

CAKE BOMB

By

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FADE IN:

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

Fitted with a large kitchen, top-of-the line ovens and refrigerators and stoves.

A production of the reality television show MASTERS OF THE CAKE films here.

HOSS Fuller (25), a hip guy sporting thick-brimmed glasses and a stubble, barks at the staff in his slightly slurred speech. He waves a PLASTIC SPATULA around.

HOSS
What is this?!

An INTERN runs in.

INTERN
Is something wrong?

HOSS
Is something wrong? I can't use a plastic spatula!

He BANGS the spatula against a counter-top.

INTERN
Can I get you a replacement? A wooden one?

HOSS
You'd think that would fucking help, wouldn't it?

The Intern nods and walks out, writing on his clipboard.

Hoss THROWS the spatula at the intern.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Pick up the pace, douchebag!

The Intern grabs the spatula and runs.

The DIRECTOR runs up to Hoss and grabs him by the collar.

DIRECTOR
Hoss, are you drunk?

HOSS
First of all, don't touch me.
Second, maybe a little.

DIRECTOR
I don't know why I do this, Hoss.

HOSS
I don't know why I do this
either... Bill? Harley?

DIRECTOR
I've been working with you for two
years, how do you not know my name?

HOSS
You're behind the camera, I can't
memorize every guy's name that's
behind the camera. You'd
understand, Carol.

DIRECTOR
Carol...? Never mind. Let's just
try and get through this without
anything insane happening.

HOSS
Who do I look like, someone that
can't get through a couple minutes
without yel- DON'T LOOK AT ME IN
THE EYE, ASSHOLE!

A production assistant runs off stage.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Alright, let's do this.

DIRECTOR
Oh, and by the way, the CEO of the
network is coming by next shoot to
facilitate. So please, be on your
best behavior.

HOSS
Fine.

DIRECTOR
Great.

The Director walks off to his chair.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, let's take it from the top.

The Director sits on the chair.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Roll cameras...

CAMERA GUY
Speed!

DIRECTOR
Board... and ACTION!

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - LATER

Hoss stands outside, smoking a cigarette. A FAN walks up, with a pen and a cookbook.

FAN
Hoss? Hoss Fuller?

Hoss, annoyed, takes out the cigarette from his mouth.

HOSS
Yes?

FAN
So sorry for bothering you, but I was just wondering if could sign your name here for me?

HOSS
Sure, sure.

The Fan gives Hoss his cookbook, and Hoss scribbles his name on it.

FAN
Thanks man, you just made my day!

HOSS
Have fun with that.

Hoss's assistant, a scrawny kid named MELVIN (22), rushes out to Hoss with a few papers.

MELVIN
Boss, just need to sign your name off on that line of aprons.

Melvin hands Hoss a pen, he quickly signs the contract.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
And *Dancing with the Stars* would like-

HOSS
NO. Pass.

MELVIN
Alright. And Ms. Tori's gallery showing is tonight at four.

HOSS
Why didn't I hear about this?

MELVIN
From her own words...

Melvin reads off a sticky note.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
"He never comes anyway, why bother telling him this time?"

HOSS
Shit.

MELVIN
Although I don't exactly remember if she said "He doesn't come" or "He never comes", although I'm pretty certain-

HOSS
Shut up, Melvin.

MELVIN
Yes sir.

Hoss throws out his cigarette and runs out of the lot.

EXT. ART GALLERY - PARKING LOT - LATER

Hoss, now in a black suit and tie, walks out of his car. He tips his driver four dollars.

Seemingly out of nowhere, a MOB of reporters, bloggers, and paparazzi swarm him.

REPORTER #1
Mr. Fuller, are the rumors true?

REPORTER #2
How many more seasons will you be present?

BLOGGER
Will Master of the Cake continue without you?

Hoss stops in his tracks.

HOSS
Whoa, where'd you guys get all of
this?

REPORTER #2
Rumors have been circulating about
your retirement from the show.

HOSS
I can assure you I am staying on
the show until the day everyone
moves onto... I don't know, pies or
some shit. Now if you'll excuse me,
I have to-

REPORTER #1
Do you have any words on your
decreasing status as a TV pastry
chef while Ellen Grier is sweeping
the nation?

Hoss looks at the reporter. He checks his watch. Three
fourty-six. He has time.

HOSS
First of all, Mrs. Grier is a HACK.
Second, she has no disregard for
the professional baker. Her focus
is on the seventeen-year-old girl
who got a Kitchenaid for Christmas,
who'll probably become an awful
novelist anyway-

INT. ART GALLERY - LATER

INSERT: A clock on the wall. Five-thirteen.

TORI (23), with her jet black hair and flowing red dress,
looks like she was pulled straight out of a fashion magazine.
She stands in front of her drawing: a mechanical robot riding
a beautiful horse.

She stares at it. Dead-eyed.

A JANITOR walks past her with a bucket and mop.

JANITOR
Ma'am. We close in twenty minutes.

This takes her out of her trance.

TORI
Oh. Ok. I'm just expecting someone.

JANITOR
They better be here soon.

Tori nods. The Janitor walks off.

EXT. ART GALLERY - EVENING

Nighttime is creeping in.

Tori walks out of the gallery wearing a coat. As she walks toward her car, she sees Hoss at the other side of the parking lot, STILL talking to reporters and bystanders.

She stops and stares in disbelief. Tori then gets in her car.

She turns the key in her car, when it RUMBLES to life. She then SLAMS her fist on the steering wheel.

INT. HORN ON THE COB - NIGHT

HORN ON THE COB is an upscale restaurant, filled with bustling young men and women in designer clothes.

Smack dab in the middle of the action, seated on a round table, is Hoss. His date is Tori, wearing the same outfit as she did in the gallery, stirring a drink with her straw.

A busboy takes the dirty dishes off their table.

TORI
This was really nice.

HOSS
Nice? Honey, this is the HORN,
politicians can't get reservations
here! Nice is an understatement.

TORI
You don't have to try so hard to
impress, Hoss.

HOSS
I don't. It comes naturally.

TORI
Lucky you.

Hoss chuckles.

HOSS
Any big news?

TORI
I've got a shoot coming up. Crowne
Magazine.

HOSS
Really?

TORI
Yeah, it's not huge, but it's
something. How are things with you?

HOSS
Great. I do think that Director
fella is taking too much creative
control, though.

TORI
Isn't that kind of his job?

HOSS
Sure, but this guy doesn't seem to
know what he's doing. He's always
telling me what to do.

TORI
Also the job of the director.

HOSS
Fine, but this guy's just an
asshole.

TORI
And I assume you don't know his
name yet.

HOSS
It's at the tip of my tongue.

TORI
Sure it is.

A WAITER approaches their table.

WAITER
Would you two like anything for
dessert?

HOSS
How 'bout just two Red Velvets?

WAITER
Absolutely, sir.

Tori sketches a face on the napkin. Hoss swallows a lump in his throat. He's trying to bring something up, but doesn't quite know how.

HOSS
So, how was the exhibition?

Tori doesn't look up from the napkin.

TORI
Fine.

HOSS
(relieved)
Good. Good.

TORI
No.

Tori puts down her pen.

TORI (CONT'D)
Not good.

HOSS
What?

TORI
I saw you talking to the press.

Hoss puts his hand over his face.

HOSS
Fuck.

TORI
You really couldn't spare five minutes out of the limelight, couldn't you?

HOSS
Baby, I'm sorry...

TORI
Don't.

HOSS
I'm trying to apologize.

TORI
It won't work.

HOSS
Tori. Listen to me.

The Waiter brings the two Red Velvet cakes to the table. The two don't touch their desserts.

HOSS (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about what happened. But what I have is a real job. What you have is a hobby. And I need to devote time to my job. And it requires talking to interested parties.

TORI
Are you being serious right now?

Hoss takes a bite of the cake. A disgusted look washes over his face.

HOSS
What is this?

TORI
Hoss.

HOSS
Who's their pastry chef?

Hoss stands up and SCREAMS.

HOSS (CONT'D)
WHO IS YOUR PASTRY CHEF?!

INT. HORN ON THE COB - KITCHEN - SAME

The kitchen. Crowded and steaming. CHARLES (40), wears a chef's hat. He squeezes yellow icing on a cupcake.

The MANAGER (60) runs into the kitchen.

MANAGER
Charles. Someone wants you.

Charles puts down the bag of icing and walks out the kitchen.

INT. HORN ON THE COB - CONT'D

Charles approaches their table. Hoss motions with his finger. "Come closer."

Charles puts his face closer to Hoss's.

HOSS
(whispering)
Who do you think you are.

CHARLES
What?

HOSS
You heard me. You took an almost
poetically simple cake, and you
shit. All over it.

CHARLES
Excuse me?

HOSS
Chocolate cake. Red food coloring.
Cream cheese frosting. Is that not
enough? You decided to twist it,
with your own disgusting palate. Is
that lemon I tasted?

CHARLES
I'm sorry about that, would you
like another cake?

HOSS
Another cake? Do you know who I am?

CHARLES
I do.

HOSS
Then you know I don't stand for
your party tricks. You bring shame
to the rest of us.

CHARLES
With all due respect sir, I don't
appreciate your tone.

HOSS
I don't appreciate your cooking.
And if you knew what was good for
you, you'd quit this establishment.

Charles walks back into the kitchen.

TORI
You didn't have to do that.

HOSS
Tori, this was practically *treason*.
I can't let-

Tori SLAPS her cake in Hoss's face. White icing covers his forehead and cheeks.

TORI
Goodbye, Hoss.

She puts on her coat.

TORI (CONT'D)
Don't try to call me. And I made
this for you.

Tori takes a folded up piece of paper and throws it on the table.

TORI (CONT'D)
I guess it can be a souvenier.

Tori leaves the restaurant, but Hoss awkwardly sits there.

Cake-faced.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - THE NEXT WEEK

A similar set-up to when we first saw Hoss. Except this time, he isn't yelling. He stands in the middle of the stage, holding a cake.

The Director walks up to him.

DIRECTOR
Hey, is something wrong?

HOSS
No, nothing. Do your thing, I'll do
mine.

DIRECTOR
If something's bothering you, make
sure to talk to me. I can get you
what you need. The CEO's here, so I
need you to do well. Are you
feeling okay?

Hoss looks over at the CEO, a well-dressed woman with a short haircut and tall stature, stands in the corner.

HOSS
Yeah, sure.

The Director sits on his chair. An Assistant whispers into his ear.

ASSISTANT
You think something's wrong with
him?

DIRECTOR
(whispering back)
Probably. But I'm just glad he's
not giving anyone panic attacks.

The Director claps his hands.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Okay, is everyone ready?

The Camera Guy gives a thumbs-up.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Roll cameras.

CAMERA GUY
Speed!

DIRECTOR
And... ACTION!

