

Crap Game

by

Douglas Pike (c) 2017

FADE IN:

INT. LUCKY GENT CASINO - NIGHT (MID-NOVEMBER 1995)

Lanky, bearded RICK CAMP, sitting at a roulette table, plays with a single stack of his considerable hoard of chips. The dark, shabby, smoky casino is nearly empty.

Rick downs the last of his highball, as the casino's bulky, disgruntled MANAGER scrutinizes, from the shadows.

The manager stealthily steps up behind the DEALER.

MANAGER
This is the third night in a row.
You spot anything?

DEALER
Nuthin'.

The manager steps back into the shadows.

DEALER (CONT'D)
Place your bets, place your damn
bets.

The dealer spins the wheel, waits, then drops in the white ball.

Clenching a toothpick between his teeth, and without looking up, Rick slowly pushes a stack of hundred-dollar chips towards number seven.

Before they reach their destination, Rick gets a firm tap on the shoulder, from the manager.

MANAGER
We need to talk, in my office --
now.

RICK
The sign on the outside says the
Lucky Gent is the friendliest
casino in Louisiana.

A SECURITY OFFICER draws closely to the manager.

MANAGER
That's right -- the friendliest,
not the stupidest.

Rick gathers his chips.

CUT TO:

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE

Inside the cramped, cluttered office, the security guard pushes Rick into the seat in front of the manager's desk.

The manager flops into his chair, lights a cigarette and farts. He briefly scans a printed report, then tosses it aside.

Rick glances at the nearby window.

MANAGER

You hit us hard, at roulette,
three nights a-runnin'.

RICK

I guess saying my prayers every
night is finally paying off.

The manager slams his fist down on the desk and lunges forward.

MANAGER

The only thing worse than a cheat
is a wise ass cheat! We got video
of you recording winning numbers
at each of our roulette tables
last week. I'm guessin' you
spotted some sort of flaw at table
one. You been bettin' there and
only there for three nights.

Ricks feet inch towards the window.

RICK

If only I was half as ambitious as
you make me out to be. Whew! My
mama would be so proud!

The manager motions to the security guard, who dutifully scoops up Rick's chips.

RICK (CONT'D)

What the--

MANAGER

We're taking these back, and we
want the previous nights'
winnings, too. Twenty-nine
thousand dollars! Every bit of
it.

RICK

Too late, it's gone.

MANAGER
Gone? Where?

RICK
Fabre's Kitchen.

The manager bolts to his feet.

MANAGER
Bullshit! That's a restaurant.
How do you blow twenty-nine
thousand dollars in a second-rate
barbecue joint?

Rick rises to his feet.

RICK
I'm a very heavy tipper, and a
sucker for a waitress with a
pretty smile.

Rick leaps and smashes through the plate glass window, to
his right.

EXT. CASINO

Rick falls six feet, lands amidst a shower of broken glass,
and runs toward his motorcycle, on the fringe of the
parking lot.

BACK TO SCENE

SECURITY GUARD
You want me to go after him?

The manager shakes his head in disbelief.

MANAGER
Glaciers move faster than you,
Lowell. Go and get LINDSEY, GALE
and DANA -- pronto!

PARKING LOT

Rick jumps on his Harley, gives it a kick-start and races
for the exit. The parking lot security officer motions for
Rick to slow down, then leaps out of the way when Rick's
bike accelerates.

BACK TO SCENE

Three massive bikers, dressed in motor gang leathers, lumber into the office. The manager picks up a security photo of Rick from his desktop.

MANAGER

Lindsey, Gale and Dana, why your folks gave you ladies' names only God and the ghost of Johnny Cash may know. The parking lot attendant says he saw this cockroach, name of Rick Camp, headin' west on a gnarly Harley. Get on your bikes and get his hide, plus the twenty-nine thousand dollars he swindled, the hell back here!

LINDSEY

About our names--

MANAGER

Git!

CUT TO:

INT. RENEW CLEANUP CO., JANESVILLE, WI - DAY, LATE NOVEMBER

DAVID CAMP, the seven-minute-younger twin brother of Rick Camp, is interviewing for an entry level technician's job with Renew Cleanup Corp., a provider of crime scene cleanup services.

INTERVIEW ROOM/DAVID'S DAYDREAM INTERCUTTING

The balding, conservatively attired INTERVIEWER, seated in a small, spartan, immaculate room decorated with crime scene photos, describes the technician's job.

INTERVIEWER

Mr. Camp, the entry level technician's job is simultaneously simple and complex. Superficially, it involves remediation of the crime scene, using common and specialized cleaning solutions and equipment.

David, in his late thirties, and of average height, is slightly paunchy. Unemployed from his former General Motors assembly line job for over six months, he has an

unshakable air of sadness about him. Daydreams have become a welcome escape.

As the interviewer drones on, David's daydream takes him back to a family trip to Las Vegas, in 1963, when he and his brother were seven.

SERIES OF SHOTS

The Camp family summer motor trip to Las Vegas in 1963.

A) A faded home movie shows the Strip, as it looked in 1963.

DAVID (V.O.)

When my twin brother Rick and I were seven, our parents drove to Las Vegas during summer break.

B) The immense roadside sign for the Frontier Hotel & Casino is emphasized, followed by clips of the interior, casino, pool and restaurant.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The Strip was the most amazing sight I had ever seen -- beyond imagination. The crowds, the lights, the commotion -- amazingly, all over being able to legally gamble.

C) Rick and David having fun in the pool, followed by eating ice cream, poolside.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

While Mom, Rick and I lived like kings, Dad rolled up his sleeves and went to work in the casino.

D) Mr. Camp approaches a craps table in the bustling casino.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Rick and I laughed our heads off, when Mom informed us that Dad's favorite game was craps. And when we heard that you 'shoot' craps? Well, I'm still chuckling thirty years later.

E) Mr. Camp produces a wad of cash and eagerly accepts the dice.

INTERVIEWER'S OFFICE

INTERVIEWER

Mr. Camp?... David Camp? I hope
I'm not boring you.

David snaps out of his dream world.

DAVID

My apologies, please go on. This
sounds perfect for me, a real
opportunity.

BACK TO SCENE

F) Mr. Camp's winnings pile up.

DAVID (V.O.)

Dad had an incredible streak of
luck. He won over \$5,000 --
enough to pay for the entire trip
several times over. He was afraid
to leave all that cash in the
hotel room, so he took it with him
everywhere, even the pool.

G) Mr. Camp, his swimsuit pockets bulging with cash, jumps
in the pool.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Back in the room, Mom had the
pleasant and unusual chore of
ironing soggy hundred-dollar
bills.

H) Mrs. Camp drapes ironed hundreds on lamp shades.

I) Inside the Frontier's gift shop.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Dad rewarded us all with gifts of
our choice, from the Frontier's
gift shop. I got a pair of cuff
links that were working miniature
roulette wheels. Mom got a fancy
bathing suit. And Rick? He
didn't want anything, after he
found out that I got the last set
of novelty cuff links.

J) Rick is sullen, in the shop. Mrs. Camp puts her arm
around him, as David beams over his gift.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Those cuff links were a big hit,
when the school year started. Not
in a fashion sense, though. I
didn't even own a shirt with
french cuffs.

K) Kids surround David in the schoolyard, waving dollar bills.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Everyone in class wanted a to bet
their lunch money and allowance on
cuff link roulette. However, it
didn't take long before my little
casino was shut down. One cuff
link mysteriously disappeared one
day, and Mom confiscated the
remaining one.

L) Mrs. Camp sticks out her hand. David, miffed, pleads his case MOS, then complies.

INTERVIEWER'S OFFICE

INTERVIEWER
...and so blood, brain tissue and
bone fragments are, decidedly, the
three biggest cleaning challenges
at 90% of cleanup sites. However,
vigor and persistence, on the
technician's part, will always
prevail. Any questions, Mr. Camp?

David jolts himself to attention.

DAVID
Uh, no. When do I start?

Interviewer shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. ROCK RIVER SHIRT CO., JANESVILLE, WI - THE NEXT DAY

David, along with many other applicants, waits outside the human resources office for an interview.

Amidst the b.g. noise, of people conversing, David lapses into a daydream.

SERIES OF SHOTS

David reminisces about his childhood friend and current neighbor, HENRY KIMMEL.

A) David and Henry, at age ten, are seen in a backyard, above-ground swimming pool.

DAVID (V.O.)

My neighbor and lifelong friend, Henry Kimmel, and I have known each other since kindergarten. It was always a competitive friendship. For example, the summer his family put in a pool, we did nothing but see who could hold their breath, or tread water, the longest.

B) Henry is still under water, when David breaks the surface, gasping. Later, Henry treads water, as David sinks.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Over time, Henry grew taller than me and became more athletic. It became nearly impossible to beat him at anything sports related.

C) The boys are in their early teens. As David attempts an easy layup, Henry swoops in and spikes the ball into his face.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The only contests I still did well at were the ones involving will power.

D) David holds a stop watch. The boys, still in their early teens, intently stare at each other, inches apart. Henry eventually blinks first.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Yes, will power was my strong suit. Staring without blinking; being tickled without laughing; standing on one foot -- yes, those were the ones I excelled at, fair weather, or foul.

E) The two boys stand outside, in their underwear, during a blizzard. Their teeth chatter and their skin is blue. Henry quits and runs into the house, as David pumps his fist.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Funny how after more than thirty
 years of competing and betting,
 the summer that Henry lost all his
 birthday money to me, betting on
 my roulette cuff links, still bugs
 him the most. Good.

BACK TO SCENE

A scowling, middle-aged, FEMALE INTERVIEWER stands by her
 open door.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
 For the third and most definitely
 last time: David Camp!

One step from the door, David snaps out of his torpor and
 springs to attention.

DAVID
 Yes, yes, I'm right here. Pleased
 to meet you. I'm especially good
 at bets involving will power!

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
 What on Earth did you say?

DAVID
 Sorry, I was lost in thought -- a
 daydream.

David extends his hand. The interviewer ignores it and
 points into her office. Like a scolded dog, David enters.

INT. INTERVIEWER'S OFFICE

David sits in the seat next to the interviewer's desk. It
 is very low; so much so that his chin is even with the
 desktop. He's looking up her nose. She glares down.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
 Your resume says you worked at the
 Janesville General Motors assembly
 plant!

DAVID (V.O.)
 Yes, I--

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
 You installed cup holders! Is
 that correct? Just cup holders?

DAVID (V.O.)
Uh, yeah, for nearly--

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
So why do you want to work as a
shirt inspector!?

DAVID
Well, I've always worn shirts,
and--

The interviewer grabs a folded, pinned dress shirt from her desk drawer and throws it in David's face. She stands and paces.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
De-pin and unfold that shirt!
Find the seven things that are
wrong with it -- now! You have
sixty seconds! What are you
waiting for?

David fumbles with the shirt, tries to remove a pin and pricks himself. The shirt falls to the floor, blood stained.

DAVID
Shit!

The interviewer stops pacing, picks up the shirt and stares at the blood stain.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER
Now there are eight things wrong
with it! The goal of the job is
to find errors, not create new
ones!

David, a sweaty mess, sticks his injured finger in his mouth.

DAVID
I can start Monday. What kind of
benefits do you offer?

OUTSIDE THE INTERVIEWER'S OFFICE

The door flies open. His head lowered, sulking David shuffles out.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER (O.S.)
Next!

CUT TO:

EXT. DAVID CAMP'S HOME, JANESVILLE, WI - EARLY EVENING

DRIVEWAY

A pair of legs stick out from beneath an old SUV. Clattering and banging is heard. Rock music plays in the b.g.

