

I'm Going to Be a Winner Today

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12/5/2024

EXT. GALVESTON BEACH, TEXAS - DUSK

The sun sets on Galveston, a small beach town, refuge, and rest stop for the have's, have not's, and have a little's of the Texas coast.

INT. "SPIES LIKE ME" - DUSK

ROY, mid-thirties, is the only employee at this Radio Shack-like surveillance spy shop. He wears cut off denim shorts and sports a mullet, but *only* by way of the slight balding up top.

Roy demos a hidden camera disguised as an alarm clock for a nervous male CUSTOMER.

ROY

You wanna catch your wife cheating?

CUSTOMER

I do. I mean, I don't know that she's actually cheating, but...

ROY

...you get off on watching her sleep with other guys?

CUSTOMER

No, I'm just not sure if...

ROY

You're not sure if she's cheating or you're not sure where it's happening?

CUSTOMER

You know what? I should go. I trust my wife. I should go talk to my wife.

ROY

Is she attractive? Your wife.

CUSTOMER

Beautiful.

ROY

On a scale of one to ten, you ever think about a six? A six don't cheat. And if for any reason, whatsoever, you stray... the six is gonna step up. She's gonna stand by her man.

CUSTOMER

So, uh, you're not married?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

No, god no. If the right six came around, I'd think about it. But it'd have to be a woman who can take care of me and the manner, lifestyle, etc, in which I've grown - accustomed. A six with a checkbook is pretty much like a ten wearing crotch-less panties, am I right?

CUSTOMER

Right. Thanks. I'll think about that.

Roy leans in close and whispers...

ROY

Spot-a-Cheat.

CUSTOMER

Excuse me?

ROY

Spot-a-Cheat. You take a little cotton stick and you swab a sample from her panties. It not only checks for jizz but it also looks for condom latex, lube and spermicide. If she's only blowing the guy, it won't work.

CUSTOMER

How much is it?

ROY

I don't know. We don't sell it here. Google it.

EXT. GALVESTON STREETS - DUSK

Roy pedals a beach cruiser down Seawall Boulevard, arms folded. He likes to show-off his "I ride with no hands" look.

INT. BILLY'S BAR DOCK - NIGHT

Roy snags a long neck beer (someone else's) from the edge of the bar and plops down next to LARRY, late forties, weathered suit. Larry sits with an ELDERLY LADY parked in a mobility scooter.

Larry turns her toward another table, by giving the scooter a slight push and twist.

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CONTINUED:

LARRY

Where is it? Did you bring it?

Roy empties the contents of his backpack onto the table; helmet camera, garden trowel, pastry knife. Finally he produces a tube of lipstick.

LARRY (cont'd)

Lipstick?

ROY

At first glance, yes, lipstick. It doubles as a flashlight when ya press the button.

LARRY

I appreciate that, but I was hoping for something a tad more intimidating than a tube of lipstick.

ROY

What's more intimidating than a tube of lipstick - slash - stun gun - slash - flash light? It was between this and a banana gun. You want the banana?

LARRY

No. That's fine. How much is it?

ROY

That's what I wanted to talk to you about. I need a little help. Lawyer help.

LARRY

No. Let me pay you for this.

ROY

C'mon, you're Larry the Lawyer right?

LARRY

No, Roy. I used to be Larry the Lawyer. Then I was Larry the ambulance chaser. And now, apparently, I'm Larry the lipstick packin' stun gun guy. Roy! People want to fucking kill me.

Across the room, FOOD SERVERS, BARTENDERS, AND BUSBOYS descend upon GINA, early thirties. She's cute and plump and apparently celebrating something.

She's a "six".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The staff claps and sings to the beat of "Deep in the Heart of Texas". Gina is presented with a Lone Ranger School Lunch Box and steaming piles of BBQ. This is Texas kitsch at it's finest.

EMPLOYEE CHORUS

(sings)

Her name is Gina. She won today.
 From Billy's Bar in Texas.
 A Lone Star box, some food that's hot.
 From Billy's Bar in Texas.
 We give away, two plates each day.
 At Billy's Bar in Texas.
 If you wanna win, you must log in
 at Billy's Bar in Texas!

(shouts)

Dot com! Yee-Haw!!!

LARRY

That's a three, Roy.

ROY

That's a six. A steady six. Save my seat.

Roy swaggers over to the table.

ROY (cont'd)

Mucho gusto. That means nice to meet you in Spanish.

GINA

You speak Spanish?

ROY

I picked up a few things, from a few amigo friends.

GINA

What do they call you?

ROY

Roy.

Roy sits.

ROY (cont'd)

Celebrating?

GINA

I guess. I won this. I'm like, kind of a sweepstakes junkie.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GINA (cont'd)

I enter a lot of sweepstake stuff. And this thing just came out of nowhere!

ROY

Really. Like what? What do you enter?

GINA

I won this necklace.

She pulls at a hello kitty charm around her neck.

GINA (cont'd)

And I won ski boots, and some groceries, a picture frame, a ceiling fan, a truck.

ROY

A truck?

GINA

Yea, a truck.

Roy is speechless. Gina breaks the silence with a belch from the gut.

GINA (cont'd)

Mmmm. Que rico!

ROY

You speak Spanish?! Now, that's hot. Can you say it again?

GINA

(lusty)

Mmmmmmmmm. Que rico!

EXT. BACK OF BILLY'S DOCK BAR (ON THE BEACH) - NIGHT

Roy and Gina sit in the sand. Roy looks uncomfortable. Distracted. He fidgets. His bottle of beer is empty.

GINA

So, what do you like to do?

ROY

What do you mean?

GINA

What do you like to do when you do things?

ROY

I like to play around - mostly in the sand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gina pulls herself closer to Roy.

GINA
I haven't been with anyone in a really,
really long time.

ROY
(nervous)
I'm a sculptor. I sculpt. Sand.

Roy stands, brushes himself off. He drags his foot through the sand and sculpts a giant Hello Kitty into the beach. Gina laughs.

GINA
You're an artist!

ROY
Really? You think?

GINA
I love arts. I gave \$500 to a taxidermy museum once. I spent so much time there I felt guilty. It was beautiful.

ROY
Taxidermy?

GINA
Yea. It was just a really neat place. I think I'm naturally drawn to - arty stuff.

ROY
(nervous)
Really?

GINA
Really.

Roy leans in for a kiss, then thoroughly passes out drunk in the sand.

INT. STRIP MALL JEWELRY STORE - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "One Week Later, The Ring"

Gina ogles a ring on her wedding finger in a nearby mirror.

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CONTINUED:

JEWELER

Now this ring is a little pricier than you were thinking, but it's hard to put a price tag on a relationship - that I'm assuming is - priceless. Am I right?

GINA

It's beautiful. How much is it?

ROY

Can you show us something she can afford.

GINA

We'll take it.

INT. WALMART - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "The Dress"

Roy and Gina walk the dress aisle. A middle aged clerk in a Walmart vest tries to help.

GINA

We want to use this Rewards Card to buy a dress. I've been holding on to this thing for like, a year. We won it online.

ROY

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Are you sure about this? I mean, are you just settling because you have a gift card or is this really - working for you?

GINA

Settle? That is so sweet. I'd say it's a sign. It's why I have the card silly.

INT. FINS & FRIENDS (PET STORE) - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "THE CAKE"

A PHOTO of a pet dog.

The dog in the photo, a white poodle, wears a batman cape, Ray Ban sunglasses and stands in front of a Frosty Paws carton of "ice cream for dogs".

GINA

Billy! I'm here to collect.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STORE CLERK

Well look at you big winner. How's Sophie?

GINA

Oh, Roger. She passed on maybe two, three months back. But I'm still hoping I can use this.

STORE CLERK

Well you won it. This girl wrote an essay that would make your eyes just fall out of your head. Lucky goose. Use the card!

GINA

Could we trade the year supply of the Frosty Paws for a cake? Just one cake.

STORE CLERK

Hmm. New doggie in the mix?

GINA

No, well, my fiance and I are getting married and I thought the cakes are just ice cream, right...?

The CLERK shutters.

He keeps it under his breath and reaches for a Frosty Paws Cake.

EXT. GALVESTON BEACH - DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: "30 DAYS LATER"

A twenty-foot banner is roped between two ginormous plastic palm trees: "Galveston Beach 17th Annual Sand Sculpting Tournament." The beach is dotted with tourists. Wildly impressive sand sculptures take up acres of beach-front property. A mermaid rides a unicorn. An elephant smells a flower. Roy pounds on a mound of sand.

He reaches for his bag. But he's forgotten something. He roots through the bag.

INT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE - DAY

Angle on: A ceramic figurine of a bride and groom, perched atop a wedding cake. Pull out to REVEAL the cake and figurine, living inside a freezer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gina snatches the cake from the freezer and breezes past:

A WEDDING PHOTO

Gina on top of the bar, in wedding garb. Roy slings her garter into a crowd of middle aged drunk single men. Larry, presumably the best man, holds the garter.

Gina whistles through her small, well-kept townhouse with the frozen cake in hand. Headphones around her neck, she heads to her impeccably ORGANIZED home workspace, takes a deep breath and begins her daily routine with the usual affirmation:

GINA

I'm going to be a winner today.

She presses the "K.K.R.W" speed dial button on her telephone. Phones SURROUND her desk. She methodically hits the speaker/speed-dial button on each one. All her circuits are busy.

EXT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE - MORNING

Roy's station wagon zips up the drive and screeches to a halt behind a pickup. License plate: SNDMAN2.

A blow up doll sits lifeless in the passenger seat.

BETTY, a neighbor kid, skips across the yard...

BETTY

Who's that man in the car?

ROY

He's a stranger. But he does have candy.
Go on, ask him for some candy...

Roy jogs across the yard. The door is locked and his keys are still in the car.

Roy reaches down for a large hunk of dog manure.

BETTY

What are you doing?

Roy puts the hunk of plastic/fake dog-doo in his mouth as if he were eating it. Betty screams, then runs away. He pulls a hidden key out of the false bottom of the dog crap then clamors through the front door.

INT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Gina is on the floor simultaneously signing a stack of clearing-house entries, mixing fruit salad in a Pyrex bowl, and filling a picnic basket.

She wears a t-shirt, stenciled on both sides. The front: GOLDEN BUCKET. The back: TEAM ROY.

GINA

Your shoes!

Roy backtracks, reluctantly slips off one shoe, and tosses it onto an oriental shoe-rack beside the front door. The other shoe is massive. It neither matches the first one nor comes off quickly.

ROY

I forgot my sound effects. My thumbdrive.

GINA

I know what might bring you luck.
(lusty)
Mmmm. Que rico!

ROY

Look. I'm sorry it's our anniversary, I know that's "big", but it's game day, and you've got your shirt on, we had morning sex, right? And I've got my lucky pants on and I can not start talking to you before this thing happens. It takes me completely out of everything.

He notices the cake sitting on the desk. He freezes.

ROY (cont'd)

I just came home to get my sound effects.

She grabs the cake and yields a knife quicker than Martha Stewart pitches a summer barbecue.

GINA

It's supposed to bring you luck to eat it on your first anniversary. Roy and Gina.

(beat)

One month!

ROY

Christ.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

I, Gina Merryweather, take Roy Heinze to be my lawfully wedded husband. To love and to cherish. In sickness and in health. For better or worse. For...

ROY

Ever and ever and ever-and-ever until death. Right? Eat the cake.

GINA

One month.

ROY

Four weeks.

GINA

You first.

She shoves her half into his face. He refuses to swallow, crumbs gather at his mouth.

GINA (cont'd)

Not on the floor, baby.

She grabs a paper towel and cups it to his mouth. He spits into her hand.

GINA (cont'd)

You used to be silly. Here's your thumbdrive. I'm sorry.

It was in her apron all along.

Roy huffs toward the bedroom. The phone rings. Gina picks up:

GINA (cont'd)

K.K.R.W, Kick Ass Radio. I'm naked in the morning!

ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

You're a loser! Happy Anniversary.

GINA

Thank you?

ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Well? Did he give it to you last night?

GINA

Mrs. Heinze, we had a quiet evening at home.

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CONTINUED: (2)

ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Oh my god. No, I left you a present. That's my other line. It's under the sculpture in Roy's "room". Give him a kiss? I'll call you back.

The line goes dead. Roy tosses clothing and roots around in a hamper.

ROY (O.S.)

Where's my goo? Gina, have you seen my goo?

GINA

No sweetie. Look at the flowers while you're in there. My Feng-Shui book says blue irises on the southeast corner of the house bring good fortune into your lives and your home. Maybe your sculpture, your art, will be...

ROY

Where is it Gina?

She ignores him and huffs into her:

OFFICE

GINA

It's in your Ba-Gua of self-absorption!

ROY

My what?

GINA

Your "room"!

Roy cocks his head toward an open door. Blue light spills out of the "room".

ROY

Why's it open? I don't poke around in your stuff. Don't poke around in mine.

GINA

My stuff pays for your stuff.

He locks the "room" with a remote control on his key ring. Beep. Toot.

ROY

Not for long. Here. Happy Anniversary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA
You didn't buy this.

ROY
I didn't say I did. Open it.

GINA
How is your mother sneaking into our house? I recognize the wrapping paper, Roy.

Roy's out the door. Gina slides a sculpted nail under the Scotch tape and slices open the gift-box with surgical precision. It's a framed photo of Roy and his mother standing in front a giant sand sculpture.

EXT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Roy slips the house key back in the dog crap container and hustles back to his car.

39 year old PETER, a Burt Reynolds-knock-off in a bright red speedo, sunbathes across the street. He waves.

PETER
Morning!

ROY
(mutters)
Freak.

Gina rushes off the porch holding the framed photo and forces a smile.

GINA
Paper's the first anniversary gift.
Thank you!

ROY
You really like that?

GINA
I love it. I took the picture. Here. I didn't have time to wrap.

Roy lifts a gold spade from a shopping bag.

GINA (cont'd)
I know it's only our first, maybe gold is premature, but - good luck today.

Roy takes a moment, it's a good tool. He leans over the interior of the car and roots around in his fanny pack.

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CONTINUED:

He pulls out two miniature, hourglasses. Key chains.
Gina notes the inscription: "Industrial Sand Supply.
24 Hours. Can You Dig It?"

ROY
Turn yours over.

She does.

ROY (cont'd)
Look at that. We're in synch now.
Think about that. I gotta go.

Gina melts.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - DAY

Larry pulls up to a pizza joint and parks. As an after thought, he digs through the glove box until he produces the "lethal tube of lipstick". The passenger seat itself is buried in "stuff". Adult stuff. Mostly denture cream, adult diapers, and cans of pediasure.

CUT TO:

INT. PIZZA PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

Larry pays the CASHIER for a single slice on a paper plate.

LARRY
Bathroom?

The cashier points to the back.

LARRY (cont'd)
Is that a public bathroom?

CASHIER
Last time I checked, yes sir, it was a public bathroom.

LARRY
I don't use public toilets.

Cashier is expressionless.

LARRY (cont'd)
Does it have more than one toilet in it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASHIER

It's a urinal. Next to a toilet - with a lock on the door.

Larry unwillingly heads toward the back of the restaurant. He peeks inside. One stall and a urinal as promised, but the door does not lock.

Caution to the wind, Larry heads into the stall. He does a balancing act with the pizza, unzips his pants, and sits down.

Air escapes from Larry's ass until the proverbial "rubber" meets the road. It's not nice.

An incredibly large gentleman, BIG GUY, enters and wipes his neck with a paper towel. He has a tattoo behind his ear - a fly having sex with a spider.

He winces with every "breath" Larry takes (or makes).

Big Guy makes a move toward the stall. He's clearly here for Larry. Only problem is that Larry's ass musical won't stop.

