

# Meet the Parents

by

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FADE IN - SERIES OF SHOTS:

--Two male HANDS scrub vigorously with betadine soap.  
 --LATEX GLOVES stretch and snap over the hands.  
 --A gloved hand lifts a SCALPEL from an instrument tray.  
 --The other swings a large, LIT MAGNIFYING GLASS in place.  
 --The scalpel moves into the light, toward the "patient"--  
 --An unopened box of CRACKERJACK. The LID is sliced and...  
 --TWEEZERS slip inside to extract... the Surprise Packet.

INT. HOSPITAL - OUTPATIENT SURGERY O.R. - DAY

GREG, 30-ish and wearing scrubs, eyes the prize, his brow glistening. And as he takes the scalpel to the packet... The O.R. doors open and a DOCTOR enters, startling Greg.

DOCTOR

Nurse, what're you doing in here?

GREG

(swallows, nervous)  
 Getting engaged...?

EXT. THE SKIES OVER CHICAGO - DAY

A vintage BI-PLANE wings over Chicago on a hot Summer day, pulling behind it a bright mylar BANNER: "Marry Me, Pam"

ROLL CREDITS as it passes landmarks-- the Sears Tower, State Street, the Loop, until it banks toward WRIGLEY FIELD.

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD STADIUM - THE PLAYING FIELD - SAME

A play's in progress. A Cub slides home he's... SAFE!

IN THE STANDS-- the crowd goes nuts, including GREG, donning a well-worn Cubs cap and PAM BURNS, late 20's and smiling under the brim of her (hometown team) Yankees cap.

PAM/GREG

Wait to hustle! Cubbies! Yeah!

They turn and do a one-hand, high-five-low-five thing, then sit back down in their seats, with their \$5 beers.

PAM

So, still think baseball's boring?

GREG

C'mon, I never said boring. I just said someday they may need to... add something. Liven it up a little.

PAM

Like the NBA did with the 3 pt. shot.

GREG

Exactly. Nothing major, maybe just a...  
live bull, roaming the outfield.

PAM

I like that. He can run amok, gore  
some players, graze between innings...

GREG

...and then it's back to the bullpen.

KRACK! SOSA lines one to center, and as Pam stands and  
gives an ear-splitting, two-fingered WHISTLE...  
Greg eyes his watch, then pulls some Bushnell binoculars  
from a case under his seat. He eyes the skyline.

BINOC POV: A speck approaches from the West. The plane.

Greg lowers the binocs, turns, and gives a subtle nod to--  
A VENDOR, waiting at the top of the aisle. He sees Greg's  
signal, nods, reaches in his pants pocket, and pulls out--

A BOX OF CRACKERJACK, its foil glinting in the sun. Then  
he starts down the aisle, lugging a box of PEANUTS.

VENDOR

Peanuts! Peanuts here! Feed your  
whole family for a buck!

Greg settles back in his seat and drapes an arm around  
Pam, who's busily filling in her program's scorecard.  
He takes a deep breath. The big moment's finally here.

GREG

Pam?

PAM

Uh-huh...

GREG

I love you.

PAM

(looks up, smiles)

I love you.

This isn't news, just affirmation.

GREG

I mean, these last ten months have  
just been the... happiest of my life.

PAM

For me too.

GREG

And I was thinking, here we are,  
happy together, in a place we both  
love, so maybe it's time we, y'know...

VENDOR

CRACKERJACK!

GREG

...got Crackerjack. Want one?  
(before she can answer)  
Crackerjack!

Greg motions to the Vendor who nods, throws the box, and--  
A shirtless, cardboard-beer-tray-hat-wearing FAN named  
HOOTIE reaches up and SNAGS IT, mid-air.

HOOTIE

Crackerjack! All right!

He slaps five with his BEER BUDDY beside him. Greg pales.

GREG

Hey, hey, that's my Crackerjack!

HOOTIE

Calm down, buddy, there's more.  
(to Vendor)  
Toss Chicken Little here a box.

VENDOR

That's the only one I got.  
(shrugs, to Greg)  
Sorry, Mister. I tried.

He turns and starts back up the aisle. Greg jumps up--

GREG

But that's my Crackerjack!

--and starts squeezing past people's knees, toward Hootie.

PAM

Honey, it's okay, I don't want it--

Greg keeps going. Pam slumps in her seat, embarrassed,  
and as Hootie puts a thumbnail to the foil package lid...

GREG

Whoa, whoa, don't open that!

HOOTIE

What's your problem, asshole?

GREG

Look, I really need that Crackerjack.  
There's a surprise inside and--

HOOTIE

No shit-- there's a surprise inside  
every box of Crackerjack.

BEER-BUDDY laughs, Hooty hoots, and as Greg sweats--  
A PLANE ENGINE WHINES. The plane's turning, about to buzz  
the field. Greg whips out his wallet, whirls to Hootie.

GREG

I'll give you a hundred for it.

He yanks out a Franklin. A BEACH BALL banks off his head.

HOOTIE

A hundred bucks?

A PEEVED FAN BEHIND THEM  
DOWN IN FRONT.

GREG

(spins, barks)  
RELAX, LADY!  
(back to Hootie)  
A hundred bucks, c'mon, you want the  
money or what's in the box?!

HOOTIE

What are you, Monty F-ing Hall?

BEER-BUDDY

Take the money, Hootie.

OTHER FANS AROUND THEM

Yeah, take the money. The cash.

HOOTIE

I'll take the mo--

Greg snatches the box, tosses him the c-note, spins back...  
And here comes Pam, squeezing past knees, PAGER in hand.

GREG

Pam, wait, where are you going?

PAM

I got beeped. It's marked urgent.

GREG

But honey, I got us Crackerjack!  
Caramel corn, candied peanuts--

He rips the lid off and yanks out the surprise packet.

GREG

--and a surprise! Quick, open it.

PAM

Greg, c'mon. What if it's a buyer  
for that condo I just listed?

She squeezes by him and starts up the aisle. Greg gapes,  
spins toward the field-- the bi-plane's diving fast.

GREG

Dammit!

He leaps to the aisle, tears open the packet, and shakes  
out a BRILLIANT DIAMOND RING. Hootie sees this, smacks  
his Buddy's head, and as Greg drops to one knee, right in  
the aisle, the ring in his hand and "Marry Me, Pam" framed  
perfectly behind him..

GREG

PAM!

KRACK! A HIT. The Crowd CHEERS, drowning Greg out as Pam  
continues up the aisle. Greg pales-- can't believe it.  
The plane climbs from sight. It's over. ..Or is it?

EXT. STADIUM DECK - SECONDS LATER

Packed with people. Greg runs up the stairs, looks around,  
then spies A BANK OF PAYPHONES. Pam's in one, facing away.

INT. PAYPHONE BOOTH - SECOND LATER

Pam, cupping an ear, nods and hangs up the phone.  
And as Greg strides up, determined, ready to do this...  
She spins, her face like ash. Greg hits the brakes.

GREG

Honey, what's wrong?

PAM

It's Debbie..

GREG

Is she dead?

PAM

She's engaged.

GREG

What?

PAM

(huffs a smile, eyes wet)  
Can you believe it? My baby  
sister's getting married.

She pushes by him and starts walking. Greg on her heels.

PAM

You know, it's perfect, really.  
Deb's always done everything my  
parents have ever wanted.

GREG

Who's she marrying? That guy?

PAM

Yes, Bob. "Doctor" Bob of Denver..

GREG

But they just met. She's known him  
what, five, maybe six months?

PAM

What's it matter? He asked and she  
said yes. Actually, he asked my Dad,  
he said yes, and then he asked Debbie..

GREG

He had to ask your Dad's permission?

PAM

Of course, otherwise Dad would freak.  
They're getting married there, too.  
At my parents house, in two weeks.

GREG

At your parents? In two weeks?

PAM

Dr. Bob has to start his residency.  
He's transferring to NYU next month.

They reach the top of their aisle. Pam stops, turns.

PAM (cont'd)

Can we please not talk about this?  
I just want to watch the damn game.

Greg nods and smiles, wan. The moment's dead.

GREG

Sure..

Pam turns and starts down the aisle. Greg sighs, opens his  
fist, and eyes the ring. He was so close. He pockets it,  
pulls out a Camel, lights up, and there's a SQUEAL as--  
A WOMAN runs, arms out, toward her beer-buying BOYFRIEND.

WOMAN

I saw it, baby! Yes! YES.

BUZZED BOYFRIEND

Pam-- woah, whazzup...?

WOMAN ("PAM")

We're getting married, everybody!

She covers him with kisses as the Crowd around them CHEERS.

BUZZED BOYFRIEND

We are? That's cool...

They kiss to more cheers, and as Greg watches, pained...

INT. O'HARE INT'L. AIRPORT - DAY

Twelve days later. Greg and Pam walk the crowded terminal.

P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Attention please, Flight 531 to  
LaGuardia, now boarding, Gate 17...

PAM

That's our flight. You nervous?

GREG

A little. But I'll drink a lot, hold  
on tight, and hopefully if something  
tragic happens, we'll both walk away.

PAM

I meant about meeting my parents...

GREG

Yeah, me too.

He grins, winks. As they stop at the Metal Detector line...

PAM

Greg... you're not really worried  
about this weekend, are you?

GREG

No... I mean, this weekend's not  
really about me. It's about the  
wedding, and Debbie and Dr. Bob.

She passes through the detector, Greg waiting his turn.

GREG (cont'd)

Which is great, because this way I  
can show up, meet everybody, have  
fun and just... stay under the radar.

BEEEEEEP!! Greg sets off the ALARM. Heads jerk, people  
stare, and a large, no-neck SECURITY GUY approaches him.

SECURITY GUY  
Step aside sir and empty your  
pockets into the tray.

GREG  
(sees Pam is watching)  
I... can't do that right now.

SECURITY GUY  
(pulls out magnetic wand)  
Spread your arms and legs, sir.

GREG  
Is this really necessary? It's not  
like I said I've got a bomb or--  
(catching himself)  
--jacket, a bomber jacket, y'know,  
like Indiana Jones wears...

Greg winces, amazed by his lameness. The "wand" BEEPS as  
it passes over his pants pocket. Pam calls over to him..

PAM  
Greg, honey, everything okay?

GREG  
Fine, yeah. Go on, I'll catch up.

PAM  
That's okay, I can wait.

GREG  
(sotto, to Security Guy)  
Look, help me out here. That piece  
of metal in my pants, it's jewelry..

SECURITY GUY  
Scrotum ring.

GREG  
What? No-- it's an *engagement* ring,  
for my girlfriend, and she's right  
over there, so if I whip it out--

SECURITY GUY  
Turn your back, let me see it, then  
put it in your bag and on the belt.

Greg does just that, zipping the box into a bag side-pocket  
and placing it on X-Ray conveyer belt. Another wand-check..

SECURITY GUY  
He's clear.

...And Greg steps through, just in time to watch a SECURITY  
WOMAN try to fit his bag in a carry-on-maximum-size-frame.

SECURITY WOMAN

But his bag's too big for carry-on.  
(slides bag to a SkyCap)  
531 to New York LaGuardia. Check it.

The SKYCAP hands Greg a claim-check. As he stares, stunned...

INT. BAGGAGE CLAIM AREA - LAGUARDIA - 3 HOURS LATER

...Greg and Pam stand alone under a "Welcome To New York" sign, watching the chute of a now-empty carousel. And as "Flt. 531" on the display flips to the next flight number...

GREG

SHIT.

INT. "LOST LUGGAGE" COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Greg strides up to the lone LADY CLERK, who's just handed a claim form to the MOTHER of a gurgling INFANT.

GREG

Hi, you lost my bag and there was a two-carat diamond ring inside.

CLERK

Sir, I didn't lose your anything. But fill out a form and if we can't find it we will compensate up to \$1,200.

The baby SCREECHES in Greg's ear.

GREG

What? The ring cost three times that!

CLERK

I'm sure it did, sir, which is why we urge all fliers to carry on valuables.

GREG

Yeah, well, I was carrying it until your damn airline made me check it.

(desperation mode)

Look, I really need that bag. I'm here for a wedding and afterwards I'm going to propose to my girlfriend.

CLERK

Sir, put the address you're staying and we will ship it when it surfaces.

The baby's really cranky now-- crying, gasping, coughing. Mom tries burping him over her shoulder.

GREG (cont'd)

And what if it doesn't? Am I supposed to spend the entire weekend with just the clothes on my back?

GYAAAK! The baby PROJECTILE VOMITS all over Greg's shirt.

EXT. ACCESS ROAD LEAVING LAGUARDIA - LATER

A teal Ford Taurus slogs its way through heavy traffic.

INT. THE TAURUS

Greg drives, moping. His shirt now completely wet.

GREG

I still smell it. Smell it?

PAM

All I smell is Men's Room soap. And maybe a hint of strained squash.

GREG

I can't believe they lost my bag...

PAM

It'll turn up. And if doesn't, \$1200 buys a lot of khaki Dockers.

GREG

It's not the money, it's the hassle. Haven't you ever lost a bag before?

PAM

No. But then, I've never checked one.

GREG

How is that possible? Every one has to check a bag eventually.

PAM

Not in my family. Dad never let us pack more than we could carry. He doesn't trust people with his... things.

GREG

They don't think it's weird, do they, that it's taken so long to meet them?

PAM

No. They know how busy we've both been. And it's not like Chicago to New York's a day trip. It's all fine. If anything, waiting this long has only made them want to meet you more.

GREG

Really...

PAM

You know every Sunday night, when my Dad calls? He asks me about you.

GREG

Oh yeah? And what've you told him?

PAM

Just that you're cute, filthy rich, and the best sex I've had since Dennis Rodman left Chicago.

GREG

Are you serious? That's *exactly* what I told my parents about you.

PAM

(laughs, then)  
Oh, by the way. Once we're there, go easy on the jokes. Humor is entirely wasted on my parents.

GREG

Really? You crack wise all the time.

PAM

Not home I don't. There's no point since they never, ever get them.

GREG

No jokes, okay. What else? More hints, c'mon, keep 'em coming..

EXT. THE EASTBOUND L.I.E. - DAY - LATER

The Taurus bats along, the blue Atlantic now in the b.g.

GREG (O.S.)

D-I-N-A "Deena." "Deena Burns."

INT. THE TAURUS

GREG

(rhythmic)  
Looks-like-Dinah-but-say-it-"Deena."

PAM

Right. And her friends call her Dee but don't because that'd be weird.

GREG

Hi, Dina. Hello, Jack. "John"?

GREG (O.S.)

Wow, this is where you grew up? Who painted your house, Norman Rockwell?

The Taurus turns into the drive on the side of the house and parks, next to the garage and the large backyard lawn. Greg and Pam get out, Greg popping the trunk and getting Pam's bag. He slams the trunk, goes to pocket the key...

GREG

Guess I better leave these here.

...and pulls out a half-smoked PACK OF CAMELS. Pam wigs.

PAM

Greg-- you brought cigarettes? We discussed this-- my parents see smoking as a sign of weakness.

GREG

I know-- I brought 'em for the trip back. I'll leave 'em in the car...

PAM

I don't want you to leave them in the car. It's too tempting. Here...

Greg sighs, hands 'em over. Pam looks around for a trash can, finds none, so she whirls and HUCKS 'em high up onto...

EXT. THE HOME'S ROOFTOP

...where they land and slide down some shingles before stopping in a leaf-clogged gutter beside a big elm tree.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

GREG

Gonna be a long weekend...

PAM

It's going to be a great weekend. You're going to meet my family and they're going to love you just like I love you, okay sweety-peaty?  
(walks up, little kiss)  
I know they will.

EXT. BURNS HOME - FRONT PORCH - SECONDS LATER

The door flies open to reveal JACK AND DINA BURNS. Jack's in his 50's but hardly looks it. Dina is similarly attractive and both sport huge, welcoming smiles. Immediately, Jack and Pam rush to one another, arms wide.

JACK/PAM  
Hey Sweet-Pea!/Daddy!

They meet at the steps and embrace, Pam pulling her legs up behind her as Jack hugs her and eskimo-kisses her nose.

JACK  
Oh, baby, I missed you, Pam-Cake.

PAM  
Missed you too, Flap-Jack.

They giggle like kids, Dina "cutting in" to give Pam a peck on the cheek (then licking a finger to wipe off her lipstick) as Jack heads for Greg, smiling big, hand out.

JACK  
Greg? Or do you prefer Gregory?  
Jack Burns, Pam's Father.

GREG  
Hi Jack. Great to finally meet you.

Greg extends a hand and they shake. Dina steps down.

DINA  
Hello, Greg. Welcome to Bayport.

GREG  
Thanks, Dinah. Dee-na, darn--  
(chagrined, to Pam)  
Saw that one coming, didn't we.

DINA  
Don't worry, happens all the time.

JACK  
(looks to driveway)  
So, what're you driving there? Ford?

GREG  
Yeah, the new Taurus. We were going to rent a mid-size but I figured hey, I'm pulling down decent bucks, why not pop for a full-size car?

Pam shoots him a smile, knows he's trying too hard.

JACK  
Interesting color. You pick it?

GREG  
Oh, no, it's just what the Hertz guy gave me. It's some kind of... green.

JACK

They say geniuses pick green.

DINA

What smells like old, sour milk?

PAM

Oh, Greg got spit-up on by a baby.

DINA

He didn't.

PAM

Yeah, Mom, he did.

GREG

At the "Lost Luggage" counter...

PAM

The airline lost Greg's bag.

DINA

They didn't.

PAM

Yeah, Mom, they did.

JACK

Well, you check your bag you take your chances. The airlines have gone to hell since deregulation.

DINA

I'm sure it'll turn up. Meantime Greg, if you need anything, just ask.

JACK

(throws an arm around Greg)  
That's right. Mi casa es su casa.

GREG

Thanks, Jack. You too.

He squints, realizing that made no sense.

JACK

(ushering them in)  
Well, check your feet everybody and c'mon in. We'll have some drinks, a little snack-- Dee's got a tray full of pu-pu's browning in the oven...

DINA

Pu-pu's, Greg, if you're wondering, is Hawaiian for "hors d'oeuvre."

GREG  
Which, I guess, is French for  
"pretentious snack."

DINA  
(smiles at Greg, impressed)  
You know, I never knew that?

PAM  
(shoots Greg a look)  
Mom, he was making a joke...

DINA  
Oh, I see. Yes, that's funny.

And as Jack slams the door shut behind them..

INT. BURNS HOME - FOYER - CONTINUOUS

...a PERSIAN CAT runs over, Jack scooping him up.

JACK  
Jinx! Hey buddy! How's my pal?

Jack puts his face right up to the cat's face, mirroring  
Jinx's expression as they both being to "mew."

JACK  
Mew-mew-mew... Look Jinx, your  
sister's here, Pammy's home.

PAM  
Greg, meet Mr. Jinx. Jinx, Greg.

GREG  
Hi, Jinx.

JACK  
(stroking Jinx's fur)  
Greg-- Jinx here's strictly an  
indoor cat, so don't let him out.

DINA  
Jack just taught Jinx to use the potty.

PAM  
You *did*? Dad, that's so weird...

JACK  
What's weird about it? It's nice not  
having to smell a litter box.

