

EVERYTHING IS TEMPORARY

Written by

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(Loosely) Based on a True Story

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EXT. WAYNE COUNTY FIELD - DAY

The stands are filled with family and friends of players as the Wildcats take the field against the Grizzlies in a Babe Ruth League championship game.

SUPER: "Metro Detroit. 2001."

MATT "CHAMP" MITCHELL (16, clean-cut, Wildcats uniform #33) strains to stretch his back in the dugout. COACH WILLIAMS (early 30s, has a huge wad of chew in his mouth) approaches.

COACH

You had to go water skiing  
yesterday?

CHAMP

Baseball isn't everything.

Coach is shocked by Champ's words.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Well, it's almost everything. It  
sure isn't a day at the lake with  
my girlfriend in her new bikini.

Coach is not amused. He holds his tongue and tries to be patient with the teenager.

COACH

Can you give me another inning?

CHAMP

Sure.

Champ looks at the other players on the bench.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

I think you should put one of the  
other guys in though. We need this  
game to advance.

COACH

I'd rather have you out there at  
fifty percent than any of these  
guys at a hundred percent.

CHAMP

Whatever you say, Coach.

Champ trots out of the dugout to take his position in left field. He glances at the capacity crowd in the small sets of bleachers.

The banner on the left field wall reads, "Babe Ruth League District Championship." The scoreboard reads, "Wildcats 3, Grizzlies 2, 9th inning."

The pitcher winds up and hurls the ball to the plate. The Grizzlies batter hits a line shot down the left field line.

Champ fully extends his body and lays out to catch the ball. He hits the ground hard and is very slow to get up and throw the ball back in. He walks gingerly back into position while he holds his lower back with his throwing hand.

The next batter stands ready. The pitcher hurls a fastball. The batter connects and hits the ball deep into the gap past both the right and center fielders.

The ball bounces off the wall. The center fielder takes the hop barehanded, turns and fires it into third. The ball skips on the infield dirt and the runner slides in safely under the tag.

The next batter pops the first pitch straight up into the air where it is fielded cleanly by the catcher.

Champ turns to look at the other two outfielders. He holds up his right index finger to signify that there is one out. He waves both his free hand and his glove hand in a back and forth motion to signal the other outfielders to back up.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Sasquatch is up. Get back to the track. Play deep.

The pitcher checks the runner on third. He eyes a monstrous hitter and takes a deep breath. He fires the ball toward the plate. Sasquatch connects and hits a deep fly ball to left.

Champ backs toward the wall as his right hand reaches out for it. When he reaches the wall he takes a step back in and catches the ball on the warning track.

In a fluid motion he throws a bullet toward the catcher as the runner heads home from third. Champ's throw reaches the catcher on the fly.

UMPIRE

Out!

The Wildcats are District Champions! The team celebrates. The crowd cheers as fans congratulate Champ. Two FANS get Champ's attention. One wears glasses. The other is bald.

FOUR EYES

Great play, Champ!

BALDY

Both plays were great, Champ!

Baldy pats Champ on the back. Champ grimaces in pain and walks gingerly toward the dugout. He sees Coach from across the field. The coach gives him a thumbs up and a smile.

EXT. WAYNE COUNTY FIELD - NIGHT

Champ is back in position in left field. He holds up one finger to signal to the other outfielders that there is one out. The scoreboard reads, "Wildcats 3, Mustangs 3, 9th inning."

The Mustangs have a runner on third who takes only a modest lead. The Wildcats pitcher deals.

The Mustangs batter hits a deep fly ball to left.

Champ catches it on the warning track just short of the wall.

The runner tags up as Champ makes his throw.

The ball sails just over the catcher's glove.

UMPIRE

Safe!

The Wildcats lose.

Champ looks to the catcher and the other players. They are all despondent.

Champ looks to the stands. He sees some fans with their heads down, some with their hands on their heads in disbelief. Others just look disgusted.

Champ slowly walks past a few of them along the fence of the third base line as he heads back to the dugout.

FOUR EYES

You stink, Chump!

BALDY

You're a bum, Chump!

A dejected Champ walks with his head down past the hecklers and into the dugout.

Inside the dugout, Champ packs up his equipment. Coach approaches him and spits some chew into a Styrofoam cup.

COACH

Don't worry about it, Kid. The odds against making that play are over a hundred to one. The odds against making it twice in two games have to be over a thousand to one.

Champ zips up his bat bag.

CHAMP

I don't get it. The very same people who told me how great a player I was yesterday are calling me a bum today.

COACH

Do you remember how good it felt when they told you how great you were?

CHAMP

Yeah. Of course.

COACH

It didn't last long, did it?

CHAMP

Hell no.

Coach pats Champ on the back.

COACH

Neither will this.  
EVERYTHING IS TEMPORARY.

INT. TSUNAMI NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A 26-year-old CHAMP drinks at the bar with his buddy, JOHNNY JW "DOUBLE J" JACKSON (27, fit).

SUPER: "Metro Detroit. 2011"

Both men have a shot with a beer back on the bar in front of them.

DOUBLE J

Whatever happened to that hot blonde?

CHAMP

Called third strike.

DOUBLE J  
I know she had two strikes against  
her with that whole...

Double J puts both hands up and makes the quotation marks  
gesture.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
"Biological clock is ticking"  
speech and that once a week sushi  
place demand. What was the third?

CHAMP  
She was rude to a waitress.

DOUBLE J  
I might have given her a fourth  
strike. Maybe called that a foul  
tip or something. She was REALLY  
hot.

CHAMP  
Hot or not. That was strike three.

Champ clanks the two shot glasses together. They both raise  
their glasses to toast.

CHAMP AND DOUBLE J  
Everything is temporary.

Both men down their shots. A beautiful black-haired Asian  
bartender watches and smiles. She retrieves the shot glasses  
and gives Champ a look of interest. Champ casually winks at  
her.

# MONTAGE

Champ and Double J both drink another shot.

Two hot blondes approach them. Champ winks at one of them.  
They both stop and show interest. Double J whispers into the  
other one's ear. The blonde slaps his face. The girls walk  
away.

Champ and Double J both drink another shot.

Two more women walk by. Double J motions them to stop. They  
walk right by.

Champ and Double J both drink another shot.

The Asian bartender lines up two more shots. Double J picks one up and holds it out to try to entice yet another woman with it. She also walks right by him.

Double J shakes his head and downs his shot. Champ watches as Double J picks up his shot and holds it out to a hot brunette. She takes the drink from him and continues to walk on by. Champ laughs.

The same bartender sets up two more shots. Double J picks one up and tries to hand it to yet another woman. As she walks by his arm follows her and extends until she is out of reach. Double J continues to extend his reach until he falls off his bar stool.

END MONTAGE

EXT. TSUNAMI NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

It's after closing time. Champ and the Asian bartender put Double J into a taxi. They walk toward Champ's car, each with an arm around the other. When they reach Champ's car, he holds the passenger door open for her. She gets in.

INT. MRS. MITCHELL'S HOME - DAY

Champ is seated at the kitchen table while he nurses a hangover. His mother, MRS. MITCHELL (55, conservative dress) places his breakfast plate in front of him. Champ chugs a large glass of water and takes some aspirin.

MRS. MITCHELL

A man your age should settle down and start a family. It's what's expected. It's what people do. If your father didn't settle down at your age, where would you be?

Champ sighs and drinks some more water.

MRS. MITCHELL (CONT'D)

That's right, Mr. Smart Guy. You wouldn't be anywhere. You wouldn't exist. Go to church. Find a nice wife. Raise a nice family.

Champ sits silently. He begins to eat.

CHAMP

Come on, Mom. You know you're my only girl.

Champ's mother sits down at the table with him.

MRS. MITCHELL

Very funny, Mister. That old bat, Penelope says you're with a different one every night.

CHAMP

How would she know that?

MRS. MITCHELL

Old Lady Johnson across the street from you. You now those two gossip nonstop. I've already heard that you've added another country to your United Nations last night.

CHAMP

United Nations?

MRS. MITCHELL

Yes, that's what they call your house, the United Nations Building. They said you added Thailand to your list last night.

CHAMP

Actually, I think she's from Taiwan.

Champ refills his water and drinks another full glass.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Anyway, that's the last time I shovel snow out of that old bitty's driveway.

INT. CHAMP'S COMPANY OFFICE PARTY - NIGHT

The party takes place in a large ballroom. It's a black tie affair. Champ has a beautiful red head, KATIE (25), on his arm. A waiter approaches with a tray of full champagne glasses. Champ takes two and hands one to Katie.

The two are approached by a very well-to-do older couple, Champ's boss, LARRY MOORE (60s) - and his wife, MARY (60s), along with their son, LARRY JUNIOR (20s, fit but awkward).

Champ looks to Katie. He holds his hand toward the Moores to introduce them.

CHAMP

Laurence and Mary Moore.



He motions his other hand toward Larry Junior.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Laurence Junior.

Champ turns back to the Moores.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Katherine Leary.

Larry Junior spots a nice looking woman who walks by.

LARRY JR.  
Very nice to meet you. Please  
excuse me.

Larry Junior makes his way after the woman. An uncomfortable  
Mary looks admiringly at Katie.

MARY  
What a beautiful dress you're  
wearing.

KATIE  
Thank you.

Katie is somewhat embarrassed as well.

KATIE (CONT'D)  
It's very nice to meet you, Mister  
and Missus Moore. Please, call me  
Katie.

MARY  
So nice to meet you, dear. Please  
call us Larry and Mary as well.

Larry has already had a few drinks. He hold his champagne  
glass to his lips to playfully croon to Katie.

LARRY  
K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,  
You're the only g-g-g-girl  
that I adore;  
When the m-m-m-moon shines,  
Over the cowshed,  
I'll be waiting at the k-k-k-  
kitchen door.

Mary stops him before he can get the next verse out.

MARY  
Stop that. Your embarrassing the  
young lady.

KATIE  
It's quite all right.

LARRY  
See that...

KATIE  
My grandfather used to sing that to  
me before he passed away.

Larry, somewhat embarrassed at the comparison to a  
grandfather, takes Champ by the elbow, looks toward the door  
and then back to Katie.

LARRY  
Katie, would you mind if I took  
Champ away for just a moment?

KATIE  
Sure. We'll be fine here.

MARY  
Yes. There are some people I would  
like Katie to meet. I'm sure she's  
had enough of your singing anyway.

Larry and Champ step out onto the terrace.

EXT. TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

Larry hands Champ a cigar. They both light up. Larry takes  
a more serious tone. Playtime is over. It's time to get  
down to business.

LARRY  
You know we're looking to make a  
partner out of you, Champ.

Champ nods his head and raises his glass in acknowledgment.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
You know that our firm has its  
reputation to think of. It's very  
important to me that we project a  
stable image to our clients and to  
the community. It's why all of our  
partners are married. People need  
to know that we're solid and that  
their money is safe with us.

Champ finishes his glass.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Why don't you just knock up one of these hot women you're with and be done with it? It would be very good for your career. It would be good for the firm.

CHAMP

Now Larry, you know my philosophy on that.

LARRY

Come on, boy. The hips on that one for instance.

Larry motions the shape of a woman's body in the air with both hands.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You could make plenty of babies and have a fine time doing it.

CHAMP

I'm having a fine time without all of that.

INT. THE GYM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Champ watches a Pay Per View prizefight on a giant TV screen at the bar with DOUBLE J.

DOUBLE J

So I told her I couldn't go meet her parents tonight because I had to go to The Gym.

The two men down a shot.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

How was the obligatory office party?

CHAMP

The old man let me have it again.

DOUBLE J

The find a girl with nice hips and have a litter lecture?

CHAMP

That's the one. I got a nicer version of the same lecture from my mother the day before.

Double J turns to the bartender and hold up two fingers.

DOUBLE J

Barkeep. Another set of shots for me and the confirmed bachelor here.

CHAMP

They just don't get it. I'm happy with my life. I'm not going to change it. Not for them. Not for anybody.

Double J puts one hand on his own hip and the back of his other hand against his shoulder while he looks up in the air.

DOUBLE J

Not even for me, Big Boy?

CHAMP

Jackass.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ's office is immaculate. He has professionally framed autographed pictures of his favorite ballplayers on the wall. There is an autographed AL KALINE baseball on his desk.

He carefully reviews a file when his co-worker, BRITTANY BIVENS, (27, stunning, tight skirt suit, great cleavage) walks in and sits across his desk from him. Brittany is a man-eater and Champ wants no part of her.

BRITTANY

Drinks tonight, Mitchell?

Champ does not set the file down. He doesn't even give Brittany the satisfaction of a look in her direction.

CHAMP

As good as that sounds, I'll have to pass. I'm working on the Ericson file. I've got a presentation in the morning.

BRITTANY

Ericson? I don't know that one.

CHAMP

He hasn't signed on yet. I'm closing him tomorrow.

Brittany stands up, leans over Champ, puts her hand over his file and pushes it down to the desk. She looks Champ directly in his eyes.

BRITTANY

Wouldn't you rather be closing me tonight?

CHAMP

We've been down that road before, Britt.

BRITTANY

Don't give me that, "I don't dip my pen in the company ink" bullshit. I know about you and that receptionist.

CHAMP

All the same, you and me, we're not happening.

BRITTANY

Your loss. Have a good night with your file.

INT. ERICSON ART GALLERY - DAY

Champ looks at the paintings on the wall. He's unimpressed. He sees an Andy Warhol wannabee who sips a glass of wine. Champ glances at his watch. The Doors, 'People are Strange' plays.

"People are strange when you're a stranger. Faces look ugly when you're alone."

Champ eyes two very wealthy and very stuck up looking women across the room. The two examine a painting as the song continues.

"Women seem wicked when you're unwanted. Streets are uneven when you're down."

A very well dressed man, DAVIES (50s) approaches Champ.

DAVIES

Welcome to the Ericson Gallery.  
May I help you?

CHAMP

I have a ten o'clock appointment with Mr. Ericson.

DAVIES

Who may I tell Mr. Ericson is calling?

CHAMP

Matt Mitchell.

DAVIES

Oh, yes. Mr. Mitchell. I'll let him know you are here.

Davies turns to leave the room and head for the back office. Champ looks at some more paintings. The Doors song winds down.

"When you're strange, faces come out of the rain. When you're strange, no one remembers your name. When you're strange. When you're strange. When you're strange."

Champ turns around to see a considerably older woman toting a small dog in a designer bag much like Paris Hilton would carry. Champ looks at the dog and then he looks back at the woman. The two look eerily similar. He turns his attention to another painting.

Champ walks sideways from one large painting to the next. He bumps into someone. She's a very attractive blonde about his age. He winks at her and she smiles. Davies interrupts their moment and motions Champ into the back office.

An embarrassed Champ takes out a business card and hands it to the young lady. She takes a look at it. It looks like a baseball card. She smiles and places his card in her purse.

Champ follows Davies. They walk to a small beverage counter.

DAVIES (CONT'D)

Spot of tea, Mr. Mitchell?

