

The Jack Off:
The Life & Times of the Greatest
Lumberjack to Ever Live

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BLACK SCREEN

RALPH (V.O.)

It's pronounced Rafe - the English way -- more refined.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

RALPH WATERSTOWN (40), tall, sturdy, massive beard, sits in a tall-backed chair, wearing a flannel shirt and a too-tight pair of jeans. These aren't meant to be skinny jeans. Not on this guy. It isn't right.

Across from Ralph sits STEVE EAGERTON (40), newscaster-kind of good-looking, perfect hair, perfect teeth.

Steve looks down at a set of note-filled 4x6 cards in his hand.

STEVE

You recently blogged about the state of America - I think our viewers would love to hear more political thoughts from their favorite wood chopper.

Ralph stares Steve down.

RALPH

I'm not a wood chopper, Eager Beaver. I'm a lumberjack.

Steve looks down at his cards, a shade of red making its way up his collar.

STEVE

Apologies - I...

RALPH

Steve, it hits me on a regular basis how absolutely fucking pussy this country has become.

The audience gasps. Ralph doesn't seem to notice.

RALPH (CONT'D)

There was a time when men like me were thought of as heroes. We were in cigarette commercials, getting shit-faced in beer commercials. Men wanted to be us and women just wanted to screw our damn brains to shit.

(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)

The other day I saw a cigarette ad - it had some gay-looking Aber-Zombie and Bitch black dude, shirt off, and a half-naked white girl next to him in a car, both of 'em smoking a cig. Is that supposed to make me wanna smoke? Hell, no. I'll tell you what it *did* make me want to do: pull my pants down in public and have sex with a man.

Steve shifts in his chair nervously.

RALPH (CONT'D)

And I'm not gay. I'm a man - in long line of great men, like Paul B. Sheedy!

STEVE

That sounds like it's only one man. That's not a line, really.

RALPH

Shut up, Steve. My point is, sometimes you just wanna light up a fag and coat your throat with creamy god damn goodness.

Steve looks like he might crap himself.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Dammit - that sounded gay as shit.
(to the horrified audience)
'Fag' is England English for cigarette. I know that cuz I'm cultured. And my wife is English.

Steve looks nervously straight into the camera.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Surrounded by Audio/Production gear, a PRODUCER (30's), short, squat and wearing a name tag that reads "Producer" stands next to LOUIS STONE (52) a balding, haggard-looking man dressed in khakis, polo shirt and a blazer.

Both men stare at a bank of tv monitors feeding the show.

PRODUCER

You realize we have to cut all of this, right? This is PBS. We don't bleep stuff out.

LOUIS

(sighs)
I understand.

PRODUCER

How do you manage this guy?

Louis picks up his things and heads for the door.

LOUIS

Believe me, I ask myself that question every day.

THE LUMBER HACK HIGHLIGHT REEL

A highlight reel shows a younger-looking Ralph chopping trees, sawing logs, climbing up ninety foot tall pires, balancing on floating logs, etc.

Ralph is the greatest lumber jack to ever live.

COME OUT to reveal a screen in...

TV STUDIO

The audience stares at the screen that shows Ralph's former feats, oohing and ahing at the impressiveness of his skills.

Ralph leans back in his chair, smokes a cigarette. Steve looks around nervously, waves the smoke away. Ralph points to the bulge in his tight, tight pants.

RALPH

Yeah, that's right I was badass.
Shit, I am badass. I was born with a penis - a super large penis that gets filled with blood whenever I see a remotely naked woman. Case in point: last night my wife touched my knee cap and I jizzed myself. I shit you not. Just, poof! All in my shorts. That's what this country was built on - men like me...with rock-hard groinal areas.

STEVE

Sounds fascinating.

RALPH

Of course it does. Pussy lips
like you need role models like me.
You know my nick name, right?

STEVE

I'm sure I have it in my notes,
but I doubt I'm gonna look all the
way down at the cards in my hand -
so why don't you just tell me?

Ralph leans over till his face is inches from Steve's.

RALPH

Lumber Hack, bitch.
(beat)
Lumber Hack.

Steve forces a smile and looks into the camera.

STEVE

And that's all we have...

BLACK SCREEN

Super: The Lumber Hack

INT. DARK BAR - DAY

Ralph and Louis sit at a table. Ralph takes a massive
drink from a large, incredibly ornate stein of beer.

The BARTENDER/WAITER (20's) comes over with another glass
of beer.

BARTENDER/WAITER

Did you, uh, want me to pour it...

Ralph holds out the stein to the Bartender/Waiter.

RALPH

Just pour it straight in there.
(as he pours)
Yep, there we go, right down
there, right where it needs to be.

BARTENDER/WAITER

Okay - anything else?

RALPH

Just keep 'em coming. By the way,
the GAP called - they want their
'douche look' back.

The Bartender/Waiter rolls his eyes, turns and walks back
to the bar.

LOUIS

Do you have to do that? It
doesn't even make sense.

RALPH

Doesn't have to make sense.
(raises the stein)
I own a stein I got from a guy who
knew Hitler. That means I don't
have to make sense.

LOUIS

(sighs)
I'm pretty sure no one who
actually knew Adolf Hitler is
still alive.

RALPH

What?! You doubt Rudolf
SCHNELL?!!! I'm not a fan of
Hitler, dammit, but this IS an
interesting piece of historical
paraphernalia! Hitler might've
drank from this stein.

LOUIS

Ralph, we're in trouble.

RALPH

What are you talking about? All
the blogs and whatnot will *for*
sure be writing about that
interview for weeks to come.

LOUIS

Ralph, they're not going to air
the interview! You were
simultaneously racist, sexist and
homophobic!

Ralph shakes his head emphatically.

RALPH

I wasn't remotely homophobic.

He takes a large pull from his stein.

LOUIS

Ralph! You ranted for fifteen minutes about gays and how America needs real men and how - and I quote - 'those queers need to go back to Miami'.

Ralph looks expectantly at Louis for another long beat, waits to hear the bad.

RALPH

What? They're mostly from Miami! And Milwaukee, Wisconsin, strangely enough.

Louis rolls his eyes.

LOUIS

We're running out of money, Ralph. You haven't competed in eight years.

RALPH

I'm done with that, Louis. You know that since Stella...I can't. Dammit, I'm a nine time world champion! I've made more money off the competitive Lumberjack circuit than any person has ever made off any god damn sport ever.

LOUIS

Not entirely accurate.

RALPH

I made over fifty thousand dollars for cutting a log in half. That's twenty-five thousand dollars per side!!!

LOUIS

I'm not gonna argue with you about how much money you've made because I can accurately tell you how much you have left -- and it isn't much. You have to make some money or chapter thirteen, here we come!

RALPH

This book *has* to be a best-seller.

Ralph holds up a copy of Ralph's autobiography *The Lumber Hack Story: How You, Too, Can Be Impressed by My Manhood Like Hundreds of Men Before You.*

LOUIS

One audience won't buy the book based on the title alone, and you just spent sixty minutes demeaning the audience that *would* buy it.

RALPH

I'm confused as to which audiences you're talking about.

LOUIS

Your title sounds really gay.

RALPH

Not entirely accurate.

LOUIS

Ralph, you have to compete. We need to fill the coffers, maybe get a couple of endorsement deals.

RALPH

Whatever happened to the companies we started?

LOUIS

The line of Lumber Jack swimwear your wife designed flopped miserably - as I predicted - and dammit, I told you no one would buy blinged-out chain saws!

RALPH

They weren't blinged out. They were bedazzled. Blang Saws.

LOUIS

Whatever they were called, they cost you shit-tons of money and no one bought them.

Ralph takes a long draw from his stein. He swallows and looks down into the large cup.

RALPH

I can't come back, Louis. It's -- too many memories.

LOUIS

We -- you need the money. The events pay more now than ever. You have no choice. If there were any other way...

Long silence.

RALPH

All right. I feel like the Brett Favre of lumber jacking.

LOUIS

The game has changed, Ralph. Since you left, Gregory Stanski has re-defined what it means to be a competitive lumber jack...

RALPH

I'm making a comeback!

EXT. MANSION - DAY

A massive mansion that would make Donald Trump simultaneously proud and jealous.

Somewhere in the distance, the SOUND of flesh slapping flesh -- wet, juicy flesh pounding against flesh.

STANSKI (O.S.)

(Austrian accent,
flat inflection)

Oooh, yah, you like that? Yah, yah, that's nice.

INT. MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The home is absolutely gorgeous - paintings, gold things, silver things, platinum things, perfectly unusable furniture flecked with gold.

The foyer is massive, a double staircase circling up to the next level. A crystal chandelier hangs high above the floor.

UPSTAIRS - HALLWAY

The SOUND of wet, fleshy movement continues.

STANSKI (O.S.)

Oh Em Gee - this is perfect.

BEDROOM

The bedroom is massive. An oversized bed screams opulence, while the bedside tables scream douchery.

STANSKI (O.S.)

Don't make me come - not yet. No!
No! You're gonna make me come?

BATHROOM

GREGORY Stanski (30's) - tall, overly muscled, buzz-cut - basically Arnold and Sylvester combined, but more muscular and more stupid-looking - kneels naked in front of the bathtub, phone in one hand.

His other hand is reaching down into the bathtub rubbing a dirty spot on a large hairless pot-bellied pig - making the SOUND of wet flesh-slapping.

Nearby, the SOUND of someone showering.

STANSKI

(into phone)

I'm cleaning Pig right now. I can not just get up and come to your offices! I have things to do!

Stanski continues to clean the pig as he listens to whoever is on the other side of the phone.

STANSKI (CONT'D)

Fine!!!

He hangs up the phone.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Did you hear about the PBS interview Ralph did?

STANSKI

That is not of my concern. Nor should it be yours. I have to go - Stalin needs me for a meeting. We make the loves later, yes?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Okay, Gregory.

EXT. RODGERS AND STAHL SPORTS AGENCY - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

A Mini Cooper pulls up to the large, silver, phallus-shaped building and into the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

The Mini parks and Stanski struggles to squeeze his massive frame out of the car.

INT. STALIN RODGER'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Pictures of athletes cover the walls. Trophies fill a display case. STALIN RODGERS, short, skinny, nerdy-looking, holds the door open for Stanski.

RODGERS

Please, please - come in, Gregory.
We need to discuss -- happenings.

Stanski sits down as Rodgers stands in front of him, hands clasped together.

RODGERS (CONT'D)

We wanted for you to hear this
from us - not YouTube or email.

STANSKI

What is wrong?

A pair of INTERNS roll a television and DVD player in and Stalin hits play.

RODGERS

This is from earlier today.

The TV goes from black screen to a full screen of Ralph's hairy abdomen.

INT. RALPH'S BASEMENT - DAY (ON TELEVISION)

RALPH

Dammit, Louis - I hate the angle.
And why does my voice sound so
tinny?

The sound of Ralph TAPPING the microphone on the camera.

LOUIS

You're four inches away from the
camera, Ralph - back up and see
how it looks.

Ralph backs up, away from the camera, until his whole naked torso is in view.

RALPH

Ah, yeah - that's better. All right let's do this.

(beat)

If you're watching this, you probably know I'm Ralph Waterstown, the Lumber Hack. I'm a bad ass who is a nine time world champion in the only sport that is more popular worldwide than soccer -- competitive lumber jacking. I'm here showing off how awesome I still look!

The flabby lumber jack attempts to pose in several muscle-taut positions, but his pudgy body never quite looks anything but...pudgy.

He turns back to the camera, now out of breath. He blinks his eyes several times, nearly loses his balance.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Shit - seeing stars. My muscles just take people's breath away -- including mine. It's time to announce my plan. Gregory Stanski - I'm calling your dumb Austrian ass out. I'm coming for you. You mighta won the last five to eight world championships, but next month - at the Fisherman's Wharf Lozenges Invitational, I'm coming back. And I'm gonna kick your ass from here to Hitler - who by the way once owned -- or touched or drank from, or...at least looked at a mug I now own.

He pauses and looks straight into the camera.

RALPH (CONT'D)

By owning a piece of historical paraphernalia, I in no way agree with anything Hitler did, except drinking from this stein.

(beat)

Anyway, I'm back. So eat it, Stanski. Lumber Hack OUT!!!

The video keeps going as Ralph just looks straight into the camera. After an appropriately awkward time...

RALPH (CONT'D)

Did you hit the un-record button?

COME OUT to see Ralph staring into a large, wall-length mirror while lifting seven-point-five pound weight.

The weight room is stocked with a nice selection of workout machines and dumbbells.

The door to the workout room opens and ELAGIA WATERSTOWN (24) - smoking model-hot, wearing a skimpy mini-skirt and a halter top that compliments her (fake) double D's - wanders in.

ELAGIA
(English accent)
Wanker.

Ralph looks at her reflection in the mirror.

RALPH
That is not nice, baby!

ELAGIA
I hate you.

RALPH
What have I done to deserve this kind of treatment?

ELAGIA
You should just use your meat and two to make me scream.

RALPH
No! I'm tired of being your sex slave!

Elagia moves towards Ralph. Ralph flinches and moves away, hiding behind one of the workout machines.

ELAGIA
Give it to me.

Elagia jumps around the machine, but Ralph evades.

ELAGIA (CONT'D)
You bastard. Just give me your joy stick. I want it. I want to be Ms Pac-Man and gobble down all your little pieces.

Elagia goes for him again, but he, again, evades.

RALPH

I feel like I could throw up!
Your sexual advances make me SO
NERVOUS! I am a human being. I
have feelings! I'm not a piece of
meat!

