The Heavenly Adventures of Butch and Irene

An Original Screenplay by Paul Romano

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BUTCH AND IRENE

Log Line: A deceased Husband GEORGE "BUTCH" SCAPARELLI narrates his life as a spirit. He awaits his wife who at times, struggles to live without him.

FADE IN:

EXT. LONG ISLAND -NIGHT

Ambulance pulls up in front of an emergency room entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM

PARAMEDIC'S with a patient on a gurney. Wheeling him through the emergency hallway.

PARAMEDIC Hang in there buddy..Just hang in there!

NURSE Put him here! No no over there!

Irene Scaparelli, bleach blonde mid 50's, peaks though the emergency room doors.

IRENE Butch, Butch. Don't worry. Everything will be fine. (Whispers) I guess, I can...Forgive you. You mother fucker!

NURSE Ma'am! I'm sorry, there's a waiting area by the the entrance.

The door closes. The MEDICAL STAFF work on IRENE"S husband BUTCH. An AED (Paddle) being applied once, twice, the fainting sound of a heart monitoring instrument and a picture of a flat line. A jolt, the body jumps, a flat line, then audible tone. A nurse injecting Butch's chest. Paddles again, then flat line, immediately an audible tone. Medical staff dejected.

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM

IRENE and family. Her son JOSH, daughters RACHEL, MARGE, MARGE'S HUSBAND RALPH turn to see oncoming Doctor.

CUT TO:

Butch's deceased body lies on the table. You faintly hear a non-visible gas, then a clear mist emerges from the body.

NURSE Did you hear that?

NURSE2

Hear what?

NURSE I heard something. Sounded like gas.

NURSE2 Well, by the smell of this guy your in the neighborhood. Do you know he was in here a couple months ago!

NURSE

For what?

NURSE2

Do you recall the guy that was in here for having a some blonde..how do I put this, dead woman's mouth locked-on to his penis?

NURSE (open mouth) Oh my god! Your kidding! This is him?

NURSE2 Yep! Go look at his cock. See that ring around his shaft!

NURSE (gasping and laughing) Oh! Are those teeth mark's?

NURSE2 (laughing) That isn't a tattoo!

NURSE

Oh! There he goes again! That's terrible! Get em down to the fucking mortuary! What was this guy eating?

The gas like mist leaves the table, proceeds passed the devastated Scaparelli family, zooms to the outside night, passes stars, and follows a blue sky filled with cumulus clouds.

EXT. CLOUD, BLACK OFFICE BUILDING, PARK BENCH

The spirit of Butch, in a sleep state, resides on the park bench outside the building. A man in a black uniform, with a walking cane prods the still gray, translucent spirit of Butch.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT What! What the fuck!

MAN IN BLACK UNIFORM Your late! But that's always been your problem.

Continues to prod the Spirit of Butch.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Ow! Ow! That hurts. Dad? Is that you? What are you doing?

MAN IN BLACK UNIFORM I'm getting you up. Your late! Come on, move it son!

Butch still in his death attire, disheveled, unshaved, coffee stained shirt gets up.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Late for what? Hey! I thought you retired from the force! Didn't you?

MAN IN BLACK UNIFORM Yes, I did. I'm here on special assignment. You know, I always said you'd be late for your own funeral. And guess what?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Hey wait a minute, your...your dead. I was at your funeral. I uh,

The door to the black building opens. Butch turns to his Dad who slowly fades away walking through a succession of spotlights, pausing in each one to look back.

> MAN IN BLACK UNIFORM And good night, Mr.s Calabash, where ever you are!

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT Dad? Dad? Where'd ya go? What the fuck? Come on dad! Jimmy Durante? Yeah, you did love that scene. So did Mom.

> VOICE FROM ABOVE Please follow signs to the elevator.

Butch hurry's to the main door. Enters the building, elevator doors open.

INT. ELEVATOR.

Elevator music is playing. The spirit from the waist down is now partially translucent. We see the panel. Two arrow buttons, one for up the other for down. VOICE FROM ABOVE (high pitch) (O.S.) Butch honey please press the up button.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Huh! Mom? Is that you? Mom! MOM! What's going on? Am I still dreaming? Irene? Irene? (pounds elevator door) IRENE! IRENE.!

VOICE FROM ABOVE (deeper voice) (0.S.) Just calm down and press the up arrow.

BUTCH'S SPRIT Okay! Okay! Up...Up.. Hey your not my Mom. Who are you?...Hello Hello? What the fuck is happening! Where's a doctor? (looks down at his legs) Can someone fix my legs? There...there...MISSING!

VOICE FROM ABOVE (O.S.) Quiet down and watch your mouth! Your legs are fine.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (looks up) What?

Elevator bell rings Butch gets out and is on a cloud set up as an office with a desk, two chairs and a side door there's a free standing window.

Butch looks out, then around the window, and sees more clouds. Is puzzled.

A figure dressed in a white suit, herring bone bow tie and running shoes enters the room through the side door which is also free standing.

> FIGURE Mr. Scaperelli? Would you mind sitting.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Yeah! Uh! Sure! Of course! Where the fuck am I? And who the fuck are you?

Butch nervously sits.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Hey did I die? (MORE) BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Because..my legs and I'm uh a a little concerned. I may have left the back door open and our little Rocky, our dog he,

Butch keeps looking AROUND as he's talking. Suddenly a dog barks in the background.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Rocky is that you? He's our dog. He can get out the door...if the door is open. I mean the gate, so.

Then a loud screeching sound of a car and a yelp!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Hey! What's that? Rocky?

A bell sound, Rocky drops from the sky, tire tracks on his face and wagging his tail.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Rocky! ROCKY! Come here boy!

Rocky scampers passed Butch, through a small free standing door which was made for his arrival.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Rocky? Hey! Where'd he go?

The figure pulls a paper from the desk draw, puts it in the the typewriter.

FIGURE Full Name? And you did...Expire.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I did? When? I mean how? Did Rocky die too? It was my heart? Right?

ANGEL About twenty minutes ago. It was your heart. The tire marks on his back weren't a clue? Mr. Scaparelli. You can call me Angel. May I call you Butch?

Angel whips out the nameplate. Reads Angel. Places it in front of Butch.

The sound of the typewriter can be heard.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT George Scaperelli..with an I not an e....yeah you can call me Butch..My (MORE) BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) family and friends do. Oh! Poor Rocky....Is my Mom and Dad here too?

ANGEL

They are not.

BUTCH

Hey! I just saw my dad and heard my mom in the elevator.

ANGEL

It is quite normal seeing and hearing lost loved ones. Especially here. Your Mom and Dad, well they're in Heaven. Have been for some time.

BUTCH

Aw..that's good. Heaven. They're in Heaven. I kind of thought they would be.

ANGEL

Well, they deserve to be. Unlike, some other people you may know.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Like who. Like me?

ANGEL

Well, not exactly. Before you expired, your last thought, was being apologetic for a bad deed towards your wife. At death, the last thought moments are of crucial importance.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT They are? So, that's a good thing right?

ANGEL

Hmmm. Depends. You'll need to set the record straight by addressing those deeds with GOD.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT But I was thinking of my dog Rocky?

ANGEL

You were trying to apologize for that awful deed you did at the wake.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (solumn) Oh whoa! Yeah. That was unfortunate and I guess...I don't know um.. I'm sorry Irene? ANGEL Thoughtful approach but insignificant. You have many more.. let's say situations to deal with. Anyway God can forgive you. Your wife, in time, can find a way.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (surprised) GOD? He lives here? I'm in heaven? Right? Hey! Where's your wings?

Angel disappears but the typewriter key's keep going.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Aren't you suppose to be filling in stuff?

Angel now appears at the window.

ANGEL Mr. Scaperelli,.. Butch. Can you come here?

Butch gets up, the typewriter stops. Butch sits down typewriter continues, Butch gets up, typewriter stops. This continues until Butch jams the typewriter by getting up fast.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT (smirks) Paper jammed?

ANGEL Cut it out! I really don't have the time for shenanigans's. Just look, there,... Tell me what you see.

The typewriter continues.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I see clouds. And there's people. Lots of people. Before it was clouds, just clouds. Now people all sorts of people. How come they're in white?

Angel removes suit jacket and reveals his wings.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Wow! Those are so beautiful.

Butch carefully touches Angel's wings.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Their so soft. Will I get a pair?

Butch looks around for GOD. Angel brushes off some loose feathers.

They are, beautiful. Highly unlikely! We just don't give them to everyone. In fact those people you saw, the ones in white, did they have wings?

Butch disappointed.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT No! But, maybe they're just, just waiting for them! Where's God?

ANGEL

Amusing. You are right about one thing. They are waiting. And being in white? Well, it's the Heaven in all of us. They're on the way to see him.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Him? To see GOD? God's a guy?. I always told Irene he was. She was always pulling that woman lib crap on me.

BUTCH'S Spirit sarcastically mimics a whining Irene.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) How do you know he's a guy?

ANGEL

Let's not go there. I'll put it this way, if your wife was here, I would be wearing one of these, and my wings would be smaller.

A flash of Angel in a brassier with smaller wings. Butch jerks his body, shoulder raises an eyebrow.

ANGEL (CONT'D) And, oh yes, the reference would be, They're on the way to see her. And for your information, GODDESS would be appropriate.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Sounds fair. I guess. But what are those people waiting for? A train? A bus?

ANGEL (head shaking) Bus? Train? All is for you to ponder. Meanwhile I would suggest a shower. Oh excuse me. You can stop now!

The typewriter comes to a screeching stop. Metal sound.

ANGEL (CONT'D) A shave and a new set of clothes. Your headed on a trip.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Where? Heaven? See my Mom and Dad? Am I going to Heaven? Oh no not Hell! Please! I didn't mean to. Fuck hell! It's hot there. Fires, fucken fires! Pain..

ANGEL

Are you done?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT

Well am I?

Angel stares, his feathers start to vibrate, some fall off.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Okay! Okay! What do you want! What do you expect? I, I..

ANGEL

First of all, keep quiet, still, just be still. You did see the down button on the elevator? Didn't you?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Yeah! What the fuck is that? Where does it go to?

Feathers continue to fall. Butch gathers the loose feathers.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Angel? Can you glue these on or something?.

ANGEL

Glue them on? Listen up goof ball! Get back in the elevator, you need to make another visit. When your done you will return to me. Continue the profanity? I can send you to a nice barbecue!

Butch imagines rotating on a rotisserie, Rocky wagging his tail yelping and licking his chops.

ANGEL (CONT'D) It's normal to shed. Glue?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Sorry about the shit mouth..I thought for sure I was....Is the down button HELL? Angel tired of Butch's profanity let's steam out of his nostrils.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) All Right! All right! I'll be quiet! No more cursing.

Angel with a grin like a Cheshire Cat.

ANGEL And..your not going to Heaven. At least not at this time.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I'm not? When?

ANGEL That's up to your successful visit.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Oh I get it. I've got to back and get forgiveness from people I did wrong and stuff like that.

ANGEL Something like that. You need to get ready!

Butch heads back to the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR DOOR OPENS BUTCH ENTERS

VOICE FROM ABOVE (very deep and scary voice) YOU! PRESS THE FUCKING DOWN BUTTON!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT What the fuck? Man! Take it easy!

VOICE FROM ABOVE SHUT UP YOU LITTLE FART!

The elevator lights turn from light to red then to deep red as the elevator approaches the bottom.

Butch steps out to steaming hot coals, fire, lava. Walks carefully.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Ow! Ow ! Figures....HELL is burning!

VOICE FROM ABOVE STEP OVER HERE BY THE WALKWAY YOU IDIOT!

Butch's Spirit gets on the walkway, blows and waves hand back and forth on his feet.

VOICE FROM ABOVE (CONT'D) ENTER THROUGH THE DOORWAY!

A rectangular burning doorway marks the entrance for Butch's Spirit. He enters and sees a black room, checkerboard floor, a black desk with a series of red plastic penis's, pictures of semi-nude men centerfolds, a picture of a snake, various serpents and a female sitting at the desk.

The female is wearing a skin tight black leotard only covering her left breast. Her right breast has a red glittering pasty covering her nipple. She wears thigh high stiletto heeled red leather boots.

> FEMALE (Very sexual) I've been expecting you. My name is LILITH. Butch....Take that seat.

Butch sits in the chair with some reservation. The chair seat has RED cloth with a crucifix as it's back.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (nervous) What kind of name is Lilith?

LILITH You've heard of Adam? Adam and Eve?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Yeah! But not dressed like that!

LILITH Well....I was ADAM's first. And this is my attire? It's one of my favorites and Adam's too.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Don't get me wrong uh...it's a..well.. Nice. Real nice. What happened to EVE?

LILITH You need to read your bible. (in a very loud Jewish accent) Sam! SAM! Get your old mother fucken cantankerous, drunken ass in here.

Butch's body jolts, his hair blows back. Dirt, wind and dust form a figure of an old hard core man, cigarette in his mouth, bottle of booze in one hand, wearing a bandanna and sunglasses on his head. Strolls to a Directors like seat next to Butch's Spirit with the name "SAM" on it.

> SAM How ya doing young fellow?

BUTCH SPIRIT'S All right...I guess. You know! You look like Sam Peckinpah.

LILITH We don't reveal names here.

Lilith hands Sam what appears to be a Director's Viewfinder.

LILITH (CONT'D) Sam is assigned the task of viewing your adulterous, sex addicted, drug filled wonderful life.

BUTCH SPIRIT'S Uh Huh? Uh...Am I suppose to do that with someone else too?

A red phone materializes on her desk. She uses the phone.

LILITH Angel? This is Lilith....I have your youthful looking client.

ANGEL (O.S.) Be fair with him.

LILITH Oh I will! Believe me I will. By the way why don't you come down and see me some time. (We hear the phone hang up) Oh! How rude! Butch, run along now and will see you shortly.

BUTCH SPIRIT'S I have some questions....Uhmmm! Did the....

SAM Get the fuck out of here! If your an actor then act!

BUTCH SPIRIT'S What? Actor?

ANGEL (O.S.) Butch your done down there. Get back here...before they..

Lilith smacks's her lips and swirls her tongue. Butch's Spirit looks up, is bewildered by Angel's voice.

LILITH Oh boy! Isn't this fun? BUTCH'S SPIRIT How do you do that? Your voice it's...it's..just there!

CUT TO:

The elevator door opens and Butch's Spirit walks towards Angel. Angel hands Butch a book, package of tissues and a box of Cigars. Butch smiles.

> ANGEL Butch, here is a little something for your journey.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Cigars! Wow! And there Havana's. Are they real?

ANGEL They're from Nikita. He got them from Fidel. I thought you would like them.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Kruschev? He made it here? How can I smoke here? Fidel? Isn't he with Lilith and Sam?

CUT TO:

We see Lilith legs crossed, smoking a cigar, above a picture of Fidel.

LILITH Oh! Butch your mine. (Blows smoke rings) All mine. Right Sam?

SAM

Only if he can act! Can't remember your lines...you can't act!

LILITH

Butch you stupid ass! Fidel's still breathing....can't fuck, but still has air in him....barely. But who knows!

CUT TO:

BUTCH SPIRIT'S What's with the tissues?

ANGEL (speaks under his breath) So many freakin' questions.

A series of question marks float around the room.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT

Very funny!

ANGEL

After all, you did smoke. Excessively I might add. And it won't effect you here. And Nikita? It was that October thing. He actually really helped. Can't say much for Fidel.

Angel turns and opens up a seam. The sound of a zipper in the middle of the air.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Man! How did you do that? Where's the hole? Come on! Ya got to tell me. How? How the? Whoa! What's that?

Butch starts looking around the spot where a ghostly figure is materializing.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Who's that?

ANGEL Mr. Scaperelli I want you to meet Al.

Al's ghostly figure stretches, turns side to side as he materializes.

ANGEL (CONT'D) I am sending him on your journey. To validate, to help your cause, to bring peace to your soul.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Al! You must be like Sam.

Al has what sounds like, a very bad cold. He speaks, talks through his nose, breaths deep and exhales loudly. Snorting and breathing. We see subtitles.

> AL Arrrrr..snort..arrrrsnory (Hello, it is my pleasure to meet your acquaintance and I am nothing like SAM)

We see the back of the ghostly figure. Butch squints.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Hey! Wait a second! You sound, in fact, you look like Alfred Hitchcock!

ANGEL Yes he does, doesn't he? One of my many tricks and secrets.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Secrets! Like a magician secret?. Well is he? Is he really Hitchcock?

Angel a little annoyed. Butch talks low, mumbles.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Well he looks and talks...I was just asking...how many times do you meet Hollywood people. I mean Peckinpah now Hitchcock?

As Butch mumbles his thumb flips pages through the book but never looks at it.

ANGEL (being firm) Let's stick to the reason your going back. VALIDATION! A requirement for all to enter heaven or...you know.

Butch has an image of Lilith and her finger wiggling to come forward. Butch continues his thumbing.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT

Okay! Okay!

ANGEL No one get's into Heaven without it. It requires work. And?....Proof of that work.

Butch opens the book. There are just blank pages.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Really? Could have fooled me. Hey! This list. It's nothing, not a thing here. The pages are blank!

ANGEL

Look again.

Letters sequentially begin to appear.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Wait a minute. I thought... ANGEL You thought what?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I thought I was supposed to ask people for forgiveness and forgive them.

ANGEL

It's about you forgiving you! You just need to validate some of your experiences. For instance remember when you were in the 3rd grade and you had to tell your story.. WHAT YOU DID OVER SUMMER VACATION?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (frowning to think) Vaguely uh...Yeah. Yeah, I get it.

ANGEL

We will do the first one together. Another thing.. Watch what you eat! No one can see you, but they can smell you. Come on! Get a move on! Look at that list!

Black screen white letters type across the screen #1 Meeting Irene.

FADE IN:

INT. BUTCH'S THIRD GRADE TEACHER, MISS STEIN IS AT THE CHALK BOARD.

MISS STEIN Class! You will need to take your report out.

Class room door opens.

MISS STEIN (CONT'D) Oh! And what do we have here?

There is a young girl accompanied by a school aide. The school aide approaches Miss Stein with a note.

MISS STEIN (CONT'D) (Reading note) Class! I'd like you to meet Irene....Irene William's..

SCHOOL AIDE Irene just moved from...where is it your from?

Irene looking shy.

MISS STEIN How lovely! Well class you know what to do when a new student arrives.

CLASS Welcome to our school Irene!

Irene no emotion.

MISS STEIN Uh yes so, Irene you can take the back seat behind. Um...that one.

Irene sits behind Butch. School aide departs. Miss Stein notices Butch's head down on the desk. Walks over and just nudges him then prods him with a pencil.

> BUTCH (very disheveled, hair a mess) Ow! Ow...uh...what?

MISS STEIN Mr. Scaparelli. Nice of you to join us. This is Irene. And since you missed the past few minutes, she is a our new classmate.

BUTCH (softly Gestures his hand) Hi!...Where you from?

