

BASTARDS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD (NORTHERN CALIFORNIA) -- DAY

It's 1987 at a private elementary school, and we meet PETER REYNOLDS when he's 11. He's a normal-looking kid...but, for some reason, doesn't seem to have any friends.

He's sitting alone at a picnic table, ostensibly reading... but mainly watching everyone else have fun.

And there's one kid he's particularly envious of. A CHARISMATIC BOY HOLDING COURT FROM ATOP THE JUNGLE GYM.

CHARISMATIC BOY

I'm telling you guys -- Principal Watts and Lunch Lady Janice are *definitely* fucking.

ALL THE KIDS LAUGH.

CHARISMATIC BOY (CONT'D)

*Nobody eats that much meatloaf!*  
You go up for seconds? Okay. You go up for thirds? Fine, I'm still with you. Maybe you skipped breakfast. But you go up for 4 servings of meatloaf? That shit's definitely coming with a side of poontang.

ANGLE ON PETER shaking his head and returning to his book.

He's interrupted, however, by AN AFFABLE MALE TEACHER.

AFFABLE MALE TEACHER

Hey there, Peter.

PETER

(unenthusiastically)

Hey Mr. Henning.

(then, concerned)

We aren't having a quiz today, are we?

But Mr. Henning isn't listening. He's also watching KYLE... clearly the king of the playground.

MR. HENNING

Boy, sometimes it just blows my mind that you two are twins.

(beat)

I mean, I'm a science teacher, of course...so I "get it". Genetics and whatnot. But still. Someone should study you guys.

Peter glares at the educator, but he doesn't notice.

THE END OF RECESS

As the kids all head toward the school, we find KYLE WALKING WITH AN ARM AROUND PETER'S NECK. It's an affectionate embrace...but it still feels like a headlock to Peter.

KYLE

Yo Pete, get a load of these schmendricks.

Evidently, FOUR OF KYLE'S BUDDIES are in the middle of the perennial schoolboy debate - "Whose Dad is Toughest?"

BUDDY #1

Yeah, well...my dad is so strong, I saw him lift a car once.

BUDDY #2

Yeah whatever, Ronnie. A Yugo maybe.

BUDDY #1

No, seriously -- a full-size sedan. American.

Another buddy attempts to one-up this.

BUDDY #3

That's nothing. One time, my dad beat up *three* cops. Yeah, they were givin' him shit 'cuz he's half-Mexican and my dad was like --  
(RE-ENACTS HIS FATHER'S AWESOME MOVES)

BUDDY #4

Jimmy, your dad's like 4-foot-6. There's no way he beat up 3 cops. I don't care how half-Mexican he is.

Kyle laughs and finally speaks up for the Reynolds family.

KYLE

Alright, look, I'm not gonna lie. Your dads all seem pretty bad ass.

(beat)

But if our old man hadn't died from colon cancer before we were born... he'd have kicked all their asses. Right, Pete?

PETER

(a little too serious)

Yeah.

KYLE

And then he'd have probably fucked  
your mothers.

(beat)

Sorry fellas -- that's just how  
attractive he was.

Kyle's buddies, however, aren't easily swayed.

BUDDY #1

No offense, dude...but "colon cancer"?  
There's no way that would have killed  
my dad.

BUDDY #2

Yeah, my dad would've been like,  
"Fuck off, colon cancer."

BUDDY #4

Please, colon cancer would be like a  
cold to my father. He probably  
wouldn't even take Tylenol for it.

Unlike Peter (who's clearly taking offense), Kyle just makes  
the "jerking off" hand gesture. However, when Jimmy adds...

JIMMY/BUDDY #3

Plus, I heard only *fags* get colon cancer.

...it's clear to everyone he went too far. Even Kyle, the  
most easygoing kid alive, has to note...

KYLE

How can I not hit you? Seriously.

Peter saves him the trouble, though -- CHARGING JIMMY AND  
TACKLING HIM TO THE GROUND. And his brother loves it!

KYLE

Take it to him, Pete! You're doing  
great, buddy! Fists of fury!

(but as the fight continues)

Okay, you're kind of losing now...

(with Jimmy now on top of him)

Yeah, the tide has definitely turned,  
Pete. Just let me know if you want  
me to jump in and help.

(with Jimmy landing punch after punch)  
You're really getting pounded now,

Pete. I think I better jump in.  
Just for safety's sake.

And from Kyle entering the fray, we --

CUT TO:

THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

...where a bloodied & bruised Peter and an unscathed Kyle are sitting beside THEIR EXTREMELY DISAPPOINTED, CONSERVATIVELY-DRESSED MOTHER (MRS. REYNOLDS). She can hardly look at them.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
You boys know how the Lord feels  
about fighting.

With Kyle distracted, flirting with the Principal's secretary thru the window, Peter gripes...

PETER  
Yeah, we know how he feels about  
everything.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
Well, then tell me, smart guy. Tell  
Principal Watts.

PETER  
He hates it.

Kyle chuckles and adds...

KYLE  
He seems to hate everything we like,  
sir. It's uncanny.

But Principal Watts isn't amused.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
I'm just glad your father isn't alive  
to see this.

KYLE  
Wow, seriously? You'd rather he be  
dead than see us in the Principal's  
office? That seems pretty harsh, Ma.  
I'm kind of shocked, actually.

PETER  
(annoyed)  
She didn't mean it like that.

KYLE  
No? It sounded like she did.  
(to Principal Watts)  
What do you think, sir? Break the tie.  
(then, noticing a tray of food)  
Dude, are you seriously eating more  
meatloaf?! You dog, you! Pete, you  
believe this guy?

Peter just shakes his head.

INT. CAR (DRIVING) -- DAY

With their mother driving and Kyle riding shotgun...we find PETER IN THE BACKSEAT, STARING AT AN OLD PHOTO OF THEIR PARENTS (back when they were in their early-20s).

You'd be hard-pressed to find a more normal-looking couple. Probably the only noteworthy thing about their father is a long, skinny birthmark on one side of his face.

PETER

Ma, would you tell us about Dad again?

KYLE

(amused)

Dude, she's told us about him a million times. Give her a break. Mom's had a rough day.

But Peter can't let it go.

PETER

Please, Ma.

MRS. REYNOLDS

You're being punished, Peter.

PETER

But it'll help set me on the right path.

(beat)

Jesus would want you to.

Against her better judgment, she appeases him.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Your father was the sweetest, most wonderful man I'd ever met.

PETER

Start earlier! Start with his childhood!

After a beat...

MRS. REYNOLDS

Well...as you know, he grew up in a small village in the South of England...

PETER

So small, it doesn't even exist anymore, right? It got combined with the village next to it.

MRS. REYNOLDS

That's right. He didn't have the easiest childhood, either. Didn't have all the luxuries you and Kyle take for granted.

PETER

Because he was an orphan.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Yes, unfortunately, your father never knew his parents. Or any family, for that matter. He was raised by nuns who gave him the last name Reynolds...

PETER

(loving the history)

On account of the aluminum foil they found him wrapped in!

Kyle chuckles -- amused at how happy this makes his brother.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, skip forward to when you guys met!

MRS. REYNOLDS

(thinking back)

Well...I had just graduated from college. And your father had come to America to work for a bicycle manufacturer.

PETER

(confused)

Wait--I thought it was a *distributor*. You said the bikes were made back in England.

MRS. REYNOLDS

I did?

PETER

Yeah.

Beat. She's clearly in a spot until she "remembers" --

MRS. REYNOLDS

You know what? The distributor and the manufacturer were owned by the same company. So, *technically*, he worked for both.

(beat)

That's why I got confused.

Peter nods, buying it.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Anyhow, we met in church group, praising  
Jesus...and the rest is history.

Peter smiles, comforted by the story. But then he grows sad.

PETER

I wish I could have met him. Wish he  
didn't get colon cancer from eating  
too much junk food.

MRS. REYNOLDS

I do too, honey. But just know that he's  
watching down on you both from Heaven.  
And that he loves you very much.

Peter gazes at the photo and vows...

PETER

I'm gonna make you proud, Dad.

KYLE

(being supportive)

Hey, make me proud too, Pete. Do it  
for the both of us.

And it's from Peter still staring at the photo that we --

CUT TO:

THE PRESENT -- 25 YEARS LATER

...where we find A 36-YR-OLD PETER GAZING DIRECTLY INTO A  
GROWN MAN'S ASSHOLE.

PATIENT #1

So how does it look back there, Doc?  
Can you see my colon?

PETER

(still examining)

We won't be able to see your colon  
until the colonoscopy, Mr. Jensen.  
I just wanted to take a preliminary  
look at your anus.

PATIENT #1

Yeah, I bet you did.

(then)

Hey Doc, next time buy me dinner first!

Peter concludes his inspection and feigns amusement.

PETER

That's a good one, sir.

INT. PETER'S OFFICE -- DAY

Peter is now at his desk, with A DIFFERENT MALE PATIENT sitting across from him. Peter is reviewing the man's tests.

PETER

Well, good news, Mr. Grunwald. Your tests came back negative.

PATIENT #2

No cancer?

PETER

Nope. You've got the colon of an 18-yr-old.

PATIENT #2

I'd rather have his dick...but we get what we get, right?

Peter nods, understanding this all too well. The patient then spots A PHOTO OF A 7-YR-OLD BOY ON THE DESK.

PATIENT #2

Hey, cute kid.

Peter looks at the photo. Grows melancholy.

PETER

Yeah. He sure was.

PATIENT #2

(fearing the worst)

Oh my god. Did he--

PETER

Oh--no. No. He's alive. He's just gotten older and decided he doesn't like his old man anymore. Not quite as cute.

(losing himself in the photo)

Last month he called me a "professional butt-pirate".

The patient tries to be upbeat for him.

PATIENT #2

Hey, you know kids. They go through phases.

PETER

This one's lasted 5 years...but I appreciate the thought.

(noticing the time)

Ooh -- I'm late for a little quality time as we speak.

EXT. GATED ESTATE COMMUNITY (SILICON VALLEY) -- DAY

Peter is in his Prius, waiting at the security gate to a community of multi-million dollar estate homes. THE GUARD scans his list...but isn't having any luck.

SECURITY GUARD

I'm sorry Dr. Reynolds...but she must have forgotten to call again. You're not on the list. You want me to try the house?

But Peter is already on his cell, calling.

INT. MANSION FOYER -- DAY

Despite having made it past the gate, Peter's frustration has only grown...now dealing with his EX-WIFE (DEBORAH).

PETER

What do you mean he's not coming?  
It's his grandmother's 60th birthday.  
I promised her he'd be there.

DEBORAH

He has to study.

PETER

Study for what? It's Friday. And please don't say his Bar Mitzvah.

DEBORAH

Well, he does. It's in 2 weeks.

PETER

(exploding)

HE'S NOT EVEN JEWISH! You've been married to this guy, what, a year and already he's converting my son?

DEBORAH

Don't start this again. My getting remarried has been really hard for Ethan.

Peter glances out the window and catches -- HIS NOW 13-YR-OLD SON, ETHAN, AND HIS STEPDAD, PLAYING PAINTBALL, HAVING A BLAST.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Joel just thought a Bar Mitzvah would make him feel more welcome in the family.

PETER'S POV: ETHAN'S STEPSIBLINGS JOIN THE "BATTLE". One even shoots back-to-back with him, covering his rear. Never, in the history of stepfamilies, has a child felt more welcome.

PETER

(ready to lose it)

The kid just wants a party, Deborah.  
Next to you, he's the most spoiled  
person I know.

She's hardly affected by the insult.

DEBORAH

Look, if you'd like to go outside and  
have him reject you to your face...  
please, be my guest.

Peter looks outside again. Sadly, he knows she isn't bluffing.

EXT. PETER'S MOTHER'S HOME IN SANTA CLARA COUNTY -- DAY

Peter arrives alone for his mother's 60th birthday party, already in progress in the backyard of the modest home. 30-40 people BBQing, drinking, etc.

Peter's mother looks happy and healthy...now married to a nice, easy-going guy (PASTOR GENE MANNING).

PETER

Hey, Mom. Hey Pastor Manning.

PASTOR GENE

Peter, come on. I've been married to your mother for 15 years. I've known you since you were 8. You can call me Gene. Dad...if you want...

Peter just looks back at the man.

MRS. REYNOLDS

So where's my grandson?

PETER

Yeah, Ethan couldn't make it, Mom.  
He's got strep throat.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Oh, that's terrible.

PETER

I know. He really wanted to be here too.

Before Peter can continue lying, who should arrive but --

KYLE AND HIS PERFECT HAWAIIAN FAMILY (KAYLANI, his swimsuit model wife, and their 2 golden-skinned sons, KAPONO & KEANU).

KYLE  
Did somebody say Aloha?

Before Mrs. Reynolds can even express her delight, KAPONO AND KEANU (AGES 8 AND 6) COME RUNNING OVER FOR HUGS.

KAPONO/KEANU  
GRANDMA!!!!

They couldn't be more excited to see her. And she them.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
Kyle, I can't believe you flew all the way from Hawaii just for this?

KYLE  
"Just for this"? How often does the prettiest woman in the world turn 60?

Mrs. Reynolds blushes and hugs her son. Kaylani adds to the moment by putting a beautiful floral lei around her neck.

KAYLANI  
Happy birthday, Mrs. Reynolds. It's wonderful to see you again.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
Kaylani, please, call me mom. Oh, this is so beautiful.

KYLE  
It's called a "lei", Ma. Kapon and Keanu made it themselves out of flowers we have growing on our lanai.

Peter can only mumble to himself...

PETER  
Jesus Christ.

Kyle finally notices him.

KYLE  
Pete! Oh my God, I didn't even see you there!  
(hugging him vigorously)  
Holy bejeezus you lost weight. You look amazing! Doesn't he look great, kids?

KAPONO/KEANU  
Totally!/Definitely!

Peter forces a smile.

KYLE

And Gene! You look great too, buddy.

PASTOR GENE

Lost a few more hairs, probably.

KYLE

Yeah, but you've got a perfectly shaped head. You're like a white Michael Jordan.

Kyle then notices A STATE-OF-THE-ART GRILL BEING PUT TO USE.

KYLE

Sweet -- the grill came! We were worried it wouldn't make it in time.

MRS. REYNOLDS

It's wonderful, Kyle. You really shouldn't have.

KYLE

Please, what's the point of having a shitload of money if you can't spend it on the people you love? Right, Pete?

Kyle musses Pete's hair like you would a child.

#### LATER IN THE PARTY

Peter is about to put condiments on his burger when he notices A BOTTLE OF "HANG LOOSE BBQ SAUCE" -- a Hawaiian-themed sauce with the silhouette of a man giving the "hang loose" sign. (NOTE: the figure on the bottle could be literally anyone)

Peter contemplates smashing the bottle, but Kyle interrupts --

KYLE

Oh sweet! The new bottles have hit the mainland!

(beat)

I tell ya, Pete, life's a crazy ride. One minute you're lying on a beach in Maui...unemployed...uneducated...30 bucks to your name...and the next minute some guy comes up and says he wants to put your silhouette on his BBQ sauce bottles.

(beat)

And then the next minute, you're making 10 cents for every bottle they sell.

(beat)

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

And then the *next* minute, they're  
selling 10 million bottles a year.  
(beat)  
And then the *next* minute--

PETER

You're married to a Hawaiian Tropics  
model. I know. It's a crazy ride.

KYLE

God, it's been forever since we've  
seen each other. I've called a bunch  
of times, but--

PETER

I've been having problems with my  
voicemail. I need to switch carriers.

Kyle nods (he always believes his brother).

KYLE

Hey, you wanna grab a drink later?  
The kids are staying with Ma...so  
Kaylani and I are completely free.

PETER

Yeah, no...I can't. Ethan's sick.  
I'm gonna bring him some chicken  
soup, spend a little quality time.

KYLE

Aw, okay. I understand. Hope he  
feels better.

(then)

Hey, what about tomorr--

PETER

(pretends his cell is buzzing)  
Damn, it's my answering service. I  
really better take this.

Kyle watches him go. Before he can give it more thought,  
though, KAPONO & KEANU RUN OVER FOR HUGS.

KAPONO/KEANU  
Daddy!!!!

CUT TO:

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- NIGHT

It's the kind of sterile, corporate-looking place that  
divorced guys gravitate to.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

Peter enters his sad, sparsely furnished apartment. He looks equally sad.

