

FADE IN:

INT. DARKENED SCREENING ROOM

DRAMATIC MUSIC SWELLS as the words "MUSIC BY DOUGIE GRAHAM" appear on the movie screen.

COMMANDING MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Lights!

LIGHTS GO UP revealing JR, a producer. He holds a sheaf of music. Next to him is smartly dressed talent agent - MONICA. An UPTIGHT SECRETARY sits behind them.

INT. BATHROOM

DOUGIE GRAHAM, good looking 30 something, takes a deep hit from a joint.

His other arm is wrapped around a nervous but STUNNING BLONDE GIRLFRIEND. Her eyes are fixed on the door as she clutches her purse. Dougie offers her the joint. She shakes her head No.

BLONDE GIRLFRIEND

I don't want to get in trouble -

DOUGIE

Don't worry, babe, they're gonna love my stuff.

He squeezes, pushing the joint toward her lips. She squirms away. Her purse spills - more makeup than can be believed.

BLONDE GIRLFRIEND

My makeup!

She bends over to pick things up. Dougie admires the view.

DOUGIE

And man, are they're going to love you.

INT. SCREENING ROOM

JR stands and steps out in the aisle. Monica follows. The Uptight Secretary scrambles in behind JR.

MONICA

What do you think, JR?

JR

Quality stuff there, I can see why it got an Academy nomination.

Dougie and Blonde Girlfirend enter just in time to hear this. He flashes the high-beam smile.

DOUGIE  
See? I told you there was nothing to worry about. Now for the contract kill.

He struts toward JR and Monica.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
So, how much are we talking here, Monica?

JR steams past him like he's not there, Uptight Secretary in his wake

JR  
So why is he trying to sell me this shit now?

He tosses the sheaf over his shoulder as he exits.

JR (CONT'D)  
No sale!

The Uptight Secretary turns to Dougie. She gives the "cut throat sign", turns, and leaves.

BLONDE GIRLFRIEND  
My audition!

MONICA  
JR! Wait!

Monica runs out.

BLONDE GIRLFRIEND  
You son of a bitch!

She slaps Dougie and rushes out in tears.

The score pages flutter down around Dougie. The lights go out.

MONTAGE: - DOUGIE FIRED FROM VARIOUS JOBS - EACH TIME THE GIRLFRIEND WITH HIM IS MORE SKETCHY THAN THE LAST

Dougie, RED-HEADED GIRLFRIEND IN TOW, as a contract is ripped up and tossed in his face.

Dougie, BRUNETTE GIRLFRIEND trailing behind, is shoved out of a Producer's office. The door slams behind him.

Dougie is tossed out a building by a pair of security guards, PURPLE/GREEN-HAIRED GIRLFRIEND is tossed out seconds later.

RAPID FIRE SEQUENCE RESEMBLING OLD TIME MOVIE SCENES OF DOORS  
CLOSING IN DOUGIE'S FACE ENDING WITH: END MONTAGE

Monica walks quickly down the street followed by an even angrier  
Dougie.

MONICA

What is wrong with you?

DOUGIE

They just don't get me.

Monica rounds on him.

MONICA

The problem is they get too much of you.  
I wish you'd tone down the "Dougie is  
the greatest show on earth" act. It's  
wearing thin. No one wants to deal with  
that. And I'm just about about out of  
patience with it.

Dougie spies a BLONDE BEAUTY going the opposite way catches his  
eye. He turns and follows her.

DOUGIE

Oh yeah, sure, tone it down, right. So  
when's the next gig?

MONICA

Next gig? Are you even listening to me?

Monica turns, sees Dougie following the Blonde Beauty, She  
shakes her head and continues on her way.

INT. BEDROOM

A bedroom decorated bachelor style - laundry strewn all over,  
full ashtrays and crushed beer cans.

A photo of Dougie and The Blonde Beauty. He is at the keyboard;  
she holds a microphone.

One side of the bed is neat - a woman's chemise folded neatly  
on the pillow. The other side is a slowly heaving pile of  
blankets, trash, man toys, and other unidentifiable objects.

A HULK ALARM CLOCK on a bed-side table surrounded in garbage.  
It goes off: YAARRGGG! YARRGGG! HULK SMASH! YAARRGGG!  
YAARRGG! HULK SMASH -

The pile shifts - an arm snakes out, grabs the alarm clock and flings it. It BANGS against a wall, and crashes to the floor. HULK SMASH, HULK SMASH, HULLLLLLLKKKKK SSMMASS... and dies.

Dougie crawls from under the pile - it's been a rough night. He swings his feet over the edge. He steps down into an ashtray half full of pot roaches and one lit joint.

The joint sticks to his foot. Dougie stands there, scratching. Smoke rises. He sniffs, crinkling his nose at the smell.

He looks down and sees the burning joint. Uncomprehending, he goes back to his scratching until the pain hits. HE YELPS, then falls over backwards onto the bed.

Dougie engulfed by the pile. Tangled, he continues to YELP as he contorts, trying to reach the joint.

A head emerges from under the bed - KEVIN HARWELL, professional party guy, slacker, and born-again hippy meister.

KEVIN

Whoa, zen yoga token. That's rad, man.

Kevin, dressed in a STAR DUCKS coffee house outfit, crawls out from under the bed.

DOUGIE

Get it off, get it off, GET IT OFF!

KEVIN

Don't worry, dude, it's cool.

Kevin deftly plucks the joint from Dougie's foot and sticks it in his mouth. He gently takes Dougie's big toe.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

This little piggy was almost roast beef

--

Dougie untangles himself.

DOUGIE

Knock it off, you idiot!

Kevin, hurt, looks down.

Dougie sighs, then smiles at Kevin.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Sorry, bro.

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN  
No problemo, lameo.

They whack each other. He hands Dougie the joint.

DOUGIE  
Thanks.

Dougie takes a hit.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Ah, not trying to harsh your buzz, but  
aren't you supposed to be at work?

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN  
Late shift. Double latte late shift.

Dougie hands him the joint.

DOUGIE  
Broke?

Kevin takes a deep hit. He exhales.

KEVIN  
Yeah. Flat as a, flat as a -

Kevin struggles, then takes a deep hit from the joint.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
- as a really, really flat thing. You  
know, like something run over by a, by  
a -

DOUGIE  
Steamroller?

KEVIN  
Yeah, wasn't there a song about that?

DOUGIE  
Double shift, that's rough.

KEVIN  
Need the dough, bro.

DOUGIE  
I thought your family was helping out.

Dougie hands him the joint. Kevin takes a hit.

KEVIN

Nah, they think I'm wasting my life.

He GUFFAWS at a thought.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Know what they want me to do?

Kevin hands Dougie the joint.

DOUGIE

No, what?

KEVIN

They want me to join the army.

At that they both GIGGLE.

DOUGIE

Oh yeah, I can just see that. Private Stoner in a tank.

KEVIN

Tanked in a tank.

Dougie takes a hit, slowly exhales, and hands it to Kevin.

He digs through the pile on the bed and pulls out a wallet. He removes a few crumpled bills.

DOUGIE

Here, man.

He hands them to Kevin.

KEVIN

Thanks, me amigo.

Kevin kneels, reaches under the bed, and pulls out a STAR DUCKS cap - the brim is a huge duck bill. He puts it on the bed.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Hey, how come you never talk about family?

DOUGIE

Not much to talk about. All I have left is Grandma.

Kevin smiles. He goes to hand the joint to Dougie. Dougie shakes his head.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Nah, man. I've got to cut down. She

-

He heads nods toward the neat side of the bed.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

- tells me it's affecting our sex life.

Kevin takes a last hit then snubs the roach on a table. He puts it in his pocket.

KEVIN

I don't have that problem.

Kevin carefully positions the STAR DUCKS cap on his head. Dougie grabs a towel and heads toward the bathroom.

DOUGIE

How could you? You've never had a girlfriend.

KEVIN

Why would I need a girlfriend when I have a shower?

Kevin leaves.

Dougie stops at the bathroom door.

DOUGIE

Oh man.

INT. BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Dougie, unsteady on his feet, flushes the toilet.

He stumbles over to the sink, turns on the tap, and rinses his face. He looks in the mirror. In red lipstick: A FEMALE STICK FIGURE HANDING A MALE STICK FIGURE HIS HEAD.

Below that: DON'T BE LATE! PAM. Dougie looks puzzled.

INT. RESTAURANT

THE WOMAN FROM THE PHOTO - PAM - looks at her watch. She opens a purse, rummages through and pulls out a cell phone.

INT. HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Living room of a hillside bungalow.

Dougie races around, dressing, eating, and gathering papers all at once. As he races around we see half-finished home improvement and personal projects scattered throughout.

A computer on a desk in one corner. The only area that seems beyond the chaos is a snazzy electronic keyboard near a picture window overlooking the valley below.

A scribbled-on music sheet sits on the keyboard. Dougie stops his frenzy and goes to the keyboard. He looks at the music sheet and plays - a few disconnected chords in Celtic/Midwestern style. He stops, fingers poised for a few seconds.

DOUGIE

Crap.

He slowly turns and walks away.

DOUGIE'S CELL PHONE RINGS. He flips it open.

MALE VOICE ON THE PHONE

Where the hell are you?

DOUGIE

I'm out the door!

Dougie flips the phone shut.

He grabs a backpack with protruding music sheets and flies out the door.

EXT. STREET -- LATER

Dougie hustling down a busy street. Everyone seems to know him. Some women seem to like him, and it's obvious Dougie likes them. Distracted by them he barely avoids several collisions.

Other women avoid his look.

AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN AND HER FRIEND walk toward Dougie. The Young Woman smiles. Dougie flashes his smile. Dougie slows up, adjusting his course to meet her.

Just before they do her friend grabs her by the arm and pulls her to the other side of the street.

YOUNG WOMAN

What are you doing?

HER FRIEND

Saving you years of therapy.

She hustles her friend out of view. Dougie, disappointed, picks up his pace and continues on.

EXT. COFFEE STAND



Dougie, out of breath and a bit green around the gills, stops at COFFEE STAND. THE COFFEE MAN, mid forties, hands him a cup.

COFFEE MAN

You don't look so good today, Dougie?  
Too much party?

Dougie takes a sip.

DOUGIE

No such thing as too much party on my  
planet, dude.

Coffee Man serves another customer. Dougie takes a deep breath, and COUGHS LOUDLY for a few seconds.

COFFEE MAN

Uh huh. Sounds to me like your planet  
is getting sick.

Dougie finishes his coffee and hands Coffee Man the cup. Coffee Man pours him another cup. Dougie fumbles in his pocket for cash.

A BUSINESSMAN comes up.

COFFEE MAN (CONT'D)

Good morning Mr. T. The usual?

MR.T nods. Coffee Man hands him a cup of coffee. Mr. T hands him a few dollars.

Meanwhile Dougie has come up with nada. He flashes a shy smile at Coffee Man.

DOUGIE

Ah, my planet seems a bit short on  
natural resources today. Catch you  
later?

Coffee Man hesitates for a second, then hands him the cup. Dougie smiles, than races off down the street. Coffee Man shakes his head. He turns to Mr. T

COFFEE MAN

His planet, and I'm stuck on it.

He raises his hands to the skies.

COFFEE MAN (CONT'D)

Scottie, beam me up, please!

EXT. BUILDING -- DAY

Dougie on the run heads for a revolving door.

A BEAUTIFUL, BUT ANGRY WOMAN, steams toward the revolving door from the other side. She drops her purse and bends to pick it up.

Dougie, distracted, hits the revolving door in the wrong way. A pileup occurs.

INT. STUDIO -- MOMENTS LATER

Dougie rushes into the control booth, removing sheet music from his pack.

A BEEFY TEXAS BUSINESS MAN WHO'S ALWAYS SNACKING ON SOMETHING - HARVEY MORTON - COUGHS as Dougie enters. A PEEVED DIRECTOR at the control panel drums his fingers impatiently.

DIRECTOR

Great, just great. Not only do we not have a singer, now the equipment is shot!

Dougie sits besides him.

THE ENGINEER rises from below the panel. He shrugs.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Damn it, you're the engineer! Fix it!

Harvey produces a cupcake and aggressively munches it. Dougie taps the director on the shoulder.

DOUGIE

May I?

The Director shrugs. He looks at the Engineer, who also shrugs.

ENGINEER

Why not?

Dougie walks over and extends his hand.

DOUGIE

I'm Dougie.

The Engineer extends his hand.

ENGINEER

Scottie.

DOUGIE

Really?

ENGINEER  
No, but I don't like to disappoint  
people.

The Director takes his seat. After a few seconds Dougie's head  
pops up between them.

DOUGIE  
Try it now.

The Engineer hits a button. A green light comes on. He gives  
a thumbs up.

RON GLEASON, agent to the nearly stars, comes in. He has a  
hang-dog look. Harvey shakes his head, produces a beef stick  
and snacks on it.

RON  
She's not coming back.

Dougie's cell phone rings. Everyone looks at him.

RON (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Dougie -

Dougie gives a sickly smile. The phone rings again.

RON (CONT'D)  
Well go on, answer it. It's not like  
we're doing anything important here.

Ron and Harvey go into a huddle. We overhear ad lib snippets  
of the conversation - WHAT NOW? I'M SORRY, I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN  
BETTER, etc, etc.

INT. RESTAURANT

Pam on the cell phone.

PAM  
You thoughtless, heartless bastard!

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

Dougie winces.

DOUGIE  
Sweetie, a job, I forgot, sorry --

Dougie listens for a second, then holds the phone away from his  
ear.

PAM ON PHONE (O.S.)

-- you don't know the meaning of the  
word sorry, but you're going to!

Dougie still holds the phone away from his ear. Pam's voice  
blasts through.

PAM ON PHONE (CONT'D)  
Screw your job!

INT. RESTAURANT

Pam pacing as she yells into the phone.

PAM ON PHONE  
I'm always second fiddle to some -

She does the quote thing with her fingers.

PAM ON PHONE (CONT'D)  
--"job". Well, this is the last time  
you treat me like this, you, you --

INT. CONTROL BOOTH

PAM ON PHONE (O.S.)  
-- no good mother --

Ron and Harvey turn. Dougie covers the phone. Harvey produces  
a bag of chips and snacks on it.

