

"THE BIG ASK"

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INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL -- NIGHT

A bar stretches the street side length of the room. Stools face away from dozens of tables. Past the dining area's a line of picture windows overlooking the parking lot.

The place is packed. CUSTOMERS fill the tables, WAITERS and WAITRESSES move through the crowd with drinks and food orders. At the bar sits STEW LANCASTER, 30, chunky, anxious, sweating. There's an empty barstool next to him.

The BARTENDER, late 20's, passes by.

STEW
Hey. That food coming?

BARTENDER
It's coming, man. I promise.

STEW
Yeah?

BARTENDER
Swear to God.

STEW
Sorry. I'm a nervous eater.

BARTENDER
You're nervous 24/7, huh?

STEW
Fuck off.

From the parking lot in the back, WILL GIBB, 30, steps in the door. He pauses, sees Stew, weaves through the crowd, pats Stew on the back.

WILL
Hey.

Exceptionally relieved, Stew embraces him.

STEW
Oh-Thank-God-Oh-Thank-God-Oh-Thank-God....

WILL
What's so urgent?

Will sits down.

STEW

We gotta circle the 'bros before hoes' wagons. DO NOT tell your wife, okay? She's a bitch and you know how much she hates me.

WILL

Well, your wife's an even BIGGER bitch and you know how much she hates ME!

STEW

RIGHT?!?! And we're still best friends!! We can survive ANYTHING! Especially if it keeps me outta jail 'cause no way I can go to jail.

WILL

Stew, why would you go to jail?

STEW

I never wanted this for us, man. Always hoped we'd make a ton of cash, end up on a yacht, sipping those shitty Daiquiris with the-the-the-

WILL

Umbrellas?

STEW

(pointing at Will)
Exactly! Just you and me, buddy, sitting there, sailing, drinking those-those-those-

WILL

Shitty daiquiri's with umbrellas.

STEW

Exactly! Maybe the wives. Not sure, 'cause you know, your wife hates me.

WILL

Your wife hates me, too!

STEW

Remember when we figured they knew each other?

INT. COLLEGE PARTY -- NIGHT

Stew and Will stand next to one another, staring at us, each with a purse pressed into their chests like they're rushing a football through the line of scrimmage.

Other COLLEGE STUDENTS stand around them.

In the foreground, TWO GIRLS rush through frame, fighting, pulling hair, punching. The Group CRINGES at a punch.

WILL

Damn, your girl has some follow through.

STEW

Rape Class. Got me with the same hit last week. I keep messing up the safe word. Esperanto's a fucker.

A body flies through frame.

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

WILL

Stew. What happened?

STEW

I swear.
(rising)
He came out of NOWHERE.

Stew motions Will to follow. They walk away from us, weave through the crowd, out the back. From our vantage point, we see see them approach a car parked facing us.

They head to the back of the car. Stew looks around, pops the trunk, blocking our view of them. A few seconds pass and suddenly Will appears, projectile vomiting on the ground.

Stew shuts the trunk, looks around again. They make their way back to the door, weave through the diners, sit down as Stew's food arrives. Stew reaches for the ketchup, squeezes, it blurps out. Empty. He sets it down.

STEW

ALWAYS empty. ALWAYS.

WILL

I know that guy.

STEW

I know you do. Not as well as your wife, but -

WILL

What happened?

Stew proceeds to nervously shove food in his mouth as they talk.

STEW

He came out of nowhere.

WILL

Totally got that part. Looking to build on that part. Would really like to know how you killed my wife's ex-husband?

STEW

I'm driving home, a block away from my house. Suddenly, this asshole tears ass across the road. BOOM!

WILL

Why was he there?

STEW

No idea. But he was running Usain Bolt fast. Right across the street.

WILL

Were you speeding?

STEW

Fuck yeah, I was speeding! We only have one car and you know how angry she gets when she's late for pilates! I slammed the brakes as best I could but...

WILL

Then what happened?

STEW

I get out.

WILL

And?

STEW

And...and...I panicked. I just panicked, Will. Popped the trunk, put him in, drove away.

WILL

If you didn't do anything wrong you should've stayed and called the cops.

STEW

I KNOW!! I FUCKED UP!! You gotta help me, man...

Stew munches on french fries, watches Will contemplate.

WILL
Why was he running across the street?

STEW
No idea.

EXT. CLIFF -- NIGHT

Stew's car backs up to a cliff overlooking a body of water. The tail lights burn red as it comes to a stop and the engine shuts off. A "thunk" as the trunk pops open.

Stew and Will exit, flip up the back. They recoil.

WILL
Damn! Is that.....number 1?

STEW
Yeah. And, you know....

STEW & WILL
Number 2.

STEW
Yeah. But more number 1.

WILL
A lot more. Jeez, is there normally so much....

STEW
Urine?

WILL
Yeah.

STEW
Like I've done this before.

WILL
Just a question.

STEW
Just an answer.

WILL
Okay, okay.

They stand for a moment.

WILL
What do we do?

STEW

Like I know?!?! I've never done
this before?!?!

WILL

Don't fucking yell at me, man. I
didn't kill the guy.

STEW

Really?!? You're going there? 'I
didn't kill the guy'?

WILL

Well....

STEW

You know, if you were gonna be this
way why did you agree to help?

WILL

'Cause you ASKED me to help.

(imitates Stew)

'How long we know each other...'

STEW

Yeah. How long we know each other?
If the situation were reversed I'd
totally be here for you. I'd be
reaching into the car and grabbing
the heavy end and tossing it off the
cliff to help you. You know why?

WILL

Why?

STEW

'Cause you're my friend.

WILL

Let's just do this and get out of
here.

They reach in for the body and block the camera.

INT. WILL'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Will sits on the toilet. The lid's down. He's thinking.
DANA, 30, his wife, pretty, fit, enters wearing a robe.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. STEW'S CUBICLE -- DAY

Logos for TeleComCorp are everywhere - walls, chairs, shirts. Stew sits in his cubicle, headset over an ear, on a call.

STEW

Yeah, I'm trying to reach Will. Again. You told me that Javier, you told me that. But...yeah, I get that. Look, he's dodging me and it's pissing me off. Yes, leave that message. Stew says you're pissing him off. Thank you.

Stew disconnects.

INT. AUTO PARTS SHOP -- DAY

Wearing an Auto Parts Shop shirt with his name emblazoned over "Manager", Will finishes ringing up an order for a CUSTOMER. She takes her receipt, steps away, revealing Stew.

STEW

You avoiding me?

Will turns to JAVIER, 20's, another employee.

WILL

Javier? Can you help this gentleman, please?

Will slides away as Javier takes his place.

JAVIER

Yes, sir. How may I help you?

STEW

Fuck off, Javier. How long we know each other you treat me like a stranger?

JAVIER

I just work here, Stew. How can I help you?

Stew turns, sees Will walk from the service counter into the product aisles.

STEW

Will? Will, what the fuck?

Stew stalks him down the aisles. Will avoids him, ducking down one aisle, another, bumping into customers, avoiding them when they ask for help...

CUSTOMER #2

Hey, I'm looking for a bolt to -

WILL

Javier? Can you give this gentleman some assistance?

He ducks out of the aisle right into Stew.

STEW

Hey.

WILL

Hey.

STEW

I've been calling.

WILL

Yeah, I've been, you know, busy.

STEW

Yeah?

WILL

Yeah, you know.

STEW

You know what this feels like?

Will shakes his head 'no'.

STEW

This feels like when you're breaking up with a girl. You know?

Will stares back at him.

STEW

Are you breaking up with me, Will?

WILL

Yeah, I'm breaking up with you.

STEW

What're we 10? You want all your drawings back, too?

WILL

I think maybe we should take some time apart. That's all. Just give each other some space.

STEW

You're TOTALLY breaking up with me. Wow. You're breaking up with me in an auto parts store. I mean, shouldn't you, like, take me to a cafe or something?

WILL

Don't think of it like that. Think of it like you have an opportunity to explore new things, make new friends in new places.

STEW

Like where? For instance.

WILL

Jail?

STEW

Oh, fuck YOU, Will. I knew that's what this was about.

WILL

Last night freaked me out, man.

STEW

Me, too!! It was worse than having to do Karaoke.

WILL

I hate Karaoke.

STEW

We BOTH hate karaoke. Now, c'mon, help me out. You were gonna fix my car this weekend.

WILL

No can do, jack.

STEW

What do you mean, 'no can do'? Like I know ANYTHING about that shit. You said you were gonna help me. You know how bad she rides the clutch!

WILL

I think I helped you big time last night.

STEW

I'd really like to forget that happened.

WILL

Javier!?!?!?

JAVIER (O.S.)

Yes, boss?

WILL

This gentleman needs some assistance.

STEW

So that's it. You're breaking up with me and leaving me high and dry on my car. You got nothing left to say?

WILL

Javier'll ring you up.

INT. AUTO PARTS SHOP - SERVICE COUNTER -- DAY

Javier rings up a bunch of parts and a Hayes Manual for Stew's car. He swipes Stew's credit card, hands him the receipt to sign. Stew checks it out, holds it up, calls to Will standing with ANOTHER CUSTOMER down the counter.

STEW

For reals? Not even an employee discount?

Javier turns to Will. Will nods to the counter. Javier grabs a small flashlight, tosses it in the bag.

STEW

A flashlight? With nooooo batteries.

Javier turns to Will again. Reluctantly, Will gives another nod. Javier tosses in a pack of batteries.

JAVIER

We appreciate your business, sir.

STEW

Yeah, I bet. Welp. I'll just take all this shit and lay it out on the driveway 'cause I don't know anything about car repair. My best friend? He's the Obi Wan of car repair. But me....

JAVIER

Have a nice day.

STEW

Go fuck yourself, Javier.

Stew grabs his bag, exits the store.

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Stew's car is on a ramp. Tools and parts are everywhere along with shop towels and an open Hayes Manual. Underneath the car, Stew struggles with a ratchet and the shitty flashlight.

STEW

No fucking idea. No fucking idea.
I have no fucking idea what. I. Am
Doing.

A giant red tool box lands on the ground. Stew glances over, sees Will's feet. Will drops down.

WILL

I'll take it from here.

STEW

Seriously? "I'll take it from
here"?!?!? FUCK YOU, WILL -

WILL

I'm sorry-I'm sorry-I'm sorry. I
didn't mean to say that. Really.
Honest Injun. Seriously. Not being
a dick.

STEW

You know saying that's a trigger for
me.

WILL

Just, please, slide over. Lemme
help.

STEW

(sliding over)
This feels like make up sex.

Will slides next to him.

WILL

Hey. I'm sorry. Okay?

STEW

You saying you wanna....get back
together?

WILL

You wanna work on this car or not?

STEW

No. I don't wanna work on this car.
I want you to work on this car. I
wanna just lay here and offer comedic
commentary while you Harry Potter
the shit outta this thing.

WILL

Alright, well lemme undo what you've
done and then I'll check out the
clutch.

Will starts working on the car.

WILL

I keep thinking about the other night.
Man. There was so much....urine.

STEW

I know!!

WILL

Is that normal?

STEW

Don't know. Maybe the dude just
really had to go to the bathroom.

WILL

And you said it was like a block
from here?

STEW

One street over. Exactly.

WILL

Why was he -

A set of high heels clicks up the car. Both Will and Stew
freeze, glance at each other.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

Hello. Will.

WILL

Hello. Stew's....wife.

A second later a cat appears, rubs itself against her leg.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

Let's go, Mercy.

She picks it up, clicks away. Will and Stew whisper.

STEW
 (whisper)
I fucking hate that cat.

 WILL
 (whisper)
We both do.

 STEW
 (whisper)
We get that boat I promise to throw
it over.

They giggle like a couple kids.

 STEW
Thanks for taking care of this.

 WILL
Yeah. No worries

 STEW
You know, I think I was just being
paranoid. I'm sure everything's
gonna be fine and we're totally in
the clear.

Suddenly, we hear SIRENS, see a couple cop cars RUSH BY with
lights ablaze. They turn the corner hot, disappear. The
sirens dissipate. Will and Stew are motionless. Stare at
each other.

