

Final Draft
Month/Day/Year

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Registered:####

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C.- LATE AFTERNOON

A series of shots of Washington in all its ceremonial and romantic glory. A montage of happy lovers and the city...

EXT. BECKWITH & GREY

A high end brownstone. A plaque on the facade reads : BECKWITH & GREY - MEDIATORS.

MRS. KROEGER (O.S.)

I hate you!

MR. KROEGER (O.S.)

Good, I hate you too!

BECKWITH & GREY -CONFERENCE ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

JOHN BECKWITH and JEREMY GREY, early thirties, sit and watch, bemused, as the couple before them, MR. AND MRS. KROEGER, shout at each other. Next to them sit their two ATTORNEYS.

MRS. KROEGER

I'm gonna take you for every fucking cent you're worth!

MR. KROEGER

I will roll over in my grave before I let you touch a dime, you gold digging bitch!

JEREMY

Aww, that one was sweet.

JOHN

Enough! We're really close here.

MRS. KROEGER'S ATTORNEY
(to his client)

I told you this was a bad idea.

JEREMY

You know what, Ken? The really bad idea is to let your client walk out of this room and drag this out for another year, costing him thousands of dollars in your legal fees and endless amounts of pain, suffering and emotional distress. That's a bad idea. The better idea is to let us do our jobs and mediate this thing, right here, right now, and for both of them to walk out of here today free, with some dignity left, and a few more dollars in their pockets.

Husband's attorney flips him off.

JOHN

Alright. We're close here. Let's not lose focus. We've taken care of the cars, and uh.. .the furniture--

MRS. KROEGER

Oh, not the Queen Anne chair!

MR. KROEGER

You know what? Let her have the fucking chair. She can plant her fat, lazy ass on it. I don't care.

JOHN

Husband generously says yes to chair.

MRS. KROEGER

Yeah, that's your problem. You don't care, you motherfucker.

JOHN

Wife graciously accepts chair. Let's see, that leaves the frequent flier miles...

MRS. KROEGER/MR. KROEGER

I want 'em/They're mine!

JEREMY

(fed up)

This is gonna take awhile. I'll order in.

Jeremy goes to stand, John puts a hand on his shoulder.

JOHN

Why don't we split those miles right down the middle? Come on.

MR. KROEGER

Those are business miles! I earned those miles!

MRS. KROEGER

Yeah I You earned them flying to Denver to meet your whore!

MR. KROEGER

Well, at least I don't have to take her pulse to make sure she's conscious when I'm banging her!

MRS. KROEGER

Well it's difficult to stay awake when you have something inside you the size of hamster dick!

JEREMY

That would fall into the category of things we do not need to know.

JOHN

(softly, to the husband)

Give her the miles. It's the right thing to do.

HUSBAND

No.

) JEREMY

We're at the ugly stage now, aren't we?

Jeremy throws his pen.

JOHN

It's important for you two to stop for a minute. It wasn't always like this. Think about your wedding. I 'm sure it was beautiful. The decorations. Your families coming together. For a second it was wonderful, it meant something. Try to remember that moment...

JEREMY

The enemy isn't each other, the enemy is "marriage".

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

And it's "marriage" that is causing you this pain and suffering. So focus on that moment John is describing, and do the right thing here. Not for the other person, but for yourselves. Cause what you really want for yourself is to feel good again...to move on.

A moment of quiet in the room.

WOMAN

He can have the miles.

Jeremy nods at her supportively. John starts writing it down.

HUSBAND

No...she can have them.

John smiles.

JOHN

Great. Let's sign the paperwork.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - LATER

Jeremy walks in. His secretary, JANICE, is there. Holding a sleeping bag.

JEREMY

Great! You got it! One-hundred percent goose down?

JANICE

Yes. Why do you need this?

JEREMY

Every year on John's birthday I sleep over at his house.

JANICE

O-kaaay... that's not creepy...

JEREMY

Creepy? I guess it's creepy when a young man, an only child, loses both his parents tragically a month before his birthday. I made him a promise he'd never be alone on his birthday. I guess that's "creepy."

The secretary just looks at him. Visibly feeling guilty.

JANICE

Oh my God. I am so sorry. I didn't know. You are so sweet. (beat) I have the perfect girl for you. She just graduated Michigan.

JEREMY

Law?

JANICE

Yeah...

JEREMY

No thanks.

JANICE

I haven't even told you about her!

JEREMY

Let me guess: Came to DC to work on the hill, loves Nader but still drives an SUV, thinks she's gonna make a difference, humble roots, big dreams, writes, paints, enjoys old movies, puppies, long walks in the snow, anything with chocolate.

JANICE

That's...that's amazing. I mean she drives a station wagon, but--

JEREMY

You're missing my point. I'm sorry I'm not eager to rush into an awkward, forced, intimate situation you may call dating, but I've never found it a "blast" to listen to some girl tell me the monologue of her life, then have to tell the monologue of mine, worrying whether there's there food on my face, do I kiss her in the car or at the door, do I need to pretend to like her pet, all the while painfully waiting to find out if we're going to fuck.

JANICE

Wow, aren't you the romantic?!

JEREMY

I don't make the facts, I just like to point them out. (beat) I've always had a way with words.

He tosses the sleeping bag back to her. She turns. Exits.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY

Janice runs into John, who sees the sleeping bag

JOHN

Oh no. The sleeping bag.

JANICE

Uh...

JOHN

Did he tell you my parents died tragically?

JANICE

I'm so sorry...

JOHN

Please...my parents did not die tragically.

JANICE

What?!

JOHN

I mean, they did split up, and technically I guess you could say they abandoned me, but the rest is just Jeremy. He's really needy and sensitive and for some reason wants to believe everyone else is like him.

She stares at him a moment, and then walks away.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE

John walks in.

JEREMY
Happy Anniversary.

JOHN
What?

JEREMY
Seventeen years!

JOHN
Oh, that's right. June 11th, 1988.
Walt Whitman High - Junior Prom.

JEREMY
You think it's gay, don't you? The
anniversary thing...

JOHN
I don't think it's gay.

JEREMY
Then how come you never get me
anything for our anniversary?

JOHN
Okay...what you said right there?
That was a little gay.

JEREMY
Oh, screw you. Anyway, we've got a
big three weeks ahead of us...
it's wedding season, kid! {looks
at his daytimer} I've got us down
for five.

JOHN
Any of them cash bars?

JEREMY
Two. But I got it covered.
(pulling out two
medals)
Purple hearts. We won't have to
buy a drink all night.

JOHN
Perfect.

JEREMY
Five opportunities to get laid.
Five opportunities to score with
women so aroused by the thought of
marriage they mistakenly hook on
to us as the men of their dreams.

JOHN
Bingo. I'll get my suit. Who are
we this time?

EXT. TEMPLE BETH SHALOM/VESTIBULE - DAY

John and Jeremy, in suits, enter the Synagogue
and introduce themselves to the ushers.

JOHN
Hi, Lou Epstein.

JEREMY
Chuck Schwartz.

They both put on their yarmulkes.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - A LITTLE LATER

The service is in full swing. The Rabbi is chanting. John glances at a pretty young woman sitting down the aisle from him. She's choked up. She looks at John and smiles. John takes out a handkerchief and dabs a fake tear from his eye. The woman takes a breath, she's smitten. It takes a real man to cry at a wedding. CLOSE ON: John's hand. He's concealing a small tube of "Hypo Tears."

Jeremy makes eye contact with a different woman. She returns the eye contact. Jeremy smiles and turns away. She's not the one. He looks to his left and catches the gaze of a young blonde woman. She briefly returns his glance and half-smiles. Jeremy smiles. She's the one.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - A LITTLE LATER

The Rabbi concludes, the Groom steps on the glass, the crowd including our guys shout, "Mazel Tov!"

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

The reception is in full swing. As a sort of hip Klezmer band plays "Hava-Negila", we see John and Jeremy practicing the fine art of wedding crashing:

John does a magic trick for some kids.

Jeremy dances with the bride's mother. She's blushing.

John slaps some old guy on the back as they share a laugh.

Jeremy raises his glass to toast the happy couple.

John raises his glass to toast the happy couple.

Jeremy does magic tricks for the kids.

John dances with the bride's mother.

Jeremy dances with the second woman he made eye contact with.

John dances slowly with the woman who saw him cry.

Jeremy, in a secluded alcove, is about to kiss the woman he was dancing with.

John, in a secluded alcove, is about to kiss the woman he was dancing with.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - AFTERNOON

John and Jeremy walk up the steps of a Catholic Church.

INT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

John and Jeremy enter and introduce themselves to the ushers.

JOHN

Jimmy O'Shea.

JEREMY
Tommy Fitzpatrick.

INT. VENDATA NARAYAN HINDU TEMPLE - DAY

John and Jeremy enter and introduce themselves to the ushers.

JOHN
Henry Prajshnap.

JEREMY
Chuck Vindaloo.

INT. ONE OF THE VARIOUS RECEPTIONS

John is dancing with a red-head.

RED HEAD
Wow. The French Foreign Legion.

JOHN
Don't really like to talk about it. We lost a lot of good men out there.

She melts into his chest.

INT. DIFFERENT RECEPTION

Jeremy is dancing with a BLONDE.

BLONDE
Wow. Mt. Everest.

JEREMY

Don't really like to talk about
it. We lost a lot of good men out
there.

She melts into his chest.

INT. DIFFERENT RECEPTION - LATER

John is dancing with a BRUNETTE.

BRUNETTE

Wow. The New York Yankees.

JOHN

(without thinking)

Don't really like to talk about
it. We lost a lot of good men out
there.

BRUNETTE

Huh?

JOHN

(recovering)

What? Oh! The fans got
unruly...and there were
trades...it was ugly.

INT. JEWISH WEDDING RECEPTION

An OLD COUPLE look toward Jeremy who's at full-
throttle, dancing, having a good time.

OLD WOMAN

(re. John)

Who is that?

OLD MAN

Uh...him? I think that's Sid's kid. Leonard. The diabetic.

OLD WOMAN

Ohhhh...

INT. ITALIAN RECEPTION

Another OLD COUPLE watch John dancing and dipping the bride.

OLD ITALIAN MAN

Who is that?

OLD ITALIAN WOMAN

Uh...him? That's Louie and Gina's kid, Christopher. The banker.

INT. CHINESE RECEPTION

OLD CHINESE MAN

(re. John)

That's Carmen's nephew, Manny. The veterinarian.

INT. IRISH RECEPTION - LATE

OLD IRISH WOMAN

(re. Jeremy)

That's the O'Shaughnessy kid, Timmy. The astronaut.

INT. HINDU RECEPTION - LATE

OLD INDIAN MAN

(re. John)

That's... Prajshnap. Lima and
Jahawal's boy. The shrimper.

INT. JEWISH WEDDING RECEPTION

John and Jeremy are just beginning to dance to the perennial wedding reception song, "Shout!" The guests sing along. Close on John and Jeremy as they sing and dance.

JOHN AND JEREMY

"It makes you want to shout! Put
your hands up and shout!"

INT. HINDU RECEPTION

JOHN AND JEREMY

(singing)

Fa-Lo guerer shout! Ponha seus
bracos acima e shout! Ponha seus
pes acima e shout!

INT. CHINESE RECEPTION

JOHN AND JEREMY

(singing)

"Gee-fun-chee-na-to Shout! Choy-
engto-uh-see-ho Shout! Shi-i-
no-gong-ato Shout!"

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

John and one of the women we've seen from a wedding jump into bed as "Shout" continues to play.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremy and one of the women we've seen from a wedding also jump into bed as "Shout" keeps playing.

INT. VARIOUS BEDROOMS

We intercut between DIFFERENT WOMEN with John and Jeremy jumping into bed. "Shout" still plays.

INT. VARIOUS DANCE FLOORS, RECEPTIONS, AND BEDROOMS

The music gets louder and louder. A rapid sequence of dance floors, receptions, winks, nods, kisses, toasts as the music crescendos. Champagne bottles pop. Roman candles explode. We hear the final "SHOUT!" The music stops. CUT TO: Jeremy as he rolls off one of the women. He sighs contentedly.

INT. ANOTHER BEDROOM

John rolls off his woman, distracted. The woman smiles, snuggles up to him, her head on his chest.

WOMAN

Henry...tell me again about your second tour with Lilith Fair.

JOHN

My second tour with Lilith...right.

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - SUNRISE

John and Jeremy sit on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial, suits disheveled, watching the sun rise behind the Washington Monument. They pass a bottle of champagne back and forth.

JEREMY

I bet that blonde girl was a real shot of life...

JOHN

Oh yeah...real shot.

(takes a drink;
beat)

Do you ever feel like maybe we've been...I don't want to say "sleazy"...but maybe a bit irresponsible?

JEREMY

No. (beat) Look, someday you'll look back on all this and laugh. Say we were young and stupid.

Jeremy takes the bottle. Drinks.

JOHN

Yeah...but we're not young anymore.

They sit quietly for a moment. Jeremy takes the final sip.

JEREMY

Hell of a season.

JOHN

Hell of a season.

AERIAL SHOT - THE SUN BREAKS THE HORIZON BEHIND THE MONUMENTS

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeremy tosses a newspaper announcement into John's lap.

JOHN

(reading)

Cleary!?

JEREMY

The Secretary of the fucking Treasury! You love that guy. Ever since you were in Business school.

JOHN

I don't know, man. The season's over and I really need some rest...

JEREMY

What's wrong with you? This is the Kentucky Derby of weddings. It's the Clearys! They're an institution! We've never crashed anything like this!

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Two hundred single women. Three
live bands! Oysters!

JOHN

I'm tired. My feet hurt. My voice
is hoarse.

