

BAD INFLUENCE

By Marcello Degliuomini

"Copyright (c) 2013

Contact Information:
Degliuomini718@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN ROAD - NIGHT

Blurry headlights from on coming cars paint the background. Out of the chaos of lights, emerge the colors of red and blue. The lights come into focus, as a police squad car comes to a stop.

Two uniformed cops are astonished, as they gaze upon a bizarre looking traffic accident.

A car is wedged between two poles. It's front nose dug into the ground, while the rear is jacked ten feet high.

The back tires are spinning, as the driver hopelessly struggles to break loose.

POLICEMAN #1
Will you look at this shit.

POLICEMAN #2
How in the hell did he manage that?

POLICEMAN #1
Lets go ask him.

They step out their vehicle and approach the man's car.

POLICEMAN #2
You alright?

ARTHUR, late 30's, is hunched up in the seat, gripping the steering wheel. He ignores the officers and continues to gun his engine.

POLICEMAN #1
Sir, turn off the engine! Turn it off!

Arthur hears them and complies.

POLICEMAN #1
Get down from there.

ARTHUR
Uh, no.

POLICEMAN #1
No? What do you mean no?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Because if I do come down, you'll arrest me.

POLICEMAN #2

Have you been drinking tonight?

ARTHUR

Maybe.

POLICEMAN #2

Well then yea, you'll probably be arrested.

ARTHUR

See.

POLICEMAN #2

We can always just drag you out.

ARTHUR

Yea I guess you can do that.

(beat)

Alright I'm coming down. Make some room.

Arthur hops out awkwardly -- snags his foot on the seat belt, as he stumbles out and he hits the ground.

ARTHUR

Aww, that was a bad landing.

POLICEMAN #1

You alright? What the hell happen here?

ARTHUR

I'll tell you what happen. Them god dam brakes on that Japanese piece of shit almost killed me.

POLICEMAN #1

Isn't this a Lexus?

Arthur looks back.

ARTHUR

You know I think your right.

POLICEMAN #1

So about how much would you say had to drink tonight buddy?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Not much, maybe a half of...half a beer.

A bottle of whiskey falls out the car and explodes behind an intoxicated Arthur.

ARTHUR

Maybe a tad more.

The two officers whisper in private.

ARTHUR

Hey, whats with the whispering?

They break from their whisper huddle.

POLICEMAN #1

Sir were gonna need you to submit to a field sobriety test of our choosing.

ARTHUR

Test? What kind of test?

POLICEMAN #1

Lets see....How about, reciting the alphabet for us.

ARTHUR

That seems easy enough.

POLICEMAN #1

Backwards.

ARTHUR

What?

POLICEMAN#1

Skipping every other letter.

ARTHUR

You shitting me? ...Uh..Z..X..S..L? M..N...O...oh wait, I'm goin' back up. That's a ridiculous question. Gimme something else.

POLICEMAN #1

How about a straight line than.

ARTHUR

Now that's more reasonable.

(CONTINUED)

Just as Arthur takes his first step, a quick rush of drunken dizziness hits him like a sledgehammer.

ARTHUR
(to himself)
Ok, that didn't feel like that a second ago.

Arthur laughs to himself.

POLICEMAN #1
TODAY!

ARTHUR
Alright, I'm going.

Arthur takes a shaky first step.

ARTHUR
That one didn't count. I slid on a pebble.

He points at the ground.

POLICEMAN #1
Just go!

Arthur takes a second step, and then a third. By the fourth step his balance starts to lean. As he goes for the fifth step he loses all balance and falls flat on his face.

Knocking himself out cold.

POLICEMAN #1
Oh I could have called that one.

POLICEMAN #2
Best part is, look. Dashboard cam caught the whole thing.

POLICEMAN #1
Sweet.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

The room is littered with dozens of empty beer and soda cans, consuming every inch of counter space. Not to mention the abundance of marijuana paraphernalia scattered about.

Passed out -- slumped over his shitty living room sofa is BEN, late 20's.

(CONTINUED)

Tyson, his red nose pit bull, pulls down on his sleeve. Tyson pulls Ben off the couch. His face hits the end table before he crashes to the floor.

Ben awakens in an instant -- shoots up from the floor, and knocks his head on the underneath part of his coffee table.

BEN

Shit! Tyson!

He looks around.

BEN(CONT)

What the fuck am I doing sleeping
out here?

Ben rises from the couch, he gives a long stretch followed by an even longer yawn.

He grabs a joint clip from the ashtray, lights it up, takes a few pulls.

He notices his cell phone displaying two new voice mails. He puts his cellphone on speaker, hits play.

First message.

MAN'S VOICE

Ben, I know your home. Pick up.
This is Dick, You remember, your
old boss. I'm not sure if you know,
But were missing a giant vending
machine.

Ben cant help but to smirk as he passes the vending machine on his way to the bathroom.

MAN'S VOICE

We're not pointing fingers, but how
an eight hundred pound vending
machine can just up and disappear
is just...unfathomable. So, just
call us back.

Ben brushes his teeth. He turns the faucet knob, no water comes out.

BEN

C'mon.

Last message.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Benjamin, this is Margret, your Probation officer. I'm calling in regards to the drug test that we have scheduled for you today. Remember it's at five O clock. Don't forget. Call me when you get this.

He gargles a mouthful of beer that rests beside the sink.

He spits it out.

BEN

Fuck!

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/KINDERGARTEN CLASS- MORNING

Twenty little kindergartners are passed out on an area rug.

Arthur is asleep, passed out at his desk along with the rest of his kindergarten class.

A KNOCK at the door.

Startled, Arthur pops his head up.

He gets up to answer it.

PRINCIPAL

You got a moment?

ARTHUR

Sure.

The Principal, DONALD ERGANG, late 40's, shuts the door behind Arthur. The sound of the door wakes up the class.

DONALD

Jesus, your face.

ARTHUR

I have something on my face?

Arthur pretends to wipe something off his face, as if he didn't know he had multiple scraps across it.

DONALD

Have you looked in the mirror?
Looks like someone threw you off a train.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
(Worried)
Is it bad?

DONALD
It's....yea its bad. What happen to
you?

ARTHUR
I fell over.

DONALD
You fell over? What are you a
toddler?

ARTHUR
(child-like)
No.

DONALD
Well explain...that.

He points to Arthur's face.

ARTHUR
I was involved in a car accident.

DONALD
Were you drinking?

ARTHUR
Is that really important?

DONALD
Yes, it is.

ARTHUR
Well in that case I wasn't.

DONALD
Look I get it. I use to be a bit of
an animal myself back in my hay
day. Parties left and right.

ARTHUR
I wasn't partying.

DONALD
Well, whatever. I know the scene. I
know what goes down. You ever do
cocaine through your asshole?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Uhm, no. Cant say I have.

DONALD

It burns like hell. But let me tell ya', what a rush.

ARTHUR

Maybe we should keep our voices down.

DONALD

Your right, we wouldn't want people getting the wrong idea. But what I'm sayin' is, that's all in my past. I'm done with those days. At a certain point we all gotta' move on and take responsibility. We are dealing with kids here, ya' know.

ARTHUR

I know.

DONALD

So, what's this about you needing a month off. I could barely make you out on my voice mail.

ARTHUR

Yea about that, I was...very tired when I made that call. What I said was, I needed take a month off because I'll be going away.

DONALD

Going away? Where?

Arthur panic's at Donald's follow up question.

ARTHUR

Uh, Bali.

DONALD

Bali?

ARTHUR

Yea Bali. I got relatives out there.

DONALD

In Bali?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Yep.

DONALD

So how long will you be staying in *Bali* for?

ARTHUR

Twenty eight days - A month.

DONALD

A month? You do know were gonna have to bring somebody else in to cover for you.

ARTHUR

I know. I just need a month. And I'll be back and ready to teach.

DONALD

Bali?

ARTHUR

Bali.

Donald walks away, feeling confused about that conversation.

Arthur peers through the window on the door, A kindergarten anarchy has engulf the room. Kids run a muck, up and down the aisles. Some are dancing on top of their desks.

He see's a little boy trying to pull a fire extinguisher off the wall.

ARTHUR

Shit.

Arthur opens the door.

ARTHUR

Hey! Put that down. What I say about playing fireman.

INT. BEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Light streams through the window shades, as smoke clouds billow in the room.

Ben is having a smoke session with his friend, DONUTS(late 20's).

Donuts is a bit heavy -- Nicknamed donuts because of his affinity for glaze. That and the fact that he's fat as shit.

(CONTINUED)

Donuts takes a long toke. Holds it in, then speaks.

DONUTS

You stink. You don't take showers?

BEN

There's no water.

DONUTS

What do you mean no water? No hot water?

BEN

No, I mean no water.

DONUTS

No water? Where you living at, Guatemala? Who doesn't have running water anymore?

BEN

Apparently *I* don't.

DONUTS

That's cause you live in a shit box. This place is freezing in the winter, you got no water. And look at this shit. You got enough pizza boxes stacked up you could build a little fort. This shit looks like who did it and ran. And what is that? Is that a...is that a lizard?

An iguana climbs over a pile of clothes in the corner of the room.

DONUTS(CONT)

You have a fucking lizard just running loose around here? How many pets are you up to?.

BEN

Not many, maybe about the same amount of kids you got running around.

DONUTS

Not many? It stinks like a pet land in here.

BEN

So does your house. I seen a shit covered diaper stuck to the wall at

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEN (cont'd)
your house last week. Dont talk
about my house now.

DONUTS
That's emilio, that little bastard.
He takes em' out of...I hate him.
But seriously, how many pets you up
to?

BEN
Lets see, just got the lizard, I
got Tyson, the cockatoo, the two
hamsters. Uh...got some fish in the
bedroom. Salt water. uh...I think
that's about it.

DONUTS
You sure? You sure there's not an
emu hiding in the closet or
something?

BEN
How am I suppose to fit an emu in
the closet? You don't even know
what an emu looks like do you?

DONUTS
I know what an emu looks like.

BEN
Yea, what is it?

DONUTS
It's an animal that...that...that
you can fit in your closet. That
much I know.

BEN
Your full of shit.

Ben has a feeling like he's forgetting something.

DONUTS
What's up?

BEN
Have you ever gotten the feeling
like your forgetting something
important?

DONUTS

It's usually my keys.

BEN

No, like its something your suppose to do.

DONUTS

I don't know, but I do gotta' take a piss.

Ben remembers.

BEN

SHIT!

DONUTS

What?

BEN

I gotta take the drug test today. What time is?

DONUTS

Like four twenty.

BEN

No seriously.

DONUTS

Seriously man its 4:20.

BEN

Fuck. I gotta be there at 5.

DONUTS

How do you forget you have a drug test?

BEN

Because I do drugs, that's how.

DONUTS

I would say drink a gallon of water, but...

Ben begins to looks for something in the room.

BEN

You seen a fake dick lying around here?

(CONTINUED)

DONUTS

A what?

BEN

The dick, the fake one. The one that holds the piss. How do you think I been passing these tests every month?

DONUTS

How do you lose a dick?

BEN

I don't know.

DONUTS

Why don't you smoke that fake shit instead. So you don't have to worry about these tests every month. It's gets you high, no?

BEN

Have you smoked that fake shit before. That shit aint' right. It felt like my heart was racing and I was numb at the same time. You know how many chemicals they have in that shit?

DONUTS

No idea.

DONUTS

I dont know either. No one knows. I'm not smoking shit that gives you this impending feeling of death, like your gonna' die any fuckin' minute. Or get stuck like that, and fry your fuckin' brain out. Besides, I hate the smell and love the smell of good weed.

BEN

Yea yea you and your fucking scents.

Ben can see Tyson chewing on the prosthetic penis.

BEN

Tyson NO! No No you fuck! Shit, shit.

Ben picks up the mangled remains of his get out of jail free cock.

(CONTINUED)

BEN(CONT)

It's destroyed. What am I gonna do?
I'm screwed. Fuck it, I'm not even
going.

DONUTS

Don't do that. That's worse. Just
go there and piss. Your allowed one
fuck up. I think they even have it
in print somewhere. Maybe not in
those words, but its there. They
give you like three strikes.
Depending on your P.O.

BEN

You sure?

DONUTS

You kidding, they had me on a five
year probation. I must have failed
a dozen piss tests. They never
locked me up. You'll be fine. Trust
me.

INT. PROBATION OFFICE - 5:30

Ben sits across from his probation officer, who seems to be
disappointed by the results of Ben's test.

P.O

You failed! I'm requesting the
judge to send you to a rehab
facility.

BEN

What? You serious? What happened to
a warning? We're not doing
warnings? We got rid of warnings
now? I been coming to you -- going
on two years now. I been clean
every time. Didn't I at least earn
one warning?

P.O

I don't do warnings. The law's the
law.

BEN

(under his breathe)
Fucking Donuts.

(CONTINUED)

P.O

Excuse me?

BEN

I said, when am I going.

P.O

Soon as possible. It's either this, or some jail Time. It's only thirty days, you'll be out before you know it. And for god sakes, don't screw this up.

BEN

How could I screw this up?

P.O

I know you, there are plenty of ways you could manage that.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD/DRIVING/AFTERNOON

Arthur and his fiance JILL(35)-- a striking brunette, almost too good for Arthur, drive down a county looking road.

ARTHUR

I cant believe I agreed to this.

JILL

You said it yourself, this place could be for the best.

ARTHUR

Sure, If I don't have to miss work. You know where I told them I was going?