MISS STEIN You can ask Irene all the questions you want after class. Irene? For now, take the seat behind Mr. Scaparelli.

Irene sits directly behind Butch. Butch looks over gets himself together. Miss Stein goes to the front. Irene answers Butch's question.

> IRENE Iowa! I moved from Iowa! BUTCH (turns to Irene)

Iowa! Where's that? IRENE

(just stares at Butch then whispers) What a jerk!

BUTCH What? What did you say? MISS STEIN Butch do you have your report? BUTCH Yeah! I do...I uh it's... MISS STEIN Where is it Butch? BUTCH It was here! I...don't...I don't know.. MISS STEIN Get up! Get in front of the class! Do you remember the assignment? BUTCH Yeah! What I did last Summer! MISS STEIN And.. So where's your report? BUTCH .uh! I..I..uh.. I think it's home... MISS STEIN Okay. Well you will do without it, and tell....tell everyone what you did last summer. Butch awkwardly walks, bumps into a desk, gets a slight push from a student then is in front of the class. BUTCH So... Uh so What I did on my summer vacation....Uh...I...uh well..I slept a lot and I got up a lot...Miss Stein....I don't feel so.. MISS STEIN Go ahead! BUTCH

> I uh... (a small sound, Butch forces out a fart) Whooops!

Kids in the front start to giggle. Butch embarrassed starts to smile.

IRENE (turns to girl sitting behind her) Is he stupid or something? GIRL Oh know, that's Butch...he's.. Yeah he's stupid all right! MISS STEIN What's so funny Butch? BUTCH Oh nothing! I uh.. (this time it's longer and louder with a slight odor) Ooooohh Oh! Oh! Kids laughing louder. Some hold their noses. MISS STEIN What's that? That smell oh my God!....oh...that's..awful.. IRENE (begins to laugh) He's kind of cute. GIRL Who? Butch! Ugh...ah! EXT. BEAUTIFUL SUMMER DAY. BIRDS CHIRPING -- AFTERNOON Butch' Spirit sleeping on a hammock. Talks.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT (yawns,) Yo! Wow! This was good. A Return to my youth. I know...well I was a little stupid at times. So what did you think of Irene? Pretty cute huh!

ANGEL (at his cloud office) See that wasn't so bad! You did well.

LILITH (O.S.) Oh how sweet....so innocent!

ANGEL You will get your turn. FADE OUT:

LILITH (O.S.) Ooohhh! I love it when you get so angry.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Hey what's going on over there?

ANGEL (O.S.) Butch, except for Al, your on your own. Al watch him.

AL

Urghh snort! (Okay)

Butch's Spirit half solid and gas like body moves to a crowded group. He peers over the shoulder of a person. The weather begins to change. It's now a cloudy misty rainy day.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Hey! What! What happened to the ffuc.. Stinking sun?

Butch's Spirit nervously jumping from person to person, finally settles down. A casket is being lowered. It's Butch's funeral. Family gathers. A woman puts a yellow rose on the casket, kisses it and gets up with the some help.

Butch's Spirit continues to talk.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Oh! Hi!..so I guess your the ones that Angel wants me to review all of this. Well, my name is George Scaparelli. Butch for short and that's Al..the guy with the camera. I was 62 when my heart gave out. What Al?

AL Snorts...aggggrrhhh snorts...aggrrrrhhhh (subtitle They know all of this!)

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Oh yeah! Yeah!

Butch's Spirit looks at his very sad family.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) That's my wife Irene, by my casket. I know she's looking kind of..well..not so good at the moment, but when she's all dolled up? A knockout!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) That's my son Josh and my daughters Margie and Rachel. Irene.. Well she's really crying..understandable. I just died. Butch lights one of the cigars, inhales, then a couple of puffs until it is lit. Becoming more human like. BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) A little more of the old cigar and I'll start looking like you. Smoking? Don't worry about it! Ha! I'm already fucken dead! A loud sound from above, Butch looks up. ANGEL (O.S.) They know that you idiot! Try and tone it down. I know about creative license but the f word...replace it. BUTCH'S SPIRIT Whoa! Okay but, I can't speak for everyone else. ANGEL I'm referring to you and only you. LILITH (O.S.) You can say what ever you want here...Butch. ANGEL Ignore her. BUTCH'S SPIRIT Wait till you hear Irene! Al move with me? Yeah that's it! Irene leaning over the casket. IRENE That mother fucker! Fucking around with Dora Schuster. Leaves me with no money and a broken heart as big as the moon... I could kill your father! Butch's Spirit shrugs. Lilith at her desk.

> LILITH (reading a womens magazine Playxxx) I like her! She can work for me anytime.

ANGEL (O.S.) Lets get going. I don't like overruns. JOSH Did you? I mean Ma you should have! No...No I didn't mean that. BUTCH'S SPIRIT (shakes his head) should have said Т something...probably done something too. Dora. Man that was terrible. Butch's Spirit completely materializes into life like form. BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Wow! I can finally see my legs! Butch's Spirit tries to get closer to his family. BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Come on. Move over Josh. Kids! There always in the way. Feels.. really really odd being here. But ya know? This is my family! We see Butch together with his family then slowly looks over at his list. Lilith standing with her ass against her desk holding and picking at her tail. LILITH My turn! SAM! SAM! Sam sleeping in his chair is startled. SAM Cut! I said cut! ANGEL (O.S.) Not yet you poor poor souls. I'll signal you. Butch, Al.. Your on. Lilith stomps her feet some steam. Sam falls back to sleep in his chair. Screen turns Black, white letters appear sequentially typed #2 The Punch. CUT TO: EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND -- MORNING-

Butch, skinny and tall, is playing baseball, slides into home plate. A cloud of dust and dirt, the catcher is on his back holding the ball. An argument ensues. BUTCH Safe!....We win!....

Tommy William's, a kid from the neighborhood, is the catcher. Stocky and tough.

TOMMY... You were out! OUT! We,..win! WIN.. WE... WON! BUTCH... WE WON!

All the kids begin to surround Butch and Tommy.

BUTCH (stares hard then pushes Tommy) I was safe, by a mile!

Tommy pushes Butch backwards. Tommy stares at Butch.

TOMMY You want to fight? Come on! If I win..we win. If I loose you win.

Butch try's walking away. The kids chant.

KIDS FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! Fight em Butch! Come on fight em Tommy!

Tommy chases Butch, throws the first punch. Hits Butch in the stomach. Butch grabs Tommy, they roll around on the ground for a few moments. They both get up. Tommy's nose is bleeding.

> TOMMY (crying) You broke my nose! You broke it!

BUTCH (looking around and feeling proud) Well!..That's what you get when you mess with me.

All the kids stare at Butch. Butch stares back at them. Then gives a slight lunge. All the kids jerk their shoulders back.

> BUTCH (CONT'D) Anybody else?

A little crackle voice is heard.

VOICE (O.S.) You Bully. That was my brothers nose. Your nothing but a bully.

The kids silently and slowly separate. A young Irene William's is present. TRENE (hands on her hips, sassy like) You want to fight me? Come on! BUTCH (Chuckling) You? Your a girl! IRENE So! Maybe I'll beat you.! Maybe I'11.... BUTCH Maybe what? Go home! Before I Tommy, squeezing his bloody shirt against his nose, sneaks behind Butch, kneels down. IRENE (slowly moves closer to Butch. Now is nose to nose.) Before you do what? BUTCH Uh! I...hey... Irene pushes Butch over Tommy. The kids all laugh. BUTCH (CONT'D) (brushes himself off) Okay I'm sorry. Tommy...I'm sorry. TOMMY That's okay, it's not really broken. I get nose bleeds. BUTCH Well I'm sorry anyway. (looks over at Irene and smiles) IRENE Butchie....you know...You got a nice smile. BUTCH (Looks at Irene's developing body) Really?. Irene you got nice....got um..Nice hair! Yeah really nice hair! I'm going to Charlie's, wanna soda?

24.

Butch and Irene walk.

FADE OUT:

EXT. BACK TO SPRIT BUTCH, ON A BENCH WITH NEWSPAPER COVERING HIS BODY, AWAKENS -- AFTERNOON BUTCH'S SPIRIT (yawns, scratches his hair) Yo! (the book falls from Butches lap) Whoops! What's next on this list? Ah! LILITH Now it's my turn! ANGEL Yes! It is, isn't it. Al.. You'll have to come up here. Al and Sam meet each other on the elevator. SAM (silent for seconds) I never liked your stuff. AL Snort Snort Aggggggg. Snort Snort (Have another drink. How many nominations do you have?) SAM Get your bald, snorting mother fucking fat ass off this elevator. LILITH (amused) Sam....the mouth on you. SAM I should have won something. What are we doing? Screen turns Black, Red letters sequentially type #3 The Clip. BUTCH'S SPIRIT Oh! I do remember this. I don't know? If they're young children watching .. well you know .. this may be a little...Adult.

SAM (0.S.) Ah! Fuck the little bastards! FADE IN:

EXT. A ROCK CONCERT JUST ENDED, PARKING LOT, WINTER, EVENING 1968

Tommy (Irene's Brother) and Butch, early twenties, long hair, mustaches. Butch wearing a tie dyed shirt, and a rust colored fringed jacket. Tommy is in similar attire. They both enter Butch's van stoned on pot.

> BUTCH Wow! They were fuckin good! Ya know...I uh...Well they were good.

TOMMY They were! What was their fucking name again?

BUTCH (Eyes as red as a beet) Uh! Hmmm! I forgot.... (looks down at the ashtray) Hey! I didn't forget this...Roachie! Roachie!

TOMMY Wow man! Light the fucker!

The roach was small. Butch gets a clip that's on a chain around his neck.

BUTCH (lights up, takes a hit, hands the clip to Tommy and holds his breath. Then releases.) Ohhh! Ohhhh man. That's more like it!

TOMMY... (doing multiple hits) Hey where did ya get.. (coughing fit) Where did you get... (continues to cough)

BUTCH (chuckles) You okay? I know,..it's a little harsh. But..not bad...Not bad.

TOMMY Yeah! I'm good! (MORE) TOMMY (CONT'D) (passes the joint and had noticed the clips pink color) Ehhh... (clears his throat)

Where did you get that clip?

BUTCH Your sister Irene gave it to me.

TOMMY Yeah. I recognize it....Speak of the devil!

Irene and her girlfriend Carol approach the van.

IRENE (taps on van window) Hey! Can you give us a lift.

BUTCH (leans outs) Sure! Where ya going?

Irene and friend Carol looking good, tight jeans, showing off cleavage.

IRENE Home. Uh Carol's going home I'm...

TOMMY

Your what?

IRENE Uh...um gonna hang you guys.

BUTCH Nice. Looking real nice.

Butch taps Tommy on the knee, takes a hit then points out the window.

TOMMY Oh fuck me! It's the cops! Get rid of that! (Butch throws the clip just past Irene's nose)

BUTCH (watches the patrol car drive by) Fuck! He's stopping!

Carol is frantic, Irene is cool.

TOMMY... Now he's getting out! Where fucked! It smells like a pot den in here.

BUTCH (a little bewildered) Pot den? What the fuc...kkkk! Shhhh! Quiet! Listen!

All of a sudden the police radio announces a robbery in process. The officers return to the patrol car. Then turns on the siren and speeds off.

BUTCH (CONT'D) Oh Fuck! Fuck!....Thank you God! God Thank you.

TOMMY

Lets's go! Come on! Let's get going before they come back.

Butch in a hurry leans over the front seat, opens the van door as Irene and Carol hop in.

IRENE They're not coming back.

CAROL I gotta get home!

BUTCH

It's okay! It's okay. Irene is right. I'll drop Tommy off at the gas station. He needs to get his car. Tommy, take Carol home. I'll hang with Irene.

Irene is smiling at Butch, then calmly looks over at her brother so not to draw attention.

TOMMY (squints, gets whats going on) What am I gonna do at the gas station?

BUTCH You and Carol can hang with Ralph. He needs the help. Plus it's card night!

CAROL I can't! I have to go home.

TOMMY (nods, shrugs) Then I need twenty bucks.

BUTCH I don't have twenty....here's five.

TOMMY Five? That's it? TRENE (rummages through her purse) I have 10! Hands the 10 to Tommy. TOMMY Thanks! Don't expect to get this back. Butch starts the van. EXT. GAS STATION -- MOMENTS LATER Butch pulls up to the pump. Tommy and Carol get out. Irene sits in the front seat. Ralph approaches. Tommy and Ralph exchange peace signs. TO" BUTCH (sees the price per qallon siqn) I'll pump ...33 cents a gallon?. What the fuck! How much more can they charge? I'll owe ya! RALPH That's cool! (looks over as cars pull in) Gotta go! It's getting busy. Hi Irene...bye Irene! (Irene waves) Tommy helps Ralph, Butch pumps his own gas, Carol stands alone. CUT TO: FADE IN:

INT. BUTCHES CAR AT THE BEACH -- MOON LIT NIGHT---WAVES POUND SURF --CAR RADIO ON.

IRENE Butch....it's so beautiful here.

Butch puts his arm around Irene, draws her closer, she is accommodating, they passionately kiss.

IRENE (CONT'D) Honey, I love kissing you. (Butch stares then smiles) I like it too sweetie!

Butch and Irene are now kissing with passion and Irene pulls back.

IRENE Whew! Warm! Hey big boy is that a rocket in your pocket? (Eyebrows raised, Irene look down at Butch's crotch) I know what else your good at. (chuckling, being very sexy and touchy)

Lilith at her desk smiling and giving a positive look.

LILTH She's good....she'll make a fine client. Sam make sure your getting this. But "Rocket in the Pocket"?

SAM I got it...this bitch is hot!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT What you mean? She's just...

SAM She's steaming...give it to her already.

Butch's Spirit looks on.

BUTCH Yeah....well....let's you and I go....

IRENE (interrupts) Honey? Do you remember when we were in the 7th grade. The lunchroom. Remember the lunchroom?

BUTCH (continued) ...in the back seat.. Oh! Yeah! You girls. Man slut's at that age.

IRENE Not me! It was cute and funny! It was so innocent. Turns me on!

BUTCH Come on! It was embarrassing!

Butch's Spirit and Lilth communicate

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Hey I didn't see this on the list. Lilith pauses the action. BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Wow! That's neat. Everyone is like still. Man you've got some techniques! LILITH (O.S.) Let me look. Oh I guess Winged boy didn't get my change. It's on the list as Cold Hands. Sam you need to qet a little closer. SAM (O.S.) Porno close? CUT TO: INT. LILITH IN BATHROOM-PEEING STANDING UP LILITH Oh excuse me! (voice lowers as bathroom door slowly closes) Hmmmm....maybe not that close. Butch's Spirit runs down the list with his finger. We see. #4 Cold Hands. Lilith returns to action. Screen turns Black RED letters sequentially typed #4 "Cold Hands." CUT TO:

INT. LUNCHROOM JR. HIGH SCHOOL FLASHBACK TO 7TH GRADE.

Butch is wearing his Boy Scout uniform, a brand new kerchief and tie slide that is a "Hikers Boot", and his hat. Butch walks with his lunch tray.

> IRENE Over here Butch! Sit with us!

Irene sits with her friends Ann and Judy, they have been planning something.

ANN Are you sure? I mean he's cute but who wears their Boy Scout uniform to school? Ann puts her finger in her mouth and sticks out her tongue.

JUDY I like his eyes there blue. He's cute.

IRENE Look I'll sit next to Butch and you sit across from him....then you know what to do...right?

Both girls are laughing.

JUDY

Do you think it's true?

IRENE

Well. I heard my Mom talking to your Mom and she heard it from a woman who knows Doctor Rivers wife. They were all at the beauty parlor.

ANN

The school doctor? Cold Hands?

IRENE Yeah! It must have been from a physical! (they chuckle as Butch sits)

BUTCH Hi Irene...Hi Judy..Hi Ann..What about Cold Hands?

IRENE

Oh! Uh! Oh! Nothing. We were talking about our physicals for gym and how much we hate them. Nice tie slide. What is it a shoe?

Irene touches Butches tie slide. Butch pushes her hand away.

BUTCH No! It's a hiking boot.

IRENE

Why do you wear your Boy Scout uniform to school?

BUTCH Because I'm a Boy Scout and we can!

IRENE Well, I think you should stop. It's not cool. Besides your not in elementary anymore. JUDY Yeah Butch. Look around. Look at how everyone else is dressed.

BUTCH (very innocently) But some of my teachers like it. I thought you'd liked it Irene.

IRENE Well, not really..it, it looks...well it's..it's babyish..

Butch a little hurt and embarrassed.

ANN

Butch stick out your hands.

BUTCH

Huh? Why?

IRENE Go ahead Butch. Just stick em out!

Butch proceeds, slowly, then pulls back, laughs.

IRENE (CONT'D) Judy!

BUTCH

(smiles) Do what?

Do it!

IRENE Now! Grab them! Hold them!

Judy and Ann are frantically strain to hold Butches arms by his wrists.

BUTCH Hey! What the?

In seconds Irene unzips Butches fly, puts her hand inside his pants, Butch feels something.

IRENE Oh my god! It's true! It is! It's true.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK AT BUTCHES CAR AT THE BEACH.

Irene has her hand in Butches pants, stroking him.

BUTCH

Wow I remember the lunch teacher came over, could you do that a little faster...and she, that's it..that's it..oh oh. And she sent me to the principal's office for exposing myself.

IRENE I know, you protected us. I never really forgot that. Butch? I..well (Irene looks down) Let's lay down in the back.

Butch and Irene have sex.

INT. BACK OF VAN. BUTCH AND IRENE LAYING DOWN -- CONTINUOUS

IRENE (wrapped in a blanket and smoking) That was really good. I hope Carol got home okay.

BUTCH Yeah...uhhh...where's that roach. Oh! I forgot I through it out. Wait! The clip you gave me.

Butch leans to the front seat. Get's his stash.

IRENE

You mean to tell me you were worried about that stupid roach clip and you had all of this!

BUTCH Uh... Well the clip had a roach in it. And it was lit and, the stash it was underneath my seat.

> IRENE (stares at Butch hands him the pink clip) I picked it up!

BUTCH Wow! Cool...you're so cool..I mean it...your are?

Seconds of silence.

IRENE Butch? If I'm so cool. Do you love me?

BUTCH Uhh! Love you? TRENE I mean you fuck me enough. Sometimes everyday! BUTCH When does fucking everyday have to turn into love? IRENE (throws her panties at him) You peace of shit! Gimme those..you..You don't deserve them! (Butch slowly hands the panties to Irene) BUTCH I love you....I love...you, Irene. Irene, now calm looks at Butch, leans over and kisses him. IRENE I new you did. I just needed to hear you say it. EXT. PARK BENCH. BUTCH'S SPIRIT HEAD DOWN AWAKENING, YAWNING, PICKS UP LIST. -- AFTERNOON BUTCH'S SPIRIT Well I said it was embarrassing. Ι quess some of us have things you know, situations, like that? Sam unfolds his Director chair beside the park bench with a copy of Variety. SAM I was born with fucken situations like that! LILITH (O.S.) Great comeback you old bastard. BUTCH'S SPIRIT Hey..Sam! I think their leaving.