CHAMP

No, thank you.

Champ continues to follow Davies into the back office. ERICSON (late 50s, flamboyant) holds an espresso in his left hand. He extends his right to greet Champ.

ERICSON

Nice to see you, Mr. Mitchell. Do you care for an espresso?

CHAMP

No, thank you.

ERICSON  
Not your cup of tea?

DAVIES  
Neither is tea.

INT. THE GYM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Double J is at his usual spot at the bar. Champ takes his usual seat next to him. The bartender, FRANKIE (30s) sets down a Molson in front of Champ.

CHAMP  
Thanks, Frankie.

FRANKIE  
You should have seen your boy last night.

CHAMP  
Yeah?

Champ takes a swig of beer.

Frankie blows up his cheeks and holds his arms to his sides to make his best impression of a fat girl.

Champ turns to Double J.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
You went whaling last night?

FLASHBACK

INT. THE GYM NIGHT CLUB - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Double J approaches a big girl. Pretty, but big.

DOUBLE J (V.O.)  
Towards thee I roll, all destroying  
but unconquering whale;

INT. THE BIG GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A liquored up Double J makes out with the big girl and struggles to find buttons and zippers to take her clothes off.

DOUBLE J (V.O.)  
To the last I grapple with thee;

CUT TO

A naked Double J on top of the naked big girl.

DOUBLE J (V.O.)  
From hell's heart I stab at thee.

Double J climaxes and collapses on top of the big girl.

DOUBLE J (V.O.)  
For hate's sake I spit my last  
breath at thee.

END FLASHBACK

CHAMP  
You're a regular Captain Ahab.

Double J picks up his beer.

DOUBLE J  
Yeah. Like you guys have never  
done it.

CHAMP  
Any port in a storm, right?

Frankie picks up his water and holds it out to toast Champ  
and Double J.

FRANKIE  
Fuckin' A!

Champ and Double J clink their bottles with Frankie's glass.

Frankie turns and gets back to business. Double J turns to  
Champ.

DOUBLE J  
How did it go with your whale  
today?

CHAMP  
I closed him. That account is a  
monster. It'll put me way out in  
front of Britt for Rookie of the  
Year. She'll never catch me now.

Double J motions to Frankie for two more.

DOUBLE J  
You'll never guess who was here  
last night looking to catch you.



CHAMP  
No. Don't tell me...

DOUBLE J  
That's right, Pal. Smelly Kelly.

CHAMP  
She doesn't smell.

DOUBLE J  
That doesn't mean I have to like her.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ sits at his desk and completes the paperwork on the Ericson file. Brittany walks in sits across from Champ and puts her feet on his desk.

CHAMP  
Comfortable?

BRITTANY  
You bet. Looks like you closed that art gallery fruit.

CHAMP  
Ericson's a good guy. What does his personal life have to do with anything?

BRITTANY  
You didn't turn your back on him, did you?

CHAMP  
Funny. Is there a reason for your visit this morning?

BRITTANY  
I just wanted you to know that while you were prepping for Ericson I was at Tsunami with Junior.

CHAMP  
That's a fun place.

Brittany takes her feet off Champ's desk puts them square on the floor and stands up.

BRITTANY

That's it? You pass up a night out with me, I tell you I went with the heir apparent to this company and all you have to say is, "That's a fun place?"

CHAMP

I always have a good time there.

INT. THE GYM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Champ and Double J watch the Tigers game on the bar TV and drink Molsons. Alex Avila throws a runner out at second base.

Champ and Double J clank their beer bottles together.

CHAMP AND DOUBLE J

He's Janes Addiction!

FRANKIE

What's that?

CHAMP

Caught Stealing.

A pretty brunette approaches. It's Champ's former girlfriend, KELLY (age 26, professionally dressed).

DOUBLE J

There goes the neighborhood.

KELLY

I see you're still alone, Double Jerk.

DOUBLE J

Somebody has to stay lucky.

Double J stands up, picks up his beer and looks to Champ.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

Sorry about your luck, Pal.

Double J walks away. Kelly takes his place at the bar. Champ takes a long look at her and finishes his beer.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - DAY

Champ and Double J work out together. They walk through the gym. Double J stops at the dumbbell rack.

DOUBLE J  
Let's start here.

CHAMP  
Start with dumbbells?

DOUBLE J  
You should start with your own  
kind. If they had dumb-asses we'd  
start there.

Champ picks up a set up dumbbells and starts with biceps  
curls.

CHAMP  
You know I can kick your ass,  
right?

Double J picks up a set and does curls.

DOUBLE J  
It's not my ass you should be  
worried about. It's that Venus Fly  
Trap who is gonna use her ass to  
drag you down the aisle. That's  
what you should be worried about.

CHAMP  
I know. We've been on again, off  
again for years. This time, she  
promises not to be so jealous.

Champ loses his train of thought as he watches a hot girl in  
skimpy workout clothes walk by.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Besides, my mother likes her and it  
would land me a promotion, wouldn't  
it?

Double J drops his dumbbells in shock.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
I'm just screwin' with you, Man.  
I let her make a plate appearance  
last night for old-times sake.  
I sent her back down to the minors  
this morning.

INT. THE GYM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Champ and Double J are in their usual spot at the bar.  
They've each got a beer in front of them.

CHAMP

I know a hundred married guys and I know only one who is happy. There's just no percentage in being married. Still, with a promotion and a dual income. It would be okay.

DOUBLE J

Don't kid yourself. I know that one guy too. He's only happy because he doesn't know any better. He married the first woman who would sleep with him. True?

CHAMP

True.

DOUBLE J

If you got married, I'd know a hundred and one married guys and still only one would be happy. It would be that stupid ass who doesn't know any better.

Double J finishes off a beer.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

Besides, if you were going to bite the bullet just to make your mom and your boss happy, don't you think you could do better than Smelly Kelly?

Champ picks up a menu and hands it to Double J.

CHAMP

You hungry?

DOUBLE J

Yeah. I could eat.

CHAMP

You want a Hertz Donut?

DOUBLE J

A what?

Champ punches Double J in the arm, hard.

CHAMP

Hurts, don't it?

Double J rubs his sore arm. He considers a punch back and thinks the better of it.

DOUBLE J  
You're just mad because you know  
I'm right.

EXT. MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSE - DAY

Champ and Double J are on the 1st tee. Champ tees up his ball and lines up his first tee shot.

CHAMP  
Moore's been on my ass to join his  
country club.

DOUBLE J  
Why not? You can afford it.

Champ winds up a smooth backswing and drives right through the ball to hit a deep drive straight down the middle of the fairway.

CHAMP  
Nah. This course was good enough  
for my old man and it's good enough  
for me.

Double J tees up his ball.

DOUBLE J  
What about that other thing he's  
been on your ass about?

CHAMP  
I took care of that yesterday.

DOUBLE J  
How'd you do that?

CHAMP  
I bought an engagement ring for  
Kelly.

Double J slices his tee shot and drives his ball deep into the woods.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
You're a gullible bastard, aren't  
you?

INT. MRS. MITCHELL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Champ and Mrs. Mitchell share another meal. Like many mothers and grown sons, it's how they spend most of their time together these days.

Champ is seated at the kitchen table. Mrs. Mitchell takes the broiler pan out of the oven. It has two thick steaks on it.

She places one on each plate and adds a baked potato and vegetables to each. She loads extra vegetables on Champ's plate and carries them both to the table.

CHAMP

They have a sale on vegetables today, Ma?

MRS. MITCHELL

No, Smart Guy. Eat them all. They probably don't have any at the places you boys eat at.

CHAMP

We're trying a new place tomorrow night. We'll see if the menu is any better.

MRS. MITCHELL

The food menu or the girl menu?

CHAMP

The food menu, Mom.

MRS. MITCHELL

I know better. Anyway, now's your chance to eat healthy.

CHAMP

You're the boss.

MRS. MITCHELL

Now that we have that straight, how was your golf game today?

CHAMP

The usual. We both shot in the low eighties.

MRS. MITCHELL

Do you remember what your father used to say?

CHAMP

That he always shot in the high  
sixties?

MRS. MITCHELL

Yes. And when the temperature rose  
above seventy he went to the beach.

CHAMP

I use that gag every time I golf  
with someone new.

Mrs. Mitchell reaches out and holds Champ's hand across the  
kitchen table. She looks deep into his eyes.

MRS. MITCHELL

Your father was a good man.

INT. THE GYM NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Champ and his buddy, HARRY (ultra fit, early 30s) watch a UFC  
fight while seated at the bar. The TV screen shows a  
beautiful ring girl who walks around the ring while she holds  
up a card that reads, "Round Two".

CHAMP

What was it like for you and your  
wife?

HARRY

What was what like?

CHAMP

The start of your relationship.

Harry takes a drink of beer and smiles.

HARRY

It was nice. I took her out and  
taught her about the hereafter.

CHAMP

The hereafter?

HARRY

It was a beautiful thing. I drove  
her out to the other end of Hines  
Park.

CHAMP

That's twenty-two miles.

Harry grins.

HARRY

Yes, it is. It was a very dark night. I parked in a remote spot and made with the lesson.

Champ takes a drink of his beer.

CHAMP

The lesson?

HARRY

There we were, parked out under the stars. We were all alone. It was very romantic.

CHAMP

So, what does that have to do with the hereafter.

HARRY

Simple. I told her, "If I don't get what I'm here after, you'll be here after I'm gone."

CHAMP

That explains it.

Champ looks at the TV screen. The fight action is fast and furious.

HARRY

We've been living happily ever after ever since.

CHAMP

Hopefully you will to the end.

HARRY

To the end?

CHAMP

Marriage can only end in one of two ways. Death or divorce.

Champ raises his beer mug.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Here's to your deaths.

Champ chugs his beer.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

And, to the hereafter.



On the TV screen one fighter puts the other into a rear naked choke hold. The fighter in the hold starts to lose consciousness.

HARRY

It won't be long now.

CHAMP

That's what Lorena Bobbit said.

INT. RECREATION CENTER - DAY

Champ, Harry, Double J and nine other guys in their 20s play a pick up game of ice hockey. The score is tied 2-2 in overtime.

Double J turns the puck over in the neutral zone. Champ is the sole player back on defense. The other team is streaking down the ice with a two on one.

Champ is between the two offensive players. He anticipates the pass from the left wing at the blue line to the right wing who speeds toward the top of the face off circle.

As Champ turns to go after the right wing he catches an edge and spills to the ice. The pass hits the undefended right wing's stick right on the tape.

The shot is slapped past the goalie and into the top left corner of the net.

The right wing skates past Champ as he gets up off the ice.

RIGHT WING

Top shelf, where your momma hides the cookies.

CHAMP

Yeah. Nice shot. Catch you next weekend.

Harry skates over to Champ. He hates to lose.

HARRY

What in the hell was that?

CHAMP

My damn feet got tangled up trying to turn around and go after that fast bastard.

HARRY

Christ, Champ. You know that's not how you defend a breakaway. You've got to learn to skate backwards.

CHAMP

I've been trying to learn for twenty years. It's just not happening.

Both men laugh as they skate off the ice together.

HARRY

Your mother is Canadian for God's sake. She must be so ashamed of you.

CHAMP

She is ashamed of me. Not because I can't skate backwards though.

HARRY

That old lady Johnson ratting you out to your mom again.

CHAMP

That old woman is relentless. She gets word of every new score to my mother before noon the next day. Her and that damn Penelope. They get news out faster than the Associated Press.

HARRY

Well, give them something good to report. We're all going to the new Cougars tonight. I hear good things.

The two look over as Double J gets off the ice.

HARRY (CONT'D)

We'll get that knucklehead out too. There's plenty of talent there. He might even get lucky.

DOUBLE J

Don't worry about me. I do all right. Just ask your sister.

Harry throws a hockey glove at Double J. It's a direct hit. Right in the face.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Cougars is a Hooters styled restaurant that features beautiful waitresses and bartenders in their 30s and 40s instead of their 20s.

Champ, Double J, Harry and JAKE (scrawny, mid 20s), down pitchers of beer and consume endless amounts of chicken wings at a table near a big screen TV that broadcasts the Tigers game.

A waitress brings a new pitcher to the table. Her name tag reads, "Helen Wheels".

HELEN

Here you go, boys. More wings are on the way.

Helen fills all of their beer glasses.

CHAMP

Thank you. Nice name tag. I love that tune.

HARRY

So does your mom.

Champ looks to Helen.

CHAMP

It's true. She does. She's a huge McCartney fan.

Helen smiles and heads back to the bar.

DOUBLE J

Damn, she's hot!

JAKE

I'd do her.

HARRY

You'd do anybody.

DOUBLE J

Yeah, you did that one chick even though she had three boobs.

CHAMP

What?

HARRY

The carnival was in town. He hooked up with the freak show girl.

JAKE

It wasn't a freak show. It was a side show.

DOUBLE J

Either way. You did her even though she had three boobs.

JAKE

Not, "even though she had three boobs". Because she had three boobs.

Champ looks to Jake in disbelief.

CHAMP

No kidding?

Jake downs the rest of his beer.

JAKE

Hey. Have you ever had sex with a woman who had three boobs?

Champ laughs and shakes his head.

CHAMP

No. I haven't.

JAKE

There you have it.

A new waitress brings another tray full of chicken wings. Her name tag reads, "Mary Lou".

CHAMP

"Hello, Mary Lou. Goodbye heart."

MARY LOU

You know Ricky Nelson?

CHAMP

My dad played his records all of the time.

MARY LOU

Really? Which one is your favorite?

CHAMP

"Travelin' Man".

Mary Lou gives Champ a great big smile.

MARY LOU  
I'll see you later, Travelin' Man.

Mary Lou heads over to the next table to take their order. The boys all watch as she does her thing. Harry turns to Champ. He looks back to Mary Lou, then back to Champ.

HARRY  
Do you have to work every one?

CHAMP  
I was sincere. You guys know my old man used to listen to the "Teenage Idol".

HARRY  
Yeah, well...save some for us.

CHRISTY FELIDAE (beautiful, early 40s), the best looking woman of all three approaches the table.

CHRISTY  
I'm Christy, the GM here at Cougars. Are you all having a good time tonight?

CHAMP  
Yes, great! Thank you.

DOUBLE J  
I have a question. How come everyone has great name tags with songs featured on them and you don't?

CHRISTY  
There really isn't one that fits my name.

DOUBLE J  
Come on. "Christine Sixteen". How about that?

Double J holds up his fingers to make a rock and roll sign while he thrashes his head back and forth.

CHRISTY  
KISS is great. It's just that sixteen is a counter-productive age considering our theme here.

Champ can't take his eyes off Christy.

CHAMP

The lady makes sense.

Christy turns all of her attention to Champ.

CHRISTY

You boys have a good time. Make sure you let me know if you need anything.

Christy turns and walks away. The boys all get a good look at her back side as she does.

HARRY

Wow! She's hotter than a firecracker!

JAKE

I'd do her.