GREG  
Wait, you taught your cat to use the  
toilet? How'd you do that?

JACK

It was easy. I designed a litter box to fit inside the bowl, and once he got used to it, I took the box away.

DINA

Though I'm not sure Jinx likes it. Every chance he gets, he tries to dig, squat, and bury. We had to move all our potted plants outside...

PAM

Forget Jinx-- I'm not sure I like it. Sharing the bathroom with a cat..

GREG

Yeah, and now there's one more male in the house to leave the darn seat up.

JACK

Jinx can't lift the seat. He lacks the strength and the opposable thumbs.

GREG

(nods, as if enlightened)  
Oh, that's right...

DINA

You a cat lover too, Greg?

PAM

No, Greg hates cats.

Whoops. Pam instantly shoots Greg a "sorry" look.

GREG

I, uh, wouldn't say I "hate" them. I'm just more of a dog lover...

JACK

You can love dogs and not hate cats.

GREG

That's... true, but I grew up around dogs and... I don't know, cats just seem to be more into themselves.

(as Jinx MEOWS)

See? Everything they say starts with "me."

Jinx HISSSES at Greg and leaps from Jack's grasp, scampering up the stairs. Jack turns and hands Pam's bag to his wife.

JACK

Dina honey, run this bag upstairs while I fix the kids some hi-balls.

GREG

That's okay, Jack, I can take it--

Too late. Dina's heading upstairs, bag in hand.

PAM

Oh, and Mom? Could you grab a clean shirt from Denny's for Greg to wear?

DINA

Of course, dear. Be right back...

JACK

So, who's ready for a drink?

GREG

A drink sounds great, thanks.

PAM

You start, I need a pit-stop. I haven't tinkled since Chicago...

She peels off for the hallway powderroom, Greg shooting her a "hurry back" look as Jack steers him to the kitchen.

JACK

So Greg, what're you drinking? I got beer, wine, hard stuff...

GREG

A beer sounds good.

JACK

Denny's at a friend's, so it'll just be the four of us tonight. And I guess you know Deb and Bob are still in Denver, visiting his relatives...

INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

JACK (cont'd)

You like Bud, Coors, Becks, Hatuey...?

GREG

Hatuey. That's a Cuban beer, right?

Jack pulls a pair of frosted-mugs from the freezer.

JACK

Right. When were you there?

GREG

Sorry?

JACK

When were you in Cuba, drinking beer?

GREG

Oh-- I wasn't. No, see, my old roomie in college had this huge beer collection and I remember he had Hatuey, but he only had one bottle since it was so hard to get. I always wondered how it tasted...

Jack opens the fridge to reveal a lone sixer of Bud.

JACK

Gosh, what do you know? I'm fresh out of Hatuey. How 'bout a Bud?

He grabs two, shuts the fridge, starts to pour...

JACK

Beer collection. Y'know, I collect things, too? C'mon, I'll show you.

INT. JACK'S DEN/OFFICE - SECONDS LATER

A wood paneled room, full of bookshelves, big cherry-wood desk, cluttered shelves, and walls full of framed photos.

A leather chair and matching sofa-bed line one wall, a small bathroom another, right beside a door that leads to the home's screened back porch.

Greg, beer in hand, watches as Jack unlocks the latch of an accordion-style vinyl door and slides it back to reveal a niche in the wall, the size of a walk-in closet.

And as Jack flips a light on, Greg gapes. It's not so much a collection as a SHRINE. To the C.I.A.

A large, enamel SEAL OF THE C.I.A. hangs front and center, flanked by a framed portrait of (Former Agency Head) William Colby and a PLAQUE bearing the C.I.A Creed: "You Shall Know The Truth and The Truth Shall Set You Free."

GREG

Wow...

JACK

Some guys have trains, or stamps. I collect intelligence memorabilia.

He flips another switch and illuminates glass cases and shelves displaying 50-plus years of Cold War Gadgetry. Cypher Machines, Listening Devices, Various "concealed" weapons-- e.g. a briefcase rifle and a walking cane with a hidden dagger handle. Another wall has a trio of framed "data printouts" alongside photos of three infamous SPIES.

GREG

Are those, what's the word... polygrams?

JACK

Polygraphs, right. And those aren't copies-- they're original read-outs.

(pointing to print-outs)

That's Alger Hiss, Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, Aldrich Ames... and the very data that sealed their fate.

GREG

Hey Jack, just how accurate is your average polygram? Because I've heard people say they're really not. That, y'know, people can beat them.

JACK

(smiles, amused)

You've "heard that", huh? In truth, it's extremely hard to fool a reliable machine and an experienced case officer. Let me show you why.

He gestures to a chair, and as Greg takes a seat Jack opens a drawer to reveal a POLYGRAPH MACHINE. And while the majority of Jack's collection is "vintage", this particular piece looks state-of-the-art, and barely used.

JACK (cont'd)

An Agency-sanctioned model like this measures response on three levels.

He holds up what looks like a blood-pressure cuff...

JACK (cont'd)

It has a cuff to gauge your Cardio...

...and casually velcros it around Greg's left arm.

GREG

Oh hey. Just like the blood pressure cuffs we use in the hospital...

Jack pulls out a larger strap/belt with two outputs.

JACK

It has two sets of "pneumos" to read and record respiratory activity...

He slips the belt around Greg's torso and cinches it.

GREG

Wow. That'll make you nervous.

JACK

And these thimbles on your fingertips  
will chart Galvanic Skin Response...

GREG

(as Jack slides them on)  
You mean like sweat.

JACK

More than sweat. Neuro-chemical  
reactions, in and under the skin.

He flips the machine on, its console lighting up and five  
"pens" centering on five lines of the graph paper, which  
starts to roll, the pens marking an initial base reading.

JACK (cont'd)

So with this many bases covered, you  
can see it's not an easy tool to fool.

GREG

Oh, definitely...

JACK

Pam tell you I was in the CIA?

GREG

What?

ON THE GRAPH-- all five pens skate across the paper.

JACK

The CIA. I retired last year.

GREG

No kidding. Wow, congratulations.

He glances at his richter-response to Question One. Shit.

JACK

She didn't mention that, huh?

GREG

What? That you were retired?

(as pens spike again)

YES, yes, she did mention that. She  
definitely said you were retired.

JACK

From the CIA...

GREG

(knows he's fucked, so...)

OUCH. Jack? OW. Can we turn this  
thing off? I think the cardio cuff  
seam's right on my bicipital artery.

JACK  
(undoing cuff)  
Oh, jeez, I'm sorry. Maybe I didn't  
put it on right...

GREG  
(unstrapping pneumos)  
No, I'm sure you did, it's just, I  
have a low threshold for pain...  
(pulling off GSR thimbles)  
But thank you for showing me that.  
It's really an amazing machine.

JACK  
Yes it is. People who know will tell  
you, the polygraph is the single most  
important tool in the perpetual fight  
against the evils of penetration.

He flips the machine off, then the shrine's lights, and  
they step out, shutting the accordion door behind them.

JACK  
Let's find Pam and see what's keeping  
Dee. Whaddya bet she made a pit-stop?

GREG  
All I know is, I can smell her pu-  
pu's and I bet they're brown.

JACK  
What?

GREG  
Dina's hors d'oeuvres? In the oven?

The OVEN TIMER sounds upstairs, Greg saved by the buzzer.

JACK  
Oh-- the snacks. Jesus, I give her  
one little thing to do...  
(turns, heads for kitchen)  
Dina?! The Pu-Pu's honey, let's go!  
(whirls back to Greg)  
C'mon, Greg. It's Happy Hour.

INT. BURNS' HOME "GREAT ROOM" - MOMENTS LATER

Take a Family Room, remodel it, and suddenly it's "Great."  
This particular G.R. is open to the kitchen, and also  
features a large SCREENED PORCH overlooking the backyard.

BY THE ENTERTAINMENT CENTER - Jack flips through a highly-  
organized (alphanumeric, and by theme) CD RACK until he  
finds the appropriate disk, "MUSIC FOR COCKTAILS," while...

GREG

What's that-- what's Three Questions.

PAM

A profiling technique. They ask you three questions in a row. If you only answer the first two, it won't work. But if you answer the third, that's it. They somehow know all about you...

(beat, opens screen door)

My Dad explained it to me once, but I didn't really get it. Look, just try to relax, okay? They like you...

INT. THE GREAT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They step back inside, Jack now standing at the wet-bar.

JACK

Pamcake, I made you a spritzer.

PAM

Good call, Pop. Thanks.

JACK

Greg-- how 'bout another drink?

GREG

Sure, Jack.

JACK

What'll you have?

GREG

Oh, whatever you're having...

JACK

Tom Collins. How do you like it?

That's three. Greg shoots a panicked look to Pam.

PAM

Pour him a stiff one, Daddy.

(sotto, to Greg)

Might loosen you up a bit...

JACK

(pouring the booze)

Greg, it might look I'm making it weak but I'm using Tom Collins Cubes.

He holds up an ice-cube tray filled with yellow-green "Collins" cubes, plopping them into a glass with vodka.

JACK (cont'd)

Using ice just dilutes your booze...

IN THE KITCHEN - Dina arranges a pu-pu platter, and..

ON THE BACK PORCH - Greg and Pam stand at the railing, enjoying a view of the lush and spacious Burns backyard.

Greg looks anxious. Even more so considering he is now wearing Denny's "INSANE CLOWN POSSE" t-shirt featuring a pair of bloody-fanged Bozos atop a flaming pentagram.

GREG

...next thing I know, I'm all hooked up and he's asking me questions..

PAM

What kind of questions?

GREG

Like did I know he was in the CIA?

PAM

No. What'd you say?

GREG

Nothing, I lied.

PAM

You lied? Greg--

JACK

(calling, heading for bar)  
Happy hour, kids! Come'n'get happy.

PAM

(calling back)  
In a second, Daddy.  
(to Greg, concerned)  
You lied to my Father's polygraph...?

GREG

I didn't know what else to do. You told me not to tell him you told me and now your Dad thinks I'm a liar..

PAM

(sighs, then, consoling)  
Look, don't worry, he shows that stupid polygraph to everyone-- it's like a toy to him. Believe me, if Dad wanted to pick your brain, he wouldn't need a machine. He is one.  
(turning to head inside)  
He was a spy for 30 years, he knows every trick there is. How to read pupils, or measure fear by how your breath smells, or The Three Questions..

Dina walks over with a pu-pu platter (egg rolls, pizza rolls, bagel-bites), and as they all gather 'round.. Pam smiles, happy this moment is finally here.

PAM

Well, this was long overdue. Toast?

JACK

Terrific idea, Pam. A toast, to the future Dr. and Mrs. Banks.

DINA

And a wonderful wedding and weekend.

They toast, Pam smiling despite this not being what she had in mind. And as all four "clink", drink, and sit...

GREG

So, Bob's last name is "Banks"?

DINA

Right, Dr. Robert Banks. Isn't it fantastic Deb can keep her initials?

JACK

Plus, now we can give them my Mother's monogrammed silver set...

PAM

(another dream dashed)  
Wow, that's really generous. I've always loved Grandmother's silver...

JACK

Your Nana had taste. Love you, Ma.

He raises his glass to the fireplace mantel, where a PHOTO OF MOM hangs above an URN marked "Burns." The family joins him, Pam shooting Greg a "do it" look, and as they all sip...

DINA

You have a unique last name, Greg.  
We were curious how it's pronounced.

GREG

Just like it's spelled. F-O-C-K-E-R.

JACK AND DINA

"Focker."

GREG

*Jahohl. Ich bein ein Focker.*  
(off their blank stares)  
That's German. Focker's... German.

They nod. Pam, slightly horrified, switches subjects.

PAM

So Greg, how's your job?

GREG

(kinda confused she's asking)  
...good, Pam. Thanks for asking.  
(then, to parents)  
I just got transferred to Triage.

DINA

(sits up, hopeful)  
Oh, is that better than a nurse?

PAM

Mom, Triage is a unit in the E.R.  
All the top nurses work Triage.

GREG

E.R. work is such an adrenaline rush.  
I mean, on top of the high you get  
naturally just from helping people...

DINA

You know, Jack's new career is  
helping people, too. Honey, did you  
show Greg your "Nanny Cams"?

JACK

Not yet. Sit tight, let me show you.

Jack's up now, heading for his TV/VCR.

JACK (cont'd)

I started a "home surveillance"  
company. Larry's going in on it.

DINA

Larry is Bob's-- Debbie's Bob's--  
father, and Linda's husband. Well,  
*third* husband so I guess that makes  
her Debbie's step-mom-in-law-to-be.

No one cares. Jack hits "Rewind" on the tape deck, and  
then plucks a big, dopey-looking TEDDY BEAR off a shelf.

JACK

Greg, what's this look like to you?

He tosses Greg the teddy. Greg looking slightly confused.

GREG

A... bear?

Jack flips on the TV, it flickers, and ON THE TV--  
A B&W image of Greg appears-- *from the bear's P.O.V.*

JACK

Smile, you're on Nan-ny Cam-ra.

GREG

Oh wow, I've seen these on TV.

(laughs, to Pam)

Remember that dopey sitcom we were watching, and the couple rented one and forgot it was on--?

JACK

This is nothing like a sitcom, Greg. Inside this bear's head is the world's smallest pinhole, Zero-Lux camera with a 900 Mhz transmitter that sends to a lithium-powered VCR. It's state-of-the-art, all the way, custom-made by government contractors exclusively for my company.

GREG

(trying to recover)

Wow... 0-Lux and battery operated...

He flips the bear upside down, looking for the components. As he does, the bear's eyeball lens swings toward the sofa, where Dina's sitting, and...

ON THE TV NOW-- is a perfect panty-shot up Dina's skirt. Fortunately, all eyes are on Greg.

DINA

Did Jack tell you he's ex-C.I.A.?

GREG

Yes, actually, he did mention that.

JACK

And that's not for broadcast. I may be retired, but I still know things that could end life as we know it.

GREG

Not to worry. I'm very discreet.

Greg looks up to see DINA'S CROTCH looming large on the TV screen. He yanks the bear up, before anyone notices.

DINA

I must say, it's been interesting being married to a spy. Sometimes Jack would leave at night and not say where he's going, or the phone would ring and he'd have to take it in another room and lock the door...

PAM

Not to mention how he'd spy on me  
and my dates.

JACK

Now, honey, I never "spied."  
"Observed" is more like it.

He shoots a wink at Greg.

PAM

Well Kevin and I got pretty tired of  
you "observing" us on the back porch.

JACK

Can't blame a man for wanting to  
know what goes on inside his own  
house. Greg-- my bear, please?  
(as Greg tosses bear back)  
Teddy here is our biggest rental, but  
we've got wall clocks, mirrors,  
smoke-alarms, and my latest-- a  
pinhole camera that fits *completely*  
*inside* an electrical outlet.

A nearby PHONE rings. Dina starts to rise..

DINA

I'll get it.

JACK

No, no, Dee. You sit and and enjoy  
your drink, I'm already up.

He gets up and starts for the kitchen. Greg brightens.

GREG

Hey, maybe it's the airline.

DINA

I'm sure it is. More pu-pus?

GREG

Thanks, but I'm pretty pu-pu'd out.

ACROSS THE ROOM-- is a desk, a corkboard full of wedding  
info (guest lists, seating charts, etc.) and a LAPTOP.

GREG (cont'd)

Nice laptop. What kind of chip?

DINA

Y'know, I don't know? I just finished  
typing Jack's itinerary for our super-  
busy weekend. I just need to proof.

GREG

Why don't you just let your computer proof it? It must have a spell-check.

DINA

It might, but I've never used it.

GREG

Oh. Well, I'm computer literate--

PAM

He's practically an expert.

GREG

--and I'd be glad to run it for you...

INT. KITCHEN

Jack shuts the swinging door behind him, grabs the phone.

JACK

Hello? Yeah, I barely beat her to the phone. (pause) If she ever does, you just hang up quick, okay?  
(turns to watch door)

So when are we getting together?  
Yeah, I think I can swing it. How 'bout outside the Buy-Rite? Good.

He takes the bottle of Buy-Rite Collins mix from the counter and starts pouring it down the sink.

JACK (cont'd)

I'm excited too. See you in a bit.

INT. GREAT ROOM - IN DINA'S "OFFICE"

Greg's at the laptop, Pam and Dina standing behind him.

GREG

"No misspelled words found." How about that? Looks like you're a letter-perfect typist, Dina.

Jack re-enters from the kitchen.

DINA

Was it the airline, honey?

JACK

What? No, wrong number.  
(holds up empty bottle)  
And we're out of Collins Mix. I'm gonna make a run to the Buy-Rite.

GREG

Jack, mind if I tag along? I just realized if my bag doesn't come by tonight I'll need a few essentials.

JACK

I'm sure it'll come. Airlines have never been sharper. Stay. Relax.

PAM

Oh Greg? Can you pick me up a scrunchy? I forgot to pack one.

JACK

Honey, Buy-Rite has no scrunchies.  
(then, backing off)  
I mean, they didn't last I looked.

PAM

Why were you looking for a scrunchy?

JACK

(changes tack, gaslighting)  
I wasn't looking for kim-chee, dear,  
why on Earth would I want that?

GREG

"Kim-chee"? The Korean sauerkraut?

PAM

Not kim-chee, Dad. A *scrunchy*.

JACK

Ohhhh, well they might have that.  
You coming Greg? If so, let's go.

He jangles his car-keys and heads off down the hall.

GREG

Be right back...

He turns and follows Jack. A beaming Dina turns to Pam.

DINA

Oh Pam, he seems wonderful.

PAM

He is, Mom. He's such a great guy.

DINA

And you two have been together almost a year now. Have you been thinking about anything... permanent?



JACK

You need that assurance, do you? You prefer an emotionally... shallow animal.

GREG

I...

JACK

See Greg, if you yell at a dog, his ears will go down and his tail will covers his genitals even if he's done nothing wrong. It's very easy to break a dog. But cats make you work for their affection. You can scold or threaten a feline and never know if you're getting through because a cat protects its pride. Cats don't "sell out" like dogs do.

GREG

Huh. Maybe I was wrong about cats.

JACK

And a cat won't kiss your ass for acceptance.

(hitting play on CD)

You like Peter, Paul, and Mary?

Greg hesitates, not sure whether to be honest or to kiss Jack's ass for acceptance. *Puff the Magic Dragon* comes on.

GREG

Sure. "Puff the Magic Dragon." You know I actually wrote a paper about this song back in college? About how it's, y'know, about weed...

JACK

What?

This is clearly news to Jack. But Greg's committed, so...

GREG

That "puff the magic dragon" meant to light up, take a hit. And to bury that in a kiddy sing-a-long song-- man, that took some guts.

JACK

But... "Puff" was just the name of the boy's magical dragon.

(ejects CD, turns and stares)

Are you a pothead, Greg?

GREG

What? No! I mean, sure, I've had offers, who hasn't, but believe me, I just say no. I pass on grass. I strongly agree with the late Mr. T. when he said "Dope is for dopes."

Jack stares, then gives a little nod, as if convinced, but it's clear he is not. And as Greg slumps in his seat...

JACK

Mr. T's not dead.