Big guy KICKS the door in, which only hits Larry in the knees. Larry SCREAMS. Big Guy grabs Larry's shirt and pushes him up against the wall. Larry's pants are down and Big Guy doesn't want to pull him any closer. Big Guy works it out, nostrils clenched, and drags Larry out of the stall.

CUT TO:

INT. TATTOO SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Larry is bound to a chair, shirtless - which isn't a good look for a middle aged drunk attorney. He has large, pepperoni-like nipples.

LARRY

This isn't right, Frank. This is petty, silly stuff to do right now. I am good for what we've done and I know you know that.

FRANK

No sir, I ain't rightly sure of that.

FRANK, 58, looms over Larry. He has a salt and pepper beard. Great physique for a guy pushing 60.

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CONTINUED:

Slow southern drawl. He's like a cross between Jack Lalanne and Wolfman Jack.

Larry's eyes follow Frank around the room. A so-called tattoo artist fires up the pen.

FRANK (cont'd)

I don't like seeing you like this.

(laughs)

I mean I REALLY don't like seeing you like this. You're a mess. You're out of shape, Larry. You know, you're a much better person when you are at your personal best. Seems you've hit a slump.

LARRY

I have. I have but I have your money and I think everything's going pretty well right now.

Larry clearly does not look well.

FRANK

You're right. Things are "well". I hear you been fuckin' old ladies to make ends meet. I wouldn't know how to fuck an old broad like you Larry. I don't think I'd like the hours. But you sir, you have a real work ethic. It's your social ethics that don't work. You ever wonder why parents whip their children?

LARRY

(sighs)

FRANK

Spare the rod and you WILL spoil the child. Not enough people whip their children these days if you ask me.

LARRY

So is that what this is about? You're going to whip me?

FRANK

Whippin' ain't right. It 'aint acceptable behavior for most folk these days. No sir, we is in a tattoo parlor and somehow we are gonna have to be more creative than a whippin'.

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CONTINUED: (2)

LARRY

I don't like tattoos, Frank. A tattoo is not going to fix this for you. I can get you your money, and frankly a tattoo is not going to get you your money any faster.

FRANK

Ya'll hear that? If we tattoo this boy, we ain't gonna get our money any quicker. We've been waiting for a year and a half Larry and it seems all your "lady clients" are a might healthier than you first thought. Ya can't dick around with good genes Larry. And - on top of that, you're a creepy mother fucker. I swear, sometimes I think your nuttier than a squirrel turd. I mean here you are in a fine tattoo parlor. Folks pay good money for this artwork and here I am offerin' you a free inkin' by a bona fide artist. Forgive me for sayin' so, but you sound like an ungrateful little prick.

The tattoo artist applies alcohol to Larry's chest. Larry "weasels" in the chair.

LARRY

It is not that I hate tattoos, Frank. Tattoos are for people who want to celebrate their individuality and freedom of expression. If you love tattoos so much aren't you going against the very nature, the very spirit of a tattoo by forcing one on me? What's the point? I don't get it.

Frank's a little confused. He shakes it off.

FRANK

Let me tell you something I never saw the point of. Man titties.

LARRY

Man titties?

FRANK

Yea. Man titties. Men don't nurse babies with their god damn tits. Man nipples ain't got no purpose, no how.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LARRY

I want to keep my tits Frank. Is that okay?

Frank rolls his eyes.

FRANK

I want my money. I need my money. You don't need your titties, son.

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

The Galveston 17th Annual Sand Sculpting Tournament is in full swing. Roy attempts to shroud his sand sculpture with an elaborate drape tied off between two trees. He checks out the nearby competition: a mermaid rides a unicorn. He shakes his head. Amateurs.

TWO MEN wearing swim trunks approach the exhibit.

ROY

Whoa. That's close enough, gentlemen.

MAN 1

Wow. That's quite a setup.

MAN 2

Maybe it'll do better than your last time out. Didn't you re-enact Zuckerberg in the Metaverse or some such shit?

ROY

Fuck you, boys. And that big (pauses) gay hippo you rode in on.

The competition retreats, back toward their sand sculpture of a hippo wearing a tu-tu.

Roy raises a tin cup of seawater to his lips. He gargles, aims, then spits. Aim. Spit. Sand, saliva and seawater trickle down the foot of his exhibit.

INT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE -- LATER

Gina licks three stamps at once, rolls them onto pre-addressed sweepstakes envelopes and spoons mayonnaise from a jar. The phone rings.

GINA

Q-102! I've got great balls of fire!

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ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

How's your pookie?

GINA

What?

ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Your vagina, dear. My son, tells me you have a problem with your vagina. I love Roy, but I don't think he could tell the difference between venereal warts and pink eye. Do you have a rash?

GINA

No. I don't, ugh. It's a sweepstakes. To win a romantic mountain getaway you have to say something about your yeast infection so I was making, ergh...

We see Roy's mother; 64, cordless phone, pitching a golf ball into a box of cereal with a sand wedge.

ROY'S MOTHER

Garlic. You know, garlic is very good for that. My friend Joyce, she tries garlic, then comes back to me and says it burns. I say, you're supposed to EAT the garlic, darling.

GINA

Well, I'll keep that in mind. Thanks for the photo. It's beautiful.

ROY'S MOTHER

You should hang it in your office. Hide some of that clutter.

Gina glances towards the door of Roy's now locked "room/workshop".

GINA

(coy)

I must have missed you yesterday. When did you bring it over?

ROY'S MOTHER

(terse)

I don't go in there when you're not home. I don't want to *break* anything.

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CONTINUED: (2)

GINA

(terse)

I'm making Spanish Tortas for our picnic with frozen mayo fruit salad. Are you coming?

Mom pulls out a Big Bertha, posturing for the perfect swing.

ROY'S MOTHER

No, my hip's out of joint. That Mexican crap gives me the shits and mayonnaise on fruit is wrong. Can you pick me up something at the deli. Something simple. From Norm's. The Admiral. They call it the Admiral. No pickles. And a carton of cigarettes, sweetie. The long ones.

GINA

Mrs. Heinze, I wasn't planning on going to the deli.

ROY'S MOTHER

It's your day. I'm fine. Look at this. There's an ashtray next to my foot water with a half-smoked cigarette right there in front of my eyes. I'm perfect. I'll pray for you and I'll pray for Roy.

GINA

Jesus. Give me an hour.

She hangs up and slings her apron across the room.

INT. NORM'S DELI -- DAY

A young, sandwich clerk, ADAM, peeps over the sneeze guard.

ADAM

The "Admiral" is a mighty fine sandwich! I just don't eat it 'cause it has avocados and they're very fat...

He doesn't want to offend his customer, Gina.

ADAM (cont'd)

Uh...fucking expensive.

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CONTINUED:

GINA

Yes they are. I'm sorry, that's my mother-in-law's sandwich. No pickles on that one please.

ADAM

Sure. Avocados are indigenous, y'know. The Mayans had a word for them.

GINA

Really?

ADAM

Translates to "testiculos." They grow in pairs, y'know, like balls.

Gina notices the clerk's muscular arms as they chop an avocado perfectly into two halves.

GINA

Wow. Can I get a bag of chips, and a carton of Carlton - cigarettes. The long ones.

EXT. DELI -- DAY

Gina exits the Deli.

A STREET WOMAN pushes a cart full of shoes across the deserted parking lot. If the Street Woman were dressed "up" or if Gina dressed "down", the pair could be mistaken for sisters.

STREET WOMAN

Fifty cents for a cup of coffee?

Gina pretends not to hear the woman, then slides behind the wheel. As she attempts to close the door, the street woman's hand abruptly stops the door from shutting. Gina smiles.

GINA

I'm sorry, did you say something?

STREET WOMAN

Fifty cents for a cup of Moe. Booger nose.

Gina, frightened, unwittingly SLAMS the door on the woman's hand. The woman stands beside the car in complete AGONY for a very long second-and-a-half while Gina hurries to start the engine.

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CONTINUED:

GINA

Oh my goodness, let me...

SMASH! The woman slams her free hand through the car window. Gina is BOMBARDED by shards of safety glass and streams of pepper spray. The Street Woman pushes Gina aside, hops in the car, and screeches out of the parking lot.

Gina, balled up in the passenger seat, rubs her eyes.

STREET WOMAN

Right is right and left is wrong! Rush
Limbaugh 'aint so god damn wrong. Where
in the ditto do you get off?

The car swerves in and out of traffic. The rear bumper is papered with radio-station bumper stickers.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Roy stuffs the remaining three inches of a chili dog down his throat. The judges and a small group of tourists gather in front of the drape surrounding his sculpture.

ROY

It's been in my head for months. And
I'll tell ya, it's great to finally get
it down on sand.

JUDGE 2

Well, it looks like you put an awful lot
of time into this.

Roy hits the play button on some kind of an BOOM-BOX speaker device.

ROY

Time - is a magazine.

Roy kicks off his flip flops and disappears behind the curtain. He cuts the rope to reveal a woman lying on her back sun bathing. A small audience stands at her feet, which are spread. Her knees are up. Maybe six feet high. She's made completely out of sand.

It's actually not half bad.

What sounds like the distant chug of a locomotive grows in volume.

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As the volume increases, it becomes apparent that the locomotive is actually the sound of a person breathing. Heavy breathing. In and out. It grows faster. Louder.

A male voice calls out:

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Lets do it.

More panting.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I can't!

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
I said, let's do it! Now.

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)
I can't!

More panting. The audience is completely lost.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Push!

She screams.

MALE VOICE V.O.
Push!

She screams louder.

MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Push damnit! Push!

The screams are unbearably loud. The whole thing is entirely inappropriate.

As she pants and screams, the sand between her legs begins to give way. Roy pushes himself through her legs, literally birthing himself onto the beach. He's covered in cream cheese and jelly.

A baby cries. Then silence. Roy stands. He bows.

One guy in the back starts clapping.

MAN 1
Whoooh!!

Others clap to be polite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAN 1 (cont'd)

That was better than the bird show over
at Sea World!

ROY

Thank you.

INT. GINA'S CAR - DAY

Gina and the Street Woman careen wildly down a long,
dirt road. The Street Woman threatens Gina with another
blast of pepper spray.

STREET WOMAN

Take off that ring! Pinko-diaper bitch.

Gina, shaking, removes her wedding ring. The homeless
woman slips it over her finger.

STREET WOMAN (cont'd)

Now I am his mommy.

The words across Gina's chest, "Golden Bucket" capture
the Street Woman's attention.

STREET WOMAN (cont'd)

Give me your shirt.

(mumbles)

I never thought my life would be
anything but catastrophe but I've got a
Golden Bucket!

Gina removes her shirt and hands it to the Street Woman.

GINA

You need a doctor. Oh Christ. I have a
bandage in my purse. Is that alright?

The driver tries pulling Gina's shirt over her head.
Gina sneaks an opportunity to rummage through her purse.

GINA (cont'd)

I'm sorry I didn't give you a handout.
It's just...I constantly have mine out
too. It must feel awful to get it stuck
in a door like that.

Gina whips out her very own can of pepper spray.

GINA (cont'd)

I wouldn't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Street Woman lunges for the canister between her legs. Gina sinks her can into the driver's fleshy cheek.

It's a pepper-spray standoff.

GINA (cont'd)

Pull over. It's okay. I know you're not a bad person. Things are out of the normal right now and you don't know how to react. I can relate to that.

The Street Woman's grip tightens around the spray-can. Gina presses harder into the woman's cheek.

GINA (cont'd)

Just stay calm and I won't press charges. I have my hand and my heart out to you.

The Street Woman grabs Gina's purse and PUNCHES her in the face. Gina closes her eyes and squeezes the canister. Nothing.

Gina grabs a sandwich and grinds it against the woman's cheek. The car careens off the road, colliding into a tree. Dust fills the frame.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

A small crowd gathers behind a long, folding table where judges pass out numbered tickets and congratulate contestants. Roy jimmies through a small, group of spectators and lays his number on the table.

JUDGE

Your reference number is 13. Lucky number, eh? The Master's Showcase starts at nine a.m. tomorrow. If you make it to the showcase, we'll call you by seven o'clock tonight. We'll only call if you've made it to the showcase. Make sure you get your final application and materials in by four p.m. today. Good luck on winning the Golden Bucket.

Roy steps away, trying to interpret the judges remarks.

ROY

We will - call you - lucky. Golden bucket. I - am - a - Master.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two small children kick apart the remains of Roy's sculpture. Roy picks up a rubber dodge ball and pelts one in the back of the head.

INT. GINA'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Gina, exhausted, cannot release her wedding ring from the Street Woman's mangled, lifeless finger. It is too gruesome for her to pursue.

Dazed, Gina organizes parking tickets that have fallen out of the glove-box.

GINA

July 27th. August 3rd. I can do this.
August 14. Where's September 1st? I
just saw it, dammit...

The radio announcer wanders in and out of static.

ANNOUNCER

...of the eighties, and today. Okay.
Gina Heinze.

Gina lunges for the volume knob.

ANNOUNCER (cont'd)

This is your lucky one thousand dollar
day. Give us a call before the next
break and we'll make you one happy lady.

Gina's cell phone is in pieces.

Wearing only her bra and a pair of jeans, she steps out of the car, then darts back to grab both cans of pepper spray and the carton of cigarettes.

She drops a bread-crumble trail of cigarettes across the ground. Moments later, she spots a sign near the entrance of a long dirt drive:

CAMP BIG BIBLE

Gina hobbles up the driveway, panting.

GLEASON

What in the name of Beelzebub happened
to you?

GLEASON, a Bible-thumpin' bus driver is loading the last of twenty children onto an old, yellow, school bus. His comb-over draws attention to his large, sweaty head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA
 (out of breath)
 I was attacked down the road and I, can
 I please borrow your telephone?

GLEASON
 Kids ya'll settle down. Git back in the
 bus. This lady needs help.

JIMMY
 But Mr. Gleason...

GLEASON
 Boy! What I tell you? Lead the
 youngins' in song. Asia, you take
 names.

Gleason turns toward the camp office. Jimmy leads twenty
 children in a rousing chorus of:

"B.I.B.L.E. - THAT'S THE BOOK FOR ME."

INT. BIG BIBLE OFFICE HALLWAY-- CONTINUOUS

Gina and Gleason wander through a dank, pine-board
 hallway. Each door is locked and/or empty. Camp Big
 Bible is deserted.

GINA
 Thank you so much.

GLEASON
 Shore. Miss, er, Mrs...Shucks, what is
 your name?

GINA
 Gina. Is it far?

GLEASON
 That's shore a perty name. I got a
 pregnant idie we're gonna put the
 sunshine back in your cheeks, Gina.

GINA
 Thanks. My, my head is spinning.

GLEASON
 Are ya on drugs?

GINA
 No, I was attacked by someone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON
Did you murder him?

GINA
I didn't murder anyone. I was car
whacked.

GLEASON
Car jacked?

Gleason stretches a key from his belt to unlock the
office door. They enter:

CAMP BIG BIBLE MAIN OFFICE

Gleason sucks his teeth, then produces a cell phone.

GLEASON
Pastor leant it to me. Here y'go.

She dials home. Her answering machine picks up.
Frustrated, she hangs up and dials a DIFFERENT NUMBER.

GLEASON (cont'd)
Would you like a drink. Pastor keeps it
in his drawer.

GINA
No, thank you.

GLEASON
"Drink your wine with a merry heart".
That's what pastor says. You want a
drink, C'mon.

GINA
Okay. Thank you. Is there a blanket or
a shirt I could borrow?

GLEASON
You're a beautiful woman.

Gina stops. She stares, speechless. They both sit,
staring uncomfortably for a few moments.

Gleason breaks away toward a small closet. He roots
around and returns holding two small rocks glasses and a
robe. He tosses Gina the robe.

GINA
Thanks. What's this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLEASON

Choir robe.

GINA

I see that. I meant this. The drink.
What is this.

