

Jugs, Iowa

A sleepy, provincial Iowa town faced with a sudden financial crisis gets dragged into the national spotlight by a racy restaurant chain with its own motives.

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EXT. HOUSE-DAY

Small town Norman Rockwell neighborhood. Houses with front porches and picket fences. A van turns into a driveway and honks.

NANCY, 19, springs out of the van and opens the back hatch. She pulls out suitcases, pillows, blankets, and boxes.

MIKE, 42, walks quickly out of the house, followed by SUSAN, 15, and BILLY, 8.

Mike hugs Nancy, picking her up off the ground. Susan and Billy help Nancy unload the van.

The driver, FINN, 19, stands in the background. It's not clear whether Finn is male or female. Sandy long, stringy hair, aviator sunglasses, and a loose fitting University of Iowa sweatshirt that reveals no body form.

NANCY
Dad, this is Finn.

Mike and Finn shake hands.

MIKE
Finn, thanks for giving our girl a lift.

FINN
No problem Mr. Casey. It was on my way.

Gender still not clear from the voice. Billy approaches Finn.

BILLY
Are you a boy or a girl?

MIKE
Billy! I'm sorry Finn.

NANCY
What's the matter with you?

Finn, not at all rattled, responds to Mike, but motioning toward Billy.

FINN
It's ok. Do you mind if I -?

Mike nervously nods. Finn bends down to talk to the 8 year old.

FINN

Billy, not every person is defined by their sexual organs. I'm a person, an individual, and that's how I like to be recognized and treated. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Billy nods affirmatively. Mike just closes his eyes.

BILLY

I think so. So...do you have boobies and a bergina?

INT. HOUSE-DAY

LIBBY, 33, watches Mike's family from the front window of Mike's next door neighbor, MRS. SCHRADER.

LIBBY

Mom, check out Nancy. She's beautiful.

MRS. SCHRADER

Go say hello. Do they even know you're home?

LIBBY

Maybe later, I don't want to intrude.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Finn's van burns rubber, while Billy waves and the others carry Nancy's things into the house.

EXT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

A large orange neon sign flashes above the entrance - JUGS. The parking lot is full. A customer line spills out the entrance.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

JACOB MARKS, a fit 61, sits alone at a small corner table in the bustling restaurant, observes and takes notes on a small pad.

BECCA, 27, a pretty waitress with a tight tee shirt and short shorts, serves Jacob a beer with a smile. He peers over the top of his reading glasses at her name tag.

JACOB
Thank you, Becca.

BECCA
You are so welcome.

Becca returns to the bar, and whispers to another waitress with a head motion toward Jacob.

BECCA
My table 6, Jacob Marks, the owner.

The waitress appears impressed.

EXT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

A car exits the parking lot, which now appears empty.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

Jacob takes notes while a cleaning crew places chairs on table tops and mops the floors. Becca stops at Jacob's table.

BECCA
Goodnight Mr. Marks. Are you sure you don't need anything else before I go?

Jacob slowly peeks over the top of his reading glasses.

EXT. CHURCH-DAY

It's a beautiful, spring Sunday morning in Northview, Iowa. The parking lot is full at The First Protestant Church, where an outdoor sign plugs: IT'S SPRING IN NORTHVIEW. WILL YOUR FAITH BLOSSOM?

INT. CHURCH-DAY

Mike sits in a pew next to Nancy, Susan, and Billy. Billy, bored, kicks the pew in front of him, causing a woman to turn around. Mike motions Susan, and she gives Billy an elbow to the ribs.

BILLY
Owe, dammit!

The congregation looks at Billy. Mike gives Billy the evil eye, while Nancy and Susan try not to laugh.

Mike appears disinterested in the service. He casually looks around the church over his shoulder, and notices Libby a few rows back. She catches him staring, smiles and gives a little wave, but he appears confused and only nods.

EXT. HIGHRISE-DAY

Sunday morning in Midtown Manhattan, the joggers outnumber the cars.

INT. HIGHRISE-DAY

In the bedroom of a luxury penthouse with panoramic views of the skyline, Jacob sleeps, and a naked Becca rises out of bed, stretches, and picks up her clothes off the floor.

Among framed photos on the bedroom dresser is a group shot of Jacob with a Marine platoon in Vietnam 40 years ago.

INT. JACOB'S PENTHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Becca stands at a kitchen counter, writes a note, grabs a bagel from a basket, and quietly leaves the penthouse.

Jacob remains asleep, but restless.

BEGIN DREAM

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE-DAY

Jacob walks alone through thick vegetation shaded by trees. A tiny flash of light in the distant, and Jacob falls to the ground.

END DREAM

INT. JACOB'S PENTHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jacob sits up in bed, drenched in sweat.

EXT. CHURCH-DAY

Mike and his children walk toward the street-side sidewalk.

LARRY, 60, pudgy and bald, approaches with his wife PEGGY, who looks like Larry with more hair and a dress.

LARRY

Mr. Mayor.

MIKE
Hey Larry, Peg.

PEGGY
Nancy, when did you get home, honey?

NANCY
Yesterday, Mrs. Parnell.

Larry leans in to Mike.

LARRY
Can we get together tomorrow? I
really need to talk.

MIKE
Sure. Your office at City Hall,
around 2 good?

LARRY
That's good, thanks.

Libby walks past with Mrs. Schrader, who Mike acknowledges.

MIKE
Mrs. Schrader.

Mrs. Schrader smiles and continues walking. Libby smiles
too. Mike returns Libby's smile, and watches her walk away.

LIBBY
(to Mrs. Schrader)
I don't think he recognizes me.

Mike turns back to Larry.

MIKE
2:00 tomorrow.

Larry appears nervous.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You ok?

Larry nods and walks away with Peggy.

EXT. BANK-DAY

Across a town center park from the church is a bank
building - AMALGAMATED BANK.

INT. AMALGAMATED BANK-DAY

Two men sort through documents.

MAN #1

Thanks again for helping. Now you know why we couldn't do this during the week.

MAN #2

So nobody else knows?

MAN #1

Just us and the board.

(pause)

And the FBI.

MAN #2

Jesus.

MAN #1

Yeah.

INT. JACOB'S PENTHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jacob, who walks with a noticeable limp, enters his kitchen, pulls a platter of lox and cream cheese out of the refrigerator, and places it next to the basket of bagels on the counter.

He reads Becca's note, but puts it down when he hears a key opening his penthouse door.

WENDY, Jacob's attractive ex-wife, 55, arrives with a briefcase.

WENDY

Morning sunshine.

They give each other a friendly hug and kiss.

JACOB

I just need 5. Haven't showered yet.

Wendy waves her hand in front of her face and grimaces.

WENDY

Oh God, go.

Wendy helps herself to the food on the counter, while Jacob showers. She removes files from her briefcase, then notices Becca's note, which she reads.

INT. FBI BUILDING-DAY

SPECIAL AGENT HANSON swipes his ID through a scanner at a lobby security checkpoint. The security guard is an old-timer at the institution.

SECURITY GUARD

Last time you were here on a Sunday
it was the Governor.

AGENT HANSON

Nothing that dramatic, Sid. My mother-
in-law's over today, so-

INT. FBI BUILDING-CONTINUOUS

Agent Hanson walks down several quiet hallways. He pokes his head in an office with the lights on. A young agent sits behind a desk, with stacks of files strewn throughout the small office.

AGENT HANSON

Those warrants come back for
Northview?

AGENT

Yeah, sorry, came in late Friday
from Judge White. You want me to
put a team together?

AGENT HANSON

Yeah, thanks.

Agent Hanson walks away, then returns.

AGENT HANSON (CONT'D)

Let's do it later in the week.
I'm swamped.

Agent Hanson walks away again, then returns.

AGENT HANSON (CONT'D)

And give Larry Parnell's lawyer a
call and let him know when we're
coming so we can get in and out.

AGENT

Will do.

AGENT HANSEN

Ever driven through Iowa?

AGENT

I don't-

AGENT HANSEN

It's Saudi Arabia with corn. I don't want to be there more than a day.

INT. PENTHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jacob returns to the kitchen, wearing a robe and drying his hair with a towel. Wendy holds up Becca's note.

WENDY

Would you like me to grade this or did her 3rd grade teacher get a copy? Love the little hearts and doodles. I may give extra credit.

JACOB

You know that shows you still care. You never should have divorced me.

WENDY

I absolutely do care. I worry about you on the last week of every month, praying with all my soul that you're well enough to write my check the following week.

JACOB

So you do care.

The two sit at a table, and Wendy hands Jacob a spiral bound presentation.

WENDY

David sent these over on Friday.

Jacob rifles through the presentation.

JACOB

I don't see any ad campaign.

WENDY

It's just the demographic data.

The title page is a woman wearing a tee shirt, shown from the neck to her waist. The top of the page: JUGS, 461 LOCATIONS WORLDWIDE. The tee shirt is self-explanatory. Each breast is a porcelain moonshine jug, with the cork situated in the middle.

JACOB

Wait a minute. I eat 14 meals a week in my stores and I'm paying them to tell me who's at the table next to me?

Wendy jiggles Becca's note.

WENDY

14 meals a week. How convenient.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-DAY

In his upstairs bedroom, Mike pulls a tee shirt over his head as his church suit lays in a pile on his bed.

He picks up a framed photo from his dresser - a dated picture of him in a University of Iowa football uniform, with his arm around a pretty co-ed. He steps toward the light of the window.

Mike looks over at Mrs. Schrader's back yard. Libby gardens and sings, and Mike stares.

Libby stops to wipe her brow and drink a glass of lemonade. She looks up and catches Mike staring. She smiles and waves.

Mike appears embarrassed, takes a quick step backward, and trips and falls, but he catches the framed photo from his back before it hits the ground.

Lizzy smiles, and continues to garden and sing.

Nancy runs into Mike's bedroom.

NANCY

Dad, are you ok? What happened?

Mike gets up off the ground and puts the photo back on the dresser. Nancy pats him on the shoulder, and walks over to the window.

MIKE
I'm fine, honey. Slipped on
something, not sure, there
was something-

Nancy sees Libby gardening, and looks back at Mike
suspiciously. She opens the window and yells out.

NANCY
Hey Libby!

Libby returns the wave.

MIKE
That's Libby?

NANCY
Yep, that's Libby.

MIKE
Huh. Mrs. Schrader never mentioned-

Nancy walks out of the room, her eyebrows raised.

INT. JACOB'S PENTHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jacob takes notes in the presentation margins. Wendy stares
at him, which he notices.

JACOB
What?

WENDY
You look like shit. Exhausted. You
haven't looked like that since- Oh
God, they're back, aren't they?

JACOB
My flashbacks - of your cooking? No,
Thank God that's behind me.

WENDY
I'm being serious. You can tell me.

Jacob looks serious and takes Wendy's hand.

JACOB
I love you, so please don't be upset
when I tell you that one of the greatest
pleasures in my life is having a Jewish

JACOB (CONT'D)
EX wife. Didn't you see the sign at the
door? Entering a nag free zone.

Wendy pulls her hand back.

WENDY
Excuse me for caring.

Jacob continues to page through the presentation.

JACOB
Care without nagging. It's greener.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mike tucks in Billy, and turns to walk out.

BILLY
Sorry about this morning, Pop.

MIKE
This morning?

BILLY
My swear in church.

Returns to Billy and gives him a hug.

MIKE
That's ok. I've done that too.
But don't tell your sisters, ok?

Billy nods in agreement.

Mike walks down a stairwell. Nancy and Susan walk past the
bottom of the stairwell, toward the front door.

NANCY
We're going over to Sasha's, bye.

MIKE
Not too late. Her father gets up
early for work.

The girls ignore him, keys in hand, one foot out the door.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Hey, and don't forget-

SUSAN
(interrupts)
Turn out the porch light and lock
up when we get home. We know. Duh.

The girls run out, slamming the door in their rush.

MIKE
(to himself)
Duh. You're an idiot Dad, duh.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Larry hangs up the phone, and just stares ahead. The Bible is open on his lap.

INT. JACOB'S PENTHOUSE-NIGHT

Jacob sits on his balcony. A glass of scotch in one hand, and the photo of his Vietnam platoon in the other.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mike sleeps in a living room chair. The phone rings and startles him. He looks at his watch - 12:30, then glances at the porch light - still on.

MIKE
Hello.
(pause)
I'll be right there.

Mike grabs his car keys, then stops.

MIKE
Billy.

Mike dials the phone.

MIKE
Mrs. Schrader, it's Mike next door.
Sorry, but can you come over? I have
an emergency and Billy's here alone,
sleeping.
(pause)
Thanks.

Mike's doorbell rings within seconds. He opens the door to Libby, who walks right in. Mike appears caught off guard.

LIBBY
Hey. Everything ok?

MIKE
I - don't know, I have to run. I'll
explain when I get back.