JILL

Where?

ARTHUR

Bali.

JILL

Bali?

ARTHUR

Yea, Bali.

JILL

Why bali?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Because I'm an idiot, I panicked. I cant exactly tell em' I'm goin' in a drug program for drinking now can I.

JILL

But why bali? It sounds so made up.

ARTHUR

I'm a terrible liar. You know that. And I wouldn't have had to lie if I could have just done this on the weekends like we discussed. But no, your father of course, had to chime in. " I think maybe a month would be sufficient"

JILL

He doesn't talk like that. And you and my father better be good. The wedding is right around the corner. I don't want any bad blood at my wedding. You hear me Arthur?

ARTHUR

Don't look at *me*, I try. Lord knows I try. Your father loathes Me. I never had someone loath me before. Do you know how that feels? To be... loatheded.

Arthur thinks a second, realizing its not a word.

ARTHUR (CONT)

It hangs over you.

JILL

He can be temperamental at times, I'll admit. But he's got a good heart. He just wants us to be happy.

ARTHUR

He wants you to be happy. That you, does not include me.

JILL

Your wrong.

ARTHUR

Really? Like the time I ate shaving cream, because your father thought

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR (cont'd)
it would be been funny to put in on
my birthday cake. Or how about the
time he shot me.

JILL
That was an accident. You boys went
hunting. He got startled, you know
he didn't mean it.

ARTHUR
The hell I do.

JILL
He said you popped out of nowhere.

ARTHUR
I was right behind him.

JILL
Well maybe you shouldn't be
standing right behind a man with a
rifle while he's hunting.

ARTHUR
We were still following him. We
didn't even set up yet.

JILL
I'm sure it was an accident.

ARTHUR
Yea, another accident. You know how
many accidents I've been in since
we met. Our hospital is on a first
name basis with me.

JILL
Well maybe you can stop drinking
and driving. That might help cut
down on all your accidents.

ARTHUR
I told you the brakes went out. I
could have died.

JILL
I guess that also explains why you
fell on your face during a sobriety
test.

ARTHUR

Alright, I might have had a few drinks. But I'm not lying about those brakes.

EXT. SUNNYSIDE - DAY

Beautiful country grounds surround a two story complex. A colorful rose garden decorates the front entrance. A warm welcoming sign, "Welcome to Sunnyside" is posted outside.

Jill drives up to the front entrance of the facility.

JILL

Oh wow this is beautiful. You see this?

ARTHUR

It looks like a retirement home.

JILL

Look they got a volleyball net out there and everything. This place looks great.

ARTHUR

Whats with all the roses?

JILL

I think there beautiful.

ARTHUR

You don't think that's too many? They're all over the place.

JILL

Must you harp on the negative? Now what day am I picking you up on?

ARTHUR

The twenty eighth.

Jill stares at Arthur intently.

JILL

I'm so proud of you for going through with this.

Jill leans over and gives Arthur a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
Wish me luck.

JILL
You wont need it.

Arthur grabs his bags and gets out the car. He looks back and see's Jill leaned over the seat, as she smiles and watches Arthur walk away.

INT. SUNNYSIDE - DAY

Arthur walks into the head councilor's office. The head councilor DEXTER (mid 40's) a short hyperactive man with a tendency to smile, all the time -- slams his desk draw shut, rises from his chair and walks over to greet Arthur.

DEXTER
You must be Arthur.

ARTHUR
And your?

DEXTER
The names Dexter. I'm the head councilor here at Sunny Side. Head honcho if you will. I was told you will be staying with us for a thirty day duration?

ARTHUR
Yep.

DEXTER
Well were happy to have you for as long as we can..
(awkward beat)
So as for your room, Since were booked heavy this month. We've been organizing our patients in pairs. Two beds a room. So it looks like you'll be bunking with...

Dexter looks through some papers.

DEXTER (CONT)
Uhm...Benjamin Kushman.

INT. SUNNYSIDE HALLWAY - DAY

Ben casually walks through the main hallway with his duffel bag slung over his shoulder.

Music blasting in his ears -- Lit cigarette in his mouth, as he carelessly ashes on the hallway floor.

INT. SUNNYSIDE/DORM ROOM

Arthur puts a stack of neatly folded shirts away into his draw.

The door opens, Ben walks in.

BEN

Shit, what happen to your face?

ARTHUR

I adopted a baby tiger.

BEN

I tried to get an African monkey once, but someone told me that they have a tendency to smother you and dig out your eyes with their little monkey hands while your sleeping. So, I told the guy forget about it.

ARTHUR

Right. I was just joking.

BEN

Yea, I figured that. I wasn't. So why you really here?

ARTHUR

Drinking.

Arthur points to his face.

BEN

Gotcha'.

ARTHUR

And you?

Ben opens his duffel bag and throws a zip lock bag of kush at Arthur.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

What are you crazy? You cant bring this in here?

BEN

Why not?

ARTHUR

Why not? We're in rehab. You know that right?

BEN

Oh I know.

ARTHUR

You actually plan on smoking all this?

BEN

Not all of it. I figure I smoke about half, get rid of the rest.

ARTHUR

And you think this is good idea?

Arthur throws it back.

BEN

I think its a great idea. Who better to sell pot to, than a bunch of addicts and bingers.

ARTHUR

Well, the odds are favorably higher.

BEN

See.

ARTHUR

Your gonna' get caught.

BEN

If I was constantly worrying about getting caught I wouldn't be selling weed in the first place.

Arthur's stumped as both of Ben's answers stop him in his tracks.

Ben drops his bag by his bed.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Now, I'm gonna take a little nap.
If they call me for anything, I'm
not here.

Ben lays back easy on his bed, tilts his fitted cap down and falls asleep.

INT. SUNNYSIDE GROUP SESSION ROOM - DAY

Around twenty people are in a circle of chairs. Each sharing their own personal accounts of addiction, as Dexter orchestrates the session.

CRACK HEAD MAN

(emotional)

It was dark, but I could still see
the lights from the cars down the
Street. I knew it had to be quick,
And before I knew what I was
doing..

(beat)

He ejaculated all over me. Then he
just started laughing.

DEXTER

OK, Thank you Thomas.

CRACKHEAD MAN

(crying)

I didn't even get the money.

DEXTER

OK, is there anyone else that would
like to share.

Half the group raises their hand.

DEXTER(CONT)

A story without it ending with Men
ejaculating on them.

Half of the people who raised their hands, lower them.

Dexter can see Ben nodding off in his chair.

DEXTER(CONT)

Excuse me, are we boring you? Can
someone wake him.

Arthur slaps Ben on the arm to wake up.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Hey.

Ben abruptly wakes up. Still dreaming.

BEN

Tyson stop it!

DEXTER

Glad you can join us. Are our story's boring you today Mr. -

BEN

Kushman.

DEXTER

Oh yes. Benjamin Kushman. I have it right here.

BEN

You can just call me Ben.

ROOM

Helloooo Ben.

Ben gets startled as the room greets him in unison.

BEN

Whoa. Didn't expect the whole room to jump in. But OK.

DEXTER

So were you listening to the group?

BEN

Sure.

DEXTER

So what did Thomas say?

BEN

Uhm, I don't know...he was ejaculated on?

Arthur holds in a laugh, while the room remains quiet.

DEXTER

Perhaps you would like to share something with the group.

BEN

Like what?

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

How about on, why you're here.

BEN

Well that's easy. I blew a drug test. You guys know what that's about huh? Or at least blowing something. Am I right guys. those two in the back, you know what am talking about. Dont act like you dont. Bunch of homo's.

Ben looks around the room and laughs. He looks for recognition. The room agrees with simultaneous head nods.

DEXTER

Is that it?

BEN

Pretty much. Well, I never got cummed on if that counts for anything?

DEXTER

No, it doesn't.

BEN

It really should.

DEXTER

OK, that's enough. I think were done for today. Does anyone have any questions?

RANDOM VOICE

Yea, this place sucks.

DEXTER

That's not a question.

SAME VOICE

(a bit lower)

Why does this place suck?

DEXTER

Now your just being be smart.

INT. SUNNYSIDE HALLWAY - DAY

Dexter approaches Ben, who is apparently in the midst of one of his transactions with another patient.

The man spots Dexter and walks away from Ben.

BEN

Where you going? What the fuck.

DEXTER

Hey Ben.

BEN

Yea, and you are?

DEXTER

Dexter. We just had a meeting this morning. You don't remember?

BEN

Wait, were you one of those guys who got cummed on?

DEXTER

(concerned)

No. We met twice already. Once at registration. A second time at group. Is none of this familiar?

BEN

I'm told I have a selective memory. I usually forget things I' don't care about.

DEXTER

Oh, well, OK. Just wanted to touch base. Let you know my door is always open. If you ever need a friend...It's like my mother always said, a person can never have too many friends.

BEN

Well your mothers stupid. You can always have too many friends. Now if you don't mind, I got to take a shit and a shower, so.

Ben walks right through Dexter as if he was selling insurance.

Dexter tries to get a hold on the moment.

INT. ARTHUR'S ROOM/SUNNYSIDE - NIGHT

Laughs can be heard from the next room over. Arthur wakes up groggy to investigate.

He opens the door to the next room to see Ben and the room's occupant, CLARENCE(mid 40's). Their smoking a joint and telling stories.

CLARENCE

So that's why my pants were down.
But I couldn't understand why I was
fist deep in -

Arthur pokes his head in.

CLARENCE(CONT)

Can I help you?

BEN

Oh shit. It's my roommate Arnold.

ARTHUR

Actually its Arthur.

BEN

You sure?

ARTHUR

Yea I'm sure, its my name. Can you
guys keep it down. People are
trying to sleep. It's like two in
the morning.

BEN

That's it? Man come back at 6 if
were still up.

(to clarence)

I thought it was late the way he
came in.

CLARENCE

Shut the door!

Arthur shuts the door, as he walks away.

He hears them laughing even louder.

INT. MAIN ROOM/ GROUP SESSION - DAY

Arthur stands among a circle of eager listeners.

Ben's eyes are practically shut with his head drooped forward.

ARTHUR

Where should I begin?

DEXTER

Just say whats on your mind.

ARTHUR

Ok...Where do I start. I hate his guts. And I never hated anyone. Never had a reason to. But when someone hates you with so much passion in their blood, the only thing you can do is hate em' back. It feels like I'm being choked, and onetime literally. I woke up one night with his hands around my neck. It freaked me out. You know how it feels, to live your life with someone constantly telling you, that your worthless, a loser..

Ben raises his head and now acutely listens to Arthur.

ARTHUR (CONT

But what can I do? That's her father. The man she's been looking up to her entire life. How can I compete with that? I dont know, I guess I drink to deal with the pressure. The expectations. The weight. But that's no excuse. A man should own up to his decisions. So I guess that's what brought me here.

DEXTER

Wow. Thank you Arthur. You see how Arthur here has opened up and not only took responsibility for his addiction, but is trying to understand and correct it for the better. I want everybody here to take this as an example of how we all perceive the world around us, and how it affects us, our lives and our decisions we make on a day

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER (cont'd)
to day basis. OK, that's it for
today. Well pick this up
tomorrow.

The session ends as everybody gets up chatting as they head
for the door.

Ben walks along side Arthur.

BEN
Why don't you just kill him.

ARTHUR
Two reasons. I love Jill. And
I'm not fond of group showers.

BEN
You don't got the balls. That's
what your really saying.

ARTHUR
I got balls. Big balls. But I'm not
gonna murder somebody because they
don't like me.

BEN
Yea, you don't fit the killer type
anyway.

ARTHUR
What's that suppose to mean?

BEN
It means, you don't fit the killer
type.

ARTHUR
And what pray tell is the killer
type?

BEN
Whatever you are, the complete
opposite.

They enter the hallway, and walk toward their room.

ARTHUR
You don't think I'm capable of
murder? You think I'm some kind of
square?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Well you are a square for using the word square.

ARTHUR

I think I could do it if I had to. If pushed came to shove.

BEN

Really?. OK, how many fights have you been in?

ARTHUR

What's that gotta' do with it?

BEN

It speaks volumes. It shows how willing a person is in engaging confrontations.

ARTHUR

I don't know, one, maybe two.

BEN

One? And possibly a second? That's pathetic. What are you like forty?

ARTHUR

Thirty eight.

BEN

And you been in one fight in thirty eight years? Did you at least win your only fight?

ARTHUR

I think it might have been a tie.

BEN

Of course it was.

ARTHUR

It was the fifth grade. I was getting bullied by a blind girl.

BEN

A blind girl?

ARTHUR

She may have been blind, but let me tell ya, she *heard* everything.

Ben laughs.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY/ TWO WEEKS LATER

The therapist is older gentlemen in his late 50's.

THERAPIST

Are you dealing with any stress?
Any prolong periods of depression?
Are you finding it difficult for
you to experience joy.

ARTHUR

You sound like a AD for an
antidepressant. I'm happy, I
experience joy, for the most part.

THERAPIST

Tell me more about this father in
law of yours.

Arthur's face gets emotional.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Ben comfortably sits in his chair. With an expression of
contempt aimed directly in front of him.

THERAPIST

So Benjamin. Can I call you
Benjamin.

BEN

I'd rather you didn't.

THERAPIST

Ben OK?

BEN

Yea that's fine.

THERAPIST

You seem to be having some
difficulty adjusting here at Sunny
side. Is there something you wanted
to talk about?

BEN

Not really. Just looking to do my
thirty.

