DISPARITY OF DEVOTION

By

MIKE SHELTON
INT. WEDDING RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

The room is filled with people sitting at tables, standing around, and dancing. A man and woman stand at the bar.

The man is NEWTON LAWLER, 31. He is tall and thin, with glasses and short, dark hair. He wears a tuxedo.

The woman, MELISSA LAWLER, 25, is Newton’s new sister in law. She wears a wedding dress, and her long blond hair is up.

    NEWTON
    Melissa, I’m telling you that it’s really not that big of a deal.

    MELISSA
    Maybe you’re right, but doesn’t it just get to you sometimes?

    NEWTON
    To be totally honest with you, and don’t take this the wrong way now, but the only thing that bothers me is everyone’s nagging.

    MELISSA
    It’s not nagging. It’s concern.

    NEWTON
    Concern for what? So I’m thirty one and still single. I’ve managed to get by this long haven’t I?

    MELISSA
    Yeah, but--

    NEWTON
    Look at you. It’s your wedding day, and what are you doing? Worrying about my love life.

Melissa laughs a little.

    MELISSA
    You’ve got a point. I honestly didn’t even notice.

    NEWTON
    And when you can essentially stop time to ask me about my lack of female companionship, you’re officially one of us.
Newton gives Melissa a hug as she stands there in shock. He pulls back and wiggles his fingers in front of her face.

NEWTON
Gabba gabba, we accept you, we accept you, one of us.

MELISSA
Well you’re definitely one of a kind, Newton.

NEWTON
Indeed. Now go mingle. I’ll be on the lookout for Miss Right.

Melissa goes to greet the guests as Newton stares at the bottom of his empty glass.

NEWTON
I’m sure she’s out there somewhere.

INT. DARBY CAMPAIGN HQ - NIGHT

A young woman, SARA RENFELD, 28, and petite with dark, shoulder length hair sits at a desk surrounded by phones and miscellaneous papers.

There is no one else around and the place is deathly quiet until a phone rings. Sara quickly picks it up.

SARA
Hello, Darby campaign. How may I help you? You what? But there’s nobody else that can cover! I’ve already been here eighteen hours and we still have to get the flyers out! Pneumonia? Fine. I’ll take care of it. Yeah. Feel better.

Sara hangs up the phone.

SARA
No dedication, I swear.

She grabs a stack of papers from a corner of the desk and heads out.
INT. WEDDING RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Newton still stands at the bar, staring into the bottom of what is now a full glass.

NATHAN, 26, who bears a strong resemblance to Newton without glasses, walks up.

    NATHAN
    Big brother!

    NEWTON
    And how is the groom doing?

    NATHAN
    Little drunk, but you know how it goes.

    NEWTON
    Sure.

    NATHAN
    You alright? You seem to be moping a bit.

    NEWTON
    You notice that all by yourself or did your wife tell you?

    NATHAN
    It was the wife. She asked me to come talk to you.

    NEWTON
    Well I lost that bet. I told Dad you’d keep the pants for at least twenty four hours.

    NATHAN
    Yeah, yeah, yeah.

    NEWTON
    But since you’re here, I’ll fill you in.

DAD, 60, with a short, stocky build and white hair in a military style buzz cut, walks up and slaps Nathan and Newton on the back. He wears a tuxedo and has obviously had many drinks.

    NATHAN
    Hello Dad.
DAD
My two boys!

NEWTON
Yes Dad, your two boys.

DAD
What a splendid affair. My boy finally ties the knot, and not a moment too soon. You got a real prize there, Nate.

NATHAN
Thanks.

Dad points his finger at Newton.

DAD
And you, when the hell are you going to meet a nice girl and settle down? Are you one of those funny boys?

NATHAN
Funny boys?

Dad rubs his forearm with a fist.

DAD
You know, in through the out door?

NEWTON
I’m not gay, Dad.

DAD
I guess we’ll just wait and see, eh short pants?

Dad walks away.

NATHAN
Pay no mind Newt, you know how he gets.

NEWTON
That right there, that’s my night in a nutshell. When are you going to get married? When are you going to meet a nice girl? You’ll die without a son!
NATHAN
Who said that?

NEWTON
He did.

Newton points to Dad, who talks to HENRY, 65, and a few other partygoers.

NEWTON
I’m just tired of answering the same questions over and over.

NATHAN
Apparently so. I’m gonna get back into the grind with the relatives. Don’t let it bother you.

NEWTON
I’ll catch up to you later.

NATHAN
Think you’ll be able to fit me into your busy schedule of pissing and moaning?

NEWTON
I’ll try to squeeze you in somewhere between the best man speech and cousin Mary kicking you in the balls.

Nathan walks away talking to himself.

NATHAN
That only happened once, and I was twelve.

Dad still talks to Henry and the other partygoers.

DAD
My own son plays for the other team. What do you make of all this, Henry?

HENRY
There’s worse things in the world than that I’m sure.

Newton saunters over.
NEWTON
Is he telling you I’m gay?

THE WHOLE GROUP
No!

NEWTON
Well I’m not if anyone cares. I like women.

HENRY
Speaking of women, when are we going to be attending your wedding?

NEWTON
That’s like asking the next time the Cubs will win the World Series, Uncle Henry.

DAD
See? It’ll be a cold day in hell! You’re going to die alone!

NEWTON
C’mon, it’s Nathan’s wedding day, not ask Newton about his wedding day. It’s getting old.

BARRY, a short bald man, 38, walks up.

BARRY
Hey Newt.

NEWTON
Hey Barry, how ya been?

BARRY
Good. We were just over there talking and wondering when you’re gonna get married. You should be ashamed of yourself.

An angry look comes over Newton’s face. He grabs Barry by the shirt.

NEWTON
Never, Barry, never! I’m going to die alone! I’m going to, how do you say it Dad?

DAD
Die without a son?
NEWTON
Die without a son! Does that answer your stupid question Barry? And what gives you the right to tell me I should be ashamed of myself? You’re not married either!

Barry is very much afraid. Newton glares at him.

BARRY
It wasn’t me! Aunt Hildy said it!

Barry points to AUNT HILDY, 75, seated at a nearby table.

NEWTON
Well how about you go back and tell Aunt Hildy to quit being such a busybody and mind her own business!

Newton lets go of Barry.

BARRY
I’m sorry, I’m sorry.

NEWTON
And while you’re at it, tell her those cookies she used to make sucked.

Barry goes back to his table and whispers in Aunt Hildy’s ear. She puts her hand to her mouth in shock and shakes her head at Newton.

NEWTON
Ok, I need to get outta here.

DAD
Where the hell you gonna go?

NEWTON
Just out. I’ll get some air.

Newton walks out.

DAD
That’s my boys! They’re about as useful as tits on a bull, but they got our genes in ’em, so they can’t be all bad, eh Henry?

HENRY
Whatever you say.
DAD
I say we need another drink.
Barkeep, light em up.

He puts his finger in the air signaling the bartender and leans over to Henry.

DAD
That Hildy’s a real tightass anyway.

HENRY
The cookies do suck.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Newton walks along the sidewalk until he reaches a Chinese restaurant with a chef cooking in the window.

He looks beyond the chef to a couple seated at a table.

He watches them talk and laugh for a moment before turning his attention back toward the cook, who chops the head off of a cooked duck with a cleaver.

The chef looks up, making eye contact with Newton and cracking a big smile. Newton gives him a thumbs up and continues down the street.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

Dad and Henry continue talking amongst the group. Nathan has since joined them.

NATHAN
What exactly are you asking?

DAD
Your wife, she has friends right?

NATHAN
Yeah.

DAD
Some of which are single?

NATHAN
Yeah.
DAD
See? You’re not such a dumbass after all. What you do is you introduce one of those single friends to your single brother, sit back, relax, and watch them get married, and have ten thousand little Lawlers.

NATHAN
Things don’t work that way.

DAD
Things do work that way. The trick is to get your head out of your ass.

NATHAN
Good talk, Dad.

Nathan walks away. Dad is befuddled.

DAD
What? What did I say?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Sara walks along with a stack of flyers in her hand. All the shops are closed, and she sighs in aggravation.

She looks up the street to see a lighted sign reading "CAPTAIN CAFFEINE’S COFFEE”. Under the shop name is a cartoon superhero, holding a coffee mug.

She shrugs her shoulders.

SARA
At least it’s not a shutout. Thank God it’s a coffee shop.

She heads for the shop.

INT. CAPTAIN CAFFEINE’S COFFEE - NIGHT

Newton stands at the counter with PETE, 44. He’s a short man with a medium build, blond hair and matching goatee.

He pours Newton a cup of coffee in a takeout cup.
PETE
Families nag, that’s what they do. The trick is to go on enough dates to have some girl to talk about.

NEWTON
I might have to try that.

PETE
Well it’s got Pete’s personal guarantee on it, and I usually reserve that strictly for the coffee.

NEWTON
If it’s half as good it’ll work out nicely.

Pete places a lid on the cup and hands it to Newton.

PETE
Anyone who’ll leave a wedding to come in here for a coffee gets a free one.

NEWTON
Thanks Pete. I’ll see you on Monday.

PETE
Take it easy, and remember, dates for discussion purposes.

NEWTON
Gotcha.

Newton walks toward the door with his head down and walks right into Sara as she enters. He spills his coffee all over her and she falls to the ground. The flyers in her hand scatter all over.

NEWTON
Oh god, I’m so sorry. Are you ok?

SARA
I’m fine.

Newton takes a long, gazing look at her. She extends her hand.

