

The movie opens on a man sitting at his desk facing his computer. It is a profile shot from about ten feet away, and the camera moves in on him. You can see that he is tapping his mouse, but not actually clicking the button. As the camera gets to about a foot away from the side of his head it turns into a screen shot, as if you were him sitting there looking at the screen. The entire screen is black with the word

PROCESSING REQUEST

written across it. It flips around to facing him, as if you were the computer screen looking at him. He is mumbling to himself, it appears as if he is saying "process this you motherf*cking motherf*cker of a f*cker" again and again. His phone rings and he picks it up, the shot remains stationary as if it is the computer screen as he moves to the side with the phone on it, eventually leaning back into the middle of the shot.

David Cross - Inventory Control, This is David.

You can hear a voice yelling at him in the phone and David closes his eyes slowly. Once the yelling settles down he responds

DC - Yes, Mother. It is all taken care of. We will be there to pick you up at 2:30 tomorrow afternoon. No, Mother, I will not be late.

There is some more indiscriminate yelling.

DC - Yes, Mother. I will see you then.

He hangs up the phone and returns his stare to the computer monitor. It flips back to as if it were him staring at the screen.

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still reads across the screen. A You've got Mail noise erupts from the corner of the screen and a small envelope flutters into the middle of the screen. DC clicks on it and all it says, in large bolded font, is

2:30 at the Marriot! Don't be late!

It cuts to the copier room, where two elderly ladies are standing in front of the copy machine chatting.

Joan - You know, I'm glad that Joe, my husband, lets me keep my cats. I just wouldn't know what to do with them if they weren't around for me when I got

home at night. It's not like Joe really does anything anymore, what with his stroke and all.

Joyce - You know, my daughters are down in Georgia right now. 21 and 23, the perfect age of innocence. They tell me they're going away with their mutual friend Bob this weekend, some church getaway up in the woods. It sounds like they should have a good old time.

Joan - Oh, I know. My little Jethro, my baby calico, he does the cutest little thing with his nose. (she makes a scrunched up face, I guess the way a cat would). Just like that.

Joyce - Yes, yes. I'm so glad to have such strong Christian girls. To know they are always safe, always protected under God. Did you know they spent last weekend house-sitting for this professor at school with their mutual friend Gus? Did I tell you about that?

Joan - (continues to make a scrunchy face with her nose, is now making paw gestures as well)

In the midst of this conversation DC has entered the copy room, staring between the two ladies. They stand in-between him and the copy machine. He attempts to slink into the back of the corner, hiding from these two women.

Joan - (finishing one last swipe at the side of her face with what she pretends to be her paw) David! I didn't see you there.

DC - Hello, Joan. No, No, I was just getting some more pens for my office.

Joan - You're always taking pens David. What do you do with all of them?

At this Joyce begins to eye David suspiciously, and he returns three of the five pens he has palmed to the office supply's laid out on the table.

DC - And a copy, I need to pick up a copy I have printing out.

He moves between the two women and snatched up the only sheet to have come out of the printer.

Joyce - David, did I tell you about my girls retreat this weekend. With their friend, Bob? He is driving them up in his van.

David - Yes, Joyce. This morning. Right over there (David points to the other corner of the room, and while both women seem distracted by this empty space

quickly shuffles out of the room).

He looks down at the print out in his hand, it reads

INSUFFICIENT DATA, PLEASE RUN AGAIN

He returns to his desk where another email from his mother has arrived. He looks at the clock, it reads 2:19. The time changes to 4:57 and we pan back down to David looking at his screen. The screen reads

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and there are six more pens on David's desk than there were previously. He looks over his shoulder nervously and seeing no one in sight range clicks his monitor off. He reaches under his desk for the messenger satchel he keeps there and quickly pulls some papers from it and discards them into a desk drawer, instead removing a tie and pair of tennis shoes from the drawer which he quickly shuffles into his bag.

Flash to outside of the building, it is a drab looking warehouse style office in what is obviously not the prime district of business in the city. There is trash blowing in the sidewalk next to the building as David emerges from the only door on the entire side of the building. It is very windy out and David's hair is blowing all over the place. There are several smokers to his right (our left) that he nods to and turns facing the camera. It switches view to what he is looking at and there are two men standing behind a pick-up truck smoking, the larger one waving to David. It goes back to David and he returns the wave moving towards the camera and across the parking lot.

Todd - This is my brother, Mitch.

Mitch - Hey, David.

David - Hey, Mitch. (turning to Todd) You know, you don't have to introduce Mitch every time. I've known him for like six years now.

Todd - He's from out of town. It's always polite to introduce him each time he's back to visit. Haven't you ever heard of common courtesy, man?

David - What about the courtesy that I know who your brother is and that I don't need to be introduced to him every time I meet him as if I don't already know his name?

Todd - What? That doesn't make any sense. What are you even talking about?

I'm following a strict set of social guidelines that insist that I introduce my guest in case he is unknown, so he doesn't have to feel the discomfort of someone not knowing who he is. I'm his brother. That's what I do.

David - Can we not get into this out here, it's f*cking windy as hell. You got b*tch, Mitch?

Todd - Now that's just rude, David. Here he is, in town for two days, and your gonna make him ride the hump in the mazda all weekend?

David - Who said anything about all weekend? I need to change my tie and you drive like an *sshole. If Mitch rides b*tch we can all be happy.

Todd - No, David, not all of us. Not Mitch, riding the hump.