LISA CAMP, David's daughter, is a sixteen-year-old student at Janesville High. She slides out from under the vehicle. Her denim overalls are stained with grease.

LISA

Under twenty minutes, start to finish, for an oil and filter change -- three minutes under the last time. Not too bad. Maybe, someday, Mom will actually pay me.

Lisa unties her dew rag, letting down her straight, dark hair. She has a wiry build and a can-do attitude.

Lisa backs the SUV off the ramps, exits the vehicle and enters the open garage.

She tosses a wrench into a professional-size tool box, whose lid is held open by one of her textbooks: English Literature.

SUSAN CAMP (O.S.)

Lisa, dinner time!

The tool box lid slams shut, when Lisa pulls the book away. Her name is boldly painted onto it.

LISA

It's Tuesday, that means Italian for dinner. Looks like I'll be getting my oil topped off next.

KITCHEN

As Lisa enters from the garage, David, returning from his interview, enters the kitchen from the back door.

SUSAN CAMP, in her customary yoga outfit, stands by the sink inspecting cutlery. She holds a knife up to the light. When she arches back, her blonde pony tail extends nearly to her waist.

SUSAN

This looks like dried peanut butter on the handle. Gross! How many times do I have to remind the two of you, to clean cutlery thoroughly?

LISA

Individually, or combined?

DAVID

Susan, Lisa, I have good news.

Lisa and Susan freeze, with hopeful expressions on their faces.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I survived the shirt inspector's interview.

David holds up his bandaged index finger and flops into his kitchen chair.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I'm starved, let's eat.

SUSAN

Whoa! Back it up, David. After being out of work for over six months, I think I'm entitled--

LISA

Oh, give it a rest, Mom. It didn't work out, that's all. It never does.

Susan, angry and silent, walks to the oven, puts on her mitts and throws open the oven door.

She loses her grip on the five-pound lasanga, and it crashes to the floor.

Lisa stifles a laugh.

SUSAN

Jesus H. Christ! It's ruined!

DAVID

Looks fine to me.

David stands, grabs a plate and spatula, and hacks off a massive, dripping piece from the wreckage. He returns to the table and digs in.

Lisa does the same.

Susan closes her eyes, extends her arms and touches her thumbs to her index fingers, forming circles. Her lips move as she chants MOS.

David looks up at her, baffled.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That some sort of Eastern thing you picked up from... what's his name... Mr. BOOL, the instructor at your yoga pit?

Lisa smirks.

Susan opens her eyes, releases her pose, and scoops some lasagna onto her plate. She joins the others at the table.

SUSAN

It's not a pit, it's a yoga studio. And, yes, I learned it from Bool. I don't know what I would do, without his counseling. The man's a godsend.

David shovels the lasagna in, like it's his last meal.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

So, I'm assuming you didn't get an offer. Did they at least ask you back for a second interview?

DAVID

I think they regretted giving me the first.

Susan puts down her fork.

SUSAN

But, I suppose, you are heading over to Henry Kimmel's for Tuesday night poker -- right?

With a stuffed mouth, David nods.

DAVID

Look, we've been over this a dozen times. It's important that I maintain my routine and continue with my interests, while I'm out of work. It keeps my anxiety in check. And, hey, you never know, I could get lucky and win a few bucks.

SUSAN
Well, speaking of checks--

Lisa gets up and leaves the kitchen.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
The bank called, you bounced
another one.

A blade from the rapidly turning ceiling fan flies off,
hits a kitchen cabinet door, and ricochets into the
remaining lasagna, on the floor.

Incredulously, David and Susan stare at the mess.

DAVID
At least it didn't hit me in the
head. That's a sign my luck is
changing. I'm going over to
Henry's. I have a feeling I'm
going to be the big winner
tonight.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY KIMMEL'S BASEMENT - EVENING

A large, professionally decorated game room is enhanced by
a full bar and a loaded buffet table.

Seated around the poker table are David, Henry, MALIBU
GREENBERG (a stand-up comedian, who is David's cousin), and
EVAN GROSS, the owner of a retail home security business.

The foursome are well into the evening's game.

MALIBU
David, did Susan tell you about
the gig I landed?

David shakes his head.

HENRY
You mean, at the airport? I saw a
billboard today saying that the
incomparable Malibu Greenberg
would be appearing in an
exclusive, limited engagement, in
the level-three men's room, stall
number seven, at eight o'clock.
It's all over town, David.

David looks up from his cards and tosses chips into the
sizable pot.

DAVID

Henry, why insult my cousin like that?

Henry shrugs.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What are you trying to do, psyche him out because it's the last hand and a huge pot?

MALIBU

That's okay, David, I don't mind. Actually, it's pretty funny. Maybe I'll work it into my monologue.

HENRY

See? It was funny. How's job hunting going, Dave?

Malibu tosses chips into the pot.

MALIBU

Oh, now he's trying to psyche you out.

DAVID

Won't work, I know Henry too long -- way too long.

EVAN

Can you three give it a rest? It's late and I've got to open the store early tomorrow. It's National Home Security Day. So let me win this hand and go home.

HENRY

Now who's trying to psyche out whom?

MALIBU

Really, Evan? National Home Security Day? Damn! I totally forgot to mail out cards.

Henry adds chips to the pot.

HENRY

Okay, let's get this over with, ladies. I call. What have you turnips got?

EVAN
A pair of queens.

MALIBU
...eight high.

The other three snicker.

HENRY
Malibu, you're a riverboat
gambler, if there ever was one.
Let's see what you've got, David.

David lays down his cards.

DAVID
Two pair, aces and kings.

Henry gloats, as he slowly lays down his cards, revealing
three nines.

HENRY
It's all mine, gentlemen. Sadly,
your donations are not tax
deductible.

Evan stands and stretches, displaying his considerable
girth.

EVAN
Since I just paid for them, mind
if I take home some of the
leftovers? My girls would
definitely enjoy them.

HENRY
Sure, go ahead.

MALIBU
Oh, sure they will. Evan, you'll
polish them off before you pull
out of the driveway.

Something on the floor catches Malibu's eye.

MALIBU (CONT'D)
Hey, what's this under the table?

Malibu stoops and picks up a card.

MALIBU (CONT'D)
It's the ace of clubs.

DAVID

We weren't playing with a full deck.

EVAN

I had the ace of clubs earlier in the evening, so it's not like it was out of the deck the whole night.

HENRY

Okay, so big deal; I still won.

David grabs the card from Malibu and waves it in front of Henry's face.

DAVID

No freakin' way, big shot! That would have given me a full house, to your three of a kind. The pot's mine.

HENRY

How can you be sure you would have gotten it?

DAVID

How can you be sure I wouldn't?

Henry protects his pile of chips and cash.

Evan chews on a leftover brownie.

EVAN

Henry, that's not right. A missing card changes everything.

HENRY

It changes nothing. I won -- period! And I take back what I said, about the leftover food! You can't have any, Evan. In fact, spit out that brownie!

Evan defiantly swallows.

DAVID

Henry, be reasonable. We've been playing poker here for years, and we've always gotten along. This missing card thing is a first. Let's do the fair and sensible thing and split the last pot four ways.

Henry stands and points his index finger within an inch of David's nose.

HENRY

This is so typical of you, David!

BASEMENT STAIRWELL

Henry's fashion-conscious, overly made-up wife, MELANIE, descends part way down the basement steps, concerned about the commotion. Though unseen by the others, she primps, as if about to meet royalty.

BACK TO SCENE

HENRY

Ever since we were kids, you've always looked for an angle, some way to do me out of a bet I'd won fair and square.

DAVID

That's ridiculous. Why are you dredging up ancient history? What, are you still pissed off about losing your birthday money to me, the summer I got those roulette wheel cuff links?

David brushes aside Henry's hand.

HENRY

You bet I am!

With no one watching, Evan eats a cookie and puts three more in his jacket pocket.

MALIBU

Here we go again, with the damn cuff links.

David pulls his one remaining cuff link from his back pocket.

DAVID

I still have one, Henry. I keep it as a lucky pocket piece. The other one went missing a long time ago and I have my suspicions, as to its fate.

Henry's stern expression remains unchanged.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I won your birthday money legitimately. I haven't conned you on any of our other hundreds of bets, over the thirty-plus years I've known you, and I'm not trying to cheat you out of tonight's pot, you incredible asshole.

HENRY

David, you should change your last name from Camp to Crap, because that's what you're full of -- crap!

DAVID

I'm full of crap?

Henry steps closer.

HENRY

Up to your eyeballs, pal. You hold the world's record. There isn't room for a teaspoon more.

David slams the card down onto the table.

DAVID

You think I'm full of crap? Up to my eyeballs? The world record holder? Okay, let's turn this into a bet, Henry -- for some real money.

Henry comes closer still and folds his arms. A head taller, Henry menacingly peers down at his long-time neighbor.

HENRY

What do you have in mind there, little David?

Evan stuffs half a sandwich into his mouth.

MALIBU

David, please show a little self-control. You know how you can get. Remember the time you bet you could lift a bowling ball with your tongue? Besides losing, your tongue hung outside your mouth, like a slobbering Cocker Spaniel, for six months.

FLASHBACK TO BOWLING BALL BET

Henry and Malibu observe, as David, knees bent, attempts to lift a bowling ball with his tongue.

HENRY

On my count, David: one, two,
three... go!

David jerks upward, stops and screams.

BACK TO SCENE

David is oblivious to his cousin's advice.

DAVID

I'll show you how full of crap I
can be, at your expense, Henry.

HENRY

Keep talking.

DAVID

Five grand says I can go an entire
week without taking a crap.

Henry leers.

HENRY

Big deal. One slice of Melanie's
meatloaf does that to me.

STAIRWELL

Melanie, still listening from her perch, scowls.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVID

All right, make it two weeks, for
ten grand.

MALIBU

David, you are out of work.

HENRY

Look, you want to make it a real
bet, a man's bet? A solid month,
for... \$25,000. Think you got in
'ya?

Evan picks up and inspects another sandwich.

EVAN

If he holds it in for a month, he will.

Evan puts the sandwich back and picks up and devours a chicken wing.

Malibu looks away in disgust, then grabs David by the sleeve and leads him to a corner of the room.

MALIBU

Think, David. Think of what you're doing. Do you even have \$25,000?

DAVID

Are you kidding, I don't even have the comma, but I know I can beat him. When we were kids, this was the type of bet I was best at. Will power is my thing; it's my strong suit.

MALIBU

If you had any will power, you wouldn't make this idiotic bet.

David walks away from his cousin, up to Henry.

DAVID

You're on, Henry, one month starting tomorrow, December first, and ending New Year's Eve, at exactly midnight -- only let's make it fifty thousand dollars. Okay?

Malibu shudders.

HENRY

Anything you say, David. Fifty thousand it is, but we have to lay down some ground rules.

MALIBU

Wait a second. How are you going to monitor this bet? Henry, are you going to handcuff yourself to David for a month? Go to the 'potty' with him, to make sure he doesn't poop? Sounds a little kinky. People will talk.

EVAN

I can outfit the two of you with wrist monitors that would make it easier to keep track. It wouldn't be foolproof, just better than handcuffs.

David scratches his thinning hair.

DAVID

Be more specific. What are you saying, exactly, Evan? Will Henry be able to hear everything I do, but not see everything?

EVAN

Yes, precisely, and you'll be able to talk to each other.

HENRY

What's to stop him from turning it off?

EVAN

I can disable the off button. The battery life is sufficient to get you through at least one month of continuous use.

HENRY

I don't know, there's still plenty of room for him to cheat.

DAVID

You backing out? Afraid I might win.

Evan steps in between the two opponents.