KITCHEN

He makes himself a White Russian...using Lactose-free milk.

BEDROOM

He enters, drink in hand...now in his bathrobe. Gets into bed and turns on the TV.

NOTE: a framed photo of his mother and father is on the nightstand. It's not the same photo we saw him with as a child...but it's similarly wholesome and unremarkable.

He CHANNEL-SURFS a bit...his attention shifting between the TV and his iPad...but ultimately he lands on --

AN EPISODE OF LAW & ORDER SVU.

ON TV: It's the climax of a heated interrogation -- Detectives Stabler & Benson really laying into the suspect.

DETECTIVE STABLER

Goddammit, admit it! You molested every one of those boy scouts! The entire troop! Didn't you?! DIDN'T YOU?!!

Peter grimaces and is about to turn the channel when we finally get a look at the suspect and see --

**IT'S HIS FATHER!!!!**

(or at least it's an actor who looks exactly like Peter's father would look if you aged him 40 years from the photo on the nightstand -- right down to the birthmark on his cheek!)

PETER IS STUNNED SPEECHLESS...watching "his father" break down, sobbing uncontrollably and confessing...

"PETER'S FATHER"

(with a British accent, no less)  
...I did it...Oh god, I did it...I molested them all...

DETECTIVE STABLER

Including the troop in Baltimore!

"PETER'S FATHER"

Yes!

DETECTIVE BENSON  
And the troop in Toledo!  
(not getting a response)  
And the troop in Toledo!

But "Peter's father" can't even respond. He's just hunched over in emotional agony...drool streaming from his mouth...

ON PETER, STILL SHELL-SHOCKED.

CUT TO:

A LUXURIOUS HOTEL BED

...WHERE A NAKED, COWBOY HAT-WEARING KYLE ANSWERS HIS CELL.

KYLE  
Pete! What's goin' on, buddy?!

Granted, "Cowboy Kyle" is a little distracted -- WATCHING HIS EQUALLY NAKED WIFE HOOK UP WITH A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE HOTEL STAFF -- but he's definitely happy his brother called.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Is Ethan feeling better?

INT. PETER'S BEDROOM

PETER  
Turn on TNT.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

KYLE  
Is that code for something?

PETER  
The television. Turn to TNT.

Kyle obliges.

ON KYLE'S TV: "THEIR FATHER" CONTINUES WEEPING...EXPLAINING...

"THEIR FATHER"  
...They wanted me to touch them...the  
little boys...They...liked it...

DETECTIVE BENSON LUNGES AT HIM -- but Stabler holds her back.

DETECTIVE STABLER  
He's not worth it, Olivia! He's not  
worth it.

ON KYLE who, apparently, doesn't even notice the resemblance.

KYLE

Why are we watching this?

PETER

Are you kidding me?! How can you not see it?! This guy is our father!

(beat)

HE'S ALIVE!

KYLE

Dude, are you high right now?

PETER

No!

KYLE

Drunk?

Despite the concierge licking her nipples, Kaylani's curiosity has been piqued.

KAYLANI

What's going on?

KYLE

Pete thinks this guy is our father.

Kaylani looks at the TV and has to admit...

KAYLANI

He *does* look like him. At least based on the pictures you showed me.

KYLE

You think?

PETER

(losing it)

THEY LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE, KYLE! Look at the birthmark on his cheek!

Kyle gives the actor another look, but still dismisses it.

KYLE

So what if they look alike? There are 50 billion people in the world -- there's someone who looks like everyone.

(beat)

I saw this guy at Foot Locker once who looked *exactly* like Nicole Richie.

But Peter is no longer listening. And he comes to the only reasonable explanation.

PETER

He must have faked his own death.

(beat)

Like Julia Roberts in Sleeping with the Enemy. He must have faked his death to get away from Mom.

KYLE

(chuckling)

Dude, who'd fake their death by colon cancer? That'd take like 2 years!

PETER

That's the *genius* of it!

KYLE

You're crazy, Pete. I love you, but you're crazy.

PETER

I gotta go tell her.

KYLE

Now?

PETER

Yes now! Are you coming or not?

Kyle looks at Kaylani and the concierge...their glistening bodies aching for his manhood.

KYLE

("annoyed")

Apparently not.

EXT. THEIR MOTHER'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Peter & Kyle are on the front porch, waiting. Kyle is still in his hotel bathrobe. Peter has his iPad in hand.

KYLE

We should have called first.

PETER

Mom turns the ringer off after 9.

She appears at the door with Pastor Gene.

MRS. REYNOLDS

(preparing herself for the worst)

Who's dead? Is it Ethan? Is it my grandson Ethan?

KYLE

Relax Ma. No one's dead.

PETER  
Just the opposite, actually.

Understandably, this confuses her.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Mom, I think you better sit down.  
There's something I need to show you.

KYLE  
Don't worry, Ma. Pete's just  
overreacting like he always does.

Peter displays his iPad and RUNS A HULU CLIP OF THE LAW & ORDER EPISODE.

At first she doesn't know what she's looking at. The "pervert's" face hasn't been revealed yet. But once she sees it...SHE'S CLEARLY AFFECTED.

KYLE  
Ma, please tell Pete this guy isn't  
our father.

After a few moments, she replies weakly...

MRS. REYNOLDS  
He isn't your father.

Kyle puts his arm around her. He assumes she's just getting emotional because of the resemblance.

KYLE  
Look how upset you made her, Pete. I  
told you this was a bad idea.

But Peter isn't satisfied.

PETER  
No. I've looked at photos of our father  
every day since I was 4. Mom, *it's him!*  
(beat)  
Look at the birthmark for Christ's sake!  
It's the exact same shape! Hell, he's  
even speaking with a British accent!

She has trouble facing Peter. Kyle looks ready to kill him, until Pastor Gene finally speaks.

PASTOR GENE  
It's time, Helen. Tell them the truth.

And...after a long beat...she nods.

KYLE  
(actually a little worried)  
What truth, Ma? What the F is Gene  
talking about?

With great difficulty, she ultimately confesses...

MRS. REYNOLDS  
The man in the photos I gave you...  
wasn't *actually* your father.

ON THE BROTHERS. STUNNED BEYOND REACTION.

After several beats...

PETER  
I'm sorry, what?

MRS. REYNOLDS  
He was just a friend of mine back in  
college. An exchange student from  
England named Colin Barnes.  
(beat)  
He moved back after graduation...so I  
just *assumed* you'd never see him.  
(in disbelief herself)  
He had studied to become a botanist, for  
crying out loud! Never even *had an*  
*interest* in acting!

Once again, Peter can only muster...

PETER  
I'm sorry, what?

MRS. REYNOLDS  
The truth is...I made up all the stories  
about your father. That he was an  
orphan...that he worked for a bicycle  
company...that he died of colon cancer...

Kyle notices that PETER IS NOW TRAPPED IN SOME KIND OF SUSPENDED ANIMATION...and he decides to field this one.

KYLE  
And you did this because...

MRS. REYNOLDS  
The truth is...I wasn't sure *who* your  
father was.  
(beat)  
The 70s were a crazy time for me. A  
time I'm not proud of.

Pastor Gene comes to her defense, though.

PASTOR GENE

You have to understand, it was the Disco era. And if you were a woman living in New York City...and partying at places like Studio 54...it wasn't unusual for you to...

(with no delicate way to say it)  
have sex with a lot of men.

PETER IS *STILL CATATONIC*, just staring back at the mother he thought he knew.

Kyle, on the other hand, can't help but be impressed.

KYLE

You partied at *Studio 54*? Seriously?  
Ma, that's awesome!

Peter shows his first sign of life in turning to his brother.  
"Are you fucking kidding me?"

KYLE

(off Peter's look)  
What? It turns out mom was cool as shit.  
(beat)  
Plus, this explains where I get my love of fucking. Haven't you always wondered where I got that?

Peter returns to his mother. But only to conclude...

PETER

Bullshit. It was all bullshit. My entire life...has been based on a lie.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Peter...

PETER

(backing away from her)  
No. All the rules you set for us.  
Making us go to church all the time...  
Jesus this and Jesus that...It was all just to hide *your own sins*.

PASTOR GENE

Peter, like *many members of my congregation*, your mother found the Lord later in life. Once she learned she was pregnant with the two of you, actually. Don't you see? You boys saved her.

Peter is unmoved, though, AND EXPLODES --

PETER

*Do you have any idea what this means?!*  
 I've spent my whole life trying to make  
 "my father" proud! To honor his memory!

MRS. REYNOLDS

And you have!

PETER

*What memory?!*

(beat)

I stare at assholes all day long!  
 My own son calls me "Doctor Sodomy"!  
 (beat)  
 You don't think I'd rather be a  
 dermatologist?! You don't think I'd  
 rather be a plastic surgeon looking  
 at tits all day?! I love tits!!

KYLE

(trying to calm him)

I love them too, bro. Just rela--

PETER

Jesus, you had me so afraid I'd die  
 young like "Dad" that I actually got  
 married in college! To Deborah of  
 all people! The biggest mistake of  
 my life!

KYLE

Come on, it's not *Mom's* fault you  
 married a bitch.

But Peter clearly isn't listening. Just continues his tirade.

PETER

*She changed her last name! From Baxter  
 to Reynolds! She took a fictional man's  
 last name! She gave us a fictional  
 man's last name!*

(beat)

Am I the only one who sees how insane  
 that is?!

ON THEIR MOTHER. And we can see this is hurting her.

KYLE

It seems pretty clever to me, dude. Made  
 the story more believable. Plus, Baxter  
 would've made us sound like dweebs.

(robot voice)

"Hello, I'm Kyle Baxter". See?

Amidst his meltdown, though --

PETER HAS A MOMENT OF CLARITY.

PETER

Wait a second. He's out there. This means he's out there.

KYLE

Who?

PETER

Our father! *He's been out there the whole time!*

KYLE

(more intrigued than upset)

Hey, that's true.

(then)

Ma, who did you *think* our father was? I know it was a crazy time and all -- what with the drugs and the fucking and whatnot -- but you probably had *some* idea, right?

PETER

Especially as we got older.

KYLE

Yeah, especially. Who do we remind you of?

She looks back at the two of them. She really doesn't want to get into this.

MRS. REYNOLDS

*None of the men I was with would have made a good father. I was only trying to protect you.*

PETER

(scoffs)

*Protect yourself* is more like it.

Beat. She looks him square in the eyes.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Is that what you think?

Peter doesn't respond. But clearly it is. She masks her hurt with indignation.

MRS. REYNOLDS

Fine, you want to know who I thought your father was? I'll tell you who I thought your father was.

The brothers wait eagerly.

But she still doesn't come out with it. Peter is actually forced to press again.

PETER

*Who?*

MRS. REYNOLDS

Jack Tibbs, alright. There. Are you happy?

THE NAME LEAVES ALL THREE MEN STUNNED...even her husband.

PASTOR GENE

The football player?

She nods. Her sons, however, remain in disbelief.

PETER

*Hall of Fame quarterback Jack Tibbs?*

KYLE

*Hertz Rent-A-Car Spokesman Jack Tibbs?*

Before she can even respond, KYLE CELEBRATES --

KYLE

Ma, that's unbelievable!!! Isn't that unbelievable, Pete?

But, true to form, Peter only views the negative.

PETER

Let me get this right. You decided to not tell us that *Jack Tibbs* was our father. An American legend. A multi-MULTI-millionaire.

(beat)

*That's who you were protecting us from?*

MRS. REYNOLDS

He wasn't the man you've seen on TV. He had a drug problem.

PETER

SO DID EVERYONE! It was the 70s!

MRS. REYNOLDS

And he was violent.

This concerns all the men. But Peter most of all.

PETER  
He hit you?

She considers lying, but concedes...

MRS. REYNOLDS  
No. But as a football player...he  
was frequently violent.

PETER  
That was his job! Plus, he played  
quarterback! People hit him! A lot!  
He had like 12 concussions over his  
career!

(to himself as much as his mother)  
Jesus, do you have any idea what my life  
could have been like with him as my  
father? The doors it would have opened?

(beat)  
Maybe I would've been a pro football  
player!

KYLE  
Dude, come on, seriously? You didn't  
even make our middle school team.

PETER  
Well...maybe that's because I didn't  
have *Jack Tibbs* teaching me fundamentals.

Peter GROANS, thinking about the life he never got to live.

KYLE  
(ever the optimist)  
Dude, look at the bright-side. We  
can go meet him now. Make up for  
lost time.

PETER  
Yeah, right...because I'm sure he'd  
be *thrilled* to learn he has two  
middle-aged bastard sons.

KYLE  
First of all, middle-age starts at 40.  
And second of all, *maybe he would*. Think  
about it. We wouldn't be asking him for  
money or anything -- you're a doctor and  
I'm rich as fuck. We'd just be two kick-  
ass guys who share half his DNA.

(beat)  
Not many people can say that.  
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Well, lots of people can say it. But we can actually say it honestly.

Despite everything, we can tell that part of Peter is interested. Curious to meet the man.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Plus, he probably lives someplace awesome with like a thousand golf courses. We can make a "bro-cation" out of it...if that's a thing. It'll give us a chance to catch up.

Spending time with his brother is the last thing Peter wants, but nevertheless...

KYLE (CONT'D)

He's considering it, Ma! You can tell! Look at his face!

But she clearly isn't happy about this.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

Peter is waiting for his brother outside the airport. He has one piece of carry-on luggage and is on his cell, frustrated.

PETER

Gene, would you *please* put my mother on the phone?

INT. THEIR MOTHER'S HOME -- DAY

Pastor Gene looks over at his wife, but she's just shaking her head...still upset that they're doing this.

PASTOR GENE

She's still a little hurt, Peter.

MRS. REYNOLDS

I'm a lot hurt!

PASTOR GENE

She's a lot hurt.

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PETER

Look, tell her this isn't about her. It's just something we need to do.

PASTOR GENE

Your mother loves you very much, Peter.

PETER

(exasperated)

I know. Look, I'm not angry anymore.

PASTOR GENE

Really? Because you still sound angry.

PETER

Alright, I'm still angry. But I forgive her. Would you please at least tell her that?

PASTOR GENE

I will. Hey, just one thing, Peter.

(walking into another room, quietly)

Would you try to get an autograph for me?

PETER

Yeah, will do, Gene.

PASTOR GENE

Ask him to make it out to "Pastor Gene".

But have him spell pastor with two S's.

You know, because he was a quarterback.

PETER

Two S's. Got it.

Just then, Peter sees KYLE BEING DROPPED OFF BY HIS PERFECT, LOVING FAMILY. Kaponi and Keanu hug him tightly.

KEANU

Daddy, don't go.

Kyle looks over at Peter like "What am I supposed to do?" Peter feigns amusement.

Kaylani is next to bid Kyle farewell. And, even by her ridiculously high standards, she looks amazing.

KAYLANI

Think about what I said, okay?

KYLE

(actually a little annoyed)

Kaylani...

KAYLANI

You don't want to disappoint me, do you?

KYLE  
(ultimately acquiescing)  
Alright, I'll think about it.

She beams and gives him a deep soul kiss. It's like one of those old Big Red commercials. Just keeps going.

ON PETER already in agony.

INT. SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

As Peter and Kyle are waiting in line to go thru security, Peter can't help but ask...

PETER  
So what did she want you to think about?

But Kyle is clearly still annoyed by it. (which of course only further piques Peter's interest)

PETER (CONT'D)  
She wants another kid, right?

KYLE  
Yeah, I wish.

PETER  
What then?

KYLE  
(like it's a bad thing)  
She wants me to have sex with other women while we're gone.

Beat.

PETER  
She wants you to have an affair?

KYLE  
She doesn't see it as an "affair".  
She has this theory that men are biologically wired to have sex with lots of women and that fighting it is against nature. She thinks it'll help me be a better, happier husband.

Peter is left speechless, watching Kyle put his bag on the conveyer belt to be scanned. When he finally comes to...

PETER  
And she's not just saying this so *she* can fool around?

KYLE

I wish she was. I'd feel less guilty.  
But, unfortunately, she can't even get  
aroused when I'm not around.

(beat)

She's like one of those anglerfish.  
You know, the ones that mate for life?

Peter is again left speechless. The luckiest man in the world is even luckier than he seemed.

CUT TO:

GATE 7 -- FLIGHT 23 TO MIAMI

Kyle continues venting while they wait.