ELAGIA

You've never thrown up, ever, in
your entire life. Never.
(beat)
I hate you.

She walks out and slams the door. Ralph yells after her.

RALPH

And you're mixing metaphors with
the whole joystick and Ms. Pac-Man
thing

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Ralph, dressed in a tuxedo, sits at the head of a massive
oak, Lord-style table.

Elagia, now dressed in a beautiful evening dress (that of
course shows her impressive cleavage) sits at the far end
of the table.

Elagia finishes off a martini and - seemingly out of
nowhere - a WAITER/SERVANT is instantly at her side,
refilling.

RALPH

Where the hell are the kids?

She takes a drink.

ELAGIA

They ain't my twats.

RALPH

I think you mean brats.
(yells)
Kids! Kids!

The kids come running in and skid to a stop. JUNIOR (12)
is nerdy, glasses, skinny. MAHATMA (9) is taller,
beefier and better looking than Junior.

Both kids are in shorts and T-shirts.

JUNIOR

What's up, dad?

RALPH

Why aren't you dressed for dinner?

MAHATMA

We've been playing.

RALPH

You were by the cage, weren't you.
I smell it on you. Dammit! I
told you no playing next to the
cage. Sit down and let's eat!

The kids sit down at the table.

Ralph immediately begins to dig in to his food. Elagia and the kids look sadly at him until he looks up, wide-eyed.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Ah, shit, I forgot.

ELAGIA

Guess you'll have to pay for that
little screw up later. I'll take
off all my clothes and just make
you...

MAHATMA

My beliefs are not meant to hamper
your lifestyle, dad. They are
meant to challenge you to a
greater existence.

RALPH

I have the greatest damn existence
known to man. Look at all those
trophies on the wall.

He points across the massive room to a wall of trophies.

MAHATMA

My existence is about more than
trophies, father.

RALPH

You're nine. Three years ago,
your whole existence was shitting
your pants and learning how to say
paraphernalia.

MAHATMA

Close your eyes, father.

The family closes their eyes.

MAHATMA (CONT'D)

(angelic)

Dearest Buddha, we thank you for your provisions, we thank you for sending Jesus and Mohammed and for cows. Please forgive father for his consumption of beef. Ah-men.

Everyone opens their eyes.

RALPH

I know that your mother dying, God rest her soul...

They all look at an Olan Mills-style picture of STELLA (30's) on the mantle. She is beautiful with very blonde, blonde hair.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I know that has been hard for you kids. She was a saint and I miss her every day. She died too soon.

EXT. WINDY, COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A car zips along a windy, country road.

INT. CAR - DAY

In the car, a younger Ralph, Stella, five year old Junior and toddler Mahatma drive along, singing some happy song.

Ralph pumps the BRAKE, but nothing happens.

RALPH

Oh, shit!

EXT. WINDY, COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

The car speeds off the side of the road and tumbles and turns, finally coming to a stop, upside down.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ralph unstraps himself from his seat belt and begins to work on Stella's seat belt, but she holds his hand.

STELLA

Save the children. I'm dead.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Ralph pulls the children to safety and is about to return to the car, when it explodes into flames.

RALPH

No! Noooooo!

INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS FROM BEFORE

Ralph looks at the mantle again.

RALPH

I miss you, baby!

He blows a kiss to the picture.

RALPH (CONT'D)

And this whole thing of making up your own religion mixing every religion I know of is okay, I guess - feels like a call for help, but whatever. But it's not cool for you to take pot shots in your stupid multi-god prayers.

MAHATMA

My existence is beyond pot shots.

JUNIOR

Dad -- why are we here? Why are you dressed in that penguin suit?

Ralph straightens himself and smiles wide.

RALPH

I have a big announcement to make. I...

ELAGIA

Your father is coming out of the closet. Everyone's wondered. He would never finger my bum like I wanted...

RALPH

You're actually disproving your point, Elagia!

JUNIOR

You're gay, father?!

RALPH

Guys...

MAHATMA

Father, our religion does not condemn homosexuality.

RALPH

You're NINE!!! ACT NINE! And I'm not coming out of the damn closet! I'm letting my family know that I am going back into competition!

ELAGIA

What?

RALPH

You think this was built by me having marathon, passionate lovemaking session with you?!

ELAGIA

No. It was built by your daddy dearest investing in Apple in 1979 and leaving you a vast fortune.

RALPH

That you've spent most of. He sold those stocks long ago. I'm competing. Now eat your dinner. We're celebrating.

And so they celebrate with long, awkward silence.

RALPH (CONT'D)

And stay away from the fucking cage! Don't even go downstairs!

INT. ESPN NEWS - DAY

Two ESPN ANCHORS sit at the storied ESPN desk and look straight into the camera.

ANCHOR 1

So, as we finish up this hour, we do have some interesting news coming out of the competitive lumberjack world. The Lumber Hack himself is making a comeback!

ANCHOR 2

(laughs)

For those of you who may not remember Ralph Waterstown, he happens to be the eleven-time world champion.

ANCHOR 1

Of competitive lumberjacking. Yes...there is such a thing.

INT. LOUIS'S OFFICE - DAY

The television ESPN NEWS is on, suddenly turns off.

LOUIS

Of course there's such a thing.

Louis sits at his desk, looks nervously at his phone.

Finally, after a long moment, he picks up the phone and dials a number.

RALPH (V.O.)

Yes?

LOUIS

I've got a couple commercial opportunities. You're probably not gonna love them - but it's money in the coffers.

INT. VIDEO STUDIO - DAY

Ralph looks miserable in an oversized chicken suit that covers him from head to toe. Big, stupid chicken feet. Big, stupid chicken head.

He just looks big and stupid.

The axe slung over his shoulder doesn't help the image.

A Camera Crew and a DIRECTOR (20's) young-looking, pimply, nerdy, stand ready to shoot.

DIRECTOR

All right. Ralph, I need you to look straight into the camera and deliver your lines.

Ralph looks miserably over at Louis, who is standing off to the side trying to ignore Ralph as best he can while still pretending to actually be a manager.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Ralph. We are on a tight schedule here. Tight budget. Shit - you are the budget. Say the lines. Please.

Ralph closes his eyes, takes a deep breath - then looks straight into the camera.

RALPH

(almost deadpan)

My name is Ralph Waterstown and I'm the Lumber Hack, nine time world champion lumberjack. I'm dressed in this chicken outfit to tell you that I'm in love with Ralph's Chicken. 76th and Sunset. The best damn chicken you'll ever have. How can I lie? I'm in a chicken suit.

DIRECTOR

Cut! Okay, Ralph, I need a little more emotion.

RALPH

Dammit! This script sucks Khloe and Lamar's ball sacks! Makes no damn sense! Why the hell can't I lie because I'm wearing a damn chicken suit? Huh? Does anyone have any idea what the line means? I'm having a really hard time getting my motivation here!

The CRONY (20's) steps in front of the camera with a digital slate.

CRONY

Ralph's Chicken Commercial, take forty-two.

DIRECTOR

All right, Ralph - again!

Ralph closes his eyes and takes another deep breath.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A red-faced Ralph walks out of the studio followed closely by Louis.

RALPH
I said classy, Louis! Classy!

Louis holds up the check.

LOUIS
We got through it, Ralph. We've got a long day ahead, so...

RALPH
How much did I get paid?

LOUIS
Twenty-five grand. Another thirty for the next one and then we have an appearance at the foster agency - you get ten for that.

RALPH
This shit ain't worth it.

LOUIS
Sixty-five grand in a day, Ralph. You need the money.

They reach the car and before they get in, Ralph looks across at Louis sternly.

RALPH
The next one better be better.

INT. ANOTHER VIDEO STUDIO - DAY

Ralph stands in front of another CAMERA CREW and another DIRECTOR, holding a bottle of beer.

DIRECTOR 2
And -- action!

RALPH
I'm Ralph Waterstown, nine time world champion lumberjack. You're probably wondering why the Lumber Hack is holding this fine bottle of BitterBeets Beer.

(MORE)

RALPH (CONT'D)

(takes a drink)

It's a fucking horrible name for beer...

DIRECTOR 2

CUT!!! Ralph, come on, man. You can't 'f-bomb' the commercial.

RALPH

This is the worst fucking beer I've ever tasted. It's literally like a hobo drank from a fountain of chocolate, pissed into a beer bottle that a naked, homeless woman named Ethel drank, got diptheria and diarrehea'd straight liquid into this bottle that I'm now drinking from.

A BEER REP (40's) steps up, holding a little pad and a pen.

BEER REP

So, you got the chocolate aftertaste? That's one of our selling points.

DIRECTOR 2

Ralph, you're sixty-three takes in - every time, you're drinking half a bottle of beer. This is high gravity beer - twenty-five proof. Do you think maybe you...

RALPH

Fuck you! Take it again! Shit!

Ralph throws a half-empty bottle of beer against a wall.

The Director rolls his eyes and CRONY 2 (40's) steps in front of the camera.

CRONY 2

(sighs)

BitterBeet Beer Commercial, take sixty-four.

Ralph looks into the camera, takes a massive pull from the beer.

RALPH

This is the worst shit you will ever put in your mouth, outside of Gregory Stanski's vagina.

DIRECTOR

CUT!!! I think we've got what we need. There's gotta be a commercial somewhere in the first sixty-three takes.

INT. LOUIS'S CAR - LATER

Louis drives Ralph in silence.

RALPH

You're the worst manager alive. You suck. I've got the terrible taste of BitterBeet Beer on my tongue.

LOUIS

At least you can't throw up.

RALPH

I can taste it in my frontal lobe.

LOUIS

Get yourself together - you have to inspire the kids.

Ralph's stomach grumbles distinctly. Louis glances over.

RALPH

Whatever - I didn't fart!

INT. FOSTER AGENCY/ORPHANAGE - DAY

A group of kids murmur indistinctly as they sit in a small room. Several STAFF MEMBERS stand around the room.

A SOCIAL WORKER (40's), steps to the front of the room.

SOCIAL WORKER

All right, kids, quiet now.

The kids obediently quiet down.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Good! Today, we have a very special guest with us. He's come to impart some of his wisdom to you. He's a nine time world champion competitive lumber jack. Mr. Ralph Waterstown.

The kids politely applaud and turn around to watch Ralph stumble into the room and wave.

RALPH
(words slurred)
Hi, kids! Hey-yo!

Ralph stops at the back of the room.

SOCIAL WORKER
All right, kids, gather round.

The kids all get up and go to Ralph.

RALPH
Hey, guys, I'm Ralph.

KID 1
How old are you?

RALPH
Old enough to be your dad. Next!

KID 1
(excited)
Will you be my dad?!

RALPH
Hell, no!

Ralph's eyes widen as the kid crumbles into tears and is quickly escorted away by one of the Staff Members.

STAFF MEMBER 1
What is wrong with you! You can't say something like that at an orphanage!

KID 2
You smell like my last foster dad.

RALPH
Like a man?

KID 2
No - like an alcoholic.

Ralph turns to one of the Staff, points at the kid.

RALPH
This one. Get this kid out of here.

The Staff Member comes over and pulls the kid away.
Ralph calls after him.

RALPH (CONT'D)
I can see why you haven't been
adopted - cuz you're a little
asshole.

The whole room goes silent. Ralph looks around,
oblivious.

RALPH (CONT'D)
What?

STAFF MEMBER 2
(under her breath)
Dick.

Ralph looks over at a Staff Member holding a baby. He
points at the woman and waves her over.

RALPH
Bring that baby here, please.

The Staff Member looks over at the Head Social Worker,
who nods, and then walks over to Ralph.

Ralph bends over and looks at the baby. Then covers his
eyes and uncovers them.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Peek-a-boo!

No response from the baby.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Peek-a-boo!

No response.

RALPH (CONT'D)
Is this fucking kid retarded?

The Staff Member looks horrified as the head Social
Worker runs over and slaps Ralph.

SOCIAL WORKER
This child is blind, you
degenerate asshole! Get out!
Now!

Ralph turns to leave, then suddenly buckles over. His
stomach grumbles again - this time MUCH louder.

RALPH

Shit!

SOCIAL WORKER

You're drunk?!

Ralph heaves, but nothing comes out of his mouth.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

Oh, my God! Are you going to
throw up?

RALPH

(proudly)
I've never thrown up in my whole
life.

Ralph dry heaves again, then stands up straight and turns
towards the kids. His stomach GROANS and he bend over.

SOCIAL WORKER

Don't turn towards the kids!!!

She turns him around and he heaves again, but - just as
he turns around, his ass towards the kids - a massive
explosion sounds from his rear.

The Social Worker looks shocked.

SOCIAL WORKER (CONT'D)

What the...?

RALPH

(groaning)
I told you I don't puke!

He heaves again and another explosion is produced from
his ass.

An amazing amount of diarrhea runs out of Ralph's pant
legs and makes its way towards the kids. He heaves
again, another explosion, more diarrhea makes its way
towards the kids, a river of brown.

The kid's eyes widen and they turn *en masse*, scream and
run out of the room. (This is more about the reaction to
the diarrhea than the diarrhea itself).

Louis stands by the door, in shock.

The Social Worker looks down at the mess he's made, her
face a complete mask of horror.

Ralph stands up straight, shrugs, a shade of his confidence returning.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I don't puke.

And he promptly projectile vomits all over the Social Worker.

INT. LOUIS'S CAR - DAY

Louis drives. Ralph is a passenger.

Long silence.

COME OUT to reveal: Ralph is sitting in the seat with no pants on. His mid-section is surrounded by three diapers duct taped together.

