

We Know It

by

Chazz Christopher

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY

We enter a grocery store during the day. It's not that busy, but it wouldn't be classified as slow.

We pass several other cashiers and bag people before settling on **George Blackwell**. He is a modest, non-descript-looking man in his early 40's. He is jovial and smiling as he passes items over the scanner one by one.

GEORGE. (V.O.)

I'm not really sure at what point in my life that I decided that any job would do. I don't know when I figured out what real life was. I'm not really at all positive when and if I grew up. I just know that I'm 42 and I work at Kroger's in Nashville, TN. As you can see by my expressions, I enjoy my job to some degree, but I can't help - as I look at myself now - thinking that somehow life got away from me. I'm not really sure at what point in my life that happened but I'm pretty sure it did.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE A SMALL BRICK HOME. NIGHT

George walks slowly up a walkway, carrying a small bouquet of daisies. He shuffles up to the doorway and stands for a short while at the door.

A long beat passes before he reaches up to rind the doorbell. As his hand gets to the doorbell, he stops and pulls his hand away. This happens several times before he finally rings the doorbell. We hear the doorbell reverberate within the house.

A long beat passes before George reaches up and rings the doorbell again. After another long beat, the porch light turns on and the door opens to reveal **Penny**, a beautiful woman in her early 30's.

However at this moment, it is obvious she has been woken up - her hair is messy and her eyes seem to be having a difficult time adjusting to the light.

PENNY.

George, what are you doing here?

GEORGE.

I came to, um...well, it's Valentine's day and I picked up an extra shift and I missed most of it.

PENNY.

George, it's 11:30. You missed all of it but 30 minutes.

GEORGE.

I know...I know. Look, I picked up an extra shift, you know...I'm working hard.

PENNY.

You forgot it was Valentine's day.

GEORGE.

(a beat)

Maybe I did. But I remembered it now and that's all that counts.

PENNY.

George, it's 11:30. At night. Sure you barely made it into Valentine's but that's *not* what counts. What counts is that I was planning on spending the night with you and you forgot that tonight was important enough to spend with me.

GEORGE.

Aw...Penny, it's not that. Look, I'm...I'm just...well, I'm trying to put my life together here. I'm a fuck up...we all know it. But I'm trying here.

PENNY.

(a beat)

I know you're trying, George. I just don't know how much longer I can try with you. Good night.

Penny steps back into the house and shuts the door. George continues to stand at the door. The light goes off. George continues to stand at the door. Suddenly, the light comes back on and the door opens.

PENNY. (CONT'D)

Are you just gonna throw those flowers away?

GEORGE.

What good are they to me? I got 'em for you.

PENNY.

Well, I'll gratefully take them.

GEORGE.

Why the adverb? I assume you'll be grateful. You don't have to predetermine a feeling before you do the action.

PENNY.

I don't know what you just said, but I want the flowers. They'll look pretty on my table.

GEORGE.

Yes, they will. That's why I got them.

PENNY.

Well?...can I have them?

GEORGE.

(Hands the flowers to her)  
Of course. I mean, I woulda just thrown them away.

PENNY.

That would've been a waste of money.

GEORGE.

Well, I...

PENNY.

I know you didn't buy them, George.

Penny goes inside again and shuts the door. George stands on the front porch still. The light goes off. He stands there for another long beat. The light comes back on and the door opens once again.

PENNY. (CONT'D)

And you do know that roses are typically the flower of Valentines, right?

GEORGE.

I wanted to be different.

PENNY.

They ran out of roses at the grocery store, didn't they?

GEORGE.

It's 11:30. At night. On Valentine's Day.

PENNY.

Good night, George.

Penny steps inside and shuts the door. The light turns off. George waits for a beat. Then, he turns and walks off the porch and onto the sidewalk in front of the house. He begins to walk down the street.

GEORGE. (V.O.)

Penny is not the first woman that I've dated, obviously, but I sure act like it sometimes. Well, most of the time, actually. I'm a selfish prick. I'm not really sure at what point, I dedicated myself to watching out for number one more than anything or anyone else, but it's all I can remember.

CUT TO:

INT. ON A BUS. NIGHT

Bus door opens and George steps up onto the bus. He pays the toll and walks back to the back of the bus and takes a seat. The bus takes off and we can see Nashville passing to the side of George, outside the bus.

GEORGE. (V.O.)

I actually have a car. I've always driven nice cars. But the transit in Nashville isn't so bad and with gas prices the way they are, it's tough to find a reason to drive lately. Penny doesn't know that I ride the bus to see her. I really don't think she'd care, but I've probably hidden that fact from her for good reason. Maybe she would care. But I'm not sure I would care if she cared. Anyway, I have a car...I just don't drive it. I mean, I work at a grocery store for \$8.25 an hour. I'm a cashier.

(MORE)

GEORGE. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I work 40 hours exactly because  
 we're not allowed to get overtime.  
 Do the math. I don't make a lot of  
 money. I'm 42 and I make \$17,160 a  
 year before taxes. I do not get  
 paid vacation and I have horrible  
 benefits. I'm not complaining  
 here. I'm explaining why I'm  
 riding the bus at 11:30. At night.

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

We see the inside of George's apartment door. The lights are off. No one is home. There is an old-time mail slot in the door. Below the door is a small pile of envelopes. Gradually, after an appropriately awkward amount of time, we hear George shuffle up to the door. We hear him pull out his keys. We hear a key scrape the lock, then we hear them drop to the floor.

GEORGE.  
 Shit!

A short pause...then we hear the key slip into the door and the door opens. George makes his way into the dark apartment. As he gets in and shuts the door, he glances down to see the pile of mail on his floor. He stoops and picks the pile up, glances through it.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
 Shit!

He turns and walks down the hallway and into his small dining room area. He throws the mail onto the table, then shuffles back to the bedroom. He turns on the light in his bedroom and disappears from view. We hear him whistling to himself (perhaps a George Michael song). After a short time, George shuffles back down the hallway, wearing only his boxers and black socks. He walks into the dining room again and picks through the mail. He stops on a certain letter. He looks at it closely, then sets the other mail down. He then looks at the letter again and tears it open quickly.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
 (reading the note from the  
 envelope)  
 Dear George, I'm in Greece now. It  
 is beautiful...just as I had  
 imagined it. I can't believe the  
 last 5 years has passed so quickly.  
 (MORE)

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

It seems like yesterday we were saying goodbye and promising to keep in touch. We had a good life together. Maybe not good enough. But it was good. I miss you. 5 years is too long....

(he throws the letter  
down)

Ah, shit!

George walks into the dark living room and sits down on the couch. He sits on the couch looking over towards the dining room table as we hear his v.o.

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

Patricia. My first ex-wife. Well, I say first like I've had multiples. She's the only one. We had 12 years together. We met in college, we screwed in college and at 24 we didn't see any better options so we tied the knot.

(pause)

Never a really good way to view marriage...just because you don't see better options doesn't mean the best option is in front of you. Whoever tells you that is full of shit or wants you to be as miserable as he is...cause there is no way that shit is true.

(pause)

Anyway, 12 years of mediocrity and apathy and we called it quits. Well, she called it quits. After my seventh job in 5 years, she thought life would be better traveling the globe seeking out life. I thought life was better with a Michelob Light in my hand and a good Cuban cigar once every coupla months. Football was always nice, too.

George gets up and walks back over to the table, picking up the letter again. He picks up reading where he left off.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

I miss you. 5 years is too long to have nothing to remember you by. I think I've forgotten your face.

(MORE)

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
 12 years together and I can't  
 remember your face after 5. There  
 must be something wrong with that.  
 I can't believe it's been 5 years.  
 Today is 5 years. I want to hear  
 your voice. Call me here.  
 Patricia.

He throws the letter back down on the table and goes back into the living room. He thinks hard for a long moment. Then he gets back up and goes to his phone. He dials a number and puts the phone up to his ear.

We hear the phone ring several times until voice mail picks up.

PATRICIA (V.O.)  
 You've reached my voice mail. You  
 know who I am. Hopefully I know  
 who you are. If you don't think I  
 know who you are, don't fucking  
 leave a message. I'm not in the  
 mood to deal with your shit.

The message beeps.

GEORGE.  
 Wow. Um...Interesting voice mail  
 intro. Wow...um...well, obviously  
 I got your letter. Er, I guess  
 it's not obvious. But now that  
 I've said, it should be obvious.  
 Anyway, um...well, it has been a  
 long time. Wow, have you developed  
 an English accent since the last  
 time I saw you? Weird. It's  
 slight, but I'm pretty sure I heard  
 it there. You know...on your voice  
 mail message. Well, obviously you  
 know I'm on the phone with you  
 right now and just got your voice  
 mail message. Gosh, I feel like a  
 stupid idiot right now. I'm just  
 gonna hang up. Call me, I  
 guess...you know, when you can.  
 Um...okay. Bye.

George brings the phone down and clicks it off.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
 (sighs)  
 Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Long pause.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
FUUUUUUCK!!!

Phone rings. George looks at the number and shows surprise at who is calling him.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
(answers the phone)  
Jimmy? Jimmy Green?

JIMMY. (V.O.)  
Haha...George...what the hell? How  
are you, man? How's life?

GEORGE.  
Ah, you know just kicking it, man.  
Still 2 Legit to Quit, you know?

JIMMY. (V.O.)  
Seriously, you need a new life  
theme song. The M.C. Hammer  
reference is dating yourself, man.  
If you're gonna go old school at  
least go with something cool.

GEORGE.  
Like what? That grunge shit you  
used to listen to? Whatever.

JIMMY. (V.O.)  
Grunge shit? Oh, you mean the  
genre that changed the landscape of  
music for the next 15 years?  
Yeah...that's some real shit.

GEORGE.  
Hammer was influential!

JIMMY. (V.O.)  
Yeah. You still got your parachute  
pants, Georgy?

Silence

JIMMY. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(laughs out loud)  
That's what I thought, bitch!

They both laugh.

GEORGE.  
Dude, I haven't heard from you in,  
like, 2 years, man!  
(MORE)

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck happens that I'm suddenly back in the rolodex of my big fancy lawyer friend?

JIMMY. (V.O.)  
 Well, my friend, I am fucking getting married!

GEORGE.  
 What?!!! What the...married?

JIMMY. (V.O.)  
 I know, I know...no one can believe it. It's crazy. I mean with as much poon as I've gotten here in New York and as much money as I have to keep it coming back for more, why the hell WOULD I settle down?

GEORGE.  
 (short beat)  
 Um...I'm trying to see pros vs cons here, buddy...not working so far.

JIMMY. (V.O.)  
 Haha...man, I met the one. She's everything I need. I've had every kind of broad imaginable, dude...this is the one I wanna be with every night for the rest of my life....well...at least once a week for the rest of my life.

They both laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. JIMMY'S NEW YORK APARTMENT. NIGHT

Jimmy is very good-looking. Think Don Draper class mixed with George Clooney charm.

Switch between locations as needed.

GEORGE.  
 Man, I am blown away. What's her name?

JIMMY. (V.O.)  
 Evlyn. She's French.

GEORGE.

Wow, man. Congrats. When's the wedding?

JIMMY. (V.O.)

That's what I'm calling about, bro. We're getting married in a month and a half. And I want you standing next to me.

GEORGE.

Me?

JIMMY.

Yeah, man. You alone. I know we haven't kept up like we should, but I was best man in your wedding...I promised you'd be in mine. So whattaya say?

GEORGE.

I mean, I can't turn you down, Jimmy. Where's the wedding? Jersey?

JIMMY.

Even better. France, baby.

Silence.

JIMMY.(CONT'D)

You there?

GEORGE.

Wow. France. That'll...you know man, I'll have to figure that out.

JIMMY.

It's all good, man.

GEORGE.

All good...yep. Wow...Jimmy Green is getting married.

JIMMY.

You hear about Willy Wonka?

GEORGE.

Haha...god, Willy Williams...haven't heard from him in, wow...gotta be 5 years...what's up with that guy?

JIMMY.

Wow...haven't heard, huh? He's got cancer. Real bad.

GEORGE.

Ah, shit.

JIMMY.

Yeah...lost his job one week, finds out he has Stage 4 Lymphoma the next. New insurance won't cover shit...says it's pre-existing.

GEORGE.

Assholes.

JIMMY.

Yeah. He and Marcie are hurting in a big way. Sad stuff, man. Sucks to see a brother hurting.

GEORGE.

Money can come back...how's HE doing.

JIMMY.

Eh, he's fighting. Chemo, all that shit. Sick a lot. I see him every now and then around. I think they're coming to France for the wedding. It'll be nice to catch up.

(pause)

Dammit, man, Evlyn is calling. I should take this! Good talking to you, bro...

GEORGE.

Good talking to you, too, man. Later.

JIMMY.

Later.

The phone clicks off. George thinks for a long minute.

GEORGE.

(to himself)

How the hell do I get to France?

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING. GEORGE'S BEDROOM

We see an alarm clock. It reads "7:45". We move slowly over to the left to see a bed. We continue moving over to slowly reveal George sleeping on his stomach. We suddenly hear the alarm clock radio go off, playing "2 Legit 2 Quit" by MCHammer.

George stirs and slowly rolls over.

GEORGE.

Shit.

Music continues playing as we roll through a montage of George getting ready for work....

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING. THE SHOWER.

We see George in the shower. He is singing along with the song as he lathers up his head in the shower.

GEORGE.

2 legit! 2 legit to quit! Hey hey!

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING. GEORGE'S BEDROOM

George has on a pair of boxers and is trying to slip on a pair of pants that look just slightly too tight. He jumps up and down trying to shimmy his way into the pants.

"2 Legit" continues playing in the background.

He finally gets the pants up to his waste, and promptly loses his balance and falls over.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORNING. OUTSIDE OF GEORGE'S APARTMENT BUILDING.

George runs out of the building, carrying a bicycle. He trips and nearly falls as he comes out of the door, but regains his balance and jumps on his bike and rides out of frame.

"2 Legit" continues to play.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORNING. OUTSIDE OF GEORGE'S GROCERY STORE.

George rides his bike, huffing and puffing into frame, riding as quickly as possible. As he nears the front door, a SmartCar screams around the parking lot, screeching to a halt right in front of George. George tries to stop, but flips over his handlebars and onto the hood of the SmartCar. He slides off the other side of the SmartCar and onto the pavement. He lies on the ground.

