

Teddy

INT. A TEENAGE BOY'S ROOM - DAY

Opposite angle to reveal an adult fred savage sitting in bed, playing a hand held videogame. He wears an oversized Chicago bears jersey. After a moment, the bedroom door opens, revealing his mom.

MOM

Hi, honey.

She walks over to him, and puts a hand on his forehead.

MOM (CONT'D)

You feeling any better?

FRED SAVAGE

A little bit.

MOM

Guess what?

FRED SAVAGE

What?

MOM

Your grandfather's here.

FRED SAVAGE

I don't wanna see grandpa. He'll pinch my cheek. I hate that.

Peter falk opens the door, and extends his arms with a flourish.

PETER FALK

Hey! How's the sickie?

He pinches fred savage's cheek. Fred gives his mom an "i told you so" look.

MOM

I think I'll leave you two alone.

Fred's mom exits. Peter falk sits down on the bedside, and opens a book.

PETER FALK

I thought you might be in the mood for a little story.

FRED SAVAGE

What is it, "The Princess Bride?" No thanks.

*Robert*

PETER FALK STARES AT HIM FOR A BEAT.

PETER FALK

Hey listen, how'd you like a punch in the goddamn throat?

FRED SAVAGE

(beat)

Sorry.

PETER FALK

Alright, then.

Peter Falk opens the book.

PETER FALK (CONT'D)

This is a story about a little boy, and a Christmas wish that changed his life forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT./ESTAB. - A SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING  
(PETER FALK)

PETER FALK (V.O.)

It began on Christmas morning, 1979, in a town just outside Boston. Children throughout the neighborhood were opening their gifts with holiday glee.

INT. A SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

A little girl opens a present as her parents look on, smiling. Inside is a barbie doll. She smiles with delight.

INT. ANOTHER SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

A little boy opens a present as his parents look on, smiling. Inside is a tonka truck. The boy is overjoyed.

INT. A THIRD SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

A black boy opens a present as his parents (both with big Afros) look on, smiling. Inside is a big '70's joint. The boy is delighted.

EXT./ESTAB. - A FOURTH SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

PETER FALK (V.O.)

But there was one little boy who received  
(MORE)

PETER FALK (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
the best present of all.

A 7 year-old boy, Mark Bennett, sits amidst unwrapped gifts. We see him opening a present. Inside is a plush, adorable-looking teddy bear. The boy holds it with delight.

MARK

Wow!

His mom and dad hug him.

MARK'S DAD

I guess Santa paid attention to how good you were this year, huh?

MARK'S MOM

(kissing him)

Merry Christmas, Mark.

Mark hugs the teddy bear. It makes a cutesy, high-pitched "I wuv you" sound. Mark gasps with delight.

MARK

He talks!

Mark giggles happily, squeezing the bear to make it talk, as his mom and dad exchange a smile.

EXT./ESTAB. MARK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

PETER FALK (V.O.)

Mark stayed up well past his bedtime, playing with his new teddy bear, and sharing all his deepest secrets.

INT. MARK'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MARK

Hey Teddy... can I tell you something nobody knows?

Ted looks back at him, expressionless.

MARK (CONT'D)

Last week, my mom and dad took me to the park for a picnic. And they have this little duck pond there, and... when nobody was looking, I pooped in my hand and threw it at a duck. Do you think that was mean?

He squeezes ted, who once again makes the "I wuv you" sound.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 (hugging him)  
 I love you too, Teddy!

Mark gets into bed with the teddy bear, and snuggles with it.

MARK (CONT'D)  
 You know... I wish you could really talk to me. Because then we could be best friends forever and ever.

Mark drifts off to sleep. The camera moves toward the window, and drifts outside. It pulls back from the house slowly.

PETER FALK (V.O.)  
 Now, if there's one thing you can be sure of... it's that nothing is more powerful than a young boy's wish.  
 (beat)

Except an Apache helicopter. Those things have machine guns and missiles. It's an unbelievably impressive complement of weaponry. An absolute death machine.

FRED SAVAGE (V.O.)  
 Grandpa...

PETER FALK (V.O.)  
 Right, right. Well, as it turned out, Mark picked the perfect night to make a wish.

The camera pivots around to face the sky. We see the snow falling from moonlit clouds. At the center of the clouds, there is a small patch of open air through which we can see stars. Suddenly, a shooting star whizzes by through the opening.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SLOWLY PUSH IN on the teddy bear's face as Mark lies sleeping next to it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NEXT MORNING

The house and yard are covered with snow.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - SAME

Mark slowly opens his eyes. He turns over to face Teddy, but we see that Teddy is no longer next to him. Mark bolts upright and looks around, frantically.

MARK

Teddy?

(beat)

Teddy?!

Mark looks under the covers, but the bear is not there. He jumps out of bed and looks around the bed's perimeter, assuming that Teddy must have fallen off during the night. Finally, he checks underneath the bed. ANGLE FROM UNDERNEATH THE BED: we see Mark looking around.

MARK (CONT'D)

Teddy?

Mark sits up again and freezes, looking right into the camera, wide eyed. ANGLE ON: MARK'S P.O.V.: We see the face of Teddy staring right at him. Teddy blinks once.

TEDDY

Hug me.

Mark yelps and stumbles back, falling over. He stares at Teddy, breathing heavily.

MARK

Did you... did you just talk?

TEDDY

You're my best friend, Mark.

MARK

(beat)

You're alive?!

TEDDY

Uh-huh, yes, sir, I am.

MARK

How... how are you alive?

TEDDY

Well, that's a silly question. You're the one who wished for it, aren't you?

MARK

Yeah, I... I did wish for it.

TEDDY

Well, here I am.

MARK

You mean... we get to be best friends... for real?

TEDDY

For real.

MARK

Forever and ever?

TEDDY

Sounds good to me.

A huge grin spreads across Mark's face. He gets up, runs to Teddy and hugs him.

FRED SAVAGE (V.O.)

Grandpa, this story seems a little gay.

PETER FALK (V.O.)

Stop acting like an ungrateful shit. I took time out of my day to come here and read to you. Now, Mark was just about the happiest kid in the world that morning. And he couldn't wait to tell everyone the good news.

INT. KITCHEN - SHORTLY AFTER

Mark's Dad sits at the breakfast table, reading the paper as Mark's Mom prepares eggs and bacon, putting it on their plates.

MARK'S MOM

Well, I think we had a wonderful Christmas this year.

MARK'S DAD

One of the best.

(slyly)

And I particularly enjoyed the gift you gave me last night.

MARK'S MOM

Well, my big, strong man has worked hard all year. I figure he deserves a little Christmas treat.

MARK'S DAD

(chuckling)

I'd call it more than a little treat.

MARK'S MOM

(giving him a kiss)

Mmm, that's how much I love you.

MARK'S DAD

Well, it was an outstanding blowjob.

Mark runs into the kitchen.

MARK

Mom! Dad! Guess what?! My teddy bear's alive!

Mark's Mom and Dad look at each other and smile.

MARK'S MOM

(playing along)

Really, sweetie? Well, that's exciting.

MARK'S DAD

Yeah, sounds like everyone's having a fun holiday. Right, honey? Remember, 'cause of what we were just talking about?

MARK

No, I'm serious! He's alive! For real! Look!

Teddy walks in and stands next to Mark.

TEDDY

Merry Christmas, everybody!

Mark's Dad scrambles to his feet, knocking plates off the table. Mark's mom screams.

MARK'S DAD

Jesus H. Fuck!

TEDDY

Let's all be best friends!

MARK'S MOM

Oh my god...

MARK'S DAD  
Mark, get away from that thing! Come  
over here, right now!

MARK  
But Dad--

MARK'S DAD  
Get over here!

Mark reluctantly walks over to his dad, who grabs him and protectively pulls him aside.

MARK'S DAD (CONT'D)  
Helen, get my gun.

MARK  
Dad, no!

TEDDY  
Is it a hugging gun?

MARK'S DAD  
Helen, get my gun, and call the police!

TEDDY  
I'm sorry, Mr. Bennett. I didn't mean to  
scare anybody. I just wanted Mark and I  
to be friends.

MARK  
Yeah, Dad. I made a wish last night that  
Teddy was alive, and my wish came true!

MARK'S MOM  
(astonished whisper)  
My god, Steve... it's a miracle. A  
Christmas miracle.

They stare at Teddy for a beat.

PETER FALK (V.O.)  
Well, it wasn't long before the story of  
Mark's little miracle was sweeping the  
nation.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV)

We see a '70S NEWSCASTER behind the news desk. A graphic  
of the bear is over his left shoulder.



## NEWSCASTER

Out of a Boston suburb comes what is perhaps the most incredible story in the history of broadcast news...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DIFFERENT NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV)

We see a '70S FEMALE NEWSCASTER. A graphic of the bear is over her left shoulder.

## FEMALE NEWSCASTER

...young boy's stuffed animal has magically come to life for as yet unknown reasons. Scientists are stumped as to how...

Over the following narration, we see various shots of various other NEWSCASTERS DISSOLVING from one to the next.

## PETER FALK (V.O.)

The fantastic tale of Teddy dominated the airwaves. From the East to the West, and from the North to the Deep South...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ANOTHER NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV)

We see a '70S SOUTHERN NEWSCASTER with a CHYRON that says "ACTION NEWS GEORGIA". He points manically at the graphic of the bear above his left shoulder.

## SOUTHERN NEWSCASTER

Look what Jesus did! Look what Jesus did! Look what Jesus did!

## PETER FALK (V.O.)

...and all around the world.

INT. SOVIET PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY (ON TV)

A SOVIET POLITICAL SPOKESMAN, dressed in military garb, stands in front of a Soviet flag, talking into a mic before an audience of REPORTERS.

## SOVIET POLITICAL SPOKESMAN

We do not know how the Americans have developed this talking bear, but Soviet Union is already developing own bear. And make no mistake, it will be even cuter and fuzzier than this American bear.

INT. JAPANESE NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV)

A MALE JAPANESE NEWSCASTER and FEMALE JAPANESE NEWSCASTER sit behind the desk. Between them, at the top of the screen, is a picture of the bear.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER  
(SPEAKS JAPANESE FOR A FEW MOMENTS)

The male newscaster turns sharply to her.

MALE NEWSCASTER  
(ADDRESSES HER ANGRILY IN JAPANESE)

He strikes her for an unclear reason. She buries her head in her hands, in shame.

INT. BRITISH NEWSROOM - DAY (ON TV)

A BRITISH NEWSCASTER sits behind the news desk.

BRITISH NEWSCASTER  
Coming up in this hour, we'll have the latest on the fascinating story of the young American boy and his talking teddy bear. But first, a bit of tea news. Isn't tea marvelous? Isn't it just about the world's most wonderful beverage? Let's take a moment to think about other beverages that might possibly be superior.

(thinks for a beat)  
No. Frightfully sorry, other beverages. Tea is better than you.

INT. TONIGHT SHOW - DAY (ON TV)

PETER FALK (V.O.)  
Yes, sir, Teddy became a regular national celebrity.

We see REAL FOOTAGE of "The Tonight Show" from the late '70S, with Johnny Carson talking to Teddy, who is sitting in the guest chair (If appropriate footage is accessible, will include Teddy walking out on stage, shaking hands with Johnny and sitting down.)

*REST OF SCENE TBD BASED ON ARCHIVE FOOTAGE*

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

PETER FALK (V.O.)

But through it all, he never forgot his very best friend, Mark.

Mark and Teddy sit on the floor, facing each other.

MARK

Teddy?

TEDDY

Yeah, Mark?

MARK

Do you promise we'll always be together?

TEDDY

I promise.

They hug as we PULL BACK SLOWLY.

PETER FALK (V.O.)

And that was a promise that neither one of them ever forgot.

INT. FRED SAVAGE'S ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT DAY)

Peter Falk closes the book.

PETER FALK

The end.

FRED SAVAGE

The end? What do you mean? What happened to Mark and Teddy? Where are they now?

PETER FALK

Ah, well, last I heard, Mark was still living just outside of Boston, working for Enterprise Rent-A-Car.

FRED SAVAGE

What?! But he's got a talking teddy bear. How come he's not a millionaire living in Hollywood or something?

PETER FALK

I don't know. How come that Family Feud guy shot himself? He was hosting "The Feud" *The Feud!* Look, no matter how big you are, eventually no one gives a crap and you shoot yourself.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BOSTON SKYLINE - DAY

We PAN ACROSS the Boston skyline as the opening titles roll. CUT TO various shots of the city throughout.

PAN DOWN to the streets below: several shots of the everyday bustle of the city, then we CUT TO:

TED'S P.O.V. - We see a street from a low angle, as Ted walks along the sidewalk. Passersby greet him with familiarity as they pass. We hear Ted's voice, which now sounds like a guy from South Boston.