INT. RESTAURANT

Pam, teary, is winding down.

PAM  
-- and you probably didn't even  
remember to buy me a present!

INT. CONTROL BOOTH -- CONTINUOUS

Dougie continues to listen. Harvey glares at him.

DOUGIE  
Hah, women.

Harvey takes a firm hold of Ron's arm and pulls him close.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Ah, sweetie, ah, honey?

Harvey speaks between bites of a corndog.

HARVEY

Look son, I didn't pay for no soap opera, particularly one that's costing me a whole lot for a whole lot of nothing. And Harvey T. Morton don't like paying something for nothing. Makes him right mean when that happens.

RON

We'll work something out. You have my word of honor.

HARVEY

That's really good son because -

He pulls Ron closer.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

-- you wouldn't like me when I'm mean.

Ron carefully loosens Harvey's grip and walks over to the Director. He mops his brow.

RON

Can't we get someone to fill in?

The Director shrugs.

DIRECTOR

I direct them, I don't cast them.

PAM ON THE PHONE

PAM

-- you never remember anything that's important to me. All I ask is one stinking, lousy little present, you selfish little pr --

Dougie covers the phone. He turns to Ron.

DOUGIE

I have a suggestion.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH -- LATER

Pam, bubbly and excited, can be seen through the glass in the RECORDING ROOM. Dougie is arranging music on a stand.

PAM

This is the best birthday gift ever!

She grabs him and gives him a huge, wet kiss. Dougie looks sheepishly toward the glass. Everyone stares at them. Ron taps his wristwatch. Dougie disengages.

INT. CONTROL BOOTH -- MOMENTS LATER

Dougie, the Engineer, and the Director at the control panel.

The Director cues Pam and she sings A LIVELY JINGLE ABOUT MORTON'S BEEF PIES.

PAM

Morton Beef Pies are the best. There aren't any others who can pass the test. Ask your neighbors, ask your friends. Morton Beef Pies are the living end.

Her voice is astoundingly bad. Harvey sputters out between bites of a footlong hotdog.

HARVEY

Oh - my - sweet - Lord...

Harvey glares at Ron. Ron points to the Director. The Director smacks the Engineer. The Engineer pushes the control panel slides up and down - nothing helps.

Everyone turns to Dougie. Dougie gives them a sickly smile as Pam looks at them.

PAM

Want me to do another take?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

Harvey Morton, Ron, the Director, and the Engineer sit at the conference table. Harvey is at the head of the table holding court, a huge snack bar in hand that he waves like a conductor's baton between bites.

HARVEY

-- and if you think you're gonna get paid for that pile of pig poop, think again --

Ron holds up his hands.

RON

I'll admit it's a bit rough around the edges, but we can fix that in editing, right?

He turns to the Director. The Director turns to the Engineer. They both turn to Ron, shaking their heads.

EXT. STUDIO BUILDING

Dougie paces as he smokes a joint. Pam walks beside him.

PAM

Did you hear what they said to me?  
I've never been so insulted in all my  
life! I want you to go in there and  
slug that fat son of a --

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

HARVEY

If that's an example of your clients,  
boy, I think you can forget any future  
business.

RON

She's not my client!

He turns to the Director.

DIRECTOR

Don't look at me. I certainly didn't  
hire that monstrosity.

The Engineer looks away.

HARVEY

Then who the hell did hire her?

Harvey, chomping, walks over to a window. He looks out and sees

-

EXT. STUDIO BUILDING

Dougie planting a passionate kiss on Pam to shut her up.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- AFTERNOON

Harvey softens and smiles.

HARVEY

I think I know.

He knocks on the window and gives the "come here" finger gesture.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- LATER

A door opens slowly. Dougie enters.

DOUGIE

Looking for me?

Ron rises, hands outstretched as if to choke him.

RON  
You son of a --

Harvey smiles pleasantly as he rises and walks to Dougie.

HARVEY  
So, this is the rascal, eh?

Harvey walks around him, appraising him like a prize bull.  
Dougie shifts uncomfortably.

DOUGIE  
Have I done something naughty?

Harvey leans in close to Dougie's ear.

HARVEY  
So, you figured you'd get your  
girlfriend involved, am I right son?

Dougie looks down, then nods. Harvey whispers.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
Shoot, with the ass on her I can't say  
I'd wouldn't have done the same.

Dougie snaps his head up and looks Harvey in the eye.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
But son, this is my brand, and my name  
on the line.

Harvey turns and walks away. He produces a candy bar and snacks  
on it.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
And I can't let some piece of tail  
compromise that.

He sits.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
But I like your music, boy, I purely do.  
And I think you look like a smart boy,  
so, tell you what I think you're gonna  
do to save your job.

He reaches into his jacket and produces a business card.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
I think since you hired that god- awful  
voice, you're gonna fire her.



He flips it at Dougie. It flutters to the floor.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

And then I think you're gonna give her  
that and tell her, come see me about a  
"real job".

Dougie slowly bends and picks up the card. There is a moment  
of tense silence.

DOUGIE

You know what I think?

HARVEY

I'd purely love to.

Dougie advances on him, ripping the card in pieces and tossing  
it at him as he goes.

DOUGIE

On my planet we don't pimp for fat loud  
mouths.

Ron intercepts Dougie.

RON

He's just kidding. Always kidding,  
right Dougie?

HARVEY

He'd better be.

Dougie pushes past Ron. He leans into Harvey's face.

DOUGIE

Know what else I think, Harv?

Dougie grabs his lapels.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

I think you still look a bit hungry.

He stuffs the last pieces of the card into Harvey's mouth.

EXT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The door swings and Dougie blows out of the room. Ron follows,  
huffing as he tries to catch up.

EXT. HALLWAY

Dougie is striding down the hall. Ron runs after him.

RON

Damn it, Dougie, wait a minute!

Dougie stops, but doesn't turn.

DOUGIE

Forget it, Ron. It's over.

Ron, out of breath, catches up.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

I don't work for pigs like that.

RON

You do work pigs like that. Hell, we all work for pigs like that.

Dougie rolls his eyes.

RON (CONT'D)

They're all pigs, Dougie! We're all pigs! Pigs squealing for more!

DOUGIE

I'm no pig --

RON

What, you think you're better than the rest of us, like you're from some other planet or something?

Dougie smiles.

DOUGIE

Yeah man, this is my planet. Haven't you been listening?

RON

This isn't a freaking joke!

Ron, agitated, runs his hands through his hair as he paces back and forth in front of Dougie.

RON (CONT'D)

You know how many jobs you've pissed away in the last six months? Five! Five jobs I broke my back to get you!

DOUGIE

I know, and I appreciate --

RON

Bullshit! If you appreciated it you wouldn't do this crap to me!

Ron stops in front of him.

RON (CONT'D)  
You've got talent, but you're ruining  
my health, and my bank account.

Ron sighs.

RON (CONT'D)  
I'm going to have to let you go --

DOUGIE  
You're dumping me?

RON  
Yeah, I'm dumping you.

Ron claps a hand on his shoulder.

RON (CONT'D)  
I like you, I really do. But you're  
just not worth the heartburn.

Ron walks away.

Dougie slumps back against a wall.

INT. DOUGIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Dougie lies on the couch, drinking a beer.

Pam flies around the room, grabbing things here and there and  
thrusting them in suitcases.

Pam grabs a book from a bookcase. A photo of ANOTHER WOMAN falls  
out. She flings it at Dougie.

PAM  
Bastard!

Pam slams one suitcase shut.

PAM (CONT'D)  
My friends said sleeping with a  
composer wouldn't help get me in the  
movies but did I listen?

Dougie saunters over to the computer.

Pam continues her whirlwind of packing and slamming, muttering  
under her breath.

PAM (CONT'D)

No. Two years with this freakin'  
LOSER --

Dougie taps a few keys - a VIRTUAL PIRATE WORLD PROGRAM OPENS.

PAM (CONT'D)  
--and what do I have? Nothing, a big  
fat zero--

Dougie taps a few more keys - A PIRATE SIM LABELLED DOUGIE ON  
THE DECK OF A PIRATE SHIP.

PAM (CONT'D)  
--well, I deserve more than zero for  
all the promises you made me, buster--

She turns toward Dougie.

PAM (CONT'D)  
--I should sue you. Yeah, breach of  
promise or, or --

She claps her hands.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Palamony!

Dougie taps a few more keys - A SIM PAM APPEARS BESIDE PIRATE  
DOUGIE.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Just you wait, you --

Pam slams a few more items into her suitcase. She struggles to  
close it.

PIRATE DOUGIE PICKS VIRTUAL PAM UP AND DROPS HER OVERBOARD.

SHARKS CLOSE IN AS SHE HITS THE WATER.

Pam sits on top of the suitcase.

SHE YELLS AS THE SUITCASE CLOSES AND CATCHES HER SKIN.

AS THE SAME TIME SIM PAM YELLS AS THE SHARKS CLOSE IN.

Dougie chokes back a GUFFAW as she frees herself from the  
suitcase, and then storms out the door.

INT. DOUGIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Time has gone by. The house, except for the area near the  
keyboard, is now a certifiable biohazard area.

Beer cans and old pizza boxes are everywhere. Ashtrays overflow with joint roaches and other garbage.

Bills are piled up on a table.

Dougie, looking even more wrecked than the house, is on the phone.

DOUGIE

That's right. A case, delivered.

Dougie listens for a beat. He flourishes a credit card.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

What do you mean the charge is being declined?

Dougie listens for a beat.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Look man, just deliver it. I'll get this thing straightened out with the credit card company later -- Hello? Hello?

Dougie hangs up. He wanders over to the ashtray and digs through it. Nothing.

Dougie goes to a bookcase and pulls out an address book. He flops on the couch and flips it open. He dials a number.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Sid? Hey Sid, it's Dougie. How's it going my man?

SID (O.S.)

Dougie! How you been? I hear times been rough.

INTERCUT DOUGIE IN MESSY HOME AND SID IN HIS STATE OF THE ART OFFICE

DOUGIE

Planet Dougie is just fine. Listen, Sid, just wanted to let you know I'm available--

SID

Available for what?

Dougie wanders around the room, running his hand through his hair.

DOUGIE

Available for work--

SID

Work? For me? Don't think so, bro --

DOUGIE

Come on, man, you know I'm good--

SID

Yeah, you are good. But you're just not worth the --

DOUGIE

Heartburn? That was the old Dougie. The new Planet Dougie is ready to go --

Sid's secretary comes in. He gets distracted by her.

SID

Yeah. Look, gotta go. Nice to hear from you. Let's do lunch sometime. Adios!

CLICK.

Dougie goes back to the couch and opens the address book again.

INT. DOUGIE'S HOUSE -- MANY CALLS LATER

DOUGIE

--no, I understand. Yeah, let's do lunch. Yeah, whenever, I'll pay --

Dougie flips the phone closed and tosses it aside.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

--- you tofu sucking leech.

Dougie heads for the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Totally junked with a toilet from Hell.

Dougie stares into the mirror.

DOUGIE

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's being treated --

He shakes his head.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

-- unfairest of them all.

A DOOR BELL RINGS O.S.

INT. DOUGIE'S HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Dougie opens the door. Kevin, duffel bag over his shoulder, breezes in.

KEVIN

Hey man, I understand you have a  
vacancy. Cool, I need a place to  
crash.

Kevin tosses the duffel bag, flops on the couch, and pulls out  
a joint. He lights up. He looks around.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Love what you've done with the place,  
dude.

He offers the joint to Dougie.

Dougie hesitates for a beat, then takes it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Yeah, party time!

Kevin goes to the stereo and puts on head banging music which  
plays over--

MONTAGE

Dougie's life as ongoing party.

Kevin dancing on the couch.

Various party goers go in and out.

Dougie paying for food and beer at the door.

Kevin dancing on the couch.

Dougie stoned like a statue.

A college basketball team breezes in.

Dougie at the door paying for food and beer with a credit card.

Kevin paying for a brown paper package at the back door.

Dougie's living room full of smoke.

Was that Bigfoot?

Dougie paying for food and beer with an assortment of bills and loose change.

Kevin reaching out from under the couch to grab a beer.

Dougie shrugging at the door, unable to pay for stuff.

Party goers become fewer and fewer.

Empty beer cans and pizza cartons strewn all over.

The party music grinds to a halt.

Kevin and Dougie alone, passing an ever-shrinking joint.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Wasted, so very wasted.

DOUGIE

You know what'd be good now?

KEVIN

What?

DOUGIE

A pizza.

Dougie gets up. He grabs his wallet - empty. He rummages around, looking for cash. Kevin follows him.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

You got any cash?

Kevin pulls out his wallet. CARTOON MOTHS fly out.

Dougie sighs.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

It sucks to be broke.

Kevin hugs Dougie.

KEVIN

Someone needs a hug.

Kevin holds the hug beyond the comfort point.

DOUGIE

Ah, Kev?

Kevin's face is blissful.

KEVIN

Yeah?



DOUGIE  
Please tell me you're packing Cubans.

INT. DOUGIE'S HOUSE -- AFTERNOON

Dougie flopped on the couch.

THE DOORBELL RINGS

Dougie rises and stumbles to the door.

He opens it. A COURIER hands him an envelope. In the bg a DOG BARKING.

COURIER  
Sign here.

He thrusts a clipboard at Dougie. Dougie signs it and hands it back. The Courier waits for a tip.

DOUGIE  
Oh right.

He digs into his pockets. Nothing. He coughs - the Courier waits.

THE DOG BARKS AGAIN. Suddenly Doggie points behind the Courier.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Run, man, it's the Rotweiler from hell!  
Run!

The Courier turns. Dougie slams the door.

EXT. DOUGIE'S HOUSE

A disgruntled Courier walks away, a CHIHUAHUA attached to his pant leg.

INT. DOUGIE'S HOUSE

Dougie goes to the couch. He sits and rips open the envelope.

NORTHERN HARRIER MORTGAGE COMPANY - PAST DUE NOTICE. FULL PAYMENT DUE. PLEASE CONTACT OUR OFFICE IMMEDIATELY OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO --

Dougie crumples the letter and tosses it into a corner where other similar letters lay piled.

He goes to the keyboard. He plays his song, but can't get past the point he got stuck before.

He continues to tap the keys, trying to get beyond that point.  
It evolves into an SOS.

