

WEDDING CRASHERS

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. LAW FIRM OF BECKWITH AND KLEIN - DAY

1

A small Boston law firm. A few lawyers and clients mill about. We zero in on one door with a plaque that reads "John Beckwith." JOHN BECKWITH, an attorney, early thirties, is sitting at his desk in a well appointed office talking on the phone angrily.

JOHN

Oh bullshit! You saw the surveillance videotape. Your client's slip and fall was the biggest acting job since I took the stage in eighth grade as Othello. And I blew!

(beat)

Never gonna happen. Maybe a quarter of that. Maybe. I'll talk to the insurer.

John's attention is captured by a hot secretary walking by.

JOHN

(continuing)

Great. Talk to your client.

(beat)

Yeah, next Friday. I got good seats. Bring that girl, your friend -- with the hair? Yeah. Okay.

John hangs up the phone and puts his feet up on the desk.

2 INT. LAW FIRM OF BECKWITH AND KLEIN - CONTINUOUS

2

JEREMY KLEIN, a Divorce lawyer, early 30's, sits at a desk with a WOMAN, also in her thirties. His eyes wander to the same hot secretary now walking by his office.

WOMAN

Eight years of marriage all shot to hell.

JEREMY

(eyes following the secretary's ass)

Had I known you eight years ago I would have advised you to avoid the wedding.

WOMAN

But I do believe in the institution
of marriage.

Jeremy's attention is jolted back to the woman.

JEREMY

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Did you say the
"institution?" No, no. The Boston
Red Sox are an institution.
Pastrami on rye is an institution.
Mr. Rogers is an institution --
Marriage is a curse. Our punishment
for original sin.

The woman is taken aback.

JEREMY

(continuing)

Do you understand the ugliness I
see here every day? The sheer
torment? The absolute hell? Just
because people like you -- and God
bless your innocent heart, really
believe in the "institution" of
marriage!

WOMAN

My parents were happily married.

JEREMY

No. They really weren't. You think
they were. But they really weren't.

WOMAN

They weren't?

Jeremy shakes his head.

WOMAN

(continuing; beat)

Mom did drink -- quite a lot.

JEREMY

Of course she did. They all do.

(ushering the woman out)

Don't worry, we'll go for the
jugular.

He shakes her hand and the woman exits. He sees John down the hall and motions for him to come by. John enters and plops down on the couch.

JOHN

So what's up?

Jeremy reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out a bottle of single malt scotch with a ribbon around it and hands it to John.

JEREMY
Happy Anniversary.

JOHN
Huh?

JEREMY
Fifteen years, my friend!

John looks perplexed.

JEREMY
(continuing)
June 11, 1988? Paul Revere High?
Junior Prom night?

JOHN
Ohhhh. Right. Yeah. The night we met.

JEREMY
Could you sound more underwhelmed?

JOHN
I'm not underwhelmed.

JEREMY
You took Barbara Rothstein to the prom and wound up in the men's room making out with another girl.

JOHN
And you were in the stall next to me making, out with some chick who was not your date. Who was your date?

JEREMY
Mary Theresa Spinolli. Don't you remember? Turned out she was cheating on me!

JOHN
Ohhh. That's right.

JEREMY
I knew that night that you and I were cut from the same cloth. Best friends forever.
(heat)

I can't believe you forgot.

JOHN
A lot on my mind.

JEREMY
You think it's gay, don't you? The anniversary thing --

JOHN
I don't think it's gay.

JEREMY
Because you forgot on our tenth, too. Remember I got you that beer-of-the-month club thing?

JOHN
Yeah, that was great. The beer.

JEREMY
You thought it was gay.

JOHN
I didn't think it was gay, for Christ's sake! It was beer!

JEREMY
Then how come you never get me anything for our anniversary?

JOHN
Okay -- what you said right there? That was a little gay.

JEREMY
Oh, fuck you. Anyway, we've got a big three weeks ahead of us.

JOHN
Yeah. End of the wedding season. How many weddings are we gonna crash?

Jeremy looks at his daytimer.

JEREMY
I've got us down for eight.

JOHN
Any of them cash bars?

JEREMY
Two. But I got it covered,

(pulling out two medals)
 Purple hearts. We won't have buy a
 drink all night.

JOHN
 Perfect.

JEREMY
 Eight opportunities to get laid, my
 friend. Eight opportunities to
 score with women so aroused by the
 thought of marriage they mistakenly
 hook on to us as the men of their
 dreams.

JOHN
 Bingo. I'll get my tux.

Jeremy walks to his door and grabs a clothing bag. They exit.

3 EXT. TEMPLE BETH SHALOM - VESTIBULE - LATER

3

John and Jeremy, in tuxedos, enter the Synagogue and introduce themselves to the ushers.

JOHN
 Hi, Lou Epstein.

JEREMY
 Chuck Schwartz.

They both put on their yarmulkes.

4 INT. SYNAGOGUE - A LITTLE LATER

4

The service is in full swing. The Rabbi is chanting. John glances at a pretty young woman sitting down the aisle from him. She's choked up. She looks at John and smiles. John takes out a handkerchief and dabs a fake tear from his eye. The woman takes a breath, she's smitten. It takes a real man to cry at a wedding. CLOSE ON: John's hand. He's concealing a small tube of "Bausch and Lomb Hypo Tears."

Jeremy makes eye contact with another woman. She returns the eye contact. Jeremy smiles and turns away. She's not the one. He looks to his left and catches the gaze of a young blonde woman. She briefly returns his glance and half-smiles. Jeremy smiles. She's the one.

5 INT. SYNAGOGUE - A LITTLE LATER

5

The Rabbi concludes, the Groom steps on the glass, the crowd including our guys shout, "Mazel Tov!"

6 INT. BALLROOM - LATER

6

The reception is in full swing. As a sort of hip Klezmer band plays, we see John and Jeremy practicing the fine art of wedding crashing:

John does a-magic trick for some kids,

Jeremy dances with the bride's mother. She's blushing.

John slaps some old guy on the back as John shares with him a disingenuous laugh.

Jeremy raises his glass to toast the happy couple.

John raises his glass to toast the happy couple.

Jeremy does magic tricks for the kids.

John dances with the bride's mother.

Jeremy dances with the second woman he made eye contact with.

John dances slowly with the woman who saw him cry.

Jeremy, in a secluded alcove, is about to kiss the woman he was dancing with.

John, in a secluded alcove, is about to kiss the woman he was dancing with.

SMASH CUT:

7 EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - AFTERNOON

7

John and Jeremy walk up the steps of a Catholic Church.

8 INT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

8

John and Jeremy enter and introduce themselves to the ushers.

JOHN
Jimmy O' Shea.

JEREMY
Tommy Fitzpatrick.

9 INT. VENDATA NARAYAN HINDU TEMPLE**9**

John and Jeremy enter and introduce themselves to the ushers.

JOHN
Henry Prajshnap.

JEREMY
Chuck Vindaloo.

10 INT. ONE OF THE VARIOUS RECEPTIONS**10**

Jeremy is dancing with a red-head.

RED HEAD
Wow. Operation Desert Storm,

JEREMY
Don't really like to talk about it.
We lost a lot of good men out
there.

She melts into his chest.

11 INT. DIFFERENT RECEPTION**11**

John is dancing with a BLONDE.

BLONDE
Wow. Mt. Everest.

JOHN
Don't really like to talk about it.
We lost a lot of good men out
there.

She melts into his chest.

12 INT. DIFFERENT RECEPTION**12**

Jeremy is dancing with an INDIAN WOMAN. Jeremy is wearing the traditional bindi (dot) on his forehead.

INDIAN WOMAN
Wow. The Peace Corps.

JEREMY
Don't really like to talk about it.
We lost a lot of good men out
there.

She melts into his chest.

13 INT. DIFFERENT RECEPTION - LATER

13

John is dancing with a BRUNETTE.

BRUNETTE

Wow. The New York Yankees.

JOHN

(without thinking)

Don't really like to talk about it.
We lost a lot of good men out
there.

BRUNETTE

Huh?

JOHN

(recovering)

What? Oh! The fans got unruly --
and there were trades -- it was
ugly.

14 INT. JEWISH WEDDING RECEPTION

14

An OLD COUPLE look toward John who's at full-throttle,
dancing, having a good time.

OLD WOMAN

(re. John)

Who is that?

OLD MAN

Uh -- him? I think that's Sid's
kid. Leonard. The diabetic.

OLD WOMAN

Ohhhh --

15 INT. ITALIAN RECEPTION

15

Another OLD COUPLE watch Jeremy dancing and dipping the
bride.

OLD ITALIAN MAN

Who is that?

OLD ITALIAN WOMAN

Uh -- him? That's Louie and Gina's
kid, Christopher. The banker.

16 INT. PORTUGUESE RECEPTION**16**

OLD PORTUGUESE MAN
(re. John)
That's Carmen's nephew, Manny. The
veterinarian.

17 INT. IRISH RECEPTION - LATE**17**

OLD IRISH WOMAN
(re. Jeremy)
That's the O'Shaughnessy kid,
Timmy. The astronaut.

18 INT. HINDU RECEPTION - LATE**18**

OLD INDIAN MAN
(re. John)
That's -- Prajshnap. Lima and
Jahawal's boy. The shrimper.

19 INT. JEWISH WEDDING RECEPTION**19**

John and Jeremy are just beginning to dance to the perennial wedding reception song, "Shout!" The guests sing along. Close on John and Jeremy as they sing and dance.

JOHN AND JEREMY
"It makes you want to shout! Put
your hands up and shout!"

20 INT. PORTUGUESE RECEPTION**20**

JOHN AND JEREMY
(singing)
Fa-Lo querer shout! Ponha seus
bracos acima e shout! Poiha seus
pes acima e shout!

21 INT. CHINESE RECEPTION**21**

JOHN AND JEREMY
(singing)
"Gee-fun-chee-na-to Shout! Choy-
eng-to-uh-see-ho Shout! Sh-i-i-no-
gong-a-to Shout!"

22 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**22**

John and one of the women we've seen from a wedding jump into bed as "Shout" continues to play.

23 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

23

Jeremy and one of the women we've seen from a wedding also jump into bed as "Shout" keeps playing.

24 INT. VARIOUS BEDROOMS

24

We intercut between DIFFERENT WOMEN with John and Jeremy jumping into bed. "Shout" still plays.

25 INT. VARIOUS DANCE FLOORS - RECEPTIONS AND BEDROOMS

25

The music gets louder and louder. A rapid sequence of dance floors, receptions, winks, nods, kisses, toasts as the music crescendos. When we hear the final "shout," the music stops and we cut to John and Jeremy each rolling off of their respective women. Jeremy sighs contentedly. John stares off pensively: something's missing.

26 INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

26

John is at his desk, working. Jeremy walks right in and sits down, holding a newspaper.

JEREMY

John, I am holding the Kentucky Derby of wedding announcements!

JOHN

I thought we were done for a while?

JEREMY

This is different. This is the Secretary of the fucking Treasury!!

JOHN

Cleary?

JEREMY

Yes, Cleary's daughter! Out on the Cape!

JOHN

(unenthusiastic)

Mm hmm.

JEREMY

What's wrong with you? This is the Clearys!! They're an institution! We've never crashed anything like this! Five hundred single women. Three live bands! Oysters!

JOHN

Okay --

Jeremy stares at him.

JEREMY

"Okay?!" See? This is what I'm talking about!

JOHN

I'm tired, all right?! My feet hurt. My voice is hoarse.

JEREMY

You don't care about this anymore!

JOHN

What are you talking about? Of course I care!

JEREMY

At the Buckner nuptials, you were in the corner, sulking!

JOHN

I wasn't sulking! I twisted my ankle.

JEREMY

Rule six: Don't sit in the corner and sulk. It draws attention in a negative way. Draw attention to yourself oil your own terms!

JOHN

I know the rules, Jeremy!

JEREMY

When Chazz Reinghold gave us those sacred rules of wedding crashing twelve years ago, he passed on a legacy. We have a responsibility here.

JOHN

You know, you make it sound like a cult. Chazz Reinghold was a kook!

JEREMY

Bite your tongue! He was not kook!
He was, a brave and decent man!

JOHN

He lived with his mother until he
was forty! She tried to poison his
oatmeal! Even she couldn't take it!

JEREMY

That was never proven! And anyway,
what about Rule Three?! Rule Three
for Chrissakes, John!

JOHN

Oh not that again --

JEREMY

Rule Three: Toast in the native
language if you know the native
language and have practiced the
toast. Do not wing it! Last week
you when you toasted the groom in
Hindi --

JOHN

Ok! I got a couple of words mixed
up. Big deal!

JEREMY

A couple of words mixed up?! You
told the entire wedding party that
the bride was very lucky because
her new husband smelled like the
anus of the cobra!

JOHN

I meant, he had the power -- of the
-- cobra! Okay?! -- anyway I
managed to turn that into a
compliment, did I not?!

JEREMY

Oh please -- So do you want to do
this or not?

JOHN

Give me the paper.

John grabs the paper from Jeremy and reads the announcement.

JOHN

(continuing; beat)

All right, well first of all, I'm not saying it's impossible, but it is going to require some planning.

JEREMY

There's my man. He's back. My man is back!

27 EXT. CHURCH YARD - MORNING - A WEEK LATER

27

John and Jeremy are standing outside John's car in front of a very nice old Catholic church on the Cape. They're in their tuxes, both putting on their cufflinks, combing their hair, etc. We see guests milling about in front of the church.

JOHN

Okay, let's do our pre-game.

JEREMY

What's to know? Big Catholic wedding. Lots of rich fuckers. Hot chicks. We can do this in our sleep.

JOHN

Rule one: Always prepare.

JEREMY

Fine. What do you have?

John reaches in the car and hands him a folder.

JOHN

A few articles on Secretary Cleary's economic policy. Skim them quickly. Also a roster of the key family members. A glossary of sailing terms. Sailing's like sex to these people.

Jeremy looks over the folder.

JEREMY

(reading to himself)

Okay -- Harvard -- Kennedy School of Government -- Mom's big with the charities blah blah blah. Three daughters, one son, a million foundations. Barf. Puke. Gag. Okay. Got it. What's our back story?

JOHN

We're brothers from New Hampshire.
We're venture capitalists.

JEREMY

I'm sick of that one. Why don't we
be from -- Vermont and -- and have,
say, an emerging maple syrup
conglomerate.

JOHN

Because we don't know anything
about maple syrup.

JEREMY

I know everything about maple
syrup. I love maple syrup.

JOHN

I love red vines. Doesn't mean we
should be the red vine barons,
right?

JEREMY

Good point.