KYLE

I mean, don't get me wrong -- I love when Kaylani brings women home for us to fuck together...but it just wouldn't feel right without her.

(then)

Ah, maybe I'm just being difficult.

But Peter has tuned his brother out. HE'S ON HIS IPAD, CONFIRMING THEIR ITINERARY.

PETER

Okay, so Tibbs is still scheduled to sign autographs tomorrow morning at the Sports Authority in Miami Springs.

KYLE

Why don't we just go to his home? I know a guy who can get anyone's address. People call him "Big Brother".

(beat)

But that's also because he's a large black man.

PETER

Going to his home would be inappropriate.

KYLE

You think?

PETER

I know. The guy has a family. We can't just barge in on them.

(beat)

According to Wikipedia, he lives with his 3rd wife, Karen. He's got 5 children and 10 grandkids.

KYLE

Hey, let me see that.

INT. PLANE -- DAY

It's before takeoff. Kyle & Peter are seated in First Class.

KYLE

Dude, I still can't believe you've never flown First Class before.

You're gonna love it. We can do literally anything we want up here.

But Peter isn't listening. He's on his iPad, scouring the web for more on Jack Tibbs.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Hey, is that a video? Hit play.

(like they're kids again)

Come on, hit play!

PETER PLAYS THE VIDEO...AND IT'S AN OLD, GRAINY NFL FILMS PRODUCTION (complete with "Voice of God" narration).

"VOICE OF GOD"

In the annals of professional football, no player embodied the word "toughness" like New York Giants quarterback Jack Tibbs.

ON SCREEN: Jack Tibbs (think the sex appeal of Joe Namath and the physicality of Terry Bradshaw) jogs onto the field in slow-motion, his uniform covered in dirt and blood.

"VOICE OF GOD"

The Giants' all-time leading passer, Tibbs was a molotov cocktail of guts, testosterone and fury.

ON SCREEN: Tibbs throws his helmet off and starts fighting with a TREMENDOUS DEFENSIVE LINEMAN. He's like a honey badger -- doesn't give a fuck.

"VOICE OF GOD"

The most-sacked quarterback in NFL history, Tibbs refused to leave the pocket, seeing it as a sign of weakness.

ON SCREEN: we see Tibbs getting sacked -- again and again.

"VOICE OF GOD"

2 Superbowl rings and twelve concussions later...Jack Tibbs' place in the Hall of Fame is a foregone conclusion.

ON SCREEN: Tibbs celebrates a Superbowl with his teammates.

NY GIANTS TEAMMATES  
They call him Mr. Tibbs! They call  
him Mr. Tibbs!

"VOICE OF GOD"  
With his chiseled physique and million  
dollar smile, though, it was only a  
matter of time before Hollywood came  
calling.

ON SCREEN: we see footage of Tibbs' many media appearances --  
attending premieres..."fighting" alongside Stallone in a Rambo-  
like movie...posing shirtless with two buxom blondes for an ad  
for Courvoisier. Just as he toasts us, though--

A PRETTY FLIGHT ATTENDANT INTERRUPTS --

PRETTY FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
I'm sorry, but you're going to have  
to turn that off. We're about to  
take off.

PETER  
Oh, sure, no problem.

KYLE  
We were just watching footage of our  
father. We're going to meet him  
tomorrow for the very first time.

PRETTY FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Really?

KYLE  
Yeah, we grew up thinking he was a  
bicycle salesman, but it turns out he  
was actually a Hall of Fame athlete.  
We're both extremely excited.

PRETTY FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
Aw, you're so sweet.

Peter can tell she's into Kyle and can only shake his head.

KYLE  
Hey, if you think I'm sweet, you should  
meet my brother Pete here. He's like a  
ripe honeydew, he's so sweet.

PRETTY FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
(smiling at Peter)  
A honeydew, huh?

But Peter isn't exactly good with women.

PETER  
Apparently.

PRETTY FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
I love honeydews.

And she gives him a promising smile as she returns to her pre-flight duties. Once she's gone, Kyle celebrates --

KYLE  
Dude, she totally wants to fuck you!

PETER  
Gimme a break.

KYLE  
(to THE ELDERLY WOMAN across the aisle)  
She does, right?

The woman agrees. It sure looked like it.

PETER  
Whatever. I'm not on this trip to  
get laid.

KYLE  
Yeah, well, you're gonna. Whether  
you like it or not. That's my new  
mission. I'm making it a sub-mission  
of our larger mission.

(off Peter's displeased look)  
Dude, how many women have you even  
slept with since the divorce? 10?

Evidently, 10 is a low number from Kyle's perspective.

PETER  
(sarcastically)  
Yeah, 10.

Kyle doesn't note the sarcasm.

KYLE  
Jesus, it's been what? A year?

PETER  
2.

KYLE  
10 women in 2 years?  
(compassionately)  
Peter I had no idea. I'm sorry.

PETER

I was being sarcastic, dick. I haven't had sex with anyone since Deborah.

This stuns Kyle speechless. It's like Peter just revealed he's actually an alien. And it only gets worse when he adds...

PETER

I haven't had sex with anyone *besides* Deborah. We got married in college, remember?

KYLE'S EXPRESSION REMAINS FROZEN AS THE PLANE TAKES OFF.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

Peter and Kyle wheel their luggage through the terminal...but Kyle is *still* dazed -- a good 5 and a half hours later.

PETER

Would you knock it off? I knew I shouldn't have told you.

Kyle finally regains the power of speech.

KYLE

Is it...you know...a physical thing?  
Are you not able to--

PETER

It's not physical. I just...since Deborah cheated on me...I've been a little depressed. You wouldn't understand.

KYLE

Sure I would. You don't think I've ever been depressed?

PETER

The saddest I've ever seen you is the day they cancelled Perfect Strangers.

KYLE

It was my favorite show.

While Peter is shaking his head, THE PRETTY FLIGHT ATTENDANT PASSES WITH HER *EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE* COLLEAGUES.

PRETTY FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Bye, Honeydew. Good luck meeting your father.

Peter smiles politely...but nothing more.

INT. HERTZ RENT-A-CAR -- DAY

The brothers are picking up their rental car (NOTE: A POSTER OF SPOKESPERSON JACK TIBBS is visible up on the wall).

Kyle tries to cheer Peter up.

KYLE

Hey, at least you got a great kid out of the marriage, right? Ethan's hilarious. Did you get that joke Bar Mitzvah invitation he sent out?

PETER

It wasn't a joke.

KYLE

What?

PETER

Deborah's new husband is throwing him a big Bar Mitzvah bash.

KYLE

But Ethan's not Jewish.

PETER

I know.

Kyle considers this. Huh?

INT. FONTAINEBLEAU HOTEL -- EVENING

The brothers are checking in at the trendy hotel. Kyle continues trying to cheer Peter up.

KYLE

But business is good, right? Your practice...

PETER

Well, besides Deborah taking *half* my income per our divorce settlement, I've spent the better part of the year defending two frivolous lawsuits. One malpractice, one sexual molestation.

KYLE

*Sexual molestation?*

PETER

Uh huh. Apparently one patient felt I was enjoying my job a little too much.

(beat)

That definitely helped business.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
Not to mention my son's already *stellar*  
opinion of me.

Kyle's disbelief has clearly grown. The Front Desk Woman comes back with their keys.

FRONT DESK WOMAN  
Sorry for the wait. Here are your  
keys. Do you need help with your bags?

KYLE  
(still in shock)  
No...thanks. We're good.

FRONT DESK WOMAN  
Just let me know if you need anything  
else.  
(directed at Kyle)  
Anything at all.

Peter just rolls his eyes and starts toward the elevators.

INT. THEIR AMAZING HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Peter has unpacked...and is undressing, ready to call it a night. Kyle, on the other hand, is psyched to go out.

KYLE  
So what are you thinking? Stone Crab?  
Cuban? A little *Arroz con Pollo* action?

PETER  
Yeah, it's late...I was just gonna order  
room service. But you should go out.

KYLE  
*Oh snap*, room service is a great idea!  
(beat)  
It'll be just like the time Ma took us  
to San Diego. Remember that? Me and you  
pigging out on burgers and sundaes while  
she was at that conference?

It's actually a decent memory for Peter.

PETER  
She was *so pissed*.

KYLE  
Dude, that's one of my all-time  
favorite memories.  
(beat)  
Not that she got pissed, I mean. But  
the whole weekend.

Peter doesn't buy it. Not with the kind of life Kyle's lived.

PETER  
Shut the hell up.

KYLE  
I'm serious. And not just because I finger-banged the maid when you went swimming. I really had a great time with you.

Peter looks back at his brother. The fact that he's such a good guy makes Peter feel even worse for hating him.

LATER

Room service has arrived...and KYLE IS LAUGHING HIS ASS OFF, watching an episode of Perfect Strangers on Peter's iPad.

KYLE  
Dude, this is awesome! How did you find it?

PETER  
It was pretty tough, actually. I had to type "Perfect Strangers" on YouTube.

KYLE  
(still impressed)  
Yeah? Fucking sweet.

And, for a brief moment, Peter actually seems to be having a decent time too.

PETER  
God, I can't remember the last time I was on vacation.

KYLE  
It feels good, right?

Peter's escape is cut short, however, when 2 LIVE CREW'S "ME SO HORNY" BLARES FROM KYLE'S CELL. He answers excitedly.

KYLE  
Hey baby!...Yeah, me and Pete are just chillin' up in the room...Aw, I miss you too, baby.  
(to Peter)  
Kaylani says hi.  
(then)  
So do Kaponi and Keanu.

Peter nods...but finds the conversation hard to bear. He wanders out onto

THE BALCONY

It's a beautiful night. He looks at his own cell...but doesn't have anyone to call. No one who'd want to hear from him at least.

After a conflicted beat, though, he dials someone anyway.  
IT RINGS TWICE...AND GOES TO VOICEMAIL.

ETHAN'S VOICE

Hey it's Ethan. You know what to do.  
(BEEP)

PETER

(awkward)

Hey buddy. It's me. Dad. Just...  
calling to say hey. Uncle Kyle and I  
are in Miami, so...just figured I'd  
let you know.

(then, upbeat)

We're about to meet our biological  
father, actually -- your grandpa.  
Turns out he wasn't dead after all.

(then)

Turns out he's Jack Tibbs, actually.  
The Hall of Fame football player.  
You might not know who that is, but  
he was like the Tom Brady of the 70s.  
Maybe you've seen him in those Rent-A-  
Car commercials?

(beat)

Anyways, I thought you'd get a kick  
out of that. I know how much you're  
into celebrities.

(sitting down, like they're  
having a conversation)

So what else are you into these days?  
Still playing the piano? God, I'd  
love to hear you play again.

(then, noticing the weather)

It's really nice here. Hey, maybe  
you and I could take a trip like this  
sometime. Maybe we could--

AUTOMATED WOMAN'S VOICE

*You have exceeded the maximum message  
length. Goodbye.*

And just like that, the "conversation" is over. Peter  
digests it. How pathetic his life is.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SPORTS AUTHORITY -- THE NEXT MORNING

There's a big sign out front indicating that NFL legend Jack Tibbs is signing autographs today.

INT. THE SPORTS AUTHORITY -- DAY

We find Peter & Kyle at the end of a long line of fans here to see the guy, all holding memorabilia for him to sign.

Peter struggles...but finally gets a view of --

THE MAN HIMSELF -- JACK TIBBS -- holding court (much the same way that Kyle captivated kids on the playground in the opening scene).

JACK TIBBS

So I said to Farrah, "I know you like polka dots, but trust me -- wear the red bathing suit." And you want to know what Miss Fawcett said to me?

Everyone is dying to know. Kyle especially.

KYLE

Tell us, Jack!

JACK TIBBS

She said, "Jack...I'd really like to have sex with you."

Everyone dies laughing.

JACK TIBBS (CONT'D)

No, seriously, she said, "Jack... you're absolutely right."

Everyone digests this. Wow.

JACK TIBBS (CONT'D)

And then she said we should fuck!

Everyone dies laughing again. Even the kids in line. No one's offended.

ON PETER, looking a little nervous.

PETER

Hey, when we get up there...you do the talking.

KYLE

What? Why?

PETER

Because people always like you.

KYLE

People like you too. I know I do.  
Hell, I fucking love you.

The guy in front of them gives them a homophobic look, but Kyle is oblivious and smiles back...

KYLE

Hey, man. How's it goin'?

Peter shakes his head.

PETER

You love everyone.

KYLE

Look, neither of us are gonna have to explain anything. I'm telling you, he's gonna take one look at us and know. I've played this out in my head like two times.

But Peter still looks worried.

LATER

Peter & Kyle finally make it to the signing table. It's a tremendous moment for Peter. 36 years in the making.

Tibbs is all-smiles, just as he's been for the other fans.  
(NOTE: he's definitely lightened up in his retirement -- 12 concussions can do that to a guy)

JACK TIBBS

Hey fellas. How's it going?

Kyle beams back but, as planned, doesn't say anything. Just waits for Tibbs to "see it". Which he doesn't.

JACK TIBBS

(to Peter)

Is he okay?

PETER

I'm sorry, Mr. Tibbs, my brother is just...

JACK TIBBS

Oh. You're one of my "special" fans, aren't you?

Peter actually finds this amusing. It relaxes him.

PETER

No, he's not retarded, sir.

JACK TIBBS

No?

Peter chuckles, but confirms it.

As Tibbs is looking at Peter, however, a strange feeling comes over him. He looks puzzled.

JACK TIBBS

Do I know you? I mean...have we met?

PETER

No. Not that I know.

JACK TIBBS

Are you sure? You look *really* familiar to me.

Peter can hardly contain his glee. Tries to keep cool.

PETER

Well...I think you knew my mother.

(displays an old photo of her)

Tibbs takes the photo...and is clearly affected by it (in a good way).

JACK TIBBS

Helen Baxter.

(loses himself in the photo, then)

You're Helen Baxter's son?

Peter smiles and nods, sharing a moment with the legend. Kyle interjects --

KYLE

I am too, sir. We're twins.

Tibbs looks at Kyle briefly but returns to Peter.

JACK TIBBS

God, how is she?

PETER

She's good. Different from how you remember her, probably.

As Tibbs returns to the photo...remembering the time they spent together...he gradually comes to realize what's going on. Why Peter is here. Why they have a connection.

JACK TIBBS  
You're my son, aren't you?

And the way Tibbs said it, it's clear he views it as a good thing. Peter smiles big.

PETER  
(getting emotional)  
I think so. Yeah.

Tibbs gets emotional too. Kyle again interjects --

KYLE  
I'm your son too. We're twins. Not sure if you heard me say that before.

Tibbs again barely acknowledges Kyle. He turns to the Store Manager.

JACK TIBBS  
Hey Phil, you mind if we cut this short? I'll come back next weekend.

The manager is okay with it. But as Tibbs gets up to leave, his waiting fans GROAN.

JACK TIBBS  
Hey, come on everybody, gimme a break. I just found out I got a son.

KYLE  
(also addressing the crowd)  
Two actually. We're both his sons.

JACK TIBBS  
I promise I'll be back next weekend.

The fans grudgingly accept this.

EXT. THE SPORTS AUTHORITY -- DAY

Kyle & a still-beaming Peter are in the parking lot, watching Tibbs try to process it all. He's understandably blown away.

JACK TIBBS  
I had no idea she was even pregnant. You gotta believe me. Helen never said anything. One day we're hanging out, partying like usual, the next day she just...vanished.

PETER  
Yeah, no -- we know. Please...don't worry about it.

JACK TIBBS

I can't believe this. You've been out there the whole time...

(then)

Jesus, I'm really getting emotional. I mean, it's not like I don't already have a son. I do. Trent. But he's kind of a spoiled dick.

PETER

So's mine!

JACK TIBBS

Yeah?

PETER

Totally.

Kyle can see they have this connection...and it's weird for him. At this point, though, he's more confused than upset.

JACK TIBBS

Hey, what are you guys doing now?  
You should come over for lunch.

PETER

(psyched)

Really? We'd love that.

JACK TIBBS

You drove, right? Here, give me your phone, Pete, and I'll plug in my address.

(beat)

Or one of you can ride with me...

Tibbs gestures to A BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED CLASSIC CORVETTE. Peter's eyes thrust wide when he sees it.

PETER

You've got a '63 Split-Window 'Vette?!  
That's my all-time favorite car!