David - We'll stop at the grocery then and I'll switch with him. I need to make a pit stop anyway.

Todd - We don't have time, David. Everyone should be here by now. The last flight in was over an hour ago. We need to get to Legends.

David - Legends will be there all night, and so will our friends. They can wait an extra f*cking half hour while I finish something. And then your brother doesn't have to ride b*tch all the way there. Isn't that what you want, all of us happy?

Mitch - It's all right Todd. I'll go until the grocery, I'm fine the whole way even.

Todd - No, Mitch, no you're not. We'll go to the grocery then.

Todd gets in the truck, slamming the door.

Mitch - What's at the grocery, David?

David - Something Todd thinks I should have given up a long time ago. Come on, Mitch, I'll show you how to tie a double Windsor and then we'll get some peas.

It cuts to the three of them sitting in the truck in a grocery parking lot. David in passenger, Mitch in the middle and Todd in the drivers seat. It is a front shot, David is smiling while Todd looks pissed and is smoking.

Todd - Well, hurry the f*ck up and get it done. I'm not coming in with you. You need to stop this. We need to get going. I haven't seen Larson in almost two years and he's only in town through Sunday.

David - (opening the truck door) Come on, Mitch. I have something to show you.

Todd - (with Mitch looking at him for guidance) Go ahead, you might as well see what it's all about. Waste of f*cking time if you ask me.

Mitch scuttles out of the truck and runs to catch up to David, who's tie is billowing in the wind over his shoulder as he walks ahead determinedly.

In the store David walks up to the section with pea pods.

David - Have you ever had a pea pod, Mitch? A fresh one, right from the store?

Mitch - No, never.

David - If you boil them you can eat them whole, with their skins. But if you want them fresh like they are here you can peel the skin back and eat the little peas inside of them. They're delicious.

Mitch - Did you used to eat them...

David - We should get one for your brother as well, he may not want to join us but he'll want a pea pod.

David takes three of the pea pods off the top of the stack, examining one for a moment and then discarding it for another. Assured with the three he now has he drops them into a plastic bag and ties a twist on the top.

David - Come on, we have a couple of more things on our list.

It cuts to them standing in line. David has a package of paper napkins, two Sobe drinks a tin of Altoids and the three pea pods. He moves up to the cash register and sets them down.

David - Hello, Doris. Just this for me today.

Doris - Hey, David. I'm sorry about...

David - Have i introduced you to Mitch, Doris? This is Todd's younger brother. You know Todd? The big guy I come in here with sometimes. He's out front, holding down the fort while we get supplies.

Doris - Sure David, this all you need honey? You sure?

David - Yes, yes. (feeling his pants pocket) Oh, sh!t, Mitch! I forgot my wallet

out in the car. I'll be right back in. Back in a minute, Doris!

David runs out of the store and Mitch is left staring at Doris.

It cuts to David sitting in the middle, Todd smoking and no Mitch. David is smiling even more than he had been before entering the store.

Todd - You're an *sshole.

Mitch comes towards the truck and David begins to fidget in excitement. Mitch opens the door and gets in, handing David the tin of Altoids.

Mitch - Doris told me you weren't coming back. I didn't believe her at first, but eventually I figured she had to be right. I didn't have much money, I could only afford the Altoids and two pea pods, she told me you'd want those so she gave me the third for free.

David - Thanks, Mitch (taking the pea pods and handing one to Todd, who immediately chucks the entire thing into his mouth)

Todd - Can we go now, David?

David - Yes, we can go now.

He takes the pea pod apart slowly as the truck moves forward towards the camera and runs into it, suddenly shifting to a shot from behind them as they exit the parking lot and turn to the right.

The screen goes black and it says

For Molly

There have been no cast and crew credits yet and there are none after the title shot comes out

The Scene opens back up on the parking lot of a shitty bar. There are potholes all over the lot and half of it is dirt. There is a broken down neon sign over the parking lot that says Legends. It is underneath this sign that we watch as Todd's truck comes screeching around the corner and to a halt in a front spot of the parking lot.

David – Fuck!

As the door is opened on Mitch's side and the two of them spill out.

David – Why do you always drive like such an asshole, Todd?

Todd – Why do complain so much when I drive your ass all over town, David?

Mitch – Hey David, you still working on that book?

Todd – What, you mean Perpetually Stalled?

David – Fuck you, Todd. Yes, Mitch, I'm still working on that book.

Todd – Yeah, he hasn't made any progress in the last eight months since you were here. This is the only time the goddam title makes any sense.

David – Why do you always bring this up? The title is perfect. It fits my mood exactly.

Todd – Yeah, except for as soon as you start writing again you will no longer be perpetually stalled. Perpetually means indefinitely, man. As in, your stalled and not going anywhere. If you get a book written and published, technically you will have gone somewhere and can no longer make the claim of perpetually stalled. Perpetually stalled may be what you are right now, but as soon as you write about it you move out from beneath it's shadows.

David – Jesus Fucking Christ Todd! You've always got to be so goddam analytical about everything I do. It's a fucking clever title, man.

Todd – It's not a clever anything. It's fucking stupid wrapped up in false pretenses so the arthouse crowd will think it's hip. Don't be like that, man.

David – Jesus Christ, Todd. You lecture me about getting here and then you spend five minutes berating me in the goddam parking lot. Let's go inside and get this done with. Do you think the Latverian is here?