 WILL
What?

 STEW
They're two streets over.

 WILL
You said it happened one street over.

 STEW
Right.

 WILL
Should we check it out? I mean -
what's over there?

 STEW
What's over there?

 WILL
I don't know what's over there.
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

I know your wife rides the clutch.
Right now - that's ALL I know.

(resigned)

We should check it out, huh?

They slide out from beneath the car.

EXT. STEW'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- DAY

From above, we see them run across their street, across the second street - Stew pauses slightly, points at a long skid mark as they continue between houses, reach the street with the cop cars.

EXT. TWO STREETS OVER FROM STEW'S -- DAY

Drinking from an old school coke bottle, the BOAT OWNER stands next to his yacht parked on the grass next to his house. Stew and Will sprint past him.

A FEW POLICE OFFICERS spread yellow "do not cross" tape around a vehicle. In the distance, a DETECTIVE exits his car, chats with ANOTHER OFFICER.

DETECTIVE

I'm gonna canvass the other block,
see if anyone knows anything.

The Detective walks away.

BOAT OWNER

You guys mind getting off my lawn?

Stew and Will turn.

STEW

Sorry, we just -

WILL

Yeah, no problem we -

STEW

Hey, you know what's going on here?

BOAT OWNER

Guess some guy went base jumping.
Forgot to bring his chute.

The Boat Owner finishes his soda, enters his garage, drops the bottle into a rack of numerous other empties, punches a wall button and closes the garage door.

WILL
You know that guy?

STEW
Nope.

They step over to the sidewalk. A LITTLE BOY, 8, sits in his Big Wheel staring at Stew through thick glasses. It's disconcerting.

STEW
Can I help you?

Nothing. Just staring. A POLICE OFFICER walks by.

WILL
Officer?

STEW
(softly)
Don't.

WILL
Officer?

STEW
(softly)
What the fuck are you doing?

The Officer approaches.

WILL
Sir, what's going on here?

POLICE OFFICER
Guess some guy went diving. Forgot to check how deep the water was. This here's his car.

BIG WHEEL KID
Have you seen the skid marks on that other street?

STEW
Shut the fuck up and let this gentleman get back to work.

WILL
Sorry to disturb you officer.

The Officer stares at them, the kid, walks away. The Big Wheel Kid gives Stew a mean look, rolls over his foot.

WILL
That his car?

STEW
I guess.

WILL
What are they looking for?

STEW
Don't know.

WILL
Think we should get outta here?

STEW
Not just yet. I'm so fucking hungry.

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

Will drives off as Stew approaches the front door carrying a take out food bag.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - FOYER -- DAY

Stew enters the house, sees the Detective speaking with Raquel. There's not enough room for Stew to close the door. He stands with it open, notices the man's badge, holstered firearm.

RAQUEL
Stew this Detective's canvassing the neighborhood.

DETECTIVE
Some guy took an elevator down to the beach. Forgot to wait for the elevator.

STEW
That's horrible.

Raquel steps in front of Stew, pushes the the Detective past Stew and out the door.

RAQUEL
Well....thank you, Detective.

DETECTIVE
Yeah, I have any follow up -

She slams the door in his face, heads upstairs. Stew's left overwhelmed.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Stew lays on his back next to Raquel. He's having a nightmare. He sees flashes of the accident, headlights driving down the street, a GUY suddenly sprinting into the road, rolling over the front of the car, the roof, off the back, laying motionless as the trunk closes on him, then flying off a cliff, falling, falling, falling and landing on top of us.

Stew sits up in a sweat. Panic, scared. He calms, glances at his wife who sleeps silently, peaceful. His breathing settles. He lays down, revealing the GUY, sitting in a chair, bloody, cut, wet.

Stew slowly sits back up.

GUY
Hey. How's it going?

STEW
I'm okay. You?

GUY
Eh, been better.

STEW
Yeah?

GUY
Yeah. Like...not....dead.

STEW
I bet. Dead...kinda...

GUY
It blows.

STEW
Yeah, yeah...so...are, uh...you and me, areuh....we cool?

GUY
Well, you kinda....KILLED me.

STEW
I KNOW!! I'm really sorry about that.

GUY
Yeah.....Look - go back to sleep.

STEW
You sure?

GUY
Yeah. Go back to sleep.

Stew starts to lay down

GUY
Hey - one last thing?

STEW
Yeah?

GUY
You killed me. Just saying....

STEW
Yeah, I know.

GUY
G'night.

STEW
Yeah, yeah, g'night.

Guy gives Stew a salute as Stew lays back down.

INT. AUTO PARTS SHOP - AISLES -- DAY

Stew follows Will down an aisle as Will restocks. Stew's plowing through a bag of chips, just shoving them in.

WILL
What do you mean he 'visited you'?

STEW
He visited me.

WILL
You know, saying the same words louder, softer, faster, slower - it's the same thing to me. So when I ask what do you mean he 'visited you' I'm asking for different words. Like, more words.

STEW
He was in the chair talkin' to me.

WILL
Was he happy?

STEW
No, he wasn't fucking happy. He was a little irritated that someone made him -

(MORE)

STEW (CONT'D)
(glances around)
Not. Alive.

WILL
Guilt.

STEW
What?

WILL
You're guilty.

STEW
Fuck you, Will. Why you gotta rub
this shit in every chance you get?

WILL
That's not what I meant.

STEW
You said 'you're guilty' what the
fuck else could you mean?

WILL
I mean, you FEEL guilty.

STEW
No shit I feel guilty. I feel so
guilty I'm having this fucking guy
visit me when I'm sleeping.

WILL
EXACTLY! So you gotta get yourself
to feel un-guilty.

STEW
You want me to go to the police? Is
that what this is about 'cause you're
a part of it, man.

WILL
Calm the fuck down.
(grabs chips)
And stop fucking eating!!

STEW
(grabs chips back)
I'm not going to the police, man.

WILL
I don't want you to go to the police.
I want you to get it off your chest.
I want you to go to confession.

STEW
Um...where was I?

He lowers his voice.

STEW
So, hot wife. But now I'm just
tossing, in the shower. I've, uh,
also tried to-
(coughs over sentence)
-suckmyowndick-....And, for the
longest time, thought I had dexterity
issues then realized I just have a
really small penis. Fuck
SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE by the way.
Anyhow...

He glances over. The Older Nun heard. Shakes her head.

STEW
I'm at work, right? I'm at work.
And, my wife - she and I share a
car. We got one car. I have a job,
she doesn't work, which was really
bad for me to agree with but, you
know I'm -
(covers mouth)
Pussywhipped.

He glances over at the Older Nun - angry.

STEW
I gotta get the car home. She has
something she has to do. Pilates I
think. And, I'm rushing to get out
of there. You know, to get home,
right?!

The Older Nun clears her throat.

STEW
And I'm doing my best to mind the
speed limit, to an extent, it's a
residential neighborhood, there's
kids and big wheels and shit. Okay -
I was going pretty fucking fast, I
admit it. Revving balls in a 15.

Again, the Older Nun clears her throat. Stew turns to her.

STEW
You know, I really hate that. I
really fucking hate that.

OLDER NUN

You're in a church.

STEW

No shit I'm in a fucking church. I came here specifically to have a little heart to heart with my boy here and suddenly you bum rush us and get in our shit.

The Older Nun starts to gear up for a comeback

STEW

Don't even THINK about pulling some high powered 'I know a guy' Nun bullshit on me. Don't. You could've sat any where in here. In fact, you can come here any fucking time you want. Can I?

Turns to Jesus.

STEW

Can I?

Turns back to the Older Nun.

STEW

No. I can't. So do me a solid Sister and lemme convo with JC here for a few. Oh-kaaaaay?

She stares at him. Hard.

STEW

Get the fuck out!?!?!?

Reluctantly, she rises, walks back to the door. As she opens it, Stew turns, pulls out an unwrapped pack of cigarettes. Removes the cellophane. What he doesn't see, is a YOUNGER NUN entering as the Older Nun exits.

The Younger Nun quietly moves through the church, sits about halfway in. Stew lights a cigarette, address the crucifix.

STEW

Sorry about that. I'm really upset by all this. I'm so scared and feel so bad. I mean, I killed a guy. Is that number one on the no-no list? I mean, it's in your top 10, right? Not sure if it's number one. Gotta be in the top 5. Gotta be.

(MORE)

STEW (CONT'D)

But, it was an accident. And then -
I just panicked. Just panicked.
And there was so much urine. So
much urine. And you, know, the uh,
(softly)
Number 2.
(speaks normally)
A lotta number 2 come to think it.
Jesus....

Stew takes another drag. Coughs. Gets upset.

STEW

I killed another man. And then I
put him in my trunk and had a friend
help me throw his dead body - real
important note for you - his DEAD
BODY - we threw his DEAD BODY off a
cliff. Which, I'm thinking you guys
should give me a pass on 'cause, you
know, it's a double jeopardy thing
right? Right??

Suddenly, a PRIEST enters from the side.

PRIEST

Are you smoking? There's no smoking
in here?

Stew glances at his cigarette.

STEW

Oh, fuck me.

He glances around for some place to put it out.

STEW

I don't smoke. First time.

PRIEST

Outside. Please take it outside.

STEW

Sure, sure...

Stew turns, sees the Younger Nun.

PRIEST

Outside.

STEW

(to Younger Nun)
How long have you been here?
(MORE)

STEW (CONT'D)
(to Priest)
How long has she been here?

PRIEST
OUTSIDE!!!

The Priest starts moving toward Stew.

STEW
Okay, okay.

He walks past the aisles, staring at the Younger Nun. She remains undisturbed, eyes closed, rosary in hands, focused. Stew pauses.

STEW
How long you been here? How much
did you -

PRIEST
I'm calling the police if you don't
leave right now.

STEW
(to Younger Nun)
It's between me and the big guy on
the rack. Not you. Got it?

The Priest is approaching.

STEW
What's your name? What's your name,
lady?

He reaches out, grabs her shoulder.

STEW
I'm talking to you!

The Priest grabs Stew, spins him around.

STEW
Don't fucking touch me.

PRIEST
Don't touch her.

STEW
She won't answer me.

PRIEST
She doesn't have to. Now leave!!

STEW
You gonna make me? Father?

The Priest shoves him.

STEW
Yeah?

Stew shoves him back. The Priest pushes him hard. Knocks him over. Stew gets up and rushes at him, throws a punch. The Priest stands, cracks his neck a bit, puts up his fists.

PRIEST
Let's go, motherfucker...

EXT. CHURCH -- DAY

A cop car is parked at the curb. By the entrance, the Priest speaks with a UNIFORMED OFFICER and our Detective. The Younger Nun stands to the side.

As he describes the altercation to the police, the Priest displays some boxing moves, punches, body moves to cover.

Across the street, hiding, Stew smokes a cigarette. He tosses it aside, turns and we notice he's got a black eye.

INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL -- NIGHT

Like before, Stew sits at the bar, an empty seat next to him. Will enters from the back, weaves through the room, sits as the Bartender sets Stew's food down.

STEW
Thanks.

Will notices Stew's shiner, reaches for his face.

WILL
Seriously?

STEW
I told you man, okay?

Stew grabs the ketchup, squeezes - it blurps out. Empty. Frustrated, Stew looks around, thinks about what to do, sets it down on the counter.

WILL
A Priest?

STEW
Yep.

WILL
A Priest did that?

STEW
Yep.

WILL
A Priest -

STEW
Yes, Will. A Priest did that. A Priest kicked my ass. Got it? Understand? Or do you need more words, different words, to aid in your comprehension of what happened to ME when I did what YOU suggested.

WILL
I didn't suggest you pick a fight with a Priest.

STEW
She heard, Will. She heard me tell Jesus....what happened. And then the Priest came out and he told me to stop smoking.

WILL
But you don't smoke.

STEW
Well, apparently I started. I'll have things to trade in jail now.

Will studies him for a moment.

WILL
You know, I just can't get over how much urine there was. I mean - that's normal, right?

STEW
I guess. It was my first dead body, too.

WILL
Yeah. He pissed a lot!

