

GREENER

by

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FADE IN

EXT. JAKE'S BACHELOR APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a Melrose Place type apartment complex.

INT. JAKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Confirmed bachelor JAKE SLOANE is preparing to go out for the evening. His apartment does not even have a hint of a feminine touch. It's a lion's den of machismo: trophies, movies posters, photos of fraternity type activities, etc.

Jake looks in the mirror and makes one final adjustment to his shirt and blazer.

JAKE (into mirror)
Happy Birthday, stud.

Jake sucks down the last of his beer and starts to head out. He seems somewhat morose, as if there's definitely something missing in his life.

The phone rings and he runs back and answers it abruptly.

JAKE (into telephone)
I'm out the door - I told you
bozos I'd be there in ten minutes!
(beat)
Hello? Stacey? Oh jeez, I'm
sorry... no, it's just that I'm
late...
(beat)
No, I obviously don't have a
date - you think that I'd call my
date a "bozo"?
(beat)
Yes, I know I called you worse
but...
(beat)
I'm just going down to meet the
guys and...
(beat)
Thanks. Yeah, if you want to come
over later...
(beat)
Well, we can talk about it in the
morning...

Jake holds the receiver away from his ear as Stacey screams at him.

JAKE (into telephone)
(continuing)
OK, OK, I don't need a diagram: I understand the way you feel... it just would be nice to see you again...
(beat)
Yeah, sure, I'll go shopping for a engagement ring right after the check arrives from Mister Pulitzer! Hello? Hello? Stacey?! Stacey?!!

She hung up on him. He shakes his head.

JAKE
Yeah, happy birthday...

He heads out as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a quaint house in the suburbs, white picket fence, etc.

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake's twin brother, JEREMY SLOANE, is in his pajamas thumbing through a stack of Accounting Journals when his wife SHERI enters in her pajamas.

SHERI
Are you coming to bed, dear?

Jeremy is immersed in these fascinating articles and barely notices his wife.

JEREMY
Just one minute...

There marriage is stale, rigor mortis is beginning to set in but both of them are too complacent to do anything about it.

Sheri just kinda frowns and moves off towards the bedroom as we...

CUT TO:

INT. BAR NONE - NIGHT

Jake enters and is greeted by his buddies, MATT, SAM, BRIAN, and EVAN.

MATT

Here he is, the man of the hour...

Evan looks down at his watch.

EVAN

Hey, your birthday is in five minutes - c'mon, lemme buy you a drink.

They signal to the BARTENDER who lines up five shots of Jack Daniels. The Men hold up their shots and toast Jake.

SAM

To the bimbo magnet of the century, Jake Sloane.

MATT

May he die a bachelor!

BRIAN

Amen.

EVAN

Amen.

The Men shoot their shots back.

JAKE

C'mon, lets go to work.

Jake turns and looks over his shoulder. There's a room full of sultry young WOMEN. All of them are kinda eyeing Jake - it's truly astonishing. He appears to be able to have his pick of the litter. He's extremely non-chalant about all this - it's just something beyond his control: he really is some kind of bimbo magnet.

One of them, NANCY, heads towards Jake.

EVAN

Never ceases to amaze me...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jeremy walks up the stairs and peaks his head slowly into his son RYAN's room.

JEREMY

Jesus...

INT. RYAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

RYAN (14) quickly starts hitting various "close" and "off" and "shut down" on his computer but he just can't get those pictures of naked women off of his screen quickly enough.

Jeremy enters.

JEREMY

You should be sleeping, it's almost midnight.

RYAN

Uh... I just wanted to stay up to wish you happy birthday, dad.

JEREMY

Thanks, Ryan, but listen: the best present you could give me would be to spend a little less time on the porn and a little more on the homework - y'know what I mean?

RYAN (a little ashamed)

OK, dad.

JEREMY

Get some sleep. I'll see you in the morning.

RYAN

Good night.

Jeremy exits.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BAR NONE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jake appears to be wiping some lipstick off of his collar when Nancy slithers up his body and pops into frame. Yes, she just went down on him. And he barely even noticed it. She may as well just have shook his hand. OFF we faintly hear a zipper close.

NANCY

Happy birthday, Jake.

JAKE

Thanks...

NANCY

Nancy... but everyone calls me Nance.

JAKE

Nance, you want to come home with me? We can cuddle all night and I'll make you a great breakfast...

NANCY

What kind of a girl do you think I am??? I barely know you.

JAKE

But...

NANCY

Just kidding.

(beat)

But no thanks. I got to get up
early tomorrow. Can I take a
raincheck?

JAKE

Sure.

NANCY

Really, happy birthday, big boy!

She heads out.

Jake just smiles as he looks across the bathroom at his face
in the mirror. "Is this all life has to offer, a birthday
blow-job in the bathroom at Bar None?" Jake's expression says
to us. Really, he should be a little happier - most people
don't even get that.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeremy enters his bedroom to find Sheri deep asleep with some
kind of horrible eye-patch massager thing and cold cream on
her face that makes her look like Frankenstein.

He looks down at his watch: midnight.

JEREMY

Asleep, honey?

Jeremy taps his watch face a few times to try to get Sheri to
realize that it's his birthday.

No response - she just rolls over - away from him.

JEREMY

(continuing)

Guess so.

Jeremy looks over and finds an odd yellow tie with a note on
it.

He picks it up and reads the note:

Don't forget your dentist appointment on Saturday morning.
Happy Birthday!

Jeremy holds up the tie and makes a disapproving face at it.

JEREMY
(continuing; beat)
Yeah, happy birthday...

Jeremy seems somewhat morose, as if there's definitely something missing in his life. He climbs into bed and shuts off the light as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Jeremy wakes up and looks over at Sheri and thinks about waking her but she tucks her head even deeper into her pillow. He gets out of bed and heads downstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Jake gets up - alone - and rubs his aching head and jaw. There's apparently something wrong with his teeth that he's trying to figure out as he gets out of bed.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jeremy enters and pours himself a bowl of High Fiber Raisin Bran.

The label reads:

The Breakfast Cereal that keeps you Regular!!!

He picks up the phone and starts to dial a number as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Jake pours himself a bowl of Grape Nuts, pours the milk, then picks up the newspaper. He casually spoons a mouthful of the crunchy nuggets into his mouth when BAM! A sharp spike shoots down from a rotten tooth to his feet. He practically falls over from the pain emitted by the nerves in his face.

JAKE
Fuck!

The phone rings. He picks it up.

JAKE
(continuing)
Who the fuck would call me this early on my birthday, besides my twin brother???

START INTERCUT

JEREMY

Happy Birthday, Jake.

JAKE

Happy Birthday, Jeremy.

JEREMY

So are you coming for dinner or
are you going to bail out like you
normally do?

JAKE

No, no... I'm coming. How long is
the drive again?

JEREMY

About four hours. Listen, I made
plane reservations if you're a
little tight.

JAKE

No no, I like driving; it takes my
mind off things...

Jake's broke but too proud to take his brother up on his
offer.

JEREMY

We have dinner reservations for
eight o'clock so don't be late or
Sheri'll blow a gasket... you're
going to spend the weekend - right?

JAKE

Sure. Is Ryan coming to dinner?

JEREMY

Tonight's the first night that
we're letting him stay home
without a babysitter. You can see
him tomorrow.

(beat)

You and I haven't celebrated our
birthday together in - how long
has it been?

JAKE

A long time.

JEREMY

Are you OK? You don't sound well.

He caresses his cheek to try to get some of the swelling
inside his mouth to go down.

JAKE

Peachy. You?

JEREMY

I'm fine. Just a little
frustrated... bored.

JAKE

Well, take a number...

JEREMY

Stop, you're going to make me cry.
At least you still get laid, I bet.

Jake's doorbell rings.

JAKE

Hold on a minute...

Jake heads for and opens the door. It's BUNNY, an incredibly
sexy young girl who's practically falling out of her dress.

BUNNY

Hi, Jakey-poo! Happy birthday!
I've got a big big big birthday
surprise for you tonight!

Jake lets her in, gives her a peck on the cheek, then turns
his attention back to the phone.

Jeremy can hear her voice.

JEREMY

Lemme guess...

JAKE

Listen, I'll be there tonight...

JEREMY

Are you bringing her?

Jake looks over at Bunny - prancing around.

JAKE

Probably...

JEREMY

Is it Stacey, the woman you used
to tell us all about, that
fantastic writer?

JAKE

Nah... she's such a ballbuster.
Always wanting me to change...
take my feet off the furniture...
weird shit like that...

JEREMY

So you traded her in for a newer
model - lower maintenance, better
mileage, right?

Across the room Bunny rips her dress off over her head and
stands there in a Victoria's Secret outfit burning for
attention. Jake lifts his eyebrows.

JAKE

Something like that. Uh... I
gotta go. I have the address so
we'll be there for dinner...

He hangs up as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jeremy is bored to tears at his accounting job. He sits
behind his desk staring off into space. There's a knock on
the door and CATHERINE (30), his secretary, enters.

Jeremy doesn't even notice her or pay attention to her. He
just stares out the window - probably fantasizing about the
way he thought his life was going to turn out...

CATHERINE

Winston would like to see you in
the conference room.

JEREMY

Damn... what is it? Can't you
tell him that I'm busy?

CATHERINE

It sounded kinda important,
Jeremy...

JEREMY

OK.

CUT TO:

INT. JAKE'S CAR - DAY

Jake cruises down the highway while Bunny switches between
Britney Spears and Backstreet Boys on the radio.

Jake still periodically massages his cheek in order to deal
with the toothache.

BUNNY

Omigod, like this is my favorite
song... you like it?

JAKE

Oh yeah...

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jeremy enters and his boss, WINSTON, is standing there holding a cheap birthday cake.

All of his CO-WORKERS and their SECRETARIES including Catherine force out a "surprise" while expending as little energy as humanly possible.

WINSTON

Happy Birthday, Jeremy...

And they gather around him to perfunctorily pat him on the back before grabbing their cake and heading back to their demanding jobs. It's really kinda sad - there's definitely a profound lack of love and genuine intimacy in the room.

Just Catherine is left standing there helping Jeremy clean up his own cake when Sheri and Ryan knock on the door.

SHERI

We checked in your office but you weren't there... Hi Catherine.

JEREMY

Mister Winston got a cake for me.

SHERI

Yeah, happy birthday. We were just downstairs at Ryan's therapist so I just thought we'd stop by to say 'hi'.

Catherine exits leaving them alone.

JEREMY

How are you?

SHERI

Splitting headache. But besides that I'm fine.

RYAN

Happy birthday, dad.

JEREMY

Thanks. How did it go today?

RYAN

It's weird. The guy just listens. Doesn't say anything.

(beat)
Is that really supposed to help
me? I may as well talk to the
wall...

JEREMY
Whatever it takes to keep your
grades up. That's all I care
about.

SHERI
Well, we're going home now. Is
your brother going to make it or
did he call to cancel as usual?

JEREMY
No no, he'll be here.

SHERI
Is he bringing one of his nieces
again?

JEREMY
Unless you have a daughter that I
don't know about then my brother
doesn't have any nieces.

SHERI
Those bimbos he goes out with are
so young...

Jeremy eyes Ryan starting to salivate at the carnal nature of
the discussion and he clears his throat and changes the
subject.

JEREMY
(to Ryan)
And you'll be alright home alone
tonight, young man?

RYAN
Those baby-sitters were whack.
I'm way too old to have a
babysitter...

Jeremy and Sheri just look at each other with parental
disbelief.

SHERI (to Ryan)
Well, I don't want you spending
all night on the Internet. Why
don't you read a book?

RYAN
I just have to finish this big
project and then I'll... yeah, I
could maybe read a book.

JEREMY (hopeful)
A project - for school?

RYAN
Uh, yeah - for school.

It's not for school. Sheri knows he's lying and frowns.

SHERI
Ryan, why don't you wait outside?
I'll be there in a minute.

Ryan heads out.

SHERI
(continuing)
Listen, Jeremy, what the hell has
been wrong with you lately? You
are not contributing to this
marriage and you're certainly not
making a difference in Ryan's life
either.

JEREMY
If that's not the pot calling the
kettle black I don't know what is!
I don't think you've been putting
much effort into our family life
either!

SHERI
That's just like you to point the
finger at me. But just remember,
when you point the finger at
someone there are three fingers
still pointing back at you!

She storms out as Jeremy stands there inspecting his three
fingers. All of the passion has evaporated from their
marriage and now they're barely even friends.

CUT TO:

INT. PEACHTREE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The identical twins sit in front of their Birthday Cake while
the WAITERS and WAITRESSES disperse after singing Happy
Birthday.

Sheri forces a smile and gives Jeremy a peck on the cheek.

SHERI
Happy Birthday, Jeremy.
(beat)
You too, Jake.

We can tell by her voice that Sheri isn't as thrilled to see Jake as Jeremy is.

JEREMY (to Sheri)
Thanks, honey.

BUNNY
Yes, you too, Jakey-poo, happy birthday!

Bunny looks so sexy that you think she's about to break into "Happy Birthday, Mister President" but instead she just wraps her arms around Jake and starts giving him tiny kisses on his neck.

As she leans over the table Jeremy can see right down Bunny's cleavage to her belly-button ring. His eyes are glued on the untethered luscious breasts floating around her blouse.

Sheri is disgusted - she gives him a sharp sudden elbow deep into his ribs to get his attention.

JEREMY
Hey!!!

SHERI
Sorry... muscle spasm...

She's not sorry.

Bunny finally sits back down.

SHERI
(continuing)
Listen, I'm worried about leaving Ryan without a babysitter for the first time. Can we leave now?

JEREMY
But honey...

JAKE
Five minutes, Sheri; Jeremy and I haven't celebrated our birthday together in a long time. We have to do our traditional birthday shots like when we were kids and then you can drive him home and tuck him in.

SHERI
OK, you two little boys go lubricate yourselves while Bunny and I catch up on nuclear physics without attracting too much attention to ourselves.

Bunny giggles while Jake and Jeremy are taken aback by the way Sheri barks out commands.

CUT TO:

INT. PEACHTREE RESTAURANT/BAR - NIGHT

Jake and Jeremy sit at the bar drowning their sorrows.

JEREMY

Bartender, four tequilas, please.
Doubles.

(to Jake)

We have to work fast. It's good
to see you again, Jake.

JAKE

Yeah, I know I've been busy
lately, traveling alot.

JEREMY

Dad sent me that article you wrote
on percentage chances of getting
laid at Club Med for men with two
legs. I bet that took alot of
research, Shakespeare.

JAKE

It's not as much fun as it used to
be...

Jeremy pantomimes the tiniest violin in the world.

JEREMY

That's about all the sympathy
you're going to get from me.

JAKE

Listen, times have changed: chicks
today would just as soon give you
a hummer as shake your hand - it's
a new form of currency. The whole
world has gone mad.

Chin chin - they shoot the first shots back.

JEREMY

What's a hummer?

Jake shakes his head in disbelief.

