
 Mr. Kettner and Debbie sit at the bar and smoke as Eric
 stands behind the bar and serves them cocktails. Kirk comes
 down the basement stairs and joins them. The hockey game
 wrap-up highlights are running on a TV mounted above the bar.

KIRK
 So, what was the final score?

ERIC
 You think you're hot shit now? Is
 that it?

KIRK
 Look, Eric, you've had a lot to
 drink tonight and...

DEBBIE
 Don't tell him what to do. (to
 Eric) You're doing fine, baby.

ERIC
 You think you're better than me.
 Say it. Well take a look around,
 Big Slick. (re: trophies) Every
 one of these says Eric. First
 place! First Place! M.V.P.!

(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)

Winner! Winner! You think you're the winner now? Well forget it, man! I don't buy this for a second.

KIRK

(standing)

Well, it's been fun.

MR. KETTNER

Now don't be that way, boy. All your big brother is trying to say is that we're worried about you.

ERIC

You show up here with that piece of ass!? Either you're fucking with us or she's fucking with you so which is it?

KIRK

Look, I know she's a little out of my league but...

ERIC

A little!? Are you shitting me? Alright, alright! I think we can all agree that Debbie here is one wicked hot box.

Debbie smiles and squeezes Eric's hand. Mr. Kettner nods and raises his glass.

KIRK

She's um... very attractive.

ERIC

Yeah, and this Molly makes her look like a pig.

Debbie lets go of Eric's hand and storms upstairs.

ERIC (CONT'D)

You see? This girl of yours is already startin' shit. (Calling after Debbie) Come on baby! Kirk didn't mean nothing by that!

KIRK

Look, I don't know what's going on either but...

ERIC

I'm goin' upstairs and gettin' to the bottom of this.

KIRK

Eric! No!

ERIC

I think this gal is messing with my little brother and I'm not going to sit still for it.

KIRK

Eric! Okay! I know! I'm sure she's just slumming or something and it's all going to be over any minute but, Jesus Christ! She'll come to her senses without any help from you! She's up there with...

Kirk turns to point up the stairs. As he glances back, he finds Molly standing on the steps listening and frowning down at him. Before Kirk can get a word out, Molly storms out of the house. Kirk runs upstairs but she's in her car before he can get out the front door. Eric appears behind him.

ERIC

Way to go numbnuts. You should have let me handle it.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Kirk stands at work, searching Habib's bag and looking grouchy. Fuller monitors Kirk, arms crossed. Habib lets out a long irritated sigh.

KIRK

I know. I'm sorry, man.

Kirk hands the bag back to Habib and sends him on his way. Randy, another agent, hands Kirk a note.

INSERT: The note reads, "Kirk, We need to talk. I'm in the food court. -M."

Kirk sighs. Stainer is now reading over Kirk's shoulder.

STAINER

Well, I guess this is it. I'm surprised she even bothered.

INT. AIRPORT FOOD COURT

The food court is crowded. Kirk looks around for Molly but does not see her.

MARNIE (O.S.)
Good, you got my note.

Kirk turns to find Marnie sitting at a table working on a Burrito Supreme.

KIRK
Oh. Yeah. Hi.

MARNIE
I'm sorry to bug you at work but
this couldn't wait.

Kirk sits down.

MARNIE (CONT'D)
Kirk, I think I messed up. I see a
change in you and I like it. So, I
was thinking that we should
maybe... get back together. Just
to try it out, you know?

KIRK
Wow. I don't know, Marnie.

MARNIE
Why not? Please don't say it's
because of this Molly person.

KIRK
No, I think I already screwed that
up anyway.

MARNIE
Good. I was really worried about
you with her. She seems like kind
of a bitch.

KIRK
What? She is not.

MARNIE
Well, she acts like she's better
than everyone with her hybrid car
and her la-de-da charity work.

KIRK
She doesn't do that at all, Marnie.
You're just putting that on her.

MARNIE

Okay, maybe so. See? This is what I mean. You never argued with me before. You're really growing.

KIRK

What about Ron?

MARNIE

If you want to get back together, of course, I'll break up with Ron.

KIRK

You mean you're still with him?

MARNIE

I'm not going to risk being all alone just because you don't know what's good for you. Come on, Kirk. Deep down, you know where you belong.

KIRK

You're right, I think I do. Say hi to Ron for me.

Kirk stands and walks away.

EXT. AIR SHOW ENTRANCE - DAY

Kirk and Stainer are at the ticket gate. Kirk pays for his ticket but Stainer stands staring at him.

KIRK

What?

STAINER

This wasn't my idea. I ain't dropping twenty bucks to go in there. God-damned planes are in the sky. I can see 'em just fine from the parking lot for free.

Kirk begrudgingly buys Stainer a ticket.

EXT. AIR SHOW

Kirk and Stainer move through the crowd. Stainer now carries a corn dog, a giant soda and an armload of Air Show memorabilia, including an inflatable F/A-18 Hornet.

KIRK

She's working one of the kids' charities. I'm guessing they might be down by the rides.

STAINER

Whoa dude, check it out. The Blue Angels!

Five men in flight suits and aviator sunglasses strut through the crowd in slow motion. They exude masculine confidence.

STAINER (CONT'D)

Those are the coolest guys in the entire world. Think about it - George Clooney or Derek Jeter would trade places with those guys in a second. Can you imagine the sheer magnitude of puss those fuckers tag? I'm gonna get 'em to sign my Hornet!

Stainer runs toward them. He joins some kids and beautiful women who are already getting autographs.

Kirk spots Molly working a charity booth. He crosses to her. She turns to him with a this-better-be-good stance.

KIRK

Molly.

MOLLY

Kirk.

KIRK

I just wanted to apologize for last night... for my family.

MOLLY

Your family I can deal with.

KIRK

And for me... For what I said.

MOLLY

Do you really think I'm that shallow? You think I need to slum?

KIRK

No. I don't know what to think. You just have to understand that this is a new area for me. Believe it or not, I don't have gobs of experience with beautiful women.

MOLLY

Is that all I am to you?

KIRK

No, but I don't have much
experience with brilliant,
successful, wonderful women either.

This melts Molly a bit.

MOLLY

Kirk, this can't work if you put me
up on some kind of pedestal.