THERAPIST

Try not to think of it as doing
your thirty. Sunnyside is meant To
heal, but first you gotta-

(CONTINUED)

BEN

-Hold on, you guys are gonna heal me? That's rich. Whadda' ya' want to know? About my childhood? You want to know if my daddy beat on every night, while mom was pasted out on pills. How I never had a relationship that lasted a year. How I use drugs to mask the pain.

THERAPIST

Is all this true?

BEN

Fuck no.

THERAPIST

Language.

BEN

Sorry. Look, I know those are the things you want to hear. If your looking for me to break down and cry while you hug me saying, It's not your fault, over and over again, you can forget it. I'm not gonna be singing along like some puppet dancing to show tunes.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Arthur cry's, an emotional wreck. His arms wrapped around the therapist. The therapist is doing his best to console him.

THERAPIST

It's not your fault. It's not your fault.

ARTHUR

Why does he hate me?

THERAPIST

He doesn't hate you. He just thinks your not good enough for his daughter.

ARTHUR

What?

(CONTINUED)

THERAPIST
It's not your fault. Its not your
fault.

EXT. SUNNYSIDE COMPLEX - DAY

A group of patients play a friendly game of volleyball.

Clarence spikes the ball, the ball strikes a cracked out
women in her face.

CRACKED OUT WOMEN
Ahh.

VOLLEYBALL PLAYER #1
Dude.

CLARENCE
What?

VOLLEYBALL PLAYER #1
Were not even keeping score. Take
it easy.

CLARENCE
Go fuck yourself.

Ben and Arthur sit on a wooden bench, just shooting the
shit.

Dexter approaches the men.

DEXTER
Hey, how you guys doing?

BEN
We were having a conversation
amongst ourselves, until you came.

DEXTER
You don't like me very much, do
you?

BEN
Do I have to answer that?

DEXTER
I'm just trying to be your friend.

BEN
Well there you go. Your trying.
It's obvious, weird and unnatural.

(CONTINUED)

DEXTER

Well my mother always said -

BEN

Again with your mother. Look, I don't mean to be rude but...go away.

DEXTER

I'm sorry.

BEN

You should be.

Dexter looks like a hurt puppy as he walks away silently.

ARTHUR

That seemed a bit harsh.

BEN

Fucking guy comes on too strong. He comes off like he's dying to make a friend. Always smiling. Look at Him.

Dexter loses his frown and adopts his usual joyful smile. He happily strolls along as he seeks to engage a conversation with someone else.

BEN(CONT)

That stupid fucking smile.

(beat)

So, like I was saying. Moderation. You gotta learn to do everything in moderation. When you drink, don't over drink. They gonna want to tell you to stay away from alcohol all together. Fuck that. Moderation. That's the key. You don't want to be the designated driver every night ya' know.

ARTHUR

Easier said than done.

BEN

That's why I prefer to smoke than drink. And the shit I got, practically cures cancer. Cloud nine mellow vibe. This shits medicine, I'm telling you.

Ben holds up a rolled joint.

(CONTINUED)

BEN(CONT)

First one's on me. C'mon, Arty.
Don't let me smoke alone in the
woods.

ARTHUR

I don't smoke.

BEN

Well at least take a walk. What
else are you doing?

ARTHUR

I'll take a walk, but I'm not
smoking.

BEN

Fine, you don't have to smoke.

ARTHUR

I mean it, I'm not smoking.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Both Ben and Arthur sit with their backs by a tree, smoking
a joint. Their eyes are blood shot to the point of
ridiculous.

ARTHUR

I love this air. You smell how
fresh this air is? It's
intoxicating.

BEN

It is intoxicating. It's good air.

ARTHUR

Good? It's great.

Arthur takes another long breath in.

BEN

You ever had a problem trying to
breathe without thinking about it,
after you just thought about it?

ARTHUR

What?

BEN

Maybe I shouldn't even fuck your
head up with this.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

With what?

BEN

You sure you want to know?

ARTHUR

Yea, tell me.

BEN

Alright. Just don't say I didn't warn you.

ARTHUR

I wont. Will you tell me.

BEN

You know how we breathe everyday without thinking about it, right? Involuntarily.

ARTHUR

Sure.

BEN

Well, what if I tell you to breathe manually?

ARTHUR

Manually?

BEN

The average person takes about thirty thousand breathes in a single day, give or take. That's thirty thousand times we breathe in and out and not even think about it. Say if I tell you, to think about it. Think about each and every breathe that you take. Knowing you have to take the next one, and the one after that. Where your mind just gets so fixated on life's most simplistic action-sometimes you can forget for days, months, and then one day your sitting around and that fucking thought pops up like a an evil thorn pricking you subconscious. "Think about breathing, think about breathing", "Think about breathing" Until you feel like you can just completely lose your shit. And then

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BEN (cont'd)
you calm down and realize, It's
just a stupid word.

ARTHUR
This is what you think about?

BEN
Why, you think it's bullshit?

ARTHUR
Pretty much.

BEN
OK. So think about breathing. Let
your mind think about it for one
second. And tell me you wont be
thinking about the next one. Are
you breathing manually?

ARTHUR
Am I breathing manually, Are you?

Arthur takes in a breathe.

BEN
Oh, what was that?

ARTHUR
What was what?

BEN
You thought about that last
breathe.

ARTHUR
I did not.

Arthur takes another calculated breathe.

BEN
Ha, you did it again.

ARTHUR
I did? Wait, Your right, I'm
breathing manually.

Arthur takes another calculated breathe.

BEN
See.

ARTHUR

This is insane. I gotta stop thinking about it. Ok, I can beat this, Uhm, Pretzels.

BEN

Pretzels? That's the first thing that comes to you. How About uhm, breathing.

ARTHUR

Fuck, stop it. You completely ruined this fresh air for me. I hope your happy.

BEN

I did warn you.

ARTHUR

I cant stop breathing.

BEN

Well you don't want to completely stop breathing. You just don't want to think about it.

ARTHUR

Your not helping. I'm having a panic attack In the middle of nowhere and - wait. Were not in the middle of nowhere right?

Ben looks around.

BEN

Sure, we came from uhm...

ARTHUR

Tell me were not lost in the middle of the woods.

BEN

Uhm, wow I have no clue in what direction we came from. You don't know?

ARTHUR

No I don't know. I was following you.

BEN

You don't recognize any distinguishing trees?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Distinguishing trees? Their fucking trees. They all look exactly the same!

BEN

Ok, lets pick a direction and just go.

ARTHUR

That's your big plan?

BEN

It's that or we just stand here and wait for the sun to go down. I don't know about you, but I'm not looking forward to these wild animals coming out at night.

ARTHUR

What kind of animals?

BEN

Coyotes, badgers, wild chip munks...bears.

ARTHUR

Bears? You went from chip munk's to bears?

BEN

We don't have any food, so we should be good. But then again, we are in the woods. So who knows.

ARTHUR

Which direction did you say?

BEN

Follow me.

Ben and Arthur journey into the woods. Blindly, they venture deeper in the wrong direction.

Ben is out front, as Arthur trails him. The branches that Ben passes through, whack Arthur in the face.

ARTHUR

Ahh shit, Watch where your walking.

BEN

You should watch, their hitting you in the face.

(CONTINUED)

The sun has fallen, and full moon has got the animals in a frenzy.

Ben and Arthur have posted up in moon lit spot, where there is a break in the heavily dense trees.

A small fire they made, keeps them warm.

ARTHUR

Do you hear them?

BEN

Of course I hear them. They're all around us.

ARTHUR

I don't have a weapon.

BEN

Get a stick. In fact, go out and get two sticks.

ARTHUR

Two? Why don't you go get em?

BEN

Will you just go get it.

ARTHUR

I'm only bringing back one, big one.

Arthur makes his way a few feet, bends down and reaches for a stick. instead he picks up the back of a skunks tale.

The skunk sprays Arthur.

ARTHUR

Fuck, I'm hit. I'm hit. Something got me.

Ben rushes over to Arthur. He comes to an abrupt halt after he catches a wiff of the skunk.

ARTHUR

(Hysterical)

Something spit at me.

BEN

Were you just sprayed by a skunk?

ARTHUR
It's unbearable.

Arthur takes in a breath.

BEN
Now think about breathing.

Ben starts to laugh.

ARTHUR
You son of a bitch this isn't
funny.
(beat)
Fuck, and now I am thinking about
breathing.

BEN
You hear that?

The sound of a helicopter approaches.

ARTHUR
Sounds like a helicopter.

The helicopter passes over and shines a spot light right on them. Just as it does, a group of men with flashlights reach Ben and Arthur.

BEN
Hey, over here.

Dexter and a group of park rangers reach the men.

DEXTER
Just what the hell do you guys
think your doing out here?

ARTHUR
We got lost.

DEXTER
Do you know how far you are from
Sunnyside?

BEN
A mile maybe. Two.

DEXTER
Try eleven.

ARTHUR
Eleven? We walked eleven miles?

BEN
You *tracked* us eleven miles?

DEXTER
The only way we found you is
because we seen the smoke from the
fire. Which by the way is illegal
in a National preserve.

ARTHUR
Were in national preserve?

DEXTER
Yea, you crossed that line about -

Dexter's nose flares up as he is smells the foul stench in
front of him.

DEXTER
What is that smell?

ARTHUR
Skunk.

DEXTER
Well that's the least of your
problems, you guys are in big
trouble when we get back.

INT. DEXTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ben and Arthur sit nervously in Dexter's office.

BEN
I feel like I'm in the principals
office.

ARTHUR
No, its too dark in here. And these
walls are all wrong.

BEN
You don't stink by the way, what
did they use?

ARTHUR
You don't want to know.

Ben begins to sniff the air.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

You smell that? I smell weed.

ARTHUR

It's probably coming off you.

Dexter comes out of the bathroom. He walks over to his desk, sits down and stares at Ben and Arthur.

That cheerful smile is gone. All that is left is man who has reached his limit.

BEN

How about we have that talk you wanted to have?

DEXTER

Save it. I heard everything you said about me. Dying to make a friend, pathetic, limp dick.

BEN

I never said limp dick.

DEXTER

Well whatever, I heard it all. Despite the rumors, I have excellent hearing. The only reason I was so nice to you, was that I believed in you. I thought maybe with a little guidance you can be giving a second chance. Instead you mock and ridicule and think you can just skate through this program. Well let tell you something, when all is said and done, the buck stops here. I say whether you stay, and whether you go. And seeing is how you broke rule nine.

BEN

- Money stays in the car till I say so?

DEXTER

What?

BEN

Scarface.

ARTHUR

That's not rule nine. Rule nine is, "If I'm not back in fifteen minutes, somethings wrong".

(CONTINUED)

BEN

You sure?

ARTHUR

Positive. Remember the part when Tony had the -

DEXTER

Hey, hey! Fuck is this, film class? I don't think you guys are taking this serious. So, the only course of action I see is keeping you guys here for another month, at least.

ARTHUR

Another month? I cant stay here another Month. I got a job to get back to. I'm getting married next month.

BEN

Yea I gotta - He's getting married next month.

DEXTER

You should have thought of that before you decided on that little field trip in the woods.

ARTHUR

That's bullshit.

DEXTER

What?

ARTHUR

I said that's bullshit. We really got lost, it was an honest mistake. It seems your coming down harsh because of your feelings toward Ben. I personally think that's unprofessional.

DEXTER

Do not lecture me on professionalism. You two weren't suppose to be in the woods in The first place. What are you guys ten, you got to go around exploring. I wish I can - If there was some -

Dexter feels his stomach turn. He leaps up and rushes back to the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Were fucked!

Ben rises from his chair, he leans over to investigate the smell from earlier. It's stronger by Dexter's desk.

ARTHUR

I don't smell anything.

BEN

Its faint. But I got a nose for this. Comes from years of smoking. I'm like a bloodhound, I'll find it.

ARTHUR

You better hurry up.

Ben rummages through Dexter's draws. He moves papers and folders about. He stumbles on a secret compartment. Lifts it open, and finds a secret stash of drugs. Pot, Pills, powders, you name it.

ARTHUR

What is it?

BEN

Are ticket out.

The toilet flushes. Dexter exit's the bathroom.

DEXTER

What are you doing?

BEN

What have you been doing?

Ben grabs a handful of mixed drugs and slaps it on the desk.

DEXTER

Where did you get that?

BEN

In your desk. Along with some pills. Coke, Is this heroin? You got yourself a nice little stock pile over here. I knew something was up with you. Always smiling and shit. It just not natural.

DEXTER

Those were confiscated off the patients.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Is that right? Is that the procedure around here? You collect all the drugs brought in, and they all go in...your desk?

DEXTER

You know what, go head. I'll just say that's not mine. I'll say you snuck into my office and planted this stuff in my desk. Who are they going to believe. a drunk and drug dealer, or me.

ARTHUR

I guess you can also explain the hidden compartment in the desk along with a test of your blood. Which you know will be asked, after we make this thing public. So, you sure you don't want to reconsider your position.

BEN

Got em'.

INT. BEN AND ARTHUR'S ROOM - DAY

Ben throws his bag over his shoulders, takes a quick scan of the room to see if he forgot something.

BEN

I guess this is it. Time to go home.

Arthur stops packing and walks over to Ben. He extends out his hand for a handshake.

ARTHUR

You take care of yourself man.

Ben gives Arthur a pound, a handshake more accustomed to Ben's close friends.

BEN

You too.

