

"Lake Moose"

by

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1.

FADE IN

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

Sunny morning on a residential street. A jogger passes. Sprinklers water the neatly manicured front yards.

One house stands out.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

DOUG (42), at the stove, cooks eggs. Coffee BREWS. RADIO plays. He BOPS to the music, flips an egg errantly into the air, snatches it with his hand. Back in the pan it goes.

A cat JUMPS onto the countertop. Then another, and yet another.

DOUG

C'mon, get down, you guys.

He picks up each cat one by one and puts them on the floor.

INT. MAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

MAY (18), beautiful, carefully applies lipstick in the mirror. A large stack of school books on her dresser. Stuffed animals adorn a neatly made bed. Such a girl's bedroom.

MAY

Mom, have you seen my lip gloss?

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

JUNE (40), attractive, professional attire, brushes her hair. She finds a gray and yanks it out. Scrunches her face.

JUNE

Screw a duck.

MAY (O.S.)

What?

JUNE

Top drawer, honey. Top drawer.
That's where it was last time.

MAY (O.S.)

Thanks, mom.

INT. BRIAN'S ROOM - DAY

BRIAN (15), Mr. Heavy Metal. Rock posters on the walls, a copy of HUSTLER peeks out from under scattered clothes.

He STRIKES a power chord on his guitar.

INTERCUT - DOUG/BRIAN

DOUG

BRIAN!! BRIAN!!

BRIAN

WHAT?!?

DOUG

Shut that damn thing off! You're gonna wake the neighborhood!

The madness stops.

END INTERCUT

May comes into the kitchen, school books under her arm, practically bouncing.

MAY

Hey, daddio.
(kisses his cheek)

DOUG

Morning, sweetheart. You gonna have some breakfast? I made your favorite. Eggs and bacon, just the way you like 'em.

MAY

(frowns cutely)

(MORE)

MAY (cont'd)

I can't, dad. I have an early study group I gotta make. I'll get something at school.

A car horn BEEPS outside.

INT. DOUG - POV

A waiting car with two girls inside. They wave.

GIRLS

Hi, Mr. Bristol.

Doug smiles politely and waves back.

DOUG

Hey, you hear anything back from that school yet?

May regards an ENVELOPE peeking out from one of her books. Reaches for it. Thinks it over. Looks at Doug. Thinks better of it.

MAY

Nothing yet, dad.

DOUG

Oh, okay. You sure you don't want anything, honey? I could wrap it up to go?

O.S., footsteps pound the stairs.

MAY

No time, dad. Feed it to the gimp.

She leaves. In walks Mr. Heavy Metal. Carries a guitar case.

DOUG - POV

watches out the window as May drives off with her friends.

BRIAN

I heard that, skank!

Doug takes a tin foiled sandwich, chucks it blindly behind his back to Brian. Two points! Right in the face.

DOUG

Don't forget your breakfast, son.

Brian puts the sandwich in his bag.

BRIAN

Yeah. Thanks, dad.

DOUG

Umm, you are going to school, right?
You know, learning and stuff?

BRIAN

Yeah, yeah. Meetin' up with Billy and
Rick for rehearsal later on.

O.S., footsteps on the stairs.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Whoop! Here comes the boss. Later.

Brian leaves, June enters. She LUGS three big bags and drops them at Doug's feet.

JUNE

How long are you gonna leave that
coffee stain on the floor?

She's not even looking at the floor.

DOUG

(looks down)
What coffee stain?

JUNE

Right there. It's been there for two
days now.

Doug gets on hands and knees. Finds the stain and cleans it.

BOO BOO, a very old cat, comes face-to-face with him. Spittle

drips from its mouth. They stare each other down. The cat VOMITS.

DOUG

Ugh. June, I think it's time I took this cat for a little, uh...you know, drive. He's gotta be, like what, eighty? Eww. What's that crap in his eye?

JUNE

He's old, Doug. Just wait until you get that old. You'll see how fast I take you for a drive.

June drinks orange juice. Pats Boo Boo on the head.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Come on. I'm running late.

Doug struggles mightily with the bags and follows June through the

FRONT DOOR

to her car. His face beet red. Veins pop out.

DOUG

Where are you going? Alaska?

JUNE

Ha ha! Very funny.

He puts the bags in the car. A loud CRACK. Doug YELPS in pain. He's dramatically hunched over.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Oh, honey. Was that your back again?

DOUG

Yeah. No. It's okay. Give me a hug.

He takes a few crab-like steps and hugs her. She bends down to kiss his cheek.

June gets in the car.

JUNE

Take care of that back, okay?

DOUG

I will. I will.

She drives off down the street.

A kid on a bike peddles past. FLINGS a newspaper. It sails over Doug's head. He makes no attempt to catch it. Just stands there with outstretched arms.

Checks his watch. SIGHS loudly and painfully crab-walks back to the house.

EXT. PARKVIEW NURSING HOME - DAY

A brick building. Neatly landscaped. A car turns into the entrance. Hops the curb.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

HEAD CHEF Doug, still hunched over, works behind a prep table in an industrial sized kitchen. Several HISPANICS work. MARIACHI MUSIC PLAYS.

An old American man, COLDFOOT (83), half asleep in front of the dishwasher.

NURSE GAS (44), white uniform, name tag, rigid features, appears. She carries an air of authority.

NURSE GAS

(sneers)

You got breakfast ready, Quasimodo?
B-wing is starving.

DOUG

It's coming. It's coming. You don't want me to make any mistakes, right?

NURSE GAS

(raises an eyebrow)

(MORE)

NURSE GAS (cont'd)

You mean like the time you almost put
Mrs. Altenburg into a diabetic coma?
Like that?

DOUG

That was a typo!

A big Hispanic woman with HUGE boobs, PRINCESS (34), appears.

PRINCESS

It was a typo, Gas. Get over it.

NURSE GAS

What are you, his bodyguard?

PRINCESS

I could be his lesbian sex slave, for
all you know!

NURSE GAS

Ugh. You're rancid.

PRINCESS

You don't know what rancid is, Betty
Boop.

(picks up a knife)

Now get outta here before I cut your
dick off.

COLDFOOT

Heh heh. Cut your dick off.

Nurse Gas wheels her cart away. She turns back.

Princess WIGGLES her tongue.

Doug groans.

PRINCESS

Hey, what's the matter, Dougie? Threw
your back out again?

He nods.

PRINCESS (CONT'D)

And you're all stressed out, too.
Come here. I'll fix you.

She grabs him from behind.

DOUG

No, no. Really. That's okay.

INT. NURSE'S STATION - DAY

A group of nurses watch the B&W video feed. It looks like Doug is getting butt fucked.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Princess gives one final heave. CRACK! Doug SCREAMS.

PRINCESS

How do you feel now, Dougie?

DOUG

(lies)

Oh yeah. Much better now.

The workers watch on. Princess glares and they disperse quickly.

EXT. BURWOOD HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A normal high school building. Students enter and exit.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR OFFICE - DAY

June walks in. Greeted various administrative workers. Heads to her office and is stopped by a SECRETARY, (30's).

SECRETARY

You have a visitor, June.

JUNE

Already? I just walked in the door.

June looks through the glass. It's Brian.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Never a dull moment.

SECRETARY

I hear they have an opening at
Ridgewood next year.

JUNE

Oh no, I'd much rather work at the
school my kids go to. It's so much
more...interesting.

SECRETARY

(smiling)

Good luuuuck.

INT. JUNE'S OFFICE - DAY

Office is meticulous. Green plants. Pictures of her family.

Sits down and looks at Brian.

JUNE

So, what are you do --

(eyes bug out)

What on God's green earth is that?!

BRIAN

What?

JUNE

On your shirt!

BRIAN

Oh, that's Lucifer's Penis, mom.

On his shirt: a demon with horns grabs a fully erect, charred
penis.

JUNE

I can see that. What's it doing on
your shirt?

BRIAN

(MORE)

BRIAN (cont'd)

They're my favorite band, mom. I have a right to support my favorite band, don't I?

JUNE

Not when it's a picture of a giant burnt penis, you don't. Who sent you here?

BRIAN

Sweaty Jim.

MR. LOMBARDO (aka SWEATY JIM), the PRINCIPAL (52), ambles past the window. He waves. DABS his slick forehead with a handkerchief.

June waves back.

JUNE

Ughh. First of all, that's Mr. Lombardo to you. Secondly, go home right now and change that disgusting shirt. And you come right back. You hear me? No skipping class. I'll write you a pass.

She scribbles on some paper and hands it to him.

The office door swings open. May walks in. Big smile.

JUNE (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Oh no. Who sent you here?

MAY

Nobody. I came to say hi. What's the gimp doing here?

(looks at his shirt)

Heeeey, nice shirt, buddy! Real appropriate.

Brian flips her the bird.

JUNE

Okay you, out. And change that hideous shirt.

(kisses his forehead)

Love you.

Brian leaves. May remains, as does her smile.

JUNE (CONT'D)

What?

May hands her an envelope.

JUNE (CONT'D)

What's this?

MAY

Open it and find out.

May is bursting with excitement. June opens the

LETTER

The letterhead reads: Beckford University. The words "California," "accepted," "academic excellence" and "scholarship" are highlighted.

June's eyes bug out.

JUNE

OMIGOD!

MAY

OMIGOD!

They embrace and jump up and down together.

JUNE & MAY

OMIGOD! OMIGOD! OMIGOD!

JUNE

Oh, May, I'm so excited for you! This school was in your top five.

MAY

I know, I can't believe it!

JUNE

Well, you've earned it.

MAY

I studied my ass off, mom.

JUNE

I know you did. And look how it's paid off.

They embrace again.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm soooo proud of you. My little girl's going off to college. With a scholarship, no less!

(June cries)

MAY

Oh, mom. Come on now...

JUNE

I'm sorry, honey. It's just that this is everything your father and I always wanted for you. It's like a dream come true.

MAY

I'm not gonna let you guys down.

JUNE

I know you won't, honey. I know you won't. Did you tell your father yet?

MAY

No, not yet.

JUNE

Oh, he's gonna be sooo happy!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Doug puts down the letter. The look on his face is somewhat less than happy. He SIGHS, puts his head back and puffs strangely at the ceiling.