The driver of the SmartCar jumps out of the car. It is **Hector Rolando**, an early 20s hispanic male, a coworker of George's.

He runs around to George lying on the ground.

HECTOR.

Shit, ese'! I fucked you up!

George lies on his back and groans.

GEORGE.

Ahhhh...Hector, what...the...hell.  
You hit me with your smart car, you  
Spanish piece of shit.

HECTOR.

Hey, watch your mouth, home boy.  
Show some respect for the wheels,  
asshole. This cost me \$14k...still  
making payments.

GEORGE.

(groans, still unmoving)  
Oh my god. I can't believe you  
fucking hit me, you little shit.

HECTOR.

Just showing you you need to get  
yourself a car, ese'

GEORGE.

(sits up slowly)  
I have a car! How many times do I  
have to tell you that you stupid  
spanish idiot?!!

HECTOR.

Home boy, I'm mexican. Show some  
respect. Shit, how stupid are you  
Americanos. You think Spanish and  
Mehicanos are the same? Screw you.

GEORGE.  
 (rubs his neck)  
 I still just can not process this.  
 Why would you hit me in the  
 freaking parking lot?

Long pause.

Hector walks around to his driver's side door. He is halfway in the car and he looks over the windshield and hood...

HECTOR.  
 Ese', I hit you because I can. See  
 you in there, okay?

GEORGE.  
 (waves him off)  
 All right, see you in there.

Hector jerks the car into reverse and screeches out of frame. George's bike is still lying on the ground. George is still sitting on the ground.

Hector walks into frame (obviously he just parked his car). He walks over to George and helps him up.

HECTOR.  
 Come on, old man.

GEORGE.  
 Fuck you.

George stands up shakily.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
 How many pranks are we gonna pull  
 on each other, Spanierd?

HECTOR.  
 How long are we gonna keep working  
 in this shit hole?

George picks up his slightly mangled bike and pushes it into the store, as Hector walks beside him. The automatic doors open and the two of them walk through.

The doors shut.

We linger on the front of the grocery store for slightly longer than seems awkward.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME. GROCERY STORE BREAK ROOM.

George limps into the room through the door to our right. The room is stark. A single table against the wall we're facing and a set of 4 lockers on the wall to our left.

**Ricky Rogers** is a large, overweight man in his mid 40's. His thick black hair is cut down the middle with male pattern baldness. His stomach hangs over the top of his pants and his shirt tail is continually untucked.

**Rachelle Indigo** is in her mid-20's. She would be very pretty if her short and spikey haircut didn't make her look quite so man-ish.

**Amos Malone** is an african-american man in his late 50's. His hair is frosting around the edges and he looks like a gentle old grandfather.

Ricky, Rachelle and Amos sit at the break room table. The clock directly above the table reads "8:54am"

RICKY.

(barely looking up)  
Hey, guys.

RACHELLE.

(slightly concerned)  
What's wrong with you, George?

GEORGE.

Ah...nothing. Just a little accident in the parking lot.

Hector walks over to a locker and opens it up. He slowly takes off a pair of driving gloves.

AMOS.

I swear to God above, Hector, you're fucking retarded.

Hector ignores the old man.

AMOS. (CONT'D)

You pay attention to me, you ignorant wet back piece of shit!

Ricky and Rachelle look down at the table, slightly embarrassed. George shakes his head slightly and chuckles.

GEORGE.

Amos, you get me every time. Every time.

AMOS.

What the hell are you talking about, you white trash, mother fucker?

GEORGE.

I mean, you look like this nice old black gentleman who you'd let your children take candy from. Everything about you from the outside is inviting and...then you talk.

AMOS.

(stands up from the table)  
Listen here, you honkey. I'll stick my dick in your mouth hole, cut your balls off and then feed them to you and not feel bad about it. You oppress my people for 200 years and you expect me to be a nice old negro grandfather? Fuck you.

Amos walks out of the room and Hector and George immediately, nonchalantly take his side of table.

HECTOR.

So, what's up boys and girls?

RICKY. (QUIETLY)

It's not plural. It's singular. Boy. And Girl. Singular. I understand English isn't your first language. But learn tense.

HECTOR.

(ignores Ricky and looks carnally at Rachelle)  
I'll tell you what...when I look at you I form a tents.

RACHELLE.

(scrunches her face)  
Gross.

HECTOR.

You get it? I get a boner and it makes a tents in my pant.

RACHELLE.

You know that technically this is sexual harrassmant. I could completely have you fired.

RICKY.  
It's only sexual harrassmant if you don't like it. You like it. Don't pretend like you don't.

GEORGE.  
He has a point.

RACHELLE.  
You guys are so sexist.

HECTOR.  
Very..very sexy.

RACHELLE.  
Sex-IST. Not sexy, you...sex-IST.  
Learn English

Rachelle starts to get up.

RACHELLE. (CONT'D)  
I'm so done with conversation.

HECTOR.  
(grabs her arm)  
Don't leave, baby. Don't leave.

At this point, **Keith Farragot**, the store manager pops his head into the break room.

KEITH.  
Hey, George. You got a telegram.

GEORGE.  
A telegram?

KEITH.  
I know, right? Who the hell sends a telegram any more?

GEORGE.  
Weird.

KEITH.  
The telegram dude is out in dairy.

GEORGE.  
Dairy? Can you just have him come back here?

KEITH.  
Ooh...no can do, compadre. This is private property back here.

(MORE)

KEITH. (CONT'D)  
 (gestures to the break  
 room area)

GEORGE.  
 Well, technically, this whole store  
 is private property.

KEITH.  
 Don't get smart with me...

(waves his arms around  
 gesturing to the break  
 room)  
 ...this area here is associates  
 only. I can't let the telegram man  
 back here, because, as you've  
 probably gathered, he isn't an  
 associate. Now get yourself out  
 there and get your dang telegram.

George looks over at Hector, who nods his head.

HECTOR.  
 He's good, ese'. He's good.

GEORGE.

(sighs)  
 (a beat)  
 Yeah...he is.

CUTS TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY. DAIRY AISLE.

George walks out of the back of the store and into the dairy  
 section. Several shoppers are pushing carts around, grabbing  
 milk and cheese as they need. One man in a grey jacket  
 stands out as being not like the others. George walks  
 directly to him.

GEORGE.  
 You the telegram guy?

TELEGRAM GUY.  
 What is that supposed to mean?

GEORGE.  
 (taken aback)  
 Um...I don't understand.

TELEGRAM GUY.  
Never mind. I've got your  
telegram.

Telegram guy reaches into his jacket and pulls out a piece of paper. He holds it up in front of his face. He then looks over the sheet of paper at George.

TELEGRAM GUY. (CONT'D)  
Can you back up please?

GEORGE.

(leans forward)  
Do what?

TELEGRAM GUY.  
Dude, are you deaf? Back up. It's weird for me to give you this with you standing so close. I get made fun of enough for this job...don't make me look gay on top of it.

GEORGE.

(again, taken aback)  
Um...I don't even know what to say.

TELEGRAM GUY.  
You know what, dude? Don't even worry about it. I'll back up!

Telegram Guy takes a step back.

TELEGRAM GUY. (CONT'D)  
Okay...here we go.

Telegram guy then begins to sing a non-descript tune that he is obviously making up as he goes.

TELEGRAM GUY. (CONT'D)

(singing)  
This is from your mother!

(yells)  
STOP!

(singing)  
Your uncle Leon passed away suddenly.

(yells)  
STOP!

(MORE)

TELEGRAM GUY. (CONT'D) □ (CONT'D)

(singing)  
 You need to get your ass to  
 Knoxville for the reading of the  
 will. THE END!

All around the dairy aisle, everyone has stopped. Women with shopping carts look on George with pity. George looks nervously around at the people.

TELEGRAM GUY. (CONT'D)  
 I added in the your ass in get your  
 ass to Knoxville. Felt like it  
 needed it. Added something gritty  
 and real to it.

GEORGE.  
 Um...okay...um...

A woman comes over and puts her hand on George's shoulder, looking at him, eyes filled with pity.

GEORGE.  
 (looks nervously around)  
 We...uh...we weren't that close.  
 Barely knew him.

A lady pushing a baby around in a shopping cart walks over and pats him on the shoulder.

SHOPPING CART LADY.  
 You'll be all right.

She walks away.

GEORGE.  
 Um...thanks.

The crowd scatters, leaving just George and Telegraph guy.

GEORGE.  
 (CONT'D)  
 (looks at Telegraph guy)  
 Why are you still here?

TELEGRAM GUY.  
 Customary to tip us, dude.

GEORGE.  
 Man, screw you.

George turns and walks away, leaving Telegram guy standing there. George goes into the back.

TELEGRAM GUY.

(long beat)  
Man, fuck this job.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE BACK OF THE GROCERY STORE.

George paces behind the grocery store while talking on his cell phone.

GEORGE.

Mom, seriously...what were you thinking? A freaking singing telegram? To tell me that Uncle Leon is dead?!! What is wrong with you?

(pause as he listens)

Mom. A person is no longer in existence. Someone related to us. He is no longer living. And you sent a douche bag who made up a song about it on the spot. Like, I can't even wrap my head around how fucking fucked up that is. I'm sorry for the language.

(listens)

Mom! Come on. I can't come to Knoxville.

(listens)

Fine. But...

(listens)

Fine, mom, but I can't get there till tomorrow. Afternoon.

(listens)

Fine. I may bring my girlfriend.

(listens)

No. She isn't pregnant. Jeez, mom, just think of me as an asexual being. I gotta go.

He closes the phone and puts into his pocket. He turns around and discovers Keith is standing in the doorway leading back inside.

KEITH.  
Sorry to hear about your uncle  
Leon.

GEORGE.  
  
(looks down nervously)  
Yeah...thanks.

KEITH.  
You need a couple of days off?

GEORGE.  
  
Yeah. Gotta go to the funeral.  
And supposedly the reading of the  
will, too.

KEITH.  
(he pulls a very large  
piece of jerky from his  
pants pocket and begins  
to gnaw on it)  
Was the old guy rich?

GEORGE.  
Not that I know of. Wow. That is  
a huge ass piece of jerky.

KEITH.  
(nonchalantly)  
Yeah. I'm kinda proud of it.

GEORGE.  
(snorts a laugh)  
As well you should be.

KEITH.  
Damn straight.

GEORGE.  
All right, well...um, I'm gonna get  
back in there.

George walks to the door and waits awkwardly for Keith to move. When he doesn't, he slides past him. Keith pats him on the back and walks with him. We watch the door close behind them.

KEITH.

(as door closes)

Let's work on getting those shifts covered, eh?

GEORGE.

Are you suddenly Canadian?

Door shuts. We linger for a while on the outside of the building.

FADES TO:

INT. PENNY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM.

Penny and George sit on the couch together.

GEORGE.

It's so weird. Outside of my dad, I've never had a family member die.

PENNY.

Yeah. I know it's tough.

GEORGE.

We weren't even that close. I mean, I've seen him maybe 10 times my whole life. But still it's weird. I mean when my dad died, I didn't go to any of this kind of stuff. No funeral, no grave. I just couldn't handle it.

Silence for a beat.

PENNY.

You going down tomorrow?

GEORGE.

Yeah...Keith was actually really cool and helped me fill my shifts for tomorrow and Friday and I'm off Saturday and Sunday. So I guess I'll head down tomorrow. Viewing's tomorrow night.

PENNY.

That's always the worst. I mean, who came up with the idea that it was normal to have a bunch of people come and stare at dead bodies before you bury them?

(MORE)

PENNY. (CONT'D)  
It's just creepy. They don't look like people anymore.

GEORGE.  
What? What do you mean they don't look like people?

PENNY.  
You know, the soul is gone. They just don't look the same.

GEORGE.  
Never really thought about it, I guess.

PENNY.  
Yeah. It's creepy.

Silence for a beat.

GEORGE.  
The reading of the will is the day after his funeral. That'll be weird. The guy had nothing. Lived in an old shack...I mean it just sucks.

PENNY.  
(she reaches over and  
grabs his hand)  
I know...I know. I hate you have to go through this.

GEORGE.  
Anyway...thanks for hanging out with me and talking through this stuff. I guess I'll go get a good night's sleep.

PENNY.  
(she leans forward and  
puts her hand on his  
chest)  
You sure you don't wanna...you know, stay for a while?

GEORGE.  
Penny, I would love to. But, you know, I'm tired. Really tired. Freaking Hector hit me with his SmartCar today and I'm sore as hell. Not sure it'd work out like you want it. You know?

PENNY.

(she leans over and kisses  
him)

I can do the work.

GEORGE.

(leans back and kisses her  
back)

I...you don't have to do that.  
Look...when I get back from  
Knoxville, we'll spend some time  
together. Some sexy sexy time.

PENNY.

Okay.

GEORGE.

All right, kiss me goodbye.

PENNY.

(kisses him shortly on the  
lips)

Drive safe.

George gets up and stands above her.

GEORGE.

One day, Penny, I'll be worth it.

PENNY.

(looks down)

You're worth it.

GEORGE.

No, I'm not.

He leans over and kisses the top of her head. Then he turns around and walks out of the room. We linger with Penny. We hear the front door open then close. Penny sits there for a short moment, smiles and leans back. We back slowly away from her and slowly...

FADES TO:

INT. GEORGE'S CAR. DAY

George is driving in his car as he eats a Subway sandwich awkwardly while listening to Led Zeppelin much too loudly. In between bites he sings along with the music. We suddenly hear his his phone ring. He sets down his sandwich, turns down the radio and opens his phone, all while nearly driving off the road.

GEORGE.  
(puts phone to his ear)  
Hello?

EXT. HOTEL BALCONY IN ATHENS, GREECE. EVENING

PATRICIA.  
Hello, George.

BACK TO GEORGE. (as they talk, perhaps the scenes shift back and forth between the two)

GEORGE.  
Patricia! Hey...um, where are you today?

PATRICIA.  
I'm in Athens. That's in Greece.

GEORGE.  
(snorts)  
I know where Athens is, Patricia.

PATRICIA.  
Didn't want you to think I was in Georgia. You might get in your car and drive down here. You always had a flair for the dramatic.

GEORGE.  
(silent for a beat)  
Guess so.

(a beat)  
Uncle Leon died. I'm on my way to his viewing and funeral and all that stuff.