ARTHUR

Hey uhm.. You wouldn't happen to have any of that pot left, would ya?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Look at you, you're a smoker now?

ARTHUR

I don't know. But maybe I can substitute pot for liquor. See how that goes.

BEN

At least if your baked you don't have to worry about getting into any more accidents.

ARTHUR

Why's that?

BEN

You probably wont be able to find your keys.

Arthur gets a chuckle out of it.

BEN(CONT)

But yea unfortunately, I'm all tapped out. Sorry.

ARTHUR

Don't worry about it. It was just a thought.

BEN

I imagine you don't have many weed connects.

ARTHUR

None I can think of.

Ben writes his number down on napkin by the table. He hands Arthur his number.

BEN

Now you got one

ARTHUR

Thanks.

BEN

Be good man. Call me up.

Ben leaves the room.

Arthur watches Ben leave as he realizes he probably just made a good friend.

EXT. SUNNYSIDE - MORNING

Arthur exits the front entrance. He spots Jill with huge smile plastered on her face, as she leans up against her car.

She runs up and throws herself into Arthur's arms.

JILL
Baby, you did it.

Arthur looks worn down.

JILL
You OK?

ARTHUR
Yea I'm fine, just tired.

JILL
Anything interesting happen?

ARTHUR
Uh, nothing I can think of.

JILL
C'mon, lets get you home.

They get in the car and drive off.

FADE TO BLACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

A car pulls up to a long circular driveway, in front of a castle like mansion.

Arthur and Jill sit in the car.

JILL
You look nervous.

ARTHUR
I dread coming to these dinners.
Every time I'm here it feels like
an inquisition.

JILL
He's not that bad.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Not that bad? Your father's Darth Vader, just without the helmet.

JILL

So that means I'm Leia?

ARTHUR

No, cause than that means I'm Luke. And then it just gets weird.

JILL

Why would you be Luke?

ARTHUR

Can we stop talking about star wars.

JILL

OK, you brought it up.

ARTHUR

I am nervous though. I feel like a boxer who just finished training, thrown into title bout. I got to slip the jab, slip the jab.

JILL

Do you hear yourself? Everything's going to be fine. Look at me. Everything-will-be-fine.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The mansion is lavished with marble tiles and roman pillars connecting each of the rooms. The ceiling is tall, just shy of the height of a church.

Dinner nears the end with the main course nearly finished.

Mr. HARDWEL(60) Jill's father, a big man physically as well as in stature, is busy praising PHILLIP MASON(38) a microbiologist, a bachelor more importantly in regards to Mr. Harrows daughter Jill.

MR. HARDWELL

And under three years?

PHILLIP

Yep.

(CONTINUED)

MR. HARDWELL
Outstanding.

PHILLIP
Oh it's not that impressive. I'm
sure you did very well at Yale
yourself sir.

MR. HARDWELL
Well I did graduate at the top five
percent of my class.

MR. Hardwell and Phillip LAUGH

Arthur sticks his tongue out. Sick of watching these two
blow each other.

Mr. Hardwell spots the look from Arthur, and gives him back
a grizzly look of disdain.

MRS HARDWELL(57) enters the dining area with a bottle of
Merlot.

PHILLIP
So Arthur, what is you do again?

ARTHUR
I'm a teacher.

MR. HARDWELL
He's a substitute.

JILL
Dad.

MR. HARDWELL
Well he is.

PHILLIP
Teenagers can be a handful. What
grade do you teach?

MR. HARDWELL
Kindergarten.

PHILLIP
Oh.

Phillip snickers.

MR. HARDWELL
Can you believe it. A male
substitute kindergarten teacher.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. HARDWELL (cont'd)
Have you ever heard of such a
thing?

JILL
Dad will you stop attacking him.

MR. HARDWELL
I'm just saying, its kind of weird.
(toward Arthur)
Right Pal?

ARTHUR
You want me to tell you what I
thinks weird?

MR. HARDWELL
By all means.

ARTHUR
OK, I think this whole damn dinner
right now is weird.

MR. HARDWELL
Excuse me?

JILL
Arthur.

ARTHUR
I mean, who is this guy and why is
he here? Yea I get it, you two know
each other from Yale. Even though
your like thirty years older than
him. That's kinda weird right
there. And could it be any more
obvious on how your basically
dangling this guy in front of Jill.
You think I cant see what's going
on here? Lining up a replacement
are we?

Jill is shocked to see Arthur stand up to her father.

MR. HARDWELL
Phillip is more than your
replacement. You couldn't
accomplish in a year what he does
in a week.

ARTHUR
Yea, what do you do?

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP
I'm a micro biologist.

ARTHUR
And that's...what is that?

PHILLIP
I study microbes and bacteria.
Primarily with chimp feces.

ARTHUR
So you study shit?

JILL
Arthur.

PHILLIP
Among other things.

JILL'S MOTHER
I don't think this is proper dinner
conversation.

JILL
Moms right. Lets change the
subject.

PHILLIP
So I heard you just came out of
rehab Arthur. What was that like?

ARTHUR
It sucked. Kind of like when
someone brings up something you
don't want to talk about and then
that person gets punched in the
face for it. Sort of like that.

JILL
Arthur! Whats gotten into you.

ARTHUR
He asked a question.

JILL
Can you pass the wine mom?

JILL'S MOTHER
Sure.

ARTHUR
I'll take a glass.

JILL

You sure?

ARTHUR

I don't think one glass of wine
will kill me.

MR. HARDWELL

It will if you get behind the wheel
again.

ARTHUR

Not letting that go are you?

MR HARDWELL

Should I? It's only been a month.
You really think you changed in a
month.

ARTHUR

I think I'm the same man your
daughter fell in love with.

MR HARDWELL

This wouldn't happen to be the same
man who crashed my Lexus up a pole.

JILL'S MOTHER

Jeffery please.

MR. HARDWELL

I just want my daughter to know who
she's marrying. Now that we all
know he's an alcoholic-

ARTHUR

- I'm not an alcoholic!

JILL

Arthur!

MR. HARDWELL

So the rabbit shows its teeth.

JILL'S MOTHER

Can everybody please just, calm
down.

JILL

Dad I don't know why your so hard
on Arthur. Yea OK, maybe a few
years ago when he didn't have a
job, and he wasn't shaving, and he

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JILL (cont'd)
going through that whole Una bomber
Stage.

ARTHUR
Una bomber?

JILL
You had a lot of hoodies. A lot of
hoodies. But now he's changed. He's
a good man. He works with children.

MR HARDWELL
Please. Drawing inside the lines
and sleeping in a circle is not
exactly a professional curriculum.

ARTHUR
I don't need to take this again.

Arthur stands up at the table, and heads for the door.

JILL
Arthur please.

ARTHUR
I'm going for a drive.

MR. HARDWELL
Be careful.

JILL
Dad will you stop it.

Arthur stops to turn around.

ARTHUR
He'll never stop. It's in his
nature.

Arthur is now talking directly to Mr. Hardwell.

ARTHUR(CONT)
You're impossible to please. And at
this point, I don't think I even
give a shit anymore. No matter what
I do, it's never good enough. And
it will never be good enough.

Mr. Hardwell rises from his chair.

MR HARDWELL

That's right, you'll never be good enough for my daughter. As much as you try, you will always be an under achieving, weaseling drunk! An embarrassment to this family.

ARTHUR

And on the note, have fun with Phillip the fucking the shit doctor.

Arthur heads for the door again.

Jill runs over to Arthur by the front door. She catches up to him before he leaves.

JILL

Where are you going?

ARTHUR

I gotta see somebody for something?

JILL

You gotta see somebody for something? What the hell does *that* mean?

ARTHUR

I'll be back in a little bit.

JILL

Don't leave me stranded here.

ARTHUR

Stranded? Your father has like fifty cars. I'm sure you'll be fine.

JILL

Your coming home tonight right?

ARTHUR

Of course.

JILL

Please be careful.

MR HARDWELL+(O.S)

Let him go. Hopefully he crashes and does us all a favor.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

You see...

Arthur walks out the door.

EXT. ARTHUR'S CAR/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Arthur sits in his car and looks down at his phone.

ARTHUR

"Hopefully he crashes and does us
all a favor". Fucking dick.

He calls a number off his phone, then pulls off hard, racing
down the street.

INT. MANHATTAN/ BAR - NIGHT

Arthur walks into the bar with a sense of trepidation. He
scans the room, looking for Ben.

Ben is about fifteen feet to the right of Arthur.

Ben gets up and walks over, he stands behind Arthur.

BEN

Don't make a move.

Arthur spins around expecting the worst. He see's Ben's big
smile grinning back at him. A sigh of relief rolls over
Arthur's Face.

BEN

You made it.

ARTHUR

Wasn't hard to find.

BEN

What happen, your father in-law
driving you up the walls again?

ARTHUR

I swear to god, I think this guy,
if given the opportunity, would pay
to have me killed.

BEN

That bad?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

The worst.

BEN

So what are you drinking?

ARTHUR

Oh I didn't come here to drink.

BEN

You came to a bar. Your having at least a shot.

ARTHUR

I'm not sure that's a good idea.

BEN

You wouldn't have come here if you thought otherwise.

ARTHUR

Actually, I came here for pot.

BEN

Pot I got. Right now, it's shots.

ARTHUR

I don't know.

BEN

Just look at it this way, it's our welcome home party.

ARTHUR

It been two weeks. You cant say that every time we hang out.

BEN

Sure I can.

ARTHUR

I've been good so far, I don't know.

BEN

Are you a man, or what?

ARTHUR

I'm definitely a man.

BEN

So its time to act like one. The only way to face your fears is to tackle them head on.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
(convincing himself)
Well its not like I cant drink at
all.

BEN
Right.

ARTHUR
Particularly if its a special
occasion. I'm gonna have a drink or
two.

BEN
Exactly.

ARTHUR
I'll drink a bottle right now. Just
to prove A point.

BEN
Whoa, slow down. Lets start with a
shot.

ARTHUR
Yea its just mind over matter.

BEN
Yea. If you don't mind getting
fucked up, then it don't matter.

ARTHUR
Not exactly what I was going for,
but yea.

ARTHUR
Cheers.

Lining up three shots, THE BARTENDER takes the bottle of
whiskey and starts pouring.

Quick still shots of Arthur and Ben, as they pound back shot
after shot.

Ben introduces Arthur to his friend Donuts.

All three of them down more shots.

A man turns away from his drink to talk to a friend. Arthur
see's this and swaps his empty bottle of beer with the mans.

The scene gets rowdy as Arthur has let himself go. He's
completely inebriated, as him and his new found friends
stumble out the bar.

(CONTINUED)

Arthur drags a bar stool with him.

BARTENDER
Hey, what are you doing?

ARTHUR
(LAUGHING)
Oh shit, sorry.

EXT: BAR - NIGHT

All three men play leap frog in the street, like a bunch of kids. Donuts crouches down as Ben decides to kick him in the ass.

Donuts falls on his face.

Ben finds it hysterical.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Arthur and the guys walk down a residential street. Along the side of them are a line of thick bushes.

Donuts pushes Ben as hard as he can right into them.

DONUTS
Bush whack bitch.

Ben stumbles head first into a bush.

BEN
Ahh, you dick. This bush got no leaves. I just got stabbed by a thousand sharp branches. I think I'm bleeding.

EXT. THE BIG FAT PUSSY CATS/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Donuts pisses on a car. Particularly on the driver door handle. A feeling of drunken bliss is released like a pressure valve.

DONUTS
Oh my god, few pleasures in life.
This moment, I will
remember...ahhh.

INT. BIG FAT PUSSY CATS - NIGHT

The three men walk in the club and notice a dwindling crowd and four very large women dancing, in four very tight bikini's.

BEN

What the fuck?

ARTHUR

Am I this drunk? Or am I really seeing double?

BEN

It's like watching the animal planet.

DONUTS

You guys fags or what? That's pussy down there.

BEN

Where? Under the second, or third roll?

ARTHUR

Why am I here? Whose responsible for this?

DONUTS

My cousin says he goes here all the time. Maybe the regular girls are off tonight, so what.

BEN

I think these bitches ate the regular girls.

DONUTS

They got 3 dollar taps.

ARTHUR

Well I guess we can stay for a beer or two.

The men reluctantly sit down at a table.

An overweight stripper, wearing nothing but fishnets and a G-STRING, comes to the table.

STRIPPER

Which one of you boys want to ride the Panda express tonight?

(CONTINUED)

Both men point toward Arthur.

BEN

I know my friend here is dying for
a lap dance. He just loves plus
size women.

ARTHUR

He's actually wildly
misrepresenting me.

DONUTS

Its on me. Show him a good time
will ya'.

STRIPPER

It'll be my pleasure.

The stripper grabs Arthur by his shoulder -- thrusts him up
off his chair, and leads him away from the table.

Arthur has a frightened look as he's escorted into the back
room.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM/PUSSY CAT CLUB

The overweight stripper straddles Arthur, riding him like
baby on a quarter ride.

Arthur, noticeably in pain, trying to get through it.

STRIPPER

What's a matter sugar? Your not
enjoying yourself?

ARTHUR

How long is this song?

STRIPPER

Oh you don't have to worry about
the time. This ones on the house.

ARTHUR

(in pain)

Funny, feels like the house is on
me.

STRIPPER

What's that?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
I think I lost feeling in my legs.

STRIPPER
You sure?

ARTHUR
Yea I think something's wrong.

The stripper stops, and hops off.

STRIPPER
You OK?