HARRY

No kidding.

Harry raises his beer, salutes the air with it and takes a drink.

DOUBLE J

Damn, Champ! Did you see the way she looked at you?

CHAMP

She's just doing a good job. She knows potential regulars when she sees them.

HARRY

I'm a lifelong regular.

DOUBLE J

Me too.

JAKE

Me too.

Fist pumps and high fives all around.

INT. LARRY MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Larry and Champ go over his production numbers for the year.

LARRY

You closed out another good month with that Ericson account, Champ. You hit the number one spot again.

CHAMP

I'm just trying to finish the fiscal year out strong. That's all.

LARRY

Your cumulative numbers have had you in the top spot for the past six months and we've got less than a full month until the end of June.

Larry drops the stack of reports on his desk.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You've got Rookie of the Year honors all but locked up.

CHAMP

I remember you telling me in my interview last year how important it was to get off to a good start.

Larry looks around at all of the plaques and awards that cover the walls of his plush office.

LARRY

I've owned this agency for twenty-five years. In all of that time, no one has ever made such a fast start or had such an immediate impact on our bottom-line profits.

Larry looks Champ dead in the eyes.

LARRY (CONT'D)

You could become the youngest broker I have ever promoted to junior partner.

CHAMP

Are you saying that you're promoting me to junior partner?

LARRY

I'm saying that you *could* become a junior partner.

CHAMP

You weren't serious about that talk we had at the party?

LARRY

Serious as a heart attack.

Champ is at a loss for words.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I know what you're thinking. That's not only old-fashioned, it's not legal. Well, neither is the income tax. Neither was the war in Vietnam. So what? This is my office and here we play by my rules. I run this place, not the EEOC.

CHAMP

I know all about those jokers at the EEOC. My buddy Johnny Jackson was told by his boss that if he didn't sleep with her she would fire him. She was all right looking but he was in a relationship so he refused her. She fired him before his next payday.

LARRY

See what I mean?

Champ sits back in his chair and sighs.

CHAMP

He filed a sexual harassment complaint with the EEOC and they laughed in his face. The investigator told him that he would have saved himself a lot of trouble if he had slept with her.

Larry takes a step back in an effort to get his point across.

LARRY

It's not just me, Champ. We have a lot of long-term clients who come from very old money here. They have to feel confident in all of our partners. We're one of the bigger firms in the region.

(MORE)



LARRY (CONT'D)

Even so, we can't risk having our biggest clients leave for another firm because they lack confidence in us. You understand that, don't you?

CHAMP

Of course I do.

LARRY

These people are very conservative. They just feel more comfortable having brokers with stable family lives handle their money. They are all married. They want their brokers to be married too. It's that simple.

INT. THE GYM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

A karaoke DJ cues up, "Carolina in the Morning". A melody suitable for Dean Martin begins and Double J takes the microphone.

DOUBLE J

Nothing could be finer than to be  
in Carolina in the morning.

There is a table full of attractive women near the stage. A very pretty brunette perks up.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

No one could be sweeter than my  
sweetie when I eat her in the  
morning.

The brunette high fives the woman next to her.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

Where her morning glories bounce  
above the floor.

Whispering pretty stories I want *in*  
her once more.

Strolling with my girlie when *her*  
dew is pearly early in the morning.

The brunette fans herself with her menu.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

I just wanna pucker up and kiss  
each double D cup at dawning.

The brunette makes eyes with Double J, sticks out her chest and gives the girls a shake.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
 If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a  
 day.  
 I'd make a wish and here's what I'd  
 say.  
 Nothing could be finer than to be  
 in her vagina in the morning.

The brunette stands up and walks toward Double J.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
 Where her morning glories bounce  
 above the floor.  
 Whispering pretty stories I want *in*  
 her once more.

The brunette dances while her eyes are locked with Double J's.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
 Strolling with my girlie when *her*  
 dew is pearly early in the morning.  
 I just wanna pucker up and kiss  
 each double D cup at dawning.

Champ raises his beer to Double J.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
 If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a  
 day.  
 I'd make a wish and here's what I'd  
 say.  
 Nothing could be finer than to be  
 in Carolina in the a.m.  
 Carolina in the morning.

Double J walks off the stage to a large round of applause.  
 Caroline steps in front of him.

CAROLINE  
 My name is Caroline but you can  
 call me Carolina.

Double J waves goodbye to Champ and leaves with Caroline.  
Champ turns to Frankie.

CHAMP

That boy really needs to learn to  
come out of his shell.

INT. MOORE FINANCIAL BOARD ROOM - DAY

Larry is seated at the head of the large conference table.  
There are a half dozen brokers seated on each side. Champ  
and Brittany sit directly across from one another.

LARRY

I want you all to know that I've  
decided to make one new junior  
partner position open. Instead of  
just choosing a new junior partner  
as I have in the past, I'm setting  
up an open competition for the  
first time in the history of our  
firm.

Larry hands a half dozen documents to the person on his  
immediate left and a half dozen documents to the person on  
his immediate right for them each to pass down to the other  
brokers.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Here are the parameters and a grid  
for each of you to track your  
production on. You will compete  
based on the number of new clients  
you bring in, your gross new client  
revenue and your gross total  
revenue for the next quarter.

Larry takes a look at his brokers to see that this sinks in.

LARRY (CONT'D)

My selection for junior partner  
will be based on these numbers and  
on other contingencies.

Champ writes on his tracking sheet.

ON THE TRACKING SHEET

TOP THREE BROKERS - NEW CLIENTS

TOP THREE BROKERS - NEW CLIENT REVENUE

TOP THREE BROKERS - TOTAL REVENUE

In Champ's handwriting,

LARRY takes a sip of coffee.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
I think that it goes without saying  
how much this firm's reputation  
means to our clients and how much  
it means to me.

Champ drops his pen on his tracking sheet. He looks up and receives Brittany's determined stare. He's in it now.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ and Double J have a pitcher of beer and nachos in front of them as they watch the Tigers on the big screen TV.

CHAMP  
How is it going with Caroline?

DOUBLE J  
Great! Things are heating up!

CHAMP  
How could they heat up? Weren't  
they on fire from the get go?

DOUBLE J  
Okay. They're still hot then.

CHAMP  
Adda boy.

The two clink their glasses together.

DOUBLE J  
So...when are you going to make a  
move on Christy? She's hot stuff.

Champ takes a long drink of beer.

CHAMP  
Nah. That promotion is out unless  
I get serious with someone. Kelly  
is already gift-wrapped for me.

Double J feigns choking on a nacho.

DOUBLE J  
Dude. No.

CHAMP

What do you mean, no?

DOUBLE J

That chick is poison. If the plague was gift-wrapped, would you open that too?

CHAMP

That doesn't make any sense.

DOUBLE J

What doesn't?

Champ takes a nacho to show Double J how to eat it without choking on it.

CHAMP

Your example. How would I know if it was the plague unless I opened the gift-wrap?

DOUBLE J

You'll know it when you say, "I do" and Smelly Kelly chokes the life out of you...just like the plague.

Double J waves their waitress, PEGGY SUE (30s) over to the table.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

Two mind erasers please.

PEGGY SUE

Two mind erasers, coming up.

DOUBLE J

Thank you. My friend definitely needs his mind erased. Another pitcher won't hurt either.

Peggy Sue smiles at Double J and turns and heads toward the bar. Double J watches her walk away as if in a trance. When he snaps out of it he turns his attention back to Champ.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

Take my poor idiot brother for example.

CHAMP

How is the Wizard of Woodward Avenue doing?

DOUBLE J

Not well. He came home from work early and caught his fiancée in bed with another woman--

CHAMP

You say that like it's a bad thing.

DOUBLE J

He caught her in bed with another woman and another dude.

CHAMP

Oh.

DOUBLE J

Yeah. Oh.

CHAMP

We'll have to get him out for beers and on another horse.

DOUBLE J

He's pretty torn up. He's thinking about starting an official, He-Man Woman Haters Club.

A beautiful blonde walks by. Both men stop their conversation and take in a good look at her.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

I don't think it will work for him. It never worked for Spanky and Alfalfa.

CHAMP

It didn't work for The Stooges either.

DOUBLE J

Nope. I'll get him up here and we'll see about getting him fitted for a nice new horse to climb back on.

Peggy Sue returns with two mind erasers and a fresh pitcher.

PEGGY SUE

You guys ride horses?

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ works feverishly at his desk. Brittany walks in, makes herself at home sits down, picks up a file and starts to thumb through it.

Champ takes it from her.

CHAMP  
Feel free to make yourself at home.

Brittany looks straight into Champ's eyes.

BRITTANY  
I always do.

Brittany smiles, impressed with herself.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
Going to the picnic tomorrow?

CHAMP  
Of course. What can I do for you?

BRITTANY  
Let's be honest. That junior partner spot is going to come down to you and me.

CHAMP  
We've got some good producers here. I wouldn't discount any of them.

Brittany laughs.

BRITTANY  
They're all pretenders. It will come down to you and me.

Champ is unconcerned.

CHAMP  
That could happen.

BRITTANY  
It will happen.

Brittany stands up to leave.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
And when it does happen. It's going to be me.

She starts out the door.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
Enjoy the view from behind.

Brittany wiggles her backside as she exits.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ sits alone at the bar and talks with Christy who stands on the other side of it.

CHRISTY  
Look at those two kids over there.

Champ turns to see a twenty-something couple hold hands, share a pitcher of beer and some laughs.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)  
Romance is a beautiful thing, isn't it?

Champ turns back to face Christy.

CHAMP  
It sure is. Especially new romance.

Christy pours Champ another beer and sets it down on the bar in front of him.

CHRISTY  
What do you mean?

CHAMP  
Think of every relationship you've ever been in. They were all great when they were brand new.

CHRISTY  
Sure. They always are.

CHAMP  
Right. Then eventually the romance wears off.

CHRISTY  
It doesn't have to.

CHAMP  
Sure it does. Otherwise why would you ever start a new relationship with someone else? Look at that old couple over there.



Christy looks at a table with where an elderly couple watch separate TV's while they sit across from each other in silence.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

They haven't said a word to each other all night. And, that couple over there.

Christy looks at another table where the wife stares solemnly at her half empty wine glass while her husband watches a game on TV with a pissed off look on his face.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

They're probably in the hallway sex phase of their marriage.

CHRISTY

Hallway sex?

CHAMP

That's where they pass each other on the hallway and one says, "Fuck you." To which the other replies, "Yeah. Fuck you, too."

Champ drinks his beer.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

There are people in lousy relationships everywhere. Why stay in a lousy one when they can all start new ones? New ones all start out great.

Christy looks back to the woman with the wine.

CHRISTY

I feel sorry for her. I wonder what she's thinking.

CHAMP

Who knows. Everyone splitting up, getting divorced or just in a bad relationship remembers how good things used to be. At one time or another they have to think about that.

CHRISTY

From personal experience I can say that's true.

CHAMP

Of course it's true. At least it has been for me. When you're in that spot you think about how you couldn't wait to see each other before, how you used to do it like rabbits, how you never used to fight.

CHRISTY

And, you know you can't get that back. You just want out.

CHAMP

Maybe that's why new relationships are so good. They're not the old ones.

CHRISTY

So, your plan is to keep hopping from one relationship to another for the rest of your life?

CHAMP

It is until I find one where the romance stays fresh.

CHRISTY

And, if you have that you'll get married?

CHAMP

Hell no!

CHRISTY

I didn't think so. Your boy Harry told me your observation that marriages only end in death or divorce.

CHAMP

It's true, isn't it?

CHRISTY

Yes.

CHAMP

Well, what's the percentage in that?

CHRISTY

You're preaching to the choir. You don't see me rushing out to get married, do you?

EXT. COUNTY PARK - DAY

A large group of professionals who are all dressed casually assemble in and around a large white tent with a banner that reads, "Moore Financial Annual Picnic".

Champ plays catch with some kids. He shows them how to throw a runner out at the plate.

CHAMP

This is how my dad taught me. You take a step behind where you are going to catch the ball.

Champ tosses a ball high, straight up in the air and then takes a step back.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

That way when you step into it to catch it, your momentum takes you toward home plate.

Champ steps into the ball, catches it and with one fluid motion throws the ball.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Just like Willie Mays.

KIDS

Willie who?

CHAMP

Just like Austin Jackson.

CUT TO BRITTANY AS SHE COZIES UP TO LARRY JUNIOR

A giggling Brittany takes Larry Junior by the arm and the two sneak away from the picnic site.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ and Double J sit down with another table full of beer and chicken wings. The Tigers game plays on the big screen TV in the background.

CHAMP

Brittany's got me backed into a corner. Maybe I should just bite the bullet. How else am I going to counter power play?

DOUBLE J

Put your best skaters out and try  
and come up with a shorty.

CHAMP

Score a short-handed goal? How?

DOUBLE J

Fake engagement. I know where you  
can get a slightly used ring on the  
cheap. My brother, the Wizard got  
his back.

CHAMP

The old man won't fall for that.  
Besides, Kelly won't go for that  
either.

DOUBLE J

That's even better. A lot of women  
would marry you. You've already  
got a line on a cheap ring. There  
are plenty of cheap women out there  
too.

CHAMP

I couldn't do that to my mother.

DOUBLE J

How about a lifelong engagement to  
Kelly then? Your mom is okay with  
her. She doesn't know her like I  
do.

CHAMP

You mean like you wish you did.

DOUBLE J

Okay. She's kind of hot. She's  
not that hot.

Champ drinks his beer.

CHAMP

You know...That just might work.

EXT. ALL-AMERICAN AUTO LOT - DAY

Champ walks the lot with the owner, AL SIMMONS (60s, portly,  
wears a fine suit that looks like it used to fit).

CHAMP

I'll earn my fifty thousand dollar fee today without even buying or selling a single stock for you.

Al folds his arms in disbelief.

AL

How are you going to do that, Kid?

CHAMP

Here's what you do.

Champ points to a large billboard next to the lot.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Buy up all of the billboard space near your dealership.

Al rubs his chin.

AL

And?

CHAMP

And, you buy up all of the billboards that surround the Japanese dealerships nearby.

Al put his hands on his hips.

AL

Now why in the hell would I do that, Kid?

CHAMP

Imagine this. You put up billboards with pictures of Jap Zeroes bombing U.S. Battleships.

Al shakes his head.

AL

I don't know. I don't want to piss off my veterans. They buy a lot of cars from me.

Champ points back to the billboard.

CHAMP

That's just it. You won't piss them off. You'll make them swell up with pride and patriotism.

AL  
How the hell am I going to do that?

Champ smiles. He knows he's got him.

CHAMP  
With a simple slogan. REMEMBER  
PEARL HARBOR. All in capital  
letters.

Al beams with excitement.

AL  
I could run sales on Veterans Day,  
Memorial Day and the God Damn  
Fourth of July. Let's see those  
Jap dealers compete with that!

Champ looks Al dead in the eyes.

CHAMP  
They won't be able to.

Al looks back at him.