JAKE

Hummmmmmm, hummmmmmm... it's the
sound she makes when she's going
down on you.

JEREMY

Yeah, well, the last time that sound was heard in my house it was Sheri alone in the shower when she forgot the words to the song she was singing...

JAKE

Not even a little birthday nookie this morning?

JEREMY

I got a yellow tie. I guess it's some kinda consolation prize.

JAKE

Yeah, well, I may still be able to pick the occasional bone-smoker out of a crowded smoky bar but there ain't no love there... I'm telling you, no intimacy. I'm living a bad porno movie...

JEREMY

Stop, really, I'm getting all misty.

Jeremy wipes a fake tear from his eye.

JAKE

Fuck you.

JEREMY

You think there's love in my life? I mean, my kid's a freakshow and my wife barely speaks to me anymore. Just grunts: "More this, less that, be there, eat this, fix car, call him, wear that, say this... ugghhhh." Sometimes I feel like a dancing bear in a circus...

(beat)

And what happened to Stacey - you made her sound so great?

JAKE

She hit that age.

JEREMY

You mean our age?

JAKE

That's the one. "Shit or get off the pot" was her romantic way of putting it.

JEREMY

The ring, house, kids...?

JAKE

Whole kit 'n caboodle... she wanted it all and she wanted it yesterday, so she gave me the "wild oats" speech.

JEREMY

What's that?

JAKE (imitating a woman)

"You go sow your wild oats and if I'm still available when you come crawling back to me - when you realize I was the best thing to ever enter your miserable little life..." Do you know how many fucking times I've heard that speech?

JEREMY

Sounds harsh...

They both look over at Bunny as if she just stepped out of a centerfold - which she did. She's displaying her new belly-button accoutrement to Sheri who could give a flying fuck... Sheri shoots back another shot.

JAKE

That's why I went back to basics: eat, drink, sex, sleep.

JEREMY

But not in that particular order...

The brothers laugh together.

BEAT

JAKE

So what about mom? How is she?

JEREMY

The Alzheimers is really starting to take hold on her - every time she comes over for dinner at the end of the meal she asks for the check. It's really bizarre. I told them you were coming into town and they said that they would come over Monday night for dinner. They went to some senior citizen weekend retreat upstate.

JAKE

"Salad Bar Strategies for the New

Millennium" or just your basic
tree hugging course?

JEREMY

Could be your next story: "Senior
Citizen Sex Farms."

JAKE

That is not a mental image that I
want to carry around in my head.
I'll stick to stories on America's
youth.

They both look over to Bunny still falling out of her dress.
Sheri and Bunny shoot back two fizzy shots, cream on the top.
Looks like Bunny is now teaching Sheri how to do shots
without using her hands.

JEREMY

Really, I'm glad you're in town
for our birthday.

JAKE

I just thought it was time to
catch up face to face.

The tequilas arrive and Jake lifts his glass.

JAKE

(continuing)
To our birthday.

They toast.

JAKE

(continuing)
When we were teenagers, I thought
we were immortal. In our
twenties, I thought we were
invincible. The last few years,
I was just happy to take a normal
dump. If I make through the next
twelve months it'll be a small
miracle.

JEREMY

What are you talking about?
That's the one thing we can both
be thankful about: our health.

They shoot back the shots and Jake signals the bartender for
two more shots.

JAKE

Yeah, right.

A beat.

JAKE

(continuing)

Last week I got up in the middle of the night and I must've sat on the throne for an hour. When I was finally done it had zapped so much energy from me that I almost fainted, barely made it back to bed...

JEREMY

Raisin Bran, brother - the ancient Egyptians ate it and they took the best craps ever. One bowl every morning and you'll be right as rain.

Jeremy's rocked - he's talking bullshit.

JAKE

I think I have colon cancer, or an enlarged prostate, or something worse. My whole mechanism is shot.

JEREMY

Well, go see a doctor, for godssakes.

JAKE

Are you crazy? I'm freelance. I haven't had health insurance in ten years. I can't afford to see a doctor. And look at this tooth.

He shows Jeremy a molar. Jeremy winces.

JAKE

(continuing)

Rotten all the way through. Needs like a root canal or something. It'll be at least two grand.

Jeremy can't believe his ears. He reflects for a beat.

JEREMY

Listen, this is crazy but Sheri made my annual dental appointment for tomorrow morning...

JAKE

Yeah, so?

JEREMY

You take it. I can't help your colon out but my teeth are fine.

He shows him his pearly whites. As the light from the 12K bounces off Jeremy's blinding white teeth, OFF we hear CLING like in a cheesy 70s toothpaste commercial.

JAKE
Y'know, that's a great idea.
Thanks. I'm gonna take you up on
it. That's the best birthday
present you could give me.

They clink their shot glasses and shoot them back.

JAKE
(continuing)
Bartender, refills, please.

The BARTENDER obliges.

JAKE
(continuing)
So now what can I give you as a
birthday present?

Jeremy looks over and watches Bunny in SLOW MOTION lean deep over the table with her hands behind her back, engulf a shot glass in her lips, and toss it back. She looks like a moving Victoria Secret's catalogue.

JEREMY (disingenously)
Nothing, I'm fine.

After a BEAT Jeremy leans in to whisper as if he's confessing a terrible secret.

JEREMY
Jesus, y'know... I hate to admit
it but I still can't look at a
girl over the age of eighteen
without thinking "Somewhere in
those pants is a beautiful
little...

JAKE
Jackie O.

JEREMY
Jackie O? What's that?

JAKE
That's what Bunny calls her...

Jake points to his crotch.

Jeremy almost falls off his stool.

JEREMY
Jeez... Jackie O. I'll drink to

that.

JAKE

To Jackie O.

JEREMY

To Jackie O.

Jeremy gulps his shot and Jake follows suit.

Sheri approaches - by her staggering we can tell that Bunny ordered one too many rounds of shots - she's completely wrecked, slurring her words, etc.

SHERI

Bunny and I solved world hunger,
peace in the Middle East, rain
forest stuff, and ozone layer
too... Should we move on to the
oil crisis or can we go home now,
please???

Jeremy and Jake just look on with disbelief.

Sheri falls over into Jeremy - this is probably as intimate as he has been with her in years - and he just kinda props her back and gives her a pat on the cheek to wake her up. She regains consciousness...

SHERI

(continuing)

Jake, you're my favorite brother
in-law and I always loved you like
a brother - in-law - but if I have
to spend five more seconds with
your latest disposable pom-pom
girl I'm going to shoot myself.

Jeremy looks at Jake and gives a look that says, "Are you sure about this?" Jake massages his rotten tooth and raises his eyebrows.

CUT TO:

INT. PEACHTREE RESTAURANT/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Jeremy strip out of their clothing as quickly as possible.

JEREMY

You're sure this will work for
you?

JAKE

Dude, look at this tooth. I mean,
it's a little like pimping - me
exchanging Jackie O for a free

trip to the dentist - but I think everyone would agree that it's one of those victimless crimes...

JEREMY

Tomorrow afternoon we switch back.

JAKE

No problem.

JEREMY

Really, you don't know how much I appreciate this.

Being with one woman for fifteen years - goddamn, I'm gonna give Jackie O the ride of her life.

They switch shirts.

JAKE

Wait-a-second: you mean you've really been completely faithful to Sheri for FIFTEEN YEARS???

JEREMY (embarrassed)

Yeah...

JAKE

How is that possible? What about that smoking secretary in your office?

JEREMY

Catherine?

JAKE

The last time I was here - I saw the way she looks at you.

JEREMY

You're dreaming. She wouldn't even give me the time of day if I weren't her boss...

JAKE

Right under your nose. They're practically ripping off their panties and throwing them at you and you don't even notice. Unbelievable.

JEREMY

The last girl I slept with before Sheri was Karen Wassermann and she gave me a dose...

JAKE

You mean some girls don't???

They switch pants.

JEREMY

Excuse me?

JAKE

Don't worry about it, just remember that in the last fifteen years since you've been married, times have changed...

Anyway, you're a better man than I am... I can't take it anymore... I'm gonna crash out in the backyard and read a book.

JEREMY

Right after you mow the lawn...

JAKE

Really?

JEREMY

I'm sorry but Saturday is...

They finish dressing.

JAKE

Sorry? Don't be sorry. I haven't mowed a lawn in fifteen years. It'll be like smelling my old baseball mitt or going back to the old school parking lot where we used to...

JEREMY

God, I never realized you were so romantic...

JAKE

Romantic? You're the romantic, JFK...

JEREMY

To Jackie O.

JAKE

To Jackie O.

(beat)

Oh yeah, one last thing: sometimes these young girls like Bunny like to bring along some of her "friends" - kids today, they're into that bisexual stuff... she

said that she had some kinda
surprise planned tonight, so just
be prepared to not get much sleep.

They exchange wallets and keys and check their new licenses.
Jeremy is trying to contain his enthusiasm.

JEREMY

Yeah, so...? I don't see the
problem there. I can sleep when
I'm dead - right?

JAKE

Don't jump ahead of yourself,
Jeremy, you've got your family to
take care of...

JEREMY

Right...

Jeremy slides his wedding ring off of his finger and slides
it onto Jake's.

JEREMY

(continuing)

"With this ring, you be wed, my
brother."

Jeremy holds up a fake glass.

JEREMY

(continuing)

To a fabulous 24 hours... "Jeremy"!

JAKE

To the perfect root canal, "Jake"!

They hug then head for the door as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKROADS - NIGHT

A brand-new Cadillac slowly winds its way through these curvy
dark road screeching around every turn.

INT. JEREMY'S CAR - NIGHT

Close on Jake's terror stricken face.

SHERI

Jeremy, I thought that you said
you weren't loaded.

Sheri is still slurring her words. She's totally fucked-up.

JAKE

I'm not.

SHERI

Well you're driving like a grandmother who took too much cough medicine. Watch the road.

JAKE

Uh... I'm just tired. And I'm only driving because you're so drunk that you couldn't even write your name in the sand with a stick.

SHERI

You shouldn't have left me alone with that retarded walking trampoline, bimbo, blow-up-doll with life-like Coppertone skin.

JAKE

No kid gloves, Sher, tell us how you really feel about Bunny.

She spits Bunny's name with utter disgust.

SHERI

"Bunny..."

(beat)

She kept on ordering things called Blow Jobs and Sexes on the Beach and Screaming Orgasms in Your Ass. Or is it Sex on the Beaches? Sexes, sex, sexes, sex... I dunno.

(beat)

Anyway, oh, speaking of which, you want your birthday present now?

JAKE

Another yellow tie... really, Sheri...

SHERI

You know I always like to save the best for last...

She unbuttons the top buttons from her blouse. Jake becomes truly afraid - he hasn't been with a woman over 25 in a year and has absolutely no interest in his brother's wife.

JAKE

Listen, Sheri, it's really not necessary - whatever it is - so just let me concentrate on driving home safely.

SHERI

But you loved it so much last

year... you said that it was so good that you would tell your grandchildren about it... I mean, if Ryan doesn't sterilize himself by spending every waking hour in front of his computer.

JAKE

Why don't we just save whatever it is until we get home in one piece...?

She pulls out an ice-bucket from the back seat.

JAKE

(continuing)

Oh fantastic, more drinks - just what we need...

She shakes her head 'no'.

SHERI

After the next turn, in front of the Bronson's house there's that straightaway...

Jake has no idea what she's talking about.

JAKE

Thanks, Misses Triple A.

SHERI

Did you see what they did to their shrubbery, the Bronson's... it's so awful... so tasteless...? They're making our neighborhood look like a fucking trailer park... those white trash bitches...

Jake is truly shocked by her language but Sheri's so fucked up, just mumbling - swaying in her seat. Jake is terrified.

Sheri opens the ice bucket and psychotically crams a handful of crushed ice into her mouth - there's a glint in her eyes, a certain inebriated lusty sparkle.

Jake looks at her and is genuinely frightened.

JAKE

Oh no... Sheri, I don't...

She reaches in and moves her head towards his crotch...

JAKE

(continuing)

Hey hey hey... what happened to

your headache!

JAKE PUSHES HER HEAD AWAY AND THE CAR SWERVES.

Jake concentrates on getting control of the car as...

Sheri bobs around for a second and then passes out cold.

She slumps into the corner of the passenger seat while spitting and spilling crushed ice all over herself and the car like a busted coke machine.

JAKE (to himself)
Perfect... fucking perfect!

JAKE REGAINS CONTROL OF THE CAR AND STARES OUT THE WINDOW

JAKE'S POV: THE BRONSON'S SHRUBBERY

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

PULL BACK SUDDENLY FROM A SHRUBBERY ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.

Jake's beat-up old SAAB cruises down the highway at 90 miles an hour.

INT. JAKE'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON JEREMY'S BLINDFOLDED FACE AS BUNNY FLIES DOWN THE HIGHWAY WITH THE WINDOWS OPEN, SMOKING A PERFECTLY ROLLED JAY, AND SWITCHING RADIO STATIONS EVERY FIVE SECONDS BETWEEN BLARING BACKSTREET BOYS AND BRITNEY SPEARS TUNES AS IF SHE HAD THE WORST CASE OF A.D.D. EVER REPORTED.

Jeremy is trying desperately to look out under the blindfold but he can't see shit.

BUNNY
You seem a little nervous, Jakey-poo. You don't have some kinda trust issue - do ya?

JEREMY
No, I'm just not used to being blindfolded and handcuffed in a deathmobile being driven by...

He stops himself.

BUNNY
What - I can't hear you? Just take one of these.

She pulls a pill out of her pocket and shoves it in his mouth.

JEREMY

What is it?

BUNNY

Just a little something to get you
ready for Jackie O and her merry
band of...

JEREMY

A breathmint?

BUNNY

Yeah, a breathmint.

Bunny floors it as Jeremy leans back to try to enjoy the ride
as we...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sheri is passed out in her clothing on her side of the bed
when Jake wakes and looks out the window at the sun dancing
off of the grass that he has to cut. He smiles. In the
background we hear birds chirping and the other mellow sounds
of suburban heaven.

EXT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake exits the house and joyously takes a big whiff of the
overgrown lawn. He sweeps his hand down and feels the dew on
the grass.

JUANITA (50), their maid, comes around the corner.

JUANITA

Oh, good morning, Mister Sloane.
And happy birthday.

JAKE

Thank you...

He doesn't know or remember her name.

They both look into a window and are shocked.

Juanita smiles.

JUANITA

Boys will be boys...

JAKE

Excuse me?

JUANITA

You should tell him the one about going blind... you know, from too much yerking off. That's what I tell my boys. Three or four times a day is healthy but Ryan... well, it's none of my business. Good day, Mister Sloane.

Jake is aghast, shocked. He leans in closer to try to get a peak at what Ryan is looking at on the computer screen. He winces when he sees it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL ROOM/CABO SAN LUCAS BEACH - DAY

Jeremy slowly awakes in this staid hotel room.

BUNNY (V.O.)