EXT. BUY-RITE SUPERSTORE - DAY

Greg and Jack walk by some some coin-operated KIDDY RIDES and FUN-HOUSE MIRRORS enroute to the sliding front doors.

JACK

Meet you back out front.

INT. BUY-RITE

Greg turns one way, Jack the other. Then, a few seconds later, Jack returns and slips out the entrance.

DOWN AN AISLE-- Greg passes a shelf of Kim-Chee before heading for the Pharmacy area, where he finds a sign: "ALL NICOTINE PATCHES ON SALE" above an empty shelf. He turns to a CLERK at the nearby pharmacy register.

GREG

Do you have more nicotine patches?

CLERK

No. We have the gum. You chew it.

He points to a shelf of *Nicorette Gum*. Greg takes a box.

GREG

Oh, and what's the most expensive of champagne you sell?

CLERK

Korbel. On sale for \$8.99.

He points to a nearby Korbel display. Greg walks over, grabs a bottle, and then he suddenly stops, and stares...

GREG'S POV: Jack's in the parking lot, heading for a WOMAN and her idling Lexus. She's blonde, 40's, built, and as she gets out of the car, and she and Jack HUG...

GREG

Can you ring me up here?

EXT. BUY-RITE PARKING LOT - SECONDS LATER

The woman, CAROL, dangles a KEY in Jack's smiling face.

CAROL

Here, Johnny. One key to romance.

JACK

(taking key)

I can hardly wait...

IN FRONT OF THE STORE - BY THE KIDDY RIDES

Greg's behind a pillar by a NEWSRACK, close enough to hear.

CAROL

You're sure Dee doesn't suspect?

JACK

She has no clue. And next week, after the wedding, I'll find the right time to tell her, and we can stop sneaking around like this.

CAROL

Hey, sneaking's half the fun...

JACK

Call me if you need me. Bye Carol.

A quick peck and she's back in her Lexus, pulling away. But as she passes the pillar, Jack spies something... A two-foot-tall, three-foot-wide GREG, seen from behind.

JACK

Focker?

BEHIND THE PILLAR-- Greg's confused-- how was he spotted? Then he spins and sees a short, fat Jack coming his way. *The fun-house mirrors.* Lightning fast, Greg puts his bag down and grabs a magazine from atop the newsrack. And as he hides his face behind an issue of "PARENTING" magazine...

JACK

Greg?

Greg whips it down, smiling as if nothing's happened.

GREG

Oh, hey Jack. Ready to go?

JACK

(eyeing him, wary)

Been ready, they were out of Collins. You waiting here long?

GREG

No, I was just reading up about--

He randomly flips it open to a full-page AD for (aw, no)...

GREG

--pumps.

JACK

Pumps.

GREG

Breast pumps, for... pumping breasts.

(off Jack's look)

I grew up on a farm.

Jack nods, wary, then turns and heads for the Buick. And as Greg chucks the magazine aside, grabs his bag, and follows...

INT. BURNS HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Mmmm. Picture-perfect pot roast, steamy, fluffy potatoes, buttery vegetables, candied yams, smoking-hot rolls. Nice.

GREG

Dina, everything looks... fabulous.

DINA

Oh, Jack planned and prepared everything. All I did was heat'n'serve.

JACK

This was always Pam's favorite dinner growing up. Hope it's as good as you remember, sweet-pea.

PAM

(touched)

Dad, don't make me cry over pot roast...

They touch hands across Greg's plate. A beat, and...

JACK

So, who wants to say "Grace"?

DINA

Jack, you always ask but then it always winds up being you.

JACK

Not always. How about it, Greg?

GREG

Thanks, but... I've never done it.

JACK

Never said "Grace." Interesting.  
(shuts eyes, as do others)  
Heavenly Father bless this food,  
amen. Big deal, right? Dig in.

He passes a platter and dinner's underway. Pam shoots  
Greg a look-- he clearly missed an opportunity. So..

GREG

Mmmm... y'know, I can't remember the  
last time I had a real sit-down,  
home-cooked, family dinner like this.

JACK

Maybe back growing up on the farm.

PAM

(squints, confused)  
I thought you grew up in Detroit.

DINA

Does Detroit have many farms?

GREG

Not... really, but our house was big,  
and red, and... we had a lot of pets.

JACK

Which one did you milk?

PAM

(disgusted)  
Dad--

JACK

Honey, he said he'd pumped milk.

PAM

What have you ever milked?

UNDER THE TABLE NOW-- Jinx brushes against Greg's shin.

GREG

A... cat, actually. My sister's cat  
had kittens and I got bored one day  
and so I kind of... milked her.

DINA

I didn't know you could milk a cat.

GREG

You can milk anything with nipples.

JACK

I have nipples. Could you milk me?

PAM

Dad--

JACK

What? I'm just curious.

GREG

Uh... sure, Jack. I guess I could.  
Men are fully capable of lactation.

JACK

Huh. Learn something new everyday...

PAM

Can we move on now? To something  
not about men's nipples, or milk?

There's a beat as they consider another topic. Then...

DINA

So, Greg? How do you like nursing?

INT. DOWNSTAIRS POWDER ROOM - LATER

An anxious Greg pops the last piece of Nicorette from its  
packet and adds it to A PILE on the counter. Then he  
starts destroying evidence, tearing the box into strips.

PAM (O.S., THROUGH DOOR)

Honey, we're starting.

GREG

Okay, babe. Be right out...

He turns, drops the paper into the bowl, flushes...

PAM(O.S.)

Oh, and Dad says go easy on the  
paper. We're on a septic tank here.

...Greg eyes the bowl. IT'S CLOGGING, water rising fast.

GREG

Oh God, oh no...

He pulls the tiny shag rug away, yanks the lid off the top  
of the tank and plunges an arm in, hoping to shut the  
flapper. No luck. And as the water reaches the brim and  
Greg steps back, mortified, to await the ensuing flood...

SSKKWOOO... the clog (mercifully) bursts, the water swirling,  
dropping and disappearing with a GURGLE. A beat, and...

Greg sags, relieved, pops a HANDFUL OF GUM, then chews and  
sighs, feeling the rush, relaxing for the first time today...

INT. GREAT ROOM

SCRABBLE. Pam eyes her tiles and the board, contemplating her next move, as beside her, Greg does the same, anxiously chewing and nervously bouncing a knee-- *wired on the gum.*

Across from them-- Jack watches the board and snacks on dessert-- a plate of homemade cookies-- while Dina works busily filling out a stack of WEDDING GUEST PLACECARDS.

JACK

Greg, you can always just "pass."

GREG

(looks up, flustered)

Oh, is it my turn? God, I'm sorry.

And as he shuffles his tiles around, racking his brain...

PAM

Mom? Can I help you with those?

DINA

No thanks, sweetie. Your Dad wants all the handwriting to match.

GREG

Anal.

Pam turns, freaked. But then she sees Greg's just spelled "anal" on the board. He looks up, reads her expression.

GREG

What? That's a word.

PAM

I know it's a word. It's just...

JACK

...pretty B-A-D. What's with these words, Focker? "Anal", "bee" "hat"? Can't be monosyllabic if you want to beat the Scrabblin' Burns of Bayport...

GREG

Uh, okay, thanks for the tip.  
I mean... *sug-ges-tion.*

He smiles, nods, shoots an "I hate games" look to Pam, then pulls three new tiles and slides them onto his wooden tile-holder. Dina's turn now. She builds on a "j".

DINA

"Jaialai."

(oddly apologetic, to all)

Sorry, I had all those a's. Go Pam.

And as Dina marks her score down and pulls more tiles...  
Pam eyes the board, then sees Greg pop another Nicorette.

PAM

Hey, gum. I want some.

GREG

No! I mean... sorry, last piece.

PAM

Oh. Well, thanks for sharing. And  
for remembering to get my scrunchy.

GREG

The champagne! Shoot, I forgot,  
it's still chilling in the kitchen.

And as he gets up and heads for the kitchen...

JACK

Why are we having champagne again?

PAM

Because, Dad-- Greg wanted to buy a  
little gift. It's a gesture.

And as she plays her turn, Greg breezes back with an icy  
bottle of Brut, four glasses, and a dinner napkin draped  
on his wrist. He circles the table, placing the glasses.

GREG

Sorry for holding up the game.

Jack shoots Greg a look, building on an "I".

JACK

*Intruder.* Go, Greg.

GREG

Right after I pop the bubbly, Jack.

And as he wraps the bottle in a linen dinner napkin...

DINA

Pam, did you hear how Doctor Bob  
proposed? They went to eat at their  
favorite restaurant and he slipped the  
ring into Deb's glass of champagne...

PAM

That's so sweet. And just the right  
touch. I can't stand it when people  
make a production out of it, like  
buying a billboard or something. If  
you have to try that hard...

Greg eagerly "presents" the bottle, label-out, waiter-style. As Jack nods, polite but totally indifferent...

PAM (cont'd)

Her ring nice? Can't wait to see it.

JACK

Oh, you've seen it.

PAM

Dad, how could I have seen it? I haven't been home for months.

JACK

Well, you haven't seen the exact ring, but it's the identical design and size of the one Kevin gave you.

GREG

Kevin? Your old boyfriend?

PAM

Thanks, Dad.

JACK

What? You never told him?

GREG

Pam, why did Kevin give you a ring?

JACK

Because that's what people do, Greg. When they get engaged.

BAM! THE CORK ROCKETS ACROSS THE ROOM, heading right for-- The NAIL holding Grandma Burns' PHOTO on the wall. WHAM! The frame swings, falls, and KNOCKS THE URN FROM THE SHELF, dumping Grandma Burns to the carpet with a dusty THUD.

JACK

MOM--!

JINX bolts from under the table, racing to the big patch of ash, and as he quickly scratches a hole...

JACK

NOOOOOooooo...!!

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - LATER (NIGHT)

Greg, shirtless, leans over the sink, throwing water on his face as Pam, in the adjacent bedroom, unpacks her suitcase on the bed. And as Greg finishes, starts drying his face...

INT. PAM'S ADJACENT BEDROOM (NOW A GUEST ROOM) - SAME

PAM

Greg, honey, how're you doing?

GREG

(entering from bathroom)

Surprisingly well, considering I desecrated your Grandma's cremains, found out you were engaged, and had your Father call me monosyllabic. But at least, back then, he was still talking to me...

He sits on the bed, depressed. Pam sits beside him.

PAM

He's not not-talking to you. He just needs a little time to... grieve.

Greg nods, resigned. But still bothered.

GREG

Pam, how come you never told me? I never knew you two were that close...

PAM

Who, Daddy and me?

GREG

Kevin and you.

PAM

Greg, do we have to know everything about our pasts? You never told me about your cat-milking days in Motown.

GREG

That was a long time ago.

PAM

Well so was this. We were engaged a month, I returned the ring, moved to Chicago, and met you, end of story. Can we please not fight about it?

GREG

Okay, all right, we can drop it... God, am I totally blowing it here?

PAM

Of course not. You're a great guy. And hopefully my parents will see that, and... grow to love you too.

GREG

They will, Pam. I promise.

He pulls her close, and as they hug and swap little kisses...

GREG

(eyes his tenting crotch)  
And speaking of *growing* to love you.

PAM

Honey, c'mon. It's late...

GREG

I know that, but "he" doesn't. And you know there's really only one sure-fire way to make him go away...

JACK (O.S., THROUGH DOOR)

Greg, can I talk to you please?

GREG

...and that's it.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BEDROOM - SECONDS LATER

Greg steps out, wearing Pam's jade Victoria's Secret robe. Jack stands a few feet away, in the dimly-lit hallway, Dina a few feet behind him in the master bedroom doorway.

GREG

Yes, Jack?

JACK

Look, I just wanted to say... don't worry about what happened tonight.

GREG

Thanks, but I still feel horrible...

JACK

Well, it was a horrible thing. But let me tell you something about my Mother. The woman loved to laugh...

DINA

She gave Jack his sense of humor.

JACK

...and I honestly believe, if she were with us today, instead of outside, in the bottom of a trash barrel, she'd have found what happened tonight to be hysterical. So let's put it behind us and enjoy our weekend together, okay?

He smiles and gives Greg a friendly clap on the back.

GREG  
Okay, Jack. Thanks...

PAM  
(peeking from her doorway)  
Thank you, Daddy.

JACK  
You're welcome, pumpkin. G'night.

Pam ducks back in her room, and as Greg turns to follow...

JACK  
Oh, Greg? One more thing. I'm a realist. And I understand it's the 21<sup>st</sup> Century and that you and my daughter have probably had premarital relations, am I right?

GREG  
(root canal)  
That's... correct.

JACK  
And I have no quarrel with that. But when you're under our roof, it's our rules. Is that understood?

GREG  
Of course...

JACK  
Good. Don't touch her for 72 hours.

DINA/JACK  
'Night, Greg.

Jack turns and heads to bed with Dina, leaving Greg stunned...

INT. DEBBIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Picture Barbie's room. A pink canopy bed, floral wall-paper, just-sent wedding gifts, piled high. Greg stares.

GREG  
Pam, c'mon. It's wall-to-wall estrogen. I'll wake up with tits.  
(off her stare)  
Seriously, I'd feel weird sleeping in Deb's bed-- I mean, she still lives here, there's all these gifts around.. This whole thing is so ridiculous.

PAM

I agree, but you heard my Dad.  
Parents' house, parents' rules...  
(as Greg mopes)

Don't take it personally, my parents  
are squares, they're Ward and June  
Cleaver. And they just don't think  
unmarried people should be  
"fornicating" under their roof.

GREG

(back turned, sotto)  
Which is why Ward got a love-nest...

PAM

What?

GREG

Nothing. I just wish your Dad would  
trust us. And not be so... hung-up on  
the "evils of penetration."

PAM

Yuck. He didn't say that, did he?

GREG

Yeah. I mean, he was talking about  
communism, but he was looking at me.  
(beat)

C'mon, Pamcake. Can't I sleep some-  
where less personal and more... guesty?

INT. JACK'S DEN - DOWNSTAIRS - LATER

Pam pulls out the sofa-bed to reveal a wafer-like mattress.  
Greg sits on it, his expression less than thrilled.

PAM

Hey, you wanted "guesty."

As Pam starts to make the bed, Greg gets up and notices a  
series of PHOTOS on the wall. They're all Jinx, wearing  
outfits, e.g. a Santa cap, a Yankees cap, sunglasses, etc.

GREG

Your parents really need grandkids.

PAM

I'm sure Deb'll get right on it.  
Anyway, there's a bathroom here if  
you need it, but don't use the  
toilet because it never works right.

GREG

Gotcha.

PAM

And Greg, I know tomorrow Dad has a lot of plans for the wedding party, but I'm sure you could join us...

GREG

Thanks, but I think I'll stick to the original plan and lay low. Maybe take a drive, smoke a carton of Camels...

PAM

Ooooh, you know, I'd spank you right now if it didn't involve touching.

He blows her a kiss. She returns it, then lunges and gives him a quick, deep, kiss and butt-cupping before turning and leaving, not quite shutting the door. What a tease.

A beat, and Greg looks around. Next to the "shrine" and its accordion door is Jack's desk and phone. Greg pulls a business card from his wallet, goes to the phone, dials.

RECORDED VOICE

Sorry, the Lost Luggage Department is closed. Normal business hours are--

Greg hangs up, bummed, then spies a CIA-LOGO NOTEPAD by the phone. In red ink: "Fokker" (sp?) *Call CIA - Chicago*" Curious, Greg slides open the desk's top drawer...

IN THE DESK-- is a spiral-bound CIA MANUSCRIPT, heavily dog-eared: "MANO-A-MANO: *THE ART OF THE WEAPONLESS KILL.*"

Greg takes a moment to ponder this, then puts it back, shuts the drawer, and slips out of Pam's robe to reveal red "boy-leg" CK briefs. He goes to a window, cracks it, and.. Fresh air drifts in, along with the SOUND OF AN UPSTAIRS TV.

INT. JACK AND DINA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack and Dina sit up in bed, their room lit TV blue.

JACK

She said that? She said "permanent."

DINA

"Absolutely permanent" to be exact.

JACK

Jesus, I just realized something. Pam's middle name, Martha...

He waits for it to dawn on her. They trade sullen looks.

JACK/DINA

Pamela Martha Focker.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - SAME

Greg heads for the sofa-bed, pausing as he sees--  
A shelf full of SPY-CAMS. Smoke alarms, clocks, teddy  
bears, and the prototype of the aforementioned Outlet-Cam.

He picks up the outlet cam, eyeing the mini RF transmitter  
on the back. Then he turns it back around, so it's facing  
him again, and as he puts an eye up to one of its holes--

A TOILET FLUSHES. Startled, Greg DROPS THE SPY-CAM. It  
hits the floor, the BACK BREAKING OFF. Greg gasps, spins--  
And Mr. Jinx strolls around the cracked bathroom door.

GREG

Jesus.

Jinx meows and bolts out the den door. Greg catches his  
breath, then drops to the floor and picks up the broken  
outlet cam. He snaps it together best he can, places it  
back on the shelf, and as he turns back to the sofa-bed..

He checks out a wall of PHOTOS, the various MUSIC from the  
TV upstairs tenderly "underscoring" each picture. There's  
dozens of photos, but most are of Jack and Pam over the  
past 20-odd years, hugging, smiling, and generally looking  
happy. Then, to the strains of "Lollipops and Roses" (as  
Jack flips to a re-run of the Dating Game)...

Greg eyes another collage of photos of 20-ish Pam and a  
HANDSOME GUY. Hugging her on a beach. Laughing with Jack  
on the links. Holding a kitten-- Jinx. The last one is  
Pam, the Guy, and a cake. On the icing: *Happy B-Day Kevin.*

Greg eyes the photo, his face mirrored in the glass. Then  
he sighs, gets into bed, hits the light, and we... **FADE OUT.**

EXT. THE BURNS HOME - MORNING

Sun's up, another rental car in the driveway. Cadillac.  
Pam runs by it, back from a jog, and as she slides off her  
jogger fanny-pack and takes the front-steps two-at-a-time..

INT. THE DARKENED, DOWNSTAIRS DEN - LATER

Greg lies twisted in the sheets of the sofa-bed, his  
Calvins akimbo, showing cheek. SOUNDS drift in...  
Dishes clanking, voices laughing. He sits up, rolls over,  
and squints two crusty eyes at a nearby wall-clock. 9:24

GREG

Shit.

INT. THE KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

The kitchen's ablaze in the bright morning sun, the table crowded shoulder-to-shoulder for a big family breakfast. Jack, Dina, and Pam are there, laughing and eating Belgian Waffles. Across from them, enjoying perfect omelets, are--

DEBBIE BURNS and BOB BANKS. They're handsome, wholesome, and sitting so close they look like Siamese-Twins.

Beside them (steamed oats, fresh fruit) are Bob's folks, LARRY AND LINDA BANKS-- fit, tan, coifed, and bubbling. Linda, it's clear, has been under the knife and looks 40.

LARRY

...and so I ask the man if it burns  
when he urinates, and he says "Beats  
me, I never tried to light it."

Everyone ROARS at Larry's anecdote. Jack eyes his watch.

JACK

Bob, when does Andy's flight land?

BOB

Y'know, I don't know? But he said  
he'd be here for breakfast...