AL  
Well, I'll be God Damned. Who do I  
make the check out to?

Al takes his checkbook out of the breast pocket of his suit  
jacket.

CHAMP  
Moore Financial.

Al starts writing.

AL  
How'd you get to be so shrewd, Kid?

CHAMP  
My grandfather used to tell me, "I  
didn't fly forty-one bombing  
missions over Saipan so Tojo's  
grandson's could put our local boys  
out of their factory jobs."

Al just shakes his head. He can't get over what just  
happened.

AL  
Well, God Damn.

INT. LARRY MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ walks in and sees Larry seated behind his desk as he goes over reports. Champ stops in front of his desk and pulls the Simmons check out of his breast pocket. He hands it to Moore.

CHAMP  
Not a bad day, eh?

Moore looks at the check.

LARRY  
Not a bad day? It's the largest fee of the month.

CHAMP  
So, it'll do then?

LARRY  
It'll do. And, the commission you receive could buy some nice girl a nice engagement ring.

CHAMP  
Not quite yet, Larry.

Champ turns to head out of the office. He stops just before the door.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
I do think I can find a way to spend some of it in advance tonight though.

EXT. CANADIAN CUSTOMS - NIGHT

Champ drives up to the customs booth on the Canadian Border. Double J is in the front passenger seat. Harry and Jake are in the back seat.

The BORDER SERVICES AGENT (40s, gruff) talks to them through the open window in his booth.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT  
Citizenship?

CHAMP, DOUBLE J, HARRY AND JAKE  
U.S.

They all hand their passports up to Champ. He passes them all through the window to the agent who examines each one and identifies the man who goes with it. The agent hands them all back to Champ.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT  
Where you boys headed?

CHAMP  
The River Rock.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT  
Anything to declare?

CHAMP  
No, Sir.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT  
Okay. You boys have a good time.  
Be sure to stay out of trouble.

The agent waves the car through.

DOUBLE J  
Trouble? What trouble could we get  
into?

INT. RIVER ROCK - NIGHT

The night club overlooks the Detroit River and the Joe Louis Arena on the American side. The place is packed. A live band plays, "Working Man" by Canada's "Rush". The four men work their way through the crowd to reach the bar.

CHAMP  
The drinks are on me tonight.

Champ leans over toward the bartender and holds up four fingers.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Four Canadian Clubs, please.

He hands the bartender a credit card.

JAKE  
How about a water chaser?

CHAMP  
How about you pull the string out?

JAKE  
What?



CHAMP  
You've had that tampon in long  
enough?

Champ turns back to the bartender and again holds up four  
fingers.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Four Goldens too.

Champ turns back to Jake.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Don't you know the distillery is  
right down the street, Man?

Champ gives Jake a noogie.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Hiram Walker himself might walk  
right in here just to beat your  
ass.

HARRY  
Hiram's been dead for over a  
hundred years.

CHAMP  
Then he must be rolling over in his  
grave.

The bartender puts four Canadian Club shots and four Molson  
Goldens on the bar. All four men pick up their shots and  
raise their glasses into the air.

DOUBLE J, HARRY AND JAKE  
To Champ!

CHAMP  
To Al Simmons!

All four men slam their shots, put their shot glasses on the  
bar and pick up their beers. A beautiful blonde walks by.  
Champ winks at her. The blonde pauses to smile at him. Her  
friend nudges her in the back to urge her to move on.

JAKE  
Did you see that? Every time this  
bastard winks at a girl she smiles  
at him. Every damn time.

CHAMP  
What? I didn't wink at that girl.

HARRY  
Yeah, you did.

Double J cracks up.

DOUBLE J  
You do it all the time?

CHAMP  
I do?

DOUBLE J  
Yeah. You do. Don't tell me you  
didn't know?

CHAMP  
No. I didn't know.

#### AT THE BAR - MONTAGE

All four men drink heavy. Each man always has at least one drink in hand. They all try and make eye contact with almost every woman in sight.

Harry chats up a pretty brunette. He seems to do well until she looks down and then grabs his left hand to display his wedding ring. She walks off in disgust.

Champ dances with four women. Not to be outdone, Double J joins a group of five women and dances with them.

Jake approaches a blonde. She shakes her head, "No".

He approaches a brunette. She shakes her head, "No" too.

Finally, he approaches a redhead. She shakes her head, "No" as well.

#### END MONTAGE

The band plays, "Fight the Good Fight" by Canada's "Triumph".

Champ walks to the bar with the BEAUTIFUL BLONDE (early 20s) he winked at earlier. Double J is with her BITCHY FRIEND (early 20s) who previously moved her on past them. She's not bitchy now. They all approach Jake at the bar.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Where's Dirty Harry?

JAKE

He had enough. He went to pass out  
in your car.

CHAMP

How could he do that? It's locked.

JAKE

That's a good question.

Champ waves the bartender down.

CHAMP

Check, please.

Jake eyes the two women.

JAKE

You girls got a friend for me?

BLONDE

No, not for you. We do have a  
couch though.

BITCHY FRIEND

You and your buddy can fight over  
it once you find him.

Jake finishes his beer.

JAKE

That's the next best thing, I  
guess.

Champ signs the check. The group makes their way through the  
crowd and heads out the door.

EXT. RIVER ROCK PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Champ, Double J, Jake and the two girls get half way to  
Champ's car when they spot Harry sprawled out on the hood.

Harry is indeed passed out.

Four brawlers make their way across the parking lot. They  
stand in the way of the group to keep them from Champ's car.  
The alpha male is a real BRUISER (20s, muscular). One is  
built like THE HULK (20s, uber-muscular).

Another looks like IGOR (20s, street thug) from the classic  
Frankenstein movies. The fourth brawler is a real GOON (20s,  
looks like he ate an offensive lineman).

BRUISER

Those girls are with us, eh?

Champ is dumfounded. He and Double J still have their arms around the girls while Jake looks on from a distance.

CHAMP

These girls?

BRUISER

Yeah, those girls.

Champ looks at the girls. The girls stay put alongside Champ and Double J.

CHAMP

It doesn't look like it from here,  
eh?

Two giant BOUNCERS (20s, buzz cuts) make their way to the scene. The LEAD BOUNCER (biggest) points to the bruiser.

LEAD BOUNCER

We told you guys last week. We  
don't need that stuff around here.  
You can take it across the street.

The bouncer motions toward their car.

LEAD BOUNCER (CONT'D)

And, take your car with you. We  
don't want you back for any reason  
tonight.

Champ looks across the street to a vacant lot. He looks at Double J who nods his head, Yes. Champ turns to Jake. Jake panics. He takes off and runs away.

The blonde turns to Champ.

BLONDE

We'll be inside. You can come and  
get us when you get rid of those  
losers.

CHAMP

Are you sure you're not with them?

BLONDE

No. Not anymore.

The two girls head back inside the night club.

The brawlers all get into the bruiser's car. He starts it up and they drive by Champ and Double J. The bruiser sticks his head out of the window.

BRUISER  
Come on, Fuckers!

Champ and Double J go to Champ's car. They can't revive Harry. They pick him up and dump him into the back seat. They get in the car.

CHAMP  
I don't need this aggravation.  
Let's go find Jake and head home.

DOUBLE J  
Fuck that. Those chicks are hot.  
That chicken shit Jake can take a cab.

CHAMP  
Across the border?

DOUBLE J  
Who cares? Let's get rid of these guys. Then we can come back and claim our prizes.

Champ drives across the street to the vacant lot.

EXT. VACANT LOT - NIGHT

Champ pulls up next to The Bruiser's car. All four men are still inside. The Bruiser sticks his head out of the window.

BRUISER  
Looks like it's four on two.

CHAMP  
We could wait for you to get more guys or we could just let you go.

BRUISER  
Let us go? You stole our women.

CHAMP  
How the hell were we supposed to know they were with anybody? They damn sure didn't act like it.

BRUISER

They didn't, eh? I guess we'll have to go back and beat their asses as soon as we're done beating yours.

CHAMP

You're not beating anyone's ass. Those ladies just want you to leave them alone.

BRUISER

Leave this alone.

The bruiser throws a beer bottle at Champ and hits him in the chest.

That's all that Champ can stand. He jumps out of his car, opens the Bruiser's door, jams his head down into the opening and slams the door on it. The man drops to the ground in a pool of blood.

Double J jumps out. Igor rushes toward him. Double J uses the larger man's momentum against him to take his head down on the hood of Champ's car. He smashes Igor's head into it twice. He's out cold.

The Goon hits Double J from behind with a baseball bat. Double J drops to his knees.

The Hulk has Champ in a bear hug. Champ head butts him and The Hulk's face explodes with blood. Champ throws a left hook in the Hulk's right ear and a right hook into his left ear. The Hulk drops to the ground and grasps his ears.

Champ looks over and sees that Double J is in trouble.

He slides across the hood of his car, lands on his feet and pulls the bat from The Goon just as he is about to take a full swing to Double J's head.

The Goon turns around to face Champ who holds the bat with one hand on each end and both palms facing The Goon. Champ delivers the right side of the bat to The Goon's head and then the left side to the other. The Goon drops to the ground. He's done.

A gun barrel is placed in Champ's right temple. It forces Champ's head to the left. The gun is cocked.

Champ looks and sees a police uniform out of the corner of his eye. The policeman is very short in stature and built like a Mac Truck, a TINY HERCULES (mid 30s).

TINY HERCULES (O.S.)  
Down on the ground! Now!

Champ drops face down to the ground. Double J follows suit.

Champ turns his head to the side. For the first time, he sees four police cars. The red and blue lights flash.

He also notices that a huge crowd has gathered. Another policeman, STRETCH (late 30s), holds a gun on Champ and Double J.

STRETCH  
We know these boys. They're  
nothing but trouble. Where you  
boys from?

CHAMP  
Detroit.

Stretch looks over to Double J.

STRETCH  
How about you?

DOUBLE J  
Detroit.

Stretch shines his light in the car and spots Harry who is still passed out.

STRETCH  
What about Coma Boy?

CHAMP  
Detroit.

STRETCH  
Here's what we're going to do.

Stretch holsters his weapon. Then he tugs on the back of each of their shirts and motions for them to get up.

Tiny Hercules keeps his gun drawn. He's full of adrenaline.

STRETCH (CONT'D)  
The meat-wagon is on its way for  
these guys. Whoever they don't  
take to the Hôtel-Dieu Grace  
Hospital goes straight to jail and  
waits for the others to join them.

Stretch spits on the ground.

STRETCH (CONT'D)  
Five minutes. That's how long you  
have to get back across that  
bridge.

Tiny Hercules finally calms down enough to holster his  
weapon.

STRETCH (CONT'D)  
And if you don't make it across in  
five minutes, we'll pick you up and  
you'll go straight to jail where  
you can bunk with these guys for  
the night.

CHAMP  
We'll make it across.

STRETCH  
One more thing. Don't ever come  
back here.

CHAMP  
We won't.

DOUBLE J  
Not ever?

STRETCH  
Not ever.

Champ and Double J jump in the car and drive around the  
corner.

Jake jumps out in front of the car to wave them down. They  
almost hit him.

JAKE  
Let me in!

DOUBLE J  
Why should we, chicken shit?

Champ stops the car.

Harry begins to come to.

HARRY  
Let him in.

CHAMP  
Says Harry McCartney.

Harry passes out again. Champ turns back to Jake.



CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Get in, Nancy Boy.

JAKE  
Nancy--?

CHAMP  
Get in. We don't have time to waste. Just don't let me hear a word out of you. Not a single word.

INT. CHAMP'S CAR - NIGHT

Champ drives down the street. He flips his visor over and looks in the mirror. He has a huge gash in his forehead from the head butt he delivered.

DOUBLE J  
I should kick your ass right now, Jake.

CHAMP  
Save it until we get through customs...if we get through customs.

Champ sees the customs booths in the distance. A BORDER SERVICES AGENT (50s, mustachioed) stands out in front of them. He waves the car to the side as it draws near. Champ follows his direction and pulls over to the side.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
We've been expecting you. Step out of the car and hand me your passports.

Champ, Double J and Jake get out. Harry is still passed out in the back seat.

EXT. CANADIAN CUSTOMS - NIGHT

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
He had a bit too much to drink, did he?

CHAMP  
Yes, Sir. He did.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
Get him out of there.

Champ and Double J drag Harry out and lay him on the pavement.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
(CONT'D)  
You'll have to bring him to before  
we can allow him to cross.

Another agent arrives and starts to inspect Champ's car.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
(CONT'D)  
Any drugs or weapons in the  
vehicle?

CHAMP  
No, Sir.

The other agent pops the trunk of the car and shines a flashlight inside to search it. He sees that it is clean and closes the trunk.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
You're all free to go.

The agent points to Harry.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
(CONT'D)  
Just as soon as you wake up your  
friend over there.

Champ walks over to Harry and jams two finger ups his nostrils. Harry gasps and wakes right up.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
(CONT'D)  
Where'd you learn that from?

CHAMP  
A doctor client of mine.

HARRY  
Where are we?

CHAMP  
We're at the border, Harry. We're  
going home.

HARRY  
That's good. Did I score?

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
Yeah. You look like you scored.

HARRY  
I'm awesome!

Champ and Double J help Harry into the back seat of the car.  
Jake gets in on the other side.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
All of you need to get out of here,  
now. And don't ever come back.

DOUBLE J  
Not ever?

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT #2  
No. Not ever.

Champ and Double J both get back into the car. Champ  
drives away from the customs booth and onto The Ambassador  
Bridge.

INT. CHAMP'S CAR - NIGHT

They reach the mid-span where the actual border is painted.  
There is a Canadian flag on one side of the white stripe and  
an American flag painted on the other side.

DOUBLE J  
Stop the car!

CHAMP  
On the border? Why?

DOUBLE J  
Throw that chicken shit out here.  
He's lucky we got him back in the  
country. Hell, he's lucky we don't  
throw his punk ass off the bridge.

CHAMP  
No one's getting out.

DOUBLE J  
That pussy's out. He's out of the  
gang.

CHAMP  
We don't have a gang.

DOUBLE J  
We should have a gang.

HARRY  
I wanna be in a gang.

CHAMP  
You're already in Rip Van Winkle's  
gang.

Champ takes another look in the mirror at the gash in his  
forehead.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
My old man got thrown out of Canada  
back in the 80s. He never went  
back.

DOUBLE J  
Your old man?

CHAMP  
Yep. My old man.

DOUBLE J  
No shit?

CHAMP  
No shit. Let's not ever bring it  
up in front of my mother, okay?

INT. LARRY MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Larry stands up to greet Champ when he walks into the office.  
Larry looks at the bruise on Champ's forehead.

LARRY  
I hear that you're still swinging a  
healthy bat.

CHAMP  
Good news travels fast. About  
that...

LARRY  
You know, if you had a little woman  
to go home to--you might stay out  
of trouble.

CHAMP  
Yeah. It was just one of those  
things.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ pours over files at his desk. Brittany walks in and  
makes herself at home, as is her habit. She sits across from  
Champ.