LIBBY
No worries, just go, I'll be here.

INT. HOSPITAL-NIGHT

Mike runs down a hallway to a surgery waiting area where
Peggy sits, alone.

MIKE
How is he Peg?

PEGGY
I don't know. One second he was
reading scripture, then the next
he's on the ground and can't breathe.
They think maybe it was a heart
attack. I just don't know Mike.

A doctor walks through double doors toward Peggy. His
expression is dark, and gets worse as he approaches. Peggy
weeps.

INT. JACOB'S PENTHOUSE-NIGHT

Jacob tosses restlessly in his sleep.

BEGIN DREAM

EXT. HOSPITAL TENT-DAY

Jacob lies on a stretcher carried from a helicopter. He's
barely conscious, and can hear voices.

SOLDIER
The other two in the chopper
didn't make it. Just this one.

DOCTOR
Ok, get him on table 3. I'll
do what I can. Hurry.

END DREAM

INT. JACOB'S PENTHOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jacob wakes, and catches his breath.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mike slowly walks up the driveway from his car.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mike enters the kitchen, where Libby and Nancy sit at the table with a pot of coffee.

NANCY

Sorry Dad, we heard. Libby's mom called.

LIBBY

I'm so sorry.

Mike looks worn.

MIKE

(to Nancy)

You drink coffee?

Nancy nods.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(to Libby)

Thanks for coming over last night. You really didn't need to wait for me to-

LIBBY

We were just catching up. Getting all the Northview gossip.

MIKE

Well, thanks.

Mike starts to walk out, then turns around.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Sorry if I was rude yesterday at church. I really didn't recognize you.

LIBBY

Yeah, it's been a long time.

MIKE
You're hair? Maybe that's what-

LIBBY
It's longer, and my natural color.

MIKE
Yeah, it's, longer. It's - good.

An exhausted Mike walks out of the kitchen.

Libby snickers and Nancy shakes her head.

NANCY
Smooth.

EXT. CEMETERY-DAY

Larry's funeral is well attended. Mike and the children stand across the grave from Peggy, who sobs.

PASTOR
Larry wasn't a complicated man. He and Peggy weren't blessed with children of their own, so they always thought of the people of Northview as their children. Larry sure loved this town. He was a devoted public servant for over 40 years, the last 15 as the city's treasurer, a job he - treasured. We'll all miss this good Christian man, but know that he's watching over us from a better place.

EXT. CEMETERY-CONTINUOUS

Mike hands Nancy the car keys as they approach the car.

MIKE
You all head back, I'm going to stick around for a little.

NANCY
Want me to pick you up later?

MIKE
No thanks. I need the walk.

EXT. CEMETERY-CONTINUOUS

Mike stands at a gravestone - ELIZABETH CASEY Loving Wife
and Mother 1970-2009.

MIKE

Billy swore in church last Sunday,
again.

Mike looks up at the sky, then over to his side. Libby
walks along a winding cemetery sidewalk. He watches,
hesitates, and then finally speaks up.

MIKE

Libby?

Libby turns, and walks towards Mike.

LIBBY

Hey.

MIKE

Hey. I saw your mom at Larry's
service, but didn't see you.

LIBBY

I didn't really know Larry. I just
wanted to visit my Dad - over there.
Mom went home to start dinner, so
I'm just - walking.

(pause)

I'd forgotten how many meals a day
everyone here eats. My God, you
finish one meal and start cooking
the next. And the gravy. For just
two people.

MIKE

Well that's how we grow 'em so big
out here in the country.

LIBBY

And healthy. I don't even want to
know what my cholesterol's jumped to.

MIKE

So how long you been back?

LIBBY

Just a few days.

MIKE
Nice to visit home.

LIBBY
Yeah, home.

MIKE
You still in L.A.?

LIBBY
No, not really.

MIKE
You're still- ?

LIBBY
Married? Complicated. Going through
a rough patch I guess you could say.

MIKE
Oh, I'm sorry.

LIBBY
Oh well, nobody died.
(her expression shows regret
over her faux pa)
Oh God, I am so sorry. Defense mechanism,
you know, in a cemetery?

MIKE
It's ok.
(Libby still looks regretful)
Really, it's ok.

The two start walking.

LIBBY
Between college and marriage, 15
years in California was enough.
I'll just hang out at my Mom's
until I figure things out.

MIKE
You still into the environment
and saving the planet?

LIBBY
You remember that? Wow, I'm
impressed.

MIKE

I remember you coming home after your freshman year and hitting the whole neighborhood up for money. Al Gore for President, right?

LIBBY

Yes, very scandalous. My poor parents.

MIKE

Are you kidding? Your Dad wouldn't shut up about you. Libby this and Libby that.

Libby laughs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I have to say, Elizabeth was a big fan of yours too. She loved hearing your Dad's updates.

Libby stops walking.

LIBBY

I was so sad when I heard about Elizabeth.

Mike just nods.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

I sent you a card.

MIKE

I'm sorry, I don't remember. I was in such a haze.

LIBBY

I know. I just wanted you to know I was sorry.

They walk out of the cemetery.

MIKE

Your Mom never mentioned you were coming home.

LIBBY

I think the whole marriage, breakup, whatever it is, caught her by surprise.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Not sure why though, she can't stand Charles.

MIKE

Charles. Doctor, right?

LIBBY

Yes, both professionally and an accomplished amateur.

MIKE

Ouch. Well - California.

LIBBY

But not Northview, right?

MIKE

Oh I suppose all kinds of things go on around here that I wouldn't care to know about.

EXT. MAIN STREET-NIGHT

Libby and Mike exit an ice cream shop, carrying cones. Libby shivers in the night chill, so Mike takes his suit jacket and puts it around her shoulders as they walk.

LIBBY

Wow. Star quarterback and a gentleman? The ladies of Northview must be baking you pies 'til the cows come home and the stumps get plowed.

MIKE

You making fun of me or Northview?

LIBBY

Both. And perceptive too. My goodness what a catch.

Mike gives Libby a little shove, which she returns.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

MIKE

Well, it was really nice walking and talking. Really nice. Thanks.

LIBBY

Yes, it was nice.

Mike appears awkward. Libby hands him his jacket, and he's caught between extending a hug and a handshake. He pulls back and extends his hand.

MIKE

Goodnight then.

Libby returns the handshake, and laughs as she walks next door while Mike watches her the whole way.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE-DAY

Mike walks down Main Street as shopkeepers ready their stores for business. He unlocks the door to MIKE'S HARDWARE, and flips the sign from CLOSED to OPEN.

INT. HARDWARE STORE-DAY

Mike rings up the cash register for a customer, BUD, an elderly man in overalls.

BUD

Sorry about your friend, Mayor.
I didn't know Larry well, but he
sure seemed like a nice man, a
real good Christian.

MIKE

Thanks, Bud. I'll sure miss him.

As Bud leaves, two women in their 40's walk past and waive to Mike through the display window. He politely waives back, blushing, and they giggle like schoolgirls.

The phone by the cash register rings.

MIKE

Mike's Hardware.

INT. CITY HALL-DAY

MARY, late-50's, sits at a reception desk outside an office. She whispers.

MARY

Mayor, you need to get over here
straight away. The FBI is in Larry's

MARY (CONT'D)
office and I don't know what to do.

INT. HARDWARE STORE-CONTINUOUS

MIKE
The FBI? Are you sure?

INT. CITY HALL-CONTINUOUS

MARY
I can spell Mayor. F-B-I.

INT. HARDWARE STORE-CONTINUOUS

MIKE
Ok, calm down Mary, I'll be
right there.

A customer, SAM, lingers, inspecting nails in small bins.

MIKE
Sam, I have to close, can you-

SAM
I just can't decide.

Mike grabs a small box on the counter and fills it with handfuls of nails.

MIKE
Here, now you come back tomorrow
with what you don't need, ok?

Sam looks puzzled, and as Mike walks toward the door, Sam walks toward the register.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Where you going Sam?

SAM
Well to pay for-

Mike gently turns him around by the shoulders, and walks him out.

MIKE
We'll settle up tomorrow or
whenever you come back Sam, ok?

EXT. HARDWARE STORE-DAY

Mike flips the sign to CLOSED, locks the door, and runs down the street.

SAM

That's a helluva way to run a store.

EXT. CITY HALL-DAY

Mike runs past two unmarked vehicles being guarded by men in FBI windbreakers.

INT. CITY HALL-CONTINUOUS

Mike runs past Mary into Larry's office, where Agent Hanson seals a box with tape. Mike, out of breath, collapses in a chair.

AGENT HANSON

Can I help you?

MIKE

(wheezing)

Sorry. I'm Mayor Casey.

Agent Hanson closes the office door, and hands Mike a warrant, which Mike reads.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Larry Parnell? You know he's gone, right?

AGENT HANSON

Yes, gone. I heard. I'm Special Agent Hanson.

Agent Hanson hands Mike photos, one at a time.

AGENT HANSON (CONT'D)

Mayor, Larry Parnell's been gambling and, let's call it partying, on the city's money for the past 3 years. Mostly in Las Vegas, but also Monaco and Singapore.

The photos show Larry in casinos and hotels - at the roulette table, opening a hotel door to prostitutes, at a sports betting window, throwing dice, and getting in a limo with other women.

MIKE

Larry?

AGENT HANSON

Larry Parnell.

MIKE

This doesn't make any sense.
Singapore? Larry never traveled
like that. He went on some church
retreats, but that's really it.

AGENT HANSON

Church retreats.

MIKE

Forgive me, but I'm having a hard
time believing any of this.

AGENT HANSON

Well Mayor, you better start, because
your city's out \$12 million.

MIKE

Excuse me?

Agent Hanson hands Mike some documents.

AGENT HANSON

He took out \$12 million in bank
loans for the City, and as far we
can tell, it's all gone.

MIKE

Bank loans? We don't have any bank
loans.

Mike looks closer at the documents.

MIKE (CONT'D)

These aren't- we're over at Northview
Bank & Trust, not Amalgamated.

AGENT HANSON

No - you're at Amalgamated. You've
been getting fraudulent statements
from Larry every month.

MIKE

But Larry was a - a good Christian.

AGENT HANSON

You're kidding right? Last week I arrested a "born again" for pedaling 2 billion, that's billion with a b, in fake Mexican treasury bonds.

MIKE

Jesus, was Peggy involved?

AGENT HANSON

Completely in the dark as far as we can tell. She'll know in about an hour, though. That's our next stop. We froze all their personal accounts. Larry's pension too.

Mike stands and walks out in a daze. He stops at Mary's desk, bends over, and whispers.

MIKE

Get the City Council in here for an emergency meeting tonight.

EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE-DAY

FBI agents exit the front door, as Peggy weeps from the front window. Agent Hanson makes a phone call.

AGENT HANSON

We just finished, there's nothing there.

(listens)

That was it. We've been there and everywhere else, twice. It's all gone.

(listens)

No thanks - I'd rather drive through the night. Iowa's prettier in the dark.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE-DAY

Peggy carries a basket of dirty clothes into the laundry room next to the kitchen.

She places the laundry basket on the ironing table, then moves the washing machine away from the wall with ease, as if it were feather light.

She removes two large wall panels with protruding utility connections, which appear to be a prop, then reaches into

the gaping wall space to pull out a tightly bound, wrapped 4 inch thick brick of hundred dollar bills.

She replaces the wall panels, and slides the washing machine back in place.

Behind the faux machine and wall is a 20 foot wide, 3 foot high stack of wrapped and bound bills.

Peggy returns to the kitchen, pulls a small box out of a pantry, and addresses it while humming a tune. She drops the cash in the box, seals it with tape, and grabs her purse.

INT. CITY HALL-NIGHT

Mike sits at a round table in a meeting room with 5 others.

MIKE

So that's the situation. Any suggestions?

The Council members avoid eye contact with each other and Mike. JEFF, 42, breaks the silence in the room.

JEFF

Is this meeting even legal?

The others, sans Mike, all look at each other.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I mean, I think we might be violating an open meetings law or something, right?

MIKE

Did you not hear me?

BETTY, 50, follows Jeff.

BETTY

Mayor, I think Jeff's right. We shouldn't even be here, meeting like this.

Betty stands and gathers her purse and briefcase.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I think you need to have a public meeting with public notice and all

BETTY (CONT'D)
that. Am I right?

The others all nod or mumble in agreement, and stand to leave.

JEFF
Well, that's that, then. You'll let us know, Mayor. Call anytime.

MIKE
Please tell me you're all not just dumping this on me to clean up?

They continue to walk.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Oh, c'mon.

Betty stops, and whispers to Mike.

BETTY
Larry and prostitutes? Why that's just, blasphemous.

Mike stands alone in the room.

INT. JACOB'S PENTHOUSE-NIGHT

Jacob nurses a glass of scotch while talking on the phone.