28 EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - A MINUTE LATER

28

John and Jeremy walk toward the church confidently. They see two men checking names as the guests enter the church. John and Jeremy stop about twenty feet from the church. They see men in suits with earpieces.

JOHN

I knew it! Secret Service.

JEREMY

Yeah. So?

JOHN

So they don't mess around. They're
trained to take bullets.

JEREMY

Big deal. I could take bullets.

JOHN

Oh, please. You-won't even get a
flu shot. Maybe we should catch
that Portuguese wedding down in New
Bedford. They'll have, those
sausages you like.

JEREMY

Fuck the sausages. We're hitting this one. Everything we've done for the last twelve years, all that hard work, has lead us to this moment.

JOHN

Fine. How do you want to get in?

JEREMY

Okay. Let me think.
(beat)
We'll do an end run!

JOHN

Guarded.

JEREMY

Shit!
(BEAT)
Hey! We'll create a disturbance!

JOHN

Not with these guys. Disturbances just hype their radar.

JEREMY

Okay, then what do you got?

John looks to the parking lot behind Jeremy and sees a large mini-van pull up. A BIG GRODP of people get out of the mini van. Probably some sort of extended family.

JOHN

Let's just rush in with this big group.

JEREMY

A rush?! You want to do a rush?

JOHN

Yeah, what's wrong with a rush?

JEREMY

It's amateur hour, buddy. It's bush league. We're better than a rush.

The big group walks toward the church.

JOHN

It'll work.

JEREMY

No. A rush is how you crash the Journey concert when you're thirteen. We're not gonna do a rush. It's beneath us. We're craftsmen.

A member of the big group points to a name on the list and the big group starts to file into the church.

JOHN
Go!

John pushes Jeremy into the big group and they successfully enter the church under their cover.

29 INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

29

John and Jeremy enter to find a beautiful old church. John notices an attractive WOMAN IN A BLUE DRESS talking to a friend. They're pointing to various seats trying to make a decision.

JOHN
(to the woman in the blue dress)
Five rows back. Close enough to the altar but far enough back to see the bride's entrance.

The woman in the blue dress smiles at him.

JOHN
(continuing)
Now, a lot of people go for the aisle. That's a mistake. You have that whole "should I make eye contact with the bride" business.

JOHN
You don't want that. It's awkward.
Fifth row back, second seat in.
Trust me.

WOMAN IN THE BLUE DRESS
That's great. Thank you so much.

She smiles at John and walks to the seat he recommended.

JOHN
I have to hit the head.

JEREMY

Okay. I'll get us some seats on the groom's side.

Jeremy finds seats as John heads to the bathroom.

30 EXT. CHURCH BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

30

The GROOM is leaning against a urinal, hyper-ventilating and dry-heaving before the service as John enters. John has seen this many times before. He stands at the next urinal.

JOHN

Yeah, I know what you're thinking.

The groom startled, turns around.

JOHN

(continuing)

You're thinking, "What have I done?
I'm over. I'm finished. Now it
ends." And at what? Twenty-six?

The groom nods.

JOHN

(continuing)

Twenty-six years of pure uncut
premium Grade-A sexual freedom.
Yeah, it's a drug. A drug that
makes morphine look like skittles,
and it's going right down the
toilet as you descend into the
abyss of country kitchens, dirty
diapers, mind-numbing conversation
about her "needs" and worse, the
same sex with the same person, day
after day, night after night, year
in, year out.

The groom starts retching again.

JOHN

(continuing)

Well, you're wrong. It's-not like
that. You see it as the beginning
of the end. No, my friend! It's the
end of the beginning --

The groom looks up, encouraged.

JOHN

(continuing)

You're about to enter a world so complex and fulfilling, it makes your old life of endless boozing, late nights, and meaningless pieces of ass seem like the shallow depressing graveyard that it really is.

The groom nods,

JOHN
(continuing)
A world rich with deep love, adoration and appreciation from a life partner -- well this kind of happiness you never dreamed possible. It's a mystery, a gift that God gave us. And when the kids come? They call you Daddy -- and you're their hero. And you end up growing old with someone whose love for you is timeless, endless. Someone who knows what you're thinking before you say it. Who'll take care of you when you're sick, comfort you when you're sad, laugh with you, cry with you.

The groom takes a deep breath.

JOHN
(continuing)
Someone you never have to impress, but always want to. Most men would give up their left arm to be in your shoes.

GROOM
(beat, he's better)
Thank you --

JOHN
No problem.
(pointing to the door)
Now, go get 'em.

John watches the groom start to exit. But before re-entering the church, the groom stops and turns around.

GROOM
Hey, how long have you been married?

JOHN

Oh -- I'm not. married.
 (beat)
 I might try to nail that chick in
 blue dress, though. Shd seems nice.

The groom looks perplexed as John exits.

31 INT. CHURCH - A MINUTE LATER

31

John kneels down next to Jeremy in the pew, who's pretending to be in prayer. They both pretend to be in prayer as they start scoping potential women. They sit back down.

JEREMY
 (sotto)
 Third row. Straw hat.

JOHN
 (sotto)
 You know that women who wear hats
 never give it up. C'mon!

JEREMY
 (a little too loud)
 What? That's not true! I bagged
 that hat chick at the Martingano
 wedding!

People turn around. John smiles apologetically.

JOHN
 A little louder. I don't think the
 Priest heard you.

A COUPLE in their fifties sit down next to John. The man reaches out his hand to John.

MAN
 Frank Myers.

JOHN
 (shaking his hand)
 John Ryan. This is my brother
 Jeremy.

Jeremy nods.

FRANK
 So, how do you know the groom?

JOHN
 Oh, we're --
 (quick beat of thinking)

Uncle Ned's kids.

FRANK
Uncle Ned? Is he Liz's brother?

JOHN
Yeah -- Liz's brother.

FRANK
Great. How is everybody?

JOHN
Oh really. Dad's fine. Aunt Liz
sends her best. She couldn't make
it.

FRANK
Uh -- I know. She's dead.

Jeremy leans over. He's had to do this before.

JEREMY
She sends her best from the grave.
We've become very spiritual.

FRANK
I see --

Franks smiles and turns away.

JEREMY
(sotto to John)
How many times are you gonna do
this? If you're going to commit to
a relative, be sure make you know
whether they have a pulse.

The groom comes out unto the altar. The guests turn toward
the back of the church. John and Jeremy turn to see a
groomsmen escort a very old lady to her seat.

This is MARY CLEARY, the grandmother of the bride and the
matriarch of the Cleary family. Next, two groomsmen walk the
mother of the bride, KATHLEEN CLEARY to her seat. She has the
glow of someone who has been drinking every day for the last
twenty-five years.

A cute FLOWER GIRL, about seven, walks lip the aisle,
concentrating hard on what she's supposed to be doing. She
takes two deliberate steps and them tosses some flower
petals.

FLOWER GIRL

Step. Step. Throw. Step. Step.
Throw.

She continues to do this until she gets near the altar. Noticing that she still has a lot of petals left, she empties the rest of the flowers unto the floor and sits down in the first aisle.

Next, groomsmen and bridesmaids start to walk down the aisle. One of the bridesmaids is GLORIA CLEARY, the bride's youngest sister. She's attractive in a sweet and wholesome sort of way and Jeremy elbows John.

JEREMY
(sotto)
Hello.
(then to John)
Dibs.

JOHN
All yours, my friend.

A groomsman, SACK LODGE, walks the maid of honor, CLAIRE CLEARY, the bride's sister, down the aisle. She's very attractive and John takes notice. When she gets to the altar, a String Quartet plays "Here Comes the Bride." The guests stand as the BRIDE is walked down the aisle by her father, TREASURY SECRETARY WILLIAM CLEARY.

John takes a look at the bride and turns to Jeremy.

JOHN
(continuing)
I think we've got a crier.

JEREMY
Nah --

JOHN
Twenty bucks?

JEREMY
You're on.

The Secretary walks the bride to the altar and after giving her a kiss on the cheek, sits down next to his wife. The bride immediately starts bawling.

JEREMY
Jesus --

Jeremy reaches into his wallet and hands John a twenty.

32 INT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER**32**

John and Jeremy are bored Like crazy. The Priest, FATHER O'NEIL, a grandfatherly sort, continues the service.

FATHER O'NEIL

Now, for our next reading, I'd like
to invite the bride's sister,
Gloria, up to the lectern.

JOHN

(sotto to Jeremy)

Twenty bucks says it's First
Corinthians.

JEREMY

No way. Colossians. 3:12.

Gloria walks up to the lectern, opens the bible and starts reading.

GLORIA

A reading from Paul's first letter
to the Corinthians.

Jeremy rolls his eyes. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out another, twenty and hands it to John.

GLORIA

(continuing; reading)

"Love is patient. Love is kind--"

JEREMY

(sotto, mimicking)

Love is bullshit. Love' sucks dick.

33 INT. CHURCH - FORTY FIVE MINUTES LATER**33**

Jeremy is dozing off in the pew. John elbows him. Jeremy jolts awake and dabs some fake tears under his eyes.

JEREMY

(by rote)

I just love to see young people
happy.

FATHER O'NEIL

Craig and Christina are both quite
the sailing, enthusiasts . So it
came as no surprise to any of us
when Craig proposed to Christina
while sailing the Caribbean.

John and Jeremy look at each other and feign a dry-heave.

FATHER O'NEIL

(continuing)

Speaking on behalf of all of us, I
think I can say confidently that
this marriage will be
(thinks this is clever)
smooth sailing all the way. Now,
the bride and the groom have
elected to say vows that they
themselves have written.

The RING BEARER hands the Priest the pillow that carries the rings. The Priest hands a ring to the groom who places it on the bride's finger.

GROOM

I Craig, take you Catherine to be
my wife, my best friend, and my
first mate.

Claire, the maid of honor, makes a face that says "Oh, please." John notices this and smiles.

GROOM

(continuing)

To captain our ship of love and to
stay with that ship no matter how
rough the seas.

Claire has to stifle laughter.

GROOM

(continuing)

Through health and sickness, clear
skies and squalls.

Claire lets out a little laugh. John can't take his eyes off of her. In ten years of wedding crashing, he has never seen anyone in the bridal party laugh during the vows.

GROOM

(continuing)

You are the star I set my course
to. You are my magnetic north. My
sextant always point to you.

Claire can't fight it, she laughs. She coughs to cover her laugh. The Bride looks crossly at her.

CLAIRe

Sorry. Tickle in my throat. Please
continue.

JEREMY
(to John)
Well, this is a first.

JOHN
(enamoured)
She is amazing --

The bride places a ring on the groom's finger.

BRIDE
I Christina take you, Craig, to be
my husband, my best friend, and my
Captain.

Claire's in agony, pinching herself to keep from losing it.

BRIDE
(continuing)
To be your anchor and your sail,
your starboard and your port, your
bow and your stern.

Claire has to turn around. Her shoulders are heaving.

BRIDE
(continuing)
Your life, your love, your lady,
and the sea.

Still turned around, Claire snorts, laughs.

FATHER O'NEIL
By the power vested in me the Roman
Catholic Church and by the
Commonwealth of Massachusetts, I
now pronounce you Husband and Wife.
(to the Groom)
You may now --
(a little reluctantly)
-- kiss the first mate.

Claire explodes in laughter which is drowned out by the guests' applause as the Bride and Groom walk down the aisle. The groomsmen and bridesmaids file out after them. John studies Claire the whole way down the aisle. He's enthralled. Jeremy winks at Gloria who blushes.

John and Jeremy walk through an entrance area and into a large banquet room. John's holding a gift. Off to the side is a bar area and off to the other side is a deck with an ocean view. Everything is decorated beautifully. There are opulent platters of food. A SWING BAND is playing. It's like something from Gatsby. A waiter comes by with a tray of lobster canapes. They each take one. Then Jeremy takes another. The waiter walks off. Jeremy looks around. He's in heaven. Women and food.

JEREMY

Sweet, huh? What did I tell you?

JOHN

You said it would be sweet.

John sees Claire, the Maid of Honor arrive. He smiles.

JOHN

(continuing)

Get us seats near -- but not too near -- the bridal party. I'll drop the fake present.

JEREMY

Excellent. And if you see any crab cakes, grab me sortie. Got to have some crab cakes.

John walks off to find the gift table. Jeremy surveys the room. He looks at the name cards on the plates and pulls out several name cards from his coat pocket. He shuffles through the cards and finds a style match. He takes' two other cards from the table.

JEREMY

(continuing; to himself)

Sorry Mr, and Mrs. Burgess. I'm sure we'll find you another lovely table.

Jeremy places his fake cards down on the table. CLOSE ON; The new NAME CARDS read "John Ryan" and "Jeremy Ryan."

35 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - A MINUTE LATER

35

John approaches the wedding present table and places the fake gift down. CLAIRE walks up' and starts checking out the gifts. She picks up a medium size box and gives it a little shake.

JOHN

Fondue set.

Claire's not sure what he's talking about.

CLAIRES
Excuse me?

JOHN
The present you're holding. It's a
sterling silver fondue set.

He holds out his hand.

JOHN
(continuing)
John Ryan.

CLAIRE
Claire Cleary.
(re. present)
How do you know?

JOHN
Sort of a psychic.

CLAIRE
Really?
(picks up another one)
What's this one, then?

JOHN
Knife set. Very nice. German.

Claire picks up another.

JOHN
(continuing)
Cotton linens, Egyptian.

John quickly picks up a series of presents names all of them.

JOHN
(continuing)
Place setting. Candlesticks.
Crystal Stemware -- which they'll
never use by the way and, I have to
say, is bad karma.

She holds up a small box.

JOHN
(continuing)
Massage oils and a book on Tantra.
Probably from the wacky Aunt.

CLAIRES

(looking at gift card)
Aunt Millie. Wow. You definitely
have a gift.

JOHN
Yes. Unfortunately, my powers only
apply to useless consumer products.

CLAIRE
Well, look, if one day, the police
need someone to find a missing
Belgian waffle maker, you're there.

John laughs. Claire's mom Kathleen approaches.

KATHLEEN
Claire, we need you for pictures.
(re. John)
Who's your friend?

CLAIRE
This is John Ryan.

JOHN
(to Claire)
You remembered my name. Very good.

CLAIRE
I have a gift.

She winks at him and walks away with Kathleen. Kathleen turns around and winks at him too.

36 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - BAR AREA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

36

John enters the bar area. Jeremy walks up to him. He's eating.

JEREMY
You must try the bacon wrapped
scallops.

JOHN
Will do.
(noticing a woman
approaching)
Oh shit! Isn't that the chick you
picked up at the Byrne Wedding?

JEREMY
(sees the woman, panics)
Quick hide me!