JEREMY

Your voice is hoarse? You're
slipping. You're going soft on me.
I can't believe this.

JOHN

What are you talking about?

JEREMY

At the Buckner nuptials, you were
in the corner, sulking!

JOHN

I wasn't sulking! I twisted my
ankle.

JEREMY

Rule six: Don't sit in the corner
and sulk. It draws attention in a
negative way. Draw attention to
yourself on your own terms!

JOHN

I know the rules, Jeremy!

JEREMY

When Chazz Reinghold gave us those
sacred rules of wedding crashing
twelve years ago, he passed on a
legacy. We have a responsibility
here.

JOHN

You know, you make it sound like a cult. Chazz Reinghold was a kook!

JEREMY

Bite your tongue! He was not kook! He was a brave and decent man!

JOHN

He lived with his mother until he was forty! She tried to poison his oatmeal!

JEREMY

That was never proven! And he never lived with his mother! But anyway, what about Rule Nineteen, John?!

JOHN

Oh not that again--

JEREMY

Rule Nineteen: Toast in the native language if you know the native language and have practiced the toast. Do not wing it! Last week you when you toasted the groom in Hindi--

JOHN

Ok! I got a couple of words mixed up. Big deal! I said he was educated and well read!

JEREMY

You said he was educated and well hung!

JOHN

That's still a compliment! Don't play semantics with me!

JEREMY

My point is you're getting sloppy. Now if you want me to do this thing with you, I need to know you're committed...that your head is right. There's no room for error.

John looks at the announcement.

JOHN

My head is right, okay? (beat)
It's going to require some careful planning.

JEREMY

There's my man. He's back. My man is back!

EXT. THE NATIONAL CATHEDRAL - MORNING - A WEEK LATER

John and Jeremy are standing outside John's car out front. They're in their tuxes. High powered POLITICIANS, with SECRET SERVICE, and other guests mill about in front of the church.

JEREMY

(keeping it cool)
Okay, let's do our pre-game.

JOHN

Fine. What do you have?

John reaches in the car and hands him a folder.

JEREMY

A few articles on Secretary Cleary's economic policy. Skim them quickly. Also a roster of the key family members. A glossary of sailing terms. Sailing's like sex to these people.

John looks over the folder.

JOHN

Okay...Harvard...Kennedy School of Government... Mom's big with the charities, blah blah blah. Three daughters, one son, a million foundations. Okay. Got it.

John hands back the file to Jeremy. Looks over and sees -CLAIRE CLEARY. She's a vision floating through the crowd, smiling, up to her father and planting a kiss on his cheek.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Let me take a look at that again.

Jeremy hands the file back to John who has renewed vigor.

JEREMY

What's our back story?

JOHN

We're brothers from New Hampshire. We're venture capitalists.

JEREMY

I'm sick of that one. Why don't we be from...Vermont and...

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

and have, say, an emerging maple syrup conglomerate.

JOHN

Because we don't know anything about maple syrup.

JEREMY

I happen to know everything about maple syrup. I love maple syrup.

JOHN

This isn't the time to change up the playbook. It's the first quarter of the big game, why are you putting up a hail mary?

JEREMY

Point taken.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

John and Jeremy kneel down in a pew on the groom's side. Both pretend to be in prayer as they scope potential women.

JEREMY

Third row. Straw hat.

JOHN

You know that women who wear hats never give it up. C'mon!

JEREMY

(a little too loud) What? That's not true! I bagged that chick with the beret at the Martingano wedding I

People turn around. John smiles apologetically.

JOHN

A little louder. I don't think the Priest heard you.

A COUPLE in their fifties sit down next to John. The man reaches out his hand to John.

MAN

Frank Myers.

JOHN

(shaking his hand)

John Ryan. This is my brother Jeremy.

Jeremy nods.

FRANK

Good seats.

JEREMY

Five rows back. Two seats in. Close enough to the altar but far enough back to see the bride's entrance...and not close enough to have to make eye contact with the wedding party.

FRANK

Right...so, how do you know the groom?

JOHN

Oh, we're...

(quick beat of thinking)

Uncle Ned's kids.

FRANK

Uncle Ned? Is he Liz's brother?

JOHN

Yeah...Liz's brother.

FRANK

Great. How is everybody?

JOHN

Dad's fine. Aunt Liz sends her best. She couldn't make it.

FRANK

Uh...I know. She's dead.

Jeremy leans over. He's had to do this before.

JEREMY

She sends her best from the grave. We've become very spiritual.

FRANK

I see...

Franks smiles and turns away.

JEREMY

(sotto to John)

How many times are you gonna do this? Rule thirty-two - if you're going to commit to a relative, make sure you know they have a pulse.

The groom comes out unto the altar. The guests turn toward the back of the church. John and Jeremy turn to see a groomsman escort a very old lady to her seat.

This is MARY CLEARY, grandmother of the bride. Next, two groomsmen walk the mother of the bride, KATHLEEN CLEARY to her seat. She has the glow of someone who has been drinking.., every day for the last twenty-five years.

Next, groomsmen and bridesmaids walk down the aisle. One of the bridesmaids is GLORIA CLEARY, the bride's youngest sister. Jeremy elbows John.

JEREMY

Hel-lo. (to John) Dibs.

JOHN

All yours, pal.

A groomsman, SACK LODGE, walks Claire, the maid of honor, to the altar. A String Quartet plays "Here Comes the Bride." The guests stand as the bride, CHRISTINA CLEARY, is walked down the aisle by her father, TREASURY SECRETARY WILLIAM CLEARY.

John takes a look at the bride and turns to Jeremy.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I think we've got a crier.

JEREMY

Nah...

JOHN

Twenty bucks?

JEREMY

Make it forty and you're on.

JOHN

Done.

The Secretary walks Christina to the altar. Gives her a kiss on the cheek. Sits down next to his wife. Christina immediately starts bawling.

JEREMY

Jesus...

Jeremy reaches into his wallet and hands John a two twenties.

INT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

John and Jeremy are bored like crazy. The Priest, FATHER O'NEIL, a grandfatherly sort, continues the service.

FATHER O'NEIL

Now, for our next reading, I'd like to invite the bride's sister, Gloria, up to the lectern.

JOHN

Twenty bucks says it's First Corinthians.

JEREMY

Double or nothing, Colossians 3:12.

Gloria walks up to the lectern, opens the bible...

GLORIA

A reading from Paul's first letter to the Corinthians.

Jeremy rolls his eyes. Hands John another two twenties.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(reading)

"Love is patient. Love is kind..."

JEREMY

Love is wearing a lavender
dress...

Jeremy looks over at John who is sincerely mouthing the real words as Gloria continues to read. Jeremy gives him a look.

INT. CHURCH - FORTY FIVE MINUTES LATER

Jeremy is dozing off in the pew. John elbows him. Jeremy jolts awake and dabs some fake tears under his eyes.

JEREMY

I just love to see young people
happy.

FATHER O'NEIL

As we all know, Craig and
Christina are both quite the
sailing enthusiasts. They got
engaged while sailing the
Caribbean. In that light they have
elected to say vows that they
themselves have written.

Craig takes a ring from the RINGBEARER. Places
it on Christina's finger.

CRAIG

I Craig, take you Catherine to be
my wife, my best friend, and my
first mate.

Claire makes a face that says "Oh, please." John notices.

CRAIG

To captain our ship of love...

Claire has to stifle laughter.

CRAIG

To stay with that ship no matter
how rough the seas.

Claire lets out a little laugh. John can't take his eyes off of her.

CRAIG

Through health and sickness, clear
skies and squalls.

Claire can't fight it, she laughs. She coughs to cover her laugh. Christina looks crossly at her.

CLAIRE

Sorry. Tickle in my throat.

JEREMY

(to John)

Well, this is a first.

John watches Claire, enamoured. Christina places a ring on the Craig's finger.

CHRISTINA

I Christina take you, Craig, to be
my husband, my best friend, and my
Captain.

Claire's in agony, pinching herself to keep from losing it.

CHRISTINA

To be your anchor and your sail,
your starboard and your port, your
bow and your stern.

Claire has to turn around. Her shoulders are heaving.

FATHER O'NEIL

By the power vested in me, I now
pronounce you Husband and Wife.
You may now...kiss the first mate.

Claire explodes in laughter which is drowned out by the guests' applause. The Bride and Groom, then the groomsmen and bridesmaids, walk out up the aisle. John studies Claire the whole way. Enthralled. Jeremy winks at Gloria, who blushes.

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB - NOON, LATER THAT DAY

John and Jeremy walk through an entrance area and into a large banquet room. John's holding a gift. Off to the side is a bar area and off to the other side is a deck with an ocean view. Everything is decorated beautifully. There are opulent platters of food. A SWING BAND is playing. It's like something from Gatsby. A waiter comes by with a tray of lobster canapes. John takes one. Jeremy takes two. Jeremy looks around. He's in heaven.

JEREMY

Sweet, huh? What did I tell you?

JOHN

You said it would be sweet.

John sees Claire arrive. He smiles.

JOHN

Get us seats near-- but not too near-- the bridal party. I'll drop the fake present.

JEREMY

Excellent. And if you see any crab cakes, grab me some. I love crab cakes...

John walks off. Jeremy surveys the room. Browses the name cards on the tables. Pulls cards from his pocket. Shuffles through them. Finds a style match. Takes two off the table.

JEREMY

(to himself)

Sorry Mr. and Mrs. Burgess. I'm sure we'll find you another lovely table. Just not this one.

Jeremy places his fake cards down on the table.
CLOSE ON: The new NAME CARDS read "John Ryan" and "Jeremy Ryan."

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB - A MINUTE LATER

Claire is at the wedding present table, checking out the gifts. She picks up a medium size box and gives it a shake.

JOHN (O.C.)

Fondue set.

Claire looks up. John places his fake gift on the table.

CLAIRE

Excuse me?

JOHN

The present you're holding. It's a sterling silver fondue set.

He holds out his hand.

JOHN

John Ryan.

CLAIRE

Claire Cleary.

(re. present)

How do you know?

JOHN

Sort of a psychic.

CLAIRE

Really?

(picks up another
one)

What's this one, then?

JOHN

Knife set. Very nice. German.

Claire picks up another.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Cotton linens, Egyptian.

John quickly picks up a series of presents names all of them.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Place setting. Candlesticks.
Crystal Stemware... which they'll
never use by the way.

She holds up a small box.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Massage oils and a book on Tantra.
Probably from the wacky Aunt.

CLAIRE
(looking at gift
card)
Aunt Millie. Wow. You definitely
have a gift.

JOHN
Yes. Unfortunately, my powers only
apply to useless consumer
products.

CLAIRE
Well, look, if one day the police
need someone to find a missing
Belgian waffle maker, you're
there.

John laughs. Claire's mom, Kathleen, approaches.

KATHLEEN
Claire, we need you for pictures.
(re. John)
Who's your friend?

CLAIRE
This is John Ryan.

JOHN
(to Claire)
You remembered my name.

CLAIRE
I have a gift.

She walks away with Kathleen, who turns and winks at him.

POTOMAC BEACH CLUB/BAR AREA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

John enters the bar area. Jeremy walks up, eating.

JEREMY
The bacon wrapped scallops are phenomenal!

JOHN
(noticing a woman)
Oh shit! Isn't that the chick you picked up at the Byrne Wedding?

JEREMY
(sees the woman,
panics)
I'm smoked!

JOHN
Don't panic. We'll do number ten from the playbook.

She walks up.

WOMAN

Shlomo?! I thought you were renouncing your possessions and moving to Nepal.

Jeremy looks at her, feigning confusion.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Shlomo? Don't you remember me?

JOHN

Oh, God, I'm sorry. You didn't hear, I guess. Shlomo had a bad scuba diving accident. He came up too fast. Oxygen deprivation. He doesn't remember anyone. Even me, his own brother. I'm just some nice man who helps him out.

WOMAN

Oh, you poor dear.

Jeremy looks at her and does fake sign language to John.

JOHN

(to the woman)

I'm afraid, he can't hear you. Part of the accident. You here for the Cleary Wedding?

WOMAN

Yes, but I have to leave. I've got a flight to Madrid.

Out of her sight, Jeremy mouths "Thank God" to John.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

But I could hang out for a few minutes.

(stroking Jeremy's arm)

Oh, poor Shlomo.

Jeremy does more fake sign language.

JOHN

He wants me to take him to the bathroom.

(off more fake signing)

And he wants some crab cakes.

(to Jeremy, signing)

Okay, we'll go to the bathroom first then we'll get the crab cakes.

Jeremy signs angrily.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(signing)

Fine. We'll get you the crab cakes first.

(to the woman)

Please excuse us.

WOMAN

(handing John a card)

Here's my number if there's anything I can do to help.

The woman walks away. Jeremy grabs the card. John gives him a look.

JEREMY

What? You always say your bullpen
can never be too full.

JOHN

You can't call her, she thinks
you're deaf!

JEREMY

Everybody loves to be part of a
miracle.

JOHN

(rolls his eyes)

So what angle are you gonna play
here?

JEREMY

I think I'll start with a balloon
animal display for the kids and
then, when that chick draws near,
do the broken-man-haunted-by-his-
past.

JOHN

Excellent.

JEREMY

You?

JOHN

I'm gonna work the Dad and then
dance with the little flower girl.
Public policy minded and good with
kids.

JEREMY

Beautiful.

JOHN

Let's do it.

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

Jeremy makes balloon animals for the kids. He hands a finished elephant to a kid. All the other kids are impressed. Jeremy looks for Gloria. She's watching from across the room.

JEREMY

Okay, who's next?

A BRATTY KID steps to the front of the crowd.

BRATTY KID

I want a bicycle.