PASSERBY #1

Hey, Ted.

TED (V.O.)

Hey, there.

PASSERBY #2

Teddy!

TED (V.O.)

Hya doin'?

PASSERBY #3

What's up, Ted?

TED (V.O.)

Hangin' in there, chief.

FEMALE PASSERBY

Hi, Ted.

TED (V.O.)

Hey, Rita, you lost some weight. Keep goin', you're gonna look fantastic.

EXT./ ESTAB. - ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR LOT - DAY

INT. ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR LOT - SAME

We see Mark, fully-grown now, sitting at the front rental counter. Various coworkers can be seen behind him. We'll meet these guys shortly. They are: RAY, a mischievous-voiced homosexual who also happens to be openly racist, THOMAS, a straight-laced, middle-aged black guy and manager of the rental agency, ALEX, a husky, butch lesbian with a deep voice, and TANYA, a hot, not-too-bright girl who Alex is taken with. As we join him, Mark is handing a car key and a rental envelope to a pleasant-looking black couple.

MARK

There you go, here's your key and rental agreement, and a complimentary map of Boston. Thanks for choosing Enterprise, drive safely.

HUSBAND/WIFE

Thank you./Thanks so much.

The couple exits. After a beat, Ray walks over to Mark, smirking as he watches them go out the door.

RAY

Yeah, like that car ain't gonna come back all fulla watermelon seeds.

(mischievous laugh)

MARK

Jesus, Ray, what the hell's the matter with you? That was a perfectly nice couple.

RAY

Why they even need a car anyway? They can just swing from tree to tree to get where they's goin'.

(mischievous laugh)

Ray exits into the back room with some paperwork. Alex walks up. She has a buzz-cut and a black vest over an Enterprise shirt.

ALEX

Ray making fun of those black people?

MARK

Yeah, it's ridiculous. He's gay. I mean, shouldn't he be a little more tolerant?

ALEX

I know. Racist faggot.  
(noticing something O.S.)  
Oh. Mark. Check it out. Here comes the best part of my day.

We see Tanya enter from the back with a set of keys. Her sizable rack is apparent under her Enterprise shirt, and she wears khaki safari shorts.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Hey! Tanya! What just came back, the Impala?

TANYA

Yeah, I just parked it.

ALEX

Okay, put those keys on the top row if you don't mind.

TANYA

Sure, Alex.

Tanya slides a small stepladder over to a cabinet of keys. She steps up and reaches up to the top row of keys, flexing toned legs and showing a sliver of underpants.

ALEX

Goddamn it, look at those calves. Shit, Mark, you can see the panties. I bet it smells like a little girl up there.

Mark moves away, uncomfortable. Alex continues to stare.

ALEX (CONT'D)

(to herself, but really to Tanya)

I don't care that you're stupid. I'll read to you every night, and you'll get smart.

Mark begins filling out paperwork at the front counter. From O.S., we hear a loud scraping sound. Mark looks up.

ANGLE ON: the front parking lot - A car is being driven onto the premises that looks like it's been through hell.

It's dented and battered in the extreme, smoke pours out from under the hood, the front and rear bumpers are dragging, and several windows are broken. GUY, a 6'3", burly Patrick Warburton-type, gets out of the car, and walks toward the rental office. Mark stares.

MARK

Jesus Christ.

Guy enters and walks up to the counter. He throws the keys down on the counter.

GUY

I need another car.

MARK

What the fuck!? Guy, what the fuck did you do to it?

GUY

There was an accident. Are we still friends?

MARK

Accident-- what kind of accident?

GUY

I need a new one, I got plans tonight.

Mark glances back over his shoulder at his boss's office.

MARK

What am I supposed to tell Thomas?!

GUY

I don't know, that's your job. Hurry up though, I gotta go get drunk.

MARK

Guy, I can't keep doing this. I'm gonna get fired.

GUY

Ah. How soon they forget.

THOMAS emerges from the back office. He glances out at the parking lot, and spots the wrecked car.

THOMAS

Goddammit! Mark! In my office! Now!

MARK

Uh oh.

Mark obediently walks toward the back office. Ray walks through frame, smirking to Guy.

RAY

Maybe he gonna hit him over the head with a piece of fried chicken.  
(mischievous laugh)

Guy gives him a "what the fuck" look.

INT. THOMAS' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Mark sits facing Thomas, who sits at his desk.

THOMAS

Give me one reason why I shouldn't fire you right now.

MARK

Look, Thomas--

THOMAS

You have been told not to rent any cars to that man!

MARK

I know, but, Thomas... he saved my life on 9/11.

INT. ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR - SAME

We cut back out to the main room.

GUY

Hey, Tanya.

TANYA

Hi, Guy.

GUY

Hey, those the Audi keys up top there?

TANYA

What? Oh, yeah.

GUY

You wanna toss those guys over here? I'm gonna take that car, Mark said it was okay. I mean, we didn't finish talking, but I could tell he was on the road to that thought.



TANYA

(getting keys)

Why does he keep giving you cars when you keep bringing them back all totaled?

GUY

He gives me cars, and I don't tell his girlfriend that he got a lap dance and came in his pants at my bachelor party. I have pictures of it.

TANYA

Ew!

GUY

Yeah, you can tell he came in his pants 'cause in the pictures he's got cum stuff on his pants.

INT. THOMAS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MARK

--and when that North Tower came crashing down, Guy pulled me out of there like some kind of superman, just as a thousand pound chunk of rubble hit the ground. I wouldn't be alive today if it weren't for him.

Thomas looks at him for a beat.

THOMAS

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

MARK

How could you know?

INT. ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR

We cut back out to the main room. Guy is showing Tanya the pictures. (NOTE: We don't see them.) Tanya has a grossed-out look on her face.

GUY

Yeah, see that right there? That's cum stuff.

TANYA

I don't know why they call it "come" when it's already there.

GUY

Wow. You're right, you just found a mistake. You should report that.

INT. THOMAS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

THOMAS

Mark, I understand your feelings of debt and gratitude, but I have to do my job here. This is the last time we rent to Guy. Understood?

MARK

Absolutely. One hundred percent.

THOMAS

Alright. Back to work.

MARK

Right.

INT. ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mark emerges from Thomas' office to find Guy gone. Mark stops in his tracks.

MARK

What the-- Tanya, where's Guy?

TANYA

He just left. I gave him the Audi.

MARK

What?!

TANYA

He said you said he could take it.

Mark gets an "oh shit" look on his face and he runs outside...

EXT. ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR

...just in time to see Guy tearing out of the parking lot, almost getting sideswiped by an oncoming car.

GUY

(shouting at car)

Hey, watch it, asshole!

The car peels away, blasting Jimmy Buffet's "Cheeseburger in Paradise". Mark stares, helpless.

MARK

(to himself)

Please, bring it back in one piece.

Then, from O.S., we hear...

TED (O.S.)

Marky!

Mark turns and looks.

MARK

Ted. Hey.

ANGLE ON: TED. For the first time, we see Ted in his present-day form. He is ratty, patched-up, and worn-looking. He has a couple stains on him, part of one ear is missing with a shred of stuffing visible, and there are patches and evidence of sewing. It is instantly obvious that this teddy bear has been around for three decades. At the moment, Ted is standing there with a smile on his face, holding up a video game box.

TED

Check it out. Halo 4. We gotta go home right now and play this. Right now.

MARK

Ted--

TED

We gotta go home and start shootin' each other.

MARK

What, just leave work? It's two thirty.

TED

Mark. I stood in line at Best Buy for six hours to get this. I had to wrestle this copy away from a Korean guy. He was pissed, too. Those people are testy. I don't know if it's the war or whatnot, but trust me, they're still mad. Anyway, read the back.

Mark sighs, takes the box, and sits down on the curb. He looks at the back.

MARK  
(reading box)  
Aw, double-barrel...

TED  
(excitedly talking over him)  
...barreled rocket launcher. Two barrels.

MARK  
(reading box)  
Oh, man. You can hobble someone before  
you kill them.

TED  
Yeah, and you can hear their bones  
crunch, too. Which makes for a seriously  
satisfying hobbling experience.

MARK  
(reading box)  
Permanent invisible...

TED  
(excitedly talking over him)  
Permanent invisibility. Not temporary.  
Full-on you can't see me. I can't see  
you. Sneakin' around like a coupla'  
monkeys at a convenience store.

MARK  
Monkeys at a convenience store? What--  
what the hell does that mean?

TED  
You know, monkeys are sneaky. If they  
were ever in a convenience store, which  
they would be, 'cause its probably the  
first place they would go if they ever  
escaped from the zoo, you know they'd be  
sneakin' around so as not to be noticed  
while enjoying the snacks and whatnot.

MARK  
(standing)  
Wow, that is just-- just a terrible  
analogy.

TED  
It's actually a simile, Mark. Because I  
used "like" or "as". In this case  
"like". So, are we playing this thing or  
what?

MARK

Okay, let's go.

INT. MARK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - LATER

The apartment is a mess. There are open bags of junk food on the couch, half-empty soda and beer cans, etc. Mark and Ted are on the couch, engrossed in playing the video game. We hear shooting sounds, explosions, etc. Coming from the TV.

NOTE: DEPENDING ON WHEN THE MOVIE COMES OUT, THIS SCENE MAY BE FUNNIER/MORE ORIGINAL, IF THEY ARE PLAYING THE NINTENDO Wii. THAT WAY, THEY CAN GET PHYSICAL, MAYBE FIGHT, AND WE CAN SEE WHAT HAPPENS ON THE SCREEN AS A RESULT.

TED

You suck at this. You're inferior to me. Your hand and finger dexterity is worse than mine.

MARK

You don't have fingers. You're just mashing all the buttons at once and it's somehow working.

TED

At least I don't stand up in the bathroom when I wipe my ass. Stand up wiper.

MARK

At least I don't have fur on the tip of my baby dick. Baby fur dick.

TED

I'd rather have a baby fur dick than have my dad catch me masturbating into the sink with my finger in my ass. Remember that? That was wicked. You and your dad couldn't make eye contact for like a year after that.

MARK

That was a very private and experimental time for me, and you suck for bringing it up.

TED

How about you suck on this.

Ted lifts his leg, pointing his ass toward Mark and farts.

MARK

Aw, dude.

TED

Yeah, and it's all shish-kebabby and shit from that Lebanese place.

MARK

(moving away)

Nasty!

TED

Oh no, what happened? Did I just kill you.

MARK

You distracted me with your fart. That's not fair.

TED

Part of the game.

Ted grabs the remote for the TV, and turns the volume way up. Ted pushes a few buttons on his controller, and we hear a really loud crunch of bones. Mark winces.

TED (CONT'D)

Awwww, hehehehe. Awesome! That was the sound of your bones gettin' crunched by my guy.

The front door opens and Lori, an attractive girl in her early 30's, enters holding several grocery bags.

MARK

Hey, sweetie.

TED

Hey, Lori.

LAURIE

Hi guys.

(smelling something)

Did you already eat dinner?

TED

No, I'm starvin'.

LAURIE

Hm. Smells like you guys spit-roasted a lamb in here or something.

Mark and Ted laugh. Mark gets up and kisses Laurie hello.

TED

So, what do we got for dinner?

LAURIE

Turkey burgers.

TED

Oh. Uh. Okay. Are we having homos over for dinner or something?

LORI

Ted, for your information--

MARK

(appeasing Lori)

Turkey burgers will be fine, babe.

(beat)

Because Ted and I are now officially gay.

TED

Hey Marky Mark, while you're up, grab me a beer, huh?

MARK

(crossing to fridge)

Oh yeah, a coupla' Charles Brew-Kowskis.

TED

Yes, a Brew-stoy-ovski would be nice right about now.

We see Lori roll her eyes. She's heard this before.

LORI

Please, stop.

MARK

Maybe a Mike Brew-ga-slow-ski?

TED

Perhaps a Ted Kazyn-brewski?

MARK

(handing Ted beer)

Ooh, good one. Here's your... Martina Navra-ti-brewski.

TED

Uh-uh. That doesn't work.

MARK

What do you mean it doesn't work?

TED

It doesn't work, the name has to have a "ski" at the end of it. You just put "brewski" on the end of Martina Navratolova.

MARK

I thought we were just doing funny names.

TED

Nope. Gotta have a "ski" at the end. Otherwise where's the challenge? If there's no "ski" then we would just be idiots saying nonsense.

LORI

Jesus christ.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

A couple of kids run by the front stoop of the apartment building, tapping an iron hoop with a stick and laughing. An OLD MAN sticks his head out of a first floor window.