EVAN

The two of you know each other since you were seven. Falling back on the honor system, for any minor imperfections in monitoring, shouldn't be asking too much.

MALIBU

Why are you enabling this god-awful bet?

EVAN

I get to sell two outdated wrist monitors I didn't think I'd ever get rid of.

MALIBU

You're a true humanitarian, Evan
-- a regular Albert Schweitzer.

DAVID

Well, it's fine by me.

EVAN

Great, I can stop by here early
tomorrow and get you two geared
up. How is 7 a.m.?

MALIBU

David, it's not too late to back
out.

HENRY

Let's shake on it, David.

David extends his hand and Henry shakes it.

MALIBU

And what about the pot? We still
haven't settled on how to handle
it.

HENRY

I'm okay with splitting it four
ways now. I'm going to have a lot
more than that coming my way in
thirty days.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP'S KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

In the wee hours, after the game, David stealthily enters
the kitchen and heads for the fridge.

DAVID

Time for a little midnight snack.

He removes bread, assorted cold cuts, cheese, a pickle jar
and a few cans of beer.

In no time, David assembles a gargantuan sandwich. He
raises it to his open mouth and pauses.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Whoa! Wait, no, no, no. Bad idea,
what goes in must come out.

Sorrowfully, he puts down the sandwich and reflects.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Got to change my whole diet.
Thirty-one days; why didn't I pick
February?

Everything goes back into the refrigerator. Lost in thought, he slowly closes the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh, my god, dinner. Damn it, all
that lasagna.

When he turns from the fridge, Susan, in her pajamas, stands there.

SUSAN
So, are we rich? Did you have
incredible luck and somehow get
Henry to bet and lose his house
and all three shoe stores? And
what was wrong with the lasagna?

David leans back against the refrigerator, in search of answers.

DAVID
The... uh, lasagna... was fine,
but very filling. Sleeping on it
might be difficult.

SUSAN
And the game?

DAVID
How long do you suppose a person
could... I mean, if...

SUSAN
What the hell are you mumbling
about?

DAVID
Nothing, nothing at all. I broke
even tonight. Good news; Malibu's
landed a gig at the airport men's
room.

SUSAN
You and Henry up to something?

David unbuttons his shirt.

DAVID
I'm turning in, Susan, I'm pooped
-- I mean, I'm exhausted. Not
pooped. Good night.

He walks away.

SUSAN
Stay loose.

DAVID (O.S.)
No, not loose! Loose is bad.
Anything but loose.

CUT TO:

INT. KIMMEL'S BASEMENT - 7 A.M.

(DEC. 1)

As Evan, Henry, Malibu and David discuss last minute
particulars, Melanie eavesdrops from the stairwell.

EVAN
David, did you tell Susan? Henry,
Melanie?

DAVID
No, this has to remain a secret.
Susan would kill me, twice.

HENRY
I can keep a secret. Melanie will
never know.

STAIRWELL

Melanie smirks.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVID
Let's clarify a few things.

HENRY
And here we go. You looking for a
way to weasel out of this?

MALIBU
David has a right to make sure
that everything is understood --
that there won't be any 'cards
found on the floor.'

HENRY

What are you, Greenberg, his agent? I'm surprised you're up so early. Didn't your airport bathroom gig run till the wee-wee hours?

Malibu pushes Henry's shoulder.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You're as threatening as a blueberry, Malibu. Okay, David, spit out what's on your mind.

DAVID

First off, there's no restriction on pissing -- none.

HENRY

Not a problem; I want you alive for the payoff. What else?

EVAN

If I may, you'll be limited to remaining inside a ten-mile radius. That's the limit on this device.

David's mind races.

DAVID

Will it give me some sort of warning?

Evan points to an LED readout on the device.

EVAN

Oh, absolutely. The words 'out of range' will appear right here.

HENRY

Good. Out-of-range instantly means out-of-fifty-grand, for you, David.

DAVID

I don't like the sound of that. That may be a deal breaker.

MALIBU

It's not a problem! David will accept that!

David turns to Malibu.

DAVID

What are you, Malibu, my agent?

MALIBU

I want to see you crush this crooked high-heel peddler. You can do this; I know it.

HENRY

Oh, one more thing.

Henry steps to a nearby table and picks up an unusual looking roll of tape and tosses it to Evan, who drops it, then picks it up and inspects it.

HENRY (CONT'D)

That's tamper-proof tape. I want a piece put around your wrist monitor, in case you try to take it off. If you break the tape, a permanent red dye will leak out. If that happens, I win the bet.

DAVID

Hold on, I--

HENRY

That's non-negotiable.

DAVID

All right, I agree to that. Evan, put these damn things on and let's get started.

STAIRWELL

Melanie heads back upstairs.

BACK TO SCENE

Evan attaches and activates the devices. Henry applies the tape.

MALIBU

You might as well make out the check now, Kimmel.

HENRY

I'd say the same to David, but I don't think Susan lets him even look at their checkbook.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. BOOL'S YOGA STUDIO - LATER THAT MORNING

Wedged between a luggage repair store and a two-seat barber shop, in a rundown Janesville strip mall, Mr. Bool's Yoga Studio is narrow and dimly lit. The decor is an odd combination of Far Eastern and Midwestern.

Twelve women of assorted sizes, shapes and ages are in attendance. Susan Camp is in the front row, closest to Mr. Bool. Melanie Camp and two of her GIRLFRIENDS occupy the last row, closest to the front door.

Soft country-and-western music plays in the b.g. Burning incense perfumes the studio.

Mr. Bool, a thirty-ish Indian man, with a receding hairline and a beard, holds a can of diet soda. He stands uncomfortably close to Susan. The zipper on his bright orange sweatshirt is nearly all the way down to his navel, revealing a hairy, flabby chest.

BOOL

Ladies, please, halasana pose.
Thank you so much. You are all so
beautiful today, each in your own
way.

The women lie down on their backs and attempt the pose, raising their legs and bringing them back, over their heads.

Susan comes the closest. Others groan and fail, some terribly. SADIE, the oldest student, in her 80s, decides to stand and touch her toes, instead. Even that proves difficult.

BOOL (CONT'D)

Very nice, Susan, very nice. You
are my shining star. I am so
pleased.

Susan blushes, but is proud of the compliment.

BOOL (CONT'D)

Vagrasana next. Vagrasana, if you
please. Thank you and blessings
upon all.

The women, except for Sadie, who stands on one foot, get on their knees and lean far back.

Bool steps closer to Susan and takes a swig of soda. His crotch is near her face.

Melanie speaks to her catty girlfriends.

MELANIE

He so loves this pose. We may be holding it all day.

GIRLFRIEND #1

Yeah, 'holding it.' That's what he pictures Susan doing.

GIRLFRIEND #2

Hand, or mouth?

They titter.

MELANIE

Have you heard the latest?

GIRLFRIEND #1

No, are Susan and Bool practicing nasty poses together, in the storeroom, after hours?

An UNACQUAINTED STUDENT, in front of Melanie, turns her head, showing interest.

MELANIE

Her husband, the unemployed, GM cup holder installer, just made an insane bet with my husband. When David Camp loses, they'll be living in the park, in a cardboard refrigerator box.

GIRLFRIEND #2

How dreadful. How embarrassing. What else?

MELANIE

That's all for now. Don't tell a soul -- it's a secret.

The two girlfriends grin.

GIRLFRIEND #1

Oh, we won't say a word.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HIGH SCHOOL BUS STOP - THE SAME MORNING

Lisa walks to the bus stop and stands by herself. Other STUDENTS, in groups of two or three, mill about and chat MOS.

The school bus noisily approaches, producing a thick plume of black exhaust.

MALE STUDENT #1
Is that Lisa Camp? I can't
recognize her without motor oil
stains.

Students snort and mockingly laugh. Lisa remains unperturbed.

MALE STUDENT #2
Hey, Camp! Your face could use a
tune-up!

The bus comes to a screechy stop, with smoke emanating from both ends.

All the students, except Lisa, board.

BUS DRIVER
Lisa, will you be joining the rest
of these delightfully demented
delinquents?

LISA
Hi, Mr. Gates. You know, I think
I could fix that exhaust problem,
with a simple adjustment. It
wouldn't take long.

BUS DRIVER
Really? That would be most
appreciated. Getting and
accepting black lung disease was
not part of the job description.
Only problem is, I ain't got no
tools.

Lisa takes off her backpack, unzips it, reaches in and produces a wrench.

LISA
I do, right here. Kill the motor
and open the hood.

Mr. Gates complies.

MALE STUDENT #1
Lisa, when you're done with the
bus, I could use a lube job.

FEMALE STUDENT #1
You've got a bright future ahead
of you, Lisa -- at Midas Muffler!

Lisa rolls up her sleeves, makes several adjustments and lowers the hood.

LISA
Start her up, Mr. Gates.

Gates starts the engine, which now runs cleanly.

BUS DRIVER
Nice work, Lisa. Let's get going.

Lisa boards and takes a seat. The students chant, as the bus drives off.

STUDENTS
Lisa rocks! Lisa rocks!

MINUTES LATER

The bus arrives at Janesville High. The vice principal, MR. VINCENT CANNATOONA, as is his daily custom, greets the students, as they disembark, and comments on their posture.

MR. CANNATOONA
You there, stand straight!
Posture determines performance!

Lisa, one of the first off the bus, immediately heads for the school entrance.

Male Student #1 motions to Mr. Cannatoona, indicating he wishes to speak in private. Cannatoona observes and abides.

MALE STUDENT #1
Mr. Cannatoona, Lisa Camp tampered
with the school bus.

MR. CANNATOONA
What? What do you mean? And
stand up straight when you talk to
someone! Mind your posture, man.
Heaven is closed to slouchers!

MALE STUDENT #1
She talked the bus driver into
letting her do something to the
engine.

MR. CANNATOONA
That's outrageous! She's not a
licensed auto mechanic. You
telling the truth?

MALE STUDENT #1
I swear, ask anyone.

Male Student #2 approaches.

MR. CANNATOONA
Shoulders back, you. Shoulders
back. Did Lisa Camp do something
to the school bus?

MALE STUDENT #2
Yeah, she was bangin' away but
good, at something underneath the
hood -- not exactly sure what.
Mr. Cannatoona, I was afraid she
was gonna wreck the thing!

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDTOWN DRUGS JANESVILLE, WI - LATER THAT MORNING

David pulls up in front of this one-man drug store, in his
dirty sedan.

INT. MIDTOWN DRUGS

David hurriedly enters. An old, short, bespectacled
PHARMACIST, the sole employee, dusts a spinner rack of
sunglasses, with a feather duster.

The motion causes the rack to accelerate, throwing off
multiple pairs. The rack's mirror falls off and breaks.

PHARMACIST
God damn it! Try to do something
constructive around here and all
it leads to is disaster! I should
have stayed in bed.

David cautiously picks up one pair of glasses and
approaches the old man.

DAVID
Uh, excuse me; I could use some
help.

PHARMACIST
You need help? Look at this mess!
It's a disaster! Ohhh!

The pharmacist whimpers, then cries intensely. The old
codger is inconsolable.

DAVID
It's not that bad. C'mon, cheer
up.

The old man catches his breath, calms down.

PHARMACIST
I suppose you're right. What the
hell do you need?

DAVID
Well, um, I need something that
will constipate me completely,
something really strong.

PHARMACIST
What's the matter, you got mud
butt?

DAVID
Do I have what?

PHARMACIST
M-m-mud butt! You know! You got
an ass quake? The green apple
nasties? The splatters? Speak
up! I ain't got all day!

David looks around. The store looks like it hasn't had a
customer in twenty years.

DAVID
Yeah, sure, all of the above.
What have you got?