Todd – Well, it's Thursday. That means he's been here for about a day and a half now. Midnight on Tuesday, isn't that his usual hour to shine here.

David – Fuck.

Todd – It's not like you weren't going to see him this weekend anyway.

David – Yeah, I know. I just hoped it could wait until tomorrow. I somehow thought that'd be easier.

Mitch – Do you mean I finally get to meet the Latverian?

David – Don't sound so happy, kid. He's not what he used to be.

Mitch – Still, if half the rumors are true I'll be going home with a story.

David – I could have guaranteed that without the Latverian, but yeah, kid, you'll have a story.

Todd – Let's go. Come on, Mitch.

They enter the bar, and up to the left in a private section is a large round table filled with various people drinking. Todd waves warmly and moves off towards them while Mitch and David hold back.

Mitch – Are you OK, David?

David – Yes, yes. I'm just not ready to see all of them. Why don't you go up, I'll get us a couple of beers.

David waves to the people at the table and Todd points at a MGD. David nods and moves off towards the bar.

David – Two MGD's and two Newcastles, Mik.

Mik – David! I didn't know if we'd see you tonight or not. Here's the MGD's, Mandy's changing the Newcastle tap as we speak, I'll have her bring them up when they're ready.

David – Thanks, Mik. We'll need whiskey soon. Probably quite a bit of it.

Mik – Sure, David. I'll have Mandy bring it up regularly.

David – Thanks, Mik.

David moves back up to the table, handing off the MGD's to Todd and Mitch.

Peter – David! How long has it been!

Daivd – Hey Peter, I don't know. Two years. How long have you been married now?

Peter – Almost five years.

David – Jesus fucking Christ! That long? Christ we're getting old.

Peter – I know. Last week I was talking to Edgar about this kid that plays basketball for the Gophers. I guess he graduated from Apple Valley and I was trying my hardest to remember him. To put a face to the name I was hearing. It took me almost five minutes to realize that the kid was in fucking grade school when we graduated. He was like seven. What the fuck is that?

David – I know, I know. We go to our ten year this summer. I mean, our ten year is this summer. As to whether or not I'm going is an entirely different matter.

Peter – Did you hear about Gifford?

David – No, no. I remember him our freshman year on campus. He always had a bright future. What happened to him?

Peter – He went off to some camp where they study Klingon. He learned the entire language. He worked Trek conventions for the next few years until he became the worlds most renowned expert on Klingon. Who even knew there was such a fucking thing!

David – Ha!

Peter – Well, he ended up back at the camp that taught him everything he knew. He started teaching there. Doubled there students in under two years. The camp now boasts an annual attendance of just over one hundred people. That's ten times the number that went there when he first learned Klingon. He's making over 50 grand a year teaching a fake language.

David – At least he proved that he was the smartest student Apple Valley ever produced. A generation of customer fucking service managed to produce a kid who could swindle over one hundred people a hear out of five grand.

Peter – No fucking shit.

Edgar – What the fuck are you guys talking about?

Peter – Edgar. I was talking about Scott Gifford. Do you remember him?

Edgar – I heard he was running that Klingon camp out in Wisconsin. I heard he makes over 50 grand a year.

David – My life is filled with the same shit over and over again.

Peter – What's that, David?

David – Nothing, nothing. I think I see Mandy coming with my beer. I'll catch up with you guys later, OK?

David moves over to the table, taking a spot at the head of the table. The man sitting to his left sneers at him, takes a shot and flips the cup upside down in between himself and David. The table all nods at David, some handshakes are given and smiles exchanged, light pleasantries for a moment.

Mandy – Here's your beer, David. Do you need some whiskey?

Mandy sets the beer down in front of David and another in front of the empty spot to his right. David looks around the table and there are some hands raised.

David – Six of them. Thanks, Mandy. Here, everything goes on this tonight.

He hands her a credit card. She takes it and winks at him, rubbing the side of his face lightly.

Mandy – Six shots coming up. Jack?

David smiles slightly at her and looks back down at his beer.

Larson – What the fuck, David? How you been?

David – Hey, Larson. Long time, man. How's Omaha treating you?

Todd and Mitch move up.

Todd – Hey, Larson. This is my brother, Mitch. Mitch, this is Larson. He's fucking crazy, or at least he was until he went into the air force and married my best friend.

Larson – Hey, Mitch. Finally twenty-one, eh? Man, we're getting fucking old, aren't we?

Mitch – Hey, Larson. You still got the spider-man collection?

Larson – Nah. Had to sell it about a year back. I got upwards of seven grand for it. It came down to either losing our house or selling of my Peter Parker's. I guess the Peter Parker's wouldn't have mattered that much without a fucking house to keep them in, eh?

David – Why didn't you tell me you were going to sell them off. You know I would have bought them from you.

Larson – Yeah, only to sell them back to me when I could afford them again. I knew I could never afford them again, so I knew I needed to get rid of them. You're too generous for your won good, David.

David – Still, how long did you spend collecting those?

Larson – Over eight years. It was worth it, though. I got to the end. I got to where I wanted. The whole joy of the thing kind of escaped me after that. I was done with it all. I had what I sought, and I no longer needed it to prove that I'd taken the journey.

David – At least the death of Gwen Stacy, though. You know I would have never given that back.

Larson – Some things you just have to find on your own, David.

Mandy approaches and sets seven shots of whiskey down on the table, one in front of the empty spot to David's right.

Mandy – shots are up, boys.