GLEASON

(drunk)

It's not what. It's why. Why you drink
is more on the point and I'm thinking
that we are celebrating you, sister.

The phone continues to ring and ring in Gina's hand.

GINA

Y'know, I don't think you're in any
condition to drive a bus or a school bus
for that matter. Why don't...

The DJ answers:

DJ (O.S.)

K.K.R.W. What's the phrase that pays?!

GLEASON

Why don't we just skip all that...

Gleason stumbles toward Gina, trips over a trash can,
and knocks his head on the side of the desk, dragging
Gina to the floor. She rises. Gleason, half-conscious,
mumbles from the ground. Gina's key-chain hourglass
drops to the ground. It leans on one side.

EXT. ACE TATTOO/ROBERTO'S TACO SHOP -- AFTERNOON

Roy stands near a pay phone toying with his hourglass.
Customers eat and socialize while enduring the buzzing
and zapping from the overhead tattoo shop.

ROY

You shouldn't have asked her to do that
mom. I need her to bring my entry fee
down here and my application. Honestly,
this is gonna cost me the Bucket!

Roy notices a young, slender, BEACH GIRL walking down
the steps from the tattoo shop. She waves to a friend.

ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Me. Me. Everything's about you Roy.
I'd get my own cigarettes if I could
walk like a human being.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Roy hangs up. The girl unbuckles her pants and slides them down her hip to reveal a fresh, ink doodle etched into her pelvis. Roy bends over to tie his shoe and looks up at the young girl's rear-end.

FRIEND

What is that?!

FRIEND (cont'd)

Japanese peace fish. Is that the most super-cool thing you've ever seen? The Japanese are so expressive.

Roy slides his shoe's heel off to reveal a secret compartment which holds his credit cards and cash. He takes out a Master Card and quickly slips the remaining contents back into his shoe. Roy approaches the take out window.

ROY

Dos tacos de pollo, kudasai.

The employee flies Roy's ticket toward the rear of the kitchen where a small black and white television is broadcasting "live" from the site of:

GINA'S WRECK - TV NEWS COVERAGE

LISA (FIELD REPORTER)

Again, authorities have not released the identity of the woman who apparently lost control near Camp Big Bible. Sadly, she was not wearing her seat belt. It's a shame because it might have saved her life. Back to you, Julie.

JULIE (NEWS DESK)

Do the police have any leads as to what could have caused this, Lisa?

LISA

They haven't released a statement but there is speculation that she was eating at the time of the crash. Apparently, more interested in a roast beef on rye than the ditch which, ironically, swallowed her up.

The license plate fills the screen: "SNDMAN2".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JULIE

Thanks, Lisa. Are there any other stories your working on or do we just dwell on this one?

Roy, dazed, wanders through a set of double doors that lead toward the kitchen.

ROY

Oh my god.

Roy stumbles out into the street, paces this way and that...

ROY (cont'd)

My application.

He unwraps the taco and takes a bite. Salsa drips down Roy's shirt, just as...

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

...a slight trickle of blood rolls down Larry's chest. Larry is slumped over, reclining in a lounge holding a wet towel over his nipple. Photographs of sweet old ladies are taped to a wall above his desk with hand written notes on each photograph. The television is on...

LISA (FIELD REPORTER)

Well as you know, it's the policy of this news station not to release the names of victims. However, the discovery of this vanity plate...

Larry notices the license plate.

LISA

...and the fact that we have now shown it on TV, means that just about anyone could easily look it up on say, the internet. So, with that said, we can now tell you that SNDMAN2 is registered to...

Larry shouts as if his other nipple depended on it.

LARRY

Gina Heinze!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LISA (FIELD REPORTER)
 ...Gina Heinze from East Galveston...

INT. CHURCH BUS -- AFTERNOON

Gina pilots the camp bus down a long, stretch of freeway. The AM/FM radio squawks:

GLEASON (O.S)
 (pre-recorded on radio from
 earlier call)
 ...let's just skip all that...

DJ (O.S)
 I'm ready to give the guy one thousand
 dollars and he says, let's just "skip
 all that?"
 (gasp)
 What a great way to start off a non-stop
 hour of kick ass rock and roll.
 K.K.R.W. Where we just "Skip All That!"

The children are rioting. Spitballs and soda cans
 bounce off the walls.

Gleason is passed out, drunk, on one of the benches.

Gina catches her reflection in the bus rear-view. Bits
 of cheese, avocado, and broken phone mat her hair. A
 busted lip. Runny mascara. She's crying.

GINA
 Stop it! Stop it!

A bag of potato chips explodes in her ear.

GINA (cont'd)
 STOP IT!

Gina cranks the wheel violently. The force pounds the
 kids into their seats. She SLAMS on the brakes.
 Silence, except for Jimmy who softly prays to himself.

GINA (cont'd)
 (SCREAMS)
 I am in control of this situation and
 this GOD DAMN bus! You will NOT get out
 of your seats -
 (quickly softens)
 - for you see, I was almost killed today
 and I will not be putting up with
 anymore nonsense.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA (cont'd)

It's embarrassing and awkward and quite frankly, I'm done with that. Now, does anyone know where we're going and do any of you have a T-shirt in your bag that I could perhaps borrow?

MOMENTS PASS.

Cut back to Gina who now wears a T-shirt three sizes too small. The T-shirt says "WWJD?" and it stretches across her bosomy chest.

JIMMY

When we get up here to McDonalds go left. You'll see a Burger King, then a Wendy's, then a Whataburger. Turn there. The church is on the right next to the liquor store. Are you gonna kill us?

GLEASON

(drunk/half asleep)

She wouldn't kill ya unless I asked her to. What was your name again, sweetheart?

GINA

(lies to Gleason)

Shelly.

(to Jimmy)

No honey. No. Go sit back down. Why don't you sing for everyone again.

JIMMY

B.I.B.L.E?

GINA

No! Don't you know any friendly, non-secular, just good-fun camp songs?

JIMMY

This one's for you Shelly...

Jimmy breaks into AMAZING GRACE. Bullies rip Jimmy from the aisle and force him to the ground. A young boy holds a handwritten sign against the bus window: "Help, we are being kidnapped."

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Gina pulls into the church parking lot and parks 150 yards short of a large group of parents, all waiting patiently by the church steps.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Okay kids. Everybody out. Here we go.

GIRL

This isn't where we park the bus.

GINA

Yes, dear. But you see, somebody's waiting for me too, so I'm just going to drop you off here and go meet the people that I haven't seen all day.

BOY

You're stealing the bus!

GINA

I'm borrowing the bus. And when your old enough to drive, you can ask all the smart questions you like. Now get out. Everybody, out!

GLEASON

I can't let ya steal church property, ma'am.

GINA

Crap.

GLEASON

Let me see them titties again in that perty bra.

GINA

Get out!

GLEASON

Your shirt says What Would Jesus Do. I ain't expecting you to show your cheeks. I just want another peek at them titties.

She flashes him just before she cranks open the bus door and kicks him down the steps. The parents race from the church to the bus.

It looks bad. She closes the door and zips down the road.

INT. CITY MORGUE - AFTERNOON

A plain clothes DETECTIVE leads Roy down a long, city morgue corridor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two young morticians, TODD and SHANE, see Roy shuffle past the lobby window.

TODD
This guy looks bad.

SHANE
Is that the guy?

TODD
Yea. And the wife looks bad. Really bad.

SHANE
Ten bucks says he throws up.

TODD
I don't think so. I don't think he will.

SHANE
Ok. Loser mops.

MOMENTS LATER

Todd, Shane, Roy, and the Detective now walk down a second set of corridors. Todd leans in toward Roy and speaks softly.

TODD
Let's just remember to relax. If this is your wife, you can sit down or leave or stay. It's up to you. I like to let people know that yes, some parts of the body may decompose, but ultimately, it's up to you to stay - *composed*.

SHANE
Roy, I'm sure you're not involved in any of this...but if for any reason you think you may have had something to do with something, it's not a bad thing if you express yourself. Whether it's sentimental or physical, just let go and do whatever it is, okay?

The Detective opens and holds the door to the body chamber. Toes and tags fill the room. They gather around a covered body. Roy looks away.

TODD
Okay. This can be a little tough. So let's all just take a step back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Todd, comforting, pulls Roy aside and whispers...

TODD (cont'd)

Roy. I want you to know this is not your wife. This is merely her shell. My uncle died about a year ago. His name was Pea. Uncle Pea. On his tombstone they wrote, "This is not Pea, this is merely his pod, Pea shelled out and went to see God."

Roy steps forward. He examines the contents of a large manilla envelope. He flips through Gina's credit cards and identification. The Detective unzips the bag to reveal the body of the Street Woman. Roy gasps. A tomato slice hits the floor.

ROY'S POV

He sees Gina's Wedding ring and the Golden Bucket T-Shirt.

DETECTIVE

Mr. Heinze?

Roy holds the "application that never made it" in his free hand. He smacks it against the envelope, and starts to cry.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

Mr. Heinze. Is this your wife?

He lunges forward, toward the gurney. If she weren't dead, he'd kill her himself. Shane steps between Roy and the body.

TODD

Okay. We're good here.

DETECTIVE

Hold on. Mr. Heinze, I just have one question.

The detective leans forward.

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

Have you ever had any difficulty with your wife, strained relationship, domestic discord?

Roy lets loose a nervous burst of air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

Jesus, no. No. This is ridiculous. Do you have a fax machine I could use?

Roy walks toward the door holding his application. He stops near a trash can, rubs his forehead, SPITS into the garbage pail, then leaves. Shane holds his hand out to Todd as if to say "give me my money."

TODD

Spitting is not puking.

SHANE

Spitting leads to puking.

EXT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The church bus grinds up against the curb in front of Roy and Gina's home.

Gina runs to the front door of her house. No key, she knocks. No answer. She runs back to the bus and scribbles a note on a piece of paper: "I'm across the street at Miranda's. Call me. Love, Gina."

Gina crosses toward the front door of her neighbors, PETER and MIRANDA.

Peter's still wearing his tight, red speedo. His wife, MIRANDA, 42, is Australian, down to earth, and very into her garden. A black El Camino is parked in the driveway. The doors are open and from all the coolers and suitcases, it's apparent they are packing for a trip.

Peter opens the front door.

PETER

Gina, my God, Miranda, come here! What happened to you?

GINA

I don't know where Roy is. Can I borrow your phone? I took a bus home and, oh god.

Larry spies the giant, yellow bus across the street.

GINA (cont'd)

It's Peter, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

In the flesh. Let me get a phone. Come in.

MIRANDA

Gina, my God, are you all right?

Miranda takes Gina by the arm and leads her down the hallway toward:

THE KITCHEN

Peter dashes past a doorway searching for his phone.

The camera focuses on Jiffy Pop which is just beginning to rise. In the same time it takes Jiffy Pop to fill an aluminum pan, Gina has filled her neighbors in on the morning adventure. POP. POP.

MIRANDA

Gardenias, what a tragedy! Honey, you must feel absolutely horrid. Where do you think Roy has gotten himself off to?

GINA

He's looking for me, I have to think. I'm sure he's worried to death. My eyes are so puffy.

MIRANDA

They're fine, honey.

Gina looks at her eyes in a mirror.

Miranda puts sandwiches and sodas into a cooler which props open the refrigerator door. Peter hands his phone to Gina.

GINA

This is unbelievable.

PETER

Do you think you should call...

MIRANDA

The police? Are you out of your ivy? They'd have this whole place crawling with questions and that's the last thing this poor ladybug needs!

PETER

No, honey, should you call Joe and Alice and tell them we're running behind?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA
Can I try Roy first?

PETER
Of course. Call.

Gina walks toward the corner of the room, phone against her ear.

ANSWERING MACHINE
Hi. You've reached Roy and...

Gina bypasses the greeting. She speaks softly and carefully.

GINA
Roy? Where is the love of my life?
Please pick up. I really need you right now. I know I missed it and I'm sorry. I'm across the street at Miranda's, and I need you to unlock the door.

Peter steps up and gestures "is that him?" Gina hangs up.

GINA (cont'd)
No. I should call the police.

PETER
If you can, I'd try to find Roy first. Police will just come down and rope off a little area inside your head. Miranda, do you think we should call Joe and Alice?

MIRANDA
(to Peter)
They'll be there all day, all night and then some! Okay? Let's figure this one out first.
(to Gina)
Peter works for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. Thinks he's a regular American Dick Tracy.

Peter looks back from the fridge, his legs straddling the cooler.

GINA
What do you do there?

PETER
I investigate claims of sexual harassment.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Roy's car pulls into the drive.

Roy enters the house oblivious to Gina's note or the giant yellow bus parked across the street. As Roy opens the door, the yellow note floats precariously to the ground.

INT. PETER AND MIRANDA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Peter reaches for his baseball cap. It reads: F.B.I. (Female Body Inspector). He grabs a handful of popcorn.

PETER

I tell ya, blowin' the whistle isn't what it used to be. I'm curious, Gina. Do you say "huh-RASS-ment" or "HAIR-ess-ment?"

GINA

Harassment.

PETER

You're an east coast girl. Am I right?

GINA

Florida. Then San Diego, now Galveston. Did I say it right?

PETER

Hey, who knows. Like I tell the gals in the office "either way you say it, it sounds like a lawsuit." Being a bureaucrat has taught me there's no such thing as prevention. For example, you call pest control, they're gonna send out an exterminator. He isn't gonna tell you how to keep rodents away, he's just gonna kill your rat. You call the cops, you get a kid ten years younger than you trying to make sergeant. He's gonna look in your underwear drawer.

GINA

Oh. Well, I don't really think they'd arrest me. I didn't do anything.

MIRANDA

I don't think Peter's suggesting you keep this a secret.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

I'm just saying you should wait until you can get in your house. Protect and serve - yourself, first. Who knows, maybe Roy's got a good handle on this thing already.

INT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Roy is on the phone with his mother.

ROY'S MOTHER

Things happen for a reason, honey. Don't get me wrong, I loved Gina, but maybe now...

ROY

Mom, I've got another call and I don't want to talk right now.

ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

It's different with men. You know what you need? A vacation. That's what I did when your father died.

ROY

I know Mom. That sounds good, okay. I just need some time to figure some things out.

ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

Thank God you two have that life insurance policy! Roy, a vacation is what you need. Betty and Dot went to Alaska last month. They said the sun literally lights the ice.

ROY

No Mom. YOU want to go to Alaska.

ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

I do. So what? I'm coming over Roy. Get a wet towel and put it on your forehead. I'm bringing my baby pea soup. You love my pea soup.

Roy hangs up. He clicks over to the other line. No one there. He dials another number.

INT. PETER AND MIRANDA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Gina hangs up. She takes a tissue from her pocket and uses it as a coaster for her drink.

INT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Roy is standing near the locked, blue door. He hits his remote control. Beep. Toot. He's on the phone...

ROY

No. I don't know. Listen, I just need to figure some things out. Can we talk?

Roy is inside his "room". An eerie blue light shines down on a massive pile of dirt enclosed in glass. Roy talks and walks his way around the pile of dirt.

ROY (cont'd)

Sure. Yes. No. I'm not good with stuff like that and honestly I don't even know what you're asking me.

Roy makes his way to the front of the pile. It's a sand sculpture. It looks like Mount Rushmore, except for the faces.

Elvis, Buddy Holly, Jimi Hendrix, and Michael Jackson. A small plaque below the sculpture reads: "MOUNT ROCK-NO-MORE." Roy picks up a squirt bottle and mists the sand.

ROY (cont'd)

I'll bring everything okay. And Larry. Thanks.

Roy dials another number. It's his own voice mail greeting. He hits the pound sign and re-records the greeting...

ROY (cont'd)

Hi there. You've reached...

INT. PETER AND MIRANDA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Roy's NEW message continues. Gina listens.

ANSWERING MACHINE

...You've reached Roy. Roy is not home right now. So please leave a message at the sound of the tone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beep.