Hoss stares into the camera while holding the cake.

The Assistant whispers to the director again.

ASSISTANT
You sure he's not the one getting
the panic attack?

Silence.

Then Hoss speaks. Or, more appropriately, mumbles.

HOSS
Today, we'll be making this
beautiful and rich...

Hoss pauses.

DIRECTOR
Cut!

The Director approaches Hoss.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
What's going on Hoss?

HOSS
Nothing. I'm fine.

DIRECTOR
Doesn't seem like it.

HOSS
I know I am. Just get this shit
over with.

DIRECTOR
I can't have you standing here like
a statue when the CEO's here. She's
a god and we're ants. We are going
to get crushed. Do you know what's
going to happen then? Ellen Grier
is taking over. They'll give our
spot to her.

Hoss doesn't react.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Hoss, listen to me! Put something
into this, alright?

HOSS
I know what I need to do.

DIRECTOR
Good.

The Director walks back to his chair.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Roll cameras.

CAMERA GUY
Speed.

DIRECTOR
And... ACTION!

Hoss DROPS the cake and KICKS it across the floor.

The Director STANDS up.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
HOSS!

Hoss doesn't care. He takes a handful of cake and SMEARS it
across the cameras.

The crew and audience take out their phones to record this.

HOSS
I DON'T NEED THIS!

DIRECTOR
Relax, Hoss, relax!

HOSS
I don't need this cake!

Hoss STOMPS the already-destroyed cake remains.

HOSS (CONT'D)
I don't need this show!

Hoss grabs the BOOM MIC from the boom operator's hand and SLAMS it against a wall. He then STABS it into the fake kitchen set, breaking apart the wall.

Hoss then takes a handful of cake and walks up to the CEO.

HOSS (CONT'D)
And I certainly don't need you.

He pushes the glop of cake onto her suit, then spreads it around. He then WIPES cake all over his own face, and SCREAMS.

HOSS (CONT'D)
LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT ME! I HAVE THE
POOOOWER!

Hoss runs out, and the Director puts his hands on his head.

The CEO casually wipes some of the cake off her suit with a Kleenex. She shakes her head at the Director.

The Director watches as she leaves the studio. He then turns back to the crew.

DIRECTOR
Cut?

TV NEWS BROADCAST - THE NEXT DAY

REPORTER
Yesterday, celebrity pastry chef Hoss Fuller suffered a mental breakdown during the taping of his show Masters of the Cake.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT

Tori watches this broadcast wearing pajamas. She has a pillow against her face.

TV NEWS BROADCAST

NEWS ANCHOR
Hoss has since been suspended from the show indefinitely. We have an exclusive statement from Fuller himself about this bizarre event.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT

TORI
Oh my God...

EXT. HOSS'S HOUSE

Hoss gets out of his car, as several reporters get into his face about the recent incident.

REPORTER #1
Mr. Fuller, what caused this inexplicable outbreak?

REPORTER #2
Has anyone pressed charges?

REPORTER #3
At what point will you pursue your next endeavor, if you will move past this at all?

When Hoss approaches his door, he turns around.

HOSS
(slurred)
I'm going to be honest, I'm a liiiittle drunk right now. But trust me, I'm writing all these questions down and will give a statement-
(burp)
-next Montwedsnay.

REPORTER #3
You're not writing anything down...

HOSS
Alright, cool, you guys have been great, seeya on the other side.

Hoss trips into his home's front door.

TV NEWS BROADCAST

NEWS ANCHOR
Indeed, that is all Fuller had to
say about the incident.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT

Tori turns off the television.

She wipes her eyes with the sleeves of her wrinkly pajamas.

INT. HORN ON THE COB - NEXT DAY

A slower day at the restaurant. Only a couple of the tables are being used.

Charles operates a stand mixer.

The MANAGER, in a clean tuxedo and a pin with the Horn on the Cob logo on it, walks in.

MANAGER
Hey Chuck! Could I get a minute?

Charles stops the mixer.

CHARLES
Yes.

MANAGER
You've been with us for a long time. And you're a good worker. And I know that your output's acceptable.

CHARLES
Wait. Before we go any further, does this have anything to do with the TV baker guy?

MANAGER
That's beside the point.

CHARLES
Come on! That IS the point! You can't fire me just 'cause some asshole doesn't like my icing!

MANAGER
We're not letting you go, we're suspending you for an indefinite period.

The Manager hands over a check for six-thousand dollars.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
This should keep you on your feet for a bit. You'll be getting more of these in the mail every month for three months.

Charles looks over this check.

CHARLES
I'm getting married. I need this job.

MANAGER
I'm sorry. No can do. I have to keep in mind the satisfaction of my customers.

Charles puts the check in his pocket, packs up his stuff, then leaves.

He SLAMS the door on the way out.

INT. NETWORK OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

The Director follows around the Network CEO.

The Director looks like he hasn't had a good's night sleep for a couple days, and the CEO looks stressed.

DIRECTOR
I know I don't have an excuse, and I know what he did is probably on me, but I honestly don't know what caused that reaction. Please don't cancel, I need this.

CEO
I understand you haven't had a gig since... what was it? That reality show about those balancing racing robots?

DIRECTOR
Balancing Racing Robots.

CEO

Right. It's just, I am in charge of a network with a reputation, and if I can't maintain that reputation, I've failed. So if our "Cool and Collected Friendly Baker" Fuller becomes "Cakezilla," we have angry letters flooding in, people bitching on the internet, and a drop in viewership.

DIRECTOR

With all due respect, I know the real Hoss Fuller, and he is an angry, crazy man who just happens to be gifted with pastries. There has to be some money in that?

CEO

Sure, but people think they already know the real Hoss Fuller. If we try and switch their perceptions, it won't work. They want to hold on. I'm sorry, but you have to let this go.

The CEO walks away, and the Director rubs his head.

DIRECTOR

Shit!

INT. HORN ON THE COB - THAT NIGHT

Hoss, in an unkempt tuxedo, stares at his lamb chops. The quiet and empty restaurant only highlights his loneliness.

A waiter walks up to his table.

WAITER

Would you like a box for that?

Hoss shakes his head.

WAITER (CONT'D)

I have to inform you that we close in about five minutes.

HOSS

Alright.

The Waiter walks away. Hoss looks around. A busboy cleans the tables. The bartender counts his tips.

Hoss tosses cash onto the table and leaves.

EXT. HORN ON THE COB

The night is pitch dark. Hoss pulls out his phone, dials a number, and calls.

Seemingly out of nowhere, two MEN in black suits and sunglasses rush Hoss and put a vinyl bag over his head.

HOSS
Hey! HEY!

They drag Hoss into a black car, while the still-ringing phone is now cracked on the sidewalk.

The display shows that the call is to Tori.

INT. BLACK CAR

The two men sit next to Hoss.

HOSS
Where are you taking me? What's going on?

MAN #1
Relax, Mr. Fuller. Think of this as a job interview.

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS

The black car arrives at an abandoned apartment complex, crumbling at the foundation and clearly neglected.

The two men drag Hoss out of the car and into the building.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS

They seat Hoss on a plastic chair in the middle of a room.

Man #2 lifts the bag from his head. Across from Hoss is an overweight man. He wears a gaudy black-and-orange striped blazer and his top hat is equally ridiculous. He smokes an e-cigarette.

CARLYLE
Hello Hoss.

Hoss struggles to catch his breath.

HOSS
Carlyle? Oh my God!

Carlyle CHUCKLES.

CARLYLE
I'm sorry for the rough ride. And I
know it's a bit of an odd reunion.
But you're here, and that's all
that matters.

Hoss clears his throat.

HOSS
Hold on, I think I just need to
catch my breath.

CARLYLE
Take your ti-

Hoss STANDS UP and KNOCKS a chair over. He sprints at the door, but the two Men SLAM the door shut and point their pistols at him.

MAN #1
I wouldn't try that.

Hoss nods.

HOSS
I see how this is.

CARLYLE
God, how long have we known each other? And you still try to pull this shit?

HOSS
Just testing out your facilities.

Carlyle SCOFFS. Hoss turns around.

CARLYLE
Would you like to sit down?

HOSS
I'd rather not.

CARLYLE
Suit yourself.

Carlyle takes another puff of the e-cigarette.

HOSS
What happened to the Camels?

Carlyle has a throaty laugh.

CARLYLE
Wanted to watch my health.

HOSS
Oh. Interesting.

CARLYLE
I mean, you won't believe the stuff
they put in cigarettes. It's almost
impressive the number of chemicals
they stick in-

Hoss snappily cuts him off.

HOSS
What do you want from me?

CARLYLE
Come on, Hoss. We shouldn't dive
too quickly into this. Let's catch
up.

HOSS
I'm quite alright without that.

Carlyle's warm demeanor melts away into cold aggression.

CARLYLE
I'm the only reason you're at this
stage in life. You want to give
your creator the finger? Fine. But
I saw your breakdown. You really
dropped the ball there. Or, should
I say, cake?

Hoss GROANS.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
Come on. You know that was great.

HOSS
Can we hurry this up?

Carlyle takes a puff of his e-cig.

CARLYLE
Here's the deal. As you might know,
business is booming.

HOSS
I didn't.

CARLYLE
Anyway, business is booming. But
there's a cog in the machine. This
is Milton Bishop.

Carlyle holds up a professional headshot of the man. Every detail of him shows he's essentially the picturesque politician: his grey hair and wrinkles, his smile, and his clean clothes.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
A senator intending to crack down
on things like my empire.

HOSS
Sooo... how's this my problem?

CARLYLE
He has a wedding coming up in a
week. And he wants you for the
cake.

HOSS
You brought me all the way here for
a cake?

CARLYLE
We were thinking more along the
lines of a deadly wedding cake.

HOSS
What?

CARLYLE
A cake that blows up. Like a
grenade, or a mine.

HOSS
A... cake bomb?

CARLYLE
Come on, Hoss. That's ridiculous. I
thought you were a creative type.

HOSS
Fuck you too.

CARLYLE
And you will have to present the
cake personally.

HOSS
I'm going to get blown up at this thing?

CARLYLE
No. You'll run. There's a fire escape out of the church. But you run when you light this cake. Confusion, panic, then... boom.

HOSS
Sugary assassination. There's no other way?

CARLYLE
He has bodyguards surrounding and protecting him everywhere he goes. The best men money can hire. This works from the inside. And a big plus: he has peers just as powerful as him invited to this wedding. This is the best option.

HOSS
So what's stopping me from skipping town? Just not doing this?

Carlyle chuckles.

HOSS (CONT'D)
That's not too reassuring.

CARLYLE
Take a look at this.

Carlyle pulls out a phone, and puts it in Hoss's hands. The screen is a live video feed, showing Tori drinking a glass of wine in her living room.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
Understand? No funny business.