Jinx jumps up on the table. Right in front of Jack.

JACK

Look who else is here for breakfast.

Jack grabs a pair of Jinx's whiskers and gives them a gentle tug, lifting Jinx's "lip", like a Ventroliquist.

JACK

(then, singing, "Feelings")  
Felines. Nothing more than... felines.  
Try-ing to for-get the...  
Fe-lines I've loved..."

Jack'n'Jinx bring the house down, Jack hugging Jinx, cheek-to-cheek, then putting him down, Jinx brushing by... Greg, half-peeking around the doorway. Bob spies him.

BOB

Hey. Greg, right?

A CHORUS OF VOICES

Morning, Greg.

Greg leans out in his V.S. robe, voice raspy from sleep.

GREG

Mhornink.

LINDA

Oh boy. Looks like somebody had a  
li'l visit from the Hair Fairy.

More laughs. It's true, Greg has a Gumby-like case of  
pillow hair. He smiles, a sport, then smooths it over,  
making it worse. Pam scoots her chair out, gets up.

PAM

I'll do intros. Greg, meet Debbie...

DEBBIE

Hi, Greg.

She offers her hand, Greg shaking it and noticing the huge  
DIAMOND on her finger, much bigger than the one he got Pam.

GREG

Nice to meet you, Debbie.

PAM

And that's Doctor Bob.

BOB

But you can call me Bob... M.D.

LAUGHS as Bob scores.

PAM

And that's Larry and Linda Banks.

JACK

Dr. Larry is a famous plastic surgeon.

LARRY

Now cut that out!

He makes scissors with his hand and "cuts" the air.  
This actually gets laughs, too. Easy crowd.

GREG

Pleased to meet you. I think I'll  
just head upstairs now and have a  
li'l visit with the... shower fairy.

Crickets. No one laughs. Greg manages a smile before  
giving a little wave and retreating to the hallway--

INT. HALLWAY JUST OUTSIDE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

--where Pam follows, giving him a little smooch.

PAM

So handsome, how'd you sleep?

GREG

Late. Why didn't you wake me?

PAM

Because when I checked an hour ago, you were out cold. And I know how you like to sleep in...

GREG

Not when I'm a guest.

PAM

Oh. Sorry. Good news though-- the airline called, they have your bag, and it should be here later today.

GREG

It's okay? Wasn't open or anything?

PAM

They didn't say, so it must be fine.

GREG

That's great. Maybe now I can start feeling like myself again.

PAM

In the meantime, just grab more clothes from Denny's room. He should be getting up soon.

Jack is within earshot, dropping fruit into his Juiceman.

JACK

He should be getting up now. We have a busy day. Greg, wake him.

GREG

Uh... okay, I'll shower, wake Denny, dress, and be right down. Bye hon.

And as he plants one on her...

INT. STEAMY BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Greg, wet-haired and in a towel, leans over the sink, struggling to shave with Pam's round "Flicker" razor, her cosmetic bag and deodorant out on the counter before him.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DENNY'S ROOM - LATER

Greg, back in that girly robe, knocks on the door.

GREG

Denny?

INT. DENNY'S ROOM

A dark, cluttered STY, lit only by the sun peaking through wind-blown blinds. The unmade bed... empty. Greg leans in.

GREG

Hello...?

He looks around and then, satisfied Denny's not here, he heads for the ransacked closet and chest of drawers. He opens a drawer, finds clean boxers, drops his robe, and-- A HEAD shoves through the blinds. DENNY'S.

DENNY AND GREG

Aaaah!

Nude Greg cups the boxers to his crotch.

GREG

Denny?

DENNY

Outta my room, dickless!

He sweeps the blinds aside to reveal he's standing on the garage roof. And as leans over and starts climbing in..

Greg spins and slides the shorts on as Denny falls inside with a THUD. A beat, then Denny slowly gets to his feet.

GREG

Hi, Denny, I'm Pam's boyfriend--

DENNY

Are you wearing my boxers?

GREG

Yeah, the stupid airline lost my bag so Pam said I should borrow clothes..

Denny pulls a tiny can of "Ozium" deodorizer from his jacket pocket and sprays his reaking clothes head-to-toe.

DENNY

You tell 'em I wasn't here?

GREG

What? No, in fact, your Mom asked me to come up here and wake you.

DENNY

No shit? Righteous.

(head back, using eye-drops)  
So... you're from Chicago. That's in Michigan, right?

GREG  
Illinois.

DENNY  
You sure?

Greg lets this slide, watching as Denny tosses his jacket atop an old Nordic-Trak that's been "modified." A length of surgical tubing and an ace bandage hang between its ski-poles, the "sling" facing the bedroom's front window.

GREG  
How do you like your Nordic-Trak?

DENNY  
It Nordic-blows. I used it for maybe a week. Now it's a water-condom catapult. If two guys pull the sling back, you can nail the church playground a block away.

GREG  
Really? That's... rad. Denny, could I grab more clothes? If you want to pick them out for me, that's cool...

Denny pushes past Greg into the closet and finds a pair of black polyester "slacks" (tags still on them) and a pair of black dress socks. Then he finds an old pile of shirts, digs, and pulls out *Milli Vanilli, World Tour '92* with a rendering of the two dancin' dreadlocked shysters. And as he tosses the all-black ensemble to Greg...

DENNY (cont'd)  
You're styling. Rock on.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Greg picks at the dregs of breakfast as around him, everyone looks STRESSED watching Bob talk on the phone.

BOB  
Andy, bud, we understand. You just feel better, okay? We'll mail you some cake. Thanks homie. Bye.

He hangs up and shrugs, bummed.

LARRY  
I can't believe it. Poor Dr. Andy...

JACK  
Maybe he can fly in tonight.

DINA

Jack, his back is out. It took him two hours just to crawl to a phone.

LINDA

So what does all this mean?

JACK

It means we don't have two ushers.

This hangs in the air a moment. Then Pam chimes in.

PAM

Greg can do it.

And as Greg looks up, mid-chew, to find everyone staring...

INT. GREAT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack hands everyone a one-page, nicely printed ITINERARY, a single-spaced page broken down in hourly increments.

JACK

People, this itinerary takes us from 0900 today through the wedding and right up to Bob and Debbie's departure for their honeymoon. Now, I know we're a big group and there's a lot to do and not a lot of time, but if this wedding is to be the success we all know it can be, there cannot be any deviation from this schedule, is that clear?

LARRY

Clear as an Eskimo's artery.

JACK

Questions?

GREG

What are we doing about my tuxedo?

JACK

They'll altar Andy's. Anyone else?

DENNY

Yeah, about the Rehearsal Dinner. What kind of food they serve at the "Surf'n'Turd" Restaurant?

He holds up his agenda, points. Jack gapes.

JACK

Give me that! Give them back!

He starts to snatch them out of people's hands.

PAM  
(slightly amused)  
Dad, c'mon, it's okay.

DEBBIE  
Yeah, we know it's the Surf'N'Turf.

JACK  
Dina, I told you to proof these!

DINA  
(flinching)  
I-- Greg did, on the computer. He  
said he was an expert.

All eyes snap to Greg. He stammers...

GREG  
I... guess the spell-checker must've  
somehow missed it.

JACK  
How can it "miss it"? It's a  
computer, for god's sake.

PAM  
Dad, please...

GREG  
It didn't actually "miss it". For  
whatever reason, the word is in the  
computer's dictionary, and Dina  
happened to spell "turd" right...

DENNY  
Good job, Ma.

And as Jack and Dina shoot Denny daggers... THUNDER CLAPS.

EXT. THE FRONT PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Rain. One after the other, they make for the driveway.

LARRY  
Where the hell'd this come from?  
All the weather reports said "fair."

JACK  
Not to worry. My contact at the  
Weather Service says sun by 1200 EST.

BOB  
Just as long as it's nice for the  
swim-party and barbecue at Riley's...

GREG

Who's Riley?

LINDA

Bob's best friend, and the Best Man.

PAM

(tossing Greg a windbreaker)  
Denny, I'm lending Greg your jacket.

DENNY

Whatever.

But when Denny sees exactly *what jacket*, his eyes bug.

IN THE DRIVEWAY-- Dina swings the Buick doors open and Larry the Cad's, and as Linda starts to get in with Larry...

JACK

No, no, no, men in one car, women in the other! Check your itineraries.

DINA

Hop in, Linda. Us gals are all heading to the dressmaker's.

LARRY

And we men are all off to--  
(reading his itinerary)  
"The Tuxedo Ship."

And as Jack turns and shoots Greg the evil eye...

EXT. "THE TUXEDO SHOP" - DAY

The Cadillac's out front. Still raining.

INT. THE TUXEDO SHOP

Bob, Jack and Larry stand at a three-way mirror, beaming and looking smart in top hats and gray morning-coats.

LARRY

Son, you look so damn... dapper. Deb's gonna see you at the altar and faint.

JACK

If she does, I'm not worried. Half your damn guest list is Doctors.  
(as they chuckle)  
Y'know, Greg here's in medicine too.

LARRY

Really? What field?

BEHIND A NEARBY CHANGING CURTAIN-- Greg and Denny are still dressing, Greg unwrapping the plastic from his (Andy's) tux.

GREG

Nursing.

Larry and Bob appreciate the quip.

LARRY

No, really, what field?

GREG

Really. I graduated third in a class of 200 from MNA-- the Mountainside Nursing Academy in New Hampshire.

Bob and Larry swap smirks, Larry speaking sotto to Bob.

LARRY

Ever heard of it?

BOB

Yeah. Lotta hotties come out of MNA.

Jack eyes himself and the Banks in the mirror...

JACK

Hey, you guys are missing something.

He holds up his white-gloved hands. The Banks' are bare. Suddenly, Larry and Bob get the same idea.

LARRY AND BOB

Oh, Greg?

(raising hands like surgeons)

"Gloves!?"

And as Jack and the MD's have a laugh at Greg's expense...

BEHIND THE CURTAIN-- Greg finds the box of gloves and slides it under the curtain. Denny sniffs the air.

DENNY

What reeks? You wearing cologne?

GREG

Oh, no-- it's Pam's "Secret." You know, "Strong enough for a man--"

DENNY

--but made for a homo?

Denny puts on his top-hat and whips the curtain aside to exit, leaving half-nude Greg exposed for the store to see. He shuts the curtain, and as he continues to get dressed...

He bumps a CHAIR with someone's belongings on it. A WALLET falls, and as Greg picks it up-- Bob enters, and stares.

BOB

Why do you have my wallet?

GREG

Oh, I bumped the chair here and--  
(he's said enough)  
Sorry.

He hands the wallet back. Bob still staring, concerned.

GREG (cont'd)

I didn't open it. Really.

BOB

(doesn't believe him)  
I believe you.

Bob pulls on his khaki shorts and pockets the wallet. And as Greg continues to try on Andy's tux...

GREG

Hey Bob M.D., thanks for having me in the wedding party. I'm honored. And I know it means a lot to Pam.

BOB

I'm just glad it's working out. I guess we need two ushers and I didn't want to tap Riley. He has enough to do, with the ring, and the speech--

GREG

How come Riley's not here? Is he not wearing a tux?

BOB

Actually, we're matching his. He owns one just like this. Nice, huh?

GREG

Well, yours looks great...

He pulls the jacket on and turns to the full-size mirror. The sleeves and cuffs are close, but the fit is VERY TIGHT.

GREG (cont'd)

...but I think I need some tailoring. I mean, I can't even touch my toes--

He starts to bend over, and as he does-- RIP. The jacket and pants split down the back. And as everyone eyes Greg...

INT. TUX SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Greg stands waiting in his boxers as the Owner and his TAILOR examine the open-backed tux. Then the two men turn and shake their heads glumly at an antsy Jack and Larry.

GREG

Sorry, Jack. Andy must be a stick.

JACK

Don't pin this on Doctor Andy. The wedding's tomorrow, your tux is ruined, and now I have to tell Dina and Debbie. Where's an itinerary? I have to call the damn dress shop.

And as he heads for the dressing room, and their clothes..

BEHIND THE CURTAIN-- Denny has "Greg's" windbreaker off the hook and is checking the pockets when Jack walks in. Denny startles, drops the jacket, and out tumbles-- A LIGHTER and a ZIP-LOCK BAG OF DOOBIES. They gape.

DENNY

Woah. Greg's a total stoner.

JACK

I knew it.

EXT. SOUTH HAMPTON STREET - DAY

Still pouring. The Caddy and the Buick roll up the driveway of an impressive, custom-made home.

INT. THE BUICK

Dina drives, Deb beside her, Linda and Pam in the back.

PAM

Whose house is this, Mom?

DINA

It's right there on your interary, honey. "BBQ at the Best Man's"...

And as Debbie shoots her Mother a dubious look...

EXT. RILEY'S DRIVEWAY

They motor past rows of trimmed hedges and rose-gardens, the rain slowly tapering off until...

EXT. THE CIRCULAR DRIVE OF RILEY'S MINI-MANSION - DAY

...the sky's blue, sun's bright, and dew glistens on the flower beds and lawn. It's like a different, happy world.

BY THE FRONT DOOR-- the car doors open and the families slide out, basking in the sweet air and sudden sunshine.

LARRY

The sun! What luck.

BOB

Luck? C'mon, Riley planned this.

AT THE BUICK-- Dina, not her cheery self, pops the trunk.

DINA

Jack, bring the tuxes over. We'll put them in here, with the dresses.

A few yards away, Pam reunites with Greg. A peck, and..

GREG

Jack was mad. Was your Mom upset?

PAM

(yes)

No.

Dina walks toward them, toting tuxes. She smiles at Greg.

DINA

Don't worry about the foul-up, Greg. Something was bound to go wrong-- after all, all weddings have their one "thing"-- and your thing was our thing. But it's behind us now, so let's just forget it and move on.

A Stepford smile, then she puts the tuxes in the Buick and pulls out a big beach tote-bag as Denny walks up.

DENNY

Ma, you pack me a suit and towel?

DINA

Just a suit. Kevin has towels.

PAM

Kevin?

KEVIN (O.S.)

Hey! Welcome, everybody!

THE BURNS AND BANKS

Hey Riles! Kevin! Riley!

KEVIN RILEY, 32, strolls over in swim-trunks and a cropped-tee. He's the same guy we saw in the photos, only he's improved with age-- better looking, tanner, buffer. And as Pam shoots her Father a look that could kill...

BOB  
Hey, Riley-buddy.

KEVIN  
(handshake/embrace)  
Doctor Robert, welcome.  
(then, to Debbie)  
Debra. Big day mañana.

He kisses her cheek before moving on to Jack and Dina.

KEVIN  
Double-B and darling Dee...

JACK/DINA  
Mr. Riley, sir./Hello, Kevin.

Kevin pecks Dina on the cheek, then does the same to Jack, something not lost on Greg. Kev moves along, to the Banks.

KEVIN  
Larry, Linda, looking lovely.

LARRY/LINDA  
Thanks, Riley. And you.

Denny scratches his cheek with his middle finger, grins.

DENNY  
Beavis.

KEVIN  
Butthead.

He lightly cuffs the back of Denny's head before turning to Pam and Greg, Pam summoning a smile despite her anger.

KEVIN  
Hey Peanut.

PAM  
Kevin, this is Greg.

JACK  
Greg is Pam's guest from Chicago.

KEVIN  
Chi-town! Welcome to the Hamptons.

GREG  
Thanks, you too.

Damn, he's done it again.

KEVIN

Well, the sun's out, grill's hot and the pool's luke, so if you're up for a swim and a little bee-bee-cue...

BOB

Riles, we're there.

They head down a path from the driveway, toward the sound of an outdoor stereo and a sparkling blue pool, Jack taking up the rear and calling to them as they go.

JACK

People, it's 12:10 and we're a bit behind so have fun, eat, drink, be merry, but be ready to go by 1400.

He spins to find Pam glaring at him, fuming.

PAM

I can't believe you kept this from me.

JACK

Sorry, it's on the itinerary...

PAM (checking hers)

It just says "Barbecue At Best Man's."

JACK

What, no one told you it was Riley?

PAM

How does Bob even know Kevin?

JACK

Honey, it's simple. When I started the Nanny-Cams I needed investors, so naturally I called Kevin, he hooked me up with Larry, I met Bob, who already knew Kevin through Larry, and later I introduced Bob to Deb...

PAM

Wait, you "set-up" Bob and Debbie?

JACK

I thought they should meet since Bob was going to NYU and wouldn't know anybody. And here we are, right? A few months later and bells are ringing. I'm a regular Hello Dolly.

(winks)

I didn't mean to upset you, Pancake. You're always saying how you're over Kevin, how he means nothing to you.

PAM  
Which he doesn't. Still.

JACK  
Good. Now c'mon, you and Greg come join  
the party. We're all friends here...

He smiles, then heads off down the path. Pam sighs.

PAM  
This is too weird. Greg, I'm sorry...

GREG  
Pam, honey, don't apologize. I  
heard your Dad, I understand. Hey,  
if I can go a weekend without sex  
and cigarettes, I can certainly  
handle two days with your ex-  
fiancé.

PAM  
Baby, you're the greatest.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Hey, kids!

Kevin comes up the path from the pool, shirtless, buff.

KEVIN  
Jack said you two wanted a tour.  
C'mon, I'll show you the digs.

GREG/PAM  
Great...

INT. CAVERNOUS COUNTRY KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

KEVIN  
Floor's imported limestone, counter's  
German greenstone, I got twin Sub  
Z's, Viking Range, two dishwashers...

GREG  
This kitchen's the size of my condo.

PAM  
So, work must be working out, eh Kev?  
You still at Neuberger-Berman?

KEVIN

Who told you I was at NB?

PAM

I saw an article, in *USA Today*...

GREG

So, you're what... an investment banker, Wall Street trader person...?

KEVIN

Yeah, but that's just my day-job. Let me show you what I'm really into.

INT. WOODSHOP

An immaculate carpenter's lair with a dozen-odd projects (furniture, carvings, etc.) in various stages of completion.

GREG

Wow, someone got an "A" in Woodshop. What made you get into carpentering?

KEVIN

Carpentry? I'd have to say Jesus. He was a carpenter, and I figured if you're going to follow in someone's footsteps, who better than Christ's?

Greg nods, then notices a number of Pam-Kev photos hanging (dust-free) on the walls. Pam nods o.s., to a big TARP.

PAM

What's that, outside?

KEVIN

A gift. I'll show you.

EXT. AN ADJACENT, BRICK COURTYARD AND GAZEBO - CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

I just put the last coat of lacquer on it this morning, before the rain.

He lifts the tarp to reveal a 10-FOOT-HIGH ARCH, ornately carved with roses, doves, cherubs, hearts. Pam gasps.

PAM

Kevin, it's amazing. And you made roses-- Deb's favorite, and are those holes there for candles?

KEVIN

Exactly, and later on they'll catch rainwater and make tiny bird-baths.

GREG

Um, at the risk of sounding really,  
really stupid... what is it?

KEVIN

It's the altar. I'm going to take  
it to the Burns, have the florist  
decorate it, and tomorrow Bob and  
Deb'll meet beneath it to become man  
and wife. And later, when they buy  
a home, it can grace their garden.