All eyes on Doug, except Brian, who shovels down his food, oblivious.

JUNE

Doug? Doug? Doug!

DOUG

Hmm? Oh yeah. Just sort of drifting off over here.

(laughs awkwardly)

Excuse me. I got to uh...go to the bathroom. I'll be right back.

Walks slowly, holds onto various objects for support.

May cries, abruptly leaves the table and runs outside.

JUNE

May? Wait...

Brian, mouth stuffed, waves his hand.

BRIAN

Leave her be, mom. It's probably a female hygiene thing. Not to worry.

June's seethes.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Doug sits on the toilet, pants on. Clearly upset. Rolls off toilet paper. Blows his nose.

Knock! Knock!

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

JUNE

Doug? Doug!

DOUG (O.S.)

Go away.

JUNE

I will not go away. What the hell was that down there? May just ran out of the house crying because of what you did!

Door opens.

DOUG

She did?

JUNE

Ye-aah! Our daughter gives you the news of a lifetime and you respond like a mental patient.

Doug lowers his head.

DOUG

I'm sorry. It's just that...jeez! California? It's so far away, June. I don't know if she's ready for that.

JUNE

If she's ready or you're ready?

DOUG

What's that supposed to mean?

JUNE

It means you have issues letting go, Doug. Especially when it comes to May.

DOUG

I do not.

JUNE

(MORE)

JUNE (cont'd)

Really? Do you remember when May's first boyfriend came over for dinner? You sat there all night playing with a butcher knife!

DOUG

That was a coincidence. I'm a chef. Quality control.

JUNE

Yeah, okay. And then you spent the rest of the night talking about how fascinating a guy Jeffrey Dahmer was.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DINNER TABLE

Doug's face, eyes glassy and trance-like. Thumb dances along the blade of a butcher knife.

DOUG

(slowly)

Jeffrey Dahmer. Fascinating guy. Crazy, flesh eating, maniacal killer, yes. But not many people know that he was a terrific cook. A master of the Mediterranean style. Although later in life he switched to a Middle Eastern style where he used olive oil and a whole range of sharp spices in his work. What do you think of that?

Doug cuts his thumb on the knife. Blood drips. Puts thumb in mouth. Sucks on it. A droplet rolls down his lip.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Whoo. That sucker's sharp.

A young man, 16, wearing a football jacket sits at the table. Tears stream down his red face. He lets out a faint squeak.

END FLASHBACK

DOUG

I was just trying to educate the boy, June. The kid wet his pants, for Christ's sake! He wet his pants! I don't want my daughter dating someone like that.

JUNE

Okay, and what about Camp Winooski? Another coincidence?

DOUG

That was five years ago. Besides, I was cleared of those charges.

JUNE

But that didn't give you the right to go spy on our daughter like that. They found your fingerprints on the binoculars! She was mortified. I was mortif -- hell, the whole town was mortified!

DOUG

Hey. Friday the 13th is not something that just happens to other people, June!

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Peaceful. Crickets chirp.

Doug comes out. May on the porch swing. Looks up at the stars with tears in her eyes.

DOUG

May, may I sit down?

MAY

(softly)

Sure.

DOUG

You know, when I was your age I used to dream of having a family.

(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)

A nice house, great wife, beautiful kids. Well, one beautiful kid anyway...

Looks to see if his joke made her smile. It did.

DOUG (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for the way I acted, May. I'm just worried. This is a big step you're taking.

MAY

I know.

MONTAGE:

DOUG (V.O.)

You know it wasn't all that long ago I was changing your poopy diapers, watching you go off to school, getting on the bus, turning into your own little person. Every day with you was just so special to me.

- Doug winces as he changes May's diaper
- Doug and June proudly watch as May gets on a school bus
- Doug twirls her in the air
- May, the sun in her hair, smiles the way only a child can

END MONTAGE

DOUG

And now you're going off to college and... I'm just so damn proud of you, May.

This produces fresh tears from May.

DOUG (CONT'D)

But California's so far away. I kinda feel like I'm losing you for good.

MAY

Oh, dad. You're not losing me. I won't be gone forever. I'll be back for holidays and stuff.

DOUG

For a while, maybe, yeah. But then you'll probably meet some yuppie pretty boy, fall in love, drop out, get married and move to Africa to do charity work.

MAY

(laughs)

What?! You can't be serious.

DOUG

I'm just gonna miss you so much, honey. You're my, used to be, my little...not-so little girl...anymore.

MAY

Daddy?

DOUG

What?

MAY

I'll always be your little girl. I promise.

Curls up to him. Kisses his cheek.

Doug's face: worried, helpless...powerless.

INT. MAY'S BEDROOM - DAY

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

Graduation day. May in front of the mirror in cap and gown. Her face glows. Shifts the tassel from side to side.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Doug once again makes breakfast, and this time everyone sits down to eat.

May comes in.

MAY

Hey everyone!

DOUG

Sweetheart, you look great.

June looks her over and gives her a hug.

JUNE

Oh, you look absolutely stunning. She looks stunning, right? Brian, your sister looks stunning, right?

BRIAN

(mouth full)

Stunning.

They sit. May notices a set of keys in the middle of the table. Big red bow. A card.

MAY

Who's keys are these?

Doug and June try to contain their smiles.

DOUG

I don't know. Maybe you should open the card.

MAY

NO way! You didn't get me a car, did you? You got me a car? You got me a car? YOU GOT ME A CAR!!

JUNE

Well, open the card first, honey.

May swipes the keys and runs SMACK into the front door.
Falls. Gets up. Opens the door to reveal a

BRAND NEW CAR

parked outside. Shiny silver. Oversized red bow.

May SCREAMS -- SPRINTS across the lawn -- through the
sprinkler -- reaches the car -- STUMBLES -- rolls across the
hood -- falls out of sight.

They watch at the front door. Doug half heartedly waves the
card.

MAY

I'm ok!

BRIAN

Wow. She's excited.

EXT. BURWOOD HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Graduation day. Stands are filled. Sweaty Jim at the podium.
Rattles off graduates names into a microphone. Sweats
profusely, of course.

SWEATY JIM

Amanda Bickham, Gern Blanston, Hugo
Boss...

Each graduate shakes Jim's hand and wipes it off on the side
of their gowns. Jim pauses to wipe his drenched brow.

SWEATY JIM (CONT'D)

(feedback)

Whoo! Boy, it's a hot one out here
today, huh folks?

In the stands: Doug, June and Brian.

SWEATY JIM (CONT'D)

May Bristol.

May limps to the podium. Shakes with Jim. Holds her diploma
high. Wipes her hand off. Shifts her tassel.

EXT. THE BRISTOL'S BACKYARD - LATER - DAY

A party's in full swing. Music plays. People mingle. Children frolic in a COLLAPSIBLE POOL. A large banner proclaims: "CONGRATULATIONS MAY!"

May puts her hands to her mouth and gasps.

MAY

I can't believe you guys did all this!

DOUG

Well, we had a little help. Mom!
Dad!

Doug's PARENTS, RALPH (68) and EMMA (64), come over. Ralph holds three beers.

MAY

Grandma! Grandpa!

Congrats all around. Ralph hugs May just a little too long. Hands Doug a beer. Fakes a punch to his gut.

Doug laughs uncomfortably.

JUNE

Your grandparents helped out so much with setting this up, honey.

EMMA

Oh, it was nothing, sweetie.

RALPH

Oh sure. You're cousin Jean had to call my relatives. Friggin' ingrates haven't spoken to me in years.

EMMA

I think what your grandfather means to say is that it took a lot of effort to get everyone here, but they were all so happy when we called, dear.

RALPH

Yeah, saved some money, too. We signed your drunk uncle Steve out of rehab two weeks early so he could DJ.

EXT. DJ BOOTH - DAY

UNCLE STEVE (44), Hawaiian shirt. Scratches his neck. Chats up one of May's friends, searches around desperately for help.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

MAY

Awww. I love uncle Steve.

Ralph's overweight sister, MARGE (57), walks by in a dress, holding a plate of food.

RALPH

Hey, sis, nice dress. The owner of that boat called. He wants his sail back.

She scowls at him.

MARGE

Jack ass.

They stand in silence. Ralph with a big grin.

JUNE

So, who's hungry?

EXT. BACKYARD GATE - DAY

Princess enters. Six children in tow. Kids scatter throughout the yard. She waddles to Doug.

DOUG

Oh shit. Excuse me.

Doug meets her half way.

PRINCESS

Hey, Dougie boy.

DOUG

(unpleasantly surprised)

Hey, what are you doing he--I mean,
thanks for coming.

PRINCESS

Oh, I wouldn't have missed it for the
world, Dougie. Besides, my kids don't
get out too often.

CHILDREN

Princess's overweight children ATTACK the buffet table like
they haven't been fed in a month.

DOUG

I can see that.

A short Hispanic man, RAUL (37), looks much younger, stands
next to her. Doug bends down to shake his hand.

DOUG (CONT'D)

And what's your name, champ?

PRINCESS

Oh, that's my husband, Raul. He ain't
worth a damn, though. If he'd go out
and get a *job* my kids wouldn't be so
goddamn hungry all the time.

RAUL

(heavy Spanish accent)

I do the landscaping.

BUFFET TABLE

The kids SCARF down everything in sight.

PRINCESS

CHIRO! Save some for the rest of us!

Doug winces like someone fired a gun.

CHIRO (8), overweight, sadly puts down a sausage link. Lowers
his head.

PRINCESS (CONT'D, O.S.)
 You know you supposed to be on a
 goddamn diet!

PRINCESS (CONT'D)
 (to Doug)
 Kids.

Raul smiles wide, displays a GIANT GOLD TOOTH.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER - DAY

June carries an empty bowl, opens a cabinet and takes out
 chips.

Doug walks in, a crooked smile on his face. June glances at
 him. Does a double take.

JUNE
 What are you doing? And what's that
 goofy smile about?

DOUG
 Honey, there's something I wanna talk
 about.

JUNE
 Oohh. Why do I not like the sound of
 this?

DOUG
 Here. Look.

He whips out a

BROCHURE

SCHULMAN'S RESORT AT LAKE MOOSE - COME! Inside: pictures of
 people doing various sporting activities, all wearing giant
 smiles.

