"TERRY AND BOB"

an original screenplay

by

Elias Ericksson

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Contact

eliasericksson@yahoo.com (c) Copyright 2009 FADE IN:

EXT. BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS - DAWN

A series of shots are shown of the neighborhood. The sound of snoring is heard in the background.

CUT TO:

EXT. D'ALFONSO HOME - DAWN

The camera slowly pans in on the white two-story home surrounded by hedges and flowers. The sound of snoring grows a little louder.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - KITCHEN

The kitchen is immaculate. A nearby counter contains a large number of Massachusetts lottery tickets and a package of E-Z Wider rolling papers.

Chloe, a large female tuxedo cat, digs in her litter box. The sound of snoring grows a little louder.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONZO HOME - LIVING ROOM

The camera pans into the living room. Dim light creeps through the windows. The entertainment center is overloaded with DVDs of Bon Jovi and The Sopranos. A copy of High Times lay on the coffee table nearby.

The snoring continues.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - BEDROOM

Bob, a man in his early seventies, lays on his back, mouth open wide, snoring. Terry, a large, overweight woman who speaks with a lisp in a low, raspy smoker's voice, lay near him in bed with a pillow covering her head. The snoring is interrupted by a loud fart from Bob.

TERRY

Fuckin' Hog!

Terry sits up, HER FACE IS NOT SHOWN - and slams the pillow down over Bob, who jumps.

Whaaa? Whaaa?

Making a sound, Bob rolls over toward the opposite direction. Terry rises from the bed. HER FACE NOT SHOWN.

> TERRY (ANGRY) UGGH! YA STINK!

Terry grumbles, exiting the room quickly. HER FACE NOT SHOWN.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - BATHROOM

Terry's large silhouette is seen behind the shower curtain while she scrubs away singing a Bon Jovi song in her awful voice.

CUT TO:

EXT. D'ALFONSO HOME - MORNING

A shot of Terry from THE BACK as she enters her car to go to work.

CUT TO:

EXT. A STREET IN BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTS

SHOT FROM THE BACK SEAT. Terry drives down a street, turning on the radio. Only a VERY SMALL portion of her face can be seen in the rear-viw mirror. She comes to a stop behind a car at a red light. HER FACE NOT SHOWN.

> MAN ON RADIO -and it looks like it's gonna be a BEAUTIFUL day here in Boston today!

> TERRY Puh! Easy for you to say. You don't work for an asshole like I do!

Terry blows the horn at a driver ahead of her.

TERRY (continuing) Come on touchole! The light doesn't get any greener!

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS

Terry pulls off a street into Dunkin Donuts.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS DRIVE-THROUGH

Terry cuts off another car pulling into the drive through. She flips the driver off.

TERRY Wait your turn!

Pulling up to the box, she rolls down her window. She lights up a cigarette.

DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE (O.S.) Good morning and welcome to Dunkin Donuts! May I take your order?

Terry scans the menu sign for several moments.

DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE (O.S.) (continuing) Hellooo? May I take your order?

TERRY Hold your horses, Mister!

Terry continues to scan the menu, puffing on her cigarette. The driver she cut off behind her blows his horn. Terry turns her head back, angered.

> TERRY (continuing) Shut the hell up, douche bag! (a beat) Yeah, what the hell are you lookin' at?!

Both Terry and the driver flip each other off.

TERRY (continuing) Ya, I see ya in your piece of shit!

CUT TO:

INT. DUNKIN DONUTS DRIVE-THROUGH WINDOW

The employee makes a face of horror, pulling his head-set away from his ear.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS DRIVE-THROUGH

Terry takes another puff of her cigarette and flips it at the menu. Many other cigarettes of the same brand lay beneath the menu.

TERRY Alright, I'm ready to order. (a beat) I'll take six jelly...three glazed and-DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE (O.S.) Excuse me, Sir? Terry sits back shocked. TERRY (angry) What are you fucking deaf? You got a hearing impairment or something? (a beat) What are you a wise guy? I'll have you know that you're speaking to a woman! CUT TO: INT. DUNKIN DONUTS DRIVE-THROUGH WINDOW The young man takes a step back with a horrified expression. DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE I-I-I'm sorry...ma'am? CUT TO: EXT. DUNKIN DONUTS DRIVE-THROUGH TERRY Yeah, you got that right, buster! Now listen-Terry is interrupted by the man behind her blowing his horn again. Terry turns back to him. TERRY (continuing) Hey! Hey! (flipping the bird) What did I tell you, you fat asshole?! The man rolls down his window sticking his head out. MAN IN CAR You got a lotta room to talk! TERRY You shut your mouth!

MAN IN CAR

GET MOVIN'!

TERRY You shut your mouth! You don't want me to get outta this car!

MAN IN CAR I don't think ya could if ya tried!

Terry opens the door and begins to exit.

DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE (O.S.) Maam? We need to take your order.

Terry turns back and points to the driver.

TERRY You're lucky...Yeah...you!

Terry turns back to the box.

TERRY (continuing) Like I was saying...I'll have six jellies, three glazed, two bear claws...and oh, give me six maple!

A pause of a few moments.

DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE (O.S.) Um...okay. That will be elevensixty-five. Please pull up to the window.

Terry lights another cigarette, pulling up to the window. The new employee sees her and is horrified.

TERRY What the hell is your problem?

DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE Noh-Nothing, ma'am.

TERRY You got a problem too? Everybody's got a fucking problem around here.

DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE (SHAKING) E-Eleven-nintey-five...please.

TERRY (ANGRY) I thought you said eleven SIXTY five?!

DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE (NERVOUS) Oh...yes, you're right. Sorry ma'am.

TERRY

What? You tryin' to rip me off for thirty cents? You are, aren't you?

Terry hands the young man twelve dollars. He gives her back the change and her box of donuts.

DRIVE-THROUGH EMPLOYEE Thank you, maam. Have a nice day.

Terri takes a drag of her cigarette and blows a smoke cloud into the window at the young man who backs away.

TERRY

Huh!

Stomping on the gas, Terry's car squeals it's tires as it barrels out of the drive through. Stopping briefly at a stop sign, she turns up the radio and blasts Bon Jovi's LIVING ON A PRAYER.

Cutting another driver off she heads down the highway driving erratically, shoving a donut into her mouth.

OPENING TITLES ARE SUPER-IMPOSED OVER THE SCREEN

Pulling off a ramp and turning down a street, Terry pulls into the parking lot of ROTH NURSING HOME and parks her car. Shutting Bon Jovi off, she grabs her donuts and purse. Locking her car, she heads into work.

CUT TO:

INT. ROTH NURSING HOME - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - 9:02 A.M.

Penny Periwinkle, an attractive but bitchy red-head in her forties stands speaking through a head-set. She is flustered and upset.

> PENNY PERIWINKLE Yes, Mr. Wattles...Yes, yes. I understand. (a beat) I will let her know as soon as she walks through the door.

Periwinkle walks to the window and glares at Terry walking across the parking lot.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) Yes sir. I will have her get that right out to you. Yes. (a beat) Have a great day, sir.

Periwinkle rips the head-set off of her head and tosses it

onto Terry's desk, waiting with her arms crossed. Terry enters.

TERRY Oh my God, Ms. Periwinkle, I am sooo sorry. I was running late.

PENNY PERIWINKLE

Again.

Terry sets her purse and box of donuts down on her desk. Periwinkle eyes the box.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) I see you were able to make it to the drive through on time.

TERRY I'm really sorry. It won't happen again.

Periwinkle smiles sarcastically.

PENNY PERIWINKLE You're right. Because if it does, you'll be looking for a new job.

Periwinkle steps over the box of donuts. Opening it, she smiles.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) Oh...maple!

Taking two maple donuts she turns and exits.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) Don't mind if I do.

Terry tries to control her anger.

TERRY (under her breath) Bitch.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (O.S.) What was that?

TERRY Nothing! Nothing, Ms. Periwinkle.

Terry pulls out her chair and slumps down at her desk with a sigh. Running her fingers through her hair, she sighs again before putting on her head-set.

Moments later she receives a call.

TERRY (continuing) Good morning, Roth Nursing Home. Terry speaking. May I help you?

VOICE ON PHONE

Yes. (a beat) I would like to be admitted.

TERRY Alright sir, I can help you with that. How old are you?

VOICE ON PHONE Seventy-three.

TERRY That's the same age as my husband...and do you have any physical ailments?

VOICE ON PHONE

Yeah. (a beat) A pain in the ass...my wife. (laughter)

Terry finally realizes it is BOB playing a joke.

TERRY Bob, is that you?

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Bob lays on the sofa in his pajamas, laughing. A joint burns in an ashtray on the coffee table. The SOPRANOS are on the television.

CUT TO:

INT. ROTH NURSING HOME - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

TERRY (LOWERS VOICE) Hey...hey...I told you... (looks around) I told you to stop screwin' around and calling here with your bullshit!

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Bob chuckles. Picking up the joint, he takes a drag. TERRY ON PHONE You're gonna get me into trouble again. (a beat) What are you doing? Layin' on the damn couch, watching T.V. stoned out of your mind? BOB (exhales) Nope. TERRY ON PHONE Yeah, right...ya fucking pile of shit. (a beat) Did you put the garbage out? BOB Eh...I'll do it later. Bob takes another long drag of his joint. TERRY ON PHONE Yeah, you better. Because there's two weeks worth in the garage, starting to stink to high heaven - since you missed last week too. You ought to get up off your lazy ass and-CUT TO: INT. ROTH NURSING HOME - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE Terry stops talking as someone walks by the desk. TERRY Listen, my mother is gonna need some help today. She's planting the garden out back. CUT TO: INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM Bob sits up and rolls his eyes. TERRY ON PHONE So I suggest you get your ass upstairs and ask her what she needs done, because I'm tired of hearing her bitch about-

BOB (INTERRUPTS) Eh...gotta go! Gotta go! Someone's at the door. Maybe it's your Mom. See ya later! Bob hangs up, takes a puff of his joint, smiles and lays back down to watch T.V. CUT TO: INT. ROTH NURSING HOME - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE Terry slams down the phone. TERRY Ugh...piece of shit. PENNY PERIWINKLE (O.S.) Do I pay you to talk on the phone to your husband? Startled, Terry spins around in her chair to find Periwinkle with her arms crossed and a stern look about her. TERRY Oh my God, Ms. Periwinkle, I am so sorry! I told him to-PENNY PERIWINKLE (interrupts) Save it. My office. CUT TO: INT. ROTH NURSING HOME - MS. PERIWINKLE'S OFFICE Periwinkle storms into her office with Terry following behind her. PENNY PERIWINKLE Close it. Terry closes the door a little too hard. PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) I said CLOSE IT. NOT SLAM IT!

Periwinkle sits behind her desk, pointing to the chair in front.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing)

Sit!

Nervously, Terry sits down.

TERRY Please, Ms. Periwinkle, I tol-

PENNY PERIWINKLE (interrupts) How many times have you abused your position here in the past year?

Terry drops her head.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) You're consistently late. Your work is never finished. Mr. Wattles called this morning. You neglected to leave him the ARP quarterly percentages last night...like he asked you to. (a beat) You're a mess. A mess.

Periwinkle begins spinning a pen between her thumb and fingers.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) What's your excuse?

TERRY I-I don't have one.

PENNY PERIWINKLE Perhaps you need some time off.

TERRY No, please Ms. Periwinkle...things have been a little tough at home.

PENNY PERIWINKLE All the reason you should be back there.

Periwinkle pulls out a drawer. Removing a pink slip, she begins writing. Terry holds her hands up over her face, ready to cry.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) Three days...without pay. (continues writing) You're lucky. I could have fired you.

Periwinkle stops writing and pushes the pink slip toward Terry.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) Get it together, Terry. I mean it. Next time you'll be cleaning out your desk instead of getting a few days off to screw around.

TERRY

I'm...very sorry.

PENNY PERIWINKLE See you in three days. Better be on time.

Periwinkle picks up the phone and begins dialing out. Terry rises and exits her office.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Bob sleeps soundly in front of the T.V. Empty Japanese takeout cartons cover most of the coffee table.

CUT TO:

EXT. D'ALFONSO HOME

Francine D'Alfonso (Terry's Mother) is in the front yard pruning one of her bushes as Terry pulls up.

Parking the car, Terry, in a rage of anger, lumbers up the walkway toward the door.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO Terry? What are you doing home?

TERRY I'll talk to you about it later.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO You didn't lose your job, did you?

TERRY Where is that piece of shit?

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO I don't know. I haven't seen him. He forgot to put out the garbage again. The garbage men came fifteen minutes ago.

Terry shoves her key into the front door, yanking it open in a rage.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

The front door is heard slamming. Bob lays quietly asleep as Terry stomps into the room. She walks to the coffee table, standing over Bob.

TERRY

Nice. (a beat) Really fuckin' nice!

Bob stirs uncomfortably, squinting at Terry.

TERRY (continuing) What the hell is this?

Terry gestures to all of the Japanese take-out cartons strewn all over the coffee table.

TERRY (continuing) You're ordering out, while our bills and rent are late?

BOB (sitting up) Eh...I had to have something to eat. (a beat) You never cook anything.

TERRY Why don't you make something for yourself?

Terry walks away and throws her purse and keys into a nearby chair.

TERRY

(continuing) Look at this. You haven't done shit all morning. You couldn't even drag your balls off the couch to put out the garbage.

BOB What are you doing home anyway?

TERRY Oh yeah. That's another thing there, tough guy. Your stupid ass phone call got me suspended for three days.

BOB I didn't get ya suspended. You got

your own fat ass suspended. TERRY Fat ass, huh? BOB O-beast. Bob laughs. Picking up a half-smoked joint, he lights it. TERRY Well, without my O-BEAST ass, you would be homeless there, ya ungrateful sack of shit! BOB Ha! I would have plenty of places to go. TERRY (laughs) Where? Back with your Mom? (a beat) She's so old - she's almost petrified like a fucking statue. BOB Eh...leave my Mom out of it. TERRY Yeah, thanks for helping MY Mom, by the way. BOB Screw your Mom. TERRY Screw my Mom, huh? Screw my Mom? (a long pause) Need I remind you that this is my parent's house? CUT TO: INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM Francine is bent over a heating duct, listening to the argument. FRANCINE D'ALFONSO (to herself) Ugh...I don't know why she ever

married him. Worthless loser!

CUT TO

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Terry exits to the kitchen. Bob continues to smoke his joint.

TERRY (O.S.) Ugh! Look at this! Chloe puked all over the floor and you didn't even clean it!

BOB Screw that mangy flea bag! Take care of that filthy thing yourself.

Terry enters the living room again, this time holding some paper towels.