LOUIS

Let's try to see the bright side of this.

RALPH

You're fired. Worst manager ever.

Long silence.

LOUIS

Are you drunk enough that you're not going to remember this tomorrow?

RALPH

Pull the car over. Now! Pull the damn car over!!!

Louis pulls the car over and Ralph gets out.

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ralph begins walking down the sidewalk, dress shirt and three child diapers on.

LOUIS

Ralph, come on! You can't walk home from here!

Ralph reaches a corner and comes to a stop in front of a massive SCHOOL GROUP (4th grade), dressed like they're on a field trip.

Ralph rolls his eyes and stops.

And his diapers come apart and fall to the ground.

His brown ass flaps in the wind.

As twenty 4th graders stand in combined awe and horror, looking straight at Ralph's now-uncovered groin.

Ralph immediately covers himself with his hands.

Louis watches the whole scene and face-palms.

An on-foot cop sees Ralph's display from across the street and pulls out his gun, runs across traffic!

COP

Put your hands in the air and put
your ass on the ground!!!

Ralph doesn't put his hands in the air - they're covering his crotch.

COP (CONT'D)

Hands up, mother fucker! Now!!!!

Ralph grimaces and puts his hands in the air.

And the 4th graders gasp all over again.

COP (CONT'D)

Okay, okay, put 'em down!

INT. ESPN NEWS - DAY

The same two ESPN anchors look straight into the camera.

ANCHOR 1

All right, so this just in out of Los Angeles. Some breaking news out of the competitive lumberjack circuit.

ANCHOR 2

Yes, apparently, Ralph Waterstown has been arrested and charged with public indecency.

ANCHOR 1

Sad news. Looks like that comeback will have to be put on hold.

RALPH

Chris Everest? The tennis player?

Louis sighs. Long beat.

LOUIS

Yes, Chris Everest.

RALPH

I don't see the connection.

LOUIS

Elagia has filed for legal separation, she's been granted temporary custody of the kids and all assets, including the house. She has a restraining order out on you - you can't come within fifty yards of her, the kids or your house.

RALPH

What?!!

LOUIS

You exposed your genitalia to twenty 4th graders.

RALPH

Purely accidental. I'll easily get off.

LOUIS

Poor terminology when talking about exposing yourself to twenty fourth graders.

RALPH

You're supposed to be on my side.

LOUIS

You're gonna stay at my place. For now.

Long beat.

RALPH

(pathetic)

I'm in trouble, huh?

LOUIS

Everest. Mt. Everest.

Another long beat. Awkward.

RALPH

So...what's next?

LOUIS

Fun and games. You're going to train, get back into shape, rehab your image, get ready to take back your crown.

RALPH

I dunno, Louis...what about the Fisherman's Wharf Invitational?

LOUIS

Change of plans. You're not ready. You'd get your ass handed to you. We can't let that happen.

(beat)

Plus the Competitive Lumber Jack Association has asked that you, uh, stay away from their competitions until, you know, things....

RALPH

Get satisfied?

LOUIS

Another use of poor terminology.

RALPH

Shit. Do I have to watch *everything* I say now?

LOUIS

You exposed yourself to twenty 4th graders.

RALPH

It was an accident!

Long silence.

LOUIS

Training and rehab start tomorrow.

EXT. LUMBER YARD - DAY

ESPN cameras on jibs and booms stands everywhere, pointed in towards a massive rectangle filled with massive pieces of wood, large chunks of trees and saws. Saws of all kinds -

-- hand saws, chain saws, small saws, big saws.

Milling around are large, brawny men - LUMBER JACKS.

EXT. STANSKI'S TENT - SAME

Stalin stands next to a table where Stanski lays naked, getting a massage from another massive, muscular man.

STALIN

The Lumber Hack's a no-show.

STANSKI

He is scared of me!

STALIN

Yes. Well, that -- and he was asked by the Association to stay away until his legal problems, um...resolve themselves.

STANSKI

Prevert.

STALIN

Pervert. Yes. There is no reason why you can't lay waste to this competition. Just do it. Just. Do. It.

INT. ESPN BOOTH - DAY

LEIF JOHANSON (50's) wearing a red flannel shirt, face featuring a full beard; and SCOTT VAN PELT (40's), shaved head, bespectacled, sit at an ESPN desk.

VAN PELT

I'm Scott Van Pelt and this is Leif Johanson - not to be confused with Leif Johnson. There is an extra letter. How you doing there, Leif?

LEIF

(Minnesotan accent)

Let's take this seriously, Scott. This is the second most popular sport, per capita in nearly sixty-three countries across the world.

VAN PELT

And we both know that is an untrue statement. But here we are - at the Fisherman's Wharf invitational. You wanna walk us through some of the main story lines, Leif?

LEIF

I'd love to talk about the story lines, but apparently I am a liar.

Silence. Dead air.

VAN PELT

Okay - let's just get to the competition and maybe our production team can dig up some actual factual statistics to feed to Mr. Johnson.

EXT. COMPETITION AREA - DAY

A large rectangle featuring several competition areas is surrounded on all four sides by grand stands filled with people.

LEIF (V.O.)

Johanson. There's an extra letter.

EXT. WOOD CHOPPING - DAY

Stanski stands next to a massive log, axe in hand. Beside him on both sides are fellow JACKS, prepped and ready for competition, also holding axes.

LEIF (V.O.)

This is our first competition - any clue what it's called, Scott?

SCOTT (V.O.)

The log chop?

A starting GUN SHOT sounds.

Immediately the lumber jacks spring into motion, chop, chop, chopping at their logs.

Stanski leans on his axe for a long moment, yawns.

SCOTT (V.O.)

What is Stanski doing, Leif?

LEIF (V.O.)

Why don't you tell me, Van Pelt?
Maybe the producers can feed you
actual factials.

Stanski suddenly picks up his axe and in four quick swings, he chops through the log -- far ahead of any of the other Jacks.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Oh, my God! That was the most
amazing thing I've ever seen!

LEIF (V.O.)

Maybe now you can understand why
this is so popular in sixty-three
countries.

EXT. TREE CLIMBING - DAY

A gunshot sounds and all the Lumber Jacks, including Stanski, wrap a rope around a tree and, using metal cleats, run straight up a tree.

Stanski easily comes in first place and climbs on top of the cut-off tree and pounds his chest like King Kong.

EXT. CHAIN SAW STATION - DAY

Stanski revs the engine of his chain saw in one hand and pumps his fist, pumping up the crowd, who goes wild.

The lumber jacks around Stanski just stand at their logs, chain saws idling.

LEIF (V.O.)

Pelter, this guy is the best this
sport - and really, any sport -
has to offer. He is pure
entertainment, pure power,
absolute strength. He kicks ass
because he's so kick ass.

SCOTT (V.O.)

(sarcasm)
AND you're philosophical?

A gunshot sounds and all of the jacks go at their logs. Stanski is through his log in mere seconds and then uses his chain saw to carve the end of his log.

LEIF (V.O.)

Oh, my God! He's broken Ralph Waterstown's fifteen year old record! He's a god!

SCOTT (V.O.)

What is he doing now?

LEIF (V.O.)

I dunno, Scott, but not since Ralph Waterstown and, before him, Paul B. Sheedy, has anyone dominated so completely!

The other lumber jacks finish up, out of breath and look over at the mist of wood chips and Stanski's glistening muscles.

Stanski finishes to reveal that he has carved a circumcision on the end of his log - clearly forming a head and a urethra.

EXT. ESPN BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

LEIF

And THAT, Scott, is why this sport is so popular.

Scott leans in to look at a small screen in the desk.

SCOTT

Is that a penis?

INT. LOUIS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ralph sits on the couch, a bowl of cereal in hand, his beard white with milk. He slurps down another bite as Louis walks into the room.

LOUIS

What are you doing?

RALPH

Did you see what that asshole Austrian did?

LOUIS

He broke your record.

RALPH

He carved a log into a penis.
That's just disrespectful.

LOUIS

Your training starts today.

RALPH

Training? I train myself, Louis,
you know that. Always have.
Always will.

LOUIS

It's not enough anymore. Fetley
and the Lumber Jack Association
have already said they won't let
you compete unless you transform
yourself socially. So - let me
introduce you to your new team.

RALPH

Transform myself socially? What
the...?

AISABUROU FUKUSHIMA (70's) Japanese, old, but still black-
haired, using a cane, walks into the room.

LOUIS

Aisaburou Fukushima - your
physical trainer.

RALPH

This guy? He's like ninety.

LOUIS

You can call him Fukushima.

RALPH

Fuck-you-shima?!

FUKUSHIMA

(*italics*=Japanese
with subtitles)

*You fat slob, I'll fuck you in the
Oshiri.*

This phrase ends with what sounds like "fook-ee-oshiri".

RALPH

I already got your name?
(to Louis)
What'd he say before that?

LOUIS

I don't speak Japanese. Your next trainer...

SHERRY STERLING (30's), African-American, beautiful if not a little Mom-esque, walks into the room.

RALPH

Is this the help?

LOUIS

THIS is why you need training! Sherry Sterling, your new race relations trainer.

RALPH

I think you've mistaken me for someone who doesn't understand race relations.

SHERRY

Ralph, I've watched tapes of you speaking and you're one racist cracker.

(brilliant smile)

I'm going to beat that shit out of you.

LOUIS

Good. Now, your final trainer.

JESUS IBANEZ (40's), petite Hispanic male, wearing a full body jumpsuit reminiscent of Elvis in the 70's - but tighter...much, much tighter - jaunts briskly in.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Jesus Ibanez - your sensitivity coach.

JESUS

Honey, by the end of this you are gonna be a lover, not a fighter.

Ralph looks Jesus up and down, grimaces openly, then shudders. Jesus points and puts his hands on his hips.

JESUS (CONT'D)

THAT is what I'm talking about.

The three trainers stand together.

LOUIS

Your training starts today.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Ralph runs along, panting, as all three trainers ride in a golf cart driven by Louis. All three trainers hold bullhorns.

FUKUSHIMA

*You blow assholes with your dick
whistle, you fat fuck!*

RALPH

I don't understand you!

SHERRY

You run like a fat white guy!

RALPH

That seems vaguely racist.

JESUS

Run faster, you faggot!

RALPH

And really, pretty homophobic!

JESUS

How does it feel, bitch?!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The trainers still sit on the golf cart next to a large tree. Ralph stands and looks at the tree nervously.

JESUS

Just do it. Quit being a little
front-butt bitch!

SHERRY

You will never overcome your
hatred of other races until you
can confront your own fears.

FUKUSHIMA

*Just do what I tell you, you cunt
bag, donkey-dicked cum swallower!*

RALPH

Guys, I dunno.

JESUS

Do it!

Ralph looks at the ground, then the tree, then back at the ground and suddenly takes off running.

He runs up the tree and attempts to flip but just as his body gets parallel to the ground, he simply falls straight down - as the trainers grimace.

FUKUSHIMA

This man has beefy curtains for a penis!

On the ground, Ralph groans.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Ralph swims, gasping for breath with every stroke.

The three trainers, each holding their bullhorns, sit in a boat skippered by Louis.

SHERRY

Swimming is a sport my people never mastered because we were in chains and dropped off the back of slave ships! How does that make you feel, you asshole honkey cracker? Your people did this! YOU did this!!

LOUIS

Are we talking all white people, here, or just Ralph?

JESUS

(whispers to Louis)
Where'd you find her?

FUKUSHIMA

This bitch has obvious major emotional problems.

Ralph comes up for a breath and breathes in several pieces of trash floating in the murky water.

COME OUT to reveal he's swimming in the L.A. River.

He stops swimming and stands up, sputtering, spitting out water and trash.

He's covered from head to toe in filth.

RALPH

God dammit! This shit sucks a ZZ
Top Member's nut sack!

EXT. TREE - DAY

The three trainers and Louis stand at the foot of a massive oak tree, two on each side, across from each other, hands joined.

Ralph is about twenty feet up in the tree.

FUKUSHIMA

*If you do not jump into our arms,
I will shove my cane so far up
your snatch hole, you will smell
walnut in your hypothalamus.*

RALPH

What did he say? Does anyone
speak Japanese?

JESUS

Just jump! We will catch you!

RALPH

I'm not really comfortable not
understanding a word Fukushima is
saying!

FUKUSHIMA

*You should jump. Your sexhole is
showing up your skirt!*

RALPH

What?! What is he saying?!!

LOUIS

(quietly)
Guys, he is deathly afraid of
heights. Are we sure the four of
us can catch him? He's, uh...
pretty high -- and pretty big.

RALPH

What are you guys talking about
down there?

SHERRY

Ralph, you have to learn to trust
us. You have to trust fall. We
WILL catch you.

RALPH

I need the Jap to assure me. In English.

Louis and the two trainers look intently at Fukushima.

FUKUSHIMA

(perfect English)

Mr. Waterstown, I have trained noble ninjas for decades. I assure you, your descent here will be stopped by your trainers.

RALPH

You speak perfect fucking English?

FUKUSHIMA

Jump, you pansy cunt bag!

RALPH

All right, I'm jumping!

Ralph works his way to the edge of his branch and, just as he's about to jump, Louis's phone rings.

Louis holds up his finger to pause the proceedings and lets go of the hand he's holding onto. The three trainers relax -

-- just as Ralph loses his balance and falls face first to the ground.

He groans as the trainers look down at him.

RALPH (CONT'D)

(muffled by the ground)

Team building sucks Jessica Simpson's asshole.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sherry stands in front of the television, holding the remote. Ralph sits on the couch.