JEREMY

A bike takes too many balloons.
Uncle Jeremy's a little out of
breath. How about a giraffe?
Giraffe's are cool.

The bratty kid gets right in Jeremy's face.

BRATTY KID

Make me a bicycle.

POTOMAC BEACH CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

John dances with the Flower Girl who's counting her steps.

FLOWER GIRL

One, two, three, step. One, two,
three, step.

JOHN

Tell you what. Why don't you just step on my shoes and I'll show you a few moves you can bust out on your classmates. Would you like that?

FLOWER GIRL

Yeah!

She steps on John's shoes. He glides her around the floor like Gene Kelly. She's laughing, having the time of her life. Claire notices them. Smiles at John. John smiles back and dips the Flower Girl, who's eating this up.

Kathleen, the mother of the bride, steps in.

KATHLEEN

Let's see how you do with someone your own age.

JOHN

I think I'm up to the challenge.
(to the Flower
Girl)
Save me a dance later.

The Flower Girl smiles. Runs away. John spins Kathleen around the dance floor.

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

Jeremy hands an incredibly elaborate balloon bicycle to the bratty kid. Gloria walks up and notices the balloon.

GLORIA

You're good.

JEREMY

This is nothing. Yesterday I made my grandma a new house. Real nice one, too. With a pool. Gazebo.

Gloria laughs.

GLORIA

Okay, then I'll take a sports car.

JEREMY

Or how about a dance?

GLORIA

That's what I really wanted.

Jeremy pulls Gloria out on the dance floor.

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB - CONTINUOUS

John and Kathleen finish their dance. Walk off the floor.

JOHN

So, how long have you and the Secretary been married?

KATHLEEN

Oh, thirty years next April.

JOHN

Wow.

KATHLEEN

(smiling, casual)

We were faithful for two of them.

JOHN

Huh...

KATHLEEN

(winking)

Enjoy the party.

She walks away. John notices Sec. Cleary sitting at a table alone. John takes a deep breath. Walks over.

JOHN

Secretary Cleary? John Ryan. I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed your position paper on economic expansion in Micronesia.

SEC. CLEARY

(pleased)

You read my position paper?

JOHN

Read it while I was sailing my boat to Bermuda.

SEC. CLEARY

Ah, a sailor. Good man. Hey, you didn't happen to catch my speech on the Paraguayan Debt and Money Supply issue, did you?

JOHN

Are you kidding me? It was brilliant. The argument for the inverse ratio of capitalization to debt was genius. The section on sustainable development was right on target. Now if only Congress weren't so short-sighted.

Secretary Cleary is thrilled by John's praise.

SEC. CLEARY

Yes, yes! So short-sighted.

(puts his arm
around John)

John, what do you say you and I
head out to the deck and light up
a couple of cigars?

JOHN

I would love that, sir.

POTOMAC BEACH CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy and Gloria are dancing to a slower song.

GLORIA

And you saved his life?

JEREMY

Yeah, some others weren't so
lucky. It still shakes me up to
talk about it.

GLORIA

I'm sorry.

JEREMY

(a little choked
up)

It's okay. It's just... we lost
some really good men out there.

Jeremy stops dancing and looks down, deep in
thought.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

If you'll excuse me. I think I
need to get some air.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)
(shaking her hand)
It was nice meeting you.

Jeremy walks off towards the exit. She watches him and melts.

EXT. BEACH - A MINUTE LATER

Jeremy walks down toward the ocean.

GLORIA (O.S.)
Jeremy! Wait up.

Over Jeremy's shoulder, we see Gloria running to catch up to him. Jeremy smiles to himself. He's got her.

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB/DECK AREA - LATER

John and Sec. Cleary are out on the deck, smoking cigars, and looking out at the ocean.

SEC. CLEARY
John, you seem like an astute man.

JOHN
Thank you, sir.

SEC. CLEARY
Maybe you can help explain something to me.

(nodding towards
the corner of the
deck)

See that young man over there?

John looks to see a young man, about 22. He's an intense, morose, artiste.

He's plucking petals off a rose. Tossing them into the ocean. Watching intently as they fall.

SEC. CLEARY

That's my son, Todd.

(shaking his head)

Twenty-two years old. The whole world in front of him. Every advantage in life. Advantages I never had. Well, that's not exactly true. He had the same advantages I had, which is a hell of a lot of advantages. So here's my question: what does he have to be so morose about?

JOHN

Maybe he hasn't found anything to believe in yet...

SEC. CLEARY

Oh, he says he believes in...art. But all I've seen him do is dribble his own blood on a canvas, then smear it around with a stick.

JOHN

Well, some people think that's art.

SEC. CLEARY

It's crap. Whatever happened to public service, our obligation to our fellow man? (to a waiter passing by) Um, Franklin. My daiquiri's at half mast.

FRANKLIN, the waiter, grabs the glass.

FRANKLIN

Right away, sir.

JOHN

I'm sure he's, you know, just finding his way.

SEC. CLEARY

And perhaps I should take it easier on him?

JOHN

Perhaps.

SEC. CLEARY

Yeah. Maybe your right.

TODD

(screaming at the
ocean)

Death! You are my bitch lover!

SEC. CLEARY

Good, Todd, that's good! You tell that...mean...ocean.

Todd looks over, perplexed. John nods and smiles at Cleary.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Jeremy and Gloria are sitting in a deserted cove.

GLORIA

And so you dove into the icy water to save him?

JEREMY

Yeah, well, I'm sure anyone would do the same.

GLORIA

I've always wondered...why would a man risk his own life to save the life of a complete stranger?

JEREMY

Well, the great 19th century philosopher Schopenhauer asked that very question and this is how he answered it. He said that at that moment when a person sees another in danger, there is a breaking in of a metaphysical awareness. You know what that awareness is?

GLORIA

(expectantly)

What?

JEREMY

That we are all one. That separateness is an illusion. That I am one with everyone. The Prime Minister of England, my great Uncle Harry, you, me, the fat kid on "What's Happening." We are all one.

GLORIA

We are?

JEREMY

Yes.

(taking her hand)

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

My hand... is your hand.

(touching her
cheek)

My cheek... is your cheek.

(touching her
lips)

My lips...

GLORIA

Are my lips?

JEREMY

Yes.

She kisses him passionately.

EXT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB/DECK AREA - CONTINUOUS

John is still with Sec. Cleary. Claire walks up.

SEC. CLEARY

Claire, there's someone I want you
to meet. This is John Ryan.

CLAIRE

We've met. He's psychic.

SEC. CLEARY

Really? Well, maybe he can tell me
where my daiquiri is.

(shouting)

Franklin! Oh, Franklin!

Sec. Cleary exits.

CLAIRE

You're a big hit at this wedding.

JOHN

A lot of nice people here.

CLAIRE

Oh, they're all full of shit.

JOHN

Excuse me?

CLAIRE

The only reason ninety-percent of these people are here is because of my Dad. They're all suckling at the power-teat.

JOHN

Yeah. Well, I'm here for the crabcakes and the power-teat. When is the suckling, by the way? After the first dance?

She laughs.

CLAIRE

I don't know. Everyone walking around trying to act like they care. It's awful.

John smiles.

JOHN

Maybe, but I think most people come to weddings because they want to believe they're in the presence of true love. That true love is possible. Even the sucklers.

CLAIRE

True love, huh? And what is "true love"?

JOHN

Well...true love is your soul's
recognition of it's counterpoint
in another.

This obviously moves her, but she tries to wave
it off.

CLAIRE

Well, that's a little...cheesy.
(beat) But I like it.

JOHN

So are you giving a toast?

CLAIRE

Yes! Normally I'm terrible at
these things, but I think this
one's pretty good.

She hands John a piece of paper. He reads it
over.

CLAIRE

I had to fight the urge to be
completely honest. What do you
think?

JOHN

I think the urge won.

CLAIRE

What are you talking about?!

JOHN

(reading, incredulous) "I never thought my sister would find someone who cared about what people thought as much as she did. Until I met Craig."

CLAIRE

What?! It's funny. Funny because it's true. People like funny.

JOHN

No, see, the funny-because-it's-true bit only works if the truth is a small thing like "Tim's a little frugal" or "We all know Jennifer likes to shop. Ha. Ha." I'd give it a fifteen, maybe twenty percent chance of a laugh. Not worth it. See, people really want something from the heart.

CLAIRE

(a little
perturbed)

Well I think they're gonna love it.

JOHN

Nope, you're gonna get dead silence. Crickets.

CLAIRE

You're wrong. I'm sticking with it.

JOHN

Fine. I'll be in the back of the room waiting to tell you I told you so.

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB /BANQUET ROOM - LATER

The BEST MAN finishing up his toast.

BEST MAN

...and I thank God he gave me a friend like Craig. Love you, bub.

An audible "aww'" comes from the guests. They clink their glasses. Claire stands up.

CLAIRE

I never thought my sister would find someone who cared about what people thought as much as she did. Until I met Craig.

Not a laugh in the place. In fact people are dismayed.

CLAIRE

As you all know both my sister and Craig are lawyers at big firms in New York. But that's not the only thing they have in comirion. You see, they both have the same favorite color. Green. The color of his eyes. And money.

Silence. The guests are starting to shift in their seats.

CLAIRE

Uh... I'm sorry. I'm not really good at this sort of thing.

She looks to John, in the back, who points to his heart.

CLAIRE

But I will tell you this. I've heard it said that true love is the soul's recognition of it's counterpoint in another. That's a very rare thing in this world and it's something to be valued. And I'm just really happy that my sister has found it.

The guests all say "aww." Christina starts to cry, rushes up and hugs Claire. The guests applaud. Claire looks over at John, who gives her a "what can I say" shrug. And smiles.

EXT. BEACH - SIMULTANEOUS

Jeremy and Gloria are under a blanket. They've just had sex.

GLORIA

That was so amazing.

JEREMY

Yeah, great. What do you say we head back?

GLORIA

I always knew my first time would be on the beach. I'm just so happy it was you.

CLOSE ON: Jeremy. He gulps in fear.

JEREMY

Wait a minute. First time?

She nods.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

You were a virgin?

GLORIA

Mm-hmm. Oh, Jeremy, we're gonna be so happy together. I love you.

CLOSE ON: Jeremy. A look of total panic.

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB/BAR AREA - SIMULTANEOUS

John's at the bar. Claire is just walking up.

CLAIRE

Thank you so much!

SACK, early thirties, great looking, Ivy League, rich...rushes up and cuts her off.

SACK

Claire, you were awesome.

Sack and Claire kiss. John is dumbstruck.

CLAIRE

John, this is my boyfriend, Sack.

JOHN

(halfheartedly)

Nice to meet you.

SACK
(to Claire)
We have to say goodbye to the
Shrivers...

Sack playfully pulls her across the room. She turns, smiling.

CLAIRE
It was great meeting you.

After John takes a big slug of his drink, Ken Cleary walks by and addresses Claire as she's walking away.

KEN CLEARY
See you back at your folks place
for the party...

Claire nods and exits. John takes note. Jeremy rushes up.

JEREMY
John, we've got to get out of
here. Pronto. I've got a stage
five clinger.

JOHN
I need more time.

JEREMY
You're not hearing me. She's a
stage five! A virgin clinger! I'll
start the car.

Jeremy steps away. A second later he steps back.

JEREMY

John. I'm telling you, this chick is fucking nuts, she thinks she loves me.

Gloria steps up.

JEREMY

Gloria! We were just talking about you.

JOHN

Yeah, we hear you're having a party back at your folks place....

GLORIA

My parents hate to ever see the party end.

JOHN

Cool. You know it's funny, Jeremy's always wanted to see your folk's compound out there...quite impressive, lot of history.

Jeremy is behind John mouthing "No!"

GLORIA

Oh my God! It would be so great if you guys came!

JEREMY

Jeez, I am so touched and damnit, it just kills me to have to say no but...we don't have any other clothes!

GLORIA

Oh, We have everything you need
out on the island.

JOHN

(turns, smiling)
We'd love to.

GLORIA

Cool! Let me just run it by my
dad.

Gloria runs over to Sec. Cleary.

JEREMY

What the fuck are you doing? John,
this is against the rules! You've
got a wedding and a reception to
seal the deal. Period. No
overtime!

JOHN

Oh really? No overtime? Need I
remind you of the Chung wedding,
1997?

JEREMY

Now wait a minute--

JOHN

Two in the morning you dragged me
fifty miles to watch you and some
chick play mah-jongg with her
grandmother at a retirement home.

JEREMY

I needed to do that, all right?!

JOHN

Oh, please...

JEREMY

She was into her grandma! They're
a very family-oriented people!

John just shakes his head.

JEREMY

(loudly)

It was my first Asian!

People turn around and look at Jeremy, including
Sec. Cleary.

Gloria starts holding her breath.

SEC. CLEARY

Glory-bug you're getting too old
for this.

She starts stomping her feet. Turning red.

SEC. CLEARY

(calmly)

Gloria, you know I'm not going to
give in to this kind of behavior
anymore.

She's almost purple.

SEC. CLEARY

Okay! Done!

Gloria stops holding her breath.

GLORIA

Thank you daddy!

She hugs Cleary.

ANGLE ON : John and Jeremy

JEREMY

I see the way Cleary looks at me. This guy doesn't like me...I think he's got my number, John. And he's the Secretary of Treasury! My taxes haven't been in line for seven years now. These are very serious people. You understand what I'm saying to you?

JOHN

You're being paranoid.

JEREMY

He's threatened by the way I dance, John. I shouldn't've danced that well - I knew it! Now I'm on his radar.

JOHN

You're not that good a dancer...

JEREMY

Please, both you and I know I'm a great dancer. Now I know you're just trying to make me feel better.

JOHN

Look, I just need some alone time with her.

JEREMY

She's got a boyfriend.