BRITTANY

I'm going for a workout at five.  
Care to join me?

CHAMP

No thanks. I've got a lot of work  
to do.

Brittany leans in close.

BRITTANY

You know how good I look in my  
workout clothes and I think that  
fighter's look is a good look for  
you.

She points toward Champ's bruised forehead. Champ leans back  
away from her.

CHAMP

So what are you trying to say?

BRITTANY

You know what I'm trying to say.  
We'll go to the gym for a good  
workout and then your place or mine  
for a great workout.

CHAMP

How would Junior feel about that?

BRITTANY

Come on, Champ. We're all big boys  
and girls here. It's not like  
we're married yet and it's not like  
you guys aren't going to get him  
hookers for his bachelor party.

CHAMP

So that's it. You're already  
planning the pre-wedding  
festivities?

BRITTANY

Well, he hasn't proposed yet, but  
he will. That's in the bag and so  
is my promotion.

Brittany gets up from the chair.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

I'm sure I can find someone else to  
work up a sweat with.

Brittany storms out of Champ's office. Champ gets back to work.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ, Double J and Harry watch the Tigers on the big screen. Jake is noticeably absent. Double J pours himself a beer from the pitcher in front of them.

DOUBLE J  
So what was that Raging Bull stunt  
with the car door?

CHAMP  
Exactly that. You can learn a lot  
from movies.

HARRY  
What Raging Bull stunt?

DOUBLE J  
Never mind, Sleeping Beauty.

CHAMP  
Maybe it is time to settle down and  
stay out of trouble.

Champ pours himself a beer.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Besides, that bitch, Brittany is  
going to steal my promotion if I  
don't convince Old Man Moore that  
I'm playing house with Kelly for  
good.

HARRY  
If Brittany were a better singer,  
she could move to Nashville.

DOUBLE J  
She's not even that good trying to  
be Shania at karaoke.

HARRY  
No. She did put the cunt in  
country though.

Champ almost laughs his beer through his nose.

CHAMP

I've heard her caterwauling at The Gym. Junior says she sounds like that in bed, too.

DOUBLE J

She's a screamer?

CHAMP

According to Junior, she is.

HARRY

Screamers are only good for one thing.

CHAMP AND DOUBLE J

Camping!

HARRY

Yep! Then the whole campground knows that you're, "The King of the Forest"

(in his best Cowardly Lion voice)

INT. MOORE FINANCIAL - DAY

Champ stops at the front desk to speak with the firm's receptionist. VERONICA (20s, hair up, proper look). The nameplate on her desk reads, "Veronica Hill, Director of First Impressions".

She is pleased that he stopped to see her and that he did not just walk by as so many other brokers do. She gives him her full attention.

CHAMP

How are things today, Ronnie?

Veronica smiles at Champ.

VERONICA

Things are going well, Champ. It looks like they are going well for you, too.

Veronica picks up the production report.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I just typed up the production report for Mr. Moore. Looks like you're on top again.

Champ takes a look at the report.

CHAMP

So far, so good. I'm hardly a lock  
though.

He hands the report back to Veronica.

VERONICA

If there is anything I can do for  
you, just let me know.

Champ smiles back at her.

CHAMP

Thank you. I'll do just that.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ, Double J and Harry each have a full beer in front of  
them. Double J and Harry eat wings. Champ lays off. He  
watches a fat couple eat cheesecake at the next table.

CHAMP

Do you ever wonder how fat people  
do it?

DOUBLE J

I used to.

HARRY

What do you mean you, "used to?"

Double J picks up a chicken wing.

DOUBLE J

I asked a fat guy.

CHAMP

You, "asked a fat guy?"

Double J takes a bite out of the wing.

DOUBLE J

Yeah. You're not the only jokers I  
talk to.

HARRY

So, how do they do it?

DOUBLE J

They do it doggie style.



CHAMP

That makes sense. When I was a kid  
I saw some giant sea turtles do it  
like that at the zoo.

HARRY

They should call it sea turtle  
style then.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Champ sits across from his desk from Veronica. She sorts  
files for him. Champ offers her a pack of M&M's. She takes  
it, opens it up and has a few.

VERONICA

Still giving these to your clients  
because they have your initials on  
them?

CHAMP

You bet! They eat it up...as it  
were.

VERONICA

Do you really think that they think  
of you when they see M&M's  
commercials on TV?

Champ takes out a pack for himself, opens it and has a few.

CHAMP

I know they do. They tell me so.  
You'd be surprised how often I get  
calls with referrals after  
someone's seen a commercial. I  
even had a client sitting with a  
buddy and call to introduce me on  
the spot.

VERONICA

Really?

CHAMP

The good news is he's a multi-  
million dollar account. The bad  
news is that he refers to me as,  
The Candy Man. And he always sings  
that tune when he calls me.

Veronica laughs.

VERONICA

I guess that's the price you have to pay for success.

Champ laughs and takes another handful of M&M's.

CHAMP

I guess so.

Champ takes a long, appreciative look at Veronica and smiles at her.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Thanks for staying late to help me out, Ronnie.

VERONICA

I didn't know about that unwritten, "marriage rule" nonsense. That's not right.

CHAMP

There's not much I can do about it.

VERONICA

What about the written rules?

CHAMP

I'm doing well there. So far, I'm on top in every category. Brittany is close in a few areas.

VERONICA

Would it help I were to route all new client calls to you?

Champ smiles.

CHAMP

It wouldn't hurt.

VERONICA

And if I were to, "forget" to get an important message or two to Brittany?

CHAMP

Why are you helping me?

VERONICA

Two reasons. You're a nice guy. And, I hate that bitch.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ and Double J each have a pitcher in front of them. Champ looks to Double J.

CHAMP  
We'll save SUZIE Q some trips tonight.

DOUBLE J  
So, you really went through with it?

CHAMP  
Yep. Thank the Wizard again for the good price on the ring.

DOUBLE J  
I already did. How long do you think you can hold her off before she tries to actually marry you.

Champ chugs a full beer and refills another.

CHAMP  
She already dragged me to her priest for pre-marriage counseling.

DOUBLE J  
Yeah? How'd that go?

CHAMP  
Not so well. I used the old line about it not being, "pre-marital sex" if we never get married.

DOUBLE J  
He wasn't amused?

CHAMP  
He was not.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ pulls a file marked, "HEAVY HITTERS". He pulls a document out of the file and picks up his phone.

CHAMP  
Mr. Morrison, Please.

Brittany walks by, then goes back, stops in his doorway and gives him a dirty look.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Mr. Morrison. Matt Mitchell here.  
We need to get together and go over  
your accounts with us.

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kelly puts on a little black dress. She's impressed with  
herself as she looks into her full length mirror.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Champ is on his speaker phone with Mrs. Gannon (60s, sweet).  
He writes on a notepad.

CHAMP  
Thank you for the referrals, Mrs.  
Gannon.

MRS. GANNON (O.S.)  
My pleasure, Matt. I know you'll  
do the same great job for them that  
you did for me.

Champ hangs up the phone and looks at his watch.

CHAMP  
Shit!

Champ dials the phone.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
Kelly, I'm going to be twenty  
minutes late.

INT. THE GYM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Champ arrives at the bar to find Kelly. She takes her purse  
off the seat next to her, and hangs it from its strap on her  
own chair. Champ sits down. Kelly pounds her drink. She's  
in a belligerent mood. She motions the bartender over.

KELLY  
Two more CC's on the rocks.

She points to Champ.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
And whatever he's having.

CHAMP  
Just two, please.

The bartender looks at Champ with pity. They both know he has his hands full tonight. Kelly turns to Champ.

KELLY

I know you only got engaged to me  
to earn your promotion and I'm fine  
with that.

The bartender places two Canadian Clubs in front of them. Kelly immediately picks one up and downs half of it.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I know you are in no hurry to get  
married and I'm fine with that too.

Kelly finishes her drink.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I'm not fine with you being late  
and putting your work before me.

Kelly reaches for Champ's drink. Champ picks it up before she can reach it.

CHAMP

Let's not go down that road  
tonight.

Champ pounds the drink and calls for the bartender.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Check please.

INT. CHAMP'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Champ lies in bed with eyes closed next to Kelly. She nuzzles up to him and puts her head on his shoulder.

KELLY

Promise me that I'll always be the  
only one who gets to lie here--in  
this spot--next to you.

Champ's eyes open wide.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ and Double J are in their usual spot. They watch the Tigers game. Champ eats a cheeseburger. Double J chokes down some wings.

DOUBLE J  
Who's pitching tonight?

CHAMP  
A bull dyke's favorite. Fister.

DOUBLE J  
Doug's been great since coming over from Seattle.

CHAMP  
He's damn near unbeatable. Like you at foosball.

DOUBLE J  
What can I say? I'm good with my hands.

Double J puts his wing down to display his, "magnificent" hands. Hot sauce drips from both of them.

CHAMP  
Is that what Caroline says?

DOUBLE J  
That's what they all say.

Double J raises his beer. Champ nods and complies by raising his beer. They bang them together. Beer splashes out.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
Hey! Watch it! You're losing our beer faster than Kelly lost your engagement.

CHAMP  
What could I do? I had to end it. I couldn't stand the thought of waking up to her everyday.

DOUBLE J  
And no one else either.

CHAMP  
Yeah, that too.

DOUBLE J  
Either way, I'm glad you're free, Man. You've got to stay true to your values.

Harry walks in, spots Champ and Double J and pulls up a chair at their table. He picks up their half empty pitcher and starts to drink directly from it.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
At least somebody around here has  
some values.

Champ motions over to a new waitress who comes over. Her  
name tag reads, "HELP ME, RHONDA".

CHAMP  
Can we get a fresh pitcher and a  
mug for Dirty Harry over here?

RHONDA  
Sure thing, Champ.

Rhonda smiles at Champ and turns to leave. All three men  
watch her walk away--as is their custom.

HARRY  
She wants me.

CHAMP  
If only she wanted you as much as  
you do.

Harry laughs.

HARRY  
If only my wife wanted me as much  
as I do.

Harry picks up a menu.

HARRY (CONT'D)  
So, what's up?

DOUBLE J  
Romeo here finally gave Smelly  
Kelley the boot.

HARRY  
That's too bad.

CHAMP  
What's so bad about it?

HARRY  
Hell, why should I be the only one  
who suffers?

CHAMP  
Ah, your wife's all right.

DOUBLE J  
No kidding. She puts up with this  
jackass, doesn't she?

Rhonda returns with a beer mug for Harry and a new pitcher  
for Champ and Double J.

RHONDA  
Here you go, Boys.

DOUBLE J  
Thank you, Rhonda. I love you.

RHONDA  
You'd love any woman who brings you  
cold beer.

DOUBLE J  
That's not true.

RHONDA  
No?

DOUBLE J  
No. I would love any hot woman--  
like you--who brings me cold beer.

RHONDA  
Well, just let me know if you need  
anything...

Rhonda picks up a menu and hands it to Double J.

RHONDA (CONT'D)  
Anything on the menu.

Rhonda heads over to the next table. Harry finally pours his  
beer from the pitcher into his mug.

HARRY  
Not to worry, Champ. I can fix you  
up with Kimmy.

CHAMP  
No thanks, Pal?

HARRY  
Why not?

DOUBLE J  
Because she's a butter face.



HARRY

Yeah, I know. Everything looks good, but her face. Ha! Ha!

CHAMP

It is kind of rough

Harry chugs his beer.

HARRY

So what? You don't Fuck their face.

CHAMP

Maybe you don't but I do.

Double J raises his beer.

DOUBLE J

Me too.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ pours over his files at his desk. He looks at a 5" x 7" photo of Kelly on the corner of his desk. He turns it face down and then picks up a document.

ON THE UPDATED TRACKING SHEET

TOP THREE BROKERS - NEW CLIENTS

MITCHELL - 16

BIVENS - 13

ANDERSON - 8

TOP THREE BROKERS - NEW CLIENT REVENUE

MITCHELL - \$27,462

BIVENS - \$22,153

STOKER - \$13,850

TOP THREE BROKERS - TOTAL REVENUE

MITCHELL - \$48,156

BIVENS - \$39,456

HANRATTY - \$25,640

CHAMP sets this document aside and picks up the original blank tracking sheet that he had written on during the initial meeting about the promotion.

ON THE - ORIGINAL TRACKING SHEET

TOP THREE BROKERS - NEW CLIENTS

TOP THREE BROKERS - NEW CLIENT REVENUE

TOP THREE BROKERS - TOTAL REVENUE

"Be married or be buried."

CHAMP tosses the document on top of Kelly's down-turned photo. He reaches into his desk, pulls out a pack of M&M's and starts to eat them.

INT. FITNESS CENTER - DAY

Champ rides an exercise bike. The TV in front of him plays The Three Stooges. Champ puts his earbuds on and plugs into the audio feed. A man next to him rides a bike and watches ESPN's Sports Center.

MAN

You can get the Stooges on in here?

Champ takes one earbud out.

CHAMP

Sure. All you have to do is ask them.

MAN

Next time I will. For now, I'll just watch yours.

The man turns his focus to The Stooges. It's the Three Little Pigskins short that features a very young and attractive Lucille Ball.

MAN (CONT'D)

I forgot that Lucy was in this one. She was hot when she was young.

CHAMP

Yeah, she was. She went from hot and funny to just funny and then to just gone.

MAN

She sure made millions of people laugh.

CHAMP

She sure did. The Stooges did too. They were great guys who cheered millions of people up through The Great Depression and then through World war II. What did they get for it? They got dead. Just like Lucy. They're all gone as well. No one lasts.

The man takes a gym towel off his handlebars and wipes the sweat from his brow. He looks to Champ.

MAN

What are you, some kind of fatalist?

CHAMP

No. I'm a realist. Nothing lasts. Not looks. Not relationships. Not even life.

Champ takes a drink from his water bottle.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Some of us get more time than others. Nobody rates a permanent gig here.

Champ picks up the tempo on the bike. He rides hard and fast.

INT. BRITTANY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Larry Junior lies in Brittany's bed. The bed sheet is pulled up to his chest. Something moves underneath the sheet.

Finally, Brittany emerges from it. She comes out from under the sheet to lay next to Larry Junior.

LARRY JR.

That was great.

Brittany rolls her eyes.

LARRY JR. (CONT'D)

I never want this to end.

Brittany looks over and sees her open briefcase on her night stand. It's open. The promotion tracking sheet is the top document.

BRITTANY  
We'll make it last forever.

LARRY JR.  
Forever?

BRITTANY  
Forever and ever.

Larry rolls away from her to go to sleep. Brittany sighs and looks up at the ceiling.

INT. THE GYM NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Champ and Double J stand by the bar and drink bottled beer. An attractive woman walks by. Champ winks at her. Another woman walks by. Double J stops her. She seems mildly interested.

DOUBLE J  
How do you like your eggs in the morning?

The woman slaps him and walks off in anger. Champ looks to Double J.