GREG

How long's something like this take?

KEVIN

Let's see, they've been engaged  
three weeks... five hours a day... about  
100 hours. Which isn't bad  
considering I carved it all by hand.

And as two lovebirds alight on the altar, and tweet...

INT. RILEY'S HOUSE - HOME THEATRE ROOM

Kenny Loggins' "Danger Zone" BOOMS and "TOP GUN" fills the  
letterbox screen as F-16's rocket by in SenSurround Sound®.  
Kevin raises an arm, turns to Pam, yells over the music--

KEVIN

*I feel the need...*

--and they do a one-hand, high-five-then-low-five thing.

PAM/KEVIN

*The need for speed!*

They laugh, Kevin pointing the remote and stopping the  
film. And as the screen retracts and the lights come up...

KEVIN

Good job, P.B. Way to remember...

He smiles, so "there" and radiant that Pam has to look  
away to avoid a school-girl blush. Then-- a WALL INTERCOM  
barks with the sound of a pool party and Jack's voice.

JACK (O.S)

Riley? Where you at? It's 12:25.  
Time to start the barbecue, big guy.

KEVIN (TO INTERCOM)

On my way, Mister B.

(then, to Pam and Greg)

I better go play host. Why don't  
you put your suits on and head down?

GREG

Suits. Darn, don't suppose your Mom packed an extra one for me.

(to Kevin)

The airline lost my luggage.

KEVIN

Oh, man. Never check your bag. But no sweat, I can lend you a suit.

PAM

Great, Kev. Thanks.

He smiles at again, then heads down a hallway, and... Pam turns to Greg, who by now's looking a bit miffed.

PAM

Honey, what.

GREG

Nothing.

PAM

No, tell me...

GREG

It's not worth bringing up.

(then, brings it up)

You and Kevin did our thing. Y'know...

He mimes the high-five-low-five slap thing.

PAM

Greg, that's not "our thing" it's from the movie, from "Top Gun."

GREG

Our thing's not our thing?

PAM

Greg, did you not see "Top Gun"?

GREG

What, you mean besides just now?

PAM

How could you not see "Top Gun"? I thought everybody saw "Top Gun."

GREG

Gee, I guess we're learning all sorts of new things about each other...

KEVIN (O.S.)

Think fast!

A TOWEL rolled around a swimsuit SMACKS Greg in the head.  
It drops into his arms as Kevin strolls up, grinning big.

KEVIN (cont'd)

*I feel the need... the need to feed..*

EXT. BY THE POOL AND POOLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kenny G. wafts from garden speakers as Kevin mans the BBQ.

KEVIN

Cold buffet's on the left, champagne  
and wine's on the right, so enjoy.

LARRY

Salmon steaks, Moet Chandon... Jeez,  
Riley, what do you do for an encore?

LINDA

Maybe he'll walk across his pool.

Linda scores! Jack, in line behind them, looks to Pam.

JACK

Some place, huh? And a block from the  
beach. Can't get that in Chicago...

DINA

Honey, is your friend Greg okay?

Greg overhears her from behind the poolhouse door.

GREG (O.S.)

I'm fine.

A beat, then he steps out wearing a tight, white SPEEDO.  
Kevin looks up from the grill to check Greg out.

KEVIN

Hey buddy, how's that suit? Not too  
big I hope.

GREG

Actually it's a bit tight, in places.  
And white's not really my color.

LARRY

Oh boy. Time for a career change.

Larry SCORES, he and Doctor Bob sniggering.

KEVIN

So Greg, you like grilled salmon,  
swordfish, or a little of both?

GREG

Both sounds good, I'm pretty hungry.

JACK

(to no one in particular)

I think they call that the munchies.

And as Greg squints, wondering what the hell that meant...

KEVIN

Peanut? Glen? Hit the buffet and then come and get your entrees.

PAM

Great. Thanks, Kev.

Greg nods "thanks" and he and Pam shuffle over to the cold buffet, Pam ladling out two bowls of gazpacho.

GREG

Funny, he's not wearing a Speedo.

PAM

Relax, Greg, nobody's even looking.

GREG

Good, because if that pool's cold, they'll be calling me peanut.

PAM

Y'know, I *knew* that would bug you. He only calls me that because of my initials. "P.B.", peanut butter...?

GREG

...perfect boyfriend...

KEVIN

(walks up, with plates)

One sockeye, two swords.

PAM/GREG

Thanks... Looks great...

KEVIN

Dig in, and then get ready 'cause after lunch we're playing aqua-v-ball.

PAM

Pool volleyball? Sounds like fun.

GREG

Yeah. I love games.

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - LATER

A volleyball net bisects the pool. "Captains" Jack and Bob are in the water, on opposite sides, while the others stand at the water's edge. Dear God, they're picking teams.

BOB

Kevin.

JACK

There's a shock.

Kevin jumps in beside Bob. Chest-thumps, high-fives.

JACK

Denny.

DENNY

(steps in, bored)

Crapulous.

BOB

Deb.

DEBBIE

Yes!

She jumps in, as do the others as they're called.

JACK

Larry.

BOB

Pam.

JACK

Linda.

BOB

Dina.

DINA

Oh, I'm not playing. The chlorine dries my skin.

DEBBIE

But Mom, the teams won't be even.

BOB

Four and four. They're even now.

Greg stands there, invisible. And now Pam is pissed.

PAM

Would somebody please pick Greg?!

JACK

I thought Doctor Bob did.

BOB

No, but you take him. We'll just play five on four. Okay?

JACK

Whatever. Greg, let's go.

Greg, sport that he is, musters a smile before dropping in.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

--At the net, Bob sets, Kevin spikes. Both hoot.

--Greg serves one... into the cold buffet.

--Deb hits to Bob, Bob to Pam, Pam tips it over. Cheers.

--And as Team-Bob celebrates, whooping, really into it...

Larry slaps the water. Jack eyes his team, disgusted.

JACK

We are getting creamed! Huddle up!

KEVIN

(calls to Greg, through net)

Glen-- rush the net on defense.

Don't be afraid of the ball.

PAM

It's Greg.

KEVIN

What?

PAM

It's "Greg," not "Glen." "Greg" is afraid of the ball.

GREG

Thanks for clearing that up, Peanut.

JACK

Larry, Linda, stay back for deep shots. Denny, float. Greg, if I set the ball for you, do you think you could jump up and spike it?

GREG

I'd have to be pretty high.

JACK

I bet you would, Panama Red. Okay, everyone! Look sharp! BREAK.

They clap their hands and wade to their positions. Except Greg, who's still trying to decipher what Jack just said.

KEVIN

Service!

Kevin bloops one. Larry bats it to Denny, who sets it..

LARRY

Yours, Greg, yours!

..Greg pops it over the net to Pam, who returns it, deep..

JACK

You've gotta spike those, Greg!

Linda bats it to Larry, who sets it again, to Greg, and... This time Greg times it right. He rockets from the water, fully-extended, arm cocked, and as they all watch, amazed--

GREG HITS A MONSTER SPIKE, the ball sailing directly at... Debbie's smiling face. BAM! She SCREAMS and falls back, submerging as the water around her runs crimson red.

ON THE DECK-- Dina jumps up, eyes huge, adrenaline pumping.

DINA

Aaaaahhh!!

She jumps in the water, fully clothed, and as Debbie struggles to her feet, both hands clutching her face... Jack and Larry both whirl on Greg, their eyes ablaze.

JACK

What the hell's wrong with you?!

LARRY

It's only a game, Focker!

They turn and rush to Debbie, who's beginning to cry, and as Pam shoots Greg the saddest of looks through the net..

INT. THE MOVING BUICK - LATER

Greg's in back with Denny and Pam, Dina and Jack up front. They ride along in utter, awkward silence. Then...

GREG

Does her dress have a veil...?

EXT. THE BURNS HOME - LATER

The Buick arrives to find a CATERER'S VAN, a "PARTY RENTALS" TRUCK, and a few more cars and people waiting.

DINA (O.S., IN CAR)  
What are they, early?

JACK (O.S., IN CAR)  
We're late. C'mon, everybody out.

Jack gets out and hits the ground running, firing orders.

JACK  
Caterers? Come with me.  
(spins, points at a guy)  
You the D.J.? Talk with them.  
(as the Cadillac arrives)  
Pam, help Debra, please. Denny, put  
the tuxes and dresses in the den.

The Caddy's doors open and Bob helps Deb out. She holds an ice-bag to her red and puffy face as Pam approaches.

PAM  
How ya doing, Debbie-doodle?

Debbie, a shiner under the ice, squeaks a sad reply.

BOB  
She's better. It's just swollen.

DENNY  
(taking a closer look)  
Cool, you can totally see "Voit"  
backwards on your forehead!

Deb takes a lame swipe at Denny and starts to cry. Pam puts an arm around her, and as they head for the backyard... Greg sees an VAN pull up. A COURIER gets out with his BAG.

GREG  
Thank god. Is it okay? I have a  
really expensive ring in there...

COURIER  
You checked a bag containing jewelry?  
Man, you must be dumb as a stump.

And as Greg stares at the guy, stunned...

EXT. BURNS HOME - BACKYARD - LATER

The joint is jumping. Jack is on the back porch steps, holding a cordless phone to his ear while yelling orders to passing WORKERS carrying tables, linens, chairs, etc.

JACK  
Buffet's going against the house.  
Put the chairs on the lawn, they're  
getting married under the elm tree.

CATERER

Mr. Burns, I need to store the china and linen overnight. Preferably in a room with easy access to the yard.

JACK

We'll keep everything in my den.

(then, into phone)

Yes, I'm still here. Great, and you're sure it's thick enough to cover a black eye? Terrific, what's it called and when do you close?

AT A TABLE-- a slick-haired D.J. sits with Debbie and Bob.

DEE-JAY

...and then we do the Chicken Dance or the Macarena and at the end I play "Leaving On A Jet Plane." But let's backtrack. First dance-- you want Elvis, Whitney, or Lionel Richie?

And as Debbie starts to cry again, behind her ice-pack...

INT. THE DEN (JACK'S OFFICE) - SAME

Greg plops the suitcase on the open sofa bed, beside the tuxes and dresses. As he starts to work the combo-lock... The door swings open and Pam walks in. Greg startles...

PAM

Your suitcase! Did you go through it? Make sure it's all there?

GREG

Yeah, it's all fine. What's up?

PAM

(shuts door behind her)

Nothing's "up," I just thought I'd see how you were doing since hitting the... spike heard 'round the world.

GREG

Well, since you're asking, I pretty much feel like a big, dumb loser.

PAM

You're not a loser, Greg. It's just... too bad you had to hit it so hard.

GREG

Pam, it was an accident.

PAM

I know, but you shouldn't have let  
Dad and Larry push you like that--

GREG

It sounds like you're blaming me--

PAM

I'm not. I'm just saying relax, okay?  
Don't try so hard. Be yourself.

GREG

Honey, I'm trying.

PAM

Well, try harder.

GREG

You just told me not to.

PAM

*At being yourself.* Greg, do you not  
understand how important this  
weekend is to me? To us?

GREG

Of course. But Pam, if you want me  
to be comfortable, to be myself, then  
help me out, be on my side. I just--  
I'm feeling totally alone here.

He sits on edge of the sofa-bed, dejected.  
Pam immediately beside him, consoling.

PAM

Greg, baby, I'm on your side.  
You're not on your own here...

She puts an arm around him, pulls him close. He turns to  
her, nodding, feeling better. They kiss, Pam leaning them  
back onto the bed and placing his hand to her chest...

GREG

...is this okay...?

PAM

It's fine... relax...

And as she starts to straddle him, kissing, hands roaming...  
BAM. The door flies open to reveal Jack and Larry, holding  
linens. Greg bolts up, his hands on Pam's breasts.

PAM

Dad!  
(brushing Greg's hands away)  
Ever think to knock?!

JACK

Not when it's my own office. What are you doing in here?

LARRY

I'd say rounding second base.

Jack shoots Larry daggers as Pam gets up.

PAM

This is Greg's room, Dad.

JACK

(dropping linens on bed)  
Not anymore. We need it for storage.

PAM

Then where's he supposed to sleep?

JACK

We'll talk about it later. Meantime, head outside and help your Mother, it's a real madhouse out there.

PAM

Fine. C'mon, Greg.

She huffs and exits to the porch. Greg shoots a sheepish look to Jack and Larry and starts to go when Jack notices the bathroom door is ajar. And something's running..

JACK

Hold it, Focker.  
(listens, points to bathroom)  
Did you flush this toilet?

GREG

No sir.

JACK

What, did the thing flush itself?

GREG

Wait-- the cat. He used the toilet.

LARRY

The cat used the toilet...?

GREG

Last night, he flushed it and left.

JACK

No chance. Jinx knows not to use this toilet. And he never flushes.

GREG

Well he did last night, and what's  
it matter, anyway?

JACK

The matter, Greg R.N., is that when  
this toilet is flushed, it runs.  
And when you have a septic tank  
that's nearly full and a toilet that  
has run all night, then you can  
suddenly have one helluva problem.

Suddenly, two concerned Workers appear in the doorway.

WEDDING WORKER

Mr. Burns...?

EXT. BURNS HOME - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The lawn SQUISHES as Pam helps the Workers move chairs  
back toward the house. A few yards away, Greg and a  
bitching Denny help, lugging a table through swampy grass.

DENNY

Nice stench. You're on a roll, bud.

GREG

Bite me, Denny.

DENNY

You bite me, you cost me my stash.

GREG

What?

DENNY

It was in my coat-- that coat-- and  
the baggy fell out at the Tux Shop.  
Now my Dad has it, and I have to  
spend the whole weekend weedless.

GREG

Shit-- he thinks it's mine! No  
wonder he was talking about the  
munchies, and Panama Red. Denny,  
I'm sorry, but I have to tell him.

DENNY

They won't believe you-- my p's are  
in full denial. But go for it, tell  
them I'm "hopped up." They'll just  
think you're a lying mother, Focker.

ON THE PORCH-- Jack paces on the cordless phone, livid.

JACK

Listen to me-- twenty hours from now  
I'm having a wedding here, so I need  
it pumped and I need it pumped now!

Bob and Deb step outside, see the lawn being cleared.

DEBBIE

Dad, what's going on?

BOB

(sniffs, winces)  
What's that smell?

JACK

(paces by, on phone)  
That smell, Bob, is our shit.

LINDA

Greg flushed the bad toilet in the  
den and the cesspool overflowed.

LARRY

And he tried to blame the cat.

DEBBIE

But... if the lawn is wrecked, where  
are we having the wedding? Mom...!

She starts to lose it. Dina hugs her, Linda pats her back.

DINA

Don't worry, Deb, it'll work out.

LINDA

A septic tank pumper will come suck  
it up and tomorrow it'll be fine..

JACK

(checking agenda, on phone)  
Two choices-- come during the shower  
before rehearsal or after rehearsal  
when we're at the Surf'N'Turd. Turf.

A HORN honks. They all turn and see a FLATBED TRUCK (with  
liftgate), rolling down the driveway, the ALTAR on back,  
Kevin at the wheel. He cracks a window, yells to Jack.

KEVIN

Over by the tree, right?!

JACK

NO! NOT ON THE LAWN!

Too late. The wheels of the heavy truck BOG DOWN in the  
muck and sink to a stop. Kevin looks down from the cab..

KEVIN

What the heck?

...and guns the engine, spinning the wheels and sending a huge, brown SPRAY flying through the air and straight at-- The PORCH, where the Burns and Banks scream and scatter as the porch is splattered with muddy, brackish water..

ON THE LAWN-- Pam cringes. Greg gapes. Denny grins.

DENNY

Very cool.

INT. PAM'S BEDROOM - LATER

A knock, then the door opens and Greg peers in. The adjacent bathroom door's shut, shower's going. So..

Greg enters with his suitcase, plops it on her bed. He works the combo-lock and... it doesn't open. He tries the latches again, then checks the handle's i.d. tag and--

GREG

Aw, fu--

INT. BURNS HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Greg, alone, walks and talks on the cordless, smoldering.

GREG

I know I said a gray *American Tourister* but is it possible their company, in a shameless effort to turn a profit, manufactured more than one? And would that not allow your fine airline to lose two of the aforementioned receptacles and, in a synergistic explosion of irony and incompetence, send the *wrong* one here while sending the *right* one to the other sucker who was dumb enough to let you check his only carry-on bag?!

He swings the back door open and steps outside, to--

EXT. THE BACK PORCH

--where he paces, Bob and Kevin visible in the b.g. watching a HUGE TOW-TRUCK pull the flatbed from the muck.

GREG (cont'd)

I don't want to calm down! There's a diamond ring in that bag, mister, and 24 hours from now it better be...  
(MORE...)

GREG (cont'd)

...on my girlfriend's finger or there  
will be HELL to pay, you hear me?  
Now find out what the HELL happened  
and call me the HELL back! Hell-o...?  
(dial tone)

I don't believe this shit!

He turns, heads back for the door, and then stops. And  
pales. Jinx is there, meowing at him. OUTSIDE.

GREG

Oh, God. Here... kitty. Here... Jinx...

Jinx stares, licks a paw. And as Greg creeps closer...  
Jinx bolts down the stairs. Greg LEAPS from the porch,  
cutting him off. Jinx turns and bolts for a crawl-space  
hatch, disappearing UNDER THE HOUSE. As Greg steams...

INT. THE HOME'S (DIMLY LIT) CRAWLSPACE - SECONDS LATER

Greg, still holding the phone, combat-crawls through dirt  
and cobwebs toward a meowing silhouette. As he does,  
VOICES carry through the floor above, muffled but clear.

LINDA (O.S.)

...to me, it looked like an accident.  
Why would he want to hurt her?

INT. THE GREAT ROOM

Jack and Linda are in bathrobes, having showered following  
the flying-fluid fiasco. Jack's at the bar, pouring.

JACK

He wouldn't, intentionally, but he's  
not in control. Look at his eyes--  
they're completely bloodshot.

LARRY

More pink, really. Like a rat's.

EXT. UNDER THE HOUSE

LINDA (O.S.)

Maybe he's using for medicinal  
purposes. He looks kind of sickly.

JACK (O.S.)

Forget medicine, he's a bong-head.  
He's been puffin' the magic dragon.

Then-- louder, clearer voices drown theirs out.

BOB (O.S.)

...caught him going through my wallet.

EXT. BACK PORCH

Bob and Kevin walk over from the driveway, where the flatbed's now parked, the altar on the walk beside it.

KEVIN

What?

INT. CRAWLSPACE

BOB (O.S.)

At the tux shop. I walked in before he could steal anything. Nurses...

KEVIN (O.S.)

How can Pam and this guy be serious?

BOB (O.S.)

Who says they are? I don't see a rock on her finger.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Good point, there's not. Yet...

They head in as Greg lies there, exhausted, his face full of dust, hair full of cobwebs. And as Jinx finds daylight...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Dina dabs foundation on her daughter's budding black-eye.

DINA

...and you can plan forever, and something will always go wrong. All weddings have their one thing.

DEBBIE

So what's ours, Mom? The tuxedo screw-up? My nose? Or the backyard smelling like the zoo in a heatwave?

DINA

That's enough, Miss Doom-N-Gloom. And look, your face is much better.