OLD MAN

Be rambunctious from your own era!

One of the KIDS runs back into frame and brushes his right hand under his chin at the old man.

KID

Nuts to you!

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Lori lie in bed. Lori reads Us Weekly.

MARK

(finishing story)

...but then, right at the end, you see Magneto playing chess in the park, and you think all of his mutant powers are gone, but he concentrates really hard on one chess piece and it kinda moves. It's a cool ending.



LORI  
 (putting down magazine)  
 Mark, I think we need to talk about Ted.

MARK  
 You weren't even listening to the kickass  
 end of X3. That's kinda selfish.

LORI  
 I think Ted needs to move into a place of  
 his own.

MARK  
 (leaning over to iPod on  
 bedside table)  
 Wait... say that again in one second. I  
 want to play my 'Brady Bunch' sound cue  
 before you talk, cuz we're lying in bed  
 like the Brady parents when they talked  
 about stuff.

LORI  
 Mark, I'm serious--

We hear the transition music from 'The Brady Bunch'.

MARK  
 Okay, you came in early.

LORI  
 Would you stop fiddling with that thing.  
 I'm serious.

MARK  
 Well, that's just crazy. Ted can't live  
 on his own. He'd fall apart.

LORI  
 I think he's smart enough to process it  
 rationally.

MARK  
 No, I mean he'd literally fall apart.  
 He's all frayed and worn in spots that I  
 used to sniff a lot as a youngster. And,  
 I can't sew him up. Who am I, Betsy Ross?  
 But... a guy version.  
 (beat)  
 Brett...Brett Hoss. Yeah, who am I, Brett  
 Hoss?

LORI

(beat)

You know what I think? I don't think it's about Ted not being ready, I think you still need your teddy bear.

MARK

(yes)

No.

LORI

I think inside you're still that 7-year-old kid who needs a best friend, so you cling on to Ted because you're afraid of life without him.

MARK

(right)

Wrong.

LORI

No. I'm right. That's why you're afraid of growing up. That's why you didn't take that job at the firm.

MARK

That was in the mailroom! At least at my job I'm my own boss.

LORI

I thought Thomas was your boss.

MARK

Well--

LORI

And, aren't you Junior Sales Rep. behind that gay-racist guy.

MARK

Technically--

LORI

I just think that, in order for us, you and me, to have a shot, you need to grow up. And part of growing up is giving up your childhood Teddy Bear.

There is a low rumble of thunder outside. Mark slides slightly under the covers.

LORI (CONT'D)

Look at you. You're still scared of a little thunder.

MARK

Don't be ridiculous. I haven't been scared of thunder since--

Ted comes into the room with no warning and leaps into bed, right between Lori and Mark.

TED

Thunder buddies for life, right Marky? Do you want me to sing the 'Thunder Song' for ya?

MARK

No, I don't think--

TED

(singing)

WHEN YOU HEAR THE SOUND OF THUNDER/DON'T YOU GET SCARED/CUZ IT'S JUST GOD FARTING (FART NOISE)/ IT'S JUST GOD FARTING.

Lori looks angrily at Mark. Mark is visibly comforted by the song and starts to sing along as the camera pulls back out of the window.

MARK/TED

(singing )

HE HAD A BIG DINNER/AND NOW HE'S GOT A LOT OF GAS.

EXT./ ESTAB. BOSTON HIGH RISE - DAY

Lori enters the building.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lori gets off the elevator, where we see several signs with a vaguely phallic logo that read "Rex Incorporated." Lori's office friends, GINA, MICHELLE, and TRACY approach.

GINA

Oh my god, nice shoes!

LORI

(very satisfied)

I know. I got them on sale, too.

MICHELLE  
They're hot, Lori.

TRACY  
I don't like them. There's something  
depressing about them. Like someone died  
while wearing them or something.

Lori's boss, REX (asshole handsome, mid-30's) spots the  
women from the other side of the office.

REX  
Hello, ladies. Talkin' about shoes?

MICHELLE  
For, your information, Rex--

REX  
Sure, you were. That's terrific.  
Lori, first off, you're looking good.  
Looking real good. Second, you think you  
can peck your way out of the henhouse for  
a minute so I can talk to you in my  
office. Alone.

The other girls rolls their eyes. They've seen this  
before.

LORI  
Rex, I've got a lot of work to get to.

REX  
This is about work. I swear.

LORI  
(reluctantly)  
Um, sure.

Lori follows Rex and gives the girls a "help!" look.

INT. REX'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

REX  
Have a seat.

Lori sits, and Rex begins to circle her creepily.

REX (CONT'D)

Lori, do you ever think that you're like a beautiful little chipmunk, and I'm a powerful bobcat who wants to hunt you down in the wilderness? Do you? Do you ever think that?

LORI

(annoyed)

You promised this was about work.

REX

It definitely is. You know what I think? I think I'm the beautiful little chipmunk, and you're the angry bobcat. I think there's no one around. Just birch trees and rocks and the chipmunk and the bobcat. I'm gonna be honest with you. I'm a scared little chipmunk. I'm scared that the bobcat is gonna hurt me, and I'm scared that the bobcat is gonna humiliate me in front of the other forest creatures. Do you want to humiliate me, bobcat?

LORI

Rex, what do you want?

REX

What is wrong with you? Why don't you like me? I'm rich, I'm good-looking, I frost my hair. My name is Rex for god's sake. Who doesn't want to date a guy named Rex?

LORI

I have a boyfriend, Rex.

REX

But I could make your social life so rich. I could take you to places that are super classy. We could grill Trump steaks in Miami Beach or Club Med.

LORI

Goodbye, Rex.

REX

You don't understand. I have to bang you.

LORI

(deadpan)

Aw, that's sweet.

Lori gets up and exits Rex's office, slamming the door.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gina, Michelle and Tracy see Lori's forceful exit from Rex's office, and notice she looks a little flustered. They follow her.

GINA

Lori, I'm telling you, you gotta sue him.

MICHELLE

Yeah, this is ridiculous. I mean he's so gross.

LORI

Whatever. You guys had sex with him.

GINA/MICHELLE/TRACY

Only once./ I was drunk./ He is a man I work with.

LORI

I got other shit I gotta deal with right now. Mark's driving me crazy.

TRACY

What-- what's driving you crazy? He won't shave his asshole, huh?

Lori and the other girls look at Tracy for a beat, confused and grossed out.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What? That annoys me.

LORI

No, it's his friend, Ted. It's just too much having him live with us. Mark needs to grow up, you know. He can't hang onto his childhood teddy bear forever.

MICHELLE

I can't believe that bear still lives with you.

GINA

It's like he's living with Macauley Culkin, but the all grown up Macauley Culkin, so it's not like cute or anything.

LORI

Mark and I can't take the next step in our relationship with that bear around. I'm constantly cleaning up after him, he doesn't have a job. I mean, with that bear around, Mark thinks he can just be a kid forever.

GINA

You're never gonna get a ring with things the way they are.

LORI

Exactly.

TRACY

You have to slit the bear's throat and let it bleed to death. When you do it, can I be there?

MICHELLE

Jesus Tracy.

GINA

Just tell him: it's you, or the bear. Give him an ultimatum.

MICHELLE

Yeah, look at how upset you are, you can't live like this anymore, Lori.

LORI

I know. I know. I think I'm gonna tell him at dinner tomorrow. It's our four year anniversary.

GINA

Good for you. And if he decides to lose you over a stupid teddy bear, he's not the right guy for you.

MICHELLE

Yeah, things happen for a reason.

TRACY

No they don't. That's just something girls say when something bad happens to them that they don't understand.

GINA

Fuck you, Tracy.

TRACY

You're just jealous because my boyfriend  
has a smooth-shaved asshole.

GINA

Oh my god.

EXT./ ESTAB. CIAO BELLA RESTAURANT, NEWBURY STREET -  
NIGHT

INT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Lori sit across from each other at a  
romantically set table.

MARK

Pretty nice, huh?

LORI

Yeah.

A Waiter approaches.

WAITER

Senor. Senora. Can I get you something  
from the bar while you look at the menus?

MARK

Two glasses of champagne, please.

WAITER

Right away..

The waiter exits O.S. Lori looks pleased that Mark  
ordered champagne.

LORI

Ooh, champagne.

MARK

It's a special night, sweetie. We've been  
dating for four years.

LORI

Awww. I can't believe it means that much  
to you. That's sweet.

Lori reaches for Mark's hand across the table.

MARK

That's just how I roll, dog.



Lori giggles at Mark's silly joke. The waiter arrives with the champagne, and places the two glasses on the table.

WAITER

I'll be right back to take your order.

MARK

Cheers. Here's to four years of... you know, dating.

(chanting)

Four more years! Four more years! You're a great Vice President baby.

They clink glasses, and take a sip.

LORI

So, the Vice President makes more than the President now. I didn't know that.

MARK

Well, I may not make much, but I spend it wisely, now I know we said no gifts, but--

LORI

No we didn't.

MARK

But, I got you something anyway, in clear violation of the "no gift" rule.

LORI

There was no such rule.

Mark reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a small box. Lori looks excited.

MARK

Lori, I've wanted to give this to you for a long time.

Mark slides the box over to Lori. She picks it up.

LORI

Oh, Mark.

Lori unwraps the box and opens it. Inside is a piece of paper that's been folded many times into the shape of a wrinkled square. After trying to unfold it for a few beats, she can finally read something off the very creased and wrinkled paper.

LORI (CONT'D)  
 (reading)  
 "This good for one back rub."

MARK  
 (Excited)  
 Turn it over.

LORI  
 "And penis rub."

MARK  
 (pleased with himself)  
 That one's for me. I figured it's both  
 our anniversaries, so, you know, share,  
 like you always say.

LORI  
 Oh...thanks, honey.

MARK  
 You don't like it? I made it all by  
 myself. I even wrote the words with  
 different colored markers so you wouldn't  
 get bored when you were reading it.

LORI  
 No, I-- I was expecting-- I love it.  
 Really. It's great. Thank you. Here's  
 something I got you.

Lori hands Mark a small box.

MARK  
 Is this for a penis rub, too. Great minds-  
 (opens box )  
 Wow, a Movado!

He puts the nice watch on his wrist.

LORI  
 I remember you liked it when you saw Tom  
 Brady wearing one in GQ.

MARK  
 Yeah. His was analog, but this is nice  
 too.

LORI  
 Mark, I need to talk to you about  
 something.

MARK

Oh, that back rub is good for a whole year.

LORI

Oh, great.

(beat)

No, I want to talk to you about Ted.

MARK

Ted? Oh god, this isn't about him moving out again.

LORI

Look, I know how much Ted means to you, and that's why this is so hard. I think-- I think our relationship needs a little space, a little breathing room. You know? So we can be closer.

MARK

How does having more space make us closer?

LORI

We need to move forward with our lives. And I think Ted finding his own place is the best way to do that.

MARK

I promised Ted that we'd be best friends forever. I can't just put my best friend out on the street. I can't believe you're saying this.

LORI

Mark, you made that promise when you were seven. You're a man now. You need to grow up.

MARK

Is this because he's messy? I can have a talk with him. I can totally get him to clean up and stuff.

LORI

It's not just that, Mark. It's the way you are when you're around him. You get drunk and smoke pot and look at porn and play video games.

MARK

So much fun. Look, he's not that bad. And he's getting better. I saw him reading...the dictionary the other day. I mean, if that isn't a sign of someone trying to improve themselves, and clean up their act, I don't know what is.

(off Lori's look)

Okay, he wasn't reading the dictionary, but you get my point, he could have been, and-- and that's very impressive.

(off Lori's look)

Please don't make me give up my teddy bear.

Lori lets out a deep, sympathetic sigh.

LORI

You know I don't do ultimatums but--

MARK

Are you giving me a Bourne ultimatum?

Lori chuckles, in spite of herself.

MARK (CONT'D)

Because nobody gives Jason Bourne an ultimatum.

LORI

You're not Jason Bourne.

MARK

Yeah, you're lucky I'm not. Or this dinner roll would be stuffed in your windpipe and this salad fork would be shoved right through your awesome boob and into your heart.

Lori laughs.

MARK (CONT'D)

So, because you're laughing, I take it we can drop this Ted thing. I promise, we can move forward with Ted around. I love you. Happy anniversary. Everything's fine.

They kiss over the table.

EXT. NEWBURY STREET - NIGHT

Mark and Lori stroll arm-in-arm down Newbury street, happily eating ice cream cones.

LORI

And just so you know, I haven't had an ice cream all year.

MARK

What?

LORI

This is the first ice cream I've had all year.

MARK

Why, are you not supposed to have ice cream?

LORI

No! I just haven't because there's so much fat in it.