JOHN
Too late. We'll do number ten from
the playbook.

She walks up.

WOMAN
Shlomo?! I thought you were
renouncing your possessions arid
moving to Nepal.

Jeremy looks at her, feigning confusion.

WOMAN
(continuing)
Shlomo? Don't you remember me?

JOHN
Oh, God, I'm sorry. You didn't
hear, I guess. Shlomo had a bad
accident. In the Himalayas.
Sherpas, pack mules. Oxygen
deprivation. He doesn't remember
anyone. Even me, his own brother.
I'm just some nice man who helps
him out.

WOMAN
Oh, you poor dear.

Jeremy looks at her and does fake sign language to John.

JOHN
(to the woman)
I'm afraid, he can't hear you. Part
of the accident. You here for the
Cleary Wedding?

WOMAN
Yes, but I have to leave. I've got
a flight to Madrid.

Out of her sight, Jeremy mouths "Thank God" to John.

WOMAN
(continuing)
But I could hang out for a few
minutes,
(stroking Jeremy's arm)
Oh, poor Shlomo.

Jeremy does more fake sign language.

JOHN

He wants me to take him to the bathroom.

(off more fake sign language)

And he wants some crab cakes.

(to Jeremy, signing)

Okay, we'll go to the bathroom first then we'll get the crab cakes.

Jeremy signs angrily.

JOHN

(continuing; signing)

Fine. We'll get you the crab cakes first.

(to the woman)

Please excuse us.

WOMAN

(handing John a card)

Here's my number if there's anything I can do to help.

The woman walks away. Jeremy grabs the card.

JEREMY

Cool. In a couple of weeks I'll have you call her for me.

Guaranteed score. Deaf-mute amnesiac. They love that, I won't even have to buy her dinner.

JOHN

Charming. So what angle are you going to work here?

JEREMY

(looking around)

Oh -- I'll think I start with a public balloon animal display for the kids and then, when that chick draws near, do the man-haunted-by-noble-past.

JOHN

Excellent.

JEREMY

You?

JOHN

No brainer. I'm gonna work the Dad
and then dance with the little
flower girl. Public policy minded
and good with kids.

JEREMY
Beautiful.

JOHN
Let's do it.

37 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

37

Jeremy is making balloon animals for the kids. Presently, he's making an elephant. He hands 'the finished elephant to a kid. All the other kids are impressed. Jeremy looks around for Gloria, the bridesmaid he had "dibs" on at the ceremony. She looking at him from the corner of the room.

JEREMY
Okay, who's next?

A BRATTY KID steps to the front of the crowd.

BRATTY KID
I want a bicycle.

JEREMY
A bike takes too many balloons.
Uncle Jeremy's a little out of
breath. How about a giraffe?
Giraffe's are cool.

The bratty kid gets right in Jeremy's face.

BRATTY KID
Make me a bicycle.

38 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

38

John is dancing with the Flower Girl who's counting her steps.

FLOWER GIRL
One, two, three, step. One, two,
three, step.

JOHN

Tell you what. Why don't you just step on my shoes and I'll show you a few moves you can bust out on your classmates. Would you like that?

FLOWER GIRL

Yes, please.

She steps on John's shoes and he moves the Flower Girl around the floor like Gene Kelly. She's laughing and having the time of her life. Claire notices John and smiles at him. John smiles back and dips the Flower Girl, who's eating this up.

KATHLEEN CLEARY, the mother of the bride, steps in.

KATHLEEN

(to John)

Let's see how you do with someone your own age.

She's twice his age.

JOHN

I think I'm up to the challenge,

(to the Flower Girl)

Save me a dance later.

The Flower Girl smiles and walks away. John spins Kathleen around the dance floor.

JOHN

(continuing)

So, how long have you and the Secretary been married?

KATHLEEN

Oh, thirty years next April.

JOHN

Wow.

KATHLEEN

Ydah, and we were faithful for two of them.

She grabs Johns ass. CLOSE ON: John's stunned expression.

39 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

39

Jeremy hands an incredibly elaborate balloon bicycle to the bratty kid. Gloria walks up and notices the balloon.

GLORIA
(to Jeremy)
You're good.

JEREMY
This is nothing. Yesterday I made
my grandma a new house. Real nice
one, too. With a pool.

Gloria laughs.

GLORIA
Okay, then I'll take a sports car.

JEREMY
Or how about a dance instead?

GLORIA
That's what I really wanted.

Jeremy pulls Gloria out on the dance floor.

40 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - CONTINUOUS

40

John is with Secretary Cleary.

SEC. CLEARY
You read my position paper on
market expansion in Micronesia?

JOHN
Of course. Read it while I was
sailing my boat to Bermuda.

SEC. CLEARY
Ah, a sailor. Good man. Hey, you
didn't happen to catch my speech on
the Paraguayan Debt and Money
Supply issue, did you?

JOHN
Are you kidding me? It was
brilliant. Now if only Congress
weren't so short-sighted.

Secretary Cleary is thrilled by John's praise.

SEC. CLEARY
Yes, yes! So short-sighted.
(putting his arm around
John)

John, what do you say you and I
head out to the deck and light up a
couple of cigars?

JOHN
Nothing would make me happier, sir.

41 INT, CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - CONTINUOUS

41

Jeremy and Gloria are dancing to a slower song.

GLORIA
And you saved his life?

JEREMY
Yeah, some others weren't so lucky.
It still shakes me up to talk about
it.

GLORIA
I'm sorry.

JEREMY
(a little choked up)
It's okay. It's just -- we lost
some really good men.

Jeremy stops dancing and looks down, deep in thought.

JEREMY
(continuing; then)
If you'll excuse me. I think I need
to get some air.
(shaking her hand)
It was nice meeting you.

Jeremy walks off towards the exit.

42 EXT. BEACH - A MINUTE LATER

42

Jeremy walks down toward the ocean.

GLORIA (O.S.)
Jeremy! Wait up.

Over Jeremy's shoulder, we see Gloria running to catch up to
him. Jeremy smiles to himself. He's got her.

43 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - DECK AREA - LATER

43

John and Sec. Cleary are out on the deck, smoking cigars, and looking out at the ocean.

SEC. CLEARY

John, you seem like an astute man.

JOHN

Thank you, sir.

SEC. CLEARY

Maybe you can help explain something to me.

(nodding towards the corner of the deck)

See that young man over there?

John looks to see a young man, about 22. He's an intense, morose, artiste.

He's plucking petals off a rose and tossing them into the ocean, watching each petal intently as it falls. This is Secretary Cleary's son, TODD.

SEC. CLEARY

(continuing)

That's my son, Todd.

(shaking his head)

Twenty-two years old. The whole world in front of him. Every advantage in life. Advantages I never had. Well, that's not exactly true. He had the same advantages I had, which is a hell of a lot of advantages. So here's my question: what does he have to be so morose about? I don't know sir. Maybe he hasn't found anything to believe in yet.

SEC. CLEARY

Oh, he says he believes in --

(with disdain)

-- art. But all I've seen.him do is dribble his own blood on a canvas, then smear it around with a stick. Well, some people think that's art.

SEC. CLEARY

It's crap. Whatever happened to public service, our obligation to our fellow man?

(noticing a waiter, he holds up his glass)

Um, Franklin. My daiquiri's at half mast.

FRANKLIN, the waiter, grabs the glass.

FRANKLIN
Right away, sir.

JOHN
I'm sure he's, you know, just
finding his way.

SEC. CLEARY
And perhaps I should take it easier
on him?

JOHN
Perhaps.

SEC, CLEARY
Yeah. Maybe your right,

TODD
(screaming out towards
the ocean)
Death! You are my bitch lover!

SEC. CLEARY
Good, Todd, that's good! You tell
that -- mean -- ocean.

John nods and smiles at Cleary.

44 EXT. BEACH - LATER

44

Jeremy and Gloria are sitting in a deserted cove. She's completely smitten.

GLORIA
And so you dove into the icy water
to save him?

JEREMY
Yeah, well, I'm sure anyone would
do the same.

GLORIA
I've always wondered about this.
It's so amazing to me. Why would a
man risk his own life to save the
life of someone he doesn't even
know?

JEREMY

Well, the great 19th century philosopher Schopenhauer asked that very question and this is how he answered it. He said that at that moment when a person sees another in danger, there is a breaking in of a metaphysical awareness. You know what that awareness is?

GLORIA

(expectantly)

What?

JEREMY

That we are all one. That separateness is an illusion. That I am one with everyone.

JEREMY

The Prime Minister of England, my great Uncle Harry, you, me, the fat kid on "What's Happening," We are all one.

GLORIA

We are?

JEREMY

Yes.

(taking her hand)

My hand -- is your hand.

(touching her cheek)

My cheek -- is your cheek.

(touching her lips)

My lips --

GLORIA

Are my lips?

JEREMY

Yes.

She kisses him passionately.

45 EXT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - DECK AREA ~ CONTINUOUS

45

John is still with Sec. Cleary. Claire walks up.

SEC. CLEARY

Claire, there's someone I want you to meet. This is John Ryan.

CLAIRe
We've met. He's psychic.

SEC. CLEARY
Really? Well, maybe he can tell me
where my daiquiri is.
(shouting)
Franklin! Oh, Franklin!

Sec. Cleary exits.

CLAIRe
You're a big hit at this wedding.

JOHN
A lot of nice people here.

CLAIRe
Oh, they're full of shit.

JOHN
Excuse me?

CLAIRe
The only reason ninety-percent of
these people are here is because of
my Dad. They're all suckling at the
power-teat.

JOHN
Yeah. Well, I'm here for the
crabcakes and the power-teat. When
is the suckling, by the way? After
the first dance?

She laughs.

CLAIRe
I don't know. Everyone walking
around trying to act like they
care. It's awful. Plus the place is
rife with lawyers. A gazillion
lawyers.

JOHN
Not big on lawyers, huh?

CLAIRe
Hate 'em. I mean -- you're not one
are you?

JOHN

Oh God, no. But just out of
curiosity, what have you got
against lawyers?

CLAIRES
Lawyers are by nature liars. And I
hate liars.

We see a few people slap Sec. Cleary on the back and share a
laugh with him.

CLAIRES
(continuing)
See? Suckling.

John laughs. He's finding Claire completely adorable.

JOHN
Maybe, but I think most people come
to weddings, even this one, because
they want to believe they're in the
presence of true love, that true
love is possible. Even the lawyers.
And the sucklers.

CLAIRES
True love, huh? And what is "true
love," John Ryan?

JOHN
Well -- true love is your soul's
recognition of it's counterpoint in
another.

This obviously moves her, but she tries to wave it off.

CLAIRES
Well, that's a little grandiose.

JOHN
Perhaps. So are you giving a toast?

CLAIRES
Yes! Normally I'm terrible at these
things, but I think this one's
pretty good.

She hands John a piece of paper. He reads it over.

CLAIRES
(continuing)
I had to fight the urge to be
completely honest. What do you
think?

JOHN

I think the urge won.

CLAIRe

What are you talking about?!

JOHN

You can't say this.

CLAIRe

Why not?

JOHN

(reading, incredulously)

"I never thought my sister would
find someone who cared about what
people thought as much as she did.
Until I met Craig."

CLAIRe

What? I It's funny. Funny because
it's true. People like funny.

JOHN

No, see, the funny because-it's-
true bit only works if the truth is
a small thing like "Tim's a little
frugal" or "We all know Jennifer
likes to shop. Ha. Ha," I mean,
people are here for a wedding, not
to see Don Rickies at the Sands.
I'd give it a fifteen, maybe a
twenty percent chance of a laugh.
Not worth it. See, people want
something from the heart.

CLAIRe

(a little perturbed)

Well I think people are gonna love
it.

JOHN

Nope, you're gonna get dead
silence. Crickets.

CLAIRe

You're wrong. I'm going to stick
with it.

JOHN

Fine. I'll be in the back of the
room waiting to tell you I told you
so.

46 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - BANQUET ROOM - LATER

46

The BEST MAN finishing up his toast.

BEST MAN.

But I think Bruce Springsteen said it best when-he-said, "Someday baby, I don't know when, we're gonna find that place where we walk in the sun." And I just want to say how happy I am that my best friend and the woman he loves have found that place. It's truly inspiring to us all.

An audible "aww" comes from the guests. They clink their glasses. John, standing in the back of room makes eye contact with Claire. John makes the gag sign. Claire stands up.

CLAIRe

I never thought my sister would find someone who cared about what people thought as much as she did. Until I met Craig.

Not a laugh in the place. In fact people are dismayed.

CLAIRe

(continuing)

As you all know both my sister and Craig are lawyers at big firms in New York. But that's not the only thing they have in common. You see, they both have the same favorite color. Green.

(beat)

Uh -- like -- money? You know?

Again, not a laugh. The guests are starting to shift in their seats.

CLAIRe

(continuing)

Look, I'm sorry. I'm not really good at this sort of thing.

She looks to John, who points to his heart.

CLAIRe

(continuing)

But I will tell you this. I've heard it said that true love is the soul's recognition of it's counterpoint in another. That's a very rare thing in this world and it's something to be valued. And I'm just really happy that my sister has found it.

The guests-all say "aww." The bride starts to cry, rushes up and hugs Claire. The guests applaud. Claire looks over at John who motions for her to meet him in the bar.

47 EXT. BEACH - SIMULTANEOUS

47

Jeremy and Gloria are under a blanket. They've just had sex.

GLORIA

That's was so amazing.

JEREMY

Yeah, great. What do you say we head back?

GLORIA

I always knew my first time would be on the beach. I'm just so happy it was you.

CLOSE ON: Jeremy. He gulps in fear.

JEREMY

Wait a minute. First time?

She nods.

JEREMY

(continuing)

You were a virgin?

GLORIA

Mm-hrnm. Oh, Jeremy, we're gonna be so happy together. I love you.

CLOSE ON: Jeremy. A look of total panic.

48 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - BAR AREA - SIMULTANEOUS

48

John and Claire meet in the bar.

CLAIRE

Thank you!

JOHN

Now you know never to doubt me.

CLAIRE

God, it was exhilarating. It was --

She leans in the hug John but before she can, SACK (one of the groomsmen) rushes up to her. Sack, early thirties, is great looking,. Ivy League, rich, works for noble causes. The guy every guy hates.

SACK

Claire, you were awesome.

Sack and Claire kiss. John is dumbstruck.

CLAIRE

John, this is my boyfriend, Sack.

JOHN

(halfheartedly)

Nice to meet you.

SACK

(to Claire)

Let's dance.

CLAIRE

(to John)

It was great meeting you.

She shakes his hand.

JOHN

Yeah, you too.

John takes a big slug of his drink. Jeremy rushes up to him.