STEW
Death must be scary.

WILL
Yeah, it is.

There's a silence. The Bartender swings by.

WILL
Draft please.

The Bartender walks away. Suddenly, Stew bursts into tears.

WILL
Oh, man... C'mere...

Will holds him, Stew burrows in, really starts crying.

STEW
I fucked up. I fucked up so bad...

WILL
C'mon, man, it's okay. I mean, it was an accident. Right....?

Will waits, cringes.

WILL
Right...?

Slowly, Stew pulls back, wipes away his tears.

STEW
What do you mean - "right"?

WILL
Just a question. Forget it.

STEW
It's not a question. It's an accusation.

WILL
What?!?! No. I mean...

STEW
Ask me.

WILL
What?

STEW
Ask me.

WILL
Ask you what?

STEW
What you want to know.

WILL
What do you want to know?

STEW
Why are you asking me?

WILL
You TOLD me to ask you.

STEW
Right. What is it YOU want to know?

WILL
What is it I want to know?

STEW
You tell me. You're the one with
all the questions.

WILL
(long pause)
Can we go back to you crying on my
shoulder?

STEW
Is that your question?

WILL
Yes. That is what I'd like to know.

STEW
I don't think we can.

WILL
Why not?

STEW
Well, you're just full of questions
tonight.

WILL
Look, what do you want to do now?

STEW
I need your help, man. I need your
help again.

WILL
Stew....

STEW
We're in this together.

Will's beer arrives. Will and Stew lower their voices.

WILL

I didn't do anything wrong.

STEW

No? 'Cause I seem to remember you helping me dump a body.

(imitates Will)

"Oh, there's soooo much urine."

WILL

I didn't do anything wrong.

STEW

Yeah? It's called accessory after the fact. Don't you watch LAW & ORDER? Accessory. After. The Fact. Boo-yah! Thank you, Dick Wolf.

WILL

After what fact? Huh, Stew? After the fact? Tell me, pal, what fact is that? The fact that YOU ran over a guy -

STEW

Your wife's ex to be exact.

(whispers)

You're welcome by the way....

WILL

And then -

(imitates Stew)

"Oh, man, how long we know each other? How long we know each other? This is the big ask..."

STEW

You're helping me, man.

WILL

I already helped you, man.

STEW

Yeah, well, you're gonna help me again - man.

WILL

Or what? Huh? Or what?

STEW

Or you and me are fucked. Prison style.

(MORE)

STEW (CONT'D)

And not the romantic kinda prison style where you get paroled and move across from a pre-school with a pair of binoculars and a bucket of Laffy Taffy. I'm talking the hardcore prison style where a 50 Cent song makes you long for the early eastern seaboard fall of colored leaves and vapor rub lube.

WILL

What do you need from me?

STEW

Look, just help me watch her. You don't have to do ANYTHING except help me watch her.

WILL

That's it?

STEW

That's it.

EXT. CHURCH -- DAY

Across the street, Will sits in his car. He's wearing his work shirt. Suddenly, the back door opens. Stew slides in, with a bottle wrapped in a paper bag, slams the door shut.

WILL

What am I the Chauffeur?

STEW

Fuck off. Okay, she's inside.

WILL

The Church?

STEW

No, asshole, Jumbo's Clown Room. Yes, the church.

WILL

You went inside?

STEW

Do I have X-Ray vision?!? Yes, I went inside. Nearly shit myself sneaking in but yeah, I saw her.

The Young Nun exits the church.

STEW
That's her! Okay, here you go.

Stew twists off the bottle cap, sprinkles alcohol around the car, tosses the bottle onto the front seat.

WILL
What the fuck is this?

STEW
That's your alibi.

WILL
My alibi? For what?

STEW
You gotta run her over. You know what to do.

WILL
NO. I DON'T KNOW "WHAT TO DO".

STEW
Just run her over, man. Run her over good. Try not to hit anyone else. I'll be waiting over here on the sidewalk.

Stew places a firm hand on Will's shoulder.

STEW
Appreciate this, man. You're the best.

Stew jumps out of the car. Will's close to freaking out. He glances at the Young Nun walking down the sidewalk, looks back at Stew motioning and yelling for him to go.

Suddenly, dark color seeps across Will's lap. Terrified, he's pissed his pants.

Will slips it into gear. Stares at the Young Nun. He starts to pull out when HONK!!!! Will hits the brakes as another car swerves by. Will glances back at the Young Nun, watches her walking.

Behind her, a MAN with a barking Doberman approaches. The dog is LOUD. REALLY LOUD. Everyone's giving him a wide berth. But the Young Nun, she doesn't flinch.

Will pulls out, starts following alongside her and the Man with the dog. The dog is really being an asshole, barking, pulling on the leash, but again, the Young Nun doesn't react. Will slows down, stops a few car distances from the light.

The Young Nun reaches the crosswalk, waits for the right of way. The Dog is near her, all the other Pedestrians cringe, move away, she still doesn't flinch.

WILL

What the...

He parks the car, leaves it running but gets out. He approaches the crosswalk, passes the dog, stands behind her.

WILL

Elvis was a hero to most but he never meant shit to me.

Nothing. He glances back at the Man with the dog, smiles.

WILL

I think she's deaf. Check this out.

He leans in.

WILL

'Cause I'm Black and I'm proud I'm ready and hyped plus I'm amped Most of my heroes don't appear on no stamps.

She flinches, looks back at him, sniffs. She signs and does her best to speak.

YOUNG NUN

I think you pissed your pants.

WILL

(excited)

I did!! I did piss my pants!!

She nods, crosses the street, followed by the Man and dog.

WILL

Have a nice day, Deaf Nun.

A moment passes and Stew runs across the road.

STEW

What're you hoping for a merit badge? You were supposed to hit her not do a good deed!

WILL

She's deaf.

STEW

What?

WILL
EXACTLY!!

STEW
What?

WILL
I know, right?

STEW
I....I....What?

WILL
She's deaf. Can't hear. C'mon.

He heads for his car.

STEW
Did you piss your pants?

WILL
Fuck yeah, I did.

INT. WILL'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Will and Dana go at in the shower.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. STEW'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Stew's in his whack off position, going at it solo. A moment later, Raquel enters naked, steps into the shower, slides the door closed Stew turns around and she goes down on him.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Again, Stew sleeps soundly next to his wife. He stirs, slowly wakes up. Reluctantly, he glances to the side. Guy is sitting in the chair again, smiling. Guy nods his head to the side, Stew looks over - the Young Nun's there, drenched, clothes torn.

STEW
What the -

Stew sits up in a panic.

STEW
(to Guy)
I don't understand. She's deaf.
She's still alive.

STEW

(to Nun)

You're alive, right?

GUY

Eh....not for long. She's gonna
dirt nap pretty soon.

She signs "fuck off" to him. Stew turns back to Guy who shrugs.

GUY

Shhhhhh. Time for round two, buddy.

Guy points behind Stew. Raquel's rustled under the covers, slides on top, starts riding him.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

Stew opens the door and holds it for Raquel, Dana and Will. All carry bowling bags and wear matching League shirts emblazoned with their names as well as their team THE SOFA KINGS.

STEW

Dude, I don't know what's going on,
but Man, this whole thing has changed
things for me. I mean, I'm still
having those nightmares but....

Stew taps Will to slow down.

STEW

Me and Raquel - we're having awesome
sex now. Like, EVERY night.
Sometimes during the day. She
surprised me at work during lunch!
It's like, I hate to say it, but,
well, like -
(lowers voice)
That thing? You know? That...thing?

WILL

Yes, I know that thing.

STEW

It's like that thing changed my
genetic code. Like my pheromones
are raging and her vagina can't help
but draaaag the rest of her body to
me.

WILL

I don't think that's it, Stew.

STEW
Like you'd know. You sell auto parts.

WILL
Eat a bag of dicks, Stew. Eat a bag
of dicks.

Behind the counter, the BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER snaps his
fingers.

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER
Hey-hey-hey-hey...

Points at Raquel and Dana.

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER
What'd we say about leaving them
alone? Huh? What'd we say?

STEW
Right-right-right.

WILL
Sorry, man. On our way.

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER
Put some andale on that ass or we
gotta ask you to vamoosh.

Stew and Will pick up the pace, fill in between Dana and
Raquel.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - SOFA KING LANE -- NIGHT

Bowling league's in progress. Dana picks up her ball, rolls
it down the lane, leaves a 7/10 split, a pin at the far end
of each side like goal posts.

STEW
Ahhhh....

Stew places his head in hands.

WILL
Let her roll it.

STEW
We need these points.

WILL
Let her roll it.

Dana pushes the return button, holds her hand over the fan, waits for her ball to surface.

STEW

Jesus. She misses this EVERY time.

WILL

Yeah, and you're gonna let her miss it again.

STEW

We need those points.

WILL

She hates it when you get in her shit.

STEW

We need those points, Will. I'm just gonna suggest -

WILL

Let her -

STEW

She's gonna gutter.

WILL

Stew.

STEW

She always gutters this.

Stew rises.

STEW

Dana, you see that arrow on the wood?

DANA

Is it your turn, Stew?

STEW

I'm just trying to help.

Dana cuffs her ear.

DANA

What was that, Stew? I couldn't hear you.

STEW

I'm just trying to help. We need these points, Dana.

DANA

What?

STEW

You see those arrows?

DANA

What?

STEW

Those arrows? C'mon, you always gutter.

DANA

What? I can't hear you.

STEW

I just wanna help you pick up some points.

DANA

What?

STEW

Will you please-

DANA

What?

STEW

Will you please-

DANA

What?

STEW

Will you please LISTEN TO ME?!?!

DANA

Well, I can't, cause like some "other people" I'M FUCKING DEAF!!!

Stew's eyes go wide. Will drops his head. Dana's ball appears and she picks it up, turns toward the lane.

Shocked, Stew remains standing.

STEW

Hey, buddy. Got a sec?

Dana bowls. Right into the gutter.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Stew bursts into the bathroom followed by Will, spins around and, barely containing his anger, shakes his fists.

STEW
WHAT!!! THE!!! FUCK!!!

WILL
Okay. I know you're pissed.

STEW
Really?!?! What gave it away?!?
'Cause I kinda feel like I'm doing a
pretty good job KEEPING IT TO MYSELF!!

A toilet flushes and a BOWLER exits the stall. He calmly walks to the sink, washes his hands, dries them.

BOWLER
Hey, you guys didn't leave those two
alone did you?

STEW & WILL
Fuck off!!

The Bowler leaves.

STEW
What the fuck, Will?

WILL
Look. She's my WIFE, okay?

STEW
She's a bitch. That's what she is.

WILL
I have the cooler wife.

STEW
Oh, bullshit.

WILL
Your wife's a self centered asshole.

STEW
THAT'S bullshit and you KNOW it!!

WILL
Five words.

Stew stares at him a moment. Heads for the door.

STEW

Fuck off.

WILL

Five words, Stew. Five words.

Stew stops. Turns around.

WILL

Five words that illuminate what a bitch **your** wife is. Say 'em. Say 'em, man. You remember.

STEW

You seem to remember them pretty well. Maybe you were there.

WILL

You were there. And you told me. Five words. Say 'em.

Stew's quiet. Will holds out his hand, extends a finger for each word.

WILL

I'll.

STEW

Fuck-

WILL

Take it from here.

STEW

YOU!!!

WILL

Who does that? What woman - what PERSON - does that?!?!?! I'll take it from here?!?! Are you kidding me?!?!

Stew's quiet. Rubs his eyes.

WILL

You kissed her, caressed her, right??

STEW

For a while, yeah.

Will extends his arm as if to prove his point, stares righteously.

WILL

And what did she do? Huh? What did she say?

Stew mumbles. Will cups an ear.

STEW

I'll take it from here.

Will nods.

WILL

She said I'll. Take it. From here. YOUR wedding night. And she decides she'd rather jerk off.

STEW

She didn't jerk off.

WILL

Like it or not, Stew, she's the man in your relationship, and on YOUR wedding night - she jerked off.

STEW

Huh. That guy pissed an awful lot. Did you notice that?