JACOB
I have to be at the ad agency by 10:00, so let's say 9:30. I hope to Christ they have a better campaign than last year's.
(pauses to listen)
I know, but can we really survive on the same old shit, year after year? My gut's telling me we have to do something different.
(pauses)
Alright. See you in the morning.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mike sits alone on his front porch swing, and drinks a bottle of beer. Nancy joins him, with her own bottle of beer.

NANCY
Everything ok? You were pretty
quiet.

MIKE
Coffee, now beer? How old are you?

NANCY
It's just one. I drink beer at
school you know. It's no big deal.

MIKE
Big shot.

Mike pats the swing seat, so Nancy sits next to him.

MIKE
Listen, something happened, with
Mr. Parnell.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE

Billy sleeps soundly.

Susan sits up in bed reading a book.

Dishes drip dry in a kitchen sink drainer.

The TV in the living room broadcasts the news - the story
graphic: FBI RAIDS NORTHVIEW CITY HALL.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

SUSAN
Hookers? Why am I not surprised.
Another phony holy roller. I'm so
sick of these right wing judgmental
phonies-

MIKE
Whoa. Where's all this coming from?

Nancy just shakes her head.

NANCY
Are you kidding? It's suffocating -
all these Harper Valley PTA phonies.

MIKE

Said the wise old coffee beer
connoisseur with one year of college
in Iowa City.

Mike puts his arm around Nancy, and they rock the swing in
silence.

A taxi pulls up at Mrs. Schrader's, and a handsome man in
his mid-30's gets out, but asks the driver to wait.

The man walks to Mrs. Schrader's front door, which is
answered by Libby. The two speak briefly, then Libby slams
the door.

The man walks back toward the taxi, then notices Mike and
Nancy on their front porch.

MAN

Excuse me. I'm sorry, can you
direct me to a hotel in town?
There is a hotel in this town
isn't there?

Mike winks at Nancy.

MIKE

There sure is, and it's a whiz
banger, with indoor plumbing and
shampoo samples and everything.

The man appears concerned, then changes his demeanor.

MAN

Oh, you're pulling my leg. Ha.

MIKE

There's two hotels just outside of town
in the direction toward Des Moines.

MAN

Thanks.

The man departs in the taxi, and Libby comes out of her
house and walks over to Mike's.

LIBBY

Did he just come over here?

MIKE
Wild guess. Charles?

LIBBY
Ugh. It's exhausting. I told
him to leave, but I'm not sure-

NANCY
Who's Charles?

LIBBY
My husband. Well, soon to be ex
husband.

NANCY
From California?

MIKE
The city of lost angels. This drama
is almost newsworthy in Northview.

LIBBY
Now who's teasing who?

NANCY
This is some first week home.

MIKE
I have a bad feeling we're just
getting started...

EXT. HIGHRISE-DAY

A mint 1976 Oldsmobile Delta 88 parks. The building doorman
opens the front passenger door for Jacob.

INT. CAR-DAY

Behind the wheel is TEDDY, a large bear of a man, tough
looking, with a crew cut and a Marine tattoo on his
forearm.

JACOB
I don't suppose you want to
take my place in this meeting.

TEDDY
Wendy would love that.

JACOB
So you're saying...

TEDDY
Hey, I'm just the driver.

JACOB
Just the driver. Right.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

Jacob enters a conference room full of ad agency executives. Wendy motions Jacob to sit next to her.

A senior executive, DAVID, starts the meeting.

DAVID
Jacob, we think we've really nailed it with this campaign. First, let the team show you what we've developed, then a few of us will meet with you privately to discuss it. Sound good?

JACOB
I'm pissing myself with excitement.

Wendy kicks him under the table.

DAVID
Ok, let's get started.

The agency team presents story boards, artwork, and role playing commercials.

Jacob appears disinterested.

BEGIN DAYDREAM

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE-DAY

Jacob lies on the ground with a severe leg wound. He struggles to stand up. A bullet strikes him in the shoulder, and he falls to the ground. He turns to a fellow soldier, whose face is half blown off - dead.

END DAYDREAM

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-CONTINUOUS

Jacob stares out the window.

INT. HARDWARE STORE-DAY

Mike sits in a back room from a vantage point that views the front of the store. A TV reporter and cameraman try to enter the store, but the door is locked.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-CONTINUOUS

WENDY

Jacob?

(no response)

Jacob, are you listening?

JACOB

What?

DAVID

Any questions for the team before we break to a smaller group for feedback?

JACOB

No. No questions. It was exactly as I expected.

(David appears proud)

More mindless tits and ass bullshit with no real substance.

(David appears deflated)

Perfect.

DAVID

Ok, let's break out the meeting to just discuss the-

A voice from the back of the room interrupts.

VOICE

Mr. Marks, what would you think of a hundred million dollars of free positive publicity, no tits and ass?

SCOTTY, 22, stands. The executives appear panicked, motioning for him to be quiet.

DAVID
I'm sorry Jacob, we didn't know
that..that...

SCOTTY
Scotty, sir.

DAVID
--that Scotty planned on intruding
on your time. Let's move the rest
of the meeting to-

JACOB
Hold on. Let's hear the kid out. Kid,
what do you do here at the agency?

SCOTTY
I'm an intern Mr. Marks.

JACOB
(to David)
How come you don't call me
Mr. Marks?

WENDY
Oh for chrissakes Jake, let's
let David-

JACOB
Go ahead kid. Pitch. But call me
Jacob.
(looks at David)
When did I ever tell you to call
me Jacob?

DAVID
I just-

JACOB
(to Scotty)
Go ahead kid.

Scotty, confident, maneuvers a seat at the conference table
across from Jacob, and holds up a newspaper.

SCOTTY
Ok, anyone see this in today's post,
buried on page 9? Iowa Town Craps Out
In Vegas.

Scotty slides the newspaper across the table to Jacob.

SCOTTY (cont'd)

Little town in Iowa. Northview, Iowa.
Population 3,228. 12 million dollars
in the hole. Why? The city treasurer
stole the money and pissed it all away
on booze, hookers, blackjack and craps.
Then what does he do? He dies. He dies,
and leaves the town broke. Roll the
credits - they're fucked.

The agency execs shake their heads, and Jacob smiles.

SCOTTY (cont'd)

What I'm about to propose is
groundbreaking, it's biblical.

JACOB

Kid, I'm wearing socks older than
you, what do you know about
groundbreaking.

SCOTTY

Try this on for groundbreaking. You
double down on your entire advertising
budget for the next 2 years, and write
Northview, Iowa a check for \$15 million.

The execs all laugh, but Jacob doesn't, which gets their
attention.

SCOTTY (cont'd)

Oh, did I say Northview, Iowa? I meant
Jugs, Iowa. That's right. If they want
the \$15 million, they have to rename
their town Jugs.

The execs watch Jacob for a reaction, but he appears
mesmerized by Scotty, who continues with confidence.

SCOTTY (cont'd)

Jugs will be portrayed as the white
knight in every major media outlet
from London to Moscow to Montana.
And if they agree to it? The \$15 million
will be a drop in the bucket compared
to the free exposure for the next
hundred years. We'll show them and
every other little podunk town that

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Jugs isn't the devil. We're just like them. We help our neighbors when they're in trouble. Fuck State Farm. We're the good neighbor. Page 9, say hello to page 1 - boom.

JACOB

What if they don't agree?

SCOTTY

Even better. You still get all that free publicity from just offering without spending a dime. Of course we'll have one of those huge checks made, like that dude, Ed McCann, payable to the City of-

JACOB

McMahon. Ed McMahon.

SCOTTY

Yeah, yeah, Ed McMahon. Payable to the City of Jugs, Iowa. Can't cash a cash payable to Jugs, Iowa if you're not legally Jugs, Iowa.

JACOB

You checked this out with legal?

SCOTTY

Yeah, my college roommate's a first year at Suffolk law. He did all the research.

DAVID

Ok, alright, it's fun to dream and all. Jacob - I'm sorry, Mr. Marks - let's go into my office and discuss that first presentation and-

JACOB

Nothing to discuss. I love it.

DAVID

The first presentation, good.

JACOB

(looks at Scotty)
The kid's idea.

WENDY
Are you serious? \$15 million?

JACOB
Afraid there won't be enough for
your check next month?

Jacob stands to walk out.

JACOB (CONT'D)
See everyone here tomorrow, same
time, to go over the details.

Jacob winks at Scotty and leaves.

The execs take a deep breath, and David motions Scotty to
join him outside the conference room.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR-DAY

JACOB
So what do you think?

TEDDY
That's a lot of money.

JACOB
You didn't answer my question.

TEDDY
Oh no. Don't drag me into this.

JACOB
So you don't have any opinion one
way or another.

Teddy just shrugs and continues to drive.

JACOB (CONT'D)
I'm doing it.
(Teddy has no reaction)
I'm not kidding, I'm doing it.

Teddy ignores Jacob until he notices that Jacob faces the
other direction - then he smiles and nods.

EXT. LAW OFFICE-DAY

A shingle overhangs the sidewalk - Law Offices of Glen
Richardson.

Mike peers inside. It's dark. He turns the door handle - locked. A small sign in the door window - FISHING.

EXT. LAKE-DAY

Mike rows a dingy toward another small boat. GLEN, an elderly man with a bucket hat and a pipe, casts a line into the water. He pulls a can of beer out of a cooler and hands it to Mike as he approaches.

MIKE

I need some advice, Glen.

GLEN

Saw it on the news last night. That Larry Parnell thing. You looking for legal advice?

MIKE

No, hip hop advice.

GLEN

Let's go, you know the deal.

Mike pulls out his wallet and hands Glen a one-dollar bill.

MIKE

Attorney client confidentially.

Glen mishandles the handoff, and the dollar falls into the water and drifts away.

Glen ignores Mike and recasts his fishing line.

Mike shakes his head and digs out another dollar. The handoff to Glen is successful.

GLEN

Ok. Without disturbing the fish, tell me what you know.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-DAY

Libby rings the doorbell while she juggles several casserole dishes. Nancy answers and they go inside.

EXT. LAKE-CONTINUOUS

Glen releases a fish off the hook and into the water. He recasts, and tries not to giggle.

GLEN

That's some shit you've got boy.

MIKE

I was hoping for something a little more...in-depth.

GLEN

Ok. I'm sorry, you're right. In-depth. I always find when faced with adversity it's best to sleep on it, and hope an answer will come to me.

Glen reels in another fish.

MIKE

That's it? Sleep on it?

Glen tosses the fish back into the lake.

GLEN

I usually put a little Drambuie in a glass of warm milk about 30 minutes before bedtime, and I take a biscotti - do you know what that is? It's like a cookie. I dip the biscotti-

Mike rows away and mutters.

MIKE

At least I got a beer.

GLEN

I'm not deaf.

MIKE

Thank you, Glen.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

TEDDY

Any plans tonight?

JACOB

Not really. I was thinking about checking out our new store in Milford.

TEDDY

How 'bout a real meal, home cooked.
Margie and the kids would love to see you.

JACOB

Yeah? They miss their old Jew uncle?
Why not.
(points ahead)
To Queens.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mike walks in and follows the sound of voices and activity into the dining room, where Libby, Mrs. Schrader, and Nancy put dishes of food on the table.

MIKE

Hey. What's going on?

NANCY

We're having dinner with our
neighbors.

LIBBY

Is this ok? I'm sorry, I should
have asked.

MIKE

No, no it's fine. Just fine.

Mike motions Nancy into the kitchen.

MIKE (cont'd)

Why didn't you call me?

NANCY

I did, you didn't answer.

MIKE

Well, I was out on the lake
for a bit.

NANCY

Sorry. Why is this such a big deal?

MIKE

I just don't do this. In our house,
I just don't-

NANCY

All this what? Have dinner with -
people? You're not the only one who
lives here you know.

MIKE

What are you talking about?

NANCY

Dad - we have to live. It's
not healthy. It's not fair to us.

MIKE

You have no right.

NANCY

I have every right.

Nancy walks back into the dining room, and the doorbell
rings. Nancy opens the door. It's Charles.

CHARLES

Hi, I was hoping to find Libby-

Libby sprints to the front door from the dining room, and
Mike saunters over.

LIBBY

Charles, what are you doing here?

CHARLES

Well I was hoping we could talk, and
I saw you in there through a window, so-

LIBBY

Mom and I are having dinner here, you
can't just intrude on-

Mikes appears pleased to turn the tables.

MIKE

No, no, it's no intrusion, come on in.
The more the merrier. We have plenty.
Right Nancy? It's your party.

Nancy shakes her head at Mike, who escorts Charles in.
Libby appears mortified.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Charles, right? I'm Mike.

The two shake hands.

CHARLES

Mike, thanks. You sure it's ok?

MIKE

Sure, sure. This is going to be fun.

EXT. HOUSE-NIGHT

Teddy's car turns into the driveway of a modest brick bungalow in a blue collar neighborhood.