JUNE
 Yeah, and...?

DOUG

Yeah, and? Look how happy these people are, June.

June takes the brochure.

JUNE

They look like they were just released from the mental ward. What happened to Sea World?

DOUG

Ahh! Why do you want to go there for? To see a bunch of stupid whales flopping around? Look, I'm talking about one last great family vacation, June. All of us. Together. Getting back to nature. Bonding. What more could you ask for?

JUNE

A gun to shoot myself.

DOUG

(smirking)

June, seriously. May's leaving. We may never get a chance like this again. Besides, you know how I have...trouble letting go. This could help. Whaddya think?

June ponders. Looks out the window.

JUNE

I think you better go get your daughter. It looks like she's dipping into the punch bowl.

EXT. PARTY - DAY

May and her friends talk and laugh, holding cups of punch.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Doug goes to walk outside. Turns to June. Another weird smile.

JUNE

I'll think about it.

DOUG

Okay.

He knows that means yes.

EXT. PARTY - DAY

Without missing a beat, Doug takes May's cup as she raises it to her lips.

DOUG

Umm, you're graduating high school, remember? Not turning twenty-one.

MAY'S FRIENDS

(hiding their cups)

Hi, Mr. Bristol.

DOUG

Hello, ladies.

He puts his hand out and takes their cups. They utter a collective "awww" and walk away.

Ralph strolls over. Hands him a beer.

RALPH

Why you gotta be such a killjoy, Dougie?

DOUG

I'm not being a killjoy, pop. They're eighteen years old.

RALPH

That's the legal age.

DOUG

Well, in the Vietnam era, where you're living, it's eighteen. But here in twenty-thirteen it's twenty-one.

Ralph eyes May's friends.

RALPH

(winks)

They look twenty-one to me.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER - NIGHT

Princess's kids splash in the pool.

Raul is passed out on a lounge chair. SNORES.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

June cleans dishes. May comes in. Boo Boo, the old scrawny cat, SLIPS out through the open door. May hugs June from behind.

MAY

(yawning)

Thanks for everything, mom. This whole day was really awesome.

JUNE

You're welcome, dear.

May spots the brochure on the table.

MAY

What's this?

JUNE

Oh, your father. New vacation itinerary.

MAY

What happened to Sea World?

JUNE

Go ask him.

MAY

Where is dad, anyway?
 (looks out the window)
 Oh no.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Doug, tipsy, stands near the pool. Shirt off. Hold's a beer. Speech slurs, he addresses the crowd.

DOUG

Everyone, everyone, listen up, listen up! I want to thank you all for coming tonight.

May and June step outside.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Maaaaaaayyyyy! Let's raise those glasses, people. May, I'm so friggin' proud of you, honey! You're the Riggs to my Murtaugh. The Plant to my Page. Seriously. You've made your father and me so proud.

Applause. June hugs May.

UNCLE STEVE

Zeppelin!!

DOUG

Now, as many of you may know, I used to be high school. And I was on the diving team. Way, way way...a long time ago...in a galaxy far, far away.

RALPH AND EMMA

RALPH

Dougie was on the diving team?

Emma nods.

DOUG

So, in honor of this very, very, very special event, I'd like to do a belly flop for my daughter.

MAY

Oh, Dad, that's okay. You don't have to do that, really...

DOUG

(slaps his belly)

No, baby doll. I do. This one's for you, honey. And Jabba The Hutt over there.

Heads turn. No Jabba.

RALPH

YEAAAHHH!

CUT TO:

EXT. DJ BOOTH - NIGHT

SERIES

-- Uncle Steve cues up a DRUM ROLL -- the wires from his booth snake to an outlet -- Boo Boo the raw-boned cat chews MANIACALLY on the wires

END SERIES

DOUG

(to kids in pool)

Mueva, ninos. Mueva.

Doug prepares. Arms out. RUNS. LEAPS. Foot catches the rim of the pool. Pool collapses. Water RUSHES out.

Doug tumbles over the side. Children spill out. Water GUSHES to the outlet where

BOO BOO THE CAT

is chewing. The cat is instantly fried, catches fire, SCREECHES, runs several paces and EXPLODES in front of HORRIFIED guests.

UNCLE STEVE

is electrocuted. Hair POOFS out. Eyes BUGGING. He raises his hands to the heavens, then falls out of sight.

Chaos ensues. People scream. Someone throws up.

EXT. OVER HEAD SHOT OF THE NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

A giant square grid of the surrounding neighborhood suddenly goes dark.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Emergency lights come on. Doug and Princess's kids FLOP around like fish.

May and June rush to the pool. Brian appears with his friends, RICK and BILLY, (15), fellow metal heads.

BRIAN

Mom, what happened?

JUNE

Your father just electrocuted your uncle. And killed the cat.

RICK

Dude, your dad is bad ass!

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER - NIGHT

Paramedics stand over uncle Steve with a defibrillator.

PARAMEDIC

Clear!

UNCLE STEVE

(springs back to life)

Owww! Shit!

A few steps away, another paramedic lays a white blanket over what appears to be a burnt steak.

MAY AND JUNE

help Doug to the house. He twitches intermittently.

MAY

Mom...where's Boo Boo?

June looks around the yard.

JUNE

(grimaces)

Everywhere, dear.

BILLY

Hey, Mr. Bristol. That was soooo bad
ass!

DOUG

Shut up.

(to no one in particular)

I think my rectum is bleeding.

Brian, Rick and Billy look at each other as if a light bulb has popped on over their heads.

BRIAN

Guys, I think we just found a name for
the band.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

The Bristol's SUV eats up road. Mountains and lakes provide a spectacular view.

INT. DOUG'S SUV - DAY

DOUG

This is gonna be great, you guys.
We're gonna have so much fun.

(MORE)

DOUG (cont'd)

Every day's gonna be like a par-tay.

MAY

It's gonna be just like "Dirty Dancing," right dad?

DOUG

That's right, baby doll. Matter of fact, they shot Dirty Dancing here.

MAY

Really?

DOUG

Yup. That's what the Schulman's said over the phone.

MAY

Wow! That is so cool.

BRIAN

It was shot in Virginia, dad.

DOUG

Nope. Schulman said it was shot right here.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Oh! Here it is. Look.

EXT. RESORT ENTRANCE - DAY

A dilapidated wooden sign hangs over the entrance.

"SCHULMAN'S RESORT: COME!"

Drive up to the check-in area. Along the way they pass...

MONTAGE:

-people playing badminton and croquet,

-water skiers on the lake,

-people sunning on the beach, etc.

END MONTAGE

The resort: a sprawling Victorian structure. A pool and tiki bar in the foreground with steps leading down to sun splashed Lake Moose.

EXT. CHECK-IN - DAY

The Bristol's exit their car.

Doug surveys the grounds. It's perfect. He smiles to himself.

JUNE

(breathing in the air)

Oh, Doug, this is absolutely beautiful.

DOUG

Told ya, honey. We're gonna have such a great time here. Hey, look at this.

Two life-sized wood carvings: Patrick Swayze and Jennifer Grey. Swayze's missing an arm, Grey's nose is extremely large.

MAY

Wow, I guess they really did film "Dirty Dancing" up here.

BRIAN

No, they didn't. I told you it was in Virginia. I looked it up.

TOM SCHULMAN (55) and his wife, FRIEDA, (50), stroll over to greet their guests.

TOM

It most certainly was shot here, young fella. Hi, I'm Tom Schulman. This is my wife, Frieda.

FRIEDA

Hi, welcome to Schulman's Resort.

Tom shakes everyone's hand heartily.

DOUG

I'm Doug--

TOM

Wait, don't tell me.

(he refers to a sheet of paper)

You must be the...

Tom launches into a coughing fit. Bends over. Arm on a post.
FARTS.

Doug and June take a step back.

TOM (CONT'D)

(choking)

The Bristol's.

JUNE

Wow. He knows our names.

Tom sucks on an inhaler.

TOM

Why, of course I do. Here at
Schulman's we like to take the
personal approach. Why, we'll even
sleep in your room if you let us!

(guffaws)

June and Doug exchange a befuddled look.

TOM (CONT'D)

That was a joke, of course. Now,
anything and everything you may need
is right here at your fingertips.
Three squares a day--just listen for
the bell.

Frieda does a little dance.

FRIEDA

Ting, ting, ting.

May and Brian exchange a befuddled look.

JUNE

Well, this certainly is a beautiful place you have here.

FRIEDA

Oh, you're gonna love it. Most of our guests come here year after year after year. See that couple over there?

Frieda points to an

ELDERLY COUPLE

sitting on a bench. The man wears a pointy party hat.

JUNE

Yeah.

FRIEDA

They've been married for seventy-three years. Been coming here for thirty-five.

JUNE

Oh, wow. That's so sweet.

FRIEDA

I know. He's celebrating his one hundred and first birthday today.

JUNE

Oh, my goodness. God bless him.

Several staff members approach. A YOUNG MAN (19), holds a cake.

YOUNG MAN

Boss, we're ready.

FRIEDA

(to June)

Excuse us for a minute?

JUNE

Sure

Group heads to the elderly couple. Start to sing "Happy Birthday."

JUNE (CONT'D)

Oh, Doug, that's so sweet. That could be us in fifty years.

DOUG

Yeah.

The elderly man takes a deep six off the bench. Lies on the ground in a motionless heap. Everyone FREAKS.

Frieda casually walks away.

JUNE

Oh, dear. Is he okay?

FRIEDA

Oh, he's fine. Happens all the time.

ELDERLY COUPLE

Tom POUNDS on the old man's chest.

FRIEDA

(big smile)

Well, let's get you checked in, shall we?

EXT. TIKI BAR/OUTDOOR TABLE - LATER - NIGHT

The Bristol's enjoy dinner. Lights on the shimmering lake. Reggae music plays. A perfect evening.

BRIAN

So, how long are we actually gonna be here again?

JUNE

One week, dear.

BRIAN

A full week?

MAY

Look, turd boy, you're gonna have to mingle and meet people. You just can't sit in your room and masturbate all day like you do back home.

JUNE

May!

MAY

It's true, mom.

BRIAN

Shut up.