PATRICIA.  
He's the creepy uncle who lives in the woods? Gave us a lazyboy chair without pullout legs for our wedding.

GEORGE.  
God, you remember the craziest shit. Yeah...that's him. I still have that chair. I mean he had to be 80 or something like that. But he died.

PATRICIA.  
I'm sorry about that.

GEORGE.  
Seriously, when did you develop an English accent?

PATRICIA.  
I'm a creature of my surroundings.  
Some culture might have rubbed off.

Silence for a long beat. They both look awkward.

GEORGE.  
So, you've been traveling around Europe, huh?

PATRICIA.  
Yes. You should come see me.

GEORGE.  
(snorts again)  
Patty, I make \$8 an hour. I can't afford a ticket to Greece. I live paycheck to paycheck in a house I can't afford. I take the bus to work. I take the bus to see my girlfriend.

PATRICIA.  
Oh, so you're seeing people?

GEORGE.  
Um...yes. I am. Her name is Penny.

PATRICIA.  
How cute. Were her parents Beatles fans?

GEORGE.  
You know what? This is exactly what I didn't miss about you. Your patronizing bullshit.

PATRICIA.  
I'm sorry. You're right. Maybe just a little jealousy creeping in.

Silence

GEORGE.  
What? What could you possibly be jealous of. You left ME!

PATRICIA.

I've missed you George. You have been and will always be a huge part of my life. I realize that now.

GEORGE.

I don't even know what to say.

PATRICIA.

I've been in treatment and I've realized I projected a lot of my own shit upon you.

GEORGE.

No you didn't. I'm an asshole. And a loser. Even I know that.

PATRICIA.

I just called to tell you that...that I'm understanding that our failures were not your failures.

Long silence.

PATRICIA. (CONT'D)

George? Are you there?

GEORGE.

(quietly)

I'm here.

PATRICIA.

I can't hear you very well, George.

GEORGE.

I'm here. Just a little taken aback. I mean, the last 5 years I've spent beating the shit out of myself because I thought I was never good enough.

PATRICIA.

You...had your problems.

GEORGE.

So I was told.

PATRICIA.

But I'm realizing it wasn't all your fault. That's it. Let's not make this something dramatic.

GEORGE.

(snorts)

You're unbelievable. Look I gotta go. Getting ready to head through the mountains and I don't wanna lose you without saying goodbye. So good to talk to you.

PATRICIA.

(sighs)

I want to see you, George.

GEORGE.

Well, let me know when you're back in the States. I'll see you then.

PATRICIA.

All right, George. Let's please keep in touch more. I miss your face.

GEORGE.

All right, you're breaking up.

PATRICIA.

No I'm not.

GEORGE.

(pause)

You're right - clear as a bell. Crazy how technology does that. I mean you're in freaking Greece, for goodness sake.

PATRICIA.

Good bye, George.

GEORGE.

Later, Patty.

George closes his phone and puts both hands on the wheel, lost in thought. We watch the road fly outside his window as he thinks.

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

Patricia and I never had a good marriage. We fought. A lot. We also made love a lot. At first. But when that went away, it became harder and harder to deal with the fights. Not sure in our 12 years of marriage that I felt like much of a man for most of it.

(MORE)

GEORGE. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
With every job I quit or got fired from, she took a little more of my manhood, jabbing words into me like hot pokers. And who could blame her? I'm a fuck up. A loser. A black hole in society. I have a damn college degree and I'm working for near minimum wage at a grocery store. It doesn't get much better...or worse...than that.

We begin to lift away from the car, watching the car fly down the highway, as George's voice over continues.

GEORGE. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Perhaps there's some strange comfort in believing you are solely responsible for damaging a viable relationship. Now that she's taken that away from me, my world view changes. My strange lifeline has been pulled away and I fear my identity is tied up in what I couldn't accomplish rather than my actual accomplishments...perhaps because I've never accomplished anything.

We go to a black screen.

GEORGE. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Now that sucks.

CUTS TO:

INT. FUNERAL HOME PARLOR. NIGHT.

George is dressed in an awkwardly-fitting black suit, white shirt and no tie. The parlor is completely empty except George, his mother **Hillary**, his brother **Walker**, and his sister **Greta**.

Hillary is a dignified looking but aging southern belle. Her white hair accents her clear blue eyes. She is dressed in black. Walker is the baby of the family. He is in his late 20's, a lawyer and everything that George is not. He is straight-backed, skinny and handsome. He is dressed sharply and looks natural in a suit. Greta is in her mid-30's and is beautiful. She is tall and slender with a great body, especially for her age and the fact that she's has 4 kids.

George sits in a row of chairs by himself across the aisle from where the rest of his family is sitting.

GEORGE.

Oh my god, Mom. Come on. We've been here for 2 and a half hours. No one is coming to see our dead uncle.

HILLARY.

All right. You're right.

WALKER.

You in a rush to be somewhere, George?

GEORGE.

Walker, seriously, man...don't screw with me right now.

WALKER.

I just don't get what your problem is. We're having a great time as a family.

GEORGE.

(stands up)

Look, I just don't like just hanging out in the same room as a dead body. Just seems creepy.

GRETA.

What's your suggestion, then, Georgy?

GEORGE.

Applebees. Food and spirits. And manufactured happiness.

HILLARY.

Well, we could spend some time just talking there.

(looks over at Greta)

Lord knows I don't need to eat anything this late.

GEORGE.

Oh my god...let's go

George walks towards the back of the church.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE APPLEBEE'S. SAME

Hillary and Greta sit at a table. Walker and George are walking to the bar. They talk as they walk.

WALKER.  
How's the grocery business?

GEORGE.  
You know how that is...it sucks.  
How's the law?

WALKER.  
Eh, trying to keep the guilty from their fate is a recession-free business. There will always be idiots who do stupid stuff and I will always get paid to try and keep them from paying the consequences of their stupidity.

GEORGE.  
True.

They reach the bar and sit down on 2 stools.

WALKER.  
Mom said you were bringing Penny over. Is she in your trunk? Saving her for the hotel?

GEORGE.  
(laughs)  
I told mom I might bring Penny.  
Mom hears what she wants to hear.

WALKER.  
True.

Walker leans forward over the bar.

WALKER. (CONT'D)  
Man, big brother, when are you gonna get your...crap together?

Long pause. George looks ahead then motions to the bartender, who comes over.

GEORGE.  
2 Blue Moons, a martini, dry, and a Long island Iced Tea please

BARTENDER.  
Sure...

The bartender leaves to get the drinks together and George turns the opposite direction on his stool.

GEORGE.

Walker...not everyone has a charmed life like you. You're the baby. You're the one who got everything you wanted.

WALKER.

Oh, come on, George, you got every bit as much help as I did.

GEORGE.

You were 2 when dad died. I was 15. You didn't know him. You didn't know how ridiculously awesome that guy was. And so you didn't miss him.

WALKER.

(a little taken aback)  
I missed him.

GEORGE.

No. You missed the thought of him. You missed dad. Sure, I get that. That sucks. But I missed dad. I missed his bear hugs. I missed his tickling me. I missed his annoying the shit out of me. I missed his embarrassing me as I walked into school. I missed dad. You missed the thought of him.

WALKER.

(long pause)  
Yeah. I did have James.

GEORGE.

Yeah. James was great. Mom needed James. Needs James still. He's been great for you.

WALKER.

You've always treated him like shit.

GEORGE.

(shrugs)  
He wasn't dad.

The bartender brings the drinks over and Walker and George pick them up and walk them over to their table. They sit down and pass out the drinks.

HILLARY.

So, George, where is this pretty girlfriend of yours?

GEORGE.

She's in Nashville, mom. Couldn't get off from work with such short notice. Speaking of significant others: where are ya'lls? Uncle Leon not important enough? Or had they simply never met the guy?

Everyone laughs a little bit.

GRETA.

Mark stayed in Savannah with the kids. Figured that I could use a little kids-free time with mom.

WALKER.

Sarah didn't feel like hanging with a dead body she'd never met.

GEORGE.

(laughs)  
Understandable.

(pause)

Mom, where's James?

HILLARY.

He, uh...didn't feel like getting into anything with you tonight, George.

GEORGE.

Aw, I'm done fighting with him. I get it. I'm an asshole, but I get it. I just didn't get it when I was 17 and you had another man in your bed.

GRETA.

What about the 20 years after that? You were pretty poopy to him.

Long pause

GEORGE.

I'm hard-headed. I actually have always kinda liked the guy. But I made a stand and wasn't gonna back down.

The table laughs awkwardly.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

I know. I'm an asshole. Speaking of...guess who I talked to today?

WALKER.

(takes a drink of his beer)

That old college professor who thought you were gay?

Everyone laughs.

GEORGE.

No. Patrica.

Everyone is shocked.

HILLARY.

Patrica called you? Why?

GEORGE.

Eh, she sent me a letter a few days back - well, she sent it a few weeks back I guess. She just said she missed me.

GRETA.

She...missed you?

GEORGE.

(takes a drink)

I know, right? It's weird. 5 years after she freaking leaves me, she wants to reconcile or some shit.

WALKER.

Wait! She wants to reconcile?

GEORGE.

Yeah...I mean, she actually told me that our marriage failing wasn't all my fault. Who knew?

HILLARY.

(reaches across and grabs  
George's hand)

We all know it's not all your  
fault, George.

GEORGE.

(takes a drink)

No...I think everyone assumes the  
majority of liability falls on my  
shoulders. I've lived with it for  
5 years. I'm not gonna stop living  
with it because she made some  
absolution call.

GRETA.

That might be the most messed up  
thing I've ever heard anyone say.

WALKER.

So, what's the next step?

GEORGE.

What? What do you mean?

WALKER.

I mean, are you guys gonna get back  
together?

GEORGE.

(snorts a laugh)

Dude, I work for \$8.25 an hour. No  
way in hell that bitch ever takes  
me back while that's the case.  
She's been in therapy or something  
stupid and simply wants to feel  
good about not blaming me anymore  
for a bum marriage. It's cool.  
Doesn't really make me feel any  
better.

(pause for a beat)

Plus, I really like Penny.

HILLARY.

Good, honey. I'm glad you've found  
someone.

GEORGE.

You guys really need to meet her  
she's great. Incredible, really.

GRETA.

Wow...I just can't believe Patricia called you. I mean, seriously...never thought she would acknowledge you after how everything went down.

GEORGE.

Yep, unbelievable. Okay, I gotta piss.

HILLARY.

George, such talk...

George stands at the table for a second.

GEORGE.

Sorry mom. Look, let's get out of here. We're done eating. We're just drinking. Let's go. I'll pee at the hotel.

HILLARY.

All right.

Everyone gets up and starts putting their stuff together.

FADES TO:

EXT. GRAVE YARD. DAY.

It's raining outside and there is George and his family along with a minister. A casket lays ready to drop into the ground. No one cries. No one looks remotely emotional.

GEORGE. (V.O.)

So Uncle Leon went into the ground. I guess if I'd known what was coming I'd have maybe been more invested in his body leaving us forever. Maybe at this point I just don't understand life and death like some...or most people do. Ash to ash and dust to dust...I guess I understand the sentiment, but, really, it doesn't mean anything to me. Not really. All I know is that one day someone is there. You love them. You can touch them. They touch you back. Their eyes look at you, they recognize you, they feel something. And you feel something in return.

(MORE)

GEORGE. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Then suddenly they're gone. Like a light shuts off and suddenly you're in the dark. Poof. They no longer exist, except in memory and photos that never quite live up to real life.

CUT TO:

INT. LAWYERS OFFICE. SAME.

The family sits in 4 chairs in front of a large wooden desk. Behind the desk, a stodgy looking lawyer sits, holding a large paper document. The lawyer has a thick Tennessee accent. He wears a tan corduroy suit and is balding across the top of his head.

LAWYER.  
 Okay, let's read these items off.  
 Leon Richelou and I put this together and it was witnessed by...

WALKER.  
 Richelou? His last name was Richelou?

HILLARY.  
 Walker, quiet. Your father and Leon's real last name was Richelou. They changed it pretty early on in life, but both were still legally Richelou's. Now, let's get this over with.

LAWYER.  
 Thank you, Miss Blackwell.  
 Continuain' on. It was witnessed by Miss April Lehman...

(he looks up at the family)  
 She is my secretary.

(back down to the will)  
 All right. Looks like Mr Richelou didn't have much in the way of belongings. But he did divide them up between the 4 of ya'll. You guys ready to hear who gets what?

WALKER.  
 Let's do it.

LAWYER.

Okay. Miss Blackwell, you are willed Mr. Richelou's house and the land it is on. He owns 16 acres around his house. You are free to do with it what you like.

WALKER.

Nice, mom. Sell that place, fast.

LAWYER.

(looks disapprovingly at Walker)

She can do what she wants, I reckon. But that seems a might disrespectful to the man. His body's not even cold yet.

(back down at the will)

Mr. Walker Blackwell...

Walker raises his hand

WALKER.

That's me.

LAWYER.

(completely deadpan)

Wonderful

(back down at the will)

You are left Mr. Richelou's car.

WALKER.

He had a car?

LAWYER.

Yes. Apparently, he had a 1968 Chevrolet Camaro that he has kept in prime condition since he bought it nearly 40 years ago. It has...let's see...672 miles on it.

WALKER.

(looks at George)

Wow. Unexpected. Leon was way cooler than I thought.

LAWYER.

All right. Miss Greta Blackwell.

GRETA.

Well, it's Knight now...I'm married...but I guess that doesn't matter.

LAWYER.

No it does not.

(back down at the will)

Greta, Mr. Richelou has left you a set of fine china that was his great great grandmothers as well as the silver.

GRETA.

Wow. That's kind of cool.

HILLARY.

I never understood why your father's mother gave it to your Uncle Leon instead of to us. I mean Leon never married.

LAWYER.

Yes, thank you for the commentary.

(back down at the will)

Last but not least. Mr. George Blackwell.

The lawyer looks up over the will at George. George doesn't move and says nothing.

LAWYER. (CONT'D)

No comment. Beautiful.

(back down at the will)

George, your uncle left you a note along with the will. I'll read it now.

(as he reads the note, his voice oddly changes tone)

Dear George, you had it the hardest when your dad died and I don't have the personality to know how to make you feel better. As life has gone on, I feel God telling me that your life story could've...should've been different had I stepped in and tried to be a semblance of your father. Money doesn't cure all ills, but it does make some things easier.