Six hands reach out and pull the shots together in a salut over the center of the table.

Everyone – For Gwen!

David – For Gwen.

The shots quickly disappear and are slammed down upside down on the table. Some music starts as the lights in the bar dim, warning that the evening and real drinking is upon us. A girl walks into the bar and stops just inside the door, staring up towards the table.

Stigman – Shit. I didn't think Rebecca would come. I better go tell Marcus.

David – Marcus knows she’s here. She’s his goddam sister, after all. Don’t bother him, I’ll go get her.

David punches Larson, who had been sitting in the chair next to the empty chair next to him.

David – Make some room, you big lug.

David goes down to meet Rebecca as Larson shifts to his right, moving the whole table around. The Latvian looks up at her and smiles slightly, which she returns, and then goes back to talking to the man to his left. David approaches the girl and hugs her deeply, picking her up slightly off the ground.

David - Of course Marcus didn’t tell us you’d be here. If he did I might have worn something a little nicer.

Rebecca – David. You look wonderful. You know that you do in whatever you wear. It’s one of those things about you that just is. And I told Marcus I wouldn’t be coming. He knew I still would, but just to be safe he kept it to himself. You know Marcus, always with the caution.

David – He’s downstairs playing darts with Smitty. Do you want me to go get him?

Rebecca – Be a dear and let him know I’m here. I’ll go get a beer and wait for him to come say hello.

David – I should probably tell him I’m here as well.

Rebecca – Oh David.

She reaches out and touches his face, smiles slightly, and turns moving up towards the table.

David – Rebecca.

She turns to look back at him.

David – You look wonderful, by the way.

Rebecca smiles and looks down at her feet. She moves her eyes back up

Rebecca – Go tell Marcus I'm here, but don't tell him he has to come up on my account. Why don't you say hello first.

A dart hits the bullseye, next to another dart that is already dead center in the dartboard.

Finny – Fuck, Marcus. How did you get so good at darts, man?

Marcus – It's called my sophomore and junior year of college.

Finny – Fuck, man.

David walks into the room.

David – How many beers do you own him now, Finny?

Finny – David! Shit! Only three. It was six half an hour ago, but he drinks fast.

Finny laughs loudly and hugs David deeply, whispering something into his ear. After a moment they break the embrace and David turns to Marcus, extending his hand.

Marcus – David. It's been awhile.

He smiles and shakes David's hand quickly, stepping forward and pulling him into a hug.

Marcus – My sister is in town.

David – She's upstairs. She asked me to come get you. She told me I needed to say hello to you first.

Marcus – She's always right. I don't know how she does that, but she's always right. It's nice to see you, David.

David – It's nice to see you, Marcus.

Marcus – Game of darts for a beer?

David – How many have you lost?

Marcus – Two.

David – How many have you won?

Marcus – Twelve.

David – Shit. I shouldn't have a hard time at all making that Thirteen.

Marcus – And here I thought you'd go for three.

David – It's your sister that's always right, Marcus, not me.

Marcus – Let's make it for a shot of Rumpilmintz, then?

David – What are we, twenty-one again? You always did drink shit, Marcus. Mitch is upstairs, he can take a shot with you if I lose. How about that?

Marcus – Mitchy's here? Shit, I guess that means Todd is going to have to introduce me when I get up there. That guy's so fucking weird.

David – He's been introducing Mitch around the table since we got here. I guess it's nice for the kid, none of us were there for him when he turned twenty-one. I'm sure he has his own friends, but we still shouldn't have missed it.

Marcus – He's a good kid. Better than any of us.

Marcus throws a dart into the dart board, dead center.

It cuts to them returning up the stairs David had gone down to see Marcus, with the entrance to the place to their left. Soundtrack walks in and up to the bar, you see him conversing with Mik for a minute and handing him a CD over the bar. The music immediately cuts out and switches to a Tom Petty song, American Girls. Soundtrack smiles at Mik, takes a beer that has been set upon the table and moves towards the table in back.

Everyone – Soundtrack!

Todd – How the fuck you been, man! Have you met my brother, Mitch?

With that we see Todd grab Soundtrack and head over towards Mitch, while behind him Marcus and Rebecca have begun hugging.

Rebecca – Hey Little Brother. How have you been?

Marcus – I'm two years older than you, Rebecca. And I left you at home two hours ago.

Rebecca – That doesn't mean you can't tell me you are doing, now does it?

Marcus – No. No, I guess it doesn't. I'm doing alright. Won two beers off David downstairs.

David – One and a half, we didn't finish that last game.

Marcus – I had one bullseye left, how is that a loss?

David – The game wasn't over, Marcus. I call that a tie, not a loss. I'm *giving* you the half beer because I saw that you had a significant advantage over me.

Marcus – I was up by a hundred and thirty three points!

David – A hundred and thirty three points that were still up for grabs. Call it a half a beer and don't mark it in the loss column. I think you can count yourself lucky with that.

Todd – Rebecca! Have you met Mitch? He's twenty-one, three weeks into it!

Rebecca hugs Mitch.

Rebecca – Hello, Mitch. I can't believe you're finally twenty-one. I remember when you still couldn't even drive. The look on your face the first time you saw us smoke. The feel of my face the first time you asked me for a smoke. Can I buy you a beer?

Mitch – Legally, even. Let's go up to the bar, howabout I get you a beer, Haven't had the chance to buy a lady a drink yet.

Rebecca – I'd be honored, young sir.