MAY

(mocks him)

Shut up.

DOUG

Will you two knock it off. Brian, your sister's right, you know? This is a good chance for you to meet people. Come out of your shell a little bit.

JUNE

It won't be that bad, honey. You'll see.

A good looking WAITER (20), stops by. Stares seductively at May.

WAITER

Helloooo...

MAY

Hi.

A beat. The waiter's quite taken with her.

Doug clears his throat loudly.

WAITER

Oh, umm, is there anything else I can get for you guys?

DOUG

We're good, thanks. No, wait. What kind of activities you got going on?

WAITER

Well, they're having the big Lake Moose dance at the end of the week. Sort of an end of season deal. That's always a hoot.

JUNE

Ooh, Doug. How romantic.

WAITER

And they have a whole list of things you can do in the lobby. You can check that out. Actually, there's a big ping pong tournament going on downstairs.

BRIAN

Wooooowww!

DOUG

Cool. Thanks.

The waiter continues to stare at May. Points to her, then himself, mouths something.

DOUG (CONT'D)

That'll be all. Thank you.

The waiter leaves, turns and smiles.

BRIAN

(to May)

So, when are you off to whore school again?

June slaps him in the back of the head.

DOUG

See, Brian? Ping pong tonight!

BRIAN

Heh ha ha! Pass.

MAY

I hear tomorrow they're having a masturbating competition. You should win that hands down.

JUNE

Don't worry, Brian. I'm sure there'll be plenty of things for all of us to do.

BRIAN

Can't wait.

EXT. LAKE MOOSE - DAY

The morning sun rises over the misty lake.

EXT. RESORT RESTAURANT - DAY

MRS. ALTENBURG (84), stands out front ringing a bell.

Guests, the Bristol's among them, stroll into the restaurant for breakfast.

DOUG

Wow, have you ever seen such a beautiful morning?

JUNE

It's perfect. I'm so glad we came here, honey.

(looks at the old lady)

Hey, Doug, isn't that Mrs. Altenburg from the rest home?

DOUG

Holy crap, I think you're right. I thought she died. Hey there, Mrs. Altenburg, how are you?

The elderly woman stops ringing her bell. SQUINTS through her glasses. Takes a few steps back.

MRS. ALTENBURG

Stay away from me. You stay away from me!

Doug is confused.

DOUG

Mrs. Altenburg, it's me, Doug, from the rest home.

MRS. ALTENBURG

I know damn well who you are.

Several guests stop to look.

MRS. ALTENBURG (CONT'D)

He's the one who put me into a diabetic coma. Chef Death, they used to call him.

DOUG

They did not!
(turns to onlookers)
They don't call me that.

She blows a WHISTLE around her neck, throws her bell. CLOCKS Doug in the head. Runs away.

MRS. ALTENBURG

You son of a bitch!

BRIAN

You poisoned that woman, dad?

DOUG

It was a typo, son.
(calling after her)
It was a typo!

They start for the doors. May hears the sound of a BOAT ENGINE and stops. On the lake a boat pulls a water skier. She's transfixed.

MAY

I think I'm gonna skip breakfast.

JUNE

Why, dear?

May points to the lake.

DOUG

But you gotta eat breakfast, honey.
It's the most important meal of the
day. Nine out of ten doctors say that
breakfast is --

BRIAN

Yeah, I'm gonna skip breakfast too.

DOUG

Shut up.

MAY

No, really, I'm okay. Besides, I'm
still full from dinner. I'll meet up
with you guys later.

JUNE

You sure?

MAY

(eyes on the lake)
I'm sure.

JUNE

Okay, honey. Be careful.

May runs off.

They enter the restaurant. Doug holds a beat to watch as his
daughter runs away. Runs away from him.

EXT. FLOATING PIER - DAY

May skips to the end of the pier. The boat pulls up.

The water skier is KYLE MORGAN (21), an good looking all-American type.

KYLE

Hey there. Lessons don't start for another hour.

MAY

That's okay. I'm just watching. You look like you know what you're doing out there.

KYLE

I ought to. Been skiing since I was five. I was born underwater, you know?

MAY

Really?

KYLE

Yup. No joke.

MAY

Wow. I bet they had to use a lot of chlorine in that pool.

KYLE

Huh?

MAY

Nevermind. So, when do lessons begin?

He ponders this.

KYLE

Well, if you don't tell the Schulman's, I can probably fit you in right now.

MAY

(delighted)

Awesome. Umm, I'm gonna go change. I'll be right back.

May runs in the other direction.

KYLE
I'll be right here.

MAY
Oh, I'm May, by the way.

KYLE
(quietly, a sneaky grin)
Hellooo, May...

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

The Bristol's at the breakfast buffet.

Brian sits next to an ELDERLY WOMAN (77). She HACKS up a lung. Expectorates into a napkin. Drops it on the table.

She puts an electrolarynx to her throat.

ELDERLY WOMAN
Hi, sonny. Oh, look at you! You're so goddamn cute!

She grabs his face with old, claw like hands. Squeezes his cheeks.

ELDERLY WOMAN (CONT'D)
Oh, I don't have a voice box, by the way.

Brian tries to pull away.

JUNE
Hey, making friends already, I see.

DOUG
All right. Let's dig in.
(to old woman)
Hi. Hey, is that a cancer, umm...

ELDERLY WOMAN
Electrolarynx.

DOUG
Cool. May I?

She hands it to Doug. Puts it to his throat.

DOUG (CONT'D)
(electrolarynx)
Hi. Hello. Hellooooooo. I always
wanted to try one of these.

EXT. LAKE MOOSE - DAY

May and Kyle on the beach.

KYLE
Okay, the first thing you need to know
are your hand signals.

MAY
Okay.

KYLE
Thumbs up means you want the boat to
speed up, thumbs down means you want
to slow down. The "OK" sign means the
speed is comfortable for you. A
slashing motion across your neck means
you want to stop. Okay?

MAY
I got it.

KYLE
You're sure?

MAY
I got it.

KYLE
Okay then.

INT. THE RESORT RESTAURANT - DAY

Doug leads a sing along using the electrolarynx.

DOUG
 (electrolarynx)
*Inna gadda da vida, honey. Can't you
 see that I'm loving you? Inna gadda
 da vida...*

The elderly woman claps along.

Brian: bemused.

June: mortified.

JUNE
 Oh. My. God.

DOUG
 (electrolarynx)
 What? This is great, honey! All we
 need now is a campfire. You try.

He hands it to her. She refuses.

Continues to sing.

EXT. LAKE MOOSE - DAY

May's on her ski's in the water. Kyle sits with the BOAT
 DRIVER (20).

KYLE
 Here we go, May.

The boat takes off. May lifts up. She's water skiing.
 Wobbly at first, but otherwise okay.

BOAT DRIVER
 Hey, dude, she's hot. Where'd you
 meet her?

KYLE
 She's a guest.

BOAT DRIVER

You want me to try and get her top off? A couple hard rights. A left... I think I can do it!

KYLE

Are you crazy?

BOAT DRIVER

Hey, it worked with that chick from Argentina.

KYLE

That's true. Good job on that one.

They high five.

KYLE (CONT'D)

But this one? I'll get her top off myself. I like the challenge.

May musters the courage to take a hand off the handle. She waves.

MAY

How am I doing?

Kyle gives the "ok" sign and smiles.

KYLE

You're doing great. Just great.

INT. THE BRISTOL'S ROOM - LATER - DAY

May glides in.

DOUG

Hey, how was the water skiing?

MAY

Oh, it was great. Guess what? I got a date tonight.

Brian on the bed wears a big grin.

MAY (CONT'D)

Don't say it, bozak!

BRIAN

Say what? Wait...*Bozak?*

JUNE

With who, honey?

MAY

Kyle Morgan. The water skiing instructor.

June heads for the door.

JUNE

That sounds great. But I gotta go. I'm running late.

MAY

Where are you going?

JUNE

Morning aerobics! Gotta work off that breakfast. You wanna come?

MAY

Sure, what the heck.

JUNE

Bye all.

June and May leave. A beat. Then...

DOUG

Kyle's a stupid name.

EXT. MAIN LAWN - LATER - DAY

Several women gathered on the lawn.

A finger hits a button on a boom box. DANCE MUSIC pumps.

From the feet up, here's the INSTRUCTOR (38): a GLORIOUS pair of white LA Gear sneakers, black spandex tights, hot pink shirt that reads "Frankie Says Relax," white headband, then...

Back to the GLORIOUS LA Gear sneakers!

The instructor YELLS in a very FEMININE voice.

INSTRUCTOR

Okay, ladies! Let's moves those hips,
you slobs! To and fro! To and fro!
Hey you!

Points to a HEAVY-SET WOMAN (35).

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

That's right, I'm talking to you,
diesel hips! How many pancakes you
have today? You look like you've been
working out in front of the
refrigerator!

Heavy-set woman struggles. SWEATS. Almost in tears.

JUNE

(to May)

Boy, this guy ain't fooling around.

EXT. SODA MACHINE - DAY

Brian gets a soda from a vending machine. Hears the instructor shouting and watches on.

EXT. SUPPLY SHED - DAY

A motor REVS up like an approaching THUNDERSTORM! Out comes a large rider lawnmower. Big wheels, shiny rims, chrome exhaust.

The driver: WAYNE CROAN (43), dirty black work boots, cut-off shorts, torn muscle shirt, and a COWBOY hat with the logo of a tractor. It reads: "I CUT A BIG ONE!"

THE INSTRUCTOR

suddenly turns. Narrow eyes throw daggers at Wayne.

INSTRUCTOR
Take a break, fatties.

The heavy-set woman stops and falls to the ground.

INSTRUCTOR
Hey! HEYYY!

Wayne looks up. Smiles.

INSTRUCTOR
Can't you see I'm trying to conduct a
class here?! You do this every time!
(to women)
He does this every time.
You hear me, you cretin?!

Wayne REVS the engine fiercely. Tires spin out.

INSTRUCTOR
Oh shit! Scatter, fatties! This
guy's nuts!

The women do as he says but Wayne chases only him.

Instructor runs for his life -- FALLS in the mud -- gets up --
runs some more -- hurdles a fence -- then --

CRASH! Face first onto a table where a family was enjoying
breakfast.