ARTHUR
No, no I don't think I am.

Arthur try's to straighten out his legs. A task that seems impossible.

STRIPPER
What's wrong?

ARTHUR
What's wrong? Well the blood that usually goes through my legs has stopped. I'd say for a full five minutes now. And I think you broke my femur.

EXT. THE BIG FAT PUSSY CATS - NIGHT

The men stumble out the club. Arthur grips his leg.

BEN
You alright?

DONUTS
What happen, she was too rough on you?

ARTHUR
She weighed close to Volkswagen.

They laugh.

Arthur pisses on a door handle on one of the cars in the parking lot.

BEN
What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

I believe its called, relieving yourself. You try having a 300 pound hippo use you as a chair.

DONUTS

Well hold it in now, cause there's someone in that car.

Arthur is shocked to see a man in the front seat, just livid after watching a stranger carelessly piss on his driver door.

The man swells in anger as he wants to open the door, but is forced to wait in fear of any piss hitting him once the door is open.

MAN IN CAR

You mother fucker!

Donuts pulls the car around. They all jump inside. Arthur being rushed, pissed down his leg.

They all laugh as they make the escape.

EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM ARTHUR'S HOUSE - MORNING

Arthur's passed out on a sidewalk across the street from his house. He starts to wake up as he hears his name being called from a distance.

JILL

ARTHUR!

Arthur opens his eyes to see his Jill in the middle of the street. She walks toward him, pissed as hell.

JILL

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ARTHUR

Huh?

JILL

What are you doing out here?

ARTHUR

Out where?

JILL

Were you drinking last night?

Arthur holds his head from the pounding headache.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Last night? What- what happen?

JILL

You tell me? Where's your shirt?

ARTHUR

My shirt? Where is my shirt?

Arthur is surprised to notice that he's bear chested.

JILL

And the car?

ARTHUR

I don't know. It's kind of a blur.

JILL

You reek of alcohol. Did you crash again? Is that what you did? You crashed and...lost your shirt?

ARTHUR

I cant remember.

JILL

Just...get in the house!

ARTHUR

Alright, stop yelling, I'm not a dog.

JILL

Inside! Now!

Arthur scampers into his house.

INT. ARTHUR'S HOME/BATHROOM - MORNING

Arthur is clearly hungover trying to adjust his eyes as he's splashes water on his face in the bathroom sink.

Jill stands by the doorway, holding up her cellphone.

JILL

Yea daddy he's here. No every things fine. Everything's fine, I'll call you later...Yea he's going into work today. Ok....Ok....I love you too. Bye.

Jill hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

JILL
What the fuck happen to you!

ARTHUR
I'd tell you if I could remember.

JILL
Don't pull that memory shit with me. What happen last night?

ARTHUR
I don't know, a bad night I guess.

JILL
You guess?

ARTHUR
Well I cant remember much, so I'm going on assumptions.

JILL
I'm not joking!

Jill SLAPS Arthur across his shoulder then pushes him.

ARTHUR
I'm sorry. I fucked up, OK.

JILL
Ya' think!

ARTHUR
I think the most important thing is that I came home at all. You find me across the street sprawled out on a stoop missing a shirt. And the first thing you come up with is that I must have been drinking. Whose to say I didn't get beat up and robbed, left for dead on the street. What kind of person are you for leaping to such bold conclusions?

JILL
That would be plausible. However, you reek of alcohol, you have vomit on your pants. And you just got out of REHAB!

ARTHUR
That sounds so bad when you say it like that.

JILL
Because its not good!

ARTHUR
Will you relax.

Arthur leaves the bathroom as Jill follows behind him.

JILL
So who were you with last night
that let you come home like this?
Those new friends of yours? The
ones you been sneaking around and
hanging out with. Like your
seventeen goddamn years old.

ARTHUR
Their not seventeen.

JILL
Really? There's a penis drawn on
your back by the way.

ARTHUR
What?

Arthur turns his body, looks into a wall mirror and see's a
cartoon penis shooting a load on his back from a black magic
marker.

ARTHUR
Son of a bitch.

JILL
These are your friends?

INT: BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ben and a female companion are smoking a bong, as the house
is consumed with smoke.

Ben takes a hard rip from the long bong. He blows out a
cloud.

BEN
Whoa, that got my dizzy.

GIRL
Your a pussy. Let me see that.

BEN
Be easy. That's like taking a 12
gauge to ya face.

(CONTINUED)

The girl takes an even stronger rip off the bong than Ben. She holds it in -- then blows it out.

The bong hit causes her to cough uncontrollably. A very deep harsh cough. A man cough. Not very lady like.

Ben is taken back by her violently loud cough.

BEN

Take it easy. You alright.

She continues to cough.

BEN

Breathe.

She finally catches her breathe, then hocks up a nasty loulie on the floor.

BEN

Oh, what the fuck!

GIRL

What happen?

BEN

What happen? You just hock up some shit on my floor.

GIRL

Did I?

BEN

Watjue' think, were outside?

GIRL

Sorry, but lets face it, your apartment isn't exactly the Ritz.

BEN

That still doesn't mean I'm gonna start spitting and pissing on the floors. You know what, it's time for you to go.

GIRL

Why?

BEN

I don't gotta give a reason. I got shit to do today. You gotta go.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

You know you could have asked me nicer.

BEN

I'm not asking you. Get the fuck out.

GIRL

Fuck you Ben.

She heads for the door

BEN

No, I'll be fucking you this weekend.

GIRL

You wish.

BEN

Yea, well see.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

Arthur sits alone in the principals office, looking nervous and a bit hung over.

Donald walks in.

DONALD

So Art, How do you feel?

ARTHUR

I feel great.

DONALD

Really? Cause' you don't look great. In fact, you look like shit. How come every time I see you, you got a new marks on your face? What do you sleep on asphalt?

ARTHUR

No...that'd be crazy.

DONALD

Listen Arthur..

The Principal gets up and opens the window. He then proceeds to light up a cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

DONALD (CONT)

I know you just came out of a rehab for drinking. In fact, the whole faculty knows it. I get it, your fucked up in the head. You like the bottle like the baby likes the Bibby?

ARTHUR

What?

DONALD

I wish we can keep you here. You seem like a fun guy. But we don't need fun guys here. We need teachers. We work at a school. We got rules, certain dress codes.

ARTHUR

Something wrong with my shirt?

DONUTS

Your shirt's fine. Your face isn't.

ARTHUR

Wait, are you firing me?

DONALD

We like to say "let go". Firing is just too (MAKES GUN GESTURE) violent. These days we got to watch what we say, you know.

ARTHUR

Like how the principal of an elementary school use to do coke through his asshole.

DONALD

Exactly. Oh, I see. You gonna use that against me now?

ARTHUR

Why shouldn't I?

DONALD

Look Art, this one is out my hands. This goes way above my pay grade. The district superintendent gave me a call this morning. She said you gotta go. I wish things could have been different. I really do.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DONALD (cont'd)
This isn't gonna affect our
friendship is it?

ARTHUR
What friendship? Were not friends
or buds or pals. Your my boss, and
I've, just been fired.

DONALD
(softly)
Let go.

ARTHUR
Yea, got it!

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/HALLWAY - MORNING

Arthur walks down the first floor hallway. He hears the
sound of commotion coming from the boys bathroom.

He walks in and see's a 4th grader being roughed up by a
bunch of boys.

He scares the boys away, then bends down to console the 4th
grader.

ARTHUR
You OK?

BOY
Yea I'm OK.

ARTHUR
You'll be alright.

BOY
Are you OK?

ARTHUR
Yea, why?

BOY
Its just...You got marks on your
face, were you dealing with bullies
too.

ARTHUR
Oh this?

He points to his face.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

This is from sleeping on a side walk. Don't ever do that by the way.

BOY

Why don't you like sleeping on your bed?

ARTHUR

I do...I...C'mon lets get out of here.

Arthur exits the bathroom with the boy.

MS. GRADY, a forth grade teacher, spots Arthur leaving the bathroom with the boy and keeps her eyes suspiciously locked on him.

ARTHUR

Oh don't give me that look. Your sick Ms Grady. It's not what it looks like.

Arthur pushes the kid in the back.

ARTHUR(CONT)

Alright get out of here kid.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

A car sits idling across the street from the school.

Inside are two undercover narcs. Their badges dangle from their necks.

NARC TWO

So your saying Babe Ruth wouldn't have did steroids?

NARC ONE

They had too much class back then.

NARC TWO

Class? Half of them were drunks. And by the seventy's half were on coke. They just never had the opportunity to cheat. That shit wasn't around back then. And at this point, I say let them all take roids. Make it even. Whoever cracks the most home runs is the better

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NARC TWO (cont'd)
player. Problem solved. You eliminate the cheating if everybody participates. It's two birds with one stone. You eliminate the cheating aspect and at the same time, you make the game a lot more exciting.

NARC ONE
So you wouldn't mind seeing gorilla after gorilla stepping up to the plate, crushing balls.

NARC TWO
Whose to say they crush anything. Remember, everybody would be on them. Even the pitchers. You try hitting hundred and five mile per hour pitch.

NARC ONE
That's not baseball.

NARC TWO
It should be. Baseball sucks. It needs a face lift. Football, basketball, shit tennis is even exciting. But baseball...its turning into golf. Just long periods of me staring, waiting for something to happen. Its like this stake out.

NARC ONE
Speaking of which. Were on.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

Arthur walks out the school to see Ben right out front. He sits in the drivers seat of Arthur car, hip hop music blasting as he bops his head to the beat.

BEN
ARTYYYY!

ARTHUR
Ben?

BEN
That's right. Looks what I brought you.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Lower that, were in a school zone.

Ben shuts off the music, and steps out the car.

ARTHUR (CONT)

What happen here?

Arthur notices two long scratches on the side of his car.

BEN

I noticed that too. I'm guessing you didn't always have that.

ARTHUR

No, I didn't. And why do you have my car?

BEN

You left it by my house. You don't remember?

ARTHUR

No I don't. What happen last night. Why was without my shirt across the street from my house?

BEN

We got fucked up is what happen. You especially. You told me your cross streets but fell asleep before I could get the house number.

ARTHUR

So you just left me on a sidewalk?

BEN

We figured you get up eventually and walk inside.

ARTHUR

And who drew a dick on my back?

BEN

My guess would be Donuts.

ARTHUR

Nice friend of yours.

BEN

Yea, he can be a dick.

Ben seems hesitant to ask Arthur a question.

(CONTINUED)

BEN
I hate to ask this but...I need a favor.

ARTHUR
(dreading)
What is it?

BEN
Well seeing how I got your car back. I was hoping...

ARTHUR
Do you need a ride?

BEN
Yea.

ARTHUR
Fine.

Ben opens the driver the door.

ARTHUR
I'll drive.

BEN
Sorry, force of habit.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY/DRIVING - MORNING

Arthur and Ben cruise down the highway. No traffic in ahead of them.

The car is filled with smoke.

ARTHUR
Do you have to smoke *all* the time?

BEN
No, I don't have to. I just do.

ARTHUR
Don't you ever feel like, maybe you should give it a break every now and then.

BEN
No, not really. What crawled up your ass?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

Well, I was just fired. Because I look like some fucking wino who got in a fight with a prostitute. But other than that, I'm fine.

BEN

You got fired just now?

ARTHUR

Not fired, "let go". As they like to put it. Apparently my face didn't go over too well with members of the faculty, and for some reason the superintendent. So they canned me.

BEN

Don't you got tenders or something?

ARTHUR

Tenders? What, like chicken tenders? what are you talking about?

BEN

You know what I mean.

ARTHUR

Oh tenure. Yea, I should. But with my luck, something will come up and I'll lose that too.

(beat)

It really does stink in here though.

BEN

You don't like this smell?

ARTHUR

No, not particularly

BEN

What a shame, I love it. I mean like, I really love it. I even got the perfect investment for it.

ARTHUR

An investment? Like what?

BEN

I want to put out a line of different exotic weed scents and have them as car fresheners.

(CONTINUED)

Arthur starts laughing.

BEN
What's so funny?

ARTHUR
Are your serious? Or was that a
joke?

BEN
I'm serious.

ARTHUR
You cant possible have peoples cars
stinking like weed.

BEN
Why not?

ARTHUR
Because it wont work. The last
thing people want when they get
pulled over is the car to stink
like pot.

BEN
Yea, but if you got one of my
fresheners, and you already are
smoking weed. They can just say its
the car freshener when they get
pulled over.

Arthur thinks a moment.

ARTHUR
That's actually not a bad idea.

BEN
Told you.

ARTHUR
Fine, you sold me. Gimme a pull.

Arthur takes a toke.

POLICE lights flash behind them. The undercover narcs pull
them over.

ARTHUR
Shit, Cops!

(CONTINUED)

BEN
Put that out.

ARTHUR
Where? Where would you like me to put this? I'm throwing it out the window.

BEN
Not out the window. Your gonna have to swallow it.

ARTHUR
You want me to swallow a lit joint.

BEN
I'd advise you to put it out before swallowing it. But yea, swallow it.

ARTHUR
Why cant you swallow it?

BEN
Because you were the last one holding it. Besides, I dont swallow.

ARTHUR
Yea, very funny. I cant believe I'm doing this.

Arthur clips the joint, and begins to chew it down where he can swallow it.

ARTHUR
Aw, its awful.

BEN
Its not that bad.

In an attempt to camouflage the smoke, both Arthur and Ben light up long Newport 100's.