Rebecca and Mitch move off towards the bar, to the catcalls of many around the table.

Marcus – Your brother's a good kid, Todd. He shouldn't be hanging out with a bunch of dried up hacks like us. Speaking of dried up hacks, how's the book coming, David?

David – Good, good. Still on the introduction.

Marcus – How can you write an introduction to a book you haven't even written yet? It doesn't make any sense.

David – I figure if I can get the point down, the rest of it should just come out. It's all up there, I just need the motivation.

Marcus – You still calling it Perpetually Stalled?

David – Yeah.

Marcus – I still think it's fucking hilarious that the only thing you have finished on the book will cease to make any sense once you get the rest of it out.

Todd laughs heartily and takes a long swig of beer.

David – You're starting to sound like fucking Todd.

Marcus – Hey, hey. No need to go getting cruel or nothing. Here's Mandy, how about that beer now?

David – What do you want? High Life?

Marcus – Fuck that shit. I'll take a Premium.

Todd – Fuck yeah!

Todd gives Marcus a high five and finishes off the beer he is holding and points at it to Mandy.

Mandy – Why don't I just bring another round, boys?

David – And some whiskey, all around. Can I pull Mik away from you for a minute?

Mandy – OK, David. I'll send him up, I'll get to your whiskey as soon as I can.

David – Thanks, Mandy.

He smiles and she touches his cheek lightly, grabbing some empties and heading back down to the bar. You can see over David's shoulder as she leans over and says something to Mik, nodding her head back up towards the table. Around the

table there are various conversations going on among the group of friends. David moves up from the table and halfway to meet Mik.

Mik – What can I do for you, David?

David – Did you get everything set up, Mik? Everything we need?

Mik – Yeah, David. But Shelley wouldn't let us do it here. She's got some big party coming from out of town tomorrow. She never much liked you guys, anyway.

David – yeah, well, Shelley can go fuck herself. So what's the story then?

Mik – I got you Manning's. Trish owed me a favor. And Shelley may have been able to turn you guys down, but she couldn't very well keep me from coming.

David smiles and grabs Miks elbow.

David – Thanks, Mik. You've always taken care of us. Did you get a DJ?

Mik – Even better, a fucking band. Casual Spain. Shitty local band.

David – Yeah, I've heard of them. I also heard they suck.

Mik – They do at that. But they know how to play their instruments, and they know how to play quite a number of songs as well. They've got a karaoke list for you kids to try out. How does that sound?

David – Shit, Mik. That's fucking perfect. You always knew how to throw a better party than us.

Mik – yeah, I've had twenty years in the bars on you guys. I know what the kids like. I've got the whole place rented out so it's just us. How does that sound?

David – That's perfect, but open the doors up. There's only about thirty of us, not close than enough to fill Mannings. Even if we pick up some more tomorrow afternoon we won't come close to filling it. I can't spend the night with only people I know. I need strangers to get lost in. Open the doors, use the cover money to help pay for drinks for the guys. I don't want any of them paying all weekend. Them being here is more than enough.

Mik – Whatever you say, David. I'll get it taken care of.

David – Thanks, Mik. I don't think I can say that enough.

Mik – Daivd, are you

David – Not now, Mik. Not now. Thanks, man.

Daivd moves back up to the table and we follow Mik back down to the bar, as he passes Mitch and Rebecca.

Mik – Mandy, give Trish a call, tell her there's been a slight change.

Mandy – I'm pouring fucking brandy here, Mik. And the phone's right next to you.

Mik – How'd you get to be so wise, Mandy?

We pan back to Mitch and Rebecca, she is laughing.

Mitch – And then Todd hit a fucking pot hole and David spit the pea pod up on to his dash. He gets so fucking pissed about that piece of shit truck of his. And David couldn't stop laughing, his eyes were watering and he could barely hold himself up. Which just made Todd more angry. His face got all red and that vein starting popping out in the middle of his forehead.

Rebecca – (snorting laughter) Your brother has always taken such good care of David. I don't know how he's managed all these years.

Mitch – He's managed because he felt no one else would.

Rebecca – David feels that no one else should, otherwise any of us would have.

Mitch – Todd know's that. That's why he does it.

Rebecca – I know. We all know. We just wonder, that's all.

Mitch – You're not alone with that. So how has it been?

Rebecca – What?

Mitch – New York, I guess. All of it. Even this.

Rebecca – This I don't want to talk about, Mitch. But New York was wonderful. You can't believe how lost you get in a city that full. How many people don't

notice you if you don't spend the time to notice them. I was afraid when David's mother came out three years ago. Afraid we wouldn't handle it very well. But she was perfect.

Mitch – You wouldn't expect that from the way David talks about her. The way David despises her.

Rebecca – David doesn't despise her. Anything but. He just can't stand to be around her. She reminds him to much of his youth.

Mitch – So does the Latverian, but David still meets him every Tuesday for a drink. How long has it been since he called his mother?

Rebecca – That's different. David knows his mother knows how he feels. He doesn't know if the Latverian knows, so he makes sure.

Mitch – Todd has always said that David hated his mother. I guess I never thought of it that way before. But I can see it now.

Rebecca – Your brother is an amazing man, but he can be as dense as a rock sometimes. Even more so than David.

Mitch – Yeah, I have a hard time remembering that sometimes. He is my brother.

Rebecca – We all have our little idiosinchrasies, Mitch. Even Todd. Even Molly. Especially Molly.