KIRK

It's not that I... Okay, look...
When I was a kid, we played a lot
of baseball in my neighborhood.
The worst part was picking teams
because I was always picked last.
Every time. Like they couldn't
start a friggin' game without first
establishing how much I sucked.
So, now you come along and make me
feel like the first pick. But...
what if I can't hit?

Molly softens and smiles.

MOLLY

You already got to first base.
Just keep your eye on the ball.

Kirk nods and smiles back. Molly steals a quick kiss.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Let me tie up a couple things and
I'll show you around the grounds.

KIRK

Sounds good.

Molly goes into a tent to speak to Patty. Kirk watches her
with a calm, relieved smile.

VOICE (O.S.)

Boy, she sure is something, huh?

Kirk turns toward the imposing Blue Angel pilot standing
behind him. The pilot removes his shades - it's Talon.

TALON
It's Kirk right? (firm handshake)
Excellent to see you again, sir.

KIRK
Oh, Talon. You're a Blue Angel?

TALON
Yes sir, a Naval Aviator.

KIRK
Perfect. Okay, I get it - Talon is
what - your call-sign?

TALON
No, it's my name.

KIRK
Then what's your call-sign?

TALON
Oh, I'd rather not say. It's
embarrassing. Just something the
guys gave me...

Talon puts his arm around Kirk and walks him away from the booth.

TALON (CONT'D)
Anyway listen Kirk, is it fair to
say that you and Mol are close?

KIRK
Yeah, I guess.

TALON
Well, I understand that fellas like
yourself tend to have uniquely
candid relationships with the women
they befriend. Am I right?

KIRK
Fellas like myself?

TALON
Don't get me wrong. I have no
problem with your lifestyle. What
grown men do in the privacy of
their homes is none of my concern.

KIRK
Talon, I'm not...

TALON

Hey, I'm in the Navy. I don't ask
and I don't expect you to tell.

Talon looks over his shoulder to confirm they are alone.

TALON (CONT'D)

Now, I don't know what Molly's told
you about me, but anything bad - I
deserve. I hurt that girl. I hurt
one of God's own angels and I've
regretted it every minute since.

KIRK

No. She speaks very highly...

TALON

God as my witness, I WILL make it
right. I WILL get her back. Can I
count on you to put in the good
word for me, Poncho?

KIRK

Um... Sure.

TALON

You're the man. Come here.

Talon embraces Kirk in a tight hug.

TALON (CONT'D)

There you go. Feel the tolerance.

Another Blue Angel calls over while signing Stainer's plane.

BLUE ANGEL #2

Yo! Foot-Long! We scramble in
ten.

TALON

Roger!

Talon finishes the long hug. He and the other Blue Angels
walk off in formation. Stainer rejoins Kirk.

KIRK

That was Talon.

STAINER

Who? The Blue Angel guy? (cracking
up) Duuuuude!

Molly joins them.

MONTAGE OVER LOUD CATCHY TUNE:

1) Kirk and Molly walk arm in arm through the air show crowd. Kirk's POV as every guy that passes checks her out. Close on Kirk's proud expression. The Blue Angels take flight. Close on the planes as they weave in and out of an intricate formation. A wider shot reveals that their jet trails spell out "MOLLY" inside a heart. Reverse to pan across Molly (worried about Kirk's reaction), Kirk (trying not to betray his insecurity) and Stainer (trying to hold back his laughter.)

2) Kirk and Molly in a crowded movie theatre. She squeezes his hand and he smiles back at her. Molly turns back to the screen and Kirk's smile quickly degrades into a dirty look. The shot widens to reveal who Kirk is glaring at - another man (also with a date) sits on Molly's opposite side and stares down at her cleavage. The man looks up to meet Kirk's gaze and smiles back. He offers Kirk a fist-tap behind Molly's head. Annoyed, Kirk doesn't tap back. Molly is oblivious to this exchange.

3) As Molly walks down a city sidewalk at night, Kirk has stopped to tie his shoe. When he trots after her to catch up, he is tackled by two cops.

COP

Nice try pervert!

Molly spins around, horrified.

COP (CONT'D)

It's okay ma'am. This fat tub of
shit was following you but we got
him.

Molly angrily grabs Kirk by the arm and frees him from the cop's grasp.

4) Kirk, in his TSA uniform, addresses a group of patients at the Children's Cancer Center. He demonstrates a metal detector wand. Molly sits with the kids who look bored out of their minds. Suddenly, the kids light up and Kirk feels he's making an impression until he realizes that Talon has come up behind him. Talon is dressed in his flight suit and carrying an arm-load of toy jets. The kids excitedly jump up and gather 'round Talon; some even hug him.

FADE MUSIC

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dressed up and wearing party hats, Kirk, Stainer, Devon, Jack and about thirty others stand in a small, classy restaurant.

The place is decorated with balloons and streamers. A huge banner reads, "HAPPY BIRTHDAY KATIE!"

STAINER

Seriously, what's with the banner?
She's blind, right? Seems like
they could have saved a few bucks
there.

Patty runs in.

PATTY

Here they come! Everybody hide!

STAINER

Is that really necessary?

KIRK

Stainer! Just hide.

They hide. Molly leads her sister, KATIE, into the restaurant. "Surprise!" Molly hugs Katie.

KIRK (CONT'D)

(to Stainer)

Still think she's Al Qaeda?

Stainer brushes off the comment. Molly waves Kirk over.

MOLLY

Katie, I'd like you to meet Kirk.

KATIE

It's so nice to meet you, I've
heard great things.

KIRK

Oh, thank you. Molly raves about
her big sister non-stop.

KATIE

May I?

Katie reaches out to feel Kirk's face. She's a bit perplexed by the result. Two blind teenaged boys approach.

BLIND TEEN

Mrs. McCall?

KATIE

Robert! Is Jerry with you?

JERRY

Yes, ma'am. Happy Birthday.

KATIE

It's so nice you came. (to Molly)
These are two of my star pupils,
Robert and Jerry. Boys, this is my
sister, Molly.

JERRY

It's nice to meet you.

They each feel Molly's face and then start elbowing one another like a couple of horny construction workers.