SHERRY

The reason people are racist is because they do not understand other races or cultures. So, today, we will study other cultures.

She hits play and Chris Tucker and Jackie Chan pop up on the screen - the famous "Do you understand the words coming out of my mouth?" scene from *Rush Hour*.

As the scene cuts away, Sherry hits pause.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Do you see what happened there?

RALPH

A black man was pretty racist to an Asian man.

Sherry sighs and hits rewind. Long, awkward silence as it rewinds.

SHERRY

Black people can't be racist.
Watch it again.

She hits play.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM - DAY

Ralph sits on a workout machine, a Japanese-English dictionary in hand.

Fukushima stands by the massive wall-length mirror, a marker in his hand. He draws a penis on the mirror.

FUKUSHIMA

You will never overcome your lack of intelligence, but you can still be great - as great as a mentally disabled asshole can be.

Ralph feverishly flips through the translator, then looks up at the old Asian man.

RALPH

You think I'm highly intelligent and will be great?

FUKUSHIMA

You have the mental capacity of an eight year old and a body shaped like a six foot five vagina.

Ralph flips through the dictionary, looks up.

RALPH

Um...I am an eight year old boy with a vagina?

Long silence.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Why is there a penis on my mirror?

Fukushima looks up at his handiwork and points to it as he looks back at Ralph.

FUKUSHIMA

Motivation.

RALPH

I do not understand your techniques -- or your sentences.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ralph sits on the bed, looks bored.

JESUS (O.S.)

When I step into your view, Ralph, I'd like for you to give me the first thought that pops into your head. Absolutely no filter.

Ralph rolls his eyes.

JESUS (CONT'D)

Ready?

RALPH

Let's do it!

Jesus steps out of the walk-in closet in a pink tutu.

JESUS

Go!

RALPH

A gay guy coming out of the closet.

(beat)

In a tutu.

Jesus throws his hands up in despair and walks back into the closet.

JESUS

You're hopeless!

Ralph looks confused.

RALPH

A *pink* tutu?

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Sweat pours off Ralph's face as he does pushups. On the other side of the room, Fukushima angrily paces back and forth.

FUKUSHIMA

*You will never be champion again
when you are so much a loser.*

An iPhone sits next to Ralph with a translator app open and running. SIRI's cold, robotic voice speaks through the phone's small speakers.

SIRI

Translation: You never champion
will be for you loser are.

RALPH

What the...

FUKUSHIMA

*How you were ever champion no one
knows or understands. You are a
fat slob that is loved by no one.*

SIRI

Translation: Champion, you were,
no one knows how. Fat slob you
are. Loved by no one.

Ralph stops doing push up and rolls over on his back, out of breath.

RALPH

Are these phrases meant to be
motivational? I mean, translated
you do sound a bit like Yoda.
That ups the inspiration factor a
bit, I guess.

FUKUSHIMA

(screams)
*You get back to work, you stupid,
horse-brained piece of fucking dog
shit!!!*

Ralph looks at the iPhone for a long beat while the translator processes.

SIRI

Translation: You get back to work,
you stupid, horse-brained piece of
fucking dog shit.

Ralph turns over and starts doing pushups again.

RALPH

(whispers)

These translation apps suck.
There's no way that's what he's
saying.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sherry points to Ice Cube on the television, from the
movie *Friday*.

SHERRY

What rap group was this man in?!

RALPH

Wu Tang Clan!

SHERRY

No!!!

She whacks his knuckles with a long pointer.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Jesus does a sensual lap dance as tears roll freely down
Ralph's cheeks. Jesus stands up and sees the tears.

JESUS

You know what makes ME sad, Ralph?
Homophobes who can't understand
that a lap dance doesn't mean
anything sexual!

Jesus storms from the room.

INT. WORKOUT ROOM - DAY

Ralph does sit ups, straight into Fukushima's crotch.

FUKUSHIMA

*You deviant piece of shit. You
will never amount to anything.
You are worthless.*

Each time, on the way back down, Ralph blows like he's trying to get fuzzies out of his mouth.

FUKUSHIMA (CONT'D)

*You can eat my testicles in a bowl
of shit soup, for all I care.
Work, you little asshole, work.*

Ralph leans back on his elbows.

RALPH

Gin-Gin, what the hell is he saying?

Fukushima turns around to find GIN-GIN a tiny little Asian woman, writing shorthand in a NOTEBOOK.

Gin-Gin turns back a page in her notebook and reads.

GIN-GIN

You are a deviant piece of donkey poop. You will never amount to anything. Worthless. Then you speak something about a robe and he reply: You can eat my testicles in a bowl of...

RALPH

All right, I've heard enough! I knew you were saying horrible things to me - I just needed to have proof. I don't like it, Master, not one bit.

Fukushima looks angrily back at Gin-Gin, then karate kicks Ralph right in the groin.

FUKUSHIMA

(English)

I do not care if you like me one bit! I am here to turn you into a master lumber jack again! Do you want to be the Lumber Hack?! Then you must learn to embrace the pain! Embrace the pain!!!

Ralph curls up in a ball, holding his crotch.

RALPH

I do not understand your ways!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ralph sits on the bed. Jesus comes out in his whitey tighties.

JESUS

I'm going to come and give you a hug, Ralph.

Ralph holds his hand up to stop Jesus.

RALPH

Look, Jesus - you seem really cool. I feel like you and I should go grab some beers and just hang out. But my problem now isn't that you're gay. It's that I'm not. And so, you throwing your body at me like this, it's just as offensive as if I were to make comments about your liking men's lubed up sex holes.

Jesus is taken aback.

RALPH (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, it's great that you're gay. But it's great that I'm not gay. So you wanting to hug me in your whitey tighties doesn't bug me because you're gay. It bugs me because you're a dude trying to hug me in his whitey tighties.

Jesus stands up straight and holds out his hand.

JESUS

Ralph Waterstown, I am proud of you. Now, let me go put on something more appropriate.

Jesus goes into the closet.

EXT. BACKYARD SHED - DAY

Sherry leads Ralph behind a large shed in Louis's backyard, points to a telephone pole.

RALPH

What are we doing here?

SHERRY

Put your stomach against the pole
and wrap your arms around it.

RALPH

Um...okay.

Ralph obeys the order. Sherry immediately handcuffs his hands around the telephone pole.

RALPH (CONT'D)

What the...?

SHERRY

You're not getting the message,
Ralph. Drastic times call for
drastic measures.

RALPH

I'm totally getting it! Totally!
I know now that Fifty Cent is
known for more than just Vitamin
Water. Ice Cube was in NWA, which
coincidentally, I'm not allowed to
pronounce except in acronym form!

Sherry walks away, around the shed.

RALPH (CONT'D)

What? Where are you going?

Silence. No response.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Um -- Sherry, um...

Nothing.

Suddenly, from around the corner, Sherry comes running,
holding a stick and a whip.

She uses the stick to hit Ralph square across the face,
then walks behind Ralph

Ralph looks over his shoulder, trying to catch a glimpse
of what she's doing. Suddenly, his eyes fill with
terror.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Louis stands with Jesus and Fukushima.

LOUIS

So, three days in - how do we think we're doing?

FUKUSHIMA

I am actually proud of how far Mr. Ralph has come.

LOUIS

Did you do "wax on, wax off" like I asked you?

Fukushima only glares at Louis.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Okay - Jesus, how's it going? Did you ask him to pray to you? To confess his worst sins?

JESUS

My training with him is done. I think he finally gets it.

Suddenly, from outside, the SOUND of a man screaming.

LOUIS

Ralph?

They all three go running into the backyard -

-- and see nothing.

Then, the sound of a whip CRACKING and another SCREAM.

They go running around the shed to find Ralph, shirt off, tied to the telephone pole, back out, eyes wild with fear.

About eight feet away, Sherry is winding up a massively long whip.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

Uh, Sherry - what are you doing?

SHERRY

I tol't him I'd beat that shit out of him! I'm just giving him what he deserves.

She pulls back to swing the whip again, as the other three men scream and run towards her.

EXT. LOUIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Ralph sits on the front porch, watches as the police drive off with Sherry in the back seat. She screams something at Ralph, though he can't hear her through the window.

The police cars disappear over a hill.

Louis, standing off to the side of the porch, sits down next to Ralph on the steps.

LOUIS

Well - that was --

RALPH

The best thing that ever happened to me.

LOUIS

What?

RALPH

I never realized I was such an ass. I thought I was a nice guy with a few rough edges who played this bad boy character. But I was just an ass.

LOUIS

Well, I guess we all have that realization at some point.

Fukushima and Jesus come out the front door onto the porch, carrying their bags. Ralph and Louis stand up.

RALPH

You guys leaving?

JESUS

You've been trained. Now, go win.

FUKUSHIMA

The vagina walls of the world can now handle you being a massive cock wagon.

RALPH

Gin-Gin, what'd he just say?

Gin-Gin is standing over in a corner, mousily unnoticed.

GIN-GIN

Um...he say: you can now handle
being the big man.

(beat)

I say: go win!

They all cheer.

Suddenly everyone goes silent, looks towards the street.

Ralph turns around to see what everyone is looking at -

-- Elagia, standing, wearing a classy dress that accents
her ginormous breasts.

RALPH

Elagia, what -- what are you doing
here?

ELAGIA

I've been getting updates from
Louis constantly. He says my
favorite wanker is a changed man.
Is it true, you beautiful, lustful
chap, you?

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Elagia and her magnificent boob-ary glands (still in her
dress) bounce up and down as she makes scarily passionate
love. She moans and groans with every thrust, she twists
her hips and rubs her hair.

RALPH

So good to see you, I've missed
you!

ELAGIA

Shut up! I didn't come here for
you to talk! I came here for an
update.

Ralph goes into think mode for a long moment as Elagia
continues to bounce.

RALPH

Wait, what do you mean by update?

ELAGIA

What do you think I mean, you
stupid American? We have a date
and you stick it up me!

RALPH

But...I thought you said Louis was giving you updates.

Elagia stops bouncing and looks on him with pity.

ELAGIA

Oh, darling, we weren't together, were we?

Ralph looks like he's been hit by a truck.

ELAGIA (CONT'D)

A woman has her needs, don't she?

EXT. LOUIS'S HOUSE - DAY

Ralph comes bursting out of the house. Louis still stands with Jesus and Fukushima on the steps.

RALPH

What the hell are you still doing here?

JESUS

We knew it wouldn't take long. We were in the middle of saying goodbye.

FUKUSHIMA

We could not leave before the stakes were raised at the mid-point!

Elagia follows him out onto the porch.

RALPH

Louis, you are my best friend! Tell me about these *UPDATES* you've been giving my wife.

Louis looks shocked. He blubbers, looking back and forth between Elagia and Ralph.

And then he simply takes off running down the street.

They all watch him until he disappears around a corner.

Ralph turns back around to Elagia.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You have broken me to the core, you devil woman.

ELAGIA

Oh, please. We had an arrangement
- I'm hot, you got to touch me.

RALPH

You were the one trying to rape me
on an hourly basis!

Ralph walks down the walkway to the sidewalk.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Expect to hear from my
manager...er, uh...lawyer - you
won't get anything, you money
grubbing, sexually deviant ho!

(beat)

Oh and tell the kids to stay away
from the fucking cage. And I'm
serious!

Ralph goes running down the street the opposite way of
Louis. Jesus, Fukushima and Elagia all watch until he
finally disappears.

JESUS

Does no one drive here?

Jesus walks out to his car, gets in and drives off.

FUKUSHIMA

*To run away from love because of a
speed bump is to spit in the face
of destiny.*

ELAGIA

Gin-Gin, what did he just say?

GIN-GIN

Some fortune cookie bullshit! I'm
out!

Gin-Gin walks to a car, gets in and drives off.

ELAGIA

Just you and me, old man.

Fukushima walks out to a car.

FUKUSHIMA

*Never been a fan of the big
titties. Too much flopping
around. Bad for back.*

Fukushima gets in his car and drives off.

INT. STANSKI'S MANSION - WORKOUT ROOM - NIGHT

Stanski pumps iron like no one's business, sweat pouring off of him.

The door to the room opens up and someone walks in.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

After everything that's happened,
even if he does compete, he won't
be able to handle it mentally.

Stanski rubs his hands together, deviously! And then
laughs a maniacal cackle!

STANSKI

I will crush his skull between my
hands and then make love to his
eye sockets until I make his brain
mush from my jizm.

Long beat.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Metaphorically speaking, of
course.

STANSKI

I do not ever speak in metaphors.

And he laughs maniacally again.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - DAY

A large sign on the door reads "Dean Fetley:
Commissioner, National Association of Competitive Lumber
Jacking"

Ralph and Louis sit across from each other in the waiting
room. Louis looks sad. Ralph crosses his arms angrily.

The door opens and a SECRETARY sticks her head into the
outer office.

SECRETARY

Mr. Fetley will see you now.

They both stand up and Ralph leads the way into...

FETLEY'S OFFICE

DEAN FETLEY (50's), balding, bearded and angry-looking.
He waves for them to come in.

FETLEY

Well, come on!

RALPH

Shut the door, traitor.

LOUIS

Ralph, I'm...

FETLEY

I don't give a shit about you women's problems. Ralph, you're a treasure to this sport. But god dammit, you're a fucking asshole everywhere else. The best thing that happened to me as commissioner was you retiring.

LOUIS

I think Ralph has made a great strides lately, Commissioner.

FETLEY

Who the fuck are you?

RALPH

He's my manager-slash-back-stabbing-mother-fucking-asshole-friend.

FETLEY

Again, I don't give a shit about you lady's problems. Ralph, are you gonna be an embarrassment or not?