MARK

Oh, okay.

LORI

Do you believe me? That this is the only ice cream I've had all year.

MARK

Yeah, sure, whatever.

LORI

Good, 'cuz this is the only one I've had in like a year.

MARK

It seems very important to you that I understand this fact.

LORI

It is.

MARK

Oh. In that case...

(changing tone)

Hey, this is like the first time you've had ice cream all year! Good for you. I'm so proud of your restraint.

LORI  
Now you're gettin' it.

A Homeless man approaches them.

HOMELESS MAN  
Can you spare some change?

MARK  
(handing him money)  
Here you go, pal.

The homeless man shakes Mark's hand emphatically.

HOMELESS MAN  
Thank you! God bless you.

He walks off.

LORI  
(touched)  
Marky, that was so sweet.

MARK  
If there's a heaven, I'm buyin' my way  
in. I got homeless guys and valets,  
that's it.  
(wiping hands on pants)  
I just hate it when they shake your hand.  
Just take the money, Pigpen. Yuck.

LORI  
Yeah, you're going straight to heaven.  
Hey, did you set Letterman to tivo?

MARK  
No, but we'll be home in time, it's  
only... Fuck!

LORI  
What? What is it?

MARK  
Pigpen just took the watch you gave me.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE MARK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mark and Lori are climbing the remaining stairs to reach the hallway of their floor. As they do, they both hear music coming from one of the apartments. Lori gives Mark a look as if to say "it's coming from our apartment."

MARK

No.

As they get closer, we can hear that the song is "A Foggy Day (In London Town)" by Frank Sinatra, and we hear the sound of women laughing. It is definitely coming from their apartment.

LORI

God damn it!

Lori opens the door to reveal Ted and four chicks singing and dancing around amidst a layer of pot smoke. There are Heineken bottles everywhere. There is a wet towel on the floor pushed up against the bottom of the front door, and Ted is assisting one of the chicks in a giant bong hit while singing along to the song at the top of his lungs.

TED

AND IN FOGGY LONDON TOWN/THE SUN WAS  
SHINING EVERYWHERE

Ted notices Mark and Lori.

TED (CONT'D)

Close the door. Close the door. You're letting the London fog out.

Ted and the girls laugh.

TED (CONT'D)

Oh my god, I'm so...  
(totally losing train of  
thought)

...baked right now.

LORI

Mark, I can't do this anymore. I just can't. Either Ted goes, or I go. Make up your mind.

Lori storms into the bedroom and slams the door.

TED

Geez, is she having her period this month or something?

TED (CONT'D)

How'd the dinner go? Did she like the penis rub thing?

MARK  
Yeah, not really.

TED  
(shocked)  
Oh, she's retarded. That's an awesome  
quid pro quo kinda present.

MARK  
I don't think she really saw it that way.  
I better go talk to her.

TED  
Well, what'd she get you?

MARK  
A watch.

TED  
Bo-ring! "Excuse me, sir. Do you have the  
time?" There's your watch. Let's see it.

MARK  
A homeless guy stole it. I think we  
better air this place out.

TED  
Aw man, it took us four hours and like  
ten wet towels to get it this smoky in  
here.

EXT./ ESTAB. ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR - DAY

INT. ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR - CONTINUOUS

Mark is talking with Alex and Ray.

MARK  
I just can't believe she's asking me to  
give up my best friend.

ALEX  
Mark, in this situation, there is only  
one question you need to ask yourself: of  
the two options you have before you,  
which one has a vag you can forearm?

RAY  
Ooh, you lesbians is nasty.



ALEX

Oh, someone who puts their dick where  
dudes shit is calling me nasty?

MARK

Guys, come on. You're like straight  
America's nightmare here. What am I gonna  
do about Ted and Lori?

RAY

Does Ted have an asshole?  
(mischievous laugh)

ALEX

I told you what I think. Stick with the  
vag. It's a magical place to be.  
(getting lost in thought)  
A wondrous, dazzling, elegant,  
spectacular universe of fleshy  
ladyness...

As Alex loses herself in what she's saying, we...

DISSOLVE TO:

A swooping overhead shot of an Austrian hilltop meadow. A woman who looks like Julie Andrews in "The Sound Of Music" spins. The camera approaches her gracefully, but then suddenly takes dive and goes up her skirt. We hear a Doppler scream of ecstasy. We converge into a swirling montage of Georgia O'Keeffe paintings. Which takes us to space. There is a fleet of space ships that look like giant fists battling a fleet of space ships that looks like giant tongues. Suddenly, all of the ships get sucked into a swirling black hole. We travel through a Dr. Who looking vortex with the ships for a few beats, which transitions into the camera flying over a large English castle and estate. We zoom into a specific area of the estate, and are suddenly heading towards a small Ivy-covered door. The camera bangs into the door, it is locked. A Cheshire-looking cat wearing a T-shirt that says "Hairy Pussy" on it hands us a giant gold key shaped like a fist. We insert the fist-key into the vaginal-looking lock, and the door opens into a stunning secret garden filled with hundreds of roses and fat female cherubs. The cherubs giggle as they avidly apply serious tongue work to the roses. The roses sway and moan blissfully. We zoom in on one of the roses and transition into a cloudy sky. As we break out of the clouds, we start to see that we are over a vast ocean. We are heading straight down. There is something small on the water. As we get closer, we see that it is a man in a rowboat.

The camera heads straight for him at tremendous speed. He looks up and screams, and we go into his mouth and down his throat.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR - BACK TO SCENE

Alex is standing where we left her, but now has a very intense look on her face.

ALEX  
God damn it I love pussy!

Alex punches a hole in the wall.

MARK  
Yeah, so do I.

RAY  
Ooh, that's a powerful fist. Why don't you save that for the bedroom?

TANYA  
Yeah, Mark. You're not a "hot guy". You're kinda what girls refer to as an "ugly guy". So you should hold onto any girl you get.

MARK  
Thanks, Tanya.

TANYA  
Oh, yeah, and you're not handsome either.

MARK  
Wait, what? What's the difference between hot and handsome?

TANYA  
(long beat)  
My boobs hurt.

Tanya walks O.S. Suddenly O.S., we hear the clanking and whining of a busted car. We see that it is Guy driving the last car he rented. It is totally destroyed.

MARK  
Oh fuck. Really?

Marks goes outside.

EXT. ENTERPRISE RENT-A-CAR PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Mark approaches Guy.

MARK

(waving arms)

No! No, Guy. No! Don't do this today.  
Just take it outta here, I don't care.

GUY

Yeah, I don't care either.

MARK

(angry)

No shit! What happened?

GUY

(beat)

I don't know. I thought somehow you might  
know.

MARK

What?! How the fuck Fuck FUCK would I  
know what happened to your car!?

GUY

You're angry. I gotta be honest. It's  
making me feel more self-conscious than  
I'm comfortable with.

MARK

Okay, this is it! I can't ever, ever rent  
you another car. Ever. That's it.

GUY

I got the insurance.

MARK

That's not the point--

GUY

You're acting like it's your car. It's  
not your car.

MARK

--the point is that Thomas is gonna fire  
me, then I'm gonna be out of a job, and  
then Lori will dump me--

GUY

I'm late for this thing, and I can't drive this car. It's all messed up. Can I have the keys to another car?

THOMAS (O.S.)

(distant, calling)

Mark?

ANGLE ON: Thomas standing in the doorway of the rental car agency.

MARK

Yeah?

THOMAS

Can I talk to you for a second.

MARK

Yeah.

Mark hangs his head like a 10-year-old and walks into the office.

GUY

I'm very unsatisfied right now.

(looking at watch)

I'm gonna be late for this thing.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mark and Ted sit on the edge of Mark's bed. Clearly, Mark has just told Ted that he needs to find his own apartment.

TED

But... we were supposed to be together forever?

MARK

We will be! This is just a change of venue for you. Listen, do you think this was my decision?

TED

Oh, so Lori gave you the "him or me speech."

MARK

Yeah, you were there She's a chick. That's what they do.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

They make you choose between them and all the stuff that makes you happy in life.

TED

And you choose her?

MARK

Well, as Tonya pointed out, I'm ugly, and lucky that any girl wants to make stuff come out of my penis.

TED

Yeah, and I'm not doing that.

MARK

Exactly! And we totally still get to be best friends. I'll even help you find a place.

TED

You will?

MARK

Totally! And we'll get a kick-ass TV to watch the Pats destroy the Jets.

TED

I hate the fuckin' Jets. Buncha douchebag fags. And that annoying fucking fireman cheerleader? Where was he on 9/11? Day off?

MARK

Yeah, we've had this discussion. The point is, this is a positive thing. It's like giving us a new, bitch-free home base.

TED

Yeah?

MARK

Shit, yeah! Your place is gonna be party central.

TED

Well, I guess I can do it. If it helps my buddy Mark get stuff to come out of his penis.

MARK

It will.

TED  
And, we're still best buds?

MARK  
Forever.  
(opens arms)  
Get in here!

They hug and Mark accidentally activates Ted's old speech mechanism.

TED  
(cutesy voice)  
I wuv you.

They break their hug, awkwardly.

TED (CONT'D)  
That was the old--

MARK  
Yeah, the old voice thing. I know.

TED  
I mean, I do love ya, but not in that queer voice way.

MARK  
Yeah, me too. Ted, uh, one last thing, and don't freak out because it's gonna be fine. But...you have to get a job.

TED  
Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you...

EXT./ ESTAB. GROCERY STORE - DAY

INT. GROCERY STORE - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Ted enter the automated doors of the grocery store. Ted is dressed in a coat and tie, and looks very uncomfortable.

TED  
...Fuck you, fuck you, fuck--

MARK  
Come on, dude. I know this sucks, but you gotta make some money so we can find you an apartment.

TED

I would rather take a job having dirty bum sex with a dirty bum in a dirty dumpster than work in a grocery store.

MARK

Who the hell's gonna pay you to have sex with a bum?

TED

Oh, bums have money, they're just not flashy about it.

MARK

I'm sorry, but you have no skills, and this is the only place besides the police department and maybe your bum job, that will hire *anyone*.

TED

(quiet)

I told you, I can totally be a lawyer.

MARK

(also quiet)

Again, to be a lawyer, you need a law degree from a law school.

TED

(still quiet)

I'm a special case. I'm a fucking talking bear. They might make an exception cuz they're all like, "Aaa! This bear can talk and do stuff! Let's give him a job."

VOICE (O.S.)

Come in, guys.

INT. GROCERY STORE MANAGER'S OFFICE - LATER

Mark and Ted sit opposite FRANK, the grocery store manager. We see his name and title on a desk nameplate. Frank sits with his feet up on the desk, cockily.

FRANK

So, you think you got what it takes?

TED

Nope.

FRANK

(a beat, then self-important)  
No one's ever talked to me like that  
before. You're hired.

Mark gives Ted a satisfied look as if to say "Nice going."

TED

Fuck.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Mark and Ted wait on the street outside the entrance of an apartment building.

TED

God, I hate being early for shit.

MARK

We're like three minutes early.

TED

I know, so I'm thinking about all the stuff I coulda' done with that three minutes instead of standing here waiting for some real estate broker.

MARK

Like getting paid to have dirty bum sex?

TED

No! To do that properly would take at least twenty to twenty five minutes. I'm talking about an extra round of Halo. I'm talking about a couple of cream-pies on Youporn. I'm talking about watching the opening sequence of "Contact" where you pull back from Earth and you hear all the different radio signals that we've sent out over the years and there's all these different, serious news bulletins, and JFK speeches and stuff, and then you hear Dean Martin's "Volare" and you smile thinkin' about Dino flyin' through space with like a cocktail in his hand! I'm talking about three extra minutes on the can squeezing out that extra little bit of shit that will make or break your day. That's what three minutes I'm talking about.



MARK

(beat, admiring)

Wow. Nice "three-minute" speech.

A CREEPY-LOOKING MAN (think Crispin Glover/Adam West), with a CREEPY-LOOKING KID approaches them and addresses Mark.

CREEPY-LOOKING MAN

Excuse me, I'm sorry to bother you, but my son and I couldn't help but admire your teddy bear.

MARK

Oh, thank you. Yes, he's quite admirable.

CREEPY-LOOKING MAN

I wonder, is there any chance I could purchase the bear from you for my son?  
(slow and creepy, to Ted)  
He would so enjoy possessing you.

TED

Yeah, Mark. Maybe this guy knows how to treat a bear. You know, like not making him get a job.

CREEPY-LOOKING SON

(calm)

I want it.

TED

Hey, I'm not an "it", pal. I'm a "he".

MARK

(leaning down to his level)

I'm sorry little guy, but I'm afraid my bear is not for sale. I've had him since I was about your age. He's very special to me.