The pharmacist plays with his earlobe as he ponders, then
takes off his glasses upon deciding.

PHARMACIST
Kaopectate will do the trick.
It'll bind you up like Portland
Cement.

The pharmacist guides David to a five-case floor display of
Kaopectate.

DAVID
That's quite a load for a small
store to sell.

The pharmacist wails, kicks the bottom case of the display.

PHARMACIST

Don't you think I know that? My god damn supplier! Bunch of thieves! I order two bottles and look at what they send! Damn them; I can't afford all this.

DAVID

Look, I'll help you out. I'll take it all.

The pharmacist relaxes and smiles.

PHARMACIST

You will? You ain't pullin' my leg?

DAVID

Sure, I mean it. And are there any foods you can suggest that are constipating?

PHARMACIST

Are you nuts? All this Kaopectate isn't enough to do the job? Is it you, or a pachy-derm at the zoo that's got the Hershey squirts?

DAVID

The what?

The pharmacist shakes his legs.

PHARMACIST

The Hershey squirts! You know! You doin' the Manila mambo? You shootin' out Havana omelets?

David lowers his head.

DAVID

Please, just tell me.

PHARMACIST

Well, let's see. Uh, boiled white rice will block you up. And my granddaughter used to get clogged up all the way to Georgia, eatin' those gummy bear type candies.

DAVID

Thanks, you've been a big help to me.

David hands the pharmacist some cash, picks up the five cases and exits.

When the door closes, the store-hours sign comes loose, falls to the floor, scattering individual numbers and letters. The pharmacist bursts into tears.

CUT TO:

INT. VICE PRINCIPAL CANNATOONA'S OFFICE - THE SAME MORNING

Vice Principal Cannatoona paces. A school SECURITY OFFICER is present. Lisa, annoyed, stews in a seat opposite the desk.

MR. CANNATOONA

Lisa, sit up straight! Mind your posture, girl! I want you to know we are contacting your parents. I want them present. This matter is serious, as serious as good posture.

LISA

Mr. Cannatoona, you make it sound like I cut the brake lines. Ask anyone, the bus rides cleaner than ever.

MR. CANNATOONA

You are not a licensed mechanic. You could have inadvertently done damage that could have resulted in mechanical failure, that could have resulted in an accident! And sit up!

Lisa's expression is unchanged.

MR. CANNATOONA (CONT'D)

Well, what have you got to say to that?

LISA

Diagramming your previous sentence could be challenging.

The security guard chuckles.

MR. CANNATOONA

We'll soon see how amusing your parents find this. I hope they have good posture.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CAMP'S KITCHEN - LATER

David enters through the back door, carrying cases of Kaopectate, pillow-case-size bags of white rice and multiple packages of gummy candies.

He loses his grip, everything hits the floor.

Susan enters, wearing her yoga outfit.

SUSAN

What the hell is all this?
Kaopectate? How much did you buy?
And what's that on your wrist?

David attempts to pick up the scattered items.

DAVID

The rice and gummies? These are for me. It's a fad diet I heard about. Remember how I said I wanted to lose ten or fifteen pounds?

SUSAN

Yeah, ten years ago. Why did you buy a lifetime's worth of Kaopectate? And you still haven't explained that wrist thingy. Let me see it.

He shows it to her.

DAVID

Cool, isn't it? It keeps track of my calorie intake and how many I burn per--

Henry checks in on David.

HENRY (V.O.)

David? Just checking in. Wanted to let you know I hear everything perfectly -- everything.

Susan yelps and slaps David's shoulder.

SUSAN

What's Henry listening in for?
What the hell, David!?

She picks up a ten-pound bag of rice and slugs David in the face, knocking him off his feet. The bag splits, sending grains of rice everywhere.

David spits out a mouthful of uncooked rice.

DAVID

Henry monitors and makes sure I stay on the diet, for Christ's sake. Is that so hard to believe? Jeez, where's the trust?

The kitchen phone rings. Susan gives David a withering look, then picks up.

SUSAN

Yes, this is Susan Camp... and I am standing up straight. Lisa did what? ...Okay, we'll be right down. Thank you, Mr. Cannatoona.

Fuming, Susan slams the phone down.

David stands, takes one step, slips and falls on the rice.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

That was vice principal Cannatoona. Lisa sabotaged the school bus this morning and is being held until we pick her up. I knew something like this would eventually happen. You should never have encouraged her to learn auto repair.

David gingerly stands, slips, and falls again.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. CANNATOONA'S OFFICE - DAY

David and Susan stand behind Lisa, who remains seated.

MR. CANNATOONA

Mr. and Mrs. Camp, thank you for getting here so promptly. While I am pleased that Lisa has an interest in all things mechanical, and sits up straight when told, unlike most of the student body, she needs to understand that that does not grant her a license, to act in the capacity of a licensed professional.

SUSAN

We understand and wish to apologize, Mr. Cannatoona. It won't happen again, we assure you.

DAVID

Lisa really does have a talent--

Susan kicks David's ankle.

LISA

Thanks, Dad.

Mr. Cannatoona pulls his shoulders back, to the point of straining.

MR. CANNATOONA

Apology accepted, but that is not going to sway me from punishing her. Lisa is suspended for two days and this incident will be recorded on her permanent record.

DAVID

But nothing about her posture, I hope.

Mr. Cannatoona gives David a dirty look.

LISA

I don't care about the suspension, but entering it on my permanent record could prevent me from getting into a trade school!

SUSAN

Who's going to a trade school?

Mr. Cannatoona stands, rigidly straight.

MR. CANNATOONA

My decision is final. Good day, Camps.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP'S KITCHEN - DINNERTIME

Susan, David and Lisa glumly sit at the kitchen table. Silence prevails. David apathetically stirs his bowl of steaming white rice topped with gummy bears. An open bottle of Kaopectate is at hand.

Lisa and Susan poke at chicken and vegetables.

David takes a long swig from the bottle of Kaopectate.

SUSAN

You hear back on any of your interviews? What were they again? Grave digger? Rat catcher? Human cannonball?

DAVID

I'd never settle for low self-esteem jobs like that. It was crime scene cleanup and shirt inspector. I haven't heard back from either.

He shovels in a mouthful of rice, forces it down.

LISA

How can you possibly lose weight eating constipating foods? If you keep it up, you won't shit for a month.

David pauses mid-chew.

SUSAN

Lisa, please, we're at the dinner table... and sit up straight.

All three laugh, breaking the tension.

DAVID

Yeah, what is it with Cannatoona and his posture obsession?

SUSAN

Let's not get off topic. David, remember, your federal job training class starts tomorrow. I hope you're still planning on attending. Starts at eight, right?

He nods as he forces down another forkful.

LISA

What are you taking for lunch?

David points to the bowl.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S CAR - MORNING

David takes a hefty gulp of Kaopectate and a mouthful of gummy bears, as he drives into the parking lot of the closed, former GM assembly plant in Janesville. Several rooms in it have been set up as the site for federal job training classes.

Two dozen other vehicles are scattered about, in the lot. Their owners stand by them, individually, or in small groups. David spies a few former COWORKERS and parks near them. He tosses the empty bottle beneath his seat, before anyone recognizes it.

David waves and exits his car. A light rain falls.

PARKING LOT

DAVID

You clowns ready for the first day of school? Everybody bring an apple for the teacher? I hear she's got huge knockers.

Coworkers laugh.

COWORKER #1

Well, well, it's David Camp, the king of cup holder installers. Don't tell me that skill wasn't transferable to another industry.

Everyone but David laughs.

The group extinguish their cigarettes, throw away coffee cups and enter the gray, antiquated building, through the gate in the rusted chain link fence.

INT. CLASSROOM

Workers shuffle into a cavernous, sterile room, repurposed for teaching, and take seats.

A blackboard, on wheels, has the name MR. DRABB scrawled on it. Ancient desktop personal computers and peripherals sit on long folding tables.

Someone is standing behind the blackboard.

COWORKER #2

Hello? We're on this side!

A small man, with thin, slicked-down hair and a terrible mustache peeks out from the side of the blackboard.

COWORKER #1
 C'mon, little feller, don't be
 shy. We don't bite... well, most
 of us.

The instructor steps into full view. He wears a belt and suspenders. His yellow, collared shirt sports an olive green bow tie that matches his slacks, whose short legs reveal white socks and brown shoes.

MR. DRABB
 I'm, I'm Drabb.

COWORKER #3
 You certainly are.

The class bursts into laughter.

David turns to Coworker #2.

DAVID
 We're doomed.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

The students ignore Mr. Drabb, read newspapers and chat among themselves MOS.

Drabb fiddles with a jammed printer.

MR. DRABB
 Printers, like people, can, at
 times, be temperamental.

In his struggle, the printer goes off the edge of the table and smashes on the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. GM PLANT CAFETERIA - LUNCH TIME

The students sit at crowded tables, eating their boxed lunches, in a partitioned section of an immense cafeteria. Everyone but David, who has rice and gummies, has brought a substantial meal.

David longingly stares at massive, overstuffed sandwiches, piles of fried chicken and assorted side dishes. He takes the lid off his bowl of rice and sighs.

COWORKER #3

Whadda ya got there, Camp? Looks like unicorn puke.

HENRY (V.O.)

Hanging in there, David? There's no backing out of our bet, at this point. Fifty grand, man, that's a lot of cabbage, buddy. You better graduate at the top of your class, if you want a job that'll pay it off.

Curious, the students draw close to David.

COWORKER #2

So, what's the big bet, David? For fifty large you gotta be damned sure you can win.

COWORKER #1

You got that kind of money, in case you lose?

HENRY (V.O.)

He better.

COWORKER #3

Dave, that other guy sounds like... uh, like... uh...

DAVID

Like a what, Lenny?

COWORKER #3

Like -- a bad man. You can beat the bad man.

DAVID

You've got a real way with words, Lenny. Yes, he's a bad man.

The other students voice their agreement and support. Pats on the back for David, from all.

HENRY (V.O.)

Don't be so confident in your friend, gentlemen. David bet he can go for a month, without taking a crap.

A minute of dead silence reigns in the cafeteria, followed by raucous laughter.

CUT TO:

INT. JANESVILLE SUPERMARKET - DAY

(DECEMBER 16)

Sweaty and disheveled, David trudges through the aisles, pushing a shopping cart loaded with Kaopectate and bags of white rice. He swats flies, periodically pauses to adjust ill-fitting, stained sweats and moves onward.

As he stands, stupefied, staring at pegged bags of gummy candies, Melanie Kimmel dashes into the aisle, pushing a cart. She abruptly stops next to David, barely able to suppress her shock at his appearance.

MELANIE

Oh, my God! David Camp, what a surprise! How are you? It is you, isn't it?

She gets a whiff of him and steps back.

David licks away the crust of dried Kaopectate, from around his lips.

DAVID

I am... doing... well, thanks.

Sudden abdominal pain causes David to double over. There is an audible gurgling sound. He forces himself upright, pulls a bottle of Kaopectate from his back pocket and chugs it.

MELANIE

And Susan? I guess I really don't have to ask; I see her all the time at yoga.

Melanie removes a pocket mirror from her purse. She inspects her overdone makeup and bright red, cotton candy-coiffed hair, then deliberately stows away her best friend.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

Though I don't get to speak to her very much. Mr. Bool, the instructor, monopolizes her time. I mean, he barely pays attention to anyone else. Does she mention Mr. Bool at home, from time to time?

David scowls, squints, belches.

Melanie diverts her attention to the contents of David's cart.

MELANIE (CONT'D)

All that rice -- you stocking up for an apocalypse? I'd bet a cartload like that is probably... one in fifty thousand.