WILL

Yes. Yes I did.

STEW

Well, she may be my husband, but she's still not as big a bitch as your wife is.

WILL

Are we gonna keep doing this?

STEW

Yeah, apparently we are.

WILL

You *know* your wife's a bigger bitch.

STEW

You keep saying that. Let's check it out, shall we?

Stew grabs a bar of soap, starts drawing a chart on the bathroom mirror.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - SOFA KING LANE -- NIGHT

Dana and Raquel sit on the bench, a sizable amount of space between them. Raquel slides over.

RAQUEL

So.....how's it going?

Dana looks at her, angry. Raquel continues beaming her thousand watt smile.

RAQUEL

I'm sorry to hear about your ex-husband. Must be hard.

DANA

He was an asshole. Bound to happen.

RAQUEL

Must be hard, though. You think he took his own life 'cause he was still pining for you?

DANA

You know, you're right. It is hard. You know what else is, apparently, hard?

RAQUEL

Tell me, baby.

Dana turns to her, slowly moves in as she spits out each vitriolic word.

DANA

Your inability to maintain your own fucking space.

RAQUEL

That didn't seem to be a problem for you in college.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Stew's drawn an elaborate box chart. On the top, two columns sport the names DANA and RAQUEL.

On the side, a series of other columns list Appearance, Friendliness, Intimacy, Income, Party, Intellect, Tolerance, Felatio, Cosmetic Surgery, Smoking Hot Body, Life Insurance.

There's a check for which ever wife wins that category. Dana has every category except Cosmetic Surgery, Smoking Hot Body and Life Insurance.

The guys stand looking at the chart.

STEW

Fuck. My wife's the bigger bitch.
Can't believe she only won the-the-
the -

WILL

Bullshit categories?

STEW

Damn.

WILL

Well, for the record, Dana DID say
she wasn't opposed to Cosmetic
Surgery.

STEW

Really?

WILL

Yeah. She goes "look, when you start
checking out younger women, just
gimme a heads up on what I need to
change. If my breasts are sagging
or I need to nip a little off my
throat..."

STEW

That's really cool.

WILL

Right!?!?

STEW

But you told her. You told her about
the Nun. And she threw it in my
face. That's not good, Will.

WILL

Why do you have your wife insured
for so much money?

STEW

She insisted.

WILL

What?

STEW

Yeah. She insisted. Said she was
worth it.

(MORE)

STEW (CONT'D)

I'm paying a fortune on that.
Premium's killing me. I'm stealing
my neighbor's internet it's so bad.

There's a commotion outside. We hear glass breaking, yelling,
things slamming against walls. Stew and Will stare at each
other.

STEW

Oh, yeah. It's them.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

Stew and Will exit the bathroom, step up next to the Bowling
Alley Manager. They're staring at us as Dana and Raquel
wipe through frame in what is clearly a world class catfight.

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER

Fucking told you guys. You can't go
to the bathroom together.

STEW

Yeah.

WILL

We know.

STEW

We were just -

WILL

In the bathroom.

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER

I mean, we talked about this.

STEW

We did.

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER

Yeah? What are you a coupla' girls?
Have to run to the bathroom together?
Huh? I mean, since when do guys
need to hold each other's dicks? I
been peeing on my own 3 decades,
never needed someone to hold my dick.

STEW

We're sorry.

WILL

Yeah.

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER

Yeah. So you keep saying.

A fist connects. The Guys cringe.

STEW

Damn!!

WILL

Right!?!?!?

STEW

That's new!

WILL

She switched from Krav Maga a few weeks ago. Been boxing.

STEW

Quick study.

Raquel's leg flies through frame. Connects. Again, the guys cringe.

WILL

WOW!!

STEW

Right!?!?!? Maintains her dexterity with Tae Kwan Do.

WILL

Impressive.

ANOTHER BOWLER, arms flailing, rushes between the fighters, stands next to Stew, Will and the Bowling Alley Manager.

ANOTHER BOWLER

You guys gonna break this up?

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER

They can't.

ANOTHER BOWLER

What?

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER

No one can. Last time? Three ambulances.

ANOTHER BOWLER

You want me to call three ambulances?

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER
 Oh, no, I have them on speed dial at
 the desk. I'm just saying three
 ambulances is what we needed LAST
 time they went at it.

ANOTHER BOWLER
 What was the third ambulance for?

STEW & WILL & BOWLING MGR
 (you're an idiot)
 The guy that tried to break it up!!

The Bowler from the bathroom weaves through the fight.

BOWLER
 I thought these guys weren't allowed
 to go to the bathroom together.

BOWLING ALLEY MANAGER
 They're not.

BOWLER
 What's wrong with you, two? What,
 you do like a "jedi cat" thing in
 there? Cross the streams with your -

Another serious punch lands. All four CRINGE "WHOA!!!!".

INT. WILL'S CAR - DRIVING -- NIGHT

Will drives with Dana in the passenger seat.

WILL
 You got her good, honey.

DANA
 You think?

Dana smiles. Bloody teeth, cuts, bruises.

WILL
 Oh, yeah. I saw two shots to the
 face in particular.

DANA
 You're not just saying that?

WILL
 No, baby, you clocked her good!

DANA
 Really?

WILL

Oh, yeah.

DANA

'Cause it's tough, you know, I set up for the cross and she spins, I gotta counter and BAM!

WILL

I saw that!!

DANA

Ooooooooooooo, I love you so much!!!

WILL

I love you, too, baby!!

INT. STEW'S CAR - DRIVING -- NIGHT

Stew drives with Raquel in the passenger seat.

RAQUEL

I fucking hate that bitch.

STEW

Yeah, fuck her.

Silence.

STEW

You okay?

RAQUEL

Do I not look okay?

She's got cuts, some hair missing, bloody nose - no, she does not look okay.

STEW

Will said she's moved from Krav Maga to boxing.

RAQUEL

You think?

Stew's quiet.

RAQUEL

One of these days? It's gonna come down to her or me.

Raquel turns to face Stew, slides her hand onto his crotch.

RAQUEL

That day comes, are you gonna be a
good boy or a bad boy?

INT. AUTO PARTS SHOP -- DAY

Will works on inventory logs at the Service Counter. He
looks up, Stew stands in front of him.

WILL

Hey.

STEW

Hey.

WILL

What's up?

STEW

You wanna tell me something?

WILL

Like.....?

STEW

Like is there something you wanna
fucking tell me?

WILL

What's your problem, Stew?

STEW

She's dead.

WILL

Who's dead?

STEW

The deaf chick.

WILL

The Nun?

STEW

You hearing me?

WILL

Yeah, I'm hearing you. I'm not
fucking deaf.

Will glances around.

STEW

You do it?

WILL
Of course not.

STEW
Did your wife do it?

WILL
Did YOUR wife do it?

STEW
No, my wife didn't do it. As we clearly established, she's a selfish bitch. YOUR wife's the caring wife. She adores you.

WILL
So you're saying because my wife is more caring she must've killed the nun.

STEW
Precisely. I had this, vision, after we didn't kill the Nun. Which means whomever killed her -
(coughs "your wife")
Probably did it that night.

WILL
'Cause you had a dream about her. Look, Stew, you gotta stop sucking me into this shit.

STEW
What? I'm trying to get us outta this shit. We gotta stop this thing before it gets even more out of our control.

WILL
Yeah? Well, my wife isn't smart enough to do something like kill a nun.

STEW
My wife wouldn't get her hands dirty. You should see what she makes me do whenever I want a blow job. Man...

WILL
Look, I don't have any bar soap around here so we can't do another mirror chart but it's your wife, buddy. You wanna clear this thing up? Get her outta the picture.

STEW

Yeah....

DANA

Treated me like shit. Don't know what I was thinking. You can't change people, I know that.

STEW

Yeah, that's for sure.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

We don't know we're in his house, 'cause we're staring at Stew's face talking to us.

STEW

We get her talking about the Ex. She's had a few microbrews, she'll get fired up pretty quick. I play bad cop, kinda egg her on...

EXT. CLIFF -- NIGHT

WILL

Babe, you don't have to go there.

STEW

She's just talkin', man. Fuck that guy.

WILL

Yeah, but it's not a positive place for her to be in.

(to Dana)

Right, babe?

DANA

He was a *diiiiiiicckkk!!!!* I mean, (points at Stew) We're married in college and he's crushing on the future *this* guy's wife!! Huh?!? Huh?!?! What does that tell you? DING!!!! Survey says....

She burps again.

DANA

Which, you know, kinda fucked me when I cut the cord, you and me start dating and she ends up with this fat fuck. Sorry.

STEW

How many times you kick her ass she still comes after you? Huh? How many times?

DANA

More than two, I'll you that!

STEW

Right. More than two.

WILL

A lot more than two, baby.

Will high fives her.

DANA

WHOO-HOO!!!!!
(starts singing)
Getcha motor running!!

WILL

Baby...

DANA

Head out on the HIGH-WAY!!!

WILL

Baby....

DANA

Lookin' for adventure.

WILL

Baby....

DANA

And whatever comes our waaaaayyyy!

INT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

STEW

I get her riled up. I get her pumped.

EXT. CLIFF -- NIGHT

Dana's dancing in the background. Will turns to Stew.

WILL

I told you no microbrews. Those things are like hand grenades.
(glances at bottle)
Who brews these? ISIS? ISIS brew these?

STEW
Place in Chicago.

DANA
So how we gonna do this?

INT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

STEW
She'll ask us about the plan. She'll
be very enthusiastic about it.

EXT. CLIFF -- NIGHT

DANA
One of you swinging dicks got a plan
worked out?

INT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

STEW
I set my beer down...

EXT. CLIFF -- NIGHT

Stew pushes off the car.

STEW
Yeah, we have a couple ideas.

DANA
I don't mean to be too excited about
this.
(focuses, gets serious)
I know it's the right thing to do
and its gotta be hard for you.

STEW
It is.

Dana starts laughing.

DANA
Well, it's not for meeeeeee. It's
gonna be real fucking easy for me.
I hate that cunt!! WHOOOO-
HOOOOOO!!!!!!

WILL
I fucking told you about the
microbrews.

DANA
So what do we do?

STEW
Lemme show you. Gimme your arm.

DANA
Tossing that bitch off the cliff,
huh? Baby take my other arm.

She places Wills hand on her arm.

DANA
FUCKING HOLD IT TIGHT.

He squeezes hard.

DANA
Ouch. You gotta do that when we get
home tonight - hahahahahahah.

She turns to Stew.

DANA
Not you, pal. You're going home
alone, buddy.

STEW
No worries.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

STEW
We're just practicing. We just go
really slow. We don't wanna fuck
this up.

EXT. CLIFF -- NIGHT

They're lined up, backs to the car, Will on one side, Stew
on the other, holding her arms, facing the cliff. A breeze
gently blows her hair.

DANA
Wow. This is gonna scare the shit
out of her.

WILL
Yeah, it is.

Dana reluctantly takes a step forward. The boys remain
behind. She turns.

DANA
You guys coming or what? Just do a
little walk so you don't pussy out
on the day.

They glance at each other.

WILL
Be careful.

STEW
No shit.

They step forward really slowly, then relax, go slightly quicker.

DANA
Oh, shit this is scary,
hahahahaha.....

They're approaching the edge, closer, closer, closer.

DANA
Okay, okay, okay, I think you're
good.

They slow a little, Will laughs.

WILL
You okay baby?

DANA
Yeah, it's just SCARY...

But Stew's not released, he still holds her, he's still moving forward, Will lets go so her hand is free, and as he does Stew picks up speed, moves faster-faster-faster-

DANA
Wait-wait-wait-wait-wait....

THEN THROWS HER OFF THE CLIFF INTO DARKNESS.

DANA
ASSHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOLLLLLLE!!!!

Stew stands there, lungs heaving with Will in the back holding a beer. It drops, breaks on the ground.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

STEW
And I throw her off the cliff.

We 180 around him, see he's talking to Raquel.

RAQUEL
Repeat it again. You throw her off
the cliff.

STEW
I throw her off the cliff. What do
I do when he's mad?