(MORE)

LAWYER. (CONT'D)

Take what I have left for your own  
and do well with it. Don't make  
this another bad decision on my  
part...please. Uncle Leon

WALKER.

(laughs)

He left you a thousand dollars,  
buddy!

(slaps George on the back)

Haha...that's perfect!

LAWYER.

Now, back to the will: to Mr.  
Goerge Blackwell, Mr. Richelou has  
left the remaining funds in his 3  
bank accounts.

GEORGE.

(sighs)

Perfect. How much is in the  
accounts?

The lawyer places the will on the desk and rummages around  
for an awkwardly long time until finally picking up what  
looks like a bank statement.

LAWYER.

Here it is.

(he opens it up and looks  
at it)

Looks like, as of yesterday, there  
is 6 thousand, 465 dollars and 183  
cents...

Walker begins to laugh and George sighs

LAWYER. (CONT'D)

...wait...dammit, they use those  
damn European figures. Sorry...6  
million 465 thousand 183 dollars as  
of yesterday.

Everyone gasps for air. George's eyes look like they may pop  
from his head.

The lawyer lays the bank statement down on the table.

LAWYER. (CONT'D)

Looks like Uncle Leon liked you,  
boy.

WALKER.

Holy...that's...wow...that's a lot  
of money.

There is complete silence for a LONG time as everyone takes  
in what has just happened.

Finally...

GEORGE.

Well, I guess dinner's on me  
tonight.

Everyone laughs.

Long silence.

LAWYER.

Well...don't mean to hurry you up,  
but...the will's been read.  
Anything else I can do for you?

Short Pause.

GEORGE.

Um...you want to grab dinner with  
us, your honor?

LAWYER.

(stands up and stacks  
papers)

I ain't no judge. Not yet at  
least. I ain't no one's honor.  
But thanks. And, no thanks on  
dinner. You guys seem nice enough  
and all, but it's off to dinner  
with the family for me.

Everyone stands up with the lawyer.

WALKER.

Well, sir, thanks for everything.

LAWYER.

I didn't give you anything. Thank  
Leon. That poor bastard had  
nobody...not even his family.

The family follows the lawyer out of the office and into the  
parking lot in silence.

LAWYER. (CONT'D)

All right....have a great time in  
Knoxville.

WALKER.

Thank you, sir.

The lawyer gets in his car and drives off. The family stands in the parking lot for a long moment.

WALKER. (CONT'D)

I don't know about anyone else, but I need a strong drink in my body. Asap.

(slaps George on the back)  
George just got crazy rich.

HILLARY.

I'm not sure if I'm to be excited or devastated.

GRETA.

Mom, you got the house and all that acreage...I mean Uncle Leon's house is in a pretty prime place of Knoxville...when and if you sell it, you're gonna make some money...

HILLARY.

No, dear...I'm devastated that I knew so little of your uncle. I honestly thought he was destitute when he died.

Silence for a long beat.

WALKER.

Surprise!

Everyone laughs.

WALKER. (CONT'D)

Cmon, we have much to celebrate! George doesn't have to be a grocery store clerk anymore!

They turn and quickly get into the car.

FADES TO:

INT. ANONYMOUS RESTAURANT. AFTERNOON.

The family is laughing and drinking and talking, but we hear no sound.

GEORGE. (V.O.)

6.5 Million dollars is a lot of money. I don't even know what that looks like, what it feels like. All that I know in that moment of celebration with my family is that life has suddenly and irreparably changed. For the good...god, I hope so. I could use something good in my life right now. Who knew there'd ever be a question as to whether or not 6.5 Million dollars was a good thing. I'm not sure I believe I'm saying it even now. But I'm a fuck up. Always have been. Now it just feels like I'm a fuck up with 6.5 Million dollars. I guess everyone knows that money doesn't make things better. It just makes things easier. Everyone could take things being a little easier. I'm no different.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

George is tucked in bed. Almost humorously so. He looks like a kid tucked snug as a bug in a rug. Voice over continues, never stopping from the last scene.

GEORGE. (V.O.)

Now I have to figure out how to take 6.5 Million dollars and make something of my life. No, no, no...I'm not suddenly going to be a humanitarian and save a bunch of starving AIDS kids in Africa...though, in saying it now that does sound somewhat noble. Too bad I've never had money enough to learn how to be noble. Anyway, my point is this. Tomorrow I'm gonna wake up and my thought process will not include wondering how to pay the bills that sit in a pile behind my front door.

We see George's eyes close. Screen goes black.

GEORGE. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I will wake up. Open my eyes. And  
things will be

(long beat)  
Different

CUTS TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. MORNING.

Light floods in on George, in the same position. He is  
sleeping. His eyes burst open.

Queen's "I Want to Break Free" plays as we start a montage  
sequence:

MONTAGE:

Montage sequence of George spending his newly-found money.  
He buys a Porsche, he buys a motorcycle, he buys a condo, he  
tries on several fur coats and leaves with just a silk tie  
around his head, he buys a pair of gangsta rapper  
sunglasses....this montage should be a mixture of the normal  
montage things and things a little awkward in a montage. As  
the music comes to an end, we see George on Penny's  
doorsteps, wearing his new sunglasses, a tie around his head  
and a large bouquet of flowers in his hand. He runs up her  
doorstep and rings the doorbell. Penny answers the door.

PENNY.  
George? Why are you wearing  
gangsta rap sunglasses with a white  
silk tie rambo-ed around your head?

GEORGE.  
You noticed. God, that's why I  
like you so much. I bought a car.

He steps out of the way so she can see the Porsche.

PENNY.  
(eyes widen)  
You bought a car? What the...?  
George, what is going on?

GEORGE.  
  
(grabs her and hugs her  
quickly then pulls away)  
Let's just say that Uncle Leon  
wasn't as poor as everyone thought!

PENNY.

(shakes her head)  
I don't understand, George...what  
is going on?

GEORGE.

Uncle Leon left me some money.  
Well...a lot of money actually.

PENNY.

How much money, George?

GEORGE.

Um...can we go inside?

PENNY.

(shakes herself out of  
shock)  
Yes, of course, of course, come in  
George...

They walk into the house as George talks.

GEORGE.

Well, Uncle Leon left everyone  
something cool...I just got the  
coolest....a Big ol' stack of  
money.

PENNY.

I just don't even know what to say  
right now.

GEORGE.

Say how excited you are for me.

PENNY.

How much did he leave you?

GEORGE.

6.5 Million.

PENNY.

What?!!! Million? 6.5 Million?  
Like 6.5 Thousand times a thousand?  
Dollars?

GEORGE.

That's what I said. I spent money  
all fucking day and I only got  
through 163 thousand.

PENNY.

Oh my gosh...I don't make 163 thousand in 4 years. Oh my God, George, this is so exciting!

GEORGE.

We should go celebrate at some crazy expensive place for dinner! We'll take my new car!

PENNY.

No more taking the bus for you!

GEORGE.

(suddenly sober)  
You knew I took the bus?

PENNY.

(pauses slightly)  
Of course I did, George. You never pulled up in a car before...

GEORGE.

You went out with me still...even though I rode the bus?

PENNY.

There are worse things than riding the bus, George. You're a good man. I don't care if you ride the bus or not.

George stands and looks at her and tears up just a little.

GEORGE.

Oh, my God. Why have I not married you yet?

PENNY.

(laughs out loud)  
George, you're such an idiot. I'm gonna go change...wait here!

Penny runs out of the room. George just stands there. As his voice over goes on, he wanders around the room, finally sitting down on the couch. He's a bit weirded out by Penny's words.

GEORGE. (V.O.)

Never one time in our marriage did Patricia tell me I was a good man. She made me consistently feel like a dumb fuck who couldn't keep a job.

(MORE)

GEORGE. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Suddenly I realize that either my girlfriend knows more about me in 6 months than my wife did in 12 years, or I have Penny delightfully confused.

(a long beat)  
I hope Penny's the one that's right.

George sits on the couch, waiting for Penny. After a short while, Penny calls from the other room.

PENNY.  
George, can you come help me zip up.

George gets up and walks into the bedroom. As he walks in, Penny is completely naked. She is beautiful but in a natural way...not made up or Hollywood. She is a little thick in some places, but it only adds to her beauty, not detract.

GEORGE.  
Um...I thought we were going to dinner...god, you're beautiful.

PENNY.  
I thought that...well, I thought that we could make love before we go. You owe me.

She walks over to him and kneels in front of him, unzipping his pants. We move up to his face as he reacts to what is obviously going on below.

GEORGE.  
Oh...my god. God, I love you.

PENNY.  
(stands up)  
You love me?

GEORGE.  
What?!!

PENNY.  
You said you loved me.

GEORGE.  
Because I do.

PENNY.  
That's the first time you've ever said. God, I love you, too.  
(MORE)

PENNY. (CONT'D)  
I've been wanting to say it to you  
for so long, but I didn't want to  
weird you out.

GEORGE.  
Well...

(long pause)  
...I love you. I really do. You  
make me feel so good. No one...and  
I mean no one...has ever made me  
feel like you do

PENNY.  
It's the flick of the tongue.  
Learned it in college.

GEORGE.  
I'm not talking about sex, Penny.  
You make me feel something I've  
never felt.

Penny smiles and drags him over to the bed. They gently fall  
onto the bed and kiss passionately. They make out for a  
while as we back out of the bedroom, slowly fading.

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY

George walks into Keith's office.

KEITH.  
George! Hey, buddy! How are you?

GEORGE.  
I'm doing really well, actually,  
Keith.

KEITH.  
Rare to hear that after a funeral,  
but moving on...I'm with you!

GEORGE.  
Yeah...it's weird, man. My uncle  
ending up being really, really  
wealthy. And he left me a shit ton  
of money.

KEITH.  
How much is a shit ton perchance?

GEORGE.

Well, not sure I really want to divulge that, but...enough that I will not be working here any more.

KEITH.

Oooh...sorry to hear that, George. We loved having you...but at the same time, we understand, man.

GEORGE.

Man, this has been great for me...I've actually enjoyed working here...it's rare to enjoy a job like this.

KEITH.

All right, man. Keep in touch.

George walks out of the office and through the grocery store. As he walks through his phone rings. He smiles and answers.

GEORGE.

Jimmy! What's up, dude. How's wedding planning going?

JIMMY.

(o.s.)

Going great, man. Just calling to see if you'd had time to think any more about your involvement in the wedding. Just trying to finalize plans with everything.

GEORGE.

Yeah, dude. I'm in!

JIMMY.

Yes! Frat days all over again...but for 5 days in the South of France instead of that shitty frat house in Knoxville!

GEORGE.

Rocky top, baby!

JIMMY.

But in France!

(short pause)

All right, bro, I gotta go.

(MORE)

JIMMY. (CONT'D)

I'm gonna have my assistant email you all the info. Get your ass to France, buddy!

GEORGE.

See ya there, man. Oh, hey, one quick question: is it cool for me to bring my girlfriend?

JIMMY.

Oooh...Georgy's got a blow up doll, eh?

GEORGE.

Her name is Penny and she is legit, dude.

JIMMY.

Well, con-vaj-ulations!

GEORGE.

You're such a moron.

JIMMY.

Of course, of course, bring her! Any chick you dig, we'll dig too, man!

GEORGE.

All right, man. See you in a bit.

JIMMY.

Can't wait!

They both hang up their phones. George thinks for a moment, then turns and walks back into Keith's office.

GEORGE.

Man, I wanna do something special for everyone...can you put something together with everyone on my shift?

KEITH.

Sure...what are you thinking?

CUTS TO:

INT. LASER TAG PARK. NIGHT.

The laser tag park is dark, with obstacles up everywhere. George is walking carefully through a maze of obstacles wearing night vision goggles and a bandana over his head.

Penny follows him closely, looking nervously around. She obviously doesn't do laser tag often. George, however looks as though he is taking this very, very seriously.

The following should be a noir action sequence where he goes through and kills all of his opponents one by one until finally being taken down by Hector. This scene should be funny and mapped out to perfection.

CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY. SAME.

The bowling alley is just outside the laser tag park. All of the grocery store staff - Hector, Ricky, Rachelle, Amos and Keith, plus various significant others - file out as the game has finished. They trudge sullenly into a large dining room area, where streamers hang from the ceiling.

George pulls Penny close, kisses her on the cheek, then goes to the front of the room.

GEORGE.

Guys, thanks so much for coming and hanging out with me. I had such a great time...I hope you did, too.

AMOS.

Fucking white people. You know this is the gayest white honkey shit I've ever done, right? I was in fucking 'Nam, man! And you fucking white people think it's cool to go around pretend shooting each other with laser guns? White people.

HECTOR.

Hey, Amos...I ain't white and I fucking won. Shut up, old man.

AMOS.

Fuck you!

HECTOR.

No, fuck you!

KEITH.

Guys, guys! C'mon! We just had a fun time...might not be everyone's favorite thing, but it's fun. Sometimes, it's nice to just have fun.

RICKY.

I had fun.

RACHELLE.

Me, too.

GEORGE.

Thanks, guys. Look, I wanted to do this for you guys to say thanks for a good couple a years of work. I'm sure it's gotten around, but I'm not gonna be working at the store anymore.

AMOS.

Why, you too good for us?

GEORGE.

No, Amos...absolutely not. But I recently came into some money - my uncle died and ended up having more money than we thought - so I don't HAVE to work anymore. I'm gonna spend a little time trying to figure out how I can really make a difference.

AMOS.

You need to give all that money to an African-American Charity.

GEORGE.

That is...one idea for what I could do with the money.

RICKY.

You could donate a bunch to my kid's college fund.

RACHELLE.

I want a boob job.

HECTOR.

I still owe like 9 kay on my SmartCar, bro.

GEORGE.

Okay, okay..I think that Penny and I can figure out what to do with the money...we're not exactly, you know...looking for suggestions.

AMOS.

Rich honkey mother fucker. Go fuck yourself. I'm done with this bullshit.

Amos, stands up and walks through the door leading back to Laser Tag. Everyone looks uncomfortable until a few seconds later, Amos comes back into the room with the rest of them.

AMOS. (CONT'D)

Where the fuck is the exit? I don't wanna play laser tag no more!

George points to the exit. Amos rushes out.

RACHELLE.

Once again, Amos proves that it doesn't matter how you nice and grandfatherly you look, you can always be a completely racist asshole.