The door flies open and Kevin, dressed in a leisure suit, bops  
in.

KEVIN  
Man, what was that you were playing,  
ABBA?

He goes to the stereo, grabs a CD, and plays it. HEAD BANGING  
MUSIC!

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Now that's music! Party!

Kevin dances.

DOUGIE  
You got the job?

Kevin doesn't respond and continues to dance. Dougie walks over  
to the stereo and turns the volume down.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Did you get the job.

KEVIN  
No man, they said I was  
under-qualified.

DOUGIE  
Under-qualified to work on a garbage  
truck?

KEVIN  
Yeah, they took me out for a test run.

DOUGIE  
So?

KEVIN  
I kept falling in with the trash.

DOUGIE  
What?

KEVIN  
I kept forgetting to let go of the  
barrel when I was slinging them.

DOUGIE  
Oh, that's just great!

Dougie slumps back into the couch. He slowly looks around at the wreckage.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Kevin?

Kevin dances over.

KEVIN

Yeah?

DOUGIE

All those years ago in school, did you ever think it would come to this?

Kevin produces a joint, lights it, and keeps on dancing.

KEVIN

No, man.

Kevin goes and turns up the music.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I never thought things would be this good!

Dougie grabs a jacket and heads for the door.

INT. UPSCALE LOUNGE -- LATER

Dougie sits in a corner booth, sipping a beer. HIGH-POWERED DEAL MAKING AND BUSINESS TYPES sit and talk in other booths.

A WAITRESS comes to Dougie's table. She smiles.

WAITRESS

The prodigal son. How you been?

Dougie raises his bottle.

DOUGIE

Oh, things on Planet Dougie are just great.

He drains it.

WAITRESS

Another?

Dougie digs in his coat pocket. He comes up with some loose change. He shrugs.

The Waitress touches his arm.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

It's on me, honey.

She walks away. Dougie looks around the lounge.

Not far away in another booth is Monica with A STUDIO EXECUTIVE TYPE WEARING A TARTAN TIE - ROLAND BRUCE, and an artsy-fartsy looking woman - MELODY.

MONICA'S TABLE

Lunch is in progress.

Monica sips a white wine. A waitress stands next to Roland. An open music portfolio is in front of Roland.

ROLAND

- another single malt scotch, on the rocks with an umbrella this time -

The waitress leaves. Without missing a beat he turns to Melody, who is sipping a carrot juice.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

--listen, you little shit. I know Scottish and this isn't Scottish.

He picks up the music portfolio.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

It's crap!

He tosses it down in front of her. He picks up his spoon and sips his soup.

MELODY

Why don't you go take a crap, you Philistine, you so full of sh--

MONICA

Let's not go off the deep end here. I'm sure Roland only wants to suggest a few minor changes--

Melody picks up the music portfolio.

MELODY

A few changes? It's been nothing but change, change, change from day fucking one!

She stands. Monica rises and grabs her arm. She turns and smiles at Roland.

MONICA  
That's the kind of spirit the film  
needs, right RB?

ROLAND  
I don't need spirit, I need a hot score  
-

MELODY  
You want a hot score?

She walks over to Roland. She smiles as she empties the music portfolio onto his lap. Still smiling, she picks up his soup and pours it over the pages.

Roland YELPS and jumps up.

ROLAND  
You'll never work in this town, you  
little yuppie sh--

Melody smiles.

MELODY  
Oh yeah? I'm with MGA now.

She leans and whispers.

MELODY (CONT'D)  
I have a two-picture deal paying twice  
what your cheap-ass production is  
paying.

Melody walks away. Monica sits.

MELODY (CONT'D)  
Have a nice life!

Monica gives a queasy smile as Roland unplasters music sheets from his lap.

He sits - not a happy camper.

ROLAND  
Well?

Monica sits back. She shrugs.

MONICA  
You know how fickle these creative  
types are. I'll talk to her --

Roland slams his fist on the table.

ROLAND  
The hell with her!

Everyone looks. Monica is embarrassed. She lowers her voice.

MONICA  
I'm not sure this is the time or place  
--

Roland ignores her.

ROLAND  
That's the third damn composer who's  
gone ballistic on me!

Roland rises and paces around the table.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Are they all nuts?

He looks around the room. He glares at the people.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
What the hell are you looking at?

He pounds the table.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
I try to give them the benefit of my  
knowledge and they crap on me!

He stops, considering.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
I'm not a bad guy; I don't try to screw  
people.

A nice-looking waitress walks past. He looks at her ass.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Well, not everyone --

MONICA  
No one said you're a bad guy, but do you  
think, that, ah sometimes your, ah,  
"suggestions" might sound a bit, ah,  
harsh?

Roland shushes her, then sits.

ROLAND  
Maybe, but that's not the real question  
here.

Monica gives a puzzled look.

MONICA  
The real question?

Roland calmly levels a look at her.

ROLAND  
The real question, which is "what are you going to do about this?"

MONICA  
Ah, can I get back to you on that?

Roland leans back.

ROLAND  
Hell no. You promised me a composer.  
I want an answer now.

Monica wipes her brow.

MONICA  
Well, I think, that is, composers are hard to come by, ha ha --

Roland picks up his drink. He twirls the umbrella.

ROLAND  
Of course if you can't deliver --

Monica snaps into agent mode. She flashes her best "fake it till you make it" smile.

MONICA  
Of course I can deliver. No problem.  
I'll have a new composer on board by tomorrow.

She takes her purse and rises. She backs away from the table as she talks.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
A better composer, one who'll be happy that a busy man, like you, wants to take the time to make sure things are just perfect.

Roland folds his arms and stares at her.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Not just perfect, but authentic!

She reaches into her purse and removes her cell phone.

MONICA (CONT'D)

But of course no one knows about  
Scotland as you do. You are Scotland.

Roland spreads his hands and does a bow. Monica does a quick  
"gag me" motion. Roland raises his head.

ROLAND

Nice, but who is a composer you can get  
for me by tomorrow, at the latest? It  
better not be another fruitcake -

MONICA

No more fruitcakes, I promise.

Roland GROWLS. She flips open her phone.

MONICA (CONT'D)

I've got it! The perfect person!  
Only, only, they weren't available  
until now. Award winning stuff.  
Yeah, I just got a message --

Monica bumps into a chair. She turns to move it. She sees  
Dougie. Her face lights up.

MONICA (CONT'D)

And there he is!

INT. DOUGIE'S TABLE -- MORNING

Dougie hovers over his beer. Monica slides into the booth.

MONICA

Dougie, great to see you!

She shakes Dougie's hand, looking over at Roland - big smile on  
her face.

Dougie looks around.

DOUGIE

You talking to me?

MONICA

Of course I'm talking to you. I always  
love talking to you, my client, one of  
the BEST YOUNG COMPOSERS IN THE  
BUSINESS!.

She looks over her shoulder at Roland - desperate smile.

MONICA (CONT'D)



Help me out here, please?

DOUGIE

Why should I? Your last words to me were "You're no damned good. You never were, and never will be."

MONICA

I only meant that personally, not professionally.

Dougie goes to rise. Monica takes his arm.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Look, do you want a job or not?

DOUGIE

A job? Composing?

MONICA

Yeah. See that man over there?

She smiles at Roland. Dougie turns and looks.

DOUGIE

So?

Monica leans in.

MONICA

See that guy over there? That's my --

Dougie raises an eyebrow.

MONICA (CONT'D)

--our meal ticket. We need a composer  
--

Dougie looks around.

DOUGIE

You see a composer here?

MONICA

You're good. You've always been good.

Dougie shrugs.

MONICA (CONT'D)

So, you going to help me out here or what?

DOUGIE

Maybe --

MONICA

Great!

She grabs his arm and drags him to Roland's table.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Hey Roland! Come meet our new  
composer.

DOUGIE

Wait a minute --

MONICA

This is the guy I was telling you about  
- Dougie Graham.

He gives Dougie a hardy slap on the shoulder, causing him to  
cough.

ROLAND

So this is our new musical genius.  
Good name, Graham. Are your kin  
lowland or highland Grahams?

DOUGIE

I think I'm more akin to Graham  
crackers --

MONICA

Ha, ha, see? Good sense of humor.

She checks her watch.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Roland, we've got to go.

Dougie takes a sip of beer.

ROLAND

Great. My people will fill him in on  
the details and make the flight  
arrangements --

DOUGIE

Flight arrangements?

Roland slaps him on the shoulder. Dougie, choking, spits out  
the beer.

ROLAND

Yes, to Scotland.

DOUGIE

Scotland! Whoa --

Monica kicks him under the table and punches his arm. Dougie jumps up.

MONICA

Yes, Scotland, we talked about that Dougie, remember? The epic story, "The Leopard of Scotland".

ROLAND

Problem?

Monica smiles.

MONICA

No, no problem.

Roland rises and walks toward the door. Monica and Dougie follow.

Roland stops and goes into daydream mode.

ROLAND

You're gonna love Glenbruar. Great little place, I'm told. Quaint village street, friendly people, sunset over the loch. You'll love it.

Dougie is about to raise an objection - Monica raises her fist. He holds his tongue.

DOUGIE

I'm sure I will.

Roland comes out of it. He puts his arm around Dougie's shoulder and walks him toward the door.

ROLAND

Go get the feel of the place, soak up the atmosphere. I've got a man there who will arrange things when you arrive. Tah!

Roland rushes off. Dougie turns to Monica.

DOUGIE

Monica --

MONICA

Smile and think of the money.

ROLAND (O.S.)

Monica!

Monica rises.

DOUGIE

Really, I can't do this. I haven't been able to compose anything for months --

Monica looks him in the eyes.

MONICA

The man just hired you to write a score, for real money. Don't you have any common sense?

DOUGIE

But--

MONICA

Don't screw this up, please!

She rushes after Roland. Dougie stands there for a beat. A WAITRESS walks up.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything else?

DOUGIE

Yeah. An ounce of common sense to go, please.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- MOMENTS LATER

Roland and Monica on the sidewalk.

ROLAND

You just make sure you get his ass on that jet.

MONICA

But why are you sending him to Scotland?

ROLAND

Because I don't want to lose another screwy composer to the competition.

His limo pulls up. Roland hops in.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Don't screw this up, Monica.

He closes the door. The limo drives off.

Monica watches it go, then pulls out her cell phone. She punches in a number.

MONICA  
Hello? Mrs. Graham? This is Monica Williams. Do you remember me?

She walks, listening for a beat.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
That's right, I was Dougie's --

Monica grimaces.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
--girlfriend for a bit. I helped you with Dougie's surprise party last year. Listen, Dougie needs your help --

Monica turns a corner.

INT. DOUGIE'S HOUSE -- DAY

If the place was a pit before, it's the mother of all pits now. And Dougie looks worse than that.

Dougie lying on a bean bag chair. He stares at a pair of airline tickets in his hand.

He looks over at his keyboard. He shakes his head and tosses the tickets away. They land on the couch.

The DOORBELL rings.

DOUGIE  
If that's another bill collector, I swear I'll --

Dougie stomps to the door and flings it open.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Get the hell out of here you blood sucking bastard or I'll kick your --

A LITTLE OLD LADY is standing there.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Grammy?

GRAMMY, a Scottish lady of the finest, and feistiest kind, elbows him aside.

She goes to the couch - it is covered in junk. She stares at Dougie.

GRAMMY

Ahem. It would be polite to offer a body a place to sit, dear.

Dougie rushes over and clears a spot.

Grammy opens her purse and removes a doily. She places it on the couch and sits.

DOUGIE

Grammy, what are you doing here?

Grammy closes her eyes and puts her hand on her temple.

GRAMMY

Monica called and said you two needed my help. You know, I always thought you'd would get back together. She was such a --

She looks around at the mess.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)

-- neat and well-organized girl.

Dougie rolls his eyes.

DOUGIE

Grammy, we are not getting back together!

Grammy opens her eyes.

GRAMMY

Well, that's too bad. Anyway, I want to talk to you about something important.

She notices the airline tickets. She takes glasses from her purse and reads them.

DOUGIE

Ah, Grammy, hello?

GRAMMY

I still say it's too bad you blew it with her.

Dougie raises his hands in the air.

DOUGIE

Gram, she dumped me! Twice!

She sniffs the air with distaste.

GRAMMY

Little wonder with the shoddy life you lead. Ever hear of air freshener, my dear?

Dougie tries to snatch the tickets from her.

DOUGIE

Thanks, but I can take care of myself.

But he misses, losing his balance he stumbles over some trash and falls to the floor.

GRAMMY

It seems to me you need all the help you can get, dear.

Dougie rolls over and looks up at her.

DOUGIE

Gram, forget it. What was that important thing you wanted to talk to me about?

She frowns.

GRAMMY

Your people, Douglas.

DOUGIE

My people?

Grammy rises.

She picks up the doily, carefully folds it, and puts it in her purse.

GRAMMY

Yes. Your people. Your ancestors, our homeland. Honest hard-working people. You could learn from them. So go.

She heads toward the door. Dougie rises.

DOUGIE

Go? Go where?

She turns, goes to him, and hugs him.

GRAMMY  
Be a good boy and go to Scotland.

DOUGIE  
But --

She sternly holds out the tickets.

GRAMMY  
I said, be a good boy and go to  
Scotland.

Dougie hesitates, then takes them. Grammy smiles, then heads  
for the door.

GRAMMY (CONT'D)  
And stop being a such a whiny little  
schmuck about it.

INT. DOUGIE'S HOUSE -- LATER

Dougie at the keyboard. The tickets lie on the keyboard.  
Dougie hits the same key over and over again as he looks at the  
tickets.

Kevin, in a bathrobe, walks in from the bathroom. He takes the  
tickets from the keyboard.

KEVIN  
We going somewhere?

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- NIGHT

Dougie, carrying his keyboard case, strides through the  
terminal. Kevin, laden with all the other bags, follows, doing  
his best shuffling Igor impression.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL -- LATER

Dougie and Kevin waiting for the flight. Kevin looks distinctly  
uncomfortable.

DOUGIE  
Oh man, I can't believe you're doing  
this.

Kevin shifts in his seat.

KEVIN  
They won't find it unless they're  
perverts.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS and A DOBERMAN cross the terminal heading  
toward them. The dog stops and sniffs bags as they move.