EXT. INSTRUCTOR - DINING TABLE - DAY

Lies face down and ass up on the table, a carrot stuffed in
his mouth. Food everywhere.

An OLD WOMAN (70's), giant dark glasses, without missing a
beat...

OLD WOMAN
Herb, can you pass the fruit?

EXT. THE WORK-OUT WOMEN - DAY

Wayne drives past and tips his hat.

HEAVY-SET WOMAN

Who *is* that man?

JUNE

Beats the hell outta me.

He rides up to Brian. Mower spits grass and dust in Brian's face.

BRIAN

Yo, dude! That was bad ass!

WAYNE CROAN

(gruff voice)

Thanks, compadre. Just scorin' a few points with the ladies over yonder.

I'm all about the ladies, you know?

(he extends his hand, they shake)

Wayne Croan's the name.

BRIAN

Brian Bristol.

WAYNE CROAN

I like that shirt, dude.

Brian's shirt: a bent over demon, flames shooting from its asshole.

BRIAN

Thanks. Lucifer's Penis.

WAYNE CROAN

Yeah, I know.

BRIAN

You know Lucifer's Penis?

WAYNE CROAN

I guess you could say that. I was their original bassist, Burnt Scrotum.

BRIAN
 (eyes bug out)
 No way!

WAYNE CROAN
 Way.

BRIAN
 They're, like, my favorite band!
 Wait, I thought Cum Stain was the
 original bassist.

WAYNE CROAN
 Nope. Cum Stain was my replacement
 after I got kicked out. They air
 brushed me off the album.

BRIAN
 You got kicked out?

WAYNE CROAN
 Yeah. I was bangin' Seminal Fluid's
 old lady, Labia Minor.

BRIAN
 Wow.

WAYNE CROAN
 Yeah. I was in love with Labia Minor,
 but if I had stayed it would've broken
 up the band.

Behind them -- instructor limps past. CURSES under his
 breath.

WAYNE CROAN (CONT'D)
 You in a band?

BRIAN
 Yep. Bleeding Rectum.

WAYNE CROAN
 Catchy.

BRIAN

Thanks. So, you work here now?

WAYNE CROAN

Yeah, I'm the head groundskeeper, but I kinda come and go as I please.

BRIAN

Of course you do, you're Burnt Scrotum.

WAYNE CROAN

Right. Besides, Tom Schulman knows if he messes with me I'll twist his head 'round the other side of his fat ass. They're swingers, you know?

BRIAN

Who, the Schulman's?

WAYNE CROAN

Yup.

BRIAN

How do you know that?

WAYNE CROAN

Well, let's just say I fix Mrs. Schulman's plumbing. She ain't much to look at anymore, though. Kinda like she had plastic surgery and the doctor stopped mid-way through.

BRIAN

Then why do you fix her plumbing?

WAYNE CROAN

Well, someone's gotta do it.

BRIAN

You mean she lets you keep your job.

WAYNE CROAN

(smiling)

(MORE)

WAYNE CROAN (cont'd)

You're a smart cookie, kid. Well, I gotta finish the lawn. We'll be seein' more of each other, though. I don't have many visitors so you can stop by my bungalow any time you want.

BRIAN

Cool.

Doug walks up. Wayne takes off. Grass and dust blast their faces.

DOUG

Who the hell was that?

Brian's clearly in awe.

BRIAN

Burnt Scrotum.

DOUG

Oh. Well, hey, I got something we can do!

Brian looks at him cautiously.

ACTIVITIES MONTAGE

ATV'S

The Bristol's are all on ATV's.

DOUG

Now, everyone just follow me. I've done this before.

Doug takes off like a rocket and immediately goes out of sight. He screams from off in the distance.

When they find him he's in a ravine, tangled up in vines with the ATV on top of him.

WATER SKIING

June, May and Brian water ski on the lake.

Doug on a water board attempting tricks. SHARP turn.
Saturates a family in a row boat. Apologizes. Inadvertantly
ski's up a ramp and becomes airborne.

Two TEENS on shore watch in amazement.

TEEN #1

Whoa, look at that dude!

Doug FLIES through the air. Loses control. SMASHES face first
in the water. DEAD MAN'S FLOAT.

Boat pulls up. Life preserver CLOCKS him in the head.

END MONTAGE

EXT. ITCHY ELK RESTAURANT - EVENING

The Bristol's walking. Doug sports a BRUISE on his face.

DOUG

So, we're meeting his parents, too?
You didn't tell us your date included
all of us.

MAY

Sorry, dad. I thought I mentioned it.
Besides, you wanna meet his parents,
don't you?

JUNE

Of couse we do, dear.

DOUG

Yeah, what your mother said.

June grabs Doug by the arm.

JUNE

It'll be okay, honey. I got your
back. I'm sure they're nice, normal
people.

INT. ITCHY ELK RESTAURANT - NIGHT

HARV MORGAN (54), neatly dressed and portly, sporting a hair piece, stands.

HARV

They're here, Honey!

CRYSTAL (Harv's wife) (43), flowing dress. Total FLOWER CHILD and TROPHY WIFE look.

HARV (CONT'D)

Come here, you big, swingin' dick!

Harv engulfs Doug in a BEAR HUG. Squeezes the life out of him. Doug CRIES out in pain. Harv oblivious. Let's him go.

HARV

This is my wife, Crystal, and our son, Ky--what the hell happened to your eye, man?

DOUG

Oh, it's nothing really. Just a little water boarding mishap.

HARV

Nothing, my ass! It looks like you went ten rounds with Mike Tyson.

(to May)

You know, my son has always had impeccable taste in women, but this time I think he has truly out done himself.

He kisses May's hand.

MAY

Thank you.

KYLE

Come on, pop. You're embarrassing her.

HARV

I'm sorry, son, but she is a stunner!

(to June)

I can see that it runs in the family.

How do you do?

He kisses June's hand.

JUNE

Oh, you're too kind.

HARV

Think nothing of it. I compliment people all day in my line of work, but never does it feel more satisfying when it's the truth.

DOUG

Oh, what kind of work do you do?

HARV

I'm the CEO of Morgan Freeman.

JUNE

Morgan Freeman, the actor?

CRYSTAL

No, no. Morgan Freeman Financial. Harv's partner is Ben Freeman. They just went public last year.

HARV

Well, I don't necessarily like to flaunt my successes, but we felt like every man, woman and child should be able to have a piece of Morgan Freeman.

JUNE

Oh, we'll have to look that one up, honey.

DOUG

Oh sure.

HARV

And what's your line, Douglas?

DOUG

I'm the head chef at a nursing home,
and June here is a guidance counselor.

CRYSTAL

Oh, how wonderful. Harv and I believe
so much in education and feeding the
elderly.

Doug and June think about this for a beat.

A waiter comes over with drinks.

DOUG

So, Kyle, you work for the Schulman's?

KYLE

Well, sort of. When we stay here I
help out with the activities. My
parents have known the Schulman's for
years.

DOUG

You don't say.

HARV

Oh yeah, we're tight. I grew up with
Tom. In fact, I introduced him to his
first wife.

DOUG

First wife?

HARV

Ayuh. Died under mysterious
circumstances, don't you know. But
you didn't hear that from me.

(beat)

Lake Moose holds many secrets.

Doug shudders.

JUNE

Are you in school, Kyle?

KYLE

Well, yes and no. I'm sort of on a sabbatical right now. School is so structured and repetitive. I just felt like I needed a break. There are a lot of things I want to do before I go back.

JUNE

Well, you're still young. You can always pick it up later on.

HARV

Oh, he better. He's only a handful of credits away from his second masters.

DOUG

Second masters?

CRYSTAL

Well, to wit: our son was sort of a child prodigy. He graduated high school at thirteen, then went on to college. He was born underwater, you know?

JUNE

Oh, that's...wonderful. So, what do you want to do while you're on sabbatical, Kyle?

KYLE

I want to go to Africa and volunteer in Ghana.

Doug spits his drink on Crystal.

HARV

Jesus Christ, man!

KYLE

Mr. Bristol?

June slaps him on the back.

BRIAN

Put your head back, dad.

DOUG

(gasping)

Wrong pipe.

JUNE

Well, anyway, I think volunteer work is wonderful, Kyle. It's good to give back like that. It's admirable.

KYLE

Thank you, ma'am.

HARV

Well, even if he doesn't finish school he'll always have a job with the old man. Morgan Freeman has a giant hard on for young boys like Kyle.

DOUG

Oh, I bet.

JUNE

Well, it certainly seems like you've raised a fine young man.

CRYSTAL

Thank you so much. I ate my own placenta.

Brian throws up in his mouth.

DOUG

Come again?

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

Oh, that reminds me. It's time for my pill. I'm on a strict placenta regimen.

(takes out a pill bottle)

DOUG

You mean you still have some of it left?

CRYSTAL

Oh no. I ate all mine in one big gulp. I vomited three times trying to get it all down.

Harv puts a hand to his face, shakes his head.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

I got this from some mail order company in India. It really has worked wonders for me.

Crystal slips a pill in her mouth. Fingers her throat, GULPS a martini, pounds her chest and belches.

CRYSTAL

(smiling)

Excuse me.

INT. THE BRISTOL'S ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

DOUG

I don't like them, June. I don't like them.

JUNE

Oh, Doug. Don't you think you're overreacting just a bit?

DOUG

Overreacting? Really? *Really?* You heard them. The woman eats placenta, June! And the guy is the CEO of Morgan Freeman--who, by the way, when I googled them downstairs, came up with links to Bernie Madoff.

JUNE

Oh stop. You believe everything you read on the internet?

DOUG

Absolutely. And that son of theirs? He's gonna take May off to Africa, just as I had predicted!

JUNE

Oh, Doug. Now you're just being silly.

DOUG

Am I? Mark my words, June. Mark my words.

Brian walks in. Binoculars hang from his neck.

BRIAN

Uhh, I'm going out for a little while.

DOUG

Oh great. What's this?

BRIAN

Uhh, bird watching?

JUNE

It's nine o'clock, Brian. What kind of birds are you watching at this hour?

BRIAN

Umm, nightingales?

DOUG

Nightingales?