Hoss stares at the screen.

HOSS
No funny business.

The phone screen GLITCHES out. Static and bright colors bug up the display.

CARLYLE
Todd!

We see TODD (26), a lanky kid in a polo shirt and khakis. He's messing around with a big machine, set up with wires, buttons, and levers.

TODD
What?!

CARLYLE
I swear to God if you weren't my nephew I would THROW YOU OUT of this window!

TODD
Whatever.

CARLYLE
Look, I know you're a good kid-

TODD
Up your ass, old man.

Carlyle turns to Hoss.

CARLYLE
(whispering)
He's a shit kid.

TODD
I heard that!

CARLYLE
I hope you did!

Hoss hands over the phone.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Carlyle walks over to a giant window that essentially makes up one of the walls.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
Get over here.

The window faces a beautiful stone-brick church, where they can see through a circular window attached to a large room.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
This is where the wedding will be held. Also where you'll present the cake. Have some bullshit chit-chat. And if anything goes wrong... just trust me, you do not want to get anything wrong.

HOSS
I get it.

CARLYLE
Again. We need this in a week. So
I'd get moving.

HOSS
Okay.

Carlyle CLAPS.

CARLYLE
Great! Tomorrow, you'll meet up
with the Senator. I'd bring a
partner with you. These meetings
can be stressful.

Hoss walks away from Carlyle and out of the room. As he opens the door, Carlyle has one last thing to say.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
Oh Hoss.

Hoss turns around.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
Once this is over, maybe you'll
finally get the ratings you've
wanted.

The two men rapidly WHIP the bag over Hoss's head.

EXT. HORN ON THE COB - LATER - NIGHT

The black car stops in front of the restaurant, and Hoss is THROWN out onto the pavement. The bag still on his head.

Hoss is face down on the sidewalk.

The car drives away, but stops in the distance. It reverses, one of the men run out of the car, grab the bag, and runs back to the car.

It finally drives away.

Hoss stands up and scratches his messy hair. He sees his cracked phone on the sidewalk and picks it up.

He calls someone.

HOSS
You awake?
(beat)
I just need someone tomorrow. I
have to meet up with some Senator.
(beat)
Great.

Hoss puts the phone into his pocket, but feels something. He pulls out Tori's folded-up paper. He takes a deep breath, and unfolds it.

It's a drawing of a cake. A wedding cake. Beautiful. Three-tiered, blue coloring, and intricate frosting designs. On top of the cake, a model that resembles Hoss wearing an apron and another model resembling Tori in a dress.

Hoss holds the picture to his chest.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

Hoss mixes a large amount of batter with his stand-up mixer. As it WHIRS, he walks over to his desk.

Hoss opens his laptop and googles "Hoss Fuller". He sees the cookbook with his autograph on it, with a starting bid of ten dollars.

But then he sees the other listings from the same user. Titles like "Hoss Fuller Cookbook + AUTOGRAPH [LEGIT!!]" and "Cookbook signed Hoss FULLER authentic" tip us off... this guy's a scam, copying the same autograph.

He closes the laptop.

Outside, a car horn HONKS.

Hoss puts on a jacket and walks out. He walks back in, stops the mixer, then walks back out.

EXT. HOSS'S HOUSE - CONT'D

Hoss walks outside, and sees two big, unmarked boxes. He opens one of them, to see a bunch of BLACK POWDER. The explosives. He hurriedly slides these boxes into his home.

INT. MELVIN'S CAR

Hoss gets in the car. Melvin is in the driver's seat, wearing a dress shirt and tie.

HOSS
I'm sorry.

MELVIN
I'm sorry.

An awkward beat.

HOSS (CONT'D)
What?

MELVIN (CONT'D)
What?

HOSS (CONT'D)
Why the hell are you apologizing?

MELVIN
One, I'm an excessive apologizer.
Two, I saw your... um...

Melvin tries to search for a word that won't be offensive.

HOSS
Breakdown?

MELVIN
Yes. I was thinking if I told you
about Ms. Tori's event earlier,
you'd make it on time, and we
wouldn't even be here.

HOSS
Don't ever blame yourself for that.

MELVIN
Sorry.

HOSS
Don't...

MELVIN
Sorry.

HOSS
Nope, just...

Hoss's frustration nearly flares up, but he keeps it down.

HOSS (CONT'D)
I'm apologizing because I've
treated you like shit.

MELVIN
What?

HOSS
Melvin. I know I was terrible to
you.

MELVIN
Sure, Mr. Fuller, but... why are
you bringing this up now?

HOSS
Something came up. I need to get my
personal stuff in order.

INT. MILTON BISHOP'S OFFICE - LATER

Milton Bishop, looking as much as a generic middle-aged white man as anyone could be, staples a stack of papers.

His assistant DONNA, a brown-haired woman in her 40's wearing large eyeglasses, enters the room.

DONNA
Mr. Bishop?

MILTON BISHOP
Yes?

DONNA
The baker's here to see you.

MILTON BISHOP
Oh! Let him in!

Donna leaves the room. Milton takes a lint roller and rubs it against all of his attire.

Hoss and MELVIN walk into the office.

MILTON BISHOP (CONT'D)
Welcome! Sorry about the mess,
campaigns can get disorganized.

Hoss looks around. The office is spotless.

MILTON BISHOP (CONT'D)
Come! Sit!

Carlyle and Hoss sit on two velvet chairs across from
Milton's desk.

MILTON BISHOP (CONT'D)
I'm usually a professional about
these types of meetings, but I'm a
huge fan, so I'm going to offer you
my best.

Milton whips out a bottle of golden liquor.

MILTON BISHOP (CONT'D)
Scotch?

MELVIN
I don't know if that's a great
idea, Mr. Bishop.

MILTON BISHOP
Fantastic!

Milton sets out three glasses and pours the drink. He hands them out to Hoss and Melvin.

MELVIN
Before we start, I think I'd like to get something out of the way. I represent Mr. Fuller, and I know that the media has been all over him recently.

MILTON BISHOP
I suppose, but aren't they always?
I mean, being a celebrity like yourself must bring about some unwanted attention. Anyway, I don't divulge myself in such foolishness. My focus has been on this campaign.

HOSS
So... you don't know about the incident?

MILTON BISHOP
What, your cookbook? I didn't know there was so much controversy. My fiancee has been having a field day with it.

HOSS
Yeah... the cookbook.

Hoss and Melvin shoot each other a look. "Let's just roll with it."

MILTON BISHOP
Let's get past all this. My fiancee
is extremely excited to see what
you'll cook up! Do you have
something prepared?

HOSS
(bullshitting)
Absolutely, Mr. Bishop.

MILTON BISHOP
Great! Could you tell me what
you're planning on?

HOSS
I was thinking a three-tier cake,
with a... what's your fiancee's
favorite color?

MILTON BISHOP
Blue.

HOSS
A blue buttercream frosting. A
little model on top, if you would
like.

MILTON BISHOP
And it would have the special Hoss
Fuller frosting designs?

Hoss sits back and simply stares at Milton.

MILTON BISHOP (CONT'D)
Mr. Fuller?

Hoss has a vision. A fiery EXPLOSION overtakes the building.
Milton, Hoss, and Melvin are swallowed up by the flames.

We SMASH CUT back to Hoss's face. The room is fine.

MELVIN
Hoss?

Hoss stands up and walks out of the office. Milton looks at
Melvin.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
Sorry.

Melvin walks after Hoss.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - CONT'D

Hoss sits at the curb. Melvin sits down next to him.

MELVIN
Would I ever spill the beans?

HOSS
What?

MELVIN
You've had secrets. I've known them. But I've never told anyone. I know you're hiding something. Your behavior just doesn't add up.

HOSS
I do have a secret. That man in there? He's going to die.

MELVIN
What are you talking about?

INT. MILTON BISHOP'S OFFICE - LATER

Milton sits at his desk. The silence in the office is broken up by his TICKING watch. He looks at it impatiently. Pours himself another glass of scotch.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - SAME

Melvin looks flabbergasted.

MELVIN
Holy SHIT!

HOSS
Yep. And I don't know what I can do to stop him.

Melvin covers his eyes with his hands.

MELVIN
I'm in a dream. This isn't real.
I'm in a dream. Pinch me Hoss!

HOSS
I know how you feel.

MELVIN
What are we gonna do?!

HOSS
That's why I'm out here, Melvin. I
don't know.

MELVIN
Oh God.

Melvin and Hoss stare out at the moving traffic.

Melvin takes a DEEP BREATH.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
This reminds me of something my
Grandpa used to say. "Melvin. Don't
ever get beat down by the
situation. Your only obstacle is
yourself." Of course, he was saying
I should have played baseball while
I had a broken leg, but my point
still stands.

HOSS
Thanks Melvin. But I still have no
idea what I'm supposed to do.

MELVIN
There's one thing I know for sure.

Melvin stands up and extends a hand to Hoss. Hoss grabs the
arm and lifts himself up.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
We can't do anything by just
sitting around.

Melvin pats Hoss on the back.

INT. MILTON BISHOP'S OFFICE

Melvin and Hoss walk into the office, and Milton stands up.

MILTON BISHOP
Finally! So what's the deal?

HOSS
Sir. You will get your Hoss Fuller
frosting touch.

MILTON BISHOP
You're the man, Hoss! Can I call
you Hoss?

Hoss nods.

Milton shakes Hoss's hand.

EXT. STREET - THE NEXT MORNING

Hoss, in the same clothes he wore when he met Carlyle, but more tattered, sprints in the street. Cars abruptly stop as Hoss runs across the road, with no regard for his safety.

HOSS
Sorry! Sorry!

A car drives into Hoss, but stops just quickly enough for Hoss to roll over on the pavement.

DRIVER
Shit!

The Driver gets out of the car. Hoss gets up.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
The hell are you doing man, I could have killed you!

HOSS
I have to save someone!

Hoss runs off, while the Driver throws up his hands.

DRIVER
Crazy homeless people.

TERRI (30), A man in sunglasses, watches in a car from the distance. He exits his car and chases after Hoss.

EXT. TORI'S APARTMENT

Hoss arrives at Tori's apartment complex, a quaint building with vines growing on the walls and elderly women walking their dogs.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT

Tori finishes a photorealistic sketch of a bluejay.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT LOBBY

Hoss walks in, when a skinny, white male lobby worker sees him.

LOBBY WORKER
'Scuse me, you live here?

HOSS
Oh no, I'm a friend of Tori's.

LOBBY WORKER
Sorry, but I'm like eighty-nine percent sure she doesn't want to see you right now.

HOSS
How would you know?

LOBBY WORKER
Hoss Fuller? Celebrity pastry chef?
And you're here to see Tori.

HOSS
Yes.

LOBBY WORKER
You're telling me that you're here... to see Tori...