A cake is brought in as everyone sings an unrecognizable but uncopyrighted birthday song. Katie blows out her candles.

MOLLY

What's your wish, Katie?

KATIE

I wish Kirk would play the piano
for me.

Kirk's face drops. Molly kisses her sister on the forehead as she has obviously coached the response. Immediately Patty is behind Kirk, pushing him. Kirk tries to politely decline but now Katie has him by the hand and is leading him to the piano bench. Everyone applauds and cheers for him to play.

KIRK

Really. I can barely play.

KATIE

Come on, Kirk! For my birthday?

Kirk is sweating. He reaches for the keys but he is now white as a ghost. Molly watches in suspense, rethinking what she's done. Kirk's hands shake. He moves them around, hunting for a place to begin. The party-goers stare and the room gets quiet. Kirk puts his hand over his mouth as though he might vomit.

Molly presses play on a CD player behind the bar. Suddenly, a Cheap Trick song kicks in over the restaurant's sound system. Katie jumps up to dance with her friends.

Kirk gets up from the piano and tries to laugh it off. Talon appears behind him and puts a hand on his shoulder.

TALON

It's okay Kirk. You'll rock us
next time right chief?

KIRK

Oh, hey Talon. Thanks.

TALON

I'm glad you're here. I feel terrible about our little misunderstanding. I don't know what had me thinking you were a gay fella. Molly tells me you two have been seeing each other.

Patty passes between them and gives Talon a dirty look.

TALON (CONT'D)

She's got every right. I'd hate me too. (THEN) I want to congratulate you, Poncho. You're the better man. Now, I'll step aside and truly wish you the best of luck. I wouldn't wish losing that girl on my worst foe. But, make no mistake, you blow it and I'll be waiting in wings. Love and war, right chief?

Talon gives Kirk a respectful military salute. Kirk holds his forced confidence until Talon departs. Once alone, Kirk's poise deflates and he plops down into a chair.

The party goes on and Katie opens a small present.

MOLLY

Oh, it's a DVD.

KATIE

Who's this from?

Nobody claims it but Jack and Devon look at Stainer.

STAINER

What? It's closed captioned.

Patty and Kirk are sitting and talking at a table that is away from the group. Across the room, Talon raises a glass to them. Patty gives Talon the finger.

KIRK

What did he do?

PATTY

Listen, Molly would kill me if she knew I was telling you this but I'm trying to do you a favor.

KIRK

Okay.

PATTY

Molly has this physical...um issue. You know, kind of like a birth defect?

KIRK

Oh, my God.

PATTY

It's not a big deal but she's really self-conscious about it. Talon and some other guys she's dated have been weirded out and made her feel like a freak.

KIRK

What is it?

PATTY

It's better if she tells you but if you can't deal with it, just get lost now and don't put her through that heartbreak again.

KIRK

No, no. I wouldn't do that.

PATTY

Good. 'Cause if you do, it'll be your last conscious act... (she stands) Cake?

Patty heads off to get some cake. Kirk sits, considering this information. He looks at Molly. She is wearing a small black dress. She looks perfect in every way. Kirk crosses the room and walks out to the...

EXT. RESTAURANT FRONT SIDEWALK

He throws his hands up in the air and does a happy dance similar to the one he had done after their first kiss.

Stainer, Devon and Jack are around the corner as Stainer and Jack are smoking a bowl. Devon hears Kirk's celebration and peers around the corner. He waves the others over. The guys come around the front to join Kirk.

STAINER

Dude?

KIRK
(playfully chipper)
My friends! Whassup Bitches!

DEVON
What? What's going on?

KIRK
My troubles are over boys! It's
all going to work out! Check it
out - Molly has... Wait for it...

Kirk pauses for dramatic effect and then puts his thumbs up.

KIRK (CONT'D)
...a birth defect!

DEVON
Excuse me?

JACK
That's terrible.

KIRK
No. That's awesome! Don't you get
it?

DEVON
Ahhhh No.

STAINER
Sure, I get it. She needs a good
guy like Kirky 'cause the guys she
dates can't handle it, right?

KIRK
It sent Talon packing.

Kirk and Stainer high five. Jack and Devon look disturbed.

DEVON
Well, what's wrong with her?

KIRK
I don't know yet. Patty just said
she had a physical issue.

DEVON
Well that could be anything. Did
she say it was a birth defect?

KIRK
She said it was, "something like a
birth defect."

JACK
What if it's something really bad?

KIRK
I hope it is. I hope it's
something that would make most guys
run screaming. It won't matter to
me. I love her.

JACK
That's cool that you love her but
it's pretty fucked up to be rooting
for a harsh deformity.

DEVON
Oh, wow. What if this is Patty's way
of telling you that Molly is a man?

STAINER
Hey, if that chick has a dick, I'll
suck it!

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

Kirk and Molly are cleaning up after the party. Kirk is relaxed and in a fantastic mood. Patty gets her coat and hugs Molly before exiting. Molly sheepishly approaches Kirk.

MOLLY
Kirk, I'm so sorry about the piano
thing. It was stupid of me.

KIRK
No. I know what you were trying to
do. It's okay. I wish I could
have played for her but...

MOLLY
Well, anyway, thanks for all your
help with Katie's party. I know it
meant a lot to her.

Molly kisses Kirk. Now he's calm and kisses her back passionately. She smiles a naughty smile at him.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Tonight?

KIRK

Tonight.

They start cleaning up as fast as they can. Kirk is beaming!

INT. MOLLY'S CONDO - NIGHT

MONTAGE OVER LOVE SONG:

Kirk and Molly enter her modern, luxurious condo. Kirk takes her coat. They kiss.

Kirk opens a bottle of wine. He pours one glass to share.

They sit on the couch talking. Kirk is on! He is confident and silly and Molly is eating it up.

They are making out passionately on the couch.

Molly stands and extends her hand to Kirk. Kirk stands and his boner is impossible to miss. This time he looks down at it as if to say, "How 'bout them apples!?" Molly laughs and leads him into the bedroom.

Kirk sits on the bed and Molly goes into the bathroom. He lights a candle. He is now in a normal state of nervousness but nothing like he had been before. He pulls out a stick of gum. He chews it quickly and spits it out.