JOHN
They all have boyfriends. So what?

JEREMY
I'm not going!

JOHN
Yes, you are.

JEREMY
No, I'm not!

JOHN
Yes, you are!

Gloria runs over to John and Jeremy.

GLORIA
They'd love you to come!

SMASH CUT:

EXT. YACHT - SAILING ALONG THE EASTERN SHORE -
THAT AFTERNOON

The yacht sails across the open water. As the boat approaches land, we see the Cleary family compound on the shore. It's a huge, old beachfront mansion with a large lawn and Adirondack chairs. There's also a dock, housing various sailboats.

EXT. DOCK

Everyone gets off the boat. John pulls Jeremy aside.

JOHN

You okay? I need 100% Jeremy on this one.

JEREMY

She dragged me below deck for 45 minutes, John. I don't have any more bodily fluids in me. So, you're only gonna get 70%.

JOHN

Can I get 80%?

JEREMY

You got me on the mah-jong thing, but I need a deadline 'cause I can't take this for a whole weekend. I'll give you one day.

JOHN

That's all I need. Done.

Sack saddles up to them.

SACK

Gentlemen, did you check out that school of bluefish back there?

John and Jeremy exchange a look.

JOHN

No. I guess we missed them.

SACK

You know, these waters use to be flush with bluefish. And then the corporate polluters came in and well, you can guess the rest.

(MORE)

SACK (CONT'D)

After we, and I mean the National Environmental Defense League under my stewardship, got Maryland to pass the Bluefish Revival Act--

JOHN

Bluefish Revival Act? They were at Woodstock, right?

Sack laughs insincerely. William Cleary ambles over.

SEC. CLEARY

My God! Those bluefish were amazing! Did you boys see them?

JEREMY

No, we missed out.

SEC. CLEARY

You know, Sack here is singlehandedly responsible for the spurt in the bluefish population.

JOHN

So we heard.

SEC. CLEARY

Well, we were thinking about a little touch football game. Sort of a Cleary family tradition. What do you say?

JOHN

Absolutely.

SEC. CLEARY

Good!

(his arm around
Sack)

Gosh, I love those bluefish.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - LATER

Jeremy and John exit the house, dressed in prep-wear. Jeremy looks at John, then himself.

JEREMY

(to John)

I hate you.

CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - LATER

John and Jeremy line up in a scrimmage with some of the other guests including Claire, Cleary, Sack, and Sec. Cleary's cousin KEN, 60s, and his two "kids", TIP and FLIP, both around 40. Kathleen and Ken's wife, BETTY, sit on the sideline. Todd sits in a lawnchair reading.

Cleary throws a long pass to Sack, who out runs John for a touchdown.

SACK

Little out of shape, buddy?

JOHN

I don't really do alot of running.
It's bad for the joints.

Cleary and Sack exchange a high-five.

SEC. CLEARY

Hands of gold.

SACK
Arm of steel.

JOHN
(aside to Jeremy)
This guy's so smug. He didn't even
laugh at my Bluefish line.

JEREMY
Let's burn him on the post.

JOHN
No, look like you're going for the
post and throw an interception to
Claire. Think you can do that?

JEREMY
John, I was all-state. I can put
the ball wherever I want it.

John hikes the ball to Jeremy. Sack rushes in,
aiming for John. He misses him and completely
flattens Jeremy who manages to get the pass off.

John races downfield. The ball goes right to
Claire. She intercepts! She does a little pivot
dance to get around John. John mimics her
wildly. She laughs. He touch/tags her.

CLAIRE
Not fair! You made me laugh!

He mimics her again and looks toward Jeremy.

JOHN
Nice pass, loser, you can't throw
for shit!

ANGLE ON: A few people are dragging Jeremy's
seemingly lifeless body off the field.

CLAIRE

Hey, is your friend okay?

JOHN

He's having the time of his life!
He loves it out here!

SACK

I don't know what got into me.

SEC. CLEARY

I do! Five generations of Lodge
family breeding. Hell, your father
used to pull the same stunt when
we were your age.

Sack and Cleary share a laugh. John rushes over
to Jeremy.

JOHN

Shake it off. Don't be such a
pussy. (then, whispering) Don't
over sell it! Get up!

SEC. CLEARY

Hey, Jeremy, why don't you sit out
the next play. Todd, come on in.

Todd looks up from his book.

TODD

You must be joking.

SEC. CLEARY

It wouldn't kill you to play some
competitive sports once in a
while, would it?

TODD
 (screaming)
 Would that make you love me?!

JEREMY
 (grabbing his
 side)
 It's ok. It's ok. Um, perhaps Todd
 could donate a kidney instead.

Gloria rushes over, concerned. She leans over
 him and sticks her tongue half way down his
 throat. Jeremy jumps up.

JEREMY
 Good. I'm better now. Second down.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - A MINUTE LATER

John is the quarterback. Jeremy hikes it to him
 as Sack comes in to rush. John whips the ball
 quickly to Jeremy. Claire tags John too late.
 Jeremy, without John seeing again, gets pummeled
 and flattened by Sack.

SACK
 Damn! What in the world is wrong
 with me?!

KIP
 Awesome!

FLIP
 That rocked!

SEC. CLEARY
 Nature versus nurture, Lodge.

Nature always wins.

They share another overly-exaggerated manly chortle. John walks over to Jeremy.

JOHN

Oh come on! It's a little touch game!

JEREMY

(can barely breathe) If I could talk, I'd scream at you.

JOHN

What's wrong, *pulled a hammy?*

JEREMY

Um...I may need you to perform the Heimlich maneuver. I think I'm choking on my own nuts.

SEC. CLEARY

Let's take a daiquiri time-out.

Gloria rushes over to Jeremy with Kathleen.

KATHLEEN

Honey, let's take him in the house and get him fixed up.

GLORIA

Sure, Mom.

Gloria helps Jeremy up who is practically concussive. They hobble into the house. John sees Claire and Sack walking inside - hand in hand.

KATHLEEN

It's so hot out. Why don't you play in your underwear?

JOHN
Yeah, that'd be funny.

KATHLEEN
I'm serious. Think about it. I'll
make you a drink.

She exits. John shakes his head.

INT. CLEARY BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jeremy is sitting on the edge of the tub in
serious pain as Gloria applies mecurichrome to
his wounds.

JEREMY
Ah man! That stings!

GLORIA
Ohhh, poor baby. Want me to
blow...on it?

JEREMY
It's fine.

She gets on his lap. RANDOLPH, the late 40's
Jamaican butler passes by the open bathroom
door. They don't see him.

GLORIA
You know, I'm not wearing panties.

Randolph's shocked. He clears his throat. They
look up.

RANDOLPH
(thick Jamaican
accent)
(MORE)

RANDOLPH (CONT'D)

Oh, don't worry, little Gloria.
Mum's the word.

GLORIA

Thank you, Randolph.

RANDOLPH

A little more discreet though,
okay?

Randolph shuts the door, shakes his head and
walks away.

JEREMY

Oh Jesus...

GLORIA

Don't worry. He won't say
anything.

She starts to grind on his lap and pull her
clothes off.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

It's like eight hours ago you were
a shy virgin. Now you're not
wearing panties?

GLORIA

(purring)

You do that to me.

She starts kissing him. He moves her off his
lap.

JEREMY

Gloria, look, I'm tired. It's been
a long day.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Not to mention that your sister's
boyfriend dry humped me up and
down the field all day. I'm not
exactly in the mood.

GLORIA
(pissed off)

Fine.

She takes a swab of mecurichrome and stabs his
wound.

JEREMY
Aaaaaarrrrrrrrgh!

GLORIA
My Father warned me about people
like you! I'm just another notch
on your belt!

JEREMY
No, no, it's not like that!

GLORIA
What's it like then, Jeremy?!
Huh?! Huh?!

JEREMY
It's like...

She takes another load of medicine and stabs
another wound.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Aaaaaaaarrrrrrrrgh!
(quickly)
Wait! It's just that...I feel if
we only express our feelings...
(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

in a physical way...we re missing out on a very important foundation- a foundation of friendship. For instance, I don't even know what your 8th grade science project was?! Whether you were a girl scout or a brownie? If you had sexual relations with one of your teachers that was much, much older than you? And the good news is, Gloria, there's no right and wrong answers. There is only the decisions that led you to be the beautiful flower that you are today.

She melts into his arms.

GLORIA

Oh, Jeremy.. .you complete me!

JEREMY

Cool. Good. Good.

GLORIA

Don't ever leave me.

JEREMY

Oh no. Never. Don't you worry...

GLORIA

Good.(beat) Because I'll find you.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy and Gloria walk down the stairs.

GLORIA

...and of course, like all kids, I had imaginary friends...but not just one, hundreds and hundreds, and all of them from different backgrounds, who spoke different languages...one of them, Calabus, spoke a magical language that only I could understand-

SEC. CLEARY

Get him all patched up, Glory-bug?

GLORIA

I sure did, Daddy.

SEC. CLEARY

Well, you go change for dinner.

She gives Jeremy a peck on the cheek and bounces away.

SEC. CLEARY

You really seem to make her happy, son.

JEREMY

Ah well...yeah.

SEC. CLEARY

Well, she's my youngest and I spoil her a bit. I can only hope you treat her honorably. You know, she's not just another notch on the ol' belt.

JEREMY

I don't even wear a belt. I'm beltless!

SEC. CLEARY

Good, good. Because that would make me angry in ways you cannot possibly imagine. And I'm a very powerful man.

JEREMY

I understand that, sir. And I respect that.

SEC. CLEARY

Yeah...boy, I wish to Christ we could get her off that mood medication. Oh well, see you downstairs for dinner.

Cleary walks away. Jeremy is now horrified.

INT. CLEARY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An opulent dinner is being served. Cleary is at the head of the table. Grandma Mary, sits next to him. Randolph stands watch as other servants work.

John and Jeremy enter the alcove just outside the dining room. John looks at Sack. He's holding court.

JEREMY

(reaching in his
pocket)

You need to step this up already.
I'll give you the eyedrops.

JOHN

No! Not the eyedrops! It's too
hard-core!

JEREMY

You only got tonight, John. You need the eyedrops!

JOHN

The eyedrops' cheating!

JEREMY

You want alone time? A few drops in his drink and he'll spend the next twenty-four hours going down on a toilet seat. Now be a man about it.

JOHN

Don't take this away from me...I want to beat this guy fair and square!

JEREMY

(beat)

Alright, I respect that. You've always had alot of heart, kid.

ANGLE ON: Sack at the table.

SACK

... so when I picked up the little sea otter and wiped the oil off him from the tanker spill, I swear he...smiled. It was a little... otter smile. You know, all teeth, the whiskers kind of pert...

Sack impersonates an otter smiling. It's nauseating.

JOHN

Okay, give me the eyedrops.

Jeremy hands John the eyedrops. They enter the living room.

SEC. CLEARY

Here they are!

INT. CLEARY FAMILY DINING ROOM - NIGHT

They sit down. Gloria has a seat for Jeremy next to her.

FATHER O' NEIL

Heavenly Father...

Everyone bows their heads. John quickly squirts the eyedrops into Sack's wine.

FATHER O' NEIL

We thank you for the bounty on this table and ask you bless our family and friends here assembled.
Amen.

Randolph walks in with a platter and sets it on the table.

SEC. CLEARY

Oh, these scallops look fantastic.

SACK

I bought them from an organic scallop farm right off Nanticoke.

CLAIRE

Sack talked the Governor into subsidizing part of the project.

SACK

Yup. Now, it's the state's only self-sustaining scallop farm.

JOHN

Say that five times fast.

Claire laughs, then stops herself. Randolph is smiling.

JEREMY

I bet they're tasty. Maybe I'll try them when I get the sensation back in my face.

SACK

Again, I'm sorry, Jeremy. It's that damn competitive streak. I'm seeing a Buddhist about it.

SEC. CLEARY

Oh, not just any Buddhist. His Holiness the Dalai Lama. He's a good friend.

JEREMY

Really? I'm seeing a orthopedist when I get back to town. Not just any orthopedist. Dr. Epstein--

John kicks Jeremy under the table.

JOHN

So, Sack, how long have you and Claire been together?

SACK

Uh...I don't know. What's it been, Claire? A couple of years?

CLAIRE
(frowns...a bit
put off)
Three and a half.
(to John and
Jeremy)
We started dating while we were
doing Habitat for Humanity.

SACK
Yeah...and soon we'll be *getting*
married.

Sack smiles. John hiding his disappointment,
looks at Claire.

CLAIRE
Well, not too soon. We both have
some things we want to accomplish.

KEN CLEARY
Yeah, I had some things I wanted
to accomplish too.

SEC. CLEARY
Oh, Christ, here we go again...

KEN CLEARY
No, no it's fine. I love running
the J. Cleary Foundation. 30 years
and I still don't know what I'm
foundating, but whatever. It's
what "the family wanted for me".

SEC. CLEARY
You know, you're starting to sound
like Fredo.

BETTY

I love Fredo. Wonderful.

SEC. CLEARY

(glares at Ken,
then:)

Anyway...when Claire and Sack tie the knot, two of the great American Families, the Clearys and the Lodges, will finally unite.

JOHN

And then, of course, you'll challenge the Klingons for interstellar domination, right?

Claire laughs. Sack forces a smile.

SEC. CLEARY

(to Jeremy)

Jeremy, I saw you on the dance floor. You move pretty good.

JEREMY

(smiling,
nervously)

I just got lucky. I was in the zone. That was the booze dancing.

Jeremy turns. Stares daggers at John - "I told you so."

SACK

How're you guys connected to the family again?

JOHN

Uncle Ned's kids.

) JEREMY
You know.. .Uncle Ned? The brother
of.... Aunt Liz?