Like, those guys were like total bungholes saying that it was illegal or something to bring an unconscious person on an airplane. As if.

PAMMY (V.O.)

As if.

MANDI (V.O.)

Like they'd never seen a guy on quaaludes before.

The girls giggle together - he he he.

Jeremy raises his head and can't believe his eyes.

BUNNY

As if.

PAMMY

Like totally.

Bunny paints MANDI'S toenails while PAMMY shaves the corners off of Jackie O. All of them are wearing dental floss string bikinis. It's like the dressing room of Baywatch times fifty.

PAMMY

(continuing)

Are you sure you want that Hitler moustache thing happening? I would leave the top and bottom and

keep Jackie O like that. Or maybe
do more of that V for Victory
thing like my mom has...

Pammy pulls Bunny's bikini aside and pats Jackie O down.
Jeremy tries to talk but can't. The live mental image is too
intense. He reaches for a glass of water and starts patting
the cold water onto his eyes then he drinks some. When he
clears his throat the girls notice him.

BUNNY

Oh baby baby baby!!! Happy
birthday again!!! This is
Pammy... and this is Mandi!!!
"Velcome to fantasy island!!!"

The three girls start cheering raucously as if the high
school football team just scored the winning touchdown.

JEREMY

Where... where am I?

The girls giggle in unison - he he he. It's scary.

BUNNY

Omigod, like, you're in Cabo St.
Lucas, Jakey-poo!

Jeremy sits up and looks out the window - just beach and
ocean for miles. He rubs his eyes.

Pammy blow dries the polish on Mandi's toes and then licks
her leg slowly from her ankle to her crotch. Jeremy's heart
is about to burst out of his chest.

BUNNY

(continuing)

Like, I'm having an episode so I
didn't want you to miss out on
some super snatch on your birthday
so I figured I'd invite some
friends down for you. I'll just
watch. And maybe lick a little.

The girls giggle together again.

JEREMY

What kind of episode - like
epilepsy? You look fine.

BUNNY

You know, like, herpes, silly. I
told you. Because now like I'm
operating with like total
integrity so I gotta tell everyone
about the herps right off...

The 3 girls nod in unison like the Supremes singing "Stop in the Name of Love." Diana Ross could burst out of an armoire any second.

Jeremy is genuinely horrified.

JEREMY

Yes, herpes, silly me. I forgot... but the total integrity is a good thing, I think.

BUNNY

We were just getting ready to take a swim but if you want to slap on a wetsuit...

She tosses a condom onto the bed and then starts acting really sexy. Jeremy picks up the condom as if he hasn't seen one in years - or ever.

BUNNY

(continuing)

Then Mandi and Pammy will show you a new meaning for the word 'love.'

Jeremy places the condom daintily on the nighttable.

JEREMY

Yeah, OK... maybe later.

Bunny comes over to Jeremy and whispers seductively in his ear.

BUNNY

And then next week - if you're a good little boy - I'll let you treat Jackie O like the bitch that she is. He he he...

CUT TO:

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Doctor Feingold enters and finds Jake in the chair.

DENTIST

Jeremy, how have you been?

JAKE

OK, doc... you?

DENTIST

6 below par. Sometimes when I'm on the back 9 I get so happy I feel like I'm gonna blow my load in my pants. Open wide.

Jake opens and the Dentist shoves some implements of destruction into his mouth.

DENTIST
(continuing)
How's your game?

Jake wouldn't know a golf club if he tripped over one.

JAKE
Mumble mumble mumble... Tiger
Woods... mumble mumble mumble...
Jack Niclaus...

DENTIST
Fantastic! Could you believe that
birdie on the 17th... I swear, I'm
never happier in my whole life
than when I'm watching the PGA
tour.

Jeremy and the Dentist must go way back because the Dentist treats him like a good 'ol boy. The Dentist looks deeper into the abyss. He spots the dreaded festering molar.

He holds up last year's x-ray and squints at it.

DENTIST
(continuing)
Jesus, Jer, I've never seen teeth
decline so fast - they don't even
look like your freakin' teeth
anymore. Have you been brushing
with rock candy and coca cola???

Jake just forces a smile as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. CABO SAN LUCAS BEACH - DAY

Bunny, Mandi, and Pammy play volleyball in the sand. Jeremy looks on with amazement.

JEREMY'S POV: THREE PLAYBOY BUNNIES PRANCING WITH A BALL IN SLOW MOTION ON THE BEACH LIKE IN THE MOST PAINFUL BAYWATCH EPISODE EVER FILMED, BOOBS BOUNCING EVERYWHERE - SOMEONE COULD LOSE AN EYE.

Jeremy is broken from his reverie by the ball which rolls over to him. Bunny comes over, picks it up and throws it back over to the girls.

MANDI
Whoopee!

PAMMY
Yippee!

Bunny sits down next to Jeremy. Mandi and Pammy head into

the water. SPLASH SPLASH.

BUNNY

Listen, Jakey-poo, I know that yesterday was your birthday and all but I have like something to tell you.

JEREMY

Yes, darling.

BUNNY

Like I'm not really into this bisexual stuff anymore. I think like it was just a phase.

Jeremy tries to be understanding. He pats her on the knee like an understanding father would.

JEREMY

Well, everyone goes through phases, dear. It's alright...

BUNNY

That's so cool of you. I knew you'd understand.

(beat)

I mean, like, Mandi and I are like totally in love... and she doesn't want me sleeping with boys anymore...

Mandi emerges in SLOW MOTION from the water and swings her wet hair back like one of Charlie's Angels. She winks over at Bunny.

Bunny blows her a kiss.

Jeremy understands that Bunny is breaking up with Jake.

JEREMY

Right, well, maybe it would be best to discuss this when we get back home. I mean...

BUNNY

Pammy is flying out after lunch on a private jet with the guy she met at the taco stand and Mandi and I got a separate room... but I don't think she'll mind if you want to come over and watch...

Bunny gets up and starts to run towards Mandi dragging her back into the water.

BUNNY (yelling)

Have a great weekend, Jake! And
don't forget the 30 lotion or
you'll get fried like a french fry!

Off Jeremy's disappointed face we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The Dentist holds up the new x-ray. It looks absolutely monstrous compared to the old one.

Jake is half unconscious and his face is totally numb with novocaine.

He eyes the x-ray which goes in and out of focus according to the intensity of the drugs coursing through Jake's veins.

JAKE

What's that freakin' golf tee
doing in my... in my face...?

DENTIST

Congratulations, Jeremy, you're
the proud owner of a new root
canal. Now it may be a tad
"sensitive" for a day or two but
then it should feel just great.
Hey, you wanna meet me at the
driving range for cocktails on
Thursday? Janey's got girlscouts
or cubscouts - some kinda scout
thing...

Jake points to the x-ray. He looks like he's gonna cry.

JAKE

That spiky thing goes through my
cheek right up to my eye...

Jake feels his face. It's Play-do.

DENTIST

Well, what the hell did you think
a root canal was? We took out the
root and replaced it with a
synthetic polymer - yes, come to
think of it, not unlike a golf
tee - so that you could keep that
rotten tooth a few more years.

JAKE

That doesn't seem right.

Jake gets up out of the chair - he's woozy and unsteady.

DENTIST

Well, in your next life you can remember to floss your teeth, which for most people is easy because you don't have to remember to floss all of them.

JAKE

Really? Which ones do I have to floss?

DENTIST

Just the ones you want to keep.

(beat)

Now what about Thursday?

The Dentist escorts Jake out as we...

CUT TO:

INT. CABO SAN LUCAS AIRPORT - DAY

Jeremy is at the counter desperately trying to get a flight out.

The COUNTERGIRL hands his ticket back to him and speaks to him in a thick Mexican/Spanish accent.

COUNTERGIRL

I'm sorry, Mister Sloane, but this is a stand-by ticket with the lowest priority possible and...

JEREMY

Listen, you don't understand, I have to go home immediately...

The Countergirl leans over the counter to tell Jeremy a secret.

COUNTERGIRL

I'm sorry but... I don't know who you sleep with to get this voucher but it's not worth the cheap paper it's printed on. You should feel lucky that you even got a flight down here.

Jeremy can't believe his ears. The muscles in his face are drawn so taut that they may crack. Like Clint Eastwood dosed on crystal meth.

JEREMY

Look at my face: can't you tell how lucky I feel?

She doesn't appreciate his sarcasm. She stands back up.

COUNTERGIRL

Now, as I was saying, "Señor", all of the outbound flights from Cabo have been overbooked until next Friday...

JEREMY

Friday???

COUNTERGIRL

There's one middle seat left on the Friday flight that leaves at 4:30 in the morning. Cabo is a very popular place with young single people...

She looks down at his naked ring finger.

COUNTERGIRL

(continuing)

Like yourself.

Jeremy pulls his hand out of view.

The Countergirl gives him a wink that says, "Relax, go get laid."

COUNTERGIRL

(continuing)

Now, because it's a stand-by ticket I suggest you come to the airport around 1:30 on Friday to wait in line...

Jeremy has an idea - he pulls out Jake's wallet.

JEREMY

Wait-a-second, I'll buy a ticket, first-class - I don't care - just get me out of here.

Close on CREDIT CARD: JACOB SLOANE

COUNTERGIRL

Well, why didn't you say so in the first place, amigo?

(beat)

I have a first class one-way ticket this afternoon for eight thousand, three-hundred, forty nine dollars...

JEREMY

Dollars???

She pushes the card back over the counter.

COUNTERGIRL

Do you want to pay in pesos?

She does a quick calculation on her Mickey Mouse calculator.

COUNTERGIRL

(continuing)

Because then it comes out to over
ten thousand dollars with the
exchange rate.

Jeremy pushes the card back towards her.

JEREMY

Fine, I don't care, whatever, just
get me out of here.

COUNTERGIRL

Is that all the luggage you have?

He's carrying a bottle of 30 suntan lotion.

JEREMY

Yeah.

She swipes the card.

They wait.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY'S CAR - DAY

Jake drives down the suburban street happily mumbling through
his dangling cheek to some songs on the radio. He feels like
he died and went to heaven - new car, new tooth, white picket
fences and shrubbery all around, now he gets to mow the lawn,
life couldn't get much better today - could it?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CABO SAN LUCAS AIRPORT - DAY

In one fell swoop the Countergirl holds up Jake's credit card
and cuts it in half with razor-sharp scissors.

JEREMY

Hey, what the hell are you doing?!

COUNTERGIRL

I'm sorry, sir, but this card was
maxed out six months ago and the
machine told me to destroy it
immediately...

Jeremy starts to cry like a little boy - the only other card

in the wallet is Jake's license with Jake grinning like a mischievous little boy - the same face he had in the last scene driving Jeremy's new caddy.

Other CUSTOMERS have begun to line up behind Jeremy.

COUNTERGIRL

(continuing)

We'll see you Friday, Señor. Next
in line, por favor!

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - DAY

OFF we hear the key jiggle in the lock. The door opens and Jake enters - with his cheeks still dangling off of his face from the novocaine..

JAKE

Money, I'm home.
(Honey, I'm home)

He laughs to himself - he has never said those words before - and he really even hasn't said them this time.

However, he forgot for a second about the throbbing pain in his face which just returned to remind him of the golf tee which has been inserted in his cheek.

JAKE

(continuing)

Ouch! Fuck!

He puts his hand to his cheek. The novocaine must be wearing off quickly.

Suddenly out of nowhere two FBI SPECIAL AGENTS jump out and tackle Jake.

AGENT MCGILL

FREEZE, ASSHOLE!

FBI AGENT MURDOCH slowly comes out from his safe place around the corner.

MURDOCH

Mister Sloane?

JAKE

Amends moo's masking.

MURDOCH

What?

JAKE (badly slurred)

I said, "depends who's asking."

MURDOCH

Take him away.

The Agents drags Jake out the door.

EXT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - DAY

Outside two more AGENTS are holding back Sheri, Ryan and Juanita who look on worriedly as Agent Murdoch drags Jake towards an unmarked car that pulls up.

RYAN

Dad! Don't worry! We'll get you out!

JAKE

Manks amot...

Jake mumbles "thanks alot" through his dangling cheek as the Agents pours him into the car.

And the car takes off as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE/CABO ST. LUCAS - DAY

Jeremy frantically shoves mounds of pesos into the phone.

OFF we hear a recording in Spanish about the 20,000 more pesos he'll need to complete his call.

Finally he slams the phone down and the receiver falls off the hook.

PHONE (OFF)

Jes? Jes?

He picks it up.

JEREMY

Help me please, I'm trying to get an American operator to make a collect call to the united states... please.

PHONE (OFF)

No problemo, Señor.

(beat - different voice)

AT&T, how can I help you, sir?

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

OFF WE HEAR RING RING. RING RING.

Sheri enters the house and picks up the phone. She's more than a little disconcerted by the recent events; her face is red and she's fighting back tears trying to figure out what to do.

SHERI

Yes?

PHONE (OFF)

I have a collect call from your brother.

SHERI

I don't have a brother.

START INTERCUT

JEREMY

Sheri, it's me.

PHONE (OFF)

Do you accept the charges?

SHERI

Jeremy, what - are you calling from your shoe phone? Yes, operator, I'll accept the charges.

JEREMY

Listen, it's uh... "Jake." Is "my brother" there?

SHERI

Jake??? You sound just like Jeremy.

JEREMY

No, it's me, "Jake."

SHERI

The FBI just hauled Jeremy away, arrested him!

JEREMY

"Jeremy" - what the hell for???

SHERI

I don't know but we'd better get down there now!

JEREMY

I'm... I'm... I'm out of town right now... but I'll try to get back there ASAP. Just call Brian and have him go down there

immediately.

Sheri thinks for a beat.

SHERI

Brian? How the hell do you know
Brian?

JEREMY (backpeddling)

Uh... Brian, the family
attorney... uh... Jeremy told me
about him when that woman tried to
sue me for running over her
hamster.

SHERI

What????

JEREMY (backpeddling)

Just do what I say! Tell Brian to
get down there and I'll be home -
I mean, back - as soon as
possible...

Jeremy hangs up.

JEREMY

I need something to drink.

Jeremy heads off as we...

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Agent Murdoch interrogates Jake. Jake is massaging his cheek
which is still causing him a little pain.

JAKE

I need something to drink.

Murdoch slides a folder across the desk like they do in the
movies.

MURDOCH

Jeremy, last night thirty
congressmen and many prominent
religious leaders had their hard
drives reformatted and the only
thing left on their computers was
a grotesque image of a human anus
with a note that said, "Guess who
just got cornholed?!"

Jake opens the folder, looks at the photo and winces in
horror.

JAKE

Jesus, what makes you think it's even human, Sarge?!

MURDOCH

I'd kill the stand-up routine if I were you, Mister Sloane.

JAKE

What the hell does this have to do with me?

MURDOCH

The virus was traced back to your house.

JAKE

Listen, I could probably find the on/off switch on a computer but making a "virus" isn't really in my repertoire. I still use a Smith-Corona. And nobody was home last night: it was my birthday.