Kirk lies down and then sits up and then repeats this. He decides to sit.

Molly opens the door. She is wearing sexy lingerie and slippers. She looks perfect. She crosses to the bed and sits down next to Kirk. They kiss but Molly stops.

MUSIC REDUCED TO BACKGROUND

MOLLY

Kirk, before we do this, there's something I'm really insecure about and you're going to see it sooner or later so...

KIRK

Hey, take a look at me.

Molly smiles nervously. She stands in front of him, Crying Game style. She removes her feet from her slippers and looks down at them. Kirk looks down. Even her feet are fantastic.

KIRK (CONT'D)

What?

MOLLY

Don't rush me... Okay, look.

She parts her toes. They are webbed. Kirk's face drops.

KIRK

That's it?

Kirk jumps up and paces around.

KIRK (CONT'D)

That's it? That's the best you can do? This is your big flaw?

MOLLY

If you can't handle it...

KIRK

Jesus Christ! I can't! I thought you were going to show me some kind of hairy growth or a third nipple or something I could work with!

MOLLY

What the hell is wrong with you!?

KIRK

You know what's wrong with me!?
I'll tell you! I'm fat! I'm bald!
I'm ugly! I'm hairy! I'm
uncoordinated! I'm uncreative! I'm
not a college graduate! I've never
been to Europe! I have a shitty
job! I drive a shitty car! You
want me to go on!? Because I can!

MOLLY

No.

KIRK

So, here I think that the perfect Molly McCall is finally going to show me a good reason why she's messing around with the likes of me! And this is all you got!? You can't wear friggin' flip-flops!?

MOLLY

Kirk, I've given you plenty of good reasons.

KIRK

Oh, yeah! I'm nice! I'm funny! I ask cute, stupid questions! Right! That doesn't get a three hooked up with a ten! Not in this world!

MOLLY

A three what? What are you talking about!?

KIRK

Look! What the hell is going on here!? What are you up to!?

MOLLY

What am I up to!? Good God!

KIRK

Please, tell me you're a terrorist! Tell me you're on a scavenger hunt! Just tell me something that makes sense because all you're doing is driving me nuts!

MOLLY

(hurt and resigned)

The only thing I'm going to tell you is that I'd like you to leave.

KIRK

Fine! I'm going! Webbed feet!? Are you fucking kidding me!?

Kirk grabs his coat and heads out the door. Molly slumps onto her bed and cries as the door slams.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Kirk is at his post looking terribly sad. Stainer is working at the same lane and is obviously feeling bad for his friend.

Fuller taps Kirk on the shoulder to alert him that Habib is coming through. Habib sees this and takes his bag straight to the search table, where he opens it for Kirk. Kirk doesn't look inside.

KIRK

Go on, Habib. You're good.

HABIB

Really!? Great!

Habib steps off to his gate. Fuller gets in Kirk's face.

FULLER

You think you're pretty smart don't
you Kettner. Thin ice mister!

Kirk stomps away from the checkpoint.

FULLER (CONT'D)

Good! Don't come back, Kettner!
America is safer without you!

Stainer goes after Kirk.

EXT. AIRPORT CURB

Kirk walks out the doors. Stainer catches up to him and they
walk down the busy curb at a quick, angry pace.

STAINER

Kirky! Hold up, man! What are you
doing!? You can't let her screw up
your life!

KIRK

Get away from me Stainer!

STAINER

Whoa! Don't take it out on me! We
both knew this Molly thing wasn't
going to work out! It ain't my
fault!

KIRK

You're right. It's not your fault.
It's my fault for listening to all
your... pernicious advice.

STAINER

What the fuck you talkin' about?

KIRK

All you did was fill my head with
all this crap about threes and tens
and how I'm not worthy.

STAINER

Are you worthy of a chick like
that?

KIRK

Maybe! I don't know. But that's
not the point! You're supposed to
be my God damned best friend. You
know what!?

(MORE)

KIRK (CONT'D)

I think you were jealous and you set out to sabotage us from the start!

STAINER

That is total bullshit!

KIRK

Then why weren't you there for me? What if she actually liked me!? Maybe with a little help, I could have pulled it off!

Kirk steps onto an...

INT. AIRPORT SHUTTLE BUS

Willy (the Russian) is behind the wheel and as happy as ever. A few others are seated on the bus. Stainer follows Kirk on board. They remain standing, holding onto poles.

WILLY

It is Kirk and his crazy friend Stinker and they are most upset!

Willy steps on it and drives like a maniac, knocking Kirk and Stainer around as they argue.

STAINER

Kirk, she was going to hurt you.

KIRK

Look at me! I'm hurt now!

Willy occasionally blurts out mindless echoes of their argument, which Kirk and Stainer mostly ignore, like...

WILLY

He's hurting now!

STAINER

The longer this went on the worse it would have been. I guarantee it!

KIRK

You don't know what you're talking about.

WILLY

He does not know!

STAINER

Yes, I do, Kirk! I know exactly what I'm talking about.

WILLY

Perhaps he does know after all!

STAINER

Remember last year when you hardly saw me for about two months? I met my own perfect ten. Tina Jordan. Smart, cool and hot like you wouldn't believe. Hotter than Molly even.

KIRK

Yeah right. So how come I never heard a word about her until now?

WILLY

Yes, how come no word of this Tina!?

STAINER

I didn't tell anyone. I didn't want to jinx it. She was perfect. I was spilling over with...with fucking happy! You know?

WILLY

Fucking happy!

STAINER

Two months into it, she dumps me. And I knew it was coming. A girl like that. Sooner or later she was bound to get a better offer. But it kicked my ass, man. I was depressed for months.

KIRK

That's what that was? You said you had that fatigue syndrome thing.

STAINER

I didn't want everyone knowing what a pussy I was. Dude, it was a hurt I can't even put into words.

WILLY

What a pussy.

STAINER

I couldn't watch you go through that 'cause I love you, man. You're the brother I never had.

Stainer leans over and hugs Kirk. Kirk doesn't hug back.

KIRK
You have a brother, Stainer.

STAINER
Yeah, but he's a cheese-dick.

Kirk's phone rings. He answers, forcing Stainer to let go.

KIRK
Hello?

INT. LAW OFFICE

Maury sits at his desk.