HOSS
(frustrated)
Oh my God, YES, what more can I say?!

LOBBY WORKER
Sorry man, you lost your chance. I saw your big ol' messy breakdown on TV, and I know Tori isn't dealing with that. So now's the time for T-Dawg to shine!

HOSS
T-Dawg? Is that you?

The Lobby Worker will now be known as "T-Dawg".

T-DAWG
In the flesh! And my apartment is already next to hers, so you can say the move'll be preeettty easy.

HOSS
T-Dawg... come on. Be realistic.

T-DAWG
Oh, I'm pretty much the realistic guru.
(MORE)

T-DAWG (CONT'D)
I'm so realistic, mothafuckin'
accountant types come to me for
that crunching the realism type
deals.

HOSS
What are you even talking about?

T-DAWG
Hold up.

The Lobby Worker HUFFS a gallon of green paint. He puts the bucket under the counter.

HOSS
Okay... explanation granted...

T-DAWG
Sorry dawg, but I'm ninety-two percent sure she doesn't wanna see you right now.

HOSS
What happened to eighty-nine?

T-DAWG
Huh?

HOSS
How did you get this job?

T-DAWG
Daddy owns this here building.

HOSS
Listen, I just need to see her.
This is an absolute emergency-

T-DAWG
Hey man, I know how serious that blue ball business can be, but you can't just waltz in here-

Hoss SLAMS his fist on the counter.

HOSS
This is LIFE and DEATH, T-DAWG!

T-DAWG
Hold up, dude, I'm gonna have to call security if you keep this up.

HOSS
You ARE security!

T-DAWG
Oh fuck, really? Shit, I need a gun. And like, a badge, maybe.

A hand grabs Hoss's shoulder.

TERRI
That won't be necessary.

Terri discretely pushes a gun against Hoss's rib cage.

TERRI (CONT'D)
We will be going now.

T-DAWG
Ha! That's RIGHT dawg!

The Sunglass Wearing Man escorts Hoss out of the building.

EXT. TORI'S APARTMENT

TERRI
Hoss. My boss is gambling a lot on you. So if you pull shit like this again, expect me to pull the trigger and take down your girlfriend, too.

He pulls the gun away from Hoss.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Do you understand?

HOSS
Yes.

TERRI
Good.

Terri walks away and calls a cab. A taxicab stops, and the Man enters it. He rolls down the window.

TERRI (CONT'D)
Just between me and you, Carlyle might seem like a guy you can reason with, but he'll kill to get what he wants.

HOSS
I know.

TERRI
Good.

The cab drives away.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - A FEW HOURS LATER

Hoss sits at his kitchen counter, phone at arm's reach. He picks it up and dials a number.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT

Tori's phone rings. She looks at the caller ID: HOSS Fuller.

She looks away and puts the finishing touches on her bluejay.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE

AUTOMATED FEMALE VOICE
I'm sorry, the number you have
called is not available. At the
tone, please leave a message.

BEEP.

HOSS
Tori? It's me, Hoss. You probably
know because you're probably at
home. Something's just... happened.
And I might be gone in a few
months. So, if you want to call
back, just... do it? Please?

Hoss bangs the phone against his head.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT

Tori stares at the phone. Conflicted. She picks it up, then drops it. Picks it up once more, and drops it again.

The phone rings again. She lets it go to voicemail, but instead of going back to her drawing, she stares at the phone instead, when the message plays.

We can hear Hoss choking back tears.

HOSS (O.S.)
I just saw the newest issue of
Crowne. You weren't in it. Did you
quit? Get dropped? Eh, it doesn't
matter. I just want to talk to you
again. Please. Shit.

The message ends.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE

Hoss rubs his forehead.

He opens his laptop, and looks up "Hoss Fuller" again on eBay. The same copycat listings come up, with clearly fake copied autographs. But he stops. Looking at these listings, his eyes widen.

HOSS
Oh my God.

Hoss SMILES.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Oh my GOD!

Hoss furiously types "HORN ON THE COB PHONE NUMBER" on Google.

He calls the number.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Hello? Yes, I'm looking for a man
named... Charles?
(beat)
Don't know the last name.
(beat)
Fired?

Hoss curls up his fist and bites his lip.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Okay, okay, could I at least get
the last name? I'm looking for him,
he sent in an application and I
think he... forgot to fill in his
full name.

Hoss shuts his eyes in anticipation.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Yes? YES! Thank you!

Hoss hangs up, and scribbles down on a POST-IT: Charles Montgomery.

INT. POST OFFICE - LATER

Charles stands at the counter in a postman's uniform. He sorts through a stack of envelopes.

Hoss, wearing thick sunglasses, walks in with a package.

CHARLES
Welcome. Please wait in line.

There isn't a line to be seen, but tape lines that zig-zag through the office.

Hoss walks over the tape lines.

HOSS
Hey, listen...

CHARLES
Nah-ah-ah. Wrong.

Hoss stops. He walks to the back and steps through the zig-zag pattern of tape. He finally makes it to the counter.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
What are you looking to ship today?

HOSS
Listen. Charles. I need to ask you something.

CHARLES
Sir, I'm going to ask you to-

Hoss takes off his sunglasses.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
You.

HOSS
I am so sorry-

CHARLES
Hey, Gary!

Gary (50) an overweight postman, wheels out in an office chair.

GARY
Yeah Chuck?

CHARLES
I think I'm due for lunch.

GARY
Sure.

HOSS
Charles!

Charles JUMPS over the counter and walks steadfast out of the post office. Hoss RUNS after him, leaving the package.

Gary picks up the package.

GARY
Hey man, you need labels?

Hoss leaves the post office.

GARY (CONT'D)
Jerk.

EXT. POST OFFICE - SIDEWALK - CONT'D

Charles walks faster and faster, trying to evade Hoss. Hoss simply moves faster to catch up.

CHARLES
How did you find me?

HOSS
The internet is a wonderful place.

CHARLES
Get away from me.

HOSS
I just wanted to apologize.

CHARLES
Thanks. Now get out of my life.

HOSS
I need your help, Charles!

CHARLES
Oh, sure, mister big-shot cake fiend needs a trashy amateur who puts lemon in his icing. How dare he put lemon in his icing?

Charles takes out his car keys and unlocks his mid-size car.

BEEP.

Charles gets in, but Hoss also quickly gets in.

INT. CHARLES'S CAR - CONT'D

CHARLES
Get out.

HOSS
Look, please just listen to me.

CHARLES
Are you insane?

HOSS
I think I'm close. I'm in trouble,
Charles. And I need another baker.

CHARLES
Cool. Get out of my car.

HOSS
No. Hold on. This is a life and
death situation.

CHARLES
Sure, from the guy that said my red
velvet was treason, I'm sure that's
not at all an exaggeration.

HOSS
Charles! Please, just LISTEN for
thirty seconds and if you're still
not interested, I'm out of your
life. Forever.

A tantalizing offer. Charles takes a beat to consider.

CHARLES
Why not.

HOSS
Okay. There's a bad man out to kill
someone. And he wants me to kill
this person with a cake. Like, a
kind of exploding cake.

CHARLES
A cake bomb?

HOSS
See? That's what I said! Anyway, I
don't have a choice in the matter,
but I think I have a way to get out
of it.

CHARLES
Why do you need me?

HOSS
That's exactly the thing. I was thinking yesterday, and I had a bit of a spark.

FLASHBACK

The computer screen, displaying the multiple versions of Hoss's cookbook with copied signatures.

HOSS (V.O.)
We could take the cake bomb, the real, live cake bomb, and create a copy. Looks and tastes just like the original, but without the bomb.

END FLASHBACK.

CHARLES
You want me to make the decoy?

HOSS
Yes. Absolutely.

CHARLES
What'll you do with the real bomb?

HOSS
Blow up the bad guy with it.

CHARLES
I'm already seeing a million ways this could go wrong.

HOSS
I know, but it's our best shot.

CHARLES
I can tell this is important to you. But I still don't know if this is something I want to get tangled in. I'm getting married soon.

HOSS
That's it! We'll get money. You can pay off your wedding. And honeymoon. How does that sound?

Charles leans back in his seat.

A tortured beat as Charles considers this offer.

CHARLES
Fine. I guess I'm in.

Hoss smiles wide. He shakes Charles's hand.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
What's next?

INT. STUDIO - DAY

A white backdrop. Four cats walk around a spray bottle labelled "CAT-A-WAY".

The Director argues with the Producer of the commercial.

DIRECTOR
I'm just saying, the name makes it sound like it's for shooing cats away.

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER
How?

DIRECTOR
Cat-away?

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER
No, no, it's cat-A-way. The long A sound is very important. You know, like, That-a-way!

DIRECTOR
It just seems like the opposite of what it's supposed to do.

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER
What are you talking about? It makes a WAY for the cats to go, what's so confusing about that?

The Director puts his face in his hand in frustration.

DIRECTOR
It's just not what it sounds like!

The Studio doors OPEN and Melvin walks up to the Director.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)
Melvin? What are you doing here?

MELVIN
Someone wants to see you.

Hoss runs in.

DIRECTOR
Oh God no.

MELVIN
Just wait.

Hoss walks up to the Director.

HOSS
How's it going, Harvey?

HARVEY
(flustered)
I... um... you know my name...

The DIRECTOR will now be referred to as HARVEY.

HOSS
Shocking, I know.

HARVEY
Is this some kind of joke?

HOSS
Depends on how you see it. But no,
not really. I'm going to need you
for a project.

MELVIN
He really means it.

Harvey looks back at the Producer. He grabs the can of CAT-A-WAY, SPRAYS it in the Producer's chest, then runs out with Melvin and Hoss.

The cats POUNCE on the Producer.

COMMERCIAL PRODUCER
Jesus!

EXT. STUDIO - CONT'D

Harvey and Hoss walk to the parking lot. Melvin trails behind them, then catches up.

HARVEY
Learning that little bit about me
was probably like pulling teeth,
huh?

Hoss CHUCKLES nervously.

HOSS
Pfft, what? Not even close.

FLASHBACK

INT. MELVIN'S CAR - DAY

Melvin drives and YELLS at Hoss:

MELVIN
Wrong!

HOSS
Sam?

MELVIN
No!

HOSS
Benjamin!

MELVIN
No!

HOSS
Ben!

MELVIN
Now you're just getting lazy.

HOSS
Cindy!

MELVIN
What?

END FLASHBACK

EXT. STUDIO - CONT'D

HARVEY
Surprising.

HOSS
You thought I couldn't do it?
Shame.

Melvin shakes his head.

HARVEY
So why do you need me?

HOSS
Do you still have the Balancevox?

HARVEY
How do you know about that?

HOSS
The internet's a thing.

On the other side of the parking lot, Terri peers through a telephoto lens on his camera, and SNAPS photos.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS - EVENING

Carlyle looks at these photos of Hoss, Melvin, and Harvey on his tablet. He puts the device down.