JEREMY

Dude, we've got to get out of here.
ASAP. I've got a stage five
clinger.

JOHN

I need more time.

JEREMY

You're not hearing me. She's a
stage five! A virgin clinger! I'll
start the car.

John is looking over at Claire and Sack.

JEREMY

(continuing; off John's
look at Claire)

Give it up already. Her sister told
me she's got a boyfriend. Tough
luck. We all have our bad days. I
need us to leave right now!

Secretary Cleary approaches with Gloria and his wife.

SEC. CLEARY
There you two are.

JEREMY

Actually -- we're about to leave.
It's been a lovely wedding.
(to Gloria)
I'll call you. It's a promise.

SEC. CLEARY
(ignoring Jeremy, to
.John)

Well, look, we always hate to see
the wedding end so we keep the
party going back at our little
place on the Vineyard. It's sort of
a Cleary family tradition. And,
well, since we've all taken a shine
to you, we'd love you to be our
guests for the weekend. What do you
say?

Gloria smiles hopefully. Kathleen Cleary does the same.
Claire and Sack approach the group. John looks at Claire.

JOHN
We'd love to.

JEREMY
What? I We don't have any other
clothes!

SEC. CLEARY
Oh, we have everything you need out
on the island.

JEREMY
But I promised my Granny I'd take
her to the park.

GLORIA
And I'm sure daddy can hire
somebody to take your Granny to the
park.

SEC. CLEARY
Not a problem.

JOHN
Great! Done.

John smiles. Jeremy starts to say something and John steps on his foot. Cleary slaps John on the back.

49 EXT. YACHT - THAT AFTERNOON

49

John, Jeremy and about fifteen others are on the Cleary yacht, a large expanse of boat, sailing toward Martha's Vineyard. John and Jeremy stand at the stern of the boat. Gloria approaches the guys.

GLORIA
Jeremy, sweetie, I'm making lemonade. Interested?

JEREMY
Sure, sure. That'd be great, honey.

She smiles and crosses away.

JEREMY
(continuing; sotto)
And could you put some heroin in it? John, this is against the rules! You've got a wedding and a reception to seal the deal. Period.
No overtime!

JOHN
Oh really? No overtime? Need I remind you of the Chung wedding, 1997?

JEREMY
All right, look --

JOHN
We finished the reception. I'm ready to go home. Next thing you know, you're dragging me to watch you and some chick play mah-jongg with her grandmother thirty miles away at a retirement home.

JEREMY
I needed to do that, all right?!

JOHN

You needed to do that -- ha.

JEREMY

She was into her grandma! You know
the drill!

John scoffs.

JEREMY

(continuing; loudly)
It was my first Asian!

The people on the boat turn around and look at Jeremy John
shoots him a look.

JOHN

Look, I just need some alone time
with her.

JEREMY

She's got a boyfriend.

JOHN

They all have boyfriends. So what?

JEREMY

Okay. Fine. Get some alone time,
seal the deal and let's get the
fuck away from these people.

Sack walks over to them.

SACK

Gentlemen. Everything okay?

JOHN

Oh yeah. Fine.

Sack looks overboard.

SACK

Oh man, will you check that out. A
school of bluefish.

John and Jeremy lean over to take a look.

SACK

(continuing)

You know, these waters use to be flush with bluefish. And then the corporate polluters came in and well, you can guess the rest. After we, and I mean the National Environmental Defense League under my stewardship, got Massachusetts to pass the Bluefish Revival Act --

JOHN
Bluefish Revival Act? They were at Woodstock, right?

Sack laughs insincerely. William Cleary ambles over, cocktail in hand, and quickly looks overboard.

SEC. CLEARY
My God! Are those bluefish?
(then)
You know, Sack here is single handedly responsible for the spurt in the bluefish population.

Jeremy's about to crack wise-ass but John elbows him.

JOHN
Yes we heard.

SEC. CLEARY
Well, anyway, listen, as soon as we get to the compound we were thinking about a little touch football.game. Sort of a Cleary family tradition. What do you say?

JOHN
Absolutely.

JEREMY
Great.

SEC. CLEARY
Good!
(examines his glass)
Damn, my daiquiri's at low-tide.
(looks overboard)
God, I love those bluefish.

Jeremy looks overboard. Cleary gives Jeremy a hard but friendly slap on the back and Jeremy falls into the ocean.

Jeremy is wet and shivering on the deck. As the boat approaches land, John and Jeremy can see the Cleary family compound on Martha's Vineyard. It's a huge, old beachfront mansion with a large lawn and adirondack chairs strewn about. There's also a dock, housing various sailboats.

JEREMY
 (sotto to John)
 That's the "little place back on
 the Vineyard?"

51 EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

51

Jeremy and John line up in a scrimmage with other guests including Claire, Cleary, and Sack. Todd, Claire's younger brother sits in a lawnchair on the sideline reading.

John hikes the ball to Jeremy and goes out for a pass. He's being covered by Sack. John fakes like he's doing an "out" pattern but goes long. Sack, is completely fooled. John catches the pass from Jeremy for a touchdown. John is congratulated by his teammates. Sack fumes.

52 EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - A FEW MINUTES LATER

52

John hikes the ball to Jeremy. Sack rushes in, aiming for John. He misses him and completely flattens Jeremy who manages to get the pass off.

ANGLE ON: John racing downfield. He reaches out to catch the pass, however Claire intercepts. She does a little pivot dance to get around John. John mimics her wildly. She laughs. He touch/tags her.

CLAIRe
 Not fair' You made me laugh!

JOHN
 No, it's not fair. Yet a lot of
 things in life aren't fair.

He mimics her again. She laughs and looks upfield.

CLAIRe
 Hey, is your friend okay?

ANGLE ON: A few people are dragging Jeremy's seemingly lifeless body off the field. John runs over.

SACK
 I don't know what got into me.

SEC. CLEARY

I do! Five generations of Lodge family breeding. Hell, your father used to pull the same stunt when we were your age.

Sack and Cleary share a laugh. John rushes over to Jeremy.

JOHN

Are you all right?

SEC. CLEARY

Oh he's fine! Hey, Jeremy, why don't you sit out the next play. Todd, come on in.

Todd looks up from his book.

TODD

You must be joking.

SEC. CLEARY

It wouldn't kill you to play some competitive sports once in a while, would it?

Todd scoffs. Cleary rolls his eyes.

JEREMY

(grabbing his side)

It's ok. It's ok. Um, perhaps Todd could donate a kidney instead.

Gloria rushes over, hyper-concerned. She leans over him and sticks her tongue half way down his throat. Jeremy jumps up to get away from her.

JEREMY

(continuing)

Good, good. I'm better now. Second down.

53 EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - A MINUTE LATER

53

Different scrimmage. John is the quarterback. Jeremy hikes it to him as Sack comes in to rush. John whips the ball quickly to Jeremy who is pummeled and flattened by Sack.

SACK

Damn! What in the world is wrong with me?!

SEC. CLEARY

Nature versus nurture, Lodge.
Nature always wins.

They share another overly-exaggerated manly chortle.

SEC. CLEARY
(continuing)
Let's take a daiquiri time-out.

John walks over to Jeremy.

JOHN
You all right?

JEREMY
Um -- I may need you to perform the
Heimlich maneuver. I think I'm
choking on my own nuts. Do we get
to leave now?

JOHN
No.

Gloria rushes over with her mother, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN
Honey, let's take him in the house
and get him fixed up.

GLORIA
Sure, Mom.

Gloria helps Jeremy up who is practically concussive. They hobble into the house, leaving John alone with Kathleen.

KATHLEEN
(to John)
It's so hot out. Why don't you play
in your underwear?

She gives him a long, flirtatious look.

JOHN
Umm --

KATHLEEN
Think about it. I'll make you a
drink.

John stares at her perplexed as she walks off.

Jeremy is sitting on the edge of the tub in serious pain as Gloria applies mecurichrome to his wounds.

JEREMY

Ah man! That stings!

GLORIA

Ohhh, poor baby. Want me to blow --
on it?

JEREMY

It's fine.

She gets on his lap. RANDOLPH, the early 40's Jamaican butler passes by the open bathroom door. They don't see him.

GLORIA

You know, I'm not wearing panties.

Randolph's shocked. He clears his throat. They look up. Gloria jumps off Jeremy's lap. Randolph speaks with a thick Jamaican accent.

RANDOLPH

Oh, don't worry, little Gloria.
Mum's the word.

GLORIA

Thank you, Randolph.

RANDOLPH

A little more discreet though,
okay?

Randolph shuts the door, shakes his head and walks away.

JEREMY

Oh Jesus --

GLORIA

Don't worry. He won't say anything.
Now where were we? Oh right, I'm
not wearing panties.

She starts to straddle him again.

JEREMY

It's like eight hours ago you were
a shy virgin. Now you're not
wearing panties?

GLORIA

(purring)

You do that to me.

She starts kissing him. He moves her off his lap.

JEREMY

Gloria, look, I'm tired. It's been
a long day. Not to mention that
your sister's boyfriend made a
smoothy with my nards. I'm not
exactly in the mood.

GLORIA

(pissed off)

Fine.

She takes a swab of mecurichrome and stabs his wound.

JEREMY

Aaaaaaarrrrrrrgh!

GLORIA

My Father warned me about people
like you! I'm just another notch on
your belt!

JEREMY

No, no, it's not like that!

GLORIA

What's it like then, Jeremy?! Huh?!

Huh?!

JEREMY

It's like --

She takes another load of medicine and tortures another
wound.

JEREMY

(continuing)

Aaaaaaaaaarrrrrrgh!

(quickly)

Ok, ok. It's like you're so, uh,
damn precious that I would -- uh --
feel like -- uh -- I'm using you if
we took every opportunity to
express our -- love -- in a
physical way. It diminishes the
poetry of this thing that we have.

She melts into his arms.

GLORIA

You're my knight, in shining armor.

JEREMY

Cool. Good. Good.

GLORIA
Don't ever leave me.

JEREMY
Oh no. Never. Don't you worry --

GLORIA
Good.
(beat)
Because I'll find you.

They get up. Jeremy's stressed. They exit into the hallway.

55 INT. CLEARY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

55

Jeremy and Gloria pass Sec. Cleary.

SEC. CLEARY
Get him all patched up, Glory-bug?

GLORIA
I sure did, Daddy.

SEC. CLEARY
Well, you go change for dinner.

She gives Jeremy a peck on the cheek and walks away.

SEC. CLEARY
(continuing)
You really seem to make her happy,
son.

JEREMY
Oh well -- yeah.

SEC. CLEARY
Well, she's my youngest and I spoil
her a bit. I can only hope you
treat her honorably. You know,
she's not just another notch on the
ol' belt.

JEREMY
Oh no, no. Of course not, sir.

SEC. CLEARY
Good, good. Because that would make
me angry in ways you cannot
possibly imagine.
(beat)

And I'm a very powerful man.

JEREMY
Right -- yes, sir.

SEC. CLEARY
Yeah --

(pondering)
Boy, I wish to Christ we could get
her off that mood medication. Oh
well, see you downstairs for
dinner.

Cleary walks away. Jeremy is now horrified.

56 INT. CLEARY FAMILY DINING ROOM - LATER

56

An opulent dinner for fifteen is in the process of being served. Cleary is at the head of the table. His mother GRANDMA MARY, a woman who looks nearly 100, sits next to him. The rest of the family, Sack, and the other guests fill out the table. Randolph, the Jamaican butler, stands nearby.

John and Jeremy enter the alcove just outside the dining room. John looks at Sack. He's holding court. John's nauseated.

JOHN
(intense but sotto)
Jer, you have the visine?

JEREMY
No' Not the visine! It's too early!

JOHN
I need the visine, goddamit. Give
it to me!

JEREMY
You know the rules. The visine is a
last resort. The visine's a fucking
felony.

JOHN
I can't get any alone time with
her. The guy won't leave her side.
I need the visine.

JEREMY

The visine's fucking hard-core. A few drops in his drink and he'll spend the next twenty-four hours going down on a toilet seat, puking his guts out.

ANGLE ON: Sack at the dinner table.

SACK

-- so when I picked up the little sea otter and wiped the oil off him from the tanker spill, I swear he -- smiled. It was a little -- otter smile. You know, all teeth, the whiskers kind of pert --

ANGLE ON: Jeremy and John. Jeremy reaches into his pocket.

JEREMY

Okay, here's the visine.

John and Jeremy enter the dining room.

SEC. CLEARY

Here they are!

They sit down near the head of the table. Gloria has saved a seat for Jeremy right next to her.

FATHER O' NEIL

Heavenly Father --

Everyone bows their heads. John quickly squirts the visine into Sack's wine.

FATHER O' NEIL

(continuing)

We thank you for the bounty on this table and ask you bless our family and friends here assembled. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

They all make the sign of the cross. Jeremy, preoccupied, doesn't until John nudges him. Randolph walks over with a platter and sets it on the table.

SEC. CLEARY

Oh, these scallops look fantastic.

SACK

I brought them from an organic scallop farm right off Nauggesett.

CLAIRe

(proudly)

Yeah, Sack talked the Governor into
subsidizing part of the project.

SACK

Yup. Now, it's the state's only
self-sustaining scallop farm.

JOHN

Say that five times fast.

Claire laughs, then stops herself.

JEREMY

(pointedly to Sack)

I bet they're tasty. Maybe I'll try
them when my jaw heals.

SACK

Again, I'm sorry, Jeremy. It's that
damn competitive streak. I'm seeing
a Buddhist about it.

SEC. CLEARY

Oh, not just any Buddhist. His
Holiness the Dalai Lama. He's a
friend.

JEREMY

Really? I'm seeing a orthopedist
when I get back to-town. Not just
any orthopedist. Dr. Epstein --

JOHN

(sotto, to Jeremy)

Enough, ok?

(to Sack)

He's just fooling around. So how
long have you and Claire been
together, Sack.

SACK

Uh -- I don't know. What's it been,
Claire? A couple of years?

CLAIRe

Three and a half.

(to John and Jeremy)

We started dating while we were
doing that Habitat for Humanity
thing.

Sack smiles.

SACK

Anyway, John, tell me how you're connected to the family again?

JOHN

Uncle Ned's kids.

JEREMY

You know -- Uncle Ned? The brother of -- Aunt Liz?

John and Jeremy bow their heads and make the sign of the cross.

SACK

(suspicious)

Uh-huh --

We see Gloria reach her hand under the table and grab Jeremy's crotch. Jeremy's eyes bug out. He tries to push her arm away. Gloria, her arm hidden by the table cloth, begins to furiously masturbate Jeremy.

SEC. CLEARY

So John and his brother here are venture capitalists.