CREEPY-LOOKING SON

(soft and scary)

Stand up straight when you talk to me.

MARK

(recoiling)

Ew, why did he say that?

CREEPY-LOOKING MAN

Thaddeus, come on let's go. Sorry to have bothered you. Have a nice day,

(MORE)

CREEPY-LOOKING MAN  
                  (ominous)

Ted.

The man and his son walk off.

                  TED  
He knew who I was.

                  MARK  
Yeah, you're the one fucking toy in the  
world that came to life and talks. People  
tend to remember that stuff.  
                  (shivers)  
Thaddeus scares me.

                  TED  
Wow. Can you imagine what that little  
spoiled shit would do to me?

                  MARK  
Oh man. I can totally see him just taking  
you down to the basement next to the  
furnace and just really slowly de-limbing  
you while singing some creepy Victorian  
nursery rhyme.

Mark tugs on one of Ted's arms trying to creep him out.  
He then breaks into a creepy falsetto.

                  MARK (CONT'D)  
OH, MY LITTLE SIXPENCE/MY PRETTY LITTLE  
SIXPENCE/I LOVE MY SIXPENCE BETTER THAN  
MY LIFE.

                  TED  
Fuck you. Why do you have to take it so  
far? Now it's real. Fuck you again for  
that.

                  MARK  
Hey, without you, I don't meet those  
people. So, that shit is your fault.  
Sleep tight in your new place, pal.

A very Jewish-looking woman in her late 50's with  
unbelievably bad plastic surgery approaches them. She  
holds some folders and is dressed like a cheesy real  
estate broker.

                  BROKER  
                  (like Fran Drescher)  
Ugh, please tell me your Mark and Ted.  
I've had enough with everything today  
already.

MARK

Yes, I'm Mark. This is Ted.

BROKER

(shaking hand and heading  
into the building)

Constance Scott, very nice. Shall we go  
see the apartment. Okay. God, my make up  
feels so schmutzed from the hot.

Mark and Ted exchange a look as if to say "what the  
fuck?" They follow her into the building, whispering  
quickly to each other as they do.

TED

(under breath)

Constance Scott?

MARK

It seems not right.

CONSTANCE SCOTT

Oh god, you guys aren't Jewish are you?

MARK/TED

No.

CONSTANCE SCOTT

Thank god. Those people complain all the  
time, and stink up the whole building  
anytime they cook something.

Mark and Ted exchange another "what the fuck?" look as  
they follow her into the building.

TED

How is she not Jewish?

MARK

I know.

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT - DAYS LATER

Mark carries the last cardboard box into Ted's new  
apartment. It's small, but nice. Ted looks on anxiously.

MARK

That's it. That's everything.

TED

(a little nervous)

Yep.

MARK

So. Yeah. I'll see you, uh... I'll swing by the grocery store tomorrow.

TED

You don't have to. I mean, if you're in the area, then yeah, but you know.

MARK

Yeah, I'll swing by.

They have an awkward almost hug that turns into a strange handshake moment. Mark exits. Ted sighs.

MONTAGE:

"Biggest Part Of Me" by Ambrosia plays over the following montage.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Ted absentmindedly bags groceries. He drops a jar of spaghetti sauce on the floor, shattering it. His boss glares at him and Ted gives him an "I don't give a fuck" look. His boss smiles and gives him a thumbs up.

INT. RENTAL CAR AGENCY - DAY

Mark rents a car to an African American customer. Ray makes racist faces in the background.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mark and Lori eat dinner with another couple. Everyone laughs but Mark. Mark looks out the window.

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted eats a TV dinner on the couch while watching a dumb sitcom. He laughs, and then looks around, realizing he has no one to share it with.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark watches the same show, with Lori next to him. He laughs and looks at Lori who just continues to read a book.

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT BATHROOM - LATER

Ted washes up at the bathroom sink. He stares at himself in the mirror. He closes the mirror and we see his new, scary, empty bed in the reflection.

INT. MARK'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The music continues to play as Lori and Mark have sex in bed. Lori rides Mark and arches her head back in ecstasy. Mark looks out the window, sadly.

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ted lies in bed, sadly looking out at the night sky. He picks up his cell-phone.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mark lies in bed next to a sleeping Lori. He looks out the window as well. His phone vibrates on the bedside table. He picks it up and looks at it. It is a ":(" sad-face emoticon.

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ted lies in bed, staring out the window. His cell-phone vibrates. Ted looks at it. "From: Mark. FAG!" Ted smiles and curls up with the cell-phone under his cheek.

END MONTAGE

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - DAY

Mark comes in after work in his rental car uniform. Lori sits on the couch, cutting pictures out of magazines.

MARK

Hey.

LORI

(not looking up)

Hey.

Mark sits down on the couch with a sigh.

MARK  
Whatcha got goin' here?

LORI  
What?

MARK  
(slower, annoyed)  
What are you doing here with all of these magazines.

LORI  
I'm cutting out clothes I like.

MARK  
Nice. Gettin' ready for a little shopping spree?

LORI  
No.

MARK  
Oh. Is it for work, or something?

LORI  
No. I just cut them out because I like them.

There is a long silence while Mark tries to process this information. All we hear are magazines being slowly snipped. Mark's cell-phone rings.

MARK  
Hello?

Split screen to include Ted.

TED  
Wanna hang out?

MARK  
Yep.

Mark hangs up the phone, and the split screen goes away.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Goin' to Ted's.

Mark quickly exits as Lori continues to clip.

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Ted shows Mark around the apartment. They walk into a media room decked out with a giant TV, video games, home theater, etc... There are "Star Wars", "Lord of the Rings", "Flash Gordon" and "Highlander" posters on the walls.

TED

And this right here is what I call the lets get baked until we're right on the edge of freaking out, but don't because there will be alcohol available to stabilize the psychedelic effects of the marijuana and take you to a balanced and euphoric state of high/drunken bliss...room.

MARK

Have you used the room yet?

TED

I have not.

MARK

Are you interested in using the room anytime soon?

TED

I am.

MARK

Interesting.

TED

Interesting.

A beat.

MARK/TED

Where's the bong?/I'll get the bong.

MARK/TED (CONT'D)

I'll get the beer./You get the beer.

INT. TED'S MEDIA ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

We PAN ACROSS the room and see Mark and Ted sitting side-to-side in two recliners. They are stoned and pumped up as they watch the opening scene from the 1980 version of "Flash Gordon." "Flash's Theme" is blasting.

MARK  
So bad, but so good.

TED  
Totally. I'm so psyched right now.

MARK  
(singing along)  
HE'S FOR EVERYONE OF US!

TED  
(singing along)  
STAND FOR EVERYONE OF US!

MARK  
(singing along)  
HE'LL SAVE WITH A MIGHTY HAND/EVERY MAN  
EVERY WOMAN EVERY CHILD WITH A MIGHTY  
FLASH!

TED  
Fuck yeah, Flash!

FADE TO:

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

We PAN ACROSS the room and see Mark and Ted sitting where they were, but now they are both crying. We hear the mournful "Execution of Flash" coming from the TV.

MARK  
I can't believe they killed Flash.

TED  
This gets me every time.

MARK  
He's really dead.

FADE TO:

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

We PAN ACROSS the room and see Mark and Ted bouncing off the walls, jumping around the room, as the bridge from "Flash's Theme" blares.

TED  
(singing along, getting down  
on his knees)  
(MORE)



TED (CONT'D)

JUST A MAN/WITH A MAN'S COURAGE/HE KNOWS  
NOTHING BUT A MAN/BUT HE CAN NEVER  
FAIL/NO ONE BUT THE PURE OF HEART/MAY  
FIND THE GOLDEN GRAIL/OH FLASH...

(speaking)

If I had to have dirty anal with one  
science fiction hero from the 1930's, it  
would be Flash Gordon.

MARK

Why, why does it have to be dirty anal?  
What about just anal? I'd do just anal  
with Flash, no dirty anal.

TED

Yeah, but dirty is what makes it a  
challenge, a real sacrifice.

MARK

Holy shit, how is just plain anal for a  
straight guy not a real sacrifice?  
Jesus, that is the sacrifice!

TED

Okay, yes, anal is a huge sacrifice,  
maybe. But maybe the guy's got a small  
dick and it's just like a girl sticking  
her pinky up there.

MARK

I'm not into that either. Not because I  
don't want it in there, but I just don't  
have the confidence in the cleanliness of  
my asshole. I'm like a few years too old  
and a few years too young to be on the  
"freshwipes" train. See? It's all a  
nightmare. "Dirty" is already implied  
when it comes to anal and anus related  
fun.

TED

But let me explain what dirty adds to  
this. Then you'll see what I'm talking  
about. Dirty anal is blood. Dirty anal  
is shit on your dick. It's a sweaty  
asshole and an infected colon. It's lost  
fingernails. It's half-digested shrimp on  
your balls. Dirty anal is--

MARK

Okay, thank you, enough.

TED

Pussy.

(beat)

Hey, did I tell you I got a girlfriend?

MARK

No way, that's awesome. We should double date, you, me Lori and, what's her name?

TED

White trash name.

MARK

Oooh, uh, Mandy?

TED

Nope.

MARK

Madison?

TED

Nope.

MARK

Audrina, Britney, Tiffany, Candice?

TED

Nope.

MARK

Don't fuck with me on this. I know this shit.

TED

I know you do, and I am not fucking with you.

MARK

Okay, Brandi, Heather, Channing, Breanna, Amber, Sabrina, Melody, Dakota, Sierra, Bambi, Crystal, Samantha, Autumn, Ruby, Taylor, Tonya, Tanya, Tara, Tamra, Tami, Lauren, Charlene, Courtney, Misty, Jenna, Krista, Kendra, Alexis, Mindy, Shelby, Trina, Reba, Nikki, Kelsey, Shawna, Lesley, Jolene, Daphne, Lacey, Clarice, Jodie, Summer, Angeline, Deanna, Brianna Haley, Earline, Clarissa, Chandra, Jordon, Morgan, Cassandra, Darcy, Dollie, Suzette, Claudine, Georgette, Alissa, Carly, Deena, Savannah, Carissa, Noelle, Sharlene, Colby, Kasey, Kirby, Kendra, Genelle, Corene, Carla, Chloe, Devon, Nellie, Mindy, Emmylou, Naomi, Roseanne, Becky?

TED

Nope.

MARK

Okay, was it any one of those names with a Lynn after it?

TED

Yep.

MARK

Okay. Brandi-Lynn, Heather-Lynn--

TED

Tami-Lynn. It's Tami-Lynn.

MARK

Fuck you!

EXT. ESTAB. CIAO BELLA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Mark, Ted, Lori and Ted's dolled-up and sort of trashy date Tami-Lynn eat dinner.

MARK

So, Tami-Lynn, that's an interesting name.

TAMI-LYNN

Yeah, it's short for Tamara Lynard Skynard.

(MORE)

TAMI-LYNN (CONT'D)

I don't introduce myself that way cuz I'm afraid people would think I'm a snob or something.

TED

Yeah, you don't want people thinkin' your the queen of England.

MARK

Like a duchess of some variety. Are you, in fact a duchess?

Mark and Ted share a laugh.

LORI

Where do you hail from, Tami?

TAMI-LYNN

(angry, posturing)

I don't know, where the hail you from, bitch?

Ted restrains his date from getting up in Lori's face.

TED/MARK

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! / What the hell happened? We're havin' a friendly meal here!

TAMI-LYNN

That ain't no way to talk to a lady!

LORI

I was just asking where you're from.

TED

It's okay, Tami.  
(to Lori)  
Nice, Lori. Real nice.

LORI

What?! It's not my fault she can't speak English.

TAMI-LYNN

(white trash rage)

Oh, well pardon my french while I kick your ass!

TED

Baby! Baby! Baby. Baby. Let's get outta here. We'll go back to my place for a couple more vodka and strawberry Quiks. Okay? Huh? Huh?

TAMI-LYNN  
Is *she* gonna be there?

Ted and Tami Lynn get up and start leaving the restaurant.

TED  
(looking back at Lori with  
scorn)  
No. No, the bad lady won't be coming. See ya, Mark.

Ted and Tami Lynn exit leaving Mark and Lori at the table.

LORI  
What a freak.

MARK  
Well, you could've been a little nicer.

LORI  
What?! You're taking their side?

MARK  
No! I'm taking your side, but I'm the teammate who points out stuff the team can work on for the next game. Like (sing song) man-ners! That's okay. You can make it up to Ted next time.  
(looking off)  
Now, where's that waiter so we can cancel the fried hot dog rings.