MURDOCH

That's very convenient - wow, no cyber-terrorist has used the old birthday party alibi in months....

JAKE

I'm not saying another word until my lawyer gets here so fuck off.

MURDOCH

You listen to me and you listen to me good, asshole: I guarantee that you will never see the light of day again unless you tell us exactly how you infiltrated the federal computer system!

JAKE

I don't even own a computer so...

MURDOCH

Well, the program is way too sophisticated for your 14 year-old son to have written and I assume that you have the parental controls set to keep images like this off his computer - right?

Jake shakes his head and throws Murdoch a look that says "You stupid dick."

Murdoch feels stupid for underestimating Ryan; he hits the intercom.

MURDOCH
(continuing)
Uh, Ralph, the wife and the kid
are here - right?

RALPH (OFF)
In the hall waiting for the lawyer.

MURDOCH
Do me a favor and bring them in,
please. Oh yeah, and set that
computer up also in the room down
the hall.

RALPH (OFF)
Sure thing, boss.

Off Jake's disgusted look we...

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICALI BAR - NIGHT

The requisite soccer match is blaring on the television as
Jeremy enters and heads for the bar.

JEREMY
Dos tequilas y dos Dos Equis.

BARTENDER
Si, Señor.

The Mexican team scores a goal and the place goes wild.
Jeremy gets his Tequilas and shoots them back.

Sexy SANDRINE (23) watches Jeremy open his wallet and pull
out some dollar bills. She raises her eyebrows.

JEREMY (to Bartender)
Dos mas, por favor.

The Bartender pours them and Sandrine quickly walks over and
shoots one as Jeremy downs the other one.

SANDRINE
I thought you'd never ask.
(to Bartender)
Dos mas, por favor.

She's got cleavage down to the floor - maybe Jeremy is in
luck after all.

SANDRINE
(continuing)
Hi, my name is Sandrine and I'm so
lonely...

She slides her hand gently into his.

JEREMY

Jeremy... Uh... but my friends
call me "Jake."

SANDRINE

Then I hope we can be friends.

JEREMY

Nice to meet you, too.

She looks so deep into Jeremy's eyes that it looks like he's
going to melt.

SANDRINE

Why don't we take a walk - it's
such a nice night out?

It would be nice if Jeremy could actually reply but he's
shell-shocked by her sexiness. All he can do is follow her
out as we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Murdoch interrogates Ryan who is seated in front of his
computer. Sheri and Jake look on.

MURDOCH

OK, little man, so tell me exactly
why you sabotaged the federal
computer system?

RYAN

I did not sabotage anything. All
I did was set up a web page - like
the one billion other web pages
out there.

MURDOCH

Do you have any idea how much
damage your little prank caused?

SHERI

Listen, Agent Murdoch, is Ryan
being charged with something?
Because if he is then I don't want
him talking until our lawyer gets
here.

MURDOCH

I'll be right back.

Murdoch leaves the room for thirty seconds.

SHERI (to Ryan)

And you, young man, are going to wind up doing eight thousand push-ups a day in military school if you pull another stunt like this.

RYAN

But mom, I didn't do anything. I just wanted to show what hypocrites all those politicians...

SHERI

Can it, Mister Greenpeace. You can't even hand in a book report on time and now you're a cyber-terrorist?!

JAKE

Don't you think you're being a little hard on him, Sheri?

SHERI

You too, can it! All of this is your fault! If you had been a REAL father and spent a little quality time with him none of this would've happened!

Murdoch comes back into the room.

MURDOCH

I've discussed this situation with our prosecutors and because nobody in your immediate family - with the exception of your brother Jacob - has had any problems with the law, we are going to remand Ryan to your custody assuming you agree to set the parental controls on his computer and monitor his activities.

SHERI

Thank you, Agent Murdoch.

MURDOCH

Then you are free to go.

Jake and Sheri escort Ryan out of the room.

Jake pops his head back in.

JAKE

What's this about Jake being in trouble with the law???

Sheri yanks him by the arm out of there.

SHERI

Nobody cares about your
irresponsible brother, Jeremy!
C'mon, let's go...

EXT. FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Sheri drags Ryan as Jake tags along.

Jake looks at his watch.

JAKE

Speaking of which, do you know
where my brother is?

SHERI

He called me collect before so I
assume he's out of town...

JAKE

You must be joking!

SHERI

He said he'd be back as soon as
possible...

Jake drops his jaw in disbelief as we...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

EXT. HOTEL ROOM/CABO SAN LUCAS BEACH - DAY

Jeremy awakes slowly from his drunken and drugged stupor - he has been robbed. Sandrine is nowhere to be found and neither is his wallet, etc. He notices that his personal possessions - or rather Jake's personal possessions - are gone and he starts to freak out.

JEREMY (to himself)

What - where am I?

(beat)

She must've slipped something in
my drink. That's twice I've been
drugged in the past 24 hours.
Shit. I must've killed more brain
cells this weekend than I did in
high school and college combined.

He tries to remember exactly what happened last night.

JEREMY (to himself)

(continuing)

God, I hope that I got laid before
she stole all my stuff. Did I get
laid? Did I at least get laid???
Shit, I didn't even get laid - did
I? How did I even get back to the
hotel? Goddamnit, this is not a
good birthday weekend!

He dials the phone.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Jake and Sheri soundly asleep.

Still asleep, Sheri rolls over and buries her head in the
nape of Jake's neck - the way a married woman would do
without thinking twice about it. Still asleep Jake smiles
comfortably.

But then suddenly he wakes and realizes where he is.

He slithers out from under her and moves as far away from her
as humanly possible without falling off of the bed.

The phone rings. Jake falls off the bed and crashes to the
floor - waking Sheri who realizes that the phone is also
ringing.

SHERI

Who would call so early on Sunday
morning?

Jake picks up.

JAKE

Hello? Hold on for a second.

(to Sheri)

It's my brother - I'm just going
to take it in the other room...

Jake runs out of the room carrying the cordless phone.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Jake enters with the phone to his ear.

JAKE

Where the fuck are you?

START INTERCUT

JEREMY

Jackie O kidnapped me, drugged me,
and I woke up in Cabo St. Lucas.

JAKE

Cabo St. Lucas??? Well, get the
fuck out of there as soon as
possible! I want my life back -
you were almost arrested for
christsakes...

JEREMY

Arrested? What are you talking
about?

JAKE

Ryan made something called a
"virus" and somehow got it into
the federal computer system and...

JEREMY

Shit! I guess Sheri's going to
send him off to military school...

JAKE

So he can wind up in Kuwait or
Afghanistan sucking down Mustard
Gas. He's our only lineage...

JEREMY

Listen, he's not even your kid, so
just stay out of it.

JAKE

Personally, Jeremy, from what
Sheri tells me I don't think
you've been living up to your
responsibilities as a father.

During the whole conversation Jake is playing with his face
in the livingroom mirror, pushing and pulling at his cheek to
make sure that the pain is gone.

JEREMY

Well, thank you, Mister
Responsibility. Coming from a man
who considers it an "extended
relationship" when he lets the
girl stay for breakfast that means
alot. I'll take your valuable
opinion into consideration when I
get home and give Ryan his ass
whooping.

JAKE

Fuck you. I was in a relationship long enough to make a baby, I just...

JEREMY

You just what, you selfish bastard?

JAKE

Listen, I'm just trying to help you out here...

JEREMY

The only way you can help is to do as little damage as possible to my life while you're in it.

JAKE

My pleasure. Just don't fuck up mine.

JEREMY

How could I possibly mess up your life? You don't have one!

JAKE

I bust my ass to scrape by so don't you get all high 'n mighty on me or I'll tell you all about the snow cone Sheri tried to give me for our birthday.

Jeremy takes a deep breath. He starts off his rant very calm and then gets madder and madder. Meanwhile, Jake is shoving his fingers into his mouth to see how sensitive his gums are near the root canal.

JEREMY

That's hitting below the belt, Jake. Now if I had treated Jackie O "like the bitch that she is" it would not be hitting below the belt. But I was not able to treat Jackie O "like the bitch that she is" because Jackie O's owner, the ever-illustrious and affectionate "Bunny", is living in "like total integrity" which means that she felt compelled to inform me that Jackie O is infested with THE HERPES SIMPLEX 2 VIRUS AND IS CURRENTLY EXPERIENCE OPERATING DIFFICULTIES!!! ON THE OTHER HAND, THE HERPES DOESN'T REALLY MATTER MUCH SINCE SHE ELOPED WITH MANDI OR PAMMY OR SOME OTHER

PLAYBOY-MODEL-DYKE-LESBIAN-
RUGMUNCHER!!! See what I'm
saying, Jakey-poo????

JAKE

Jeez, Jeremy, I never knew you
were so prejudiced. It's probably
just a phase she's going through
anyway.

JEREMY

You're the one stuck in the phase,
retard.

JAKE

Listen, you're way too tense, you
need to get laid. Why don't you
go out and meet someone and...

JEREMY

I already went out and met someone
and when I woke up the girl was
gone... and so was my wallet - I
mean, your wallet - and the
worthless plane ticket that Bunny
gave me.

JAKE

Jeez, that's awful. Well, at
least you still have your kidneys.

JEREMY

What???

JAKE

Yeah, I've heard alot of stories
about guys waking up in bathtubs
full of ice with a note on their
chest that says "don't move or
you'll die. Just dial 911 on the
phone next to you and tell the
paramedics where you are..."
There's a huge organ trade in
third world countries, I'm
surprised you haven't heard about
it.

Jeremy feels his back to make sure his kidneys are still
inside.

JAKE

(continuing)

Hey, maybe you could write a story
on it for me while you're down
there? I'm broke.

JEREMY

I know you're broke, asshole! I tried to use your credit card to get home and found out this vital tidbit of information that you neglected to tell me when we switched wallets.

JAKE

Well, it's temporary.

JEREMY

It's always a very expanded definition of the word "temporary" with you, Jake.

(beat)

Now when the bank opens tomorrow you're going to wire me money and then go into work and do as little damage as humanly possible. Do you hear me?

JAKE

You expect me to sit behind a desk for eight hours?

JEREMY

It's ten hours. And if you so much as break the tip of a pencil I'll kill you.

JAKE

Don't you think you're overreacting, Jer? I mean, especially considering the fact that you ruined my relationship with Jackie O when it was just getting started.

JEREMY

Wait-a-minute: what do you mean, "just getting started"? How long have you and Bunny been going out?

JAKE

Our birthday was our official first date.

Jeremy is livid.

JAKE

(continuing)

And I guess there won't be a second. Thanks to you.

JEREMY

You stupid selfish bastard. Just go into work and...

JAKE

Jer, you once told me that a well-trained Rhesus monkey could do your job so there's gotta be no way that I could screw anything up. On the other hand, I owe Cigar Smoke Magazine a 1000 word article on dating in the tropics... so at least take some notes for me so I don't have to waste any time down there. I'll write it up when you get back and then I can at least pay my rent this month, OK?

JEREMY

You are truly a sad excuse for a human being, Jake... so help me God, if you weren't my brother.

JAKE

Older brother, Mister Resus Pieces.

JEREMY

Eighteen seconds is a distinction without a difference: it doesn't make you older, dickhead.

JAKE

Yeah, whatever... just give me a heads up when you're getting into town and I'll come pick you up at the airport and we can switch back...

JEREMY

It'll be as soon as possible. Just make sure you send me the money first thing tomorrow morning.

JAKE

Western Union, Monday morning - I'll be there when they open.

SHERI (V.O.)

Jeremy, c'mon, we can't be late for the PTA Parent Student Softball Game...

JAKE (to himself)

What???

JEREMY

Was that Sheri???

JAKE

Uh... I gotta go...

JEREMY

Wait! Hey, no funny stuff with my wife...

JAKE

Gotta go...

Jake hangs up.

JAKE (to Sheri)

Yes, "dear"...

JEREMY (to himself)

Shit!

Jeremy hangs up and walks away from the phone as we...

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Jake is playing first base and Sheri pitching in this softball game against their kids.

The first base coach for the kids is SANDRA (32), a ridiculously sexy single mother.

Jake and Sandra are close enough to make little comments to each other without almost anyone else hearing them. Except Sheri...

Jake hasn't been around this many parents or children in his whole life so it's a little like being on the moon for him...

Some of the other boys on the bench are taunting Ryan. Sheri walks over to them - which of course just makes matters worse for Ryan.

SHERI

You boys stop that. Play nice.

RYAN (embarrassed)

Mom, just go away...

Jake sees this but doesn't know what to do.

SANDRA (to Jake)

What is she thinking? She shouldn't talk to him like that anymore...

Jake adopts a deep authoritative fatherly tone.

JAKE

Uh... yeah... I know... I'll just
have a little talk with him
later - father/son...

SANDRA
Good idea, Jeremy.

JAKE
You know... birds and bees typa
thing.

Sandra cracks up - Jake is a little distressed. Meanwhile
people are starting to notice them flirting. Sheri looks
over.

SANDRA
If Ryan doesn't know about the
birds and bees by now then he
probably has "fagot" scribbled on
his locker every day!

JAKE
I dunno... maybe some boys start
later than others...

SHERI
You two want to play or should I
bring you some coffee?

SANDRA
That's so sweet - I'll take a
double mocha latte.

Sheri just shakes her head and goes back to pitching.

Ryan gets up to bat. There's a runner on third base - the
tying run, last inning.

SANDRA
(continuing)
C'mon, Ryan, cream it!

Sheri pitches - strike one.

Jake is lost - he doesn't know who to route for.

JAKE
Uh... yeah...

SANDRA
Your boy's a wussie, Jeremy...

JAKE
C'mon, Ryan... I mean, Sheri...

Sheri looks over at Jake queerly then pitches - strike two.

SANDRA

Maybe you want to bring him by
some time and you and I could give
a little demonstration...

Jake appears to consider this disgusting possibility for a
second and then becomes disturbed.

Sheri is now furious at Jake and Sandra.

Sheri pitches it fast right down the center of plate and...

STRIKE THREE!

Now the whole team hates Ryan for losing the game. They call
him names and tease him.

BOY

Jeez, he got struck out by his own
mother... that's some fucked-up
shit!

SHERI

Hey, watch the language over there!

Sheri turns to watch Jake and Sandra walking to the bench
together - she's appalled, livid.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET/CABO - DAY

Jeremy walks down the street. He eyes a beautiful young
WOMAN at an orange juice stand and feigns checking out the OJ
to see if she'll bite.

JEREMY (to himself)

"Yeah, well, I may still be able
to pick the occasional bone-smoker
out of a crowded smoky bar." If
Jake can do it then I must be able
to do it to - right?

Jeremy winks to the Woman who turns to him abruptly.

HOTTIE 1

Don't even look at me: I don't do
men!

OK so she does bite. And Jeremy shuffles off.

JEREMY (to himself)

Must be something in the water
down here...