SARA
Can you help me up?

Newton snaps out of his stare and helps her up.
NEWTON
You sure you’re ok? I didn’t burn you did I?

SARA
No, I’m fine.

Newton turns to Pete, smirking.

NEWTON
Hey Pete, I told you I wanted hot coffee. This girl didn’t even get burned.

Pete laughs as Newton turns back to Sara. She just stares at him.

SARA
You’re joking right?

NEWTON
Well I was trying to. Not too good huh?

SARA
I probably would have enjoyed it a lot more if I weren’t the one with the coffee all over me.

NEWTON
Well if you take it for dry cleaning, just drop the bill off with Pete here. My name’s --

Sara throws her hands up.

SARA
Wait! Let me guess.

She eyes Newton up and down in his tuxedo.

SARA
Bond. James Bond.

NEWTON
Close, it’s Newton Lawler.

He extends his hand and Sara shakes it.

SARA
That was going to be my next guess.
Sara Renfeld.
NEWTON
I’m terribly sorry about the spill. Can I buy you a coffee to make up for it?

SARA
Sure, why not?

NEWTON
Let me help you with your papers.

Newton picks one up and looks at it. It says "JIM DARBY – DEMOCRAT FOR U.S SENATE" on it, with a large picture of JIM DARBY, a late forties man who sports the stereotypical smile of a politician on it.

NEWTON
Jim Darby, huh?

SARA
Yeah.

NEWTON
Well at least it’s not anything of value.

Sara peels her eyes in anger as Newton continues picking up the flyers. He hands her a stack and smiles sheepishly.

NEWTON
Sorry. Bad joke.

SARA
At least your consistent.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION HALL – NIGHT

A crowd is gathered on the dance floor waiting for the garter toss. Dad runs up to Nathan.

DAD
Here’s what you do. You take the garter off, turn around and immediately fire it at your brother. He’ll catch it out of instinct.

NATHAN
I would if I could but I can’t. He still isn’t back yet.
DAD
Where the hell did he go?

NATHAN
I don’t know, a walk?

DAD
A plague on the house of Lawler!

INT. CAPTAIN CAFFEINE’S COFFEE – NIGHT

Newton and Sara sit at a table sipping coffee.

NEWTON
So you work on Darby’s campaign? Must be interesting.

SARA
I love it. I don’t think I’ve ever felt so strongly about something before in my life.

NEWTON
Really?

SARA
He’s not your typical politician. He really cares about people. He’s the embodiment of the common man.

NEWTON
That right there. That’s what I can never understand.

SARA
What?

NEWTON
This thing about politicians always trying to play themselves off as the common man. I don’t want the common man, I want someone extraordinary. If I wanted the common man in office, I’d run myself.

SARA
Interesting.
NEWTON
Not really. I’m just sick of these phonies that try to pass themselves off as my friend and neighbor when they have millions of dollars in the bank.

SARA
Jim Darby isn’t like that, I can assure you.

NEWTON
Guess I’ll have to take your word for it.

SARA
You’re not interested in politics, are you?

Newton smiles.

NEWTON
Not in the slightest.

SARA
So, what are you interested in?

Newton thinks for a moment.

NEWTON
Honestly, absolutely nothing.

SARA
Nothing?

NEWTON
Not a thing.

SARA
What about your job?

NEWTON
What about it?

SARA
Well, what do you do?

NEWTON
I’m a newspaper writer.

SARA
And that doesn’t interest you?
NEWTON

Nope.

SARA

So then why do it?

NEWTON

It pays the bills. Same reason everybody does what they do.

SARA

I love my job.

NEWTON

Do you really?

SARA

Sure.

NEWTON

But isn’t there something else you’d rather do.

SARA

I don’t know.

NEWTON

Let’s jump in the wayback machine for a second, back to when you were a little Sara. Did you go around telling everyone that you wanted to be a campaign associate? Maybe have a little voting booth set up right next to your friend’s lemonade stand?

Sara laughs.

SARA

No.

NEWTON

So what did you say? What did you wanna be?

Sara blushes.

SARA

I can’t tell you that.

NEWTON

Why not?
SARA
Cause it’s stupid.

NEWTON
Oh c’mon, it can’t be that bad.

Sara looks around nervously.

SARA
I wanted to be Barbie.

Newton snaps his fingers.

NEWTON
I can work with that. I know exactly what you need to do to accomplish that.

Sara is confused.

SARA
You do?

NEWTON
Sure. Here’s what you do...

Newton leans in close. Sara listens intently, sipping from her coffee as she looks at Newton with one eye.

NEWTON
You quit your job, buy a pink corvette, and live out the rest of your days shacked up in the dream house with a man that has no genitalia.

Sara spits coffee on Newton as she breaks out into uncontrollable laughter. She quickly regains her composure, grabbing a napkin from the table and wiping him off.

Newton removes his glasses and cleans them off.

SARA
I’m so sorry.

NEWTON
It’s alright. You owed me one. I’m just glad I paid the extra five bucks for that insurance.

Newton and Sara share a smile.
INT. DAD’S HOUSE - NIGHT

Dad, Nathan, and Melissa sit in the living room.

DAD
Whose idea was it to have dinner today?

NATHAN
We didn’t think there was any reason not to.

DAD
How bout a wicked hangover?

NATHAN
Oh you’ll be fine.

MELISSA
Where’s Newt at anyway?

NATHAN
I haven’t seen or heard from him since he left last night.

MELISSA
Maybe he went to Carl’s.

DAD
Carl, that no good bum.

NATHAN
Carl’s ok, Dad.

DAD
Ok my foot. He’d nail Christ to the cross, and then come back and steal the nails.

MELISSA
I didn’t know you disliked him that much.

NATHAN
He’s just hanging on to some stupid little thing that happened 15 years ago.

DAD
Little thing? Little thing? He drank a whole bottle of Southern on me. I paid eighteen bucks for that bottle.
Newton enters the house, whistling a happy tune.

NEWTON
Hello everybody.

NATHAN
Where did you go last night?

NEWTON
You guys aren’t gonna believe it.

DAD
What? You stumble into a meeting of rainbow warriors and cross over to the dark side?

NEWTON
I met somebody last night.

DAD
They don’t have a penis do they?

NEWTON
She did actually. Kept it in a little jar in her jacket pocket.

MELISSA
That’s gross.

NATHAN
Where’d you meet her?

NEWTON
On the street.

DAD
Oh son, those hookers will be the death of you.

NEWTON
She’s not a hooker.

MELISSA
So how’d you meet her?

NEWTON
I was walking out of Captain Caffeine’s, and I ran into her and spilled my coffee all over her coat.
NATHAN
Isn’t that romantic?

NEWTON
Shut up.

DAD
C’mon turkeys done.

NATHAN
You made turkey?

DAD
Yeah why?

NATHAN
I get tired every time I eat turkey.

DAD
Isn’t there something in it that causes that?

NEWTON
Tryptophan.

DAD
You got a hangover too? It’s in the medicine cabinet.

NEWTON
No, the stuff in turkey that makes you sleepy. It’s called tryptophan.

DAD
No it isn’t it’s something else. It does start with a T though.

NEWTON
Well, the technical term for it is turkeysleepy, actually.

Dad stares in silence for a moment.

DAD
You’re a moron.
INT. DAD’S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The group sits at the table.

DAD
So, Newton, this girl you met. Is she nice?

NEWTON
Sure.

DAD
Pretty?

NEWTON
I think so.

DAD
Good, good.

They sit in silence for a moment.

DAD
Did you ask her to marry you?

Nathan chuckles to himself.

NEWTON
Nah, I just drugged her up, threw her in the trunk of the car and jetted off to Vegas. What the hell is wrong with you?

DAD
Is it so wrong to want to see both of my sons married before I kick off?

NEWTON
In danger of dying are you?

DAD
I got one foot in the grave and the other on a banana peel.

NEWTON
I’ll be sure and put that in my proposal.

DAD
So, what does she do?
NEWTON
She’s in politics.

Dad groans.

NATHAN
In what way?

Newton lowers his head, speaking softly.

NEWTON
Right now she’s on the Darby campaign.

DAD
Oh Jesus. She’s a Democrat.

Dad’s voice is pained.

NEWTON
Sorry.

DAD
I’m starting to think that hooker wouldn’t have been a bad idea.

Dad casually goes back to eating his dinner as Newton stares in confusion.

INT. NEWTON’S OFFICE – DAY

Newton sits at his desk reading the paper. His boss, JANE, 35, enters. She has short red hair, and is dressed professionally.

JANE
Is that our paper?

NEWTON
Nope.

JANE
And why not?

NEWTON
Because we don’t have a sports section, or real news for that matter.

JANE
A lot of our stories come from real news.
NEWTON
If you mean how we take an honest to goodness world crisis, and fabricate some ridiculous crap story around it, then you’re absolutely right. I mean, who honestly believes this stuff?

Newton picks up a copy of The New York Star Times. The headline reads DEWILDE FAMILY EATEN BY LOCHNESS MONSTER.

JANE
It’s not about believing, it’s entertainment. One million copies a week equals a lot of entertained people.

NEWTON
Yeah, as long as the checks don’t bounce I guess.

JANE
That’s what I like to see. A man of principle. How was the wedding?

NEWTON
Typical family function. When will you meet a nice girl? When are you going to get married?

JANE
I told you I would have gone with you.

NEWTON
After the last time? I don’t think so.

JANE
What did I do?

NEWTON
You told my dad that you gave me a blowjob in the car on the way over.