The two undercover narcs step out of their car and approach Ben and Arthur.

BEN
Just be cool, be cool.

The officer taps on the window at the drivers side.

Arthur lowers a window and a cloud of mixed smoke hit's the officer in the face.

(CONTINUED)

NARC ONE
How's it going guys?

ARTHUR
Pretty good. And you?

NARC TWO
Lot of smoke in there huh?

Arthur raises his cigarette up.

NARC ONE
Smells like something else too.
What's up wit your friend?

BEN
Who me?

NARC ONE
No, the one sitting behind you.

Ben looks back.

NARC ONE
Of course you.

BEN
I'm fine. Just - fine.

NARC TWO
Yea? You look a little stoned to
me.

ARTHUR
He always looks like that. It's
kind of a slow look.

NARC ONE
OK, Do me a favor. Step out of the
vehicle please.

ARTHUR
Why, is there something I did
wrong.

NARC TWO
When did this become democracy?

ARTHUR
Seventeen seventy six?

NARC ONE
Smart ass huh. Pop the trunk and
step out!

Arthur pops the trunk and then him and BEN step out of the car.

Narc two makes his way to the back of the car to look inside the trunk.

ARTHUR
What's going on here? I wasn't
speeding. I didn't do anything
wrong.

NARC ONE
Then you have nothing to worry
about.

NARC TWO
We got something!

NARC ONE
I thought you had nothing to hide.

ARTHUR
I don't.

Narc two slaps a kilo of coke on the hood between Ben and Arthur.

NARC TWO
Yea, what do you call that than?
Found this in the trunk. You boys
better start calling your lawyers.

INT. PERCENT HOLDING CELLS - AFTERNOON

Arthur and Ben are in separate cells beside each other.

Arthur is nervously pacing back and forth as Ben sits patiently still.

ARTHUR
I actually trusted you.

BEN
I'm telling you that shit wasn't
mine. They must have planted it
there or something.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

How can I possibly believe anything you have to say?

BEN

Because I thought we were friends.

ARTHUR

Are we? I barely know you. Who are you? I trusted in you to make sure I got home. You had my car, you were riding around with coke in the trunk. I mean what the fuck, what kind of friend is that?

BEN

And you blame me?

ARTHUR

There's nobody else here.

BEN

You feel like you need to vent? Go right ahead. Just don't go blaming me for your fuck ups.

ARTHUR

Excuse me, my fuck ups? What fuck ups?

BEN

We live in two different worlds Arty. You see things one way, and I another. You think that someone taking your car for a night was their fault. Meanwhile you're the one who was passed out cold on a sidewalk like some college chick. Whose fault is it really?

ARTHUR

I thought you said it was parked?

BEN

Is that really important? And then I go and get you your car back for you, and this is the thanks I get. Yea you are right. We're not friends. I couldn't imagine being friends with a winy little bitch like you.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

FINE!

BEN

FINE!

The door opens, an officer escorts Mr. Hardwell in the room. Then leaves.

ARTHUR

Oh great.

Mr. Hardwell wears a huge smile on his face.

BEN

Whose this joker?

MR. HARDWELL

Your worst nightmare.

BEN

Yea I'm real scared.

MR. HARDWELL

You should be.

ARTHUR

What are you doing here?

MR. HARDWELL

Just here to watch you burn.

(beat)

For years now I had to hold my true feelings aside. Had to bite my tongue and pretend to at least tolerate you, for the sake of my daughter.

ARTHUR

Well you did a shitty job at that.

MR. HARDWELL

But not no more. When you've reach the heights of success that I have, you get to the point where you realize, anything is possible. With enough money, you can buy your own future. And that future, did not include you. So, I set some things in motion.

Mr. Hardwell pulls out an asthma pump and takes a quick inhale.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

You set me up?

MR HARDWELL

And its not the first time neither.
How you walked away from that crash
is beyond me.

ARTHUR

I knew you messed with the brakes.

MR. HARDWELL

To be fare, you were drunk. But the
accident, rehab, your job and now
this. Are all pieces to help
illustrate a portrait of a man who
is reckless and out of control.
Chess pieces if you will, set into
play. Dictating your next move.
Which all make this charge, that
much more believable.

ARTHUR

Your a psycho, you know that right?

MR. HARDWELL

You have no idea.

ARTHUR

Your not gonna get away with this.

MR HARDWELL

Look around, I already did. And oh,
don't even think about stepping a
foot in that house. Lets not forget
its still under my name. If I'm
there, and I see you in there, you
will be shot on the spot. And this
time I wont graze your shoulder.

Mr. Hardwell whistles and strolls out of the holding cell
room.

BEN

Wow. What a douche bag.

ARTHUR

Look, I'm -

BEN

I know. Don't worry about it.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

I cant believe he would do that. I mean, I knew he was a cocksucker, but this is just...diabolical.

BEN

Its fucked up alright. You OK?

ARTHUR

No. No I'm not OK. My life just exploded in my face. I'm being charged with possession of cocaine. A goddamn kilo! I just found out that for the past few years my father in law has meticulously drew out a plan to literally end my life. I lost my Job, my fiancée, I cant even go home. This is like...definitely the worse day of my life.

BEN

I would say this shit happens, but... I haven't seen no shit like this before. This shits crazy. So what's that about you not being able to go back home

ARTHUR

The deed on the house is in his name?

BEN

Why the fuck would you do that.

ARTHUR

Technically he still owns it. But it's my house. We did it because we were getting a deal on the mortgage.

BEN

Looks like he was playing you for awhile.

ARTHUR

She'll never believe me.

BEN

Who, Jill?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

With everything that happened. How could she?

BEN

If you want. You can spend a night at my house, once we get out.

ARTHUR

I appreciate it man. So now what happens?

BEN

Well expect at least thirty hours of your life to be sucked from your soul. And that's just getting processed. Just to see the judge. Lets just hope we can make bail.

ARTHUR

I should have some money in the bank.

BEN

Yea I got a little savings too.

Arthur gives him a skeptical look.

BEN

Don't look at me like that. I got money saved up

ARTHUR

What, the weed fresheners?

BEN

That's right, whose laughing now.

INT. ARTHUR AND JILL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Mr. Hardwell pulls into the driveway.

He walks up the driveway headed for the front door.

Jill opens the door before her father can reach it.

JILL

What happen, where is he?

MR. HARDWELL

Honey, now I told you what kind of man he was.

(CONTINUED)

JILL

What happen?

MR. HARDWELL

He was pulled over and arrested for possession of cocaine.

JILL

What? Cocaine? He doesn't do coke. He doesn't even like taking aspirins three at a time.

MR HARDWELL

And it's just a report, but...he might be brought up on child molestation charges.

JILL

What? They're saying he touched a little girl?

MR HARDWELL

They're saying it's a boy.

JILL

Oh dear god.

Jill is emotional and confused. Her father warmly embraces His daughter

JILL

How couldn't I've see this?

MR. HARDWELL

I told you he was hiding something. These men, these sicko's. They prey on the goodness of others. And Arthur's no different. He's just another sicko with a fetish for cocaine and little boys and god knows what else. He probably masturbates in the dark.

JILL

Dad, eww.

MR. HARDWELL

The truth is ugly honey.

EXT. ARTHUR AND JILL'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Mr. Hardwell stands by a drum barrel that he set a blaze. He throws suits and clothing, and anything of importance of Arthur's, into the inferno.

The light from the flames reveal a devilish expression.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ben and Arthur walk in. Tyson runs up on Arthur and puts his head in Arthur crouch.

Arthur trembles.

ARTHUR
Hey, this your dog?

BEN
Yea, Tyson go inside.

ARTHUR
Please grab your dog. He's...very close.

BEN
HEY, GET INSIDE!

Tyson runs into the bedroom.

BEN
He's really a big teddy bear.
Usually a heavy sleeper.

ARTHUR
He's big alright. Tyson? Like Mike Tyson.

BEN
Yea, he's a biter.

ARTHUR
Makes sense.

Ben starts straightening up the living room for Arthur.

BEN
I cant believe he cleaned out your bank account. How's that even possible.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

That's cause he's the devil. The devil does what he pleases. I do appreciate the bail money and you letting me crash here and everything.

BEN

Yea, don't worry about it.

ARTHUR

So this is home?

BEN

It's not much, but yea. I got beers in the fridge, cable, you can sleep on the couch for now. Just don't be spanking off out here. And well figure out your shit out tomorrow.

ARTHUR

Sounds good.

Ben starts to walk away, he turns to Arthur.

BEN

Oh yea. Whatever you do, don't pick up any of Tyson's toys. He gets very possessive. And don't let Oscar out of his cage.

ARTHUR

Oscar?

BEN

The cockatoo.

ARTHUR

The what?

BEN

The bird.

Ben goes in his bedroom.

Arthur plops on the couch and makes himself comfortable. He looks up at the ceiling, staring straight up at a water stain. As he stares and inspects the mark, a water droplet falls, and lands in his eye.

ARTHUR

Ah shit.

(CONTINUED)

Arthur leans up takes a quick look around the room. He Scopes out the pig sty, that is Ben's home.

ARTHUR

Fuck it.

He closes his eyes and falls asleep.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The room is completely dark, Arthur is in a deep sleep on the couch. Out of the silence, a shrieking sound of horror breaks Arthur's REM sleep.

He jolts up, scared but curious to see where the sound is coming from.

The sound is very similar to the grudge.

Arthur walks around the living room trying to locate the origin. He looks behind him and all around him as he suspects, it might be supernatural. He then notices Oscar's cage.

He lifts up the blanket that's covering the cage to see Oscar, up against the bars screaming his head off.

ARTHUR

Jesus Christ. You sacred the shit out of me. Your like a little demon bird, aren't you? Oscar is it? Look Oscar, if you promise to be quiet and let me get some sleep. I'll promise not to take your cage and throw it out the fucking window. Deal?

The bird remains quiet.

ARTHUR

Good.

Arthur lays back down on the couch.

SILENCE, Peaceful silence. Until...

Oscar begins another wave of haunting sounds. Arthur doesn't even budge. He just takes the blanket and pillow slowly covering himself up. Doing the best he can to block out the world.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Arthur is sleeping on the couch in a fetal position. Tyson is face to face with Arthur, licking him on the mouth.

Arthur wakes up.

ARTHUR

Aruuh.

Ben laughs as he's eating a bowl of cereal on the recliner next to him.

BEN

Morning sunshine.

ARTHUR

I got a bad taste in my mouth.

Both Ben and Arthur look over at the dog. The dog is crouched on the floor licking his balls and cleaning himself.

ARTHUR (CONT)

Aruuh. Bad dog.

Tyson tilts his head, pondering what he meant.

Ben cant help but to laugh.

ARTHUR

That's not funny.

BEN

They say dogs have the cleanest mouths.

ARTHUR

Not after they lick their ass.

Ben laughs.

ARTHUR (CONT)

Let me ask you something. What is it up with that bird?

BEN

Who? Oscar?

ARTHUR

You have another bird that's sounds like The grudge? All night with those demonic sounds. You didn't hear none of that?

(CONTINUED)

BEN
I sleep like baby.

ARTHUR
Aren't babies restless?

BEN
You know what I mean.

Arthur starts looking for his shoes.

BEN(CONT)
Where you going?

ARTHUR
I got to see Jill.

BEN
You think that's a good idea?

ARTHUR
Probably not. But she needs to know
who her father is. And what I'm
not. I cant just sit idly by.

BEN
You want me to take the ride?

ARTHUR
No. I need to do this myself.

EXT. ARTHUR HOUSE - MORNING

Arthur pulls up to his house. An officer's squad car is
parked just outside.

THE OFFICER steps to out to meet Arthur.

OFFICER
Can I help you?

ARTHUR
I live here.

OFFICER
You must be Arthur.

ARTHUR
You must be confused. You can call
me Mr. Kemp.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

OK Mr. Kemp, I'm afraid your not allowed on the property.

ARTHUR

This is my house, I live here, If I want to go inside I'm going inside.

OFFICER

Actually the property is under Mr. Hardwell's name. And he's given us strict instructions to not allow you inside.

ARTHUR

I'm not allowed inside?

OFFICER

Actually your not even allowed on the lawn. If you could just take a few steps back, off the lawn. That be great.

ARTHUR

How am I suppose to get my stuff out?

OFFICER

Well as for your possessions, Mr. Hardwell, beyond better judgment took it upon himself to eradicate all of your possessions last night.

ARTHUR

Excuse me, eradicate?

OFFICER

He burned em.

ARTHUR

He burned em? All my stuff?

OFFICER

I'm afraid so.

ARTHUR

Is that even legal?

OFFICER

Technically yes. Your belongings are located on someone else's property. I'm sure you could go to court or something, but... yea good luck with that.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

This is bullshit. JILL! JILL! HONEY
COME TO THE DOOR!

OFFICER

He also mentioned that there is
restraining order on you towards
Jill Hardwell.

ARTHUR

What? That's insane. It's been one
day.

(shouts at door)

Jill please come to the door!

The door opens slightly. Jill reveals herself.

JILL

What do you want?

ARTHUR

What's going on here?

JILL

You tell me? Were suppose to be
getting married in two weeks. And
you pull this shit? Child
molestation? Cocaine?

ARTHUR

Jill, let me explain. Wait, child
molestation? I'm getting charged
with child molestation?

JILL

Like you don't know what you did.

ARTHUR

You don't understand. It's your
father-

JILL

- What? Your putting this on my
father? Really?

