

BASTARDS
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Verve Talent & Literary
H2F Entertainment

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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. Kaponu 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. Kapono 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 Kaponu 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 detai--

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 Kems" 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 lickyy boom boom down!

(mumbling till he knows the words)

...someone down the lane/A lickyy 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 lickie 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

Hel-lo!

...ROLAND'S CHEERFULLY OBLIVIOUS WIFE GREETES 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 Rollerduck, 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 Rollerduck *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 Rollerduck'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 Worcestor -- 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 vaginagraphic 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 MCCUTCHEN'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!