John and Jeremy bow their heads, make the sign
of the cross.

 SACK
 (suspicious)
Uh-huh...

Gloria reaches under the table and grab Jeremy's
crotch. Jeremy's eyes bug out. He tries to push
her hand away. Gloria, her arm hidden by the
table, begins to furiously masturbate Jeremy.
His jaw clenches.

 SEC. CLEARY
So Jeremy, you and your brother
are venture capitalists.

 JEREMY
 (falsetto)
That's right!

John looks at him strangely, then looks down.
Sees what's happening and gives Jeremy a shocked
look.

 SEC. CLEARY
That's great. The venture
capitalist. The backbone of the
system. The new pioneer.

 CLAIRE
So is it just about money?

Sack feigns disgust.

JOHN

Oh...no, no! Not at all. It's about, you know, investing in projects that are both ethically and morally defensible.

SACK

Like what, for example?

JOHN

Like what? Oh, you know, we've got a company that, uh, takes the wool from sheep and, uh, and turns it into thread for the homeless people to sew...into cloth and then make, you know, shirts and pants for the homeless people to sell.

CLAIRE

That's so admirable.

JOHN

Don't make me a saint just yet, we still turn a small profit.(beat) I mean, somebody's gotta pay for the eight balls and hookers for this guy (gestures to Jeremy).

Claire laughs. Everybody else is silent.

SACK

Mmm. What's your company called?

Jeremy is near climax.

JEREMY

(falsetto)

Holy sh--

JOHN
(quickly)
Holy Shirts And Pants.

The group nods approvingly. Kathleen looks at John and eats her food seductively. John looks away. Sack reaches down and feels his stomach. Something's wrong.

SEC. CLEARY
That's a hell of a good project.
Let me mention something to the
Commerce secretary.

JOHN
Great.

GRANDMA MARY
Isn't my Willy doing a wonderful
job there in Washington?

SEC. CLEARY
Oh Mommy...

KATHLEEN
(sarcastically)
He still calls his mother "Mommy."
Isn't that cute?

Kathleen slams down her wine glass. Pours another. Gloria is finished with Jeremy. She giggles. Jeremy is spent.

GRANDMA MARY
The President is so proud of my
Willy.

GLORIA
 (whispering, to
 Jeremy)

I'm so proud of your willy.

Jeremy, shocked, takes a drink of water.

GRANDMA MARY
 You know, Willy's father, my
 husband, was the Secretary of
 State for President Franklin
 Roosevelt.

JOHN
 Yes, I know. That's so thrilling.
 FDR...wow.

GRANDMA MARY
 Yes, he was a doll. (beat) The
 wife though? Eleanor? Big dyke.

Jeremy spits up his water.

CLAIRE
 Oh Lord.

GRANDMA MARY
 Huge dyke. Real rug-muncher.
 Looked like a big lesbian mule.

Kathleen slams down her drink. Pours another
 drink.

SEC. CLEARY
 Mommy, let's not go there again.

GRANDMA MARY
 As I remember, Eleanor lived away
 from Franklin.

(MORE)

GRANDMA MARY (CONT'D)

In upstate New York. She ran some sort of butch-girl commune.

CLAIRE

Grandma, you can't talk that way. It's not right!

KATHLEEN

Can somebody bring me another scotch, for christsakes!

Randolph pours Kathleen a scotch. Sack grabs his stomach. He's turning green. He stands up.

SACK

I think I'm gonna head to bed...

CLAIRE

What's wrong, honey?

SACK

(covering)

Nothing...just a little tired.

Sack gives Claire a kiss on the top her head. Exits. John and Jeremy exchange a look. Jeremy passes a platter to Todd.

TODD

Oh, I don't eat meat or fish.

GRANDMA MARY

He's a homo.

CLAIRE

Grandma!

GRANDMA MARY

What? He can't help it. They say it's genetic.

(MORE)

GRANDMA MARY (CONT'D)

(indicating Kathleen) From her side of the family.

Todd's head sinks. Jeremy gives him a sympathetic look. Todd looks at Jeremy...lovingly.

CLAIRE

Todd's an amazing painter. He's going to the Rhode Island School of Design.

JOHN

Wow. That's very impressive.

TODD

Dad used to think I was a political liability, you know, in case he ever ran for President.

SEC. CLEARY

Oh Todd. (to John) Well, actually, truth be told, polling shows a majority of the American people would ultimately empathize with our situation.

TODD

What is "our situation," Dad?!

GRANDMA MARY

You're a homo.

KATHLEEN

For God's sake, William. Put Mommy to bed already!

SEC. CLEARY

Okay. Mommy, we've had a long day.

Clearly motions over Randolph, who helps Grandma Mary up.

GRANDMA MARY

I can do it myself, asshole.

JEREMY

Wow. Okay...

GRANDMA MARY

Oh Randolph knows I'm kidding.
It's a joke between us.

RANDOLPH

(deadpan)

Yes, at night I go back to m'room
and laugh and laugh and laugh.

Grandma Mary, clearly drunk, shuffles off. Todd, pissed off, gets up and storms off.

TODD

I'll be in my room.
Painting...homo things.

KATHLEEN

You go right ahead, Toddy.

BETTY

Wonderful scallops!

Claire stands up. She's had enough for one night.

CLAIRE

I'm going to get some air.

JOHN

I could use some air too. Want
some company?

CLAIRE

Sure.

JOHN

Let me just change my shoes.

INT. GUEST ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

John is sitting on the bed putting on shoes WE HEAR the door open and then shut. John looks up. We see Kathleen Cleary. She's topless. John gasps.

KATHLEEN

I just got my tits done.

JOHN

(jaw agape)

Uh-huh.

KATHLEEN

Do you like them?

JOHN

Uh, yes. Those...are great...tits.

KATHLEEN

William doesn't give a shit about my tits.

JOHN

Well, darn him.

KATHLEEN

Spare me the "aww shucks" routine...you've been playing cat and mouse with me since you got here.

JOHN
Mrs. Cleary, I don't think--

KATHLEEN
Call me Kat.

JOHN
Okay, Kat, I don't think that--

KATHLEEN
Call me Kitty-Kat.

JOHN
Uh, look...Kitty-Kat...I really
don't think this is appropriate--

She walks toward John and stands right over him.

KATHLEEN
Feel them.

JOHN
What?!

KATHLEEN
I said feel them.

JOHN
Mrs. Cleary--

KATHLEEN
Kitty-Kat.

JOHN
Kitty-Kat, are you out of your
fucking mind?

KATHLEEN
I'm not letting you out of this
room until you feel them.

John sighs. He reluctantly reaches up and feels her breasts.

JOHN

They're actually very nice. Really orb-like, okay?

She moans deeply. She grabs her blouse and buttons it up.

KATHLEEN

We will be lovers before this weekend is up. (beat) Pervert.

She blows him a kiss. Exits. John shakes his head.

INT. HALLWAY - A MINUTE LATER

John is walking down the hallway.

TODD (O.C.)

Mom make you feel her tits?

John stops and backs up. Todd is in his room painting.

JOHN

What?! No!

TODD

It's ok. I can tell. You have that "Mom made me feel her tits" look on your face. Don't worry about it. She usually picks one male guest a weekend to sexually harass.

JOHN

Oh Lord...

TODD

Don't say anything to Dad, though. Some friend of my sister said something to Dad a couple of years ago and he now lives in Paraguay. And not by choice.

JOHN

I'm not saying I did feel her tits, but good to know.

TODD

No problem...

John hurries down the hall.

INT. FOYER

John runs into Jeremy at the bottom of the steps.

JEREMY

What's wrong?

JOHN

Nothing.

JEREMY

You've got a really weird look on your face.

JOHN

(through gritted
teeth)

Claire's Mom made me grope her hooters, okay?!

JEREMY

(Crying) Waaaa! (then) Oh, snap out of it! Those are uptown problems! Hot older ladies making you feel their cans?! Grow up! (beat) How are they? She get them done? They look pretty good...

JOHN

(stares at him a beat)

What's wrong with you?

John continues on down the steps.

JEREMY

What? I just asked--

JOHN

Drop it!

JEREMY

(yelling after him)

You go enjoy yourself! I'm just gonna go spit up some blood and ice down my balls.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy enters. Immediately he sees Grandma Mary sleeping in his bed. He goes over to the bed and gently nudges Grandma.

GRANDMA MARY

(dreaming)

Oh, Mr. President...

Jeremy pokes her. She looks at him. Screams.
Jeremy screams.

GRANDMA MARY

What do you want?

JEREMY

You're in my room.

GRANDMA MARY

Oh dear. I'm too drunk to walk.
Carry me to my room.

JEREMY

Uh, okay, sure.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - SIMULTANEOUS

John steps outside to meet Claire.

CLAIRE

What took you so long?

JOHN

Sorry. I got...held up.

CLAIRE

Strange family, huh?

JOHN

Strange? No, Penn and Teller's
relationship is a little strange.
Michael Jackson's Jesus juice is a
little strange. Your family's off
the reservation. But guess what? I
love it. Nothing's better than
family...

CLAIRE

Really? Sometimes I get self-conscious.

JOHN

Of what? Them being awesome? It was great! Everybody at the table mixing it up. The sweet grandmother you don't know if she's a racist or not, but you forgive her cause she's so old...

She laughs.

JOHN

I hope I didn't embarrass myself with that eight-ball and hooker joke.

CLAIRE

No, that was hilarious!

JOHN

Really?

CLAIRE

Yes! You're that crazy guest who thinks he's part of the family already! It's adorable!

Sec. Cleary pokes his head out the door.

SEC. CLEARY

Claire, have you checked on Sack? I think he's pretty sick.

CLAIRE

Really?

(hesitates, then
to John)

I should check on him.

JOHN

(disappointed)

Uh... sure. Yeah. Go ahead.

Claire starts to head back into the house.

JOHN

Claire-

She stops.

JOHN

I was hoping to get a moment to
talk with you...

CLAIRE

(glances at the
house)

I don't think I can tonight...but
tomorrow we'll make time.

JOHN

I'll look forward to it.

She smiles. Heads in.

JOHN

Make sure he gets better soon. I
saw some otters earlier and they
were... frowning.

CLAIRE

(smiling)

Be nice.

Claire goes into the house. Cleary pokes his head back out.

SEC. CLEARY

John, my boy. Brandies? Den?

JOHN

Yeah. Great. I'll be right in.

John looks up at the sky, frustrated.

JOHN

Shit!

EXT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Jeremy's carrying Grandma, already asleep again. Randolph poke his head out of his room. Looks perplexed.

RANDOLPH

You're bangin' the daughter and the grandma?! How much jam you got, mon?

JEREMY

No no! It's not like that!

RANDOLPH

Listen, mon. The family dog lives downstairs. I can wake him up for you, too, if you like. His name is Snooky.

JEREMY

Look, you've got it totally wrong!

RANDOLPH

Just be gentle wit her, mon. Okay?
She be pushing ninety.

Randolph returns to his room. Jeremy just stands there.

INT. RANDOLPH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Randolph shakes his head, lights a spliff, takes a giant hit.

RANDOLPH

Good God. It's a mutter-fucking
freak show here...

INT. CLEARY DEN - SIMULTANEOUS

Secretary Cleary smokes a cigar in a big leather chair, staring out the window. John walks in.

SEC. CLEARY

I want to show you something.

Cleary hands John a typewritten page. John starts reading.

SEC. CLEARY

I haven't shown this to the
President yet. What do you think?

JOHN

It's fantastic.

SEC. CLEARY

You really think so?

JOHN

Yeah. It's great. Except... I think you're selling yourself short here in section two. I mean why not involve the World Bank? If you added some more balls to this, it could be like a new Marshall Plan for the Third World.

Cleary stares at John. Puffs on his cigar. His eyes narrow.

JOHN

Why not really stand for something here? Think about it. The Cleary Plan. Could be alright.

Cleary leans back. Rolls his cigar pensively. Finally smiles.

SEC. CLEARY

You know, John... you remind me of myself when I was your age. All idealism and fire.

JOHN

I don't know. You try to hide it, but I don't think you've really changed that much. Underneath that Cabinet level veneer of yours, there's still something burning.

SEC. CLEARY

(impressed and
amused)

Maybe so. Maybe so.

Randolph enters. He's voraciously chowing down a moon pie.

RANDOLPH

Will that be all for tonight, Sir?

SEC. CLEARY

Yeah, thanks Randolph.

RANDOLPH

All right, then. Sleep well.

Randolph exits.

SEC. CLEARY

You know, Randolph eats a lot of cookies and crap at night. I mean a ton. What do you think that is?

JOHN

Beats me...

SEC. CLEARY

Hmmm. Maybe he smokes a lot of weed and gets the munchies.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - LATER THAT NIGHT

The last light inside goes out.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

CLOSE ON : Jeremy asleep. Two legs straddle him. He jolts up.

JEREMY

What the fuck!

PULL BACK to reveal Gloria. She's straddling him, naked. Finishing tying him spread eagle to the bed posts.

GLORIA

Shh, you'll wake my Dad. Listen, I started thinking about what you said before, and I think the problem was I wasn't being adventurous enough for you.

JEREMY

Yeah, no, I'm pretty sure that's not what I was saying--

GLORIA

Sssh. I'm going to make all your fantasies come true.

JEREMY

But--

She stuffs a sweatsock into his mouth.

JEREMY

(muffled)

This is not my fantasy!

She puts electrical tape over his sock-filled mouth.

GLORIA

I love you...

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John is laying in bed, eyes open, wide awake.

INT. HALLWAY

John walks down the hallway to Claire's door. Listens.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM

Claire is laying in bed, eyes open, wide awake.

INT. HALLWAY

John doesn't hear anything. He sighs and walks away.