Mitch – Rebecca...

Rebecca – We better get back to the table, Mitch. Thank you for the beer. You are, as always, a true gentlemen. But we don't want those more unsavory characters up there to suspect anything. Escort a lady back to her chair?

Mitch – It would be my honor.

Mitch and Rebecca move back up towards the table. To wear Mandy has delivered another round of shots. David and Todd pick one up each, and David snags another and hands it to Soundtrack.

Soundtrack (taking his sweatshirt off and revealing a Vertical Horizon T-Shirt) – Thanks, David.

David – Where the fuck did you get that, Soundtrack?

Soundtrack – the Whiskey? You just handed it to me David.

Todd – The goddam Vertical Horizon t-shirt, Soundtrack. Since when did you become a top 40 connoisseur, let alone a top 40 from ten years ago?

Soundtrack – My brother sent me their album. I found this at the thrift store last week. They are fucking awesome.

Todd – *I'm a God, and you are not!*

David (snorting laughter) – what the fuck, Soundtrack. You're full of shit. This is all part of some elaborate joke, isn't it.

Soundtrack – What joke, David? You know I don't mess around with music. Music is my lifeblood. My essence.

Todd – Vertical Horizon is anything but music. They're what I scrape off the bottom of my feet when I walk through your father's farm.

Soundtrack – They are nowhere near horse manure, Todd. And my father keeps his land clean.

David – You can't really be telling me that you find Vertical Horizon to meet your musical needs, can you? Come on, Soundtrack. Don't give me this shit.

Soundtrack – I can't make the blind see, David. Especially not this blind fuck over here, Who listens to Prog Rock? Phil Collins eats shit and coughs it up and calls it an album? I blow better music out of my nose every morning.

David – Shut up and take the damn shot, Soundtrack.

The three of them clink the glasses, all laughing, and throw the shots down on the table, the camera panning in on the overturned glasses. It pans back out and there are numerous more shot glasses piled about the table, but there is still a full beer and shot in the empty spot next to a noticeably much drunker David.

David – I think we've had enough for tonight. Mitchy!

Mitch – Yeah, David. What can I get you?

David – your brother and a bed.

Mitch – Let’s go David. Let’s go everyone.

Mitch moves about making sure everyone has their belongings. People begin filing out of the bar and there are a number of cabs waiting out front as people start piling into them.

Soundtrack – Where are we staying?

David – You’re with us, Soundtrack. Everyone’s at the hotel across the street from my place. You can have my bed, I’ve got the couch tonight.

Soundtrack – No man, I’ll take the couch. I don’t want to impose.

Todd – David hasn’t slept in his bed in over a year. The couch is his home, man. Don’t worry about it. What the fuck am I going to do with my truck?

Mik walks out and up to the group.

Mik – Give me the keys to your truck, Todd. I’ll drive it to “wherever” tomorrow. Mandy can bring me home.

David – I’m driving the Lincoln tomorrow, anyway. You can part with your truck for the night Todd.

Todd looks worried, eyeing his truck longingly.

Todd – Alright, David. I’ll trust you this time. But Mik, I don’t want to see a scratch on my goddam truck tomorrow.

Mik – To go with the dents? Don’t fucking worry, Todd. I’ll take care of her for you.

David – Mik takes care of everything. Don’t fucking worry so much.

Mik – Just get some sleep. You’ve all got a big day tomorrow.

David – Mik. (there is a long pause) thanks. I mean it, thanks.

Mik – It’s not for you, schmuck, but you’re welcome.

The two hug and David, Todd, Soundtrack and Mitch get into a cab.

It is the next morning. Beer bottles litter the coffee table in front of a sleeping David. Mitch is brewing coffee in the background, trying to make as little noise as possible.

David – Jesus Christ, Mitch. You don't have to be quiet. That coffee could wake the dead.

Mitch looks uncomfortable as David pauses, then moves on.

David – But it smells great. Pour me a cup with some Baileys in it.

Mitch – Should we get started this early?

David – If I don't I'll be shit for the day. At least more shit than I already will be.

Mitch – Then I don't see why we shouldn't all have a shot.

Todd – No fucking shit. Poor me one too, little brother. (Todd walks out in a bathrobe scratching the cobwebs out of his brain, picking his nose).

Soundtrack reaches out from some blankets on the floor and pushes play on a cd player. A song starts playing.

Soundtrack – You guys sure make a fucking lot of noise. How is someone supposed to sleep through all of this.

David lights a cigarette and puts a match in an already full ashtray on the coffee table, one of four sitting on the table. Todd reaches out his hand and David hands him the lit smoke and immediately takes out two more, lighting them and handing one to soundtrack.

Soundtrack – thanks, man.

Mitch – How can you guys smoke so much?

David – I always said I'd never smoke. That I'd never become like my parents, a pack and a half a day when I was a kid. I remember this one time, I offered to give up comic books if they'd give up smoking. Funny thing is that I eventually gave up comic books anyway, yet here I am smoking.

Mitch – you used to collect too?

David – It was my father that made the fake papers that made the Latverian the Latverian,

Mitch – Really? What’s the story with that guy?

Todd – David, Molly, Rebecca and Marcus grew up with him. The kids was obsessed with Dr. Doom. Fucking hated the Fantastic Four, but loved Doom. Go figure.

Soundtrack – Crazy motherfucker sent into the Latverian embassy asking for citizenship when he was like five or something.