JANE
I told everyone I was kidding.

NEWTON
And then revealed that you were my boss.
JANE
So?

NEWTON
So for six weeks after I had to listen to my dad tell everybody that my balls were in my boss' purse.

JANE
Ok, well if you ever need my assistance, just ask.

NEWTON
You’re tops on my list.

Jane leaves. Newton sits at his desk for a moment before taking a piece of paper from his pocket. He picks up the phone and dials. An OPERATOR answers.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Good Morning, Darby campaign. How may I direct your call?

NEWTON
Sara Renfeld please.

OPERATOR
One moment.

Easy listening music plays briefly until Sara answers.

SARA (V.O.)
Sara Renfeld.

NEWTON
Hey Sara, it’s Newton.

SARA (V.O.)
Newton who?

NEWTON
Lawler. We met the other night. I spilled my coffee on you?

SARA (V.O.)
I’m sorry, can you be a little more specific? That happens to me at least three times a week.

NEWTON
Ha Ha Ha.
SARA (V.O.)
Just trying to see how long I could string you along. So what’s up?

NEWTON
Just calling to see if you’d like to get together.

SARA (V.O.)
Ready to spill the beans on what interests you?

NEWTON
Not quite, but I would like to see you again.

SARA (V.O.)
Sure. When?

NEWTON
Whenever’s good for you.

SARA (V.O.)
Tonight?

NEWTON
Tonight? Uh, tonight’s no good. I’ve already made plans with another girl for tonight.

SARA (V.O.)
You call me up for a date when you have plans with somebody else? Why you --

NEWTON
Sara. I’m screwing with ya.

SARA (V.O.)
I knew that. So tonight then?

NEWTON
Sure, meet me at Captain Caffeine’s. 8 o’clock?

SARA (V.O.)
No problem.

NEWTON
I might be bringing a friend along too if that’s alright?
SARA
Sure. I have a friend I can ask to come along.

NEWTON
Ok, great. See you tonight. Bye.

Newton hangs up the phone, spins around in his chair, and throws his hands in the air.

NEWTON
Yeah!

Workers standing outside of his office stop what they are doing and stare at him.

NEWTON
Lunchtime, boy do I love lunchtime. I think I’ll go out and enjoy my lunchtime, on this day that I have...a lunchtime.

The workers continue staring.

NEWTON
Ah, go back to fuckin’ work.

INT. DINER - DAY

Newton and CARL, 31, sit in a booth. Carl is heavy set, with shaggy, dark blond hair.

NEWTON
I’m telling you, she’s smart, funny, and beautiful. Best of all she likes me. I’m on cloud nine.

Carl stares off into space.

NEWTON
Carl? You hear me?

CARL

Newton looks in the direction that Carl is staring.

NEWTON
What are you looking at?
CARL
That girl. Short skirt. No panties. I want it.

NEWTON
You are a true slob, Carl, and I mean that sincerely.

Carl snaps out of his daze and looks back at Newton.

CARL
If you’ve got a shot then go for it, at least to get your family off your back.

NEWTON
That’s the funny part of this. I haven’t even thought about that.

CARL
So where’d you meet her? Nathan’s wedding?

NEWTON
Sort of.

CARL
Either you did or you didn’t.

NEWTON
I met her when I went out for some air.

CARL
Was it really air, or were you fighting off the temptation to strangle one of your blue haired aunts?

NEWTON
Little of both. I could have used your help.

CARL
Yeah, those business trips really stick it in and break it off.

NEWTON
I know. I had the same thing happ--

CARL
Quit getting off the subject. What happened with the girl?
NEWTON
I was walking out of Captain Caffeine’s. I bumped into her and spilled my coffee all over her coat.

CARL
And she found that attractive, did she?

NEWTON
Well I did sweet talk her a little.

CARL
No! Not the "this coffee is supposed to be hot" thing.

NEWTON
Yeah.

CARL
Your clumsy ass has spilled more coffee on more people than I could ever know, and you always use that dumb joke. You mean to tell me she thought it was funny?

NEWTON
A little I guess.

CARL
Well any girl who can hear that, and not automatically dismiss you as a boob is a clear keeper.

NEWTON
She has other qualities you know.

CARL
And I’m sure they’re real nice, but the not thinking you’re a boob thing is like triple the points.

NEWTON
Thanks for the positive reinforcement.

CARL
So, did ya nail her shut?

NEWTON
No. We just went back inside, I bought her a cup of coffee, and we talked.
CARL
For how long?

NEWTON
I don’t know. Eight hours maybe.

CARL
Eight hours?! That’s like three
dates. What could you possibly talk
about for that long?

NEWTON
All kinds of stuff.

CARL
My advice to you is to get on that.
These chicks nowadays, if you ain’t
layin’, they ain’t stayin’.

NEWTON
What an endearing poem.

CARL
You gotta start thinking like a
man-whore, like me.

NEWTON
Neither you nor I are whores.

CARL
I won’t deny it. Carl’s baloney
pony has given many a ride.

NEWTON
You think the pony can rise up and
be my wing man?

CARL
Aww man. You want me to go out with
a fat chick.

NEWTON
I didn’t say she was fat.

CARL
If she wasn’t you would’ve asked me
by now.

NEWTON
I don’t think she’s fat Carl.
CARL
You and me, we’re best buds, but don’t ask me to jump on the grenade for you.

NEWTON
 Alright man whore, look at it this way. Maybe you’ll get laid.

CARL
Oh, well in that case, call me hog slayer.

NEWTON
I knew I’d appeal to your tender side. I’ll give you all the details once I find out.

INT. NEWTON’S OFFICE – DAY
Newton enters, picks up his phone and listens to his messages.

SARA (V.O.)
Hi Newt, it’s Sara. I talked to my friend Liz earlier and she said she’d come out with us if your friend cares to join us. Give me a call and let me know. Bye.

Newton hangs up the phone and throws his hands triumphantly in the air.

NEWTON
Could this work out any better? I don’t think so!

Another group outside his office stares.

NEWTON
Don’t you people have lives?

INT. CAPTAIN CAFFEINE’S COFFEE – NIGHT

CARL
I’m not worried about fine. I’m worried about laid.
NEWTON
Well that spectacular shirt will certainly heighten your chances.

CARL
Don’t I look dashing?

NEWTON
If you’re looking to be on the cover of fat party guys weekly, yes.

CARL
What’s wrong with my shirt?

NEWTON
Wearing a Hawaiian shirt is like riding in the back of a pickup truck. There’s no way to do it and look cool.

CARL
C’mon, it took me like, ten minutes, to put this look together. What do you want me to do?

NEWTON
Just try to put a little more effort into the date than you did on your wardrobe, ok?

Carl looks at his watch.

CARL
They’re officially late. It’s 8:02.

NEWTON
My god, we’ve been stood up.

CARL
Nah, her friend is probably just waxing her mustache or something.

NEWTON
Nothing like accentuating the positive.

CARL
Can we at least order something?

NEWTON
You can wait.
CARL
But I’m hungry now.

NEWTON
I’m sure they’ll be here soon.
Probably just fashionably late.

CARL
There’s that mustache thing again.

NEWTON
Or maybe they just care about their appearance?

CARL
But what they don’t realize is that it’s all for nothing. I’m a party guy, I can’t be tied down.

NEWTON
You love the nightlife?

CARL
I love to boogie.

INT. SARA’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sara runs around the apartment in a frenzy. She has one shoe in her hand and searches for the other.

LIZ, 27, with long, semi curly blond hair, and a plus size figure with a pretty face, sits on the couch. She looks at her watch.

LIZ
We’re now five minutes late.

SARA
I know, I know. I just want to look good, that’s all.

LIZ
Why?

SARA
Because this guy is really nice and I like him. Maybe if you gave somebody a chance you’d meet a nice guy too.
LIZ
The day I do, I’ll take longer than fifteen minutes to get ready.

SARA
Your date sounds ok. Just go with the flow. I’m not asking you to marry him or anything.

LIZ
Well that’s refreshing. I don’t know how I managed to dodge the bullet with all the winners you’ve set me up with.

SARA
Hey I tried.

LIZ
So what are these guys’ names anyway?

SARA
Carl and Newton.

LIZ
Newton? You’re setting me up with a guy named Newton?

SARA
No, Newton is mine.

LIZ
What is he, a librarian?

SARA
He’s a writer.

LIZ
Oh, so he writes the books that go in the library?

SARA
Ladies and gentlemen, Miss cynic U-S-A!

Sara claps her hands wildly.

LIZ
One of us has to be. Good cop, bad cop method. And why should I take a bunch of time to get ready? I just wanna take it off anyway.
Sara finally finds her shoe. She puts it on and heads for the door.

LIZ
Just think, if you wouldn’t have spent all of that overtime at the office, you would have found your shoe that much earlier.

SARA
Duty called, and I answered it.

LIZ
Are you a campaign associate or Rambo?

SARA
Let’s just go.

INT. CAPTAIN CAFFEINE’S COFFEE - NIGHT

CARL
He stormed in and beat the bejesus out of me with a wire hanger. Whap, whap, whap. I took it for about a minute when I, uh, never mind.

NEWTON
When you what? C’mon tell me.

CARL
I peed my pants and started crying.

NEWTON
That’s hilarious.

CARL
I learned a valuable lesson that day. Never touch your dad’s remote control.

Sara and Liz arrive and stand at the table.

SARA
Sorry we’re running late. I couldn’t find my shoe.

CARL
Aww, it’s like Cinderella.