INT. TEDDY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Teddy and Jacob enter, and Jacob is swarmed by Teddy's 4 children, aged 14 to 20, along with Teddy's wife MARGIE.

MARGIE

Kids, take Uncle Jake out back and get him a beer while I get dinner ready.

JACOB

(to Teddy, smiling)
Still calls me Jake.

EXT. TEDDY'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Jacob stands on a back deck, throws a football to one of Teddy's boys, then sits next to Teddy and drinks his beer.

JACOB

This is just what I needed.

Teddy and Jacob clink beer bottles.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Mike's family and their guests sit around a dining room table cluttered with platters of food. There's constant motion with food passed, laughter, and chatter.

Mike and Libby sit at opposite ends of the table, and share a glance. They both smile. Nancy catches the moment, and smiles to herself.

INT. TEDDY'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

The dinner activity is a mirror image of Mike's house. A table cluttered with more food than an army could eat, with constant laughter and chatter.

Jacob observes it all, and smiles approvingly at Teddy, who raises his wine glass to Jacob.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

At the ad agency, Scotty and a few young executives work on the Jugs, Iowa campaign in a conference room.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

During dinner, Mike and Libby exchange a glance, and both blush when caught. Charles senses something between the two.

CHARLES

So Mike. I understand you've lived here your whole life. Is that right, you've never left Northview?

MIKE

Just for college, Charles. Libby tells me you play doctor, I mean, you're a doctor.

CHARLES

Yes, cardiologist.

MIKE

Cardiologist. The heart. You fix broken hearts?

Charles appears uncomfortable with the conversation and Mike's tone.

CHARLES

I try.

(to Libby)

Maybe it would be a good idea if you and I went somewhere private.

Charles stands and motions Libby to join him.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Can we - talk?

LIBBY

I'm going to stay and help clean up. You can call me tomorrow.

Charles walks around the table and leans over to kiss Libby goodbye. She turns her head sideways, and Charles settles for her cheek.

MIKE

Goodnight then Charles. Stop by anytime, right Nancy? Our door is always open.

Mrs. Schrader giggles.

Charles extends his hand to Mike.

CHARLES

Thank you for making me feel so - welcome.

Mike stands, and he and Charles engage in a handshake. But it becomes a duel of who can squeeze harder, and Mike is clearly on top, as Charles' hand is turning red.

MIKE

Well that's just the type of people we are Charles. Do unto others, and all that, you know?

Charles relents on the handshake, and wiggles his hand on the way out in an attempt to regain his circulation.

MIKE

(to Nancy)

Yes, some first week.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mike sits on the front porch and drinks a bottle of beer.

Libby and Mrs. Schrader exit the house.

MRS. SCHRADER

Thanks for having us Mike.

Mike stands and hugs Mrs. Schrader.

MIKE
You're welcome here anytime,
you know that.

Mrs. Schrader walks down the steps, but Libby lingers.

MIKE
You want a beer?

LIBBY
Yeah, sure.

Mike goes inside the house.

LIBBY
I'll be home in a while Mom.

MRS. SCHRADER
I'll leave the door unlocked.

Mike returns with a beer for Libby, and they sit on opposite ends of the porch swing.

Nancy watches the two from inside the house.

EXT. TEDDY'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Jacob and Teddy sit on the back deck.

JACOB
Too bad things never worked out for
you and Margie. And what's with those
rotten kids?

TEDDY
Yeah, pretty miserable, huh.

JACOB
It's a disaster. I should probably
move in. Be a full time life coach.

TEDDY
Hmm. Like adult home schooling. But
more R rated.

JACOB
Exactly.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Libby and Mike sit a little closer to each other on the porch swing.

LIBBY

Have fun tonight, embarrassing Charles?

MIKE

You know, I did. Can we do this again tomorrow? Because I don't have enough drama in my life.

LIBBY

You call that drama? Please...get a grip football hero. Don't be such a wussie.

Mike is stunned, and Libby appears mortified at what she just said. They look at each other and burst out laughing.

MIKE

Do you pick on everyone, or am I just an easy target?

LIBBY

You're just an easy target.

Libby moves closer.

LIBBY

So tell me about that juicy scandal at City Hall, and I promise not to make fun.

MIKE

I don't think I should be talking about that.

LIBBY

Oh c'mon, please please please. I hear it's better than a John Grisham novel.

MIKE

You're evil.

LIBBY

Totally, c'mon.

MIKE

I don't think so.

LIBBY

Ok. You know, if you ever need someone to talk to- seriously, I'm a good listener.

MIKE

Thanks. Let's talk about anything but that. Anything.

LIBBY

Ok, let's see. How about here's where ask if you've been seeing anyone.

MIKE

Seeing? You mean like dating?

LIBBY

C'mon, tell me all the crazy secrets of Northview's most eligible.

MIKE

Well, if you and I were on a date right now, notwithstanding that you've been mocking me the whole time, it would be my first since, you know-

LIBBY

Wow, that's depressing.

MIKE

No, it's fine, really.

LIBBY

Well that settles it then. We have to call this a date, so your next one isn't your first.

MIKE

Yeah?

LIBBY

Yep, this a date.

MIKE

Ok, I'm on a date with a married woman. Excellent.

They clink beer bottles.

EXT. TEDDY'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

JACOB

I wasn't going to say anything.
The nightmares are back.

TEDDY

Oh shit. How long?

JACOB

A couple weeks. They're getting
worse. Not really worse, just all
the time.

TEDDY

You think it's stress again?

JACOB

I think it's life. I'm beginning to
think that it's just going to be part
of my life now, like everything else.

TEDDY

Everything else?

JACOB

Oh you know, life-

TEDDY

If the job's too much, you can always-

JACOB

No, no.

(Teddy appears concerned)

I'm good. 100%, really.

(Teddy still stares)

I'm fine, honey, now go get ready
for bed and I'll be up in a bit.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Libby and Mike sit closer to each other. The sun rises on
the horizon, and the moon is still visible.

Libby stands and stretches, then she and Mike walk down the
porch steps.

LIBBY

This date of ours was nice. I
really enjoyed it.

MIKE

Me too. Great date.

Mike extends his hand to shake. Libby does the same, then grabs Mike's hand, pulls him up to her, and gives him a prolonged passionate kiss, which he settles into.

When the kiss ends, Libby turns to walk home, then looks at the horizon.

LIBBY

Kissed a married woman and the
sun still came up!

Libby walks next door laughing. Mike watches her the whole way, and waves when she turns to look back from her front door.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE

Nancy yawns and smiles as she secretly watches Mike and Libby.

EXT. DES MOINES HOTEL-DAY

A marquee sign at the hotel - WELCOME MIDWEST MUNICIPAL TRADESHOW.

INT. HOTEL-DAY

Mike registers for the tradeshow in the lobby, and walks into a ballroom. He pages through a tradeshow flyer, and circles the banks that have booth exhibits.

MONTAGE: MIKE SEEKS HELP FOR NORTHVIEW

BANKER 1

Sorry Mayor, we don't refinance
short term loans.

BANKER 2

I'm sorry Mayor, right now we're
only loaning to cities with a
triple-A rating.

BANKER 3

Northview? Didn't I just read-

BANKER 4

(laughs while Mike walks away)

END MONTAGE

EXT. HOTEL-DAY

Mike walks through the parking lot with his head down, and tosses the trade show flyer in a garbage can.

INT. TEDDY'S CAR-DAY

Teddy parks in front of a highrise office building.

TEDDY

Whatever it's worth, I believe
in this.

JACOB

Me too.

TEDDY

Then why the face?

JACOB

Just - I don't know - it's such
a - it feels right, but it's a big -
risk, you know?

TEDDY

Pussy.

JACOB

Have a nice morning dear.

Jacob gets out the car.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

Before Jacob reaches the revolving doors, Teddy yells at him loudly, standing outside of his car.

TEDDY

Jacob, honey, now don't be late -
we have the realtor at 3 and dinner
with my parents at 5.

The sidewalk passersby and loiterers snicker. Jacob passes a bystander and just shakes his head and shrugs.

JACOB

Men.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

The ad agency conference room is full. Jacob enters, and Wendy motions him to sit next to her. Before he sits, Jacob looks around the room.

JACOB
Where's the kid?

DAVID
This is an execution strategy meeting, and he's just an intern, so-

JACOB
C'mon, get the kid in here.

David motions a woman, who leaves the room and returns with Scotty.

DAVID
Ok then, all here.

Jacob nods and winks at Scotty.

DAVID
So we've come up with a plan for the campaign, which in our humble opinion is bulletproof. First, we'll telephone the Mayor this morning, right now while you're here-

Scotty appears puzzled, and tries to get David's attention, which Jacob notices.

DAVID
Then we'll put out a press release around Noon-

Scotty distracts Jacob with a throat clear and a raised hand motion.

JACOB
Let's hear what the kid thinks.
It was all his idea anyway, right?

David gestures Scotty.

SCOTTY

I was thinking we'd approach it a little differently. You know, give it more of a personal touch.

Jacob nods in agreement.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

First, we find the youngest, most wholesome Christian male adult that works for Jugs, and send him out there, to Iowa, to sell it - in person, face to face with the Mayor. No phone calls from a 212 area code. Then, we make the public announcement only after the offer's made, whether they accept or not. If they like it, we may need to send Jacob out there to close. Either way, we give them only 2 days to decide. If they're not in, we move on to the next candidate.

Scotty holds up a document.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

I have other towns we can approach.

Jacob nods in agreement.

DAVID

Shouldn't we be sending Jacob -
(Jacob stares a dagger at David)
I mean Mr. Marks, to Iowa to pitch this?

Jacob and everyone in the room focus on Scotty.

SCOTTY

I don't think that's a good idea.
Not yet.

JACOB

Why is that kid?

SCOTTY

It's kind of obvious, isn't it?

Jacob stares - waits for an answer.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

This is awkward - I don't want to offend you Mr. Marks - I mean Jacob.

Jacob continues to stare.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

Ok. With all due respect, you don't send a NY Jew to break dinner bread in the heartland of Iowa while everyone at the table is crossing themselves before they say 'pass the salt'.

The room grows silent. Jacob breaks the tension with a loud belly laugh, and everyone nervously follows.

JACOB

Kid, let me know when you open your own shop.

Scotty sits up straight and confidently.

INT. OFFICES-DAY

Scotty and Wendy interview Jugs' employees to send on the mission to Iowa.

MONTAGE: FINDING THE MESSENGER

MALE 1

(Jersey accent)

Iowa? Fahgettaboutit, done. I get along wit everyone, no matta where.

(leers at Wendy)

You goin' wit?

MALE 2

(gay)

Iowa? Oh dear, how exciting. I've never been west of Trenton. What would I wear?

MALE 3

(appears pleasant)

I don't work past 5, and under section 35 of the employee handbook, which covers my work hours-

Wendy and Scotty look weary.

MALE 4

(multi-colored spiked hair)

MALE 5
(nose earring)

MALE 6
(black polished fingernails)

END MONTAGE

Wendy and Scotty appear drained, when a young, clean cut
CHRIS enters.

CHRIS
Good morning. I apologize for interrupting.
I'm Chris, from accounting.

Wendy and Scotty exchange an optimistic glance, and motion
Chris to sit.

SCOTTY
Where you from Chris?

CHRIS
I grew up in Clyde, Ohio. It's pretty
small, but it's near Fremont, so it's
not like we were stuck in Clyde with
nothing to do.

WENDY
Oh Clyde, sure. Next to Fremont,
yeah. I've been there. There's that
cute little church there, what's it
called again-

CHRIS
Oh, there's 6 churches in Clyde. We
were First Protestant.

SCOTTY
How do the next couple of days
look for you, Chris?

INT. DES MOINES AIRPORT-DAY

Chris navigates through baggage and the car rental counter.

INT. HARDWARE STORE-DAY

Mike stands behind the counter, while several people pepper
him with questions.

MAN 1

What are you going to do Mayor?

MAN 2

What about the schools? Is there any money left to run the schools?

WOMAN

I'm a widow and I live alone. Do we have enough money to pay the police?

INT. CITY HALL-DAY

Chris stands at Mary's reception desk.

MARY

The Mayor's just down the street at the hardware store. That's where you'll find him.

INT. HARDWARE STORE-DAY

Mike escorts everyone out of his store.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE-DAY

Mike flips the sign to CLOSED, locks the door, and starts walking.

Chris approaches.

CHRIS

Mayor?

MIKE

Depends.

CHRIS

My name is Chris Stubenvoll. I'm from New York.

MIKE

New York? I'm not talking with any reporters, I already told all you guys-

CHRIS

No, sir, if I can just explain why I'm here. I have a solution to the city's financial problem. I have a proposal from-

MIKE

Look son, you seem like a nice young man. But I'm in a real hurry here. I'm on my way to- I'll tell you what. You have a paper, pen?