From the kitchen window, Miranda notices Roy heading toward the car.

MIRANDA

Oh my God! Roy! Roy! Come quick,
Roy's come home!

Gina hangs up and runs into the kitchen. Roy is speeding off in the station wagon. His blow-up buddy rides shotgun.

GINA

What?!

MIRANDA

I mean, he's going from home!

Peter, Miranda and Gina run out of the house. It's too late.

GINA

Where were they going? That was my
husband? Are you sure you saw Roy?

MIRANDA

Yes. Roy and some other guy. In the
car. They just drove down the street.

GINA

What other guy.

MIRANDA

I don't know. He looked happy.

GINA

Roy?

MIRANDA

No. The other guy. He looked like
this.

Miranda makes an "O" shape with her mouth.

GINA

That's Roy's blow up passenger-friend-
thing. It's for the car pool lane.
Don't ask. Can we get him? Can we go
and look...?

Peter stuffs the rest of their belongings along with a box of condoms into the trunk. All three squeeze into the car and take off in pursuit.

INT. LANCER'S DINER - DAY

Lancer's is like a Denny's with a bar and - unbelievably, an actual bar crowd. Most the patrons are 65 and up. Larry is holding court in a large banquette toward the back. Six elderly women flank Larry on either side of the banquette.

LARRY

...so the wife say's..."I think I'm losing my mind" and the husband says "that doesn't surprise me. You've been giving me a piece it for the last forty years!"

They all laugh. And cough. And laugh.

Roy enters and spots Larry in the back. He didn't realize Larry was "with people". Larry stands.

LARRY (cont'd)

Roy! Come here. Ladies, I'd like you to meet a good friend of mine. This is Roy.

Roy nods.

LARRY (cont'd)

Sit down. What are you drinking?

LADY 1

(raspy)
Bloody Mary.

LARRY

Right. Roy, what are you drinking?

Larry picks up a bottle of Zinfandel chilling in a bucket on the table.

LARRY (cont'd)

Ladies, I hate to do this, but Roy's wife just passed.

All six ladies gasp a sigh of sympathy. They clearly relate. In fact, they perk up.

LADY 2

I'm so sorry. What happened?

LADY 3

Sit down.

Roy fumbles with his chair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

It was an accident.

LADY 3

Oh my god. What happened?

LADY 2

How old was she? I can't imagine.

LADY 4

You look like a teenager.

ROY

It was a car accident.

All six ladies gasp again. A morbid chorus of sympathy.

Larry stands and pulls Roy away, toward...

THE BAR

Roy holds a glass of Zinfandel.

LARRY

Put that down.

(to bartender)

Two Coronas. What happened. Talk to me.

ROY

I don't know. She was in the car and I guess something happened. I called the police and they had me go down and - identify her.

LARRY

Whoa. That's awful. It was her?

ROY

It was her.

LARRY

That's awful. Do you have a cushion, some support, some savings? You said you had a life insurance policy...

ROY

Yea. I went home. I didn't know what to do so I just threw everything in a bag and I thought you could help me figure some of this out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Roy roots through his bag. He's clearly unnerved. He pulls a can of PEPSI out of his bag and hands it to Larry.

ROY (cont'd)
Soda?

LARRY
No. What are you doing?

ROY
Go ahead. Open it.

LARRY
Roy, I don't want to...

ROY
Go ahead.

Larry tries to open the can, but it won't budge. Roy turns the can over and unscrews the bottom. He winks at Larry. Larry's not impressed. Roy pulls out a bunch of papers and some passports and a few keys...

ROY (cont'd)
It's the policy and some papers and stuff that just looked important.

LARRY
Put that away. Jesus.

ROY
I don't know what to do. I'm not, I mean it's fine about Gina, I mean I understand things happen but I don't know what's next. I'm not good at much of this and I really can't deal with...

LARRY
Calm down.

Larry pulls Roy back toward the banquette. They stop just in front of the table, in front of the ladies.

LARRY (cont'd)
First - you have to know, you're not alone, Roy. There's other people in this world just like you and that's no small thing. You see Sarah here?

Sarah smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LARRY (cont'd)

Sarah lost her second husband two years ago to prostate cancer. Yeah. That's horrible, right? Look how beautiful she is. Mona's husband passed away three months ago, this week. She's still waiting for the toxicology reports but I've got a few hunches on that one...

He wags a naughty finger at Mona.

LARRY (cont'd)

My point is all these beautiful women share something in common with you and me and everyone else is this restaurant. We learn to live and move forward even if sometimes that's not easy. What I try to do is help these women move on and to prepare for the future and I think we're all going to be just fine. Right ladies?

The ladies all nod in agreement.

ROY

What are you talking about?

Larry drags Roy back to the bar.

LARRY

Listen. It's a long story but life insurance is pretty much my life right now. I specifically have first hand knowledge on how to turn a tough thing, like this, into a positive - thing.

ROY

Ok?

LARRY

I've made an investment in each one of these ladies. In their future. See that redhead? Joan. She's not doing great. Physically. Maybe mentally. I'd say she's got maybe six months. Maybe two if she keeps up with the hydrocodone and bloody mary's. Point is, I've given her a good sum of money in exchange for her life insurance policy. It's great money for her today is my point and it's better money for me - later.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROY

So when she dies, you get the money? Is that it? Are you kidding me?!

LARRY

That's why I said, get your ass over here. And no. I can not and will not invest in your future. Or your policy. What's it worth? Your policy.

ROY

Five hundred thousand dollars. She won it.

Larry stops himself before the spit take.

LARRY

You don't need my money. You have five hundred thousand dollars. You sir, are a half-o-millionaire.

ROY

I am a half-o-millionaire? Wow.

LARRY

And you're young! You don't need to sell your policy. What you need to start thinking about is how to invest that money in your future.

ROY

Whoa. That's crazy. I can get a waterproof camera.

LARRY

What?

ROY

Yeah. Waterproof. And cable. I can get cable.

LARRY

Wow.

ROY

What do I do now? That's my question. How do I make this all happen?

EXT. LARRY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Larry and Roy cruise down Seawall Boulevard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

I will say this...

ROY

Yea?

LARRY

I will say that maybe I know somebody who maybe knows somebody else who could turn that policy into a policy twice it's size. And yes, it's legal. Same concept.

ROY

You're hurting my head. Can we stop here for a second. I want to run inside and get some money.

Roy points to Galveston First National Bank. Larry pulls over to the curb. Roy jumps out of the car and heads inside. Larry waits.

EXT. SEAWALL BOULEVARD - DAY

Peter, Miranda, and Gina are stuck in bumper-to-bumper tourist traffic. Gina clamors for the door...

GINA

Let me walk. Let me just walk the street. Stay in the car...

Gina jumps out of the car. She yells back...

GINA (cont'd)

I'll be back. Go slow.

Gina briskly works her way down the street, looking over car hoods, this way and that. The El Camino slowly rolls with traffic.

INT. LARRY'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Larry sits in the car. He gently cups his nipple and looks in the rear view mirror. He's on the phone.

LARRY

I have it. Well, I will have it but we'll need to convert it. This is what I was telling you. Yes, I am a lucky son of a bitch. Thank you. In about an hour.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY (cont'd)

We can be there in an hour and I want a piece of it. No. Ok. That's fine.

Larry appears to be immensely relieved.

Approximately 50 yards behind his car, Gina is walking between two lanes of stopped, honking, traffic. One by one, she raps on windows, peers inside, and apologizes to angry drivers. Gina raps on Larry's window.

Larry looks as if he's seen a ghost.

GINA

Larry! Oh my God! I'm looking for Roy! Have you seen him?

LARRY

Gina? Wow! Did you...? I haven't seen you...or Roy in forever. You look - good.

Larry looks at her chest, held back by a T-shirt three sizes too small.

GINA

Are you bleeding?

LARRY

Ah yea. Atkins diet-thing. It's doing a number on my circulation. Hey, tell Roy to give me a call. I'll see you two soon I hope.

Larry screeches around the corner and parks. He starts slamming his fists against the steering wheel.

LARRY (cont'd)

Shit! Shit! This is like a big fucking cosmic, fuck you Larry, joke. Fucking joke! God damn. Shit. Fuck!

Cars WHIZ past Gina. She makes her way across the median and into Peter's El Camino. Dejected and depressed she motions for Peter to drive on.

INT. BANK -- AFTERNOON

Larry slithers his way through the bank line and sidles up to Roy.

ROY

Hey. I just want to get some money. This'll be quick

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

How much?

ROY

Not sure. I'm curious to see how much we, er, I have. Twenty. Thirty thousand, maybe. See this is what I'm talking about.

(mocking/impersonating
Larry from earlier)

"She's a three." Three my ass. That lady was a lucky girl. First time in my life I have a pot to piss in.

LARRY

Take it. Take it all.

ROY

What?

LARRY

Take it all. You ever wonder why the rich have so much of it? So much god damn money? Because somewhere at some point they were lucky enough to start out with a decent sum. It takes money to make money. That's lesson number one. So yes, take your money. Step one.

ROY

What about my policy? I got a policy.

LARRY

Sit on the policy. I've been thinking you should sit on it. But take the money. Really. Take it now. Step one.

INT. LARRY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

LARRY

Step two. You need to make something happen with what you've got. You need to wear it. He who holds the money, makes the money. And moreover you need to see where it is you want to be five years from now. You have to see it.

ROY

I see it.

LARRY

What do you see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

Blue irises.

LARRY

What?

ROY

Did you know that blue irises on the southeast corner of your house bring good fortune into your life and your home?

INT. PETER'S EL CAMINO -- AFTERNOON

MIRANDA

I think we've lost the scent sweetheart.

GINA

Just pull over and let me out. I can get a cab. You guys have been great, but this is ridiculous.

MIRANDA

Oh, parrot feathers! Come to the boat with us.

GINA

I can't. It's our anniversary and I haven't even started dinner and...

PETER

Do you have any way to get into the house?

GINA

No. It's alright. I can stay on the porch. I can wait.

MIRANDA

Compost! We'll have you do no such thing. You'll be loads more comfortable with us. And Peter can take you back the instant you get in touch with Roy.

PETER

Absolutely. Your call, Gina.

INT. LARRY'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

ROY

Ya think twenty seven thousand dollars
is a decent sum? Something to get
started with?

He hands Larry one of three money packets. Roy stuffs
one packet in each pocket. Larry hands back the third,
which Roy stuffs down his crotch.

ROY (cont'd)

Well? Does it show?

LARRY

It's written all over your face. You're
wearing it well.

ROY

Can we go somewhere quiet? I really
wanna talk about all this future stuff -
and then maybe somewhere loud, so I can
let my pants out. I think Gina would've
wanted that.

LARRY

Forget about the policy. I was stupid to
bring it up and you should take what
you've got and take it now. You're in
much better fiscal shape than I
originally thought. Let me show you a
place where opportunity roars.

EXT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

A gas-powered golf cart spits and clatters up the
driveway of the house. Roy's mother lifts a cellophane
wrapped bowl of soup from the floorboard. She notices a
note stuck to the front door. She reads: "Mom, had to
leave. I'm o.k." She places the soup on the porch and
walks to the hedges at the edge of the driveway. She
looks to her left, then to her right and proclaims very
loudly:

ROY'S MOTHER

Oh my heaven! I almost stepped in
doggie-doo!

She reaches down and picks up the dog crap with a paper
towel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY'S MOTHER (cont'd)
 (loudly)
 I'll just take it inside and throw it
 away!

She slides a key out of the dog crap, surveys the neighborhood, then lets herself into the house.

INT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

The door opens which triggers a pack of wild dogs. They ferociously bark and salivate as Roy's mother closes the door. She bends over and turns off the "barking dog" speakers which flank both sides of the front door. She click-clacks over to the answering machine in spiked golf shoes and hits the "memo" button. She speaks into the tiny microphone.

ROY'S MOTHER
 What was so important that you couldn't
 wait to see your mother...

EXT. BEACH -- AFTERNOON

PETER
 You ladies ready?

Peter loads his cooler onto a circular two man raft and drags it out into knee deep water. Miranda offers her arm to Gina and they follow Peter into the Gulf.

Two naked couples chit-chat in front of a sign near the entrance to the beach: "Welcome! Blue Hole Boobie Club".

Gina stops. The water is cluttered with watercraft and naked people of every shape and size. Young couples, mature couples, all topless or full nude, sipping beer from foam koozies. Boats, water skis and rafts are tied together and people of all ages are having what appears to be a swinging good time.

GINA
 (to Miranda)
 Oh no. No. I'm not taking my clothes
 off.

MIRANDA
 You do not have to take your clothes
 off. Peter, I told you this wasn't -
 oh, don't mind the others. C'mon.
 Follow me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gina follows Peter, grasping onto Miranda for support.

They're raft bounces up against the hull of a large boat.

The owners of the boat, ALICE and JOE, are a semi-affluent, happily married couple in their mid-40's. They are both topless but they wear matching Lone Star Flag bathing bottoms.

MIRANDA (cont'd)
Permission to come aboard?

ALICE
Howdy ya'll! You look great!

MIRANDA
I am right as rain! So good to see you!

Alice gives Miranda a peck. Peter leans over to Alice and plants a lingering kiss on her lips. Miranda wraps her arms around Joe and delivers a very similar "we're closer than friends" kiss.

Peter and Joe shake hands heartily. Gina takes it all in.

MIRANDA (cont'd)
Gina, this is Alice and Joe.

Joe takes Gina's hand.

JOE
Well hello. It's very nice to meet you.

Joe kisses the back of her hand.

JOE (cont'd)
Your shirt. Don't tell me. Give me a second.

Gina's shirt says "WWJD" which stands for "What Would Jesus Do?"

JOE (cont'd)
Hold on. Hold on. W.W.J.D. White...
Woman... Jerks... - wait...

ALICE
That's not funny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

"W" "W" must be White Woman, and the D,
well it's not your cup size. Hah!
Kidding. Wait, Willing...Woman...

MIRANDA

Joe. Stop. Gina is our neighbor and
she's not a unicorn nor were we
expecting that she would be joining us.
Today's her anniversary and well, she's
misplaced her husband and she needs a
phone.

ALICE

Where's my manners? Ya'll get on board,
this instant!

Alice covers herself with a sarong. Joe leads Gina
towards a staircase that leads to a small living area.
He winks at Peter in recognition of Gina's healthy
frame.

INT. BOAT SITTING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

JOE

So, what happened to your husband?

GINA

It's really a long story. It's fine,
though. Do you have a phone I can use?

JOE

I'm much funnier after a drink or two, I
promise. Here's the phone.

Gina places the receiver against her ear. She dials.

ANSWERING MACHINE

Hi there. Uh. You've reached Roy. Roy
is not home...

She bypasses the greeting.

She retrieves six messages. We see what she hears:

EXT. BEACH -- MORNING

Gina envisions her faithful husband standing in the
ocean near his sculpture. He curses the sea with his
fist, pounding the water, and yelling into a misty sea
storm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSWERING MACHINE (ROY)
Where are you! Gina! Gina? My god,
Gina. I need more goo! Shit. This is
so effing like you.

Beep!

INT. DARK OFFICE - DAY

Larry's feet are propped up on his desk. He smokes a big cigar and pokes at his teeth with a toothpick.

ANSWERING MACHINE (LARRY)
Roy, It's Larry. Give me a call. I
just heard and man - I don't even know
what to say. Give me a call.

Beep!

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Todd stands over a corpse, his hands drenched in blood. He stares straight ahead and announces:

ANSWERING MACHINE (TODD)
This message is for Roy Heinze. I guess
that's obvious, though. It's Todd at
city morgue. We need you to sign for
the autopsy and I have that information
regarding a burial at sea. You've got a
lot of guts. Call us when you can...

Beep!