Newton glares at Carl before getting up to seat Sara. Liz seats herself.
NEWTON
Don’t worry about it. You look great.

SARA
That’s sweet.

CARL AND LIZ
So sweet my teeth hurt.

Newton whispers into Sara’s ear.

NEWTON
At least they have something in common.

CARL
What?

NEWTON
Nothing. Carl, this is Sara.

The two shake hands.

CARL
Nice to meet you. Can we eat now?

Sara laughs.

SARA
Sure, but wouldn’t you like to meet Liz first?

CARL
Hi Liz. You hungry? I sure am. I’d really like to eat now as a matter of fact, which I was just commenting on mere seconds ago. Hey Pete!

Carl waves for Pete, who comes to the table.

PETE
What can I get ya?

CARL
Did you put that burger on the menu yet?

PETE
No Carl. This is a coffee shop. I can get you a donut if you want, but no burgers. I don’t even have a grill.
CARL
Well, one day you’ll have a grill, and you’ll have burgers, and everyone will love them, and you’ll thank me for it. People will come from all over just to sample the Carl burger.

PETE
Well until that day comes, what can I get you?

Carl lowers his head in defeat.

CARL
Coffee black. Two chocolate donuts.

NEWTON
The usual.

PETE
Coffee, black and sugar.

SARA
I’ll have the same.

LIZ
Coffee, cream and sugar, and a banana muffin.

PETE
Back in a sec.

Carl leans in close to Liz.

CARL
So, do you like big bananas?

He gives her an odd wink.

LIZ
Not as much as charming men like you.

NEWTON
Carl, you disgust me.

CARL
Yeah, I do that a lot.

LIZ
No it’s fine. To answer his question, I don’t. I like tiny
LIZ
ones. So I guess you still have a chance.

CARL
Oh yeah?

LIZ
Yeah.

CARL
You couldn’t handle me, sister.

LIZ
I’m pretty sure I could, big guy.

CARL
Well, I’ll see your clever retort and do you one better. You wanna go someplace and screw like banshees?

Newton and Sara go bug eyed. Liz is stunned.

LIZ
What did you just say to me?

CARL
You heard me, or did all of your pent up sexual frustration cause you to go deaf?

LIZ
I’ll show you sexual frustration!

She stands up, and pulls Carl out of the coffee shop. Carl gives Newton thumbs up and a childish smile as he goes through the door. Pete returns with the orders.

PETE
Where are they going?

NEWTON
Uh, they said something about a place that has cheeseburgers.

PETE
Alright, I’ll just leave this here in case they come back.

NEWTON
Thanks Pete.

Pete sets down the order and heads back to the counter.
NEWTON
Sorry about that.

SARA
Oh no, it’s completely fine. Trust me.

Newton looks around uncomfortably. Sara notices.

SARA
Something the matter?

NEWTON
No, not really. I guess I was just expecting Carl to be around a bit to help break the ice a little.

Sara puts her hand over Newton’s.

SARA
You’ll be fine.

NEWTON
So, uh, what do you feel like talking about?

SARA
Why don’t you tell me about your job?

NEWTON
What do you want to know?

SARA
All I know is that you write for a newspaper. Anything else you feel like sharing is fine.

NEWTON
I write for the New York Star Times.

SARA
The tabloid?

NEWTON
Or as my father likes to call it, "the lowest common denominator".

SARA
Sounds like my kind of guy.
NEWTON
Hey, I didn’t go giving you a hard time about your job.

Sara’s eyes open in surprise.

SARA
What’s wrong with my job?

NEWTON
Nothing, really. Our respective careers actually have a lot in common.

SARA
How on earth did you come to that conclusion.

NEWTON
Easy. We both earn our livings from fakes. Fake stories, fake people, it’s all relative.

Sara quickly gets up from the table.

SARA
I didn’t come here to be insulted.

NEWTON
No, you probably came here because you thought I worked for a reputable paper and I’d do a piece on your boss.

Sara slaps Newton and storms out of the coffee shop.

Newton looks over to Pete.

PETE
Go get her. I’ll put it on your tab.

Newton nods in agreement and heads off after Sara.

EXT. CAPTAIN CAFFEINE’S COFFEE - NIGHT

Sara walks briskly along with Newton in pursuit. When he catches up, he steps in front of her and she stops.

SARA
What?
NEWTON
You didn’t have to smack me like that.

SARA
And you didn’t have to say those things.

NEWTON
And I’m sorry for that. I honestly have no idea how to talk to people sometimes. Especially on dates.

SARA
And this is what you do? Insult people?

NEWTON
I didn’t mean to. Sometimes I try to joke and it comes out all wrong. Would I still be single at this age if I didn’t have some weird problem?

Sara gives Newton a once over as he stands there with a pleading look on his face.

SARA
I suppose not.

NEWTON
Can you just give me a chance? Maybe get to know the real me?

SARA
Alright.

Newton places his hands on Sara’s shoulders.

NEWTON
Thank you.

INT. SARA’S OFFICE - DAY

Sara sits at her desk, sifting through papers. Liz enters.

LIZ
So how did things go?
SARA
Little rough.

LIZ
Really?

SARA
Yeah. He said I work for a fake and only went out with him again because I thought he worked for a real newspaper and he’d do a story on Darby.

LIZ
I can see the logic in that.

SARA
That’s not even remotely true!

LIZ
Maybe not to you, but to the untrained eye, you can seem really involved in the cause.

SARA
I can?

LIZ
Yeah, so cut the guy some slack, huh?

SARA
Does giving him another chance count?

LIZ
It’s a start.

SARA
Then at least I’ve got that going for me.

LIZ
Which is nice. So go out, have fun, live it up.

SARA
Definitely. Feel like lunch today?

LIZ
You think you can drag yourself away from the salt mines?
SARA
I’ll make an exception in your case.

LIZ
I’m flattered. I’ll be back later.

Theres a knock at the door and Jim Darby enters.

JIM
Ah, there’s my two lovelies.

SARA
Hello, Mr. Darby.

Jim saunters over to Sara’s desk and rests a hand on it. He leans in toward Sara, suggestively.

JIM
Now Sara, how may times have I asked you to call me Jim?

SARA
Sorry. Jim. Is there something I can do for you?

JIM
No. I just wanted to see how the most special lady on my campaign was doing.

SARA
I’m fine.

Jim strangely stares at Sara. Liz takes a seat on the desk next to him.

LIZ
I’m fine too.

JIM
That’s nice, Lisa.

Jim doesn’t even look at her.

LIZ
My name is Liz.

JIM
That’s great, Lisa. Really great.

Jim gets up from the desk and backs out of the office, staring at Sara the entire way.
JIM
You two have a nice day.

SARA
You too.

Jim cracks a cheesy wink and a smile and closes the door.

LIZ
You know, Newton may have had a point with that fake thing.

SARA
Don’t be silly. I really think he can accomplish something.

LIZ
Please. The only thing he wants to accomplish is getting you in the sack.

Sara folds her arms across her chest, glaring at Liz.

LIZ
What? You know I’m right. He can go on and on about how he specifically requested you based on your qualifications, but unless your qualifications have anything to do with those two things you stuff into your bra every day, I call shenanigans.

SARA
Thanks for the pep talk.

LIZ
I just call ’em like I see ’em.

INT. NEWTON’S OFFICE – DAY

Newton works on his computer. Jane enters.

JANE
Ok, fill me in on the new lady you were talking about.

NEWTON
What do you wanna know?
JANE
She nice? Pretty? Met the fam?

NEWTON
Let’s see. Yes, yes, and no, although she has met Carl.

JANE
I hope you prepared her for that.

NEWTON
She brought a friend with her so I think that helped.

JANE
I feel sorry for the friend.

NEWTON
I did too, at least until she pulled Carl off to have sex somewhere.

JANE
Are you kidding me?

NEWTON
Absolutely not.

JANE
So they leave and then it’s just you and what’s her name?

NEWTON
Sara.

JANE
You and Sara. Then what?

NEWTON
We had a cup of coffee, got in an argument, made up, and headed home.

JANE
Make up sex. Nice. Your place or hers?

NEWTON
We went to our own homes.

JANE
Goodnight kiss?
NEWTON

Nope.

JANE

You going soft?

NEWTON

No, I just haven’t thought about it.

JANE

Better get on the ball. If you ain’t layin, she ain’t stayin.

NEWTON

Are you sure you and Carl aren’t related?

JANE

What do you mean?

NEWTON

He said that same thing to me recently.

JANE

So what’s next?

NEWTON

Sunday dinner at my dad’s.

JANE

Will the rest of the family be there?

NEWTON

Naturally, and Carl will be there too.

JANE

I thought he’s not allowed there anymore.

NEWTON

Technically he’s not, but I’ll sweet talk the old man into it.
INT. DAD’S HOUSE – DAY

DAD
No No No. Absolutely not.

NEWTON
Dad, be reasonable here. It’s one dinner.

DAD
I don’t want him here.

NEWTON
You’re holding some stupid grudge over something that happened years ago.

DAD
I don’t care if it happened years ago or if it happened yesterday. I don’t want him here.

NEWTON
Would it help if I gave you my word that he won’t drink your Southern or steal your remote?

DAD
No it wouldn’t. It’s bad enough you’re fraternizing with the enemy, now I have to let that idiot into my house too?

NEWTON
Fraternizing with the enemy?

DAD
She’s a Democrat, son. A Democrat.

NEWTON
You’re really thinking too much into it.