CARLYLE
So?

Terri stands across from him.

TERRI
He could be bringing us trouble.

CARLYLE
I'm going to ask you to relax.
Paranoia only helped out those they
were afraid of.

TERRI
As much as I appreciate the wisdom,
I'm saying this could be a sign.

CARLYLE
Kid.

A sound of METAL CLANGING.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
TODD!

Todd puts down his wrench.

TODD
What?

CARLYLE
Ease off on that, okay?

TODD
Fine.

Todd SLAMS his wrench against the EMP again.

CARLYLE
If trouble comes, we blow his head
clean off. No problem. So just take
a deep breath and a bubble bath.

TERRI
Okay.

CLANG!

CARLYLE
Todd!!

INT. HARVEY'S GARAGE - LATER

Harvey opens the loud, bulky garage door. He turns on the light, revealing the machinery parts and shelves full of parts. Camera equipment lines the walls, and a glass case of lenses on the top shelf.

A layer of dust covers everything.

Melvin, Hoss, and Charles walks into the garage.

CHARLES
Whoa. When was the last time you
were in here?

HARVEY
Yesterday.

MELVIN
So what exactly is this for?

HOSS
We're going to need this.

HARVEY
That's right. I had a gig before
the Masters of the Cake show,
called "Balancing Racing Robots."

MELVIN
What was that about?

HARVEY
You know how "The Old Man and the
Sea" is about an Old Man and the
Sea?

MELVIN
Sure.

HARVEY
Like that.

Harvey walks into the corner up to a large object covered by a gray sheet. Harvey PULLS the sheet off of a ROBOT, with four mechanical legs and a flat base on top. It has the words "Balancevox" engraved on the side of it.

The downside: it's incredibly filthy, and almost unbearably rusty. A cloud of dust gets kicked up as the sheet is lifted.

Melvin COUGHS.

CHARLES
Is it weird that I'm not seeing the relevance of this?

Harvey picks up a REMOTE CONTROL and switches it on.

HARVEY
Watch this.

The robot's gears begin moving. Lights begin flashing on the Balancevox. And as it just begins moving, with Harvey excitedly shifting a lever on the remote, the Balancevox FALLS and SHUTS DOWN.

Harvey stares at this mechanical mess, turns off his remote control, and turns to the guys.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Just wait. It is a bit... rustier than I expected, but hopefully when we clean it up, it'll be good as new.

MELVIN
What's the plan, then?

They all turn to Hoss.

HOSS
We make two cakes. One with the explosives, the other without. When the day comes, we'll put the cake bomb on this robot. And we'll serve the copycat at the wedding. Now I know there are a few holes in this plan...

Charles SCOFFS.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Okay, a LOT of holes, but this is
essentially my last resort.
Everyone still in?

HARVEY
Yes.

MELVIN
Me too.

CHARLES
Sign me up.

HOSS
Good. Let's do this.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Hoss grabs the large box of explosives in his home. He sets it on a kitchen counter.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Hoss mixes a large bowl of batter.
- He takes out Tori's wedding cake picture and tacks it to the wall.
- Charles operates a stand mixer, which creates whipped cream.

INT. HARVEY'S GARAGE - DAY

- Melvin scrubs dirt off the Balancevox.
- Harvey turns on the remote. The Balancevox moves a little bit, but shifts and falls.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

- Hoss mixes in the powder explosive in with the batter.

INT. HARVEY'S GARAGE

- Harvey, with a wrench, tightens a few bolts.
- The Balancevox falls.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

- Charles sprinkles explosives into the cream.

INT. HARVEY'S GARAGE

- The Balancevox falls again.

- And again.

- Harvey operates the remote. His fingers are white with the pressure he's pushing with. The Balancevox moves a bit. Promising. And, of course, it falls over.

END MONTAGE.

INT. HARVEY'S GARAGE - LATER

Harvey, Melvin, and Charles sit on the couch. Exhausted. They watch a TV show.

Hoss walks into the garage with a spray-bottle of vinegar.

HOSS
The lady at the store told me this
was good for rust, so hopefully it
helps the Balancevox situation...

The guys keep watching the show.

HOSS (CONT'D)
What are you watching?

Hoss walks to the TV. Onscreen, ELLEN GRIER (27), in a red apron, starts a stand mixer.

ELLEN GRIER
Today, we're making a delicious
strawberry shortcake from scratch!
Forget about the doll, because this
baby'll be even cuter! On this
episode of MASTERS OF THE CAKE!

MASTERS OF THE CAKE in an embroidered font shows up on the screen.

Hoss grabs the remote and SHUTS it off.

CHARLES
That sucks.

HARVEY
I'm sorry, man.

HOSS
What do you have to be sorry about?
I brought this on myself.

Hoss leaves the remote on a table and walks out the garage.

INT. ART GALLERY - EVENING

Tori sits in the lobby of this art gallery, a marvel of modern architecture, seemingly made completely of glass.

She waits patiently, tapping her foot on the hard tile floor.

She looks to her left. A man holding a statue of a dog, made of macaroni.

She looks to her right. A woman holding a print of the ocean, carved into a slab of wood.

She looks down. Her canvas of a beautiful bluebird.

She looks straight ahead.

A well-dressed man walks out to the lobby.

SUIT GUY
Tori Gallagher?

Tori stands up.

SUIT GUY (CONT'D)
They'll see you now.

She walks into an office.

INT. ART GALLERY - OFFICE - CONT'D

Sitting at a table, a bespectacled man writing on a clipboard. Next to him, a bald man typing on a laptop.
CLIPBOARD and LAPTOP.

CLIPBOARD
Name?

TORI
Tori Gallagher.

CLIPBOARD
Piece?

TORI
Bluejay.

CLIPBOARD
Medium?

TORI
Oil on canvas.

LAPTOP
Miss Gallagher, your work is certainly visually appealing, and is extremely realistic. Especially for a first-time exhibition. But we feel maybe it doesn't differentiate itself from the crowd of similar images in a pool of nature exhibitions.

CLIPBOARD
That doesn't mean lose all hope, though. We do have an opening, as one of our longstanding exhibitions will be moving to Germany later this year. So if you can state your case for why your work should be presented in this institution, we'll certainly hear you out.

TORI
Oh good. May I?

Tori motions to the chair in front of her.

CLIPBOARD
Of course, sit!

TORI
Thank you.

Tori sits down.

LAPTOP
You look familiar... have I seen you from somewhere?

TORI
You may have.

CLIPBOARD
Miss Gallagher, do you do something other than art?

TORI
Well, I used to model.

CLIPBOARD
Huh.

Laptop softly PUNCHES Clipboard's shoulder.

LAPTOP
Isn't that the girlfriend of the
guy? The- uh-

Laptop snaps his fingers, trying to remember.

CLIPBOARD
Oh! The Cake guy!

LAPTOP
Right! Hoss something.

CLIPBOARD
Oh my God, that's you!

TORI
Yes indeed.

CLIPBOARD
That whole incident was hilarious!
Wasn't it? Man, when he just
totally wiped the cake on those
cameras? Total insanity.

LAPTOP
My twitter got a whole lot more
exciting when that happened.

TORI
Well I don't think-

CLIPBOARD
Oh oh, and when he totally went
samurai with that kitchen knife!
What a loon! I need to meet that
guy sometime.

TORI
Can we talk about the painting?

LAPTOP
Right. Yeah. The painting. What was
your motivation in creating the
work?

TORI
I just liked how a bluejay looks.
It's beautiful, but doesn't seem to
know it. Its appearance screams to
the outside world, yet to itself it
is completely quiet.

CLIPBOARD
Interesting. So... Hoss, what was
he like away from the cameras?

TORI
Excuse me?

LAPTOP
I think what my colleague is trying
to say is, was he that nuts in
everyday life?

Tori's disgusted at this point.

TORI
Look. I'm here for a reason.
Obviously you two aren't. I'm just
going to say this. Hoss might have
been a dick, but he certainly isn't
your monkey. He was a monster, but
not even he deserves to be the
subject of conversation by you.
Please leave him out of this, and
let's just go back to the artwork.
Can we do that?

The two men look at her.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ART GALLERY - LATER

Tori SHUTS the doors behind her and carries her painting into
her car.

She gets into her driver's seat and looks at the painting.
She THROWS it into the back in frustration and speeds away.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

A small but cozy space complete with a dinged-up table.

On that table is the beginnings of a very big wedding cake,
right now just the bottom tier that Charles just took out of
the oven.

Jenny, Charles's fiancee, walks in on Charles.

JENNY
Honey, what are you doing?

CHARLES
Oh, Hoss wanted me to help him on
his latest project, so I'm
preparing it with him.

JENNY
You're working with that loser?

CHARLES
He's not a loser.

JENNY
In my book, a loser is the person
who throws a bitch-fit over
frosting.

Beat.

CHARLES
(lying)
I'm not passing up the chance to
work with the Hoss Fuller, Jenny.

Jenny puts her arms over Charles's chest.

JENNY
Sometimes you have to realize that
people will be assholes. You have
to ignore those people.

CHARLES
He's changing though. Trust me on
this one.

JENNY
Okay Hon. And if you don't clean
this cake stuff up by next week,
I'll kill you.

Charles smiles.

CHARLES
I think there's a better chance of
this killing me.

INT. HARVEY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Harvey, Melvin, Charles, and Hoss stand behind the Balancevox. Harvey powers it on, and the blue lights in the back come on.

Harvey puts a store-bought BIRTHDAY CAKE onto the robot, then moves to the back of the room. He pushes one of the levers, which moves it slightly forward. He then pushes the other lever, which moves the other legs.

HOSS
Harvey... we only have two days left. Make it count.

HARVEY
Have a little faith, Hoss.

He then slowly makes it walk. Smooth as lard. It's balancing like a charm, and it gains some speed.

It moves perfectly across the floor.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Holy shit... it works!

The men CHEER and HIGH-FIVE each other.

HOSS
You did it!

HARVEY
No. We did it.

HOSS
This is actually happening.

CHARLES
I'd hope it would. Otherwise I'd spray lemon on your eyes.

HOSS
What is it with you and lemons?

Their celebration is interrupted by a KNOCK on the garage door.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Hello?

Another KNOCK.

HOSS (CONT'D)
Who is it?

A pause. The team looks at each other, looks of "what's going on?" sprinting across their faces.

Then, a FIREAXE SMASHES through the garage door. Another hit. Then another.

BOOM.

MELVIN
What's happening?

HARVEY
Do we call the police?

SMASH.

Carlyle KICKS down the heavily damaged garage door. Three henchmen surround him, one of them holding the axe.

CARLYLE
Where the FUCK were you, Hoss?

HOSS
Building the cake...