ARTHUR

Its true. I'm not lying, he set me
up.

JILL

I cant believe you. I cant believe
you would sink this low. My father
did nothing but give you chances.
And this is how you repay him.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

You may think I'm an alcoholic, or some drug addict or even...a child predator. But the one thing you know that I am not, is a liar. I've never lied to you.

JILL

So your saying you are all those things?

ARTHUR

No, I'm saying, I never lied to you. Hence, I'm none of those things.

JILL

You never had a stronger enough reason to. But now I see why you would. You were wrong, your not the same man I fell in love with.

ARTHUR

Babe, please don't.

JILL

Goodbye Arthur.

ARTHUR

Please don't. Please.

Jill closes the door. .

ARTHUR

I cant believe this! So that's it! Your just going to close the door on me forever? WERE SUPPOSE TO BE GETTING MARRIED!

The officer whistles.

OFFICER

Off the lawn!

Arthur clenches his teeth, as he reluctantly walks away. Leaving his home and the life he once knew.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tears roll down his cheeks as Arthur is sunk low into the living room couch. He holds a bottle of scotch in one hand and a calzone in the other. He takes a bite of the calzone and washes it down with the scotch.

An unsatisfying grimace strikes his face, yet he continues to repeat this action

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Arthur lays on BEN'S couch in the fetal position with the lights off, drinking a bottle of scotch.

He has a picture of Jill propped up, standing up on the coffee table. He's using a flashlight off his key chain to illuminate the picture on and off, like Tom Hanks in "cast away".

INT. MR. HARDWELL'S MANSION

Jill is curled up sobbing on the living room sofa.

Mr. Hardwell approaches his daughter.

MR. HARDWELL
Hey, you OK.

She doesn't respond.

MR. HARDWELL
You need to let him go. He wasn't good to to you.

JILL
He was. What's crazy about all this is, none of this makes any sense. Why would he just...

MR. HARDWELL
Their are better men out there for you.

JILL
I DON'T WANT BETTER MEN. I WANT HIM.

MR. HARDWELL
It will get better. I promise.

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Hardwell leaves the room. He's now by himself in the adjacent room.

He takes a quick scan of his surroundings. After noticing the coast is clear. Mr. Hardwell performs an awkward celebratory dance.

Mrs. Hardwell turns the corner, to see her husband making a fool of himself.

MRS HARDWELL

What were you doing?

MR HARDWELL

Just stretching out my quads. The doctor said I should do more stretching, you know, for the blood.

Mrs. Hardwell stares suspiciously at her husband.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The living room is clouded with smoke. As Ben, Donuts, and Arthur play a friendly game of poker.

They've set up a fold able table in the middle of the apartment.

DONUTS

So let me get this straight. They dropped a brick in your trunk, *And* you just came out of rehab?

Arthur nods.

DONUTS

So now you lost your house, your car, your job, your girl...uh, Am I missing something?

BEN

He burned up all his shit too.

DONUTS

And he set ya' shit on fire? You got royally fucked my friend.

ARTHUR

I'm quite aware of that.

(CONTINUED)

DONUTS

So what are you gonna do?

ARTHUR

(defeated)

What can I do? He won.

DONUTS

That's it, you give up?

ARTHUR

What can I do?

DONUTS

You crack his head open. That's what you do.

ARTHUR

I'm not gonna'...crack his head open.

DONUTS

You should consider it. You grab yourself a nice lead pipe. Something heavy, Ya' know. Come up from behind, and BAM!

Arthur JUMPS.

DONUTS(CONT)

It's that simple.

BEN

And then BAM! He's dead. You cant just go around clubbing people in the head. Besides, he's got cops on his payroll.

Donuts thinks.

DONUTS

I'd still crack his head open.

BEN

You need to find something he loves. Something he cant live with out. Then you take it from him. Just as he did with you. Now what does he love most in this world?

ARTHUR

Besides his daughter...

Arthur thinks a second, then a huge sinister smile develops.

INT. MR HARROWS GARAGE - NIGHT

A long multicar garage, more like the size of a gymnasium with an expensive collection of the worlds most desired automobiles.

The door opens, in comes three men wearing brunet barbie masks.

BEN

Holy shit. Its like an expo.

A beautiful site. Lined up in rows, the cars sit in pristine condition.

DONUTS

How rich is this guy?

ARTHUR

His estimated worth is close to a billion.

DONUTS

A billion? Damnnn. I bet he got a helicopter. I'd love to steal me one of those.

BEN

Do you know how to fly a helicopter?

DONUTS

No.

BEN

So we aint stealing one. Beisdes, that's not the plan.

DONUTS

What is the plan? I can breathe in these fuckin' things.

ARTHUR

He's got cameras, thats why we got em. And the plan, we burn it all.

DONUTS

All of em? I cant take one?

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

No, you cant take one. Stop
bitching and help us with this
shit.

All three spread out. Each of them carrying two bottles of
lighter fluid each. They walk up and down squeezing lighter
fluid on top of every car they see.

Arthur sprays some of it on the walls as well.

They finish up and slide the empty containers under some
cars.

BEN

You do the honors.

Ben hands Arthur a zipo lighter.

Arthur flicks the zipo and throws the lighter onto a line of
gas.

Before the men leave, Arthur gives the finger to a security
camera pointed down on him.

INT. MR. HARDWELL GARAGE - MORNING

MR. Hardwell stands in what use to be his garage. The side
walls are charcoal, and all that remains are burnt car
frames in their original position. Mr. Hardwell stands in a
state of shock, as the fireman go through the debris.

FIREMAN

Looks like we got the cause.

THE FIREMAN raises up a burnt piece of the lighter fluid
bottle.

MR. HARDWELL

Arson? Someone did this to me?

FIREMAN

Pretty boldly if you ask me.

MR. HARDWELL

Yea thanks.

Mr Hardwell's attention swings upward toward his security
cameras..

INT. MR. HARDWELL'S MANSION - MORNING

Mr. Hardwell stares at security footage of last night's fire. He can see a masked man give the camera the finger before leaving the garage.

MR. HARDWELL
Son of a bitch.

The screen is on pause as he looks deeper into the still image of the suspect.

Mr. Hardwell uses his high tech camera system to zoom in a clear up the pixels on the footage.

He notices something key. An engagement ring on one of the perps.

MR. HARROWS
Arthur? You fucking idiot.

Mr. Hardwell calls a number.

MR. HARROWS
Did Arthur post bail?...How? I emptied his accounts....That friend he was locked up with? OK, listen closely. You find them OK, You find them and you end this. I'll double the price. Whatever it takes. I don't want to have to say his name ever again. You guys understand what I'm saying. End it. It seems this little prick doesn't get the point. It's time to show him how sharp the point can get.

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Arthur makes his way up the stairs, holding two coffees from Dunkin Donuts. He reaches Ben's floor, gets to door and notices that it's slightly jarred open.

He walks inside to find the two Narcs holding Ben down on a chair at gun point.

ARTHUR
What is this?

BEN
Hey Arty, looks like our favorite two pals paid us a visit.

(CONTINUED)

Narc two snatches the two coffees from Arthur's hand.

NARC TWO
Coffee? You shouldn't have.

NARC ONE
What kind of coffee is that?

NARC TWO
This one looks like vanilla bean.
And this one smells
like...hazelnut.

NARC ONE
Ugh. What happen to men drinking
black coffee. What's with all these
fucking flavors now a days.

ARTHUR
Why are you here?

NARC ONE
Take a guess.

ARTHUR
My psychotic father in-law paid you
to rub me out.

NARC TWO
He actually paid for both of you.

BEN
Me? What did I do?

NARC ONE
Well you burned down his fucking
garage for starters. And your
friends with this one. Guilt by
association. You guys really did
fuck with the wrong guy.

He points the gun to Arthur's chest.

Ben's cockatoo starts a wave of his ominous sounds.

NARC TWO
What the fuck is that?

BEN
It's just my bird.

Narc one swings his silenced 9mm Beretta and fires a shot at
the bird. Feathers explode inside the cage.

(CONTINUED)

BEN
You mother fucker.

NARC ONE
I take offense to that.

Tyson SLOWLY walks out of the bedroom and into the living room.

NARC TWO
I'll shoot him, I swear to god.

BEN
Tyson stay.

Tyson obeys the command and remains in place.

As the attention has switched to Tyson. Arthur seizes an opportunity, he picks up the two hot coffees and SPLASHES both cops in the face.

NARC TWO
Ahh shit, Hot hot!

Ben leaps up from out of the chair and tackles one of the cops.

Arthur jumps on his partner.

BEN
Tyson! INTRUDER!

Tyson runs over to Ben's aid. He chomps down on the wrist that's holding the gun. He shakes the gun loose from the narc's grip as he continues to maul the him further.

BEN
Grab the gun.

Arthur picks up the gun.

ARTHUR
Don't move! Or I start shooting.

Tyson is still mauling the first cop.

NARC ONE
Ok, get him off of me. Get him off of me.

BEN
Not just yet.....alright Tyson now that's enough.

Tyson lets go of his grip, but remains on guard. Snarling at the cop who is cowering on the floor.

BEN

Let's tie em up.

Later on--

Both Narcs are zip tied to chairs, with dirty socks taped to their mouths.

Ben looks through one of the cops cellphones.

BEN

Check this out. It seems these two were cordially invited to celebrate the 60th birthday party, hosted by no other than Mr. Hardwell himself.

ARTHUR

That's right, it is his birthday today. The 17th. Well it looks like their not gonna make it.

BEN

But I know two people that can take their place.

ARTHUR

That's out of the question. We wont make it past the door. Once they see my face it's over.

BEN

They wont. He's throwing some sought of costume party. It says bring your own mask.

ARTHUR

And why would I want to go to his party?

BEN

Because I just got an idea.

Ben removes the tape and sock from crooked cop 2

NARC TWO

Aruh, really, those socks stink. One of you got some serious foot odor.

BEN

Now listen up. Cause this is how
its going down. My friend over here
is gonna hit record on his phone.
And then your gonna admit
everything. How you were hired by
his father in law to kill us. How
that kilo landed in our trunk.
Everything.

NARC TWO

And if I don't?

BEN

Then my dog is gonna find himself
four new balls to play with.

CROOKED COP 1

You wouldn't.

BEN

I wouldn't? Tyson!

Tyson shows his teeth as he moves in closer.

NARC TWO

Oh Jesus Christ. OK OK. Just
please. Just get him away from me.

BEN

(toward Arthur)

See. Now we got ourselves a little
thing called leverage.

(toward narc two)

Now, start talking.

Arthur holds up his cell phone to NARC TWO'S mouth.

INT. DONUTS HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY

Donuts is struggling on the bowl. A life and death battle of
his bowels.

The door bell rings.

DONUTS

The dooor.

The door bell rings again.

(CONTINUED)

DONUTS

Hey! What is everybody deaf in this house?

The bell rings again.

DONUTS

God dammit. I gotta' do everything around here.

The bathroom door creaks open. Standing at the doorway is one of five of Donuts kids. A ten year old Spanish boy named Emilio.

DONUTS

You don't hear that door Emilio?

Emilio doesn't respond.

DONUTS

So your just gonna stand there and stare at me. Where the fuck is your mom? Nothing right, your not gonna' say a word? This is why no one loves you. Alright get out of the bathroom.

Emilio doesn't budge

DONUTS

Your just gonna continue to stand there, like some fucking mute. OK.

Donuts reaches for the toilet paper. He grabs it and flings it at Emilio. Emilio ducks as the roll sails into the next room.

Emilio gives Donuts the finger as he leaves the bathroom, but not before he opens the door wider.

DONUTS

I really fucking hate that kid.

Donuts suddenly notices that he had just thrown the last roll out of the bathroom.

DONUTS

Shit.

INT: DONUTS HOUSE - DAY

The door opens. Ben and Donuts walk in.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

What took you so long? I rang the
shit out of your bell.

DONUTS

Fucking little dick inside. Four of
them are mine. But that little jerk
off is gotta' be someone else's
seed.

Donuts snaps his head around and see's Emilio giving him the
finger again.

BEN

Who, little Emilio? That little
dude is definitely your seed.

DONUTS

So what's up?

BEN

You wont believe it if I told you.

DONUTS

What?

INT. BEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The two narcs are zipped tied and bound to chairs.

Arthur keeps watch as he sits on the couch petting Tyson
along his back.

The door opens. Ben and Donuts walk in.

DONUTS

Fuck, you weren't kidding. You
really did kidnap two cops.

BEN

I told you.

Narc one try's to speak and all that is heard is a muffled
voice through a layer of duck tape.

ARTHUR

Shut up!

Arthur slaps the cop.

(CONTINUED)

DONUTS

Damn Arty, you are definitely a
born again bad ass.

Donuts walks over to the narcs. He grabs one by the chin.

DONUTS

So you were gonna kill my friends?
Huh? What's that? I cant hear you..

Donuts back hands one of the narcs.

DONUTS

Oh that felt good. Can I do that
again?

BEN

Be my guest.

Donuts slaps him again.

DONUTS

Shit, I'd would pay money to slap
around cops like this. So what are
you gonna do with them?

BEN

That's why your here.

DONUTS

You need me to chop them up or
something? I dont have any tools
with me.

Both Narcs show extreme fear.

ARTHUR

We don't need to go that far. We
just need you to watch them for a
night. And we need to borrow your
car.

DONUTS

Why, whats going on tonight?

ARTHUR

Retribution.