Everyone laughs.

GEORGE.

Guys, seriously, though...thanks for your friendship. I'll be in touch.

George sits down, looking defeated. Keith walks up and shakes George's hand.

KEITH.

George, I thought the party was a nice gesture. Don't let someone's complaints take you down. His stuff is his stuff. You're a good man.

GEORGE.

Thanks, Keith.

Keith turns and walks away. The co-workers one by one come and shake his hand then file out.

HECTOR.

Bro, if I won the lottery, I'd take care of your shit. Hook a brother up.

GEORGE.

Hector, man, don't worry, I'll help you out. Seriously.

Hector gives George a hug, then leaves. George sits back down, spent from the experience.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
(sighs)  
God, can I do anything right?

PENNY.  
People are strange, George. You've got so much to look forward to. We're going to France.

GEORGE.  
(looks down for a beat)  
We're going to France.

CUT TO:

Time lapse sequence of Penny and George getting in their car, going through customs, getting on a plane, plane taking off, plane landing, running through the Atlanta airport to catch their connecting flight, getting on their new plane, drinking champagne on the flight, trying awkwardly to sleep on the flight, plane landing.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES DE GAULLE AIRPORT. DAY.

Penny and George walk out of concourse, looking tired.

GEORGE.  
God, I'm tired.

PENNY.  
Let's go to sleep.

GEORGE.  
I think with jetlag, you're supposed to stay up or something.

PENNY.  
You're rich now. You don't have to follow rules.

GEORGE.  
(leans over and kisses her on the mouth)  
God, I love you so much!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE THE AIRPORT. SAME.

George and Penny struggle with their luggage as George waves down a taxi. The taxi pulls up and George throws the luggage in the back of the taxi, then jumps into the taxi.

INT. TAXI. SAME.

GEORGE.

(to driver)

Hotel du Pantheon, please.

(Taxi driver nods as  
George turns back to  
Penny)

All right, let's talk through who  
will most likely be at the wedding.

PENNY.

I can't wait to meet everyone.

GEORGE.

They're great...they'll love you.

PENNY.

I know.

GEORGE.

(laughs)

So confident.

PENNY.

From what you've told me of your ex-  
wife, I have to be a step up from  
that...right?

GEORGE.

(laughs again)

Of course, of course.

He kisses her on the cheek.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

Okay. So...Jimmy was my best  
friend in college. We met on the  
basketball court the day before  
freshman orientation. He was such  
an asshole. Tall, skinny,  
athletic...

PENNY.

So, the opposite of you...

GEORGE.

(shaking his head)

You...witch...I'll have you know I was quite athletic in my day.

He tickles her and she squirms, giggling.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

Anyway, he fouled me really hard for no reason and I threw the basketball at his head and called him an asshole. The other players dragged us apart. But the next day, we were both waiting for a game to start and decided to play together. And we were the perfect team. I was short and stocky and fast, he was great down low...and it began a friendship. By Junior year we were living together, and he was best man at my wedding. Good guy. He's a big time Manhattan lawyer now. And I'm a loser who just inherited 6 million dollars. How awesome is that?

PENNY.

George...be kind to yourself.

GEORGE.

I'm just kidding, baby.

PENNY.

All right...who else will be there?

GEORGE.

Oh...well, Willy Wonka as we call him - his real name is William Williams the fourth.

PENNY.

Ugh...who does that to their child...4 times in a row?

GEORGE.

I know. I know. We gave him a hard time about it. Anyway...Willy was the third of the 3 amigos. We were all really, really close. Jimmy and I were probably closer, but Willy was right there.

(MORE)

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

He was the funny, sarcastic guy who was actually pretty ugly but could get any girl he wanted cuz he always played in bands.

PENNY.

Oh, he's a musician.

GEORGE.

Yeah...great singer, guitar player, all that. Once he met Marcie, though...wait, I take that back, once he met Marcie's dad, he gave up all that shit and became a legit money maker. Marcie's dad is some CEO of some huge company and wouldn't let his daughter get with some loser musician. So, Willy got dignified.

PENNY.

That's kind of sad.

GEORGE.

Yeah...Willy can put away more alcohol than any person I've ever seen. I've literally seen him down a bottle of rum without even coming across as tipsy. It's pretty ridiculous.

PENNY.

Oh, heavy drinkers, huh?

GEORGE.

Eh, it was college. Shit happens.

PENNY.

So, Willy and Marcie...still married?

GEORGE.

Yes. Supposedly very happily. I haven't talked to them in a while.

PENNY.

Why not?

GEORGE.

Eh, you know how it is. You just lose touch.

(MORE)

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

Willy started off working for his father in law making multiple six figures, then moved to some other place, moved to be a CEO of another company and so on. He got his shit together AND fast. He's a big whig. Or was, I guess.

PENNY.

He's not anymore?

GEORGE.

Well, I guess he's a big whig...just struggling right now. I don't know the details but he switched jobs to be CFO of another company and found out he had cancer real bad. His new insurance wouldn't cover anything because it was a pre-existing condition, then his new company fired him because he was missing so much work and because they felt like he lied in interviews about his health. Jimmy thinks it's just some bullshit excuse not to pay.

PENNY.

God, that's horrible.

GEORGE.

Yeah...not sure of all the details...it'll be interesting to see how he's doing.

PENNY.

I wonder how Marcie's doing. Sheesh. Any kids?

GEORGE.

No. Not yet...at least that I know of.

PENNY.

Well, I guess that makes it a little bit easier.

GEORGE.

Yeah...so, as far as I know Willy and me are the only ones from the gang that are coming.

PENNY.

The gang?

GEORGE.

Yeah...there were like 7 of us that hung all of college from freshman year on. Artsy guys, leaders, all that stuff. Not sure what everybody's doing now.

PENNY.

You didn't really keep up, huh?

GEORGE.

Honestly...look, Penny, I'm a fuck up. I know I joke around about it to kinda lighten the blow of the fact that I am, in fact, a loser.

PENNY.

Baby, you're not a loser.

GEORGE.

Penny, I have a college degree and until a week ago worked for \$8.25 an hour at a grocery store. My brother is a lawyer. My sister is married to a heart surgeon. I am the very definition of a loser. It's tough to want to talk to your college friends and admit you're a loser.

PENNY.

What do you think happened?

GEORGE.

I...I don't know. Life just got away from me. One day I'm in college, hanging with a group of friends intent on changing the world, we all go in different directions, they all go on to do great stuff, making tons of money, and I wake up and find myself divorced, jobless and fucked up beyond all recognition. I look at the 17 years since college and literally can't figure out what the fuck went wrong. It wasn't one choice. It wasn't one bad job. It wasn't one pyramid scheme. I just know that somewhere along the way life just...got away from me.

A long pause.

PENNY.  
Then you found me.

GEORGE.  
Oh my god, I am so glad I found  
you!

George buries his nose into the nape of her neck.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
Penny, you literally are the  
greatest thing I have ever had  
happen to me.

PENNY.  
George, I feel the same way about  
you.

GEORGE.  
Why?

Long silence as she thinks.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
Why would you feel the same about  
me? I've literally only fucked up  
when it comes to you.

PENNY.  
George...every man I've dated  
before you treated me like I was  
non-existent, once we reached a  
certain point. I was a speck of  
sand on a beach. I was a nothing.  
You came along and made me feel  
like I was everything.

(a beat)  
Although you did screw up  
Valentine's.

George looks down, ashamed.

PENNY. (CONT'D)  
Just a little bit.

(she adds quickly...)  
But your flowers looked sooo nice  
up on the mantle! They were  
beautiful.

George pulls her close and whispers in her ear.

GEORGE.

I am going to take you upstairs and  
I am going to screw you senseless.  
You don't even know what is waiting  
for you in that hotel room.

The taxi stops.

TAXI DRIVER.

Hotel du Pantheon.

George pays the driver and gets out. He opens the trunk and gets out his and Penny's bags. They run into the hotel, holding hands and laughing, dragging their bags behind them. They head towards the front desk, when right in their path steps Patricia.

PATRICIA

George, hello!

George literally slides to a stop.

GEORGE.

What the fuck?!!

Patricia reaches out her hand to Penny.

PATRICIA

You must be Penny. I'm Patricia.

PENNY.

(looks, wide-eyed, at  
George)

As in...Patricia Patricia?

George gulps and nods.

Penny takes her hand and shakes it.

PATRICIA

Nice to meet you.

PENNY.

Thank you. Nice to meet you, too

(turns to George)

How does she know about me? Do you  
talk to her?

PATRICIA

George and I have tried to keep it  
an amicable parting over the years.

PENNY.  
Oh...I, uh, didn't realize that.

GEORGE.  
Neither did I.

PATRICIA  
(ignores George)  
Penny, George tells me that your  
parents were big Beatles fans.

GEORGE.  
(looks nervously at Penny)  
I never said that.

PENNY.  
Actually they liked the Stones a  
little more.

PATRICIA  
Interesting. Never saw the  
attraction to Mick Jagger's long  
tongue, tight pants and lack of  
vocal ability.

GEORGE.  
All right...we've gotta check in,  
Patty.

He pulls Penny towards the front desk.

PENNY.  
(under her breath)  
Bitch!

PATRICIA  
Well, I'll see around...nice to  
meet you Penny

Penny waves sarcastically.

George and Penny get to the front desk.

GEORGE.  
Reservation for Blackwell.

The desk clerk goes to work. George turns his back to the  
cashier and looks over at Patricia who is sitting in the  
lobby looking at them, drinking champagne. She lifts her  
glass up and winks before taking a drink.

PENNY.  
What is that...woman doing here?

GEORGE.  
God, I don't know.

PENNY.  
Have you told her about me?

GEORGE.  
She called me a couple of weeks ago wanting to give me absolution or some shit.

PENNY.  
What is that?

GEORGE.  
She just was telling me that our marriage ending wasn't my fault. Well...not ALL my fault. She was kind enough to shoulder some of the blame.

PENNY.  
Fuck that condescending bitch.

GEORGE.  
(laughs)  
Holy shit, I've never heard you so pissed. I don't think I've even ever heard you say fuck.

PENNY.  
I'm sorry, but that really pisses me off. Who the hell calls their ex-husband after 5 years and tells them that?

GEORGE.  
I know, right?

The desk clerk puts their keys on the desk.

DESK CLERK.  
(thick French accent)  
Mister Blackwell, you are in room three-ten-seven-ten.

GEORGE.  
1317?

DESK CLERK.  
Oui. If you are in need of anything, please give me a call on the telephone. The elevator is to the left.

GEORGE.  
Thank you, sir.

George and Penny gather their bags and head towards the elevator. George gives Patricia a chin up and she once again raises her glass to him.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
God, what a bitch.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. DAY.

George and Penny have obviously just finished making love. George is panting and Penny, barely covered, is smiling.

GEORGE.  
Wow...jetlag sex is awesome.

PENNY.  
I am senseless.

A long pause

GEORGE.  
(puts his hands behind his  
head)  
Boom.

CUTS TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NIGHT.

George, dressed in a suit with a t-shirt, stands by his open hotel room door, leaning back in to talk to Penny.

GEORGE.  
Penny, I'm gonna go down and get a  
drink before dinner. I'll meet you  
at the bar as soon as you're ready.

PENNY (O.S.)  
(from the bathroom)  
Okay...see you in a bit.

We follow George into the hallway and to the elevator. He hits the button and waits patiently for the elevator. The elevator finally pings and the doors open. He gets on the elevator and we follow him on as he hits the button for the lobby. The elevator goes down from his floor and stops a few floors down. An older couple gets on the elevator.

They rehit the lobby button just to be sure. The doors shut once more and the elevator takes off. The door opens to the lobby and George lets the couple get off first. Then he walks off, slowly sauntering to the bar.

This is significant because for the first time there is no inner monologue voice over during time away from dialogue.

George is finally at peace.

George saunters into the bar, takes a stool and orders a drink. The drink comes and he takes a sip of an expensive whiskey and smiles ever so slightly.

PATRICIA. (O.S.)

I thought you might come here.

GEORGE.

(doesn't turn around)

Dammit. Patty...what the hell is going on? What is this: you showing up and talking to Penny like that? What is up with that shit?

We can see Patty on the stool next to George, now.

PATRICIA.

(ignores the question)

I haven't been called Patty in a long time. I've tried to keep a level head about you calling me that, but since it's just us: don't call me that.

(softens just a bit with a fake smile)

Please.

GEORGE.

That fucking smile...it's everything I hate about you.

PATRICIA.

(to the bartender)

Tonic vodka.

GEORGE.

(realizing what's going on)

Ohhhh...you're drunk.

PATRICIA.

I am not drunk. I have had a bit to drink, but not enough to affect my judgement.

GEORGE.

(chuckles)

I know what that means. You handle your liquor about as well I handle my balls in a vice.

PATRICIA.

You were always such a drama queen.

GEORGE.

(suddenly sullen)

Fuck you.

PATRICIA.

The perfect George Blackwell response to every query.

GEORGE.

You know what? For the first time in my adult life I am happy.

PATRICIA.

We were happy.

GEORGE.

No...you might've been happy rubbing my nose in my own shit, but I wasn't fucking happy.

George gets up and goes to a booth and sits down, nursing his drink. Patricia follows him over to the booth and sits down beside him in the booth.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

What the...

PATRICIA

Shut the hell up, George. Us breaking up was the biggest mistake we ever made.

GEORGE.

We? You left, Patricia! I didn't make any decision. The decision wasn't mine. It was completely and utterly yours. Oh my god, you're a psychopath!

PATRICIA

You used to love my craziness.

GEORGE.

No. Let's get one thing straight. I never loved your craziness. I loved you in spite of the fact that you were fucking nuts.

PATRICIA

Kiss me.

GEORGE.

Fuck you.

PATRICIA

If you want to fuck me, please do. I'll give you my room key.

(she pushes her breasts together)

You know you want to put your face in between the girls again.

GEORGE.

What?!! What the fuck is going on? Are there cameras coming out? Am I about to get punk'd?

PATRICIA

(she leans into kiss George and whispers as she leans)

I'll let you stick it in my ass like you always wanted. Finally learned how to relax. You don't spend a year in Greece without learning to do it Greek, baby.

George literally stands up in the booth on top of the bench seat.

GEORGE.

Holy shit! You're a lunatic!

George steps on the table and jumps to the floor. The bartender looks on in disbelief.