A moment later Claire peeks out the door. No one there. Walks down the hallway to John's door. Listens. Sighs. Walks away.

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM

John is sitting by the window staring out.

INT. BATHROOM

Sack lays on the floor. He pops up to retch into the toilet.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM

CLOSE ON: Jeremy, asleep, still tied up. A hand come into frame. Gently strokes his forehead. Jeremy slowly awakens.

JEREMY

(half-asleep)

Gloria...you have to go back to your room.

TODD (O.C.)

It's not Gloria.

Jeremy gasps. PULL BACK to reveal Todd, naked, on his stomach stroking Jeremy's forehead.

JEREMY

Jesus Christ!

TODD

We had a moment at the dinner table, didn't we?

JEREMY

We did not have a moment at the dinner table.

TODD

I felt like we had a moment.

JEREMY

I was sitting right there. I think I would have noticed a moment--

Todd turns on a flashlight - blinding.

TODD

I made you a painting.

Todd shines the light on a painting resting on Jeremy's dresser - a surreal red messy blotch on canvas.

TODD

I call it "Tortured Scrotum." It's sexual and violent. I thought you'd like it.

JEREMY

I do. I do, it's really something.

There's FOOTSTEPS down the hall.

JEREMY
(whispering)
Shit! Hide!

TODD
(calmly)
It's good for them to know.

JEREMY
Todd! Hide!

Todd tries to get under the covers.

JEREMY
Not there! Not there! Get in the closet!

TODD
I know where you're at. I was where you are a year ago...

JEREMY
Get your ass in the fucking closet!

Todd shudders in delight.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Look, if you care for me, you'll get in the closet.

A KNOCK at the door. Todd runs to the closet. Stops.

TODD
I'll jump out at the right moment.

Todd slips into the closet just as Sec. Cleary comes in.

SEC. CLEARY

Everything okay in here? I thought I heard something.

JEREMY

I was just having a bad dream.

Sec. Cleary sits on the bed.

SEC. CLEARY

You know, Todd screams at night sometimes. The doctors call it "Night Terrors." I don't know.

A quiet moment passes. An old clock TICKS away.

SEC. CLEARY

Okay, then. Sleep well.

He exits. Todd comes out and lies right back on the bed.

TODD

There's nothing terrifying about the night. Snakes don't sleep at night. In fact, they molt at night. They feel comfortable shedding their skin when it's cool and dark.

JEREMY

Say listen, Todd--

TODD

I'm a snake.

JEREMY

I've been up all night. I'm not a snake. I need some sleep. Why don't we talk tomorrow?

TODD
Promise you'll make time for me?

JEREMY
Oh...cross my heart.

TODD
Okay...you sleep.

Todd leans over to plant a kiss. Jeremy's eyes widen. Todd kisses Jeremy...on the forehead. Todd smiles and exits.

JEREMY
How much more of this shit do I
need to take?!

INT. CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - LATER

John is at the breakfast table, eating breakfast, reading the newspaper. Jeremy stumbles in, exhausted, ready to leave. The COOK exits.

JOHN
You know they 'll make you
anything you want here? Waffles,
bacon, whatever....

JEREMY
Get it to go...we've got to hurry
if we're gonna make the next ferry
in 25 minutes.

JOHN
What's your problem?

JEREMY
What's my problem? Oh, I didn't
sleep too well.

JOHN
Soft mattress?

JEREMY
Mmm, that could've been it. Or the
midnight rape. Or the nude gay art
show at 4 a.m.

JOHN
(ignoring; reading
paper)
Phew. The Orioles are taking it in
the shorts.

Jeremy pulls the newspaper down.

JEREMY
No fucko, I'm taking it in the
shorts!

JOHN
Have some toast.

JEREMY
I'm too traumatized for toast! Now
let's go!

Nonetheless, he grabs a piece off John's plate.

JEREMY
Look, I'm going to say this as
nicely as possible: if we don't
get the fuck out of here right now
I'm going to kill you.

JOHN
Can't do it.

JEREMY
Why not?!

JOHN
I need another day.

JEREMY
For what? She's got a boyfriend.
Plus, her own mental hospital here
to entertain her!

JOHN
Sssh! Keep it down! The visine
backfired! Look, Claire's into me,
I can tell. Plus, the boyfriend's
a Charlie Nobody.

JEREMY
Okay, we think the boyfriend's a
Charlie Nobody. Maybe the whole
world thinks the boyfriend's a
Charlie Nobody. But if she doesn't
think the boyfriend's a Charlie
Nobody, then the game's over.

JOHN
The game's never over.

Jeremy considers him for a beat.

JEREMY
You're falling in love with her,
aren't you?

JOHN
No! C'mon, I just met her.

JEREMY

It's written all over your face.

JOHN

It is not.

(wiping his face)

It's just some marmalade.

Jeremy sizes him up. John shrugs.

JEREMY

Fine. I understand. You want this one real bad. I've certainly been there, John-boy. But this place is a nightmare and I'm sorry but I'm outta here.

Jeremy starts to walk out. John pulls him back down.

JOHN

You can't leave!

JEREMY

Watch me.

JOHN

It'll create a huge shitstorm with Gloria! It'll focus the attention there!

JEREMY

I don't give a baker's fuck! I had my own sweat sock duct-taped into my mouth last night!

JOHN

What-

JEREMY
(warning)
Leave it alone, John...

JOHN (CONT'D)
I need you, man. Rule Number One!
Rule Number One - say it!

JEREMY
Fuck you.

JOHN
"Never leave a fellow crasher
behind. Wedding crashers take care
of their own."

JEREMY
I hate you...

JOHN
Have some more toast.

JEREMY
(sighs)
I want a waffle.

JOHN
Good! That's good.
(calling out to
the cook)
Can we get this man a waffle?!

John smiles and slaps Jeremy on the shoulder.

INT. JOHN'S ROOM

Sack, looking haggard, tip toes in. Finds John's
tux pants. Rifles through them. Pulls out his
wallet. Smiles.

He opens it. Pulls out a driver's license - it reads John Ryan - with John's smiling picture. So do the credit cards.

Sack's belly growls. He suddenly runs into the bathroom.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY DOCK - DAY

John and Jeremy walk to the Cleary family sailboat - "The Kathleen." Everyone, minus Sack, is already on the boat already. Sec. Cleary is at the helm, preparing to sail.

SEC. CLEARY

Where's Sack?

CLAIRE

He's still not feeling well.

SEC. CLEARY

Well, then, "The Kathleen" takes off without him.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

Sack, clutching his stomach, stares out the window toward the dock.. .watching the boat sail into the harbor. He's fuming.

INT. SACK'S ROOM

Sack comes in. Reaches for the phone. He dials. INTERCUT him and his friend TRAP.

EXT. TRAP'S HOUSE/INT. SACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Trap, sipping a gin and tonic in a palatial Chevy Chase backyard, picks up the phone.

TRAP

Hello?

SACK

Trapster, it's Sack.

TRAP

Sack-Master! How was the wedding?

SACK

Boring. But the bachelor party rocked. We met up with Heidi and those sluts from the Sierra Club.

TRAP

No way! Did you tap that again?!

SACK

Once at my place and once in the cab, man!

TRAP

Damn! And how's Claire...still trying to "figure out what she's doing with her life?"

SACK

Yeah. Whatever. Saving the world, one maladjusted kid at a time. That's gonna change when we're married. Want a wife, not a martyr.

TRAP

I hear that.

SACK

Anyway, remember that private detective we used to set-up that Shearson-Lehman prick?

TRAP

The Big Sleezy. Tommy Guifano. He's a genius.

SACK

I need dirt on two guys, John and Jeremy Ryan. Brothers. From New Hampshire. Got some kind of NPO called Holy Shirts and Pants.

TRAP

I'll look into 'em.

SACK

Excellent, bro.

TRAP

You da' man.

SACK

You da' bigger man.

They laugh. Sack hangs up. He frowns. He's gonna retch again.

CLEARY FAMILY SAILBOAT - OUT ON THE OCEAN -
LATER

Sec. Cleary's at the helm. Jeremy sits on the bow, Gloria's arms tightly around him. He's not particularly pleased.

Todd sits at the stern, sketching on a large pad. Kathleen, laying on a chaise, sips a drink. John stares out at the water.

SEC. CLEARY

John, my boy! We're tacking back around. Do me a favor, lower the mainsail and swing the jib starboard.

JOHN

Um,, okay. Great. No problem.

John rushes over to the mast and starts futzing around like he knows what he's doing. He's completely lost. Claire approaches. Watches him for a beat, then grabs the mast and swings it around and does what Cleary asked. She's obviously been doing this all her life.

CLAIRE

Starboard's this way.

JOHN

Oh, right. See, I do most of my sailing down under with the kiwis and everything's backwards there so...you know, it messes me up a bit.

CLAIRE

(smiling)

Really?

JOHN

Yeah. The toilets too. The water runs the opposite way when you flush.

She laughs. Sits down on the bow. He sits next to her. They gaze out at the vastness of the ocean.

CLAIRE

It's something, huh?

JOHN

Yeah. It makes you realize just how insignificant you are.

CLAIRE

Yeah. I guess we are.

JOHN

No, no. I mean you. I'm unbearably significant.

She laughs.

CLAIRE

Oh, the mighty John Ryan, intimidated by nothing...

JOHN

No...some things intimidate me.

CLAIRE

Like what?

JOHN

I don't know.

CLAIRE

Come on, tell me something about you. What intimidates you, what inspires you, what do you like, what do you dislike...

JOHN

Okay. Dislikes...as in turn-offs...Traffic. Rude people. Closedmindedness...actually that was the November '89 Playmate.

CLAIRE

(staring at him)

You're funny. How's that working for you?

JOHN

(smiles, disarmed)

Well, I think of myself as an intelligent, sensitive human being with the soul of a clown... which always forces me to blow it at the most important moments. (beat) You intimidate me.

They stare at each other.

SEC. CLEARY

Johnny! Come on up here and man the "Kathleen" for awhile. You'll love it!

JOHN

(beat, still
staring)

On my way, captain!

He gets up.

JOHN

Hey, you're dad was telling me about this great beach we could go to. Someplace near... Sook's Bend, is it?

CLAIRE
Yeah, Sook's Bend.

JOHN
Then that's a yes?

CLAIRE
Maybe.

JOHN
I'm taking that as a yes.

John smiles. She smiles back. John rushes up to the helm.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY DOCK - A LITTLE LATER

The boat has docked. Everyone's disembarking.

GLORIA
(to Jeremy)
...and the first time I
masturbated was at the movies.
There was a piece of hard candy
that had slipped out of the
wrapper that got stuck in my
pocket and I was trying to get it
out for like forty-five minutes...

John and Claire walk off the boat.

JOHN
So, how do we get there?

CLAIRE
We can take the bikes.

A double barreled shotgun COCKS. Everyone stops what they're doing and looks up.

SACK
Everything's ready for the quail
hunt!

JOHN
Quail hunt?

SEC. CLEARY
It's a Cleary family tradition.

JOHN
Uh, maybe I'll sit this one out.

SEC. CLEARY
Nonsense! I insist!

John and Jeremy exchange a look.

CLAIRE
I guess I'll catch you guys
later...

John nods. Sack takes note of this and scowls.

SEC. CLEARY
Sack, if you're too sick...

SACK
(determined and
crazed)
Oh, no. Ha ha. I'm going. Oh, I'm
going!

Sack nervously fingers his rifle. Looking a
little scary.

JEREMY
Wait, Mr. Environmental: you
hunt?!

SACK

I hunt quail. They're overpopulated here and decimating the grub worm population. Got a problem with that?!

JEREMY

(a little
frightened)

Not as much as I do with your hair.

EXT. MARSH - A LITTLE LATER

All the men of the weekend walk through the marsh.

JEREMY

Have you ever shot one of these things before?

JOHN

Oh you bet. The whole seventeen years we've known each other? Well, I've been sneaking out to shoot small birds.(beat) Of course I've never shot one of these things!

JEREMY

Why do we have to wear all this camouflage anyway? (sarcastic) So the big, bad quail won't see us. I don't even know what a quail is.

JOHN

I wish we could shoot something cool. Like a bald eagle. With talons.

JEREMY

Yeah! Or a gorilla. Or a rhino. Or a human being!

Secretary Cleary stops and points.

SEC. CLEARY

There. Off to the left.

Everyone aims and shoots. John and Jeremy fumble to get their rifles up...

JOHN/JEREMY

V.C.!!! V.C.!!!

BLAM!!! They fire their guns and go flying onto their asses.

EXT. MARSH - A LITTLE LATER

The men mush along. Jeremy is rubbing his shoulder.

JEREMY

I thought the rifle just fired buckshot.

JOHN

Yeah. That's lead pellets, idiot. It's not a sling-shot.

JEREMY

You're very kind. Thank you.

Sack watches John. Stalking him. He stops and points.

SACK

There. Over by the spruce tree.

Everyone turns. Sack sets his sights. Down his barrel we see -John. The men fire. John's sent reeling back again...leaving

Jeremy exposed in Sack's line of sight just as he FIRES!

Jeremy gets blasted in the rear. He drops, grabbing his butt.

JEREMY

MY ASS!!!

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY BATHROOM - LATER

CLOSE ON: Jeremy's ass. Gloria pulls out buckshot with tweezers. John and Claire poke their heads into the bathroom.

JOHN

You okay, buddy?

JEREMY

Don't "okay buddy" me you fucking asshole!

JOHN

All right then. Feel better. We're gonna take the bikes out for a ride. We'll catch you later.

JEREMY

I hope the bike flips over and you knock you're teeth out.

John and Claire exit. Gloria starts groping Jeremy

GLORIA

(disappointed)

Awww. Mr. Pogo isn't jumping up...