JEREMY

(falsetto)

That's right)

John looks at him strangely, then looks down. He sees what's happening and gives Jeremy a shocked look.

SEC. CLEARY

That's great. The venture capitalist. The backbone of the system. The new pioneer.

CLAIRE

So is it just about money?

Sack feigns disgust.

JOHN

Oh -- no, no! Not at all. It's about, you know, investing in projects that are both ethically and morally defensible.

SACK

Like what, for example?

JOHN

(making this up as he goes along)

Like what? Oh, you know, we've got company that, uh, takes the wool from sheep and uh, and turns it into thread for the homeless people to sew -- into cloth and then make, you know shirts and pants to sell at a profit. Everybody wins.

CLAIRE

Cool --

SACK

Mmm. What's it called?

Jeremy is near climax.

JEREMY

(falsetto)

Holy sh --

JOHN

(quickly)

Holy Shirts And Pants.

The group nods approvingly. Oleary's wife Kathleen looks at John and licks her lips seductively. John's horrified. Sack reaches down and feels his stomach. Something's-wrong.

SACK

I don't feel so good.

SEC. CLEARY

(ignoring Sack)

That's a hell of a good project.
Let me mention something to the
Commerce secretary.

JOHN

Great, great.

GRANDMA MARY

Isn't my Willy doing a wonderful job there in Washington?

JOHN

Oh yes, Ma'am.

SEC. CLEARY

Oh Mommy --

KATHLEEN

(sarcastically)

He still calls his mother "Mommy."
Isn't that cute?

Kathleen slams down her wine and pours another. Gloria is finished with Jeremy. She giggles. Jeremy is spent.

GRANDMA MARY
The President is so proud of my
Willy.

GLORIA
(sotto, to Jerdmy)
I'm so proud of yout willy.

Jeremy, shocked, takes a drink of water.

GRANDMA MARY
You know, Willy's predecessor was a
Jew.

Jeremy spits up his water.

SEC. CLEARY
Mommy, let's not go there. Saul
Rothstein was a good man.

GRANDMA MARY
Maybe so.
(beat)
For a Jew.

CLAIRe
Grandma, you can't talk that way.
You can't feel that way. It's not
right!

SEC. CLEARY
(to the table)
Mommy's a little old-fashioned.

JEREMY
(sotto, to John)
Yeah. Like Hitler.

GRANDMA MARY
What did you say his name was
again, Willy? Hymie Bergstein? I
always forget his name. Bur. my
God, did he have a nose on him.

Jeremy's aghast. It's like he's eating with the Gestapo.

CLAIRe
Grandma!

GRANDMA MARY

Well, you could have used it to
flip pancakes. It was like a
spatula. I mean you could write the
Ten Commandments on each side of
that thing.

JOHN

(to Grandma Mary)

Ma'am, I have to tell you I happen
to have a lot of very good friends
who are Jewish. As does my brother.

JEREMY

Very close to the Jews.

GRANDMA MARY

(how dare you?!)

Really?

JOHN

Yes. Really.

CLAIRE

(to John)

Thank you. Finally someone speaks
up.

SEC. CLEARY

Of course. We all have Jewish
friends! Nothing wrong with that.

GRANDMA MARY

Well I guess you have to now,
especially if you're doing anything
in finance. They own all of that.
Can somebody bring me' another
sherry?

Randolph pours her another sherry. She downs it while holding
onto the butler's sleeve. She makes him pour another.

Sack grabs his stomach. He's turning green.

SACK

I've gotta go.

He stands up.

CLAIRE

What's wrong, honey?

SACK

Gotta -- go.

Sack bolts from the table.

SEC. CLEARY
Oh dear. Hope he's okay --

JOHN
Well, there's a lot of flu going around.

JEREMY
But his eyes are sure clear.

John elbows Jeremy. John, passes a platter to Todd.

TODD
Oh, I don't eat meat or fish.

GRANDMA MARY
(beat, sweetly)
He's a homo.

CLAIRe
Grandma!

GRANDMA MARY
What? He can't help it. They say it's genetic.
(indicating Kathleen)
From her side of the family.

Todd's head sinks. Jeremy gives him a sympathetic pat on the arm. Todd looks at Jeremy -- lovingly.

CLAIRe
(changing topic)
Todd's an amazing painter. He's going to the Rhode Island School of Design.

JOHN
Wow. That's very impressive.

TODD
Dad used to think I was a political liability, you know, in case he ever ran for President.

SEC. CLEARY
Oh Todd.
(to John)
Well, actually, truth be told, polling shows a majority of the American people would ultimately empathize with our situation.

TODD
What is "our situation," Dad?!

GRANDMA MARY
You're a homo.

KATHLEEN
Oh, for Chrissakes, William. Put
Mommy to bed already!

SEC. CLEARY
Okay. Mommy, we've had a long day.

Cleary motions over Randolph, who helps Grandma Mary up.

GRANDMA MARY
I can do it myself, asshole.

Grandma Mary, clearly drunk, shuffles off. Todd, pissed off, gets up and storms off.

TODD
I'll be in my room. Painting --
homo things.

KATHLEEN
You go right ahead, Toddy.

JOHN
(to Claire)
So maybe after dinner we could take
a walk?

CLAIREE
How about now? I can't take this
anymore. They're driving me crazy.

JOHN
Great! Let me just change my shoes.

CLAIREE
Irl1 be outside waiting. Hurry up.

JOHN
Absolutely.

Claire gets up and hastily exits. John looks at Jeremy and winks. He gets up and exits in the opposite direction.

John is sitting on the bed putting on some top-siders. We hear the door open and then shut. John looks up. We see Kathleen Cleary. She's topless. John gasps.

KATHLEEN
I just got my tits done.

JOHN
(jaw agape)
Uh-huh.

KATHLEEN
Do you like them?

JOHN
Uh, yes. Those -- are great --
tits.

KATHLEEN
William doesn't appreciate my tits.

JOHN
Well, darn him. Mrs. Cleary, I
don't think --

KATHLEEN
Call me Kat.

JOHN
Okay, Kat, I don't think that --

KATHLEEN
Call me Kitty-Kat.

JOHN
Uh, look -- Kitty-Kat -- I really
don't think this is appropriate --

She walks toward John and stands right over him.

KATHLEEN
Feel them.

JOHN
What?!

KATHLEEN
I said feel them.

JOHN
Mrs. Cleary --

KATHLEEN
Kitty-Kat.

JOHN

Kitty-Kat, are you out of your fucking mind?

KATHLEEN

I'm not letting you out of this room until you feel them.

John sighs. He reluctantly reaches up and feels her breasts.

JOHN

They're very nice. Okay?

She moans deeply. She grabs her blouse and buttons it up.

KATHLEEN

We will be lovers before this weekend is up.

She blows him a kiss and exits. John shakes his head; what the hell just happened?

58 INT. HALLWAY - A MINUTE LATER

58

John is walking down the hallway. He passes Todd's room. Todd's painting. He sees John.

TODD (O.S.)

Mom make you feel her tits?

John stops and backs up.

JOHN

What?! No!

TODD

It's okay. I can tell. You have that "Mom made me feel her tits" look on your face. Don't worry about it. She usually picks one male guest a weekend to sexually harass.

JOHN

Oh Jesus --

TODD

Don't say anything to Dad, though. Some friend of my sister said something to Dad a couple of years ago and he now lives in Paraguay. And not by choice.

JOHN
Good to know.

TODD
No problem --

John hurriedly continues down the hall. He runs into Jeremy, shuffling down the hall looking completely spent.

JEREMY
What's wrong?

JOHN
Nothing. I'm just trying to get outside to meet Claire.

JEREMY
You've got a weird look on your face.

JOHN
(through gritted teeth)
Claire's Mom made me grope her boobies, okay?!

JEREMY
Hmm. She get them done? They look pretty good.

John stares at him a beat.

JOHN
What's wrong with you?

John continues on down the hall.

JEREMY
What? I just asked --

JOHN
Shut up!

JEREMY
(calling out to him)
You go enjoy yourself! I'm just gonna go spit up some blood and ice down my balls.

Jeremy enters his room.

Jeremy enters his guest room. Immediately he sees Grandma Mary sleeping in his bed. He thinks he's walked into the wrong room, but notices his cumberbund and jacket hanging over the chair. He goes over to the bed and gently nudges Grandma. She looks at him and screams. Jeremy screams.

GRANDMA MARY
What do you want?

JEREMY
You're in my room.

GRANDMA MARY
Oh dear. I am. Too much sherry. Can you carry me to my room?

JEREMY
What?

GRANDMA MARY
I think I'm too drunk to walk.

JEREMY
Uh, okay, sure.

60 EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - SIMULTANEOUS

60

John steps outside to meet Claire.

CLAIREE
What took you so long?

JOHN
I'm sorry. I got --
(searching for word)
-- held up.

CLAIREE
Strange family, huh?

JOHN
Yeah -- a little.
(beat)
So where should we go?

Sec. Cleary pokes his head out the door.

SEC. CLEARY
Claire, Sack was asking for you.

Claire looks at John.

CLAIREE

(to Sec. Cleary)
Could you tell him I'm busy?

SEC. CLEARY
He's in pretty bad shape.

CLAIRES
(grudgingly)
All right -- I'm coming.

Cleary nods and goes back into the house.

CLAIRES
(continuing)
Sorry, John. Maybe we can find time
tomorrow.

JOHN
Yeah, sure, tomorrow then.

Claire starts to head back into the house.

JOHN
(continuing)
Hey, help him get better soon -- I
saw some otters earlier and they
were -- frowning.

CLAIRES
(smiling)
Be nice.

Claire exits into the house. Cleary pokes his head back out.

SEC. CLEARY
John, my boy. Brandies? Den?

JOHN
Yeah. Great. I'll be right in.

John looks up at the sky, frustrated by his missed "walk with
Claire" opportunity.

JOHN
(continuing)
Fuck, fuck, fuck!

61 EXT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

61

Jeremy's carrying Grandma down the hall.

GRANDMA MARY
You're very strong.

She giggles, than falls asleep. We see Randolph poke his head out of his room, and obviously misinterpret what's going on.

JEREMY

(to Randolph)

Oh, uh, okay -- I know this looks
kind of strange --

RANDOLPH

You're bangin' the daughter and the
grandma?! How much jam you got,
mon?

JEREMY

No no! It's not like that!

RANDOLPH

Listen, mon. The family dog lives
downstairs. I can wake him up for
you, too, if you like.

JEREMY

Look, you've got it totally wrong!

RANDOLPH

Just be gentle wit her, mon. Okay?
She be pushing ninety.

Randolph returns to his room. Jeremy stands there dumbfounded.

62 INT. RANDOLPH'S ROOM - CONTINOUS

62

Randolph shakes his head, lights a bong and takes a monster hit.

RANDOLPH

(to himself, while
exhaling)

Good God. It's a mutter-fucking
freak show here --

63 INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

63

Jeremy is laying in bed tossing and turning. He's sore.

64 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

64

John is laying in bed, eyes open, wide awake.

65 INT. SACK'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

65

Sack is laying on the bathroom floor. He pops up to retch into the toilet.

66 INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

66

Claire is laying in bed, and like John, she's wide awake.

67 INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

67

CLOSE ON: Jeremy. He's asleep. We see two legs straddle him. He awakens with a jolt.

JEREMY

Hey!

Pull back to reveal Gloria. She starts tying his right arm to the bed post.

JEREMY

(continuing)

What are you doing?!

GLORIA

Listen, I know what you were saying before and I started thinking that maybe I'm not being exciting and adventurous for you.

She ties his other arm to the bed post.

JEREMY

Gloria --

GLORIA

Sssh. You'll wake everybody.

(beat)

I'm going to make all your fantasies come true.

JEREMY

But --

She takes a sock and stuffs it in his mouth.

JEREMY

(continuing; muffled)

This is not my fantasy!

She puts duct tape over his sock-filled mouth.

GLORIA
I love you --

68 INT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

68

John is walking down the hallway. He comes to Claire's door and listens to see if she's awake.

69 INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

69

Claire is laying in bed, eyes open, wide awake.

70 INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

70

John doesn't hear anything. He sighs and walks away.

71 INT. HALLWAY - AN HOUR LATER

71

Claire walks down the hallway to John's bedroom door and listens for him. She sighs and walks away.

72 INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

72

John is sitting by the window staring out.

73 INT. GRANDMA MARY'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

73

Grandma is tossing and turning. She's muttering to herself.

GRANDMA MARY
What was his name? Mitch Jewstein?
No -- that's not it. Samuel
Kikeberg? No -- that's not it --

74 INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

74

CLOSE ON: Jeremy. He's sleeping again. We see a hand come in from out of frame and gently stroke his forehead. Jeremy slowly awakens.

JEREMY
(half-asleep)
Gloria -- you have to go back to
your room.

TODD (O.S.)
It's not Gloria.

Jeremy gasps. We pull back to reveal Todd, naked, on his stomach stroking Jeremy's forehead,

JEREMY
Jesus Christ!

TODD
We had a moment at the dinner table, didn't we?

JEREMY
What are you talking about?! There was no moment.

TODD
Oh yeah, we had moment.

JEREMY
I was sitting right there. I think I would have noticed a moment --

TODD
I made you a painting.

Todd picks up a flashlight and shines it on a painting resting on Jereiny's dresser. We see a surreal red mess blotched onto the canvas.

TODD
(continuing)
I call it "Tortured Scrotum." It's sexual and violent. Sort of a self-portrait. I thought you'd like it.

JEREMY
Oh wow -- that's, uh, something.
Thank you -- so -- much.

TODD
Oh you're more than welcome.

Todd kisses Jeremy on the forehead.

JEREMY
Say listen, Todd, I haven't gotten much gosh-darned sleep tonight and hey, why don't we talk tomorrow?

TODD
Promise you'll make time for me?

JEREMY
Oh -- cross my heart.

TODD
Okay -- you sleep.

Todd gets up, kisses his finger and puts it on Jeremy's Lips.

JEREMY
Okay. Good enough.

Todd smiles and exits. Jeremy, shaken, looks upward.

JEREMY
(continuing)
Lord! How much more of this can I
take?I

75 INT. CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

75

John is at the breakfast table, eating some bacon, reading the newspaper, drinking coffee in a gargantuan kitchen. Jeremy stumbles, exhausted, into the kitchen. A COOK is making all kinds of breakfast things. He pours Jeremy some coffee and exits.

JOHN
You know they'll make you anything
you want here? Waffles, bacon,
whatever --

JEREMY
Oh that's swell, John.

JOHN
What's your problem?

JEREMY
What's my problem? Oh, I didn't
sleep too well.