David – He was seven. His mother had just left and his dad was drunk most of the time. He spent more time on my floor than he did in his own bed. Crazy motherfucker just wanted out, so my dad helped. I’ve never seen him smile bigger than when he got that package with all his official papers. Never realized it was addressed to our house, but he’d sent in the papers from his own place.

Mitch – Where is Latveria, anyway?

Todd – Fucking nowhere. It doesn’t exist, outside of the Fantastic Four. But then neither did the Latverian until that day.

Mitch – So what’s his real name?

Soundtrack – I don’t think any of us know, other than the siblings.

David – It’s Donald. The Latverian’s real name is Donald. But don’t go trying to call him that, more trouble than it’s worth. Rebecca is the only one who can call him that, well her and Molly, but you wouldn’t see either of them using that name around anyone else.

Mitch – So can I ask a question?

David – Go ahead, today’s about the only day you can ask the question I think you’re going to.

Mitch – What was she like? Molly, I mean.

Todd – Shit. Little brother, just because he said you could ask doesn’t mean you should have.

David – It’s alright, Todd. What was she like?

Soundtrack – Like the fucking rain on a sunny day.

David – She was better than all of us, Mitch. She was always beyond any of us, but she never let us know it.

Todd – She was the most beautiful person I ever knew. But that was a long time ago. Shit, I'm sorry, David.

David – It's alright Todd. It's alright. She was the most beautiful person any of us knew, before.

Mitch – Before what?

David – We should get ready, Mother will be angry if we're late.

Todd – Come on, Mitch. Let's get dressed.

Todd grabs his brother as he tries to apologize to David, carting him off into the back room.

Soundtrack – What are you going to be, man?

David – G. Gordon Liddy. Who am I ever?

Soundtrack – Thought so. I'm gonna be E. Howard Hunt. That cool with you?

David – As long as it's cool with you that no one will know who we are. No one ever does.

Soundtrack – Cool. Good thing I planned ahead, toss me my backpack.

David – Soundtrack, you're gonna need to go easy on the music. Just for today, OK?

Soundtrack – Why do you think I'm getting in what I need now. I can shut it down for a day, man. I can do anything, for a day.

David – I knew you could. Come on, I'll take the shitter and you can get dressed in my room. We gotta get going.

It cuts to David straightening his tie in the mirror. He is alone in the bathroom and leans down towards the mirror, looking closely at his reflection.

David – You can do this. Get through the day. Don't forget, just remember.

Todd walks in with shaving cream on his face, dressed like curly of the three stooges.

Todd – Shit, man. Mitch broke my fucking razor. Can I use one of yours?

David - How the fuck can you just be Curly, man?

Todd – Larson and Peter are Moe and Larry. Don't worry, I got it all worked out.

David – Did I say I doubted you?

Todd – It sure fucking sounded like you did, man.

David – And yet you always prove me wrong. Does this tie look straight?

David holds up a picture of G. Gordon Liddy for Todd to inspect.

Todd – Fucking spectacular, man. Fucking spectacular.

The four of them walk out into the parking lot. The rest of the friends from the evening before are sitting around smoking, drinking from a bottle of Jack Daniels.

Peter – Look at these studs, out on the town.

David – You don't look anything like fucking Larry, you jackass.

Peter – I'm Moe. Scmuck.

David – Give me some of that.

David takes a quick swig of the Jack and looks around at the group assembled before him, studying the outfits.

David – You boys ready. We've got a day ahead of us. A day to shine.

Todd – David, we better get to your mother. We were due ten minutes ago.

Mitch – You want me to drive, man?

David – yeah, you better. (he tosses the bottle back to Peter). Everyone better have a fucking sober cab.

Peter points over his shoulder and there is a slew of cabs up by the entrance to the apartment complex.

Peter – The best kind, the ones who don't care if you have a drink in the backseat. (he raises the Jack) To David!

Everyone raises their hands as if they had a drink in it, saluting David.

David – cut that shit out. Let's get going, boys. Where's Marcus and Rebecca?

Rebecca walks out from behind the crowd, dressed as a flapper. She looks stunning.

Rebecca – Good Morning, David. Don't you look nice.

David – Only the best. You in with us?

Rebecca – I think I'll catch up with Peter. Take Marcus, won't you?

David – Alright, let's get rolling kids. I'll see you there, we have to get my Mother first. Soundtrack, you're with Peter and Rebecca. Marcus, let's get a fucking move on.

Marcus emerges from the crowd dressed as the Riddler. He kisses his sister on the cheek, pats Soundtrack on the arm

Marcus – You take care of her now.

Marcus walks over to the Lincoln, which Mitch has pulled up.

Mitch – David, why the fuck do you have a picture of N'SYNC on the driver's door?

David – Some questions are better left unanswered, Mitch. Let's get a move on.

They all hop into the Lincoln, Todd in front with his brother and Marcus and David in the backseat. The Lincoln drives out of the parking lot with everyone else getting into cabs.

In the Lincoln David hands a CD up to Todd.

David – A gift from Soundtrack. He said we'd like it. Promised me no fucking prog rock.

Todd – Fuck you.

Todd slips the CD into the player and Foo Fighters walking out on you starts playing.

David – You see, Todd. No fucking keyboards. The sign of a true musician.

Todd – Pull over her, Mitch. David, get your damn mother some flowers so she won't be so angry that we're late.

David – First of all, she already knew we'd be late. She told us to be there half an hour early just to combat my nature. And second of all, well, second of all that's a good idea. But you get them Marcus, she always liked you.