MAURY
Kirk? Geeze, I'm glad I caught you. Listen son, I got something to tell you and don't get mad at me okay? 'Cause this thing ain't my fault. You might want to sit down for this.

INT. AIRPORT SHUTTLE BUS

Kirk slumps into a seat and listens, looking upset and shocked. Stainer stares at Kirk, trying to get a sense of what Kirk is being told.

STAINER
What!?

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Patty sits behind a reception desk in a small but stylish lobby. A sign above her desk reads, "McCall Events." Kirk walks in. Patty puts down her work and stares back at him.

KIRK
Is Molly in?

PATTY
You got some big red apples showing your face around here again.

KIRK
I know. I'm sorry. I just... Is she here?

PATTY
No. Get lost.

Stainer bursts in sweating and panting.

PATTY (CONT'D)
 Oh, for Christ sake! This one
 too!?

Patty comes out from behind her desk.

PATTY (CONT'D)
 I'm warning you both - Molly has
 been through enough. You go near
 her and I will fuck you all the way
 up! Understand!?

Stainer swaggers up into Patty's face.

STAINER
 Listen, bitch...

WHACK!!! Patty throws an elbow and Stainer's head jacks
 back. She is instantly on him, grabbing him in a headlock
 and punching him in the face.

STAINER (CONT'D)
 Ahhh!! Jesus Christ!!! Kirk!!

PATTY
 Who's your Mommy!? Come on! Who's
 your Mommy!?

STAINER
 You are!

PATTY
 That's right! Patty is, isn't she!

KIRK
 Patty! Cut it out! I just came to
 tell her that something happened!
 Something really major happened!

Patty stops punching and looks up curiously. Stainer remains
 in the headlock - also curious.

STAINER
 What happened?

Patty punches him again.

PATTY
 You shut your hole! (to Kirk) What
 happened?

KIRK
 First off, I'm sorry. Okay?

Patty rams Stainer's head into the door.

PATTY

Every time you say you're sorry,
dumbshit here gets his bell rung.

KIRK

Okay, okay! Sorry! I just...

Patty slams him again.

STAINER

Dude! Stop apologizing!

KIRK

Look! I know I was acting like an
idiot. She's just so... Well, I
was really having a hard time with
everyone thinking I was Molly's
brother or her co-worker or her gay
friend or whatever. I mean, nobody
believed that we were together.

PATTY

It's too late for this shit, Kirk.

KIRK

But I've got it worked out now.

Patty and Stainer wait for it. Kirk decides how to phrase it.

KIRK (CONT'D)

My Grandmother left me three
million dollars.

STAINER

Seriously?

Patty drops Stainer on the floor.

PATTY

I thought she was a blackjack
dealer.

KIRK

It turns out she bought stock in
Caesars Palace back in the sixties.
Nobody knew she still had it. I
don't think she even knew.

PATTY

Wow. So, what does this have to do
with Molly?

KIRK

See? Now it makes sense - me with her. I'm a millionaire now.

PATTY

So, what, now you can afford her!?

STAINER

No! No! I get it! It's not a whore thing! Now it works out in his own mind. Right!? He can relax and stop acting like a freak because now he's bringing something to the table! Right, Kirky!?

KIRK

Right. Well, no. Now that you say it out loud... I don't know.

PATTY

You know what, Kirk - I told Molly you were different but you're just as shallow and full of shit as the rest of them, aren't you?

KIRK

Yeah, maybe I am.

Kirk walks out.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Stainer is at his post watching the luggage on the x-ray monitor. Suddenly, he sees Kirk coming through followed by Marnie, Mr. & Mrs. Kettner, Eric and Debbie (still pregnant). They are all wearing bright yellow sweatshirts. Stainer runs around the machine to hug Kirk, who looks a little numb.

STAINER

Kirky! How you been, brother!? What are you doing here?

KIRK

Me and Marnie and the family are going to Branson. You know.

STAINER

So you're "Branson Bound."

Stainer is referring to Kirk's shirt that reads, "BRANSON BOUND" in big letters.

KIRK
(embarrassed)
These were Marnie's idea. To make
it easy for us to stick together.

The others come through. Their shirts are decorated likewise.

MARNIE
Come on, Kirk.

KIRK
I gotta go.

Stainer takes the boarding pass from Kirk's hand.

STAINER
Relax, your flight doesn't leave
for another forty five minutes.

KIRK
(to Marnie)
I'll meet you guys down at the
gate, alright?

Marnie isn't pleased but she's going along with it. Eric
calls back as they all head to the gate.

ERIC
Hey Stainer! Long time no see!
Take care, bro!

STAINER
Why is he so nice all of a sudden?

KIRK
Probably because I'm getting three
million dollars next week.

STAINER
Shit, that's right. (THEN) So
you're back with Marnie then, huh?

KIRK
Yeah, I know, but it's for the
best. I'm more secure with her.
I'm actually happy to be done with
all that Molly craziness.

Ron comes through security and over to Kirk.

RON

Hey Stainer. Hey Pirate, can you spot me a twenty. I want to get me one of them travel pillows.

Kirk gives Ron a twenty and Ron steps away. Stainer is appalled. He calls after Ron.

STAINER

How come I'm not a pirate!?! (then to Kirk) Dude, do not tell me that he's going with you guys.

KIRK

He already bought his ticket and my dad likes him. It's no big deal.

STAINER

Look at me Big Slick.

Kirk doesn't look into his eyes.

KIRK

What?

STAINER

Look at me.

Kirk looks.

STAINER (CONT'D)

Tell me things are good.

KIRK

Don't be such a drama queen. Things are fine. I gotta go.

STAINER

Alright, man. It was good to see you, Kirk.

They exchange an awkward handshake. Kirk walks away. Stainer stands alone, watching him go.

Stainer tightens his jaw and runs his fingers through his hair. Finally he kicks his head back and, with great determination, he stomps off in the opposite direction.

Follow Stainer past security, dodging passengers and carts. He arrives at the...

INT. AIRPORT FOOD COURT

Stainer marches up to the Orange Julius. A short, doughy, plain girl works the counter. (This is the same girl that Stainer had claimed to have "boned" earlier.) She's wearing an orange visor and rubber gloves. Several customers are waiting but Stainer moves to stand in front of her.