DAD
You see that? Already starting to get in your head. Brainwashing’s all they know, and they’re washing your brain good.

NEWTON
Then you leave me no choice.
DAD
Oh really. What are you gonna do?

NEWTON
Well I thought I would be able to get through this, but I may as well tell Sara the truth.

DAD
What? That your friend is a rotten, thieving bastard?

NEWTON
That I’m gay.

DAD
Whaddya mean you’re gay?

NEWTON
I just can’t help it. I’ve been trying to fight it off since I started seeing Sara, but if I don’t have your support, well.

DAD
You’re bluffing.

Newton takes out his wallet.

NEWTON
I think I have that big stud’s number in here somewhere.

Dad grabs Newton by the shoulders.

DAD
Listen. Put the wallet away. Invite whoever you want. Just don’t be gay son. Don’t be gay.

NEWTON
You got any Barbra Streisand records?

Dad shakes Newton.

DAD
Don’t be gay!

NEWTON
Alright, we’ll see you around four.

Dad releases his grip. He breathes heavily with nervousness.
DAD
Yeah, sure.

Newton exits.

INT. NEWTON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT
Newton is on the phone with Carl.

CARL (V.O.)
No way.

NEWTON
C’mon, I already went through all of this with my dad. I gotta deal with you too now?

CARL (V.O.)
The last time I was in that house I got the crap beat outta me.

NEWTON
That was fifteen years ago. Aren’t you just a tad bit old to be afraid of my dad now?

CARL (V.O.)
He beat my ass!

NEWTON
True, but just think of how much bigger you are than him now.

CARL (V.O.)
You know something, you’re right. I can take him.

NEWTON
How bout we try making it through dinner first?

CARL (V.O.)
Fine, but if he tries anything, I’ll drop the hammer. I’m fat and I’m crazy.

NEWTON
Fine. See you Sunday.
EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Newton and Sara walk along.

SARA
I need to ask you something.

NEWTON
Ok.

SARA
Is there anything I should know about your family? Things I should or shouldn’t talk about?

NEWTON
I’m one hundred percent positive that it’s going to come up at some point, but try to avoid talking politics for as long as you can.

SARA
Why?

NEWTON
My dad is a die hard Republican.

SARA
I see.

NEWTON
Yeah, and he’ll get on his soapbox the first chance he gets.

SARA
I’ll do what I can.

He smiles at her.

NEWTON
Thanks.

Newton grabs Sara’s hand and they stop walking. They look into each other’s eyes for a moment before kissing. Newton pulls back and looks at her suspiciously.

NEWTON
You and my dad are going to get into it aren’t you?

Sara smiles.
SARA
I’ll try my best to avoid it.

NEWTON
Yeah, I’m doomed.

They continue walking along.

EXT. DAD’S HOUSE, PORCH — NIGHT

Newton and Sara stand on the porch as Dad opens the door.

DAD
So I hear you’re a Democrat.

Newton’s eyes open wide with fear. He quickly jumps in front of Sara.

NEWTON
Dad, this is Sara.

Sara extends her hand around Newton and Dad shakes it.

SARA
Nice to meet you Mister Lawler.

DAD
Call me Tank. Everyone does.

SARA
Ok. Tank.

DAD
C’mon in.

They enter the house and Dad closes the door.

INT. DAD’S HOUSE, HALLWAY — NIGHT

Newton discreetly grabs Dad by the arm.

NEWTON
Make yourself at home, Sara. We’ll be there in a sec.

SARA
Ok.

Sara heads to the living room.
DAD
I’ve got some snacks in the kitchen. I wasn’t sure what you Democrats eat so I got a little bit of everything.

NEWTON
Would you knock it off already?

DAD
All things considered, she looks nice, Newt.

NEWTON
Thanks, I think.

DAD
Why are you holding my arm?

NEWTON
Well I was going to tell you to lay off the politics stuff, but Tank?

DAD
You don’t like it?

NEWTON
Who has ever called you Tank?

DAD
Nobody. I just thought it was time I had a nickname.

NEWTON
And you gave yourself one?

DAD
Sure.

NEWTON
Isn’t it a little late in the game to be doing things like that?

DAD
Ah, you don’t know shit from fat meat.

He pulls his arm away and heads to the kitchen.

NEWTON
This is true.

The doorbell rings. Newton opens the door and Nathan and Melissa enter.
NATHAN
Hey, didn’t expect to see you here this early.

NEWTON
Figured I’d let Sara get settled in with Dad before everyone got here.

NATHAN
So she came then?

NEWTON
She’s in the living room.

MELISSA
Who’s everyone? Somebody else coming?

NATHAN
Carl’s coming.

NEWTON
How’d you know?

NATHAN
Dad must have called me right after you left on Thursday. He rambled on for about an hour.

NEWTON
About what?

NATHAN
He said he was letting Carl in the house for the sake of his future grandkids. You did the gay thing didn’t you?

NEWTON
Indeed.

NATHAN
I’m surprised he went for it. Probably took him awhile to decide what was worse. You dating a dude or a democrat.

NEWTON
C’mon, I’ll introduce you to Sara.
INT. DAD’S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Newton and Sara sit on a loveseat, Dad in his chair, and Nathan and Melissa on the couch.

MELISSA
I’m glad you could make it Sara. It’s nice to have a woman around here for a change.

SARA
Happy to help out. Oh, before I forget.

Sara reaches into her purse, taking out a small handful of tickets. She gives them to Newton.

NEWTON
What are these?

SARA
There’s a fundraiser dinner next week at the Ford Hotel. I thought you guys might like to come.

DAD
What kind of fundraiser?

SARA
It’s for the Darby campaign.

Dad quickly shakes his head no.

DAD
Sorry, but I’m not givin’ one thin dime to that guy.

SARA
But I gave you the tickets. It’s free.

DAD
Free huh?

SARA
Absolutely.

DAD
Well I guess I’d be a fool to pass up a free me--. Hey, waitaminute. Thsi is one of those brainwashing tactics isn’t it? Trying to butter me up for a vote?
SARA
No, nothing like that. I just thought you’d like to come.

DAD
I’ll think about it.

SARA
Thanks. Can someone tell me where the bathroom is?

DAD
It’s around the corner there.

Sara gets up and heads for the bathroom.

NEWTON
Dad--

Dad holds a hand up that stops Newton from speaking, and starts to giggle uncontrollably.

NATHAN
What’s so funny?

DAD
You’ll see.

Newton, Nathan, and Melissa look at each other in wonder. Sara returns from the bathroom a moment later.

DAD
So what did you think of the decor?

SARA
Interesting, but a little juvenile for my taste.

DAD
Juvenile? There’s nothing juvenile about it!

NEWTON
What did you do?

DAD
Oh nothing.

SARA
He taped a picture of the Democratic party symbol inside the toilet bowl.

Dad breaks out into uncontrollable laughter.
NEWTON
I’m burning your food.

DAD
It would probably taste better if you did. Now hold down the fort. I’m gonna go take out my frustrations on that picture.

Dad exits.

NEWTON
What a sad, little man.

The doorbell rings.

NEWTON
Carl. Thank God.

NATHAN
So go answer it.

NEWTON
It’s your turn. I got it when you showed up.

NATHAN
It’s your friend.

NEWTON
Like you don’t know Carl.

Another ring.

NATHAN
Better hurry flash, the natives are getting restless.

NEWTON
Oh, how I hate you.

Newton gets up and heads for the door.

INT. DAD’S HOUSE, HALLWAY - NIGHT
Newton answers the door and Liz is standing there.

NEWTON
Hey Liz. Didn’t expect to see you here.
LIZ
Carl asked me to come along. He said he needed protection. I hope you don’t mind.

NEWTON
No, not at all. Where’s he at?

LIZ
Parking the car.

NEWTON
He actually let you out at the door? He must like you.

Carl walks up.

CARL
It wasn’t a complete stop. More like a tuck and roll.

NEWTON
That’s heartwarming. I’m just glad you guys are here.

CARL
Why what’s up?

NEWTON
I was preparing for Sara and my dad to go at it any minute.

CARL
Nice. Maybe that’ll take some of the heat off of me.

NEWTON
Sorry, friend, but your job is to take the heat off Sara.

CARL
Shit.

Carl and Liz enter the house.

INT. DAD’S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM – NIGHT
Newton, Carl, and Liz enter the living room.

NATHAN
Hey Carl.
CARL
Nathan, Melissa, this is Liz.

SARA
I didn’t know you were coming.

CARL
She’s my bodyguard.

LIZ
I still don’t understand this bodyguard business.

NEWTON
Carl’s afraid of my Dad.

LIZ
Why?

CARL
Because when me and Newton were kids, I drank a whole bottle of --

Dad comes storming into the room with an empty bottle in his hand.

DAD
Southern Comfort!

He takes a swing at Carl with the bottle, but Carl drops to the floor and he misses.

CARL
Help! Help!

Newton and Nathan restrain Dad.

NEWTON
What the hell are you doing?

DAD
I need my revenge. Lemme go, lemme go.

NATHAN
Gimme that bottle.

Nathan pries the bottle from Dad’s hands and Carl jumps up.

CARL
A ha!
Dad kicks Carl in the balls and he falls like a stone. Newton and Nathan let Dad go and attend to Carl. Dad raises his arms in victory. Melissa runs into the kitchen.

DAD
The day is mine!

NEWTON
You ok?

CARL
My balls. He kicked them. Hard.

The brothers help Carl to his feet and sit him on the couch. Melissa returns with a cup of coffee and hands it to Dad.