INT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE - DAY

ANSWERING MACHINE (ROY'S
MOTHER)
What was so important that you couldn't
wait to see your mother? I had to let
myself in with the poop. Listen,
sweetie, I'm gonna help you clean up a
little around here.

A worker carries Gina's desk out of her office. His muddy shoes trample across the pristine carpet. 25" x 30" photos of Roy and his mother wallpaper the entire room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANSWERING MACHINE (ROY'S
MOTHER) (cont'd)

Guess what? Princess Cruises is running
a special on first class tickets to
Alaska! Do you remember Joycie?

She drags an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN in her twenties into
frame.

ANSWERING MACHINE (ROY'S
MOTHER) (cont'd)

She's a little younger than you. She's a
veterinarian. Very bright girl, and
skinny.

Beep!

INT. THE "ROOM" (MOUNT ROCK-NO-MORE) - DAY

A diminutive Gina wanders inside Mount Rock-No-More.

ANSWERING MACHINE (GINA)

Roy? Where's the love of my life?
Hello? Roy, pick up. I really need you
right now. I know I missed it and I'm
sorry.

"I'm sorry" REVERBERATES in Gina's head. She hears it
again in her mind's ear.

GINA

I AM sorry.

INT. BOAT -- AFTERNOON

Gina sweeps her arm across the desk sending the phone
into a nearby wall. She raises her hands above her head
and focuses on breathing regularly.

EXT. DARK ALLEY -- AFTERNOON

Larry's car swerves into an alley and abruptly rolls to
a halt.

ROY

Where are we?

LARRY

If I told you, it wouldn't be a
surprise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They step out of the car. Roy shrugs and turns his back to Larry. They walk. Larry slips behind Roy. With one eye closed, unable to believe what he is about to do, Larry RAISES his briefcase high above Roy's head. He is just about to lower the hammer when Roy's eyes bulge out of their sockets. Roy takes off RUNNING down the alley.

ROY

Nothing roars like opportunity?!?!

He races toward a shiny, red, convertible corvette on display at a used car dealership down the street.

ROY (cont'd)

Hah! We're going to buy a car! You ever paid cash for a car, Larry?!

Larry slams the briefcase against his forehead.

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP -- MOMENTS LATER

Roy and Larry circle the corvette. They are joined by a disinterested, salesman, PAULO.

ROY

What kind of alarm system's in this baby. Viper? Viper II?

PAULO

Da cub.

ROY

Da what?

PAULO

Da cub.

Paulo walks around the corner and returns carrying "The Club".

PAULO (cont'd)

Da cub. Da cub.

ROY

Ho! You're probably unaware that The Club has one fatal flaw. Spray a little CO-2 on that baby and the lock goes brittle, like ice. You should tell people to put it in on backwards. That way, a crook has no choice but to spray the stuff straight into his face. They'll pass that car every time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAULO

You wanna look at the car, yes?

LARRY

No. I think my client is a little bemused. We need to get going. Thanks.

Paulo UNLOCKS the door. Roy is drawn to the lush interior. He runs a hand over the sheepskin seat covers.

ROY

I'm feeling a little guilty. I shouldn't buy a car. My wife just died for Christ's sake. And I'm about to buy a car.

LARRY

You're right. Not a good...

Larry slows. Some sort of internal "bell" goes off in his head.

LARRY (cont'd)

This is step three. Step three is "ride it". You're wearing it but now you need to ride it. Figuratively, literally, it doesn't matter. If you can't put it into motion it's not worth doing it in the first place. Let me talk to this guy.

ROY

(whisper)

I'm not good with this kind of stuff. Gina used to take care of all the big stuff.

LARRY

Let me handle it.

Larry jumps in the driver's seat, rolls down the window and motions Paulo to the car.

LARRY (cont'd)

Can I take her for a spin?

PAULO

I need your license.

LARRY

Sure. Roy - sit tight. We'll be right back. Two seaters kick ass.

MOMENTS LATER

Paulo and Larry rip down Seawall Boulevard.

LARRY

Paulo, I want to rent this car. Let me tell you this. We are NOT buying this car. It's not going to happen. But I can tell you this - I'll give you two thousand dollars right now if you let me borrow this car for 24 hours.

PAULO

I no rent cars.

LARRY

Understood. Listen, my boss wants this car. And he wants to bring it back tomorrow. That's not a problem, right? You know Big Frank?

PAULO

Yea. I know Big Frank. Why?

LARRY

Big Frank would like to borrow this car. More important, I want my friend to think he just bought this car. So bring me a title or whatever it is you do when you sell a car.

PAULO

What if you don't bring me the car back?

Larry takes out his cell phone.

LARRY

You wanna talk to Big Frank?

PAULO

No, no. Is good.

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP -- MOMENTS LATER

Roy paces, waiting for Larry and Paulo to return. He kicks the wheel of another car causing a domino effect of car alarms. The corvette screeches to a halt in front of the dealership office.

LARRY

You are going to LOVE this car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

So is this a roaring opportunity?

LARRY

Paulo, cut through the shit. I don't want your best price. I want your last price. The price you're probably gonna shout at me when we're walkin' away from here.

Paulo looks over his shoulder at the sales office. He lowers his voice to a suspicious, seemingly rehearsed level.

PAULO

It's a nice car. \$750 a month, 48 months. Eh?

LARRY

It sounds confusing, Paulo. We want to pay cash for the car, now. What's 750 times 48? I need a calculator.

PAULO

Oh. Okay. I get it. Cash is the king. Twenty seven thousand dollars.

LARRY

Twenty six fifty.

ROY

Twenty!

PAULO

20. Fine. I'll get the "paperwork".

Paulo walks away. Roy laughs, counting out twenty thousand dollars in cash. He hands it to Paulo.

LARRY

Roy, you'd be a fool if you didn't take her for a ride. She purrs. Give me your driver's license.

ROY

I can't believe this day.

Roy turns the engine over and drives. He comes to a sudden halt. For once, Roy is thinking.

ROY (cont'd)

Don't forget he said he'd throw in The Club!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Larry waves, winks, then points to Roy. Roy speeds away. Paulo and Larry continue to wave until Roy is out of sight.

PAULO

You have car back tomorrow by five or I'll report it stolen. I'll get the title.

LARRY

Make it good. We're dealing with a security professional!

Larry takes the twenty grand from Paulo and peels off two thousand.

Larry's phone rings. Larry checks the Caller I.D.

LARRY (cont'd)

Frank! I've been trying to call you...

SPLIT-SCREEN

Frank spies Larry through a pair of binoculars.

FRANK

I'm sittin' in my car watching three jerk-offs in a used car parking lot.

Larry spins, trying to turn his back to Frank, who is nowhere to be seen. He stuffs Roy's money down his pants.

LARRY

Roy wanted to stop here and get a car. He's nuts. But hey, it's like you always taught me, let the mark think he's in control.

FRANK

You in control Larry?

LARRY

No! You're in control Frank.

FRANK

You better be in control.

LARRY

I'm in control of the situation but you're really in control, of the bigger picture of course.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK

You tryin' to mark me? Makin' me think that I'm in control?

LARRY

Of course not. You are literally in control.

FRANK

I don't feel like I'm in control.

LARRY

Well good then.

FRANK

Good?

LARRY

Yeah, cause if I made you think you were in control then I'd be setting you up as a mark, which I'm not. 'Cause you're in control.

FRANK

Alright, then meet me at my office in one hour - with the mark.

LARRY

I'm not gonna do that Frank.

FRANK

Why not?

LARRY

Cause you are trying to control the situation and I don't want you to feel like I am marking you. Plus I got a better angle. Meet us at the club and I'll introduce you to Roy.

FRANK

I'll follow you.

LARRY

That's fine but only if you REALLY want to.

FRANK

Jesus. The club. Now.

They hang up. Larry dials another number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LARRY

I'd like to book tonight's last flight
out of Houston to, uh, I don't know, is
Costa Rica possible?

Roy does doughnuts in the parking lot. An engine roars
and a woman screams:

GINA (O.S.)

He's an idiot!

INT. MOTOR YACHT - EVENING

Gina vents.

ALICE

Let's get you a drink.

GINA

I don't drink mixed drinks.

ALICE

Sweetheart! I like you already. We won't
have to bother mixing drinks for you ALL
night.

She pours bourbon straight into a tumbler.

ALICE (cont'd)

I declare if the folks who bottle this
poison intended juice or cola to be
inside the bottle, don't ya think it
would already be there? Here you are
honey, it's neat.

Gina grabs the glass, unaware of it's contents.

GINA

After today, I thought we'd actually be
in the living room laughing. I was
attacked. Yes honey, I used the pepper
spray. Oh, if you thought our
anniversary cake was bad you should see
what I did with your mother's roast beef
sandwich.

MIRANDA

Calm down dear. You've been through so
much and I think you're getting your
vines crossed.

GINA

Who identified my body?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Maybe you were burned beyond
recognition?

PETER

Maybe you exploded.

Gina throws back her drink. Her eyes go red, her cheeks
implode. Gagging, she runs for the guardrail and loses
the last bit of her anniversary cake off the starboard
side.

PETER (cont'd)

You want me to call this Larry guy?

GINA (O.S.)

No. I can't. I can't talk to him.

ALICE

Girl, you call a good divorce attorney
first.

INT. RED CORVETTE - DUSK

Wind whistles over the hood of the convertible. Larry
shifts into high gear. Roy studies the title.

ROY

Pull over. I want to drive.

LARRY

Not yet. Hold on.

Larry zips through a crowded parking lot. Roy,
ASTOUNDED, lifts himself out of the seat to get a better
look.

ROY

You got to be kidding? We're going in
there?

EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Larry pops the trunk, opens his BRIEFCASE, stuffs Roy's
money inside the trunk, and then slams the trunk shut.
He keeps looking around as if someone's watching.

Larry does not see Roy lock The Club backwards across
the steering wheel.

In a wide-shot, Roy and Larry head toward a large
complex covered in pink neon lights.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

To say they are headed to a "topless bar," would be like calling Disney World a roadside attraction.

They pass mammoth concrete statues of men and women engaged in various suggestive poses. One of the statues, a woman, is running away from the complex. She stands there, frozen, looking back at the club: "SODOM AND GOMORRAH."

INT. SODOM AND GOMORRAH -- CONTINUOUS

Larry pays for two, tall shots. Roy bites down on a lime. The DJ booms.

DJ

Let me hear ya rip those velcro wallets wide open, gentlemen. And God said 'thou shalt tip!' And it was good. And her name was Mary - of Magdeline.

Larry leaves Roy by the bar. He pushes a fifty dollar bill through a small window toward the DJ.

LARRY

Hey. My friend's celebrating his first anniversary tonight. I want to keep his mind off the marriage, okay?

DJ

Next track. Give me a minute.

Music blares. Larry bops over to Roy, checking his watch, car keys in hand. He shouts over the cacophony.

LARRY

You alright?

ROY

What?

LARRY

Is this place fine? O.K?

ROY

(yelling)

Yeah! Gina die, today!

He raises his hands to mock a steering wheel.

ROY (cont'd)

Car wreck! I thought you knew that!

The music subsides.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY (cont'd)

Give me your phone. I gotta call someone. Bucket status.

Larry hands Roy the phone and motions for a WAITRESS.

LARRY

What do you want to drink?

ROY

Hold on.

(into the phone)

Uh. Hi. I had a little family tragedy and I've been out all day doing business and I was wondering if the Masters have been chosen for tomorrow yet? I can hold.

LARRY

(to waitress)

Shot of Jameson's and a Grey Goose martini. Olive and an onion.

Larry sees Frank walk into the club. Larry waves and makes his way toward Frank.

LARRY (cont'd)

Frank! Roy is on the phone. Have a seat. I'll bring him over.

FRANK

How much you take him for back there?

LARRY

What? What are you talking about?

Frank squeezes Larry's "good" nipple.

FRANK

You took him to the bank, then a car dealership. And I'm asking you, how much you take him for?

LARRY

I didn't take anything. This is your mark, your thing. For you. He's got a life policy that's 500 large and I think that pretty much dwarfs the fifty small I owe you and god damn it leave my nipples alone! Shit. That looks so stupid.

Suddenly Roy is standing behind Larry and Frank.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROY

Hey. You're getting another call. What do I press?

LARRY

Roy, this is the gentleman I was telling you about. Roy, Frank. Frank, Roy. Let me take this call and I'll join you guys in a second.

Larry grabs the phone and clicks over to the other line.

LARRY (cont'd)

This is Larry.

GINA

Where is Roy, Larry? Is he with you?

LARRY

Oh my god. Hold on.
(to Frank and Roy)
I'm gonna take this outside.

Larry pulls Roy's insurance policy out of his breast pocket and hands it to Frank.

ROY

What's that?

LARRY

Your insurance policy. I think I bled on it a little.

He gives Frank the evil eye.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Larry beats it toward the Corvette, keys in hand, talking on the phone.

LARRY

Some of the girls in the office decided to throw a wing-ding for one of the temps in marketing. What's up Gina?

GINA

Was that Roy? Is he with you?

LARRY

No. I don't think so. How is Roy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Larry sinks a key into the driver's side door. He goes to start the car - but he doesn't have keys to "The Club". He pops the trunk and roots around for his briefcase, with the money inside.

He considers grabbing the briefcase and running for it. Then he spies one of Frank's goons, BIG GUY, watching his every move from a corner of the lot. He closes the trunk and heads back inside.

INT. SODOM AND GOMORRAH -- CONTINUOUS

Larry cuts through the lobby, the phone still pressed to his cheek.

GINA
Where are you?

DJ
Let's put it together for Roy Heinze on the main stage. I hope your underwear's clean, Roy. And I hope your first anniversary's a special one - with Bathsheba!

Roy's tied to a collapsible chair on the main stage with a long, feathered boa. The crowd goes ape-shit.

CROWD

ROY! ROY! ROY!

GINA
What is that? Is that a strip club?

Click.

INT. BOAT - DAY

GINA
Larry? Roy? This isn't happening.

MIRANDA
Well?

GINA
Roy couldn't come to the phone. Apparently, there was an office party for some wing dings, that's all.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gina, frustrated, starts picking up cocktail napkins. She pulls towels from a large tote bag. She folds and speaks.

Gina folds a body stocking into a perfect square.

ALICE

You can always kill him, right.

GINA

I don't know. Roy's line of work takes him to some pretty bizarre places. For all I know, that could've been the tournament or some reception...

She stops herself then pulls a garter and stockings from the bag. Oblivious to what she's holding, she continues to fold and speak.

GINA (cont'd)

Oh he's such a liar. His mother has been sneaking into our house with secret dog poop.

Gina pulls a large strap-on dildo from the tote bag. Everyone watches as she tries to fold it. Instead, she wraps the leather straps tightly around the base of the toy, oblivious. She shakes the dildo, pointing.

GINA (cont'd)

He lets her sneak right through the back door whenever she pleases! I am so stupid.

JOE

Someone say secret dog poop?

GINA

Plastic poop with a little slidy door on the bottom so you can hide a key, in the yard.

Peter enters dressed in a captain's sailing outfit. He sings the theme song from the "Love Boat."

PETER

"And love, won't hurt anymore..."

(sees dildo)

On second thought...

Gina looks down at the strap-on, horrified, and TOSSES it like a hot potato. Miranda catches it and pops Peter on the head with it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE

Joe. Peter. Why don't you all get a drink and see what's going on outside.

PETER

Oh, now I'm gopher. I get it.

Joe and Peter leave.

GINA

Where are we?! Did we sail? Where are we?

MIRANDA

Calm down, dear. We're not creepy crawlers.

ALICE

Sweetheart, while you were spilling your guts out into our towels we moved the boat just a wee bit.

GINA

I'm sorry. My god - if you have baking soda I can probably get that right out.

ALICE

That would take a lot of baking soda. You can buy us a nice new set after the divorce settlement.

GINA

Divorce?! No.