CUT TO:

INT. FROHLING'S MEAT PROCESSING PLANT - DAY (DECEMBER 17)

On the cutting floor of Frohling's Exotic Meats' processing center, David is escorted by KARL HAUPTMAN, the head of human resources. The two men, and all the other employees, who scurry about, wear long, white coats and helmets.

Carcasses whiz by on overhead hooks. Large, white bins, loaded with animal parts, speed along conveyor belts. On the floor, rivulets of blood stream through channels to drains.

David and Karl stop next to an immense carving table, upon which rests the skinned, partially butchered body of a ten-foot alligator.

The b.g. industrial noise is intense.

David's physical appearance has further suffered, since his encounter with Melanie. His stomach is distended and dark circles underlie his eyes.

DAVID

You get a lot of calls for alligator, here in Wisconsin?

KARL

You vood be amazed. We prozess zix like ziss per veek! A lot of gazelle, too. You name zeh animal and vee cut it up! Zo, let's continue valking. I vant to show you zumzing really, really zpecial.

The men walk through freezers, past what looks like a sewer pipe gushing chop meat, and approach a veritable mountain of hacked animal bones, thirty feet high.

Karl observes, as David experiences a stomach spasm and doubles over.

KARL (CONT'D)

Zats zeh typical reaction to zeh bone heap.

David recovers.

DAVID
And my job here would be doing
what?

Karl picks a bloody bone from the heap and throws it into a nearby, gigantic, blazing furnace.

KARL
You zee vut I just did?

DAVID
Yeah.

KARL
Dats the yob, only mit a bik, bik
shovel.

DAVID
...Oh.

Karl laughs heartily.

KARL
Of course, if you vin your bik
poop bet, you could holt out, oont
look vor zumptin else.

David is shocked at Karl's knowledge.

KARL (CONT'D)
Verd is gettink aroundt, Mr. David
Camp.

CUT TO:

INT. JOB TRAINING CAFETERIA - DAY (DECEMBER 20TH)

David, seated, is the center of attention. His coworkers surround him, offering constipating foods.

COWORKER #1
David, ya gotta try Mabel's
mac-n-cheese! Two bites would
constipate a brontosaurus! Her
first husband ate three bites and
croaked on the can, half an hour
later.

Coworker #2 pushes the mac-n-cheese away.

COWORKER #2

Dat's nuthin'! Take a bite of Irene's pound cake! You won't crap until Halley's comet returns!

COWORKER #3

We're all rootin' for ya, David -- and bettin' on ya, too!

The food piles up in front of David.

DAVID

No, no. Guys? Betting on me? It's supposed to be a secret.

COWORKER #1

Oh, it's a secret all right, David, like the winner of the World Series!

A fourth coworker waves a plate of crackers covered with gray, squiggly topping, under David's nose.

DAVID

God! That's awful! What is it?

COWORKER #4

Fixodent! The ads say it holds tight! Only makes sense, right?

David pushes it away.

DAVID

Guys! I have to take a leak, if you don't mind.

David stands and attempts to work his way through the crowd.

COWORKER #1

Hey, David! You sure that's all you intend to do?

COWORKER #2

We should go with him, just to make sure dat's all he does!

The swarm of humanity bumps along to the men's room, protecting David, like worker ants guarding their queen.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Lisa stands on a ladder, putting up Christmas decorations. Her books and homework lie untouched on a cocktail table.

The sound of the back door opening and closing is heard o.s.

David crawls into the living room, curls up in a ball, at its center and moans. Lisa, unconcerned, steps over him, to retrieve more decorations from assorted boxes.

LISA
How's the diet coming along? Lose any weight yet?

DAVID
You seem perturbed.

LISA
As a matter of fact, I am. I'm taking a lot more shit at school than usual, and that's a lot.

Lisa throws down the decorations she's holding.

LISA (CONT'D)
They're saying you made some sort of crazy bet with Henry Kimmel -- that you're going to go a month without taking a dump! Is that true?

David releases a massive fart, then pulls himself into a nearby club chair. He farts voluminously again.

DAVID
Let me clear the air.

Lisa, petulant, crosses her arms.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Okay, it's true. In the heat of an argument with Henry, I made a bet that, on second thought, I probably shouldn't have made.

LISA
Probably? It's insane, you could die!

David squirms, has difficulty speaking.

DAVID
 Yeah, if I'm lucky. Anyway, it's
 for a lot of money, so I have to
 see it through.

LISA
 How much?

David can't get the words out. Henry answers for him, via
 the wrist monitor.

HENRY (V.O.)
 Fifty thousand, Lisa. Your dad
 bet your family's future. Aren't
 you proud of him?

David grabs a pillow and muffles the monitor.

Lisa storms out of the living room, towards the kitchen.
 David follows on hands and knees.

KITCHEN

Lisa stands by the sink, her back to David. He enters,
 stands and blasts again. A window shade snaps up.

DAVID
 Lisa, I admit I've done a terrible
 thing, but I have to ask a favor
 -- don't tell Mom.

Lisa turns to face him.

LISA
 A favor? You can't be serious.
 Is that the Kaopectate talking?

DAVID
 Name your price.

Lisa thinks, then raises a corner of her mouth.

LISA
 Since you like high stakes, I want
 you to back me up and approve the
 change of my major, from college
 prep, to automotive repair.

David wilts.

DAVID
 Oh, Lisa...

LISA
Mom could come in any second.

DAVID
Deal.

They shake on it. David farts, grabs a bottle of Kaopectate, from under the kitchen sink, and heads down the basement stairs.

BASEMENT

The basement is small and unkempt, with one small window. Dust and cobwebs cover cardboard boxes, old gardening tools and myriad unwanted items.

In the faint light, David pulls the string on a bare bulb hanging over his head.

Wearily, he opens the bottle and forces a long drink, followed by gummies pulled from his pocket. David covers himself with a ragged piece of burlap and wedges himself, on the floor, between two wooden crates.

He takes a nap.

DAVID'S DREAM

Naked, David stands at the water's edge, of a broad and moderately turbulent river. High, snow-covered peaks and a blue sky are visible.

The yellowish water splashing onto David's legs is surprisingly warm and inviting. The pebbles beneath his feet are glass smooth.

Gingerly, he steps in a few feet, pauses, then advances further, up to his waist.

The sky darkens, the temperature plummets, and the wind picks up. It's a foul, nauseating gust. Several dead jackdaws drop from the sky, splashing in front of David, before being swept down river.

The water level rises, as does its rate of flow. In the distance, upstream, he spies a barge loaded with immense logs. It strikes a massive boulder and capsizes, sending the huge timbers downstream, in a crashing, tumbling jumble.

The once-smooth pebbles are now sharp, jagged, and tear at his skin. David tries to move against the current, to no

avail. Each step is a Herculean labor. He looks to shore, then upstream -- time is running short.

David hears his name being called and looks once more to shore. Susan stands at the river's edge, wearing a stunning, white evening gown, waving a gigantic bottle of Kaopectate.

BACK TO SCENE

SUSAN (O.S.)
 David? David! Are you down
 there? We're going to be late!...
 David!

David awakens perplexed, anxious.

DAVID
 What? Late for what?

TOP OF STAIRWELL

Susan, attractively attired, looks down at David.

SUSAN
 It's the twenty-first -- our
 anniversary, mister! We have a
 dinner reservation, in thirty
 minutes, at La Giaconda. David,
 you're a mess!

SUSAN'S POV

DAVID
 I knew that. I'll be ready in a
 minute, or two, or more.

DAVID'S POV

Susan, angry, walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. LA GIACONDA'S - EVENING

This ornate, expensive Italian restaurant is bustling. Every table is full and music plays, as waiters and busboys tend to the boisterous crowd.

David and Susan enter the crowded entrance way. Room is instantly made for odoriferous David.

Patrons hold their noses and comment MOS.

Ashen, sweaty David and Susan approach the maitre d' stand.

The MAITRE D' covers his mouth with his handkerchief.

DAVID
Good evening. Reservation for
Camp, party of two.

David momentarily doubles over in pain, then stands erect. Susan looks away, cringes. The maitre d' is alarmed.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Is something wrong?

MAITRE D'
No-no, it's just that senor's
cologne is quite... distinctive.
Perhaps I am allergic, for which I
humbly apologize. GEORGETTE,
please show the Camps to table
twelve.

GEORGETTE
Isn't table twelve--

MAITRE D'
Just do as I say! Table twelve.

TABLE 12

The Camp's tiny, wobbly table is jammed between an open window and the restroom entrance.

A WAITER approaches, catches a whiff, and steps back two paces.

WAITER
Good evening and wel-- welcome to
La Giaconda.

Susan notices the restaurant is now silent.

SUSAN'S POV

She takes a panoramic view of the crowd -- all eyes are fixed on the Camps.

BACK TO SCENE

Susan grabs a menu from under the waiter's arm, opens it and hides.

WAITER

W-would you... Whew! Would you care to hear our smell-cials, uh, specials?

SUSAN

No! Go away!

WAITER

Thank God!

The waiter dashes into the men's room.

A WATER BOY approaches, fills Susan's glass, starts to fill David's, then pauses.

David looks at him, blankly.

WATER BOY

Lisa Camp is your daughter, right? I go to school with her. She fixed our bus.

DAVID

Yeah, Lisa' my daughter.

David grimaces when his stomach gurgles.

The water boy grins.

WATER BOY

It's true, about the bet?

David shakes his head.

DAVID'S POV

The water boy, still grinning, walks away, approaches other STAFF and talks MOS. They all suppress laughter.

WATER BOY

Hold it in, Mr. Camp!

Other PATRONS stand and individually echo the water boy's expression of support.

MALE PATRON #1

Hold it in, Camp! You can do it -- but don't!

The crowd laughs.

FEMALE PATRON #1
It's purely mind over fecal
matter, David!

BACK TO SCENE

SUSAN
You lied! You did make some
stupid bet with Henry. How long
did you bet you go, without going
-- and for how much?

David farts and groans.

DAVID
...a month. As for the money, I'd
rather not say.

SUSAN
Not say?

DAVID
Look, don't make it sound like I'm
the only one keeping secrets, in
this family. There's no shortage
of gossip circulating about you
and that yogi in wolf's clothing
-- Bool.

SUSAN
Bool? Really? That's absurd.

Susan stands and throws her napkin in David's face.

The waiter approaches with a basket of bread.

WAITER
I understand today is your wedding
anniversary. On behalf of La
Giaconda's, we wish you--

Susan knocks the basket out of the waiter's hand and storms
out.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

As Lisa decorates the Christmas tree, Susan sobs in a club
chair. David sits in the opposite corner of the room,
holds his belly and moans.

LISA

Sounds like you two had a splendid evening celebrating. I guess now that Mom knows about your poop bet, I can tell her about my good news.

Susan breaks from her sorrow.

SUSAN

What good news?

Lisa swallows hard.

LISA

Dad says that I don't have to go to college -- that I can prepare for automotive repair school, instead.

Susan shrieks, cries hysterically.

David swigs Kaopectate.

DAVID

Lisa, the deal is off.

LISA

Off?!

Lisa throws a ten-inch, ceramic snowman at him. It misses and knocks David's beloved photo, of his family trip to Las Vegas, off the mantle, onto the floor, where it shatters.

Lisa bursts into tears.

LISA (CONT'D)

You promised! You promised! You can't change your mind! I hope you explode, you stinking sack of shit!

David crawls to the smashed photo, cuts himself on broken glass, and cries.

O.s. the sound of an exceptionally loud motorcycle, approaching the house, is heard.

FRONT DOOR OF CAMP'S HOME

It opens, and the three miserable Camps step out to investigate.

CAMPS' POV

A badass Harley, with a single rider, pulls into the driveway dragging the corpse of an adult moose, by a heavy chain.