TERRY Your a real heartless fuck, you know that? (a beat) You know Bob, you really hurt my soul sometimes...using it as a punching bag, I swear!

Terry returns to the kitchen. Bob picks up a new edition of HIGH TIMES magazine and begins to read.

BOB I got more important things to think about.

A C.U. is shown of the front page: RAINBOW BUD - THE NEW STRAIN. Bob's eyes grow large and light up.

A bubble forms above Bob's head. He begins dreaming that he's lying on a beach in a hammock smoking the rainbow bud. Many girls run around him in thongs, hitting a beach ball back and forth to each other.

TERRY ON PHONE (O.S.) Put down the fucking magazine and get off of your lazy ass!

The bubble pops. Bob returns to reality finding Terry smoking a cigarette from him not far away.

TERRY

I'm going upstairs to talk to my Mom. Why don't you drag your ass to the store and buy us some cigarettes? We're almost out. Make yourself useful.

Terry turns and exits. The front door is heard slamming.

BOB Get your own fucking cigarettes. I got my own smokable product. (laughs)

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT

Terry stands at the upstairs door of her parent's apartment. She rings the doorbell. Francine opens the door and hugs her daughter.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO Oh sweetie. I'm so sorry! I heard the whole thing.

CUT TO:

EXT. D'ALFONSO HOME - BACKYARD - BIKE SHACK

Bob kick-starts his fifteen-year-old Kawasaki EN-500 street cruiser. It is black and rusted. The tank is spray painted. He adjusts his helmet - black with yellow lightning bolts and putters off down the street with the engine back-firing.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Terry and her mother sit down at a small kitchen table. Bob's bike can be heard disappearing in the distance.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO I told you. I told you long ago not to marry that man!

TERRY I know, I know. I should have listened.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO He's too old for you, sweetie. Why don't you go out and find yourself a nice young man?

TERRY I will. I called Bebe. She's coming over later. She met someone on the internet who has a friend. Maybe I will meet someone who isn't a lazy log of shit like him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELMONT, MASSACHUSETTES - HIGHWAY

Bob putters down the street. The engine on his motorcycle continues backfiring. A long line of traffic follows him. Many of the cars blow their horns.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - KITCHEN

Francine begins arranging some flowers in a vase on the table.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO You should have never bought him that motorcycle.

Terry rises and flicks her cigarette into the kitchen sink.

TERRY I know. I know.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO Where did you find it?

TERRY

In The Pennysaver. The guy wanted nine-hundred, but I only gave him six.

(takes a puff)
I think he might have needed drug
money.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO You know, your rent is late again.

TERRY I know. I'm doing everything I can. Bob is smoking it all away.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO I told you about that shit! It smells like dirty socks. Why the hell would you want to smoke it?

(a beat)
What happened with your job today?
Why are you home? You didn't get
fired, did you? Tell me you didn't
get fired, Terry.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK - AFTERNOON

Bob pulls in the parking lot on his sputtering piece of junk and parks next to a line of brand new Harleys. Some of the Harley riders laugh as he pulls in and gets off his Kawasaki, removing his helmet.

> BIKER 1 Hey dude, nice bike!

A number of other bikers burst out laughing.

BOB Thanks! It was a steal.

BIKER 1 I bet it was! Who'd ya steal it from?

The bikers laugh at Bob as he approaches them. Bob glances over at the loud-mouthed biker with a black Carhart jacket on.

A C.U. IS SHOWN OF THE POCKET. THE NAME DAVE IS EMBROIDERED ABOVE IT.

BOB Which one is yours?

BIKER 1

That one.

The biker points to a brand new Harley near the entrance.

BOB

Nice ride.

BIKER 1 Yeah, don't drool too much.

The "Thong Back" looks old and ranch like. Windows are darkened. A sign at the door reads "21 and above only". Bob enters.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK

A large array of beautiful women strut about in slinky tops and thongs as waitresses - some taking orders and others serving food. The door man/bouncer - a heavy biker-like type, recognizes Bob right away.

> DOOR MAN Hey Bobby! Good to see ya back again!

BOB Eh...Good to be back.

DOOR MAN (cracking a smile) What's it been? Twenty-four hours?

Bob looks around at all the beautiful women, some with hugesized chests, and obvious implants. DOOR MAN (continuing) Have a seat, Bobby! Sit wherever you want.

BOB

Thanks.

Bob spots a table in a darkened corner, walks to it and sits. A bleach-blonde waitress in her forties who has seen better days comes to the table.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Hi. My name is Debbie. I'll be your waitress tonight. (a beat) Can I get you anything to drink?

BOB You look familiar.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (smiles) Well I have been in Hustler.

BOB

Hustler?

DEBBIE TRACOLI Yeah, I won best bust in Boston. (a beat) Back in eighty-two.

BOB

Nice. I can see why. (a beat) I guess I'll have a Jack n' Coke. Anything to drown my sorrows.

Debbie looks at Bob with some concern.

DEBBIE TRACOLI What's wrong, sweetie? Something got you down?

BOB Yeah. My wife. I don't think she loves me anymore.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Aww, sweetie, I'm sure she still loves you. Did you have a fight?

BOB (sulking) We always fight. Every day and every night. Do you know what her

nickname for me is? DEBBIE TRACOLI What, honey? BOB Piece of shit. Debbie lays her hand on Bob's shoulder. DEBBIE TRACOLI Aww baby, you're not a piece of shit. Don't let some mean woman bring your spirit down. (a beat) Hey, I'll be back in a bit with your Jack n' Coke. Why don't you take a look at our menu? Smile! Debbie smiles and winks at Bob, leaving to get his drink. CUT TO: INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - DEN - AFTERNOON Terry sits at her computer, checking various Myspace profiles. TERRY (to herself) Let's see what THOSE TWO are up to. Terry brings up a profile of an attractive woman. She clicks a few times and begins reading. She becomes angered. TERRY (continuing) UGGGGGHHHH! CUT TO: INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK Debbie returns with Bob's drink as Bob sulks. DEBBIE TRACOLI Here ya go, sweetie. (sets drink down) You look so sad! I don't see many sad people in here. BOB No one understands me. DEBBIE TRACOLI I know how you feel. I've been

divorced for seven years and still have not met a soul that I can

even have an intelligent conversation with. I have just about given up.

Bob stares at the menu.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) Have you decided yet, hon?

BOB

I think I'll just have some drinks today.

DEBBIE TRACOLI I'll be back in a bit to check in on you. You know, I get off in a little bit. Maybe I could sit with you and we could talk for a bit?

BOB (smiles) Yeah. Yeah, I'd like that.

DEBBIE TRACOLI I'm Debbie, by the way.

Bob shakes her hand.

BOB Bob. Some of my friends call me Bobby.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (smiles) Okay, Bobby...

Debbie rubs Bob's shoulder.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) Hang in there! I'll be back soon.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - DEN - AFTERNOON

Terry scans a Myspace profile, muttering to herself angrily as the doorbell rings. Terry rises and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - FRONT DOOR - AFTERNOON

Terry opens the door to find her sister, Elana - an attractive lesbian with dark hair, holding a box of Dunkin Donuts.

ELANA

Hey, Sis!

Terry and Elana embrace. Elana hands her a the box of Dunkin Donuts.

TERRY Hi. How are you?

ELANA Fine. Mom called me.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Terry enters and sits, putting the box of Dunkins on a spare place among all of the empty Japanese take-out boxes. Elana follows and sits next to her.

> ELANA Where's the old bastard today?

TERRY I sent him out for smokes hours ago. (a beat) He's probably at the steak shack.

ELANA Men are pigs. Why haven't you learned that by now? (moves in closer to Terry) I gave up on men. Then I found Wendy. (a beat) I wasn't into girls at that time but...we had a connection. Maybe that's what you need to look for?

TERRY I don't want to lick pouch.

ELANA You have anything to drink?

TERRY What do you want?

ELANA Anything strong.

Terry rises and exits to the kitchen.

ELANA

(continuing)
Don't rule out women, Terry.
 (a beat)
I have never been happier. I
didn't think it would happen to me.

TERRY (O.S.) Not for me. Thanks. I have nothing against being gay. I just like the cock.

ELANA You might want to reconsider with that relic you have, sis! Besides, how often can that old fart get a hard-on?

CUT TO:

INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK

Debbie approaches the table Bob sits at, smiling.

DEBBIE TRACOLI My shift just ended. It's been a rough day.

Debbie sits down near Bob with her own drink, her huge breasts almost spilling out of her top. Bob smiles.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) Tell me what's hurting you, sweetie.

BOB I think my marriage is in big trouble.

Someone plays the song MALARIA from L.A. GUNS on the Juke Box.

DEBBIE TRACOLI You know, Bobby...no one deserves to be filled with pain.

Bob takes a large drink of his Jack n' Coke. He nods.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Terry and Elana are seated next to one another with drinks.

ELANA -and that's when I left him. I didn't know I would wind up with a woman. I was distraught for months. It just happened. Now I don't have to give that bastard rim-jobs anymore.

TERRY

Rim jobs?

ELANA

It's when you-

Elana is interrupted by the door bell. Terry rises to get the door, but Bebe - a worn Goth woman in her early forties wearing black clothes and too much makeup - lets herself in, entering the living room with a big smile.

BEBE

Hey girls! Good to see you, Elana!

Bebe hugs Terry and then Elana, who rises for a hug as well.

BEBE (continuing; to Elana) Girl, you are looking GOOD!

ELANA Thanks! Good to see you. You look great! Where's Steve?

BEBE (rolls eyes) Ugh...Home---doing the usual. Drinking beer, watching sports or jerking off!

Terry laughs.

ELANA (giggling) Noooo really?

BEBE

Yes! That fucking hog probably had his meat out of his pants and in his hand before I finished pulling out of the drive way! You don't know how many times I have caught him wailing on his meat!

Everyone laughs.

ELANA

Watch.

Elana removes her cell phone from her purse and dials Steve's cell. She puts the call on speaker so both Terry and Elana can hear.

CUT TO:

INT. BEBE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - STEVE'S OFFICE.

SHOT FROM THE BACK OF STEVE'S CHAIR SO ONLY THE BACK OF HIS HEAD, ARMS AND LEGS CAN BE SEEN.

Steve is sitting in front of the computer, his pants crumbled down around his ankles. A blonde with a massive chest is sprawled upon his computer screen. A light "slapping" sound can be heard. A baseball game can be heard on a T.V. in another room.

A bottle of beer sits upon his desk, half-empty. He is breathing hard.

Steve's cell begins to ring. He looks around for it on his desk at first, then remembers it is in the pocket of his pants which are crumbled around his ankles. After several moments and with great effort he procures his phone.

> STEVE (breathing hard) Hey honey.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Terry and Elana crowd around Bebe and her cell.

BEBE What are you doing?

STEVE ON THE PHONE Nothing. (a long pause) Just watching the game.

BEBE Then why are you breathing so hard?

The girls all giggle lightly.

CUT TO:

INT. BEBE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - STEVE'S OFFICE.

Steve runs his fingers through his hair.

STEVE ON THE PHONE Oh...um...the dog. He got outside and wouldn't come back. I had to run down the street after him.

A SMASH CUT - THE DOG LIES SLEEPING IN THE CORNER.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

The three girls laugh.

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BEBE
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Oh, the dog? Which dog are you talking about?

The one we own with four legs or the one that was in your hand that you were yanking on when I called?

STEVE ON THE PHONE

What?!

Terry and Elana laugh.

BEBE

Fuck you, Steve! I can hear it in your voice. I know you were jerking off when I called! You were probably fingering your ass too. Elana wouldn't be surprised if you turn gay in a few years-she knows many and you fit the pattern.

STEVE ON THE PHONE Fuck you Bebe, you're a bitch! I hear everyone laughing. What, am I on speaker?

BEBE

Yeah. Everyone can hear you. You sound guilty as hell and we all know what you were up to, stroke boy.

STEVE Fuck you, Bebe!

The girls all burst out laughing. Steve hangs up.

BEBE

See? I told you. He's a fucking pig!

Elana looks down at her watch.

ELANA

Oh shit, I have to get going! I have somewhere to be in a halfhour. (smiles at Bebe) Talk some sense into my sister, okay? She needs it. BEBE I'll do my best. Good to see you again, girl!

Elana and Bebe embrace. Elana exits. Bebe and Terry sit.

BEBE

Bebe takes Terry's hands.

BEBE (continuing) We need to talk.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK

BOB She makes me feel...I don't know.

Bob takes another swig of his Jack n' Coke. Debbie looks at him intently with sad eyes.

BOB (continuing) Worthless.

Debbie rubs his shoulder.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Just like my ex-husband.

BOB

I'm...growing tired of it. I need...something more. There's something else out there.

DEBBIE TRACOLI There is, Bobby...there is.

BOB Hey, do you smoke pot?

DEBBIE TRACOLI (eyes light up) Do I smoke pot?

BOB I have some really good shit. Debbie smiles ear to ear.

DEBBIE TRACOLI You don't need to twist my arm, Bobby!

CUT:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Terry and Bebe are sitting on the sofa. Terry puffs away at a cigarette while Bebe pets Chloe the cat.

BEBE

-and he said he would come all the way from Arkansas to meet me! We're going to book a room at the Super 8. He's got a friend too, interested in meeting you. I sent him your Myspace URL. He said you were hot!

TERRY I don't know about that. Do you really think that's wise?

BEBE

Come on Terry! Steve is a dick! And Bob...you two have been married for years and fight everyday. Get rid of that old man! We could do better than what we have now. I'm hoping I can still meet someone before I get old and my looks go. I don't want to be with Steve forever and I know you can't stand Bob.

TERRY

I don't know, Bebe. Are you sure about these guys?

BEBE

(smiles) I know! Let's go ask the Ouija board. Let me go get it. It's in my car.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK

Bob and Debbie exit the Thong Back, walking down the stairs to the front parking lot. A number of shiny new Harleys are

parked next to Bob's junk bike.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Which one is your's Bob?

Bob points to the brand new silver Harley.

BOB

This one.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Oh my God! Bob, it's beautiful! How much did it cost you?

BOB

It was nothing.

Bob sits on the bike. Debbie smiles.

DEBBIE TRACOLI I LOVE bikes! Are you going to give me a ride?

At that moment, Dave(BIKER 1)exits the restaurant with his buddies, laughing and carrying on. Bob gets off the bike.

BOB I would...but uh...I just gave it it away to my buddy Dave.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (blown away) What? Why?

BOB

Long story...but he needed it more than me. I can always buy another one. He just got a divorce and...I thought it would make him happy.

Dave and his buddies approach.

BOB (continuing) Enjoy the bike, Dave.