CHAMP  
I told you that line wouldn't work.

DOUBLE J  
It WILL work. It just needs work. Thomas Edison didn't give up on the electric light after only one try, did he?

CHAMP  
So, you've got ten thousand more tries in you?

DOUBLE J  
It won't take me that many.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Veronica stays after hours and helps Champ prepare for his upcoming client seminar. She places a neat stack of presentation folders into a portable file box.

VERONICA

If you get even a small amount of business from this seminar, no one will be able to beat you for that promotion.

CHAMP

If production were all that it takes, I'd be in great shape.

VERONICA

Do you really think that Mr. Moore won't promote you if you're not married?

CHAMP

How many partners do we have here?

VERONICA

Four.

CHAMP

And how many are single?

VERONICA

None.

CHAMP

And, how many junior partners do we have?

VERONICA

Seven.

CHAMP

How many of those are single?

VERONICA

None. You could be the first.

CHAMP

Not as long as Moore owns this place.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ, Double J and Harry are at their usual table. The Tigers are on TV as always. Cougars is unusually crowded. There are a lot of women seated at surrounding tables.

DOUBLE J

This place was great before. Now that Christy started a ladies night, it's like a sore dick.

HARRY

A sore dick?

DOUBLE J

Yeah. You can't beat it.

CHAMP

That Christy is a genius.

HARRY

A hot, hot, genius.

A waitress delivers a fresh pitcher to the boys. Her name tag reads, "G-L-O-R-I-A". Harry bursts into song.

HARRY (CONT'D)

"She make me feel so good. She make me feel all right. And her name is G-L-O-R-I-A."

GLORIA

I've never heard that before.

Gloria smiles and walks away.

DOUBLE J

Who sings that song?

CHAMP

Them.

DOUBLE J

Who, them?

CHAMP

Not The Who. Them?

HARRY

Who are you two, Abbott and Costello?

Just then a hot woman walks by. Double J stops her in her tracks. She gives him a shot.

DOUBLE J

You look like a woman of good taste. Tell me. How do you like your eggs in the morning?

The woman steps in closer to Double J.

WOMAN  
That all depends.

Double J is shocked that he got this far.

DOUBLE J  
That depends on what?

She pokes her finger in his open shirt and looks at his chest.

WOMAN  
That depends on what kind of pecs  
I'd see on the man who flips those  
eggs.

Double J unbuttons his shirt one button so she can take a better look. The woman picks up the full pitcher from the table and pours it down his shirt.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
No. Those won't do. They're too  
wet. The eggs might get soggy

EXT. CHAMP'S HOME - NIGHT

Champ pulls up in front of his house and sees a car in front of it. He continues on into the driveway and notices a woman on his front porch. She walks toward him. Champ recognizes that the woman is Veronica. Champ gets out of his car.

CHAMP  
Ronnie, what are you doing here?

Veronica points to a file box on Champ's porch.

VERONICA  
You left the presentation folders  
behind for your seminar tomorrow.

CHAMP  
You didn't have to go through the  
trouble. I could have gone in and  
picked them up in the morning.

VERONICA  
It was no trouble.

CHAMP  
Well, thanks for that. Do you  
wanna come in for a drink?

VERONICA  
That would be nice.

Champ walks with Veronica to the porch. He opens the door and motions her through. He picks up the box and brings it inside.

INT. CHAMP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Champ turns on the light. His place is immaculate. Veronica looks around and eyes an inviting leather sofa.

CHAMP  
Please, make yourself at home.  
What can I get you to drink?

Veronica sits on the couch.

VERONICA  
I'll have what you're having.

Champ heads into the kitchen. Veronica takes Champ up on his offer and makes herself comfortable. She takes off her shoes, looks around and eases back onto the sofa. Champ comes back in with two chilled mugs of beer.

CHAMP  
It's a work night. I usually stay  
away from hard liquor.

Veronica sits up and takes a beer from Champ.

VERONICA  
I'm impressed. Chilled glasses?

CHAMP  
I'm a bottle baby myself. I always  
try and put my best foot forward  
for company.

VERONICA  
Do you get a lot of female company  
here?

Champ sits down next to her.

CHAMP  
How about those Tigers? They won  
again tonight.

VERONICA  
Avoiding my question Mr. Tigers  
Fan?



EXT. CHAMP'S HOME - NEXT MORNING

Champ walks Veronica out to her car. He kisses her goodbye. His neighbor Penelope watches from the background.

As Champ walks back into his house, Penelope brushes her right index finger over her left motioning, "Shame. Shame." to him.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - DAY

Champ and Harry are seated at a table and watch the Tigers on TV. They each have a full beer mug in front of them. A half full pitcher is on the center of the table.

CHAMP

Maybe there is something to that marriage bit. They say that married men live longer.

HARRY

It only seems longer.

Double J walks in and takes a seat.

DOUBLE J

What's up?

HARRY

Me and the bachelor here are discussing the pros and cons of marriage.

DOUBLE J

There are pros?

Double J grabs the pitcher and drinks directly from it.

HARRY

What the hell, Dude?

DOUBLE J

You should have had a mug waiting for me? Didn't your wife teach you any manners?

CHAMP

He's got a point.

Champ flags down their waitress, CANDY-O. She approaches the table.

CANDY-O  
Another mug?

CHAMP  
Yes, please. And, a fresh pitcher.

CANDY-O  
You got it.

Candy-O heads back to the bar. Double J turns to Champ.

DOUBLE J  
You should go on a vision quest.

CHAMP  
A vision quest?

DOUBLE J  
You know. Like Matthew Modine did when he was a high school wrestler.

HARRY  
What's the point of that?

DOUBLE J  
He got to nail Madonna, didn't he?

HARRY  
Yeah, but she's a lot older now.

CHAMP  
You guys realize that was just a movie.

HARRY  
Sure.

CHAMP  
And, he didn't really sleep with Madonna. Right?

DOUBLE J  
He could have. I think he was actually more famous than she was at the time.

HARRY  
It doesn't matter. I think Madonna is married now.

DOUBLE J  
I thought she was divorced.

HARRY

If she was, I think she's married again.

CHAMP

You two sound like a couple of old ladies. What's this world coming to anyway?

Champ drinks his beer.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

When a chick like Madonna is looking for commitments it must be a sign of the apocalypse.

HARRY

Says the man who can't commit.

CHAMP

There's a big difference between can't commit and don't want to commit.

DOUBLE J

That's true. He's been committed to Molson for ten years.

CHAMP

That's exactly my point. Alcoholics are committed to booze. Drug addicts are committed to smack, crack or whatever. Why is commitment such a cherished thing? Not wanting something that is bad for you is not a fear of commitment, it's just common sense.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ works away at a file. There are several stacked up on his desk. Brittany walks in. Champ knows she's there. Still, he does not want to give her the time of day.

BRITTANY

Ya' know something?

Champ keeps his head down and continues to work diligently.

CHAMP

What's that?

BRITTANY

It doesn't matter how many new clients or how much money you bring in. I'm getting that promotion.

Champ looks up at Brittany.

CHAMP

Why's that?

BRITTANY

I've got Junior, "Under my thumb."

She holds out her right thumb, makes a downward motion and does her best Mick Jagger dance.

CHAMP

You may have Mick's lips but you don't have his moves. You may as well give it up.

BRITTANY

Well you may as well give it up. You've got no chance. You may have the numbers but I've got the girls.

Brittany gives her own breasts a squeeze and struts out of Champ's office.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ, Double J and Harry each have their own pitcher of beer in front of them. There is a giant tray of chicken wings on the middle of the table. As always, the Tigers are on the big screen.

HARRY

I'm telling you, Double J, that line won't work. It's already failed you twice.

Double J picks up a chicken wing.

DOUBLE J

Hey, the third time will be the charm.

CHAMP

More like, three strikes and you're out.

DOUBLE J  
Maybe. I'm taking my third swing  
though.

Champ salutes him with his beer.

CHAMP  
I would expect no less from a heavy  
hitter like you.

DOUBLE J  
Besides, I have an extra shirt in  
the car just in case.

HARRY  
You're such a boy scout.

Champ picks up a wing.

CHAMP  
He even helps old ladies across the  
street. Tell him about Spring  
Break in Sarasota our freshmen year  
in college.

Double J grasps at his heart.

DOUBLE J  
It was the scare of a lifetime.

He drinks some beer.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
I don't like to talk about it. It  
was very traumatic.

HARRY  
Come on. It couldn't have been any  
more traumatic than what I saw you  
do in Daytona our senior year of  
high school.

DOUBLE J  
Yeah. That was pretty scary too.

Double J takes another swig of beer.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
I was on a tour of the Big Ten.

HARRY  
In Florida?

DOUBLE J

Yeah. I nailed a chick from Indiana, then one from Northwestern and then one from Minnesota, eh?

HARRY

Tell me you didn't nail a chick from Ohio State. That would be really scary.

DOUBLE J

I was drunk. I wasn't that drunk. Technically, I couldn't get drunk enough. I think when a guy reaches the point where he could do a Buckeye-ette, he would pass out with his next breath.

Champ holds his beer out and clinks it against the other two guys' beers.

CHAMP

Here. Here.

DOUBLE J

So, I have a Fighting Illini' in my sights. Things are going well and she wants to go to her condo. She didn't tell me it was all the way down in Ft. Myers.

HARRY

What's wrong with that?

DOUBLE J

Nothing except that it was a long drive. I ended up finishing up what was left of my case from the beach. By the time we got to her place I didn't know where I was at or who I was with.

CHAMP

And, you didn't much care.

DOUBLE J

Nope. So, I hit it really hard. I'm sure it was the time of her life.

HARRY

I'm sure it was.

DOUBLE J

Anyway, I wake up with a horrific hangover.

HARRY

It must have been the sun.

Double J takes a big drink.

DOUBLE J

Or the five straight days of pounding close to a case a day. So, I'm on the couch and a tap on the shoulder wakes me up.

Double J takes another big drink.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

I'm trying to focus my eyes and what do I see?

HARRY

A dude?

DOUBLE J

Hell no! I said it was scary not Ripley's Believe it or Not! No, it was a gray haired old-lady!

HARRY

No!

DOUBLE J

Yes! And then I look down and I'm totally naked on the couch with a blanket spread out on the floor.

CHAMP

"Coo-coo-ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson."

HARRY

What? You ran a tag team with a coed and a granny?

DOUBLE J

I thought for a minute that I might have. Then I look around and no hot chick from Illinois.

Harry laughs beer out of his nose and mouth.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

Then Granny, who was as sweet as she could be by the way, asks me if I would like some bacon and eggs.

Double J picks up another chicken wing.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

Of course, I said, "Yes".

Champ picks up a wing.

CHAMP

Of course.

DOUBLE J

So as I'm looking for my clothes she lets me off the hook. She tells me,

(in his best old-lady voice)

"My granddaughter comes to visit me every spring. This is the first gentleman caller she's had over."

Champ looks to Harry and waves his thumb like a hitch-hiker toward Double J.

CHAMP

And, he believed that shit. I'll bet that old lady cooks a lot of bacon and eggs for a lot of dudes every spring.

Double J gets up with a look of determination. I've had enough of you bastards tonight. He walks over to a nearby table with four attractive women seated at it.

HARRY

He's not going to use that line again, is he?

Champ drinks from his beer.

CHAMP

He said he was taking his swings.

Double J closes in on the prettiest woman at the table. She wears a Detroit Tigers cap. He leans over close to her.

DOUBLE J

I've been watching you tonight. And, I couldn't help but wonder.



TIGERS GIRL

Yes.

DOUBLE J

How do you like your eggs in the morning?

TIGERS GIRL

I like my eggs like I like my men.  
Sunny side up.

Double J is shocked! It worked!

TIGERS GIRL (CONT'D)

How do you like your eggs?

DOUBLE J

I like my eggs like I like my women. Over easy.

The Tigers Girl gets up from the table.

TIGERS GIRL

See you tomorrow, ladies.

She walks with Double J back to the guys' table. He picks up his car keys and reaches into his pocket.

CHAMP

Your money's no good here tonight.  
I've got this. You two have fun.

The happy new couple walks away. Harry is stunned.

HARRY

That son of a bitch! I can't believe he hit a home run!

Champ takes a drink of beer.

CHAMP

On an 0-2 count no less. You can't beat that!

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ sits at his desk with Veronica across from him. Only a stack of files is between them.

VERONICA

My father's emphysema is getting the best of him.

Champ leans in and uses his right hand to brush her hair from her eyes.

CHAMP

I'm so sorry to hear that.

VERONICA

I'm going to have to stay with him in Florida until the end.

CHAMP

Is there anything I can do?

VERONICA

Not for us, no. There is something you can do for yourself though.

CHAMP

What's that?

VERONICA

You can spend more quality time with your mother...and you can think of me once in awhile.

Champ gets up and kisses her on the forehead.

CHAMP

I can do both of those.

INT. MRS. MITCHELL'S KITCHEN - DAY

Champ cuts into a juicy steak as his mother pushes a plate of vegetables toward him.

MRS. MITCHELL

You need some more of these.

CHAMP

Okay, Mom.

Champ scoops more of the vegetables onto his plate.

MRS. MITCHELL

Do you know what else you need?

CHAMP

No, but I'm sure you're going to tell me.

Champ takes a bite of his steak.

MRS. MITCHELL

You need a wife to cook for you and  
you need children to make you  
happy.

CHAMP

I am happy.

MRS. MITCHELL

You just think you are happy. You  
need children.

CHAMP

You mean you need grandchildren.

Champ takes another bite of his steak.

MRS. MITCHELL

So, what's wrong with that.

CHAMP

Nothing, Mom. I wish I could help  
you.

Champ's mother takes a drink of water.

MRS. MITCHELL

You wish. You wish. Maybe with  
kids you could shut that nosey  
Penelope up.

CHAMP

What does she have to do with it?

MRS. MITCHELL

I'm tired of listening to her  
complain about the "constant parade  
of floozies" coming in and out of  
your house.

Champ laughs.

CHAMP

Floozies, Mom?

MRS. MITCHELL

Those are her words, not mine.  
Just the same, I am tired of it.  
Do you want to end up like Magic  
Johnson?

CHAMP

Rich and famous? Sure.

MRS. MITCHELL  
 You know what I mean, Mr. Smart  
 Alec. Sick with AIDS. Do you want  
 that?

Champ puts his fork down on his plate. He puts his right  
 hand over his mother's left and looks her in the eyes.

CHAMP  
 Mom, I'm not going to get sick.  
 I'm always very careful.

MRS. MITCHELL  
 I'm sure that Earvin told his  
 mother the same thing.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE -DAY

Champ sits at his desk and with a huge look of contentment on  
 his face. He eyes his pay envelope.

ON THE PAY ENVELOPE

Congrats on the Gordon Gekko sized elephant! L.M.

CHAMP rips the envelope open. His eyes widen as he sees the  
 amount typed on the check.