She turns Deb toward the mirror. It's better, not much.

DEBBIE

Sure, under make-up bulbs. But how's it going to look in sunlight?

DINA

Let's find out.

She moves to her bedroom window, whips opens the drapes-- THERE'S GREG. In the elm tree right outside her window.

EXT. THE ELM TREE

He freezes, horrified, waiting for them to see him. But--  
They don't. The women don't see him. Mainly because  
they're facing one another while Dina powders Debbie's  
face. And as Greg watches JINX climb higher in the tree..

INTERCUT - THE BEDROOM AND THE ELM TREE

DEBBIE

Ow! Stop patting it, Mom. You're  
going to make it bleed again.

DINA

Baby, if it hurts, take something. I  
have Valium, Vicodans, Percoset...

DEBBIE

They'll just make me sleepy.

DINA

If they do, you can take one of my  
picker-upper pills. Wait here--

DEBBIE

Mom-- NO.

She covers her eyes and starts to cry, Dina turning back  
to comfort her. And Greg watches from the tree, rapt.

DINA

Debbie, honey, what's wrong?

DEBBIE

I'm late...

DINA

What?

DEBBIE

More than late...

DINA

Oh my God. Does Bob know?

DEBBIE

Of course he knows. Why do you  
think we're getting married so soon?

DINA

Because he's starting med-school...

DEBBIE

Not for a month. We decided we'd  
move, get settled, find a doctor...

She wipes a tear away. Greg still watching, mesmerized.

DINA

Do Larry and Linda know about this?  
Does anybody know about this?

DEBBIE

...no...

DINA

Good, it's best not to have people  
talking. How far along are you?

DEBBIE

Seven weeks...

DINA

That's it? Oh, sweetie, this is no  
problem. 8-month babies happen all  
the time. No one will ever know.

(then, suddenly concerned)

Deb, you do love Bob, don't you?

DEBBIE

Yeah Mom, I do. And we would've  
been married sooner or later anyway.

DINA

I know, Debbie-Doodle. I know...

She takes Debbie's hand, smiles. Not that Stepfordian  
one, but a real smile, warm and sincere. Debbie relaxes.

DEBBIE

Thanks, Mom...

A quick hug, then it's time to get back to business.

DINA

Now go get ready for the shower  
before your Father blows a gasket.

Debbie nods and leaves, Dina shutting the door behind her.  
And as she takes a moment to absorb what's just happened...

The phone rings. THE PHONE IN GREG'S GODDAM HAND. He  
stares at it, horrified, and when his eyes whip back to the  
window-- Dina's staring right at him. Right *through* him.

GREG

...hey...

She glowers, whips the drapes shut, and as Greg whimpers...  
The phone RINGS again, Greg hitting a button to try and  
mute it but he must've accidentally hit "TALK" because--

JACK (ON PHONE)

--and we'll meet at the beach house.

CAROL (ON PHONE)

Did you just hear a "click"?

JACK (ON PHONE)

Hang up! Hang up!

Greg panics, bobbling the phone, and as he lunges for it--  
THE LIMB he's standing on SNAPS--

GREG

Aaaaahhh!!

--falling and RIPPING the home's WIRE-RUN from its bracket  
and sending a long, whipping, LIVE WIRE to the ground.

INT. BURNS HOME - VARIOUS ROOMS

People react as blow-dryers, stereos, and lights go out.

EXT. THE TREE

Greg hangs from the tree, feet dangling, while below him--

EXT. THE YARD BELOW

The live wires whip around like spark-spitting snakes, one  
of them hitting the elm tree, another wriggling over to--  
The all-wood, just lacquered, wedding altar. WHOOMF!

EXT. THE TREE

Greg climbs and coughs in the rising smoke, as above him--  
Jinx MEOWS and leaps to the rooftop. Greg follows, and as  
he grabs the gutter and starts to pull himself up--

EXT. THE ROOFTOP

--the gutter bounces, Greg's pack of CAMELS jostling, then  
falling off the edge into the rising cloud of smoke.

EXT. THE BACK PORCH BELOW

The door bangs open and Bob, Jack, Larry, and Kev rush out.  
Kevin stares, then SCREAMS, at his now-engulfed ALTAR.

KEVIN

Aaaaahhh!!

The bottom of the elm's ablaze too, fire licking the house.

JACK

9-9-1! Call 9-9-1!

EXT. BACK PORCH

Debbie, Linda, and Pam (all in robes), and Denny, rush outside and onto the porch, where they eye the leaping flames. And as Denny "woahs," and Debbie shrieks...

PAM

Greg? Where's Greg?!

ON THE ROOF BEHIND THEM-- Jinx, then Greg, scamper by, both of them dropping down to the roof of the garage.

EXT. GARAGE ROOFTOP

Jinx leaps to the roof of the flatbed and bolts to freedom. And as Greg DIVES, headfirst, through Denny's blinds...

EXT. BURNS BACK YARD/BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

A pair of FIREMEN train a hose on the smoking, blackened elm and a charred, steaming pile of hand-carved debris.

ON THE PORCH-- Bob consoles a melancholy Kevin as Larry, Jack, Pam, and Linda listen to a wizened FIRE-CHIEF.

FIRE-CHIEF

Cause will be tough to tell given the contributing factors here. You've got an old tree, some power lines, a highly flammable wood *objet d'art*...

The porch door swings open, and all heads turn as-- Greg steps out, looking showered (hair-wet) and confused.

GREG

Wow, I thought I heard sirens.

JACK

And just where have you been?

GREG

In the shower. Then the power died, water pressure fell... what happened?

KEVIN

(turns and glares, eyes wet)  
The wedding altar burned.

BOB

Nearly took the house up with it.

LINDA

Showering, huh? And what were you doing before that?

GREG

Jeez, Linda, can I call my lawyer?

JACK

Don't get funny on us, farmboy.

PAM

(trying to understand)

Greg... I was in the shower when the power died. And then I looked for you in the bathroom downstairs...

GREG

And I'll bet you didn't find me there either and do you know why?

DINA (O.S.)

Because he wasn't there.

Dina and Debbie step outside. And as Greg braces...

DINA (cont'd)

He was upstairs. In my shower.

JACK

In our shower?

DINA

After Deb left, Greg said Pam was in the shower and could he use ours. Find everything okay, Greg?

GREG

(stunned, but goes with it)

Sure did, Dina, thanks. I even used your... whaddyacallit... soap.

DENNY

You use her deodorant too?

GREG

(forced laugh)

No, no, think I'll stick with Pam's.

DINA

That's right, Greg. You just keep your "Secret," and I will keep mine.

She flashes him a wafer-thin grin and... Greg gets it. He nods, they have a deal. Satisfied, Jack moves on.

JACK

Dina, call Phyllis Brown, tell her we'll be later to the shower than I originally said. Denny--

(MORE...)

JACK (cont'd)

Call the florist, tell 'em we need a trellis for the altar. I'm gonna call a tree-trimmer to whack the elm and an Edison crew to hook up the power. Pam, help me finish putting the china and linens in the den and if our guests will please get dressed I'd like to have us out of here in fifteen minutes. Tops.

He turns and strides back into the house. A beat, and the others follow, Debbie, Denny, and the Banks giving Greg the eye as they head inside. Pam turns to a moping Kevin.

PAM

You going to be okay?

KEVIN

Yeah. Gonna go thank the firemen...

He glares at Greg and heads for the Fire-Chief. Pam sighs.

PAM

This isn't right.

GREG

What's not...

PAM

The way they're looking at you. The way they're all... thinking.

GREG

Wait, do they think I had something to do with this? Do they think--

PAM

That you started the fire? Yes.

GREG

That's NUTS. Why would I do that? Why would they even think I would do that? Pam, what's going on here? Why are they all out to get me?

PAM

Nobody's out to "get you," Greg...

JACK (O.S.)

Greg?!

INT. JACK'S DEN - SECONDS LATER

Jack and Larry each hold a piece of the broken outlet-cam.

JACK

You broke it, didn't you? You broke my new state-of-the-art Outlet-Cam.

GREG

Why would I break your camera?

LARRY

That's what we'd like to know.

PAM

Mind your own business, Larry.

LARRY

It is my business, half my business.

GREG

It probably just fell or something.

JACK

That's it, Focker. Keep going...

PAM

Dad-- stop it! You will not interrogate him! If he said he didn't do it, then he didn't do it!

JACK

So you didn't break my camera.

GREG

I wasn't anywhere near your camera.

JACK

Okay then, let's all take a look-see.

Greg looks to Pam, confused, and then Jack bends and opens a nearby cabinet to reveal a small, high-end VCR and MONITOR. As he SNAPS on the unit's big ni-cad battery...

PAM

Oh my God, were you spying in here?!

JACK

(hitting "Rewind")  
Spying? Of course not. I was merely testing out a prototype.

PAM

I can't believe you! That is sick!

JACK

Pamela, I didn't know he'd be down here. If I did, I certainly wouldn't have left out my incredibly expensive, one-of-a-kind equipment.

Jack hits "Play" and as the tape starts, and Greg sweats..

ON THE MONITOR-- Greg, in his Calvins, cracks the window for air then spins, yawns, and slips a hand down his briefs.

IN THE ROOM-- CRINGES all around, especially Greg as--

ON THE MONITOR-- he cups himself, turns his head, coughs.

GREG

(shrugs, to all)

My... nightly exam. I had a scare.

This is a nightmare. And as the tape continues..

GREG (cont'd)

Y'know, Jack, last night, there's a chance, a small chance, I bumped it.

JACK

I thought you "didn't go near it."

GREG

I don't know why I'd say that since..

ON THE TV NOW-- Greg's heading right for the pinhole lens.

GREG (cont'd)

...I'm clearly heading right for it.

Pam watches, stunned, as the tape shows Greg pick it up.

GREG (cont'd)

Look, look-- are my eyes open? They are! Very cool, I'm sleep walking. Y'know, I've suspected this for years but now I finally have proof.

LARRY

Sleep walking...

GREG

Look at that, look at my eye, it looks like I'm completely awake.

ON THE TV-- Greg's holding the camera, staring into its lens, until the image whip-pans, blurs, and... SNOW.

GREG

See that? I dropped it. Huh.

(turns, upbeat)

Man, I'd love to take a copy of this to a sleep clinic.

PAM

Jesus, Greg!

She pushes by him and storms down the hallway.  
And as Jack and Larry stare at Greg, smug...

INT. PAM'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Pam flops on her bed, face-down, teenage-girl style.  
A beat later, Greg knocks and pops his head in.

GREG

Pam, honey, I'm sorry.

PAM

For what? Breaking the camera?  
Flushing the goddam toilet--

GREG

I didn't flush that toilet.

PAM

You sure? Maybe you sleep-shat.

GREG

Okay, all right, the sleepwalking  
thing was truly lame, but--

PAM

No buts, Greg. You lied to me.

GREG

Honey, I panicked. But can you blame  
me the way things are going? I feel  
like I can't catch my breath here.  
It's just one blow after another.

(sits beside her, sincere)

Pam, please. I'm very, very sorry I  
lied. But you know why I did it. I  
just so want your family to like me...

(taking her hand)

Pam, please. You forgive me?

He reaches a hand up, starts stroking her hair.

PAM

Give me one reason.

GREG

Here's two-- I love you. And things  
are going to get better, I promise.

He leans in for a kiss. She hesitates... then leans in too.

PAM

They couldn't get much worse.

JACK (O.S.)

JIIIIIIINX?!

INT. THE DARK, POWERLESS KITCHEN - SAME

Larry, Linda, Debbie, and Dina watch as Bob and Jack enter from the back porch, Jack sweaty, anxious, breathing hard.

JACK

--We checked every yard, every car on the street. Nobody's seen him.

LARRY

Maybe the firemen can help us.

LINDA

He's not in a goddam tree, Larry.

JACK

He might be! Might be anywhere! My Jinxy, out there all alone, without any food, water, a toilet...

Pam and Greg enter from the hallway.

PAM

Anything we can do, Dad?

JACK

(whirling on Greg)

You tried to milk him, didn't you, you sick son-of-a--

PAM

Dad! It wasn't Greg!

DEBBIE

But you said he hates cats...

PAM

HE DOESN'T HATE CATS.

DINA

Maybe we could print up some flyers--

JACK

With what electricity?!

DINA

God, Jack, bite my head off!

JACK

Pam-- get Jinx photos, we'll canvas.

(as Pam heads off)

What about that guy, "Sherlock Bones"? Does he just find dogs?

Denny enters from the back porch steps, with news.

DENNY

Hey Dad, Mr. Roy on the corner  
thinks he saw an Animal Control Van...

JACK

The Pound? Jesus, my Jinx in a cage!  
C'mon! We're going to the Shelter.

DINA

Jack-- please. Can't you call them?  
He may not even be there...

JACK

Dina, I'm not betting my cat's life  
on some minimum wage-making bozo  
answering phones at some shelter!

DINA

But we don't have time. We're  
already late for the shower, and  
we're rehearsing here in an hour.

JACK

Then screw the shower, the rehearsal,  
and screw the goddam wedding, too!

DEBBIE

Mom...!

LARRY

You don't mean that, Jack.

JACK

Like hell I don't! This is Jinx, my  
Jinx, and I will not pretend to be  
happy and forget that he's not gone!

DINA

Then go! Find your stupid cat! And  
meanwhile I'll just call Phyllis and  
tell her and my twenty other friends  
who are waiting for us as we speak  
to shove the shower and keep their  
goddam gifts. I'm sure that will  
make Bob and Debbie very happy!

DEBBIE

Actually, Mom, I don't even know  
Phyllis. Or any of your friends.

DINA

No, and you never will because if we  
don't go to their shower they damn  
sure aren't coming to your wedding.

DEBBIE

So? Dad's not coming either if we can't find his dumbass cat.

JACK

Don't you dare call Jinx names--!

Dina holds up her agenda, which is already covered with notes, scribbles, and changes.

DINA

Watching, Jack? Watching Deb?  
(“x”-ing something else out)  
I'm crossing off the shower and writing off my friends. What about the rehearsal and rehearsal dinner? Does anybody give a rat's ass?

LINDA

Look Dee, you do what you want with your part of the wedding, but Larry and I are hosting that damn dinner.

Pam returns with a handful of snapshots.

PAM

Here's some pictures. Want me to go grab the oil portrait?

JACK

These are fine. We should check the other shelters, too. There's a county one in Bellport and I think there's one in Sayville.

(handing out photos)

Take one, we'll search in groups. Pam and Denny in Mom's car, Deb and Bob the Buick, Larry, Linda the Cadillac...

PAM

And Kevin has his truck.

JACK

Good. C'mon, we'll ride with Kevin.

PAM

Dad, I'm going with Greg.

JACK

Suit yourself but let's MOVE.

He grabs a photo off the pile and rushes out the back door. And as the others do the same, Greg turns to Pam..

GREG

Be right there, I gotta get the key.

DINA

One hour, Jack! Father O'Boyle's  
coming and we're rehearsing at five!

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Kevin, still watching the Firemen, eyes the mass exodus.

JACK

Riley, give me your keys. We're  
checking the shelters for Jinx...

KEVIN

Oh, okay, Jack.

He joins the exodus, and as Pam stops and waits for Greg  
at the bottom of the porch steps, the Chief ambles over.

FIRE CHIEF

Well, now I've got another theory.

He holds up a small, square, burnt object. *Greg's Camels.*

FIRE CHIEF

Know any smokers?

EXT. BACK PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Greg walks toward the rental car, looking around.

GREG

Pam...?

In the distance-- the SOUND of a truck, shifting gears.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK - HEADING DOWN THE ROAD - SAME

New-passenger Pam settles in beside Kevin as Jack grinds  
through the gears. As Kevin helps her buckle up...

JACK

I thought you were going with Greg.

PAM

(upset)

Greg's not coming, Dad.

JACK

I'm not surprised.

KEVIN

Peanut, you okay?

PAM

...yeah... long day...

KEVIN

Boy, I'll say. Poor Bob and Deb. I just hope when my wedding day comes, things go a lot smoother. Yours too...

PAM

Yeah, well, after today, I don't think I'll ever get married.

JACK

Never say never, sweetie. There must be a million guys out there who'd marry you tomorrow, am I right Riles?

HONN-HONK! Jack eyes his mirror. A teal car's tailing.

JACK

Great, some loser's on my ass.

Pam eyes the side-view mirror. Yup-- Greg, in the Taurus.

EXT. A TWO-LANE HIGHWAY

Greg accelerates, pulls up along the right shoulder. And as he shoots Pam an animated "what happened?" shrug.

INT. THE FLATBED

KEVIN

It's Glen! What's he doing?

Jack downshifts and accelerates, trying to outrun him.

JACK

I'm not waiting to find out.

EXT. THE HIGHWAY

The truck and Taurus race down the roadway, Jack not yielding, keeping Greg on the soft, narrow shoulder.

INT. GREG'S CAR

Greg sees the shoulder ends soon. He brakes, swerves back on the road behind the truck, and as he goes to pass...

A BUS BARRELS HIS WAY. HONNNNK! Greg nails the brakes, whips the wheel, and falls in behind the flatbed, barely missing a deadly head-on with the speeding Greyhound bus.

INT. KEVIN'S TRUCK

JACK

Did you see that? What a maniac!

KEVIN

Pam, what're you doing with this guy?

The \$64,000 question. And as Pam stares, blankly...

PAM

I don't know...

INT. COUNTY ANIMAL SHELTER - BELLPORT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jack jumps out of the parked truck, Jinx photos in hand. He sees two buildings-- one a kennel, the other an office.

JACK

You kids check death row, I'll file a missing feline report. Let's go!

INT. SHELTER KENNELS - SECONDS LATER

A steel door swings open and the place comes alive. Dogs whine, cats cry, puppies yelp, kitties caterwaul, all of them pressing up against cages, pleading for salvation.

Kevin and Pam walk a corridor of double-sided cages, carefully checking each one for Jinx. A beat, and... Greg rushes in, looking mad and confused. He sees them...

GREG

Pam, what's going on?

..but Pam and Kevin ignore him, keep walking.

GREG (cont'd)

I come outside, you're gone. I pull alongside, your Dad cuts me off--

KEVIN

(whirling)

Take a hint, you... doofus.

GREG

"Doofus"? And you kiss Jack with that mouth?

Lightning quick, Kevin SHOVES Greg. Greg stumbles back and hits a cage, scaring a poor Chihuahua shitless. Then he makes two fists and turns toward the much bigger Kevin.

GREG

You're going to be sorry, my friend.

KEVIN

I'm not your friend.

GREG

I was talking to myself, asshole.

And as he (stupidly) charges him--

PAM (O.S.)

HEY--!

Greg stops. Both turn. Pam's staring, fiercely.

PAM

Kevin, find someone who works here.  
And Greg? Get lost.

She spins and continues walking, checking cages. Kevin shoots Greg a satisfied smirk before turning and heading down a hallway. Greg stands there a beat, then notices a door adjacent to the cages marked: "Employees Only."

DOWN THE AISLE OF CAGES - SECONDS LATER

Pam walks past cage after sad cage, peering inside. But when she gets to an empty one-- There's Greg, staring back at her through the bars. He's accessed the "back aisle" the shelter employees use.