MELISSA
Here, drink this.

NEWTON
What the hell is wrong with you?

DAD
I got my revenge!

NEWTON
Revenge for what?

DAD
Drinking my Southern.

NEWTON
Are you serious? That’s what all of this is about?

DAD
You’re damn right it is.

NEWTON
You’re pathetic.

DAD
The only thing that’s pathetic is the fact that I didn’t have you bring him here sooner.

NEWTON
Alright alright, why don’t you just lighten up a little bit there, Tank.
NATHAN

Tank?

NEWTON

Dad tried to tell Sara his name was Tank. Apparently it’s real hip with the old folks to give yourself a ridiculous nickname.

NATHAN

Oh that’s nothing.

DAD

You shut up Nathan.

NATHAN

Dad told Melissa his name was Snake.

MELISSA

Oh god, I forgot all about that.

CARL

After that kick to my junk he should change his name to Bruce Lee.

NATHAN

Oh you picked the perfect day to come to dinner. Most people don’t find out how crazy our family is for weeks, even months. You’re very lucky.

SARA

I knew I was lucky the moment I met Newton.

CARL

That’s funny. I usually have the opposite thought when someone spills hot coffee on me.

DAD

Let’s find out.

Dad throws his coffee into Carl’s crotch. Carl screams.

CARL

My balls are on fire! My balls are on fire!
NEWTON
Jesus, Dad.

A timer bell sounds.

DAD
Dinner’s ready.

Dad casually walks towards the kitchen.

INT. DAD’S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family and friends sit at the dinner table.

LIZ
So how long have you two been married?

MELISSA
A week and a day now.

CARL
Had you asked Nathan, he probably would have said forever and a day.

A slice of ham hits Carl in the face.

DAD
Mind your mouth.

CARL
Damn, old man. Your aim is incredible.

DAD
It’s your big mouth that’s incredible.

NEWTON
Can we just have a nice, quiet dinner?

CARL
I second that.

DAD
This isn’t a democracy. I’ll decide when we can and can’t have a quiet dinner.
SARA
Do you believe in a dictatorial society?

Newton buries his face in his hands.

DAD
In my house I do.

SARA
But don’t you think that people should have a right to vote, no matter what the situation is?

DAD
Maybe if I were one of those bleeding heart types, but this is my house, and in my house the buck stops here.

Dad lightly taps on the table. Sara giggles slightly.

DAD
What’s so funny?

SARA
You just quoted a Democrat.

DAD
No I didn’t.

SARA
Harry Truman was a Democrat.

DAD
Truman? A Democrat? No way!

NEWTON
She’s right, Dad.

DAD
He was?

NEWTON
Yep.

DAD
I’ve been living a lie. The greatest president of my time was a Democrat, and all these years I thought he was a Republican. What am I gonna do now?
CARL
Maybe you could throw hot coffee in someone’s crotch or some ham in their face. You seem to be pretty good at that.

The table freezes. Dad glares at Carl momentarily before lunging at him. Carl lets out a girlish scream.

EXT. DAD’S HOUSE, FRONT PORCH NIGHT.

The family and friends leave the house. Carl holds his head.

NATHAN
Alright everybody, we’ll see you later.

MELISSA
Take care Sara, it was nice to meet you.

SARA
Same here.

MELISSA
Keep an eye on Carl, Liz. He took quite a beating.

LIZ
Will do. Hope to see you guys soon.

DAD
Have a safe drive home you two.

NATHAN
You should really let us do dinner some Sunday, Dad.

DAD
Maybe if you guys didn’t live all the way out where Jesus lost his shoes, I’d take you up on it.

NATHAN
I’ll take that as a no. See ya later.

Nathan and Melissa head off to their car.

CARL
I think I have internal bleeding in my head.
DAD
Rocks don’t bleed, son.

CARL
I’ll get the car.

Carl turns to Newton.

CARL
You owe me. Big time.

Dad goes in the house.

SARA
You think he’s ok to drive?

NEWTON
He’s fine. I’ve seen him in worse shape before.

LIZ
I’m sure he has a thick skull.

NEWTON
You know him all too well. So how’s it going with you guys?

LIZ
I’ll put it like this. I’m more worried about his ability to do other things than driving.

NEWTON
Understood.

Carl pulls up and beeps the horn.

LIZ
Ok guys. I’ll see you later.

Newton and Sara wave as Liz heads to the car and they drive off.

SARA
So I guess it’s just you and me.

NEWTON
Yep.

SARA
Feel like doing anything?
NEWTON
Sure.

A brief pause.

SARA
Ok. What do you feel like doing?

NEWTON
I don’t know.

SARA
No ideas?

Newton puts his hands in his pockets.

NEWTON
How bout a drink?

Sara shrugs her shoulders.

SARA
Sure, why not? Maybe you could spill some more hot coffee on me.

NEWTON
You liked that huh?

SARA
Must be some weird fetish I’ve developed.

The two laugh.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Newton and Sara sit at the bar having drinks.

NEWTON
Well, I’d say dinner went better than I had hoped.

SARA
Really?

NEWTON
Absolutely. I always manage to conjure up these horrible thoughts when it comes to my dad.
SARA
Such a glass is half empty type of guy.

NEWTON
I wasn’t always like this. It’s taken many years of training to become this negative.

Sara smiles just as her cell phone rings. She looks at the caller ID, and quickly answers as Newton looks on in wonder.

SARA

Sara hangs up the phone.

NEWTON
What’s up?

SARA
I have to go.

NEWTON
Where?

SARA
I have to pay a visit to two friends of the party.

NEWTON
Now?

SARA
Yeah, they’ve decided to give a huge donation to the campaign and I need to go pick it up.

NEWTON
But, Sara, it’s Sunday night.

SARA
I’m sorry, Newton, but this is important.

Newton sighs in frustration.

NEWTON
Fine.
SARA
Are you mad?

NEWTON
A little yeah. I mean, we’ve been dating for quite awhile now, and it’s been good, but seventy five percent of the time you have to up and leave because of work.

SARA
That’s not true.

NEWTON
At the movie theater, you had to leave to go fix the copy machine. At dinner, you had to leave to call the caterer for the banquet. At my apartment, you had to leave because you were the only person with a key to the cabinet that has the post it notes. See where I’m going? It’s a disparity of devotion is what it is. I’m devoted to you and you’re devoted to your job.

SARA
I’m devoted to you too.

NEWTON
Yeah, when it doesn’t conflict with your work schedule.

SARA
But this is really important.

NEWTON
Oh, it’s all bullshit. Why don’t you open your eyes and see that?

Sara is angry.

SARA
It’s not bullshit. It’s my job.

NEWTON
Going over to someone’s house to get money for Darby on a Sunday night? If that’s your job, than your lower than a telemarketer.

Sara gets up in anger.
SARA
You know what your problem is? You don’t believe in anything. That’s why you haven’t been able to answer that question from the first night we met.

Newton picks up his drink. The glass is nearly empty, and he holds it at eye level.

NEWTON
There is something I believe in, now that you mention it.

Sara places her hands on her hips.

SARA
Oh yeah? What’s that?

NEWTON
I believe I’ll have another drink.

SARA
Goodbye, Newton.

Sara turns and quickly exits, leaving Newton to stare at his glass.

INT. DARBY CAMPAIGN HQ, LUNCHROOM - DAY

Sara makes coffee as Liz walks in.

LIZ
Oh thank you. I was just coming to make it.

SARA
If I had only waited five more minutes.

LIZ
Very funny.

SARA
No, just lazy.

LIZ
Actually I did think that earlier. I figured you’d slept in since I didn’t see you on the train.
SARA
No, I actually got in to work quite early this morning.

LIZ
Early? What for?

SARA
Couldn’t sleep.

LIZ
Newton keep you up all night?

SARA
In a way.

LIZ
What am I missing here?

SARA
We broke up last night.

LIZ
You broke up? Why?

SARA
He got mad because I’ve had to leave so many of our dates for work stuff.

LIZ
Well, I guess I can see the logic in that.

SARA
What?

LIZ
I know I wouldn’t want my date ducking out all the time. It makes sense that he’d dump you.

SARA
I broke up with him.

LIZ
What?

SARA
Yeah, I’m not putting up with that.

Jim Darby enters just as Liz goes to answer.
JIM
Who’s not putting up with what?

Sara looks around the room.

SARA
Uh, Liz was just saying that the American people shouldn’t have to put up with shady politicians anymore, and that they need someone like you in office.

Jim smiles his fake smile.

JIM
That’s awfully kind of you, Lisa. I just hope the public thinks the same.

LIZ
My name is Liz.

JIM
Keep up the good work. So Sara, how’d everything go with the Steinmetz’s?

SARA
Wonderful.

JIM
Excellent. You know, I got worried when I didn’t hear from you last night.

SARA
Yeah, sorry. Got out kinda late and didn’t want to call.

JIM
Next time, don’t worry about that. You just remember that anytime you need anything, anything at all, you just call "Big Jim".

SARA
Ok.

JIM
See you later, Sara. Goodbye Lisa.

Jim exits.
LIZ
What the hell? How can you possibly expect me to vote for someone that can’t even remember my name?

SARA
At least he said to keep up the good work.

LIZ
Yeah, because I seem to be doing a bang up job of getting the word out to the people that work here.

SARA
I’m sure he meant on the whole.

LIZ
I doubt it. That man there is precisely the reason why the democratic party symbol is the jackass.

SARA
Can’t you just go with the flow?

LIZ
I don’t want to work here anymore.