JOHN
Why not?

JEREMY
Well, besides the bone-crushing
pain and the midnight rape, there
was a nude gay art show at 4 a.m.

JOHN
(ignoring Jeremy, reading
paper)
Phew. Red Sox are taking it in the
shorts.

Jeremy pulls the newspaper down.

JEREMY
I'm taking it in the shorts!

JOHN.
Have some toast.

JEREMY
I'm too traumatized for toast!

Nonetheless, he grabs a piece off John's plate.

JEREMY
(continuing)
Look, I'm going to say this as nicely as possible: if we don't get the fuck out of here right now I'm going to kill you.

JOHN
Can't do it.

JEREMY
Why not?!

JOHN
I need another day.

JEREMY
(loudly)
For what?! She's got a boyfriend. Plus, her own mental hospital here to entertain him!

JOHN
Sssh! Keep it down! I think Claire's into me. Plus, the boyfriend's a complete tool.

JEREMY
Okay, we think the boyfriend's a -- tool. Maybe the whole world thinks the boyfriends a tool. But if she's doesn't think the boyfriend's a tool then the game's over.

JOHN
The game's never over.

JEREMY
John, the rules are really clear about boyfriends and --

JOHN

Will you stop it with the rules,
already? ! Fuck the rules!

JEREMY

(hurt)

"Fuck the rules?" How can you say
that?! You're a very insensitive
man.

JOHN

This isn't about the rules, okay?!
This is about love!

JEREMY

Love?!

(deep breath)

Well -- okay. The rules do in fact
make provisions for what we delude
ourselves into thinking is love.

JOHN

Oh Jesus --

JEREMY

Come on! How can it be love? You've
known her for a day.

JOHN

I don't know, Jeremy. I can't
explain it. Chemical? Fate? I don't
know. I just know!

Jeremy stares at him for a beat.

JEREMY

Fine. I understand. I'm outta here.
Good luck.

Jeremy starts to stand. John pulls him back down.

JOHN

No, no, no. You can't leave!

JEREMY

Why not?!

JOHN

Because that'll create a huge
shitstorm with Gloria! It'll focus
the attention there!

JEREMY

I don't give a baker's fuck! I had
my own sweat sock duct-taped into
my mouth last night!
(off John's look)
Long story.

JOHN
I need you to help me. I mean what
do the rules say about abandonment?

JEREMY
(grudgingly)
"Never leave a fellow crasher
stranded. Wedding crashers take
care of their own."

JOHN
That's right.

JEREMY
I hate you --

JOHN
Have some more toast.

JEREMY
(sighs)
I want a waffle.

JOHN
Good! That's good.
(calling out to the cook)
Can we get this man a waffle?

John smiles and slaps Jeremy on the shoulder.

76 INT. SACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

76

Sack, looking haggard, reaches for the phone. He dials and it rings. We cut between he and his friend TRAP MITCHELL.

77 EXT. MITCHELL HOUSE - INT. SACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

77

Trap Mitchell, sipping a gin and tonic in a palatial Cape Cod backyard, picks up the phone.

TRAP
Hello?

SACK
Trapster, it's Sack.

TRAP

Sack-Master! What's the word? How was the wedding?

SACK

It was great. Fine. Whatever. Listen, I need background on two guys the Secretary invited out here for the weekend. John and Jeremy Ryan.

Trap writes the names down.

TRAP

Okay, John and Jeremy Ryan.

SACK

They're brothers. A couple of venture capital weasels from New Hampshire. Got some kind of NPO called Holy Shirts and Pants.

TRAP

Oh -- venture capitalists, they're the worst.

SACK

Tell my girlfriend's father. He practically shot his cabinet level wad over these two.

TRAP

It's all about the money with guys like that. Sick, sick, sick.

SACK

Preaching to the choir, brother.

TRAP

Hey, listen when you get a chance you need to come into the firm so we can restructure your trust fund.

SACK

Oh right, right. Will do.

TRAP

And I'll look into these guys -- see what their story is.

SACK

Excellent, bro. Hey listen, let's get the guys together later on this month. Do some sailing, drinking, etcetera, etcetera --

TRAP

Sounds good. I'll call Skunk and Twine.

SACK

Cool. I'm seeing Billygoat on Tuesday so I'll tell him.

TRAP

You da' man.

SACK

You da' bigger man.

They laugh. They've done this before. It's nauseating.

78 EXT. CLEARY FAMILY DOCK - THE NEXT MORNING

78

John and Jeremy walk to the Cleary family sailboat. On the side of the boat is painted "The Kathleen." Secretary and Mrs. Cleary, Gloria, Claire, and a few other guests are on the boat already. Sec. Cleary is at the helm, preparing to sail.

SEC. CLEARY

Where's Sack?

CLAIRE

I don't know --

JOHN

Poor guy's probably still not feeling well. That flu usually lasts about two days.

SEC. CLEARY

Well, then, "The Kathleen" takes off without him.

Sack comes running from the house.

SACK

Wait! I'm coming.

JOHN

Oh good. Here he comes.

(sotto, angry, to Jeremy)

How old was that visine?!

Sack gets to the dock. We see that he's had a really rough night. As he gets on the boat, he shoots John a dirty look.

79 EXT. CLEARY FAMILY SAILBOAT - LATE

79

They're out in the ocean. Secretary Cleary is at the helm, steering the boat. Sack sits next to Claire, his arm tightly around her. John and Jeremy sit on the bow of the boat. Gloria's arm is tightly around Jeremy.

CLAIRe

Are you all right, honey? Maybe you should go down in the cabin and lie down.

SACK

No, I'll be fine. So, John, where'd you say you guys were from up there in New Hampshire?

JOHN

I didn't. But we're from Manchester.

SACK

Great town.

JOHN

Big city with a small town heart.

SACK

A college buddy of mine moved up to Manchester. He loves the place. ' Maybe you know him. Skunk Baker?

JOHN

Sorry. Big city. Small town heart.
But still a big city.

CLAIRe

Anyone want a beer?

Sack nods "no."

JOHN

Sure, I'll take one.

Claire gets up and goes into the cabin of the boat.

SACK

You sure you don't know Skunk? He's
the big guy with Chase up there.
Surely in your line, you've come
across each other.

Sack really doesn't look well. With each rock of the boat, he gets a little more queasy. John notices this and gets an idea.

JOHN

Hey, you know my buddy Dave's with Chase. I bet he knows him.

(then)

Too bad Dave's not here. You'd love him. Of course, you'd never catch Dave on a boat again. We went out on a boat one time and you should have seen how sea-sick he got. I'm telling you, it was a mess. We'd all eaten a bunch of Lobster Rolls and Dave likes his just slathered in mayonnaise. I mean he ate, like, three of them.

Sack is starting to turn green.

JOHN

(continuing)

And a bunch of corn chips. Great guy but he eats like a sea otter.

Sack is trying not to lose his lunch.

JOHN

(continuing)

We're not out to sea five minutes before this guy blows like Krakatowa. I mean, it's everywhere. It was like reliving the whole lunch.

Sack bolts to the cabin. As he does, he crosses Claire who's coming back on deck with two beers.

JOHN

(continuing; to Claire)

Poor guy. He should've stayed home.

Claire hands John a beer. He takes a sip and stares pensively off to sea. He's trying to get her to ask him what he's thinking about. He takes a dramatic sip of beer.

CLAIRE

Being out in tige ocean. It makes
you realize how insignificant you
really are, huh?

JOHN
Yeah, I guess we are.

CLAIREE
No, no. I mean you.

JOHN
Very funny.

She smiles at him.

CLAIREE
Actually, that's why I hate the
ocean.

JOHN
(looking around to make
sure no oneis listening)
Me too! I hate anything that comes
on like it's bigger than me.

CLAIREE
Exactly. The ocean has an attitude
and I don't like it.
(mimicking)
"I'm the ocean. I'm so vast and
eternal and you're so small and --
not eternal."

JOHN
Which is a very nasty attitude,
(beat)
You know what else has a nasty
attitude? The stars.

CLAIREE
I know. They're rude! And the
mountains- -

JOHN
Oh, don't get me started on the
mountains.

They share a laugh then look at each other for a beat.
There's the flicker of a moment.

81 INT. CLEARY FAMILY SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

81

John and Claire continue their conversation.

JOHN

You know what I like? Tide pools.
No attitude from a tide pool.

CLAIRe

There are some amazing tide pools
over on the other side of the
island. We could bike over there
this afternoon, if you like.

JOHN

I'd like that. It's a date.

SEC. CLEARY

(holding empty glass)

John, my daiquiri's swimming in the
shallow, end. Take the helm.

JOHN

(lying)

Sure. No problem,

SEC. CLEARY

Just start tacking back.

John, having no clue, gives Jeremy a panicked look. Jeremy shrugs.

JOHN

Of course. Tack back. I was gonna
tack back. Excellent choice, the
tacking back.

Sec. Cleary lets go of the helm and starts for the cabin.
John grabs the wheel. Kathleen comes up behind John and grabs
his -- mast.

JOHN

(continuing)

Tacking!

John turns the wheel too quickly and the boat reacts
suddenly, sending the main sail flying around and smacking
into Jeremy. Jeremy flies into the ocean.

GLORIA

Jeremy!

Gloria jumps into the water. In trying to rescue Jeremy, Gloria is so overwrought and panicked that she keeps dunking him back into the water. He's gasping for breath.

82 EXT. CLEARY FAMILY DOCK - A LITTLE LATER

82

The boat has docked. Everyone is disembarking. Gloria is holding Jeremy who's wrapped in a blanket. John pulls Claire aside.

JOHN

What do you say we hit those tide pools?

CLAIRE

Sounds great.

Randolph approaches the group. He's carrying several rifles, which he begins handing out to all the men, including John and Jeremy.

RANDOLPH

Everything's ready for the quail hunt. There's a jeep waiting to take you to the marsh.

SEC. CLEARY

Wonderful, Randolph.

JOHN

Uh, maybe, I'll sit this one out.

JEREMY

Yeah, I think we'll sit this one out.

SEC. CLEARY

Nonsense. I insist. It's a Cleary family tradition.

CLAIRE

(to John)

I'm afraid you're stuck. We'll check out the tide pools later.

Sack takes note of this and scowls.

SEC. CLEARY

Sack, if you're too sick --

SACK

(determined and a little crazed)

Oh, no. He ha. I'm going. Oh, I'm going!

Sack grabs a rifle. He's starting to look a little scary.

JEREMY
(to Sack)
You hunt?!

SACK
I hunt quail. They're overpopulated on the island. They're decimating the grub worm population. Got a problem with that?!

JEREMY
(a little frightened)
Hey, it's all good.

83 EXT. MARSH - A LITTLE LATER

83

A group of about ten men, including Sack, Sec. Cleary, John and Jeremy walk through the marsh looking for quail. Jeremy stops and pulls John aside.

JEREMY
Have you ever shot one of these things before?

JOHN
Oh you bet. The whole fifteen years we've known each other? Well, I've been sneaking out to shoot at small birds.

(beat)
Of course I've never shot one of these things!

JEREMY
What are we gonna do? I don't want to kill a quail. It's bad karma.

JOHN
You'll lie to young women to get them in bed but you won't shoot a little bird?

JEREMY
Right.

JOHN
Yeah, me too. But look, just aim to miss.

Secretary Cleary stops and points.

SEC. CLEARY
There. Off to the left.

Everyone aims and shoots. John and Jeremy fumble to get their rifle in shooting position. When it discharges, they're sent flying five feet on their asses.

84 EXT. MARSH - A LITTLE LATER

84

The men are still, walking through the marsh. Jeremy is rubbing his shoulder.

JEREMY
I thought the rifle just fired buckshot.

JOHN
Yeah. That's lead pellets, dumbfuck. It's not a sling-shot.

JEREMY
Thank you.

Sack stops and points.

SACK
There. Over by the spruce tree.

As everyone turns, we see Sack set his sights on John. Through Sack's scope, we can see John's ass. The men fire. Jeremy discharges his rifle. He's sent reeling again. This time into John. Sack shoots his rifle. But instead of hitting John, he hits Jeremy. Jeremy hits the ground grabbing his ass.

JEREMY
My ass!

85 INT. CLEARY FAMILY BATHROOM - LATER

85

CLOSE ON: Jeremy's ass. Someone is pulling out buckshot with tweezers. Pull back to reveal it's Gloria. John and Claire poke their heads into the bathroom.

JOHN
You okay, buddy?

JEREMY
Just fucking great!

JOHN
(to Claire)
He's never been a silent sufferer.
(to Jeremy)
We're gonna take the bikes out for
a ride. We'll catch you later.

JEREMY
Yeah sure. You kids go and have a
good time.
(worked up)
I'll just be here getting lead
pellets pulled out of my heinie!

John and Claire exit. CLOSE ON: Jeremy. Gloria starts groping
Jeremy, then looks disappointed.

GLORIA
Awww. Mr. Pogo isn't jumping up --

JEREMY
Well, sorry, Mr. Pogo gets stressed
when Mr. Jeremy's bleeding to
death, okay?

86 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - LATER

86

John and Claire are riding bikes on a path near the shore.

87 INT. CLEARY FAMILY LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

87

Sack pops into the living room. Randolph is sitting on the couch watching TV.

SACK
Hey Randolph?

RANDOLPH
Sssh. I'm watching my stories, mon.

SACK
I just need to know where Claire
is.

RANDOLPH
Uh -- she and that fellow went for
a bike ride to the tidepools.

Sack's jaw clenches.

88 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - TIDE POOL - LATER

88

John and Claire stop their bikes at the edge of a tide pool.

89 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

89

Sack pedals furiously on an old bike with a little basket on the front. He looks a lot like the mean lady in the beginning of the Wizard of Oz.

90 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - TIDE POOL - LATER

90

John and Claire exploring the tide pool.

91 EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

91

Sack is still pedaling like a lunatic. A man walks his dog down the road. Sack rings the old-fashioned bike bell aggressively and nearly runs over the mari and his dog.

92 EXT. MARTHA1 S VINEYARD - TIDE POOL - LATER

92

John picks up a bi-g starfish and tries to put in on Claire's head. She splashes him. They're laughing.

Sack pulls up on his bike and watches John and Claire from the hill above the tide pool.

John splashes her back. Soon they are in the midst of a splashing frenzy, getting closer.to each other with each splash. They end up in each other's arms. Claire looks up at John who's looking back at her intently.

JOHN

So, it would be a total cliche if I
kissed you right now, right?

CLAIRe

Yes. A total cliche.

She pulls him in and kisses him.

ANGLE ON: Sack watching them.

SACK

(to himself, utterly
disgusted)

Fuck.