Chris tears off a piece of paper from his binder, and Mike writes.

MIKE (CONT'D)

This my home address. Dinner at 6. See you then.

CHRIS

You want me to come to your house?

MIKE

See you at 6.

EXT. LAWYER OFFICE-DAY

Mike turns the door handle - locked.

EXT. LAKE-DAY

Mike rows the dingy out to Glen, who fishes with another elderly gentleman, JUDGE WEILER. It starts to drizzle.

MIKE

Glen, Judge.

JUDGE

Young man.

GLEN

Well?

MIKE

I slept on it. I got nothing.

JUDGE

(to Glen)

The Parnell thing we talked about?

MIKE

You talked with the Judge about that? What about our attorney client confidentiality?

GLEN

Judge and I talk about everything.
We've been friends for 80 years.

MIKE

Yeah, but you're my attorney and
he's a judge.

JUDGE

You watch too much TV boy. So what
are we going to do about this thing?

MIKE

Well, my lawyer, he suggested I
sleep on it. Which I've done. Now
what?

The rain becomes heavier.

MIKE

We just gonna sit in this?

JUDGE

(to Glen)

He's right.

The Judge points to a cooler, and Glen pulls out a bottle
of whiskey.

Glen pours the Judge and himself a shot, then offers the
same to Mike, who declines.

JUDGE

Call me tomorrow. I'm doing a little
legal research on this thing.

MIKE

Research? You're 87. How far back do
you have to go?

The Judge's fishing line gets a bite.

JUDGE

Ooh wee, feels like a biggin. Here we
go now.

Mike shakes his head and rows away in the downpour while
the Judge battles the fish. When Mike finally reaches shore
and looks back, the Judge pulls an undersized blue gill off
the hook, and talks to it before releasing it into the

lake.

JUDGE

What kind of a dumbass bites a
silver hook under a metal boat.
Now go find your mama and tell her
that you're a miserable failure.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mike and the children host Chris for dinner. They sit at
the table, passing food and talking.

NANCY

So New York City. Must be very
exciting.

CHRIS

It's ok. I'm from a small town,
so it's a little overwhelming.

MIKE

And you said you're an accountant?

CHRIS

Yes sir, I work with-
(Mike interrupts)

MIKE

Let's save the business for later,
after dinner.

CHRIS

Yes sir.

Nancy stares at Chris, and they both blush when caught.

NANCY

How'd you end up in New York?

CHRIS

College. I just stayed after, found
a cheap apartment with some buddies and-

BILLY

I think I'll go to college in New York.

MIKE

Really. Why is that?

BILLY

Cuz I watched Friends With Benefits,
and that's where they were. It looked
cool.

MIKE

What's that?

Susan looks down at her plate, shaking her head.

BILLY

A movie Suzie and I watched.

Mike and Nancy look at Susan.

SUSAN

What? I thought he was sleeping.

MIKE

Friends With- Is that what it
sounds like?

SUSAN

Dad, what am I supposed to do, I'm
not his-

(catches herself)

Oh, forget it.

Susan drops her fork on her plate and leaves the room.

Mike appears angry, and turns to Chris.

MIKE

Let's go out back, and you can
impress me.

Chris is nervous. As Mike walks out a door to the back
yard, Chris fumbles his file and drops papers. Nancy helps
him put the file back together.

NANCY

Don't be nervous. He's a pussycat.

CHRIS

Thanks.

Chris crosses his fingers.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Scotty enters a room with young executives and designers, all working on the Jugs, Iowa campaign and artwork.

SCOTTY

Still no word from the virgin.

EXT. MRS. SCHRADER'S HOUSE

Charles makes a pitch to Libby on the front porch.

CHARLES

Just one last chance. That's all I'm asking.

LIBBY

You're asking so much more than that. I can't Charles. I'm starting a new life and you should move on too. It's the only thing that feels right, you know?

CHARLES

Why do I have the feeling that this has something to do with that - Mike.

LIBBY

What?

CHARLES

Oh c'mon. I'm not blind. I saw the way you two looked at each other last night.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Nancy peeks down on the backyard from her upstairs bedroom window, watching Chris and her father. She can only hear bits and pieces of the conversation.

CHRIS

... but it's free sir...

MIKE

...this is a Christian community son, our children can't be exposed...

CHRIS

--my boss respects that and...

MIKE

... you can't buy us...

Mike appears angry and points, directing Scotty to leave.

Nancy runs out the front door, where Mike stands while Chris drives away.

NANCY

What did you do?

MIKE

Me? You have no idea what you're talking about. Don't interfere.

Mike is steamed, and Nancy runs inside.

Mike catches a glimpse of Libby and Charles watching from her front porch. Libby cautiously waves and smiles. Mike sees her with Charles, then shakes his head and walks toward his front porch. Libby appears hurt.

LIBBY

Goodbye Charles. I really do wish you happiness, but it won't be with me.

The two hug goodbye. Mike watches them hug from his porch, which Libby notices, so she plants a kiss on Charles' lips for Mike's benefit.

LIBBY (CONT'D)

Safe travels.

CHARLES

Farewell my love.

Libby rolls her eyes as Charles walks away. Mike walks into his house.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mike lies awake and stares at the photo of him and Elizabeth.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Scotty sleeps at his desk.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-

Chris lies awake and stares at the ceiling.

INT. JACOB'S PENTHOUSE-NIGHT

Jacob sits on his balcony under the moonlight, with the military group photo on his lap.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-DAY

Nancy answers the doorbell. Chris stands on the front porch with his briefcase.

CHRIS

Hi. Is your Dad home?

NANCY

No - I think he went to the store.

CHRIS

Oh, ok. I'll just head over there then. Thanks though. And thanks for dinner last night. Sorry if I-

NANCY

You want a cup of coffee?

CHRIS

I'm not sure your father would-

NANCY

C'mon. You can tell me what you said to trip him out last night. Maybe I can help.

INT. JUGS' OFFICES-DAY

Jacob enters Wendy's office.

JACOB

Hear from that kid we sent to Iowa, uhm-

WENDY

Chris?

JACOB

Yeah, Chris.

WENDY

No, not yet. I'm a little concerned.

JACOB

A little concerned? He's been out there
in bumblefuck for over a day without a
word and you're only a little concerned?

WENDY

You're overreacting.

JACOB

You're so calm.

Jacob looks around. Nobody can see or hear them.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I've always admired that about
you. You and I should-

WENDY

Not happening.

JACOB

Alrighty then. Better get me on a 1:00
flight to wherever it is you fly to get
to, uh,-

WENDY

Northview.

JACOB

Yeah. Let's make it two tickets.

WENDY

Right, I should probably go too.

JACOB

You? No, Teddy.
(walks out)

WENDY

Of course. What was I thinking.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-DAY

Nancy and Chris sit at the kitchen table.

NANCY

My roommate at school works at
Jugs, what's the big deal?

CHRIS
I tried telling him it's not what
he thinks.

NANCY
Do you want me to talk to him?

CHRIS
I think it's better if I try again.
Thanks, but I don't want your Dad
mad at you for something that's not
your fault.

Nancy smiles and pats Chris on the hand.

NANCY
Take a walk? I'll show you around.

CHRIS
Sure, that sounds great.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

At the ad agency, the Jugs team meets in the conference
room.

DAVID
(to Scotty)
What do you mean we haven't
heard anything. Nothing?

SCOTTY
Not yet, but we're working on it.

DAVID
You're working on it? Ok... do
I look like your mother?

SCOTTY
Pardon me?

DAVID
Do I at all look like your mother?
The woman who shit you out, changed
your poopy diapers, fed you from her
breast, and thinks that you're the
most gifted person since Jesus Christ
himself. Do I look like that woman?

SCOTTY

No.

DAVID

Thank you. Because only someone's mother would accept "I'm working on it" as a credible explanation to such an extraordinary lack of communication as this. Now that we agree I'm not your mother, what are we going to do here?

A young female executive raises her hand.

WOMAN

That Jugs employee, Chris, he's been on the ground in Northview for like over 24 hours, right? It's like inconceivable to think that he hasn't connected with the Mayor yet, right? So I think we should send out the press release, now, per your original plan. There's like no down side, right?

DAVID

Yes, that was my plan. Right. Ok, let's do it. Let's put out the release.

SCOTTY

Shouldn't we wait to hear from Chris first? A few more hours?

DAVID

(mocks Scotty in a whiny voice)
Shouldn't we wait to hear from Chris first... No! We'll miss tonight's news cycle in another hour. Let's roll people.

MONTAGE: THE NEWS IS OUT!

INT. NEWSROOM-DAY

A reporter grabs a release off the fax:
JUGS TITILLATES IOWA TOWN WITH \$15 MILLION OFFER

The reporter puts the release on the copy machine and hits "start".

INT. TV STATION-DAY

A reporter grabs a release off the fax, and picks up a newsroom phone.

EXT. NEWS TRUCK-DAY

A female reporter ends a cell phone call, and directs her crew to pack up.

CAMERAMAN

Where?

REPORTER

Northview, Iowa. Don't ask.

INT. JUGS OFFICES-DAY

Wendy's secretary walks into her office.

SECRETARY

My phone is blowing up with reporters asking for interview requests with you and Mr. Marks.

END MONTAGE

EXT. LAKE-DAY

The Judge and Glen fish, when they hear a buzzing sound.

JUDGE

You hear something?

GLEN

Like a buzz?

JUDGE

Yeah. Bzzzz. Bzzzz.

They hear the sound again.

GLEN

I think it's coming from down there.

Glen points to the Judge's crotch.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Your marbles Judge. You have an implant? Maybe low battery or something?

JUDGE

No. I'd remember that.

The Judge reaches in his pockets and pulls out a phone.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Smarty phone. But the "smarty" has an "I", not a "y", see. You know, smart "I", smarty.

GLEN

My granddaughter has one of those. But I think the "I" is a "y" on hers, or maybe there's no "I" on hers. I don't remember.

The Judge pokes the phone screen.

JUDGE

My grandson did something on this so it buzzes me whenever there's a big news story in Northview.

GLEN

That happen often?

JUDGE

First time.

GLEN

Well, what is it?

JUDGE

I don't know how to-

GLEN

Gimme that.

Glen grabs the phone and pokes the screen.

GLEN (CONT'D)

This is pretty handy. Look how it- ok, here's the story.

Glen stares at the screen.

GLEN (CONT'D)

Holy Mother of...

INT. HARDWARE STORE-DAY

Mike tinkers around, cleaning and tidying the window displays.

A woman walks past, and shakes her head disapprovingly at Mike.

Another woman does the same, and drags her young son away from the store window.

A young female walks past, stops, reads her mobile phone, and gives Mike the finger.

Two teenage boys stop, see Mike, and give an enthusiastic thumbs up.

Moving very slowly, Mike gets low to the ground, crawls to the door, which he locks, then flips the sign to CLOSED.

Mike turns on the television in the back room.

REPORTER

You may have heard about little Northview, Iowa, and it's Vegas-gambling treasurer that died last week. Well, there's a silver lining, or should we say a silver bra padding. The Jugs restaurant chain has offered the Mayor of Northview...

INT. AIRPORT-DAY

Jacob and Teddy stand at the rental car counter.

EXT. LAW OFFICE-DAY

Mike turns the door handle - locked.

EXT. LAKE-DAY

Mike rows out to the Judge and Glen.

MIKE

Have you been out here all day
or have you heard?

GLEN

We've been out here all day, and
we've heard.

MIKE

How'd you hear out here?

JUDGE

I have a smarty phone.

The Judge proudly pulls out his phone and attempts to show Mike how it operates.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Look, if you just poke this screen like this-

(Mike interrupts)

MIKE

No disrespect Judge - my sincerest congratulations on the phone, but I'm in the middle of a fucking shit show.

GLEN

Well is it real? The offer?

MIKE

It's real. \$15 million. But I can't take that money. From Jugs? I can't do that.

JUDGE

Why the hell not?

MIKE

Jugs, Iowa?

JUDGE

You can call it Tickle My Balls Iowa for all I care. For \$15 million you can call it-

MIKE

Judge, you're fourth generation here. How can you say that?

JUDGE

Fourth generation that I know of. Could be more if you know what I mean. Oh I don't give a shit about a name. I care that we have good schools, police officers, firefighters, ... a judge. None of that's free you know. This thing can't be fixed with some church

JUDGE (CONT'D)
pie sale. Take the money and be done
with it.

MIKE
Glen, what do you think?

GLEN
I'd take the money. The Judge did
the math on his smarty phone- show
him Judge -

The Judge nods and holds up his phone.

GLEN (CONT'D)
and it's about \$20,000 per person
that we'd all have to pay to get
out of this mess.

EXT. CITY HALL-DAY

Jacob and Teddy exit.