Butch points Sam to his family.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) (CONT'D) By the way I stopped wearing my Boy Scout Uniform to school. (MORE)

FADE OUT:

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) (CONT'D) Just in case your interested. Sam! SAM! WAIT UP!

SAM On my fucking honor! Just "be prepared" you douche bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK AT BUTCHES FUNERAL PROCESSION STARTING TO EXIT --Butch close by, eating lunch and sitting beneath a tree.

> JOSH Let's go mom. Lets go home. Dad's okay now. He's in a better place.

Youngest daughter Rachel waits as the casket lowers.

RACHEL Good-Bye Daddy. I love you.

Rachel senses a warm breeze. Slight odor

JOSH (Also senses something odd, looks around) Coming Rachel?

We see the back of Rachel, standing, her hand held out as to "stop"

RACHEL In A second! Just a second!

Rachel turns, holding her nose.

JOSH What's wrong? I smell it too.

RACHEL You do? I think it came from around that tree. What a stink!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Whoops! Lilith let us order some lunch. Sorry. I had a Tamale. (sound of flagellation)

Lilith pauses the action.

LILITH (O.S.) (farts) Ooohh! Excuse me! I had one too! BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Very funny. Get your own leaves.

Lilith continues the action. Margie oldest, standing next to Josh.

MARGIE I think she's having one of her Physic things. You know happenings?

IRENE (looks up at Rachel) Honey! Everything okay?

RACHEL Yes mom! Everything is fine.

IRENE I want to go now..just..just want to go....home...to the house.

Butch's Spirit walking, heading towards the limos. Sam follows.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (Grabs a tissue from his pocket) It's sad...I feel bad...real bad..ffffffff (sound of flagellation)) Whoops! Freaking Tamale's Sam? Where are we?

Butch hears from Lilith.

LILITH (O.S.) Sam come on down! It's their turn with Mr. Penis.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT See ya guy's later. It's been...well fun. I guess. Angel?

ANGEL (O.S.) Al is on his way.

CUT TO:

INT. MOM'S HOUSE, LARGE GATHERING OF PEOPLE IN VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN HOUSE. MARGIE AND RACHEL IN THE KITCHEN. SUN SHINING THROUGH WINDOWS--MID AFTERNOON.

Television on, there's a commercial selling old Ed Sullivan, shows.

Frank Gorshin a star impersonator is doing his famous impression of Alfred Hitchcock.

BUTCH'S SPRIT (slight laugh) Al, see, your on TV. Gorshin's doing you. Man listen he's got you down pat.

AL Aggr...snort snort (not bad, that's pretty funny)

Josh puts on an old 78 LP, we can hear some scratches. Looks up to see one of his Dad's favorite pictures of Jimmy Durante walking through spotlights. Margie in her parents bedroom, picks up a wedding picture. We still hear Gorshin in the background, he's doing Kirk Douglas.

> MARGIE (speaks softly) Oh, Mom. Dad and you look so happy.

Irene walks in the bedroom. In the background we hear the 78LP. Jimmy Durante singing "Inka Dinka Do".

IRENE (Startles Margie) Yes...We were!

MARGIE Mom! I didn't hear you.

IRENE

At times, very very happy...good friends. Very good friends. We did more crazy things. But being happy, young and crazy? Wasn't always that way.

Butch's Spirit sitting upright on his bed.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (hand on the bed) I miss this bed. Lots and lots of action here.

Butch looks over at a wedding picture.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) I remember. Our song. (Leans over picks up list, finger runs down to #5) Wedding Night?

Butch humming the song, "Try a Little Tenderness" looks over at Irene, smiles, puts down the picture. (Background music accompanies Butch's humming) Screen turns Black, white letters sequentially appear. #5 "The Wedding Night or The Night Before "

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) (CONT'D) Wedding Night?. Man! Isn't that a little personal? I mean come on!

ANGEL (O.S.) Butch. A little issue. Although, I am impressed, you did remember the song, and I am sure the Wedding Night is

(some what sarcastic) beautiful. It should have read. The Night Before, which, by all involved, is...well,...a hmm..just a mess.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Oh! Ehh the night before..hmm..this is pretty much..like ya know..X rated!

LILITH (O.S.) This is on my list!

ANGEL (O.S.) Yes I know! We will share the load on this one. Your gifted assistant can tag along and he can pick the second half. Al, make sure you get it. And I mean all of it!

SAM I gotta work with that bald bastard?

Al materializes along side SAM.

AL (O.S.) Snort !!!!! Grgaaaaaa! (Do you have one of these?)

Al shows SAM his Lifetime Achievement Award.

SAM Fuck Hollywood!

LILITH

Boys be nice now. Thanks Hot Wings! Your making me all moistly.. I mean misty!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) All righty then! Uh.. We were at this place...the ehh the, Doll House!

FADE IN:

INT. LOUD MUSIC, NAKED WOMAN POLE DANCING, BUTCH, TOMMY AND FRIENDS SITTING AROUND A TABLE ORDERING DRINKS. -- LATE EVENING.

TOMMY Ill have a rum and coke.

BUTCH Same! What's your name sweetie?

WAITRESS

Candy.

The rest of Butch's friends Bryan (Tommy's cousin), Matt, Rich, Frankie and others continue ordering.

TOMMY Ooohhh! I like Candy! (Puts his hand on her thigh)

CANDY

You? Hey! You want to get thrown out of here? Don't touch! Never ever touch me!

TOMMY I was only being friendly. You don't have to be a...

CANDY(hand on her hip) What? Be a what?.... A bitch?

BUTCH Whoa! Hey this is supposed to be a fun night. It's my Bachelor party!

TOMMY Yeah! It's his party! So be cool.

CANDY I'm as cool as an ice cube! What you'll have?

Candy takes the rest of the drink orders as Butch and Tommy look at the stage.

ANNOUNCER Gentleman! May I have your attention!

The stage is dark and gets slowly lighter with a light mist of smoke. Music getting louder.

Butch, Tommy and rest are in awe of Heather who is a ten. Candy comes back with the drink order.

TOMMY

Is she new?

CANDY Uh Huh! We both are. That'll be 55.

TOMMY (hands her a 100) And I'll take some change.

CANDY How much change?

Butch smiles at his buddies, is completely entranced with Heather as she moves around the pole.

TOMMY That depends. Is Jake around?

BUTCH Will you look at her? Hey baby! I have some pole for you!

Heather dancing gives Butch a smile and blows a kiss.

BUTCH (CONT'D) Tommy you watching this?

TOMMY Yeah! She's hot! So ya know who I'm talking about?

CANDY Yeah! He's around. How do you know Jake?

BRYAN He's our cousin.

MATT Butchie? She wants ya!

CANDY Oh! Your the guys that Heather and I are supposed to entertain. Tommy looks on. Smiles, sips his drink, and puts his hand on Candy's leg.

CANDY (CONT'D) I'll go get Jake!

Candy turns and bumps right into Jake.

JAKE Hey! What's up guys? Big day tomorrow huh Butch?

Jake's arm around Candy's waist.

BUTCH Yep! Gonna make it?

JAKE Absolutely! Wouldn't miss it.

Jake looks at Candy, then looks up at Heather.

JAKE (Turn's to Candy) (CONT'D) When Heather's done, bring her over. Let's get some food, appetizers, wings, hot and spicy, also some cheese and nachos, salsa and uhmm some tamales and refried beans.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Tamales I can relate to them! (slight flagellation)

AL (0.S.)

Snorting (laughing)

ANGEL (0.S.) You need to see a gastrologist before you finish! Let's keep going.

LILITH (O.S.) I need to see him too! What about you Sam?

SAM (O.S.) I prefer farting in public!

JAKE (Talking to Candy) Oh yeah! Another round of drinks for these devils.

We see Lilith polishing a white plastic penis.

LILITH Devils? Not I! (hisses like a cat. Looks up and hears Angel, smiles)

ANGEL (O.S.) Hey! Enough with the interruptions!

ANDY This on the house or something?

JAKE Just bring the stuff and then get ready!

Bryan, Matt, Frankie and others smile and chuckle. Heather finishing her routine. In the background, Butch, friends and crowd whistling. Heather picks up dollar bills.

> ANNOUNCER (O.S.) HEATHER...Gentleman...a big round of applause for...HEATHER..

Standing ovation.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D) Will be back shortly...Up next? A Little Darling from the Big City...see ya in a few.

BUTCH

So, what's up here. Are we doing something or what?

FRANKIE Hmmm! Something will be up soon! Hey, don't forget I have your Tux in the car.

Butch looks at Frankie and nods.

MATT

We gonna paaaaarrrttttyyyy!

TOMMY

Easy boys! Butchie it's our gift to you. After all we're gonna be related (slams drink down) Related, man ain't that cool.

BUTCH Yeah! Big deal! Brother In Law. Bring it on man! TOMMY Whoa! We can't do that here!

JAKE Not here numb nuts! In the back. I've got a private room.

The group follows Jake.

INT. DANCERS DRESSING ROOM CANDY AND HEATHER GETTING READY.

CANDY (putting on earings)

Nice butt!

Heather puts on lipstick.

HEATHER (smacking her lips, shakes her hair) Yeah! Well, it's making me money. (fixes her breasts') Lets get this over with.

They walk down the hall to the private room.

CANDY Can't believe these guys. Getting married and this is what they do. Scumbags.

HEATHER Those scumbags have the money. It's a pay day. Let's just be hot and sweet. I'll be the biggest slut for the right amount.

CANDY We all are, for good money. Blow Job money.

CUT TO:

INT. LILITH'S AT HER DESK LEGS UP, HEAD BENT BACK EATING A BANANA.

LILITH (sligh gag) Hey! Girls when you can do this come on down! INT. BACK AT THE DOLL HOUSE.

Candy and Heather get themselves's poised and ready. They enter the room, rock music playing loud.

JAKE Hey!.Come on over. We've got uhh some booze...and a little smoke.

CANDY Here? You gonna do that here?

HEATHER It's okay. I like a little pot with my rum and coke.

Heather and Candy sit with group, each one taking turns smoking joints and sitting on the guys laps. As times goes on everyone including the girls are very high.

Rest of the group peels off, some play pin ball, others darts.

CANDY

I gotta pee.

HEATHER Me too. I'll go with you.

JAKE (stoned, whispers) Tommy! Tommy! There are two beds in the back. Go ahead. Take Candy.

TOMMY (very wrecked) Uh...man..she's..never gonna go with me. She's a bitch!

JAKE Butchie! I'm tellin ya! You take her, she's ready! Hey ! Are you all right? Your looking kind of pale.

BUTCH Uhhh um full, drunk..really stoned. I don't even know if I can even get it up. Anyway I don't want Candy. I want Heather.

JAKE I don't give a shit! Take Heather! It's your party. (looks at Tommy snoring) I'll take Candy.

Tommy has leaned back, feet on the table, mouth open, out cold. Some of the group leave, Matt and Bryan stay. Everyone is so wrecked slurring words, laughing etc.

JAKE (CONT'D) Hey where's everyone going?

MATT They see what's going on. Plus they're married and, they don't want any part of this.

FRANKIE Jake? Where's the other girls?

JAKE Well..uhh..listen! When where done...you can have em...

MATT What! Come on!

JAKE Take it or leave it man!

Candy and Heather come out of the bathroom, very groggy,

JAKE (CONT'D) Look! Here they come! Hey! It's Lucy and Ethel!

HEATHER Yeah? Whose suppose to be Ethel?

BUTCH

None of you. I'm so fucking stoned! You both could look like shit on a shingle! And it wouldn't matter.

JAKE

What? What The fuck! Yeah it does. (looks in disbelief) These girls are hot! Equipped for us. For you! You Stupid fuck!

BUTCH I know! Just fucking with ya...I'm so fucking stoned. (starts laughing) Didn't mean anything. Speaking of shit.

Butch breaks into a non-stoppable laugh. Then everyone starts laughing, and they don't know why. Shrugging of shoulders, eyebrows raised, joints still being passed around. This continues.

BUTCH (CONT'D) I got a great story to tell ya! BUTCH SPIRIT'S Oh. This on the list, it's ohhhhh... Here, let me seeeeeee, here it is....#6

Butch catches his breath takes a hit and a shot of whiskey. Heather sits on Butches lap, Candy straddles Jake.

FADE IN:

We start to see the black screen type white letters #6 Under..., then Angel abruptly stops it, (a needle drag sound) when Butch starts talking. The screen remains stalled.

> BUTCH (O.S.) One day Irene and I...

HEATHER (O.S.) Wait a minute, isn't Irene the girl your marrying tomorrow?

BUTCH (O.S.) Yeah! That she is!

JAKE (O.S.) Let him tell the story. Go on Butch.

The screen finishes #6 Underwear....Screen remains.

LILITH (O.S.) I don't wear the damn things! They itch my butt! (huge silly laugh)

INT. THE DOLL HOUSE BACK ROOM BUTCH CONTINUES HIS STORY.

BUTCH (O.S.) We planned on taking the train to the city then catching a subway to Polo Grounds to see the stinking Mets.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLASHBACK TO LONG ISLAND RAILROAD TRAIN STOP -- AFTERNOON.

Butch and Irene leave the subway. They walk.

Dialog off screen continues.

CANDY (O.S.) How romantic!

BUTCH (O.S.) Not really! Irene is a big Met fan. (MORE) BUTCH (O.S.) (CONT'D) She's the one who wanted to go. So before we got on the train we had lunch at this Mexican place.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCH AND IRENE AT A MEXICAN RESTAURANT. -- AFTERNOON Butch eating like it was his last meal. Irene just watches Butch with amazement and disgust.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK AT THE DOLL HOUSE BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

JAKE Wait a minute! I'm hungry! (Lifts Candy off) Baby go order some more of the same food for everyone.

CANDY I wanna hear Butch's story!

JAKE Fuck! I'll do it!

Jake walks over to the intercom and starts ordering.

HEATHER

You afraid?

In the background we hear Jake ordering everything spicy that's on the menu.

BUTCH Me? Afraid of what?

HEATHER Tomorrow! It's a big step in a person's life.

BUTCH Nah! It's something we all do. I'll be okay.

HEATHER I wasn't just talking about you. What about your wife?

BUTCH Irene? She'll be fine. She loves me. (Heather smirks Butch smiles and pulls her closer) JAKE More food! It's on the way. Baby, gimme that roach. Go on Butch finish your story.

BUTCH Like I was saying we ate this big lunch and got on a subway to the Polo Grounds. Then all of a sudden my stomach was killing me, I mean it was bad..really bad.

Angel pauses the scene alerts Al to capture the moment.

ANGEL (O.S.) Al! Al! Are you sleeping?

AL (0.S.) Snort!! Uugggg Snort! (no no I'm watching)

ANGEL (O.S.) Make sure your getting this. Butch?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Do I have too?

ANGEL (O.S.) Yes. Oh yes you do. Let's get going.

Angel continues the action. Butch continues his story.

FADE IN:

INT. NYC SUBWAY CAR LATE AFTERNOON.

Butch's Spirit Al and SAM enter the subway scene. They see a crowded standing room only subway. Butch is pressed up against the back wall, can't move. Irene holding his hand. Butch is sweating.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT I'm so embarrassed.

Sam and Al lean up against the door and observe Butch.

BUTCH (Speaks under his breath) My fucking stomach. Oh man!

IRENE Honey, you okay? Yeah... (deep breath) I'm fine.

IRENE You don't look fine.

Suddenly we see the expression on Butches face go from pain to a smile as he releases himself.

Al and SAM hold their noses.

BUTCH

Ahh! (Says to himself I just shit my pants)

IRENE Oh my God! Someone farted! What a stink. (she pinches her nose and gags)

The crowd right behind Butch and Irene pinch their noses as well. Various people in the crowd comment.

BUTCH Ohhh! Who could have done that?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Oh boy! Well.. When ya gotta go ya gotta go!

AL (squeezing his nose) Uggg....Snort. (Man that stinks!)

SAM What's the big deal? I used to do this all the time.

IRENE (gagging) Oh! I think I'm going to get sick!

PASSANGER NUMBER 1 GOD! It's like someone died!

PASSANGER NUMBER 2 (Jewish accent) No fooling! My Aunt Sophie God rest her soul, had the worst fish odor you can imagine. This smell, makes hers like, a beautiful spring morning.

IRENE (stares at Butch and wonders) Butch?

BUTCH Why are you looking at me like that? It wasn't me!

IRENE I guess not. I know you well enough. Your farts are not that bad!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Yeah, she got that wrong!

ANGEL (O.S.) Gastrologist's name is Dr. Milstein. I'll make the appointment when you complete your tasks.

LILITH (O.S.) Oh! He's Jewish....dont' forget about us!

The subway stops. Butch and Irene leave.

BUTCH I'm gonna go to the head.

IRENE I'll wait for you here.

Butch walks peculiar and Irene watches. Butch enters the men's room. Irene lights a cigarette.

BUTCH

Fuck!

The stalls are full. Butch paces up and down. We hear a variety of disgusting bathroom noises.

BUTCH (CONT'D) Ladies room...ladies room...Irene.

Butch steps outside, sees Irene.

BUTCH (CONT'D) Irene the stalls are full. Please check the ladies room. Please.

IRENE Oh my god it was you. I can still smell it on you..you.. Get away! Get away from me!

Butch rushes in, views the tampon dispenser as if to validate he is actually there, and sees an open stall.

BUTCH Thank fucking GOD! (enters the stall) BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Forgive me for that?

ANGEL (O.S.) Done. Keep going! (slight chuckle) This is so great!

Butch removes and hangs his jeans, then removes his underwear. Sits down on the bowl and drops his underwear to the floor. A fairly loud "slop/slap" sound occurs. Butch looks down and stares at his diarrhea filled underwear.

> BUTCH (low talk almost whispers) Oh! Man! This has to go.

Butch takes his right foot and slides the disgusting underwear to the next stall. Butch then begins to finish what he started in the subway. Some new flagellation sounds begin.

BUTCH (low talk almost whispers) (CONT'D) Whoa! That's a fucking relief!

Butch grabs some toilet paper finishes cleaning himself. Seconds later, mysteriously (slow motion) the soiled underwear slides back to Butch. He stares at it.

> BUTCH (CONT'D) Ahhh!!! What the fuck?

Not a word uttered from whatever or whomever delivered the soiled underwear. Butch hurriedly gets dressed. Pushes the stall door open, a loud noise. Pauses instinctively to wash his hands, realizes the stupidity of that action, rush's out to meet Irene.

> IRENE Honey! Over hear. Are you okay?

BUTCH Yeah, let's get the fuck out of here.

Irene and Butch head up the subway stairs.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Angel not a big thing. But how did that underwear get back to me? I never saw a foot?

ANGEL (O.S.) Neither did I? Life is full of mysteries.