Gina looks up at Alice, then down at the garter, stockings, and strap-on sitting in the corner. She fishes for a cigarette.

MIRANDA

I didn't know you smoked.

GINA

I didn't know you swapped.

Gina's cigarette shakes between her lips. She coughs.

GINA (cont'd)

Funny what people hide. My grandmother smoked for forty-two years. No one had a clue.

She lifts a pot and fills it with water.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIRANDA

Gina, honey...

GINA

She hid behind a dumpster every morning and burned trash. Grandpa thought she smelled like fire. "Woman you stink to high heaven."

Gina takes a deep drag. She pours a bag of penis-shaped pasta into a pot.

ALICE

Sweetie. Your cigarette's backwards.

GINA

I can't get anything right. Nothing!

The cigarette flies out of her hand and into the pot of penis pasta. She shakes her head, gives up on the pot of water and lights another cigarette.

GINA (cont'd)

You know what my problem is? I waited so long for my knight in shining armor, that I settled for the beach bum with a golden bucket.

Gina starts crying uncontrollably.

ALICE

Where's your grandma now sweetie?

GINA

She's gone. My parents too. Roy is what I have. Oh my god.

ALICE

Well you are welcome here as long as you want or need. Do you hear me? Do not hesitate to ask us for a thing.

GINA

What's a unicorn? Miranda said I'm not a unicorn?

MIRANDA

Oh. Okay. That's a tough one. Um. A unicorn is a single female, usually bisexual, who likes to get with couples.

GINA

Really.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ALICE

They're thought to be so rare that they've actually attained a sort of mythical creature-like status.

GINA

Well, I'm NOT a unicorn.

MIRANDA

And that's what I told these guys. I said, she is not a unicorn.

Gina stares out a window. Peter and Joe dance on the deck of the boat, sandwiching a young, pretty topless girl.

GINA

(pointing to Peter and Joe)

That doesn't bother you?

ALICE

Why should that bother me? They're only having fun and when Joe comes back I should be the one thanking her.

MIRANDA

Gina? Are you alright? We're not upsetting you are we?

GINA

Huh? No. This is just not how I pictured spending my anniversary. For real. Don't you get jealous?

ALICE

No. We don't. How long you been married.

GINA

Thirty days. You?

ALICE

I see. Um, seventeen years.

GINA

Well Roy and I are very happy and we would never do this, no offense, but this is just not something we would think of doing.

MIRANDA

None taken and we wouldn't try to persuade you differently.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MIRANDA (cont'd)

We don't judge and don't want to be judged and it's all good, okay.

ALICE

Speak for yourself.

(points at the girl dancing)

That girl has perfect tits.

MIRANDA

She's joking.

ALICE

No. I'm not. They are perfect fucking tits.

GINA

Anything goes?

MIRANDA

What?

GINA

Anything goes? Does anything go here? You guys do - anything?

Alice opens her laptop. She navigates to a web site with an online profile. There's Peter - in his red speedo. Next to Peter, Miranda in a negligee. Alice reads the caption below their online profile.

ALICE

Very open couple in search of same. Light drink and smoke okay. No Greek. Full or soft swap. Same room only festivities. She, bi-curious and...

MIRANDA

Surprise!

ALICE

(reading)

He, educated, fun, and likes watching...

MIRANDA

Hoo-ah...

GINA

Watching? What does that mean. What does he watch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MIRANDA

Well, he hasn't watched much yet, but the consensus appears to be she would like to receive pleasure, but not intercourse, from me, my hubby and hers. My husband would like to watch me with her husband. And I would love to have intimacy with all of them in whatever way they are comfortable and then maybe vice-versa or versa-vice.

INT. SODOM AND GOMORRAH - EVENING

Larry joins Frank and Roy at the table.

FRANK

Larry. Did you know Roy is a security professional? He keeps all his shit in his shoe.

LARRY

Really?

FRANK

Sit down. You want a nip?

Frank raises a glass and gestures toward Larry's nipple.

LARRY

I'm good. Thank you.

INT. BOAT - NIGHT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Gina slams down the phone.

GINA

Ok. My entire life savings is gone.

ALICE

What?

GINA

I called the bank and my savings, my winnings, are gone. Twenty eight thousand dollars - gone from my checking account.

ALICE

Honey. You all keep your savings in your checking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Is he shopping? Who does that? Who spends money like that?

ALICE

Gay men?

MIRANDA

Alice!

ALICE

I'm brain storming honey! Is he gay? Maybe a little?

GINA

No. No one answers at home. He shuts himself in his room by eleven every night.

ALICE

Honey. I'm sure he's fine and frankly, I think that's part of the problem.

INT. SODOM AND GOMORRAH - PRIVATE ROOM - EVENING

Larry, Frank, and Roy huddle in a private, fantasy room called the "Suburban Dream Room".

For once, Larry, Frank and Roy all appear to be on the same page. They're hollering and hooting for ANGEL, a tall, leggy blonde wearing a pristine apron over a perfectly pressed 1950's dress, holding a martini pitcher high above Larry's glass.

The private room is a mid-century suburban fever dream, all chrome-trimmed furniture and pastels.

LARRY

Angel, I'd like you to meet a good friend of ours. This is Roy.

ANGEL

Hi sweetie.

FRANK

Baby, where's your friend? The brunette.

BETTY, a cute brunette, struts toward the table in a French maid's outfit carrying a hot cherry pie. Roy's jaw hits the floor. Frank leans in and whispers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (cont'd)

Perfect cherry pie. No longer a miracle.

Frank sticks a finger in the pie. Angel pops a cookie in his mouth. Betty lifts her garter - looking for a tip.

FRANK (cont'd)

Bake sale is *after* the bake off. But I do like your pie, sugar.

Frank grabs the martini pitcher and pours two drinks.

FRANK (cont'd)

Helluva place, huh Roy? For the life of me, I don't know why they named it like they did. In the Bible, Sodom and Gomorrah is that part where the Lord turns a lady into salt. You know what the moral is?

Angel tucks a napkin inside Roy's shirt.

FRANK (cont'd)

You better follow God's law or he'll turn you into a condiment. Just gobble you up.

ROY

I believe it. That's why I try not to dick around with god.

Angel puts a fork in Roy's hand.

FRANK

That's smart. Larry tells me you're an investor. Is that right?

ROY

I don't know. All I know is Larry is some kind of insurance guru and he likes old ladies, - I'm sorry, mature women - and he keeps talking about some crap with my life insurance policy which honestly, is fine if I could understand what he was talking about half the time. This is great!

More pie.

FRANK

Larry knows insurance. And he knows old ladies, I'm sorry, mature women.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK (cont'd)

I, on the other hand, manage low risk, high yield insurance portfolios for a number of folks like yourself.

ROY

You know what. I'm an artist. I'm not a banker or a high finance guy. In fact, the whole thing is kind of a turn off for me. If you know something I don't know, then please, just fill me in. Earth to Roy. Please. I'm an open book.

Frank belly laughs.

FRANK

It's pretty simple. Larry pays people, mature women, for a chance to partake in their life insurance policy. He says, here's fifty thousand dollars, in turn - make me the beneficiary on your policy. And when they go, Larry gets paid.

ROY

I get that. That sounds smart.

FRANK

It is. And it's illegal in most parts of the world. Illegal like prostitution if you ask me. Two consenting adults and all, but that's another story. I do the same thing Larry does, but with a twist. And yes, it's legal.

Roy feigns interest, slightly distracted by all the shiny objects in the room.

FRANK (cont'd)

If you do the exact same thing BUT with a *terminally ill* individual, and you run it through a licensed company, of which I run, then all of a sudden - wonder twins unite - it's legal. Look here, I find a feller with a million dollar policy and a year to live. I give him 200 thousand and he jots down my name on his policy. I'm now his beneficiary and he has some cruising around money. That's a win, win. He can spend his last year or two knockin' shit off his bucket list. The trick, the key, is that you want to buy your policy from someone who's literally about to die.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK (cont'd)

The longer they live, the longer you'll have to wait on the return. Terminally ill is fine. But we can do better than that. What's your T-cell count? Intravenous drug user? Frankly, you give two hundred thousand dollars to a terminally ill intravenous drug user, chances are half that money goes straight up the arm. And now you sir, are a few months closer to "vestment".

ROY

You know what. As horrible as that sounds - it makes sense and I get that. You want a sick guy. You want a guy who's this close. Am I right?

FRANK

You know, Roy, you and I are a lot alike. I make money from people passin' and so did you.

ROY

Beginners luck.

FRANK

Au contraire! We are more like fortuitous spectators of a huge wrestlin' match. In one corner is a cancer patient, AIDS victim, or... forgive my candidness, your wife. In the other corner, the undefeated, undisputed heavyweight champion of the under-world, the Grim Reaper. Maybe you were lucky to be gettin' popcorn while your wife was knocked out in round one. Regardless, you're in a real fancy position to pick yourself up a hell of a bargain.

ROY

Do you have a card?

FRANK

I got somethin' better than a card. I got a client, and Larry knows this, god damn him, I got a client that's looking for a buyer and I don't want to be too aggressive - but I swear, if this guy makes it past tuesdie, I'll eat my hat. We're meetin' at Larry's office tomorrow mornin' at nine. You'll be there, won't you? You come on down and join us and let's see if this dog'll hunt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LARRY

We're meeting at my office? At nine?

ROY

What do you think, Larry?

LARRY

I think it's great. I'll see you both at nine o'clock at my office. Roy, I need to get my briefcase out of your car.

FRANK

God dammit Larry. He's got more important things to do than play fetch for you and that god damn briefcase.

Deflated, Larry hands Roy the car keys.

ROY

Hey before you go, let me borrow your phone again.

FRANK

Roy, I'll give you a wake up call around seven. You two don't stay up too late now!

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Joe, Alice, Miranda, Peter and Gina roast marshmallows and drink wine at the front end of the boat. In the water, playful couples float by on rafts, naked.

MIRANDA

Is that a gram cracker?

GINA

This is a s'more. The gram cracker is but one vital component of any delicious s'more.

MIRANDA

We don't have gram crackers in Australia. Is it called a gram cracker because it has just one gram of calories?

ALICE

My heavens no. It's a hot marshmallow, sandwiched between two gram crackers with a decadent melted piece of chocolate in the middle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

You're turning me on.

MIRANDA, ALICE

(together)

Am I?

Laughter. Miranda lands a playful, soft kiss on Alice's lip. Joe raises a brow - and nudges Peter.

JOE

How you doing Gina? Are you comfortable?

GINA

(tipsy)

Absolutely yes, and absolutely no. I don't generally drink this much so I don't think I can tell.

MIRANDA

You ready for us to take you home? If you can't get in, we can give you a key to our house. You can stay there as long as you like.

GINA

No. I'm having fun actually. Roy and I would never do what, ya know, what you DO. But the thing is, Roy's very set in his ways. And he's superstitious. I think he thinks that sex brings him good luck.

JOE

He's a sand sculptor, right?

GINA

He's an artist. Yes. He's an artist.

JOE

Do you guys ever build stuff out of sand together?

GINA

Oh my no. I'm no good at it. But I like to watch.

JOE

Really? Well, what do you guys do for fun, together?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA

We got married. That was fun. I took care of most the details, but he helped. He designed a really neat imprint for the ashtrays, y'know, the sand in the ashtrays. Every one at the wedding said they loved how special, the ashtrays were, well, the smokers did.

JOE

Sounds like you're both into details?

GINA

How do you mean?

JOE

You seem like a very organized woman who is passionate about everything going on in her life and I imagine sand sculpting requires great attention to detail as well.

GINA

I don't know. The only trouble is, it seems like everything I plan is for "us" and the only thing he pays attention to is "him".

Gina freezes. Her eyes contemplate those words.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

A Spanish television station is signing off, national anthem, color-bars...

A chocolate covered strawberry just misses Angel as she dodges past the television set. The strawberry sticks to the screen.

ANGEL

I'm hungry.

ROY

You're horny?

ANGEL

Hungry, baby.

ROY

(into phone)

Hi. Could we get more fondue and a bucket of ice?

EXT. YACHT -- EVENING

Gina stands off to one side, leaning against the boat's guard rail. She's drinking red wine.

Unconsciously, her foot is tapping with the music.

ALICE

You boys ready for pineapples?

Alice holds two pineapples in front of her breasts. Joe grabs one. Peter the other.

JOE

Those are ripe.

Gina's had a bit more wine and sexual conversation than she's used to. Leaning against the back-end of a chair, she stammers.

GINA

Okay! You people run off and do whatever it is you are here to do. You wanna hear communication? I'm calling Larry and demand he put Roy on the phone. Please make yourselves comfortable.

PETER

We're comfortable.

GINA

No! Just do what you do - naturally. I'm not here.

ALICE

Honey, you want to go lay down?

GINA

No. No. Here's the phone. I'm going to put this on speaker so you can all hear what a big, fat mistake this has been.

MIRANDA

This is nobody's business but yours, sweetheart.

She hits the speaker button. Dial tone.

GINA

All of you learn something from this. This is how normal people talk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ring.

GINA (cont'd)
Yes, I'm mad at my husband but there is
nothing we cannot work out together.

Ring.

GINA (cont'd)
We communicate.

ANGEL (O.S.)
Hello?

GINA
Larry?

ANGEL (O.S.)
Quit it. No. Larry's not here.

GINA
Is Roy there?

ANGEL (O.S.)
Roy, it's for you.

ROY (O.S.)
Hey Larry. You owe me twenty bucks her
tits ARE real!

PETER, MIRANDA, AND ALL
Oooooooh.

ROY (O.S.)
Hey. I'll see you tomorrow at 9. Your
office. Bah-bye.

He hangs up.

Gina's eyes swell - a sheet of tears.

MOMENTS LATER

Gina grasps the handrail. Hyperventilating, sucking up
sea-air. Her eyes are swimming.

Miranda and Alice approach.

GINA
I am so stupid!

MIRANDA
He's an idiot darling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA
I'll cut his fucking balls off.

ALICE
There you go!

Joe and Peter sit a good 20 yards back.

JOE
(quietly to Peter)
Why do girls always wanna cut off our balls when something goes wrong?

PETER
Shh.

JOE
She can't hear me. I would never say, "Oh, I'm gonna chop your tits off". That sounds horrible, right?

ALICE
Shut up Joe or I swear to God I'll cut your balls off!

JOE
(whispers)
Bionic ears.

GINA
I die, he takes all of our money and gives it to a fucking whore. Pays a whore?

MIRANDA
Darling you don't know that the money and the whore have anything to do with each other...

GINA
It's just sex right? Free love? And fucking around and you know how that goes...

MIRANDA
Let me be perfectly clear...

ALICE
Let US be perfectly clear...

MIRANDA
I have zero tolerance for cheaters, and what your husband did...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALICE
He's clearly cheating!

GINA
I'm sorry.

ALICE
And stop apologizing for everything. You have every right to be pissed off. So, what are you going to do about it? How can we help you?

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Angel is under the covers, between Roy's legs.

Roy is wide-eyed, hands behind his head, enjoying the action.

ANGEL (O.S.)
I've never seen one so small.

ROY
Yeah, he's a little guy but he knows all the right moves.

ANGEL (O.S.)
How do I turn him on?

ROY
Oh you got it. Oops. You had it. There you go! Oh. Hand it to me.

From under the spread, she hands over a small mini-vibe bullet. He powers it on and hands it back to her.

ROY (cont'd)
Say, do you know Spanish?

INT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Gina paces the deck North and South, East and West.

GINA
I'll kill him. I will kill him and make it look like his mother did it. And I'll bury him in a What Would Jesus Do T-shirt. I'll bet he planned to kill me all along, probably why he married me. He knew I had that policy. Oh my god, do you think he hired that homeless woman to kill me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA (cont'd)

His mother told me to go there. She's in on this too somehow. And I fucked him this morning! Oh my god, Oh my god, OH MY GOD!