RALPH

Sir, I'm a new man. No more racism, sexism or homophobia from me.

Fetley looks long and hard at Ralph.

FETLEY

You still got that ornate Hitler stein?

RALPH

Yes.

FETLEY

Hitler really owned that thing?

RALPH

Or looked at it once - I mean,
either way...

FETLEY

All right - you're back in.

Fetley sits down and begins sifting through paper work.
After a long moment, he looks back up.

FETLEY (CONT'D)

What? Get the fuck out!

Louis and Ralph exit.

OUTER OFFICE

The door closes behind them.

LOUIS

Ralph, I'm your best friend and
your manager.

RALPH

Worst manager ever. You fuck up
my career then fuck up my wife's
vagina. How do you make that
leap? It's illogical.

LOUIS

Don't compete. You're not ready.

RALPH

Fuck you.

LOUIS

Well, at least don't drink
tonight, Ralph.

RALPH

Shoulda told me to drink, cuz I'm
doing exactly the opposite of
whatever you tell me.

Ralph walks out.

INT. BAR - DAY

Ralph walks in, sits down at the bar and slams a fifty cent piece down on the counter.

A BARTENDER (20's), steps in front of him.

BARTENDER
What can I do for you?

RALPH
Alcohol.

BARTENDER
That's kind of what we do.

RALPH
Then do it, dammit!

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

A group of large, bearded men, mostly wearing flannel, mingle around a large room, eat snacks, drink champagne.

The doors to the conference room open and a hush falls over the room as Stanski enters with his pig and looks around.

STANSKI
Party tonight. Tomorrow...

Long beat as everyone waits with baited breath.

STANSKI (CONT'D)
Tomorrow, you lose!

A DJ immediately begins playing some 70's cheese and all of the large bearded men head out to the dance floor.

After a long moment of revelry, the doors open again and the music scratches off.

Everyone turns to see Ralph enter. He looks a little tipsy as he stumbles into the room.

STANSKI (CONT'D)
Everyone, everyone - welcome back
Mister Ralph Waterstown: nine time
world champion.

Ralph waves.

STANSKI (CONT'D)

Ralph, don't you have some little kids somewhere you should be exposing yourself to?

Ralph immediately takes off running straight at Stanski, who expertly dodges, sending Ralph head-first into the wall behind him.

Everyone laughs. Ralph stands back up, a bit dazed.

STANSKI (CONT'D)

This man is a cautionary tale to everyone who does what we do. Sit on your ass too long and you become fat and drunk -- and a sexual predator.

Ralph walks up to Stanski, grabs his shoulder and turns him around.

Stanski uses his other hand to punch Ralph. Hard.

Ralph goes flying into the wall again, falls to his butt. He puts his hand to his bloody nose, realizes he's bleeding.

STANSKI (CONT'D)

You will have to come back to competition because you spent all your money on a cheap whore of a woman, with her fake breasts and her lipo and her collagen treatments!

Ralph stands up.

RALPH

She may be a dirty English whore who cheats on me with my best friend and manager, and those titties may be fake - but that witch has *never* gotten lipo or collagen.

Ralph runs at Stanski again. Stanski again evades, this time taking Ralph by his collar and belt buckle and throwing him onto a table full of snacks.

The table crashes to the ground, with Ralph.

STANSKI

You are a disgrace, Ralph. We're a brotherhood you're no longer a part of.

Stanski looks around the room as the other lumberjacks nervously nod along with him.

STANSKI (CONT'D)

You are a blight upon the community of Lumber Jacks!

LUMBERJACKS

Here! Here!

Stanski turns to Ralph, who has finally made it back to his feet, covered with punch and sandwich meat.

STANSKI

You may compete, Ralph, but we will not honor you anymore. You are not -- one of us.

The Lumberjacks all begin to pound their feet on the ground. This goes on for a long moment until Stanski waves and they all stop, in sync.

STANSKI (CONT'D)

Why don't you go join Paul B. Sheedy in the Lumberjack after life?

RALPH

Why do you hate me so much? Don't get me wrong, I fucking hate your guts. I mean, literally, if you were being raped by a gaggle of male seals - just squeaking and squawking away as the dug their cute little seal penises into you - I would literally point and laugh and call you a blubber fucker for the rest of your days on earth. But, man, I want everyone to like me! Why can't you just fucking like me?!

Stanski runs over to Ralph and grabs him by his collar, puts his face inches from Ralph's.

STANSKI

I'll tell you, Ralph -- when I am watching the life go out from your eyes, your soul leaving your body, dead from the work of my hands.

Long silence.

RALPH

Metaphorically speaking?

Stanski pushes him back into the wall and walks away.

STANSKI

Music! Dancing! Now!

The music starts back up and the dancing joins it.

Stanski turns to Ralph and cuts his index finger across his neck.

STANSKI (CONT'D)

(over the music)

I don't speak in metaphors!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Light breaks through the curtains, shining onto Ralph, still dressed in his flannel shirt.

One side of his shirt is covered with puke.

He stirs awake and groans, looks down at the puke, shakes his head in shame.

RALPH

I might as well just grow a vagina.

He looks to the sky and yells.

RALPH (CONT'D)

God! What are you trying to do right now? Forty-two years of never throwing up! Now twice in a week?! And my career is blowing ass? And that Stanski kid hates me? My life sucks!

He sits up on the side of the bed, then finally gets up - and immediately loses his balance and falls face-first into the wall across the room, then to the ground.

EXT. ESPN BOOTH - DAY

Scott Van Pelt and Leif Johanson sit in the booth, looking straight into the camera, as before.

SCOTT

I think we all agree that the big story line here is the return of Ralph Waterstown, one week after Gregory Stanski broke his long-held record in the chain saw competition.

LEIF

I'd be surprised if ol' Ralph Waterstown is as good as he once was. But that man at eighty percent is better than most at a hundred.

SCOTT

I like your math.

EXT. COMPETITION AREA - DAY

Ralph, wearing sunglasses and ear plugs, shuffles into the arena. As he does a group of fans begin cheering.

FANS

Lum-ber Hack! Lum-ber Hack! Lum-ber Hack! Lum-ber Hack!

Ralph waves and smiles weakly.

He walks to the log chop and picks up an axe.

One of the Lumber Jacks from the night before walks nervously over to Ralph and whispers to him.

LUMBER JACK 1

Sorry.

Ralph looks confused as the Lumber Jack turns his axe around, handle-first, and hits Ralph in the nuts.

Ralph drops to his knees and the crowd goes crazy with anger.

A REFEREE (in Zebra uniform) comes running over and throws a flag in the air.

REF

You're outta here! Leave the
competition area.

Lumber Jack 1's shoulders droop, he drops his axe and makes his way out of the arena as fans hurl insults at him.

REF (CONT'D)

You okay there, boss?

Ralph stands up and nods. He grabs his axe and heads to his log.

Suddenly from the far corner, Stanski appears -- and the crowd goes absolute bonkers. Rock music blares from the loud speakers and he waves to each and every fan.

He walks straight over to Ralph and whispers to him.

STANSKI

Are you ready to be demolished?

RALPH

I'm having bad day, don't make it
worse.

STANSKI

I will make it worse. Much worse!

Stanski heads to his log.

EXT. ESPN SHOT OF THE COMPETITION - DAY

The crowd is prime and ready. All the lumberjacks have their axes ready.

SCOTT (V.O.)

I don't know that I've ever seen a
crowd so pumped up to watch grown
men cut wood with axes.

LEIF (V.O.)

Then you've never see the Lumber
Hack in action, Scott.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Here's a question for you, Leif -
when the competition is over, who
gets to take home the fire wood?

A gun shot sounds and the lumber jacks immediately go to chopping their wood.

Ralph actually looks good. He's chopping quickly and consistently -

-- when suddenly, on a back swing, the axe head comes flying off and sticks into the stands directly in front of a massive fat white woman -

-- who promptly faints.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Oh, wow - it looked like Waterstown actually had a chance to win it!

LEIF (V.O.)

That's the drama of a sport like this one! Anything could go wrong at any time.

Stanski quickly chops through his log.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Well, not anything, really. I mean, you're not going to have a car crash or an ACL injury.

A visibly angry Ralph paces back and forth.

Stanski drops his axe and points at Ralph.

STANSKI

I do not speak in metaphors!

Ralph angrily brings his axe handle down on his knee -- and it doesn't break.

Ralph limps around, trying to walk off the pain.

EXT. LOG FLIP - DAY

All the lumber jacks stands, a massive tree trunk piece in front of them.

SCOTT (V.O.)

So, this is the log flip. Can you explain this to me again, Leif?

LEIF (V.O.)

Basically, each jack must flip this log end over end until reaching the finish line.

SCOTT (V.O.)

That sounds incredibly impractical. In what context would this skill be used in actual lumber jacking?

LEIF (V.O.)

Is it any less practical than kickoffs in the NFL or jump balls in the NBA? Sport is based on impracticalities.

A gun shot sounds and the lumber jacks immediately go to flipping their logs, end over end.

Surprisingly, early in the race, Ralph is in first place. He seems like he is finally at home, doing his thing.

From Ralph's left, another Jack (Lumber Jack 2) begins to swerve with his log and tosses the log right into the back of Ralph's leg.

Ralph's leg crumples and he falls to the ground.

As the crowd boos, the Ref comes running over and throws a flag at Lumber Jack 2.

REF

You're outta here!

Lumber Jack 2 looks with pity on Ralph.

LUMBER JACK 2

I'm so sorry.

And then he walks out of the competition area.

Back on the course, Stanski finishes slightly behind MAGNUS MAGNUSSON, massively muscular.

EXT. ESPN BOOTH - DAY

LEIF

Looks like, after the whole mess with The Lumber Hack that the Fin Magnus Magnusson has come in first place, just ahead of Gregory Stanski.

SCOTT

I guess we can finally legitimately call it the Finnish line.

LEIF

Stay tuned, ESPN nation, for the first on-air murder-suicide.

SCOTT

Aaaand that's our cue for a word from our fine sponsors.

EXT. COMPETITION AREA - DAY

Ralph sits on a bench off the side and LUMBER JACK 3 sits down next him.

RALPH

Oh, God, you're not gonna hurt me, too, are you?

LUMBER JACK 3

Stanski has it out for you.

RALPH

One event left and I haven't finished one yet.

LUMBER JACK 3

The Austrian has bounties on your head. You're not in a good spot.

Lumber Jack 3 stands up.

LUMBER JACK 3 (CONT'D)

Get through this one. And then get out of here, never return. Don't look back. Better to be alive than dead. I really believe he will kill you. And not metaphorically.

He walks away.

EXT. TREE CLIMBING - DAY

All the lumber jacks stand at the bottom of their trees.

SCOTT (V.O.)

Well, Gregory Stanski has once again secured an overall win going into the last event. It really doesn't matter how well he does in this specific event. Anything to add, Leif?

LEIF (V.O.)
You're a hack, Van Pelt.

SCOTT (V.O.)
Thank you. I would put credence
in your statement, if you weren't
a retired competitive lumber jack.
So suck on that, Johnson.

LEIF (V.O.)
Johanson. Extra...whatever.

At the trees, Stanski gives a nod and a knowing look to Lumber Jack 3.

The gun shot sounds and the lumber jacks shoot up their respective trees - with the exception of Lumber Jack 3.

Surprisingly, Ralph easily wins the competition!

LEIF (V.O.)
And that's it! That's the
beginning of the comeback, Scott!
It's not what he wanted, I'm sure,
but it's a start that I'm sure
he'll pick up on next week in the
World Championship!

FANS
Lum-ber Hack! Lum-ber Hack! Lum-
ber Hack!

Ralph stands at the top of his tree and cheers as the crowd goes wild.

The other lumber jacks slide down their trees and to the ground.

Ralph looks down and closes his eyes nervously.

LEIF (V.O.)
The Lumber Hack has long dealt
with a well-publicized battle with
his fear of heights. This
competition usually ends with him
slowly making way back down the
tree.

Suddenly, Lumber Jack 3 is back in the competition area, holding an axe. He walks over to Ralph's tree, looks up at Ralph sadly, and then goes to chopping down his tree.

RALPH
What are you doing?!

STANSKI

Looks like he's helping you down,
Ralph.

Lumber Jack 3 chops through the skinny tree in seconds and then pushes it. It falls, in seeming slow motion, to the ground.

As it nears the ground, Ralph unstraps himself and jumps out, landing in the grand stands.

People run to get out of the way.

As Ralph hits the bleachers, the bleachers cave in.

INT. ESPN NEWS - DAY

The two anchors sit at the desk.

ANCHOR 1

The Lumber Hack began his come
back today...

ANCHOR 2

And proceeded to nearly kill
nearly a hundred fans.

VIDEO: of the bleacher's collapsing.

ANCHOR 1

No news on how the Association of
Lumber Jacks plan on handling
Ralph Waterstown in yet another
screw up in a long history of
screw ups!

INT. FETLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

COME OUT of a television showing ESPN news, into Fetley's office.

Fetley pauses the feed and turns to Ralph, who wears bandages on nearly every bare surface.

FETLEY

God, you're just a colossal fuck
up, aren't you?

RALPH

Are you kidding me right now?
That stupid Austrian and his
lackeys did this! Not me!

FETLEY

Well, ESPN News is saying you did it.

RALPH

And they're always right.

FETLEY

I know.

RALPH

No! I was being sarcastic.

FETLEY

Sarcasm is the language of weaklings. Say what you mean and mean what you say.

Long silence.

FETLEY (CONT'D)

I dunno what to do except ban you from competition for now.

