

MR. DESTINY

by

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SECOND DRAFT
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MR. DESTINY

TITLE SUPER OVER BLACK: "MR. DESTINY"

LARRY

(voice-over)

The dictionary defines Destiny as
a person's ultimate lot in
life...I'm pretty sure my ultimate
lot in life was to be a shmuck...

The SOUND OF LOUD CHEERING STARTS.

FADE IN

1 EXT. BASEBALL PARK DAY (1970)

1

TITLE SUPER: "1970"

Establish "STEDMAN FIELD" stadium.

The stands are PACKED with CHEERING FANS.

LARRY

(voice-over)

It was the all-state high school
championship game. Bottom of the
ninth, two out.

PLAYERS in both dugouts are straining forward, SHOUTING.

The PLAYERS on the field are in tight.

LARRY

(voice-over)

Fenwick was standing on third like
it was getting set to explode under
his feet.

A 15 year-old, FENWICK, is anxiously poised on third base.

LARRY

(voice-over)

Fillmore High had us by a run, and
it was a 3-1 count. The championship
had come down to one batter: yours
truly, Larry Burrows.

LARRY BURROWS, 15 years of age, is at home plate waiting
for the pitch. He spits, but it catches on his chin. He
wipes it off and glances sheepishly at the catcher.

The TEAM COACH, 35, is pacing in the dugout.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

COACH

Let's go, Larry! Swing away, swing away! You can do it, Larry! Watch the infield, babe!

There is an intense look of concentration on Larry's face.

LARRY

(voice-over)

Haskins was throwing fastballs, because that was the only pitch he ever threw...so I was ready for the next one.

The Pitcher, JERRY HASKINS, 16, winds up and throws.

Larry swings: CRACK! A towering fly, going deep! Looks like it's out of the park.

LARRY

(voice-over)

I swung perfect, got great wood, and hung it up there like it was heading for Mars.

A ROAR from the crowd.

But no! No! NO! It curves foul! By mere inches!

LARRY

(voice-over)

Then this gust of wind came up outa nowhere and nudged it foul. I swear to God, a gust of wind!

Larry steps out of the batter's box, frustrated.

The scoreboard turns over: 3 and 2.

Larry twists the bat in his hands, getting a good grip.

The players in Larry's dugout strain forward.

CLIP METZLER, a curly-haired 15-year old nerd, and the resident "bench-warmer", leans out of the dugout, clapping.

CLIP

Paste it, Lare! You can do it! C'mon, Lare! Have-an-eye, have-an-eye, have-an-eye, soo-wing, babe!

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

Larry steps back into the box, digs his sneakers into the dirt, sets the bat, and squints down at the pitcher, looking tough.

LARRY
(voice-over)
Why is it, when you do something
terrific, nine times outa ten,
you're all alone? But when you screw
up really big...the whole world
is watching?

The crowd is on its feet with anticipation.

Haskins goes into his wind-up and throws.

SLOW MOTION: the ball breaks RIGHT AT THE CAMERA, straight and hard, coming closer and closer and closer.

LARRY'S POV: As the ball hurtles towards him, a SWELL OF LIGHT SEEMS TO EMERGE FROM BEHIND IT. Larry blinks.

The ball closes in. Larry swings with all his might.

The ball THUDS LIKE A THUNDERCLAP into the catcher's mitt.

UMPIRE
Steeee-riike Thur-eeee!!!

Larry's swing twists him around and he falls in the dirt.

Silence. The crowd stares in disappointment and horror.

(MOS) The other team races out onto the field and hoists Haskins on their shoulders.

Larry sits up, wiping dirt off his face and winces with the pain of failure and shame.

LARRY
(voice-over)
It was a perfect pitch. A pitch from
God. Had my name all over it. And
I missed. I really missed.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. LARRY'S GARAGE - DAY (1990)

2

LARRY, now 35, is in his garage workshop, staring into space, lost in thought.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

LARRY

I still can't get over it. I was sure I'd hit it. It was like the ball went right through the bat!

(breaking his reverie)

Ever have anything like that happen to you, Sammy?

He looks down at his MONGREL DOG, SAMMY, for an answer. The dog stares back attentively and BARKS.

LARRY

Then you know what I mean.

Larry goes back to gluing the tire on the immaculate model of a '54 Porsche Spyder he was working on.

LARRY

Some memories just don't want to go away I guess.

VOICE

(o.s.; echoing)

You tipped that ball foul, Larry. Everybody saw it.

DISSOLVE TO:

3 INT. LOCKER ROOM DAY (1970)

3

Larry is sitting in the deserted locker room, head down, staring at the floor.

VOICE

That ump was blind as a bat! So I got him some glasses. What d'ya think?

He looks up. Clip Metzler, the "bench warmer", turns around: he's wearing a pair of "slinky glasses". The "eyes" bob wildly back and forth.

CLIP

Aren't they cool? Scared the crap out of my baby sister. Wanna try 'em on?

Clip takes the glasses off and holds them out to Larry.

LARRY

Thanks Clipper, but I'd kinda like to be alone for awhile.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

CLIP

Sure, Lare. Whatever you say.

Clip starts away, then turns back, still cheery.

CLIP

Listen, I'll call ya later. We'll go to a movie or something. Maybe we'll see "Bonnie and Clyde" again. Okay?

Larry nods. Clip leaves. Then Larry puts his head down. He winces, trying to hold back the tears.

He HEARS the BANG of the door opening and he looks up to SEE the ballpark custodian, MR. RIPLEY come in. With him is his daughter, ELLEN, a pretty 16-year old.

Larry quickly tries to straighten up.

MR. RIPLEY

Tough break, son. But don't take it too hard. There'll be other games. Remember, none of this'll seem so important twenty years from now.

LARRY

Yeah...sure.

The young girl hands Larry a handkerchief.

ELLEN

Here. Looks like you could use one of these.

LARRY

Oh, thanks. I must have gotten something in my eye...all the dust and stuff...

ELLEN

Yeah, there is alot of dust blowing around.

Larry dabs his eyes then hands the handkerchief back.

LARRY

Thanks.

ELLEN

It's okay, you can keep it. I got lots. My aunt sends me six dozen every Christmas.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (2)

3

Larry looks at the handkerchief TO SEE the initials EJR.

LARRY
What's E.J.R.?

ELLEN
Ellen Jane Ripley. What's your name?

LARRY
Larry. Larry Joseph Burrows.

They shake hands. She smiles at him.

ELLEN
Nice to meet you, Larry.

VOICE
(o.s.)
Larry!

4 INT. LARRY'S GARAGE DAY (1990)

4

Larry is looking at the handkerchief with the faded initials EJR.

VOICE
(o.s.)
Larry!

He comes out of his reminiscence and turns to SEE: A WOMAN, standing in the doorway. It's the adult version of the 16 year-old girl in the flashback.

LARRY
What?

ELLEN
I've been calling you for the last five minutes.

LARRY
Sorry, I didn't hear you.

Ellen SEES the handkerchief in his hand.

ELLEN
(knowingly)
Were you thinking about that silly baseball game again?

He hides the handkerchief and holds up the model.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

LARRY

No, of course not. I was working
on the '54 Porsche Spyder. See?

She looks at him, disbelieving.

LARRY

I was! Really! Ain't it a beaut?
James Dean had one of these, you
know. Course, his was much bigger...

ELLEN

It was 20 years ago, Larry. I really
don't think anybody cares anymore.

LARRY

I care. James Dean was a great
actor. Remember that drunk scene
in "Giant"...

ELLEN

You know what I'm talking about.
That baseball game's in the past.
It's not important, anymore.

LARRY

Of course it isn't. I know that.
You're the one who brought it up.
Now what was it you wanted? Is
breakfast ready?

ELLEN

The contractor is here.

LARRY

Great! I love the contractor.

He places the Porsche on a shelf, beside an
already-completed model of a '34 Dusenbergl.

ELLEN

You'll be firm with him this time,
won't you?

LARRY

Don't worry. "Firm" is my middle
name. Larry "firm" Burrows they call
me...

ELLEN

Well, you weren't very firm the last
time...

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2)

4

LARRY

Yeah, well, who can remember back that far?

ELLEN

Just be firm with him.

Ellen straightens the collar of his shirt.

LARRY

Don't worry. "Firm" is my middle name. Larry "firm"...

ELLEN

(gently)

Yeah, we heard...

5 EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE DAY

5

Establish the house: a partially-built modest home in a new subdivision.

Larry comes out of the garage to meet GUZELMAN, a 300 lb Armenian, who munches a jelly donut and sips a coffee.

LARRY

(good-naturedly)

Hey, Mr. Guzelman! How're you?
Haven't seen you the past six weeks.
Thought you'd been captured by
aliens.

GUZELMAN

Got your message, what'sa problem?

LARRY

Well...it's the driveway.

GUZELMAN

S'wrong with it?

Larry looks down; he and Guzelman are standing in a very muddy driveway.

LARRY

Well, I tell you...it's a little muddier than we thought it'd be.
You think maybe we could pave it?

GUZELMAN

Can't pave it 'til all the mud's gone.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

LARRY

Well...then all we have to do is
get rid of the mud, right?

GUZELMAN

Don't do mud. You need a mud guy
for that.

LARRY

A mud guy? They have that?

GUZELMAN

Yup. Anything else?

LARRY

Well, now that you mention it, there
are a few other things, like the
plumbing and the wiring which don't
seem to wanna work.

GUZELMAN

Gonna need a check for that.

LARRY

I thought I gave you a check last
month. For a thousand bucks.

GUZELMAN

Need another one. Gotta hire a whole
crew for a job like this.

LARRY

Well, if I give you another check,
when do you think you'll get around
to doing the work?

GUZELMAN

Soon.

LARRY

I think that's what you said last
month, Mr. Guzelman and nothing
happened.

GUZELMAN

Got busy on another job.

LARRY

Listen, ya know, there's gotta be
plenty of other contractors around.
If you're too busy maybe I should...

GUZELMAN

Suit yourself.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

Guzelman starts to walk away.

LARRY
Alright, wait, wait. How much do
you need this time?

GUZELMAN
Thousand.

LARRY
Don't you guys know any other
number?

GUZELMAN
Two thousand.

LARRY
Okay, okay, a thousand.

Larry quickly writes out a check.

LARRY
Couldja at least gimme a rough
estimate of what "soon" means. Is
that next week? Next month?
Sometime this century?

GUZELMAN
Soon.

Guzelman grabs the check and gets into his truck.

LARRY
Sure ya won't stay for breakfast?

Guzelman backs his truck out of the driveway, splattering
mud on Larry.

LARRY
Try cashin' that check, ya fat piece
a crap.

The truck slides to a halt.

GUZELMAN
Wuzzat?!

LARRY
I said...see ya when ya get back!

Larry smiles and waves as Guzelman pulls away.

6 INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM DAY

6

Larry enters, sorting through the mail.

LARRY

Ellen, did you forget to pay the electric again? We got a cut-off notice!

He flips on the TV.

LARRY

It's okay. TV still works.

The TV is tuned to a workout show: THREE BEAUTIFUL GIRLS thrust their pelvises toward the CAMERA.

Larry pauses to watch, lust flashing in his eyes.

LARRY

My God! How do they do that?
(calling out)

Hey honey, can you do this thing with your leg where you put it behind your...?

He turns to see Ellen enter carrying a bucket of water.

LARRY

What?

She points to a large yellow stain in the corner.

ELLEN

Sammy's been decorating the room again.

Sammy peeks in sheepishly from the other room.

Ellen hands Larry the bucket and a sponge; then she exits.

Larry looks over at Sammy.

LARRY

Thanks, Sammy.

Sammy backs out sheepishly.

7 INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN DAY

7

Ellen is frying eggs at the stove.

Larry comes in, opening the mail.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

Sammy watches them back and forth as they talk, neither listening to the other.

ELLEN

I thought you said you were going to take Sammy to obedience school.

LARRY

What's with this Mastercard bill?

ELLEN

You can't just bring a dog in off the street and expect him to be housebroken, ya know.

LARRY

What the hell is Neiman Marcus? And why do we owe them 250 bucks?

Ellen reaches down and slips Sammy a piece of bacon.

ELLEN

(baby-talk)

He's a mean old Larry for not teaching you to pee on the front lawn, isn't he, Sammy? Yes he is.

LARRY

What'd you buy for two-fifty anyway, a mink coat or something?

ELLEN

Did you use the Lysol on the carpet? The smell never goes away if you don't.

LARRY

What are you talking about?

ELLEN

The Lysol. What are you talking about?

Larry and Ellen stare at one another.

8 EXT. HOUSE DAY

8

Larry gets into his car. Sammy jumps through the window into the passenger seat, excited and wagging his tail.

LARRY

Sorry, Sammy. Not today. Gotta go make some money.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

Sammy looks disappointed.

Larry pets him and kisses him on the nose.

LARRY

Okay, okay. We'll go driving on the weekend. You can stick your head out the window and drool down the side of the car and everything. How's that?

Sammy licks Larry's face.

LARRY

(baby-talk)

Yes, and I love you too.

9 INT. LARRY'S STATION WAGON DAY

9

Ellen is putting on her make-up as Larry drives.

They pull up to a stop sign. The engine RUMBLES, BACKFIRES, then STALLS. Larry sits a moment, calmly.

LARRY

This car's a piece of shit, Ellen.

ELLEN

I know but if you shift into neutral just as you're about to stop and keep your foot on the gas, it won't stall.

LARRY

And when the brakes go, I suppose we'll just drag our feet out the doors.

ELLEN

I don't think that would work very well, Larry.

Larry starts the car and pulls away.

10 INT. STATION WAGON - ANOTHER STREET DAY

10

Ellen looks out the window as they drive by a boarded-up miniature golf course called "The Golf of Mexico" with a large, battered sombrero over the sign. A new sign is being hoisted that READS: "Future Home of Mr. Croissant".

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

ELLEN

I don't believe it. Look. They're going to tear down "The Golf of Mexico." That's where we went on our first date. Remember?

LARRY

Wasn't that our second date?

ELLEN

No, it was our first date. I remember specifically because the sombrero kept slipping down over your eyes and you tripped over the grinning bandito and split your pants.

LARRY

I thought our first date was at Mr. Pizza. I remember because you ordered anchovies and were belching all night.

ELLEN

(laughs)

That was our third date. And I just burped a few times.

BEAT.

LARRY

Then where was our second date?

ELLEN

(thinks)

I can't remember. I guess nothing exciting happened that time.

They HEAR the WAIL OF A SIREN and look back to SEE: A HELMETED MOTORCYCLE COP pointing him toward the curb.

LARRY

(groaning)

Is that for me? It can't be for speeding. Not in this piece of shit!

Larry pulls over. The engine RUMBLES, BACKFIRES then STALLS.

ELLEN

Just be nice and he'll be nice back.

11 EXT. ROADSIDE DAY

11

Larry rolls down his window, smiling pleasantly.

The Motorcycle Cop, early 50s, peers in. (THIS IS THE FIRST INCARNATION OF MR. DESTINY.)

LARRY

Morning, Officer. Is something wrong?

COP

Your vehicle is emitting dangerous levels of hydrocarbons, sir.

LARRY

It is? Well, I'll certainly get that fixed right away, officer. Thank you very much for pointing it out.

COP

I'm sorry, but I'll have to issue a citation. License and registration please.

Larry reaches for his wallet.

LARRY

(to Ellen)

Nice didn't work too well, did it?

He hands the cop his license and registration.

COP

Thank you, Mr. uh, Burrows.

The cop is about to go back to his motorcycle, then stops and turns back to Larry.

COP

Burrows? Burrows? I know that name. There was a guy named Burrows who blew the highschool championship back in 1970. Was that you?

Larry winces.

LARRY

Uh, no. That was, uh...another guy named Burrows.

ELLEN

(cheerfully)

He's the one alright!

Larry looks over at Ellen: Thanks a lot.

12 EXT. PARKING LOT DAY

12

The station wagon pulls into the huge parking lot of "LIBERTY REPUBLIC SPORTING GOODS", a large, suburban-based manufacturing and distribution complex. The engine RUMBLES, BACKFIRES, then STALLS.

Larry and Ellen get out of the station wagon.

ELLEN

Are you still mad?

LARRY

Why should I be mad? If you enjoy making a fool out of me in front of policemen, that's perfectly fine with me.

ELLEN

Come on, sweetheart. I was just teasing. You take that baseball stuff way too seriously.

LARRY

Don't worry about it. It's already forgotten.

He starts walking away.

ELLEN

Don't I get a kiss?

He comes back. They kiss lightly.

LARRY

See you after work.

ELLEN

Oh, I forgot. I'm gonna be late tonight. There's a union meeting.

LARRY

Again?

ELLEN

We're electing a Strike Committee and they want me to be the chairman. Somebody's gotta stop those management bastards from laying everybody off.

She heads toward the factory building.

LARRY

But what about dinner?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

ELLEN
(calling back)
There's Lean Cuisines in the freezer
and Coors in the fridge. Have a good
one, sweetheart.

Larry watches Ellen disappear into the factory.

LARRY
(to himself)
But today's my birthday...

He turns towards the office building.

LARRY
I guess she forgot.

13 INT. LARRY'S CUBICLE DAY

13

CU: Larry is doodling on a pad: a drawing of a stick man
drowning in an ocean and screaming for help as a big shark
fin comes up beside him.

VOICE
How they hangin', Lare?

Larry looks up to SEE The Company President, JACKIE EARLE
BUMPUS, 40, a large back-slapping sort-of guy.

Larry crumples up the drawing and leaps to his feet.

LARRY
Good morning, Mr. Bumpus. They're
hanging just fine, sir.