JACK TIBBS

Really? That's wild! I know I probably shouldn't be driving her around, but...

PETER

Please. You can't keep a beast like that locked up in a garage. Not driving a Corvette is like...not driving a Corvette! It's ridiculous!

Tibbs beams and CHUCKS PETER THE KEYS.

PETER  
No...I couldn't.

JACK TIBBS  
Why not? Donald can just follow us.

KYLE  
(finally getting a little annoyed)  
It's Kyle, actually. My name.

PETER  
(to Kyle)  
Do you mind?

Before he can even finish saying no, Peter & Tibbs are heading to the car. Being left out is a new experience for Kyle.

CUT TO:

KYLE TRYING TO FOLLOW THE CORVETTE ON THE FREEWAY

He's having a hard time, though, especially the way Peter is passing cars, switching lanes...really *experiencing* the car.

KYLE  
Jesus, Pete, I'm in a Taurus here.

INT. TIBBS' CORVETTE (DRIVING) -- DAY

Peter is on Cloud 9.

PETER  
Mr. Tibbs, this is...amazing.

JACK TIBBS  
Call me Jack. And feel free to give her some juice. Really see what she can do.

PETER  
Okay!

CUT TO:

KYLE'S POV: AS THE CORVETTE ZOOMS OUT OF VIEW

KYLE  
And now they're gone. That's great.

CUT TO:

KYLE ON HIS CELL, PULLED OVER ON THE SHOULDER OF THE HIGHWAY

KYLE  
(yelling over the traffic)  
Pete, I lost you! What exit do I take?!

EXT. JACK TIBBS' ESTATE -- DAY

Peter & Tibbs have arrived at Tibbs' oceanfront estate...and have just parked the Corvette in his 10-car garage. Peter's cell is at his ear, but Tibbs has *all* his attention.

JACK TIBBS

Wait -- so this prick's throwing your son a Bar Mitzvah, and the kid's not even Jewish? That's insane!

PETER

I know, right?

JACK TIBBS

Sounds like my first wife's husband. I call him Douche McGouche.

Peter laughs. Classic.

EXT. HIGHWAY SHOULDER -- DAY

KYLE

Dude, are you there? Hello?

INTERCUT AS NECESSARY

PETER

(returning to Kyle, annoyed)  
Look, I'll text you the address, alright. Take a chill pill.

Peter ends the call and angrily texts his brother.

JACK TIBBS

(chuckling)

Are you *sure* he's not retarded?

Peter gives Tibbs a "Tell me about it" look.

INT. JACK TIBBS' ESTATE -- DAY

Peter is blown away by the amazing 20,000 square ft. mansion.

JACK TIBBS

Karen! I'm home!

Tibbs' wife calls back from another room --

KAREN TIBBS (O.S.)

Wow, that was quick! Did you pick up the fresh garlic I needed?

JACK TIBBS

Nope, sorry hon! I brought home  
something even better, though!

(to Peter, excited)

I can't wait to see the look on her  
face when we tell her.

Pete is slightly more concerned.

PETER

Are you sure she's gonna be cool with it?

As he gives Peter a "Please" look, HIS WIFE ENTERS IN AN APRON.

KAREN TIBBS

What'd you pick up?

JACK TIBBS

A son! His name is Peter! Say hi, Pete.

PETER

Hello Mrs. Tibbs. It's a pleasure to  
meet you. You have a beautiful home.

Karen looks back with an understandable amount of shock.  
She is without words.

JACK TIBBS

(to Peter, loving it)

I told you this would be good. Hon,  
your reaction is priceless. Damn, I  
wish we were filming this.

KAREN TIBBS

This is a joke, right?

JACK TIBBS

Nope.

Beat.

KAREN TIBBS

He's your son?

JACK TIBBS

It sure seems like it. His mother  
and I used to have unprotected sex  
back in the 70s.

(re: Peter's look)

Don't worry, Karen knows all about my  
crazy past. Hell, she was a Solid Gold  
dancer herself! Weren't you, baby!

Beat.

KAREN TIBBS

Can I have a word with you in the kitchen?

JACK TIBBS

Sure thing. Pete, just sit down, make yourself at home. You want a drink?

PETER

No, thanks -- I'm good.

JACK TIBBS

I'll make you a drink.

Peter sits down on an uncomfortable chair in the foyer. Doesn't feel right entering the rest of the house.

While he's sitting there, though, 5 KIDS COME RUNNING IN PLAYING FOOTBALL (3 BOYS, 2 GIRLS -- AGES 8 to 12).

One of the girls (an adorable 9-yr-old) notices him.

9-YR-OLD GIRL

Hey, there's a strange man sitting over there.

The other kids keep playing, but this little girl seems intrigued by Peter. He smiles and waves awkwardly.

PETER

Hi, I'm Peter.

9-YR-OLD GIRL

I'm Elizabeth. Does Grandma Karen know you're here?

PETER

Yeah, I actually came with Jack -- well, Grandpa Jack.

ELIZABETH/9-YR-OLD GIRL

Is he your Grandpa too?

Peter chuckles. She's so cute.

PETER

No. He's not.

ELIZABETH

How do you know him then?

PETER

...Well...I don't know if I should be telling you this, but...I think he's my father.

ELIZABETH

Why shouldn't you be telling me that?  
That would be awesome! That would  
mean you're my uncle, right?

PETER

I guess it would.

ELIZABETH

I've only ever had one uncle. Uncle  
Trent. But he's kind of a douche.  
You're not a douche are you?

PETER

I try not to be.

She chuckles.

ELIZABETH

You're funny.

PETER

I am?

She nods...but then laments --

ELIZABETH

Aw, I wish my mom was here to meet  
you too, but she had to fly back to  
San Jose for a few days. That's  
where we live.

PETER

(after a beat)

You're kidding, right? I live in  
Sunnyvale. That's like...right next to  
San Jose!

ELIZABETH

I take ballet in Sunnyvale!

PETER

You do? That's crazy!

Before they can bond further, though, Jack returns. He seems  
a little dazed.

JACK TIBBS

Wow. She did not take the news like  
I thought she would. She was  
actually kind of upset.

(then)

She'll come around, though, Pete.  
Don't worry.

Elizabeth runs to Tibbs and gives him a big hug.

ELIZABETH  
Grandpa Jack!

JACK TIBBS  
Hey sweetie. Did you meet your Uncle  
Pete?

ELIZABETH  
Yeah! He's awesome!

Jack's wife then returns with a drink for Peter. We can see she's still upset, but she's trying to make the best of it and be a good hostess.

KAREN TIBBS  
I hope you like daiquiris, Peter.

PETER  
I do. Thank you, Mrs. Tibbs.

KAREN TIBBS  
I'm sorry about before. You  
just...caught me by surprise.

PETER  
I completely understand. I was  
shocked too when my mother told me.

KAREN TIBBS  
Well, let's just hope this is the  
last of your surprises today, Jack.  
Lunch should be ready soon.

As she returns to the kitchen, THE DOORBELL RINGS. Little Elizabeth opens it and finds KYLE STANDING THERE.

KYLE  
Hey little girl.

Jack grimaces, realizing --

JACK TIBBS  
I forgot to tell her about Donald.  
(mulls it over, then)  
We'll wait till she's finished cooking.  
Come on, let me give you guys a tour.

As Tibbs leads the way, Kyle WHISPER-YELLS at his brother --

KYLE  
I can't believe you left me.

PETER

It's not *my* fault you lost us.

KYLE

It's *completely* your fault.

PETER

Look, we'll talk about this later.

JACK TIBBS (O.S.)

You coming, Pete?

PETER

Be right there, Jack!

Kyle just shakes his head. His hurt feelings are finally starting to show.

EXT. TIBBS' PRIVATE BEACH -- DAY

Tibbs & the brothers are walking along the private beach behind the mansion. And, apparently, Tibbs is now relating to Peter on a deeper level.

JACK TIBBS

You know something? I had a colon cancer scare myself a few years ago.

PETER

Really?

JACK TIBBS

Thank god I had a great GI doc. I know you guys get a lot of shit, Pete -- in more ways than one -- but you picked a noble profession. Noble as hell.

Peter beams, not used to being respected. Unfortunately, Kyle redirects the conversation.

KYLE

Hey Jack, tell us more about our mom. What was she like back in the day?

Clearly, it's a topic Peter isn't interested in discussing.

PETER

Jack, you really don't need to go into detail--

JACK TIBBS

God, your mother was something else.

(drifting off)

...Nice, tight little ass...Hershey Kiss nipples...

(MORE)

JACK TIBBS (CONT'D)

(beat)

You know, the kind you could just suck  
on for days...

KYLE

Hey, we probably did. Right Pete?  
When we were babies.

Peter just gives him a look. "What's wrong with you?"

JACK TIBBS

But your mother was more than just a  
great ass and *unbelievable* tits.

Peter is relieved to hear this. That is, until Tibbs  
finishes his thought.

JACK TIBBS (CONT'D)

She also knew how to *use* them. And  
that's so rare with beautiful women.

KYLE

It is, Pete. He's absolutely right.

JACK TIBBS

(chuckling)

I used to joke with Bruce Jenner that  
if "fucking" had been an Olympic  
event, *your mother* would have been  
the one on all the Wheaties boxes.

KYLE

Ha! You hear that, Pete? Ma would  
have won the Fucktathlon.

Peter looks like he's gonna be sick. And Tibbs continues...

JACK TIBBS

I swear, some Sundays I couldn't even  
think straight on the football field.  
Seriously. That tongue practically  
cost us a Superbowl!

Peter tries to minimize his psychological trauma.

PETER

But it wasn't just a physical thing,  
right? I'm sure you liked Mom as a  
whole too.

JACK TIBBS

She was more than just a hole, Peter.  
Helen Baxter was an amazing woman.  
You boys should be proud of her.

KYLE

(putting an arm around his brother)  
We are, sir. We are.

Just then, TIBBS' NEIGHBOR AND FORMER TEAMMATE, ROD HAMILTON (think Samuel L. Jackson) CALLS FROM ACROSS THE SAND --

ROD HAMILTON

Jack! What's goin' on, man?! We still on for golf tomorrow?!

JACK TIBBS

Only if you feel like losing again! Hey, come on over!

As Rod approaches, Kyle recognizes...

KYLE

*Oh snap! Is that Hall-of-Fame wide receiver Rod Hamilton? You guys are neighbors?*

JACK TIBBS

I guess playing 10 seasons together wasn't enough for this guy. The bastard missed me so much, he moved in next door.

ROD HAMILTON

Don't listen to him, fellas. I told him about this beach a hundred times. Just 'cuz he's old as fuck and retired before me, he thinks he owns the place.

JACK TIBBS

Ah, get out of here.

(then)

Hey, does the name Helen Baxter ring a bell?

ROD HAMILTON

Ring a bell? It does more than ring a bell. I think I just came in my pants!

Tibbs and Hamilton share a laugh (Kyle joining in too). And Rod goes on...

ROD HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Goddamn that woman could fuck. I mean, I've been with, what, 400...500 women?

JACK TIBBS

Conservatively.

ROD HAMILTON

And no one -- *I mean no one* -- could  
take a dick like Helen Baxter.

Peter looks increasingly ready to vomit.

JACK TIBBS

Hey, do you remember the threesome we  
had in Atlantic City?

Rod has to think back.

ROD HAMILTON

You sure that was me?

JACK TIBBS

I thought it was.

ROD HAMILTON

Nah...you're probably thinking of Reggie.

Kyle interjects excitedly --

KYLE

All Pro Tight End Reggie Harmon?

JACK TIBBS

You know something? I think you're  
right. It *was* Reggie. No--wait. Walt  
Johnson. Walt always loved A.C.

ROD HAMILTON

Right, 'cuz all us black folk look alike.

Rod gives Kyle & Peter a "Can you believe this guy?" look.

JACK TIBBS

Come on, man. Gimme a break.

ROD HAMILTON

Ah, you know I'm just breakin' balls.  
So what made you think of Helen? I  
mean, besides your dick!

Everyone except Peter laughs. Still tickled, Kyle explains...

KYLE

She's our mother, actually.

Despite Kyle's comfort, Rod (unlike Jack) gets that it's  
wrong to be talking about banging a guy's mother right in  
front of him. His face falls.

JACK TIBBS  
No-no...it's cool, Rod. It turns out  
I'm their father.

ROD HAMILTON  
(brightening)  
Yeah?

JACK TIBBS  
How wild is that?

ROD HAMILTON  
That's great, man. Congratulations.

Jack puts an arm around each of his sons.

As Rod is taking in the trio, though, he seems to be noticing something. About Peter, in particular.

JACK TIBBS  
What is it?

ROD HAMILTON  
No, it's just...you know who he looks like?

JACK TIBBS  
Who?

ROD HAMILTON  
You remember that Wall Street dude  
that used to follow us everywhere?  
Throwing his money around and shit?

JACK TIBBS  
You mean Fuckface?

ROD HAMILTON  
No, not Fuckface. The other one.  
The one nobody liked.

JACK TIBBS  
Roland?

ROD HAMILTON  
*Yeah, Roland!* This guy looks like a  
shorter, chubbier version of Roland.

Jack takes a good, long look at Peter and...although he hates to admit it...

JACK TIBBS  
You're right. He does.

PETER

Wait, no....I can't look like--

JACK TIBBS

(equally disappointed)

You do, Pete. I'm sorry. The  
eyes...the nose...

ROD HAMILTON

The mouth.

JACK TIBBS

Yeah, the mouth too.

Peter is unwilling to accept it. Kyle, however, is curious.

KYLE

And this Roland guy--

JACK TIBBS

(remembering)

Roland Kemp. That was his name.

KYLE

He used to bang our mom too?

Jack & Rod look at each other and reply simultaneously --

JACK TIBBS/ROD HAMILTON

*Definitely.*

PETER

But you said nobody liked him. Why  
would she have slept with him?

KYLE

Come on, bro. You know how nice Mom is.  
She probably threw him a pity fuck. That  
was probably like charity for her back  
then.

JACK TIBBS

Plus, Roland *always* had the coke.  
And in the 70s, "The guy with the  
coke always got a poke".

Rod seems amused by this.

ROD HAMILTON

Was that an actual saying?

JACK TIBBS

I think so. It should have been, at  
least.

ROD HAMILTON  
Yeah, no, it makes sense.

Peter looks absolutely crestfallen.

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK TIBBS' ESTATE -- DAY

Jack is seeing the guys off. He's genuinely sad.

JACK TIBBS  
I'm sorry you're not my son, Pete.  
You too Donald.

Peter does his best to accept it. But it's tough. And making it even harder...

LITTLE ELIZABETH RUNS OVER TO SAY GOODBYE TOO.

ELIZABETH  
Bye, Peter. It was really nice meeting you. I'd say we should hang out back in San Jose...but that'd probably be weird now, right?

PETER  
Yeah. Probably.

Jack tries to view the positive.

JACK TIBBS  
Hey, we had a great couple of hours, right?

Peter nods. But it's little consolation.

JACK TIBBS  
Say hi to your mother for me, okay?

KYLE  
We will.

INT. PETER & KYLE'S RENTAL CAR -- DAY

As Kyle drives them down Tibbs' long driveway, Peter takes a last look back at what could have been.

Kyle can tell this was tough for him.

KYLE  
You alright?  
(not getting a response)  
Hey...maybe you'll get along even better with Roland.

Peter half-laughs. "Yeah right."

KYLE (CONT'D)  
It's possible, right?

PETER  
Look...I think we should just go home.

KYLE  
Are you kidding?

PETER  
You heard Jack. Nobody even liked  
Roland.

KYLE  
So? That was a long time ago.  
(beat)  
Nobody liked Al Roker back in the 70s  
and he went on to become our nation's  
most beloved morning weather man.

Peter just gives him a look.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Look, let's at least Google the guy.  
See what he's up to.  
(with Peter still resistant)  
Dude, you know you wanna know.

A beat. Peter begrudgingly reaches for his iPad.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
That's the spirit! Grab that iPad!

LATER

Peter is reviewing the search results.

PETER  
Well, there are at least 6 "Roland  
Kemps" in the country.

KYLE  
Wow, just think, our last name could  
have been "Kemp". Kyle Kemp. That  
actually sounds pretty good, right?  
(beat)  
"The Honorable Kyle Kemp presiding".