JEREMY

Give it a rest, lady!

Gloria looks hurt.

JEREMY

(exhales)

I'm sorry. Mr. Pogo gets stressed when Mr. Jeremy's bleeding to death, okay?

EXT. EASTERN SHORE - LATER

John and Claire are riding bikes on a path through the woods.

INT. RANDOLPH'S ROOM

Sack pops in. Randolph is watching TV.

SACK

Randolph?

RANDOLPH

Sssh. I'm watching my stories, mon.

SACK

Is that what you're paid to do?

RANDOLPH

Exactly what I'm paid to do.

SACK

Look, I just need to know where Claire is.

RANDOLPH

Uh...she went for a bike ride to the beach. With that fellow from the wedding everyone is so fond of.

Sack's jaw clenches. Randolph smiles.

EXT. BEACH

John and Claire, their bikes leaning against a fence behind them, walk on the beach, at the edge of the water.

CLAIRE

So, you're a venture capitalist?
I'm not even sure what that is.

JOHN

You know... some capital, some venture. Sometimes some venture, then some capital. It's a living.

CLAIRE

You don't sound too enthused.

JOHN

I don't know. Things start happening, you head down a road, you think it's just for a little while, then you're so busy that you don't really have time to question it and then you're living this life that you didn't really intend. Do you know what I mean?

This registers with Claire. It also applies to her life.

CLAIRE

Yeah. I do.

JOHN

I think inside I have some great thing I want to do, that I'm capable of, you know?

CLAIRE

So what are you gonna do?

JOHN

We'll see. I guess I'm still young.

CLAIRE

(smiling)

You're not that young.

He laughs. Sits down. She sits next to him. Close.

JOHN
(proudly)
But I'm still immature.(beat) What
about you? Sack, huh? Is that a
good thing...

CLAIRE
(not very
convincing)
I think it's a good thing.

JOHN
You don't sound very enthused.

CLAIRE
No, I am. I think I am. It's just
we 'ye been talking a lot about
the future lately. I don't know.
I've always thought we'd get
married but... you know... I'm
probably just scared.

(then)
I mean, isn't that the way
everybody feels when they're
thinking about getting married?
(before John can
speak)
Don't answer that question. It's
my rationalization and I'm
sticking to it.

JOHN
Sorry. I didn't mean to pry.

CLAIRE
(playfully)
Yes you did.

JOHN

You're right. I did.

(then)

Well, however it works out, just remember you deserve somebody great.

(a devious smile)

Somebody who'll tell you when you have seaweed in your hair.

John picks up a bit of seaweed and puts it in her hair.

CLAIRE

(playing along)

Oh, do I have seaweed in my hair?

JOHN

Let me get it out for you.

He reaches down and puts more seaweed in her hair. She splashes him. He splashes back. They start laughing.

JOHN

So, it would be a total cliché if I kissed you right now, right?

CLAIRE

Yes. A total cliché.

She pulls him in and kisses him.

INT. CLEARY FAMILY DINING ROOM - DAY

Everyone's a mid-meal. John tries to make eye contact with Claire. She looks away. Jeremy's in significant ass pain.

Grandma Mary is out cold, clutching a glass of sherry, snoring. Sack taps his glass for attention. Everyone stops.

SACK

Claire and I have an announcement. I know we've talked about waiting, but the spirit of this weekend has been such that...well...

(looking right at
John)

Claire and I are going to be married.

Everyone oohs, ahhs and applauds except John, who is stunned. Claire looks at Sack, perplexed.

SEC. CLEARY

Wonderful!

Grandma Mary pops awake.

GRANDMA CLEARY

(drunk, out of it)

Is the war over?

She slumps back down. Everyone ignores her.

CLAIRE

Sack...we need to talk about this.

SEC. CLEARY

Well, I am thrilled! Isn't this wonderful, Randolph?

RANDOLPH

(droll, insincere)

Oh, it's the happiest day of me whole life, mon, for sure-- okay, who wants sherbet?

Grandma Mary pops back up.

GRANDMA MARY
Roosevelt's a pussy!

Claire gets up and walks out.

EXT. FRONT OF CLEARY FAMILY CONPOUND

Claire walks out, frustrated. Sits down on an old swing.

INT. CLEARY LIVINGROOM

Everyone congratulates Sack. John's sullen.

JEREMY
I'm sorry, kid. You win some, you lose some. Time to go home.

JOHN
You know what? I can't do that.

JEREMY
Why not? We'll get you another that looks just like her...or hotter.

JOHN
I think I'm in love with her.

JEREMY
I knew it!

JOHN
I'm gotta to tell her the truth.

Jeremy is speechless. John exits.

INT. CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy hobbles in. Sits down. Pours himself a drink. Father O'Neil walks in. Sits down next to Jeremy.

FATHER O' NEIL
Hello, son. You okay?

JEREMY
Not now, Father.

FATHER O' NEIL
You sure...you look troubled.

Jeremy throws his drink back.

JEREMY
Look...no offense, but I don't dance your dance. You and me, we're on different wavelengths. You know what I mean? You'd just be spinning your wheels with me.

EXT. CLEARY COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

John sees Claire sitting on a swing under a tree. He takes a beat, gets up his courage, and walks toward her.

CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Jeremy's in a groove, a bit buzzed, emotional, blabbing.

JEREMY

... and at summer camp between 5th and 6th grade I thought I grew alot, but fuck me, that was nothing compared to this weekend.. .my buddy, I don't even know who he is... and this crazy fucking girl...I know what I did, taking her virginity and all. I feel guilty. I feel responsible. One does have a responsibility for being a great lover. It's no surprise, of course she's gonna split open like an emotional pinata. I turned on a faucet I can't turn off! And here's the thing...she's fit for a straight jacket, but guess what, I kinda like that! She's fucked three ways to the weekend, but I still like her! And the kicker is this (pointing to himself) this guy's crazy too! Yeah! I had an imaginary friend! His name was Shiloh. We played checkers. And bless his heart, he used to let me win.

(MORE)

JEREMY (CONT'D)

The only reason I stopped talking to him was he didn't turn out to be such a great guy...and don't get me wrong, I'm not some loser, some push-over, some soft hearted pussy...I'm a real cocksman...I bang a ton of ass...I've hit over 300 weddings...I probably deserve to be up there with the greatest crashers of all time...right there next to Chazz... I mean I crash that well...so you can understand where I'm coming from when I tell you that having some degenerate finger painting prep school kid trying to teabag me in the middle of the night is gonna rattle my cage a bit...I mean, shit...

Jeremy exhales. Smiles at O'Neil, who smiles back sweetly.

JEREMY

Phew! I'm already feeling better. Thanks for the talk.

Jeremy gets up and exits.

EXT. FRONT OF CLEARY COMPOUND

JOHN

You're not really gonna marry this guy, are you?

CLAIRE

I don't know...I'm really confused right now, John.

JOHN

We had fun together didn't we?
There was something there. I know
it! (beat) Didn't you have fun?

CLAIRE

John...yes. More than you know...

JOHN

You can't marry him.

CLAIRE

Why not?

JOHN

Because I'm falling for you.

INT. SUNROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Jeremy walks by, Gloria grabs him and pulls
him into the room. She immediately starts to try
and undress him.

JEREMY

Gloria... Gloria! Wait! I need
to...stop. STOP!

She stops, looks confused.

JEREMY

Listen. I really do think you're a
cool girl and all, but I need to
be honest here... I just don't
think this is going to work out
with us.

GLORIA

But I love you.

JEREMY

Gloria, you have to learn...
there's a difference between
infatuation and love. I mean, I'm
sorry I took your virginity and--

GLORIA

Oh, I'm not a virgin.

JEREMY

What?!

GLORIA

I'm not a virgin. Far from it. I
just know that guys like to hear
that.(beat) I'm sorry I lied to
you.

Jeremy stares at her. She runs out of the room.

JEREMY

(shocked)

Wow...

INSERT - A SHOTGUN IS PULLED OFF THE WALL...

EXT. FRONT OF CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND

JOHN

Don't you want to keep this going?
Aren't you glad?

CLAIRE

Why are you doing this to me,
John?

JOHN

But you maybe feel the same way?

CLAIRE
 (sighs)
 Maybe.

JOHN
 That's all I need to know...maybe.

CLAIRE
 Look I don't know anything about
 you. You do investments in New
 Hampshire and--

JOHN
 Well, that's what I wanted to talk
 with you about-

A GUNSHOT comes from the direction of the house.

CLAIRE
 Oh my God!

JOHN
 What the hell?!

They look over. Jeremy walks backwards out the
 front door...followed by Grandma Cleary
 carrying a shotgun. Secretary Cleary, Kathleen,
 Gloria, Todd, Sack and Father O'Neil exit.

SEC. CLEARY
 Mother! Put the gun down.

Sec. Cleary wrestles the rifle from her. Sack
 walks over to John and Claire.

JOHN
 (to Jeremy)
 What's going on?!

JEREMY

I got roped in by the cloth! He
shell gamed me!

FATHER O'NEIL

Sorry, God doesn't pay the bills.

CLAIRE

What're they talking about?!

SACK

Why don't you tell her, John?!

JOHN

I'm not exactly sure what you're
talking about.

Sack PUNCHES him. John falls down. Slowly stands
up.

CLAIRE

Sack! What the-

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Dratt

100 CONTINUED: ioo

SACK

You remembering yet?

John hesitates. Sack DECKS him again. John
falls. Claire gets between them.

CLAIRE

Leave him alone!

SACK

Here, let me make it easy for you.
They're not who they say they are!
Those aren't even their real
names! They crash weddings in
order to sleep with girls.
Everything they've told us is a
fabrication. It's all lies.

John stands. His head sinks. Claire is
mortified.

CLAIRE

Is he joking?! Is that true?!

JOHN

Claire, you don't understand-

CLAIRE

It's a yes or no question, John.

JOHN

Claire...

KATHLEEN

(comforting her)

They all lie, dear. You might as
well learn that now.

TODD

Jeremy was going to be my lover!

(to Jeremy)

You're not keeping my scrotum
painting!

JEREMY

I didn't really have the wall
space anyway.

Sec. Cleary looks at John, hurt.

SEC. CLEARY

Well, you had me going, son. I really thought you were something special.(beat) There's a ferry leaving in ten minutes. I suggest you be on it.

(to the family)

Come on, let's go.

The family starts to leave.

SACK

He made a fool out of you, Claire.

JOHN

(to Claire)

I wasn't trying to shame you, Claire.

CLAIRE

You only shamed yourself. Goddamn you...

She walks back into the house with her family.

EXT. CLEARY COMPOUND - SUNSET

John and Jeremy walk down the long driveway in their crumpled tuxes. Beaten. The compound looms behind them.

EXT. AERIAL SHOT OF WASHINGTON AT SUNRISE...

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - FOUR MONTHS LATER

Jeremy's on the phone, with whom we don't know.

JEREMY

(excited)

Okay, now bunch up your panties...
put them in your mouth. All right,
gently tickle my balls and-

John bounces into Jeremy's office holding the
paper and a garment bag.

JOHN

I know how I can get to her.

JEREMY

(into the phone)

Gotta go. (he hangs up) What?

JOHN

I know how to get to Claire.

JEREMY

Give it up. For four months now
she's returned all your letters,
she won't take your calls. She
doesn't want to see you, all
right.

JOHN

She doesn't think she wants to see
me. But trust me, she wants to see
me.

JEREMY

O-kay...

JOHN

They're having an engagement party
for her tonight at the Beach Club.
We're gonna be there.

JEREMY

We're? No. I can't do that.

JOHN

Why not?

JEREMY

I just can't.

JOHN

What the hell? Why not? I need you.

JEREMY

Look, John, there's gonna be Secret Service. They'll probably have our pictures. There's no way we can even get in there.

JOHN

Oh yes we can.

He unzips the garment bag, pulls out two waiters uniforms.

JEREMY

John, you need to let this go...

JOHN

The party starts at 7:30.

EXT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB/ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

John knocks a code on the back door. RANDOLPH opens it.

RANDOLPH

Where's your friend?

JOHN
(annoyed)
Late, as usual.

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB/KITCHEN - LATER

John is dressed as a waiter. He's busy prepping desserts. He looks around. The coast is clear. He sneaks out.

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB

The party is big and eloquent. At the Cleary table, Claire sits quiet, staring at her plate. Everyone else is having a great time. Cleary notices.

CLEARY
Claire?

She looks up. Smiles to cover her mood.

CLEARY
Dance?

INT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB/KITCHEN ALCOVE -
CONTINUOUS

John looks through the portal window in the door that leads to the banquet room a little to sneak a peek. He sees several Secret Service guys. Then he spots Claire and Sec. Cleary out on the dance floor, dancing a polka. They are both smiling and having a great time.

He watches her, in a trance. Then, suddenly, Sack's face appears in the window. He points at John.

SACK
You mother-fucker...

EXT. POTOMAC BEACH CLUB/PARKING LOT - A FEW
MINUTES LATER

Trap Mitchell and a buddy hold John while Sack pummels him.

TRAP
One more, Sackmaster, and then we
have to finish up dinner.

Sack slams John in the gut, spits on him.

SACK
You get near my fiance again and
I'll kill you.

The group goes back inside. John sits up. Rubs his jaw. Walks angrily away into the night.

INT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

John bursts in, pissed off. Music BLARES from the bedroom.

JOHN
(to himself)
God damn it!

John struts down the hall.

JOHN
Where the hell were you-

Be opens the door to see - Jeremy and Gloria in the midst of some kinky/bizarre sex scenario. Jeremy's in his waiters uniform. They stop what they're doing and look at him like deer caught in a headlight.