On Lori's perplexed expression we cut to:

EXT./ ESTAB. - MARK AND LORI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

INT. MARK AND LORI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lori lies in bed reading as Mark brushes his teeth with a sonic toothbrush. He walks into the bedroom from the bathroom and makes robot noises with his mouth while brushing.

MARK  
(mouthful)  
It's -ike a -obot- .

Lori does not look up from her book. Mark goes back into the bathroom and spits. Mark runs back into the room and jumps on the bed.

MARK (CONT'D)

It's romance time, baby. I wanna throw stuff up in you, please.

LORI

(laughing)

Yeah. I bet.

MARK

Are you negating my needs?

LORI

You really pissed me off tonight when you took Ted's side.

MARK

No. I told you, I was on your side. That was said aloud.

LORI

Bullshit! You didn't stand up for me when that woman was such a cunt.

MARK

(covering ears in pain)

Oh! Honey! Honey. That word is so sharp. It's like an electric sword, slashing everything in it's path.

LORI

Alright, well you're a big boy, so you can handle it.

MARK

No, you know what it's like? It's like Thundarr's Sun Sword. Remember that? And it made that noise?

(makes noise)

LORI

Okay, and have you been smoking like a lot of pot with Ted again? Cuz your mind is fucking mush lately.

MARK

(quickly)

I still beat you at Jeopardy.

LORI

You know, Ted moved out so we could give ourselves a chance without him. You haven't done that.

MARK

What do you mean? I made him move out. We're fucking living together, right? Alone?! Isn't this scenario exactly what you wanted?

LORI

You go over there all the time.

MARK

Define "all the time".

LORI

Four-to-five nights a week. Brunch and football on the weekends, and I think possibly a quick pit stop to get stoned on your way to work.

MARK

God, you think about how to say this stuff, don't you. That's sad.

LORI

And what is getting stoned at 8:30 am?

MARK

Well, it's not sad. If anything, it's aggressively happy, when you think about it.

(beat)

I know when you take shits in there.

LORI

What?!

MARK

Yeah. You run the water and get out quick, but I can tell.

LORI

(totally embarrassed)

What does that have to do with anything?

MARK

Well, you're sneaking around spying on me. So I just want you to know, I know what you're up to. I.e. Taking shits. I win, you lose.

Mark exits back into the bathroom. Lori shakes her head.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Mark walks down the street. His cell phone rings.

MARK

Hey.

The screen splits to include Ted talking on the phone on the toilet.

TED

Party.

MARK

What?

TED

I'm having a party.

MARK

Fuck you, Lori would kill me.

TED

Fuck you, Lori doesn't need to know about it.

Ted reaches around and flushes the toilet, but stays on the pot.

MARK

Are you on the toilet?

TED

Yeah, but I just did a courtesy flush, so you're fine.

MARK

(slightly confused)

Oh.

TED

Look, come to the party. Sneak out. Whatever. C'mon.

MARK

I'll try.

Ted grabs a bag of potato chips from below screen and pops one in his mouth with a loud crunch.



MARK (CONT'D)

You're eating potato chips while taking a  
shit.

TED

(mouthful)

Yep, see ya at the party.

Ted hangs up leaving Mark holding the phone with a  
perplexed look.

EXT./ ESTAB. MARK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

INT. MARK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

We sweep across the dark bedroom past an illuminated  
digital clock that reads 12:36. Mark and Lori are in bed.  
Lori is sound asleep. Mark is wide awake. Keeping his eye  
on Lori, Mark very slowly sticks one foot out of the bed,  
then one arm. He slithers down off the bed like a ninja.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MARK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS  
LATER

Mark sneaks into his car, relieved. He made it. He tries  
to start the car. It won't start. He tries again, no  
good. One more time. Nothing.

MARK

That is some serious fuck you bullshit  
right there.

(to god)

Well, I'm clearly not supposed to go. So  
now I'm definitely going.

INT. MARK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mark sneaking Lori's car keys from her purse.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MARK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS  
LATER

Mark getting into Lori's car. It starts.

MARK

(to god)

Ha!

Mark backs out of their driveway and is slammed by another car.

MARK (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

Mark gathers himself and looks at the car.

MARK (CONT'D)

That's an Enterprise!

The other car peels out and drives away. We hear Guy's distinctive laugh as the car disappears around a corner.

MARK (CONT'D)

No way.

(to god)

Okay, now you pissed me off. Now I'm really fucking going!

EXT./ ESTAB. TED'S NEW APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mark is getting drunk and having a good time. The party is packed. Mark talks to Ted, and Ray, Alex and Tanya, his co-workers from Enterprise.

ALEX

Here you go, Tanya.

Alex hands Tanya three overflowing beers.

MARK

(To Alex, drunk)

Awright! Chicks can date rape too! Yeah!

(to Ted)

How did you get so many chicks here?

ALEX

Yeah, nice cervical turnout.

TED

MySpace bottom trawling. I just cast a giant friend request net like an industrial fishing boat, scrape the shit out of the MySpace ocean floor, and end up with a whole range of options.

MARK

Nice. Why should pedophiles have all the fun on the internet?

Mark and Ted hi-five. Mark is so drunk he misses Ted's hand.

RAY

You's guys is nerds. But it's okay, at least you ain't black nerds. They trying to look smart with glasses and books. What is they studying up on? Waffles?  
(mischievous laugh)

MARK

Holy shit. I enjoy the hell out of the way that girl is...sitting.

We see a hot girl in short shorts sitting on the couch with her arms wrapped around her knees so we can see a lot of leg and ass.

MARK (CONT'D)

I'm 'unna go talk to her.

TED

Mark?

MARK

What? I just wanna say hello and welcome to the party. C'mon, I'm in love with Lara.

TED

Lori.

Mark is already over by the couch shaking hands with the hot girl. Ted, Ray, and Alex look on.

RAY

His penis gonna get all stinky inside her.

ALEX

(after a beat)

God, he doesn't know what to do with that. I gotta get in there.

Ted and Ray physically hold her back.

TED/RAY

Easy, girl./ Hold up. Hold up.

We watch Mark drunkenly converse with the hot girl.

MARK

I am so with you there. *In no way* has Maroon 5 peaked. God, it's nice to find another voice for that choir.

HOT GIRL

Adam Levine could totally front a band from any era.

MARK

Well, I have no idea who that is, but the name sounds Jewish, so there's that confusion happening...

HOT GIRL

Will you kiss me and tell me if my tongue feels weird.

MARK

You know, I will.

The hot girl leans in and kisses Mark who looks surprised at first, then settles in for a real kiss. Lori comes into the party at that moment. She sees Mark kissing the girl on the couch.

LORI

Mark!

Mark stops kissing the girl and looks up stunned.

MARK

Lori... this? Totally a medical kiss. You see, kids, a car--

LORI

I can't fucking believe this! I want you out of the apartment...tonight.

TED

Lori, this is all my fault--

She stares at both of them for a beat, then walks out, as the crowd buzzes. Mark puts his head in his hands.

MARK

(defeated)

Your tongue is kinda weird, by the way.

HOT GIRL

Really?

MARK

Yeah, like abnormally rough. And I don't like Maroon 5. Well, let's just say I don't know their music, but I feel it's safe to say I wouldn't like it.

EXT./ ESTAB. - LORI'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

INT. LORI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lori sits at her desk with her head in her hands, surrounded by her co-workers, Gina, Michelle and Tracy.

GINA

Fuck him! This is an opportunity.

MICHELLE

Start over, with a nice guy.

TRACY

Yeah, tell the next guy it just occurred to you that you like to tongue waxed assholes.

Rex stands in the doorway.

REX

Knock-knock. Who's there? Your powerful boss, Rex.

GINA

We're having a private convo, here.

REX

Hey, Lori, I heard about Mark. What time can I pick you up tonight?

LORI

Are you kidding? No way.

REX

Ladies, would you excuse us for a moment?

Gina, Michelle and Tracy exit as Rex stares at each of them in a creepy way.

REX (CONT'D)

Ah, women-walkin'-by-smell. What a mix of good and weird.

He closes the door to the office.

LORI  
Listen, Rex, I really can't--

REX  
Hey, Lori, I heard about Mark. What time  
can I pick you up tonight?

LORI  
Yeah, I heard you the first time. I can't--

REX  
(louder)  
Hey, Lori, I heard about Mark. What time  
can I pick you up tonight?

LORI  
Are you just saying it louder--

REX  
(louder still)  
Hey, Lori, I heard about Mark. What time  
can I pick you up tonight?

LORI  
This is getting weird--

REX  
(yelling)  
Hey, Lori, I heard about Mark. What time  
can I pick you up tonight?!

Lori gets up and pushes Rex out the door.

LORI  
Eight o'clock, okay? Will that end this  
conversation? Just get out!

REX  
Alright, I'm gonna go get my penis ready,  
and I'll see you at eight.

INT. MARK AND LORI'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

Mark is sadly packing up his stuff. We hear a timid knock  
at the door. Mark walks over to the door in a fog and  
opens it. We see Ted in the doorway.

MARK  
Fuck you. I don't want to talk to you.

TED

Mark, please. I'm so sorry. It's all my fault.

MARK

Yeah, no shit it's all your fault. You fucked up my whole life you asshole.

TED

Dude, Mark, please let me make it up to you. Anything.

MARK

No, Ted. Lori was right. I should have stopped hanging out with you a long time ago. I'm never going to have a life with you around. Jesus, I'm 35 and I'm going nowhere. All I do is smoke pot and play video games with a *teddy fucking bear*. Meanwhile, I lost the love of my life.

TED

Who, Lori? Last week you said she was a needy, controlling, bitch.

MARK

Yeah, well, this week she's the love of my life, okay?!

TED

Alright, fine. She's the love of your life, I guess.

MARK

Goodbye, Ted. I never want to see you again.

TED

Mark...

Mark closes the door.

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

TED

(tearing up)

I'm so sorry.

EXT. BOSTON CITY STREETS - DAY

We hear "Where Do The Children Play?" By Cat Stevens.

As Ted sadly walks down the street, we...

FADE TO A MONTAGE:

7-year-old Mark and Ted throw snowballs at each other on the front lawn.

7-year-old Mark and Ted playing Coleco Telstar "Quick Draw". Their faces are ridiculously mesmerized by the "state-of-the-art" graphics.

Ted walking in on 15-year-old Mark in the bathroom masturbating to an open magazine on the sink with his finger up his ass.

FADE TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ted still walking, smiles to himself at the memory.

FADE BACK TO MONTAGE:

15-year-old Mark and Ted finishing their first bong hit. After a beat, they look at each other panicked with crazy red eyes. Smash Cut to: Mark and Ted in the emergency room writhing around convinced they are dying. The ER staff looks at them shaking their heads.

15-year-old Mark and Ted playing Atari 7800 "Commando". Their faces are ridiculously mesmerized by the "state-of-the-art" graphics.

Mark and Ted in a college frat being hazed. Ted has been completely shaved. Mark lies on his back on the floor below Ted. A frat guy pours a beer down Ted's shaved back. It rolls into Ted's butt crack and drips down into Mark's mouth.

College-age Mark approaches his closed dorm room door. There is a tie on the doorknob. Mark makes sure the coast is clear, then peeps through the keyhole. From Mark's P.O.V., we see Ted's furry little butt humping a huge fat girl uncontrollably like a dog. At that moment, Mark kicks open the door and starts rapidly taking photos. They both try to hide themselves. Ted is pissed.

21-year-old Mark and Ted playing "Legend of Zelda" on Supernintendo.. Their faces are ridiculously mesmerized by the "state-of-the-art" graphics.



Ted and Mark moving into their first apartment. Their baseball caps are on backwards they carry a couch up some steps. An old woman is slowly walking up the stairs beneath them. Mark and Ted look at the old lady, then at each other. They shrug their shoulders and toss the couch over the railing crushing and killing the old woman. They hi-five and walk off.

Mark and Ted watching "Flash Gordon" holding each other and crying.

FADE TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ted is still walking. He kicks a can down the street.

FADE BACK TO MONTAGE:

The music suddenly changes to "Love On A Train" by Tangerine Dream from "Risky Business." As the lights flicker, we see flashes of Ted making love to a Mark on the subway.

TED

No no no, fuck, fuck...

FADE TO:

EXT. BOSTON STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Ted is holding his head in agony.

TED

...fuck, fuck! Stop! What the fuck was that?!

Ted walks a few more steps, and then notices Lori inside a karaoke bar. He thinks for a moment and then goes in. Once inside he sees that Rex and Lori are singing together, and having a blast. Ted sits out of their sight and watches. Rex takes the microphone and sings directly to Lori.

REX

SWEET CAROLINE!

LORI

BA-BA-BA!

REX  
GOOD TIMES NEVER SEEMED SO GOOD!