PETER  
(ignoring him, as usual)  
Okay, here's something. There was a  
Roland Kemp who worked for the I-bank  
Hinley Taft back in the 70s.  
(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)  
It says he was some kind of prodigy.  
Made his first million before he even  
turned 21.

KYLE  
Does it say he was a *wunderkind*? I  
fucking love that word.

PETER  
It does, actually. It says that  
Roland was frequently referred to as  
a *wunderkind*.

KYLE  
Wow, really?

PETER  
No.

Kyle just shakes his head.

KYLE  
You know how gullible I am, dude.  
That's not cool.

Peter actually chuckles.

KYLE  
What else does it say? For reals.

PETER  
(reading)  
Well...he left Hinley Taft in '86...  
but there's nothing after that. It's  
like he fell off the Earth.

KYLE  
Dang.

PETER  
Oh, wait. Here's something. There's  
a listing for a financial advisory  
firm called "Kemp and Associates".  
It lists Roland as the principal.

KYLE  
Why would a financial advisory firm  
have a principal? Are you sure it's  
not a school?

PETER  
Principal also means owner.

KYLE  
Oh.

PETER

The website's under construction...  
but there's an address and a phone  
number. It's in Suffern, New York.

From the two of them considering this --

CUT TO:

A PLANE LANDING AT JFK AIRPORT

INT. JFK AIRPORT (NEW YORK) -- DAY

Kyle & an annoyed Peter wheel their bags through the terminal.

PETER

I can't believe you talked me into this.

KYLE

Why not? I'm very persuasive.

PETER

We're not even sure he's *in* New York.  
These finance guys travel all the time.

(beat)

And even if he *is* here, we're not  
even sure he's the right Roland.

KYLE STOPS WALKING. Peter doesn't notice for a few paces...  
but then turns around, impatient.

Kyle looks like he's about to say something really important.

KYLE

Dude, sometimes in life...you just  
need to do shit.

PETER

That's why you stopped walking? To  
offer that pearl of wisdom?

KYLE

Yeah. I know I just made it up...but  
I think it's pretty profound.

Peter just shakes his head. Idiot.

CUT TO:

THE GUYS GETTING INTO THEIR RENTAL CAR

Kyle continues being optimistic.

KYLE

Look, best case scenario, we meet this guy and he's the dad we always wanted. Worst case scenario, we wind up driving this car off a cliff and die fiery deaths. Either way, though, at least we fucking did shit, right?

PETER

Could we just not talk for a while?

KYLE

Why? You got a headache?

CUT TO:

THE BROTHERS DRIVING UP THE NYS THRUWAY

Peter is behind the wheel, THE NAVIGATION SYSTEM DIRECTING THEM TO SUFFERN.

Kyle is clearly bored.

KYLE

Hey, is your head feeling better?  
Can we start talking again?

PETER

(begrudgingly)

What would you like to talk about?

KYLE

I don't know.

(searching for a topic)

What road is this?

PETER

I-87. The Thruway.

KYLE

Oh yeah? I've heard of that.

PETER

Yeah, it's actually a pretty famous highway. Apparently, it was built in the 1700s to help the Pilgrims smuggle monkeys into Canada.

KYLE

Seriously? Wow. I guess we're really driving across history.

Peter smiles to himself. But after a few moments, Kyle realizes --

KYLE

*Wait a second. The Pilgrims didn't even come to America until 1812. You're such a dick.*

PETER

*Yeah, I really am.*

But Kyle takes it in stride.

KYLE

*No, you know what? You got me again. You got me good, I'll admit it.*  
 (beat)  
*But just for that, I'm plugging in my iPod. It's DJ Kyle on the 1 & 2's, baby!*

MINUTES LATER

Kyle is singing along with the Marky Mark classic...

KYLE

*It's such a Good Vibration/It's such a sweeeeet sexy shine!*  
 (dancing)  
*Come on Pete -- Feel it, feel it!*

LATER

Kyle has moved on to Vanilla Ice.

KYLE

*Will it ever stop?/Yo, I don't know/ Turn off the light...and I'll blow/ To the extreme, I rock a mic like I'm Rambo/Light up a chaise and watch a chump watch a candle/*

LATER

Last but not least, Kyle busts out the equally white...

KYLE

*In-former, you no say daddy...  
 (mumbling the rest)  
 A lucky boom boom down!  
 (mumbling till he knows the words)  
 ...someone down the lane/A lucky boom boom down!*

Peter looks ready to drive the car off the road.

PETER

*Do you only listen to white rappers?*

KYLE

Snow's a reggae artist! A *licky boom boom down!*

EXT. SUBURBAN NEW YORK -- DAY

Peter and Kyle are now driving through the small town of Suffern, New York.

INT. RENTAL CAR (DRIVING) -- DAY

Peter surveys the town. Nothing but small businesses...mom and pop stores, etc. Definitely not the kind of place you'd expect to find a former Wall Street big swinging dick.

PETER

This can't be right.

KYLE

Dude, Navi knows what she's doing.  
Don't you, Navi?

NAVIGATION SYSTEM

*In 50 yards, turn right.*

KYLE

See?

Peter just shakes his head but adheres to the directions.

CUT TO:

THE RENTAL CAR ENTERING A DEVELOPMENT OF MIDDLE-CLASS HOUSES.

INT. RENTAL CAR (DRIVING) -- DAY

Peter looks increasingly skeptical as they pass 2-story colonials...schoolkids playing football in the street...

NAVIGATION SYSTEM

*Your destination is ahead on the right.*

Peter stops the car in front of AN AVERAGE-LOOKING HOME.

KYLE

Maybe it's a satellite office.  
(off Peter's look)

No?

EXT. 2-STORY COLONIAL HOME -- DAY

Kyle rings the doorbell. No answer. Rings again. Still nothing.

PETER  
Well, that was time well spent.

Just as Peter is about to turn to leave -- THE DOOR OPENS AND A TALL, SKINNY, BALD MAN ANSWERS, STILL IN HIS BATHROBE.

ROLAND KEMP  
(plainly)  
What the fuck do you idiots want?

Before they can even respond, he calls back into the house --

ROLAND KEMP (CONT'D)  
Susan! There are two idiots here for  
you!  
(explaining)  
She's always inviting idiots over.

Kyle attempts to clarify.

KYLE  
We're actually not idiots, sir.  
We're actually--

SUSAN KEMP  
Hello!

...ROLAND'S CHEERFULLY OBLIVIOUS WIFE GREETS THEM.

SUSAN KEMP  
Roland, you are such a bad host. Why  
haven't you invited our guests inside?

ROLAND KEMP  
Why would I invite these people into  
our home? I have no idea who they are.  
(to the brothers)  
You'll have to excuse my wife. She's  
out of her fucking mind.

Roland's wife just gives him an "Oh you" look.

SUSAN KEMP  
They're here for my book club, Roland.  
You must be Connie's friends.

Before Peter can correct her, Roland scoffs --

ROLAND KEMP  
"Book club". A weekly gathering of  
imbeciles is more like it. Half of them  
are illiterate.

SUSAN KEMP

You boys are a little early. The club doesn't start for another 5 hours.

PETER

Yeah, we actually aren't--

SUSAN KEMP

You're welcome to join us for lunch, though.

ROLAND KEMP

Oh yes. By all means join us. What a treat this will be. Sharing a meal with probable sociopaths.

Roland just walks off into the house, resigned to the idea.

SUSAN KEMP

Come on in!

Kyle starts to do so, but Peter stops him.

PETER

Would you give us a minute, Mrs. Kemp?

(waits for her to leave, then)

There's no way this jerk is our father!

I look nothing like him!

KYLE

You're kidding, right? That guy's you in 25 years. The resemblance is uncanny.

The eyes...the nose...

PETER

Are you trying to piss me off right now?  
Is that what you're doing?

KYLE

No.

(beat)

Look, he probably just takes a while to warm up to people. Just like you!  
Let's at least give him a chance.

As Kyle heads on into the house, we --

CUT TO:

THE FOURSOME HAVING LUNCH IN THE DINING ROOM

Peter is more than a little uncomfortable. And the fact that Roland is staring daggers at him while he eats isn't helping.

Kyle, on the other hand, is being a good guest.

KYLE

Mmm, this is excellent, Mrs. Kemp.  
It's meat, is it not?

MRS. KEMP

It is. I'm so glad you like it.

ROLAND

Yes, she's an amazing cook, my wife.  
I never thought I'd miss *prison food*  
until we got married.

KYLE

(like it's normal chit-chat)

Oh, you were in prison?

Roland's wife grows nostalgic.

SUSAN

That's where we met, actually. I was  
visiting my father -- who had been  
convicted of arson, of course.

KYLE

Of course.

SUSAN

...When I locked eyes with *this tall  
drink of water*.

(beat)

Do you remember what you were doing  
time for, baby?

ROLAND

Gee, let me think...

SUSAN

(like it's a happy memory)  
Embezzlement.

Peter just shakes his head. Keeps getting worse.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

It was love at first sight.

Roland just tries to ignore her.

SUSAN

(getting up)

Would anyone like more meat?

KYLE

I'd love some, ma'am, thank you.

Once she leaves, Peter decides he's reached his limit.

PETER

Yeah, this was a mistake.

KYLE

What my brother is *trying* to say, Mr. Kemp, is that we're not actually here for your wife's book club.

ROLAND

(indifferent)

Oh no?

KYLE

We think we might be your sons.

Roland stops chewing. He looks more pissed than surprised.

ROLAND

(bluntly)

How much?

KYLE

Excuse me?

ROLAND

What's the take? This is a con, right? You guys are a couple of matchstick men.

KYLE

(confused)

I actually don't smoke, so...

PETER

(just looking to get this over with)

Our mother is Helen Baxter. Jack Tibbs said you used to "know" her.

Peter hands Roland A PHOTO OF THEIR MOTHER.

Roland examines it, and it's clear he remembers her. In fact, after a few beats...he actually grows wistful. The first sign of humanity he's exhibited.

Kyle gives his brother an encouraged look.

ROLAND

...God, she was something else...

PETER

(bracing himself)

Here we go.

ROLAND

Here we go, what?

PETER

Go ahead and describe what a great fuck  
she was. How amazing her nipples were...  
How she could have won a "fucktathlon"...

Roland looks back at Peter, disgusted.

ROLAND

What the hell is wrong with you?  
This is your mother.

KYLE

Pete's just overtired. It's been an  
emotional trip.

Roland keeps an eye on Peter as he returns to the photo.  
Once he's refocused on it, though, he confesses...

ROLAND

Helen Baxter was the only woman I've  
ever loved.

KYLE

Really? That's great!

(beat)

Well, not for your wife, obviously...  
but it's great for us!

ROLAND

The only woman who ever understood me.

KYLE

Aww. See, Pete, he's a sweetheart.

ROLAND

I hate to burst your bubble, though,  
but I couldn't possibly be your father.

KYLE

Why not?

ROLAND

As much as I cared for your mother, she  
and I never did *anything* that could have  
resulted in pregnancy.

Peter can't help but feel relieved.

PETER

So you two never hooked up?

KYLE

No dude...I think he's implying that  
he only buttfucked her.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Or that they just went down on each  
other. Right, Roland?

ROLAND  
Well, I was *trying* to be a gentleman  
about it.

PETER GETS UP TO LEAVE, but Kyle stops him.

KYLE  
Pete, hold on.  
(then)  
Roland, how can you be so sure? This  
was, what, 60 years ago?

ROLAND  
Have you ever heard of the term "vagina-  
graphic memory"?

Apparently, Kyle has.

KYLE  
No...you?

ROLAND  
(proudly)  
I can remember *every* vagina I've ever  
been in. Since I'm 13.  
(beat)  
I'm *certain* I was never inside your  
mother's. Not with my penis, at least.

Kyle is more than a little impressed.

KYLE  
Wow. A vagina-graphic memory. I  
thought that was just a myth.

ROLAND  
No, it's real. It's very real.

Kyle is pleased to hear it. But something still bugs him.

KYLE  
What about the resemblance, though?  
You and Pete are like...goppeldangers.

PETER  
He means doppelgangers. And he's  
insane. We look nothing alike.

Roland is inclined to agree.

ROLAND

Yeah, he looks more like a Dr. Seuss character.

Kyle looks at his brother.

KYLE

You do, actually. The Mayor of Whoville. God, I can't believe I never noticed that. Good call, Roland!

ROLAND

(looking at Kyle)

You remind me of someone, though.

KYLE

I do? An actual person?

ROLAND

...Yeah...you kind of look like this schmuck your mother and I used to party with. A mutant version of him, at least.

KYLE

Did he fuck her too?

ROLAND

Yeah, a lot.

(beat)

Dammit, what was that schmuck's name?

KYLE

If he had a vagina, you'd remember it.

Kyle looks a little deflated until he notices the photo of their mom and GETS AN IDEA!

KYLE (CONT'D)

Hey Roland -- do you have any photos? You know, from your party days? Maybe we'd find a clue. Something to jog your memory.

Roland isn't generally one for helping...BUT WHEN HE HEARS HIS WIFE GREETING SOME OF HER IDIOT BOOK CLUB FRIENDS AT THE DOOR, he welcomes the escape.

#### ROLAND'S STUDY

Roland pulls out A PHOTO ALBUM and begins flipping through IMAGES OF HIS CRAZY PAST. Partying at Studio 54...hobnobbing with celebs (many of whom don't seem to want him around)...

KYLE

*Oh snap, is that Liza Minelli? Is that you snorting cocaine off Liza Minelli's ass?*

Roland beams proudly. Peter, however, points out --

PETER

*Yeah, I'm pretty sure that's a guy.*

KYLE

*Get out of town.*

PETER

*You can see his ballsack. Look.*

Kyle and Roland look where Peter is pointing. Apparently, he's right. Kyle feels bad.

KYLE

*It's still pretty cool, Roland.*

Roland finally turns to A PHOTO OF A 20-SOMETHING, SHIRTLESS, MUSTACHIOED MAN ON ROLLER SKATES (disco perm and all).

ROLAND

*Remind you of anyone?*

Kyle is blown away (despite there being little to no real resemblance).

KYLE

*...Jesus, it's like looking at a young me...*

This annoys Peter to no end.

PETER

*You're kidding me, right? You look nothing like this person. Not even a mutant version of him.*

Kyle isn't listening, though.

He's captivated by the man. Flips the page and finds another snapshot -- this one of THEIR MOTHER WITH AN ARM AROUND EACH OF ROLAND AND THE MUSTACHIOED ROLLER-SKATER.

There's even a handwritten note beneath it that reads:  
**"Hey Rollerdick, who took my blow????"**

It seems to be jogging Roland's memory.

KYLE

Roland, what is it? Is the note jogging your memory? It seems to be jogging it. Pete, check out Roland's face.

ROLAND

Rollerdick...That's what I used to call him...  
(wheels turning)  
...His real name was something like...

KYLE

(on the edge of his seat)  
What was it, Ro? What was his real name?

ROLAND

It was a mick name...like Aidan...or Padraig. No--wait, Dermot. Dermot McCutchen.

Kyle whips around to his brother --

KYLE

Dude, we're Irish! We're fucking Irish! How cool is that?!

Peter is indifferent, of course, not believing the guy is their father.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I wonder what became of him.

CUT TO:

THE TRIO IN FRONT OF ROLAND'S COMPUTER, WATCHING A YOUTUBE CLIP ENTITLED: "GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN GETS HIT BY BIRD"

ON SCREEN: Governor Dermot McCutchen (now perm & mustache-less) is addressing the graduating class at Boston University.

GOVERNOR DERMOT MCCUTCHEN

And it is only by having the courage of your convictions that change is--

WHEN A BIRD FLIES INTO HIS HEAD, KNOCKING HIM OFF THE PODIUM.

KYLE DIES LAUGHING.

KYLE

Oh my god, that is hilarious! Dude, we need to play that shit again.

PETER

We've already watched it *four times*.

But Kyle is already replaying the clip.

And, this time, even Roland can't help but chuckle. Peter is apparently the only one who doesn't see the humor.

KYLE

Bro, if you can't appreciate a bird flying into a guy's head...why live?  
Seriously.

ROLAND

He has a point.

KYLE

And Roland's a miserable fuck! What does that make you, Pete?  
(honestly worried)  
What does that make you?

EXT. THE KEMP'S HOUSE -- DAY

Peter waits impatiently by the rental car while Kyle says goodbye to Roland and his still-oblivious wife.