Kevin sees them.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh, crap.

Dougie grabs a newspaper and holds it up to cover his face.

DOUGIE

I don't know you.

Kevin rises and heads toward the Men's room, which is right behind where the Officers and their dog are.

Kevin tries to act casual as he passes. The dog looks up.

KEVIN

Nice looking pup, Officer.

Kevin continues toward the Men's room. The dog sniffs his crotch.

Kevin turns sideways.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Friendly little bugger, too.

The dog goes around and sniffs Kevin's butt.

Kevin turns away. The dog goes around again. The Officers watch with interest.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh man, that last taco is killing me.  
Excuse me.

Kevin runs for the Men's room. The dog drags the Officer along after Kevin. The Officer reins in the dog.

The Other Officer walks over. They nod to each other and head in.

A TOILET FLUSH.

KEVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah!

EXT. GLENBRUAR -- AFTERNOON

A postcard little village by the shores of LOCH MAC NUDD. Shops line the main street. VILLAGERS here and there go about their business.

A closer look reveals wear and tear on the shops, the roads, and the people. Things are not going well for this place.

A small warehouse-type building with a sign, FRASER'S BOATHOUSE, recently closed.

A modest hotel just down the road from the boathouse.

INT. MAC BAIN INN

Behind the desk is UNA MAC BAIN, a Scottish beauty about Dougie's age. She is bent over a ledger doing accounts.

Dougie, carrying his keyboard, enters and goes to the counter. He gets a nice view of Una's cleavage.

DOUGIE

Ahem.

Una looks up and catches Dougie staring at her cleavage. She straightens up.

UNA

Can I help you?

Dougie sputters as he looks away.

DOUGIE

Um, checking in, um, please.

UNA

Name?

DOUGIE

Graham, Dougie Graham.

UNA

One moment, please.

Una reaches over for the guest book. She takes her time scanning it.

The clock ticks.

Kevin rushes in with the bags. He blunders around, astounded by everything.

KEVIN

Wow, oh wow! I love this place.

He drops the bags, grabs Dougie, and hugs him. Una watches the hug with an amused look.

UNA

So, the name was Gayham --

Dougie peels Kevin off.

DOUGIE  
No, Graham, G-R-A--

UNA  
Ah yes, Mr. Graham. And significant  
other?

DOUGIE  
No, just friends, really.

KEVIN  
Best boyfriends forever!

Dougie gives Una a sick smile.

UNA  
So, just the one room is it, or --?

DOUGIE  
Ah, two rooms, please, if possible.

Una bends over to check. Dougie gets another view of her  
cleavage.

UNA  
I think that might be for the best.

DOUGIE  
Yes, for the breast--

Una straightens up. Dougie continues to stare at her breasts.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Best!

UNA  
Ah, I'm up here, Mr. Graham.

Dougie gives her his best winning smile.

DOUGIE  
Ah, yeah. So, the rooms?

Una smiles slightly as she reaches up and removes two room keys  
from their place. She hands them to Dougie.

UNA  
You'll find your rooms at the top of the  
stairs to the right.

Dougie turns to Kevin.

DOUGIE

Get the bags.

UNA

You'll have to share a bath.

Kevin, Gollum-like, scurries around and grabs the bags.

KEVIN

Yes master, we gets the precious bags  
for the nice master.

Dougie heads for the stairs, with Kevin close behind.

UNA

I'm glad we could make them adjoining!

He whacks Kevin about the head and shoulders as they go up the stairs.

Una smiles and heads for the --

INT. SMALL OFFICE BEHIND THE DESK -- MOMENTS LATER

A muted TV program about the Loch Ness monster in the background being watched by -

OWEN MAC BAIN, LOVEABLE MIDDLE CLASS VILLAGE CONMAN and Una's dad, at his desk.

He smiles broadly as he grabs a "family history" from a pile and writes a name on it. He stuffs it into an envelope, tosses it on a pile of envelopes, and repeats the process.

UNA

Da!

Owen grabs a nearby ledger and slams it over the pile of envelopes.

OWEN

Ah, just going over the figures -

Una stomps over and opens the ledger. Inside is a girlie magazine. She tosses the ledger aside, exposing the pile.

UNA

Da, I thought we talked about this -

Owen fidgets with the envelopes.

OWEN

You talked about it. I couldn't get a word in edgewise.

Under his breath.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
Just like your mother.

UNA  
What?

OWEN  
Nothing, dear, just remembering your sainted mother, may she rest in peace.

Una grabs one of the histories. She brandishes it at him.

UNA  
She must be rolling over in her grave.

Owen grabs at it. She holds it away from him.

UNA (CONT'D)  
Da, this is fraud! People get arrested for this!

Owen stiffens.

OWEN  
No, it's not! It's just me trying to make a decent living. After all I didn't go to no fine school, or work in a fine big place in Edinborough --

Una shreds it.

UNA  
I don't want to hear about Edinborough.

An emotion-stricken Una turns away. Owen softens, raising his arms to hug her.

OWEN  
Here now, I know you came back to help, and I appreciate it.

Una pulls away and looks at the pile of fake histories.

UNA  
Jesus, Da, I thought I left the phonies behind me.

Owen goes to her.

OWEN

You can count on one thing not being  
phony - and that's my love for you.

Una smiles. Owen enfolds her in his arms.

THROUGH WINDOW TO LOBBY

VARIOUS VILLAGERS pass by the desk. AN UPPER CRUST FORMER  
OFFICE TYPE WEARING A BERET - SIR KENNETH FRASER - struts into  
view.

He is closely followed by TWO NOT-TOO-BRIGHT LOOKING, HUSKY  
YOUNG MEN - his nephews ALEC and ADAM FRASER. Owen waves - Sir  
Kenneth pointedly ignores him. Alec and Adam stop and grin at  
Una. Sir Kenneth prods them along.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- MOMENTS LATER

The hotel bar is full of GRUMBLING VILLAGERS. Owen and Una are  
behind the bar, serving drinks.

Sir Kenneth and the boys are seated at a table. Sir Kenneth  
reaches for a glass of water. Next to it a beret with a badge  
reading BRITISH INTELLIGENCE CORPS.

At the bar A RUGGED FISHERMAN- RORY DAVIES tinkers with a radio.  
Owen looks on.

Sir Kenneth stands and raises his hands for silence.

RORY

That should do it.

He turns on the radio. A cheery Scottish tune plays.

OWEN

Ach, that's lovely. The usual fee,  
Rory?

Rory nods. Owen pours him a large whisky.

SIR KENNETH

Gentleman, please.

Rory turns off the radio.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

I'll dispense with the formalities and  
get right to the business at hand -

RORY

The business is we've got no business  
left here in the village.

VARIOUS VILLAGERS AD LIB GRUNTS AND COMMENTS.

SIR KENNETH

Yes, spot on. The question is, 'what are we going to do about it?'

AD LIB MUTTERING, GRUMBLINGS, and scratching of heads.

ONE VILLAGER reluctantly steps forward.

VILLAGER

Well, maybe we could do something, you know, to get the tourists here. Maybe something historical -

A SECOND VILLAGER pipes up.

SECOND VILLAGER

Historical? Ha! The most "historical" thing that's happened here was when Brave Heart and his lads peed in our loch.

LAUGHTER.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dougie's keyboard faces a wall. Dougie is at the keyboard. A music score book on top of the keyboard. He hits a few keys. Nothing.

Frustrated, he stands and walks over to the window.

EXT. THROUGH DOUGIE'S WINDOW

The village street leading down to the loch. Sheep and heather-flecked hills in the background.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM

Dougie heads back to the keyboard. He picks up the music book and places it in front of the keyboard.

He sits and hits a few keys. The music flows into a nice little passage. Dougie smiles.

DOUGIE

Nice.

He opens the music book and goes to write it down.

The bathroom SLAMS open - SMOKE ON THE WATER blasts out. Dougie, startled, drops the pen.

Kevin, wearing only a towel, rocks into the room as he brushes his teeth.

KEVIN

-- dant, dant, dah, dant dant dah dah,  
dant dant dah, dant dant, Smoke on the  
water, a fire in the sky --

As he sings, toothpaste flies. He leans over to see what Dougie is writing, placing the toothbrush on the desk.

Dougie tries to protect the music book.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Man!

Kevin rocks back into the bathroom.

Dougie picks up the toothbrush and goes to write. He realizes his mistake and drops it.

He reaches down and grabs the pen. He goes to write, but can't remember. He turns back to the keyboard, trying to find the theme.

But everything leads into opening chords of SMOKE ON THE WATER. Dougie, clutching the pen like a dagger, slowly rises and heads for the bathroom.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Alec reaches over and taps Sir Kenneth.

ALEC

I don't think people would pay to watch  
someone pee in our loch, however  
historically they pee.

The crowd SNICKERS.

SECOND VILLAGER

That would depend on how historic the  
length, wouldn't it?

LOUD GUFFAWS. Sir Kenneth whacks Alec.

Owen reaches under the bar and grabs something. He comes around from behind the bar, the object behind his back.

OWEN

Now, I might have a thought or two on  
the subject.



GROANS.

SECOND VILLAGER

What, another great marketing scheme  
to attract the Germans like  
"Scotstober Fest"?

LAUGHTER.

FIRST VILLAGER

Or "The Loch and Load Quail Hunt", when  
there hasn't been any quail here for  
dogs years?

Owen allows the laughter to wash over him.

OWEN

Ach, no. Who knew Germans didn't take  
to kilts?

He reaches his other hand behind him.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I'm thinking more of something like -

PAUSES.

OWEN (CONT'D)

This!

He holds a model of THE LOCH NESS MONSTER over his head. A low  
MUMBLING from the crowd. Confused and dumbfounded looks.

SECOND VILLAGER

Are you suggesting we kidnap the Loch  
Ness monster?

LAUGHTER.

Sir Kenneth holds up his hands for silence.

SIR KENNETH

Please, let's give the man a chance.

Owen nods to him.

OWEN

None of what you thick-witted lot said.  
But I am suggesting that we get the  
tourists here by creating our own  
monster.

AD LIB COMMENTS AROUND THE ROOM "Daft bugger!", "Make a monster?"  
"Ridiculous!", etc.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Think about it! They flock to Loch Ness on the off chance they might see something, spending money left and right.

They quiet down.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Imagine what they'd spend if seeing the monster were more or less guaranteed.

Una slams her bar towel down and walks away. Rory follows her with his eyes as she goes. He sighs as she exits.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I say we build our own wee little monster here, and advertise the bloody heck out of it.

The Villagers look at each other.

OWEN (CONT'D)

And then we watch those lovely tourist dollars fall in our laps like the leaves of autumn.

Owen looks questioningly to Sir Kenneth. Sir Kenneth smiles. Owen smiles.

SECOND VILLAGER

Yes, but how do we build a monster?

That stumps them all for a moment.

RORY

I could knock up something.

They all turn to him.

RORY (CONT'D)

You know, radio control kind of thing, maybe with some kind of floats.

General MURMURING.

RORY (CONT'D)

But I'd need some help building the beastie.

The Villagers think.

SECOND VILLAGER

I've got some boat canvas you can have  
-

THIRD VILLAGER  
And I've some marine paint -

It's a landslide as the villagers take the idea to heart. Sir  
Kenneth steps forward.

SIR KENNETH  
Then it's agreed. We'll build a  
monster and call it -

Alec jumps up.

ALEC  
Mac Nudd!

INT. STAIRWAY OUTSIDE DOUGIE'S ROOM

Una, towels in hand, approaches Dougie's room just in time to  
hear --

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM

Kevin pokes his head in from the bathroom.

KEVIN  
Hey man, look what I've got for you.

He dangles a joint. Dougie, working on his music notes, tries  
to ignore him.

INT. STAIRWAY OUTSIDE DOUGIE'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Una at the door reacts to the conversation taking place O.S. the  
room.

KEVIN  
Come on man, we haven't done it in ages  
--

DOUGIE  
I'm not in the mood.

KEVIN  
I know how you like it. Just open  
wide.

DOUGIE  
Get that thing out of my face!

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM

Kevin is zooming the joint back and forth in front of Dougie's face.

Dougie pushes his hand away, causing Kevin to drop the joint. It rolls under the bed.

Smoke rises from under the bed. Dougie grabs the edge of the bed. A jagged bit of medal catches his pants.

As he rises it rips right up the crotch.

INT. STAIRWAY OUTSIDE DOUGIE'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Una still listening to the off scene conversation. She hears the BED JOSTLING AROUND and the RIP OF MATERIAL BEING TORN.

DOUGIE  
Grab it, grab it!

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Kevin grabs the joint and sticks the lit end in his mouth.

KEVIN  
OHMYGODTHATHURTS!

He pulls it out. Dougie drops the bed.

INT. STAIRWAY OUTSIDE DOUGIE'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Una's jaw and the towels drop.

She kneels and slowly leans toward the keyhole. She stops.

UNA  
What am I doing?

She gathers the towels, stands, and KNOCKS ON THE DOOR.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM

Una enters and looks around. The bed linen is tossed about. Dougie is holding his pants together.

Kevin, holding a glass, enters from the bathroom GARGLING. He spits into the glass.

KEVIN  
Man, that was hot!

He smiles at Una. She drops the towels and backs out of the room.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- LATER

The Villagers file out. Rory at the bar. Owen behind the bar.

Sir Kenneth sits at a table nearby. The nephews lurk in the background.

RORY

You'll put in a good word to Una?

Owen winks.

OWEN

A favor for a favor.

Rory exits. Sir Kenneth motions to Owen.

SIR KENNETH

Owen, a word in your shell-like, if you please.

Owen comes around from behind the bar and stands next to the table. Sir Kenneth gives a sweeping gesture indicating that he should sit. Owen sits.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

I think you handled things quite well.

Owen smiles.

OWEN

I do my best.

SIR KENNETH

And you do very well indeed. Quite military, as a matter of fact. Reminds me of my days with the Royal Intelligence Corps...

Sir Kenneth trails off, lost in memories of his glorious past. Owen waits patiently, then COUGHS.

OWEN

Ach, that's very decent of you, your Lordship.

Sir Kenneth comes back for a moment.