LORI/BAR PATRONS  
SO GOOD! SO GOOD! SO GOOD!

REX  
Ha! Look at everyone having fun because  
of me!

TED  
Ew!

Ted shakes his head and exits the bar.

EXT. BOSTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

As Ted exits the bar, he finds that he is face-to-face  
with the Creepy-Looking Man and his creepy son, Thaddeus.

CREEPY-LOOKING MAN  
Hello, Ted.

TED  
Jesus, you scared the shit out of me.

THADDEUS  
You need to be punished.

TED  
(scared)  
What?

CREEPY-LOOKING MAN  
Now, now, Thaddeus.  
(then, to Ted)  
Don't worry, he's just being a silly boy.  
Why don't you come and live with us, Ted?  
Hmm? We live in a big mansion, we have  
windows, bathtubs, we have a radio in  
every room! You could be very comfortable  
there, Ted.

Thaddeus stares at Ted creepily for a few beats.

TED  
Uh, I gotta go.

Ted exits.

THADDEUS

(creepy)

I want him.

CREEPY-LOOKING MAN

Don't you worry, Thaddeus. We'll get him.

The Creepy Looking man pats Thaddeus on the head. Thaddeus gnashes his teeth and attempts to bite the man's hand. He recoils with an odd smile.

EXT. MARK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

Mark is loading his car with boxes. Ted approaches.

TED

Mark.

MARK

Jesus! Are you retarded? Ted, I'm serious. I don't want to see you again.

TED

Mark, I just saw Lori and Rex together. They were having a good time at a karaoke bar. She was laughing.

MARK

What?! Is this some bullshit scheme to get me to be friends again. Because, I swear to God...

TED

He sang "Sweet Caroline". And she laughed, she loved it.

MARK

What a fucking douchebag song.

TED

That's what I said.

MARK

Look, I get it. There's nothing I can do about it anyway...thanks to you. Now, just...go away.

TED

Look, Mark. This is all my fault, I realize that, but please, please, give me a chance to try and make things right again between you and Lori.

MARK

Put things right? Ted, she hates me.  
There is no 'putting things right'.

TED

Actually, I said 'make things right' but I know you could get her back, Mark. I know it. Remember when you hit that squirrel with your BB gun, and then when we saw it fall from the tree we both starting crying? Remember? And then we ran up to it and tried to give it CPR? And it came back to life? Mark, we could do that again.

MARK

Ted, we crushed it's rib cage and blew out it's little lungs trying to give it CPR. It died and I had to get a whole bunch of shots 'cuz I touched dead squirrel blood.

TED

(long beat)

We can get Lori back.

MARK

I don't know.

TED

Please. Please let me help you. And if you don't want to talk me ever again afterwards, fine, I have to accept that, but for now please, let's work together and get Lori back. I need this, and God knows you need this.

MARK

(after a beat)

Okay. But Ted, you have to understand that when this is all over, we have to go our separate ways.

Ted nods sadly. They shake hands.

TED

But we're not going our separate ways yet, right?

MARK

No. You're gonna help me get her back, right. Isn't that what you just said?

TED

Yeah. Right, right. Good. Just the handshake seemed like a goodbye, or something.

(Long beat)

Do you have any pot?

MARK

Yeah, that might be in order. Special occasion, and all.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mark and Ted (clearly stoned) sit on the floor. Mark holds a guitar as they attempt to write a song together.

TED

Dude, this song will totally get her back. Chicks love this shit.

MARK

Okay, so we agree the chorus is "Love is the night, and you are my love, so you are my love and my night."

TED

I fuckin' love that. After we play this for Lori, you've gotta show it to your buddy at Epic Records.

MARK

Well, I don't know. It's good, but it's not quite there yet.

TED

(overlapping)

Oh! Come on, it's a hit. It's a hit. We got a hit record on our hands here.

MARK

Well, let's not get ahead of ourselves. I'm not ruling it out, but let's not get ahead of ourselves. We're not done yet.

TED

Well, yeah. We need the verses now.

MARK

And the bridge.

TED

What is a bridge?

MARK

I don't know. But we need one. Wait

(writing)

"I don't know who you are, but I need you."

TED

Jesus! Look at Lerner and Lowe over here!  
Write that down and let's build a fucking  
bridge from there.

Mark puts the pencil in his teeth and plucks at the guitar.

EXT. REX'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mark stands under Rex's window with a Casio keyboard set up in front of him. Ted crouches in some nearby bushes. As Mark plays the opening chords of the song, a male stranger walks by on the street with a look of disdain.

MALE STRANGER

You're an asshole.

The stranger walks O.S., Mark starts over, he begins to sing.

MARK

LOOKING UP INTO A BOSTON SKY/DON'T KNOW  
WHEN, BUT I SURE KNOW WHY/ THINKIN' ABOUT  
YOU WITH THAT OTHER GUY... TONIGHT/AND  
IT'S NOT RIGHT, BECAUSE.

Lori opens the window and looks down at Mark and Ted.

MARK/TED

(harmonizing)

LOVE IS THE NIGHT/AND YOU ARE MY LOVE/SO  
YOU ARE MY LOVE AND MY NIGHT/GONNA FLY TO  
YOU ON THE WINGS OF THE DOVE/DON'T CARE  
IF IT'S WRONG 'CUZ I KNOW...

MARK

IT'S RIGHT/FLOATING UP INTO A BOSTON SKY--

LORI

Stop! God.

MARK

Lori, please take me back.

LORI

Why? Because you wrote me a terrible song when you were stoned? Mark, you kissed another girl. I don't care how many shitty gay songs you sing to me, you're a child, and I don't want you back.

MARK

But Rex? Really? He's so...completely terrible in every possible way that you could judge a human being.

LORI

He's a man that acts like a man. You're a little boy who plays with his Teddy bear. Goodbye, Mark.

Lori slams the window shut. Mark looks distraught.

The Male Stranger from before is returning with a 7-11 bag.

MALE STRANGER

You're embarrassing and terrible. I should spit on you.

Mark gives Ted a "What the fuck?" look. Ted stares up at the window.

TED

I can't believe she didn't go for the song. What a cunt.

MARK

Ooph! Hey! C'mon. I mean, she is but... you know.

(Mark looks up at the window)  
Think she and Rex have had sex yet?

TED

Oh, yeah. Big time.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Ted leads a despondent Mark down the street. They are wearing gym clothes.

TED

Okay, this is Mark becomes a man. Man-time for Marky.

(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)

This is it, alright, this is the beginning of everything, the Big Man Bang of the Universe of Mark. Time zero...

Ted opens the door of a gym and leads Mark inside. Widen to reveal the gym entrance with a sign reading "Gold's Gym."

INT. GOLD'S GYM - MOMENTS LATER

TED

First, let's get you in shape. Get a little muscle on you, get you feeling good, you know.

We pan across the gym and see lots of guys working out. One guy strains to finish his last pull-up, then drops down from the pull-up bar and screams at the top of his lungs:

GYM GUY #1

Tonight, we dine in hell!

Other guys in the gym back him up with pumped-up "Yeahs!" and unnecessarily loud hi-fives.

GYM GUY #2

That's from "300." I killed a guy after I saw that movie.

MARK

I don't belong here.

GUY

No, you did the right thing coming to me.

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Guy, in a simple grey sweat suit.

MARK

Guy?

Guy punches Mark in the stomach as hard as he can. Mark falls to the ground, grasping his stomach in pain.

TED

What the fuck was that?

GUY

He's not ready.

TED

No ready for what? What the fuck, Guy?



GUY  
Not ready for the training.

TED  
(helping Mark)  
No shit! That's why he's here, you  
idiot.  
(to Mark)  
You alright, dude?

Mark groans.

GUY  
I gotta go. Tell him not to be a dick  
about this.

Guy exits.

INT. CLOTHING STORE DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Mark is being fitted for a suit in front of a tri-panel  
mirror by an Asian Tailor. Ted and Ray look on.

TED  
Oh man, when Lori sees you in this,  
she's not gonna be able to resist. You  
look like an adult, big time.

MARK  
I look like the super-Jewish Men's  
Wearhouse guy. 'You're gonna like the way  
you look. I guarantee it.'

Mark "air signs" his name, and we see a scribbled  
signature scrawl across the screen.

TED  
Seriously, you look really mature. I  
think this is gonna work.

RAY  
(re: Asian tailor)  
Can he see through them things? I don't  
want you to end up with your pockets on  
the outside.  
(mischievous laugh)  
Then it'll be easier for some Puerto  
Rican to steal stuff outta them.  
(mischievous laugh)

MARK  
(scolding)

Ray.

ASIAN TAILOR  
Fuck you. You racist assho'.

RAY  
Ooooh, Ching Chong is gettin' nasty.

ASIAN TAILOR  
How you know my name assho' faggot?!

MARK  
Look, can we just get this done. I want  
to get out of here.

Mark steps off the fitting pedestal.

ASIAN TAILOR  
(sotto to Mark)  
I make special pocket so no Puerto Rican  
steal from you pocket. They steal. They  
steal all time.

INT. TED'S NEW APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Mark sits in a chair in front of a mirror with a sheet  
covering his body. Alex stands behind him with some  
barber scissors. Ray and Ted stand behind her.

TED  
Okay, you sure you can do this, Alex?

RAY  
He gonna look like some big 'ol trimmed  
pussy when she done with him. He gonna  
have a lightnin' bolt on his head.  
(mischievous laugh)

ALEX  
Shouldn't you be blowing a fireman or a  
conservative Midwestern senator right  
now?

RAY  
How come all you lesbians have them big  
flat butts? It's like y'all been sittin'  
on the same giant tractor seat all day at  
your lesbian farm or somethin'.

TED

Okay, okay. Let's just get his haircut. Listen up, here's a Men's Mademoiselle article on how to treat your lady on a date.

MARK

They have a Men's Mademoiselle? Jesus, I hate everybody.

TED

Here we go.

(reading magazine)

Order with panache: ordering isn't just the institution of requesting food, but--

RAY

Aw, this is gonna be good--

In a sudden fit of rage, Ted throws the magazine across the room.

TED

Get the fuck out of here! If you're not gonna help, just get the fuck out!  
FUUUCK!

RAY/ALEX

Geez/What the hell?

Ted ushers Alex and Ray to the door and slams it.

MARK

Whoa, dude. Relax.

Ted gathers himself for a beat.

TED

Sorry, I just-- I want this to go well.

MARK

That's alright, I didn't need a haircut anyway.

(beat)

Well, here goes. Wish me luck.

TED

Go get her, man.

Mark exits.

EXT./ ESTAB. LORI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - EVENING

INT. LORI'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mark stands in front of Lori's door holding some flowers and a briefcase. He knocks. Lori opens the door. She takes Mark in for a beat, then tries to close the door on him.

MARK

Lori, please.

LORI (O.S.)

What do you want? I don't want to see you.

MARK

Lori, please, I've changed. Please give me a chance.

LORI (O.S.)

Why should I give you a chance?

MARK

Because I love you. And because Rex is such an asshole.

LORI (O.S.)

Well, I'm not seeing him again, so don't worry about it. Just go away, Mark.

MARK

I don't believe you. He's in there with you, isn't he?

LORI (O.S.)

Mark, he's not in here. It's over with Rex.

MARK

Bullshit! I'm coming in there...

Mark slams his body against the door.

LORI (O.S.)

Mark! Stop!

Mark slams his body against the door again.

LORI (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stop! He asked me to pee on him!

Mark freezes.

MARK  
(way too loud)  
He asked you to pee on him?

Lori opens the door a crack.

LORI  
Shhhhhh. Yes, he asked me to pee on him.

MARK  
That's disgusting. I mean, unless you're  
in love.

LORI  
I said no, *obviously*. So...

MARK  
So you'll go out with me? Lori, I've  
changed. Please give me a chance to show  
you. I know you don't owe me anything.  
But--

LORI  
Why do you have a briefcase?

MARK  
(beat)  
For my papers.

LORI  
What papers?

MARK  
My...grown up papers.

LORI  
You're an idiot.

MARK  
I know.

Mark gets down on his knees.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Please have dinner with me.

LORI  
(long beat)  
God, why is a woman's life a series of  
choices between assholes and losers?  
Fine, we can have dinner.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mark is putting on a jacket in the mirror as Ted looks on in the background.

MARK

So, you're okay with this jacket.

TED

Dude, it's fine. Wear the jacket or don't. 'Dinner' is submission. 'Dinner' says, "I give up. I'll have sex with you again."

MARK

Do you think she let him piss on her just a little?

TED

Probably.

MARK

I might have to pee on her too then. You know, to undo his pee.

TED

That's what I would do. Now, go get her, tiger.