Penny walks into the bar, as if on cue.

PENNY.

What the hell is going on, George?

PATRICIA  
 (almost yelling across the  
 bar)  
 Oh, great, the new girl has  
 arrived. Life can fucking move on.  
 Ob-la-di-ob-la-fucking-da!

PENNY.  
 (to George, ignoring her)  
 George, what is going on?

GEORGE.  
 (walks over to her)  
 She ambushed me. God, what a  
 absolutely ridiculous bitch!

George storms out of the bar. Penny turns around quickly, gives Patricia the finger, then turns and runs/waddles after George (she should be wearing a VERY tight mini-skirt that obstructs here movement sufficiently)

Patricia puts her head down on the table.

BARTENDER.  
 (under his breath)  
 Asshole Americans.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. NEXT MORNING.

Light pours in the hotel room window as George lies in bed. Penny's side of the bed is empty and we hear the shower going in the bathroom next door. As he lies there thinking there is a soft knock at the room door.

George gets out of bed and walks over the room door. He has his shirt off and wears only a pair of sweat pants. He opens the door, not really paying attention.

GEORGE.  
 No housekeeping, come back...

Patricia stands at the door. Wearing sunglasses.

PATRICIA  
 Don't slam the door. Please.

GEORGE.  
 God, Patricia. What the hell are  
 you doing here? Be glad Penny is  
 in the shower, she's ghetto. She  
 will kick your rich prissy ass.

PATRICIA  
George, I'm sorry. Last night  
was...out of character.

GEORGE.  
(long pause)  
Patricia, I can't do this.

George starts to shut the door, but Patricia sticks her foot  
in the door.

PATRICIA  
George, I'm apologizing.

GEORGE.  
I know, I appreciate it.

PATRICIA  
Do you know how many times I  
apologized to you in our whole  
relationship?

GEORGE.  
(without hesitation)  
Never.

PATRICIA  
(a little taken aback, but  
recovers quickly)  
You're right. Never. I'm making a  
big step here. I'm sorry. I'm  
sorry. I'm sorry.

GEORGE.  
God, Patricia, you think I'm the  
drama queen?

PATRICIA  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

GEORGE.  
Okay. Shit. Okay.

PATRICIA  
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Patricia breaks down into tears.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

George looks her from top to bottom, then reaches through the  
door and pats her awkwardly on the shoulder.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)  
 (literally sobbing now)  
 I'm so sorry. I'm a bitch. I  
 ruined us. I'm selfish and alone  
 and I am so sorry. Leaving you was  
 such a selfish move. I'm so sorry.

GEORGE.  
 (steps out into the  
 hallway now)  
 Patty, cmon. Don't do this.  
 Please don't do this.

Patricia's entire body is racked by sobs.

PATRICIA  
 I fucked up! I fucked up my whole  
 life. I'll never love anyone like  
 I loved you!

GEORGE.  
 (now in a full embrace  
 with her)  
 Patricia, we didn't work. It  
 didn't work. We gave it the  
 college try. It just wasn't meant  
 to be.

Patricia buries her head in his shoulder and sobs. He pats  
 her back awkwardly.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
 Patty, I've got to go. I really  
 have just got to go.

He pulls away gingerly. He pats her shoulders again.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
 We'll see each other later.

He goes in and shuts the door. Patricia puts her head on the  
 door and sobs.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. SAME

George walks over to the bed and gets back in. A few seconds  
 later Penny walks in wearing a towel.

PENNY.  
 You wanna get freaky?

GEORGE.  
(a little distracted)  
No...thank you. I'm...a little  
weirded out right now.

PENNY.  
By what?

GEORGE.  
Um....  
  
(thinks for a while about  
whether to tell her what  
just happened, decides  
against it)  
...just life right now. It's a  
little strange for me.

PENNY.  
Why?

GEORGE.  
(thinks for a beat)  
I think I'm happy.

Penny claps her hands together excitedly and jumps into the bed.

PENNY.  
Oh, baby, I'm so happy, too!

She snuggles with him and buries the back of her head into his shoulder.

GEORGE.  
Happy...feels different than I  
thought.

PENNY.  
Better?

GEORGE.  
(long beat)  
Weirder.

Camera moves up and away from the bed, slowly fading to black.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR. AFTERNOON.

George walks into the bar, sees Willy Williams and Jimmy Green sitting in a booth and walks over. They both stand up as he arrives and they each hug him.

JIMMY.

God, you're looking good, buddy.

WILLY.

(slaps Jimmy)

Don't lie to the man. He looks like a dick. A fat dick.

GEORGE.

(laughs)

Well, at least one of us will have a fat dick for once in our lives.

They all laugh and sit down.

WILLY.

(shoots back a shot of bourbon and grimaces)

George Blackwell, you son of a bitch! I have missed you!

Willy holds up his glass to the bartender, who immediately begins pouring him another tumbler full of bourbon.

GEORGE.

Willy...gosh what has it been: 5, 6 years?

WILLY.

About that.

JIMMY.

We are horrible friends to each other.

WILLY.

Eh, life moves on, shit happens. It's all good. All that matters is we're hanging out now.

The bartender brings over Willy's new drink.

WILLY. (CONT'D)

(takes the drink)

Bring me another, STAT!

JIMMY.

Slow down, buddy.

WILLY.

Fuck you, asshole. I'm drinking away the pain. Medical Mary Jane ain't legal in New York, so I drink till I can't feel the pain. The plus is that by the time I get wasted, the chemo's already made me throw up everything in my stomach...sooooo...yeah...no drunk puking any more.

Awkward silence. Things got serious fast.

WILLY. (CONT'D)

Cmon, I'm fucking with you idiots. Drink up!

Willy throws back the rest of the tumbler and again waves his glass at the bartender. The bartender is already on his way over with a new glass of bourbon. He sets it down and looks at Jimmy and George.

BARTENDER.

Anything for you?

GEORGE.

I'll have a glass of Tullamore Dew.

JIMMY.

The same.

The bartender leaves.

GEORGE.

So, Willy, tell me what's going on.

WILLY.

That might be too depressing. Let's talk about you! Rich, single, a new ho...living the dream, baby!

GEORGE.

Willy, seriously, I want to know what's happening with you.

WILLY.

(suddenly serious)  
Go fuck yourself. Seriously.

Awkward silence.

WILLY. (CONT'D)  
(laughs almost too loud)  
I'm fucking with you, bitch.

JIMMY.  
So, George...Penny is your  
girlfriend's name?

GEORGE.  
Yeah...Penny. She's great, man.  
Literally the happiest I've been in  
years.  
(thinks for a second)  
Actually, it may be the happiest  
I've ever been.

JIMMY.  
Evelyn makes me feel that way, too.

GEORGE.  
How'd you two meet?

JIMMY.  
Funny thing: I was banging this  
chick, some artist or something,  
and she invited me to this art  
showing. This chick was one of the  
most serious pieces of ass I've  
ever fucked.

WILLY.  
Now the story has suddenly gotten  
interesting. It went from, like, I  
want to blow my brains out to  
suddenly interesting. Continue:  
hot piece of ass....

JIMMY.  
Thank you, Willy. Yes...any way, I  
wouldn't normally do the artist  
thing, but she was hot as hell and  
I felt the sacrifice was  
worthwhile. So, I show up to this  
artist's showing: some bullshit  
modern art thing...you know,  
nothing actually makes sense and  
everything is "textured"  
(around textured he throws  
up the parenthesis sign  
with his hands)  
...and there's this girl standing  
in front of a painting.

WILLY.  
Hot ass or Evelyn?

JIMMY.  
I will finish the story, Willy.  
God, you're like a 7 year old.

WILLY.  
I have cancer.

GEORGE.  
(laughs)  
Asshole.

JIMMY.  
Anyway, I walk up to her and we're both looking at this dumb piece of art and I look over at her and say, "Isn't this the biggest piece of shit you've ever seen?" And she looks flabbergasted. "Piece of sheet?" She says in her French accent.

(whenever he imitates her voice, he speaks with a horrid French accent)

"How eez eet a piece of sheet?" I look her up and down then look back at the piece of art and I say, "If you can tell me what the hell it means and it matches - God, if it even comes close to - what the artist says it means, I will buy this piece of shit for you to hang in your loft apartment, and yes I am assuming you live in a loft".

GEORGE.  
God, you're such an asshole. This is your first conversation with her? And she actually continued to talk to you?

WILLY.  
(shoots back another tumbler of whiskey)  
It gets better...

JIMMY.  
So, she then tells me this elaborate explanation of what she thinks it means. I literally was laughing at her because I thought the explanation was so stupid.

GEORGE.

What was it? What was the explanation?

JIMMY.

I dunno...some shit about life passing us by like a subway and how we need to grab life by the balls.

GEORGE.

She actually said to grab life by the balls?

JIMMY.

(raises his glass)  
My paraphrasing.

Willy chuckles and gestures to the bartender for another drink.

JIMMY. (CONT'D)

Anyway, so about 10 minutes later the chick I'm boning shows up and I introduce her to Evelyn. I ask this chick to introduce me to the artist because I have a question to ask him and she acts all embarrassed and hems and haws and says, "Well, it's not a him and, well...this is her."

GEORGE.

Evelyn was the artist?

JIMMY.

Evelyn was the artist. God I felt like such an asshole. She smiles politely and says that the painting is \$45 thousand. So, I say, "Look, I never welch on a bet. But 45 kay is way more than I was expecting to pay. What if we worked out a barter for it?" And she's kind of interested. I say, "How about I take you home tonight, make love to you and if it's not the best sex you've ever had then I'll give you the \$45 kay."

GEORGE.

Oh my god, you did not.

George looks at Willy who has just gotten another drink. Willy nods like this is true.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
What did the artsy chick say?

JIMMY.  
Neither one of them was into the  
menage a trois, so I went with  
Evelyn.

A beat

WILLY.  
Apparently Evelyn has only been  
with Korean men because she found  
Jimmy's four and a half inches  
quite satisfying.

JIMMY.  
Dick.

WILLY.  
Yes, I am talking about it. Your  
dick.

JIMMY.  
No...you are a dick. Dude,  
seriously, you have got to slow  
down on the booze, man. What the  
hell is going on with you?

WILLY.  
The lawyer tries to use logic on  
the degenerate. Everyone knows  
logic fails...always...when it  
comes to the drunk.

He finishes off another tumbler.

GEORGE.  
How's Marcie taking everything,  
Willy?

The question hits a nerve. Willy becomes suddenly darker.

WILLY.  
Not good. I don't know. I think  
not good.

GEORGE.  
What's going on with her?

WILLY.  
Eh, I don't know. Let's talk about  
something else.

JIMMY.

Willy, you gotta tell us what's going on, man. We're your longest-standing friends. If you need our help, we will help you.

Willy stands up. He's wobbly.

WILLY.

You wanna know what's going on? I'm 3 million dollars in debt, my marriage is falling apart, I'm in pain all the time, my only escape is getting fucked up and I'm thinking about killing myself because it'll be easier on everyone involved. Feel good about my situation, you stupid fucks?

Willy turns away. George stands up and tries to grab his arm, but Willy jerks away and stumbles out of the bar.

WILLY. (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

George sits down and looks across the table at Jimmy.

JIMMY.

Shit.

GEORGE.

Shit.

Long silence.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

Dude, do you think we should go see what's up with him?

JIMMY.

He just drank himself piss-ass drunk on bourbon. We know what's up with him.

GEORGE.

Damn. How long has this been going on?

JIMMY.

Marcie called me like 6 months ago and told me what was going on. So, at least that long.

GEORGE.

(a beat)

Man, I just don't know what to do.

JIMMY.

There's nothing you can do, man. He's a fucking drunk. God knows we'd probably all end up the same way with all that shit that has happened. But he's a drunk and he's trying to get well from cancer and his life is falling apart.

GEORGE.

(sighs)

It's horrible to watch, and I've seen 10 minutes.

JIMMY.

(take a drink and waves his glass at George)

You think it's any worse than watching you for the last 15 years?

GEORGE.

What?!!

JIMMY.

Ah, fuck you, George. You're a goddamn loser. So much fucking potential and you're working at a Piggly Wiggly...

GEORGE.

Kroger.

JIMMY.

Wow...sorry...even better...Kroger. Dude, you were as talented as any of us in college. What happened?

GEORGE.

(thinks for a long time)

I dunno, man. Life got away from me. Shit got heavy.

JIMMY.

Oh, shut up, dude. Don't give me this bullshit psychobabble asshole shit. In college everyone thought you were gonna be successful at whatever you did, then watched your whole life crash and burn. What the fuck happened?

GEORGE.

(thinks for a moment)

I'll tell you what happened to me.  
I got out into life and realized it  
was nothing like anyone had every  
told me

JIMMY.

Sucks, don't it?

GEORGE.

Oh, shut up. Don't judge me, you  
fucking New York prick. I married  
a bitch who made my life miserable  
for as long as she could. If I  
hadn't met Penny, I'd still be  
wallowing in my misery from fucking  
up my marriage. I started working  
a job and realized that on a daily  
basis I literally sat and wondered  
if my life would be better if I  
jumped out of my 45th floor window.

JIMMY.

Everyone hates their job, you big  
baby.

GEORGE.

I couldn't do it. I may make close  
to minimum wage, but I am as happy  
as I've ever been.

JIMMY.

I'm making more money than I ever  
have and I'm happier than I've ever  
been. You should try that side of  
things some time.

GEORGE.

Well, I did just inherit 6.5  
Million dollars, you fucking prick.  
I like having money, too. But, you  
know what? The money has nothing  
to do with the happiness...I have  
found something good in Penny.

JIMMY.

(long pause)

Man, I get it...you're happy and  
you've found Penny and you somehow  
have a shit ton of money now. But  
you're better than who you are.

George stands up.

GEORGE.

Jimmy, I love you, so I'm going to take what you said as well as I possibly can. I know it comes from love. But I have someone who thinks I'm a freaking great man. I don't need a 6 figure job to tell me I'm good. I tried to do that shit for too long and came out on the other side hating myself and hating my life. The system is good if you're in the system. You're in the system. It works for you. The system never worked for me.

George pulls out his wallet and throws a hundred euro bill on the table.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

That should take care of my share. I'm gonna find Penny and show her Paris.

Jimmy sits back in his chair as George walks out of the bar. He sits for a while until the bartender comes over to his table.