PAM

What are you doing back there?

GREG

I... got lost.

Bad move. Pam walks on. Greg follows, both of them walking and talking on either side of the "cellblock."

GREG.

Pam, wait. I'm sorry.

PAM

For what?

GREG

For... whatever you're mad about.

She stops and turns, eyeing him through an empty cage.

PAM

The firemen found cigarettes, Greg. Camels. You couldn't do it, could you. You couldn't go a day without your goddam smokes so you bought some at the Buy-Rite, snuck in the backyard and--

GREG

Woah, Matlock, hold on. I did not buy cigarettes. And the only smokes I did have you threw on the roof--  
(beat, realizing)  
Hey, there you go. The firemen's hose must have knocked them down...

PAM

Or you had more in your suitcase.

GREG

What suitcase? The idiots sent me the wrong bag-- (oops...)

PAM

What? You said it was yours--

GREG

Pam, honey, I can explain--

PAM

You lied to me AGAIN? Jesus, Greg, you're a sociopath! Is it any wonder my parents hate you?!

She's off again, Greg following.

GREG

C'mon, they don't "hate me." Okay, they hate me but Pam, stop. PLEASE.

She does, turning and facing him through the cage of a trembling mutt. Make it good, Greg. 'Cause this is it.

GREG (cont'd)

I'm not a sociopath. I'm still Greg, that guy from Chicago who loves you more than anything. And Pam, I'm your best friend. And you don't just... dump your best friend.

The caged mutt whimpers in agreement. Greg goes with it.

GREG (cont'd)

You don't... abandon someone who gives unconditional love, someone who lives just to make you happy--

PAM

Enough, I get it. And it's pointless since I can't trust you, my family can't trust you--

GREG

You can trust me, Pam. Trust me.

PAM  
 (eyes welling)  
 Greg, I can't. Not after today..

She turns and heads down the aisle. Greg stares, too stunned to follow, and as he slumps against a cold, concrete wall... three voices drift down doggy-death-row.

JACK (O.S.)  
 Is he here? The guy behind the counter said he wasn't sure..

KEVIN (O.S.)  
 Sorry, Jack. No Jinx..

JACK (O.S.)  
 Damn! C'mon, we'll try Sayville.

PAM (O.S., FADING)  
 Dad, there's no way Jinx got as far as Sayville. Besides, we'll never make it back in time for rehearsal--

The door slams with a THUD. And as the mutt whines..

EXT. THE L.I.E. - WESTBOUND - DAY

The Taurus heads back from whence it came.  
 Past a sign: **"Queens, LaGaurdia - 48 Mi"**

INT. GREG'S CAR - DRIVING WEST ON THE L.I.E. - DAY

Greg drives, numb. On his dash-- his Jinx photo. On the radio-- Bread's "Baby I'm A Want You." Greg suffers through David Gates' saccharine swill until he can't take it any longer. He jabs a pre-set and gets-- Streisand, "The Way We Were." He kills it, then sees--

A Roadway sign: **"WELCOME TO SAYVILLE"...**  
 Almost immediately followed by another:  
**"POLICE, FIRE, ANIMAL SHELTER, NEXT RT."**

Greg eyes the Jinx photo, then the exit. What the hell. He whips the wheels, bombing across traffic lanes, and..

EXT. SAYVILLE ANIMAL SHELTER - MOMENTS LATER

Greg and an Employee walk past a series of outdoor runs filled with noisy dogs and cats, Greg holding the photo.

EMPLOYEE  
 Only Persian we got's right there.

He nods to a crowded run. Sitting alone in a corner is--

GREG  
Jinx! That's him, that's Jinx!

The worker eyes Greg's Jinx photo, including Jinx's blue collar and gold name tag, then eyes the caged cat.

EMPLOYEE  
Hang on. This cat arrived with not collar or tag. Also...  
(checking photo again)  
...your cat has a black tip on its tail and this one doesn't. No sir, he's definitely not your Persian.

GREG  
Damn. Thought for sure it was him.

EMPLOYEE  
Almost. Except for that tail...

And as Greg gets a far-away look in his eyes...

EXT. STRIP-MALL PET SHOP - LATER

A dozen SIGNS hang in the window, including "Tags Made While-U-Wait." Greg strolls outside, paper bag in hand.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT

The Taurus is backed up against the side of the building. Greg reaches in an open window, pulls out a small Buy-Rite paper bag. Then he walks to the trunk, looks around, and raises it up to block all but his head from view. Then...

There's the sound of a latch opening, a paper-bag crinkling, a plastic cap "popping," a ball rattling around inside a can, an aerosol HISS... and the WAIL of a cat.

EXT. BURNS BACKYARD - LATER

A handsome couple, flanked by their families, gather in the shadow of an elm, holding hands and smiling as a PRIEST (O'Boyle) prepares to lead them through their vows. Then--

CHAINSAWS ROAR as a TREE-CUTTING CREW attacks the scorched tree and burnt altar, tossing wood and severed limbs into-- A diesel WOODCHIPPER, belching black exhaust and woodpulp, its obscenely loud blades competing for decibels with--

THE BEEP-BEEP-BEEP of an Edison TRUCK, backing a cherry picker up to the home, the driver trying not to hit--

A SEPTIC TANK PUMPER (cute li'l skunk on its side) and its gas-masked DRIVER, as he wrestles a sewage-filled HOSE beneath a SWARM of flies, drinking in the fetid air.

UNDER THE ELM-- the determined Clergyman tries yelling over the hellish cacophony, but the stress is mounting...

Larry and Linda look LIVID. Pam and Kevin cup their EARS. VEINS bulge in Jack's neck. TEARS well in Dina's eyes. BLOOD trickles from Debbie's nose. All of them turn as--

A teal Taurus pulls into the drive. Greg gets out, squints at the loud, surrealistic sight, and then... Jack SNAPS.

JACK

YOU.

He rushes Greg, fists clenched, mayhem in mind.

PAM

Dad...!

GREG

Jack...! Wait...!

He fumbles with the keys, drops them, kicks them back toward the trunk, scoops them up, finds the one, slides it in, pops the trunk, and just as Jack's about to grab him--

GREG

Look--!

He holds up a CAT-CARRIER, a meowing Persian inside. And instantly... Jack goes from tiger to pussycat.

JACK

Jinx?

He looks to Greg, lip trembling, eyes welling and...

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

LAUGHTER, as the two families unwind, sip drinks, and watch as Jack waltzes 'round the kitchen, the IMPOSTOR CAT in his arms. The backyard's quiet now, the workers gone.

JACK

"Pussycat, Pussycat, I love you..."

The PHONE rings, Dina answering while Greg holds court.

GREG

...and when I checked his collar and saw his "Jinx" name tag, my heart... soared.

KEVIN

Sayville? Wonder how he got so far?

DEBBIE

Or how he crossed the Browns River...

GREG

(shrugs)

Cat-amaran?

Greg SCORES, getting laughs from everyone but Kevin, who looks annoyed, and Pam, who looks... reserved. But before it gets too fun-- Dina hangs up the phone, turns to Greg.

DINA

Greg, I just got an interesting call--

(as Greg's face drains)

--from the Tux Shop owner. He says he found a matching tux in your size and he'll drop it by here tonight.

JACK

Hey, that's great!

Debbie and the Banks chime in, equally enthused.

GREG

Then I'm back in the wedding?

JACK

Of course! You're Pam's boyfriend-- you're practically family, right?

GREG

(smiles, overwhelmed)

If you say so, Jack.

JACK

I do say so. And so does my Jinxy.

The Impostor actually meows. Everyone LAUGHS, and as Jack continues the waltz and Dina fields another PHONE CALL... Jack suddenly stops, and feels the tip of the cat's tail.

PAM

What's the matter, Dad?

JACK

Something sticky got on his tail...

GREG

Probably road tar. The Cat-Catcher said he found him under a car...

JACK

(sniffs fur)

He smells different. Like... paint.

GREG

I'm not surprised-- they were painting the whole pound today.

JACK  
(ignores Greg, to cat)  
"Fe-lines... nothing more than..."

He grabs the Impostor's whiskers for a "sing-a-long" and--  
ROWR-HISS! The Cat SWIPES at him, squirms, jumps down.

JACK  
Jinx-- what's come over you?

He starts to follow, but as the cat bolts past Dina..

DINA  
Jack-- leave the poor cat alone.  
He's been through enough today.

JACK  
(stops, back in wedding-mode)  
Who was that on the phone?

DINA  
The florist. He says he has a  
gorgeous trellis for an altar and  
then Phyllis beeped in and said  
don't worry about the shower, they  
understand, and everyone'll see us  
here tomorrow for the wedding.

LINDA  
See? I knew it would all work out.

LARRY  
A toast! To things working out!

Everyone raises a glass, including Jack (convinced for now)  
and Greg, who toasts Pam. And as she toasts back, thawing..

EXT. "THE SURF'N'TURF" - A WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - DUSK

The name's in NEON, the second "f" on the fritz, winking.

INT. THE SURF'N'TURF - SEMI-PRIVATE ROOM - LATER

Dessert. Coffee flows as the wedding party laughs and  
chats at a long, cluttered table. Bob, Deb, Denny, and the  
parents look relaxed, buzzed. Pam and Kevin, side-by-side,  
look less so. An empty chair sits between Jack and Pam.

JACK  
Well gang, helluva day. We had fire..

LINDA  
And flood. Well, sewage seepage.

DEBBIE

And Dad had a missing-cat cardiac...

DINA

I guess it just goes to show you.  
You can plan and plan, but no matter  
what, every wedding eventually--

THE OTHERS

--"has its one thing."

And as they all laugh it up, Jack looks around.

JACK

Pam, honey, where'd Greg go?

PAM

I'm not sure. I think the restroom...

KEVIN

Uh-oh. Sure hope the "Surf'N'Turd"  
doesn't have a septic tank...

Kevin grins and nods, awaiting a laugh. None comes.

JACK

Kevin, that's really uncalled for.

OVER BY THE RESTROOMS-- Greg eyes them from afar, hiding  
between two pay-phone partitions and using BOTH PHONES.

GREG (INTO ONE PHONE)

--yes, it's still grey and still has  
a ring in it-- a ring I absolutely  
need by tomorrow, hear me? Hang on...

(into the other phone)

What's that? No, I called that  
shelter, my cat's not there...

BACK AT THE TABLE - SECONDS LATER

Bob sees Greg returning. He stands, waves him over.

BOB

Gregor, shake it! Can't do this  
without you here, buddy.

GREG

Sorry folks, I was just paying a  
li'l visit to the... urinal fairy.

LAUGHS as Greg scores with this tepid call-back. It truly  
is a different world. He takes his seat beside Jack, who  
grins and pats his back as Bob taps a spoon on a glass.

BOB

All righty, everybody, listen up.  
I'd like to take this moment to thank  
the members of my wedding party for  
standing up with me, and to give them  
each a token of my appreciation.

GREG

A free angioplasty?

Greg scores! The man's on fire.

BOB

No Greg, but you're not far off.

He tosses Greg, Denny, and Kevin three small, wrapped  
boxes. Denny tears his open in a millisecond. It's--

DENNY

A knife! Swiss Army Knife. Cool.

Good ones, too, lots of doohickeys. Dina looks concerned.

DINA

Is Denny old enough for a knife?

BOB

The main blade's only three inches.

GREG

Three inches on an army knife. No  
wonder the Swiss were always neutral.

HAT TRICK, the Burns and Banks laughing and beaming at  
white-hot Greg. Even Pam shoots him a smile, clearly  
impressed. Bob turns toward the somber Kevin beside her,  
who's sitting and staring at his unopened army knife.

BOB

Hope you like it, Riles. It's hard  
to buy for a guy who has everything.

KEVIN

Well, almost everything.

He shoots a none-too-subtle look Pam's way, who looks  
down, clearly uncomfortable, and as the moment hangs...  
Greg turns to Jack, feeling good and ready to try again.

GREG

Jack, when you're free, there's some-  
thing important I'd like to ask you...

JACK

I'm free now. What's on your mind?

A BAND starts in the main room, the B-52's "Love Shack."

DEBBIE

Hey everybody! Let's go dance!

She jumps up, as do the Banks and Dina, who beckons Jack.

DINA

C'mon, we'll practice for tomorrow!

Jack stands, takes her hand, turns to Greg...

JACK

We'll talk later. C'mon and dance!

Dina leads him to the parquet, and as a bombed Bob and boppin' Debbie drag a crabby Kevin along with them... That leaves Denny (now playing mumbly-peg), Greg, and--

PAM

Wanna get some air?

EXT. THE SURF'N'TURF PATIO AREA - NIGHT

Music behind them, phosphorescent surf before them, Pam and Greg lean against a rail, enjoying the moonlit sea.

GREG

Mmm... nothing says Summer like a warm night and the smell of the ocean...

PAM

Except maybe a warm day, and the... smell of beer and dogs at Wrigley.

That's all it takes. They turn to each other, *back*.

PAM/GREG

I'm sorry...

GREG

You're sorry?

PAM

I thought about what you said, about the cigarettes being knocked down by the firemen's hose, and--

GREG

Pam, it's okay. Today was crazy. Let's just forget all about what happened today. Life starts tonight.

He moves toward her, taking her hand.

PAM

Yeah, you're scoring big tonight.

GREG

Right, so now there's no reason why we can't all be one big, happy family. You, me, Jack, Dee, Kevin...

He says this tongue-in-cheek. Pam shakes her head, sighs.

PAM

Poor Kevin. I don't know what I was thinking. I'm sure he thinks we're getting back together again.

GREG

I'm still wondering why you broke up. The guy seems damn near perfect.

PAM

He *is* perfect. And the idea of spending the rest of my life with someone who's so... *together* that the only person he needs in his life is himself, well, who needs that? I need a relationship I can bring something to, a man I can change, someone at *least* as screwed up as me.

GREG

And I know just the guy.

He grins big, pointing a finger at his big, grinning face. Pam smiles, nods, and as they both lean in and kiss... THE BAND segues into a sweet, romantic Gershwin song.

GREG

Hey, they're playing our song.

PAM

We don't have a song.

GREG

We do now.

He smiles, takes her hand, and as they head back inside...

INT. SURF'N'TURF RESTAURANT - DANCE FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The gang's all there, dancing cheek-to-cheek. Jack with Dina, Linda with Larry, Debbie with Bob. No sign of Kevin. Greg and Pam sway alongside Debbie and Bob, now kissing.

PAM

Hey now, none of that the night before your wedding. It's bad luck.

DEBBIE

Ha. Nothing's going to top today.

BOB

So long as that darn cat stays put.

JACK

Oh, Jinxy's not going anywhere.  
I shut him up in the den.

The Gershwin tune ends, Larry and Linda moving to the bandstand, making a request, and suddenly...

CHEESY LEAD SINGER

This one's for Dr. Bob and Debbie!

And as the band strikes up a jazzy "Wedding March"...

CHEESY LEAD SINGER (cont'd)

Here comes the bride, scooby-dooby...

...the music continues over this INTERCUT SERIES OF SHOTS--

INT. THE DEN/THE DANCE FLOOR

--The Impostor Cat CLAWS Deb's wedding dress to shreds.  
--Bob whirls Debbie around the floor.  
--Impostor Cat PEES on the laid-out tuxes.  
--Jack dips a laughing Dina.  
--Impostor Cat PUKES on some linens, knocks over a phone.  
--Larry and Linda clap and laugh beside the crooner.  
--Impostor Cat TOPPLES a stack of dishes. KSSSSHH!!  
--And as Greg and Pam dance their troubles away...

EXT. THE BURNS HOME - FROM AFAR - NIGHT - LATER

Car doors slam. Nine shadowy figures move toward the backporch in the moonlight. Bob (lit) and Deb sing.

BOB AND DEBBIE (O.S.)

...Love Shack! Ba-bee, Love Shack...!

JACK (O.S.)

Dee honey, what's this bag here?

DINA (O.S.)

Oh good-- it's Greg's tux. Be a dear and put it with the others.

LINDA (O.S.)

I can't believe Riley just left.

DENNY (O.S.)

He said he wasn't feeling too hot.

LARRY (O.S.)

I see stars. Gonna be nice tomorrow.

GREG (O.S.)

Oh, it's gonna be beautiful.

Suddenly, Jack starts to SCREAM.

DINA/DEBBIE (O.S.)

What?! What is it?!

EVERYONE (O.S.)

AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!

INT. THE DEVASTATED DEN - IN THE DOORWAY

Nine stunned faces eye the destruction. Tattered tuxes, torn drapes, broken picture frames, plates, and glasses, puked-on dresses, shattered Nanny-Cams, a phone off the hook... And atop the sofa-bed, licking a paw and purring--

THE IMPOSTOR CAT

Meow?

Debbie stammers, stunned, speechless. Beside her-- Larry is so mad he actually GROWLS and CHARGES "Jinx."

LARRY

I'll kill you! I'll kill you!

The cat bolts, Larry on his ass. Jack gets on Larry's.

JACK

Don't you touch him Banks!

The cat slaloms through the shins of Bob, Pam and Denny--

BOB/PAM/DENNY

Dad!/Larry!/Dude!

--who RESTRAIN Larry as Jack scoops up the frazzled cat.

LARRY

Let me go! You Burns care more about a damn cat than the wedding!

JACK

You're drunk!

LARRY

And you're a goddam nutbag!

DENNY

Shuttup, ass-wipe.

DINA

Denny!

She whirls and SLAPS him on the face, probably a first.

DENNY

I'm outta here.

He bumps his way out, past the still stunned and trembling Debbie, the gaping Greg, and the pale, gasping Linda who... Crumples against the wall and then DROPS to the floor.

BOB/LARRY

MOM? LIN?

They push through and kneel at her side.

BOB

She's hyperventilating! Get a bag!

Pam hands Bob a "Surf'N'Turf" doggy bag, which he shoves over his mother's mouth. Linda struggles and pushes it away, Bob dumping out a cold lobster tail and trying again. And as Linda starts to breathe... Debbie loses it.

DEBBIE

IT'S RUINED. EVERYTHING'S RUINED!

She turns and bolts, bawling. Bob and Pam give chase--

PAM/BOB

Debbie!

--and Larry helps Linda up, her face still in the bag.

LINDA

...I'm fine... I'll be fine...

Larry looks to Dina and then to Jack, who's still cradling the now-calm cat. He speaks slowly, trying to maintain.

LARRY

We... will be at our hotel. You call us if there's still a wedding...

Linda leans on Larry and they hobble toward the back door, passing Dina, who ignores them as she glares at Jack and "Jinx." Then she turns and heads down the hall, leaving...

Jack, Greg, and the purring Impostor Cat. Jack in a daze.

JACK

He's never done anything like this before. It doesn't make sense...

He looks to Greg, as if expecting an answer.

GREG

Maybe he was traumatized, from being left so soon after being lost.

JACK

(then, looking at Jinx)  
It's like he came back from that pound an entirely different cat...  
(beat, breaking down)  
Oh, what's it matter? I've destroyed my Debbie-Doodle's wedding day...

He sags, chin meeting chest, then begins to SOB, the Impostor Cat dropping from Jack's lap to the floor.