ON THE CHECK

Pay to the Order of Matthew Mitchell-----\$110,800.00

BRITTANY runs in and sits at Champ's desk. She beams with  
 excitement.

BRITTANY  
 Having a good day, Mitchell?

CHAMP  
 Yes, I am and there's nothing you  
 can say or do to change that.

Brittany picks up Champ's opened pay envelope and reads the  
 handwritten message from Larry.

BRITTANY  
 You sure about that, Bud Fox?

CHAMP  
 Sure as I'm sittin' here.

Brittany waves a giant engagement ring in Champ's face. It's the biggest he's ever seen and he knows it's from Junior.

BRITTANY  
I told you I had Junior, "Under my thumb". Now I have him wrapped around my finger.

She gets up from her seat. Puts her hands on Champ's desk and leans toward him.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
Gekko be damned. That promotion is mine, Buddy Boy.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ and Double J sit down at an empty table to watch the Tigers.

CHAMP  
I can't believe that line worked. Now you can retire it with a walk-off home run.

DOUBLE J  
Retire it? No way! I'm like a fat guy falling downhill. I'm on a roll!

A cute, petite blonde arrives to take their order. Her name tag reads, "LONG TALL SALLY".

Double J looks at her nametag. He looks her up and down and then looks back at her nametag.

LONG TALL SALLY  
Irony, isn't it?

DOUBLE J  
I'd say.

LONG TALL SALLY  
What can I get you?

DOUBLE J  
The answer to a question.

CHAMP  
No. Don't do it.

LONG TALL SALLY  
What question is that?

DOUBLE J  
How do you like your eggs?

LONG TALL SALLY  
I like my eggs fertilized.

Sally reaches into her waitress pouch, retrieves a photo and hands it to Double J. He takes a look and sees a toddler and a baby.

DOUBLE J  
Cute kids. We'll have a couple of Labatt please.

Sally smiles and takes her picture back.

LONG TALL SALLY  
Coming right up.

She turns and heads toward the bar.

Champ laughs hysterically.

CHAMP  
You went to the well once too often.

DOUBLE J  
Well, at least it worked once. I guess I'll have to retire that line.

CHAMP  
Hey, you were one for four with it. A lot of guys make careers out of a two-fifty Batting average.

DOUBLE J  
Not Hall of Famers.

CHAMP  
Nope. You'll need a line with at least a three hundred average to qualify it for the Hall of Fame.

Harry walks in and takes a seat at the table.

HARRY  
What's this about the Hall of Fame?

CHAMP  
Double J is looking for a Hall of Fame pick up line.

Harry motions with three fingers to a waitress for beers all around.

HARRY

What? You gave up on the, "How do you like your eggs in the morning bit?"

DOUBLE J

Hey. It worked once. I was just hoping to get more mileage out of it.

HARRY

You need a new line? I'm your man.

RUNAROUND SUE brings three beers and sets them on the table.

CHAMP

Thank you.

Harry looks to Sue. He takes a close look at her name tag and thinks for second.

HARRY

Are you the girl we're supposed to keep away from?

RUNAROUND SUE

Wow. I haven't heard that one before, Dion.

Double J cracks up and enjoys himself as Harry is shot down in flames.

DOUBLE J

Yeah. Like I'm going to get my lines from you.

HARRY

My first line worked great on my wife.

DOUBLE J

Which one was that? My daddy is rich and famous or I'll look better to you if you take those Coke bottle glasses off?

HARRY

No, Smart Ass. It was, "What's a nice girl like you doing in a place like this."

CHAMP

That's original. At least it was when your great-grandfather used it.

HARRY

He never used that. I came up with it all on my own.

DOUBLE J

Really? Where were you, a strip club?

HARRY

We were at the DMV.

Double J chugs his beer.

DOUBLE J

How did she respond? "I'm renewing my license Shit-for-Brains."

HARRY

She thanked me for the compliment and by the time we reached the front of the line I had a date with her.

CHAMP

And then of course you married her because she was the first woman to put out for you.

HARRY

That's neither her nor there. What matters is the line worked.

Harry is mad. He picks up a menu to ignore Champ and Double J. Champ and Double J look at Harry and then they look at each other.

CHAMP

Don't use that worn-out line.

DOUBLE J

I have no intention of using it.

CHAMP

Maybe we should lay off old Harry here. After all, he's the only guy we know with a decent wife and a happy marriage.



DOUBLE J  
That's true.

Double J raises his glass for a toast.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)  
To Mrs. Harry.

CHAMP  
To Mrs. Harry.

Harry looks up from his menu.

HARRY  
Her name is Kathy.

CHAMP AND DOUBLE J  
To Kathy.

HARRY  
That's better. So, when are you to  
jokers going to get married?

DOUBLE J  
To each other? You're in the wrong  
kind of bar for that question.

CHAMP  
Besides, he'd get tired of being  
the woman and then he'd have to go  
find someone like you.

HARRY  
You bastards would deserve each  
other. It's not hard to find a  
good wife.

DOUBLE J  
That's true. If you can do it,  
anyone can.

CHAMP  
The truth of it is Harry that a  
good one is very hard to find.  
Your Kathy is one in a million.  
There aren't two more out there in  
the world like her.

DOUBLE J  
He's got a point. Even rich and  
famous guys can't find them. Look  
at Sir Paul. That bitch kicked his  
ass in divorce court.

CHAMP

And she only had one leg. If a one-legged girl can kick a knight's ass, what chance do Regular Joe's have?

Harry waves Runaround Sue down for three more beers.

HARRY

That's one example. A good example. Still, just one.

DOUBLE J

Now you got him started. We'll be here all night.

CHAMP

We were going to be here all night anyway with the Tigers going into extra innings.

Double J pumps his fists.

DOUBLE J

Free baseball rules!

CHAMP

Harry, who could have been the greatest running back of all time?

HARRY

Barry Sanders. Everybody knows that.

CHAMP

That's right. And why isn't he the greatest?

HARRY

Because he's a quitter.

CHAMP

Right.

DOUBLE J

I hate quitters.

CHAMP

And why did he quit?

HARRY

Because he couldn't get a long with Bobby Ross.

CHAMP

Bullshit! Nobody walks away from the game a season away from becoming the NFL's all-time rushing leader because he can't get along with his coach.

DOUBLE J

Nobody does that. Most guys don't get along with their coach. They're not meant to. Did Harbaugh get along with Ditka? No. Did anybody get along with Billy Martin? No.

HARRY

Different sport.

DOUBLE J

Same principle.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ thumbs through a file while seated at his desk. He puts the file down on his desk. He turns his chair around to the credenza behind him. He picks up an autographed baseball and stares at it.

ON THE BASEBALL

The signature reads, "Billy Martin".

CHAMP is still deep in thought, Larry enters his doorway.

LARRY

How 'bout a pack, Champ.

Champ spins around to face him.

CHAMP

Sure thing, Boss.

Champ reaches into his desk and pulls out a pack of M&M's. He overhand tosses them to Larry who catches them with ease.

LARRY

Thanks. How 'bout another favor.

CHAMP

What do you need?

Larry opens his M&M's and sits down across from Champ.

LARRY

You may have heard that Junior is engaged to Brittany.

CHAMP

I've heard something to that effect.

Larry pours some M&M's into his mouth. And talks with his mouth full.

LARRY

I don't want him to get into any trouble with his bachelor party.

CHAMP

Understandable. That's a ways off though, isn't it?

LARRY

No. The kid is in a hurry for some reason. They're getting married next month.

CHAMP

Next month? Kind of rushing it, aren't they?

LARRY

I'll say. The Mrs. says she needs a year to prepare and Junior is having none of it. He wants to jet Brittany off to Vegas next month. I suppose the wife and I will go out for the ceremony, spend a day or two, and fly back.

CHAMP

So where do I fit in? What can I do for you?

Larry chows some more M&M's.

LARRY

The way I figure it is that if he has his party out there she'll cramp his style.

CHAMP

Yeah, there's that. And the fact that he's banned from the Crazy Horse for life after the scene during the convention last year.

Larry is irritated. He crumples up his candy wrapper and aims for Champ's wastebasket. He shoots and misses. Champ leans over, picks it up and tosses it in the basket.

LARRY

That's why I figured he should have it here. Better yet, he should have it across the border in Windsor.

CHAMP

So, you want me to take Junior to the Ballet?

LARRY

That would be appreciated.

CHAMP

I can do that.

LARRY

Thank you. One more thing.

CHAMP

Sure, Boss. What is it?

LARRY

Try not to get thrown out of the country this time.

EXT. OULETTE AVENUE - NIGHT

Champ, Double J, Harry and Junior walk down the street and take in the sights with Junior's buddies, SLUGGO (heavyset, mid 20s) and JOEY (slim, mid 20s).

JOEY

So this is the world famous Windsor Ballet?

CHAMP

This is it.

They continue through the crowded streets. They all look up at the neon signs. Million Dollar Saloon, Jason's, Studio 41 and Cheetah's. They enter Cheetah's.

INT. CHEETAH'S - NIGHT

A hostess in a cheerleader's uniform (21, gorgeous) welcomes them in. The name embroidered on the front of her sweater reads, "MUFFY".

CHAMP  
Hello, Muffy. How about a table  
for the bachelor and the guys smart  
enough to stay bachelors?

Champ puts his arm around Harry.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
And, this guy too.

MUFFY  
Walk this way.

She turns around and leads them to a table near the stage.

DOUBLE J  
I can't walk like that. I'm sure  
happy to watch you walk that way.

The guys all sit down. Muffy sits on Champ's lap.

MUFFY  
What else do you guys need?

CHAMP  
I'm good with you.

HARRY  
What's new?

CHAMP  
Okay. To be fair, how about a  
round of Canadian Clubs and a round  
of Molsons?

Champ hands her a credit card.

CHAMP (CONT'D)  
The drinks and the bachelor's  
dances are on me. Can you round  
some ladies up for these guys? All  
of that fun stuff is on them.

MUFFY  
I'll be right back. Make sure no  
one takes my seat.

CHAMP  
It's a deal.

Harry takes a twenty out of his wallet, folds it in half  
length-ways, walks up to the stage, leans backward, puts the  
twenty in his mouth and awaits a dancer.

One comes over, puts a platform shoed foot on each side of his head, does the splits until she can bounce her breasts off of his face, she squeezes them together to capture the twenty and stands up.

Double J stands up and turns around to face her. She kisses him on the cheek. He whispers in her ear and points to their table before he walks back to it.

SLUGGO

You don't waste any time, do you?

Double J picks up his beer.

DOUBLE J

I don't have any time to waste.

SLUGGO

What? Are you gonna die or somethin'?

DOUBLE J

We're all gonna die.

JOEY

Hopefully not tonight.

CHAMP

No chance of that.

Champ picks up his whiskey shot and lifts it in the air.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Raise 'em up, Boys.

The guys all follow suit and raise their shot glasses in the air.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Here's to us and those like us.  
Everyone else? Fuck them.  
Here's to us.

They all hold up their shot glasses

ALL

To us!

They all down their shots. Muffy returns and resumes her position on Champ's lap.

CHAMP

I know you're the best girl here.  
How about if you get your second  
best girl to dance for the  
bachelor?

MUFFY

I got you covered.

Champ looks at her as she straddles his lap.

CHAMP

You sure do.

MUFFY

I mean she's on her way.

CHAMP

That's my girl.

Double J calls a dancer over. She sits on his lap. She has a freshly pierced nipple ring in. Double J leans in for a closer look. The dancer squeezes her breast. Puss squirts from her breast and into Double J's eye. He screams out and falls backward as his Molson bottle flies up in the air.

What goes up must come down. The bottle hits Double J square in his right eye. The dancer then falls on top of him.

EXT. CANADIAN CUSTOMS - NIGHT

Champ pulls up to the booth in a black Escalade full. The guys are all drunk.

The same Border Services Agent from their last trip across the river approaches the vehicle. He looks at the four men two by two in the back seats and then to Champ who hands him all of their passports.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT

Don't I know you from somewhere?

Double J leans forward from the front passenger seat and waves to the agent. The agent looks at him and his newly blackened eye.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT (CONT'D)

Now I remember.

He shakes his head and thumbs through the passports.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT (CONT'D)

Do me a favor, Boys.



CHAMP

Yes, Sir.

The agent hands the passports back to Champ.

CANADA BORDER SERVICES AGENT

Press on.

Champ pulls away toward the Ambassador Bridge.

INT. LARRY'S ESCALADE - NIGHT

Champ drives over the bridge and across the border toward home. Junior closes his eyes and leans back.

LARRY JR.

Nobody pukes in my dad's Cadillac.

SLUGGO

What are we sixteen?

Junior's only response is a snore. He's out cold.

HARRY

Look at the Sleeping Beauty.

DOUBLE J

Who was the Sleeping Beauty last time?

HARRY

You got me.

Champ looks to Double J.

CHAMP

And you, did you have to help me out with that Border Agent?

DOUBLE J

I'm here for you, Man.

Champ does his best Oliver Hardy impression.

CHAMP

That was almost another fine mess you'd have gotten me into.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - (NEXT) NIGHT

The Tigers have just capped an enormous comeback against the White Sox.

After being down 8-1 the Tigers came all the way back to win 9-8 on Miguel Cabrera's walk-off home run. The bar patrons, who are all glued to their TVs, go wild.

CHAMP  
How about Fatty?

DOUBLE J  
That dude is awesome!

Christy comes over to their table with a pitcher of beer and two frosted mugs.

CHRISTY  
This one's on me. You called the walk-off.

CHAMP  
Thanks!

CHRISTY  
I liked the call.

Christy takes a business card out of her pocket, flips it over and writes her personal phone number on the back of it.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)  
Here's another call for you to make.

Champ picks the card up and puts it in his back pocket.

CHAMP  
You bet I will.

Christy gives him a smile and walks away to get back to work.

DOUBLE J  
I hate you.

Double J takes a drink of beer.

CHAMP  
You hate me? I thought you said you were here for me.

Champ takes a drink of beer as well.

DOUBLE J  
Of course, I am. You need a pinch hitter? Give me that card. I'm your man. Put me in, Coach.

CHAMP

No. She's for me. I do need you to take one for the team though.

DOUBLE J

Not another fat chick. No way. I jumped on a grenade for you the last time we were Downriver. No more.

CHAMP

No. Not a fat chick. You won't mind this one at all.

Double J grabs a chicken wing.

DOUBLE J

Oh, I suppose you want me to butter Brittany's biscuit?

CHAMP

You wouldn't mind that too much, would you?

DOUBLE J

Of course, not. She's hot. Bitchy hot.

Double J grabs another wing.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

I wouldn't even have to feel bad about giving her the broom the next day.

CHAMP

Yep. The old Doink and Broom. You wouldn't even have to wait until the next day.

DOUBLE J

Why's that?

CHAMP

You leave that to me. Just one thing though. I need you to get it done tomorrow night and hold her over until Saturday.

DOUBLE J

Tomorrow night? Who am I, Papa Grande? How am I gonna close her that fast?