EXT. LAKE-CONTINUOUS

MIKE
I wouldn't even know how to do it.
They gave us 2 days. This can't be
done in two days. Wouldn't we need
an ordinance or law or something?

The Judge and Glen look at each other as if they know
something.

MIKE
Am I right?

GLEN
Tell him Judge.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE-DAY

Jacob turns the door handle - locked. Teddy points to the
CLOSED sign, and the two walk down the street.

JACOB
You know, this isn't a bad little town.

TEDDY
Who said it was?

JACOB

I think it was Wendy - it doesn't matter. I could really stand an ice cold beer. Small town, cold beer, right?

TEDDY

Amen.

A man walks past.

TEDDY

Hey buddy.

The man stops.

TEDDY

Is there a tavern around here?
Nothing fancy.

MAN

Just the one. Take a left over there on 3rd. About a mile down, Fred & Tiny's. And don't you worry, it ain't fancy.

EXT. LAKE-CONTINUOUS

JUDGE

Well, you're too young to know, and I don't know if your daddy or granddaddy ever told you about way back before Northview was ever a town. It was just a territory, mostly lawless. It wasn't even called Northview. Wasn't called Northview until 1862. Anyway, in the early 1800's our town, if was even that, was called Chinks, Iowa. Know why? Because legend had it that if you dug a hole to the center of the earth from here, then kept digging until you came out the other side, you'd be in China. Anyway-

MIKE

Judge, I've only got 2 days here. How long is this story?

JUDGE

I'm getting' there boy. You just keep up with me. Now, it wasn't until 1862

JUDGE (CONT'D)

that the City fathers decided to safeguard against the tyranny of the majority from ever changing the town's name back to Chinks or any other derogatory name, so in their town charter they entrusted the Mayor, yes, the Mayor, with the sole authority for changing the town's name, provided that the Mayor, at the time of any change, had been at least a third-generation resident of Northview, and lived there for not less than 40 years. It's the law, and it's been on the books for over 160 years.

GLEN

Well you're third generation. And you've lived here your whole life. How old are you again?

MIKE

42.

Glen giggles.

GLEN

Well, it's all on you now.

MIKE

You mean without a vote of the council or the people? It's my call?

JUDGE

You sharp as a tack boy.

Glen looks at the Judge and giggles.

GLEN

Say that again Judge. You sounded just like that crow in the cartoons.

JUDGE

Oh yeah? I did, didn't I. I say, I say, you sharp as a tack boy.

GLEN

That's rich. Say it again Judge.

MIKE

Rooster.

GLEN

Huh?

MIKE

It was a rooster not a crow.

JUDGE

I think he may be right.

GLEN

Oh no, I'd remember if it was a rooster.

Mike turns the dingy around and paddles away while they argue over cartoon characters.

JUDGE

Why would a crow say, you sharp as a tack boy? It was a rooster.

INT MIKE'S CAR-DAY

Mike fumbles through his wallet and finds Chris' business card, with his cell phone number handwritten on the back. Mike dials Chris on speaker.

CHRIS

Hello?

MIKE

Chris, it's Mike.
(no response)
The Mayor?

CHRIS

Oh, Mayor, yes. How are you?

MIKE

Listen, I may have been short with you last night, maybe a little impolite. I apologize.

CHRIS

Oh, don't apologize Mayor. I take complete responsibility for getting off on the wrong foot. Can we meet again and talk?

MIKE

That's why I'm calling. Be at my house in 20 minutes.

EXT. GRASSY HILL OVERLOOKING NORTHVIEW-DAY

Chris ends the call as he lies on a blanket with Nancy, next to a picnic basket. They spring up and gather everything.

INT. MIKE'S CAR-DAY

Mike makes a few turns.

INT. NANCY'S CAR-DAY

Nancy makes a few turns.

INT. MIKE'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Approaches 4-way stop sign intersection.

INT. NANCY'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

Approaches 4-way stop sign intersection.

INT. MIKE'S CAR

Mike notices Nancy's car at the 4-way stop, and he and Chris look at each other. Chris smiles and gives a hearty wave to Mike, but Mike appears angry, and the smile drains from Chris. Nancy turns ahead of Mike.

INT. NANCY'S CAR-CONTINUOUS

CHRIS

I don't want to distract you from driving carefully, but your Dad's behind us, and I don't think he's happy.

Nancy glances in her rear view mirror.

NANCY

Oh shit.

Nancy's foot presses down on the accelerator pedal.

Nancy continues to watch Mike in the mirror, as his lips move furiously, yelling.

Nancy approaches her house. She checks the mirror again, focuses too long on Mike, and hits a tree on her turn into the driveway.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mike runs to Nancy's car.

Nancy and Chris emerge from the car, shaken.

MIKE
Nance, are you ok?

Libby runs over from her front porch.

LIBBY
Are you two alright?

Nancy cries and hugs Libby.

NANCY
I'm fine.
(to Mike)
This is your fault!

MIKE
My fault?

NANCY
You were screaming at me. I could see it in the mirror, and I couldn't drive.

MIKE
What were you doing with him?

CHRIS
I'm really sorry sir, I didn't mean to-

NANCY
(to Mike)
Don't you dare blame him.

Nancy runs in the house crying.

LIBBY
(to Mike)
She's just a kid, what's the matter with you?

Libby runs inside Mike's house after Nancy.

Mike and Chris stand alone outside.

CHRIS

So, you wanted to talk?

Mike holds up his finger, and walks to his car. He looks back at Chris, who opens his mouth to say something, but Mike holds up his finger again, then drives away.

CHRIS

I'm an accountant. Why am I even here?

INT. DIVE BAR-NIGHT

Mike enters, walks past a table of rough looking rednecks, one of whom he knows.

MIKE

Bubba.

BUBBA, 43, returns Mike's greeting with only a head nod.

Mike sits at the bar, and acknowledges the bartender, a heavy set man in his 60's.

MIKE

Fred, I'll take a shot of whiskey
and a draft.

FRED

(as he pours)

Haven't seen you here in a while Mike.
How've you been?

Mike inhales the shot of whiskey and points to the glass for another.

MIKE

Peachy Fred. Just peachy. You
probably watch the news, read
the papers, so you know, it's
as good as it gets.

Mike throws back the refill shot and points to the glass for another.

He hears the voice of a man next to him at the bar.

VOICE

Say friend, I hope you're not driving. Rough day?

Mike turns his head to the voice. Jacob sits at the bar with Teddy.

MIKE

You couldn't possibly imagine the crazy bullshit I'm dealing with.

Jacob looks at Teddy, then back at Mike.

Mike waves to Fred and points to his glass.

A small TV mounted on the wall above a far corner of bar is tuned to a nightly news interview program. The sound is muted, and crawler identifies the guest - Wendy Marks, COO of Jugs Restaurants. Nobody in the bar is paying attention.

INT. NEWS STATION STUDIO-NIGHT

Wendy sits at a large table across from TOM, the interviewer. Scotty and David stand behind the scenes. Scotty gives Wendy the thumbs up sign, and David looks at Scotty with contempt.

TOM

We're here with Wendy Marks, the COO of the Jugs Restaurant chain. Ms. Marks, Jugs has certainly made a splash in World news today.

Scotty returns the look of contempt to David.

WENDY

Thanks for having me Tom. Yes, we've made a splash as you say, but this isn't some publicity stunt. Through no fault of their own, there's a small town of good people in our heartland that need help, and we're in a position to help.

TOM

Well if you want to help, why not just give them the money. Why do they have to name the town Jugs?

WENDY

I'm glad you asked that, Tom, because that's exactly what we would have liked to do. But, we're a business, a very large business, with partners and stakeholders, subject to tax laws, all which requires us to spend our funds responsibly for business purposes. So, what we're suggesting is a very Commonly accepted marketing expenditure that, in this case just happens to be a town's name. It's a win win.

David whispers to Scotty.

DAVID

She's good.

SCOTTY

(more to himself than David)

Yes she is.

TOM

We have Betty Lou Morrison from the Women's Christian Coalition by remote from Lincoln, Nebraska.

A studio screen broadcasts BETTY LOU, a younger, blonder version of Sarah Palin.

TOM

Betty Lou, what do you make of all this?

BETTY LOU

We think it's terrible, Tom. This is just another example of the liberal war on Christianity in this country. These New Yorker elitists from Jugs do not represent the positive Christian messages that we should be teaching our children.

TOM

Wendy, how do you respond to that?

WENDY

I'm sorry if people misjudge our intentions, but rather than directly respond to the Christian Contrition of Women-

BETTY LOU
Coalition, it's the Christian Coalition
of-

WENDY
I'm sorry, didn't I say that?

BETTY LOU
You said the Christian Contrition of
Women, whatever that means.

WENDY
I'm so sorry. The Christian, Coalition?
Coalition of Women. In any event, I think
I'll just leave it to the good people of
Northview to decide that issue, Tom.

TOM
And how do you respond to the marketing
analysts that claim the name of a city,
even a small one, is worth significantly
more than \$15 million over time?

WENDY
Like I said earlier, Tom. It's a win
win for Northview and Jugs. Or should
I say, Jugs, Iowa and Jugs. We'll know
soon enough, won't we.

TOM
Ok, there you have it. We'll be reporting
from tomorrow night's public meeting in
Northview, Iowa...

INT. HOUSE-NIGHT

A middle aged couple sits in their Northview home, watching
a late night talk host comedian on TV.

HOST
And did you hear about the town in
Iowa- Northview? They may be changing
the town's name to Jugs, after the
restaurant chain. That's right. In
related news, Northview also announced
the hiring of a new superintendent of
schools today - Hugh Hefner.

The couple look at each other, and the husband changes the
TV station to another late night talk show.

HOST #2

But, there is positive news for law enforcement in the town. We understand that the number one career goal among 14 year old males in Iowa is to be the Jugs Police.

The husband picks up the phone.

INT. TAVERN-CONTINUOUS

MONTAGE: A SLOSHED MIKE BARES HIS SOLE TO JACOB

MIKE

My oldest daughter is my hero.

MIKE

And I've got this neighbor who's a Goddess. She's beautiful, and smart, and I just want to kiss her every time I see her...

MIKE

It happened 4 years ago. A trucker fell asleep at the wheel and ran a red light...

MIKE

My thumb's been broken 7 times. Look what I can do.

Mike contorts his thumb for Jacob and Teddy.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Wanna see it again?

END MONTAGE

JACOB

We have to get going, long day tomorrow. Can we give you a lift?

MIKE

Nooo. I'm fine, really I'm fine.

Jacob motions Teddy and they help Mike to his feet.

JACOB

Ok, here we go.

As they approach the door, Bubba stands.

BUBBA

Star quarterback. Never could hold his mud.

MIKE

(to Jacob)

I had to scramble a lot because he was blocking.

(to Bubba)

I'll show you who can hold his mud.

Mike takes a feeble, wild swing at Bubba and misses by a foot. Bubba smiles and throws a punch back at Mike, but inches before it hits him, Teddy's big hand swallows the punch in front of Mike, like a catcher's mitt.

Teddy squeezes Bubba's fist, buckling him to the ground in pain. The other rednecks look at an imposing Teddy, and turn away, ignoring the incident.

Jacob raises his hand to signal Teddy, who releases Bubba's hand.

JACOB

We don't want any trouble here. We're just leaving with our friend.

MIKE

Yeah, that's right, my friends and I are leaving. My friends. These are my friends.

Jacob holds his finger to his lips, trying to quiet down Mike as they leave.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Teddy and Jacob turn their car into Mike's driveway, next to the tree with a chunk of missing bark.

As they help a visibly drunk Mike out of the car, Nancy runs outside from the house.

Libby watches from her porch.

MIKE

Hey honey, meet Jacob and Teddy. Jake the Snake. They're my friends - especially

MIKE (CONT'D)
the big one.

NANCY
Thank you so much for bringing him home.
I was so worried.

JACOB
The daughter? Nancy?

Nancy nods.

JACOB (CONT'D)
He sure loves you.

Nancy nods, tears run down her cheeks.

Billy runs outside in his pajamas, undaunted by the scene.
He's not any help, but pulls Mike by the pants leg.

BILLY
C'mon Pop. I got you.

Jacob and Teddy leave.

INT. MRS. SCHRADER'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Libby watches from her living room window as Nancy and
Billy help Mike into the house.

LIBBY
Hopeless.

INT. HOTEL-NIGHT

Jacob sleeps.

BEGIN DREAM

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE-DAY

JACOB
(motions his platoon)
Stay back for now. I smell an ambush.

Jacob takes a few steps, and he's shot. He struggles to get
up, and he's shot again. He falls to the ground, with
severe wounds to his leg and shoulder.

Jacob looks up at the sky, blinded by the sunlight piercing through the trees. A body stands over him, momentarily blocking the sunlight, and a large hand picks him up by the shirt, carrying him through the jungle with one arm and shooting with the other. Jacob recognizes the tattoo on the forearm, and squints to see the man's face. It's Teddy.