SIR KENNETH

No, no, I'm not a Lord, not yet -

Sir Kenneth trails off again, smiling as he envisions getting his Lordship.

Owen waits again, then starts to raise.

OWEN

Well, I can see you're busy, your, ah

-

He searches for the right word.

OWEN (CONT'D)

- your worship, so I'll just -

SIR KENNETH

No, no, I do want to talk to you.

Owen slowly sits down.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

And there's no need for titles, my good man. I mean, just because I own an estate -

ALEC

- and most of the lands hereabouts -

SIR KENNETH

Well, never mind. The fact of the matter is - I want to help.

OWEN

You do?

SIR KENNETH

Of course. It's my duty as Lord - ah, my duty to the Lord, as a Christian, to help my village in times of need..

He leans in.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

Look here, I have a bit of a boathouse not too far from here. You know the place?

Owen nods.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

Good man! Well, I'd like to offer it as a base of operations, as it were, to build the wee-beastie, eh? What do you say?

OWEN

That's awfully generous of you, your ah, your -

Owen struggles for a word. Sir Kenneth rescues him by snapping to his feet. Owen rises.

SIR KENNETH

Go scout around. I think you'll find it has everything we need for our little mission. Report back to me if there's anything else we need. Righto?

Owen stares at him, dumbfounded. Owen indicates the door.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

Well, get on with it, man. Chop, chop!

Owen scratches his head as he shuffles out the door.

Alec and Adam shuffle up to Sir Kenneth.

ALEC

I'm confused, sir. Why are you helping them?

Sir Kenneth, seeing other Villagers passing by, whacks him into silence.

SIR KENNETH

Let's just say I'm doing it for duty, honor, and country.

They look blankly at him. He leans in and whispers.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

Listen, my little dim bulbs. If the village goes under, all my businesses go under. The rents, the boathouse, the estates, everything. Understand?

Alec continues his blank look. Adam slowly breaks into a smile and nods. Sir Kenneth pats him on the back.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

He'll get it, eventually.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM

Dougie working at the keyboard.

Kevin, brandishing a claymore, leaps into the room.

KEVIN

Die, English scum bastards!

He whirls and slashes at imaginary attackers.

One whirl too many brings him crashing to the floor.  
Breathless, he smiles up at Dougie.

Dougie ignores him. Kevin pulls a joint out. Dougie shakes his head.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Break?

Dougie continues to work on his music.

DOUGIE

No.

Kevin rises and sulks out of the room. Dougie pulls out his cell phone. He starts to dial a number.

Seconds later a stuffed dragon flies through the air and hits Dougie in the back of the head. Dougie drops the phone.

Kevin, wearing a kilt loosely wrapped around his pants and brandishing a claymore, rushes in.

KEVIN

Don't worry, laddy! Clan Kevin will  
save you from the fearsome beastie!

Kevin swings the claymore at the dragon, barely missing Dougie.

DOUGIE

Hey!

Kevin swings again - the momentum spins him around. He drops the claymore, crushing Dougie's cell phone.

KEVIN

Oops!

Dougie bends over and picks up his crushed cell phone. He glares at Kevin. Kevin smiles.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

They tell me the reception is terrible  
here.

Dougie makes as if to wing the cell phone at Kevin. Kevin cringes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

No, master, no hurt poor wee little me!

Dougie drops the phone.



DOUGIE

I'm out of here!

Dougie jumps to his feet and packs up his keyboard. Kevin, breathless, rises. He addresses the dragon.

KEVIN

So, you think your demon magic has defeated my sword!

Kevin jumps on the dragon and pummels it with his fist.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Take that, foul creature, and that, and that, and that!

Dougie, shaking his head, steps around him and leaves.

EXT. GLENBRUAR'S MAIN STREET -- LATER

Dougie, keyboard under his arm, mutters as he strides down the street.

DOUGIE

Why did I bring that crazy son of a -

As he passes Sir Kenneth's boathouse, a LOUD CRASH OF METAL causes him to turn his head, causing him to --

--run smack into Una as she exits a shop. Una drops her bag.

DOUGIE

Oh, I'm sorry.

UNA

No, I'm sorry. Let me -

They both bend, reaching for the bag.

Their hands touch - AN ELECTRIC SPARK. Their eyes meet.

Dougie shakes his head. Rory, stepping out from Sir Kenneth's boathouse, sees them. He moves back into the shadows to watch.

For a moment there is nothing else in the world. A LOUD METALLIC CRASH from Sir Kenneth's boathouse brings them back.

Una pulls her hand away reluctantly, slowly. Dougie picks up the bag.

UNA (CONT'D)

Well then -

DOUGIE

Yea, ah -

He hands her the bag.

UNA

Going for a wee stroll, eh? Searching for the muse I suppose, ha.

DOUGIE

Just looking for a quiet place to work, you know, with less distraction.

UNA

It must be tough having a distraction, I mean, with your "friend" along -

DOUGIE

No, no, no. You've got it wrong. Kevin's my friend, but he's not my "friend".

Una under her breath.

UNA

That's a relief.

DOUGIE

What?

UNA

Oh, nothing. Anyway, I know a place you can work, undistracted like. Come on, I'll show you.

They walk down the street. Rory, watching from a shop doorway - is not happy man. He re-enters the boathouse.

DOUGIE

Really, he's not that kind of friend!

As they walk a pretty blonde passes. Dougie turns to look --  
-- and crashes into a post box.

Una LAUGHS.

UNA

I believe you.

They both LAUGH as they walk on.

EXT. LOCH SIDE -- MOMENTS LATER

Loch Mac Nudd, placid and beautiful amidst low lying hills.

Dougie looks out over the loch.

UNA

I'm still not convinced about him  
though.

DOUGIE

He's okay, just a bit -

He searches for a word.

UNA

Odd? Strange? A nutter?

Dougie turns to her, flashing his best lady killer smile.

DOUGIE

Strange. Well, now that we're  
"straight" on that, how about a drink  
later?

Una considers for a moment. Dougie sidles closer, that look in  
his eyes. Una is mesmerized for a moment, then steps back.

UNA

Look, you're nice enough, but, well,  
have to go! Cheerie-bye.

She quickly walks away. A stunned Dougie watches her go.

He turns and sets up his keyboard. He gazes out over the water  
for a moment, then plays LOCH LOMOND.

EXT. HILLSIDE

Una walking toward the village. She smiles as the music drifts  
up from the loch.

EXT. DOCK -- LATER

Twilight by the loch.

Dougie is working on his score sheets. He shakes his head and  
puts them aside.

He puts his fingers on the keyboard and tentatively plays the  
Celtic theme heard earlier.

As he plays, there is a bubbling in the water about 50 feet from  
the dock. Dougie doesn't notice.

Dougie plays on, the theme grows stronger.

The bubbling increases - something large is just below the surface. It slowly heads towards him.

Dougie finds the groove - he plays faster now, more confident. The bubbling thing picks up speed. Approaching like a torpedo.

DOUGIE

That's it!

He grabs a fresh score sheet and writes on it. The bubbling EXPLODES about ten feet away in a CRASHING WAVE.

Dougie lifts his head just in time to see a dark hump sink beneath the water. He rubs his eyes and looks again - nothing is there.

He shrugs and returns to his writing.

EXT. GLENBRUAR'S MAIN STREET

Villagers CHATTER EXCITEDLY as they head toward the boathouse.

HAMMERING AND DRILLING noises fill the air.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Dougie, distracted by the noise from outside, tries to compose. Kevin, dejected, sits on the bed, hugging the battered dragon.

EXT. GLENBRUAR'S MAIN STREET

HAMMERING AND DRILLING from Sir Kenneth's Boathouse echo in the room.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM -- DAY

A LOUD METALLIC CLANG startles Dougie, sending his pen across the music sheet. Dougie flips a bunch of sheets into the air.

DOUGIE

I Arrrrggh!

Somewhere O.S. A CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE.

Kevin hops to his feet.

KEVIN

Lunchtime!

Dougie gathers his music sheets.

DOUGIE

Bring me back a sandwich.

EXT. GLENBRUAR'S MAIN STREET

Kevin stands in the doorway of the hotel, trying to decide which way to go. He hears-

- A LOUD CRASH FOLLOWED BY A YELP OF PAIN from Fraser Boathouse. A group of Villagers exit - Rory leads a MAN HOLDING A BANDAGE TO HIS FOREHEAD.

RORY

We'd best get some ice on that.

BANDAGEMAN

Better yet, let's get some ale in me!

They head down the street.

Kevin sneaks into the boathouse.

INT. BOATHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Kevin fumbles around in the darkened boathouse. He pulls out a lighter and flicks it on. He turns and comes face to face with -

- NUDDIE, THE MONSTER OF LOCH MAC NUDD, or at least a reasonable facsimile. He SCREAMS.

TWO HUGE, SHADOWY FIGURES step out from behind the monster - Adam and Alec. Adam has a large bandage on his thumb.

They grab Kevin. He struggles.

KEVIN

What is this, the Scottish Mafia? Let me go!

In the confusion Alec grabs Adam's hand. Adam HOWLS.

ADAM

Mind the thumb, stupid!

ALEC

You're the stupid one.

ADAM

Well, you're stupider.

ALEX

No, you are.

Forgetting about Kevin for a moment, they slap at each other. Kevin sneaks away.

The lights snap on. Kevin comes face to face with the half-finished Nuddie.

KEVIN

Yipe!

He stumbles backwards. Alec and Adam rush over and grab him. Owen and Sir Kenneth rush in.

OWEN

For God's shake, keep him quiet!

KEVIN

This is unconstitutional!

Alec puts a hand on Kevin's mouth, silencing him. Sir Kenneth pokes Kevin with his swagger stick.

SIR KENNETH

What do we have here, a spy?

OWEN

A spy? My God, we're ruined!

Kevin struggles as he gets closer to the monster.

KEVIN

What the hell is that thing?

ALEC

It's how we're gonna get rich -

Sir Kenneth bats Alec.

ALEC (CONT'D)

Ow!

SIR KENNETH

- he means enriched by the joy of helping our fellow man!

Sir Kenneth nods. Alec and Adam roughly push Kevin forward.

KENNETH

Now boys, is that anyway to treat a guest?

He puts his arm around Kevin and walks him around Nuddie. Owen follows.

SIR KENNETH

My lad, this village is in trouble. All the jobs are gone. People will

starve if we don't do something to help.

They stop in front of the monster.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
And this is how we're going to help?

KEVIN  
How can that, that, thing help?

OWEN  
When word gets out that our wee beastie  
can be seen swimming in the loch,  
tourists will flock to the place,  
bringing those lovely, lovely tourist  
dollars!

They face the monster. Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN  
I don't know man, that seems like a rip  
off.

OWEN  
Dishonest? No, lad, it's  
entertainment, it's business, like,  
like -

ADAM  
Disneyland!

SIR KENNETH  
Yes, like your Disneyland. You don't  
think Mickey Mouse is a rip off, do you?

He sings softly.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
M-I-C, K-E-Y -

He motions to the boys. They all sing M-O-U. A tear comes to  
Kevin's eye. A catch in his throat as Kevin joins in.

KEVIN  
S-E.

Owen puts his hand on Kevin's other shoulder.

OWEN  
Ach, it does bring a tear to your eyes,  
doesn't it.

Sir Kenneth points to Adam and Alec, who are looking particularly dim at the moment.

SIR KENNETH

Do you want to see these poor lads suffer? No jobs, no prospects to earn a living?

KEVIN

No, man, that would not be cool.

Sir Kenneth slaps him hard on the back. Kevin COUGHS.

OWEN

Good man! Then you'll keep quiet about our little secret, eh wot?

Kevin nods. Sir Kenneth frog marches him to the door.

SIR KENNETH

Because I'd hate the lads to think you were against them.

At the door he turns Kevin toward Adam and Alec, who are looking particularly vicious at the moment.

Kevin rushes out. Sir Kenneth turns and growls at the Adam and Alec. They slowly fade back into the shadows.

MONTAGE:

Dougie struggles to compose as -

Kevin holds out a joint.

Dougie shakes his head.

CLANKS, BANGS from the boathouse startle Dougie as he writes.

Kevin holds out a joint.

THE BEEP BEEP BEEP OF A TRUCK backing up.

Dougie paces the room while Kevin wrestles the bagpipes.

Dougie tries to write.

Kevin holds out a joint.

DRILLING, followed by a SMALL EXPLOSION from the boathouse.

Kevin holds out a joint.



Composing sheets flutter down through a cloud of marijuana smoke.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- LATER

A depressed Dougie alone at a table, cradling a pint.

Various villagers chat happily at other tables.

Una comes in. She sees Dougie.

UNA

Hello.

She walks by. No reaction from Dougie. Surprised, she turns.

UNA (CONT'D)

Lost in great musical thoughts, are we?

Dougie barely raises his head.

DOUGIE

Oh yea, the greatest.

Dougie half-heartedly flashes his killer smile at her. Una shakes her head. Dougie looks at his pint.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Doesn't work on you, does it.

Puzzled, she regards him for a moment. She sits, reaches out and touches his arm.

UNA

What's wrong?

Dougie sighs.

DOUGIE

Look, as much as I love the physical attention -

He looks at her hand on his arm. She frowns, and retracts it.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

- I don't think I'd be great company for you right now.

UNA

Let me be the judge of that.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- LATER

Evening. A candle burns on the table.

DOUGIE

One time I wrote a movie score in a day.  
Now I can't finish a simple tune. And  
that just kills me because -

Owen, Sir Kenneth, the boys, and Rory LOUDLY come in and step  
up to the bar. Rory turns and locks eyes with Dougie.

Dougie returns the glare for a beat.

UNA

Because?

Dougie looks at her, struggling to go on. She smiles  
encouragingly and nods.

DOUGIE

- because that's the only real thing  
I've got.

He looks down.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

And if I lose that, what's left?

UNA

When you first came here I thought to  
myself - here's another jerk who thinks  
the world and everyone in it owes him.

Dougie raises his head and looks in her eyes.

UNA (CONT'D)

But you're not a really a jerk.

DOUGIE

How do you know?

She reaches over and puts her hand on his chest.

UNA

Because I see how much you care. You  
just have to push all that other crap  
aside and let it out.

Dougie smiles. He reaches up and takes her hand as they gaze  
into each other's eyes.