She looks up from her smoothie. She has drink powder on her face. She groans to see him.

TINA

Elmer, I've got customers here.

STAINER

Tina, I need to know right now why it didn't work out with us.

She hands a smoothie to a customer.

TINA

That's a large Julius. Twelve fifty.

STAINER

This is important. I was good to you. I was sensitive, right?

MALE CUSTOMER

Hey, Desperado, you gonna order something or what?

Stainer gets in the customer's face.

STAINER

The fuck you just call me!?

TINA

Oh, for Christ's! Tammy! Can you cover me!?

INT. AIRPORT - SOUTHWEST GATE

A large crowd of passengers are waiting to board. The gate agent, makes an announcement.

GATE AGENT

Okay folks, we're going to start by boarding the A group. All A's are now welcome to board.

Marnie butts into the line.

MARNIE

(snotty)

Look, I've got seven people in my party so we're going to need to board right away.

GATE AGENT

Are you folks in the A group?

MARNIE

What difference does that make!?

GATE AGENT

Well, because you seem like a little bit of a B. May I see your boarding pass?

MARNIE

Fine. We're not in the A group but we're still getting on next.

She hands him the pass - marked "C."

GATE AGENT

Oh, it looks like you're a raging C. So, you're gonna want to take a seat until your group is called.

She stomps away.

INT. AIRPORT FOOD COURT - LATER

Stainer and Tina sit at a table. He sits with his head down like a sad little boy. She pities him.

TINA

I really liked you Elmer, but all that stuff about me being a ten and how lucky you were and always checking up to see if I was going to dump you...

STAINER

Well, you did dump me, so...

TINA

What could I do? You were all up in my business all the time. I couldn't breathe.

STAINER

It was my stupid job, wasn't it? You were embarrassed.

TINA

I work at Orange Julius, Elmer! If you would have just chilled out and been yourself...

STAINER

Okay, I can do that.

She holds up her finger with an engagement ring on it. Stainer drops his head onto the table. Tina rubs his hair for a second and then walks away.

INT. AIRPLANE - 737 - EVENING

Kirk is somber as he finds his seat near the middle of the plane. From two rows back, Eric reaches over some other passengers to tap Kirk on the shoulder.

ERIC

Tom fuckin' Wopat, bro!

Eric hangs up a high five and Kirk leaves it hanging. Kirk takes a seat on the aisle next to Marnie. He gives Marnie a forced smile. She puts her head on his shoulder. Pan over to the window seat where Ron sits watching them, wearing his new travel pillow.

Suddenly, there is a commotion at the front of the plane.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

What!? You don't have authority on board this aircraft!

Stainer barges past the flight attendant, holding up his TSA badge.

STAINER

It's okay folks! TSA! This guy's drunk as fuck and he shit himself. We gotta get him off the plane.

Stainer grabs Kirk by the shoulder, pulls him out of his seat and about two rows down the aisle before Kirk overpowers him and stops.

KIRK

Stainer! What are you nuts!?

STAINER

You were right! I messed you up. We gotta fix this thing! Let's go.

KIRK

Stainer! No! Believe it or not, this isn't about you! In fact it's none of your business!

STAINER

Kirky! In junior high I peed my pants in class and Eric started calling me Stainer, remember?

KIRK

Okay, yeah?

STAINER

Pretty soon everyone else started calling me Stainer because they knew it would make me cry. Then you told me to own that name, to call myself Stainer so nobody could hurt me with it anymore.

KIRK

What's your point?

STAINER

My point is... um... Oh, shit. I was just in the crapper and I had this thing all worked out. Damn it.

The pilot is now behind Stainer and towering over him.

PILOT

Sir, I'm going to have to ask you to exit the aircraft immediately.

Stainer turns into his face.

STAINER

I'm going to have to ask you to fuck off immediately before I feed you your own fuckin' teeth!

The pilot backs up and goes for help.

KIRK

Jesus Stains! You're going to get arrested! And I won't be here to bail you out this time.

STAINER

Ooohh! That was my point! You saved me! That time and a bunch of other times too.

(MORE)

STAINER (CONT'D)

You gotta let me save you this time. It's my turn! Your grandma didn't leave you three million bucks so you could take these a-holes to Branson.

Eric gets up and steps into Stainer's face. In mid-sentence and without pausing Stainer zaps Eric with a stun gun. Eric sails back into his seat as Stainer continues.

STAINER (CONT'D)

These people hardly know you.

KIRK

Stainer, I appreciate that you think you're helping me but I'm with Marnie now.

STAINER

Kirk, Marnie's a fuckin' bitch.
(to Marnie) All due respect.

MARNIE

Hit him Kirk! Or else I will!

Fuller and two other security people enter the plane. The pilot briefs them on what's happening.

STAINER

Kirk! You said Marnie makes you feel secure but security is bullshit! Look at our jobs! It's all for show! For all we know, there's a bomb on this plane right now!

The other passengers gasp and most of them look at Habib, who sits a few seats behind Kirk.

HABIB

What!?

Fuller grabs Stainer by the collar.

STAINER

You want to see what I think of security!?

Stainer turns and punches Fuller in the face, knocking him backwards onto the other agents.

KIRK

Oh, Stainer, what did you do?

STAINER

Kirk! When I added all this up for you I made one big mistake. You are a ten. YOU'RE A TEN, MAN!

Kirk just stares back. Fuller and the agents grab Stainer but he clutches a seat and stays put.

STAINER (CONT'D)

You're not buying any of this bullshit are you?

KIRK

No.

Stainer loses his grip and the agents drag him off the plane. Kirk sits down and Marnie comforts him.

INT. AIRPORT - EVENING

Over a bummed out song we see different areas of the airport. People on moving sidewalks. People on escalators. Bags moving around on a carousel. People in line. Flight Arrival and Departure times. Food trays moving down a buffet. Bags moving by on the x-ray monitor. People walking like cattle to their gates. Through the crowd, we see a man running against the traffic. It's Kirk!

INT. HILTON BALLROOM - NIGHT

Molly, looking beautiful in a formal gown, moves through a sea of tables. Hundreds of formally dressed people are seated around the tables, eating dinner. Molly greets, kisses and shakes hands with several people as she goes.