JACKIE EARLE
Good. And lay off the Mr. Bumpus
crap, Lare. We're all on the same
team here. When I played for the
Bears they called me Cementhead.
But you can call me Jackie.

LARRY
Yes, sir. Jackie, sir.

As Jackie Earle talks, behind him Larry SEES the face of
CLIP METZLER, the "nerdy benchwarmer" from the flashback,
rise up behind the separator wearing the slinky eyeglasses.
Larry has trouble trying not to laugh.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

JACKIE EARLE

I was just going over the quarterly reports, Lare. Damn good work. A real touchdown.

LARRY

Thank you, sir. Just doing my job.

Clip continues goofing around behind Jackie trying to make Larry laugh: pantomiming walking down stairs, pretending to hang himself with his tie, mouthing Jackie's words etc.

JACKIE EARLE

And don't think I don't appreciate it. You know a quarterback's only as good as his linemen. Hell, I'm just a big old dumb jock who got lucky and married the boss' daughter. It's guys like you who make me look like a hotshot.

Clip is in the b.g. strutting around like a "hotshot".

Larry can't resist and a laugh snorts out of his nose.

LARRY

Sorry sir. I guess I'm coming down with a cold or something.

JACKIE EARLE

Know what's good for that, Lare? Eucalyptus extract and honey in two ounces of warm Napoleon Brandy with a tablespoon of rosehips and a dash of cayenne pepper. Then get into a hot bath for 15 minutes, and put a damp cloth soaked in lemon juice over your face. Got all that?

LARRY

Got it, sir. Extract, honey and...all those other things...

Jackie Earle stands up to leave.

JACKIE EARLE

Atta boy. Well, keep up the good work, Lare, and good luck with the cold. I just stopped by to see how you're doing.

Jackie Earle turns and catches Clip in mid-goofy-face.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

JACKIE EARLE

Clipper! Hey, that's a funny face.

Clip looks terrified but Jackie Earle just slaps him on the back and heads down the hall laughing.

JACKIE EARLE

Gotta teach that one to my kid.

Clip enters the cubicle.

LARRY

Thanks a lot, Clip. I'm trying to get a promotion and all you can do is goof around.

CLIP

Will you relax, Mr. Worried-about-every-little-thing. Your suck-points are safe. Old Cementhead didn't notice a thing. Too many hits on the helmet if you ask me.

LARRY

Oh, his heart's in the right place.

CLIP

Yeah, but we're not sure where his brains are.

Clip tosses a package on Larry's desk.

CLIP

Here. Happy 35th, buddy boy.

LARRY

Why, thanks, Clip. I honestly didn't think anyone remembered.

He opens the package to find a slab of rubber vomit.

LARRY

Wow. Artificial Puke. How'd you know what I wanted?

CLIP

That's not just any old barf, Lare. Take a closer look.

Larry examines the vomit closely.

CLIP

Don't you recognize it?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

LARRY

Should I?

CLIP

Of course you should! That's the stuff we used to throw into the girl's locker room to scare 'em so they'd all come running out in their underwear.

LARRY

(brightening)

This is it? The actual stuff!? But I thought Mr. Green confiscated it!

CLIP

I broke into his office the next day and confiscated it back.

LARRY

(remembering)

God, we had fun in those days, didn't we?

CLIP

Tons. Which is why I'm giving it to you for your birthday, because I know what a sentimental fool you are.

Clip moves slyly closer to Larry.

CLIP

And because...you make me sick!

Clip grabs Larry around the head and tries to kiss him.

CLIP

Now where's my thank-you kiss?

LARRY

Hey! Knock it off!

Larry struggles to get out of Clip's headlock.

CLIP

C'mon, Lare! One little kiss!

LARRY

Get away from me, ya homo!

FEMALE VOICE

(off-camera)

You two look like you're having fun.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (4)

13

They stop, locked in their embarrassing embrace, and look up to SEE: the gorgeous CINDY JO BUMPUS, 33, smiling.

Larry and Clip straighten up.

LARRY

Hi, Cindy. How are you? Boy is this ever a coincidence! Jackie Earle was just in here. You know, your husband? Yeah, he sure looks good...

Cindy Jo is enjoying Larry's awkwardness.

LARRY

How've you been? Boy, Jackie seemed fine...Clip and I are pretty good. Busy, though. Yeah, workin' all the time...So how've you been anyway?

CINDY JO

I'm fine, Larry. And thank you for asking...three times.

LARRY

(nervous laughter)

Well, I just wanted to make absolutely sure...

CINDY JO

Do you know if Jackie went back to his office?

LARRY

Oh yeah. I'm sure he did. Lots of work to do, ya know. Touchdowns and all that stuff.

CINDY JO

(smiling)

Nice seeing you, Larry. Bye, Clip.

Cindy Jo smiles and glides away.

LARRY

Always nice seeing you, Cindy.

Larry and Clip lean out of the cubicle and watch her go.

CLIP

Boy, do you have a way with women.

LARRY

She's so beautiful. I shoulda moved in on her when I had the chance.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (5)

13

CLIP

When did you ever have the chance?

LARRY

In ninth grade. When I was coming out of the can one day, she was standing by the drinking fountains. And she smiled at me.

CLIP

Yeah, so?

LARRY

So...she smiled at me. You know, smiled!

CLIP

You mean as in...exposed her teeth?

LARRY

Exactly!

CLIP

Geez! I'm surprised you didn't throw one into her right there on the spot!

Larry watches wistfully as Cindy Jo stops and talks with SOMEONE down the hall.

LARRY

(sighs)

Yeah.

14 INT. CAFETERIA DAY

14

Larry and Clip are moving down the line in the CROWDED cafeteria. Clip is loading his tray with food.

LARRY

You ever have any regrets, Clip? You know, about the way your life turned out? About the choices you made?

CLIP

Nah. I figure I didn't make all that many choices. My policy is to do nothing and see what happens. And you know what? Things always seem to turn out fine!

15 INT. CAFETERIA DAY - ELSEWHERE

15

Larry and Clip sit down at a long table. Clip begins eating as he speaks animatedly.

CLIP

You know what your problem is?
Nothing's ever good enough for you.
And the problem with that is you're
never satisfied. And the problem
with that is you're never happy.
And the problem with that is no one
wants to go bowling with ya on
Saturday night because you're
depressed all the time. And that's
a real problem. Right?

LARRY

It's not that I'm depressed. I just
wish things could be different once
in awhile.

CLIP

You gotta learn to accept things
as they are. You'll get more bowling
outa life that way.

LARRY

But I feel like there's nothing
going on in my life. Like I'm
half-dead or something.

CLIP

You got it made if you ask me. You
got a wonderful home, a wonderful
wife, a good job and the best friend
money can buy. What else do ya want?

LARRY

A little excitement would be nice.

A lunch tray CLATTERS on the table. Ellen sits down angrily.
She is wearing a hair-cover and there is a dust shadow
around her eyes where a pair of goggles were.

ELLEN

I am so mad I could scream!

LARRY

What's wrong, sweetheart?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

ELLEN

Maddie and Heather just got laid off "due to slow sales" or some bullshit like that! And we're already working double shifts just to keep up! Can't you do anything about this, Larry? It makes me sick the way this company's been treating us.

LARRY

Well...I dunno...

ELLEN

Larry, please...

LARRY

Okay, okay, I'll see what I can do.

16 INT. NILES PENDER'S OFFICE DAY

16

(CU) A walnut is broken open by a nutcracker with a LOUD SNAP. CAMERA FOLLOWS as a piece of the walnut is brought up to the mouth of NILES PENDER, 37. He begins to pace around the office speaking in very gentle and measured tones as he eats the walnut.

NILES

Fenwick. State the problem, please.

FENWICK

Low profits.

FOUR MANAGEMENT-TYPES are ranged on chairs around the office. The epicene LEWIS FLICK is standing by the door. Larry and Clip are seated on the sofa.

NILES

And the solution? Graham?

GRAHAM

Higher productivity.

NILES

What could be more simple? In order to make more money, we have to make more product, but not pay more to make it. It's a beautiful concept. Don't you think so, Bennett?

BENNETT

Beautiful, sir.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

NILES

Indeed it is. Which is why, starting tomorrow all production quotas will be increased by 15%. And those who fail to meet that goal...well, let's just say our company and their company shall...part company.

Suddenly, Larry clears his throat.

NILES

Is that a comment I hear, Burrows, or merely phlegm rising in your throat?

LARRY

Just a thought here, Niles. But don't you think it's a little unfair to impose higher production quotas, considering we already have an inventory surplus?

NILES

Really? And on what are you basing this so-called "surplus"?

LARRY

On the fact that I counted every single crate in the warehouse 10 days ago.

NILES

Hmmm. Then I would say we have a problem with our mutual perceptions of reality, for my own calculations show a considerable shortfall.

The door opens. It's Jackie Earle and LEO HANSEN, 63, Cindy Jo's father and the Chairman of The Board.

LEO

Sorry to barge in, Niles. Do Jackie and I need to be here for anything?

Niles' face breaks into the most obsequious smile.

NILES

Not at all, sir. Just boring production details. I can handle it.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

LEO
Then we're off to the golf course.
(slapping Jackie Earle
on the back)
My son-in-law's going to show me
how to get rid of my slice.

NILES
Wonderful, sir.

LEO
Oh, by the by, what time's the Board
meeting tonight?

NILES
Seven-thirty.

LEO
Won't be a long one I hope. We have
a 9 o'clock dinner reservation...

NILES
You'll be there in plenty of time,
sir.

LEO
Excellent. Goodbye then.

JACKIE EARLE
Touchdowns everyone.

They leave. Niles instantly drops his phoney smile.

NILES
Amazing.
(to Larry)
Alright, Burrows, since we seem to
have a disagreement on the
inventory, I suggest you check it
all over again.

LARRY
But that'll take three or four days.

NILES
Well, I don't see a problem with
that. Lewis, do you see a problem
with that?

LEWIS
I don't see a problem with that.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

NILES

Do you see a problem with that,
Burrows?

Larry doesn't answer.

NILES

Well? Do you, Burrows?

Larry opens his mouth to speak. Then thinks better of it.

17 INT. WAREHOUSE DAY

17

Larry is in the warehouse, going through the inventory check. He is mumbling angrily, saying what he wished he could have in the previous scene.

LARRY

Yeah, I see a problem, you dick.
What are you going to do about it,
huh? Huh?! You prissy little wimp!

As he looks down at the clipboard, the two forks of a forklift CROSS FRAME in front of him. He looks up to SEE:

A VERY PRETTY GIRL, JEWEL JAGGER, mid 20s, on a forklift, spearing a crate off one of the shelves next to him.

JEWEL

Excuse me. Would you mind stepping
back? You wouldn't want me to fork
you to death, would you?

The girl looks at him coquettishly. Larry laughs nervously.

LARRY

No, we couldn't have that...I mean,
after all, we've only just met...

JEWEL

(very suggestively)
Since when does that matter?

Jewel smiles provocatively, then wheels away. Larry watches her go, stunned.

MALE VOICE

(off-camera)

Va-va-va-voom!

Larry turns to SEE his father, HARRY, a balding man in his mid-50s standing where the crate was.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

HARRY

Not bad, huh?

LARRY

Incredible. You know, sometimes I get the distinct feeling I'm missing out on something.

They watch Jewel wheel down the aisle..

HARRY

What she's got, and she's got plenty, you don't need.

LARRY

You sure?

HARRY

Not absolutely. But if I ever tried to find out...your mother'd kill me.

Larry puts his arm around Harry's shoulder and smiles.

LARRY

You're the dad every kid dreams of.

HARRY

Don't be a wiseguy. Listen, Petey Fleckman just got canned. That's three guys since yesterday. Somethin' stinks around here, kiddo, and I don't mean the meatloaf special in the cafeteria.

LARRY

Yeah I heard...

HARRY

Hey, hey, lookit this here.

Harry grabs Larry and points between a pile of crates.

They SEE Niles Pender leading SIX JAPANESE BUSINESS MEN through the warehouse.

HARRY

That's the same bunch he had down here last week. Looks like the same bunch anyway, who can tell?

LARRY

Who are they?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

HARRY

Who knows? Pender tried passing 'em off as some championship baseball team from Osaka. But I talked to one of them and he thinks Mickey Mantle is something over a mouse's fireplace! Listen, check around will ya?

LARRY

Okay, pop, I'll see what I can find out.

HARRY

You're aces, kid.

18 INT. OFFICE AREA DAY

18

LARRY'S POV: Niles' secretary, GLADYS, 30, sitting in her cubicle in front of his office, talking on the phone.

GLADYS

I'm sorry, Mr. Pender won't be back until 3 o'clock...Yes, thank you.

Larry is standing next to the water cooler on the far side of the office floor, taking a slow drink as he watches her.

Gladys hangs up. She takes her purse out of her desk drawer, gets up, and leaves the cubicle.

Still holding the paper cup, Larry starts across toward Niles' office.

Larry is nervous; eyes fixed on the office door. We can HEAR his heart THUMPING LOUDLY. He's coming closer and closer to Niles' door. His heart is THUMPING FASTER. Suddenly the door opens and Lewis Flick steps out.

Larry quickly turns and veers off down the corridor. He stops in front of another water cooler and pours himself a drink, trying to be nonchalant.

Lewis walks past, eyeing him suspiciously.

Larry smiles casually. He upends the cup of water, then steals a glance at Lewis, who steps into another office down the corridor.

Larry sags against the water cooler and takes a deep breath; then he turns toward Niles' office again.

19 INT. NILES PENDER'S OFFICE DAY

19

There is a KNOCK on the door. A moment later, Larry peers into the office. It's empty.

He crosses quickly to Niles' desk. He checks one drawer: office supplies.

He checks another: some papers. He paws through them.

He checks a third drawer: it's locked.

He takes a letter opener off the desk and slides it into the lock. He twists the opener back and forth. It breaks.

LARRY

Shit.

He pulls the handle hard and the drawer pulls out of the desk. It drops on the floor, spilling papers.

LARRY

Shit.

Larry bends down quickly and starts gathering up the papers. He picks one up and reads it over, frowning.

CLOSE ON THE PAPER: It READS "Memo: Nakamura Industries, Osaka. Re: Leveraged Buy-out via Metasport."

LARRY

Leveraged buy-out? What the hell is Metasport?

Suddenly, the DOOR OPENS. He crouches behind the desk.

LARRY

(mouthing)

Shit.

FOOTSTEPS approach. Larry winces, waiting for the axe to fall. Shoes stop in front of him. He looks up, sheepishly, TO SEE Niles, smiling down at him wickedly.

NILES

Lose something, Burrows?

LARRY

(wincing)

Something tells me I have.

20 INT. LARRY'S CUBICLE DAY

20

Larry is cleaning out his desk. Clip is pacing, angrily.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

CLIP

We shoulda killed that sonuvabitch
back in the fourth grade when they
wouldn't have sent us to jail for
it.

LARRY

Forget it, Clip. I'll just get
another job somewhere else.

CLIP

I'll bet that dipshit's been just
waiting for an excuse to do this!

Clip's control breaks and he moves to leave the cubicle.

CLIP

Well, I've had it! I'm gonna go
punch his lights out!

LARRY

(stopping him)

I appreciate the gesture, Clip. But
if you get fired too, who'm I gonna
borrow money from?

CLIP

Well, okay then. But I'm gonna get
that slimeball some day.

LARRY

Yeah, we'll both get him some day.

21 EXT. BASEBALL PARK - ESTABLISHING SHOT DAY

21

CLOSE ON: A sign reading "STEDMAN FIELD". The same ballpark
where Larry lost the championship game.

We can HEAR the ECHOING CRACK OF BASEBALLS BEING HIT.

CRANE DOWN TO FIND: Larry's car parked in front.

22 EXT. BASEBALL PARK - PLAYING FIELD DAY

22

Larry is at home-plate with a bucket of balls and a bat.
He's a good hitter and each hit purges some anger.

LARRY

(as he hits)

Son of a bitch!

(hits another)

Goddam son of a bitch!

(CONTINUED)

MALE VOICE
(from the seats)
Hey! What do you think you're doing?
You can't do that! The park's
closed!

Larry turns to SEE a SECURITY GUARD, early 50s, approaching.
(THE SECOND INCARNATION OF MR. DESTINY.)

GUARD
You're going to have to leave.

LARRY
Okay, okay, I'm leaving.

Larry picks up the bat and the bucket of balls.

GUARD
What's the big idea anyway, a
grown-up like yourself? Don'tcha
have a job you should be at?

LARRY
I'm on vacation! Alright?

GUARD
Say, hold on a minute. I know you.
Aren't you that Burrows kid? From
the all-state championship, 1970?

LARRY
Gee-zuz pop, that was 20 years ago.
Haven't ya got anything better to
remember?

GUARD
I knew it was you.

LARRY
Thanks for making my day, pop. I
really appreciate it.

Larry walks towards the exit, shaking his head.

GUARD
(calling after him)
So how come ya didn't hit it?! My
grandmother coulda hit that pitch!

23 EXT. STREET DUSK

23

Larry's car stops at an intersection. The engine RUMBLES, BACKFIRES AND STALLS. He tries to start it again and again, but the engine won't turn over this time.

LARRY
(calmly)
This can't be happening.

He sits still for a moment, then explodes in a GARBLED RAGE: twisting and turning and beating the steering wheel. Then just as quickly becomes composed again.

LARRY
That's better.

He climbs out, opens the hood and peers in.

LARRY
What am I looking at this for? I
don't know how it works.

Larry slams the hood down. He looks around. The streets are deserted, the buildings dark. He looks up to the heavens and SIGHS. He closes his eyes and shakes his head in resignation.

LARRY
I give up.

When he opens his eyes, he SEES a PINK GLOW REFLECTED in the windshield glass. He looks back and SEES:

A PINK NEON SIGN above a tavern at the end of a cul-de-sac that READS "End Of The Road Bar".