LILITH (O.S.) Sam? Was that you in the next stall?

FADE OUT:

INT. DOLL HOUSE BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Everyone just in still silence at Butch's story. Then Jake lifts up his left cheek farts, complete laughter. More food arrives.

HEATHER

You pig!

It's 2:00AM in the morning the gang gets ready to leave.

HEATHER (CONT'D) We gotta change. Come on Candy.

The girls go to a small dressing room in back of the beds. A heavy beaded curtain separates the rooms. The beds are outfitted with red satin sheets. In front of the rooms a single pole and a raised dance platform.

MATT

Bryan! Come on let's go. It's getting crazy in here.

BRYAN

Yeah. Okay. I'm not into sloppy seconds anyway. I'll buy ya a cup coffee.

MATT

Meet you at the diner. I'll get Tommy up.

BRYAN Hey! Butch see ya tomorrow man! Don't be late for your own wedding! Jake? You better take care of him.

JAKE

You guys are crazy. What about all this food! The hot babes!

BUTCH

Their not crazy Jake. Their married. Very married.

BRYAN

Ah, you'll do all right. It's too late. I gotta go!

JAKE You pussy's! More for us Butch! BUTCH OK! See you later. (Whispers, then looks at his watch) Not much later either.

Butch waves, Jake nods, everyone else is leaving. Butch and Jake start eating food, drinking, smoking eating more.

BUTCH (CONT'D) Man I'm so fucking hungry!

JAKE Fuck! Gimme that salsa.

A few minutes Jake goes over to the juke box turns on music.

INT. DRESSING ROOM HEATHER AND CANDY GET READY

They are each putting a wedding night, bride to be, whore for the evening outfit. Fixed with 9 inch stiletto heels and a see through body stocking. We see them in the small mirror. They instinctively slide in and out from each other taking turns without incident.

> CANDY Ya know we're going to have to fuck them.

HEATHER So? What else is new. I have Butch. He seems workable.

CANDY I hear he's got a big cock.

JAKE (O.S.) Let's go girls. Right now!

HEATHER Okay! Okay! Ooohh! That's a plus! And you know this by...Experience?

CANDY Something about school...and lunch, (shakes her head)) I don't know?

HEATHER

(shakes her head))

What!

Jake walks over and pounds the bathroom door.

JAKE Mother fuckers! Let's go! Heather and Candy put on red lipstick, smack their pouting lips, fix their G string and breasts. Dressing room door opens. Their silhouetted bodies move to music that Jake had just put on.

JAKE (grabs his crotch) (CONT'D) That's what I'm talking about!

Candy and Heather step onto the dance platform. They begin a seductive routine that implies lesbian acts. Some cat calls from Jake and Butch. Butch and Jake slobber on the nachos, refried beans and beer. The dance and eating goes on for minutes.

Heather on the pole upside down legs spread apart.

HEATHER (Points, wiggles a finger) Come up here big boy! I have something for you.

Candy steps down and goes over and does a lap dance for Jake. Butch joint in hand, very groggy makes his way to the platform. Steps behind the pole.

> BUTCH (dances) Honey you got the sweetest ass.

Butch has his hands on Heathers ass and hips. He seductively caress's her inner thighs. Heather uses the strength in her legs and wraps them around Butch's neck and the pole.

> HEATHER One false move and....

BUTCH Man! Your strong!

HEATHER That's right! So just be careful.

Heather pushes her buttocks up by putting her hands that lay flat on the dance platform then lifting. Butch is slightly lifted and is on his toes.

> BUTCH Whoa! Wait a minute..your getting carried away..let go.... (seconds go by) I said loosen your fucking legs!

Jake and Candy are alerted by Butch.

JAKE Hey! What the fuck are you doing?

HEATHER Just having a little fun, Jake. JAKE

Well, get on with it....I'm paying for your time so...just get it on!

HEATHER

Come on!

Heather, Butch, Jake and Candy make their way to the bedrooms. INT. BEDROOM ONE. HEATHER AND BUTCH -- MOMENTS LATER BUTCH (removes his clothes) So, uh.. You got a boyfriend? Heather lights a joint. HEATHER (staring at Butch's body) No!....But for tonight?....You can be my boyfriend. BUTCH I'm honored. HEATHER What a fucking line! BUTCH No I mean it...For a Whore your one sweet piece of ass. HEATHER (smiles) Why, what a nice thing to say...to a Whore. BUTCH You are a whore. Aren't you? HEATHER Uhh...I'm an entertainer! BUTCH Okay...uh! Then entertain me. (fixes a spot on the bed and lays down) HEATHER (sits on Butch) Let's see what's inside... of here. (Heather removes Butch's underwear) Oooh. My my! BUTCH Yeah!..well uhh do you...Approve? HEATHER (knods, chuckles) Yup!

We see Heather's right arm move up and down pleasuring Butch.

BUTCH You a! Ohhh...that's good very good.

Heather goes down on Butch.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Oh! I know I have been quiet through all of this. But....

Angle pauses the action. We see the back of Heathers head and Butch's eyes closed smiling.

ANGEL (O.S.)

Problem?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Well! I just wanted to say...I know this doesn't look good...and what's coming is...well....you know..

ANGEL (O.S.) No! I don't know! And for the record having sex like this is more than just inappropriate.

LILITH (O.S.) Hey Butch! Want a bite of my apple?

ANGEL (O.S.) Not funny! Let's keep this moving!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) I wanted to say I know it looks pretty bad, but up until then, I really wasn't that experienced and was kind of new at this.

ANGEL (O.S.) I know! That's part of the problem. I have a lifelong job. And..it gets worse everyday when one of you baby boomers pass.

LILITH (O.S.) Come on! I want to see this!

Angel continues the action. Heather's head continues to bob up and down.

BUTCH Oh! Ohh that.. What the fuck are you doing?

HEATHER I'm just sticking my finger in your ass. BUTCH Ow! Uhh..it..hurts!.... HEATHER (Really begins to gouge Butch) Toughen up sweet cheeks!....Never did this? BUTCH Huh...no...I mean yeah...hey easy! Ow! Sometimes.. I think once. HEATHER Once? You never did. It's okay, you'll like it. Butch adjusts to this sexual act. BUTCH (To himself) This is,.. Different. Irene would never go up my ass. I heard of sick....uhhh HEATHER(To herself) Look at this asshole. I wonder what makes men so.... (Butch a silent fart, seconds later a audible one) Whew! Hey! What's that all about? BUTCH Sorry! Must be the the refried Beans. Some audible stomach sounds. More flagellating. BUTCH (To himself) (CONT'D) Ya know, I wonder? I heard of kinky girls doing this stuff. Heather momentarily stops her head right at Butch's crotch. BUTCH (To himself) (CONT'D) This feels like an enema. Maybe she wants me to...nah nah it can't be! Oh Oh! Oh! No! Butch defecates on Heather. The first release is small, hits Heather on the bridge of her nose. A few seconds later it was an eruption. We see shit on the lenses of Sam and

> HEATHER Ahhhhhhhhh! You Mother fucker!

Al's viewfinders.

SAM Mother fucker shit on my lens!

AL Snort Argghhhh! Snort... (I'm going to throw up)

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE AND CANDY IN THE OTHER BEDROOM. -- CONTINUOUS

Candy naked sitting on top having sex.

JAKE What the fuck! Oh! Man that stinks oh! God!

CANDY

Uggg! (starts gagging)

From Jakes bedroom we hear Heather and Butch.

BUTCH (O.S.) Oh! I'm sorry I thought...maybe

HEATHER (O.S.) You shit on me you...stupid!...fucking idiot of a mother fucking fuck fuck...Oh! Look at this!

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCH AND HEATHER -- CONTINUOUS

Heather, shit on her nose and her lower extremities, runs to the bathroom.

BUTCH Fuck! She's got shit all over her.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE AND CANDY IN THE OTHER BEDROOM.

Jake and Candy see Heather, through the open doorway, run to the bathroom.

CANDY

Oh my God!

JAKE Jesus! Did you see that? She's got shit all over her. Fuck! Butch? What fucking happened?

BUTCH (O.S.) Uhhh! Um I thought she wanted me too...crap on her? I am so sorry!

CANDY Sorry? You sick fuck! Heather!

Candy runs to the bathroom.

JAKE (chuckles) Man! I've seen everything. But this? Man!

We see Butch's Spirit in front of Al and Sam who have just cleaned their viewers.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I said it wasn't going to be pretty.

AL (0.S.) Uggg...snort..snort.. ((You should have stopped at the Nachos) Snort..snort...Snort...hmmm..ehhh (I think you should see that doctor)

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL SITTING AT HIS DESK ON A CLOUD TALKING INTO A MINIATURE CLOUD PHONE SPEAKER. -- DAY

ANGEL Come on up boys! Take a break! Not you Sam! Of course unless your willing to.....

SAM (O.S.) Fuck no! I'm busy! Hmmm! This would make a great porno!

We see Heather and Candy showering.

Butch's Spirit and Al arrive at the Angel's cloud office. They sit. Sam returns to Lilith.

> BUTCH'S SPRIT Do I have to see that Doctor?

ANGEL

He is not available. Busy I guess?

CUT TO:

INT. LILITH'S OFFICE

We see the Doctor examining Lilith's pasty. Lilith smiles and strokes her hand through the doctor's hair. The doctor shows his satisfaction. Sam, in his chair watching.

> BUTCH'S SPRIT Busy? Here? That many sick people?

> ANGEL I think he's attending a conference. He's one of GOD's special people.

BUTCH'S SPRIT What does that mean?

ANGEL No more questions! Take these!

Butch's Spirit reach's for a little bottle.

BUTCH'S SPRIT Hey! I can't even see this it's so small.

Butch holds the little bottle up to the light. We see Angel's eyes behind the bottle, being held by Butch's Spirit's two fingers.

ANGEL Oh! Here, let me help.

Butch's Spirit sees the top of the little bottle open up and a tiny pill with hands climbs out.

BUTCH'S SPRIT What is that?

ANGEL It's a heavenly pill. Just point to your mouth....that's it.

The pill crawls up Butch's Spirit's arm then onto his face and then into his mouth.

BUTCH'S SPRIT

Neat! (swallows)

CUT TO:

INT. BACK AT DOLL HOUSE -- NEXT MORNING

Butch sleeping, aroused by the early morning sun.

BUTCH What the fuck! What time is it.

JAKE

Hey sleepy boy! We gotta get going man! Here's your tux!

BUTCH Uh! Where's the shower?

JAKE There is none. Plus it's too late.

We see fast motion of Jake and Butch cleaning up the best they can and putting their TUX's on.

INT. JAKES CAR HEADING TOWARDS THE CHURCH. -- MOMENTS LATER

Jake driving like a mad man.

BUTCH Hey! Slow down! Your gonna kill us! Stop! Just stop for second.

JAKE Where? Stop where you fuck!

BUTCH By the coffee shop! That's it. (Butch leans out the window) Hey buddy come here a sec.

Butch grabs the guys coffee, the guy is stunned. Looks at him again and grabs the guys roll. Tires screeching Jake takes off.

JAKE

Nice!

BUTCH I needed coffee. Bad. Here take some.

They arrive at the Church.

INT. CHURCH ALTAR-- CONTINUOUS

Irene and Butch standing in front of Priest. Wedding party along their sides.

IRENE (whispers) You smell like shit.

BUTCH Oh. That's..a long story.

PRIEST (sniffs) Son! You smell.

FADE OUT:

BUTCH'S SPRIT (O.S.) Well I did it! Married Irene. Best thing I ever did. All right! Let's see, where are we going now? Number 7, Nummmmberererer 7.

FADE IN:

Black screen white letters typed appear #7 "Your looking right at it!"

CUT TO:

INT. DAD'S GARAGE, JOSH WITH HIS YOUNG SON BRYAN LOOKING AT A COVERED CAR--BUTCH'S FUNERAL PRESENT TIME -- AFTERNOON

Butch's Spirit follow his son and grandson into the garage.

BUTCH SPIRIT'S What a good son, showing Bryan. I'm glad I left it like this.

BRYAN Well, are you gonna pull it off? (Bryan attempts to grab the car cover, Josh stops him.) What are you doing?

JOSH Have you ever seen a Corvette?

BRYAN

Yeah! Sure!

JOSH

Not...like this one. Your Grandfather, had a wonderful taste for fine automobiles. Now help me roll the cover back, slow, that's it, This is one fine automobile. Under the car cover we see the first glimpse of pure elegance as the shiny chrome and the yellow canary hood reveal a 1959 Corvette.

> BRYAN Wow! Wow! That is beautiful. How come we've never seen this before.

JOSH When was the last time you were here?

BRYAN I don't know. Maybe a few months ago....probably longer.

JOSH

Try years.

BRYAN Yeah. Your right...but still...

JOSH Your grand dad worked hours, late evenings, many weekends. This car, he, he kind of kept it a secret.

BUTCH'S SPRIT Yeah! I loved that car. I remember when I got it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTCH'S SPIRIT SITTING ON A CURB, FRONT OF HOUSE. --MOMENTS LATER

Butch's Spirit lays back on the grass, hands clasped on the back of his head.

FADE IN:

INT. FLASHBACK BUTCH'S GARAGE- TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO -- MORNING

BUTCH'S SPRIT (O.S.) I recall this like it was yesterday. It was a beautiful Saturday morning, Josh was home from college. He was sitting on his 69 Red Camaro talking to a friend. The flatbed pulled up and I could see the rusted, dented, broken windshield Corvette. It was like looking at an older Monroe in glasses that had a crack in the lens, her bra and panties only, hi heel shoes....okay, I'm getting carried away here. ANGEL (O.S.) You've got some imagination.

LILITH (O.S.) Imagine! Using sex as a metaphor. especially for a car. Men! (sexy laugh)

Butch, unshaven semi-long hair, sunglasses. Looking out from the garage,

JOSH (Jumps from his car sitting position) What the fuck?

DRIVER (leaning out window of truck) You Butch?

JOSH No, that's my dad.

FRANKIE (Josh's Friend) Wow! A Vette!. Looks like it needs some work. A lot of work.

Butch appears from the garage.

BUTCH SPIRIT'S (O.S.) How young I was. Not that bad looking either.

BUTCH That my young innocent, with no knowledge of anything but a pair of tits, son! Is a 1959 327 four barrel 300 horse pedal to the metal automobile. What do they teach you in that college?

BUTCH'S SPRIT (O.S.) I have such an eloquent way of saying things.

JOSH Great! What about the flat tires, broken windshield and all those cracks?

Butch smirks. Walks towards the driver who has lowered the car to the pavement.

DRIVER

Sign here!

BUTCH Thanks. Tell Bob thanks. Sure! Good luck....your gonna need it. Hey if your looking for spare parts, ya know like interior or engine we have a bunch of stuff down at the yard.

Driver pulling away.

BUTCH Thanks man! I'll remember that.

BUTCH'S SPRIT (O.S.) I did to. This was a long term project. Had to replace a lot of parts.

FRANKIE I've seen a few these before, but they were like real shiny and, they would run too.

Butch frowning, head shaking, looks across the street at his neighbor Dora Schuster watering her flowers.

BUTCH Hello Dora! Nice day for watering.

Dora Schuster, beautiful vivacious blonde wearing white shorts and a blouse tied in the middle to reveal her navel. Dora waves and waves you can see her breasts jiggle.

> BUTCH (CONT'D) What a piece ofaaa

JOSH Dad! I think the bumpers falling off!

Josh watches his father just stare at Dora, smiling and waving in slow motion.

CUT TO:

INT. A SHOT OF LILITH LEGS UP ON DESK FILING HER NAILS.

LILITH That's my little work. Just a little temptation.

Back to Butch and Josh.

BUTCH What's that Josh? What?

JOSH The bumper Dad. The bumper! BUTCH (Looking at the front end) We do, have some work to do.

We see the sun very bright then Butch's Sprit's sun glass's and a green twig wiggling from side to side in his mouth.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT (V.O.) Josh and I worked on the Vette over a few months. But like everything else Josh got side tracked and his weekends were spent chasing woman...smoking weed..Like Father like son. Finally it was finished.

> > CUT TO:

INT. MONTH'S LATER BUTCH'S GARAGE- EVENING.

Margie looks for her parents.

MARGIE Dad? Dad? Ma? MOM! Where the fuck, is everyone?

CUT TO:

INT. CORVETTE FRONT SEAT PARKED IN THE DRIVEWAY.

We see the back of a blonde woman's head. Butch, in ecstasy sees an image of Dora Schuster watering her flowers in the nude, looks down.

> BUTCH (puts his hand on the blonde head) Honey? Oh! Ooohhhh ahhhhhh! Honey?

The woman turns her head, looks up from beneath Butch's legs. It's Irene with a blonde wig. We see her red hot sweaty face. A thousand beads of dripping sweat on her face. Making her look like she just finished a marathon.

> IRENE What is it? Are you ready yet? My neck is killing me!

BUTCH (absolutely horrified at the beads of sweat) Ieeee, ehhh, what the fuck!

IRENE Hey! I been doing this for at least a half hour. What's in it for me?

BUTCH(being smirk) Uh! Well, uh, it's....a...Your looking right at it! MARGIE Dad? Dad? Ma? Mom! IRENE Is that Margie? Irene pulls the wig off. Puts it over Butch's erection. BUTCH Shit! Yeah Uh! Margie walks out passed the Corvette, never sees her parents, Butch is motionless. Margie lights a cigarette. BUTCH (CONT'D) Oh Margie, it's you! MARGIE Dad? Mom? Irene fixing her hair, buttons her blouse. IRENE Yes honey it's us! What do ya think of the car? MARGIE (no interest in the car) What's that? IRENE What? MARGIE That! Is that a wig? BUTCH Uh! Yeah! It is. That it is. IRENE Your father bought it for me. MARGIE Dad? You did? BUTCH Yeah! Your Mom, well I thought she would look good as a blonde. MARGIE What are trying to do look like Dora?

68.

IRENE What do you mean, Dora! Dora Schuster? Butch staring at the wig and sees it go from tall to short as his erection is no longer. MARGIE Let me see that! BUTCH No. Uhumm, ehh, I have to return No! it. JOSH (screams from inside the house) Margie! Margie! Telephone, it's Ralph! Margie throws her cigarette to the ground, squashes it with her foot. MARGIE (very happy) Gotta go, see ya later! Margie runs a few feet turns around running backwards, stops. MARGIE (CONT'D) Mom? IRENE Yes honey! MARGIE I like you as a blonde! BUTCH (in a low voice) What do ya think of the caaaaarrrr? Thank...you.....Ralph. Butch puts his hand on Irene's leg, pulls her to him. BUTCH (CONT'D) So! Where, were we? IRENE (Stares at Butch) Dora Schuster? BUTCH No!....Dora? Come on! Irene grabs an puts the wig on. Looks in the mirror.

> IRENE I do look good as a blonde.

BUTCH Yeah! Come on honey.

IRENE No. Take it back. I look to much like Dora!

BUTCH

Come on! Your better looking.