JOHN

Oh...right.

John storms out. Jeremy jumps up, throwing on his pants.

JEREMY

Shit!

GLORIA

(fumbling for her
watch,
paniced)

What time is it? (sees the time)

Oh

my God!

EXT. JEREMY'S APARTMENT

John walks out quickly. Jeremy is right behind him.

JEREMY

John! Wait! I lost track of time!
It's only just 8:00 right now!

John stops and turns.

JOHN

You're just fucking her...this is just some kinky thing going down, right? You don't actually give a shit about this girl...

JEREMY

Why can't it be both?

JOHN

God damn it! For how long?

JEREMY

I didn't know how to tell you, John. With all what's been going down with you and Claire.

JOHN

(as it dawns on
him)

You motherfucker! You're an insider!

JEREMY

I'm an insider for you!

JOHN

What?!

JEREMY

Come on man...can't you just think about me here for a second. I really dig this chick. She makes me happy.

JOHN

(staring)

Fucking rule number five. (shakes his head) No...I'm done with you.

John turns and walks away. Jeremy shakes his head, bummed.

MONTAGE OF JOHN AS HE CRASHES VARIOUS WEDDINGS ALONE...

- John sits in a pew in the middle of a wedding ceremony. He's clearly been drinking. He leans into an old man.

JOHN

Twenty big ones it's
Cornithians...

- John, sitting at a dinner table at a reception, still cocked. Leans over to shake hands and introduce himself.

JOHN

Julio Rivera. Nice to meet you.

- John on the receiving line. He reaches the bride and groom...and then jumps the bride and starts making out with her. The groomsmen pull him off of her and kick him out.

- John, surrounded by kids, wearing a ballon hat. The kids are completely into what he is saying.

JOHN

That was the last time I spoke to
that fucking asshole...

A kid comes over and gives him a hug.

- John, snapping his fingers out of time next to the band. He's leaning on the drumset...which he falls into.

- John, wasted, roughly pushes a group of girls out of the way so he can catch the bouquet. He cheers exhuberantly.

- John, passed out on the steps of the Lincoln Memorial. It's noon. A cop comes by and shoos him.

COP

Get up, buddy. Move it on.

JOHN

(out of it)

Hell of a season!

INT. CLEARY GEORGETOWN MANSION

Claire watches T.V. with Sack. She tries to joke around with him. Puts something playfully on his head.

SACK

What the fuck, Claire? Grow up.

CLAIRE

Sorry.

EXT. GEORGETOWN STREETS

John walks dejectedly through the streets of Georgetown.

Claire walks in a similar manner down the D.C. Canals.

Jeremy buzzes the bell at John's brownstone. There's no answer. He leaves a note - PLEASE CALL ME BACK - JEREMY.

The name plate outside BECKWITH & GREY MEDIATION is switched with a new name plate : GREY MEDIATION.

Sack shows Claire some honeymoon brochures. She smiles at him...then stares pensively out the window.

John is leaving "Greg's Self Help Books" bookstore with a pile of self-help books under his arm. He turns the corner to see - Claire and Sack at a table having lunch...with Jeremy and Gloria. Everyone is laughing. John quickly turns and walks the other way. At the table - Claire looks away from the group sadly...

INT. JOHN'S BROWNSTONE - DAY - A FEW DAYS LATER

John's reading "Don't Jump! Life's Really Worth It". His place is a wreck. A knock at the door. John gets up. Opens it - it's Jeremy. With the sleeping bag tucked under his arm.

JEREMY

Hey...Happy Birthday, man. I thought maybe we'd do the birthday thing...

JOHN

Oh, yeah. That's today...right.

John opens the door. Jeremy walks in. The place is a wreck. He looks at the book on John's coffee-table.

JEREMY

Doing a little light reading?

JOHN
It's not mine. I bought it for a
friend.

JEREMY
So how you been?

JOHN
I've been great. Really
spectacular.

JEREMY
Really? You don't look so hot.

JOHN
No, I'm great.

JEREMY
What've you been doing?

JOHN
You know... crashing weddings!

JEREMY
Alone?

JOHN
No...not alone.

JEREMY
With who?

JOHN
(beat)
Chazz.

JEREMY
Chazz?

JOHN

Chazz.

JEREMY

You don't even know Chazz.

JOHN

Oh yeah, I know Chazz. He's a great guy.

Jeremy stares at him.

JEREMY

Well, listen man. I feel real bad about all that's gone down. You mean alot to me and I just want things to be cool.

John nods.

JOHN

I know, I know.(sighs) Look, I'm happy for you.

JEREMY

I'm so glad you say that, because I was beginning to wonder. I mean, I'm your friend you should be happy for me.

JOHN

I just said I was...I mean I am.

A quiet beat. Then they hug.

JEREMY

So, listen...I'm getting married.

JOHN

Fuck you..

Jeremy looks confused. John just stares at him.

JOHN

Sure, that makes sense. You're in-love with American royalty while I'm sitting here eating Slim Jims in my underwear, reading don't kill myself books!

JEREMY

I thought that wasn't yours?

JOHN

Forget the goddamn book!

JEREMY

(sighs)

Look. The wedding is next week. I want you to be my best man.

JOHN

What's wrong with you? You met this chick six months ago and now you're getting married?!

JEREMY

She's that kind of girl. She's gotta have what she wants when she wants it. She didn't want a long engagement. What do you want from me?

JOHN

It's like you joined a cult. I'm gonna see you at the airport with a shaved head, handing out pamphlets

JEREMY

She's the one, John...but you're
my
best friend. Sixteen years of
friendship...I really want you
there.

JOHN

Oh, really? Is that what you want?
You sure you don't want to make
Sack your best man? You seem real
chummy with him now. Oh yeah...I
saw you all having lunch together
the other day.

JEREMY

You know I hate that guy! But what
am I supposed to do?!

JOHN

Sixteen years of friendship, my
ass.

JEREMY

Claire's gonna be there.

JOHN

And...what does that have to do
with anything? You know what, it's
a little too late for that. I'm
over her. I'm over all of this.

Jeremy shakes his head and leaves.

EXT. PORCH, AN AVERAGE SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

John looks around at the house. Checks the address against a piece of paper in his hand. And then knocks.

The door opens. A woman, in her seventies, answers.

JOHN

Hey...is Chazz here?

The woman motions for John to come in.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME

John enters. The place is done up like your Great Aunt Edna's place in Kansas. Needle point, cushions, old stuff, etc.

MRS. RHEINGOLD

(screaming)

Chazz! Someone's here to see you!

John stands there as Chazz's mom disappears into the kitchen. A figure appears down the hall and approaches...it's CHAZZ, about ten years older than John, in a robe... and loafers. Holding a pair of numchucks.

CBAZZ

(quiet, steely)

What the fuck do you want?

JOHN

I'm John Beckwith. A friend of
Jeremy's.

CHAZZ

God dammit, why didn't you say so?
Come here brother. Gimme a hug.
Bring it in for the real thing.

They hug. Sit down. John looks around.

JOHN

(tentatively)
Is this your place?

CHAZZ

Nah... I live with my ma. It's a
killer deal actually. No rent and
she does the laundry. Oh, I did
the whole "move out and live by
yourself" thing. Why bother? It's
like having a full time maid here.
You hungry? (yelling) Ma! Can we
get some meatloaf?!

JOHN

I'm fine. I'm fine.

CHAZZ

So how's my protege?

JOHN

Jeremy? He's getting married.

CHAZZ

(laughs)
What a loser. Good! More for you
and me, right?!

John smiles weakly.. .this couldn't be more
depressing. Then an extremely hot GIRL comes out
of Chazz's bedroom, wearing a black
dress...somewhat dis-sheveled.

GIRL
I better get going.

CHAZZ
Hey babe, do what you gotta do.

Chazz walks over to her.

CHAZZ
(whispers)
Remember, sugar, for every death,
there's a rebirth.

She gives him a sexy kiss. Chazz winks at John,
who is smiling in awe - his hero still has it!
She leaves.

CHAZZ
(smiling)
Just living the dream...

High fives John.

JOHN
Wow...for a second I was nervous
when I got here, but you still got
it!

CHAZZ
Well what do you need brother,
you're in pain, it was written all
over your face when you came in.

JOHN
I went through this nasty shit
with this girl...I thought I was
in love for a second...I was
crashing alone-

CHAZZ

Alone?

JOHN

Uh...yeah...and it just doesn't have the same snap, you know? So I thought, hey, why not do some crashing with the master?! Where'd you get her?

CHAZ Z

Got her yesterday at a funeral. Rode my bike over to a cemetery near by. She just lost her boyfriend.

JOHN

Really?

CHAZZ

Dude died in a hang-gliding accident. What an idiot!

Chazz imitates the hang-gliding accident. Laughs uproariously.

JOHN

At a funeral?

CHAZZ

Yeah, I'll throw in a wedding every once in a while, but funerals are insane! The chicks are so horny it's almost not fair! It's like fishing with dynamite.

JOHN

Horny? At a funeral?

CHAZZ

Grief is nature's most powerful aphrodisiac, pal. (beat) Hey! I got one on Saturday...you're coming with me! We're gonna chase those blues away.

JOHN

(beat)

Chazz, I'm sorry. I'm not judging you, you're an innovator, but there's just no way I'm ready for that...

SMASH CUT
TO:

EXT. GRAVEYARD

A priest says prayers. John stands around an open grave with the mourners. We pull out from his face to see - there is already a hot chick, dressed in black, holding onto his arm...choked up, full of tears.

John looks over at Chazz - who also has a girl on his arm. No one seems to be filled with more tortured grief with Chazz, who is wailing. A girl consoles him. Chazz glances up at John and winks...and does the humping hip thrust.

The casket is lowered. Behind it John sees the widow. In her late fifties. She is weeping. PUSH IN ON John as he watches her. He looks down into the grave. Dirt hits the coffin.

INT. WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL - DAY

Jeremy and Gloria are at the altar. They are finishing their vows. Claire the maid of honor. Sack sits in the front pew.

The church doors crack open. John tip toes in. The door BANGS shut. John winces. Turns around. Everyone is staring at him. Jeremy smiles as they connect eyes. John smiles and shrugs.

GRANDMA CLEARY

Not this cocksucker again!

The Secret Service grab John.

JEREMY

Hey! Hands off! That's my best man!

Sec. Cleary and John share a look. Cleary nods "okay".

SACK

I don't fucking believe this.

John walks down the aisle. Claire looks away.

JEREMY

Traffic?

JOHN

I thought we started at noon.

JEREMY

Right. Thanks for making it.

JOHN

Wouldn't've missed it for the world. (turns to O'Neill) Please..
.continue.

Jeremy turns to Father O'Neil and nods.

FATHER O'NEIL

Love, we have learned, is a mystery...

John's gaze comes up... Claire is looking down.

FATHER O'NEIL

While it is true that we choose who is we love, it is also true that love chooses us. We may think we love because she makes us laugh or shares our interests...

Claire looks up and meets John's eyes.

FATHER O'NEIL

But love, like grace, is unearned. It always comes as a surprise. When we least expect it. And from where we never expected it-

John mouths the words "How are you?". Claire, overwhelmed, starts to tear up. She looks away, trying to keep her composure. Her lip begins to tremble.

CLAIRE

I can't...Gloria, I'm so sorry.

Claire walks off the altar. John looks at Jeremy, who nods -go on.

JOHN

Claire!

She stops half way down the aisle. He takes a few steps down.

JOHN

Listen...all I wanted was a minute alone with you to explain things...but I guess that's not going to happen. So, here goes...

John looks around. Sees Cleary. Takes a breath. Steps down.

JOHN

My name is John Beckwith. I used to crash weddings in order to meet girls. I lied about who I was. It was childish and pathetic and I know that now. But Claire, that guy that you met back at your folks place, that was really me. Maybe not my name, or my job, but everything we felt...that was real.

Claire turns to look at him.

JOHN

And, here's the thing. I was just crashing this funeral...

The crowd shifts uncomfortably.

JOHN

It wasn't my idea...but anyway...
there was this widow, and she'd
just lost the person she loves the
most in the world. And yeah, I
know we all have to lose the
people we love at some point, but
Claire...you're that person in my
world...and I'm just not ready to
lose you yet.

Claire looks at John, then at Sack. Shakes her
head sadly.

CLAIRE

Sack...I can't marry you. I'm
sorry.

Claire walks towards John...and kisses him.

SACK

This is bullshit!

SECRETARY CLEAEY

Lodge you're a Charlie Nobody. You
come from a long line of Charlie
Nobodys. I suppose you're
maintaining the Charlie Nobody
tradition, but not with my
daughter.

Sack bolts straight for John. Jeremy grabs his
ring.

JEREMY

(to the Priest)

I know we're not quite at that
part yet but "I do."

Jeremy cuts Sack off and DECKS him.

JEREMY

Oh sorry, dude, I don't know what got into me. I'm seeing a Buddhist about it.

GLORIA

(grabbing her
ring)

"I do" too.

She jumps into Jeremy's arms. They kiss.

Kathleen takes Cleary's hand, proud. They exchange a knowing look. Smile. He kisses her on the forehead.

EXT. CHURCH

The four pull away in Jeremy's convertible. John and Claire in back.

JEREMY

So what now?

GLORIA

I'm starving.

Jeremy looks at John in the rearview mirror.

JOHN

What do you think?

JEREMY

Fujimora wedding. Three p.m.

JOHN

Good call. Great tempura.

JEREMY
What's our backstory?

CLAIRE
(beat)
We're a folk-singing group from
Salt Lake City...

John and Jeremy look at each other and nod.

JOHN
I Like it.

They drive off along the Potomac as we CRANE
UP...ending on a final portrait of the
Washington Monument.

FADE OUT.