RAQUEL
Easy. Just say -

EXT. CLIFF -- NIGHT

Will slowly steps up next to Stew.

WILL
That...uh...wasn't supposed to play
out like that.

STEW
I changed my mind.

WILL
What?

STEW
I kinda changed my mind.

WILL
You....you...kinda...

STEW & WILL
Changed my mind.

STEW
Kinda. Yeah.

WILL
I'd say a whole lot more than KINDA!!!

STEW
Sure, sure, can't argue. You are
right about that one. Yeah.

WILL
Stew, that was my WIFE!!!

STEW
What? You were cool if we killed my
wife how's this any different?

WILL
But why? We agreed it would be - ?

STEW
She's my wife, Will. I took a vow.
Look, it's for the best. Guy goes
over, Nun goes over -

(MORE)

STEW (CONT'D)

(points at cliff)

She goes over 'cause she's upset.
It's kinda perfect. My wife goes
over? Still doubt. And we NEVER
trusted *your* wife so.....

WILL

Who the fuck is WE?!?!

STEW

Me and my -
(softly)
Wife.

WILL

Are you fucking kidding me?

STEW

Look, this isn't so bad. Look on
the bright side.

WILL

What bright side, Stew? There's NO
bright side. My wife!?! POOF!
She's gone.

STEW

There's positives in that.

WILL

In what? Tell me ONE positive.

STEW

You can fuck other chicks.

WILL

What?

STEW

Yep. POOF! Positive.

WILL

I don't want to fuck other chicks.
That's why I got MARRIED!!

STEW

Yeah, well, now you can. And you
won't be feeling guilty about it.
Me? I think that's a positive.

Stew walks away.

STEW
 C'mon, buddy. We should boogie before
 the cops show up, get our story
 straight.

Will's still catatonic.

STEW
 Leave your car, we'll take mine.

Stew starts walking towards his car, picks up the empties,
 tosses them in the back.

STEW
 I'm fucking hungry, man. They better
 have ketchup.

Will's still processing what's occurred.

STEW
 Let's go, Will!!!!

Stew starts the car. Reluctantly, Will turns, gets in.

STEW
 Buckle up. I don't wanna get a
 ticket.

Stew throws it into gear, pulls out, leaves the other car.

INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL -- NIGHT

Stew's food lands in front of him. Will sits next to him,
 staring catatonically. Stew reaches for the ketchup
 dispenser, squeezes - fart sound, little ketchup.

Suddenly, Will slams his hand on the counter.

WILL
 WHAT THE FUCK!!!!

Stew glances at him, at the ketchup, tosses the dispenser at
 the Bartender.

STEW
 YEAH WHAT THE FUCK!!! Always empty!!!

WILL
 WHAT THE FUCK YOU, STEW!!!!

Stew turns to him.

STEW
You wanna be cool, man? This place
has cameras - everywhere. We gotta
appear normal.

WILL
Normal? You killed my wife.

Stew lifts the bread on his burger.

STEW
Motherfucker!!!
(to Will)
Forgot to say no onions. I feel
like a dick telling them after the
fact, then it comes with onions, I
scrape 'em off but you never get the
taste off, you know?

WILL
Are you serious?

STEW
Fuck yeah, I'm serious. Want a taste?

WILL
No. I don't want a taste.

STEW
Okay. Look. I'm sorry. But relax.
There's cameras everywhere. We gotta
appear NORMAL.

Will breaks into laughter. Takes a bite of the sandwich.

WILL
How's this?

STEW
Kinda creepy, but passable.

WILL
We kill YOUR wife then you criticize.

Will hits his hand on the table, laughs harder.

STEW
That's....not helping.

Will's laughing really hard now. Reluctantly, Stew joins
in. They both start laughing really, really hard. Will
calms down.

WILL

I can't believe you lied to me.
This whole time, all these YEARS.
'We're gonna retire on a yacht.
We're gonna drink daiquiris all day
long with those-those-those-

STEW

Umbrellas. And we're gonna.

Will nods.

WILL

Did you kill that nun?

STEW

I didn't kill anybody.

Will raises an eyebrow. Stew glances around.

STEW

(quietly)

That was an *accident*.

WILL

Was it?

STEW

I told you what happened.

WILL

Whatever.

Will takes another bite of the burger.

WILL

(with mouth full)

Mmmmmmm....I love onions. Love 'em.

STEW

Don't-

Will takes another bite. Stew reaches for it. Stew starts powering through the french fries, they fill their mouths, grab, compete, stuff.

Will begins to choke. It's semi-harmless at first. Stew sees a window to eat more. Will becomes worse, really can't breathe, panics, points, reaches out. Stew ignores him. Will grabs for a milkshake, Stew gets to it first, sips, makes a face.

STEW

You hate strawberry.

He exhales, sucks 80% of it down while Will continues to struggle, then slides it over, rises as Will gulps the rest. Stew straightens his shirt, jacket, runs a hand through his hair.

STEW

Report her missing in the morning.
Then get ready for the cops to show
up at your work.

Stew points at the counter.

STEW

You got this right?

Stew walks away. Will recovers, stretches his neck, looks at Stew pulling out of the lot.

WILL

Whaddadick.

INT. WILL'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Will sits on the closed lid of the toilet. Elbows on knees, chin on hands, alone.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. STEW'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Stew's in the shower. Raquel enters, heads to the basin, pulls out her toothbrush, toothpaste. Stew slides open the shower door.

Anything but interested, she puts toothpaste on her toothbrush, runs some water on it, puts it in her mouth and as she brushes her teeth with her left hand, steps over and reaches down, jacks off Stew with her right. It's not what he'd prefer, but, you know, beggars/choosers....

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Again, Stew sleeps next to Raquel. He stirs, wakes up. Guy is sitting there, waves hello, The Nun signs "fuck off" and then we see Dana, wet, shivering.

STEW

Hey. How's it going?

DANA

That water? A LOT colder than it
looks. A LOT.

STEW

I bet.

DANA

Nice touch with the MicroBrews.

STEW

Sorry. Just so's you know - Will?
Had no idea.

DANA

Eh, you're both idiots. He trusted
you and you think the sex with that
revolving door vagina's gonna last.

STEW

It is. We're doing well.

The Nun starts laughing. Signs something that makes both
Guy and Dana laugh.

STEW

What?

The three of them sign back and forth, start laughing.

STEW

What?!?!

DANA

I feel dirty repeating it.

STEW

Repeating what?

DANA

She signed, "sure buddy, it's gonna
last. Tonight-"

(turns to Nun)

Tonight?

(Nun nods)

"Tonight she gave you a reach
around"!!!

Again, the three start laughing. Stew lays down, tries to
cuddle with Raquel. Dana fist bumps the Nun.

EXT. AUTO PARTS SHOP -- DAY

Will exits with the Detective and two other Uniformed Police
Officers. Will's quite upset, disheveled.

DETECTIVE

Sir, we understand you reported your wife missing early this morning?

WILL

Yeah, she left last night. With the car. Didn't come home.

The Detective glances at the other Officers who look down.

DETECTIVE

Sir, I regret to inform you, but a woman matching your wife's description was found at the bottom of Scarborough Cliff about 3 hours ago.

WILL

What?

DETECTIVE

We're fairly certain it's your wife.

Will breaks down, starts crying.

INT. STEW'S CAR - ACROSS THE STREET -- DAY

Stew watches Will with the police.

STEW

And the Oscar goes to...

DETECTIVE

We'll need you to identify her.

WILL

Of course.

DETECTIVE

We're certain there was no foul play involved.

EXT. AUTO PARTS SHOP -- DAY

DETECTIVE

A good friend of hers, Raquel Lancaster? Apparently they're college friends and bowl with you and her husband every week?

Will looks up. Did not expect this.

DETECTIVE

Mrs. Lancaster phoned our precinct very worried about your wife.

WILL

What?

DETECTIVE

Yes, look, marital problems are none of our business.

WILL

Marital problems?

DETECTIVE

She said you were out with her husband, we checked with the Sports bar, they confirmed you were there, like I mentioned, no foul play. It's just very sad when someone takes their own life.

WILL

Wait-wait-wait-what EXACTLY did Raquel say?

DETECTIVE

Sir, it doesn't matter. You've done nothing wrong, we're not here to discuss your preferred sexual orientation, we're here to inform. That's all. You wanna tell your wife you're leaving her to be with another man, that's none of our business.

WILL

What?

Javier knocks on the glass. Will turns, waves him off. The Officers share a smirk, "that's the other man". The Detective swats an Officer in the chest. He straightens up. The Detective tries to keep it together.

DETECTIVE

Again. We're very sorry. That area? That cliff? It's becoming a popular tourist destination for folks looking to, ha-ha, catch some air. Your wife's ex stepped off, a Nun and now...well...condolences.

The Detective and Officers peel off, get in cars, drive off. Will watches the cars leave, sees Stew sitting in his vehicle across the street.

WILL

FUCK YOU, MAN!!! FUCK YOU!!!

INT. STEW'S CAR - ACROSS THE STREET -- DAY

Stew flips off Will.

STEW
 FUCK YOU, TOO, MAN!!! FUCK YOU,
 TOO!!!

Stew starts the car, pulls away. Will watches him leave.

EXT. STREET OVER FROM STEW'S -- DAY

We're staring at the skidmarks on the road. Will steps up to the end of the skidmarks, walks the distance where they begin, stops. He sees flashes. He sees Stew driving, the man running, the impact.

EXT. TWO STREETS OVER FROM STEW'S -- DAY

Will turns toward the boat. The Big Wheel Kid sits there, stares back. Slowly rolls away. Will walks over, touches the boat, glances back at the street, walks between the houses and...

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

...comes out across from Stew's house.

Will glances back at the boat then to Stew's house. He steps over to Stew's side of the street. A moment passes and the front door opens. Stew steps out.

STEW
 Will?

He walks down to the street.

STEW
 What are you doing here?

WILL
 I was checking out the skidmarks,
 the boat. You see that boat?

He points.

STEW
 Of course.

WILL
 You said he came out of nowhere.

STEW
 Yeah?

WILL
And the cops said his car was there,
right?

STEW
Yeah.

WILL
He's fucking your wife. He came
from your house, was gonna run past
THAT boat to HIS car.

Will walks away, turns back.

WILL
Hey. Might be late for bowling
tomorrow. Got my wife's funeral.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - FOYER -- DAY

Stew enters, shuts the door. He turns around and Raquel's there in a robe. He stops. Looks at her. She drops the robe, approaches him. He caves....

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

League's in progress as Will steps into frame, heads for the Sofa King lane. He sets his bag down, removes his ball, puts his shoes on. The whole place is silent. Watches.

Will rises, grabs his ball, rolls it down the lane. Strike. The League applauds, return to their matches.

WILL
I'm gonna bowl for her.

The ball surfaces from the return, he takes it and gutters.

WILL
She did kinda suck.

Raquel sighs.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

Will, Stew and Raquel sit on the bench putting their street shoes back on.

STEW
I saw you at my office today.

WILL

Yeah, I had to change over the accounts. They were all in Dana's name.

STEW

I wish you'd popped in back to say hello.

WILL

Yeah. I had shit to do. Like, you know, bury the Mrs.

Will stands.

WILL

Listen, it was great catching up with you guys. Sorry you missed Dana's funeral.

(to Stew)

You should've gone.

STEW

I know. I'm sorry.

WILL

It'd prepare you for what you're gonna have to deal with.

STEW

I don't follow.

WILL

I'm gonna kill your wife.

STEW

Wait. You're gonna-

WILL

Kill your wife. Yeah. I gotta figure out how to do it so it may take me a few days but, yeah.

STEW

You're gonna kill-

WILL

Your wife. Yep. You fucked us, Stew. You fucked us for pussy. We were best friends and you asked the big ask and I answered yes. But now it's over. You fucked us. And me? I'm gonna kill your wife. Who's laughing now, motherfucker, huh?

Will chuckles, points at himself.

WILL
This guy! Look. I GOTTA go.

He grabs his bag, walks away.

RAQUEL
Thanks for standing up for me there
big guy.