Sack pedals away quickly.

ANGLE ON: John and Claire. Claire breaks the kiss.

CLAIRe
I can't do this.

Claire runs off and gets on her bike.

93 INT. CLEARY FAMILY DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

93

Everyone is seated-at the table mid-meal. John tries to make eye contact with Claire but she turns away. Jeremy is shifting uncomfortably in significant ass pain. Grandma Mary is sound asleep, clutching a glass of sherry, snoring loudly. Sack taps his glass for attention. Everyone stops talking and listens.

SACK

Claire and I have an announcement to make. We were going to wait to tell all of you, but the spirit of this weekend is such that we can't think of a better time to share our good news.

SACK

(looking right at John)
Claire and I are going to be married.

Everyone oohs, ahhhhs and applauds except John, who is stunned. Claire looks at Sack, perplexed.

SEC, CLEARY
Wonderful!

KATHLEEN
(slurred)
Wonderful!

Grandma Mary pops awake.

GRANDMA CLEARY
(drunk, out of it)
Is the war over?

She slumps back down. Everyone ignores her.

CLAIRe
(through gritted teeth to Sack)
Sack -- we need to talk about this.

SEC. CLEARY
Well, I am thrilled! Isn't this wonderful, Randolph?

RANDOLPH
 (droll, insincere)
 Oh, it's a marriage blessed by the
 angels, made in heaven, mon.
 (beat)
 Okay, who wants sherbet?

Gloria stands up. She's beaming.

GLORIA
 Jeremy and I have an announcement to
 make, too. I'm going to be Mrs.
 Ryan!

Oohs, ahhhs, applause.

JEREMY
 What?!

KATHLEEN
 (slurred)
 Wonderful!

Jeremy puts his head in his hands. Grandma Mary pops back up.

GRANDMA MARY
 Roosevelt's a pussy!

Claire gets up and exits outside.

94 INT. CLEARY FAMILY DINING ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

94

Some of the guests are hovering around Gloria, the rest
 around Sack. John is sullen. Jeremy pulls him aside.

JEREMY
 (to John)
 Oh well, game over. Thanks for
 playing. Maybe they'll have parting
 gifts. I'll get my shit, we'll get
 out of here.

John thinks for a beat, then takes a deep breath.

JOHN
 You know what? I'm just gonna find
 her and tell her the truth.

JEREMY
 The truth?! Okay. That might be a
 good call. You're the Prince of
 Arabia, you've rejected the throne
 --

JOHN
Jeremy! The actual truth.

JEREMY
Oh. Wow. Okay,
(frustrated)
Fine. Do whatever you want. Just do
it quick, all right?

John bolts outside. Jeremy looks out the window. From his POV, we see John rushing after Claire. Jeremy shakes his head and exits into the kitchen.

95 INT. CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

95

Jeremy hobbles in, grabs a hand towel, walks to the freezer and fills the towel with ice which he places gently on his wounded ass. The COOK, stifles a laugh and exits.

JEREMY
(calling after her)
It's not funny!

Jeremy sits-down on the ice pack and puts his head on the table. Gloria walks in.

GLORIA
There you are!

JEREMY
Oh, hey, Gloria --

She opens a magazine in front of his face.

JEREMY
(continuing)
What's that?

GLORIA
It's a china pattern, silly. It's
called Midnight Marakkesh.

JEREMY
Oh that's really nice --

GLORIA
Excellent! It's sexy and you can
eat off it. Just like me.

She winks and exits. Jeremy moans. Father O'Neil walks in and sees Jeremy, head in hands, ass in ice.

FATHER O' NEIL

Well, hello there.

JEREMY
Oh, hello Father.

FATHER O' NEIL
Are you okay? You look troubled.

He sirs down next to Jeremy and pours himself a brandy.

JEREMY
Ah, you know --

FATHER O' NEIL
Marriage is a big step. You sure
you're ready?

JEREMY
Oh, gosh, uh, sure -- I'm ready,

FATHER O' NEIL
C'mon, Son. What's on your mind?

Jeremy looks out the kitchen window and sighs deeply. He's at
the end of his rope.

JEREMY
I'd like to make a confession.

FATHER O' NEIL
All right, Son. I can hear your
confession.

JEREMY
It's all confidential, right?

FATHER O' NEIL
Huh?

JEREMY
I mean, you know --

FATHER O' NEIL
You haven't been to church in a
long time have you? Of course. It's
all confidential.

JEREMY
Well, see, that's just it. I'm not
a Catholic.

FATHER O' NEIL
Pardon me?

JEREMY
I'm a Jew.

96 INT. CLEARY FAMILY LIVINGROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

96

Sack is sitting on the couch, a few people around him. His cell phone rings. Trap is on the other end and we cut back and forth between them.

TRAP
Sackster.

SACK
Trapster.

TRAP
Listen, about those guys --

97 EXT. BEACH - A MINUTE LATER

97

John is following Claire down the beach. She's walking at a brisk pace.

JOHN
C'mon Claire, wait up.

She continues walking.

JOHN
(continuing)
So -- you're 'marrying this guy,
huh?

She stops and turns around.

CLAIRe
Is that what you want to know?
Well, you heard it back at the
house.

JOHN
Look, you can't marry him.

CLAIRe
Why not?

JOHN
Um -- because I'm falling in love
with you.

98 INT. CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

98

Jeremy's really comfortable with the Priest. He's kicking back, confessing.

JEREMY

(mid sentence)

-- and my bar mitzvah had a Return of the Jedi theme which in retrospect I regret -- but anyway, the point is we're not venture capitalists. We're lawyers. And we do this, I mean we crash weddings in order to, uh --

FATHER O' NEIL

Meet girls?

JEREMY

Yes, yes. Well, actually more than meet them. We, you know, hope to have sex with them. And, hey, if the band's good and the spread's decent, that's just bonus points.

FATHER O' NEIL

And did you "meet" anybody from the Cleary wedding?

JEREMY

Actually, I slept with Gloria. Well, I didn't actually sleep with her.

JEREMY

We did it once at the beach at the wedding and then she --

(makes the jerk-off motion with his hand)

-- at the dinner table. There was one more time. But I was not a willing participant, okay?

(off Priest's look)

Long story.

FATHER O' NEIL

And your friend? With Claire?

JEREMY

No, no. Get this! He thinks he's in love with her! Isn't that hilarious? See? That's why we've been here so long! Normally we're in and out in a couple hours and --

FATHER O' NEIL

Okay, okay. I get it.

JEREMY
Did I mention Todd has a crush on
me?

FATHER O' NEIL
No, sadly you left that out.

JEREMY
Oh well, he does. He pretty much
made that obvious after he gave me
a self-portrait of his testicles.

(beat)
Phew! This felt great. Thank you! I
think you guys might really have
something with this confession
business.

99 EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

99

John is facing Claire who's looking out toward the ocean.

CLAIRe
Why are you doing this to me, John?

JOHN
But, you -- maybe feel the same
way?

CLAIRe
(sighs)
Maybe.
(beat)
Look I don't know anything about
you. You do investments in New
Hampshire and --

JOHN
Well, see, that's the other thing.

We hear a loud gunshot come from the direction of the house.

CLAIRe
Oh my god!

JEREMY (0.5.)
Dude! Run!

JOHN
What the hell?!

They look back and see Jeremy being chased by Secretary Cleary, Kathleen, Todd, Sack, and Grandma who's holding a large shotgun firing willy-nilly at Jeremy.

GRANDMA MARY
He's a Jew!

She*fires off a round and misses. Jeremy screams.

SEC. CLEARY
You bastards! I'm going to get you!

Jeremy catches up with John.

JEREMY
Get the fuck outta here! Run!

JOHN
What's going on?!

Jeremy continues to run.

JEREMY
(shouting back at John)
I spilled! I'm sorry. The Priest told me it was confidential!

FATHER O' NEIL
I'm sorry. God doesn't pay the bills.

CLAIRE
He spilled what?!

JOHN
Oh fuck! Look, Claire, I need to tell you something quickly.

SACK
They're lawyers, Claire. Those weren't even their real names!

GRANDMA MARY
Get back here, Jew!

Grandma fires off another round which barely misses John

JOHN
(to Claire)
I'll explain later.

John runs down beach toward Jeremy.

KATHLEEN

John felt my tits!

SEC. CLEARY
Goddamit! Get 'em. Mommy!

Grandma fires another round.

SACK
They crash weddings in order to get laid!

Claire is mortified. John turns around and looks defeatedly at Claire.

JOHN
Claire, you don't understand!

CLAIRe
(very upset)
No, no, no. You son of a bitch!

TODD
Jeremy was going to be my lover!
(yells to Jeremy)
You're not keeping my scrotum painting!

GLORIA
I forgive you, Jeremy! Come back!

Grandma fires off another round as John and Jeremy tear down the beach over some rocks and out of sight. We see the Cleary family slowly give up the chase.

100 EXT. FERRY - A LITTLE LATER

100

John and Jeremy get on the ferry as it's taking off. In frustration, John kicks a bench, then sits down, forlorn.

101 EXT/INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS OVER THE NEXT FEW WEEKS

101

Montage:

John walks dejectedly through the streets of Boston.

Claire walks in a similar manner along the beach on Martha's Vineyard.

John mails a letter addressed to Claire.

John gets his mail. His letter has been returned unopened.

Sack shows Claire some honeymoon brochures. She smiles at him than stares pensively out the window.

Gloria mails a letter, addressed to Jeremy.

Gloria gets her mail. Her letter has been returned unopened.

John, in a single man crew boat, is rowing frantically down the Charles River trying to catch up to Claire who's in her own boat. She doesn't see him. The wake from a large crew boat pitches John's boat over, sending him flying into the Charles.

Sack and Claire are on the beach. Sack tickles a sea otter underneath its chin. She puts her arm on Sack and smiles. The sea otter bites Sack's leg.

102 INT. LAW FIRM OF BECKWITH AND KLEIN - THREE WEEKS LATER

102

John, a bounce in his step enters Jeremy's office. He's holding the paper.

JOHN

Jeremy, I know how I can get to her.

JEREMY

Give it up. She's returned all your letters, she won't take your calls. She doesn't want to see you, all right.

JOHN

She doesn't think she wants to see me. But trust me, she wants to see me.

JEREMY

Okay --

JOHN

They're having an engagement party for her tonight at the Beach Club. We're gonna be there.

JEREMY

We're? No.

JOHN

I need you to be my wing man.

JEREMY

Look, John, her father is the Secretary of the Treasury. There's gonna be Secret Service. They'll probably have posters with our pictures on them. There's no way we can get in there.

JOHN
Oh yes we can.

Jeremy gives him a skeptical look.

103 EXT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - ALLEYWAY - THE NEXT DAY

103

John and Jeremy stand at the rear of the restaurant.

JEREMY
How'd you find out about this?

John smiles and gives a coded knock on the door. RANDOLPH opens the door.

RANDOLPH
Finally! Okay, mon, I got your uniforms.

Jeremy stares at Randolph in disbelief.

RANDOLPH
(continuing)
What are you staring at, mon?
Sack's a tool.

104 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

104

John and Jeremy are dressed as waiters. John is making coffee. The kitchen has two doors. One leads to the dining room. The other leads to the banquet room where the Cleary's are having the engagement party. MICHAEL, the dining room captain walks in. Michael is clearly gay and a bit drunk with power.

MICHAEL
(to Jeremy)
Table five needs their soup. Muy pronto!

JEREMY
So? They're not my table. I haven't even started yet.

Michael is shocked at Jeremy's insolence. He struggles to regain his composure.

MICHAEL

Okay. Who am I?

Jeremy shoots John a look.

JEREMY

You're the captain.

MICHAEL

That's right. Which makes me--?

JEREMY

(exasperated sigh)

Always right.

MICHAEL

That's right sweet-cheeks. Now get
table five their soups. Comprende?

JEREMY

Yes.

MICHAEL

Yes, what?!

JEREMY

Yes, Captain.

Jeremy ladles two bowls of soup, puts them on a tray, and exits into the dining room.

MICHAEL

(to John)

And you? Are we working -- working
or are we, oh, just soaking in the
atmosphere?

JOHN

Yes, Captain. I'm making coffee.
That's my assignment.

MICHAEL

Like your attitude.

(beat, winks)

Let's talk later.

Michael exits into the banquet room.

Jeremy is talking to table five, an ELDERLY COUPLE.

JEREMY
Fine, i'll get you the chowder
instead.

ELDERLY MAN
The Boston chowder!

JEREMY
I know --

ELDERLY MAN
The white one --

JEREMY
I said I know --

ELDERLY MAN
Not the red one!

JEREMY
I get it.

Jeremy picks up their soups and puts them back on his tray.
He exits back into the kitchen.

106 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

106

Jeremy enters and puts the soups down and ladles two bowls of chowder. He gives John the finger and exits with the chowder into the dining room. John opens the door that leads to the banquet room a little to sneak a peek. He sees several Secret Service guys.

107 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - DINING ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

107

Jeremy is with table five. Their chowder is on the table.

ELDERLY WOMAN
You put ice in my water!

JEREMY
It's ice water. That's part of the deal.

ELDERLY WOMAN
I don't want ice.

JEREMY
Okay --

ELDERLY WOMAN
 I don't know why you put ice in my water.

JEREMY
 Because I'm not psychic?

The old woman scowls at him.

JEREMY
 (continuing)
 Okay, you don't want ice?

He picks up her glass and takes out the ice with his hands.

JEREMY
 (continuing)
 There. No ice!

ELDERLY WOMAN
 (taken aback)
 I'm talking to the manager!

108 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

108

Jeremy enters to find John peering through the door.

JEREMY
 Hurry up. Talk to her. I can take about five more minutes of this shit.

JOHN
 I've got to wait until she's alone.

JEREMY
 It's an engagement party! Why would she be alone?!

JOHN
 She's got to go to the bathroom sometime.

Michael enters.

MICHAEL
 Lester, may I have a word with you?

John nudges Jeremy.

JOHN
 (sotto)
 That's you.

Jeremy, remembering he's going by "Lester," walks over to Michael.

109 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - BANQUET ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

109

JOHN'S BOV: Claire and Sack are talking to some guests. Claire looks beautiful, of course,

110 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - DINING ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

110

Jeremy is with table five. His head is sunk. He's mid apology. Michael is standing right behind him, arms folded.

JEREMY

-- and again, I am deeply sorry for my offensive words and terrible attitude.

111 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - KITCHEN. - A MINUTE LATER

111

John peeks out the door. Suddenly he sees Claire walk, toward the restroom. He starts to go out after her, but Michael enters and blocks his way. Claire enters the restroom.

MICHAEL

Sergio, what are we supposed to do with cranberry torte?