LARRY
Thank God.

He starts walking towards the bar.

24 INT. "END OF THE ROAD" BAR EVENING

24

Larry enters. The place is empty except for a BARTENDER in his early 50s, with a perpetual "Cheshire Cat" grin and a gleam in his eye. (THE THIRD INCARNATION OF MR. DESTINY.)

BARTENDER
Evening.

LARRY
Pay phone?

The bartender points to a pay phone behind the door.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

Larry goes over to the phone, drops in quarter and dials.

LARRY

(wearily)

Yeah, hi. I'm gonna need a tow...

Over near the bar, the Bartender punches a selection into the jukebox, then goes back behind the bar. An instrumental version of "Someone to Watch Over Me" BEGINS TO PLAY.

He begins meticulously wiping glasses and stacking them on the counter. Always with a knowing grin on his face.

Larry hangs up and comes over to the bar.

BARTENDER

Car trouble, huh?

LARRY

Tow truck'll be here in twenty minutes.

BARTENDER

Can I get you something while you wait?

LARRY

I could sure use it.

BARTENDER

A light beer, no glass.

LARRY

Yeah. How'd you know?

BARTENDER

Just a guess.

The bartender opens the beer.

BARTENDER

Don't I know you from somewhere?

LARRY

You seem a little familiar to me too.

BARTENDER

Name's Mike.

(thinking)

I know. Larry Burrows, right? The kid who lost the...

Larry's head falls to the counter with a DULL THUD.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

LARRY

Gee-zuz Henry Christ! Was everybody in the world at that game?!

MIKE

Sorry. If I'd known it was a sore spot, I'd never've brought it up.

LARRY

Forget it. I'm getting used to it. This whole day's been a nightmare.

MIKE

Care to talk about it?

LARRY

Well, it's alot of things. First of all it's my 35th birthday and everyone forgot...well, almost everyone. I got vomit from Clip.

MIKE

Well, happy birthday.

LARRY

Thanks. I'm 35 years old and my life is shit.

MIKE

Come now, it can't be that bad.

LARRY

It's not that it's bad, it's just that it's ordinary. Everything's the same, you know? I go bowling, I make model cars, I fall asleep in front of the TV every night. Tuesdays, we have chicken; Fridays, we go to Jack-In-The-Box. There's just no excitement, no extremes, no fun.

MIKE

Not everybody can lead a glamorous life, Larry.

LARRY

Yeah, but why couldn't I be one of guys who does? I got brains, I got talent. I'm as good as most people.

Larry finishes the beer and shakes his head.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (3)

24

LARRY

If only I'd hit that goddam ball.
My life would've turned out a whole
helluva lot better.

MIKE

Some people believe things are the
way they are for a reason.

LARRY

Yeah? Well the reason eludes me.
(holds up the bottle)
Lemme have another, will ya?

MIKE

Listen, I've got just the thing for
a sober cynic like yourself. A
little something of my own design.
I call it "The Spilt Milk".

LARRY

The Spilt Milk?

MIKE

The one drink there's no use crying
over.

LARRY

Oh that's very clever, Mike.

Mike sets a glass of milky white liquid in front of Larry.

MIKE

It does the job. Try it.

Larry takes a sip.

LARRY

It's bitter.
(takes a sip)
No, wait, it's sweet. It's sorta
bitter and sweet. It's not bad!

MIKE

So tell me more about your life
....do you have people who love you?

LARRY

Yeah, sure, I guess I do.

MIKE

Some people can't even say they have
that much.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (4)

24

LARRY

I suppose.

MIKE

And you really think your life would
have been better if you'd hit that
ball?

LARRY

A lot better.

Larry takes another sip of his Spilt Milk.

LARRY

I swung too late, that's all.

(thinking)

If I'd just started a half-second
sooner...

DISSOLVE TO:

25 EXT. BASEBALL PARK DAY (1970)

25

Larry is at the plate, set to swing.

Haskins winds up, and throws.

SLOW MOTION. The ball comes right down the middle, closer
and closer and closer.

Larry swings with all his might.

KAPOW! He hits it deep to center field. Going, going, GONE!
Over the fence. A towering homerun.

The Crowd is on its feet, CHEERING.

Larry rounds the bases to A THUNDEROUS OVATION as the Crowd
streams onto the field. As he touches home, his TEAMMATES
hoist him on their shoulders and carry an ecstatic Larry
around triumphantly.

DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. "END OF THE ROAD" BAR EVENING

26

LARRY

(smiling)

Yeah, half-a-second sooner and I
woulda been King. A lousy
half-a-second.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

Larry drains the glass. He tosses some money on the bar.

LARRY

Well...I think I'll go outside and wait for the tow truck. Thanks for the sympathetic ear, Mike.

MIKE

Anytime, Larry. That's what I'm here for.

Larry exits.

27 EXT. STREET NIGHT

27

Larry walks back to where his car was, but it's gone. He looks around, anxiously. Then he GROANS.

LARRY

Great! They towed it already!

Larry turns to walk back to the bar and SEES that the PINK NEON SIGN IS OUT.

LARRY

Terrific! Didn't take him long to close.

With a heavy SIGH, he starts walking.

LARRY

This's been a perfect day. Just perfect.

28 EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY NIGHT

28

A tired Larry trudges up to his house. He takes a few steps onto the driveway and stops.

LARRY

It's paved! Well how about that?
It's paved! Guzelman came through!

He stomps on the asphalt to make sure it's real. Then he continues up to the house.

29 EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE - DOORWAY NIGHT

29

Larry puts the key in and turns. Nothing happens.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

LARRY

Oh, c'mon. Ell-en! Hey! Hon-ee, I'm home! Can y'open the door?

He BANGS LOUDLY on the door.

LARRY

C'mon, will ya? My key doesn't work!

Suddenly, a HUGE BLACK GUY, 30, flings the door open.

BLACK GUY

What the hell are you doin', bangin' on my door like that!?

Larry jumps back, apprehensive.

LARRY

Hey! Who are you? What's going on? What've you done with my wife?

BLACK GUY

What're you talking about?

LARRY

Okay. Listen, man. Take whatever you want and leave. But don't hurt anyone, and I won't call the cops, okay?

BLACK GUY

Cops? Man, I am a cop.

The black guy flashes a badge.

BLACK GUY

Now just what's your problem?

LARRY

I live here. What're you doing in my house anyway? Is there something wrong?

BLACK GUY

Your house! I think you better show me some ID, pal. Right now.

Larry shows his drivers license to the cop.

BLACK GUY

"Lawrence J. Burrows, 11653 Bonny Meadow Lane, Forest Hills."

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2)

29

LARRY
What? Forest Hills?

Larry looks at his license.

The black cop leans forward and sniffs at Larry.

BLACK GUY
Have you been drinking?

30 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET NIGHT

30

Larry is standing under a streetlamp, looking at his drivers license, completely perplexed.

BLACK GUY
Go home and sleep it off!

He HEARS the door SLAM behind him.

LARRY
I thought I was home.

Suddenly, a cab pulls up. Mike pokes his head out.

MIKE
Hi, Larry.

LARRY
Mike? What're you doing here?

MIKE
Thought you might need a lift right about now. And an explanation.

31 INT. TAXICAB NIGHT

31

Mike drives. Larry is in the back.

MIKE
Well, it's all very simple really. You know that little thing you didn't like about your life...

LARRY
You mean the baseball game?

MIKE
Well, it's been changed.

LARRY
Changed? What do you mean "changed"?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

MIKE

You hit the three-two pitch.

LARRY

I hit it?

MIKE

Right out of the park.

LARRY

And that's why I don't live in my house anymore?

MIKE

Exactly. When that moment changed, everything else in your life changed along with it.

Larry eyes Mike suspiciously. Then he smiles knowingly.

LARRY

Oh I get it, I get it. This is great!

(chuckling)

Tell me, what're they paying you? Because whatever it is, Mike, it ain't enough. You're good. You've got just the right amount of sincerity in your voice and a nice twinkle in your eye like this is all for real. I love it!

MIKE

What is who paying me, Larry?

LARRY

Ellen and Clipster. They set this up, right? It's some kind of birthday gag. Who'sa black guy? Another actor? He was great too.

MIKE

Larry...

LARRY

Never mind, I don't wanna know. I'm just gonna play right along. So, uh, Mike...or whatever your name is, do you do this a lot, I mean change people's lives and everything?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

MIKE

I've been known to make a few adjustments now and again.

Larry is killing himself with laughter.

LARRY

I love this! He makes a few adjustments. So the cab driving is, what, like a part time thing?

32 EXT. CLASSY STREET - ESTABLISHING NIGHT

32

The cab pulls to a stop in front of a huge mansion.

33 INT. CAB NIGHT

33

Larry peers out at the mansion.

LARRY

This is it, huh? My new home?

MIKE

This is it.

LARRY

Well, listen, Mike, why don't you wait here until I get to the door? You wouldn't want to miss the expression on my face, wouldja?

MIKE

Not for the world.

LARRY

I assume you've been taken care of. But here's another five anyway. You were great.

Larry hands Mike a tip and climbs out of the cab.

34 EXT. MANSION NIGHT

34

Larry heads up the walkway toward the house. He SEES the mailbox that READS "Burrows".

LARRY

Gee-zuz, what a production! They musta spent a fortune on this?

He arrives at the front door, turns and waves at Mike.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

LARRY
(calling out)
I'm here...at the door to my new
home.

Mike waves back.

Suddenly the door swings open. A BUTLER is standing there.

LARRY
Oh, hi there. I'm Larry. But you
probably already know that, right?

BUTLER
Of course, sir.

LARRY
Is my wife here? As if I didn't
know.

BUTLER
Of course she is, sir.

35 INT. MANSION - FOYER NIGHT

35

Larry enters, looking around. He makes a face: impressed.

LARRY
Not bad. I didn't know you could
rent places like this for parties.
So what's your name?

BUTLER
(confused)
Why, it's Boswell, sir!

LARRY
Nice name. D'you pick it out
yourself? Here's a fin. You're doing
a great job.

Larry hands him a 5 dollar bill as he continues across the
foyer to the living room.

Boswell looks at the 5 dollar bill, perplexed.

BOSWELL
(to himself)
A fin?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

LARRY

Hey Boswell. Watch how surprised
I'm gonna be. Get ready with an
academy award.

He throws out his arms, dramatically, and steps into the
living room.

36 INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT

36

LARRY

Oh, dar-ling! I am ho-ome!

Cindy Jo Bumpus runs into his open arms. She kisses him
passionately.

CINDY JO

Darling, you're home. I was worried.

Larry's eyes open wide.

Suddenly, TWO ADORABLE CHILDREN, A BOY AND A GIRL, about
9, wrap their arms around his legs.

CHILDREN

Daddy! Daddy! Did you bring us
something? What did you bring us?

CINDY JO

Where have you been? Ludwig went
to pick you up, but they said you'd
already left.

Larry stares at Cindy Jo, stunned.

LARRY

Cindy? What are you doing here? Are
you in on this too? Where's Clip
and Ellen?

CINDY JO

Who are Clip and Ellen? What are
you talking about sweetheart? In
on what?

LARRY

My surprise birthday party.

CINDY JO

The party isn't for another two
hours, dear. And you told me you
didn't want it to be a surprise
because you hate surprises.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

His eyes widen as he SEES on the wall behind Cindy JO:
ZOOM IN: A portrait of Larry, Cindy Jo, and the kids!

LARRY
Gee-zuz Henry Christ!

He leaps back a step.

CINDY JO
Darling? What's wrong?

LARRY
Uh, uh...nothing's wrong...

He looks from the portrait to the real live family.

LARRY
Uh, uh...would you excuse me a moment please!

He turns and exits.

37 EXT. CAB NIGHT

37

Mike is standing beside the cab, looking very nonchalant.
Larry hurries up to him, his face full of astonishment.

MIKE
Well?

LARRY
You were telling the truth, weren't you?! It's all real!

MIKE
All real.

Larry falls against the side of the car in shock.

MIKE
Are you alright?

LARRY
No, I'm not alright! This kind of thing doesn't happen every day, ya know...I mean, one minute you got this, then you got...this!

Larry looks up at the large mansion.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED:

37

MIKE

(proudly)

It is rather remarkable, if I do say so, myself.

LARRY

I don't understand any of this. How could my life change this much just because I hit a stinking baseball?

MIKE

Well, you see, Larry, one's destiny is a very complicated thing. Every single incident in a person's life affects everything else that follows. One little change can spin you off in an entirely new direction. You hit the ball, became a hero, married the prom queen, and so on, and so on, until you find yourself...exactly where you are!

Larry looks askance at Mike. He reaches out and pokes him in the chest to see if he's real.

LARRY

What are you, an angel or something?

MIKE

Not exactly.

LARRY

Then what?

MIKE

Have you ever been faced with a decision, and you weren't sure what to do?

LARRY

Yeah, sure, plenty of times.

MIKE

But then something inside you made you choose one direction over another? You couldn't explain why, but you absolutely knew which way to go.

LARRY

Yeah, so?

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

37

MIKE

So that's me. I make the suggestions
and you make the choices. That's
how Destiny works, Larry. Very
subtly.

LARRY

Well if you don't mind me saying
so, this certainly hasn't been very
subtle so far.

MIKE

Well...there's an old Roman saying
about that...and I should know
because I'm the old Roman who said
it. "The Fates lead him who will;
him who won't...they drag."

Mike reaches out and puts a hand on Larry's shoulder.

MIKE

Welcome to your new life, Larry.
I hope you like it.

Mike smiles, then suddenly disappears. Larry looks around
in shock, feeling the air where Mike was.

LARRY

Hey wait a minute. What am I
supposed to do now?

38 INT. MANSION - FOYER NIGHT

38

Cindy Jo and the kids are waiting by the door, looking very
perplexed.

Larry peeks in, smiling sheepishly.

LARRY

Hi. It's me again. Larry.

CINDY JO

Why did you run out of the house,
sweetheart?

LARRY

Oh...I, uh, forgot to tip the
cabbie.

CINDY JO

Cabbie? Why did you take a cab? Why
didn't you wait for Ludwig?

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED:

38

LARRY
Ludwig? Oh, Ludwig! Good old
Ludwig...well, I didn't wait for
Ludwig because...because...I can't
remember what he looks like...

Cindy Jo looks at Larry askance.

CINDY JO
You must be tired, darling. Why
don't you fix yourself a nice drink
before dinner? Cook is preparing
your favorite.

LARRY
Great! I just love...my favorite.
But then, of course, that's why it's
my favorite. Right?

39 INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM NIGHT

39

Larry stumbles half in a daze into the living room.

LARRY
I have a cook. I have a favorite..
He studies a family portrait on the piano.

LARRY
I have a whole new family! Good
lookin' kids, too. Wonder what their
names are?

He looks around the magnificently decorated room. He runs
a hand over the fabric of the sofa.

LARRY
(impressed)
Nice stuff! Probably Scotchguarded
too.

He stops in front of a very BIZARRE-LOOKING PIECE OF
SCULPTURE. He frowns and leans forward, squinting. He tilts
his head to the left, then to the right. Then he bends over,
trying to make sense of it upside down.

LARRY
What is this s'posed to be?

Suddenly, he gets the feeling he's being watched. And he
looks between his legs TO SEE:

Boswell, UPSIDE DOWN, standing behind him.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED:

39

Larry rights himself, quickly.

LARRY

Hey, Boswell. Nice to see you again.
Boy, I never get tired of looking
at this plaster thing. It's great,
isn't it?

BOSWELL

Indeed, sir.

Boswell is holding a silver tray with a glass of amber
liquid on it. He offers it to Larry.

LARRY

What's this?

BOSWELL

Your evening drink, sir. Armagnac.
1953.

Larry takes the glass and sniffs.

LARRY

Whoa! I think I'll pass on that,
thanks. But you know what I could
really use? A nice, cold brewsky.

BOSWELL

A brewsky, sir?

LARRY

Yeah. Light, if ya got it, no glass.

He puts the glass on the tray and starts across the room.

Boswell exits, muttering "Brewsky? Brewsky?".

40 INT. GYMNASIUM NIGHT

40

Larry is standing in a large private gym complete with
Nautilus machines, treadmills, free weights, exercycles,
etc. looking around in awe.

Larry steps up onto the treadmill, hits the switch, and goes
flying backward OUT OF FRAME.

41 INT. GARAGE NIGHT

41

OVERHEAD FLORESCENT LIGHTS FLIP ON ONE AFTER ANOTHER to
REVEAL a long line of spotless classic cars: Dusenbergs,
Porsche Spyders, Bugattis, Rolls, Cords, etc.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

Larry steps back in shock.

LARRY

Oh my God! I've died and gone to heaven.

LUDWIG, 60, THE CHAUFFEUR approaches.

LUDWIG

Excuse me, sir. Would you like to go for a drive before dinner?

LARRY

Who do these cars belong to?

LUDWIG

Why, they belong to you, sir.

LARRY

Get the hell out of here.

LUDWIG

As you wish, sir.

Ludwig turns on his heel and exits.

42 INT. WINE CELLAR NIGHT

42

Larry walks into a 5,000 bottle wine cellar with racks and racks of old vintages. He picks up a bottle and blows some dust off it. He coughs.

He looks at the label.

LARRY

1959? You'd think I could afford something newer than that. I wonder if it's any good.

He tries to unscrew the top, to no avail. He puts it back.

LARRY

No wonder it's still here. The cap's stuck.

43 INT. PARTY ROOM NIGHT

43

CLOSE-UP: A cueball. CAMERA PULLS BACK to FIND Larry hunched over a pool table, taking aim at the ball.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

CAMERA CONTINUES PULLING BACK to FIND Larry in a large party room filled with every conceivable game and toy, a fully-stocked bar, wide-screen TV etc.