CARLYLE
What are you doing in here, Hoss?

Carlyle looks at the Balancevox.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
What the shit is this?

HOSS
It's a centerpiece... a presentation for the Senator.

CARLYLE
We don't NEED a centerpiece for the cake, we just need a CAKE!

Silence.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
Oh no no no, you're telling me you have *this* trash, but you don't have the actual cake yet?

HOSS
We're working on it.

CARLYLE
I told you Hoss, no funny business!
We need a complete cake right now!
Who built this shit?

Harvey raises his hand.

HOSS
Harvey. Don't.

CARLYLE
Oh. Alright then.

Carlyle points at Harvey. Two of the henchmen grab him by the shoulders and THROW him on the floor.

Hoss tries to run at him, but the last henchman drops his axe and grabs Hoss back.

HOSS
Let me go!

CARLYLE
When you mess with me.

One henchman lifts one of Harvey's legs.

HARVEY
What are you-

The other STOMPS on his elevated knee.

Harvey SCREAMS a deafening, piercing cry of pure pain.

CARLYLE
I mess with you.

Harvey grips his crooked knee, his leg is bent backwards.

CARLYLE (CONT'D)
I'd recommend taking him to the hospital. And I'd better see some progress.

Carlyle and his henchmen leave the garage.

Hoss, a fiery rage in his eyes, stares on as they drive away.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Hoss opens the doors of the hospital with the hurriedness and dedication of a Spartan warrior. He walks up to the front desk.

Charles and Melvin follow.

HOSS
I need to see Harvey.

NURSE
Harvey who?

Hoss turns around to Melvin.

MELVIN
Parker.

Hoss turns to the Nurse.

HOSS
Parker.

The Nurse clicks around and types on her computer.

NURSE
Are you family?

HOSS
No.

NURSE
I'm sorry sir, you will have to
wait until next week.

HOSS
I don't have time for that, ma'am.

NURSE
You don't have time?

HOSS
I need to see him. Look...

Hoss flips out his wallet and puts down the cash on the counter. Around four-hundred dollars.

NURSE
I can't take that, sir.

Hoss grabs the cash.

HOSS
Fine. I'll wait.

NURSE
Wait?

Hoss nods. He sits down next to Charles.

MELVIN
Hey, so, we're not actually
waiting, right?

HOSS
I guess if that's what it takes.
(beat)
But hopefully not.

CHARLES
Good.

Hoss spots a nurse pushing a patient's wheelchair. He stands up and walks behind them.

NURSE
Sir?

Hoss disappears behind the two doors.

NURSE (CONT'D)
SIR!

The Nurse picks up her phone.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Security?

INT. HARVEY'S HOSPITAL ROOM

Harvey sips on a juicebox as he watches MSNBC. An elevated cast supports his leg.

Hoss BLASTS through the door.

HARVEY
(surprised)
Hoss!

HOSS
Harvey. I have to talk to you.

HARVEY
Shoot.

Harvey takes another sip.

HOSS
I'm so so sorry about what happened
to you.

HARVEY

Don't worry about me, man. I'm kind of having the time of my life here. Plus, you weren't exactly the one who crushed my kneecap, so I'm gonna let you go scot-free.

HOSS

I really fucked it up, Harvey. I shouldn't have dragged you into all of this. I tried to save my own ass, and now here you are.

HARVEY

Don't beat yourself up. You want to save a room full of people. I don't know about you, but that sounds like a different Hoss Fuller than the dickish one I knew.

HOSS

Wanted.

HARVEY

Huh?

HOSS

Wanted to save a room full of people.

HARVEY

What are you going on about?

HOSS

I can't let something like this happen again. They already know where Tori is. They probably already know everything about Charles and Melvin. I'm on a landmine, and if I step off, I'm done. Along with everyone around me. I can't let that happen.

HARVEY

You can't do that! We just finished fixing the Balancevox!

HOSS

Along with your leg getting crushed. It's over, Harvey. Enjoy your life.

Hoss leaves the room.

He looks up and sees two SECURITY GUARDS.

HOSS (CONT'D)
You guys took a while...

SECURITY GUARD #1
What can we say, we get paid
peanuts.

Security Guard #2 holds up a bag of CIRCUS PEANUTS.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Get it?

HOSS
I... yeah.

SECURITY GUARD #1
We wanted to be stand-up comedians,
but that didn't really pan out.

HOSS
Shocking.

SECURITY GUARD #2
Right?

HOSS
Are you going to kick me out or
what?

SECURITY GUARD #2
Oh, definitely.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

The two Security Guards half-heartedly PUSH Hoss out of the hospital.

Charles and Melvin walk out.

CHARLES
That was a bit... undramatic.

MELVIN
Yeah, aren't they supposed to
actually throw you on the ground? I
mean, not that it would've been
funny or anything...

HOSS
I get it. Charles?

CHARLES
Yes?

HOSS
You can stop making that cake.

CHARLES
What?

HOSS
I can't do this anymore. Harvey's hurt, and that sort of thing can't happen again. I'll give you the money.

CHARLES
Hoss... it's not about the money...

HOSS
That's how I got you into this!

CHARLES
At first, yeah. But now I believe in this. I believe in you. We all believe in you. Trust me when I say that we can't let this fail. And you are not leaving this obligation without a fight. You'll fight so hard your fingers will bleed. But you know it'll be worth it, because in the end, you'll have saved the lives of a bunch of rich white jerk-offs. Do you understand me Hoss?

HOSS
Inspirational. But I can't.

Hoss walks away. Melvin looks at Charles.

MELVIN
That was really good, though.

CHARLES
You think so?

MELVIN
Yeah, I mean it could've been polished up a bit but I think it was great.

CHARLES
I came up with it on the spot I'm pretty proud- wait...

They both look to see that Hoss has already crossed the street.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
HOSS! DON'T GO!

HOSS
WATCH ME!

Hoss gets into his car and drives away.

CHARLES
How are we going to get him to grow
some balls?

Charles and Melvin think for a moment.

MELVIN
I think I know.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT

The phone RINGS. Tori, in an oversized, paint-splattered white T-shirt, comes running.

She picks up the phone.

TORI
Hello?
(beat)
Whoa whoa whoa, slow down Melvin.
And drop the Miss, I'm just Tori.

A long pause, while Tori listens. Her eyes widen.

TORI (CONT'D)
WHAT?!
(beat)
That's INSANE!

EXT. HOSPITAL - SAME

Charles sits on a bench reading a newspaper.

Melvin stands up and talks on the phone.

MELVIN
I know how it sounds, but you have
to trust me, you have to do
something. He's going to kill
someone to save you.

TORI (V.O.)
What do you expect me to do?

A long, tortured beat.

MELVIN
I don't know.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT - SAME

TORI
Where's the ceremony taking place?

EXT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - LATER

Hoss KNOCKS the door. Jenny opens it.

JENNY
Oh. It's you.

HOSS
I know you don't want to see me.
I'm just here to cut it off.

JENNY
Good.

Jenny swings the door wide open and invites him in.

INT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONT'D

Hoss goes straight to the kitchen and grabs the close-to-finished cake out of the fridge.

JENNY
I hope you know what you did to him.

HOSS
I'm fully aware.

JENNY
He had a good job.

Hoss, cake in hands, walks up to her.

HOSS
I did too.

Hoss pulls out an envelope from his pocket.

HOSS (CONT'D)
This is for you.

He hands it to Jenny. The label on the envelope reads:
WEDDING AND HONEYMOON.

EXT. CHARLES'S HOUSE - CONT'D

Charles and Melvin drive up and get out of the car.

Hoss walks out of the house.

CHARLES
Hoss! What are you doing!

HOSS
I'm sorry Charles.

CHARLES
Don't do anything with that cake.

HOSS
Don't make this harder than it
should be.

Charles GRABS the cake from Hoss's grip. Hoss pulls back.
It's a tug-of-war.

CHARLES
Don't try.

HOSS
He knows where you are, do you want
to end up in that hospital? Or in a
casket?

CHARLES
It's pretty hard to scare me, Hoss.

HOSS
That's the problem. You don't want
to be on the tracks when the train
comes rolling.

CHARLES
I've already gotten run over. By
you. Least you can do is let me go
down with you!

HOSS
I'm sorry.

Hoss TWISTS and looses the cake from Charles's grip.

HOSS (CONT'D)
I really can't let you do this.

CHARLES
Hoss!

Hoss places the cake into his back seat, gets into his car and drives away.

Jenny walks out of the house.

JENNY
It's for the better, Charles.

CHARLES
I'm not so sure about that.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Hoss RUNS into the kitchen. He's clearly upset: face red, sweaty temple, hard breathing.

He takes the cake and THROWS it on the floor. It falls to the ground. It COLLAPSES on the ground, frosting and cake and ganache SPLATC

Hoss slides to the floor. He sits in the mess of cake.

And he CRIES.

Tears stream down his face as he actually lays down on a pillow of fluffy cream.

Is it sad? Hilarious? It's insane, is what it is.

Hoss's noisy crying softens to a heavy breathing.

He closes his eyes. He hears his door open.

He doesn't get up. But he does open his eyes.

Right in front of him is a pair of sneakers. He looks up to see the face of TORI, in a gray hoodie.

She extends her hand to Hoss.

TORI
Get up, Hoss.

Hoss grabs Tori's hand. When he stands up, Hoss's clothes are covered in the sweet remains of cake.

TORI (CONT'D)
Clean yourself up.

INT. HOSS'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Hoss, in a t-shirt and jeans, sits on a couch across from Tori, who sits in a chair.

HOSS
How did you get in here?

TORI
You gave me a key a while back when
you got super super drunk.

HOSS
Oh. You didn't bother giving it
back?

TORI
I would've, but when I tried you
were usually drunk then.

HOSS
I see.

TORI
What do you think you're doing?

HOSS
Talking to you.

TORI
I mean giving up on your plan.

HOSS
On what?

TORI
Don't play dumb with me.

HOSS
Who told you about this?

TORI
Melvin.

HOSS
Of course.

TORI
I'm here to help you, Hoss.

HOSS
You can't help me now. I'm too far gone. If more people get hurt, I couldn't forgive myself. And I don't think you should be here.

TORI
I think this is really the only place I should be right now.

HOSS
How are you going to help me, Tori?

TORI
I don't know. But I do know you need someone.

HOSS
Stop it, Tori.

TORI
I'm not kidding. You went insane because a lady left you.

HOSS
That was you!

TORI
That's not the point. It's your time to redeem yourself.

Tori stands up and opens the front door, as Charles and Melvin walk into the house.

CHARLES
Grow some balls, Hoss.

MELVIN
We can't let Harvey suffer for nothing.

CHARLES
I mean, he's enjoying the amenities.

MELVIN
And he's getting some nice juiceboxes, I will admit.

Hoss smiles.