The rider struts up to the Camps and removes his helmet.

RICK

This a good time to visit, little brother?

BACK TO SCENE

DAVID

I don't remember inviting you, Rick, but the moose can stay.

SUSAN

Uh, no it can't. How'd you end up dragging it here?

RICK

It stepped out on Route 90, to say hello, about a half mile from here. I was doin' ninety on 90, and the rest, as they say, is dinner. Didn't want to show up empty handed.

Lisa, fascinated, steps towards the bike, but David holds her back.

RICK (CONT'D)

Lisa, Susan, you're both lookin' well. And David, I must say, you look and smell like shit. So, you gonna invite me in?

INT. KITCHEN

Susan, David and Lisa take their usual seats, at the kitchen table. David, eyes closed, rocks back and forth in pain.

Rick reverses the fourth chair and takes a seat. David opens one eye.

DAVID

Who said you could sit?

LISA

D-a-a-a-d...

SUSAN
Show a little hospitality.

RICK
How's high school goin', Lisa?

Lisa shrugs.

RICK (CONT'D)
I can see by the dried motor oil
and grime under your trimmed
nails, that you have some interest
in automotive repair. Am I right,
or am I right?

Lisa cracks a smile, blushes.

LISA
Yeah, you could say that. I know
my way around an engine, though no
one else seems to appreciate it.

RICK
Awesome. Go with what you love.
Not many people have the guts to
do it.

Rick pounds the table.

SUSAN
It's been years, Rick. What are
you up to? You workin'?

Rick pops a toothpick into his mouth, leans back.

RICK
Oh, yeah, been workin' steady.
Workin' for one of the major
cruise lines out of New Orleans,
for about... four years now.

LISA
Cool, what do you do?

DAVID
He separates passengers from their
wallets.

SUSAN
David, why say a thing like that?

Rick jumps to his feet.

RICK

It's for the same damn reason he's always questioned my honesty -- the roulette wheel cuff link you think I stole when we was kids. Get over it! It did not happen!

DAVID

I'll get over it, when you admit it.

David has a terrible spasm, belches and farts simultaneously.

RICK

I may not be perfect, little brother, but if I had a home and a family, I sure as hell wouldn't risk their future on some damn toilet-goin' bet!

Susan rolls her eyes.

SUSAN

Oh, my God, you know about it, too?

DAVID

How? Where?

Rick chuckles.

RICK

Fillin' station outside of Janesville. Two truckers were laughin' themselves silly over it. And bettin' on it, too.

David moans.

RICK (CONT'D)

With eight days to go, based on what I see, I'd say you got as much chance of winnin', as nailin' Jell-o to the wall.

DAVID

You're here because you smell money and you've got nowhere else to go. It wouldn't surprise me if you're on the run, as well.

RICK

Oh, I smell, somethin' all right, but believe me, it ain't money.

Rick fans the air.

SUSAN

Rick, if you do need a place, just
for a while, we'll make room.

David grits his teeth.

LISA

It'll be all right, Dad. Uncle
Rick will be a help.

DAVID

At what?

RICK

Maybe bein' your pallbearer.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NEXT MORNING

(DECEMBER 24)

David shuffles in, chugging Kaopectate. His distended
belly hangs well over his grimy pajama bottoms.

Rick sits at the table, sipping coffee.

DAVID

Well, I see you're already making
yourself useful. Don't strain
yourself.

RICK

You bet. You got a phone call
around nine-thirty this morning
from some Dum-Ass Company. That's
what it sounded like, anyway.

Rick hands David the handwritten message.

DAVID

You're the dumb ass. It's
pronounced 'doo-maas.' They're
the chocolate candy company I
interviewed with last month.

RICK

Well, whoever it was, they want
you to call back right away.

David calls the number, using the kitchen wall phone.

DAVID

Yes, hello? This is David Camp calling back about the production manager's job... Yes, yes... I see... Tomorrow? Christmas Day? Five a.m.? No, I don't mind; it's not like it's a major holiday... Thanks.

David jubilantly tosses the corded receiver in the air. It recoils and hits him in the head.

RICK

If they hired you, the company's gotta be named Dumb Ass.

CUT TO:

INT. DUMASSE CHOCOLATE FACTORY - MORNING (CHRISTMAS DAY)

PRODUCTION FLOOR

Massive vats and pipework process and transport solid and liquid chocolate on a vast scale.

SERIES OF SHOTS

David, in an ill-fitting smock and hard hat is shown the facility by a no-nonsense, middle-aged, female employee, LOUISE.

A) David is shown how to slice open two-hundred-pound bags of cocoa beans. He tries and drops the knife into the vat.

B) A complex control panel and computer monitor regulate the roasting and grinding of the beans. David pushes a button, instantly setting off alarms and flashing lights. Louise stamps her foot.

C) An enormous open-top vat contains blades that stir liquid chocolate. David approaches to look in; Louise pulls him back, just as his helmet comes off. She swats it, to keep it from falling in, then sighs, shakes her head.

D) As they pass a men's room, David pauses and silently indicates he needs a break. Louise reluctantly agrees.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Alone, David clutches the sides of the metal sink and stares into the mirror. Overhead lights cast ominous shadows on his bloated, haggard face.

DAVID'S HALLUCINATION

Shotgun in hand, David pauses in a dense forest, listening for his prey. He wears a thick, wool hunting jacket and a red hunting cap. In the biting cold, his exhalations form billowing clouds that linger, then slowly dissipate.

He takes a few steps, squints, then turns to his guide, a talking black BEAR. The bear whispers into David's ear. David nods and resumes walking.

Seconds later, the snap of a twig stops him in his tracks. He looks to the bear, now twenty feet away, who shrugs.

From behind, David is pounced upon by crazed Henry Kimmel. The two men struggle, as the bear, amused, watches.

A moose approaches the bear and inquires about the fight. The bear explains; they laugh.

In their fight, David grips the stock of the shotgun, while Henry grabs the muzzle. They whirl, furiously, in a circle. Instantly, they find themselves transported onto a spinning roulette wheel, absent the gun. David and Henry hang onto the edges of compartment 13, black.

Mercifully, the wheel slows, then stops. The bear, now dressed as a casino dealer, stands to its side. The men turn their attention to it.

BEAR

Black, 13, there are no winners.

BACK TO SCENE

LOUISE (O.S.)

Hey, Camp! Let's go! The job's out here!

EXT. MEN'S ROOM

David slowly exits, farts.

LOUISE
 C'mon, let's get to your station.
 Ain't got all day. This is some
 dern way to spend my Christmas,
 showin' some sick greenie, like
 you, the ropes.

David and Louise come to David's work post. It's focus is a two-foot-wide pipe that expels pulses of liquid chocolate at a high rate, into a swimming-pool-size vat.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
 This will be your post for the
 next month, Camp. Get used to it.
 Believe me, you'll be seeing it in
 your dreams.

David, stunned, rubs his belly and stares at the gushing chocolate.

DAVID
 But what do I do?

Louise slaps a high-tech, pistol grip thermometer into David's hand.

LOUISE
 You point this, at the chocolate,
 to take its temperature, as it's
 flowing, that's what. All that
 ooey-gooey, flowing, liquid brown
 muck has to register at
 one-hundred-sixty degrees -- no
 less, ever.

David's stomach gurgles, his eyes roll.

LOUISE (CONT'D)
 It's a boring, even disgusting,
 job, and personally, I don't know
 how anyone could do it ten
 minutes, without crapping their
 pants, but it's a paying job, with
 benefits, from day one. You
 should thank your buddy.

DAVID
 Who? What buddy?

LOUISE
 Henry Kimmel. He pulled a few
 strings; knows someone upstairs.
 Said you'd be perfect for it.

Louise laughs till she coughs, then spits.

David takes a deep breath and composes himself. A look of determination sets in.

DAVID
I'm all set here, Louise. Go home
and open your presents.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP'S GARAGE - 6 P.M.

David's car pulls into the driveway, over the moose. Lisa, cleaning Rick's bike, steps away and approaches David's vehicle.

A light snow falls.

LISA
Isn't this a 'merry' Christmas?
Looks like you survived your first
day. Did Willy Wonka put you in
charge of the Oompa Loompas? You
okay?

David belches thunderously. Lisa steps back.

DAVID
I'm in no mood to talk. Where's
Mom?

LISA
She went to see Bool. Rick went
with her.

David slams the steering wheel and farts.

DAVID
This has got to stop -- today.

He throws the car into reverse, steps on the gas, runs over the moose again and takes off.

INT. DAVID'S CAR

DAVID'S POV

As David speeds through the neighborhood, he sees a lawn sign and slows down. It reads: "Hold it in, David!" Further driving reveals half a dozen more, all encouraging.

DAVID

The only place that doesn't know
about the bet is the International
Space Station.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - DAY

Two floating ASTRONAUTS.

ASTRONAUT #1

Yuri, you think he can actually do
it? You know, without dying.

Astronaut #2 reaches into his back pocket, produces a
metallic envelope.

ASTRONAUT #2

I'll bet you my last, freeze-dried
beef stroganoff he can. If I win,
you give me your last dehydrated
cheeseburger.

ASTRONAUT #1

You are some kind of high-roller,
Yuri.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BOOL'S STUDIO - MINUTES LATER

David pulls up behind Susan's SUV. A terrific spasm hits,
as he exits the vehicle. He drops to his knees, crawls to
Bool's front door, just as Rick and Susan are saying
goodbye to Bool.

A stray dog approaches David, sniffs his butt, yelps and
runs into traffic. Breaks screech. Horns blare. The dog
runs off.

SUSAN

David! Have you looked in a
mirror today? Your skin's the
color of Silly Putty!

RICK

Hey, how was the first day of
work? They put you in charge of
the nut logs? They let you lick
the spoon? Sort the Goobers?

Bool bows, his hands in a praying position.

BOOL
Merry Christmas to you, Mr. David
Camp.

DAVID
Merry Chr-chr-istmas?

David grabs Bool's feet and pulls himself upward.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I'll show you a mer-merry
Christmas, you camel-kissin' home
wrecker.

Bool pulls away.

BOOL
Your cultural reference is
completely off base, Mr. David
Camp. The camel is of no
significance--

DAVID
I've got a new pose for you, Bool!
It's called, shut up and put 'em
up!

David tries to raise his fists, but can't get them above
his waist. His knees buckle. He farts.

RICK
Bool, whatever you do, don't hit
him in the stomach! He's a
tickin' shit bomb!

BOOL
I am not hitting anyone, Mr. Rick
Camp. It is against my
principles.

Susan restrains David.

SUSAN
David, believe me, there is
nothing, I mean nothing, going on
between me and Bool.

Bool nods in agreement. David relaxes.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I admire him as an instructor,
but, physically, I find him...
repulsive.

BOOL
And you find David attractive?

SUSAN
Not lately...

BOOL
That aside, Mr. David, I would like to try to make amends. If you would be so kind, please come inside. I can show you poses that are most relaxing for the intestinal tract. They could prove to be beneficial, in your contest with Mr. Henry Kimmel.

DAVID
You would do that, for me?

BOOL
Most certainly, Mr. David; I have bet three hundred dollars that you defeat that freakin' dipshit.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID & SUSAN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING (DECEMBER 31)

David tries to assume one of the poses shown to him by Bool. He holds it briefly, then collapses, exhausted, on the bed.

Susan enters, holding an envelope.

SUSAN
Don't you have to get ready for work?

DAVID
Going in a little later; I've had a couple thousand spasms.

He stifles a scream and curls up into a ball. Sweat streams from every pore.

Susan is inured.