BRIAN

Yes. Now I know what you're thinking -- aren't nightingales indigenous to Europe and Africa? The answer to that, of course, is yes.

DOUG
 (grits his teeth)
 Africa..!

BRIAN
 However, there's a rogue flock that's
 made it's way to Wisconsin.

JUNE
 A rogue flock of nightingales?

BRIAN
 Yes. Can I go please?

JUNE
 Okay, you can go. But be home by ten.

Doug gives her a look as Brian leaves.

JUNE (CONT'D)
 (matter-of-factly)
 Rogue nightingales.

EXT. RESORT GROUNDS - NIGHT

Kyle and May are walking. It's a romantic, moonlit evening.

MAY
 Your parents seem like interesting
 people.

KYLE
 Yeah, they're okay. They have their
 quirks. I like your parents. Your
 father seems a little on edge, though.

MAY
 Yeah, he's been acting kinda strange
 lately. He's having a hard time
 dealing with me going away.

KYLE
 Beckford, right?

MAY

Yeah. He thinks I'm like, gone forever, you know?

KYLE

Sounds like he's just worried about you.

MAY

I guess so. He means well.

KYLE

Your brother was kinda quiet.

MAY

Oh, please. Don't get me started. I think he should've been born underwater.

Kyle LAUGHS.

KYLE

So, are you excited about going away to college?

MAY

(a beat)

Yes and no. I mean, yes, I am excited. But I'm nervous. It's gonna be a big change.

KYLE

I know what you mean.

MAY

What did you study?

KYLE

Business, of course. The old man insisted on it. But after that I went for anthropology. That's what made me want to leave for Africa.

MAY

So, you're really going?

KYLE

Yup. I'm leaving in the fall.

MAY

What did your parents say?

KYLE

Well, my father wasn't too happy about it. As far as he's concerned, I should just drop my pants and bend over for Morgan Freeman.

MAY

Well, if you feel strongly enough about going, I say you should do what makes you happy.

KYLE

(stops walking)

There's something else I feel strongly about, too.

They look into each others eyes and kiss under the stars.

EXT. NEAR WAYNE'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Brian looks for Wayne.

BRIAN

(whispers)

Wayne? Wayne? Burnt Scrotum!

Wayne grabs Brian from behind a tree. He wears army fatigues. Binoculars hang from his neck.

WAYNE CROAN

Shhh! I thought you weren't coming.

BRIAN

I told you I was coming. So, what are we doing out here? We're not really looking at birds, are we?

WAYNE CROAN

No, compadre. Come with me.

They scamper off near the main house and hide behind some bushes.

WAYNE CROAN

(looks through the binoculars)
All right. Let's see, let's see.
Where are you, you filthy little
resort owners? Hmm...okay. Gotcha!
Take a look up there.

BRIAN'S BINOCULARS - POV

TOM SCHULMAN

is seen from his window wearing a cowboy hat and a black leather vest. Frieda appears in black lace. Carries a whip and WHACKS Tom on his ass a few times. Back to...

BRIAN

Those Schulman's are sick!

WAYNE CROAN

Are you not entertained, my friend?

BRIAN

I think I'm gonna throw up.

WAYNE CROAN

Just keep watching. It gets better.

BRIAN'S BINOCULARS - POV

HARV MORGAN

suddenly appears dressed as a gangster. Crystal dances around the room throwing feathers and laughing.

BRIAN

Holy crap. It's the Morgan's.

WAYNE CROAN

You know them?

BRIAN

Yeah. My sister's dating their son.

WAYNE CROAN

No shit. She better watch her back.
That's kid's a real poon hound. Takes
after the old man, I guess.

BRIAN'S BINOCULARS - POV

Into view comes droopy-boobed

MRS. ALTENBURG

She's a FRENCH MAID!

BRIAN

OHH!!

WAYNE CROAN

Wait, look over here. Six o'clock.
Down by the water.

BRIAN

Where?

WAYNE CROAN

Over there.

WAYNE'S BINOCULARS - POV

A couple is kissing by the water.

WAYNE CROAN

Yeah, here we go. Nice. Whoa, that
chick is smokin' hot. I'd hit that in
a heartbeat.

BRIAN

Lemme see. Jeez Louise! That's my
sister!

WAYNE CROAN

Oh, it is? Sorry, bud. Hey look,
she's with that Morgan fella.

BRIAN'S BINOCULARS - POV

Brian continues to watch when suddenly a large face POPS up in front of him.

BRIAN & DOUG

AHHH!

WAYNE CROAN

AHHH!

Wayne gives "the stranger" a WHEEL KICK to the mouth, then grabs him in a headlock.

WAYNE CROAN

Who are you, you son of a bitch?
Speak up!

The "stranger" can only GASP.

WAYNE CROAN (CONT'D)

What's that? I can't hear you!

DOUG

(choking)

Brian...

BRIAN

Wait, it's my dad!

WAYNE CROAN

Are you sure? He looks like some
kinda prevert sneakin' up on us like
that.

BRIAN

No, seriously. It's my dad.

Wayne lets him go. Doug stumbles and clutches his neck, trying to catch his breath.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Dad, what are you doing here?

DOUG
 (gasping)
 I was...following...you.

WAYNE CROAN
 See, I told you he was following us!
 Lemme take this creep down!

DOUG
 Who the hell is this?!

BRIAN
 This is Wayne Croan, dad. Remember?
 The groundskeeper.

DOUG
 Burnt Scrotum?

WAYNE CROAN
 (extends his hand)
 Pleasure to meet you, sir.

DOUG
 Likewise. What the hell are you two
 doing out here?

BRIAN
 I told you, dad. The nightingales
 are--

DOUG
 Oh, enough with that nightingale shit.
 (to Wayne)
 What are you guys doing out here?

WAYNE CROAN
 (hands Doug the binoculars)
 Take a gander for yourself, Mister B.
 But be prepared.

DOUG'S BINOCULARS - POV

Doug spots an old lady walking her dog.

DOUG

I see an old lady walking her dog.

Wayne takes Doug's head and turns it. Now he sees May and Kyle making out down by the lake.

DOUG (CONT'D)

That son of a bitch.

Doug starts towards them, but Wayne stops him.

WAYNE CROAN

Hold on there, cowboy. You don't wanna blow up your spot just yet.

DOUG

Yeah, dad. Don't blow up your spot.

DOUG

What?

WAYNE CROAN

You go down there you're gonna embarrass the hell outta her, and she's gonna hate you forever.

DOUG

So, what am I supposed to do? Just watch?

BRIAN

(looks through his binoculars)
Don't worry, dad. I'll watch.

WAYNE CROAN

She's just being a girl, Mister B. Believe me, Wayne Croan knows all about the ways of the woman.

BRIAN

Okay. Hand on boob.

DOUG

Yeah, but she's my girl.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Some definite grinding going on.

WAYNE CROAN
Duly noted. But she ain't doing
nothing no ordinary girl her age
wouldn't do.

BRIAN (O.S.)
Whoa! You don't even wanna know what
she's doing now --

DOUG
Will you shut up!!

Kyle and May stop and look in their direction.

The three men hit the dirt, wait a beat, and continue talking.

WAYNE CROAN
You just gotta wait it out, Mister B.
That Morgan kid she's with? He'll tip
his cards sooner or later.

DOUG
You know the Morgan's?

WAYNE CROAN
Yup. I've been here a long time,
compadre. I've watched a lot of
people come and go. Those Morgan's --
they're a strange bunch.

DOUG
What do you mean by that?

Wayne looks up at the Schulman's window. A "YEE HAW!" is
heard. He looks at Brian, then at Doug.

WAYNE CROAN
Trust me, brother.

EXT. RESORT RESTAURANT - MORNING

Mrs. Altenburg is out front RINGING her bell.

The Bristol's walk in. Doug sports a fresh bruise. Clearly in a bad mood.

MRS. ALTENBURG

(spots Doug)

Stay away from me! Stay away!

Doug WRESTLES the bell away from her and heaves it as far as he can. He stares the old woman down and sneers.

June, May and Brian can only look at him.

EXT. POOLSIDE - DAY

Doug and June sit on beach chairs and talk.

Wayne Croan, hoses and vacuum in hand, chats up Brian and May in the pool.

JUNE

So what? You saw them kissing. It's no different from when we first started dating, remember?

DOUG

Yeah, well, I was wrong. I know how guys think, June. This one ain't no different than the rest.

JUNE

Oh, for Christ's sake, Doug. You think you can just let the poor girl have some fun?

Doug thinks for a beat.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Or did you just want to come here for your own selfish reasons?

DOUG

What?

JUNE

Is this vacation all about you and May bonding one last time? I know you want to have a nice time before she goes away, but you also have a son who needs your attention, too.

Doug sighs. He knows she's right.

DOUG

I don't even know if I could do that anymore. Brian seems to have found a friend.

IN THE POOL

WAYNE CROAN

(to Brian and May)

So, there I was on stage with my junk hanging out. And the security guard says to me, "Hey! Put your junk away, boy!" And I said, "Hey, come over here and make me put my junk away!"

JUNE AND DOUG

JUNE

Who, that Wayne fella?

Doug nods his head.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, that's all well and good, but he still needs his father.

DOUG

Yeah, but I don't know if I can compete with that guy.

IN THE POOL

Wayne holds an imaginary noose around his neck and chokes himself. Brian and May crack up.

JUNE AND DOUG

DOUG (CONT'D)

They seem like they're made for each other.

JUNE

(sighs)

Open your eyes, Doug.

DOUG

What?

JUNE

You need to connect with your son just as much as you need to connect with your daughter. Maybe even more so.

Doug sighs. There are no words.

JUNE

Now, I want you to go in that pool and hang out with your kids. And that Wayne...Burnt Scrotum guy. Show them what having fun is all about.

DOUG

You're right, baby. I'm gonna go have some fun.

JUNE

That's the spirit. Don't hurt anyone.

Doug, invigorated, heads to the diving board as May climbs out.

DOUG

Hey guys, you wanna see me do one of my famous dives? You know I was on the diving team back in high school.

BRIAN

Yeah, yeah. We know, we know.

WAYNE CROAN

Go for it, Mister B.!

Doug stands on the edge of the board. Readies himself.