SARA
Well, I guess you could quit.

LIZ
And take away what little social life you have left?

SARA
What’s that supposed to mean?

LIZ
It means that all you do is eat, sleep, drink, and now because you’ve pushed Newton away, date this campaign.

SARA
It’s important.

LIZ
You think that once this is over and Darby gets into office, you’re going with him?
SARA
I haven’t thought about it.

LIZ
Well you should, because I can safely say that he probably isn’t, and you’ll be left all alone.

SARA
I won’t be all alone.

LIZ
Ok, so maybe you’ll get a cat, but as long as your career comes first, you’ll always be single.

SARA
Talk about the pot and the kettle. Your whole relationship is based on sex.

LIZ
Carl is a tender, loving man, and he cares deeply about me.

INT. BAR - DAY
Newton and Carl sit at the bar, visibly intoxicated.

CARL
Whores! All they care about is themselves!

Carl holds up his glass, and Newton taps it with his.

NEWTON
I’ll drink to that.

Carl leans in closely.

CARL
I gotta tell you something.

NEWTON
What?

CARL
Look at me. I gotta tell you something.
NEWTON
So tell me.

CARL
Sara...is crazy. Look at you. You’re a handsome guy. She’s nuts.

NEWTON
Yeah.

CARL
So she thinks your garbage. Happens to the best of us.

NEWTON
I’m not garbage.

CARL
You shit on her job, man. Her job.

NEWTON
I didn’t shit on her job. She kept leaving our dates.

CARL
It’s the same thing. Her job is important to her...

NEWTON
More important than me.

CARL
...and you shit on it.

NEWTON
Stop saying that! How the hell can I be with someone that keeps ducking out on me? It’s her fault.

CARL
It’s six of one, half a dozen of the other. You shit on her job, you shit on her. Whatever.

NEWTON
Yeah. Whatever.

CARL
Whores!

Newton jumps at Carl’s sudden outburst.
NEWTON
Something happen between you and Liz?

CARL
Liz is a tender, loving woman, and don’t you forget it!

Carl shakes a finger at Newton. His eyes catch the wagging finger, and he stares at it. After a moment he shakes his head, snapping out of it.

CARL
C’mon, we gotta go.

NEWTON
Where?

Carl puts his hands on Newton’s shoulders, looking at him with purpose.

CARL
We have to get you and Sara back together.

NEWTON
You’re gonna help me?

Carl breaks out into laughter.

CARL
No, I just wanted to see how you’d react. I’m hungry. Let’s hit that all night place.

Carl helps Newton up from his chair and they walk toward the exit.

NEWTON
Do you think you can help me get Sara back though?

CARL
I got a better idea. There’s this waitress at the restaurant. Hot.

NEWTON
What good is that gonna do?

CARL
You’re right. You’d probably get pissed when she goes to serve the other people.
NEWTON
Thanks Carl, you’re a true friend.

CARL
Hey, I’m on your side. Now let’s go get an omelet.

Newton and Carl exit the bar.

EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT
Newton and Carl stagger along.

CARL
So you really want me to help you get Sara back, huh?

NEWTON
Yeah. Isn’t that what I asked you?

CARL
Yeah, but I’m just saying that maybe that isn’t what you really want to do?

NEWTON
What the hell are you talking about?

Carl stops walking. Newton stops right alongside him.

CARL
You said it yourself, man. She keeps ducking out on you and it pisses you off.

NEWTON
Yeah, but I still care about her.

CARL
As you should. She’s awesome, and I love her to pieces --

NEWTON
So you’ll help me?

CARL
But sometimes things just aren’t meant to be. The only way to find out is to set her free and see if she comes back.

They stare at each other in silence momentarily.
NEWTON
You are such an asshole.

Carl laughs.

CARL
I know. You just make it so easy though. You know I’ll help you. Let’s just go eat and try to work something out.

Carl looks up the street. He looks on in curiosity.

NEWTON
What are you looking at?

Carl points.

CARL
Isn’t that where Sara works?

Newton looks to where Carl is pointing. It’s a small office building with the lights still on.

NEWTON
Yeah, so?

CARL
So, the lights are on.

NEWTON
Yeah, and?

CARL
And you said she’s a workaholic. She’s probably inside.

NEWTON
And what am I supposed to do? Stand across the street and yell "Stella!" at her?

CARL
I thought her name was Sara.

NEWTON
It’s from "A Streetcar Named Desire" ass.

CARL
I knew that. But no, you don’t wanna do that. Too used. Too cliched.
NEWTON
So what do you suggest?

Carl smiles mischievously.

INT. DARBY CAMPAIGN HQ - NIGHT

Sara sits at a desk working feverishly. A sudden banging on the window startles her. She looks to the window and Newton is banging on it.

NEWTON
Sara! Sara! Sara!

EXT. DARBY CAMPAIGN HQ - NIGHT

Newton keeps banging on the window but looks to Carl, who stands out of sight. Carl waves his hands in encouragement.

CARL
Keep going. You’re doing great.

The lights inside go out. Newton stops banging and turns to Carl, a depressed look on his face.

CARL
Ok, so "The Graduate" thing didn’t work.

NEWTON
Apparently not.

CARL
Damn. I had such high hopes too. I mean it worked in the movie, and he was banging the chick’s mom.

NEWTON
So now what?

CARL
Not sure, really.

NEWTON
I just need to get her to talk to me. I just need the chance to apologize and make things right.
CARL
Maybe you could use the power of the press. Interview her or something.

NEWTON
Carl, I work for a tabloid. We don’t exactly do things like that.

CARL
Hey, I don’t see you coming up with any ideas.

NEWTON
You’re right. I’m sorry.

CARL
Oh Jesus, don’t apologize. Now you’re acting like a complete tool. Does your father endorse this type of behavior?

Newton’s eyes light up in revelation.

NEWTON
Carl, you magnificent bastard. That’s it!

CARL
What?

NEWTON
I can’t explain now. I gotta get to work, but I’m gonna need your help soon.

CARL
Sure man, whatever you need.

NEWTON
Alright, I’ll see you.

Newton runs off down the street. Carl puts his arms out.

CARL
What about the omelet!
INT. NEWTON’S OFFICE – DAY

Newton sits at his desk on the phone.

    NEWTON
Well yes sir, we here at the Times are extremely excited about it as well. Ok then, I guess I’ll see you Saturday night. You take care. Goodbye.

Newton hangs up the phone just as Jane walks in, holding a sheet of paper.

    JANE
Newton, what is this?

    NEWTON
That’s a favor I’m going to need.

    JANE
I can’t publish this.

    NEWTON
Why not?

    JANE
Because it’s not what we do.

    NEWTON
Oh, well I already set it up, so even if you don’t print it, it’s still going down.

    JANE
You’ll just have to call and cancel.

    NEWTON
And I’ll have to have to resign and clean out my desk.

    JANE
You can’t do that.

    NEWTON
Oh yes I can. That is of course unless you print that. So do we have an understanding, or is Averman going to be your lead writer now?
JANE
You’re a bastard.

NEWTON
And a good one at that. See you later. I’m going to lunch.

Newton gets up and leaves.

INT. DINER - DAY
Newton and Dad sit in a booth.

NEWTON
So that’s the gist of it. I just wanna make sure you’re there.

DAD
Well, that’s awfully noble of you son, but I really don’t know why you asked me to meet you for lunch and explain all of that to me.

NEWTON
Like I said. So you’d be here.

DAD
You think I’d pass up a hundred dollar a plate dinner because you’re not dating the person who gave me the ticket? What do you think I am, a moron?

NEWTON
I thought maybe you’d have a little dignity in regards to the matter at hand, yeah.

DAD
To hell with dignity, steak is steak. Sounds like you still have a little bit of work to do though. I suggest you get a move on it.

NEWTON
Yeah. I’ll see you later.

DAD
Saturday.
NEWTON
Yeah. Saturday.

Newton gets up and leaves. Dad picks up the check from the table.

DAD
And of course, I’m stuck with the bill.

INT. BANQUET HALL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Sara stands in the lobby. She wears a fancy dress and looks at her cell phone. Liz walks up and is also wearing a fancy dress.

LIZ
Did he call?

SARA
Who?

LIZ
Newton. Isn’t that why you’re looking at your phone?

SARA
No.

LIZ
Thinking of calling him?

SARA
No!

LIZ
So then what are you doing looking at your phone?

Sara sighs.

SARA
I don’t know.

LIZ
Why don’t you just call him? It’s obvious he wants you back. If he didn’t he wouldn’t have come banging on the windows that night.
SARA
Yeah, and I haven’t heard from him since.

LIZ
Well you did shut the lights off on him. Not exactly a sign of "Hey come and get me".

SARA
Yeah, I guess it wasn’t.

LIZ
So you should call him, put yourself out here a little bit.

Sara puts her cellphone away.

SARA
After this is done. I’m too busy for it now.

Liz rolls her eyes.

SARA
What? What’s wrong with that.

LIZ
Oh, nothing. Nothing at all, cat lady.

Jim Darby walks up holding a red cloth napkin. He waves it in Sara’s face.

JIM
Do you mind telling me what this is?

Liz raises her hand in excitement.

LIZ
Oh I know! It’s a napkin!

JIM
It’s a red napkin.

SARA
Is there a problem?

JIM
Red is Republican! Do I look like a Republican to you?
LIZ
Well, there’s this one way that you wear your hair sometimes --

JIM
Oh, be quiet Lisa.

Liz throws her hands up in anger.