SUSAN KEMP

Oh, I just hate that you're going to miss the book club. Promise you'll come to next week's meeting.

KYLE

I can't make that promise, Mrs. Kemp.  
I live in Hawaii.

But Roland assures him...

ROLAND

She won't shut up until you promise.  
Trust me.

Kyle sees Mrs. Kemp is still looking at him, hopeful.

KYLE

Okay, I promise I'll come.

SUSAN KEMP

Oh that's wonderful!

Peter calls from the car --

PETER

Kyle, come on! It's getting late!

Kyle and Roland exchange a look.

INT. RENTAL CAR -- DAY

Kyle is hardly in the car when Peter starts pulling out.

KYLE

Wow, somebody's in a hurry to get to Boston.

PETER

We're not going to Boston. We're going home.

KYLE

But back there you said we should go to Boston to meet our Dad.

PETER

He's not our Dad. You guys look nothing alike. I only said that so we could get out of there.

KYLE

Aw, man, seriously? You played me again?

PETER

Yeah. I played you again.

KYLE

You're really ready to give up?  
After all we've been through?

PETER

Mom was right. We should have never even started this.

KYLE

Come on, Boston's only like a 3 hour drive. Let's at least go meet the guy.

(beat)

Look, even if you're right and I don't look like him, there's still a chance he's our Dad. He did fuck mom, right?

Peter doesn't answer. Just keeps driving.

KYLE (CONT'D)

How about this. Come with me to Boston...and if Rollerdick doesn't turn out to be our Dad, I promise I'll let this go.

Beat.

PETER

You promise you'll let it go.

KYLE

Scout's honor.

(beat)

But you know something? You might not want to let it go. After all, if Roland's not our dad and Rollerdick's not our dad...what's to say Jack Tibbs isn't still in the running?

Peter considers this. He won't admit it out loud, of course, but Kyle has a point.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I'm right, right? See? You need to look at the bright side for once. Your attitude sets your altitude, bro.

CUT TO:

THE BROTHERS DRIVING TO BOSTON

And initially it's without drama. Granted, they're forced to stop at A GAS STATION so Kyle's bladder doesn't explode...but Peter uses the time to grab snacks. The first *real* hiccup they encounter is TRAFFIC GETTING BACK ON THE HIGHWAY.

PETER

I knew we shouldn't have stopped.

KYLE

You heard Navi -- the next rest area wasn't for another *10 miles*. No way I'd have made that. You'd be covered in piss right now.

Kyle (who's now driving) then notices something up ahead -- A SKETCHY-LOOKING MALE HITCHHIKER, not having any luck.

KYLE

Poor guy. No one's even hearing him out.

PETER

(knows where this is going)  
No. It's not happening. We're not picking up a hitchhiker.

KYLE

Come on, you don't even know where he's going.

PETER

That's not the point.

KYLE

What's he gonna do? Rape us? Kill us? Rob us?

PETER

Yes. All of the above. *Look at him.*

KYLE

I had no idea you were so prejudiced.

PETER

Against guys who look *exactly* like serial killers? Yes, I'm prejudiced.

KYLE

But that's how we know he's harmless. He looks too much like a serial killer to actually be one. You show me two hot blondes with big tits looking for a ride, though...

PETER

And you'd pick them up too.

KYLE

Yeah, but I wouldn't be surprised if they tried to kill us. I'd be ready for it.

Peter just shakes his head. And as they roll closer to the hitchhiker, KYLE STARTS LOWERING PETER'S WINDOW.

PETER

I'm serious, Kyle. If he gets in, I get out.

KYLE

Let's just hear his story.

HITCHHIKER

(appearing in Peter's window)

Hey, thanks so much for stopping, you guys. Even if you don't decide to give me a ride. The gesture means a lot.

KYLE

No problem. Let me guess, car trouble?

HITCHHIKER

Actually, I was trying to go green. Hopped on a bus to Worcester -- hoping to make it home for my kid's birthday -- but the driver started telling these *really* racist jokes.

(MORE)

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)  
I asked her to stop, but the passengers  
were all enjoying them, so she wouldn't.  
Ultimately, I decided to get off.

KYLE  
You did the right thing, man.

HITCHHIKER  
Unfortunately, the right thing isn't  
always the easy thing.

Kyle nods. So true. He clearly wants to help the guy...but  
Peter is vehemently mouthing "No".

KYLE  
(humoring Peter)  
Sir, are you a serial killer? My brother  
here is worried that you are.  
(beat)  
Clearly, he's not without his own  
prejudices.

HITCHHIKER  
Hey, no, I completely understand. You  
gotta be careful these days. But I  
promise I'm not a *serial* killer.

PETER GLARES AT KYLE. And even Kyle has to acknowledge...

KYLE  
Okay, you just emphasized the word  
"serial"...which makes it seem like you  
are a killer. Just not a "serial" one.

HITCHHIKER  
Oh my god, did I? I swear, that was  
totally unintentional.

KYLE  
Yeah, it's also kind of weird that  
you didn't just say, "I promise I'm  
not a killer". It seems like that's  
what a *non*-killer would have said.

HITCHHIKER  
(disappointed in himself)  
Dammit! You're right. God, I totally  
messed this up. I'm such an idiot.

Kyle starts to feel bad for the guy again, though.

KYLE  
Hey, come on. Don't do that. Look,  
how about this. We'll give you a ride--

PETER

*Are you fucking crazy?!*

KYLE

You didn't let me finish, Pete.  
We'll give him a ride...BUT -- big  
"but" here -- *only* if he lets us tie  
him up. That way he can't rob, kill  
or rape us.

Peter can't believe his brother. That he'd be willing to go through all that trouble just to give this guy a ride. The hitchhiker, on the other hand, is impressed.

HITCHHIKER

I like it. It's an elegant solution  
to a difficult dilemma.

KYLE

It is, right?

HITCHHIKER

But wait -- what if *you guys* are  
killers? I'd be a sitting duck.

KYLE

Good point. Guess that's just a risk  
you're gonna have to be willing to take.

From the hitchhiker thinking it over, we --

CUT TO:

LATER IN THE DRIVE

With Kyle still at the wheel, WE FIND THE HITCHHIKER RIDING SHOTGUN, HIS UPPER BODY BOUND WITH A COMBINATION OF HIS OWN JACKET AND A FEW OF THOSE P90X WORKOUT BANDS.

Peter is in the backseat, still in disbelief.

KYLE

Are you okay? The bands aren't too  
tight, right?

HITCHHIKER

Oh no. I'm fine, thanks. Hey, do  
you get a good workout with these?

KYLE

They're okay. I take'em along when I  
travel, but it's more psychological.  
I just hate feeling like I haven't  
worked out. You know?

HITCHHIKER

Oh, totally.

KYLE

Came in handy this trip, though, right?

HITCHHIKER

I'll say!

Just then, KYLE'S "ME SO HORNY" RINGTONE GOES OFF AGAIN.

KYLE

Hey, it's Kaylani! Pete, would you grab my phone out of my pocket?

PETER

Why can't you get it?

KYLE

Dude, you know I always keep both hands on the wheel when I drive.

PETER

*Since when?* In high school you used to keep the wheel steady with your dick.

KYLE

Bro, I got kids now. I'm not the same carefree guy you grew up with. I have responsibilities.

Peter rolls his eyes. "Yeah right".

KYLE

Damn -- it stopped ringing.

PETER

(impersonating Kyle)

"Hey, look at the bright side, bro".  
Maybe she'll think you're busy banging another woman and love you even more.

The hitchhiker notices...

HITCHHIKER

Whoa. I am sensing a very disturbing vibe here. Peter, are you upset with your brother about something?

Peter tries to ignore the guy.

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)

Because I notice a lot of hostility emanating from you.

KYLE

Ah, he's probably just upset that we picked you up.

(beat)

And that we're going to Boston.

(beat)

And that his marriage fell apart.

(beat)

And that his son's having a Bar Mitzvah.

(beat)

And that--

HITCHHIKER

No, I'm sensing hostility toward you in particular, Kyle. You don't feel it?

(beat)

It's like there's this rage pulsing through his entire body.

Kyle glances at Peter through the rear view mirror.

KYLE

Is that what's going on here, Pete?

And their banter is clearly only making Peter angrier.

HITCHHIKER

I really think it is, Kyle. Look, his face is filling with blood.

KYLE

Pete, you okay? You want me to open the window?

HITCHHIKER

(like a therapist)

Peter, do you begrudge your brother's happiness for some reason?

PETER FINALLY EXPLODES --

PETER

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I DO! He's done NOTHING to deserve it!

(beat)

The way he's lived, he should be dead or *in prison* -- not a millionaire living in Hawaii with his perfect wife and his perfect kids and his goddamn BBQ sauce fortune even though he has NOTHING to do with the fucking sauce! Even though the image on the bottle could be of LITERALLY anyone!

Kyle is clearly hurt. HE ACTUALLY PULLS THE CAR ONTO THE SHOULDER OF THE HIGHWAY.

He just sits there a long beat, before asking...

KYLE

Is that why you've been avoiding me all these years? Why you "couldn't make it" to my wedding...or the births of my children?

Peter's silence gives Kyle his answer.

HITCHHIKER

Peter, it's not *Kyle's* fault he's been fortunate.

PETER

Oh whatever! He's been rubbing it in my face his whole life!

KYLE

Like when?!

PETER

You screwed every girl I liked in high school!

Kyle considers this.

KYLE

That's only because I screwed every girl who *went* to our high school. It wasn't to hurt you.

PETER

Bullshit! You *knew* I was in love with Pamela Hartley and you *still* screwed her!

KYLE

Pamela who?

And the fact that Kyle doesn't even remember her only increases Peter's rage.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Look, I'm sorry I don't have a vagina-graphic memory like Roland. What do you want from me?

Peter is fed up AND GETS OUT OF THE CAR.

Kyle looks to the hitchhiker. "What the fuck?"

CUT TO:

PETER FUMING ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Kyle appears beside him.

KYLE

Look, I'm sorry I fucked her. Is that what you want me to say?

PETER

Just once I wish you knew what it was like to be me. To *not* have things go your way. To be miserable.

KYLE

Come on, man. Is it really that bad?

PETER

Yes. It really is. And having you as a brother only makes it worse.

This is like a knife in Kyle's heart.

KYLE

Fuck. That sucks.

Peter agrees. It *does* suck.

Just then, THE HITCHHIKER JOINS THEM, HIS UPPER-BODY STILL BOUND.

HITCHHIKER

Guys, I'm really sorry. I feel responsible for this.

PETER

Yeah, well, you are.

The hitchhiker accepts this. But he also notes --

HITCHHIKER

Brothers are supposed to fight, though, right? It's in our genetic code.

(beat)

Look at the Bee Gees...the Jacksons... the Osmonds...Cain & Abel...

KYLE

Mario & Luigi?

HITCHHIKER

*Exactly. Do you know how much I wish my brother was still alive to fight with? I'd give anything for that.*

There's an awkward moment until the guy clarifies --

HITCHHIKER (CONT'D)

*I didn't kill him. He died of leukemia when I was nine.*

(beat)

*Now come on. Shake hands and let's get back in the car.*

Peter and Kyle look at each other.

Kyle extends his hand...and Peter begrudgingly takes it. An uneasy truce.

As the guys walk back, Kyle can't help but wonder...

KYLE

How'd you get out of the car? Your feet?

CUT TO:

PETER & KYLE DROPPING THE HITCHHIKER OFF AT HIS HOME.

The brothers watch from the car as the guy's wife & kids greet him on the lawn. It's touching. Peter finally concedes --

PETER

Alright, maybe he wasn't a serial killer.

KYLE

Really? I'm kind of leaning the other way now. Something about this house...

Peter just gives Kyle a look as he puts the car into drive.

CUT TO:

PETER & KYLE DRIVING INTO BOSTON

Kyle is still riding shotgun and he's psyched re: everything they pass (whether it has significance or not).

KYLE

Beantown, baby! Beantown!

Peter, of course, is slightly less excited.

INT. THE LENOX HOTEL -- EVENING

Peter & Kyle are checking in at the front desk. Kyle can tell his brother doesn't want to be here.

KYLE

Hey, thanks for humoring me on this.

PETER

I'm not humoring you. Given your luck,  
I'm sure this guy *is* our father. And  
I'm sure he's gonna love you.

KYLE

He's gonna love *us*, dude. Us.

Peter nods. But he clearly isn't hopeful.

INT. HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

While Peter is soaking in the bathtub, a wet washcloth draped over his face...

REVEAL: KYLE IS ON THE TOILET...USING PETER'S IPAD.

KYLE

Okay, so...according to the Governor's website, there's been a schedule change. He's making an appearance tomorrow morning at an elementary school in Dorchester. Apparently, some kids just won an award.

PETER

(with the washcloth still on his face)  
Please tell me you're not taking a shit.

KYLE

Beantown, baby! Beantown!

On command, HE RIPS TWO FARTS (complete with "trucker honk" arm gesture).

PETER CHUCKS THE WASHCLOTH AT HIM.

PETER

GET OUT!!! I'm serious! God, it's like  
you're twel--  
(then, smelling it)  
Oh...God...I can taste it...

Kyle dances from the throne. Raise the roof, etc.

CUT TO:

INT. DORCHESTER ELEMENTARY SCHOOL -- THE NEXT MORNING

Governor McCutchen is finishing up a speech to an assembly of 4th graders. Despite his audience, he's still *incredibly* engaged & passionate (think Bill Clinton's charisma and Mitt Romney's looks).

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

You see...America is only as great as its citizens *require* it to be. How great do you want it to be?

The kids aren't sure how to respond.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Come on, how great do you want America to be?

KYLE CALLS OUT FROM THE BACK --

KYLE

Really great, sir!

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Alright, that's the spirit!

ON KYLE, captivated by the Governor.

KYLE

I know why that bird hit him in the head, Pete. It just wanted to be near him.

(beat)

It just wanted to be near him.

Peter rolls his eyes.

LATER

With his speech over, the Governor is glad-handing parents & teachers, taking photos, etc.

Kyle & Peter try navigating thru the sea of kids, but it's tougher than you'd think.

PETER

Look, we should probably just try setting a meeting through his office.

KYLE

That's crazy, dude. He's right here.

(calling out)

Governor McCutchen! Governor McCutchen!  
Look at my face, sir! Look at my face!

FROM GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN'S P.O.V., HOWEVER, KYLE LOOKS LIKE A COMPLETE NUTJOB.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Does it look familiar?! Look closely,  
sir! Are you seeing it yet?!  
(beat)  
I'm worried you're not seeing it!

CUT TO:

THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

where Peter & Kyle are sitting side-by-side (much like when they were kids). Apparently, MCCUTCHEN'S SECURITY is holding them here until they can be questioned. Peter is fuming.

KYLE  
Okay, look, I'll admit my actions  
were ill-advised.

PETER  
They weren't advised, idiot. You  
just did whatever you felt like  
doing. Like you always do.

KYLE  
Yeah and that usually works out great  
for me. Hey, maybe I should be pissed at  
you. You know, for fucking up my mojo.  
(beat)  
Maybe I should stop being such a goddamn  
sweetheart all the time!

PETER  
Yeah, maybe you should.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN AND HIS TWO ADVISORS ENTER.

PETER  
Governor McCutchen, please excuse my  
brother's--

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN  
(directed at Kyle)  
Who sent you?

KYLE  
Well, technically, Roland sent us.  
Roland Kemp.

Beat.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN  
And how do you know him?

KYLE

Well, we thought he was our father.  
 Well, first we thought Jack Tibbs  
 was...then Roland. But now *you*, sir.  
 (beat)

That's what I was trying to tell you  
 out there.

(like it's something magical)  
 You used to fuck our mother.

PETER

Her name was Helen Baxter, sir.

KYLE

You knew her back when you were  
 Rollerdick. Show him the photo, Pete.

Peter hands over THE PHOTO OF THEIR MOTHER WITH HER ARMS  
 AROUND A SHIRTLESS, DISCO-PERMED MCCUTCHEN AND ROLAND.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Helen Baxter is your mother?

The Governor and his CHIEF OF STAFF (male, 60's) share a  
 brief look.

PETER

Yes. See, she told us our father was  
 a bicycle salesman who died before we  
 were born...

KYLE

But he *wasn't* a bicycle salesman. He  
 was *you*. I can feel it in my bones,  
 sir. Can't you feel it in yours?