HOSS
Alright.

MELVIN
Great!

CHARLES
One question though. I see the
crime scene here.

Charles points out the cake chunks on the kitchen floor.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
How the fuck are we going to make
another cake in nine hours?

MELVIN
Can't we do it here?

CHARLES
We can't possibly use these
facilities to make a huge wedding
cake in such a short time. Think
Melvin!

HOSS
I think I know... Melvin, do you
know how to get into the studio?

MELVIN
It's a long-shot, but we can try.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - NIGHT

Melvin leads the group of Hoss, Charles, and Tori up to the entrance of the studio soundstage.

Melvin takes out his keycard and SWIPES it at the door. A red light. Still locked.

MELVIN
Damn.

Melvin slides it again. Red light again.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
We had a good run, right everyone?

Hoss SHUSHES him. He sees an open back door.

He walks to it. The rest of the group follows.

Hoss peers in. Ellen Grier talks to a bodyguard. She turns around and sees Hoss.

ELLEN GRIER
Hoss Fuller?

Hoss backs up.

Ellen walks towards him. The Bodyguard follows her.

ELLEN GRIER (CONT'D)
Hoss Fuller. I didn't think I'd
ever see you.

HOSS
I'm so sorry, we'll be going now.

The group back up slowly, but speed up every step.

MELVIN
We did not mean to intrude, I
swear.

BODYGUARD
Oh yeah? I'd recommend never coming
back here again, ya pastry-slammin'
no good punk-

ELLEN GRIER
Now what are you on about?

BODYGUARD
These guys can't just waltz in
here.

ELLEN GRIER
Well why not?

She looks at Hoss.

Ellen is now a few inches away from him.

ELLEN GRIER (CONT'D)
I'm your biggest fan!

HOSS
What?

ELLEN GRIER
Yes! Without you, I wouldn't be
here! I used to watch your show all
the time just a few years ago! I
was only in college. I was armed
with just a kitchenaid and a tiny
dorm room oven, but I tried my
damned hardest. You pushed me!

HOSS
That's... wow...

ELLEN GRIER
Yep. I was incredibly sad when you left the show. But nobody else could take the reins, so I just said "what the hell" and jumped on!

MELVIN
This is not what I was expecting.

ELLEN GRIER
So what can I do for you folks? I'd help out the Hoss Fuller any way that I can.

HOSS
That's... crazy! But in a good way.

ELLEN GRIER
I get that a lot.

HOSS
We're here because we just needed to use the kitchen.

ELLEN GRIER
A regular kitchen just wouldn't do, huh?

HOSS
You're right. I'm sorry, but we might need to move this on ahead. The deadline is tight.

ELLEN GRIER
Oh of course! Come right in.

Hoss, Melvin, Charles, and Tori walk into the kitchen studio.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE

The entire group, along with Ellen Grier, circle around a steel counter.

HOSS
We need to do this, and we need to do this fast.

Hoss lays out Tori's concept art of the cake on the counter.

HOSS (CONT'D)
This is our blueprint.

TORI
You're... you're actually making
this?

HOSS
Yes I am. Charles, you're in charge
of whipped cream and icing. Ellen,
you're in charge of batter. Melvin,
oven duty. Tori, designs. I'll
oversee everything. Ready?

ELLEN GRIER
This must be a big client, huh?

HOSS
I guess you can say that.

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Ellen mixes ingredients together in a huge batch of batter.
- Charles whips some cream. He squeezes a lemon into the bowl. He then breaks eggs and pours milk into another bowl.
- Melvin preheats the oven. He sticks his thumb in, and SINGES himself. He shakes his hand.
- Charles pours sugar into his frosting and cream.
- Ellen grabs the sugar and pours it into her batter.
- Hoss stands by. He stares at the beautiful Tori, as she makes slight changes to her design.
- Hoss helps Ellen pour batter into huge pans.
- Hoss sticks the pans into the large oven.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - SAME

- A TIMELAPSE shows the sun slowly rising.

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAWN

- The cake is almost complete. Tori, with a fine brush, creates intricate artwork on the cake.
- Charles squeezes icing in teardrop shapes.

- Hoss walks around the cake. Pleased with the product.
END MONTAGE.

EXT. SOUNDSTAGE - EARLY MORNING

Charles and Melvin wheel the cake out to the van outside.

ELLEN GRIER
Good luck!

Tori and Hoss walk outside, but Hoss pulls Tori aside.

HOSS
Tori. I have to tell you something.

TORI
Can we do this later? You're about
to kill a gangster.

HOSS
Listen. If this doesn't work out,
you'd be in danger. A lot of
danger. Could you make me a
promise?

TORI
What's that.

HOSS
I need you to stay away from me.
And if you don't hear from me for a
little bit, just run. I don't care
what you have to do.

Hoss gives Tori an envelope full of CASH.

HOSS (CONT'D)
This is all I have left. Me getting
fired from the show didn't leave me
much, but it should be enough for a
while.

TORI
Hoss...

HOSS
Please... I'm too far gone. There's
still hope for you. I can't have
more blood on my hands.

TORI
I'll keep that in mind.

HOSS
Just in case this is goodbye.

Hoss extends his hand for a handshake.

Tori HUGS Hoss, and gives him a passionate kiss.

Charles from the distance screams out:

CHARLES
Hey lovebirds! Let's get going!

Tori ends the kiss.

TORI
You were always a hot mess.

INT. VAN

Hoss gets into the passenger seat of the van. Charles gets into the driver's seat. Melvin sits in the back with the two cakes: one bomb, one normal.

CHARLES
If things go to shit, think about her.

Hoss looks longingly out the window.

HOSS
No need to remind me.

Charles drives away.

EXT. CHURCH - LATER

The van drives up at the parking lot.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS - SAME

Terri, looking out the window with a pair of binoculars, sees the van in the distance.

TERRI
They're here. It's game time.

Terri puts down the binoculars and pushes a button, which raises the glass on the huge window at the end of the room into an open wall.

The SNIPER (44), in a black suit, walks into the room holding a heavy black case.

Carlyle escorts him towards the open window.

CARLYLE
Why are you dressed up?

SNIPER
It's a wedding, isn't it?

A smirk paints the Sniper's face. He sets his case on the floor and opens it, revealing the giant rifle inside.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT

Tori, still in her hoodie, zips it off and looks through her closet. She sees a black dress.

INT. TORI'S APARTMENT - LATER

Tori, now in her dress.

TORI
I hate this dress.

She takes out her phone and calls someone.

TORI (CONT'D)
Are you going to Senator Bishop's party? Would you take me there?
Great.

She puts the phone in her pocket. And SIGHS.

She leaves her apartment.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

Hoss approaches the towering church. Charles follows him with the cake on wheels.

Hoss adjusts his tie, takes a deep breath, and opens the door.

He sees TORI, in a black dress, talking to one of the guests.

HOSS
Tori?

Tori turns around.

TORI
Hey!

Hoss walks up.

HOSS
(whispering)
What are you doing here?

TORI
Wanted to see what the party would
be like.

HOSS
How did you get in here?

Out of seemingly nowhere, T-DAWG, the obnoxious lobby worker, appears and puts his arm around Tori's shoulder.

T-DAWG
Hey dawg!

HOSS
My God...

TORI
I know.

Tori disgustedly lifts T-Dawg's arm off of her.

HOSS
And how did you get in here?

T-DAWG
That's my dad right there!

T-Dawg points to a middle-aged man with gray hair.

T-DAWG (CONT'D)
He owns half this city! Speaking of
which...
(yelling to his dad)
Yo dad! Where's my allowance?

T-Dawg leaves.

HOSS
Did you forget literally everything
I've said?

TORI
Nope. In fact, I listened hard. I'm
on the line, Mr. Fuller.

HOSS
You promised you'd stay away!

TORI
I guess this is the first time
either of us broke a promise. Now
we're even.

Tori smiles and pats Hoss on the shoulder.

TORI (CONT'D)
Go get 'em, champ.

Tori takes a sip of champagne.

INT. CHURCH

Hoss stares at the window of the church. He sees the sniper,
scoping him down, far in the distance.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT

Carlyle stands against the window. The SNIPER sets his rifle
on a rail against the window, and aims his sights on Hoss's
head.

CARLYLE
Remember, don't shoot unless you
absolutely have to.

SNIPER
I'm a professional, Carl. Trust me.

CARLYLE
Don't call me Carl.

INT. CHURCH

Hoss's phone RINGS. He picks it up.

Melvin on the other line.

MELVIN (V.O.)
Are we ready now?

HOSS
Not yet.

MELVIN
Okay. Tell me when.

Hoss puts his phone away. Milton Bishop walks up to him with his fiancee, JUNIPER (30).

MILTON BISHOP
Hoss! Welcome!

HOSS
Hello Mr. Bishop.

MILTON BISHOP
This here is my bride-to-be,
Juniper!

HOSS
Wow! You look great!

JUNIPER
Thank you.

HOSS
Excuse me if I'm stepping out of my bounds, but this doesn't seem to be a traditional wedding. I mean, you and your fiancee are just... hanging out right now.

MILTON BISHOP
Oh, we decided against the boring traditional stuff. We didn't like the idea of having to stay away from each other before the ceremony.

HOSS
Interesting.

MILTON BISHOP
Very much so. Also
(he moves closer to Hoss)
We needed to be together as much as possible for the cameras.

HOSS
Oh.

Milton playfully puts his index finger against his lips.
"Sh."

Charles wheels the cake into a corner of the church. He stands next to it, arms crossed.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS - LATER

Carlyle and the Sniper look at the church. The Sniper looks through his rifle scope while Carlyle looks through binoculars.

Terri sits on a chair while Todd sits on the EMP.

TERRI
How can you guys stand to stand for so long?

CARLYLE
Because this is serious to us. It should be serious to you, too.

TERRI
It is, it is, but apparently my knees didn't get the memo. This has to be the longest ceremony I've ever witnessed.

CARLYLE
SH!

TERRI
When does the reception start!?

CARLYLE
When you stop bitching!

INT. CHURCH

Music plays. Roses on the path. Juniper is escorted by her father to the altar.

Hoss sits next to Tori in the audience.

HOSS
(whispering)
I don't know why you insist on making things so hard.

TORI
(whispering)
I don't know why you can't handle a little motivation.

HOSS
Do you understand how dangerous this could be?

The Groom, Milton Bishop, now at the altar facing his wife.

TORI
Life should always be an adventure.

HOSS
Is that why you were with me for so long?

TORI
Maybe I was just stupid.

HOSS
Maybe.

The OFFICIANT delivers his speech, one we can't hear because of Hoss and Tori's conversation.

HOSS (CONT'D)
You know, when I saw your drawing of the cake, I couldn't help but think the figurines on top looked a little bit like you and me.

TORI
That's because it was supposed to.