BARTENDER.

Is everything okay, sir?

JIMMY.

No, everything is not okay. It's life isn't it?

The bartender gathers glasses and walks away.

FADE TO:

EXT. MONTAGE. DAY

Montage of Penny and George jetting around Paris. They have rented a moped and drive through the streets. We see them in various famous locations in Paris, cavorting and just having fun.

FADE TO:

EXT. PARISIAN CAFE. NIGHT

George and Penny sit at small table outside of a cafe.

GEORGE.  
You have fun?

PENNY.  
Oh, George, this was so  
wonderful...you don't even know.

GEORGE.  
I had a good time, too.

George's cell phone bings so he looks down, then proceeds to type something on his phone.

PENNY.  
Who's that?

GEORGE.  
Jimmy. Evelyn just got in from her  
parents' house in the suburbs and  
she wants to meet everyone.  
They're gonna meet us here!

PENNY.  
That's exciting

(a beat)  
And overwhelming all in one.

GEORGE.  
(laughs)  
Oh, baby, you're gonna be fine.

George spots Jimmy and Evelyn a few yards away and he stands up. As they get closer, he realizes that Patricia is with them. George pretends not to notice Patricia.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
Jimmy! And you must be Evelyn.

George takes Evelyn's hand and bends over to kiss it.

EVELYN.  
(looks at Jimmy)  
Jimmy, you did not tell me that  
George was a gentleman.

JIMMY.  
(laughs)  
He's anything but...don't let first  
impressions fool you.

Jimmy leans in and hugs George.

JIMMY. (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Dude, she blind sided us around the corner. I didn't know how to get her gone...so she came.

George smiles and turns to Penny.

GEORGE.

Evelyn, this is my girlfriend Penny. Penny, Evelyn.

Evelyn and Penny shake hands.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

And Penny and Patty have met.

PATRICIA

It's Patricia.

Patricia reaches out and shakes Penny's hand. Penny barely obliges.

JIMMY.

Well, um...let's sit down.

George and Penny's table has 4 seats already and Jimmy pulls another seat from another table. They all sit down.

GEORGE.

So, Evelyn, how's the wedding planning going?

EVELYN.

It is basically over, thank God. Only 2 days to go and then it's over. I am only doing this for my mother...she has such dreams for my wedding.

(she takes Jimmy's hand)

We don't need a big wedding to know we want to make this work.

George looks at Penny and smiles.

PATRICIA

The last couple of days can be hell...George was so helpful during those last few days.

George laughs out loud.

EVELYN.  
 (oblivious)  
 What is so funny?

GEORGE.  
 For 12 years she threw it up in my face that I didn't do jack shit for our wedding and that I was useless leading up to it.

PATRICIA  
 I never said that.

GEORGE.  
 You certainly said that.

JIMMY.  
 Patty...Patricia, I was the best man at your wedding and you bitched at him all fucking day the day of the wedding about how he did jack shit. And let's be honest, he did jack shit.

George and Jimmy laugh.

EVELYN.  
 Jimmy has been helpful...but we all know that this is woman's play! It's fun to plan and fun to get dressed up. Men hate this shit.

GEORGE.  
 Somehow when you say 'shit', it sounds nothing like Jimmy doing an impression of you saying 'shit'.

EVELYN.  
 (gasps)  
 He does an impression of me?

GEORGE.  
 He just told us the story of how you met.

EVELYN.  
 (to Jimmy)  
 Tell me this impression of me.  
 Tell it to my face!

JIMMY.  
 Eh, baby, it's just a story.

EVELYN.

He will not tell me! George, you show me what this impression is like.

GEORGE.

(laughs)

Okay...it's something like this:

(does an impression of  
Jimmy's impression)

'How eez thees a piece of sheet?'

Everyone at the table cracks up

EVELYN.

(looks in disbelief at  
Jimmy)

Is this what you do?

JIMMY.

(laughs)

Yes. That is pretty damn close actually.

EVELYN.

I may have to call of the wedding. That is a horrible impression of me.

Evelyn looks to others for support.

GEORGE.

I agree! Horrible impression. But let's keep the wedding on...I mean everyone's here already!

JIMMY.

There's no way I'd let her get off so easy.

Jimmy takes Evelyn's face in his hands and kisses her sweetly on the lips.

PATRICIA.

So, Penny, how did you and George meet?

JIMMY.

(nervously tries to soften  
the blow of it coming  
from Patricia)

Yeah...I was wondering the same thing. How'd you meet.

PENNY.

Well, it's kind of a funny story.

PATRICIA.

(sarcastically)

It always is, isn't it.

GEORGE.

Patty, shut up.

PENNY.

No, George, it's okay. It actually is a funny story, Patricia. I work for a small, family-owned flower shop. I'm the only employee. Apparently, George rides his bike to work sometimes and would be riding his bike by about the same time that I would be opening up the shop some mornings. So one day, he walks into the store, looking nervous. He wanders around the store for a while, not talking to anyone, then finally he makes his way up to the counter and he says, 'Excuse me...I have \$40 and I'm trying to figure out how to impress a girl I've never met - so I need, like, the best flower arrangement you can give me for that situation...something to help my chances.'" So I think for minute and I say, "Well, for \$40 I can make you a bouquet of several different things...what do you think this girl would like?" And he says, "I really don't know...why don't you pick out what you think is cool."

JIMMY.

Smooth.

They all laugh.

PENNY.

So, I put together a fine arrangement. He seemed like a nice enough guy, so I put a little extra in...it was probably more like an \$80 arrangement.

(MORE)

PENNY. (CONT'D)

I hand it to him and I say, "Any girl who gets this, if she doesn't have a boyfriend or husband already will immediately have to fall head over heels in love with you." And so, he says, "Well, do you have a boyfriend or husband?" And I was a little taken aback, and I said, "Well, no..." And he says, "Good...cuz I bought you a flower arrangement and now, from what I hear you have to fall head over heels in love with me."

JIMMY.

Oh, my God...the man still has mad game!

EVELYN.

That is a great story. Your kids will always love to hear that...

PATRICIA.

George, can you even have kids?

GEORGE.

(sighs)

I have no idea, Patty. You didn't want them. Some day, hopefully, I'll figure it out with Penny.

PATRICIA.

I wanted kids. I just couldn't trust you to be able to support them.

Everyone around the table looks uncomfortable.

GEORGE.

(after a long pause)

You're right. You couldn't trust me to support you and the kids...but you didn't trust me with much of anything.

PATRICIA.

(stands up)

This was a mistake.

GEORGE.

It was all a mistake, Patty.

PATRICIA.

My fucking name is Patricia. Not fucking Peppermint Patty or Patty or whatever fucking bullshit you used to call me. I'm not your fucking college sweetheart anymore. I'm a fucking grown woman who is trying to better myself by admitting to myself that you weren't a complete fuck up. But no matter what I do I can't convince myself to change history...you were a fuck up then and you'll always be a fuck up.

Penny stands up and slaps Patricia full on across the face. Patricia looks stunned.

PENNY.

You lost your right to talk to him that way a long fucking time ago.

(to George)

George, she obviously doesn't want to be called Patty, so call her Patricia. It's simple. You two are divorced and you have been for 5 years. Get the fuck over it.

GEORGE.

I'm over it.

PATRICIA.

You slapped me, you bitch.

PENNY.

Bitch? Look, you better haul ass out of here before I put a ghetto-ass beatdown on you. I will kick your ass Nashville style.

PATRICIA.

You Cretan!

Jimmy stands up and attempts to pull Patricia away from the table.

JIMMY.

Patricia, maybe you should go.

PATRICIA.

I want nothing more than to reconcile with you, George. Why won't you let me?

JIMMY.

Patricia, just go.

PATRICIA.

Why, George, why?

GEORGE.

Patricia, I love you. I always will. There are pieces of me that you will always have. There are places that you will always own...that I can never give Penny because you staked your claim first. But you left me. You walked out. You chased your dream. And for a long time, I couldn't understand why I wasn't your dream. Then when I met Penny I realized that I'd never be your dream because ultimately you weren't my dream any way. It just wasn't meant to be. Shit happens, cuz it's life. We're all fucked up and we know it. We're all struggling to figure out shit and we know it. We're all broken and hurting at some level, and we know it. We're all fucked up...all of us, everyone of us is FUCKED. UP ...and we know it. The only one who doesn't know it is you.

PATRICIA.

(works her way from normal speaking voice to a scream)

I know it. I know it! I know it!  
I know it! I know it! I know it!  
I know it!

Jimmy pulls Patricia away from the cafe. Tears are now streaming down Patricia's face. Jimmy pulls her down the street and away from the table and he talks quietly to her. Eventually, she walks away, wiping her face and Jimmy returns to the table.

JIMMY.

Guys, I'm so sorry. She kinda blindsided us and I didn't know how to react...

PENNY.

This had to happen at some point. Divorce sucks - and it's never one person's fault. I haven't been divorced but everyone I've known who is always questions - even years down the road - if it was right. Eventually you have to confront it.

GEORGE.

It was right. God, obviously, it was right.

EVELYN.

Penny, you seem so good for George.

PENNY.

(smiles)

I think so.

GEORGE.

I think so, too.

EVELYN.

Everyone must let go of something.

GEORGE.

For instance, with Jimmy you must let go of your wish for more than 4 inches of penis!

They all laugh as Penny slaps George across the arm!

PENNY.

That is horrible!

JIMMY.

It's okay! He knows the one time we all played "Touch the tip" who really had the biggest dong.

EVELYN.

Touch the tip?

JIMMY.

Oh my God, I love you Evelyn!

(does his impression)

Just zee teep!

Evelyn's eyes widen and she slaps his arm!

EVELYN.

It is a horrible impression!

(looks to George and Penny  
for confirmation)

Yes? Yes?

They all continue joking and laughing as we fade away down the street.

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM. MORNING.

George and Penny stir awake. Penny gets up and goes into the bathroom. George goes to the door to get the newspaper and finds a small white envelope that someone has slid beneath their door. He picks it up.

As he picks it up Penny walks back into the room.

PENNY.

What's that?

GEORGE.

I dunno...

He looks at it and recognizes Penny's handwriting.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

From Patricia.

He walks over and drops it in Penny's lap.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

Read it to me.

Penny thinks for a moment, then after a long pause opens up the envelope, pulls out the letter and reads.

PENNY.

(reading the letter)

Dear George, I am sorry for how tonight ended. I am a mess. Seeing you again has brought up feelings I thought were dead and buried long ago. Penny seems wonderful. She seems to be everything for you that I wasn't...that I'm not. Feelings are feelings but what I see with Penny is more than feelings, but a destiny. Don't let her go.

(MORE)

PENNY. (CONT'D)  
(breaks away from the  
letter)  
George, I can't do this. This is  
weird.

GEORGE.  
Baby, read it.

PENNY.  
(begins to read again but  
as she reads her voice  
slowly morphs into  
Patricia's)  
I thought I might be able to get  
you back, but I realize now that  
getting you back was never what I  
needed...or even wanted.

PATRICIA. (V.O.)  
What I want is to have someone love  
me like you once did, but I know  
now that you couldn't love me ever  
again...at least not like you did.  
Perhaps no one will love me like  
you did ever again, and that is  
something I will have to live with.  
I'm not good at many things. The  
least of which is apologizing. But  
right now I am apologizing and  
asking your forgiveness for  
everything I put you through. You  
were a good man back then and  
you're an even better man now.  
Penny brings out in you what I  
could never bring out in  
you...mainly because of my own  
psychosis and my own weird needs.  
You are a good man. Do good  
things. Be good to Penny, as you  
were good to me. I wish I had been  
good to you. Please let Evelyn and  
Jimmy know that I have decided to  
not stay for the wedding. You  
should be here. It's unhealthy for  
me to be here, too. Send my love.  
I wish you the best. Love,  
Patricia.

Penny puts down the letter with tears in her eyes.

GEORGE.  
Why are you crying?

PENNY.  
Because she's right. You're a good  
man. And you're mine.

GEORGE.  
(uncomfortably)  
So, am I worth it now? Am I  
finally worth it?

Penny walks over and puts her arms around his neck.

PENNY.  
George, you were never not worth  
it. But now...with 6.5 Million  
dollars...you're just more worth  
it.

She gives him a devilish smile and he immediately tickles her  
and chases her around the bed as she squeals and screams. He  
finally pushes her down on the bed and kisses her.

FADE TO:

INT. HOTEL BAR. SAME

Willy sits in a booth, alone, nursing a large glass of  
scotch. George walks into the bar and makes his way over to  
Willy's table.

GEORGE.  
Thought you might be here.

WILLY.  
Why? Because it's the only fucking  
place I ever am?

GEORGE.  
(thinks for a moment)  
Yeah, kinda.

WILLY.  
So, why are you looking for me?

GEORGE.  
Where's Marcie?

WILLY.  
I dunno. Shopping or some shit.  
That's something I've never  
understood...woman shop even when  
they can't fucking buy anything.  
Just wander around looking at shit.  
Doesn't make any goddamn sense.

GEORGE.  
Call her, get her here now.

WILLY.  
I don't think that's a good idea.

GEORGE.  
Willy, call her. Get her here.

WILLY.  
(rolls his eyes)  
She's in our room. We had a big  
fight and she's bawling her eyes  
out and I just can't take it. So I  
came here.

GEORGE.  
What room?

WILLY.  
5132

George goes over to the bar, asks the bartender to use the hotel courtesy phone and dials the number. A short moment later he lays the phone down and comes over to the table again.

GEORGE.  
You gotta get your shit together,  
bro.

WILLY.  
Says the greatest fuck up of all.

GEORGE.  
(grits his teeth to keep  
his composure)  
You know, man, that's really  
hurtful. I made some bad choices,  
but don't use knowledge of my life  
to push me away. It's fucking  
weak, bro. Weak.

WILLY.  
Fuck you, you fucking loser.

GEORGE.  
I'm going to pretend like you  
didn't say that, you fucking  
asshole.

WILLY.  
Well, don't pretend, George. Just  
listen to what I say to you.  
(MORE)

WILLY. (CONT'D)

You are a fucking loser. You know why I never fucking called you the last 10 years? Cuz I can't stand to have your fucking loser ass on my conscience anymore.

GEORGE.

And drinking yourself into oblivion is so much better...

WILLY.

(yelling now)

I HAVE CANCER, YOU FUCKING PRICK!