Irene gets out of the Corvette and throws the wig at Butch.

IRENE Oh yeah! And you can get your blow jobs from her.

CUT TO:

Butch's Spirit gets up from the grass. Sits.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I guess you could say having your child see your mother give good old dad a blow job would be a terrible thing. I'll say this the wig did come in handy.

AL Snort Snort Snort (Maybe I should get a wig!)

SAM (0.S.) You should! You bald fuck!

Butch's Spirit walks by the Corvette with his hand running down the yellow paint. Al pulls up in Butch's old 1960 VW van. It's has his old psychedelic paint and coloring still on it.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT Hey! Al! Whoa my old van? Great piece of crap!

AL Snort Aggrah Snort (Angel got it for us)

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Well thanks but I prefer the Corvette!

ANGEL (O.S.) Don't mention it. Unfortunately yourself and Al will be using the Van. Irene and your sinful mortal self, will drive the Corvette. Butch's Spirit gets in the van.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Got it! Al? Sam? Let's go! Just like old times.

Al jumps in the passenger side.

SAM (O.S.) Ah stick it up tour ass! I'm busy!

LILITH Sam this isn't for us anyway. Can you take the soap out of your ass now!

We see Lilith and Sam in a bath, red candles. Sam with cigar, bandanna sunglasses hand attempts to retrieve soap.

FADE IN:

EXT. A FEW MONTHS LATER- ON THE ROAD TO SEE JOSH --MORNING

Irene and Butch driving the Corvette to a college somewhere in the south. We see a sign Welcome to Davidson, North Carolina, Your In the Tar Heel State. Top down, wind blowing, Irene dressed with a winter white knee high skirt, no stockings, black Angora sweater, with sunglasses and kerchief around her head.

> IRENE For Christ sakes Butch, we need to put the top up!

> > BUTCH

No. No we don't! Come on Hun! I just put it down!

IRENE (staring, eyes bulging at Butch) Honey! I know it's a nice day, but it's FUCKING THANKSGIVING WEEKEND! Either you pull this car over or the next time you eat London Broil, I promise you it'll...it'll have..a yellow taste to it.

BUTCH (squints his eyes) Boy that's.... Ugly...hmmm...ah gonna uh.. Pulling over right now.

IRENE Thank you. Wanna sip? (Irene hands Butch a can of soda)

Butch has a vision of Irene squatting and peeing on that can of soda.

BUTCH Ah...That's okay! Butch pulls over the Corvette and gets the top up. TRENE What's this on the map? It looks like a lake! It definitely looks like....Yeah.. Lake. I want to go. BUTCH (Being arrogant, jabbing finger on map) Is there a blue like circular symbol with edges on it? Yeah, that's a lake Mrs. Crockett. Fuck that! We need to get to Josh. I don't want to eat that late. Anyway, no more stopping huh. IRENE (lights a joint) Crockett? Who the fuck's that? BUTCH You never heard of Davey Crockett? IRENE (holding her breath) Uh! I think so! Yeah! Wasn't e married to Betty? Or something! Here. (Passes the joint, and rummages through a brown bag stuffed behind her seat.) Hey look what I brought! BUTCH That's Crocker not Crockett! Irene put's on the blonde wig. BUTCH (CONT'D) Whoa! Your gonna wear that? IRENE Why not? I'll where it to dinner. (fixes the wig, puts on deep red lipstick) We gonna stop? Butch imagines dinner and being served London Broil with a circular yellow stain on it. Irene giving an "I told you so look".

> BUTCH Yeah...Hun. Uhh um Josh will be okay. He'll be fine. It's a good idea. (MORE)

BUTCH (CONT'D) We can take a few pictures. Ya know you remind me of somebody?

IRENE Take a picture of this. Who, Dora?

Irene takes her legs puts them across Butch's lap picks her skirt up and reveals her white satin underwear.

> BUTCH Hey! Watch it I'm driving! (passes the joint) No not Dora! Someone famous. A movie star or somebody.

Irene maneuvers her foot into Butch's crotch.

IRENE (sexy toke on the joint) Movie star? Who? What's the matter...can't drive drive and get it up?

BUTCH Hmm! Uh! Honey let me think..Somebody like Monroe but a little like...

Butch takes his hand and slowly works it towards Irene's upper thighs.

BUTCH (CONT'D) Uhh! You are a slut! Somebody real real sluttish.

IRENE You wouldn't have it any other way. (Irene slips her underwear off)

Butch and Irene continue, foreplay and pot smoking. The foreplay brings a heightened moment for Irene. As Butch senses Irene's potential climax he begins to speed. We see the speedometer approaching 70 then 80MPH. Irene's moans get louder with the increasing speed.

> IRENE (O.S.) (CONT'D) OH! OH! OH! MY GOD MY GOD DON'T STOP.

LILITH (O.S.) OH MY DEVIL! I want to hang with her.

CUT TO:

Butch's Spirit with Al in the van has been following the Corvette. BUTCH'S SPIRIT Al you better catch up! Come on step on it! Snort Snort Arrrhhhh Arrrhhhhh (Angel will get us there) ANGEL (O.S.) Thank's Al! Butch, just a reminder. Your dead! No anxiety needed. Butch's Spirit and Al hear a siren then a police car rushes by chasing the Corvette. IRENE (hearing the siren) Oh Oh! Here! Gimmee that! (takes the roach throws it out the window, then tries to shimmy her underwear up. Get's stuck on the seat lever.) Fuck! I can't get my panties. BUTCH Leave em! Fix your dress. POLICE CAR (on PA SPEAKER) PULL OVER! PULL THE VEHICLE OVER! Butch pulls over and hears. POLICE CAR (CONT'D) SHUT YOUR ENGINE OFF! Car is shut off Butch opens the door. POLICE CAR (CONT'D) PLEASE STAY IN YOUR VEHICLE! The Corvette car door closes. IRENE Just don't get nasty with this cop. BUTCH I'm gonna get a ticket. I was doing 80. IRENE Let's hope that's all.

74.

BUTCH

What ya mean? (looking hard at Irene) You got stash in this car? Where? Where is it?

IRENE Shhh! It's underneath the seat.

Irene's pot is underneath the seat. Her underwear caught the seat adjustment lever and is blocking the view.

> BUTCH Fuck! Where going to jail. Where going!

IRENE

Shhhh!

A few moments later a Policeman with his ticket pad approaches, has gradual looks at the Corvette and its sleekness.

> POLICEMAN (Southern accent) Nice car! Do...you know..what the speed limit in this state is?

BUTCH Ahh! No. Not really!

POLICEMAN Do you think it's 80....Yankee Boy!

IRENE Oh! He's not Yankee fan, he loves the Met's.

BUTCH Irene he's not talking about... (Policeman interrupts)

POLICEMAN Excuse me son! What's your name darlin?

IRENE Uhh! My name?

POLICEMAN

Yeah! You do have a name....Wait! Wait one minute! Your...your....yes yeah your that Madonna miss.

BUTCH (hits the sterring wheel) Uhh yeah! That's who I was thinking of. What a great imitation.... Irene interrupts Butch and sees a chance to get out of this. Irene attempts to do a mimic of the super star woman. She uses a mixture of sassy sexy blonde and British dialect.

> IRENE Oh! How did you guess? Why didn't I put less makeup on. Was it the lipstick?

The policeman turns to go around to the passenger side and quickly Irene draws a beauty mark on her face.

POLICEMAN (gives a strange look) You look, uh and...sound different from this side?

BUTCH (head down) Huh... You had to add the British?

POLICEMAN

Oh! I think your wonderful. I saw you in that movie..about.. Woman playing baseball. Man didn't they all have trouble with their...you know.. ...Big... (The policeman holds his hands on his chest to indicate big breasts) Ya know what I mean?

IRENE

Uhh! Oh yes! Yeah they're.uh...dead I mean they died. In fact we're on the way to their funeral.

POLICEMAN Here! Here in Davidson?

IRENE Uhh! No! No Uhh it's.....

POLICEMAN Hey! What's that? That shiny material underneath your seat.

IRENE

Where? Where....oh! Oh that..uhh.

POLICEMAN

Do mind stepping out of the car Miss Madonna.

The Policeman steps to the passenger door and Irene exits the car. He looks directly at her, smiles and pulls a pencil from his top pocket. From underneath the seat we see his arm and pencil grab the panties from in front of the stash. The officer presents them to Irene.

IRENE (shrugs and giggles) Oh! Oh my! My panties. (tries to grab them) POLICEMAN (pulls them back) I don't rightly know what your underwear is doing underneath the seat. And I don't know who he is! (points at Butch) Do you mind if I could just hold on to these...you know as a..memento? IRENE (gimmacing then smiling) Why officer....that's so sweet. Would you like me to sign them? BUTCH (wierd look) Ahem....we gotta get going..ya know all those dead gals.. Funeral? IRENE Oh hush you! Can I have your pen? (a little curtsey and Irene signs Maddona right where the crotch is) Oh and by the way, there won't be a need for any those tickets?....Right? POLICEMAN

Oh! Oh know that's right uhhh just a warning...be careful...and thanks..thanks so much. The guy's at the station? Well maybe I'll just keep these...for me...

IRENE (goes up to the officer's ear whispers) Do whatever your little heart desires. Good-day, Officer. Your such a.... sweet thing!

Irene enters the Corvette the policeman goes to his car puts the underwear quickly to his nose then in his pocket.

> IRENE (CONT'D) That Pig! (still using the British accent))

BUTCH

Nice job...I didn't know you had that in you. What a stupid cop. How many dead girls? And all at the same funeral? Man..that..That was the best. Just the best..

IRENE (real sexy smile) Yes. Lets get out of here. I need a joint.

BUTCH Okay you can kill the Brit stuff.

FADE OUT:

INT. INSIDE THE VAN FOLLOWING BUTCH AND IRENE.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I do remember this trip. We skipped the lake and stopped at this little Christmas tree place. It was nice. I remember Christmas very well.

ANGEL (O.S.) You do? Do you have one in mind?

Butch's Spirit pauses to think, lights a cigar, rolls down the window.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I do. Yeah, I do.

ANGEL (O.S.) Lets go and see what you remember. It's not mandatory but since you brought it up, you should go.

LILITH (O.S.) Jesus! Now your doing a Christmas!

SAM (O.S.) I new a Jesus. He was a cab driver in New York who screwed me outta change.

FADE IN:

INT. AL AND BUTCH'S SPIRIT MATERIALIZES ON STAIRS AT HIS HOME OVERLOOKING IRENE AND HIS MORTAL SELF- ONE CHRISTMAS EVE. -- EVENING.

Irene and Butch listening to Christmas music. Hanging ornaments. Irene dressed in a white sexy short nighty with a red silk robe. Butch and Irene feeling pretty good. They both take a sips of their rum and cokes. IRENE Not like that. It's too close to the other one. Here..like this.

BUTCH Oh for God sakes! You only moved it a few inches.

IRENE

It looks better. You have to be precise on where you put them. Did you close the kids doors?

BUTCH

Yeah.

Silent night comes on the radio. Butch and Irene start singing.

IRENE I want to dance. Shut that off.

Irene begins to rummage through some LP's.

Butch's Spirit looks in on Josh, Rachel and Margie while they sleep.

BUTCH'S SPIRT (whispers) Christmas. Look at them. Why I am whispering? They can't here me. Al, what do you think of these little devils?

AL Snort AggggSnort Snort (They're adorable. You do mean Angels.)

LILITH No! He means the LITTLE DEVILS! Sam! Get your ass up there.

SAM Am I getting fired again? Oh! Okay!

Sam arrives working with Al.

Butch's Spirit smiles . As he sees his children.

From downstairs suddenly Christmas music shuts off. Slight scratching of a album, we here the beginning of Jackie Wilson's, "Your Love Keeps Lifting Me Higher".

BUTCH'S SPIRT

What the?

The kids slowly awaken and rush to the top of the stairs. They see an inebriated Mom and Dad dancing. Butch's Spirit looks on.

> BUTCH'S SPIRT (CONT'D) Boy she could dance.

Sam and Al start moving their heads then hips to the beat.

Irene is dancing. Shimmying, lowering, and raising her body twisting her shapely figure in a very sexy but sweet way. Butch taking his hands and slightly touching Irene's waste without grabbing. This continues through most of the song.

BUTCH'S SPIRT (CONT'D) What a body!

LILITH (O.S.) Sam! What the fuck are you doing?!

SAM

Huh! Oh! It reminded me about Juanita dancing with the Donkey in Tijuana.

Irene, now really showing her nightclub dancing skills as she turns up the music takes a slug of her drink, removes her red robe. As she shimmy's her nighty top rises, her white lace panties can be seen.

Butch's Spirit puts his hands in front of the kids eyes.

ANGEL (O.S.) That won't work!

BUTCH'S SPIRT Yeah...just being a Dad.

JOSH What's Mommy doing?

RACHEL (not too sure herself) She's dancing?

Irene twisting and turning, her strap lowers Butch kissing her shoulder and reveals her left breast.

> ANGEL (O.S.) I'll fix this.

LILITH (O.S.) Party pooper!

Just then a picture hung above the stairs where the children overlook Butch and Irene falls.

JOSH, MARGIE AND RACHEL

Yeeeeee!

They rush up to their beds.

IRENE Who's there? Oh! The kids are up. Butch go up there.

Butch passes his own Spirit, Al and Sam. Gets a weird feeling.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (stares right at himself) Nice moves.

SAM I'm getting a drink!

Butch stops, confused for a second, does a 180. Then goes to the kids rooms. Butch's Spirit and Al move down the stairs. Irene still in her nighty sitting legs up on the couch, lights a cigarette. Sam searches for a drink.

> BUTCH'S SPIRT Wow! What a piece of ass!

Butch's Spirit sits next to Irene. Watches as she cream's her legs. She lifts one knee to apply some cream and Butch's Spirit gets a glimpse of her crotch.

BUTCH'S SPIRT (CONT'D) Man! That's a fine looking beav.....

ANGEL (O.S.) What are you doing?

SAM Where's your fucking Scotch?

ANGEL (O.S.) Watch your mouth you degenerate!

> AL (O.S.) (Laughing sound through his nose))

BUTCH'S SPIRT Oh! Uh! Nothing I was...just uh I don't know.

ANGEL Keep your mind clean.

BUTCH'S SPIRT Of course! It's just different looking at her like this.

Butch walks into the room and jumps next to Irene.

*

IRENE

Hey! Be careful! The kids okay?

BUTCH (Puts his hands on Irenes upper thigh) Yeah. Their fast a sleep.

IRENE What are you doing?

BUTCH Touching you?

IRENE (Kisses Butch) Lets go to bed.

CUT TO:

INT. LILITH'S DESK. --LATER.

Lilith in a Red Bustier. Walking to her bedroom door.

LILITH Ohhh! Irene! Your such a little whore! I love it!

FADE OUT:

INT. BACK IN THE VAN -- LATER

BUTCH'S SPIRIT That was nice. Very nice. Irene was always...a little peculiar to me. Like when we first met. She was kind of hot to trot. Wasn't a slut, but wasn't a prude either. Somewhere on this list is a ah.. Oh here it is. Pool Party hmmm! I remember this.

Black screen white letters type #8 "Pool Party"

LILITH (O.S.) Pool Party? I wanna see this. Sam get you stuff sweetie! We're on this one and without that bald headed Psycho. (Lilith smiles) I'm such a bitch!

FADE IN:

EXT. PARTY AT HOUSE WITH FRIENDS AND GUESTS -- EVENING

Butch and Irene in their early twenties have been boyfriend and girlfriend for sometime now. They have been invited by a friend John O'Connell who is celebrating his graduation from college. John's parents, Uncles, Aunts, friends and work associates are present.

> IRENE Hey Joe check this out.... (Irene slugs down a shot of Tequila) Woooossssssh....wooooooshhhh...yow. Wow... (Irene flapping her hand to cool her tongue)

> JOE Put some ice on that thing will ya!

Butch walks over to Irene and gives her a cup of ice.

BUTCH Take it easy honey? Tequila can really fuck you up!

IRENE I'm okay sweetie. (slurring a little) Come over here, closer. Kiss me.

Butch kisses Irene. Then gropes her breast. In turn Irene rubs her hand in Butch's crotch. Irene's mouth still on Butch's lips.

IRENE (CONT'D) I think we should go somewhere.

BUTCH I've brought a surprise. Something you like. It's a lot better than that Tequila you drank. It's got a soft feel to it.

IRENE What do you mean? Soft?....If you said hard.... (sexual smile) ...well that would be....

CUT TO:

INT. LILITH'S AT HER DESK SEARCHING THROUGH THE DRAWS.

LILITH Where the fuck is my Dildo? Oh! So what? No big deal. Use it or loose it. And I think I lost it. We hear search noise as Lilith continues to rummage.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK WITH BUTCH AND IRENE AT THE POOL PARTY.

Out of Butch's clutched hand he reveal's a joint.

IRENE Oooooh is that what I think it is?

BUTCH And it has such a wonderful mother fucking high.

IRENE (still tipsy) Gimmme!...Let's smoke it. I'll light it!

BUTCH Not here! We should go to my van. Let me tell you, the first toke... Is gonna knock you for a loop!

IRENE

I can handle it!

Butch walks ahead of Irene as they head towards the Van. Butch's Spirit and Al follow.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT I guess you could say I was headed for some issues with Irene. But she was so hot, really good looking... ...a real hot body. But when she was young, this thing was like,...smoking the best pot you ever had. Look at those tits, that ass...those..wonderful green..the eyes yeah those green eyes...

IRENE Oh your such a gentleman!...

BUTCH

I love ya sweetie...

Butch gives Irene the Joint and lights it for her. Irene takes a big hit.

Butch's Spirit and Al in the back of the Van.

IRENE Fuck! That's good! BUTCH (nods, likes the way she took the hit)

Looking good!

Butch takes the joint from Irene and begins to complete the power surge of smoking pot. Irene looks over at Butch, smiles and snuggles into his arms.

IRENE

Butch?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Here it comes.

IRENE I want to get married.

BUTCH Oh! Oh a well that's ah pretty big step.

Irene pulls back, and looks at Butch.

IRENE Yeah so, everyone gets married. My sister been married for two years now, and..and..and

Butch takes his finger and puts it on Irene's mouth.

BUTCH Shhh...close your eyes.

IRENE

I don't want to close my eyes. Quit trying to change the subject.

Irene upset starts to whimper and turns from Butch.

BUTCH Just close your eyes. I have a surprise.

IRENE (still whimpering) What is it? A super super joint?

BUTCH

Close.... that's it.

Irene closes her eyes, Butch presents a soft furry stuffed Monkey.

BUTCH (CONT'D) Here, feel how soft this is.

IRENE

What is it?

Irene opens her eyes.

IRENE (CONT'D) Is this the soft surprise?

With two hands Irene holds the stuff Monkey up.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT What a moment! Can't believe I did this.

BUTCH Yeah, and look, the Monkeys got something.