Marcus – Is it still daisies?

David – I couldn't guess why it wouldn't be. Pull up here, Mitchy. We'll only be a minute.

Marcus – Now you're coming with me?

David – I wouldn't trust you to pick out pansies from Daisies on a good day.

Marcus – Fuck you, Mr. I can't get my own mother flowers.

David – Shut the fuck up and get out of the car.

David and Marcus go into the store and Todd and Mitch are left alone.

Mitch – So what was she like?

Todd – You, man. She was like you. Why do you think I asked you to come today? That and everyone loves you.

Mitch – Why do you always introduce me if everyone loves me so much?

Todd – because I'm your brother. Because it's what I do. Because you're special, Mitch. Because I love you.

Mitch – Ahhh.

Todd – Don't fucking ruin the moment. And don't ask anyone else what she was like. I already answered that question. And if you're still wondering look at everyone's face. You'll see her.

Mitch – I wish I could have met her.

Todd – So do I, little brother. So do I. Look, today's not going to be good for anyone, but it's really not going to be good for Rebecca. Watch her for me, would you? David will try, but he won't be able to. Do what you can.

Mitch – She's beautiful. But you can see that she doesn't know it.

Todd – She spent too long somewhere else. She spent too much time on the only thing worth anything to her, and it's not fair that she's alone here today.

Mitch – What's going to happen to her?

Todd – She's going to survive. That's what she's built to do. That's who she is. She just doesn't know she needs us to help her along. She's spent so much time doing it herself that she doesn't know how to ask for help anymore. Just be there for her, OK?

Mitch – What about you?

Todd keeps looking out the window until David and Marcus come back out, with Pansies.

David – These are the fucking flowers, you asshole. So I thought they were Daisies. What the fuck do I know about goddam flowers.

Marcus gets into the backseat.

Marcus – motherfucker doesn't know the difference between Pansies and Daisies, but he thinks I need the goddam help.

David – Fuck you, Marcus. Just drive Mitchy. We're going to be late for our actual pick-up time. Crank it out.

The Lincoln jumps forward and out into traffic.

It cuts to an attractive older woman standing on a curb in front of the Marriott smoking a cigarette. She takes a swig from a flask and puts it back in her purse,

looks down at her watch. The Lincoln pulls up in front of her and everyone gets out.

Mother – about fucking time, David.

David – Hello, Mother.

Todd – Mrs. Cross.

Mother – It's Miss Cross, Todd. My husbands been dead over ten years now. I think I can handle being a single old widow in title as well as truth by now.

Todd – Sorry, Miss Cross.

Mother – Don't listen to an old hag half in the bag, give me a hug you big lug.

Todd hugs Mother and Marcus comes around the car with the flowers.

Mother – Marcus, honey! Would you look at you, all grown up. And with flowers to boot.

Marcus – Miss Cross. It's nice to see you again.

He kisses her on the cheek and hands her the Pansies. Todd pats Mitch on the shoulder.

Todd – Miss Cross, this is my little brother...

Mother – I know Mitch, Todd. I met him several years ago when he could barely drive. Now look at him, all grown up just like you boys. Well, hopefully not just like you boys.

David – Mother, we should be going.

Mother – Don't you have a hug for you're old lady. Or have the years apart made you forget your manners?

David hugs his mother lightly and not very lovingly.

Mother – Did you get everything taken care of? I was worried you wouldn't be able to.

David – It's alright Mother. Don't worry about it.

Mother – What’s this fake mustache? Can’t you boys act normally for one day? Do you have to dress up for this?

David – It’s Halloween, Mother. It was my idea. Blame me.

Mother – I know, I know. I just hoped for something normal.

David – Since when?

Mother – Oh, I don’t know. Let’s just go, shall we?

Todd holds the front door for Mother and she steps in, grabbing his wrist and looking up appreciatively. Todd moves to the backseat with David and Marcus. Marcus returns his Riddler top hat to his head.

Mitch – Where to, Miss Cross?

Mother – you boys are having a bad influence on this fine young man.

It cuts to a church. There are hushed people milling about out front, looking sad and shaking hands solemnly. It cuts to inside the church where people are moving through the doors and taking seats. It focuses in on the placard, which reads:

Molly Cross

1977-2003

She will be remembered

It goes back to the door and Miss Cross walks in with a pastor, he is holding her arms and seats her to the left. Then the doors open and David walks in with his friends behind him. They stick out as they are in Halloween costumes and no one else is. They move to the right side and sit, while David moves over to his mother and kisses her on the cheek, then returns to the right side with his friends.

The music begins and people have all taken their seats. The pastor walks up to the podium and begins the funeral process.

Pastor: We are here today to mourn the loss of one of our sisters. She was a special girl. A bright light in a world of darkness. Her name was Molly, and as well as we knew her, we wished we knew her better.

Over the scene music plays as some funeral type stuff goes on. The pastor once again moves to the front.

Pastor: Her brother, David, would now like to say a few words.

David moves forward. Some of his friends hold up lighters.

David: Molly was...

David looks down at his prepared speech. He looks at his mother. He looks back down at his prepared speech. His mother sighs, then smiles.

David: Molly was...

David's mother smiles at him and nods. David smiles lightly and begins again.

David: Molly was yesterday. Molly was tomorrow. Molly was what got me up in the morning, and what helped me fall asleep at night. Molly was beautiful.