RALPH

WHAT?!! The World Championships are next week! I can't miss the World Championships! Don't you see? Stanski is doing this! He doesn't want me to complete my comeback!

FETLEY

(emotionless)

We'll revisit this later.

Fetley begins to go through paperwork again. He looks back up.

RALPH

I know, I know - get the fuck out.

He walks out and slams the door behind him.

INT. SAME BAR AS BEFORE - DAY

Ralph plants himself on a stool. The bartender steps in front of him.

BARTENDER

Something to drink?

RALPH
I wanna get hobo drunk.

The Bartender smiles and pours a full glass of whiskey.

BARTENDER
Every journey needs a first step.

Ralph takes the cup in his hand.

RALPH
To first steps.

EXT. SOMEWHERE - DAY

Ralph wakes up on the ground, a pile of spittle in the dirt beneath him.

He sputters and blubbers awake, rolls over on his back.

He finally opens his eyes and looks around. Sees that he is laying in the midst of -

HOMELESS VILLAGE BENEATH A BRIDGE

He rolls over and gets up on his hands and knees.

RALPH
Ugh, what time is it?

PAUL (O.S.)
Judging by the sun, probably, I dunno - five p.m.

Ralph turns to see PAUL B. SHEEDY (60's), tall, still sturdy at his age, massive full beard, wearing cut off jeans and a flannel shirt with the sleeves cut off.

RALPH
Paul B. Sheedy?

PAUL
That's what they used to call me.

RALPH
Mr. Sheedy. You were -- you are my hero. What...what are you doing here?

Paul gestures around.

PAUL

This is my place now. I'm free!
Now, come on, let's take a walk,
get the blood flowing, get that
Indian juice out of your system.

Just behind Paul, Ralph notices a homeless man squatting, grunting, his pants gathered around his ankles. Paul looks where Ralph is looking.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Ah, yes - that's the noble
gentleman Paul Revere. He does
that sometimes.

(beat)

And by sometimes, I mean twice
daily.

Ralph stands up and follows Paul. They begin to walk around the homeless settlement.

RALPH

I'm so lost, Paul. I mean, my
whole life I have worked to be
like you.

PAUL

Like me? Why?

RALPH

My dad and I would go to the
Invitationals, take videos and I
would watch them at home again and
again. You were -- the greatest
lumber jack to ever live.

PAUL

Some said that. Then that asshole
Ralph Waterstown came down the
pike and broke all my records. I
think he technically, according to
titles, is the greatest lumber
jack to ever live. Technically.

Paul points to a homeless man and woman having sex.

PAUL (CONT'D)

This is Mary and Joseph. Not the
Bible people - just normal people.
They're having sex.

Paul admires the sight for a long moment.

RALPH

Paul, *I'm* Ralph Waterstown.

Paul comes out of his reverie and holds out his hand to Ralph.

PAUL

Why, hello, Ralph, nice to meet you.

RALPH

No - we've met, Paul.

PAUL

Oh, I don't recall that. Nice to meet you again.

RALPH

You were just talking about me - you called me an asshole.

PAUL

I don't think I did that, Ralph. How could I talk about someone I've never met?

He walks on, leaving Ralph behind and confused.

INT. STANSKI'S MANSION - DINING ROOM

Stanski sits at his table, eating alone.

Suddenly the lights turn off. Complete darkness.

FEMALE VOICE

He is with Paul B. Sheedy.

STANSKI

Good. He will learn of his eventual fate.

FEMALE VOICE

What if the old man has a few moments of clarity and inspires him to greatness?

STANSKI

Impossible. The old man is gone. The housing's there, but there's nothing going on upstairs.

FEMALE VOICE

I want to make love in the dark.

STANSKI

Then find me.

SOUND of a chair moving from the table. Then the sound of someone running into something.

FEMALE VOICE

Ow!

STANSKI

I will win.

FEMALE VOICE

It's not a contest.

Sound of her tripping and running into a wall.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Ow! Shit! Gregory, where are you?

STANSKI

You will never find me. I am winner.

FEMALE VOICE

I just want you to screw me!
What's not winning about that?

Sound of her tripping, falling to the ground.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

DAMMIT!!!!

Sound of her standing up and stomping out of the room.

She turns on the light as she leaves. Stanski just watches a blonde, blonde head of hair disappear around the corner.

STANSKI

I told you - I win.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

It's not a fucking competition,
asshole!

EXT. HOMELESS VILLAGE - DAY

Ralph and Paul end up back at Paul's tent/shanty.

RALPH

You were are great lumber jack,
man.

PAUL

I should be, with a name like Paul
Bunyan Sheedy. But that's all
behind me now.

Ralph doesn't know how to process this information. He
looks down at the ground.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I made some breakfast.

He puts a plate down on Ralph's lap.

Ralph looks down at the glop on the plate.

RALPH

What is this?

PAUL

Eggs and bacon.

Ralph looks back at the food. It is certainly not eggs
and bacon - looks more like something the gentleman Paul
Revere might've left behind.

Ralph sets his food down as Paul digs into his food.

RALPH

Don't you have some inspirational
message for me? Something that
will encourage me on the rest of
my journey as I attempt to become
a champion lumber jack again?

Food clings all over Paul's beard.

PAUL

You're a lumber jack?

RALPH

I'm Ralph Waterstown! Nine time
world champion!

PAUL

I think you have me confused with
someone else. I'm Paul B. Sheedy.
I was a competitive lumber jack.

RALPH

That's what I'm --

(beat)

Paul, is this what I have in my future? How the hell did you end up a damn hobo?!

PAUL

How I got here is unimportant, Ralph. What's important is that I'm here. And it's the best thing that every happened to me. No more responsibilities. No more expectations. You said you were a champion?

RALPH

Nine times. Trying to make a comeback right now.

PAUL

I tried to make comebacks, too.

RALPH

Trying to put my family back together.

PAUL

I tried to do that to. Not worth it. Look around you, Ralph. This is your future. This is what you get to look forward to. All of us end up here. This is what we lumberjacks are meant to be - hobos.

RALPH

This is the most disconcerting day of my life.

PAUL

Well, it's shouldn't be. How many people get to see their future?

Long silence.

RALPH

Paul, seriously - is this the best pep talk you got?

PAUL

Do I know you?

RALPH

I'm Ralph? We were just...

PAUL

I'm Paul B. Sheedy. I was a seven time champion lumber jack.

Ralph stands up.

RALPH

I want to thank you for your advice. I'm going to go kill myself now.

PAUL

Good luck, young man!

Ralph staggers away, holding his head.

RALPH

(to himself)

Worst damn set up for a final drive I've ever seen. What happened to great, inspiring monologues? What happened to something like a moment of clarity where the old man comes out and tells me that life is worth living and dreams are worth fighting for? Shit! I can't even get my inspiring moments right!

Ralph gets to the top of the hill and puts his hands on his knees, tries to catch his breath.

His phone rings. He takes it out of his pocket and sees Louis's face on the screen.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Screw you, Louis!

And he throws his phone over the side of the bridge. It hits a homeless man in the back of the head.

HOMELESS MAN

Ow!

He realizes what hit him, picks it up and holds it up towards Ralph and smiles widely.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Thanks!

He goes running off.

RALPH
Dammit! That was impetuous!

INT. FETLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Fetley sits at his desk as Stanski walks in.

FETLEY
Gregory, what a surprise.

STANSKI
Did you find out the thing I asked
you to find out about, when you
were finding out what you needed
to find out?

FETLEY
He has it.

Stanski clinches his fist.

STANSKI
Good. Good. Re-instate him.
It's time to finish this. Make
sure he brings -- IT.

Fetley looks confused.

FETLEY
It?

STANSKI
The thing.

FETLEY
You're going to have to be more
specific, Gregory.

STANSKI
The thing!

Fetley still looks confused.

STANSKI (CONT'D)
The thing that I asked you to find
out about when you were finding
out about the thing. The thing!

FETLEY
Ahh! Yes, the thing! Yes, I will
make sure he brings it.

Stanski heads back to the door but turns around before exiting.

STANSKI

Soon, this will be over. Ralph Waterstown will be torn from limb to limb, his flesh put asunder like it'd been attacked by Jaws itself.

FETLEY

Metaphorically speaking, of course.

STANSKI

God dammit! How many times do I have to tell people: I do NOT speak in metaphors! I do speak in similes, from time to time - not often, but every now and then. Basically, though, if I say I'm going to do something I will do it!

FETLEY

But -- you said that you were going to build an empire through the National Lumber Jack Association and I would be your King. Is that true?

Long silence.

STANSKI

I *sometimes* speak in metaphors. Just not about Ralph Waterstown. In this instance.

And he walks out of the room.

INT. DOWNTOWN BRIDGE - DAY

Ralph stands on a tall bridge, looking down at the ground far below him. Cars cross the bridge behind him.

RALPH

It's been a good life, but I can't end up like this. It's probably better if I just jump.

He inches closer to the guardrail, reaches it and begins to put one leg over the top.

Suddenly, Paul comes running up the hill and towards him.

PAUL

Ralph, Ralph!

Ralph puts his foot back on the ground as Paul reaches him, out of breath.

PAUL (CONT'D)

Ralph, don't go - I had a moment of clarity.

RALPH

Really?

PAUL

Just let me catch my breath.

Paul puts his hands on his knees for a long moment.

RALPH

Gosh, I was beginning to think that this was it. I can't live like this, Paul.

Paul stands up.

PAUL

The thing I want you to remember, Ralph is this: dreams are just that -- dreams. And none of us ever want to wake up from the dream. You and I have gotten to live this dream. We were world champions for goodness sake! World champions!

RALPH

We've lived amazing lives, Paul.

PAUL

And that's what I'm saying to you - we've lived the dream. But that's what it is - a dream. We have to wake ourselves up from the dream.

RALPH

Wait, what? I'm not sure I...

PAUL

We're asleep, Ralph. And it's time to wake up. You die in a dream and you just -- wake up! I saw *Inception*.

RALPH

I am not following you. At all.

PAUL

Time for me to wake up, Ralph!

And Paul simply steps out into the road and is immediately smashed by a semi truck.

Ralph stands in place and wonders what the hell just happened.

RALPH

Whiff of death.

(beat)

Smells like shit.

And then he turns and walks away.

EXT. L.A. STREET - SUNSET

Ralph stumbles along, shoulders slumped.

EXT. ANOTHER STREET - NIGHT

Ralph looks even more exhausted as he walks along.

EXT. RALPH'S MANSION - NIGHT

Ralph stumbles up the front steps to his house.

INT. RALPH'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Ralph walks into his house.

DINING ROOM

Ralph enters and sits down, still in a daze.

Mahatma and Junior walk into the room, see Ralph and excitedly run to their father.

MAHATMA

Father, you're home again!

JUNIOR

Are you home for good?

RALPH

Oh, shit, I'm home. I'm not supposed to be here. Elagia'll call the cops.

Ralph begins to stand up, but Mahatma pushes him back down into the chair.

MAHATMA

You can stay for a bit.

JUNIOR

Dad, you look really messed up. Are you okay?

RALPH

I just saw one of my heroes die.

JUNIOR

That sounds horrible.

RALPH

It was worse than it sounds.

MAHATMA

In our religion, father, no one truly dies. Their earthly vessel might be taken, but they live on - in the Universe.

RALPH

That sounds like bullshit.

JUNIOR

Elagia is a horrible mother. She fed us a can of tuna fish and white chocolate cheesecake for dinner last night.

Ralph recoils in horror.

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

I know!

MAHATMA

Father, are you going to complete your comeback to re-become world champion again?

RALPH

I don't think that's going to happen, son.

JUNIOR

I'm sorry, dad.

RALPH

It's my own fault. I was an idiot - if you learn anything in your life, guys, it's to be nothing like your father.

MAHATMA

Father, you are a good man with a good heart.

RALPH

Mahatma, no one thinks I'm a good man. My current wife hates me. My manager cheated on me with my wife that hates me. The Association won't let me compete because I'm such a dick. My own kids are so emotionally disturbed they started their own religion.

JUNIOR

Mahatma did that - I just play along.

RALPH

I'm just saying - I'm not a good person.

MAHATMA

I'm not saying that you have always been - I'm saying that the man you are today is different than the man you were a month ago. I can see the light in you. Till now, you have been a black hole of darkness.

RALPH

What does that mean?

MAHATMA

It means that who one has been should never define who one can be. You are a world champion. You can be a champion again - even if it is just being the champion of your family.

Ralph has tears in his eyes.

JUNIOR

He's right. You will always be our hero - but you're our hero because we love you, not because you hack endangered wood faster than someone else.

Ralph takes the boys in his arms and hugs them. After a short moment, he pushes them away and looks them closely.

RALPH

You smell like patchouli oil! Why do you...were you playing by the cage?!

The kids look at each other nervously, then back at Ralph. They both nod.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Dammit! I told you to stay away from the cage!

Ralph stands up and walks quickly towards the back of the house, followed by the kids.

He opens up a door and walks down a set of stairs.

BASEMENT

Ralph walks down into the basement and stands with his hands on his hips.

RALPH

Dammit! What was our deal?

RALPH'S POV: 2/3 sized octagon MMA ring, in which two LITTLE PEOPLE, dressed in wrestling outfits and wearing Mexican wrestling masks, stop fighting and look over at him.

RALPH (CONT'D)

This is an *underground* MMMAA! How many times do I have to tell you - when my kids come down here, you pretend like you're inanimate garden gnomes!

WRESTLER 1

Ralph, the Midget Mixed Martial Arts Association is thankful for everything that you've done for us. We will work hard on doing better.