Jake continues down the street as we...

CUT TO:

INT. SHERI'S CAR - DAY

Sheri drives the Suburu station wagon - Jake is in the front seat and Ryan is in the back. The tension is extremely thick...

Jake's not really good at domestic crises - he doesn't know what to say.

JAKE

Sheri, listen... it's not what you think... I was just...

SHERI

Kate and Robert, Paula and Henry, Barbara and Mitchell...

JAKE

What about 'em?

SHERI

They're all finished - kaput - because of Sandra the homewrecker Ross. She's broken up more marriages than anyone since Lizzie Borden. And who would wear a mini-skirt like that to a softball game on Sunday morning?

Ryan and Jake exchange glances while reminiscing about the mini-skirt.

JAKE

It was just a softball game...

SHERI

Not in front of Ryan, Jeremy.

RYAN

It's OK - everyone already knows that Ted's mom is the town slut.

Sheri slams on the brakes.

SHERI (to Jake)

"Slut?!!" He learned that word from you - right?

JAKE

I would never! The word doesn't even exist in my vocabulary!!!

It truly doesn't.

SHERI

Can it! I'll deal with you later!

Sheri starts to drive again as we...

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HOTEL LOBBY/CABO SAN LUCAS BEACH - DAY

It's a new day and Jeremy wakes up alone in bed. He looks around, then slowly gets up, cherishing the silence...

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S BEDROOM - DAY

Sheri and Jake are opposite sides of the bed. Sheri moves over and nudges Jake who slides off the edge of the bed and crashes to the floor.

JAKE

What?! What?!

SHERI

You forgot to set the alarm last night - you're late for work!

JAKE

Shit...

Jake gets up as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN BANK - DAY

Jeremy enters and stands impatiently behind the 4" thick plate glass window at Western Union. The glass is so poor in quality that the SENORITA behind it looks all fuzzy. Jeremy notices a bullet hole in the corner of the glass and sticks his finger in it - that's what you get for buying gray market bulletproof glass.

JEREMY

I'm expecting a wire transfer.
The name is Sloane. It should be here.

SENORITA

No hay.

JEREMY

Yeah, no hay, buenos nachos. What time do the transfers come?

SENORITA

Last one came about an hour ago. Let me see your passport, please?

JEREMY

Well, that's just the thing... I don't have it.

SENORITA

So even if I had a transfer for you I wouldn't be able to give it to you. You need your passport - you needed it to get into the country so go get it.

Jeremy thinks for a beat as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - DAY

Jake awkward goes through Jeremy's medicine chest looking at weird shit - he finds a razor and some shaving cream. He's naked.

Sheri enters. He tries to cover himself up the best he can.

JAKE

Hey, what are you doing in here?
Can't I have a little privacy?

SHERI

Oh, is that the way it's going to be now??? Fine!

She storms out.

EXT. STREET/CABO - DAY

Jeremy approaches the hotel. He walks past two more smoking young WOMEN and he checks out the dental floss between their cheeks. They turn around abruptly and give him the finger.

HOTTIE 2

Fuck off, you sexist pig!

HOTTIE 3

Men! They are so vulgar!

JEREMY

You dress like that and I'm the
one who's vulgar???

They're outta there. Jeremy heads inside the hotel.

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jake is now dressed in a suit and carrying Jeremy's briefcase but the odd yellow tie is completely mis-tied around his neck. He looks ridiculous.

JAKE (shouting upstairs)
Uh... have a good day at school,
Ryan!

Sheri comes out of the kitchen.

SHERI
He left an hour ago!

Sheri notices the bizarre configuration around his neck.

SHERI
(continuing)
Hey, what's with the tie?

He tries to look down but can't really see it because it's around his neck.

JAKE
What?

She shakes her head and comes over to fix it. We see the love in her gesture but there's still obviously a distance between her and her husband.

SHERI
Jesus, Jeremy... what's happening
to you?

JAKE
I dunno...

SHERI
Where's the man I married?

Jake awkwardly shrugs his shoulders.

She fixes his tie so that it looks correct, pecks him on the cheek, and sends him on his way as we....

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY/CABO SAN LUCAS BEACH - DAY

Jeremy knocks timidly on the door.

BUNNY (OFF)

Yes?

JEREMY

Bunny, it's me, "Jake". Can I come in?

BUNNY

I'm sorry but we're not decent.

JEREMY

"Not decent???" What??? Forget it.

(beat)

Listen, just slip my passport under the door - could you just do that please? You must have had it to get me on the plane, right?

BUNNY

Sure thing, Jakey-poo.

Jeremy bends down and finds Jake's passport with a big lipstick kiss on it.

BUNNY

(continuing)

Got it, babe?

JEREMY

Yeah.

BUNNY

We'll stop by later. When we're "decent."

JEREMY

I won't hold my breath.

OFF we hear he he he as Jeremy walks off.

EXT. JEREMY'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jake pulls up to Jeremy's building blaring hard rock music. He opens the door to get out at the same time a few other stodgy SUITS are getting out of their cars. They can't believe he's listening to that crap.

They wave perfunctory hellos to each other.

EXT. WESTERN UNION/CABO - DAY

Jeremy hits the payphone once again.

JEREMY

Yes, a collect call to Jeremy Sloane from his brother.

CUT TO:

INT. CATHERINE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Catherine quietly sobs in front of a photo of her and her ex-boyfriend. She looks deep into the photo and then chucks it into the garbage.

CATHERINE
Goodbye, Chuck. And good riddance.

The phone rings and Catherine sucks back her sniffles and takes a deep breath.

She answers it.

CATHERINE
(continuing)
Jeremy Sloane's office.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Would you accept a collect call
from Mexico from Mister Sloane's
brother?

CATHERINE
Yes. Jake?

START INTERCUT

JEREMY
Catherine, it's me.

CATHERINE
Jeremy?

JEREMY
Yes. No. It's Jake. Is Jeremy
there?

CATHERINE
He's late. Can I help you?

JEREMY
Tell him that he should enjoy
having his good health back
because when I get home I'm going
to take it away if I don't get
that money this morning.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jake enters cautiously and looks around. He heads towards Jeremy's office. He approaches Catherine's cubicle and sees her on the phone. He avoids her.

CATHERINE (V.O.)
OK, I'll tell him... right away,
Jake.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake enters Jeremy's office and looks around at the family photos, etc.

Catherine enters behind him.

CATHERINE
Good morning, Jeremy, your brother
just called from Mexico -
something about a Western Union
transfer.

JAKE
Shit, I knew I forgot something
this morning. Ah, Catherine -
right? - could you please wire
some money from my bank account to
Jake...

CATHERINE
How much?

JAKE
Uh... I don't know. How much did
he ask for?

CATHERINE
Ten thousand.

Jake hasn't seen that much money in one place in a long time.
He raises his eyebrows.

JAKE
Wow, that's alot of money. Did he
get some girl preggers down there
or what?

The joke is lost on Catherine - she ignores it.

CATHERINE
To buy a plane ticket. Are you OK
this morning? Did you have a good
birthday weekend?

JAKE
Yeah... fine. Do I really have
ten thousand dollars in my bank
account?

CATHERINE
It's all on your computer.

Jake makes his way over to Jeremy's computer.

JAKE

Is there a password or something?

CATHERINE

Your birthday backwards, Jeremy.

JAKE

Oh yeah, I forgot, that's easy.

He punches the numbers in and the screen comes up.

JAKE

(continuing)

Fantastic. Money. Okay... no problem.

CUT TO:

EXT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Jeremy sits down for breakfast. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a wad of pesos - he puts the fives, ones, and tens into piles like a little kid. Does the math. Looks at the menu on the wall. He's fucked.

JEREMY

I'll have a coffee and one egg,
uno huevo, por favor.

STACEY (30) spots him and approaches him.

STACEY

Jesus, Jake, what the hell are you
doing here?

Jeremy is lost - how could Jake know anyone in Cabo?

JEREMY

Uh... I'm sorry... do I know you?

STACEY

Oh, that's cute, Jake.

Jeremy has no clue what she is talking about.

STACEY

(continuing)

Are you on drugs, asshole???

Stacey gets extremely upset - she's working herself into a real frenzy.

STACEY

(continuing)

The only woman in your whole

miserable existence who you would even dare to refer to as "my fiancée" on more than one occasion? The only woman who you were even remotely engaged to during your thirty-odd years of dragging your sorry ass from pussy to pussy?

(beat)

Stacey...? Stacey Platt...? We spoke Friday morning on the phone - your birthday? Ring any bells, shit-for-brains?

Jeremy pretends to wipe the crud from his eyes as if to inform her that he couldn't see correctly, that's why he didn't recognize her.

JEREMY

Stacey, of course - I'm so sorry, I just had a late night and...

STACEY

Y'know, it only hurts because I really loved you and thought that you would be a great guy if you could only get over your commitment phobia. You've got more issues than all the guests on The Jerry Springer Show last year combined. Have a nice time in Cabo - feel free to call me when you grow up and become a man!

She turns and walks out of the restaurant.

EXT. STREET/CABO - DAY

With the sun beating down, Stacey exits the restaurant and steams off.

Suddenly Jeremy bursts out of the cafe, catches up to her and grabs her by the arm.

JEREMY

Listen, I'm sorry. I'm a fuck-up, I admit it.

Jeremy wipes the tear from her cheek. She has never seen this side of him before.

She starts to soften up.

JEREMY

(continuing)

C'mon, let's get a coffee.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake is sitting at Jeremy's desk checking out the computer when his boss MISTER WHITMAN enters. Jake doesn't recognize him.

JAKE

Hi, can I help you?

Whitman looks at Jeremy queerly for a second as if something is different in his tone.

WHITMAN

Jeremy, how is the Walker Hudson proposal coming along?

JAKE (reaching)

Uh... fantabulous. Should be done by... Friday.

WHITMAN

That's funny. We're meeting with them at 3:00. I'll see you in the conference room then. If you want to swing by my office beforehand to run the final draft by me that would be uh... "fantabulous."

Jake's face drops - he's fucked. They were supposed to switch back at lunch.

JAKE

Uh... Catherine, could you come in here and help me find a Walker Percy thingamabob, please?

Catherine enters smiling, she looks great.

CATHERINE

Walker Hudson. It's right here, Jer.

She hands it to him.

JAKE

Thank god. What would I do without you?

CATHERINE

That's so sweet. You never said that before.

JAKE

Well, believe me, darling, today more than ever, I mean it.

Shivers run up and down her spine - Jeremy has obviously never been this charming before.

She exits and Jake starts to look over the proposal. He's lost.

CUT TO:

INT. MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

Jeremy and Stacey are in the middle of breakfast.

JEREMY

OK, listen, today I'm totally open to criticism: I'm curious, if you had to summarize my major problem with women what would it be?

STACEY

Jacob Sloane, you have no idea what real intimacy is, you objectify women, you think that women were put on this earth for the sole reason of helping Jacob Sloane avoid masturbation. But Jacob, did you ever stop and wonder why god gave you hands with opposable thumbs???

She forms a sphere with her hand and makes the jerk-off motion. Jeremy looks surprised, shocked.

STACEY

(continuing)

OK, so you're here on god's green earth with all these nubile maidens running around and every time you think you found "the one," you get a glimpse of another "possible one" out of the corner of your eye and you chuck "the one" into the garbage faster than you can say white wedding. That's your pattern: conveniently, after three months - it's always around three months, right? - you wake up with Misses Right or Misses Right Now or Misses Last Night and she makes the god-awful mistake of yawning or blowing her nose or god-forbid kissing you before she brushes her teeth. Then she is no longer the bimbo who jumped out of Playboy Magazine, then she is "a real human being." And what do real human beings have? They have feelings and moods and desires and

issues and stankbreath and all sorts of terrible things that you can't deal with because you're too busy dealing with yourself and being consumed and obsessed with your own "feelings" and "moods" and "desires" and "issues" while all the time trying to accurately feign coolness and play that "What - me worry?" game.

(beat)

But the second that this idealized beauty shows these human characteristics she falls from grace, she can no longer be the missing part of you, your panacea, your instant warm and fuzzy end-of-the-rough-day-on-earth blow job.

(beat)

Is any of this getting into that thick head of yours???

JEREMY

I'm starting to get the picture. That's some summary.

STACEY

Kid, that's the Reader's Digest version; I'm not even half way done.

JEREMY

Wow, I never realized how truly offensive Jake - I mean, "I" - am. I'm really disgusting, going through women - girls - like toilet paper... it's awful.

STACEY

You said it, sister.

JEREMY

Listen, I'm so sorry, but I'm waiting for my brother to wire some money to me so I'm temporally broke. If you can just get this breakfast then dinner is on me - OK?

STACEY

Jake, just be a man and admit it: if you're always broke then it's not "temporary" - OK?

JEREMY

Yeah, but this time...

STACEY

No excuses. Be a man. You still owe me a dinner from when we were going out...

JEREMY

OK, I admit it: Jacob Sloane is always temporarily broke. And the always part of that sentence kinda crosses out the temporary part of the sentence which leaves him with always being dead broke.

STACEY

I bet good ol' Jake still doesn't have health insurance either - does he?

Jeremy hangs his head ashamed.

STACEY

(continuing)

What about that tooth? Still bothering you?

JEREMY

As a matter of fact, I got it fixed. Birthday present from my brother.

He shows his pearly whites. CLING!

STACEY

Wow, they do look good! You're lucky Jeremy's so good to you.

JEREMY

Oh, believe me, I know now more than ever!

STACEY

Well, Jake, you sat there and took it like a man this morning for the first time in your life, so it would be my pleasure to buy you breakfast.

Stacey takes out her wallet.

STACEY

(continuing)

Y'know, you're not a bad guy, you just are too stubborn and pigheaded to realize that relationships are about compromise...

JEREMY

More than you'll ever know, I now realize that relationships are about compromise.

STACEY

Then when are you going to give up the macho bullshit act and learn what life is all about? Because I'll tell you something: you can go around the jungle pissing on trees to mark your territory but one day the little girls are going to find a leaner, faster, smoother lion and then you're going to find yourself alone for the rest of your life. And that day is coming up sooner than you think.

JEREMY

Point taken.

Stacey leaves some money on the table and they get up to exit as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Sheri fiendishly smokes a cigarette as she talks on the phone. She's very emotional at first.

SHERI (into phone)

I can't take it anymore, Mom. I don't know if it's all the pressure at work or if he didn't expect having a child to be so demanding but... the marriage is dead. I have no idea what to do.

(beat)

No, we haven't taken a vacation in years. Haven't gotten away since... I can't remember when. Now? Without Ryan? Spice things up? I know I have to make an effort... OK... OK... maybe you're right... like a second honeymoon... a nice little beach... no worries... yeah, I still have the travel agent's number... OK. No, of course I'm not smoking, mom!

She puts out the cigarette.

SHERI (into phone)

(continuing)

Yeah, I'm going to call right now... Thanks, mom. Bye.