EXT: OUTSIDE MR. HARDWELL'S MANSION - NIGHT

A car pulls up to MR. Hardwell's mansion.

INSIDE CAR --

(CONTINUED)

Both Arthur and Ben are dressed up in black and white tux's.

ARTHUR

I'm not sure I told you this before, but...thank you.

BEN

For what?

ARTHUR

For being a friend. I don't have many friends. Especially ones that would help burn down a building and kidnap a couple cops

BEN

Shit, that was fun. Besides. I hate to see people in power walk over those without it. Remember back at Sunnyside, when you were saying how it feels when your always being called worthless, a nobody. You know what who that reminded me of?

ARTHUR

Who?

BEN

My father. My father always told me, Some people in this world are destined for great things. And some people just aren't. He always reminded me that the world needs leaders. Men with character. And those were two qualities I was lacking he said. My whole life he broke me down, he never made me feel like I was good enough. He died thinking that. Thinking that his son was a failure in life. Well I don't accept that. I'll decide when I give up. And what constitutes as failing. I'm sick and tired of men with power and ego, dictating the rules for the rest of us. Tonight we strike back. Tonight we show them why you don't fuck with the underdog.

ARTHUR

Payback time.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

And you know, I was thinking, maybe you were right when you said I might be smoking too much. Maybe I do smoke a lot. Maybe I been lacking some ambition. Hanging out with potheads everyday I guess doesn't help the matter.

ARTHUR

You thinking of quitting?

BEN

Quit? Hell no. Slow down, Moderation. That I could do.

ARTHUR

Some progress is better than no progress I guess.

BEN

So what goes on here? I'm all dressed up in a tux. We got these weird masks. What is this like one of those eyes wide shut orgy type parties?

ARTHUR

Yea I don't think its quite like that.

BEN

So you ready for this?

ARTHUR

I been waiting five years for a night like this.

BEN

Alright. Lets do it.

Arthur and Ben put on "phantom of the opera" type masks as they step out the car and head toward the front door.

Two men wearing masks greet them at the door.

INT: MR. HARROWS MANSION - NIGHT

The house is packed with rich guests, all dressed in black tuxes and elegant dresses. Each wearing their party masks.

The guests enjoy the party as they mingle around the room drinking champagne and laughing.

(CONTINUED)

Arthur and Ben enter the party.

ARTHUR
Ok. Just try to blend in. Mingle.

BEN
I can do that.

Arthur and Ben do their best not to draw attention. As they head deeper into the party.

Ben grabs a wine glass off a waitress plate as she passes them.

ARTHUR
I said mingle. They don't do that here.

BEN
Than what the hell is it on a plate for?

ARTHUR
Just act like these people.

Ben straightens his back and walks with an air of confidence.

Arthur and Ben make their way up a spiral staircase.

ARTHUR
There she is.

BEN
How can you tell?

ARTHUR
That's her hair. That's the back of her head, I can tell. And that's got to be Mr. Hardwell next to her.

He spots Jill laughing and affectionately conversing with another man.

His Heart DROPS.

Arthur pulls out a cellphone and sends a message.

Mr. Hardwell excuses himself and heads into his private office.

An opening reveals itself as Arthur and Ben move in.

Jill notices familiar eyes as she's see's two men approach.

(CONTINUED)

BEN
Great party huh?

JILL
I don't believe we've been
introduced?

BEN
My mistake. My name is Benjamin.
And this man to my left I-think-
you-do-know.

Arthur picks up Jill's right hand delivers a sensual kiss to
it.

The man to the left of Jill is Phillip Mason.

PHILLIP
Hey, take it easy buddy, she's with
me.

ARTHUR
Is that right?

PHILLIP
Yes it is.

BEN
How can she be with you if she's
engaged?

PHILLIP
Are you talking about that loser,
Arthur.

BEN
I believe that's his name, yea.

PHILLIP
He's a pathetic drunk. I heard he
got fired for molesting little boys
at an elementary school.

ARTHUR
Is that what you heard?

Arthur shoots a look over to Ben who recognizes the
situation immediately -- Ben throws an elbow to the side of
Phillip.

He grabs Phillip by the neck and drags him away.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Let me talk to you for a second.

JILL

Whats going on?

Arthur removes his mask.

JILL(CONT)

Arthur?

ARTHUR

Hey baby.

JILL

What the hell are you doing here?

ARTHUR

I came to set things right.

JILL

You shouldn't be here. If my father finds out.

ARTHUR

He's just the man I'm looking to see. Now I don't want to know what's been going on the past few weeks with Dr. shit head. But I promise that everything will be explained to you soon.

JILL

I don't understand.

ARTHUR

Trust me, just keep your phone on.

Arthur signals Ben to follow him into Mr. Hardwell private office.

INT: MR. HARDWELL'S PRIVATE OFFICE

A large office room, extravagant paintings and art decorate the walls.

Arthur and Ben enter the room.

MR. HARROWS

So is it done?

Arthur shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

MR. HARDWELL

Good. Now I can really celebrate.
So how was it? Did he squeal, was
he screaming. Was he begging for
his life.

BEN

All the above.

MR. HARDWELL

Beautiful. So what did we discuss?
Fifty thousand?

BEN

Fifty thousand for the each of
them.

MR. HARDWELL

We never agreed to that.

BEN

Plans change.

MR. HARDWELL

Fine. Whatever, I'm just glad it's
done with.

BEN

There's just one more thing.

Arthur and Ben remove their masks.

MR. HARDWELL

Arthur.

BEN

That's right motha' fucka'. *Your*
worst nightmare.

ARTHUR

In the flesh.

MR. HARDWELL

I thought...

ARTHUR

What, I was dead? Nope, alive and
kicking.

MR. HARDWELL

So what happen to the other two.

INT: BEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

(CONTINUED)

Donuts laughs while he pisses on the two tied down cops.

INT: HARDWELL MANSION - NIGHT

BEN

They're in good hands.

ARTHUR

You might want to listen to this.

Arthur puts the cellphone down on the table and hits play. The recording is of the two cops back at Ben's apartment, admitting their guilt and the involvement of Mr. Hardwell

MR. HARDWELL

(unimpressed))

What is that?

BEN

That's the proverbial dick up your ass.

MR. HARDWELL

And you think this is going to change anything? My lawyers would shred this apart.

(BEAT)

Didn't I tell you you couldn't win. Someone like you will never get the best of someone like myself.

ARTHUR

You done? Because there's one thing your over looking.

MR. HARDWELL

What's that?

ARTHUR

That was never the recording I was going to use.

Arthur pulls out another cellphone.

ARTHUR(CONT)

It's funny, these phones now a days can record inside your pocket with such clarity. You can practically hear every word. If you take a look on the screen, you'll notice it's a two way call. One is going to a friend who is recording and saving this himself. Thanks Donuts. And

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR(CONT) (cont'd)
thee other is connected to your
daughter.

The door swings open. Jill enters.

JILL
I cant believe you. Everything he
said was true. Your a monster.

MR. HARDWELL
Honey.

JILL
Save it. I cant even look at you.
Arthur, I am so sorry.

ARTHUR
I know. I'll be out there in a
second. Well talk, I'm just
finishing this conversation with
you father. Give me two minutes.

JILL
OK.

Jill closes the door. And scowls at her father.

BEN
You know, if there's one lesson I
learned in the past month. From all
the misery and pain that you caused
is...how to properly set someone
up.

MR. HARDWELL
OK. Very well played. How much do
you want?

ARTHUR
Who says I want money?

MR. HARDWELL
Everybody wants money.

ARTHUR
That's the one thing you failed to
realize. I was never after your
money. I just wanted your daughter.

BEN
Ten million..

Ben looks over at Arthur like "why not"

MR. HARDWELL
Ten million?

ARTHUR
Consider it a wedding gift.

MR. HARDWELL
Ten million, fine. How do I know
you wont try and extort more from
me in a years time.

ARTHUR
I guess your gonna have to just
trust me. I mean I could just turn
this in as evidence, if that's what
you want. And as for those two
narcs. You might want to plant
something in *their* trunk. We
wouldn't want a couple of hot head
cops do anything stupid now.

MR. HARDWELL
Done.

BEN
Yea. And you owe me a cockatoo.

Mr. Hardwell seems confused.

ARTHUR
Now if you don't mind, My *wife* is
waiting for me.

Arthur and Ben exit the room.

Arthur spots Jill outside the door. He walks up to her,
wraps his arms around her, lifts her as he plants a romantic
kiss on her.

She smiles as the room looks on.

BEN
That's my friend.

EXT. WEDDING - DAY

The wedding venue is exquisite. Lavish and expensive is what is presented to those invited.

Arthur and Jill are standing at the alter exchanging their vows.

ARTHUR

I Arthur Kemp take thee Jill
Hardwell to be my wedded wife, to
have and to hold from this day
forward, for better for worse, for
richer for poorer, in sickness and
in health, to love and to cherish,
till death us do part

FATHER

And I Jill Hardwell take thee
Arthur Kemp be to my wedded
Husband, to have and to hold from
this day forward, for better for
worse, for richer for poorer, in
sickness and in health, to love and
to cherish, till death us do part.

FATHER

Rings please.

Ben leans forward and presents the rings.

FATHER

Repeat after me. With this ring, I
be wed.

ARTHUR

With this ring, I be wed.

The Priest turns to Jill.

FATHER

With this ring, I be wed.

JILL

With this ring, I be wed.

FATHER

If anyone here should abject to
this holy union, speak now or
forever hold your peace.

Both Arthur and Jill look back at Jill's father.

He keeps his mouth closed.

(CONTINUED)

FATHER

So by the power invested in me, I
now pronounce you husband and wife.
You may kiss the bride.

Arthur lays a wedding kiss on Jill as the crowd ERUPTS in
cheers.

EXT: WEDDING RECEPTION - DAY

The guests are all having a good time eating, drinking and
laughing.

Ben and Donuts battle in a dance off.

Ben talks to a couple of Jill's girlfriends. He laughs and
makes small talk.

Donuts brought two of the dancers from the Big fat
pussycats. The two women have large portions of wedding
cake, piled up on their plates.

A drunk Ben makes his way toward Arthur.

BEN

Hey, Fucking awesome wedding man.
Yo, those two chicks back their are
sisters. I think they might even be
Siamese. Look, their always
standing together. That shit's
crazy.

ARTHUR

Their not sisters. Their cousins.
And they love to smoke weed.

Ben gives Arthur a drunken smile.

BEN

Hey, thank you for that loan again.
I mean, a 1.5 mill as starting
capital. That's a serious gift man.
I'll pay you back every dime.

ARTHUR

Don't worry about that. It's yours,
keep it.

BEN

Thank god you said that. I wasn't
trying to pay that shit back. But
check it, next month I got my line
of CannabLISS fresheners hitting
the market.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR
That's the name?

BEN
Yea, CannaBLISS car fresheners. You like it?

ARTHUR
It's...got a ring to it.

BEN
We already got five different scents out. They said if it does good, its possible we could get upwards to ten out there. They said it could be the next big thing.

ARTHUR
Sounds exciting. I'm happy for you man, I really am. We all deserve a little happiness, right?

BEN
Fuckin' right.

Even Donald the principal showed up. Mingling with two heavy set strippers from the pussycat's.

He looks over his shoulder, then walks the strippers away from the crowd to a more private area.

Arthur is slow dancing with his new bride.

JILL
I'm sorry I doubted you. I cant believe the man I called my father was a monster.

ARTHUR
I'm surprised you let him show up to the wedding.

JILL
Well he did pay for all this. I been waiting my whole life for a wedding like this. I'm sorry, but an attempted murder is not going to take that from me. Are relationship will never be the same though, so the very least I could do is invite him to the wedding that he paid for.

(CONTINUED)

ARTHUR

I'm just glad you know the truth now.

JILL

I do, but it still doesn't change the fact that when you drink, you get...

ARTHUR

I'm working on it.

Arthur hugs Jill as they continue their dance.

Ben walks over to MR. Hardwell, who stands alone.

BEN

I didn't think I'd see you here.

MR. HARDWELL

I did pay for this wedding.

BEN

But your daughter is way over there. And your way over here. I guess money *doesn't* buy everything.

MR. HARDWELL

That's interesting. Because the way I look at it is, I'll always be waaaay up here -

Mr. Hardwell lifts his right hand above his head.

MR. HARDWELL

And you'll always be waaaay down here.

He lowers his hand below his waist.

MR. Hardwell takes a quick inhale of his asthma pump.

Ben smiles as he processes his next move.

BEN

So, have you ever heard of the concept of breathing?

MR. HARDWELL

What?

Arthur looks on from a distance intently.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly Mr. Hardwell experiences an asthma attack. He hunches over clutching his chest.

People rush toward him as Ben walks away from him.

Arthur catches up with Ben.

ARTHUR

What happen?

BEN

Nothing. We were just talking. And then I brought up the whole breathing thing.

ARTHUR

He's got asthma

BEN

(playing coy)

Is that what he's doing? I thought his stomach wasn't agreeing with the chicken. I guess he'll really be needing this then.

Ben raises up Mr. Hardwell's asthma pump.

ARTHUR

You took his pump?

BEN

They killed my bird.

Arthur cant help but to smile.

Mr. Hardwell is now layed flat on the grass, hardly any movement.

RANDOM VOICE(O.S)

Somebody call a doctor!

Ben walks away from the crowd and lights up a fat blunt. Disregarding all sense of decorum.

FADE OUT:

THE END