AT THE BAR

Rory aggressively drinking his pint, tipsy now. Sir Kenneth  
nudges him.

SIR KENNETH

Those yanks get into everything, don't they?

OWEN

Aye, looks like he has your time beat, Rory.

Rory turns and sees them holding hands.

AT THE TABLE

Rory storms over.

RORY

Get your hands off her!

UNA

Rory, what are you doing?

RORY

And you, flitting around the moment my back is turned, you, you, flitterer!

Una laughs.

UNA

Rory, one wee kiss when we were ten years old doesn't mean we're engaged.

RORY

To me it did!

Rory feebly grabs at her arm. She easily fends him off.

LAUGHTER FROM THE BAR AREA. Una shoots them a look. They hush.

Dougie rises.

DOUGIE

I think you should leave now -

RORY

Oh, the American thinks I should leave!

Rory pushes Dougie.

RORY (CONT'D)

Well, this ain't some bloody little country where you can push your big, fat American military-macho-dollars weight around; this is Scotland!

He continues to push Dougie. Dougie pushes back. Rory stumbles and falls.

Villagers circle them - a fight is imminent. Una is pushed outside the circle. Owen helps Rory to his feet, handing him a pint.

DOUGIE

Come on, fellahs, don't make me -

Rory downs the pint, then lurches toward Dougie.

RORY

Make you do what? Bomb me? You going to bomb me, Mr. "I can nuke the world if I want to" America?

Rory swings at Dougie. Dougie easily ducks away.

DOUGIE

I think you're bombed enough already.

Rory grabs a chair. Dougie tries to back away, but the villagers shove him toward Rory. Dougie grabs a chair.

RORY

Tis nay a claymore, but twill do!

They circle each other, chairs held high.

UNA

Enough!

Una breaks through the circle. She plants herself between them. They lower their chairs.

Una turns to Rory and prods him back with her finger.

UNA (CONT'D)

Now you listen to me. I don't belong to anybody.

She turns to Dougie. She prods him back with her finger.

UNA (CONT'D)

And I don't need any of your macho bullshit protection either.

She storms out. Rory stumbles back to the bar. Owen pats Rory on the back as he stumbles back to the bar.

The villagers MURMUR as they slink back to their place.

INT. BOATHOUSE -- MORNING

Rory inspects Nuddie - its neck is broken. Sir Kenneth, swagger stick under his arm, glares at Alec and Adam, who both point to each other.

Owen's Loch Ness book is on a table nearby.

RORY  
Aye, we can fix her -

He frowns at the boys.

RORY (CONT'D)  
-but she'll need protecting from the likes of them.

SIR KENNETH  
Quite.

He walks to the table.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
But just what do we do with them?

He whacks the book with the swagger stick as he thinks. On the fourth whack it falls to the floor. He picks it up, sees the title page and smiles.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
Gentlemen, I think it's time for phase two of our little operation.

Sir Kenneth paces in best military fashion as he briefs his troops.

OWEN  
Phase two?

SIR KENNETH  
Yes, an intelligence mission. And I know just the lads for it.

He smiles at the boys. They smile lamely back.

OWEN  
Ah, excuse us.

He takes Sir Kenneth's arm and walks him further away from the boys.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
Intelligence? Them?

Sir Kenneth looks down at Owen's hand on his arm. Owen, embarrassed, removes it.

SIR KENNETH  
Unbelievable as that may seem, yes.

He leans in and whispers. The boys watch with worried expressions.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
We'll send them to Loch Ness.

Owen nods.

OWEN  
Oh, I see! They find out how things  
are set up so we can -

Sir Kenneth nods.

SIR KENNETH  
Right, do the same or better here. But  
more importantly it gets them out of  
the way. I'll leave the details to  
you.

Sir Kenneth turns to leave. He stops.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
I can trust you to handle this, eh First  
Sergeant?

Owen snaps to attention, giving his best military salute.

OWEN  
Yes sir!

Sir Kenneth returns the salute with his swagger stick.

SIR KENNETH  
Good man! Carry on!

He leaves. Owen rubs his hands as he turns to the boys.

OWEN  
Right lads, a word if you please.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY

Alec and Adam, dressed in overcoats, board a bus with a sign reading INVERNESS.

INT. BUS -- LATER

Adam has his hand inside his overcoat, trying to adjust something.

AN ELDERLY WOMAN, seated across the way with her SLEEPING ELDERLY HUSBAND, stares at Adam.

Alec pushes Adam.

ADAM  
You're going to break it!

ALEC  
But it hurts!

The Elderly Woman smacks her husband and points at Adam. Adam gives a small groan of pleasure.

ADAM  
Oh, that's much better.

He removes his hand from his coat just as the ELDERLY HUSBAND awakes. He looks over. They turn, smile, and then face forward.

ELDERLY HUSBAND  
Honestly, Marie, will you never cease flirting with the boys?

Her jaw drops.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM -- EVENING

The room is a wreck, littered with crumpled music sheets. Dougie sits listlessly at his keyboard, tapping the same key over and over.

Kevin takes away as he brandishes his claymore. The PHONE RINGS. Kevin answers it.

KEVIN  
Hello?

INT. MONICA'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Monica on her blackberry.

MONICA  
Dougie? It's Monica-

INTERCUT BETWEEN DOUGIE'S ROOM AND MONICA'S OFFICE

Kevin in his worst Scottish accent.

KEVIN

Ach, Monica! How are things across  
the pond, my fine wee lassie?

Monica, confused, taps her blackberry.

MONICA

Sorry, didn't quite get that. Is  
Dougie there? I can't get him on his  
cell --

Kevin continues the bad accent.

KEVIN

Hold on a wee bit.

He holds the phone out to Dougie.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

It's for you, laddie.

Dougie keeps tapping the key.

DOUGIE

Whoever it is tell them I'm busy.

Kevin shrugs.

KEVIN

He says he kinnah talk at the wee  
moment.

Monica swivels her chair.

MONICA

Kevin, is that you?

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN

Aye, lassie, this is the Clan Kevin.  
Pretty good accent, huh?

AN ASSISTANT hands a document to Monica.

MONICA

No, not really. How are things going?

Kevin looks at Dougie, who at that moment crumples a score sheet  
and wings it at Kevin. Kevin ducks. He drops the accent.

KEVIN

Great, just great.

Monica regards the document.



MONICA

Great. I knew he could do it. Kevin,  
can you take a message -

KEVIN

Hold on a wee moment.

Kevin rummages around and finds some paper and a pencil.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Shoot.

MONICA

Roland and I will be in Glenbruar in two  
weeks.

Kevin GULPS. Dougie slumps down over the keyboard.

KEVIN

Two weeks?

Monica rises.

MONICA

Yes. He wants to see how things are  
going.

Monica heads out the door.

MONICA (CONT'D)

We'll call when we get into Glasgow.  
Got that?

Kevin finishes scribbling.

KEVIN

Got it.

MONICA

Great. Bye!

Kevin hangs up. Dougie raises his head.

DOUGIE

Who was that?

Kevin, holding the paper, acts nonchalantly.

KEVIN

Oh, no one important.

Kevin makes a paper plane out of the note.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Just your agent -

Dougie jumps up.

DOUGIE  
My agent?

Kevin shoots the paper plane at Dougie. He catches it, unfolds and reads.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Oh crap.

He drops to his knees in front of Kevin, takes the blade of the claymore and puts it on his neck.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Just kill me.

INT. OFFICIAL LOCH NESS EXPEDITION HALL

Alec and Adam, overcoats tightly clenched, move stealthily past displays. As they pass various displays, Alec opens his coat and FLASHES with a concealed camera.

Alec sets himself in front of a document display. As he opens his coat, a GROUP OF SCHOOL GIRLS, led by a NUN stop at the exhibit. Alex FLASHES and the Nun faints dead away.

EXT. OFFICIAL LOCH NESS EXPEDITION HALL

Alec and Adam are hustled into a police car. The police car drives away.

They pass the Nun and her charges. She raises her cross. One of the little girls shoots them the finger.

INT. SMALL OFFICE BEHIND THE DESK -- AFTERNOON

Owen MUTTERS as he looks at the dark computer monitor.

He ducks under the desk and comes up with a tangle of computer cables. He yanks them around, then SMACKS THE COMPUTER.

He shrugs, opens his drawer, and takes out a card - COMPUTER TROUBLES? CALL MAC CRAY COMPUTER SPECIALIST, LTD.

OWEN  
How's a man supposed to make a decent living when he's paying out all his hard-earned money to a "specialist" -

He hears FOOTSTEPS ON THE STAIRS.

DOUGIE

(OS)

- stay Kevin, stay!

Owen smiles. He whacks the computer with his hand and yells.

OWEN

Oh, you mechanical devil! It's enough  
to drive a man to drink!

Dougie pops his head in.

DOUGIE

Problem?

MOMENTS LATER

Dougie rises from behind the desk.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Try it now.

Owen hits the 'on' button and the computer comes to life.

OWEN

Glory be, you're a miracle man, you  
are! Now how much do I --

Owen slowly reaches for his wallet.

Dougie holds up his hand.

DOUGIE

Not necessary.

Owen smiles.

OWEN

Smart and generous.

Under his breath.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Una could do worse --

DOUGIE

What was that?

Owen rises, walking him to the door.

OWEN

I said you saved me purse. Thanks,  
laddie, thanks.

He ushers Dougie out. He returns to the computer and sits.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Now, where was I? Ah yes.

He types.

COMPUTER SCREEN:

YOU'VE TRIED TO SEE THE NESS, NOW COME SEE THE BEST! THE LOCH  
MAC NUDD MONSTER - GUARANTEED VIEWINGS DAILY!

INT. BOATHOUSE -- LATER

Owen, Sir Kenneth, and A GROUP OF VILLAGERS stare ruefully at  
the deflated Nuddie monster.

Rory fiddles with a control board hooked to the monster.

SIR KENNETH

Give it another go, Rory.

Rory flips a switch. The monster flops around like a dying  
goldfish. The Villagers GRUMBLE.

RORY

Wait a moment -

Rory takes out a screwdriver and makes some adjustments. Kevin  
wanders in and stands behind the group.

KEVIN

Can I help?

Sir Kenneth turns.

SIR KENNETH

Yes. Run and out get us some Fallopian  
tubes.

Kevin grins and runs out.

RORY

Okay, let's try again.

He flips the switch. The flopping is a little better, but not  
much.

RORY (CONT'D)

Let's try the roar.

He hits a button. Nuddie's mouth opens and lets out a tremendous  
- SQUEAK. Rory gives an embarrassed shrug.

Kevin rushes in, innards draped on his arms.

KEVIN

The butcher said 's just out of Fallopiian tubes, but that these should do.

OWEN

Maybe that other American can help. He was a wiz with my computer--

Rory shoots him a look.

KEVIN

I can get Dougie to help!

Kevin hands the innards to Owen. Rory fiddles with the controls again.

RORY

We don't need that pompous poufter -

Owen gestures with the innards toward the deflated Nuddie.

OWEN

Are you sure, Rory?

SIR KENNETH

I have full confidence in Rory. As for you, my fine lad.

He points his swagger stick at Kevin.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

You won't forget that this is our little secret, right?

He touches the side of his nose. Kevin, puzzled, touches the side of his nose, then leaves.

Rory hits the switch - Nuddie inflates, rising up to impressive height. Rory flips another switch and Nuddie gives a BOATHOUSE SHAKING ROAR.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

Good show! A bit of brush up and I think we'll be ready for our little test tomorrow, eh wot, chaps?

The Villagers ad libs OH AYES and general agreement.

EXT. BOATHOUSE -- EVENING

Sir Kenneth, wrench in hand, sneaks into the boathouse.

EXT. DOCK -- EVENING

A farmer leads a cow past the dock.

Dougie, pen behind his ear, composing. He writes, then plays a few chords.

As before, there is a bubbling in the Loch not too far away. Dougie stops. The bubbling stops.

Curiosity aroused, he plays again. The water bubbles up.

Torn between curiosity and fear, he keeps playing. The bubbles get closer and closer. Dougie starts to edge away when -

-A WAVE CRASHES OVER HIM. Dougie YELLS IN FEAR and tumbles backwards.

A HUGE, OMINOUS SHADOW LOWERS toward him. He closes his eyes.

INT. HOTEL BAR -- AFTERNOON

Una places a plate of sandwiches in front of Kevin.

UNA  
Where's Dougie?

Kevin jams a sandwich in his mouth, and speaks through it.

KEVIN  
Prollyupsharesinashroom.

UNA  
Come again?

Kevin jerks his head toward the ceiling. Una grabs the plate of sandwiches and walks away. Kevin follows her.

Before she gets out the door, Kevin reaches around to snag a sandwich.

His hand misses and he accidental grabs the belt buckle of a BURLY, RED-HEADED SCOTSMAN.

The Scotsman looks down at Kevin, then smiles. Kevin smiles back uncertainly, then rushes out the door.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Una enters the room. Dougie is staring out the window, running his hand through his hair.

UNA

I brought you a wee bite.

Dougie doesn't respond. Her face softens.

UNA (CONT'D)

You must eat something.

Dougie doesn't respond. Una shrugs and sets the plate down hard.

UNA (CONT'D)

In your own good time, then.

She turns to leave.

DOUGIE

Wait -

EXT. LOCH -- EVENING

Dougie and Una walk side by side along the shore. Dougie gestures as he talks. We can't hear the words at first, but we get the drift from his gestures toward the loch.

DOUGIE

- two weeks to get my act together.

They pass by a shed. Rory, remote control device in hand, peeks around the corner. As they come to the dock Dougie stops.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Maybe I should just give it up.

UNA

You know you can't.

He stares out over the water. A ripple catches his eye. He tenses.

DOUGIE

Yeah, you're right, I can't quit.

Una looks out over the water.

UNA

What is it?

DOUGIE

I thought -

Una looks at him.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

No, it was nothing.

He turns, seeing her beautiful face. He slowly moves to kiss her. She hesitates, then moves forward.

Just before their lips meet -

A LOUD SPLASH AS SOMETHING HUGE BOILS UP OUT OF THE WATER -NUDDIE!

Dougie and Una, startled, grab each other and fall back.

Seconds later - THE LONGEST AND LOUDEST SUSTAINED FART IN THE WORLD as Nuddie deflates and sinks beneath the surface.