Sheri hangs up and dials another number as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE/HALLWAY - DAY

Catherine stands at the water cooler with her colleagues BETTY (45) and MICHELLE (50).

CATHERINE

I dunno... I mean, passion is so important to a relationship... and there was definitely no passion between Rob and me for the last six months. I'm so glad that he finally moved out... Jeez, I haven't gotten laid in over a year... wanna fix me up with anyone?

BETTY

All those suits I tried to fix you up with last year settled down.

MICHELLE

Except Bob.

CATHERINE

Great, let's call him.

BETTY

Well, he didn't settle down with anyone but let's just say that he's no longer in the closet.

They think for a beat about other men they can set Catherine up with.

BETTY

(continuing)

You know, it's funny, but I always thought that there was something between Jeremy and you...

CATHERINE

What???

MICHELLE

Yeah, I saw him checking you out last month and it looked more like his mind was strolling down memory lane - if you know what I mean.

CATHERINE

Jeremy and me? Are you kidding?
He's been married for fifteen
years.

MICHELLE
I always thought he was cute.

BETTY
Cute? He's the hottest guy in the
whole building - and I don't know
what he did this morning but he's
looking particularly tasty
today... I was thinking of jumping
him in the copy room myself...
growlllll!

The seed has been planted. Catherine can think of nothing
else now.

CATHERINE
I dunno...

Michelle and Betty look at her like "You go, girl!"

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTERN UNION/CABO - DAY

Jeremy and Stacey exit and Jeremy pockets his wad of pesos.

STACEY
I don't know what it is, but today
I feel closer to you than the
whole year that we went out.

JEREMY
It's probably just cause I'm
carrying a wad of dinero, mucho
dinero.

STACEY
This is exactly what I'm talking
about: you're afraid of intimacy.
I said something from my heart and
you responded with a dumb joke.

Jeremy understands and is about to say "I'm sorry" when
Stacey says...

STACEY
(continuing)
Now, don't say anything: just kiss
me.

JEREMY
Stacey, I don't think that's such
a good idea...

Stacey plants her lips softly on his and he melts.

STACEY
Shut up and kiss me.

He kisses her - it's magic. They finally break away and look into each others' eyes.

JEREMY
Wow...

STACEY
Yeah... "wow"... brings back
memories - doesn't it?

JEREMY
Uh... yeah.

She puts her hand in his and they walk off slowly and romantically towards the beach as we...

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Catherine is bent over Jeremy's desk with her dress hiked up around her waste. She must've jumped him when you went out for popcorn. They are kissing frantically and passionately. Jake is rubbing up against her from behind.

CATHERINE
Oh, Jeremy, I can't tell you how
many years I've been fantasizing
about this very moment!

JAKE
Yes, me too! Me too!

The desk faces the closed office door and Catherine and Jeremy are behind it. Jeremy goes down on Catherine from behind.

Catherine is bent over the desk moaning deeply when...

SHERI AND RYAN ENTER UNANNOUNCED.

Jake hears Sheri's voice and hides under the desk.

Catherine looks up, thinks fast, grabs the phone and pretends to talk into it. She calms her moaning down but can't control all of the waves of ecstasy that Jake is flooding her body with.

CATHERINE (into phone)
Yes, yes.... yes, yes.... I said
yes... he's busy right now but

I'll have him call you as soon as he's available.

She hangs up the phone.

SHERI

Hi Catherine. I hope we're not disturbing you but I have a surprise for Jeremy that just couldn't wait: two tickets to Cabo St. Lucas! My mom is going to watch Ryan and...

RYAN

I'm old enough to take care of myself, mom...

Ryan starts to move towards the bookcase to check out a trophy or something.

CATHERINE

Uh... Jeremy's in a meeting... can you wait outside and I'll see if he can break free?

Ryan gets a glimpse of Jake's head in the vicinity of Catherine's ass.

RYAN

Hey dad, what the hell are you doing - tossing her salad???????

Sheri's face drops.

Jake slowly comes out.

SHERI

Jeremy???

Jeremy's boss, MISTER WHITMAN, enters.

WHITMAN

Jeremy, everyone from Walker Hudson is in the conference room. We're waiting for you.

He catches the tense vibe in the room.

LONG BEAT while every assesses the situation.

Finally Jake realizes that there is no way out. He peeks his head out of the back of Catherine's skirt.

JAKE

Uh... Sheri, Mister Whitman, I know this looks funny, but... I CAN EXPLAIN.

BEAT

SHERI

You can explain? You can explain a woman coming into her husband's office in the middle of the afternoon with two tickets for a romantic weekend in Cabo and finding him with his head shoved into his secretary's ass?

RYAN

I'd like to hear this one.

JAKE

Shut it, Ryan!

SHERI

Shut it, Ryan!

SHERI

I don't want an explanation. I want a divorce. And now I don't even have to ask nicely for it! Thanks for making it so easy for me, dickhead!

WHITMAN

And consider yourself fired. Both of you. Animal behavior will not be tolerated in our office. I'll have security escort you out.

Sheri and Whitman exit leaving Ryan standing there STARING AT CATHERINE'S BARE NAKED ASS.

Sheri comes back in and drags Ryan by the hair out of the room.

RYAN

Ouch, hey, that hurts!

She turns and stops at the door.

SHERI

Your asshole-brother put you up to this - didn't he??? As soon as I saw you two together at the bar Friday night I knew you were up to no good!

She exits.

JAKE (to himself)

As a matter of fact, my brother kinda did put me up to this...

Catherine and Jake are left alone. They stare at each other awkwardly.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECLUDED BEACH/CABO - DAY

Jeremy and Stacey are lying at the edge of the sand. The clear blue ocean laps up and covers their legs every few seconds.

STACEY

God, you've never kissed me so gently before... maybe all those recyclable 18 year-olds taught you something after all.

Jeremy caresses her face.

JEREMY

You're a really great woman. I love your frankness... it's so refreshing. And you're so beautiful.

STACEY

Wow, I can't believe you just called me beautiful. I thought that word had been permanently erased from your vocabulary right after the first time you got me into bed.

JEREMY

Stacey, seriously, you're beautiful.

Stacey's so ecstatic that she could just melt into the sand. They kiss gently again.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Catherine sobs while she starts to pack up Jeremy's stuff.

CATHERINE

I'm so sorry, Jeremy... I never meant to...

JAKE

It's OK. It's OK... hey, listen, I may need a place to stay for a couple of days...

CATHERINE

Oh, I'm sorry, my mother is coming into town tonight. My boyfriend just moved out and she decided to

spend a few days with me because
she didn't want me doing anything
"crazy."

JAKE (to himself)
Too bad she didn't come last
night...

CATHERINE
Excuse me???

JAKE
Nothing. Just too bad your mom
didn't come last night to save you
from doing anything "crazy"
because then I wouldn't be in this
mess.

CATHERINE
You had your face up my dress and
you think what I did was crazy?

JAKE
Excellent point.

BEAT

CATHERINE
And listen, Jeremy: don't worry
about the job; I was going to quit
next week anyway. Now at least
I'll get some severance.

JAKE (sarcastically)
That makes me feel so much better.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. SECLUDED BEACH/CABO - DAY

Jeremy and Stacey come up for air again. They're glowing
with joy - they don't even notice the 100 degree sun beating
down on them.

JEREMY
I think we should take it slow
this time.

STACEY
Slow, like in three minutes?

JEREMY
No, I mean really slow.
(beat)
If I told you that I only made
love to three women in my whole
life you wouldn't believe me -

right?

STACEY

Jake, if you told me that you only made love to three women yesterday I wouldn't believe you. YOU ARE ADDICTED TO LUST.

Stacey looks down at her own body and touches her breasts and stomach and her tiny love handles.

STACEY

(continuing)

And you like those 18 year-olds who worship you and don't question you, those girls who are still so skinny that they have to run around in the shower just to get wet.

Jeremy laughs.

JEREMY

What a mental image! I'm keeping that one.

STACEY

Those aren't real woman; they're two dimensional.

(beat)

I'm a real woman.

JEREMY

Yes, you certainly are. I don't know what I was thinking before.

STACEY

I'll tell you what you were thinking before: you were thinking with your smeckler, not with your heart. But your smeckler should only be a part of your life, not your whole life.

JEREMY

Important safety tip, thanks.

They laugh together and hug - it's love.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - DAY

Jake timidly enters to confess. He puts a box of Jeremy's office stuff down in the hallway.

JAKE

Sheri?

No answer.

Jake meanders through the house waxing sentimental about the life - his brother's life - that he just chucked into the toilet for both of them.

Suddenly Juanita turns the corner.

JUANITA

You bad man. Now I know why your son is the way he is. Both of you are pigs.

Jake doesn't know what to say, he just continues on.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jake heads down the hallway towards Ryan's room - the door is slightly open. Jake looks in - and winces.

INT. RYAN'S ROOM - DAY

Ryan is startled by Jake.

JAKE

Jesus, kid, what the hell?!

Ryan starts frantically slamming OFF and CLOSE buttons but to no avail. Some GIRL's naked ass is glued to the screen.

JAKE

(continuing)

Thank god for those parental controls!

RYAN

Uh...

JAKE

Where's your mother?

RYAN

Said something about a "damn five day waiting period on anything bigger than a Glock", then she went downtown to that pawn shop.

JAKE

That's cute, Ryan.

(beat)

Listen, I have something to tell you, I don't want you to have the wrong idea...

RYAN

The wrong idea about what? My
dad's face in his secretary's ass?

JAKE

You really are a chip off the old
block - aren't you?

(beat)

I'm not really your father.

Ryan starts jumping up and down like a lunatic.

RYAN

Yeah! I knew it! I knew it! It
was the postman - right? So that
means I'll be alright then -
right? I won't be a geek
forever - right? Mister
McGinity - right? He's my real
father. Or was it...

JAKE

Just sit down and shut the fuck up
for a minute - will you?

Ryan calms down.

JAKE

(continuing)

It's me - Uncle Jake.

RYAN

Uncle Jake? What the hell are you
doing schtupping my mother? And
dad's secretary. That's totally
whack!

JAKE

What the hell is "whack?" And I'm
not schtupping anyone. I just
needed a root canal and some
metamucil and now we are in what
is affectionately known as a "bad
situation." It's bad for me, it's
bad for your mom, it's bad for
you, and it's gonna be terrible
for your father when he gets home.

RYAN

Where's dad?

JAKE

Your father was slightly kidnapped
but he'll be home soon.

RYAN

Dad got kidnapped? Should we go
save him?

JAKE

Uh... we're going to give him a little bit more time before we actually save him.

RYAN

Wait-a-second - why is this bad for me, Uncle Jake?

JAKE

Because you're off to military school.

RYAN

Military school? I'd rather die - I'm gonna runaway.

JAKE

Oh, that's a good way to start your little life off... Listen, we still have some time before your mom comes home. Let's take a ride...

CUT TO:

EXT. CABO SAN LUCAS BEACH - SUNSET

Jeremy and Stacey walk hand in hand back to the hotel. Stacey turns to Jeremy and inspects his nose, forehead, shoulders, and chest, which are all bright red thanks to the lack of sunscreen that afternoon.

STACEY

You're not going to be happy tomorrow morning...

JEREMY

Why's that?

She presses her finger into his red flesh and which turns pasty white then re-emerges as bright red.

STACEY

That's why. We'd better get you some aloe vera juice or you're going to spend the next week in the burn unit of St. Joe's.

JEREMY

Shit, with all the excitement I forgot to put lotion on after breakfast. I have to call my brother and tell him... oh, forget it.

BEAT.

STACEY

What does you getting a sunburn
have to do with your brother
Jeremy?

JEREMY

Nothing. I have to call him about
something else - to have him pick
me up at the airport, that's it.

STACEY

When are you going home?

JEREMY

I don't know - I had this stand-by
ticket and I'm trying to get out
of here. You?

STACEY

Wait-a-second, today is Monday -
right?

JEREMY

All day.

She looks at her watch.

STACEY

My flight leaves in a few hours -
I was having such a good time that
I totally forgot. I have to get
back to the hotel and pack...
c'mon, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY'S CAR - DAY

Jake and Ryan drive around.

JAKE

OK, so tell me how you got that
computer virus into all those
congressmen's computers, smarty-
pants.

RYAN

I didn't.

JAKE

What do you mean?

RYAN

All I did was set up a site and
those people whose computers

crashed just downloaded the file there, that's it.

JAKE

You mean to tell me that thirty senators and all those religious guys just happened to hit Ryan Sloane's site late last Friday night?

RYAN

I guess so.

JAKE

Well, what was the site?

Ryan is embarrassed. He leans over and whispers in Jake's ear. Jake's face goes white.

JAKE

(continuing)

A video of what?

Ryan whispers in his ear again.

JAKE

(continuing)

That's disgusting!

It must be truly gruesome if Jake thinks it's disgusting.

JAKE

(continuing)

Where did you get that video?

RYAN

I made it.

JAKE

You're really spending too much time on that machine. But at least now I know what my next article is on.

RYAN

What's that?

JAKE

What politicians like to do on Friday nights. Fucking hypocrites.

Both Ryan and Jake chuckle as we...

CUT TO:

INT. STACEY'S HOTEL ROOM/CABO - DAY

Stacey frantically throws her stuff into her suitcase while Jeremy looks out the window.

STACEY

There's a bottle of aloe vera over there. Just start putting it on and I'll help you do your back in a minute.

He picks up a bottle of aloe vera as we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JEREMY'S CAR - DAY

Jake tries to figure out how to help Ryan.

JAKE

So what's the real problem here?

Ryan's embarrassed - he doesn't know what to say.

JAKE

(continuing)

C'mon, fess up. Whatever you couldn't tell your father, you can tell me.

RYAN

Well... the other boys at school...

JAKE

Yes...?

Off Jake's look of fatherly concern we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. Stacey's HOTEL ROOM/CABO - DAY

Stacey grabs her purse which falls open and out drops two airplane tickets. Jeremy spots them.

JEREMY

What's with the second ticket?
Are you flying someplace else first?

STACEY

Well, actually I met some asshole a few months ago - a poor romantic writer, go figure - and we were supposed to be together here but he traded me in for a newer model a few weeks ago. I saw her - she looks just like me but without the wrinkles or brain. They make a

perfect couple - this week.

JEREMY

I'm sorry.

STACEY

Hey, the first step is admitting you have a problem. Why do you think I could never say no to you? We're both hopeless romantics, destined for a lonely life interspersed with fleeting moments of some heroin-like bliss, the warmth of another human being skin against yours after months of waking up alone, the hot steamy breath on the back of your neck in the shower after six months of a cold rubber duck. Fucking pathetic. Give me that ticket - I'm going to rip it up right now.

Jeremy pulls back the ticket.

JEREMY

You'll do no such thing! I need to get home! I'm using the ticket!

STACEY

Fine with me. C'mon, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

Jake enters the message parlor with Ryan in tow. The front desk Madame, CASSANDRA (65), looks up.