Larry draws back his cue and hits the ball as hard as he can. The cueball races down-table, bangs off a colored ball, and bounces off the table onto the floor.

Boswell enters with a bottle of beer on a silver tray. He pauses to let the cueball roll past him, then continues on.

BOSWELL

Your brewsky, sir.

Larry comes over nonchalantly, takes the beer from the tray and takes a swig.

LARRY

Ah, that hits the spot. Thanks, Boswell. Have one yourself if you like.

BOSWELL

Thank you, sir.

Boswell exits.

Larry goes over to the trophy case. He SEES: a number of golfing trophies, a yachting cup etc. Then he SEES: the all-state highschool championship trophy, 1970.

Next to it, is a framed newspaper headline, which reads: "BURROWS 9TH INNING HOMER EDGES FILLMORE!" There is a photo of Larry being hoisted in the air by his team-mates.

Larry smiles. He raises the beer bottle in a toast.

LARRY

I always knew I had it in me.

CLOSE ON: The photo as APPLAUSE BEGINS.

44 INT. PARTY ROOM - LATER NIGHT

44

The APPLAUSE CONTINUES.

PULL BACK from the photo to FIND: 40 PEOPLE gathered around Larry as he holds up a wheel of exotic cheese. Other unwrapped gifts are spread out in front of him.

LARRY

Wow! Hey, just what I wanted...a big hunk of cheese.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED:

44

GUEST
It's Stilton, LJ.

LARRY
Well, thanks there, Stilton. Bet
it goes great with tomato and
mayonnaise on sourdough.

There are NERVOUS LAUGHS from the Guests.

LARRY
Thanks for remembering my birthday,
everyone. These are really terrific
gifts.

Cindy Jo gives him a kiss.

The Others pat him on the back and shake his hand.

Larry smiles, still a little overwhelmed by it all.

LARRY
Really. Thank you. Thanks, Stilton.
You too, Mr. Steuben, thanks for
the terrific glass thing.

GUEST #1
Happy Birthday, LJ.

GUEST #2
Many more, LJ.

GUEST #3
All the best.

He moves through the crowd.

LARRY
Thank you, thanks. You really
shouldn't've.

Suddenly, a BIG BLUSTERY GUY pulls him aside.

BLUSTERY GUY
Buddy-boy, we need to jaw! Teddy
thinks the market is overpriced,
but I'm not so sure. What do you
think?

LARRY
Well, it depends on which one you
go to. Safeway's probably the
cheapest. But A&P's not bad either.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: (2)

44

BLUSTERY GUY
What? Oh! Safeway! I get it! It's
a joke! Har! Har! That's a good
one!

LARRY
Yeah, har, har...Excuse me, will
ya...buddy-boy.

Larry moves away.

The Blustery Guy turns to a WOMAN standing next to him.

BLUSTERY GUY
Am I going nuts or did LJ Burrows
just make a joke?

45 INT. PARTY ROOM NIGHT - ELSEWHERE

45

Larry is standing at the bar, pouring a drink.

HARRY
LJ!

He turns to see his now-toupeed father, Harry, coming toward
him, A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG BRUNETTE, GINA, on his arm.

LARRY
Dad! You're here!
(realizing)
Well of course you're here.

HARRY
Many happy returns, kid! Swell
shindig! Say hello to Gina. Gina,
my kid.

GINA
Very nice to make your acquaintance.

HARRY
We made our acquaintance in Morocco
at Club Med, if you know what I
mean.

LARRY
(to Gina)
Excuse us a moment, will you?

Larry pulls Harry aside.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED:

45

LARRY

Are you crazy? Comin' in here with that girl? What if mom finds out? She'll skin you alive.

HARRY

Relax, we signed the papers a week ago. I'm free and clear now. So what d'ya thinka Gina? Hot stuff, huh?

LARRY

Papers? What papers?

HARRY

Divorce papers!

LARRY

(shocked)

You and Mom are divorced?!

HARRY

Of course we're divorced. Nothing lasts forever. You told me that yourself!

LARRY

I said that?

HARRY

Yeah, and you were right.

LARRY

But where's Mom?

HARRY

What do you mean, where's Mom? She's in New York. Happy as a clam with her lunches and charities and all the rest of that old biddy shit. Now listen, can you spot me ten grand? Gina's killin' me to take her to St. Bart's. Okay? You're aces, kid.

Harry slaps Larry on the back and goes off with Gina.

Larry is shocked. It's the first suggestion that things may not be perfect in his new life.

Cindy Jo comes by.

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

CINDY JO

Larry, don't just stand here in the middle of the room. Mingle.

Larry is still in shock.

CINDY JO

What's wrong?

LARRY

My parents are divorced.

CINDY JO

Of course they are, dear. Everyone's parents are divorced. Now go take care of your guests.

VOICE

Great party, Larry!

Larry turns to see Mike wandering past, all dressed up and sipping champagne.

LARRY

Mike! What are you doing here?

MIKE

Enjoying the champagne.

Mike continues on.

LARRY

Excuse me, I'm going to mingle.

Larry leaves Cindy Jo and follows Mike.

46 INT. LIVING ROOM NIGHT - ELSEWHERE

46

Larry catches up to Mike who is standing by the hors d'oeuvre table, eating canapes.

LARRY

You didn't tell me my parents were divorced.

MIKE

This caviar is quite good.

LARRY

Is there anything else I should know about?

(CONTINUED)

46 CONTINUED:

46

MIKE
What do you mean?

LARRY
I mean is there anything else that's
going to come as a shock?

MIKE
All of it will to some degree.

LARRY
To what degree?

MIKE
You'll see. You have to take the
bad with the good, Larry.

LARRY
What do you mean the bad with the
good?

MIKE
You didn't think everything would
be perfect, did you?

LARRY
Well, I suppose not...

MIKE
Then just take it all in stride and
you'll be fine. This is your life,
Larry. Learn to enjoy what you've
got.

Mike pats him on the back and walks away. Larry thinks a
moment.

LARRY
Yeah, I guess I should.

Boswell steps up with a bottle of beer on a tray.

BOSWELL
A brewsky, sir?

47 INT. MANSION - FOYER NIGHT

47

Larry and Cindy Jo wave goodbye at the door, as the last
GUEST leaves.

LARRY
Nice bunch. And they give terrific
presents.

(CONTINUED)

47 CONTINUED:

47

CINDY JO
You still have one more present
coming.

Cindy Jo turns to go back into the house, then looks back
seductively at Larry.

CINDY JO
I'll be upstairs.

48 INT. DEN NIGHT

48

Larry pours himself a tall glass of straight scotch.

LARRY
Okay, Lare, you can do it, babe.
You wanted this your whole life.
Just don't get too drunk. You know
what happens when you get too drunk.

He downs the scotch in one gulp.

49 INT. HALLWAY NIGHT

49

He approaches a door. He straightens himself out, suavely,
knocks and goes in.

A moment later, the door opens. Larry steps into the
hallway, looking around, trying to recover nonchalantly.

LARRY
Nice closet.

50 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

50

There is a KNOCK. Larry enters. He looks around the lavishly
appointed room: Cindy Jo is not in evidence.

LARRY
Cindy? Honey? Are you in here?

Then the fantasy starts: SMOKE ROLLS OUT, MUSIC BEGINS,
LIGHTS, and Cindy Jo makes her appearance: a vision of
sexual excitement.

CINDY JO
Happy birthday, darling.

Larry's eyes widen.

FADE TO BLACK

51 INT. DRESSING ROOM MORNING

51

Larry enters whistling "Happy Days Are Here Again". He is wearing a pair of pin-stripe pants and a white shirt.

LARRY

(buoyant)

Good morning, Boswell. Sleep well...I didn't, if you know what I mean.

BOSWELL

Your jacket, sir.

LARRY

Isn't this a little drab for such a happy guy? I feel like something in red.

BOSWELL

But you always wear the blue pinstripe to board meetings, sir.

LARRY

Board meetings?

(realizing)

Sonofabitch! Of course! I'm married to Cindy Jo! So I must be the president of Liberty Republic!

BOSWELL

Indeed, sir. For some time now.

LARRY

Of course. I knew that. It's just that I'm so happy about it, I like to remind myself every so often. How do I look?

BOSWELL

You look wonderful, sir.

LARRY

Good answer! Give yourself a raise, Boswell. Hundred bucks a week.

BOSWELL

Most generous, sir.

Larry exits, smiling.

52 INT. BREAKFAST ROOM DAY

52

The Maid, JUANITA, is feeding the Two Kids a continental breakfast of croissants, English preserves and big bowls of capuccino. The Kids are dressed in private school uniforms.

Larry enters and takes a seat at the table.

LARRY
Morning, kids.

CHILDREN
Morning, Father.

Larry picks up a croissant.

LARRY
Hey, Pillsbury crescent rolls!

Juanita places a bowl of capuccino in front of him.

He looks down at it, perplexed.

LARRY
What's this? Cream of Wheat?

BOY
Capuccino, Daddy.

LARRY
Right. I knew that.

He dips a spoon in the capuccino. He takes a sip.

LARRY
(eyes widen)
Whoa! This'll keep you awake for
the rest of your life, huh?

Larry laughs. The kids stare at him askance.

LARRY
Nice stuff though. Must be Yuban.
Should you kids be drinking this?

GIRL
We always do, Daddy.

LARRY
Oh. I guess it's okay then.
(changing subject)
So what's up with you two? Going
out for baseball, son? Gonna be a
cheerleader just like your Mom,
sweetheart?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

The kids look at one another: what is he talking about?

BOY

You told me not to go out for baseball. You said I'd get too dirty and sweaty.

LARRY

I said that?

BOY

Yeah. So I went out for the Young Republican Club instead. Because you said that's how you get to be President.

LARRY

Oh right. Of course.

(to the Girl)

And what'd I tell you to do, sweetheart?

GIRL

Develop my legs. So I'm taking Ballet. And guess what? Miss Baxter has chosen me to be the lead dancer in the school's production of Swan Lake.

LARRY

President of the United States and a Ballerina, huh? Sounds good.

Cindy Jo sweeps in, looking radiant.

CINDY JO

Morn-ning!

She pats the kids on the head and kisses Larry.

LARRY

Want some of this stuff? It'll really dilate your eyeballs.

CINDY JO

Just juice, please, Juanita. I'm in a mad rush. I have a 9 o'clock with Raoul for a body perm, and primal scream therapy at 11:00. I'm just afraid the therapy session will ruin my perm...Maybe I should have my hair done after the primal scream. What do you think, darling?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: (2)

52

Larry looks at her, uncomprehending; then he shrugs.

CINDY JO

You're right. What difference does
it make? I'll scream but I won't
throw myself on the floor.

Larry smiles and nods, pretending he understands what the
hell she's talking about.

CINDY JO

Well, I'm off. Bye all.

As she leaves, Larry holds up the bowl of capuccino.

LARRY

Oh Cindy, would you pick up a jar
of Folger's Decaf at the 7-11? This
tastes like it's been on the burner
all night!

The kids are still staring at him. He smile sheepishly.

LARRY

Nice stuff, though.

53 EXT. STREET DAY

53

A classic, mint-condition '34 Dusenberg goes fish-tailing
around a corner.

54 EXT. LIBERTY REPUBLIC - PARKING LOT DAY

54

CLOSE ON: a SIGN which READS: "LJ BURROWS - RESERVED. ALL
OTHERS WILL BE TOWED!"

The Dusenberg SCREECHES to a halt in front of it.

Larry, in the driver's seat, is beaming.

Ludwig is hunched down in the seat, sheet-white.

LARRY

(getting out)

I told you we could beat that train
through the crossing.

LUDWIG

So you did, sir.

(CONTINUED)

54 CONTINUED:

54

LARRY

Give yourself a raise, Ludwig.
Hundred bucks a week. You're
alright.

He glances down at his parking space as he walks by.

LARRY

My own parking space! It's about
time!

55 INT. OFFICE DAY

55

Larry walks through, full of energy, waving to EVERYONE.

LARRY

Hey, how ya doin'! Nice to see ya.
How's it goin'!

He winks and smiles at A PAIR OF PRETTY, YOUNG SECRETARIES.

He passes THREE GUYS standing at a coffee maker.

LARRY

Morning, fellas! How they hangin'?

The Guys watch him continue down the hallway, still waving
and saying "Hello" and "Good Morning".

1ST GUY

How they hangin'? What's with him?

2ND GUY

I don't know, but it gives me the
creeps.

3RD GUY

He had that same look on his face
the day he fired the entire
accounting staff.

56 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE DAY

56

Larry enters his lavish office, looking around in awe.

LARRY

Awwwww-right!

He sits in his swivel chair and spins around and around.

The intercom BUZZES. He hits the switch.

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED:

56

LARRY
Yeah, talk to me.

SECRETARY
(over intercom)
Mr. Pender and Mr. Flick are on
their way up, sir.

LARRY
Oh, shit. Do they still work here?

SECRETARY
I beg your pardon?

LARRY
Nothing. Whadda they want?

SECRETARY
(over intercom)
I really wouldn't know, sir.

LARRY
Well, tell 'em I'm busy. Oh, say,
could you find out if a Clip Metzler
and an Ellen Burr...I mean Ripley,
Ellen Ripley work here?

SECRETARY
(over intercom)
I know Mr. Metzler works in
accounting, but I'll have to check
on Ellen Ripley.

LARRY
Thank you.

He gets up and walks around the office examining things.
He sees a bottle of Johnnie Walker Black on the wet-bar.

LARRY
Aw-right, Lare. The good stuff.

He opens a door marked "Private" to reveal an apartment,
very sumptuously and tastefully decorated.

LARRY
What is this?!

Larry enters the apartment.

The office door opens and his secretary, Jewel Jagger
(formerly the forklift operator), enters carrying a cup of
coffee and a stack of messages.

She looks around the office; Larry isn't there. Then she
HEARS something from the apartment and peers in.

57 INT. APARTMENT DAY

57

Larry is sitting wide-eyed on a King-Size Bed watching a BANK OF NINE TELEVISIONS SETS all tuned to a different program. He's constantly moving his head, trying to follow each show.

LARRY
(to himself)
Nothing like watching nine different shows at once.

He sees Jewel and gets off the bed.

LARRY
Oh! Good morning!
(beat)
Hey, I know you. From the forklift.

She hands him his coffee.

LARRY
Oh, thanks, but I take it with milk and sug...

She SLAPS his face.

LARRY
Then again, black'll be fine.

She pushes him back onto the bed and straddles him.

JEWEL
Just where the hell were you last night? I waited until midnight! Then I went to bed. Alone!

LARRY
Well, I'm, uh, real sorry, uh, uh...

JEWEL
It's Jewel! Have you forgotten my name already?

LARRY
Right. Jewel. I knew that.

She gets up and storms out into the office.

He follows, confused and nervous.

LARRY
Listen, I'm really, really sorry, Jewel, but I guess I couldn't make it. I had this party...

58 INT. OFFICE DAY

58

Jewel pours herself a scotch and throws it back.

JEWEL

You guess you couldn't make it!?
Where were you? Out with this Ellen
Ripley bitch?

LARRY

Did you find out if she works here?

Jewel advances on Larry pushing him back to his desk.

JEWEL

No, she doesn't work here! And if
she suddenly starts working here,
you'll live to regret it!

She stabs the letter opener into his desk blotter.

LARRY

Listen, Jewel, what do you say we
double your salary?

She sneers at him, then turns to exit just as Niles and
Lewis come in, all business, speaking very quickly.

NILES

LJ! What d'ya think of the plans
for the New Jersey plant? I wanna
call Bob and let him know one way
or another.

LEWIS

I think it's a big mistake to set
up in New Jersey, LJ.

When Jewel slams the door behind her, Niles immediately
becomes conspiratorial.

NILES

We need to talk, LJ. Someplace
private. How about the Country
Club? Nakamura wants our answer by
close of business, day after
tomorrow or he forgets the whole
deal. Are we on?

LARRY

For New Jersey?

NILES

No, for golf!

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

LARRY

Sure. But what about Bob?

NILES

Who cares about Bob?

The door opens a crack and Leo Hansen peers in, meekly.

LEO

Excuse me, LJ? Am I disturbing you?

Larry leaps to his feet.

LARRY

Mr. Hansen, sir! Come in, come in.

Leo sees Larry charging across the office toward him and cowers back out the door.

Larry pulls him back into the office.

LARRY

What can I do for you, sir?

LEO

I just wanted to apologize for not attending your birthday party last night. My ulcer was acting up and...

LARRY

Don't mention it. You didn't miss a thing. A bunch of real stiffes. I got cheese and a glass thing. Can you believe it?

NILES

We really should get going, LJ. We tee off in fifteen minutes.

LARRY

Oh, okay. Well, hey, why don't you join us, Mr. Hansen? We're going golfing. I play golf, ya know. I could probably help you get rid of your slice.

LEO

Really? You want to play golf with me?

He throws an arm over Leo's shoulder and they stroll out.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED: (2)

58

LARRY

Sure. Or maybe you could help me
get rid of my slice. Whatever that
is.

Niles and Lewis look at one another, perplexed.

59 EXT. GOLF COURSE DAY

59

Larry is about to tee off. He plants his ball, sets, and
swings. But he tops the ball and it dribbles a few feet
down the freeway. He runs after it.

LARRY

No fair! That was only a practice
swing!

Niles and Lewis look at each other, askance.

Larry grabs up the ball and runs back to the tee.

LARRY

I get one more try.

He plants the ball again, sets, and swings. The ball hooks
right and bounces into a sandtrap.

LARRY

Shoot! I landed in the dirt pit!
Can I go again?