Greg, feeling guilty, moves closer to Jack. He raises a hand, hesitates, then places it awkwardly on Jack's heaving shoulder, patting him lightly as if burping a baby.

GREG

It's okay, Jack. It'll work out...

Touched, Jack looks up, his eyes welling with gratitude.

JACK

Greg... thanks... for being here for me...  
(pats Greg's patting hand)  
And you said back at dinner, there was something you wanted to ask me...?

Greg eyes Jack, so weak, so vulnerable. The time has come.

GREG

Jack, if there's one thing I've realized over the last two days, it's how much I want to spend my life with...

A CAT runs in behind Jack. A PERSIAN. JINX. As he races up to his evil doppelgänger, back-raised, ready to rumble...

GREG

...CATS!

He GROWLS, cat-like, THROWING himself on Jack and STARTLING THE PERSIANS who bolt, together, down the hall. Then Greg gets up on his elbows, nose-to-nose on the bed with Jack.

GREG (cont'd)

So if Jinx has pups can I have one, please? Think about it. G'night.

He rolls off the bed and runs after the (now-gone) cats. And as Jack sits up, looking weepy, mad, and confused...

INT. THE KITCHEN

Dina sits at the table, Tom Collins in one hand, Vodka bottle in the other. She watches, bleary-eyed, as-- Jinx runs by, followed by the Impostor Cat, followed by--

GREG

...hey...

Dina squints and eyes her drink as Jack races by.

DINA

Honey, why is Jinx chasing Jinx?

JACK

Have a drink, Dina!

INT. BURNS HOME - SECOND STORY HALLWAY

The Impostor Cat flies up the stairs, Jinx on his tail.

INT. DEBBIE'S ROOM - ON THE BED

Pam sits on the bed, comforting Debbie. Jinx and the I.C. race by, unseen, and as Pam looks up and sees Greg run by..

PAM

Now what?

INT. DENNY'S ROOM

The cats run in, Jinx cornering the Impostor. *CAT FIGHT!* Greg runs in, slams the door, and dives into the melee, grabbing one of the hissing, clawing cats by the scruff.

GREG

Ow! Shit! Aah!

PAM (APPROACHING, O.S.)

Greg?

He looks to the window, then down at the cat--

GREG

Please don't be Jinx.

--before grabbing the sling of the water-condom launcher.

EXT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD - TWO SECONDS LATER

A hair-raising DOPPLER-HOWL pierces the night sky as the Impostor Cat CATAPULTS over tranquil suburbia.

THE IMPOSTOR CAT

eeeeeeeeeeEEEEEEYYYYYYYYYooooowwww!

INT. DENNY'S ROOM

Pam swings the door open, Jack right behind her. Greg spins from the window and strikes a casual pose, the launcher's rubber sling still swinging a bit behind him.

GREG

Pam, Jack, what's up?

JACK

I thought I heard the cat cry.

Jinx(?) rubs against Greg's shins. Greg lifts him up--

GREG

You did. I was just--

He YANKS some fur from a paint-free tail. Jinx YOWLS.

GREG (cont'd)

--picking tar off him. Soft, see?

Jack eyes Greg, wary, before taking Jinx back and giving him another hard look. Then, convinced it's his Jinx...

JACK

Well I, for one, am whacked. Night.

PAM

Night, Dad.

She pecks his cheek. Greg gives a little wave.

GREG

G'night, Jack. Mister Jinx.

Jack nods, leaves with his cat, and Greg turns to Pam.

GREG

So, how's Debbie doing?

PAM

Fine. The wedding's still on, it's just going to have to be casual. She thinks maybe on their fifth anniversary, they'll come back here, renew their vows, and try it again.

GREG

Huh. Well, take lots of pictures.

PAM

I'm not coming. No fucking way.

They laugh, smile, then lean in and kiss.

PAM

You know what's crazy? It worked out. After all this... *insanity*... I think my parents actually like you.

GREG

(eyebrows up, hopeful)  
Enough to let us sleep together?

EXT. MOONLIT BACK PORCH - NIGHT

The door opens and Greg steps out, juggling a pillow, blanket, and tomorrow's (bagged) tux. As he flips on a porch light... there's Doctor Bob, in a chair, with a beer.

GREG

Bob? Sorry, I thought I'd crash out here. The den smells like... cat piss.

BOB

Go for it, I'm almost done. Just having one last brew as a free man.

Greg plops his stuff on the couch, starts making up a bed.

GREG

Well, 24 hours from now it'll all be over and you'll be jetting to your honeymoon. Where you two heading?

BOB

We're just driving up to Niagara. I have to start NYU in a week.

(drains his beer)

Yup, after tonight, it gets rough. From now on, my life is... pressure.

GREG

But Med-School... that's great. What field of medicine you looking at?

BOB

What else? Plastic Surgery. After all, we gotta please the p's...

(drains beer, crumples can)

Speaking of which, you seen 'em?

GREG

Your parents? They left a while ago.

BOB

Shit. They were my ride to Riley's.

GREG

Oh. Well, I have a car, the rental...

He fishes out the key, tosses it to Bob.

BOB

Thanks man, I owe ya one.

GREG

Hey, you too.

Bob slaps Greg's back and heads for the car. Greg smiles, and starts to undress, feeling pretty good about things. And as Bob backs the Taurus up the drive, DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BURNS HOME - DRIVEWAY - EARLY MORNING

...and the Cadillac pulls in right where the Taurus left. Lar, Lin, and Kev get out, wearing sweats, looking anxious.

EXT. BURNS HOME - FRONT DOOR

Larry POUNDS the front door as Linda nails the bell.

INT. BURNS HOME - THE KITCHEN

Jack and Dina, in their robes, trade quizzing looks.

INT. THE FOYER - SECONDS LATER

Jack opens the door, Dina behind him. The trio push by.

LINDA/LARRY

Where's Doctor Bob? BOB M.D.?!

DINA/JACK

Larry, Linda--/What's going on?

UPSTAIRS-- Pam (jog clothes) Debbie (a robe), and Denny (last night's clothes) straggle out to the landing.

LARRY

My son up there?

KEVIN

I woke up and he was gone. If he was ever there...

DEBBIE/PAM

What? Why didn't you call us?

LARRY

You got a goddam phone off the hook!

DINA

He didn't leave a note, or *anything*?

JACK

Where could he go? He has no car.

GREG (O.S.)

Actually...

Greg enters from the hall in Pam's "Hello Kitty" sleep-tee.

GREG

...I gave him mine.

LARRY

You gave him yours?

GREG

Yeah, we were up talking last night--

JACK

What did you say to him?!

GREG

Nothing. We were just talking.  
About marriage and... pressure...

LINDA/LARRY

JESUS! What'd you say, you Pothead?!

GREG

That wasn't my pot--

DENNY

He's high.

JACK

Don't lie to us, Focker!

GREG

You're one to talk, "Johnny". How's  
Carol and the beach house?

JACK

You *spied* on me? You son-of-a--

DINA

Carol who, Jack? The realtor?  
You're screwing her again?!!

PAM/DEBBIE/DENNY

What?/Dad?!/Cool.

JACK

Dina-- I told you that was over.

DEBBIE

Daddy, how could you?!

JACK

To get even with her and Ed O'Boyle!

PAM  
Father O'Boyle?

DINA  
At least Ed and I knew when to quit!  
We're not off at some "beach house."

JACK  
That "beach house" happens to be one  
of Carol's listings, which I just  
happened to buy-- to give to you!

DINA  
What do I want a beach house for?!

JACK  
For our twenty-fifth fucking  
anniversary, Dina! SUR-PRIZE!

LARRY  
Who cares?! Where's Bob, Focker?

GREG  
How should I know?! Maybe he  
couldn't take the pressure-- of the  
wedding, and being a Dad.

BURNS/BANKS  
What?! You're pregnant?!

DEBBIE  
Thanks, Mom! Thanks SO MUCH.

DINA  
I didn't tell him!

DEBBIE  
Then how could he know?!

DINA  
He was peeping on us, in the tree!

GREG  
I wasn't, I was chasing the cat--

JACK  
You let Jinx out?

KEVIN  
You burned my altar?!

LARRY  
No wonder Bob left-- it's  
a goddam shotgun wedding!

GREG  
Not on purpose but yeah, a  
I burned your faggy altar!

JACK  
(whirls, to Larry)  
You asshole...!

KEVIN  
(charging Greg)  
You asshole...!

Jack SHOVES Larry. Kevin SHOVES Greg. And just like that...

IT'S A FREE-FOR-ALL, Jack and Larry duking and wrestling as Dina and Linda kick, slap, and pull hair. Pam works both sides, trying to pull Jack off Larry and Kevin off Greg.

PAM

Stop it! STOP!

Kevin pins Greg on his back, raises a mighty fist, and-- Pam jumps on Kev's back, pounding him, arms flailing. And as he's forced to turn his attention to Pam--

DENNY (O.S.)

Greg--

Denny, on the balcony, tosses Greg something-- *his Swiss Army Knife*. He catches it, blindly flips out some steel--

GREG

Let's rock, motherfucker!

--and JABS Kevin in the thigh with a shiny li'l CORKSCREW.

Kevin HOWLS. He FLINGS Pam off his back, sending her skidding away on her fanny(pack). Jack sees this, gets off Larry, and as Kevin makes a fist for Greg's coup de grâce...

JACK

Riley--

Kev turns and BAM! Catches Jack's FIST in his face. He falls back, Jack diving on top of him, slugging away, and as Pam, furious, joins in and the three of them roll past the bawling Debbie and the hair-pulling Dina and Linda...

Greg stares, dazed, watching the chaos before him. His blank expression says it all. *It's over.*

EXT. THE BACK PORCH - SECONDS LATER

Greg steps out with his wallet, shoes, and (still bagged) TUX, Jinx bolting out the door before it shuts. And as Greg heads for the driveway, walking and dressing...

INT. THE FOYER

Jack, still atop Kevin, spies Greg from a front window. He headbutts Riley, ending that, gets up, and...

EXT. THE DRIVEWAY - SECONDS LATER

JACK (O.S.)

Focker--?!

...Jack's coming down the front steps, heading for Greg.

JACK (cont'd)

You think you can destroy my family  
and just walk away? No chance...

GREG

That's right, *no chance*. I never had  
a chance with you, did I, Jack?  
Because I'm not someone you... profiled  
and selected for your daughter.

JACK

Only the best for my girls,  
Nurse-boy.

GREG

Yeah, okay, I'm a nurse. I empty  
bedpans, insert catheters and shave  
people's privates but you know what,  
Mr. CIA? I am proud of my job, and  
I'm a helluva lot better at it than  
you are, Santa.

JACK

What--?

GREG

You don't have a clue about me. You  
think I did things I didn't and don't  
know half the things I did. The  
truth is, I could be a spy, but you  
don't have the balls to be a nurse.  
You don't know a thing about it.

JACK

I know how to draw blood..

As he comes for him, Pam appears on the front porch.

PAM

DAD! GREG! What are you doing?!

GREG

I love your daughter, Mr. Burns.  
(turns to Pam)  
I want to marry her, make her happy.

JACK

You can't make her happy.

PAM

Dad--

JACK

Pamcake, stay out of this--

PAM

NO! I'm not a... cat you can train like a dog! Stop telling me what to do.

JACK

Pam, I'm trying to protect you--

PAM

From what?

JACK

He destroyed our family. You saw what happened in there--

PAM

Yeah, and God knows why a nice guy like Greg Focker would want to join a fucked-up family like ours. You're not trying to protect me, Dad. You're trying to... keep me.

She says this with such conviction and clarity that Jack is completely shut down. And as the moment hangs...

A number of WEDDING-RELATED VANS pull into the driveway. Followed by a WHITE VAN, the Driver calling to Greg.

VAN DRIVER

Mr. Gregory? I got your bag...

And as he holds up a lime-green Samsonite...

GREG

Thanks, listen, you going back to LaGaurdia? Because I need a ride.

VAN DRIVER

Uh... sure. Hop in.

Greg spins to Pam. Reaches a hand to her.

GREG

Pam, c'mon. Come with me.

JACK

Baby, don't...

GREG

We can be back in Chicago by noon. There's a day game, at Wrigley...

She takes Greg's hand, her eyes on Jack, her heart breaking.

PAM

He loves me, Daddy.

He reaches out and takes Pam's other hand.

JACK  
I love you, Pumpkin.

PAM  
I know. Let me go, Dad.  
(almost a whisper)  
Let go...

Jack drops her hand. Pam nods, turns, and climbs in...

INT. THE VAN

...sharing the seat with a much-relieved Greg. They pull away, Pam watching Jack shrink in the dirty side-mirror, and as she turns to Greg and musters a bittersweet smile...

EXT. BURNS HOME - FRONT YARD

Jack is distraught, in pain. He paces a circle, stops, then sits on the front lawn steps, breaking down, a few feet away from a MALE FLORIST unloading his van.

Seeing this, the Florist ambles over, concerned.

MALE FLORIST  
Mr. Burns? Are you okay?

JACK  
(looks up, eyes wet)  
My daughter... I've lost my daughter...

MALE FLORIST  
(patting Jack's back)  
Now, now. You're gaining a son...

They look up as a car arrives. Teal Taurus. BOB INSIDE.

BOB  
Hey Mr. B! This is it, the big day.

JACK  
(stands, irate)  
Where the hell've you been?

BOB  
Scoring breakfast.  
(steps out with donut box)  
I got up early, got a baker's dozen,  
went back to Riley's and he wasn't  
there. Nice of him to leave a note...

And as Jack looks beyond him to the teal rental car...

EXT. LAGUARDIA AIRPORT - CURBSIDE - MORNING

Pam and Greg step out of the van, Greg drawing immediate looks with his pillow hair and "Hello Kitty" tux-ensemble.

INT. AIRPORT - TICKET COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Pam and Greg stare, numb, as a CLERK hands them tickets.

TICKET CLERK

Any bags to check?

INT. AIRPORT BAR - LATER

Pam stirs her Bloody Mary and stares into space, troubled. Greg stares at Pam, troubled she's so troubled.

AIRPORT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Attention all passengers, Flight 531 to Chicago is now boarding, Gate 2.

GREG

(after a beat)

That's us. You ready...?

PAM

Let's do it.

They push their stools out, turn, and head for the gates. But then Pam peels off for the adjacent Ladies Room.

PAM

Hang on. Pit-stop...

She ducks inside, Greg waiting and leaning up against a wall, knees bent, eyes shut, massaging his temples, feeling the strain. And when he opens his eyes...

JACK IS THERE, in his face. He places a hand on Greg's shoulder and looks him right in the eye. Pupil-to-pupil.

JACK

Three questions. Where's Pam?

GREG

Restroom..

JACK

You love her?

GREG

With all my heart.

JACK

(nods, then)

Can you forgive me?

GREG

Absolutely.

A beat, then Jack smiles and pulls Greg into a warm, honest, embrace. Greg breathes again, his color returning, and as he looks over Jack's shoulder, out the window to the tarmac...

OUTSIDE - ON AN ABANDONED SECTION OF TARMAC

An area's cordoned off with yellow police tape. In the middle of it all sits a LONE SUITCASE. A grey *Tourister*.

GREG

Jack... hang on...

He breaks the hug and moves toward the window where a CROWD of onlookers have gathered to watch the action.

GREG

Whose suitcase is that?

CURIOUS ONLOOKER

No one's-- they found it abandoned  
so they're blowing it up.

Greg looks a few hundred yards "down-range" where there's a blue "NYPD BOMB SQUAD" Van and a mess of NEWS REPORTERS.

GREG

THAT'S MY BAG!

He spins and runs through an exit door. An ALARM sounds.

JACK

Greg-- wait--!

INT. AIRPORT/EXT. TARMAC - SLOW-MOTION SERIES OF SHOTS:

--The Crowd and Reporters turn and point at Greg, stunned.  
--TWO AIRPORT COPS pull their guns, give chase.

AIRPORT COPS (SLO-MO)

Freeeeeeeeeezzzzzzze.....!

--Greg keeps going, oblivious, focused, on a mission.  
--The Cops stop, crouch in a stance, aim their guns...  
--Pam exits the restroom, sees Greg, the guns. SCREAMS.  
--BUT HERE COMES JACK, racing up behind the cops.  
--He disarms them like a pro with a single, fluid motion.  
--Greg sprints by a Firetruck, and as MORE COPS draw guns...  
--SHKWOOO! They're COVERED with a FUSILLADE OF FIRE-FOAM.  
--JACK'S on an Airport Firetruck, firing the deck-top GUN.  
--And as Greg sprints through the police tape, screaming...

GREG

NOOOOO...!

--A BOMB SQUAD GUY (earplugs, facing away) hits a PLUNGER.  
 --KABOOM! The Tourister explodes in a big orange fireball.  
 --Greg and his suitcase are blown high into the air, and--

END SLO-MO as fiery debris rains down on the tarmac and a dozen cops converge on the firetruck and Jack on top.

JACK

(hops down, badge out)  
 Relax, boys. CIA.

100 YARDS AWAY-- Greg, face down and clothes smoldering, coughs and cowers in a cloud of smoke and debris. But when he finally looks up... something small and on fire is tumbling toward him, almost as if it were sentient.

It stops mere inches from his blast-blackened face. And even ablaze, you can see it's a box. A tiny velvet box. Greg blows it out, picks it up, opens it. *The Ring*. He turns, sees Jack coming, and as he flashes a thumbs-up..

We hear "Leaving On A Jet Plane" by Peter, Paul, and Mary.

EXT. BURNS HOME - BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

A hundred-odd people watch Debbie (white sundress) and Bob (Dockers, Polo shirt) hold hands and run a gauntlet of flying birdseed to the driveway and an idling limousine.

AT THE LIMO-- Greg, Pam, Denny, and the parents cheer and throw seed, Jack holding Jinx and sniffing. Then-- Debbie raises her bouquet and a handful of WOMEN surge forward, screaming. Debbie winds up to throw, then turns--

DEBBIE

Here, Sis.

--and flips it a few feet to Pam, Greg's brilliant diamond shining brightly on her finger. The sisters smile, Deb gets in the limo, and as Denny shuts the door...

The car roars away, trailing a "Just Married" sign and tin cans. Larry and Linda (black eye, split-lip) turn to Jack, Dina (wrist-splint) and Greg and Pam.

LARRY

A toast! To the newlyweds!

DINA

And to being grandparents!

Pam, Greg, and the four new in-laws grin, clink, and drink. Then Jack raises his glass to propose yet another.

JACK

And to Pam, and to Greg, our next son.

They toast, Jack leaning to peck Greg on the cheek. Then...

JACK (cont'd)

C'mon everybody, let's cut a rug!

Dina, Jack, and the Banks head for the fast-filling dance floor. Greg and Pam follow, walking slowly, arm in arm.

GREG

I think it was a beautiful wedding.

PAM

Me too. How soon can we elope?

They laugh, share a kiss, and glide onto the parquet, just as the Dee-Jay spins another record. Hey-- it's that cool and romantic Gershwin tune, the D.J. winking Greg's way.

GREG

As soon as you want. There's just one thing you need to do first...

PAM

What's that?

GREG

Meet my parents...

Pam smiles, and as they kiss and dance to their song it's...

THE END