CASSANDRA

Jacob Sloane, well I'll be damned! I thought you moved out of town right after that bachelor party we threw for Pete Wilson.

Jake is genuinely embarrassed. Cassandra is happy to see him - like they're old friends.

RYAN

You've been here before, Uncle Jake?

CASSANDRA

Has he ever! But not in - what is it, five years or so?

JAKE

At least, Cass. Nice to see you,

too.

CASSANDRA
Is this your son?

JAKE
Nephew.

CASSANDRA
Couldn't find a babysitter? You
want the special today?

JAKE
I'm not here for me.

Cassandra freezes, raise her eyebrows.

JAKE
(continuing)
Kids at school are making fun of
him, say he's behind the times.
I've got a sure-fire way to fix
that...

CASSANDRA
Oh Jake, you always had such a
good heart! I have just the
perfect girl for him.

Off Ryan's excited and scared face we...

CUT TO:

INT. CABO SAN LUCAS AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jeremy and Stacey enter the airport and head for the counter.

But it's the same COUNTERGIRL as before. Jeremy sees her and
veers away - she knows his real name and will certainly
recognize him.

JEREMY
Uh... why don't you go check us
in? I have to make a quick call
to my brother...

STACEY
Sure thing.

Stacey heads to the counter and Jeremy to the phone.

Jeremy pulls out some pesos and shoves them into the phone.
He holds the phone to his ear.

SHERI (V.O.)
"Hi, this is Sheri, Jeremy, and
Ryan but we can't answer the phone

so please leave a message after
the beep."

Sheri's voice brings back memories... and worries.

JEREMY

Uh... hi, Sheri, "Jeremy" - hey,
Jer, could you please pick me up
at the airport. I was able to get
on the flight tonight so I'll see
you there.

Jeremy catches a glimpse of his red face in the reflection of
the phone.

JEREMY

(continuing)

And you may want to stop by a
tanning salon before you pick me
up because uh.... you weren't
looking so healthy, radiant the
last time we saw each other.

Jeremy realizes how absurd he sounds.

JEREMY (awkwardly)

And you, Ryan, I hope that you're
doing well and I'd love to have a
talk, there are some things about
becoming a man, and the things you
do in life, and I dunno, maybe we
can just have a catch, throw a
ball around, and have a little
talk about things your father
maybe hasn't had time to talk to
you about... ok bye.

He hangs up as we...

CUT TO:

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ryan and Jake wait patiently in the dingy hallway.

JAKE

So after we do this you promise to
spend more time on your homework
and less checking out chicks on
the internet?

RYAN

I promise.

JAKE

Good, because if you wind up in
military school you won't see a

real girl for another ten years.
We don't want that - do we?

RYAN
Nope. Thanks, Uncle Jake.

JAKE
No problem. That's what uncles
are for.

They smile at each other - male bonding is so sweet sometimes.

Then the porno music chimes in as DAISY (19) turns the corner
in SLOW MOTION bubbling in and out of her kimono.

Both Jake and Ryan's eyes pop out of their heads. Daisy is
ludicrously sexy and sultry.

Daisy knows that she's in complete control of the situation.
Jake rises to greet her.

DAISY
Don't get up for me. I'm not a
lady.

She swoops down and kisses Ryan on the forehead.

DAISY
(continuing)
I'm Daisy - wanna see me bloom?
c'mon, big boy, let's make you a
man.

She smiles at Ryan, grabs him and drags him into a private
little room - but not before giving Jake a wink in SLOW
MOTION as she turns the corner that almost makes him spooge
himself. Jake's jaw drops to the floor. He raises his hand
as if to say something important:

JAKE
Uh... nevermind...

He moves toward the door as it suddenly SHUTS.

THEN IMMEDIATELY REOPENS.

Daisy is removing surgical gloves. Jake is surprised and
upset.

JAKE
(continuing)
Hey, what's up? Forget something?

DAISY (non-chalant)
Nothing. The procedure is over.

JAKE

"The procedure is over???" That's not some amoeba in a petri dish; that's my nephew! Show some humanity, for godssakes.

DAISY
Humanity, what - are you going to report me to Amnesty International??? I opened my kimono and moved towards him and... it was over.

JAKE
But I paid for thirty minutes.

DAISY
Thirty minutes or one shot, whatever comes first. You know the rules.

JAKE
Jeez, give the kid a break. It's his first time.

DAISY
Sorry, dadio.

JAKE
Well, I ain't leaving here until that kid loses his virginity.

DAISY
Fine with me. Just throw me another hundred, pops.

JAKE
"Pops???"

Jake sighs. Then reaches for his - Jeremy's - wallet. What the fuck, it's not his money anyway.

Jake looks down and sees Jeremy's smiling face on his license; a wave of guilt rushes over Jake.

DAISY
Semester just started. I gotta buy new books.

Daisy pockets the Franklin then goes back into the room - AGAIN IN SLOW MOTION WITH A SULTRY WINK BACK TO JAKE AS SHE STARTS TO UNDO HER KIMONO.

JAKE (to himself)
Sure you do, kid.

THE DOOR SHUTS.

AND THE DOOR OPENS JUST AS FAST.

JAKE
Don't tell me.

DAISY
He's young. What do you expect?

Jake pulls out another hundred and hands it to Daisy.

JAKE
Excuse me. One minute.

Then he brushes by her and goes into the room.

INT. MASSAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Ryan is putting on his jacket. He's embarrassed. He looks like he's about to cry. Jake puts his arm around him in that fatherly way that Jake is becoming so good at.

JAKE
Listen, you can't look at her.
It's all smoke and mirrors.
Trickery. She's not real. An
android. A cyborg. A runner. A
skinjob. Don't look.

Ryan has no clue what Jake is talking about.

Jake looks around the room and sees the lightswitch.

JAKE
(continuing)
I'm going to shut off the light so
that you can't look. C'mon, let's
make this happen. One for the
gipper - and all that kinda stuff.

Ryan nods, bucks up.

RYAN
I'll give it my best shot.

JAKE
No, no shots. Think of something
else. Think of... I don't care
what you think about, just don't
think about giving it another shot.

Jake shuts off the light then turns to exit. Daisy brushes by him.

JAKE
(continuing)
Go easy on him - will you?

DAISY
I haven't touched him yet.

JAKE
That's exactly what I'm talking
about!

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR/HALLWAY - DAY

Jake goes back into the hallway and waits as...

THE DOOR SHUTS.

AND THE DOOR OPENS.

Jake pulls another hundred from the wallet, sighs, and hands
it to Daisy.

JAKE
Pretty soon you'll be able to pay
for graduate school.

She throws him a look, pockets the hundred and goes back in.

We stay on Jake's face - he's cringing, waiting for the door
to open. And waiting.

He looks at the door. It stays shut. It looks like... it
looks like the operation could be a success as we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CABO SAN LUCAS AIRPORT - NIGHT

Jeremy shoves some more pesos in the payphone and we...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR/HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake's cell phone rings. Jake answers it.

JAKE
Hello?

START INTERCUT

JEREMY
Jake, where are you?

Jake looks around - he can't tell him where he is.

JAKE
Uh... on my way home from the
orifice, I mean, office.

JEREMY

Funny, Jake, but I don't have time
for jokes at 10,000 pesos a
second. I got a flight out so
pick me up at the airport later -
OK?

JAKE

Sure.

JEREMY

Then you can bring me up to speed
on everything that happened in the
office today. Did you see my boss?

The door opens and Ryan emerges from the room IN SLOW MOTION
AND THIS TIME IT'S HIM THROWING A SEXY WINK BACK TO DAISY IN
THE ROOM.

Jake can't believe his eyes.

Ryan high-fives Jake.

RYAN

Let's bring it home, cowboy. Ima
hungry.

DAISY (V.O. - dreamy, heavenly)

Come back real soon!

JEREMY

Jake, is that Ryan? Where are you?

Jake starts tapping the mouthpiece on the phone frantically.

JAKE

What - I can't hear you, I'm
losing you, going into a tunnel,
yeah airport later, ok ok, yeah,
see ya...

Jake clicks the phone shut and follows Ryan the man out.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sheri enters and sees Juanita.

SHERI

Hi Juanita, is Ryan home?

JUANITA

Señor Sloane took him out.

SHERI

"Took him out?" Like the Special
Ops "take out a fascist dictator"

or as in "take out to lunch?"

JUANITA

I don't know what you mean but I made him promise to have him home by dinner. Señor Sloane just wanted to have one last talk with his son before he goes bye-bye.

Sheri then hits the answering machine. It's Jeremy's message telling Jake what flight he's on.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR - NIGHT

Jake and Ryan pass Cassandra on the way out.

CASSANDRA

Come back and see us real soon, you guys!

Jake just waves goodbye to her.

JAKE (to Ryan)

So???

RYAN

So that's what it's all about.

JAKE

Don't worry - it gets even better... when you find the right woman.

RYAN

It would be fine with me if it just stayed like that.

Jake and Ryan exit.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Stacey and Jeremy get off the plane.

Sheri comes out of nowhere and walks right up to him.

SHERI

Hey Jake, nice tan!

WHAM!

She punches Jeremy in the eye. He goes down.

SHERI

(continuing)
That's for convincing your brother
to nail his secretary in the
office in the middle of the
afternoon, you sexist pig, Jacob
Sloane!

JEREMY
Sheri, wait... what?

WHAM!

She grabs him by the collar and wallops him again, this time
in the other eye.

SHERI
And that's for getting him fired!
Now he won't even be able to pay
child support when I divorce him!

She lets him fall to the floor.

SHERI
(continuing)
Have a nice day, asshole!

She storms off before Jeremy can say anything.

Stacey tends to Jeremy.

STACEY
God, it seems like your brother
just chucked his whole life out
the window. How are you, Jake?

Jeremy is overwhelmed by emotions, it's hard for him to talk,
find words to express what he's feeling.

JEREMY
I think I need to have a
conversation with my brother.

SHERI
Let's go find him. I'll drive.

She helps Jeremy up and they start to head down the lobby.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY'S CAR - DAY

As the sun starts to set, Jake drives Ryan home.

JAKE
So listen, everything that has
transpired since Friday lives and
dies with me and you. It's our

secret. If you ever tell your mother that your father and I switched then you'll be off to military school forever. And I'll drive you there myself!

RYAN

I have no idea what you're talking about, "dad."

JAKE

That's what I thought. I'm going to take you home and work everything out with your mother...

CUT TO:

EXT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - DUSK

Jeremy and Jake's parents, CELESTE (70) and ALBERT (74) pull into the driveway in their beat-up station wagon. They slowly exit the car. Celeste has Alzheimer's so lord only knows what's going to pop out of her mouth next.

They head towards the door.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Celeste and Albert enter.

CELESTE

Jeremy? Jake? Sheri? Ryan?

Juanita turns the corner.

JUANITA

Oh, hello Mrs. Sloane, how are you?

CELESTE

Just fine, Juanita. But I'll be even better when I see my boys. Where are they?

ALBERT

Jake, Jeremy! Goddamnit, get your asses down here now! I wanna see my boys!

CELESTE

Shhhh, old man!

She turns to Juanita and whispers.

CELESTE

(continuing)

Who is he and why is he always following me around?

JUANITA

I don't know but I've got one in my house too. Bothers the crap out of me.

They laugh together.

ALBERT

And where's my grandson, Ryan?

JUANITA

Some things happened today that I'm sure they'll tell you about when they get here, but I actually don't know where anyone is... although I hear a car pulling into the driveway now...

EXT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sheri pulls up in front of the house. She gets out of the car and slams the door. She heads for the front door, which opens.

Stacey and Jeremy pull into the driveway in Stacey's Jetta.

Celeste and Albert come out of the house.

SHERI

Hi pops, mom, how are you? I've got bad news, Jeremy and I are getting...

They all turn around at Jeremy and Stacey.

CELESTE

Jeremy, what on earth are you doing dressed up as Jake? And where did you get that sunburn?

Jeremy turns to Stacey.

JEREMY

Must be the Alzheimers.

Right behind them Jake pulls in with Ryan.

ALBERT (to Stacey)

Those aren't black eyes - are they? I thought I taught my boys how to defend themselves...

INT. JEREMY'S CAR - NIGHT

As he pulls into the driveway in Jeremy's car, Jake sees what's going on and turns to Ryan.

JAKE
Remember our deal.

RYAN
Got it.

EXT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake gets out of the car and heads for the family. Ryan is right behind him.

JAKE
I can explain everything.

SHERI
Jeremy, I'll call the police if you take another step!

CELESTE
Jake, what the hell are you doing dressed up like Jeremy? You look ridiculous!

JAKE
Hi mom.
(to the others)
Must be the Alzheimers.

Jake spots Jeremy with his new sunburn and two black eyes.

JAKE
(continuing)
Jesus, what happened to you? And Stacey, what are you doing here???

STACEY
Jeremy??? Jake???

JEREMY (to the others)
Listen everybody, I haven't been getting enough face time with my brother recently. We'll be right back...

(beat)
"Jeremy?" Let's take a walk.

JAKE
But...

Jeremy swoops down and grabs Jake's earlobe and twists it.

JEREMY
Let's go.

JAKE
Hey, that hurts!

Jeremy starts to drag Jake across the lawn.

CELESTE
I may not be able to remember what
I had for breakfast but I'll be
damned if I can't remember my own
sons!

RYAN
Grandma, why don't you come with
me? I want to show you my train
set.

ALBERT
What happened to that nice
computer we bought you?

RYAN
Too complicated. C'mon gramps,
check out my trains.

And the proud grandparents escort Ryan off to his trains
leaving Sheri and Stacey kinda looking at each other
awkwardly.

STACEY
I'm Stacey.

SHERI
Sheri.

STACEY
Pleasure.

SHERI
Any idea what's going on?

STACEY
Haven't the faintest.

SHERI
Good to know. Would you like some
coffee?

STACEY
Sure.

Female bonding - even sweeter than male.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jeremy drags Jake past the white picket fences until they're

out of earshot.

JEREMY

So I heard that I lost my job.

JAKE

Well, I don't know if "lost" is the most accurate way to put it.

JEREMY

Shut up. I heard that my wife of fifteen years is divorcing me.

JAKE

Well, actually, you did commit adultery.

JEREMY

No, I didn't! You did! I only kissed Stacey.

JAKE

You kissed Stacey, motherfucker?!!!

JEREMY

Oh that's touching, Mister Hypocrisy... how many girls have you been with since you two broke up?

JAKE

Yeah... but my own brother?

JEREMY

And what was that little thing about the FBI and my son?

JAKE

Well, there my conscience is clear. Ryan walked right into that one all by himself. But he's better now. I cured him. No need to send him military school anymore.

Jeremy stops dragging Jake for a moment and holds him up, indignant.

JEREMY

You "cured" him? You "cured" my son? Like a pickle or an olive?

JAKE

No. I took him down to Cassandra's.

JEREMY

You took my 14 year old son to a
whorehouse?