BEHIND SOME BUSHES

Sir Kenneth lowers his high-tech military binoculars. Smiling, he whips his swagger stick against his boots.

BEHIND SOME OTHER BUSHES NOT MUCH FURTHER AWAY

Owen lowers his toy binoculars, and sneaks away.

LOCH SIDE

Dougie and Una on the ground. Una turns and sees Owen slinking away.

Dougie rises. Una starts to stand, and slips on a cow pat.

UNA

Bloody hell -

Dougie grabs her before she falls. They stare into each other's eyes.

Rory rushes up.

RORY

Girl, we need to talk!

He pushes Dougie away. He grabs Una's arm.

UNA

Stop it, Rory!

DOUGIE

Hey Braveheart, let her go!

Una shrugs Rory off. Dougie pushes him. Rory grabs him and they wrestle to the water's edge.

UNA

Stop it!



She tries to get between them and is knocked into the Loch.

RORY AND DOUGIE

Uh oh!

Una rises. She is so mad you can almost see the water steaming.

She squishes up to them and past them. Before they can turn, she rushes at them and shoves them into the loch.

The roll over and kneel in the water, looking up at her. Furious, she points at them.

UNA

I won't be fought over like some prize-

She sputters. Rory, trying to be helpful, interjects.

RORY

Heifer?

Una wades into the surf and dunks them both. Raising as much dignity as she can, she squishes away.

They sit in the water for a beat.

RORY (CONT'D)

Drink?

DOUGIE

That's a good idea.

INT. LOCH SIDE PUB -- LATER

A Celtic band plays a raucous tune. A few couples dance. Kevin, drunk/stoned/wasted, dances alone.

Dougie and Rory are tipsy. They raise their pints.

RORY

She's a wonderful girl -

He quickly looks around.

RORY (CONT'D)

I mean wonderful woman. Too good for the likes of me.

They drink. Kevin eyes a TALL REDHEAD IN A TARTAN SKIRT who sits, back to him, at the bar.

DOUGIE

Too good for the likes of both of us,  
mate.

They clink glasses and drink.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
What's a fine, intelligent girl -

Rory gives him a stern look.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
- woman -

Rory smiles. They clink glasses.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
-like her doing here?

RORY  
She came back home about a year ago.

DOUGIE  
Back?

RORY  
Yes.

Rory sips his beer, his head nodding to the music. Dougie nudges  
him.

DOUGIE  
Well?

RORY  
This place was always a bit too quiet  
for her. She went down to London and  
was big in "public relations" or some  
such for a bit. Came back when her ma  
died, to look after Owen.

Dougie raises his glass.

DOUGIE  
She's a good woman.

RORY  
That she is.

They drain their pints. Dougie pounds the bar.

DOUGIE  
Bartender! Two more!

Kevin dances his way over to the Tall Redhead.

KEVIN

I really like big women.

The Tall Redhead turns - it's the Burly Scotsman, dressed in his best kilt.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Eep!

Kevin grimaces and tiptoes away. After a beat, the Burly Scotsman follows.

EXT. LOCH SIDE PUB

Kevin walking swiftly along the shore. The Burly Scotsman is not far behind.

As they pass the dock, a dark shape rises from the water.

INT. LOCH SIDE PUB -- LATER

The band is packing up as the place clears out.

Dougie and Rory are finishing their last pint.

RORY

You know, you're not half-bad, for a Yank.

Rory goes to punch Dougie in the arm and nearly falls off his stool. Dougie steadies him.

DOUGIE

Neither are you, for a Scottie.

Rory leans in.

RORY

I have something I want to say, but I need you to swear, as a Yank, that you'll nay tell a living soul.

Dougie assumes a solemn look and raises his hand.

DOUGIE

I swear -

Rory scowls.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

- as a Yank.

Rory smiles and nods. He looks around, then whispers.

RORY

This village is in trouble. I'm working on a wee bit of a project that can help. I can nay tell you the details here, but I need someone to help me with the electronics.

Dougie shakes his head.

DOUGIE

I'd love to help but -

Rory nudges him.

RORY

Wait till I tell you what we're up to!  
We're making a -

Sir Kenneth enters the pub. He sees them huddled close and frowns.

SIR KENNETH

Rory!

Rory jumps to attention, salutes, then passes out onto the table.

EXT. LOCH-SIDE PUB -- LATER

Dougie wanders aimlessly along the shore. He kicks a rock. He stops, reaches down, and picks it up.

He looks out over the loch.

He weighs the rock in his hand as his gaze drifts up to the starry sky.

The gentle lap of waves mixes with soft Celtic music from the pub. The soft BAAAHING from the hills. Cocking his head, he listens for a beat.

He smiles, skims the rock across the water, and then walks purposefully toward the village.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM -- LATER

Dougie at his keyboard, composing. Things are going well.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE -- MORNING

Owen, seated, rolls his eyes as Una stomps around him.

UNA

--building a monster? Oh, Da, you've gone off the deep end this time.

OWEN

But Una, think of how much it will help our poor wee village --

UNA

Your poor wee wallet, you mean.

Owen goes to speak, but she cuts him off.

UNA (CONT'D)

It's devious, it's unethical, it's, it's -

She looks at him. He gives an impish smile.

UNA (CONT'D)

Fraud! Don't you know how much trouble this could cause?

OWEN

What trouble? A little harmless fun for the tourists is all -

Una leans back against the desk.

UNA

We have to stop this.

Owen rises.

OWEN

Now hold on, you swore an oath -

Una flares.

UNA

You tricked me into that!

OWEN

Still, an oath's an oath.

Una sags into the chair.

UNA

So now I'm involved, whether I want to be or not.

Owen walks over to her and places his hands on her shoulders.

OWEN

There, there, it will be alright.

Una shrugs.

OWEN (CONT'D)

If we can get the wee beastie working,  
tourists will flock to the place.

Owen sighs.

OWEN (CONT'D)

But I don't hold out much hope for that  
with Rory in charge.

Owen looks at her.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Maybe you could ask your new boyfriend  
to help out? He seems to be good with  
the electronics.

Una rises.

UNA

He's not my boyfriend. And even if he  
were, I won't drag him into this mess.

OWEN

Ah well, it doesn't matter. We'll be  
fine either way.

UNA

What do you mean?

OWEN

If we can't get the tourists in, Sir  
Kenneth plans to buy our hotel, for  
real money.

UNA

And what about the rest of the village?

OWEN

Oh, I'm sure they'll get something, but  
that's their look out.

Una shakes her head.

UNA

Then, God forgive me, I hope the bloody  
thing works.

EXT. LOCH -- DAY

Dougie, on the dock, smiling as he plays his Celtic theme.

The SOUND OF WATER BUBBLING catches his attention. He stops playing and walks to the edge of the dock.

Looking down, he sees something huge and dark. A tail breaks the surface and hovers there. He jumps back. The tail hangs there, moving slowly side to side.

DOUGIE

No way.

He slowly approaches it. He hesitates, then approaches the tail.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

It's okay, I won't hurt you.

He reaches out. The tail stiffens.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

And I hope to God you won't hurt me.

He hums his Celtic theme. An APPRECIATIVE GRUMBLE comes from under the water. The tail relaxes. He reaches out and touches it.

He rubs the tail as he hums. THE GRUMBLE BECOMES THE PURR OF THE WORLD'S BIGGEST CAT.

A CAR HORN HONKS IN THE DISTANCE. The tail swiftly sinks beneath the waves.

EXT. HILLS OVERLOOKING THE VILLAGE -- DAY

A preoccupied Una sits on the grass, looking down at the village. Dougie comes over a rise. She doesn't notice.

DOUGIE

Hello.

Una continues to gaze at the village.

UNA

Hello.

DOUGIE

Mind if I join you?

Una shrugs. Dougie sits. They look out over the village.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Beautiful place.

UNA

Yes it is.

Una lowers head, tears form.

Dougie turns to her.

DOUGIE

What's wrong?

Una looks in his eyes, debating whether to tell him.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

My grandma used to say a burden shared  
is a burden halved.

UNA

You know, when I lived here I couldn't  
wait to get away. I thought, this  
place is so small, so far away from  
everything that's big and important in  
the world.

She stands, looking out over the village.

UNA (CONT'D)

But now that I'm back I realize just how  
special it is.

Dougie stands.

DOUGIE

I know.

UNA

But I don't know how long it's going to  
last.

She gestures toward the village.

UNA (CONT'D)

Every year the "weekenders" buy a  
little more and change it.

DOUGIE

Weekenders?

UNA

Rich folks from the city. They want a  
piece of the country, a place to get  
away. And then they try to change it to  
fit their city ways.

DOUGIE

They must be blind.



UNA  
I used to admire the city. The lights,  
the excitement...

She turns away.

UNA (CONT'D)  
I wanted to be just like them!

DOUGIE  
But you aren't.

UNA  
No. But they're going to win, unless  
the monster works.

DOUGIE  
Ah, monster?

Una gives a little laugh.

UNA  
Unbelievable as this may seem, the  
village is creating a monster to draw  
tourists.

DOUGIE  
Seriously?

UNA  
Seriously. And if it doesn't work, Sir  
Kenneth will buy out everyone and sell  
it all to the weekenders.

DOUGIE  
Then we'd better make sure it does.

UNA  
But your work --

Dougie reaches out for her.

DOUGIE  
This is more important.

Una smiles and takes his hand.

INT. BOATHOUSE -- EVENING

MONTAGE

Dougie and Rory work on the monster. Kevin getting in the way  
at every step of the process.

Outside, Sir Kenneth moves stealthily from window to window, peeking in.

Dougie wipes his brow as he connects wires.

Rory pushes Kevin out of the way as he checks the monster.

Kevin backs into Dougie, causing him to drop the control box.

Rory on the phone, speaks quietly into the receiver.

Dougie and Roy toss Kevin out the door.

EXT. HILLS OVERLOOKING THE VILLAGE

Kevin is carried off by the Burly Redheaded Scotsman.

INT. BOATHOUSE -- MORNING

Dougie hands Rory the control. Rory flips the switch - Nuddie ROARS to life. Dougie and Rory shake hands.

Sir Kenneth enters.

SIR KENNETH  
Well done, lads, well done!

RORY  
When do we launch her?

They consider for a beat.

DOUGIE  
Hey, I've got some important people coming from Hollywood tomorrow -

SIR KENNETH  
That producer chappie and your agent!

Dougie looks surprised.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
Sorry, old intelligence corps habit, knowing who is where, and why.

He puts his arm around Dougie's shoulder.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
I think that's a marvelous idea. Could be just the ticket. Your movie people get a big welcome and free publicity, and the village gets -

He steps back and gestures grandly toward Nuddie.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
- their just rewards.

DOUGIE  
Maybe we should do another test -

SIR KENNETH  
Nonsense! It works just fine!

Sir Kenneth pushes them toward the door.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
Now you lads go get some rest. I'll  
take care of the arrangements.

INT. BOATHOUSE -- LATER

Sir Kenneth, on his cell phone, moves stealthily through the boathouse.

SIR KENNETH  
Yes, as many reporters as you can get.  
And if you can round up a few local  
dignitaries, a Lord and Lady Mayor say,  
that would be all to the good.

A shadow passes by a window. Sir Kenneth ducks down, whispering.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
No, no, we don't want the resort chaps  
quite yet. We'll do the deal later.

He listens for a beat.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
Oh yes, it will fail. Goodbye.

He rises and goes to Nuddie. He reaches into his pocket and removes a BLACK BOX WITH A RED LIGHT on it.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
I guarantee it.

He shoves the box into Nuddie's mouth.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)  
Then we seal the deal. Righto then,  
you're a good man, Pongo, tah.

He gives an evil grin and slinks toward the door.

EXT. GLENBRUAR'S MAIN STREET -- MORNING

THE VILLAGERS are decked out for a festival.

A limo with darkened windows rolls slowly down the street.

INT. LIMO

Roland and Monica look through the window.

MONICA

Wow, what a turnout. All in their  
Sunday best.

Roland looks at his watch.

ROLAND

Sunday? Christ, we're a day late!

MONICA

Relax, Roland.

INT. DOUGIE'S ROOM

Dougie adds a few notes to his score. He puts it in an envelope and shoves it in his coat pocket. He grabs his keyboard and heads out the door.

EXT. DOCK

VILLAGERS mill about a festive grandstand. Speakers on poles flank the stage - the song LOCH LOMOND plays.

Owen struggles with folding chairs. Rory fiddles with a sound system panel. Una helps unravel cords.

A mysterious black box with a joystick and red button is nearby.

Sir Kenneth, in full dress kilt, sits with TWO DIGNITARIES IN TRADITIONAL DRESS on the grandstand.

A limo pulls up - Roland and Monica get out. Sir Kenneth rises to meet them. Owen, trying to be help, grabs a chair. Sir Kenneth bangs his shin on the chair.

SIR KENNETH

For God's sake, Owen!

Roland snaps around.

ROLAND

Owen? Owen Mac Bain?

Owen shrugs.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Where's that family history I paid you  
for?

Owen drops the chair and runs off the grandstand.

He ducks around the corner of the grandstand. He peeks out.  
Roland moves to go after him.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Get over here, you little bas-

Monica grabs his arm and moves him toward his seat.

MONICA

Later, Roland, later.

A PHOTOGRAPHER snaps photos as Monica, Roland, and the  
dignitaries seat themselves.

Sir Kenneth steps up to the microphone. He nods to Rory, who  
turns down the music.

SIR KENNETH

This is a great day for our village, a  
great day indeed, as we welcome our  
distinguished guests from across the  
pond.

He indicates Roland and Monica. A SMATTERING OF POLITE  
APPLAUSE.

SIR KENNETH (CONT'D)

And we hope that they will enjoy their  
stay with us, in this village that has  
so much history and charm.

Roland turns to Monica.

ROLAND

I hope for your sake your boy isn't  
going to let us down.

Monica gives him a sick little grin. She scans the crowd.

EXT. HOTEL

Kevin, smoking a joint, wistfully twists a bit of heather as he  
gazes at the hills. Dougie, keyboard under one arm, dashes out  
the door, and collides with him.

KEVIN

Wow dude, you need to chill.