Gina strips off her clothes and DIVES into the water.

MIRANDA

Gina!

ALICE

I think she's fine. Gina, are you okay?! Gina?

Gina treads water in the moonlit Gulf and after a moment, STANDS in the waist high tide. Instinctively, she covers her breasts.

ALICE (cont'd)

I think she's gonna be fine.

MIRANDA

Why is everyone in America so dramatic?

Gina drops her arms to her side, exposing her breasts to the elements of the night. Whatever little clothing she still has on, is stripped and discarded. She's literally washing Roy out of her.

GINA'S POV

Gina looks up at the boat, at the people, at the other boats. No one is alarmed. It's as if someone was supposed to jump in the water. The mood is light and Gina hears the faint din of laughter and music all around her. It's disorganized and spontaneous.

Gina wades comfortably through the water taking it all in.

EXT. USED CAR DEALERSHIP -- NIGHT

Frank's car rolls to a halt. Larry hops out and moves toward his own car.

LARRY

See you in the morning.

FRANK

Who said anything about leaving?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two cars screech into the parking lot effectively blocking Larry's car from moving. Two GOONS get out of EACH car.

LARRY
What the fuck, Frank?

FRANK
(to the GOONS)
Check the car. Check his person. Leave the nipples be.

One of the GOONS, an off-duty TSA employee, delights in patting down Larry. Simultaneously, Larry's car is searched, his trunk is popped.

LARRY
De-ja-vu, Frank. Didn't we have this conversation already?

FRANK
Vu-ja-day, we are havin' it again 'cause I ain't rightly sure what you are up too. This feller, Roy. His wife dies and he don't shed a tear but instead he decides to go out and buy himself a spiffy new car, hit a titty bar, and leave with a stripper?

LARRY
Well you obviously never met his wife. And why do we even care? You saw the policy...

GOON 1
He's clean.

TSA GOON
Squeaky.

FRANK
Get back in the car.

LARRY
That's okay. I can drive and I trust that you sir, have a certain respect and trust for...

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. A tow truck moves in and lifts Larry's vehicle. The car is hoisted, then dragged away.

FRANK
I'm proud to hear you say trust is so important friend.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK (cont'd)

I'm only lookin' out for my best interest. I'll trust you'll understand that I gotta make sure you are not whispering sweet nothings in my ear by night then figuring to make a clean sweep of me in the mornin'. I don't like one night stands.

LARRY

(nervously)

I'm in this for the long haul and I know you know that. This is big. And I want it Frank. Whether it's the whole enchilada or just a few beans, y'know.

FRANK

Then you'll sleep at my place tonight. If I still respect you in the mornin', we can do business.

Larry gets back into Frank's car.

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Gina, alone and naked, lifts herself out of the water and back into the boat. She grabs a robe and props her feet up on a seat cushion. She lights a cigarette and laughs at herself:

GINA

Ha, I'm going to be a winner today. I'm naked - at night!

The other couples have gone below deck. She can hear laughter and other "playful" noises coming from below.

A couple on a raft floats by, they embrace.

Gina reaches for a pad and pen. She draws a heavy line down the middle of the page and makes two columns. His and Hers.

More "noise" from below. The couple on the raft notices Gina. They wave with their eyes. Gina's making zero progress on the list.

More sounds from below. She looks over her shoulder. In the "her" column she writes "everything". She puts the pad down and stands up. She peers down the stairwell that leads to the cabin below. Suddenly...

Peter jogs up the steps and SLAMS into Gina. It's awkward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

Hey. Just coming up for water.

GINA

Yea, sure - oh my god - you're naked!

Peter pulls four bottles of water out of a cooler.

PETER

It's off the plantation down there.
Gotta cool it down. You okay?

GINA

I guess. I had a swim? That's not bad.

PETER

We went down. Down below. I hope
that's okay. We just thought you might
want some time to think or sort things
out.

GINA

That's fine. I'm tired. And I'm tired
of sorting things out.

PETER

Let me get some shorts. I'll drive you
home.

GINA

No. You know what - I think I'd rather
just stay for awhile.

PETER

You sure?

GINA

Yea. I'm okay. I'm - good.

Music to his ears. Peter races back down the stairwell.

Gina walks over to the list. She balls it up and fires
it into a garbage can.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Roy asleep on the bed, drools on his pillow.

Angel, frustrated, reaches for the rabbit and finishes
what he started.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. BOAT -- NIGHT

Gina's laying down in the living area. She's using a blowup sex doll for a pillow.

Peter, Miranda, Alice and Joe make their way up the stairwell. They are groggy, but still making jokes, still laughing. Gina, eyes closed, pronounces the following:

GINA

If you guys can help me out tomorrow, I can make it very worth your while.

ALICE

What?

GINA

I'd like Peter to come with me to meet Roy in the morning.

PETER

Done.

GINA

And I'd like the rest of you to break into my house. I might know where an extra key is. Can you get a few things for me?

JOE

What happens after that?

GINA

I'm going to kill myself.

INT. HOTEL SHOWER - THE MORNING AFTER

Roy's hand pops through the shower curtain and roots around for soap. Strawberries and fondue everywhere.

The shape, or stain rather, of a naked woman is outlined in chocolate against the glass shower door.

He notices a business card on top of the toilet tank: "There is an island of opportunity in the middle of every difficulty" - Frank Campbell 409.235.6909

The phone rings. Frank's phone number appears on the caller ID. Roy answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

Hey Frank. I'm on the way. See you in half an hour.

CUT TO:

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Frank drops ice cubes into a glass.

FRANK

It's not a bloody Mary, Larry. It's a Bloody Bull. Beer, tomato juice and a gentle splash of bourbon. Join me?

LARRY

No Frank. Thank you.

The intercom buzzes. LAURA-LEE, Larry's receptionist announces:

LAURA-LEE (O.S.)

You're nine o'clock is here.

LARRY

Tell him to wait. I'll be right out.

INT. RECEPTIONIST'S LOBBY - DAY

Roy takes a deep breath and jerks nervously as the office door opens.

LARRY

Very sharp. Ya look great. Did you make it or win that contest, the master bucket thing?

Roy follows Larry out of the receptionist's lobby and into a nearby:

BREAK ROOM

ROY

Don't know yet. I feel good about it. Any food in here?

LARRY

Sure. Ya got food, water, coffee, giant chocolate chip cookies when someone gets fired. Did you bring my briefcase up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

No. I think it's in the trunk.

LARRY

You think?

ROY

Yea. I guess. You want me to get it?

LARRY

Give me the keys, I'll get it.

Roy hands Larry the car keys.

LARRY (cont'd)

Frank's in my office. I'm not sure what you said to him, but he's obviously gone out of his way to provide you with one hell of a cash cow. Go on in there - tell him I'll be right up.

Frank steps into the lobby.

FRANK

Morning, Roy. Larry.

ROY

Hey Frank. Larry's gotta go down to the car. I am so flippin' out of it.

FRANK

You do that after Larry. Old man's waitin'. Remember, it's all about buyin' a policy that's ripe. And believe me this one's a freakin' doozy. This is your game and I wouldn't sweat it.

ROY

That's nice to hear, but like I told you, I'm no Doogie Howser. I mean, how the hell am I supposed to know when some guy is about to die?

FRANK

Maybe you should just meet him.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Frank, Larry, and Roy enter the office. The camera reveals ED, the sickest man on earth. Ed is seated in a wheelchair. If this were a cartoon, he would have vultures circling overhead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He's 87 years old and has every disease known to man. He wears thick latex gloves. Thinning clumps of hair dot his mostly bald head.

FRANK

This is Ed.

(yells in Ed's ear)

Ed, this is Roy.

ED

I don't shake hands.

LARRY

That's pretty funny. Quite a kidder for your age, aren't you?

Everyone quickly learns they have to raise their voice when addressing Ed.

LARRY (cont'd)

I say you're a real hoot and a holler!
Ha, don't shake hands!

Larry extends his hand.

FRANK

Larry, really, he don't shake hands.

LARRY

Oh, I see. Is he contagious?

FRANK

No, he's a leper. Ever since he lost a thumb coupula years back, he just don't do that no more.

Ed pulls out a filter-less cigarette and searches for a match with his gloved hands. Throughout, Ed wheezes, coughs and snorts. Roy continually crosses and uncrosses his legs.

ED

You don't mind if I smoke?

LARRY

Oh God no! Please do. Well, let's get down to it. What brings you and your client this way?

FRANK

Roy, Ed's dyin'. He's not a rich man and he don't need much. The doctors are amazed, he's made it this long. I was doing Ed's taxes last week and...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ED

Fuckin' whore!

Roy and Larry are startled by Ed's sudden outburst.

FRANK

I discovered he had this huge policy.
Just ignore that. Hang in there, Ed.
Won't be much longer.

ROY

Is he okay? Can we get him a glass of
water or something?

FRANK

Oh, please don't do that! He'll try to
do it on his own. He has to have
everything given to him through that
tube in his nose. He don't like it, but
his stomach's gone.

Roy smiles at Larry.

LARRY

I know you must be pressed for time, so
let's...

FRANK

Right. Let's face it. It's a win-win
situation here. Ed could use 500 grand,
now, more than he can use a million
bucks after he's dead.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Peter and Gina enter the lobby and look for a seat.
Gina's hair is long, wind-blown, and damp. She looks
loose, comfortable. Peter excuses himself and walks
toward the receptionist. Gina sits.

LAURA-LEE

Yes?

PETER

I was, uh, wondering if we might pop in
and say hello to Mr. Larry Swisher?

LAURA-LEE

Mr. Swisher is in a meeting right now.
May I ask what this regards?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETER

I'm, uh, I'm with the Equal Employment
Opportunity Commission.

LAURA-LEE

Oh. Hi. I'm sorry. I'm Laura-Lee.

Peter reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pen and
paper. He jots down her name.

EXT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE - DAY

Alice and Miranda canvas the front yard, looking for the
house key in the dog poop. It looks like an Easter egg
hunt.

ALICE

It's over here!
(joking to Joe)
You want to come check it out first,
honey?

Joe washes real dog crap off his hands with a garden
hose.

JOE

Very funny. I'll meet you inside.

ROY AND GINA'S BEDROOM

Alice and Miranda let themselves in and walk through the
house. Alice peeks into the refrigerator and grabs
something to drink.

MIRANDA (O.S.)

Where did she say she put that suitcase?

ALICE

Under the bed! Go help her, Joe.

Joe steps into:

ROY AND GINA'S BEDROOM

Miranda digs through an old, tacky suitcase on top of
the bed. Joe points.

JOE

So this is where it all happens?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIRANDA

Grab her clothes. I'll get her office stuff.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTIONIST'S LOBBY - DAY

Gina peeks up from her magazine to look at the clock. She fidgets. Peter interrogates Laura-Lee.

LAURA-LEE

Like I said, I've just been here two days, so I really wouldn't know. I hope there's nothing wrong?

PETER

Me too. Me too. We've had a few complaints about the office. Hiring procedures, unfair practices, harassment. Tell me, have you ever been harassed by Mr. Larry Swisher?

LAURA-LEE

Oh no. Well. No.

PETER

I see. I see. Never been harassed. You're sure about that?

LAURA-LEE

Yes.

PETER

No one in this office has ever remarked about...your breasts?

LAURA-LEE

No.

PETER

No one has ever told you that you have "nice breasts?"

LAURA-LEE

No. Ha, I mean not here, anyway.

PETER

Uh-huh. And no one has ever told you, or insinuated or even remotely implied that your breasts are "large and snuggable".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA-LEE

No. I wouldn't let them do that!

PETER

I see. I see. Tell me, Laura-Lee, how long have you known Mr. Larry Swisher?

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Ed desperately attempts to bring up phlegm from his throat.

FRANK

We know we'd probably get 60 to 70 percent of the policy if we went through a corporation, but we're willing to lower that amount in exchange for a speedy transaction.

ROY

I got a question. Who here has a half a million dollars to give to Ed?

The group goes quiet.

FRANK

Roy. We wanna swap policies. Your policy for Ed's. You sign your policy over to me, and I'll give Ed 500 grand. He signs his policy to you and when he dies, you get a million dollars. I take a small transaction fee. The only hitch here is that you're gonna have to wait for Ed to, uh...

(quietly)

...skee-daddle, before you can actually collect one million dollars. Now that's just good business, considerin' Ed's physical state.

ROY

What's exactly wrong with him?

ED

I got AIDS! Screwed five women at once last week! One of 'em must have had it.

Frank rolls his eyes and shakes his head "no."

FRANK

The doctors ain't exactly sure how he contracted the virus, but I'm sure it wadn't from sex.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ed gasps for air. Larry repositions his oxygen mask.

LARRY

I was gonna say...I mean, that would be quite a feat for a guy his age!

FRANK

Yeah, 'specially since he's been in the extreme stages of syphilis for the past twelve years. Most likely it came from sharing needles. He's still an addict.

ED

Bet your ass! Give me the money! I'm flyin' to Britain where I can get my smack for free!

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

PETER

I see. I see. Laura-Lee...has anyone ever suggested that you perform oral sex in this office, right here under this very desk?

LAURA-LEE

No! I'm sorry but I just don't see why you need this information.

PETER

Ma'am. It's for your protection. Would you say his hiring procedures are...politically correct?

LAURA-LEE

Well, I'd say they are fair.

PETER

You know, you could do me a huge favor, Laura-Lee. One of the things Mr. Swisher is supposed to give me today is a list of applicants who applied for your job. Could you be a dear, excuse me, could you get those for me, honey.

LAURA-LEE

Sure.

Laura-Lee bends over and opens a file cabinet. Peter leans over the desk to get a better look.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Filtered water drips into a paper cup. Gina drinks. She breathes heavily, then refills the cup.

INT. LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy leans way back in his chair. He's having a damn good time.

FRANK

Here is a copy of Ed's medical records, his insurance policy, and the transfer of beneficiary agreement. Sign it and in the event of Ed's death, you become his sole beneficiary. That is, once you agree on a payment to Ed.

Roy stands. He takes bold, confident steps across the room.

ROY

Wow, I don't know. Sounds good, but I just don't know. Even trade sounds a little lopsided. Larry, what do you think? Could we go 40% with these guys? What if we gave them \$400,000 for the policy right now?

LARRY

Cut the shit, amigo. Frank knows you got half a million or he wouldn't be sitting here. I'm sorry Frank.

FRANK

That's all right. Roy's just a good businessman, that's all. I bet he'll be a real shark to look out for. Real business savvy.

ROY

Alright fellas, enough of the stroking. You got me. Let's sign these things and put all the nasty negotiating to bed. I'm an artist. Not a banker and I got a big piece thought out in my head. I'd like to get it down on sand. Who knows, I could be headed for the Master circuit? It'd be nice to sure this up while I'm still in town.

Roy signs. He lifts a box of cigars and passes them around to celebrate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ED

No thanks, I got my own.

Ed whips out a joint out from under the seat of his wheelchair.

INT. RECEPTION AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Peter's drinking coffee. Laura-Lee returns to the reception area holding several resumes.

LAURA-LEE

This makes me sick! You were so right about him. Just look at that. He picked me over a black girl, a Mexican woman, and an Asian! Ohhhh!

PETER

I wonder, do you say harassment or hair-ess-ment?

Roy, Larry, Frank and Ed ENTER the reception area. There's a lot of back-slapping and plenty of cigar smoke. Roy extends his hand to Ed. Ed still won't shake hands.

ROY

Aw, come on! I just gave you a half a million dollars. You could at least let me pull your leg!

Gina returns from the break room. She SEES her husband... for the first time. SILENCE.

GINA

Hi marshmallow. Miss me?

Roy LUNGES forward and throws his arms around Gina's neck.

ROY

Oh my God. Honey! Honey, what happened to you?