INT. AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Kirk is huffing and puffing as he rounds the corner and arrives at the checkpoint. He looks around frantically.

KIRK

Randy! Where's Stainer!?

Randy points to a room marked, "Airport Security - Authorized Personnel Only."

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Kirk bursts in to find Stainer bent over a metal table. Fuller (with two black eyes) and another agent hold him down as a homeland security agent stands behind Stainer, giving him the full cavity search. Kirk doesn't miss a beat.

KIRK
 Stainer! I don't have a car here!
 I need your van!

STAINER
 Right on! The keys are in my
 jacket!

A jacket is hanging by the door. Kirk reaches in and grabs the keys. He turns fast and exits. Fuller jacks Stainer's head onto the table.

STAINER (CONT'D)
 Kirky wait!

The door opens more slowly and Kirk regards his friend with great reverence. Stainer strains to lift his head against Fuller's strength.

STAINER (CONT'D)
 Listen, Kirk. (dramatic pause and
 music) It's three on the tree and
 the clutch sticks.

SLAM! Stainer's head is jacked back onto the table.

KIRK
 Thanks buddy!

Kirk bolts.

INT. HILTON - SMALL BANQUET ROOM

This room is set up as a staging area for the cancer benefit. Patty and several others are buzzing around preparing for the next phase of the evening. Molly enters, holding a walkie talkie up to her head and speaking into it.

MOLLY
 No, I need the staff ready to help
 with bids when the auction begins.
 - over.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE
 I don't think we can spare anyone -
 over.

Patty grabs the walkie talkie.

PATTY
 Leslie! We're not here to feed
 these people, we're here to cure
 fucking cancer!
 (MORE)

PATTY (CONT'D)

Now I want every one of those
motherfuckers back there taking
bids in fifteen - out!

Patty tosses the walkie-talkie back and then crosses to help a group of young cancer patients, some in wheelchairs, to unpack their sculptures and label them for the auction.

A stressed-out woman in a BEEHIVE hairdo picks up a SMALL BOY's sculpture. She hails Molly.

BEEHIVE

Ms. McCall, we've got a big problem.

MOLLY

What is it?

BEEHIVE

This young man has made an ashtray.

MOLLY

Okay. Well, what do you want from me? Kids make ashtrays.

BEEHIVE

It's a cancer benefit. Don't you think this sends the wrong message?

SMALL BOY

It's a really nice ashtray.

MOLLY

They're not bidding on the artwork; they're bidding on the kids. It's fine.

Beehive sighs hard and hands the ashtray back to the boy.

Molly turns around and a look of surprise comes over her.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

What are you doing here!?

Reverse to show Talon holding a ridiculously large flower arrangement.

TALON

I came to say I'm sorry and to put in a request for a second chance.

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE

Ms. McCall, the auction is underway
- over.

MOLLY

I'm sorry. I have to get in there.
Can we talk about this afterwards?

TALON

I'm looking forward to it.

INT. HILTON BALLROOM

The emcee is taking bids on a little sculpture of an abstract four-legged animal.

EMCEE

Timothy Brigg's sculpture of a...
fire truck? Sold to the woman in
the green dress for four hundred
fifty dollars. Congratulations
ma'am and thanks so much.

Molly picks up the small boy's ashtray and joins the emcee on stage. She takes a deep breath before facing the crowd.

EMCEE (CONT'D)

Our next item... Well, here she is
folks, the woman who donates her
time to make this amazing event
possible, our own Molly McCall!

Huge applause.

MOLLY

Thank you. Thanks, Bob. I'm so
sorry for my tardiness. The next
item up for bids is from nine-year-
old Walter Benegan. And this is
a... little something that you can
put your paper clips or do-dads
in... Oh, who am I kidding, it's an
ashtray. (audience laughs) Let's
start the bidding at one hundred
dollars.

MAN

One hundred.

MOLLY

One hundred. Thank you sir.

WOMAN

Two hundred.

MOLLY

Two hundred to the...

MAN 2

Two Fifty.

WOMAN

Two seventy five.

MOLLY

Fantastic. Two-seventy-five. Do I
hear three hundred?

No replies. The small boy hangs his head. He was hoping his
piece would fetch more. His mother pats him on the head.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

Two Seventy Five going once. Going
twice.

KIRK (O.S.)

Ten thousand dollars!

The small boy looks up, elated. The spotlight searches the
room and lands on Kirk near the back. The audience applauds.

MOLLY

Kirk? I hope you don't really
think this is going to...

TALON

Eleven thousand!

Talon stands across the room, crossing his arms in defiance.

MOLLY

What!?

Eric bursts in through a door near Kirk.

KIRK

Fifteen Thousand!

TALON

Fifteen thousand five hundred!

MOLLY

Both of you! This is ridiculous...

ERIC

Go get him Kirk! It's chump change
to you now.

KIRK

Twenty Thousand!

The crowd applauds.

MOLLY
Is that a serious bid?

TALON
Fifty thousand dollars!

Bigger applause.

MOLLY
Talon! Please!

Eric makes a fist to indicate that it's time for the killing blow. Kirk nods back his agreement.

KIRK
Three million dollars!

Eric's eyes go wide. This is not what he had in mind. The crowd erupts into laughter. Talon also laughs off the bid.

MOLLY
Kirk, that's your entire inheritance.

The crowd shifts from laughter into excited chatter.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Folks, calm down. I don't want to get anyone's hopes up. It's only fair that I clarify something to the bidder. Kirk, please understand that if you commit this money, we will all be eternally grateful and I think your grandmother will be very proud of you... But it doesn't change anything between you and me.

This sets off a volley of whispers among the crowd and puts a smile on Talon's face.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
So, again, is this a serious bid?

Kirk looks to Molly, then his brother - who is shaking his head NO! He then scans the hopeful expressions on the faces of the kids and their parents. Kirk takes a deep breath.

KIRK
Three million dollars.

ERIC

You stupid son of a bitch!

MOLLY

Three million going once. Going twice. Sold to the man in the Branson Bound sweatshirt.

The crowd cheers.

EMCEE

Congratulations to little Walter whose ashtray has brought in more than any piece in our history.