IRENE What? Oh it's a little banana.... it's got a little zipper.

Irene zips the little banana and finds her ring.

IRENE (CONT'D) OH MY GOD! Butch.. (GASPS) Butchie... Is this? Is this? OH MY GOD!

BUTCH SPIRIT'S (shrugg's his shoulder and pounds his closed fist on his heart) Boy! I'm something else.

Seconds later. Butch looks in the rear view mirror, big smile as we see Irene's head bobbing up and down.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT She's good, she's very good...this is something. I'll treasure it. I said she wasn't a prude!

IRENE (clears her throat) (0.S.) So when do we set a date?

BUTCH (looks in the rearview mirror) Date? Uh! Well! I don't know um, summer? Yeah summer sounds good.

Irene Gets up from giving Butch a blow job.

IRENE I want the Spring. Lets go back to the party. I want to show everyone the ring.

BUTCH Hey! I'm not done! IRENE (stares) Come on! You'll get it later.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK AT THE POOL PARTY -- MOMENTS LATER John and his girlfriend Patty see Butch and Irene.

> JOHN O'CONNELL Hey! Butch? Where you guys been?

PATTY What are you so happy about?

Irene sticks her finger out.

PATTY (CONT'D) Oh! My God! Your engaged! Let's show my Mom! Does your Mom know?

IRENE No! Not yet...Um!

PATTY Call her now! Here, here's the phone.

IRENE

No!

Patty insists and dials the number.

PATTY

Here. (Patty hands Irene the phone)

Irene sees John and Butch step outside to get a drink. Butch shaking John's hand.

IRENE (quietly) Hello Mom?

MOM (sounding tipsy) (O.S.) Helllooo!

IRENE Mom it's me!

MOM (0.S.) Irene? Hic.. What's the matter...is everything ...hic..okay?

IRENE Mom your not gonna believe this! Butch and I are engaged! MOM

Hic! It's about.. Hic...Fucken..Hic.. Time!

IRENE

What?

MOM You..hic..Heard me.

Patty looking on, Irene hangs up, but holds the receiver as if she is still talking.

IRENE Oh! Thanks Mom that is so sweet. I'll be home later you can see the ring. I....mean much later so you can see it in the morning..goodbye!

PATTY What did ya Mom say? Was she excited?

IRENE (nodding) Yeah! Uh! Where's my drink?...I need a drink.

Irene just grabs a drink that had been sitting on the table. She sees Butch talking with some people.

Butch wanders over to Irene.

BUTCH Sweetie? What are you...drinking?

IRENE

Somebody's. Honey get me a Jack on the rocks...some lemon.

PATTY

Whooo! That's what I like. A woman
who can get down ...come with me!
Butchie? Irene and I will be in the
kitchen.
 (Patty grabs Irene's
 hand and head to the
 kitchen)

INT. KITCHEN--SECONDS LATER

IRENE Is that new? (looking at Patty's Rose Tattoo on her ankle)

PATTY Yes it is!..and you should see the one on my ass....ha! It's an Angel with a harp. ANGEL (O.S.) Always using us in the wrong way. LILITH (O.S.) What about me? I want to be on someone's ass! Patty pulls up her skirt and pulls her panties down and reveals the tattoo. IRENE I love it.... I LOVE IT! Very spiritual! PATTY You should get one! IRENE Maybe! How much? PATTY Forty five bucks. I gave him five as a tip. I think he wanted something else. IRENE Yeah, like what. PATTY Like fucking! He wanted to fuck me! TRENE For forty dollars? He should have given you money on top of the tattoo's, if he wanted to get laid. PATTY Always wondered? IRENE Wondered? PATTY You know? If I could make money that way. IRENE Being a hooker? Whose your pimp? John?

PATTY Oh not John! Um!... Probably like maybe..Uh...Maybe um... Butch walks into the Kitchen. Patty and Irene light up! BUTCH I'll take one of those! (grabs a cigarette from Patty) I Love this girl! (Gives Irene a hot long kiss) PATTY By the looks of her ring you do! BUTCH Yeah, (arm around Irene's shoulder, drops his hand squeezes Irene's left Breast) Irene pushes Butch back, fixes her dress IRENE Nice! Real classy. PATTY (smiling at Butch kind of sassy) Come on he's just having some Oh! fun. I wish John had some hot hands. IRENE Where's my drink? BUTCH Oops! I'll get it! IRENE Nevermind I'll get it. Butch and Irene head into the den. Makes her drink and sits with Butch on a couch. IRENE (CONT'D) My Mom is such a bitch! Ya know! BUTCH You talked to her? You tell her about the ring? IRENE (looks directly at Butch) Yeah....she was...uh..Ecstatic. BUTCH Good! Then why is she a Bitch?

90.

IRENE She was drunk. BUTCH Say no more! A not much older couple sits down near Butch and Irene. IRENE Hi! I'm Irene...this is my...uh Fiancee! Butch! RICHARD This is my wife Jill and I'm Richard! No Dick jokes now! Everyone laughs. Then a uncomfortable silence. IRENE We just got engaged! JILL (Southern accent) Why! Isn't that lovely! BUTCH Your...not from around here. (Irene nudges Butch) RICHARD No. Actually, Jill is from... (Jill interrupts) JILL New Orleans...You know the "The Big Easy"! TRENE The Big Easy? What's that mean? BUTCH It's a nickname. I think it had something to do with, musicians, easily getting jobs...something like that. . JILL I am...SO..IMPRESSED! RICHARD Impressed? Hey! Be impressed with this! Jill, honey lift up your top. JILL (in a low sexy voice) Richard... RICHARD Come on honey!

Jill very willingly smiles and wiggles the halter top, above her breasts just below her chin.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Remarkable. I thought they were bigger!

AL (O.S.) Snort Snort acghhhh (Very, Very cool)

ANGEL (O.S.) I think the way GOD made them are so much better.

CUT TO:

INT. LILITH'S BEDROOM STANDING IN FRONT OF A MIRROR.

LILITH (squeezing her breasts together) Maybe I should look into....nah! Mine are a handful or should I say mouthful.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Ya know what? Angel, you could be right! Lilith? You do have a nice...uh nevermind.

BUTCH Whoa! Uh! Are those?????

RICHARD A picture is worth a thousand words! Are they not beautiful? Touch..go ahead touch them...

Jill wiggles her chest towards Butch. Butch begins to slowly move his hand forward. Irene's eyes connect with Butch and vice versa. Butch continues to move his hand very slowly.

> IRENE (low voice) If you touch them, the next time you want something.. I have such a surprise for you.

Butches hand slowly moves back, Jill wiggles forward Butches hand moves slowly forward again.

IRENE (very low vocie) (CONT'D) Butch.. I'm fucken warning you.

RICHARD Go ahead they won't bite. I'm a plastic surgeon and this is some of my best work! (MORE) JILL Whatever you say honey. Come on Butch,

Butch is inches away.

IRENE

Oh what's the big fucken deal!

Irene, ahead of Butch puts both hands on Jill breasts and squeezes hard.

JILL

Ow! Irene!
 (somewhat turned on)
Go easy there still so delicate!

RICHARD Whoa! That was very....very real.

Jill not embarrassed at all. Richard pleased, Butch is in shock!

IRENE Their as hard as melons!

JILL

I beg your pardon! They are up, out and firm. Maybe you should take a look at yours.

RICHARD

You know I could....maybe do something! Stop by my office..it's uh oh here's my card!

IRENE (very angry) No thanks! We..uh! Butch and I.. like them down, in and soft. Dick...

BUTCH

We do? (Irene dumb founded for what she said) Oh yeah we do yes we do.

Irene throws the card back, Butch and Irene get up.

CUT TO:

EXT. O'CONNELL'S BACKYARD, POOL SIDE -- CONTINUOUS

Butch and Irene notice John and some of the men guests conversing.

JOHN O'CONNELL Irene! Butch! Come on over. We were just talking about you two.

IRENE (sleeks and wiggles her way to the crowd) Hi Guys! So whose up for a swim?

GUYS IN THE GROUP No. 1 Swim? Nah too cold...No. 2 I'll pass, No. 3 I didn't bring my trunks

IRENE Whimps!... (Irene pulls off her her dress, is in a yellow bikini, dives in pool)

BUTCH What the fuck? Hey! Wait for me!

Butch takes his clothes off, no swim trunks, just underwear. Jumps in.

IRENE (Shakes her head) Could have put some trunks on.

BUTCH What for! You seem to draw the attention. (swims past Irene and gets to the edge, Irene follows)

The Guys are in awe of Irene's body, they begin to clap, a few cheers and some weird noises. Irene swims over to the edge of the pool.

> JOHN O'CONNELL Hey hot stuff. Can I freshen your drink?

IRENE Sure! No! Instead make me a Rum and Coke.

Female guests begin to casually flirt with their bodies and eyes on Butch.

JOHN O'CONNELL One Rum and Coke coming up!

As Irene gets out of the pool John shuffles over with drink and towel in hand.

IRENE Thanks! Water's pretty cold.

Butch grabs and puts on his pants and while he wanders over, to those sexy young girls puts on his shirt.

IRENE (CONT'D) Butch! Your fan club is over here!

JOHN O'CONNELL You can use the pool house if you want. There's a sauna inside.

IRENE

Wow! Great!

Irene and John head to the other side of the pool. As Irene walks she turns her ahead a few times to see Butch talking and returning harmless flirts.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (leaning against the sauna) Now, I know you think Irene's wrong for being in this situation..you know, in a place like this, with a man ..not me! With a drink, in her bikini.

ANGEL (0.S.) And you! Just engaged? Flirting?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Harmless fun!

ANGEL (O.S.) I'll decide what's harmless.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Hmmm! I sure you will!

John turns on the steam room for Irene.

JOHN O'CONNELL Irene? Should be hot in seconds...there are towels and robes in the closet.

John, not to be noticed, looks out to the pool and attempts disrobing. Irene try's her best not to be disturbed, turns slightly, looks.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Some friend huh? I should of known. But Irene, she's a champ.

ANGEL Stop interrupting!

IRENE John, what are you doing?

JOHN O'CONNELL I thought I would join you.

IRENE With out your trunks?

JOHN O'CONNELL Well.I thought..

IRENE What the fuck is wrong with you? Butch and you are friends. Patty's my friend.

John O'Connell is so embarrassed.

JOHN O'CONNELL I am so sorry Irene. Please don't say anything. Please I ...

IRENE

I know! You fucking guys are all the same. Don't worry...believe me I won't. Your a bigger Dick than that Dick! Sweetie! Over here!

Butch, drink in hand...looking very cool and sexy walks from the girls over to the pool house.

IRENE (low voice) (CONT'D) Okay, John, move it. (pushes John)

BUTCH Hey John! What's...hey where ya going?

John mumbles then just leaves. Irene grabs Butches hand pulls him inside the pool house. Just then Patty pushes the door open.

> PATTY Hey! Irene look I stole these from John's sister.

IRENE Bride magazines? Thanks. PATTY So! What are you guys doing?

IRENE Well! We are...uh we're wet and getting changed.

PATTY

Good. See ya later!

Pool room door closes as Patty leaves. Steam is filling the room.

IRENE

Honey!

BUTCH

Yes.

IRENE Honey! I trust you with all my heart. So...when I see you flirting with other girls...I'm....I'm

BUTCH Hey! You never have to worry about....

IRENE (soft punches Butch in the arm) Don't interrupt me! (Butch flinches) I know the difference...girls know. So stop it.

Now we can barely make out the figures of Butch and Irene as there is too much steam. We here soft conversations.

> BUTCH Sweetie! Listen I trust you too! So when your in that itsy bitsy yellow bikini.

> > IRENE

Touche!

BUTCH What are those for?

IRENE Oh, Patty, she gave me Bride Magazines.

BUTCH (Butch looking) We need to let some of this steam out.

(MORE)

BUTCH (Butch looking) (CONT'D) (Butch opens a window) What do ya think Irene? Should we try this baby out?

IRENE I'm ready when you are.

Butch and Irene with drinks enter the Sauna then lock the door. Most of the steam has cleared.

IRENE (licking her sexy lips, rolling her tounge on an ice cube) (CONT'D) Oh! Butch!

The music outside is soft and sexy. Irene starts to remove her wet bikini top then bottom.

> BUTCH (Big smile) Nice....real nice. (Irene dances over while Butch takes off his wet clothes)

The party crowd is noisy but music can be heard.

BUTCH (Hands Irene her drink) (CONT'D) Well this is a first. People are gonna be looking for us.

IRENE (fondles Butch) Hey! It's our engagement!

Butch takes Irene's drink and her magazines puts them down on the table notices a hidden nudie magazine. Turns the steam higher...Irene continues to fondle Butch. They are now both in a heated sexual act. Butch kissing Irene from head to toe..Irene then proceeds to go down on Butch...mist of steam merges with the two sweaty bodies. Butch then turns Irene around and is fucking her.

> BUTCH Do you think John is fucking Patty?

IRENE Oh! Oh! Oh! Who gives a fuck?

While having sex Butch picks up the nudie magazine entitled Naked in Ireland.

BUTCH Wow! That's where we should go...Oh honey you are just so fucking...ggg BUTCH Ireland...AHHHH!...IRELAND!...AHHHH! IRELAND!

Irene has multiple orgasm's. As she free's her right hand and picks up the Brides magazines, Butch continues to thrust. At the same time, Irene puts them on the bench beneath her hands that were pressed against the wall. Starts looking at wonderful bridal gowns. As Butch delivers each thrust Irene's head leaves the page, then returns as Butch pulls back. This continues, Irene is enjoying and frustrated at the same time. She then takes the other Bride magazine and lines it up it in front of the first magazine. So each time Butch thrusts and pulls back Irene can read each magazine.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL SIDE JOHN TALKING WITH PATTY AND ANOTHER COUPLE -- CONTINUOUS

PATTY Did you here that? (Irene and Butch orgasm's are loud) Oh my god! There it is a again!

WOMAN I think it came from the pool house.

PATTY It did... (more orgasms) Oh my god! (Under her breath) It's Butch and Irene.

Now John's father, mother, grandmother, John's father's boss and a few other people come over. They all notice the loud screams and words coming from the open window in the pool house.

> IRENE (O.S.) Honey what do think Oh! Oh! Oh! There! Right there. This dress! Isn't it oh oh oh BEAUTIFUL!

> BUTCH What? Yeah Yeah it's okay! Oh Oh!

IRENE Are you reading? You are reading! You mother fucker..You idiot, cock sucker, uhhhhh dog fucker...

JOHN'S FATHER Dog fucker? John...Patty do you know who is in there?

PATTY Ah! No....No I don't.

 $$\rm JOHN$$ It's the TV I left the TV on.

More orgasmic words continue. John's Mother holds her hands over her mother's ears and walks away. John's Father approaches pool house door.

> JOHN'S FATHER TV! What station? The playboy channel? Herb...Miriam (John's fathers boss and wife) I apologize for this.

Opens the door.

CUT TO:

We here a Zip sound. Angel pauses the action. We see a still frame, Irene, gasping. Her body bent over, head turned, ass and breasts showing. Butch from the waist up...with a halted scream. John's father, and group paused mouths open, Patty smiling, John, really smiling and Herb holding his hand over Miriam's eyes.

> ANGEL (from his desk) Okay, I've had enough. I can't stand the embarrassment. Al cease viewing! Butch...ah never mind! Go on to your next venture.

LILITH Look at those faces. You wonder why so many people end up down here? Because I want them to. (Loud sexy long laugh then diminishes)

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCH'S SPIRIT MATERIALIZES INSIDE HIS HOUSE. IT'S SPRING OF SOME YEAR. BUTCH AND IRENE HAVE BEEN MARRIED FOR 14 YEARS. Butch's Spirit stands with arm's crossed in the doorway between the kitchen and dining room. BUTCH'S SPIRIT Gotta be getting to the end here. This list, too long..well, let's see...Number 9. Oh! This is a beauty. Screen darkens white letters typed #9 Irene's Night Out. LILITH (O.S.) Sam? This is our baby! Make sure you get those close ups! SAM (we here him draw on a joint holds his breath) (O.S.) I will....I will... (blows out the smoke) Man! This stuff should have been be legal! FADE IN: Irene and her friends celebrating Margo's 40th birthday. This is the 3rd round of drinks since they got in the limo.. LIMO DRIVER Ladies where are we off to? Butch's Spirit materializes in the front seat. Sam sits in the back with the ladies. BUTCH'S SPIRIT Hey don't mind me! Sam and I are along for the ride. IRENE Margo...here...try this...Vodka and a little OJ...Janice? LIMO DRIVER Ladies? Are we going or staying? IRENE Where going! Here Janice. Where going to Butts...You know where that is? LIMO DRIVER Yeah! Yeah...used to be called the

Doll House.

101.

IRENE That's it! Driver how can I turn the music....oh I see I can do it here. We here music. Butch shrugs, Limo driver heads out. MARGO Hey watch it! Ehhh! That's too strong! Take it easy. (giggling) Limo jumps from hitting some pot holes. JANICE Do they have Rum? IRENE (a little bit more careful but her intoxication is causing spills) Yep! Coke? No Diet..ooohhh driver! Watch the bumps! JANICE That's good! Oh...maybe we should slow down..a little...hic! Excuse me! Lorraine puts her empty glass out. IRENE Lorraine....another? LORRAINE Yeah! But this time make it stronger. Hmmmm!...I'll have..uh..Is there any bourbon?. IRENE Uh! Let me look. How about Jack and coke. Okay? LORRAINE Good! Good! (Lorraine drinks it fast) I uh hic!....excuse..hic! Me TRENE Hey! We need to toast the Birthday girl. They all sing happy birthday. Butch's Sprit is sitting in

They all sing happy birthday. Butch's Sprit is sitting in the front seat humming Happy Birthday as well.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I always wanted to know how a bunch of women, drunken women I might add, handle something like this. I mean you heard them....nasty!....actually naughty!...real naughty! LILITH (O.S.) Ohhhh! I love the word naughty! SAM Lots of tits and ass back hear. IRENE (drunk out of her mind) Who farted? Come on? Everyone shaking their head in denial. MARGO (slurring her words) It was you Irene! You pig! IRENE Okay...Okay.. (Irene lifts her ass up and lets go of a fart) Okay..ha ha ha.. Here's another.. JANICE (hysterically laughing) Oh my God! I can't fucking stop. Move move ... I got to pee... I'm gonna pee my pants. A few other soft, then loud some silent farts come from the girls. JANICE (hysterically laughing) (CONT'D) Oh! Who else is farting?. MARGO Hmmmm! (struggles a squeezes out a high pitched one) IRENE Okay enough already. It stinks in here. (continues drinking) Butch's Spirit and Sam holding there noses. IRENE (CONT'D) So... Anyone get laid recently?

103.

LORRIANE (rasising her hand and drinking) I did! I did it this morning!

JANICE Whoops zee do! I did it too, except with Mr. Fireman.

IRENE Who? Are you having an affair?

LORRAINE My brother is a Fireman!