GEORGE.

(yells back)

People get cancer and they get well! Who the fuck do you think you are that you deserve to just give up like a fucking chump? You call me a loser? Well, guess what, champ? I'm living my life and I'm fucking happy as hell. So who's the loser, bitch?

WILLY.

Fuck you.

Willy tries to stand up, but George stands up and pushes him back into his chair.

WILLY. (CONT'D)

What the....

GEORGE.

Sit you stupid ass down. I've got something to tell you as soon as Marcie gets here, and you don't get to walk out on me.

WILLY.

I'll fucking walk out on whoever the fuck I want to.

Willy tries to get up again, but George pushes him back down.

GEORGE.

I will kick a cancer patient's ass. In a heart beat. And not feel a twinge of guilt.

WILLY.

(laughs out loud)

I am twice your fucking size, you runt! I've always been able to kick your ass.

GEORGE.

You didn't have cancer always. Just sit down and shut up, you stupid prick. It's for your own goddamn good.

(to himself)

Fuck!

Willy sits contently, smiling to himself. After a short time, Marcie walks in. She is a beautiful woman about the same age as everyone else. She is tall and has long brown hair. Her beautiful eyes are red from crying.

George stands up to greet her. He kisses her on the cheek.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

Marcie...

MARCIE.

So good to see you, George. You look good. Better than you have in a long time.

GEORGE.

Thanks...you don't look as good. Please sit down.

Marcie sit next to Willy and tries to hold Willy's hand. He pulls his hand away.

WILLY.

All right, Georgy. Let's get this over with so I don't have to look at your loser head much longer.

GEORGE.

(laughs)

Willy, you're such a fucking asshole. And you're gonna feel really bad in about 30 seconds.

George reaches into his pocket and pulls out an envelope. He slides it across the table to Marcie.

GEORGE. (CONT'D)

Marcie, open that please.

Marcie opens the envelope and pulls out a check. She looks bewildered and looks over at George.

MARCIE.

George, what is this?

Willy grabs the check, looks at it, does a double take and drops the check to the table.

WILLY.

Yeah, George, what the fuck is this?

GEORGE.

That is a check made out for 3 million 2 hundred and 25 thousand dollars. Made out to Marcie, as you can see.

WILLY.

Um...I can see all of the information you just quoted to me on the check. I mean...WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS?

GEORGE.

I'm rich. And I'm a loser. So eventually, let's be honest...I'm gonna blow it somehow. You're not a loser and Marcie's not a loser and this shit is blowing your marriage apart. You're 3 million, give or take, behind on medical bills, house payments, etc. - at least from what I've heard. So...this should dig you out of a hole. I'd rather blow it on you than some bad business deal that gets me nothing in return.

WILLY.

I don't want your fucking charity, you asshole.

GEORGE.

Listen, you fucking drunk...I'm not giving you charity. I came into a lot of money out of nowhere, unexpected. I'm giving a little of it to you. You are in need.

(MORE)

GEORGE. (CONT'D)  
Even though you're a fucking  
asshole drunk ass bitch right now,  
you were - at one point - my best  
fucking friend in the world,  
outside of maybe Jimmy. Friends  
help each other.

MARCIE.  
(with tears in her eyes)  
But, George, we never helped you.

GEORGE.  
(shrugs)  
I was never 3 million behind.

WILLY.  
I'm not taking this shit.

MARCIE.  
You know what, Willy, for once in  
your life, just shut up. Just shut  
up. Please just shut the hell up.

WILLY.  
I...

MARCIE.  
(interrupts, screaming at  
the top of her lungs)  
SHUT UP!!!

Willy closes his mouth.

GEORGE.  
Willy, you've got to get help. I  
added the extra money in to help  
you guys get back on your  
feet...but most of it is to get  
your ass in rehab.

WILLY.  
I don't need rehab, George.

MARCIE.  
Shut up, Willy.

WILLY.  
(to Marcie)  
I don't need rehab.

MARCIE.  
You were drinking too much long  
before the cancer, Willy. Cancer  
just became your excuse.

WILLY.

(lifts his glass, smiling)  
And it's a damn good excuse.

GEORGE.

You need help, buddy. I'm not saving your life. I'm just throwing you a life line. You're the one who has to fight.

WILLY.

(breaks down)  
I don't know how much more I can fight, George. I just don't.

Marcie puts her arms around Willy.

GEORGE.

Well, you're gonna fight 3 million dollars worth. And that's a whole lot. A whole shit-ton of a lot

WILLY.

(still choked up)  
I...I've never needed anything from anyone. I don't know how to do this.

GEORGE.

Well, the check is made out to Marcie, so all you have to do, shithead, is go to rehab, stop fucking killing yourself so that you can fight the good fight against the shit that is actually trying to kill you.

MARCIE.

George, I don't know how to thank you.

GEORGE.

It's enough to say thank you, Marcie.

MARCIE.

Well...thank you.

Willy begins to sob.

WILLY.

(through the tears)  
Thank you.

George stands up.

GEORGE.

Look, I love you guys, and I am helping because I can. If I didn't have the money, I would figure out some other way to help. That's what friends do.

MARCIE.

Thank you so much, George.

George nods and turns to walk away. Willy lifts up his head.

WILLY.

George?

George stops and turns back around.

GEORGE.

Yeah?

WILLY.

Now...you're sure that this check isn't going to bounce? What's the insufficient funds fee on a 3.2 Million dollar check?

George breaks into a smile.

GEORGE.

It'll go through. And I think it's still just \$32 like every other bad check...but I'm not sure. Never been in the position to bounce a 3.2 Million dollar check.

WILLY.

No, dumbass...you've always been in that position. You've never been in the position of having a 3.2 Million dollar check go through!

They laugh and George walks out of the bar. Marcie keeps her arms around Willy and Willy buries his head into her shoulder, crying again.

BARTENDER.

(shakes his head and mutters under his breath)  
Asshole Americans.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARISIAN GARDEN. DAY

The garden is set up, beautifully, for an outdoor wedding. Willy and George flank Jimmy in nice tuxedos, standing at the front. The first bridesmaid makes her way down the aisle as soft classical music plays.

WILLY.

(leans over and whispers  
to George)

Dude, that money made Marcie open  
her legs like a whore on Friday  
night.

GEORGE.

Don't make me regret it, asshole.  
Marcie's better than that,  
bro...she's your wife...act like  
it.

WILLY.

Which is why I preceeded it with  
the word "like" making it a simile,  
not a direct comparison.  
Sheesh...I thought you did well in  
English.

Will stands up straight, watching the wedding procession as they come down the aisle.

JIMMY.

(leans over to George)

What's gotten into Willy? He  
seems...not so douchey.

GEORGE.

It's your wedding day, man...he  
just wants it go off without a  
hitch.

JIMMY.

(thinks for a moment)

No...I'm pretty sure I know him  
better than that. Something else  
is up.

Jimmy stands back up straight.

The bridesmaids have all made their way to the front, on the opposite side of the groomsmen. As beautiful music plays, the flower girl makes her way down the aisle. The crowd hems and haws over the cuteness of the little girl. Then a little boy ring-bearer makes his way down the aisle.

JIMMY. (CONT'D)  
 (muttering)  
 God, the kids always upstage the  
 whole wedding, right?

Willy and George chuckle.

The music stops and the reverend makes his way to the stage and gestures for the audience to stand. The audience stands and immediately "Here Comes the Bride" begins via string quartet.

Evelyn appears and is gorgeous in a beautiful white wedding dress. Her father escorts her down the aisle and to the front of the stage.

REVEREND.  
 Who gives this woman away?

EVELYN'S FATHER.  
 (in a thick French accent)  
 Her mother and I do.

Evelyn's father lifts her veil and kisses her softly on the cheek, then he turns and makes his way to his chair on the front row.

Jimmy comes down and helps Evelyn up the 2-3 steps onto the stage, eventually landing right in front of the reverend.

REVEREND.  
 We are here today to join two  
 people into one.

Jimmy takes Evelyn's hand and the bride and groom stare lovingly at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. RECEPTION. EARLY EVENING

Dance music plays on the sound system as a DJ wears headphones, mixing beats.

A large parquet dance floor stretches out and around the dance floor are tables where people sit. A few people are still dancing, but it is a few hours after the wedding.

Jimmy and Evelyn sit at a table with Willy, Marcie, George and Penny. Jimmy's tie is loosened and his vest is unbuttoned...same with Willy and George. They are relaxed.

JIMMY.  
(raises a glass)  
To the best friends a man can have.

Everyone raises their glass

ALL.  
Here, here.

They all drink.

JIMMY.  
God, I think I've had one too many.

WILLY.  
Great wedding, Jimmy...Evelyn. You  
guys are beautiful today.

EVELYN.  
Today? How about every other day?

WILLY.  
(laughs)  
Jimmy's ugly as shit. But  
you...well, you're fucking  
beautiful, always.

MARCIE.  
Yes, Evelyn, beautiful...always.

JIMMY.  
So, George, what's the plan, now  
that you're part of the nouveau  
rich?

GEORGE.  
(laughs)  
Well, I'm not really sure yet,  
honestly. I'm thinking of  
investing in a business or two.

WILLY.  
Really, like what?

GEORGE.  
Well...I'm not sure yet...but I  
figure I should use my money for  
good so I don't just blow it.

MARCIE.  
George, you've done plenty of good  
already.

GEORGE.

(nervously)

Well, buying a Porsche is definitely good...but I looking for something with a little more back end, you know.

WILLY.

Drugs and whores. Great back end. Well, if you get the whores with nice back ends.

Everyone laughs and Marcie slaps Willy's arm

MARCIE.

Oh, my God, you're such a child.

GEORGE.

Yeah, I feel like I want to finally use my business training for something.

EVELYN.

And, Penny, what about you?

PENNY.

(thinks for a minute)

I honestly don't care, as long as I get to be with George.

Everyone nods.

WILLY.

God, that's the cheesiest shit, ever.

Marcie slaps his arm again and everyone laughs.

MARCIE.

You are such an asshole!

Everyone laughs and has a good time.

FADES TO:

INT. MORNING. GEORGE'S BEDROOM

We see an alarm clock. It reads "7:45". We move slowly over to the left to see a bed. We continue moving over to slowly reveal George sleeping on his stomach. We suddenly hear the alarm clock radio go off, playing "2 Legit 2 Quit" by MCHammer.

George stirs and slowly rolls over....to find Penny laying in bed.

GEORGE.  
Hello, baby.

PENNY.  
Oh, God your breath...

George jumps out of bed.

Music continues playing over the next few scenes.

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING. THE SHOWER.

We see George in the shower. He is singing along with the song as he lathers up his head in the shower.

GEORGE.  
2 legit! 2 legit to quit! Hey hey!

CUT TO:

INT. BOARD ROOM. DAY.

(2 Legit continues) George signs papers. As he finishes, a lawyer shakes his hand.

GEORGE.  
You now own your first Kroger franchise, Mr. Blackwell. Congratulations

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S APARTMENT'S DINING ROOM. NIGHT.

(2 Legit 2 Quit Continues) Penny writes checks, hands them to George who puts them in envelope's seals them and addresses them.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACHELLE'S MAILBOX. DAY

Rachelle pulls out mail, sees an envelope and opens it. She holds up a check.

We focus on the check from George Blackwell for \$10,000 made out to Rachelle Thornton. In the note section it reads "for boob job (or whatever)."

CUT TO:

EXT. RICKY'S MAILBOX. DAY

Ricky pulls out an envelope, acts surprised, opens it up and holds up a check. We focus on the check from George Blackwell for \$60,000 made out to Ricky Jones. In the note section it reads, "For your kid's education. Put it in a damn saving's account."

CUT TO:

INT. GEORGE'S BATHROOM. MORNING

George is drying off in the bathroom, still singing along with the "2 Legit 2 Quit"

CUT TO:

EXT. KEITH'S MAILBOX. DAY

Keith pulls out a large stack of mail from his mail box and walks towards his house. He stops and opens up one envelope. He pulls out a check from the envelope. We focus on the check from George Blackwell for \$10,000. In the note section it reads "Buy yourself a boat or something"

CUT TO:

EXT. AMOS'S MAILBOX. DAY

Amos opens up his mailbox and finds an envelope. He tears it open, angrily, muttering racist things about George. He opens up and sees the check. We focus on the check from George Blackwell for \$15,000. In the note section it reads "Fund some cause you believe...see? White people do good stuff, too!"

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET. MORNING

George rides his bike down the street, still singing along with "2 Legit"

CUT TO:

EXT. HECTOR'S MAILBOX. DAY

Hector opens up his mailbox and immediately tears open the envelope. We focus on a check from George Blackwell for \$12,000. In the note section it reads, "Pay off your stupid, gay car"

CUT TO:

EXT. GROCERY STORE. MORNING

(Music stops) George rides his bike, huffing and puffing into frame, riding as quickly as possible. As he nears the front door, a SmartCar screams around the parking lot, screeching to a halt right in front of George. George hits his brakes and swerves, missing the SmartCar narrowly. He stands up next to his bike as Hector jumps out of his car.

GEORGE.

Hector, I am your damn boss  
now...you can't try to hit me with  
a car!

HECTOR.

You paid for it, 'ese! I thought  
you might like to slide across it  
again!

GEORGE.

(shakes his head)  
Park your gay ass car and just get  
to work.

Hector pulls back his car in reverse out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY

George walks through the grocery store, waving and smiling and nodding at people as he goes.

GEORGE. (V.O.)  
I bought a couple of businesses. I  
bought a family-owned flower shop.

CUT TO:

INT. FLOWER SHOP. SAME

Penny works, cutting flowers, surrounded by various beautiful  
flower arrangements.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE. DAY

George continues walking through the grocery store

GEORGE. (V.O.)  
And I bought a grocery store. It  
just made sense. I loved my job,  
loved my co-workers. And I knew  
how the business went. I'll never  
be super wealthy running a grocery  
store...or a flower shop for that  
matter.

George walks into his office, turns on the lights, walks over  
to his chair and sits down.

GEORGE. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But for once...I'm happy. And  
that's all that matters.

FADE TO BLACK.

GEORGE. (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Life is hard and we know it. Love  
is even harder...and we know it.  
Shit happens, and we know it.  
We're fucked up and we know it.  
But when you find happiness and  
love and it works, we're lucky.  
And we know it.

THE END