The young sculptor beams. The crowd cheers again. Kirk gives a smile and a nod of resignation as he leaves the room.

INT. HILTON BAR

Kirk and Eric sit at the bar, each nursing a drink. Eric is fuming.

ERIC

You are such a numbnut. I am telling you - absolute numbnuttery!

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me. May I use that ashtray?

Kirk turns to find that he is sitting next to BILLY JOEL, who is smoking a cigar. Eric passes him the ashtray that Kirk just bought.

ERIC

Sure. Careful with it there, Captain Jack. It cost him three million bucks.

Billy Joel, ashes in the ashtray.

BILLY JOEL

Yeah, I saw that. Tough break in there, my friend. Still, that was a hell of a good thing you did for those kids.

KIRK

Thanks.

BILLY JOEL

Beautiful women huh? What are you gonna do?

KIRK

I guess I'm going to go home.

BILLY JOEL

It's none of my business but I do know a thing or two about hooking up with women who are out of your league. Can I tell you a little secret?

Kirk and Eric look at one another in disbelief and then at Joel.

KIRK

Sure.

BILLY JOEL

Look, it's not about money, fame or power...

ERIC

Whoa! All due respect there, Big Shot. How would you know? You had all that shit when you bagged the big ones.

BILLY JOEL

Yeah, but I had all that shit when I lost 'em too. It's not enough.

ERIC

You believe this fuckin' guy?

KIRK

Jesus Christ, Eric! I'm trying to get some advice from Billy Joel. Do you think you could manage to shut the fuck up for two minutes!?

ERIC

Fine. Geeze. What's up your ass?

BILLY JOEL

Thank you. Look kid, it's not what you can give 'em or even what you can give up. It's what your made of.

Joel places a cocktail in front of Kirk and then clinks his own against it.

INT. HILTON BALLROOM - LATER

ANNOUNCER

Ladies and gentlemen, please
welcome The Piano Man! The
Entertainer! And our foundation's
greatest champion! Mr. Billy Joel!

The crowd cheers as the curtain rises. The crowd's excitement turns to confusion.

From the back of the room, Molly notices the crowd's reaction. She turns to see Kirk seated before the huge white grand piano, his hands sweaty and shaking over the keys.

Kirk looks at the crowd. Hundreds of confused faces stare back at him.

Beehive rushes Patty in a panic.

BEEHIVE

Aren't you going to do something
about this!?

PATTY

Lady, he just gave three million
dollars. He can go up there and
try to blow himself for all I care.

Kirk wrings his hands as they shake harder.

Billy Joel stands in the wings and gives Kirk a nod of, "You can do it."

Molly turns to walk away but notes ring out from the piano and she stops.

Kirk plays and sings "Just the Way You Are" - badly. His voice and hands shake but he forges on. The audience is confused, cringing and restless.

Someone starts booing. Kirk can't help but glance up to see who it is - it's Eric.

When Kirk reaches the instrumental break, he settles in a bit - he can actually play.

As the last note fades, Kirk leaps up, and runs out into the...

EXT. HILTON BACK ALLEY

Kirk bursts out the door and vomits into a dumpster. He falls backwards against the wall and slides down into a sitting position.

MOLLY (O.S.)

You realize that there's a good chance this won't work out.

Molly steps out into the alley.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

And you could get hurt.

KIRK

I know.

MOLLY

And you're going to have to be naked in front of me at some point.

KIRK

I can work up to that.

Kirk stands up.

KIRK (CONT'D)

So, you and me...

MOLLY

Three million dollars for kids with cancer and you sing to me? I'm not made of wood you know.

Molly hugs him. The first intro riff of a piano version of "Pressure" kicks in and the crowd inside goes crazy.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

But one condition.

KIRK

Anything.

MOLLY

You have to go brush your teeth right now.

Talon walks out into the alley, still holding the flowers.

TALON

So, Molly... Can we finish our conversation?

Kirk takes Molly's hand and leads her past Talon.

KIRK
Sorry Poncho, she's with me.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEDDING - DAY

Close on a preacher.

PREACHER
The vows you have just heard are a
unique expression of the love
between two souls.

Close on Kirk - looking dapper but sweaty and nervous.

PREACHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Two souls who have come together
this day in holy matrimony.

Close on Molly - looking more beautiful than ever.

PREACHER (CONT'D)
And by the power vested in me by
the great state of Nevada, I now
pronounce you husband and wife.
You may now...

A wider shot reveals the NASCAR theme wedding of Eric and Debbie. Kirk stands among the groomsmen. Each are dressed in tuxes that represent the colors, numbers and sponsors of certain drivers. Molly stands among the bridesmaids. Each dressed in a checkered-flag gown. Ron and Marnie are also in the wedding party.

Debbie hands her mulatto baby to the preacher so that she and Eric can share a disgusting wide open mouth kiss. Debbie grabs Eric's ass while Eric gropes her breasts.

Stainer and Wheel in the Sky kick into "Any Way You Want It" from a bandstand nearby. Patty dances in front of Stainer - he winks back at her.

Devon cuts up a wedding cake that looks like a full-sized racing wheel and tire.

EXT. WEDDING - STREET

The guests throw rice as Eric and Debbie run to a stretch Nascar limo.

Eric picks up Debbie and loads her in through the window. He then runs around to the other side and jumps into that window. The limo burns rubber as it peels away.

Pan across the guests as they wave goodbye; Devon and his squeaky clean family, Jack and a hot date, Mr. & Mrs. Kettner, Marnie & Ron. Patty and Stainer - making out. Kirk and Molly stand together arm in arm. Kirk holds a ceramic urn, painted with the Las Vegas skyline.

Push in on the urn until the skyline becomes real. Push in toward the top of The Stratosphere Casino. Continue pushing in until we are inside the observation deck. Push through the gift shop where the TV is tuned to CNN. As we pass the TV we hear.

CNN ANCHOR

In a press conference held earlier today, NASA officials announced that affordable tourist travel to the surface of the moon will be a reality within the next ten to fifteen years.

Push past the TV, out of the gift shop and to the other side of the observation deck where we find Kirk and Molly. They kiss before they open the urn and pour Grammy's ashes over the side.

THE END