END DREAM

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mike sleeps off his drunken escapade.

Nancy talks on the phone, crying.

INT. HOTEL ROOM-NIGHT

Chris talks on the phone, appearing sympathetic.

INT. HOTEL-NIGHT

Jacob continues to toss and turn in his sleep.

BEGIN DREAM

INT. RESTAURANT-DAY (1992)

Jacob waives Teddy over to his table. They hug.

JACOB

I got here as fast as I could.
What's up?

TEDDY

Thanks, I'm pretty pumped. You ready?

JACOB

Lay it on me.

TEDDY

Remember me telling you about my Dad's
half-brother, in Oklahoma?

JACOB

Yeah, vaguely. Oil?

TEDDY

Yeah, oil, and lots of it. Well, he
died.

JACOB

Oh, sorry man. I know you two were close, especially after your father-

TEDDY

Jacob, I'm loaded. He left me a fortune.

JACOB

No shit. That's great, Teddy. Congratulations. I'll bet Margie's ecstatic.

TEDDY

Eh, she's happy. She'd be happy without it too. See that's just the thing, we like where we're at man. We like our place in Queens, our neighbors, Margie's family's nearby, you know, we're really happy where we are. But you - Mr. ambitious, you would never be happy with just that.

Jacob appears suspicious.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

No, you've always wanted it all. Not like us.

JACOB

Teddy, where you going with this?

TEDDY

Ok, before you say anything, yes or no, just hear me all the way through this, ok?

JACOB

Ok...

TEDDY

No, I mean it. You're always interrupting. Hear it all the way through.

JACOB

Yeah, sure, good, go.

TEDDY

You know how I've always wanted to have a little restaurant, right? A joint, you know, burgers, wings, beer, games on TV,

TEDDY (ONT'D)

real casual. Well, now I can afford a whole chain of 'em, but I want you to pretend to own it all so nobody knows I'm rich. Margie and I don't even want our family to know. We just want a normal family with normal friends and a normal life. Money changes things, you know? Can you do this for me?

JACOB

(waits for more)

I can talk now?

TEDDY

Yeah, talk. What do you think?

JACOB

What the fuck, Teddy. I don't know anything about restaurants. You can hire a professional to do that. And I wouldn't even begin to know how to pull something like that off, me pretending to own something, taxes, stock, making decisions-

TEDDY

That part's easy. C'mon, man. I don't trust anyone else.

JACOB

Easy? How? I can't imagine how we'd-

Teddy motions a man in a dark suit sitting alone at another table.

TEDDY

This is Mr. Winston, my lawyer. Mr. Winston, tell Jacob - did I mention I saved Jacob's life in Vietnam - anyway, tell Jacob how it works.

Mr. Winston pulls out a flow chart with more twists and turns than a bowl of spaghetti.

MR. WINSTON

It's really very simple-

INT. RESTAURANT-DAY

At a press conference, Jacob stands at a podium, surrounded by pretty women in tight tee shirts and short shorts, announcing the birth of the Jugs restaurant chain.

JACOB

You're all invited as my guests for dinner here tonight at my first restaurant. And don't forget to print "first", because we have 12 more opening in the next 6 months.

Teddy stands in the back of the room, smiles and nods, and Jacob returns the expression to Teddy.

END DREAM

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-MORNING

Mike finishes a phone call.

MIKE

We can finish talking about this later. For now, just make sure you and your owner are at that meeting tonight.

INT HOTEL-DAY

Teddy and Jacob eat breakfast in the lobby coffee shop.

TEDDY

You didn't sleep.

JACOB

That obvious?

Teddy nods.

TEDDY

So what's the plan?

Jacob's cell phone rings. He looks at the caller ID, and shrugs.

JACOB

Hello?

(puts his hand over the phone)

It's the kid from accounting. Kurt.

TEDDY

Chris.

JACOB

So Chris. How's it going out there,
in Iowa?

Jacob winks at Teddy and listens.

JACOB (CONT'D)

No, not yet. Do you need me out
there?

(listens)

Mmm. Ok. Sure. I'll call when I land.

(ends call)

He says he has it under control, wants
me at a public meeting tonight - answer
questions, explain the deal. Sounds
easy enough.

Teddy points out a window. Media trucks turn into the hotel
parking lot. Jacob gobbles up a few bites of food, leaves
cash on the table, and they retreat out of the restaurant.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mike and the children eat breakfast in the kitchen. Every
little noise, from a dropped fork to the coffee brewing is
magnified in Mike's hungover head. Nancy motions Susan to
leave with Billy.

SUSAN

C'mon Billy. I need help in the
yard.

BILLY

With what?

While Billy sits, Susan grabs him from behind with both
hands at the belt loops, picks him straight up off the
chair, and carries him out in the sitting position while
he's still eating a piece of toast.

BILLY

Hey, I'm eating.

INT. MRS. SCRADER'S HOUSE-DAY

Libby and Mrs. Schrader sit in a screened porch overlooking their back yard, which also views Mike's back yard. Susan and Billy play catch with a football while they talk.

A packed suitcase with an airline tag sits by the side door.

LIBBY

She throws better than most boys.

MRS. SCHRADER

She should. After Elizabeth died, I don't think a day went by where Mike wasn't out there with those kids, throwing the ball. Even in the snow for goodness sakes. It went on for over a year.

LIBBY

Well he's a tricky one to figure out.

Libby wipes a tear from her cheek with her hand.

MRS. SCHRADER

Does he know you're leaving?

LIBBY

No. It wouldn't matter to him.

MRS. SCHRADER

I see the way he looks at you. It'll matter.

LIBBY

When did you see him looking at me?

MRS. SCHRADER

Please, I'm old, not blind. You should tell him.

LIBBY

I can't Mom. I think it's better if I just go. I'll send Nancy a note.

MRS. SCHRADER

You have feelings for him, don't you?

LIBBY

I don't know.

MRS. SCHRADER

I do.

Mrs. Schrader stands.

MRS. SCHRADER

And he cares for you too. That asshole
doctor never looked at you the way Mike
does.

Libby wipes another tear away as Mrs. Schrader walks out.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

NANCY

Sorry about the car.

MIKE

It's ok. I'll have Dean over at
the garage look-

NANCY

Are you kidding?

MIKE

What?

NANCY

This is where you apologize too,
Dad. This is where you tell me that
you've been a real shit and that
you're sorry.

Mike shakes his head and laughs.

NANCY

You think this is funny?

MIKE

No, it's just that you really
reminded me of someone.

NANCY

Mom.

MIKE

Who else.

NANCY

Dad, don't take this the wrong way, but even Mom would say, enough, get over it already.

MIKE

What? You think I'm not trying?

NANCY

You've been trying not to, Dad, and it's not fair to the rest of us.

Nancy starts to cry.

NANCY (CONT'D)

You know, I went through high school without my Mom, and it was really hard. Where were you? I needed help, we all did.

MIKE

What are talking about, Nance? I was always there for you.

NANCY

Dad, you were always present, but you were never there. Don't do that to Susan and Billy. Billy, Jesus he's on some track. Please don't do that to them. Mom wouldn't want that. Just live, Dad, just let yourself be happy and live.

Nancy hugs Mike, who kisses her forehead.

MIKE

Did I ever tell you that you're my hero?

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Billy throws the football back to Susan.

BILLY

Suzie, did you hear the joke about the Priest, the Rabbi, and the teenage gerbil?

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

In their driveway, Mike and Nancy open the car doors, when Nancy notices Libby next door, putting a suitcase in Mrs. Schrader's car trunk. Nancy motions Mike.

NANCY

Dad.

Mike walks over to Libby.

MIKE

You going somewhere?

LIBBY

I'm leaving.

MIKE

Like a trip, or-

LIBBY

I'm leaving, Mike. There's nothing for me here. I'm going back to California.

MIKE

Back with Charles?

LIBBY

That's really none of your business now, is it?

MIKE

I guess not, I was just hoping- I thought that maybe-

Libby listens for more.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself Libby.

LIBBY

Yeah, you too.

Mike starts to put his arms out to hug Libby, and she extends her hand, which he shakes until she finally pulls her hand back.

MIKE

Bye.

LIBBY

Bye.

Libby turns her back to Mike, holding back tears, and Mike returns to his car, where Nancy waits.

NANCY

What's going on?

MIKE

She's leaving. Going back to California.

NANCY

Did she say why?

MIKE

Something about nothing here for her.

NANCY

See, that's what I was talking about. Do you have any clue what's going on here? She can't stand being here because she cares about you but you've got this "oh, I can't be with anyone because my wife died 4 years ago" bullshit mojo hanging around your neck. It's so pathetic I can barely watch it.

Mike is silent.

EXT. AUTO BODY SHOP-DAY

On the ground, DOUG struggles on his back to fight off DEAN, who punches him in the face.

Two police officers arrive and separate the two. The older of the two officers does all the talking.

POLICEMAN

What the hell is going on here Dean?

DEAN

That son of a bitch called my wife a heathen.

POLICEMAN

A heathen? Loretta? Why on earth would you say that Doug?

DOUG

Well she's with all those gals that want to take that money - from those godless devils.

POLICEMAN

I see. All right then. Well let's not let this get between you two. Doug, go on now, apologize to Dean for what you said.

DOUG

No sir.

POLICEMAN

Oh, c'mon on now, Doug. Apologize to your brother.

Doug and Dean step toward each other, then both start swinging, and the police handcuff them both.

EXT. CITY HALL-NIGHT

Jacob and Teddy walk up the sidewalk and stop when they see a sign at the door: TONIGHT'S COUNCIL MEETING AT THE HIGH SCHOOL GYM DUE TO CROWD SIZE.

They turn around and walk. Jacob takes a deep breath.

JACOB

Fuck.

TEDDY

Don't be a pussy.

JACOB

Pussy? I was in the Marines you know. Oh that's right, so were you, and you saved my life. I forgot, because you never reminded me.

TEDDY

I do sort of recall that.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-NIGHT

A group of teenagers set up chairs throughout, and TV crews jockey for camera and microphone space.

EXT. STORE-NIGHT

A sign above the entrance: Northview Novelties and Gifts.

INT. STORE-NIGHT

Jacob and Teddy walk down the aisles. Jacob tosses an item in a basket.

TEDDY

That?

Jacob tosses another item in the basket.

TEDDY (CONT'D)

That? Really?

Jacob stops and looks at Teddy up and down.

JACOB

I knew my next wife would be a gentile, but I was hoping for something a little - thinner.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-CONTINUOUS

Townpeople trickle into the gym, some carrying signs.

Mike stands behind a stage curtain with Chris.

CHRIS

He said he'd be here, don't worry.

MIKE

Good, because I'm not good with talking to crowds. That's just not me.

INT. MRS. SCHRADER'S CAR-NIGHT

Mrs. Schrader turns into the high school parking lot, with Libby in the passenger seat.

LIBBY

What are you doing?

MRS. SCHRADER

Oh relax, we have plenty of time to catch your flight. I want to see what happens in there.

LIBBY
Mom, really?

MRS. SCHRADER
I live here, even if you don't.
This affects me.

LIBBY
Fine, just for a while, ok?

MRS. SCHRADER
Chill Libby, we're cool on time.

LIBBY
Who are you?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL-NIGHT

Jacob, with his shopping bag, and Teddy walk toward the entrance among the mobs of people. They hear comments:

MAN
This isn't Jugs, Iowa and it
never will be!

WOMAN 1
Jugs is demeaning to women!

WOMAN 2
We may be poor, but we're not stupid!

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-NIGHT

The crowd filters inside and follows a wall arrow - GYM.
Jacob and Teddy walk in the opposite direction.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-CONTINUOUS

In a quiet hallway, Teddy exits the men's room, looks around, and holds the door open for Jacob, who exits wearing a mullet wig, a fake mustache, and fake mutton chop sideburns. They stand for a moment and Teddy stares.

TEDDY
Try it with the cap.

Jacob pulls a baseball cap out of the bag. Teddy helps him adjust it over the wig, then stands back and gives Jacob a better look.

Mike stares and says nothing, then returns to his place on stage, muttering to himself.

MIKE

I should just move to New York with Billy.

Chris remains backstage, pacing in a panic attack.

CHRIS

Oh God, Oh God, Oh God. Shit, shit, shit.

A hand taps Chris on his shoulder. He turns around, and it's Nancy.

CHRIS

I am so screwed. My boss isn't coming, your father hates me, the people out there want to kill me-

NANCY

Take a deep breath. Breathe.

Chris attempts a deep breath, and it isn't working. Nancy pulls him to her and gives him a lengthy kiss until he finally calms.

NANCY

Better?

CHRIS

Showtime.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYMNASIUM—CONTINUOUS

A large vertical carved wood sign hangs over the gym entrance - LIVE WELL IN NORTHVIEW. Jacob and Teddy stop to view a trophy display case.