NILES

Well, sir, there are some others
waiting to tee off...

Larry looks back TO SEE TWO FOURSOMES waiting impatiently.

LARRY

Okay. C'mon Leo! I'll race ya!

He and Leo get into their carts and head down the fairway.

Niles and Lewis watch them as they race away: Larry drives
erratically, swerving all over the course.

LEWIS

I don't get it.

(CONTINUED)

59 CONTINUED:

59

NILES

I do. He's playing the boob in order to lull poor Leo into a false sense of security before selling the company out from under him. I only wish I'd thought of it.

They look down the fairway and see Larry swerving along, clubs tumbling from his golf bag.

NILES

It's absolute genius.

60 EXT. GOLF COURSE - ELSEWHERE DAY

60

Larry, Leo, Niles and Lewis are walking back to the clubhouse. Lewis is holding a towel to his forehead.

LARRY

I'm real sorry about that, Lewis. Didn't you hear me yelling "Duck! Duck!"?

LEWIS

The usual word is "Fore", LJ.

LARRY

Right. Fore. I knew that.

NILES

Perhaps we could talk about the Nakamura deal after lunch, LJ? In private? There are a few points...

Larry stops suddenly: he sees Mike on the practice green showing AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG WOMAN how to putt.

LARRY

Yeah, sure thing, Niles. Would you guys excuse me a sec? I just wanna practice my putting.

He grabs a driver out of his bag and starts over.

61 EXT. GOLF COURSE - PRACTICE GREEN DAY

61

Mike is wearing an orange golf shirt, red cardigan and greenish-mustard slacks.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED:

61

MIKE

And don't forget the follow-through.
There's no use playing if you don't
plan to follow through.

YOUNG WOMAN

Thanks for the advice, Mike.

The Young Woman leaves as Larry comes over, excited.

LARRY

Mike! What're you doing here?

As they talk, Mike continues his putting.

MIKE

I'm the club pro. For a moment or
two, anyway. Though I must say I'm
not overly fond of the attire.

LARRY

Listen, Mike, I can't thank you
enough for what's happened.

MIKE

I'm pretty sure the color of these
pants is unknown to nature.

LARRY

What you said was absolutely right!
Ya gotta take the bad with the good.
And in this case the good is great!

MIKE

Most people believe power is the
essential element of the game. The
hard drive off the tee. The long
irons down the fairway...

LARRY

I got tons of dough, my own company,
a gorgeous wife who can't keep her
hands off me...

MIKE

But it's finesse that's most
important, Larry. The easy, lofting
chip shot. The gentle stroke across
the green...

Mike strokes a 35-foot putt across the green.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: (2)

61

LARRY
(leaning close)
I've even got a mistress. Me! A
mistress! Can ya believe it?

The ball goes right into the cup.

MIKE
Not bad.

LARRY
Not bad? It's terrific!

MIKE
Thank you, Larry.

LARRY
Thank you, Mike.

Mike leans rakishly on his putter.

MIKE
(smiles)
Just taking care of business.

Then he disappears. POP! His putter stands alone, not
falling.

Larry looks around to see if anyone noticed; no one did.
Then he grabs the putter and walks away nonchalantly.

62 INT. CAFETERIA DAY

62

Lunchtime. The cafeteria is CROWDED. Larry walks quickly
through, waving cheerfully.

EMPLOYEES stare at him in amazement.

Larry slaps A GUY on the back.

LARRY
How ya doin'!

Larry grabs a tray and starts through the line.

He looks down the line and SEES something. His eyes widen.

LARRY
Oh my God!

HIS POV: Ellen is standing at the cash register. She is
smiling and laughing with the CASH PERSON. She is radiant,
more beautiful than ever.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED:

62

Larry runs down the line, excited, bumping PEOPLE aside.

LARRY

Ellen! Ellen! It's me, Larry!

Ellen turns to see Larry hurrying toward her. She backs away, startled. Overjoyed, he wraps her in a big hug.

LARRY

I'm so glad to see you! I was wondering where you were!

EVERYONE in line is watching. Ellen is in shock.

He holds her out at arm's length and looks at her.

LARRY

Boy, do you ever look great! Did you lose weight or something?

She breaks out of his grasp and straightens herself up.

ELLEN

I beg your pardon.

LARRY

They told me you didn't work here. There's no record of an Ellen Ripley and I knew it wouldn't be under Burrows.

ELLEN

Burrows? Why would it be under Burrows? My name is Robertson.

LARRY

Robertson? What're you doing with that name?

ELLEN

It's customary for a woman to take her husband's name, Mr. Burrows. Now if you'll excuse me.

She turns and walks away coldly. Larry follows her.

LARRY

You're married? When did that happen?

ELLEN

Six years ago. But don't worry, I wasn't married on company time.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2)

62

LARRY

Gee-zuz! What'dja do, marry the first guy that came along?

ELLEN

If you don't mind, Mr. Burrows, I'd like to eat my lunch.

She sits down at a table; Larry sits down beside her.

LARRY

So who is this Robertson guy anyway? What's he look like? What's he do for a living?

ELLEN

Just because I work for you doesn't mean you have a right to pry into my private life.

It suddenly dawns on him how out of line he is.

LARRY

Well, yes, of course it doesn't. I'm just, uh, concerned...as I am about all my employees, Miss, I mean Mrs. Robertson.

ELLEN

Concern for your employees has never been your strong suit, Mr. Burrows...now if you'll excuse me, I'd rather eat by myself.

Ellen walks away, leaving Larry at the table, perplexed.

Mike sits down beside him dressed as a factory worker. He has a tray of food.

MIKE

You really should do something about this meatloaf, Larry. It's absolutely inedible.

LARRY

What's with Ellen? Why's she so mad at me?

MIKE

She's the union shop steward. The union is upset over all the lay-offs, the increased workloads, the pay freezes...and I'm sure, the meatloaf.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

So? What's that got to do with me?

MIKE

You're the president of the company.
Their mortal enemy.

LARRY

But I wouldn't lay anybody off.

MIKE

But you did. And so...Ellen hates
your guts.

LARRY

Ellen hates my personal guts?

MIKE

With a passion.

LARRY

No. I don't believe it.

MIKE

You'll find a lot of people don't
like you, Larry. That's the price
you pay for power and wealth.

LARRY

Well, what am I gonna do? I can't
have her hating my guts all over
the place. She's my wife, for
Chrissake!

MIKE

Was your wife. I have to go now.
This meatloaf is making me sick.
Really, Larry, do something about
the food in this place.

LARRY

What am I going to do about Ellen?

MIKE

Whatever you do will be fine. See
you later.

Mike disappears again.

LARRY

(to himself)

He's a big help.

It suddenly occurs to him that Mike just disappeared. He
looks around quickly to see if anyone noticed.

63 INT. HALLWAY DAY

63

Larry is walking down a hallway, still confused and upset.

LARRY

(mumbling)

I'm not a bad guy. I'm a nice guy!

He stops a YOUNG EMPLOYEE walking by.

LARRY

Hey kid, I'm a nice guy, right? You like me, right?

YOUNG EMPLOYEE

(terrified)

Yes sir, I like you, sir.

LARRY

Good. Give yourself a raise.

He continues down the hall.

LARRY

(to himself)

I knew I was a nice guy.

Suddenly, from a doorway right in front of him, a stream of papers comes flying out into the hall.

There is a CRY of anguish from the room. Then a HORRIBLE ELECTRONIC WHINE and a LOUD CRASH.

Larry peers into the room to SEE:

64 INT. XEROX ROOM DAY

64

A MAN, his back to the door, is trying to catch the sheets of paper spewing from a huge Xerox machine.

LARRY

Geez, I think ya busted it, pal.

The Man turns: it's Clip Metzler, looking panicked.

LARRY

Clipper! It's you!

Clip's eyes widen in terror.

CLIP

Oh, my God, Mr. Burrows, sir...

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED:

64

LARRY

Cut the "sir" crap, Clipper, it's me, Lare! C'mere, gimme a hug. God, I've missed you.

He starts toward Clip with his arms wide.

LARRY

Wait'll I tell you what happened!

Clip begins backing away.

CLIP

It was an accident, sir.

LARRY

I'm the President of Liberty Republic! Can you believe it?

Larry keeps advancing; Clip backs around behind the Xerox machine.

CLIP

I'm aware of that, sir. And I want you to know that I'll pay for any damages...

LARRY

Forget about that! Just come over here so I can kiss your head!

Larry keeps advancing on him.

Clip GASPS, darts around the other side of the machine and races out the door.

LARRY

Clip! Come back here! What's the matter with you?!

65 INT. HALLWAY DAY

65

Larry comes out of the Xerox room and calls after Clip who is running as fast as he can down the hallway.

LARRY

Clipper! For Chrissake come back here, will ya!

Larry takes a few more steps, then stops as he SEES Clip disappear around a corner at the far end of the hall.

LARRY

Clipper? It's me, Larry.

66 INT. LIMOUSINE DAY

66

Larry is sitting in the back, looking out the window, deep in thought. Ludwig is driving.

LARRY
Can I ask you something, Ludwig?

LUDWIG
Yes, sir.

LARRY
Do you like me?

LUDWIG
Yes sir, I like you very much, sir.

In the BACKGROUND, we HEAR a CAR HORN HONKING.

LARRY
Are you just saying that because
I pay your salary?

LUDWIG
No sir. I would say that even if
you didn't pay my salary.

Larry nods, disbelieving.

In the BACKGROUND, the HORN HONKING GETS LOUDER.

Larry looks out the window again at a CAB DRIVER in the car next to him.

HIS POV: The cab driver is shaking his fist at him.

CAB DRIVER
Why don't you get outa the way! Make
some room for the rest of us!

The Cab Driver is Jackie Earle Bumpus, looking a lot less
prosperous and happy.

Larry brightens and rolls down the window.

LARRY
Jackie! It's me, Larry Burrows!

JACKIE EARLE
I don't care who ya are, ya piece
of rich shit! Ya think ya own the
whole road or something?

The cab pulls ahead and cuts the limo off, forcing it to
stop sharply at the curb.

(CONTINUED)

66 CONTINUED:

66

LUDWIG
Are you alright, sir?

LARRY
Yeah, I'm fine.

Larry looks out the window into an alleyway and SEES:

A mangy dog rooting around in the garbage. Larry squints:
it's Sammy!

Larry jumps out of the limo and starts down the alley.

LARRY
Sammy! Sammy! Here boy! Here boy!

Sammy SEES Larry approaching and GROWLS, bearing his teeth.

LARRY
Sammy! It's me. Larry.

Sammy continues backing away and GROWLING.

LARRY
Come on, boy. Let's go for a ride
in the car. You can stick your head
out the window and everything.

Sammy GROWLS VICIOUSLY, then turns and runs down the alley.

LARRY
Sammy!

His call ECHOES down the alley.

67 INT. LARRY'S HOUSE - DEN NIGHT

67

Newspapers are spread on the floor. Larry, dressed in a tuxedo, is sitting cross-legged surrounded by the bits and pieces of a model car. He seems sad, lost in thought as he examines the door-piece of the model.

CINDY JO
(from behind)
Larry! We're going to be late! What
on earth are you doing?

He turns to SEE Cindy Jo, in an evening gown, his son in a tuxedo and his daughter in a frilly dress.

(CONTINUED)

67 CONTINUED:

67

LARRY

I don't feel like seeing Opera tonight. I never cared that much for it to tell you the truth. All that hollering in Italian...I can never tell what they're saying.

Cindy Jo comes over to see what he's doing.

CINDY JO

What's this?

LARRY

A Gull-wing Mercedes. Pretty, isn't it?

CINDY JO

Yes I know, dear. You have one in the garage.

LARRY

That one's too big.

He looks at the half-finished model.

LARRY

I kinda like 'em smaller.

CINDY JO

Are you alright? You've been acting very strange lately.

LARRY

I'm fine. You guys go on without me. Have a good time. I need to finish this up.

Cindy Jo sighs and exits with the kids.

68 EXT. HOUSE NIGHT

68

Larry's '54 Porsche Spyder pulls up across the street from a small bungalow, nicely-kept, on a quiet street.

Larry, still in his tux, looks out at the house a moment.

LARRY

Nice house. Better than the one we had.

Suddenly, the front door opens. Ellen's husband TOM ROBERTSON, 36, very good-looking, comes out. He starts down the sidewalk.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED:

68

Larry ducks down in his seat.

Suddenly, Robertson turns back toward bungalow.

TOM

I just wanted to borrow some cutlery, Ellen. I have no cutlery. None. All I'm asking for is a couple of lousy knives and forks!

Ellen comes to the door.

ELLEN

Why don't you ask your girlfriend for a knife and fork! Or does the little bitch eat with her fingers!

Robertson tries to take on a friendlier tone.

TOM

Come on, honey, be reasonable. I made a mistake, and I'm very sorry for it. Now can't we try to put all this behind us?

Ellen slams the door with a resounding BANG.

Robertson turns and starts down the sidewalk again.

Larry realizes what's going on and smiles.

LARRY

This is good. This is very good.

Larry eases out of his car and sneaks across the street as Robertson gets into his Corvette and drives off.

Larry approaches a side window of the bungalow and peers in. He SEES Ellen pacing angrily in the living room.

ELLEN

That miserable rotten creep!

Ellen picks up a framed photo of Robertson and throws it in the fireplace. Then she walks out of the room.

Larry chuckles gleefully.

LARRY

That's my girl.

Suddenly, the huge face of a St. Bernard lunges out of nowhere at the glass, BARKING LOUDLY.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (2)

68

With a STARTLED CRY, Larry tumbles backward into the shrubbery.

Ellen comes back in the living room.

ELLEN

What's the matter, Hercules? You want out?

The dog keeps on BARKING.

ELLEN

Okay, come on.

She pulls the dog from the window.

The front door opens and the St. Bernard comes charging out, SNARLING and BARKING. It races across the lawn and begins sniffing the trunk of a tree.

PAN UP the trunk to find Larry sitting in the branches, looking down and breathing heavily.

LARRY

(whispering)

Go away. Get outa here. Scram.

Suddenly, Mike appears beside Larry, startling him .

LARRY

Geezuz, don't do that! I almost fell outa the tree.

MIKE

This is a very strange place to be spending the evening and you seem a touch overdressed.

LARRY

Keep your voice down. Where in God's name have you been anyway? Everything's turned to shit! All my old friends hate my guts. Ellen, Clip, Jackie Earle, even Sammy...

MIKE

But you have new friends now.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (3)

68

LARRY

They're a bunch of jerks! I want my old friends back. They might've been a little weird, but at least they were real people. They wouldn't give me cheese for my birthday, I'll tell you that much.

MIKE

Well, as I told you, you have to take...

LARRY

I know, I know...the bad with the good. You're full of cute little sayings, aren't you? I just want my old friends to like me. Is that so much to ask?

MIKE

You can't have everything, Larry.

LARRY

Again with the sayings.

MIKE

Larry, you have to understand that people see you differently now. It goes with your new life.

LARRY

But how come I was such a nice guy in my old life and I became such a prick bastard in this one?

MIKE

Even a nice guy can become unlikable given the right set of circumstances. Sometimes things just happen and you don't really have a choice in the matter.

LARRY

No choice, huh? Well we'll see about that. I think it's time to make some changes around here.

The St. Bernard starts BARKING at them again.

LARRY

Can't you do anything about this?

MIKE

Go away doggie. Beat it. Shoo.

(CONTINUED)

68 CONTINUED: (4)

68

The St. Bernard doesn't move.

MIKE
Didn't work. Sorry.

LARRY
I'm starting to wonder about you.

MIKE
I told you I only make suggestions.
Taking them or not is up to the
suggestee.

LARRY
Well, how do you suggest we get out
of this?

MIKE
The real question, Larry, is how
do you get out of this.

Mike smiles and disappears.

LARRY
I'm getting real tired of all this
disappearing shit.

WIDE: the tree, the St. Bernard still at the foot of it.

LARRY
Shoo. Scat. Scram. Get outa here.
Go rescue skiers in the Alps or
something.

DISSOLVE THRU TO:

69 EXT. HOUSE - SAME SCENE NEXT MORNING

69

The dog is gone. The sun is up. Birds are CHIRPING.

We HEAR SNORING. Then a sudden SNORT and Larry tumbles out
of tree and hits the ground with a DULL THUD.

70 EXT. LIBERTY REPUBLIC - PARKING LOT DAY

70

A CROWD is gathered in the parking lot, staring up at the
office tower.

A FIGURE is standing on the edge the roof 10 stories up.

Niles and Lewis are there with TWO SECURITY MEN.

(CONTINUED)

70 CONTINUED:

70

The Crowd parts as the Porsche pulls in. A disheveled Larry gets out, his tuxedo soiled and askew. He tries to brush himself off and looks up TO SEE:

THE MAN on the uppermost ledge of the building.

LARRY

What's going on?

NILES

Some lunatic named, uh...what's his name, Lewis?

LEWIS

Metzbaum, Metsfield, I don't know...he's in accounting.

LARRY

Metzler? Clip Metzler?

NILES

He's threatening to jump.

LARRY

Well don't just stand there, get something soft on the ground. Lewis, get some men to get 3 or 4 trampolines out of the warehouse.

LEWIS

But LJ...

LARRY

Just do it! Now! He might hurt himself, for God's sake!

Lewis jumps to it. Larry starts off toward the tower.

Ellen is watching from the edge of the crowd.

71 EXT. ADMIN BUILDING - OFFICE TOWER LEDGE DAY

71

Clip is standing on the edge. He's having trouble looking down.

Larry comes out onto the roof and starts toward him.

CLIP

Be careful, Mr. Burrows. You know what happens to a guy when he falls onto concrete from 130 feet up?

Larry stops about 10 feet away.

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED:

71

CLIP

Well, course I don't know for sure myself. But it can't be very pleasant.

LARRY

Then why don't we both get down from here, Clip, where it's safe?

CLIP

What for? My whole life has been one disaster after another. Nothing I do ever works. I'm a loser. And after what happened yesterday, I know you're going to fire me. I'm just tired of failing, that's all.

LARRY

I'm not going to fire you, Clip. In fact...I came up here to offer you a new job. Executive Vice President! One twenty-five to start.

CLIP

(brightening)

Really!?

LARRY

Really.

CLIP

(realizing)

Oh I get it. I know what you're doing. You're just trying to talk me out of this. As soon as I'm back down on the ground, Boom! No job, and I'm off to the funny farm. Don't kid me, Mr. Burrows. I may be a goof but I'm no dope.

LARRY

I'm not kidding you, Clip. Nothing will happen. I give you my word.

CLIP

Why should I take your word for anything?

(CONTINUED)

71 CONTINUED: (2)

71

LARRY

Because we're friends...I mean, we were friends. Remember? Back in the eighth grade? When we used to hang around together? And throw rubber vomit in the girl's locker room so they'd run out in their underwear?

Clip is staggered back a step. He teeters on the edge.

CLIP

You remember that?!

LARRY

Of course I do. And remember when we saw "Bonnie and Clyde" 9 times, then squirted ketchup on ourselves and ran around dying in slow motion all over the place.

Clip smiles, remembering.

CLIP

Yeah, that was fun. Scared the crap outa my baby sister.

LARRY

And I remember how you used to always try to make me laugh when I felt rotten.

CLIP

Gee, I didn't think you even thought about all that stuff anymore.

LARRY

I think about it all the time.

A vulnerable Clip looks at Larry.

LARRY

C'mon, Clip, lemme take you down.

72 EXT. PARKING LOT DAY

72

Clip and Larry come out of the tower.

Niles and Lewis rush forward with the Security Men.

NILES

Hold him for the police!

Larry steps in front of Clip. The Security Men stop.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED:

72

LARRY

Back off, Pender. No police.

NILES

Do you want us to throw him off the property?

LARRY

I want you to get him a Mercedes. The Vice President of East Coast Sales can't be seen in anything less.

NILES

Vice-President?

LARRY

Read my lips, Pender.

NILES

Yes, LJ, you're the boss.

LARRY

You're damn right I am.

Larry spies Ellen in the crowd.

LARRY

Now get the board together! I want a full meeting in ten minutes.

NILES

Yes, LJ.

LARRY

Miss Ripley! I mean...Mrs. Robertson...

Ellen steps out of the Crowd.

LARRY

Can you get your people together?

ELLEN

Well...

LARRY

Good! Meet us in the board room in ten minutes. We're going to put an end to this strike bullshit once and for all.

Niles, Lewis, Ellen etc. stand looking at him a moment, amazed.

(CONTINUED)

72 CONTINUED: (2)

72

LARRY

Well, move it, people!! Let's go!

They all scatter.

Larry feels pretty good. He beams.

73 INT. BOARDROOM DAY

73

MANAGEMENT AND LABOR TEAMS sit across the long boardroom table from each other, ARGUING LOUDLY.

Suddenly, the DOOR SLAMS. ALL turn to SEE Larry.

LARRY

I've just finished reading the latest contract demands and they seem...very reasonable.

A MURMUR of disbelief from ALL.

LEWIS

Reasonable? But, LJ...

LARRY

In fact I'm prepared to agree to all of them...on one condition...

(beat)

That Mrs. Robertson and I meet alone to go over the final details...

An UPROAR in the BACKGROUND.

Ellen's eyes widen.

LARRY

Perhaps tonight over dinner.

NILES

LJ, I don't think we should be so hasty...

ELLEN

Dinner? But I don't see why we can't do it...

LARRY

It would be strictly business, Mrs. Robertson. You want to bring this dispute to an end, don't you?

ELLEN

Well, yes...of course I do.

(CONTINUED)

73 CONTINUED:

73

NILES

There are a few things you seem to be forgetting, LJ!

LARRY

I'll pick you up at seven. How's that?

ELLEN

Well, okay...I guess.

LARRY

(smiles)

Good. Then it's a date.

He extends his hand.

Ellen hesitates a moment, then takes it and they shake on the deal.

The UPROAR CONTINUES.

FADE THROUGH TO:

74 INT. BOARD ROOM - LATER DAY

74

Larry is at one end of the table, making some notes.

The Other Board Members file out past Niles and Lewis. When the last has gone, Niles closes the door.

NILES

How could you do that, LJ?

LARRY

Real easy once you get the hang of it, Niles.

LEWIS

Do you realize what a big union contract does to the Nakamura deal?

LARRY

No I don't. And just who the hell's this Nakamura guy anyway and what's his deal?

Niles and Lewis appear puzzled.

LEWIS

Are you kidding, LJ?

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED:

74

LARRY

Do I look like I'm kidding?

NILES

What about this?

Niles opens a file folder and hands Larry a memo. It READS:
Leveraged Buy-out via Metasport.

LARRY

Metasport. Where've I seen
this...oh, I remember now. This is
the paper that was in your desk...

He reads the memo quickly, eyes widening with shock.

NILES

As you can see, a union contract
will drop the price by about 5
dollars a share.

LARRY

You were going to sell this company
to the Japanese! That's what this
is all about?

(stops)

Wait a minute. What's my name doing
down here at the bottom? Oh my God!
Don't tell me this was my idea!

NILES

Of course it was, LJ. And it was
my idea to buy up stock in a dummy
corporation called Metasport so when
the company sold, most of the
profits would go to us.

LEWIS

This is a deal worth 120 million
dollars, LJ!

LARRY

(stunned)

120 million dollars!?

NILES

Profit. To us.

Larry thinks a moment.

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (2)

74

LARRY

Yeah? Well, that was then. This is now. The deal's finished. We don't sell to anybody and from here on, this company's gonna be run on the square.

He starts out, then stops at the door and turns back.

LARRY

(smiling)

Oh by the way, I hope you two have been keeping up your unemployment payments. Because this company and your company...are parting company. Have a nice day.

He leaves.

Lewis immediately starts pacing, wringing his hands.

LEWIS

Oh, I knew it! I just knew it! He's going to go to the authorities...

NILES

Stop whining, you fat twerp! He's not going to the authorities. LJ Burrows is too crooked for that. I know what he's up to. He's decided to take it all for himself.

75 INT. LARRY'S OFFICE DAY

75

Larry is at his desk. He presses the intercom.

LARRY

Could you step in here a moment, Jewel?

JEWEL

Yes, sir.

Larry sits, waiting.

LARRY

(to himself)

She's an adult, she'll understand.

He sees the letter opener on his desk and quickly slips it into a drawer.

Jewel enters and comes over to the desk.

(CONTINUED)

75 CONTINUED:

75

JEWEL

Yes, LJ?

LARRY

Jewel, honey, I realize I'm probably the fulfillment of all your sexual desires, but I'm afraid our little affair has to end.

Jewel stands looking at him impassionately.

JEWEL

Yes, LJ.

LARRY

I'm sorry, but that's the way I feel. We should never have let it happen.

JEWEL

Yes, LJ.

LARRY

Under the circumstances, I think it might be better for both of us, if you found employment elsewhere. I'll give you a glowing letter of recommendation, of course.

JEWEL

Yes, LJ.

LARRY

(relieved)

Well, I'm glad you're taking this so well.

JEWEL

I guess some things just aren't meant to be, LJ.

LARRY

That's the spirit.

He comes around the desk and kisses her on the forehead.

LARRY

I knew you'd understand.

He goes out.

Jewel calmly picks up a framed photo of Larry, looks at it, then smashes it on the corner of the desk.

76 INT. MANSION - DRESSING ROOM NIGHT

76

Larry is whistling as he gets ready for his date with Ellen; tying his tie in the mirror.

Suddenly, Mike APPEARS in the mirror, staring back at him.

LARRY

Geezuz! Don't do that, Mike!

MIKE

Congratulations, Larry. It's a brave man who takes command of his own destiny.

LARRY

Yeah, well, thanks. I feel pretty good about it myself.

MIKE

And you don't feel guilty running around with Ellen behind Cindy Jo's back?

LARRY

Guilty? Why should I feel guilty? I just got here, remember? It's not like I have a history with Cindy Jo or anything...I mean I hardly even know her...

MIKE

Well, okay fine. Say, what do you think of this tie? I found a wonderful little shop...

LARRY

Wait a sec, wait a sec. What do you mean..."well, okay fine"?

MIKE

Oh, nothing really. It's just that Cindy Jo's been a loyal and loving wife for the last 10 years and the mother to a pair of adoring children, the fruit of your personal loins.

LARRY

What are you getting at, Mike?

(CONTINUED)

76 CONTINUED:

76

MIKE

Your destiny has been changed,
Larry...by request I might add, and
you have to respect the
circumstances of your new life. They
are of your own making, after all.

LARRY

If I made 'em, I can unmake 'em.

Harry Burrows storms in and Mike FADES from the mirror.

HARRY

Goddammit, kid! Lewis Flick just
told me you torpedoed the Jap deal!

LARRY

You knew about that?

HARRY

Don't play dumb with me. You brought
me in on this for a big slice. How
d'ya expect me to keep a babe like
Gina happy without a shitload of
money?

LARRY

She's not important, Dad. Neither
is the money. I got it all worked
out. Look at this.

He hands him a telegram. Harry reads it.

HARRY

What? Your mother's coming back?
But she told me I was a ridiculous
old lecher who should rot in hell.

Larry puts his arm around Harry's shoulder.

LARRY

Everything's gonna go back the way
it was, Dad. We'll all be together
and you can stop wearing that
ridiculous toupee. We'll be a family
again.

HARRY

You really think this is a good
idea?

LARRY

It's a great idea. You'll see.

77 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

77

Larry is putting the finishing touches on his outfit.

Cindy Jo comes in, dressed in workout gear.

CINDY JO
Where are you going?

LARRY
Oh, it's just a business thing.
Don't wait up for me, it might go
late.

CINDY JO
As late as last night?

LARRY
Last night, sweetheart?

CINDY JO
You didn't come home at all last
night, Larry.

Larry looks at her a moment, trying to think up an excuse.

LARRY
Oh, uh...Oh, geez! Cindy! Didn't
my secretary call you? She was
supposed to call you. It was
incredible what happened. You
wouldn't believe it if I told you.

CINDY JO
Try me.

LARRY
Well, I had to go out.

CINDY JO
What for?

LARRY
For glue! For the model car I was
working on, remember? I ran out,
so I figured I'd go to a 7-11. Which
I did.

CINDY JO
That wouldn't take you more than
fifteen minutes.

(CONTINUED)

77 CONTINUED:

77

LARRY

Ordinarily, yes. But just as I was about to pay for the glue...these two guys came in. Big, mean guys with these big huge guns and started robbing the place! I couldn't believe it!

He stops and looks around.

LARRY

Have you seen my car keys anywhere?

CINDY JO

And?

LARRY

Oh...so then...after they tied up the Iranian guy, they took me hostage. We drove all the way to the Illinois border, but then they let me go because I reminded them it's a federal offence to take someone across a state line against their will.

CINDY JO

Why didn't you come home after that?

LARRY

I was going to come home after that...but by then it was about seven o'clock and I remembered I had a breakfast meeting at eight. So I went right to it. I told my secretary to call you because I knew you'd be worried. Are you sure she didn't call? She was supposed to call you. Did you check for messages? I can't believe it. She's really incompetent. That's it, I'm going to fire her. She's history. How do I look?

CINDY JO

Larry, are you seeing another woman?

LARRY

Who me? Of course not. Honest, honey, I was kidnapped at the 7-11.

78 INT. GARAGE NIGHT

78

Larry enters, letting out a deep sigh of relief.

LARRY

Whew. That was close.

He SEES Mike sitting in the '54 Porsche Spyder.

LARRY

Oh no, not again.

MIKE

James Dean used to drive one of these. I tried to talk him out of it but he wouldn't listen. Great actor, though. Remember that drunk scene in "Giant"?

LARRY

Listen, Mike, I know what you're trying to do, but I will not feel guilty about this.

MIKE

You can't just run around mixing and matching the circumstances of your destiny in any way that suits your whims. There are other people involved.

LARRY

Let me do it my way, okay?

Mike eyes Larry a moment, then nods.

MIKE

Fine. You make the choices, I only make the suggestions. Would you mind dropping me off downtown? I have to save an accountant from being crushed by a load of bricks.

And off they go.

79 EXT. ELLEN'S HOUSE NIGHT

79

OFF-CAMERA, we HEAR a DOG BARKING.

Ellen opens the front door. She looks fabulous. She smiles as she SEES:

Larry lying on his back on the sidewalk. Hercules, the St. Bernard, has him pinned down with his front paws.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED:

79

Ellen comes over, still smiling, trying not to laugh.

ELLEN

Good evening, Mr. Burrows. Any trouble finding the place?

LARRY

No, no. No trouble at all.

Hercules is still got Larry pinned to the ground. Ellen makes no move to call him off; she's clearly enjoying this.

ELLEN

That's good, that's good.

LARRY

Uh, these are for you.

He holds up a bouquet of flowers. She takes them.

ELLEN

Oh, they're lovely. Thank you.

LARRY

I'm afraid Hercules got dog drool all over them.

ELLEN

How did you know his name was Hercules?

LARRY

Uh, it's right here on his tag. Which I've been staring at for the past five minutes.

ELLEN

Okay, Hercules. C'mere boy.

Hercules climbs off and Larry gets to his feet.

LARRY

I don't think he likes me.

ELLEN

Well, he's an exceptional judge of character.

They start toward the Porsche.

LARRY

We're not starting off very well, are we?

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (2)

79

ELLEN

There is only so far I will go for
my union brothers and sisters, Mr.
Burrows.

LARRY

Please. Call me Lare.

ELLEN

We agreed to keep this evening
strictly on a business level.
Correct?

LARRY

Absolutely.

Larry comes around and opens the car door for her. As he
does, they get very close.

LARRY

God, I'd forgotten how beautiful
you are.

Ellen stops.

ELLEN

Mr. Burrows! If this is your attempt
to soften me up so you can get
concessions from the union...

LARRY

I don't want any concessions.
Honest. The contracts are as good
as signed.

ELLEN

We could've done that at the
meeting. What're you up to?

LARRY

Nothing. Really. I just thought we
should get to know each other
again...I mean better.

As he hurries around to the drivers side, he glances over
at the tree where he spent the night.

LARRY

Hey, nice tree.

POV: LONG SHOT - Larry and Ellen pull away from the curb.

We HEAR the SOUND of a carphone being dialed.

(CONTINUED)

79 CONTINUED: (3)

79

PULL BACK to REVEAL they are being observed by Niles Pender from a car parked down the street.

Niles raises the carphone to his ear.

NILES
(disguised voice)
Mrs. Burrows, please...

80 EXT. "LA SCALA" RESTAURANT - ESTABLISHING NIGHT

80

A fancy french restaurant with plenty of expensive foreign cars in the parking lot.

81 INT. "LA SCALA" NIGHT

81

Larry and Ellen enter, both looking around, impressed.

LARRY
Say, this looks alright.

ELLEN
You sound like this is your first time.

LARRY
It is, it is. I'm strictly a pizza and burger man myself.

The MAITRE D' comes up.

MAITRE D'
Bonsoir, Monsieur Burrows. Comment sa va? Your tay-bull is ready. Rat zis way.

The Maitre d' starts off.

ELLEN
Strictly a pizza and burger man. Right.

Larry smiles awkwardly.

82 INT. "LA SCALA" - BOOTH NIGHT

82

Larry and Ellen are seated in the booth.

MAITRE D'
Enjuh yer mill, Monsieur Burrows. Madam.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED:

82

He leaves.

Ellen is still looking at Larry suspiciously.

LARRY
(covering)
He musta seen my picture in the
newspaper or something. They're
always doing stories on me.

A WAITER comes over and begins SPEAKING RAPIDLY IN FRENCH.

Larry looks at him, uncomprehending. He looks at Ellen then
back at the Waiter.

The Waiter SPEAKS RAPIDLY IN FRENCH again.

Larry takes a deep breath then:

LARRY
Sounds great. Bring it on.

The Waiter nods and moves away.

LARRY
I hope you don't mind. I ordered
for both of us.

The WINE STEWARD comes over.

WINE STEWARD
May I bring for you some wine?

LARRY
You want some wine? I understand
the French make it pretty good.

ELLEN
No thank you. I'll just have...

LARRY
...a Virgin Mary. Tabasco sauce and
lime, no ground pepper. Right?

ELLEN
I'm very impressed. You must've had
your people working overtime.

LARRY
(to Steward)
And I'll have a light beer, no
glass.

The Wine Steward nods and walks away.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2)

82

LARRY

Maybe I know more about you than you think.

ELLEN

Wouldn't surprise me. I've heard a few things about you too.

LARRY

Oh yeah, like what?

ELLEN

Nothing I'd want to repeat.

LARRY

That bad, huh?

ELLEN

I know what you're all about, more or less. The only thing I can't figure, is what you did for Clip this afternoon.

LARRY

You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

ELLEN

Try me.

He takes a deep breath.

LARRY

How well do you remember 1970?

83 EXT. "LA SCALA" NIGHT

83

POV: LONG SHOT - Larry and Ellen through the window of the restaurant.

PULL BACK to reveal they are being OBSERVED by Cindy Jo from a doorway across the street. She is crying and dabs her eyes with a kleenex.

CINDY JO

(tearfully)

You bastard.

She drops the kleenex to the pavement.

PAN ACROSS the pavement to a GLOWING cigarette butt. A shoe COMES INTO FRAME and crushes it out violently.

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED:

83

PAN UP to FIND Jewel Jagger standing in another doorway.
She glares and takes a swig from a hip flask.

JEWEL
(hissing)
You bastard.

84 INT. "LA SCALA" - BOOTH NIGHT

84

LARRY
...and then I found myself President
of the very company I used to work
for!

Ellen is staring at him in disbelief.

ELLEN
I'm amazed.

LARRY
And that's why I did what I did for
Clip. And that's how I know so much
about you!

ELLEN
Who would've imagined it? LJ
Burrows, certified loon.

LARRY
But a really nice loon, right?

ELLEN
The jury's still out on that one.

The waiter places their food in front of them.

LARRY
Boy...this sure looks...uh,
different.

ELLEN
Mmm-hmmm. Do we know what it is?

She looks up at the Waiter.

WAITER
Pan de veau, madam. Calf brains.

Larry and Ellen look across the table at one another.

85 INT. "MR. PIZZA" RESTAURANT NIGHT

85

Larry and Ellen are standing in front of the counter at a "Mr. Pizza" fast-food style restaurant. A PIMPLY TEENAGER is taking their order.

LARRY

Large, double cheese, pepperoni, mushrooms, and anchovies. But only on half the pizza because anchovies give her heartburn.

(turns to Ellen)

Right?

Ellen smiles and shakes her head in amazement.

LARRY

(to Teenager)

Got it?

TEENAGER

Be about twenty minutes.

He leads Ellen toward a table.

ELLEN

Come on, tell me the truth. How do you really know so much about me? And don't gimme that destiny stuff.

LARRY

(sighing)

Well, if you insist.

They sit down.

LARRY

When I was a kid, I had a chemistry set. And one day, I was conducting an experiment, when a beaker of hot radium exploded in my face. And ever since, I've had the ability to become invisible. So whenever I feel like it, I sneak over to your house and watch you sleeping in that faded old flannel shirt your Dad gave you. Or eating Cheez-Whiz and Bumble Bee honey on Thomas' English Muffins. Or brushing your hair exactly 86 times a night, 43 forward and 43 back.

ELLEN

If I didn't know better, I'd think you were a peeping Tom.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED:

85

LARRY

Please, call me Larry. Your favorite part of the body is the earlobe; your favorite section of the newspaper is the word jumble; your favorite TV show is Celebrity Password; and your favorite letter of the alphabet is "R", which I think is really stupid because "K" is way better.

ELLEN

Okay, okay, but I bet you don't know my favorite song.

LARRY

I know everything.

He leans over to a jukebox, drops in a quarter, and punches a selection. "Louie Louie" by The Kingsmen begins to PLAY.

Ellen laughs. That's it.

MONTAGE BEGINS/ MUSIC CONTINUES.

86 EXT. "GOLF OF MEXICO" NIGHT

86

Larry positions Ellen, her eyes closed, in front of the Porsche. Then he runs OFF-CAMERA. A moment later, LIGHTS COME ON, OFF-CAMERA, bathing Ellen in the GLOW. She opens her eyes to SEE:

Larry standing in front of the run-down "Golf Of Mexico" miniature golf park, now LIT UP like the old days.

Ellen laughs and shakes her head in amazement.

An OLD CARETAKER GUY is standing next to Larry. Larry hands him some money and then pats him gratefully on the back.

Larry comes over to Ellen and graciously offers his arm.

87 INT. "GOLF OF MEXICO" NIGHT

87

Inside, they pick up their clubs and balls from a booth that has a sign that READS "Viva ZaPutter".

It's clear that Ellen is warming up and having fun. She puts a musty sombrero on Larry's head that flops down over his eyes. She puts another big, floppy moth-eaten sombrero on her own head.

88 INT. "GOLF OF MEXICO" - ELSEWHERE NIGHT

88

Larry approaches his ball carefully and gets set to putt. As he does the brim of the sombrero flops in his eyes. He pushes it back; it flops forward. He pushes it back; it flops forward. Exasperated, he tries to pull it off. The entire brim lifts free, leaving only the crown. Larry looks like a Conehead.

Ellen laughs.

Larry realizes he looks stupid, so he tries to put the brim back on. But this time, it goes all the way down around his neck. So he looks like a Conehead Wearing A Big Straw Bib.

Ellen laughs harder.

Now really annoyed, but trying to be cool, Larry tries to make his shot. He swings. But as he makes contact, the ball doesn't move but the head of the putter falls off.

Ellen sinks to her knees, laughing.

89 INT. "GOLF OF MEXICO" - ELSEWHERE NIGHT

89

Ellen putts into the mouth of a large adobe "Case Grande" mock-up. But her ball doesn't come out the other side.

Larry gets on his knees to look into the Case Grande. Suddenly he leaps back as a RAT comes scurrying out. Larry does a dance of terror, throwing what's left of his sombrero and his putter at the panicked rat.

Ellen also goes into a terrified jitterbug at the sight of the rat. Then Larry trips over a "Grinning Bandito" whose moustache goes around like a windmill.

90 EXT. ELLEN'S HOUSE NIGHT

90

"Louie, Louie" ENDS. Larry and Ellen walk up to the house and stop at the door.

LARRY

Aren't you going to ask me in for a nightcap? You know, to celebrate the end of the negotiations.

ELLEN

Well, I don't think that's such a good idea. Maybe after the contracts have been signed.

(CONTINUED)

90 CONTINUED:

90

LARRY

Of course. I understand. I'll just have to get those contracts signed real fast then, won't I?

Ellen smiles.

ELLEN

Goodnight...Mr. Burrows.

LARRY

Larry.

ELLEN

I had a fun evening, Larry. Thanks.

LARRY

I did too. Brought back a lot of good memories.

It seems they might kiss, but they don't.

LARRY

Well...goodnight...

Larry begins to walk down the pathway.

ELLEN

By the way, Larry...

LARRY

(turning)

Yes.

ELLEN

If we had such a great life together ...why did you want it changed?

Larry thinks a moment. It looks like she's cornered him.

LARRY

I guess I just didn't know what I had.

Ellen smiles.

ELLEN

Nice recovery. Very nice recovery.

She closes the door.

Larry smiles to himself, shaking his head.

LARRY

Boy, is she tough?

91 INT. LARRY'S CAR NIGHT

91

Driving home, he sees Mike hitchhiking and picks him up.
Mike is covered with DUST.

LARRY

What happened to you?

MIKE

The accountant. He came this close
to being squashed by a ton of
bricks. But I stopped him to ask
for directions and now he's safe
to revolutionize book-keeping as
we know it. How was your evening?

LARRY

Great! Couldn't be better. I've
fallen in love with my wife all over
again.

MIKE

Would that be Cindy Jo?

LARRY

No, that would be Ellen.

MIKE

That's wonderful, Larry. If you're
happy, I'm happy.

LARRY

What's that supposed to mean?

MIKE

It means what it means.

LARRY

Nothing means what it means with
you. What's the catch?

MIKE

No catch. If you've found happiness
at last, I'm ecstatic. Really. I
couldn't be more pleased.

LARRY

Oh. Okay.

BEAT.

MIKE

Just be careful.

LARRY

I knew it!

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED:

91

MIKE

I'm only saying it for your own good.

LARRY

Look, Mike, I've thought it through. I know exactly what I'm doing, okay?

MIKE

Fine.

LARRY

Ya know, for an all-knowing, all-seeing type, you're an awful worry-wart. I think maybe you should cut me some slack.

MIKE

You're right. I can see you know what you're doing.

LARRY

Right!

MIKE

Then I guess my job is done. Would you mind pulling over here?

Larry stops the car.

LARRY

Where are you going?

MIKE

I've got to save a promising young physician from being killed in a car accident at the next intersection.

LARRY

Listen, Mike. I didn't mean to yell at you back there. I don't want you to think I don't appreciate everything you've done, because I really do.

MIKE

I know, Larry. Take care of yourself.

They shake hands and Mike gets out.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: (2)

91

Larry drives away. Mike stands watching a moment; then another car pulls to a stop beside him. THE DRIVER is a young man of 27.

DRIVER

I'd be glad to give you a lift, but I'm just going as far as the hospital.

MIKE

(getting in)

That would be fine. Say, if you don't mind a suggestion, make a right at the next corner. I know a little shortcut.

92 INT. MANSION - BEDROOM NIGHT

92

Larry enters the bedroom.

Cindy Jo is sitting on the bed. She's been crying.

LARRY

You didn't have to wait up for me, honey.

CINDY JO

Who is she, Larry?

LARRY

Who is who?

CINDY JO

The bimbo you had dinner with at La Scala.

LARRY

That was no bimbo, that was my wi...I mean that was a...detective. From the police force. She had some mug shots of well-known 7-11 bandits...remember?

CINDY JO

Oh, stop lying, Larry!

Larry heaves a big sigh.

LARRY

Alright. No more lies. Her name is Ellen Ripley. She's the head of the labor union at the plant. And...

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED:

92

CINDY JO

And what?

LARRY

And...I'm in love with her.

Cindy Jo sobs even harder and throws herself on a pillow.

LARRY

You're upset. I understand, believe me. But everything will be fine if we deal with this in a mature manner.

93 EXT. MANSION NIGHT

93

Larry is standing on the lawn as his clothing rains down around him.

LARRY

But Cindy, can't we...

A shoe hits him on the head with a THUD.

LARRY

Oww!

94 INT. MANSION - BEDROOM NIGHT

94

A tearful Cindy is on the phone to her father.

CINDY JO

Daddy, Larry's fallen in love with someone else...

95 INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT NIGHT

95

Leo is listening to Cindy Jo.

LEO

Yes dear...I know I own the company but...alright...I will...yes dear...now take a valium and go to bed...okay, bye...

Leo hangs up. He starts pacing.

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED:

95

LEO
Fire LJ Burrows? How do I fire LJ
Burrows?
(rehearsing)
LJ, you're fired. LJ, you are fired!
LJ, you rotten sonuvabitch, you
can't do that to my baby girl and
get away with it! You're fired!
(smiles)
That's not bad.

Then he thinks better of it and stops. The smiles fades.

LEO
Maybe I'll just write him a letter
and leave it in his office.
(smiles)
Yeah. That's better.

Leo sits at a desk and begins to write.

LEO
(as he writes)
Dear LJ, you rotten sonofa...

96 EXT. LARRY'S MANSION NIGHT

96

Larry is stuffing his things into the trunk of the Spyder
when he SEES Harry running across the front lawn.

LARRY
Dad? Dad!

Harry keeps moving.

Larry catches up to him just as a cab pulls up to the curb.

LARRY
What's wrong? Where are you going?

HARRY
Switzerland. I wasn't going to tell
ya, kid but I promised Gina I'd take
her skiing.

LARRY
But Mom's flying in from New York
tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED:

96

HARRY

Look, I know you think this is a great idea, your mom and me, but I've been thinking it over, and it's not so hot.

LARRY

It'll work out, Dad, trust me.

HARRY

No, it won't, Larry. I'm not the same guy anymore. I'm young, I'm today, I'm happening.

LARRY

You're "happening"?

HARRY

I got everything I ever wanted in life. A gold Rolex, a gorgeous girlfriend, a great toupee...I just can't go back to being plain old Harry Burrows, regular guy. It'd kill me.

Harry climbs into the cab.

HARRY

Don't take it so hard, Larry, you did your best. It just wasn't meant to be.

The cab races away.

LARRY

But Dad...

97 INT. OFFICE/APARTMENT NIGHT

97

Niles and Lewis are in Larry's office/apartment. Furniture is overturned, lamps broken, papers scattered about.

NILES

The police will think he happened into the wrong place at the wrong time and became the poor innocent victim of murderous thieves...the little prick. And with him out of the way, the Nakamura merger can proceed as planned.

Lewis carefully tips over a chair.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED:

97

LEWIS

Do we have to do this, Niles?

Niles is throwing stuff all over, really getting into it.

NILES

Nobody double-crosses Niles Pender
out of 120 million bucks.

LEWIS

But what if he doesn't show up?

NILES

Stop being a pussy! He'll show up.
After his wife throws him out, where
else would he go?

He watches Lewis carefully place a lamp on the floor.

NILES

Oh, for Chrissake, don't just put
that on the floor. Throw it on the
floor! And then step on it!

Lewis tries, but his heart and his nerve isn't in it. He
nudges the lamp with his shoe.

Niles takes out one of Larry's golf clubs and takes a
vicious swing.

NILES

(sing-song)

Playing through.

98 EXT. LIBREP - PARKING LOT NIGHT

98

Larry pulls the Spyder into the parking lot.

99 INT. OFFICE/APARTMENT NIGHT

99

From Larry's window, Niles sees him arrive.

NILES

What'd I tell you?

Lewis darts into the bathroom.

LEWIS

I can't watch this.

Niles FLICKS OFF THE LIGHTS and ducks into the closet.

100 INT. ADMIN BUILDING - HALLWAY NIGHT

100

Leo Hanson comes down the hall, carrying an envelope and enters Larry's office.

CAMERA HOLDS as we HEAR a SMACK, then the THUD of a body hitting the floor.

Under the door, we SEE the LIGHTS COME ON.

A BEAT.

NILES

(o.s.)

Shit!!

101 EXT. PARKING LOT NIGHT

101

Larry is walking toward the Administration Tower. Suddenly, he HEARS a THUD and a GROAN from behind some bushes. Curious, he goes over to FIND:

Clip splayed out on the ground. A cardboard box full of office items is overturned on the ground.

LARRY

Clipper? Are you alright?

CLIP

(looking up)

I fell down. I fall down alot, Mr. Burrows. I think I tripped over a sprinkler head. I'll pay for it if I broke it.

Larry helps him to his feet.

LARRY

What are you doing here so late?

CLIP

Uh...I was cleaning out my desk.

LARRY

Good idea. We'll move you into Niles Pender's office tomorrow. I fired the bastard.

CLIP

You don't understand, Mr. Burrows. I can't take the job you offered me. If I do, I'll just screw it up.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED:

101

LARRY

No you won't, you'll be great. Trust me. I know what you're capable of.

Clip quickly gathers up his belongings.

CLIP

Everything I touch turns to shit. I'll run this company right into the toilet. So, if you don't mind, I'd rather not even try. I have to go now, sir, I locked the keys in my car and the engine's running. Thanks anyway, Mr. Burrows. Sorry if I let you down, but that's the only thing I'm really any good at.

LARRY

Clip. Listen to me. Go home. Get a good night's sleep. You'll feel better about this in the morning.

CLIP

Well, okay. But it's not going to do any good.

Larry watches as Clip turns and walks away.

LARRY

(to himself)

He'll be alright.

Then we HEAR A THUD OFF-CAMERA. Larry winces.

CLIP

(o.s.)

Another sprinkler head, sir! I'll pay for it if I broke it.

102 INT. OFFICE/APT NIGHT

102

Niles is bending over the crumpled body of Leo, reading the letter. His begins to smile fiendishly.

103 INT. ADMIN BUILDING - HALLWAY NIGHT

103

Larry comes down the hallway outside his office. He opens the door and goes in.

104 INT. OFFICE/APT NIGHT

104

Larry FLIPS ON THE LIGHTS and SEES Leo lying on the carpet.
He rushes across and bends down beside him.

LARRY
Oh God! Leo! Leo!

He feels for a pulse.

LARRY
Oh, no...Leo.

He picks up the bloody golf club and slowly rises.

Suddenly, the door bursts open. It's Niles and THREE
HEAVILY-ARMED SECURITY GUYS.

NILES
Cover him! He's got a weapon!

The Security Guys aim their weapons at a stunned Larry.

105 EXT. ADMIN BUILDING NIGHT

105

TWO DETECTIVES AND TWO COPS are leading Larry through the
parking lot toward the police cars.

LARRY
Niles Pender is the one you should
be arresting, not me.

Suddenly, there is a LOUD POP. A CAR WINDOW SHATTERS.

There are SHOUTS as everybody drops to the ground.

There is ANOTHER POP. A TIRE EXPLODES. ANOTHER POP.

A bullet SLAMS into the car beside Larry. He looks around
wildly and SEES a drunken Jewel Jagger weaving toward him,
aiming a large automatic pistol.

JEWEL
Think you can just toss me aside
like a used piece of kleenex, huh?

She FIRES AGAIN and AGAIN and AGAIN.

Larry leaps to his feet and starts running.

JEWEL
Think you can just write me off like
a bad debt, huh?

Jewel takes a swig from her hip flask.

(CONTINUED)

105 CONTINUED:

105

JEWEL

Well, it's time to pay up.

She continues FIRING.

Bullets SLAM into the cars around Larry as he runs, BLASTING OUT WINDOWS, SHATTERING HEADLIGHTS.

Jewel continues SHOOTING until the gun is empty.

JEWEL

Stupid gun.

The Cops leap all over her. She SCREAMS and claws at them.

1ST DETECTIVE

Someone get Burrows!

Larry leaps into his Spyder.

Jewel yanks a Cop's gun from its holster and starts BLASTING at Larry again. Five times.

The Cops dive for cover again.

Larry's Spyder races across the parking lot.

Jewel takes very careful aim. It looks like she can't miss.

JEWEL

Suck on this, you two-timing son of a bitch.

She squeezes the trigger. CLICK, no bullet.

JEWEL

Shit!

Larry races away.

A second later, THE COPS peer out from behind their cover.

JEWEL

Well, don't just stand there. Go after the bastard and shoot him!

106 EXT. ELLEN'S HOUSE NIGHT

106

The Spyder careens up onto the lawn in front of Ellen's house. Larry races up to the door and pounds on it.

LARRY

Ellen! Ellen!