WRESTLER 2

Here's our best garden gnome.

They both freeze in awkward positions.

Ralph's stern face slowly turns to a smile.

RALPH

Dammit! You guys are so freaking cute, I can never stay mad at you! Get back to work - I'll just make sure the kids stay out. You guys need to start kicking some ass!

Ralph turns to his kids.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Stay away from the cage!

The kids both nod, as Ralph turns and walks back upstairs.

HALLWAY

Ralph and the kids emerge from the basement and turn to find Elagia and Louis standing in the foyer.

Awkward silence as they all stare.

RALPH

Louis. Elagia.

LOUIS

Ralph, I uh, have good news.

RALPH

I just wanna get this out in the open. You are my best friend. Elagia was a bad decision - an English chick with big ol' fake titties just isn't the best thing for a man in my position. But after Stella passed, I just needed some hot sex and she made me have sex with her. A lot. I'm not justifying it, I'm just explaining.

Elagia nods to Louis.

ELAGIA

We did have some hot sex sessions.

RALPH

We did it in the bedroom, we did it on the kid's beds...

Mahatma and Junior cringe.

RALPH (CONT'D)

We did it in the kitchen, we did it in every bathroom - shit, I think we did it in every room in this house. I'll always have those memories.

Elagia points to where the boys are standing.

ELAGIA

You stuck it in my bum, right there on the hallway floor.

The boys back up from where they're standing, wide-eyed.

ELAGIA (CONT'D)

It's okay - the maids cleaned up the stains.

LOUIS

The stains?!

RALPH

My point is this - I had my time with Elagia. We had a pre-nup, so she gets nothing now that she's fucked around. So, you can have the bitch.

Elagia puts her arms around Louis, who immediately shrugs her off.

LOUIS

Get off me, Devil Woman.

ELAGIA

Well, it looks like you deserve a spankin' later, don't ya?

Elagia walks over to the kids and begins to herd them away.

ELAGIA (CONT'D)

Come on kids, you don't need to hear this business crap - you're too young.

MAHATMA

Let me get this right - you just talked in our presence about engaging in anal intercourse with our father, and that was okay...but we can't hear Dad and Uncle Louis talk about Father's impending comeback?

ELAGIA

Don't be cheeky. Let's go.

And suddenly Louis and Ralph are alone.

RALPH

So, what's your good news?

Louis looks a little shell-shocked. He shakes it off.

LOUIS

You have been re-instated. You can compete in the World Championships.

RALPH

Seriously?! That's great!

LOUIS

I also have this...

He walks over to Ralph and hands him a large piece of paper. Ralph opens it up to find a note written in yellow crayon.

RALPH

(reads)

Beware! Stanski is planning on killing you at the World Championships. And not metaphorically. He, apparently, doesn't speak in metaphors. Or similes. Bring Hitler's stein.

(looks up)

I knew it was Hitler's stein!

Ralph looks up at Louis.

RALPH (CONT'D)

What do you make of this?

LOUIS

Sounds like he plans on killing you at the World Championships.

Ralph nods and puts his hand to his chin, thinking hard.

RALPH

That's the conclusion I came to, too. Should we get Elagia's input?

LOUIS

What do you want to do?

Ralph thinks for a long moment.

RALPH

I want to compete. But I'll need to train. My WAY!

LOUIS

Your way won eleven worship championships.

RALPH

Did we just re-become best friends?

LOUIS

No. I'm not ready or deserving of re-becoming your best friend. I will however, re-become your manager...and take fifteen percent of all money you make.

RALPH

That's fine, I guess. Should we make up a catchphrase for my re-emergence as the world's greatest lumberjack?

LOUIS

How about: He's baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa-ck!!!! Lumber Hack!

RALPH

That's horrible.

LOUIS

How about "Rice-a-Roni time!"?

RALPH

Worse.

LOUIS

Hamburger Helper, the San Francisco Treat!

RALPH

Now, you're just mixing slogans.
No catch phrase. God, you're a
horrible manager. I'm not sure
why I just re-hired you.

Ralph turns and walks away.

LOUIS

Time for the final push, Ralph.

Ralph punches his fist into the air - the slowly raises
his middle finger to Louis.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Triumphant music plays as Ralph slowly comes into view.

A bit anticlimactic. With an axe strapped to his back,
he walks, slowly.

A group of old people run past him, giving him dirty
looks as they past.

RALPH

What?! I'm warming up!

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The triumphant music continues.

Ralph stands at a tree, looks at it intently, then takes
off running. He runs up the tree and flips perfectly,
lands on his feet.

He jumps up and down with his hands in the air.

RALPH

Yes!

He then looks at the tree and proceeds to run up the tree
in the same way he would in the tree climbing competition
-- but without a harness.

He gets about twenty feet up in the tree and stops on a
limb.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Only way to overcome fear is to
conquer it.

He reaches his arm around the tree and proceeds to climb surely and quickly down the tree.

When he reaches the bottom he picks an axe.

He begins to chop at the tree, and in a few short swings, the tree falls.

He begins to chop at another tree. Again, in five or six swings of the axe, the tree falls.

Ralph watches as it falls slowly, surely -- straight into a very nice home.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Shit.

From the backyard of the home, a MAN (40's) comes running into the wooded area.

MAN

What the fuck?! You cut a tree down onto my house?!

Ralph looks around.

RALPH

Must've been someone else. Dude, that suuuucks.

MAN

You have an axe! IN YOUR HAND!

RALPH

I saw a group of MMMAA fighters run out on my way in.

MAN

I'm calling the police.

And with that, Ralph takes off running.

The triumphant music blares as he runs with all his might, followed closely behind by the Man whose house he destroyed.

MAN (CONT'D)

Come back, asshole!

But Ralph runs like the wind. He's fast again. He's a world-class athlete again. He's going to be champion -

-- if he can just get away from this guy!

EXT. ROAD ON THE OTHER SIDE OF WOODS - DAY

Ralph emerges from the woods, out of breath. He turns and runs up the street and turns into the first gate that he sees.

The Man chasing him emerges from the woods soon after, looks both ways, doesn't see Ralph, so he turns and runs the opposite way that Ralph did.

Ralph looks around the corner and sees the man running the opposite direction.

He's about to take off, when he notices the name on the mailbox: Stanski.

He turns and looks to reveal:

STANSKI'S MANSION

RALPH

This is where he lives?

At that moment, the front door opens and a WOMAN steps out of the house, turns back around and talk to someone inside the house.

Ralph hides behind a bush.

The woman's blonde, blonde hair flows from the back of a hat.

WOMAN (FEMALE VOICE)

I'm just saying, he was nine time world champion. He retired because he felt like he had to when his wife died. Many lumber jacks work into their fifties and sixties. It isn't unrealistic for him to catch fire and win. Do not underestimate him!

STANSKI (O.S.)

I am not scared of the your old man. Have faith in me - metaphorically speaking.

The woman turns and walks to a car, gets in and drives past Ralph's bush.

He catches a glimpse of the driver and confusion clouds his face.

RALPH
 (to himself)
 No -- it couldn't be.

Ralph stands up and wanders outside the gate, in a daze, thinking to himself.

MAN (O.S.)
 Hey, asshole!

Ralph turns to see the Man from before running towards him. And, so, he turns and runs - like the wind.

INT. RALPH'S MANSION - NIGHT

Ralph stumbles through the front door to find Elagia in a sexy piece of lingerie.

ELAGIA
 Let's reignite this, Ralph! We can get back to where we were. I promise I'll make it up to you.

Ralph pushes past her and heads up the stairs.

RALPH
 I need to go to sleep. I -- I don't feel well.

EXT. CAR (IN THE COUNTRY) - DAY

Ralph pulls the kids from the car and turns to head back to the car -- when the car blows up.

RALPH
 No! Noooooo!

INT. RALPH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ralph comes awake with a start. He sits up in bed, sweat pouring from his face.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Ralph walks down the hallway, stops outside of Mahatma's room. He puts his ear to the door, quiet. He quietly opens the door.

His face becomes a mask of horror as he sees a woman with blonde, blonde hair sitting next to Mahatma's bed.

The voice that speaks is the same from Stanski's home.

FEMALE VOICE

Hello, Ralph. Eight years I've
been coming to check on the
children - never once have you
woken up.

The woman turns and the moonlight catches her face - one
half of her face is recognizable as STELLA (40's),
Ralph's 'dead' wife. The other half of her face is
burned badly.

RALPH

Stella?

Stella stands up and walks out of the room.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You -- you're dead. This
is...this is a dream?

STELLA

We have much to talk about.

Stella walks down the stairs and Ralph follows quickly
after her into

THE KITCHEN

Stella sits down at the kitchen table as Ralph turns on
the light and sits down across from her.

RALPH

Stella, can you give me some damn
clue as to what is going on.

STELLA

A reckoning, Ralph.

RALPH

A what?

STELLA

In 1945, right before he died,
Adolf Hitler willed one thing to a
bastard son he had sired with a
Russian woman named Avril Stanski.
This one thing was to be passed
on, the one thing that tied this
bastard to his father.

(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)

But a young pilcher named Rudolf Schnell stole this piece from the home of Adolf Hitler before American forces could take it.

RALPH

Oh, my God - I knew Rudolf Schnell was telling the truth!

STELLA

Adolf Stanski lived his entire life looking for Rudolf Schnell and, so, he passed this search on to HIS son - Gregory.

RALPH

This? ! This is why Stanski hates me so much?!

STELLA

He cut the breaks to your car the day that I died.

RALPH

That bastard! He killed you!

STELLA

You left me behind.

RALPH

The car blew up!

STELLA

Ralph, they never found a body in the car. No remains.

RALPH

Because you burned up!

STELLA

Oh, my God - you really are basically a retard. Even when a body burns up there's still remains.

Ralph looks hurt.

RALPH

Now I'm remembering everything wasn't wonderful with you.

STELLA

Gregory has been kind to me. He loves me in spite of -- my shortcomings.

She motions to the half of her face that is burnt.

RALPH

I'm -- I'm so sorry. I missed you every day.

STELLA

You married that slut awful quick.

RALPH

Four years after you died! She was just a replacement you!

STELLA

And what about the first wife after me? What was it? Eliza?

RALPH

Whaaaaaat? I waited plenty long.

STELLA

You brought her to my funeral.

RALPH

Your fake funeral, let's not forget.

STELLA

And Stacey? Or Lola? Ralph, you've had four wives since I died eight years ago.

RALPH

Let's not forget that you didn't really die. Thank God!

Ralph holds out his arms for a hug.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You're back - I've been waiting for this day for the last eight years. I only thought we'd be reunited in heaven. But now...it's heaven on earth!

If looks could kill, Ralph would be writhing and twitching on the floor in this moment.

STELLA

That's sweet. Tomorrow at the world championships, you will make your comeback. You might even win, but then - after it is all said and done - Gregory Stanski will tear you limb from limb and grind your bones to dust.

Long silence as this sets in.

RALPH

And, just so we're straight - this is NOT metaphorically speaking? I think I've gathered that Stanski does not speak in metaphors.

STELLA

Correct.

RALPH

Correct that he does not speak in metaphors or correct that his wanting grind my bones up is not metaphor?

STELLA

Neither.

RALPH

So, he never speaks in metaphors? Ever? Surely in the eight years you have been plotting to kill me he's spoken in metaphors. I mean, at some point, right?

STELLA

You left me to die.

RALPH

Your EXACT WORDS were 'Leave me. Save the Children. I'm dead." I had a five year old and a twelve month old to save!

STELLA

Why don't you just say one year old?

RALPH

Because up to 30 months you just say months, right? I think that's the delineation I read somewhere.

STELLA

Gregory saved me.

Ralph pounds his fist on the table.

RALPH

From a fire HE caused! Stella!
Come on! I'm not the bad guy
here! Why would he try to kill me
in the first place?

STELLA

He didn't know we'd be in the car
with you. He felt horrible about
it. That's the kind of guy he is.

RALPH

The kind of guy who kills someone
for a beer stein?!

STELLA

And because he wanted to be
champion. You stood in his way on
both counts.

RALPH

So - let me get this straight:
Rudolf Schnell steals the stein
from Adolf Hitler, and like fifty
years later gives it to me, right
about the same time that Daddy
Stanski - Hitler's bastard son -
tells Gregory-San, who finds out
that I have it, so he changes
career paths and becomes a
competitive lumber jack, all the
while plotting to kill me to get
back said stein.

STELLA

Okay, so far, good.

RALPH

He then tries to kill me and cuts
my brakes the one day that I go on
an afternoon cruise with my entire
family.

Stella nods.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Then, apparently watching the entire thing go down from afar, he comes and saves you from the fire started by the accident HE caused - and you stayed with him for eight years because he was nice to save you?

STELLA

(nods)

Only part you missed is that I've been helping him plan your ultimate demise for years.

(beat)

Oh, and Gregory and I have skanky sex nearly every day.

RALPH

That's impossible.

(back to the matter at hand)

How does Stanski feel about his grandfather's politics and, I dunno, horrible crimes against humanities?

STELLA

(shrugs)

All of Hitler's family kind of views him as the creepy uncle we don't ever really talk about anymore because no one can really justify how horrible he is. But...he's family.

RALPH

So, Hitler's Stanski's creepy uncle now?

STELLA

I was using a metaphor.

Ralph stands up.

RALPH

I'm obviously dreaming because that is one hundred percent the worst plot I've ever heard of AND we both know metaphors off limit with this guy. I'm going to wake up and realize this was all a dream.