SUSAN
We got an invitation to the Kimmel's New Year's Eve party tonight. It's Roman themed.

DAVID
You seriously thinking of going?

SUSAN

Sure. Don't you want to spoil his party by winning the bet? You only have to hold it in until midnight.

David, renewed, sits up.

DAVID

All right, we'll go. I've got to get to work.

CUT TO:

INT. DUMASSE CHOCOLATE FACTORY - LATER

David, at his work post, is transfixed on the liquid chocolate gushing from the pipe, into the vat. With each surge, his guts rumble.

David's eyes tear, his legs tremble.

DAVID

No, oh, no -- it's coming.

A tap on the shoulder, from Louise, sends David head over heels, into the vat.

Lights flash, alarms sound. Everything comes to a halt.

LOUISE'S POV/DAVID'S POV INTERCUTTING

David struggles to stay afloat.

Louise, smiles, looks down at David.

LOUISE

You are, of course, fired.

DAVID

Happy New Year to you, too, Louise.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUMASSE CHOCOLATE CO. PARKING LOT

Chocolate-coated David trudges towards his car, one of a handful in the sprawling lot.

His despair, at having been fired, on his first day -- on Christmas Day -- deepens with every squishy step.

At his destination, his shaking hand fumbles with the door handle, leaving smears of chocolate.

He hears an unfamiliar voice.

CHARLES MUNDANE (O.S.)
Hello there. Hello, are you David
Camp, of Janesville?

David is too stunned to turn his head towards the speaker, who now stands next to him.

CHARLES MUNDANE
I said, hello. I'm Charles
Mundane, with the Janesville Daily
Telegraph. I also do a weekly
feature on Channel 16 News -- "the
news you can use" -- you've seen
the ads. Uh, you are David Camp,
aren't you?

DAVID
Sure, well, sort of. This is
what's left.

Mundane extends his hand, thinks twice, then withdraws it.

CHARLES MUNDANE
Merry Christmas!

DAVID
What do you want?

CHARLES MUNDANE
You've become a person of
considerable interest, in
Janesville, and out of state, as
well. I'd like to do a story
about you, maybe even interview
you on TV.

David opens the car door.

DAVID
I don't... I don't understand.

CHARLES MUNDANE
Apparently, you do not. David,
you've become a local celebrity
and, naturally, people want to
know more about you.

David looks at himself, farts.

DAVID
I'm a celebrity? A celebrity?

CHARLES MUNDANE
Why, yes. Celebrities aren't just movie stars, or athletes, David. They're also people of interest -- people who have... accomplished something.

DAVID
Like not shitting.

Mundane smiles.

CHARLES MUNDANE
Let's just stick with, a person of interest. What do you say?

David hears the blades of a helicopter, looks up.

DAVID'S POV

The Channel 16 News helicopter hovers over head.

BACK TO SCENE

David sighs, gets into his car. Mundane grasps the door, prevents it from closing.

CHARLES MUNDANE
David, if I may, just one question. Please? Thousands and thousands of people want to know more. More about David Camp, the man.

David is exasperated.

DAVID
Okay, one question.

CHARLES MUNDANE
Can it be a two-part question?

David wearily nods, a tear rolls down his cheek.

CHARLES MUNDANE (CONT'D)
Are you gay?

DAVID
What's the other question?

Charles pauses, reflects on David's sad state.

CHARLES MUNDANE

I, I don't have a second question,
pal. You should go home; just go
home.

Charles releases the car door, then waves off the
helicopter.

David closes it, starts the engine and drives away.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CAMP HOME - LATER

As David's car approaches, he sees three large motorcycles
blocking the driveway. Raised voices, some unfamiliar,
come from the house.

David parks across the street from his home. Covered in
dried chocolate, he gingerly walks to the front door.

Susan opens the door and shrieks.

SUSAN

David! What happened? Did you...

DAVID

Detonate? No, I fell into a vat
of ganache. Who's here? Who do
those bikes belong to?

SUSAN

You better come in.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Gale, Lindsey and Dana, the three bouncers from the Lucky
Gent Casino, have found Rick. Two of them hold him
tightly.

DAVID

The three of you want to explain
what you're doing here, in my
living room, before I call the
law?

GALE

Look, I'm Gale and these here are
Lindsey and Dana.

DAVID
What's with the girlie names?

GALE
Don't start, mister. As I was about to say, we got no gripe against you. Your brother here swindled twenty-nine thousand dollars from the Lucky Gent Casino, in Louisiana. We're here to collect, that's all.

LISA
Uncle Rick, you said you worked for a cruise line.

The bouncers laugh.

RICK
I did apply.

SUSAN
Rick, do you have their money?

RICK
Why are you, my own kin, accepting their side of the story?

Rick struggles. Gale punches him in the gut.

DAVID
Hey! That is not acceptable! You keep your hands off my brother!

RICK
It's okay, David. At least I can take a shot in the gut, without crapping out a rhinoceros.

LINDSEY
What the hell does that mean?

DANA
God, you're stupid, Lindsey. The brother is David Camp. 'The' David Camp. You know, the guy who bet fifty large he could go a whole month, without taking a dump? Don't you keep up with American culture?

DAVID
Not you, too. Jesus, is there anyone who doesn't know about it?!

GALE

Listen, we've got orders to bring back the money, or his hide. What's it gonna be, Rick? I assume you're fond of having a hide.

DAVID

Rick, do you have their money?

Rick shakes his head.

The bouncers drag Rick towards the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hold up! We're going to a New Year's Eve party next door, and in an hour, or so, I'm going to win fifty grand, from the guy throwin' it, my neighbor. When I get the money, I'll cover my brother's debts.

RICK

David, I'm speechless.

DAVID

Good.

David doubles over with excruciating pain, farts, then rights himself.

DANA

Sounds good, but a couple of things, first. A: we're coming to the party, along with Rick. Don't want him skippin' town again.

SUSAN

The party's got a Roman theme.

DANA

Fine, we'll be the barbarians.

LISA

That should come naturally, and you're already in costume.

Dana gives Lisa a dirty look.

DANA

And B: you sure you gonna win? You look like you've been dead for a week.

DAVID
I'll do it.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP'S BEDROOM - LATER

David, Susan and Lisa wrap themselves in bed sheets, as improvised togas. Lisa adds a finishing touch to David's getup, by pulling leaves from an artificial flower arrangement and fashioning them into a wreath she places on his head.

O.s. music and laughter, from the next door party, are audible in the b.g.

There is a knock on the bedroom door.

Rick enters, one hand behind his back.

David approaches him.

 DAVID
What do you have there?

 RICK
A little token of my appreciation.

Rick brings his arm around, revealing a bottle of Concentrated Kaopectate, with something strung around its neck -- David's long lost roulette wheel cuff link.

David eagerly grabs the bottle.

 DAVID
You bastard! You did steal it. I
can't believe it.

 RICK
I know, I know, but the thing
brought me luck. It brought me
back to you.

Rick affectionately pats David on the stomach.

 LISA
Careful, it could blow any second.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF KIMMEL HOME - 11 P.M.

Henry, dressed as a Roman general, greets David and his entourage.

HENRY
Welcome, David, Susan, Lisa -- I
was afraid you weren't coming.

Henry smiles when David grabs his stomach and grimaces.

HENRY (CONT'D)
Apparently, there's still hope.
Who are the rest? I don't
recognize any of them.

SUSAN
This is Rick, Henry's twin
brother. And these other three
'gentlemen' are David's...
security detail.

HENRY
Why a security detail?

SUSAN
He'll need it. Fifty thousand
dollars is an awful lot to walk
around with.

HENRY
We'll see. They're dressed, as
barbarians -- how appropriate.

Lisa smirks, elbows Rick.

Dozens of revelers can be seen and heard inside the house.

HENRY (CONT'D)
C'mon in, everyone. Welcome to
the third century. Grab a drink
and something to eat.

David is the last to enter.

The two men exchange icy stares.

HENRY (CONT'D)
I see you're still wearing your
monitor.

DAVID
Well, of course, it was part of
the... the...

David's jaw drops, when he looks at Henry's wrist.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What the...? Where the hell is yours?!

HENRY

Weren't you the least bit curious, as to why I stopped communicating? I misplaced it awhile ago. You've been on the honor system, David, without knowing it.

David gasps; tears stream from his bloodshot eyes. Stunned, he steps inside the house.

DAVID

I could have. I could have. I could have...

HENRY

I want you to know I 'truly' appreciate your good sportsmanship.

Henry laughs.

INT. KIMMEL HOME

A GUEST, dressed as Julius Caesar, with multiple knives stuck in him, recognizes David and rushes over to greet him.

GUEST #1

Look, everyone, it's David Camp! You still holding it in, pal?

The guest playfully elbows David in the belly. Other guests congregate around David.

Susan rushes to David's aid, but he is oblivious to it all and keeps mumbling the same words over and over.

DAVID

I could have. I could have...

SUSAN

You could have what?

David is silent. She slaps him.

DAVID

Henry lost his monitor! I could have crapped like a blue whale and he wouldn't have known.

Susan shakes David.

SUSAN

Look, there's less than an hour to go. Keep your shit together, literally.

Susan and David walk around the outrageously decorated home. Fountains, statues and torches give it the look of Ancient Rome.

David pulls out a bottle of Kaopectate and takes a drink, followed by a handful of gummy bears. He spies a tray of brownies, grabs one, and wolfs it down in a few bites, without Susan noticing.

BASEMENT - 11:45 P.M.

The party extends to the basement, where David and Susan cross paths with Lisa.

SUSAN

Having fun?

LISA

Not really, this party isn't for me.

SUSAN

But it's nearly midnight. Don't you want to see your father win fifty thousand dollars?

Lisa puts down her plate of food and drink.

LISA

No. Truthfully, I'm pissed about not being able to change my major, especially after being given hope. 'Happy' New Year.

Lisa departs. David puts down his bottle of Kaopectate. His knees wobble, then he convulses, from head to toe.

CORNER OF THE BASEMENT

The Kimmels look concerned.

THE KIMMEL'S POV

Melanie and Henry observe the Camps.

BACK TO SCENE

MELANIE

Good news: I saw him sneak one brownie, when Susan wasn't looking, earlier. It was from the special batch I prepared.

HENRY

Good thing you remembered his weakness for them. How much of the laxative was in it?

MELANIE

Five boxes.

SUSAN AND DAVID

Susan barely keeps David on his feet.

SUSAN

David, less than fifteen minutes to go.

DAVID

Don't use the word 'go.'

The Camps draw the other guests' attention.

SUSAN

David, is there a bathroom down here? You need to be ready at midnight.

DAVID

Yeah, there's one, past the door to the garage.

Slowly, they snake their way through the curious crowd of onlookers. Henry and Melanie note their progress.

STAIRWELL

Rick and the three bouncers descend the stairs, to the basement.

RICK
Boys, you'll have your money,
before you know it.

DANA
And if we don't, you'll be
skinned, before you know it.

BACK TO SCENE

Henry, anxious, ducks into the basement bathroom.

David hyperventilates. His farts boom above the cacophony of the party.

11:55 P.M.

David and Susan are parked outside the bathroom door.

SUSAN
You can do this! You will do
this! Keep thinking of the fifty
thousand! You can get a new car;
we can finally go on a trip, and
we can renovate the bathrooms.

DAVID
Don't talk about bathrooms!
Susan, I'm losing it. I'm really
losing it!

11:58 P.M.

Melanie approaches with a tray of food.

MELANIE
David, you look positively
famished. Try some of my chunky
jalapeno bean dip. It's to die
for.

Rick emerges from the crowd and pushes the bowl of dip up,
into her face.

RICK
You try it first.

David turns the handle on the bathroom door -- it's locked.