Dave looks at Bob, slightly confused, then smiles.

BIKER 1 You bet your ass I will!

The bikers mount their motorcycles, start them and drive away.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Wow, Bob. You are AMAZING! Giving away a brand new Harley like that? That is a beautiful gesture of friendship.
 (bewildered)
I can't believe your wife treats
you like she does?!

BOB

Eh, she'll probably give me shit over giving Dave my bike, but I can always get another one. There's always more where that came from.

DEBBIE TRACOLI

Wow.

(a beat)
Hey, you know what? I know a place
out back here where we can smoke
and be alone. Want to check it out?

BOB (smiles)

You bet.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Terry and Debbie are seated at the kitchen table. A Ouija board lays upon it. Candles burn on the counters. Both women have their hands layed upon the pointer.

BEBE

I call out to any spirits. (a beat) Is there anyone here who wishes to talk?

The pointer remains motionless.

BEBE (continuing) Is there anyone here who wishes to speak with us?

The pointer begins to move.

A C.U. is shown of the pointer spelling out F-A-T

TERRY (miffed) You did that!

BEBE NO I didn't! YOU did!

TERRY I'm hardly touching the goddamned

thing! Are you trying to say I'm fat? BEBE Terry, I DIDN'T DO IT! (a beat) Okay, let's try again. (long beat) Is there anyone here who wishes to speak with us? After several seconds the pointer begins to move. A C.U. is shown of the pointer. It spells L-A-R-D-A-S-S TERRY UGHH! YOU ARE MOVING IT---CALLING ME A FUCKING LARD ASS! BEBE NO--YOU ARE! YOU THINK I'M FAT? REALLY? TERRY I'M NOT TOUCHING IT! BEBE YOU HAVE TO BE. Angrily, Terry lays her hands back on the pointer with Bebe. A C.U. is shown of the board spelling L-M-A-O TERRY UGH! (standing) I KNEW YOU WERE FUCKING WITH ME! Bebe stands. BEBE NO, I WASN'T! IT WAS YOU THE WHOLE TIME! TERRY WHAT, ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME THAT THERE'S SOME SPIRIT OUT THERE TRYING TO SAY I'M A FAT ASS? At that moment the candles all blow out. The two look at one another blankly. CUT TO: EXT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK - BACKYARD SHED -

Bob and Debbie walk up the side of the Thong Back to the

backyard. An rickety old shed stands between some trees.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Here it is.

Debbie opens the door.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK SHED

Debbie enters, Bob follows. It is a dirty old shed filled with old tools and a lawn mower.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Sometimes me and the girls come out here to...take a break. (smiles)

BOB

Everyone needs a break.

Bob smiles and pulls a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket. Opening it, he pulls out a fat joint. Reaching into his pantspocket, he grabs a lighter, handing both of them to Debbie.

> BOB (continuing) You first.

Debbie smiles, taking the joint and the lighter from Bob. Lighting it, she inhales deeply, handing both back to Bob.

BOB

(continuing) It's some pretty good shit. Not the best, but it'll do ya.

Debbie exhales and coughs.

DEBBIE TRACOLI

Damn!

BOB Someday, I'm gonna get me some real good smoke.

Bob takes a puff.

DEBBIE TRACOLI I have a subscription to HIGH TIMES magazine. (a beat) There's an article about a new strain they call the RAINBOW BUD.

Bob chokes and coughs.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) Are you okay, sweetie? BOB The Rainbow Bud?! (a beat) I have a subscription too! I need to get my hands on some! DEBBIE TRACOLI They say it's an afrodisiac. (smiles) Bob hands the joint back to Debbie, smiling. BOB I don't need one. Debbie smiles back at Bob, taking another hit. CUT TO: INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - DEN - AFTERNOON Terry sits in front of her computer. She clicks onto Myspace Karaoke. TERRY This is dedicated to the man who uses my soul as a punching bag! She begins singing a HORRIBLE version of HADDAWAY'S - WHAT IS LOVE? CUT TO: INT. BEBE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - LINING ROOM Steve sits in front of T.V. watching baseball and drinking beer. A door is heard opening and closing. Seconds later, Bebe enters. BEBE Hey, Loser. How about finding a job? STEVE How about bending over? BEBE (laughs) In your dreams, Stroke-Boy!

Steve takes a drink of beer and continues watching the game.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK SHED

Debbie steps closer to Bob.

DEBBIE TRACOLI I guess you better be getting back home to your wife.

BOB (looks away) I can't stand her.

Debbie takes Bob's hand and puts it on her ass.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Batter days are coming. (smiles) I guess you need a ride home.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK

Bob and Debbie walk along the side of the Thong Back to the parking lot.

DEBBIE TRACOLI You know, Bob...I'm glad we met!

BOB (smiles) Me too.

Both walk to the parking lot to Debbie's car, an older Mercedes.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Here we are.

BOB

Nice ride!

DEBBIE TRACOLI It was nice back in the day. I haven't been able to afford a new one since my divorce when I stopped my dancing career.

BOB You were a stripper?

DEBBIE TRACOLI (smiles) Someday, I'll show you. Jump in. Debbie unlocks the car from her key pad. The car chirps. Debbie and Bob enter.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CAR

Debbie and Bob put on their seat belts.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Where do you live, Bobby?

BOB

In the Belmont Hills.

Debbie looks at Bob, impressed. Grabbing the stick-shift, they pull out of the parking lot and race down the road.

CUT TO:

An aerial of Debbie's car, weaving in and out of traffic.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CAR

Debbie turns on her CD player. FRANK SINATRA fills the car.

BOB Ah...old Frankie. I love him.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (smiles) Me too! My Dad used to play him all the time when I was little. (a beat) So Bob...you didn't tell me what you do.

BOB Retired. I used to work for NASA.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Wow! (a beat) What did you do?

BOB Engineering.

Debbie smiles, shifts the stick and speeds down the road. CUT TO: INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Terry sits on the couch, watching the SOPRANOS and petting

Chloe. She grabs her cell phone from the coffee table and dials Bebe's number. After several seconds, Bebe answers. TERRY Hey B. Yeah, tell those guys we are on. (a beat) Yeah I'll meet him. He looks pretty fucking hot. I'm game. CUT TO: INT. DEBBIE'S CAR The car rolls through the expensive neighborhood of BELMONT HILLS. Mansions and estates line the street. DEBBIE TRACOLI Wow, Bobby, you live here? This is amazing! BOB Yeah...bought the place a few years back. DEBBIE TRACOLI Oh my God! Look at this neighborhood! You are soooo lucky! Seeing a huge house ahead, Bob taps Debbie. BOB This is it. Debbie slows and stops in front of a sprawling estate with a black iron gate in front. DEBBIE TRACOLI WOW! BOB It's not too bad, I guess. DEBBIE TRACOLI Bob, it's BEAUTIFUL! A long silence. Debbie smiles at Bob, who smiles back. BOB I'd invite you in...but... DEBBIE TRACOLI (smiles)

I know.

Bob starts opening the door.

Wait!

Bob turns back.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) How about a kiss?

Bob looks at Debbie and smiles.

BOB I'd love to...but not now. Let's wait.

Debbie turns away and begins to cry.

BOB (continuing) I'm sorry.

DEBBIE TRACOLI No, you don't understand! You're the first man who has ever respected me! (cries) Ever since I was fifteen all men have wanted to do was look at my body and fuck me! No one ever tried to understand me, not even my ex! (wipes tears) You are the only man who's ever just tried to talk to me and...like me for who I am.

Bob smiles. He wipes away some of Debbie's tears.

BOB See ya soon.

DEBBIE TRACOLI

When?

BOB It will happen as it's meant to.

Bob begins to exit the car.

CUT TO:

EXT BLEMONT HILLS - MANSION

Bob begins walking away.

DEBBIE TRACOLI

Wait!

Bob turns back to her. Debbie wipes more tears away.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) Never mind.

Bob steps out of the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. BELMONT HILLS -MANSION LATE AFTERNOON

Bob waves to a smiling Debbie inside the car. She blows him a kiss and speeds off.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - DEN - EARLY EVENING

Terry sits looking at a Myspace profile in front of he computer.

TERRY (to herself) Puh! Those two motherfuckers got a lot of nerve!

The front door is heard opening and closing. Terry rises and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Terry enters, spotting Bob.

TERRY Well, well...look what the cat dragged in!

Bob turns on the television, sitting on the sofa. He lights a cigarette.

TERRY (continuing) Where are my smokes? I sent you out for cigarettes early this morning. The day is almost over. Where the fuck were you, ass-hat?

BOB Out. Where I could get some peace.

TERRY Where's your bike? I didn't hear you pull in.

BOB It's at the steak shack, broken down.

TERRY Broken down, huh? How did you get home?

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Francine listens through a heating duct, smiling.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO Vinnie! Come listen! The kids are fightin' again!

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM Vinnie sits in front of the television in his "chair".

VINNIE Eh, who the hell cares?

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

BOB

I took a fucking taxi, okay? Are you done with the third degree?

TERRY You got a lot of nerve, Buster! Out spending money on those whores when we can't even pay the rent.

BOB

Maybe you can get another job then? I heard they're hiring down at the motel. Suckin' farts out of bed sheets!

TERRY I hope it's a paying job and not charity, because I did enough charity when I met you and took your old ass in! (a beat) Look at you...you're pathetic. I'd rather be pathetic than look like Snuffalofagus or a...what's that guy's name that rings the church bell? Oh! Quasimoto! Yeah!

Bob bursts out laughing.

TERRY

Real nice. Real fucking nice. Always full of insults. I'm glad I can always count on you to destroy my self-esteem.

Thanks, Asshole. (a beat) Oh, and by the way - you can pack your shit and move back in with your Mom, because I could give two fucks less-and you can take that to the bank, mister!

Terry storms out of the room. Bob picks up the phone and dials.

BOB Yeah, Dominoes? I'd like to order one of your large supreme pizzas. (a beat) You got a discount for husbands who have wives that look like The Hunchback of Notre Dame?

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT

A knock at the upstairs apartment door. Francine races to the door, opening it to Terry, who is extremely upset.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO Oh baby, come here!

Francine embraces Terry.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO (continuing) That old fart has a lot of nerve! You're a beautiful woman. He should take a look in the mirror!

TERRY I told him to pack his shit and hit the bricks!

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO If you want him gone, I can call the police. This is MY house. VINNIE (O.S.) Actually...

Vinnie, Terry's Father, enters the room.

VINNIE This is MY house - and no one is calling the police. (looks at Francine) You can stay out of their drama.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO But, he said-

VINNIE (interrupting) I don't care.

Vinnie kisses Terry on the cheek.

VINNIE (continuing) Hey, kiddo.

TERRY

Hi, Dad.

VINNIE What's this I heard about you being suspended for three days?

TERRY That bitch at work...I can't stand her.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO It was Bob's fault! He-

VINNIE

(interrupting) Hey, why don't you come to work with me tomorrow? Place is getting a little busy. You could help clean up here and there. I'll pay you for the day.

TERRY Eh, I don't know, Dad.

VINNIE What's wrong? Too cool to hang out with your old man for a day?

TERRY (cracks smile) Okay. (a beat) Can I spend the night up here?

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO Oh, Sweetie! You don't have to ask! Of course you can. Then you don't have to spend the night down there with that dirty old bastard! Your old room is always waiting for you!

VINNIE

(glares at Francine) Francine, I've told you over and over - stay out of their business. Let them fix it on their own just like we did.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO But it wasn't-

Vinnie grabs a beer from the fridge.

VINNIE (interrupting) I don't want to hear it. Capiche? (looks at Terry) You can stay tonight - but you're going to have to work on it with Bob. I love you, you know that. I'm getting sick of this drama, Terry. You know we're Catholic. You know how I feel about divorce. (a beat) Don't embarrass this family like your sister did.

Francine and Terry look at one another as Vinnie exits.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Bob sits on the sofa playing a video game. A half-eaten Dominoe's pizza still in the box lay on the coffee table among all of the Japanese take-out cartons from earlier. The door bell rings. Bob pauses his game and rises.

> BOB Whatcha forget? Your donuts, fat ass?

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - FRONT DOOR.

Bob opens the door expecting to find Terry, yet, finds STEVE-Bebe's husband.

STEVE Hiya, Bob. What's going on? Am I interrupting anything?

BOB Nah, come on in.

Steve enters.

STEVE (looks around) Where's Terry?

BOB Upstairs, ringing the church bell.

> STEVE (dismayed)

What?

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Both men enter.

STEVE

Sorry to pop over uninvited, but Bebe is really pissing me off. I had to get outta there.

BOB

Eh...Bebe. Didn't she know Goth died ten years ago?

STEVE

(shakes head) She looks like a freak! She wasn't that way when we got married - and what's worse is I can't even get laid! She wont put out..no matter what I do!

BOB (chuckles) Why the hell would you want to

fuck her, anyway?

(a beat)
What happens when she opens her
legs?
 (a beat)
Do bats fly out of her cavern?

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT - GUEST BEDROOM

Terry sits on the bed, distraught. Francine has her back to the door.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO I don't care what your Father says. I say kick him out. Move on with your life.

TERRY What about you and Dad? You had your problems.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO Your Father never treated me like that worthless worm downstairs. Your Father had integrity! Even though we fought, that man always treated me with respect. Always had money coming in. (a beat) Does Bob have any integrity?

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Bob and Steve sit on the sofa playing video games.

STEVE I'm gonna beat you. You're going down, bitch!

Bob laughs. Still playing, he rises, puts his ass in Steve's face, blasting a huge fart.

BOB (laughing) There's a kiss for ya! I just parted your hair!

Steve backs his head away and takes a huge breath. Holding it, he pulls his shirt up over his nose, trying to continue playing.

> STEVE Dude...smells like sperm!

BOB (laughing) Breathe deep...take a big whiff, lover!

Steve tries to continue, but loses the game. Bob laughs.

BOB (continuing) Still the champion, Loser!

CUT TO:

EXT. D'ALFONSO HOME - MORNING

Sunshine. Birds chirp. A couple of cars are heard in the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. A STRIP MALL - MORNING

The shot closes in on VIN'S CUTS.

CUT TO:

INT. VIN'S CUTS

Vinnie finishes the hair cut of a young man. Terry sweeps up hair in the background.

VINNIE How you like it?

CUSTOMER Perfect as always, Vin. Perfect as always.

The young man stand up and pays Vin. Just then an older man walks in. Vin looks over at him.

VINNIE Hey Charlie! How ya doin'?

CHARLIE Still goin', Vinnie boy.

The young man exits.

VINNIE Come on over here, Charlie and have a seat.

The older man sits down in the chair.