GINA

I'm fine. Car jacked. You're an asshole! Nice to see you all dressed up.

Roy grips Gina. He presses his cheek against hers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

What are you saying. This, all of this, was for you and I can barely say it, but I've been trying to arrange things. Like your funeral for one.

GINA

Really? Was it a twenty seven thousand dollar funeral? Because apparently that's precisely the amount missing from MY god damn bank account!

Roy looks at Peter.

ROY

You're...

PETER

Peter.

ROY

Freak in the speedo, right?

PETER

Tip o' the hat. And a beautiful mornin'.

Ed, realizing the jig is up, rears up from his wheelchair, slips off the feeding tube, pulls off his wig, and shuffles out of the room.

FRANK

(to Ed)

Daddy! Goddamnit Larry!

(to Roy)

This really your wife?

Roy half nods, half shakes.

FRANK (cont'd)

Well fuck me running! No offense, ma'am.

Frank hands Roy the contract.

FRANK (cont'd)

Ain't worth the paper it's written on.

LARRY

Frank! I'm shocked. I'm just as shocked as you are.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

That's fine Larry. You make nice-nice with the lovely couple. You done shook the wrong tree. Where the fuck is my gun?

Larry chases after Frank but gets sidetracked by Gina, who SLAPS him across the face.

GINA

Where the fuck is my money. And what is that?

Gina snatches the policy out of Larry's hand and takes a peek.

GINA (cont'd)

Oh. Great. Our life insurance policy. My life insurance policy. Really? Really Roy?!

ROY

Marshmallow, I was making a business meeting with some associates...

GINA

Associates. You have associates?

Out of the corner of his eye, Larry catches Frank storming back toward them, gun in hand.

LARRY

Why don't we all just - let me take you all to lunch. Come on.

ROY

I was actually associating my memories of you with these gentlemen. But now, that's pointless since I can associate with you.

LARRY

Please, this is my office for Christ's sake. I work here. Can we go?

Larry nudges Roy, Gina, and Peter into the:

ELEVATOR

Roy presses the "LL" button. Larry waves apologetically to Frank just before the doors close.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Going DOWN.

ROY

(staring at the door)

Honey, this isn't what it might look like. Okay? And what about you? Where may I ask have you been all night?

GINA

I was hiding, Roy. I turned myself into pixie dust! I was testing you. I arranged the entire thing!

ROY

Well, I don't buy that at all.

GINA

Oh my god, you're an idiot.

ROY

I've been running around trying to figure my life out. Our life. I too, know what it's like to be worried. And hurt - Gina.

GINA

Really. Does that have anything to do with the giant hickey on your neck?

ROY

I think you've got quite an imagination.

GINA

I was nearly killed, Roy. Worse than that, I was almost buried at sea!

ROY

I thought you'd like that.

GINA

Did you identify my body?

ROY

Can this wait?

DING!! The doors open. Apparently, Roy pushed the wrong button. The entire group walks out of the elevator into the parking garage.

PETER

You want to wait for the next train or huff it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GINA
(to Roy)
Give me your shoe.

ROY
What?

GINA
Give me your shoe.

Roy obediently complies. She sticks her finger into the hidden compartment.

GINA (cont'd)
Where's that "ribbed for her pleasure"
condom you carry around?

Gina storms off in the direction of the stairwell.

ROY
What are you talking about? We used
that in Laughlin!

GINA
Roy, you're being defensive! That's your
give away.

Gina opens the stairwell door and disappears.

ROY (O.S.)
You don't listen to me. You never
listen to a word I say. I'm saying that
all of this...

WHAM! The door shuts. As soon as it closes, Roy's defensive pleas become inaudible within the cavernous stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL -- CONTINUOUS

The group soars up the stairs. Gina opens the door from inside the stairwell. Roy's rantings immediately switch from inaudible to crystal clear.

ROY
Little Miss can't be wrong!

Gina circles around the handrail and opens the second door.

ROY (cont'd)
I'll have you know I was worried all...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOOM! Roy's dialogue becomes cavernous once more. The group marches up the stairwell and out onto:

STREET LEVEL

Once again, Roy's dialogue changes from incomprehensible echoes to the defensive tones of a man hiding something.

ROY

It honestly didn't mean a god damn thing. none of it.

GINA

I'm sure it didn't, Roy.

PETER

(to Larry)

What's for lunch?

Larry searches for Frank.

LARRY

Let's just go across the street. Where's your car, Roy? I need my briefcase.

ROY

This is a personal matter. Between me and my wife. Can you give us a minute?!

LARRY

Just give me the keys.

Roy takes Gina by the arm and heads across the street. Gina pulls away.

GINA

I do not want to be alone with you. Ever.

Peter points to a large office building across the street.

PETER

(to Larry)

That's where I work. Just over there. We should have lunch sometime. You married?

Larry turns and notices Frank standing in front of the office building. He hurries everyone to a nearby:

PARK

It's situated between two large skyscrapers and hidden from Frank's line of sight. The group sits at a picnic table. Larry is the consummate "look-out."

GINA

Isn't this nice, Roy? Isn't this just great! We should've gotten together like this more often.

LARRY

Let's just calm down. Roy, you want to try and calm her down.

GINA

Roy, where is my savings and what the hell is that contract?

LARRY

Roy. Why, don't we show her how opportunity roars, huh?

ROY

Roars?! Do you see what I'm saying. This guy is a lunatic. He's out of his mind. I bought you a car.

GINA

Was she nice, marshmallow? Was she thin? Did she bark for you in Spanish, tell you what a great artist you are? Did she tickle your "beanbag"?

Everyone tries to figure out the "beanbag" thing. A horn HONKS. Miranda, Alice, and Joe pull up to the curb.

Joe and Alice run over to join Gina.

ROY

Who's that? Who are these people? And you still haven't told me where the hell you've been!

GINA

Well, you know how you wanted to bring someone else into our bedroom, sweetie? I met the sweetest...

Gina sweeps one arm around Alice's waist and plants a big kiss on her lips. Gina's free arm reaches for Joe's crotch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY

What is this? Are you trying to make a point? Or are you just embarrassing yourself? This doesn't bother me. I'm used to it.

Roy places his palm over his ear as if he were a radio announcer. He mocks.

ROY (cont'd)

"K.K.P.W. I'm gonna be a naked winner today!" I'm sick of it. I'm sick of you making a bigger ass out of yourself than...than...your ass.

Roy grabs Larry by the waist and dips him for effect.

ROY (cont'd)

I, Gina Merryweather, eat cake forever and ever-and-ever.

Larry seizes the opportunity to root for Roy's car keys.

ROY (cont'd)

Oh baby, I know what might bring you luck today.

The keys aren't in Roy's jacket so Larry slides his hand into Roy's pants.

ROY (cont'd)

What the fuck are you doing?

LARRY

Whatever you're into. Watch the nipple. You wanna go do this in the car?

Roy throws Larry to the ground.

ROY

You're a creepy mother fucker, you know that. I trusted you and what do I get? Let's see. I get one night with a prostitute, two days with a bunch of thieves, and a lifetime with a naggy bitch!

CRACK. A thick, blunt object knocks Roy in the back of the head. He falls to the ground. FRANK stands over Roy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

Boy, that ain't no way to talk to a lady. Howdy ma'am. Frank Campbell. This here your husband?

ROY

You son-of-a...

LARRY

Roy, if you only listen to one thing I tell you, trust this, shut the fuck up.

GINA

Oh, he's not my husband anymore.

FRANK

Well ma'am, I might be able to help you. Can I ask? Have you been in touch with the police since your mishap?

ROY

(mumbles)

She's too stupid to call the police.

Frank steps on Roy's wrist.

GINA

The police? No. I think they wanted to look in my underwear drawer.

ROY

See what I mean?

FRANK

Has anyone else seen you since your untimely demise? 'Cept these good people that are here with us now?

GINA

No. Well, I did get naked in a lake. I don't know. It was dark.

FRANK

Maam. I offer ya two choices. I can take Larry the pitiful piss-ant, tic-on-my-balls, with me and be on my merry way OR I can squeeze two tics at once and help you rid your self of these unsightly pests.

GINA

What does he mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALICE

He means do you want to let Roy go, or
do you need help cutting his balls off?

CUT TO:

EXT. MYSTERIOUS GROUND - NIGHT

A shovel sinks into the sand. A hole is being dug.

INT. CITY MORGUE - NIGHT

Alice slides a check across the table to Todd the
mortician.

Todd looks impressed.

Alice lifts Roy's thick-heeled security shoes out of a
brown paper bag and slams them down on the table.

The secret compartment of the shoe accidentally plops
open. A deal has been struck.

EXT. OCEAN - NIGHT

Joe and Alice's yacht sputters in the water, guiding the
vessel into the night ocean. Gina, Peter, Miranda, Joe,
Alice, Larry and Frank watch from a distance.

Gina walks to the edge of the boat clutching a small
paper bag. She reaches in and one by one discards the
ceramic bride and groom, the remaining packs of
Carlton's, the security dog poop and, lastly, two
wedding rings into the ocean.

Peter finishes the last sip of his beer and flings the
empty can into the water.

MIRANDA

Peter!

PETER

What? She can toss her life into the
ocean but I can't sink a beer can?

Joe, Alice, Peter and Miranda move toward Gina.

JOE

Somebody should say something, I guess?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA

Am I doing the right thing?

MIRANDA

How do you feel darling?

GINA

Good. Free. Worried. Worried I'm gonna get caught.

PETER

I'd say that's a good start.

(raises a beer)

To Gina Merryweather!

GINA

No. No more Gina. From now on, its Mary. What do you think? Mary Weather.

ALL

To Mary Weather!

Wine glasses and beer cans form to toast. The camera pulls back and skims across the ocean, gradually gaining speed. The night waters soon reflect:

DAYLIGHT

A large stretch of beach grows increasingly closer. Gina, Miranda, Joe and Alice circle around a small object embedded in the sand:

ROY'S HEAD.

Roy is buried up to his neck in sand on the same stretch of beach he sculpted the day before.

Roy mumbles through a make-shift gag of hundred dollar bills.

GINA

Good morning, marshmallow. We're dead and I'm leaving you.

Gina pulls the top off her lipstick tube. Roy flinches.

GINA (cont'd)

Ya like this color? Alice leant it to me. You know Alice. Well, she and her husband are gonna give me a lift to...

She covers her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GINA (cont'd)

Oops! I'm not supposed to tell you that! I didn't know where you were when everyone thought I was dead. So to make it fair, I guess you shouldn't either.

She pulls a few bills out of Roy's mouth. Roy chokes.

ROY

Let's get out of here. This isn't even close to my fault!

GINA

Honey, you need more goo.

Gina stuffs the money back in Roy's mouth.

GINA (cont'd)

A girl needs understanding. You keep everything. If it makes it easier, just pretend I went out to get sandwiches. Oh, and your friend Frank's been really helpful. We did business. Four hundred thousand dollars worth of business. Larry gets to keep his nipple. What he needs with a nipple, I have no clue but he's happy about it. What else? The plants need water, don't forget to pay the phone bill and oh, by the way, I paid off the guys at the morgue to make it look like you're dead. Everyone thinks you're dead. But wait. You're alive? That feels weird, huh?

She leans down to whisper in Roy's ear.

GINA (cont'd)

I'm going to let Frank talk to you about the rest. It seems he has all sorts of neat plans regarding you and your policy.

Joe and Peter carry Roy's pride and joy on a wooden pallet: Mount Rock-No-More. Roy watches in HORROR as Gina carelessly helps everyone plop the sculpture off the pallet and onto the ground.

Upon impact, Elvis spills into the beach.

GINA (cont'd)

You ain't nothing but a hound dog.
Lyin' all the time.

She moon-walks over the head of Michael Jackson.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Mt. Rock-No-More, is no more. Gina produces Roy's anniversary gold spade, and plants it in the sand inches from his nose. Next, she pulls their hourglasses out of her pocket and loops each one over Roy's ears.

GINA (cont'd)

Oh, I almost forgot. The Sand Sculpting Commission called. I'm so proud of you! You made it sweetie. Master Roy, you made it!

A small sign is anchored in the sand near Roy's head: "STRUGGLING ARTIST." The "I" is dotted with a heart. Gina turns and heads for the dinghy. She blows Roy a kiss!

GINA (cont'd)

Besos y mordiscos, pinche cabrón!

SUBTITLE: Kisses and love bites, you damn bastard!

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR -- DAYS LATER

Organ music. Two caskets sit side by side. A familiar voice fades up. The voice sounds peculiar, as if its been filtered through the long distance lines of a telephone.

FRANK (V.O.)

Ding dong! Unto thine own self be true, the sayin' goes. Ying-yang. Marriage is a meetin' of the spirit.

INT. MORGUE -- DAY

Shane, the mortician, swaps toe tags on a mangled dead body just before pulling back the white sheet. A detective crouches to examine a familiar pair of shoes.

The Detective inspects the corpse. He lifts the heel of the shoe and withdraws Roy's Texas drivers license and credit cards, thereby identifying the body as Roy Heinze.

FRANK (V.O.)

The good book kinda frowns on self-confidence, says it can lead to conceit. And I reckon the fellers that wrote that, were pretty sure of themselves.

EXT. ROY AND GINA'S HOUSE -- DAY

A woman brings a glass of lemonade out to her husband who is trying to lift a large dresser out of a moving van. They are moving in to Roy and Gina's old home.

WOMAN

Why don't you take the drawers out?
It'll be lighter.

FRANK (V.O.)

I think, you can't put things where they're supposed to be, until you figure out where they belong. Roy Heinze knew he belonged with his wife.

HUSBAND

Don't you think I thought of that?

A speedo-clad Peter stops his lawn mower and waves.

PETER

Morning neighbor! Need any help?

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A pair of ragged dress shoes climbs a dark stairway in a run-down apartment building. A fist knocks on the door of apartment 2D.

FRANK (V.O.)

Maybe that's why Roy got all liquored up and jumped off that bridge. We'll never know. But we do take faith that Roy is happier now. Praise the Lord!

ROY'S MOTHER

What do you want?!

LARRY

Mrs. Heinze. I'm very sorry to hear about your son. I am here to discuss Roy's will. Did you know you're his beneficiary?

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

ROY sits on the curb in front of his mother's apartment. He waits anxiously.

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LARRY (O.S.)

That's a lovely rug! Did you get that in Alaska?

ROY'S MOTHER (O.S.)

I've never been to Alaska.

LARRY (O.S.)

Never been to Alaska!?

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR - MORNING

Roy's mother holds Larry's arm. She weeps real tears. Peter, Alice, Miranda and Joe, dressed in black, sit side by side up front.

A cell phone picks up Frank's sermon from beneath the podium.

Roy's casket lays in front of the podium.

FRANK

You're son wanted you to be happy, Mrs. Heinze. That's why he left you his life savings of \$223 dollars and all his security devices to keep you safe. In the days to come, we'll all have to find peace within ourselves. The Lord, Mrs. Heinze, may even call you to do some good with *your* life savings. When the Lord spoke to me this morning, he said you might find solace in an Alaskan golf development. Now I don't know what that means.

Roy's mother weeps uncontrollably.

Larry takes her hand.

FRANK (cont'd)

The Lord works in mysterious ways.

EXT. YACHT -- AFTERNOON

The wind rips through Gina's hair. She sits comfortably atop the deck of *her* boat, *The Miracle*. She listens to Frank's sermon via cell phone.

FRANK (O.S.)

Hallelujah! Let us pray. And while we do...

INT. FUNERAL PARLOR -- CONTINUOUS

Frank gives a wink to his father, Ed, who sits in the back row.

FRANK

(whispers)

...very quietly, I'm going to ask the Lord to move our deaf pallbearer to take up a collection plate for, Roy's mother, the grieving Mrs. Heinze.

The audience is moved when they witness the deaf man answer the calling of the Lord.

The End.