Susan bangs on the door.

SUSAN
Hey! Whoever's in there -- this
is beyond an emergency!

DAVID
Fire in the hole.

11:59 P.M.

Henry slothfully steps out of bathroom, holding a bag of
chips.

SUSAN
That is low, Henry.

HENRY
What do you mean? Did you think
this was still a bathroom? We
converted it to a storeroom.
Chip?

DAVID
It was a bathroom a month ago,
Henry!

GUEST #2 (O.S.)
It's midnight! Happy new year,
everyone! David Camp -- you can
shit!

The crowd erupts in celebration. Henry droops. Melanie,
covered with dip, cries, as she tries to clean it from the
carpet.

The bikers approach the Camps, including Rick, all smiles.

RICK
You had it in you, after all,
little brother, and you kept it
there. Now make the bastard pay!

CROWD OF GUESTS
David Camp! David Camp!

David cries out in anguish and joy.

DAVID
Get out your checkbook, Henry, and
start writing.

Humiliated, Henry produces a checkbook, from underneath his
Roman tunic. He opens it, starts to write, then pauses.

HENRY
 You're quite the competitor,
 David. I have to admit it; I
 underestimated you.

SUSAN
 You sure as hell did.

HENRY
 Okay, then, fifty thousand...
 that's a fairly large chunk of
 change, but not really
 significant.

DAVID
 How's that?

HENRY
 I'm just saying, fifty grand is
 okay, but a hundred grand -- now
 that's a nice, round number. What
 do you say we double the bet and
 extend it one more month? You
 win, I owe you a hundred large. I
 win, you owe me the same.

Susan grabs David's arm.

SUSAN
 David? David!

David takes a swig of Kaopectate, swallows hard, pulls
 himself together and stands toe-to-toe with Henry.

DAVID
 You're on, Kimmel!

Susan, aghast, nearly passes out.

The crowd moans.

Rick, horrified, bolts up the stairs, the three bouncers in
 pursuit.

CUT TO:

KIMMEL'S FRONT LAWN MOMENTS LATER

David and Susan peruse the local area for Rick and the
 bikers.

RICK (O.S.)
 Lisa! Be who you want to be!

THE CAMP'S DRIVEWAY

Rick's bike revs and shoots out of the open garage. As he nears its base, he pulls up on the handlebars, hits the moose carcass, and launches over the bouncers' bikes.

Dana, Lindsey and Gale run out of the garage, hop on their choppers and tear after Rick.

BACK TO SCENE

Lisa walks out of the garage, across the lawn, up to David and Susan.

LISA

Did you hear Uncle Rick? He said I should be who I want to be.

SUSAN

It's good advice, and I don't have the strength to defy you and contend with your father. You can change your major, Lisa.

LISA

Thanks, both of you.

DAVID

They'll carve Rick into lunch meat, when they catch him.

Lisa smiles.

LISA

They won't catch him.

SUSAN

How do you know?

Lisa produces a wrench from her back pocket.

LISA

Because they'll be out of oil, before they hit the interstate.

The Camps laugh and walk towards their front door.

The stray dog that sniffed David's butt, outside of Bool's, approaches him, once again. David farts explosively and the dog keels over.

CUT TO:

EXT. JANESVILLE CEMETERY - DAY

(ONE MONTH LATER)

MOURNERS gather around an open grave on a gray, snowy afternoon. A black coffin, topped with flowers, is suspended over it, awaiting lowering.

A PRIEST quietly reads from a bible.

Susan and Lisa sob, embrace.

SUSAN

He was a good man, in his own strange way. He tried hard, did his best. What else can one say?

LISA

I judged him too harshly. I wish I could say that to his face. I'll always remember him.

Wearing a trench coat, over sweats, David approaches Susan and Lisa, from behind. His appearance is ghastly.

David puts his arms around his daughter and wife.

DAVID

And they say he had great posture, right till the end.

LISA

Poor Mr. Cannatoona. If only he had slouched a little bit on his bicycle, his head would have cleared that crossbeam.

SUSAN

You're here, finally. Where have you... David, you're putrid, worse than ever. Thank God this is the last day.

Lisa places her hand over her mouth and nose.

LISA

Yeah, you are ripe, Dad.

Lisa looks over her shoulder, eyes the path, through the snow, that David took to get to them. Something is very wrong.

SUSAN

One hundred thousand dollars will pay a lot of bills. I just hope Henry is good for it.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I've had my suspicions, since he
put off paying you the fifty.

David bites his lower lip, looks away.

LISA

Ummm, Mom?

Lisa points behind David, at the snow tracks that lead back
to a nearby mausoleum, with an open gate.

The snow is mixed with streaks of brown.

SUSAN

David! God, no! What the fuck
did you do?

The ceremony stops. All eyes are focused on the Camps.

David exhales, thinks.

DAVID

Oh, about... two month's worth.

LISA

Ecch! What did you use for toilet
paper?

DAVID

There was a satin banner inside
that said, rest in peace. Too bad
there wasn't more of it.

SUSAN

We're going to get nothing, after
putting up with your nonsense, for
two solid months?!

Henry chimes in.

HENRY (V.O.)

Hello, Camps. As you can hear, I
found my wrist monitor. Susan,
you are dead on, you will be
getting nothing. I, on the other
hand, will be getting a check for
one hundred thousand dollars, from
your aromatic husband, who, I can
honestly say, is no longer full of
crap. Isn't it wonderful, David,
that we finally agree on
something?

Disgusted, David rips off his wrist monitor. Red ink from the tamper-proof tape sprays onto his face and coat.

The priest slams his bible shut.

PRIEST

David, I bet two hundred dollars
on you, you pathetic jerk.

MOURNER #1

I bet four hundred!

Mourner #1's wife scowls, slugs him with her purse.

Other mourners state their losses.

LISA

Maybe we should get out of here.

David gulps.

DAVID

Oh, no... there's more.

The snowfall intensifies.

David, desperate, looks back at the mausoleum and knows he won't make it in time. His bowels rumble.

He eyes the space below the still-suspended coffin and charges. The gap is narrow, but David squeezes through and drops to the bottom of the open grave. The horrified mourners recoil.

Intestinal sounds and steam emanate from beneath the coffin.

LISA

I wonder what Mr. Cannatoona would
say.

PRIEST

I don't know, but it would
probably have something to do with
your father's posture.

CUT TO:

EXT. FABRE'S KITCHEN, LOUISIANA - LATE NIGHT

The flickering neon sign displays the restaurant's name.
Beneath it, a smaller sign reads: cheap, edible barbecue.

INT. FABRE'S KITCHEN

Two men sit at the long, worn counter of this rundown barbecue joint; one in the center, the other at the far end, close to the restrooms. They are the sole patrons.

The slovenly MAN in the center finishes his coffee, belches and reaches for his wallet. He pulls out a dollar bill and tosses it into his greasy plate.

The young, redheaded WAITRESS, two feet away, frowns.

MAN

Why the nasty look, darlin'? I don't usually tip at all.

WAITRESS

A whole dollar? Why you givin' me your entire life's savings, Chester? Don't you need that for your kid's orthodontia?

He departs.

The waitress approaches the patron at the far end of the counter and smiles, revealing bad teeth.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

And what can I get you, hon, at this ungodly hour?

RICK

Too late for a rack of ribs?

The waitress blows a pink bubble, pops it.

WAITRESS

I'll see what I can do. I got some pull with the cook.

She wiggles towards the kitchen. Rick is alone. He stands, looks around and heads for the restroom.

INT. MEN'S ROOM

Still alone, Rick steps into the third stall. He kneels and inspects the space behind the john. Rick produces a knife and picks at the dirty tile.

With modest effort, he pries it open, revealing a depression containing a rectangular bundle, wrapped in black plastic.

RICK

Time to make a withdrawal from
Rick Camp's Savings and Loan.
Twenty-nine thousand should do.
Think I'll close the account,
while I'm at it.

Holding the bundle, Rick exits the stall. He's no longer
alone -- the face is familiar.

Rick's eyes widen.

MANAGER

I see you're not a total liar...
Mr. Rick Camp.

The manager rubs out his cigarette on the floor.

RICK

That's right. I did say I lost
the money at Fabre's Kitchen, and
here it is. How'd you ever find
me?

MANAGER

I was on my way home and spotted
your Harley in the parkin' lot.
You should've parked in the back,
jackass. Now hand over the money.

The men's room door flies open and hits the back wall with
a bang, distracting the manager.

WAITRESS

Cutie, you got a choice of two
sides with those ribs. I told you
I had pull!

Seizing the opportunity, Rick grabs the manager by the
lapels and throws him into an open stall. The manager
slips and falls. Rick slips the waitress a twenty-dollar
bill and bolts out the restroom door.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Now that's a tip.

PARKING LOT

Rick jumps on his bike, guns it and is out of sight, down
the dark road, in seconds, leaving a cloud of dust.

CUT TO:

INT. CAMP'S KITCHEN - MORNING

(FEBRUARY 1)

David, disconsolate, sits at the kitchen table, staring off into space. He's too sad, too lost in thought, to look at the nearby stack of unopened mail.

A knock at the back door does not disrupt his inactivity.

Henry enters.

HENRY

Don't you even answer the door?

David shrugs.

HENRY (CONT'D)

I don't know how to say this, without sounding like some second-rate movie villain, but you do owe me a hundred thousand dollars, David. I just love saying that number, over and over... one hundred thousand...

Susan enters, carrying a loaded laundry basket. She sets it on the counter.

SUSAN

Oh, I see the Angel of Death has arrived. I thought I heard your voice, Henry. You presenting us with an eviction notice?

HENRY

I'm not that cruel, though I have a right to be, after Rick pushed that bowl of bean dip into Melanie's face, on New Year's Eve. She's still finding it in her hair.

Lisa enters.

LISA

I tasted it; it wasn't that good. Rick found a better use for it.

David comes out of his trance.

DAVID

You know, Henry, it was more than decent of me to accept your revised bet. I had every right to say no and insist you pay me the fifty grand.

HENRY

So?

David reaches into his pocket.

DAVID

So, as your lifelong friend, I'd like you to extend me the same courtesy.

Lisa and Susan moan and wince.

SUSAN

What's there to bet, David? We had nothing, and you lost that!

LISA

Are you going to sell me and Mom into slavery? I'm pretty sure that's illegal.

David opens his palm, revealing one of his roulette wheel cuff links.

DAVID

One spin, Henry. Black, or red? I win, I owe you nothing -- the slate is clean.

HENRY

You're a sick, sick man, David. I'm only considering your offer because I'm guessing you don't have any ready cash, anyway. Getting paid is going to be like pulling teeth.

Lisa, appalled, distracts herself by going through the mail.

DAVID

C'mon, Henry, just like when we were kids. You win this bet and I'll throw in the cuff links, on top of the hundred grand. How's that?

Lisa finds an envelope with no return address.

Henry scratches his chin, grits his teeth.

HENRY

Black. Spin it.

David closes his eyes and gives the tiny wheel a furious spin.

Henry draws near and observes, his brow wrinkled.

Lisa holds the envelope up to the light.

DAVID'S POV

The tiny white ball flies around, inside the cuff link. It bounces and finally settles on five, red.

BACK TO SCENE

DAVID
Five, red, red, red!

David cheers. Susan joyfully screams.

Henry covers his eyes, takes a wobbly step back.

SUSAN
David! You actually won at something!

David and Susan embrace.

LISA
Holy crap! It's a cashier's check made out to you, Dad, from Uncle Rick -- for twenty-nine thousand dollars!

She pulls the check from the envelope and shows it to Henry.

HENRY
Shit!

FADE OUT:

THE END

(CONT'D)