Meanwhile, May and June talk out of earshot.

DOUG

I call this one the "flying squirrel."

BRIAN (O.S.)

Make sure there's no frayed wires
anywhere, dad.

DOUG

Ha ha. Very funny. You two watch and
learn.

Doug extends his arms forward, puffs in and out. He runs and jumps high. While in mid-air he hears...

JUNE

shouting at May.

JUNE

You are not dropping out of school to
go to Africa!! Doug!!

Doug's face changes expression as he hears this, ruining his dive.

CUT TO:

MRS. ALTENBURG

is in the pool. She looks up just in time to see Doug falling on top of her. She SCREAMS. Doug SCREAMS.

CRASH!

EXT. POOLSIDE - LATER - DAY

Paramedics attend to Mrs. Altenburg. She wears a neck brace as they wheel her off on a stretcher.

Doug lays unconscious. A crowd of people surround him.

BRIAN

You think he's dead?

JUNE

Oh, God, I hope not.

WAYNE CROAN

No, he ain't dead.

Wayne gives him two, three, four good SLAPS to the face. Doug spits out water and comes to.

PARAMEDIC

He's waking up.

JUNE

Doug, can you hear me?

POLICE OFFICER

That woman said you tried to kill her.
How do you respond to that?

DOUG

(groggy)

It was a typo, I swear.

MAY

Dad, are you okay?

Doug locks eyes with May. No, he is definitely not okay.

INT. THE BRISTOL'S ROOM - LATER

DOUG

Absolutely not! I forbid it!

MAY

Mom!

JUNE

I'm afraid your father's right on this one. You've known this guy for, what, a few days and now you want to go to Africa with him? May, think about what you're saying.

MAY

You guys don't understand. Kyle and I have a connection. I...I think I love him.

DOUG

This is not happening. I had a lot to get past with you going away to school, but I finally realized how great it would be for you and your future. And now you pull something like this. I'm very disappointed in you, May. Very disappointed.

May begins to cry and looks to June for support, but does not get any.

JUNE

We're both disappointed with this, May.

MAY

You know what? I don't care what either of you say. I love Kyle. College will still be here when I get back.

DOUG

Yeah, but your scholarship might not. This is your big shot, May. That Morgan kid, he's got money and everything, yeah, but he's not up to your standards.

JUNE

You're just infatuated, honey.

This cuts May like a knife.

MAY

Infatuated? Don't treat me like a little girl, mom. I expect that from dad, but not from you.

DOUG

And what's that supposed to mean?

MAY

It means you're not letting me grow up. You're too afraid to let me grow up.

DOUG

No. We're afraid of you making the biggest mistake of your life!

MAY.

What, like you did? What have you ever done that's so special, dad? You're just a back alley cook in a nursing home. You're the one who blew it!

This cuts Doug like a knife.

DOUG

(looks into her eyes)

Yeah, I guess I did.

May storms out of the room.

EXT. THE MORGAN'S BUNGALOW - LATER - DAY

Doug POUNDS on the Morgan's door.

DOUG

Open up, you Morgan's. I know you're in there!

People pass by, staring.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Ah, what are you idiots looking at? Dammit, you open up right this instant!

WAYNE CROAN (O.S.)

They're not there, compadre.

Doug turns to see Wayne Croan.

DOUG
Where'd they go?

WAYNE CROAN
Couldn't tell ya. Saw 'em leave this morning.

EXT. RESORT GROUNDS - LATER - DAY

Doug and Wayne lean up against the railing of the Tiki bar. All is quiet and still on the lake.

WAYNE CROAN (O.S.)
That's a tough predicament you're in there, boss.

DOUG
Yeah, tell me about it. Do you have any kids?

WAYNE CROAN
Oh, maybe...somewhere. I was with a lot of groupies back in my day. Really couldn't say for sure.

DOUG
Does that make you feel sad?

WAYNE CROAN
Hell no! I had a new chick almost every night.

DOUG
No, I mean about not knowing if you ever had a child.

WAYNE CROAN
Oh. Sometimes. I guess that's why I took a liking to your boy. Kinda reminds me of when I was his age.

DOUG
Or maybe the son you never had?

WAYNE CROAN

(smiles)

Yeah, something like that. I don't mean to be stepping on any toes or anything.

DOUG

No, it's cool.

WAYNE CROAN

Thanks. So, what are you gonna do about your daughter?

DOUG

Well, obviously she's not going to Africa.

WAYNE CROAN

And how do you plan on stopping her?

DOUG

I haven't figured that one out yet.

WAYNE CROAN

You want my advice?

DOUG

I'm all ears.

WAYNE CROAN

Just leave her be, boss. I know it might be hard now, but...that Morgan kid, the one your daughter's in love with, he's a little spoiled brat. Oh, I'm sure he's sweet talkin' her now, but his true colors are gonna show through eventually. You can take that to the bank.

DOUG

And if they don't?

Beat.

WAYNE CROAN

You'll figure something out, boss.

EXT. RESORT GROUNDS - LATER - DAY

Doug, dejected, walks across a field. He sees Brian, who sits on a bench near an empty softball field. He holds a glove and a ball.

DOUG

Hey, champ.

BRIAN

Oh, hey, dad.

DOUG

So, you been playin' a little baseball with the guys?

BRIAN

No. They finished up a while ago. They asked me to play, but I didn't want to.

DOUG

Why not?

Waits a beat.

BRIAN

Because I don't know how.

Doug begins to speak, then lowers his head. He never taught Brian how to play. The realization of that is painful and sad.

Doug takes the ball from him.

DOUG

You wanna learn?

BRIAN

Nah. It's okay.

DOUG

I'll show you. It's not that hard.

(looks around)

There's nobody here but us, kid.

BRIAN

(reluctantly)

Okay.

They step onto the field.

DOUG

You know, I used to pitch when I was
in high school?

BRIAN

Really?

DOUG

Yep. I was the only kid who knew how
to throw a knuckle ball. Nobody could
hit the damn thing. Ball was all over
the place.

Brian's first throw sails over Doug's head. He chases it down
and throws it back. Brian awkwardly stabs at the ball and
misses. It's clear he has no idea how to do this.

DOUG (CONT'D)

Here, lemme show you.

(gets on one knee)

You grip the ball like this, see? And
look at me while you throw it. Try it
again.

Brian's next throw is a little better, but it sails wide.

EXT. RESORT - DAY

June stands alone on the porch. Spies Doug and Brian. A
contented look appears on her face as she witnesses this
beautiful sight.

DOUG AND BRIAN

DOUG (CONT'D)

See, that was a little better.

BRIAN

Yeah, that was a little better.

Doug's throws the ball to Brian. It nails him in the face.

DOUG

Ohh! You gotta catch it with your glove, not your face.

BRIAN

Thanks, dad. You know, 'cause I wasn't too sure of that.

Brian hastily grabs the ball. Fires it right on target.

DOUG

Wow. There you go, kid!

They go on having a catch until the scene ends.

INT. BRISTOL'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

Doug and June getting dressed for the dance.

JUNE

And who gave you this advice?

DOUG

Burnt Scro-- Wayne.

JUNE

We're taking advice from a guy named Burnt Scrotum now?

DOUG

It makes sense, June. Kinda puts the ball in her court.

June face palms.

JUNE

You better be right about this, Dr.
Phil. Or so help me...

Brian walks past. Wears a skeleton bones shirt, holds an ice pack to his eye.

BRIAN

Don't worry, mom. Every once in a while dad's right.

Doug smiles. Self satisfied.

JUNE

Every once in a great while.

EXT. BALLROOM - EVENING

Guests stream in.

A sign rests on a tripod: "ANNUAL LAKE MOOSE DANCE. 7PM TILL ???"

INT. BALLROOM - EVENING

The ballroom is party ready. Balloons, streamers, etc. A band plays onstage.

Doug and June mill about as they look for May.

JUNE

There she is.

May and Kyle sit together at a table.

Doug and June sit across from them.

DOUG

Hey, guys.

KYLE

Hi, Mister B. Mrs. B.

JUNE

Hi, Kyle. Hi, honey.

May smiles weakly.

KYLE

Well, I'm gonna go for drinks. Do you guys want anything?

Doug and June shake their heads.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(to May)

I'll get you a coke.

JUNE

So, you're not talking to us.

MAY

Nope.

DOUG

Look, honey, you know we're just looking out for your best interests. We're not trying to stop you from growing up.

JUNE

That's right, honey.

MAY

It sure feels like it.

DOUG

We just want to make sure that you've thought this through. Either way, it's a big step you're taking.

MAY

So, w-what are you saying?

JUNE

We're saying that we're gonna let you do what you want to do.

(MORE)

JUNE (cont'd)

If you're old enough to go to college on your own, then you're old enough to go to... Africa.

MAY

You mean it?

DOUG

Yes, I'm afraid we do.

May gets up and hugs them. Doug and June share pained looks.

MAY

Thank you. Thank you. I love you guys so much.

JUNE

We love you too, dear.

MAY

I'll be right back.

May leaves.

June shoots Doug a look. Grabs a fistful of his shirt.

JUNE

I don't care if you get boiled in a pot of water by pygmies, if this doesn't work you're going to Africa to get her back!

THE STAGE

Tom Schulman grabs the mic. It fizzes with feedback. He holds a cocktail. Buzzed.

TOM

Welcome. Welcome, one and all to the annual Lake Moose season ending dance. Now, if you happen to take a look around you might see Patrick Swayze and Baby walking around.

An overweight Patrick Swayze and large-nosed Jennifer Grey look-alike are on the dance floor. They smile and wave to the crowd.

TOM (CONT'D)

And you might be saying to yourself,
 "hey, I thought that guy croaked."
 Well, fear not, my friends. It's not
 the zombie apocalypse, but he's the
 closest thing we got.

Fake Patrick Swayze puts his arms out like Frankenstein.

Frieda Schulman grabs the mic.

FRIEDA

I think what my husband's trying to
 say is we thank you all from the
 bottom of our hearts for making this
 our greatest season ever!

The crowd cheers.

FRIEDA (CONT'D)

Now, who's ready to get down and
 bogie?

(more cheers)

Oh, and Wayne, if you're out there,
 the toilet's on the fritz again.

Thank you.