JOHN

(still eyeing Claire)
What?

MICHAEL

I said what are we supposed to do with the cranberry torte?

JOHN

Uh -- drizzle it with Grand Marnier?

MICHAEL

That's right. And what did you do?

JOHN

I drizzled it with Grand Marnier --

MICHAEL

(screeching)

You drowned it in Grand Marnier! I
nearly had to perform mouth to
mouth! The little cranberries were
in there screaming, "Oh help us!
We're drowning in'an alcohol bath!"

Claire exits the bathroom. John starts out of the kitchen.

JOHN
Excuse me, Captain. Table three
needs a --

We see Sack walk up to Claire and escort her back to the
banquet room. John's lost his chance.

JOHN
(continuing; to Michael)
I'll, uh, drizzle next time --

MICHAEL
Please do.

Michael exits haughtily. John's sighs.

112 INT. CHATHAM EACH CLUB - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

112

Jeremy walks by table five.

ELDERLY MAN
I need a soup spoon.

Jeremy stares at the table. There's a soup spoon sitting
right there. He decides not to say anything. He starts to
walk away but his pride and anger get the best of him.

JEREMY
(beside himself)
I-I-I'm sorry.
(picking up a spoon)
What's this?

ELDERLY MAN
That's not a soup spoon.

JEREMY
Well it's not a coke spoon!

He picks up the man's teaspoon.

JEREMY
(continuing)
See? Teaspoon, soup spoon! Tea
spoon, soup spoon! Jesus Christ!

ELDERLY MAN

Well now' you've touched it! I need
another!

JEREMY

(yelling)

Get it yourself, you decrepit old-
money cocksucker!!

The whole restaurant gasps.

JEREMY

(continuing; yelling)

Does anyone else need anything?
Because I'm gonna take my break.

Jeremy starts to exit into the kitchen. The Secret Service guys rush into the dining room to see what the fuss is about. Sack, Claire and Sec. Cleary are with them. They see Jeremy who's bee-lining it for the kitchen. Gloria starts to enter but Secretary Cleary gently pushes her back to the private room.

SEC. CLEARY

(to Claire)

Take care of Gloria.

Claire is torn and hesitates.

SACK

Do it, sweetheart! Please!

Claire follows her sister back into the private room.

113 INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

113

Jeremy enters the kitchen.

JEREMY

(to John)

Okay. We're gonna want to run now.

John sees Sack and the Secret Service guys enter the kitchen.

JOHN

Oh not again!

SACK

(to the Secret Service)

These are the guys I warned you
about.

The Secret Service, guys grab John and Jeremy.

SACK
 (continuing)
 No! Let me handle it!

114 EXT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER 114

A guy, TRAP MITCHELL, is holding John while Sack pummels him. The other has Jeremy pinned to the ground. Sec. Cleary looks on.

SEC. CLEARY
 Now if I see either of you anywhere near my daughters again, I will have you arrested! I have that sort of power and I won't hesitate to use it.

Secretary Cleary storms off.

TRAP
 (to Sack)
 One more, Sackmaster, and then we have to finish up dinner.

Sack slams John in the gut, spits on him and he and the Trap go back into the restaurant, leaving John and Jeremy in the parking lot. John sits up and rubs his jaw. Jeremy dusts himself off. He looks at Jeremy, disgusted.

JOHN
 Nice job.

JEREMY
 Oh? You didn't care for my performance as a waiter? Okay, well don't go to the fucking sequel, all right?

John shakes his head. He takes off his torn jacket and gets up. So does Jeremy.

JEREMY
 (continuing)
 Dude, look, she's just not worth it.

John stares at him for a beat.

JOHN
 You know, that's what you said about Mary Theresa Spinolli.

JEREMY

What?!

JOHN

Mary Theresa Spinolli? Your Junior Prom date?

JEREMY

I know the story! I had to remind you of the story!

JOHN

Mary Theresa Spinolli was cheating on you with every guy in high school! You were in love with her! She broke your heart!

JEREMY

Are you fucking high? That was fifteen years ago!

JOHN

Mary Theresa Spinolli was your first love and she broke your heart! And because you had to be a man, because we all have to be "men," all you had to say about it was "she's just not worth it."

JEREMY

Okay, I think you have a concussion.

JOHN

Problem was you couldn't move on. And since then, none of them have been worth it! Right, Jeremy?!

JEREMY

You're an asshole.

JOHN

And now, because of that, we all have to pay the price!

JEREMY

What price is that, John?!

JOHN

Not growing up! Okay?! Pissing away our fucking lives living by some idiotic dumb-ass "rules!" Not growing up, Jeremy --

JEREMY

You could've opted out anytime, my friend! Nobody held a gun to your head!

John doesn't answer.

JEREMY

(continuing)

This life -- crashing weddings, picking up women -- this life fits you perfectly. And you know why? Because you're a chronic liar.

JOHN

Fuck you.

JEREMY

See, crashing weddings, pretending to be someone you're not to get laid? You don't do that in spite of who you are. You do that because of who you are! Don't get me wrong. It's a compliment. You're a genius at bullshit. That's why you're so good in the court room. And that's why you're so good at crashing weddings. It's who you are.

JOHN

I'm outta here.

John starts to walk away but stops and turns.

JOHN

(continuing)

All those weddings we went, to over the years. Didn't you once look at how happy the bride and groom were and wonder what that would be like?

JEREMY

No.

JOHN

I feel sorry for you.

John starts to leave. Jeremy grabs his arm.

JEREMY

At least I know who I am,
 motherfucker! You? Hell, you can
 talk about love, love, love until
 you're blue in the face. But in the
 morning you still have to wake up
 as John. Full of shit John.

John clenches his fist and is about to belt him. Then he takes a breath, sighs and backs off.

JOHN
 You know what? You're just not
 worth it.

John turns and walks away.

115 INT. LAW FIRM OF BECKWITH AND KLEIN - TWO MONTHS LATER

115

Decorations and trays of food are out. Everybody's drinking. It's a party. A banner reads: "Farewell John. Good Luck in Chicago." We see a group of John's colleagues toast him. John raises his glass and smiles. He takes a drink and casually looks around. Jeremy's nowhere to be seen.

116 INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

116

Jeremy is at his desk. It's dark, save for one lone dim lamp. Jeremy takes a drink. He's obviously unhappy.

117 INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - A FEW DAYS LATER

117

John is packing up boxes, getting ready to move. Jeremy bursts in.

JEREMY
 Okay, don't say anything! Not a word. Let me just say this. What you said outside the beach club? It was true. I mean, about thirty percent of it.

(off John's look)
 Okay it was all true. I haven't grown up and -- I am covering for some -- pain. And -- I don't know. Look, I'm sorry I fucked up the Claire thing for you.

JOHN
 You didn't fuck up anything.

Jeremy smiles.

JOHN

(continuing)

Well, I mean you did, but it wasn't your fault. How could I ever expect to woo the woman of my dreams by crashing a wedding? It's ridiculous.

JEREMY

Well, we did have fun -- at all of them.

JOHN

No doubt, my friend.

They look at each other and embrace.

JOHN

(continuing)

I just need to make a new start. Preferably in a state where I'm not under a restraining order.

JEREMY

Yeah, I get that. It's just I was thinking we should go out one more time before you leave.

JOHN

Yeah. That'd be great. What do you want to do?

JEREMY

Well, there's a wedding --

JOHN

Jeremy --

JEREMY

Come on. For old times' sake.

JOHN

No way. I'm done with that.

JEREMY

This'll be the last one! A send off. Do it for me. Fifteen years of friendship --

JOHN

You know this is the last time I'm
doing this, right?

JEREMY

Absolutely.

A wedding is in progress. John looks up at the altar. It's Claire and Sack's wedding. He looks at Jeremy. Jeremy smiles.

JOHN

I don't think I can do this --

JEREMY

Sure you can. She's the woman of
your dreams.

JOHN

Oh man --

JEREMY

It's your big moment. Dazzle the
jury.

John looks at Jeremy.

JOHN

Thanks.

JEREMY

You'll want to hurry up. I think
they're getting pretty close to the
"I do" part. Which would be bad.

John walks toward the altar. He clears his throat loudly. All eyes turn to him.

JOHN

Excuse me.

SEC. CLEARY

Oh, for the love of God!

He motions security over. Grandma Cleary stands up.

GRANDMA CLEARY

It's the Jews!

SACK

Security!

The Secret Service approach John.

JOHN

Just let me speak my mind and I'll leave you all alone forever.

Sec. Cleary nods "okay" to the security men.

SACK
(sotto to Claire)
I don't fucking believe this.

JOHN
Claire, it's true, I met you because I crashed your sister's wedding.
(to the guests)
That's right. I crash weddings. Or at least I used to. In fact --
(pointing to a couple)
I crashed your' wedding about a year ago. Very nice, by the way. I will say a vegetarian option is usually a good idea but, otherwise, a wonderful wedding. How's it going for you by the way?

They nod "pretty good." From the back of the church, Jeremy clears his throat as if to say, "Pick it up."

JOHN
(continuing)
And, yes, it's true I'm a lawyer. But my heart's not in my law practice. I mean, I've tried to do good. Well, that hasn't always been true and, well, I've lied -- a lot.

Everybody shifts uncomfortably. Jeremy clears his throat again.

JOHN
(continuing)
All right, all right! My point is I've changed. I guess I've grown up and I don't know why it took me so long but, well, maybe it's because I didn't see anything worth growing up for and now maybe I do and look, I don't know -- I'm sorry. I'm usually pretty articulate but -- I guess it's a lot harder when you're not bullshitting.
(to the Priest)
Sorry Father.

Father O'Neil nods "don't worry about it."

JOHN
(continuing)

Yes, I was. a liar. I was a liar because I was scared. But you know what, Claire? You're scared too. You're scared to tell the truth about Sack. You're hot in love with that bozo.

Sack turns crimson.

SACK
Okay, I've had enough.

He starts to moves off the altar. Claire holds his arm.

JOHN
In fact, I think you might be.in love with me. I know I'm in love with you. In fact, I love every single thing about you -- except for the fact you're on that altar with another man.

John starts to walk toward the altar.

JOHN
(continuing)
But, Claire, I've made a change in my life because of you and maybe you'd like to make a change because of me.

Claire looks at Sack and then looks at John. A long beat and then she smiles at Sack, She leans to him. He smiles. We think she's going to kiss him. Their lips are about to meet.

CLAIRe
I'm sorry, Sack.

She takes off her veil and steps, off the altar. Sack looks at Secretary Cleary as if to say "help me."

SEC. CLEARY
Claire!

Claire turns around.

SEC. CLEARY
(continuing; beat, then smiling)
I'm sure you and John will be very happy. At least try to be, okay?

SACK
Oh, you've got to be kidding!

SEC. CLEARY
Lodge, you're a tool. In fact, you come from a long line of tools. I suppose you're maintaining the tool tradition -- but not with my daughter.

Sack glares at Sec. Cleary, then bolts off the altar. He's running straight for John but before he can get there, Jeremy runs up from the back of the church and tackles him.

JEREMY
(to Sack)
Oh sorry, dude, I don't know what got into me. I'm seeing a Buddhist about it.

Claire runs up and hugs John. They begin rushing out of the church.

JOHN
Thanks, buddy.

JEREMY
My pleasure.

Gloria's noticed Jeremy for the first time.

GLORIA
Jeremy!

She runs toward him.

Todd stands up, runs toward a man in the first row and hugs him.

TODD
Senator Frankel!

There's total chaos in the church. John and Claire kiss. They run out of the church.

119 EXT. CHURCH STEPS - CONTINUOUS

119

John and Claire look at each other and smile.

JOHN
Where to?

CLAIRE

I'm starving --

JOHN
Me too. What're you in the mood
for?

We see Jeremy being chased by Gloria, ten feet behind them.

CLAIRE
I don't know. Maybe Japanese.

JEREMY
(calling out)
Fujimora wedding! Salem. Three p.m.
Great tempura.

Jeremy keeps running. John and Claire shake their heads and laugh. A wedding guest who's late, walks up with a gift in her hand and perplexedly hands it to Claire.

CLAIRE
(to John)
Place setting.

JOHN
Oh yeah.

She hands the gift back. John and Claire look at each other, kiss and keep running.

DISSOLVE TO:

CHYRON READS: ONE YEAR LATER

120 INT. HOUSE OF WORSHIP - ONE YEAR LATER

120

CLOSE ON: John and Jeremy. They're in tuxes. We see just a touch of the altar behind them. The Wedding March begins to play. John's a little nervous. They have a sotto conversation.

JEREMY
Dude, you ready for this?

JOHN
Yeah, yeah -- of course.

JEREMY
Because you seem nervous --

JOHN
I'm fine, I'm fine.
(beat)

It's just that I've never been a
Best Man before.

We pull back to see Gloria walking down the aisle with
Secretary Cleary.

JEREMY
Dude, you're going to be a groom
next month!

We see Claire, the Maid of Honor standing with other
bridesmaids. John smiles at her. She smiles back.

JOHN
Oh, that I can deal with. Watching
you do this, different story.

Jeremy laughs. Gloria gets closer.

JEREMY
You know, we're going to be
brothers-in-law.

JOHN
I know.

JEREMY
Well, you know, the rules for
brothers-in-law are different. When
Chazz Reinghold got married, he
said --

JOHN
Wait! What do you mean "When Chazz
Reinghold got married?!" You never
told me he actually got married!

Gloria's-nearly at the altar.

JEREMY
(sheepish)
Oh -- yeah -- well he tied the knot
last year.

JOHN
I can't believe you didn't tell me
that?!

JEREMY
I guess I forgot --

JOHN
Bullshit.

CLAIRe
(sotto)
Boys! Enough!

JOHN
(to Jeremy)
We'll talk about this later.

Secretary Cleary gives Gloria a kiss ana. shakes Jeremy's hand. Jeremy beams as he sees Gloria, radiant, John smiles and pats Jeremy pn the back. Jeremy starts toward the altar where we see a Priest and a Rabbi.

JEREMY
(to himself)
Shoot! I forgot.

Jeremy takes out a yarmulke ahd puts it on.

CLOSE ON: Grandma Mary. She rolls her eyes.

As Jeremy is about to step up to the altar he turns to John.

JOHN
(whispering)
Dude, row seven, five and six seats
in.

John turns around. He sees two guys in their early twenties. They're both gently dabbing their eyes. John turns toward Jeremy and smiles.

JOHN
(continuing; sotto)
Crashers.

JEREMY
Oh yeah.

John chuckles and gives the guys a nod. Jeremy walks up to the altar. He and Gloria smile at each other, as we:

FADE OUT: