

Publicity Stunt

by

Chris Lemmon
Gina Raymond
& Paul Young

Revised:
October 10th, 2011

Stone Manor Productions
© 2010 Pau002609853
80 Murray Drive
South Glastonbury, CT 06073
(860)659-2839
(860)659-3960 (f)
stonemanor@earthlink.net
stonemanorproductions.com

1 INT. SLOCOMB HOUSE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT - WEDNESDAY 1

ALARM CLOCK, 4:00 AM. YARDLEY SLOCOMB, late forties and feeling it, swats at the clock, finally tosses it on the floor. SQUAWK! He pulls himself up, looks at his sleeping wife, NATALIE, leans close, kisses her gently, whispers.

YARDLEY

I'm sorry, sweetheart. I'll make up for everything today. I promise.

Gets up. Sneaks across the room. Trips over THE SEÑOR, his Havanese puppy.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Ahh, Señor! I didn't see you, big boy!
(gives him a pat)
Shh... c'mon, no fair waking up Mom!

He heads for the bathroom. The Señor follows.

2 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 2

Yardley tip-toes out of the bedroom, tightens his tie. Peeks into his daughter's bedroom, sees ASHLEY, 22, all-American beautiful, sound asleep. Smiles.

3 INT. KITCHEN - BREAK OF DAWN 3

Yardley flips scrambled egg whites in a frying pan, serves them to the Señor, who does his breakfast dance. The TV catches his attention. THE TODAY SHOW. Reporting from the news desk, ANN CURRY. (Video playback)

ANN CURRY

...And though the struggling economy continues to dominate the headlines, another sign-of-the-times story has captured the media's attention: Flamboyant, rock star-restaurateur, Yardley Slocomb, known - despite his culinary brilliance - for his outlandish escapades, and patent "celebrity chef" temper, is at it again, and this time it appears, Yardley has gone too far.... Claiming his ex-business manager, Bing Riviera's, shady business tactics cheated him out of his fortune, Slocomb, slugged Riviera square on the nose, live, on-air, during a taping of the New Larry King Show. He then followed it up with an accidental, but nevertheless effective, blow to Mr. King's privates; which remain in question. The two are headed for court this afternoon, and big business bad boy, Riviera, is already claiming victory.

NEWS CAMERA VIDEO catches BING RIVIERA, a Brooklyn kid who made it big in the world of shady financing, strutting through an upscale urban area. He plays the camera.

REPORTER (O.C.)

Bing! Bing! How's it make you feel to be compared to Bernie Madoff?

BING

Madoff?! Guy's an amateur idiot! Taught him everything he knows!

REPORTER (O.S.)

How about Yardley Slocomb? He used to be your good friend. Had restaurants in seven states. In less than a year you've bankrupted him. Doesn't that bother you?

Stops by his STRETCH LIMO, turns to the camera, seething.

BING

Lemme tell youz somethin. Yardley Slocomb has euthanized the ire of the Bingster. He went puffin on the wrong pastry, and he's gonna pay, with a capital "P"!

(into camera)

Ya hear that cookie-boy?! I'm coming to getcha!

(à la the Wicked Witch)

And your little dog too!

SPLAT! An egg hits the TV screen. Yardley stands by the table readying another for launch. Stops. Steadies himself.

YARDLEY

Temper, temper...

4 INT. SLOCOMB HOUSE, ENTRY-WAY - DAWN 4

Yardley heads for the door. Looks at the key table. A stack of UNPAID BILLS. He sighs, grabs them, gives The Señor a pat.

YARDLEY

Wish me luck, pal.

5 EXT. SLOCOMB HOUSE - DAWN 5

A beautiful Georgian Colonial manor home, which is beginning to show signs of disrepair. Yardley strides across the driveway to his well-used van; written on the side: YARDLEY'S YUMMYS - CATERED LIKE ONLY YARDLEY CAN! He stops. Takes a heart-felt look back at his house. Reaches for the door handle. Pulls. CRACK! It comes off in his hand. He looks at it, then to the heavens. Climbs through the window. Stuffs the unpaid bills in the glove box with other unpaid bills. Shakes his head. Drives away.

5a ON THE HOUSE

5a

From an upstairs window, a worried Natalie watches. Her eyes fill with tears.

6 EXT. MONTAGE - DAWN - SERIES OF AERIAL SHOTS

6

The old van winds through the Connecticut countryside, then heads down the Henry Hudson Parkway to Manhattan, as the rising sun sets ablaze a wall of skyscrapers.

7 EXT. OPEN MARKET - AM

7

Yardley hustles through, loaded down with grocery bags. Old friends wave, yell their "hellos". He walks to a booth, a large, jolly man, ALBIE, behind the counter.

YARDLEY

Albie! How's my favorite cheese monger!

ALBIE

Mr. S! It's been forever! We all missed the heck outta yaz! Where ya been?!

YARDLEY

Well, I'd like to say the south of France, but...

ALBIE

Ah gosh, it's great to see yaz again! How's the missus?

YARDLEY

Still the light of my life. Yours?

ALBIE

After all you done for us, she'll want me to send ya her love, that's for sure.... Guess times, been a little tough for ya.

YARDLEY

Never saw it coming, Albie. But you know me. I'll put things right, or die trying. I owe that to her. So let's get busy!

ALBIE

That's the spirit!

YARDLEY

Gimme the full spread: Ementall, Blue, Asiago, Brie, and something special for the centerpiece, something exotic; like maybe a...

YARDLEY/ALBIE

Suspiro De Cabras!

YARDLEY

Albie... you're a cheese psychic!

ALBIE

Got a beauty in the truck, I'll grab it!

YARDLEY

Terrific! Put that on my tab, would you?

ALBIE

Ahhh, Mr. S. You know how it is. The big cheese, he's crackin down on us here...

YARDLEY

Yeah... he's crackin down on all of us. Credit card okay?

ALBIE

We take 'em all!

YARDLEY

And lord knows, I got 'em all...

Yardley hands him the card, glances nervously as he swipes the sale. It clears. He hides a small sigh of relief.

8 INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY

8

One hundred salmon appetizers fester under heat lamps. WINNY - Yardley's dignified, English head chef - enters the kitchen with a tray of Chicken Tagine; notices no one is working and that HIS CREW is cowering in the corner. Across the room, JACQUES - the hotel's head chef and resident Napoleon - beats furiously at a large vat of hollandaise, his KITCHEN STAFF ganged behind him, smirking. Winny stops, takes it in.

WINNY

My lord, what is going on?... *Jacky?* What are you doing here?

JACQUES

No one beats ze hollandaise in zis kitchen, except moi!

WINNY

Bit territorial aren't we, deary?

JACQUES

Eh, pardon?

WINNY

You're not... supposed... to be... here ... today.

JACQUES

And yet I am.

ROB RUGER - obsequious hotel manager, and a headache on the best of days - charges in. Sees.

ROB

We have to start serving! Where's the food?! Where on earth is Yardley?!

WINNY

Hold on now, he'll be here shortly, just out picking up a few last-minute tidbits. But he's not your problem.

(indicates Jacques)

Jacky, here is your hold-up.

Rob eyes the formidable Jacques. Jacques glares back.

ROB

Jacques! What are you doing here? You have the day off!

JACQUES

Eh bien. But you would have me absent on such a day? To be in ze presence of ze great genius, Yardley Slocomb? Ze man who re-invented food? Ze lout who changed culinary history. And ze swine who dared to fire moi?! Merde!

ROB

Jacques, really, don't you think you deserve a day off? Just one?

JACQUES

Oh, no, mon ami, no, I don't zink so. Today... we work!

He beats the hollandaise with renewed vigor. Winny steps in.

WINNY

No, Jacky, today we work!

Yardley's crew fills in behind him.

JACQUES

Zis *my* kitchen! And ze name is *Jac-ques'*, you louse-ridden Liverpool fop.

Jacques' crew fills in behind him. A standoff.

WINNY

Pardon moi, *Ja-cky!* This kitchen is ours today; you goose-brained, snail-sniffing, grape stomper! And now, would you kindly stop torturing my ho-llan-daise.

JACQUES
My kitchen! My staff!
(motions to his staff)
I would vatch my mouse if I vaz you,
putrescent, gin-addled, pork puller!

The argument continues. Rob, flummoxed, whips open his cell phone, sneaks out.

9 EXT. YARDLEY'S VAN - DAY 9

Pulling into the hotel's garage. Ring! His cell phone goes off. He picks it up, sees the read-out.

YARDLEY
Oh boy...
(flips it open)
Rob! What's up?

ROB (O.S.)
Where in the name of God are you?!

YARDLEY
Here. With goodies. Why? Problem?

10 INT. HOTEL, BANQUET HALL - DAY 10

Rob passes a placard: SKIRTS OVER YONKERS FALL FASHION BLAST!

ROB
Yes, "problem"! I'm up to my ass in
crappy couture, and I got a dysfunctional
kitchen! Now get up here! Tout suite!

He snaps shut the cell phone, grabs a magnum of champagne, runs from table to table vamping as he fills the glasses of stern looking designers.

ROB (cont'd)
Now here's a dandy! You're going to adore
this '06 Dom! On the house!

FASHIONISTA
How quaint. Now if we only had a morsel
of Yardley's gastronomic genius with
which to enjoy it, our lives would be
complete.

11 INT. HOTEL KITCHEN - DAY 11

Yardley hustles on his tux, slams through the service door, sees the unserved salmon turning to rubber.

YARDLEY
Winny! Why haven't these appetizers been
served?!

Winnie whistles the FRENCH NATIONAL ANTHEM, points at Jacques.

JACQUES

Monsieur Yardley Slocomb, bane of my existence, how ludicrous to see you again. Fire anyone lately?!

He lays into the hollandaise, beats it mercilessly.

YARDLEY

Jacky! I might have known. The hotel promised me they'd ban you from the premises today!

JACQUES

Vat? And miss all ze excitement of verking viz my ex-asshole-boss again?
(glares)
Not on your life.

YARDLEY

Good lord man, why are you doing this?!
How did you even know we'd be here?!

Bing Riviera, leers around the corner of a large utility, taking in the scene with glee.

JACQUES

Let's just say a little birdie pooped on my shoulder.

YARDLEY

Give me the sauce!

JACQUES

It is not ready.

YARDLEY

I'm warning you...

Jacques grabs a butcher knife, throws it into the wall THWAP, inches from Yardley's face.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

In the nicest possible way...

BANG! The door slams open. Rob runs in, points at Yardley.

ROB

You! I was told this would happen if I let you in here, you... you... notorious scoundrel! Food! On the table! Now!

He runs back out.

YARDLEY

(advances)

Give me my sauce.

JACQUES

Ven it iz ready.

YARDLEY

Give it to me now!

JACQUES

Tres bien!

SPLOICH! Jacques dumps the vat of hollandaise over Yardley's head. A beat. Yardley slowly wipes the sauce from his eyes, fists clenching.

12 INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY 12

The room is singing "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" as Rob double-pours Dom for the now fuzzy designers.

BOOM! An explosion of noise erupts from the kitchen, followed by the sound of all-out warfare.

13 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 13

The waiters duke it out with the kitchen staff, food being hurled everywhere. Winny is keeping a safe distance hiding under a counter. He peaks out, gets a fillet in the face. Yardley and Jacques are engaged in a fierce battle to see who can jam more salmon down the other's throat. Bing is ecstatic, silently rooting the chaos on till he gets a fish in the puss as well. Rob runs in.

ROB

Slocomb! Serve my people now!!

POW! POW! PA-POW! Multiple food product hits him from every conceivable angle - Rob wobbles, almost goes down, a beat... WHAP! A ten-pound salmon finishes the job.

14 EXT. VARIOUS NEW ENGLAND SHOTS - DAY 14

The rolling hills of southern Connecticut, glow in the early afternoon sunlight, as Yardley's van limps home.

15 EXT. SLOCOMB ESTATE - DAY 15

OLGA, the Slocombs' bulldog Russian maid, bursts out the front door, followed by The Señor. She wears a terry-cloth bathrobe and slippers, and is using a depilatory to remove her moustache. She leads the dog to a flower bed, speaks in a thick accent.

OLGA

You are havink exactly five seconds to be takink a dump.

The Señor stares. Olga stares back.

OLGA (cont'd)

Four. Three. Two. Von...

Yardley's van clunks up. He drags himself out, beat to hell, food all over his tuxedo.

OLGA (cont'd)

Nice look.

YARDLEY

Ditto.... Olga, you do remember that you're our maid. Yes?

OLGA

Your point beink?

YARDLEY

Just checking.

He heads for the house. Olga calls after him.

OLGA

Dis dog von't dump.

YARDLEY

Try tickling his balls.

Walks past a small moving van, eyes it.

16 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, ENTRY WAY - DAY

16

He heads through the front door. Goes to the key table. Sees a bunch of bills.

YARDLEY

Oh God, they're propagating.

Rifles through them. Freezes at a DEMAND FOR BACK PAYMENT OR FORECLOSURE NOTICE.

VOICE (O.S.)

What happened to you?

Natalie Slocomb, Town And Country beautiful, strikingly classy, starts down the stairs.

YARDLEY

A little misunderstanding. Wanna come outside and hose me down?

NATALIE

I've had it with the hosing, Yardley.

YARDLEY

I had a little disagreement. It's not that big a deal.

NATALIE

It is to me. And it's more than just this "disagreement", or the one last week, or the week before, or the week before that! I can't take this circus anymore, Yardley. I'm leaving.

She starts back up the stairs. Yardley stops her.

YARDLEY

Natalie, come on. You know I can't help this crazy temper of mine. But I'm going to change. For you. I promise you that.

He notices a FURNITURE MOVER, and his partner, carrying a tagged armoire out of the dining room.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Hey! You! Where in the hell you think you're going?! That was my mother's!

MOVER

Now it's the bank's.

The Movers bump the armoire against a wall. Yardley advances.

YARDLEY

Be careful with that wise guy, or the bank'll be hiring a proctologist!

(back to Natalie)

I'm ready to change, sweetheart. But you've got to bear with me. This lawsuit from Bing. It's driving me nuts.

NATALIE

Oh, you mean the one that's your fault?

YARDLEY

What?!

NATALIE

Well, it wasn't too smart to bust his nose on nationwide TV, now was it?

YARDLEY

Now hold on...

(the armoire hits the front doorway. Yardley yelps)

That's it! Put the damn thing down!

(MORE)

YARDLEY (cont'd)
(they do. He turns to Natalie)
Could you give me a hand?

The movers watch as Yardley and Natalie hoist the armoire.

17 EXT. SLOCOMB ESTATE - DAY

17

Olga is tickling the dog's balls. Yardley and Natalie emerge, carry the armoire to the van.

YARDLEY
How can you say this is my fault? That little bastard's robbing us blind!

NATALIE
Perhaps, but it was your public hissy-fit that put our home, our possessions, our entire lives, in jeopardy!

They set the armoire down. The movers lift it into the van.

YARDLEY
I did nothing wrong!
(screams at the workmen)
Be careful with that!
(to Natalie)
And besides, I'm gonna win this lawsuit!
I'm gonna go into that courtroom today and slam-dunk that little cock-knocker!
And then, think about it honey, we'll have enough money to get our lives back!

NATALIE
What lives? I've stood by you for years, watching you make an ass of yourself! Playing the temperamental chef, never home. I put up with it for Ashley's sake because I love her!

YARDLEY
Hold on now. I love her too, ya know!

Their daughter, Ashley, comes out of the house as Olga brings the dog in. They look at each other knowingly. Ashley watches, hangs her head.

NATALIE
Oh really? Then how come you missed her confirmation, her graduation, her twenty-first-birthday-party?! You've never been there for her! You've only been there for yourself, and your damn... greasy spoons!

MOVER
(walking by)
She's got a point there.

YARDLEY

Thank you. Now don't you have a futon to repossess?

The movers head back into the house.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

I was a business man, Natalie. I did what I had to do for my family. And it was my damn greasy spoons that built this house!

ASHLEY

(false exuberance)

Hi Mom... Hi Dad...

YARDLEY/NATALIE

Ashley...

ASHLEY

I don't mean to interrupt, but I just wanted you to know. I'm getting married! Isn't it great! Yay!

YARDLEY/NATALIE

What?!

A JEEP pulls up and beeps the horn.

ASHLEY

Oh, that's Michael... I've gotta' run. But I'll tell you all about it later!

She gives them a kiss, heads for the Jeep. Yardley and Natalie run after her.

YARDLEY/NATALIE

Wait!

YARDLEY

Ashley, darling, hold on a second, will you?! What in the hell is going on here?

NATALIE

This is insane! What about finishing college? What about your Masters degree?!

ASHLEY

I can always go back to school. Right now there are more important considerations.

NATALIE

Like what?! We need to talk about this!

ASHLEY

(stops, turns)

Mom, Dad, I love you....

(MORE)

ASHLEY (cont'd)

But between my screwed up relationships, and, well, yours, there's just been too many heartbreaks lately. We need stability in our lives. Right now. And something that will pull us all together. This marriage can do that.

YARDLEY

Oh honey... if this is what you want, really want. Well then, dammit, I'll throw you the best wedding money can buy.

Natalie whacks him, shoots him an "are you crazy" look. Yardley shrugs.

ASHLEY

Are you sure? I mean, I need to have it kind of... soon.

YARDLEY

Soon? Well, how soon?

ASHLEY

Sunday?

YARDLEY

Which Sunday?

ASHLEY

This... Sunday?

YARDLEY

... You mean the Sunday that's coming, right after the Saturday, that's coming at the end of *this week*? ARE YOU MENTAL?!

ASHLEY

It's okay daddy, I don't need a wedding...

YARDLEY

No, no, of course you do! Nothing is too good for my little girl...
(grabs Natalie, pulls her close)
...our little girl.

ASHLEY

Really Poppa, I didn't mean to...
(Michael beeps again)
Ahhh... we'll talk tonight... Love you guys. Don't kill each other. Please?

She heads to the jeep. MICHAEL, late twenties, preppy, is finishing a call on his cell.

MICHAEL

Dude, I don't come up with some cash fast, my brother's a dead man. Get it? Look, I care for her. But family comes first, and I can't let him down. Now stow it, she's here, I gotta roll.

(Ashley hops in the Jeep)
Hey babe! How'd it go?

ASHLEY

Considering their only daughter just hit them in the head with a baseball bat, I guess they took it okay.

MICHAEL

Honey, this marriage, having a baby... it's gonna fix everything. Just like we talked about. Let me do this for you.

(she smiles wanly)
You're doing the right thing. Trust me.

He waves to Yardley and Natalie. They wave back, feebly. He drives off. Natalie shoots Yardley a look. Lifts his hand off her shoulder. Drops it. Heads into the house. Yardley searches the heavens for an answer. The moving van drives by.

MOVER

Congratulations. Where do I send the gift?

FADE TO:

18 EXT. NEW YORK CITY, AERIAL SHOT - DAY 18

Afternoon rush hour.

19 EXT. BUSY STREET - CITY - DAY 19

A limousine with the license plate BIGBUKS, struggles through a sea of taxi cabs.

20 INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY 20

Bing sits in back reading the NEW YORK POST. On the front page, TWO PICTURES; one of him, one of Yardley. He leers at the headline: STAR WARS! EX-RESTAURATEUR GOES HEAD TO HEAD WITH SLEAZEBAG EX-BUSINESS MANAGER! His cell phone rings.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. Riviera, I have your lawyer on the line, should I put him through?

BING

Gee Arnica, I been waitin' for this call all day. Whadd'ya think, should we put him through?

ARNICA (O.S.)
I don't know Mr. Riviera, he's enveloped
in a very dark aura today.

BING
And you're gonna be enveloped in
unemployment if I'm not talkin' to my
lawyer in five seconds!

Click.

LAWYER (O.S.)
What's up?

BING
Did you see the newspapers? We'd better
win this thing!

LAWYER (O.S.)
Calm down. Things are proceeding
smoothly, but you never know what will
happen in that kiddie-court you chose.
Judge Judy is one tough customer. Are you
absolutely sure you don't want to settle
this in real chambers?

BING
Are you nuts?! After what Slocomb did to
me? I want the whole world to see me
fricassee that phillyandering bozo!
(rips out the photo of Yardley,
sets it on fire)
Now get back to work! And I don't wanna'
see this call on my bill!

Hangs up. Watches Yardley's picture go up in flames. Chuckles

BING (cont'd)
Burn baby, burn... OW!

The flames singe his fingers. He drops the burning picture on
the floor. WHOOSH! The rug ignites.

BING (cont'd)
Holy crap!

Starts batting at it with his cell phone - yells.

BING (cont'd)
Sprinklers! Sprinklers! Turn on the damn
sprinklers!

21 INT. - OUTER OFFICES - BING RIVIERA'S MONEY MACHINE - DAY 21

ARNICA, Bing's secretary, sits at her desk - a spiritual,
twenty-something knockout, in a tight floral outfit.

She finishes putting in her new TONGUE JEWEL, then waves a vial of scented oil around her head. The phone rings.

ARNICA

Bing Riviera's Money Machine, the short cut to big bucks, Arnica speaking.... Oh, Hi mom.... No, I'm not eating, I just put in my new tongue jewel.... Yeah, I know I shouldn't wear it at work, but it helps center me spiritually. Besides, if I don't the hole'll close.

(Bing slams in)

Ooops. Gotta go. The Mahatma's here.

He marches up to her, soaked, his toupee on sideways.

BING

Look at this, will ya?! A brand new four-thousand-dollar rayon suit!

ARNICA

And you look swell, Mr. Riviera! It fits ya real nice.

BING

What?! Whadd'ya talkin about? Wait a minute. You got that damn thing in your mouth again?

She opens her mouth, displays her tongue jewel. Bing recoils.

BING (cont'd)

Ahh jeez. I'm gonna get in the shower. Tell Vince to bring me a new suit.

ARNICA

Who?

BING

Vince?... Ya know? My bodyguard?
(Arnica looks puzzled)
Your *brother*?!

ARNICA

Oh! You mean *Vinnie*!

BING

Yeah, *Vinnie*!
(to the heavens)
I'm livin' in an idiocracy!

SLAMS into his office. Arnica scents the area where he was.

ARNICA

Bad karma....

22 INT. BING'S PRIVATE OFFICE, BATHROOM - DAY

22

Bing is toweling off singing, "We're in the Money". VINCE - a huge-but-handsome, lean-muscled Jersey boy, with a heart of gold - walks in, holding a suit and a new toupée.

VINCE

Okay Mr. Riviera, I got your stuff.

BING (O.S.)

Did you bring the deluxe toupée?

VINCE

(depressed)

Yeah...

BING (O.S.)

Good, 'cause I wanna look like a million bucks when I drive a stake through that gigolo bastards heart!

He comes out of the shower, grabs his toupée from Vince.

VINCE

Mr. Riviera, this whole lawsuit against Mr. Slocomb, I find it highly lamentable.

BING

Why? 'Cause you and his daughter was playin' slap-the-happy-fireman for the last couple-a years?!

VINCE

Please don't talk about Ashley that way! I never woulda stopped seein her if you and Mr. S hadn't gone to war. Besides, your allegations against him could be entirely unfounded. You got no proof.

BING

Proof-shmoof! Allow me to imbibe unto you some wisdom, my boy: If thou suspecteth thine brother's screwin around with thine ex-wife? Whack his Kadota figs!

Bing smiles large, drops his towel, Vince winces.

23 EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

23

Late afternoon. Yardley pulls up to the imposing building.

24 INT. YARDLEY'S VAN - DAY

24

Yardley flips down the visor, checks himself in the mirror, notices the photo taped next to it. A PICTURE of him with Natalie and Ashley. He kisses the picture with his fingers.

25 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, NATALIE'S OFFICE - DAY

25

It looks like a tornado hit it. Natalie pores over walls covered with sheets of paper, notes scribbled on them. Olga is adding up expenses on an old-fashion adding machine.

NATALIE

Alright. Transportation, the party tent, and tables - all taken care of?

OLGA

Da.

NATALIE

Tea and coffee service, plates, and linen are a go?

OLGA

Da.

The phone rings.

NATALIE

What am I forgetting?

OLGA

How you are going to be payink for dem.

NATALIE

Thanks for that, Olga.
(grabs the phone)
Hello?

YARDLEY (O.S.)

Natalie, it's me...

NATALIE

Hello Yardley. What can I do for you?

26 EXT. STEPS OF COURTHOUSE - DAY - (INTERCUT)

26

YARDLEY

I just wanted to call to, well, to thank you.... For staying.

NATALIE

Don't thank me, I'm not doing this for you. I'm doing it for Ashley.

YARDLEY

I know. How's it going?

NATALIE

You were right about one thing - she's going to have the best wedding on earth.

(MORE)

NATALIE (cont'd)

The only problem is people are going to ask us to give them money for it.

YARDLEY

Don't you worry. When I'm done here you'll have all the money you need. I won't let you down.

NATALIE

Where have I heard that before?

YARDLEY

I just want to say again, how sorry I am.

NATALIE

Yardley, stop. I don't have time for this right now.

(softens)

When you get back, we'll... we'll, talk. Now just go win, okay? Goodbye.

She hangs up. Sighs.

OLGA

Dese numbers, dey are suckink.

NATALIE

Olga. It's time.

OLGA

For vat?

NATALIE

The secret platinum card.

OLGA

No! Yes.... It will be buyink some time, I suppose..... Oh, Ms. Slocomb, vat are ve going to do?

NATALIE

Whatever we have to.

27 INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT - VIDEO PLAYBACK

27

A heated argument, Yardley and Bing on THE NEW LARRY KING SHOW, already scuffling.

LARRY KING

So Bing, you're accusing Yardley here of sleeping with your ex-wife.

BING

Yes. He did. He screwed her.

YARDLEY

Did not!

BING

Did to!

LARRY KING

And Yardley, you're accusing Riviera here of stealing your money.

YARDLEY

Yes. He did. He embezzled me!

BING

Did not!

YARDLEY

Did too! You stole my money!

BING

You screwed my ex-wife!

YARDLEY

Well somebody had to!

Bing lunges at Yardley. A swatting match. Yardley haphazardly catches Bing in the nose. Bing recoils, the couch topples over backward. Larry King runs over to break them up, but Yardley's elbow rises over the back of the couch, catches King square in the jewels. He reels, goes down too.

28 INT. COURTROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

28

Yardley and Bing are standing in front of JUDGE JUDY. Bing wears a HUGE LOPSIDED BANDAGE on his nose.

JUDGE JUDY

Well Mr. Slocomb, your embezzlement claim can't be substantiated, but obviously your violent act towards Mr. Bing can. I find for Mr. Bing; case dismissed. And may I say on behalf of Larry King fans everywhere - you're an animal!

BANG! The gavel comes down.

29 EXT. SLOCOMB ESTATE - DAWN - THURSDAY

29

Whap! THE WALL STREET JOURNAL, smacks against the front door. Natalie, in her bathrobe, hurries out, picks it up, reads the headline: SO LONG YARDLEY, KA-CHING FOR BING!

NATALIE

Oh god no...

Olga walks over from the flower garden with The Señor.

OLGA
Dis dog von't dump.

NATALIE
(staring at the paper in shock)
Try tickling his balls.

OLGA
Mr. Slocumb vas not comink home last
night, vas he?

NATALIE
No Olga, he wasn't. And considering his
sensibilities lie somewhere between Errol
Flynn and Baby Huey it doesn't bode well.

30 EXT. BUS BENCH - AM

30

Yardley sleeps on a bus bench, unshaven, a broken man. Next to him a BUM with a shopping cart reads VANITY FAIR. Yardley sits up, picks up a copy of THE JOURNAL, sees the headline.

YARDLEY
How could I let this happen?

BUM (O.C.)
Hey buddy, spare some change?

YARDLEY
How am I gonna pay for Ashley's wedding?

BUM (O.C.)
I'll work for food.

YARDLEY
How am I gonna hold on to Natalie?

BUM (O.C.)
'Course a shot of gin wouldn't hurt.

YARDLEY
(turns to the Bum)
What?

BUM
(lowers the magazine)
Money. I need money.

YARDLEY
Hold on! You're Ralph Macchio! You're the
original Karate Kid! What happened to
you?

RALPH MACCHIO
I waxed on, then I waxed off. You know,
it's an AIG thing.
(MORE)

RALPH MACCHIO (cont'd)

(they nod)

C'mon I got a busy schedule to keep here.

YARDLEY

I understand. But I don't have any money.
I don't have any money at all.

He returns to his thoughts. After a moment he hears the sound of trickling water, looks down.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Dear God man, you're peeing on my leg.

RALPH MACCHIO

Yeah. When you've hit rock bottom you'll do anything.

He zips up, pushes his shopping cart down the boulevard. Yardley stares after him.

YARDLEY

Yes, you will won't you? You'll do just about anything...

31 INT. - OUTER OFFICE, BING RIVIERA'S MONEY MACHINE - DAY 31

Bing struts in. Everyone jumps up, shouts of congratulations. Arnica scents him with oils. Bing waves her away, coughing, heads for his office.

BING

Thank you, thank you very much. Everyone gets a bonus: You can all keep your jobs!

32 INT. BING'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY 32

Vince sits at a table, depressed, his text books in front of him. He hears a cheer from outside, shakes his head. Bing strides in, tosses his briefcase and coat.

BING

Vinnie, I feel terrific! What a day!

He rips the bandage off his nose, grabs a Scotch bottle, takes a hit then fills a water glass.

BING (cont'd)

So what can I get ya? A glass of Scotch?
A cigar?

VINCE

No thanks, Mr. Riviera. Don't drink, don't smoke.

BING

Well then, what can I get ya?

VINCE

Peace a mind?

BING

Not my department.

(stands over Vinnie)

What the hell you got goin here?

VINCE

Studying for my teaching credentials.

BING

(shuts the book)

Vincent, my boy, you gotta learn to focus on the important things in life. A good cigar. A glass of scotch. And money.

VOICE (O.S.)

Well, well, well.... if this isn't a Norman Rockwell moment. Relishing your little victory, eh Riviera?

They look over. Yardley is in the doorway, his left leg looks peed on. He braces himself, takes a deep breath, then SLAMS the door in the faces of the stunned staff, marches in.

VINCE

Mr. Slocomb! An extreme pleasure to see you again, sir!

YARDLEY

Thanks Vinnie, likewise.

BING

Slocomb?! What the hell you doin here?!

YARDLEY

I was peed on by Ralph Macchio.

BING

The original Karate Kid?

YARDLEY

Yeah. And you know what he told me?

BING

That you're an idiot?

YARDLEY

He told me when you've hit rock bottom you'll do anything.

BING

Wait a minute! Is that some kinda threat?! Vinnie! Put a headlock on him!

VINCE
You know I can't do that, Mr. Riviera.

BING
I'll fire ya.

VINCE
I quit.

BING
I'll fire Arnica.

VINCE
Ahhh jeez. Mr. Slocomb, Mr. Riviera's
placin me in a conundrum here.

YARDLEY
Fine Vinnie, but by law I must inform you
that my hands are registered lethal
weapons in the town of Far Rockaway.

BING
Put a headlock on him. Now!

YARDLEY
I'm sorry son, this is going to hurt me
more than it does you - KEAIII!!

Yardley leaps, lands, Vince's leg flashes, catches Yardley in
the chest, knocks him through the closet door.

VINCE
(horrified)
Oh my God! Mr. Slocomb! I am so sorry!

YARDLEY (O.S.)
Not a problem.

Vince runs into the closet, brings Yardley out in a headlock.

VINCE
That kick, it was like, a reactionary
thing! And how about the headlock, is it
too tight?

YARDLEY
Fits like a glove...

VINCE
You know I would never hurt you.

YARDLEY
Of course you wouldn't.

VINCE
It's just that, Arnica, she's my sister.

YARDLEY

I understand Vinnie. You're a fine young man, and for what it's worth I'm sorry you stopped dating my daughter.

VINCE

I wouldn't have Mr. Slocomb. You know I harbor very strong feelings for her.

YARDLEY

I know that Vincent.

VINCE

It's just that Mr. Riviera here forbade us from interaction...

BING

SHUT UP! What the hell is this, The Young and the Stupid?! Vinnie! Is that headlock tight?

(Vince sighs, nods, Bing saunters over)

So, wise-ass! You strut into my place. You get fresh. You get put in a headlock!

VINCE

Mr. Riviera, why you bein so vindictive toward Mr. Slocomb?

BING

Because he was playin spank the buttery croissant with my ex-wife! That's why! And now I'm gonna get my come-uppance!

YARDLEY

According to your ex-wife you hadn't had a come-uppance in quite a while.

BING

That's it cookie-boy, you're spam!

He jumps on Yardley's back, starts swatting at him. Vince separates them, puts Bing in a headlock too, as a tirade of verbal insults explodes.

VINCE

You are both behaving very poorly.

They quiet. A moment. Then Bing looks up at Vince.

BING

... Vinnie? You can let me go now?
(Vince does, Bing smacks him)
Never, ever, do that again!

VINCE

I'm sorry, Mr. Riviera. I just can't stand seein the two a yaz fighting.

BING

Wait a minute... the Bingster smells something awry.

He charges to the door, flings it open. Arnica and the entire office staff tumble in. Arnica looks up, waves.

BING (cont'd)

What the hell you people doin? Spyin on me?!

ARNICA

Oh, don't worry Mr. Riviera, we could hardly hear anything anyways. This door, it's very well constructed.

BING

Get the hell outta here before I fire the whole lot a yaz!

Arnica waves goodbye. Bing SLAMS the door. Glares at Yardley.

BING (cont'd)

Go on. Let him go.... All right Slocomb, cut to the chase. Whadd'ya want?!

YARDLEY

(takes stage)

Well, Bing, old buddy, old pal, I just came by to tell you that I'm gonna make a whole lot of... money.

(Bing's eyes light up)

A whole, huge, ginormous amount, of... *money*.

BING

How you gonna do that, hire yourself out as a stud service for ex-wives?!

YARDLEY

Let me ask you boys a question. How many times have you seen a celebrity on the skids generate instant cash, just by doing a little... tasteless publicity?

Bing and Vince exchange looks, think about it.

VINCE

I'm sorry Mr. Slocomb, but that last statement was a little cryptic.

BING

Wait a minute, Slocomb. What are you talkin about? You're gonna, what? Pull some kinda... publicity stunt?

YARDLEY

Give the human bowling ball a banana.

BING

(chuckles)
Oh, I see. And by tomorrow morning, your name'll be a household word, right?

YARDLEY

Another banana!

BING

Yeah right... and what exactly you gonna do to become this household word?

YARDLEY

I'm gonna kill you.

Yardley whips out a GUN, fires, BANG! Bing dives for cover.

BING

Jesus jumpin tomatoes, Slocomb! Put that thing down!

WHAM! The door flies open. Arnica falls in again. Alone.

ARNICA

You know, this door is very well constructed, but the lock is not so good.

BING

Arnica, call the cops!

A long pause, everyone stares at her.

ARNICA

You mean now?

BING

No! Tomorrow morning!

ARNICA

Won't it be too late by then?

BING

Now! Call now!

YARDLEY

Go ahead Arnica, call. Sure, I'll go to jail; but not before I get offers, lots of em.

(MORE)

YARDLEY (cont'd)
Tabloids, Radio, TV, all of them worth
money - money I need for Ashley's
wedding!

Vinnie's jaw drops. He steadies himself. Bing pops up.

BING
Ashley's gettin married?

ARNICA
Oh! Congratulations Vinnie!

VINCE
Arnica, it's not to me!
(tries to make sense of it)
Mr Slocomb, Is it true? Ashley's gettin
married? I mean, that was... fast.

YARDLEY
Yes son. My sentiments exactly.
(takes Aim at Bing)
But we digress?

Bing pops down.

VINCE
(pulls himself together)
Wait, Mr. Slocomb! Listen to me! I mean,
kill Mr. Riviera, your grandchildren,
they'll be visitin you in Sing Sing!

YARDLEY
It's not about me anymore, Vinnie. Those
days are over. This is about Ashley.

ARNICA
(weeping)
That is so touching.

BING
(pops up)
Arnica! Call!!
(pops down)

She starts to go.

YARDLEY
Wait!!!
(Yardley turns to Bing)
Much as I'd like to serve you up your
just desserts, mongrel, there is another
way this can go. So I'm gonna give you
two choices. Either we partner up, and
both make ourselves a bucketload of cash.

BING

(pops up)
A bucketload?

YARDLEY

Or I kill you where you crouch!
(long pause)
... Well?!

BING

... I'm thinkin!

33 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

33

Natalie stands in front of a mirror, checks her outfit for the wedding. Ashley comes out of the closet wearing her mother's old wedding dress. She look glorious.

NATALIE

Oh, sweetheart. You're totally stunning.

ASHLEY

Mom... it's fabulous.

NATALIE

Look at you. I never thought my little girl would be getting married so soon....
And in my old wedding gown.

She shows Ashley a picture of her and Yardley's wedding day.

ASHLEY

You're such a beautiful couple.
(Natalie starts to cry.)
Oh, Mom. This wedding. It's going to make everything right again.... You'll see.

She gives her mom a big hug. Her eyes belying her sentiment.

34 INT. NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

34

LIEUTENANT GRABOWSKI, sits at his desk playing CHECKERS with himself. He uses CHOCOLATE and POWDERED MINIATURE DONUTS as the pieces. He makes a move, captures a donut, eats it. The phone rings.

GRABOWSKI

Grabowski.

BING (O.S.)

Lieutenant Grabowski, NYPD, right?
Yeah... I just saw some jerk goin into that Kool Talkradio building? Ya know, the one on Bleaker? He had a gun. Got it? And, he looked a lot like that famous restaurant guy.... Yardley Slocomb....

GRABOWSKI

Who is this?

Click....

35 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

35

On the side, a sign - KOOL TALKRADIO - VOICE OF THE NIGHT.

VOICE (O.S.)

You're glued to Kool talkradio, voice of the BS millennium, I'm Jack Howard, and guess what...

36 INT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT

36

Bing, nervous, sucks on a flask of Scotch while JACK HOWARD, a rabid, sixty-year-old, pissed-off, radical hippie with waist length, tied-back hair, and a tie-dyed T-shirt with a picture of Abbie Hoffman on the front, does his rant.

JACK

Life sucks! Wanna' know why? Because there's no causes anymore, man. It's all corruption and BS. Big business - BS. Supreme Court - BS. Dot com - BS.... Corruption! It ain't like the good old days. Today it's all about big biz. BS! Little guys nothin. It's all corporate. So the little guy goes out, gets any job he can, and doesn't give a heave either! BS! I mean, I'm on my way to work today, I get a ticket, I hit a bus, I crack my tooth, my wife's divorcing me, my son wants to be a ballet dancer for Christ sakes, so don't screw with me!

(beat)

Okay... many thanks to Bing Riviera for joining me on my little one man show. We're talking about the lawsuit he won against his ex-client Yardley Slocomb. We got time for one more caller. Who's full of BS?!

VOICE

Hi Jack! This is Clem from Morris Bluff, Nebraska! And I'm fulla BS!

BANG! The door is kicked open. Vince enters carrying ROPE, a BLINDFOLD, and a LARGE KEWPIE DOLL. Yardley follows, brandishes his gun. He barks at Vince.

YARDLEY

You! The bodyguard! Tie up the host!

(Vince does)

And you, Riviera, keep your mouth shut!

BING
(pre-rehearsed - monotone)
Oh my God. He's got a gun. Somebody help.

JACK
What is this BS?!

YARDLEY
Not your concern, my friend. Just sit
back, relax, and enjoy the show.

JACK
Bite me!

CLEM (O.S.)
Sounds like somebody else is fulla BS!

YARDLEY
(startled)
Who's that?!

CLEM (O.S.)
Well this is Clem! From Morris Bluff! And
I know that voice! Why you're Yardley
Slocomb, aren't you?! Wow! You used to be
a legend! And now you're a loser!

YARDLEY
Well thank you, Clem. May I suggest that
you eat shit.

CLEM (O.S.)
What the hell you doin there anyways?

YARDLEY
Actually, I'm about to murder a low life,
scum-sucking, shark.

CLEM (O.S.)
Zoweee! You're gonna off a Goldman Sachs
executive?!

JACK
This is what I'm talking about people.
It's out of control! Assholes on parade!
Spiritual anarchy, man! Anarchy! Anarchy!

CLEM (O.S.)
... Anarchy! Anarchy!

YARDLEY
SHUT UP!
(Yardley motions to Vince)
Get that blindfold on him.

Vince approaches Jack with the blindfold.

JACK
Try it and I'll bite your nose off.

YARDLEY
(raises gun)
I wouldn't.

JACK
Go ahead, kill me, man. Die in glory
right here in my digs instead of taking
it from some cracked-out, faux-pussy,
gang-banger on the street!

YARDLEY
What the hell are you? A talk show host
or a member of the teacher's union?!

Vinnie gets the blindfold on, Yardley grabs the microphone.

YARDLEY (cont'd)
Alright, for those of you listening out
there...

CLEM (O.S.)
That would be me! Fulla BS!

YARDLEY
You're hearing from a guy who's been
screwed over. Screwed over by a thieving
runt named Bing Riviera.

JACK
Right on! Save the whales!

YARDLEY
Bing Riviera... A man who destroyed my
career, stole my money, and is forcing me
and my family onto the streets! You want
BS? Well that's what I call BS!

BANG! He fires a shot into the doll.

BING
(pre-rehearsed - monotone)
Oh my God. He shot me. Somebody help.

JACK
Yeah man, right here on KOOL talkradio!
Death, live on the air, man!

VINCE
Mr. Slocomb, be careful!

BANG! Yardley fires another shot into the doll.

BING
(getting carried away)
Oh my God. I am now bleeding exuberantly.
(grabs the microphone)
There is a very good chance that this
could be an immortal wound...

Yardley rolls his eyes, sneaks behind Bing

BING (cont'd)
... It is deep, and quite gory. If there
is a doctor in the vicinity...

Yardley grabs a lamp, fires the gun into the doll, BANG!
Smashes Bing on the head with the lamp. He drops like a log.

CLEM (O.S.)
WAAAAAHOOOEEEE! Sounds like a home run
from here!

37 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT 37

COP CARS screech up. Grabowski jumps out.

GRABOWSKI
Get your men inside and fan out through
the building!

38 INT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT 38

Jack is bopping up and down in his chair, yelping.

JACK
Do me now man! I'm goin out big, mama!

Vince holds Bing, stares at Yardley, horrified.

YARDLEY
Get that stiff outta here!

Bing moans, starts to wake. Yardley grabs the mike, bonks him
on the head. Vince leaves with Bing and the shot-up doll.
Yardley rips the blindfold off Jack.

YARDLEY (cont'd)
Tell them what you've seen tonight.

JACK
What? The back of a blindfold and
three assholes?

YARDLEY
Tell them...

He heads for the door.

JACK

No, wait man! You can't leave me like this! You gotta do me! It's my destiny!

CLEM (O.S.)

Do it Yardley, a two-fer-oner!

JACK

Die for the cause, man! Abbie Hoffman forever! Gimme my Magical Mystery Tour!

YARDLEY

You got it!

BANG! Yardley fires, storms out. A beat, then.

JACK

... You missed me, man!

39 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

39

Vince leans against a wall, holding Bing. Yardley falls back next to him, sighs.

YARDLEY

Ah, well, I thought that went pretty nicely, didn't you?

VINCE

Mr. Slocomb! Smackin Mr. Riviera upside the head wasn't in the game plan!

YARDLEY

Lemme ask you something Vinnie. You want to do this with him awake, or passed out?

VINCE

Nice work. Let's go.

They turn, end up face to face with Arnica who lets out a HUGE BLOODCURDLING SCREAM. They scream too, drop Bing.

VINCE (cont'd)

No Arnica, not yet! You scream when the cops get here, then you tell em what I told you to tell em! OK?!

ARNICA

Oh, OK! I'll do it just right, I promise! But I gotta know, how was the scream?

YARDLEY

That scream was first rate.

ARNICA

I've been rehearsing.

YARDLEY

Well you can stop now.

VINCE

C'mon Mr. S, we gotta get goin!

He scoops up Bing, they duck into the ladies room. Arnica stands alone in the hallway, quietly rehearses her scream. PING! The elevator doors open, Grabowski and the cops pour into the hallway. Arnica lets out an EVEN BETTER SCREAM. The cops scream back, drop their guns.

40 INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

40

The walls vibrate.

YARDLEY

Boy that's a scream!

VINCE

C'mon Mr. S, that's the cops, we gotta move fast!

Vince pulls two suitcases out of a stall, opens them.

41 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

41

GRABOWSKI

Just tell me what happened, Ma'am.

ARNICA

Well... I brought the ex-Mr. Riviera to do this radio show, about an hour ago? Everything felt totally astral, so I went to the ladies room to lubricate my tongue jewel. See?

(shows her tongue-jewel,
everyone recoils)

But when I came out I saw Vince - he's the ex-Mr. Riviera's bodyguard? Of course he's also my brother, but I call him Vinnie - anyway, he was carrying the ex-Mr. Riviera in his arms? And, and, the ex-Mr. Riviera was bleeding? And, and, Mr. Slocomb was holdin a gun on them?... So I screamed. Like this!

She takes a *big* lung-full of air. The cops cover their heads.

GRABOWSKI AND COPS

No!!!

GRABOWSKI

Lady... No more screams...

ARNICA

It's a good scream, huh?

GRABOWSKI

It's one hell of a scream, ma'am. Now where'd they go?

ARNICA

Mr. Slocomb forced Vinnie and the ex-Mr. Riviera into that stairwell.

GRABOWSKI

(into his walkie-talkie)
Anything on the street?

VOICE (O.S.)

Nothing here.

GRABOWSKI

They gotta' still be in there! Let's go!

The cops run into the stairwell with Arnica.

42 INT. LADIES ROOM - NIGHT

42

Vince is peeking out the door.

VINCE

Alright, the cops are gone! How you doin over there, Mr. S?

YARDLEY (O.S.)

Oh god.... Oh Vinnie, what the hell'd you do to me?!

Vinnie looks over at Yardley - he's wearing a BLONDE PAGEBOY WIG, and a CHEERLEADERS OUTFIT, complete with POM-POMS.

VINCE

Mr. Slocomb, no offense, but you're hot.

YARDLEY

I said a conservative, classy lady. You've turned me into a poster girl for geriatric perverts!

He yanks his false boobs into place.

VINCE

Please Mr. Slocomb, you gotta hurry up and get your make-up on, while I get Mr. Riviera into his outfit.

YARDLEY

Some guys have all the fun.

Yardley does his makeup. Vinnie lifts the unconscious Bing - now only in his boxer shorts - places him on a toilet seat, attempts to dress him. After a struggle, he straps a size 40D bra on him, then cinches a pink vinyl, wrap-around number over it. Yardley takes it in. Vince pops on Bing's wig, turns, smiles proudly.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

That is possibly the most disgusting thing I have ever seen.

VINCE

(a little hurt)

It's the Dolly Parton number...

(pulls out a razor and cream)

Gimme a hand, would you Mr. S?

Yardley holds Bing's head as Vince starts to shave off his moustache. Bing moans, starts coming to. Yardley grabs the make-up mirror, bonks him on the head.

VINCE (cont'd)

Please, Mr. Slocomb! You gotta stop doin that!

YARDLEY

Why? It's fun.

43 INT. OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY - NIGHT

43

Cops jam the lobby. The stairwell door bursts open, Grabowski and his men run out.

GRABOWSKI

Nobody came out of that stairwell?

COP

Nah, I been here the whole time.

GRABOWSKI

Then where the hell are they?!

44 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

44

Yardley and Vince sneak out the back door carrying Bing and the two suitcases. They round a corner, head toward Yardley's van parked at the far end. POLICE CARS surround it. They freeze, back-pedal around the corner, huddle near a wall.

VINCE

They got the van! Whadda we do now?!

YARDLEY

Just calm down and let me think...

(sees something)

Oh my God, I don't believe it!

VINCE

What?

YARDLEY

An empty cab in the meat-packing district. There is a God.

They hail the cab, Vince dumps Bing in the back, turns to the CABBY.

VINCE

420 West 13th.

CABBY

What are you crazy? I ain't goin there this time a'night!

VINCE

Oh yeah? The law says you have to.

CABBY

Oh yeah? The law won't go there either.

VINCE

(whispers to Yardley)
Gimme Mr. Riviera's purse.

Yardley grabs the purse. It's big and it weighs a lot.

YARDLEY

What's in this thing?

VINCE

You know women.

He pulls out a hundred, hands it to the driver.

CABBY

Yeah, all right. I'll drive em, but I ain't carryin the drunk broad in.

VINCE

(hands Yardley a key)
Mr. Slocomb, it's like I told you, this place you're goin to, it ain't the Ritz, but it's all I could come up with so fast, and it definitely fits the cover.

YARDLEY

I'm sure it'll be fine, as long as we don't get hit on by unemployed actors.

VINCE

Joey'll meet you there, okay? He's a little... colorful, but I think he's QT.

YARDLEY

I'm all aquiver.

Yardley hops in the cab, sticks his head out.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

You're a good kid, Vinnie. Trash the evidence, and when the rags call, you tell them this is strictly a cash offer. I'll come in with the story in the morning... now go get me money, Kiddo. Lots of it!

The cab pulls away. Vince leans back on a lamp post, sighs.

45 INT. RADIO STUDIO - NIGHT 45

Grabowski, listens to Jack rant. Takes notes.

JACK

... No guts, all BS, man. That's the problem with half the bozos out there. All strut and no stuff. Put em in a golden damn moment and watch em lay a cast iron egg! Ya know what I'm sayin? Bring back the cavemen, man! Least they knew when to swing the friggin club...

46 EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOTEL - NIGHT 46

TRANSESTITE HOOKERS hang out under a blinking neon sign; THE PURPLE SWAN. The cab pulls away leaving Yardley dragging a still unconscious Bing by the foot. He takes it in.

YARDLEY

Just... kill me now.

47 INT. RAMSHACKLE LOBBY - NIGHT 47

Vince was right - it's not the Ritz.

YARDLEY

Five star lobby...

He climbs the stairs, Bing's head thumping each step.

48 INT. SCUZZY APARTMENT - NIGHT 48

Yardley enters, turns on the light, a bare bulb illuminates the room.

YARDLEY

And it just keeps getting better.

He looks around, catches his reflection in a mirror. Stares at himself - a six foot woman standing in a two-bit dive, dragging Bing Riviera by the heels.

YARDLEY (cont'd)
... You, are obviously insane.

49 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

49

Cops everywhere. Vince turns the corner, is instantly surrounded. Grabowski saunters over.

GRABOWSKI
Hey Vince. Where you been?

VINCE
You know where I been. Held at gun point while I watched a murder.

GRABOWSKI
Uh-huh. So how'd you guys get away?

VINCE
Slocomb had a car. Stuffed me in the trunk, drove around, let me go.

GRABOWSKI
What'd he do with the body?

VINCE
Still in the back seat, I guess. Or maybe it went to get a beer.

GRABOWSKI
You wouldn't be screwin with me would ya Vince?

VINCE
Yeah Lieutenant, I kidnapped myself.

GRABOWSKI
OK... Maybe we can adjust that attitude and loosen your tongue down at the station house. Come join us, won't ya?
(hustles him into a police car)
Oh by the way, you got the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be held against you in a court of law. You got the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford one, the court'll be happy to appoint one for you, although the guy'll probly be a sleazebag...

50 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, LIVING ROOM - DAY - FRIDAY

50

Ashley stands on a stool wearing her wedding outfit - Olga below her, taking in the waist - Natalie below her, taking in the hem. All three stare at the TV - horrified.

CONNECTICUT NEWSCASTER

... and it seems authorities are not exactly sure what's happened to him, or of his whereabouts. So there it is; in a fit of rage, former restaurateur, Yardley Slocomb, has allegedly killed his business partner, Bing Riviera.... A food industry first.

The phone rings, Ashley runs over, grabs it.

ASHLEY

Yes, hello?

VINCE (O.S.)

(a moment, then)

They haven't had time to bug your phone, but I still can't talk long, so listen.

ASHLEY

Who is this?

VINCE (O.S.)

Your dad's safe, tell your mom he'll be there in time for the wedding.

ASHLEY

Who is this?!

VINCE (O.S.)

He wants you to know he loves you.

ASHLEY

... Vinnie? Is this you?

51 INT. BING'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY - (INTERCUT)

51

Vince sits at the desk, can't find the words.

ASHLEY

It is you. Oh Vin, what's going on?! The cops are everywhere, saying awful things. Is it true? Did dad kill Uncle Bing?!

VINCE

Don't believe everything you hear, okay?

ASHLEY

What does that mean?!

VINCE
Have I ever lied to you?

ASHLEY
No.

VINCE
Then trust me.

ASHLEY
I always have...

VINCE
I'll make sure everything works out, Ash.

ASHLEY
Like old times?...

VINCE
Like old times.

52 INT. SCUZZY APARTMENT - DAY - EXTREME CLOSE UP -

52

Bing's sleeping face. Yardley tickles it with his pom-pom.

BING
Do me sugar-buns, do me.
(tickles again)
Ooohhh... Get out the saddle!
(tickles again)
Here comes Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm!

YARDLEY
Ok... too much info.
(whacks Bing)
Come on! Up and at em, hot stuff!

BING
(bolts up)
It was the riding crop! I swear!
(Wipes away the sleep, focuses)
Slocomb?! What is this?! Where the hell
are we?! And what're you doin dressed
like that, ya weirdo?! Wait a minute....
Holy shit, have I got a headache!

YARDLEY
Maybe cause I bopped you on the head a
few times?

BING
What?! Are you berserk?!

Bing runs to the mirror, stops, looks, sees, SCREAMS.

BING (cont'd)

Aaaaa!! You turned me into Dolly Parton!

YARDLEY

In your dreams.

BING

Ya shaved off my moustache! That was the only good hair on my head! Whatta'ya doin dressin me up like this?! Huh?! You some kinda pervert?!

YARDLEY

Oh for God's sake Bing! The plan! Remember the plan!

BING

(stops)

Hold on! Wait a minute! The Bingster is sussing out the situation at hand. That cokamamie plan of yours - fake murder. Dress up like whackos. Run away. You're saying that worked?

Yardley smiles, motions to the surroundings. Bing wails.

BING (cont'd)

Ahhhh godahmighty! I don't believe it!

YARDLEY

What?! What do you mean?! What's wrong?!

BING

Your damn plan! It wasn't supposed to work! *Mine* was! I was gonna take your stupid plan and put the Bing zing on it so you'd get arrested, and I'd get all the publicity! But then you went and whacked me on the head, rendering me unto an unconscionable state, and ruined the whole damn thing!

YARDLEY

Stop! Just... stop! Let me get this straight. You're saying you agreed to my plan...

BING

Yeah!

YARDLEY

Then went behind my back, and pulled some poisonous prank, so I'd end up in jail, and you'd get all the glory?!

BING

Yeah!

YARDLEY

You selfish little bastard!

BING

Yeah!

YARDLEY

Well I got news for you Bingy-boy; your plan didn't work, and mine did! And I got more news for you, you stinky little pud-nubber; if you thought I slugged you hard on that talk show, you ain't seen nothin yet!

BING

Oh yeah?! All right then, hot-stuff! Hike up your panty-hose and let's get it on!

BAMM! They butt chests, instantly go to the ground, rolling. Bing latches down, bites on Yardley's nose. Yardley wails. The door to the apartment flies open. BAMM!

VOICE (O.S.)

Helllooooo...

They freeze, look up from the floor, see a pair of really bad high-heels, follow them up to... JOEY, THE BURMESE TRANSVESTITE HOOKER, standing in the doorway. Yardley and Bing pull themselves up, straighten their dresses. Yardley whacks Bing.

YARDLEY

You ripped my chest!

BING

(whacks him back)

I'll rip a helluva lot more than that!

They grab each others chests - start ripping.

JOEY

Oooh tigers... (growls) I can tell I'm gonna be liking jou two!

(saunters in)

De door was open, I hope jou don't mind, as I was just checking on jou. Need anything? Toilet paper? Deodorant? Gasoline? Hmmm? Aah! Bang me like an angry camel! Dis apartment is disgusting! Did dey be leaving like dis on jou?! Holy crow! It's a mess! I'm helping jou clean - den all tree of us can wrestle, hmm?!

BING
(grabs his crotch)
Wrestle this!

JOEY
You betcha!!

YARDLEY
Wait a minute, your Joey?

JOEY
In de flesh.
(locks in on Bing)
And dis must be Mr. Bing! I love jour
name sweetie, reminds me of an elevator!
BING!

BING
(grabs his crotch)
Elevate this!

JOEY
(big eyes)
Oooh...

YARDLEY
(hustling Joey out)
Aha, yes, well, thank you for your offer,
but we've had a very hard night. You
understand.

TRANSVESTITE
I'm hearing you, sister of mine, I been
on my knees since ten o'...

YARDLEY
...Okeydokey!

BAMM! Yardley slams the door, turns to Bing.

YARDLEY (cont'd)
Asshole! You're gonna blow everything!

BING
(grabs his crotch)
Blow this!

YARDLEY
That thing's gonna fall off, you keep
grabbin at it.

BING
(grabs his crotch)
Grab this!

Yardley can't take anymore. Flips on the TV. Bing snatches his purse, pulls out a vial of pills and a Scotch bottle, takes a handful, downs them with the booze.

YARDLEY

Valium and Scotch; the breakfast of champions, eh Bingy boy?

BING

Yeah, I need it cause I got high blood pressure from dealin with psychos like you!

(stops, stares at the TV)
Holy mother of God...

Yardley turns back to the TV, sees his picture with the word MURDERER stenciled across it.

YARDLEY

Well it's about time!

Hits the volume.

NEW YORK NEWSCASTER

...killing Bing Riviera last night. There is still no news as to the whereabouts of Yardley Slocomb, and for that matter police have yet to find Riviera's body. Considering he's a money market broker, they're fearing the worst.

He shuts off the TV.

YARDLEY

All right! Things are getting hot! We've gotta get to a phone, call Vinnie. By now he must have gotten tons of cash offers!

BING

(shoulders his purse)
Are you nuts?! You're not getting any cash offers! This whole "stunt" has been bogus from the start.

(heads for the door)
So long sucker!

YARDLEY

Oh, and just where do you think you're going... Partner?

BING

(stops, turns)
Wait a minute. Whadd'ya mean, "partner"?

YARDLEY

We're in this together, aren't we? After all, we're the one's who pulled this whole thing off.

BING

What?! This was your idea, not mine!

YARDLEY

Prove it...

(Bing gapes)

Sorry sweetcakes, you're in on this whether you like it or not.

BING

Up yours! Ain't a court in the country gonna buy that crap! I'm history!

Starts for the door, Yardley beats him there, pulls the pistol out of his bra.

YARDLEY

Bing, don't screw with me - I'm a desperate man with a big gun!

BING

Oh, you sneaky rat bastard! You said you'd get rid'a that thing after we pulled the stunt!

YARDLEY

Yeah? So sue me!

53 INT. CAKES OF THE OLD WORLD - DAY

53

The sounds of screaming Voices. A huge argument raging in the back room. Natalie and Ashley enter, sheepishly ring the service bell. Instant silence. Then a burst of fierce whispers. A Moment. Then FABULO FONTONDEROY - hugely eccentric; a satin chefs' outfit and cooking hat - emerges, greets them with an indistinguishable European accent.

FABULO FONTONDEROY

Hello! Hello! Ms. a-Slocomb! such an enormous plaasure to see you again!

NATALIE

Eh, Mr. Fontonderoy, have we come at a bad time?

FABULO

What?! Of course not! What would make you think of such a ting as dat?!

(screams expletives at the back)

Ah... and dis must be-a de Ash-ely.

(MORE)

FABULO (cont'd)

Jou hev grown up to be glorious, just
Like-a de mother! I am Fabulo Fontonderoy
- and I welcome you to... (points to a
banner) Cakes of the Old World! Where
every cake is a masterpiece!

(pinches Ashley's cheek)

Congratulations! I'm-a so happy for you,
my little cherubini! I have-a de perfect
cake picked out for you.

(to Natalie)

But first! I Must-a know! You husband, de
great restaurateur, Yardley Slocomb! Did
he kill-a de scum-bucket Wall Street
mongrel? Please! Say yes!

Natalie and Ashley shoot each other a look.

FABULO (cont'd)

A genius!

(screams at the back)

You see what he does for-a de art?!

Expletives erupt from the back, Fabulo shouts in return. A
tiny WHIP OF A MAN comes out carrying a HUGE BUTCHER KNIFE.
They give each other the EVIL EYE. With a grunt Whip of a Man
leaves, Fabulo turns back to Natalie and Ashley, huge smile.

FABULO (cont'd)

Ah your papa - de man he is a god! I
remember da first time I laid eyes on his
Poulet Marengo!

(hauls out a picture album)

And now for de cake! As you know, all our
cakes are prepared in de old style! Which
is-a pass down through generations of-a
de Fontinderoy's. Dis is why we are de
Cakes of the Old World. And for a beauty
like you. I have-a just de perfect cake!

He shows them a picture.

ASHLEY

Oh wow...

FABULO

Smart too! When do you want your cake?

NATALIE

This Sunday.

FABULO

What?! Impossible! That cannot-a be done!

(sits, fans himself)

When will people understand dat de cake,
it comes only when beaten properly!

(MORE)

FABULO (cont'd)

De cake, it must be handled with de
greatest delicacy. I'm-a sorry Misses-a
Slocomb, jou can't have your cake, and
eat it too!

NATALIE

I'll pay you double.

FABULO

Visa or Master Card?

NATALIE

American Express?

54 EXT. GHETTO STREET - MUSIC OVER - "WALK LIKE A MAN" 54

Lady Yardley, pistol in hand, pushes Little Miss Bing,
stumbling over her high heels, down a dark and littered alley
to a gang-sign-spray-painted phone booth.

55 INT. BING'S PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY 55

Vince studies his book "Teaching the Inner-City" at Bing's
desk. The phone rings.

VINCE

(depressed)

Bing Riviera's Money Machine. The ex-Mr.
Riviera's office. Vincent speaking.

56 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY - (INTERCUT) 56

Yardley on the phone, gun trained on Bing.

YARDLEY

Vinnie. It's me.

VINCE

(jumps up)

Mr. S! You shouldn't call here!

(shuts the door)

That Lieutenant's been around all
morning. If he heard you, we'd be dead!

YARDLEY

Any calls yet?!

VINCE

Ahh... None you wanna hear about.

YARDLEY

What do you mean?!

VINCE

There's been a lot of inquires, but none
of em are willing to pony up the dough.

YARDLEY

You've got to be kidding me? I murder
Bing Riviera and nobody cares? We're
talking Bing Riviera here!

VINCE

Look, Mr. S, I got a little money saved
up, it's not much, but...

YARDLEY

Vince... I want to thank you for all your
help. Really. You're a good guy. But now
it's time for me to play my trump card.

VINCE

What are you talkin about Mr. S?

YARDLEY

What's the matter, am I sounding a little
cryptic?

VINCE

No, scary...

YARDLEY

My girls need me Vinnie. They need me to
deliver the goods. And this time... I'm
not letting them down.

VINCE

Mr Slocomb please, don't do anything
crazy, okay?... Hello?... Mr. S?...
(hangs up, sighs)
Ahh jeez....

57 EXT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

57

Yardley hangs up the phone. Looks over at Bing. He's gone.

YARDLEY

Shit!

He looks down the street. Nothing. Up the street. Sees Bing
is running toward a passing police car.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Oh shit! Oh shit!

Sprints after him.

58 EXT. STREET - DAY

58

Bing attempts to flag down the cruiser, but it keeps going.

BING

Hey coppers! Over here! Damsel in distress!

Yardley grabs him, shoves the gun into his back, jabs him into an alley.

YARDLEY

Shut up or I'll shoot off your hair!

BING

Rape! Rape!

The squeal of tires. The cruiser whips around, starts back toward the alley.

YARDLEY

Ahhh... shit, shit, shit!

Yardley pushes Bing around a corner, jams him against a wall.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Let me remind you, pumpkin: One; I've got a gun, and it's loaded!

(tries a door, locked)

Two; there's money to be made in this scam! Lots and lots of it!

(tries another, locked)

And three; I've got a gun. And it's loaded!

The third door opens, Yardley shoves Bing in.

59 EXT. LIQUOR SHOP - DAY

59

Ashley waits in front of a shop, loaded down with shopping bags. She watches through the window as her mother hands the store owner her credit card.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Hey gorgeous, wanna get married?

She sees Michael in his jeep, runs over.

ASHLEY

Hi there handsome!

MICHAEL

Hey there. What'cha doing?

ASHLEY

Mother/daughter stuff. What you doing?

MICHAEL

Actually, I was looking for you.

ASHLEY

What's up?

MICHAEL

Just concerned about your dad. The stuff on the news. Thought maybe I could help.

ASHLEY

Oh, you know how the media exaggerates things. Don't believe a word of it.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but it's all over town. Everyone's saying it's because he's having some... you know... financial issues.

Ashley stops, ponders Michael, weighing his true intentions.

ASHLEY

Your point being?

MICHAEL

Nothing.... Just wanted to make sure you're okay, that's all.

ASHLEY

I'm fine.

60 INT. BASEMENT - DAY

60

Dingy, smoke-filled, packed with yelling lowlifes, thugs, crooks, bookies, molls, and hookers. At its center, a MAKESHIFT TRACK, the lowlifes hover over it, screaming, placing bets.

LOWLIFES

50 on Elvira! 20 on Jimmie Dean...

BANG! The door flies open, Yardley and Bing run in. Immediately A BOUNCER looms over them.

BOUNCER

Can I be of service, ladies?

YARDLEY

Ah yes, well... you see, my friend, uhm, eh... Dolly... she came here to find her boyfriend. Isn't that right Doll?..

Turns - no Bing. Yardley sees him at the table, sleeves up, screaming madly with the lowlifes.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Ah! There he is. Uh, she! There *she* is. With him.... Yes?

BOUNCER

Yeah, alright. But watch yourself, this is a tough crowd. No place for a bouncy little cheerleader like you.

Gives Yardley a slap on the rump.

YARDLEY

Ooohhh... well, big boy.
(pulls bills out of his purse)
Why don't you pop this in your pocket.
Anyone comes around asking questions,
there's more where that came from.

Yardley walks over to the table, looks down, sees a large oval shaped track with seven lanes. In each lane - A BUG.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

... Wow. Just what we've been missing in contemporary sports, a higher strike-zone and a Bug Derby.

A LOWLIFE preps his insect.

LOWLIFE

OK Popeye! Don't let me down! It's daddy talkin to ya!

BING

(leans over the track)
C'mon Eminem! C'mon baby! You can do it!

YARDLEY

What're you doing? You hate bugs!

BING

Cept when they make me money! Gimme some cash! You know me, I gotta get a bet down!

YARDLEY

Not a chance!

BING

C'mon! I got a hunch! Eminem's a winner, and he's going off at 30 to 1.

YARDLEY

You're pushin it, Sweetpea.

BING

Tell you what, gimme the green and I'll behave.

(Yardley growls)
No dough, and I'll be a bad little girl.
(he hands him a bill)

(MORE)

BING (cont'd)
Hey! A hundred on Eminem!
(the Pit-Boss takes it and
starts the race)
C'mon Eminem, move it you nag!

LOWLIFE
Let's go, Popeye, don't let this
tasteless floozy intimidate you!

BING
Hey buddy, I'd watch that mouth if I was
you - I am not tasteless!

BANG! The door flies open. A LOOKOUT runs in.

LOOKOUT
CHEESE IT! THE FUZZ!!

Instantly the money vanishes from the table, the lowlifes
spread through the basement. A DETECTIVE saunters in.

DETECTIVE
Hey! What you guys got goin down?

BOUNCER
Sir... as you can see, this is just an
afternoon social club, a meeting of the
New York Entomological Society...

The lowlifes are milling, trying to look nonchalant.

DETECTIVE
Right. You see a couple of broads come in
here? Have a situation where one mighta
been of a mind to abduct the other.

BOUNCER
No broads here sir. Just distinguished
bug enthusiasts.

The detective eyes the room full of gangsters. They eye him
back. His gaze turns to our two heroes feverishly making out
in a corner.

DETECTIVE
What about those two?

The bouncer looks over.

BOUNCER
Just two regulars with their boyfriends.

DETECTIVE
Yeah... alright.
(to the room)
Keep it legal, okay guys?
(MORE)

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

(to Bouncer)

And put ten on Olive Oil for me.

He leaves. In the corner Yardley and Bing break their kisses with TWO GANGSTERS. Look at each other.

YARDLEY/BING

BLEEYUCH!!

Yardley turns back to the gangster, who goo-goo eyes him.

YARDLEY

Trust me, I'm too much woman for you.

Looks for Bing, but he's gone; back at the table screaming with the others. Yardley charges over.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Okay, that's it! I just swapped spit with a Gambino! We're outta here!

BING

No way! We got a deal! Besides, I didn't do the tongue tango with Tony Soprano, to miss this race!

(turns back to the track)

Come on Eminem, do it for the Bingster!

LOWLIFE

Don't listen to that two-bit whore!

BING

You disparage me one more time, and I might forget I'm a lady.

GANGSTER

And a damn good kisser!

He gives Bing a sexy look. Bing is only slightly repulsed. Eminem makes a break for the finish.

LOWLIFE

Oh no! C'mon Popeye, move your lazy ass!

BING

Ohhhh, yes! Go Eminem! Go Eminem!

(does a cheerleader dance)

Go Eminem! Go Eminem!

(turns to Yardley)

So Toots, you just gonna stand there, or you gonna get in the spirit!

YARDLEY

You gotta be kidding me.

BING

I feel a PMS coming on...

Yardley joins the chant, reluctantly.

YARDLEY/BING

Go Eminem! Go Eminem!

Eminem crosses the finish line. Bing screams.

BING

He takes it by a feeler!

Holds out his hand, the Pit Boss slaps three grand in it.

BING (cont'd)

Sweet victory!

YARDLEY

(starts dragging Bing out)

Alright, that's it, we're history!

BING

Wait! I wanna' bet the trifecta!

And they're gone. The Lowlife stands over his defeated bug, tears in his eyes.

LOWLIFE

After all these years... After all I've done for you. After all we meant to each other, this is what you do to me?!

He grabs the bug, hurls it against the wall. SPLAT!

EVERYONE

Ohhhhh...

61 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

61

Yardley and Bing emerge, Bing, counting his money. Yardley snatches it away from him.

BING

What're you doin?! That's mine!

YARDLEY

Payback for making me kiss public enemy #1. Now, move it!

BING

Takin a guy's hard-earned winnings?! That's low! You're gonna pay for this!

YARDLEY

No, Bugsy... you are.

62 EXT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, BACK GARDEN - DAY

62

Natalie finishes a flower arrangement as a group of workers are setting up tables next to the rose garden. Olga walks up.

OLGA

All right Mrs. Slocomb, I have been payink dose cows from de catering service wid your secret Amerigan Espresso card.

NATALIE

At the rate I'm going it's not going to be a secret much longer.

OLGA

It is goink to work, Mrs. Slocomb. We are goink to hev beautiful weddink.

NATALIE

Probably the first one in history where the invitations come from a fugitive.

OLGA

He vill be here, I know it. He is a man of great, how do you say?.. conviction.

NATALIE

Not a good word right now, Olga.

OLGA

Mrs. Slocomb. You cannot be leavink from Mr. Slocomb. It would be de worst mistake. I know he drinks, and ruts wid other women. All men are pigs!

(spits on the ground)

But look what he is doink... for you. He loves you. And I know you love him. Don't go through de rest of your life, alone, neither of you are deservink dat.

NATALIE

Even if he does make it back, he's going to jail for a long time.

OLGA

He vill bomb dat bridge when he burns it. And you vill be by his side.

NATALIE

Oh Olga, what would I do without you?

They hug, old friends. Olga sees a worker drop a table close to the garden.

OLGA

Touch one rose in dat garden, I cut
off your balls!

63 EXT. BING'S HOUSE, BUSHES - DAY

63

The bushes rustle. Yardley and Bing's heads pop out. Yardley surveys the utterly tasteless property, replete with little cement cherubs peeing into the pool.

YARDLEY

Where were you when God handed out taste?

BING

Makin' money - unlike you!

He wrestles Bing out of the bushes and across the patio.

BING (cont'd)

How you plan on gettin in, huh, wise-ass?
The place is alarmed!

YARDLEY

Yeah? So is Better Homes and Gardens.

He jimmys open a small window, climbs in.

BING

I don't believe this! I paid a fortune
for that system!

YARDLEY

How come? Couldn't embezzle one?

64 INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

64

It's hideous. Yardley pushes Bing to an awful velvet painting that looks like it was bought on the side of a road.

YARDLEY

Open it.

BING

Oh, you colossal dickhead.

YARDLEY

(raises the gun)
Open it!

Bing swats open the painting, reveals a really big safe.

BING

You kidnap me, you kill me, and now
you wanna rob me?!

YARDLEY

You owe me. Big time. Last chance.
Open it!

Painfully, Bing opens the safe. Yardley looks inside.
Hundreds of thousands in cash, jewelry, gold coins...

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Holy mother-a-God! Are you crazy? Don't
you believe in banks?

BING

No.

YARDLEY

There's a fortune in here! If something
happened to you, you'd be... you'd be...
(turns to Bing, big smile)
You'd be hung out to dry, wouldn't you?

BING

Yeah... So go ahead, you got me by the
nads, do what'cha gonna do.

YARDLEY

Why, thanks Bing, I think I will!
(he digs in)
Unbelievable. There's hundreds of
thousands in here! And what's this?
Property deeds? Bank stocks? IOUs?!
Bing, you should be ashamed of yourself.
Ooops, here's one from me!
(rips it up, grabs some more)
Wait a minute, here's three from Vinnie!
(rips them up, grabs some more,
eyes Bing)
Arnica? Bing, I'm shocked. Shocked!

BING

Like I said, just do what'cha gonna
do, then leave me be!

YARDLEY

Oh, I will, "Do what'cha gonna do", but
sorry Bing, I'm not going to "leave you
be..."
(pulls out bundles of money)
Let's see! I'll take this, and this, and
this... and that's all I'll take. Because
that's all I need. The rest, I leave.

BING

What are you talkin about? You got me in
the palm of your hand, you're not gonna
squeeze?! What kinda wuss are you?!

YARDLEY

One with ethics - now come on, we got things to go and places to do, partner.

BING

No, no, no! Take the money, but I ain't goin nowhere with you, no more!
(Yardley raises the gun)
Oh godammit, you're gonna start with that thing again?! Ya know what? I don't think you got the balls to do it!

YARDLEY

Really?

BING

Yeah, really! Go on! Do it! Shoot me!

YARDLEY

Okay.

He fires three shots at Bing, who SCREAMS, cowers, then looks up, amazed.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

That's for your interior decorator.

BING

A fake? It's a FAKE?! Oh my God, that's it! It's over!
(points dramatically)
Get out of my house!

YARDLEY

Listen to me, will you?! We're past the point of no return, get it?! We're in this for the long run. Together! Go to the cops now, we lose. *Both of us!* Stick with me, we got a chance. Think about it! I might get enough cash to re-open the restaurants! Then we *both win!*

BING

Sounds like I'm makin a deal with the devil here!

YARDLEY

Right up your alley! Remember the plan, Bingy boy! *Money...*

BING

We split everything sixty-forty, right?

YARDLEY

Fifty-fifty, and no more embezzling!

BING

I did not embezzle! I *invested!*

YARDLEY

Whatever. Let's get the hell out of here.
This decor's making me nauseous. Where's
your car?

BING

What car?

YARDLEY

Your wheels? Your transport?

BING

I beg your pardon, but you seem to have
me confused with the little people. I do
not drive - I am driven.

YARDLEY

Fine, then where is the limo?

BING

At my office in Manhattan.

YARDLEY

...Oh shit.

65 EXT. URBAN USED CAR DEALERSHIP - DAY

65

A sign: FIDGETY BOB & FIDGETY BILL'S USED CAR EMPORIUM.

FIDGETY BOB, 70's, lascivious, lovingly pats a '67 beetle,
flashes his best used-car-salesman smile. His brother,
FIDGETY BILL, 70's, lascivious and even less refined, stands
behind Yardley and Bing, drooling.

FIDGETY BOB

I won't lie to you ladies.
(he twitches)

FIDGETY BILL

He wouldn't do that.
(he twitches too)

FIDGETY BOB

The Volkswagen Beetle has become so
popular I can get just about anything
I ask for one of these little babies.
(shoulder jerk)

FIDGETY BILL

(admiring Bing's posterior)
Just about anything...
(sudden Tourette outburst)
#%^&*%*&^@#^&@*!!!

BING

Yeah? Same to you assho...

YARDLEY

(slaps a hand on Bing's mouth)
Ahh... Mist'ers Fidgeties, would You
excuse us for a moment? Come, Dolly.

He yanks Bing aside.

BING

(through Yardley's hand)
Take, your filthy hand, off my face.

YARDLEY

(whispers fiercely)
Just keep your mouth shut, okay? We need
that car!

Around the corner, Fidgety Bob and Fidgety Bill huddle.

FIDGETY BOB

Stop eyein the broads, we need this sale!

FIDGETY BILL

I think the short one likes me. I say we
pop em a little Spanish fly and charge
for our services. #&@%&*#%*%!!!

FIDGETY BOB

Just keep your Farmer John where it
belongs!

VOICE (O.S.)

Ahem...

They spin, see Yardley and Bing, switch on the charm.

FIDGETY BOB

Ahh... the lovely ladies. Have you two
beauties come to a decision?

BING

Yeah, my decision is: Kiss my a...

YARDLEY

(slaps a hand over Bing's mouth
again)
How much?

FIDGETY BOB

Ehm... (leg flinch) three thousand?

BING

(Through Yardley's hand)
What?! Three large for that heap?!

Bob and Bill fidget. Yardley dives into Bing's handbag and pulls out the three-thousand dollar winnings.

BING (cont'd)
(rips Yardley's hand off his mouth)
Hey, I won that. That's mine!

YARDLEY
Was... now it's theirs.

Yardley pushes the cash in Bob's hand. He let's out a huge fidget.

FIDGETY BOB
Unbelievable!
(turns to Bill)
Party time!

FIDGETY BILL
Hello Betty!

Fidgety Bill moves in for the kill - cuddling Bing.

FIDGETY BILL (cont'd)
Two beautiful zipper-zappers like you.
Two handsome devils like us. Whaddya say,
wanna do the horizontal mambo?

BING
I beg your pardon!

Fidgety Bob, transformed, zeros in, rubbing himself up and down on Yardley.

FIDGETY BOB
Yeah, come on hot stuff, I got a condo in Poughkeepsie and a trunk-full of Viagra!
Let's boogie!

YARDLEY
Mr. Bob, please, try to control yourself!

But the Fidgeties are men possessed. They fondle Yardley and Bing, twitching madly.

FIDGETY BOB
Damn, you got a deep voice for a broad.
I like that! Can you sing "Feelings"?

FIDGETY BILL
Man, this beer-belly's drivin me nuts!

BING
Drive this, cutie!

WHAP! Bing hauls the fifty pound purse back, decks him.

FIDGETY BOB

Hey, hey, hey! You man-crazed sex-pot!
That's a lawsuit! Police! Police!

Yardley freaks, looks around for the cops as Bill joins in.

FIDGETY BILL

Yeah! I Think I feel a whiplash
comin' on! #*\$%@&^*##!!

BING

Well there's plenty more where that
came from ya sexist pig!

Bing winds up. Yardley grabs him, drags him to the VW.

YARDLEY

Come on Gloria Steinem, let's motor!

He shoves Bing inside. Fires up the beetle. Peels out.

FIDGETY BOB

Hey! Wait a minute! I forgot to tell you
about our extended warranty program!

FIDGETY BILL

#%^*#@*&\$%#&!!!

66 EXT. AN INNER-CITY STREET - DAY

66

The Beetle sits by the curb, steaming. Yardley, sleeves up, works on the engine. Bing fixes his makeup in the side view mirror. He looks at Yardley, snorts.

BING

Three-large for this bucket of bolts, you
barely made it off the lot...

YARDLEY

Don't worry, it's fixable.

BING

Men! I can't believe what women go
through, the leering, the grabbing, like
they were meat!

YARDLEY

Excuse me? That's been your hobby for as
long as I've known you.

BING

Me, you, and the rest of the male world!

YARDLEY

You're right. Men are garbage. No two ways about it, right pal?

BING

Hey, wait a minute, don't right pal me. You purloined my three grand!

YARDLEY

It was for our getaway car. Unlike you, I don't steal from people.

BING

I did not steal. I invested!

YARDLEY

Money, money, money!
(slams down the hood)
Why's it all so important to you anyway? So important you destroy people's lives for it?

BING

Makes me feel good.

YARDLEY

Like you're better than them, right?

BING

Damn straight! I'm the guy who grew up in the streets with nothin! Worked his ass off, got himself a piece-a the pie. I love the smell of money in the morning!

YARDLEY

You're scum.
(slams his door)

BING

You're welcome!
(slams his door)

YARDLEY

What about friendship? That doesn't count for anything?

BING

No such thing. People aren't really friends, even when they say they are. We're all just a bunch of meat-eaters doin deals.

YARDLEY

Well too bad for you Mr. Eat-My-Meat. You might not get it, but other people do...

(MORE)

YARDLEY (cont'd)

I can't believe it's so easy for you to sell out your friends.

BING

And I can't believe you're hijacking me out to tick country. It's disgusting! They do filthy sordid things out there, like milk cows! So don't try to sucker up to me with all your friendship crap. I'm a damn prisoner here!

YARDLEY

Not a prisoner! A partner! 50/50!

Yardley holds his hand out to Bing. Bing refuses it, returns to his makeup. They drive off in silence.

67 EXT. URBAN USED CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

67

Grabowski shows the Fidgety brothers two photos of Yardley and Bing. They twitch madly.

FIDGETY BILL

Damn... they look familiar!

GRABOWSKI

And these two women you called about, you say they acted strange?

FIDGETY BOB

Sure didn't act like any dames we ever jimmied.

GRABOWSKI

(gets it)

Yeah, well, maybe that's 'cause they ain't dames at all.

FIDGETY BOB

(big fidget)

You don't mean?..

GRABOWSKI

Yup.

FIDGETY BILL

%^\$*&!^@%#\$&!!

68 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, ASHLEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

68

A lovely room, walls covered with school books, awards for excellence. Natalie walks by and sees Ashley unpacking her suitcases.

NATALIE

What are you doing?

ASHLEY

I can't let Dad do this, Mom. He could get arrested, thrown in prison... or maybe even worse. I'm calling it off.

NATALIE

Oh darling, no, you can't, you musn't... Listen to me. What your father is doing, he's doing for you. He needs to show you how much he loves you. I think he needs that very badly right now.

ASHLEY

Maybe he needs to show both of us.

NATALIE

Maybe.

They start repacking the bag.

ASHLEY

Remember the Christmas eve when I was twelve? Daddy was trying to open the restaurant in London, and you and I were here alone? We set up the tree, put all the lights and ornaments on it, and then it fell over and broke everything...

NATALIE

You remember that?

ASHLEY

It happened right before he called. And when he did, you told him to just stay in England and have a fine time with his crumpets and coddled cream. That you had a family to attend to.

NATALIE

You weren't supposed to hear that.

ASHLEY

There were a lot of things I wasn't supposed to hear. I never told you this, but he called me later that night, told me how much he loved us. Both of us. And then the next morning he was there in the driveway with a huge sleigh...

NATALIE/ASHLEY

...with a Christmas Tree in it.

NATALIE

He never has done anything in a small way, has he?

ASHLEY

Mom, I love daddy so much. If something happens to him now, it'll be my fault.

NATALIE

No sweetheart, don't do that to yourself. This isn't about you, this is about... My husband the swashbuckler. He's always been that way.

(strokes her hair)

It's... a Slocomb family trait, dear.

(hugs her)

But don't you worry about him, because I'll tell you right now, the things that man has lived through, he definitely has an angel watching over him.

69 INT. VOLKSWAGEN - DAY - CLOSE UP 69

Bing, asleep, snoring, his head falls onto Yardley's shoulder. Yardley looks at him, then to the heavens.

70 EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY 70

BANG! The Beetle jumps, sparks fly, metal GRINDS, the entire engine drops out the rear end. They swerve to the side of the road, jump out, run to the back of the car.

BING

Nice work Mr. Goodwrench. You certainly fixed that problem.

Yardley whacks Bing with his purse. Bing whacks back. A BIG RIG TRUCK zooms by, lays on the horn, wolf-whistles, sprays the two with road dirt. Bing, coughing, yells after it.

BING (cont'd)

That's it! I've had it with you sexist pigs and your arterial motives! No respect for women! Just see a ripe peach and pluck it! Well, you can take that truck of yours and... And... You know where you can shove it!

À la JACK BENNY from "MAD MAD WORLD", KEVIN SPACEY, drives up in a VINTAGE LINCOLN CONVERTIBLE.

KEVIN SPACEY

Trouble? Having any trouble?

BING

Yes! And we don't need any help from you!

KEVIN SPACEY

.... Well!

He drives away. Yardley whacks Bing with his purse.

YARDLEY

Putz! Your big mouth just lost us a ride!

BING

I'm sorry, my feminine side came out!
(Yardley whacks him again)
He was leering at me! What's a gal to do?!

71 EXT. BACK-COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET

71

Yardley and Bing hold up their skirts, flash some leg at passing vehicles as they hitch-hike. No one stops.

BING

I just wanna go on record as sayin'...

YARDLEY

Shut up Bing, okay? Just... shut up.

A BEAT UP OLD PICKUP TRUCK passes by, screeches to a halt. They run toward it. Stop. An OLD SALTY-DOG MAN and his TWO FRIENDS are crammed in the back, leering at them. Barrels of UNDERSIZED LIVE LOBSTERS everywhere.

OLD SALTY-DOG MAN

(thick Maine accent)

Always more room for sweet young things like you two!

His friends laugh, leer. Yardley and Bing turn to each other.

YARDLEY

After you, Dolly...

BING

No, I insist... Brittany.

72 EXT. BACK-COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

72

The pickup RATTLES down the road. In the back, it's tight quarters. Yardley squirms, tries to get some space. The Old Salty-Dog Man gives him a pinch. Yardley yelps.

OLD SALTY-DOG MAN

A spitfire, eh? Just my type.

Yardley lets out another yelp, grabs something from under his rump. It's an undersized lobster.

YARDLEY

Dear god man, what the hell is this? This isn't a lobster, it's a crawfish on steroids!

(MORE)

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Why this thing's an insult to
crustaceans! Where'd you learn to fish,
from the FDIC?

The Old Salty-Dog Man leers at Yardley, turns to his friends.

OLD SALTY-DOG MAN

Sultry! We got a couple of naughty ones
here. Maybe we can all have some fun! Hey
sweetie, you likie the sailor man?

The friends laugh. The Old Salty Dog Man tries to shove his
arm up Yardley's skirt. Yardley removes it forcefully.

YARDLEY

You're not gonna find what you're looking
for up there. It's too big!

WHAP! Yardley whacks him with the lobster.

OLD SALTY-DOG MAN

Foreplay!!

The Old Salty Dog Man and his buddies grab lobsters, start
swinging too. A brawl breaks out in the tailgate. The truck
SCREECHES to a stop.

Suddenly... RED LIGHTS. A SIREN. BLINDING LIGHTS stop the
altercation. À la "The Terminator", A UNIFORMED OFFICER
approaches, inspects the truck.

LOBSTER COP

Please step out of the truck and move to
the side of the road. This is a routine
check by the United States Department of
Environmental Protection.

Yardley grabs Bing, covers his mouth, lays on top of him in
the back of the truck.

YARDLEY

Blow it now, you're out fifty percent of
the gross and a hundred percent of the
rest of your life!

They fall out of the truck bed, sneak toward the cab.

LOBSTER COP

You're being stopped due to recent
reports of illegal trafficking of
undersized lobsters over state lines...

ROAR! The pickup fires to life, takes off.

73 EXT./INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

73

Yardley pushes the old truck for everything it's got. WHAM!
The DEP car slams the rear end, the officer taking pictures.

BING

OK, this is just beautiful! I'm gonna
have to write an autobiograf of this!
"The Adventures of Bing!" Shot by the
lobster cops! In the country! In drag!

YARDLEY

Well don't just sit there. Do something!

BING

Like what, flirt with him?!

WHAM! They get hit again. Bing hurls a lobster.

BING (cont'd)

What?! You got nothin better to do than
pick on a coupl'a hot babes?!

WHAM! And again.

BING (cont'd)

That does it! Now I'm pissed!
(shoves his butt in the window,
skirt up, buck-naked, screams)
Rear end this!
(pulls himself back in, barks
at Yardley)
Turn left, right here!

YARDLEY

How would you know where to turn?!

BING

I'm good at this kinda stuff, okay?!
Now turn right here!

Yardley makes a sharp right, sails off the side of a cliff.

YARDLEY/BING

AAAAHHHHHH!!!...

SPLASH! The pickup lands in a river, starts floating away.
The DEP car skids up, the officer jumps out. Watches.

LOBSTER COP

Women...

74 INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

74

They float lazily down the river. The truck gurgles.

BING

Are you out of your mind? You nearly killed us!

YARDLEY

I nearly killed us?! Mr. "turn-right-here"?!

BING

I distinctly told you to turn left.

YARDLEY

You said, "Turn right here"!

BING

I said, "Turn left, right here".

YARDLEY

(swats him)
You pointed!

BING

(swats back)
Left! I pointed left!

YARDLEY

You lying little schmuck!

BING

You self-important bastard!

YARDLEY

Midget prick! You embezzled me!

BING

I didn't embezzle, I *invested*!

YARDLEY

You *embezzled*! And you embezzled a hell of a lot more than just money, you yutz! You screwed your *best damn friend*!

BING

You... what?

YARDLEY

You... What?

BING

Best friend?... You never told me that.

YARDLEY

... You should'a known.

THUNK! The pickup hits the riverbank, rattles away.

75 EXT. SLOCOMB ESTATE - DAY - SATURDAY

75

REPORTERS and CAMERAMEN crowd the driveway. Natalie comes to the window, looks out.

NATALIE

Oh Yardley. Wherever you are. Come home.

A commotion starts up outside the front gate, as Ashley drives up. REPORTERS bang on her windows, try to get her to roll them down. Natalie throws open the window.

NATALIE (cont'd)

You leave my daughter alone!

76 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

76

Natalie strides down the driveway, triggers the gate opener, plows into the sea of news media people, heads for Ashley's car. GERALDO RIVERA is hitting the window.

GERALDO

Ashley, Geraldo Rivera here. Can you tell us what it's like to have a killer dad?

(laughs to his cameraman)

Killer dad... That'll get airtime.

NATALIE

(pushes him back)

You! Back away from that car, now!

GERALDO

(his finger in her face)

Hey lady! Do you know who I am?!

She grabs his finger, bends it back. SNAP! Geraldo yelps. BAMM! She smacks him square in the nose, sends him reeling.

GERALDO (cont'd)

(grabs his nose)

Oh Christ, not again!

NATALIE

(turns to the crowd)

Anyone else want an interview?!

Everyone backs off. She gets into Ashley's car, they drive to the house.

77 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

77

They get out of the car, start toward the house.

NATALIE

I'm sorry you had to go through that, sweetheart.

(MORE)

NATALIE (cont'd)
(notices Ashley's smile)
What?

ASHLEY
It's a trip to have such a kickass mom!

NATALIE
Why thank you, dear.

The bushes next to the driveway rustle, a voice emerges.

VOICE (O.S.)
Excuse me, could I have a moment of your
time?

Natalie steps forward, gets ready to rumble.

NATALIE
Who the hell are you?

VOICE
No! Don't attack! My name's David
Letterman. I'm looking for Yardley
Slocomb?

NATALIE
Yeah, right... well, you won't find him
in there! Now get out!

DAVID LETTERMAN emerges from the bushes, brushes himself off.

NATALIE (cont'd)
Oh my God, you are David Letterman. What
are you doing in my bush?

DAVE
Oh no, not you too...

NATALIE
I mean... here. How did you get in here?

DAVE
I jumped the back fence.

ASHLEY
You can jump?

DAVE
You'd be surprised! Anyway, I really want
to work with your husband.

NATALIE
But they've accused him of murder....

DAVE
Yup! Brilliant move! Who does his PR?

78 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY - AS SEEN THROUGH BINOCULARS 78

The crowds of reporters are pressed against the gates.
Police patrol the grounds.

YARDLEY (O.C.)

Damn! The place is lousy with cops.

79 EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY 79

The demolished pickup truck is parked on a forest ridge above the property, dripping pond-scum. Bing, fuzzy, throws back a couple Valium, eyes the surrounding forests with disgust.

BING

Oh God. I think I saw a deer.

Yardley scopes the driveway with binoculars, finds Natalie, Ashley, and Dave.

YARDLEY

There they are! And who's that with them?
Is that David Letterman?

BING

(comes to)

Gimme those things!

(grabs the binoculars)

I can't tell if it's Dave, his back's to us. But who's the babe with Natalie?

YARDLEY

That's Ashley, you pervert!

BING

Wow! Has she grown up!

YARDLEY

(wrestles for the binoculars)

Gimme those back!

BING

Hold on, he's turning around!

Bing sees Dave through the binoculars.

BING (cont'd)

Wait a minute! Oh my God! It *is* Dave!

He turns to Yardley, hyperventilating.

BING (cont'd)

IT'S TIME TO GET INTO SOME WORLD WIDE
PANTS!!!

Before Yardley can react Bing is out the door. He hoists his skirt, takes off down the hill, a man possessed.

BING (cont'd)
MR. LETTERMAN!! MR. LETTERMAN!!

Yardley jumps him from behind, knocks him to the ground, Starts tugging him uphill. Bing struggles, screams.

BING (cont'd)
DAVE! DAVE! DAVE! DAVE!

80 EXT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, DRIVEWAY - DAY 80

Natalie, Ashley, and Dave, hear the commotion, turn to look at the distant hillside.

NATALIE
What on earth is that?

DAVE
I can't quite tell from this distance,
but it appears to be two male wrestlers,
fornicating.

81 INT/EXT. LOBSTER TRUCK - DAY 81

Yardley drags Bing to the truck, tosses him in.

YARDLEY
Imbecile! Are you crazy?!

BING
That was David Letterman! Why else would
he be here unless he was lookin for you!

YARDLEY
Well Dave'll have to wait!

BING
I coulda closed the deal then and there
and gotten us that bucketload of cash!

YARDLEY
Gotten us both busted, you mean!

BING
What is it with you?! You allergic to
success?!
(Yardley fires up the truck,
heads for the hills.)
Wait a minute, where the hell we goin?!

YARDLEY
To a safe place in the country.

BING (O.S.)
Country?! Whadd'ya mean, country?! I
thought this was the country! How do you
get any more country than this?!

YARDLEY (O.S.)
(big smile)
You ain't seen nothin yet.

82 EXT. WILD OATS FARM - DAY 82

A magnificent, rambling, country farm/estate, deep in the
remote forested hills. Animals wander everywhere - cows,
sheep, pigs, you name it, it lives here. Yardley pulls up.

83 INT. LOBSTER TRUCK - DAY 83

Bing looks around at the wildlife, panicked.

BING
What the hell is this, Goat Country
Safari?!

YARDLEY
This place belongs to an old buddy of
mine. He's a bit eccentric, so behave
yourself.

BING
Oh Yardley, I promise I'll be a model
transvestite.

Bing turns to get out of the car, finds himself face to face
with a DONKEY, screams, shimmies back into Yardley's lap.

YARDLEY
Oh for God's sake, be a man!

He yanks him out the driver's side.

84 EXT. WILD OATS FARM - DAY 84

Yardley pulls Bing toward the house. The donkey, instantly
smitten, follows them.

BING
Beat it, fleabag! God knows what kind of
vermin you got hidin under that fur!

The front door opens revealing SEBASTIAN, a genteel older
man. He wears a caftan, holds a glass of white wine.

SEBASTIAN
Yardley dear boy, love the look. One of
my favorites - slutty cheerleader... With
pom-poms.

YARDLEY

I didn't ask for the pom-poms.

SEBASTIAN

Ahh, and this must be Mr. Bing. You look lovely as well, dear.

BING

Up yours.

SEBASTIAN

Charming. And so very Neolithic.

YARDLEY

Could we come in Sebbie?

SEBASTIAN

Of course, how rude of me.

85 INT. WILD OATS, MAIN ROOM - DAY

85

Incredible art everywhere. Sebastian, Yardley, Bing, and the donkey stroll in.

BING

Sweet Jesus, you gonna let that thing in here?!

SEBASTIAN

If that's what he desires. After all, he is the father of my children.

BING

He's a fleabag!

The donkey brays, butts Bing in the ass, sends him sprawling to the floor, clomps over, Bing looks up.

BING (cont'd)

For whatever it's worth, I take back the fleabag remark.

SEBASTIAN

(to Yardley)

Can I get you a drink?

YARDLEY

Yes, thank you Sebbie. Anything with more than 4% alcohol.

SEBASTIAN

And for you, Mr. Bing?

BING

A quintuple Scotch and eight Valium.

SEBASTIAN

Coming right up.

The donkey sneezes, splatters Bing's face with drool. He leaps up, wiping madly.

BING

Oh boy, oh boy, now that is disgusting!

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

(calls from the kitchen)

Eeyore, get daddy some ice!

A final bray and the Donkey heads out. Yardley watches as Bing wipes his face off on the curtains.

YARDLEY

What in God's name is the matter with you?

Bing pulls a pump bottle of Purell from his purse, slathers his face.

BING

Germs, that's what's the matter with me!
I hate germs! They killed Howard Hughes!

Yardley turns on the TV, flips through the channels. Stops. A picture of his house. A replay of Natalie and Geraldo.

CONNECTICUT NEWSCASTER

...and apparently Natalie Slocomb had enough torment for the day. Pushed to the limit, she re-broke Geraldo's famous nose! What a gal!

A picture of Geraldo with a huge swollen nose appears.

YARDLEY

Oh my God!

Bing runs over. The Newscaster returns.

CONNECTICUT NEWSCASTER

Meanwhile, whereabouts of her husband, restaurateur Yardley Slocomb, is still unknown and police have redoubled their efforts to locate him. Slocomb - accused of murdering his ex-business partner Bing Riviera, two nights ago - is now the subject of a nationwide manhunt. We go live to NYPD headquarters.

A news conference. Lt. Grabowski, surrounded by microphones.

GRABOWSKI

We haven't found Slocomb and we haven't located the body of Bing Riviera; but we will, guaranteed. This guy's an amateur idiot, on top of bein an egotistical ass. We'll get him.

Back to the studio.

CONNECTICUT NEWSCASTER

And it's not just the police who are after him. Sources tell us the talk-show buzz is: "Yardley's a wanted man". All the Hollywood heavy-hitters are clamoring to tell his story! Talk about making lemmons into lemonade.

Bing leaps in the air, pumps his fist. Bear-hugs Yardley.

BING

WAAAHOOO!! THE BINGSTER SAYS BINGO!!! You did it! You crazy bastard! You did it! I gotta be honest. I had my doubts. But now I'm with you a hundred percent, partner!

YARDLEY

So now you're with me a hundred percent, partner? Well, I'm sorry Bing, but I've got more pressing agenda right now.

BING

Whadd'ya, nuts?! We're talkin licensing here! We're in the money, honey! I'm gonna make us huge from this!

He kisses at Yardley who bats him off. Sebastian saunters in.

SEBASTIAN

Would you two like to be alone?

He brings in their drinks. Bing rushes over, downs the Valium, drains the quintuple Scotch.

BING

Oh man! This is gonna be big. This is gonna be really, really big! And when they find out this whole thing's a scam, it's gonna be even bigger! I can see the headlines now! Riviera does it again!

He grabs Yardley's drink, downs it too.

BING (cont'd)

I feel great! Really, really great!!

He burps, farts, falls face forward onto the floor. BAMM!

SEBASTIAN

Oh God, he's OD'ed! There's never been a death in this house, and now I've got an ill-tempered, and petulant spirit, gassing about the property.

YARDLEY

Don't worry Sebbie, he hasn't ODed, just passed out. I've seen it a hundred times. Would it be alright if he stayed here?

SEBASTIAN

You want to leave *that* here?!

YARDLEY

Sebbie...

SEBASTIAN

Oh, very well. I suppose he could use the guest house.... You actually care for the little cretin, don't you?

YARDLEY

Yes Sebbie. Despite it all, I guess I do.

86 EXT. WILD OATS FARM - DAY

86

Yardley and Sebastian haul Bing through a throng of wildlife to the quaint guest house.

87 INT. WILD OATS, GUEST HOUSE - DAY

87

They lug him to the bed, lay him down.

YARDLEY

I'll trust him to you for the evening.

SEBASTIAN

Oh joy.

YARDLEY

And I have one more favor to ask.

(motions to his outfit)

You wouldn't happen to have something more appropriate to wear, would you?

SEBASTIAN

I'm not sure what could be more appropriate, but I suppose I could find something a bit more macho.

They leave. A moment passes. Then GEORGE, a HUGE TURKEY, jumps onto the window sill, lets out a gobble.

He surveys the room, spots Bing, gobbles again, then hops onto to the bed, clucking; wobbles over, and checks him out.

After careful inspection, he decides he likes what he sees and nestles down on the pillow next to Bing for a nice nap.

88 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, ASHLEY'S BEDROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 88

Ashley plays with The Señor, her heart not in it. She notices her packed bags against the wall, stops, gives the dog a hug.

ASHLEY

Oh Señor... what am I doing?

A small pebble hits her window. She looks over, confused.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

Michael?

Another pebble. She opens the window, calls out.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

Michael, is that you?

VINCE (O.S.)

Oh, no. Sorry Ash. It's... just me.

She looks over. Vince is perched in the tree near her window.

ASHLEY

(brightens)

Oh, Vin...

VINCE

(smiles)

Like old times, right?

ASHLEY

Oh, Vinnie... you've always had a way of showing up when I need you the most.

VINCE

It won't be long now, Ash. Just watch for the cops, okay, they're gettin close.

ASHLEY

This is all so crazy.

VINCE

I know. Just hang in there. Everything'll be fine. I promise.

ASHLEY

Are you... coming to the wedding?

VINCE

Are you inviting me?

ASHLEY

Of course!

VINCE

Then I'll be there... I just want you to be happy.

ASHLEY

And daddy? Will he...

VINCE

He wants you and Mrs. S. to know, he won't never let you down. And Ash... Neither will I.

ASHLEY

You never have.... Want to come in?

VINCE

...Yeah. But we both know I can't.

He hops out of the tree, runs down the driveway, takes one last smile back, then disappears into the shadows, as Ashley watches after him.

90 EXT. WILD OATS FARM - SUNSET

90

Sebastian shovels slop out of a wheelbarrow into a feeding trough. A huge pig sits nearby snorting excitedly, moves toward the trough.

SEBASTIAN

Not another step, Cyrano.

The pig sits back down, lets out a whine.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Now, now, how many times must I tell you? Good things come to those who wait.

Cyrano looks up at Sebastian, longingly.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Oh, very well.... Soueee.

Cyrano dives on the slop. Sebastian wipes his brow, lifts his glass of white wine off the fence, takes a sip.

VOICE (O.S.)

How do I look?

Yardley there, wearing a slightly baggy Armani suit.

SEBASTIAN

I can't believe I used to fit into that rag. Alright, off with you handsome. Go charm your lady.

Pushes the wheelbarrow toward the barn, Yardley follows, sheepishly.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

I'm pushing a wheelbarrow full of slop and you're following me. What's up? Hungry?

YARDLEY

Ah Sebbie... you're the only one I can talk to.

SEBASTIAN

About what?

YARDLEY

About what?! About Ashley's wedding? About Natalie leaving me? About spending my waning years in Leavenworth?! I wouldn't be good in Leavenworth!

SEBASTIAN

I don't know, from what I saw this afternoon you'd make some horny felon a fine bitch.

YARDLEY

How comforting.

SEBASTIAN

C'mon lad, stop worrying! Take it from your old buddy; you've done a great, noble, unselfish thing here... perhaps for the first time in your life. Ashley will get married. There will be no divorce. And the little shit's alive and well in the guest house, so you'll probably only do five to ten. Just stay out of the showers.

YARDLEY

Oh God...

Sebastian walks over, thumps Yardley on the shoulders, the brilliant red sunset in the background.

SEBASTIAN

A *joke*. What happened to that five-star sense of humor, hmm? Don't worry, Sebbie won't let anything happen to you. Now go on. Go save the people you love...

91 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

91

Natalie prepares for bed, sees a picture frame face down on the bureau, picks it up - a photo of her and Yardley on in each others arms, laughing - she smiles at the memory, then sets the photo back on the Vanity. Upright. She lays down, closes her eyes. A beat, then the window slowly slides open. Yardley crawls in, sneaks quietly to the bed, whispers.

YARDLEY

Nat...

WHOOSH! The covers fly! Natalie leaps out of bed, and WHAM! Just as Vince did, performs a stunning martial arts kick that lands square into Yardley's chest. He crashes through the bathroom door, flies into the bathtub. THUNK!

YARDLEY (O.S.) (cont'd)

Oh wow... Déjà Vu...

NATALIE

(realizing her mistake)
Yardley?!

YARDLEY (O.S.)

(from the bathtub)
Hi Pumkin'.

NATALIE

Oh my god! Yardley!

She runs to him, cradles and kisses him, rolls on top of him, grabs his lapels, shakes him.

NATALIE (cont'd)

You big Do-Do! You scared the hell out of me!

YARDLEY

Lo siento, mucho...

NATALIE

The money Yardley. Did you bring it?!

He holds up a satchel, smiles.

NATALIE (cont'd)

Oh, Yardley Slocomb. My hero...
(yanks him to her)
I love you.

YARDLEY

And I you, my little fawn.

She falls on him, kisses him passionately.

92 INT. WILD OATS, GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT 92

Bing sleeps peacefully, but George the Turkey is having bad dreams, gobbling and clucking fitfully. George wakes, shakes the sleep off, looks over at Bing, checks him out for a moment. Bing awakens, stares at George. Panic fills his face.

93 EXT. WILD OATS, OUTDOOR PATIO - NIGHT 93

Sebastian is sipping a brandy. A LLAMA crosses in front of him, gives him a stare like only a Llama can.

SEBASTIAN

Good evening Apollonia.

(Apollonia, raises her already
lofty brow, moves on)

Haughty bitch...

(A SCREAM splits the night air)

Oh dear.... No rest for the wicked.

He hurries toward the guest house.

94 INT. WILD OATS, GUEST HOUSE - NIGHT 94

Bing is huddled in the corner, peck marks on his head, abject terror written on his face. George tries vainly to approach him. Sebastian opens the door, Bing SCREAMS.

BING

Dear God save me! It's tryin' to kill me!

SEBASTIAN

Bing, he's a turkey.

BING

I know! I eat those things at
Thanksgiving! Vendetta!!

Sebbie corrals George, stares at the cowering Bing.

SEBASTIAN

His name is George. He's very friendly.

BING

Friendly? He was tryin to eat my head!

SEBASTIAN

The old queen was just giving you kisses.

He lets George out, helps Bing back to bed

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

Why don't you try and get some sleep?

BING

I don't know if I can. I'm very wrought.

SEBASTIAN
Try counting sheep.

BING
I'm allergic to sheep.

SEBASTIAN
Try counting money.

BING
That could work.

SEBASTIAN
Delightful. Good night, Bing.

Sebastian turns off the lights, leaves. Bing closes his eyes.

BING
One million dollars... two million
dollars...

Sits up, grabs his Valium, tosses a handful down, lays back.

BING (cont'd)
Three *hundred* million dollars... four
thousand million dollars... five...
million... gazillion... dollars...

Falls asleep... The door to the bedroom slides open.

George peeks around the corner, checks to see the coast is clear, quietly waddles in, sneaks onto the bed and sidles next to Bing's head.

He fluffs up and hunkers down for a good night's sleep with his new best buddy.

95 EXT. WILD OATS, FARM - DAY - SUNDAY

95

A car pulls into the driveway. Vince gets out, knocks on the front door.

SEBASTIAN
Well hello, gorgeous.

VINCE
I'm very sorry to bother you so early,
sir, but I'm looking for Mr. Slocomb and
Mr. Riviera. Are you Mr. Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN
Call me Sebbie. And you are?

VINCE
My name's Vinnie, I work for Mr. Riviera?

SEBASTIAN

Ahhh... I'm sorry. Well... Vinnie...
Yardley's busy saving the world right
now, but Mr. Bing's in the guest house.
Can I show you the way?

VINCE

Thank you, Mr. Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Sebbie. My, you're a muscular one aren't
you? And so polite. Follow me... closely.

96 EXT. WILD OATS FARM, BACK YARD - DAY

96

Sebastian leads Vince through the gaggle of animals, pets
them all as he goes. Vince smiles, pets a few as well.

SEBASTIAN

Most people are put off by my friends.

VINCE

Not me, I was born and raised in New
Jersey. I'm used to animals.

SEBASTIAN

Vinnie from Jersey. You're not the Vinnie
who dated Yardley's daughter, Ashley, by
any chance?

VINCE

Yes sir. That would be me.

SEBASTIAN

She always did have good taste...

97 INT. WILD OATS, GUEST HOUSE - DAY

97

Sebastian and Vince enter.

SEBASTIAN

He should be coming to by now.

They both look at the bed. Jaws drop. Bing is on his back,
stiff as a board, George the Turkey sitting on his face.

George looks up at them, gobbles. Vince and Sebastian are
frozen in place, utterly horrified.

SEBASTIAN (cont'd)

No George! Bad turkey!

98 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

98

Yardley and Natalie lie in each others arms. He sleeps. She stares at him, strokes his hair. An insistent knock at the door. Yardley bolts up.

NATALIE

Someone's at the door! Hide!

BAMM!! the door flies open, Olga staggers in, tears in eyes.

OLGA

Barbarians! Cossacks! We're bushwacked!

She looks down, sees Yardley for the first time.

OLGA (cont'd)

Mr. Slocomb?... Oh, Mr. Slocomb! Tankink de Gods you are here!

She grabs him in a bear hug as he wriggles his trousers on.

OLGA (cont'd)

I knew you would come back! You stud!

Slaps him on the back, knocks him over.

NATALIE

Olga, what's going on?!

OLGA

De unholy bestards! Dey stiffed us!
Crammed dere filthy fists vere de sun
is not shinink!

NATALIE

Olga!.. Just tell us what's happened.

YARDLEY

In English.

OLGA

De caterers. Dey hev blown de coot.

NATALIE

What?... Why?!

OLGA

Because de dem credit card company smoked
our goose! Ve're broke! Got no cabbage!

NATALIE

(points to satchel)

No! We got plenty of cabbage, right here!

OLGA

Makes no different! Dey took off like
borscht tru a Barvarian!

NATALIE

Oh Yardley, what are we going to do?

YARDLEY

(crosses to the door)
What are we going to do?
(gestures grandly)
We're going to save the day!
(his pants drop around his
ankles)
C'mon baby, it's magic time!

He turns to leave, trips over his pants, falls face forward
into the hallway.

99 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

99

Lt. Grabowski interviews the Old Salty Dog Men, shows them a
picture of Yardley and Bing, reworked by a sketch artist to
look like women.

GRABOWSKI

Look anything like what you saw?

OLD SALTY-DOG MAN

What a spitfire!

GRABOWSKI

(pulls out a photo)
And how about this butt? Recognize it?

OLD SALTY-DOG MAN

(a tear in his eye)
Never got that far. Can I have a copy?

GRABOWSKI

(chuckles)
A copy, huh? I'm afraid the object of
your affection belongs to supposed murder
victim, Bing Riviera.

OLD SALTY-DOG MAN

So?

GRABOWSKI

So... she's a man!

OLD SALTY-DOG MAN

Well... nobody's perfect.

100 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, KITCHEN - DAY

100

Olga peeks in, followed by Natalie. They check the windows for cops, make sure all the curtains and blinds are shut.

NATALIE

Alright, come on, it's safe!

Yardley strides into the kitchen, a man possessed, starts sifting through the piles of unprepared food.

YARDLEY

Onions, shallots, tarragon, chives, three bushels clams, a boatload of chickens?

NATALIE

Yardley, what are you doing?

YARDLEY

Got no idea - but I'm gonna do something! Go to the pantry and get me some Pernod would you, Sweetie?

NATALIE

I don't think we have any.

YARDLEY

What about Absinthe?

NATALIE

Oh please...

YARDLEY

Honey! Work with me!

Natalie runs to the pantry, Yardley keeps sifting.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

Okay... a bed of salad... Olga! We need green! Lots of it!

OLGA

Okeydokey, Mr. Slokey!

She's out the door. Natalie comes in with an armful of bottles, sees Yardley already in action, grouping foods together, madly frantic, yet happy, and gaining control.

NATALIE

What can I do?

YARDLEY

Stuff chickens?

NATALIE

Where?

YARDLEY

Wise guy. Fill them with the ricotta mixture, dip them in egg and flour and dab them with butter, then set them aside. Think you can you do a hundred chickens in twenty minutes?

NATALIE

Only if you kiss me first.

101 EXT. NEIGHBORING GARDEN - DAY 101

An OLD MAN, tends a carefully manicured vegetable garden, works on a row of peppers with tweezers and scalpel. Behind him, Olga vaults the chain-link fence. He turns, she dives for cover. He turns back to his peppers. She creeps out, commando style, sets her sights on a row of lettuces. Smiles.

102 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATES, KITCHEN - DAY 102

A huge vat of prepared clams simmers on the stove. Natalie butters the chicken breasts. Yardley, a blur of knives, prepares a bed of spinach, herbs, and spices. Hums a tune.

NATALIE

How you doing over there?

YARDLEY

Good-good! We're gonna make it!

NATALIE

(stops, watches him, smiles)
You know, I'd forgotten how really terrific you are at all this.

YARDLEY

Thank you kindly, ma'am! Feels a little like the old days, doesn't it? When we were first starting out?

NATALIE

Only better... much better.

103 EXT. NEIGHBORING GARDEN - DAY 103

The Older Gentleman has moved on to the next pepper plant. Olga is madly chucking lettuce heads over the fence. She looks down at her apron which is stuffed full, looks at the two remaining heads in her hands. Stuffs them in her bra.

104 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, KITCHEN - DAY 104

Yardley and Natalie finish an incredible four-foot-long fruit and cheese medley, admire the view.

YARDLEY

As Grampy Slocomb was fond of saying:
"By the cheeses people eat - Ye shall
know them!"

Natalie puts her arms around him.

NATALIE

You're really enjoying this, aren't you?

Yardley cuddles her.

YARDLEY

What gave me away?

NATALIE

I've missed you.... I'd forgotten you.
I like this Yardley... very much.

YARDLEY

And this Yardley loves you right back.

He kisses her.

OLGA'S VOICE

I'm verkink my ass off and you two are
tonsil-diving.

She dumps a ton of lettuce on the floor, Yardley grabs one.

YARDLEY

Olga! You're a wonder! Where'd you find
this so fast?!

OLGA

If I tell you, I'll hev to kill you.

He goes to Olga.

YARDLEY

Thank you, Olga. Not just for today. For
every day. For twenty years.

He hugs her. She wipes away a tear, blows her nose. Honk.
Turns to Natalie.

OLGA

I vill go to de hotel to get my little
Ashlika, take her to de church. I vill
see you dere.

(turns to Yardley)

I vill see *you* dere?

YARDLEY

Try and keep me away.

OLGA
You total stud-muffins!

Grabs his buns, squeezes, Yardley yelps, she leaves.

NATALIE
Yardley. The whole country's after you.
How can you possibly be at the wedding?

YARDLEY
(takes her in his arms)
As Olga says, "Ve'll bomb dat bridge ven
ve burn it".

BAMM! The window is knocked open. Vince sticks his head in.

VINCE
S'cuse me Mr. S, Ms. S, I don't mean to
disturb you, but I have an urgent matter
which I would like to bring to your
attention?

YARDLEY
Vinnie?! What the hell are you doing
here?!

VINCE
Is this not an appropriate time?

Yardley looks out the window. Sees Sebastian, who waves.

YARDLEY
My lord! Get in here you two, before
somebody sees you!

Vince and Yardley do their best to negotiate Sebastian
through the window. Vince clambers in after him.

YARDLEY (cont'd)
Good God man, what's going on?! Wait a
minute, where's Bing?

VINCE
Uhm, Mr. Slocumb... Mr. Riviera's, a
little... Indisposed.

YARDLEY
Indisposed? What do you mean?

VINCE
He'll not be attending the wedding...
He'll not be attending much of anything.

YARDLEY
What in god's name are you talking
about?!

VINCE

Mr. Riviera will be attending a much higher service...

YARDLEY

Vinnie! I'm not going to use the cryptic line! We've beaten that one to death!

SEBASTIAN

Death! Death! Oh God, death!

YARDLEY

Will somebody tell me what the hell is going on here?

SEBASTIAN

He's gone... departed. Never to walk again, amongst mortal men.

YARDLEY

Sebbie! Who is gone?! Who, has departed?! Who... has... Oh.... Oh, no....

SEBASTIAN

Yes.

YARDLEY

Bing? How?

SEBASTIAN

George... he suffocated him.

YARDLEY

George?... your TURKEY?!

SEBASTIAN

He didn't mean to. He doesn't like sleeping alone so he bunked up with Bing in the middle of the night.

(tears)

He must have rolled over onto Bing's face and... and... please don't persecute him, he's just a bird!

YARDLEY

Are you telling me that Bing Riviera was suffocated to death by a turkey?!

SEBASTIAN

George is very distraught. He's laying around, listless. All the color gone from his wattle.

YARDLEY

(getting worked up)

That man was a living death wish.

(MORE)

YARDLEY (cont'd)

He ingested more booze, pills, and animal fat than anyone I've ever seen. And now you're telling me he was killed by a walking frozen dinner?! Do you realize what this means? Bing's dead! And guess who's responsible? Not you! Not you! Not you!.. Me! Moi! Yardley Slocomb! Five-star chef, turned has-been, turned murderer, turned prisoner, turned prison play-thing!

Yardley stops, a strange look on his face.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

I'm sorry... please... excuse me...

105 EXT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, PATIO - DAY

105

Yardley comes out, shaken. Natalie follows.

NATALIE

Yardley, what is it? Are you alright?!

YARDLEY

Oh Nat... what an egotistical ass I am. Here's Bing... gone. And all I can think about is myself.

NATALIE

You were upset.

YARDLEY

Lousy excuse. That person in there. That hot-headed, self-centered, jerk. Is that what I've been like all my life?

NATALIE

Just since birth.

YARDLEY

I don't mean it, Natalie. I swear. You know... my mouth just opens up and all those hurtful words come...

NATALIE

...spilling out. Yes, I know. I've got the scars to prove it.

YARDLEY

Why did you put up with me for all these years? It couldn't just have been for Ashley; why did you stay?

NATALIE

Because I love you, you nitwit.

Yardley takes her in his arms, holds her close.

YARDLEY

Thank you, Natalie... with all my heart.

106 INT. SLOCOMB ESTATE, KITCHEN - DAY

106

Vince has an arm around Sebastian, comforting him as they sit together. Yardley and Natalie enter arm in arm.

YARDLEY

Forgive me Sebbie, I'm so sorry. I was way out of line.

SEBASTIAN

I'm the one who should be apologizing. I killed the little shit.

Sebastian buries his head in Yardley's shoulder, sobs.

YARDLEY

All right now, come on, enough of that. What happened to Bing was nobody's fault. Pull yourself together, my friend. Can't have my escort blubbering all over me.

SEBASTIAN

Escort?

YARDLEY

We have a wedding to attend, don't we?

NATALIE

No Yardley, you can't! You've got to hide until we can figure things out. This isn't about whipping a meal together. Bing's dead! For real this time!

YARDLEY

I know darling, and there's nothing I can do about poor old Bing. We'll take care of him later. But right now we're going to see our daughter married, and there is nothing, nothing on God's green Earth, that will keep that from happening.

NATALIE

They'll throw you in jail.

YARDLEY

Maybe... Maybe not!

FADE TO:

107 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

107

A glorious day. Police and Media are everywhere. New England's best have turned out, sporting their slinky dresses, spiffy tuxes.

CONNECTICUT NEWSCASTER

... and the excitement is palpable in this most unlikely of places, guests dressed to the nines; all glancing around expectantly as, reportedly, the elite of the "media world" have decided to show up for this unparalleled event - and what promises to be the wildest day this little New England town will ever see...

A POLICE OFFICER is at the entrance to the church, checking invitations, as REGIS PHILBIN, strolls up with DONALD TRUMP, and MARTHA STEWART.

REGIS

Hi, we're here for the wedding?

OFFICER

Names please?

DONALD

We're not exactly on the list. But we figured since we're three incredibly internationally famous people...

MARTHA

That you might let us in anyway?
I'm Martha Stewart, this is Regis Philbin, and that's... Donald Trump.

OFFICER

I thought you guys hated each other.

MARTHA

I hate everybody.

REGIS

So what about it?

OFFICER

(turns to Martha)
Can I date your daughter?

MARTHA

No.

OFFICER

(to Regis)
How about Kelly?

REGIS

Not a chance.

The Officer looks at Donald Trump, expectantly.

DONALD

Oh God... okay.... You're fired!

OFFICER

I love it when you do that! Go on in!

108 INT. CHURCH, MAIN HALL - DAY

108

An USHER leads Regis, Martha & Donald to a crowded pew.

USHER

Sorry guys, we have a packed house and there's only two seats left. You'll have to make do.

REGIS

(to Martha)

You're a felon, I'm not. I'm sitting.

MARTHA

You're an old fart, I'm not. I'm sitting.

They both look at Donald.

DONALD

I'm The Donald! I'm sitting!

He moves to sit, Martha blocks him. A scuffle breaks out. The Usher jumps in.

109 EXT. CHURCH - DAY

109

A limousine pulls up. Vince gets out wearing Sebbie's Armani suit. Natalie comes next, looking radiant. Sebbie is third. And fourth, bringing up the rear, is OLD LADY YARDLEY, wearing one of Olga's provocative elders' pieces.

YARDLEY

Isn't this lovely! Reminds me of my great Aunt Eucaipa's wedding at Juniper Tree National Monument! We were much younger then, and prone to public display...

NATALIE

(motions to the cop)

Cool it granny, there's heat!

Vince and Sebastian huddle around Yardley. Natalie waves to the officer. He waves back as they head into the church.

110 INT. CHURCH, PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

110

Ashley models her wedding dress for Olga.

OLGA

Oh my little Ashlika, you are lookink
just as your Momma did...

She hugs Ashley. A knock at the door. Olga spins, bristles.

OLGA (cont'd)

Dis had better not be de groom, or dere
vill be hell to pay!

She throws open the door. Sebastian stands there.

OLGA (cont'd)

(smitten)

Mr. Sebastian! So nice to see you. Vat
are you vantink? Needink a little walk on
de *vild* side?

SEBASTIAN

Olga, we've been through this - I'm not
interested in women.

OLGA

Dat is because you have never had me.

SEBASTIAN

Olga... I'm gay.

OLGA

You say dat now, but once you have tasted
of de fruit dat is Olga, you vill forever
be transformed.

SEBASTIAN

Olga, I've brought Ashley's, Auntie...
Raylene... to pay her respects.

He pulls Yardley in.

OLGA

Her Auntie... Raylene?

SEBASTIAN

Perhaps they could have a moment? Olga?

She looks at Yardley suspiciously, then recognition dawns.

OLGA

Yes. Dat would be a wary good idea.

Olga looks over at Ashley, then faces off with Yardley, eyes
moist, a big smile.

YARDLEY

Don't do anything physical, okay?

OLGA

Oh, you!

Wham! She claps him on the shoulders (ouch), passes by Sebbie on the way out.

OLGA (cont'd)

Ooh... You make me crazy hot!

Sebbie follows, reluctantly, closes the door. Ashley looks at Yardley, embarrassed.

ASHLEY

I'm sorry, I didn't realize I had an Auntie Raylene.

YARDLEY

Ashley, darling, it's me.

ASHLEY

Daddy? Oh Daddy!

She runs to him, hugs him. An awkward moment. Then he hugs his daughter tight.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

I knew you'd be here, I just knew it. We all did. You look... gosh... nice pick!

YARDLEY

Thank you darling, it's Olga's. And look at you, in your Mother's wedding gown. Oh Sweetie, I know I haven't been there for you. In so many ways. And I'm so sorry. Truly. I was just so caught up in my work. And myself...

ASHLEY

(stops him)

You're the best dad in the world. And you don't have to say anything. I know you love me. You're here. And cute too!... Kinda...

111 EXT. CHURCH, PARKING LOT - DAY

111

In back of the church a very nervous Michael paces, smokes a cigarette. He tosses the butt, heads for the door, starts to open it. Stops, heads back to the lot, lights another smoke.

112 INT. CHURCH, BACK HALLWAY - DAY

112

Yardley leaves the room, closes the door, shakes his head.
Sebbie puts a hand on his shoulder.

SEBASTIAN

Come on lad, it's showtime.

YARDLEY

Oh, Dammit Sebbie, this is all wrong! I can't be sitting in the audience for this! Ashley's my daughter! I should be walking her down the aisle...

VOICE (O.S.)

Yeah Yardley, you should be walking her down the aisle.

They look up. Lt. Grabowski leans against the wall.

GRABOWSKI

But ya ain't gonna be.

YARDLEY

I know you. You're that detective from the city. You said some scurrilous and unsavory things about me on nationwide TV. That was rude and uncalled for.

GRABOWSKI

Jeez Yardley, I'm awful sorry about that; musta lost my head. Oh, by the way, you're under arrest for kidnapping. Assume the position!

He throws Yardley against the wall, pulls out the cuffs.

SEBASTIAN

Stop this! Stop this right now! We're in a church, and this man is about to watch his daughter be married!

GRABOWSKI

Oh no he's not. Now get your ass in there Mr. Moo-moo and sit down. The little lady and me got a few things to discuss.

Sebastian hesitates, looks to Yardley.

YARDLEY

Go Sebbie, don't let anything stop this wedding, I beg you.

SEBASTIAN

You bastard.

GRABOWSKI

Oh Sebbie, I'm hurt.

Sebastian leaves. Grabowski slaps the handcuffs on Yardley.

YARDLEY

Look, Lieutenant, don't do this, please!
This whole murder thing, it's not what it
seems. I'll go with you when the
wedding's over, but please! Let me be
there for my daughter!

GRABOWSKI

You know what I got to say to that,
Yardley?.. You have the right to remain
silent. Whatever you say can and will be
used against you in a court of law...

113 INT. CHURCH, MAIN HALL - DAY

113

Natalie, Vince, and Olga, are seated, nervously awaiting
Yardley. Sebastian runs up, teary-eyed.

NATALIE

Sebbie, what happened?!

SEBASTIAN

Some detective! He took him away!

NATALIE

Oh no!

OLGA

(pulls out a garrote)
Vere he is? I vill garrote him.

VINCE

I'll handle this. C'mon Sebbie, let's go.

NATALIE

Vinnie, Yardley has to be here. It'll
kill him if he's not.

VINCE

Yeah, I know Mrs. S.

They run toward the entrance. Pass Martha, Donald and Regis.
Martha and Regis are seated. Donald sits on their laps. The
Usher approaches with someone.

USHER

Excuse me folks, but I think one
of you will probably want to move.

They look over at the person standing next to the Usher -
It's OPRAH.

A moment. Then Donald gets up, moves into the aisle, sits down cross-legged. Oprah sits on Regis and Martha's laps.

OPRAH
Hello Martha. Hello Regis.

REGIS/MARTHA
Hello Oprah.

OPRAH
(leans over)
Hello Donald.

DONALD
(from floor)
Hello Your Majesty.

114 INT. CHURCH, BACK HALLWAYS - DAY

114

Vince and Sebbie round a corner.

VINCE
You go that way!!

He and Sebbie split. Vince rounds another corner and sees Ashley wandering through the hallway in her wedding dress.

VINCE (cont'd)
Ashley, what're you doing?!

ASHLEY
Oh Vinnie, you made it!
(gives him a big hug)
I'm so happy to see you!

VINCE
Same here. But what gives? The wedding's about to start!

ASHLEY
Oh! Yeah. I'm, uh, looking for Michael.

VINCE
Who?

ASHLEY
Michael? The guy I'm... marrying?
(church bells start ringing)
Uh-oh!

VINCE
Oh man! Look, you go in there, do your thing. I'll find him, okay?

ASHLEY
Really?

VINCE
Don't you worry about it.

ASHLEY
Thanks Vinnie...
(kisses him. A moment)
... for everything.

VINCE
I... I better get going.

Vince jogs around the corner, runs headlong into Sebbie.

SEBASTIAN
Oooh! We have to do this more often.

VINCE
Mr. Sebastian, I got a new problem.

SEBASTIAN
No time for that now, lad. Work to do!
Follow.

VINCE
But...

Sebbie yanks him around another corner. The bells continue.

115 INT. CHURCH, BACK HALLWAYS - DAY 115

Grabowski pushes Yardley through the hallways.

GRABOWSKI
How do you get out of this goddam place?!

YARDLEY
Good lord man, you're in a church! Watch
your language!

BOOM! The door next to them flies open. Four arms shoot out,
grab Grabowski and Yardley, yank them both inside.

116 INT. CHURCH, MAIN HALL - DAY 116

Natalie tries to contain herself, but Olga can't take it
anymore. She reaches into her purse, whips out a blackjack.

OLGA
Dat's it! I'm going after dem!

NATALIE
Olga, sit! Stay!

117 INT. CHURCH, CLOSET - DAY 117

The door to the closet opens. Handcuffed and blindfolded, Grabowski is tossed in. Lands on a set of bagpipes. Squawk!

GRABOWSKI

You're all lookin at three to five!

SEBASTIAN/VINCE/YARDLEY

Well worth it!

The bells continue. Organ music begins.

118 EXT. CHURCH, PARKING LOT - DAY 118

The music continues... Vince runs out of the church, and into the far parking lot, sees Michael in his Jeep; they argue.

119 INT. CHURCH, MAIN HALL - DAY 119

The music continues... Natalie and Olga are frantic. The procession starts. USHERS, BRIDESMAIDS, TWO CHILDREN THROWING FLOWER PETALS - they line up at the Altar. The music changes to the WEDDING MARCH. The cops move closer. Everyone waits with expectant smiles; which slowly diminish as... nobody comes out. After a moment the music fades.

NATALIE

Oh, no.... Please!

Suddenly A VOICE belts out from the entry, yelping in a THICK SCOTTISH ACCENT.

VOICE (O.S.)

Great God, ye people, what a grand day
fer a weddin! We've a loovely bride, and
a ripe haggus waitin 'or the reception;
so gie us the bonny bagpipes, and let the
cabers fly!

BRAWR! The sound of BADLY PLAYED BAGPIPES fill the main hall as Ashley enters on the arm of a FULL-BLOWN SCOTSMAN, replete with kilt, sporran, and huge home-made beard. The cops look at each other, confused, as he marches Ashley down the aisle, attempting to play the wedding march. They step up to the altar. FATHER MACNAMARA, ancient, with coke-bottle glasses, squints at the gathering. Speaks in a thick Scottish accent.

FATHER MACNAMARA

Aye Laddies and lassies. Are we ready?

SCOTS-YARDLEY

Aye Father, I believe we are!

Yardley smiles down at his daughter.

ASHLEY

(whispers)

A little over the top, Dad.

YARDLEY

Sorry darling, but one must commit
themselves completely to their character.

He smiles large, then glances over at Natalie. A moment there. He stops. Looks down at himself, dressed as a ridiculous Scotsman in an ill-fitted kilt. He looks back deeply at his daughter, on the biggest day of her life...

YARDLEY (cont'd)

You know what Father. I'm sorry, but I
don't believe we're ready after all.

The gathering rustles.

ASHLEY

Daddy?

Yardley turns to her.

YARDLEY

This moment. It's too important. Far too
important to trivialize.

He pulls off his beard & cap. The crowd gasps - cops move in.

YARDLEY (cont'd)

STOP!! You want me, you can have me!
But first I'm gonna see my daughter
married, or you'll have a Yankee riot on
your hands!

They stop, uncertain. Yardley turns to Father MacNamara.

FATHER MACNAMARA

Told ye the beard wouldn't work, Yardley.

YARDLEY

The whole thing didn't work, Father.
But you know I had to do it.

ASHLEY

Daddy, why?

YARDLEY

This is the biggest day of your life.
It's going to be your real father who
stands by your side.

ASHLEY

Oh, Daddy. I love you so much.

YARDLEY

I love you too sweetheart, more than
you'll ever know.

FATHER MACNAMARA

Sooo... can we still have cake?

From behind the gallery, a scream.

VOICE (O.S.)

YARDLEY!

Everyone turns.

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

YARDLEY SLOCOMB!

Yardley and Ashley look up at the choir loft. A man standing
there, dressed in an oversized caftan. It's Bing.

BING

You have a big fancy wedding, you don't
even invite your partner?!

A gasp from the gathering. Yardley grins ear-to-ear.

YARDLEY

Riviera, you old scoundrel! You're alive!
(shouts)

BING!

BING

YARDLEY!

À la "The Graduate" Bing runs down the stairs and up the
aisle toward Yardley, as Yardley runs toward him.

YARDLEY

BING!

BING

YARDLEY!

YARDLEY

BING!

BING

YARDLEEEYYY!!!

They meet in the middle of the church, grab each other in a
bear hug.

YARDLEY

I thought you were dead!

BING

What can I say? An overdose of Valium
and a sixty pound gobbler on the face
sometimes does that to me

YARDLEY

(grins big)
Ahh Bing!

BING

(grins back)
Yardley!

Open their arms, another big bear-hug. The crowd cheers. The
Cops have no idea what to do.

BING (cont'd)

Look, I want you to know somethin. I
never did steal your money; it was stupid
investments and shady deals. I was gonna
make good by you, and then you pissed me
off with that ex-wife stuff and smakin my
nose and all. But now this whole death
thing, its got me thinkin fresh and new,
and I've decided I'm gonna pay you back!
Every cent - and then we're gonna open up
the restaurant chain again, big time!

(pulls him in, whispers)
But first, I gotta know: My ex-wife, did
you slip her the sacred salami?

YARDLEY

The what?!

BING

You know! Mr. Stiffy! The high-hard-one!
Eustace the perky trouser teaser! I mean
it! I gotta' know. Did ya?

YARDLEY

Oh good god no Bing, I'd never do that to
you. More importantly, I'd never do it to
Natalie. Never have, Never will. I just
started the rumor to pay you back for the
whole money thing.

BING

I knew it! You... you put the Bing twist
on the Bingster himself! I love it!

(holds out his hand)
Partners?

YARDLEY

(grabs his hand, pumps it)
Friends!

They laugh, thump each other. Bing spots Oprah.

BING

S'cuse me... Got some negotiatin to do!

Races over, jumps in the pew. Starts working it.

FATHER MACNAMARA

Yardley?

(he turns)

That was a truly embarrassing personal moment, now, wasn't it?

Vinnie stands at the back of the church. Hard emotions play on his face as he watches Ashley looking around nervously. He takes a deep breath, starts down the aisle.

FATHER MACNAMARA (cont'd)

So, what do ye say? Shall we give this ceremony a go?

YARDLEY

You bet, Father! Looks like you're going to get that cake after all!

FATHER MACNAMARA

Oh goody!

VINCE

Pardon me, Father. Mr. S.

(They all stop, turn)

With all due respect... could I have a moment with the bride?

FATHER MACNAMARA

Achhh... what the heck!

Vince steps up to the altar, whispers in Ashley's ear. Her eyes fill with tears.

VINCE

I'm so sorry, Ashley. I tried.

YARDLEY

Vinnie? Ashley? What's going on?!

ASHLEY

Daddy, things have happened so fast, no one's noticed...

YARDLEY

Noticed what?!

ASHLEY

There's... there's no groom.

YARDLEY

What?!

ASHLEY

Michael. He took off. He found out we were under... financial duress... and took off.

YARDLEY

Why, that selfish little fraud! Where the hell is he?! I'll drag him in here by the short hairs!

ASHLEY

No Daddy! No! I wouldn't have him anyway. Not now. And the honest truth is, I never wanted him to begin with.... Not him....

(the crowd gasps)

I'm so sorry. About everything. This is all my fault. It's just that... with things between you and mom going the way they were going, I thought getting married, having children, would keep you guys, you know, together. I know it's crazy, but it just seemed like the whole family was falling apart, and I couldn't bear it if that happened. So I had to do something. I just love you both so much.

Yardley holds her. Natalie hurries over, embraces them.

YARDLEY

Oh God. Oh honey...

ASHLEY

Mom, Dad, after all you've been through, all you've done...

NATALIE

None of that matters. Your happiness is the only important thing.

ASHLEY

Yeah, well, I guess that's it. Can't get married if ya don't have a groom.

YARDLEY

Oh my little girl. I'm so sorry. For the first time... I don't know what to do.

Vince looks over at Bing, an old question lingers in his glance. Bing smiles, nods. Buoyed, Vince steps forward.

VINCE

Maybe I can help.

He moves to Ashley. Looks in her eyes. Takes a deep breath.

VINCE (cont'd)
Ashley... I always wanted to do this.
Dreamed about it...

ASHLEY
Vinnie? What?

VINCE
(takes her hands in his)
I love you Ashley Slocomb. I always have.
Always will.

Ashley's eyes sparkle, a shy smile spreads across her face.

ASHLEY
I love you too, Vinnie.

VINCE
Ashley, you're the only one for me. Will
you, would you, do me the extreme honor
to become my wife?

ASHLEY
Really?

VINCE
All the way.

ASHLEY
Oh Vinnie... It was always you.

She throws her arms around him. Everyone stares in awed
silence.

FATHER MACNAMARA
Something tells me we're finally ready.

Vince and Ashley look into one another's eyes. Yardley and
Natalie look at each other, smile, nod.

YARDLEY
Yes, Father. I think we finally are.

He shepherds Vince and Ashley to the altar.

FATHER MACNAMARA
Delightful! Let's get to it, then.
Dearly beloved...

Stops. Sees how lost in each other Vince and Ashley are.

FATHER MACNAMARA (cont'd)
Ach.... Maybe we better cut to the chase.
Do ye love him, lass?

ASHLEY

With all my heart, Father.

FATHER MACNAMARA

Do ye love her, lad?

VINCE

Truly, Father.

FATHER MACNAMARA

Then kiss her, boy. And may you both
carry the joy of this moment forever.

Vince takes Ashley in his arms and kisses her.

Mendelsohn's Wedding March fills the church. Natalie falls
back into Yardley's arms, they gaze at Vince and Ashley,
glowing. Look into one another's eyes, hold each other tight.

Vince and Ashley walk up the aisle as the wedding march
swells and the crowd ROARS.

Yardley and Natalie follow, beaming with pride. Bing follows
them, tosses a wink at Oprah.

In one of the huge stained glass windows, a flurry of
feathers. George the Turkey lands on the sill, peeks into the
church, spots Bing, starts pecking at the window, longing for
attention from the object of his desire.

Bing looks up, sees George - Freeze on his panicked face.

CUT TO CREDITS - OUTTAKES OVER