HOSS
Oh.

TORI
I don't know why I tried.

HOSS
Neither do I.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS

Carlyle looks at the ceremony through binoculars.

INT. CHURCH

OFFICIANT
You may now kiss the bride.

Milton practically CHEWS Juniper's mouth off. She seems to enjoy it.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS

Carlyle puts down the binoculars and texts Hoss: LIGHT THE CAKE NOW.

INT. CHURCH

Hoss receives this text. He calls Melvin.

INT. VAN

Melvin SLEEPS in the back of the van. The RINGTONE wakes him.

Melvin answers his phone.

MELVIN
Hello?

INT. CHURCH

HOSS
(quietly)
Melvin. Are you ready?

MELVIN (V.O.)
Yep. Yes. Ready.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS

SNIPER
Why isn't he lighting the cake?

Carlyle walks over to Todd.

CARLYLE
Start it up.

Todd FLIPS a switch on the EMP, which lights it up and causes a loud and booming VRRRRRRR noise, not unlike a car engine.

INT. VAN

Melvin tries to turn on the Balancevox. It powers on, but one of the legs SPAZ out.

HOSS (V.O.)
Is everything okay?

MELVIN
Something... Something went wrong.

INT. CHURCH

HOSS
What?

MELVIN (V.O.)
I don't know...

INT. VAN

Melvin holds the Balancevox remote and SLAPS it.

MELVIN
It's freaking out on me!

The lights flash on the Balancevox.

INT. CHURCH

Hoss, his phone against his ear, still stares at the apartment window.

MELVIN (V.O.)
Hoss?

HOSS
Try everything. We can't risk it right now.

MELVIN (V.O.)
Yeah, well, I don't...
(static)
Know anonymo-
(LOUDER static)

Hoss looks at his phone. The screen goes WONKY, glitching to insanity.

Hoss looks around. Everyone looks at their phones, confused and frustrated.

INT. VAN

Melvin hears STATIC on the other end of his phone, then gets completely cut off. He throws the phone to the floor, and SLAPS the remote again.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT

Todd KICKS the EMP, then grabs his foot in pain.

TODD
AUGH! Shit!

CARLYLE
Todd, get your act together or
you're going to be the one at the
end of this barrel!

Carlyle turns to the Sniper. The Sniper places his finger on the trigger.

SNIPER
Now?

CARLYLE
Not yet.

INT. CHURCH

Hoss looks at the abandoned apartments in the distance. He focuses on a tiny figurine in the distance. He looks over at the cake, and Charles shrugs his shoulders.

Hoss looks at Charles and points to the Senator. He then mouths the words: WATCH ME.

Hoss puts his phone down. He RUNS to Tori and TACKLES her.

HOSS
EVERYONE GET DOWN!

The guests all crouch or lay prone. Many SCREAM.

Charles TACKLES Milton and Juniper.

MILTON BISHOP
Had a bit much too drink?

TORI
(to Hoss)
What are you doing?

A bullet SMASHES through the large window of the church. Tiny glass particles rain down on the floor, in a flurry of beautiful bits of sharp precipitation.

The entire room goes NUTS. People still SCREAM, but others crawl on the floor. Others try to use their phones, but they still don't work.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS

Carlyle grabs the Sniper's shoulders.

CARLYLE
WHAT HAPPENED?

SNIPER
He moved!

CARLYLE
He didn't tucking dodge the bullet!
What do I pay you for!?

The Sniper reloads his rifle quickly.

Charles runs out into the parking lot.

EXT. CHURCH - PARKING LOT - CONT'D

CHARLES
MELVIN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

INT. VAN

Melvin forcefully SLAMS the remote into a wall of the van.
The Balancevox LIGHTS UP and shifts into balancing position.

MELVIN
Yes... YES!

The Balancevox tightens up and SPRINGS into the ceiling of
the van. The cake bomb on top of the Balancevox SPLATTERS and
cake chunks fly all over Melvin.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
NO!!

INT. CHURCH

Hoss runs over to a side of the church and looks out a
window. He sees the van still in the same parking space as it
was before.

HOSS
Don't fail me now...

INT. VAN

Melvin THROWS the remote control out of the window. He slides into the driver's seat and takes the van out of park.

He SLAMS his fist into the steering wheel, forcing a long and tiring HOOOOOOONK out of the car horn.

The car horn dies down. Melvin clenches his fist on the steering wheel. He looks up. The rear mirror reflects a view of the dirty exterior of the abandoned apartment building.

An idea.

Melvin grabs his cellphone from the back, goes to his audio recorder app, and hits RECORD. He sets the phone on his dash.

MELVIN
I, Melvin Hartford, being of sound mind and body, am recording my last will and testament.

He sets the van to reverse and SLAMS the pedal.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
(screaming)
I LEAVE MY SAVINGS TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER, WHO I LOVE VERY MUCH-

The van backs up incredibly fast towards the apartment.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
Again, Melvin Hartford, signing off.

Melvin throws his phone out the window.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS

Terri sees the van speeding towards the apartment. He RUNS downstairs into the lobby.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS - LOBBY - CONT'D

Terri makes it downstairs, to see that:

The van SMASHES into the apartment building, crashing straight through into the old decrepit lobby.

TERRI
Holy HELL!

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS - LOBBY

Terri stares at the van.

INT. VAN

Melvin covers his ears and shuts his eyes. After a beat, he opens his eyes and ears.

MELVIN
(happy)
Oh shit!

He looks back and sees Terri.

MELVIN (CONT'D)
(scared)
Oh shit...

Melvin LIGHTS a match and THROWS it into the back, igniting the cake remains.

Melvin opens the door and SPRINTS out into the parking lot.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS

Terri runs back upstairs.

TERRI
Everyone evacuate! We need to get out of here!

The Sniper takes his rifle and places it into his case incredibly quickly.

Todd jumps off the EMP and heads sprinting downstairs.

CARLYLE looks straight ahead at the church while Todd and the Sniper run out of the room.

Todd comes back.

TODD
WHAT ARE YOU DOING? GET OUT!

Carlyle SCOFFS.

CARLYLE
Cake bomb. I see it now.

TODD
WHAT?!

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENTS

The base of the building EXPLODES into a loose fireball. The rest of the building COLLAPSES on itself.

Melvin keeps SPRINTING out onto the parking lot. The SHOCKWAVE from the explosion KNOCKS Melvin onto the pavement.

INT. CHURCH

Hoss holds Tori on the floor, and the rest of the wedding guests watch as the apartment building in the distance crumbles into a cloud of smoke and a pile of ashes.

Hoss gets up and sees the guests lying prone on the floor. Many of them confused and shocked.

Hoss himself is filthy, covered in soot and dust.

HOSS
So... who wants cake?

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. SMALL CHURCH - MONTHS LATER

A considerably smaller and less luxurious location than the Senator's venue, but still nice.

Simple decorations flower up the plain building.

The guests all sit and mingle and talk, with the exception of CHARLES, who stands around, scanning the room.

The entire front row of seats is empty.

The old lady at the organ begins playing "HERE COMES THE BRIDE," and Charles quickly makes his way to the altar.

At the end of the church, Jenny in her white dress makes her way up to the altar.

Charles smiles.

She stands next to him, and they both face the Pastor.

The Pastor speaks, but Charles and Jenny quietly whisper to each other.

JENNY
I'm sorry they're not here.

CHARLES
Oh, it's nothing. I knew they probably wouldn't be able to make it.

JENNY
Just know I am incredibly thankful for Hoss. I mean, look what he did.

CHARLES
Yep.

JENNY
Where's our cake?

CHARLES
I was hoping Hoss would bring it.

Jenny bumps Charles's rib with her elbow.

JENNY
Don't worry about it.

EXT. SMALL CHURCH - SAME

Outside, the MASTERS OF THE CAKE van pulls up.

It's new and pristine.

HARVEY (O.S.)
Dammit Melvin, your driving is worse than my walking!

HOSS
He saved our lives with his driving, Harvey.

INT. SMALL CHURCH - CONT'D

The Pastor drones on and on. Until finally...

PASTOR
I now pronounce you man and wife.
You may now kiss the bride.

Charles and Jenny share a passionate and long kiss.

The door SWINGS open.

Hoss, in a tuxedo, accompanied by Tori. Behind them, Harvey in crutches and Melvin.

Hoss holds a bottle of champagne.

HOSS
I hate to crash a party like this,
but I thought maybe you could use
more champagne.

Silence, as the seated guests look blankly at Hoss and the gang.

HOSS (CONT'D)
What, did I come at a bad time?

Hoss smiles and POPS the bottle.

CHARLES
Hoss, you son of a bitch!

Hoss LAUGHS.

INT. HOTEL - LATER

The reception has begun. People are dancing excitedly, eating food, and drinking alcohol.

Hoss and Charles sit at the bar.

HOSS
And then he said, "I've got a pole
for you!" and SLAPPED him with the
election results!

They both LAUGH heartily.

CHARLES
That's the worst!

HOSS
It's so bad it's good.

CHARLES
You know, when I saw you on TV, I
would never have thought "man, that
guy is one day going to show up to
my wedding reception."

HOSS
Good thing I'm nothing like that
asshole anymore.

The Bartender approaches them.

CHARLES
Uh, Maker's Mark, please.

HOSS
And a Sprite for me.

CHARLES
(sarcastically)
Well look who's watered down.

HOSS
Hey, I'd rather be a pussy than a
madman.

The Bartender gives them their drinks.

CHARLES
Welp, I'd better be off to my wife.
As much as I'd like to keep
talking, I didn't marry you.

Hoss SCOFFS.

HOSS
You wish.

Charles LAUGHS and walks to Jenny.

Hoss takes a sip of his soda. Tori sits next to him.

BARTENDER
Drink, ma'am?

TORI
No thank you.

HOSS
So how is this?

TORI
I didn't end up covered in glass
and debris, so, pretty good I
guess.

HOSS
To tell you the truth, if it
weren't for you totally going rogue
last minute, I probably wouldn't be
alive now.

TORI
I figured.

HOSS
It's a shame you don't model
anymore. You're looking more
gorgeous every day.

TORI
Shut up, you're a pastry chef not a
Hallmark card.

HOSS
If there's one thing I'm known for
it's not being insincere.

TORI
For better or for worse.

The lights dim. The DJ announces:

DJ
And now for you lovebirds, a slow
one.

Indeed, a slow, syrupy tune plays. Couples begin to step
around the floor.

TORI
You wanna do this?

HOSS
I'm not much of a dancer.

TORI
Neither am I.

Tori extends her hand. Hoss, with hesitation, grabs it.

They dance around the hotel, each growing closer and closer
into the embrace of the other.

We pan out to see the CAKE, a big blue masterpiece, with the
same design of the Senator's wedding cake.

Without the bomb, of course.

END.