JAKE

It's a massage parlor, not a
whorehouse, silly. Whorehouses
went out with the wild west.

JEREMY

What did they massage, aside from
his libido?

JAKE

Uh...

He starts to drag Jake again.

JEREMY

I can't believe that my own
brother took my 14 year old son to
Cassandra's.

JAKE

Hey, isn't that what uncles are
for?

JEREMY

No, that is not what uncles are
for! Under the dictionary
definition of "uncle" I think that
you'd be hard-pressed to find "the
guy that brings you to the local
whorehouse when you're 14!"

JAKE

Massage parlor.

JEREMY

Can it!

He starts to drag Jake down the driveway of a neighbor's
house.

MS. CARLSON (45) spots them from the window. Jeremy sees
her. It's obviously not every day that Ms. Carlson sees
sunburned blackeyed Jeremy dragging his prim and proper
doppelganger down the driveway.

JEREMY

(continuing)

Good evening, Ms. Carlson. I left
something in your garage after we
played flag football with the boys
last month - I'm just going to get
it.

MS. CARLSON

Sure thing, Mister Sloane.

JAKE

Flag football - that's for
wussies, isn't it?

JEREMY

When you have a son you can let
him lose his teeth any way he
wants to, but in my house my son
plays flag football.

JAKE

You seem upset, Jeremy. I take it
that single life isn't what you
expected?

JEREMY

Not exactly. There's some kinda
lesbian epidemic going on that
nobody's talking about...

Jeremy opens the Carlson's garage door.

JAKE

Speaking of which, what the hell
is Stacey Platt doing in your
house???

JEREMY

Stacey Platt is the last of a
dying breed, my friend. And she's
definitely not a lesbian.

INT. CARLSON'S GARAGE - DAY

Jeremy tosses Jake into the garage and lowers the door behind
them.

JAKE

You didn't... with Stacey...?

Jeremy comes up to Jake's face.

JEREMY

I told you: we just kissed. And
lemme tell you, you missed out on
a good thing when you let her go.

JAKE

So I've heard.

JEREMY

You didn't... with Sheri...?

JAKE

Give me a break...

(backpeddling)
I mean, she's a beautiful woman...
she's just not my type...

Jake notices Jeremy's black eyes.

JAKE
(continuing)
God, that must really smart.

Jeremy is kinda bobbing and weaving looking for the right angle - the same one that Sheri used.

JEREMY
Oh, believe me, it does.

WHAM!

Jeremy nails Jake in the eye. Jake crashes into some boxes.

JAKE
What the hell did you do that
for?! I told you, I didn't touch
her!

JEREMY
Because we have to switch back,
asshole - but the whole house
knows that I have two black eyes
and a sunburn.

He picks Jake up.

JAKE
It would take me a week and a case
of baby oil to get a sunburn like
that and it's cloudy out. And I
only have one black eye.

WHAM!

Jeremy nails Jake in the other eye. Jake crashes back into the boxes.

JEREMY
Not any more.
(beat)
Now strip!

JAKE
Fuck off.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - DAY

Juanita brings a tray of hors d'oeuvres over to Celeste,

Albert, and Stacey who all decline politely. Ryan digs in - he has worked up an appetite. Actually, he's ravenous - everyone just watches him stuff his face.

STACEY

It's good to see you again, Mister and Misses Sloane... Jake brought me home for Christmas about three years ago...

CELESTE

Oh, yes, that was you, the girl with the elephant and the crochet needle. We liked you.

The Alzheimer's has kicked back in.

ALBERT

You know, you're the only girl that Jake ever brought home. At first we thought he was one of those homosexualists...

RYAN

Believe me, gramps, uncle Jake isn't gay. I think he's got some kinda anti-gay gene or something...

Ryan notices that Sheri isn't there.

RYAN

(continuing)

Hey, where'd mom go?

Ryan gets up to take a look.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CARLSON'S GARAGE - DAY

Jake lies naked under the Carlson's tanning bed. Jeremy fucks with the dials to try to turn it up to the maximum. Jake resembles a pig in a roasting pit.

JAKE

Jesus, that burns. Turn it down, turn it down!

JEREMY

Sure thing.

Jeremy turns it up even higher. He addresses his captive audience.

JEREMY

(continuing)

OK, Jacob Sloane, now you're going

to listen to me and listen to me
good:

JAKE

I'm all ears.

Jeremy takes a deep breath while he tries to remember
Stacey's speech verbatim.

JEREMY

"You have no idea what real
intimacy is, you objectify
women..."

JAKE

You didn't read one of Stacey's
self help books - did you?

JEREMY

No, I didn't. Now stay focused:
you think that women were put on
this earth for the sole reason of
helping you avoid loping the mule.
But Jacob, did you ever stop and
wonder why god gave you hands?

JAKE

Uh... so that I could type my
articles and pay my rent?

JEREMY

No, that's not why. Stay focused!
OK, so you're here on god's green
earth with all these hotties
running around and every time you
think you found "the one," you get
a glimpse of another "possible
one" out of the corner of your eye
and you chuck "the one" into the
garbage faster than you can say
white wedding. But then Misses
Right Now makes the mistake of
farting or blowing her snots on
your pillow or trying to kiss you
before she brushes her teeth.
Then she is no longer the plastic-
fantastic chickee who jumped out
of Screwupyourlife Magazine, then
she is "a real human being." And
what do real human beings have?
Feelings, moods, desires, issues
and all sorts of terrible things
that Jake Sloane can't deal with
because he's too busy being
obsessed with his own "feelings"
and "moods" and "desires" and
"issues." And the second that

this idealized bettie shows these human characteristics she falls from grace, she can no longer be the missing part of you, the cure for your misanthropic loneliness, your instant warm and fuzzy end-of-the-rough-day-on-earth blow job.

(beat)

No matter how good that sounds.

JAKE

So what are you saying? Because it sounds almost kinda profound.

JEREMY

I know that you understand exactly what I'm saying so I'm not going to repeat myself. On the other hand, you totally messed up my life so what you're going to do is go back to my house and explain to my wife of fifteen years that the man she saw with her husband's secretary was you and that her husband would never commit adultery on her in one thousand years...

JAKE

What about Stacey?

JEREMY

That was a kiss and I only did it for you.

JAKE

Continue.

JEREMY

OK, so we're going to get our story straight so that none of this never happened - except one magical thing:

JAKE

What's that?

JEREMY

You grew up, became a man, and are now ready to apologize to Stacey.

JAKE

Apologize for what?

JEREMY

For being a man!

(beat)

For being selfish and insensitive
and immature and afraid of
commitment... just stop me when I
get warm here...

JAKE

Jesus, I am not having fun here.

JEREMY

Lemme give you a little bit of
advice: you can go around the
jungle pissing on trees to mark
your territory but one day the
little girls are going to find a
leaner, faster, smoother lion and
then you're going to find yourself
alone for the rest of your life.
And that day is coming up sooner
than you think. Grow up and learn
that life is about sharing, making
a real connection. Not about eye
candy - because your eyes can get
cavities too, my friend.

JAKE

If that's not the fucking pot
calling the kettle black...

JEREMY

Yeah well, I guess that I had to
go away in order to come back...

so you're going to apologize to
Stacey - right?

JAKE

And you're going to apologize to
Sheri - right?

It is clear that Jeremy will now appreciate married life with
a newfound respect.

JEREMY

Just fill me in on what else went
on this week so I can figure out
how to get my wife and job back.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sheri is whimpering in bed when Ryan cautiously enters.

RYAN

Mom?

SHERI

What is it, honey?

RYAN

I take it that you're not having a good day.

SHERI

No, not really.

RYAN

Well, I have some good news for you...

SHERI

What's that?

RYAN

That wasn't dad in the office today.

SHERI

Did your asshole-father put you up to this?

RYAN

Listen, I have no reason to lie to you... about this. It's just that I've been having some problems at school and we didn't want to tell you about it... guy stuff.

So dad came into school during his lunch today, before I saw the headshrinker...

SHERI

"Therapist."

RYAN

Whatever. Anyway, we had a heart to heart and he asked uncle Jake to cover for him in the office and then lord only knows what happened. But I swear on anything you want me to swear on, dad would never touch his secretary. Only a real pervert like uncle Jake would do something like that.

SHERI

You are 100% sure that the person behind Catherine in your father's office wasn't Jeremy Benjamin Sloane?

RYAN

One-hundred and fifty percent. It

couldn't have been - he was with
my teacher, Mister Colson. I
swear.

She hugs him, relieved.

SHERI
Go downstairs. I'll be down in a
minute.

EXT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake and Jeremy approach the house.

JEREMY
OK, give me my ring back.

Jake slides the wedding ring off.

JAKE
"With this ring, you be wed, my
brother."

He slides it onto Jeremy's finger.

JAKE
(continuing)
OK, now what?

JEREMY
C'mon, let's go - you first.

Jake goes through the window first into the house.

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sheri is leaving the bedroom when she hears a noise which she
follows.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sheri turns the corner and finds a naked man.

SHERI
Are you Jake or Jeremy?

He proudly holds up his left hand: no wedding ring.

SHERI
(continuing)
That's not a tan line - is it?

JAKE
What - no way... it's just...
listen Sheri, I have to tell
you... that was me with Jeremy's
secretary behind the desk today...

don't tell Jeremy but Catherine
and I have been... for years. I
realize it may seem a little sick
since I bear a slight resemblance
to her boss...

SHERI
"Slight resemblance?"

JAKE
OK, so I happen to be twins with
her boss who happens to be happily
married but...

SHERI
It's OK, I know.

JAKE
You know what?

SHERI
Ryan told me everything.

JAKE
Ryan told you everything...?

SHERI
Is there an echo in here?

JAKE
What exactly did the little
munchkin say?

SHERI
That you were the sleaziest man
in the world who led a fantastic
imaginary life but knew nothing
about responsibility and that he
didn't want to be anything like
you.

JAKE
This is definitely not my day.

SHERI
And that Jeremy was out to lunch
when you were tossing his
secretary's salad.

JAKE
Listen, that's a prison term used
in a specific context so... I
don't think what I was doing -
although it may appear
otherwise - would really
constitute tossing a salad. OK?

SHERI

Right. Interesting distinction.

She turns to leave.

SHERI

(continuing)

Why don't you get dressed now?

JAKE

Sheri wait. OK listen: I'm guilty as charged... I guess the kid isn't as dumb as he looks...

SHERI

He looks like you, Jake.

JAKE

Which may come in handy later in life...

SHERI

You're never going to change - are you?

JAKE

As a matter of fact... not only am I going to change but I'm going to do it right now.

SHERI

Really?

JAKE

Yes. If I could just borrow some clothing then I'll get dressed and get on with my life... I guess that Stacey is downstairs waiting for me.

SHERI

What about Bunny?

JAKE

You mean that "retarded walking trampoline, bimbo, blow-up-doll with life-like Coppertone skin?"

Sheri raises her eyebrows - how could he know that this is exactly how she referred to Bunny in the car on Friday night??? She didn't lean over and try to fellate the wrong man... or did she?

SHERI

Uh...

JAKE

C'mon, let me start my adult life.

She shows him the closet and then heads off.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stacey is entertaining the grandparents while Juanita looks on.

ALBERT

... At our age, we don't even buy green bananas. Every day is a gift and should be appreciated. As long as we are together and have our family, we're happy.

STACEY

Amen.

Celeste leans over to whisper a secret to Stacey.

CELESTE

We're so proud of our sons - but we can't let them know or then they'll slack off...

STACEY

Don't worry - I'm sure they know...

Ryan comes back into the room and sits down.

ALBERT

So how is school going, Ryan?

RYAN

Everything is great.

Jake comes into the room and eyes Stacey. He cautiously approaches her.

STACEY

Well?

He sits down and takes her hand.

JAKE

I'm glad you're here. It's good to see you again.

CELESTE

We're glad she's here too, Jake.

ALBERT

Good to see you, son. Where's your brother?

JAKE
I'll go find out...

Jake heads upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Sheri has jumped Jeremy and they go at it passionately.

JEREMY
I'm sorry if I've been distant
lately. I just kinda fell into a
rut...

SHERI
Yeah, me too. I'm sorry I've been
so aloof...

JEREMY
I promise I'll appreciate you more
in the future. I love you so much.

SHERI
Me too... I love you.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake slowly moves down the hallway.

OFF he hears deep breathing and bodies crashing together. He
heads back downstairs.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake comes downstairs - he has some idea what's going on
upstairs. He puts his arm around Stacey.

JAKE
Uh... mom, dad... would it be
possible to meet for breakfast,
all of us, tomorrow morning. I
don't think that dinner tonight is
going to happen. And Stacey and
I still have alot of catching up
to do...

Jake and Stacey kiss - everyone is happy for them.

CELESTE
Your favorite place, that Denny's

on Main Street?

JAKE

I always hated that place, Mom.
That was Jeremy's favorite place.
The waitress always gave him the
best seat.

ALBERT

And you thought you could tell
your sons apart. Ha!

Jake leads Stacey towards the door. Ryan and Jake exchange
conspiratorial winks.

JAKE

We'll see you tomorrow.

RYAN

Thanks for everything, uncle Jake.

JAKE

No problem, kid.

They exit.

EXT. JEREMY AND SHERI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jake and Stacey leave the house and walk towards Jeremy's car
(which Jake has been driving around).

He turns around and says goodbye to the house in the suburbs.

JAKE

Yeah, well I guess sometimes the
grass looks greener on the other
side.

Stacey knows exactly what he's talking about.

STACEY

When are you going to learn, Jake?
THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER
WHEREVER YOU FUCKING WATER IT.

JAKE

I'll go get my sprinkler.

STACEY

No: keep your sprinkler in your
pants.

(beat)

Open your heart.

JAKE

C'mon, lets go home, beautiful.

Jake - that's right, Jake - not Jeremy called her beautiful...

STACEY

Wow, twice in one day. You really
have changed, Jake.

Stacey's so happy she could cry.

Jake holds the door open for Stacey. To Jeremy's car.

STACEY

(continuing)

One thing, sailor.

JAKE

What's that?

STACEY

This isn't your car.

JAKE

Important safety tip, thanks.

They hug as we...

FADE OUT

ROLL END CREDITS

FADE BACK IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Ryan pulls some sugary shit off the shelf as Jeremy pushes
the cart and Sheri goes down her list of items methodically
checking them off one by one.

From around the corner comes Doctor Weintraub, the Dentist.

JEREMY

Lenny, how are you? How's the
backswing?

He has a cart full of drink mixes and beer.

DENTIST

Fantastic, just stocking up before
I hit the course. How's that root
canal?

Sheri turns to Jeremy.

SHERI

You didn't tell me about a root canal, honey? I thought you floss every night?

DENTIST

Worst one I've ever seen.

JEREMY

Uh, yeah, well, I was just kinda embarrassed...

Ryan looks over at Jeremy and gives him an "I won't squeal if you don't" look.

Male bonding - it's really sweet when it works.

And we FADE BACK OUT