CUT TO:

THE HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

McCutchen and his two advisors are discussing the situation.  
 His DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF (female, 30's) suspects...

DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF

It's a set-up. Someone from Kellerman's  
 camp must have sent them. The photo is  
 obviously doctored.

(beat)  
 Right?

But McCutchen and his Chief of Staff share another knowing  
 look. McCutchen concedes...

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

The photo's legit.

(then, with difficulty)

You see, Jessica, for a brief period  
in the 70s...I went a little bonkos.

His Chief of Staff puts a hand on his shoulder.

CHIEF OF STAFF

We all did, sir.

Jessica can't believe what she's hearing.

JESSICA/DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF

Jesus. You mean...you really were  
Rollerdick?

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Rollerstud, actually. It was a nod  
to my unparalleled sexual and skating  
abilities.

CHIEF OF STAFF

You should have seen this man skate,  
Jessica.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

(nostalgic)

You should have seen me fuck.

Jessica's disbelief continues.

JESSICA/DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF

So those two idiots might actually be  
your sons?

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

I'm afraid so. I banged their mother  
a lot.

JESSICA/DEPUTY CHIEF OF STAFF

Well, we're fucked. We're completely--

CHIEF OF STAFF

Look, let's not get carried away. We  
have no reason to think these guys are  
looking to cause trouble. My advice,  
sir, is to play nice. At least until  
we know what we're dealing with.

The Governor agrees.

INT. THE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Peter looks ready to strangle his brother.

PETER

I swear, if you get us killed...

KYLE

They're not gonna kill us. They're Republicans. Republicans don't kill wealthy white dudes.

PETER

First of all, I'm not wealthy. You are. And second of all, they don't know you're wealthy. Right?

As Kyle considers this (finding it a little troubling), GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN AND HIS ADVISORS RETURN.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Gentlemen, I--

KYLE

We're very wealthy, sir. I just think you should know that before you decide anything.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Okay, that's...good to know.

(then, turning on the charm)

Look, I just wanted to apologize about before. You caught me by surprise.

(beat)

After all, the 70s wasn't exactly my finest decade.

PETER

Governor McCutchen, let me assure you we have no intention of telling anyone anything about your past. We're honestly just looking to know if...

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

I'm your father. Hey, I get it.

It's nice to know who your father is.

(beat)

Unless, of course, he's a belligerent drunk like mine.

They all share a laugh. Peter & Kyle have definitely relaxed.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Look, how about this? Why don't you guys come back to my house. That way, we can do a paternity test in private.

(to his Deputy Chief of Staff)

(MORE)

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN (CONT'D)  
 Jessica, would you see if Dr. Grant  
 is available today?  
 (back to the guys)  
 If it turns out you're my sons, terrific.  
 We'll celebrate. If not, no harm no  
 foul.

PETER  
 That sounds...very sensible, sir.

KYLE  
 That's why he's gonna be the next  
 President, Pete. That and his hair.  
 (examining it)  
 Jesus, it's like he doesn't even have  
 a scalp. It's all hair.

EXT. THE GOVERNOR'S MANSION -- DAY

The brothers get out of their rental car in front of the mansion. The Governor and his advisors exit a separate car.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN  
 (noticing thru the window)  
 Dammit, my wife's home. She was supposed  
 to be at her mother's till tomorrow.  
 (then, thinking)  
 Hey, would you guys do me a favor?

KYLE  
 Name it.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN  
 When you meet my wife, would you mind  
 pretending you're just...  
 (first thing he can think of)  
 a couple of reporters here to do a  
 story on me? I'd hate to upset her  
 if we don't have to.

Before Peter can finish nodding "Sure", KYLE CELEBRATES --

KYLE  
 Dude, I've already got a character  
 for this! P.J. McGoldenrod!!  
 (explaining to the Governor)  
 Sometimes I pretend I'm a reporter when  
 I fuck my wife. I usually wear a  
 trench coat and a Fedora...but I'm *sure*  
 P.J. will still play without them.  
 He's really a fun character, sir.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN  
 Yeah, I don't think we need to--

KYLE

(but he's already rolling)

Pete, you can be his partner...Oliver...  
Pennyswaggle.

PETER

How about we just use our real names?

KYLE

No, it's too late. That'll just confuse me. You're Oliver Pennyswaggle. And you and I have this *intense* love-hate relationship. You know, like those guys. You know the ones I'm talking about?

Peter just shakes his head. Kill me now.

INT. GOVERNOR MCUTCHEN'S MANSION -- DAY

The Governor has just kissed his ATTRACTIVE, 50-SOMETHING WIFE hello. Confused, however, she notes...

MRS. MCCUTCHEN

Dr. Grant's waiting in your study.  
He said he stopped by to give you a physical?

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Oh--yes, I've been putting that off.  
Looks like he finally caught me.

MRS. MCCUTCHEN

He said you asked him to come.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Of course I did. Obviously. He wouldn't just show up at our home in the middle of the day.

CHIEF OF STAFF

The Governor was being facetious,  
Mrs. McCutchen.

She accepts the Chief of Staff's explanation...somewhat warily. She then notices Peter & Kyle standing by the door.

MRS. MCCUTCHEN

Who are *they*?

Before the Governor can even say a word --

KYLE

(deep voice, debonair)

P.J. McGoldenrod, ma'am -- ace reporter  
for The White Bostonian.  
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

(beat)

And this, of course, is my plucky  
partner--

PETER

Peter Reynolds. Hello.

KYLE

He *prefers* to be called Oliver, though.  
One of his many interesting quirks.

Before Kyle can go into them, the Governor explains (with some hesitancy)...

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Yes, these gentlemen are writing an article on me. I offered to give them a glimpse at our homelife.

She nods. Nothing too odd about that.

MRS. MCCUTCHEN

Well, if they want a *real* scoop, they should talk to me. After all, who knows the Governor better than his own wife? Right?

Governor McCutchen reads this for sarcasm...but ultimately concludes --

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

You know something? That's a great idea.

Kyle seconds this with A BIG BELLOWING LAUGH (one of "P.J.'s" more colorful affectations, apparently).

KYLE

Indeed! A great idea indeed!

(then)

Oliver, why don't you run along with the Governor...while *I* stay here and have my way with his lovely wife.

A beat. Furrowed brows all around.

MRS. MCCUTCHEN

I'm sorry...what newspaper did you say you were from?

Kyle again responds with A BELLOWING LAUGH.

KYLE

Indeed! Oh, you are a live one, Mrs. McCutchen. A live one indeed!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- DAY

With his advisors keeping watch in the hall, we find McCutchen and Peter...

IN THE GOVERNOR'S STUDY

...about to have blood drawn by DR. GRANT. They're both seated with their sleeves rolled up.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Your brother certainly is...  
interesting.

PETER

Yeah, he's something else, alright.

Dr. Grant then explains...

DR. GRANT

So, Peter, before I draw blood, I'll just need to take down a little information.

PETER

Of course.

(to the Governor)

I'm actually a physician myself.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Really? That's great.

They have a little moment. Then--

DR. GRANT

When were you born?

PETER

December 26th 1975.

While the doctor is jotting it down...

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Almost a Christmas baby, huh?

PETER

Yep.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Bet you got screwed when it came to  
presents.

PETER

Yeah. But we would have gotten screwed  
anyway. Mom wasn't a big gift giver.

The Governor chuckles. But as the information sits with  
him...

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Wait a second. What year was that again?

PETER

1975.

McCutchen considers this. Something about it doesn't make  
sense.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

December 26th 1975?

PETER

Uh huh.

Beat.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

That's impossible.

PETER

Why?

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

Well...I was "with" your mother two  
months before that...

(beat)

And she wasn't even pregnant.

Peter is understandably confused.

PETER

How can you be sure? It was 36 years  
ago.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN

I'll show you how I can be sure.

CUT TO:

INT. GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN'S SPORTS MEMORABILIA ROOM

It's a shrine to New England sports history. The Celtics...  
the Patriots...but primarily the Red Sox.

The Governor grabs a mounted, autographed baseball off a shelf and explains...

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN  
October 21st 1975. Game 6 of the  
World Series.

McCutchen's Chief of Staff knows exactly where he's going.

CHIEF OF STAFF  
Carlton Fisk's 12th inning home run.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN  
No self-respecting Sox fan would  
forget what he did that night.

His Chief of Staff reminisces...

CHIEF OF STAFF  
I was back in New York. Had to watch  
it in a bar full of Yankee fans.

Dr. Grant remembers as well...

DR. GRANT  
I was in my 4th year of medical school.  
We actually brought a TV into the O.R.

GOVERNOR MCCUTCHEN  
Yeah, well, I was *there*. At the  
game. And so was your mother.

McCutchen shows Peter A FRAMED PHOTO OF HIM AND PETER'S MOTHER CELEBRATING AT THE GAME. She's clearly not 7 months pregnant. (NOTE: she *is*, however, clearly wasted)

While Peter is in shock, trying to process what this means --

CUT TO:

KYLE INTERVIEWING MRS. MCCUTCHEN IN THE LIVING ROOM

KYLE  
(BIG BELLOWING LAUGH, then)  
Oh, that is delightful, ma'am. Just  
delightful.  
(then)  
Now if we could just switch gears a bit,  
I'd like to ask a few questions about the  
Governor's hair.

MRS. MCCUTCHEN  
(confused)  
His hair?

KYLE

Indeed. We at...my job...are eager to learn how the Governor has managed to keep his hair so thick and lustrous over the years. Is there a particular shampoo he uses, or...?

While she tries to understand the relevance, PETER APPEARS AND POLITELY PULLS HIS BROTHER AWAY.

PETER

Would you excuse us for a minute, Mrs. McCutchen? I just need to have a word with T.J.

KYLE

P.J.

PETER

Yeah, whatever.

THE FOYER

KYLE

Dude, you totally saved me. Another five minutes and she would have torn my clothes off.

(beat)

Apparently, she sees me as a younger, more virile version of her husband -- you know, the one she never had a chance to fuck.

Beat.

PETER

Are you finished? Because if you are, I have some very unsettling news to report.

KYLE

*Well done, Oliver!*

PETER

(muzzles his anger, then)  
Two months before we were born, Mom wasn't even pregnant.

KYLE

What, you mean we were like Jesus?  
Immaculate conceptions?

PETER

Yeah, that's not what immaculate conception means.

KYLE

Are you sure?

PETER

Yes.

KYLE

Well...what does this mean then?

PETER

It *means* Mom lied about our birthday.

KYLE

Why would she do that? To screw us out of presents?

While the brothers consider this, MCCUTCHEN'S CHIEF OF STAFF APPEARS. Like they're spies in some spy thing, he says--

CHIEF OF STAFF

We should talk.

EXT. GOVERNOR MCUTCHEN'S MANSION -- DAY

Peter & Kyle are in front of the mansion, anxiously awaiting what the man has to say. It's obviously something he doesn't want Governor McCutchen to overhear.

CHIEF OF STAFF

I've been friends with the Governor a long time. A *long* time. He doesn't know this, but...I used to "see" your mother too.

KYLE

The airquotes mean you fucked her, right?

CHIEF OF STAFF

Yes. Anyways, when I called her a few weeks after the World Series...you know, to see if she might want to "see" me again...her roommate said she'd been checked into a detox center in Providence. "New Beginnings".

(beat)

I remember because I actually spent time there myself in the 80s.

Peter & Kyle look at each other.

KYLE

Looks like we're going to Providence.

Peter nods. There's no way he's giving up now.

CHIEF OF STAFF

Hey, how's your mom doing, by the way? She good?

(beat)

Tell her The Jackhammer said hi, okay?

INT. RENTAL CAR -- DAY

Peter & Kyle pull up to the

NEW BEGINNINGS REHABILITATION CENTER (PROVIDENCE, R.I.)

PETER

What are the chances there's anyone here who'll even remember her?

KYLE

They'll at least have a file on her, right?

INT. NEW BEGINNINGS REHAB CENTER -- DAY

Peter & Kyle approach the front desk. There's a MALE ATTENDANT on duty.

GUY AT RECEPTION DESK

Hi, can I help you?

Kyle turns on the charm.

KYLE

I sure hope so...Clyde. Our mother was a patient here back in 1975. We were wondering if you might have any information on her.

CLYDE/GUY AT RECEPTION DESK

Yeah...we're not allowed to give out any information on our patients.

And, even if I could, I doubt our files go back that far.

KYLE

Aw, shucks. It would just mean the world to us, though, if you checked. Our mother is...well...the fact of the matter is, Clyde, she's...

PETER

Dead.

KYLE

Well, I don't know if I feel comfortable going that far, Clyde.

(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Let's just say she's old...and that  
she has a few minor medical problems.

Peter just gives his brother a look. Are you kidding me?

KYLE (CONT'D)  
What? I'm not gonna lie and say  
she's dead, dude. That's bad karma.

Fortunately, Clyde takes pity on them.

CLYDE  
Look, I shouldn't be doing this,  
but...if your mother was a patient in  
the 70s, there's one person here who  
might remember her.

INT. COFFEE ROOM -- DAY

Peter & Kyle enter a breakroom and find a 70-SOMETHING FEMALE STAFF MEMBER making herself some tea.

PETER  
Excuse me. Dr. Cartwright?

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
Yes?

PETER  
This is a longshot, ma'am...but we're  
hoping you might remember our mother.  
She was a patient here in the 70s.  
Her name was Helen Baxter.

After a long beat...Dr. Cartwright gradually smiles.

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
So which one of you is Peter and  
which one is Kyle?

THE BROTHERS' JAWS DROP.

KYLE  
No way. You remember us?

PETER  
How is that...possible?

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
(still smiling)  
Let's take a walk.

EXT. NEW BEGINNINGS REHAB CENTER -- DAY

Peter & Kyle walk with the woman thru the Center's beautifully landscaped gardens.

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
How *is* your mother?

PETER  
She's good. Married...healthy...

Dr. Cartwright looks at them.

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
She doesn't know you're here, does she?

PETER  
No.

(beat)  
See, she recently revealed to us that the man we spent our *whole* lives thinking was our father wasn't really our father...

KYLE  
And we've been on a quest to find the guy ever since.  
(beat)  
Technically, it's only been since last Friday. But it feels longer. I miss my wife and kids.

The woman smiles.

PETER  
We think she *also* lied about our birthday. She told us it was December 26th, 1975...but we saw a photo of her from around that time, and *she wasn't even pregnant*.

KYLE  
Well, I never got to see the picture.  
But I trust Pete.

PETER  
When were we born?

The woman is clearly conflicted about what to tell them.

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
I'm not sure you boys will want to hear this.

KYLE  
(fearing the worst)  
We're 40, Pete. She's gonna tell us  
we're actually 40.

Peter ignores his brother. He begs the doctor...

PETER  
Please. We've been lied to our entire  
lives. We just want the truth.

She can see how much this means to them. After a long beat...

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
When your mother arrived here -- in  
November 1975 -- she was in a very  
bad condition. I'll spare you the  
details...but we had to isolate her  
and keep her in her own room, until  
she got clean.

The guys nod. Okay so far.

DR. CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)  
Once she made it past the withdrawal  
period, however, we moved her in with  
another patient. A woman.

Dr. Cartwright hesitates...which confuses the brothers.

PETER  
Okay...

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
A woman who *happened* to be 8-months  
pregnant.

She lets this sit with them. Peter is the first to realize  
what it means.

PETER  
Ho-ly shit.

KYLE  
Are you holy shitting what I'm holy  
shitting? In my head, I mean?

Peter is too blown away to respond.

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
Your mother and this woman became  
very close. They got clean together.  
(beat)  
They basically became like sisters.

KYLE

Did mom steal us? Is that where this is going? Please let it not be going there.

DR. CARTWRIGHT

There was a terrible blizzard that Christmas...and when the woman went into labor, it wasn't possible to get her to the hospital. So...we did the best we could.

(then, smiling)

And two beautiful boys were brought into the world.

ON PETER & KYLE processing this. Dr. Cartwright's smile fades, however, in revealing...

DR. CARTWRIGHT

Unfortunately, due to her history of drug abuse and...

(delicately)

several other medical issues...she was still very weak...and didn't survive the delivery.

ON PETER & KYLE...as this sinks in. About as bad as it gets.

DR. CARTWRIGHT (CONT'D)

Legally, we were expected to deliver you to social services...to be placed into foster care.

