THE WEDDING CRASHERS

by

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&

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INT. LAW FIRM OF BECKWITH AND KLEIN - DAY

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.

INT. LAW FIRM OF BECKWITH AND KLEIN - CONTINUOUS

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.
(beat)
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.

EXT. TEMPLE BETH SHALOM/VESTIBULE - LATER

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.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - A LITTLE LATER

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 Laumb 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.

INT. SYNAGOGUE - A LITTLE LATER

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

INT. BALLROOM - LATER

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:

EXT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - AFTERNOON

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

INT. ST. MARY'S CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

John and Jeremy enter and introduce themselves to the ushers.

JOHN
Jimmy O'Shea.

JEREMY
Tommy Fitzpatrick.

INT. VENDATA NARAYAN HINDU TEMPLE

John and Jeremy enter and introduce themselves to the ushers.

JOHN
Henry Prajshnap.

JEREMY
Chuck Vindaloo.

INT. ONE OF THE VARIOUS RECEPTIONS

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.

INT. DIFFERENT RECEPTION

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.

INT. DIFFERENT RECEPTION

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.

INT. DIFFERENT RECEPTION - LATER

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.

INT. JEWISH WEDDING RECEPTION

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...

INT. ITALIAN RECEPTION

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.

INT. PORTUGUESE RECEPTION

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

INT. IRISH RECEPTION - LATE

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

INT. HINDU RECEPTION - LATE

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

INT. JEWISH WEDDING RECEPTION

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!"

INT. PORTUGUESE RECEPTION

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

INT. CHINESE RECEPTION

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

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

INT. VARIOUS BEDROOMS

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

INT. VARIOUS DANCE FLOORS, RECEPTIONS, AND BEDROOMS

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.

INT. JOHN'S OFFICE - DAY

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 on 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!

EXT. CHURCH YARD - MORNING, A WEEK LATER

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.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - A MINUTE LATER

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 GROUP 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.

INT. CHURCH - CONTINUOUS

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.
(more)

JOHN (cont'd)
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.

EXT. CHURCH BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

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. She seems nice.

The groom looks perplexed as John exits.

INT. CHURCH - A MINUTE LATER

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 up 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
(continuing)
Jesus...

Jeremy reaches into his wallet and hands John a twenty.

INT. CHURCH - A LITTLE LATER

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.

INT. CHURCH - FORTY FIVE MINUTES LATER

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's 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 snort-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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - NOON, LATER THAT DAY

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 some. 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."

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - A MINUTE LATER

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.

CLAIRE
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.

CLAIRE
(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.

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

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 and 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)
Uh...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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

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
Yeah, and we were faithful for two of them.

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

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - A LITTLE LATER

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB - CONTINUOUS

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.

EXT. BEACH - A MINUTE LATER

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/DECK AREA - LATER

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.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Jeremy and Gloria are siting 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.
(more)

JEREMY (cont'd)
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.

EXT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/DECK AREA - CONTINUOUS

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?

CLAIRE
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.

CLAIRE
(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.

CLAIRE
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.

CLAIRE
Well, that's a little grandiose.

JOHN
Perhaps. So are you giving a toast?

CLAIRE
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.

CLAIRE
(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?! 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 Rickles 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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/BANQUET ROOM - LATER

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.

EXT. BEACH - SIMULTANEOUS

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

CLOSE ON: Jeremy. A look of total panic.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/BAR AREA - SIMULTANEOUS

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?! 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.

EXT. YACHT - THAT AFTERNOON

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.

EXT. YACHT - A LITTLE LATER

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?"

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

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.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - A FEW MINUTES LATER

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.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - A MINUTE LATER

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.

INT. CLEARY BATHROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER

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
Aaaaaarrrrrrrrgh!

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)
Aaaaaaaarrrrrrgh!
(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.

INT. CLEARY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. CLEARY FAMILY DINING ROOM - LATER

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. Cleary'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 Jeremy)
I'm so proud of your 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. But 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?

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

JOHN
Great! Let me just change my shoes.

CLAIRE
I'll 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.

INT. GUEST ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

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?

INT. HALLWAY - A MINUTE LATER

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.

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY COMPOUND - SIMULTANEOUS

John steps outside to meet Claire.

CLAIRE
What took you so long?

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

CLAIRE
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.

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

SEC. CLEARY
He's in pretty bad shape.

CLAIRE
(grudgingly)
All right...I'm coming.

Cleary nods and goes back into the house.

CLAIRE
(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.

CLAIRE
(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!

EXT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

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.

INT. RANDOLPH'S ROOM - CONTINOUS

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...

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

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

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

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

INT. SACK'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

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

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

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

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

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...

INT. HALLWAY - SIMULTANEOUS

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

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. HALLWAY - AN HOUR LATER

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

INT. JOHN'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

John is sitting by the window staring out.

INT. GRANDMA MARY'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

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...

INT. JEREMY'S BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

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 Jeremy's dresser. We see a surreal red mess blotched onto the 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?!

INT. CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - THE NEXT MORNING

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.

INT. SACK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY DOCK - THE NEXT MORNING

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.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY SAILBOAT - LATE

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 the ocean. It makes you realize how insignificant you really are, huh?

JOHN
Yeah. I guess we are.

CLAIRE
No, no. I mean *you*.

JOHN
Very funny.

She smiles at him.

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

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

CLAIRE
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.

CLAIRE
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.

INT. CABIN BELOW DECK - CONTINUOUS

Sack hears John and Claire laugh and pukes into a bucket.

INT. CLEARY FAMILY SAILBOAT - CONTINUOUS

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.

EXT. CLEARY FAMILY DOCK - A LITTLE LATER

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. Ha 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.

EXT. MARSH - A LITTLE LATER

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.

EXT. MARSH - A LITTLE LATER

The men are still walking through 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!

INT. CLEARY FAMILY BATHROOM - LATER

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?

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - LATER

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

INT. CLEARY FAMILY LIVING ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

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.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD/TIDE POOL - LATER

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

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

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.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD/TIDE POOL - LATER

John and Claire exploring the tide pool.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - SIMULTANEOUS

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 man and his dog.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD/TIDE POOL - LATER

John picks up a big 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.

INT. CLEARY FAMILY DINING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

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.
(more)

SACK (cont'd)
(looking right at John)
Claire and I are going to be married.

Everyone oohs, ahhhs 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.

INT. CLEARY FAMILY DINING ROOM - A MINUTE LATER

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.

INT. CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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 sits 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.

INT. CLEARY FAMILY LIVINGROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

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...

EXT. BEACH - A MINUTE LATER

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.

INT. CLEARY FAMILY KITCHEN - SIMULTANEOUS

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.

(more)

JEREMY (cont'd)
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.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

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 (O.S.)
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.

EXT. FERRY - A LITTLE LATER

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

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

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.

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

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
O-kay...

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.

EXT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/ALLEYWAY - THE NEXT DAY

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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.

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

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!

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/BANQUET ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

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

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

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/KITCHEN - A MINUTE LATER

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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.

INT. CHATHAM BEACH CLUB/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

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!

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

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.

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

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.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

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

INT. JOHN'S APARTMENT - A FEW DAYS LATER

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...

INT. BOSTON CHURCH - LATER

John and Jeremy enter the church. They stop in the back.

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 not 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.

EXT. CHURCH STEPS - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. HOUSE OF WORSHIP - ONE YEAR LATER

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 and shakes Jeremy's hand. Jeremy beams as he sees Gloria, radiant. John smiles and pats Jeremy on 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 and 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:

THE END