STEW
He's my BEST friend.

RAQUEL
Yeah, well, I'm your wife.

STEW
His wife, just, you know...

RAQUEL
Oh, I know. I no sex with you tonight
that's what I know.

She rises, leaves her bag behind, walks away.

STEW
Babe....

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

A Limo pulls up to the sidewalk. Raquel exits the house and the Limo Driver opens the door for her, gets back in pulls from the curb. A series of camera stills snap the sequence.

EXT. 5 STAR DOWNTOWN HOTEL -- DAY

The Limo parks at the entrance. A CONCIERGE gets the door as THE MAYOR exits the hotel, rushes to welcome Raquel. They embrace. More stills snap the sequence. Across the street, Will lowers the camera.

WILL
You're doing The Mayor? You kidding
me?

They enter the hotel as the Driver and Concierge check her out, shake their heads in appreciation.

EXT. AUTO PARTS SHOP -- DAY

The Limo drops Raquel off and pulls away. Raquel rushes up to the front.

Javier opens it for her, they kiss and he flips the "OPEN" sign over "BACK IN 5 MINUTES". He locks the door. Again, stills snap the sequence. Across the street, Will lowers the camera.

WILL
(imitating Javier)
Oh, I'll work Tuesdays, Mr. Will.
You need a day off. I'll work
Tuesdays.

EXT. CHURCH -- DAY

Raquel opens the front, enters. A few seconds later, Will crosses the street, approaches the steps.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

A COUPLE CHURCH PATRONS fill the pews. Will stealthily appears, steps to the back, hides.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Will's sitting in the back. Bored. Lost in thought. A door opening catches his attention and Raquel exits the confessional.

Will drops down to one knee as she strolls away. A few moments pass and the Priest who kick Stew's ass exits the same side of the confessional.

WILL
Man, talk about covering all the
bases...

Raquel exits the church.

EXT. CHURCH -- DAY

Will stands at the corner, waits for the light to change. He pushes the crosswalk button a couple times.

RAQUEL
You only have to push it once. I
hate it when people do that.
Elevators, too. Like there's a guy
in there who's gonna hurry it up
'cause you pushed it twice.

Will turns to her.

RAQUEL
I can't believe she ended up with
you.

Will stares blankly.

RAQUEL
Dana you idiot.

WILL
Yeah, I got that. I don't know why
you care.

Raquel takes a moment, as if she's studying him.

RAQUEL
I'm smarter than you.

She sighs.

RAQUEL
The light's green.

Will takes a step off the curb. The same car that nearly
hit him on the Nun day HONKS again, swerves to miss him. He
jumps back up on the curb, turns to Raquel.

RAQUEL
Like I said.

The light changes and she walks away.

INT. AUTO PARTS SHOP -- MORNING

The Next Day. Will works behind the counter as Javier enters.

WILL
Hey.

JAVIER
Hey, boss.

WILL
How'd yesterday go?

JAVIER
Awesome. Best day I've had in a
long time.

WILL
You like working here, Javier?

JAVIER
I did yesterday!

WILL

I bet. Listen, we're gonna need to make a few changes to the roster, champ.

JAVIER

I don't follow.

Will hands Javier a check envelope.

WILL

I'm gonna need your keys, Javier.

JAVIER

What'd I do?

WILL

My buddy's wife.

Javier opens the envelope, sees a check and a photo of Raquel entering the store.

WILL

Look, she's hot, I get it. I've had her ass in my face every League night for a decade and it's a powerful ethics challenge not to ponder how to do it proper but we gotta draw the line, man and, well, Javier - you drew a crooked line.

Javier pulls out his keys, sets them on the counter.

JAVIER

I couldn't help myself, boss.

WILL

I know. And even though I'm firing you I want you to know I hope you see this as a learning opportunity.

JAVIER

Bros before hoes.

He fist bumps Will.

WILL

Bros before hoes.

Javier nods, exits.

INT. STEW'S CUBICLE -- DAY

Stew answers phones, deals with orders.

EXT. AUTO PARTS SHOP -- DAY

Will flips over the "CLOSED" sign and exits the store.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - FOYER -- DAY

The Detective's Badge rests on the table next to his gun and holster. We hear intimate sounds echo.

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE -- DAY

The Detective's car is parked in the driveway. A moment passes and Will rolls out from beneath it, rises, pockets a tool and skips down to the street where he's parked on the other side.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

The front door opens and the Detective exits, pocketing his badge, re-holstering his gun. He gets into his car and we PULL BACK, reveal Will, slumped down in the driver's side. He speaks to himself as the Detective's tail lights illuminate.

WILL
Annnnnnd back up.....

The car backs up.

WILL
Annnnnnd straighten up....

The car straightens up in the road.

WILL
Annnnnnd-

SUDDENLY, the Detective's car slaps into gear and the wheels BURN RUBBER, white smoke BLOOMS INTO THE AIR as the car SCREECHES AT TOP SPEED OUT OF FRAME.

WILL
- Protect and swerve.

Will exits his car, crosses the street, approaches the front door, kicks it in. We see him step inside as Raquel appears.

RAQUEL
What the fuck -

He raises a hand and she kicks him in the gut. He cowers and she kicks him in the face.

He LAUNCHES BACKWARDS onto the ground, half way out the door.

Raquel RUSHES up the stairs. Will recovers and CHASES. We lose them for a second but they reappear in the second floor windows. He's trying to get a hold of her neck but she's fighting him off, getting the better of him.

She pushes him into the window and it breaks. He steps back up and she pushes him again, gets his body partially out. He tries to turn, get leverage as she continues forcing him all the way through the window.

We hear the sound of an angry cat RRRRNNNNGGG as Mercy LANDS ON Will's neck, imbedding it's claws into his skin. He's struggling with both the cat paws and Raquel trying to throw him out the window. He rips the cat off his neck, drops it to the ground. It lands in the bushes below, dashes back inside and up the stairs.

SUDDENLY, the Detective's Car SOARS THROUGH FRAME AT 90 MPH.

Will reverses the attack from Raquel, grabs her hair and pushes her out the window, begins choking her. Another RRRRNNNNGGGG as the cat again LAUNCHES ITSELF onto Will's face. He SCREAMS IN PAIN, reaches for it, steps away from the window.

Raquel takes the moment to recover, positions herself and ATTACKS Will. Again, we lose them until the other window SHATTERS and Will falls out, still clutching the cat, plummeting to the bushes below.

SUDDENLY, the Detective's Car again SOARS THROUGH FRAME THE OTHER WAY AT 90 MPH.

Raquel looks down as the cat dashes back inside and up the stairs. Will appears from the bushes, staggers, collects himself.

Home from work, Stew drives into frame and up the driveway as Will runs back into the house. Stew jumps from the car, leaving the door open, enters the house.

Again, Will appears upstairs as Raquel swings something at him. He grabs it, tosses it aside and pushes her out the window. Mercy attacks and he grabs it, screaming in pain as it gnaws and scratches, yet he continues dealing with Raquel one handed.

He's almost got her out, when Stew appears, tackles him to the ground. They appear on the other side, the cat gone from Will, and struggle by the window.

The cat jumps on Stew's back and he recoils, turning around, reaching to free its impaled claws from him as Raquel pulls herself inside, rushes over and proceeds to push BOTH MEN out the window and to the ground.

Will rushes to his car, abandoning the fight but Stew's behind him. Once across the street, they PUSH AGAINST THE CAR as the Detective's Car once again SOARS THROUGH FRAME AT 90 MPH.

Will punches Stew, runs away. Stew gives chase. Raquel rushes outside, gets into Stew's car, closes the door and starts to back out the driveway. A LOUD HONNNNNKKKKKK echoes as the Detective's Car SOARS THROUGH FRAME AT 90 MPH.

EXT. STEW'S NEIGHBORHOOD -- NIGHT

From above, we see them run across their street, across the second street, across the skid marks, continue between houses.

EXT. TWO STREETS OVER FROM STEW'S -- NIGHT

Will runs past the boat. Stops for a moment to catch his breath. Stew arrives, catches his breath as well.

STEW

You tried to kill my wife!!

WILL

You killed mine!!

Behind them, we see Raquel peel around the corner in the car. She skids to a stop, revs the engine.

FREEZE FRAME, see a hand scribbled formula appear for objects in motion: WILL, 155 POUNDS (OKAY, WET) x 1.5 mph =.....

Then CUT TO inside the car. Through the windshield we see the handwritten impact formula appear for the angle/speed formula the hit, impact OBJECT NOT AT REST then go into full speed as Raquel floors it, wheels burning smoke and the car LURCHING FORWARD.

WILL

(softly)

Still riding the fucking clutch...

Will turns, breaks into a sprint...And BOOOM!!!! She plows into him, LAUNCHING HIS BODY INTO POWER LINES THAT ZZZZZTTTT AND SPARK ELECTROCUTING HIM.

Raquel stops and gets out as Stew approaches.

Stew watches as she rushes across the street, knocks on the door. Stew sees a MALE NEIGHBOR open the door, exchange greetings with Raquel, smile, surrender his wallet. She gives him a peck on the cheek and he closes the door.

Raquel rushes back as Stew gets into the car. She jumps in, tosses him the wallet.

RAQUEL

You have to return it in the morning.
Oh - And you gotta suck his dick.

STEW

What? Why?

RAQUEL

I told him it'd be returned with a
blow job. Buck up, princess.

STEW

Do I have to swallow?

RAQUEL

Up to you. But he IS a neighbor,
so...

She winks, peels out. As they pass Will's hanging body, sparks blast off the wire.

STEW

Try not to ride the clutch so much,
baby.

They reach the intersection, stop, get ready to move forward, abruptly hitting the brakes as the Detective's Car SOARS THROUGH FRAME AT 90 MPH. Raquel turns the opposite direction.

The vehicles gone, Will's dead body continues to swing from the wires as the Big Wheel Kid rolls into the street, stops beneath him, cranes his neck this way, that way, sits back on his Big Wheel and weaves down the road.

EXT. FUNERAL -- DAY

The Priest gives a eulogy as a casket lowers, revealing Stew and Raquel. A LINE OF MEN offer condolences. Raquel holds Mercy.

MAYOR

I'm very sorry you have to go through
this. Please call my office if you
need anything.

She extends her hand, he kisses it. Stew glances up, goes to shake his hand but he brushes past him.

STEW

The Mayor. Since when do -

FIRE CHIEF

Such a shame you had to go through this. Such a shame there was -
(glances at Stew)
NO ONE to protect you.

RAQUEL

Thank you.

He, too, kisses her hand, brushes past Stew.

STEW

The Fire Chief?

She shrugs.

DETECTIVE

I'm so sorry it turned out the way it did.

RAQUEL

I know you are, hon.

DETECTIVE

MY friends would never turn on YOU.

Raquel coos, he kisses her hand, brushes by Stew.

STEW

Fuck that guy.

RAQUEL

That guy saved our ass.

STEW

How! By saying I was driving the car that killed my best friend?

RAQUEL

I have a perfect driving record.

STEW

You have a perfect driving record 'cause you flash every cop that should write you a ticket.

RAQUEL

You had great breasts you could have a perfect driving record, too.

STEW

Well, you know, technically, I do have great breasts 'cause I paid for them.

RAQUEL

You want 'em back? Huh?

She pops open her blouse.

RAQUEL

Go on. Take 'em back you want a perfect driving record so bad.

STEW

Raquel, please.

JAVIER

Everything okay, here, Mrs. Boss's Friend's Wife?

Raquel closes her shirt, glances at Javier.

RAQUEL

Everything's fine, Javier. Thank you for asking.

STEW

What the fuck is he -
(to Javier)
What the fuck are you doing here?

RAQUEL

He's paying his respects.

STEW

He's hitting on you at my buddy's funeral! Get the fuck out of here.

Javier takes Raquel's hand, kisses, gives a wink. Stew cranes his neck, sees some familiar faces - the Bartender, his Boss.

STEW

What the -

Raquel's looking away from him. Smiles, gives a little wave. Stew glances where she's waving, sees the Priest give a wink and a smirk. The Wallet Neighbor approaches.

WALLET NEIGHBOR

Still waiting for my wallet, Raquel.

He kisses her hand, walks away.

RAQUEL

(to Stew)

You gotta get on that. Listen, I've been thinking, we gotta open a policy on you. I've been quite selfish just having one on me. And I wanna make sure if something happens to you, me and Mercy won't have to fend for ourselves.

He stares at her in disbelief.

RAQUEL

I spoke with our company and they're gonna send someone over to talk about it tomorrow.

Stew turns back to the casket, knows he's fucked.

INT. WILL'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Empty.

SPLIT SCREEN WITH:

INT. STEW'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

Stew sits on the toilet lid as Raquel masturbates in the shower. She's gyrating, moaning, screaming then coos to a stop, pauses.

RAQUEL

TOWEL!!!

She shuts the water off as Stew hands her a towel. Sits back down.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Stew sleeps soundly next to Raquel. A toilet flushes, waking him. There's a light on in the bathroom and a shadow moves across the floor.

Stew glances around the room - Guy, Nun, Dana - all still wet, disheveled like before. The bathroom door opens, revealing Will, fried, smoking.

WILL
 (softly)
 Sorry. I wake you?

He walks around the bed. Dana rises, he sits down and she plops on his lap, caresses the cuts on his neck, cheeks.

DANA
 Ah, honey, your face....

WILL
 Yeah, I hate that fucking cat.

DANA
 Oooooooooo - you're warm!!!

WILL
 And you're cold!!

DANA
 Better do something about that,
 baby...

They laugh and start making out. The Nun starts signing. Guy cranes his neck to watch.

STEW
 What....what's she signing?

GUY
 (to Nun)
 Yeah?

The Nun nods. Does it again. Points at Stew.

GUY
 "Shit runs downhill." "You're in
 the valley."

Stew lays back, tries to sleep.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

Dressed for work, Stew sits at the table with a cup of coffee, newspaper. Raquel descends the stairs, pours a juice, sits across from him.

RAQUEL
 I think it's time you and me had a
 little chit chat.

STEW
 Okay.

RAQUEL
 Things are gonna need to change around here.

STEW
 For the better?

RAQUEL
 Depends. Are you me?

STEW
 No. I'm not you.

RAQUEL
 Then probably not for the better. Look, I've really had to dig deep to get us outta this predicament.

STEW
 Oh, YOU had to dig deep.

RAQUEL
 Yeah. I did. I covered all our tracks after your little incident. And it took a lot to get us in the clear.

STEW
 Way, I see it, only you're in the clear. I don't have anything.

RAQUEL
 You have an alternative to sitting in jail for the rest of your life.

INT. JAIL - VISITING AREA -- DAY

Stew sits behind bullet proof glass phone stations. He holds a receiver to his ear, the other hand against the window.

RAQUEL
 You don't want to sit in jail do you?

Each of the Men she's fucking behind his back, the Dead he sees at night and others appear at the Visitor Side, phone to ear, hand against his on glass, mouthing her words.

The Detective.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
 You don't. And that's what this little chit chat's about.

The Mayor.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Look, I'm not saying it's fair, I'm just saying it's how I want it.

The Fire Chief.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

This vagina? My vagina? Well, baby, this little powerhouse OWNS the neighborhood and most of the high ranking folks whose names we ponder every coupla' years in the voting booth.

Javier rises, leans in, points away from himself...

RAQUEL (V.O.)

This city?

...then towards his waist.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Bows to THIS pussy.

Stew answers back from behind the glass, through the phone.

STEW

You know, what the fuck? Tell me, why do you keep jerking me around then? If you got all these assholes pussy whipped like me, why not just let me go?

The Bartender.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Oooh, Stew. I really LIKE you. I do. You're my Teddy Bear.

The Nun Signs.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

Look, I may be fucking alotta other folks, but I'm only married to YOU.

Guy.

RAQUEL (V.O.)

And I'm sorry, truly sorry, I got you in this whole mess.

STEW
 You were fucking that guy, weren't
 you? Dana's Ex?

Boat Owner.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
 Yes. I was. I'm guilty. And I'm
 sorry. It was stupid.

The Big Wheel Kid.

RAQUEL (V.O.)
 I wanted to make Dana jealous and
 make her realize once and for all
 what we had was something special.
 A once in a lifetime something
 special.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

STEW
 Dana?

RAQUEL
 Uh-Huh.

STEW
 Will's Dana?

RAQUEL
 That's the one. I've been following
 her around like a puppy, trying to
 get her back since before she was
 married the FIRST time. Back when
 she was "experimenting". Things
 took a bad turn when you kaboomed
 her ex and I, well, I had to grow
 up. Yeah. I had to grow up.
 (remembers fondly)
 Hmmmm.....Will. She really loved
 him. Lucky guy.

STEW
 This is all about her? This all
 happened because of her?

RAQUEL
 Well, technically, this all happened
 'cause Guy had to take a shit and I
 wouldn't let him.

STEW
 What?

RAQUEL

Yeah.

STEW

He wanted to take a shit and you wouldn't let him and that's why this happened?

RAQUEL

You betcha.

STEW

All this?

RAQUEL

Bingo.

STEW

Will, Dana, everything.

RAQUEL

Bullseye, jack.

STEW

You...you wanna explain to me how that is? Very curious.

RAQUEL

Look, I may be fucking other guys in our bed but I am NOT gonna let some stranger take a shit in OUR bathroom. That's OUR bathroom. I mean, we're married!!

STEW

Are you fucking kidding me?

RAQUEL

YOU'RE WELCOME, MISTER.

STEW

I'm welcome?!?

RAQUEL

That's right!!! You're welcome!!!

STEW

ALL THIS?!?! **ALL** THIS?!?! All this happened - all this could've been avoided if you'd just let the guy you were fucking behind my back take a shit in our bathroom?

RAQUEL

I don't think I like the way you're talking to me.

STEW

What are you gonna do about it?
What can you possibly do about it?

RAQUEL

That's why I wanted to have this chit chat with you. Things are gonna change, see. I've been a house wife -

STEW

Who happens to be fucking half the registered votes in our county.

RAQUEL

I've been a house wife who's been privileged to hear how you ran over the ex of your bff's wife, took out a nun when she overheard you, threw your bff's wife off a cliff and then ran over your bff - all to protect me. I'm not gonna make you look like a total asshole, baby.

STEW

Thanks.

RAQUEL

You're welcome.

She kisses him on the head.

RAQUEL

I'll take it from here.

She downs her juice. Hands him the empty glass.

RAQUEL

Do the dishes before you leave. And put some andale on that ass. I got that Insurance guy swinging by.

STEW

You, uh, gonna need me to sign anything?

RAQUEL

I'll figure a way to get him to sign it for you, baby.

(slight laugh)

Don't you worry.

INT. STEW'S CUBICLE -- DAY

The MAIL GIRL pushes a cart through the pods, drops a large manilla envelope on Stew's desk. Stew glances back at her, picks up the envelope, rips it open.

There's a letter clipped to a series of photos Will took the day he followed Raquel.

WILL (V.O.)

Hey, buddy, if you're reading this, things didn't go quite the way I wanted. Big surprise, huh? Like I know much more than how to get juice flowing through a holly carburetor or dick around with a four barrel.

Stew starts flipping through photos.

WILL (V.O.)

Despite it all, Stew, you're still my best friend. I know this whole 'big ask' thing has taken a bunch of unexpected turns and maybe I could've been more supportive but life's a work in progress, right?

Stew sees a photo of Raquel with STEW'S BOSS. He slides his chair over, glances down the aisle - yep. That's his boss alright.

WILL (V.O.)

Yep, that's your boss, alright. I tried to tell you about her the day I was checking out your fender bender but you weren't having any. They say the heart wants what it wants. I think that quote's a little more south than folks like to acknowledge.

Stew sets the photos down.

WILL (V.O.)

I knew you couldn't do it on your own and as your friend, I tried to do it for you. Not to get back at you for that Cliff bullshit - I'm still pissed off about that by the way - but to support my friend at a time he couldn't see the forest for the trees. I could spin that with some over the top metaphor but you know what we're talking about.

(MORE)

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

So much for the daiquiri's with the-
the-the-

STEW

Umbrellas.

WILL (V.O.)

Umbrellas. Right. I'm worried about
you, Stew. Watch your back. PS - I
really hate that fucking cat.

STEW

I really hate that fucking cat, too.

Stew's phone rings. He answers.

STEW

TeleComCorp.

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Yes, hi, I'm calling to change my
account.

STEW

How can I help you, sir?

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

I need to remove the Sports Package.

STEW

Um, hey, not trying to sell you on
it, but why are your removing the
Sports Package and not adding the
Game Day perk?

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

I just, well, the wife says we gotta
consolidate our expenses and the
Sports Package, it's gotta go.

STEW

Fuck her!

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Buddy, that's my WIFE!

STEW

It's not your wife. It's your Sports
Package! Look, I'm sorry, that was
a bit abrupt, but COME ON, man, it's
your Sports Package!

The Telecom Customer sighs.

STEW

Right?!?!?

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

I know what you're saying.

STEW

Did your wife cut back on her cosmetics, or Slender Shakes or let you maybe reduce those fucking insurance premiums she made you get?

Silence.

STEW

Has she brought ANYTHING to the table to help you guys out?

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

No. She hasn't.

STEW

NO!! SHE HASN'T!! Say this with me buddy -

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Okay.

STEW

It's my Sports Package!

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

It's my Sports Package!

STEW

Fuck her!!

The entire office has suddenly gone quiet. Heads poke over cubicles, Stew's Boss exits his office.

STEW

C'mon, buddy, you can do it.

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

I...I....Fffff....

STEW

FUCK HER!!!

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

F-F-F-F-F-F-FUCK HER!!!

STEW

YEAH!! There you go!!! Lemme ask you, and I don't mean to get too personal, but lemme ask you, is she blowing you regular?

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

What?!?!?

STEW

I know it's personal. But stay with me, pal. Look, I'm fucking pussy whipped, okay?

Stew's Boss makes his way down the aisle, leans on top of the cubicle, staring angrily.

STEW

I spent my entire marriage chasing that love ganja and I'm exceptionally ashamed to admit it - I'm lost in La Mancha. I'm chasing waterfalls or windmills - I get that shit confused - but the point is - I don't have a Sports Package and I fucking sell them for a living!!!

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Serious?!?

STEW

Yes!! I'm fucking serious, man!! I'm stealing my neighbors internet for chrissake!!! My wife? Hang on -

Stew stands up, holds out his phone.

STEW

Anyone in this room fucking my wife?

The entire MALE EMPLOYEE section mutters "yes". Stew glances across the room as a few late voices, women, also mutter yes. In the deep background, the JANITOR pipes in.

JANITOR

I finger banged her at the Christmas Party. Does that count?

The Mail Girl high fives him.

STEW

You hear that?

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)
Wow!! The Christmas party?

STEW
You with me now, pal?!?!?

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)
FUCK! HER!

STEW
Right!! FUCK HER!!

TELECOM CUSTOMER (O.S.)
You know, I'm taking that Game Day perk!!

STEW
Fuck yeah, you are!!

STEW'S BOSS
Talk to me once you're done with the order.

STEW
You got it.

Stew sits back down.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- DAY

Stew enters the house with a box of his office belongings. He sets it down on the kitchen table, sees some keys on a little floatation device next to a Registration Title.

Raquel appears from the stairwell, putting on an earring.

RAQUEL
You're home early.

STEW
Yeah, I got fired.

RAQUEL
What?!?

STEW
Yeah. Tried to save a guy from ending up like us.

RAQUEL
Want me to talk to your boss for you?

STEW
 No. I don't. Tell me -
 (holds up Title)
 What the fuck is this?

Raquel stops, nearly poses, proud.

RAQUEL
 I got us a boat.

STEW
 I just got fired!

RAQUEL
 Oh, don't be silly. I didn't BUY it.
 The, uh, neighbor guy -

Points towards door.

STEW
 Larry?

RAQUEL
 Yes! Larry signed it over to me.
 Listen, I gotta get going. I'll see
 what I can do for you job wise.
 Don't think I can get that back,
 though, sweetie, so they may have to
 start you out at the bottom again.
 I'll do my best.

She approaches Stew, puts her hands on his chest then squeezes his cheeks like a little boy.

RAQUEL
 In the meantime, be a good boy - hop
 over to Larry's and give our boat a
 good scrub down.

She turns, heads out the front door.

RAQUEL
 I don't like getting used things but
 I guess we gotta tighten our belts
 now that we're unemployed.

EXT. STREET OVER FROM STEW'S -- DAY

A bucket, hose, cleaning supplies spread across the lawn.
 Stew's got a shop rag in one hand, polish in the other.
 He's done scrubbing, walks over, tosses the rag into a bucket
 by the garage. He peeks in the windows, looks around.
 Nothing but car shit and those racks of empty coke bottles.

Stepping back, he checks out the boat. He climbs up on deck. Everything's clean. Everything's shiny. Admiring the Captain's Chair, he runs a finger along the wood, swings it around, takes a seat.

Two chairs on the rear of the deck stare back at him. These would've been his and Will's chairs.

INT. SPORTS BAR & GRILL -- NIGHT

A Daiquiri's set down with a plate of food. Stew glances around stealthily, pulls out a....a...drink umbrella from his jacket, sticks it in the glass, smiles. It makes him happy.

He glances at the ketchup container. He's reticent. We PUSH IN on the ketchup container, PUSH IN on him.

He goes for it - grabs the container, flips it over - fart sound. Nothing. It's too much for him, he starts crying...

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -- NIGHT

Stew enters the bowling alley just like Will did earlier. League's in progress as he steps into frame, heads for the Sofa King lane. He stops suddenly - Raquel's there but with 3 new partners, all wearing Sofa King shirts - The Fire Chief, Detective and -

STEW
Fucking Javier?!?!

It's Raquel's turn and all the guys are trying to help her. She laughs, pushes them away...

RAQUEL
I'll take it from here.

She bursts out laughing, can barely bowl, keeps them at bay.

RAQUEL
No, really, ha ha, I'll take it from here! I'm SORRY, it just reminds me of my wedding night, ha ha ha ha....!!

Stew stands motionless.

STEW
(to himself)
I'm gonna kill myself.

Stew turns to leave, walks past the Boat Owner sitting alone at the bar.

BOAT OWNER

I should be on that team. I gave her a Yacht. A YACHT!!

STEW

Tell her that.

BOAT OWNER

You think?

STEW

Yeah, fuck her!

BOAT OWNER

Yeah. Fuck her.

Stew heads for the door as the Boat Owner slams his drink and walks towards the Sofa King Lane, yells at her.

BOAT OWNER

I should be on this team!!

EXT. CLIFF -- NIGHT

The Bowling ball goes flying into the abyss. The bowling shoes, the bag, the Sofa King shirt.

Stew sits down, legs dangling. He leans back on the ground stares at the sky, closes his eyes. He's distraught, then an idea crosses his mind, he smiles and opens his eyes.

STEW

Mercy.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Stew sits on the side of the bed.

STEW

Look, I don't know when I'm gonna have another chance to do this, 'cause I'm pretty sure this Blonde Widow behind me is plotting against me.

He sighs. The dead people sit across from him, Guy, The Nun, Dana and Will. All listen patiently.

STEW

I owe you all an apology. Will, you were right, I took my eye off the ball and let myself be led astray. I'm sorry.

WILL

Accepted.

Stew adjusts his seat, address Dana.

STEW

I'm a dick.

DANA

You are and I hate you. Always have.

STEW

But why?

DANA

You know how much I had to endure?
Falling outta bars with both of ya'
as you INSIST it's not a mailbox
you're pissing in rather a -

(does air quotes)

"MISTER THIRSTY". Having you crash
on our couch 'cause little Miss
Perfect Pussy didn't want to deal
with a coupla' hungover whitetards
singing gangsta rap in the suburbs.

(imitates Stew)

Elvis was a hero to most but he never
meant shit to me, he's straight up
racist simple and plain motherfuck
him and John Wayne.

WILL

Baby, it's okay.

DANA

OH, you too there, hubby.

(imitates Will)

'Cause I'm black and I'm proud I'm
ready and hyped plus I'm amped, most
of my heroes don't appear on no
stamps.

STEW

I'm sorry for that. I should've
been more respectful.

DANA

Ah, what do I care? I'm dead.
Whatever. Apology accepted.

Stew turns to the Nun.

STEW

I don't know who the fuck killed you
but it wasn't me so, like, no harm
no foul.

Offended, she signs "fuck off" as Stew turns to Guy.

STEW

You - Yeah, killed ya'. But it was
an accident. And you were banging
my wife.

DANA

(to Guy)
You always were a whore.

GUY

(raising hand)
Guilty.
(pats chest)
My bad, bro. My bad.

STEW

Soooooo.....we good?

GUY

We're good, bro. We're good.

The Nun offers a subtle grin. Signs.

GUY

She says "what the fuck, okay".

STEW

Dana?

DANA

I just really hate that bitch.

WILL

But you slept with her.

DANA

Baby, EVERYONE's slept with her.

WILL

Not me.

DANA

Really? You should have. She's
AMAZING.

She and Will laugh. Dana turns back to Stew, straightens
up, becomes endeared.

DANA
 Sure, we're good, Stew. Go in peace
 to love and serve the Lord.

The Nun slaps her on the arm.

DANA
 What?!?! Geez....

Stew turns to Will.

WILL
 Take care of yourself, buddy. I
 miss you.

STEW
 I miss you, too.

As the Dead slowly disappear, Raquel stirs, sits up.

RAQUEL
 Stew, who are you talking to?

Stew glances back at her, then to the empty chairs.

RAQUEL
 Come back to bed. It's late.

He lays back down and Raquel drags his arm over to spoon.
 He pulls it back. A second later, she takes his hand, slides
 it down her waist. Jiggles a little. He removes it, remains
 prone on his back.

RAQUEL
 Last chance.

Again, she places his hand on her. Again, he begins removing.

RAQUEL
 Not kidding.

He removes it completely. She slides away from him, settles.
 Stew's at peace, content.

INT. STEW'S HOUSE - BASEMENT -- DAY

Stew dabs a rag into yellow liquid then shoves it in a coke
 bottle just like what the Boat Owner drank from in the earlier
 cop crime scene.

Stew places the bottle into a rack full of other similar
 molotov cocktails. Next to them - the stack of photos Will
 took of Raquel.

RAQUEL (O.S.)
 STEW!!! WHERE THE FUCK ARE YOU?!?

STEW
 BASEMENT!!

RAQUEL (O.S.)
 Have you seen Mercy?!? I can't find
 her!!!

STEW
 Uh....!!!

Quickly, he sifts through some tools, grabs a hammer, box of
 nails a few 2x4's....

STEW
 I thought I heard her in the
 bathroom!!

RAQUEL (O.S.)
 The bathroom?!?!

STEW
 Yeah!!! Check the hamper!!!

INT. STEW'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Raquel enters the bathroom, heads for the hamper. Stew
 appears, shuts the door. We hear hammering, hear the ZZZZT.
 ZZZZT of a drill. Raquel opens the door. Stew's sealed her
 in a with a fire frame metal barrier. Nails punch through
 the door jam.

RAQUEL
 Let me the fuck out of here, Stew!!!
 You are so going to jail!!! You
 hear me!?!?! Jail!!!

INT. KITCHEN -- DAY

Stew appears, beelines for the kitchen. A banging echoes.

RAQUEL (O.S.)
 Let me the fuck out of here, Stew!!!
 I'm done with you. D.I.V.O.R.C.E.

Stew opens the freezer, removes Mercy, shivering, frost on
 its whiskers, fur.

STEW
 Shhhhh...it's gonna warm up real
 fast you little fucker....

He opens the cabinets - lined with molotov coke bottles. Stew pulls out a zippo, goes down the line igniting them.

EXT. STEW'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

The house is aflame. FIREMEN drag hoses, police keep the NEIGHBORS away. Stew stands in tears, petting the Cat. A PARAMEDIC closes doors to an ambulance as ANOTHER PARAMEDIC approaches Stew.

STEW
Is she gonna make it?

ANOTHER PARAMEDIC
Sir, it doesn't look good.

STEW
Oh, my God!!!! OH MY GOD!!!!

ANOTHER PARAMEDIC
Sir, we're gonna do the best we can.

Stew grabs their sleeve, pulls hard.

STEW
YOU HAVE TO!!! YOU HAVE TO!!!

Stew releases the sleeve as they rush to board the Ambulance and pull away. Suddenly, the Detective's car jumps the curb, pulls up on the lawn.

STEW
Oh, shit.

The Detective pushes open the door and runs waving photos.

DETECTIVE
You son of a bitch!!

Stew cringes, stiffens for a hit as the Detective flies by him and heads for a Police Cruiser where the Boat Owner sits cuffed in the back.

DETECTIVE
I LOVED HER!!! I LOVED HER!!!

The Boat Owner bangs his head on the glass.

BOAT OWNER
I LOVED HER, TOO!!!

The Fire Chief steps up, restrains the Detective as he tries to get into the car.

FIRE CHIEF

Calm down, buddy. We all loved her...

The Detective flails the photos.

DETECTIVE

These were in his garage next to a rack of empty coke bottles!!! He's been following her!! He's been stalking her!!! HE KILLED HER!!!

FIRE CHIEF

How'd you find these?

DETECTIVE

Anonymous tip.

Stew turns around the other way, back to the group, continues petting the cat. He starts to pretend cry again, disappears into the crowd. VARIOUS OFFICERS take statements from the NEIGHBORHOOD WIVES earlier kept at bay by their husbands during Will's death.

NEIGHBORHOOD WIFE #1

Yeah, that house was a frickin' Tiki Torch before he got home.

(she turns to her husband)

Right. Honey.

NEIGHBORHOOD HUSBAND #1

Yeah. Just like she said. Frickin' Tiki Torch.

Neighborhood Wife #1 bumps her husband's arm.

NEIGHBORHOOD HUSBAND #1

Before-he-got-home.

NEIGHBORHOOD WIFE #2

I looked out my window - ALL THIS SMOKE - I thought-

(unconvincing drama)

Oh. My. God. I hope blondie got her skinny ass outta there. Or we may never see her again. Then this nice gentleman pulled in, picked up his cat and started cryin' like a little bitch.

(turns to her husband)

Right. Honey.

NEIGHBORHOOD HUSBAND #2

Yeah. Just like she said. Blondie.
 Cat. Cryin' like a little bitch.
 Hope, she got out...

His wife slaps his arm.

EXT. RIVIERA -- DAY

We're flying along the Riviera, checking out the beaches,
 the water, the yachts, the boats....we see Stew's.

EXT. STEW'S BOAT -- DAY

Stew sits in one of the two chairs, sipping a daiquiri with
 an umbrella in it. He reaches the bottom of the drink, sets
 it down, glances at Mercy in the other chair.

WILL (O.S.)

What'd we learn? After all this?

Surprised, Stew turns, sees Will standing with a daiquiri.

WILL

(imitates Stew)

"How long we know each other? This
 is it, man. This is the Big Ask.
 Right now. Gotta keep this between
 us. Don't tell your wife. You know
 what a bitch she is..."

STEW

Yeah, yeah....

WILL

What'd we learn?

STEW

I...

WILL

What'd we learn, man? Here we are,
 right? The boat, the water, the
 daiquiris with the-the-the-

STEW

Umbrellas.

WILL

Right!! Daiquiris with the
 umbrellas!! So what'd we learn?

STEW

Bros before hoes.

WILL

That's right. Bros before hoes.

Will raises his drink to toast.

WILL

I always hated that fucking cat.

STEW

Me, too.

They both laugh. Slowly, Will disappears and Stew's smile vanishes. Stew turns, stares at Mercy. Mercy stares right back, then glances away, nervous. Meows.

We FADE OUT and just as we reach pitch black we hear a cat's RRRRNNNGGAA scream followed by a SPLASH!!!