LIZ
Liz! My name...is Liz! What the hell is wrong with you that you can’t remember my goddamn name!

Jim ignores Liz, keeping his stare on Sara.

JIM
It’s things like this, the little details, that are going to cause me to look for someone else to be my assistant when I get into office. You either shape up or ship out, Missy.

Jim throws the napkin to the ground and storms off. Sara fights back tears.

LIZ
See, what did I say? All for himself. And you may have thrown away one of the best things to ever happen to you because of it.

SARA
My God, what have I done?

LIZ
Nothing yet, but I’d suggest you patch things up as soon as possible.

Sara quickly retrieves her cell phone and dials a number.

INT. NEWTON’S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Newton stands in his bedroom getting dressed. A cell phone on the nightstand rings. Newton goes over and picks it up, looking at the caller id which says "Sara" on it.

He smiles and sets the phone back on the nightstand, letting it continue to ring.
INT. BANQUET HALL, LOBBY - NIGHT

Sara stands anxiously, still on the phone. She close it.

SARA
It went to voicemail.

LIZ
So why didn’t you leave a message?

SARA
I need him to hear what I have to say first hand. What about Carl? Can he get hold of him?

LIZ
Carl’s here already. He’s at the table.

SARA
Already?

LIZ
Yeah. It’s about that time you know.

INT. BANQUET HALL, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Carl and Dad sit at their table across from each other, with Nathan and Melissa in between and three empty chairs. Carl looks uncomfortable as Dad peers at him.

The room is filled with people, who chat and mingle amongst one another. A server walks by. Dad raises a hand.

DAD
Excuse me.

The server stops.

SERVER
Yes sir?

DAD
Is there a different type of area that my friend here should be sitting in?

Dad points at Carl.
SERVER
I’m sorry?

DAD
You know, like a lower class section. A special place for people like him. Maybe next to the bathroom?

NATHAN
Dad!

SERVER
I’m sorry, sir, but all patrons have assigned table numbers on their card.

Carl holds up his card.

CARL
Yeah, and mine says table nineteen, just like on that little thing on the table here.

Carl points at the number on the table, which says nineteen.

CARL
So how about you pass me one of them there rolls and quit your bitching?

Dad folds his arms across his chest. Melissa passes the rolls to Carl.

Jim Darby walks up and pats Carl on the back. Dad puts his hands up, forming a cross with his fingers.

JIM
And how is everybody doing tonight?

CARL
Uh, fine I guess. How are you?

JIM
Good, good. Just stopping by to thank you for your support.

DAD
It’s your dime, buddy.

JIM
I’m sorry?

Sara and Liz walk up and take seats at table.
SARA
Time. He said it should be a good
time.

JIM
I hope so. You folks take care.

Dad picks up a red napkin.

DAD
This is an odd choice of napkin you
got here. I thought red was
usually reserved for Republicans.

JIM
Just a slight mix up with the
caterer.

Jim walks away, an angered look on his face. Dad laughs.

DAD
You see that? His face was as red
as the napkin!

SARA
Glad you could make it, Mister
Lawler.

DAD
Hey, I told you and Newton I’d
come, so I came.

CARL
I love it when you talk dirty like
that.

LIZ
Manners, Carl.

CARL
Do I need to do the roll thing
again?

SARA
Funny that you mentioned
Newton. Is he coming?

DAD
Can’t say really. He seemed pretty
upset about everything that
happened.
SARA
I know, but that’s why I need to talk to him. To let him know --

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
And now, ladies and gentlemen, the reason we’re all here. I give you our next great Senator, Jim Darby!

The crowd cheers as Jim walks through the banquet hall, making his way to the podium. He shakes hands with people he passes, gives thumbs up, and waves.

He shakes the announcer’s hand and smiles in fake embarrassment as the crowd continues to cheer.

DAD
What a crock.

Liz nods in agreement. Sara shrugs her shoulders.

After a moment the cheering subsides. Jim clears his throat and leans in to the microphone.

JIM
Thank you, everybody. Now, I do have a speech prepared, and I plan on addressing it later, but first I’d like to take this opportunity to let you all in on a big surprise...

The crowd looks at each other in wonder.

JIM
...You see, a young man called me earlier this week. A young man who just so happens to be an esteemed member of the press, The Times to be exact, and he wanted to use this event as a tool to let everyone know that his paper has endorsed my candidacy.

Oohs and aahs from the crowd.

JIM
So, ladies and gentlemen, a round of applause for Mister Newton Lawler.

Newton walks out to cheers from the crowd.
Sara, Liz, Dad, Carl, Nathan, and Melissa all look at each other with curiosity.

   LIZ
   What’s going on here?

   CARL
   I have no idea.

   SARA
   You didn’t know about this?

   CARL
   I did not.

   NATHAN
   Dad?

   DAD
   Nope. He just asked me to be here.

Newton shakes Jim’s hand and steps to the podium.

   NEWTON
   Thank you, everybody, but I have a little confession to make. You see, when I talked to Mister Darby a few days ago, I told him that I wished to speak at this function and extend an endorsement from my paper, which is true, but that really isn’t the reason I’m here...

The crowd mumbles collectively. Jim stands off stage, looking around nervously.

   NEWTON
   ...The real reason I’m here is because I desperately need to speak to someone, and this is the only way I could think of. I’ve received word from a reliable source that she’s seated at table nineteen, so can we get a light down there?

A spotlight moves around, stopping at table nineteen and shining on Liz.

Liz smiles nervously and points to the spot next to her. The light quickly moves over to Sara, who smiles sheepishly.
NEWTON
Sara Renfeld, ladies and gentlemen...

Sara waves slightly. Light clapping from the crowd.

NEWTON
...Sara works as an associate for the Darby campaign. She loves her job, and she takes it very seriously. I guess it was a little too much for me though, because I ended up getting mad over her high level of devotion and we broke up...

The crowd groans with displeasure. Newton raises his hands to calm them down.

NEWTON
Now, now. I realize that I was wrong. I had no right to try and keep her all to myself. I realize that Sara is truly a treasure and should be shared with everyone. And it might be too late, but I just wanted to say one thing. Sara, could you stand up please?

Sara looks around nervously, and slowly stands up.

SARA
I’m listening.

NEWTON
That night that we broke up. One of the last things you said to me was that I didn’t believe in anything, and that really stuck with me despite my response. I gave that a lot of thought, and realized that for the most part, you were right, except for one thing.

SARA
What’s that?

NEWTON
Us, Sara. I believe in us, and I don’t care if you have to work twenty two hours a day, because I
NEWTON
can take comfort in knowing that
I’ll at least have the other two
with you...

A tear streams down Sara’s cheek.

NEWTON
I love you, Sara, and I just hope
that you can see it in your heart
to love me back. That’s it, that’s
all I wanted to say, and if you
can’t I’ll just go back to the
petty little life I led before you
came along.

Newton steps back from the podium. The crowd is deathly
silent as Sara slowly makes her way toward Newton at the
podium.

She stops and stands a few feet away from him.

SARA
I’m sorry, Newton, but I just don’t
think it will work out. My work
occupies far too much of my time
for us to have any type of
relationship.

The crowd groans in disappointment. Newton lowers his head
in sadness.

DAD
Aww, what the hell!

SARA
So I guess I’ll just have to quit
that job won’t I?

Newton perks up, raising his head just as Sara rushes into
his arms and kisses him passionately.

Jim walks out onstage.

JIM
What about the endorsement?

Newton and Sara stop kissing.

NEWTON
Oh, yeah...

Newton leans in toward the microphone.
NEWTON
The New York Star Times fully
endorses Jim Darby for the U-S
Senate.

Jim and the crowd are stunned.

JIM
The what?

NEWTON
The New York Star Times.

JIM
The tabloid?

NEWTON
That’s the one.

JIM
What the hell good is that going to
do me? You planning on putting my
picture next to the alien baby?

NEWTON
No, not at all. Your spot is next
to the Abominable Snowman article.

SARA
And you can pick out your own damn
napkins from now on. I quit.

JIM
You were never that devoted anyway.

Sara waves him off.

SARA
Whatever. I have a new object of
my devotion now.

Sara and Newton go back to their kissing. Newton raises a
finger in the air, swirling it in a circular motion.

Patriotic music starts to play, and Newton, Sara, and Jim
are doused in a shower of red, white and blue confetti and
balloons.

Jim waves his arms in the air at rapid pace.

JIM
Turn it off! Turn it off! I
haven’t given my speech yet!
The shower continues to fall as Jim storms off the stage.

    DAD
    You don’t see that everyday.

Liz turns to Carl.

    LIZ
    Why don’t you do things like that?

    CARL
    What, break up with you and come up with some scheme to get you back in front of a crowd of people?

    LIZ
    Just romantic stuff in general.

    CARL
    I’m really not that bright. Dinner and a movie just about maxes out my abilities as a boyfriend. I’ll work on it though.

Liz smiles.

    LIZ
    You better.

Carl and Liz share a kiss.

Newton and Sara break their kiss, turn to the crowd and wave. The crowd breaks into a standing ovation.

Newton takes Sara by the hand and leads her toward the exit. He stops at the door, turning back to the crowd.

    NEWTON
    Enjoy your dinner everybody! We’re gonna go have some freaky makeup sex!

The crowd goes quiet. Newton looks to a shocked Sara. He winks at her and turns back to the crowd.

    NEWTON
    God bless America!

Newton gives a thumbs up and the crowd erupts into it’s loudest applause yet.

Newton and Sara smile at each other and exit the banquet hall.
THE END