INT. UPSCALE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Mark and Lori sit at their table after dinner.

MARK

I think it may have been just the kick start our relationship needed. A real recharge, you know. Little time alone. Little cleanse of the old system.

LORI

Yeah, well, I wish it hadn't started the way it did.

MARK

Ah, nobody remembers that kind of stuff. When we're 75, we'll laugh that it ever happened.

LORI

Really?

MARK

Sure.

Mark leans in and holds Lori's hand.

MARK (CONT'D)

I love you. That's all that matters.  
We'll move forward.

LORI

No more party skanks.

MARK

No more Rex.

LORI

Well, he's still my boss, so I will be  
seeing him every day.

MARK

Well, yeah, but no more threat of Rex  
peeing on you. God, hard to believe  
someone would be into that kinda stuff  
instead of sex.

LORI

Oh, he was into both. Waiter? Are you  
ready to go, Mark.

A waiter places the check on the table. Mark reaches for  
his wallet. It's not there. He quickly searches his other  
pockets. It's not anywhere. He looks the other way for a  
long beat, then looks back at the table.

MARK

Oh, what's that, the check? Why don't you  
get this one, and I'll get next? Sound  
fair? Sort of a show of good faith on  
your part?

LORI

What? You want me to pay?! Are you  
kidding?

MARK

Actually, I left my good wallet at home.  
Just got Jango, here.

Mark holds up a Velcro, Star Wars wallet.

LORI

(getting up)  
Unbelievable.

(MORE)

LORI (CONT'D)

You are still the same child. It's ridiculous. I don't know how I fell for it again.

MARK

No, no! This is fine. It's part of the give-and-take of a long-term relationship.

LORI

Fuck you, Mark. I'd rather get pissed on!

She leaves in a huff as the restaurant patrons stare at Mark.

MARK

(to patrons)

You didn't get the context of that remark.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

Mark is sitting on the couch holding his head in his hands. Ted sits next to him, unsure how to comfort Mark.

MARK

So stupid. So stupid. So fucking stupid!

(angry, to himself)

Hey Mark, guess what you fucking asshole? You're a dumb fucking asshole. Good job, fuckface.

Ted jumps off the couch.

TED

I'm going out to get an enormous amount of booze.

MARK

No, let me go. I need the walk.

TED

Are you--

MARK

Just let me fucking go.

(beat)

Sorry. I'll be right back. Listen, when I get back, I'm going to spray some of Lori's perfume onto a pillow case and cry into it, and I don't want to be judged, okay?



Mark exits.

TED

Wow. This calls for the secret stash.

We follow Ted to his media room. He opens a cabinet and we see a large safe. He dials the combination and opens it. Inside we see a giant "High Times" size marijuana bud hanging by a hook from the ceiling of the safe. Next to it, we see a copy of "High Times" with Ted on the cover posing next to the giant bud and Willy Nelson. It reads "Our First Centerfold Cover!" The bud is so big there is a fold out on the cover. Ted unfolds it and we see the rest of the bud. Suddenly, we hear a knock at the door.

TED (CONT'D)

That was fast.

We follow Ted to the front door, he opens it, revealing the Creepy Guy with the Creepy Kid, Thaddeus. The dad has a gun.

CREEPY-LOOKING MAN

Hi, Ted.

TED

Fuck.

INT. CREEPY FATHER AND SON'S CAR - MINUTES LATER

The dad drives, as Thaddeus trains the gun on Ted, who is now tied up with old-fashioned rope.

TED

You're not gonna get away with this, you creepy fucks.

CREEPY-LOOKING DAD

Oh Ted, stop. You'll see, you're gonna love living with us against your will.

THADDEUS

I'm curious, do you have a penis and an asshole?

(then, singing)

OH, MY LITTLE SIXPENCE/MY PRETTY LITTLE SIXPENCE/I LOVE MY SIXPENCE BETTER THAN MY LIFE.

TED

Motherfucker.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - LATER

Mark enters Ted's apartment carrying a box full of alcohol. He crosses toward the media room.

MARK

Ted, I'm back. Look man, I'm sorry about yelling at you, I'm just fucked up right now.

Mark enters the media room and sees the marijuana safe wide open.

MARK (CONT'D)

Whoa.....Ted?

Mark looks around the apartment.

MARK (CONT'D)

Ted?!.....what the fuck?

Mark ends up back in the media room having searched the entire apartment. He looks at the open safe again.

MARK (CONT'D)

Something's wrong.

EXT./ ESTAB. CREEPY FATHER AND SON'S HOUSE - DAY

We see a dark, decaying, Gothic-looking mansion.

INT. CREEPY FATHER AND SON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In a cluttered, Gothic drawing room, we see Ted repeatedly thrown up in the air by both the Creepy Father and son. The insanely high level of enthusiasm the father and son exhibit in this endeavor is very disturbing.

CREEPY-LOOKING DAD

(laughing like a child/Adam West)

Oh, yay! Yay! Hooray!

CREEPY-LOOKING SON

Hoorah!

ANGLE ON: Ted, who looks angry and flustered as he is thrown into the air again and again.

TED  
Please stop. Please.

CREEPY-LOOKING DAD  
Oh, Joy! JOY!

CREEPY-LOOKING SON  
Father, I think I've peed in my pants.

CREEPY-LOOKING DAD  
Me too! Me too! Oh, joyous day! Joyous!

Pull back to reveal pee stains on both of their pants as they continue to throw Ted in the air.

EXT./ ESTAB. POLICE STATION - DAY

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Mark approaches an officer at a desk.

MARK  
Hello, I'd like to report a missing person.

The officer slowly looks up from some paperwork, and stares at Mark for a very long, silent, unblinking beat.

MARK (CONT'D)  
You're not going to be able to help me at all, are you?

Without breaking his gaze, the officer very subtly nods his head "no."

MARK (CONT'D)  
No one here is going to be able to--

The officer again softly nods his head "no."

MARK (CONT'D)  
(genuinely accepting this)  
Okay.

EXT./ ESTAB. CREEPY FATHER AND SON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

## INT. CREEPY FATHER AND SON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

In the same cluttered drawing room, the creepy father and son lean intently into a giant old-timey radio. They listen, as the father turns the giant dial and gets a signal.

CREEPY-LOOKING DAD

Oh, listen! A radio play! What times we live in!

With the father and son preoccupied with the radio, Ted sneaks to a corner of the room where a turn-of-the-century telephone sits on a side table. He carefully picks up the receiver, then notices there is no number dial.

TED

What the--

An OPERATOR'S voice comes on the line.

OPERATOR

Operator, how may I help you?

TED

(whispering)

Uh... 555-5555 please.

OPERATOR

Hold the line, I'll connect you.

## INT. TED'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

The phone rings. Mark answers it.

MARK

Hello.

TED (V.O.)

(whispering)

Mark, it's Ted.

MARK

Holy shit, Dude! Where the fuck--

## INT. CREEPY FATHER AND SON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The son notices Ted is gone.





MARK (CONT'D)

Wait! It's an emergency! Ted's in danger!  
He's been kidnapped by some ridiculous  
creep and his evil kid and they might be  
doing gross and terrible things to him as  
we speak!

(fading)

This is that moment in the movie when you  
really need to help. I really need your  
help. I need help to save my teddy bear.

Mark is now sitting outside the door.

LORI

Why should I believe you?

MARK

He left his High Times safe wide open.

Lori opens the door. They exchange a knowing look. Lori  
holds up the keys.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thank you so much, I promise I'll take  
care of it--

LORI

I'm driving, you idiot.

EXT. CREEPY FATHER AND SON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Thaddeus and the old man calmly exit the house. Thaddeus  
holds a plastic bag with a drawstring. Ted is clearly  
kicking and struggling inside the bag.

CREEPY-LOOKING MAN

Measured steps, Thaddeus. We don't want  
you fading before supper.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Thaddeus calmly steps into the old-timey car. The creepy  
old man turns the crank on the front of the car with  
great effort. Car headlights pass over them for a moment.  
The old man looks up.

EXT. CREEPY FATHER AND SON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lori and Mark pull up. Mark hops out, runs up to the  
front door and pounds on it.

MARK

Ted?! Ted!

At that moment, the old-timey car bursts out of the closed garage, honking it's old-timey horn. Mark runs over to Lori, who is nowhere near the car, and pushes her out of the way, way too hard. She hits the pavement hard.

MARK (CONT'D)

Lori!

Mark runs down to Lori. She is woozy and has scrapes on her chin and knees. He picks her up, puts her in the front seat and drives off after the old man. Mark immediately catches up to the shitty old car and cuts it off. He gets out, pulls the old man and the son out of the car and starts to beat them. They are wan and weak and go down easily, but Mark keeps at it, especially with the kid. He slams the kid's head into the side of the car, kicks him in stomach a few times.

ANGLE ON: the bag containing Ted.

TED (V.O.)

Mark, get me outta here!

Mark goes over and opens the bag. Ted emerges gasping for air.

MARK

You alright?

TED

Yeah, I'm fine.

ANGLE ON: Thaddeus, who is starting to stand up, and holding his stomach in pain.

THADDEUS

(taunting, sing-song)

Your frock boots feel warm in my bellybasket.

MARK/TED

(creeped out)

Aah!

Mark and Ted instinctively start stomping on Thaddeus as if he were a large scary spider. They savagely beat Thaddeus for several beats, breaking his legs, separating his shoulders, pushing in his eyeballs, etc....



until Mark and Ted are so exhausted and out of breath that they can no longer beat him. They stagger breathlessly to the car and drive away.

ANGLE ON: a comically twisted and misshapen Thaddeus, who doesn't seem to be fazed by his injuries. The Creepy-Looking Dad approaches, and picks Thaddeus up like a bag of bones.

THADDEUS

Now I want a Chinaman.

CREEPY-LOOKING DAD

First let's get you to the local Medico.

INT. LORI'S CAR - LATER

Lori, Mark, and Ted drive back to Boston as the dawn begins to break. Lori drives. Mark is in the passenger seat, and we see that Ted is asleep in the backseat. Mark puts a little towel over him for a blanket. (NOTE: every time Lori talks in this scene, the giant scrape on her chin moves up and down comically.)

LORI

How's he doing?

MARK

He's out like a light.

We ANGLE ON: Ted who is asleep, looking very cute. After a beat, he lets out a fart.

LORI

So, what happened back there? All I remember was the sound of that horn.

MARK

Oh, yeah, well that car was going to run you over, and I pushed you out of the way at the last minute. Thus saving you. Your life. Saving your life.

LORI

Wow.

MARK

Yeah. Sorry about the scrapes, but, you know, better than getting hit by a car.

(beat)

Anyway, I'm just glad you're both okay. I don't know what I would do if anything ever happened to either of you.

We hear another small, Ted fart.

LORI  
Well, thanks for saving me.

Lori leans in and kisses Mark on the cheek.

MARK  
It was nothing, really.

LORI  
I'm serious. Thank you.

Lori nuzzles into Mark, putting his arm around her.

LORI (CONT'D)  
You promise you'll never cheat on me again?

MARK  
Lori, I promise. I swear to god.

LORI  
(beat)  
I believe you.

MARK  
You know how awesome it was beating the shit out of a weak kid?! Oh my god, I felt so powerful! Is that what it's like to beat a woman, because...watch out, I liked it.

LORI  
(smiling)  
I love you.

MARK  
I love you, too.  
(beat, clears throat)  
What about Ted?

LORI  
Yes.

MARK  
Yes?

LORI  
I'm saying yes to everything right now.

MARK

Well, now you're just making all the right decisions. I'm not gonna say anything now, cuz you're in the zone.

Lori laughs.

MARK (CONT'D)

So, just to be clear, he can stay with us?

LORI

Yes, he can stay with us.

MARK

Yes, he can stay with us. You say everything so perfectly. God, I admire that. Well, finally a white guy gets everything he wants.

(looking out car window, mock serious)

Finally. Lori, I have one more question...

EXT./ ESTAB. OUTDOOR WEDDING - DAY

We hear Queen's "Wedding March" from "Flash Gordon" as Mark and Lori walk down the aisle as man and wife. We pan across the guests. ANGLE ON: Ray, who is holding hands with his date, a GIANT black guy. ANGLE ON: Alex, who is clapping aggressively, and standing next to Tonya. In a fever of wedding-fueled excitement Alex suddenly grabs Tonya and weirdly sticks all her fingers in her mouth.

ALEX

I wanna marry you!

ANGLE ON: Ted, who is holding up the train of Lori's wedding dress like a flower girl.

TED

(to Mark and Lori)

Fuck you.

Mark and Lori reach the end of the aisle, and head outside and into their limo.

INT. LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Mark and Lori kiss.