A man carrying his young son stops next to them, and points to a picture of a football team - 1987 IOWA STATE CHAMPIONS.

MAN

Look, there's Daddy. See, on the bottom row at the end.

SON

Cool Dad.

Mike is also is the picture, and so is Bubba.

Jacob and Teddy walk toward the folding chairs, and an usher hands them a flyer - JUGS OFFER TO THE CITY. The Flyer also has a section highlighted, MAYOR'S DECISION. Teddy gives Jacob a tap and a head motion toward the stage, where Mike sits behind a placard - Mayor Casey.

Jacob and Teddy look at each other, then turn around without a word.

JACOB

Let's find a corner. Try to blend.

Teddy stops shortly to look at Jacob, in disguise, after the "blend" comment.

Jacob and Teddy stand among a crowd in back, and survey the room. Jacob points out Bubba, who sits next to the Judge and Glen. The crowd is abuzz in conversation, pointing to the flyer with the Jugs offer.

Mike looks around the gym from his stage vantage point. It's packed wall to wall. He sees Libby, who turns her head when their eyes meet. Mike appears confused.

Mike hushes the crowd with several pounds of a gavel, and the TV cameras light up.

MIKE

Call to order. Call to order. Quiet please. This is a special meeting to get public feedback on an offer that the City of Northview received from the Jugs restaurant company.

The catcalls from the crowd distract Mike.

Crowd

We don't need money from them.

Crowd

Their waitresses are prostitutes and they sell drugs.

MIKE

Please maintain order or I'll have to ask for your removal.

The Policeman stands in the back of the gym with a young officer.

A group of women stand along the side of the gym and hold signs over their heads:

-Proverbs 11:16 A Gracious Woman Gets Honor, and Violent Men Get Riches. No Honor in Jugs!

- Proverbs 14:1 The Wisest of Women Builds Her House. Jugs Will Tear Down Northview!

On the opposite side of the gym, a group raises their signs:

-Sticks and Stones...Names Will Never Hurt Us! Accept the Offer!

-Our Children and Our Schools Need Us! Take the Offer!

Mike looks over at Chris, and holds his hand over the microphone.

MIKE

You need to do something.

Mike takes his hand off the microphone.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm going to yield the floor to Chris Stubenvoll from Jugs, who's here tonight to answer your questions. Chris-

Chris stands at a floor microphone on stage.

CHRIS

Good evening, I'm Chris Stubenvoll from Jugs, and as the Mayor said-

The crowd yells at Chris.

MAN IN CROWD

How old are you boy?

WOMAN IN CROWD

What's your title?

CHRIS

I am a staff accountant at Jugs,
and I am well versed in-

MAN IN CROWD

Where's the owner? We want to talk
to the owner.

The man's demand turns into a crowd chant.

MAJORITY OF CROWD

We want the owner, We want the owner...

Jacob and Teddy chant along.

CHRIS

If I could just explain-

The crowd noise drowns out Chris, who appears helpless.
Nancy runs up to the stage and holds Chris' hand. She looks
over at Mike, who nods approvingly at Nancy's move, which
appears to surprise her.

Mike stands and yells with no microphone.

MIKE

Alright, that's enough.

The crowd hushes, and Mike moves offstage to the main
level.

MIKE

You think this is easy for me? I grew
up here in Northview. My daddy grew
up in Northview. He was the principal
at this school for 30 years. A lot of
you knew him. My grandfather plowed the
corn fields here before that.

(looks at the Judge)

Some of you knew him, too.

We've been dealt some bad hand here, and
Whatever I decide it will come from here

(points to his head)

and here

(points to his heart)

and that's all I can promise.

A woman yells out.

WOMAN

What about Jesus, Mayor? Doesn't he get a say?

MIKE

Well Delores, if he has any advice for me I'll be available after around 10. If not, I'll just have to go ahead without him.

Bubba stands and yells.

BUBBA

You're not the quarterback out here, and some old city charter written a thousand years ago by a bunch of old fools doesn't mean crap!

Mike throws up his arms in frustration. Judge Weiler stands.

JUDGE

(to Mike)

May I?

Mike motions, and the Judge turns to Bubba.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Actually, one of those old fools was my great grandfather. Now I knew your daddy and your granddaddy boy, and as sure as cows don't lay eggs, they would be as proud as a 3-legged mutt in a 4th of July parade to know that you turned out exactly like them, for whatever good that does the rest of us.

A few in the crowd snicker.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

The law is the law boy, and there's nothing you can say here tonight to change that. This is the Mayor's decision.

Bubba starts to point his finger at the Judge while he talks.

BUBBA

Well that makes you an old fool too then, just like your great grandfather.

Bubba's finger connects with the Judge's chest. Teddy takes a step, but Jacob puts up his hand to stop him.

The Judge looks down at his chest where Bubba's finger touched.

JUDGE

Tell me boy, did you bring your toothbrush with you tonight?

BUBBA

Huh?

The Judge pulls a taser out of his sport jacket and zaps Bubba to the ground.

The two police officers rush over from the back of the gym.

POLICEMAN

Really Judge? Again?

The officers drag Bubba out by his arms, and the Judge motions Mike to continue.

MIKE

Folks. I'm really sorry about how this is all turning out, but we have a problem that has to be dealt with. You should know that the Jugs offer would save everyone, and I mean everyone in Northview, about \$20,000 in future taxes.

The crowd hushes.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now I'm not suggesting this is only about money. Money isn't everything. I know that. I've never done anything just for the money. That sign you all walked under back there- Live Well in Northview - my father carved that sign himself, and hung it there about 40 years ago when this school opened. You all know what it means. Everyone in Northview knows what it means. Do the right thing when nobody is looking. Do the right thing even when, especially when, nobody is looking. Live well. When I was a

MIKE (CONT'D)

young boy, it was what my father said to me when he left in the morning, and the last thing he said when he tucked me in at night. That's what I'm going to think about tonight. Our past, and our future.

Mike looks directly at Libby.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And I'm also going to think about an important lesson that I learned from my daughter yesterday. It's good to look in your rear view mirror to know what's behind you. But not so much that you don't see what's right there in front of you.

Mike pauses, turns around, and walks back to his place on stage.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'll let you all know my decision in the morning.

Mike pounds the gavel, and hugs Nancy.

Libby tears up.

The crowd is dead silent, and files out.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-CONTINUOUS

Jacob and Teddy exit the men's room. Jacob is no longer wearing the disguise.

EXT HIGH SCHOOL-CONTINUOUS

Jacob and Teddy stand near the exit doors.

Mike walks past, not seeing them, but Jacob stops him.

JACOB

Mayor.

Mike turns around, and smiles.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Remember us?

MIKE

Jake the snake, and the giant. Hope I wasn't too much trouble last night. I apologize fellas. I'm really not like that.

JACOB

Now we know what you meant by job stress.

MIKE

Just a smidge.

Mike looks around, appearing preoccupied.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Well goodnight then. We'll see you around.

JACOB

Goodnight Mayor. We hope so.

Mike walks toward his car. He still appears to be looking around for someone. He reaches his car, looks around a final time, then drives away.

INT. MRS. SCRADER'S CAR-NIGHT

Libby stares out the window as they pass a highway sign: Airport - 24 Miles.

INT. HOTEL-NIGHT

Jacob hits "Chris" on his cell phone.

JACOB

Kid, we just pulled in. What are you hearing?

(pause)

Who told you that?

(pause)

Well that's good enough for me. Good work, kid. Let's get together in the morning, early.

Jacob hits "Scotty" on his cell phone.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING-NIGHT

Scotty sleeps at his ad agency desk. His phone wakes him.

SCOTTY

Hello?

(pause)

Yes sir!

Scotty runs down the hall into the art department, where two young men are asleep at design tables. A large 4 foot by 7 foot check made payable to "The City of Jugs, Iowa" sits on an easel.

Scotty bangs on the wall to wake them.

SCOTTY

It's a go. FedEx cargo terminal at Kennedy.

MONTAGE: THE NEWS SPREADS

A video from Mike's speech at the public meeting airs on news stations all over the world.

NEWSCASTER IN NY

Live well. Do the right thing when nobody is looking. Words we can all learn from. From our studio in New York, live well, and goodnight.

NEWSCASTER IN FRANCE

Vivez bien. Faites la bonne chose quand personne ne regarde.

(translation: Live well. Do the right thing when nobody is looking.)

NEWSCASTER IN ITALY

Vivere bene. L'unica cosa da fare quando nessuno sta guardando.

(translation: Live well. Do the right thing when nobody is looking.)

END MONTAGE

INT. HOTEL-NIGHT

Jacob sleeps, tossing and turning.

BEGIN DREAM

EXT. VIETNAM JUNGLE-DAY

JACOB
(motions his platoon)
Stay back for now. I smell an
ambush.

Behind Jacob's platoon are two dozen children, traveling through the jungle with his platoon. A little boy holds hands with Jacob. Jacob hands him over to another soldier and motions him to move back.

JACOB
(to the soldier)
You keep those kids safe.

EXT. HOSPITAL TENT-DAY

Jacob lies on a stretcher being carried from a helicopter. He is barely conscious, and can hear voices.

DOCTOR
Ok, get him on table 3, I'll do
what I can. Hurry.

JACOB
What about those kids? Are they ok?
I need to know if those-

A nurse places an anesthesia mask over Jacob's face, and he drifts to sleep.

END DREAM

INT. HOTEL-CONTINUOUS

Jacob wakes in a sweat. He gets out of bed and knocks on an interior room door, which connects to the next room. Teddy opens the door.

JACOB
We need to talk.

EXT. MIKE'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Mike turns in his driveway, and sits for a moment, looking at Mrs. Schrader's house. He looks down and shakes his head.

He walks toward his front porch when a female voice speaks out.

VOICE
Excuse me, Mayor?

Mike turns, and Libby steps out from behind a tree in her yard.

LIBBY
You're the Mayor, right?

Mike walks to her.

MIKE
I am. And you're?

LIBBY
Libby Schrader. I just moved in,
next door, last week. It's nice
to meet you Mayor.

Libby extends her hand to shake.

MIKE
It's an honor to meet you Libby
Schrader.

Mike extends his hand, they shake, and Mike pulls Libby close. They hug and kiss as if nothing else matters.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-DAY

Mike answers his doorbell, holding a cup of coffee. Chris stands on the porch with an envelope.

INT. AIRPLANE-DAY

JACOB
You sure you're good with it?

TEDDY
You're asking me now?

They both laugh and toast champagne glasses.

INT. MIKE'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Mike and Chris sit at the kitchen table. Mike opens the sealed envelope.

Inside is a check payable to "THE CITY OF NORTHVIEW, IOWA", with a handwritten note:

*No strings attached. Live well.
Your friend, Jake the Snake.*

Mike slowly looks up and smiles.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

A man walks down a hallway, with nobody in sight. He passes a candy wrapper on the ground, stops, appears to think, then turns around and picks up the wrapper.

INT. BUS-NIGHT

A woman in waitress uniform gets up from her seat and steps off the bus. The only remaining passenger, a middle-aged man, notices that the woman forgot a shopping bag under her seat. He pauses in apparent thought, grabs the bag, and pulls an overhead chord, which causes the driver to stop the bus.

The man runs with the bag and catches up with the woman, who appears grateful.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL-DAY

Entering the gym - the LIVE WELL IN NORTHVIEW sign.

A boys' class runs out of the gym. The last boy out turns around, and notices two basketballs weren't put away. He hesitates, then leaves. Seconds later he returns, alone, to pick up balls and put them on a rack with the other balls. He has a look of satisfaction.

EPILOGUE:

EXT. RESTARANT PARKING LOT

Mike and Libby park at a jam-packed Jugs, with a line of customers out the door.

INT. RESTAURANT-NIGHT

The Judge and Glen dine on buckets of wings, their faces covered with barbecue sauce. The tables around them are packed with families, enjoying a good time.

EXT. COLLEGE DORMITORY AT NYU-NIGHT

Nancy exits the dorm, greeted by a waiting Chris.

INT. APARTMENT-NIGHT

Wendy opens the door to her NYC condo. Her date awaits on the other side with flowers - Scotty.

INT. LARRY'S HOUSE-DAY

Behind the faux washing machine wall, the stockpile of cash has substantially dwindled. Peggy opens a kitchen drawer, full of ink stamps. She chooses one, and stamps a small sealed box. The stamped address is a children's hospital foundation.

EXT. VIETNAMESE VILLAGE-DAY

Jacob and Teddy mingle with a large group of locals, who they appear to know. The locals shower Jacob and Teddy with hugs and small gifts.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD-SUNSET

Bubba wears an orange prison jumpsuit, and picks up garbage along the road, next to a sign:

*Welcome to The City of Northview
Proud Home of Iowa's Largest Jugs*

THE END