(beat)

But Helen couldn't stand the thought. And she promised to take care of you and raise you as if you were her own.

(beat, smiles again)

You boys actually spent the first 6 months of your lives right here at the Center...just so we could make sure she was fit to raise you.

The brothers are absolutely blown away.

Peter is the first to come to. Weakly, he asks...

PETER

Our biological mother. What was her name?

DR. CARTWRIGHT

Well...I'm certain the name she gave us wasn't her real name.

PETER  
How do you know?

But Dr. Cartwright doesn't respond.

PETER (CONT'D)  
Please.

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
Because she was a prostitute, Peter.  
And she was afraid that elements from  
that world might come to hurt her. And,  
more importantly, you.

The brothers digest this. Kyle looks especially phased.

PETER  
And our father...?

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
She believed he was her pimp.

Peter nods...accustomed to disappointment by this point.  
It's still new for Kyle, though. He tries rationalizing...

KYLE  
He was probably a nice pimp, though,  
right? You know, one of the ones  
with goldfish in his shoes...and...a  
cool cane...

But by the Doctor's face, it's clear that wasn't the case.  
Kyle is visibly weakened.

Just then, CLYDE FROM THE FRONT DESK INTERRUPTS--

CLYDE FROM THE FRONT DESK  
Excuse me, Dr. Cartwright, but they  
need you inside.

Dr. Cartwright nods. She looks at the brothers. Clearly,  
they're still in shock.

DR. CARTWRIGHT  
I hope you view the truth as I view it.  
(beat)  
Helen Baxter was one of the most  
remarkable women I've ever met.

Dr. Cartwright leaves...and the brothers just sit there.  
They couldn't move even if they had to.

But, apparently, they do have to, as Clyde adds...

CLYDE FROM THE FRONT DESK  
Sorry guys...but you can't be here alone.

EXT. NEW BEGINNINGS REHAB CENTER -- DAY

The brothers finally exit the Center. Their emotional tanks are clearly empty.

Kyle looks particularly defeated, though...and just plops down on the steps. He sums it all up.

KYLE

So, basically...our mother was a whore...our father was a pimp...and we killed our whore-mother, just by being born.

Peter watches as his brother's eyes actually begin to water. It's something he can't remember ever seeing.

And as the harsh truth continues sitting with Kyle...

KYLE

("sunny")

Hey, guess this explains why we're such fucking losers, right?

This stymies Peter. Since when does *Kyle* think he's a loser?

PETER

Come on...what are you talking about?

KYLE

You were right about me, Pete.  
I should be dead or in prison.

(beat)

Hell, it turns out it's my birthright!

And it's here that Peter begins to feel guilty. Both for what he said...and, more importantly, what he's wished. His whole life.

PETER

Look...I didn't mean that. I was just jealous...and sad...and I took it out on you.

KYLE

No, you hit the nail on the head. I'm a handsome idiot who's contributed nothing to the world.

PETER

What about your sons?

KYLE

What about them? Kaylani does all the work. I'm just the big dumb *howlie* who got her pregnant.

PETER

That's not true.

KYLE

Yeah it is.

(beat)

And you know what the worst part is? I probably *did* know you had a crush on that Pamela chick when I fucked her. She used to wear pink Cavariccis, right?

Kyle takes Peter's non-response as confirmation and hates himself even more. And it's here that the waterworks *really* start flowing.

PETER

(hates watching it)

Oh God...don't cry.

KYLE

I can't help it! The tears just keep coming.

PASSING EMPLOYEES can't help but stare.

KYLE

That's right! Look at the handsome idiot crying! Look at him getting what he deserves!

PETER

Kyle, look at me. Look at me!

Kyle obeys...tears still streaming.

PETER

You have no reason to feel bad about yourself. You're *literally* the nicest guy I've ever known. You're a terrific father and a devoted husband.

KYLE

(salt in the wounds)

I couldn't even cheat on her! This whole trip I couldn't even do it! Not even a hand job!

PETER

That's not a *bad* thing. That's just a testament to what a great guy you are and how much you love Kaylani and your sons.

KYLE

(brightening a bit)

It is? It's a testament?

PETER

Yes. She's lucky to have you as a husband. Those kids are lucky to have you as a father.

(beat)

And I'm lucky to have you as a brother.

And this means more to Kyle than practically anything.

KYLE

Really? Even after Pamela Whats-her-face?

PETER

(finally admitting it)

I never had a chance with her anyway. She was just an easy excuse for me to hate you.

Kyle appreciates this. And Peter continues...

PETER

You know what? I think you need to start taking your own advice.

KYLE

What advice?

PETER

Look at the bright side here. Just think about what Mom did for us.

KYLE

Which Mom? Whore Mom?

PETER

Both Moms. But *Mom* Mom, in particular. She gave up her *whole* life for us. And she had zero obligation to do that.

Kyle considers this. It really *is* amazing.

PETER (CONT'D)

All those stories she made up about Dad...she really *was* trying to protect us.

(beat)

Hell, she even decided to reveal her own *ridiculously* embarrassing sexual history rather than have us know the truth.

Kyle marvels at it too. Unbelievable. Then --

KYLE

Guess you really owe her an apology, huh?

(beat)

You know, 'cuz you were such a dick to her about that.

Peter is fully aware of this.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I mean, there were times in that whole exchange where I was like, "Damn, Pete's really being a dick about this." I almost hit you, actually.

Peter takes his lumps well. Knows he deserves it.

PETER

Are you ready to go home?

KYLE

I was *born* ready. To go home.

BEGIN MONTAGE OF THE GUYS HEADING HOME

1. Driving to the airport...Peter actually enjoying Kyle's rap stylings.
2. Walking thru the terminal in slow-motion, bad asses that they are.
3. Toasting drinks at an airport bar...and cracking everyone up with tales of their adventures. And Peter is just as involved as his brother. They're a dynamic duo.

END MONTAGE

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

With the plane in mid-flight, we find Kyle sitting in First Class, enjoying the window view.

When Peter sits down beside him, however, Kyle realizes--

KYLE

Dude, we never got you laid! The whole sub-mission of the larger mission was a failure.

Peter grins, though.

PETER

Was it? Guess who just became the newest member of the Mile-High Club.

KYLE

(in utter shock)

No.

Peter smiles and waves at a pretty stewardess. She smiles back. Kyle remains stunned.

KYLE

*Seriously?* You just fucked that flight attendant?

PETER

(after a beat)

No.

Kyle shakes his head, "pissed".

KYLE

Dammit! You got me again! I gotta be the most gullible person alive.

Peter chuckles.

PETER

I did get her number, though.

KYLE

Don't play me again, Pete. I'm begging you. My heart can't take it.

PETER

(displaying a napkin with the digits)  
Does it look like I'm playing you?

KYLE

*Sweet!*

(but then)

Wait a second. How do I know you didn't just write those numbers yourself? See, you are playing me.

Peter just continues beaming. Whether he's "playing" Kyle or not may be a mystery...but he's clearly enjoying his company.

EXT. THEIR MOTHER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Peter & Kyle get out of Peter's Prius and head toward their Mom's house. Pastor Gene is waiting for them on the porch.

PETER  
Hey Gene. Where is she?

PASTOR GENE  
I'm not going to lie to you guys.  
Your mother isn't doing well.

Peter and Kyle look at each other. Shit.

THE BACKYARD

Pastor Gene leads the brothers behind the house...where they find THEIR MOTHER -- SITTING IN A LONE CHAIR AT THE END OF THE YARD, STARING OFF AT NOTHING. It's very dramatic.

KYLE  
How long has she been like this?

Gene sees how concerned they are, though, and confesses --

PASTOR GENE  
Okay, look. Honestly, she just came out here ten minutes ago when I said you were on your way. But don't tell her I told you. This really *has* been rough on her.

PETER  
We know it has. Thanks, Gene.

ON MRS. REYNOLDS staring off into the distance sadly...when Peter & Kyle appear beside her.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
(without looking at them)  
Well, well, well. To what do I owe the honor?

Peter isn't bothered by her self-indulgence. He simply kneels down before her and tells her sweetly...

PETER  
You are, without question, the greatest mom in the world.

She tries to remain unmoved (but we can tell the words have affected her). Kyle kneels down as well and adds...

KYLE  
Ma, we love you more than anything.

PETER  
Besides Jesus, of course.

KYLE  
Right, besides Jesus.  
(beat)  
And, well, obviously we're both  
fathers, so...  
(beat)  
But you know what we're saying. She  
knows what we're saying.

And Peter continues...

PETER  
We've taken you for granted our entire  
lives. Me especially. But it ends now.  
(beat)  
We'd be nothing without you.

KYLE  
No, we'd be *less* than that. We'd be  
less than nothing.

She continues not giving them eye contact.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
I take it things didn't go so well  
with Jack Tibbs.

PETER  
Things went fine with him.  
(beat)  
But he's not our family. You are.

She finally looks at her boys. The emotion of the moment  
takes over and she starts to cry.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
Are you going to hug your mother or not?

Peter & Kyle are more than happy to oblige.

And, as the embrace continues, KAYLANI AND THE KIDS RETURN  
FROM THE GROCERY STORE.

KAPONO/KEANU  
Daddy's home!!!

Kyle ends his hug, but only so his boys can run into his arms.

And the sight doesn't even make Peter jealous. He actually  
smiles. His mother notes this and tells him softly...

MRS. REYNOLDS  
 You're the best thing that ever  
 happened to me. You know that, right?

Peter looks back at her. He does. And it's from this idyllic moment...with everything right in the world that we --

CUT TO:

PETER'S SON'S RIDICULOUSLY OVER-THE-TOP BAR MITZVAH RECEPTION

12-person band...party-starters...fire-breathers...the works.

We find Peter seated at a table with his family (mom, Pastor Gene, Kyle, Kaylani & the kids). He's actually handling the occasion pretty well, too. Seems to have made peace with it.

MRS. REYNOLDS  
 I'm still confused. Is Ethan Jewish now?

PETER  
 He just wanted a party, Mom. It's okay.

She nods...but she's still confused.

ANGLE ON ETHAN, STEPPING UP TO THE BAND'S MIC.

ETHAN  
 Everyone, everyone...if I could have  
 your attention...

The room quiets down to hear the precocious young man speak.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 I'm so grateful that you were all  
 able to come out and share this  
 special day with me.

Kyle makes the "jerking off" hand gesture. It amuses Peter.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
 Now, I'll let you get back to dancing  
 and eating in a second...but I couldn't  
 forgive myself if I didn't thank the  
 people responsible for making me the man  
 I am -- or rather, became -- today.

(beat)  
 Mom...Joel...I love you both. Thank you  
 for making this amazing dream a reality.

The entire room "awwwws"....except for Peter's table.  
 They're waiting for Ethan to at least acknowledge his father.  
 But, of course, he doesn't.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Now let's kick this party up a notch!

Everyone CHEERS! Except at Peter's table.

KYLE  
Is he fucking kidding me?

Peter gestures "Don't worry about it". But that's not exactly in Kyle's nature.

So, as Ethan joins his friends on the dance-floor...

KYLE APPEARS AT THE MIC.

KYLE  
(all smiles, champagne in hand)  
The Bar Mitzvah Boy, everybody!  
Let's give him another hand!

The guests oblige...unsure what's going on. Is he drunk?

KYLE (CONT'D)  
For those of you who don't know me,  
I'm Ethan's uncle. I'm *goyim*, but  
don't hold it against me, okay!  
(taking the mic off the stand,  
settling in)  
Gosh, this really *is* an amazing day.  
Ethan becoming a man. I knew you  
could do it, buddy! Lots of *mazel*!

Ethan feigns a smile for his guests, but he clearly wants his uncle off the mic.

KYLE (CONT'D)  
But you know something, Ethan? "Being a man" isn't just about growing facial hair...and chasing tail...and worrying about the size of your penis.  
(beat)  
It's not just about getting to read from the holy *Torah* for the first time...which I know you chose not to do today, due to "time constraints".  
(beat)  
Being a man is also about appreciating the people who've always been there for you.  
(beat)  
And not just the ones who drop 80 grand on a silly party.

And, as if the implication wasn't clear enough, he adds...

KYLE (CONT'D)  
 Stop being a dick to your father, Ethan.  
 You're lucky to have him.

With the comment still in the air --

KYLE  
*L'Chaim!* Come on, L'Chaim, everybody!  
 That means drink up!

As the guests hesitantly obey, Kyle winks at his brother.  
 And we can tell Peter appreciates the effort.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN JOSE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- DAY

Peter is dropping Kyle and his family off at the airport for their flight back to Hawaii. They share a final moment.

KYLE  
 I'm gonna miss you, man.

PETER  
 Yeah, I'm gonna miss you too.

And we can see Peter actually means it. Kaylani adds...

KAYLANI  
 You're coming to visit in December,  
 though, right?

PETER  
 Mom and I bought our tickets last night.

Kyle smiles. Before they leave, though, he makes a request.

KYLE  
 Would you do one thing for me, Pete?

PETER  
 What's that?

KYLE  
 Would you please fuck that flight  
 attendant?

PETER  
 (smiles)  
 We'll see.

KYLE  
 No, not "we'll see". Fuck.

Even little Keanu and Kapono apply the pressure.

KEANU

Fuck her, Uncle Pete.

KAPONO

Do it for us.

PETER

Now how can I say no to those faces?

KYLE

You can't. Welcome to *my* world.

Kyle gives his brother one last hug. It lasts a while, but Peter doesn't mind...much. Kaylani finally has to end it.

KAYLANI

I'm sorry, you guys, but we really need to go.

Peter watches them head off.

Granted, he's come a long way, but he *clearly* still longs for what Kyle has. A happy, loving family. Before he gets too down about it, though...

A LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE CALLS OUT --

LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

Peter?

He turns around...and, who of all people should be standing there, BUT JACK TIBBS' ADORABLE GRANDDAUGHTER.

PETER

(in utter shock)

Elizabeth? What are doing here?

ELIZABETH

I live in San Jose, remember? We just flew back.

"We?"

Elizabeth gestures back to HER EQUALLY ADORABLE MOTHER, struggling to keep their luggage balanced on a Smarte Carte.

ELIZABETH

Mom! Guess who I ran into!

Elizabeth's mother looks confused, seeing her daughter standing with a strange man.

ELIZABETH'S MOTHER

Elizabeth, what's gotten into you?

ELIZABETH

Mom, this is Peter! You know, the guy  
Grandpa Jack and I told you about...

Peter and Elizabeth's mother meet eyes...and, continuing his track record with the family, there's an instant connection.

PETER

Hi.

ELIZABETH'S MOTHER

Hi.

PETER

(in disbelief)

They told you about me?

ELIZABETH'S MOTHER

Please -- they wouldn't *stop* telling  
me about you.

ELIZABETH

It's true. We wouldn't. So how's  
Donald?

(explaining)

Donald's his brother.

PETER

I actually just dropped him off.  
That's...why I'm here.

Peter and Elizabeth's mother share another moment. This is crazy.

ELIZABETH'S MOTHER

I'm Julie, by the way.

They shake warmly. He does a little fishing...

PETER

So...is your husband picking you up,  
or...?

ELIZABETH

Nope, Mom's divorced. We were just  
gonna grab a taxi.

Peter considers this.

PETER

I could give you a ride. I mean, if  
it's that not weird...

Elizabeth reacts instantly--

ELIZABETH

Why would that be weird?

(then)

Mom, what are you waiting for? Say yes.

By the way she's looking at Peter, we can tell she will.  
She has a little fun with him first, though.

JULIE/ELIZABETH'S MOTHER

Gee, I don't know, honey. Grandpa  
Jack said he's a wild man behind the  
wheel.

(beat)

Do you think you can control  
yourself, Peter?

He's already in love.

PETER

It'll be a challenge, yes. But one I  
look forward to.

(suavely POPS the trunk)

And as Peter helps the lovely ladies into his car...  
practically glowing with optimism...we --

FADE OUT.

END CREDITS ROLL OVER FOOTAGE OF ACE REPORTER PJ MCGOLDENROD  
(A.K.A., KYLE IN NOTHING BUT A TRENCH COAT & FEDORA, PAD & PEN  
IN HAND) INTERVIEWING KAYLANI AND TWO OTHER GORGEOUS WOMEN  
WAITING ON THE BED, ACHING FOR HIS MANHOOD. ACHING FOR HIS  
MANHOOD INDEED!