STELLA
See you soon, Ralph.

RALPH
(chuckles)
Eight years! Eight years!!!

Ralph leaves, laughing, as a glimmer of a smile crosses Stella's face.

INT. RALPH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Ralph's eyes open. He sits up in bed.

RALPH
Whew, weird night, weird dreams.
(beat)
Time to be champion.

EXT. COMPETITION AREA - DAY

A different competition area, but the same.

A larger crowd has gathered than ever before. People mill about trying to catch a glimpse of one of the more famous lumberjacks.

INT. COMPETITOR'S TENT - DAY

All of the lumberjacks, with the exception of Stanski have gathered together.

Ralph stands at the front of the tent and quiets everyone.

RALPH
Guys, look - at one point I was a champion. But...I was an asshole. I know that now. But, guys, let me compete. I just want to fight for first place - not with fists, but with saws, and cleats and, I dunno, axes and stuff. Can we just do this? Let Stanski deal with his own dirty work, eh?

The lumberjacks all think for a moment.

RALPH (CONT'D)
 I'm just saying that it's only
 right that Stanski and I just have
 it out.

The lumberjacks look around at each other, then they all
 begin to nod.

RALPH (CONT'D)
 Great! Here's to competition!

LUMBERJACKS
 Here! Here!

Ralph walks down past the lumberjacks, patting a couple
 on the back as he passes.

EXT. COMPETITOR'S TENT

Ralph walks out of the tent and straight into Louis.

LOUIS
 Good speech. You think it worked?

RALPH
 Walk with me.

Louis walks with him.

LOUIS
 You seem weirdly happy.

RALPH
 I had the weirdest dream last
 night. I saw Stella, we talked.
 It was...strangely wonderful. It
 was like I finally got some
 closure.

Just then, around a corner, Stanski walks with Stella.

Louis and Ralph stop, wide-eyed, color draining from
 their faces.

LOUIS
 Holy shit.

RALPH
 It wasn't a dream.

From around another corner, Elagia walks with two well-
 dressed lawyers.

Stalin, Stanski and Stella stop a few feet away from Louis and Ralph. Elagia and her lawyers stop on the opposite side of them.

STELLA

What is that bitch doing here?

ELAGIA

This bitch? Who the hell are you?

STANSKI

Today's the day of reckoning,
Ralph.

Ralph turns to Louis and holds out his hand. Louis opens up his bag and pulls out the elaborate stein.

RALPH

Rudolf Schnell had no right to
have this, nonetheless to give
this to me.

He tosses the stein to Stanski. Stanski looks it over in wonder.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Are we good? No more grinding of
bones, eating of kidneys and such?

Stanski nods, kisses the stein.

STELLA

What?! What the hell, Gregory?!
All this planning and you just
give up because he gives you the
stein?

STANSKI

He seems like a nice guy. I just
wanted my stein back, and I'm
eight time world champion. No
more grinding of bones.

(beat)

That was all metaphorical, anyway.

Stanski turns and walks away.

RALPH

Grandson of Hitler, that one.
Bastard grandson, but grandson
nonetheless.

STELLA

WHAT THE FUCK?!!!

ELAGIA

These are my lawyers, Ralph - they have some things they need to discuss.

RALPH

Elagia, meet Stella. Stella, Elagia.

Elagia turns, in horror, and looks at Stella.

ELAGIA

THE Stella?

RALPH

Yes, as in my wife Stella. You were never legally my wife, it turns out. So, you can tell your little pit bulls to fuck off.

Elagia looks at the lawyers, who shrug and turn around, walk away.

ELAGIA

Arrrrrggggghhhhh!!!

RALPH

Oh, and Elagia - meet my friends from Immigration.

Three IMMIGRATION OFFICERS walk up and take hold of Elagia.

ELAGIA

What the hell is this?

RALPH

Turns out, you're citizenship here for several years has been under false pretenses. So, these fine gentlemen are going to help you get back to grey and soggy England.

Stella goes wide eyed as Ralph gestures to the officers, who turn and pull her away.

ELAGIA

I hate you, you wanker! You fucking asshole wanker! I never liked having sex with you. Your small lumber jack penis that's shaped like a....

They drag her around a corner.

RALPH

Well, that about clears everything up. Stella, you should expect my lawyers to contact you shortly - for a divorce. I would like you to be in our kid's lives though.

STELLA

Oh, fuck off!

Stella turns and storms off.

Ralph takes a deep breath in, spins around in place. He grabs Louis by his shoulders.

RALPH

Everything is made right. Let's go make it "ten time champion Ralph Waterstown'.

Louis smiles and nods.

EXT. ESPN BOOTH - DAY

Scott Van Pelt sits next to Leif Johanson.

SCOTT

Well, this is it! The final jack off of the year. Grown ass men with massive bears have been having massive lumberjack offs for six months, and I've been covering it. Can't wait for this shit to be over.

LEIF

And this sport can't wait for your shit to be over. You're a horrible newscaster.

SCOTT

I'm great with basketball. Tons of catchphrases. Baseball, too. Even football. This sport sucks. Best thing I've come up with is "That log is going, going...cut in half!" That's horrible. I did come up with calling it a jack off, however. *That's* funny.

LEIF

C'mon, Scott, you have to respect
the second most popular sport
in...

SCOTT

Yeah, I know, sixty-three
countries. Bullshit.

Leif looks off-camera for some help.

LEIF

Can you say 'shit' and 'jack off'
on ESPN?

SCOTT

We call it a cook off or a play
off - why not a jack off?

EXT. ESPN SHOT OF THE COMPETITION - DAY

A sweeping shot of the competition area.

SCOTT (V.O.)

I'm pretty sure this is going to
be the greatest competition day in
the era of televised sports. And
by best, I mean worst.

LEIF (V.O.)

Our first competition is the
Underhand Block Chop!

EXT. UNDERHAND BLOCK CHOP - DAY

Ralph and his fellow lumberjacks stand on top of a
massively thick log, each with an axe in their hand.

Stanski steps onto the log next to Ralph.

STANSKI

Good luck to you, Lumber Hack. We
should grab a beer after this.

RALPH

Only if you let me have one last
sip from Hitler's stein.

STANSKI

Just one.
(beat)

(MORE)

STANSKI (CONT'D)

He is burning in the seventh ring
of hell, but he's my grandfather.

The gunshot sounds and all the lumberjacks go to chopping
the wood.

SCOTT (V.O.)

These guys standing up on a
massive log - there has to be some
sort of homo-eroticism there,
right?

LEIF (V.O.)

Are you drunk?

Ralph finishes first, followed closely by Stanski!

LEIF (V.O.)

The Lumber Hack starts his
comeback! First place!!!

EXT. SPRINGBOARD CHOP - DAY

All of the lumberjacks stand on springboards, axes in
hands.

LEIF (V.O.)

The main story line here is that,
with a win today, Stanski can tie
The Lumber Hack's record nine time
world championships! But I don't
think Ralph Waterstown is ready to
let that record go!

The gunshot sounds and the men go to chopping!

Stanski makes quick work of his log, keeping perfect
balance on his springboard.

Meanwhile, Ralph is quickly chopping, loses his balance
for a short moment, then goes back to chopping.

Ralph almost catches up, but finishes a close second to
Stanski.

Stanski lifts his hands up in the air in triumph.

SCOTT (V.O.)

And the gay Russian guy beats the
really gay other guys.

LEIF (V.O.)

He's Austrian.

SCOTT (V.O.)

G'day, mate!

LEIF (V.O.)

Quoting *Dumb and Dumber* - classy.
You're not drunk. You're high.

SCOTT (V.O.)

You do what you have to, to get
by. But, kids, if there's any of
you watching - say no to drugs.
Drugs are for pugs.

LEIF (V.O.)

Pugs?

SCOTT

You think they're yippy usually?
Slip 'em some coke - they go ape
shit.

LEIF (V.O.)

Can I get some help here?

EXT. SINGLE BUCK COMPETITION - DAY

All of the lumberjacks stand next to giant logs, each
with a long, thin saw in hand.

Ralph and Stanski again stand next to each other. Ralph
looks over and nods.

RALPH

You're doing good, kid.

STANSKI

You're doing better, old man. No
one expected anything out of you.

RALPH

(smiles)

I'm gonna kick your ass like old
times. The glory days.

STANSKI

I will grind your bones to...oops,
sorry - remnants of the glory
days.

The gunshot sounds and they all go to sawing through
their respective logs.

Ralph feverishly saws through his log, finishes in first place, just ahead of Stanski!

Ralph dances a happy dance.

SCOTT (V.O.)

And through seven events, Stanski has won three events, The Lumber Hack has won three events and some other lumberjack no one actually cares about won the other event that literally no one cares about.

EXT. BOOM RUN - DAY

All the lumberjacks stand at one end of a large body of water. In front of each of the lumberjacks, across the water, are logs butt-to-butt stretched across the water.

STANSKI

I hate this event.

RALPH

I kill this event.

The gunshot sounds and all the lumber jacks take off, running across the logs like balance beams.

About half-way across, Stanski loses his balance and falls into the water.

Ralph continues across and finishes in second place behind some unknown lumberjack, who celebrates by jumping up and down, then slipping and falling back into the water.

MONTAGE

The lumberjacks go through several more events -

-- The Standing Block Chop - the lumberjacks stand and chop a log with an axe. Stanski comes out on top, Ralph in second.

-- The Up a Tree Chain Saw - the lumberjacks climb half-way up a tree, strapped with a massive belt and use a chain saw to cut through a tree. Ralph wins, Stanski finishes second.

-- The Logrolling - the lumberjacks stand on a log and, using their feet, roll the log until they fall off. Stanski falls off almost immediately, Ralph ends up staying up till second place.

END MONTAGE

EXT. 90 FOOT SPEED CLIMB - DAY

The lumberjacks mill around the bottom of massive, tall trees.

EXT. ESPN BOOTH - DAY

Scott Van Pelt sits with a bottle of Jack Daniels in front of him, next to a visibly-uncomfortable Leif.

SCOTT

I gotta be honest, Leif. I was a bit skeptical of this sport - but today, I have been converted. This back and forth, back and forth between Gregory Stanski and Ralph Waterstown has honestly drawn me in. And, apparently, it has done the same to Americans. We now have more people watching this thing than most Olympic events involving Javelin. So - to all you new viewers out there - hello.

He picks up the bottle of Jack.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

This segment sponsored by Jack Daniels distillery.

He takes a long drink from the bottle.

LEIF

Okay, this is what it comes down to, America - this one event for all the marbles. Stanski is currently in second place, one point behind The Lumber Hack, Ralph Waterstown. If Stanski gets more one place ahead of Waterstown, he will finish the world champion of 2013. So - to hold on for his record tenth world championship, it is The Lumber Hack's battle to lose.

Scott holds up the bottle of Jack and begins laughing. Long and hard.

LEIF (CONT'D)

What? What is so funny?

SCOTT

Just...just you.

(beat)

And this sport.

EXT. 90 FOOT SPEED CLIMB - DAY

Ralph and Stanski are set up next to each other, strapped to their trees, ready to climb.

STANSKI

For all the warbles.

RALPH

Marbles. It's been fun competing against you without all that hatred hanging over our heads, man. We should do this again.

STANSKI

Next season. Yes?

Ralph nods. A slight, evil smirk fleets across his face.

The gunshot sounds and the two men begin climbing as fast as they can.

About halfway up, Ralph's cleats lose their grip and he slips down the tree. He catches himself and tries again, but his cleats slip again.

The crowd oohs and ahhs with each missed step.

Meanwhile Stanski has nearly reached the top of his tree, when he pauses. He looks down at Ralph and holds out his hand.

STANSKI (CONT'D)

Come, Lumber Hack - come. We finish this together!

With tears in his eyes, Ralph climbs, slowly, to the top. Stanski and Ralph look at each other, mutual admiration (very, very cheesy mutual admiration) in their eyes.

RALPH

On three?

STANSKI

On three.

Louis follows behind, sticking his middle finger back up to Stanski.

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

Ralph sits with Steve Eagerton.

STEVE

Well, it's quite a journey you've been on since the last time you stopped by. But here you are - now a ten-time world champion. What does the nation's Lumber Jack have to say to our country?

Long silence as Ralph looks around the studio.

RALPH

It's been an incredible journey, Steve - and I want to apologize to you for my comments my last time here. I was wrong. I've learned a lot in the last few months.

STEVE

I can tell, Ralph - I think America can tell. You recently had the chance to sit down with the President of the United States. Tell me: what did you whisper in his ear here?

INSERT: Picture of Ralph shaking Obama's hand, leaning in, whispering in his ear.

Back to Ralph looking with admiration around the audience.

RALPH

We talked about the brand new Little People Mixed Martial Arts Association - it was MMMAA, but apparently the word 'midget' is offensive now, and I do my best to not be offensive now. You can watch it on FX - we just signed a massive TV deal. Apparently, people like seeing midgets do karate and shit on each other.

STEVE

Wow - a mixed martial arts program featuring little people kicking each other. Did the President seem excited about that idea?

RALPH

Very. He told me he wanted to actually have a third world war where ONLY little people fought each other - but Libya or some Arabic country pulled out last minute. But that wasn't all we talked about, Steve. We talked about how America needs men. Real men to step up and just...be.

(beat)

Great men like Gregory Stanski. I mean, at the World Championships, he could've just let me finish in the rear, but instead he made sure we finished together, at the same time. We finished mutually.

Long pause.

RALPH (CONT'D)

You got that, right? Right? Made Stanski sound super gay.

(beat)

Right?

BLACK SCREEN

THE END