They all look at Lorraine.

IRENE So Jan did you fuck Lorraine's brother?

JANICE No stupid!. I wouldn't do that to Jimmy. I mean Tommy.

LORRAINE, MARGO Who's Jimmy?

IRENE Yeah! Whose Jimmy?

JANICE

Jimmmy? Oh he's the guy that's dancing here tonight! He's the one who gave me the free tickets.

IRENE

We need to talk about this later. Whose Mr. Fireman?

JANICE He's always with me. You want to see him?

MARGO I can hardly wait!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I can only say that when you die and can relive this kind of stuff..Death? It seems like.. kind of worth it. Like me, your seeing it first.

Janice pulls out of her purse a large red dildo with a fireman's hat for it's head..

IRENE (eyes wide open and glarring) Let me see that! Oh for god's sake it's a dildo with a fireman's hat!

LILITH (O.S.) Sam bring that thing up here when your done! I don't have one even close to that!

MARGO Oh my! Where did you get that?. I want one!

IRENE (Irene holding it up and just amazed) Look at all of the veins and little ridges..boy they make these things look real.

JANICE

I'll let you in on a little secret. A few months back I read an article that said 42% of all women, especially married women...masturbate..and...and

The girls are getting excited, flustered and turned on. They are all slurring their words from the alcohol.

> JANICE (CONT'D) They use a Mr. Fireman...and sometimes..sometimes.. (low talk then whisper) Mr Fireman is used by Mr. Husband...

IRENE Jimmy....I mean Tommy.. Uses that on you!

JANICE Absolutely he does. But the real story is it's...it's a copy...It's a copy of (shrugs and lowers her voice) Jimmy's penis.

IRENE It's a copy..What do mean..Copy?

JANICE

Well...mum..Jimmy told me he made a plaster of Paris mold of his penis and then someone poured melted plastic in the mold and PRESTO..CHANGO!...

IRENE And the fireman's hat? Never mind...I could just imagine. On the radio the song "Jimmy Mack" comes on. MARGO (starts snapping her finger) Jimmy! Oh Jimmy Mack! When are you coming back! Oh Jimmy Mack! Oh Jimmy IRENE (singing) Jimmy Oh Jimmy Mack! LORRIANE (joins in) Jimmy oh Jimmy Mack when are you coming back! Oh Jimmy.... Janice also joins in and they continue the rest of the song. CUT TO: EXT. LIMO ARRIVES AT BUTTS -- MOMENTS LATER The girls make a mad dash to the front door, pass the bouncer, waving their proof as they need to pee. CUT TO: INT. BUTTS-LOUD MUSIC- WOMANS BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER MARGO I had to pee so bad! I like that color on you. IRENE It's called Blood Red. MARGO I want to dance with those guys. They're so hot! LORRAINE (creating more clevage) Come on girls (referring to her breasts) Bring me some butts! JANICE (looks at her ass) Check this butt! TRENE

Perfect! Janice you have the perfect ass!

BUTCH'S SPRIT Can't get enough of this. Boy if I new this!

Butch's Spirit gets up from the stall. The girls leave the bathroom and head to the bar and then the dance floor.

Shots of what's going on girls gone wild, seductive dancing, loose clothes, and sexual gestures.

Margo and Janice dance. Irene and Lorraine order drinks.

IRENE Can you believe Janice?

LORRAINE Yeah! Yeah I can. She's a little nymph.

Margo and Janice on the dance floor. Making moves. Jimmy approaches Janice.

MARGO Hey! Whose's this?

JANICE Margo, meet Jimmy. Jimmy meet Margo.

JIMMY Girls, here for a good time?

Margo and Janice both eyeing Jimmy from the crotch to the butt. Irene and Lorriane come down. Jimmy meets them both.

Irene can't help but be naughty.

JIMMY (arms around Irene and Janice) (CONT'D) So! What will it be? Some private dancing?

IRENE (hand inside Jimmy's bikini squeezing his left cheek) That would be nice.

Butch's Spirit is standing, back, to the bar elbows on the rail.

BUTCH'S SPRIT What! When did this...I didn't! Irene you Mother.

LILITH (O.S.) Hold on there big boy! It's time for a little of your own medicine. Butch's Spirit follows the girls to the back room. Locates himself near the bar.

BUTCH'S SPRIT This looks familiar!

LILITH (O.S.) Thought it would!

The girls see a few couches, two beds and a dance floor. There is a bar with plenty of alcohol for the evening.

Jimmy and Pedro wrapped in capes and g-strings start their routines. Pedro, a dark skinned Latin man, has stepped down to lap dance Margo.

The girls are clapping, whistling, blowing kisses. Irene makes some drinks for everyone.

MARGO PEDRO! PEDRO! (puts a few dollars in his g-string grabs his cock)

IRENE Nice touch! Is it real?

MARGO Ha! I think so!

BUTCH'S SPRIT Okay I get! I don't like it! But I get it!

Pedro goes to Irene. Irene just stares. Pedro's bulge is right in front of Irene's eyes.

Jimmy now steps down and dances for Lorraine and Janice.

IRENE (sips her drink, gulps) Hmmm! You look wonderful! (very tipsy) You gotta nice nice big! (sips again) Dick! (puts her hand out)

Jimmy pulls back then moves forward. Irene enjoys the cat and mouse game. Irene now turns around and has simulated sex. Irene grinds her ass into Pedro's crotch.

MARGO

Go girl!

LILITH (O.S.) What a woman! You should have learned that. Sam get a few close ups!

BUTCH'S SPRIT Yeah. I get it. It's a little tough watching this, but... (very sarcastically) Women can have fun too!

We see Lorraine and Janice tugging on Jimmy's G-string. Putting their hands down it. Jimmy arches his back as Lorriane and Janice rub oil on his body.

Irene has taken her blouse off. She is dancing with Pedro. Margo joins Lorriane and Janice.

> IRENE Come on Pedro! Come on honey. Put your arms around me!

Irene slides up and down Pedro's body. Butch's Spirit has his hands over his eyes. Spreads his fingers.

> PEDRO What do you want baby! You want something?

IRENE (very very drunk) Yes! Yes I do! I want you to....to fuck me..

PEDRO You do huh! Well how about handling this.

Pedro puts a long silk scarf around his waste. Sits down the stage step, leans back, Pushes Irene's head on his crotch and wraps the scarf around her head. The girls and Jimmy take notice.

> LORRAINE, IRENE, MARGO Hey! What'cha doing over there? Being bad? You naughty girl! Come on Irene do it, do it! Do it big time! Come on girl get on that thing!

We see movement by Irene's head. The girls and Jimmy continue the cat calls. Pedro leaning back, Irene's head emerges from the scarf. Very drunk and dizzy, out of breath she leans back, falls and is out cold.

FADE OUT:

INT. LIMO RIDE HOME -- LATER Irene, Margo, Janice, and Lorraine are in absolute shock, stunned, still drunk. JANICE I hope I'm not pregnant! IRENE (Irene has a flashback) I remember you! You! Were naked! Irene sees an image of Janice screwing Jimmy. MARGO I'm so sore. Irene sees the same image except it's Margo. IRENE So are you worried too? MARGO Nah! My tubes are tied. LORRAINE You too! Who's your gynecologist? MARGO Dr. Speelmen. JANICE I gotta get that done! MARGO Irene...you....you and Pedro? TRENE Me and Pedro what? Irene has a flashback and see's herself with Pedro. IRENE (CONT'D) Oh my GOD! CUT TO:

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FADE IN:
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EXT. LIMO PULLS UP TO IRENE'S HOME. -- EARLY MORNING BEAUTIFUL SUNRISE

Irene stumbles out of the Limo, Butch's Spirit and AL get out as well. Irene's purse opens, stuff on the ground, tries gathering, drops a few things. All of this while girls are still yelling and carrying on. Irene waves drunk out of her mind. Stumbles up the walkway, with key in hand. Irene walking up steps down the the hallway to bedroom.

Butch is sleeping. Irene gets in bed, clothes on, sees Butch in his underwear.

Butch's Spirit laying down on the side of the bed viewing.

IRENE Honey...

BUTCH (slowly awakens) Honey! Irene? Did you just get in?

IRENE Yeah. We had such a good time. Come here.

Irene begins to kiss Butch to arouse a sexual response.

IRENE (CONT'D) Ohh! What do we have here?

BUTCH You horny devil.

Irene lifts her dress up, takes her panties off and sits on top of Butch. Butch lifts her top and feels her breasts. Removes her bra.

Butch's Spirit on Irene's side of the bed peers over.

BUTCH'S SPRIT Boy this a moment I'd like to forget.

IRENE Oh! Butch fuck me! Fuck me! Right there! Oh!

BUTCH What's that smell?

IRENE What? What are you talking about?

BUTCH That smell! Smells like shit! Did you forget to wipe you ass or something!

Irene, sniffs and gets a whiff of the odor.

IRENE (gags) Oh! That's horrible! (gags again) Butch hear's a fart sound coming from Irene.

BUTCH Honey! Is that you? Fuck! Get off! They stink.

IRENE

I gotta get up.

Irene gets up, a few squeeking fart sounds come out of her ass. As she runs down the hall heading to the bathroom more fart sounds only louder and longer.

BUTCH

What the fuck?

Butch follows Irene. He approaches the bathroom.

IRENE (violently throwing up) Arggggggg Arggggggg Arrrrrrr. Honey! Honey! Please help.

Butch sees Irene's naked rear end.

BUTCH (to himself) Ohhh! There's a sight to behold. I'm game for some of that.

Butch proceeds to try and mount Irene from the rear.

IRENE What? Are you fucking nuts?

Irene turns her head. Strings of puke all over her face, more fart and vomit sounds and smelly odor.

BUTCH (screams) OH! FUCK! I..AH AH AH I got get the fuck out of here.

We see Butch running down the hall.

FADE OUT:

ANGEL (at his desk) Wow! I mean whew! Butch I'm sorry you had to live through that again. My son, you can honestly say, your almost done.

BUTCH'S SPRIT What do ya mean almost? I am done!

ANGEL

I said almost!

Butch's Spirit picks up the list.

BUTCH'S SPRIT This is what started my downward spiral. I'll have to do a little set up on this.

ANGEL (O.S.) Good! Your thinking ahead! Let's se what you have.

INT. BACK TO MOM'S HOUSE, LARGE GATHERING OF PEOPLE IN VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN HOUSE. MARGIE AND RACHEL IN THE KITCHEN, IRENE LOOKING AT SOME OLD PICTURES -- AFTERNOON

> MARGIE You know all of this catering...she wanted to cook and prepare and offer and..just be missy home maker.

> > RACHEL

Mom? I don't think so. You been away too long Margie! Mom spent all of last night figuring out what nail polish she should wear.

MARGIE

Well I remember all of those holidays...and she did the cooking!

Butch's spirit is standing in the kitchen doorway.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Irene? Wasn't a great cook, she did okay. How she loved this kitchen. I remember when there was a time that....

FADE IN:

INT. IT'S YEARS EARLIER AND WE ARE IN THE SAME KITCHEN EXCEPT THE DECOR IS OF THE TIMES-- EVENING

MARGIE Is daddy home yet? What are we cooking?

IRENE (smoking and sipping a cocktail) We? Well if you mean me! Na da!

Margie's disappointed and Rachel walks through the outside back door connecting to the kitchen.

RACHEL (wearing a halter top no bra) What's happening?

MARGIE We're not eating! Mom didn't cook! Irene leans her head back and takes a long drag, blows out some smoke rings.

IRENE (Gives Margie a stare that could kill, then turns to Rachel) What the fuck do you got on?

RACHEL

It's a halter top!

MARGIE

Yeah? Well one of your tits doesn't look like the other! Mom I'm hungry!

IRENE Margie deal with your own tits. Your father won't be home. Josh went to Carmela's.... (Leans back and repeats the smoke rings)

MARGIE

Will you cut that out! What are you 15? I hope he's getting sausage and pepperoni!

IRENE (raise's a brow) Yeah yeah, yeah. (Finishes her drink and slams the glass) Ah! Cough! That's good stuff.

RACHEL (stares at Irene) I'll make a salad.

IRENE

I'll do it! You can just sit and talk to me. I've just got enough to make an Antipasto. So, tell me, Margie where's Lou these days?

MARGIE

Lou? Lou is..uh..was...at....

IRENE (busy making salad) In jail. He's in jail. Just say it! Your boyfriend robbed a gas station and got caught.

RACHEL

Margie...what! Why? I thought Lou got that mechanic's job!

MARGIE

He did! Then he decided to get a little bit more pay.

IRENE I heard about it from Dora Schuster.

MARGIE What does that slut know?

Someone approaching the outside kitchen door and slightly tapping as if to knock.

IRENE

Hollister! You don't have to knock. Come on in. Sit. I'm just making a salad and Josh is bringing Pizza. Have a slice with us.

MARGIE How many pies did you order?.

IRENE We're fine. Sit Hollister.

Hollister Mackenzie a refined man in true Scottish tradition. Has been married to Sheila for about 20 years.

> IRENE (CONT'D) So how is Shelia feeling?

HOLLISTER (deep Scottish accent) Ah! My Shelia....Still on chemotherapy. She has been going so long.

IRENE What do the doctors say?

HOLLISTER Not much they can do. Shelia was a big smoker and drinker and she..I mean we (deep breath)now, pay the price.

IRENE I'm so sorry Hollister. If there's anything I can do.

HOLLISTER Praying. And when the time comes...be there, help me get through this.

The side kitchen door opens Josh has the Pizza's.

IRENE Well, let's not push the cart before the horse. Josh put them over on the counter. BUTCH'S SPRIT Shelia, she went pretty quick after that.

CUT TO:

Black Screen White letters type across the screen #10 The Wake.

FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF FUNERAL HOME-- MIKE RIZZO AND HIS COUSIN TIM ACQUAINTANCES OF BUTCH SMOKING A JOINT --SHELIA HOLLISTER'S WAKE- EVENING

Butch's Spirit joins Mike and Tim.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Ah! Just like old times.... (Butch lights a cigar) Al, Sam? You want one?

AL (Wearing a Beret, Scarf and Gloves) Snort! Snort...agggggg

(Don't mind if I do)

SAM (Wearing Shorts, T-shirt, Bandana blows cold air)

Fuck! Yeah!
 (takes a drink from
 his bottle)

MIKE Shit it's fucking cold!

TIM Gimme some of that!

Mike, hands shaking from the cold, passes the joint.

MIKE She's a real pain in the ass!

TIM

Who?

MIKE My fucking ex wife that's who!

TIM (chuckles) What did she do now?

MIKE She wants more money! She said...

Butch's Spirit visualizes Mike's story. We continue to hear Mike and Tim's conversation. Butch's Spirit has an visual image of Mikes wife. MIKE (O.S.) (CONT'D) (we hear Mike mimic her) I'll blow you for it. I said "OPEN WIDE" TIM (in the middle of a long toke, blasts it out laughing) Mike your a piece of work? Then what happened? Butch's visual image then has Mike in bed with his wife fucking her. MIKE (O.S.) I fucked her instead! Now she wants the money. TIM So she fucked you! Just for the money? What a whore! Butch's visual image of Mike's wife asking for the money. MIKE (O.S.) Yeah! And I said "I don't have it. So sue me." Tim and Mike loud laughs swap the joint, a number of times. TIM Atta boy! Nothing like screwing your ex twice at the same time. MIKE How well did you know Hollister? TIM I knew him well. Played golf with him every other Saturday. Shelia, she couldn't stand him golfing that much. I knew Shelia a little.... she was young. I think she was in her late 40's. MIKE That's tough. TIM Didn't Butchie's wife Irene and her qet along?

MIKE They were neighbors! Speaking of ass. A local gal with many acquaintances walks up the stairs. TIM Hey! MIKE How you doing sweetheart? LOCAL GAL Fine! A lot of people show up? TIM Yeah! I'd say at least a couple of hundred! LOCAL GAL Your kidding me! MIKE No! There's a lot of people in there. LOCAL GAL It's too cold out. I'm going inside. Local gal passes both Mike and Tim. TIM What a piece a ass? MIKE That she is! Guess what? TIM What? MIKE Tommy's tapping it. TIM No kidding! I thought she was married. MIKE I think she's separated. But, does that matter? TIM Nah. I guess not. You want to hear something funny? When I was sitting inside, I was looking around at all the woman. Old ones...young

ones....mothers. All of them.

118.

MIKE Yeah! And? TIM Well, it kind of dawned on me. All those women had to give head at least once in lives. MIKE Including poor Shelia! Ha? Once? Probably a lot more than that. TIM Yeah! But then I looked over at these old bags and said are they still....Sucking cock? Both Mike and Tim are in a non-stoppable laugh. BUTCH'S SPIRIT This is so cool. I am so glad I came out here. What a bunch of ass Tim and Mike get a hold themselves. Finished the joint. MIKE

Whoa! Man that was fucking funny. Hey, you know who I'd like to nail?

TIM That bitch from the cleaners?

MIKE Who? No! Not her! Irene? Irene Scaparelli?

Butch's Spirit stands.

hole's!

TIM Out of your league.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Ya damn.. I mean darn straight she is.

MIKE I hear Butch is so fucken jealous.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Me? Jealous? ANGEL (O.S.)

Oh! Not you Butch!

LILITH (O.S.) Hmmm! One of our seven deadly sins... (sexy devilish laugh)

BUTCH'S SPIRIT It's nice that both of you could join us....having fun!

ANGEL (O.S.)

Don't mention it! And, yes I am. Hello Al. Al, I give you so much credit. Your a fine assistant.

AL

Ahhhhhhh! Snort Ahhhhhhh! Snort! (Hi.. Thanks for the compliments)

LILITH (O.S.) Sam? I give you no credit...get to work!

SAM (Burps, farts then spits) Great!

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TIM Butch wasn't always like that. I remember when he could get anyone he wanted.

MIKE

Yeah! Well he got older and Irene got better...hotter! Man she always gave me wood!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT

Ouch! Their right. Men are supposed to age better. It was the Rusty Nails, beer shots, and all that weed!

MIKE

I heard Hollister and Irene are pretty good friends.

TIM How do you know this shit? And By friends. You mean?

MIKE I don't know? I mean when his wife was dyeing...he and her..well they were always together.

TIM How did Butch handle that? MIKE Butch? Hey he should talk. He was always chasing someone. He has the hot's for Dora Schuster.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Whooops! I new that had to be coming! It was a mistake.

ANGEL (O.S.) Yes, and that's why your here.

TIM Who's Dora Schuster?

MIKE She's the blonde sitting..I think in the row behind Butch and Irene.

TIM Let's go in! Pay our respects. I wanna check this chick Dora out.

Mike and Tim go back to the wake. They pan the room. Dora is limping. She had stepped on a rusty nail a few weeks back. Dora heads to the ladies room. Irene is sitting next to Hollister, Butch isn't there.

CUT TO:

INT. LADIES ROOM SHEILA'S FUNERAL. -- MOMENTS LATER

DORA Butch? Butch?

BUTCH Lock the door. Just turn it. That's it.

Butch gets out from the stall.

BUTCH (CONT'D) How's your foot?

DORA Butch, you should have seen this nail I stepped on. Rust like you wouldn't believe. They couldn't even give me a tetanus shot! They found out I'm allergic.

BUTCH Wow! So what did they do?

Butch removes Dora's shoe and begins to massage her foot.

DORA (in a little pain) They ordered some special serum and it'll be here tomorrow. Oh! That feels good. Do it some more. Please!

BUTCH Tomorrow? You've been like this for weeks.

DORA I know I should have went sooner.

BUTCH Well...okay so ah!

Butch puts his hand on top of Dora's head. Gives a steady push and Dora slowly drops to her knees, looking a little nervous, and starts giving a blow job to Butch.

> DORA I can't believe I'm doing this.

A few minutes a go by.

BUTCH OW OW OW My GOD! Fuck! What the fuck!

People at the wake are jolted by Butch's screams.

Dora has clenched her teeth on Butches penis. Butch tries to get Dora to open her mouth.

BUTCH (CONT'D) DORA! DORA! Get up. What the fuck is wrong with you!

Butch realizes that Dora is unconscious.

BUTCH (CONT'D) It's lockjaw. You should've went to the doctor's sooner. (feels her pulse) Fuck! She's dead. Mother fucken lockjaw?

FUNERAL ATTENDENT (opens the bath room door.) Hey! Everyone okay in here?

Meanwhile we see a series of gasping mouths and sounds of some people who gathered inside the rest room.

BUTCH Uumm! Not really! BUTCH I'm...she's uh! Preying?

CUT TO:

INT. LILITH LOOKING AT HER TEETH IN THE MIRROR.

LILITH

My, my. I don't recall these choppers doing something like that. Ohhh that must have hurt!

CUT TO:

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM DOCTOR COMES INTO SEE BUTCH -- EVENING

DOCTOR Mr. Scaparelli. Do realize there's a women with her teeth locked onto your genitals?

BUTCH

Kind of!

DOCTOR She's dead! How did she die?

BUTCH Your the doctor!

DOCTOR I know what killed. Did you cause

it?

BUTCH She stepped on real bad rusty nail. I guess the lock jaw set in. How was I suppose to know?

DOCTOR No one dies of lock jaw anymore!

BUTCH She was suppose to get a special serum.

DOCTOR It was her heart. She had a heart attack!

BUTCH So it wasn't the lock jaw?

DOCTOR

No! Uhmm! We have to surgically remove her. But, before we do the police want to speak with you. Oh yes, and so does your wife. And another thing your insurance won't cover it this.

BUTCH Fuck! Now I got to find a place to live!

ANGEL (O.S.) Al....no more. I can't watch anymore.

AL (0.S.) Arggggggg! Arggggggg! (neither can I)

SAM Uhhh! He can't act anyway. I'm done here!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) Thank GOD!

LILITH Sam! Get the fuck down here! GOD? You mean THANK ME!

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGEL'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Butch is looking at Irene and his family from Angels office viewer. Angel, at his desk communicates.

ANGEL Al? At this point we need to send an assistant to capture some of the real time issues. Like the one going on. Butch and yourself cannot handle everything at the same time.

BUTCH'S SPRIT Wow! Who is it?

ANGEL You may even remember her. Her name is Mae.

BUTCH'S SPRIT Ah... I don't think I do.

AL Snort agghhhh Snort...agghhh (oh no not her!) It's MAE who has a strikingly resemblance to Betty Boop, brushes herself off.

MAE Boop Boop be do! Why that was fun! Al where are ya!

BUTCH'S SPRIT MAE? Your Betty Boop!

MAE

My name is MAE. You can call me Betty. Boop Boop be Do!

ANGEL

Familiar?

Butch's Spirit has an immediate flashback of watching cartoons of Betty Boop and masturbating.

BUTCH'S SPRIT Ya! I'm sorry. Just a um I guess..Well what are gonna do.

AL Snort Snnort Agggg...a snort (To a cartoon?)

Mae picks up her viewfinder, begins to get ready.

ANGEL Mae that won't be necessary, you can leave.

BUTCH'S SPRIT Aww! She could have been fun.

ANGEL I was only kidding about the assistant. You needed to see, repent. For the 3,858 times you masturbated.

BUTCH'S SPRIT You keep records like that?

MAE Boop Boop de do!

ANGEL

Butch you can sit now. You were not all that bad. Here is a few good memories that you can be proud of. ANGEL (CONT'D) Butch...you need to see this!

CUT TO:

EXT. AMBULANCE SIREN, PULLS UP TO IRENE'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

PARAMEDIC Hey! We were here a few days ago. And I think the guy died.

DRIVER Is this 2231 3rd St.?

PARAMEDIC (looks at the street sign) Yep! I remember he had a heart attack.

Something comes on the radio.

DISPATCHER Guys it's a woman in her early fifties. Mrs. Irene Scaparelli. Could be a stroke.

PARAMEDIC 2 Come on! I remember her. It's the dead guy's wife.

The Paramedic team enters the house. Irene is laying on the floor. Paramedics give her air, measure her vitals, put her on a stretcher. Then wheel Irene inside the Ambulance.

Josh, Marge and other family members get into cars and head to the hospital. Hollister rides with Josh. Rachel was requested to be in the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC

Irene?..Irene?..
 (Irene is just mumbling)
I think she's at least responding to
my voice.

Rachel holds her mothers hand.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D) Rachel right? (Rachel nods her head) Okay. I've got to ask a few questions from this form. This helps when we get her to emergency. Do you know if her Diabetes is Type 1 or 2? Butch's Spirit looks on and is worried about his wife. BUTCH'S SPIRIT (O.S.) It's type 2. She probably forgot to take her insulin. ANGEL (O.S.) She did! Paramedic continues with questions. CUT TO: INT. JOSH'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER HOLLISTER Josh, you know how much I care for your Mom! JOSH Not now Hollister! We've got to.... HOLLISTER But Josh you don'tknow.. We.. JOSH I think I have a pretty good idea. Josh and Hollister arrive at the hospital. HOLLISTER Oh! Ah! Then..lets just go inside.E Angel at his desk talks to Butch and Al. ANGEL (O.S.) Al, Butch you need to be at the hospital. CUT TO: EXT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE -- EVENING Butch's Spirit and Al await the Ambulance which is on the way. INT. INSIDE AMBULANCE PARAMEDIC 2 Blood pressure is stable, she is a little pale. Rachel do you know when your Mom last took insulin?

> RACHEL I don't recall if she did! She usually takes it in the afternoon.

127.

PARAMEDIC

Will check her blood sugar now. If she didn't take it, could be she is in insulin shock. Could be Ketoacidosis.

Paramedic 2 takes a lancet, pricks Irene's finger, Irene's body doesn't move. The drawn blood is put on a strip and then is read by a meter. 350 is shown.

PARAMEDIC 2 Wow! Too high...way too high. She's in shock.

RACHEL

What do we do?

Paramedic 2, background talking to the hospital to get a room ready for Irene.

PARAMEDIC Rachel, your Mom is having a tough time right now. Stay with her, talk to her.

Ambulance pulls up to the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY EMERGENCY ROOM CROWDED PARAMEDICS WHEELING IRENE.

Butch's Spirit and Al have moved inside the emergency room. Butch's Spirit looks on as Nurses attend to Irene. Everyone is asked to go the waiting room.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT Boy very eery! Deja vu.

Family is gathering by a couch with a table and a few chairs.

Hollister sits and makes a call on his cell phone.

RACHEL This is where we were for Daddy.

RALPH Marge? I got to have a smoke.

RACHEL

Me too!

JOSH Will be here for a while.

MARGIE I'll go with you.

Josh sees Rachel, Marge and Ralph smoking just out side. Hollister on his cell phone. HOLLISTER (talking to someone) She's in the emergency room. She was out I didn't get chance to see her. Josh sits next to Hollister. HOLLISTER (talks low, turns away from Josh) (CONT'D) I tried but now's not the time. I think he suspect's something. Let me go, I think the Doctor's coming. (Hangs up) JOSH Hollister! I know your having a fling with my Mom. HOLLISTER I kind of thought you did. And... Its not a fling. It's a wonderful relation..... JOSH (interrupts) No need to explain. Talk to me later. The Doctor coming. The Doctor who treated Butch now is treating Irene. The Doctor confides with Josh. Josh waves Margie, Ralph and Rachel to come in. Hollister joins. DOCTOR Boy you've all been through so much the last few weeks. Your Mom is in a coma. It's called DAK or Diabetic Ketoacidosis. She was very very dehydrated. Apparently she hasn't been taking her insulin. Her pancreas completely shut down. There was hardly any insulin in her body. Margie, Josh, Rachel, Ralph and Hollister very worried. DOCTOR (CONT'D) The good news is, there is some response.

> MARGIE What kind of response?

DOCTOR She seems to be responding to her thoughts. DOCTOR (CONT'D) Maybe a moan a sound then no response. This is somewhat typical. You should spend time with her. Talking, making some sounds...you know when things happen like this it's all about family.

JOSH Doctor, is there any chance she won't survive?

RACHEL Don't say that...Don't say that at all.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Butch's Spirit sits with Irene as nurses prepare Irene for overnight.

BUTCH'S SPRIT Honey! I don't know if you can hear me but I am here. I will stay here. I will stay with you.

Nurses wheel Irene to a regular hospital room. Butch's Spirit and AL follow. Moments later the Doctor and Irene's family arrive.

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I've got to get ready! Irene is coming to meet me. I know it.

ANGEL (O.S.) Your Tux is ready!

CUT TO:

INT. SOMEWHERE ON A CLOUD BUTCH'S SPIRIT IS IN A SHOWER. -- MOMENTS LATER.

Butch's Spirit humming "Try a Little Tenderness" in the shower. Steps out, angels bring him towels, give him a haircut, massage, and get him in his TUX.

> BUTCH'S SPIRIT (looking in the mirror) I miss you Irene. I really do miss you.

We see Butch standing front of the mirror, talking.

ANGEL (standing and looking) Your very handsome. You should do fine. You better go.

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE'S HOSPITAL ROOM. FAMILY GATHERED. -- LATER

Hollister at Irene's bedside holds her hand. Margie and Rachel take turns talking to her. Butch's Spirit, holding a dozen red roses walks slowly to Irene. Butch's Spirit touches Irene and Irene's Spirit rises.

> RACHEL Did you feel something?

JOSH Yeah! Strange!

The family looks around as if they thought they saw something.

RACHEL Must be a draft.

Rachel sees a slightly open window and closes it.

Butch's Spirit takes the hand of Irene's Spirit, eyes still closed, and brings her to a spot close by. He awakens her.

CUT TO:

INT. A BEAUTIFUL MOONLIT NIGHT AT A NEARBY PARK

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (speaks softly) Irene, Irene, it's me Butch.

IRENE'S SPIRIT (eyes begin to open) Butch! Butch! Where am I?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Your with me! I've missed you so much. We have so much to do, to see.

IRENE'S SPIRIT Am I dead?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I don't know! I think so.

ANGEL (0.S.) Your wife is still very much alive but weakening. BUTCH'S SPIRIT What to I do?

ANGEL You will need to arouse her memories. Go out! Enjoy!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Irene did you hear that?

IRENE'S SPIRIT Hear? Hear what? What am I doing here?

ANGEL (O.S.) She cannot hear me or see me. She is still living.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Oh, I see. Irene come with me...just come with me. Your fine...your not dead. Your just...lets say not feeling so good.

Angels surround Butch and Irene Spirit's. They cover them with their wings.

IRENE'S SPIRIT I'm not dressed...look at me..Look at my hair!

Angels begin to take their wings go over Irene's Spirit, back and forth and we Irene's Spirit as a beautiful Princess.

Irene and Butch walk down a pathway that enters a disco with many people all dressed in 1980's. Music playing.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE DISCO AT THE BAR -- CONTINUOUS

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Want a drink? I know, rum and coke.

IRENE'S SPIRIT You sure I'm not dead?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT I am sure. Your heart beats, your smile, tells me that. Since when does a dead person drink rum and coke.

Butch and Irene sit at a table. An angel comes by with two rum and cokes. Irene unsure of her surroundings. Butch drinks. IRENE'S SPIRIT Your drinking one. You are right now!

BUTCH'S SPIRIT Well that's a little different. I'm here to tell you how sorry I am for everything I ever did.

IRENE'S SPIRIT Who are all these people anyway?

BUTCH'S SPIRIT That's a....good question. But their here. There watching us. Hey let's dance?

Butch get's up, goes to the band and whispers.

BUTCH'S SPIRIT (CONT'D) Hey could you play "Try a Little Tenderness"

BAND LEADER

Boys! (Music starts))

ANGEL (O.S.)

Nice touch!

BUTCH SPIRIT'S

Thanks!

Butch grabs Irene gets her to the dance floor. They slow dance to the start of the music.

IRENE'S SPIRIT Who were you thanking?

BUTCH SPIRIT'S Someone. Someone you may meet one day!

IRENE'S SPIRIT You know all of a sudden I feel peaceful. I loved you for all of those years. I took good care of you Butch.

Butch's Spirit swirls Irene's Spirit around.

BUTCH SPIRIT'S I know! I know and all I can say is I love you, always did and always will. The song begins to pick up some pace. The Spirit couple follow the musics beat.

IRENE'S SPIRIT What do you want from me?

BUTCH SPIRIT'S Your love! For you to always love me!

IRENE'S SPIRIT That you never ever needed to ask. I always will, do and that's because...well I don't really know but I do.

The music now is louder and the beat is faster and the Spirit's come apart and fast dance away from each other.

CUT TO:

INT. LILITH'S AT HER DESK VIEWING THE DANCE.

LILITH I'll fix this! Sam get that blonde bitch up there?

INT. BACK AT THE DANCE SCENE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dora Schuster's Spirit in a backless low cut red gown materializes. Butch, begins to dance and flirt with Dora.

Irene's Spirit looks on.

IRENE'S SPIRIT Why you! Little.... (suddenly Irene's Sprit hears a soft voice)

LILITH (O.S.) We may win this yet!

VOICE Irene.....Mom....Mom....

The voices get a little louder as seconds pass. Irene's Spirit begins to drift away. Butch's Spirit, still dancing and flirting, does not yet notice.

CUT TO:

INT. IRENE'S HOSPITAL BED -- LATER THAT EVENING.

The voices were Hollister, Margie and Rachel. All trying to revive Irene.

Butch's Spirit is now present. Holds Irene's hand.

BUTCH SPIRIT'S Irene..you can come with me anytime you want.

We still hear whispers of Irene's name being called by the family.

IRENE'S SPIRIT (In weak voice) Butch. I'm sorry. I want to live. I want to live....I want to see the world...I'm sorry.

ANGEL (O.S.) Butch. It's time. It's time for you to be here. To your home.

Butch's Spirit slowly pulls back never taking his eyes off of Irene. Irene, looks in a circle of light sees Butch drifting into it and waves.

> IRENE Good bye, Butch. I love you.

> > HOLLISTER

Irene? Irene?

RACHEL Mom! Mom! Your awake! Nurse! Nurse! My Mom's awake!

IRENE Uhhh! Oh! Oh! I'm so thirsty. Please, please, get me some water.

The nurse quickly arrives. The family is relieved. The doctor arrives moments later.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ANGEL'S OFFICE -- MORNING SUN

It's Butch's going away day. Angel and and Al present him with a key. Symbolic of his efforts to reach heaven.

ANGEL Well, Butch!...I knew you had it in you.

BUTCH SPIRIT'S Thanks Angel. What is this for? What happens now? Will I see Irene again?

ANGEL Irene? Not for awhile. But you will always have her in your mind. Now. Take the key which gets you anywhere. Do you see that path? Angel points op a dirt path surrounded by beautiful flowers and trees, and the sound of water running. BUTCH'S SPIRIT Yes! Yes I do! ANGEL (puts his wing around Butch) It heads towards a bridge. Lets walk. We see Butch and Angel head down the path. ANGEL (CONT'D) Can you see the other side? BUTCH SPIRIT'S Yes! Yes I can! There are people there! Are those the same people I saw when I first got here? ANGEL Hey what did you do? Improve your IO? BUTCH'S SPRIT Ha! Very Funny. ANGEL Come. Let's go. Angel, Al and Butch head towards the bridge. BUTCH SPIRIT'S Looks like the Verrazano! Ya know the bridge between New Jer....sey. Oh yeah you would know that. ANGEL (smiling) It's time Butch. Look, people are waving!

We see Butch holding his hand above his eyes to reduce the glare.

BUTCH SPIRIT'S Hey! It's my Mom, there's Dad, Uncle Jerry, Aunt Ruth, Aunt Marie, Nanny and Poppa....Rocky! Little Rocky!

Butch begins his walk towards the other side of the bridge. Angel and Al look onward. Butch then turns around. BUTCH SPIRIT'S (CONT'D) Will I see you again?

ANGEL Anytime you wish. Just use your key!

AL Snort Snort Arrrrr Arrrrr (Goodbye Butch...call me)

We see credits begin to roll. From a top view we see Butch meeting his family, shaking hands, getting enormous hugs and a genuine applause from an lifetime audience. Rocky jumping on his leg. Everyone is so happy.

FADE OUT:

EXT. ANGELS OFFICE- AL PRESENT -- LATER

Angel goes under his desk pulls out a large thin Louis Vutton trunk. Opens it.

ANGEL Al, it's my honor to present you with these beautiful wings.

AL Snort Snort Snort (Thanks so much Angel)

CUT TO:

INT. LILITH'S AT HER DESK SOBBING

LILITH You always win you always fucken win! (continues to sob)

ANGEL (O.S.) I'm awfully sorry but you should know by now good will always overcome evil. Maybe you should stop up here...we could talk..

Lilith is awakened by the new arrival bell.

LILITH Maybe I.....who are you?

NEW PERSON

Heather.

LILITH

Ah....SAM! Where back in fucking business!

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLISTER AND IRENE'S ON VACATION-HOTEL ROOM PITCH BLACK.

Hollister and Irene having sex.

IRENE Ah Ah Ah oh oh my God oh Harder oh oh oh! (Irene has her orgasm)

Irene turns on a small light.

IRENE (CONT'D) Hollister do you believe in Angels?

HOLLISTER (out of breath) Ah! Yes! Yes..I do. They are beautiful.

IRENE So then you believe in Heaven.

HOLLISTER Yes I do! Of course I do! Don't you?

IRENE Yes, I do. I've seen it.

Irene recalls her evening with Butch.

HOLLISTER That's good. Good. Now let's go to sleep.

Irene turns out the light. It's pitch black. Irene has a quick flashback of Butch flirting with Dora Schuster.

IRENE

Hollister?

HOLLISTER

Yes.

IRENE

Fuck me again!

Credits start rolling again.

Somewhere as the credits begin to end we see.

SAM PECKINPAH