The band plays. Doug and June dance. Patrick Swayze cuts in to dance with June. Jennifer Grey dances with Doug.

THE BAR

Kyle is at the bar downing shots. A hot girl eyes him sensually. Kyle winks back.

May comes up to him and grabs his arm.

KYLE

Hey, angel.

MAY

Hey, yourself! Guess what? They're gonna let me go! I never thought they'd go for it, but they --

KYLE

-- Hey, guess what? I have an idea.

EXT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Brian looks in through the window. Wayne stands nearby in the shadows.

WAYNE CROAN

See anything yet?

BRIAN

No, not yet. Wait. Here they come.

WAYNE CROAN

Get ready.

Kyle and May unknowingly walk past Wayne and Brian. They go down by the water, and start kissing.

Wayne and Brian follow closely behind.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

The Morgan's are on the dance floor now. Everyone is having fun.

Doug starts to do some crazy moves, prompting cheers from the crowd.

HARV

Go, Dougie, go!

EXT. LAKE MOOSE - NIGHT

Kyle and May get hot and heavy.

Kyle puts his hand up May's shirt. She pushes it away, but he is persistent.

MAY

Stop, Kyle. Not here.

KYLE

What's the matter? I thought you liked me.

MAY

I do like you, Kyle, but I'm just not feeling it right now. Besides, you're drunk.

KYLE

I'm not drunk.

He laughs and stumbles, then touches her again.

WAYNE AND BRIAN

Wayne whispers to Brian. Brian nods and leaves.

KYLE AND MAY

MAY

You are too. I can smell it all over you. Stop!

They struggle some more.

May slaps him across the face, surprised by her own actions. Kyle stumbles back and touches his lip. He's bleeding.

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

Brian makes his way through the crowd. Jennifer Grey twirls him as he goes across the floor to Doug and whispers in his ear.

Doug abruptly leaves.

EXT. LAKE MOOSE - NIGHT

KYLE

Are you crazy? If you wanna hit somebody, you gotta do it right.

(MORE)

KYLE (cont'd)

Like this...

He smacks her in the face. She falls to the ground.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Where do you think you're going?

MAY

Away from you! Let go of me!

Kyle grabs her arm, goes to hit her again, but a hand grabs his arm in mid-swing.

It's Doug.

DOUG

Why don't you try taking a swing at me, Morgan?

KYLE

Oh, it's you. Listen, old man. This is between me and the girl.

DOUG

Not anymore it isn't.

KYLE

Look, go back inside before you get hurt. You don't wanna do this.

DOUG

Why don't you go home and sleep it off, Morgan? We'll just pretend like this never happened.

KYLE

You're the one who's going to sleep.

Doug raises his fists -- Kyle comes at him -- swings, misses -- Doug throws him in the bushes.

DOUG

May? May?

Kyle jumps on his back -- they fall to the ground -- Kyle has the upper hand.

Doug tries to stand. CRACK! It's his back again. He transforms into helpless CRAB MAN.

DOUG

Oh shit.

KYLE

Oh shit is right.

Kyle winds up and pops Doug in the face. He falls backwards to the ground, and BLACKS OUT.

BRIAN AND WAYNE

watch on from behind some brush. Brian gets up, but Wayne grabs his arm.

BRIAN

What are you doing? We gotta go help him.

WAYNE CROAN

Sit tight, brother. This ain't over yet.

DOUG

is clearly in pain. His world goes BLACK, then...

FLASHBACK:

Doug sees --

-himself, comforting a baby May as she cries

-May as a little girl, lip trembles as he bandages a scraped knee

-May yelling at him:

MAY

What have you ever done that's so special? You're just a back alley chef.

(echoing)

What have you ever done that's so special...special...special...

END FLASHBACK

DOUG

snaps out of it. May's voice continues: special...

KYLE (V.O.)

You had enough, Bristol? Get up, old man.

Doug's eyes flutter open.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I wasn't gonna take her with me, anyway. There's plenty of bitches around here who'll put out for me.

RAIN begins to fall.

A TRANSFORMATION upon Doug: eyes wild -- slowly stands -- crack! crack! goes the back -- straightens up -- face contorts and twists.

He tries to rip off his shirt. And tries. Not happening. Oh well.

Kyle's amused, but there's a little bit of fear, too.

KYLE

What the hell is this? Who are you the incredible Hulk?

DOUG

Worse. Pissed off dad.

KYLE

(laughs)

(MORE)

KYLE (cont'd)

You can't be serious!

DOUG

Make your move, punk.

KYLE

Okay, old man. You asked for it.

Kyle LUNGES. Doug grabs him by the shirt in mid-air. Raises him off the ground. ROARS in his face. Throws him to the ground with ease.

Kyle's shocked by the sudden turn of events.

KYLE

You're crazy! I think you broke my wrist!

DOUG

You haven't seen crazy yet, Morgan.

Now you go on home.

(beat)

You're in time out.

KYLE

You're not my father.

DOUG

That's right, I'm not. But I'm your daddy!

Kyle, defeated, gets up. He walks SMACK into Wayne, who stares him down hard.

The rain stops.

Brian RUSHES to Doug's side. HIGH FIVES all around.

BRIAN

Dad, that was bad ass!

DOUG

Thanks, buddy.

WAYNE CROAN
Way to go, Mister B.

Doug looks at Wayne and SMILES for a beat.

DOUG
(heartfelt)
Thanks.

The three men converge.

DOUG
Now whaddya say we go back inside and
get some of that Saturday Night Fever.

BRIAN
Yeah, let's go.

Doug and Brian start for the ballroom.

Wayne remains. *Hrrrmphs*. Clears his throat. Points to

MAY

sits alone on the pier in the moonlight.

DOUG
Oh. Oh yeah. You guys go on ahead.
I'll meet up with you.

Doug goes to his little girl and sits next to her. Tears
stain her cheeks.

DOUG
May? You all right?

MAY
(nods)
You know, I've always dreamed of
having a family like the one I've got
now...

She trails off. Shakes her head.

MAY (CONT'D)
I'm so stupid.

DOUG
You get that from my side of the
family, honey.

He looks over to see if his joke made her smile. It did.

DOUG
Everybody makes mistakes, May. Hell.
If mistakes were women I'd be Ron
Jeremy.

MAY
What?!?

DOUG
Nevermind. Come on. Let's go back
inside.

She takes his hand and they head up to the resort. They're
met by

JUNE, BRIAN AND WAYNE

JUNE
Oh, my God. What happened? May, are
you all right? Doug, is she all
right?

MAY
I'm fine, mom.

HARV MORGAN

comes waddling over to them.

HARV
What the hell just happened out here,
Bristol?

DOUG
I took out the trash.

They continue walking, leaving Harv behind.

HARV

Hey, you're gonna have to answer for
this, Bristol!

Wayne turns around, grabs his crotch, smiles.

WAYNE CROAN

Answer this, compadre!

INT. BALLROOM - NIGHT

They walk inside. Doug holds May's hand and heads for a
table, but May pulls him to the DANCE FLOOR.

DOUG

Where are we going?

MAY

I owe my hero a dance.

THE BAND

plays a slow song.

DOUG AND MAY

dance. The lights are dim. The MIRROR BALL shoots streaks of
light all around.

May looks up at Doug with her big eyes and hugs him tight.

MAY

I'm sorry, daddy.

DOUG

What? May, you don't have to
apologize to me. I'm the one who
should be apologizing to you.

He gets down on one knee, takes her hand and looks up at her.

MAY

I love you, daddy.

DOUG
I love you too, sweetheart.

MAY
Like Riggs and Murtaugh.

DOUG
Like Riggs and Murtaugh.

THE BAR

Wayne stands alone.

WAYNE CROAN

Lemme get a rum and coke. What are
you having, sweetheart?

Look-alike Jennifer Grey slips out from behind him.

JENNIFER GREY
I'll have a beer, stud.

WAYNE CROAN
That's my girl!

JUNE AND BRIAN

make their way to the dance floor.

Brian catches Wayne's eye from across the room. They give
each other a wink and a smile.

A pull back reveals the entire dance floor with Doug and May
in the middle.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

Here's the Bristol's house. The trees have an autumn glow. A
jogger runs by. Another beautiful morning.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Doug's hand searches the radio dial. He finds an oldie-but-goodie and turns it up.

He cooks eggs over the stove, and GROOVES to the music. Two cats rub against his ankles.

Brian RUNS in, dressed all in black, headphones on his ears. He SLAMS face first into the doorway.

DOUG

Whoa, take it easy, kid. Here, take some breakfast with you.

BRIAN

What?!

Doug pulls the headphones off and speaks in his ear.

DOUG

Take some breakfast with you!

He hands Brian a sandwich wrapped in foil and he stuffs it in his bag.

BRIAN

Hey, dad? When I graduate do I get a new car, too?

DOUG

Sure, sure. I saw a good looking used Schwinn at the bike shop the other day. It'd be perfect for you.

BRIAN

Ha ha ha. I'll see ya later, dad.

DOUG

Later, son.

Brian leaves.

June comes in, struggles with three large bags. She kisses Doug on the cheek.

JUNE

Good morning. You seem awfully chipper today.

Doug smiles.

DOUG

What's not to be chipper about?

June gives him a knowing glance.

JUNE

It sure feels different around here without May, doesn't it?

DOUG

It's not so bad, honey. Besides, she'll be home soon for Thanksgiving. What are you, missing her or something?

She looks at him with a sad face and nods.

JUNE

Yes.

DOUG

Aww. It'll be all right, hon. Here, take some breakfast with you. I know you're running late.

JUNE

Thanks.

Doug bends down and places three bowls with scrambled eggs on the floor. A cute new KITTEN comes RACING over to join the other cats.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Now, help me with these bags, stud.

DOUG

My pleasure, ma'am.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Doug struggles with the bags as he follows June to the car. He throws them in the back seat.

DOUG

So, when are you coming back from
Katmandu?

JUNE

Very funny, Mr. Bristol.

June gives him a peck on the cheek and drives away. He watches as the car rolls to the end of the street and turns out of sight. He picks up the newspaper and looks at his watch.

Doug looks up and smiles, then proceeds happily back to the house and goes in.

FADE OUT

THE END