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED:

106

A moment later, Ellen opens the door.

ELLEN
Larry? What is it..?

LARRY
Something's happened. I've gotta
get out of here and you've got to
come with me.

ELLEN
Come with you where?

LARRY
It doesn't matter. Jamaica, Mexico,
Canada...As long as we're together.

ELLEN
But what's happened?

LARRY
I'll explain on the way. We've got
to hurry!

In the distance, we HEAR POLICE SIRENS.

LARRY
We can start over again. Just like
it was before. And I know you think
it won't work, but it will because
we've already done it!

ELLEN
Are you talking about that previous
life thing again, Larry?

LARRY
Yes! Exactly! We'll have
Thanksgiving and Christmas and
birthdays and breakfast and all that
stuff, just like before. Don't you
see? We belong together. C'mon, I'll
help you pack.

Ellen is hesitant, torn but gentle.

ELLEN
Wait a minute, Larry. That all
sounds wonderful. It really does.
It's just that...after our dinner,
I started thinking about a lot of
things... about where I am in my
life...about what has real
importance to me...

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

That's my point! I've been thinking
about what's important too, and
that's why I think we should...

VOICE

(O.S.)

Ellen?

Ellen's husband Tom comes up behind her.

TOM

What's the matter?

He puts a protective arm around an uncomfortable Ellen.

TOM

Hello...

ELLEN

Tom, this is my boss, Larry Burrows.
Larry, this is my husband, Tom.

Larry's elation dissipates. He sizes up the situation in
an instant: they've reconciled.

LARRY

Hi Tom.

TOM

Nice to meet you Mr. Burrows...
What's going on, Ellen?

Ellen looks down, embarrassed.

LARRY

Uh...nothing. Nothing's going on,
Tom. I'm, uh, I have to leave town
and I just stopped by to say so
long. Well...so long.

He starts to walk back to his car. Just as he's about to
get in, Ellen comes up behind him.

ELLEN

Larry...

Larry turns.

(CONTINUED)

106 CONTINUED: (3)

106

ELLEN

I was very wrong about you. I think
you're a wonderful man...I wish it
could have been different between
us...but I guess it just wasn't
meant to be. I'm sorry.

She touches his face gently, then turns and walks back to
the house. Larry watches, his heart breaking, as his wife
goes inside with another man and closes the door.

LARRY

...wasn't meant to be...

107 EXT. STREET NIGHT

107

Larry is driving down the street, lost in thought.

Suddenly a Police Car, LIGHTS FLASHING, SIREN SCREAMING
comes flying around the corner ahead.

Larry jams on the brakes, spins the Porsche around and takes
off in the other direction.

The Police Car accelerates after him.

108 EXT. ANOTHER STREET NIGHT

108

The Porsche SCREECHES around a corner and accelerates down
the street like a bullet.

109 INT. PORSCHE NIGHT

109

Larry looks back and SEES no Police Car in sight.

He turns back just as SOMETHING darts in front of the car.

LARRY

Geezuz!

Larry jams on the brakes. There is a THUD.

110 EXT. STREET NIGHT

110

The Porsche slews wildly across the street and slams into
a light standard.

A moment, then the door slowly opens. Larry climbs out,
painfully. He SEES an object lying in the street.

(CONTINUED)

110 CONTINUED:

110

He starts walking. Then breaks into a run when he realizes.

LARRY

Oh no!

It's his dog, Sammy, dead.

Larry drops to his knees and cradles the dog in his arms.

LARRY

Oh God! Not Sammy...

SIRENS CAN BE HEARD a short distance away.

LARRY

It's all my fault. I'm so stupid,
so stupid...

The Police Car careens into the street and starts toward him, SIREN SCREAMING.

Larry gently lays Sammy down, then sprints off down the street.

The Police Car is gaining on him.

Larry darts down an alley.

The Police Car pulls in after him.

111 EXT. ALLEYWAY NIGHT

111

The Police Car is gaining on him. A COP leans out the window, pistol drawn, and FIRES A SHOT at Larry.

Larry leaps onto a dumpster and vaults over a fence.

112 EXT. YARD NIGHT

112

Larry lands with a CRASH in a pile of garbage. He climbs out, GROANING and brushing himself off. He looks up, startled to SEE:

A BAG MAN, mid-30s, standing there, dressed in filthy clothes. Next to him is a shopping cart, full of junk.

LARRY

Hiya doin'? Is there a way out of
here? I'm in a bit of a jam...

(CONTINUED)

112 CONTINUED:

112

BAG MAN

Hey, I know you. You're...what's his name...Burrows, right? The guy who hit the home run...

LARRY

Gee-zuz pal, don't remind me.

The Man puts a filthy hand on Larry's chest.

BAG MAN

Bet you don't remember me, do ya?

LARRY

No, sorry...should I?

BAG MAN

Haskins! Jerry Haskins! I'm the guy who threw the pitch! Remember now?! Thanks to you, I've spent the last twenty years tryin' to live that game down!

LARRY

Oh, shit. Listen, if it makes you feel any better, I didn't get real good wood on it...

BAG MAN

...always movin' around...hopin' they'd forget! But they never do.

LARRY

It was just a lucky swing...

BAG MAN

...always hopin' someday I'd run into you again! The sonofabitch who ruined my life! And now...

Haskins takes out a club and holds it up, threateningly.

BAG MAN

...Fate has brought us together.

VOICE

(behind them)

Hey! You! Stop right there!

They turn to see A COP coming over the fence.

Larry shoves the Guy away and dashes across the yard.

The Cop disappears down behind the fence again.

113 EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTION NIGHT

113

Larry vaults over another fence and lands in another alley. He runs down to the end, stumbling and then collapses against a wall, out of the breath.

He looks both ways: nothing. He looks up to the heavens; then closes his eyes in total exhaustion.

LARRY

I give up.

A PINK GLOW magically comes up on his face.

He opens his eyes and notices the GLOW. He moves away from the wall and peers around the corner.

TO A CELESTIAL SWELL OF MUSIC, he SEES the PINK NEON SIGN of "The End of the Road Bar". His eyes widen and he dashes toward it.

LARRY

Oh my God! Mike!

The Police Car SCREECHES around the corner, three blocks away and starts down the street.

114 INT. "END OF THE ROAD" BAR NIGHT

114

Larry bursts in.

LARRY

Mike! Mike! Where are you?

The place is empty.

LARRY

Mike! This is no time to play games!
I need you!

But there's no answer.

POLICE SIRENS are getting CLOSER.

Larry leaps over the bar and begins throwing ingredients into a glass. He shakes it all up, takes a gulp. Then he spits the drink across the bar.

LARRY

That's disgusting!

The POLICE SIRENS DIE OUT with a final WHINE.

Larry frantically pours other ingredients into a glass.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED:

114

We HEAR the SOUND of A VEHICLE PULLING UP OUTSIDE.

REVOLVING FLASHING LIGHTS can be SEEN outside the window.

Larry upends the glass, draining it. He GASPS and makes a face: it's worse!

WE HEAR a CAR DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE and FOOTSTEPS APPROACH.

LARRY

Shit.

Larry comes out from behind the bar with his hands up.

LARRY

Okay! I'm coming out! Don't shoot!
I'm not armed!

The door opens and A MAN DRESSED IN OVERALLS peers in:

TRUCK DRIVER

Somebody here call for a tow-truck?

Behind the driver, we SEE a tow truck with the REVOLVING FLASHING LIGHTS.

LARRY

Tow truck...

Suddenly the realization rushes in on him. He whirls around to see Mike standing behind the bar, smiling.

MIKE

Don't shoot? What're you talking about? Nobody's gonna shoot you, Larry.

Larry explodes with joy.

LARRY

I'm back! Son of a bitch! I'm back!

MIKE

Back from where? You've been here the whole time.

(CONTINUED)

114 CONTINUED: (2)

114

LARRY

Sure I have! You old destiny-bender,
you.

(to the tow-truck
driver)

I love this guy! Isn't he great?
I just love him.

(to Mike)

I'm really back, aren't I?

MIKE

You've always been here, Larry.

LARRY

(knowingly)

Okay, Mike. Whatever you say.

Larry comes over and shakes Mike's hand.

LARRY

Thanks for everything. The good and
the bad. You sure know how to make
a point.

He heads for the door and then turns back.

LARRY

Oh, and listen, whatever you've got
planned for the rest of my
life...it's perfect!

Mike smiles and raises a glass in a toast.

MIKE

Happy birthday, Larry.

115 EXT. LIBERTY REPUBLIC PARKING LOT

115

The Tow Truck, pulling Larry's car, stops in front of the
Administration Building. Larry climbs out.

DRIVER

Where do I take the car?

LARRY

To the best shop in the city.
Money's no object!

(proudly)

That's my car, Goddamit!

He runs toward the building entrance.

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED:

115

LARRY
(to himself)
I'll figure out how to pay for it
later.

116 INT. BOARD ROOM NIGHT

116

Niles is in the middle of his report. Leo, Jackie Earle, Lewis, and OTHER BOARD MEMBERS are listening.

NILES
As you can see, sales during the
past two quarters have been
declining and therefore I recommend
we take Mr. Nakumura's very generous
buy-out offer of \$35 a share.

LEO
Well, Niles, I must say, I find this
very disturbing...what do you think,
Jackie?

JACKIE EARLE
Well, I don't know what to think,
Leo. This comes as quite a surprise.

LARRY
Anybody want to know what I think?

The Board turns to see Larry standing in the doorway.

LARRY
I think Niles is full of shit! This
company is in perfect financial
health.

NILES
You don't work here anymore,
Burrows! Get out!

LARRY
Niles and Lewis have been buying
up stock through a dummy corporation
and doctoring the books to make it
seem as if the company was failing
so this board would be motivated
to sell.

LEO
Niles, what's he talking about?

(CONTINUED)

NILES

Gibberish! Burrows is responsible for this entire fiasco! His mismanagement is solely to blame for the record loss we show in this quarter. Lewis, call security!

Lewis reaches for a phone. Larry grabs it out of his hand. Lewis tries to grab it back. Larry twists away and rips the cord out of the phone.

JACKIE EARLE

Gentlemen, please! We're all on the same team here. There's no need for this kind of behavior!

NILES

Burrows is a thief and a liar! He'll say anything to regain his position with this company! I move that the entire board vote to censure him and file criminal charges...

LARRY

And I move you shut your face!

And with that, Larry lands a fist right in Niles' face. Niles drops backward in his chair, unconscious.

LARRY

Sorry, Jackie. This guy's never been part of the team. So I benched him.

LEO

Larry, is any of this true?

LARRY

I suggest you check on a certain MetaSport Corporation of Delaware and pay particular attention to who its executive officers are. Yes, Lewis?

Larry turns to Lewis, who is now sweating profusely. He leans down and whispers.

LARRY

I know everything, you snivelling piece of shit!

Everyone else also turns to look at Lewis, who squirms for a moment in his chair, and then bolts for the door.

(CONTINUED)

116 CONTINUED: (2)

116

LARRY

That answer your question, Mr.
Hansen?

Leo gets up and comes around to Larry, beaming.

LEO

Larry, I don't know what to say.
I don't know how to thank you. Is
there anything I can do for you?

Larry thinks a moment.

LARRY

Yeah, there is.

117 EXT. STREET NIGHT

117

A limousine races down a street.

118 INT. LIMOUSINE NIGHT

118

Larry is driving. PAN OVER: Ludwig is sitting in the
passenger seat, his face the color of chalk.

LARRY

I told you we could beat that train
through the crossing.

LUDWIG

So you did, sir.

119 EXT. LARRY'S STREET NIGHT

119

The limousine pulls into the subdivision.

120 INT. LIMOUSINE NIGHT

120

As he drives up, Larry can hardly contain his excitement.

LARRY

Look at this place! What a mess!
It's great, isn't it?

As he pulls up to his house, his smile fades.

121 EXT. LARRY'S HOUSE NIGHT

121

The house is dark.

(CONTINUED)

121 CONTINUED:

121

LARRY

Damn! I forgot. Ellen's at the strike meeting. Just when I want to see her more than anything else in life, she's not here.

He gets out of the limousine, his spirits dampened.

122 INT. LARRY'S HOUSE NIGHT

122

Larry lets himself in.

Suddenly, every LIGHT in the house COMES ON.

VOICES

Surprise!

Larry jumps back a step, startled, as the crowd surges toward him, bearing gifts and huge smiles.

VARIOUS

Happy Birthday, Larry! Many happy returns, Lare! Were ya surprised?
Arf! Arf!

Everyone is there: Clip and Jewel, Harry, Sammy. And Ellen, looking radiant, much like she did in Act 2.

Larry is so happy, he throws his arms wide and wades into them, hugging everyone.

LARRY

Ellen! Sammy! I missed you guys so much!

He scoops Ellen up in his arms and swings her around.

ELLEN

Since this morning?

LARRY

God, I'd forgotten how beautiful you are.

He kisses her. Sammy leaps up, wanting to be hugged.

LARRY

Sammy! Sammy!

Larry lifts him up. Sammy licks him all over his face.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

(baby-talk)

Yes, and I love you too.

(to the others)

Geezuz, I never thought I'd see any of you again. Ever! You're not going to believe what happened...

ELLEN

Clip told us. But don't worry about it, we'll manage okay.

LARRY

Oh that...Who cares about that? I'll get another job somewhere else.

Clip approaches.

CLIP

Happy birthday, buddy.

LARRY

Clipper! Boy am I glad to see you.

Larry gives Clip a big hug.

CLIP

Here's your real present. I gave you the vomit just to throw off suspicion. It worked, didn't it?

LARRY

Like a charm.

Larry opens the box to FIND a model of the Gull-wing Mercedes.

CLIP

Do you like it?

LARRY

I love it. I always wanted one of these. Thanks Clip.

CLIP

Come on, I want you to meet my date.

LARRY

You have a date?!

CLIP

Yeah. Come on, let me introduce you.

Clip leads Larry over to his date: it's Jewel!

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (2)

122

CLIP

Larry, I want you to meet Jewel
Jagger. She works down in the stock
room.

LARRY

Hi Jewel.

JEWEL

Happy Birthday, Larry.

LARRY

Thanks.

CLIP

I'll be back in a moment,
sweetheart.

Larry and Clip move away.

CLIP

(whispering to Larry)
What do ya think? Is she a
killer...or what?

LARRY

(whispering)
Definitely a killer.

We HEAR the DOORBELL RING.

Larry opens the door. It's Jackie Earle and Cindy Jo.

LARRY

Jackie Earle! Cindy!

JACKIE EARLE

We don't want to interrupt...

LARRY

Nonsense. Come on in...

JACKIE EARLE

I just stopped by to thank you again
for what you did. You ran out of
there so fast...

LARRY

I hadda get home. It's my birthday.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (3)

122

JACKIE EARLE

Well, then I have a little present for you. The board voted unanimously to offer you Niles Pender's job. Executive Vice President...

Larry is stunned.

JACKIE EARLE

Well? Are you interested?

LARRY

Gee, I'll have to think about it. Okay, I thought about it...yes!

They shake hands.

JACKIE EARLE

Wonderful.

LARRY

C'mon in. Have a drink!

Jackie Earle goes on in. Clip slaps him on the back and steers him toward the bar.

CINDY JO

Gee, Larry, I wish I'd known it was your birthday, I would've gotten you something...

LARRY

What do you get for a guy who has everything?

She gives him a kiss on the cheek, then goes on in.

DOORBELL RINGS AGAIN.

ELLEN

Larry, can you get that? It's probably the guy with the pizzas.

Larry opens the door. A GUY is standing on the front steps holding a half-dozen pizza boxes.

GUY

"Mr. Pizza". Sorry I'm late, the regular kid's sick, I had to deliver myself...

LARRY

Jerry! Sonofabitch, Jerry Haskins!

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (4)

122

It's the club-wielding bum from the alley; the pitcher who struck Larry out. He looks at Larry trying to place the face.

LARRY

It's me! Larry Burrows!

JERRY

Larry Burrows? Gee-zuz, Larry. You remember me?

LARRY

The bastard who ruined my life!?
Course I remember you! C'mon in,
have a drink! It's my birthday!

JERRY

Gee, can't. I got a million
deliveries. But, listen...here.
(hands him the pizzas)
These are on me. Happy Birthday,
Larry.

LARRY

Oh, come on, Jerry...I can't...

JERRY

Don't worry about it. I own the
company. I'm "Mr. Pizza".

He starts back down the steps then turns back.

JERRY

Oh, Larry...I know I'm twenty years
too late, but...sorry about the
ballgame.

Larry smiles.

LARRY

Forget about it.

He closes the door.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO SHOW the exterior of the house, windows
LIT.

Then we HEAR "Louie Louie" BEGIN TO PLAY.

SOUND ECHOES OUT.

(CONTINUED)

122 CONTINUED: (5) 122
DISSOLVE TO:

123 INT. STADIUM LOCKER ROOM DAY (1970) 123
Larry closes his locker, despondent. A teammate walks by, grumbling.

TEAMMATE
Way to go, dipshit.

124 EXT. PLAYING FIELD DAY 124
Larry leaves the ball park, alone: a loser full of shame. Everyone's gone, the stands are empty. It's sunset. As he walks across the field, he passes A MAN sitting in the stands.

VOICE
I saw the game, kid. Tough break.
Larry turns: it's Mike, smiling at him.

LARRY
You said it Mister. I blew it good.

MIKE
Don't worry too much about it. It's not the end of the world. You only think it is. Remember, you've got your whole life to look forward to. Trust me.

Mike smiles.

Larry nods doubtfully and starts to walk out of the park again, muttering as he goes.

LARRY
Old fart, what the hell does he know?

CREDITS ROLL to "Everybody Is A Star" by Sly and the Family Stone.

THE END