VINNIE (continuing) What are we gonna do for ya today?

CHARLIE Same old, Vinnie. Make me look young again. VINNIE That's gonna be an extra five there, buddy.

CUT TO:

EXT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Bob, in his bathrobe, enters. He picks up the phone on the end table and dials.

BOB

Hey, Mom.

CUT TO:

ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Elda sits in her chair with her cat on her lap. A T.V. blares in the background.

ELDA Oh, Sonny Boy! So good to hear from you! What have you been doing, my darling? I've missed you!

BOB ON PHONE I need to get out of here, Mom. I think I need to come home.

Elda's eyes light up.

ELDA Oh, Dear! Hang on, I'll be right there!

BOB Not now, Mom. Give me a day or so. I need to work some things out.

CUT TO:

INT. VIN'S CUTS

Vin continues to cut Charlie's hair.

VINNIE So what else is going on, Charlie? How's your brother Chauncey?

Terry continues to clean up around the shop.

CHARLIE He's good. Been over at the Roth Nursing Home for a while now.

VINNIE

How's that workin' out?

CHARLIE (laughs) Pretty good. He's having sex with some tart over there.

Vin and Terry pause, glancing at one another.

VINNIE Oh yeah, who's he messin' with?

CHARLIE Some young tart by the name of Periwinkle. Red-haired girl. She comes over every night, about seven. They've had a kinky thing going for a few months. Chauncey says it's the best he's had since he was sixteen!

Charlie laughs, Terry's jaw drops. Vinnie looks over at her and smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAR ON ON ROAD - AFTERNOON

A blue Dodge Stratus drives down Concord Avenue. The license plate on the back reads: RUB10UT.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR ON ROAD - AFTERNOON

Steve drives as Bob sits in the passenger seat looking out the window.

BOB Thanks for taking me out to get my bike.

STEVE

No prob, bro. (a beat) I told Bebe I was out looking for a job.

Both men laugh.

BOB Listen, there's somethin' I wanted to tell ya. I met this girl at the Steak Shack.

Steve glances over at Bob

BOB (continuing) She waitresses. Ex stripper in her forties. Pretty fucking hot. STEVE (amazed) ...and? BOB I told her some shit. I want you to go along with it. Just shut up, don't say much. STEVE Are you...fucking this chick? BOB Na. (long pause) Not yet. EXT. CAR ON ROAD - AFTERNOON

The blue Stratus continues down Concord.

CUT TO:

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - BEDROOM CLOSET

Terry digs through the closet throwing many items on the floor. She comes across a huge, black, double-headed dildo and smiles.

Throwing that on the floor, she continues rummaging until she pulls out a cam-corder. She laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK

The blue Stratus pulls into the parking lot. Steve and Bob exit, walking to the entrance.

> BOB Now remember what I said. Don't get in there and start acting all retarded. (a beat) There's a lot of ass in here and you haven't had any in a while.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK

Bob enters first. Lots of beautiful women meander about, all well-endowed and in thongs. Bob smiles.

DOOR MAN Hey Bobby! Back again, I see.

BOB

Hey, good to be back.

Steve enters behind Bob. He stops. His eyes open as wide as half-dollars. The sounds of angels sing as he surveys the wide array of women before him. An attractive brunette with a bubble-butt walks by in garters and fishnet stockings. Steve's jaw falls to the floor.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (O.S.) BOBBY! YOU'RE BACK!

Steve snaps back to reality. He turns to see Debbie Tracoli embracing Bob.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (laughs) Seems like it was only yesterday we met!

BOB (smiles) It was.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (turns to Steve) Who's your cute friend?

STEVE

ugh...

DEBBIE TRACOLI Your name is Ugh?

BOB

This is Steve the dumb-ass. I found him laying in a dumpster in town and took pity on him.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Good to meet you, Steve!

Steve stares at Debbie.

A C.U. of her massive rack is shown. The camera pans up to her face, which is smiling.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) Well, let's get you guys a table! Debbie takes Bob's hand and leads him to a corner table. Her ass switches from side to side. Steve continues looking around like a kid in a candy store. He bumps into a blonde waitress by accident.

VERONICA

Oops! I'm sorry.

STEVE (grinning) I'm not.

VERONICA I'm Veronica.

STEVE

Uh huh.

VERONICA (smiling) -and you are?

STEVE extremely grateful.

Veronica giggles. She accidentally looks down at the HUGE LUMP in Steve's pants - noticing he is extremely well-hung.

VERONICA (gasps) I guess you are!

BOB (0.S.) Hey, Bozo. Get the fuck over here.

STEVE (points toward Bob) We'll...uh...talk later.

VERONICA

Sure. Okay.

Veronica exits the shot. He slowly makes his way over to their table. Bob shoots Steve a dirty look.

DEBBIE TRACOLI I see you met Veronica?

STEVE (nods) Uh..Yeah.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Nice girl. (a beat) So, what can I get you boys? BOB What time do you get off?

DEBBIE TRACOLI That's up to you.

Steve is blown away.

BOB I was hoping maybe you could spare a little time today.

DEBBIE TRACOLI I get a break in about an hour...if you're still around. (a beat) Oh, that reminds me! I never gave you my cell.

Debbie scratches her number on a pad. Tearing it off, she hands it to Bob.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) So what will it be, Bobby?

BOB Same as yesterday.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Steve?

Steve looks at a list of drink specials.

STEVE What is a Blow-Job?

DEBBIE TRACOLI You mean you never had one?

STEVE Well, not this kind!

BOB

Stevie knows all about blowjobs. He's given enough of them.

STEVE (flips bob off) Fuck off!

DEBBIE TRACOLI You know what? Let's get you one and I'll have Veronica come over and show you how to drink it. Sound good? Steve nods.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) Be right back, guys. (winks)

As Debbie begins walking away, she drops her pen. She bends over to pick it up. Her ass spreads out, wide - right in front of Bob and Steve. Steve whimpers, biting his knuckles. Debbie exits the shot.

> BOB Will ya stop? Ya fuckin' embarrassing me!

STEVE I can't help it! Look at this place! Bob, I've got wood!

Bob groans, turning away, disgusted.

BOB Eh...I knew I should have never brought you here.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - DEN - AFTERNOON

Terry sits in front of the computer. Taking her cell phone from her desk, she dials a number.

JULIE ON PHONE Good afternoon, Roth Nursing Home. Julie speaking. How may I help you?

TERRY Julie, it's Terry.

CUT TO:

INT. ROTH NURSING HOME - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE

A cute red-haired woman with glasses sits at Terry's desk.

JULIE (lowers voice) Oh my God, Terry! How are you?

TERRY ON PHONE I'm hanging in there, but it's about to get better.

JULIE The bitch is driving me crazy!

TERRY ON PHONE Well, her time is comin', sister! (a beat) I need a big favor. JULIE Name it. TERRY ON PHONE Don't ask why now. You'll find out later. JULIE Okay. CUT TO: INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - DEN - AFTERNOON Terry lights up a cigarette. TERRY Can you tell me what room Chauncey Leahy is in? CUT TO: INT. ROTH NURSING HOME - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE Julie makes a strange face. JULIE Ooookay. Hold on. Typing, she brings up a screen and scrolls down. JULIE (continuing) Chauncey Leahy. Room 117. TERRY ON PHONE And that would mean...his room is on the left side of the home where the hills are. Right? JULIE Yep. The twos and fours are on the right side. Umm...what are you up to? CUT TO: INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - DEN - AFTERNOON

Terri takes a long drag of her cigarette and smiles.

TERRY You'll see soon enough. (laughs) Thanks.

JULIE ON PHONE No problem. Anything else?

TERRY That's all I need. Try to pull through the day with the bitch. I have a feeling I'll be in tomorrow.

JULIE ON PHONE But you're not due back for two more days.

TERRY See you tomorrow.

JULIE ON PHONE Okay...later, crazy woman!

TERRY

Bye.

Terry hangs up, rises and exits the shot.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK

Bob sits at the table, smoking. Steve enters the shot.

STEVE Dude...it's useless.

BOB

What?

STEVE

I can't piss.

Bob glances at Steve, confused.

STEVE (continuing) I have a raging hard-on! I can't piss.

Bob turns away, disgusted.

BOB

Ugh, God!

Debbie returns to the table with Veronica.

VERONICA (looks at Steve) I heard somebody wants a blow job?

Steve nods his head silently. Veronica places two blowjob shots on the table and seats herself next to Steve, who can't remove his eyes from her. Debbie watches, smiling, massaging Bob's neck.

VERONICA

(continuing) Here's how ya do it!

Veronica twirls her finger in the whip-cream on top of the shot. Looking at Steve, she licks it from her finger. Bending over the shot, she wraps her mouth around it. Tipping back she gulps the shot and removes the glass. Whipped cream is smeared around her lips, running down her chin. At this point, Steve is aroused to the point of being hopeless.

VERONICA

(continuing) Now it's your turn!

Steve bends over the shot, wraps his mouth around it and tips back. Choking, he spills the whole drink all over his face and shirt. Everyone laughs as Steve coughs, wiping his face with a napkin.

VERONICA

(continuing)
It's okay! It takes practice.
 (a beat)
and I've had A LOT of practice!

DEBBIE TRACOLI Hey guys, Veronica and I were talking. I don't know what you two are doing tonight, but if you're not busy..and want to hang out we can all head over to my place after we get off work. Have a few drinks and talk. What do you think?

BOB Eh, thanks Deb, but I don't know, I have-

Steve kicks Bob's leg under the table.

BOB (continuing)

Argh!

DEBBIE TRACOLI

Argh?

BOB I got a cramp in my leg...sorry. (shoots Steve a look) Sure, yeah...we'd love to hang out tonight.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Great! Well, we'll be off in a little while!

VERONICA (to Steve) I'll bring you another drink when I get back. On the house, okay?

Steve nods silently. The girls giggle and exit the shot.

BOB

(to Steve) What the fuck are you trying to do?

STEVE

What do you mean? Dude, I know you're old, but are you fucking blind, too? This is the chance of a lifetime!

BOB Look, I didn't want to take this too fast with her. What if she finds out I lied to her? Lying to women like these..takes time and practice - all it takes is one fuck up, Buddy..and you're out the door.

STEVE How long has it been since you got laid? NO--wait, don't answer that...BAD mental image! If you want, go back home to Terry and let her rip you a new ass tonight. Me? Fuck Bebe, I say. What do you say?

BOB We stay no later than ten.

STEVE

Deal.

Bob turns from Steve, shaking his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROTH NURSING HOME - EVENING

Terry pulls into the parking lot and parks in the farthest spot from the entrance. Exiting with her cam-corder, she walks around the building.

Terry walks along the side of the nursing home on the hill.

TERRY (to herself) That should be 120 (walks farther) 118

Terry notices a window, dimly lit.

TERRY

(continuing)

117.

Reaching into her purse, she pulls out a pair of small binoculars.

TERRY'S P.O.V. - Chauncey stands in nothing but his boxers, dancing around.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK - EVENING

Bob, Steve, Debbie, and Veronica exit walking to the parking lot to Debbie's car.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Okay guys, I'm at thirty-nine

Pleasant Street. Just come in. Veronica and I will be freshening up in the bathroom. Make yourselves at home. Beers are in the fridge.

BOB See you there!

Bob and Steve walk to Steve's car and enter.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S CAR

Steve starts the engine and puts on his seatbelt. Bob rolls the window down, lighting a cigarette.

STEVE Dude! We are gonna get so lucky tonight!

BOB Watch what you wish for. It just

might come true. STEVE Both me and my hard-on are PRAYING this comes true. Steve backs out and heads toward Pleasant Street. CUT TO: EXT. ROTH NURSING HOME - EVENING Terry sits on a grassy knoll, looking through her binoculars. TERRY'S P.O.V. - Chauncey answers the door. Periwinkle enters in a dress. TERRY I'll be god-damned. CUT TO: INT. STEVE'S CAR - PLEASANT STREET Steve is excited. Bob, relaxed, continues to smoke. STEVE Bob--do you realize--we're getting LAID tonight? BOB I hope you brought some rubbers along. STEVE Shit..no, I didn't. Fuck! Maybe we should go back into town to a CVS or something? BOB Better not keep 'em waiting. Ride bareback. STEVE Yeah! I'm gonna pull out and give her a facial! BOB You ain't gonna do shit. CUT TO: EXT. ROTH NURSING HOME - EVENING

Terry pulls out her cam-corder, turning it on, focusing the lens.

TERRY (to herself) Here we go...just like I thought.

TERRY'S P.O.V. - Periwinkle strips off her dress. She is in black garters and stockings, dressed like a dominatrix. Pulling out a paddle from her bag, Chauncey bends over the bed as Periwinkle begins spanking him.

> TERRY (continuing; to herself) Nice. Real nice. You're a real sick fuck just like I thought you were. Ugh!

CUT TO:

EXT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - EVENING

Steve and Bob exit the car.

BOB Don't fuck this up for me.

STEVE (raises fist in air) Let the cornholing begin!

Bob shakes his head. Both men walk up to the condo, letting themselves in.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S CAR - ON HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Terry puffs on a cigarette while driving. She inserts a Bon Jovi disc into her CD player.

TERRY (to herself) You want to suspend me, huh? You want to be a bitch? Okay. We'll see who the real bitch is. We'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Bob and Steve enter. The place is trashed. Clothes lay all over the floor. Empty beer cans litter the house. Old food is molding on plates that clutter the kitchen sink.

Steve notices a bottle of Jack Daniels on a nearby counter.

STEVE

(excited) Let's get this party started!

Debbie and Vernoica enter, now dressed in jeans and t-shirts.

STEVE

(continuing) What happened to your thongs?

VERONICA I get tired of having a string up my ass all day. Would you like a string up your ass all day?

BOB He'd like anything up his ass all day.

Everyone laughs, except for Steve, who flips Bob off.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - DEN - NIGHT

Terry downloads the images from her cam-corder onto her computer.

She clicks through many images of Periwinkle dressed as a dominatrix, spanking Chauncey.

TERRY

(to herself) There ya go, bitch. What goes around, comes around.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM

Bob, Steve, Debbie, and Veronica all sit on the sofas, drinking. Music plays in the background.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Hey Bobby, I have something I want to show you. Come on upstairs!

Bob rises, following Debbie. Steve gives him a thumbs-up. Steve rises and sits next to Veronica.

STEVE Hello there, beautiful. (a beat) So tell me a little about yourself.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - MASTER BEDROOM

Debbie enters, Bob follows. The room is a mess, the bed is not made. Bob notices her stripper pole.

BOB Nice, you had a pole put in.

DEBBIE TRACOLI It didn't cost much. The only frustrating thing about being a stripper is after you wrap your hands around a big cold pole all day, you want to wrap your hands around a big hot one at night.

Bob smiles. Debbie takes off her clothes. She still sports her thong and a tiny bra. She walks over to her stereo.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) What's your favorite band, Bobby?

BOB

I'm the biggest KISS fan ever!

DEBBIE TRACOLI (smiles) Oooh...me too!

Debbie looks through some CD's. Picking one out, she inserts it. KISS - I WAS MADE FOR LOVIN YOU begins to play. Bob sits on the bed as Debbie dances for him.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM

Steve and Veronica make out. After several moments she pulls back from him.

VERONICA Oooh, sorry sweetie! Be right back.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - BATHROOM

Veronica enters and pulls down her pants. Only $\ensuremath{\mathsf{HER}}$ FACE can be seen.

VERONICA

Oh, shit!

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM

Steve strips down to his boxers. A huge lump bulges in them. He chugs his drink. CUT TO: INT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - MASTER BEDROOM Debbie finishes stripping to the song. Bob smiles. BOB That was great. You got a lot of talent there, doll! DEBBIE TRACOLI Thanks, Bobby! Did you really like it? BOB (nods) You're beautiful, babe! Debbie smiles. CUT TO: INT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM Veronica enters, saddened. STEVE (excited) Alright! You ready? Veronica approaches Steve. VERONICA Sorry, Stevie. The cardinal just flew in. Steve is clueless. VERONICA (continuing) I just...I just got my period. Steve panics momentarily, then regains composure. STEVE Okay, that's no problem...I...ugh...well, there's...still other places, right? VERONICA (shakes head) Sorry. (a beat)

I don't like to...well, I'm not really into it unless I can get off.

Steve sulks, sitting back on the sofa.

VERONICA (continuing; smiles) Wanna watch a movie?

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CONDO - MASTER BEDROOM

Smiling, Debbie walks slowly to Bob. She embraces him. Bob's cell phone rings. They break the embrace as Bob looks at his phone.

BOB Eh, hell.

Bob opens his cell.

BOB (continuing)

What?

TERRY ON PHONE Where the fuck are you?

BOB Out with Steve.

TERRY ON PHONE You need to get your ass home right this minute. We need to talk. You need to pack your shit.

BOB

Get bent.

Bob closes his phone, putting it back in his pocket.

BOB

(continuing) I gotta go. I'm sorry.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (tries to smile) It's okay, Bobby. (a beat) Maybe another time?

BOB Yeah babe...for sure. Another time.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S CAR - PLEASANT STREET Steve drives, sulking. Bob stares out his window. STEVE Dude...I am never getting laid! (a beat) That was bullshit! I have an anaconda in my pants. I'm throbbing, man! I don't know-BOB (interrupting) I don't want to hear it! Listen, you need to take it slow with these girls. STEVE But she said-BOB (interrupting) I don't care what she said. (a beat) Anything good is worth waiting for. Steve pulls up to Bob and Terry's apartment. STEVE What are you gonna tell her? BOB Nothin'. If it's done, it's done. Bob exits the car. BOB (continuing) Go home. We'll see them again another day. STEVE (almost crying) I can't wait another day! Bob closes the door. CUT TO: EXT. D'ALFONSO HOME - NIGHT Bob walks to the front door. INT. D'ALFONSO HOME

TERRY ON PHONE (O.S.) Finally home, huh? Bob spins around to find Terry smoking a cigarette. TERRY I don't care where you were, who you were with or what you were doing. I want you packed and out of this house tomorrow. Bob stares at Terry. BOB Watch what you wish for. It might come true. TERRY Good. (a beat) I'll be seeing a divorce attorney as soon as I can. BOB (laughs) Do what you want. I'm sorry I ever met you. I've had nothing but twelve years of hell with you. Go and do what you want. I'm tired of you kicking the shit out of me everyday of my life. I'm tired. TERRY No one is more tired than me. Terry exits. Bob lights up a smoke and exits. CUT TO: INT. BEBE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM Bebe sits on the sofa, watching a Gothic music video. Steve enters, reaching down and unzipping his pants. (Nothing is seen). STEVE Come on, babe! Let's get it on! Look! Check it out! Bebe does not remove her eyes from the T.V. - She rises.

BEBE

Goodnight.

Bob enters the darkened house.

Bebe exits. Steve grabs his head, rubbing his hair.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRY'S CAR - MORNING

Terry smokes while driving, listening to the song HAIR OF THE DOG by NAZARETH.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Bob picks up the phone and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Elda sits in her rocking chair, asleep. Her cat lays on her lap and the T.V. is on. The sound of the phone startles her awake. She yawns and answers.

ELDA

Hello?

BOB ON PHONE Hiya, Mom!

ELANA Oh, my sonny boy! Where have you been?

BOB Mom, Terry and I are breaking up.

ELDA

Oh my...well I told you about her, sonny boy. You know she wasn't the wife I wanted for you.

BOB I know, mom. Listen, I'm packing some things. Can I stay with you for awhile?

ELDA Oh, you know you can! I'll call Med-Van and be over right away!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROTH NURSING HOME - ADMINISTRATION OFFICE - 9:15 A.M.

Periwinkle hovers over Julie.

PENNY PERIWINKLE And don't forget, Mrs. Reid needs those new QC reports by noon. Don't make me have to remind you, because-

TERRY (O.S.) Good morning!

Periwinkle spins around, shocked to see Terry.

PENNY PERIWINKLE Terry...what are you doing here? Your not due back 'till tomorrow.

TERRY I need to see you in your office.

PENNY PERIWINKLE I don't have time for you right now, Terry. I'll talk to you tomorrow.

Periwinkle turns back to Julie.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (continuing) Now, remember what I told you, because-

TERRY I'll meet you in your office.

Periwinkle turns to see Terry walking to her office.

CUT TO:

INT. ROTH NURSING HOME - PERIWINKLE'S OFFICE

Terry enters, sitting down. Periwinkle follows her.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (enraged) What is the meaning of this? Did you not hear-

TERRY I heard you. (a beat) Sit.

PENNY PERIWINKLE Who the hell are you to tell me what to do? You know what? Get out of my office right now or I'm calling security. As a matter of fact...you're terminated as of right now!

TERRY

Oh really?

Terry reaches into an envelope, pulling out a photo of Periwinkle and Chauncey. Periwinkle's expression turns from anger to fear. Closing the door, she sits down at her desk.

> PENNY PERIWINKLE (clears throat) Wh-where did you get these?

TERRY That's not the question, really. The answer is that I have a lot more.

Terry removes the rest from the envelope, tossing them onto the desk.

PENNY PERIWINKLE What do you want?

Terry sits back, smiling.

TERRY Now THAT'S the question...and I'll provide you the answer to that one as well. I want three months paid vacation.

PENNY PERIWINKLE Are you kidding me? Terry you know that I can't do that!

TERRY Three months.

Flustered, Periwinkle removes her glasses. She looks through the photos.

PENNY PERIWINKLE Terry, this is an uncompromising position you have put me in.

TERRY Yeah, about as uncompromising as the one you have uh...old Chauncey in, there.

PENNY PERIWINKLE (glares) Two. I can give you two months. (a beat) That's all I can do.

TERRY I expect a paycheck direct

deposited to my account. Every week. Terry rises, smiling. PENNY PERIWINKLE Has anyone else seen these...photos? TERRY Actually, those are stills from a video I took...last night. Quite an outfit you have there. I would have never thought you took your frustration from work out on an old man's ass. Periwinkle looks away, embarrassed. TERRY (continuing) No one has seen them...and no one will...as long as I get what I want. PENNY PERIWINKLE This is blackmail, Terry. TERRY Yeah, try and prove it, sister. (a beat) I'll expect my checks on time. See you in two months. Terry turns to exit but turns back. TERRY (continuing) Oh...have a great day! I know I will. Periwinkle glares at Terry, her nostrils flaring. CUT TO: EXT. D'ALFONSO HOME A Med-Van comes to a screetching halt in front of the house. The driver exits quickly. Opening the side-door, he begins to lower the wheelchair that Elda Shoemaker sits in. ELDA (yelling)

Hold on, Sonny Boy! Mama is comin'!

CUT TO:

EXT BELMONT HILLS - MANSION

Debbie's Mercedes rolls up to the mansion. The gate is closed.

CUT TO:

INT. DEBBIE'S CAR

Veronica looks out the passenger window, amazed.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Yep, that's it. That's where my Bobby lives!

VERONICA Holy shit! What was his job?

DEBBIE TRACOLI He worked for Nasa as an engineer.

VERONICA

(surprised)

Bob?! (long pause) Hey, let's go up and buzz the gate!

DEBBIE TRACOLI No way, Veronica! What if his wife is in there?

VERONICA

Maybe she is, maybe she isn't. Maybe she's out spending all of his money...and besides if she is home, just say you're a friend. I mean really, you haven't had sex so you technically are just friends.

DEBBIE TRACOLI I don't know...

VERONICA I'll go with you. Come on!

CUT TO:

EXT BELMONT HILLS - MANSION

The girls step out of the car and approach the box at the gate. Veronica smiles and presses the button.

VOICE FROM BOX

Yes?

DEBBIE TRACOLI Hi...I'm here to see Bob. VOICE FROM BOX

Bob?

DEBBIE TRACOLI Yes, Bob Shoemaker.

VOICE FROM BOX Sorry. There's no Bob Shoemaker here. This is the Livingston residence.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Oh...sorry.

Debbie looks at Veronica, confused.

VERONICA Maybe it's the wrong house. Are you sure you have the right house?

DEBBIE TRACOLI

Yeah. (long beat) This is it. I remember.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM.

A door is heard opening and closing. Terry enters.

TERRY

Bob!

Terry looks around and enters the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - UPSTAIRS APARTMENT

Terry notices the bed is made. She opens Bob's closet and sees his clothes are gone.

A door is heard opening and closing.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO ON PHONE (O.S.) Terry, where are you?

TERRY

Here, Mom.

Francine enters, embracing Terry.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO He's gone! He's finally gone! (a beat) That old biddy, Elda came in a Med-Van and took him.

Terry hugs her Mom loosely, shocked.

FRANCINE D'ALFONSO (continuing) Aren't you happy? You're finally free of that old fart!

TERRY Yeah...yeah Mom.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two lights are on in the small, old home.

BOB (O.S.) Eh, I'm at my Mother's house.

CUT TO:

INT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOME - BOB'S ROOM

Bob lays on the bed, talking on his cell. A small old black and white T.V. flickers in the corner.

STEVE ON THE PHONE What? Really?

BOB Yeah. Left this morning.

STEVE ON THE PHONE Did she find out about last night?

BOB No. We're just...we're done.

CUT TO:

INT. BEBE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - DEN

Steve sits in front of his computer. A blonde in a bikini adorns the screen.

STEVE This is great news! You ready to hit the Thong Back and celebrate?

CUT TO:

INT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOME - BOB'S ROOM

Bob lights a smoke.

BOB Nah. Think I'm gonna stay in tonight and get some rest.

STEVE ON THE PHONE Come on, Bob. It will be a great time. Nothin' but tits and ass!

BOB

Maybe another day.

ELDA (O.S.) Sonny Boy! Are you smoking in your room? I told you that you're not allowed to smoke in my house and I meant it!

BOB

I gotta go. Talk to you later.

Bob closes his phone and drops the cigarette in a empty beer can.

BOB (continuing) Sorry Mom! I forgot!

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Terry sits on the sofa, smoking. Bebe stands near her with a glass of wine.

BEBE Are you crazy? What do you mean, you think you made a mistake? You wanted this five years after you were married. All you do is fight and bitch about one another! Terry, let's meet these new guys! Ron is counting on it! They'll be in town in two days. Come on! These guys are filthy rich and hot!

Terry puts her smoke out and picks her cell phone up.

TERRY I don't know...I don't know. Maybe I should call Bob.

BEBE Terry-NO! You're NOT calling him. This is OVER. It's BEEN OVER! Move on with your life! It's time! Bebe rises, attempting to grab Terry's cell phone from her hands.

TERRY Fine! I'll go with you! I just wanted to call and see if he's alright.

BEBE You're making a big mistake even talking to him! (a beat) I'm getting some more wine. Want some?

TERRY

No.

Bebe exits. Terry dials Bob's number.

CUT TO:

INT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOME - BOB'S ROOM

Bob is laying on the bed watching the news on the antique T.V.. His cell rings.

BOB (looking at it) Eh... (open phone) Yeah...what do ya need?

TERRY ON PHONE Bob? Are you there?

BOB

Yeah.

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Terry lights a smoke.

TERRY I just wanted to see if you're alright.

BOB ON PHONE Peachy.

TERRY Do you...do you think we made the right decision? Bebe returns with a filled glass of wine, shaking her head.

TERRY What are you gonna do?

CUT TO:

INT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOME - BOB'S ROOM

Bob picks his nose, wiping it on the side of the bed.

BOB I just want to chill out for a while. Hook up with some of that Rainbow Bud, play the lottery and just live life, ya' know?

CUT TO:

INT. D'ALFONSO HOME - LIVING ROOM

Terry puffs on her cigarette. Bebe leans her head next to Terry's to try and hear the conversation. Terry pulls away from her.

> TERRY Yeah...yeah I guess. (a beat) Is there anything you need?

BOB ON PHONE (laughs) Just some Rainbow Bud, a million dollars and about fifty years off my life.

TERRY I'm sorry, Bob. Sorry this happened.

Bebe sticks her middle finger up at Terry, who returns the favor.

BOB ON PHONE Eh. Shit happens for a reason. (a beat) I gotta go. I'll be in touch about my shit and closing the accounts.

TERRY Al-alright. Have a good night.

Terry hangs up. Bebe shakes her head at Terry.

TERRY (continuing) Shut up. BEBE W-O-T (a beat) WASTE OF TIME. TERRY Shut up. CUT TO: INT. VIN'S CUTS - MORNING An older man sits in the chair as Vin cuts his hair. Terry enters, upset. VINNIE Hey there, pumpkin! TERRY Dad, can I talk to you for a moment? VINNIE (chuckles) I'm kinda busy here at the moment. TERRY I need to talk now, Dad. VINNIE (to the customer) I'll be right back in a minute. Sorry. CUSTOMER 2 No problem, Vinnie. Vin takes Terry over to a corner of the room. VINNIE Hey, what's going on with my little girl? TERRY Dad...I think I made a mistake, breaking up with Bob. Terry starts to cry.

VINNIE

Hey, now, now. If you feel that way then go talk to him - work it out - like I've always told you.

TERRY I don't think he wants to. I think he's done, Dad. I treated him like shit all these years. (sniffles) And Mom...she doesn't want us back together. Neither does Bebe.

VINNIE

(scoffs)
Who the hell cares what your
mother thinks, anyway? That woman
has nothing to do but get caught
up in drama. It's not any of her
business, it's yours. I don't know
about that Bebe girl,
either...she's a little funny.
 (a beat)
You want Bob back? Go get Bob.

TERRY

Dad? (a beat) I need to see Big Tony.

VINNIE (surprised) Big Tony? What do you need to see him for?

CUT TO:

EXT. TONY'S RESTAURANTE

Terry's car pulls into the parking lot. She walks to the entrance. Finding it closed, she bangs on the glass doors. A man in a dark suit and sunglasses comes to the door.

> MOB GUY Hey, we're closed! Come back at four!

The man turns to leave.

TERRY But I need to see Big Tony!

MOB GUY (turns back) Big Tony? What business you got with Big Tony? Big Tony don't see anyone he don't want to. The man turns again to leave. TERRY But I'm Terry D'Alfonso! My Dad sent me. MOB GUY (turns back) D'Alfonso? You mean as in Vinnie D'Alfonso? TERRY Yeah, that's my Dad! The man unlocks the door, opening for Terry. Terry enters. MOB GUY You mean you're Vinnie's girl? TERRY Yeah. MOB GUY Jesus, what happened to you? TERRY (angry) What do you mean by that? MOB GUY Oh...well...last time I saw you you were just a little girl and now...well... TERRY Puh! (looks around) Where's Big Tony? I need to talk to him. MOB GUY Listen, I don't know if Big Tony has the time to talk to you. What's this about? TERRY A family issue. MOB GUY Family issue, huh? (a pause) Let me go see. The man exits. Terry looks around at the restaurant. CUT TO:

INT. BIG TONY'S OFFICE

The man walks into a darkened office. A large man, mostly hid by the darkness, smokes a cigar.

MOB GUY

Hey Boss, sorry to bother you. There's a girl here, says she needs to see you...goes by the name of Terry D'Alfonso. Says she's Vinnie's daughter. (a beat) Needs to talk to you about some family issue.

Moments of silence. Big Tony takes a puff of his cigar.

BIG TONY

Show her in.

Big Tony takes another puff of his cigar.

MOB GUY (O.S.) Alright, Big Tony will see you now.

Terry enters. Big Tony chokes on his cigar, coughing.

MOB GUY You okay, boss?

The man grabs a bottle of whiskey off the shelf and pours a quick shot, placing it on Big Tony's desk. Big Tony downs the shot. Moments later, he clears his throat.

BIG TONY You're little Terry D'Alfonso?

TERRY

Yeah.

BIG TONY I was at your christening. (a beat) How things change.

TERRY (miffed)

Huh!

BIG TONY (to mob guy) Close the door on your way out. (to terry) Grab a seat. Make yourself at home. (puffs cigar) How's Vinnie? TERRY He's good. Cuttin' hair in his shop.

BIG TONY Been a long time. You should tell him to stop over sometime for a drink. How's your Mom? She good?

TERRY Mom is the same. Always has been.

BIG TONY Alright Terry, let's cut to the chase. What brings you here today?

TERRY Well..I need to find something. (a beat) I need to find some marijuana.

Long pause.

BIG TONY And Vinnie told you to come see me?

TERRY

Yeah.

BIG TONY I can get you all the shit you want. How much?

TERRY

Well, not like regular shit. there's this new strain out called Rainbow Bud. I need some of that.

BIG TONY (takes deep breath) Rainbow Bud?

TERRY

Yeah.

BIG TONY Eh, that's a little more difficult. (a beat) A little out of my range.

TERRY Out of your range?

BIG TONY It's almost impossible to get it. You can't find it on the streets anywhere here in the states. Aside from some really wealthy politicians, rock stars, actors. (puffs cigar) First of all, the shit will cost you an arm and a leg. Secondly, it's only grown in a small little town in Australia. (a beat) I don't think I can help ya. Sorry.

TERRY Please! Anything! I beg you!

BIG TONY I don't think I can. Sorry. Give your father my regards.

Terry rises. She turns to leave.

TERRY Thanks anyway, sorry to have wasted your-

BIG TONY (interrupts) Little Nate!

TERRY (turns back to tony) Little Nate?

BIG TONY An old associate. Haven't seen him in years. Owns a club over in Sydney called Stile. Spelled S-T-I-L-E. (puffs cigar) If anyone can help you, he can.

CUT TO

EXT. LOGAN AIRPORT - BOSTON

DOWN UNDER from MEN AT WORK begins to play. A jumbo jet leaves the tarmac, becoming airborne.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE

Terry sits squeezed into a window seat. Looking out, she laughs. Her atrocious laugh disturbs passengers around her.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYDNEY AUSTRALIA

A COLLAGE OF SHOTS: SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE, SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE, THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS, ANZ STADIUM, QUEEN VICTORIA BUILDING. The song continues.

CUT TO:

EXT. PITT STREET

A cab pulls up on the street. Terry exits, wearing a Bon Jovi shirt. The driver opens the trunk, handing her a suitcase. The music ends as the taxi speeds off. Immediately, many Australians passing by begin looking at Terry oddly, some walking far around her, most shying away. Two men stop in their tracks, staring.

PASSERBY1

What the-

PASSERBY2 Looks like a boomer!

Both men burst out in laughter.

TERRY Puh! What are you looking at? Take a picture, assholes! It will last longer!

Terry continues walking down the street.

TERRY

(continuing) Huh! What kind of place is this? No Dunkin Donuts?

Noticing a bagel shop across the street, she stops.

TERRY (continuing) Puh! Bagel shop!

While crossing the street, she is almost hit by a car. The driver blows the horn. Angry, she flips the man off.

TERRY

(continuing) Watch where the hell ya goin'!

EXT. BEVAN'S BAGELS

Terry comes to the glass doors of the small bagel shop and enters.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVAN'S BAGELS

Terry enters to find a bald man behind the counter.

BEVAN

G'Day!

TERRY Puh! Maybe for you!

Bevan glances at her, puzzled.

TERRY (continuing) You have any Donuts?

BEVAN No donuts. Only bagels.

Terry continues looking through the glass counter.

TERRY Hmm...what about cookies?

BEVAN

(laughs) Just bagels.

TERRY You don't sell fruit pies?

BEVAN (irritated) Didn't you hear me, Sheila? Only bagels!

TERRY PUH! My name's not Sheila! It's Terry Shoemaker! (a beat) How about pastries?

Irritated, Bevan comes out from behind the counter. A few customers stop eating and stare.

BEVAN What is this? Some kinda' bloody joke?

TERRY What is that supposed to mean?

BEVAN Listen, Sheila. We sell BAGELS. That's all. Just BAGELS. You see the sign out front?

TERRY

Again! My name IS NOT SHEILA. It's Terry and you should really treat your customers better, mister!

BEVAN Then maybe you should take your nasty mappa tassie out of my place of business if you don't like it!

TERRY PUH! I'll leave when I want!

Terry returns to looking through the glass counter.

TERRY (continuing) How about eclairs? Do you speak my language?

TERRY'S P.O.V. - Bevan lifts his leg, blowing a huge fart. In the next moment his fist flies at her face.

BLACKNESS.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - BAR -BELMONT MASS - EVENING

Bebe sits uncomfortably at the bar with two fat rednecks. She glances at her watch nervously.

BEBE Excuse me gentlemen, I have to pay a visit to the girl's room.

REDNECK 1

(thick accent) Alright, but you be sure to come on back real soon. I don't want to miss ya.

Both rednecks smile, revealing missing and rotten teeth. Bebe makes her way toward the restrooms.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN - BELMONT MASS - LADIES ROOM.

Bebe enters, pulling her phone out of her purse. She turns around, disgusted at the sound of someone having diarrhea in a stall behind her. She dials. After several rings, she reaches Terry's voice mail.

> TERRY ON PHONE Hi, how ya' doin? This is Terry, I'm not available right now, so you know what to do. Have a nice day.

Bon Jovi's song HAVE A NICE DAY begins playing for several moments before the beep.

BEBE

Terry! Where the hell are you? I have been trying to reach you for days! No one knows where the hell you are except for your Dad, and he won't tell any of us! Listen, you bitch, tonight was the night we were supposed to go out with those guys from Myspace. I'm at the hotel with them right now! I thought you would have remembered. And what's even worse is these two don't look anything like their pictures! This is terrible! I need you to help me out...at least call me back. I don't want to be rude and just leave! I need an excuse to get out of here!

A toilet flushes.

BEBE (continuing) Call me back Terry! NOW!

Bebe snaps her cell closed. The stall door opens. An older woman steps out and walks past Bebe, smiling innocently.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK - EVENING

Bob exits a taxi and walks toward the entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK.

Bob enters, looking around for Debbie.

DOOR MAN Hey Bobby! Long time no see!

BOB Yeah, been a few days.

DOOR MAN Hey Bob, that's your bike out there, isn't it?

BOB

Uhh, yeah.

DOOR MAN

Yeah man, the owners are pissed. They almost had that thing picked up. You gotta move that shit, man!

BOB Yeah, no problem. (a beat) Debbie here tonight?

The door man points in her direction. Debbie turns from waiting a table and starts walking toward Bob - not smiling.

BOB (continuing) Hey Deb, how have ya been?

Debbie continues walking - right past Bob.

DOOR MAN Oooh. C-H-D.

BOB

C-H-D?

DOOR MAN Cold Hard Diss.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM FULL OF DONUTS - DREAM SEQUENCE

Terry sits at a table in a room filled with donuts. Before her on a table lays a HUGE donut covered in strawberry icing. She laughs. Hugging the donut, she begins licking it. The sound of urine hitting hard pavement is heard.

FADE IN:

INT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Terry lay in an alley, sporting a black eye, hugging on an old tire, licking it. Coming to, she notices an old bum, only feet away from her, pissing on the wall.

TERRY

Ugh!

Terry rises to see another bum, not far away, digging through a dumpster.

RUSTY (pissing) She's awake!

Jake looks up from the dumpster briefly, then continues to dig through the trash. Rusty buttons his pants.

RUSTY (continuing) You look bloody rooted!

TERRY

Where am I?

RUSTY

Where does it bloody look like? You're in an alley with two bums! We found you down the way a bit. Dragged you up here. Took us and two other blokes.

TERRY

(angry)
Puh! The last thing I remember is
eating a donut.

JAKE

(looks up) That wasn't a donut. That was this old tire. We've been watching you lick it now for twenty minutes.

A SMASH CUT is shown of the tire. Saliva covers a part of it.

TERRY

UUUGGGGH!

RUSTY Pretty spiffy shiner, you got there!

TERRY Some guy I was trying to buy donuts from...all I did was ask him 'do ya speak my language'? He just farted and gave me a knuckleized sandwich!

Jake jumps out of the dumpster with a half pack of cigarettes.

JAKE Hey Rusty! I hit the bloody jackpot!

TERRY I could use one of those.

JAKE Piss off! We never get these. Buy your own! In fact, you should be buyin' us a pack for draggin' you up here!

RUSTY

What the bloody hell are you doin' here, anyway?

TERRY I'm here to find someone named Little Nate at a club called Stile.

Jake lights up one of the cigarettes.

RUSTY Don't know any little Nate, but we can take you to Stile. (smiles) For a price...and we'll even throw in the cigarette. Jakey boy liked how you were lickin' that tire over there. He thought maybe you could lick somethin' else!

Jake exhales and smiles.

TERRY Puh! No morality over here I see!

JAKE What do you want? We're two bums!

CUT TO:

INT. HOLIDAY INN - ROOM 301

The two rednecks sit on the bed in their underwear. Bebe enters from the bathroom - staggering, topless, and drunk.

BEBE

(hiccuping) Alllright...you guyzzzz....

Bebe staggers, falling onto the bed.

BEBE (continuing) whaaa you gonna doooo ta me?

The two rednecks look at one another, confused.

REDNECK 1 Do to you?

REDNECK 2 We aren't gonna do nothin' to you.

REDNECK 1 Yeah, we just like people to watch!

The two rednecks embrace and kiss. Bebe is horrified.

CUT TO:

INT. THE THONG-BACK STEAK SHACK

Bob sits a table, staring over at Debbie and Veronica, who are talking. Veronica walks to Bob's table.

VERONICA (coldly) What will it be tonight?

BOB Hey Veronica, how have you been?

VERONICA Fine. What will it be?

BOB What's up with Deb? How come she hasn't come over to say hello?

VERONICA Probably because she doesn't have time for fucking liars like you.

Bob's jaw drops open.

VERONICA

(continuing)
Yeah, Bob! We went to your
"mansion" today. Debbie thought
she would drop by and see you.
Funny thing though...when we
buzzed in and asked for you, we
were told that no one by the name
of Bob Shoemaker lived there.

Bob stares, shocked.

VERONICA (continuing) Yeah...thought so!

Veronica turns, storming off.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB STILE - EVENING

Jake and Rusty approach CLUB STILE with Terry following. Large signs hang in the windows - KARAOKE CONTEST TODAY.

RUSTY

This is it.

JAKE

How 'bout buyin' us a drink?

TERRY Puh! I already held up my part of this bargain!

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB STILE

The club is PACKED. A woman stands on stage singing karaoke. Rusty and Jake follow Terry as she squeezes through people, finally making her way to the bar.

> TERRY Hey, I need to speak to Little Nate!

The bartender shrugs and walks away. Terry turns, approaching a waitress.

TERRY (continuing) Do you know Little Nate?

WAITRESS

Who?

TERRY Little Nate! He's supposed to own this club!

WAITRESS

(shakes head) No one here by that name.

Discouraged, Terry finds a table and sits. Jake and Rusty join her.

RUSTY Looks like you came all this way for nothing!

Terry watches the female singer finish her song. She rises and runs to the stage, knocking another girl out of her way.

TERRY (to the D.J.) Play T.N.T. by AC/DC!

The D.J. panics, looking through his laptop. The song begins playing. Terry grabs the mic.

TERRY (continuing) Hey! How ya doin' guys? I'm looking for a guy named Little Nate! Can anyone help me?

A small blonde woman sitting at a table with two other young blondes looks up. The vast majority of the crowd turns toward the stage.

As Terry begins singing, people stand looking in horror almost statuesque. Seconds later, people begin fleeing the club in a panic as if it were on fire.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB STILE

Hundreds of people run from the club from every exit.

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB STILE

Terry continues to sing until the song is finished. Only the small blonde American with her two young American friends remain. All employees, staff, and clubbers have disappeared. Silence.

TERRY

PUH!

Throwing down the mic, she steps from the stage and lumbers to the blonde's table.

NATALIE Looks like you won the competition.

TERRY Huh! These people in this country wouldn't know talent if it bit 'em in the ass!

NATALIE Talent. Is that what you call that?

TERRY Who are you?

NATALIE

The owner. (a beat) I don't appreciate you clearing my club out on a Saturday night.

TERRY

All I wanted to do was come here, meet Little Nate and save my marriage. All I've done is piss people off!

NATALIE Little Nate? How do you know about Little Nate? TERRY This guy. A friend of my Father's. Name is Big Tony. He told me I should come here and talk to Nate. Natalie snaps her fingers. The two blondes rise and exit. NATALIE Have a seat. TERRY (sitting) My name is Terry. NATALIE I'm Natalie. (a beat) What do you need from little Nate? TERRY You know him? NATALIE Used to. TERRY (drops head) I...was trying to save my marriage. I know it all sounds silly, but my husband... (raises head) I need to find some Rainbow Bud. Natalie's eyes widen. She takes a pack of cigarettes from her purse and lights up. TERRY (continuing) Could I please have one? Natalie hands Terry a smoke. NATALIE Tell me, Terry...how is this Rainbow Bud going to save your marriage? CUT TO: INT. HOLIDAY INN - ROOM 301 - DAWN Light peeks through the window. Bebe stirs. Waking up, she

looks around. The rednecks are gone. She looks over at her purse, it's contents spilled out on the floor.

BEBE Fuck! Those bastards robbed me!

CUT TO:

INT. CLUB STILE

Natalie takes a final drag from her cigarette.

NATALIE That's quite a story.

Natalie exhales, crushing the cigarette out.

TERRY Yeah...but I still can't find Little Nate.

NATALIE Well, you're looking at me, sweetie.

Terry looks at Natalie confused.

NATALIE

(continuing)
The Feds were after me years ago
for some money laundering in the
U.S. I came over here to escape,
but they were still on my ass.
 (a beat)
I'm post-op.

TERRY (disbelief) Little Nate?

NATALIE

Used to be. (a beat) I like the new me!

TERRY You're beautiful! You mean you were a man?

NATALIE I always felt like a woman inside. People always thought I was something else back then, anyway.

TERRY I know what you mean. Terry puts out her cigarette.

TERRY (continuing) So...can you help me?

Natalie lights up another smoke.

NATALIE

There's a little commune...not far from here. Up in the mountains. No one ever goes there. A place called Shamballa. That's where they make the Rainbow Bud. Those leprechauns...now they can be tricky to deal with. Play your cards right. (a beat) Those two girls that were with me earlier are my assistants, Cara and Cristin. They can take you most of the way. The rest is up to you, sweetie. Good luck.

TERRY Puh! Leprechauns, huh? I can deal with anything!

Terry snuffs out her cigarette.

TERRY

(continuing) Thank you, Natalie! Thank you so much! What could I do to possibly repay you?

NATALIE Don't ever come to my club and sing again.

Natalie rises and exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB STILE - BACK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Terry exits the club into the parking lot. A silver Mercedes with tinted windows speeds through the parking lot, coming to a screeching halt just inches from Terry. The passenger side window rolls down. Terry looks inside and recognizes Natalie's two assistantants - Cara and Cristin Picciano. Both girls are drinking beer.

> CARA PICCIANO Going to Shamballa? Jump in.

INT. PICCIANO CAR

Terry enters through the rear passenger side door. The floor in the back of the car is littered with beer cans and bottles. A miniature beer pong table, with miniature cups has been custom built and installed between the seats. Cara turns to face Terry from the passenger seat.

> CARA PICCIANO I'm Cara. This is my sister, Cristin.

TERRY How ya doin? I'm Terry.

Cristin chugs her beer, burps and stomps on the gas. Tires squeal as the car tears out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

EXT. SYDNEY - DOWNTOWN

Cristin weaves through traffic at high speeds.

CUT TO:

INT. PICCIANO CAR

An old man in a car almost pulls out in front of them. Cristin weaves into another lane, passing him. Cara flips him off.

> CARA PICCIANO Fuck off, you old fart!

CRISTIN PICCIANO See? It's either some old fart with a hat on, or some bitch in an SUV on a cell phone!

CARA PICCIANO (turns to Terry) Have you ever played beer pong?

TERRY

Ugh...no.

CARA PICCIANO See this ball? I bounce this into one of your cups, you drink a whole beer. You bounce into mine, I drink.

TERRY I don't really drink beer.

Cristin looks into her rear-view mirror.

CRISTIN PICCIANO You're playing.

Cristin tears onto a highway ramp, shifting. The motor roars. CUT TO: INT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOME - BOB'S ROOM - MORNING Bob lay in bed, sleeping. A loud knocking is heard on his door. ELDA (O.S.) Sonny Boy! Wake up! Bob stirs as Elda enters his room, using a walker. She stops, looking around at all the beer cans. ELDA This place looks like a hog sty! You need to get out of bed right this minute and tidy up! Bob remains in bed. ELDA (continuing) DO YOU HEAR ME? WAKE UP! BOB Mom.... (a beat) If you don't shut the fuck up and leave me alone, I'm gonna get out of this bed and shove that walker up your ass, sideways. ELDA (appalled) Oh my! Well, I never! Elda turns, exiting. ELDA (O.S.) Being treated with such disrespect in my own home! Thought I raised you proper! CUT TO: INT. PICCIANO CAR Cara bounces the miniature ball into one of Terry's cups. CARA PICCIANO

Drink up, bitch!

TERRY

Puh!

Terry drinks slowly.

CARA PICCIANO Faster! Chuq it!

Terry starts chugging. Cristin burps, tossing another beer can into the back seat.

TERRY (finishes beer) Ugh...I need a cigarette. Do you have any cigarettes?

CRISTIN PICCIANO We don't smoke shit-sticks.

CARA PICCIANO Come on, throw!

Becoming woozy - Terry tosses the mini ball - missing all the cups. Cara catches the ball. Throwing, she sinks it into one of Terry cups. Cara hands her another beer.

CARA PICCIANO (continuing) Here, chug this shit.

TERRY I don't know if I can keep playin'. I'm gettin' a little dizzy.

Cara cracks the beer and chugs it herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. PICCIANO CAR

The car pulls off the highway into a small town.

CUT TO:

INT. PICCIANO CAR

Both girls toss their cans into the back seat. Terry is becoming covered in cans.

CARA PICCIANO (burps and turns) What's with the Bon Jovi t-shirt?

TERRY Bon Jovi is my favorite! Don't you like him? CARA PICCIANO Isn't that the guy who sings some song called "Living On Welfare" or some shit?

TERRY

(angry)
Puh! It's called "Living On A
Prayer"! I've loved him since I
was just a teenager.

CUT TO:

EXT. PICCIANO CAR

The car travels down a road coming to a stop at a "T" in the road. One road is paved, the other is dirt. The car tears down the dirt road, disappearing into thick forest. Driving a bit down the road, the car pulls over to the side of the road.

CUT TO:

INT. PICCIANO CAR

Cara opens the glove compartment. Taking out a flashlight, she hands it back to Terry.

CARA PICCIANO This is it. This is as far we go.

CRISTIN PICCIANO You've got about a ten mile walk. Be careful.

TERRY

Of what?

CRISTIN PICCIANO People don't drive up here unless they're lost or some shit. Nothing up here. Eventually this road just becomes a dirt path, barely even visible. That goes on for about another mile until you hit Shamballa.

TERRY Where do I go when I get there? Who do I talk to?

CARA PICCIANO You'll know when you get there. Good luck.

TERRY

Thanks guys...thanks a lot.

Terry exits the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TO SHAMBALA - NIGHT

Closing the car door, Terry waves. Cara waves back. Cristin burps again. Doing a three-point turn, she speeds off back to Sydney. Terry watches the tail lights disappear into the darkness. All she can hear is sound of crickets. Turning on her flashlight, she begins walking. Lightning is seen far off in the distance.

CUT TO:

INT. WALMART - BELMONT - DAY

Bob is in the check-out buying hemorrhoid cream. The checkout woman weighs about three hundred pounds and is wearing a pair of black spandex.

WALMART CASHIER Hi! How are we today?

BOB I don't know. How are you?

The cashier gives Bob a funny look. Picking up the cream, she smiles.

WALMART CASHIER Oh, this is the EXACT SAME KIND that I use.

Bob stands - expressionless.

WALMART CASHIER (continuing) I also recommend the wipes and the tucks. The tucks are great, you just put them in and you're good to go.

She rings Bob up.

WALMART CASHIER (continuing) Will that be all?

BOB You tell me? Are you done?

WALMART CASHIER (funny look) That will be seven-nintey-nine. Bob gives her a ten. She gives back the change.

WALMART CASHIER (continuing) Thank you! Have a great day! Remember to take my advice about those tucks!

Bob walks toward the exit. His cell rings, he answers.

BOB What the fuck do you want?

CUT TO:

INT. BEBE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - STEVE'S OFFICE.

Steve sits at his desk.

STEVE

Hey, fucktard. Great job the other night, almost blowing it for us with the girls. Luckily for you I saved our asses.

BOB ON PHONE What are you talkin' about?

STEVE Debbie and Veronica..finding out about all your lies...I went into the Steak Shack and Veronica almost ripped my eyes out, man. You know, you should have told me, dude.

CUT TO:

INT. WALMART - BELMONT

Bob sits down on a nearby bench. A man wearing a shirt that says WHITE TRASH on the front walks by.

BOB Shit happens. I've had a lot on my mind.

CUT TO:

INT. BEBE AND STEVE'S HOUSE - STEVE'S OFFICE

Steve puts his feet up on his desk.

STEVE Well, you're lucky. I fixed your lies with other lies. BOB ON PHONE What are you talkin' about?

STEVE Remember my very wealthy Uncle Ted who you met at the wedding? He just happens to be out of town in Chicago for a conference for the week. I spoke with him about ten minutes ago. So, looks like you aren't so broke after all. (a beat) Anyway...we're supposed to meet the girls at his place tonight. Everything is fixed. I'll pick you up at five and fill you in. Hey Bob - don't fuck this up for me.

CUT TO:

INT. WALMART - BELMONT - DAY

Bob is exiting the store.

BOB Hey Steve, do me a favor?

STEVE ON THE PHONE What's that?

BOB Carry my cock. It's gettin' heavy.

Bob closes his phone and laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD TO SHAMBALLA - NIGHT

A very fatigued Terry walks uphill on a dirt road. It is raining. Thunder booms and lightning flashes. Her flashlight is almost dead.

The song SHAMBALLA by THREE DOG NIGHT plays.

Far in the distance a set of headlights are seen. The car continues to drive toward Terry. The RED BMW stops. A window rolls down. A voice comes from the darkened car.

VOICE IN CAR Hey, you need a ride?

TERRY (approaches car) Normally, I would, but I don't know you. VOICE IN CAR I can't believe I found someone out here in the middle of the night wearing one of my shirts.

The light comes on in the car. Jon Bon Jovi sits behind the wheel. Terry's jaw drops.

JON BON JOVI You sure you don't want a ride?

TERRY Oh my God! Oh my God! I must be dreaming!

JON BON JOVI Jump in...you're getting soaked!

CUT TO:

INT. BON JOVI'S CAR

Terry enters the car, her face in disbelief.

TERRY Oh my God! It's you! It's really you! Jon Bon Jovi! I'm your biggest fan! I have loved you ever since I was a teenager. Oh my God!

JON BON JOVI (laughs) What are you doing out here in this place at this hour of night? What happened to your eye?

TERRY It's a long story. I-I have a place I need to get to.

JON BON JOVI

Well, maybe you can help me, too? I'm lost. We're doing a show here in Sydney tomorrow. I didn't want to stay in the hotel all night, so I rented a car and went out looking for a pub. The storm knocked the GPS out - and I don't know where I'm going. No bars on my cell out here.

TERRY

This road doesn't go anywhere... except to the place I need to go.

JON BON JOVI

Well, I'll drive you as far as I can. How about that?

TERRY Oh my God! Saved...by Jon Bon Jovi! No one is gonna believe this in a million years!

CUT TO:

EXT. BON JOVI'S CAR

The car begins driving - heading up a hill.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOME - LATE AFTERNOON.

Steve's car pulls up to Elda's house and beeps.

CUT TO:

INT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOME - LIVING ROOM

Elda sits in her chair, cat on her lap, watching an old T.V.

Bob enters the room.

BOB See ya later, Mom. I probably won't be home tonight, so don't wait up.

ELDA Where are you going to, Sonny Boy? You're not going to that terrible steak place, are you?

BOB

No, Mom.

ELDA Those girls there are harlots! They should be ashamed of themselves.

BOB No, I'm going out with Steve.

ELDA Ugh. Another good for nothing jerk...and that wife of his! What happened to her?

BOB Gotta go, Mom. Bye. Bob exits, closing the door with his Mom still talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELDA SHOEMAKER'S HOME

Bob jumps in Steve's car.

CUT TO:

INT. STEVE'S CAR

Bob lights up a smoke as they pull away.

BOB That fucking woman is driving me nuts!

STEVE I could give two shits less abut your Mom. I rubbed one out before I left.

BOB

(looks out window)
Ughh...Steve I don't want to hear
this shit!

STEVE No dude, see...I'll last longer now! I won't be done in three minutes. Now I'll last at least ten. You should have done the same thing.

Bob looks at Steve, turns and shakes his head.

STEVE (continuing) What?

CUT TO:

INT. END OF THE ROAD TO SHAMBALLA - DAWN

The sun peeks up over the mountain. The rain has stopped. Terry lay asleep. Jon reaches the end of the road. Only a small trail remains ahead.

> JON BON JOVI Terry, I think you're here.

Terry wakes up, looks at Jon and smiles.

TERRY Am I still dreaming? (a beat) I wish this whole time with you could have lasted forever.

JON BON JOVI Are you sure you don't want to just turn around? My GPS is back up. I'll get you a room, you can get cleaned up and come to the show V.I.P. It looks pretty rough up there. It's the end of the road.

TERRY It's not the end of the road. I have to keep going...no matter what. I have to continue on...no matter what obstacles stand in my way. I'm almost there now.

JON BON JOVI (smiles) When you get to the end of the road you just keep going. (a beat) You know what? I like that...yeah...I like that a lot. (a beat) Do you mind if I use that in one of my new songs?

TERRY Oh my God! Really? (a beat) Oh, I'd be honored!

JON BON JOVI Every time I sing it, I'll think of you and this night.

Terry begins to cry.

JON BON JOVI (continuing) Don't start crying, you'll make me cry.

TERRY But these are tears of happiness!