He holds out the joint. Dougie reaches for it, then stops.

DOUGIE

Not today.

Dougie, brushing himself off, heads toward the dock. The envelope containing his music falls to the ground.

Kevin picks it up. He shrugs, then takes a hit.

KEVIN

Ah, Dougie? I think you dropped this, man.

Dougie is long gone. Kevin takes another hit. He looks toward the hills, then he looks toward the dock, then back at the hills.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

It's cool.

Kevin starts off after Dougie. He comes to a mailbox. He pops the envelope into the mailbox and continues on his way.

EXT. DOCK

Sir Kenneth on the grandstand.

SIR KENNETH

And such a bright future, a real future, a future on film. Who knows, we may become the Bollywood of Scotland!

POLITE LAUGHTER.

Monica sees Dougie rushing toward them.

MONICA

There he is.

Dougie, out of breath, skids to a stop beside Una and Rory. Roland rises from his seat and heads toward him. Monica follows.

UNA

You do love the drama.

Sir Kenneth drones on in the background, with the occasional words TRADITION, VALUES, GOOD STOUT MEN, etc. breaking through.

Dougie works to hook his keyboard into the sound system. Roland enters.

ROLAND  
Where's my score?

DOUGIE  
Right here.

Dougie reaches in his pocket. It's not there. He searches his other pockets.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
Uh oh -

Kevin strolls by in the background, toking on a joint as his eyes search the hills.

ROLAND  
Uh oh?

He turns to Monica. His voice rising.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
I came all the way to Scotland and all  
I get is uh oh!

Kevin, distracted by the yelling, looks at him, then turns back to the hills.

Dougie frantically searches his pockets.

DOUGIE  
I had it -

Roland gets in his face.

ROLAND  
You mean you haven't written it!

DOUGIE  
You calling me a liar?

ROLAND  
If you're not a liar, where's my damned  
score!

Monica steps in front of Roland. Una steps in front of Dougie.

MONICA  
Let's give him a chance here -

Roland screams at Monica.

ROLAND

A chance? I gave him a chance! He  
blew it, like he always does! I was  
crazy to listen to you!

Dougie steps between them.

DOUGIE  
Hey, I did write it --

Roland screams at him. Kevin turns.

ROLAND  
You're fired! Fired, do you hear me?  
Fired, through, done, kaput!

Roland stomps away.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
F-I-R-E-Double D for damn you to hell  
for screwing me like this.

Roland clutches his heart. Kevin runs toward the hotel.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Oh God! I'm dying here!

Monica rolls her eyes, then puts her arm around him to steady  
him. Sir Kenneth stops speaking and the crowd looks over.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Please tell me this is just a bad dream.

MONICA  
It's just a bad dream.

Dougie smiles and shakes his head. He walks over to his  
keyboard.

RORY  
All set then?

Dougie winks. Rory winks at Sir Kenneth. Sir Kenneth winks at  
the crowd.

SIR KENNETH  
And now, ladies and gentleman, as a  
special treat, the exclusive world  
premier of the music for 'Leopard of  
Scotland!'

Dougie plays his theme. As the theme swells Roland revives.

ROLAND  
You little bastard -



Sir Kenneth, hand in pocket, casually walks off the platform.

Rory ducks down behind the sound system panel and hits the button on the mysterious black box.

EXT. VILLAGE STREET

Kevin runs up to the mailbox. He tries to pry it open.

Failing that, he flails away at it.

KEVIN

Come on, man, come on!

DEEP VOICE

(O.S)

Can I help you?

Kevin turns and comes face to face with -

The Burley Scotsman in a Mailman outfit. Kevin smiles. The Burley Scotsman smiles.

EXT. LOCH

Ten yards or so away the monster Nuddie ROARS as she breaks the surface. Dougie's theme swells as the monster moves majestically toward the shore.

EXT. DOCK

Chaos erupts as the crowd panics. The Photographer desperately tries to get a shot, but each time he is jostled by someone in the crowd.

Roland, caught up in beauty of the music, smiles at Monica. Monica, jaws agape, points out at the loch.

Roland looks. He sees the monster Nuddie.

ROLAND

Good God!

Roland clutches his heart and falls into Monica's arms.

ROLAND (CONT'D)

Get me out of here!

Monica struggles as she drags him toward the limo.

Rory smiles as he works the joystick. The monster Nuddie is only a few yards away. Dougie gives a hand signal to Rory.

Nuddie ROARS! Screams from the crowd.

Sir Kenneth, behind the grandstand, smiles as he holds his own mysterious little black box. He pushes a button.

Nuddie LOUDLY DEFLATES.

Owen, spooked, stumbles into a speaker pole; he grabs a cable to steady himself - it comes undone.

On the edge of tipping in, Owen clutches at Rory, ripping off his shirt.

Stumbling about, Owen grabs a power cable, shorting the entire system.

EXT. LOCH

The mighty monster Nuddie turns belly up, then slowly sinks.

EXT. DOCK

The villagers, crestfallen, mutter WE'RE DOOMED NOW, THERE GOES OUR LAST HOPE, WE'LL HAVE TO SELL OUT TO THAT GREEDY BASTARD NOW.

Dougie and Rory try to get the sound system going.

Sir Kenneth steams into view. He points at Owen.

SIR KENNETH  
Saboteur! Get him!

The villagers move toward Owen, who is tangled in cables.

FIRST VILLAGER  
It's that damned scheming Owen, again!

SECOND VILLAGER  
Get him!

The villagers, now a mob, advance on him. Dougie tries to stop them, but is brushed aside.

UNA  
Da!

Dougie rushes to the stage and grabs the microphone.

The mob surrounds Owen. Dougie flips a switch and plays his theme.

Dougie yells into the microphone.

DOUGIE

Stop!

The microphone is dead.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)

Rory, the speaker!

Rory, cable in teeth, shimmies up the speaker pole. Monica, just about to enter the limo, watches him as his muscles flex as he climbs.

She smiles, and then climbs into the limo. It speeds off.

Rory plugs the cable into the speaker.

The mob is just about to grab Owen when A GREAT SPLASHING IS HEARD. They turn toward the loch.

EXT. LOCH SURFACE

Violent roiling of water. A large, dark hump slowly appears.

A monstrous head pokes up. It rises higher and higher on a long thin neck. IT IS THE REAL MONSTER NUDDIE.

The fake monster Nuddie dangles from its jaws.

EXT. STREET

Kevin racing down the street toward the dock, holding the envelope like a runner's baton. It rips, the score scatters everywhere. He scrambles to collect the pages.

EXT. DOCK

The crowd backs off Owen. Owen backs away from the shore. The Reporter scrambles to his feet, his camera is a short distance away.

A PANICKY VILLAGER picks up a rock and throws it at Nuddie. It hits, causing Nuddie to ROAR. Nuddie shakes its head and tosses the fake Nuddie in the air. It lands on Owen.

Other Villagers pick up rocks. Nuddie ROARS and swiftly heads toward them.

DOUGIE

Stop!

Dougie, at the keyboard, plays his theme. Nuddie slows and begins to PURR.

Nuddie glides next to the dock as the Reporter reaches for his camera. Nuddie lowers her head, getting between the Reporter and his camera. He falls over backwards.

Nuddie gently nuzzles Dougie as he plays. The villagers watch in amazement.

Dougie finishes playing. He touches "Nuddie's" cheek. He smiles at Una. She slowly reaches out and touches the creature.

Nuddie nuzzles her, then rises up, turns, and swims away.

The Reporter dives for his camera as "Nuddie" slowly sinks down. He snaps a shot of two humps just before "Nuddie" submerges.

EXT. MAIN STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

The limo zooms up the street.

Kevin, score pages bundled in his arms, stumbles out in front of the limo. The limo screeches to a stop.

INT. LIMO -- MOMENTS LATER

Roland is thrown forward hard.

ROLAND  
Is everyone in this freaking village  
crazy?

He rolls down the window and sticks his head out.

EXT. MAIN STREET

ROLAND  
Get out of the way, you lunatic!

Kevin runs to the window.

KEVIN  
You need this, man!

Kevin lunges at him with the score in hand. Roland ducks his head back and tries to close the window. Kevin is caught.

INT. LIMO

Roland's hand on the switch, moves the window up and down. Monica reaches to stop him.

MONICA  
You'll kill him!

He shrugs her off.

ROLAND  
Go! Go! Go!

The limo starts to move. Kevin is dragged along.

KEVIN  
Hey man, not cool.

As the limo picks up speed Kevin manages to squeeze Dougie's score through the window.

INT. LIMO

The papers hit Roland in the face. His hand slips, the window rolls down, freeing Kevin.

EXT. MAIN STREET

Kevin falls to the ground. The window rolls up and the limo zooms away.

Kevin rises and brushes himself off as he watches the limo zoom around a corner and out of sight

KEVIN  
It's cool.

Suddenly a panicky look comes across his face, He pats his pockets, then reaches in one and pulls out a crushed joint.

He looks at it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Ah, man, that's so not cool.

INT. LIMO -- LATER

Roland reads the score. He lowers it.

ROLAND  
Turn this thing around.

INT. LOCH SIDE PUB -- EVENING

Depressed villagers are scattered here and there. The local Celtic band plays a mournful tune.

Dougie sits alone, back to the pub door, two empty pint glasses in front of him. He is working on his third.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE

Una is working at the desk. Roland, briefcase in hand, and Monica, enter.

ROLAND  
I want to see Dougie -

UNA  
Hasn't he had enough?

ROLAND  
What?

Una sticks her finger in Roland's chest.

UNA  
I think he got the message loud and clear enough. You may not believe it, but he did write your score. And it's brilliant, just like he is.

Una comes out from behind the desk, advancing on Roland.

UNA (CONT'D)  
Unlike you, he's got a heart, he's got a soul, he cares about people.

Roland is backed into a corner. Monica takes Una's arm.

MONICA  
Una, listen.

INT. LOCH SIDE PUB -- EVENING

Rory, carrying a pint, joins Dougie at the table. He looks around at all the long faces.

RORY  
Bloody awful day, eh?

DOUGIE  
Ya think?

Rory takes a swig.

RORY  
So, how you doing, mate?

DOUGIE  
Oh, just great, mate. I've lost my job, and probably my whole damned career, but doing just great. How about you?

RORY

Looks like I'm going to sell out to Sir Kenneth. So I'd say we're just about even.

They sit in silence for a moment.

RORY (CONT'D)  
Ah well, nothing for it but -

He raises his pint toward Dougie. Dougie raises his and they toast each other.

Una enters the pub. Rory sees her.

RORY (CONT'D)  
Even with all that, I think you may be the luckiest man in the world.

Dougie raises his head.

DOUGIE  
Man, you been smoking thistle?

Rory tilts his glass toward Una. Dougie turns. Their eyes meet - love's magical smile.

Una moves toward the table. Roland follows close behind.

Monica enters. She smiles at Rory, he smiles at her. He moves to meet her.

Dougie rises and takes Una's hand and kisses it.

DOUGIE (CONT'D)  
I think my day just got a whole lot better.

They gaze into each other's eyes. In the background Rory and Monica are devouring each other.

Roland slaps his briefcase on the table. He snaps it open and pulls out the score.

ROLAND  
Dougie, you insane, mad musical genius. I love it!

He turns around.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Monica, tell him how much I love it -

Rory and Monica, lips locked, move toward and out the door. Roland waves toward Dougie and Una as they exit. Owen enters and goes to the bar.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Brilliant. I want it; you're unfired!

Dougie smiles as he and Una continue to stare into each other's eyes.

DOUGIE  
It's cool.

Roland grabs some of the sheets and strides up to the band. He hands them to the BAND LEADER.

ROLAND  
You guys read music?

The BAND LEADER nods.

BAND LEADER  
Yeah, we're classically trained, can't you tell?

The OTHER BAND MEMBERS LAUGH. Roland hands the Band Leader the sheets.

ROLAND  
I want you to play this.

The Band Leader scans the sheets.

BAND LEADER  
Look mate, we're working here -

Roland whips out his wallet and holds up a wad. They stare in amazement.

ROLAND  
So work.

The Band Leader.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
And if you're good, I may give you a shot at playing it on the soundtrack.

Roland turns to the crowd.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the world premier of the music from the



film Leopard of the North by Dougie  
McLean --

The Band raises their instruments to play.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
-- produced by Roland Bruce.

A lively Celtic reel. The place comes alive. Roland dances a little jig. As he turns he sees Owen at the bar. He points.

ROLAND (CONT'D)  
You!

Owen gulps his pint and runs.

CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

The photo of the humps in the water with huge headline MONSTER  
AT LOCH MAC NUDD!

EXT. MAIN STREET -- DAY

Villagers greet busloads of tourists. Rory watches the  
boathouse office door.

Adam and Alec get off a bus.

ADAM  
Wow, Uncle Kenneth sure got a lot of  
buyers.

ALEC  
Yeah, it will be a whole new village,  
with new people, and we'll be the  
richest, richest, richest ones here!

ADAM  
We're gonna be bloody rich!

THEY LAUGH RIOTOUSLY, linking hands and singing WE'RE GONNA BE  
BLOODY RICH.

Rory walks over and puts his arms on their shoulders.

RORY  
We need a wee bit of a chat, lads.

He steers them into the office.

INT. HOTEL OFFICE

Owen, with a stern looking Roland behind, searches through piles of old genealogy books.

INT. BOATHOUSE OFFICE

The boys pouring out their souls to an astonished Rory.

EXT. HILLS OVERLOOKING THE VILLAGE

Kevin and the Burley Scotsman, in matching kilts, are skipping through the heather.

Sir Kenneth, chased by a mob of angry villagers, whizzes past going in the opposite direction.

INT. BOATHOUSE OFFICE -- LATER

Rory in the office. Monica, purse over her shoulder, enters and hugs him.

MONICA

L.A. is going to love you.

Rory softly pulls away. He looks out the window at the village.

RORY

I'm going to miss this place.

Monica slyly walks up to him and grabs his shirt.

MONICA

You in a hurry to leave?

She pulls him down.

EXT. LOCH SIDE -- EVENING

Dougie and Una, hand in hand, watch Nuddie's humps recede in the distance.

They turn toward each other and kiss. Nuddie lets out a distance BELLOW, then dives.

FADE OUT:

THE END