Champ picks up a wing.

CHAMP

You told me that she's tight with  
Caroline, right?

DOUBLE J

Yeah. So?

CHAMP

So? You curled Caroline's toes,  
right?

Double J holds his hands out to his sides, palms up.

DOUBLE J

But, of course.

CHAMP

And you think those two skanks  
didn't talk about it.

DOUBLE J

(sarcastically)

Skanks? Hey! You're talking about  
the woman I love.

CHAMP

The only woman you love is your  
mother.

Double J picks up his beer and clanks his mug to Champ's.

DOUBLE J

As it should be.

Double J chugs his beer.

DOUBLE J (CONT'D)

Okay. So, she wants me. How am I  
gonna get her in a day and a half?

CHAMP

One of the girls around the office  
told me that she is itching to live  
out a few last bachelorette  
weekends before it's too late.

DOUBLE J

That's fine. Just as long as I'm  
not itching afterward.

INT. LARRY MOORE'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ is seated across from Larry at his desk. They each have an open file labeled, "Singer".

LARRY

I don't know how you do it, Champ.  
Every case you bring in is larger  
than the last one.

CHAMP

That's what it's all about, isn't  
it?

LARRY

I wish all of our other brokers  
could figure that out.

CHAMP

Well, that's what I came in to see  
you about. It wasn't for a pat on  
the back.

LARRY

You need some help on this one,  
Kid?

CHAMP

I do if I'm going to be able to  
keep digging up new ones. The  
Singer case is big enough all on  
its own. I'm sure that I'll get a  
ton of referrals from him as well.

LARRY

I see. And, you want to strike  
while the iron is hot.

CHAMP

Exactly. I'll never have the time  
to go after all of that business if  
I'm stuck in the office setting up  
his account and getting all of his  
transfers in motion.

Larry drops the file on the table.

LARRY

Consider it handled. I'll make  
Junior your number two man on this  
deal. He'll oversee the account  
set-ups and make sure that you get  
all the back office support you  
need.

Larry gets up from his chair and retrieves the putter he has leaning in the corner. He takes a golf ball out of his pocket and drops it on the floor in front of him.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Anything else?

CHAMP  
Just one more thing. I've got a ten o'clock tee time tomorrow. Junior is already in. So is my buddy, Harry. Do you care to join us?

LARRY  
I'm in.

Larry eyes the practice putting cup at the other end of his office. He lines up his shot and with a fluid stroke sinks the putt.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Don't forget to bring your wallet. It may be time for you to pay the Piper.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB GOLF COURSE - DAY

Harry putts his ball into the cup. All four men walk off the green to put their putters back into their bags.

CHAMP  
Anyone for Cougars? The Tigers have a day game today.

HARRY  
I'm in.

LARRY JR.  
Me too.

LARRY  
What's wrong with the 19th hole here?

LARRY JR.  
Too many old-timers, Dad. No offense.

Junior takes a few steps using his putter as a cane.

LARRY  
None taken. Jackass.

Larry zips up his golf bag.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
I think I'll have one here and then  
get home to the Mrs. You boys go  
ahead.

He takes a look at the three of them and shakes his head.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Try and stay out of trouble.

LARRY JR.  
Give me a ride, Champ? I drove in  
with Pops.

CHAMP  
No problem. You don't mind if we  
stop off and pick up my buddy,  
Double J, do you?

LARRY JR.  
No. That guy's all right by me.

Champ looks at Harry and raises an eyebrow.

INT. CHAMP'S CAR - DAY

Champ pulls onto Double J's street. His car approaches  
Double J's house. Junior, who is in the back seat, notices  
Brittany's car in the driveway. He's puzzled and concerned.

Champ sees Junior in his rear view mirror. He pretends not  
to notice. He parks in the street out in front of the house.

EXT. DOUBLE J'S STREET - DAY

The three men exit Champ's car. Junior looks at Brittany's  
car in disbelief. He looks at the house, then back at her  
car. Champ and Harry walk up to the front door as if nothing  
is wrong. Junior follows.

Champ knocks on the door. Double J answers in his boxers.  
The three men walk in.

DOUBLE J  
Hey guys, what's up?

Junior is sickened. He surveys the living room to see a  
blanket spread out on the floor. An empty wine bottle and a  
condom wrapper are on the floor as well.

HARRY

We're going to Cougars to see the Tigers. We thought you'd like to go and throw a few back.

Harry looks around the room.

HARRY (CONT'D)

It looks like you're busy though.

Brittany opens the bathroom door and comes out wearing nothing but Double J's shirt and her panties. She comes out with a smile on her face. That smile disappears as soon as she sees Champ and Harry. When she sees Junior she looks ill. She's speechless.

INT. SKATING RINK - DAY

Champ and Christy skate around the rink. Christy takes out ahead of Champ at a high speed. He goes after her and tries to keep up. Just as he gets close she takes a tight turn toward the bench.

Champ tries to make the turn and follow her. He catches an edge, spills to the ice and slides into the boards. Christy looks back to see Champ and skates back to him. She smiles and helps him up.

CHRISTY

We'll have to work on those turns. First, let's learn how to skate backward.

Champ is somewhat embarrassed.

CHAMP

Yeah. I don't do that.

CHRISTY

Maybe it's time you did something new.

Christy skates backward effortlessly.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

See. It's all in the hips.

CHAMP

That's easy for you. You have beautiful hips.

She smiles in appreciation of the compliment.



CHRISTY

It will be easy for you too. You just have to know how.

She wiped the wet ice shavings off Champ's pant leg.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Get your skates shoulder width apart. Keep your chest up and bend your knees like you're going to sit down.

Christy skates around behind Champ. She puts her hands on his hips, begins to skate backward and pull him up the ice in reverse.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Point the heel of your front foot out to the side. Push off from your heel to your toes and make half circles in the ice.

The pair skates on.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Extend through and bring your leg back under your bottom.

Champ looks back over his shoulder at her.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes on the road.

Champ turns his attention back to his skating.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

That's it. Now the same with the other leg. Back and forth.

The pair continues to skate backward as The Beatles, 'In My Life' (or something to that effect) plays.

INT. MOORE FINANCIAL BOARD ROOM - DAY

Larry and all of the brokers of Moore Financial are seated around the conference table. All but one, that is. Brittany is noticeably absent. Some of the brokers look curious, others, unconcerned. Champ sits back confidently, quite pleased with himself.

LARRY

I'm sure that you've all noticed an empty seat at our conference table.

Larry surveys the faces of his employees.

LARRY (CONT'D)

That's because Brittany Bivens has  
resigned for the good of the firm.

Larry picks up a stack of reports and puts on his reading  
glasses.

INT. CHAMP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Champ sits on the couch next to Christy. She has a glass of  
wine on the table in front of her. Champ has a frozen mug of  
beer. There is an empty Molson Canadian bottle next to it.

CHRISTY

How come you never sing karaoke  
like your boy, Double J?

CHAMP

It's really not my thing. He's  
always good for a laugh with it.

CHRISTY

I hear he meets a lot of women that  
way.

CHAMP

I suppose he does.

CHRISTY

So, you won't sing for me?

Champ drinks down some liquid courage. He heads over to the  
mantle and takes down his ukulele.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me.

CHAMP

I'm actually quite good.

Christy takes a sip of wine, keeps her glass in her hand,  
leans back on the couch and turns all of her attention to  
Champ.

CHRISTY

I'm all ears.

Champ begins to play, 'Something' by The Beatles.

CHAMP

Something in the way she moves,  
 Attracts me like no other lover.  
 Something in the way she woos me.  
 I don't want to leave her now,  
 You know I believe and how.

Christy is very impressed. Champ is actually good.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Somewhere in her smile she knows,  
 That I don't need no other lover.  
 Something in her style that shows  
 me. I don't want to leave her now,  
 You know I believe and how.

Christy smiles back at Champ while he continues to play.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

You're asking me will my love grow,  
 I don't know, I don't know.  
 Stick around, and it may show,  
 But I don't know, I don't know.

Never having been serenaded like this before, Christy is overwhelmed with happiness. She wipes a tear from her eye.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

Something in the way she knows,  
 And all I have to do is think of  
 her. Something in the things she  
 shows me. I don't want to leave  
 her now. You know I believe and  
 how.

Champ replaces the ukulele onto the mantle. He turns around. Christy is right there with him. She hugs him and gives him a passionate kiss.

CHRISTY

Where did you ever get the idea to  
 do that?

Champ laughs, somewhat embarrassed.

CHAMP

I saw Sir Paul perform it in  
 concert at Comerica Park last year.  
 I thought it was great. I'd never  
 seen anything like it before.

CHRISTY

And, how many girls have you played  
 it for since?

CHAMP  
You're the first.

Christy looks deeply into Champ's eyes. She puts both hands on his face. They kiss even more passionately than before.

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ has a report in hand. He goes over it and slams it down on his desk. He reaches into his portable refrigerator and takes out a bottle of water. He sits back in his chair and takes a big drink of it. He stares up at the ceiling and sighs heavily. He picks up the phone.

CHAMP  
Mr. Simmons, please.

Champ picks the report up again and takes another look at it.

AL (O.S.)  
Simmons here.

CHAMP  
Mr. Simmons, it's Matt Mitchell.

AL (O.S.)  
I told you to call me Al, Son.

CHAMP  
I'm afraid I've got some bad news for you.

AL (O.S.)  
What is it?

CHAMP  
I'm afraid your life insurance application has been declined.

AL (O.S.)  
Declined? How could that be? I'm strong as an ox. I was just out with my salesmen a week ago last Wednesday and they couldn't keep up with me. Most of those bucks are half my age.

CHAMP  
You went out drinking on the night before your insurance exam?

AL (O.S.)  
 Nobody told me not to. Is there a  
 problem with that?

CHAMP  
 It is when they draw your blood and  
 you have a blood alcohol level of  
 point one-eight.

AL (O.S.)  
 Of course, it was a little high. I  
 had to fast. No food after  
 midnight and the nurse was in my  
 office at eight a.m. for the exam.

CHAMP  
 That does seem like a high level at  
 eight a.m. when you didn't have  
 anything to drink after midnight.

AL (O.S.)  
 Was I supposed to stop drinking  
 too? They just told me no food  
 after midnight.

CHAMP  
 No food or drink after midnight.  
 You really shouldn't even have had  
 any water except for taking  
 medication. You shouldn't have had  
 any alcohol at all the night before  
 the exam.

AL (O.S.)  
 This isn't going to queer all of  
 those tax savings you found for me,  
 is it?

CHAMP  
 The life insurance was the biggest  
 part of the plan. I'll go back to  
 the drawing board and see what else  
 I can come up with. I don't think  
 we'll be able to come close to what  
 we could have accomplished through  
 the use of the insurance. Nothing  
 else has as many advantages for us.

AL (O.S.)  
 Dammit. I'm sorry, Champ. Just  
 let me know.

CHAMP  
 Okay, Al. I'll get back to you.

Champ hangs up the phone, slams the rest of his water and tosses the bottle into his wastebasket.

INT. COUGARS BAR AND GRILLE - NIGHT

Champ and Harry each have a pitcher and a frosty mug in front of them.

CHAMP

Sixty thousand dollars in commissions down the drain because one of my best clients gets shit-faced the night before his exam. How does that even happen?

HARRY

I don't know, Man. That's the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

Champ pours himself a beer.

CHAMP

Sixty thousand dollars. I could have bought my mother a new Cadillac with that.

HARRY

I could set that kind of money aside to put my kid through college.

CHAMP

Yeah, you could. I still don't get how an ugly bastard like you has such a beautiful baby girl.

HARRY

Hey. I didn't make her with my face.

INT. MOORE FINANCIAL BOARD ROOM - DAY

Another weekly meeting. Most of the brokers are unenthused. Champ is eager to get the meeting started. He is sure that he has the promotion locked up with Brittany out of the way.

LARRY

Although I appreciate the increased revenue that Champ and everyone here has brought to the firm, I have decided to hold off on promoting anyone right now.

INT. CHAMP'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Champ paces back and forth across the living room floor while Christy sits confidently on the couch and sips wine.

CHAMP

I may as well resign and start over somewhere else.

CHRISTY

What happens to your elephant if you leave the firm?

CHAMP

I'm confident that he'll move his account with me.

CHRISTY

What would that do to Moore?

CHAMP

It would wipe him out. He's already leveraged the place to the hilt. On top of that he bought a new mansion with minimum down after I landed that deal.

Champ picks up a photo up off the mantle. It's a shot of Moore and himself with some of the office staff.

CHAMP (CONT'D)

It's like he went nuts. After three decades of conservatively building a business he decided he needed rapid growth. He even financed everything with adjustable rate notes.

CHRISTY

Why don't you buy him out?

Champ puts the photo back on the mantle.

CHAMP

Even with that deal and the money I'm making on it, I can't get financed for enough to buy the old man out.

CHRISTY

You could if you had a partner.

CHAMP

Where would I find a partner?

Christy puts her arms around Champ.

CHRISTY

Right here.

CHAMP

I couldn't ask you to take on that kind of risk. We would have to come up with a ton of money and borrow a lot more. I could never ask you to go on the hook like that.

Christy give Champ a kiss on the cheek.

CHRISTY

You really don't know the Cougars story, do you?

CHAMP

I know that it's a great place to watch the Tigers and I know you're the GM.

CHRISTY

I just do that because I like to. I'm also the founder of the chain.

CHAMP

I didn't know that. Well, even though you're a big shot, I still like you.

CHRISTY

Would you like me any less if I told you I am worth over a hundred million?

INT. CHAMP'S OFFICE - DAY

Champ is at his desk with pencil in hand. He scratches notes onto a legal pad. He picks up another and compares the two. Champ punches numbers into his HP12C calculator and transfers the results onto one of the pads.

EXT. HINES PARK - DAY

Champ and Christy stroll through the park, hand in hand. They stop at a baseball backstop. Champ gives Christy a big kiss and looks into her eyes.



CHAMP

It's great to be with you. The best part is that we want the same thing. Or, should I say that we don't want the same thing.

Christy smiles.

CHRISTY

You had me at, "Hell no."

Christy returns his kiss.

CHRISTY (CONT'D)

Why be married when we can just be happy?

CHAMP

Why indeed.

INT. MRS. MITCHELL'S HOME - DAY

Mrs. Mitchell is on the phone with Penelope. She has a huge smile on her face as she's finally able to get that old busybody off her back.

MRS. MITCHELL

Well, Penelope. The most important thing is that my son is happy. You should be happy too. At the very least, he's finally begun to settle down. You'll have a lot less to see over there.

EXT. MITCHELL FINANCIAL - DAY

Champ and Christy watch workmen change the name on the sign in front of the office from Moore Financial to Mitchell Financial.

INT. MITCHELL FINANCIAL - DAY

Champ and Christy walk into Champ's huge new corner office (formerly Larry's).

Champ kisses Christy passionately. He clears off Moore's desk, and lays her down on it.

FADE TO BLACK