Terry wipes her tears with her sleeve.

TERRY (continuing) I hate to do this, but I better go.

Jon leans over and kisses her on the cheek.

TERRY

(continuing)
I'll never wash my face again!

Terry exits the car.

TERRY (continuing) Thank you for everything. I'll never forget this. Goodbye, Jon!

JON BON JOVI Goodbye, Terry. Good luck...keep on going!

TERRY Yeah, keep on going!

JON BON JOVI And have a nice day!

HAVE A NICE DAY by BON JOVI begins playing as Jon turns his car around and drives off.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNCLE TED'S MANSION - NIGHT

Debbie's Mercedes pulls up to the gate. Debbie exits her car and walks to the gate box.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Hey, it's me. Are you there this time?

BOB'S VOICE Yeah, I'm here. Come on in.

The gate opens. Debbie enters her car. The car weaves through a long driveway to a mansion. The girls exit the car, dressed in skimpy clothes. Veronica is carrying a large black latex bag. They ring the doorbell.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE TED'S MANSION

Bob and Steve sit in the large family room, sipping margaritas. Bob rises, walking to the door. Opening it, he finds the girls looking around suspiciously.

BOB

Come on in.

The girls enter, continuing to look around. Steve rises, walking to Veronica with a drink.

DEBBIE TRACOLI

Nice place. (a beat) I really wish you hadn't lied to me, though.

BOB

I'm sorry. I just didn't want you know where I really lived because of the wife. I didn't want her harassing you. She's a real psycho. Now that she's gone, it doesn't matter anymore.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Don't ever lie to me again.

BOB (smiles) Okay.

Debbie kisses him on the cheek. Steve hands Veronica her drink.

STEVE Good to see you.

VERONICA

(smiles) And you.

STEVE

What's in the bag?

VERONICA

Some fun...for you and me tonight.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Well, what are we waiting for?!

Debbie picks up a bottle of wine laying on a table nearby and starts to chug it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAMBALLA - MORNING

Terry walks over a knoll at the top of the mountain, which reveals a mist-covered valley area, speckled with little mushroom houses, which appeared to surround one very large mushroom house in the center of the valley. A number of leprechauns walk about their small village. A spectacular rainbow hovers above the entire area.

> TERRY Puh! I thought leprechauns only lived in Ireland. These ones must be lost!

Terry lumbers toward the village, out of breath. Suddenly, one of the little people notice her.

LEPRECHAUN 1 Arrgh! A giant! Everyone run for your lives!

LEPRECHAUN 2

It's an ogre!

At once, all of the leprechauns panic, running and screaming. Terry runs toward them.

TERRY No, No! Don't be scared! I'm not here to hurt you! Don't run!

By the time Terry reaches the village all of the leprechauns have disappeared within their homes.

TERRY (continuing) Ughh. I need a smoke.

Terry walks to the largest mushroom house and knocks on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE TED'S MANSION - POOL

Steve and Bob are lounging beside the pool, sipping their drinks as the girls swim, giggling. Veronica climbs out. Grabbing a towel, she begins drying herself off. Loud music is heard from within the house.

> VERONICA I don't know about you, but I think we should turn this party up a few notches. (a beat) I'll be inside drying off and changing...into something much more fun. (a beat) Meet me in a few.

Steve's eyes widen in excitement. He chugs his drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHAMBALLA - LARGE MUSHROOM HOUSE - MORNING

Terry stands at the door. The sounds of little scared voices can be heard from within. Finally the door is opened by the eldest of the leprechauns. He is slightly taller, with a long grey beard. Holding a pipe, he tokes on it casually.

FATHER LEPRECHAUN You have reached the peak, for the leaf you seek. (a pause) Enter.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE MUSHROOM HOUSE.

Puh!

Terry enters to find a large room decorated with tiny furniture. In the middle of the room rests a large hookah. A few of the leprechauns peek out from behind the furniture. Some scurry in to the shadows.

> FATHER LEPRECHAUN Be not afraid my children. This is neither an ogre, nor a giant! This is a human man.

TERRY Puh! I am a woman!

The Father Leprechaun stares at Terry, confused.

FATHER LEPRECHAUN Mmmm. So you are. Forgive me, as I believed you to be a woodsman.

TERRY

(a beat)
My name is Terry. I have come from
far away...for the Rainbow Bud. I
was told you could help me. Is it
true?

The Father Leprechaun looks around the room.

FATHER LEPRECHAUN Come out, my children. It is safe.

The small leprechauns creep out from hiding, still suspicious.

FATHER LEPRECHAUN (continuing) The time has come, my children. that we reap the harvest!

All of the small leprechauns cheer. Opening a trap-door in the floor, more leprechauns crawl out with baskets full of the Rainbow Bud. One by one, all of the leprechauns climb a ladder resting on the oversized hookah and begin passing up the bud, dumping it in. When finished, Father Leprechaun removes a single match from his trousers. He passes it along the line to the leprechaun at the top of the ladder. Striking it against his pants, he drops the lit flame into the top of the hookah. Many leprechauns take their places around the hookah, with one empy spot remaining. The Father gestures Terry to the spot.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE TED'S MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM

Steve sits on the bed in his underwear, looking like a kid on Christmas morning. The door to bathroom opens slowly. Veronica enters the bedroom wearing a dominatrix costume. Steve grins like a Cheshire cat. Veronica swings around two sets of handcuffs with her right hand as she approaches Steve.

> VERONICA I've heard you've been a VERY bad boy, Steven.

Steve nods his head as Veronica approaches him.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE TED'S MANSION - POOL.

BOB'S P.O.V. - Debbie climbs from the pool and slinks toward Bob.

DEBBIE TRACOLI I'm through with the waiting. I'm through with the games, the lies and everything else.

Debbie takes Bob's hand. Bob rises from the lounge, following Debbie inside the house.

CUT TO:

INT: LARGE MUSHROOM HOUSE

Terry sits at the hookah with the leprechauns.

FATHER LEPRECHAUN Before, my children, you puff and choke...let our guest today, have the first toke.

Terry takes a long toke. Her eyes roll back into her head. She falls on her back.

DARKNESS

FADE IN:

EXT. MOUNTAIN SCENE - DREAM SEQUENCE - DAY

Terry sits down at a rock near a pond on a beautiful day. Forest surrounds her. She watches butterflies and birds float all around. Beautiful music plays. A beautiful white unicorn emerges from the forest and gallops toward Terry. She rises in anticipation. The creature approaches Terry, lowering it's head. Terry reaches out to touch it's alicorn.

NIGEL THE UNICORN Please do not do that.

The sound of a record being scratched is heard, and the relaxing music stops. Terry's jaw drops.

NIGEL THE UNICORN (continuing) Perhaps, I should introduce myself. I am Nigel. Nigel the unicorn.

TERRY (backs away) You're freaking me the fuck out.

NIGEL THE UNICORN Why am I freaking you the fuck out? Because I can speak as you do? (a beat) Do not be intimidated by my prowess, Terry.

TERRY Animals can't talk.

NIGEL THE UNICORN Here, they can - in Rainbow Land. See that dog over there?

A SMASH CUT is shown of a dog having a bowel movement.

NIGEL THE UNICORN (O.S.) I wish not to see such repulsion.

The dog disappears.

NIGEL THE UNICORN Anything is possible here in Rainbow Land, Terry. Anything.

TERRY What do you want from me? Why have you come here?

NIGEL THE UNICORN I come to bear joyous news upon you. (a beat) It is all in the numbers. It is all in the numbers.

Nigel's voice echoes as he turns and gallops off into the forest.

CUT TO:

TERRY'S P.O.V. - Terry snaps awake to Father Leprechaun pouring water on her face. All the leprechauns laugh.

TERRY Huh! Holy shit. (a beat) I need to buy some of this shit!

FATHER LEPRECHAUN And you may. One half ounce is only one-hundred bars of gold.

TERRY How about check or cash?

FATHER LEPRECHAUN Only gold bars. Or, gold coins. What else would we put in our pots at the end of the rainbow?

TERRY

(to herself)
Then it's over. It's really over.
The road has really ended for me.

Terry drops her head. Rising she walks to the front door. The song THE RAINBOW CONNECTION begins to play.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLE TED'S MANSION - GUEST BEDROOM

Steve lay on the bed - on his stomach - his hands and feet are cuffed to all the bedposts. Veronica is in the bathroom.

VERONICA (0.S.) You ready for your big surprise, Steven?

Steve looks over his shoulder.

STEVE Yeah, Baby! Bring it on!

Veronica walks out, wearing a strap-on dildo.

STEVE (continuing; panics) WHAT THE FUCK!?

VERONICA What's the matter don't you like it? Steve struggles to break free. STEVE No! I'm not gay! Stay the fuck away from me. (a beat) Veronica! Your fucking with me, right? Veronica walks slowly toward Steve shaking her head. VERONICA This is a HUGE turn-on for me. If you let me do this...I'll do anything for you. Anything that you desire. CUT TO: INT: UNCLE TED'S MANSION - MASTER BEDROOM Bob leans against the bed. Debbie dries off with a towel, dropping it on the floor. BOB'S P.O.V. - Debbie walks toward him. DEBBIE TRACOLI I want you Bob. Right now. You know, years ago I had so many bad experiences with men. I grew to hate them. After the last one cheated on me, I decided to have my hymen surgically replaced. (a beat) Pop my cherry, Bobby. I'm all yours. Debbie removes her top. Her massive breasts heave as she

approaches Bob. Placing her lips on his - she begins to kiss him. Bob pulls back.

> DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) What's wrong? BOB I-I can't. DEBBIE TRACOLI Why?

My wife...I still love her.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (angry)

WHAT?

BOB

I'm sorry.

DEBBIE TRACOLI Are you fucking kidding me? I even put up with your lying! I could have any man I want! How dare YOU reject ME!

Debbie grabs her top. The sound of Steve howling from far away is heard off-screen.

DEBBIE TRACOLI (continuing) You know something? Your wife is RIGHT! You are a piece of shit!

BOB

You know what? Get the fuck out of here, ya' gold-digger! That's all you're after anyway, money!

You think I don't know that? That's why I lied to ya about everything! Oh, and here's another lie. This house your standing in isn't mine! It's Steve's uncle's!

Bob laughs. Angry, Debbie grabs a vase from nearby - throwing it at Bob. Bob ducks and the vase smashes against the wall.

> DEBBIE TRACOLI You lying old fuck!

> > BOB

Get the hell out of here! Ya look like you been rode hard and put away wet - about a thousand times! Like the town bike!

Debbie throws several things at Bob.

DEBBIE TRACOLI

Asshole!

Turning, she leaves in a rage.

CUT TO:

INT. UNCLES TED'S HOUSE - GUEST BEDROOM DOOR

Steve can be heard howling in pain. Debbie bangs on the door.

VERONICA (O.S.)

What?

DEBBIE TRACOLI Get your shit and get out of here! I just found out that these two have been lying to us again! This isn't even Bob's house!

VERONICA (O.S.)

What?

STEVE (O.S.) No! No! That's not true! It's not! Bob is just drunk, that's all! Right, Bob? BOB!

VERONICA (O.S.) Don't ever talk to me again, asshole!

The door opens. The girls beat a hasty path to the door.

STEVE (O.S.) NOOOOO! PLEASE...DON'T LEAVE! VERONICA, NO! VERONICA! (a beat) COME BACK HERE AND UNLOCK ME! PLEASE! I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

The girls slam the door on the way out.

CUT TO:

INT. LOGAN AIRPORT - GATE NINE - MORNING

A SUPER - DAYS LATER.

Terry sits waiting to board a flight, saddened. Tears fall from her eyes. A T.V. is on not far away. People pass by her, pulling their baggage along.

> NEWSCASTER ...police said they could not give further details about the case. (a beat) and the big story. The big winner of the United State's biggest Powerball jackpot in history has still not come forward. The pot is a massive three-hundred and sixty million. There was only one winning ticket. The ticket was sold at this store

A C.U. is shown of a gas station in Belmont, Mass.

NEWSCASTER (continuing) in Belmont, Massachusetts. Powerball is hoping the-

The newscasters voice trails off. The sound of Nigel The Unicorn's voice echoes in Terry's head.

NIGEL THE UNICORN (O.S.) It's all in the numbers. It's all in the numbers. It's all in the numbers. It's all in the numbers.

Terry opens her purse, rummaging through it rapidly, then looks up at the screen.

NEWSCASTER ...and again those numbers are-

A SMASH CUT is shown of the ticket.

NEWSCASTER

(continuing) Three. Nine. Thirty-Six. Fourtynine. Fourty-seven and Fifty two.

The numbers are a match. Terry's jaw drops. She jumps out of her seat, screaming and laughing. People pull away from her and stare. Airport security personnel approach her.

FADE IN:

A SUPER - "THREE MONTHS LATER"

EXT. LA JOLLA - CALIFORNIA

A collage of shots are shown of downtown La Jolla. Others are shown of the cliffs and beaches.

CUT TO:

ARIAL SHOT - UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD

The shot closes in on a beautiful sprawling house located on a cliff off of the beach.

CUT TO:

EXT. EQUISITE TUSCAN VILLA - DAY

CUT TO:

EXT. EXQUISITE TUSCAN VILLA - BACK PATIO/POOL AREA

A HUGE party is underway. A D.J. pumps loud party music.

Among the guests are Vinnie and Francine, Cristin and Cara who are playing beer pong against Rusty and Jake. Elana sits at a table with a girl sipping on drinks. Big Tony talks with Natalie and two other men in dark suits and sunglasses. An unknown couple hangs out in a corner, drinking beer. A SUPER with an arrow points at them that reads "THOSE TWO". Bebe walks into the shot - dressed in gothic garb - pulling Steve on a chain with a dog collar around his neck. Terry mingles with people - laughing and talking. Vinnie breaks from Francine and approaches Terry.

VINNIE

I'm real proud of you, sweetie. You stuck to your guns. You never gave up. You didn't listen to a bunch of morons.

TERRY

Thanks, Dad.

Terry hugs her father.

VINNIE Where's the man of the hour?

Terry turns back toward the house.

TERRY (yells) HEEEEEEEYYYY BOOOOOOB!

Bob steps onto the patio, wearing a smoking jacket, sipping on a margarita with one hand and holding a HUGE BLUNT in the other. He walks to Terry, smiling, and takes a drag off the blunt. Terry lays her head on his shoulder, hugging him and laughing. The D.J. plays a popular party song.

The shot pulls away to an aerial of the house/huge party. A magnificent rainbow hovers above the house, yard, and pool area.

FADE OUT - ROLL CREDITS

SWEET LEAF by BLACK SABBATH plays.

THE END.

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